The Temple of Pallas
After the design by H. Prout
The Odes of Horace

The Latin Text

with

Conington's Translation

In Two Volumes

New York and London

G. P. Putnam's Sons

The Knickerbocker Press
THE ODES OF HORACE

BOOKS I AND II
Q. HORATI FLacci CARMINUM

LIBER PRIMUS

I

MAECENAS atavis edite regibus,
o et praesidium et dulce decus meum:
sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
collegisse iuvat metaque fervidis
evitata rotis palmaque nobilis
terrarum dominos evexit ad deos;
hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium
certat tergeminis tollere honoribus;
illum, si proprio condidit horreo
quicquid de Libycis verritur areis.
gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
agros Attalici condicionibus
numquam demoveas, ut trabe Cypria
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secat mare.
luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
mercator metuens otium et oppidi
laudat rura sui: mox reficit rates
quassas, indociles pauperiem pati.

[2]
THE ODES OF HORACE

BOOK I

I

MAECENAS, born of monarch ancestors,
The shield at once and glory of my life!
There are who joy them in the Olympic strife
And love the dust they gather in the course;
The goal by hot wheels shunn’d, the famous prize,
Exalt them to the gods that rule mankind;
This joys, if rabbles fickle as the wind
Through triple grade of honours bid him rise,
That, if his granary has stored away
Of Libya’s thousand floors the yield entire;
The man who digs his field as did his sire,
With honest pride, no Attalus may sway
By proffer’d wealth to tempt Myrtoan seas,
The timorous captain of a Cyprian bark.
The winds that make Icarian billows dark
The merchant fears, and hugs the rural ease
Of his own village home; but soon, ashamed
Of penury, he refits his batter’d craft.
Iam satis terris nivis atque dirae
grandinis misit pater et rubente
dextera sacras iaculatus arces
terruit urbem,
terruit gentis, grave ne rediret
saeculum Pyrrhae nova monstra questae,
There is, who thinks no scorn of Massic draught, 
Who robs the daylight of an hour unblamed, 
Now stretch'd beneath the arbute on the sward, 
Now by some gentle river’s sacred spring; 
Some love the camp, the clarion’s joyous ring, 
And battle, by the mother’s soul abhorr’d.
See, patient waiting in the clear keen air, 
The hunter, thoughtless of his delicate bride, 
Whether the trusty hounds a stag have eyed, 
Or the fierce Marsian boar has burst the snare.
To me the artist’s meed, the ivy wreath 
Is very heaven: me the sweet cool of woods, 
When Satyrs frolic with the Nymphs, secludes 
From rabble rout, so but Euterpe’s breath 
Fail not the flute, nor Polyhymnia fly 
Averse from stringing new the Lesbian lyre.
O, write my name among that minstrel choir, 
And my proud head shall strike upon the sky!

II

ENOUGH of snow and hail at last 
The Sire has sent in vengeance down: 
His bolts, at His own temple cast, 
Appall’d the town, 
Appall’d the lands, lest Pyrrha’s time 
Return, with all its monstrous sights,
omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos
visere montis,
piscium et summa genus haesit ulmo,
nota quae sedes fuerat columbis,
et superiecto pavidæ natarunt
aequore dammae.
vidimus flavom Tiberim retortis
litore Etrusco violenter undis
ire deiectum monimenta regis
templaque Vestae,
Iliae dum se nimium querenti
iactat ultorem, vagus et sinistra
labitur ripa, Iove non probante u-
xorius amnis.
audiet civis acuisse ferrum,
quo graves Persae melius perirent,
audiet pugnas vitio parentum
rara iuventus.
quem vocet divom populus ruentis
imperi rebus? prece qua fatigent
virgines sanctæ minus audientem
carmina Vestam?
cui dabit partis scelus expiandi
Iuppiter? tandem venias precamur
nube candentis umeros amictus,
augur Apollo;
sive tu mavis, Erycina ridens,
quam Iocus circum volat et Cupido;
Odes of Horace, Book I

When Proteus led his flocks to climb
The flatten'd heights,
When fish were in the elm-tops caught,
   Where once the stock-dove wont to bide,
And does were floating, all distraught,
   Adown the tide.
Old Tiber, hurl'd in tumult back
   From mingling with the Etruscan main,
Has threaten'd Numa's court with wrack
   And Vesta's fane.
Roused by his Ilia's plaintive woes,
   He vows revenge for guiltless blood,
And, spite of Jove, his banks o'erflows,
   Uxorious flood.
Yes, Fame shall tell of civic steel
   That better Persian lives had spilt,
To youths, whose minish'd numbers feel
   Their parents' guilt.
What god shall Rome invoke to stay
   Her fall? Can suppliance overbear
The ear of Vesta, turn'd away
   From chant and prayer?
Who comes, commission'd to atone
   For crime like ours? at length appear,
A cloud round thy bright shoulders thrown,
   Apollo seer!
Or Venus, laughter-loving dame,
   Round whom gay Loves and Pleasures fly;
sive neclectum genus et nepotes
respicis, auctor
heu nimis longo satiate ludo,
quam iuvat clamor galeaeque leves
acer et Mauri peditis cruentum
voltus in hostem,
sive mutata iuvenem figura
ales in terris imitaris, aliae
filius Maiae, patiens vocari
Caesaris ultor:
serus in caelum redeas diuque
laetus intersis populo Quirini,
neve te nostris vitiis iniquom
ocior aura
tollat: hic magnos potius triumphos,
hic ames dici pater atque princeps,
neu sinas Medos equitare inultos
te duce, Caesar.

III

Sic te diva potens Cypri,
sic fratres Helenae, lucida sidera,
ventorumque regat pater
obstrictis aliis praeter Iapyga,
navis, quae tibi creditum
debes Vergilium, finibus Atticis
reddas incolu mem precor
et serves animae dimidium meae.

[8]
Odes of Horace, Book I

Or thou, if slighted sons may claim
     A parent's eye,
O weary with thy long, long game,
     Who lov'st fierce shouts and helmets bright,
And Moorish warrior's glance of flame
     Or e'er he smite!
Or Maia's son, if now awhile
     In youthful guise we see thee here,
Caesar's avenger—such the style
     Thou deign'st to bear;
Late be thy journey home, and long
     Thy sojourn with Rome's family;
Nor let thy wrath at our great wrong
     Lend wings to fly.
Here take our homage, Chief and Sire;
     Here wreathe with bay thy conquering brow,
And bid the prancing Mede retire,
     Our Caesar thou!

III

Thus may Cyprus' heavenly queen,
Thus Helen's brethren, stars of brightest sheen,
     Guide thee! May the Sire of wind
Each truant gale, save only Zephyr, bind!
     So do thou, fair ship, that ow'st
Virgil, thy precious freight, to Attic coast,
     Safe restore thy loan and whole,
And save from death the partner of my soul!

[9]
illi robur et aes triplex
circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
commisit pelago ratem
primus, nec timuit praecipitem Africum
decertantem Aquilonibus
nec tristis Hyadas nec rabiem Noti,
quo non arbiter Hadriae
maior, tollere seu ponere volt freta.
quem mortis timuit gradum,
qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,
qui vidit mare turbidum et
infamis scopulos Acroceraunia?
nequiquam deus abscidit
prudens Oceano dissociabili
terras, si tamen impiae
non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.
audax omnia perpeti
gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas:
audax Iapeti genus
ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit;
post ignem aetheria domo
subductum mačies et nova febrium
terris incubuit cohors
semotique prius tarda necessitas
leti corripuit gradum.
expertus vacuom Daedalus aera
pinnis non homini datis;
perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor.
Oak and brass of triple fold
Encompass'd sure that heart, which first made bold
To the raging sea to trust
A fragile bark, nor fear'd the Afric gust
With its Northern mates at strife,
Nor Hyads' frown, nor South-wind fury-rife,
   Mightiest power that Hadria knows,
Wills he the waves to madden or compose.
   What had Death in store to awe
Those eyes, that huge sea-beasts unmelting saw,
   Saw the swelling of the surge,
And high Ceraunian cliffs, the seaman's scourge?
   Heaven's high providence in vain
Has sever'd countries with the estranging main,
   If our vessels ne'ertheless
With reckless plunge that sacred bar transgress.
   Daring all, their goal to win,
Men tread forbidden ground, and rush on sin:
   Daring all, Prometheus play'd
His wily game, and fire to man convey'd;
   Soon as fire was stolen away,
Pale Fever's stranger host and wan Decay
   Swept o'er earth's polluted face,
And slow Fate quicken'd Death's once halting pace.
   Daedalus the void air tried
On wings, to humankind by Heaven denied;
   Acheron's bar gave way with ease
Before the arm of labouring Hercules,

[11]
nil mortalibus arduist;
caelum ipsum petimus stultitia neque
per nostrum patimur scelus
iracunda Iovem ponere fulmina.

IV

SOLVITUR acris hiemps grata vice veris et Favoni,
trahuntque siccas machinae carinas,
ac neque iam stabulis gaudet pecus aut arator igni,
nec prata canis albicant pruinis.
iam Cytherea choros ducit Venus imminente luna,
iunctaeque Nymphis Gratiae decentes
alterno terram quatiunt pede, dum gravis Cyclopum
Volcanus ardens urit officinas.
nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto
aut flore, terrae quem ferunt solutae;
nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
seu poscat agna sive malit haedo.
pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
regumque turris. o beate Sesti,
Nought is there for man too high; 
Our impious folly e'en would climb the sky, 
Braves the dweller on the steep, 
Nor lets the bolts of heavenly vengeance sleep.

IV

The touch of Zephyr and of Spring has loosen'd Winter's thrall; 
The well-dried keels are wheel'd again to sea: 
The ploughman cares not for his fire, nor cattle for their stall, 
And frost no more is whitening all the lea. 
Now Cytherea leads the dance, the bright moon overhead; 
The Graces and the Nymphs, together knit, 
With rhythmic feet the meadow beat, while Vulcan, fiery red, 
Heats the Cyclopiian forge in Aetna's pit, 
'Tis now the time to wreathe the brow with branch of myrtle green, 
Or flowers, just opening to the vernal breeze; 
Now Faunus claims his sacrifice among the shady treen, 
Lambkin or kidling, which soe'er he please, 
Pale Death, impartial, walks his round: he knocks at cottage-gate 
And palace-portal. Sestius, child of bliss!
Horati Carminum Lib. 1

vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
iam te premet nox fabulaeque manes
et domus exilis Plutonia: quo simul mearis,
nec regna vini sortiere talis,
nec tenerum Lycidan mirabere, quo calet iuventas
nunc omnis et mox virgines tepebunt.

V

QUIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa
perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
cui flavam religas comam,
simplex munditiis? heu quotiens fidem
mutatoque deos flebit et aspera
nigris aequora ventis
emirabitur insolens,
qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem
sperat, nescius aurae
fallacas. miseri, quibus
intemptata nites. me tabula sacer
votiva paries indicat uvida
suspendisse potenti
vestimenta maris deo.

[14]
Odes of Horace, Book I

How should a mortal's hopes be long, when short his being's date?
Lo here! the fabulous ghosts, the dark abyss,
The void of the Plutonian hall, where soon as e'er you go,
No more for you shall leap the auspicious die
To seat you on the throne of wine; no more your breast shall glow
For Lycidas, the star of every eye.

V

What slender youth, besprinkled with perfume,
Courts you on roses in some grotto's shade?
Fair Pyrrha, say, for whom
Your yellow hair you braid,
So trim, so simple! Ah! how oft shall he
Lament that faith can fail, that gods can change,
Viewing the rough black sea
With eyes to tempests strange,
Who now is basking in your golden smile,
And dreams of you still fancy-free, still kind,
Poor fool, nor knows the guile
Of the deceitful wind!
Woe to the eyes you dazzle without cloud
Untried! For me, they show in yonder fane
My dripping garments, vow'd
To Him who curbs the main.
VI

SCRIBERIS Vario fortis et hostium victor Maeonii carminis alite,
quam rem cumque ferox navibus aut equis miles te duce gesserit.
nos, Agrippa, neque haec dicere nec gravem
Pelidae stomachum cedere nescii
cucursus duplicis per mare Ulixei
nec saevam Pelopis domum
conamur tenues grandia, dum pudor
inbellisque lyrae Musa potens vetat
laudes egregii Caesaris et tuas
culpa deterere ingeni.
quies Martem tunica tectum adamantina
digne scripserit aut pulvere Troico
nigrum Merionen aut ope Palladis
Tydiden superis parem?
nos convivia, nos proelia virginum
sectis in iuvenes unguibus acrium
cantamus, vacui, sive quid urimus,
non praeter solitum leves.

VII

LAUDABUNT alii claram Rhodon aut Mytilenen
aut Ephesus bimarisve Corinthi
moenia vel Baccho Thebas vel Apolline Delphos
insignis aut Thessala Tempe;
Not I, but Varius:—he, of Homer’s brood
A tuneful swan, shall bear you on his wing,
Your tale of trophies, won by field or flood,
Mighty alike to sing.ng.
Not mine such themes, Agrippa; no, nor mine
To chant the wrath that fill’d Pelides’ breast,
Nor dark Ulysses’ wanderings o’er the brine,
Nor Pelops’ house unblest.
Vast were the task, I feeble; inborn shame,
And she, who makes the peaceful lyre submit,
Forbid me to impair great Caesar’s fame
And yours by my weak wit.
But who may fitly sing of Mars array’d
In adamant mail, or Merion, black with dust
Of Troy, or Tydeus’ son by Pallas’ aid
Strong against gods to thrust?
Feasts are my theme, my warriors maidens fair,
Who with pared nails encounter youths in fight;
Be Fancy free or caught in Cupid’s snare,
Her temper still is light.

Let others Rhodes or Mytilene sing,
Or Ephesus, or Corinth, set between
Two seas, or Thebes, or Delphi, for its king
Each famous, or Thessalian Tempe green;
sunt quibus unum opus est intactae Palladis urbem
carmine perpetuo celebrare et
undique deceptam fronti praeponere olivam;
plurimus in Iunonis honorem
aptum dicet equis Argos ditisque Mycenas:
me nec tam patiens Lacedaemon
nec tam Larisae percussit campus opimae,
quam domus Albuneae resonantis
et praeceps Anio ac Tiburni lucus et uda
mobilibus pomaria rivis.
albus ut obscuero deterget nubila caelo
saepe Notus neque parturit imbris
perpetuos, sic tu sapiens finire memento
tristitiam vitaeque labores
molli, Plance, mero, seu te fulgentia signis
castra tenent seu densa tenebit
Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina patremque
cum fugeret, tamen uda Lyaeo
tempora populea fertur vinxisse corona,
sic tristis affatus amicos:
"quo nos comque feret melior fortuna parente,
ibimus, o socii comitesque.
nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro:
certus enim promisit Apollo
ambiguam tellure nova Salamina futuram.
o fortes peioraque passi
mecum saepe viri, nunc vino pellite curas:
cras ingens iterabimus aequor."

[18]
Odes of Horace, Book I

There are who make chaste Pallas’ virgin tower
The daily burden of unending song,
And search for wreaths the olive’s rifled bower:
The praise of Juno sounds from many a tongue,
Telling of Argos’ steeds, Mycenae’s gold.
For me stern Sparta forges no such spell,
No, nor Larissa’s plain of richest mould,
As bright Albunea echoing from her cell.
O headlong Anio! O Tiburnian groves,
And orchards saturate with shifting streams!
Look how the clear fresh south from heaven removes
The tempest, nor with rain perpetual teems!
You too be wise, my Plancus: life’s worst cloud
Will melt in air, by mellow wine allay’d,
Dwell you in camps, with glittering banners proud,
Or ’neath your Tibur’s canopy of shade.
When Teucer fled before his father’s frown
From Salamis, they say his temples deep
He dipp’d in wine, then wreath’d with poplar crown,
And bade his comrades lay their grief to sleep:
“Where Fortune bears us, than my sire more kind,
There let us go, my own, my gallant crew.
’Tis Teucer leads, ’tis Teucer breathes the wind;
No more despair; Apollo’s word is true.
Another Salamis in kindlier air
Shall yet arise. Hearts, that have borne with me
Worse buffets! drown to-day in wine your care;
To-morrow we recross the wide, wide sea!”

[19]
VIII

LYDIA, dic, per omnis
tec deos oro, Sybarin cur properes amando
perdere, cur apricum
oderit campum, patiens pulueris atque solis,
cur neque militaris
inter aequalis equitet, Gallica nec lupatis
temperet ora frenis?
cur timet flavom Tiberim tangere? cur olivom
sanguine viperino
cautius vitat neque iam livida gestat armis
bracchia, saepe disco,
saepe trans finem iaculo nobilis expedito?
  quid latet, ut marinae
filium dicunt Thetidis sub lacrimosa Troiae
  funera, ne virilis
cultus in caedem et Lycias proriperet catervas?

IX

VIDES ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec iam sustineant onus
Odes of Horace, Book I

VIII

LYDIA, by all above,
Why bear so hard on Sybaris, to ruini him with love?
What change has made him shun
The playing-ground, who once so well could bear
the dust and sun?
Why does he never sit
On horseback in his company, nor with uneven bit
His Gallic courser tame?
Why dreads he yellow Tiber, as 't would sully that
fair frame?
Like poison loathes the oil,
His arms no longer black and blue with honourable
toil,
He who erewhile was known
For quoit or javelin oft and oft beyond the limit
thrown?
Why skulks he, as they say
Did Thetis' son before the dawn of Ilion's fatal
day,
For fear the manly dress
Should fling him into danger's arms, amid the
Lycian press?

IX

See, how it stands, one pile of snow,
Soracte! 'neath the pressure yield
silvae laborantes geluque
flumina constiterint acuto.
dissolve frigus ligna super foco
large reponens atque benignius
deprome quadrimum Sabina,
o Thaliarche, merum diota.
permitte divis cetera, qui simul
stravere ventos aequore fervido
deproeliantis, nec cupressi
nec veteres agitantur orni.
quid sit futurum cras, fuge quaeere, et
quem fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro
appone, nec dulcis amores
sperne puer neque tu choreas,
donec virenti canities abest
morosa. nunc et campus et areae
lenesque sub noctem susurri
composita repetantur hora,
nunc et latentis proditor intumo
gratus puellae risus ab angulo
pignusque dereptum lacertis
aut digito male pertinaci.

X

MERCURI, facunde nepos Atlantis,
qui feros cultus hominum recentum
voce formasti catus et decorae
more palaestrae,
Its groaning woods; the torrents' flow
   With clear sharp ice is all congeal'd.
Heap high the logs, and melt the cold,
   Good Thaliarch; draw the wine we ask,
That mellower vintage, four-year-old,
   From out the cellar'd Sabine cask.
The future trust with Jove; when He
   Has still'd the warring tempest's roar
On the vex'd deep, the cypress-tree
   And aged ash are rock'd no more.
O, ask not what the morn will bring,
   But count as gain each day that chance
May give you; sport in life's young spring,
   Nor scorn sweet love, nor merry dance,
While years are green, while sullen eld
   Is distant. Now the walk, the game,
The whisper'd talk at sunset held,
   Each in its hour, prefer their claim.
Sweet too the laugh, whose feign'd alarm
   The hiding-place of beauty tells,
The token, ravish'd from the arm
   Or finger, that but ill rebels.

X

GRANDSON of Atlas, wise of tongue,
   O Mercury, whose wit could tame
Man's savage youth by power of song
   And plastic game!

[23]
te canam, magni Iovis et deorum
nuntium curvaque lyrae parentem,
callidum quicquid placuit iocos
condere furto.
te, boves olim nisi reddidisses
per dolum amotas, puerum minaci
voce dum terret, viduus pharetra
risit Apollo.
quin et Atridas duce te superbos
Ilio dives Priamus relict
Thessalosque ignis et iniqua Troiae
ciastra fefellit.
tu pias laetis animas reponis
sedibus virgaque levem coerces
aurea turbam, superis deorum
gratus et imis.

XI

Tu ne quaesieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem
tibi
finem di dederint, Leuconoe, nec Babylonios
temptaris numeros. ut melius, quicquid erit, pati,
seu pluris hiemes seu tribuit Iuppiter ultimam,
qua nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare

[24]
Thee sing I, herald of the sky,
   Who gav'st the lyre its music sweet,
Hiding whate'er might please thine eye
   In frolic cheat.
See, threatening thee, poor guileless child,
   Apollo claims, in angry tone,
His cattle;—all at once he smiled,
   His quiver gone.
Strong in thy guidance, Hector's sire
   Escaped the Atridae, pass'd between
Thessalian tents and warders' fire,
   Of all unseen.
Thou lay'st unspotted souls to rest;
   Thy golden rod pale spectres know;
Blest power! by all thy brethren blest,
   Above, below!

XI
Ask not ('tis forbidden knowledge) what our
destined term of years,
Mine and yours; nor scan the tables of your Baby-
lonish seers.
Better far to bear the future, my Leuconoe, like
the past,
Whether Jove has many winters yet to give, or this
our last;
This, that makes the Tyrrhene billows spend their
strength against the shore.

[25]
Horati Carminum Lib. I

Tyrrhenenum. sapias, vina liques et spatio brevi spem longam reseces. dum loquimur, fugerit invidia aetas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

XII

QUEM virum aut heroa lyra vel acri tibia sumis celebrare, Clio, quem deum? cuius recinet iocosa nomen imago aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris aut super Pindo gelidove in Haemo? unde vocalem temere insecutae Orphaea silvae arte materna rapidos morantem fluminum lapsus celerisque ventos, blandum et auritas fidibus canoris ducere quercus. quid prius dicam solitis parentis laudibus, qui res hominum ac deorum, qui mare et terras variisque mundum temperat horis: unde nil maius generatur ipso, nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum? proximos illi tamen occupavit Pallas honores.

[26]
Strain your wine and prove your wisdom; life is short; should hope be more?
In the moment of our talking, envious time has ebb'd away.
Seize the present; trust to-morrow e'en as little as you may.

XII

WHAT man, what hero, Clio sweet,
On harp or flute wilt thou proclaim?
What god shall echo's voice repeat
In mocking game
To Helicon's sequester'd shade,
Or Pindus, or on Haemus chill,
Where once the hurrying woods obey'd
The minstrel's will,
Who, by his mother's gift of song,
Held the fleet stream, the rapid breeze,
And led with blandishment along
The listening trees?
Whom praise we first? the Sire on high,
Who gods and men unerring guides,
Who rules the sea, the earth, the sky,
Their times and tides.
No mightier birth may He beget;
No like, no second has He known;
Yet nearest to her sire's is set
Minerva's throne.

[27]
proeliis audax, neque te silebo,
Liber, et saevis inimica virgo
beluis, nec te, metuende certa
   Phoebe sagitta.
dicam et Alciden puerosque Ledae,
hunc equis, illum superare pugnis
nobilem; quorum simul alba nautis
   stella refulsit,
defluet saxis agitatus umor,
concidunt venti fugiuntque nubes
et minax, quod sic voluere, ponto
   unda recumbit.
Romulum post hos prius an quietum
Pompili regnum memorem an superbos
Tarquini fasces, dubito, an Catonis
   nobile letum.
Regulum et Scauros animaeque magnae
prodigum Paulum superante Poeno
gratus insigni referam camena
   Fabriciumque.
hunc et incomptis Curium capillis
utilem bello tulit et Camillum
saeva paupertas et avitus apto
   cum lare fundus.
crescit occulto velut arbor aevo
fama Marcelli; micat inter omnis
Iulium sidus velut inter ignis
   luna minores.
Nor yet shall Bacchus pass unsaid,
   Bold warrior, nor the virgin foe
Of savage beasts, nor Phoebus, dread
   With deadly bow.
Alcides too shall be my theme,
   And Leda's twins, for horses he,
He famed for boxing; soon as gleam
   Their stars at sea,
The lash'd spray trickles from the steep,
   The wind sinks down, the storm-cloud flies,
The threatening billow on the deep
   Obedient lies.
Shall now Quirinus take his turn,
   Or quiet Numa, or the state
Proud Tarquin held, or Cato stern,
   By death made great?
Ay, Regulus and the Scaurian name,
   And Paullus, who at Cannae gave
His glorious soul, fair record claim,
   For all were brave.
Thee, Furius, and Fabricius, thee,
   Rough Curius too, with untrimm'd beard,
Your sires' transmitted poverty
   To conquest rear'd.
Marcellus' fame, its up-growth hid,
   Springs like a tree; great Julius' light
Shines, like the radiant moon amid
   The lamps of night.

[29]
gentis humanae pater atque custos,  
orte Saturno, tibi cura magni  
Caesaris fatis data; tu secundo  
Caesare regnes.  
ille seu Parthos Latio imminentis  
egenerit iusto domitos triumpho,  
sive subiectos orientis orae  
Seræs et Indos,  
te minor latum reget aequos orbem;  
tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,  
tu parum castis inimica mittes  
fulmina lucis.

XIII

CUM tu, Lydia, Telephi  
cervicem roseam, cerea Telephi  
laudas bracchia, vae meum  
fervens difficili bile tumet iecur.  
tum nec mens mihi nec color  
certe sede manent, umor et in genas  
furtim labitur, arguens  
quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.  
uror, seu tibi candidos  
turparunt umeros inmodicae mero  
rixae, sive puer furens  
inpressit memorem dente labris notam.
Dread Sire and Guardian of man's race,
To Thee, O Jove, the Fates assign
Our Caesar's charge; his power and place
Be next to Thine.

Whether the Parthian, threatening Rome,
His eagles scatter to the wind,
Or follow to their eastern home
Cathay and Ind,
Thy second let him rule below:
Thy car shall shake the realms above;
Thy vengeful bolts shall overthrow
Each guilty grove.

XIII

TELEPHUS—you praise him still,
His waxen arms, his rosy-tinted neck;
Ah! and all the while I thrill
With jealous pangs I cannot, cannot check.
See, my colour comes and goes,
My poor heart flutters, Lydia, and the dew,
Down my cheek soft stealing, shows
What lingering torments rack me through and through.
Oh, 'tis agony to see
Those snowwhite shoulders scarr'd in drunken fray,
Or those ruby lips, where he

[31]
non, si me satis audias,
  speres perpetuom dulcia barbare
laedentem oscula, quae Venus
  quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit.
  felices ter et amplius,
  quos inrupta tenet copula nec malis
divolsus querimoniiis
  suprema citius solvet amor die.

XIV

O NAVIS, referent in mare te novi
fluctus! o quid agis? fortiter occupa
  portum! nonne vides ut
    nudum remigio latus,
et malus celeri saucius Africo
antemnaeque gemant, ac sine funibus
  vix durare carinae
    possint imperiosius
aequor? non tibi sunt integra lintea,
non di, quos iterum pressa voces malo.
    quamvis Pontica pinus
      silvae filia nobilis,
iactes et genus et nomen inutile:
nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
    fidit. tu nisi ventis
      debes ludibrium, cave.

[32]
Odes of Horace, Book I

Has left strange marks, that show how rough his play!
Never, never look to find
A faithful heart in him whose rage can harm
Sweetest lips, which Venus kind
Has tinctured with her quintessential charm.
Happy, happy, happy they
Whose living love, untroubled by all strife,
Binds them till the last sad day,
Nor parts asunder but with parting life!

XIV

O LUCKLESS bark! new waves will force you back
To sea. O, haste to make the haven yours!
E’en now, a helpless wrack,
You drift, despoil’d of oars;
The Afric gale has dealt your mast a wound;
Your sailyards groan, nor can your keel sustain,
Till lash’d with cables round,
A more imperious main.
Your canvas hargs in ribbons, rent and torn;
No gods are left to pray to in fresh need.
A pine of Pontus born
Of noble forest breed,
You boast your name and lineage—madly blind
Can painted timbers quell a seaman’s fear?
Beware! or else the wind
Makes you its mock and jeer.
Horati Carminum Lib. I

nuper sollicitum quae mihi taedium,
nunc desiderium curaque non levis,
interfusa nitentis
vites aequora Cycladas.

XV

PASTOR cum traheret per freta navibus
Idaeis Helenen perfidus hospitam,
ingrato celeris obruit otio
ventos, ut caneret fera
Nereus fata. "mala ducis avi domum
quam mucho repetet Graecia milite,
coniurata tuas rumpere nuptias
et regnum Priami vetus.
heu heu, quantus equis, quantus adestr viris
sudor! quanta moves funera Dardanae
genti! iam galeam Pallas et aegida
currusque et rabiem parat.
nequiquam Veneris praesido ferox
pectes caesariem grataque feminis
inbelli cithara carmina dividit;
nequiquam thalamo gravis
hastas et calami spicula Cnosii
vitabis, strepitumque et celerem sequi
Aiacem: tamen heu serus adulteros
crines pulvere collines.

[34]
Odes of Horace, Book I

Your trouble late made sick this heart of mine,
   And still I love you, still am ill at ease.
   O, shun the sea, where shine
      The thick-sown Cyclades!

XV

WHEN the false swain was hurrying o'er the deep
   His Spartan hostess in the Idaean bark,
Old Nereus laid the unwilling winds asleep,
   That all to Fate might hark,
Speaking through him:—"Home in ill hour you take
   A prize whom Greece shall claim with troops untold,
Leagued by an oath your marriage tie to break
   And Priam's kingdom old.
Alas! what deaths you launch on Dardan realm!
   What toils are waiting, man and horse to tire!
See! Pallas trims her aegis and her helm,
   Her chariot and her ire.
Vainly shall you, in Venus' favour strong,
   Your tresses comb, and for your dames divide
On peaceful lyre the several parts of song;
   Vainly in chamber hide
From spears and Gnossian arrows, barb'd with fate,
   And battle's din, and Ajax in the chase
Unconquer'd; those adulterous locks, though late,
   Shall gory dust deface.

[35]
Horati Carminum Lib. 1

non Laertiaden, exitium tuae
gentis, noni Pylium Nestora respicis?
urgent inpavidi te Salaminius
 Teucer, te Sthenelus sciens
pugnae, sive opus est imperiitare equis,
non auriga piger. Merionen quoque
nosces. ecce furit te reperire atrox
 Tydides melior patre:
quem tu, cervos uti vallis in altera
visum parte lupum graminis immemor,
sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,
 non hoc pollicitus tuae.
iracunda diem proferet Ilio
matronisque Phrygum classis Achillei;
post certas hiemes uret Achaicus
 ignis Iliacas domos.”

XVI

O MATRE pulchra filia pulchrior,
quem criminosis cumque voles modum
 pones iambis, sive flamma
 sive mari libet Hadriano.
non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius,
 non Liber aeque, non acuta
 sic geminant Corybantes aera,
tristes ut irae, quas neque Noricus

[36]
Odes of Horace, Book I

Hark! 'tis the death-cry of your race! look back!
   Ulysses comes, and Pylian Nestor grey;
See! Salaminian Teucer on your track,
   And Sthenelus, in the fray
Versed, or with whip and rein, should need require,
   No laggard. Merion too your eyes shall know
From far. Tydides, fiercer than his sire,
   Pursues you, all aglow;
Him, as the stag forgets to graze for fright,
   Seeing the wolf at distance in the glade,
And flies, high panting, you shall fly, despite
   Boasts to your leman made.
What though Achilles’ wrathful fleet postpone
   The day of doom to Troy and Troy’s proud dames,
Her towers shall fall, the number’d winters flown,
   Wrapp’d in Achaean flames.”

XVI

O lovelier than the lovely dame
   That bore you, sentence as you please
Those scurril verses, be it flame
   Your vengeance craves, or Hadrian seas.
Not Cybele, nor he that haunts
   Rich Pytho, worse the brain confounds,
Not Bacchus, nor the Corybants
   Clash their loud gongs with fiercer sounds
Than savage wrath; nor sword nor spear
deterret ensis nec mare naufragum
nec saevos ignis nec tremendo
Iuppiter ipse ruens tumultu.
fertur Prometheus addere principi
limo coactus particulam undique
desectam et insani leonis
vim stomacho apposuisse nostro.
irae Thyesten exitio gravi
stravere, et altis urribus ultimae
stetere causae, cur perirent
funditus imprimeretque muris
hostile aratum exercitus insolens.
compesce mentem: me quoque pectoris
temptavit in dulci iuventa
fervor et in celeres iambos
misit furentem; nunc ego mitibus
mutare quaero tristia, dum mihi
fias recantatis amica
obprobriis animumque reddas.

XVII

VELOX amoenum saepe Lucretilem
mutat Lycaeo Faunus et igneam
defendit aestatem capellis
usque meis pluviosque ventos.
impune tutum per nemus arbutos
quaerunt latentis et thyma deviae

[38]
Odes of Horace, Book I

Appals it, no, nor ocean's frown,
Nor ravening fire, nor Jupiter
In hideous ruin crashing down.
Prometheus, forced, they say, to add
To his prime clay some favourite part
From every kind, took lion mad,
And lodged its gall in man's poor heart.
'Twas wrath that laid Thyestes low;
'Tis wrath that oft destruction calls
On cities, and invites the foe
To drive his plough o'er ruin'd walls.
Then calm your spirit; I can tell
How once, when youth in all my veins
Was glowing, blind with rage, I fell
On friend and foe in ribald strains.
Come, let me change my sour for sweet,
And smile complacent as before:
Hear me my palinode repeat,
And give me back your heart once more.

XVII

The pleasures of Lucretilis
Tempt Faunus from his Grecian seat;
He keeps my little goats in bliss
Apart from wind, and rain, and heat.
In safety rambling o'er the sward
For arbutes and for thyme they peer,
olentis uxores mariti, 
nec viridis metuunt colubras  
nec Martialis Haediliae lupos,  
uecumque dulci, Tyndari, fistula  
valles et Usticae cubantis  
levia personuere saxa.  
di me tuentur, dis pietas mea  
et musa cordi est. hinc tibi copia  
manabit ad plenum benigno  
ruris honorum opulenta cornu.  
hic in reducta valle Caniculae  
vitabis aestus et fide Teia  
dices laborantis in uno  
Penelopen vitreamque Circeo.  
hic innocentis pocula Lesbii  
duces sub umbra nec Semeleius  
cum Marte confundet Thyoneus  
proelia nec metuere pròtervom  
suspecta Cyrum, ne male dispari  
incontinentis inicrat manus  
et scindat haerentem coronam  
crinibus inmeritamque vestem.

XVIII

NULLAM, Vare, sacra vite prius severis arborem  
circa mite solum Tiburis et moenia Catili:

[40]
The ladies of the unfragrant lord,
   Nor vipers, green with venom, fear,
Nor savage wolves, of Mars' own breed,
   My Tyndaris, while Ustica’s dell
Is vocal with the silvan reed,
   And music thrills the limestone fell.
Heaven is my guardian; Heaven approves
   A blameless life, by song made sweet;
Come hither, and the fields and groves
   Their horn shall empty at your feet.
Here, shelter'd by a friendly tree,
   In Teian measures you shall sing
Bright Circe and Penelope,
   Love-smitten both by one sharp sting.
Here shall you quaff beneath the shade
   Sweet Lesbian draughts that injure none,
Nor fear lest Mars the realm invade
   Of Semele’s Thyoniah son,
Lest Cyrus on a foe too weak
   Lay the rude hand of wild excess,
His passion on your chaplet wreak,
   Or spoil your undeserving dress.

XVIII

VARUS, are your trees in planting? put in none before the vine,
In the rich domain of Tibur, by the walls of Catilus;

[41]
siccis omnia nam dura deus proposuit, neque
mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines.
quis post vina gravem militiam aut pauperiem
crepat?
quis non te potius, Bacche pater, teque, decens
Venus?
ac nequis modici transiliat munera Liberi,
Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero
debellata, monet Sithoniis non levis Euhius,
cum fas atque nefas exiguus fine libidinum
discernunt avidi. non ego te, candide Bassareu,
invitumquatiam nec variis opsita frondibus
sub divom rapiam. saeva tene cum Berecynthio
cornu tympana, quae subsequentur caecus amor sui
et tollens vacuum plus nimio gloria verticem
arcanique fides prodiga, per lucidior vitro.
There's a power above that hampers all that sober brains design,
And the troubles man is heir to thus are quell'd,
and only thus.
Who can talk of want or warfare when the wine is in his head,
Not of thee, good father Bacchus, and of Venus fair and bright?
But should any dream of licence, there's a lesson may be read,
How 't was wine that drove the Centaurs with the Lapithae to fight.
And the Thracians too may warn us; truth and falsehood, good and ill,
How they mix them, when the wine-god's hand is heavy on them laid!
Never, never, gracious Bacchus, may I move thee 'gainst thy will,
Or uncover what is hidden in the verdure of thy shade!
Silence thou thy savage cymbals, and the Berecynthia horn;
In their train Self-love still follows, dully, desperately blind,
And Vain-glory, towering upward in its empty-headed scorn,
And the Faith that keeps no secrets, with a window in its mind.
Horati Carminum Lib. I

XIX

MATER saeva Cupidinum
Thebanaeque iubet me Semelae puer
et lasciva Licentia
finitis animum reddere amoribus.
urit me Glyceriae nitor
splendentis Pario marmore purius;
urit grata protervitas
et voltus nium lubricus aspici
in me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deseruit, nec patitur Scythas
et versis animosum equis
Parthum dicere nec quae nihil attinent.
hic vivom mihi caespitem, hic
verbenas, pueri, ponite turaque
bimi cum patera meri:
mactata veniet lenior hostia.

XX

VILE potabis modicis Sabinum
cantharis, Graeca quod ego ipse testa
conditum levi, datus in theatre
cum tibi plausus,
care Maecenas eques, ut paterni
fluminis ripae simul et iocosa
redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
montis imago.
Odes of Horace, Book I

XIX

Cupid's mother, cruel dame,
And Semele's Theban boy, and Licence bold,
Bid me kindle into flame
This heart, by waning passion now left cold.
O, the charms of Glycera,
That hue, more dazzling than the Parian stone!
O, that sweet tormenting play,
That too fair face, that blinds when look'd upon!
Venus comes in all her might,
Quits Cyprus for my heart, nor lets me tell
Of the Parthian, bold in flight,
Nor Scythian hordes nor aught that breaks her spell.
Heap the grassy altar up,
Bring vervain, boys, and sacred frankincense;
Fill the sacrificial cup;
A victim's blood will soothe her vehemence.

XX

Nor large my cups, nor rich my cheer,
This Sabine wine, which erst I seal'd,
That day the applauding theatre
Your welcome peal'd,
Dear knight Maecenas! as 't were fain
That your paternal river's banks,
And Vatican, in sportive strain,
Should echo thanks.
Horati Carminum Lib. 1

Caecubum et prelo domitam Caleno
tu bibes uvam: mea nec Falernae
temperant vites neque Formiani
pocula colles.

XXI

DIANAM tenerae dicite virgines,
tonsum, pueri, dicite Cynthium
Latonamque supremo
dilectam penitus Iovi.
vos laetam fluviiis et nemorum coma,
quaecumque aut gelido prominet Algido,
nigris aut Erymanthi
silvis aut viridis Cragi.
vos Tempe totidem tollite laudibus
natalemque, mares, Delon Apollinis
insignemque pharetra
fraternaque umerum lyra.
hic bellum lacrimosum, hic miseram famem
pestemque a populo et principe Caesare in
Persas atque Britannos
vestra motus aget prece.

XXII

INTEGER vitae scelerisque purus
non eget Mauris iaculis neque arcu

[46]
For you Calenian grapes are press’d,
    And Caecuban; these cups of mine
Falernum’s bounty ne’er has bless’d,
    Nor Formian vine.

XXI

Or Dian’s praises, tender maidens, tell;
    Of Cynthus’ unshorn god, young striplings, sing;
    And bright Latona, well
    Beloved of Heaven’s high King.
Sing her that streams and silvan foliage loves,
    Whate’er on Algidus’ chill brow is seen,
    In Erymanthian groves
    Dark-leaved, or Cragus green.
Sing Tempe too, glad youths, in strain as loud,
    And Phoebus’ birthplace, and that shoulder fair,
    His golden quiver proud
    And brother’s lyre to bear.
His arm shall banish Hunger, Plague, and War
    To Persia and to Britain’s coast, away
    From Rome and Caesar far,
    If you have zeal to pray.

XXII

No need of Moorish archer’s craft
    To guard the pure and stainless liver;
nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra,
sive per Syrtis iter aestuosas,
sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum vel quae loca fabulosus
lambit Hydaspes.
namque me Silva lupus in Sabina,
dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra
terminum curis vagor expeditis,
fugit inermem.
quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit aesculetis,
nec Iubae tellus generat, leonum
arida nutrix.
pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
arbor aestiva recreatur aura,
quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Iuppiter urget;
pone sub curru nimium propinqui
solis in terra domibus negata:
dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
dulce loquentem.

XXIII

VITAS inuleo me similis, Chloe,
quae reenti pavidam montibus aviis
matrem non sine vano
aurarum et silüae metu.

[48]
Odes of Horace, Book I

He wants not, Fuscus, poison'd shaft
To store his quiver,
Whether he traverse Libyan shoals,
Or Caucasus, forlorn and horrent,
Or lands where far Hydaspes rolls
His fabled torrent.
A wolf, while, roaming trouble-free
In Sabine wood, as fancy led me,
Unarm'd I sang my Lalage,
Beheld, and fled me.
Dire monster! in her broad oak woods
Fierce Daunia fosters none such other,
Nor Juba's land, of lion broods
The thirsty mother.
Place me where on the ice-bound plain
No tree is cheer'd by summer breezes,
Where Jove descends in sleety rain
Or sullen freezes;
Place me where none can live for heat,
'Neath Phoebus' very chariot plant me,
That smile so sweet, that voice so sweet,
Shall still enchant me.

XXIII

You fly me, Chloe, as o'er trackless hills
A young fawn runs her timorous dam to find,
Whom empty terror thrills
Of woods and whispering wind.
nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit
adventus foliis, seu virides rubum
dimovere lacertae,
et corde et genibus tremit.
atqui non ego te, tigris ut aspera
Gaetulusve leo, frangere sequor:
tandem desine matrem
tempestiva sequi viro.

XXIV

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
tam cari capitis? praecipe lugubris
cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
vocem cum cithara dedit.
ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
urget? cui Pudor et Iustitiae soror,
incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas
quando ullum inveniet parem?
multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,
nulli flebilior, quam tibi, Vergili.
tu frustra pius, heu, non ita creditum
poscis Quintilium deos.
quid si Threicio blandius Orphee
auditam moderere arboribus fidem,
non vanae redeat sanguis imagini,
quam virga semel horrida

[50]
Odes of Horace, Book I

Whether 'tis Spring's first shiver, faintly heard
Through the light leaves, or lizards in the brake
The rustling thorns have stirr'd,
    Her heart, her knees, they quake.
Yet I, who chase you, no grim lion am,
No tiger fell, to crush you in my gripe:
    Come, learn to leave your dam,
    For lover's kisses ripe.

XXIV

WHY blush to let our tears unmeasured fall
    For one so dear? Begin the mournful stave,
Melpomene, to whom the Sire of all
    Sweet voice with music gave.
And sleeps he then the heavy sleep of death,
    Quintilius? Piety, twin sister dear
Of Justice! naked Truth! unsullied Faith!
    When will ye find his peer?
By many a good man wept, Quintilius dies;
    By none than you, my Virgil, trulier wept:
Devout in vain, you chide the faithless skies,
    Asking your loan ill-kept.
No, though more suasive than the bard of Thrace
    You swept the lyre that trees were fain to hear,
Ne'er should the blood revisit his pale face
    Whom once with wand severe

[51]
non lenis precibus fata recludere
nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi.
durum: sed levius fit patientia
quicquid corrigere est nefas.

XXV

PARCIUS iunctas quatiunt fenestras
iactibus crebris iuvenes protervi,
nec tibi somnos adimunt, amatque
ianua limen,
quae prius multum facilis movebat
cardines. audis minus et minus iam:
“me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
Lydia, dormis?”
Odes of Horace, Book I

Mercury has folded with the sons of night,
Untaught to prayer Fate's prison to unseal.
Ah, heavy grief! but patience makes more light
What sorrow may not heal.

XXV

SOWAINS in numbers
Break your slumbers,
Saucy Lydia, now but seldom,
Ay, though at your casement nightly,
Tapping loudly, tapping lightly,
By the dozens once ye held them.

Ever turning,
Night and morning,
Swung your door upon its hinges;
Now, from dawn till evening's closing,
Lone and desolate reposing,
Not a soul its rest infringes.

Serenaders,
Sweet invaders,
Scanter grow, and daily scanter,
Singing: "Lydia, art thou sleeping?
Lonely watch thy love is keeping!
Wake, O, wake, thou dear enchanter!"

1 Translated by Theodore Martin,

[53]
invicem moechos anus arrogantis
flebis in solo levis angiportu,
Thracio bacchante magis sub inter-
lunia vento,
cum tibi flagrans amor et libido,
quae solet matres furiare equorum,
saeviet circa iecur ulcerosum,
non sine questu,
laeta quod pubes hedera virenti
gaudeat pulla magis atque myrto,
aridas frondes hiemis sodali
dedicet Hebro.

XXVI

Musis amicus tristitiam et metus
tradam protervis in mare Creticum
portare ventis, quis sub Arcto
rex gelidae metuatur orae,
quid Tiridaten terreat, unice
securus. o quae fontibus integris
gaudes, apricos necte flores,
necte meo Lamiae coronam,
Pimplea dulcis. nil sine te mei
prosunt honores: hunc fidibus novis,
hunc Lesbio sacrare plectro
teque tuasque decet sorores.

[54]
Lorn and faded,
You, as they did,
Woo, and in your turn are slighted;
Worn and torn by passion’s fret,
You, the pitiless coquette,
Waste by fires yourself have lighted.

Late relenting,
Left lamenting,—
“Withered leaves strew wintry brooks!
Ivy garlands greenly darkling,
Myrtles brown with dew-drops sparkling,
Best beseem youth’s glowing looks!”

XXVI

The Muses love me: fear and grief,
The winds may blow them to the sea;
Who quail before the wintry chief
Of Scythia’s realm, is nought to me.
What cloud o’er Tiridates lowers,
I care not, I. O, nymph divine
Of virgin springs, with sunniest flowers
A chaplet for my Lamia twine,
Pimplea sweet! my praise were vain
Without thee. String this maiden lyre,
Attune for him the Lesbian strain,
O goddess, with thy sister quire!

[55]
XXVII

NATIS in usum laetitiae scyphis
pugnare Thracum est: tollite barbarum
morem vererundumque Bacchum
sanguineis prohibete rixis.
vino et lucernis Medus acinaces
immane quantum discrepat; impium
lenite clamorem, sodales,
et cubito remanete presso.
voltis severi me quoque sumere
partem Falerni? dicat Opuntiae
frater Megyllae, quo beatus
volnere, qua pereat sagitta.
cessat voluntas? non alia bibam
mercede. quae te cumque domat Venus,
non erubescendis adurit
ignibus ingenuoque semper
amore peccas: quicquid habes, age
depone tutis auribus. a miser,
quanta laborabas Charybdi,
digne puer meliore flamma!
quae saga, quis te solevere Thessalis
magus venenis, quis poterit deus?
vix inligatum te triformi
Pegasus expediet Chimaera.
XXVII

What, fight with cups that should give joy?
'Tis barbarous; leave such savage ways
To Thracians. Bacchus, shamefaced boy,
Is blushing at your bloody frays.
The Median sabre! lights and wine!
Was stranger contrast ever seen?
Cease, cease this brawling, comrades mine,
And still upon your elbows lean.
Well, shall I take a toper's part
Of fierce Falernian? let our guest,
Megilla's brother, say what dart
Gave the death-wound that makes him blest.
He hesitates? no other hire
Shall tempt my sober brains. Whate'er
The goddess tames you, no base fire
She kindles; 'tis some gentle fair
Allures you still. Come, tell me truth,
And trust my honour.—That the name?
That wild Charybdis yours? Poor youth!
O, you deserved a better flame!
What wizard, what Thessalian spell,
What god can save you, hampered thus?
To cope with this Chimaera fell
Would task another Pegasus.
XXVIII

Te maris et terrae numeroque carentis harenae, mensorem cohibent, Archyta, pulveris exigui prope litus parva Matinum munera, nec quicquam tibi prodest aerias temptasse domos animoque rotundum percurrisse polum morituro. occidit et Pelopis genitor, conviva deorum, Tithonusque remotus in auras, et Iovis arcanis Minos admissus, habentque Tartara Panthoiden iterum Orco demissum, quamvis clipeo Troiana refixo tempora testatus nihil ultra nervos atque cutem morti concesserat atrae, iudice te non sordidus auctor naturae verique. sed omnis una manet nox et calcanda semel via leti. dant alios Furiae torvo spectacula Marti, exitiost avidum mare nautis; mixta senum ac iuvenum densentur funera, nullum saeva caput Proserpina fugit; me quoque devexi rapidus comes Orionis Illyricis Notus obruit undis. at tu, nauta, vagae ne parce malignus harenae ossibus et capiti inhumato particulam dare: sic, quodcumque minabitur Eurus fluctibus Hesperiis, Venusinae
XXVIII

The sea, the earth, the innumerable sand,
Archytas, thou couldst measure; now, alas!
A little dust on Matine shore has spann’d
That soaring spirit; vain it was to pass
The gates of heaven, and send thy soul in quest
O’er air’s wide realms; for thou hadst yet to die
Ay, dead is Pelops’ father, heaven’s own guest,
And old Tithonus, rapt from earth to sky,
And Minos, made the council-friend of Jove;
And Panthus’ son has yielded up his breath
Once more, though down he pluck’d the
shield, to prove
His prowess under Troy, and bade grim death
O’er skin and nerves alone exert its power,
Not he, you grant, in nature meanly read.
Yes, all “await the inevitable hour’’;
The downward journey all one day must tread.
Some bleed, to glut the war-god’s savage eyes;
Fate meets the sailor from the hungry brine;
Youth jostles age in funeral obsequies;
Each brow in turn is touch’d by Proserpine.
Me, too, Orion’s mate, the Southern blast,
Whelm’d in deep death beneath the Illyrian wave.
But grudge not, sailor, of driven sand to cast
A handful on my head, that owns no grave.
So, though the eastern tempests loudly threat
Hesperia’s main, may green Venusia’s crown
plectanur silvae te sospite, multaque merces,
unde potest, tibi defluat aequo
ab Iove Neptunoque sacri custode Tarenti.
neclegis inmeritis nocituram
postmodo te natis fraudem committere? forset
debita iura vicesque superbae
te maneant ipsum: precibus non linquir inultis,
teque piacula nulla resolvent.
quamquam festinas, non est mora longa: licebit
iniecto ter pulvere curras.

XXIX
Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invides
gazis et acrem militiam paras
non ante devictis Sabaeae
regibus horribilique Medo
nectis catenas. quae tibi virginum
spoono necato barbara serviet?
puer quis ex aula capillis
ad cyathum statuetur unctis,
doctus sagittas tendere Sericas
arcu paterno? quis neget arduis
pronos relabi posse rivos
montibus et Tiberim reverti,
Be stripp’d, while you lie warm; may blessings yet
Stream from Tarentum’s guard, great Neptune, down,
And gracious Jove, into your open lap!
What! shrink you not from crime whose punish-
Falls on your innocent children? it may hap
Imperious Fate will make yourself repent
My prayers shall reach the avengers of all wrong;
No expiations shall the curse unbind.
Great though your haste, I would not task you long;
Thrice sprinkle dust, then scud before the wind.

XXIX

Your heart on Arab wealth is set,
   Good Iccius: you would try your steel
On Saba’s kings, unconquer’d yet,
   And make the Mede your fetters feel.
Come, tell me what barbarian fair
   Will serve you now, her bridegroom slain?
What page from court with essenced hair
   Will tender you the bowl you drain,
Well skill’d to bend the Serian bow
   His father carried? Who shall say
That rivers may not uphill flow,
   And Tiber’s self return one day,
cum tu coemptos undique nobilis
libros Panaeti Socraticam et domum
mutare loricis Hiberis,
pollicitus meliora, tendis?

XXX

O VENUS regina Cnidi Paphique,
sperne dilectam Cypron et vocantis
ture te multo Glycerae decoram
transfer in aedem.
fervidus tecum puer et solutis
Gratiae zonis properentque Nymphae
et parum comis te Iuventas
Mercuriusque.

XXXI

QUID dedicatum poscit Apollinem,
vates? quid orat de patera novom
fundens liquorem? non opimae
Sardiniae segetes feraces,
non aestuosae grata Calabriae
armenta, non aurum aut ebur Indicum,
non rura quae Liris quieta
mordet aqua taciturnus amnis.
premant Calena falce quibus dedit
fortuna vitem, dives et aureis
If you would change Panaetius' works,
That costly purchase, and the clan
Of Socrates, for shields and dirks,
Whom once we thought a saner man?

XXX

COME, Cnidian, Paphian Venus, come,
Thy well-beloved Cyprus spurn,
Haste, where for thee in Glycera's home
Sweet odours burn.
Bring too thy Cupid, glowing warm,
Graces and Nymphs, unzoned and free,
And Youth, that lacking thee lacks charm,
And Mercury.

XXXI

WHAT blessing shall the bard entreat
The god he hallows, as he pours
The winecup? Not the mounds of wheat
That load Sardinian threshing floors;
Not Indian gold or ivory—no,
Nor flocks that o'er Calabria stray,
Nor fields that Liris, still and slow,
Is eating, unperceived, away.
Let those whose fate allows them train
Calenum's vine; let trader bold
mercator exsiccat culullis
data Syra reparata merce,
dis carus ipsis, quippe ter et quater
anno revisens aequor Atlanticum
impune: me pascunt olivae,
me cichorea levesque malvae.
frui paratis et valido mihi,
Latoe, dones et precor integra
cum mente nec turpem senectam
degere nec cithara carentem.

XXXII

POSCIMUR. siquid vacui sub umbra
lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
vivat et pluris, age dic Latinum,
barbite, carmen,
Lesbio primum modulate civi,
qui, ferox bello, tamen inter arma,
sive iactatam religarat udo
litore navem,
Liberum et Musas Veneremque et illi
semper haerentem puerum canebat
et Lycum nigris oculis nigroque
crine decorum.
ο decus Phoebi et dapibus supremi
grata testudo Iovis, o laborum
dulce lenimen, mihi cumque salve
rite vocanti.
From golden cups rich liquor drain
For wares of Syria bought and sold,
Heaven's favourite, sooth, for thrice a year
He comes and goes across the brine
Undamaged. I in plenty here
On endives, mallows, succory dine.
O grant me, Phoebus, calm content,
Strength unimpair'd, a mind entire,
Old age without dishonour spent,
Nor unbefriended by the lyre!

XXXII

They call;—if aught in shady dell
We twain have warbled, to remain
Long months or years, now breathe, my shell,
A Roman strain,
Thou, strung by Lesbos' minstrel hand,
The bard, who 'mid the clash of steel
Or haply mooring to the strand
His batter'd keel,
Of Bacchus and the Muses sung,
And Cupid, still at Venus' side,
And Lycus, beautiful and young,
Dark-hair'd, dark-eyed.
O sweetest lyre, to Phoebus dear,
Delight of Jove's high festival,
Blest balm in trouble, hail and hear
Whene'er I call!

vol. 1.—5 [65]
XXXIII

ALBI, ne doleas plus nimio memori
immitis Glycerae, neu miserabilis
decantes elegos, cur tibi iunior
laesa praeniteat fide.
insignem tenui fronte Lycorida
Cyri torrent amor, Cyrus in asperam
declinat Pholoen: sed prius Apulis
iungentur capreae lupis,
quam turpi Pholoe peccet adultero.
sic visum Veneri, cui placet imparis
formas atque animos sub iuga aenea
saevio mittere cum ioco.
ipsum me melior cum pateret Venus
grata detinuit compede Myrtale
libertina, fretis acrior Hadriae
curvantis Calabros sinus.

XXXIV

PARCUS deorum cultor et infrequens
insanientis dum sapientiae
consultus erro, nunc retrorsum
vela dare atque iterare cursus
cogor relictos: namque Diespiter,
igni corusco nubila dividens
plerumque, per purum tonantis
egit equos volucremque currum,

[66]
XXXIII

What, Albius! why this passionate despair
   For cruel Glycera? why melt your voice
In dolorous strains, because the perjured fair
   Has made a younger choice?
See, narrow-brow'd Lycoris, how she glows
   For Cyrus! Cyrus turns away his head
To Pholoe's frown; but sooner gentle roes
   Apulian wolves shall wed,
Than Pholoe to so mean a conqueror strike:
   So Venus wills it; 'neath her brazen yoke
She loves to couple forms and minds unlike,
   All for a heartless joke.
For me sweet Love had forged a milder spell;
   But Myrtale still kept me her fond slave,
More stormy she than the tempestuous swell
   That crests Calabria's wave.

XXXIV

My prayers were scant, my offerings few,
   While witless wisdom fool'd my mind;
But now I trim my sails anew,
   And trace the course I left behind.
For lo! the Sire of heaven on high,
   By whose fierce bolts the clouds are riven,
To-day through an unclouded sky
   His thundering steeds and car has driven.
Horati Carminum Lib. I

quo bruta tellus et vaga flumina,
quo Styx et invisi horrida Taenari
sedes Atlanteusque finis
concititur. valet ima summis
mutare et insignem attenuat deus,
obscura promens; hinc apicem rapax
fortuna cum stridore acuto
sustulit, hic posuisset gaudet.

XXXV

O DIVA, gratum quae regis Antium,
praesens vel imo tollere de gradu
mortale corpus vel superbos
vertere funeribus triumphos:
te pauper ambit sollicita prece
ruris colonus, te dominam aequoris
quicumque Bithynia lacessit
Carpathium pelagus carina.
te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythae,
urbesque gentesque et Latium ferox,
regumque matres barbarorum et
purpurei metuunt tyranni,
injurioso ne pede proruas
stantem columnam, neu populus frequens
ad arma cessantis, ad arma
concitent imperiumque frangat.

[68]
E’en now dull earth and wandering floods,
And Atlas’ limitary range,
And Styx, and Taenarus’ dark abodes
Are reeling. He can lowliest change
And loftiest; bring the mighty down
And lift the weak; with whirring flight
Comes Fortune, plucks the monarch’s crown,
And decks therewith some meaner wight.

XXXV

LADY of Antium, grave and stern!
O Goddess, who canst lift the low
To high estate, and sudden turn
A triumph to a funeral show!
Thee the poor hind that tills the soil
Implores; their queen they own in thee,
Who in Bithynian vessel toil
Amid the vex’d Carpathian sea.
The Dacians fierce, and Scythian hordes,
Peoples and towns, and Rome, their head,
And mothers of barbarian lords,
And tyrants in their purple dread,
Lest, spurn’d by thee in scorn, should fall
The state’s tall prop, lest crowds on fire
To arms, to arms! the loiterers call,
And thrones be tumbled in the mire.

[69]
Horati Carminum Lib. I

te semper anteit saeva Necessitas, clavos trabalis et cuneos manu gestans aena, nec severus uncus abest liquidumque plumbum, te Spes et albo rara Fides colit velata panno, nec comitem abnegat, utcumque mutata potentis veste domos inimica linquis. ut volgus infidum et meretrix retro periura cedit, diffugiunt cadis cum faece siccatis amici, ferre iugum pariter dolosi. serves iturum Caesarem in ultimos orbis Britannos et iuvenum recens examen Eois timendum partibus Oceanoque rubro. eheu cicatricum et sceleris pudet fratrumque. quid nos dura refugimus aetas, quid intactum nefasti liquimus? unde manum iuventus metu deorum continuit, quibus pepercit aris? o utinam nova incude diffingas retunsum in Massagetas Arabasque ferrum.

XXXVI

Et ture et fidibus iuvat placare et vituli sanguine debito

[70]
Necessity precedes thee still
   With hard fierce eyes and heavy tramp;
Her hand the nails and wedges fill,
   The molten lead and stubborn clamp.
Hope, precious Truth in garb of white,
   Attend thee still, nor quit thy side
When with changed robes thou tak'st thy flight
   In anger from the homes of pride.
Then the false herd, the faithless fair,
   Start backward; when the wine runs dry.
The jocund guests, too light to bear
   An equal yoke, asunder fly
O shield our Caesar as he goes
   To furthest Britain, and his band,
Rome's harvest! Send on Eastern foes
   Their fear, and on the Red Sea strand!
O wounds that scarce have ceased to run!
   O brother's blood! O iron time!
What horror have we left undone?
   Has conscience shrunk from aught of crime?
What shrine has rapine held in awe?
   What altar spared? O haste and beat
The blunted steel we yet may draw
   On Arab and on Massagete!

XXXVI

Bid the lyre and cittern play;
   Enkindle incense, shed the victim's gore,
custodes Numidae deos,
qui nunc Hesperia sospes ab ultima
caris multa sodalibus,
nulli plura tamen dividit oscula
quam dulci Lamiae, memor
actae non alio rege puertiae
mutataeque simul togae.
cressa ne careat pulchra dies nota,
neu promptae modus amphorae,
neu morem in Salium sit requies pedum,
neu multi Damalis meri
Bassum Threicia vincat amystide,
neu desint epulis rosae
neu vivax apium neu breve lilium.
omnes in Damalin putris
deponent oculos, nec Damalis novo
divelletur adultero,
lascivis hederis ambitiosior.

XXXVII

NUNC est bibendun, nunc pede libero
pulsanda tellus, nunc Saliaribus
ornare pulvinar deorum
tempus erat dapibus, sodales.
antehac nefas depromere Caecubum
cellis avitis, dum Capitolio
regina dementis ruinas
funus et imperio parabat

[72]
Odes of Horace, Book I

Heaven has watch’d o’er Numida,
And brings him safe from far Hispania’s shore.
   Now, returning, he bestows
On each dear comrade all the love he can;
   But to Lamia most he owes,
By whose sweet side he grew from boy to man.
   Note we in our calendar
This festal day with whitest mark from Crete:
   Let it flow, the old wine-jar,
And ply to Salian time your restless feet.
   Damalis tosses off her wine,
But Bassus sure must prove her match to-night.
   Give us roses all to twine,
And parsley green and lilies deathly white.
   Every melting eye will rest
On Damalis’ lovely face; but none may part
   Damalis from our new-found guest;
She clings, and clings, like ivy, round his heart.

XXXVII

Now drink we deep, now featly tread
   A measure; now before each shrine
With Salian feasts the table spread;
   The time invites us, comrades mine.
’Twas shame to broach, before to-day,
   The Caecuban, while Egypt’s dame
Threaten’d our power in dust to lay
   And wrap the Capitol in flame,
contaminato cum grege turpium
morbo virorum, quidlibet impotens
sperare fortunaque dulci
ebria. sed minuit furorem
vix una sospes navis ab ignibus,
mentemque lymphatam Mareotico
redegit in veros timores
Caesar, ab Italia volantem
remis adurgens, accipiter velut
mollis columbas, aut leporem citus
venator in campis nivalis
Haemoniae, daret ut catenis
fatale monstrum. Quae generosius
perire quaerens nec muliebriter
expavit ensim nec latentis
classe cita reparavit oras;
ausa et iacentem visere regiam
voltu sereno, fortis et asperas
tractare serpentes, ut atrum
corpore combiberet venenum,
deliberata morte ferocior;
saevis Liburnis scilicet invidens
privata deduci superbo
non humilis mulier triumpho.

XXXVIII

PERSICOS odi, puer, apparatus,
displiçent nexae philyra coronae,
Girt with her foul emasculate throng,
By Fortune's sweet new wine befool'd,
In hope's ungovern'd weakness strong
To hope for all; but soon she cool'd,
To see one ship from burning 'scape;
Great Caesar taught her dizzy brain,
Made mad by Mareotic grape,
To feel the sobering truth of pain,
And gave her chase from Italy,
As after doves fierce falcons speed,
As hunters 'neath Haemonia's sky
Chase the tired hare, so might he lead
The fiend enchain'd; she sought to die
More nobly, nor with woman's dread
Quail'd at the steel, nor timorously
In her fleet ships to covert fled.
Amid her ruin'd halls she stood
Unblench'd, and fearless to the end
Grasp'd the fell snakes, that all her blood
Might with the cold black venom blend,
Death's purpose flushing in her face;
Nor to our ships the glory gave,
That she, no vulgar dame, should grace
A triumph, crownless, and a slave.

XXXVIII

No Persian cumber, boy, for me;
I hate your garlands linden-plaited;

[75]}
mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
sera moretur.
simplici myrto nihil adlabores
sedulus curo: neque te ministrum
dedecet myrtus neque me sub arta
vite bibentem.
Odes of Horace, Book I

Leave winter's rose where on the tree
It hangs belated.
Wreathe me plain myrtle; never think
Plain myrtle either's wear unfitting
Yours as you wait, mine as I drink
In vine-bower sitting.
LIBER SECUNDUS

I

MOTUM ex Metello consule civicum bellique causas et vitia et modos, ludumque Fortunae gravisque principum amicitias et arma nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus, periculosae plenum opus aleae, tractas et incedis per ignes suppositos cineri doloso. paulum severae Musa tragoediae desit theatris: mox, ubi publicas res ordinaris, grande munus Cecropio repetes coturno, insigne maestis praesidium reis et consulenti, Pollio, curiae, cui laurus aeternos honores Delmatico peperit triumpho. iam nunc minaci murmure cornuum perstringis auris, iam litui strepunt, iam fulgor armorum fugacis terret equos equitumque voltus.

[78]
BOOK II

I

The broils that from Metellus date,
  The secret springs, the dark intrigues,
The freaks of Fortune, and the great
  Confederate in disastrous leagues,
And arms with uncleansed slaughter red,
  A work of danger and distrust,
You treat, as one on fire should tread
  Scarce hid by treacherous ashen crust.
Let Tragedy's stern muse be mute
  Awhile; and when your order'd page
Has told Rome's tale, that buskin'd foot
  Again shall mount the Attic stage,
Pollio, the pale defendant's shield,
  In deep debate the senate's stay,
The hero of Dalmatic field
  By Triumph crown'd with deathless bay.
E'en now with trumpet's threatening blare
  You thrill our ears; the clarion brays;
The lightnings of the armour scare
  The steed, and daunt the rider's gaze.

[79]
audire magnos iam videor duces
non indecoro pulvere sordidos
et cuncta terrarum subacta
praeter atrocem animum Catonis.
Iuno et deorum quisquis amicior
Afris inulta cesserat impotens
tellure, victorum nepotes
rettulit inferias Iugurthae.
quis non Latino sanguine pinguior
campus sepulchris impia proelia
testatur auditumque Medis
Hesperiae sonitum ruinae?
qui gurges aut quae flumina lugubris
ignara belli? quod mare Dauniae
non decoloravere caedes?
quae caret ora cruore nostro?
sed ne relictis, Musa, procax iocis
Ceae retractes munera neniae:
me cum Dionaeo sub antro
quaere modos leviore plectro.

II

NULLUS argento color est avaris
abdito terris, inimice lamnae
Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato
splendeat usu.
vivet extento Proculeius aevo,
notus in fratres animi paterni;
Methinks I hear of leaders proud
   With no uncomely dust distain'd,
And all the world by conquest bow'd,
   And only Cato's soul unchain'd.
Yes, Juno and the powers on high
   That left their Afric to its doom,
Have led the victors' progeny
   As victims to Jugurtha's tomb.
What field, by Latin blood-drops fed,
   Proclaims not the unnatural deeds
It buries, and the earthquake dread
   Whose distant thunder shook the Medes?
What gulf, what river has not seen
   Those sights of sorrow? nay, what sea
Has Daunian carnage yet left green?
   What coast from Roman blood is free?
But pause, gay Muse, nor leave your play
   Another Cean dirge to sing;
With me to Venus' bower away,
   And there attune a lighter string.

II

THE silver, Sallust, shows not fair
   While buried in the greedy mine:
You love it not till moderate wear
   Have given it shine.
Honour to Proculeius! he
   To brethren play'd a father's part;

Vol. I.—6
illum agit pinna metuente solvi
fama superstes.
latius regnes avidum domando
spiritum, quam si Libyam remotis
Gadibus iungas et uterque Poenus
serviat uni.
crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops,
nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi
fugerit venis et aquosus albo
corpore languor.
reditum Cyri solio Phraaten
dissidens plebi numero beatorum
eximit virtus populumque falsis
dedocet uti
vocibus, regnum et diadema tutum
deferens uni propriamque laurum,
quisquis ingentis oculo inretorto
spectat acervos.

III

AEQUAM memento rebus in arduis
servare mentem, non secus in bonis
ab insolenti temperatam
laetitia, moriture Delli,
seu maestus omni tempore vixeris,
seu te in remoto gramine per dies
festos reclinatum bearis
interiore nota Falerni.

[82]
Fame shall embalm through years to be
  That noble heart.
Who curbs a greedy soul may boast
  More power than if his broad-based throne
Bridged Libya's sea, and either coast
  Were all his own.
Indulgence bids the dropsy grow;
  Who fain would quench the palate's flame
Must rescue from the watery foe
  The pale weak frame.
Phraates, throned where Cyrus sate,
  May count for blest with vulgar herds,
But not with Virtue; soon or late
  From lying words
She weans men's lips; for him she keeps
  The crown, the purple, and the bays,
Who dares to look on treasure-heaps
  With unblench'd gaze.

III

An equal mind, when storms o'ercloud,
  Maintain, nor 'neath a brighter sky
Let pleasure make your heart too proud,
  O Dellius, Dellius! sure to die,
Whether in gloom you spend each year,
  Or through long holydays at ease
In grassy nook your spirit cheer
  With old Falernian vintages,
Horati Carminum Lib. II

quo pinus ingens albaque populus
umbram hospitalem consociare amant
ramis? quid obliquo laborat
lympha fugax trepidare rivo?
huc vina et unguenta et nimium brevis
flores amoenae ferre iube rosae,
dum res et aetas et sororum
fila trium patiuntur atra.
cedes coemptis saltibus et domo
villaque, flavos quam Tiberis lavit,
cedes, et extractis in altum
divitiis potietur heres.
divesne prisco natus ab Inacho,
nil interest, an pauper et infima
de gente sub divo moreris,
victima nil miserantis Orci:
omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
versatur urna serius ocius
sors exitura et nos in aeternum
exilium inpositura cumbae.

IV

Ne sit ancillae tibi amor pudori,
Xanthia Phoceu, prius insolentem
serva Briseis niveo colore
movit Achillem;
movit Aiacei Telamone natum
forma captivae dominum Tecmessae;
Where poplar pale and pine-tree high
Their hospitable shadows spread
Entwined, and panting waters try
To hurry down their zigzag bed.
Bring wine and scents, and roses’ bloom,
Too brief, alas! to that sweet place,
While life, and fortune, and the loom
Of the Three Sisters yield you grace.
Soon must you leave the woods you buy,
Your villa, wash’d by Tiber’s flow,
Leave,—and your treasures, heap’d so high,
Your reckless heir will level low.
Whether from Argos’ founder born
In wealth you lived beneath the sun,
Or nursed in beggary and scorn,
You fall to Death, who pities none.
One way all travel; the dark urn
Shakes each man’s lot, that soon or late
Will force him, hopeless of return,
On board the exile-ship of Fate.

IV

Why, Xanthias, blush to own you love
Your slave? Briseis, long ago,
A captive, could Achilles move
With breast of snow.
Tecmassa’s charms enslaved her lord,
Stout Ajax, heir of Telamon;

[85]
arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
   virgine rapta,
barbarae postquam cecidere turmae
Thessalo victore et ademptus Hector
tradidit fessis leviora tolli
   Pergama Grais.
nescias, an te generum beati
Phyllidis flavae decorent parentes;
regium eerte genus et penatis
   maeret iniquos.
crede non illam tibi de scelestia
plebe delectam, neque sic fidelem,
sic lucro aversam potuisse nasci
   matre pudenda.
bracchia et voltum teretisque suras
integer laudo: fuge suspicari
cuius octavom trepidavit aetas
   claudere lustrum.

V

NONDUM subacta ferre iugum valet
cervice, nondum munia comparis
   aequare nec tauri ruentis
   in venerem tolerare pondus.
circa virentis est animus tuae
campos iuvencae, nunc fluviiis gravem

[86]
Atrides, in his pride, adored  
   The maid he won,
When Troy to Thessaly gave way,  
   And Hector's all too quick decease
Made Pergamus an easier prey  
   To wearied Greece.
What if, as auburn Phyllis' mate,  
   You graft yourself on regal stem?
Oh yes! be sure her sires were great;  
   She weeps for them.
Believe me, from no rascal scum  
   Your charmer sprang; so true a flame,
Such hate of greed, could never come  
   From vulgar dame.
With honest fervour I commend  
   Those lips, those eyes; you need not fear
A rival, hurrying on to end  
   His fortieth year.

V

Have patience! She's plainly too tender, you see,  
   The yoke on her delicate shoulders to bear;
So young as she is, fit she never could be  
   His task with the gentlest yoke-fellow to share,
Or brook the assault of the ponderous bull,  
   Rushing headlong the fire of his passion to cool.

1 Translated by Theodore Martin.
Horati Carminum Lib. II

solantis aestum, nunc in udo
ludere cum vitulis salicto
praegestientis. tolle cupidinem
immitis uvae: iam tibi lividos
distinguet autumnus racemos
purpureo varius colore.
iam te sequetur: currit enim ferox
aetas, et illi, quos tibi Dempserit,
apponet annos: iam proterva
fronte petet Lalage maritum,
dilecta quantum non Pholoe fugax,
non Chloris albo sic umero nitens,
ut pura nocturno renidet
luna mari Cnidianusve Gyges:
quem si puellarum insereres choro,
mire sagacis falleret hospites
discrimen obscurum solutis
crinibus ambuguoque voltu.

VI

SEPTIMI, Gadis aditure mecum et
Cantabrum indoctum iuga ferre nostra et
barbaras Syrtis, ubi Maura semper
aestuat unda:
Tibur Argeo positum colono
sit meae sedes utinam senectae,
At present your heifer finds all her delight
In wandering o'er the green meadows at will,
In cooling her sides, when the sun is at height,
In the iciest pools of some mountain-fed rill,
Or 'mid the dank osier-beds bounding in play
With the young calves, as sportive and skittish as they.
For unripe grapes to long is mere folly; soon, too,
Many-tinted Autumnus with purple will dye
Thy clusters that now wear so livid a hue;
And so after thee, soon her glances will fly,
For merciless Time to count will assign
The swift speeding years, as she takes them from thine.
And then will the Lalage long for a lord,
Nor shrink from the secrets of conjugal joy;
By thee she will be, too, more fondly adored,
Than Pholoe's self, or than Chloris the coy,
Her beautiful shoulders resplendently white
As the moon, when it silvers the ocean by night.

VI

SEPTIMIUS, who with me would brave
Far Gades, and Cantabrian land
Untamed by Rome, and Moorish wave
That whirls the sand;
Fair Tibur, town of Argive kings,
There would I end my days serene,
sit modus lasso maris et viarum militiaeque.
unde si Parcae prohibent iniquae, dulce pellitis ovibus Galaesi flumen et regnata petam Laconi rura Phalantho.
ille terrarum mihi praeter omnis angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto mella decadunt viridique certat baca Venafro,
ver ubi longum tepidasque praebet Iuppiter brumas et amicus Aulon fertili Baccho minimum Falernis invidet uvis.
ille te mecum locus et beatae postulant arces, ibi tu calentem debita sparges lacrima favillam vatis amici.

VII

O SAEPE mecum tempus in ultimum deducte Bruto militiae duce,
quis te redonavit Quiritem dis patriis Italoque caelo,
Pompeii, meorum prime sodalium, cum quo morantem saepe diem mero fregi coronatus nitentis malobathro Syrio capillos?

[90]
At rest from seas and travellings,  
And service seen.
Should angry Fate those wishes foil,  
Then let me seek Galesus, sweet
To skin-clad sheep, and that rich soil,  
'The Spartan's seat.
O, what can match the green recess,  
Whose honey not to Hybla yields,
Whose olives vie with those that bless  
Venafrum's fields?
Long springs, mild winters glad that spot  
By Jove's good grace, and Aulon, dear
To fruitful Bacchus, envies not  
Falernian cheer.
That spot, those happy heights desire  
Our sojourn; there, when life shall end,
Your tear shall dew my yet warm pyre,  
Your bard and friend.

VII

O, oft with me in troublous time  
Involved, when Brutus warr'd in Greece,
Who gives you back to your own clime  
And your own gods, a man of peace,
Pompey, the earliest friend I knew,  
With whom I oft cut short the hours
With wine, my hair bright bathed in dew  
Of Syrian oils, and wreathed with flowers?
tecum Philippos et celerem fugam
sensi relictara non bene parmula,
cum fracta virtus et minaces
turpe solum tetigere mento.
sed me per hostis Mercurius celer
denso paventem sustulit aere;
te rursus in bellum resorbens
unda fretis tuit aestuosis.
ergo obligatam redde Iovi dapem,
longaque fessum militia latus
depone sub lauru mea nec
parce cadis tibi destinatis.
oblivioso levia Massico
ciboria exple, funde capacibus
unguenta de conchis. Quis udo
deproperare apio coronas
curatue myrto? quem Venus arbitrum
dicit bibendi? non ego sanius
bacchabor Edonis: recepto
dulce mihi furere est amico.

VIII
ULLA si iuris tibi perierati
poena, Barine, nocuisset umquam,
dente si nigro fieres vel uno
turpior ungui,
credere: sed tu simul obligasti
perfidum votis caput, enitescis

[92]
With you I shared Philippi’s rout,
   Unseemly parted from my shield,
When Valour fell, and warriors stout
   Were tumbled on the inglorious field:
But I was saved by Mercury,
   Wrapped in thick mist, yet trembling sore,
While you to that tempestuous sea
   Were swept by battle’s tide once more.
Come, pay to Jove the feast you owe;
   Lay down those limbs, with warfare spent,
Beneath my laurel; nor be slow
   To drain my cask; for you ’t was meant.
Lethe’s true draught is Massic wine;
   Fill high the goblet; pour out free
Rich streams of unguent. Who will twine
   The hasty wreath from myrtle-tree
Or parsley? Whom will Venus seat
   Chairman of cups? Are Bacchants sane?
Then I’ll be sober. O, ’t is sweet
   To fool, when friends come home again!

VIII

Had chastisement for perjured truth,
   Barine, mark’d you with a curse—
Did one wry nail, or one black tooth,
   But make you worse—
I’d trust you; but, when plighted lies
   Have pledged you deepest, lovelier far
pulchrior multo iuvenumque prodis 
publica cura.
expedit matris cineres opertos
fallere et toto taciturna noctis
signa cum caelo gelidaque divos
morte carentis.
ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa, rident
simplices Nymphae, ferus et Cupido
semper ardentis acuens sagittas
cote cruenta.
adde quod pubes tibi crescit omnis,
servitus crescit nova, nec priores
impiae tectum dominae relinquunt
saepe minati.
te suis matres metuunt iuvencis,
te senes parci miseraeque nuper
virgines nuptae, tua ne retardet
aura maritos.

IX
Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos
manant in agros aut mare Caspium
vexant inaequales procellae
usque, nec Armeniis in oris,
amice Valgi, stat glacies iners
menses per omnis aut Aquilonibus
querqueta Gargani laborant
et foliis viduantur orni:
You sparkle forth, of all young eyes
   The ruling star.
'T is gain to mock your mother's bones,
   And night's still signs, and all the sky,
And gods, that on their glorious thrones
   Chill Death defy.
Ay, Venus smiles: the pure nymphs smile,
   And Cupid, tyrant-lord of hearts,
Sharpening on bloody stone the while
   His fiery darts.
New captives fill the nets you weave;
   New slaves are bred; and those before,
Though oft they threaten, never leave
   Your godless door.
The mother dreads you for her son,
   The thrifty sire, the new-wed bride,
Lest, lured by you, her precious one
   Should leave her side.

IX

The rain, it rains not every day
   On the soak'd meads; the Caspian main
Not always feels the unequal sway
   Of storms, nor on Armenia's plain,
Dear Valgius, lies the cold dull snow
   Through all the year; nor north winds keen
Upon Garganian oakwoods blow,
   And strip the ashes of their green.
tu semper urges flebilibus modis
Mysten ademptum, nec tibi Vespero
surgente decadunt amores
nec rapidum fugiente solem.
at non ter aevo functus amabilem
ploravit omnis Antilochem senex
annos, nec inpubem parentes
Troilon aut Phrygiae sorores
flevere semper. desine mollium
tandem querellarum, et potius nova
cantemus Augusti tropaea
Caesaris et rigidum Niphaten
Medumque flumen gentibus additum
victis minores volvere vertices,
intraque praescriptum Gelonos
exiguis equitare campis.

X
RECTIUS vives, Licini, neque altum
semper urgendo neque, dum procellas
cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
litus iniquom:
auream quisquis mediocritatem
diligit, tutus caret opsoleti
sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
sobrius aula.
saepeus ventis agitatur ingens
pinus et celsae graviore casu

[96]
Odes of Horace, Book II

You still with tearful tones pursue
    Your lost, lost Mystes; Hesper sees
Your passion when he brings the dew,
    And when before the sun he flees.
Yet not for loved Antilochus
    Grey Nestor wasted all his years
In grief; nor o'er young Troilus
    His parents' and his sisters' tears
For ever flow'd. At length have done
    With these soft sorrows; rather tell
Of Caesar's trophies newly won,
    And hoar Niphates' icy fell,
And Medus' flood, 'mid conquer'd tribes
    Rolling a less presumptuous tide,
And Scythians taught, as Rome prescribes,
    Henceforth o'er narrower steppes to ride.

X

LICINIUS, trust a seaman's lore:
    Steer not too boldly to the deep,
Nor, fearing storms, by treacherous shore
    Too closely creep.
Who makes the golden mean his guide,
    Shuns miser's cabin, foul and dark,
Shuns gilded roofs, where pomp and pride
    Are envy's mark.
With fiercer blasts the pine's dim height
    Is rock'd; proud towers with heavier fall
decidunt turres feriuntque summos 
fulgura montis.
sperat infestis, metuit secundis 
alteram sortem bene praeparatum 
pectus. informat hiemes reductit 
Iuppiter, idem 
summovet. non, si male nunc, et olim 
sic erit: quondam cithara tacentem 
suscitat musam neque semper arcum 
tendit Apollo.
rebus angustis animosus atque 
fortis appare; sapienter idem 
contrahes vento nium secundo 
turgida vela.

XI

Quid bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes, 
Hirpine Quincti, cogitet Hadrià 
divisus obiecto, remittas 
quaeere, nec trepides in usum 
poscentis aevi pauca: fugit retro 
levis iuventas et decor, arida 
pellente lascivos amores 
canitie facilemque somnum. 
non semper idem floribus est honor 
vernis neque uno luna rubens nitet 
voltu: quid aeternis minorem 
consiliis animum fatigas?

[98]
Crash to the ground; and thunders smite
   The mountains tall.
In sadness hope, in gladness fear
 'Gainst coming change will fortify
Your breast. The storms that Jupiter
   Sweeps o'er the sky
He chases. Why should rain to-day
   Bring rain to-morrow? Python's foe
Is pleased sometimes his lyre to play,
   Nor bends his bow.
Be brave in trouble; meet distress
   With dauntless front; but when the gale
Too prosperous blows, be wise no less,
   And shorten sail.

XI

O ask not what those sons of war,
   Cantabrian, Scythian, each intend,
Disjoin'd from us by Hadria's bar,
   Nor puzzle, Quintius, how to spend
A life so simple. Youth removes,
   And Beauty too; and hoar Decay
Drives out the wanton tribe of Loves
   And Sleep, that came or night or day.
The sweet spring-flowers not always keep
   Their bloom, nor moonlight shines the same
Each evening. Why with thoughts too deep
   O'ertask a mind of mortal frame?
Horati Carminum Lib. II

cur non sub alta vel platano vel hac
pinu iacentes sic temere et rosa
canos odorati capillos,
dum licet, Assyriaque nardo
potamus uncti? dissipat Euhius
curas edacis. quis puer ocius
restinguet ardentis Falerni
pocula praetereunte lympha?
quis devium scortum eliciet domo
Lyden? eburna, dic age, cum lyra
maturet, incomptum Lacaenae
more comae religata nodum.

XII

NOLIS longa ferea bella Numantiae,
 nec durum Hannibalem nec Siculum mare
Poeno purpureum sanguine mollibus
aptari citharae modis,
nec saevos Lapithas et nimium mero
Hylaeum domitosque Herculea manu
telluris iuvenes, unde periculum
fulgens contremuit domus
Saturni veteris: tuque pedestribus
dices historiis proelia Caesaris,
Maecenas, melius ductaque per vias
regum colla minacium.

[100]
Odes of Horace, Book II

Why rot, just thrown at careless ease
'Neath plane or pine, our locks of grey
Perfumed with Syrian essences
And wreathed with roses, while we may,
Lie drinking? Bacchus puts to shame
The cares that waste us. Where's the slave
To quench the fierce Falernian's flame
With water from the passing wave?
Who'll coax coy Lyde from her home?
Go, bid her take her ivory lyre,
The runaway, and haste to come,
Her wild hair bound with Spartan tire.

XII

The weary war where fierce Numantia bled,
Fell Hannibal, the swoln Sicilian main
Purpled with Punic blood—not mine to wed
These to the lyre’s soft strain,
Nor cruel Lapithae, nor, mad with wine,
Centaurs, nor, by Herculean arm o'ercome,
The earth-born youth, whose terrors dimm'd the shine,
Of the resplendent dome
Of ancient Saturn. You, Maecenas, best
In pictured prose of Caesar's warrior feats
Will tell, and captive kings with haughty crest
Led through the Roman streets.

[101]
Horatii Carminum Lib. II

me dulcis dominae Musa Licymniae
cantus, me voluit dicere lucidum
fulgentis oculos et bene mutuis
fidum pectus amoribus,
quam nec ferre pedem dedecuit choris
nec certare ioco nec dare bracchia
ludentem nitidis virginibus sacro
Dianae celebris die.
num tu quae tenuit dives Achaemenes
aut pinguis Phrygiae Mygdonias opes
permutare velis crine Licymniae,
plenas aut Arabum domos,
cum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula
cervicem aut facili saevitia negat,
quae poscente magis gaudeat eripi,
interdum rapere occupet?

XIII

ILLE et nefasto te posuit die,
quicumque primum, et sacrilega manu
produxit, arbos, in nepotum
perniciem obprobriumque pagi;
illum et parentis crediderim sui
fregisse cervicem et penetralia
sparsisse nocturno cruore
hospitis; ille venena Colcha

[102]
Odes of Horace, Book, II

On me the Muse has laid her charge to tell
Of your Licymnia's voice, the lustrous hue
Of her bright eye, her heart that beats so well
To mutual passion true:
How nought she does but lends her added grace,
Whether she dance, or join in bantering play,
Or with soft arms the maiden choir embrace
On great Diana's day.
Say, would you change for all the wealth possest
By rich Achaemenes or Phrygia's heir,
Or the full stores of Araby the blest,
One lock of her dear hair,
While to your burning lips she bends her neck,
Or with kind cruelty denies the due
She means you not to beg for, but to take,
Or snatches it from you?

XIII

Black day he chose for planting thee,
Accurst he rear'd thee from the ground,
The bane of children yet to be,
The scandal of the village round.
His father's throat the monster press'd
Beside, and on his hearthstone spilt,
I ween, the blood of midnight guest;
Black Colchian drugs, whate'er of guilt

[103]
et quicquid usquam concepitur nefas tractavit, agro qui statuit meo
te, triste lignum, te caducum
in domini caput inmerentis.
quid quisque vitet, numquam homini satis cautum est in horas. navita Bosphorum
Poenus perhorrescit neque ultra
caeca timet aliunde fata,
miles sagittas et celerem fugam
Parthi, catenas Parthus et Italum
robur; sed improvisa leti
vis rapuit rapietque gentis.
quam paene furvae regna Proserpinae
et iudicantem vidimus Aeacum
sedesque discriptas piorum et
Aeoliis fidibus querentem
Sappho puellis de popularibus
et te sonantem plenius aureo
Alcaee, plectro dura navis,
dura fugae mala, dura belli.
utraque sacro digna silentio
mirantur umbrae dicere; sed magis
pugnas et exactos tyrannos
densum umeris bibit aure volgus.
quid mirum, ubi illis carminibus stupens
demittit atras belua centiceps
auris et intorti capillis
Eumenidum recreantur angues?

[104]
Is hatch'd on earth, he dealt in all—
   Who planted in my rural stead
Thee, fatal wood, thee, sure to fall
   Upon thy blameless master's head.
The dangers of the hour! no thought
   We give them; Punic seaman's fear
Is all of Bosporus, nor aught
   Recks he of pitfalls otherwhere;
The soldier fears the mask'd retreat
   Of Parthia; Parthia dreads the thrall
Of Rome; but Death with noiseless feet
   Has stolen and will steal on all.
How near dark Pluto's court I stood,
   And Aeacus' judicial throne,
The blest seclusion of the good,
   And Sappho, with sweet lyric moan
Bewailing her ungentle sex,
   And thee, Alcaeus, louder far
Chanting thy tale of woful wrecks,
   Of woful exile, woful war!
In sacred awe the silent dead
   Attend on each: but when the song
Of combat tells and tyrants fled,
   Keen ears, press'd shoulders, closer throng.
What marvel, when at those sweet airs
   The hundred-headed beast spell-bound
Each black ear droops, and Furies' hairs
   Uncoil their serpents at the sound?
quin et Prometheus et Pelopis parens
dulci laborem decipitur sono,
    nec curat Orion leones
    aut timidos agitare lyncas.

XIV

EHEU, fugaces, Postume, Postume,
labuntur anni, nec pietas moram
    rugis et instanti senectae
    afferet indomitaeque morti;
non, si trecessis quotquot eunt dies,
amice, places inlacrimabilem
    Plutona tauris, qui ter amplum
    Geryonen Tityonque tristi
compescit unda, scilicet omnibus,
quicumque terrae munere vescimur,
enaviganda, sive reges
    sive inopes erimus coloni.
frustra cruento Marte carebimus
fractisque rauci fluctibus Hadriae,
    frustra per autumnos nocentem
corporibus metuemus Austrum.
visendus ater flumine languido
Cocytos errans et Danai genus
    infame damnatusque longi
    Sisyphus Aeolides laboris.
linquenda tellus et domus et placens
uxor, neque harum, quas colis, arborum

[106]
Prometheus too and Pelops' sire
  In listening lose the sense of woe;
Orion hearkens to the lyre,
  And lets the lynx and lion go.

XIV

AH, Postumus! they fleet away,
  Our years, nor piety one hour
Can win from wrinkles and decay,
  And Death's indomitable power;
Not though three hundred bullocks flame
  Each year, to soothe the tearless king
Who holds huge Geryon's triple frame
  And Tityos in his watery ring,
That circling flood which all must stem
  Who eat the fruits that Nature yields,
Wearers of haughtiest diadem,
  Or humblest tillers of the fields.
In vain we shun war's contact red
  Or storm-tost spray of Hadrian main:
In vain, the season through, we dread
  For our frail lives Scirocco's bane.
Cocytus' black and stagnant ooze
  Must welcome you, and Danaus' seed
Ill-famed, and ancient Sisyphus
  To never-ending toil decreed.
Your land, your house, your lovely bride
  Must lose you; of your cherish'd trees

[107]
te praeter invisas cupressos
ulla brevem dominum sequetur.
absumet heres Caecuba dignior
servata centum clavibus et mero
tinguet pavimentum superbo,
pontificum potiore cenis.

XV
IAM pauca aratro iugera regiae
moles relinquent, undique latius
extenta visentur Lucrino
stagna lacu, platanusque caelebs
evincet ulmos; tum violaria et
myrtus et omnis copia narium
spargent olivetis odorem
fertilibus domino priori;
tum spissa ramis laurea fervidos
excludet ictus. non ita Romuli
praescriptum et intonsi Catonis
auspiciis veterumque norma.
privatus illis census erat brevis,
commune magnum: nulla decempedis
metata privatis opacam
porticus excipiebat Arcton,
nec fortuitum spernere caespitem
leges sinebant, oppida publico
sumptu iubentes et deorum
templa novo decorare saxo.

[108]
None to its fleeting master's side
   Will cleave, but those sad cypresses.
Your heir, a larger soul, will drain
   The hundred-padlock'd Caecuban,
And richer spilth the pavement, stain
   Than e'er at pontiff's supper ran.

XV

Few roods of ground the piles we raise
   Will leave to plough; ponds wider spread
Than Lucrine lake will meet the gaze
   On every side; the plane unwed
Will top the elm; the violet-bed,
   The myrtle, each delicious sweet,
On olive-grounds their scent will shed,
   Where once were fruit-trees yielding meat;
Thick bays will screen the midday range
   Of fiercest suns. Not such the rule
Of Romulus, and Cato sage,
   And all the bearded, good old school.
Each Roman's wealth was little worth,
   His country's much; no colonnade
For private pleasance wooed the North
   With cool "prolixity of shade."
None might the casual sod disdain
   To roof his home; a town alone,
At public charge, a sacred fane
   Were honour'd with the pomp of stone.
Iborati
Carmfnum
Xib.

Otium divos rogat in patenti
prensus Aegaeo, simul atra nubes
condidit lunam neque certa fulgent
sidera nautis;
otium bello furiosa Thrace,
otium Medi pharetra decori,
Grosph, non gemmis neque purpura ve-

nale neque auro.
non enim gazae neque consularis
summovet lictor miseros tumultus
mentis et curas laqueata circum

tecta volantis.
vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
splendet in mensa tenui salinum,
nec levis somnos timor aut cupid
sordidus aufert.

quid brevi fortes iaculamur aevo
multa? quid terras alio calentis
sole mutamus? patriae quis exul
se quoque fugit?

scandit aeratas vitiosa navis
cura nec turmas equitum relinquit,
ocior cervis et agente nimbos

ocior Euro.
laeetus in praesens animus quod ultrast
oderit curare et amara lento

[110]
Odes of Horace, Book II

XVI

For ease, in wide Aegean caught,
The sailor prays, when clouds are hiding
The moon, nor shines of starlight aught
For seaman’s guiding:
For ease the Mede, with quiver gay:
For ease rude Thrace, in battle cruel:
Can purple buy it, Grosphus? Nay,
Nor gold, nor jewel.
No pomp, no lictor clears the way
‘Mid rabble-routs of troublous feelings,
Nor quells the cares that sport and play
Round gilded ceilings.
More happy he whose modest board
His father’s well-worn silver brightens;
No fear, nor lust for sordid hoard,
His light sleep frightens.
Why bend our bows of little span?
Why change our homes for regions under
Another sun? What exiled man
From self can sunder?
Care climbs the bark, and trims the sail,
Curst fiend! nor troops of horse can ’scape her,
More swift than stag, more swift than gale
That drives the vapour.
Blest in the present, look not forth
On ills beyond, but soothe each bitter
temperet risu: nihil est ab omni 
parte beatum.
abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem, 
longa Tithonum minuit senectus, 
et mihi forsan tibi quod negarit, 
porriget hora.
te greges centum Siculaeque circum 
mugiunt vaccae, tibi tollit hinnitum 
apta quadrigis equa, te bis Afro 
murice tinctae 
vestiunt lanae: mihi parva rura et 
spiritum Graiae tenuem Camenae 
Parca non mendax dedit et malignum 
spernere volgus.

**XVII**

**CUR** me querellis examinas tuis?
nec dis amicum est nec mihi te prius 
obire, Maecenas, mearum 
grande decus columnque rerum 
a, te meae si partem animae rapit 
maturior vis, quid moror altera, 
nec carus aeque nec superstes 
integer? ille dies utramque 
ducet ruinam. non ego perfidum 
dixi sacramentum: ibimus, ibimus, 
utcumque precedes, supremum 
carpere iter comites parati.

[112]
With slow, calm smile. No suns on earth
   Unclouded glitter.
Achilles' light was quench'd at noon;
   A long decay Tithonus minish'd;
My hours, it may be, yet will run
   When yours are finish'd.
For you Sicilian heifers low,
   Bleat countless flocks; for you are neighing
Proud coursers; Afric purples glow
   For your arraying
With double dyes; a small domain,
   The soul that breathed in Grecian harping,
My portion these; and high disdain
   Of ribald carping.

XVII

Why rend my heart with that sad sigh?
   It cannot please the gods or me
That you, Maecenas, first should die,
   My pillar of prosperity.
Ah! should I lose one half my soul
   Untimely, can the other stay
Behind it? Life that is not whole,
   Is that as sweet? The self-same day
Shall crush us twain; no idle oath
   Has Horace sworn; whene'er you go,
We both will travel, travel both
   The last dark journey down below.
me nec Chimaerae spiritus igneae
nec si resurgat centimanus Gyas
divellet umquam: sic potenti
Iustitiae placitumque Parcis.
seu Libra seu me Scorpios aspicit
formidulosus, pars violentior
natalis horae, seu tyrannus
Hesperiae Capricornus undae,
utrumque nostrum incredibili modo
consentit astrum. te Iovis impio
tutela Saturno refulgens
eripuit volucrisque fati
tardavit alas, cum populus frequens
laetum theatris ter crepuit sonum:
me truncus inlapsus cerebro
sustulerat, nisi Faunus ictum
dextra levasset, Mercurialium
custos virorum. reddere victimas
aedemque votivam memento:
nos humilem feriemus agnam.

XVIII

Non ebur neque aureum
mea renidet in domo lacunar;
non trabes Hymettiae
premunt columnas ultima recisas
Africa, neque Attali
ignotus heres regiam occupavi,
Odes of Horace, Book II

No, not Chimaera's fiery breath,
Nor Gyas, could he rise again,
Shall part us; Justice, strong as death,
So wills it; so the Fates ordain.
Whether 't was Libra saw me born
Or angry Scorpio, lord malign
Of natal hour, or Capricorn,
The tyrant of the western brine,
Our planets sure with concord strange
Are blended. You by Jove's blest power
Were snatch'd from out the baleful range
Of Saturn, and the evil hour
Was stay'd, when rapturous benches full
Three times the auspicious thunder peal'd;
Me the curst trunk, that smote my skull,
Had slain; but Faunus, strong to shield
The friends of Mercury, check'd the blow
In mid descent. Be sure to pay
The victims and the fane you owe;
Your bard a humbler lamb will slay.

XVIII

Carven ivory have I none;
No golden cornice in my dwelling shines;
Pillars choice of Libyan stone
Upbear no architrave from Attic mines;
'T was not mine to enter in
To Attalus' broad realms, an unknown heir,
nec Laconicas mihi
    trahunt honestae purpuras clientae.
at fides et ingenio
    benigna venast, pauperemque dives
me petit; nihil supra
    deos lacesso nec potentem amicum
largiora flagito,
    satis beatus unicus Sabinis.
truditur dies die
    novaeque pergunt interire lunae:
tu secanda marmor
    locas sub ipsum funus et sepulchri
immemor struis domos,
    marisque Bais obstrepentis urges
summovere litora,
    parum locuples continente ripa.
quid quod usque proximos
    revellis agri terminos et ultra
limites clientium
    salis avarus? pellitur paternos
in sinu ferens deos
    et uxor et vir sordidosque natos.
nulla certior tamen
    rapacis Orci fine destinata
aula divitem manet
    erum. quid ultra tendis? aequa tellus
pauperi recluditur
    regumque pueris, nec satelles Orci
Nor for me fair clients spin
Laconian purples for their patron’s wear.
Truth is mine, and Genius mine;
The rich man comes, and knocks at my low door:
Favour’d thus, I ne’er repine,
Nor weary out indulgent Heaven for more:
In my Sabine homestead blest,
Why should I further tax a generous friend?
Suns are hurrying suns a-west,
And newborn moons make speed to meet their end.
You have hands to square and hew
Vast marble-blocks, hard on your day of doom,
Ever building mansions new,
Nor thinking of the mansion of the tomb.
Now you press on ocean’s bound,
Where waves on Baiae beat, as earth were scant;
Now absorb your neighbour’s ground,
And tear his landmarks up, your own to plant.
Hedges set round clients’ farms
Your avarice tramples; see, the outcasts fly,
Wife and husband, in their arms
Their fathers’ gods, their squalid family.
Yet no hall that wealth e’er plann’d
Waits you more surely than the wider room
Traced by Death’s yet greedier hand.
Why strain so far? you cannot leap the tomb.
Earth removes the impartial sod
Alike for beggar and for monarch’s child:
callidum Promethea
revexit auro captus: hic superbum
Tantalum atque Tantali
genus coercet, hic levare functum
pauperem laboribus
vocatus atque non vocatus audit.

XIX

BACCHUM in remotis carmina rupibus
vide docentem, credite posteri,
nymphasque discentis et auris
capripedum Satyrorum acutas.
euho! recenti mens trepidat metu,
plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum
laetatur: euho! parce Liber,
parche, gravi metuende thyrso!
fas pervicacis est mihi Thyiadas
vinique fontem lactis et uberes
cantare rivos atque truncis
lapsa cavis iterare mella;
fas et beatae coniugis additum
stellis honorem tectaque Penthei
disiecta non leni ruina
Thracis et exitium Lycurgi.
tu flectis amnes, tu mare barbarum,
tu separatis uvidus in iugis
nodo coerces viperino
Bistonidum sine fraude crinis.

[118]
Nor "the slave of Hell’s dark god
Convey’d Prometheus back, with bribe beguiled.

Pelops he and Pelops’ sire
Holds, spite of pride, in close captivity;
Beggars, who of labour tire,
Call’d or uncall’d, he hears and sets them free.

XIX

BACCHUS I saw in mountain glades
Retired (believe it, after years!)
Teaching his strains to Dryad maids,
While goat-hoof’d satyrs prick’d their ears.
Evoe! my eyes with terror glare;
My heart is revelling with the god;
’Tis madness! Evoe! spare, O spare,
Dread wielder of the ivied rod!
Yes, I may sing the Thyiad crew,
The stream of wine, the sparkling rills
That run with milk, and honey-dew
That from the hollow trunk distils;
And I may sing thy consort’s crown,
New set in heaven, and Pentheus’ hall
With ruthless ruin thundering down,
And proud Lycurgus’ funeral.
Thou turn’st the rivers, thou the sea;
Thou, on far summits, moist with wine,
Thy Bacchants’ tresses harmlessly
Dost knot with living serpent-twine.

[119]
tu, cum parentis regna per arduum
cohors Gigantum scanderet impia,
Rhoetum retorsisti leonis
unguibus horribilique mala;
quamquam choreis aptior et ioci
ludoque dictus, non sat idoneus
pugnae ferebaris, sed idem
pacis eras mediusque belli.
te vidit insons Cerberus aureo
cornu decorum leniter atterens
caudam et recedentis trilingui
ore pedes tetigitque crura.

XX

Non usitata nec tenui ferar
pinna biformis per liquidum aethera
vates neque in terris morabor
longius invidiaque maior
urbes relinquam. non ego pauperum
sanguis parentum, non ego quem vocas
"dilecte," Maecenas, obibo
nec Stygia cohibebor unda.
iam iam residunt cruribus asperae
pelles, et album mutor in alitem
superne, nascunturque leves
per digitos umerosque plumae.
iam Daedaleo ocior Icaro
visam gementis litora Bosphori
Odes of Horace, Book II

Thou, when the giants, threatening wrack,
   Were clambering up Jove's citadel,
Didst hurl o'erweening Rhoetus back,
   In tooth and claw a lion fell.
Who knew thy feats in dance and play
   Deem'd thee belike for war's rough game
Unmeet: but peace and battle-fray
   Found thee, their centre, still the same.
Grim Cerberus wagg'd his tail to see
   Thy golden horn, nor dream'd of wrong,
But gently fawning, follow'd thee,
   And lick'd thy feet with triple tongue.

XX

No vulgar wing, nor weakly plied,
   Shall bear me through the liquid sky;
A two-form'd bard, no more to bide
   Within the range of envy's eye
'Mid haunts of men. I, all ungraced
   By gentle blood, I, whom you call
Your friend, Maecenæs, shall not taste
   Of death, nor chafe in Lethe's thrall.
E'en now a rougher skin expands
   Along my legs: above I change
To a white bird; and o'er my hands
   And shoulders grows a plumage strange:
Fleeter than Icarus, see me float
   O'er Bosporus, singing as I go,
Syrtisque Gaetulas canorus
ales Hyperboreosque campos.
me Colchus et, qui dissimulat metum
Marsae cohortis, Dacus et ultimi
noscent Geloni, me peritus
discet Hiber Rhodanique potor.
absint inani funere neniae
luctusque turpes et querimoniae:
compesce clamorem ac sepulchri
mitte supervacuos honores.
Odes of Horace, Book II

And o'er Gaetulian sands remote,
And Hyperborean fields of snow;
By Dacian horde, that masks its fear
Of Marsic steel, shall I be known,
And furthest Scythian: Spain shall hear
My warbling, and the banks of Rhone.
No dirges for my fancied death;
No weak lament, no mournful stave;
All clamorous grief were waste of breath,
And vain the tribute of a grave.

END OF VOLUME I.
Ariel Booklets
### Ariel Booklets

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Order Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Abelard and Heloise. Letters</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>About Children: What Men and Women Have Said</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>About Men: What Women Have Said</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>About Women: What Men Have Said</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Addison. Sir Roger de Coverley Papers</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Æsop's Fables</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arabian Nights. 6 vols.</td>
<td>98-103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arnold. Sweetness and Light</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blake, William. Songs of Innocence and Songs</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>of Experience</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bacon. Some of the Essays of</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bright, John. Speech on America</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown. Rab and His Friends, and Marjorie</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fleming</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Browne. Religio Medici</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Browning, E. B. Sonnets from the Portuguese</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Browning, R. Christmas Eve, and Easter Day</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lyrics</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pippa Passes</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bryant. Thanatopsis, Flood of Years, etc.</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Butler. Nothing to Wear</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calverley. Verses and Fly Leaves</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Author</td>
<td>Title</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------</td>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carleton</td>
<td>Wild Goose Lodge and Other Irish Tales</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carlyle</td>
<td>Nibelungen Lied</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carove</td>
<td>Story without an End</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carroll, Lewis</td>
<td>Alice in Wonderland, Hunting of the Snark and Other Poems Through the Looking Glass and What Alice Found There</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chassimo</td>
<td>Peter Schlemihl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chesney</td>
<td>Battle of Dorking</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chesterfield</td>
<td>Letters and Maxims</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cicero and Emerson</td>
<td>On Friendship</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coleridge</td>
<td>Rime of the Ancient Mariner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Concerning Friendship</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curtis</td>
<td>Our Best Society</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>De Maistre, X</td>
<td>A Journey Round My Room</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>De Montaigne, Michel</td>
<td>Education of Children</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>De Quincey</td>
<td>Conversation, Three Essays</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dickens</td>
<td>Christmas Carol, Cricket on the Hearth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drake</td>
<td>Culprit Fay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drummond, Henry</td>
<td>The Greatest Thing in the World</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edgeworth</td>
<td>Castle Rackrent, etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emerson, R. W.</td>
<td>Essays on Character, Heroism, and Nature</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epictetus</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ORDER NUMBER</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ewing, Julia H.  A Story of a Short Life</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jackanapes</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ferguson.  Father Tom and the Pope</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fouqué.  Sintram</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Undine</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Franklin.  Autobiography</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poor Richard</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Froude, James Anthony.  The Science of History</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gaskell.  Cranford</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gessa Romanorum</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gilbert.  Bab Ballads.  2 vols</td>
<td>96-97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goldsmith.  Good Natured Man</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She Stoops to Conquer</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vicar of Wakefield</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gray.  Elegy in a Country Churchyard</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gulliver's Voyage to Lilliput</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gulliver's Voyage to Brobdingnag</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gulliver's Voyage to Laputa</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gulliver's Voyage to the Houyhnhnms</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hale, E. E.  The Man without a Country</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horace.  Odes.  English Translation and Latin Text.  2 vols.</td>
<td>143-144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ideals of the Republic</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irving.  Bracebridge Hall.  2 vols.</td>
<td>121-122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knickerbocker's New York.  2 vols.</td>
<td>123-124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Legend of Sleepy Hollow</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Christmas</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rip Van Winkle</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sketch Book.  2 vols.</td>
<td>55-56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ORDER NUMBER</td>
<td>Title and Author/Work</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------</td>
<td>-----------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>125-126</td>
<td>Irving. Tales of a Traveller. 2 vols.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>119-120</td>
<td>The Alhambra. 2 vols.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>73</td>
<td>James I. of England. Counterblaste to Tobacco</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>Johnson. Rasselas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>87</td>
<td>Keats. Endymion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Eve of St. Agnes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>131</td>
<td>Kingsley, Charles. Greek Heroes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>Wit and Wisdom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>145</td>
<td>Lincoln, A. Stories and Sayings. Collected and edited by Henry Llewellyn Williams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>138</td>
<td>Longfellow, H. W. Evangeline</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>79</td>
<td>Lover. Barney O'Reirdon, etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68</td>
<td>Lowell. Fable for Critics</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>134</td>
<td>Lytton, E. Bulwer. Richelieu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>135</td>
<td>The Lady of Lyons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Macaulay. Lays of Ancient Rome</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>141</td>
<td>Mahaffy, John P. The Art of Conversation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Marcus Aurelius. Thoughts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>53</td>
<td>Michael Angelo. Sonnets of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72</td>
<td>Milton. Areopagitica</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>L'Allegro and Il Penseroso</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>Munchausen. Travels</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>161</td>
<td>Mulock. The Adventures of a Brownie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>160</td>
<td>The Little Lame Prince</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47</td>
<td>Omar Khayyam. Rubaiyat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>118</td>
<td>Ouida. Dog of Flanders</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>162</td>
<td>The Nürnberg Stove</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>89</td>
<td>Pascal. Thoughts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Author</td>
<td>Title</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------</td>
<td>-----------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pater, W.</td>
<td><em>Child in the House</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Cupid and Psyche</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Penn.</td>
<td><em>Fruits of Solitude. 2 vols.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plato.</td>
<td><em>Apology of Socrates</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>The Phædo</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plumtre, George,</td>
<td><em>Prometheus</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Bound of Aeschylos</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Antigone of Sophocles</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poe.</td>
<td><em>Gold Bug</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Poems</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>The Murders in the Rue Morgue</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>The Purloined Letter, and the Pit and the</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Pendulum</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rochefoucauld.</td>
<td><em>Maxims</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roosevelt.</td>
<td><em>True Americanism</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rossetti.</td>
<td><em>Blessed Damozel</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>House of Life</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruskin.</td>
<td><em>Crown of Wild Olive</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Ideas of Truth</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>King of the Golden River</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sesame and Lilies</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shakespeare.</td>
<td><em>As You Like It</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Hamlet</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Julius Cæsar</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Macbeth</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Merchant of Venice</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Midsummer Night’s Dream</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Much Ado About Nothing</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Romeo and Juliet</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Order Number</td>
<td>Title</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------</td>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>Shakespeare. Sonnets</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>104</td>
<td>Shakespeare. Tempest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>109</td>
<td>Shakespeare. Twelfth Night</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Sheridan. Rivals</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Sheridan. School for Scandal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57</td>
<td>Stephen. Robert Louis Stephenson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>129</td>
<td>Sterne, Laurence. A Sentimental Journey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>139</td>
<td>Stevenson, R. L. A Child’s Garden of Verses</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>69</td>
<td>Stevenson, R. L. Virginibus Puerisque</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>86</td>
<td>Stevenson, R. L. Will o’ the Mill</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>127</td>
<td>Swinburne, A. C. Laus Veneris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>93</td>
<td>Tennyson. In Memoriam</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>Tennyson. Princess</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Thackeray. Charity and Humor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>Thackeray. Novels by Eminent Hands</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Thackeray. Rose and the Ring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>132</td>
<td>Wilde, Oscar. Lady Windermere’s Fan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>133</td>
<td>Wilde, Oscar. The Ballad of Reading Gaol</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>Winthrop. Love and Skates</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>71</td>
<td>Winthrop. Word for the Day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>Zschokke. Tales</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

G. P. Putnam's Sons
New York and London