

THE ODES OF HORACE
TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH
BY W. E. GLADSTONE

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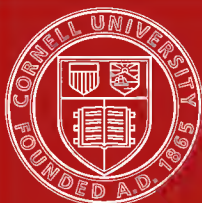


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THE ODES OF HORACE

GLADSTONE

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BY W. E. GLADSTONE ❧ ❧

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PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY
NEW YORK

PREFACE

THE Translations of the Horatian Odes already known to the public are numerous; and their standard is not mean; so that the question may fairly be put, Why add to the number? and that question is entitled to receive an answer.

My answer for the present is as follows. There is, in my view, one special necessity of translation from Horace, which has, so far as I know, heretofore received in many quarters what seems to me a very inadequate share of attention; that is to say, the necessity of compression. So far as I am aware, Milton in earlier days, and Conington in our own, are conspicuous exceptions, but are almost the only exceptions, to this observation. And without compression, in my opinion, a translation from Horace, whatever its other merits may be, ceases to be Horatian: ceases, that is, to represent the original. It also ceases to represent the author, who, more per-

haps than any writer among the ancients, has revealed his personality in his works: a personality highly interesting, and yet more signally instructive.

Accepting thankfully the great lesson and example of Mr. Conington, I find other points of importance, where I am compelled to dissent from the rules he has laid down. One of these rules is that all Odes, which Horace has written in one and the same metre, are to be rendered in one and the same metre by his translators. I think there are at least two fundamental objections to this rule. The first is that the quantity of matter, which the poet has given in the same forms of stanza, is by no means uniform; and, if uniformity is to govern the translation, the space available for conveying what has to be conveyed will be sometimes too great, and sometimes too small. There is another objection, which lies yet nearer the root of the matter. Horace has in numerous cases employed the same metre for Odes the most widely divergent in subject and character. Nothing, for example, can be farther apart in their spirit than Ode I. ix, suggested by the view of Soracte, and the great Ode of Regulus (III. v), the loftiest in the whole collection. But these are both

written in Alcaics. Again, the Ode on Hyper-
mnestra may fairly be called heroic; while the Ode
addressed to Lydia in the First Book (xxv) is
amatory and in a high degree coarse. Yet both of
them are Sapphic Odes. Horace knew the capacities
of his respective metres, and how far he could make
each of them elastic for particular varieties of use.
But it does not follow that any one English metre,
which the translator may have chosen for some
one Horatian Ode, will be equally supple, and
equally effective, for conveying the spirit and effect
of every other Ode which Horace may have found
it practicable to construct under the same metrical
conditions. Every one of the Odes, as a rule, has a
spirit, genius, and movement of its own; and I hold
that the translator from Horace should both claim
and exercise the largest possible freedom in varying
his metres, so as to adapt them in each case to the
original with which he has to deal. To adopt this
rule is not really to relax the laws of his work, but
only to improve the instrument with which he is to
perform it.

The conditions of that work, if it is to be properly
done, are, as I view them, sufficiently severe. He

should largely abridge the syllabic length of his Latin text: should carry compression to the farthest practicable point: should severely limit his use of licentious and imperfect rhymes: should avoid those irregularities in the use of the English genitive, which are so fatal to euphony: even though he find any of them supported by the authority of Shakespeare, for example in the line—

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.¹

He should endeavour, with whatever changes of mere form, to preserve in all cases the sense and point of his author, and should sparingly allow the perilous but seductive doctrine of free translation. At the same time he must respect the genius of the English tongue, and aim at the easy flow of his numbers. With these purposes in his eye, he will find that he has no easy task in hand.

Perhaps a serious, even if very imperfect, endeavour to attain these ends may excuse or warrant the addition made by this small volume to the existing translations of the Horatian Odes.

HAWARDEN CASTLE,
Sept. 10, 1894.

¹ *Julius Caesar*, v. 3.

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THE ODES OF HORACE

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THE
ODES OF HORACE

BOOK I

ODE I

TO MAECENAS

MAECENAS, born of ancient kings,
From whom my strength, mine honour springs,
Some reckon for the crown of life
The dust in the Olympian strife,
The goal well shunned, the palm that, given,
Lifts lords of earth to lords of heaven.

One, if to him the Roman crowd
Its threefold honours have allowed:
One, if his private granary stores
A mass, to match with Libyan floors.
One hoes paternal fields, content,
On hardest terms. Will he consent,

A trembling mariner, to brave,
In Cyprian bark, Myrtoan wave?
Icarian floods, south-western gale,
These, battling, turn the trader pale:
He lauds his town, his fields, his ease;
But soon refits, and roams the seas;
For want with commerce ill agrees.

And some old Massic wine desire,
Hours stolen from the day's entire,
With shade of arbutus for bed,
By hallowed water's tranquil head.

But more affect the camp, the war,
That mothers with its din abhor
Of trump and horn. The sportsman dares
The cold, and home and wife forbears,
When Marsian boar hath broke the snares,
Too slim, or when his trusty pack
The hind have scented on her track.

But ivy, prize of culture's brow,
With gods above us mates me now:
Me the cool grove, the bounding choir
Of Nymphs, with Satyrs grouped, inspire,
Far off the vulgar; if the lyre
Of Polyhymnia be not mute,
And if Euterpè grants the flute.

Count me for lyric minstrel thou,
The stars to kiss my head will bow.

ODE II

TO AUGUSTUS

ENOUGH, O Sire, thine hailstorms swell,
Thy snow descends; thy red right hand
Hath smit the holy citadel,
And fear hath seized the Roman land;

Yea, all the lands, lest portent new
The signs of Pyrrha's age fulfil,
His herd of seals when Proteus drew
To bask upon the topmost hill.

The elm-tree top to fishy kinds,
Of old the dove's familiar nest,
Gave harbour; while the trembling hinds
The plunging waters strove to breast.

We saw when golden Tiber stood
Back-holden on his Tuscan shore,
And then on Vesta's fane his flood
And Numa's palace fiercely bore.

He brags of vengeance, to requite
His Ilia's well-lamented woes,
Uxorious river! and despite
Of Jove his leftward bank o'erflows.

Our youth the civil clash shall hear,
 (Alas, through crimes of sires too few)
For Rome now sharpens sword and spear
 More meet for Persian hordes to rue.

Which god shall trembling Rome entreat
 A falling empire's weight to bear?
How vestals find petition meet
 For ears, less open now to prayer?

To whom shall Jove the charge assign
 Our crimes to cancel? Come at last
With clouds, Apollo, Seer Divine,
 About thy shining shoulders cast.

Or, please it thee, fair Venus, come
 To laugh with Sport and Cupid taught,
Or Mars, our founder, thou; if Rome
 And thine own seed be worth a thought.

Enough of thine insatiate swoop,
 Thy game of shout, and burnished helm,
And the fell rush of Marsian troop
 Their bleeding foes to overwhelm.

Or, gentle Maia's wingèd son,
 If with an altered form content,
Deign to be Caesar's champion,
 Shrined in his earthly tenement.

Long be thy joyous reign in Rome,
Late the return to heaven be won,
Nor earlier take thy passage home
Our manners, foul with sin, to shun

As father and as prince abide,
And here thy lofty triumphs gain,
Nor let the Mede unpunished ride
While Caesar lives, and lives to reign.

ODE III

THE SHIP OF VIRGIL

SO may the Queen of Cyprian heights,
So Helen's brethren, starry lights,
So speed thy course the Lord of wind,
And all, save Zephyr, fastly bind:

O Ship, thou hast a debt to pay,
Our Virgil: hold him well I pray,
Unharm'd to Attic bounds consign,
And save that life, the half of mine.

'T was armed with oak and triple brass,
His breast, who first made bold to pass
In fragile bark the truculent seas
Nor feared the boding Hyades,

Nor south-west wind at war with north,
Nor headlong Notus blustering forth,
Like whom no tyrant Adria sways
The tempest to allay or raise.

All forms of death will he defy
Who views rude waves with tearless eye,
Sea-monsters, and thy deadly sweep,
Thou sheer Acroceraunian steep.

Of purpose Heaven by severing main
Divided lands; but all in vain
If rebel ships, in Heaven's despite,
May leap the waves, and lands unite.

For men, o'erbold to do and dare,
Right down the heavenly barriers tear,
And Japhet's race, portentous birth,
By guilty theft bring fire to earth.

That crime achieved, a strange array
Of Fevers, and unknown Decay,
Swept down on man, and Death perforce
Made speedier his appointed course.

The might of Hercules destroyed
Hell's bars, and in the airy void
With lawless wings, not given to man,
The flight of Daedalus began.

In nought, we think, can mortals fail:
We seek, like fools, high heaven to scale;
With crime so rife, Jove cannot lay
The bolts, that speak his wrath, away.

ODE IV

TO THE RICH SEXTIUS

HARD winter breaks, O happy turn
to Zephyr and to Spring!
Dry keels the rollers seaward bring;
For neither flocks now keep the stall,
nor fire the ploughman heeds;
Nor whiten with hoar frost the meads.
Now Venus from Cythera hies,
the moonlit dance to twine;
The Graces and the Nymphs combine
With rhythmic feet the ground to smite,
while Vulcan sweats to raise
Huge Cyclop forges to a blaze.
With flowers, from soil hard bound no more,
to gird the gleaming brow
'T is meet, or with green myrtle now;
For offering now to Faunus bring,
beneath the shadowed grove,
Or lamb, or kid, if kid he love.
O Sextius, Fortune's favourite,
the kingly tower alike
And pauper's hut pale Death will strike.

Life's narrow space forbids so frame
 large hopes. Thee too the night
 Will vex, thee many a fabled sprite,¹
 Thee Pluto's cribbing cell: and thou,
 arriving there at last,
 No more shalt rule the feast, by cast
 Of dice, no more wilt gaze on forms
 whose tender beauties move
 At once to wonder and to love².

ODE V

TO PYRRHA³

WHAT scented stripling, Pyrrha, woos thee now,
 In pleasant grotto, all with roses fair?
 For whom those auburn tresses bindest thou
 With simple care?

Full oft shall he thine altered faith bewail,
 His altered gods: and his unwonted gaze
 Shall watch the waters darkening to the gale
 In wild amaze:

Who now believing gloats on golden charms;
 Who hopes thee ever void, and ever kind;
 Nor knows thy changeful heart, nor the alarms
 Of changeful wind.

¹ The closing words are a paraphrase in mitigation. Elsewhere I have made use of a similar disguise when it appeared to be needful.

² First published in 1859.

For me, let Neptune's temple-wall declare
 How, safe-escaped, in votive offering,
 My dripping garments own, suspended there,
 Him Ocean-King.

ODE VI

TO AGRIPPA

LET Varius, bird of Homer's wing,
 Thy might, thy feats, Agrippa, sing,
 Each deed achieved by Roman hand,
 When led by thee, on flood or land.

Achilles and his stubborn mood,
 Or Pelops with that savage brood,
 Or dark Ulysses o'er the sea
 To track, is not for such as me.

Small themes, small men. My blush, the Muse
 That sways the lyre of peace, refuse
 Thy praise, and noble Caesar's fame,
 For scant of worthy gift, to maim.

Diomed,^{e's} by Pallas taught to thrust
 At gods, or Merion^{e's} black with dust
 Of Troy, or Mars in coat of mail
 To sing aright what bards avail¹?

¹ In this stanza, which was extremely difficult to compress, I abridge Meriones after the manner of Diomed, and use both dis-syllabically.

No : me the feast, the war employs
Of maids (their nails well clipt) with boys ;
Me fancy-free ; or, something warm,
My playful use does no one harm.

ODE VII

TO PLANCUS

FAMED Rhodes, Apollo's Delphi, Mitylene,
Or Corinth's walls, two seas between,
Thessalian Tempè, Thebes through Bacchus known,
And Ephesus, I let alone.
In builded strains some only hymn thy town,
Chaste Pallas ; and the olive crown
Adorns their temples, cropped on every hand.
For Juno's praise a goodly band
Horse-nursing Argos, rich Mycenae, name.
Me neither stubborn Sparta's fame
Nor yet Larissa's teeming plain so moves
As Anio's rush, Tiburtine groves,
Those orchards, that the nimble runnels lave
Beside Albunea's echoing cave.
Oft Notus whitens all the murky sky
And rain descends not from on high.
So in thy Tibur's deeper shade, or where
The camps with blazing signals glare,
Plancus, be wise ; life's woes and toils decline,
Go, drown them all in mellow wine.
From sire and Salamis when Teucer fled
A wreath of poplar leaves 't is said,

Around his brow that reeks with wine he bends,
And thus exhorts his drooping friends:
' Let sires be sires: if Fortune kindly show,
O friends and partners, on we go.
Who shall despair, where Teucer rules and guides?
For sure Apollo's word provides
On shores untried a twin to Salamis.
My comrades bold, to worse than this
Inured, to-morrow brave the vasty brine,
But drown to-day your cares in wine.'

ODE VIII

TO LYDIA

BY all the gods I charge thee, Lydia, say
Wherefore so fast through loving slay
Thy Sybaris? Patient once of dust and sun
The open field now see him shun.
A trooper, with his peers he doth not ride,
His Gallic steed he doth not guide
With dogtooth bit. Why dreads he now to brave,
Unclad, the Tiber's golden wave?
Why worse than viper's gore the oil eschews?
Why bear his arms no livid bruise
Of curling¹? He, once so famed, full often, past
The mark his quoit or dart to cast,

¹ There is not to my knowledge any English word which describes the game here intended by Horace. But it exactly corresponds with the Scotch game of curling; which, however, is played upon the ice.

Sculks, as in Troy's sad close, so legends run,
The seaborn Thetis hid her son,
Lest manhood's garb should urge him forth, to slay
The Lycian bands, before his day.

ODE IX

TO THALIARCHUS

BEHOLD Soracte, white with snow,
Its laden woods are bending low,
Keen frost arrests the river's flow ;
Melt, Thaliarchus, melt the cold.

Heap freely logs upon the fire.
Nay, more and better I desire,
And from that Sabine jar require
Its wine, that reckons four years old.

The rest is Heav'n's: which can at will
Bid all the battling winds be still
Upon the seething main ; until
Nor veteran ash nor cypress quake.

Pry not, the morrow's chance to learn :
Set down to gain whatever turn
The wheel may take. Youth must not spurn
Sweet loves, nor yet the dance forsake,

While grudging Age thy prime shall spare.
The Plain, the Squares, be now thy care,
And lounges, dear at nightfall, where
By concert love may whisper 'Hist!'

From inner nook a winsome smile
Betrays the girl that sculks the while,
And keepsakes, deftly filched by guile
From yielding finger, or from wrist.

ODE X

TO MERCURY

GRANDSON of Atlas, Mercury, 't was thine,
The new-born man's rude manners to refine,
By speech to school the mind, by gracious game
To shape the frame.

Envoy of gods and mighty Jove their sire,
I sing thy praise, thou parent of the lyre;
A pilferer too, whene'er it pleased thy will,
With merry skill.

Thee yet a child Apollo threatened sore
Unless thou wouldst th' ill-gotten herd restore:
But when he found his quiver too was gone,
He smiled anon.

So Priam, carrying forth the Trojan wealth,
The proud Atridae and their camp by stealth
Eluded, and their watchfires all defied
With thee for guide.

In seats of bliss thou lodgest pious souls;
Thy wand the shadowy herd of ghosts controls,
Thou welcome guest, for gods to Hades given,
And gods of heaven.

ODE XI

TO LEUCONOË

OH ask thou not, 't is sin to know,
what time to me, to thee
The gods allot: Chaldean tricks
eschew, Leuconoë.
How better far to face our fate;
be other winters yet
Ordained for us by Jove, or this
the last, now sternly set
To weary out by fronting rocks
the angry Tuscan main.
True wisdom learn. Decant the wine.
Far-reaching schemes restrain.
Our span is brief. The niggard hour,
in chatting, ebbs away;
Trust nothing for to-morrow's sun:
make harvest of to-day.

ODE XII

TO AUGUSTUS

WHAT chief, what hero, wilt thou use
Shrill pipe or lyre to chant, O muse?
What god? what name shall echoes wake,
What answer make?

In shady tracts of Helicon,
On Pindus, icy Haemus on,
Where Minstrel Orpheus by his skill
Moved woods at will.

His mother's art he deftly learned,
Quick winds and arrowy rivers turned,
And from his lyre melodious strokes
Gave ears to oaks.

First comes the Parent's¹ classic praise,
Who seas, and earth, and seasons sways,
And the vast All, with sovereign ken
O'er gods and men.

From him than his no higher worth,
Nor like, nor second, issues forth;
Yet great Minerva nearest mounts,
And honours counts.

Thou, Liber, bold to strike the blow;
Thou, maid, of savage beasts the foe:
Thou, Phoebus, of th' unerring dart,
Shalt bear thy part.

Alcides too; and Leda's twain
For horse and fist their praise shall gain.
Soon as those silver stars have shone
On sailors lone,

¹ The Parent's. Here only Jupiter is described in Horace by this word; which I have thought it well to preserve.

See, trickling from the crags, the spray ;
The winds are hushed, clouds melt away,
And, such their will, the billow's crest
Sinks down to rest.

And then? Shall Romulus be first,
Or Numa's peace, or Tarquin's burst
Of pride ; shall Cato be my theme,
In death supreme ?

The Scauri, Paulus, of his life
So lavish in the Punic strife,
Fabricius, Regulus, prolong
My grateful song.

The ancestral farm, the modest Lar,
Stern thrift ; these gave us lords of war,
Camillus and our Curius bare,
With tangled hair.

In fame Marcellus like the trees
Grows, noiseless : and, outshining these,
The Caesar-star, a moon at nights
'Mid lesser lights.

To thee, Sire, Guardian of mankind,
The charge of Caesar is consigned
By fate, Saturnian Jove ! and he
Rules next to thee.

He drove the Parthian threatening Rome,
With crushing triumph to his home;
From Indian, Serian war released
The farthest East.

His realm, this earth, from thee he takes;
Thy weighty car Olympus shakes,
And bolts of thine reduce to dust
The groves of lust.

ODE XIII

TO LYDIA

'A H! Telephus, his arms of wax!
Ah, Telephus, his neck of roses!'
All this my spirit, Lydia, racks;
My swelling bile rebels, opposes.

Nor mind nor colour in one stay
Continue: silent tears begin
To wet my cheeks; I waste away,
Slow fires consume me from within;

Galled, if in wine's too boisterous joy
Thy shoulders white are rudely hit,
And bruised; or if the madding boy
Those lips he should have kissed hath bit.

Hear me: he cannot constant be,
 Who coarsely mars the honeyed kiss,
 Which, Venus! holds by thy decree
 The fifth part of thy nectar's bliss.

Thrice blest, aye more, are they, whose love,
 Ne'er sundered by the curse of strife,
 Through all events its worth can prove,
 And only part with parting life.

ODE XIV

TO THE SHIP OF STATE

O SHIP! new billows sweep thee out
 Seaward. What wilt thou? hold the port,
 be stout.
 Seest not? thy mast
 How rent by stiff south-western blast,

Thy side, of rowers how forlorn?
 Thine hull, with groaning yards, with rigging torn,
 Can ill sustain
 The fierce, and ever fiercer main;

Thy gods, no more than sails entire,
 From whom yet once thy need might aid require
 O Pontic pine,
 The first of woodland stocks is thine,

Yet 'race and name are but as dust.
Not painted sterns give storm-tost seamen trust,
 Unless thou dare
 To be the sport of storms, beware.

Of old at best a weary weight,
A yearning care and constant strain of late,
 O shun the seas
 That gird those glittering Cyclades.

ODE XV

THE FALL OF TROY

WHEN with his hostess Helen o'er the seas
 In Idan ships the faithless shepherd sailed,
Nereus confined the wingèd winds, in ease
 Reluctant, and the dreadful doom unveiled.

'Thou lead'st her to thy home, ill bodes beyond!
 Whom Greece with mighty host will claim again,
Sworn man by man to burst thy nuptial bond
 And hurl to ruin Priam's hoary reign.

'What sweat for men and horses in the war!
 Alack, what slaughter for the Dardan line!
Pallas e'en now prepares her helm and car,
 Her aegis grasps, and stirs her wrath divine.

- ‘What, art thou bold, with Venus hovering near?
Comb out thy locks, and in unwarlike strain
Scan thou the lays, that ladies love to hear.
Within thy chamber walls go hide in vain
- ‘From point of Gnessian dart, from spearman’s thrust,
From din of war, from Ajax swift as light.
Foul, thine adulterous hair shall lie in dust.
But all too late. See, born thy race to smite,
- ‘Ulysses; look on Nestor, Pylian king;
See Salaminian Teucer, Sthenelos,
Adept of war, and keen on car to spring;
That pair, who know not fear, thy path shall cross.
- ‘Meriones to boot; him shalt thou know,
And more than him; with passion all on fire,
And rushing far and near to find thee, lo!
The child of Tydeus, mightier than his sire.
- ‘And thou! As in the glen some deer that spies
The wolf descending from a mountain spur,
Away, his food forgot, loud baying flies,
So thou wilt fly, despite thy vows, to her!
- ‘Achilles and his angered warriors may
Hold back for Ilion its predestined hour;
But the fixed tale of seasons brings the day
Achaian flames shall Trojan halls devour.’

ODE XVI

A PALINODE

FAIRER than thy mother fair,
Quash at will my scurril song :
Burn it, on thy hearthstone there ;
Drown it, Adria's waves among.

Pythian priests their frenzy lash ;
Dindymene, Bacchus, call ;
Corybantine cymbals clash ;
Moody wrath outdoes them all.

Who can tame it? Raging fire,
Seas that shatter ships and drown,
Noric sword, nor Jove in ire,
Clad with thunder sweeping down?

Once Prometheus, as they say,
Fusing this and that began ;
Mixed it up with primal clay,
Lion's might with spleen of man.

Mark, by wrath Thyestes falls :
Wrath, the cause of when and how
Towering cities sank, whose walls
Yielded to the foeman's plough.

Curb thyself. In olden time
Fever heat within me burned,
Tempted, and my youthful prime
To those hot iambics turned.

Gentle ways bewitch me now,
Nothing charms that stirs to strife;
Libels all I disavow;
Prithee love me, give me life.

ODE XVII

TO TYNDARIS

LYCAEUS for Lucretilis
Oft nimble Faunus changing gives;
My flock of goats, 't is due to this,
From heat and rainfall guarded lives.

The shegoat flies her reeking mate
For arbutus, far off from sight,
Or devious thyme: nor fears her fate
From wolves of Mars, nor adder's bite.

What time thy pipe hath told its tale
To the smooth cliffs that beetle round,
And all Ustica's upland vale,
O Tyndaris, gives back the sound.

The gods are with me; they approve
My muse, my prayers; come, see these fields,
And learn what blessings, through their love,
The brimming horn of plenty yields.

Come hither, tune the Teian string,
In folded vale the dog-star shun,
Penelopè and Circè sing
Both sick at heart, and sick for one.

Quaff too my harmless Lesbian wine
Beneath the shade; no Bacchus here
Shall fight with Mars, no evil sign
From saucy Cyrus need'st thou fear;

Suspecting, he rude hands and strong
Might lay on thy frail form, and tear
Thy garment innocent of wrong,
Or coronal that binds thy hair.

ODE XVIII

TO QUINTILIUS VARUS

BESIDE the walls Catillus built,
On Tibur's soft incline,
No other tree, O Varus, rear
Before the sacred vine:
So may'st thou 'scape corroding care,
So leave ('tis Heaven's design)
All ills to those that shun the wine.

Who croaks of want, or warfare's toils,
Ill theme beside the wine?
Thy gift, Sire Bacchus, better far,
Or, winsome Venus, thine.
Yet, lest we overleap the bounds
Of modest use to warn,
The Centaurs mark, and Lapithae,
Their brawl of revel born.
Nor was the hand of Evius light
On that Sithonian crew,
What time the shadowy bounds of right
And wrong they lost from view,
Their greed and passion to pursue.

Not I, frank-hearted Bassareus,
Will thy repose invade,
Nor drag to sunlight what thou hid'st
With twinkling leafy shade.
Be mute then, Berecynthian horn:
Lie, maddening drums, at rest
With all your train: purblind Conceit,
Brag, tossing high its crest,
Prouder than pride; and leaking Faith,
That lets the secret pass,
More limpid than a thing of glass.

ODE XIX

ON GLYCERA

THE tyrant mother of the Cupids twain,
The son of Theban Semelè,
And random senses, all agree
To snare my soul in quitted loves again;
I burn for Glycera, gleaming white,
Than Parian marble purer bright:
Her froward charm inflames me too,
And face, ah! perilous to view.

In me, not Cyprus now, all Venus lies:
Of aught but her I may not sing,
May not for Scythian touch the string,
Or Parthian, boldest when his charger flies.—
Bring me fresh turf, then, servants mine,
Bring boughs, bring bowl of last year's wine,
And frankincense; nor all in vain;
She will relent, the Victim slain.

ODE XX

TO MAECENAS

CHEAP Sabine wine, in modest cup,
Come, drink with me. I sealed it up
When gathered Rome would have thee hear
Its rapturous cheer.

Dear Knight Maecenas, let the banks
Of thine own stream repeat those thanks,
And echoing Vatican again
Renew the strain.

Calenian wines are pressed for thee
And Caecuban; for such as me,
Falernum, and the Formian hill
No beakers fill.

ODE XXI

THE DELIAN GODS

YE tender maids, of Dian tell,
Ye youths commend the Cynthian well,
And both Latona, who from Jove
Hath all the strength of all his love.

Tell of her joy in streams and groves,
How on cool Algidus she loves
The sombre wood; how pleased hath seen
Dark Erymanthus, Cragus green.

Nor less, ye youths, of Tempè's worth,
Delos, that gave Apollo birth,
The quiver to his shoulder brought,
And lyre his brother Hermes wrought.

Famine, and plague, and tearful war,
Moved by your prayer, from Rome afar
Let him, our Caesar still alive,
On Persians and on Britons drive.

ODE XXII

IN PRAISE OF LALAGÈ

IF whole in life, and free from sin,
Man needs no Moorish bow, nor dart,
Nor quiver, carrying death within
By poison's art.

Though frowning Caucasus he treads,
And boiling Syrtes hath defied,
Been, Fuscus, where Hydaspes spreads
His mythic tide.

In Sabine woods, and fancy-free,
A wolf observed my wandering tread;
Unarmed, I sang of Lalagè;
He saw, and fled.

Such portent in the oaken grove,
Hath martial Daunia never known;
Nor Juba's land, where lions rove
The thirsty zone.

ODE XXIV

TO VIRGIL

WHAT bounds can Shame, can Moderation, set,
For one so dear, to yearning and regret?
Lead thou the dirge, for Jove, Melpomenè,
Gave lyre and song to thee.

Shall then unending sleep Quintilius bind?
O bashful Shame, O Truth's transparent mind,
Pure Faith and Justice, twinborn sisters dear,
Where shall ye find his peer?

What cause he left the good for sorrowing pain!
What cause to thee, my Virgil! who, in vain
Devout, hast sought him from the gods of heaven,
But he was lent, not given.

If sweetlier than Threïcian Orpheus thou
Could'st touch the chord that made the forests bow,
The blood returns not to the senseless clod,
For Mercury's stern rod,

Inexorable guard of Fate's command,
Hath fast conjoined him to the spectral band.
Alack! But what the iron laws impose
By patience lighter grows.

ODE XXV

TO LYDIA

FORWARD youths thy fastened windows
Rap not as they rapped of yore,
Force not vigils; and the threshold
Seems to hug the door.

Once it creaked on easy hinges,
Less and little now;
Yet I pine through endless nights, and,
Lydia, sleepest thou?

Thou, when lone and old, wilt suffer
Scorn from jesting rakes;
Aye, 'twixt moons, when Boreas fiercest
From his mountains breaks.

Then shalt thou with flagrant passion
Like the beasts be torn,
And with fire of cankered entrails
Thou shalt grieve, forlorn,

That our youth must have their ivy
And their myrtle young,
All the withered leaves to Hebrus
Icy Hebrus, flung.

ODE XXVI

TO THE MUSES

THE Muses' friend, I cast aside
To wanton winds and Cretic tide
My tears and woes; 't is nought to me
Who lords it o'er the icy sea

Or wherefore Tiridates quakes.
But, Muse of infant springs, who makes
The sun-fed flowers for Lamia twine?
Who weaves the wreath for Lamia mine?

My strains are nought, apart from thee,
Pimplea! With thy sisters, see
That those fresh Lesbian strings resound,
And Lamia's name with praise be crowned.

ODE XXVII

A BANQUET

THE goblets, born for ends of joy,
Let Thracians for their frays employ:
We spurn the savage use; and more,
Our Bacchus ne'er shall reek with gore.

With wine and lights would rudely jar
The flash of Median scimitar.
Have done, I pray, with impious noise,
And on your elbows rest, my boys!

This strong Falernian must I drink?
What does Megilla's brother think?
He, Fortune's child; what was his wound,
What arrow bore him to the ground?

Ha! change your mind? No other price
I take. Whatever flame 's astir,
Thy flame has no debasing vice;
If erring, yet you nobly err,

Nor need to blush. Come, be not coy,
Trust me for silence. Ah! poor boy,
Ah! worthy of a nobler toil,
What whirlpool did around thee boil.

Thessalian poisons who can cure?
God, witch, or wizard, none is sure:
From this Chimera, shaped in three,
Scarce Pegasus could bring you free.

ODE XXVIII

ARCHYTAS

FOR sea and land, and countless sand,
Archytas, thou hadst drawn the lines;
Of earth a crust thy mite of dust
Now by the Matine shore confines.

It boots thee nought, what thou hast wrought
Through vast supernal realms to fly,
And traverse all this earthly ball
In spirit: for thou hadst to die.

From Fate's great odds, the guest of gods
And sire of Pelops could not hide;
Tithonus fair enthroned in air,
And Minos, Jove's adviser, died.

From Trojan field his dinted shield
Euphorbus may for witness call,
Yet yields his breath, aye twice, to death,
His nerves, his flesh; though not his all.

Nor mean, in sooth, for quest of truth
And nature thou esteemedst him.
One path we tread, to join the dead,
And pass within the regions dim.

The Furies grant in war no scant;
Devouring seas o'er sailors roll;
Young funerals hold their place with old;
Proserpine spares no breathing soul.

Me too, as wet Orion set,
The tempest drowned on Adria's strand.
My limbs, my head unburièd,
Begrudge them not of shifting sand

Some handfuls, O thou shipman. So
When Eurus shatters at his worst
Venusian woods, yet thou, thy goods
Shall live, thy profit stand the first;

All saved with thee, by Jove's decree,
And Neptune's, who Tarentum guards.
O fail not! lest thy sons, distressed
By vengeance which such crime rewards,

In coming day the forfeit pay;
Perchance thyself the lot shall draw,
The debt of right thy life may blight
To vindicate the lofty law.

Be sure my word of prayer is heard:
No offering could thy guilt atone.
And yet I ask no irksome task;
Thrice strew the dust; and then begone.

ODE XXIX

TO ICCIUS

ARABIAN gold now suits thy mood,
Friend Iccius. Thou wilt freely bleed
Sabaeen kings, not yet subdued,
And bind in chains that dreadful Mede.

What virgin, with her lover killed,
Wilt have for slave? What perfumed boy,
His father's bow once deftly skilled
And Seric arrows to employ?

And surely none will now deny
That downward streams may upward glide
Upon the mountains; or defy
Old Tiber to reverse his tide;

When thou, how changed! for mailed coat,
Surrendering all thy gathered store,
Wilt give the books Panaetius wrote
And rolls of Academic lore.

ODE XXX

TO VENUS

QUIT Paphos; Cnidos, Cyprus quit,
O Venus! Glycera calls thee, come;
The incense fire is duly lit,
And fair her home.

With thee, loose-girdled Graces come
And Nymphs, and Cupid glowing warm,
And Mercury, and Youth, to whom
Thou lend'st his charm.

ODE XXXI

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

WHY to Apollo's shrine repair
New hallowed? Why present with prayer
Libation? Not those crops to gain,
Which fill Sardinia's teeming plain,

Herds from Calabria's sunny fields,
Nor ivory that India yields,
Nor gold, nor tracts where Liris glides
So noiseless down its drowsy sides.

Blest owners of Calenian vines,
Crop them; ye merchants, drain the wines,
That cargoes brought from Syria buy,
In cups of gold. For ye, who try

The broad Atlantic thrice a year
And never drown, must sure be dear
To gods in heaven. Me—small my need—
Light mallows, olives, chicory, feed.

Give me then health, Apollo; give
Sound mind; on gotten goods to live
Contented; and let song engage
An honoured, not a base, old age.

ODE XXXII

HIS LYRE

THEY call for thee. In sport, in shade,
Thou, O my Lyre, some strains hast played,
Which yet may live. But now, inspire
A patriot fire.

A Lesbian tuned thee first of all,
Armed, but in war's brief interval,
Or when his wave-tossed ship might reach
The dripping beach,

Of Venus, and her Boy hard by,
Of Lycus, dark of hair and eye,
Of Bacchus, and the Muses, he
Would minstrel be.

By Jove in banquet loved right well,
Apollo's crown, beguiling Shell,
I pray thee, let my fond 'all hail!'
And prayer prevail.

ODE XXXIII

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS

ALBIUS! for Glycera, the pitiless,
Grieve not too much: nor worsen thy distress
With sickly verse, if some young rival beat thee,
And broken promise cheat thee.

Low-browed Lycoris burns for Cyrus, he
Bends wholly to the icy Pholoë;
But sooner wolves th' Apulian goats will wed,
Than she th' adulterous bed

Will stoop to touch. So Venus doth incline
Discordant minds and bodies to combine,
And drives the twain beneath a brazen yoke,
'T is her own savage joke.

Me, when a 'worthier passion sought to gain me,
In willing bonds did Myrtalè enchain me,
Slave-born, and rough, as Adria's waves are rough
Round some Calabrian bluff.

ODE XXXIV

HIS RELIGION

I RARE and stingy worshipper
In silly sapience while I err,
Now face about, my steps retrace,
And paths too long forgotten pace.

For Jove, whose common use enshrouds
His lightning fire in folded clouds,
Once now his thunder-steeds hath driven
And lightning-car through cloudless heaven.

Then wayward streams, and solid ground,
Then Atlas from his farthest bound,
Shake; aye and Styx the tale can tell,
And lowest depths of hateful hell.

God can reverse the high and low,
Can greatest lessen, darkest show,
And Fortune's hissing swoop may veer,
Departing thence, alighting here.

ODE XXXV

TO FORTUNA

GODDESS, whose love is Antium's crown,
So apt in lifting up to bliss
From low degree, or shattering down
Triumphal pomp to death's abyss ;

The pauper hind with ceaseless zeal
Implores thee : and, since floods obey,
Whoever with Bithynian keel
Carpathian billows cuts away.

Thee vagrant Scyth, and Dacian rude
Dread, as they dread high Rome's behest ;
Thee outland dames of royal blood,
Thee tyrants clad in purple vest.

Our pillar stands. By no ill stroke
O'erthrow it : lest the people's rush
Should rouse to arms, and so the folk
In passion should the Empire crush.

Necessity before thee stalks,
And holds within her iron grip
Hot lead and wedges, nails like baulks,
And clamps no human hand can rip.

Hope, and white-vested Faith, ah rare!
Would court thee, nor their zeal abate
If, altering garb, and shifting care,
Thou quit the mansions of the great.

The fickle herd, the perjured punk,
Fall off. Such friends dissolve in air,
When wine-casks to the dregs are drunk:
Too false an equal yoke to bear.

To farthest Britain guard the way
Of Caesar: smite the East with dread,
Before our young and fresh array,
E'en to the ruby ocean's bed.

Woe for our scars; our brethren slain!
We, stubborn crew, no law revere;
All shapes of crime our record stain.
When did our youth through holy fear

(

Withhold its hand? What ill eschew,
What altar spare? O would that we
Could flesh good swords from anvil new
On Arabs and Massagetae.

ODE XXXVI

FOR NUMIDA'S RETURN

FOR Numida are incense, victim, song,
 All to the good gods due,
 Since, from Hispania's farthest all along,
 They were his guardians true.

To many a friend he brings his dear salute,
 To thee among the best ;
 For twin coeval boyhoods ye compute,
 Coeval manhood's vest.

Kind Lamia! Prompt thy liberal jar produce.
⁴ Denote with Cretan white
 This happy day, nor spurn the Salian use,
 The twinkling foot's delight.

Drink like a Thracian, Damalis! but yet
 Bassus will not be beat:
 Bring shortlived lilies, longlived parsley get,
 And roses for the treat.

All will make melting eyes on Damalis:
 But none her hand can grasp;
 She keeps herself for her new lover's bliss,
 More fond than ivy's clasp¹.

¹ This stanza is purposely softened.

ODE XXXVII

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA

'T IS time we drink, 't is time we dance;
Ye Salians, up! your task advance,
Adorn the couch where gods recline:
'T is time for feasting, comrades mine.

Till now, from out its ancient binn
To draw the Caecuban was sin;
The Queen still aimed the stroke of Fate
At Rome and at the Roman State.

She, with her train! base, tainted herd!
She, drunk with fortune; idly stirred
With hope. The fire, that burned her fleet,
Brought back reflection to its seat.

With Mareotic wine inflamed
Her brain grew dizzy; but was tamed,
For Caesar drove her, and she fled,
And wore the hues of genuine dread.

As falcon's swoop weak doves may scare,
As the keen huntsman tracks the hare
In cold Haemonia, so he came
To bind in chains the fateful Dame.

But she the coward's death abhorred,
Feared not, as women fear, the sword,
Nor used the wings that ships provide
In some lone lurking-place to hide.

Bold to survey with eye serene
The void, that had her palace been,
She lodged the vipers on her skin
Where best to drink the poison in.

Then, sterner yet with end foreknown,
She brooked not her defeat to own,
A glorious soul, nor bowed her head
In haughty triumph to be led.

ODE XXXVIII

TO HIS SERVANT

OFF with Persian gear, I hate it,
Hate the wreaths with limebark bound.
Care not where the latest roses
Linger on the ground:

Bring me myrtle, nought but myrtle!
Myrtle, boy, will well combine
Thee attending, me carousing,
'Neath the trellised vine.

BOOK II

ODE I

TO ASINIUS POLLIO

THE War, its causes, faults, and states,
That from Metellus Consul dates;
Grim Fortune's jest; the pregnant pacts
Of chiefs; arms dyed with bloody acts

Not yet avenged; these themes supply
A stake where danger loads the die;
Insidious ashes thinly sheath,
Along thy road, the fires beneath.

Thy stately tragic Muse may shun
The stage awhile. Thy labour done,
Th' Athenian buskin, in its room,
And the high gift thou wilt resume.

Pollio, in Court and Senate great,
Prop of th' arraigned, and of the State
Those bays th' Illyrian triumph gave
Are trophies that outlive the grave.

To-day the threatening trumpet's bray
Grates on mine ear; the horns to-day
Are rattling, and the flash of arms
Pale knights and startled steeds alarms.

I seem to hear those sons of fame,
To see them, soiled, but not with shame;
See all that dwells on earth subdued,
Save Cato's never-yielding mood.

Juno, that once, with all her band,
Fled from her Afric's helpless land,
Hath now the victors' grandsons made
An offering to Jugurtha's shade.

What plain but, fat with Latian blood,
By funeral mounds our impious feud
Tells; and how Rome's disaster fills
With echoing sound far Media's hills!

What eddy race, what stream, but knows
Our tearful war? What wave but flows
The redder with Apulian slain?
What coast, but blushes with the stain?

Yet change not, Muse, thy jests for gloom,
Nor tones of Cean dirge assume;
No; come, and in Dione's cave
I'll touch a lyre not quite so grave.

ODE II

TO SALUSTIUS

NO charm of silver comes to birth,
My Sallust, in the niggard earth;
Thou lov'st not what the mines produce,
Until it shine with ordered use.

Long, long may Proculeius live
And father's love to brothers give,
Borne up, by fame that shall endure,
On wings from melting ray secure.

Thou may'st a nobler realm control
By purging greed from out thy soul,
Than if thou stretch a Punic reign
O'er Libyan coasts, and coasts of Spain.

For the grim dropsy grows with food,
Uncured till, driven from the blood,
The cause hath fled, and water swims
No longer through the blanching limbs.

The people, when Phraates mounts
The throne that Cyrus held, accounts
Him happy; but the wise deny,
And bid them cease the idle cry.

The crown and kingdom safe alone
They deem, the laurels all his own
Of him, that gold though heaped on high
Can pass with unreverting eye.

ODE III

TO DELLIUS

AN even mind in days of care,
And in thy days of joy to bear
A chastened mood, remember: why?
'T is, Dellius, that thou hast to die.

Alike, if all thy life be sad,
Or festal season find thee glad,
On the lone turf at ease recline,
And quaff thy best Falernian wine.

Why do tall pine and poplar white
To weave their friendly shade delight?
This flitting stream, why hath it sped
So headlong down its wandering bed?

Bring wine, bring perfumes, bring fresh flowers
Of roses, all too brief their hours!
While purse, and age, and Sisters Three
Permit, though dark their threads may be.

This home, these glades, no longer thine,
Which auburn Tiber laps, resign;
Resign the towering heaps of gold,
Which one thine heir, not thou, shall hold.

Be hoary Inachus thy sire,
Or be thou risen from the mire;
Be rich, or poor, it boots thee not:
Unpitying Orcus casts thy lot.

All, all, we drive to doom. The urn
Discharges every Life in turn:
For every Life, or soon or late,
The boat, and endless exile, wait.

ODE IV

TO XANTHIAS

COURT a handmaid, Xanthias Phocæus?
'T is no shame at all.
Slave Briseis tamed Achilles,
Proud before his fall.

Kingly Telamonian Ajax
Slave Tecmessa moved;
And Atrides, in mid triumph,
Captive virgin loved;

When before the Phthian hero
Trojan squadrons fled,
Wearied Greece an easier conquest
Found with Hector dead.

Who can tell? Wed auburn Phyllis;
Rich may be your kin:
Could she know her royal stock, and
Kind Penates win!

No, the girl is not descended
From the rascal crowd:
Loyal, clear of greed, she surely
Owns a mother proud.

Arms, and face, and tapering ankles
Unreproached I gauge.
Who suspects me? Eight my lustres,
And my shield, mine age.

ODE V

ON LALAGÈ

HER neck beneath the yoke to set,
Or draw joint burdens in a pair,
Thine heifer is not ripe, nor yet
The massive bull's embrace to bear.

Her heart is in the grassy mead;
With summer, in the streams she drops;
O'erjoyed the sportive calves to lead
In play beside the willow copse.

Pluck not the grapes while still they grow ;
In time will Autumn's warmth select
The bunches, and thy vineyard show
In deep and paler purples decked.

She 'll woo thee soon. What ages thee
Will ripen her. 'T is passing now
The saucy time: and Lalagè
Shall court a mate, with hardy brow.

Loved more than changeful Pholoë,
Or Chloris with the shoulder white:
Fair as, reflected from the sea,
The nightly moon; as Gyges bright,

Who if he stood the girls among,
The sharpest eye could scarce discern
What locks were o'er the bosom flung,
What features, boy's or maiden's, learn.

ODE VI

TO SEPTIMIUS

SEPTIMIUS! wilt thou come with me
Where unsubdued the Spaniard breathes?
Or where, off Moorish coasts, the sea
Apulian Syrtes ever seethes?

Grant rather for my rest in age
Tibur, th' Argeian founder's boast.
Some solace should my toils assuage
By sea, by land, in warfare most.

If crooked Fate this prayer hath banned,
Then would I seek the flocks skin-clad
By fair Galesus, and the land
That Sparta-born Phalanthus had.

It smiles for me, that nook of earth :
Its honey yields to Hybla not ;
With green Venafrum's crop for worth
Its olive vies, that happy spot.

There spring is long and winter soft ;
Jove gives them ; and, so Bacchus wills,
Mount Aulon rears its vines aloft,
And envies not Falernian hills.

Let those fair towers us both content ;
They call, we come. There thou shalt spend
Thy willing teardrops, to lament
O'er my warm ash, thy bard and friend.

ODE VII

TO HIS COMRADE POMPEIUS

O OFT with me, where Brutus fought,
To straits reduced, say in what wise
Came it, that thou art safely brought
Back to thy country's gods and skies?

Pompey, my chief of comrades! thou
And I oft chid the lagging day
Beside the bowl; well crowned my brow,
My hair with Syrian unguent gay.

Philippi's headlong rout we shared,
I parted from my targe, not well;
When valour quailed, and they that dared
To threaten loud, inglorious fell.

Me Mercury in sable cloud
Safe through my foes, though trembling, brought;
Thee backward to the eddy crowd
The war's tumultuous billow caught.

Come then, to Jove the banquet pay;
'T-is due: beneath my laurel-tree
At length thy limbs war-wearied lay,
Nor spare my cask, 't is marked for thee.

Its perfumes let that shell resign ;
Fill tankards bright, thy toils to drown
In Massic : who shall quickest twine
The parsley or the myrtle crown ?

Whom shall the die of Venus tell,
To rule the feast? My bacchic strain
Shall match the Edons'. Aye, 't is well
To rave ; our friend is home again.

ODE VIII

TO BARINÈ

HADST thou but once, Barinè, borne
A penalty for vows forsworn,
One tooth less white, or, seen to fail
One single nail,

I might believe. But, more and more,
Just when thy tongue most falsely swore,
Our youth are slaves, thy beauty rare
A public care.

Thy mother's ashes ; night's dumb sky ;
The gods, that never chill, nor die ;
Whole heaven ; it answers, if on all,
Thou falsely call.

Venus, nay Nymphs untainted, smile;
And cruel Cupid, glad the while,
Heats, on his whetstone red with gore,
His arrowy store.

Our youth grows up, by thee enthralled,
A bondage new: none, once installed,
Will godless madam's chambers quit,
Though threatening it.

Old thrifty fathers woe betide!
And mothers; and the new-made bride,
Lest thou forbid, when husbands roam,
The journey home.

ODE IX

TO VALGIUS, AGAINST EXCESSIVE MOURNING

NOT always do the rains descend
Upon the clammy fields, my friend
Valgius: nor with perpetual strain
Do storms disturb the Caspian main.

Armenia doth not always chill
With ice; nor on the Gargan hill
In northern gales oaks always groan,
Nor weeps the ash for foliage strown.

Yet Mystes lost remains thy theme
Unchanged. If Hesper rise and gleam
At even, or fly the rising sun,
Thy plaint, thy passion, still are one.

Did three-lived Nestor evermore
His lost Antilochus deplore?
Did king, queen, sisters, lengthen so
O'er the young Troilus their woe?

Let weak repinings cease at length;
Sing rather the triumphant strength
Of Caesar, and his latest deeds
'Mid snow-bound mountains of the Medes.

Their river flows with bated crest;
And the Gelonian of the west,
Shut by the bounds that Rome decides,
In narrower precinct tamely rides.

ODE X

TO LICINIUS

NEITHER always tempt the deep,
Nor, Licinius, always keep,
Fearing storms, the slippery beach:
Such the rule of life I teach.

Golden is the middle state ;
Love the middle gifts of fate,
Not the sloven squalid cot,
Proud and envied palace not.

Tallest pines must oftenest bend,
And the tallest towers descend ;
Heaviest fall from loftiest heights :
'T is the tops, that lightning smites.

Fear in good times, hope in ill,
Wise and well-trained bosoms fill ;
Angry winters come from Jove,
Jove those winters will remove.

Is it ill? It may be well.
Silent once, a lyre may swell.
Phoebus stirs the Muse's wings,
Or his bended bow unstrings.

Show thy spirit, when in straits ;
Courage ! If good Fortune waits,
And thou feel a toward¹ gale,
Furl in time some swelling sail.

¹ ἕκμενος οὐρος. *Il.* i. 479.

ODE XI

TO QUINTIUS HIRPINUS

WHAT warlike Spaniards, Quintius, mean
Or Scythians, to inquire forbear,
For Adrian waters roll between:
Nor fret for life's small needed care.

Smooth youth recedes with ebbing tide,
And beauty; soon the greybeard's day,
To sport of frolic loves denied,
Drives easy slumbers far away.

No flowers in constant form remain,
The Moons with changing horn revolve,
Nor can the mind's exhausted strain
The problem of 'for ever' solve.

Nay rather, under plane or pine
At random stretch; our whitening hairs,
While yet we may, with roses twine;
Let Bacchus chase our biting cares.

Assyrian unguent for the head,
Quick, boy! and let the wine be quaffed;
Go temper in the river's bed
The fire of this Falernian draught.

And fetch that Lydè, arrant jade ;
Her ivory lute be at her side ;
Her hair be dressed like Spartan maid,
With comely topknot upwards tied.

ODE XII

TO MAECENAS

MATE not my lyre, its tender strain,
With blood that wild Numantia shed,
Or Hannibal, or Sikel main
With Punic slaughter crimson-red.

Hylaeus gorged with wine eschew,
Fierce Lapiths, and that earthborn race
The hand of great Alcides slew,
And shook old Saturn's dwelling-place,

That shining seat. Far better tell
Of Caesar's wars in simple prose,
Maecenas! and of kings who fell
By pride, and marched in Roman shows.

My Muse, Licymnia reigning, wills
I tell of her fast-flashing eyes,
Her honeyed songs, her breast that thrills
With mutual passion's ecstasies.

So apt in all; the dance to twine
In sportive game contending play,
Her arms with arms of maids combine,
And honour famous Dian's day.

For all that grows on Phrygian leas,
Or stores Arabian, wouldst thou spare,
Or hoards of rich Achaemenes,
The flood of thy Licymnia's hair?

Her neck, the fiery kiss to catch,
She bends: if coyly she deny,
Would have thee not to ask, but snatch;
Or snatches, lest the moment fly.

ODE XIII

TO THE CURSED TREE

ON evil day thou planted wast,
And reared, O tree! by impious hand,
And, to the planter's children's cost,
For scandal of the village planned.

Just such a man the neck had broke
Of his own sire, and shed the blood
Of his own guest by nightly stroke,
And skilled in Colchian poisons stood,

And damnèd arts and jugglings all :
He planted thee on my estate,
Thee, trunk accursed, thee, doomed to fall
Athwart thy luckless owner's pate.

From day to day what risks to shun
Who knows? The Punic seamen dread
The Bosphorus ; but reck of none
That other seas about them spread.

Rome fears the flying Parthian's plan,
Parthia the Roman's prison-chain ;
But Death's unlooked-for stroke o'er man
Hath triumph gained, and yet will gain.

Prosèrpine's kingdom wrapped in gloom,
The blessèd in their distant ring,
King Aeacus delivering doom,
And Sappho, with Aeolian string,

That chides her girls, I nearly saw :
Alcaeus too, with golden quill,
That did his mournful picture draw ;
Ship's, war's, and exile's endless ill.

The Shades drank in each poet's word
In silence meet for sacred strain,
But dearer to the common herd
Are tales of war and tyrants slain.

Not strange. The hundred-headed hound
Dropped his dark ears to songs like those,
And, in the hair of Furies wound,
Snakes had a moment of repose.

Sound can Prometheus, and the sire
Of Pelops, from their pains beguile,
Orion too of hunting tire,
While lynx and lion rest the while.

ODE XIV

TO POSTUMUS

AH! Postumus! Devotion fails
The lapse of gliding years to stay,
With wrinkled age it nought avails
Nor conjures conquering Death away.

Think not with daily hecatomb
To alter iron Pluto's mind,
Him, that with rivers wrapt in gloom,
Can Geryon huge, and Tityus, bind.

Not one that crops the fruits of earth,
King, starveling boor who cleaves the soil,
Whatever state, whatever birth,
Can from the fateful flood recoil.

In vain from gory war we shrink,
And Adria's hoarse and tortured wave,
Nor breath of sickly Auster drink,
Through autumn, catering for the grave;

Visit we must the sluggish course
Of black Cocytus, and the cask
That faithless Danaids fill perforce,
And Sisyphus, his endless task.

Earth, home, and winsome wife, thy fate
Will have thee leave; and not one tree
Of all, save cypress that we hate,
O transient lord, shall follow thee.

A worthier heir thy wine will drain,
Behind a hundred padlocks cased,
And Caecuban the pavement stain,
More meet for pontiff's guests to taste.

ODE XV

AGAINST THE ABSORPTION OF CULTIVATED
AND OPEN LANDS BY VILLAS

THese kingly piles the acres take
Once ploughed. The ponds dug round us gain
Bounds wider than the Lucrine lake.
For elms, we plant the unwedded plane.

Myrtles abound, and violet-beds,
 And every flower, that yields a scent,
 O'er olive-ground its perfume sheds,
 That whilome brought its lord a rent.

Dense laurel-shade shall stop the rays
 Of summer. Ah! not such the rule
 Of Romulus, nor Cato's ways
 Too rude, nor all the elder school.

Romans were poor: but yet they made
 Rome greatly rich. No measuring then
 With ten-foot rod the colonnade
 Tow'rd the cool North, for private men.

The common turf¹, that grew at large,
 Those ancient laws bade all respect,
 But freely at the public charge
 With stone our towns and temples decked.

ODE XVI

TO GROSPHUS

WHEN clouds the moon with blackness shade,
 When stars refuse the sailors aid,
 Caught on the broad Aëgean's breast
 The shipman prays the gods for rest.

¹ The more usual rendering treats the *fortuitus cespes* as material for houses. I have taken the passage as a prohibition of encroachment.

Rest, asks the Thracian, wild in fight;
Rest, asks the Mede, with quiver bright;
But rest, my Grosphus, is not sold
For purple robe, or gems, or gold.

Nor lictor in the consul's train
Can stay the spirit's piteous pain,
Nor wealth; nor drive the cares aloof
That flit beneath the pannelled roof.

A man, where shines on humble board
The salt-box that his father stored,
Lives well, though poor: no fears molest,
Nor greed of gain, his nightly rest.

Why strenuous, for our little time,
To compass much? some other clime
Than ours, why covet? Wander why
From home? Ourselves we cannot fly.

Grim Care the knightly train attends,
Grim Care the beakèd ships ascends,
Outstrips the stag, and the east wind,
That chases clouds, leaves far behind.

Eschew, with present joys content,
The mind on forecast idly bent:
Calm smiles the sourest chance can cheat;
The sweetest is not wholly sweet.

Achilles falls before his day ;
With years, Tithonus wastes away :
The coming Hour to me may grant
The very boon it bids thee want.

Those hundred flocks, those Sikel kine
Around thee lowing, all are thine :
The neighing mare, in races tried,
Robes twice in Afric's purple dyed,

Thine too. A little farm to use,
A faint breath of the Grecian muse,
Me loyal Fate hath so endowed,
And taught to spurn the carping crowd.

ODE XVII

TO MAECENAS

WHY tease me with complaints. Yes, why
'T is not the gods' nor my design
That thou, Maecenas, first should die,
O crown and prop of all that 's mine.

If early death take half my soul,
To follow should the rest be loth ?
Half life is neither dear, nor whole ;
The self-same day shall end us both.

My vow is not an idle vow ;
Lead on ; we breathe a common breath ;
As sworn companions I and thou
Will tread the road that ends in death.

Chimaera, with her fiery blast,
Nor Gyas and his hundred hands
Shall daunt me, for the lot is cast
By Justice and my Fate's commands.

Let Libra, or let Scorpio,
My birth-hour's mightier portent, reign,
Or Capricorn in splendour glow,
The tyrant of the Western main.

Our stars are kin in wondrous ways.
From rebel Saturn thou wert freed,
And Fate, when Jove's ascendant rays
Bade Time's quick wings abate their speed.

The theatre thrice clapped you then ;
My head that falling tree had broke,
But Faunus, guard of Mercury's men,
With strong right arm threw off the stroke.

Remember then to offer, thou,
The victims, and the votive fane.
My humbler station will allow
To quit my dues with lambkin slain.

ODE XVIII

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

NO ceilings, wrought in ivory or gold,
Within my house behold,
No beams Hymettian here, on columns pressed
In farthest Afric dressed.
No Attalus chose me his home to own
As heir, albeit unknown;
No well-born maidens, my poor doors within,
Laconian purples spin.

My wits abound, mine honour I support,
Me poor the rich men court.
I dun not heav'n for more, my craving ends,
Nor worry I my friends
Though potent, for new gifts, content to own
My Sabine farm alone.

To-morrow treads upon to-day; the moon,
New now, will dwindle soon.
New contracts for new marbles thou dost make,
But thou art near thy wake.
Thou build'st afresh, unheeding of the tomb;
Throw'st back, for wider room,
Those rippled banks by the soft Baian sea,
Not wide enough for thee.

And how is this? Thou edgest on thy bounds,
Thy farm usurps the grounds,
O greed! that were thy tenant's! Exiled, they
Plod, man and wife, their way,
And on the breast their fathers' gods, their care,
And squalid children bear.

And yet what home more certain, than the gates
Of greedy Orcus, waits
In Doom's recess this landlord, and the gold
He can no longer hold?
Just Earth to monarch's child and to the poor
Opens alike her door.

Astute Prometheus could not bend his guard,
Hell's turnkey, for reward;
He grips the sire of Pelops, and his line,
But freely will resign,
Called or uncalled, the pauper, who shall close
His labours in repose.

ODE XIX

PRAISE OF BACCHUS

BACCHUS, the lonely rocks among,
(But who'll believe me?) met my view,
To Nymphs for pupils teaching song,
Goat-footed, point-eared Satyrs too.

Evoc! new fears my spirit scare,
Yet stormy joy my bosom thrills,
All Bacchic. Spare me, Liber, spare
Thy thyrsus, and the stroke that kills.

Of founts which milk and wine bedew,
Of headstrong Thyads let me tell,
And streams of honey sing anew,
From out the hollow trunks that fell.

And next, thy consort's happy star
Added to heav'n; and, with the race
Of Pentheus, crushed in deadly war,
Lycurgus and his doom in Thrace.

Great rivers and barbaric seas
Thou rul'st, and, in some hilly spot,
The hair of those Bistonides,
Well-drunk, thou bind'st with snaky knot.

The Giants wound their impious track
Athwart the steep of Jove's domain,
But thou strong Rhoetus hurledst back,
With claw and fang of lion slain.

'More apt for dance and sport and jest,
No fighter.' Such was rumour's course.
But now thy godhead stands confessed
In war as peace a central force.

Grim Cerberus saw thy golden horn,
And wagged his tail, of anger free;
And when thou went'st, tow'rd earth upborne,
With all his tongues he fondled thee¹.

ODE XX

ON HIS TRANSLATION TO THE SKIES

NO weak, no vulgar wing shall bear
Me, poet-bird, through upper air,
As, quitting earth for good, I so
Leave envy and the towns below.

If of poor parentage I came,
I, whom 'beloved' thou deign'st to name,
Maecenas, such can never lie
In Stygian depths, such cannot die.

Mine under-limbs a roughened skin,
White, and a bird's, to show begin;
And downy feathers of a wing
From fingers and from shoulder spring.

¹ This Ode has some special interest as illustrating the intermixture of traditions. Part of what is here assigned to Bacchus belongs, and is elsewhere acknowledged by Horace as belonging, to the legends of Apollo. So in Odes I. x. 6, xxi. 12 the invention of the lyre is given to Mercury.

The moaning Bosphorus to espy,
I will th' Icarian flight outfly,
A bird of song, the Syrtes pass,
And farthest fields of Boreas.

Dacia, that masks her fear of Rome,
Colchian, and far Gelonian home,
Who dwells in Spain, who drinks of Rhone,
Shall know me, and my fame shall own.

So let mine empty funeral show
Nor plaint, nor dirge, nor moaning know:
Dispense with futile noise; and save
All idle honours of the grave.

BOOK III

ODE I

ON MODERATION

BEGONE, vile mob, I bar my door,
Silence! the Muses' priest, I bring
My gift; my strains, unheard before,
To virgins and to youths I sing.

Kings firmly rule their subject realms,
But over kings Jove holds the rod;
The Giant brood he overwhelms,
And moves all Nature with his nod.

One rears more plants, in wider space;
One pleads his lineage, votes to gain
One vaunts his morals for a place,
And one his clients' longer train.

Necessity's impartial law
For every rank is still the same,
One lot for high and low to draw:
The urn hath room for every name.

The sword hangs bare o'er impious wrong ;
For it, Sicilian cates will lack
Their dainty flavour, nor shall song
Of bird or lyre bring slumber back.

The gentle sleep, that rustics know,
By choice frequents the humble cot ;
Sweet Tempè's vale, where Zephyrs blow,
And shaded banks disdaining not.

Tempestuous seas need not appal
The measured craving of the wise ;
Arcturus verging to his fall,
Or Kid-star at his gloomy rise.

The vineyards by the hailstorm caught,
The blasted crop, the trees that swim
In floods, the scorching stars, are nought,
Or winters pitiless, to him.

Their realm is less, the fishes think,
When buildings in the sea they spy,
(Contractors' gangs their concrete sink,)
The landlord keenly watching by.

But Fears and Threats can clamber fast
As lords of land : in wealth's despite
On beakèd yacht sits Care aghast,
And rides behind the mounted knight.

If Phrygian gem no pain can cure,
Nor purple robe of boundless price,
Nor wine of stock Falernian pure,
Nor choicest Achaemenian spice;

Why doors that might make Envy pale?
Why build strange halls of height sublime?
Or why exchange my Sabine dale
For wealth that taxes toil and time?

ODE II

ON THE OLD ROMAN CHARACTER

LET hardy youth in warfare dare
Robustly pinching want to bear;
The savage Parthian then shall fear
Our riders skilled to hurl the spear.

Free air, and stir from hour to hour
Be his; on him from foeman's tower
Some tyrant's queen shall bend her eye,
The fair young maid beside her sigh,

Forecasting sadly, lest her spouse,
Royal but all untutored, rouse
This lion fierce, careering o'er
Wild carnage and the field of gore.

'T is sweet for native land to die,
'T is noble: Death takes them that fly:
For coward back it has no ruth,
Nor spares the flight of dastard youth.

To Virtue shame is all unknown;
She shines with honours of her own;
Nor, as the public smile or frown,
Takes office up, or lays it down.

By paths unknown she cleaves the sky,
And lifts the souls too great to die;
She spurns, on pinions upward bound,
The vulgar crowd, the spongy ground.

And trusty silence earns its mite.
One, Ceres, blabs thy sacred rite:
No common roof for him with me,
No common bark to tempt the sea!

Neglected, Jove oft smites good men
Mixed with the guilty herd: but when
Did Doom, though lame, not bide its time
To clutch the nape of sculking crime?

ODE III

ON JUSTICE

THE just man, in his purpose strong,
No madding crowd can bend to wrong.
The forceful tyrant's brow and word,
Rude Auster, fickle Adria's lord,

His firm-set spirit cannot move,
Nor the great hand of thundering Jove.
On him all fearless would be hurled
The ruins of a crumbling world.

So errant Hercules did rise,
And Pollux, to the blazing skies ;
Near whom reclined Augustus sips
The nectar with empurpled lips.

So tigers, evil to subdue,
Thee, father Bacchus, upwards drew ;
So, borne by fiery steeds of Mars
Quirinus hell itself unbars.

Juno, the assenting gods among,
Spake thus, 'That dame of alien tongue,
That Judge befooled by Fate and Lust,
Have shattered Ilion into dust ;

‘To me and Pallas doomed a prey,
Her king and people, from the day
When false Laomedon detained
The wage that gods by pact had gained.

‘The adulterous wife, the guest’s disgrace
Are noised no more: no perjured race
Of Priam now by Hector’s hands
Repels the fierce Achaian bands.

‘That war is past, sprung from our jars.
I waive my wrath: I leave to Mars
The grandson, hated now no more,
His child, whom Priestess Ilia bore.

‘To mount and dwell in heavenly sheen,
To reckon in the ranks serene
Of gods, to quaff the nectar’s juice;
All this I grant, for wanted use;

‘But only while a breadth of sea
Parts Rome from Troy. Lords let them be,
Save there, in every region blest:
Where Priam and where Paris rest,

‘Beasts must be safe to breed, and kine
To trample. Then may stand and shine
The Capitol: and Rome impose
Stern laws on vanquished Median foes;

‘With dread renown pushed far and wide,
Yea widest, where the severing tide
Parts Europe from the southern shores
And flooding Nile the field restores;

‘Still spurning gold, for gold is best
Unfound, within the earth at rest,
Not beat for human use and gain,
And hands that holy things profane.

‘Their arms shall touch Earth’s farthest bound; ·
Shall dare to search all lands around,
Where gathered clouds and rains to meet,
Where track the regions parched with heat.

‘For warlike Rome ’t is thus foretold.
But so, that, neither overbold
Nor overfond, she be not fain
To rear ancestral Troy again.

‘No: Troy, reborn with omens ill,
Her cup of woe again shall fill,
For I, Jove’s sister and his wife,
Will lead the host to wage the strife.

‘Thrice, Phoebus, build thy brazen wall;
Thrice by mine Argives it shall fall;
The captive matron thrice, forlorn,
Her husband and her boys shall mourn.’

But hold, my Muse. These themes require
The music of a graver lyre ;
The talk of gods no more recall,
Nor whittle great things down to small.

ODE IV

THE RULE OF THE MUSES

DESCEND from Heaven, and on thy flute
Be ample, Queen Calliopè ;
Or shouldst thou vocal strains acute,
Or great Apollo's lyre, decree.

Hark! for I hear, if madness sweet
Deceive not: yes, to stray I seem
Through glade and grove, a hallowed seat,
Refreshed by genial breeze and stream.

Beyond my nurse Apulia's bound
In legend famous, me, a lad
Weary with sport, and slumbering found,
The doves with fresh-pulled foliage clad

On Vultur's hill; a marvel, blest
By all, the Bantian glades that know
Or Acherontia's mountain nest,
Or till Forentum's mould, below.

Secure from viper's tooth I lay,
And bears : wrapped, not by mortal hand,
In myrtle and in hallowed bay :
A charmèd life, by heaven's command.

Yours, Muses, yours, on Sabine hill
Or cool Praenestè to abide,
Or Tibur's slope, or where ye will,
Transparent Baian waves beside.

Your springs, your choirs : me, sworn to these,
Philippi's rout and conquering foe,
Nor damnèd trunk, nor Sikel seas
And Palinure, have laid me low.

My shallop shall, with you at hand,
The wild Symplegades explore,
My feet shall tread the burning sand
That lies along th' Assyrian shore.

Ye Britons at the stranger chafe,
Ye Spaniards drink of horses' blood :
I'll visit all both sound and safe,
Gelonian bowmen, Scythian flood.

Great Caesar, when he flies from toil—
The home his wearied warriors crave
Once given them on Italian soil—
Seeks rest in your Pierian cave.

Your counsels calm you give, and given
Repent not. One there lives, we know,
Who, from the skies with lightning riven,
The Titans and their host laid low.

Who the dull earth and tossing main
Alone directs with even sway ;
Whom cities here, and realms of pain,
Whom gods and tribes of men obey.

E'en Jove a mighty terror knew
When, strong of arm, those Titans met,
Exulting, with the brethren who
Would Pelion on Olympus set.

Porphyriion in stature vast,
Typhoeus, and strong Mimas, failed ;
Enceladus, so bold to cast
Huge trunks, and Rhoetus, nought availed.

For Pallas came, her aegis rung ;
Came Vulcan, Juno's queenly might,
And on Apollo's shoulders hung
His shafts, and bow for ever bright.

The Delian and Patarean king
Who laves in fresh Castalian dew
His locks, and holds, with sheltering wing,
Those Lycian brakes his childhood knew.

Brute might may rush in headlong course,
But tempered strength the gods make strong
And stronger, while they hate the force
That madly stirs to deeds of wrong.

Let hundred-handed Gyas bear
Me witness; let Orion, who
To force Diana's self would dare,
But whom the virgin's arrow slew.

Earth, on her monster children cast,
Their doom in lurid hell deplores;
Despite that inner fiery blast,
Huge Aetna's mass unbroken soars.

The vulture tortures still the lust
Of Tityus with devouring pains,
And for his sin Pirithous must
Still hopeless bear three hundred chains.

ODE V

ON SOLDIERLY SPIRIT

J OVE'S thunder proves for heaven his reign:
On earth Augustus shall be crowned
A god, who unto Rome's domain
Hath Britain and the plaguy Persian bound.

One served with Crassus: yet he ties
His lot to a barbarian wife,
Wretch! and, Oh, sight for Senate's eyes!
With foes for kin will close in arms his life.

Apulians, Marsians, serve the Mede;
Our name, our sacred shields, forget,
Nor garb, nor deathless Vesta heed,
And all while Jove and Rome are standing yet.

'T was this that Regulus foreknew,
And spurned the foul condition; lest
The future such example rue,
Our captive soldiers must as captives rest.

'T was thus he spake. 'These eyes have seen
Our standards hung in Punic fane,
And swords, that Roman once had been,
From unresisting legions vilely ta'en;

'Have seen the arms of Romans bound
On backs once free: seen gates unbarred
For passage, and a harvest found
On fields our bands had once with ruin scarred.

'Will the repurchased soldier dare
As once he dared? Add not the lie
To acted crime. Can wool repair
The colours that it lost, when soaked with dye?

‘Ah no. True merit once resigned,
No trick nor feint will serve as well.
If, from strong meshes loosed, the hind
Will combat, then in these may courage dwell,

‘Who cower before the foe abhorred.
Will he new Punic onsets try,
Who on bound wrists hath felt the cord
Without a pang, and hath not dared to die?’

‘Bewildered, yet for life athirst,
In one he mingled peace and war;
Great Carthage sees our shame accursed,
For our Italian fall how loftier far.’

His wife’s pure kiss, his babes, ’t is said,
He brushed away, nor looked around,
As one to home and country dead,
But sternly set his manful gaze aground.

The wavering Fathers then he fixed,
With words that none but he could say,
And so, his sorrowing friends betwixt
The glorious exile sped his onward way.

Full well he knew he must abide
The savage captor’s torturing wrath,
Yet none the less he thrust aside
Obstructing kin, and all that barred his path ;

As though from clients' wrangling care
 Some ended suit had set him free,
 For his Venafran farm, or where
 Tarentum Sparta-born salutes the sea.

ODE VI

RESTORATION OF RELIGION

THY fathers' crimes, though guiltless, thou shalt
 rue,

Roman, till thou the fanes renew,
 And care for each neglected shrine,
 And cleanse from smoke the forms divine.

Thou rulest, why? Thou to the gods dost bend.
 Here all begins, here all must end.
 From scorn of gods doth ever flow
 On sad Hesperia heaven-sent woe.

Monaeses twice, and Pacorus's troop
 Our godless charge at one fell swoop
 Have quelled: the necklace, mean of old,
 Is now replaced with Roman gold.

Dacian and Ethiop have destroyed, almost,
 Rome with her civil broils engrossed:
 One feared at sea, the other's power
 More apt to drive the arrowy shower.

This age, so rich in crime, on marriage bed,
On kin, and homes, its filth hath shed:
This is the fount, to this we owe
The ills that land and folk o'erflow.

The ripening virgin now delights to learn
Ionic dances; she will burn,
Well taught by art and trick to move,
From head to foot for lawless love.

A wife, she seeks some youthful gallant's arms,
Her husband drowned in wine: her charms
At random given, to none denied,
None, whom extinguished lights may hide.

Anon, and while her husband conscious lies,
Some man of cash will have her rise,
Some captain of a ship from Spain,
Who buys disgrace, and pays amain.

The race that dyed with Punic blood the seas,
They never sprang from stocks like these,
That strong Antiochus o'erthrew,
That Hannibal and Pyrrhus slew.

No: rustics brave a manful seed beheld,
Expert the wood their arms had felled
To fetch at their strict mother's nod,
Or cleave with Sabine spade the clod,

Till evening suns the lengthening shadows cast,
 The wearied steers, set free at last,
 And bring the genial hour, when Light,
 The car departing, yields to Night.

Age cankers all things: so our grandsires' time
 Bequeathed us one more ripe in crime;
 Our sires did worse again beget,
 And we shall yield the basest yet.

ODE VII

TO ASTERIË

WHY these tears, Asterië?
 Earliest breeze of spring
 Him, with Thynian wares to see,
 Him, the youth, unmatched in truth,
 Back to thee will bring,

Gyges. Him wild Goat-stars vexed,
 Far as Oricum
 Drove him blustering Notus next:
 Sleepless nights, and cold that bites,
 All his limbs benumb.

Then from one, his hostess pale,
 Couched in subtle tone
 Tempts his ear a crafty tale:
 'Chloë sighs, and Chloë dies,
 Dies for thee alone.'

Tells how nigh, through guilty dame
 (Silly Proetos won
Cruel plot of blood to frame),
Slander's breath had done to death
 Chaste Bellerophon.

Tells of Peleus, how he fled
 From Hippolytè,
Nearly numbered with the dead :
All that leads to passion's deeds,
 Many an artful plea.

Deafer than Icarian seas,
 He doth nothing care.
Thou, lest young Enipeus please,
Please too much, so near to touch
 And to view, beware.

Though along the Martian course
 None like him can ride,
None can wheel the fiery horse,
Nor can swim to match with him
 Down the Tiber's tide,

Nightly shut thy door; nor gaze
 When the pipes are shrill :
He will scold thy prudish ways;
Scorn to hear, and persevere
 Hard, and harder still.

ODE VIII

TO MAECENAS

‘**M**ARCH’S Kalends, single life:
Flowers, and fragrant censër; why?
These, you think, are all at strife;
Coals, too, on the grass-plot lie.’

Thou, in either tongue adept,
See my goat, to Bacchus vowed,
For the tree, that on me swept,
Nearly gave me to my shroud.

Year by year this day shall burst
Th’ amphor’s seal, and taste the juice,
Under Consul Tullus first
Seasoned in the smoke for use.

Quaff, Maecenas, cups a score,
Burn the torches till the day,
Rescued Flaccus finds the store:
Wrath and uproar, off! away!

Banish thou thy cares for Rome:
Dacian Cotiso is lost;
Mad with woful broils at home,
Medes their Median swords have crossed.

Bondsman new and ancient foe,
Late, Cantabria wears the chain;
Scythia, with unbended bow,
Thinks to cede her ancient plain.

Thou, no longer charged with power,
Though the State-ship somewhat heave,
Care but little. Of the hour
Crop the sweets, the bitters leave.

ODE IX

HORACE AND LYDIA

HORACE.

WHILE no more welcome arms could twine
Around thy snowy neck, than mine;
Thy smile, thy heart, while I possessed,
Not Persia's monarch lived as blessed.

LYDIA. •

While thou didst feed no rival flame,
Nor Lydia after Chloë came,
Oh then thy Lydia's echoing name
Exceeded e'en Ilia's Roman fame.

HORACE.

Me now Threïcian Chloë sways,
Skilled in soft lyre and softer lays;
My forfeit life I'll freely give,
So she, my better life, may live.

LYDIA.

The son of Ornytus inspires
 My burning breast with mutual fires:
 I'll face two several deaths with joy,
 So Fate but spare my Thurian boy.

HORACE.

What, if our ancient love awoke,
 And bound us with its golden yoke;
 If auburn Chloë I resign,
 And Lydia once again be mine?

LYDIA.

Though fairer than the stars is he,
 Thou rougher than the Adrian sea,
 And fickle as light cork, yet I
 With thee would live, with thee would die.

ODE X

TO LYCÈ IN BLOOM

HADST thou a savage mate, a home upon
 The farthest banks of Don,
 Yet wouldst thou weep, nor leave me pining sore
 To shiver at thy door.

Thou heard'st the creaking gate, the moaning trees
 Between the palaces;
 Saw'st how, in clear-cold air of Jove, the snows
 To icy coating froze.

Away with pride; lest Venus turn to curse,
 And rope with wheel reverse:
No prude thy father gendered; meant not thee
 To play Penelopè.

Though neither gift, nor force of prayer, can mend thee
 Nor lover's paleness bend thee,
Nor that Greek girl that holds thy spouse her slave,
 Yet still thy suppliants save.

Spare me! though cruel as the Moorish snake,
 And hard as oaks to break,
For flesh and blood will bear no more the strain,
 Nor soak in floods of rain.

ODE XI

TO MERCURY, ON HYPERMNESTRA

THOU teacher of Amphion's song,
 That drew the very stones along,
Come, Mercury; and Cittern come,
 Once spurned and dumb

But now with sevenfold chord elate,
And dear to fanes, and halls of state,
Teach me some strain I may endear
 To Lydè's ear.

Like three-year fillies pasturing wide,
She skips and plays, all touch denied,
A maid whose age not yet allows
The exacting spouse.

Thee tigers and thee woods obeyed
And followed, and swift streams were stayed;
Gate-keeper Cerberus, huge to see,
Was coaxed by thee,

Whose Fury-head doth bear a wreath
Of hundred snakes, and noisome breath
From out the three-tongued mouth doth pour,
And filthy gore.

Then Tityus and Ixion smiled
Ungainly; and, by thee beguiled,
The Danaids with the empty cask
Forgot their task.

The crime, the doom let Lydè learn
Of guilty damsels; how the urn
Ran void of water, and their late
But certain fate,

Which follows guilt, aye down in hell.
Those godless—who of worse could tell?
They dared to murder each her lord
With stroke of sword.

One, worthy of the nuptial flame,
One put her perjured sire to shame,
But one alone: consign her name
 To deathless fame!

Her youthful lord she warns 'Arise,
Lest sleep eternal seal thine eyes
Sent whence thou know'st not: foil my sire,
 And sisters dire:

'Each, as a lioness that preys
On calves, her doom-struck husband slays:
But I nor strike thee, nor detain
 In captive's chain.

'Let cruel fetters be my fate
For mercy to my hapless mate;
Let far Numidian home be mine
 Beyond the brine:

'While night and Venus aid, and wind,
O speed thee: be the omens kind:
And on my tomb a pitying word
 Of love record.'

ODE XII

TO NEOBULÈ

WOFUL girls! who neither may
Wash in wine their cares away,
Nor in loving gambols play,
Or they hear some uncle scold
Till their blood runs icy cold.

Citherea's wingèd son
Thieving thy wool-basket won,
And thy care for toil was done
With the web that Hebrus stole,
Liparaean, beauty's soul.

Not Bellerophon would try
On the horse with him to vie:
Runner, boxer, none so high:
See him too in Tiber's wave
His anointed shoulders lave!

Neobulè! his the art,
When the herds aroused start,
Stags to pierce with flying dart:
Or to strike the boar as quick,
Sculking where the woods are thick.

ODE XIII

TO THE FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA

O FOUNTAIN meet for flowers and wine,
Bandusia, more than mirror bright,
A kid to-morrow shall be thine
Whose forehead augurs love's delight,

And battle's, by the bursting horn;
But vainly: ere the sun be high,
His blood, although so wanton-born,
Thy cooling streams with red shall dye.

Thee never doth the Dog-star strike
At fiercest: to plough-wearied ox
Thy cool, refreshing touch alike
Thou lendest, and to ranging flocks.

Thee too with fame my Muse shall bless,
Still singing how the ilex bends
O'er the deep-hollowed cave's recess,
From whence thy babbling stream descends.

ODE XIV

TO ROME

IF Caesar went from Rome, with life
To win like Hercules his bays,
He brings from Spain and ended strife
A victor's praise.

Thou wife, who lov'st no lord but one,
(Due rites performed); in suppliant wreath,
Ye matrons, grateful for a son
Just snatched from death;

With Caesar's sister all come forth;
And you, each youth, each youthful bride,
Refrain from words of little worth
That woe betide.

Nor care nor mourning shall beset
This happy day: no tumult I
While Caesar rules, can dread, nor yet
By force to die.

Boy, carry nard and garlands round,
And wine that knew the Marsian war,
That Spartacus had never found,
Though roving far.

Let musical Neaera's hair
Be gathered in myrrh-breathing knot:
If keepers stop thy way, forbear
And quit the spot.

My taste for frays provoked amiss
Grey hairs have purged: my youth's hot morn,
With Plancus Consul, wrongs like this
Would not have borne.

ODE XV

TO CHLORIS, A CRONE

WIFE of Ibycus the poor,
Play thy knavish tricks no more:
All thy plots new scandal make,
Thou art near thy funeral wake,
Cease to sport with girls at all,
Cast not o'er the stars a pall.
What may fit for Pholoë,
Need not, Chloris, fit with thee,
She a Thyad's part espouses,
Whom the beaten timbrel rouses;
Dwellings of the youth she storms.
To her passion she conforms,
And, by love for Nothus bid,
Capers like a wanton kid.

Not for thee the cittern's pose ;
Spin the wool Luceria grows,
Nor aspire to crimson rose ;
Nor, old crone ! when at thine ease,
Drain the wine-casks to the lees.

ODE XVI

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

THE brazen tower, strong gates well barred,
And wakeful dogs, had sure availed,
Imprisoned Danaë to guard,
And prowling ravishers had failed.

But Jove and Venus saw, and mocked
Acrisius jailor of the maid ;
They knew the way could not be blocked,
If Jove in gold would make the raid.

Gold, mightier than the lightning stroke,
The guard can pierce, the rock can burst.
So the Greek augur's fortune broke,
By force of bribe with ruin cursed.

King Philip clave by tools like these
All city-gates, and sapped the throne
Of rivals. They that plough the seas,
Though fierce, this fascination own.

But care with growing treasure grows,
And thirst for more. With right I dread,
Maecenas, pride of knightly rows¹,
Above the ranks to lift my head.

Deny thyself; the gods will give
More freely. Bare, I march to find
The camp of them that sparely live,
The camp of wealth I leave behind.

I shine more bright with modest means
Than if within my barns I store
All that the Apulian tiller gleans,
And, choked with treasures, were but poor.

A crop in sure possession held,
A silver stream, a wood, if small;
Such happy share had far excelled
All Afric's corn-lands held in thrall.

No honey from Calabrian bees,
No Laestrygonian jars of wine
Grown ripe, no wools on Gaulish leas
Rich-pastured; none of these are mine.

I suffer not the pinch of need,
And thou would'st not deny what lacks;
Better to curb unruly greed
That so thy purse may rounder wax,

¹ The rows of equestrian seats in the theatre.

Than rule o'er wide Mygdonia's plains.
Much they shall want, who much demand,
'T is best, when Heaven¹ for man ordains
Enough, but with a thrifty hand.

ODE XVII

TO AELIUS LAMIA

THOU, like the elder Lamiae,
Branch of the pristine Lamian tree!
(So, Aelius, rumour runs, and so
Their annals, of old memory, go;)

The founder of thy stock, 't is told,
The Formian walls possessed of old,
And ruled where lapping Liris pours
His current on Marica's shores;

So wide his sway. To-morrow's blast
Of Eurus o'er those banks will cast
Vile seaweed and a cloud of leaves;
Unless the raven's sign deceives.

Then heap dry logs, while time allows;
To household gods discharge thy vows;
To-morrow a young porker slay,
And let thine house make holiday.

¹ *Deus*. One of the instances where Horace speaks of God individually; not, as is more usual with him, the gods collectively or generally.

ODE XVIII

TO FAUNUS

THE scampering Nymphs be free to scare ;
But, Faunus, through my sunny grounds
Steal gently, and my fatlings spare
Upon thy rounds.

The season's kid thy grace bespeaks,
The bowl of wine is brimming well,
Love's mate: the antique altar reeks
With savoury smell.

Soon as December's Nones return,
The flock from grazing pass to play,
Both ox unyoked and village earn
Their holiday.

Wolves prowl, with fearless lambs around ;
The leaf is falling from the oak ;
The merry ditcher stamps the ground
With triple stroke.

ODE XIX

TO TELEPHUS

THE years from Inachus you count
To Codrus, keen for Greece to die,
And then to Aeacus remount,
And sacred Ilion's captive cry.

But how to purchase Chian old,
And how to make my water hot,
Where, at what rent, to bar the cold
In winter time, thou tellest not.

A cup to Midnight I design,
Quick, boy! to this new moon a cup,
And to Muraena: three, or nine,
Our ladles serve us; mix them up.

The bard, that loves the Muses nine,
Will still his thrice three draughts obtain,
Though Graces three undraped combine,
And would our cups to three restrain

For fear of brawls. The hour is ripe:
To madness for a moment fall,
Strike up the Berecynthian pipe,
Fetch lyre and fife from off the wall.

Go, scatter roses; I detest
The stingy hand. See, Lycus hears
With spite our orgies; and the guest
Too fair for his decrepit years.

Thee Telephus, as Vesper fair,
The ripening Rhoda pants to win,
Thee gleaming with the clustered hair;
For Glycera's love I burn within.

ODE XX

TO PYRRHUS

FOOLHARDY Pyrrhus, to distress
Cubs of Gaetolian lioness!
Soon, dastard spoiler, shalt thou yield
The battlefield.

If, winding through the rival band
To seek Nearchus, she be scanned,
How sharp the match! will you, or she,
The conqueror be?

Thy nimble arrows from the sheath
Draw'st thou? she sharpens grinding teeth:
Beneath the umpire's foot the prize
Dishonoured lies;

And then he cools in breezy air
His shoulders, spread with perfumed hair:
Like Nireus, or the stripling torn
From Ida's bourn.

ODE XXI

TO HIS CASK

WITH Manlius Consul came to life
Both I and thou: and, bring me jest,
Or spleen, or madding wars, or strife,
Or, kindlier far, a dreamless rest,

Call how thou wilt thy Massic wine,
'T is good to draw, this best of days:
Out with thee, then! Corvinus mine
For draughts, no longer fiery, prays.

Though in Socratic thought he dips,
He's not the man to leave thee fixed:
They say old Cato's virtuous lips
Drew warmth from wine, and wine unmixed.

Thou prickest on the dullard sense,
Yet gently: thou the wise man's soul,
And counsel wrapt in reticence
Revealest through the jovial bowl.

In drooping minds thou plantest hope,
The poor equipp'st with horns of might;
Thou lendest them a strength to cope
With thrones of kings, or soldiers fight.

Bacchus, and Venus if she will,
And Graces, now with zones undone,
And lights, thy lawful season fill,
Till stars are quenched in morning sun.

ODE XXII

TO DIANA

OF hills and groves thou guardian maid,
Who sav'st young mothers in their pain
When thrice invoked, and art arrayed
With threefold reign:

Long o'er my villa lean the pine,
To which a sidelong-striking boar
Each year I gladly bring as thine,
And shed his gore.

ODE XXIII

TO PHIDYLÈ

IF, each new moon, thy hands thou lift,
To Heaven, my rustic Phidylè,
And if thy Lar with perfumed gift,
And grain, and swine, appeasèd be,

Your vines shall mock scirocco blasts,
Your crop the withering blight survive,
And when the dangerous autumn casts
The apple, still your younglings thrive.

Yon heifer, mark, beneath some oak
Of Algidus, or on the tracks
Of Alban meadows waits the stroke,
To stain with gore the Pontiff's axe.

Not such for thee. Thy gods to sue,
No crowd of yearlings slaughterest thou :
Thou giv'st those modest gods their due
With rosemary and myrtle bough.

Though giftless hands the altar touch,
Our household gods gaze with content
On cake and salt, and ask not such
As costliest offerings present.

ODE XXIV

REFORMATION

THOUGH, richer than the wealth combined
Of Araby and teeming Ind,
With thy substructions thou o'erspread
The Tuscan sea, the Adrian bed ;

If Fate her adamantine clamp
Upon thy topmost roof shall stamp
Thy mind from fear thou wilt not loose,
Thine head, from Death's unyielding noose.

Better with nomad Scythians roam,
Whose travelling cart is all their home,
Or where the ruder Getae spread
From steppes unmeasured raise their bread.

There, with a single year content,
The tiller shifts his tenement:
Another, when that labour ends,
To the self-same condition bends.

The simple step-dame there will bless
With care the children motherless:
No wife by wealth command procures,
None heeds the sleek adulterer's lures.

The best of gifts to young from old
Virtue, and chastity they hold
That fears to meet a stranger twice:
All fault is crime; and death the price.

Thou, that wouldst impious slaughter stay,
And civil frenzy's rage allay;
Wouldst 'Father of our Cities' read
Upon thy statues, dare a deed:

An heir of future fame, be bold
To curb this licence uncontrolled:
We hated Virtue which we knew,
But laud it when removed from view.

Unless the scourge o'ertake the fault,
Our sorry whinings limp and halt;
And laws are vain when morals err.
Do they from torrid tracts deter

Or lands, where Boreas takes his birth,
And frozen snows congeal the earth?
O'er all, their course our merchants urge,
And shipmen's art defies the surge.

All things, but shame, we can endure,
And one shame only, to be poor:
We dare, we suffer day by day,
But flinch from Virtue's arduous way.

Quick, to the Capitolian height,
As shouts and favouring crowds invite;
Or, if indeed our crimes we mourn,
The nearest sea will serve the turn.

Quick, thither send our woes untold,
Jewels, and gems, and poisoned gold:
Then, for we somewhat still require,
Root out the seeds of ill desire.

Train we these minds effeminate
With thoughts and ways of manlier state.
Our highborn youth nor hunts, nor rides;
He cannot clip the horse's sides;

More apt the Grecian hoop to guide,
Or cast the die, our laws denied:
The while his father, rogue confessed,
Swindling his comrade, or his guest,

Heaps worthless wealth for worthless child.
Yes. Guilty gold is piled, and piled.
And yet the growing filthy stuff,
I know not how, is ne'er enough.

ODE XXV

TO BACCHUS

TAKE me, Bacchus, filled with thee,
Where thou wilt: to grove, or grot,
Cavern, or I care not what,
So my theme great Caesar be.

He shall in the welkin shine,
Gain the ear of Jove on high;
I things great and fresh will try,
Spoken by no lips but mine.

So the wakeful Eviad's gaze
 Hebrus, Thrace all snowy white,
 Rhodopè, the mountain height
 That barbarians tread, surveys.

I, these groves and shores around
 Wandering, praise the Naiad King,
 With his Maenads, keen to fling
 Toppling ashes to the ground.

Mean and fleeting themes I scout;
 But well pleased will face the chance
 Liber's praises to advance,
 And the wreath, his brows about.

ODE XXVI

ON CHLOË

ERST the maidens prized me well,
 And I warred, and got me gain:
 Now my arms and lyre shall dwell,
 Seaborn Venus, in thy fane,

By the left-hand wall, disused,
 Torches, crowbars, there I lay,
 Bows and all, in heap confused,
 Once so apt to break my way.

Thou in Cyprus dost preside,
And in Memphis, void of snow:
Lift thy whip; on Chloë's pride
Just one little stroke bestow.

ODE XXVII

THE RAPE OF EUROPA

WITH littered fox, and lapwing's call,
Lanuvian wolf, and pregnant bitch
For omens, let the impious fall
Into the ditch.

When flashing forth the arrowy snake
To fright their fiery nags is seen,
They quit the way they thought to take.
I, augur keen,

Ere yet, fore-running rain, the crow
Turn homeward to its marsh, I'll pray
The prophet raven to bestow
A smiling day.

I bid thee, wheresoe'er thou art,
Be happy, not forgetting me:
Nor pie, to left, nor crow's quick start,
A terror be.

But see Orion sink and set;
How threatens Hadria's darkling bay
I know, and how the western wet
Ill tricks can play.

We leave to wives and sons of foes
The dark sea's murmur, and the roar,
The stir when rising Auster blows,
And smites the shore.

So, when Europa trusting gave
The treacherous bull her snowy side,
Sea monsters, and the boundless wave
Tamed all her pride.

At dawn she culled the flowers afield,
To weave the Nymphs a coronal,
But night the stars and seas revealed,
And those were all.

'O Father'—when the flood she crossed,
And hundred-cited Crete espied—
'O daughter's name and duty lost,'
She maddening cried;

'Whence? Whither? ah, the wakened sense
Of sin! One death for virgin's guilt
Were small. Or has mine innocence
But fancies built?

‘Some vision from the ivory door,
Begetting dream. Oh it were well
To pluck fresh flowers, nor travel o’er
That weary swell?

‘Ah, how I would the shameful steer
Were set within my wrath! to drive
The steel, to crush the horns once dear,
How would I strive!

‘Unshamed our household gods I fled,
Unshamed live on. Ye powers above
That hear me, would my steps were led
Where lions rove!

‘These comely cheeks ere leanness kill,
Ere youth’s sweet sap shall drain away,
So let me sink, in beauty still
The tiger’s prey.

“Why loth to die? Behold this ash;
Polluted child, thou need’st but take”
(Thus cries my sire) “that pendent sash
Thy neck to break.

“If beetling crag for death thou ask,
Leap with the wingèd storm, to die;
Else, child of kings, the base-born task
Stoop thou to ply,

Or why withhold from us
That wine of Bibulus,
Still lingering in its binn
My cellar's nook within?

Of Neptune be my song,
And all the Nereid throng
With tresses green¹; then fire
Thou, next, thy curvèd lyre,
With great Latona's praise,
And Cynthia's arrowy rays.

Venus, the swan-borne, she
Our crowning song shall be,
Whom glittering Cyclades,
Cnidos, and Paphos, please:
Then, when the hours grow dim,
Old Night shall have her hymn.

ODE XXIX

TO MAECENAS

O CHILD of Tuscan royalty,
A cask ne'er stirred of mellow wine,
Rose flowers, and oil for hair, with me
Have long been stored, but marked as thine.

¹ *virides.*

Quick! Neither slopes of Aesulae,
Nor dripping Tibur always view,
Nor summits where by fate's decree
Telegonus his father slew.

Redundance makes the taste too nice ;
Quit tow'rs that mount so near the clouds :
Let not the City thee entice,
Her wealth, her smoke, her din of crowds.

'T is change that rich men mostly love ;
The lowly roof, and simple fare
But clean, no purple draped above,
Full oft have smoothed the brow of care.

The heavens are hot, with Procyon's ray,
And Lion's fire ; now blazes out
The sire of fair Andromeda :
The sun has scorched the land with drought.

The swain to brooks and shadowing trees +
Guides drowsy sheep, and to the brakes
Silvanus haunts ; the inconstant breeze
The still and silent shore forsakes.

A statesman, how to guide the helm,
And what to fear thou studiest
From Seres, and the Bactrian realm
Of Cyrus, and the Don's unrest.

Of purpose, God all future doom
Wraps in a darkness thick as night,
And smiles in scorn, if man presume
Beyond the boundary lines of right.

Hold fast the present. All beside
Shifts, as a shifting stream will now
Tow'rd Tuscan waters gently glide,
Then hurl from off some craggy brow

Boulders and trees, and flocks and sheds,
With woods' and mountains' echoing sound;
As the wild deluge fills the beds
And bursts the margins all around.

Self-ruled, light-hearted shall he be,
Who daily 'I have lived,' can say,
Dark tempests let the Sire decree,
Or brightness, for the coming day.

Yet cannot he the bygone days
Unmake, or hold the past undone,
Nor can with utmost might erase
The work of hours whose glass is run.

Unpitying Fortune still resolves
Her wanton pastime to pursue,
Her honours here or there devolves,
Now favouring me, now helping you.

She bides, 't is well. But if she stirs
One feather, I her gifts resign;
I don my Virtue's robe, not hers,
And claim undowered Worth for mine.

If groans the mast, when rude South-West
Blows hard, not I with paltry prayers
Will truckle; or will bargain, lest
My Cyprian and my Tyrian wares

Add riches to the greedy deep.
For me through worst Aegean swell
Shall Leda's twins their vigil keep,
And my small skiff shall guard me well.

ODE XXX

AN EPILOGUE

NOW have I reared a monument
more durable than brass,
And one that doth the royal scale
of pyramids surpass,
Nor shall defeated Aquilo
destroy, nor soaking rain,
Nor yet the countless tide of years,
nor seasons in their train.

Not all of me shall die: my praise
 shall grow, and never end,
While pontiff and mute vestal shall
 the Capitol ascend,
And so a mighty share of me
 shall Libitina foil.
Where bellows headstrong Aufidus,
 where, on his arid soil,
King Daunus ruled a rural folk,
 of me it shall be told
That, grown from small to great, I first
 of all men subtly wrought
Aeolian strains to unison
 with our Italian thought.
So take thine honours earned by deeds;
 and graciously do thou,
Melpomenè, with Delphic bays
 adorn thy poet's brow.

BOOK IV

ODE I

TO VENUS

THE feud, at rest for many a day,
Why stir anew? Have done, I pray.
I am not now the man, I ween,
I was when Cinara was Queen.

Fierce mother of soft Cupids, why
To bend rough limbs at fifty, try
In flexure lithe? Betake thee, where
Youth calls thee back with coaxing prayer.

Far better, in thy swan-borne rides,
Where Paulus Maximus abides,
Go revel: and engender heat
Within some frame whose age is meet.

For noble he, and nobly trained,
A speaker bold for men arraigned;
A youth with hundred gifts supplied
To bear thy trophies far and wide.

By Alba's lake, in citron niche,
To mock some rival mean but rich,
With conqueror's smile, for record here
Thy marble image he will rear.

Abundant incense shall salute
Thy nostrils; and the lyre, and flute,
And Bercynthian pipe prolong
The dear delight, with mingled song.

Twice tender maids on all the days
And boys thy force divine shall praise;
And thrice their feet of dainty white
In Salian dance the earth shall smite.

Me nothing moves; nor maid, nor boy,
Nor hope of friendship's mutual joy;
In bouts of wine I count not now,
Nor bind with fresh-cut flowers my brow¹.

ODE II

TO JULUS ANTONIUS

WHO boasts to sing, as Pindar sings,
He soars by art on waxen wings:
His name shall for some glassy sea
A title be.

¹ The concluding lines of the Ode are purposely omitted.

Like mountain stream, by rainfall fed,
That bursts beyond its daily bed,
So from deep chest, disdaining bounds,
This minstrel sounds.

Apollo's bay he needs must win,
When his bold dithyrambs begin
To vent new words, and measures pour
Unheard before.

Or of the gods, and god-born kings,
Who quenched Chimaera's flame, he sings;
Who smothered in the blood they spilt
The Centaurs' guilt.

So Elian winners gain their place
In heaven, and, great in fight or race,
Possessed of worthier honours live
Than sculptors give.

Or some slain warrior's bride in tears,
With praise of all his gifts, he cheers;
Strength, spirit, virtues lifted high,
Forbids to die.

It needs a swelling gale, to bear
The Theban swan in that high air.
By Tibur's dewy bank and grove
I, Julus, rove,

And as a Matine bee deflowers
The fragrant thyme, laborious hours
I while away, and, large in care,
My songs prepare.

Touch thou a bolder lyre, what time
Caesar the sacred slope shall climb,
With laurelled brow, and, fierce in vain,
Sicambrian train.

Than whom kind Fate and gods in Heaven
No better, greater boon have given,
Nor shall, though Time's great womb unfold
An age of gold.

Sing those glad days of public sports,
The end of strife, the emptied courts,
Our Caesar once again at home
Through prayer of Rome.

If I may speak what men will hear,
My voice, its best, shall swell the cheer,
'O happy day': and loud proclaim
Our Caesar's name.

'Io triumphe' all the town
Not once, nor twice, will cry, and crown
Thy march, and bounteous gods invoke
While altars smoke.

Ten bulls, ten kine, shall thee acquit ;
My means a calf new-weaned permit,
Whose early days now sportive pass
In fattening grass.

As shows the moon but three days born,
Such horns his budding front adorn :
One spot of snow doth lustre shed,
The rest is red.

ODE III

TO MELPOMENÈ

IF with propitious eye, Melpomenè,
A new-born babe thou see,
He never in the stress of Isthmian game,
Nor for Olympian fame
Will struggle ; nor shall War, with Delian leaf,
Proclaim him as a chief
On our high Capitol, for threatenings quelled
Of kings that had rebelled.

No : but from streams which fertile Tibur loves
And in thick shadowy groves
Aeolian song shall be his glorious choice.
Me too : the general voice

Of Rome, the queen of cities, by its grace
 Accords to me a place
In its loved choir of bards: and Envy's claw
 Less now my blood can draw.

Pierian Muse! who of the golden shell
 Temperest the sharper swell,
And to mute fishes canst impart a tone
 Swans might be fain to own;
If me the finger of the passer-by
 In Roman minstrelsy
Have marked for lord, thou didst it: if I shine
 And please, 't is wholly thine.

ODE IV

THE VICTORY OF DRUSUS

JOVE for the prince of birds decreed,
 And carrier of his thunder too,
The bird whom golden Ganymede
 Too well for trusty agent knew.

Him youth and native spirit stirred,
 Unripe for toil, to quit his nest;
And vernal winds provoked the bird
 His strength in cloudless heaven to test.

He grew apace ; his rushing might,
Swept headlong on the helpless flock,
Then, keen with hunger and for fight,
On stalwart dragons drove the shock.

And, as in gladsome meads astray
Some kid the lion's whelp may spy,
Its tawny dam had weaned to-day,
So soon by new-set fang to die,

Vindelic hordes have Drusus seen,
And Rhaetian, on their Alpine tracks,
Whose use from earliest cld hath been
To fight with Amazonian axe.

How came it? This, and much beside,
We know not. Victors long and far,
Their bands now fled in headlong tide
From youthful skill and Roman war.

They learned how well, with omens kind,
Our youth their sense and spirit gained ;
How Caesar, with a father's mind,
These Neroes in their boyhood trained.

The bold are children of the bold,
The ox, the horse by mettle prove
Their kin : the savage eagle's mould
Engenders not the helpless dove.

But care will aid the native gift,
And culture firmer tissue gain;
When conduct ceases to uplift,
Then higher birth hath deeper stain.

To these let Asdrubal in flight
Let the broad stream Metaurus, let
The day that hath restored the light
To Latium's land, tell Rome her debt.

First day of joy, since Afric swept
In fury down th' Italian plain,
As flame from torch to torch hath leapt,
Or Eurus lashed the solid main.

Then grew our youth in practised strength,
No more by Punic outrage wrecked;
And Roman fanes beheld at length
The statues of their gods erect.

Then spake the faithless Hannibal:
'Ye deer, of ravening wolves the prey,
Pursue not. What can best befall
Is but to sculk and flee away.

'This race, on Tuscan billows tossed,
Right through to the Ausonian shore
Its gods, from Ilion fired and lost,
Its infants and its greybeards bore.

‘ Then, as on Algidus the oak
Pruned by the biting axe anew,
From wounds, from deaths, from every stroke
Resource and freshening vigour drew.

‘ No fiercer portent Thebes despoiled
Or Colchis: not the Hydra, when
Alcides, rankling to be foiled,
Saw the lopped limbs grow quick again.

‘ Drown it in floods, more fair ’t will rise;
Do battle, it will overthrow
With echoing fame thy victories,
And plunge expectant dames in woe.

‘ No more from me of vaunting tales;
’T is past; all hope hath perished, all;
The fortune of my nation fails,
It died with dying Asdrubal.’

These Claudian hands shall nothing lack.
Jove’s care shall all ill chances bar,
Wise counsel shall discern the track,
And speed them through the straits of war.

ODE V

TO AUGUSTUS

BEST seed of gods, best keeper of the race
Of Romulus, thou art too long from home.
Thy word, giv'n in the Senate's holy place,
Redeem that word, and come.

Restore, good Prince, thy country's light of day,
For when thy visage dawns, like spring benign,
The hours more smoothly win their gracious way,
The suns more kindly shine.

When Notus blows, and envious blasts detain,
All round the circle of the rolling year,
Beyond the breadth of the Carpathian main,
Some youth, whose home is dear ;

To omens, prayers, and vows, his mother turns .
And bends her aching vision o'er the main,
With loyal longings so his country yearns
To see her prince again.

For Ceres now, and Fortune, nurse the seed ;
Suspicion's breath from firm-set Honour flees ;
The safe ox traverses a tranquil mead,
The sailors, tranquil seas.

The unpolluted home is free from lust ;
Right laws, right habits, these have conquered crime ;
The children's likeness stamps the father's trust ;
Quick justice strikes in time.

Who cares how Parthian, or cold Scythian, thrives,
With what wild issue teem the German woods ;
Who o'er the war, if only Caesar lives,
Of fierce Iberia broods ?

Each, passing his own day at his own doors,
Trains vines athwart his trees: the joyous cup
Then handles as he wills, and thee adores
As god, in winding up.

As Hercules in Greece, or Castor, may,
So thou hast our libations and our prayers ;
Before our Lares we, our debt to pay,
Thy godhead blend with theirs.

' Good prince, prolong our halcyon holiday :'
So we when sober, so when mellow crave,
Sober at sundawn, mellow when his ray
Has sunk beneath the wave.

ODE VI

APOLLO, AND HIS OWN OFFICE AS POET

A POLLO! thee gross Tityus knew,
Thee the lost race of Niobè,
Of lying boast for chastener true;
Achilles too had taste of thee,

O'er every foe victorious proved
Save only thee; divine his race;
Troy tottered, and his lance, but moved,
Shook Dardan towers to their base.

Yet, like some pine the axe has bit,
Or cypress bent to eastern blast,
In dust of Troy, by Phoebus smit,
His headlong frame the hero cast.

He did not skulk, that horse within,
That lied profanely, to beguile
Those revels, and the people's din
That neared its death, and danced the while.

In naked sternness he, ah! shame,
Seized infants innocent and dumb,
Gave Trojan babes to Danaan flame,
Aye, babes within the mother's womb.

'T was but thy voice, with Venus loved,
Which gained from Jove the firm behest:
Aeneas should, when safe removed,
Build walls with happier omens blessed.

With thee the Argian song was born,
Thy locks the Xanthian stream bedews;
Descend, Agyieus! never shorn,
Be champion of the Daunian Muse.

To thee I owe the art of song,
The minstrel soul, the poet name.
O youths, and maidens, that prolong
The echo of your fathers' fame;

Wards of Diana, skilled to draw
The bow, o'er lynx and stag supreme,
Hold fast my Lesbian measure's law,
My Lesbian time for Daunian theme.

Then sing aloud Latona's son,
And sing the Moon with waxing horn,
That speeds the circling months, begun
And ended, and that swells the corn.

Each bride shall say 'I sang that song
What time the Jubilee returned,
Dear to the gods, and not in vain
From Poet Horace aptly learned.'

ODE VII

TO TORQUATUS; THE CONTRAST OF
NATURE AND LIFE

SNOWS melt away; the fields are flecked with grass,
And foliage clothes the tree,
Earth shifts her dress, the rivers shrunken pass,
And travel to the sea.

The Graces three, and Nymphs, no longer cower,
But twine, unclad, the dance:
Learn from the changes of the year and hour;
No daring hopes advance.

Warm blow the winds; on Spring shall Summer tread,
Then yield herself her breath;
Now, Autumn sheds her fruits, then Winter, dead,
Leads Nature back to death.

The hastening moons all waste in heaven repair:
We, when we once descend
To Tullus, Ancus, sire Aeneas, there
In dust and shadow end.

Will the gods grant a morrow for to-day?
No mortal can declare;
Give! all thou giv'st with open hand away
Escapes thy greedy heir.

Once thou art dead, once Minos on his bench
Thy doom for thee hath writ,
Birth, eloquence, devotion, nought can wrench
Thy spirit from the pit,

Torquatus! Still in Dian's awful bond
Hippolytus remains;
Nor from Pirithous, in friendship fond,
Can Theseus break his chains.

ODE VIII

TO CENSORINUS

GOBLETS and vases would I freely give
To them that with me, Censorinus, live;
And tripods, prize of valiant Greeks. Nor worst
Would be thy portion, did my store-rooms burst
With what Parrhasius or what Scopas wrought,
Through colours one, and one through marble taught
Or gods or men in likeness to present.

But such are not my treasures, nor thy bent.
Not these delights thou cravest; but for song,
Which I can give (and name the price), dost long.
True, words on marbles graven by the State
Grant life and breath to the departed great;
Yet neither these, nor worsted foes' alarms,
Nor to have baffled Hannibal in arms,

Nor impious Carthage, burned by him who bore
 His well-earned name from Afric's conquered shore—
 None more avails than our Calabrian Muse.
 If History fail, good deeds their guerdon lose.
 But for our voice, if niggardly it were,
 How would the son of Mars and Ilia fare?
 How Aeacus, whom might of minstrels rare,
 Their grace, their favour, saved from the abyss?
 Men worthy praise the Muse from dying frees,
 And plants in heaven. So sturdy Hercules
 Sits at the feasts on high by Jove's decrees:
 So Leda's twins, bright-shining, at their beck
 Oft have delivered stricken barks from wreck:
 And so, with vine-clad brows, doth Bacchus bless
 His votary's prayer, and bring it to success.

ODE IX

TO LOLLIUS

THINK not these words are doomed to die
 Which, wedded to the tuneful string, .
 With newborn arts of minstrelsy
 From sounding Aufidus I sing.

If Homer on the throne be set,
 Stesichorus is stately still,
 Alcaeus brave; and Pindar yet,
 And Cean song their places fill.

The sportive tales Anacreon told
Years have not blurred. Love cannot die,
And warms to-day, and warmed of old
Th' Aeolian maiden's poesy.

Were there like Spartan Helen none
That loved the trim adulterer's hair,
The gold upon his vestments spun,
His train, his port, of royal air?

Was Teucer first to learn the use
Of Cretan shafts? Was Troy subdued
At once? Fought huge Idomeneus,
Or Sthenelos, in solitude?

War is the Muse's theme. Not first
Deiphobus, or Hector's rage,
For their pure spouses dared the worst,
Or did for children battle wage.

Ere Agamemnon saw the light
There lived brave men: but tearless all,
Enfolded in eternal night,
For lack of sacred minstrels, fall.

Test hidden baseness, buried worth;
'T is little odds. So, Lollius, I
Will set thy deeds and virtues forth;
Too many and too great to die,

And moulder, dark Oblivion's prey.
Thou hast a soul for high affairs,
Art formed to hold unchanged thy way,
When Fortune smiles, or Fortune scares.

O scourge of greed and trick, O freed
From Money's all-absorbing sway,
Who, whensoever the State had need,
No consul of the year or day,

Took'st not the useful for the good,
Flung'st back the guilty gift with scorn,
Through adverse hosts along thy way
In Virtue's arms triumphant borne.

Not him wilt thou for happy bless,
Whose goods are large. Far happier he,
Who shall for wisdom's use possess
The bounties that the gods decree.

And pinching poverty can bear,
And baseness more than death can dread,
For love of friends, or country's care,
That man will gladly give his head.

ODE X

TO LIGURINUS

O STRONG in gifts of love, yet cruel still,
When winter, all unsought, thy pride shall kill,
When locks no more about thy shoulders play,
And hues, that beat the roses, fade away ;
Thou, Ligurinus, changed to rugged face,
Shalt cry, when told by mirrors thy disgrace,
' Why had my boyhood not mine age's flame,
Or else mine age those youthful cheeks the same?'

ODE XI

TO PHYLLIS

I HAVE a cask of Alban wine,
Phyllis, that counts its years at nine,
And parsley in my garden-grounds
For garlands. Ivy too abounds

To deck thy shining tresses. Gleams
Mine house with plate. Mine altar seems,
While vervain chaste around it lies,
To crave its lamb for sacrifice.

All hands are busy. Boy and girl,
They run, they jostle. See the curl
From tips of quivering flame arise,
And dusky smoke affront the skies.

But know what cause our feasting moves :
'T is April : April Venus loves :
We meet to celebrate the Ides :
That day the sacred month divides.

I hold this day of passing worth,
Aye, worthy as my day of birth,
For, let its earliest ray appear,
Maecenas counts another year.

Thou courtest Telephus : he's caught :
No prize of yours, dismiss the thought ;
Caught by a damsel rich and bold,
And skilled in willing chains to hold.

Mark, Phaëthon was scorched by flame,
Ambition's towering hopes to tame.
Winged Pegasus who scorned to bear
An earthly rider in the air,

Bids thee observe thy proper scope.
Esteem as crime unlawful hope.
Shun ill-assorted bonds. And now,
Since last of all my loves art thou,

For woman warms me never more,
Come hither ; con my measures o'er :
Thy lovely voice its part will play,
And charm all gloomy care away.

Coan purples, gems that blaze,
Will not bring thee back the days
Writ in annals known but past,
Of the time that fled so fast.

Beauty, colour, gesture's grace,
All are gone. Not this the face,
Not the passion-breather, she
Once that stole myself from me.

After Cinara, thou wert great,
Form and charm. But Cinara, Fate
Quickly took, and left us thee
Grey and worn facsimile,

Old as a decrepit crow,
That warm youths might see thee so,
Scourging thee with laughter's lash,
Once a flambeau; now an ash.

ODE XIV

VICTORY OF TIBERIUS

HOW may the Senate, how may Rome
Such free award of honours give,
As that thy fame through years to come
Shall still in grateful annals live?

Augustus, first of princes thou,
Through every habitable zone,
Whom the Vindelic tribes, till now
Untamed, for feats of war have known.

And those Genausi, restless race;
Fleet Breuni: and those forts, that frown
From Alpine heights of beetling face,
Drusus for thee hath stricken down,

Time after time. Then rushed apace
The elder Nero in his might,
The giant Rhaeti oft to chase,
With omens good, in headlong flight.

A portent in the thickest fight,
Oh with what havoc hath he slain
Those warriors, bold in freedom's right!
Like Auster's blast upon the main,

What time the Pleiads drive the cloud;
So the opposing squadrons bleed
When through the blazing battle's crowd
He drives his charger's fiery speed.

So bull-formed Aufidus descends
On Daunia, past Apulian shores,
Then, swollen with rain, his barriers rends,
And ruin o'er our harvest pours.

So Claudius that barbarian host
Of mailèd men with might o'erthrew,
His triumph gained that nothing cost,
And van and rearward fiercely slew.

But thine the armies, omens, all,
And grace of gods. For, from the day
Of suppliant Alexandria's fall,
When town and harbour open lay,

Thy prosperous fortune, once begun,
Through three long lustres victory gave,
All praise upon thy triumphs won,
All glory that thy soul could crave.

Cantabrians thee, before untamed,
Thee migrant Scythian, Indian, Mede
Own for Hesperia's bulwark famed,
And queenly Rome's defence indeed.

Thee Nile that hides his fountain-head,
Thee hurrying Tigris, Ister thee,
And, by remotest Britain spread,
Th' obstreperous monster-breeding sea,

Thee Spain, with all her stalwart brood,
Thee Gaul obeys, that knows not fear:
Sigambrians thee, that thirst for blood,
Pile shields and targets to revere.

ODE XV

TO AUGUSTUS

OF conquering wars 't was my desire
To sing; but Phoebus with his lyre
Rebuked me, lest my little bark should be
Too slight for that Tyrrhenian sea.

Thine era, Caesar, hath restored
Crops to our fields: to Jove our Lord
Flags, from proud Parthian pillars which we tore;
And, wars extinct, hath shut the door

Of Roman Janus; and a yoke
For licence, that its bands had broke,
In measured order found; and crime subdued;
And arts of famous eld renewed.

Italian might, and Latium's name
By these to an imperial fame
And majesty upgrew: far forth they run
From eastern to the western sun.

No force, till Caesar's rule shall cease,
Nor civil rage shall banish Peace:
Nor passion, swift at forging swords for war,
Shall set our sister towns to jar.

The Julian edict shall be law
For those who from deep Danube draw;
For Getae, Seres, Persian knaves, and those
Reared where the mighty Tanais flows.

We, wives and children all around,
With gifts of joyous Liber crowned,
Will first invoke the gods with prayer and praise,
On common and on festal days

Then sing to Lydian pipes anew
Deeds of old chiefs, as Romans do,
And tell of sire Anchises, and the boy
Whom kindly Venus bare, and Troy.

CARMEN SAECULARE

PHOEBUS, and Dian, sylvan queen,
Twin glory of the heavenly sheen,
Adored of right and always, hear
And grant my prayer this sacred year;

When, bidden by the Sibyl verse,
Chaste youths and chosen maids rehearse
Praise to those gods, and worship done,
Whose grace the sevenfold hills have won.

Thou shap'st the day by eve and morn,
The same and yet another born,
Kind Sun; and from thy shining dome
Nought mayst thou see more great than Rome.

Lucina, Genitalis thou,
Or Eilithuia, favour now
Our mothers: help to bring aright
Ripe healthful issue into light.

Oh give us offspring, bless the laws,
Goddess, set forth in wedlock's cause ;
Oh yoke our women, and command
That crowds of children deck the land.

The round of years, in order due,
Ten times eleven, brings anew
These chants and games, these sounds and sights,
Three shining days, three joyous nights.

And you, O Fates, of truthful strain,
May firm-set laws your word maintain
Told once for all, and founded fast ;
And give a future like our past.

May Earth, all blest in flock and field,
Her wheaten crown for Ceres yield,
And breezes light and healthful rains
Our yearlings rear on all the plains.

Come hear thy boys, serene and kind,
Apollo ; leave thy darts behind ;
And hear the maidens as they pray,
Thou hornèd queen, whom stars obey.

If your decree hath founded Rome,
If, changing household gods and home,
A remnant was ordained to reach,
From Trojan plains, the Tuscan beach,

For whom unscathed, through Troy ablaze,
The good Aeneas cleared the ways,
And freed them, and, of home bereft,
Yet gave them more than all they left.

Obedient youth, ye Gods! and pure,
And peace for tranquil age assure:
Wealth, offspring, every gift and grace
Shower down on this Romulean race.

The high-born prince (that fells his foe,
But spares the victim once laid low,)
Of Venus and the Anchiscan line,
Now slays for you the milk-white kine.

The Mede e'en now by sea and land
Dreads Alban axe, and Roman hand;
Scythian, and Indian, proud of late,
Ask, and our answer suppliant wait.

Faith, Peace, that Shame our fathers knew,
And Honour, walk our streets anew;
Neglect no longer Virtue chills,
And her rich horn kind Plenty fills.

The Seer, by all the Muses crowned,
Whose splendent bow sheds glory round;
Phoebus, whose kind remedial art
To sickening limbs can health impart,

If Palatinian heights he sees,
And loves; if Rome and Latium please,
May he prolong the Roman might
Through lustres new, and still more bright.

And Dian, she, who builds her shrine
On Algidus and Aventine,
To boyhood's prayer give friendly ear,
And our Fifteen benignant hear.

Home then we go, and mark the word;
Great Jove and all the gods have heard
These voices, trained in hymns to raise
Apollo's and Diana's praise.



