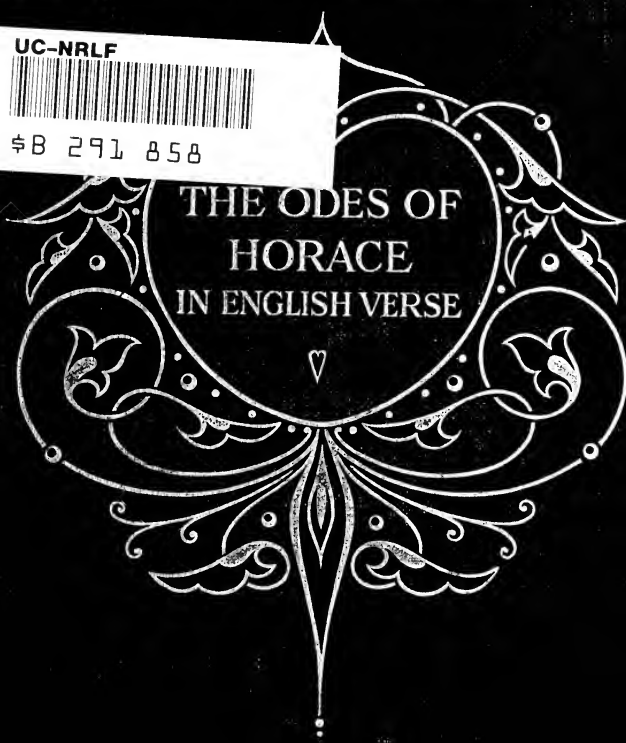


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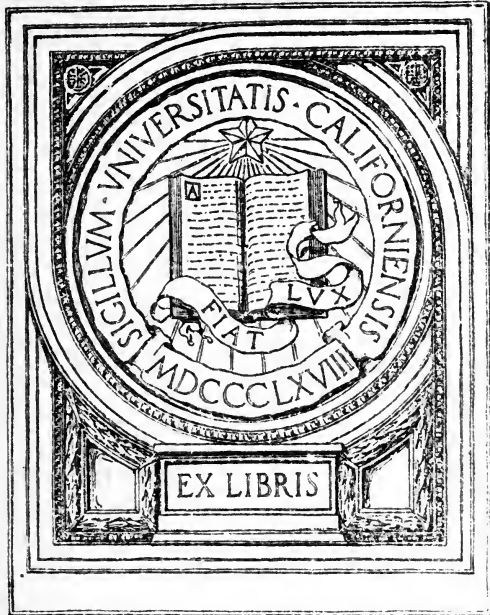


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THE ODES OF
HORACE
IN ENGLISH VERSE



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THE ODES OF HORACE

BOOKS I-IV & THE SAECULAR HYMN

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

W. S. MARRIS

INDIA CIVIL SERVICE

FORMERLY SCHOLAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD

THE
ODS OF
HORACE

HENRY FROWDE
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1912

HENRY FROWDE
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Latin Sather
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Em

TO
E. M. M.

380547



PREFACE

THIS version of the Odes of Horace has not been written according to any theory. Metres have not been appropriated to metres, as Mr. Conington advised, nor even to types of odes. I have simply tried to find the English metre into which each ode fell most readily, and for the rest to write readable verse, as faithful as I could make it to the Latin consistently with being always English. Quatrain has been done into quatrain; but for many of the Asclepiads I have used the ballad metre at some slight sacrifice of brevity. In one instance (III. 30) the sacrifice is considerable, but as the version of that ode is one of the earliest done I have let it stand unpruned.

To the general question whether anything can excuse another verse translation of the Odes I think it safer, after reading many of my predecessors' prefaces, to attempt no reply. Mr. A. D. Godley may be perfectly right in saying that no metrical version 'can claim to be more than a frigid travesty'. But no sane man would have undertaken the labour if he thought this result inevitable, or have laid his work before readers unless he had faint hope of a milder

PREFACE

verdict. In mitigation of sentence I can only say that I have taken to heart the advice of Horace himself—

*‘Si quid tamen olim
Scripseris, in Maeci descendat iudicis aures;’*

indeed have even obeyed the harder injunction—

‘nonumque prematur in annum.’

In such an interval the badly fashioned verses have been returned again and again to the anvil until the smith is tired.

In particular, I have two things to excuse. Here and there a rhyme or a line may approach some other translator's version. This may easily occur, since the limits of possible variation within the same metre are often so narrow. But occasional approximations will perhaps be condoned if the version as a whole shows independence. Certainly I have often rejected with a pang lines that came too near to those appropriated by some luckier predecessor.

The other matter is the use of anachronisms in rendering tribal names. The fact is that the barbarian names of the first century B.C. are generally too polysyllabic for short-lined verse. It seemed a venial subterfuge to reproduce them where necessary as Goths or Basques or Huns.

PREFACE

I am grateful to all who have read the translations and pointed out mistakes or suggested amendments. But one friend, Mr. Charles Murray of the Transvaal, *maiore poeta plectro*, has done more than all the others to improve the verse ; and it is with a grateful memory of many laborious and lively evenings in Pretoria that I thank him for his shrewd criticisms and most unselfish help.

W. S. M.

ALIGARH, INDIA,

April 1912.



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BOOK I

I

Maecenas atavis

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,
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 Massic old,
While through the working day he dreams

THE ODES OF HORACE

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

Iam satis terris

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,

BOOK I

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.

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

THE ODES OF HORACE

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

Sic te diva

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 ;
And braved the South-wind swooping forth
To deadly battle with the North,

BOOK I

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.

THE ODES OF HORACE

IV

Solvitur acris

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 plea
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 fa
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 dwelling
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

Quis multa gracilis

WHAT scented stripling woos thee lying,
Pyrrha, in grotto fair,
'Mid many a rose? for whom art trying
Thy auburn hair

BOOK I

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

Scriberis Vario

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.

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?

THE ODES OF HORACE

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

Laudabunt alii

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 :
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 em-
brace.

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)

BOOK I

*' Fate is kinder than a father : o'er the world where'er she call,
Let us on : despair of nothing, comrades and companions 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 worsser woe,
Drink and doubt not, for to-morrow o'er the deep again we go !'*

VIII

Lydia, dic, per omnes

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?

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

Vides ut alta

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 ;

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

Mercuri, facunde

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

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

THE ODES OF HORACE

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 : clutch to-day, and trust no morrow's
 sun.

XII

Quem virum aut heroa

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.

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

BOOK I

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.

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 !

THE ODES OF HORACE

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

Cum tu, Lydia

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,
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

O navis, referent

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.

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

Pastor cum traheret

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

THE ODES OF HORACE

- ' *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 reeking 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.*
- ' *See at thy back how Pylian 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 matre pulchra

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,

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 Prometheus 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?

THE ODES OF HORACE

XVII

Velox amoenum

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

Queens of a noisome sultan, 'mid
The woods at will they roam serene,
In search of thyme and arbuté 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.

BOOK I

XVIII

Nullam, Vare, sacra

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 impalpable
'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

Mater saeva Cupidinum

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 ;
Her pretty pertness and her brow
Too fair to gaze upon.

THE ODES OF HORACE

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

Vile potabis

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

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

BOOK I

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

Integer vitae

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.

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 land
The lions' thirsty nurse.

THE ODES OF HORACE

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

Vitas hinnuleo

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.

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

Quis desiderio

WHY 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.

BOOK I

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

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,*
Ab, 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.

THE ODES OF HORACE

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

Musis amicus

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,

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

Natis in usum

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.

BOOK I

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.

Come, to these ears thy secret tell,
For they are loyal. Lad, for shame:
Embroided 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

Te maris et terrae

THOU could'st measure earth and ocean and th' innumer-
able 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;

THE ODES OF HORACE

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 ;
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 Eurys 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 !

BOOK I

XXIX

Icci, beatis

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,

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, regina

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.

THE ODES OF HORACE

XXXI

Quid dedicatum

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.

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

Poscimur. Si quid

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

BOOK I

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.

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

Albi, ne doleas

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 Lycoris 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

Parcus deorum

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.

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

O diva, gratum

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.

BOOK I

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

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

Nunc est bibendum

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

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

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.

BOOK II

I

Motum ex Metello

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.

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.

THE ODES OF HORACE

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

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 Procleius 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.

BOOK II

Indulgence makes the dropsy worse ;
And who would quench the thirsty flame
Must drive its cause, 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

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

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.

THE ODES OF HORACE

Thy purchased parks, thy palace tall,
Thy house by tawny Tiber's wave—
Thou 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.

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

Ne sit ancillae

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.

BOOK II

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.

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

Nondum subacta

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,

THE ODES OF HORACE

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

Septimi, Gades

FRRIEND 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.

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 saepe mecum

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.

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

Ulla si iuris

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.

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

Non semper imbres

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 heaves
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

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

Rectius vives

FRRIEND, 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.

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

Quid bellicosus

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,

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

Nolis longa feræ

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

Withal, Mæcenas, 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.

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

Ille et nefasto

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.

From hour to hour not one of us
Takes thought of his peculiar doom ;
Bold sailors dread the Bosphorus
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
Alcaeus, as thou chantest o'er,
With golden quill, the toils of sea
The toils of exile, toils of war.

THE ODES OF HORACE

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

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.

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

Iam pauca aratro

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.

THE ODES OF HORACE

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

‘**R**EST, 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 hoard
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.

BOOK II

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

Cur me querellis

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,

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.

THE ODES OF HORACE

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 Faunus' 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

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.

BOOK II

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 ;
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

Bacchum in remotis

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,

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.

BOOK II

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

Non usitata

NOW bard and bird supreme I ride
On faery wing the azure skies ;

No more will I on earth abide,
But scorning human jealousies,

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.

BOOK III

I

Odi profanum

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.

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.

BOOK III

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,

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

II

Angustam amice

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,

THE ODES OF HORACE

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.

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

Iustum et tenacem

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 ;

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 ODES OF HORACE

*' 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*

*' 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-swells 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.*

BOOK III

*' 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.'*

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

Descende caelo

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 ;

THE ODES OF HORACE

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 !

So, when I seek bright Baiæ'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 Bosporus,

'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.

BOOK III

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 Porphyriion'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 ;

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

V

Caelo tonantem

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.*

*' 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.*

BOOK III

*' 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.

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

Delicta maiorum

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 !

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,

BOOK III

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.

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

Quid fles, Asterie

WHY weepst 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.

THE ODES OF HORACE

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 ;
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

Martiis caelebs

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 ;

BOOK III

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.

Then take a hundred cups, Maecenas, 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

Donec gratus eram

HORACE. **W**HILE 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.

THE ODES OF HORACE

- 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 :
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

Extremum Tanain

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.

BOOK III

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.

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

Mercuri,—nam te

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,

THE ODES OF HORACE

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 Danaid throng
Drew comfort from thy soothing song.

Tell Lyde of their tragedy ;
The famous weird these 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.*

*'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.*

BOOK III

'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

Miserarum est

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' wingèd 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

O fons Bandusiae

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 ODES OF HORACE

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

Herculis ritu

OF 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

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

Uxor pauperis

O WIFE of humble Ibycus !
 Bring within bounds at last
 Thy enterprises infamous,
 Thy profligacies vast.
 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

Inclusam Danaën

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.

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.

BOOK III

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,

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

Aeli vetusto

FRRIEND, 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

THE ODES OF HORACE

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

Faune, Nympharum

AS thou the flying Nymphs dost woo
Come softly o'er my sunny farm
Good Faun, and softly go, nor do
My gentle lambkins harm.

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

Quantum distet

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 ;

BOOK III

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 suits each toper's taste.
Mad bards who love the Muses' band
For three times three may shout :
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.

THE ODES OF HORACE

XX

Non vides, quanto

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,

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

O nata mecum

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.

BOOK III

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.

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

Montium custos

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.

THE ODES OF HORACE

XXIII

Caelo supinas

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.

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

Intactis opulentior

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 ;

BOOK III

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.
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 word
 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.

THE ODES OF HORACE

What use to mourn, unless abuse
By justice' sword is mown ?
What profit laws, if lives are loose ?
When South unto the zone
Enringed 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,
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

Quo me, Bacche, rapis

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 ;
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.

THE ODES OF HORACE

XXVI

Vixi puellis

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

Impios parrae

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 ;

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.

BOOK III

Be happy, wheresoe'er thou art,
And think on me, my lady, still ;
No roaming crew 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.

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 ?

THE ODES OF HORACE

- ' 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.
- " Or haply climb yon airy scarr,
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 Venus 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

Festo quid potius

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;
 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

Tyrrhena regum

SCION of Tuscan kings, I keep
 For thee, thou laggard, roses rare,
 And wine in virgin jars asleep,
 And fragrant balsam for thy hair.

THE ODES OF HORACE

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 gorgeous 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.

Now shepherd spent and languid sheep
Seek out the shade and stream and trees
Of rough Silvanus ; margs sleep
Untroubled by the wandering breeze.

But thou art brooding over Rome,
Thy thought is all of threats of war
From rebel Scyths, 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 uptorn,

BOOK III

And hollowed stones and homes and pens,
 'Mid thunder that the woods and hills
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.'*

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 virtue, 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

Exegi monumentum

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 ;
 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.

BOOK IV

I

Intermissa, Venus

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,
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 :

THE ODES OF HORACE

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

Pindarum quisquis

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.

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,

BOOK IV

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.

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 kindly 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.

THE ODES OF HORACE

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

THE boy whose birth thy quiet eyes
Have watched, Melpomene,
Shall win no Isthmian boxing prize,
Nor guide to victory
Achaean 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

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 ;

THE ODES OF HORACE

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.)
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 Eurus o'er Sicilian sea.

BOOK IV

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.*

*'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.

THE ODES OF HORACE

V

Divis orte bonis

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.

Who thinks of Medes or Scythians of the North ?
Who cares how savage Spain with war may chafe
Who dreads the swarms rough Germany brings forth
While we have Caesar safe ?

BOOK IV

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

Dive, quem proles

O GOD, whose wrath on reckless boasters falls—
The brood of Niobe, and Tityos 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 :

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,

THE ODES OF HORACE

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 youths 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 ;

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 months 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

Diffugere nives

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 thieve 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 sullen skies.

The moons in heaven quick repair the losses they endure,

But, once we pass to where

Ancus and wealthy Tullus 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 ?

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 Theseus hath the might to pluck his dear Pirithous

Away from Lethe's chains.

VIII

Donarem pateras

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
And after wore its name, as do
His mother-country's lays :
For none hath wage, until the page
Of poet tells his praise.

BOOK IV

What now were Mars' and Ilia's son
If envious oblivion
His glories had suppressed ?
If Aeacus 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 prows ;
So Bacchus, with the vine-leaves bent
About his brow, to glad event
Conducts his votaries' vows.

IX

Ne forte credas

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.

THE ODES OF HORACE

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,
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.

BOOK IV

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

O crudelis adhuc

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, '*Ab 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

Est mihi nonum

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,

THE ODES OF HORACE

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,

(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

Iam veris comites

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.

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

Audivere, Lyce

THE gods have heard, have heard my prayer :
 Lyce, thou growest grey,
 Yet shameless would'st thou still be fair,¹

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.

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

Quae cura patrum

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 ;

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,

THE ODES OF HORACE

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.
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

Phoebus volentem

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.

BOOK IV

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,

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.

Wherefor 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 lutes Anchises grey,
And Troy, and gentle Venus' son.

CARMEN SAECULARE

Phoebe silvarum

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.

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 !

CARMEN SAECULARE

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
Was 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 !

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.

CARMEN SAECULARE

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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