

ODES OF HORACE



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# HORACE.



THE ODES AND SAECULAR HYMN,

WITH SELECTIONS FROM

THE EPODES,

OF

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS,

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

CHARLES WILLIAM DUNCAN.

“ EGO, APIS MATINAE

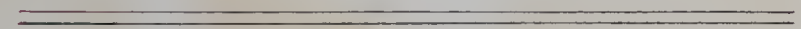
“ MORE MODOQUE

“ GRATA CARPENTIS THYMA PER LABOREM

“ PLURIMUM, \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* “ OPEROSA, PARVUS,

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CHESTER:

PHILLIPSON AND GOLDBER.

1886.

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DEDICATION.

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TO THE MOST NOBLE  
THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, K.G.

---

MY LORD DUKE,

As Horace himself says, I cannot offer you statues by Scopas, or paintings by Parrhasius. I can only offer you verses, and those not very good ones. Such as they are, however, they are my best. I too can tell the value of my gift, and most heartily do I give it.

I hate adulation, which never has a true ring about it. Let me then only say that I dedicate this Book to your Grace as the best friend of the community in which my lot is cast.

I am,

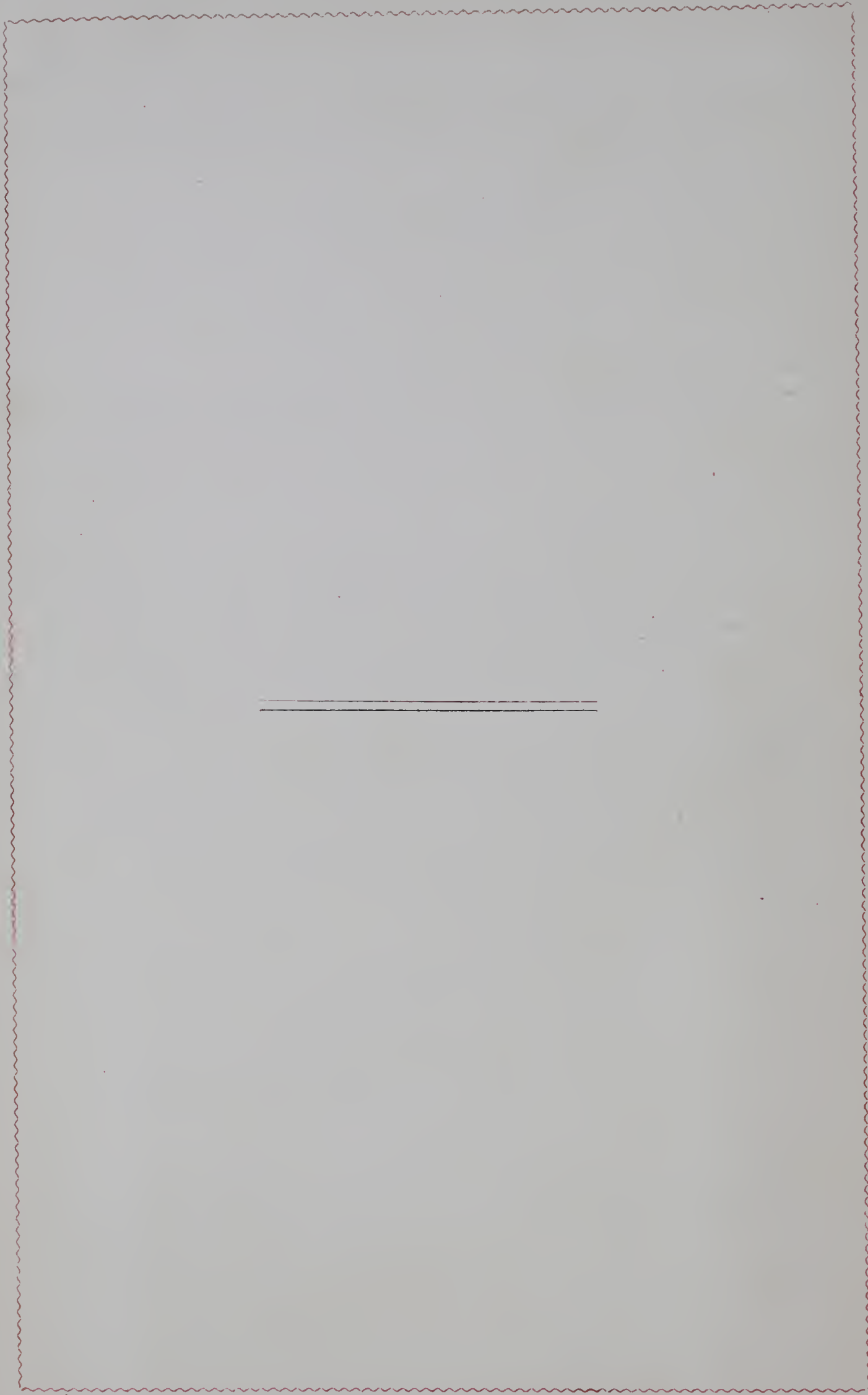
MY LORD DUKE,

Your faithful Servant,

CHAS. W. DUNCAN.

*Arnold House, Chester,*  
*Jan'y., 1886*





## P R E F A C E

---

Another attempt to present Horace in an English dress! Two questions will naturally occur to those who take up my book. First, have there not already been too many translations? Secondly, have former translators so far failed, that I should dare to hope for a greater success than any one of them has achieved?

To the first question I reply that it is impossible to have too many translations of Horace. There is something so exquisite about the delicate touches of his genius and the lightning flashes of his wit, that even the rudest and roughest hand, if guided by genuine love, cannot help contributing some little to a fuller appreciation of his beauties.

The second question is a more difficult one. Assuredly the poets and scholars who have undertaken this work before me have each, out of the rich stores of his own mind, done something to increase our perception of the wit, the geniality, the shrewd pleasantry, the playful satire, and the more lofty flights of an almost prophetic imagination, which the bard of Tivoli has given, in profuse abundance, for the instruction and delectation of every age. What then is left for me?

I have an answer even to this. It is for the very reason that those who have translated Horace before me were poets themselves, that I think there is still room for me. The idea of this work was put into my head by a dear friend, now gone to his rest, (the Rev. Fredk. Forde, late Rector of St. Peter's, Chester), who always insisted that what was still wanting was a translation of Horace, in writing which the translator would never let his own fancy run away with him, nor dream that he could gild refined gold out of his own crucible, but would rigidly adhere to the words of the Master.

This is what I have tried to do. To those who read this book it is almost needless for me to say that I am not a poet. My effort has been to present an almost literal translation of the words of Horace in metrical form. In doing this there must naturally be great stiffness and

angularity, as it were, in the diction, and some halting in the metres. The merit, (if merit there be), of this translation lies only in the faithfulness of the rendering. Of course there are passages which are so idiomatic as to be untranslatable literally, and there are also passages upon the interpretation of which the learned do not agree. With these I have simply done my best to present the poet's meaning.

The gentle reader,—let him or her be a very gentle one,—will, I trust, take up my book in a kind and forbearing spirit, and will not expect too much. Then there will be no disappointments. I launch my little barque upon the sea of public opinion, hoping that the gales of criticism will not blow very savagely.

A few words with regard to the metres I have selected may not be out of place. It will no doubt be noticed that I have very rarely attempted to produce in English the original metres. The few attempts I made did not please me, and I have therefore adopted metres which seemed better suited to our own language. I have, however, in all cases adhered as closely as I could to the style and method adopted by the Latin poet himself.

The text which I have followed is that of Dr. Milman, although I have referred a good deal to those of Orelli and others.

ARNOLD HOUSE, CHESTER,  
*January, 1886.*

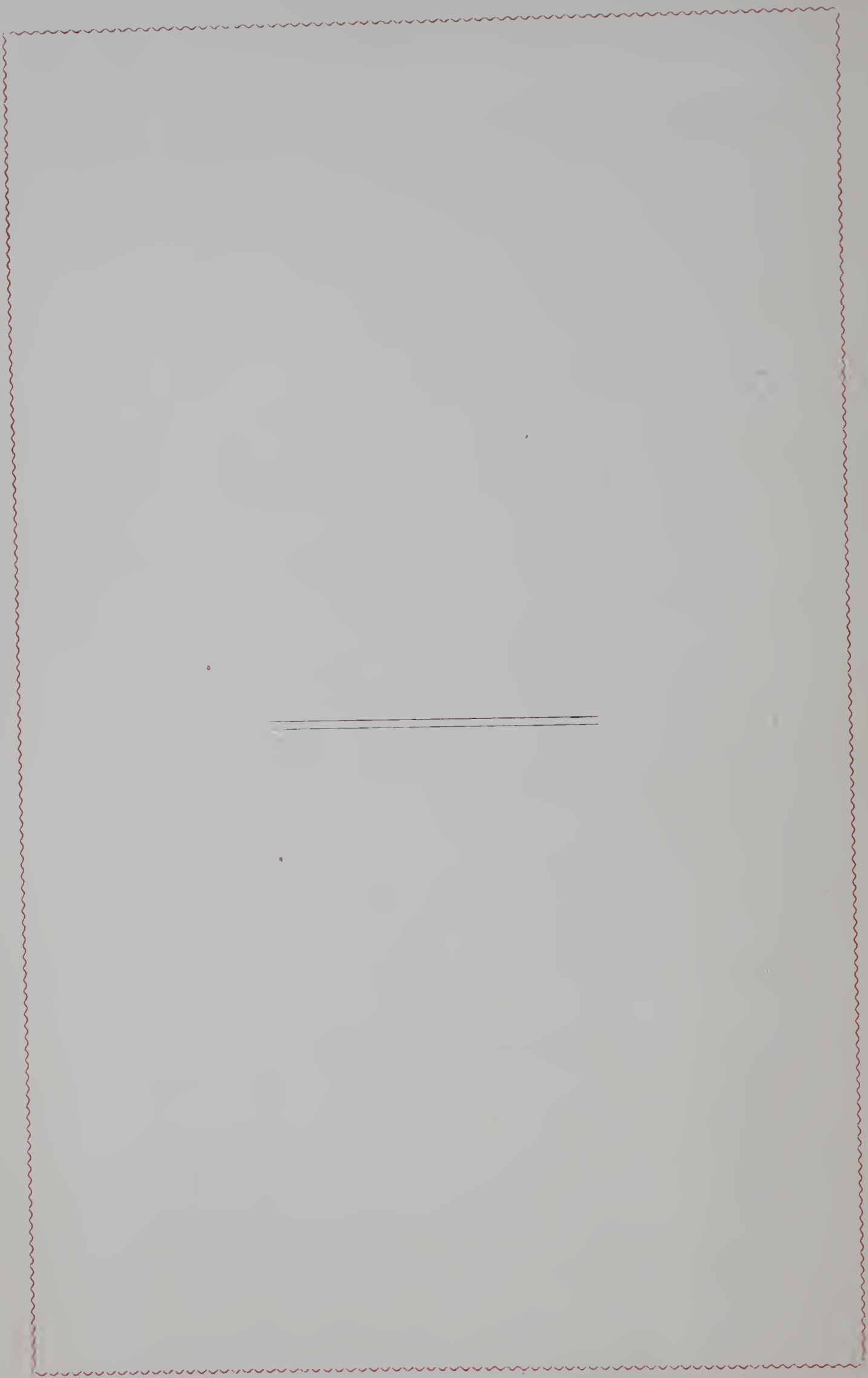




## THE ODES OF HORACE.

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THE ODES  
OF  
QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS.

---

BOOK I.

---

ODE I.

TO MAECENAS.

---

**M**AECENAS, sprung from royal line,  
Oh friend and sweet protector mine!  
Some love th' Olympic dust to raise,  
With glowing wheels the goal to graze;  
Th' ennobling palm such earthly lords  
Lifts to the level of the Gods.  
Some of the threefold honours proud,  
Gifts of the fickle Roman crowd.  
In their own barns some love to store  
Grain swept from Libyan threshing-floor.  
Another tills paternal field,  
Rejoicing in the fruitful yield;  
Not wealth of Attalus could move  
Such man to leave the quiet grove;

ODES OF HORACE.

To cleave the dread Myrtoan sea  
In Cyprian bark, too tim'rous he.  
The merchant dreads the wind south-west  
Lashing Icaria's foaming crest,  
Awhile commends his tranquil home,  
Unwilling from his fields to roam ;  
Yet soon refits his shattered keel,  
Untaught the pinch of want to feel.  
Some it delights to while away  
With Massic old the live-long day,  
Now stretched beneath the cherry green,  
And now by sacred fountain seen.  
Trumpet and clarion's mingled voice,  
Some woman-hated war rejoice.  
The hunter, ranging thro' the plains,  
Under the frosty sky remains,  
Unmindful of his tender spouse  
If a fleet stag his dogs arouse,  
Or a huge Marsian boar pursue,  
Crashing the fine-wrought meshes through.  
The ivy, prize the learned love,  
Makes me the peer of Gods above ;  
The forest cool, and lightsome band  
Of Nymphs and Satyrs hand in hand,  
My well-won praises chaunting loud,  
Distinguish me from vulgar crowd.  
If sweet Euterpe's lute be given,  
Polhymnia's lyre vouchsafed by heaven ;  
If 'mid the lyric bards I tread  
To stars shall tower my lofty head.

BOOK I.

ODE II.

TO AUGUSTUS CAESAR.

---

**E**NOUGH of dreadful hail and snow  
Hath Jove sent on the earth below,  
His bolts our sacred fanes o'erthrow,  
Hurl'd from his red right hand.

The nation dreads the sad return  
Of Pyrrha's age, and portents stern,  
Lest Proteus finny shoals should turn  
Upon the hilly land.

'Mid lofty elms then fishes glide,  
The seats where late did doves abide ;  
Whilst struggle in the whelming tide  
The frighted fallow-deer.

We've seen how Tiber's yellow wave,  
Compell'd th' Etruscan shore to leave,  
Flowed fiercely over royal grave  
And Vesta's temple near.

ODES OF HORACE.

Avenger of sad Iliã's woes,  
The loving river overflows,  
And o'er his lofty left bank shows,  
Careless of Jove's command.

Thinned by their parents' vicious life,  
Our youth shall hear of keen-edged knife  
Whetted for fratricidal strife,  
Which Persians fierce should slay.

On which God shall the nation call  
T' avert the ruined empire's fall?  
What prayer of Vestals shall recall  
The Goddess turned away?

On whom shall Jove the task impose  
To chase our sin-inflicted woes?  
His glorious form if Phoebus shows  
Veiled in a dusky cloud.

Or, if thou wilt, sweet Venus smile,  
Whom mirth and love by turns beguile;  
Or thou, stern Founder, deign awhile  
To hear our plainings loud.

Oh thou to whom 'tis sport to fight,  
Thou whom fierce war and helmets bright  
And Marsian infantry delight,  
Fierce 'gainst a bloody foe.



BOOK I.

Or thou, wing'd son of Maia fair,  
If thou in mortal guise appear,  
May Caesar's young avenger share  
Thy glorious form below.

Late may'st thou to the Gods arise,  
Long spared to bless our Roman eyes,  
Nor breezes waft thee to the skies  
Offended by our sin!

Great Caesar! thou our noble guide,  
Still greater triumphs shalt provide,  
Nor let the Medes unpunished ride,  
Our Father and our King!



ODES OF HORACE.

ODE III.

TO VIRGIL.

---

OH ship ! in which lov'd Virgil sails,  
May potent Cypria thee direct,  
May he who rules the boist'rous gales  
And Helen's twins, bright stars, protect !

Save Iapyx all else confined,  
Oh, bear him safely I beseech ;  
Preserve one half my anxious mind  
That he the Attic shore may reach !

With oak and triple brass were armed  
His breast who launched frail vessel first  
On cruel deep, nor was alarmed  
By furious south-west's rage accurst

With the northern blasts contending ;  
Nor feared the rainy Pleiades,  
Nor mad south, all else transcending  
To lash or lull the Hadrian seas.

BOOK I.

What path of death would he not brave  
Who gazed on monsters of the deep  
Dry-eyed, nor feared the swelling wave,  
Nor fell Ceraunia's hated steep?

In vain wise God the land divides  
By tracts of intervening sea,  
If daring ship the billows rides  
And crosses trackless waters free.

Mankind all dangers dares behold,  
Thro' paths forbidden hastes to stray,  
By wicked fraud Prometheus bold  
Brought fire from heav'n with men to stay.

Fire stol'n from its celestial home  
Brought wasting pain and new disease ;  
Relentless Death, once slow to come,  
Then hurried on with rapid pace.

Thro' empty aether Daedalus,  
On wings forbidden to mortals flew,  
The labours of great Hercules .  
The gates of Acheron burst through.

To mortals nothing is too high,  
Great Heav'n itself our folly climbs ;  
From angry Jove the thunders fly,  
The chastisement of constant crimes.

ODES OF HORACE.

ODE IV.

TO L. SESTIUS.

---

**K**EEN winter melts before the grateful change of spring  
And western winds. Dry keels are drawn to shore ;  
Nor folds to flocks, nor fire to hinds, now pleasure bring,  
Nor fields with glistening frost are whitened o'er.

The sprightly dance now Venus leads by soft moonlight,  
The Nymphs and comely Graces hand in hand,  
Now shake the ground with tripping feet. The forges bright  
Now Vulcan lights for the Cyclopean band.

With myrtle green 'tis fit to wreath the glossy head,  
Or with the flowers sprung from the frost-freed land ;  
To Faunus now 'tis fit to give in woodland shade  
A skipping lamb, or kid if he demand.

Pale Death in paupers' huts with foot impartial treads  
And palaces of kings. Oh ! Sestius blest,  
The little span of life long hope t' indulge forbids,  
By night and ghosts unreal you're now oppressed

And Pluto's far abode ; where once when you arrive  
No more for festal kingdoms dice you'll throw,  
Nor yet to tender Lycidas your praise shall give,  
For whom now youths, but soon shall virgins, glow.



BOOK I.

ODE V.

TO PYRRHA.

---

WITH scents bedewed, what silly boy,  
Pyrrha, now seeks your love t' enjoy,  
'Neath pleasant grot with roses twined,  
For whom your yellow hair you bind

So simply neat? He soon will curse  
Your broken faith and Gods averse ;  
Artless, he'll soon astounded be  
At darksome winds and raging sea ;

Who, trustful now, enjoys your charms,  
And hopes that only in his arms  
You free and loving he shall find,  
Unconscious of the faithless wind.

Hapless are they for whom you shine  
So bright, untried ! The sacred shrine  
By tablet vowed, suspended shows  
The sea-god's gift,—my dripping clothes !



ODES OF HORACE.

ODE VI.

TO AGRIPPA.

---

OH, conqu'ring hero, under thy command,  
Whatever exploit, or by sea or land,  
Fierce warrior achieves, with wingéd tongue  
In Lydian verse shall be by Varius sung.

Humble, Agrippa, we dare not engage  
Such mighty deeds to sing, nor the dread rage  
Of stern Pelides, nor the seaward course  
Of deep Ulysses, nor the cruel house

Of Pelops. Shame and the all-potent Muse  
Who tunes the peaceful lyre, forbid to use  
In praise of mighty Caesar and of thee  
The feeble strain of mediocrity.

Who mail-clad Mars shall sing with praises just?  
Or Meriones black with Trojan dust?  
Or, with the help of Pallas' shelt'ring love,  
Tydides equal to the Gods above?

In ever-lightsome vein of feasts sing we,  
Whether with love we burn, or fancy free;  
We sing of maiden who the youths assails,  
Fierce in appearance,—but with close-pared nails.

BOOK I.

ODE VII.

TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

---

LET others sing of sunny Rhodes,  
Of Ephesus, or Mytilen',  
Of Corinth's doubly sea-girt walls,  
Of Delphi, Thebes, or Tempe's scene !

Let others raise eternal praise  
To her who bears chaste Pallas' name,  
With olive-branches bind their brows  
In honour of fair Juno's fame !

Of Argos famed for coursers fleet,  
Of proud Mycenae rich with gold ;  
I sing not of Larissa's plain,  
Nor hardy Sparta's warriors bold !

Give me the rushing Anio's roar,  
The groves of gentle Tivoli,  
The apple-orchards by the stream,  
Where oft the south wind clears the sky.

Oh, Plancus ! wisely drown thy cares  
In soothing draughts of mellow wine,  
Amid the shades of Tivoli,  
Or where the glittering standards shine !

ODES OF HORACE.

When Teucer fled from Salamis,  
By cruel parent hunted down,  
He cheered his sad companions thus,  
His brows adorned with poplar crown :—

“ Wherever better fortune leads,  
“ There, comrades, let us bravely go,  
“ With Teucer as your guide and guard,  
“ Let not despair your bosoms know !

“ Another Salamis shall rise,  
“ Thus Phoebus true hath promised me ;  
“ Now drive away your cares with wine,  
“ To-morrow cross the mighty sea !”





BOOK I.

ODE VIII.  
TO LYDIA.

---

**S**AY, Lydia, by each God I pray,  
Why draws thy love young Sybaris from manly sports  
away ?

Why dreads he now the sun-scorched field ?  
And why no longer scorns he now to dust and heat to  
yield ?

No more among his peers he rides,  
No more the mettled Gallic steed with bitted rein he guides.  
To plunge in Tiber's yellow flood,  
Or wrestlers' oil to touch, he fears more than the viper's  
blood !

And now, his brawny arms no more  
The livid bruises bear received in hardy sports of war ;  
The discus he no longer knows,  
Nor now the heavy javélin to furthest limit throws !

Why now, like sea-born Thetis' boy,  
When fate foretold sad death before the lofty walls of Troy,  
Forbidding chase of Lycian bands,  
Does thy love drop his weapons from untrain'd and  
nerveless hands ?

ODES OF HORACE.

ODE IX.

TO THALIARCHUS.

---

SEE white Soracte's summit rise,  
Whereon the snow, deep drifted, lies ;  
Low droop the boughs with weight of snow,  
The frost hath stayed the river's flow.

Drive out the cold. The logs pile high.  
Oh, Thaliarchus, gen'rously,  
Bring out that wine of four years' old  
Which the rough Sabine jar doth hold.

To Providence leave all the rest,  
Whose power, by warring winds confessed,  
Stills the deep ocean's angry tide,  
Whilst storm-tossed trees in calm subside.

To-morrow's fate seek not to know,  
Regard as gain what chance bestow ;  
Shun not the mazy dance, my boy,  
Nor sweetly with your love to toy.

BOOK I.

Whilst youth is far from grumbling age,  
Now is the time in sport t' engage ;  
In exercise of mimic fight,  
Or whispered love in shelt'ring night.

Now, captured in sly corner's shade,  
Hear the sweet laugh of hiding maid,  
As, finger pointing at her charms,  
You snatch the forfeit from her arms.



ODES OF HORACE.

ODE X.

TO MERCURY.

---

ARCH Mercury, of Atlas grandson bright,  
Who by thy voice the manners wild didst mould  
Of ancient mortals, and didst introduce  
The graceful fashion of the wrestler bold ;

Of thee I sing, herald of mighty Jove  
And of the Gods ; parent of stringéd shell ;  
And whatsoe'er thou wilt in merry theft  
To take away, adroit to hide as well.

When Phoebus threatened thee with angry voice  
Whilst yet a little child, in bye-gone day,  
Lest thou restored the oxen stol'n by craft,  
He laughed to find his quiver ta'en away.

And so rich Priam, having Ilium left  
Under thy guidance, could escape with joy  
The haughty sons of Atreus, and the fires  
Thessalian, and the hostile camp to Troy.

To blissful homes thou pious souls dost lead,  
And thou the ghostly crowd dost quickly move  
With golden rod ; by deities below  
Belov'd, and by th' immortal Gods above.



BOOK I.

ODE XI.

TO LEUCONOË.

---

**S**EEK not, Leuconoë, 'tis wrong to know,  
What end the Gods on me or thee bestow ;  
Consult not thou the Babylonian seer ;  
Far better 'tis thy destined lot to bear,

Nor ask if Jove has many winters given,  
Or this the last vouchsafed by gracious heaven,  
'Gainst stubborn rocks which chafes the Tyrrhene main.  
Be wise, and haste for use thy wines to strain.

The longest life hoped for by mortal man,  
So brief in space, can but be deemed a span.  
E'en as we speak unwelcome age flies fast ;  
Enjoy the day, nor to the future trust.



ODE XII.

TO AUGUSTUS.

---

OH, Clio ! whom of heroes or of men  
Dost thou design upon thy lyre to praise,  
Or high-pitched pipe ? Whom of the Gods ?  
With whose great name shall sportive echo ring,  
Either in shady bounds of Helicon,  
On Pindus, or on frozen Haemus' height ?  
Whence moving woods in crowding ranks pursued  
The tuneful Orpheus, whose maternal art  
Had power the rapid flow of streams to stay  
And the swift winds. Persuasive he to lead  
The listening oaks with his melodious strings.

What shall I sing before th' accustomed praise  
Of the great Sire, who governs the affairs  
Of Gods and men ? Who rules both sea and land  
And all the changing seasons of the world !  
Who nothing greater than himself begets,  
Nor aught his equal nor his second springs.  
Nearest to his yet Pallas hath acquired  
Honours of next degree. Nor, Bacchus free,  
Daring in battle, will I cease to raise  
My voice in praise of thee. Nor unto thee,  
Oh Virgin, hostile to the cruel beasts ;  
Nor Phoebus, dreaded for unerring dart.

BOOK I.

And of Alcides also will I sing,  
And Leda's boys, one famed for conqu'ring skill  
As horseman bold, the other in the fight.  
Whose glitt'ring star when once by sailors seen,  
The tossing waves back from the rocks recoil,  
The winds fall calm, and far the vapours flee,  
And threat'ning billows, at their sov'reign will  
Sink down recumbent on the heaving deep.

I hesitate to these in order next  
Whether first Romulus, or the quiet reign  
Of Numa, or Tarquinius' fasces proud,  
Or Cato's noble death to celebrate.  
In lofty verse I, grateful, will record  
Regulus, the Scauri, and Fabricius,  
And Paullus, pouring out his mighty soul  
To death, when Punic victory was won.  
Stern poverty and unpretending home  
In farm paternal, could alone produce  
Such hero fit for war ; and Curius brave  
With locks uncombed ; and great Camillus' name.  
Marcellus' fame increases like a tree  
Increasing in the silent lapse of time.  
Amid all others the bright Julian star  
Shines like the moon among the lesser lights.

Oh, Sire and Guardian of the human race,  
From Saturn sprung, to thee the Fates have given  
The care of mighty Caesar ! Thou shalt reign,  
And Caesar second to thee only be.  
Whether defeated Parthians he shall drive  
In triumph true, if Latium they molest,

ODES OF HORACE.

Or distant Seres or Indians subdue  
In the far regions of the Eastern land ;  
He, next to thee, shall rule the spreading world.  
Impartial chief ! Olympus thou shalt shake  
With thy tremendous car ! Thou too shalt hurl  
Thy lightnings hostile to polluted groves !





BOOK I.

ODE XIII.

TO LYDIA.

---

**W**HEN you pink neck of Telephus  
And waxen arms caress,  
Lydia, my heart with anger swells,  
Not easy to repress.

My mind and colour both unfixed,  
My cheek the tear bedews,  
Thus proving how the lasting fire  
My inmost soul subdues.

I rage if furious strife o'er wine  
Hath stained your shoulders white,  
Or if mad youth his mark impress  
Upon your lips with bite.

Hear me, nor hope he'll constant prove  
Who your sweet kisses harms,  
Which Venus has engifted with  
Quintessence of her charms.

Thrice blest and more are they who are  
By union firm held fast ;  
Whose love, untouched by quarrels sad,  
To-day supreme shall last.

ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XIV.

TO THE REPUBLIC.

---

OH, Ship! what new waves bear thee back  
To sea? What dost thou do?  
Hold firm to port. Behold what lack  
Of oars thy side doth show!

Thy splintered mast and sail-yards groan  
Before swift southern blast!  
The raging sea, thy cordage gone,  
Now thou canst hardly breast!

Thy sails are rent, thy Gods are lost,  
Nor hear thy wailings loud,  
Altho' the Pontic pine thou boast,  
The forest's daughter proud.

Useless mere race and noble name,  
Nought timid sailors care  
For painted poops. Lest thou become  
The sport of winds beware!

Oh, thou! my trouble late, but now  
Mine anxious care and pride,  
The shining Cyclades may'st thou  
And tossing seas avoid!

BOOK I.

ODE XV.

NEREUS' PROPHECY OF THE FALL OF TROY.

---

WHEN the perfidious shepherd o'er the seas  
In Trojan ships his hostess Helen drew,  
Nereus in hateful calm the rapid breeze  
Suppressed, that he might sing the fatal woe :—

- “ An evil bride to your paternal home  
“ You now conduct ; for Greece, confederate  
‘ To break your vows, with mighty force shall come,  
“ And overthrow old Priam’s ancient state.
- “ Alas ! to horses and to men what sweat  
“ Is now at hand ! What fun’rals do you bear  
“ To the Dardanian race ! With awful threat  
“ Her helm and shield doth Pallas now prepare,
- “ Her chariot and her rage ! Venus, your aid,  
“ You vainly strut and comb your bushy hair,  
“ And songs recite dear to each tender maid  
‘ To harp unwarlike, whilst you shun the spear
- “ In chamber feared, the pointed Cretan reed,  
“ Ajax’ swift chase and battle’s horrid din.  
“ Alas ! in filthy dust shall be besmeared  
“ At last those dainty locks so steeped in sin !

ODES OF HORACE.

“ What mighty heroes shall you not behold ?

“ Laërtes’ son, the ruin of your race,

“ Nestor of Pylos, and young Teucer bold

“ Of Salamis, and warlike Sthenelus,

“ No sluggish driver the swift steeds to guide ;

“ And Meriones also shall you know ;

“ And fierce Tydides, in heroic pride

“ Beyond his sire, shall seek your overthrow.

“ Whom you, panting like timid stag, shall flee

“ Heedless of pasture, on the further side

“ Of the deep vale when he a wolf doth see ;—

“ Not like to this your promise to your bride !

“ Incens’d Achilles’ fleet awhile shall stay

“ The doom of Ilium and of Phrygian wives ;

“ Not many winters yet shall pass away

“ Ere Grecian fire shall burn the Trojan hives.”





BOOK I.

ODE XVI.

A RECANTATION.

---

OH, daughter fairer than thy mother fair,  
My cruel verses, in what mode soe'er  
Thou wilt, destroy : or in the fire,  
Or Hadrian wave, if thou desire.

Not Rhea, nor Pythius, dweller in the shrine,  
So wildly agitates the priestly mind ;  
Nor Bacchus thus, nor Maenads rash  
Redouble blows with brazen clash,

As dreadful wrath ; which neither raging flame,  
Nor ship-destroying sea, hath pow'r to tame,  
Nor Noric sword, nor mighty Jove,  
With crash descending from above.

When first Prometheus fashioned us from clay,  
Some grain of everything, traditions say,  
Compell'd to add, his cruel art  
Put lion's rage in human heart.

ODES OF HORACE.

Wrath hurled Thyestes to a dreadful doom ;  
To lofty cities hath destruction come  
    From that sad cause, when vaunting foe  
    Drove o'er their walls the hostile plough,

And their foundations levelled with the ground.  
Restrain thy wrath. Alas ! that once I found  
    In thoughtless youth my ardent mind  
    By rage possess'd, in which I penn'd

Those bitter lines. But now to change I long  
Harsh thoughts for kindly ones, and insults strong  
    Recanted, may'st thou friendly prove  
    And give me back thy tender love.



BOOK I.

ODE XVII.

TO TYNDARIS.

---

**F**OR fair Lucretilis doth Faunus swift  
Lycoeus oft desert,  
Who doth hot summer and the rainy winds  
From my she-goats avert.

Thro' woods secure the he-goats' wand'ring wives  
Wild strawberry and thyme  
In safety seek. The pretty little kids  
Fear not green serpents' slime,

Nor savage wolves. Now, Tyndaris, the vales  
And the smooth rocks above  
Ustica nestling deep, to thy sweet pipe  
Echo the strains of love.

The Gods guard me. My virtues and my Muse  
Dear to each God-like heart ;  
Whilst Plenty's bounteous horn full fill'd to thee  
Shall rural wealth impart.

ODES OF HORACE.

Here in deep vale thou shalt the dog-star's heat  
    Avoid ; on Teian string  
One man Penelope and Circe bright  
    To love inspiring sing.

Here harmless Lesbian cup thou shalt enjoy  
    Under the shade, nor shall  
The son of Semele with Mars contend.  
    Lest Cyrus thee assail

With unchaste hands in wanton passion hot,  
    Belov'd, thou need'st not fear,  
Nor lest the garland in thy tresses twin'd  
    And modest robe he tear.





BOOK I.

ODE XVIII.

TO VARUS.

---

**V**ARUS, plant thou no tree before the sacred vine  
In Tibur's fertile soil or by Catilus' wall,  
For thirsting souls doth God to cruel pangs consign  
And by no other means our biting cares recoil.

Who, after wine, can war or poverty abuse ?

Who does not Father Bacchus or fair Venus call ?  
But, lest of Bacchus' gifts you pass the mod'rate use,  
Let Centaurs' strife with Lapithae in drunken brawl

Warn you. Evius the greedy Thracians warned in wrath,  
When in their lust they could not right from wrong  
disclose.

Bright Bassareus ! thee shrinking I will not drag forth,  
Nor will I rashly to the air of heaven expose

Those mysteries of thine 'neath varied foliage hid.

Cease then the blatant drums and Berecyntian horn  
By blind Self-Love and Boastfulness with empty head  
High held, and treach'rous Faith, as glass transparent,  
borne.

ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XIX.

ON GLYCERA.

---

**T**HE cruel mother of the Loves,  
The son of Theban Semele,  
And frolic Licence me reproves  
That love forsaken was by me.

Me Glycera's sweet beauty burns,  
Than Parian marble fairer too,  
My brain her arch coquetting turns,  
Her lustrous face too bright to view.

Venus, possessing all my heart,  
Has Cyprus left, nor lets me sing  
Of Scythians, nor of Parthian stout  
On flying steed, nor anything.

Ho! slaves, bring here the living grass,  
The frankincense and green vervain;  
Of two-year's wine I'll pour a glass  
And her appease by victim slain.

BOOK I.

ODE XX.

TO MAECENAS.

---

**M**AECENAS thou, dear knight, shalt drink  
Poor Sabine wine from goblets small,  
Which in a Grecian cask I stored  
When with thy praises rung the hall

So loud that from the lofty banks  
Of thy paternal river came,  
And from the mount of Vatican  
The joyous echo of thy fame.

Grapes squeezed in the Calenian press,  
Rich Caecuban is also thine,  
But neither mantle in my cups  
The Formian nor Falernian wine.



ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XXI.

ON DIANA AND APOLLO.

---

**S**WEET virgins, chaunt Diana's praise,  
To unshorn Cynthius, boys, the chorus raise,  
Latona, dearest love  
Of Jove, supreme above.

Sing, girls, to her the streams who loves,  
Of frosty Algidus the shady groves,  
On Erymanthus seen,  
Or lofty Cragus green.

Tempé and Delos, natal place  
Of Phoebus, boys, extol with equal grace,  
Whose shoulder quiver wears,  
His brother's lyre he bears.

The one sad war, the other dearth  
And plague, to Medes and Britons shall drive forth ;  
To Romans and their chief  
Your prayers shall bring relief.



BOOK I.

ODE XXII.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

---

**T**HE man whose life is just and pure  
Needs not the javelin of the Moor,  
Nor bow, nor quiver's ample store,  
Fuscus, of poisoned darts.

Sailing thro' Syrtes' boiling waves ;  
Or when wild Caucasus he braves ;  
Or lands which famed Hydaspes laves,  
On journey safe he starts.

For whilst I wandered carelessly  
Thro' Sabine wood, my Lalagé  
Singing, a wolf fled far from me,  
Tho' helpless and unarmed.

Such monster thro' the spreading groves  
Of warlike Daunia never moves,  
Such the dry land which Juba loves,  
Hath never yet alarmed.

ODES OF HORACE.

Condemn me to those barren plains  
Which ne'er receive the timely rains,  
But ever bound in icy chains  
Of frost and low'ring cloud.

Condemn me in those lands to stay  
Burnt up by Phoebus' scorching ray,  
For Lalagé's sweet words I'll pray,  
Of her sweet smile be proud.



BOOK I.

ODE XXIII.  
TO CHLOË.

---

**Y**OU shun me, Chloë, like a fawn  
Her trembling mother seeking  
O'er pathless hills, with causeless fear  
Of winds and branches creaking.

At rustling murmur of the leaves,  
The dawn of spring awaking,  
Or brambles stirr'd by lizards green,  
Both heart and knees are shaking.

No lion I, nor tiger rough,  
With fell intent pursue thee ;  
Then leave thy mother's side at last,  
Of age for man to woo thee.



ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XXIV.

TO VIRGIL.

---

**V**IRGIL, what shame or limit shall there be  
Of sorrow for the loss of one so dear?  
Now teach me mournful strains, Melpomene,  
To whom God gave the harp and accents clear.

Sleeps then Quinctilius in eternal death?  
Oh! when shall Modesty and Faith unstained,  
Of Justice sister pure, and unveiled Truth  
The equal find to him whose life hath waned?

For his sad death do many good men weep;  
More deeply none than you in grief complain!  
Alas! Quinctilius, whom the Gods now keep,  
Your piety must still demand in vain!

What tho' more sweetly to the list'ning woods  
Than Thracian Orpheus you could sound the lyre,  
The life may not return to empty shades  
When Mercury at last, with aspect dire,

To prayers unyielding, instrument of Fate,  
To the black throng hath driven with awful wand!  
'Tis hard indeed! But patience will abate  
Those evils 'tis unlawful to amend.



BOOK I.

ODE XXV.

TO LYDIA.

---

**M**ORE seldom now your windows close  
The youths attack with doubled blows,  
Your door unto its threshold grows,  
Which oped on hinges flying.

More seldom are your slumbers drear  
Disturbed ; more seldom do you hear :—  
“ All night why sleep’st thou, Lydia dear,  
“ Whilst I for thee am dying ? ”

An aged crone, you’ll sorrow soon  
In lonely den, for lovers gone,  
Whilst thro’ the changes of the moon  
The Thracian wind is raging.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hot youth the living ivy more,  
And sprouting myrtle, doth adore,  
Than withered leaves on Hebrus’ shore,  
Cold winter’s comrades, drifting.

ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XXVI.

ON AELIUS LAMIA.

---

**F**RIEND of the Muse, to boist'rous gales  
I'll cast all grief and fear,  
To Cretan sea to bear :  
What region Arctic king assails

Careless, or Tiridates' grief.  
Sweet Muse, whom fountains clear  
Delight, the sunny flower  
For Lamia mine in garland weave.

Without thee valueless is praise :  
Thou and thy sisters too  
My friend with lute-strings new  
And Lesbian bow, immortalize.



BOOK I.

ODE XXVII.

TO MY COMRADES.

---

**T**O fight o'er cups for joys designed  
Indeed is but a Thracian way ;  
Banish such savage use ! Abstain,  
In mod'rate wine, from bloody fray.

Ill does the dagger of the Mede  
With sparkling wine and lights accord !  
Cease wicked riot ; comrades, stay  
On elbows pressed around the board.

Of strong Falernian do you wish  
That I should also take my part ?  
Let young Megilla's brother tell  
His happy wound, his love-cleft heart !

You wont ? Then I refuse to drink  
On other terms. Whatever love  
Burns you should never raise a blush,  
But pure and innocent should prove.

ODES OF HORACE.

Come, boy, whate'er thy passion be,  
To faithful ears entrust the tale.—  
Wretch! worthy of a nobler flame,  
Near what Charybdis dost thou sail?

What witch, or what Thessalian sage,  
What God indeed can set thee free?  
Triformed Chimaera holds thee bound,  
Scarce Pegasus could rescue thee!





BOOK I.

ODE XXVIII.

ARCHYTAS.

---

**A**RCHYTAS, measurer of earth and sea  
And countless sand, the gift denied to thee  
Of but a little dust, to hold prevails  
Upon Matinus' shore ! Nought it avails

To have explored in thought the realms of sky  
And all the rotund world, foredoomed to die !  
Guest of the Gods, so too died Pelops' sire :  
To heaven Tithonus must at last aspire :

And Minos, tho' Jove's secrets given to know.  
Pythagoras sent back to shades below  
Orcus contains, altho' Euphorbus' shield  
Retaken, Troy recalled. Did he but yield

Sinews and skin alone to livid death ?  
Say thou, keen judge of nature and of truth !  
Ah ! the same night shall shroud each mortal head,  
And the same path of death we all must tread !

ODES OF HORACE.

As sport to Mars the Furies some consign ;  
Sailors are swallowed by the greedy brine.  
Together mixed, the funerals combine  
Of old and young : none spares dread Proserpine !

The swift South wind, Orion's setting mate,  
In waves Illyrian swept me to my fate.  
Sailor ! grudge not a little shifting sand  
To hide my body in the cruel strand.

So when the East wind threatens th' Hesperian sea  
The Venusinian woods shall shaken be,  
Yet you be safe. And still may rich reward  
Be yours from every port, just Jove your guard

And Neptune, keeper of Tarentum's shrine.  
Beware lest lightly you commit a crime  
Your offspring must repay. Appointed doom  
And retribution stern on you shall come.

No useless prayers will e'er suffice for me,  
From death no expiation set you free.  
'Twill not delay you long, tho' great your speed,  
The dust thrice cast on me, you may proceed.



BOOK I.

ODE XXIX.  
TO ICCIUS.

---

**I**CCIUS, the rich Arabian spoils  
You covet now, and cruel war  
'Gainst hitherto unconquered kings  
Of Saba and fierce Mede, prepare.

Fetters you link. What barb'rous girl,  
Her husband slain, your slave shall bend?  
What princely boy, with locks perfumed,  
On you with wine-cup shall attend,

Taught with paternal bow to aim  
The Seric darts? Who will deny  
That flowing rivers may return  
To lofty hills, and Tiber dry,

Since you, who promised better things,  
(Panaetius' noble books you bought,)  
Now the Socratic school exchange  
For corslets in Iberia wrought.

ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XXX.

TO VENUS.

---

CNIDOS' and Paphos' beauteous Queen !  
Oh Venus ! Cyprus lov'd disdain,  
And haste to Glycera's stately fane,  
With incense thee invoking !

Haste thy bright Boy, the Graces three  
With zones unbound, and Nymphs with thee !  
And lusty Youth, and Mercury,  
Without thee little pleasing !





BOOK I.

ODE XXXI.

TO APOLLO.

---

**A**T dedication of Apollo's shrine  
What asks the bard? What is his prayer  
When pouring from the chalice newest wine?  
Not rich Sardinia's harvest rare;

Nor hot Calabria's fruitful herds; nor gold,  
Nor ivory of Ind; nor fields  
Which the still waters of the stream enfold  
Where Liris, silent river, glides.

Let those who from fair fortune vineyards hold,  
With pruning-knife of Cales cut!  
Let the rich merchant quaff from cups of gold,  
The wines with Syran profits bought!

Lov'd of the Gods, since safely every year  
He thrice or four times ploughs the sea  
Of Atlas vast! The olive is my fare,  
Endive and mallow light for me.

Son of Latona! grant me to enjoy  
My own with mind and body sane!  
Nor let dishonour my old age alloy,  
Nor let me crave the lyre in vain!

ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XXXII.

TO MY LYRE.

---

**W**E'RE called! If idly in the shade,  
Oh Lyre! with thee I've ever played  
In future years what ne'er shall fade,  
Now sound a Latin ode.

Thee Lesbian townsman first did sound  
Who, fierce in war, when peace returned,  
Or when his battered keel he found  
To sea-swept shore was moored,

Of Bacchus sang, and Muses coy,  
Of Venus, and the sprightly Boy  
Her comrade. Lycus, comely too,  
Black both his eyes and hair.

Oh! honoured by Apollo's love  
Harp, grateful at the feasts of Jove,  
To labours mine propitious prove,  
And hear my constant prayer.

BOOK I.

ODE XXXIII.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

---

**A**LBIUS, lament not thou too long  
Hard-hearted Glycera's broken vow,  
Nor chaunt thy grief in mournful song,  
Because she loves a younger now.

Lycoris, famed for forehead small,  
For Cyrus burns ; Pholoë rough  
Cyrus prefers ; but sooner shall  
The she-goat wed Apulian wolf,

Than she with that vile sinner mate.  
Thus Venus wills. With cruel joke,  
Bodies and souls ill-matched by fate,  
She loves to bind in brazen yoke.

Whilst nobler love was seeking me,  
Slave-born Myrtalé held me fast  
In pleasing chain, wild as the sea  
Of Hadria on Calabrian coast.

ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XXXIV.

---

OF Gods a worshipper remiss and rare,  
Whilst erring wisdom's tenets once I held ;  
Backward to sail, paths that deserted were  
Again to traverse, I am now compelled.

For the God-Father, who oft-times divides  
With flashing fire the clouds, thro' clear sky now  
His thund'ring coursers and swift chariot guides.  
Now the dull earth and wand'ring rivers' flow,

Now the black Styx, and that most dread abode  
Of hated Taenarus, and the distant range  
Of Atlas huge, are shaken by the God.  
The lowest depths to loftiest heights to change

Can God prevail. Th' exalted he brings down,  
And lifts the poor. Rapacious Fortune tears,  
With crashing sound, from one the lofty crown,  
Which she rejoices when another wears.



BOOK I.

ODE XXXV.

TO FORTUNE.

---

**G**ODDESS! who dost o'er pleasant Antium reign,  
Potent poor mortal man to raise again  
From lowest step, or triumphs proud  
To change at will to wailings loud.

Thee the poor rustic, with entreaty grave,  
Solicits. Thee, queen of the tossing wave,  
In gallant bark Bithynian he  
Who ploughs the deep Carpathian sea.

Thee the rough Dacian, thee the flying Mede,  
Cities, and nations, and fierce Latium dread ;  
Of barbarous kings the mothers dear,  
And tyrants clad in purple fear.

The standing column do not overturn  
With spurning foot ; nor let the people burn  
With mad sedition, nor incite  
Those ceasing now, the realm to smite.

ODES OF HORACE.

Stern Fate before thee doth for ever stand,  
Huge spikes and wedges in her brazen hand  
    She bears, nor is the rivet dread  
    Forgotten, nor the molten lead.

Thee Hope doth worship, and infrequent Faith,  
Veiled in white robe, nor doth she quit thy path  
    Altho', thy vesture changed, in grief  
    The houses of the great thou leave.

When faithless crowd and perjured wanton fly ;  
When treach'rous friends, on whom you now rely,  
    Prove faithless in misfortune's strain,  
    And to the dregs your casks you drain.

Preserve thou Caesar, now about to go  
To distant Britain, and his levies new,  
    Whom Eastern lands with fear shall see,  
    And ruddy Erythraean sea.

Alas ! of scars and fratricidal rage  
I am ashamed. What have we fled, harsh age ?  
    What sin is left untouched ? What pains  
    Of Gods the hand of youth restrains ?

What altars have they spared ? Oh ! I would fain  
Our blunted swords that thou would'st forge again  
    On anvil new, to overthrow  
    Massagetae and Arab foe.

BOOK I.

ODE XXXVI.

TO PLOTIUS NUMIDA.

---

WITH incense and with lyre I praise,  
And with a votive heifer slain,  
The guardian Gods of Numida ;  
Who, safe returned from distant Spain,

To his dear comrades kisses gives  
Now many, yet to no one more  
Than to sweet Lamia, mindful of  
Their boyish pranks in days of yore,

And virile gown together donned.  
Mark this bright day with chalk from Crete,  
Nor spare the wine-jar now produced,  
Nor rest from Salian dance the feet.

Let not the thirsty Damalis  
In Thracian draught with Bassus vie,  
Nor rose be absent from the feast,  
Nor parsley fresh, nor lily shy.

On Damalis their longing eyes  
All fix, yet she from lover new  
Will not be torn away, to whom  
Like clinging ivy she is true.

ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XXXVII.

TO MY COMPANIONS.

---

NOW, comrades, is the time to drink,  
To beat the ground with nimble feet ;  
And now the temples to adorn  
Of Gods with Salian feasts 'tis meet.

Till now unlawful to bring forth,  
From stores ancestral, Caecuban,  
Whilst ruin to the Capitol  
And Empire's fall prepared the Queen.

Surrounded by her creatures base,  
Foul with disease, she weakly raved  
And, drunk with fortune, all things hoped :  
But scarce from flames one galley saved.

Bated her rage, and forced her mind,  
With Mareotic wine possessed,  
Flying, real fears to entertain ;  
When Caesar in swift galleys pressed

From Italy, (as gentle doves  
A hawk pursues, or hunter keen,  
In snowy Haemus' fields, the hare),  
That he might give to binding chain



BOOK I.

The fatal monster, who nor feared,  
Effeminate, the sharp-edged brand,  
Seeking a nobler death, nor fled  
In galley swift to unknown land.

Her falling palace dared to view  
With eyes serene, and angry snake  
To fondle bravely in her breast,  
That fatal venom she might take.

Firm in premeditated death,  
No trembling girl, she scorned, I ween,  
By rough Liburnians to be led  
In triumph proud,—a discrowned Queen.



ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XXXVIII.  
TO MY SLAVE.

---

OH Slave! the Persian pomps I hate,  
Garlands I hate with linden twined,  
Cease, where the last rose lingers late,  
Thy search to find.

To simple myrtle let thy care  
Nought add I pray; thou serving wine  
And quaffing I, both fitly wear  
'Neath branching vine.



BOOK II.

B O O K I I .

---

ODE I.

T O A S I N I U S P O L L I O .

---

**T**HE Civil War you write, which first began  
Metellus Consul ; of its cause, its plan,  
Its crimes ; of fortune's varying turn,  
And of its chieftains' compact stern ;

And of arms stained with gore still unatoned.  
Your work with risk and danger doth abound ;  
Walking o'er hidden fires, you trust  
Yourself to ashes' treach'rous crust.

Your tragic studies now awhile abate,  
Whilst your own country's hist'ry you relate :  
That great work done, you may again  
To Grecian tragedy return.

Pollio, of sad defendants advocate,  
Bright ornament of consulting Senate ;  
Dalmatian triumphs circle now  
Eternal laurels round your brow.

ODES OF HORACE.

And now our ears with trumpets' threat'ning blare  
You stun ; now clarions ring ; now armour's glare  
The flying courser terrifies,  
And blinds the gallant horseman's eyes.

Of mighty leaders now I seem to hear,  
Whom no dishonourable stains besmear ;  
I hear of all the world subdued,  
Save stubborn Cato's fortitude.

Juno, and all the Gods to Libya kind,  
Helpless t' avenge, that land have left behind ;  
The offspring of the victors brave  
Are offered on Jugurtha's grave.

What land, by tombs enriched with Latin gore,  
Does not bear witness of our impious war ?  
The echoes of Hesperia's fall  
Are heard on distant Persia's soil.

What pool, what rivers, ignorant remain  
Of wretched strife ? What sea the hideous stain  
Of Daunian slaughter does not know ?  
On what shore does our blood not flow ?—

But cease, my sprightly Muse, this fun'ral strain,  
Thy merry mood forgot, t' attempt again ;  
On cheerful harp a lighter stave  
Come sing with me in Venus' cave !



BOOK II.

ODE II.

TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS.

---

CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS, who mere dross dost scorn,  
No beauty can there be in silvern coin  
When it is hid in greedy earth,  
In temp'rate use its only worth.

To lengthened age shall Proculeius live  
Who, like a father, did the wants relieve  
Of his lov'd brothers. Lasting fame,  
On wing untiring, bears his name.

A wider empire thou shalt truly find  
All greed by banishing from out thy mind,  
Than if Libya far Gades join,  
Thee Carthaginian serve alone.

By self-indulgence dropsy will increase ;  
Nor can you conquer thirst, till of disease  
The cause from veins hath taken flight,  
And water from the body white.

ODES OF HORACE.

Virtue, aye differing from the common herd,  
Excepts Phräates, to the throne restored  
Of Cyrus, from the band of blest.  
How false the voices of the rest !

To him alone a kingdom will she give,  
Safe crown and laurel certain, who can live,  
Nor e'er with wistful eye behold  
The heaps piled high of ruddy gold.



BOOK II.

ODE III.

T O D E L L I U S .

---

**D**ELLIUS, ere long to die, do thou maintain  
In poverty a steadfast heart ;  
Nor, if thou should'st prosperity attain,  
Let it a boastful joy impart !

Whether in sorrow hath thy life been spent,  
Or thou thro' festal days recline  
In some secluded rustic home content,  
Quaffing the old Falernian wine,

Where the tall pine and silver poplar love  
Their boughs to join in grateful shade ;  
Where the swift brooklet dashes through the grove,  
With rippling stream o'er winding bed.

Here wines and perfumes order to be borne,  
And short-liv'd buds of dainty rose,  
Whilst means, and youth, and sable threads unspun  
Of the three sisters, fate allows.

ODES OF HORACE.

From purchased groves, from home, thou must depart,  
Thy villa tawny Tiber by ;  
Thine heir shall take the wealth which now thou art  
With anxious labour piling high.

It matters not however rich thou be,  
From ancient Inachus descend ;  
Or poor and low, thine only roof the sky,  
Unpitying Orcus is thine end.

To the same bourne Fates ev'ry mortal drive ;  
In the same urn of all the lot  
Is cast ; to endless exile we arrive,  
Sooner or later by the boat.





BOOK II.

ODE IV.

TO XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.

---

XANTHIAS PHOCEUS, be not ashamed  
Because you love your pretty slave,  
For snowy skin Brisëis famed  
Once fired with love Achilles brave :

Lord Ajax, son of Telamon,  
Captive Tecmessa's beauty moved ;  
A ravish'd maid, Agamemnon,  
In midst of triumph hotly loved,

When the barbarian troops were slain  
In the Thessalian victory ;  
And, Hector dead, did Troy remain  
To weary Greeks an easy prey.

For aught you know fair Phyllis springs  
Of fit descent with you to mate ;  
Descended from a line of kings,  
She weeps an unpropitious fate.

ODES OF HORACE.

Think not that she who wins your love  
Comes of a vile plebeian race ;  
So faithful she, all greed above,  
Cannot be born of mother base.

Untouched myself, her arms I praise,  
Her face, and her proportions fair ;  
Let not my song suspicion raise,  
Who now approach my fortieth year.



BOOK II.

ODE V.

---

**N**OT yet 'tis fitting that her neck should wear  
The heavy yoke, nor can she equal prove  
To matron's duties, nor the burden bear  
Of eager husband's love.

Of verdant fields your heifer thinks instead,  
Delighting now the sultry heat t' assuage  
In flowing streams, now in moist osier bed  
With calves in play t' engage.

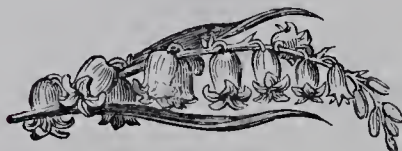
Do not indulge a craving appetite  
For unripe grapes ; soon autumn will for you  
The half-grown clusters change to purple bright  
From their now pallid hue.

Soon will she love you ; warm maturity  
Hastes on ; the years it shall have ta'en from you  
Will soon be hers ; soon Lalagé  
A husband will pursue.

ODES OF HORACE.

Than fading Pholoë or than Chloris she  
Far more beloved ; her shoulders gleaming white,  
As the pure moon upon the midnight sea,  
Or Cnidian Gyges bright ;

Whom, if among a group of girls you lead,  
His flowing locks and doubtful countenance  
So slightly differ, that they might mislead,  
A stranger's keenest glance.





BOOK II.

ODE VI.

TO SEPTIMIUS.

---

SEPTIMIUS, who with me would fly  
To Gades, or the Cantabri  
Untamed to yoke, or where wild Syrtes o'er  
The Moorish waves aye roar.

May Tibur, founded by the Greeks,  
The refuge be my old age seeks,  
There the fatigues of sea be known no more,  
Of travel, or of war.

Whence if the angry Fates debar.  
Galaesus' streams, which pleasing are  
To fleecy sheep, I'll seek, and Spartan plains  
O'er which Phalantus reigns.

That corner of the earth I love  
The most, where doth the honey prove  
Sweet as Hymettus', and whose olives' size  
With green Venafrican vies.

ODES OF HORACE.

Where a long spring the climate yields  
And winters mild, where Aulon shields  
The fruitful vine ; and where one covets least  
Falernian grapes to feast.

That country and those happy heights  
Demand us both, whilst love invites  
Thee o'er the ashes of thy poet-friend there  
To shed affection's tear.



BOOK II.

ODE VII.

TO POMPEY.

---

OH ! oft reduced with me to hardest straits,  
When Brutus was our leader in the war ;  
Who hath restored thee to thy civil rights,  
Thy country's Gods, and the Italian shore,

Pompey, thou dearest of my friends ? With thee  
Oft have I whiled away with purest wine  
The ling'ring day. Then, crowned my tresses free  
With unguents from far Syria brought, did shine.

With thee Philippi and swift flight I found,  
My shield ingloriously away was thrown,  
When valour shattered was, and to base ground  
Fell daring warriors on their faces prone.

In a dense cloud swift Mercury bore me  
Through hostile ranks, all trembling with affright ;  
In boiling waves the sea engulphéd thee,  
Bearing thee back again to furious fight.

ODES OF HORACE.

But now restored, give thou to Father Jove  
The feast thou promised, and thy form recline,  
By long war wearied, in my laurel grove,  
Nor spare thy destined gift, my casks of wine.

With care-dispelling Massic do thou fill  
The sparkling glasses, and pour perfumes rich  
From the capacious shell. What slave now will  
Weave garlands quickly from the parsley fresh,

Or from the myrtle? Whom shall Venus name  
As ruler of the feast? I'll rave as mad  
As Bacchanals! When I my friend reclaim,  
To lose my senses in delight I'm glad.





BOOK II.

ODE VIII.

TO BARINÉ.

---

**I**F any penalty for oath forsworn  
Had ever injured thee, Bariné fair ;  
If thou, by blacken'd tooth, or one nail gone,  
Less lovely did'st appear,

I might believe thee. But thy faithless brow  
No sooner dost thou bind with oaths again,  
Than fairer still thou shinest, and dost grow  
Of youth the gen'ral pain.

To thee 'tis of advantage to deceive  
Thy mother's buried corse, and silent signs  
Of night, and heaven itself, and Gods to grieve,  
Free from cold death's confines.

Venus herself, I tell thee, laughs at this,  
The careless Nymphs and cruel Cupid smile,  
His glowing darts who always sharp'ning is  
On bloody hone the while.

ODES OF HORACE.

Then add to this that all the growing boys  
Still grow for thee, a band of lovers new ;  
Nor do the old quit their hard mistress' joys,  
Oft threat'ning so to do.

Now for their young ones 'gainst thee mothers pray  
And misers old ; and youthful matrons fear,  
Still dreading lest thy beauty steal away  
From them their husbands dear.



BOOK II,

ODE IX.

TO VALGIUS.

---

**N**OT always from the clouds do showers descend  
Upon the furrowed fields ; nor aye contend  
The varying storms with Caspian main ;  
Nor does the inert ice remain,

Friend Valgius, on the wild Armenian shore  
Thro' the whole year ; nor always north winds roar  
The oaks of Garganus around,  
Nor ash-leaves flutter to the ground.

Yet thou dost always Mystes lost pursue  
With mournful measures, and thy love renew  
Again at Vesper's evening rise,  
And when the rapid sun he flies.

For sweet Antiochus, that aged man  
Thro' his long life, prolonged to triple span,  
Mourned not ; nor did his parents, nor  
His Phrygian sisters aye deplore

ODES OF HORACE.

Young Troilus. Thy tender murmuring  
Now cease at length, and rather let us sing  
Augustus Caesar's triumphs bold  
Renewed, and the Niphates cold,

And Median stream which, added to the spoils  
That he hath won, in lesser volume rolls ;  
And the Geloni, who are tied  
In narrow bound prescribed to ride.





BOOK II.

ODE X.

TO LICINIUS.

---

LICINIUS, thou wilt better fare,  
Not always traversing the deep ;  
Nor, dreading storms with anxious care,  
Too near the dangerous shore to keep.

Whoever loves the golden mean,  
Avoids the squalor of a home  
Decayed ; yet, prudent, will abstain  
To envied palaces to come.

The lofty pine more often still  
Is tempest-toss'd. With greater crash  
High turrets fall. The loftiest hill  
Attracts more oft the lightning's flash.

A well-poised mind, if fates averse,  
Hopes for a change ; but fears it when  
Fair fortune smiles. Dread winter's curse  
The same God brings, and takes again.

ODES OF HORACE.

If now 'tis ill, it shall not aye  
Be so. Phoebus sometimes will woo,  
Upon his harp, the Muses shy,  
Nor doth he always bend his bow.

When poverty your home assails,  
Courage and patience ever show ;  
But wisely then contract your sails,  
When prosp'ring winds around you blow.



BOOK II.

ODE XI.

TO QUINCTIUS.

---

CEASE, Quinctius, to enquire  
What warlike Cantabri or Medes desire,  
From us divided by the Hadrian sea ;  
Nor let it trouble thee

For fleeting life to care,  
Which little needs. Bright youth and beauty rare  
Fly off ; old age your wanton love expels,  
And placid sleep dispels.

There's not to vernal bloom  
Same beauty ever ; nor the blushing moon  
With same face shines. For heav'nly thoughts too small,  
Why do you vex your soul ?

Why not let us recline,  
Drinking, whilst yet we may, beneath the pine,  
Or this tall plane, our hoary locks bedewed  
With rose and Syrian nard ?

ODES OF HORACE.

Evius our biting cares  
Drives far away. What active slave appears  
The hot Falernian cups to qualify,  
From the stream flowing by ?

From home who will allure  
The wanton Lyde here ? Her iv'ry lyre  
Go, make her bring ; in trim knot bound her curls,  
In style of Spartan girl's.





BOOK II.

ODE XII.

TO MAECENAS.

---

ASK not that fierce Numantia's lengthened war,  
Nor dire Hannibal, nor Sicilian sea,  
Empurpled oft with Carthaginian gore,  
Should to my peaceful lyre adapted be.

Nor ask me cruel Lapithae to tell,  
Nor of Hylaeus overcome with wine,  
Nor earth-born giants, who defeated fell  
To Hercules, when Saturn's ancient line

Disaster feared. Thou, in heroic verse,  
Great Caesar's wars far better shalt relate,  
Maecenas, and the gloomy fate rehearse  
Of threat'ning kings led captive through the street

Licymnia, mistress mine, my tuneful Muse  
In sweetest song me now to sing desires,  
And of her eyes resplendent, which infuse  
Within her faithful bosom mutual fires.

ODES OF HORACE.

Whom it so well becomes in sacred dance  
Her graceful feet to move, in jest to play,  
Or with the beauteous virgins to join hands  
In gleeful mirth, on famed Diana's day.

One of Licymnia's locks would'st thou consent  
To change for all Achaemenes could give,  
Or the Mygdonian hoards from Phrygia rent,  
Or well stored domicile of Arab chief?

If she her neck to kisses hot display,  
Or, gently cruel, sweet caress deny  
Which, more than thou, she joys when snatch'd away  
And sometimes will herself to ravish fly.



BOOK II.

ODE XIII.

TO A TREE.

---

ON an ill-omened day he planted thee  
Who first did so. With impious hand, oh tree,  
He raised thee ; ruin of his race,  
And of his village the disgrace.

That his own father's neck, I could believe,  
He may have broken ; nor aught would it grieve  
His soul the midnight blood to shed,  
Of stranger sleeping in his bed.

In Colchian poisons did he doubtless deal,  
And every wickedness that man can feel,  
Who put thee in my field, vile tree,  
About to fall on blameless me !

You cannot always keep from danger clear,  
Tho' cautious still. The Punic sailors fear  
The Bosphorus, but passed its gate,  
They blindly seek an unknown fate.

ODES OF HORACE.

At darts and flying Parthians soldiers quail,  
Parthians at fetters and a Roman gaol ;  
    But death, with unexpected blow,  
    Hath seized, and will seize, men below.

Black Proserpine's abodes I'd nearly seen,  
And Aeacus the judge, and distant scene  
    Where dwell the good ; and Sappho fair,  
    Complaining in Aeolian air

Of her own sisters ; and Alcaeus old,  
Sounding more fully on his harp of gold,  
    The hardships of the sea, of flight,  
    The hardships too of horrid fight.

At both the Shades still wonder that they tell  
Things better left unspoken ; but too well  
    The stupid vulgar love to hear  
    Of banish'd tyrants and of war.

What wonder ! When the hundred-headed brute,  
Black ears hung down, lists to that dulcet flute,  
    And the snakes twisted in the crown  
    Of the Eumenides sink down !

So too Prometheus can forget his pain,  
And Pelops' father, at that charming strain ;  
    No more to drive Orion cares  
    Lions and lynxes from their lairs.

BOOK II.

ODE XIV.

TO POSTUMUS.

---

**A**LAS! oh Postumus! oh Postumus!  
The flying years glide rapidly away;  
Nor piety to wrinkles, nor old age,  
Nor to all-conqu'ring death can bring delay!

My friend, stern Pluto you could not appease,  
E'en by three hundred bulls on ev'ry day  
That passes by: he who Tityus restrains,  
With whom thrice-ample Geryon must stay

Under that awful river, thro' whose flood  
We all must navigate, you may be sure,  
Whom the rich bounty of the earth sustains,  
Whether great kings we be, or rustics poor.

In vain we sanguinary war avoid;  
The broken waves of Adriatic rough;  
In vain th' injurious South wind shall we fear,  
In autumn fatal to our bodies' health.



ODES OF HORACE,

Cocytus black, flowing with languid stream,  
And the vile race of Danäus, and he,  
Sisyphus the son of Aeolus, condemned  
To everlasting labour, must we see.

Your land, your home, your well-belovéd wife,  
All must be left. Nor of those trees, shall one,  
Which now you plant, follow their short-liv'd lord,  
Save the detested cypresses alone.

A worthier heir the Caecuban shall drink,  
Which now preserve a hundred keys at least ;  
The pavement he shall stain with gen'rous wine,  
Better than that which serves high pontiff's feast.



BOOK II.

ODE XV

---

**E**RE long increasing palaces will leave  
Few acres to the plough. We shall perceive  
Ponds wider than the Lucrine lake  
On ev'ry side. The barren plane will take

The place of elms. Of violets the banks,  
Myrtles, and scented herbs in copious ranks,  
Will scatter odours through the wood,  
Where olives once were fruitful for their lord.

Then the dense laurel with its boughs will shade  
From scorching beams. Not these the habits made  
By Romulus and Cato rough,  
And laws for our forefathers good enough.

With them the private revenues were small,  
The public, large. No spacious entrance hall,  
Measured by ten-foot rule, held fast  
Their private homes 'gainst bitter northern blast.

Nor did the laws permit them to despise  
Chance turf for roof: commanding towns to rise  
And temples of the Gods enlarge,  
With fresh-hewn marble at the public charge.

ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XVI.

TO GROSPHUS.

---

**F**OR rest to Gods the sailor cries  
Who, caught on broad Aegæan, spies  
Black clouds before the moon arise,  
'Mid stars' uncertain light.

For rest the warlike Thracians pray,  
For rest the Mede with quiver gay,  
Which, Grosphus, not with wealth will stay,  
With gems, nor purple bright.

Nor gold, nor guards, can drive away  
The wretched cares that ever stay,  
And hover round the ceilings gay  
Of lofty vaulted halls.

That man lives well on scanty hoard  
Whose father's plate decks frugal board ;  
No fears from him sweet sleep can ward,  
Nor sordid greed enthralles.

BOOK II.

Why are our transient aims so high ?  
Why do we for new countries sigh ?  
What exile from himself can fly,  
    Forgetful of his care ?

Vile Care the brazen galley scales,  
The troops of horse she straight assails,  
For swifter she than eastern gales,  
    Far swifter than the deer !

The mind content with present state,  
Cares not what is in store from fate,  
With placid smile for more can wait ;  
    No bliss without alloy.

Swift death renown'd Achilles takes,  
Old age Tithonus weary makes,  
Fate, kind to me, thy spirit breaks  
    By snatching all thy joy.

Around thee low a hundred herds,  
Thy steeds are swifter than the birds,  
Whilst Afric's richest purple girds  
    Thy form in costly guise.

The truthful Fates have granted me  
A little farm upon the lea,  
A vein of Attic minstrelsy,  
    And carpers to despise.

ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XVII.

TO MAECENAS.

---

**W**HY dost thou kill me with thy cry?  
'Tis friendly nor to Gods nor me  
That thou, Maecenas, first should'st die,  
My life's great glory and my stay!

Ah! if on thee, part of my soul,  
Swift blow should fall, why should I stay?  
Nor like belov'd, nor living whole,  
Death to us both shall bring that day!

I have not sworn perfidious oath,  
Where thou precedest, I will go,—  
Will go, prepared as comrades both,  
The last sad fate to undergo.

Me, nor Chimaera's fiery breath,  
Nor hundred-handed Gyas seize  
From thee, if he should rise from death;  
So Fates and mighty Justice please.



BOOK II

If Libra, or if Scorpio dread,  
    Presided at my natal hour,  
Or Capricorn his influence shed,  
    Who o'er th' Hesperian wave hath power ;

In wond'rous mode our stars agree.  
    Of Jupiter the glorious aid  
From impious Saturn rescued thee ;  
    Who the swift wings of Fate delayed,

When in the circus the glad strain  
    The crowd on thee did thrice bestow.  
A tree, nigh falling on my brain,  
    Had sent me hence, had not the blow

The hand of Faunus turned away,  
    Guardian of learned men ! Arise,  
Victims and votive fane to pay ;  
    A humble lamb I'll sacrifice !



ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XVIII.

---

**N**OR ivory, nor gold,  
Nor fretted ceiling glitters in my cot ;  
Nor beams Hymettian hold  
Columns of marble in far Libya cut ;

Nor, a usurping heir,  
Have I seized Attalus' palatial roof ;  
Nor do attendants fair  
Laconian purple spin for my behoof.

But faith, and lib'ral vein  
Of intellect are mine. Tho' I am poor,  
To seek me rich are fain ;—  
I importune the Gods for nothing more :

Nor my great friend I pray  
For more. In Sabine farm content remain :  
Day swiftly follows day,  
And new moons ever hasten to their wane.

BOOK · II.

Tho' now so near your doom,  
Yet still you order marble to be hewn,  
Forgetful of the tomb.  
The raging sea pushed back, with mansions strewn

Is Baiae's lengthened shore,  
Not satisfied in nature's bound to stay.  
What! Greedy still for more,  
Your neighbour's landmarks do you tear away?

And your dependents' bound  
O'erleap? Husband and wife away are thrust  
From their paternal ground,  
Clasping their Gods and infants to their breast.

No palace yet awaits  
Its wealthy lord more sure than greedy death  
For you, doomed by the fates!  
Where further do you go? Impartial earth

The pauper covers o'er  
And sons of kings. Nor back the watchful guard  
Of Orcus hither bore  
Prometheus sly, tho' tempted by reward.

Proud Tantalus he there  
Confines, and all his race. The poor man's friend,  
Invoked or not, he'll hear  
And grant him rest, his labours at an end.

ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XIX

TO BACCHUS.

---

**B**ACCHUS I saw, (posterity believe !),  
Amid the distant rocks his sonnets teach  
And Nymphs and Satyrs goat-footed receive,  
With ears attentive, his melodious speech.

Evoc ! my bosom quakes with new-born fear,  
Of Bacchus full, wildly dilates my heart !  
Evoc ! great Liber ! spare thy servant, spare,  
With awful thyrsus armed thou dreaded art !

'Tis lawful still for me to sound the strain  
Of headstrong Bacchanals, and fount of wine,  
Of rivers running milk, and tell again  
Of honey oozing from the hollow pine.

And it is lawful of thine happy spouse  
To sing, new honour added to the stars ;  
And the dread fall of Pentheus' royal house,  
And of Lycurgus' death, proud King of Thrace.

BOOK II.

Thou dost the streams, thou the barbarian main  
Control. Thou, moist with wine, on distant spot  
The tresses of thy priestess dost restrain,  
Unhurt, of vipers in a binding knot.

Thou, when the impious band of Titans vast  
The kingdom of thy Father dared to storm  
Thro' lofty sky, huge Rhoetus backward cast,  
With claws and horrid jaw in lion form.

Tho' said to be more fitted for the dance,  
For merriment or play, but not for war  
Considered meet ; yet, when there came the chance,  
Of peace and war thou wast the arbiter.

When Cerberus saw thee with golden horn  
Adorned, with drooping tail he thee did greet,  
And with his triple head, at thy return,  
He tamely fawned upon thy legs and feet.





ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XX.

· TO MAECENAS.

---

ON common or on feeble wing,  
A bard transformed, I'll not be borne  
Thro' liquid aether ; all too long  
On earth I stay ; above their scorn

I'll cities leave. I shall not die  
Tho' born of poor plebeian blood,  
Whom thou, Maecenas, call'st "Belov'd,"  
I'll ne'er be bound by Stygian flood.

Now, even now, the scaly skin  
Forms on my ankles ; change I now  
To a white bird above ; on hands  
And shoulders downy feathers grow.

Now a melodious bird, more swift  
Than Icarus Daedalean soar,  
Gaetolian Syrtes I shall see,  
Wild Bosphorus and Polar shore.

BOOK II.

Colchian and Dacian, hiding fear  
Of Roman troops, by me be known  
Geloni far and Spaniard wise,  
And he who drinks of rapid Rhone.

Cease dirges o'er an empty grave,  
Complainings drear and thoughts of gloom ;  
Your wailings cease, nor give to me  
Superfluous honours of a tomb.



ODES OF HORACE.

B O O K I I I .

---

ODE I.

---

**I** HATE and drive from me the crowd profane  
Attend in silence ! I, the sacred bard  
Of Muses, sing to maids and youths a strain  
By them before unheard.

O'er their own peoples dreaded tyrants reign ;  
O'er Kings themselves the empire is of God ;  
He, famed for triumph o'er the giant train,  
All tremble at his nod.

One man more widely trees in order trim  
Than other plants. This one on birth relies  
As suitor in the Field. That one with him  
In fame and morals vies.

His num'rous clients will one man return.  
Fate, by impartial law, allots or fame  
Or infamy ; but the capacious urn  
Produces ev'ry name.

BOOK III.

Sicilian feasts cannot sweet relish bring  
To that man o'er whose impious neck the blade  
Unsheath'd is hung ; no song that birds can sing,  
Nor harp's melodious aid,

Can give him sleep. Sweet sleep the humble cot  
Of husbandman does not disdain, nor strand  
Which shade affords, nor Tempé's lovely spot,  
By gentle Zephyrs fann'd.

The stormy sea brings no solicitude  
To him who is contented with enough ;  
Arcturus setting, nor the rising Kid,  
Bringing the tempests rough.

Nor do his vineyards buffeted by hail ;  
Nor unproductive soil ; now at the rain  
And now at scorching stars the tree may rail,  
Of winters fierce complain.

The fishes feel the very sea affords  
Less space from piers which in the deep are thrown ;  
Here many builders with their slaves, and lords,  
Disdaining land, cast stone.

But Fear and Conscience by the self-same way  
Ascend as does the lord. Black care will not  
The brazen trireme leave ; and still will she  
Behind the horseman sit.

ODES OF HORACE.

Since neither Phrygian stone can her retard,  
Nor purple garb more lustrous than a star,  
Nor the Falernian wine, nor costly nard  
The Persian produce rare.

With envied columns and in newest style,  
Why should I seek to build a lofty dome?  
Why should I wish to change my Sabine vale  
For riches cumbersome?





BOOK III.

ODE II.

---

**L**ET hardy youth together learn  
Sharp pinch of active war to bear  
In patience. Let the horseman stern  
Fierce Parthians harass with his spear.

In open air and daring raid  
His life be spent. From hostile keep  
Beholding him, may wife and maid  
Adult, of warring tyrant weep.

Alas! let not the royal mate,  
Unskill'd in arms, provoke by touch  
The lion fierce, whose bloody hate  
Thro' midst of slaughter swift will rush.

Oh! sweet and glorious 'tis to die  
For native land! The coward, Death  
Pursues; nor does he spare the thigh,  
Nor trembling back of peaceful youth.

Valour, disdaining craven flight,  
With unstained honours shines, nor lays  
Aside, nor takes the signs of might,  
At airy will of populace.

ODES OF HORACE.

Valour, to those heaven opening  
Who deathless are, by dang'rous path  
Pursues her way ; with flying wing  
Spurns vulgar crowds and humid earth.

So also is there sure reward  
To faithful silence. I refuse  
The man who rites of Ceres dread  
Dares to divulge, my house to use,

Or in same fragile boat to sail.  
Neglected God may guiltless join  
With bad. Seldom doth Justice fail,  
Tho' lame, to punish wicked men.



BOOK III.

ODE III.

---

**N**OR senseless rage of clam'ring crowd,  
Nor threat'ning glance of tyrant proud,  
Can shake the man whose constant mind  
Is fixed of purpose ; nor South wind,

Fierce lord of restless Hadria's strand ;  
Of thund'ring Jove, nor mighty hand.  
Should earth itself in fragments fall,  
The wreck would strike a fearless soul.

Pollux and wand'ring Hercules  
Endowed with this attribute seize  
The starry keep ; with rosy lips  
With them Augustus nectar sips.

By this deserving, Bacchus sire,  
Thou did'st control the tigers dire,  
Dragging with tameless neck thy yoke.  
From Acheron Quirinus broke

ODES OF HORACE.

On steeds of Mars, when pleasing words  
Spake Juno to consulting Gods :—  
“ Troy ! Troy ! a fatal judge and lewd  
“ And foreign woman thee have strewed

“ In dust. To Pallas chaste and me  
“ Thy race and leader false shall be  
“ Condemned, since the reward agreed  
“ Læomedon to Gods denied.

“ For neither did the guest profane  
“ Of the Laconian harlot shine ;  
“ Nor perjured house of Priam stayed  
“ The warlike Greeks by Hector’s aid.

“ Lengthened by our sad discord, wars  
“ Are ended now. Now I to Mars  
“ My cruel rage will back return ;  
“ And hated grandson who was born

“ Of Trojan priestess, I’ll permit  
“ That he should enter shining seat,  
“ And nectar quaff, and added be  
“ To peaceful ranks of deity.

“ So long as mighty seas remain  
“ ’Twixt Rome and Ilion, let them reign,  
“ The exiles blest in other clime.  
“ Whilst cattle over Priam’s tomb,

BOOK III.

“ And that of Paris sport, and while  
“ Wild beasts unchased their young conceal ;  
“ Still may the glittering Capitol  
“ Remain, and haughty Romans rule

“ O'er conquered Medes. Her dreaded name  
“ May Rome extend to furthest clime,  
“ Where Europe middle sea divides  
“ From Afric', and where swoll'n tides

“ Of Nilus roll. The gold unseen  
“ 'Tis braver to despise, and deem  
“ It better hid in earth, than bring  
“ It for man's use, each sacred thing

“ With right hand snatching. Whate'er end  
“ Of earth withstands, may she contend  
“ In arms, impelled that land to see  
“ Where fires and stormy rains may be.

“ But by this right I tell their fate  
“ To warlike Romans ; not too great,  
“ Nor too confiding, they should joy  
“ To build the roofs of hated Troy.

“ The fortunes of that Troy new-born  
“ Should, under auspices forlorn,  
“ Repeated be. I, first in strife,  
“ Of Jove the sister and the wife.



ODES OF HORACE.

“ If thrice should rise a brazen wall,  
“ Phoebus its founder, thrice should fall  
“ By Greeks o’erthrown. For husband thrice  
“ And children captive woman sighs.”—

This ill befits the merry lyre !  
Oh wilful Muse ! where dost aspire ?  
Cease language of the Gods to use,  
And great things dwarf by feeble verse !



BOOK III.

ODE IV.

TO CALLIOPE.

---

QUEEN CALLIOPE, from heaven descend,  
And haste a long-drawn strain to sing  
To lute, with thy clear voice to blend,  
Or, an thou wilt, with Phoebus' string.

Hear ye? Or does a rapture sweet  
Deceive? I seem to hear and stray  
Thro' sacred groves, where streamlets fleet  
And gentle breezes ever play!

Once, when a boy, fatigued with sport  
Asleep, with fresh leaves ring-doves wise  
To hide me on high Vultur sought,  
Where nurse Apulia's threshold lies.

Wondrous it seemed to all who dwell  
In Acherontia's lofty nest,  
In Bantia's woods, and in the vale  
Of low Ferentum richly blest;

ODES OF HORACE.

That I could sleep with body safe  
From bears and from the vipers dread,  
Dear to the Gods, an infant brave,  
By sacred bays and myrtle hid.

Yours, oh Camenae, I am yours,  
Or raised to Sabine mountain top,  
Or pleased where cool Praenesté soars,  
With Baiae's waves, or Tibur's slope.

Friend to your fountains and your dance,  
Nor routed host at Philippi,  
Nor tree accurst, nor sad mischance  
Of Palinurus, injured me.

If ye be with me, cheerfully  
Sailing, mad Bosphorus I'll explore,  
And as a traveller I'll see  
The burning sands of Syria's shore.

Britons, to strangers fierce, I'll view ;  
And Concani who love the blood  
Of horse ; quiver'd Geloni too  
Unhurt I'll see, and Scythian flood.

Ye cherished in Pierian cave  
Great Caesar, seeking war to end,  
When weary cohorts late he gave  
Command their own towns to defend.

BOOK III.

Ye, sacred ones, give counsel mild  
And joy to give it. Well we know  
How he who hurled down Titans wild,  
A monstrous crew, with crashing blow ;

How he still earth and stormy sea,  
And cities, and the kingdoms grim,  
Alone rules with impartial sway ;  
How Gods and mortals bend to him.

Fierce youth, confiding in their might,  
And brothers who to heap up sought  
Pelion on dark Olympus' height,  
To Jove himself great terror brought.

What could Mimas, or Typhoeus,  
Or what Porphyryon's threat'ning height,  
What Rhoetus, or Enceladus,  
With trees uprooted fierce to fight,

Rushing 'gainst Pallas' sounding shield,  
Avail? Here eager Vulcan stood ;  
Wife Juno there ! He who doth wield  
The bow upon his shoulder broad,

Phoebus, who in Castalian dew  
Laves his loose locks, who Lycia's wood  
Holds, and his natal forest too,  
Of Patara and Delos God.

ODES OF HORACE.

Force, without wisdom, by its weight  
Must fall. The Gods, who raise on high  
Well governed Force, the same Force hate,  
Intent on all impiety.

Let hundred-handed Gyas be  
The witness of my truth, and base  
Orion, Dian's chastity  
Who tempts, her virgin arrow slays.

The earth, on her own monsters spread,  
Grieves and laments her offspring sent  
By thunderbolt to Orcus dread ;  
Nor by swift fire is Etna burnt ;

Nor lustful Tityus' liver quits  
The bird as punishment assigned  
For his foul sin ; three hundred knots  
Pirithöus the amorous bind.





BOOK III.

ODE V.

---

**W**E aye believe that in the courts of heaven  
Reigns thund'ring Jove. Now is Augustus given,  
A present God, who to his rule doth add  
The distant Briton and the Persian dread.

Have Crassus' soldiers lived with barb'rous mates  
As husbands base? Oh Senate! And oh Fates  
Averse! Have Marsian and Apulian aged,  
Whilst for unfriendly fathers war they waged

Under the Median King, forgetful grown  
Of sacred shields, and name, and manly gown,  
And of eternal Vesta, this our home  
From danger free and our dear city Rome?

This dreaded Regulus' far-seeing mind,  
His country scorning by base terms to bind;  
Who saw that such example sure would be  
To bring destruction on posterity,

If captive youth should not have slaughtered been  
Unpitied. Thus did he speak:—"I have seen  
"Our captured standards Punic shrines display,  
"And from our soldiers weapons snatch'd away

ODES OF HORACE.

“ Without resistance. I have seen the hands  
“ Of citizens behind free backs in bands ;  
“ And gates unclosed, and fields retilled, which were  
“ Once quite depopulated by our war.

“ Think ye the soldier ransomed by your dross  
“ Returns more brave? To shame ye but add loss !  
“ Think ye the wool which once hath borne the stain  
“ Of dye, its pristine colour can regain ?

“ Nor does true valour, conquered by the sword,  
“ By means inferior care to be restored.  
“ If timid hart, which hath escaped by flight  
“ From thick-wrought meshes, will e'er turn to fight,

“ Then he'll be brave who trusts perfidious foe,  
“ And in another war will overthrow  
“ The Punic race, who thongs around his arms  
“ Bound fast hath tamely felt,—whom death alarms !

“ The man who thus by any means will care  
“ His life to save, but mingles peace with war !  
“ Oh shame ! Oh mighty Carthage, finding fame  
“ In ruined Italy's eternal shame !”

'Tis said this man denied himself the bliss  
Of wife's chaste kiss and little ones' caress,  
As dead to civic rights ; and sternly turned  
His manly countenance upon the ground

BOOK III.

Till he, their counsellor, had power to bind,  
By his advice, the Senate's wav'ring mind,  
His own unchang'd. Then from his friends distressed,  
Illustrious Exile ! to his doom he pressed.

And tho' he knew what the barbarian grim  
Of horrid torture had prepared for him,  
Yet still he thrust opposing friends away,  
And crowds that strove departure to delay ;

As tho', the tedious work of clients done,  
Their suit determined, he had merely gone  
To take his leisure in Venafrian field,  
Or fair Tarentum, once by Spartans held.



ODES OF HORACE.

ODE VI.

---

TO THE ROMANS.

**R**OMAN! tho' guiltless, thou must expiate  
Thy fathers' crimes, until thou shalt restore  
The temples, and the falling shrines of Gods,  
And statues with vile smoke all blackened o'er.

Thou rulest by obedience to the Gods,  
To this each undertaking sure apply  
And every end. Neglected Gods have given  
Misfortunes great to mourning Italy.

Twice have Monaeses and the hardy bands  
Of Pacorus our inauspicious charge  
Repelled, and proudly added Roman spoils,  
Their former scanty honours to enlarge.

Dacian and African have nigh destroyed  
Our city, in seditious brawls engaged ;  
One pow'rful with his fleet, with missile dart  
The other better, 'gainst us war hath waged.



BOOK III.

Fruitful in crime, the age did first corrupt  
The marriage bond, the race, and e'en the home :  
From this bad source derived, defeat has flowed  
O'er all the country and the race of Rome.

The grown-up maiden to be taught delights  
Ionic dances, and in crafty arts  
Is well instructed ; and forbidden loves  
From tender infancy she meditates.

Soon younger lovers she will try to find,  
Her husband in his cups, nor doth she care  
On whom forbidden favours she bestows  
With careless ease, when the lights disappear.

But when she's summoned openly she comes,  
Too oft indeed before her husband's face,  
If agent vile, or Spanish captain call,  
The wealthy purchaser of her disgrace !

A youth not sprung from parents such as these  
Dyed mighty ocean with the Punic blood,  
And Pyrrhus slaughtered, and Antiochus  
The Great, and hated Hannibal withstood.

But manly offspring of a rustic race  
Of warriors, taught with Sabine spades the land  
To dig, and taught to cut and carry wood  
At an unyielding mother's stern command ;



ODES OF HORACE.

Nor then to cease, till shadows of the hills  
By setting sun were lengthened, and again  
With his departing car came time of rest,  
And weary oxen from the yokes were ta'en.

Oh! what does not this age corrupt impair?  
Our fathers' age, than their own fathers' worse,  
Hath us begot, a race more wicked still,  
Yet soon a viler offspring to produce!



BOOK III.

ODE VII.

---

TO ASTERIE.

**A**STERIE, why for Gyges dost thou mourn,  
That youth of constant faith, whom fair  
West winds to thee will early spring return,  
Made happy with Bithynian ware?

He, driven to Oricum by Southern gales  
Under the Goat's tempestuous star,  
Deprived of sleep, thro' frosty nights bewails  
Thine absence with the constant tear.

Altho' his anxious hostess' agent sly  
Should by a thousand modes deceive,  
Pretending that for him doth Chloë sigh,  
With hotter fires than thine doth grieve.

He tells him how once a woman scheming  
Incited Proetus death to haste,  
Too credulous, her false charge believing,  
To young Bellerophon the chaste.

ODES OF HORACE.

He tells how Peleus too once nearly fell  
To Tartarus when, chaste, he fled  
Magnesian Hippolyte ; and, base, will tell  
Tales which to sinfulness would lead.

In vain ! For he, than the Icarian cliffs  
More deaf, untouched the words will hear.  
But lest Enipeus, who too near thee lives,  
Should please thee more than right, beware !

Altho' no other, skilful like to him,  
In Campus Martius may be seen  
To guide a steed ; nor is there one can swim  
So swiftly down the Tuscan stream.

To ope thine house at night's approach refrain,  
Nor do thou on the street look down  
At pipe's shrill sound, but obdurate remain,  
Altho' he oft deplores thy frown.



BOOK III.

ODE VIII.

TO MAECENAS.

---

OH thou, who language of each tongue dost know,  
Thou art surprised what I, unmarried, do  
In March's Kalends. What do flowers show,  
And censer incense bearing,

And coal on living sod? I did devote  
Rich feasts to Bacchus and a snow-white goat;  
I, on whose head once death was nearly brought  
By tree upon me falling.

This day, held sacred each returning year,  
The pitch-held cork shall take from out the jar  
Which I, when Tullus consul, did prepare,  
In smoke hung up for rip'ning.

Maecenas, to the safety of thy friend,  
A hundred cups imbibe; by bright lamps spend  
The night till morning breaks. Let clamour end,  
Be absent angry raging.

ODES OF HORACE.

Thy civil cares for Rome now put away,  
The bands of Dacian Cotiso we slay,  
In his own land the hated Mede will stay,  
Fierce civil war distracting.

Our ancient foes of Spain, the Cantabri,  
Are now subdued, by recent victory  
Enchain'd. The Scythians, unbent bows put by,  
To yield their lands are thinking.

Careless of state in private moments, spare  
For peoples' sufferings too much to care,  
The gifts of this bright day now joyous wear,  
Affairs of statecraft leaving.





BOOK III.

ODE IX.

AN ODE IN RESPONSES.

---

*Horace.*—**S**O long as I was dear to thee,  
Nor any youth preferred to me  
Round thy white neck his arms could fling,  
I lived more blest than Persian king!

*Lydia.*—Whilst no one else did thee inflame,  
Nor, after Chloë, Lydia came,  
Lydia of high account I found,  
Than Roman Ilia more renowned!

*Horace.*—Now Thracian Chloë o'er me reigns,  
Sweet measures taught, and skilled in strains,  
For whom to die I'm not afraid,  
If Fates spare her, surviving maid!

*Lydia.*—Me Thurian Ornytus' the son,  
Calaïs, mutual flame doth burn,  
For whom twice I could bear to die,  
If Fates spare him, surviving boy!

ODES OF HORACE.

*Horace.*—What! If our former love revives  
In brazen yoke our sundered lives?  
If gold-haired Chloë charms no more,  
To jilted Lydia opes the door?

*Lydia.*—Tho' he more beauteous than a star,  
Thou light as cork, and angrier far  
Than stormy Hadria, gladly I  
With thee would live, with thee would die!



BOOK III.

ODE X.

TO LYCÉ.

LYCÉ, tho' wedded to a barb'rous mate  
And drinking distant Don, thou would'st my fate  
Deplore, stretch'd at thy cruel door to weep,  
Exposed to North winds which there ever sweep.

Dost thou not hear the creaking of thy door,  
And how the wood around thy house doth roar?  
Dost thou not mark how wintry sky doth throw  
Its icy brightness o'er the fallen snow?

Hateful to love, now cease that pride to feel!  
Think how the rope may slip upon the wheel  
And backward run. Thy Tyrrhene sire not thee  
Begot to love deaf as Penelopé.

Tho' neither gifts, nor prayers, nor pallid hue  
Of pining lovers, nor thy spouse untrue  
With chatt'ring wanton, can effective prove,  
Oh cruel one! to bend thy heart to love,


Yet spare thy suppliants, tho' more hard than oak  
And not more gentle than the Moorish snake!  
This side of mine will not aye bear the pains  
Of thy hard threshold and the heav'nly rains.

ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XI.

TO MERCURY.

---

 H MERCURY ! thou teaching him his art,  
Amphion docile could by song impart  
Motion to rocks ; thro' thee my seven-string'd lyre  
Sweet pleasure can inspire :

Nor tuneful once, nor pleasing, now its strains  
At rich men's tables and in sacred fanes  
Are welcome. Teach me songs which Lydé fair  
Now obdurate, will hear.

Who, frisking like a three-years' filly, plays  
In the wide fields, nor to be touched she stays,  
Without experience of sweet marriage vows,  
Unripe for loving spouse.

Thou tigers and attendant woods can't lead  
And rapid streams delay. Cerberus, guard  
Immense of the infernal halls, hath bent  
To thy sweet blandishment ;



BOOK III.

Tho' furiously a hundred serpents twine  
About his guarded heads, and tho' combine  
A horrid stench about his triple jaws,  
And bloody matter flows.

Nay, e'en Ixion and e'en Tityus smile,  
Altho' with rueful face. The tub awhile  
Stands dry, whilst Danaus' daughters thou dost ease  
With song aye sure to please.

The virgins' crime and well-known punishment  
Let Lydé hear ; and of the pitcher spent  
Of water ever running through, and state  
The everlasting fate

Which e'en their wickedness awaits in death.  
Impious ! (for when was greater breach of faith ?)  
Impious ! They seized the cruel sword with joy,  
Their husbands to destroy.

One of the many, splendidly untrue  
To her false parent, then herself did show  
Worthy the nuptial torch, a virgin sage,  
Renowned in ev'ry age :

Who to her youthful husband cried :—" Arise !  
" Arise ! lest sleep eternal close thine eyes,  
" Given whence thou fearest not ! Escape my sire  
" And wicked sisters' ire ;



ODES OF HORACE.

“ Who, lion-like, the calves in pieces tear  
“ On which, alas ! they fall. I, gentler far  
“ Than they, will from the deadly blow refrain,  
“ Nor in my couch detain.

“ Let me my father’s cruel fetters wear,  
“ Because in mercy my poor spouse I spare,  
“ To far Numidian plains across the sea  
“ In ship let him send me.

“ Go, where thy feet and friendly breezes bear,  
“ Whilst night and love protect ; swift flight prepare  
“ With prosp’rous omen ; but carve on my tomb  
“ The sad tale of my doom.”



BOOK III.

ODE XII.

TO NEOBULÉ.

---

UNHAPPY are the maids who neither can to love  
give rein,  
Nor drown sad cares with wine, but still in constant  
fear remain

Of uncle's tongue severe.

Oh Neobulé, the winged boy of Love shall take from  
thee  
Distaff, and mesh, and study of hard Greek ; and so  
will he,

Hebrus of Lipara ;

Beauteous, when his oiled shoulders he hath laved in  
Tiber's stream,  
A horseman better than Bellerophon ; in fight  
supreme ;

Nor slow of foot to race.

Skilful the same at frightened herd of flying stags the  
spear  
To hurl in open plain ; and swift the wild boar lurking  
there

From thicket dense to chase.

ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XIII.

TO THE BANDUSIAN SPRING.

---

**B**ANDUSIAN FONT, as crystal bright,  
Of wine and flowers deserving quite,  
To thee to-morrow shall be borne  
A kid, whose newly-sprouted horn

In love ne'er destined to display,  
Nor join in battle's stern array ;  
The offspring of the sportive team  
With crimson gore shall dye thy stream.

The blazing Dog-Star's sultry hour  
Ne'er o'er thine icy pool shall lour,  
But wearied bulls and wand'ring sheep  
Shall in thy grateful coolness steep.

Oh ! Fountain of the noblest name,  
My song shall spread thy worthy fame ;  
From hollow rocks, the oak below,  
Thy babbling waters swiftly flow.

BOOK III.

ODE XIV.

ON THE RETURN OF AUGUSTUS FROM SPAIN.

---

CAESAR, oh Romans ! who, ye lately thought,  
Like Hercules, the death-won laurel sought,  
Now to his household Gods returns once more,  
Victor from Spanish shore.

Now let the Wife come forth who loves her spouse  
And pay to just divinities her vows ;  
Now let the Sister of our chief renowned  
Come forth, her forehead bound

With suppliant fillet, and so mothers dear  
Of daughters, and of sons late saved in war.  
By you, oh youths and maids too young to wed,  
Let no ill words be said.

This, which in truth is a well-omened day  
To me, all my black care shall take away.  
No force I fear, nor death by ruthless hand,  
Whilst Caesar rules the land.

ODES OF HORACE.

Perfumes, oh slave, and wreaths haste to prepare,  
And wine cœval with the Marsian war,  
If any vessel roving Spartacus  
Hath left indeed to us.

Tell bright Neaera that she lose no time  
Her shining tresses in a knot to twine ;  
But if the crusty porter cause delay,  
Then quickly come away.

White hairs bring calm to minds which once were rife  
To pick a quarrel, or for heady strife ;  
In Plancus' consulship, when hot in youth,  
I'd not bear this, forsooth !





BOOK III.

ODE XV.

TO CHLORIS.

---

**W**IFE of poor Ibycus, whose death is nigh,  
Now cease thy wickedness and actions sly,  
Amid young girls now cease to tread,  
Amid bright stars a cloud to spread.

If aught fair Pholoë enough becomes,  
It does not follow that it thee beseems ;  
Oh Chloris ! with a better right  
Thy daughter may perchance invite

Herself to young men's homes. Like Thyiad rash  
To madness stirr'd by beaten cymbals' clash,  
The love of Nothus drives her out,  
Like sportive kid to frisk about.

Wools shorn near famed Luceria thee become,  
A woman old ; not lutes, nor blushing bloom  
Of roses bright, nor casks of wine,  
Which thou to very dregs dost drain.

ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XVI.

TO MAECENAS.

---

**S**TOUT doors of oak and brazen tower  
And wakeful watch-dogs' cruel ward,  
From midnight lovers had had power  
Imprison'd Danaë to guard ;

Did Jove and Love not scorn display  
At pale Acrisius' trembling care  
Of the hid virgin ; for the way,  
A God the bribe, was safe and clear.

Gold loves thro' midst of guards to go,  
Thro' rocks to break, more powerful  
Than thunderbolt. Destruction's blow  
The Argive augur's house befel

Thro' lust of gold. With bribes wide flings  
The " Man of Macedon " of towns  
The gates, and ruins rival kings.  
Bribes soften rough sea-captains' frowns.

Maecenas, thou most glorious knight,  
Increasing wealth brings greater care  
And greed for more. I fear, with right,  
A too conspicuous head to rear.

BOOK III.

The more each one himself denies,  
The more to him the Gods will give.  
Empty, I seek the camps of those  
Who covet naught, and rich men leave,

A glad deserter ; nobler lord  
Of fortune base than if 'twere said  
That all Apulian ploughs I stored,  
Poor amid riches, in my shed.

Of water pure a stream, and wood  
Of acres few, a happier lot  
Is mine, if sure my crops be good,  
Than fertile Afric's proud despot.

Tho' neither doth Calabrian bee  
Bring honey, nor in Formian vat  
Ripens the gen'rous wine for me,  
Nor Gallic fields grow fleeces fat,

Yet biting want I do not feel,  
Nor, if I wished, would'st thou deny  
To give me more. Mine income small  
My lessened needs will well supply,

As tho' I joined Alyattes' realm  
To Thracian plains. To those whose prayers  
Ask much, is wanting much. With him  
'Tis well, enough whom God's hand spares.

ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XVII.

ON AELIUS LAMIA.

---

**A**ELIUS, high-born from Lamus old,  
(Since former Lamias, we are told,  
Both hence were named, and all the race  
Of children origin can trace

From him their sire whom records call,  
Who held, as king, the Formian wall ;  
And Liris gently flowing o'er  
The sands of fair Marica's shore,

Lord of a wide domain), a blast  
Sent down to-morrow from the East,  
With leaves the grove shall strew, with weeds  
Marine the strand ; unless misleads,

Augur of rain, the ancient crow.  
Pile up dry wood while you may so ;  
With wine you shall refresh your breast  
And two-months' pig ;—your slaves shall rest.

BOOK III.

ODE XVIII.

TO FAUNUS.

---

**F**AUNUS, who lov'st the Nymphs that fly  
Pass gently o'er my boundary  
And sunny fields ; propitious be  
To my flocks' little progeny.

If ev'ry year a tender kid  
Is slain, nor store of wine forbid  
The cup, love's friend. With incense rare  
The ancient altar fills the air.

The flocks rejoice in grassy plain,  
When thee December's Nones return ;  
The happy village rests from toil,  
And in the mead the unyoked bull.

'Mid fearless lambs the wolf is seen,  
The forest scatters wild leaves green,  
The delver joys loath'd earth to beat,  
In triple dance with nimble feet.



ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XIX.

TO TELEPHUS.

---

**H**OW far from Inachus  
Doth Codrus come, who feared not for his land to die,  
And race of Aeacus  
Thou dost narrate, and battles fought round sacred Troy.

But at what price to buy  
A cask of Chian, or who'll warm the bath with flame,  
Who'll house-room give, or why  
I can't drive out Pelignian colds, thou dost not name.

Quickly, my boy, a glass  
Drink to the rising moon ; another to midnight ;  
One to Muraena pass,  
The augur. In the bowls three or nine cups unite.

The bard inspired who would  
Odd-numbered Muses love, asks for cups three times three ;  
Each Grace, with sisters nude  
Conjoined, e'en more than three to quaff prohibits me,

BOOK III.

Fearful of hot dispute.

I love to rave. Why cease of Berecyntian pipe  
The blasts? Why doth the flute  
In silence hang beside the high-suspended harp?

A niggard hand I hate!

Come, scatter roses! Let the envious Lycus hear  
Our noise inebriate,  
And one for Lycus old unfit, our neighbour fair.

Rhodé, for marriage fit,

Loves thee, oh Telephus, whose bushy tresses shine  
Fair as the star of night.  
Gently inflames me now the love of Glycera mine.



ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XX.

TO PYRRHUS.

---

OH PYRRHUS! with what risk dost thou not see  
Thou dost from lioness Gaetolian tear  
Her cubs ; the battle hard thou soon shalt flee,  
A frightened ravisher ;

When she thro' youths' opposing bands will go,  
Nearchus beautiful to find again ;  
A mighty fight, whether or she or thou  
Secure the greater gain.

Meantime, whilst thou dost draw swift arrows out,  
And she her fearsome teeth doth whet, 'tis said  
The arbiter of fight under bare foot,  
Hath trampled the reward ;

And hath refreshed, with gentle breezes' play  
His shoulders, with sweet-scented locks o'erspread.  
Such one was Nireus, or he snatch'd away  
From Ida's wat'ry bed.

BOOK III.

ODE XXI.

T O A N A M P H O R A .

---

**O**H jar belov'd ! thou, born with me  
When Manlius ruled the state,  
Art cause of grief, or revelry,  
Calm sleep, mad love, or hate.

By whatsoever name thou dost  
The Massic choice preserve,  
For day auspicious meet, thou must  
Rich wine Corvinus give.

Not he; tho' of Socratic mood,  
Will, churlish, thee refuse ;  
'Tis said e'en ancient Cato would  
Virtue with wine infuse.

Gently thou dost all grief remove  
From each o'erburdened mind ;  
Thou dost the cares of wise men soothe,  
Their fears with merry wine.

ODES OF HORACE.

To anxious minds back thou dost bring  
Hope, strength, and lengthened hours ;  
With thee man fears nor wrath of king,  
Nor military powers.

Oh ! Bacchus, thee and Venus gay  
Prolong the lamps of night,  
And ungirt Graces, till the day  
The stars shall put to flight.





BOOK III.

ODE XXII.

TO DIANA.

---

**V**IRGIN ! of hills and forests guardian,  
Oh tri-formed Goddess ! who, when thrice implored,  
Dost hear young matrons in maternal pain,  
And from them death dost ward !

The pine my villa which o'ershades be thine,  
On which, each year completed, I bestow  
Most joyfully the offered blood of swine,  
Planning his side-long blow.



ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XXIII.

TO PHIDYLÉ.

---

OH rustic Phidylé! if thou dost raise  
Thy lifted hands to heav'n at first moon-shine,  
With incense to the Lares givest praise,  
With this year's fruit and blood of greedy swine ;

The fruitful vine nor South-west wind shall harm  
With noxious blast, nor corn the sterile blight ;  
Nor shall bad seasons thy sweet flocks alarm,  
When comes fruit-bearing autumn in its flight.

For the devoted victim which now feeds  
On snowy Algidus 'mid holm and oak,  
Or waxes fat in the Albanian meads,  
Shall stain with rushing life-blood from its neck

The axes of the priests. It fits not thee  
With mighty slaughter of the two-years' sheep,  
The little Gods t' appease with rosemary,  
And fragile myrtle on their brows to heap.

If guiltless hand be on the altar laid,  
A costly offering will not mollify  
More sweetly than the votive barley's aid  
Or glistening salt, Penates turned away.

BOOK III.

ODE XXIV.

AGAINST THE COVETOUS.

---

**M**ORE wealthy than Arabia's treasures vast,  
Or India's riches, now to thee  
It is permitted palaces to cast  
In Tyrrhene and Apulian sea.

Yet if her adamantine hooks grim Fate  
To loftiest roofs shall fix, from dread  
Thy trembling soul thou shalt not extricate,  
Nor from the snares of Death thine head.

The country-roving Scythians better learn  
Whose carts, as is their custom, draw  
Their vagrant houses ; and the Getae stern,  
For whom unmeasured acres grow

Free fruits and corn : nor longer in one spot  
Than one year will they plough, then he  
Who hath performed his task, by equal lot,  
Next year a substitute shall see.

There guileless wife, lost their own mother dear,  
Her step-sons gently rules, nor o'er  
Her spouse doth dowered consort domineer,  
Nor trust a gay adulterer.

ODES OF HORACE.

Their dowry is their parents' virtue great  
And, other love rejecting, faith  
True to the marriage bond. Such sin they hate,  
And its meet punishment is death.

Does any wish down these foul crimes to put  
And civic rage? If he desire  
"Father of Cities" on his statues cut,  
Wild lust to check let him aspire.

May he be honoured by posterity  
Since we, (alas! our wickedness!)  
Virtue, whilst living, hate; yet, fickle, pray  
For it when taken from our eyes.

Of what avail are wailings sorrowful,  
If sin is not by stripes down hurled?  
Morals without, what do vain laws avail?  
Since nor that quarter of the world

Parched by the fervid heats, nor distant shore  
Which borders Boreas, nor snow  
Hard frozen to the ground, hath power to scare  
The venturous merchant. Sailors know

How stormy seas to rule. But poverty,  
That great reproach, compels us all  
To do or suffer aught, and from the way  
Of lofty Virtue makes us fall.



BOOK III.

Either our gems, and stones, and useless gold,  
Of all our greatest evils cause,  
To the Capitol let us send, where called  
By an approving crowd's applause ;

Or to the nearest sea, if we bewail  
Our sin in truth. Of avarice  
The elements depraved we must expel ;  
And souls sprung from too soft a race

By nobler studies must be fortified.  
The high-born youth, from lack of skill,  
Is not e'en able on a horse to ride  
And fears to hunt. Yet, if you will,

More skilled is he with Grecian hoop to play,  
Or with the dice by laws repressed ;  
Whilst father's faithless perjuries betray  
His friend, his consort, and his guest.

For worthless heir he money piles with speed :  
Forsooth, wealth gotten wickedly  
Still grows ! Something, I know not what, we need ;  
Mere riches cannot satisfy !





ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XXV.

TO BACCHUS.

---

W HITHER, oh Bacchus ! dost thou hurry me  
Inspired by thee ? Into what cave or wood  
Am I now swiftly borne in fancy free ?  
Now in what grot to sing shall I be heard

Great Caesar's endless fame, him to instal  
Amid the stars and in the courts of Jove ?  
Now will I sing the new, the wonderful,  
Unsung before ! As from the cliffs above,

The sleepless Bacchanal with awe doth see  
Hebrus, and Rhodopé, and Thrace snow-white,  
Trodden by savage foot, just so to me  
The banks and empty grove afford delight,

To feel their charms as wandering I go !  
Oh thou, who o'er the Naiads dost bear sway  
And Bacchanals, they who can overthrow  
Tall ash-trees with their hands ! Naught will I say

Of what is little, or in humble mode,  
Nor aught of mortal things. Sweet risk be mine,  
Oh blest Lenæus ! to pursue the God,  
Who round his brow green vine-leaves doth entwine !

BOOK III.

ODE XXVI.

T O V E N U S .

---

**I** LATELY lived a squire of dames,  
A victor in the lists of love ;  
Such contests o'er, the arms I used  
And high-strung harp, this wall shall have :

This wall which sea-born Venus guards  
Upon her left. Here, here, dispose  
The shining torches, crowbars too,  
And, doors opposing, threat'ning bows.

Goddess ! who holdest Cyprus blest,  
And Memphis from Sithonian snow  
Aye free ! Oh Queen ! thy whirling scourge  
But once let haughty Chloë know !



ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XXVII.

TO GALATEA.

---

**M**AY the ill omen of the screech-owl's cry,  
Of pregnant bitch, or grey wolf running by  
From the Lanuvian fields, or fox with young,  
Before the path of impious men be flung !

May ev'ry journey which they undertake  
Be broken by the sight of writhing snake  
Which, like an arrow, shall the steeds affright !  
What shall I fear, an augur of foresight ?

By prayer from sunrise will I supplicate  
The boding raven, ere the bird of Fate,  
Prophetic ever of impending rain,  
To stagnant marshes shall return again.

May'st thou be happy, Galatea, where'er  
Thou art, and may'st thou live a soul to bear  
Mindful of me ; nor may the wand'ring crow  
Nor magpie on the left bar thee to go.

BOOK III.

But see'st thou not with what tumultuous rage  
Sets grim Orion? I can well presage  
How Adriatic's darksome gulf can heave,  
And how fair West winds will at times deceive.

Let wives and children of our foemen know  
The blinding tempests when the South winds blow;  
The roar of ocean, black as midnight hour;  
And shores all trembling with the raging pow'r.

So did Europa trust her snowy side  
To treach'rous bull, but at the ocean wide,  
With monsters teeming, brave, she pallid grew  
When the vile fraud was opened to her view.

She who so lately, busied with her flowers,  
A garland weaving, passed afield the hours,  
Owed to the Nymphs; now in the darksome night  
Saw naught but stars and waves by fading light.

So soon as Crete, of hundred towns the pride,  
She reached, with horror overcome she cried:—  
“ Oh Father! Oh dear name of daughter left!  
“ And oh! my fame, of which I am bereft!  
  
“ Whence? Whither have I come? For virgins' crime  
“ One death too light! In this my waking time  
“ Foul sin do I deplore? Or am I free  
“ From wicked act, and does a phantom me



ODES OF HORACE.

“ Deceive, which, flying from the iv’ry gate,  
“ Comes in my sleep? Which were the better fate ;  
“ Thro’ never-ending waves to plough my way,  
“ Or gather budding blossoms all the day ?

“ If to me now, enraged, would any give  
“ That hated bull, to pierce him would I strive  
“ With the sharp sword ; to break with all my might  
“ The monster’s horns, once beauteous in my sight.

“ Oh shameless ! have I left my Father’s home !  
“ Oh shameless ! I delay to death to come !  
“ If any of the Gods my sin should know,  
“ Naked ’mid lions should I long to go !

“ Before my rounded cheeks by foul decay  
“ Be seized, and freshness from their tender prey  
“ Shall pass away, tigers i’ll seek with speed,  
“ Whilst yet I’m comely, with my flesh to feed !

“ ‘ Europa vile ’ ! such absent Father’s cry,  
“ ‘ Why dost thou hesitate at once to die ?  
“ ‘ Fit for such purpose, now thy girdle take  
“ ‘ Suspended from this ash thy neck to break ;

“ ‘ Or if high cliffs and rocks with death replete  
“ ‘ Thou dost prefer, haste now to tempest fleet  
“ ‘ Thyself to trust ; sure thou, of royal race,  
“ ‘ Would’st never card a mistress’ wool, nor place



BOOK III.

“ ‘Thyself, a wanton, in barbarian home.’ ”  
Sly-smiling Venus and her Boy now come,  
With bow unbent, to her complaining so ;  
Soon when she thought she'd rallied her enow',

Thus did she speak :—“ From angry chidings cease  
“ And from sad wailing. Let there now be peace.  
“ Restrain thine anger when his stately horn  
“ The hated bull surrenders to be torn.

“ Dost thou not know that it doth thee behove  
“ To be the consort of all-conqu'ring Jove ?  
“ Cease then thy sobs, and learn to wear thy fame,  
“ One quarter of the Globe shall bear thy name.”



ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XXVIII.

TO LYDÉ.

---

**W**HAT better can I do on Neptune's festal day?  
Quick, Lydé, bring the Caecuban  
In the dark cellar hid, and drive for once away  
Wisdom our guardian!

You must perceive how quickly passes noon and yet,  
As tho' stood still the flying day,  
The jar when Bibulus was consul stored forget  
From bin to bring away.

Neptune I'll sing and Nereïds' locks with sea-weed girt  
By turns. And you, to sounding lute,  
Shall sing responsive of Latona and the dart  
Of Cynthia swift of foot.

That song complete, next shall you sing her whom delight  
Paphos and shining Cyclades,  
Who Cnidos visits with her harnessed swans. And Night  
With song deserved appease.

BOOK III.

ODE XXIX.

TO MAECENAS.

---

**M**AECENAS, progeny of Tuscan Kings,  
For thee rich wine my humble cottage brings,  
Long stored in cask which not before  
Hath tilted been. The rose's flower

And bright oil for thy locks. Now all delays  
Avoid, nor Tibur moist behold always,  
Nor sloping Aesula, nor hill  
Of him who did Ulysses kill.

Leave dainty wealth and palaces which rise  
To lofty clouds ; nor in the smoky skies  
Delight, nor in the busy hum  
And teeming wealth of happy Rome.

To rich men changes oft must grateful be,  
And cleanly meal beneath the low roof-tree  
Of a poor friend smooths brow of care,  
Curtains without or purple rare.

ODES OF HORACE.

Now doth Andromeda's renownéd sire  
His hidden fire reveal, now Procyon's ire  
    And raging Lion's star return,  
    The sultry days brings back the sun.

Now the tired shepherd and his languid flock  
The shades, the streams, and thicket-covered rock  
    Of rough Silvanus seek ; the shore  
    By vagrant winds is stirr'd no more.

Thy care what constitution fits the state ;  
Thine anxious fears are all for Rome. What fate  
    The Seres bring and Bactra, ruled  
    By Cyrus, and Tanaïs bold.

Wise God enshrouds events in misty night  
Of future time ; and at our mortal fright  
    He smiles when overstrained. Take care  
    To set in order just and fair

The present times ; the future may be found  
Like some great river, now in channel bound,  
    Which calmly glides to Tuscan sea ;  
    Now rolling down in torrent free

Worn stones and torn-up roots, houses, and flocks,  
'Mid echoes of the neighb'ring woods and rocks,  
    Which, whirling down in foaming spate,  
    The quiet rivers irritate.



BOOK III.

He, master of himself, each happy day  
To whom 'tis lawful—"I have lived"—to say,  
Is blessed. To-morrow let the Sire  
The pole enwrap in clouds of fire,

Or dazzle with his sun. Yet aye beware  
Lest nothing from the past you learn ; nor mar,  
Nor undo what the flying hour  
Hath once effected by its power.

Fortune, delighting in her cruel scheme,  
Persistent still to play her horrid game,  
Uncertain honours takes away,  
Now kind to others, now to me.

I laud her while she stays. If pinions swift  
She flutters, freely I resign her gift ;  
Myself in my own virtue fold,  
Preferring honest want to gold.

If under Afric's storms the mast shall groan,  
'Tis not for me to coward prayers to run,  
Nor yet with anxious vows enquire  
If wares of Cyprus or of Tyre

Shall swell the riches of the greedy seas,  
E'en then the help of two-oared boat, or breeze,  
Or Pollux' twin, may still me save  
From wild Aegæan's stormy wave !



ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XXX.

TO MELPOMENÉ.

---

**A** MONUMENT I've raised, more lasting far  
Than bronze, and loftier than the royal site  
Of pyramids ; which neither biting shower,  
Nor impotent North-wind, nor rapid flight

Of years, nor lapse of countless time  
Can e'er destroy. I shall not wholly die !  
My nobler part shall death escape ! My fame  
Renewed by praises of posterity,

So long as priest and silent virgin climb  
The Capitol. I shall be named where roars  
Swift Aufidus ; where Daunus' scanty stream  
A rustic race hath ruled. My genius soars

From humble origin, who first attuned  
To Grecian measures Latin song. The grace  
Assume, by merit earned ; my locks around,  
Melpomené, the Delphic laurel place !

BOOK IV.

B O O K I V .

---

ODE I.

T O V E N U S .

---

**O**H VENUS! dost thou plot again  
The wars long ceased? Spare me, I pray, I pray!  
I am not what I was in reign  
Of gentle Cinara! Cease then to sway,

Who of sweet loves great mother art,  
Me hardened by the flight of fifty years  
Against thy soft commands! Depart  
Where thou art called by youths' alluring prayers!

More fitly shalt thou to the home  
Of Paullus Maximus repair, thou swift  
With swans divine, if thou wouldst come  
A fitting heart with burning love t' engift.

High-born and handsome he, whose skill  
Is eloquent in anxious suitors' cause;  
Youth of a hundred arts, he will  
Bear far and wide the standards of thy wars.

ODES OF HORACE.

And when he shall prevail in love  
And laugh to scorn his rival's presents large,  
He'll place thee under citron roof  
In marble, by the Alban waters' marge ;

There with thy nostrils to inhale  
Much incense, whilst the Berecyntian flutes  
And harps shall charm, nor shall there fail  
To thee the mingled harmony of lutes.

There twice in every day the boys  
And tender virgins shall thy godhead sing ;  
Whilst, with white foot and Salian noise,  
To thee the shaken ground shall three times ring.

Nor maid, nor youth, delights me now,  
Nor hope believing mutual love is mine,  
In drinking to contend, nor brow  
With fresh-cut blossoms of the flowers to twine !

But why ! ah Ligurinus, why  
Adown my cheeks do tears unwonted steal ?  
Why do the dulcet accents die  
Upon my tongue in silence pitiful ?

Now do I hold thee in my dreams  
Clasped to my heart ! Now do I follow thee,  
Swift dashing thro' the Field of Arms,  
And thee, obdurate, o'er the dancing sea !

BOOK IV.

ODE II.

TO IULUS ANTONIUS.

---

**H**E who would rival Pindar's fame  
Like him, Iulus, shall give name  
To glassy sea, raised by Daedalean skill  
On waxen quill.

Like mountain stream which whirls amain  
Beyond its banks, when swoll'n by rain,  
So glorious Pindar foams and sweeps along,  
In mighty song.

Worthy is he of Phoebus' bays,  
Whether he chaunts new words of praise  
In daring dith'rambs, and in numbers free  
From rule may be.

Whether of Gods or God-sprung kings,  
By whom the Centaurs fell, he sings,  
To death deserved ; who dread Chimaera's might  
Could put to flight :



ODES OF HORACE.

Or sings of those whom Elis' meed  
Sent home with glory ; of the steed,  
Or wrestler ; more than hundred statues lifts  
With nobler gifts :

Or, snatch'd away from weeping bride,  
Some youth deploras, whose strength and pride  
And morals pure he raises to the sky,  
Never to die :

High the Dircaean Swan careers  
On mighty gale, whene'er he soars  
Thro' lofty clouds. I, like Matinian bee,  
Of small degree,

In style and mode, Antonius, sip  
The pleasant thyme with labour deep,  
'Mid groves and banks of Tibur moist creep on  
In laboured song.

Thou, loftier poet, shalt Caesar sing,  
When well-won garland he shall bring  
And drag the fierce Sygambri at his will,  
Up sacred hill :

Than whom the Fates and Gods of heaven  
Not one more great to earth have given,  
None better ; not though we again behold  
The age of gold.



BOOK IV.

And thou shalt sing the happy times,  
The City's sports, when Caesar comes,  
Brave chieftain prayed-for long ; and when no cause  
The forum knows.

Then shall my voice the silence break,  
(If aught worth hearing I can speak,)  
And, Caesar home, will sing :—" Oh glorious days !  
" Oh worthy praise ! "

And as he passes thou and I,  
And all the city too, shall cry :—  
" Hail, conqu'ring hero ! " and to Gods above  
Will incense give.

Ten bulls and cows as many thee  
Shall then absolve ; a young calf me  
Which, parted from its dam, in broad fields grows  
To pay my vows :

Its forehead like the flaming horn  
Of moon thrice risen, where is borne  
A beauteous snow-white blaze, the rest to view  
Of tawny hue.



ODES OF HORACE.

ODE III.

TO MELPOMENÉ.

---

**W**HOM thou, Melpomené, hast seen  
With fav'ring eye at natal hour,  
In Isthmian contest ne'er hath been  
Made famous by the wrestler's power ;

Nor by swift steed as victor drawn  
In Grecian car ; nor, chieftain famed  
In Capitol, whose feats adorn  
The Delian leaves, the threat'nings tamed

Of boastful kings. The streams that flow  
By Tibur rich, the leaves among  
Of her dense groves, his name shall show,  
A master of Aeolian song.

Rome's offspring, chief of cities, deigns  
To rank me 'mid the chorus fair  
Of bards, and now no more remains  
Of envy's biting tooth the fear.

BOOK IV.

Oh Muse! who aye dost modulate  
Harmonious sound of golden shell,  
And mak'st dumb fishes imitate  
The music of the swans at will ;

That passers-by the name to give  
As bard of Roman lyre combine,  
Is all thy gift ; and that I live  
And please, if I do please, is thine !



ODES OF HORACE.

ODE IV.

THE PRAISES OF DRUSUS.

---

**L**IKE the wing'd minister of thund'ring Jove,  
(To whom the King of Gods a kingdom gave  
Amongst the flying birds, of faith the meed  
About the matter of fair Ganymede,)

Whom youth and strength hereditary drove,  
Of toil unknowing, from the nest of love ;  
Whom vernal breezes and the clouds roll'd by  
Unusual enterprizes taught to try ;

First tim'rous, soon a quickening impulse bore  
Against the sheep-folds him to carry war ;  
And next the longing after food and fight  
The writhing serpents urged him on to smite :

Just as a she-goat, happily intent  
On the rich food of pastures succulent,  
A lion sees from dun dam's milky teat  
Just weaned, who'll slay her soon with fang new-cut ;



BOOK IV.

So the Vindelici did Drusus see  
Against the Rhaeti gaining victory  
Under the Alps ; (whom custom thro' all time  
Right hands with Amazonian axe doth arm,

From what derived, I sought not to enquire,  
Nor everything to know may we aspire ;) )  
But bands long time victorious far and wide,  
When youthful plans had tamed their conqu'ring pride,

Felt what an intellect well-trained, a race  
Which had been nourish'd in auspicious place,  
Could do ; how much the youthful Neros were  
Indebted to Augustus' fost'ring care.

Of brave and good men brave men are the seed,  
There is in heifer, and there is in steed,  
The virtue of their parents ; and begot  
By warlike eagles peaceful doves are not.

By teaching innate talent grows the more,  
And proper culture strengthens mental power ;  
When morals wanting, then do actions base  
Minds which are naturally good disgrace.

What thou, oh Rome, dost to the Neros owe  
Let conquered Hasdrubal as witness show,  
Metaurus' stream, and that all beauteous day,  
The darkness driven from Latium far away,



ODES OF HORACE.

Which first upon their glorious victory smiled ;  
When thro' Italian towns the Afric' wild  
In fury rode, as flame 'mid pine trees cast,  
Or thro' Sicilian waves the Eastern blast.

From that day did the Roman youth increase  
In prosp'rous labours, and returning peace  
Restored the fanes by Punic rage o'erthrown,  
And raised the statues of our Gods again.

'Twas then at last false Hannibal did cry :—  
“ Now we, like stags, of rav'ning wolves the prey,  
“ Do tamely stoop to those whom to mislead  
“ And fly from is a triumph fair indeed.

“ That nation which, tossed on the Tuscan wave,  
“ Could in Ausonian cities bravely save  
“ Their Gods, their children, and their aged sires,  
“ From the burnt ashes of the Trojan fires ;

“ As when on Algidus the black-leaved oak,  
“ By keen-edged axes lopped, e'en from the stroke  
“ And from the pruning of its boughs doth feel  
“ New strength and vigour from the very steel.

“ Nor did the Hydra's severed body grow  
“ More strong 'gainst Hercules' repeated blow,  
“ Who scorned defeat ; nor did the Colchians breed,  
“ Nor Echionian Thebes, more monstrous seed.

BOOK IV.

“ Tho’ you may sink them in the deep, they will  
“ More beauteous rise. Tho’ you may strive, yet still  
“ The yet unconquered conqu’ror they’ll o’erthrow  
“ In glorious warfare which your wives shall know.

“ No longer boasting messengers I’ll send  
“ To Carthage. All my hope and fortune end,  
“ The fortune of my name is gone,—is gone,  
‘ For my brave brother Hasdrubal is slain ! ”

Nothing indeed there is which Claudian hands  
Cannot effect, whom Jupiter defends  
With providence benign, and whom shrewd care  
Conducts thro’ sharpest stratagems of war.



ODES OF HORACE.

ODE V.

TO AUGUSTUS.

---

GOOD Leader ! sprung from Gods benign,  
Best guardian of the Roman line,  
Too long thou'rt absent, come with speed  
To meet the sacred Senate's need.

Bring back to us thy promised light,  
For where, like Spring, thy visage bright  
Thy people see, sweet pass the days  
And brighter beam the heav'nly rays.

As mother who for son doth yearn  
When South winds hinder his return  
With hated blast, to his sweet home,  
Compell'd Carpathian seas to roam

More than a year, with vow and prayer  
And omen calls, nor from curved shore  
Withdraws her gaze ; so, Caesar, thee  
Thy faithful country longs to see.

BOOK IV.

The ox in safety roams the fields,  
The happy land abundance yields,  
Thro' peaceful seas the sailors fly,  
Faith fears doubt of its verity ;

Chaste homes no more adult'ries stain,  
Morals and laws foul sin restrain,  
Sons like their sires our matrons laud,  
And punishment is sin's reward.

Who fears the Parthian ? Who the Mede  
From frozen clime ? Or who the seed  
Of fell Germania ? Whom can chafe  
Spain's savage war, whilst Caesar's safe ?

On his own hills each evening sees,  
And trains the vine to sapless trees,  
Hence to his wine returns with glee  
And, as a God, to feast bids thee.

With many prayers he thee adores,  
With wine which from the cups he pours ;  
Thy Godhead in his Lares sees,  
As Castor Greece, and Hercules.

Good Leader ! would that thou may'st bring  
Long joys to Rome ! This we will sing  
When dry in early morn, and when  
Well drunk, 'neath ocean sinks the sun.



ODES OF HORACE.

ODE VI.

TO APOLLO.

---

OH GOD! whom Niobe's fair children knew,  
Avenger of a boastful tongue; who slew  
Tityus the thief; Phthian Achilles too,  
Nigh victor of proud Troy.

A soldier greater than the rest, not near  
Thy match; tho', warring with tremendous spear,  
He made Dardanian turrets shake with fear,—  
Of sea-born Thetis boy.

Like pine tree struck by biting iron's blows,  
Or cypress which the eastern blast o'erthrows,  
So falls he far, and his proud neck he bows  
In Trojan dust to fall.

He, not enclosed within the lying horse,  
Pallas' pretended gift, would have recourse  
To craft 'gainst foolish Trojans who rejoice  
To dance in Priam's hall:

But to the captured openly severe,  
(Impious! alas!) with Grecian fire he swore  
That guiltless infants he would burn;—nay more,  
E'en in their mother's womb!



BOOK IV.

Had not the Father of the Gods bestowed  
Upon Aeneas' fortunes an abode  
Of mightier auspices, by thee implored  
And Venus sweet, o'ercome.

Phoebus ! accomplished bard of Thalia wise,  
Who lav'st thy locks where Xanthus' river lies !  
Gentle Agyieus, of the Daunian Muse  
Do thou defend the fame !

Phoebus hath given me soul, Phoebus the art  
Of song hath given, and the proud name of poet !  
Oh high-born virgins, and oh boys who start  
From sires of lofty name ;

Oh wards of Delian Goddess, who doth cow  
The stags and flying lynxes with her bow ;  
Observe the Lesbian time, and mark the blow  
Of my uplifted thumb.

Duly Latona's son shall wake your song,  
Duly fair Luna's light, which grows more strong,  
Prosp'rous in fruits, and swift to roll along  
The passing months that come.

Now married, thou wilt say :—" Obedient I  
" Unto the measures of bard Horace, say  
' Hymns pleasing to the Gods ; the century  
The festal day brings round.'

ODES OF HORACE.

ODE VII.

TO TORQUATUS.

---

**T**HE snows are fled. Green smiles the rich champaign,  
Now bursts the leaf ;  
By lofty banks the loosened rivers dash,  
All changed the earth !

The light-clad Nymphs and graceful Sisters three  
Now lead the dance.  
Hope not to live ! The dying day and year  
Thine end advance.

The gentle winds to biting frosts succeed,  
Summer to Spring ;  
Fruit-bearing Autumn fades ; and see again  
The Winters bring.

So Nature lives again in endless round ;  
Alas ! not we !  
Where sire Acneas and rich Ancus lie  
We'll shadows be !

BOOK IV

If death to-morrow or long life shall be,  
Not thine to know :  
The greedy clutches of thine heir shall grasp  
All left below !

Once dead, Torquatus, and thine awful doom  
By Minos given ;  
High birth, nor eloquence, nor piety,  
Bring back from heaven !

To free Hippolytus from shades below  
Must Dian fail :  
Nor snatch Pirithöus from Lethé's bond  
Theseus prevail !



ODES OF HORACE.

ODE VIII.

TO CENSORINUS.

---

OH CENSORINUS! I would give with joy  
To my companions cups and brazen toy;  
Tripods, the valiant Grecians' prize, I'd give,  
Nor poorest of my gifts should you receive;

If I were rich in works of art indeed,  
Such as Parrhasius or as Scopas made;  
This one in stone, and that in colours warm,  
Skill'd now a man, and now a God, to form.

But not this pow'r to me! Nor do your means  
Such whims demand, nor inclination leans.  
In songs do you delight. Songs can I make,  
And tell the value of the gift you take.

Not marble 'graved with formal words of praise  
Which, after death, to mighty chiefs can raise  
The breath and life again; not swift retreat  
Of Hannibal, when threats with scorn were met,



BOOK IV.

Not all the flames which impious Carthage knew,

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

The praise of that man can more clearly shew,

Who home returned tamed Afric's name to use  
In warfare gained, than the Calabrian Muse.

Nor, if my pen be still, by you be won  
Fit honour for good deeds. What would the son

Of Mars and Ilia be, if silent spite  
The worth of Romulus had hid? The might,  
The favour, and the voice of bards sublime  
Make Aeacus immortal, from the slime

Of Stygian flood removed to islands blest.  
The Muse forbids good men unknown to rest!  
The Muse adds bliss to heav'n! His labour ends  
When Hercules the feasts of Jove attends.

Tyndareus' sons, that constellation bright,  
Snatch shattered ships from stormy ocean's might.  
Bacchus, with green vine tendrils deck'd his brows,  
Gives a successful issue to our vows.





ODES OF HORACE.

ODE IX.

TO LOLLIUS.

---

**T**HINK not indeed the words will die  
I speak to mate with minstrelsy  
By arts before unknown to us ;—  
I, born by roaring Aufidus !

Tho' first Maconian Homer's throne,  
Pindar and Cean bard are known ;  
The lofty strains of Alcaeus,  
And grave ones of Stesichorus.

Nor if Anacreon enjoyed  
Gay odes to write, has time destroyed ;  
Still breathes the love and lives the fire  
Sung by Aeolian maid to lyre.

Nor for adulterer's bright tress,  
Attracted by his gilded dress,  
His royal port, and courtly train,  
Did Spartan Helen only burn.

BOOK IV.

Nor first did Teucer arrows fly  
From bow Cydonian ; nor was Troy  
But harried once ; nor Sthenelus,  
Nor mighty Idomeneus,

Alone fought battles sung by Muse ;  
Nor first did brave Deïphobus,  
Nor Hector fierce, stout blows receive  
Chaste wives and children to relieve.

Ere Agamemnon many brave  
Men lived, but hid in nameless grave,  
All are unsorrowed and unknown,  
For lack of sacred bard alone.

Virtue unknown scarce better is  
Than buried sloth. Oh ! Lollius,  
No longer silent, I will write  
Thy praise, nor let oblivion's spite

Upon thy many labours seize  
Without an effort. Times of ease  
And times of chill adversity  
Alike find steady mind in thee.

Avenger thou of greedy fraud,  
Above attractive pelf's reward,  
Consul, not of one year alone,  
But oft as magistrate hast shewn

ODES OF HORACE.

Thy faith and honour in thy choice ;  
Whom virtues more than gain rejoice ;  
Who base men's gifts rejects with scorn,  
And thro' wild mobs bright arms hast borne.

Him happy we can't rightly call  
Great wealth who holds. To him will fall  
The name of blest, the gifts who knows  
To wisely use which God bestows :

Who cruel want with patience bears,  
And worse than death dishonour fears :  
That man to die is not afraid,  
For friends belov'd or country's aid.



BOOK IV.

ODE X.

TO LIGURINUS.

---

OH ! cruel still and potent with the gifts of love !  
When age unwelcome shall your lofty pride remove  
And hair fall off, which now down to your shoulders grows  
And tints now brighter than the bloom of reddest rose  
Faded, oh ! Ligurinus, seamed your face shall be :  
“ Alas ! ” you’ll say when in your mirror chang’d you’ll see  
Yourself ; “ Why is my mind not same as when a boy,  
“ Nor rounded cheeks again the sweets of youth enjoy ? ”





ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XI.

TO PHYLLIS.

---

**P**HYLLIS, a cask of Alban wine  
I have, surviving winters nine ;  
Parsley, which you in wreaths may twine,  
And ivy ample store,

Which brightly shall your locks array :  
My house with silver plate is gay :  
The altars, bound with vervain, pray  
Now to be sprinkled o'er

With offered lamb. All hands make haste ;  
No time the girls and boys will waste ;  
Whilst o'er the roof black smoke is chased  
By curls of quiv'ring flame.

That you may know your coming joy,  
The Ides your service shall employ,  
For April's month divides this day,  
Of sea-born Venus' name.

BOOK IV.

This day, more sacred in my sight  
Than my own birthday, gives delight,  
From it Maecenas, my dear knight,  
    Still counts the flowing years.

A rich and loving maid has caught  
Young Telephus, whom once you sought ;  
Above your station he is thought,  
    Her pleasing chain he wears.

Burnt Phæthon unmeasured greed  
Shall frighten ; and the wingéd steed,  
Wild Pegasus, from rider freed,  
    Earth-born Bellerophon :

That you should worthy hopes pursue,  
Nor have unequal match in view,  
But think it base wrong things to do :  
    Come, of my loves the last !

(For for no other maid I'll burn,)  
Come then, with me the measures learn  
Which you with voice belov'd shall turn,—  
    Song cares away shall cast !



ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XII.

TO VIRGIL.

---

**N**OW Thracian breezes, harbingers of spring,  
Impel the sails and calm to ocean bring ;  
Now neither frozen are the meads, nor flow  
The roaring rivers swoll'n with winter snow.

The bird unhappy now her nest prepares,  
Who mourns the fate of Itys with her tears ;  
Eternal shame on Cecrops' line she brings,  
Who, base, aveng'd the barb'rous lust of kings.

The guardians of fat sheep, in pastures bright,  
Sing songs to strain of pipe, and thus delight  
The God who wand'ring flocks with pleasure sees,  
And whom Arcadia's shady mountains please.

Virgil, the season hath engendered thirst,  
But if to quaff the wine you covet most  
In Cales pressed, oh friend of noble boys,  
You wish, for it your costly spikenard pays !

BOOK IV.

A little box of spikenard shall reveal  
A cask Sulpicius' cellars now conceal ;  
Gen'rous to give new hopes, doubt not it may  
The bitterness of sorrow wash away.

If you would haste to joys like these, come swift  
And bring your merchandize ; without a gift  
That you should drain my cups I can't afford,  
As tho' a rich man with a house well stored.

Now leave delays and the desire for gain,  
Mindful of flames below ; with wisdom's pain  
A little folly mingle whilst you may ;  
In the right place 'tis sweet the fool to play !





ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XIII.

TO LYCÉ.

---

LYCÉ, the Gods have heard my vow ;  
Lycé, the Gods have heard ; for now  
Thou'rt old, but shameless still,  
Would'st fain seem fair, and frisk, and drink thy fill ;

And, drunk, dost tardy Cupid woo  
With quav'ring song, the fair cheeks who  
Of youthful Chia loves,  
Whose well-taught song his true affection moves.

Beyond the barren oaks he flies,  
Rejecting thee, whene'er he spies  
Black teeth which thee disgrace,  
And snow-white hair and seamed and wrinkled face.

Nor Coan purples now bring back,  
Nor sparkling gems, to thee the lack  
Of youth, which flying day  
And records too well known have ta'en away.

BOOK IV.

Whither flies love? Alas! or where  
Thy bloom? Where doth that grace appear?  
Of her what hast thou still,—  
Of her who love inspired e'en 'gainst my will?

Blest next to Cinara thou'rt named,  
Whose face for witching arts was famed;  
To Cinara the Fates  
Few years have given, whilst still for Lycé waits

The tedious age of raven old,  
That fervid youngsters may behold,  
With laughter loud and long,  
The torch that burnt them in the ashes flung



ODES OF HORACE.

ODE XIV.

TO AUGUSTUS.

---

**W**HAT care of Senate or of Roman race  
Thy fame, Augustus, shall for ever grace  
By ample gifts of high reward,  
Inscriptions cut and long record ;

Greatest of chieftains, wheresoe'er the sun  
O'er habitable shores his course doth run ?  
Vindelici, of Latin law,  
Which they had never known before,

Have lately learnt, and what thy warlike might.  
For with thy soldiers did brave Drusus smite  
The wild Genauni, restless grown,  
And Breuni swift, not once alone ;

And forts which frown from lofty Alpine height.  
The elder Nero late in mighty fight  
Engaged, and soon the Rhaeti fell,  
With prosp'rous auspice, did repel.

BOOK IV.

In martial conflict aye to be admired,  
With what destruction he the bosoms tired  
    Devoted to a willing death ;  
    Just as the South wind's furious breath

The tameless waters lashes, when divides  
The clouds the chorus of the Pleiades ;  
    So swift he harries troops of foes,  
    Thro' flames on foaming steed he goes.

As bull-shaped Aufidus rolls on, which drains  
Of our Apulian Daunus the domains,  
    And threatens, in his raging mood,  
    To cultured fields a dreadful flood ;

So Claudius hath with mighty shock o'erthrown  
Barbarian ranks of steel, and mowing down  
    Both front and rear, hath strewn the plain  
    With dead, none of his soldiers slain :

Thou giving him thy troops, thy counsel's aid,  
And fortune. For since Alexandria made  
    Her homage, and did open wide  
    Her ports and empty halls of pride ;

To the third lustrum fortune fav'ring thee,  
A prosp'rous issue to thy wars shall be,  
    And praise be giv'n and wish'd for fame,  
    And victory attend thy name.



ODES OF HORACE.

Oh guardian prompt of Italy and Rome,  
The tameless Spaniard and the Mede shall come,  
The Indian and the Scythian fleet,  
In suppliant homage to thy feet.

And Nile, which hides the sources of her wave,  
And lands which Danube and swift Tigris lave,  
And monster-breeding seas which roar  
Around the distant British shore.

Thee death-despising land of Gaul shall hear,  
The hardy Spaniard and Sygambri fear,  
Their love of slaughter and their pride  
Subdued, their arms shall cast aside.



BOOK IV.

ODE XV.

THE PRAISES OF AUGUSTUS.

---

**P**HOEBUS to sing forbad me to aspire  
Of wars and conquered cities to my lyre,  
My puny sails to spread bade me refrain  
Upon the Tyrrhene sea. Caesar, thy reign

Hath to our fields brought back a rich reward  
And to our sky the standards hath restored  
From the proud posterns of the Parthians ta'en ;  
And freed at last from war, hath closed again

The gates of Janus of Quirinus hight ;  
And wild licentiousness hath bridled tight  
By firm decrees, and crime hath ta'en away,  
And back to virtue giv'n her ancient sway.

By which the glory of the Latin name  
And Roman pow'r have grown ; our empire's fame  
And majesty from rising sun have spread  
To where he sinks upon his western bed.

ODES OF HORACE.

Whilst Caesar is the guardian of our state  
Not civil war nor violence irate  
Our peace shall drive away, nor cities poor  
By rage which sharpens swords embroil in war.

They who deep Danube drink shall subject be  
To Julian laws, and Seres, and Getae,  
And the perfidious Persians, and the race  
Born by the banks of flowing Tanais.

Then we, on common and on sacred days,  
'Mid merry Bacchus' gifts, the song will raise,  
With wives and children, (first having given  
Due supplication to the Gods of heaven),

To chieftains who have bravely fought, and Troy,  
Anchises too, and lovely Venus' boy ;  
With songs which mingle with the Lydian lyres,  
According to the custom of our sires.



THE SAECULAR HYMN.

THE SAECULAR HYMN.



**Y**E Gods ! who love the forest shades,  
By turns the glory of the sky ;  
Phoebus, whose worship never fades,  
And Dian, who art ever nigh,  
Oh grant the bliss for which we pray.  
Upon this great and holy day !

Let chosen maids and virgin boys,  
As the mysterious Sibyl taught,  
In sacred hymns upraise their voice  
To you who have our glory sought ;  
Let all the seven hills resound  
With songs of praise that shake the ground.

Bright Sun ! who, in thy radiant car,  
Dost both reveal and hide the day,  
And still returning from afar,  
Again dost shed thy genial ray ;  
No mightier nation may'st thou see  
Than Rome, the lord of earth and sea !



ODES OF HORACE.

Ilithyia ! gentle thou and kind,  
Who givest ease to mothers' woes,  
May Roman mothers ever find  
Thee still propitious to their throes ;  
Whether Lucina be thy name,  
Or Genitalis, still the same.

Oh ! grant a still increasing race,  
And prosper all our Senate's laws ;  
May constant nuptials e'er replace  
The drain of sickness and of wars,  
And children cluster round the knee  
Of each fond wife who prays to thee !

Then when the fast-revolving years  
Bring round again the Sacred Games,  
We'll cast aside all doubts and fears  
Whilst eager joy our souls inflames,  
And thrice by night and thrice by day,  
By turns we'll sing, by turns we'll play.

And you, ye Fates, whose truthful voice  
Of heaven proclaims the fixed decrees,  
Who cannot turn our woes to joys,  
And speak not mortal whims to please ;  
May future happiness afford  
Fit sequel to your past record !

THE SAECULAR HYMN.

May Earth, still lavish of her fruits,  
Crown Ceres with the wreath of corn ;  
May rains refresh the budding shoots,  
And flowers salute the rising morn ;  
May gentle Zephyrs sweep the plain,  
And ruddy Health in gladness reign.

Oh Phoebus ! hide thy glittering dart,  
The suppliant youths in mercy hear !  
Oh Luna ! bend thy gentle heart,  
Receive the maidens' fervent prayer !  
High 'mid the shining stars thou'rt seen,  
The brightest there, the Crescent Queen !

And if Rome stands by your command,  
And if ye led the sons of Troy  
To quit their own dear native land,  
And touch th' Etruscan shore with joy ;  
To Ilion's cruel fate resigned,  
They left their ancient Gods behind :

Whom chaste Aeneas, constant still,  
And snatch'd by fate from Ilion's doom,  
With noble zeal and iron will,  
Led from their stricken country's tomb,  
To found upon this happy shore  
A nation mightier than before.

ODES OF HORACE.

Oh! grant, ye Gods, unto our sons  
The gift of modest Virtue's crown,  
And grant unto our aged ones  
In rest and peace to lay them down :  
Give power, and fame, and happy home,  
Unto the gallant sons of Rome.

And oh! may he who decks our throne,  
From Venus and Anchises sprung,  
Who ne'er forgets your pow'r to own  
By victims slain and praises sung ;  
May he be victor o'er the foe  
Who knows how mercy to bestow !

Yes! now the Roman lords the world,  
The Alban axe the Persian awes ;  
In peace the Scythian flag is furled,  
Submissive to the Roman laws ;  
And, vanquish'd by Fate's stern decree,  
The haughty Indian bends the knee.

Now Faith, and Peace, and Truth return,  
Nor Virtue dreads the light of day ;  
No more our sons vile Passions burn,  
And Modesty again bears sway ;  
So happy Plenty comes again  
To bless Augustus' noble reign.

THE SAECULAR HYMN.

May Phoebus, God of prophecy,  
Adornéd with the glittering bow,  
For whom the Muses gently sigh  
As sounds his lyre, soft and low ;  
May he who by the healing art,  
Doth to the sick relief impart ;

If he with favouring eye behold  
The Citadels of Palatine,  
May he prolong to years untold  
The glories of the Alban line ;  
May haughty Latium lift her head  
And on the neck of empires tread.

May Dian, whose proud temples stand  
On Algidus and Aventine,  
In mercy hear the pray'rful band  
Who guard the volumes Sibylline,  
And listen with propitious ears  
Unto our ever grateful prayers !

Then we, the Chorus, taught to sing  
Of Phoebus and of Dian too,  
Still pray that Time's unfaltering wing  
May all our ardent hopes renew.  
Great Jove! and all ye heavenly band,  
Oh shower these blessings on our land !



THE EPODES.

EPODE I.

TO MAECENAS.

OH friend Maecenas, thou wilt take  
Liburnian boats 'gainst bulwarks high  
Of ships, prepared to undergo  
Great Caesar's perils and thine own.  
What shall I do? For life will be  
Joyful if thou survive, but sad  
If not. Shall I then take my ease,  
Not sweet indeed unless with thee?  
Or brave, shall I thy labours bear  
As a courageous man becomes?  
Bear them I will! I'll follow thee  
With valiant heart to Alpine peaks,  
Or to unfriendly Caucasus,  
Or to the furthest western bay.  
Dost ask how I thy work can help,  
Who timid am and weak in health?  
As thy companion less I'll fear,  
'Tis absence makes us fear the more!

THE EPODES.

As bird which watches callow brood,  
Dreads more the gliding snake's attack  
When she's away, tho' powerless,  
If she were there, to drive him back.  
Gladly both this and ev'ry war  
I'd fight in hope of pleasing thee ;  
Not that my ploughs should till the land  
Yoked to more oxen, nor my flock  
Should change Calabria's burning star  
For mild Lucania's verdant fields :  
Not that my glitt'ring halls should vie  
With walls of lofty Tusculum  
By Circe built. Thy charity  
Hath given me wealth enough and more.  
Riches I seek not to obtain,  
Which either I may bury deep,  
Like miser Chremes, in the earth,  
Or like a wasteful spendthrift lose !



ODES OF HORACE.

EPODE II.

---

**H**APPY is he who, far from business cares,  
Like the first race of men,  
With his own oxen tills paternal fields,  
From money-lending freed !  
No soldier he, is by hoarse trumpet stirr'd,  
Nor fears the angry sea ;  
He shuns the Forum, and the portals proud  
Of pow'rful citizens.  
Therefore he either trains to poplars high  
The robust shoots of vines ;  
Or he surveys the herds of lowing kine  
Straying in vale remote ;  
And, lopping useless branches with his knife,  
More fruitful ones engrafts ;  
Or in pure vessels the press'd honey hoards ;  
Or shears the tender sheep.  
When in the fields doth Autumn rear his head,  
Adorned with mellow fruits,  
How he rejoices, plucking grafted pears  
And purple-vying grapes,  
For thee, Priapus, and, Silvanus old,  
Guardian of bounds, for thee.

THE EPODES.

Now he delights 'neath an old oak to lie,  
    Now in the tangled grass ;  
Meanwhile the rivers glide 'twixt lofty banks,  
    The birds sing in the woods,  
The fountains murmur with their trickling streams,  
    Which gentle sleep invite.  
But when the wint'ry time of thund'ring Jove  
    The rain and snow brings down,  
Either with many dogs the fierce wild boars  
    He drives to snaring toils,  
Or fine-meshed nets with slender pole he spreads,  
    A trap for greedy thrush,  
And takes the trembling hare and stranger crane  
    With snare, delightful prize !  
Who, 'mid such sports, does not forget his woes  
    And all the cares of love ?  
But if chaste wife on her part helps to keep  
    His home and children sweet,  
(Such as a Sabine dame, or sun-burnt spouse  
    Of an Apulian stout,)  
And piles the sacred hearth with ancient logs  
    To meet her wearied mate ;  
And shutting pastured herds in wattled pens,  
    Drains their distended teats ;  
And, drawing this year's wine from vessel pure,  
    Dainties unbought prepares.  
The Lucrine oysters could not me delight,  
    Nor turbot more, nor char,  
If stormy winter from the Eastern waves  
    Bring any to this sea.



ODES OF HORACE.

Not Afric's bird shall in my paunch descend,  
Not the Ionian snipe,  
More welcome than the olive gathered in  
From richest boughs of trees,  
Mead-loving sorrel, or the mallow sweet  
Which sickly body soothes ;  
Or lamb slain at the feast of Terminus,  
Or kid from wolf escaped.  
'Mid feasts like these how it delights to see  
The well-fed sheep haste home ;  
To see the wearied ox with languid neck  
Drawing inverted plough ;  
And slaves drawn up, proof of a rich man's house,  
The shining Lares round.—  
When this the usurer Alfius had said,  
A rustic soon to be,  
His coin he called in at the Ides, yet seeks  
In Kalends to put out.



THE EPODES.

EPODE IV.

AGAINST MENAS.

---

**H**ATRED as deep as Nature plants  
'Twixt wolves and lambs I bear to thee,  
Whose back with Spanish ropes is scored,  
And shanks have cruel fetters worn.  
Tho', proud of pelf, you strut along,  
Your fortune cannot change your breed.  
When, swaggering through the Sacred Way,  
In toga twice three ells in width,  
Can you not see how boiling rage  
The face of all who pass averts?  
"This wretch," they cry, "triumvir's whips  
"Have lash'd till e'en the crier was sick,  
"Yet now a thousand acres ploughs  
"Of rich Falernian soil. His nags  
"Wear out the Appian Way. As knight  
"In foremost place he sits, despite  
"Of Otho's law. How happens it  
"So many beaks of pond'rous ships  
"'Gainst thieves and servile band are led,  
"And yet a wretched knave like this  
"A military tribune is?"

ODES OF HORACE.

EPODE VI.

AGAINST CASSIUS SEVERUS.

---

OH frightened cur, if wolves be near,  
Why dost thou harmless strangers fright?  
Come, turn on me thy braggart bark,  
And dare at me again to bite!  
Like Spartan or Molussian hound,  
Firm friend to shepherds in their need,  
Thro' the deep snows with ears erect,  
I track the hated wild beast's lead.  
With fearsome howls thou fill'st the grove,  
Or for rejected food dost fawn;  
Beware! beware! 'gainst villains fierce  
I rush like bull with lowered horn.  
Like proud Lycambes' would-be son,  
Or Bupalus' keen enemy,  
If envious tooth at me should gnash,  
Shall I like puling infant cry?

THE EPODES

EPODE VII.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

---

**W**HITHER! oh whither! wicked, do ye rush?  
Why do your hands  
Grasp swords late hid?  
Has then too little of the Latin blood upon the lands  
And seas been shed?  
Not that the turrets proud of hated Carthage Romans  
may  
Destroy by flame!  
Not that the yet unconquered Briton down the Sacred  
Way  
In chains may come!  
But by her own right hand this City may to ruin speed,  
As Parthians long!  
Not such the custom e'en of wolves, save 'gainst  
another breed,  
Nor lions strong.  
Does then blind frenzy, still more savage force, or sin  
accurst  
Upon you seize?



ODES OF HORACE.

They speak not! O'er their countenance the ashy  
pallors burst,  
Their stunn'd souls freeze!  
Thus is it! Bitter Fates and awful sin of fratricide  
Must Rome atone,  
Since with the blood of Remus innocent the earth was  
dyed,  
And curses sown!



THE EPODES.

EPODE XIII.

TO MY FRIENDS.

---

**A** FEARFUL tempest hath o'erspread the sky,  
From heaven the showers and snows descend  
And now the woods resound, and now the sea,  
Under the northern blasts of Thracian wind.  
Seize then, oh friends, th' occasion of the day,  
And whilst 'tis fitting and our knees are firm,  
Let age with clouded brow be driven away.

Bring forth the wines pressed in the distant term  
When my Torquatus consul was. Forbear  
Aught else to speak of ; for perchance the God,  
By happy change, may yet our bliss restore.

Now it delights me with the Persian nard  
To be bedewed, and with Cyllenean string  
My bosom to relieve from cares forlorn.

To his great pupil thus did Chiron sing :—

“ All-conqu'ring mortal ! boy of Thetis born !  
“ Assaracus' domain now thee awaits,  
“ Which small Scamander cleaves with frigid stream,  
“ And Simois swift ; from whose realm the Fates  
“ Have snapp'd the thread of thy return ; nor dream  
“ That thee thine azure mother back can bear  
“ To home again. Then manfully dispel,  
“ By wine and soothing song, detested care,  
“ And by sweet conversation sorrow quell

ODES OF HORACE.

EPODE XIV.

T O M A E C E N A S .

---

**M**AECENAS kind, thou killest me  
By asking oft why sloth should steep  
My inmost sense with gentle power,  
And lull me in oblivion deep ;  
As tho' with thirsty throat I'd quaffed  
The cups which bring Lethean sleep ;  
Commenced iambics to complete  
The God ! the God ! now me doth keep,  
Altho' an Ode I promised thee.  
Thus, say they, did Anacreon weep,  
The Teian bard, for Bathyllus,  
A Samian youth, and oft did heap  
Song upon song to hollow shell  
In careless rhyme. So o'er thee creep  
The fires of love. Yet still rejoice  
If flames more ardent did not leap  
O'er Troy besieged. Now, not content,  
Fair Phryn e, one love holding cheap,  
That girl from serfdom lately freed,  
My love is seeking still to keep.

THE EPODES.

EPODE XV.

T O N E A E R A .

---

'T WAS night. In sky serene amid the lesser stars  
Bright shone the moon above ;  
When thou, so soon t' eternal Gods to be forsworn,  
Vowed in my words of love ;  
Thy tender arms, like ivy to the lofty oak,  
Close clinging to my breast ;  
So long as howling wolves strike terror into sheep,  
So long as sailors' rest  
Shall be disturbed by him who lashes ocean wave,  
Orion; curse of sea ;  
So long as breezes fan Apollo's locks unshorn ;  
Our love should constant be.  
Oh false Neaera ! thus to try my fortitude,  
If Flaccus manhood hath,  
Think'st thou he'll bear thy constant love to other given,  
And still restrain his wrath ?  
To adverse fortune ne'er his steadfast soul shall yield,  
Altho' pierced thro' by grief !  
And thou ! more blest than I, who proudly struttest now,  
My sorrow thy relief ;



ODES OF HORACE.

Altho' thou may'st be rich in flocks and spreading land,  
For thee Pactolus flow,  
To thee Pythagoras' immortal lore be known,  
Fairer than Nireus grow !  
Alas ! mine enemy, thou shalt lament ere long  
Her love to rival given !  
Then in my turn again I at thy grief shall laugh,  
Swift hurled by fate from heaven !



THE EPODES.

EPODE XVI.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

---

**N**OW is another age wasted in civil wars,  
And Rome, by her own fury, headlong falls!  
She whom nor could the neighb'ring Marsi e'er destroy,  
Nor threat'ning Porsena's Etruscan band ;  
Nor Capua's rival might ; nor rapid Spartacus ;  
Nor Switzer faithless to repeated oaths ;  
Nor fierce Germania with her blue-eyed youth subdued ;  
Nor Hannibal detested by our sires.  
Oh impious age ! Blood-stained, ourselves do we destroy,  
Wild beasts shall seize upon this land again.  
Alas ! a barb'rous victor on its ashes stands,  
The City rings with courser's sounding hoofs,  
And bones of Romulus, yet free from wind and sun,  
(Unlawful to behold !) he, scornful, spreads !  
Perchance ye all, or better part, may long to know  
How best these awful troubles to escape ?  
Than this advice none better. As the citizens  
Of Phocis fled with execrations deep,  
And left their lands, their country's Lares, and their fanes,  
By boars and rav'ning wolves to be possessed ;

ODES OF HORACE.

Where'er our feet may bear us let us go ! Where call  
South wind or stormy South-west thro' the waves.  
Does this then please you ? Or who better counsel gives ?  
To sail with prosp'rous omen, why delay ?  
But first swear thus :—"So soon as stones shall upward float  
" From ocean's depths, 'tis lawful to return ;  
" Nor homeward then to spread our sails may we regret,  
" When Po shall lave Matinus' lofty peaks,  
" Or the huge Apennine shall rush down to the sea ;  
" When monstrous beasts a new-born love unites ;  
" When tigers shall delight with timid hinds to mate ;  
" And by the kite the dove polluted be :  
" When simple deer no more rapacious lions fear,  
" And goats, grown smooth, the briny waters love."  
These, and whatever vows our sweet return can bar,  
Let us, and all the city, haste away ;  
Or those superior to the thoughtless mob. Let sloth  
And hopelessness ill-omen'd couches press.  
Ye, who have valour still, laments effeminate  
Suppress, and fly beyond th' Etruscan shores.  
Us ocean tossing round awaits. Seek we the lands,—  
The happy lands, and islands of the blest,  
Where every year the soil untilled produces corn,  
And unpruned vineyards blossom still for aye ;  
Where still the branch of never-failing olive blooms,  
And russet fig her native tree adorns.  
Where honey oozes from the hollow oak. Where leap  
The streams from lofty hills with murm'ring flow.  
There to the milk-pails the she-goats unbidden come,  
And friendly herds return with swoll'n teats.

THE EPODES.

Nor does the nightly bear around the sheep-folds growl,  
Nor do the hills with deadly vipers swarm.  
Happy, much more shall we admire ! How nor the fields  
With heavy showers the rainy East-wind lays,  
Nor in the sun-scorch'd soil are fruitful seeds burnt up,  
For both are tempered by the King of Heaven.  
Not hither did the ship with Argive rowing steer,  
Nor did the wanton Colchian set her foot ;  
Not hither did Sidonian sailors turn their beaks,  
Nor of Ulysses the laborious crew.  
By no contagions are the flocks destroyed. The herds  
By blazing fury of no star are scorched :  
But for a pious race this shore did Jove design,  
When he debased the Golden Age with brass,—  
With brass, then hardened it with steel, whence prosp'rous  
flight  
Unto the good is given ;—thus I foretell.

F I N I S .





# N O T E S .

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## B O O K I .

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### O D E II .

“Late may'st thou to the Gods arise.”

Observe the suddenness of the transition. The poet has invoked all the Gods who were believed to take a special interest in the Roman race. He now suddenly invokes Augustus as a God himself, descended from the heavens to restore the prosperity of Rome, and even now a fitting object of worship on the part of a grateful people. Courtly adulation could hardly reach a further limit.

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### O D E V .

“With scents bedewed, what silly boy.”

Milton translates “*gracilis*,” “slender”;—its usual signification. I have ventured to differ with him and other translators in rendering this word “silly.” I cannot help thinking that the poet meant to refer to the slenderness of the infatuated youth's mind, rather than to that of his body. And the other epithets applied to him in the ode, strengthen me in this opinion. He is called “*insolens*,” “*credulus*,” and “*nescius*,” all meant to denote his lack of ordinary wisdom and foresight.

NOTES.

O D E V I .

“Fierce in appearance, but with close-pared nails.”

“Sectis unguibus” might be rendered, “with sharpened nails;” in which case the girls, whose battles the poet relates, might have been really formidable antagonists. I have preferred the rendering in my text, because it seems to me that the object is to accentuate the contrast between the battles of heroes, of which Varius sings, and the mimic warfare which alone Horace represents himself as capable of recording.

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O D E V I I .

“Let others sing of sunny Rhodes.”

I have translated “clarus” here as “sunny,” rather than as “famous,” or “renowned.” Either rendering is correct, but my reason for preferring the former is, that in the same verse, the scenic rather than the historical features of Corinth are referred to, whilst the mere mention of Thessalian Tempé conjures up a vision of natural beauty. The poet then proceeds to compare the rushing stream, the waving orchards, and the shady groves of his beloved Tivoli with the most celebrated places in other countries.

---

O D E X I .

“Consult not thou the Babylonian seer.”

Literally “the Babylonian numbers.” I have ventured to take this liberty with the text. Doubtless Leuconoë might have tried to tell her own fortune, but more probably she would have consulted some “wise man” or “wise woman.”

I have been obliged to expand this ode from two stanzas to three, as I could not compress its pregnant sense into less space.

## NOTES.

### O D E X I I .

“Oh Clio ! whom of heroes or of men.”

It would have been very easy to have cast this ode in rhythmic form, but I could not do it to my satisfaction. Nothing can exceed the simple dignity of its diction, and to have departed from the poet's own language would, in my opinion, have been to destroy all the severe beauty of the ode. It has but one fault, and that is its ending. I can only conclude that the weakness of the closing lines arises from the fact that the poet had become exhausted by a mighty and sustained effort.

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### O D E X I I I .

“ Quintessence of her charms.”

The literal rendering would have been, “the fifth part ” whilst the word I have used may be taken to mean charms five times distilled. I do not think, however, my rendering does violence to the Poet's meaning. He certainly intends to express intense admiration of his mistress' beauty.

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### O D E X V .

“ And songs recite dear to each tender maid  
“ To harp unwarlike.”

I am inclined to think that “divides ” might have been better translated, “accompany ;”—“ You accompany your effeminate songs with the unwarlike harp.” The idea would then be that the strains of the instrument filled up the pauses in the song, and so “divided ” the notes uttered by the voice.



## NOTES.

### O D E X V I I .

“ For fair Lucretilis doth Faunus swift  
“ Lycaeus oft desert.”

This sentence reads the other way, and speaks of Faunus changing Lucretilis for Lycaeus. I think, however, I have given the true meaning of the Poet. There are other instances in which he seems to say just the opposite to what he means. Thus:—“ Who first attuned to Grecian measures Latin song.” (Book III, Ode 30). This sentence reads the reverse in the original, but there can be no doubt that I have given the rendering intended. Again:—“ Should change Calabria’s burning star for mild Lucania’s verdant fields.” (Epode I.) Surely the Poet did not intend to represent it as an advantage that his flocks should be driven in midsummer from the shady slopes of Lucania to the parched plains of Calabria.

“ The he-goat’s wand’ring wives.”

The scholar will forgive the softening of a translation in this and several other instances to which I need not more particularly refer, in a work intended for general readers.

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### O D E X X .

“ Poor Sabine wine from goblets small.”

I am reminded of Mr. Bernal Osborne’s playful rendering of this passage, when the proposition was first introduced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to reduce the duty on French wines to one shilling per gallon:—

“ You shall drink thin French claret, and very little of it.”

---

### O D E X X I .

This Ode would seem to be a direction to the chorus of youths and maidens by whom the Saecular Hymn was to be sung, as to the mode in which their service was to be conducted.

## NOTES.

### ODE XXIV.

“Sleeps then Quinctilius in eternal death?”

Nothing can bring more vividly before us the hopelessness of a pagan's death than this Ode. Nothing can give stronger point to the words of St. Paul:—“If in this life only we have hope in CHRIST, we are of all men most miserable.” (1 Cor., xv, 19). Modesty, Faith, Justice, Truth; and, probably, in the dear friend of two such men as Virgil and Horace, Intellect and Poetic Genius, had all combined in the accomplished youth whose death is here deplored. Yet the Poet can picture no hope, no happiness for him beyond the grave. He is driven by the relentless God, amid a despairing throng of nameless dead, to the gloomy realms of everlasting night.

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### ODE XXV.

I was very loath to omit anything in the writings of Horace that I could help. I have therefore given what I could of this ode, softening as much as I could render, and omitting what I could not soften.

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### ODE XXVIII.

“Pythagoras sent back to shades below  
“Orcus contains, altho' Euphorbus' shield  
“Retaken, Troy recalled.”

The literal translation is:—“Tartarus holds the son of Panthus, again sent back to Hades, although the shield taken down bore witness of Trojan times.” This seemed to me somewhat obscure, and I have therefore ventured to give the free rendering in the text. Pythagoras, as is well known, taught the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and asserted that he himself was animated by that of Euphorbus, the son of Panthus, a Trojan Prince. In proof of his assertion, he entered the temple of Juno at Mycenae, (where he had never been before), and going straight to the shrine, took down the shield of Euphorbus from amongst numerous other trophies which adorned its walls.

## NOTES.

### ODE XXXIV.

“ For the God-Father, who oft-times divides  
“ With flashing fire the clouds, thro’ clear sky now  
“ His thund’ring coursers and swift chariot guides.”

The poet describes his own conversion from the Epicurean school of philosophy, through having witnessed the phenomenon of thunder and lightning in a cloudless sky. I fear his conversion was almost as short-lived as the flash and roar which frightened him for the moment. Compare --

“ From dense dark clouds reared mass o’er mass sublime  
“ Spring then those missile fires. In sky serene  
“ Such ne’er we mark.”

---

### ODE XXXVI.

“ Safe returned from distant Spain.”

By Hesperia is usually meant Italy, as in Book II., Ode 1.; Book III., Ode 6. To the Greeks, Italy was Hesperia,—“the land of the West.” To the Romans, Spain occupied that position, being called as in the text, “Hesperia ultima;”—“the far West.” Orelli thus explains the Poet’s meaning in the present Ode;—“Hispania, ultima Occidentem versus regio.”

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## BOOK II.

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### ODE I.

“ And of its chieftains’ compact stern.”

An allusion to the compact made between Octavius, Marc Antony, and Lepidus, on the formation of the second triumvirate, when

## NOTES.

each sacrificed some of his best and dearest friends to the hatred of the others. The cruel bargain is shortly described by Shakespeare :—

*Antony*.—“These many then shall die ; their names are prick'd.”

*Octavius*.—“Your brother too must die. Consent you, Lepidus?”

*Lepidus*.—“I do consent.”

*Octavius*.—“Prick him down, Antony.”

*Lepidus*.—“Upon condition Publius shall not live, who is your sister's son, Marc Antony.”

*Antony*.—“He shall not live. Look, with a spot I damn him.”

*Jul. Caes.*, Act iv., Sc. I.

“Your tragic studies now awhile abate.”

The reader will notice that the whole of this stanza is freely translated. A close translation would hardly have conveyed its true meaning, paradoxical as that may seem.

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## ODE III.

“Sooner or later by the boat.”

Literally :—“Embarked on board the boat for eternal exile.” The dead were supposed to be ferried across the Styx to the Kingdom of Pluto by Charon.

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## ODE V.

“Than fading Pholoë.”

“Fugax” is here generally translated “coy,” or “shy.” I prefer the rendering I have given, because I think that Horace meant to contrast the fresh young beauty of Lalagé with the over-ripe charms of Pholoë and Chloris, who had probably already, in his opinion, reigned too long as queens of love.



NOTES.

ODE VII.

“Pompey, thou dearest of my friends.”

The person here addressed is Pompeius Varus, a friend of the poet's, who had served with him in the army of Brutus and Cassius.

---

ODE XIV.

“Your land, your home, your well-beloved wife.”

The oft-quoted expression “*placens uxor*,” though strictly meaning only “pleasing wife,” seemed to me to require a stronger rendering to convey the intensity, so to speak, which the epithet derives from the Latin.

---

ODE XVI.

“What exile from himself can fly?”

There is a whole poem in this short sentence. Byron could not improve, though he amplifies the thought. He uses the very words of Horace in the lines:—

“What exile from himself can flee  
“To Zones tho' more and more remote?  
“Still, still, pursues where'er I be,  
“The blight of life—the demon Thought!

*Childe Harold*, Canto I., To Inez.

---

ODE XVIII.

“In Sabine farm content remain.”

I believe “*satis*” is now generally rendered in this passage as the participle of “*sero* ;” and would therefore mean, “that which is sown,” *i.e.*, a farm. So Virgil;—

“*Dabit ille ruinas*

“*Arboribus, stragemque satis.*” *Aeneid* xii., 454.

“It (the storm) will bring ruin to the trees and destruction to the crops.”

NOTES.

BOOK III.

---

ODE I.

“ I hate and drive from me the crowd profane.”

This glorious ode would seem to have been written as an introduction to the Saecular Hymn.

“ Nor unproductive soil.”

“ Fundus mendax,” literally “ lying soil ; ” that soil in which the ripening fruit does not fulfil the promise of the plentiful blossoms. This stanza I found difficult to render to my satisfaction. I have taken it in the sense that the contented man so remains, notwithstanding the failure of his fruit-crop, for which both soil and tree offer a series of lame excuses.

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ODE II.

“ The coward Death

“ Pursues.”

Compare Shakspeare :— “ Cowards die many times before their deaths.” *Jul. Caes.* Act ii., Sc. 2.

“ I refuse

“ The man who rites of Ceres dread

“ Dares to divulge, my house to use.”

My Masonic brethren will see in these lines a reference to those ancient mysteries, derived from Egypt and Eleusis, which they claim as the origin of their own mystic rites.

## NOTES.

### ODE III.

“ And hated grandson who was born  
“ Of Trojan priestess.”

Romulus, being the son of Mars, was the grandson of Juno. His mother, Rhea Silvia, was of course of Trojan descent. Hence Juno at first bears against him the same inveterate hostility which she had ever shewn against the whole Trojan race. She forgives him, however, because he has not attempted to restore the ruins of detested Troy, but has founded a new and mightier empire in far distant Italy. At length, therefore, she consents to his taking his place amongst the immortal Gods under the name of Quirinus.

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### ODE IV.

“ Nor routed host at Philippi,  
“ Nor tree accurst. nor sad mischance  
“ Of Palinurus injured me.”

Horace, having referred to his miraculous escape from death when, as a child, he had strayed far from home and fallen asleep on the lofty height of Vultur, here enumerates the three great perils through which his otherwise peaceful life had passed. First, the battle of Philippi, from which his constitutional timidity had caused him to fly, “relictâ non bene parmula.” This episode is related in the Ode to Pompey (Book II., Ode 7). Secondly, the plane tree which nearly fell upon him whilst sitting or walking in his own grounds, to which he frequently refers and roundly abuses in the Ode to a Tree (Book II., Ode 13). And lastly, his having fallen overboard whilst on a voyage, referred to in Archytas (Book I., Ode 28). This accident befel the poet in the Gulf of Velia, when accompanying the expedition against Sextus Pompey.

“ The burning sands of Syria's shore.”

Assyria was an inland country. Probably the exigencies of the metre led the poet to use the word. He must have meant Syria.

## NOTES.

### ODE V.

“ Have Crassus' soldiers lived with barb'rous mates ? ”

An allusion to the defeat and capture of the army of Crassus by the Parthians, under Monaeses or Surenas, at the battle of Carrhae. The remnant of this army was settled as a small colony in the country of their conquerors. This defeat is also referred to in the next Ode, —“ Twice have Monaeses,” &c.

“ This our home

“ From danger free.”

“ Incolumi Jove.” The name of the king of heaven is not unfrequently used by poets to signify the expanse of heaven itself. Thus:—“ sub Jove frigido,” “ under the frosty sky ” (Book I., Ode I). Again, “ Positas ut glaciet nives puro numine Jupiter ; ” “ How Jupiter shines on the fallen snows with his pure influence ” (Book III., Ode 10). And again, “ Nostro Jovi ; ” “ to our own sky ” (Book IV., Ode 15). “ Jupiter pluvius ” is a more trite illustration.

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### ODE VI.

“ Their former scanty honours to enlarge.”

“ Torquibus exiguis.” Literally, “ to their scanty torques.” An allusion to the thin twisted collars of gold or other precious metal worn by savage chieftains, a custom which prevailed with the ancient Britons amongst others.

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### ODE VII.

“ To ope thine house at night's approach refrain.”

Shakspeare must surely have read Horace. He gives us not merely the same thought, but almost the very words in the following passage:—



NOTES.

“ Lock up my doors ; and when you hear the drum  
“ And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,  
“ Clamber not you up to the casements then,  
“ Nor thrust your head into the public street.”

*Merchant of Venice*, Act ii., Sc. 5.

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ODE VIII.

“ The pitch-held cork.”

The wine-jars were sealed with rosin or pitch, and the maturity of the wine was hastened by hanging up the jars over a smoky fire. See the description of the feast of Glaucus, in the late Lord Lytton's “ Last Days of Pompeii ” (Chap. 3).

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ODE X.

“ Think how the rope may slip upon the wheel  
“ And backward run.”

This figure would seem to be taken from the draw-well. The rope to which the bucket or vessel was attached passed over a grooved wheel, by turning which the vessel was raised or lowered.

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ODE XI.

“ One of the many, splendidly untrue, ’

Hypermnestra. Does a forgetful world need reminding of the name of her who was “ splendide mendax ? ”

## NOTES.

### ODE XIV.

“Maids too young to wed.”

I have of course followed Dr. Milman's reading of this passage, which is “*Puellae non virum expertae.*” “Girls having no experience of husbands.” Conington says, “Damsels newly wed.” But I presume he takes Orelli's reading, which is, “*Puellae jam virum expertae.*” Other readings have “*expertes,*” deriving the word from “*expers,*” instead of from “*expertus.*” In either case I think the meaning is this. The poet has called on the wife and sister of the Emperor, and upon the mothers, whose anxieties have been ended by the safe return of their dear ones from the Spanish war, to offer their grateful prayers and sacrifices to the Gods. He then turns to the young and thoughtless, who have not yet learnt what care is, and exhorts them not to mar the solemn occasion by ill-timed merriment.

“And wine coëval with the Marsian war.”

The Marsian or Social War broke out in the year B.C. 91; the return of Augustus from his Spanish Expedition took place B.C. 23. The wine which the poet proposes to drink to the honour of his imperial friend must therefore have been 68 years old.

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### ODE XXVII.

“Does a phantom me

“Deceive which, flying from the iv'ry gate,  
“Comes in my sleep?”

“*Sunt geminae Somni portae: quarum altera fertur  
“Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;  
“Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto;  
“Sed falsa ad coelum mittunt insomnia manes.*”

Virgil, *Aeneid* vi, 894-7.

“There are twin gates of Sleep; of which the one is said to be of horn, by which easy exit is given to true shadows: the other, shining beauteous with white ivory, but the spirits send (through it) false dreams to the upper air.”

NOTES.

ODE XXVIII.

“Nerëids’ locks with sea-weed girt.”

“Virides comas ;” —literally “green tresses.” I give the poet’s meaning rather than his words.

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ODE XXIX.

“Of him who did Ulysses kill.”

Literally, “Of Telegonus the parricide.” I found the name of this son of Ulysses, who slew his father, too obdurate for my metre, so I paraphrased the sentence. I cannot bear to clip a proper name, as Telegon’, Thaliarch’, Merion’, &c.

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ODE XXX.

I am afraid to say how many times I have arranged and re-arranged the rendering of this exquisite Ode. I fear I could never do it to my satisfaction. It was as difficult as writing a proposal to one’s lady-love. You tear up your efforts dozens of times, and at last, in desperation, dash off something which you regard with abhorrence when it has left your hand.

“Who first attuned

“To Grecian measures Latin song.”

See Note to the 17th Ode of Book II.

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BOOK IV.

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ODE VI.

This Ode, with the exception of the last stanza, is probably a portion of the Saecular Hymn.

## NOTES.

### ODE VII.

I have yielded to the temptation to translate this Ode somewhat freely. What the Latin poet could indicate by a word, requires a sentence of mine to render.

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### ODE VIII.

I make no attempt to explain the lacuna in the fifth stanza. For this the reader can consult the commentators. To me, however, it seems of small consequence to speculate now whether the Poet purposely made an omission; or whether the hand of death seized him ere he had completed his work; or whether two lines have been lost; or whether there is no omission at all. We have the Ode as it stands, and certainly there seems no break in the continuity of the sentence.

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### ODE XIII.

We cannot commend the taste of the Poet in writing this Ode. It reminds one too much of his youthful style in some of the Epodes. But it is a good illustration of the well-grounded assertion that there was no sentiment in the love of the ancients for the fair sex. Their passion was merely sensual. It remained for the Knight and Troubadour of the age of Chivalry to elevate woman to the position of a divinity.

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### ODE XIV.

“As bull-shaped Aufidus rolls on.”

This translation is literal; but I think the Poet means to compare the headlong torrent of Aufidus, when swollen by rain, with the mad rush of an infuriated bull.



NOTES.

THE SÆCULAR HYMN.

I have allowed myself greater latitude in the translation of this than in that of any other ode. My rendering may certainly be called a free one. Still, like the fly in amber, I think it is all there; and though amplified, is not, I trust, quite spoilt. Having been one of my earliest translations, I have an affection for it, and could not resist printing it in this book, although my love for it may perhaps be compared with a mother's well-known partiality for her deformed child. That the reader may compare my idea of a literal translation with the rendering given in the text, I append here the four opening stanzas in literal form.

Phoebus and Dian, o'er the grove  
Who rule, bright glory of the sky,  
Worshipp'd by all and whom all love,  
Oh grant our prayer this sacred day,

On which the verses Sibylline  
Teach chosen maids and virgin boys  
To you to raise the hymnal strain,  
Who in the seven hills rejoice!

Bright sun! who in thy car of flame  
Dost both reveal and hide the day,  
Rising another yet the same,  
Than Rome no mightier may'st thou see!

Ilithyia! kind to mothers' pain,  
Our matrons guard, or by the name  
Lucina to be called thou'rt fain,  
Or Genitalis, still the same.

“The fast revolving years.”

A literal translation would be, “the period of 110 years” (Stanza 6). And so again I have substituted “who guard the volumes Sibylline,” for “the Fifteen men” (Quindecemviri, Stanza 18). I found myself unable to extract poetry out of figures.

NOTES.

THE EPODES.

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EPODE I.

“Should change Calabria’s burning star  
“For mild Lucania’s verdant fields.”

See note to the 17th Ode of Book I.

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EPODE II.

I have endeavoured to give an absolutely literal translation of this Epode, line for line, and almost word for word.

“Or he surveys the herds of lowing kine  
“Straying in vale remote.”

These lines seem to me to be out of their place. I think they should properly change place with the two which follow them in the text, I have, however, followed the authority whose text I use; and I find, moreover, that Orelli is of the same opinion as Dr. Milman. He says, “Non sine arte primum memorat vitium culturam, deinde otium domini suos greges per sinuosam convallem sparsos cum laetitia contemplantis, tum rursus gratum putationis et insitionis opus, quod quidem in mensem Martium incidebat, cum maritatio fieret mense Octobri; sic naturam ipsam secutus perpetuam ac propter hoc ipsum jucundam vitae rusticae varietatem pingit.”

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EPODE IV.

This Epode is only given as an instance of the coarser style of Horace. Some are quite untranslatable and could not be presented to polite readers. This one, however, though certainly coarse, is not indecent.

## NOTES.

“ In foremost place he sits, despite  
“ Of Otho’s law.”

The law of L. Roscius Otho (A.U.C. 687), apportioned fourteen rows of seats in the theatre to such spectators as were of equestrian rank. A Military Tribune ranked with the Equites. Hence Menas, though slave-born, had become entitled by his office to sit with the knights. Horace is indignant at his effrontery in thrusting himself into the very front row.

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### E P O D E X V .

“ To thee Pythagoras’ immortal lore be known ”

Literally:—“ Nor do the secrets of Pythagoras, born again, escape thee.”

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### E P O D E X V I .

“ Alas ! a barb’rous victor on its ashes stands,  
“ The City rings with courser’s sounding hoofs,  
“ And bones of Romulus, still free from wind and sun  
“ (Unlawful to behold!) he scornful spreads.”

Compare Byron:—

“ The rifled urn, the violated mound,  
“ The dust thy courser’s hoof, rude stranger, spurns around.”  
*Childe Harold, Canto II., 90.*



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