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Horace

The Odes

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ROBARTS



Sheldon Kenney

THE ODES OF HORACE
IN ENGLISH VERSE WITH LATIN TEXT



THE
ODES OF HORACE

BOOKS I-IV
AND THE SAECULAR HYMN

TRANSLATED
INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY
W. S. MARRIS,

PARALLEL
WITH THE LATIN TEXT

OF
E. C. WICKHAM

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THE ODES OF HORACE

Q. HORATI FLACCI
CARMINUM
LIBRI IV

LIBER PRIMUS

I

MAECENAS atavis edite regibus,
o et praesidium et dulce decus meum,
sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
collegisse iuvat, metaque fervidis
5 evitata rotis palmaque nobilis
terrarum dominos evchit ad deos ;
hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium
certat tergeminis tollere honoribus ;
illum, si proprio condidit horreo,
10 quicquid de Libycis verritur areis.
Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
agros Attalicis condicionibus
numquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypria
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.
15 Luctantem Icaris fluctibus Africum
mercator metuens otium et oppidi

THE ODES OF HORACE

BOOK I

I

MAECENAS, born of royal sires,
My buckler and my star !
One man Olympic dust aspires
To gather on his car,
Grazing the goal with glowing tyres,
And but the victor's palm desires,
Till lord of earth amid the choirs
Of heaven he soars afar.
One, when the fickle mob of Rome
Has borne him, thrice elected, home,
His summit hath attained ;
And one, when in his barns he stores
The yield of Libya's threshing-floors,
His heart's desire has gained.
And him, whose pride it is to plough
The fields his fathers tilled,
No bribes of Attalus would bow
To cleave the wave with Cyprian prow—
A mariner unskilled.
The trader quails at all the gales
That battle with the main,

landat rura sui ; mox reficit rates
 quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.
 Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici
 20 nec partem solido demere de die
 spernit, nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
 stratus, nunc ad aquae lene caput sacrae.
 Multos castra iuvant et lituo tubae
 permixtus sonitus bellaque matribus
 25 detestata. Manet sub Iove frigido
 venator tenerae coniugis immemor,
 seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,
 seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas.
 Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
 30 dis miscent superis, me gelidum nemus
 nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori
 secernunt populo, si neque tibia
 Euterpe cohibet nec Polyhymnia
 Lesbom refugit tendere barbiton.
 35 Quodsi me lyricis vatibus inseres,
 snblimi feriam sidera vertice.

II

IAM satis terris nivi atque dirae
 grandinis misit Pater, et rubente
 dextera sacras iaculatus arces
 terruit Urbem,
 5 terruit gentes, grave ne rediret
 saeculum Pyrrhae nova monstra questae,
 omne cum Protens pecus egit altos
 visere montes,

ODES I. 1, II

And vaunts his village ease and air ;
 But poverty untaught to bear,
 Soon he betakes him to repair
 His battered ships again.
 And one I know who well esteems
 Deep draughts of Massie old,
 While through the working day he dreams
 Beside the source of holy streams
 Or 'neath the arbute's fold.
 And many men love best of all
 The camp ; they long to hear
 The bugle blare, the trumpet call
 To wars that mothers fear.
 The hunter camped 'neath frosty skies
 His gentle wife forgets ;
 Be it a doe his pack surprise,
 Or Marsian boar before their eyes
 Has ripped the strong-tied nets.
 But me, the ivy crown that twines
 The brows of bards, a seat assigns
 Among the gods in heaven :
 The cool of woods, the tripping band
 Of Nymphs and Satyrs hand in hand
 Me from the throng have riven :
 If but Euterpe doth not stay
 Her flute, nor Polyhymnia
 The Lesbian lyre debars ;
 For if 'mid lyric poets thou
 Award me place, my soaring brow
 Shall strike the very stars.

II

Now snow enough upon the land
 And cruel hail the Sire hath hurled :
 The Heights have felt his red right hand,
 And Rome and all the world
 Are quaking lest the days come back
 Whose sights of fear made Pyrrha weep ;
 When Proteus drove his ocean-pack
 Upon the mountains steep,

CARMINUM I. II

10 piscium et summa genus haesit ulmo,
nota quae sedes fuerat columbis,
et superiecto pavidae natarunt
aequore dammae.

Vidimus flavum Tiberim retortis
litore Etrusco violenter undis
15 ire deiectum monumenta regis
templaque Vestae ;

Iliae dum se nimium querenti
iactat ultorem, vagus et sinistra
labitur ripa Iove non probante u-
20 xorius amnis.

Audiet cives acuisse ferrum,
quo graves Persae melius perirent,
audiet pugnas vitio parentum
rara inventus.

25 Quem vocet divum populus ruentis
imperi rebus ? Prece qua fatigent
virgines sanctae minus audientem
carmina Vestam ?

Cui dabit partes scelus expiandi
30 Iuppiter ? Tandem venias precamur
nube candentes numeros amictus,
augur Apollo ;

sive tu mavis, Erycina ridens,
quam Iocus circum volat et Cupido ;
35 sive neglectum genus et nepotes
respicis auctor,

And high in elms the fish did nest
 Where once the ringdoves used to brood,
 And deer swam gasping on the crest
 Of the o'erwhelming flood.

We've seen dun Tiber, tossed amain
 Back from his Tuscan bank in foam,
 Roar on to crumble Vesta's fane
 And ancient Numa's home,

When, bragging how he would requite
 The wrongs that Ilia wept so sore,
 Uxorious flood, in Jove's despite
 He swept his eastern shore.

Our sons, diminished by our sin,
 Will hear a talk of wars, when swords
 Were whet by Romans 'gainst their kin,
 And not for Persian hordes.

What god will hear a nation's wail
 Of falling empire? with what hymn
 Shall holy maids the ears assail
 Of Vesta, deaf to them?

What envoy will the Father bid
 Redeem our sins? We pray thee, hear,
 And come with radiant shoulders hid
 In cloud, Apollo seer!

Come, please thee, laughing Queen of Love,
 Around whom Mirth and Cupid fly;
 Come, Mars, our founder, think thee of
 Thy hapless progeny.

CARMINUM I. II, III

heu nimis longo satiate ludo,
quem invat clamor galeaeque leves,
acer et Mauri peditis eruentum
40 vultus in hostem ;

sive mutata iuvenem figura
ales in terris imitaris almae
filius Maiae, patiens vocari
Caesaris ultor :

45 serus in caelum redeas diuque
laetus intersis populo Quirini,
neve te nostris vitiis iniquum
ocior aura

50 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,
5 navis, quae tibi creditum
debes Vergilium finibus Atticis,
reddas incolumem, precor,
et serves animae dimidium meae.
Illi robur et aes triplex
10 circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci

Doth it not pall—the weary game
 Of cries of battle, helms a-glow,
 And Arab bending eyes of flame
 Upon his bloody foe ?

Or thou, kind Maia's wingèd son !
 Descend awhile to earth and deign
 The form of mortal youth to don,
 And 'venge our Caesar slain !

Defer thy journey to the skies,
 And stay the Roman folk to bless ;
 No whirlwind snatch thee from our eyes,
 Wroth with our wickedness ;

But here with us triumphant bide
 As sire and sovereign prince adored ;
 Nor let the Medes unpunished ride
 Where, Caesar, thou art lord.

III

MAY Helen's starry brethren clear,
 And Venus, Queen of Cyprus, steer
 Thy course, O gallant ship !
 The Sire of every breeze that blows
 Keep all the others 'prisoned close,
 And but the West let slip !
 So thou convey to Attic shore
 My Virgil safe and whole ;
 O dearly guard him, I implore,
 For he is half my soul.
 With oak and triple brass for coat
 Truly the man was clad,
 Who hazarded his fragile boat
 The first on Ocean mad ;

- commisit pelago ratem
 primus, nec timuit praecipitem Africum
 decertantem Aquilonibus
 nec tristes Hyadas nec rabiem Noti,
 15 quo non arbiter Hadriae
 maior, tollere seu ponere vult freta.
 Quem mortis timuit gradum,
 qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,
 20 qui vidit mare turbidum et
 infames scopulos Acrocerannia?
 Nequiquam dens abscidit
 prudens Oceano dissociabili
 terras, si tamen impiae
 non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.
 25 Audax omnia perpeti
 gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.
 Audax Iäpeti genus
 ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit.
 Post ignem aetheria domo
 30 subductum macies et nova februm
 terris incubuit cohors,
 semotique prius tarda necessitas
 leti corripuit gradum.
 Expertus vacuum Daedalus aëra
 35 pennis non homini datis;
 perrupit Acheronta Hercules labor.
 Nil mortalibus ardui est;
 caelum ipsum petimus stultitia neque
 per nostrum patimur scelus
 40 iracunda Iovem ponere fulmina.

And braved the South-wind swooping forth
 To deadly battle with the North,
 And sullen Hyades,
 And Afric blast—the tyrant lord
 That ruleth Adria with his word
 And stirs or stills the seas :
 The man who saw through flying spume
 The awful Rocks of Thunder loom,
 And sea-beasts swimming near,
 And never blenched—what shape of Doom
 Could strike his soul with fear ?
 In vain did God far-seeing keep
 Dissevered land and land
 With this abyss of Ocean deep,
 If sacrilegious ships o'erleap
 The waters he hath banned !
 So Man's indomitable soul
 Runs headlong into sin ;
 So overbold Prometheus stole
 The fire, to give his kin—
 (For when the flame from heaven he drew,
 On Earth there fell a breath
 Of famine and diseases new,
 And the slow doom of Death
 Came nigher then and came more fast)
 So Daedalus in aether vast
 Unhuman pinions spread ;
 So Hercules the Toiler passed
 The waters of the Dead.
 There soars no summit too sublime
 For mortal fools to seek to climb—
 No—not Olympus steep :
 Our sins give angry Jove no time
 To let his lightning sleep.

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.
 5 Iam Cytherea choros ducit Venus imminente Luna,
 iunctaeque Nymphis Gratiae decentes
 alternoterram quatiunt pede, dum graves Cyclopum
 Vulcanus ardens urit officinas.
 Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto
 10 aut flore, terrae quem ferunt solntae.
 Nunc et in umbrosis Fanno decet immolare lucis,
 seu poscat agna sive malit haedo.
 Pallida Mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
 regumque turres. O beate Sesti,
 15 vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat incohare 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 iuventus
 20 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,

8 IV. visit

IV

KEEN Winter thaws, and welcome Spring is come with
Western breeze,

Dry keels are wheeled on rollers to the shore ;
No more the ingle lures the hind, nor stalls the cattle
please,

The meadows gleam with silver frost no more.
Now overhead the Moon is high, and Venus leads the
dance,

And hand in hand the Nymphs and Graces fair
Are tripping rhythmic measures, while the fiery Vulcan
fans

The Cyclops' stithy yet to fiercer flare.
'Tis now the time with myrtle green thy glossy locks to
braid,

And blossoms which the yielding clods unloose,
To sacrifice to Faunus in the holy coppice' shade

A tender kid or lamb, whiche'er he choose.
With even tread the spectre Death strides into pauper's
cot

And prince's hall. Ah, happy Sestius !
For distant good no man may hope ; so short is human
lot.

Soon thou wilt lie in Pluto's scanty house
'Mid gloom and unsubstantial ghosts : in thy new dwell-
ing there

Thou'lt dice for kingship of the cups no more,
Nor languish for young Lycidas, who makes the lads
despair

And soon will make the hearts of maidens sore.

V

WHAT scented stripling woos thee lying,
Pyrrha, in grotto fair,

'Mid many a rose ? for whom art tying
Thy auburn hair

CARMINUM I. v, vi

- 5 simplex munditiis? Heu quotiens fidem
mutatosque deos flebit et aspera
nigris acquora ventis
emirabitur insolens,
- qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea;
10 qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem
sperat nescius aurae
fallacis. Miseri, quibus
- intemptata nites! Me tabula sacer
votiva paries indicat uvida
15 suspendisse potenti
vestimenta maris deo.

VI

- SCRIBERIS Vario fortis et hostium
victor Maeonii carminis alite,
quam rem cumque ferox navibus aut equis
miles te duce gesserit:
- 5 nos, Agrippa, neque haec dicere, nec gravem
Pelidae stomachum cedere nescii,
nec cursus duplicis per mare Ulixei,
nec saevam Pelopis domum
- conamur, tenues grandia, dum pudor
10 imbellisque lyrae Musa potens vetat
landes egregii Caesaris et tuas
culpa deterere ingeni.

With simple grace? Poor boy, how often
 Thine and the gods' caprice
 Shall 'wilder him, like squalls that roughen
 His sunny seas !

He thinks thee gold, he hopes that ever
 Thou wilt be free and kind,
 Nor dreams of veering winds. Ah, never
 Were folk as blind

As they who've proved thee not ! my payment
 In yonder fane is stored :
 A tablet vows my dripping raiment
 To Ocean's lord.

VI

THE flights of Varius have Homer's force,
 And he, not I, thy gallant deeds shall tell,
 And all the prowess of the ships and horse
 That thou didst lead so well.

Not mine to sing, Agrippa, feats like these ;
 Or how his stubborn rage Achilles nursed,
 Or shrewd Ulysses' wanderings over seas,
 Or Pelops' house accursed.

I may not soar so high ; for simple shame
 Of my unwarlike lyre prohibits me
 To tarnish thine and lofty Caesar's fame
 With limping eulogy.

CARMINUM I. VI, VII

Qnis Martem tunica tectum adamantina
digne scripserit, aut pulvere Troico
15 nigrum Merionen, aut ope Palladis
Tydiden superis parem?

Nos convivia, nos proelia virginum
sectis in iuvenes unguibus acrium
cantamus vacui, sive quid nrimur,
20 non praeter solitum leves.

VII

LAUDABUNT alii claram Rhodon aut Mytilenen
aut Epheson bimariseve Corinthi
moenia vel Baccho Thebas vel Apolline Delphos
insignes aut Thessala Tempe.
5 Sunt quibus unum opus est intactae Palladis urbem
carmine perpetuo celebrare et
undique decerptam fronti praeponere olivam.
Plurimus in Iunonis honorem
aptum dicet equis Argos ditiesque Mycenae.
10 Me nec tam patiens Lacedaemon
nec tam Larissae percussit campus opimae,
quam domus Albuncae resonantis
et praeceps Anio ac Tiburni lucus et nda
mobilibus pomaria rivis.
15 Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila caelo
saepe Notus neque parturit imbres
perpetuo, sic tu sapiens finire memento
tristitiam vitaeque labores

Who worthily could write of Mars arrayed
 In hammered mail ? or grimy Merion ?
 Or how against the gods with Pallas' aid
 Tydides held his own ?

Banquets and battles by the maidens waged,
 Whose shaven nails their lovers sorely ply—
 Of these I sing ; beset or disengaged,
 But light of heart as aye.

VII

RHODES the sunny, Mitylene, Ephesus—let others
 vaunt,
 Corinth 'mid her double havens, Thebes that Bacchus
 loved to haunt,
 Delphi honoured of Apollo, or Thessalian Tempe's dell :
 There be some whose only study is a long-drawn tale to
 tell
 Of the maid Athene's city, while they pull the random
 sprays
 Of her olive for their garlands. Many more in Juno's
 praise
 Sing of Mycenaean treasures or of Argos, land of steeds ;
 Give to me nor sturdy Sparta nor Larissa's fertile meads,
 But Albunea 'mid her echoes, Anio leaping from the hill,
 And Tiburnus' woods and orchards wet with many a
 glinting rill.
 Lo, betimes the fair Sou'wester blows the thunder from
 the skies,
 Nor is ever big with deluge. So be thou, my Plancus,
 wise :

CARMINUM I. VII, VIII

molli, Plance, mero, seu te fulgentia signis
 20 castra tenent seu densa tenebit
 Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina patremque
 cum fugeret, tamen uda Lyaeo
 tempora populea fertur vinxisse corona,
 sic tristes affatus amicos :
 25 quo nos cumque feret melior fortuna parente,
 ibimus, o socii comitesque.
 Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro ;
 certus enim promisit Apollo,
 ambiguum tellure nova Salamina futuram.
 30 O fortes peioraque passi
 mecum saepe viri, nunc vino pellite curas ;
 cras ingens iterabimus aequor.

VIII

LYDIA, dic, per omnes
 te deos oro, Sybarin cur properes amando
 perdere ; cur apricum
 oderit campum, patiens pulveris atque solis.
 5 Cur neque militaris
 inter aequales equitat, Gallica nec lupatis
 temperat ora frenis ?
 Cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere ? Cur olivum
 sanguine viperino
 10 cautius vitat neque iam livida gestat armis
 bracchia, saepe disco,
 saepe trans finem iaculo nobilis expedito ?

27 VII. auspice Teucro,

2 VIII. hoc deos oro,

ODES I. VII, VIII

Make an end of toil and sorrow in the easy wine at last;
 Whether now the camp a-flashing with its eagles holds
 thee fast,
 Or the matted shades of Tibur call their lord to their
 embrace.
 Hearken to the tale of Teucer. From his sire and native-
 place
 He was driven; but undaunted to his gloomy men he
 cried,
 (While he bound a wreath of poplar round his brows the
 wine had dyed)
 ‘Fate is kinder than a father: o’er the world where’er
 she call,
 Let us on: despair of nothing, comrades and com-
 panions all;
 Teucer leads and takes the omens, and Apollo’s pledge
 ye hold—
 “Salamis beyond the water shall be rival of the old.”
 Come, ye brave, who oft beside me have endured a
 worser woe,
 Drink and doubt not, for to-morrow o’er the deep again
 we go!’

VIII

By all the gods, O Lydia, pray
 Why hasten Sybaris to slay
 With love?—that he the Campus shuns
 Who once could bear the dust and suns.
 To plunge in Tiber’s yellow tide
 Why fears he now? and will not ride
 Like soldier ’mid his peers, nor wheel
 His Gallic horse with curb of steel?
 Why doth he shun like viper’s blood
 The wrestlers’ oil? Oft, oft he would
 Hurl dart or disc beyond the mark:
 Why be his thews no longer dark?

Quid latet, ut marinae
 filium dicunt Thetidis sub lacrimosa Troiae
 15 funera, ne virilis
 cultus in caedem et Lycias proriperet catervas?

IX

VIDES, ut alta stet nive candidum
 Soracte, nec iam sustineant onus
 silvae laborantes geluque
 flumina constiterint acuto.

5 Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
 large reponens, atque benignius
 deprome quadrimum Sabina,
 o Thaliarche, merum diota.

10 Permite divis cetera, qui simul
 stravere ventos aequore fervido
 deproeliantes, nec cupressi
 nec veteres agitantur orni.

15 Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quaerere et
 quem Fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro
 appone, nec dulces amores
 sperne puer, neque tu choreas,

donec virenti canities abest
 morosa. Nunc et campus et areae
 lenesque sub noctem susurri
 20 composita repetantur hora;

Why lurks he hid, like Thetis' son
 When Ilium's day was all but done,
 Who shrank from harness, lest its call
 Should drive him out to fight and fall?

IX

How deep the snows upon Soracte glisten !
 The groaning forests yield
 Beneath their load, and fast in icy prison
 The streams are pent and sealed.

Come, Thaliarchus, heap the logs on thicker,
 To melt this bitter cold,
 And draw me freely of yon Sabine liquor ;
 The jar is four years old.

Leave all the rest to Jove ; the winds that riot
 With Ocean, at his will
 Are laid ; the ancient ash-trees all are quiet,
 The cypresses are still.

What matter of To-morrow and its chances ?
 Count each To-day among
 Thy gains, and make the most of loves and dances
 Now while thy heart is young,

And crabbed age is far : and get thee roaming
 By city-square and mead,
 To catch a gentle whisper in the gloaming
 At hour and place agreed ;

nunc et latentis proditor intimo
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,

5 te canam, magni Iovis et deorum
nuntium curvaeque lyrae parentem,
callidum, quicquid placuit, iocoso
condere furto.

10 Te, boves olim nisi reddidisses
per dolum amotas, puerum minaci
voce dum terret, viduus pharetra
risit Apollo.

15 Quin et Atridas duce te superbos
Ilio dives Priamus relicto
Thessalosque ignes et iniqua Troiae
castra fefellit.

20 Tu pias laetis animas reponis
sedibus virgaque levem coërces
aurea turbam, superis deorum
gratus et imis.

ODES I. ix, x

A merry laugh that tells the maid who lingers
Hid in some corner deep ;
A token plundered from the wrist or fingers
That feign so fast to keep.

X

O SUASIVE Mercury, from Atlas sprung !
Thy lore informed the savage race
Of new-made men with cunning of the tongue,
And athletes' lissom grace.

Thou herald of the gods, of mighty Jove,
Who gav'st the curving lyre its strings,
I sing thee, and thy skill in whisking off
Thy wayward plunderings.

Apollo lost his cattle by thy craft,
Mad imp, but when in thunder-tone
He raged at thee to fetch them—how he laughed
To find his quiver gone !

With thee for guide, from Troy rich Priam went
And past the proud Atridae crept,
And past the fires that shone on every tent
Where Troy's besiegers slept.

Herding with rod of gold the airy ghosts
Thou guidest unto blest abodes
All holy souls : thou friend of heavenly hosts
And friend of nether gods.

XI

Tu ne quaesieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi
 finem di dederint, Leuconœ, nec Babylonios
 temptaris numeros. Ut melius, quicquid erit, pati!
 seu plures hiemes seu tribuit Iuppiter ultimam,
 5 quae nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare
 Tyrrhenum, sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi
 spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
 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
 5 aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris
 aut super Pindo gelidove in Haemo,
 unde vocalem temere insecutae
 Orphea silvae,
 arte materna rapidos morantem
 10 fluminum lapsus celeresque ventos,
 blandum et auritas fidibus canoris
 ducere quercus?
 Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
 laudibus, qui res hominum ac deorum,
 15 qui mare ac terras variisque mundum
 temperat horis?

XI

FORBEAR to ask, Leuconoe, for this no man may know,
 What term of life the gods have set for thee and me :
 forgo

Thy Babylonish cyphers : better bide whate'er befall,
 Come many winters yet from Jove, or this the last of all
 To fling the tired Tyrrhenian sea upon the crannied reef.
 If thou art wise, then strain the wine. The span of life
 is brief ;

So prune thy far out-reaching hopes—the while we speak
 has run

One niggard minute : elutch to-day, and trust no morrow's
 sun.

XII

WHOM, Clio, wilt thou call to fame

With shrilling fife or string ?

Man, god, or hero ? speak the name

That Echo gay shall fling

O'er Pindus' peak or Haemus' waste

Or Helicon in shade,

Whence all the forests ran in haste

To list when Orpheus played ;

Whose mother taught him skill to coax

Quick rills and winds to hear,

And draw with ringing chords the oaks

Uplifting every ear.

Jove first of all I duly praise ;

Who men and heavenly powers

And sea and land and Cosmos sways

Through all the changing hours.

Unde nil maius generatur ipso,
nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum :
proximos illi tamen occupavit

20 Pallas honores.

Proeliis audax neque te silebo
Liber, et saevis inimica Virgo
beluis, nec te metuende certa
Phoebe sagitta.

25 Dicam et Alciden puerosque Ladae,
hunc equis, illum superare pugnīs
nobilem : quorum simul alba nautis
stella refulsit,

defluit saxis agitatus umor,
30 concidunt venti fugiuntque nubes,
et minax—quod sic voluere—ponto
unda recumbit.

Romulum post hos prius, an quietum
Pompili regnum memorem, an superbos
35 Tarquini fasces, dubito, an Catonis
nobile letum.

Regulum et Scauros animaeque magnae
prodigum Paulum superante Poeno
gratus insigni referam Camena
40 Fabriciumque.

Hunc et incomptis Curium capillis
ntilem bello tulit et Camillum
saeva paupertas et avitus apto
cum lare fundus.

Begot of him naught greater is,
 And like or near is none ;
 Though honours next of place to his
 Minerva makes her own.

Then thee, good Bacchus, bold in fight,
 I sing ; and Dian, foe
 Of savage beasts ; and Phoebus' might
 With his unfailing bow ;

Alcides ; and the Brethren Twain,
 The one for boxing famed,
 One for his car : when o'er the main
 Their silver star has flamed,

Back from the rocks the surges creep,
 Clouds fly and winds are still,
 The swelling billow falls asleep,
 Because it is their will.

Next shall I tell of Romulus
 Or Numa's quiet time ?
 The insolence of Tarquin's house,
 Or Cato's death sublime ?

Then Regulus and the Scauri twain
 My grateful Muse shall crown,
 And Paullus who on Cannae's plain
 His mighty life laid down ;

Fabricius too and Curius rude,
 And Furius—all to arms
 Inured by want and hardihood
 Upon their fathers' farms.

45 Crescit occulto velut arbor aevo
fama Marcelli; micat inter omnes
Iulium sidus velut inter ignes
luna minores.

50 Gentis humanae pater atque custos
orte Saturno, tibi cura magni
Caesaris fatis data: tu secundo
Caesare regnes.

Ille, sen Parthos Latio imminentes
egerit iusto domitos triumpho,
55 sive subiectos Orientis orae
Seras et Indos,

te minor latum reget aequus orbem;
tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,
tu parum castis inimica mittes
60 fulmina lucis.

XIII

CUM tu, Lydia, Telephi
cervicem roseam, cerea Telephi
laudas bracchia, vae meum
fervens difficili bile tumet iecur.
5 Tum nec mens mihi nec color
certa sede manet, umor et in genas
furtim labitur, arguens
quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.
Uror, seu tibi candidos
10 turparunt umeros immodicae mero

Marcellus' fame through days unseen
 Grows like a tree ; the star
 Of Julius, like the moon, is queen
 O'er planets meaner far.

Warden and Sire of mortals, Fate
 Commits, O Jove, to thee
 The care of Caesar ; next in state
 To thine his empire be !

So shall the Medes who menace Rome
 His triumph due adorn,
 With Indians and Chinese who come
 From far-off lands of morn ;
 And he rule all the world aright,
 Yet under thee : thy wheel
 Shall shake the skies ; thy thunder smite
 The groves where sinners kneel.

XIII

To hear thee, Lydia, praise the charms
 Of Telephus—his waxen arms,
 His rosy neck—what fierce alarms
 Convulse my swelling heart !
 My colour and my senses go,
 The silent tears they start,
 To tell thee of the torture slow
 That rends my soul apart.
 I rage to see in brawl uncouth
 Thy snowy shoulders marred.

rixae, sive puer furens
impressit memorem dente labris notam.

Non, si me satis audias,
speres perpetuum, dulcia barbare
15 laedentem oscula, quae Venus
quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit.
Felices ter et amplius,
quos irrupta tenet copula nec malis
divulsus querimoniis
20 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,

5 et malus celeri sancius Africo,
antennaeque gemant, ac sine funibus
vix durare carinae
possint imperiosius

aequor? Non tibi sunt integra lintea,
10 non di, quos iterum pressa voces malo.
Quamvis Pontica pinus,
silvae filia nobilis,

iactes et genus et nomen inutile,
nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
15 fidit. Tu, nisi ventis
debes ludibrium, cave.

To witness how the crazy youth
 With print of his audacious tooth
 Thy lips so deep has scarred.
 Be wise and hearken : firm and true
 How canst thou deem the lover, who
 Could use with such despite
 Soft lips that Venus doth imbrue
 With her own dear delight?
 Thrice happy they, and yet again,
 Whom bonds unbroken tie,
 And love, unsevered by the bane
 Of bitter words, in perfect chain
 Holds, to the day they die.

XIV.

NEW storms will drive thee back anon
 To sea, O ship, beware !
 Fight hard for port : thy oars are gone,
 Thy flanks are bare.
 The gales thy mast have sorely hurt,
 And loud thy yards complain ;
 Scarce can thy hull endure ungirt
 The raging main.
 Come woes anew, thy sails are torn ;
 No gods will hear thy pleas ;
 Though Pontic pine, the purest born
 Of all the trees,
 Yet race and name are mockery :
 Scared sailors take no joy
 In painted poops : heed, lest thou be
 The tempests' toy.

Nuper sollicitum quae mihi taedium,
nunc desiderium curaue non levis,
interfusa nitentes
vites aequora Cycladas.

20

XV

PASTOR cum traheret per freta navibus
Idaeis Helenen perfidus hospitam,
ingrato celeres obruit otio
ventos, ut caneret fera

5

Nereus fata : Mala ducis avi domum,
quam multo repetet Graecia milite,
coniurata tuas rumpere nuptias
et regnum Priami vetus.

10

Heu heu quantus equis, quantus adest viris
sudor ! quanta moves funera Dardanae
genti ! Iam galeam Pallas et aegida
currusque et rabiem parat.

15

Nequiquam Veneris praesidio ferox
pectes caesariem grataque feminis
imbelli cithara carmina divides ;
nequiquam thalamo graves

20

hastas et calami spicula Gnosii
vitabis strepitumque et celerem sequi
Aiace ; tamen heu serus adulteros
crines pulvere collines.

Thou, that hast been my burden long,
 Art now my care, my dream :
 O shun the tides that swirl among
 The isles a-gleam.

XV

WHEN perjured Paris 'neath Idacan sails
 Bore off his hostess Helen o'er the strait,
 To grudging silence Nerens crushed the gales
 And sang their dismal fate.

*'Black day it is thou bearest home a prize
 Whom all the Greeks in arms will claim again,
 Sworn to a man to wreck thy wedding-ties
 And Priam's hoary reign !*

*'How man and horse will rue the recking field,
 And for thy deed how many Dardans die !
 See, Pallas trims her car and helm and shield
 With fury in her eye.*

*'In vain to comb thy tresses in the pride
 Of Venus' aid, or touch the lute of love
 To songs that maids applaud : in vain to hide
 In bridal bower aloof*

*'From massy spears and arrows and the shocks
 Of war, and Ajax speedy in pursuit :
 Late but at last shall thine adulterous locks
 Lie trampled under-foot.*

CARMINUM I. xv, xvi

Non Laërtiaden, exitium tuæ
genti, non Pylium Nestora respicis?
urgent impavidi te Salaminus
Teucer et Sthenelus sciens

25 pugnae, sive opus est imperitare equis,
non auriga piger; Merionen quoque
nosces. Ecce furit te reperire atrox
Tydides melior patre,
quem tu, cervus uti vallis in altera
30 visum parte lupum graminis immemor,
sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,
non hoc pollicitus tuæ.

Iracunda diem proferet Ilio
matronisque Phrygum classis Achillei;
35 post certas hiemes uret Achaïcus
ignis Iliacas domos.

XVI

O MATRE pulchra filia pulchrior,
quem criminosis cumque voles modum
pones iambis, sive flamma
sive mari libet Hadriano.

5 Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius,
non Liber aequæ, non acuta
sic geminant Corybantes aera,

24 Teucer, te

ODES I. xv, xvi

*' See at thy back how Pyliau Nestor steals,
With him Ulysses, bane of all thy house,
And Salamimian Teucer at thy heels
And fearless Sthenelus,*

*' Skilled with the sword and quick if need require
To curb his steeds : and there too Merion see,
And there Tydides, fiercer than his sire,
Lusting to light on thee.*

*' But like a deer who quits his grassy haunts
Once he has spied a wolf across the glen,
Hard-panting thou wilt fly. What, were thy vaunts
To Helen idle then ?*

*' Ay, though Achilles' angry squadron spare
Awhile from ruin Troy and Trojan dames,
The fated year shall see its houses flare
A-blaze with Grecian flames.'*

XVI

O FAIRER than thy mother fair,
E'en as it pleaseth thee
Destroy my libels : let them flare
In fire or sink in sea.

The Pythian shakes his hierophants,
And Dindymene hers,
The clashing brass of Corybants
To very madness stirs,

CARMINUM I. XVI, XVII

tristes ut irae, quas neque Noricus
 10 deterret ensis nec mare naufragum
 nec saevus ignis nec tremendo
 Iuppiter ipse ruens tumultu.

Fertur Prometheus, addere principi
 limo coactus particulam undique
 15 desectam, et insani leonis
 vim stomacho apposuisse nostro.

Irae Thyesten exitio gravi
 stravere et altis urbibus ultimae
 steterae causae, cur perirent
 20 funditus imprimeretque muris

hostile aratrum exercitus insolens.
 Compesce mentem : me quoque pectoris
 temptavit in dulci inventa
 fervor et in celeres iambos

25 misit furem ; nunc ego mitibus
 mutare quaero tristia, dum mihi
 fias recantatis amica
 opprobriis animumque reddas.

XVII

VELOX amoenum saepe Lucretilem
 mutat Lycae Faunus et igneam
 defendit aestatem capellis
 usque meis pluviosque ventos.

ODES I. xvi, xvii

But wrath is worse : nor Noric steel
Nor waves wherein men drown
Can quell it, nor Jove's thunder-peal
And lightning crashing down.

In making man Promethens mixed
With earth, they say, a part
Of all that lives, and in us fixed
A lion's angry heart.

'Twas wrath that smote Thyestes down,
Wrath—primal cause of woe
Which wrecked the towers of many a town,
So that the shouting foe

Drave furrows where once ran the wall.
Forgive me—I was young
When my hot spirit made me fall
To writing verse that stung :

But now would I my taunts amend
To kindness ; wilt thou deign
To take thy penitent for friend
And show me love again ?

XVII

OFt for Lucretilis the sweet
Swift Pan his Arcady deserts ;
And wind and rain and summer heat
He ever from my goats averts.

- 5 Impune tutum per nemus arbutos
 quaerunt latentes et thyma deviae
 olentis uxores mariti,
 nec virides metuunt colubras,

 nec Martiales Haediliae lupos,
 10 ntcumque dulci, Tyndari, fistula
 valles et Usticae cubantis
 levia personuere saxa.

 Di me tuentur, dis pietas mea
 et Musa cordi est. Hic tibi copia
 15 manabit ad plenum benigno
 ruris honorum opulenta cornu.

 Hic in reducta valle Caniculae
 vitabis aestus et fide Teïa
 dices laborantes in uno
 20 Penelopen vitreamque Circen ;

 hic innocentis pocula Lesbii
 duces sub umbra, nec Semeleïus
 cum Marte confundet Thyoneus
 proelia, nec metues protervum

 25 snspecta Cyrum, ne male dispari
 incontinentes iniciat mauus
 et scindat haerentem coronam
 crinibus immeritamque vestem.

Queens of a noisome sultan, 'mid
 The woods at will they roam serene,
 In search of thyme and arbute hid,
 Unterrified by vipers green,

Untroubled by the wolves of Mars,
 My Tyndaris, when once among
 Ustica's slopes and polished scaurs
 The fairy pipes of Pan have rung.

The gods have care of me ; my Muse
 Finds favour, and the prayers I make :
 Here shall a horn of plenty loose
 Its country tribute for thy sake.

Far from the heat in sheltered vale
 Here shalt thou sing to Cretan chord
 Penelope and Circe pale,
 The twain who pined for one same lord ;

Here quaff a wine that ne'er did harm
 Beneath the shade ; here Bacchus lewd
 And Mars shall raise no loud alarm ;
 Nor shalt thou shrink from Cyrus rude,

Lest in his jealousy he press
 Rough hands on one too weak to bear
 Such force, and rend thy blameless dress,
 Or coronal that decks thy hair.

XVIII

NULLAM, Varc, sacra vite prius severis arborem
circa mite solum Tiburis et moenia Catili.

Siccis omnia nam dura deus proposuit, neque
mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines.

5 Quis post vina gravem militiam aut pauperiem crepat?

Quis non te potius, Bacche pater, teque, decens Venus?

At, ne quis modici transiliat munera Liberi,

Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero
debellata, monet Sithoniis non levis Euius,

10 cum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum

discernunt avidi. Non ego te, candide Bassareu,

invitum quatiam, nec variis obsita frondibus

sub divum rapiam. Saeva tene cum Berecynthio

cornu tympana, quae subsequitur caecus Amor sui,

15 et tollens vacuum plus nimio Gloria verticem,

arcanique Fides prodiga, perlucidior vitro.

XIX

MATER saeva Cupidinum

Thebanaeque inbet me Semelae puer

et lasciva Licentia

finitis animum reddere amoribus.

5 Urit me Glyceræ nitor

splendentis Pario marmore purius :

XVIII

AROUND the walls of Catilus, in Tibur's soil benign,
 Varus, before all other trees, plant thou the holy vine.
 God renders life a heavy toil to men who always shun
 The tankard: wine and only wine makes gnawing
 troubles run.

Who croaks amid his cups about grim war or poverty?
 Nay, father Bacchus, thee he sings, and winsome
 Venus, thee!

And yet ere thou abuse the gifts mild Liber hath
 supplied,

Bethink thee how the Lapiths and the Centaurs fought
 and died

Above their wine, and Evius' hand upon the Thracians
 fell,

When they so madly made their lust the line im-
 palpable

'Twixt good and evil. Sunny god in fox-skin mantle
 dight!

I will not wake thee 'gainst thy will nor rudely drag
 to light

Thy secrets from the forest's heart. O hush thy cruel
 drums

And Asian conches! they arouse blind Love of Self,
 who comes

With Vanity that idly rears her empty head on high,
 And Faith unfaithful, like a glass wherein who will

may spy.

XIX

THE Cupids' mother, cruel dame,

And Theban Semele's son

And wanton Ease my mind reclaim

To loves methought were done;

I burn for Glycera, whose glow

Makes dull the Parian stone;

- urit grata protervitas
 et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.
 , In me tota ruens Venus
 10 Cyprum deseruit, nec patitur Scythas
 et versis animosum equis
 Parthum dicere nec quae nihil attinent.
 Hic vivum mihi caespitem, hic
 verbenas, pueri, ponite turaque
 15 bimi cum patera meri :
 mactata veniet lenior hostia.

XX

- VILE potabis modicis Sabinum
 cantharis, Graeca quod ego ipse testa
 conditum levi, datus in theatro
 cum tibi plausus,
 5 care Maecenas eques, ut paterni
 fluminis ripae simul et iocosa
 redderet landes tibi Vaticani
 montis imago.
 Caecubum et prelo domitam Caleno
 10 tu bibes uvam : mea nec Falernae
 temperant vites neque Formiani
 pocula colles.

ODES I. XIX, XX

Her pretty pertness and her brow
Too fair to gaze upon.
Now Venus quits her Cyprus bright
And sweeps upon me in her might,
Nor suffers me to chant
The Scyths nor Parthians bold in flight
Nor aught irrelevant.
Pile up green turf for sacrifice,
Ye slaves, and lay the herbs and spice
With wine of yester year ;
For haply when a victim dies |
Her wrath I need not fear.

XX

THY welcome here will be a modest cup,
Will be but homely wine ;
I filled the Grecian jar and sealed it up
Myself, Maecenas mine,
The day men cheered thee in the theatre, till
Thine own loved Tiber's banks
And echo gay on Vatican's high hill
Gave back the voice of thanks.
Anon I'll give thee Caecuban, and vines
That Cales' presses crushed ;
With lofty Formiae's or Falernum's wines
My cups have never flushed.

XXI

DIANAM tenerae dicite virgines,
intonsum, pueri, dicite Cynthium
Latonamque supremo
dilectam penitus Iovi.

5 Vos laetam fluviis et nemorum coma,
quaecumque aut gelido prominet Algido,
nigris aut Erymanthi
silvis aut viridis Cragi.

10 Vos Tempe totidem tollite laudibus
natalemque, mares, Delon Apollinis,
insignemque pharetra
fraternaue umerum lyra.

Hic bellum lacrimosum, hic miseram famem
pestemque a populo et principe Caesare in
15 Persas atque Britannos
vestra motus aget prece.

XXII

INTEGER vitae scelerisque purus
non eget Mauris iaculis neque arcu
nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra,

5 sive per Syrtes iter aestuosas
sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum vel quae loca fabulosus
lambit Hydaspes.

XXI

YE gentle maids, of Dian sing;
 Sing, lads, Apollo's blowing hair,
 And Leto, loved of Heaven's high king
 Beyond compare.

Sing, maids, of her who loves the floods
 And firs on Algidus so keen,
 On Erymanthus dark with woods,
 Or Cragus green.

Of Tempe sing, ye boyish choir,
 And Delos, Phoebus' natal place,
 And how the bow and Hermes' lyre
 His shoulder grace.

So woful war and plague and need
 From people and from prince shall he
 Divert to Briton and to Mede,
 Moved by your plea.

XXII

HE who is innocent and pure
 Needs not to go equipped
 With spear or quiver of the Moor
 And arrows poison-tipped.

Not though he fare through Syrtes' waves,
 Cold Caucasus' expanse,
 Or regions that Hydaspes laves,
 That river of romance.

10 Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra
terminum curis vagor expeditis,
fugit incrimem,

15 quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit aesculetis,
nec Iubae tellus generat leonum
arida nutrix.

20 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 hinnuleo me similis, Chloë,
quaerenti pavidam montibus aviis
matrem non sine vano
aurarum et silviae metu.

5 nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit
adventus foliis seu virides rubum
dimovere lacertae,
et corde et genibus tremit.

5 veris inhorruit ad ventum coni. Benth. et al.

ODES I. XXII, XXIII

I roamed beyond my farm at ease,
I sang of Lalage,
And met unarmed among the trees
A wolf, who fled from me.

Martial Apulia, forest-land,
Bred never monster worse ;
Nor such was weaned 'mid Juba's sand,
The lions' thirsty nurse.

Set me on steppes, where summer air
No leaf hath ever kissed,
The zone that lies in dull despair
Of sombre sky and mist ;

Set me where flames so fierce a heat
That there no dwellers be :
Yet will I love her—smiling-sweet,
Sweet-speaking Lalage.

XXIII

THOU fliest, Chloe, from my sight,
Like fawn who seeks o'er uplands lone
His fretting dam, and thrills with fright
At every leaf that's blown :

If but a gleaming lizard parts
The underwood, or waving trees
Dance to the breath of Spring, he starts
With quaking heart and knees.

10

Atqui non ego te tigris ut aspera
Gaetulusve leo frangere persequor :
• tandem desine matrem
tempestiva sequi viro.

XXIV

5

QUIS desiderio sit pudor aut modus
tam cari capitis? Praecepit lugubres
cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
vocem cum cithara dedit.

10

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.

15

Quid si Threicio blandius Orpheo
auditam moderere arboribus fidem,
num vanae redeat sanguis imagini,
quam virga semel horrida,

20

non lenis precibus fata recludere,
nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi?
Dnrum : sed levius fit patientia,
quicquid corrigere est nefas.

No tiger I nor lion wild,
 Who thus pursues to work thee woe;
 'Tis time to leave thy mother, child,
 A lover's love to know.

XXIV

W^HY stint or stay our grief for him we love?
 Melpomene, the lyre
 And liquid notes are thine by grace of Jove:
 Do thou the dirge inspire.

So on Quintilius sleep eternal lies!
 O Modesty and Honesty austere
 Sister of Justice, Truth without disguise—
 When will ye find his peer?

Though many a good man wept that he should die,
 No man than thou, my Virgil, wept him more;
 '*Not lent for this*' thou sayest—idle cry!
 The gods will not restore.

Not though with more than Thracian Orpheus' charm
 Thy touch upon the lyre drew trees to hear,
 Shall blood again the airy spirit warm,
 Which with his wand of fear

The herald, deaf to pleadings to unbar
 The doors of Doom, among the shades has penned.
 Hard! Ay, but easier by endurance are
 The ills we cannot mend.

XXV

Parcius iunctas quatiunt fenestras
iactibus crebris iuvenes protervi,
nec tibi somnos adimunt, amatque
ianna limen,

5 quae prius multum facilis movebat
cardines; audis minus et minus iam:
'me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
Lydia, dormis?'

10 Invicem moechos anus arrogantes
flebis in solo levis angiportu,
Thracio bacchante magis sub inter-
lunia vento,

15 cum tibi flagrans amor et libido,
quae solet matres furiare equorum,
saeviet circa iecur ulcerosum,
non sine questu,

20 laeta quod pubes hedera virente
gaudeat pulla magis atque myrto,
aridas frondes hiemis sodali
dedicet Hebro.

XXVI

MUSIS amicus tristitiam et metus
tradam protervis in mare Creticenn
portare ventis, quis sub Arcto
rex gelidae metuatur orae,

20 Euro, conl. Rutgers

XXV

THY casement rarer than of yore
 Resounds to lovers' eager blows :
 No more they break thy sleep : the door
 Clings to the lintel close,

Though once its hinge would turn so light ;
 And less and less the cry comes now
 ' *I die of love the live-long night,*
Ah, Lydia, sleepest thou ?'

Thy turn will come man's scorn to wail,
 Poor crouching hag in alley lone,
 'Twixt moon and moon, 'neath Northern gale
 Fiercer and fiercer blown ;

And such a flame of wild desire
 As drives the mares to madness blind,
 Shall wrap thy heart with burning fire
 And thou wilt sigh to find

How joyous Youth prefers the spray
 Of ivy green or myrtle pale,
 And flings the withered leaves away
 On Hebrus' icy vale.

XXVI

BELOVED of the Muses, all sorrow and dread
 I fling to the petulant breezes to blow
 Abroad o'er the seas, never vexing my head
 What king is revered in the regions of snow,

- 5 quid Tiridaten terreat, unice
 securus. O, quae fontibus integris
 gaudes, apricos necte flores,
 necte meo Lamiae coronam,
- 10 Pimplea dulcis! Nil sine te mei
 prosunt honores: hunc fidibus novis,
 hunc Lesbio sacrare plectro
 teque tuasque decet sorores.

XXVII

- NATIS in usum laetitiae scyphis
 pugnare Thracum est: tollite barbarum
 morem, verecundumque Bacchum
 sanguineis prohibete rixis!
- 5 Vino et lucernis Medus acinaces
 immane quantum discrepat: impium
 lenite clamorem, sodales,
 et cubito remanete presso!
- 10 Vultis severi me quoque sumere
 partem Falerni? Dicat Opuntiae
 frater Megillae, quo beatus
 vulnere, qua pereat sagitta.
- 15 Cessat voluntas? Non alia bibam
 mercede. Quae te cumque domat Venus,
 non erubescendis adurit
 ignibus, ingenuoque semper

ODES I. xxvi, xxvii

Nor caring a whit for the terrors that scare
Tiridates. O queen of the silvery floods
Wherein thou delightest, for Lamia's hair
Come, weave in a garland thy sunniest buds.

Dear lady of Pimpla ! my song in his fame
Without thee is nothing. 'Tis only his due
That thou and thy sisters should honour his name
With Lesbian quill on a virginal new.

XXVII

THE bowl was born to make man gay,
And o'er it none but Thracians fight :
Hush, gentlemen ! a bloody fray
Is no fit scene for Bacchus' sight.

Those Median knives with lamps and wine
Accord abominably : cease
This monstrous clamour, comrades mine,
And on your elbows rest at peace.

You call on me to take my part
Of fierce Falernian ? then expound,
Megilla's brother ! whose the dart
That gave thee such a happy wound ?

How, silent ? but no other fee
Shall make me drink ! I know her chaste,
Thy Venus—whosoe'er she be ;
Thy faults were never faults of taste.

amore peccas. Quicquid habes, age,
 depone tutis auribus. A ! miser,
 quanta laborabas Charybdi,
 20 digne puer meliore flamma !

Quae saga, quis te solvere Thessalis
 magnus venenis, quis poterit deus ?
 Vix illigatum te triformi
 Pegasus expediet Chimaera.

XXVIII

Te maris et terrae numeroque carentis harenae
 mensorem cohibent, Archyta,
 pulveris exigui prope litus parva Matinum
 munera, nec quicquam tibi prodest
 5 aërias temptasse domos animoque rotundum
 percurrisse polum morituro.
 Occidit et Pelopis genitor, conviva deorum,
 Tithonusque remotus in auras,
 et Iovis arcanis Minos admissus, habentque
 10 Tartara Panthoiden iterum Orco
 demissum, quamvis, clipeo Troiana refixo
 tempora testatus, nihil ultra
 nervos atque cutem morti concesserat atrae,
 iudice te non sordidus auctor
 15 naturae verique. Sed omnes una manet nox
 et calcanda semel via leti.
 Dant alios Furiae torvo spectacula Marti ;
 exitio est avidum mare nantis ;

Come, to these ears thy secret tell,
 For they are loyal. Lad, for shame ;
 Embroiled with that Charybdis fell !
 Thy meed had been a nobler flame.

What mage with herbs of Thessaly,
 What witch or god could tear her toils ?
 Scarce Pegasus could set thee free
 From yon Chimaera's triple coils !

XXVIII

THOU could'st measure earth and ocean and th' innn-
 merable sand,
 Yet a little dust, Archytas, here beside the Matine
 strand
 Cabins thee ; thy soul adventured all the mansions of
 the sky
 And the vault of heaven vainly, since it was thy doom
 to die.
 Gone is Tantalus who feasted with the gods ; Tithonus
 too,
 He who rode the air ; and Minos, though the heart of
 Jove he knew ;
 Twice has Pluto haled Euphorbus, ay, and holds him
 fast below,
 Though he claimed the ancient buckler he had borne at
 Troy, to show
 That to grisly Death he'd yielded skin and sinew, only
 these ;
 No mean master—so thou sayest—of eternal Verities.
 But for all one night abideth and one road by all is trod.
 Some the Furies rend, to gladden Mars whose eyes
 delight in blood ;

- mixta senum ac iuvenum densentur funera ; nullum
 20 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
 25 partem dare : sic, quodcumque minabitur Furus
 fluctibus Hesperii, Ventusinae
 pleetantur silvae te sospite, multaque merces,
 unde potest, tibi defluat aequo
 ab Iove Neptunoque sacri custode Tarenti.
 30 Neglegis immeritis nocituram
 postmodo te natis fraudem committere ? Fors et
 debita iura vicesque superbae
 te maneant ipsum : precibus non linquar inultis,
 teque piaecula nulla resolvent.
 35 Quamquam festinas, non est mora longa ; licebit
 iniecto ter pulvere curras.

XXIX

- Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invides
 gazis, et acribus militiam paras
 non ante devictis Sabaeae
 regibus, horribilique Medo
 5 nectis catenas ? Quae tibi virginum
 sponso necato barbara serviet ?
 Puer quis ex aula capillis
 ad cyathum statuetur unctis,

ODES I. XXVIII, XXIX

Hungry seas devour the sailor : young and old alike are
sped
Crowding to the pyres : the Death Queen never spares
a mortal head.
So with me—the tempest gathered as Orion sought his
lair
And o'erwhelmed me in the billows ; and my skull and
bones lie bare.
Sailor, cast on these, I pray thee, but a pinch of drifting
sand ;
So though forests reel when Eurus roars against the
western strand,
Thou shalt 'scape, and wares abounding fall to thee
from founts divine,
Jove the just, and Neptune, warden of Tarentum's holy
shrine.
Is it naught to leave offences for thy sinless sons to rue ?
Nay, perchance high Retribution may exact her fearful
due
Of thy guilty self—no other. Then my curse will find
its prey
And no penance will acquit thee. What, thou grudgest
the delay ?
'Tis a minute's task to sprinkle thrice the dust—and
then away !

XXIX

WHAT, Iccius ! envying Arabs their gold,
And brooding on battles and desperate deeds
'Gainst kings of Sabaea unconquered of old
And hammering fetters for terrible Medes ?
What maiden of all the barbarian girls
Shall wail her dead lover, and wait on thy will ?
What page of the palace with scent on his curls
Shall stand at thy elbow the flagon to fill,

CARMINUM I. XXIX-XXXI

doctus sagittas tendere Scricas
 10 arcu paterno? Quis neget arduis
 pronos relabi posse rivos
 montibus et Tiberim reverti,
 cum tu coemptos undique nobilis
 libros Panaeti Socraticam et domum
 15 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.
 5 Fervidus tecum puer et solutis
 Gratiae zonis properentque Nymphae
 et parum comis sine te Inventas
 Mercuriusque.

XXXI

QUID dedicatum poscit Apollinem
 vates? Quid orat de patera novum
 fundens liquorem? Non opimae
 Sardiniae segetes feraces,
 5 non aestuosae grata Calabriae
 armenta, non aurum aut ebur Indicum,
 non rura, quae Liris quieta
 mordet aqua taciturnus amnis.

ODES I. XXIX-XXXI

Though better he learned in his boyhood to bend
The bow of his fathers to shafts of Cathay?
Who denies that meandering rivers may wend
Uphill, or that Tiber may run the wrong way,
When thou—to more excellent purposes vowed—
Art putting thy scholar's collection to sale,
Ay, Socrates' school and Panaetius proud,
To purchase thee hauberks of Arragon mail?

XXX

O VENUS, queen of many an isle,
Forsake thy Cyprian seat awhile,
For Glycera calls on thee to come,
And incense fills her pretty home.

Bring glowing Cupid, and bid speed
Each Nymph and Grace with girdles freed,
And Mercury, and comely Youth
Whose comeliness is thine in truth.

XXXI

To Phoebus, throned within his shrine,
His poet pours the new-made wine
And prays—for what? he doth not crave
Sardinia's fields of corn a-wave,

Nor sunny South with kine untold,
Nor India's ivory and gold,
Nor leas that Liris crumbles aye
So still, so placidly away.

- 10 Premant Calena falce quibus dedit
 fortuna vitem, dives et aureis
 mercator exsiccet enullis
 vina Syra reparata merce,
 dls carus ipsis, quippe ter et quater
 anno revisens aequor Atlanticum
 15 impune. Me pascunt olivae,
 me cichorea levesque malvae.
 Frui paratis et valido mihi,
 Latoë, dones, at, precor, integra
 cum mente, nec turpem senectam
 20 degere nec cithara carentem.

XXXII

- POSCIMUR. Si quid vacni sub umbra
 lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
 vivat et plures, age, dic Latinum,
 barbite, carmen,
 5 Lesbio primum modulate civi,
 qui ferox bello tamen inter arma,
 sive iactatam religarat udo
 litore navim,
 Liberum et Musas Veneremque et illi
 10 semper haerentem puerum canebat
 et Lycum nigris oculis nigroque
 crine decorum.

The lords of vineyards, favoured souls,
 May clip their clusters : golden bowls
 Suit well a merchant-prince to try
 The wines his Syrian imports buy

(How heaven must love him ! thrice and more
 Each year the western ocean o'er
 He sails unscathed). But feast for me
 Shall olives, beans, and endives be.

Give me enjoyment of my own,
 I pray, ere strength and wits be gone ;
 Keep mine old age from ill-repute,
 Nor, Phoebus, let its lyre be mute.

XXXII

THEY bid us : if beneath the bough
 We've both made merry songs, to stay
 A year or more, my either, now
 Come, sing a Latin lay.

First on thy chords the Lesbian smote,
 That fighter fierce, who 'mid his wars,
 Or when he'd lashed his battered boat
 Again to oozy shores,

Would sing the Muses, Venus fair,
 And Cupid by her clinging tight,
 And Bacchus, and the eyes and hair
 Of Lycus, dark as night.

O decus Phoebi et dapibus supremi
grata testudo Iovis, o laborum
15 dulce lenimen, mihi eumque salve
rite vocanti.

XXXIII

ALBI, ne doleas plus nimio memor
immitis Glyceræ, neu miserabiles
decantes elegos, eur tibi iunior
laesa præniteat fide,
5 insignem tenui fronte Lycoridæ
Cyri torret amor, Cyrus in asperam
declinat Pholoën ; sed prius Apulis
iungentur capreae lupis,
quam turpi Pholoë peccet adultero.
10 Sic visum Veneri, cui placet impares
formas atque animos sub iuga ænea
saevo mittere eum ioco.
Ipsam me, melior eum peteret Venus,
grata detinuit compede Myrtale
15 libertina, fretis aerior Hadriae
curvantis Calabros sinus.

XXXIV

PARCUS deorum cultor et infrequens,
insanientis dum sapientiae
consultus erro, nunc retrorsum
vela dare atque iterare eursus

Pride of Apollo! loved at all
 The feasts of Jove enthroned on high,
 Sweet balm in sorrow, when I call,
 Good shell, hear thou my cry.

XXXIII

TIBULLUS, peace—enough of brooding now
 O'er unrelenting Glycera; enough
 Of singing sadly how she broke her vow
 And took a younger love.

See pretty Lyeoris of the narrow brows
 In love with Cyrus; Cyrus turns away
 To Pholoë the prude: but wolves and does
 Will mate before the day

That Pholoë accepts so base a lord.
 So pleases Venus: 'tis her bitter joke
 To couple forms and minds that least accord
 Beneath her brazen yoke.

I too when nobler Love was wooing me
 In willing bondage to a freed-girl lay:
 Though Myrtale was shrewish as the sea
 That gnaws Calabria's bay.

XXXIV

My prayers were rare and scant, and I
 The fool of mad philosophy;
 But I must bend my sails and back
 Betake me to the ancient track.

- 5 cogor relictos : namque Diespiter,
 igni corusco nubila dividens
 plerumque, per purum tonantes
 egit equos volucremque currum,
- 10 quo bruta tellus et vaga flumina,
 quo Styx et invisi horrida Taenari
 sedes Atlanteusque finis
 conentitur. Valet ima summis
- mutare et insignem attenuat deus
 obscura promens ; hinc apicem rapax
- 15 fortuna cum stridore acuto
 sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet.

XXXV

- O DIVA, gratum quae regis Antium,
 praesens vel imo tollere de gradu
 mortale corpus vel superbos
 vertere funeribus triumphos,
- 5 te pauper ambit sollicita prece
 ruris colonus, te dominam aequoris,
 quicumque Bithyna laccessit
 Carpathium pelagus carina.
- 10 Te Dacus asper, te profugi Seythae,
 urbesque gentesque et Latium ferox
 regumque matres barbarorum et
 purpurei metuunt tyranni,

When skies are black with storm, the Sire
 Hath often cleft them with his fire,
 But now with car and steeds of thunder
 He rives the fleckless blue asunder,

Till sluggard Earth and streams that flow,
 Dark Taenarus, abode of woe,
 And Styx, and Atlas' mountain-wall
 Are rocking. Ay, God bringeth all

The mighty low, and lifts the mean ;
 He rends the veil of things unseen ;
 And Fortune speeds on clanging wing
 To crown the beggar, strip the king.

XXXV

GODDESS of pleasant Antium,
 Whose might from lowliest place can lift
 Our weak mortality, or doom
 Our proudest hours to anguish swift ;

Poor struggling peasants crowd to thee
 With troubled prayers, and he who braves
 In Thynian keel the Cretan sea,
 For thou art mistress of the waves.

The Dacians rude, the Scythian hordes,
 Imperious Latium, tribe and town,
 And mothers of barbaric lords
 And purple tyrants fear thy frown ;

15 minrioso ne pede proruas
stantem columnam, neu populus frequens
ad arma cessantes, ad arma
concitet imperiumque frangat.

20 Te semper anteit saeva Necessitas,
clavos trabales et cuneos manu
gestans aëna, nec severus
uncus abest liquidumque plumbum.

Te Spes et albo rara Fides colit
velata panno, nec comitem abnegat,
utcumque mutata potentes
veste domos inimica linquis.

25 At vulgus infidum et meretrix retro
periura cedit, diffugiunt cadis
cum faece siccatis amici
ferre iugum pariter dolosi.

30 Serves iturum Caesarem in ultimos
orbis Britannos et iuvenum recens
examen Eois timendum
partibus Oceanoque rubro.

35 Ehen 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 retusum in
40 Massagetis Arabasque ferrum!

Lest 'neath thy heel ignobly lie
 The column that now springs elate ;
 And loiterers rally to the cry
 ' *To arms, to arms!*' and wreck the State.

Before thee, Doom morosely tramps,
 Her brazen fingers clenching fast
 Gigantic nails and griping clamps
 And molten lead and wedges vast :

And white-veiled Honour rare to view
 And Hope attend thee : fast they bide,
 When changing mood and mantle too
 Thou fliest from the halls of pride.

But fickle mobs and mistresses
 Soon go, and comrades melt in air
 When casks are emptied to the lees—
 Too false are they the yoke to share.

Defend our Caesar setting forth
 To fright, with levies yet unworn,
 The Britons of the farthest North,
 The Indian sea, and lands of Morn.

A curse on wars that brothers fought !
 What way of sin have we not trod ?
 When have we left a wrong unwrought,
 Or held our hands for fear of God ?

What altars have we ever spared ?
 O, forge anew our edgeless swords
 On other anvils, to be bared
 Against the Huns and Arab hordes !

XXXVI

- ET ture et fidibus invat
 placare et vituli sanguine debito
 enstodes Numidae deos,
 qui nunc Hesperia sospes ab ultima
 5 caris multa sodalibus,
 nulli plura tamen dividit oscula
 quam dulci Lamiae, memor
 actae non alio rege puertiae
 mutataeque simul togae.
 10 Cressa ne careat pulchra dies nota,
 neu promptae modus amphorae,
 neu morem in Saliū sit requies pedum,
 neu multi Damalis meri
 Bassum Threicia vincat amystide,
 15 neu desint epulis rosae,
 neu vivax apium, neu breve lilium.
 Omnes in Damalin putres
 deponent oculos, nec Damalis novo
 divelletur adultero
 20 lascivis hederis ambitiosior.

XXXVII

NUNC est bibendum, nunc pede libero
 pulsanda tellus, nunc Saliaribus
 ornare pulvinar deorum
 tempus erat dapibus, sodales.

XXXVI

Now it is good with song and spice
 To offer heaven reward,
 And slay the steer of sacrifice
 For Numida, restored
 In safety from the farthest coast
 Of Spain, to greet a thronging host
 Of comrades old, but Lamia most,
 For he recalls again
 The boyish service side by side,
 The boyish raiment laid aside
 Together by the twain.
 O mark with chalk of whitest hue
 This day of our desire !
 Unstinting still the cups renew,
 And dance ye as the Salii do
 With feet that never tire.
 Though Damalis drink deep and fast,
 Yet ne'er shall Bassus be surpassed
 In Thracian wars of wine ;
 Let roses, roses crown the scene
 And parsley-leaves that keep their green
 And lilies soon to pine ;
 And all shall bend their longing view
 On Damalis, but she
 Will never leave her lover new,
 But clings to him as close and true
 As ivy grips the tree.

XXXVII

Now drink, and now let earth resound,
 My friends, with merry tread !
 While couches of the gods are crowned
 With feasts like pontiffs spread.

- 5 Antehac nefas depromere Caecubum
 cellis avitis, dum Capitolio
 regina dementes ruinas
 funus et imperio parabat
- 10 contaminato cum grege turpium
 morbo virorum, quidlibet impotens
 sperare fortunaque dulci
 ebria. Sed minuit furorem
- 15 vix una sospes navis ab ignibus,
 mentemque lymphatam Mareotico
 redegit in veros timores
 Caesar, ab Italia volantem
- 20 remis adurgens, accipiter velut
 molles columbas aut leporem citus
 venator in campis nivalis
 Haemoniac, daret ut catenis
- fatale monstrum : quae generosius
 perire quaerens nec muliebriter
 expavit ense nec latentes
 classe cita reparavit oras ;
- 25 ansa et iacentem visere regiam
 vultu sereno, fortis et asperas
 tractare serpentes, ut atrum
 corpore combiberet venenum,
- 30 deliberata morte ferocior,
 saevis Liburnis scilicet invidens
 privata deduci superbo
 non humilis mulier triumpho.

Till now, 'twere sin the wine to take
 From its ancestral home,
 While Cleopatra schemed to wreck
 The fanes and realm of Rome.

With all her crew of eunuchs base,
 By mad ambition ruled,
 And dazed with ferment of success :
 Until her frenzy cooled

When scarce a ship escaped the blaze ;
 And Caesar called her back
 From drunken dreams to true amaze,
 As hard upon her track

He plied his oars—as falcon scares
 The fluttered doves to flight,
 Or 'mid the snow men hunt the hares—
 Intent to fetter tight

The fiend of Fate. Not hers to quail
 From steel as women do ;
 To shores afar she bent no sail ;
 A finer end she knew :

She nerved herself unmoved to look
 Upon her wrecked domains ;
 And gripped the asps and deeply took
 Their venom in her veins :

No brutal ships, no triumph high,
 With her should work their will :
 Flushed with her dark resolve to die,
 Unqueened, but queenly still.

XXXVIII

PERSICOS odi, puer, apparatus,
displicent nexae philyra eoronae;
mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
sera moretur.

5

Simplici myrto nihil allabores
sedulus curo : neque te ministrum
dedecet myrtus neque me sub arta
vite bibentem.

XXXVIII

BOY, I detest this Persian gear ;
I loathe these wreaths of linden plait :
Forgo thy searching far and near
For roses late.

I ask of thee no showy wreath ;
The simple myrtle serves to twine
Thee waiting and me drinking, 'neath
This tangled vine.

CARMINUM

LIBER SECUNDUS

I

MOTUM ex Metello consule civicum
bellique causas et vitia et modos
ludumque Fortunae gravesque
principum amicitias et arma

5 nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus,
periculosae plenum opus aleae,
tractas, et incedis per ignes
suppositos cineri doloso.

10 Paulum severae Musa tragoediae
desit theatri: mox ubi publicas
res ordinaris, grande munus
Cecropio repetes cothurno,

insigne maestis praesidium reis
et consulenti, Pollio, curiae,
15 cui laurus aeternos honores
Delmatico peperit triumpho.

ODES

BOOK II

I

SCRIBE of the civil wars that date
Back to Metellus' year—their seeds
And course and crimes : the whims of Fate ;
The leaders leagued in deadly deeds ;

The swords a-drip with blood that yet
Cries '*vengeance*'—'tis a parlous game
Thou playest ! ay, thy feet are set
On ash that cloaks the lava flame.

Now bid thy Tragic Muse make room
Awhile, and first in order tell
Our chronicles, and then resume
The buskin thou hast worn so well.

The felon shrinking at the bar,
The peers in council seek thy aid,
Great Pollio ! whom th' Illyrian war
Has crowned with bays that cannot fade.

CARMINUM II. 1

Iam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
perstringis aures, iam litui strepunt,
iam fulgor armorum fugaces
20 terret equos equitumque vultus.

Audire magnos iam videor duces
non indecoro pulvere sordidos,
et cuncta terrarum subacta
praeter atrocem animum Catonis.

Iuno et deorum quisquis amicior
25 Afris inulta cesserat impotens
tellure victorum nepotes
rettulit inferias Ingurthae.

Quis non Latino sanguine pinguior
30 campus sepulcris impia proelia
testatur auditumque Medis
Hesperiae sonitum ruinae?

Qui gurgēs aut quae flumina Ingubris
ignara belli? Quod mare Dauniae
35 non decoloravere caedes?
Quae caret ora cruore nostro?

Sed ne relictis, Musa procax, iocis
Caeae retractes munera neniae,
mecum Dionaeo sub antro
40 quaere modos levioꝛe plectro.

ODES II. 1

Already dost thou stun our ears
With clarion-blare and trumpet-peal,
And from the lightning of thy spears
Appalled the horse and rider reel.

I hear the tale of chiefs of pride
Begrimed with dust but not with shame,
And all the world subdued beside,
Save Cato's soul that naught could tame.

Ay, Juno and the gods who once
Left Africa they loved and lost,
Have carried back the conquerors' sons
As offering to Jugurtha's ghost.

Fat with our gore the meadows lie ;
Our godless wars their graves attest ;
Yea, to the utmost East they cry
The ruin of the crashing West.

Each brook and eddy brings to mind
Some woful fight : there rolls no flood
But carnage has incarnadined ;
No coast is clean of Roman blood.

Yet, ere thy jests be quite forgot,
Rash Muse, in this funereal strain,
Away with me to Venus' grot
And choose a song of gayer vein.

II

NULLUS argento color est avaris
 abdito terris, inimice lamnae
 Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato
 splendeat usu.

5 Vivet extento Proculeius aëvo,
 notus in fratres animi paterni ;
 illum aget penna metuente solvi
 fama superstes.

10 Latius regnes avidum domando
 spiritum, quam si Libyam remotis
 Gadibus iungas et uterque Poenus
 serviat uni.

15 Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops,
 nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi
 fugerit venis et aquosus albo
 corpore languor.

20 Redditum Cyri solio Phraaten
 dissidens plebi numero beatorum
 eximit Virtus, populumque falsis
 dedocet uti

vocibus, regnum et diadema tutum
 deferens uni propriamque laurum,
 quisquis ingentes oculo irretorto
 spectat acervos.

II

As silver ore is dull and rough
When hoarded deep in earth below,
So, Sallust, thou dost hate the stuff,
Till use has made it glow.

Long, long may Proenleius thrive !
He loved his brothers like a sire ;
And fame shall bear him hence alive
On wings that never tire.

Break thou thy soul of greed, and reign
More widely than by making one
Far Libya and farther Spain
And ruling both alone.

Indulgence makes the dropsy worse ;
And who would quench the thirsty flame
Must drive its canse, the watery curse,
From the poor sufferer's frame.

On Cyrus' throne Phraates reigns,
But Virtue scorns to join the herd
Who hail him '*blessed*' : she disdains
So to abuse that word.

To him alone, to have and hold,
She grants the crown and realm and bays,
Who passes by the piles of gold
And turns not back to gaze.

III

AEQUAM memento rebus in arduis
servare mentem, non secus in bonis
ab insolenti temperatam
laetitia, moriture Delli,

5 seu maestus omni tempore vixeris,
seu te in remoto gramine per dies
festos reclinatum bearis
interiore nota Falerni.

10 Quo pinus ingens albaque populus
umbram hospitalem consociare amant
ramis? Quid obliquo laborat
lympa fugax trepidare rivo?

15 Huc vina et unguenta et nimium breves
flores amoenae ferre iube rosae,
dum res et aetas et sororum
fila trium patiuntur atra.

20 Cedes coëmptis saltibus et domo
villaque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
cedes, et exstructis 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.

III

BE tranquil when the times are bad,
 And when thy days are prosperous
 Be not inordinately glad,
 For thou must die, my Delliüs,

Alike if all thy years have gone
 In sorrow, or thy feasts are spent
 At ease upon some quiet lawn
 With wine of the more excellent.

Else wherefore do the pine-tree slim
 And poplar white enlace their sprays
 In kindly shade? why frets the stream
 To wimple down its winding ways?

Bid bring the wines and scents and bloom
 Of roses sweet that fade apace,
 While yon dark Sisters of the loom
 And time and fortune show us grace.

Thy purchased parks, thy palace tall,
 Thy house by tawny Tiber's wave—
 Thon must forgo, forgo them all :
 Those golden heaps thy heir shall have.

Be thou of Inachus' high name,
 Or meanest wretch that bides beneath
 The naked sky, 'tis all the same :
 Thou art the prey of ruthless Death.

25 Omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
versatur urna serius ocius
sors exitura et nos in aeternum
exsilium impositura cumbae.

IV

NE sit ancillae tibi amor pudorī,
Xanthia Phocē, prius insolentem
serva Briseis niveo colore
movit Achillem ;

5 movit Aiacem Telamone natum
forma captivae dominum Tecmessae ;
arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
virgine rapta,

10 barbarae postquam cecidere turmae
Thessalo victore et ademptus Hector
tradidit fessis leviora tolli
Pergama Graīs.

15 Nescias, an te generum beati
Phyllidis flavae decorent parentes :
regium certe genus et penates
maeret iniquos.

20 Crede non illam tibi de scelesta
plebe dilectam, neque sic fidelem,
sic lūcro aversam potuisse nasci
matre pudenda.

ODES II. III, IV

We all are sped to one same mark,
And late or soon from one same urn
Out leaps the lot, and we embark
For exile whence is no return.

IV

BLUSH not, my Phoeus, to have loved
Thy serving-girl : think how
The snow-white slave Briseis moved
Achilles proud ere now.

His comely prize Tecmessa swayed
The son of Telamon ;
Atrides' heart a captive maid
In that proud moment won,

When all the foreign ranks gave way
Before the Greeks, and Hector's throes
Delivered Troy an easier prey
To its war-weary foes.

Thy fair-haired Phyllis' family
May yet add lustre unto thine ;
I trow she mourns a royal tree
And household gods malign.

Be sure so lovable a thing
Is not of vicious stock ; be sure
Such faith and honour could not spring
From mother aught but pure.

Braccia et vultum teretesque suras
integer laudo ; fuge suspicari,
cuius octavum trepidavit aetas
clandere lustrum.

V

NONDUM subacta ferre iugum valet
cervice, nondum munia comparis
aequare nec tauri ruentis
in venerem tolerare pondus.

5 Circa virentes est animus tuae
campos iuvencae, nunc fluviiis gravem
solantis aestum, nunc in udo
ludere cum vitulis salicto

10 praegestientis. Tolle cupidinem
immitis nvae : iam tibi lividos
distingnet Autumnus racemos
purpureo varius colore.

15 Iam te sequetur : currit enim ferox
aetas et illi, quos tibi dempserit,
apponet annos ; iam proterva
fronte petet Lalage maritum :

20 dilecta, quantum non Pholoë fugax,
non Chloris albo sic humero nitens,
ut pura nocturno renidet
luna mari, Cnidiusve Gyges,

Her arms, her face, her shapely feet
 I praise unsmitten : never fear
 A friend whose age is hasting fleet
 To close its fortieth year.

V

NOT yet ! She is too young to bow
 Beneath the yoke her head elate,
 To share the labours of the plough,
 Or brook the passion of a mate.

Thy heifer's heart is wholly bent
 On grassy meads : she loves the cool
 Of rivers or is best content
 When plashing in an osier-pool

Among the calves. Oh, never sigh
 For turning grapes ! In gorgeous hue
 Comes Autumn speedily to dye
 The bluish clusters deeper blue.

Soon she herself will dog thy feet :
 That pride of youth that reckons gain
 The years thou mournest, passes fleet,
 And Lalage will chase her swain,

More sweetly than shy Pholoë,
 Or Chloris of the shoulders white
 As moon upon the midnight sea,
 Or Gyges in his beauty bright,

CARMINUM II. v, vi

quem si puellarum insereres choro,
 mire sagaces falleret hospites
 discrimen obscurum solutis
 crinibus ambiguoque vultu.

VI

SEPTIMI, Gades aditure mecum et
 Cantabrum indoctum iuga ferre nostra et
 barbaras Syrtes, ubi Maura semper
 aestuat unda ;

5 Tibur Argeo positum colono
 sit meae sedes utinam senectae,
 sit modus lasso maris et viarum
 militiaeque !

10 Unde si Parcae prohibent iniquae,
 dulce pellitis ovibus Galaesi
 flumen et regnata petam Laconi
 rura Phalantho.

15 Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes
 angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
 mella decedunt viridique certat
 baca Venafro ;

ver ubi longum tepidasque praebet
 Iuppiter brumas, et amicus Aulon
 fertili Baccho minimum Falernis
 20 invidet uvis.

19 fertilis

Whose winsome face and floating curls
 So cunningly his sex disguise,
 To pick him from a troop of girls
 Would puzzle e'en the sharpest eyes.

VI

FRIEND that art ready to go forth with me
 To Gades or the Basques who spurn
 Our empire still, or Syrtes' savage sea
 Where Moorish breakers churn ;

May Tibur be the home of my old age,
 The town that Argives built of yore ;
 There would I end this weary pilgrimage
 Of roads and waves and war.

If cruel Fate forbids that goal, I'll seek
 The brook Galaesus, loved resort
 Of coated flocks, the land where once the Greek
 Phalanthus held his court.

That nook of earth of all beneath the sky
 Allures me most, whose honey yields
 Not to Hymettus, and whose olives vie
 With green Venafran fields ;

There Spring is long and softly Winters fall
 By grace of Jove, and Aulon's vine
 By Bacchus' blessing envies not at all
 Falernum's famous wine.

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,

5 Pompei meorum prime sodalium ?
 Cum quo morantem saepe diem mero
 fregi coronatus nitentes
 Malobathro Syrio capillos.

10 Tecum Philippos et celerem fugam
 sensi relictæ non bene parmula,
 cum fracta virtus, et minaces
 turpe solum tetigere mento.

15 Sed me per hostes Mercurius celer
 denso paventem sustulit aere ;
 te rursus in bellum resorbens
 unda fretis tulit aestuosus.

20 Ergo obligatam redde Iovi dapem
 longaque fessum militia latus
 depone sub lauru mea nec
 parce cadis tibi destinatis.

ODES II. VI, VII

They call us both ; those happy hills require
Me and thee too : be there and lend
A tear to drop upon the glowing pyre
Of me, thy bard and friend.

VII

O THOU with whom I often faced
The darkest days in Brutus' train,
Who has restored thee undisgraced
To Roman skies and gods again ?

Pompey, of all my comrades king !
Oft I and thou at drink have beat
The lagging day, with wreaths of spring
Upon our hair and perfumes sweet.

Philippi's wreck and rout we shared :
My shield aside I basely thrust ;
When even Valour's self despaired,
And fiercest captains bit the dust.

But nimble Hermes hid me safe
In thickest mist, and bore me far
From fears and foes : the ebbing wave
Sucked thee into the surf of war.

Then pay to Jove the bounden feast,
And stretch beneath my laurel tree
Thy limbs from weary war released
Nor spare the pitchers nursed for thee.

CARMINUM II. VII, VIII

Oblivioso levra Massico
 ciboria exple ; funde capaeibus
 unguenta de conchis. Quis udo
 deproperare apio coronas

25 curatve myrto? Quem Venns arbitrum
 dicet vivendi ; Non ego sanius
 baecchabor Edonis : recepto
 dulce mihi furere est amico.

VIII

ULLA si iuris tibi peierati
 poena, Barine, nocuisset unquam,
 dente si nigro fieres vel uno
 turpior ungui,

5 erederem. Sed tu, simul obligasti
 perfidum votis caput, enitescis
 pulchrior multo iuvenumque prodis
 publica cura.

10 Expedit matris cineres opertos
 fallere et toto taciturna noctis
 signa cum caelo gelidaque divos
 morte carentes.

15 Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa, rident
 simplices Nymphae, ferus et Cupido
 semper ardentes acuens sagittas
 cote cruenta.

Fill up the gleaming cups with wine
 That brings repose : let unguents fall
 From spacious shells. Who runs to twine
 Soft parsley for our coronal,

Or myrtle? whom will Venus send
 To rule our cups? my madman's mood
 Shall match the Bacchant's : when a friend
 Comes home, to play the fool is good.

VIII

IF punishment for outraged truth,
 Barine, e'er had wrought thee hurt,
 If by one darkening nail or tooth
 Less beautiful thou wert,

I'd trust thee. But thy faithless face
 Is only fairer for its lies,
 As thou dost pass in haughty grace
 And draw all boyish eyes.

Forsworn by thy dead mother's tomb,
 By yon mute stars in heaven set,
 By gods secure from chill of doom—
 Forsworn—thou prosperest yet !

Well may they smile to watch thy arts—
 Venus, the Nymphs of guileless mood,
 And Cupid grinding fiery darts
 On whetstone red with blood.

CARMINUM II. VIII, IX

Adde, quod pubes tibi crescit omnis,
servitus crescit nova, nec priores
impiae tectum dominae relinquunt
saepe minati.

20

Te suis matres metuunt iuvenis,
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,

5

amice Valgi, stat glacies iners
menses per omnes aut Aquilonibus
querqueta Gargani laborant
et foliis viduantur orni :

10

tu semper urges flebilibus modis
Mysten ademptum, nec tibi Vespero
surgente decedunt amores
nec rapidum fugiente Solem.

15

At non ter aëro functus amabilem
ploravit omnes Antiochum senex
annos, nec impubem parentes
Troilon aut Phrygiae sorores

ODES II. VIII, IX

So, as new lads to manhood come
Thy slaves increase : their fathers still
Abandon not thy godless home,
Though oft they swear they will.

Of thee old misers go in awe,
And dames with sons : and each new bride
Is wretched lest thy glamour draw
Her husband from her side.

IX

Not every day the storm-clouds spend
O'er cloddy fields the rain :
The squalls that tear the Caspian end,
Nor on Armenia's plain,

Good friend, through all the seasons lasts
The ice, nor always leaves
Garganus' oak-wood to the blasts,
Nor rowans lose their leaves.

But still thou makest piteous wails
For Mystes torn away,
When Hesper climbs or when he pales
Before the march of Day.

He who lived thrice the common span
Mourned not through all his years
Antilochus : not always ran
His sire's and sisters' tears

20 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
 exiguus equitare campis.

X

RECTIUS vives, Licini, neque altum
 semper urgendo neque, dum procellas
 cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
 litus iniquum.

 5 Auream quisquis mediocritatem
 diligat, tutus caret obsoleti
 sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
 sobrius aula.

 10 Saepius ventis agitur ingens
 pinus et celsae graviore casu
 decidunt turres feriuntque summos
 fulgura montes.

 15 Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
 alteram sortem bene praeparatum
 pectus. Informes hiemes reducit
 Iuppiter, idem

ODES II. ix, x

For Troilus the young. Have done
With lamentations weak ;
Sing Caesar's trophies newly won
And cold Niphates' peak ;

How, added to a conquered world,
Euphrates 'bates his tide,
And Huns, beyond our frontiers hurled,
O'er straitened deserts ride.

X

FRIEND, steer not always for the deep,
Nor shrink, when storms pursue,
Too near false shores : so shalt thou keep
Thy bearing true.

Who loves the golden mean, aloof
From squalid hut abides,
And wisely shuns the lordly roof,
Where Envy hides.

Tall pines are tempest-tossed the worst,
High towers crash most loud,
Breaks on the mountain's summit first
The thunder-cloud.

In ill, wise hearts hope better things,
In weal, they fear for worse ;
The ugly snows one Father brings
And will disperse.

CARMINUM II. x, xi

summovet. Non, si male nunc, et olim
sic erit : quondam cithara tacentem
suscitat musam neque semper arcum
tendit Apollo.

20

Rebus angustis animosus atque
fortis appare ; sapienter idem
contrahes vento nimium secundo
turgida vela.

XI

Quid bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes,
Hirpine Quincti, cogitet Hadria
divisus obiecto, remittas
quaerere, nec trepides in usum

5

poscentis aevi pauca. Fugit retro
levis inventas et decor, arida
pellente lascivos amores
canitie facilemque somnum.

10

Non semper idem floribus est honor
vernīs neque uno Luna rubens nitet
vultu : quid aeternis minorem
consiliis animum fatigas ?

15

Cur non sub alta vel platano vel hac
pinu iacentes sic temere et rosa
canos odorati capillos,
dum licet, Assyriaque nardo

ODES II. x, xi

And here and now though all be wrong,
Not always lasts the woe,
When Phoebus wakes the Muse to song
And slacks his bow.

Be brave and strong in trouble's stress;
Yet wisely have a care
To reef thy sail before the press
Of wind too fair.

XI

THE Goths beyond the sea may plot,
The warlike Basques may plan,
Friend, never heed them ! vex thee not
For this our mortal span

Of little wants. Youth's halcyon day
Soon goes with all its gleams,
And wizened Age drives far away
Light loves and easy dreams.

The warmth of April buds will wane,
The ruddy Moon will change :
Why must thou tax a puny brain
With schemes beyond its range?

No ! 'neath the lofty lime or pine
Reposing while we may
Bedewed with scent, while roses twine
Our hair already grey,

potamus uncti? Dissipat Euius
 curas edaces. Quis puer ocinus
 restinguet ardentis Falerni
 20 pocula praetereunte lympa?
 Quis devium scortum eliciet domo
 Lyden? Eburna, die age, cum lyra
 maturet in comptum Lacaenae
 more comas religata nodum.

XII

NO LIS longa ferae bella Numantiae
 nec durum Hannibalem nec Siculum mare
 Poeno purpureum sanguine mollibus
 aptari citharae modis,
 5 nec saevos Lapithas et nimium mero
 Hylaeum domitosque Herculea manu
 telluris iuvenes, unde periculum
 fulgens contremuit domus
 Saturni veteris; tuque pedestribus
 10 diceb historiis proelia Caesaris,
 Maecenas, melius ductaque per vias
 regum colla minacium.
 Me dulces dominae Musa Licymniae
 cantus, me voluit dicere lucidum
 15 fulgentes oculos et bene mutuis
 fidum pectus amoribus;

23 incomptum

ODES II. XI, XII

Here lie and drink. Wine blows away
The gnats of care. Go, slave,
Quick, this Falernian's fire allay
In yonder rushing wave.

Coax Lyde from her lurking-place,
With ivory lute arrayed,
Her tresses knotted with the grace
That marks the Spartan maid.

XII

BLOOD-DROPS of Carthage dyed Sicilian seas ;
Fear came with Hannibal ; Numantia grim
Saw weary fighting—but such themes as these
How should the soft lute hymn ?

Nor how Hylaeus over-drunken warred
With Lapiths wild, nor how Alcides' might
Routed the Titans, charging till they jarred
Old Saturn's halls of light.

Withal, Maccenas, thou wilt best relate
In lordly prose of Caesar's martial feats,
And how he bowed the monarchs in their state
And led them through the streets.

For me the Muse hath other task : 'tis mine
To sing the shining eyes and voice so sweet
Of thy Licymnia, whose heart and thine
Ever as one shall beat.

quam nec ferre pedem dedecuit choris
nec certare ioco nec dare bracchia
ludentem nitidis virginibus saero
20 Dianae celebris die.

Num tu, quae tenuit dives Achaemenes,
aut pinguis Phrygiae Mygdonias opes
permutare velis crine Licymniae,
plenas aut Arabum domos,

25 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 opprobriumque pagi;

5 illum et parentis crediderim sui
fregisse cervicem et penetralia
sparsisse nocturno eruore
hospitis; ille venena Coleha

et quicquid usquam concipitur nefas
tractavit, agro qui statuit meo
10 te triste lignum, te caducum
in domini caput immerentis.

28 occupat

Gracious alike whene'er the dance she treads,
 Or flashes out a jest, or lifts in play
 Her arms amid the throng of radiant maids
 On Dian's festal day.

For all the treasure of Achaemenes,
 Or Phrygia with Mygdon's riches rare,
 Or Araby the blest—would'st give for these
 One strand of all her hair,

When to thy burning kiss she bows her neck,
 Or now denies thee in caprice of love
 What, more than thee, she wishes thee to take,
 And sometimes robs thee of?

XIII

ACCURSED his hand who made thee grow
 And black the day he planted thee,
 Foredoomed to work his children woe
 And shame the village, vicious tree!

Who set thee up on my estate,
 Disastrous log! to tumble on
 Thy master's undeserving pate?
 I dare not think what he has done.

He broke his father's neck: he smote
 His guest beside the midnight hearth:
 With dark Medea's drugs he wrought,
 And every bane devised on earth.

- Quid quisque vitet, numquam homini satis
cautum est in horas : navita Bosporum
15 Poenus perhorrescit, neque ultra
cacca timet aliunde fata,
miles sagittas et celerem fngam
Parthi, catenas Parthus et Italum
robur ; sed improvisa leti
20 vis rapuit rapietque gentes.
Quam paene furvae regna Proserpinae
et indicantem vidimus Aeacum
sedesque discriptas piorum et
Aeoliis fidibus querentem
25 Sappho puellis de popularibus,
et te sonantem plenius aureo,
Alcaeae, plectro dura navis,
dura fugae mala, dura belli !
Utrumque sacro digna silentio
30 mirantur umbrae dicere ; sed magis
pugnas et exactos tyrannos
deusum umeris bibit aure vulgus.
Quid mirum, ubi illis carminibus stupens
demittit atras belua centiceps
35 aures et intorti capillis
Eumenidum recreantur angues ?
Quin et Prometheus et Pelopis parens
dulci laborem decipitur sono ;
nec curat Orion leones
40 aut timidos agitare lyncas.

23 discretas

38 laborum

From hour to hour not one of us
 Takes thought of his peculiar doom ;
 Bold sailors dread the Bosporns
 Nor heed what other fate may loom ;
 We fear the Mede who shoots and flies,
 And he the prison-walls of Rome ;
 And still in unimagined guise
 Comes Death on man, and aye will come.

How near the sombre Queen of Hell
 And Aeacus the judge was I !
 The mansions where the blessed dwell,
 And Sappho wailing dolefully

Of her unloving maids : and thee
 Alcaens, as thou chantest o'er,
 With golden quill, the toils of sea,
 The toils of exile, toils of war.

The Shades attend in solemn awe
 As meet they may when either sings,
 But keener list and closer draw
 To songs of fights and banished kings.

Nay, e'en the hundred-headed hound
 Slinks every ear and listens thrilled ;
 And all the snakes that writhe around
 The Furies' heads are charmed and stilled.

Prometheus too amid his woes
 And Pelops' sire have rest a space ;
 Orion hearkens and forgoes
 The lion and the lynx to chase.

XIV

EHEU fugaces, Postume, Postume,
labuntur anni nec pietas moram
rugis et instanti senectae
afferet indomitaeque morti :

5 non, si treeenis, quotquot eunt dies,
amice, places illaerimabilem
Plutona tauris, qui ter amplum
Geryonen Tityonque tristi

10 compescit unda, scilicet omnibus,
quicumque terrae munere vescimur,
enaviganda, sive reges
sive inopes erimus colui.

15 Frustra cruento Marte carebimus
fractisque rauci fluctibus Hadriae,
frustra per autumnos nocentem
corporibus metuemus Austrum :

visendus ater flumine languido
Cocytos errans et Danaï genus
infame damnatusque longi
20 Sisyphus Aeolides laboris.

Linquenda tellus et domus et placens
uxor, neque harum, quas colis, arborum
te praeter invisas cupressos
ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

XIV

THEY go, my Postumus, they go,
 The flying years! no pious faith
 Can stay the furrows on the brow
 And rushing Age and conquering Death,

Not, though with every sun that shines,
 Thou slay three hecatombs to woo
 The tearless Pluto, who confines
 Huge Geryon and Tityus too,

With yon sad flood that every man
 Who feeds upon the gifts of earth
 Must sail, be he of royal clan
 Or hind of poor and lowly birth.

In vain from bloody war we run,
 Or booming Adria's broken seas;
 In vain through days of Autumn shun
 Sirocco's poison-laden breeze.

We yet must see Cocytus coil
 His crawling stream, and Sisyphus
 Condemned eternally to toil,
 And the fell race of Danaus.

Land, house and winsome wife must all
 Be left; and of thy cherished trees
 None follows its brief owner's pall
 Except the woful cypresses.

25

Absumet heres Caecuba dignior
servata centum clavibus et mero
tinget pavementum superbo,
pontificum potiore cenis.

XV

IAM pauca aratro iugera regiae
moles relinquent, undique latius
extenta visentur Lucrino
stagna lacu, platanusque caelebs

5

evincet ulmos ; tum violaria et
myrtus et omnis copia narium
spargent olivetis odorem
fertilibus domino priori ;

10

tum spissa ramis laurea fervidos
excludet ictus. Non ita Romuli
praescriptum et intonsi Catonis
auspiciis veterumque norma.

15

Privatus illis census erat brevis,
commune magnum : nulla decempedis
metata privatis opacam
porticus excipiebat Arcton,

20

nec fortuitum spernere caespitem
leges sinebant, oppida publico
sumptu iubentes et deorum
templa novo decorare saxo.

Thy worthier heir will drain the store
 Of wine that thou did'st guard so dear ;
 Yea, spill it on his marble floor,
 Though pontiffs never drank its peer.

XV

SOON princely palaces will make
 Ploughed acres rare, and ponds will spread
 As wide as is the Lucrine lake,
 And lindens that no vine has wed

Will rout the elms ; while gardens rich
 In violet and myrtle pour
 A world of scent o'er olives which
 Gave elder owners goodly store,

And thickly matted laurel boughs
 Keep out the sun. Ah, other ways
 Had Cato rough and Romulus
 In those untidy, good old days !

With them the State was rich, the man
 Was poor—he had no colonnade
 Set North and stretching many a span
 To pamper him with air and shade.

Their laws allowed no man to scorn
 The wayside turf for building ; stone
 The State provided, to adorn
 The temples and the towns alone.

XVI

OTIUM divos rogat in patenti
 prensus Aegaeo, simul atra nubes
 condidit lunam neque certa fulgent
 sidera nantis ;

5 otium bello furiosa Thrace,
 otium Medi pharetra decori,
 Grosphe, non gemmis neque purpura ve-
 nale neque auro.

10 Non enim gazae neque consularis
 summovet lictor miseros tumultus
 mentis et curas laqueata circum
 tectata volantes.

15 vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
 splendet in mensa tenui salinum.
 nec leves somnos timor aut cupido
 sordidus aufert.

20 Quid brevi fortes iaculamur aevo
 multa? Quid terras alio calentes
 sole mutamus? Patriae quis exsul
 se quoque fugit?

Seandit aeratas vitiosa naves
 cura nec turmas equitum relinquit,
 ocior cervis et agente nimbos
 ocior Euro.

XVI

‘REST, rest!’ so prays the wind-bound tar
 On Ocean’s waste, when murk and wrack
 Bury the Moon and show no star
 To guide him on his track.

For rest prays Thrace, with war distraught,
 And Medes whose quivers catch the sun;
 The rest that gold nor gems e’er bought,
 The rest no purples won.

Nor lictors at the consul’s heel
 Nor pomp and wealth can thrust aloof
 The soul’s unrest, the cares that wheel
 Around a fretted roof.

Then well with him, on whose plain board
 One bowl of antique silver gleams;
 No sordid terrors for his board
 Break on his easy dreams.

Why aim our little bolts so high?
 Why haste to lands ’neath other suns?
 From fatherland a man may fly,
 From self he never runs.

Black Trouble climbs the brazen ships
 And holds the troops of horse in chase,
 Swift as the stag, or wind that whips
 The driven clouds apace.

CARMINUM II. xvi, xvii

25 Lactus in praesens animus quod ultra est
 oderit curare et amara lento
 temperet risu ; nihil est ab omni
 parte beatum.

30 Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem,
 longa Tithonum minuit senectus,
 et mihi forsán, tibi quod negarit,
 porriget hora.

35 Te greges centum Siculaeque circum
 mugiunt vaccae, tibi tollit hinnitum
 apta quadrigis equa, te bis Afro
 murice tinctae

40 vestiunt lanae : mihi parva rura et
 spiritum Graiae tennem Camenae
 Parca non mendax dedit et malignum
 spernere vulgus.

XVII

CUR me querellis exanimas tuís?
 Nec dis amicum est nec mihi te prius
 obire, Maecenas, mearum
 grande decus columenque rerum.

5 A ! te meae si partem animae rapit
 maturior vis, quid moror altera,
 nec carus aequè nec superstes
 integer ? Ille dies utramque

Relish each hour and never care
 What lies beyond : with gentle jest
 Mellow the bitter things ; for ne'er
 Was mortal wholly blest.

Death took Achilles in his prime ;
 Tithonus lingered wretchedly
 To wasting age. What thou from Time
 Hast missed, may fall to me.

Thine are great herds of lowing kine
 And sheep ; a mare that neighs her pride
 Doth draw thy car : thy raiment fine
 Is purple double-dyed.

Yet Fate is true, and hath assigned
 To me a breath of Grecian song,
 Estate sufficient, and a mind
 To scorn the carping throng.

XVII

O HUSH thy sighs, they break my heart !
 Maecenas, heaven and I would hate
 That thou should'st die the first, who art
 The Sun, the Pillar of my fate.

If hasty Death take half my soul
 In thee, how longer should I stay,
 A broken fragment, not a whole,
 And hating half-existence ? Nay,

10 ducet ruinam. Non ego perfidum
dixi sacramentum : ibimus, ibimus,
utcumque praecedes, supremum
carpere iter comites parati.

15 Me nec Chimaerae spiritus igneae
nec, si resurgat, centimanus Gyas
divellet unquam : sic potenti
Iustitiae placitumque Parcis.

20 Seu Libra seu me Scorpions aspicit
formidolosus, pars violentior
natalis horae, seu tyrannus
Hesperiae Capricornus undae,

ntrumque nostrum incredibili modo
consentit astrum. Te Iovis impio
tutela Saturno refulgens
eripuit volucrisque Fati

25 tardavit alas, cum populus frequens
lactum theatri ter crepuit sonum :
me truncus illapsus cerebro
sustulerat, nisi Faunus ictum

30 dextra levasset, Mercurialium
custos virorum. Reddere victimas
aedemque votivam memento :
nos humilem feriemus agnam.

14 gigas *codd. plerique*

One day shall end us twain ! the oath
 I swore to thee was true and fast :
 Lead on, and let us journey both
 Shoulder to shoulder, to the last.

Chimaera with her flaming breath
 Nor Gyas hundred-armed set free
 Again shall part us e'en in death :
 So Justice and the Fates decree.

Whatever planet saw me born,
 And sways my life—perchance the Scales,
 Or Scorpion grim, or Capricorn,
 The tyrant of the Western gales—

In wondrous wise our stars agree :
 For beaming back 'gainst Saturn's hate
 The care of Jove delivered thee
 And clogged the wings of rushing Fate,

When loud with cheers and cheers again
 The theatre echoed row on row ;
 And me—yon tree had crushed my brain
 But Fannus' hand kept off the blow,

For ever he defends the sons
 Of Mercury. Then duly pay
 Thy votive steers and altar-stones,
 And I a little lamb will slay.

XVIII

NON ebur neque aureum
 mea renidet in domo lacunar,
 non trabes Hymettiae
 premunt columnas ultima recisas
 5 Africa, neque Attali
 ignotus heres regiam occupavi,
 nec Laconicas mihi
 trahunt honestae purpuras clientae :
 at fides et ingeni
 10 benigna vena est, pauperemque dives
 me petit ; nihil supra
 deos lacezzo nec potentem amicum
 largiora flagito,
 satis beatus unicus Sabinis.
 15 Truditur dies die,
 novaeque pergunt interire lunae.
 Tu secanda marmora
 locas sub ipsum funus et sepulcri
 immemor struis domos,
 20 marisque Bais obstrepentis urges
 summovere litora,
 parum locuples continente ripa.
 Quid, quod usque proximos
 revellis agri terminos et ultra
 25 limites clientium
 salis avarus ? Pellitur paternos
 in sinu ferens deos
 et uxor et vir sordidosque natos.

XVIII

No gleam of gold or ivory
 Illumes my panelled roof :
 Here no Hymettian marbles be,
 Laid upon columns hewn for me
 In Africa far-off ;
 No Attalus his palace leaves
 To me his unknown heir,
 No band of noble ladies weaves
 Laconian purples rare.
 But I have honour and good store
 Of wit, and so though I be poor
 The wealthy seek me out. No more
 Of heaven can I require,
 No more my patron's bounty crave,
 For in the Sabine farm he gave
 I have my heart's desire.
 Day tramples day, new moons pursue
 Their end—but thou, so nigh
 The grave, art hiring men to hew
 Thee marble for a mansion new,
 Forgetting thou must die :
 Why, thou would'st push the waves that break
 On Baiae back to sea, to make
 More space to serve thy need :
 Anon upon a neighbour's grounds
 Thou leapest, and a client's bounds
 Uprootest in thy greed,
 Till forth both man and woman fare,
 And in their arms their gods they bear,
 And little ragged clan ;

- Nulla certior tamen
 30 rapacis Orci fine destinata
 aula divitem manet
 crum. Quid ultra tendis? Aequa tellus
 pauperi recluditur
 regumque pueris, nec satellites Orci
 35 callidum Promethea
 revexit auro captus. Hic superbum
 Tantalum atque Tantali
 genus coërcet, hic levare functum
 pauperem laboribus
 40 vocatus atque non vocatus audit.

XIX

- BACCHUM in remotis carmina rupibus
 vidi docentem—credite posteri—
 Nymphasque discentes et aures
 capripedum Satyrorum acutas.
- 5 Eue, recenti mens trepidat metu
 plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum
 laetatur. Eue, parce Liber,
 parce, gravi metuende thyrsos!
- 10 Fas pervicaces est mihi Thyiadas
 vinique fontem, lactis et uberes
 cantare rivos atque truncis
 lapsa cavis iterare mella;
- [66]

But ne'er a hall its lord awaits
 So surely as the certain gates
 Of Death wait every man.
 Why struggle idly? Earth is just :
 It yawns for prince and pauper's dust ;
 And Charon ne'er was won
 By gold or cunning to restore
 Prometheus to the hither shore ;
 Yea, Pelops' race he watches o'er—
 Imperious sire and son :
 But likewise to the poor he lists
 And, bidden or unbid, assists
 The hind whose toil is done.

XIX

I'VE watched (believe me, future years !)
 While Bacchus taught the Nymphs a lay,
 And goat-foot Satyrs pricked their ears,
 Over the mountains far away.

Hail, Bacchus, to thee ! even now
 My heart's a-leap with joy and fright ;
 Hail and forbear ! for dread art thou
 When thou dost lift thy rod to smite.

So may I praise thy devotees
 Who never tire, the founts of wine,
 The honey-drip from hollow trees,
 The foaming streams of milk divine,

CARMINUM II. XIX, XX

- fas et beatae coniugis additum
stellis honorem tectaque Penthei
15 disiecta non leni ruina,
 Thracis et exitium Lycurgi.
- Tu flectis amnes, tu mare barbarum,
tu separatis avidus in iugis
 nodo coërces viperino
20 Bistonidum sine fraude crines :
- tu, cum parentis regna per arduum
cohors Gigantum scanderet impia,
 Rhoetum retorsisti leonis
 unguibus horribilique mala ;
- 25 quamquam choreis aptior et iocis
 ludoque dictus non sat idoneus
 pugnae ferebaris : sed idem
 pacis eras mediusque belli.
- 30 Te vidit insons Cerberus aureo
 cornu decorum, leniter atterens
 caudam, et recedentis trilingui
 ore pedes tetigitque crura.

XX

NON usitata nec tenui ferar
penna biformis per liquidum aethera
 vates, neque in terris morabor
 longius, invidiaque maior

ODES II. XIX, XX

So sing how 'mid the stars is set
The Crown of thy transfigured spouse,
The awful end Lycurgus met,
The utter wreck of Pentheus' house.

Thou swayest streams and outer seas,
And full of wine on some lone hill
Bindest the locks of Maenades
In knots of vipers, scatheless still.

Once when the godless Giant gang
Would put thy Father's realm to sack,
Armed with a lion's claw and fang
Thou, thou didst topple Rhoetus back.

Men knew thy worth in dance and game
And jesting, but did doubt thy part
In fight : yet wert thou still the same
Alike of war and peace the heart.

Thee with thy golden horn bedecked
E'en Cerberus grew mild to greet :
He brushed thee with his tail, and licked
With all his tongues thy home-set feet.

XX

Now bard and bird supreme I ride
On faery wing the azure skies
No more will I on earth abide,
But scorning human jealousies,

CARMINUM II. xx

5 urbes relinquam. Non ego, pauperum
 sanguis parentum, non ego, quem vocas,
 dilecte Maecenas, obibo
 nec Stygia cohibebor unda.

10 Iam iam residant cruribus asperae
 pelles, et album mutor in alitem
 superne, nascunturque leves
 per digitos umerosque plumae.

15 Iam Daedaleo notior Icaro
 visam gementis litora Bospori
 Syrtesque Gaetulas canorus
 ales Hyperboreosque campos.

20 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 sepulcri
 mitte supervacuos honores.

Will quit the cities. Ne'er shall I,
 The lowly-born—shall I, whom thou
 Befriendest, dear Maecenas, die
 Or fret beyond the Stygian slough.

Lo, o'er my shrunken legs there comes
 Rough skin, and from the waist I take
 A bird's white form, and shining plumes
 Are showing on my hands and neck.

More widely famed than Icarus
 In music soaring I will go
 Beyond the moaning Bosphorus,
 And Afric sand and Arctic snow.

To Scyths and Serbs who hide their fear
 Of Roman swords shall I be known ;
 Of me the far-off Goths shall hear,
 And cultured Spain and they of Rhone.

Upon my empty obsequies
 No dirge be sung, no tear be shed :
 Hush lamentation, and suppress
 The idle honours of the dead.

CARMINUM

LIBER TERTIUS

I

ODI profanum vulgus et arceo;
favete linguis : carmina non prius
audita Musarum sacerdos
virginibus puerisque canto.

5 Regum timendorum in proprios greges,
reges in ipsos imperium est Iovis
clari Giganteo triumpho,
cuncta supercilio moventis.

10 Est, ut viro vir latius ordinet
arbusta sulcis, hic generosior
descendat in Campum petitor,
moribus hic meliorque fama

contendat, illi turba clientium
sit maior : aequa lege Necessitas
15 sortitur insignes et imos ;
omne capax movet urna nomen.

ODES

BOOK III

I

I HATE and spurn the common throng ;
Hush every noise ! the Muses' priest,
I chant of things no man hath sung
For maids and youths to list.

Kings have dominion o'er their flocks ;
Yet very kings to Jove bow down :
Flushed with the Giants' fall, he rocks
The Cosmos with a frown.

One man may plant in wider rows
His trees—and some for office strive,
(One nobly-born, and one who shows
A cleaner name and life,

One with a larger client herd)
Yet Fate unmoved throws lots in turn
For high and low : each name is stirred
In one capacious urn.

- Destriectus ensis cui super impia
 cervice pendet, non Siculae dapes
 20 dulcem elaborabunt saporem,
 non avium citharaeque cantus

 somnum reducent. Somnus agrestium
 lenis virorum non humiles domos
 fastidit umbrosamque ripam,
 non Zephyris agitata Tempe.

 25 Desiderantem quod satis est neque
 tumultuosum sollicitat mare,
 nec saevus Arcturi cadentis
 impetus aut orientis Haedi,

 non verberatae grandine vineae
 30 fundusque mendax, arbore nunc aquas
 culpante, nunc torrentia agros
 sidera, nunc hiemes iniquas.

 Contracta pisces aequora sentiunt
 iactis in altum molibus ; huc frequens
 35 caementa demittit redemptor
 cum famulis dominusque terrae

 fastidiosus. Sed Timor et Minae
 scandunt eodem, quo dominus, neque
 decedit aerata triremi et
 40 post equitem sedet atra Cura.

 Quodsi dolentem nec Phrygius lapis
 nec purpurarum sidere clarior
 delenit usus nec Falerna
 vitis Achaemeniumque costum,

ODES III. 1

For him above whose wicked head
The naked sabre swings, in vain
Are feasts of dainty savour spread :
Nor lute's nor linnet's strain

Shall win him sleep—the sleep of ease
That falls content o'er country hinds
In humble homes, and 'neath the trees—
Or Tempe stirred of winds.

Who seeks the things that shall suffice
He recks not how the billows roll,
Arcturus' setting, Haedus' rise
Shall trouble not his soul.

Not though his vines are lashed with sleet,
And every field its promise fails,
When trees complain of parching heat,
Or winter's cruel gales.

The very fish feel cramped : a band
Of builders, with their gang of slaves,
Whose lord disdains to dwell on land,
Shoot rubble 'mid the waves.

Yet none may mount beyond the grip
Of Fright and Fear, that climb beside ;
Black Care can board the brazen ship,
And ride with them that ride.

If marbles nor Falernian jars
Nor fragrance of the treasured East
Nor purple robes that dim the stars
Can heal a mind diseased,

- 45 cur invidendis postibus et novo
 sublime ritu moliar atrium?
 Cur valle permutem Sabina
 Divitias operosiores?

II

- ANGUSTAM amice pauperiem pati
 robustus acri militia puer
 condiscat et Parthos feroces
 vexet eques metuendus hasta
- 5 vitamque sub divo et trepidis agat
 in rebus. Illum ex moenibus hosticis
 matrona bellantis tyranni
 prospiciens et adulta virgo
- suspiret, eheu, ne rudis agminum
 10 sponsus lacegat regius asperum
 tactu leonem, quem cruenta
 per medias rapit ira caedes.
- Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori:
 mors et fugacem persequitur virum,
 15 nec parcat imbellis iuventae
 poplitibus timidoque tergo.
- Virtus repulsae nescia sordidae
 intaminatis fulget honoribus,
 nec sumit aut ponit secures
 20 arbitrio popularis aurae.

Why build a pillared mansion new,
 Whose lofty gates will envy wake?
 Or why for wealth, and worry too,
 My Sabine dale forsake?

II

LET every sturdy lad delight
 To bear the pinch and press of war :
 And train him stoutly as a knight
 To plague the fiery Parthians sore,
 And spend afield his crowded hours.
 So when yon fighting tyrant's bride
 Descries him from the foeman's towers,
 Or some tall maiden at her side,
 She'll sigh '*Alas ! preserve my king,
 Untutored yet in battle's lore,
 From rousing yon grim lion's spring,
 Who leaps and slays in wrath and gore !*'

To die for home is sweet and fair ;
 Death overtakes the man who flees,
 Nor pities youth, nor thinks to spare
 The coward back, the craven knees.

No base defeat can Virtue own ;
 She glows with glory naught can dim ;
 She takes not, lays not office down,
 To please the people's gusty whim.

CARMINUM III. II, III

Virtus recludens immeritis mori
caelum negata temptat iter via,
coetusque vulgares et ndam
spernit humum fugiente penna.

25 Est et fideli tuta silentio
merces : vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum
vulgarit arcanæ, sub isdem
sit trabibus fragilemque mecum

30 solvat phaselon ; saepe Diespiter
neglectus incesto addidit integrum :
raro antecedentem scelestum
desernit pede Poena claudo.

III

IUSTUM et tenacem propositi virum
non civium ardor prava iubentium,
non vultus instantis tyranni
mente quatit solida neque Auster,

5 dux inquieti turbidus Hadriae,
nec fulminantis magna manus Iovis ;
si fractus illabatur orbis,
impavidum ferient ruinae.

10 Hac arte Pollux et vagus Hercules
enisus arces attigit igneas,
quos inter Augustus recumbens
purpureo bibit ore nectar.

ODES III. II, III

To such great hearts as may not die,
By ways untrodden faring forth
She opes the skies : her wings defy
The rabble and the mire of Earth.

Wise silence hath sure meed as well :
Divulge the rites of Ceres dark,
And 'neath my roof thou shalt not dwell
Nor launch with me the fragile bark.

For oft offended Deity
Impure and pure alike doth rend :
And lame of foot though Vengeance be,
She dogs the sinner to the end.

III

THE just man to his purpose vowed
Bends to no clamour of a crowd
Of knaves : no tyrant angry-browed
Can shake his granite will,

Nor seas by stormy Auster swirled,
Nor bolts the hand of Jove hath hurled ;
The fragments of a shivered world
Would strike him dauntless still.

So won to starry palaces
Pollux and roving Hercules,
And with them Caesar lies at ease,
His lips with nectar bright ;

- Hac te merentem, Bacche pater, tuae
 vexere tigres indocili iugum
 15 collo trahentes ; hac Quirinus
 Martis equis Acheronta fugit,
 gratum elocuta consilientibus
 Iunone divis : Ilion, Ilion
 fatalis incestusque index
 20 et mulier peregrina vertit
 in pulverem, ex quo destituit deos
 mercede pacta Laomedon, mihi
 castaeque damnatum Minervae
 cum populo et duce fraudulento.
 25 Iam nec Lacaenae splendet adulterae
 famosus hospes nec Priami domus
 periura pugnaces Achivos
 Hectoreis opibus refringit,
 nostrisque ductum seditionibus
 30 bellum resedit. Protinus et graves
 iras et invisum nepotem,
 Troica quem peperit sacerdos,
 Marti redonabo ; illum ego lucidas
 inire sedes, ducere nectaris
 35 sncos, et adscribi quietis
 ordinibus patiar deorum.
 Dum longus inter saeviat Ilion
 Romamque pontus, qualibet exsules
 in parte regnanto beati ;
 40 dum Priami Paridisque busto

So father Bacchus, as thy due,
 Thy car the chafing tigers drew ;
 So Romulus from Acheron flew
 On Mars' own steeds of light ;

When to the gods in council said
 Fair-spoken Juno '*Troy is dead ;*
The doomed and wicked judge, who wed
 That quean from o'er the sea,

' *Destroyed it ; I and Pallas both*
To ruin king and race took oath,
When false Laomedon was loath
 To pay the gods their fee ;

' *No more the wanton Helen's smiles*
Reward the guilty stranger's wiles ;
Nor Priam's sons the Grecian files
 By Hector's might o'errun.

' *The war prolonged by enmities*
In heaven is hushed : and I dismiss
My wrath with Mars—my bitterness
 Against his daughter's son,

' *The child of Ilia ; I submit*
Enthroned in heaven to see him sit,
And drain the nectar, and be writ
 Among the gods at peace.

' *While rolls the deep 'twixt Troy and Rome,*
The exiles in an alien home
May thrive and rule : while o'er the tomb
 Of Trojan monarchies

insultet armentum et catulos ferae
celent inultae, stet Capitolium
fulgens triumphatisque possit
Roma ferox dare iura Medis.

45 Horrenda late nomen in ultimas
extendat oras, qua medius liquor
secernit Europen ab Afro,
qua tumidus rigat arva Nilus,
aurum irrepertum et sic melius situm,
50 cum terra celat, spernere fortior
quam cogere humanos in usus
omne sacrum rapiente dextra.

Quicumque mundo terminus obstitit,
hunc tanget armis, visere gestiens,
55 qua parte debacchentur ignes,
qua nebulae pluviique rores.

Sed bellicosus fata Quiritibus
hac lege dico, ne nimium pii
rebusque fidentes avitae
60 tecta velint reparare Troiae.

Troiae renascens alite lugubri
fortuna tristi clade iterabitur,
ducente victrices catervas
coniuge me Iovis et sorore.

65 Ter si resurgat murus aëneus
auctore Phoebos, ter pereat meis
excisus Argivis, ter uxor
capta virum puerosque ploret.

ODES III. III

*' The cattle play, and unpursued
The mother-leopard hides her brood,
Proud Rome shall hold the Medes subdued,
And stately gleam her Fane ;*

*' Her name shall fling its terror wide,
Where Africa mid-seas divide
From Europe, or where Nilus' tide
Up-swell and floods the plain :*

*' Braver to scorn the hidden gold
Than hale it from earth's wiser hold
For human use, with fingers bold
Even to sacrilege.*

*' Ay, to the barriers of Earth
Her hungry eagles shall go forth
Where mist and rain possess the North,
Or suns in fury rage.*

*' But on these terms do I declare
The Romans' fortune—that they ne'er
Through reverence or pride repair
The wreck of Ilion.*

*Unlucky Troy restored to life
Shall fall anew in bloody strife,
And I—Jove's sister and His wife—
Will lead the victors on.*

*' If thrice the brazen rampart rise
At Phoebus' beck, my Argives thrice
Shall sap it, and the widows' cries
Go up for warriors slain.'*

CARMINUM III. IV

70 Non hoc iocosae conveniet lyrae :
quo, Musa, tendis? Desine pervicax
referre sermones deorum et
magna modis tenuare parvis.

IV

DESCENDE caelo et dic age tibia
regina longum Calliope melos,
seu voce nunc mavis acuta,
seu fidibus citharave Phoebi.

5 Auditis, an me ludit amabilis
insania? Audire et videor pios
errare per lucos, amoenae
quos et aquae subeunt et aerae.

10 Me fabulosae Vulture in Apulo
nutricis extra limen Apuliae
ludo fatigatumque somno
fronde nova puerum palumbes

15 texere, mirum quod foret omnibus,
quicumque celsae nidum Acherontiae
saltusque Bantinos et arvom
pingne tenent humilis Forenti,

ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
dormirem et ursis, ut premerer sacra
lauroque collataque myrto,
20 non sine dis animosus infans.

10 nutricis . . . limina Pulliae *codd. aliqui. inde alii alia coniectaverunt.*

Stop, wayward Muse ! thy song doth mate
 The lute but ill. Of gods' debate
 Prattle no more ; nor mar so great
 A theme with thy poor strain.

IV

CALLIOPE, thy heavens forsake,
 And fill with lingering song the flute :
 Or lift thy silvery voice, or wake
 The chords of Phoebus' lute.

O listen ! are these mocking dreams,
 That she is bidding me to rove
 Where pleasant airs and pleasant streams
 Caress the holy grove ?

Once, when a child on Voltur's steep
 Beyond Apulia's bounds I strayed,
 And tired of play was fain to sleep,
 The fairy ring-doves made

My bed of leaves—a marvel told
 By folk along the Bantine dale,
 From Acherontia's craggy hold,
 To rich Forentum's vale ;

How safe from deadly snake or bear,
 'Neath bay and holy myrtle piled,
 I slumbered—sure, the gods had care
 Of such a daring child !

Vester, Camenae, vester in arduos
tollor Sabinos, seu mihi frigidum
Praeneste seu Tibur supinum
seu liquidae placuere Baiae.

25 Vestris amicum fontibus et choris
non me Philippis versa acies retro,
devota non exstinxit arbos,
nec Sicula Palinurus unda.

30 Utcumque mecum vos eritis, libens
insanientem navita Bosporum
temptabo et urentes harenas
litoris Assyrii viator ;

visam Britannos hospitibus feros
et laetum equino sanguine Concanum.
35 visam pharetratos Gelonos
et Scythicum inviolatus amnem.

Vos Caesarem altum, militia simul
fessas cohortes abdidit oppidis,
finire quaerentem labores
40 Pierio recreatis antro.

Vos lene consilium et datis et dato
gaudetis, almae. Scimus, ut impios
Titanas immanemque turmam
fulmine sustulerit caduco,

45 qui terram inertem, qui mare temperat
ventosum, et urbes regnaque tristia
divosque mortalesque turbas
imperio regit unus aequo.

38 addidit, reddidit

So, when I seek bright Baiac's shores,
 Low Tibur or Praeneste chill,
 Or climb my Sabine uplands, yours,
 Yours, Muses, am I still.

I love your choirs and founts, and ye
 Have kept me safe through divers harms :
 Philippi's rout, yon fatal tree,
 And Palinurus' storms.

If ye be still at my right hand,
 I'll trudge with willing heart across
 Assyria's waste of scorching sand,
 Or sail wild Bosphorus,

'Mid savage Britons go unhurt
 And Basques, who drink of horses' blood,
 Or Scythians with quivers girt,
 Where rolls the Volga's flood.

So, when his war-worn companies
 Great Caesar hath to quarters brought,
 And turns to rest, ye give him ease
 In your Pierian grot,

Good Nine, who give and love to give
 Your counsel soft. We know full well
 How on the 'Titans' monstrous hive
 The crashing levin fell

Of Jove, who sways the windy seas,
 Dull earth, and towns and realms of gloom,
 And throngs of men and deities,
 With one impartial doom.

- 50 Magnum illa terrorem intulerat Iovi
fideus inventus horrida bracchiis,
fratresque tendentes opaco
Pelion imposuisse Olympo.
- 55 Sed quid Typhoeus et validus Mimas,
aut quid minaci Porphyryon statn,
quid Rhoetus evulsisque truncis
Enceladus iaculator audax
- 60 contra sonantem Palladis aegida
possent ruentes? Hinc avidus stetit
Vulcanus, hinc matrona Iuno et
numquam umeris positurus arcum,
- qui rore puro Castaliae lavit
crines solutos, qui Lyciae tenet
dumeta natalemque silvam,
Delius et Patarens Apollo.
- 65 Vis consili expers mole ruit sua :
vim temperatam di quoque provehunt
in maius ; idem odere vires
omne nefas animo moventes.
- 70 Testis mearum centimannus Gyas
sententiarum, notus et integrae
temptator Orion Dianae,
virginea domitus sagitta.
- 75 Iniecta monstris Terra dolet suis
maeretque partus fulmine luridum
missos ad Orcum ; nec peredit
impositam celer ignis Aetnam,

69 gigas *codd. plerique*

Yet cause enough had Jove to dread
 The bristling arms of those proud foes,
 Who strove on dark Olympus' head
 Huge Pelion to impose.

But what could lusty Mimas do,
 Or what Porphyry's front of scorn,
 What Rhoetus, or his twin who threw
 Like spears the trees uptorn,

'Gainst Pallas' clanging shield? and there
 With Jove stood Vulcan hungry-eyed,
 And Juno Queen, and He who ne'er
 Shall lay his bow aside,

Who bathes his hair in crystal floods
 Of Castaly : and aye doth guard
 His native Lycia's brakes and woods—
 Delos' and Patara's lord.

Blind force of its own might is spent :
 Self-tempered force the gods prolong
 To higher ends : but they resent
 A power that works for wrong.

Let hundred-handed Gyas be
 My witness, and Orion who
 Attempted Dian's purity,
 And whom her arrow slew.

Earth, piled above her brood, may fret
 And moan for them the thunder cast
 To pallid Hell ; no quick flame yet
 Hath gnawed through Etna vast ;

incontinentis nec Tityi iecur
reliquit ales, nequitiae additus
80 custos ; amatorem trecentae
 Pirithoum cohibent catenae.

V

CAELO tonantem credidimus Iovem
regnare : praesens divus habebitur
 Augustus adiectis Britannis
 imperio gravibusque Persis.

5 Milesne Crassi coniuge barbara
 turpis maritus vixit et hostium—
 pro curia inversique mores !—
 consenuit socerorum in armis

10 sub rege Medo Marsus et Apulus,
 anciliorum et nominis et togae
 oblitus aeternaeque Vestae,
 incolumi Iove et urbe Roma?

15 Hoc caverat mens provida Reguli
 dissentientis condicionibus
 foedis et exemplo trahentis
 perniciem veniens in aevum,

20 si non periret immiserabilis
 captiva pubes. Signa ego Punicis
 adfixa delubris et arma
 militibus sine caede, dixit,

15 *exempli coni. Benth. trahenti coni. Canter.*

ODES III. iv, v

And still o'er wanton Titus' reins
The vulture perches at his post ;
And still Pirithous lies in chains
And pays the price of lust.

V

HIS thunder shows Jove reigns in heaven :
And Caesar, once he lays his rod
On Medes and Britons, shall be given
The honours of incarnate god.

Hath he who served with Crassus stooped
To wed a savage wife, and grow
Grey-haired (O Rome thou art corrupt !)
In hiring to her kin, our foe ?

Serving a king, though free of birth,
Forgetting name and garb of home,
The Shields, and Vesta's living hearth,
Though still they stand, the shrines of Rome ?

Ah, when far-seeing Regulus
Flung back the shameful terms with scorn.
This was the bane he feared for us,
This ruin for the years unborn.

' *Let Roman captives go unwept
To death. Our banners hang,*' he cried.
*In Punic fanes, with harness stripped
From men who better far had died.*

derepta vidi ; vidi ego civium
 retorta tergo brachia libero
 portasque non clausas et arva
 Marte coli populata nostro.

25 Auro repensus scilicet acrior
 miles redibit.—Flagitio additis
 damnum : neque amissos colores
 lana refert medicata fuco,

30 nec vera virtus, cum semel excidit,
 curat reponi deterioribus.

Si pugnat extricata densis
 cerva plagis, erit ille fortis,
 qui perfidis se credidit hostibus,
 et Marte Poenos proteret altero,
 35 qui lora restrictis lacertis
 sensit iners timuitque mortem.

Hic, unde vitam sumeret inscius,
 pacem duello miscuit. O pudor !
 O magna Carthago, probrosis
 40 altior Italiae ruinis !

Fertur pudicae coniugis osculum
 parvosque natos ut capitis minor
 ab se removisse et virilem
 torvus humi posuisse vultum :

45 donec labantes consilio patres
 firmaret auctor numquam alias dato,
 interque maerentes amicos
 egregius properaret exsul.

37 aptius *codd. al.* hinc *coni. Benth.* timuitque mortem hinc
 unde vitam sumeret aptius, pacem et duello miscuit.

*' For I have seen them—seen the arms
Of freemen twisted back and bound ;
The gates stood open ; and the farms
We fired before were harvest-crowned.*

*' Ye tell me that a man regained
With gold is keener ? 'tis to add
Scathe unto scandal ! fleeces stained
Have lost for aye the hue they had.*

*' So, once she quit him, Valour scorns
To repossess the craven. When
The doe that breaks the meshes turns
To fight, will he be brave again*

*' Who's trusted foes that ever lied ;
Ay, crush them in a future fray,
Who's let his arms with thongs be tied
And looked on Death, and turned away.*

*' He fancied war and peace were one :
That Death were Life he did not know :
O Carthage, thou dost shame us, grown
So mighty in our overthrow !'*

So, like a man outcasted, runs
The tale—he thrust away from him
His loving wife and little sons
And bent on earth his visage grim ;

Till with such words as none e'er spoke
He braced the Senate's doubts at last,
Then from his grieving friends he broke
And to immortal exile passed.

- 50 Atqui sciebat quae sibi barbaram
torlor pararet ; non aliter tamen
dimovit obstantes propinquos
et populum reditus morantem,
quam si clientum longa negotia
diindicta lite relinqueret,
55 tendens Venafranum in agros
aut Lacedaemonium Tarentum.

VI

- DELICTA maiorum immeritis lues,
Romane, donec templi refeceris
aedesque labentes deorum et
foeda nigro simulacra fumo.
- 5 Dis te minorem quod geris, imperas :
hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.
Di multa neglecti dederunt
Hesperino mala luctuosae.
- 10 Tum bis Monnaeses et Pacori manus
non ausipientes contudit impetus
nostros et adiecisse praedam
torquibus exiguis renidet.
- 15 Paene occupatam seditionibus
delevit Urbem Dacus et Aethiops,
hic classe formidatus, ille
missilibus melior sagittis.

Ay, knowing well the savage rack
 Would wreak its wrath on every limb,
 He parted kin who held him back,
 And citizens who wrought with him ;

Unmoved, as if the lawsuits tried,
 Of clients' weary business free,
 To the Venafran fields he hied,
 Or Greek Tarentum by the sea.

VI

ON thee shall lie thy fathers' guilt
 Though not, O Roman, thine the crime,
 Till stands each ruined fane rebuilt
 And clean the statues black with grime.

Submit to Heaven, and thereby reign ;
 Of all this is the source, the sum ;
 On woful Italy what bane
 From her neglected gods has come !

Lo, now the Parthian captains twice
 Have shattered our attacks unblest,
 And necklaces of little price
 With Roman spoils have proudly dressed.

While faction wracked the City through,
 The Ethiopian with his ships,
 The Dacian with his archers too,
 How nigh they brought her to eclipse !

Fecunda culpae saecula nuptias
 primum inquinavere et genus et domos ;
 hoc fonte derivata clades
 20 in patriam populumque fluxit.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
 matura virgo et fingitur artibus
 iam nunc et incestos amores
 de tenero meditatur nngui ;

25 mox iuniores quaerit adulteros
 inter mariti vina, neque eligit
 cui donet impermissa raptim
 gaudia luminibus remotis ;

sed iussa coram non sine conscio
 30 surgit marito, seu vocat institor
 scu navis Hispanae magister,
 dedecorum pretiosus emptor.

Non his iuventus orta parentibus
 infecit aequor sanguine Punico,
 35 Pyrrhumque et ingentem cecidit
 Antiochum Hannibalemque dirum ;

sed rusticorum mascula militum
 proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
 versare glebas et severae
 40 matris ad arbitrium recisos

portare fustes, sol ubi montium
 mutaret umbras et inga demeret
 bobus fatigatis, amicum
 tempus agens abeunte curru.

Our vicious age polluted first
 The wedding-tie, and home and clan :
 And thence the tide of poison burst
 That has o'erwhelmed us, land and man.

The ripening maid is keen to learn
 Ionian measures : she acquires
 The tricks of art, and soon there burn
 Within her heart unholy fires.

Ere long she quits her drunken lord
 For younger mates : nor beckons one
 To whom to give what she should guard,
 As soon as all the lamps are gone,

But with her husband's knowledge fain
 She goes at call, whoe'er it be,
 Pedlar or merchant prince from Spain,
 Whose ingots buy her infamy.

Of no such stock were they, who dyed
 The seas with Punic blood, and smote
 Antiochus' and Pyrrhus' pride
 And Hannibal of dreadful note,

But warlike yeomen's sturdy brood,
 Well used to dig with Sabine spade,
 Or cut and carry home the wood
 Whene'er a rigorous mother bade.

What time the Sun threw shadows far
 Downhill, to bid the cattle leave
 The yoke, and with his westering car
 Led on the kindly hour of eve.

- 45 Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?
Aetas parentum peior avis tulit
nos nequiores, mox daturos
progeniem vitiosiore.

VII

QUID fles, Asterie, quem tibi candidi
primo restitnent vere Favonii
Thyna merce beatum,
constantis iuvenem fide,

- 5 Gygen? Ille Notis actus ad Oricum
post insana Caprae sidera frigidas
noctes non sine multis
insomnis lacrimis agit.

- 10 Atqui sollicitae nuntius hospitae,
suspirare Chloën et miseram tuis
dicens ignibus uri,
temptat mille vafer modis.

- Ut Proetum mulier perfida credulum
falsis impulerit criminibus, nimis
15 Casto Bellerophonti
maturare necem, refert.

- Narrat paene datum Pelea Tartaro,
Magnessam Hippolyten dum fugit abstinens;
et peccare docentes
20 fallax historias monet.

20 movet

ODES III. VI, VII

Where hath not Time his havoc wrought?
Our parents worser than their own
A baser race in us begot,
To breed yet viler sons anon.

VII

WHY weepest thou, Asterie?
The winds of May that bring the blue
Shall carry Gyges back to thee
Enriched with Thynian freights, and true.

To Oricum by south winds borne,
While Capra rent with storm the sky,
With many a tear, awake and lorn,
He sees the chilly nights go by.

Yet from his hostess, passion-torn,
Comes word to him how Chloe sighs,
And with a love like thine is worn:
Her envoy all his cunning tries:

He tells how once a woman's lie
Drove trusting Proetus on to kill
Bellerophon, whose chastity
Made him withstand her wicked will;

How Peleus fled the Thracian queen,
And nigh for continence was slain:
Ay, every tale that teaches sin
His wily tongue employs—in vain;

CARMINUM III. VII, VIII

Frustra : nam scopulis surdior Icari
voces audit adhuc integer. At tibi
ne vicinus Enipeus
plus insto placeat, cave ;

25 quamvis non alius flectere equum sciens
aeque conspicitur gramine Martio,
nec quisquam citus aeque
Tusco denatat alveo.

30 Prima nocte domum clande neque in vias
sub cantu querulae despice tibiae,
et te saepe vocanti
duram difficilis mane.

VIII

MARTIIS caelebs quid agam Kalendis,
quid velint flores et acerra turis
plena, miraris, positusque carbo in
caespite vivo,

5 docte sermones utriusque linguae?
Voveram dulces epulas et album
Libero caprum prope funeratus
arboris ictu.

10 Hic dies anno redeunte festus
corticem adstrictum pice dimovebit
amphorae fumum bibere institutae
consule Tullo.

ODES III. VII, VIII

For every word falls on an ear
Deaf as the rocks ; it moves him not :
But heed thou, lest Enipeus there
Allure thee more than neighbour ought.

Although no other like to him
Is seen to wheel so well his horse,
Across the turf of Mars ; nor swim
So swiftly down the Tiber's course.

Bar doors at sundown : flutes may moan,
But peer not thou abroad to see :
And though he call thee hard as stone,
A many times—unyielding be.

VIII

THE first of March ! and does it vex thy soul
That I, a man unwed,
Have got me flowers and frankincense and coal
On green grass-altar spread ;

O skilled in lore of Greece and Italy !
This he-goat white I vowed
As feast for Bacchus, when the falling tree
Brought me so near my shroud.

So every year this day with cheery joke
The rosin seals I'll strip
From jars laid up to mellow 'mid the smoke
In Tullus' consulship.

CARMINUM III. VIII, IX

15 Sume, Maecenas, cyathos amici
sospitis centum et vigiles lucernas
perfer in lucem : procul omnis esto
clamor et ira.

20 Mitte civiles super urbe curas :
Occidit Daci Cotisonis agmen,
Medus infestus sibi luctuosis
dissidet armis,

servit Hispanae vetus hostis orae
Cantaber sera domitus catena,
iam Scythae laxo meditantur arcu
cedere campis.

25 Neglegens, ne qua populus laboret
parce privatus nimium cavere :
dona praesentis cape laetus horae et
linque severa.

IX

DONEC gratus eram tibi
nec quisquam potior bracchia candidae
cervici iuvenis dabat,
Persarum vigui rege beatior.
5 Donce non alia magis
arsisti neque erat Lydia post Chloën,
multi Lydia nominis
Romana vigui clarior Ilia.
Me nunc Thressa Chloë regit,
10 dulces docta modos et citharae sciens,

ODES III. VIII, IX

Then take a hundred cups, Maccenas, for
Thy friend's escape from harm ;
Feed all the lamps till dawn : and bar the door
To discord and alarm.

O'er weighty cares of State no longer brood ;
The Dacian Cottiso
And all his host are fallen ; rent with feud
Mede eyeth Mede as foe ;

In Spain our enemies of long ago
Are bound at last in chains ;
At last the Scythian thinks to slack his bow
And quit the conquered plains.

Then be an idle man, with ne'er a thought
For how the people fare :
Content to take the gifts 'To-day has brought,
And cry 'good-bye' to Care.

IX

HORACE. WHILE I was gracious in thy sight,
Nor favoured rival dared to fling
His arms about thy neck so white,
Richer was I than Persia's king.

LYDIA. When thou did'st love me, me alone,
Nor Lydia after Chloe came,
I, Lydia, then had great renown,
O'ertopping Roman Ilia's fame.

HORACE. I worship Thracian Chloe now
So sweet she sings, she harps so well :

CARMINUM III. IX, X

- pro qua non metuam mori,
 si parcent animae fata superstiti,
 Me torret face mutua
 Thurini Calais filius Ornyti,
 15 pro quo bis patiar mori,
 si parcent pnero fata superstiti.
 Quid, si prisca redit Venus
 diductosque iugo cogit aëneo,
 si flava excutitur Chloë
 20 reiectaeque patet ianna Lydiae?
 Quamquam sidere pulchrior
 ille est, tu levior cortice et improbo
 iracundior Hadria,
 tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

X

- EXTREMUM Tanain si biberes, Lyce,
 saevo nupta viro, me tamen asperas
 porrectum ante fores obicere incolis
 plorares Aquilonibus.
 5 Audis quo strepitu ianua, quo nemus
 inter pulchra satum tecta remngiat
 ventis, et positas ut glaciet nives
 puro numine Iuppiter?
 Ingratam Veneri pone superbiam,
 10 ne currente retro funis eat rota.
 non te Penelopen difficilem procis
 Tyrrhenus genuit parens.

ODES III. IX, X

For her sweet sake to death I'd bow,
If Fate would spare my lady still.

LYDIA. The son of Ornytus and I
Such ardent love each other bear,
For him I'd suffer twice to die,
If Fate would still my Calais spare.

HORACE. How, if again the old regard
Should bind us both with brazen chain?
If doors to golden Chloe barred
To slighted Lydia ope'd again?

LYDIA. Fair as a star is he—and thou
Like tossing cork, or Adrian sea
So quickly ruffled : yet I vow
I'd love to live and die with thee.

X

THOUGH thou wert dwelling with a savage mate
By distant Don, 'twould touch thee, Lyce, still
To see me lying thus before thy gate,
Exposed to wind so chill.

Hark ! the door creaks, and round thy villa fair
The trees are groaning with each gust that blows ;
And see, the magic of the icy air
Freezes the fallen snows.

Doff this disdain that Venus hates ; maybe
Backward the wheel will spin and drag the rope ;
Thou, Tuscan bred, art no Penelope
Forbidding swains to hope.

O quamvis neque te munera nec preces
 nec tinctus viola pallor amantium
 15 nec vir Pieria paelice saucius
 curvat, supplicibus tuis

parcas, nec rigida mollior aesculo
 nec Mauris animum mitior anguibus.
 Non hoc semper erit liminis aut aquae
 20 caelestis patiens latus.

XI

MERCURI,—nam te docilis magistro
 movit Amphion lapides canendo,—
 tuque testudo resonare septem
 callida nervis,

5 nec loquax olim neque grata, nunc et
 divitum mensis et amica templis,
 dic modos, Lyde quibus obstinatas
 applicet aures,

quae velut latis equa trima campis
 10 ludit exultim metuitque tangi,
 nuptiarum expers et adhuc protervo
 cruda marito.

Tu potes tigres comitesque silvas
 ducere et rivos celeres morari;
 15 cessit immanis tibi blandienti
 ianitor aulae,

ODES III. x, xi

Though vows and presents move thee not at all
Nor the grey pallor of thy lover's face,
Nor yon Greek girl who holds thy lord in thrall,
O show us yet some grace !

Though knotted oaks were sooner bent by prayer,
And Moorish snakes more pitiful to pain,
Be warned ! my bones will not for ever bear
Thy door-step, and this rain.

XI

O HERMES, by whose teaching once
Amphion singing moved the stones :
O shell, endowed with sevenfold strings
Wherein such wondrous music rings—

Once dumb and scorned, but welcome now
In palaces and fanes art thou—
Inspire me with a song shall bend
Yon wilful Lyde to attend.

Like some young filly that careers
About the meadows free, and fears
The touch of man, she recks not of
A mate—as yet o'er-young for love.

But thou canst draw the beasts and woods
To follow thee, and stay the floods :
The porter of the gate of Hell,
Grim Cerberus, confessed thy spell,

20 Cerberus, quamvis furiale centum
muniant angues capnt eius atque
spiritus taeter saniesque manet
ore trilingui.

Quin et Ixion Tityosque vultu
risit invito, stetit urna paulum
sicca, dum grato Danaï puellas
carmine mulces.

25 Audiat Lyde scelus atque notas
virginum poenas et inane lymphæ
dolium fundo pereuntis imo,
seraque fata,

30 quæ manent culpas etiam sub Orco.
Impiæ,—nam quid potuere maius ?—
Impiæ sponso potuere duro
perdere ferro.

Una de multis face nuptiali
digna periurum fuit in parentem
35 splendide mendax et in omne virgo
nobilis ævum,

surge, quæ dixit iuveni marito,
surge, ne longus tibi somnus, unde
non times, detur ; socerum et scelestas
40 falle sorores,

quæ velut nactæ vitulos leaenæ
singulos eheu lacerant : ego illis
mollior nec te feriam neque intra
claustra tenebo.

Though round his Gorgon head he shakes
 His fillet of a hundred snakes,
 And though from out his triple mouth
 Pour fetid breath and bloody froth.

Ixion, too, was forced to smile
 And Tityus: the urn awhile
 Stood empty, as the Danaïd throng
 Drew comfort from thy soothing song.

Tell Lyde of their tragedy;
 The famous weird those maidens dree—
 Filling their jar, whence night and day
 The wasting water leaks away.

So Doom awaiteth at the last
 The sinner dead. And who surpassed
 Their infamy, that with the sword
 Could slay each one her wedded lord?

Yet one deserved the name of bride;
 One only, who superbly lied
 To her deceitful father—Fame
 Shall ever consecrate her name.

*'Awake!' she cried, 'my lord, my love!
 Ere from a snare thou think'st not of
 Come longer slumber! Up, and go,
 Before my sire and sisters know.*

*'Lo! they are lions, lighting on
 A herd, and rending one by one:
 But I am softer—I'll not wound
 Nor hold thee fast in prison bound.*

45 Me pater saevis oneret catenis,
quod viro elemens misero peperci :
me vel extremos Numidarum in agros
classe releget.

50 I, pedes quo te rapiunt et aurae,
dum favet nox et Venus, i secundo
omine et nostri memorem sepulchro
scalpe querellam.

XII

MISERARUM est neque amorì dare ludum neque
dulci
mala vino lavere, aut exanimari metuentes
patruae verbera linguae.

Tibi qualum Cythereae puer ales, tibi telas
5 operosaeque Minervae studium aufert, Neobule,
Liparaei nitor Hebri,

simul unctos Tiberinis umeros lavit in undis,
eques ipso melior Bellerophonte, neque pugno
neque segni pede victus :

10 catus idem per apertum fugientes agitato
grege cervos iaculari et celer alto latitantem
fruticeto excipere aprum.

11 arto

ODES III. XI, XII

*' My sire may load me down with chains,
Or far to Africa's domains
May ship me, for that I, thy wife,
Was pitiful and spared thy life.*

*' Go, get thee gone, o'er land and flood,
While Night and Love are kind, and good
The omens; grave upon my tomb
One word of sorrow for my doom.'*

XII

O ILL it is to be a girl ! with Love she must not play
Nor drown her woes a-drinking, but must tremble every
day

Before an uncle's bitter stinging tongue !
Poor Neobule, robbed of all thy wool and weaving gear
By Venus' wing'd boy ! forgot the labours once so dear

In dreams of Hebrus beautiful and young ;
Lo, how he goes anoint with oil in Tiber's wave to swim !
Bellerophon ne'er rode so well : no man hath beaten him

In boxing or outrun him in the race :
And shrewdly can he shoot the stags that race across
the moor

In panic and confusion, and is first to front the boar
Who charges from his woody lurking-place.

XIII

OFONS Bandnsiae, splendidior vitro,
dulai digne mero non sine floribus,
cras donaberis haedo,
cui frons turgida cornibus

5 primis et venerem et proelia destinat;
frustra: nam gelidos inficiet tibi
rubro sanguine rivos
lascivi suboles gregis.

10 Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculae
nescit tangere, tu frigus amabile
fessis vomere tauris
praebes et pecori vago.

15 Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
saxis, unde loqnaces
lympae desiliunt tuac.

XIV

HERCULIS ritu modo dictus, o plebs,
morte venalem petiisse laurum
Caesar Hispana repetit penates
victor ab ora.

5 Unico gaudens mulier marito
prodeat iustis operata divis,
et soror clari ducis et decorae
supplice vitta

XIV 6 operata sacris,

XIII

BANDUSIA, crystal fountain! meet
 For thee are wine and garlands sweet,
 Lo, in thine honour dies at morn
 A tender kid, whose budding horn

Marks him for love and wars—in vain :
 His ruby blood shall surely stain,
 Though youngest wanton of the fold,
 Thy limpid runnels, clear and cold.

The Dog-star with his fiercest beam
 Can never touch thy shaded stream,
 Cool refuge for the weary ox
 With ploughing spent, and roaming flocks.

'Mid founts of fame thou too shalt be,
 What time I sing the ilex tree
 That overhangs the grotto deep
 From which thy babbling waters leap.

XIV

Or late we spake how Caesar sought
 Like Hercules, the laurels fraught
 With death—To-day, ye folk of Rome,
 From Spain he comes triumphant home.

Rejoicing in her peerless spouse
 His wife shall go and pay her vows,
 With her our hero's sister too,
 And, decked with votive fillets due

CARMINUM III. XIV, XV

10 virginum matres iuvenumque nuper
sospitum. Vos, o pueri et puellae
iam virum expertae, male ominatis
parcite verbis.

Hic dies vere mihi festus atras
eximet curas ; ego nec tumultum
15 nec mori per vim metuum tenente
Caesare terras.

I, pete unguentum, puer, et coronas
et cadum Marsi memorem duelli,
Spartacum si qua potuit vagantem
20 fallere testa.

Dic et argutae properet Neerae
murrheum nodo cohibere crinem ;
si per invisum mora ianitorem
fiet, abito.

25 Lenit albescens animos capillus
litium et rixae cupidos protervae ;
non ego hoc ferrem calidus iuventa
consule Planco.

XV

UXOR pauperis Ibyci,
tandem nequitiae fige modum tuae
famosisque laboribus :
maturo propior desine funeri

11 nominatis

ODES III. XIV, xv

The dames of Rome, their thanks to pour
For sons and daughters safe once more.
O youths and wedded girls, take care
To utter words of omen fair !

This day shall be in truth a day
Of joy, to hunt black care away ;
No mobs I dread, nor death by sword,
While Caesar o'er the earth is lord.

Bring wreaths and perfumes, and a jar
That can recall the Marsic war,
If pitcher be, that 'scaped the hands
Of Spartacus' marauding bands.

And bid Neaera, sweet-voiced maid,
Her scented tresses quickly braid ;
But if her porter makes delay—
That surly menial—come away !

Hairs growing grey compose a mind
To feuds and quarrels once inclined ;
When Plancus ruled, and I was hot
And young, I would have brooked it not.

XV

O WIFE of humble Ibycus !
Bring within bounds at last
Thy enterprises infamous,
Thy profligacies vast.

- 5 inter ludere virgines
 et stellis nebulam spargere candidis.
 Non, si quid Pholoën satis,
 et te, Chlori, decet : filia rectius
 expugnat iuvenum domos,
 10 pulso Thyias nti concita tympano.
 Illam cogit amor Nothi
 lascivae similem ludere capreae :
 te lanae prope nobilem
 tonsae Luceriam, non citharae decent
 15 nec flos purpureus rosae
 nec poti vetulam faece tenus eadi.

XVI

- INCLUSAM Danaën turris aënea
 robustaeque fores et vigilum canum
 tristes excubiae munierant satis
 nocturnis ab adulteris,
 5 si non Acrisium virginis abditae
 custodem pavidum Iuppiter et Venus
 risissent : fore enim tutum iter et patens
 converso in pretium deo.
- Aurum per medios ire satellites
 10 et perrumpere amat saxa potentius
 ictu fulmineo : concidit auguris
 Argivi domus ob lucrum
 [91]

ODES III. xv, xvi

Since thou art ripe, and death at hand,
Frisk not among the maidens, and
Their starlight overcast.
The mood that Pholoë becomes,
With Chloris ill doth sort :
Like Bacchant maddened by the drums
Thy daughter storms the young men's homes.
And none may chide her sport ;
With love for Nothus in her veins
She frolics like the does ;
But thou art old ; the woolly skeins
That famed Luceria grows
Befit thee more than lighter things—
The flagon's lees, the cither-strings,
The purple of the rose.

XVI

THE brazen tower, where Danaë was immured—
Portals of oak—and mastiffs' vigil grim—
From all her lovers had the maid secured
Through the night-watches dim ;
But Jupiter and Venus made a gibe
Of old Acrisius, her quaking guard,
Knowing the god, transmuted to a bribe,
Would find the gates unbarred.
Gold fears no challenge from the sentinel ;
Gold like the thunder rives the rocks in twain :
The Argive prophet's house in ruin fell
Submerged by greed of gain.

15 ⁴demersa exitio ; diffidit urbium
 portas vir Macedo et subruit aemulos
 reges muneribus ; munera navium
 saevos illaqueant duces.

20 Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam
 maiorumque fames. Iure perhorru
 late conspicuum tollere verticem,
 Maecenas, equitum decus.

25 Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
 ab dis plura feret : nil cupientium
 nudus castra peto et transfuga divitum
 partes linquere gestio,
 contemptae dominus splendidior rei,
 quam si quicquid arat impiger Apulus
 occultare meis dicerer horreis,
 magnas inter opes inops.

30 Purae rivus aquae silvae iugerum
 paucorum et segetis certa fides meae
 fulgentem imperio fertilis Africae
 fallit sorte beatior.

35 Quamquam nec Calabrae mella ferunt apes
 nec Laestrygonia Bacchus in amphora
 languescit mihi nec pingua Gallicis
 crescunt vellera pascuis,

importuna tamen pauperies abest,
 nec, si plura velim, tu dare deneges.
 Contracto melius parva cupidine
 40 vectigalia porrigam,

By dint of bribes the man of Macedon
 Could force the gates of cities, and unseat
 His rival monarchs ; bribes have oft undone
 Rough captains of the fleet.

Care follows after riches as they grow,
 And hunger still for more : I feared aright
 To rear my head aloft in vulgar show,
 Maecenas, noble knight !

The more a man denies himself, the more
 The gods will give him. So with raiment rent
 I flee the ranks of Wealth, deserting o'er
 To camp beside Content ;

Prouder as lord of my despised domain,
 Than if men told how on my granary floor
 I heaped Apulia's lusty yield of grain—
 Amid vast riches poor.

My little copse, my brook so fair to see,
 My faithful harvest—no such happy lot
 Is his who holds rich Africa in fee,
 Although he knows it not.

Though not for me Calabrian bees bestow
 Their honey, nor in hoary pitchers sleep
 The mellowing wines, nor thick the fleeces grow
 On backs of Gallic sheep ;

Yet weary poverty is not my fate,
 Nor if I ask for more, wilt thou refuse :
 By checking my desires can I inflate
 My puny revenues,

CARMINUM III. XVII, XVIII

quam si Mygdoniis regnum Alyattei
campis continuem. Multa petentibus
desunt multa : bene est, cui deus obtulit
parca, quod satis est, manu.

XVII

AELI vetusto nobilis ab Lamo,—
quando et priores hinc Lamias ferunt
denominatos et nepotum
per memores genus omne fastos ;
5 auctore ab illo ducis originem,
qui Formiarum moenia dicitur
princeps et innantem Maricae
litoribus tenuisse Lirim
late tyrannus :—cras foliis nemus
10 multis et alga litus inutili
demissa tempestas ab Euro
sternet, aquae nisi fallit augur
annosa cornix. Dum potes, aridum
componere lignum : cras Genium mero
15 curabis et porco bimenstri
cum famulis operum solutis.

XVIII

FAUNE, Nympharum fugientum amator.
per meos fines et aprica rura
lenis incedas abeasque parvis
aequus alumnis,

5 ducit *conf. Heinsius*

ODES III. XVI-XVIII

Better than by annexing Mygdon's land
To Croesus' realm : great cravings greatly fail ;
And well with him, to whom with sparing hand
God gives sufficient tale.

XVII

FRIEND, nobly sprung from Lamus old,
Sire of the elder Lamiae,
Ay, and their later sons, enrolled
In many a page of history—
From Formiae's fort thy ancestor
Was lord, says legend, far and wide,
To where by Lake Marica's shore
The Liris pours its brimming tide.
To-morrow, and a gale will strow
The beach with sea-weed, and with leaves
The forest, or yon hoary crow,
That presages the rain, deceives.
Lay in dry logs while yet 'tis fine ;
To-morrow bid thy soul be gay
With tender sucking-pig and wine,
And give thy slaves a holiday.

XVIII

As thou the flying Nymphs dost woo
Come softly o'er my sunny farm,
Good Faun, and softly go, nor do
My little lambkins harm.

5 si tener pleno cadit haedus anno,
larga nec desunt Veneris sodali
vina craterae, vetus ara multo
fumat odore.

10 Ludit herboso pecus omne campo,
cum tibi Nonae redeunt Decembres :
festus in pratis vacat otioso
cum bove pagus ;

inter audaces lupus errat agnos ;
spargit agrestes tibi silva frondes ;
15 gaudet invisam pepulisse fossor
ter pede terram.

XIX

QUANTUM distet ab Inacho
Codrus pro patria non timidus mori,
narras et genus Aeaci
et pugnata sacro bella sub Ilio :
5 quo Chium pretio cadum
mercemur, quis aquam temperet ignibus
quo praebente domum et quota
Pelignis caream frigoribus, taces.
Da lunae propere novae,
10 da noctis mediae, da, puer, auguris
Murenæ : tribus aut novem
miscentur cyathis pocula commodis.
Qui Musas amat impares,
ternos ter cyathos attonitus petet

ODES III. XVIII, XIX

So once a year to thee we slay
A kid, and fill with wine the cup
That Venus loves, while altars grey
Send their sweet savours up.
Come thy December Nones, and flocks
O'er all the grassy meadows play ;
The hamlet and the idle ox
Afield make holiday.
Lambs scorn the wolf who prowls around :
To thee the woods their leafage strow :
The ditcher dances, glad to pound
The earth, his hated foe.

XIX

How Codrus brave, who died to save
His native land, was sprung
From Inachus : of Peleus' line,
Of battles fought round Troy divine,
All these thy lyre hath sung ;
But what a Chian cask will cost,
Who'll make our water hot,
And where we are to find our host,
Or when escape this Arctic frost,
Of these thou tellest not.
Boy ! bear a cup to greet the Moon,
For Midnight one, and haste !
Bear to the seer Murena one ;
With ladles nine or three of wine,
As snits each toper's taste.
Mad bards who love the Muses' band
For three times three may shout :

- 15 vates ; tres prohibet supra
 rixarum metuens tangere Gratia
 nudis iuncta sororibus.
 Insanire iuvat : cur Berecynthiae
 cessant flamina tibiae ?
 20 Cur pendet tacita fistula cum lyra ?
 Parcentes ego dexteras
 odi : sparge rosas ; andiat invidus
 dementem strepitum Lyens
 et vicina seni non habilis Lyco.
 25 Spissa te nitidum coma,
 puro te similem, Telephe, Vespero,
 tempestiva petit Rhode :
 me lentus Glycerae torret amor meae.

XX

- Non vides, quanto moveas periclo,
 Pyrrhe, Gaetulae catulos leaenae ?
 Dura post paulo fugies inaudax
 proelia raptor,
 5 cum per obstantes iuvenum catervas
 ibit insignem repetens Nearchum,
 grande certamen, tibi praeda cedat
 maior an illi.
 Interim, dum tu celeres sagittas
 10 promis, haec dentes acuit timendos,
 arbiter pugnae posuisse nudo
 sub pede palmam

ODES III. XIX, XX

The naked Graces, hand in hand,
 To touch no more than three command,
 Lest revel end in rout.
 I'm for a rouse ! why tarry mute
 The pipes of Cybele ?
 Why silent hang the lyre and lute ?
 No niggard hands for me !
 Strew roses ! Surly Lycus there,
 Unfit to wed a wife so fair,
 Shall hear our revelry—
 Ah, Telephus ! thick-haired and bright
 As Hesper at the fall of night,
 To thee doth Rhode turn,
 And proper mate of thine is she :
 But Glycera has kindled me ;
 For her I slowly burn.

XX

PYRRHUS ! at peril of thy life
 Wouldst rob a tigress of her young ?
 O thou wilt fly the deadly strife,
 Faint-hearted thief, ere long ;
 When through the press of lads she hies
 To claim Nearchus fair to see,
 And battle rages, ere the prize
 Fall unto her or thee.
 Yet, while she whets her fearsome teeth
 And thou art baring shafts to shoot,
 They say the judge has crushed the wreath
 Below his naked foot,

15 fertur et leni recreare vento
 sparsum odoratis umerum capillis,
 qualis aut Nireus fuit aut aquosa
 raptus ab Ida.

XXI

5 O NATA mecum consule Manlio,
 sen tu querellas sive geris iocos
 seu rixam et iusanos amores
 seu facilem, pia testa, somnum,

quocumque lectum nomine Massicum
 servas, moveri digna bono die,
 descende, Corvino iubente
 promere languidiora vina.

10 Non ille, quamquam Socraticis madet
 sermonibus, te negleget horridus :
 narratur et prisci Catonis
 saepe mero caluisse virtus.

15 Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoveas
 plerumque duro ; tu sapientium
 curas et arcanum iocoso
 consilium retegis Lyaeo ;

20 tu spem reducis mentibus anxiiis,
 viresque et addis cornua pauperi
 post te neque iratos trementi
 regum apices neque militum arma.

5. numine

ODES III. xx, xxi

And lets the cooling breezes rough
The scented locks about his cheek,
Like Nireus, or the boy borne off
From fountained Ida's peak.

XXI

TWIN-BORN with me in Manlius' year
O thou who bringest men good cheer,
Or grief, or brawl, and passion wild,
Or easy sleep, my pitcher mild ;

Whate'er thy end, 'tis meet to call
Thy Massic to our festival ;
Come down : it is Corvinus' whim :
I need my ripest wines for him.

Deep-dyed in Plato's lore is he,
But not too stern to relish thee ;
Why, good old Cato, so they tell,
Would warm unto his wine right well.

Thou hast a gentle rack to strain
The stiffest wits : to thee are plain
The sage's cares and secret thoughts
By grace of Him who loosens knots.

Reviving hope in anxious minds
Thou givest horns of strength to hinds
Who, filled with thee, no longer pale
At crested kings or men in mail.

CARMINUM III. XXI-XXIII

Te Liber et, si laeta aderit, Venus
segnesque nodum solvere Gratiae
vivaeque producent lucernae,
dum rediens fugat astra Phoebus.

XXII

MONTIUM custos nemorumque, Virgo,
quae laborantes utero puellas
ter vocata audis adimisque leto,
diva triformis,
5 imminens villae tua pinus esto,
quam per exactos ego laetus annos
verris obliquum meditantis ictum
sanguine donem.

XXIII

CAELO supinas si tuleris manus
nascente Luna, rustica Phidyle,
si ture placaris et horna
fruge Lares avidaque porca,
5 nec pestilentem sentiet Africum
fecunda vitis nec sterilem seges
robiginem aut dulces alumni
pomifero grave tempus anno.
Nam quae nivali pascitur Algido
10 devota quercus inter et ilices
aut crescit Albanis in herbis
victima pontificum secures

ODES III. XXI-XXIII

May Bacchus and the Graces still
Close-linked, and Venus, if she will,
Prolong thy rounds 'neath lanterns gay
Till flee the stars at dawn of Day.

XXII

O MAID, who watchest wood and fell,
And thrice invoked dost hear the moan
Of girls in need, and guard them well ;
Queen, that art three yet one !
Be thine the pine above my cot :
There gladly as each year doth go
I'll slay a boar who yet has not
Achieved his side-long blow.

XXIII

STRETCH out thy hands toward the skies,
Good Phidyle, at each new moon ;
Appease thy gods with gifts of spice,
A fatted sow, and sheaves of June.
Sirocco shall not parch thy grape,
Nor blight of rust shall blast thy crop :
Thy tender lambs shall all escape
The sickly days when apples drop.
Amid the snowy oaks and holms
Of Algidus—on Alba's mead—
Full many a fated heifer roams
That 'neath the pontiff's knife shall bleed.

CARMINUM III. XXIII, XXIV

cervice tinget : te nihil attinet
temptare multa caede bidentium
15 parvos coronantem marino
rore deos fragilique myrto.

Immnis aram si tetigit manus,
non sumptuosa blandior hostia
mollivit aversos Penates
20 farre pio et saliente mica.

XXIV

INTACTIS opulentior
thesauris Arabum et divitis Indiae
caementis licet occupes
Tyrrenum omne tuis et mare Apulicum,
5 si figit adamantinos
summis verticibus dira Necessitas
clavos, non animum metu,
non mortis laqueis expedics caput.
Campestres melius Scythae,
10 quorum plaustra vagas rite trahunt domos,
vivunt et rigidi Getae,
immetata quibus ingera liberas
fruges et Cererem ferunt,
nec cultura placet longior annua,
15 defunctumque laboribus
aequali recreat sorte vicarius.
Illic matre carentibus

4 *codd. boni Ponticum; vel publicum; unde Lachmannus pro Tyrrenum quod habent codd. omnes terrenum coniecit.*

ODES III. xxiii, xxiv

What lack hast thou to compass death
For many a ewe, to urge thy plea?
Thy godlings will accept a wreath
Of brittle bay and rosemary.

Clean hands upon the altar laid
Need no rich offering to appeal
To gods whose wrath is surely stayed
By crackling salt and holy meal.

XXIV

THY wealth outshines the virgin mines
Of Ind and Araby,
Thy mighty piles of building-stone
Usurp and hide, not earth alone,
But e'en the common sea;
Yet, once let Fate relentless strike
Thy roof with adamantine spike,
And never shalt thou loose
Thy spirit from the dread of doom.
Thy body from the noose.
O better far the Scythians fare,
The dwellers of the plains,
Whose wont it is their homes to bear
From place to place in wains;
The Getae too, of habit stern,
That from the fenceless acres earn
Their crops and corn at will;
Beyond a year the selfsame soil
They tarry not to till,
And when one wearies of the toil
Another follows still.

- privignis mulier temperat innocens,
 nec dotata regit virum
 20 coniunx nec nitido fudit adultero.
 Dos est magna parentium
 virtus et metuens alterius viri
 certo foedere castitas;
 et peccare nefas aut pretium est mori.
 25 O quisquis volet impias
 caedes et rabiem tollere civicam,
 si quaeret PATER URBIUM
 subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat
 refrenare licentiam,
 30 clarus postgenitis : quatenus—heu nefas !—
 virtutem incolumem odimus,
 sublatam ex oculis quaerimus invidi.
 Quid tristes querimoniae,
 si non supplicio culpa reciditur,
 35 quid leges sine moribus
 vanae proficiunt, si neque fervidis
 pars inclusa caloribus
 mundi nec Boreae finitimum latus
 durataeque solo nives
 40 mercatorem abigunt, horrida callidi
 vincunt aequora navitae,
 magnum pauperies opprobrium iubet
 quidvis et facere et pati
 virtutisque viam deserit arduae?
 45 Vel nos in Capitolium,
 quo clamor vocat et turba faventium,
 vel nos in mare proximum
 gemmas et lapides, aurum et inutile,
 [99].

Their wives are innocent, and rear
 Their step-sons with a mother's care ;
 No richly-portioned brides
 O'erbear their lords, and in the words
 Of lovers none confides.
 Their parents' worth, their honour sure
 That shrinks from all that is not pure—
 These are their dower of price ;
 And lawless love is sin whereof
 She that is guilty dies.
 O whoso would our scenes of blood,
 Our factions' rage abate,
 And read upon his statues hewn
The Father of the State ,
 First let him curb our mad caprice,
 And from some future year
 Await his fame : we—woe it is—
 Lament a virtue that we miss
 And hate her when she 's here.
 What use to mourn, unless abuse
 By justice' sword is mown ?
 What profit laws, if lives are loose ?
 When South unto the zone
 Euringed by heat, or Northward, where
 The snows lie frozen 'neath the Bear,
 Our traders go, our sailors dare
 The anger of the waves ?
 When poverty is such disgrace,
 As drives us on to do or face
 Whate'er she will, but shuns the hill,
 That only Virtue braves ?
 Come to the Capitol with me
 Where cheers and shouting call,
 And there, or in the nearest sea,
 Our idle gold and jewel'ry
 And baubles, fling them all,

- summi materiem mali,
 50 mittamus, scelerum si bene paenitet.
 Eradenda cupidinis
 pravi sunt elementa et tenerae nimis
 mentes asperioribus
 formandae studiis. Nescit equo rudis
 55 haerere ingenuus puer
 venarique timet, ludere doctior,
 seu Graeco iubeas trocho
 seu malis vetita legibus alea,
 cum pericula patris fides
 60 consortem socium fallat et hospitem
 indignoque pecuniam
 heredi properet. Scilicet improbae
 crescunt divitiae ; tamen
 curtae nescio quid semper abest rei.

XXV

- Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui
 plenum ? quae nemora aut quos agor in specus
 velox mente nova ? quibus
 antris egregii Caesaris audiar
 5 aeternum meditans decus
 stellis inserere et consilio Iovis ?
 Dicam insigne recens adhuc
 indictum ore alio. Non secus in iugis
 exsomnia stupet Evias
 10 Hebrum prospiciens et nive candidam
 Thracen ac pede barbaro
 lustratam Rhodopen, ut mihi devio

ODES III. XXIV, XXV

Chief stuff of mischief, if indeed
 We truly mourn our fall.
 This alphabet of vicious greed
 Let us erase at once ;
 And discipline with rougher rede
 Our far too tender sons :
 Our boys of birth are all unskilled
 To sit a horse and hunt,
 Though well the Grecian hoop they wield
 Or dice that laws affront ;
 Their fathers break the oath they swore
 To partner or to friend,
 All haste to make a fortune for
 A worthless heir to spend ;
 No doubt the piles of pieces will
 Grow monstrous big, but something still
 Is lacking to the end.

XXV

WHERE, Bacchus, art thou driving me
 Fulfilled of wine, thy gift ?
 What woods and dens be these I see
 In frenzy new and swift ?
 What caves will hearken, when I try
 Imperial Caesar's majesty
 Amid the stars to set,
 Where all the gods in council range ?
 Sublime shall be the song and strange,
 Unsung by poet yet.
 As Maenad waking on the height
 O'er Hebrus' flood and Thrace snow-white
 Stands stupefied to gaze,
 And Rhodope, where wild men rove ;

ripas et vacuum nemus
 mirari libet. O Naiadum potens
 15 Baccharumque valentium
 proceras manibus vertere fraxinos,
 nil parvum aut humili modo,
 nil mortale loquar. Dulce periculum est,
 O Lenaeae, sequi deum
 20 cingentem viridi tempora pampino.

XXVI

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus
 et militavi non sine gloria ;
 nunc arma defunctumque bello
 barbiton hic paries habebit,
 5 laevum marinae qui Veneris latus
 custodit. Hic hic ponite lucida
 funalia et vectes et arcus
 oppositis foribus minaces.
 O quae beatam diva tenes Cyprum et
 10 Memphin carentem Sithonia nive,
 regina, sublimi flagello,
 tange Chloën semel arrogantem.

XXVII

IMPIOS parrae recinentis omen
 ducat et praegnans canis aut ab agro
 rava decurrens lupa Lanuvino,
 fetaque vulpes :

ODES III. XXV-XXVII

So I by banks and empty grove
 Take my impassioned ways.
 O master of the Naiads all,
 And of the Bacchant throng,
 Whose power can ply the ash-trees tall,
 No song of lowly mood or small
 Is mine—no mortal song !
 Sweet is the hazard, God of wine,
 To follow, follow yet
 The clinging tendrils of the vine
 Wherewith thy brow is set.

XXVI

MEET for the maidens once was I,
 And warred, and glory won withal ;
 But now I lay my harness by
 And weary harp, upon this wall
 That guards the sea-born goddess' side :
 Here, here throw down the bars and bows
 And torches bright that once were plied
 On all the doors that shut so close.
 O Queen, who rulest Cyprus fair,
 And Memphis where no snows abide
 Kind Venus, lift thy lash in air,
 To tingle once on Chloe's pride.

XXVII

MAY sinners meet all omens ill !
 The bitch with cubs ; the owlet's tongue ;
 The dun wolf stalking down the hill ;
 The vixen great with young ;

- 5 rumpat et serpens iter institutum,
 si per obliquum similis sagittae
 terrui mannos : ego cui timebo
 providus auspex,

 antequam stantes repetat paludes
 10 imbrium divina avis imminentum,
 oscinem corvum prece suseitabo
 solis ab ortu.

 Sis licet felix, ubicunque mavis,
 et memor nostri, Galatea, vivas,
 15 teque nec laevus vetet ire picus
 nec vaga cornix.

 Sed vides, quanto trepidet tumultu
 pronus Orion. Ego quid sit ater
 Hadriae novi sinus et quid albus
 20 peccet Iapyx.

 Hostium nxores puerique caecos
 sentiant motus orientis Austri et
 aequoris nigri fremitum et trementes
 verbere ripas.

 25 Sic et Europe niveum doloso
 credidit tanro latus et scatentem
 beluis pontum mediasque fraudes
 palluit audax.

 Nuper in pratis studiosa florum et
 debitae Nymphis opifex coronae,
 30 nocte sublustri nihil astra praeter
 vidit et undas.

5 rumpit

15 vetat ex uno cod. Lambinus

May adders o'er the roadway glide
 And scare their steeds with arrowy dart ;
 But I, diviner eagle-eyed
 For her who hath my heart,

Will pray the raven, e'er he hies
 Back to the stagnant marshes where
 He calls the rain, at morning-rise
 To croak an omen fair.

Be happy, wheresoe'er thou art,
 And think on me, my lady, still ;
 No roaming crow delay thy start,
 No daw that bodeth ill !

Yet see, Orion sinks and reels
 With tempest. Well I know the mien
 Of inky Adria, when it feels
 The west wind lashing keen.

For wives and children of our foes
 Such terrors be ! when Auster roars
 And whips the surges black, whose blows
 Convulse the solid shores.

E'en bold Europe, when she gave
 Her snowy limbs to yon false bull,
 Grew pale, beholding ocean's wave
 Of beasts and terrors full.

Of late intent on meadow flowers,
 She plaited wreaths the Nymphs to please :
 Now she discerns through Night's dim hours
 Only the stars and seas.

35 Quae simul centum tetigit potentem
oppidis Creten : Pater, o relictum
filiae nomen, pietasque, dixit,
vieta furore !

40 Unde quo veni ? Levis una mors est
virginum culpa. Vigilansne ploro
turpe commissum, an vitiis carentem
ludit imago

vana, quae porta fugiens eburna
somnia ducit ? Meliusne fluctus
ire per longos fuit, an recentes
carpere flores ?

45 Si quis infamem mihi nunc iuvenum
dedat iratae, lacerare ferro et
frangere enitar modo multum amati
cornua monstri.

50 Impudens liqui patrios Penates,
impudens Orcum moror. O deorum
si quis haec audis, utinam inter errem
nuda leones !

55 Antequam turpis macies decentes
occupet malas teneraeque succus
defluat praedae, speciosa quaero
pascere tigres.

60 Vilis Europe, pater urget absens :
quid mori cessas ? Potes hac ab orno
pendulum zona bene te secuta
laedere collum.

Anon to mighty Crete she came

With all its hundred towns, and cried
 ‘O Sire! I may not speak thy name,
 Since folly love defied.

‘O whence, O where? mere death—no more—
 Were doom too light for maid’s offence :
 Am I awake and sinning sore,
 Or all in innocence

‘By phantoms from the ivory gate
 Bemocked? To pluck the buds new-blown,
 Or wander o’er yon weary strait—
 Ah, which were better done?

‘Give me that steer of ill-repute
 To hew in pieces with the sword,
 To wrench the horns from off the brute
 That once I so adored!

‘Shameless I left my father’s home
 Shameless I shrink from death. This prayer
 Hear, some kind god, and let me roam
 ’Mid lions, lone and bare!

‘Ere wasting mars my comely cheek,
 Ere withers all my sap away,
 While I am seemly yet, I seek
 To be the tigers’ prey.

“Die, die! thou base Europe, haste!
 (Far off my father chideth me)
 For noose, the good zone at thy waist,
 For gibbet, yon tall tree.

Sive te rupes et acuta leto
saxa delectant, age te procellae
crede veloci, nisi herile mavis
carpere pensum,

65 regius sanguis, dominaeque tradi
barbarae paelex. Aderat querenti
perfidum ridens Venus et remisso
filius arcu.

70 Mox, ubi lusit satis: Abstineto,
dixit, irarum calidaeque rixae,
cum tibi invisus laceranda reddet
cornua taurus.

Uxor invicti Iovis esse nescis:
mitte singultus, bene ferre magnam
75 disce fortunam; tua sectus orbis
nomina ducet.

XXVIII

FESTO quid potius die
Neptuni faciam? Prome reconditum
Lyde strenua Caecubum
munitaeque adhibe vim sapientiae.
5 Inclinare meridiem
sentis ac, veluti stet volucris dies,
parcis deripere horreo
cessantem Bibuli consulis amphoram.

Nos cantabimus invicem
10 Neptunum et virides Nereïdum comas;

“*Or haply climb yon airy scaur,
And fling thee on the jagged rock
To death; unless it likes thee more,
Thou child of kingly stock,*
“*To card thy wool the slaves among,
And serve a foreign master’s dame.”*”

Now Cupid, with his bow unstrung,
And Venns mocked her shame;
Till, tired of jibes, the goddess spake :
‘*Refrain from rage and railing, when
Thy hated bull shall bring thee back
His horns to rend again,*
‘*Wife of unconquered Jove thou art,
And know’st it not! learn not to shame
Thy honours: hush thy sobs; a part
Of Earth shall bear thy name.*’

XXVIII

How better may I keep the day
Of Neptune’s festival?
Go, Lyde fleet of foot, unlock
The cellared Caecuban, to shock
The strength of Wisdom’s wall.
Thou seest noon go down the hill;
Then why, as if winged day stood still,
Art thou a-loitering thus
To pull the pitcher from the bins,
Where it has lingered idly since
The year of Bibulus?
And first will I of Neptune tell
And Nereids’ hair sea-green;

tu curva recines lyra

Latonam et celeris spicula Cynthiae,

summo carmine, quae Cnidon

fulgentesque tenet Cycladas et Paphum

15 iunctis visit oloribus ;

dicetur merita Nox quoque nenia.

XXIX

TYRRHENA regum progenies, tibi

non ante verso lene merum cado

cum flore, Maecenas, rosarum et

pressa tuis balanus capillis

5 iamdudum apud me est. Eripe te morae ;

nec semper ndum Tibur et Aefulae

declive contempleris arvum et

Telegoni iuga parricidae.

Fastidiosam desere copiam et

10 molem propinquam nubibus arduis ;

omitte mirari beatæ

fumum et opes strepitumque Romae.

Plerumque gratae divitibus vices

mundaeque parvo sub lare pauperum

15 cenae sine aulaeis et ostro

sollicitam explicuere frontem.

Iam clarus occultum Andromedae pater

ostendit ignem, iam Procyon furit

et stella vesani Leonis,

20 sole dies referente siccos :

ODES III. xxviii, xxix

Of Leto thou, with curving shell,
And Cynthia's arrows keen ;
And both shall take for crowning theme
The Queen of Love, who sways
Cnidos and Cyclades a-gleam,
And visits Paphos with her team
Of swans ; and then a grateful hymn
To gentle Night we'll raise.

XXIX

SCION of Tuscan kings, I keep
For thee, thou laggard, roses rare,
And wine in virgin jars asleep,
And fragrant balsam for thy hair.
Haste then, and turn from gazing on
The downs of Aefula, the hills
Of parricidal Telegon,
And Tivoli of many rills.
Leave weary luxury at home,
Leave halls that climb the very skies,
No more bemused by gorgeons Rome,
City of smoke and wealth and cries.
Relief in change wealth often feels :
And though the house be poor and bare
Of purples rich, yet dainty meals
Have smoothed the furrowed brows of care.
Now maddened Leo rages sore,
And Cepheus sudden bursts ablaze,
And Procyon revels, and once more
The Sun leads on the thirsty days.

CARMINUM III. XXIX

iam pastor umbras cum grege languido
rivumque fessus quaerit et horridi
dumeta Silvani, caretque
ripa vagis taciturna ventis.

25 Tu, civitatem quis deceat status,
curas, et Urbi sollicitus times,
quid Seres et regnata Cyro
Bactra parent Tanaisque discors.

30 Prudens futuri temporis exitum
caliginosa nocte premit deus
ridetque, si mortalis ultra
fas trepidat. Quod adest memento

componere aequus ; cetera fluminis
ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
35 cum pace delabentis Etruscum
in mare, nunc lapides adesos

stirpesque raptas et pecus et domus
volventis una non sine montium
clamore vicinaeque silvae,
40 cum fera diluvies quietos

irritat amnes. Ille potens sui
laetusque deget, cui licet in diem
dixisse Vixi : cras vel atra
nube polum Pater occupato,

45 vel sole puro ; non tamen irritum,
quodcumque retro est, efficiet neque
diffinget infectumque reddet,
quod fugiens semel hora vexit.

Now shepherd spent and languid sheep
 Seek out the shade and stream and trees
 Of rough Silvanus ; marges sleep
 Untroubled by the wandering breeze.

But thou art brooding over Rome,
 Thy thought is all of threats of war
 From rebel Scythas, or Bactrians whom
 King Cyrus ruled, or China far.

Yet prescient God hath drawn a veil
 Of blackness o'er the future : men
 May fret against their mortal pale ;
 And He but laughs. Be tranquil then

Just in the present : all besides
 Is onward like a river borne ;
 Now smooth unto the sea it glides,
 Now swirls a wreck of trees upturn,

And hollowed stones and homes and pens,
 'Mid thunder that the woods and bills
 Re-echo, till the flood immense
 Arouses e'en the quiet rills.

Lord of his soul and glad is he
 Who can with every sunset say,
 ' *To-morrow, and let Jove decree
 Or sun or storm. I've lived To-day.*

' *Yet even Jove shall not undo
 What once is past, nor nullify
 Nor shape again to fashion new
 What flying Time has carried by.*

50 Fortuna saevo laeta negotio et
 ludum insolentem ludere pertinax
 transmutat incertos honores,
 nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.

 Lando manentem ; si celeres quatit
 pennas, resigno quae dedit et mea
 55 virtute me involvo probamque
 pauperiem sine dote quaero.

 Non est meum, si mugiat Africis
 malus procellis, ad miseras preces
 decurrere et votis pacisci
 60 ne Cypriae Tyriaeque merces

 addant avaro divitias mari :
 tunc me biremis praesidio scaphae
 tutum per Aegaeos tumultus
 aura feret geminusque Pollux.

XXX

EXEGI monumentum aere perennius
 regalique situ pyramidum altius,
 quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
 possit diruere aut innumerabilis
 5 annorum series et fuga temporum.
 Non omnis moriar multaue pars mei
 vitabit Libitinam : usque ego postera
 cresciam laude recens, dum Capitolium
 scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex.
 10 Dicar, qua violens obstrepit Aufidus
 [107]

Fortune, who loves her craft malign
 And aye pursues her haughty whim,
 Bestows her shifty boons, benign
 To me awhile, anon to him.
 I praise her staying ; if she shake
 Quick wings, I waive her every gift :
 And, mantled in my virtne, take
 To wife undowered honest thrift.
 When masts are groaning to the gales,
 Not mine to fall a-whining prayers
 In hope to bargain that my bales
 Of Cyprian or Tyrian wares
 Shall not enrich the miser main ;
 But still my two-oared cockle rides,
 Safe-borne of breeze and Brethren twain,
 Across the wild Aegean tides.

XXX

I'VE wrought a monument more tall
 Than pyramids of kings,
 Enduring shall it be o'er all
 The age of brazen things ;
 No wasting rain shall lay it low
 Nor all the Northern blasts that blow
 Nor endless aeons as they go :
 I shall not wholly die :
 The better part of me, I know,
 From death's dark Queen shall fly ;
 And ever fresh my fame shall grow
 Through all the future time,
 As long as up the Sacred Hill,
 The silent Virgin with him still,
 The Pontifex shall climb.
 Where Aufidus doth race and roar
 When rains his torrent swell ;

et qua pauper aquae Daunus agrestium
 regnavit populorum, ex humili potens
 princeps Aeolium carmen ad Italos
 deduxisse modos. Sume superbiam
 15 quaesitam meritis et mihi Delphica
 lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam.

ODES III. xxx

Where good king Daunus ruled of yore
His rustic folk—an arid shore—

Shall men my story tell,
How rising high from low estate
The airs of Greece I first did mate
To odes of Italy.

Come now, thy well-won pride of place

Assume, Melpomene ;
With bays of Delphi, of thy grace,
Bind thou my brow for me.

CARMINUM

LIBER QUARTUS

I

- INTERMISSA, Venus, diu
rursus bella moves? Parce, precor, precor.
Non sum qualis eram bonae
sub regno Cinarae. Desine, dulcium
5 mater saeva Cupidinum,
circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
iam durum imperiis : abi,
quo blandae iuvenum te revocant preces.
Tempestivius in domum
10 Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus,
comissabere Maximi,
si torrere iecur quaeris idoneum :
namque et nobilis et decens
et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis
15 et centum puer artium
late signa feret militiae tuae,
et, quandoque potentior
largi muneribus riserit aemuli,
[109]

ODES

BOOK IV

I

WHAT, Venus! would'st thou wake a war
Long stilled? forbear, I pray :
I am not as I was of yore
' Neath kindly Cinara's sway ;
Harsh mother of the Love-gods dear,
One that is nigh his fiftieth year
No longer seek to bend
To thy soft biddings : let me be :
Caressing voices call to thee ;
To youth's appeal attend.
If 'tis thy wish betimes to rouse
A likely heart, away
With thy bright swans to Paullus' house
And there make holiday :
For he is noble, comely, shrewd
In pleadings at the bar,
A youth with every art indued
To bear thy banners far.
So when he triumphs, and can jeer
Rivals more rich than him,

- Albanos prope te lacus
 20 ponet marmoream sub trabe citrea,
 illic plurima naribus
 duces tura, lyraeque et Berecynthiae
 delectabere tibiae
 mixtis carminibus non sine fistula ;
 25 illic bis pueri die
 numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
 laudantes pede candido
 in morem Salium ter quatient humum.
 Me nec femina nec puer
 30 iam nec spes animi credula mutui,
 nec certare iuvat mero,
 nec vincere novis tempora floribus.
 Sed cur heu, Ligurine, cur
 manat rara meas lacrima per genas?
 35 Cur facunda parum decoro
 inter verba cadit lingua silentio?
 Nocturnis ego somniis
 iam captum teneo, iam volucrem sequor
 te per gramina Martii
 40 campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

II

PINDARUM quisquis studet aemulari,
 Iule, ceratis ope Daedalea
 nititur pennis vitreo daturus
 nomina ponto.

22, 23 lyra, Berecynthia, tibia

ODES IV. 1, II

To thee beside the Alban mere
 A marble statue he will rear
 'Neath roof of citron-beam ;
 And there, while incense round thee floats
 Unto thy heart's desire,
 Shall blend in harmony the notes
 Of flute and pipe and lyre :
 And twice a day with shining feet
 The boys and maidens slight
 Shall tread a dance of triple beat
 In honour of thy might.
 I seek no love, nor hope to find
 My love requited now,
 No more I care to drink or bind
 New blossoms on my brow ;
 Yet whence, alas ! beloved, whence
 Are these slow tear-drops come ?
 And why, for all my eloquence,
 Fall I abashed and dumb ?
 In dreams I hold thee fast : anon
 Thou fliest, I pursue
 Thee o'er the meadows, cruel one,
 And rolling rivers too.

II

HE that to vie with Pindar thinks,
 On waxèd wings like Icarus soars,
 Till in the glassy sea he sinks
 And leaves his name upon its shores.

- 5 Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
 quem super notas aluere ripas,
 fervet immensusque ruit profundo
 Pindarus ore,
- 10 laurea donandus Apollinari,
 seu per audaces nova dithyrambos
 verba devolvit numerisque fertur
 lege solutis ;
- 15 seu deos regesque canit, deorum
 sanguinem, per quos cecidere iusta
 morte Centauri, cecidit tremendae
 flamma Chimaerae ;
- 20 sive quos Elea domum reducit
 palma caelestes pugilemve equumve
 dicit et centum potiore signis
 munere donat,
- 25 flebili sponsae iuvenemve raptum
 plorat et vires animumque moresque
 aureos educit in astra nigroque
 invidet Orco.
- 30 Multa Dircaeum levat aura cyenum,
 tendit, Antoni, quotiens in altos
 nubium tractus. Ego apis Matinae
 more modoque
- 30 grata carpentis thyma per laborem
 plurimum circa nemus uvidique
 Tiburis ripas operosa parvus
 carmina fingo.

Like torrent foaming from its source
 Fed far above its banks with rain,
 So Pindar pours with mighty force
 The flood of his majestic strain.

Well hath he won Apollo's bay,
 Now in some daring dithyramb
 Coining new phrases, borne away
 Upon a spate no rules can dam,

Now singing gods or heroes, who
 Were sons of gods, and did to death
 The Centaurs righteously, and slew
 Chimaera of the fiery breath ;

Or them who come enwreathed with palm
 As gods, from race or boxing won :
 To whom his ode is rarer balm
 Than many statues carved of stone :

Or now he mourns the lover riven
 From wailing bride, and slacks the hold
 Of Hell on him, and lifts to Heaven
 His strength of soul, his heart of gold.

Strong is the gale that lifts on high
 The swan of Dirce, friend, when he
 Sails to his cloudy heights. But I,
 In mood and manner like a bee.

Laboriously garnering thyme
 About the dewy banks and trees
 Of Tibur, bend to toilsome rhyme
 My unassuming melodies.

- 35 Concines maiore poëta plectro
 Caesarem, quandoque trahet feroces
 per sacrum clivum merita decorus
 fronde Sygambros,

 quo nihil maius meliusve terris
 fata donavere bonique divi
 nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
 40 tempora priscum.

 Concines laetosque dies et Urbis
 publicum ludum super impetrato
 fortis Augusti reditu forumque
 litibus orbum.

 45 Tum meae, si quid loquar audiendum,
 vocis accedet bona pars, et, O Sol
 pulcher! o laudande! canam, recepto
 Caesare felix.

 Teque, dum procedis, io Triumphe,
 50 non semel dicemus, io Triumphe,
 civitas omnis dabimusque divis
 tura benignis.

 Te decem tauri totidemque vaccae,
 me tener solvet vitulus, relictæ
 55 matre qui largis iuvenescit herbis
 in mea vota,

 fronte curvatos imitatus ignes
 tertium lunæ referentis ortum,
 qua notam duxit, niveus videri,
 60 cetera fulvus.

49 procedit

ODES IV. 11

But thou, a bard of weightier quill,
Shalt sing of Caesar, soon to lead
Fierce captives up the Sacred Hill,
Enwreathed with laurels for his meed.

(No rarer boon of gracious heaven,
No greater gift of Fate to men,
Was e'er bestowed, nor shall be given,
Though come the Age of Gold again.)

Shalt sing of festivals and sports
Ordained throughout the breadth of Rome,
And stillness only in the courts,
Because our longed-for chief is home.

Then, if I dare uplift my voice,
I'll take my part and swell the strain,
*'Glad morn, that bids us all rejoice
And gives us Caesar safe again!'*

Lead thou, O Triumph, lead the way,
Thy name again, again we greet,
A people as one man, and pay
The kindly gods our savours sweet.

Ten bulls, ten kine shall quit thy vows ;
But one young calf that barely yet
Has left his mother's flank, to browse
Where grass is long, shall clear my debt :

As moon thrice risen on the night
So is the crescent on his head ;
One spot he bears of snowy white,
And all the rest is tawny red.

III

QUEM tu, Melpomene, semel
 nascentem placido lumine videris,
 illum non labor Isthmius
 clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger
 5 curru ducet Achaico
 victorem, neque res bellica Delis
 ornatum foliis ducem,
 quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,
 ostendet Capitolio :
 10 sed quae Tibur aquae fertile praefluunt
 et spissae nemorum comae
 fingent Aeolio carmine nobilem.
 Romae principis urbinum
 dignatur suboles inter amabiles
 15 vatum ponere me choros,
 et iam dente minus mordeor invido.
 O, testudinis anreae
 dulcem quae strepitum, Pieri, temperas,
 O mutis quoque piscibus
 20 donatura cyeni, si libeat, sonum,
 totum muneris hoc tui est
 quod monstror digito praetereuntium
 Romanae fidicen lyrae :
 quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

III

THE boy whose birth thy quiet eyes
 Have watched, Melpomene,
 Shall win no Isthmian boxing prize,
 Nor guide to victory
 Achæan car and coursers light,
 Nor ride in triumph from the fight
 Up to the Capitolian height,
 With laurel garlandings,
 While all men note him how he smote
 The swelling threats of kings.
 Ah no! but all the brooks that brim
 By Tibur's fertile leas
 And tangled woods shall honour him
 Who sings the songs of Greece.
 Queen above all the towns that stand
 Is Rome: and since her youth
 Think fit to rank me in the band
 Of gentle bards, I feel the brand
 No more of Envy's tooth.
 O mistress of the ringing tones
 That thrill the golden shell,
 Whose power could give the song of swans
 To yon dumb fish as well,
 This benefaction comes of thee
 That, as they pass, men point at me
 As bard of Roman song:
 My life, my fame—if fame it be—
 To thee alone belong.

IV

QUALEM ministrum fulminis alitem,
 cui rex deorum regnum in aves vagas
 permisit expertus fidelem
 Iuppiter in Ganymede flavo,

5 olim iuventas et patrius vigor
 nido laborum propulit inscium
 vernique iam nimbis remotis
 insolitos docuere nisus

10 venti paventem, mox in ovilia
 demisit hostem vividus impetus,
 nunc in reluctantes dracones
 egit amor dapis atque pugnae;

15 qualemve laetis caprea pascuis
 intenta fulvae matris ab ubere
 iam lacte depulsum leonem
 dente novo peritura vidit:

20 videre Raeti bella sub Alpibus
 Drusum gerentem Vindelici:—quibus
 mos unde deductus per omne
 tempus Amazonia securi

dextras obarmet, quaerere distuli,
 nec scire fas est omnia;—sed diu
 lateque victrices catervae
 consiliis iuvenis revictae

IV

THE eagle, when he carried off
 Fair Ganymede, was faithful found,
 Wherefore he guards the bolts of Jove
 And king of roving birds is crowned :

Like him—as fledgeling yet he plies
 In pride of blood a callow wing,
 Till April winds and sunny skies
 Allure him to more daring spring,

When swooping down with blinding flight
 Havoc among the pens he makes,
 Until he lusts for feast and fight
 And grapples with the writhing snakes ;

Or as a grazing kid espies
 A lion's cub that ne'er before
 Has left his tawny dam, and dies
 By teeth till then unflushed with gore ;

So Drusus to the Vandals' sight
 Appeared, as 'neath the Alps he warred,
 And wise in counsel, bold in fight,
 Destroyed their long triumphant horde.

(They arm themselves like Amazons
 With axes in their hands : but why
 Or whence the ancient custom runs,
 I know not : 'tis a mystery.)

- 25 sensere, quid mens rite, quid indoles
 nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
 posset, quid Augusti paternus
 in pueros animus Neronēs.
- 30 Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis ;
 est in iuvenis, est in equis patrum
 virtus, neque imbellem feroces
 progenerant aquilae columbam ;
- 35 doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
 rectique cultus pectora roborant ;
 ntcumque defecere mores,
 indecorant bene nata culpae.
- 40 Quid debeas, o Roma, Neronibus,
 testis Metaurum flumen et Hasdrubal
 devictus et pulcher fugatis
 ille dies Latio tenebris,
- qui primus alma risit adorea,
 dirus per urbes Afer ut Italas
 ceu flamma per taedas vel Eurū
 per Siculas equitavit undas.
- 45 Post hoc secundis usque laboribus
 Romana pubes crevit, et impio
 vastata Poenorum tumultu
 fana deos habuere rectos,
- 50 dixitque tandem perfidus Hannibal :
 Cervi, luporum praeda rapacium,
 sectamur ultro, quos opimus
 fallere et effugere est triumphus.

36 dedecorant

And taught the power of soul and brain
 Developed 'neath a godly roof,
 And what the Nero striplings twain
 Owed to their foster-father's love.

When sires are good and brave, the child
 Is brave : in cattle and in steeds
 Blood proves itself : the eagle wild
 The timorous ring-dove never breeds :

Yet ordered training nerves the brain
 And teaching betters Nature's worth ;
 For, failing virtue, many a stain
 Disfigures those of spotless birth.

Thy debt to Nero's house, O Rome,
 Metaurus' river testifies
 And Hasdrubal's defeat, when gloom
 Was swept from our Italian skies,

The first of days that glowed benign,
 Since the dread foe through Italy
 Careered, like flame through woods of pine,
 Or Eurys o'er Sicilian sea.

Thenceforth our youth have grown unstayed
 In prosperous toils, and temples wrecked
 By Carthage in her godless raid
 Have held their gods again erect,

Till faithless Hannibal spoke out :
*We are as stags amid a pack
 Of wolves : 'twere boast enough to flout
 The foe ; 'tis madness to attack.*

CARMINUM IV. IV

- Gens, quae cremato fortis ab Illo
 iactata Tuscis aequoribus sacra
 55 natosque maturosque patres
 pertulit Ausonias ad urbes,
- duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
 nigrae feraci frondis in Algido,
 per damna, per caedes, ab ipso
 60 ducit opes animumque ferro.
- Non hydra secto corpore firmior
 vinci dolentem crevit in Herenlem,
 monstrumve submittere Colchi
 maius Echioniaeve Thebae.
- 65 Merses profundo : pulchrior evenit :
 luctere : multa proruet integrum
 cum laude victorem geretque
 proelia coniugibus loquenda.
- 70 Carthagini iam non ego nuntios
 mittam superbos : occidit, occidit
 spes omnis et fortuna nostri
 nominis Hasdrubale interempto.
- 75 Nil Claudiae non perficiunt manus,
 quas et benigno numine Iuppiter
 defendit et curae sagaces
 expediunt per acuta belli.

73 perficient

*' That race that braved the Trojan fires
And carried tossed on Tuscan sea
Its gods, its children, and its sires
Unto the towns of Italy,*

*' Like oak that biting bill-hook rives
Where Algidus stands deep in shade,
E'en through its ghastly wounds derives
New strength and spirit from the blade.*

*' The Hydra thriving at each thrust
Of foiled and angry Hercules,
The monsters Thebes and Colchis loosed
Were never prodigy like these.*

*' Submerged awhile, 'more fair she soars :
Close-gripped, she hurls her victor down,
And wives shall chatter of the wars
She yet will wage with high renown.*

*' No couriers proud will speed apace
Henceforth to Carthage. Fallen all
The hope and fortune of our race :
They died—they died with Hasdrubal.'*

The Neros' daring who can stay?
For Jove hath blessed them with his might,
And skill and forethought guide their way
Along the thorny paths of fight.

V

DIVIS orte bonis, optime Romulae
custos gentis, abes iam nimium diu ;
maturum reditum pollicitus patrum
sancto concilio redi.

5 Lucem redde tuae, dux bone, patriae :
instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus
affulsit populo, gratior it dies
et soles melius nitent.

10 Ut mater iuvenem, quem Notus invido
flatu Carpathii trans maris aequora
cunctantem spatio longius annuo
dulei distinet a domo,

15 votis ominibusque et precibus vocat.
curvo nec faciem litore dimovet :
sic desideriis ieta fidelibus
quaerit patria Caesarem.

20 Tutus bos etenim rura perambulat,
nutrit rura Ceres almaque Faustitas,
pacatum volitant per mare navitae,
culpari metuit Fides,

nullis polluitur casta domus stupris,
mos et lex maculosum edomuit nefas,
laudantur simili prole puerperae,
culpam poena premit comes.

V

O'ERLONG thou bidest, child of gracious heaven,
 Thou best of guardians of the race of Rome,
 Make good thy promise to the Fathers given,
 And in right season come !

Revive the land, good captain, with thy ray,
 For once the April face of thee hath shone
 Upon the people, gladder goes the day
 And fairer beams the sun.

Like some fond mother peering o'er the foam,
 Her face set ever toward the winding shore,
 Who seeks her sailor son wind-bound from home
 A weary year and more,

And falls unceasingly, till he returns,
 To vows and sacrifice and prayer,
 E'en so the fatherland for Caesar yearns
 With loyal, longing care.

To-day secure the oxen roam the lea ;
 Ceres and kindly Plenty nurse the grain ;
 Our ships are winging o'er a summer sea,
 And Honour shrinks from stain ;

No scandal smirches happy married lives ;
 Custom and code have killed the taint within ;
 Sons like to fathers praise the faith of wives ;
 And Doom treads hard on sin.

25 Quis Parthum paveat, quis gelidum Scythen,
quis Germania quos horrida parturit
fetus, incolumi Caesare? quis ferae
bellum curet Hiberiae?

30 Condit quisque diem collibus in suis,
et vitem viduas ducit ad arbores;
hiuc ad vina redit laetus et alteris
te mensis adhibet deum;

te multa prece, te prosequitur mero
defuso pateris et Laribus tuum
35 miscet numen, uti Graecia Castoris
et magni memor Herculis.

Longas o utinam, dux bone, ferias
praestes Hesperiae! dicimus integro
sicci mane die, dicimus uvidi,
40 cum sol Oceano subest.

VI

DIVE, quem proles Niobea magnae
vindicem linguae Tityosque raptor
sensit et Troiae prope victor altae
Phthius Achilles,

5 ceteris maior, tibi miles impar,
filius quamvis Thetidis marinae
Dardanas turres quateret tremenda
cuspidē pugnax.

ODES IV. v, vi

Who thinks of Medes or Scythians of the North?
Who cares how savage Spain with war may chafe?
Whodreads the swarms rongh Germany brings forth,
While we have Caesar safe?

Twining the widowed elms about with vines
On his own hills each man lays day to rest,
Then gladly home, and as he drinks and dines
He bids the meal be blest

By thee, his Godhead ; prayers and wine he pours
To thee as to his household deities,
As men do yet in Greece, which still adores
Castor and Hercules.

O bless our land of Italy, good chief,
With one long holiday ! this, this we crave,
Dry-lipped at dawn, and o'er our drink at eve
When Phoebus dips the wave.

VI

O GOD, whose wrath on reckless boasters falls—
The brood of Niobe, and Tityus gross,
And e'en Achilles, as Troy's lofty walls
Were yielding to his blows—

Sea Thetis bore him, and in stricken field
All men he cowed, yet nowise was thy peer,
Though, when he warred, the Dardan turrets reeled
Before his fearful spear :

- Ille, mordaci velut icta ferro
 10 pinus aut impulsa cupressus Euro,
 procidit late posuitque collum in
 pulvere Teucro.
- Ille non inclusus equo Minervae
 sacra mentito male feriatos
 15 Troas et lactam Priami choreis
 falleret aulam ;
- sed palam captis gravis, heu nefas ! heu !
 nescios fari pueros Achivis
 ureret flammis, etiam latentem
 20 matris in alvo,
- ni tuis victus Venerisque gratae
 vocibus divum pater annuisset
 rebus Aeneae potiore ductos
 alite muros.
- 25 Doctor argutae fidicen Thaliae,
 Phoebe, qui Xantho lavis amne crines,
 Daunia defende decus Camenae,
 levis Agyieu.
- Spiritum Phoebus mihi, Phoebus artem
 30 carminis nomenque dedit poëtae.
 Virginum primae puerique claris
 patribus orti,
- Deliae tutela deae fugaces
 lyncas et cervos cohibentis arcu,
 35 Lesbium servate pedem meique
 pollicis ictum,

21 flexus

ODES IV. vi

For like a pine reft by the biting blade
Or cypress smitten low by Eurus' gust,
With mighty crash he fell, and fallen laid
His head in Trojan dust.

He scorned to couch within the charger false,
The offering to Pallas that they feigned,
And thence to spring on Priam's dance-lit halls
Where ill-timed revel reigned,

But when he took a man in open strife
He knew no pity : horror 'tis to tell,
He would have burned the babbling child alive,
The babe unborn as well,

But that the Father of high heaven, swayed
By thine appeal and winsome Venus' prayer
Gave to Aeneas newer bastions laid
With auguries more fair.

Master, of whom Thalia learned her song,
Laving thy hair by Xanthus' yellow strand,
Cherish and guard for us, Agyieus young,
The lays of this our land !

Phoebus, it is by Phoebus' grace I win
The breath and art of singing, and the fame ;
Ye highborn maids and yonths who glory in
Your sires' illustrious name,

Wards of the Delian huntress, her who stays
The roes and lynxes with her arrows fleet,
Keep well the Lesbian measure in your lays,
And mark my finger's beat ;

rite Latonae puerum canentes,
rite crescentem face Noctilucae,
prosperam frugum celeremque pronos
40 volvère menses.

Nupta iam dices : Ego dis amicum,
saeculo festas referente luces,
reddidi carmen, docilis modorum
vatis Horati.

VII

DIFFUGERE nives, redeunt iam gramina campi
arboribusque comae ;
mutat terra vices et decrescentia ripas
flumina praetereunt ;

5 Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
ducere nuda choros.

Immortalia ne speres, monet annus et alnum
quae rapit hora diem :

frigora mitescunt Zephyris, ver proterit aestas
10 interitura, simul

pomifer Autumnus fruges effuderit, et mox
bruma recurrit iners.

Damna tamen celeres reparant caelestia lunae :
nos, ubi decidimus,

15 quo pater Aeneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus,
pulvis et umbra sumus.

Quis scit, an adiciant hodiernae crastina summae
tempora di superi ?

15 pius Aeneas

ODES IV. VI, VII

Lifting to Leto's son the bounden strain,
 And her whose torch glows brighter every night ;
 'Tis she who sheds a blessing on the grain,
 And wings the mouths to flight ;
 So on thy bridal morning shalt thou say,
 ' *The gods have blest me for the melody*
I chanted on the cyclic festal day,
And Horace taught it me.'

VII

THE snows have taken flight again ; the meads are
 fresh with grass ;
 The trees have donned their green ;
 Between their margins placidly the 'minished rivers pass ;
 The Earth hath changed her mien.
 Now come the Nymphs and Graces three, and fling their
 robes away
 To lead the dance of Spring ;
 'But thou must die'—the year, the hours that thiefe
 the kindly day,
 This is the word they bring.
 Frosts yield to Spring : on Spring herself hard press the
 feet of June ;
 And forthwith Summer dies,
 When appled Autumn sheds abroad his fruits, and all
 too soon
 Come Winter's leaden skies.
 The moons in heaven quick repair the losses they endure,
 But, once we pass to where
 Ancens and wealthy Tullns bide, where bides Aeneas pure,
 We are but dust and air.
 The gods may add To-morrow to the score To-day
 completes,
 But who their will hath scanned ?

Cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis, amico
 20 quae dederis animo.
 Cum semel occideris et de te splendida Minos
 fecerit arbitria,
 non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
 restituet pietas ;
 25 infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
 liberat Hippolytum,
 nec Lethaea valet Theseus abrumpere caro
 vincula Pirithoo.

VIII

DONAREM pateras grataque commodus,
 Censorine, meis aera sodalibus,
 donarem tripodas, praemia fortium
 Graiorum, neque tu pessima munerum
 5 ferres, divite me scilicet artium,
 quas aut Parrhasius protulit aut Scopas,
 hic saxo, liquidis ille coloribus
 sollers nunc hominem ponere, nunc deum.
 Sed non haec mihi vis, nec tibi talium
 10 res est aut animus deliciarum egens.
 gaudes carminibus ; carmina possumus
 donare et pretium dicere muneri.
 Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
 per quae spiritus et vita redit bouis
 15 post mortem ducibus, non celeres fugae
 reiectaeque retrorsum Hannibalis minae,
 non incendia Carthaginis impiae
 eius, qui domita nomen ab Africa

ODES IV. VII, VIII

And all that thou dost lavish on the self thou lovest,
 cheats
 Thy heir's voracious hand.
 Once thou art perished from the world, and Minos at
 the end
 Hath spoke his stately doom,
 Nor pride of blood nor eloquence nor piety, good friend,
 Shall win thee from the tomb :
 Pure was Hippolytus of heart, yet Dian may not loose
 Him from the dark domains,
 Nor Thesens hath the might to pluck his dear Pirithous
 Away from Lethe's chains.

VIII

FAIN would I give my comrades store
 Of bowls or pleasing bronzes, or
 Of tripods, such as erst
 Were prizes which Greek athletes bore,
 Nor would'st thou have the worst,
 Good Censorinus, had I aught
 That Scopas or Parrhasius wrought,
 Who, one in colours warm,
 And one in stone, so deftly caught
 Divine or human form.
 But mine are not the means for these,
 Nor would such delicacies please
 Thy state or taste, my friend :
 Thy choice is verses ; verses I
 Can give, maybe can signify
 The worth of what I send.
 No marbles graved at public cost,
 To breathe in mighty captains lost
 The life of other days,
 Nor Hannibal as fast he fled
 His threats recoiling on his head,
 Nor godless Carthage flaming red
 So bright the merits blaze
 Of him who Africa o'erthrew

20 Ineratus rediit, clarius indicant
 laudes quam Calabrae Pierides : neque,
 si chartae sileant quod bene feceris,
 mercedem tuleris. Quid foret Iliæ
 Mavortisque puer, si taciturnitas
 25 obstaret meritis invida Romuli ?
 Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Aeacum
 virtus et favor et lingua potentium
 vatum divitibus consecrat insulis.
 dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori :
 caelo Musa beat. Sic Iovis interest
 30 optatis epulis impiger Hercules,
 clarum Tyndaridæ sidus ab infimis
 quassas eripiunt aequoribus rates,
 ornatus viridi tempora pampino
 Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

IX

NE forte credas interitura, quæ
 longe sonantem natus ad Anfidum
 non ante vulgatas per artes
 verba loquor socianda chordis :
 5 non, si priores Maeonius tenet
 sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ lateat
 Cæaque et Alcaei minaces
 Stesichorique graves Camenæ ;
 nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,
 10 delevit ætas ; spirat adhuc amor
 vivuntque commissi calores
 Aeoliæ fidibus puellæ.

ODES IV. VIII, IX

And after wore its name, as do
 His mother-country's lays :
 For none hath wage, until the page
 Of poet tells his praise.
 What now were Mars' and Ilia's son
 If envious oblivion
 His glories had suppressed ?
 If Aeacns from Hades' river
 Is snatched away to dwell for ever
 In islands of the blest,
 'Tis by the might and grace and breath
 Of potent bards. A hero's death
 Is by the Muse abhorred ;
 Nay, but she grants him bliss in heaven ;
 So toiling Hercules is given
 A place at Jove's high board ;
 So from the chasms of the main
 Those shining stars, the Brethren Twain
 Pluck forth the battered prow ;
 So Bacchus, with the vine-leaves bent
 About his brow, to glad event
 Conducts his votaries' vows.

IX

O NEVER deem that they will die,
 These words of mine, which thus I wed
 To music with new art,—though I
 By sounding Aufidus was bred.
 If Homer rules the world of verse,
 Yet still the Cean calls to us,
 And Pindar and Alcaeus fierce,
 And dignified Stesichorus.
 Time has not blurred the merry words
 Anacreon made : the love and fire
 That Sappho breathed upon her chords
 Yet live and speak within her lyre.

- Non sola comptos arsit adulteri
crines et aurum vestibus illitum
15 mirata regalesque cultus
 et comites Helene Lacaena,

primusve Tencer tela Cydonio
direxit arcu ; non semel Ilios
 vexata ; non pugnavit ingens
20 Idomeneus Sthenelusve solus

dicenda Muis proelia ; non ferox
Hector vel acer Deïphobus graves
 exceptit ictus pro pudicis
 coniugibus puerisque primus.

25 Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
multi ; sed omnes illacrimabiles
 urgentur ignotique longa
 nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

30 Paulum sepultae distat inertiae
celata virtus. Non ego te meis
 chartis inornatum silebo,
 totve tuos patiar labores

impune, Lolli, carpere lividas
obliviones. Est animus tibi
35 rerumque prudens et secundis
 temporibus dubiisque rectus,

vindex avarae fraudis et abstinens
ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniae,
 consulque non unius anni,
40 sed quotiens bonus atque fidus

ODES IV. ix

Not only Spartan Helen burned
A lover's glossy locks to view,
His raiment all with gold adorned,
His kingly pomp and retinue :
Nor first of men did Teucer loose
His Cretan shafts : nor Troy was won
But once : immense Idomeneus
And Sthenelus, nor they alone,
Fought epic fights : nor Hector brave
And keen Deiphobus were first
Their shrinking wives and sons to save,
And bid the foeman smite his worst.

There lived ere Agamemnon's day
Heroes a many : but they all
Nameless, unwept, are laid away,
Lacking a poet's coronal.

For mouldering sloth and worth forgot
Are nigh the same. A wreath of song
I've kept to crown thee ; I will not
Be dumb, while on thy labours long

Oblivion works her jealous will
Unchecked, good friend. Thou hast a soul
Wise in affairs and keeping still
In woe or weal her self-control ;

Condemning fraud and greed, and clear
Of lucre's all-compelling lure,
She rules for no poor single year,
But aye, (like honest judge and pure,

CARMINUM IV. IX-XI

iudex honestum praetulit utili,
reiecit alto dona nocentium
vultu, per obstantes catervas
explicuit sua victor arma.

- 45 Non possidentem multa vocaveris
recte beatum : rectius occupat
nomen beati, qui decorum
muneribus sapienter uti
duramque callet pauperiem pati
50 peiusque leto flagitium timet,
non ille pro caris amicis
aut patria timidus perire.

X

- O CRUDELIS adhuc et Veneris muneribus potens,
insperata tuae cum veniet pluma superbiae,
et, quae nunc umeris involitant, deciderint comae,
nunc et qui color est puniceae flore prior rosae,
5 mutatus Ligurinum in faciem verterit hispidam,
dices, heu, quotiens te speculo videris alterum :
Quae mens est hodie, cur eadem non puero fuit,
vel cur his animis incolumes non redeunt genae?

XI

EST mihi nonum superantis annum
plenus Albani cadus ; est in horto,
Phylli, nectendis apium coronis ;
est hederæ vis

Who puts his honour 'fore his purse,
 And scorns with fine disdain the pay
 Of guilty folk) is strong to force
 Through foeman ranks her conquering way.
 Ill dost thou do to call him 'blest'—
 The lord of wealth : that name is given
 Of right to him who knoweth best
 To use the kindly gifts of heaven,
 And bear adversity's hard hand ;
 Who dreads dishonour worse than death ;
 Yea, and for friends and fatherland
 Stands forth to spend his dying breath.

X

AY, 'tis easy to be cruel, in the might of Venus' boon !
 But an unimagined shadow o'er thy pride shall darken
 soon ;
 When the locks that float so lightly on thy neck begin
 to fall,
 When thy colour that is brighter than the rose's purple
 pall
 Fades and pales, and Ligurinus' face is changed and
 rough to see :
 Then thou, seeing in thy mirror a new self, wilt cry,
 'Ah me !
*O the thoughts that vex me ! wherefore came they not
 ere boyhood went ?
 Or returns not beauty to me when so sorely I repent ?*

XI

I KEEP a cask of Alban wine
 O'er nine years old : my gardens bear
 A wealth of ivy, Phyllis mine,
 To bind about thy lustrous hair,

5 multa, qua crines religata fulges ;
ridet argento domus ; ara castis
vincta verbenis avet immolato
spargier agno ;

cuncta festinat manus, huc et illuc
10 cursitant mixtae pueris puellae ;
sordidum flammae trepidant rotantes
vertice funum.

Ut tamen noris quibus advoceris
gaudiis, Idus tibi sunt agendae,
15 qui dies mensem Veneris marinae
findit Aprilem,

iure sollemnis mihi sanctiorque
paene natali proprio, quod ex hac
luce Maecenas meus adfluentes
20 ordinat annos.

Telephum, quem tu petis, occupavit
non tuae sortis invenem puella
dives et lasciva tenetque grata
compede vinctum.

25 Terret ambustus Phaëthon avaras
spes, et exemplum grave praebet ales
Pegasus terrenum equitem gravatus
Bellerophontem,

semper ut te digna sequare et ultra
30 quam licet sperare nefas putando
disparem vites. Age iam, meorum
finis amorum—

ODES IV. xi

And parsley meet for coronals :

My house is bright with plate : and strewed
With vervain pure the altar calls
Impatient for a lambkin's blood.

See how they scurry, lads and girls,
They're busy, all my household folk :
And from the flickering fire up-whirls
In rolling coils the sooty smoke.

What feast is this thou art to keep?
Know that this holy day divides
The month of Venus of the deep :
I bid thee honour April's Ides :

Duly to me as high, as dear
A day as that which saw me born,
Since my Maecenas tells each year
That passes, from this very morn.

Thou seekest Telephus ; but he
Is not for thee, nor free at all :
A richer, lighter love is she
Who holds him for a willing thrall.

Think of burnt Phaethon, and check
Ambitious dreams. If Pegasus
Flung mortal rider from his back,
The lesson should have weight for us :

Pursue what best becomes thy state,
Conceive it wrong to aim above
Thy place, and shun too high a mate :
Ah come, my last and latest love,

non enim posthac alia calebo
femina—condisce modos, amanda
35 voce quos reddas ; minuentur atrae
carmine curae.

XII

IAM veris comites, quae mare temperant,
impellunt animae lintea Thraciae ;
iam nec prata rigent nec fluvii strepunt
hiberna nive turgidi.

5 Nidum ponit, Ityn flebiliter gemens,
infelix avis et Cecropiae domus
aeternum opprobrium, quod male barbaras
regum est ulta libidines.

10 Dicunt in tenero gramine pinguium
custodes ovium carmina fistula
delectantque deum, cui pecus et nigri
colles Arcadiae placent.

Adduxere sitim tempora, Vergili ;
sed pressum Calibns ducere Liberum
15 si gestis, iuvenum nobilium cliens,
nardo vina merebere.

Nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum,
qui nunc Sulpiciis accubat horreis,
spes donare novas largus amaraque
20 curarum eluere efficax.

ODES IV. xi, xii

(For never will I kindle more
To other lady) learn a lay
For thy dear voice to sing me, for
Song sends the clouds of care away.

XII

THE winds of Thrace, that bear the Springtide home,
Have stilled the sea, and forth the vessels go ;
Soft are the fields ; no more the rivers foam
In spate with winter snow.

The swallow builds, and sings a doleful song
Lamenting Itys : still she lays her blame
On Athens' kings : they did her bitter wrong
And sore she punished them.

From pipes of all the shepherd-boys who keep
Fat flocks on grassy meads, the music thrills
To charm the ears of Pan, who loves the sheep
And Arcady's dark hills.

This summer season makes us all athirst :
So, friend of rich young nobles, Virgil mine,
If Cales be thy choice, then earn it first
And barter nard for wine.

There sleeps a pitcher deep in Galba's crypt
That one wee box of nard shall win to day—
Full of delightful visions, well equipped
To wash all cares away.

Ad quae si properas gaudia, cum tua
 vclor merce veni : non ego te meis
 immunem meditor tingere poculis,
 plena dives ut in domo.

25 Verum pone moras et studium lucri,
 nigrorumque memor, dum licet, ignium
 misce stultitiam consiliis brevem :
 dulce est desipere in loco.

XIII

AUDIVERE, Lyce, di mea vota, di
 audivere, Lyce : fis annus, et tamen
 vis formosa videri
 ludisque et bibis impudens

5 et cantu tremulo pota Cupidinem
 lentum sollicitas. Ille virentis et
 doctae psallere Chiaae
 pulchris excubat in genis.

10 importunus enim transvolat aridas
 quercus et refugit te, quia luridi
 dentes, te quia rugae
 turpant et capitis nives.

Nec Coae referunt iam tibi purpurae
 nec cari lapides tempora, quae semel
 15 notis condita fastis
 inclusit volucris dies.

14 clari

So if these joys allure, away with thee
 And bring thy bargain : for, I pledge my word,
 I will not let thee drink without a fee,
 As might a richer lord.

But palter not—put thoughts of gain afar—
 Think, in this respite, of the funeral flame ;
 And spice thy plans with folly : times there are
 When folly is the game.

XIII

THE gods have heard, have heard my prayer :
 Lyce, thou growest grey,
 Yet shameless would'st thou still be fair,
 And still carouse and play,

And stir with quavering, drunken song
 Slow Love? But lo ! he keeps
 Guard by the cheeks of Chia young
 Who soft the cither sweeps.

He skims above the blasted heath ;
 He shuns thee in despite ;
 Grey hairs and wrinkles, yellow teeth—
 These are no comely sight.

Nor Coan robe nor costly gem
 Can wake old days again,
 Once flying time has set on them
 The seal of history plain.

- Quo fugit Venus, heu, quove color? Decens
 quo motus? Quid habes illius, illius,
 quae spirabat amores,
 20 quae me surpuerat mihi,
 felix post Cinaram notaque et artium
 gratarum facies? Sed Cinarae breves
 annos fata dederunt,
 servatura diu parem
 25 cornicis vetulae temporibus Lycen,
 possent ut iuvenes visere fervidi
 multo non sine risu
 dilapsam in cineres facem.

XIV

- QUAE cura patrum quaeve Quiritium
 plenis honorum muneribus tuas,
 Anguste, virtutes in aevum
 per titulos memoresque fastos
 5 aeternet, o, qua sol habitabiles
 illustrat oras, maxime principum?
 quem legis expertes Latinae
 Vindelici didicere nuper,
 quid Marte posses. Milite nam tuo
 10 Drusus Genaunos, implacidum genus,
 Breunosque veloces et arees
 Alpibus impositas tremendis

23 delapsam

ODES IV. xiii, xiv

Where be they now—thy grace and hue
And charm? what bides with thee
Of her whose breath was love, who drew
My very self from me?

Who, after Cinara, held her sway
Queen of all arts, and fair?
The Fates took Cinara soon away;
But Lyce they will spare

To match in years the beldam crow:
Till every lover bold
Shall laugh to see thy torch's glow
Die out in ashes cold.

XIV

How shall the People and the Peers
Find honours fit for thee, and tell
Thy virtues, Caesar, through the years
In stone or storied chronicle?

Where Day illumines man's abodes
First prince thou art, the wide world o'er:
Vandals who never conned our codes
To-day have learned thy might in war.

Thine were the troops of Drusus, when
He shattered the Gelauni wild,
And wrecked the forts the mountain men
Upon the beetling Alps had piled;

- deiecit acer plus vice simplici ;
 maior Neronum mox grave proelium
 15 commisit immanesque Ractos
 auspiciis pepulit secundis,
 spectandus in certamine Martio,
 devota morti pectora liberac
 quantis fatigaret ruinis ;
 20 indomitas prope qualis undas
 exercet Auster, Pleiadum choro
 scindente nubes, impiger hostium
 vexare turmas et frementem
 mittere equum medios per ignes.
 25 Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
 qui regna Dauni praefluit Apuli,
 cum saevit horrendamque cultis
 diluvium meditatur agris,
 ut barbarorum Claudius agmina
 30 ferrata vasto diruit impetu
 primosque et extremos metendo
 stravit humum sine clade victor,
 te copias, te consilium et tuos
 praebente divos. Nam tibi, quo die
 35 portus Alexandria supplex
 et vacnam patefecit anlam,
 Fortuna lustris prospera tertio
 belli secundos reddidit exitus,
 laudemque et optatum peractis
 40 imperiis decus arrogavit.

Requiting them their debt, and more :

And now by Heaven's peculiar grace
Tiberius wages desperate war
And routs the giant Rhaetan race.

'Twas good to watch him in the strife—
How fierce he smote those gallant foes,
Who valued freedom more than life ;
Like tireless waves beneath the blows

Of Auster, when the Pleiad choir
Peer through the clouds—and how he pricked
His snorting charger through the fire,
And rode their squadrons down, unchecked.

Like whirling Aufidus who roars
Like some mad bull, by Daunus' plain,
Ere rising in his wrath he pours
A deluge o'er the standing grain,

Sheer through the hillmen's iron ranks
Tiberius burst with impact vast,
And felled the vanguard and the flanks
And scatheless and victorious passed,

With thee for strengthener and guide
And augur. Fifteen years have gone
Since beaten Egypt opened wide
To thee her port, and empty throne :

And ever since that day our pains
To glad event hath Fortune brought,
And added unto past campaigns
The fame and glory that we sought.

Te Cantaber non ante domabilis
Medusque et Indus, te profugus Seythes
miratur, o tutela praesens
Italiae dominaeque Romae.

45 Te, fontium qui celat origines,
Nilusque et Hister, te rapidus Tigris,
te belnosus qui remotis
obstrepat Oceanus Britannis,

te non paventis funera Galliae
50 duraeque tellus audit Hiberiae,
te caede gaudentes Sygambri
compositis venerantur armis.

XV

PHOEBUS volentem proelia me loqui
victas et urbes increpuit lyra,
ne parva Tyrrhenum per aequor
vela darem. Tua, Caesar, aetas

5 fruges et agris rettulit uberes
et signa nostro restituit Iovi
derepta Parthorum superbis
postibus et vacuum duellis

Ianum Quirini clausit et ordinem
10 rectum evaganti frena licentiae
iniecit emovitque culpas
et veteres revocavit artes,

49 paventes

ODES IV. xiv, xv

Spaniards who never brooked the rod,
Medes, Indians, Scyths without a home,
Revere thee now—O guardian god
Of Italy and regal Rome ;

And Danube and the hidden springs
Of Nile, and Tigris as he pours,
And Ocean full of beasts who flings
His rollers on far British shores ;

And Gauls whom never Death could fright
And stubborn Basques obey thy word ;
And Teutons who in blood delight
Lay down their arms and greet their lord.

XV

Of battles fought and cities sacked
Methought to sing, but Phoebus smote
His lyre, before on Ocean's tract
I launched abroad my tiny boat.

Caesar, thy reign which brought the corn
Back to the furrows, now restores
To Jove's abode our ensigns, torn
From haughty Parthian temple-doors.

It closes Janus' gates in peace,
It bridles licence over-bold
To stray : it bids ill-doing cease,
And summons back the arts of old,

per quas Latinum nomen et Italiae
 crevere vires famaue et imperi
 15 porrecta maiestas ad ortus
 solis ab Hesperio cubili.

Custode rerum Caesare non furor
 civilis aut vis exiget otium,
 non ira, quae procudit enses
 20 et miseras inimicat urbes.

Non, qui profundum Danuvium bibunt.
 edicta rumpent Iulia, non Getae,
 non Seres infidive Persae,
 non Tanaïm prope flumen orti.

Nosque et profestis lucibus et sacris
 25 inter iocosi munera Liberi
 eum prole matronisque nostris,
 rite deos prius apprecati,

virtute functos more patrum duces
 30 Lydis remixto carmine tibiis
 Troiamque et Anehisen et almae
 progeniem Veneris canemus.

13 eximet

ODES IV. xv

Which nursed the name of Rome to might,
Till her superb dominion spread
East, where the sun comes forth in light,
And West to where he lays his head.

Nor Rage nor Force, while Caesar wards
The world, shall trouble our repose :
Nor Wrath who ever forges swords
And drives unhappy towns to blows.

Nor they who drink of Danube deep,
Nor Parthia faithless nor Cathay,
Tartars, nor dwellers of the steppe,
The Julian laws shall disobey.

Wherefore on feast or work-day we,
With hearts made glad by Bacchus' cheer,
With wives beside and sons on knee,
Will first implore the gods to hear,

Then sing, as in our fathers' day,
Of old courageous captains gone,
And praise to Iates Anchises grey,
And Troy, and gentle Venus' son.

Q. HORATI FLACCI
CARMEN SAECULARE

PHOEBE silvarumque potens Diana,
lucidum caeli decus, o colendi
semper et culti, date, quae precamur
tempore sacro,

5 quo Sibyllini monuere versus
virgines lectas puerosque castos
dis, quibus septem placere colles,
dicere carmen.

10 Alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui
promis et celas aliasque et idem
nascaris, possis nihil urbe Roma
visere maius.

Rite maturos aperire partus
lenis, Ilithyia, tuere matres,
15 sive tu Lucina probas vocari
seu Genitalis :

diva, producas subolem patrumque
prosperes decreta super iugandis
feminis prolisque novae feraci
20 lege marita,

THE SAECULAR HYMN

PHOEBUS and Dian of the woods,
Ever and ever glorified,
Whose radiance all the heaven floods,
O hear our prayer this holy tide.

That which the Sibyl's verse ordains
To-day our chosen choir fulfils,
And youths and maidens lift their strains
To gods who love the Seven Hills.

Kind Sun, who with thy car of flame
Dost wake the day and lead it home,
Born ever new yet aye the same,
O look on naught as great as Rome.

And thou, whose grace in season right
Bringeth the young ones forth to day,
O Queen of Increase, Queen of Light
Preserve our mothers well, we pray ;

And give our children length of days,
And bless the Senate's wise decrees
And marriage laws, that seek to raise
To Rome a plentiful increase.

CARMEN SAECULARE

certus undenos decies per annos
orbis ut cantus referatque ludos
ter die claro totiensque grata
nocte frequentes.

25 Vosque veraces cecinisse, Parcae,
quod semel dictum est stabilisque rerum
terminus servet, bona iam peractis
iungite fata.

30 Fertilis frugum pecorisque Tellus
spicea donet Cererem corona;
nutriant fetus et aquae salubres
et Iovis auras.

35 Condito mitis placidusque telo
supplices audi pueros, Apollo;
siderum regina bicornis, audi,
Luna, puellas :

Roma si vestrum est opus, Iliaequē
litus Etruscum tenuere turmae,
iussa pars mutare Lares et urbem
40 sospite cursu,

cui per ardentem sine fraude Troiam
castus Aeneas patriae superstes
liberum munivit iter, daturus
plura relictis :

45 di, probos mores docili iuventae,
di, senectuti placidae quietem,
Romulae genti date remque prolemque
et decus omne !

SAECULAR HYMN

So, when the cycle set of old
Swings through its hundred years and ten,
Such crowds as these such games shall hold
Three days and yet three nights again.

Ye Fates who tell us true the Doom
Once uttered, may the past be blent
In one glad whole with days to come :
So be it in the fixed event !

May Earth fulfilled of flocks and fruits
A wheaten wreath for Ceres twine ;
And Heaven nurse all tender shoots
With breezes warm and showers benign.

Phoebus, forgo in gentle wise
Thy bow, and grant these boys their boon :
And hearken to these maidens' cries
Thou queen of Heaven, hornèd Moon.

If Rome be workmanship of yours,
If 'twas by you the Trojan band
Were safely led to Tuscan shores
And changed their gods and fatherland,

When good Aeneas forced a road
Right through the burning which bereft
Them all of country, and bestowed
Upon them more than they had left ;

Give righteousness to docile Youth
And Age with peace and quiet bless,
Ye Gods ! and grant the Nation growth
And wealth and every happiness !

CARMEN SAECULARE

Quaeque vos bobus veneratur albis
 50 clarus Anchisae Venerisque sanguis,
 impetret, bellante prior, iacentem
 lenis in hostem !

Iam mari terraque manus potentes
 Medus Albanasque timet secures,
 55 iam Scythae responsa petunt superbi
 nuper et Indi.

Iam Fides et Pax et Honos Pudorque
 priscus et neglecta redire Virtus
 audet, apparetque beata pleno
 60 Copia cornu.

Augur et fulgente decorus arcu
 Phoebus acceptusque novem Camenis,
 qui salutari levat arte fessos
 corporis artus,

65 si Palatinas videt aequus aras,
 remque Romanam Latiumque felix
 alterum iu lustrum meliusque semper
 prorogat aevum.

Quaeque Aventinum tenet Algidumque,
 70 quindecim Diana preces virorum
 curat et votis puerorum amicas
 applicat aures.

Haec Iovem sentire deosque cunctos
 spem bonam certamque domum reporto,
 75 doctus et Phoebi chorus et Dianae
 dicere laudes.

65 arces
 71 curet

63 proroget
 72 applicet

SAECULAR HYMN

And, as he slays the kine of snow
To you, may Venus' glorious heir
Obtain his prayers, and crush the foe
In arms, and still the prostrate spare.

Now rule our legions sea and land :
Our Alban axe the Median shuns :
The Indians wait on our command,
And e'en the Scyths, so haughty once.

Now Peace and Honour as of old
And Faith and Virtue put to scorn
Return again, and we behold
Abundance with her teeming horn.

Apollo seer, with flashing dart,
The idol of the Muses nine,
Who comforts with his healing art
Our wearied bodies when they pine,

As he with gracious glance surveys
Mount Palatine, leads ever home
To newer cycles, gladder days,
The hopes of Italy and Rome.

And Aventine Diana, queen
Of Algidus, doth surely hear
The pleadings of the Priests fifteen
And lend our lads her friendly ear.

Home, we bring home good hope and strong
That Jove and all the gods will grant
Our prayers, who thus our ordered song
To Phoebus and to Dian chant.

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