Nineteen Odes of Horace

Englished by
WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS
Nineteen Odes of Horace

ENGLISHED BY

WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS

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Od. III. II.

I PRAY thee, Mercury—since by thee
   Inspired Amphion's song moved stones—
And thee, O Shell, whose psaltery
   Can sound forth Music's seven tones—
Not tuneful once, nor sweet, but now
   Welcome to fane and rich man's board—
Prompt me a strain, whose charm shall bow
Lyde's proud ears my suit toward:
Who, as a filly three years old
   In the wide fields, frolics, and fears
A touch, a maiden pure, for bold
   Wooer as yet too young in years.
Thou can'st draw tigers after thee,
   And woods; the torrent's rush can'st stay;
Before thy music's witchery
   The vast Hall's warden-hound gave way—
Aye, Cerberus, tho' his frightful head
   Is girt with snakes a hundred strong;
Tho' foul his breath, and slime, like shed
   Gore, dribbles from his triple tongue.
Nay e'en Ixion, forced to smile,
   And Tityos, laughed against the grain;
The urn stood empty for a while,
   While Danaids heard thy soothing strain.
Let Lyde hear what sin disgraced
Those virgins: what their well-known fate:
How all the water runs to waste
   From the urn's bottom: how, tho' late,
In Orcus sin’s reward is sure.
   Ah impious—what could mortal hand
Do worse?—who, impious, could endure
   To slay their grooms with cruel brand.
One out of all the band alone,
   Worthy the marriage torch, to sire
Forsworn was greatly false, and won
   A fame that lives while years expire:
Who roused her young groom in the night—
   “Up, lest a sleep, whence fearest naught,
A long sleep, whelm thee; cheat by flight
   My sire’s and wicked sisters’ thought,
Who, as she-lions tear their prey
   Of calves, are tearing—woe is me!—
Each her own mate; kinder than they,
   I will not smite or prison thee.
Me let my sire load with rude chains
   Because my lad I would not slay;
Me let his fleet to the domains
   Of far Numidia bear away.
Go thou where feet and breezes take
   Thee; night is kind and Venus nigh.
So farewell; for my memory’s sake,
   Grave on my tomb an elegy.”

Od. III. 14.

CAESAR, of whom we lately spoke
   As bent on bays, like Hercules,
That death must buy, returns, good folk,
   Home from his Spanish victories.
Proud of your peerless lord, do you,
His wife, after due prayer and rite,
Come forth—our brave chief's sister too,
And, with thanksgiving fillets bright,
Mothers of girls, and youths restored
Safe to their homes; ye lads, and ye,
Lasses new-wed, utter no word
To-day of evil augury.
This day, truly a feast for me,
Will chase black cares; I will not dread,
While Caesar holds the world in fee,
Tumult, or stroke shall strike me dead.
Boy, fetch me unguents, flowers, and bring
Wine that recalls the Marsian war,
If anywhere that wandering
Rogue Spartacus passed by a jar.
And bid clear-voiced Neaera knot
Her perfumed hair without delay,
And come; but if the porter's not
Friendly, and hinders, come away.
Gray hairs tame tempers, once, I fear,
Too keen on brawls and quarrellings;
Had I youth's fire, as in the year
Of Plancus, I'd not brook such things.

*Od. III. 15.*

WIFE of poor Ibycus, have done
At last with your depravity,
And infamous pursuits, as one
To whom a timely death draws nigh.
No longer sport young girls among,
Nor cloud their brightness starry-clear;
What misbecomes not Pholoe young,
   Becomes not Chloris old and sere.
More fitly storms your girl the halls
   Of youth, like Thyiad, by drum-bray
Maddened, whom love of Nothus calls
   To wanton like a roe at play.
Far-famed Luceria’s wools agree
   Best with your years: not red new-blown
Roses: not jars drained to the lee:
   Not citterns—for you are a crone.

Od. III. 16.

BRONZE tower, stout doors, and surly guard
   Of watchful dogs, had safely barred
Against assaults of midnight love
Fair Danae’s prison, had not Jove
And Venus mocked Acrisius’ care,
His jealous wardship, well aware
That to the God in golden shower
Broad way and safe would ope the tower.
Thro’ bodyguards, thro’ masonry,
Gold makes its way more potently
Than levin-bolt; ’twas lucre brought
The Argive augur’s house to naught.
By bribes the man of Macedon
Cleft open city-gates, and won
The fall of rival monarchies;
Even rude admirals have their price.
Increase of wealth and greed bring on
Care; from self-gloriation
Rightly I’ve shrunk unto this hour,
Maecenas, knighthood's pride and flower.
The more a man himself denies,
The more kind Heaven to him supplies;
Homely I seek camps of content,
Deserting wealth's environment,
Prouder, as master of my small
Farm, than as famed to garner all
Apulia's fruits of industry,
In plenty, yet in scarcity.
A rivulet clear, a wood of few
Acres, my small crop's promise true,
Give me a lot that, hid from him,
Makes Afric praetor's fame look dim.
Tho' bees Calabrian bring not in
Honey, nor wine in Formian bin
Mellows, nor sheep on Gallic lea
Fatten, and grow thick wool, for me,
Yet from harsh poverty I'm free;
If more I craved, you'd give it me;
Curtailed wants would more happily
Enlarge my income than if I
Blent the dominions of Mygdon
And Alyattes into one.
Want much, lack much; happy is he
To whom Heaven grants sufficiency.

Od. III. 19.

You tell what years part Inachus
From Codrus, patriot to the death:
What was the line of Aeacus:
What wars raged Ilion's walls beneath;
But price of Chian: at whose cost
    The baths are warmed: the hour to flee
Pelignian cold: who is the host—
    All this you leave in mystery.
To the new moon charge bumpers, boy,
    To midnight, to our augur new,
Murena; for each toast employ
    Three or four ladlefuls as due.
Who holds the odd-numbered Muses dear,
    A crazed bard, will with three times three
Ladies make merry, but, for fear
    Of strife, the Graces' trinity,
Unrobed, makes three the bound. But we
    Would fain be mad. Why stays the flute
Its Berecynthian revelry?
    Why hang the lyre and Pan-pipe mute?
I hate close fists; strew roses; let
    Crossgrained old Lycus hear our mad
Din; let it make his Amoret
    Ill-matched, his neighbour lady, glad.
You with your long locks fair to see:
    You, Telephus, who like Vesper shine,
Rhode, fit mate, seeks; as for me,
    I slowly burn for Glyceria mine.

Od. III. 24.

THO' wealthier than all Araby
    With untouched stores, and rich Indies,
With quarried stones you occupy
    All that is land, and public seas,
Nathless, if grim Necessity
Nails with steel nails each pinnacle,
Your soul from fear you will not free,
Nor 'scape Death's toils—his halter fell.
Better the life of Scyths, who scour
The steppes, whose waggons bear afield
Their shifting homes, and Getae dour,
For whom unmeasured acres yield
Free crops of corn: who till their land
But for a year; each worker does
His share; that done, another hand
Relieves him; thus the shared work goes.
Kind is stepmother's face toward
Stepchildren motherless, kind her sway;
The dowried wife rules not her lord,
Nor heeds what sleek adulterers say.
Their dowry great is innocence
Of parents, and the chastity
Of marriage faith that fears offence
Of Heaven, with death for penalty.
Who wills to end the deaths that shame
Our civic madness, and to bear
Beneath his statues the proud name,
"Father of Cities", let him dare
To curb wild license, and for fame
Look to the future, for our spite
Hates living worth—O wicked shame!—
To miss it when it's lost to sight.
What boot laments, if penalty
Cuts not the crime short? Of what worth
Are laws without morality,
If nor that quarter of the earth
That's fenced by heat, nor that which lies
   Nearest the North Wind, where deep snow
Crusts the earth's surface, terrifies
   The merchant: if skilled sailors plow
The boisterous seas: if the disgrace
   Of poverty bids men consent
To aught, and do aught, mean and base,
   And shun true Virtue's steep ascent?
Or to the Capitol bear we,
   Summoned by crowds' applauding call,
Or plunge we in the nearest sea,
   Gems, jewels, useless gold, of all
That's worst the source, if we repent
   Us truly of our grievous sin.
We must stub up each element
   Of base desire, must discipline
Too tender souls with more severe
   Studies; untrained, the high-born boy
Can't sit a horse; he turns with fear
   From hunting; handier with a toy—
With Grecian hoop, if you desire,
   Or, if you like, with dice, despite
The law. What wonder, when his sire
   To guest and partner breaks his plight,
Keen to snatch gain for worthless son?
   Certes base lucre multiplies
Itself, and yet the prize, when won,
   Lacks something—lacks what satisfies.
Od. III. 27.

Let omens ill attend the way
Of impious souls—tu-whooing owl,
And pregnant bitch, or wolf blue-grey,
    Down-rushing from Lanuvium’s knowl,
And vixen bred; or let their start
    Be broken off by slantwise run
Of serpent swift as flying dart,
    That scares their team; but I, for one
For whom I fear, an augur wise,
    Or e’er the rain-seer bird divine
Reseeks the marsh, from the sunrise
    Will call the crow to speak a sign.
May you be happy wheresoe’er,
    My Galatea, you may go;
Forget me not, nor woodpecker,
    Upon your left, nor wandering crow,
Forbid you. But you see with what
    Tempests Orion sets e’en now;
What Hadria’s dark gulf is, and that
    Iapyx clear can sin, I know.
May enemy wife and family
    Feel rising Auster’s blind outbreaks,
And Ocean’s black ferocity,
    And shores that furious wave-beat shakes.
Thus risked Europa her fair life
    On treacherous bull, and, seeing the sea
With monsters thronged, with perils rife,
    Paled at her own audacity.
Lately intent on flowering leas,
And wont to wreathe the chaplets due
To Nymphs, she now saw naught but seas
Boundless, and stars the dim night thro'.
Soon as she reached Crete with its host
Of towns, a hundred strong, "O sire!",
She cried, "O name of daughter lost!
O duty slain by mad desire!
Whence came I whither? One death were
For virgins' sin light penalty.
Wail I, awake, as wrong-doer,
Foul deed, or does a phantasy
Vain mock my innocence in sleep,
With dream from ivory gateway flown?
Better was it to cross the deep,
Or gather flowerets freshly blown?
Should any yield that beast infame
To my just wrath, I'd strive, I vow,
To break its horns; with sword I'd maim
The monster loved so well but now.
Shameless I left my father's home:
Shameless stay Orcus. O, if ear
Divine can hear, I fain would roam
Where lions my bare flesh would tear.
Ere from fair cheeks the bloom has died
Decayed, ere ebbs life's ruddy blood
From victim young, in beauty's pride
Gladly I'd be fierce tiger's food.
'Europa vile', cries far away
My sire, 'death beckons; with your zone,—
'Twas well you brought it with you—may
You break your neck, hung from this roan.
Or if rocks deadly sharp, and high
    Cliff, please you more, trust the wind's wings,
Unless you rather wish to ply
    A slave-girl's task—you, sprung from kings,
A concubine, to foreign dame
    Abandoned." As she made lament,
Venus with smile perfidious came
    Up, and her son with bow unbent.
So soon as she had mocked enow,
    "Cease", cried she, "from your passionate complaints, when the loathed bull shall bow
His horn\(^{5}\) for you to mutilate.
Unconquered Jove's wife unaware
    You are; sob not; great is your fame;
Learn to bear well a fate so fair,
    For half the world shall wear your name".

_Od. III. 29._

Of Tuscan kings, Maecenas, heir,
    An unbroached jar of mellow wine,
Rose-blooms, and balsam for your hair
    Of ben-nuts, wait you here, langsyne expectant; haste, nor watch for aye
Wet Tibur, Aefula's hillside,
And the far wolds where erst held sway
    Telegonus, the parricide.
Come, leave your plenty's irk and bore,
    Your palace with its skyey dome;
Nor marvel longer at the roar
And smoke and pomp of wealthy Rome.
Welcome to him, a change to meals
Simple, in humble cots, that know
Nor purple rugs, nor awninged ceils,
Has often smoothed a rich man's brow.
Now shining out the sire of fair
Andromeda unveils his rays;
Now Procyon and the mad Lion glare
Frenzied, as suns bring back dry days.
Now, weary with his weary flock,
The shepherd seeks the shady rill,
And thickets of Silvanus shock,
And, breathless now, the bank is still.
How best the State may stand and hold
Its own, you ponder; fear, too, what
Seres and Bactria, ruled of old
By Cyrus, and rent Tanais plot.
All wisely Heaven in darkest night
Enshrouds the event that is to be,
And mocks if mortal men despite
Its sanctions: order equably
What is; all else sweeps on amain,
Like stream that down mid-channel now
Falls calm into the Tuscan main,
Now rolls down stones worn by its flow,
And upturned rocks, and homes, and herd,
Together, while each neighbouring wood,
And hill, rings, as still brooks are stirred
To fury by the furious flood.
Lord of himself, and happy, will
He be, who can from day to day
Say, "I have lived; let Jove fulfil
To-morrow's sky with leaden-grey
Clouds or with shine, he can't undo
What has been done, nor make as naught,
No, nor reforge and shape anew,
What once the flying hour has brought".
Exultant in her cruel trade,
Playing her rude game ceaselessly,
Fortune shifts honours, fickle jade,
Kind, now to others, now to me.
I praise her present; if she flap
Her wings, pay back without ado
Her gifts, use virtue as my wrap,
And poverty undowried woo.
Not mine, if stormy Afric bows
The groaning mast, to fly to prayers
Abject, and bargain with shrill vows
That Cyprian and Tyrian wares
May not enrich the greedy seas.
At such a time in light pair-oar,
Sped by twin Pollux and by breeze,
I'll cross the Aegean safe to shore.

Od. IV. 1.

WHAT, Venus, would'st thou now recall
Wars long abandoned? Spare, I pray.
I am not what I was as thrall
Of kindly Cinara. Cease to sway,
O sweet Loves' cruel mother, one,
Who, with his fiftieth year anigh,
Bends not to thy mild rule; begone
    Whither young gallants' coaxing cry
Recalls thee. Timelier wilt thou
    Revel with glistening swans to fire
Young Paulus Maximus, I trow,
    If fitting heart be thy desire.
For as high-born and fair to see,
    No silent champion at the Bar,
Graced with a hundred graces, he
    Will bear thy standards wide and far:
Who, when he shall have mocked, in pride
    Of power, a rival's bribery,
In marble, Alban lakes beside,
    'Neath cedar roof will image thee.
There shall abundant incense greet
    Thy nostrils; Berecynthian flute
And lyre for thee shall blend their sweet
    Music, nor shall Pan-pipe be mute.
Twice every day shall lads and gay
    Young lasses celebrate thy might,
And shake the earth, in Salian way,
    With threefold beat of feet snow-white.
Naught cheers me now—nor lass, nor lad,
    Nor wistful hope of love that shall
Match mine, nor brows, with flowerets clad
    Fresh-blown, nor bouts convivial.
But why, ah Ligurinus, why
    Steal down my cheeks rare tear-drops?
    Whence
The breaks that silence shamefully
    My tongue, and halt its eloquence?
Fast now I hold thee in my dreams;
   In dreams now chase thee o'er the sward
Of Mars' great Field, now thro' the stream's
   Swift flood—O cruel heart, and hard!

Od. IV. 4.

LIKE as the bird that bears on high
   Jove's bolts, by heaven's Lord, as its meed,
Made king of birds, for loyalty
   Proved upon fair-haired Ganymede;
Him youth and native grit of old
   Drove from the nest or e'er he knew
Toil, and Spring winds, when clouds had rolled
   By, sent him forth on ventures new,
Half fearful; soon, with rushing stoop
   To sheepfolds, he would strike his prey,
On struggling snakes anon to swoop,
   Urged by the lust of feast and fray;
Or, as a fawn that, having quit
   Its red dam's dugs for lavish grass,
Sees lion-cub newly weaned—sees it
   To die by its young fangs, alas!—
So saw the Vindelicians
   'Neath Alps of Raetia Drusus' war,
When, conquered by a young man's plans,
   Troops, that had conquered long and far—
Who arm with Amazonian
   Axe their right hands—have armed them so
Always; whence came the use I can
   Not say; not all things may one know—
Felt what a mind, a temper, taught
In fostering home to bear its part,
Could do: how on the Neros wrought
Augustus' care—his father's heart.
Brave souls spring from the brave and true;
Ever in steers, in colts, there is
The mettle of their sires, nor do
Fierce eagles breed soft doves, ywis.
But teaching trains the force innate;
Right culture firms the heart; whene'er
Morals decay, faults vitiate
What is by nature good and fair.
What to the Neros Rome you owe
Metaurus' flood attests for aye,
And Hasdrubal, your vanquished foe,
And Latium's fair and cloudless day,
That first smiled with kind victory
Since the dread African, Rome's bane,
Like flame thro' pines, swept Italy,
As Eurus sweeps Sicilian main.
Thenceforth with labours prosperous
Rome's youth grew strong, and templewrecked
By Punic onslaught impious,
Beheld their Gods again erect.
Quoth treacherous Hannibal at length—
"As stags, the prey of fierce wolves, we
Chase wantonly a foe whose strength
'Tis triumph rare to foil and flee.
The race, that from Troy's cinders bore
Bravely across the Tuscan sea
Thro' storms to the Ausonian shore
   Its Gods, babes, manhood's chivalry—
As, lopped by axe in dark-leaved wood
   Of shady Algidus, holm-oak—
Thro' scathes, thro' wounds, draws hardihood
   And courage from the iron's stroke.
Not stronger grew 'gainst Hercules
   The Hydra maimed, as hard bestead
He chafed; not greater prodigies
   Echion's Thebes and Colchis bred.
Plunged in the depths, it rises more
   Resplendent; grapple it, it will bring
Down proudly unscathed conqueror,
   And wage wars for its wives to sing.
No haughty messengers shall I
   Now send to Carthage; fallen is all
Our hope: fallen our fortune, aye,
   Our name—dead with dead Hasdrubal.
Naught shall the Claudian hands not do,
   By Jove's kind favour evermore
Protected: by shrewd counsels too
   Brought safely thro' the risks of war."

   Od. IV. 5.

By grace of kind Gods born, best champion
Of Romulus' race, too long you stay from home;
Upon your promise to return anon
   Our sacred Council rests; keep it, and come.
Give to your country back, dear Chief, your light,
   For, when upon our folk your face has shone,
Like Spring, the very sunshine seems more bright,  
Aye, and more pleasantly the days pass on.
Even as a mother, when her boy, delayed  
By South Wind's jealous breath, beyond the sea
Carpathian lingers, from his dear home stayed  
More than a year, recalls him ceaselessly
By vows, by prayers, by divinations, nor,  
A-watch for him, from winding coast-line turns
Her eyes, so with heart-longings evermore  
His country for her absent Caesar yearns.
In safety roam our oxen over leas,  
By Ceres and by kind Prosperity
Fattened; our sailors fly o'er peaceful seas;  
Faith shrinks from blame as from an infamy;
Adulteries never smirch homes' fair renown;  
Custom and Law have chased the impiety;
Children like husbands are our matrons' crown;  
Hard on offence presses the penalty.
Who would fear Persians, or chill Scythia's hordes,  
Or shaggy Germany's war-loving breeds:
Who would reck aught of fierce Hiberia's swords,  
While Caesar's life is safe: while Caesar leads?
Each on his own hills sees the sunlight fail;  
To "marriageable elm" he weds his vine;
This done, his wine recalls him, soon to hail  
You at his second course as all divine.
With wine from goblets poured, with many a prayer,  
He honours you, and to his deities
He adds your Lar, as Greece, mindful of their  
Exploits, hails Castor and great Hercules.
Long may you give, good Chief, such festival
Days to Hesperia—thus, while yet the day
Is whole, and we athirst: thus, when we all
Have well drunk, and the sun has set, we pray.

Od. IV. 6.

God, by whose will the vaunting word
Of Niobe was her children's knell:
Whom Tityos knew, and Phthia's lord,
Before whose might Troy all but fell,
A peerless warrior, but for thee
No match, tho', as the Sea-Queen's son,
Fighting with spear tremendous, he
Shook the tall towers of Ilion.
He, as a pine by keen axe thrown,
Or cypress felled by East Wind's gust,
Fell great and greatly, and laid down
His haughty neck in Trojan dust.
Not he, in horse, feigned offering
To Pallas' honour, would betray
Trojans untimely revelling,
And Priam's hall with dancers gay,
But, stern to foes ta'en openly,
He'd burn with Greek fires—ah, the sin
Of it!—small boys, yet infants, aye,
And babes their mothers' wombs within;
Had not, by kindly Venus' prayers
And thine impelled, the Sire most High
Granted Aeneas and his heirs
Walls traced with happier augury.
Of sweet Thalia's psaltery
   Master, who lav'st thy flowing hair
In Xanthus, beardless Way-God, be
   The Daunian Muse's pride thy care.
My genius is of Phoebus' dower,
   Aye, and my art; he gives to me
My poet's name. 'O virgins' flower,
   And boys of noble ancestry,
Wards of the Delian Goddess, who
   Stays flying stags and lynxes fleet,
Be to the Lesbian measures true,
   And mark my thumb's controlling beat,
Duly exalting Leto's son,
   Duly the Night-Queen's crescent light,
Who brings full crops, and hurries on
   The months' career—their onward flight.
"Trained to the modes"—anon you'll say
   As bride—"of Horace, poet-seer,
On our centennial holiday
   I sang a song Gods loved to hear".

Od. IV. 8.

GLADLY I'd give my boon companions,
To suit their tastes, goblets and bronzes rare,
And tripods, prizes of Greek champions,
   Nor, Censorinus, would you get least share,
That is, if with such gems my house were filled,
   Such as Parrhasius or Scopas wrought,
The one in stone, with paints the other, skilled
To image God or man, as genius taught.
But I have no such store, nor have such things
   Aught that your fortunes lack, or tempers crave;
In song is your delight; as offerings
   Songs we can give, and tell what worth they have.
Not marbles graven with records of proud feats,
   Whereby return their breath to warriors dead
And life: not Hannibal's hurried retreats,
   No, nor his threats' recoil on his own head,
More gloriously manifest his praise
   Who won from conquered Africa a name,
Than the Calabrian Muses; nor, if lays
   Were silent, would you get your meed of fame.
What would the son of Mars and Ilia be,
   If jealous silence buried Romulus,
And his deserts? Not his integrity
   Alone from Stygian waves snatched Aeacus,
And raised him in blest isles to deity,
   Nay, but great poets' voices too and grace.
Who praise deserves, the Muse forbids to die.
   With heaven she blesses. Thus she makes a place
For Hercules where high Jove feasts the blest;
   Thus the Tyndaridae, bright luminaries,
Snatch from profoundest depths ships storm-distrest;
   Thus Liber satisfies his votaries.

Od. IV. 9.

Lest you should fancy that the songs which I,
   By Aufidus' far-sounding waters sprung,
With modes of art till then unknown, have sung—
Songs to be married to the lyre—will die,
Think that, if to Maeonian Homer pride
Of place belongs, yet Pindar’s song remains;
The Cean Muse, Alcaeus’ warlike strains,
Stesichorus’ stately epics, still abide.
Time has not rased Anacreon’s minstrelsy,
His merry songs; still breathes the love, still
burn
The fires, entrusted to her sad cithern
By the Aeolian maid in years gone by.
Not Spartan Helen only has admired
A gay gallant’s tressed locks, his broidery
Of gold, his princely pomp, his company,
And with the vision has been passion-fired.
Not first did Teucer from Cydonian bow
Shoot shafts; not only once has Ilion
Been sacked; not huge Idomeneus alone,
Or Sthenelus, waged warfare long ago
Worthy the Muses’ song; not first did haught
Hector and keen Deiphobus await,
And meet, fierce blows in combats passionate
For innocent wives and tender children fought.
Before the age of Agamemnon wight
Lived many a hero, but unwept, unknown,
Because no sacred bard hymned their renown,
They, one and all, lie whelmed in endless night.
'Twixt valour hid and buried cowardice
Small is the difference; never will I,
In what I write, pass you unhonoured by,
In silence, Lollius, nor in any wyse
Suffer green-eyed oblivion to wear
Your many deeds away, unchecked by song.
Yours is the statesman's soul, upright and strong,
Or in misfortune, or in fortune fair:
Of greedy guile avenger stern, unmoved
By all-seducing gold's attraction,
A consul it, not of one year alone,
But ever when, as judge true and approved,
It has set Right before expediency:
 Has scorned offenders' bribes with proud disdain:
 Has thro' opposing ranks cloven amain
Its way, its stedfast march, to victory.
Not rightly will you speak of him as blest
Whose wealth is many things; more truly he
Can claim the title, "Blest", who, skilled to see
What wisdom bids, uses at wisdom's hest
The gifts of heaven: can bear hard poverty:
Who dreads far worse than death dishonour's brand;
No coward he, who for his motherland
And comrades dear would never fear to die.

Od. IV. 10.

HARD-HEARTED yet, and strong with strength of Venus' gifts of grace,
When grows to your despair thick down upon your proud young face,
And when the hair is cut that now about your shoulders flows,
And when the hue that now transcends the scarlet of the rose,
Changed, Ligurinus, shall have made your face a shaggy mask,
Then, as the glass reflects the change, you'll cry, "Ah me."
and ask,
"Why had I not the mind that now is mine in youngsterhood:
Or why return not my fresh cheeks to match my present mood?"

Od. IV. 13.

LYCE, the Gods have heard my prayer;
They've heard it, Lyce; you grow old,
And yet you wish to pose as fair,
And drink and wanton brazen-bold.
Drunken, you woo with quavering tongue
Unwilling Cupid; ah, but he
Keeps watch on the fair cheeks of young Chia, queen of the psaltery.
Past withered oaks he wings his flight
Ruthless, and you, yes you, he flies
Because tan teeth, hair snowy-white,
And wrinkles, smirch you in his eyes.
Nor Coan silks, nor jewelry,
Bring back the years of youth and prime—
Years stored in public history,
And sealed therein by winged Time.
Your beauty, radiance, grace—what death Has chased them? What is there to see
Of what you were—of her whose breath
Breathed love: who stole my heart from me:
A presence after Cinara's blest,
Winsome, renowned—where is it? Where?
But fate gave Cinara at the best
Few years; having intent to spare
Lyce to rival an old crow,
That ardent swains, coming to view
Your beauty's torch, might see it now
Fallen to ash, and laugh at you.

_Od. IV. 14._

WHAT zeal of Senate or of people may
With fitting meed of honours eternize,
Augustus, your all-worthiness for aye,
By graven inscriptions and State-histories,
Prince of all princes mightiest, wheresoe'er
The sun illumes earth's peoples with his light,
Whom the Vindelici, untaught to bear
Rome's yoke have lately learnt to know—your might
In war, for Drusus, with your soldiery,
With more than mere requital, overthrew
Fiercely the turbulent Genauni, aye,
And swiftly marching Brenni—strongholds too
Perched on the awful Alps. This warfare won,
The elder Nero clashed in furious fight
With the gigantic Raeti, and anon
Put them, with happy auspices, to flight.
A gallant sight he was, as gallantly
With mighty shocks his battle smote amain
Hearts freely dedicate to liberty
Or death—well nigh as Auster sweeps the main
Tameless, what time the Pleiads' choir on high
Disparts the clouds—eager to thrust his way
Thro' enemy ranks, and ride his fiery
Steed thro' the heat and fury of the fray.
As bull-like Aufidus, whose waters pass
Apulian Daunus' realm, rolls in his pride,
What time he fumes, and, fuming, plots, alas!
A flood whose waves shall waste the countryside,
So Claudius overwhelmed with rush far-sped
The mailed barbarians' hosts, as, mowing down
Front ranks and rear, he strewed the battle-stead
With slain, and won, unscathed, the victor's crown.
You gave the troops, you gave the plan, yours were
The favouring auspices, for on the day
That Alexandria humbly opened her
Harbours and empty palace, as your prey,
On this same day, three lustres passed, Good Speed,
Which gave unbroken victory to your hands,
Has added this renown, and longed-for meed
Of glory, to your earlier commands.
You the Cantabrian, whom none could tame
Before: you Parthian, Indian, Scythian
Nomad, revere—you, of the Italian name,
And sovereign Rome, abiding Guardian.
The Nile and Hister, streams that hide their springs:
Tigris' fast-flowing flood: your beck abide;
Aye, and the monster-teeming Main that flings
On far Britannia's shore its breakers' pride.
You claim the allegiance of the Gallic land,
That fears not death, of rough Hibernia too;
The blood-thirsty Sygambri, to your hand
Brought, lay aside their arms, and reverence you.

Od. IV. 15.

Phoebus with lyre forbade me, fain
To tell of captured fort and fray,
To sail upon the Tuscan main
My little bark. Caesar, your sway
Has brought back plenty to our land:
Has given, from Parthian doors reta'en,
Our standards to our Jove; your hand
Has closed Quirinal Janus' fane
In peace: has curbed the wild abuse
Of lawless license: has removed
Faults, and recalled to us the use
Of virtues that our fathers loved,
Whence grew to strength the Latin name—
The imperial majesty, that won
For Italy a world-wide fame,
From setting unto rising sun.
While Caesar rules nor civic raves,
Nor force, shall banish our repose,
No, nor the rage that forges glaives,
And brings unhappy towns to blows.
The Julian law none shall defy—
Not they who drink the Danube's flood,
Not Getae, Seres, slippery
Persians, not Tanais' savage brood.
And we on common days and high,
'Mid rites to merry Liber paid,
With children and with matrons by,
After devotions duly made,
Will sing, as forbears wont to do,
Leaders who lived brave lives and fair,
To Lydian flute—Anchises too,
And Troy, and kindly Venus' heir.

The Secular Hymn.

PHOEBUS and Dian, woodland Queen,
Glory of heaven's resplendent sheen,
Worshipped and worshipful for aye,
Grant us the boons we seek to-day:
On which the Sibyl's runes require
That boys and girls, a holy choir,
Shall sing unto the Gods who care
For our seven hills a hymn of prayer.
Kind Sun, whose chariot on its way
Opens and closes every day:
Who risest different yet the same,
May'st never view what shrinks Rome's fame!
Who openest ripe wombs of thy right
Full gently, Ilithyia hight,
Or, if thou wilt, Lucina, bless
Our mothers, as birth's Patroness.
Goddess, bring up our youth, and speed
That which the Fathers have decreed
Wedlock anent—the law whereby
Marriage creates the family,
That each fixed cycle, covering
Ten times eleven years, may bring
Anthems and games, thronged in daylight
Three times, and three times in the night.
Ye Fates, whose prophecies are sure,
As promised—may the pledge endure
By grace of our great Land-Mark's stay!—
Add new to old good speed, we pray.
With crops and herds rich, may our land
Bid Ceres crowned with wheat-ears stand;
May Jove with many a favouring breeze,
And kindly rains, bless our increase.
Gentle and kind, with bow laid by,
Apollo, hear our striplings' cry;
Queen of the stars, with crescent brows,
O Luna, hear our maidens' vows.
If Rome is yours, and Ilion bore
The folk who won the Etruscan shore—
A remnant, called to Lares new
And homes, and safely brought thereto—
For whom, unscathed when Ilion flamed,
Outliving Troy, Aeneas, named
The Good, to give them more than they
Had lost, carved out an open way.
To docile youth grant honesty,
Ye Gods, to eld tranquillity;
Give to the Romuleian race
Offspring, and means, and every grace.
What Venus' and Anchises' heir
Asks, with white steers to plead his prayer,
That give him: let him crush each foe
In arms, but spare a foe laid low.
By sea and land before his power,
And Alban axes, Parthians cower;
Now Indians, Scyths, once insolent,
Wait upon his arbitrament.
Now Faith and Peace and Chivalry
Return with pristine Modesty;
Virtue ignored dares re-appear,
And Plenty with full horn is here.
Surely as Phoebus, archer-seer.
Adorned with radiant bow, and dear
To the nine Muses—he whose skill
Healthgiving heals limbs tired and ill—
Sees Palatine heights with kind face,
He lengthens out a lustre's space,
And on to aeons of success,
Rome's weal and Latium's happiness,
Diana too, whom Aventine
Hill and Mount Algidus enshrine,
Heeds our Fifteen Priests' prayers, and hears
Our children's vows with gracious ears.
That Jove and all the Gods assent
We bear back home hope confident,
And sure—the chorus trained to praise
Phoebus and Dian with glad lays.