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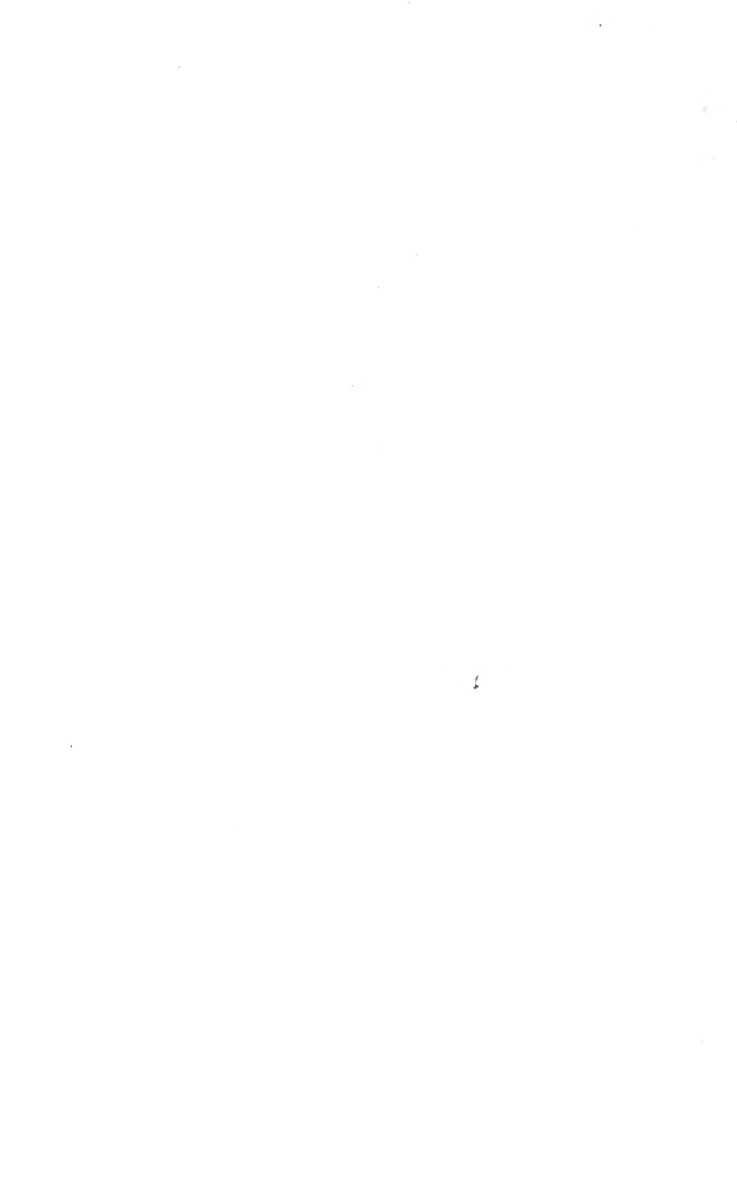
The ODES  
OF HORACE



ENGLISHED BY  
WILLIAM HATHORN  
MILLS, M. A.



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The  
Odes of Horace

ENGLISHED BY  
WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS, M. A.



LEDERER STREET & ZEUS COMPANY  
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA  
1924

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*Reprinted January 1924*



## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

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**W**ILLIAM HATHORN MILLS was born at Orton Waterville, near Peterborough, England, on April 28, 1848. He was educated at Haileybury School and Pembroke College, Cambridge, of which he was a Foundation Scholar, and Prizeman in 1867 for the best composition in Latin Verse. He took an honor degree in the Classical Tripos of 1870.

He was headmaster of Ruthin Grammar School from 1875 to 1881, and continued his scholastic work in Louth until 1895.

He was vicar of Kelstern 1892-95, rector of Hackthorn 1895-1902, rector of North Thoresby 1902-8, and rector of Rand 1908-9.

Thereafter, owing to poor health, he was compelled to spend much of his time in a milder climate than that of England, and in 1913 came to California to visit his son, Dr. H. W. Mills. The climate suiting him perfectly, he ultimately made it his home. He died at San Bernardino, California, on September 29, 1923, from angina pectoris.

He was the author of many books of poetry, the best known of which are "Ballads of Hellas" (first published in 1878 and reprinted in 1922), "Californica," "An Old Man's Musings," "War Ballads and Verses," and a metrical translation of the Odes of Horace (1921).

*Requiescat in Pace.*

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## *Stet Capitolium*

**W**HETHER he sings of high romance,  
Or hymns the everlasting Sire,  
Or suits his lay to choral dance,  
Or scourges forms of base desire,  
Or paints the lady of his choice,  
Horace is still a living Voice.

Your sweetly smiling Lalage,  
Whose spirit turned a wolf to flight,  
Your little farm by Tivoli,  
Bandusia's fountain crystal-bright,  
Your haunts, your hospitalities—  
Horace, they're all before our eyes.

Orbilius flogged you when at school;  
You have our fullest sympathy,  
For we remember a ferule,  
That smote us oft and lustily;  
Would it had gotten into us  
A measure of your genius.

You sang how Regulus put aside  
The crowds encumbering his return,  
Refused his wife's kiss, and denied  
Her plea with answer curt and stern;  
"Rome must be saved; let cowards die"—  
We hear it yet—that haught reply.

How Paulus and how Cato died,  
Too staunch to fly, too proud to yield;  
How stout Marcellus turned the tide  
Of war in many a foughten field;  
How yeomen played heroic parts—  
You've stamped it all upon our hearts.

They left their farms to fight; they braved  
All pains of death; and, if they fell,  
What mattered it, so Rome were saved?  
Her weal safeguarded, all was well.  
The State must stand, tho' men may die—  
That was Old Rome's philosophy.

You made them household words—the names  
Of those who fought and fell for Rome—  
And you—your memory lives, and claims  
Place at their side in every home;  
Your bones lie on a Roman hill,  
Horace, but you are with us still.

## *Puellis Idoneus*

**H**ORACE had many themes; his rimes  
At times clomb Helicon's peak; at times  
His Muse just sported;  
He sang of Gods, of mighty men,  
Of wines, of rustic joys, of ten  
Damsels he courted.

It seems he had a lot of flames  
From first to last; his list of names  
Is gey an' long;  
Were they real living demoiselles,  
Or quite imaginary belles—  
Just pegs for song?

Some anyhow were real, and two  
Adorned, as gentle souls and true,  
His poetry—  
The kindly Cinara—rapt, alas!  
From earth untimely—and the lass  
Named Lalage.

## PREFACE

In the preparation of these versions I consulted with advantage Mr. Page's abbreviated edition of Horace. But my debt of debts was to my memories of the days when I sat at the feet of Arthur Gray Butler, Head-Master of Haileybury School in the early Sixties. My thanks are also due to several friends whose encouragements have helped me to carry on the work I had begun—a somewhat arduous undertaking for a septuagenarian—in particular, to Professor L. J. Richardson, of the University of California, and Mr. J. C. Rowell, Librarian Emeritus of the University Library. Three of the Odes I did not care to translate, and have therefore omitted them.

W. H. M.



*Od. 1. 1*

**M**AECENAS, heir of ancient kings, my heart's dear  
pride, my guardian:

— — — — —  
 In chariot-races some delight to gather dust Olympian,  
 Whom post, just missed by glowing wheels, and victory's  
 palm Palladian,  
 Make gods on earth; this man exults if fickle mobs lift  
 him on high,  
 With threefold honours; that, if Libya's produce fills  
 his granary.  
 Attalic wealth would never move one, glad to hoe his  
 sire's domain,  
 To plough, a frightened mariner, in Cyprian galley,  
 Myrtos' main.  
 The merchant, scared by Afric's war with waves  
 Icarian, magnifies  
 Home's rural ease, but soon refits, unused to want, his  
 argosies.  
 There's one who scorns not Massic old, nor hours  
 snatched from the working day,  
 Stretched 'neath green arbutus, or where some sacred  
 fount's rills softly play.  
 Full many love what mothers hate, wars, camps, horns'  
 scream, and trumpets' blare.  
 The hunter keen, young bride forgot, still lingers in  
 the chilly air,  
 When his good hounds have viewed a hind or Marsian  
 boar has burst his nets'  
 Strong toils. Me ivy, meed of brows poetic, 'mid the  
 high Gods sets.

Me the cool grove, and fleet Nymphs trooped with  
 Satyrs, sever from the throng,  
 If but Euterpe's flutes, and sweet Polymnia's harp,  
 cease not their song.

— — — —  
 Rank me with lyric bards; my head shall smite the  
 stars, their choirs among.

## *Od. I. 2*

**E**NOUGH of snow and hailstones dire  
 The Sire has scattered, and with red  
 Right hand has hurled his bolts of fire  
 On sacred heights; then covered in dread  
 City and nations, lest the time  
 When portents strange made Pyrrha plain,  
 And Porteus bade his sea-herds climb  
 High mountains, should return again:  
 When in the elm-tops—roosting place  
 To doves familiar—in their haste  
 Entangled, hung the fishy race,  
 And scared hinds swam the watery waste.  
 Tiber we saw, with fierce back-wash  
 Of tawny waves from Tuscany's  
 Banksides, upon his way to crash  
 King's works, and Vesta's sanctuaries.  
 Proclaiming vengeance for the fate  
 Of Ilia, too-complaining still,  
 He crossed his eastern marge in spate,  
 Uxorious stream, despite Jove's will.  
 Our youth, by parents' vices thinned,  
 Shall hear of swords, that better far



Had smote the Mede, by kin unkin  
 Whetted, alas! for impious war.  
 What God should Rome invoke to stay  
 The ruin of our empire's weal?  
 What prayers should sacred Virgins pray  
 To Vesta, deaf to their appeal?  
 To whom will Jove assign the part  
 Of expiation? Come at length,  
 With aureoled shoulders, thou, who art  
 Augur of augurs, in thy strength,  
 Phoebus, we pray. Or, if it please  
 Thee, smiling Erycina, come  
 With Love and Laughter; or, if these  
 Thy children, Mars—the race of Rome—  
 So long forgot, are still thy care,  
 Quit war's too-wearying game, what tho'  
 Thou lov'st shouts, helms, and fiery glare  
 Of Moorish kern at blood-stained foe.  
 Or if, transformed, thou art content  
 Maia's winged Son, to image now  
 Young manhood, named, with thy consent,  
 Caesar's avenger—O come thou!  
 Slow to return to heaven, prolong  
 Among Quirinus' folk thy stay;  
 No breeze upbear thee, by the wrong  
 We do provoked, too soon away.  
 That men should call the Chief and Sire—  
 Choose that; with triumphs cheer thy heart  
 And let thy rule's avenging ire,  
 Caesar, make Parthia's horsemen smart.

*Od. I. 3*

**F**OR this may Cyprus' Goddess-Queen, and Helen's  
 brethren bright,  
 And the winds' Sire, releasing but Iapyx from his  
 cave,  
 O ship, whose ward our Virgil is, direct your course  
 aright,  
 So, landing him on Attic shore, my being's half  
 you save.  
 His breast was armed with triple bronze and oak,  
 who to rude seas  
 First trusted his frail bark, nor feared squalls of  
 Sirocco fell,  
 Battling it out with Aquilo, nor rainy Hyades,  
 Nor Notus, arbiter whose will bids Hadria sink or  
 swell.  
 What death feared he, who saw dry-eyed the monsters  
 of the deep;  
 Saw the rough main, the Thunder-Heights of  
 infamous renown?  
 If impious galleons none the less o'er waves forbidden  
 leap,  
 In vain Heaven's wisdom parted lands by Ocean's  
 sundering frown.  
 Bold to endure all things, mankind rushed thro' all  
 wickedness;  
 Prometheus bold brought fire to earth by fraud  
 unfortunate;  
 Soon as the fire had left its heaven, strange fevers  
 and distress

Swooped on the world, and death—till then a distant  
 doom and late—  
 Quickened its steps. Thus Daedalus, with wings to man  
 denied,  
 Tempted the void air; Hercules by toil broke  
 Acheron's sway;  
 Naught is too hard for mortal men, who seek in  
 senseless pride  
 The skies: whose sin forbids Jove's ire to put his  
 bolts away.

### *Od. I. 4*

**N**OW loosed is Winter's cruel grip; now Spring and  
 Western wind  
 Bring welcome change; the windlass hauls dry keels  
 down to the sea;  
 No longer stalls make glad the herds, no longer fires  
 the hind;  
 No longer stand the meadows white with hoar-frost's  
 argentry.  
 Beneath the moon now Cytherean Venus leads her  
 choirs;  
 Graces and Nymphs, a comely troop, ring hand in  
 hand their ring;  
 Now this, now that, foot beats the ground; while  
 Cyclops' furnace-fires  
 Glow, as fierce Vulcan fans the flames, and bids the  
 hammers swing.  
 Now is it well to twine trim locks with myrtle, or  
 with flowers,  
 Brought forth by fields, now thawed, as from a store  
 of treasures hid;

Now is it well to sacrifice to Faunus, in dim bowers  
 Of shady groves, a lamb maybe, or, if he will, a kid.  
 Marching with step impartial, Death's pale Presence  
 raps its call

At doors of rich and poor alike. Wealth, Sestius,  
 is yours;

But life's brief span cuts short the range of hope  
 for one and all;

And even now a gloom of night and storied Manes  
 lours

O'er you, and Pluto's shadowy halls expect your shade  
 anon.

Once there, no longer shall you cast the dice to  
 settle who

Shall rule the feast, nor count young Lycidas a  
 paragon.

Whom all the lads now worship and the lasses soon  
 shall woo.

### *Od. I. 5*

WHAT scent-besprinkled stripling lad,  
 Pyrrha, would win your favour, where  
 Some grotto smiles with roses clad?  
 For whom bind you your golden hair,  
 Simple, yet dainty? Soon he'll weep,  
 How oft! changed troth, changed deities,  
 And marvel, as the wind-lashed deep  
 Darkens, and threats his startled eyes,  
 Who in his folly counts you now  
 All gold, and hopes that free for aye  
 And kind you'll be, unwitting how  
 Your favours cheat. Unhappy they

On whom you smile untried. For me,  
 His temple-wall and tablet show  
 That to the God, who rules the sea,  
 I hung my drenched robes long ago.

*Od. I. 6*

**B**Y Varius, bird of Homer's strain,  
 Shall you be sung as hero wight,  
 Leader on land or on the main  
 Of troops victorious in the fight.  
 But we, Agrippa, may not tell  
 Your feats, nor staunch Achilles' wrath,  
 Nor chant the house of Pelops fell,  
 Nor sly Ulysses' sea-tossed path.  
 Too weak our strength for paeon-hymn,  
 While honour, and a Muse who sways  
 A peaceful lyre, forbid to dim  
 Your fame and Caesar's with poor praise.  
 Mars mailed in adamant, Tydeus' son,  
 By Pallas matched with Gods in might,  
 And, black with dust of Ilion,  
 Meriones—what pen could write  
 Of these? We tell of banquets; we  
 Sing lasses making fierce onset  
 On lads with pared nails, fancy-free,  
 Or, if love-fired, light-hearted yet.

*Od. I. 7*

**R**HODES, Mytilene, Ephesus, or Corinth set where  
 two seas foam,  
 Thessalian Tempe, Bacchus' Thebes, or Delphi, seat  
 of Phoebus' pride,

Others shall sing. Some only care to hymn chaste  
 Pallas' Attic home,  
 From first to last, and crown their brows with olives  
 plucked from every side.  
 In Juno's honour, most will tell of Argos' steeds,  
 Mycenae's gold.  
 Me Sparta staunch, Larisa's plains, never so thrilled  
 as echoing  
 Albuna's fount, and Anio's rush, orchards and groves  
 of Tibur's wold.  
 And restless rills. As Notus oft clears darkened  
 skies, nor loves to bring  
 Perpetual rains, so be you wise, Plancus, to drown life's  
 care and grief  
 In mellow wine, where ensigns light your camp, or  
 'neath your Tibur's shade.  
 Banished from Salamis and sire, yet Teucer bound  
 with poplar-leaf  
 His wine-moist brows, and bade his friends, a  
 sorrowing crowd, be undismayed.  
 "Whithersoever fate more kind than sire shall lead  
 us, friends, we'll fare;  
 None may despair, where Teucer guides and guards:  
 Apollo's truth has sworn  
 That a new Salamis shall rise elsewhere; with wine  
 now banish care;  
 Worse things we've known, brave hearts; once more  
 we'll plough the main tomorrow morn."

*Od. I. 8*

COME, Lydia, tell me why—by all  
 The Gods I beg you—you would lure  
 By love young Sybaris to his fall:

Why now he hates, who could endure  
 Sunshine and dust, the Field, nor rides,  
 In soldier's guise, among his peers:  
 Nor with toothed bit controls and guides  
 His Gallic steed's mouth; aye, and fears  
 Tiber. Why would he sooner risk

Venom than oil, who never now  
 Bears bruises, marks of strain—of disc,  
 Or javelin, thrown a winning throw?  
 Why lies he hid, as Thetis' son

Lay hid ere Troy's sad fall, they say,  
 Lest man's attire should speed him on,  
 With Lycia's troops, to join the fray?

*Od. I. 9*

SEE you how white Soracte's hill  
 Stands in deep snow: how forests bow,  
 Strained by their burden; how the chill  
 Of frost has stayed the rivers' flow?

Break up the cold; pile more and more  
 Logs on the hearth; from your Sabine  
 Jar's depths, O Thaliarchus, pour

More generous draughts of ripe old wine.  
 Leave to the Gods all else; when they  
 Have lulled the storms whose battles thresh

The ocean into boiling spray,  
 Naught frets cypress and aged ash.  
 Ask not the morrow's good or ill;  
 Reckon it gain however chance  
 May shape each day; scorn not, while still  
 A boy, sweet loves; scorn not the dance.  
 Life in its Spring, and crabbed eld  
 Far off—that is the time; then hey  
 For Park, Square, whispered concerts held  
 At a set hour at close of day:  
 For the sweet laugh whose soft alarm  
 Tells in what nook the maid lies hid:  
 For the love-token snatched from arm,  
 Of fingers that but half-forbid.

### *Od. I. 10*

**G**RANDSON of Atlas eloquent,  
 Mercury, skilful to refine  
 Primaeval manners insolent  
 By speech and seemly discipline—  
 Thee will I sing, of mighty Jove  
 Herald and of the gods, whose deft  
 Hand bent the lyre; adept, for love  
 Of fun, to steal and hide the theft.  
 Phoebus once threatened thee unless  
 His stolen beeves returned anon—  
 Ah, naughty boy!—scolded thee, yes,  
 Yet laughed—his quiver too had gone.  
 With thee for guide rich Priam made  
 His way unseen past Atreus' sons,  
 Past Phthian fires, thro' the blockade  
 Of Troy-beleaguering legions.



Kind souls find under thy convoy  
 Blest homes; thy gold wand's waving gleam  
 Shepherds the shades—who art the joy  
 Of gods inferne and gods supreme.

### *Od. I. 11*

**S**E EK not to know—such search were sin—what  
 term, Leuconoe,  
 Of life the Gods, who rule our lives, have fixed for  
 you and me,  
 Nor try the tables that sum up Babel's astrology.  
 'Twere better—how far better!—to endure the utter-  
 most,  
 Whether Jove grants more winters, or this brings a  
 farewell frost,  
 That breaks the strength of waves that lash the rock-  
 bound Tuscan coast.  
 Be wise; strain wines; curtail far hopes to fit short  
 destiny;  
 E'en while we speak time, grudging time, has fled;  
 snatch eagerly  
 Each day, and trust the morrow's grace as little as  
 may be.

### *Od. I. 12*

**C**LIO, what man's, what hero's, fame  
 Art fain with shrill-toned pipe to sing,  
 Or lyre; what god's—that so his name,  
 Flung back by echo's laugh, shall ring  
 Or in the shades of Helicon,  
 Or upon Pindus' heights, or chill

Haemus, whence woods swept blindly on  
 At tuneful Orpheus' heels, whose skill,  
 His mother's grace, made his art strong  
 To stay torrent and hurricane—  
 Made it a charm to draw along  
 The listening oaks that heard his strain?  
 Whose praise shall sooner claim my song  
 Than his, whom gods and men obey:  
 Whose seasons spin the world along,  
 Above, below, with tempering sway?  
 Naught greater than himself proceeds  
 From him; naught next his being is,  
 Or like it; yet her mighty deeds  
 Give Pallas nearest rank to his.  
 I will not let thy prowess go,  
 Liber, unsung—no, nor thy fame,  
 O Virgin huntress, nor thy bow,  
 Phoebus, whose shafts miss not their aim.  
 Alcides too, and Leda's sons—  
 Famed cavalier, famed pugilist—  
 I'll hymn—to mariners twin suns  
 Of hope, for tumbling breakers whist,  
 Soon as their white stars shine, and fall  
 Back from the rocks; rude tempests cease;  
 Clouds flee; waves' threats subside, and all  
 Since such their will, is calm and peace.  
 What name comes next? I hesitate—  
 Romulus, Numa's quiet sway,  
 Proud Tarquin's tyranny, Cato's fate—  
 The death that is his fame for aye?  
 Regulus, Scaurus, Paulus wight,  
 All reckless of his mighty soul  
 When Carthage won, in words of light  
 Grateful I'll set on honour's roll.

Fabricius, Curius unshorn,  
 Camillus—these stern penury  
 Reared, sons of toil, and yeomen-born,  
 To be true sons of chivalry.  
 As thro' unnoticed ages grows  
 The tree, so grows Marcellus' fame  
 As moon 'mid lesser lights, so glows  
 The Julian star with brightest flame.  
 Father and guardian of our race,  
 Great Saturn's son, Fate gives to thee  
 Charge of great Caesar; of thy grace,  
 Reign thou; let him vicegerent be.  
 Whether he breaks their threats and leads  
 In well-won triumph Parthia's hosts,  
 Or smites Seric and Indian breeds,  
 Who dwell below the Orient's coasts,  
 Beneath thee let him rule the world  
 In justice, while thy ponderous car  
 Shakes heaven, and while thy lightnings hurled  
 On unchaste groves make holy war.

### *Od. I. 13*

**W**HEN, Lydia, you praise the waxen arms  
 And rosy neck of Telephus,  
 Ah, then my heart swells with the fierce alarms  
 Of jealousy tumultuous.  
 Then reels my brain; my colour comes and goes;  
 Adown my cheeks tears steal and stray—  
 Proofs of my inward anguish—with what throes,  
 What smouldering fires, I dwine away.  
 Aye, for I burn when quarrels fired by wine  
 Have marred your shoulders' argentry;

When your mad lover's teeth have set their sign  
 Upon your lips—an infamy.  
 You would not hope, if but to me you list,  
 To keep him yours' whose brute offence  
 Scars lips on which Venus herself has kissed  
 Her grace—her nectar's quintessence.  
 Thrice happy they, and more than thrice, by bond  
 Unbroken linked, whose union  
 A love, uplift all bickerings beyond,  
 Shall bind until life's day is done.

### *Od. I. 14*

SHIP of the State, new waves will bear  
 Thee back to sea. What doest thou? Fight  
 To make the port; thy sides are bare  
 Of oars—ah, seest thou not thy plight?  
 Sprung by the swift South wind thy mast  
 And sail-yards groan; thy straining back,  
 Unfrapped by ropes, can scarce outlast  
 The sea's too tyrannous attack.  
 Thy sails are all unsound; thou hast  
 No gods whose guardianship thou mayst claim,  
 When swept by some fresh tempest-blast;  
 What tho' thou boasted race and fame,  
 As Pontic pine, and nobly born,  
 Gay poops bring mariners no cheer;  
 Beware lest thou become a scorn—  
 A laughing-stock for winds to jeer.  
 Of late didst vex and tire my soul;  
 Now dear, dost still disturb my ease;  
 Prithee, avoid the seas that roll  
 Between the shining Cyclades.

*Od. I. 15*

**W**HAT time the treacherous shepherd o'er the deep  
 In Mysian bark his hostess Helen bare,  
 Then Nereus lulled the stormy winds to sleep  
 Unwelcome, that he might, as seer, declare  
 His doom. "With evil omens home you take  
 Her, whom the armies of the Hellene name,  
 Sworn to lay waste Priam's old realm, and break  
 Your marriage-bond, shall, as one man, reclaim.  
 Ah me, what agonies threat man and steed!  
 What mischiefs for the Dardan race—what dire  
 Ruin—you stir! Pallas, to meet the need,  
 Gets ready helm, shield, chariots, battle-ire.  
 In vain, as counting Venus your ally,  
 You'll comb your locks and to lute's peaceful strain  
 Sing songs that women love; in vain you'll fly  
 In nuptial room arrows of Gnosian cane,  
 And deadly spears, the battle's stour and boom,  
 The swift pursuit of Ajax—all in vain  
 Your flights; for spite of all, tho' late your doom,  
 Your locks adulterous with dust you'll stain.  
 See you not on your trail Laertes' son,  
 Bane of your race, and Nestor, Pylos' sage?  
 Teucer of Salamis presses hard upon  
 Your heels, and Sthenelus, well skilled to wage  
 War, or, if steeds need rule, keen charioteer,  
 A dauntless pair. Aye, and you'll learn to know  
 Meriones. More than his sire's peer,  
 Lo, Diomede hunts you, raging, even now:  
 Whom you—as a scared stag flies soon as he  
 Has spied a wolf, crouched on the vale's far side,

Herbage forgot—with panting gasps will flee.  
 Not this the life you promised to your bride.  
 The day of doom for Troy and Phrygian dames  
 Achilles' angry warships will delay.  
 After fixed winters' term, Achaian flames  
 Shall waste the homes of Ilion for aye."

### *Od. I. 16*

**O** FAIRER than your mother fair,  
 Put whatsoever end you please  
 To my lampoons—no matter where,  
 In furnace or in Hadria's seas.  
 Not Dindymene—no, nor he  
 Who sits upon his Pythian seat—  
 So shakes priests' souls with ecstasy;  
 Not Liber; not so fiercely beat  
 Their cymbals Corybants, as grim ire  
 Rages; which fears nor Noric steel,  
 Nor wreckstrewn sea, nor savage fire,  
 Nor Jove's down-rush with flash and peal.  
 Prometheus, forced to add a part  
 Cut from each creature to our clay  
 Primaeval, grafted on our heart  
 A mad lion's might—so legends say.  
 Passions once laid Thyestes low  
 In ruin, and have come to be  
 Root-cause of utter overthrow  
 To lofty cities, presently  
 Ploughed under by some haughty foe.  
 Restrain your wrath; me, too, alas!  
 A hot heart tempted long ago,  
 In life's sweet youth; mad that I was,

I dashed off libels. Courtesy,  
 Not rudeness, now shall be my part,  
 If but, my taunts withdrawn, you'll be  
 My friend, and give me back your heart.

*Od. I. 17*

**L**EAVING Lycaeus oft for sweet  
 Lucretilis, swift Faunus fends  
 Off rainy winds and summer's heat  
 Ever, and thus my goats befriends.  
 They seek, as thro' safe woods they rove—  
 These wives of a malodorous spouse—  
 Arbutus lurking in the grove,  
 And thyme, unscathed; my kidlings browse  
 Fearless of Mars' wolves and green snakes,  
 What time, my Tyndaris, you bring  
 Your pipe that wakes the vales, and makes  
 Ustica's smooth escarpment ring.  
 Gods guard me; to the Gods are dear  
 My Muse, my piety; the land's  
 Honours—its outpoured wealth—shall here  
 From horn benignant fill your hands.  
 Here, in some far glen's sanctuary  
 From Dog-Star's heat, to Teian strain  
 You'll tell of chaste Penelope  
 And Circe bright, striving amain  
 For one man's love. Here 'neath the trees  
 Shall you drink cups from harmless jars  
 Of Lesbian; nor shall Semele's  
 Thyoneus mix up brawls with Mars. *12*  
 Nor shall you fear the wantonness  
 Of Cyrus, lest he rudely tear,  
 Poor little innocent, your dress,  
 And chaplet clinging to your hair.

*Od. I. 18*

SEE, VARUS, that you plant no tree before the sacred  
vine

About our Tibur's kindly soil, where Catilus of old  
Founded his town, for Heaven has willed that all who  
hate good wine

Should suffer, and not otherwise are gnawing cares  
dispelled.

Who, after wine, on war's distress or poverty wastes  
breath?

Is not his talk of Bacchus and of Venus' loveliness?  
And yet the fight, fought over cups by Centaurs to the  
death

With Lapithae, bids none exceed the bounds of  
soberness.

There's warning too in Euhius' wrath against the sots  
of Thrace,

When drunkards make their lusts the law defining  
Wrong and Right.

I'll not abuse, bright Bassareus, by tempting thee, thy  
grace,

Nor drag the things, by leaves concealed as mys-  
teries, to light.

Stay the fierce horns, the timbrels dear to Cybele, that  
lead

Blind Love of Self—self-blinded self-idolatry—and  
Pride—

The Vanity that all too high uplifts its empty head,

And faithless Faith that publishes what glass itself  
would hide.



*Od. I. 19*

**T**HE cruel mother of the Loves, and Theban Semele's  
 winged Son,  
 And sportive License call me back to wars I fought  
 in bygone days.  
 It fires—that sheen of Glycera's grace, more purely  
 bright than Parian stone!  
 It fires—her pretty petulance: her face that dazzles  
 eyes that gaze!  
 Venus has flung herself on me from Cyprus, nor would  
 have me sing  
 Of Parthian fighting as he flies, of Scyths, of things  
 that matter not.  
 Place me a live turf here, my boys, vervain and  
 incense; aye, and bring  
 Two-year old wine. A victim slain, she'll come in  
 gentler mood, I wot.

*Od. I. 20*

**W**INE of a common Sabine brand  
 In moderate cups your thirst shall slake—  
 Wine stored and sealed by my own hand  
 In an old jar of Grecian make,  
 When from the theatre rang out  
 Your praise, dear knight Maecenas, till  
 Your native banks returned the shout,  
 And echoes laughed from Vatican hill.  
 Then wine from a Calenian press,  
 And Caecuban, shall cheer your soul;  
 Falernian grapes, I must confess,  
 And Formian, temper not my bowl.

*Od. I. 21*

**Y**OUNG maidens, sing Diana's might;  
 Sing, boys, of Cynthus ever-young;  
 Of Leto, too, the heart's delight  
 Of Jove supreme, be anthems sung.  
 Sing, maidens, how Diana loves  
 Streams and the forest's leafery,  
 Or of dark Erymanthus' groves,  
 Or where green Cragus towers on high.  
 Praise Tempe, boys, and Delos where  
 Phoebus was born, with lay for lay;  
 Sing how his quivered shoulders bear  
 His brother's lyre, in twin display.  
 From princely Caesar and our State,  
 Moved by your prayer, he shall expel  
 War, famine, plague—sad dooms of fate—  
 To lands where Mede and Briton dwell.

*Od. I. 22*

**W**HOSE life is whole and pure of sin,  
 He needs no Moorish javelin,  
 Fuscus, nor bow, nor quiver-load  
 Of poisoned arrows for the road:  
 Whether he wills to voyage o'er  
 The boiling Syrtes, or explore  
 Rude Caucasus, or tracts untrod,  
 Washed by Hydaspes' storied flood.  
 For in a Sabine wood one day  
 I sang of Lalage; away  
 Went all my cares; I wandered free;

A wolf saw me, and fled from me,  
 Nor harmed me—such a monster as 12.  
 Oak-groves of warlike Daunias  
 Breed not, and Juba's land may nurse  
 Lions, but rears not such a curse.  
 Set me where some dead desert sees  
 No tree refreshed by summer breeze—  
 A quarter of the world that lies  
 In mists beneath unkindly skies:  
 Set me beneath the too near car  
 Of Phoebus, where no dwellings are,  
 Yet will I love my Lalage—  
 Her sweet laugh, her sweet causerie. 13.

### *Od. I. 23*

**C**HLOE, you always fly from me  
 Just like a fawn, that heedlessly  
 Has lost, and seeks to find  
 On pathless hills its mother dear,  
 With many a vain and empty fear  
 Of leaves and whispering wind.  
 For whether the glad month of May  
 Has brought its frolic winds to play  
 And rustle thro' the trees,  
 Or lizards green have pushed their way  
 Thro' bramble-bushes, as they stray,  
 It quakes in heart and knees.  
 Yet my pursuit of you is not  
 That of a tigress fierce, or what  
 A desert lion's rage  
 Threatens; you need your mother's care  
 No longer, Chloe, for you are  
 Of marriageable age.

*Od. I. 24*

**W**HAT thought of shame could bound our fond  
 regret  
 For one so dear? Melpomene, whose cithern  
 And liquid voice are of the Sire Eterne,  
 Prompt us a dirge to pay our sorrow's debt.  
 What, can it be that on Quintilius weighs  
 Eternal sleep? Ah, who shall find his peer?  
 Good Faith and Right, twin sisters, Truth sincere,  
 And Honour—can they ever match his praise?  
 True souls—how many!—wept his untimely end;  
 None more than you, my Virgil, who with vain  
 Prayers claim him of the high Gods, and complain  
 That not thus was he given you as a friend.  
 But even, if, with more persuasive art  
 Than Thracian Orpheus ever owned, you swayed  
 A lyre that trees obeyed, the empty shade  
 Would nevermore feel life-blood thrill its heart,  
 That Mercury, too deaf to hear our cry,  
 And roll back fate, has grimly waved below  
 To his dark flock. 'Tis hard; yet, even so,  
 Patience can ease what naught can remedy.

*Od. I. 25*

(Omitted)

*Od. I. 26*

**T**HE Muses' friend, I'll cast all fear  
 And grief to wanton winds, to bear  
 Where Cretan billows roll,  
 Utterly careless what dread king  
 Rules 'neath the cold North, or what thing  
 Frights Tiridates' soul.  
 O thou, to whom fresh springs are dear,  
 Nymph of Pimplea's fountain clear,  
 Weave of thy grace a wreath;  
 Weave it for Lamia, my friend;  
 Weave it of sunny flowers that blend  
 Thy sweetness with their breath.  
 Honours that I can pay are naught,  
 Apart from thee—the gracious thought  
 That tunes my new cithern;  
 Bid it with Lesbian quill—the gift  
 Were worthy thee and thine—uplift  
 This man to life eterne.

*Od. I. 27*

**T**O fight with goblets is a Thracian game;  
 For pleasure were they made—for jollity;  
 Out on the barbarous custom! Do not shame  
 With bloody brawls good Liber's modesty.  
 'Twixt Persian glaive and banquets brightly lit,  
 What an enormous gap! Gap let it rest.  
 Stay, friends, your impious noise; away with it,  
 And keep your elbows to your cushions prest.  
 What, am I too to drink a share today  
 Of strong Falernian? Then let you boy,

Opuntian Megilla's brother, say  
 What wound, what shaft, has been his fatal joy.  
 Unwilling are you? Well, not otherwise  
 Will I turn toper. Whatsoever Queen  
 You serve, she will not smirch you in our eyes,  
 For, if your love be wrong, it is not mean.  
 Come, trust your secret to safe ears and true.  
 Ah, hapless one, what an abyss of shame,  
 What a Charybdis, had inveigled you,  
 Poor boy—and you worthy a better flame!  
 What witch, what wizard, with Thessalian drugs,  
 What God, will have the power to set you free?  
 Scarcely from this threefold Chimaera's hugs  
 Will Pegasus win you your liberty.

### *Od. I. 28*

**Y**OU measured ocean, earth, sands numberless,  
 Archytas; now a little dust bestowed  
 Upon your ashes keeps you in duress  
 By Matine shore; nor boots it that you rode  
 In spirit thro' the skies, and clomb the vault  
 Of heaven, for you were bound to die at last.  
 So too died Pelops' sire, tho' guest exalt  
 Of Gods; so into air Tithonus passed;  
 So Minos too, Jove's confidant; and so  
 Panthous' son in Tartarus yet stays  
 Perforce, to Orcus sent again, what tho'—  
 The shield he claimed witnessed his Trojan days—  
 Black death had naught of him but skin and nerves,  
 Who to your mind was an exponent high  
 Of Nature's truths. Once and for ever serves  
 Death's path; one night waits all humanity.

Others the Furies give to glad Mars' eyes;  
 The greedy sea on sailors' bones is fed;  
 Old lives and young make one long sacrifice;  
 Persephone never spared a single head.

— — — — —  
 Me too slew Notus on the Illyrian sea—  
 Notus of prone Orion comrade swift.  
 But you, O sailor, grudge not churlishly  
 My bones and head unburied a small gift  
 Of shifting sand. So may you ever be  
 Safe, tho' Venusia's woods be tempest-struck;  
 However Eurus threat the Western sea:  
 And Jove, its fount, grant you good meed of luck,  
 And Neptune, blest Tarentum's sure defence.  
 Think you it were a little thing to do  
 A deed would hurt your children's innocence?  
 Nay, on yourself may fall the vengeance due,  
 And haught requital. Not in vain I pray;  
 No expiation will your debt release;  
 Your haste, I guess, will brook this slight delay;  
 Cast but three casts of dust; then go in peace.

### *Od. I. 29*

**W**HAT, Iccius? Is your heart now set  
 On Arabs' wealth, and would you wage  
 On Saba's kings, untamed as yet,  
 Fierce wars, and curb the Parthians' rage  
 By shackles? What barbarian fair,  
 Her lover slain, your beck shall bide?  
 What boy, from palace brought, with hair  
 Perfumed, shall stand your cup beside,  
 Once trained to bend the Seric bow,  
 His father bent? Who could deny

That up steep mounts rivers may flow,  
 And Tiber turn back, when you try  
 To change for Spanish mail books bought  
 On all sides—visions high of truth,  
 By Stoics and Socratics taught,  
 And break the promise of your youth?

### *Od. I. 30*

**O**F Cnidos and of Paphos Queen,  
 From thy loved Cypros, Venus, come,  
 And make the shrine, that Glycera's bene  
 And incense offer thee, thy home.  
 Bring too thy Godling of the heart,  
 Graces ungirt, thy company  
 Of Nymphs, and Youth, that lacks apart  
 From thee all charm, and Mercury.

### *Od. I. 31*

**W**HAT does his bard ask of divine  
 Apollo in his new-built fane?  
 What—as he pours cups of new wine?  
 Not rich Sardinia's wealth of grain:  
 Not India's gold or ivory:  
 Not hot Calabria's pastures, gay  
 With herds: not lands where quietly  
 Still Liris frets its silent way.  
 Let those, whose luck it is to own  
 Calenian vineyards, prune their vines,  
 That so some merchant of renown  
 May drink from golden cups their wines,  
 For Syrian wares. Heaven's favourite, he,  
 Because, forsooth, three times a year,



Or four, he sails successfully  
 The Atlantic main. I have for cheer  
 My olives, chicory, mallows light.  
 Grant me, Apollo, for the rest,  
 Contentment, health, sound wits and bright,  
 An honoured eld, by music blest.

### *Od. I. 32*

**T**HEY bid us sing. If aught, my lyre,  
 We two have played in shelters dim,  
 Idly, come, prompt a Latin hymn,  
 Of which the years shall never tire.  
 Thee first the Lesbian, bold in war,  
 Tuned, who, as battles came and passed,  
 Or oft as he had moored at last  
 His storm-tossed bark on the wet shore,  
 Would sing of Liber, and the wise  
 Muses, of Venus, to whose arm  
 Ever the Boy clings, of the charm  
 Of Lycus' dark hair and dark eyes.  
 Pride of Apollo's heart, and dear  
 To Jove at banquets, solace blest  
 Of toil, whene'er I make request  
 Aright, be kind, my lyre, and hear.

### *Od. I. 33*

**T**HAT, Albius, too bitter memories  
 Of Glycera's unkindness may not break  
 Your heart, and prompt too mournful elegies  
 Telling why, for some younger lover's sake,  
 Her faith is falsed, think how Lycoris, fair  
 With narrow brows, for Cyrus burns, while he

Turns to coy Pholoe; but roes will pair  
 Sooner with wolves Apulian, than will she  
 Sin for a lover whom she reckons vile.  
 So wills it Venus—she, whose bronzen yoke  
 Joins forms and souls unequal all the while.  
 Aye, such her will, and such her cruel joke!  
 As for myself, what time a better fate  
 Sought me, I was enthralled by Myrtale,  
 The freedwoman—a soul more passionate  
 Than waves that fret Calabria—Hadria's sea.

### *Od. I. 34*

**A** CHARY worshipper of Gods and rare,  
 When, expert in a mad philosophy,  
 I strayed, now must I put about, and bear  
 Up for the port I left, and once more try  
 Forsaken paths; for the Sky-Father, who  
 Is wont to part the thunder-clouds on high  
 With lightnings, lately drove thro' heaven's clear blue  
 His thundering steeds and flying car, whereby  
 The sluggish earth and wandering rivers, aye,  
 And Styx, and the abominable Hoe  
 Of Taenarus, and Atlas, boundary  
 Of the wide world, staggered, reel to and fro.  
 God can change heights for depths: can lower the  
 proud,  
 And raise the mean; as Harpy on the wing,  
 From this man's head Fortune, with hurtlings loud,  
 Snatches his crown, to crown another king.

*Od. I. 35*

**G**ODDESS, who rulest Antium dear :  
 Who can'st from lowest depths uplift  
 Mortals, or change, by sudden shift,  
 Triumphal car to funeral bier,  
 Thee the poor rustic courts with bene  
 Urgent ; who dares Carpathian sea  
 In bark Bithynian, worships thee,  
 Whoe'er he be, as Ocean's Queen.  
 States, cities, Latium's chivalry,  
 Fierce Dacian, nomad Scythian,  
 Mothers of kings barbarian,  
 Empurpled monarchs, bow to thee,  
 Lest in the dust thy proud foot lay  
 The Column of the State, and cry  
 Of thronging crowds bid laggards fly  
 To arms! To arms!—and break their sway.  
 Before thee stalks stern Destiny ;  
 Her bronzen hands hold grapples dread,  
 And beam-like nails, and molten lead,  
 And wedges—fate's machinery.  
 Hope loves thee ; aye, and clothed in white,  
 Faith, a rare Grace, nor quits thy side  
 Whene'er in wrath from homes of pride,  
 With changed attire, thou takest flight.  
 But faithless crowd, and perjured quean,  
 Fall back, and when the cask is dry,  
 But for its dregs, friends fickle fly,  
 To share the yoke too false, too mean.  
 Keep Caesar safe, what time he goes  
 To Britain, at the world's end set,  
 And our new levies, raised to threat

The Indian seas and Eastern foes.  
 Shame on the scars set upon kin  
     By kin! An iron age, what have we  
     Held sacred—what impiety  
 Left unattempted? From what sin  
 Has fear of Heaven made Rome's youth flee?  
     What altars has it spared? Anneal  
     In a new forge our blunted steel,  
 For Arabs and Massagetae.

*Od. I. 36*

**W**ITH incense, lyre, and votive calf, will we  
     Gladly appease the Gods of Numida—  
 The Guardian Presences, whose ministry  
     Has brought him safe from far Hesperia.  
 Full many a kiss he shares with trusty feres;  
     With Lamia most of all, remembering  
 How, in the long-ago of boyhood's years,  
     One leader led them both—one school-boy king;  
 And how they donned their togas side by side.  
     Let the fair day be marked with whitest chalk;  
 Let the broached amphora not grudge its pride,  
     And at the Salian romp let no foot baulk.  
 Nor let that toper, Damalis, surpass  
     Bassus at swallowing cupfuls Thracian-wise;  
 Let roses, lilies, too short-lived, alas!  
     And parsley green, grace the festivities.  
 All eyes will yearn for Damalis, but she  
     To her new paramour will stick, I wot:  
 Clinging to him as ivy clings to tree—  
     Tendrils, whose clasp is as a lovers' knot.

*Od. I. 37*

**B**UMPERS! Let free foot beat the earth!  
 To drink, dance, honour the sublime  
 Gods' seats with Salian feasts and mirth—  
 Comrades, for this 'tis time, high time.  
 Ere this it had been sin to bring  
 Caecuban from forbears' store-room,  
 While the mad queen was purposing  
 Our Capitol's fall, our empire's doom.  
 She with her eunuch-horde, infect  
 With foul disease, in her mad pride,  
 Drunk with good fortune, could expect  
 Anything. But her madness died  
 When of her battleships scarce one  
 Escaped the flames, and Caesar's near  
 Pursuit pressed her, and stamped upon  
 Her wine-besotted brain true fear.  
 His triremes, as she fled, gave chase,  
 As falcon stoops to dove, as fleet  
 Hunter hunts hares in wintry Thrace,  
 To catch and chain, in vengeance meet,  
 This fateful monster. Ah, but she  
 Claimed nobler death, nor feared the sword,  
 With woman's fear, nor secretly  
 Sailed off some distant coast toward.  
 She saw her home in ruins laid,  
 Nor trembled; resolute to take  
 Its deadly poison, unafraid  
 She grasped and held the deadly snake.

The prouder for her will to die,  
 She grudged Rome's ships, this haughty dame,  
 That she, paraded to Rome's eye  
 A discrowned queen, should flaunt Rome's fame.

*Od. I. 38*

**D**ISPLAYS, that Persians love, I hate;  
 Lime-braided chaplets I detest;  
 'T makes no matter where the late  
 Rose lingers; stay, my boy, your quest.  
 Just myrtle—that's enough; don't think  
 To better it; it suits, as wreath,  
 You, as you serve, me, as I drink,  
 My wine this close-trained vine beneath.

*Od. II. 1*

**T**HE civil war, that in Metellus' year  
 Began—its seeds, faults, phases: Fortune's game:  
 Chiefs' dangerous alliances: the smear  
 Of kindred blood on arms—an impious shame  
 Not yet atoned—that is your theme, a work  
 Beset by risks, by one continual threat;  
 Your feet are, as it were, on fires that lurk  
 'Neath treacherous ashes—fires that smoulder yet.  
 Withdraw awhile your Muse of Tragedy  
 Austere from theatres, and then anon,  
 When you have shaped your public history,  
 You shall resume your noble theme upon  
 Buskin Cecropian—star of oratory  
 For sad defendants, or in curial  
 Debates, my Pollio, whom your victory

Delmatic crowned with bays perennial.  
 E'en now our ears with clarions' threatening blare  
 Are deafened; even now trumpets scream out  
 Their challenge; even now arms' fiery glare  
 Scares horse and horseman into headlong rout.  
 Aye, and I seem to hear of leaders wight  
 Befouled with dust ennobling: of the whole  
 Wide world, and all its things, in bloody fight  
 Subdued, save only Cato's stubborn soul.  
 Juno, and Afric's friendly deities,  
 Who left the land, as powerless to aid,  
 Or to avenge, offered in sacrifice  
 The victors' grandsons to Jugurtha's shade.  
 What plain is there but what, by Latin gore  
 Fattened, is witness, by the tombs it bears,  
 To impious battles, and the crash which tore  
 Down Italy, and rang in Parthian ears?  
 What gulf, what streams, world over, will you find  
 That know not of our wretched strife? What main  
 Has blood of Daunians not incarnadined?  
 What shore is unpolluted by its stain?  
 But lest, my sportive Muse, you should forget  
 Your jokes, and start a Cean dirge again,  
 Seek we some Dionaeon grot, and let  
 A lighter quill temper your coming strain.

## *Od. II. 2*

**A**S silver, hid in greedy earth,  
 Crispus Sallustius, has no sheen,  
 So metals have for you no worth,  
 Unless use makes their value seen.  
 For aye shall Proculcius' name  
 Be known for fatherly sympathy

With brethren; him eternal Fame  
 With tireless wing shall bear on high.  
 Larger you'd make your empire's reach  
 Subduing self, than if, made one,  
 Gades and Libya—aye, each  
 Carthage—bowed down to you alone.  
 By self-indulgence dropsy grows,  
 Nor casts out thirst, till from the pale  
 Body the watery languor flows,  
 And from the veins the exciting bale.  
 Unlike the crowd, true Virtue parts  
 Prahates, throned on Cyrus' throne,  
 From the blest roll of happy hearts,  
 And bids the people's voice disown  
 False titles, granting honours true—  
 Sure bays, abiding sovereignty—  
 To him who, with heaped wealth in view,  
 Passes it, unregarded, by.

### *Od. II. 3*

**R**EMEMBER, Delliuss, doomed to die  
 Some day, to keep a level mind  
 When times are hard, nor pridefully  
 Exalt your horn when Fate seems kind—  
 Aye, doomed to die, whether each dawn  
 Renews your griefs, or days of rest  
 Comfort you, couched on some far lawn,  
 With old Falernian of the best.  
 Why does white poplar interlace  
 With mighty pine its welcoming shade?  
 Why does fleet rivulet toil to race  
 Adown the maze its frets have made?



Bid them bring hither wines, nards, blooms—  
 Rose-blooms, sweet all too brief a space—  
 While means and youth and the dark looms  
 Of the three Sisters grant us grace.  
 You'll leave parked hall and villa fair,  
 With yellow Tiber rolling by;  
 All that you bought you'll leave; your heir  
 Will own the wealth you heaped on high.  
 Rich scion of Inachus, or poor  
 And lowliest-born, with heaven's bare ceil  
 For roof—no matter, Orcus dour  
 Will set on you his ruthless heel.  
 One bourn awaits us all; each lot,  
 Tossed in the urn, or soon, or late,  
 Leaps forth, and—doom that changes not—  
 Exiles us on the bark of Fate.

### *Od. II. 4*

**L**EST, Xanthias Phocæus, you should be ashamed  
 That a mere handmaid has become your queen,  
 Think how of yore the slave Briseis tamed  
 The proud Achilles, by her snowy sheen.  
 Ravished Tecmessa's beauty thrilled and won  
 Ajax, the son of Telamon, her lord;  
 E'en in his hour of triumph, Atreus' son  
 Was love-fired by a captive of his sword,  
 When the barbarians, worsted in the fray,  
 Had fall'n to their Thessalian conqueror,  
 And Hector's death left Troy an easier prey  
 To Hellas' hosts, all weary of the war.  
 Blonde Phyllis' parents may, for all you know,  
 Honour their son-in-law, as born of high

Descent; of royal stock she is, I trow,  
 And mourns unjust Penates' injury.  
 Be sure that she, your mistress, has no strain  
 In her of lowborn rascaldom or shame:  
 That one so faithful, so averse from gain,  
 Was never born of womb, would smirch your name.  
 Heart-whole I praise her arms, her bonny face,  
 Her shapely ankles; spurn all jealous fears  
 Of one who, hurrying onward in life's race,  
 Has run the lustre closing forty years.

*Od. II. 5*

(Omitted)

*Od. II. 6*

**S**EPTIMIUS, who with me would fare  
 To Gades, or Cantabria yet  
 Untamed, or the rude Syrtes, where  
 The Moorish billows ever fret:  
 Be Tibur, by an Argive guest  
 Founded, the home of my old age—  
 From war, from sea, from trails, a rest,  
 After life's weary pilgrimage.  
 But, if barred thence by fate accurst,  
 I'll seek Galaesus, pleasant aye  
 To skin-clad sheep, and fields that erst  
 Owned Dorian Phalanthus' sway.  
 That nook of all earth's nooks for me  
 Has charms, where with Hymettus vies  
 The honey, and each olive tree  
 From green Venafrum claims the prize.

Jove grants a lingering springtime there,  
 And winters mild; there Aulon, host  
 Of fruitful Bacchus has small care  
 Of what Falernian grapes may boast.  
 That spot, those happy hills, desire  
 Our presence; there shall you commend,  
 With friendship's tear, beside his pyre,  
 The ashes of your poet-friend.

*Od. II. 7*

**P**OMPEY, who faced with me in countless fights,  
 When Brutus led our war, supremest odds,  
 Who has restored you, with full civic rights,  
 To skies Italian, and your country's Gods,  
 O earliest of my comrades, at whose side  
 I often broke with wine the lingering  
 Day's irk, my temples wreathed with chaplet's pride,  
 My hair with Syrian unguent glistening?  
 With you I shared Philippi's headlong rout,  
 My shield, in haste ignoble, flung away,  
 When valour broke, and threatening boasts died out,  
 As chins rubbed shameful dust. Ah, well-a-day!  
 Me, in my terror, Mercury bore fast,  
 Veiled in thick mist, thoro' the grim mellay;  
 But you the battle-wave sucked back, and cast  
 With boiling surf again into the fray.  
 Pay then the feast that you are bound to pay  
 To Jove, and, wearied with the toils of war,  
 Come, and recline beneath my garden bay,  
 Nor spare the casks that wait you in my store.  
 Fill goblets bright with cheering Massic high;  
 From urns capacious pour perfumery;

Whose task is it to hurry up and tie  
 Chaplets of lissom parsley, or, maybe,  
 Of myrtle? Whom will Venus now declare  
 The master of the feast? My revelry  
 Shall match Edonians'. It is sweet, I swear,  
 When friends return, to revel furiously.

### *Od. II. 8*

**H**AD punishment in any wyse,  
 Barine, judged your perjuries:  
 Had one black tooth or fingernail  
 Disfigured you by just entail,  
 I'd trust you; but you bind upon  
 Your faithless head vows, and anon  
 Step forth more radiant for your pains,  
 The common darling of our swains.  
 You cheat—and profit by each lie—  
 Your mother's dust, the vasty sky,  
 Night's silent stars, the Gods, whose breath  
 Is life beyond the chill of death.  
 Venus herself laughs at all this;  
 The simple Nymphs laugh too, ywis,  
 And Cupid fierce, on blood-stained stone  
 Whetting his fire-darts, one by one.  
 Aye, and to you too, as they grow  
 Up, all our lads as bondslaves bow;  
 And earlier suitors threat, but come  
 Back to their impious lady's home.  
 Mothers of striplings fear your smiles;  
 Thrifty old fathers dread your wiles;  
 And newly wed brides sadly say,  
 "Her breath will keep our grooms away."

*Od. II. 9*

**N**OT always fall the clouds in rain  
 On roughened fields; not without end  
 Do tempests vex the Caspian main  
 With gusts; nor, Valgius, my friend,  
 The whole year round stands motionless  
 Ice on Armenian plains, nor groan  
 Garganus' oaks beneath the stress  
 Of northern blasts that strip the roan.  
 But you with dirges day and night  
 Harp on lost Mystes; Vesper's rise  
 Checks not your love-plaints, nor his flight  
 From the swift sun, when night-time dies.  
 And yet thrice-aged Nestor stayed  
 His tears for loved Antilochus;  
 Parents and Phrygian sisters made  
 Not endless moan for Troilus,  
 Their stripling lad; cease, cease at length,  
 Your weak complaints, and rather hymn  
 Augustus Caesar—how his strength  
 Has won fresh trophies—how to him  
 Frost-bound Niphates bows, and how  
 The Parthian stream, with lowered pride,  
 Rolls smaller floods, and, lessened now,  
 Within strait bounds Geloni ride.

*Od. II. 10*

**L**ICINIUS, would you live aright,  
 Tempt not the high seas evermore,  
 Nor, fearing tempests, in your fright  
 Too closely hug the dangerous shore.

Who loves the golden mean is free  
 And safe from grime—the grime a house  
 Harbours in eld; his modesty  
 Earns not the envy mansions rouse.  
 The mighty pine is oftenest  
 Storm-tossed; the higher a turret's height,  
 The worse its fall; it is its crest,  
 The mountain's top, that lightnings smite.  
 A well-schooled heart, when things look black,  
 Hopes for a change: when all seems gay,  
 Fears change. Jove brings rude winters back;  
 Aye, but he also ends their stay.  
 Bad luck today? Well, but how long—  
 How many days—will it be so?  
 Phoebus awakes his Muse to song  
 At times, nor always bends his bow.  
 In times of straitness manifest  
 A hero's heart; shrink not, nor quail;  
 Yet take in sail—safety is best—  
 Before too favouring a gale.

### *Od. II. 11*

**W**HAT fierce Cantabrian, what the Scythian braves,  
 Parted by Hadria's intervening waves,  
 Plot, cease, Hirpinus Quinctius, to enquire,  
 Nor vex your soul with passionate desire  
 To sate life's little need. From one and all  
 The charm of beardless youth flies past recall,  
 As hoary eld withers the wanton heart,  
 And bids the sleep that comes at call depart.  
 Not always does the self-same glory grace  
 Spring-flowers, nor wears the blushing moon one face.  
 Why with the counsels of eternity

Weary your soul, too small for things so high?  
 Why not, just as we are, at ease beneath  
 Tall plane-tree or this pine, with the sweet breath  
 Of roses in our gray locks, redolent  
 Of nard Assyrian, drink to our content  
 Wine, while we may? All gnawing cares are chased  
 By Euhius. What boy, with hastened haste,  
 Will quench the fire of our fiery  
 Falernian, from the brook that hurries by?  
 Who from her home will draw that damsel shy,  
 Lyde? Come, bid her bring immediately  
 Her ivory lyre, with neatly knotted hair,  
 After the manner of a Spartan fair.

### *Od. II. 12*

**Y**OU would not wish that to my peaceful lyre  
 I should set songs of Hannibal, the dire,  
 Or fierce Numantia's long tale of war,  
 Or seas Sicilian red with Punic gore,  
 Or savage Lapithae, or Hylaeus flushed  
 With wine, or Earth's gigantic offspring, crushed  
 By Hercules' strong hand, at whose attack  
 Old Saturn's bright home quaked in fear of wrack,  
 Maecenas; you yourself more worthily  
 Will tell of Caesar in prose history,  
 His fights and feats—how thro' Rome's long parades  
 With necks enchained proud kings passed to the shades  
 For me, my Muse would have me sweetly praise  
 Licymnia, queen of love—what sparkling rays  
 Flash from her eyes: how true her heart and leal  
 To mutual love—its claim, and its appeal.  
 It misbecomes her not in any wyse  
 To dance in choirs, to bandy pleasantries,

To reach out arms to maidens blithe and gay,  
 Who join the throng on Dian's festal day.  
 Would you for all that rich Achaemenes  
 Possessed: for Phrygian Mygdon's granaries:  
 For Arabs' homes, well stored with treasures fair,  
 Barter one tress of your Licymnia's hair,  
 When to your burning lips she bends awry  
 Her neck, or shuns, with easy coquetry,  
 Kisses, whose ravishment is more to her  
 Than you—and she may be first ravisher?

### *Od. II. 13*

ON an ill-omened day, accursed tree,  
 Did your first planter plant you, and profane  
 The hand that reared you to the infamy  
 Of country-side, and to descendants' bane.  
 I could believe that one so ruthless might  
 Have broke a parent's neck, and stained, maybe,  
 With blood of sleeping guest, slain in the night,  
 His inmost chamber; Colchic poisons he  
 Handled, and whatsoever any one  
 Has anywhere planned of sin, who on my farm  
 Set you, curst trunk, to fall one day upon  
 A master's head, who never did you harm.  
 No man from hour to hour takes proper thought  
 What he should shun; the Punic mariner  
 Fears the mad Bosphorus, but counts as naught  
 All other risks, no matter whence or where.  
 The soldier fears the shafts shot in swift flight  
 By Parthian foe; the Parthian fears the gyves  
 And prison of Rome; but, unforeseen, Death's might  
 Has ever snatched, aye, and will snatch, men's lives.



How near were we to seeing upon her throne  
 Dark Proserpine, aye, and the judgment-seat  
 Of Aeacus, the separate Avalon,  
 Where roam the blest, and Sappho, with her sweet  
 Aeolian lyre arraigning Lesbos' maids,  
 And you, Alcaeus, with your golden quill  
 Sounding a fuller elegy to the shades,  
 Of exile's, war's, sea's, woes complaining still.  
 The shades stand wondering, as each poet sings  
 Songs worthy solemn silence; but, with ear  
 Keener to drink in tales of banished kings  
 And wars, a shouldering crowd throngs up to hear.  
 What wonder when, dazed by those melodies,  
 The hundred-headed beast drops his ears' threat,  
 And, in the hair of the Eumenides  
 Entwined and twist, their serpents cease to fret.  
 Prometheus, too, and Tantalus, the base,  
 In the sweet sound forget their agonies;  
 Nor does Orion longer care to chase  
 Lion that turns to fight, or lynx that flies.

### *Od. II. 14*

**A**H, Postumus, my Postumus, the fleeting years roll  
 by;  
 Wrinkles and ever nearing eld stay not for piety:  
 Relentless they, relentless death's unconquered tyranny,  
 Ah no; tho' with three hecatombs of bulls each day you  
 try  
 To soften Pluto's tearless heart, whose sad stream's  
 custody  
 Prisons thrice ample Geryon and Tityon, you must die.  
 For, friend, that river must be crossed by each and  
 every one

Of all whom Earth's large bounty feeds and rears  
 beneath the sun:  
 By kings, by needy husbandmen, by every mother's son.  
 Vainly we seek to shun the risks and threats of bloody  
 war:  
 The rage of waves that swell and break where  
 Hadria's billows roar;  
 Vainly we fear the autumnal blights that blow from  
 Afric's shore.  
 No soul may miss Cocytus' gloom—the languid streams  
 that roil  
 Moaning along: the Danaid brides whose shame naught  
 can assail:  
 Sisyphus, son of Aeolus, doomed to unending toil.  
 Earth, home, sweet wife—these must you leave—aye,  
 all that you hold dear;  
 And, of the trees that you, their short-lived master,  
 cherished here,  
 Only the hateful cypress shall at last attend your bier.  
 Your Caecuban—a hundred keys once locked it in your  
 store—  
 A better wine than sacred feasts into priests' goblets  
 pour—  
 A worthier heir shall drink it, and its pride shall stain  
 the floor.

### *Od. II. 15*

**S**OON regal piles will leave no place  
 For farms; soon crowds will flock to see  
 Fishponds that claim a larger space  
 Than Lucrine lake; barren plane-tree  
 Will turn the elm out; presently  
 Will violets, myrtles, the whole round

Of sweet flowers, shed their fragrancy  
 On oliveyards, once fruitful ground;  
 Dense laurels will, as shields upborne,  
 Stay the sun's darts. Far different  
 The use of Romulus, of unshorn  
 Cato, of ancient precedent.  
 Then private means were small; the State  
 Was rich; no private colonnade,  
 By ten-foot rods delineate,  
 Welcomed the cool North to its shade.  
 The casual sod might not be tossed  
 Aside; cities and fanes alone  
 Might be adorned, at public cost—  
 So said the law—with fresh-hewn stone.

### *Od. II. 16*

**R**EST is the sailor's prayer—the boon R  
 He craves, caught on the Aegean sea,  
 Soon as dark clouds have hid the moon,  
 And stars shine all uncertainly.  
 For rest prays Thrace, distract with war;  
 For rest the quivered Parthians cry;  
 For rest—for what nor purple, nor  
 Rubies, nor gold, Grosphus, can buy.  
 Nor wealth, nor lictor's axe, can rout  
 The heart's tumultuous agonies,  
 Nor chase the cares that flit about  
 The fretted roofs of palaces.  
 He lives on little well, whose sire's  
 Saltcellar makes his scant board bright:  
 Whose slumbers light nor base desires  
 Of gain, nor fears disturb at night.  
 Why many aims with such brief span

Of strength? Why, bent on change, should we  
 Seek other climes? An exiled man  
 Quits home; himself he cannot flee.  
 Care, morbid care, climbs bronze-beaked prows;  
 Horsed squadrons leave it not behind,  
 Swifter than stags; nor swifter blows  
 The cloud-compelling South East wind.  
 Cheerful to face what is, be not  
 Careful at heart of what shall be.  
 With calm smile temper a hard lot;  
 There's no all-round felicity.  
 Untimely great Achilles died;  
 Of old Tithonus dwined away;  
 And that, which Fortune has denied  
 To you, may come to me some day.  
 Round you a hundred herds of kine  
 Sicilian low; to you a mare  
 Fit for the race-course neighs, and fine  
 The twice-dyed purple wools you wear,  
 Of Tyrian hues. A small estate:  
 A spirit of Hellene poetry,  
 Slender, to me an honest Fate  
 Has given, and scorn of jealousy.

*Od. II. 17*

**W**HY fret me with laments? Nor I,  
 Nor Gods, would will that you should die,  
 Maecenas—you, my fortune's stay,  
 And glory—ere I pass away.  
 Should fate untimely bid you die—  
 You, my soul's better half, ah, why  
 Should I, the other half, less dear

Left but a remnant, linger here?  
 That day shall bring one death to both.  
 Whene'er you lead—sure is my oath—  
 As comrades side by side, we'll tread  
 The trail that's trodden by the dead.  
 Me nor Chimaera, breathing fire,  
 Shall wrench from you, nor Gyas' ire,  
 Resurgent with his hundred hands;  
 So will the Fates; so Right demands.  
 For, whether Libra watches me,  
 Or Scorpios fell, the tyranny  
 Of my birth-hour, or, sign of bane,  
 The Goat, who rules the Western main,  
 Our stars in wondrous wyse agree;  
 You Jove's protecting brilliancy  
 Rescued from impious Saturn's hate,  
 And stayed the wings of rushing Fate,  
 When with the cheers of thronging crowd,  
 Thrice-given, the theatres were loud;  
 Me the curst tree, that well nigh broke  
 My head, had slain, but that the stroke  
 Was stayed by Faunus, guardian true  
 Of Hermes' men. As offerings, you  
 Must give fat sheep and votive shrine;  
 A humble lamb must serve for mine.

### *Od. II. 18*

**N**O fretted ceil, with ivory inwrought  
 And gold, makes my small home look gay;  
 No slabs Hymettian rest on columns brought  
 From Afric quarries far away;  
 Nor has it been my luck to occupy,  
 Of Attalus an unknown heir,

A palace; nor do high-born clients ply  
 Me robes of Spartan purple fair.  
 But honour bright, aye, and a kindly vein  
 Of genius, are mine; tho' scant  
 My means, a rich man courts me. I disdain  
 To pester Heaven for more, nor want  
 To irk my patron's soul with fresh appeals,  
 Content and happy with my one  
 And only Sabine farm. Day treads on heels  
 Of day, and new moons wane anon.  
 You on the grave's edge bargain evermore  
 For marbles to be hewn, build homes,  
 Of death unmindful, and would push the shore,  
 Where the rough sea on Baiae foams,  
 Outward, as all too straitened while the strand's  
 Unbroken line curtails your sway.  
 What of the fact that ever your rude hands  
 Tear neighbour's boundary-stones away:  
 That you o'erleap, a robber unabashed,  
 Your clients' landmarks? Out they go,  
 Bearing their household Gods, and babes unwashed,  
 Husband and wife, to want and woe.  
 And yet no hall more surely than the grave,  
 The bourn of Orcus, fixed by fate,  
 Awaits the lord of riches. Why, then, crave  
 More than fate grants, insatiate?  
 Impartial Earth opens her doors to poor  
 And rich alike, to prince and swain;  
 Gold never bribed Orcus' assistant dour  
 To bring Prometheus back again.  
 He prisons Tantalus, the proud, and all  
 His race and kind; called to release  
 Poor souls whose work is done, he hears the call,  
 And brings—aye, and uncalled—his peace.

*Od. II. 19*

**B**ACCHUS I saw, far rocks among—  
 Believe it all posterity—  
 Dictating hymns to a rapt throng—  
 Satyrs goat-hoofed, and Nymphs anigh—  
 The Satyrs all with pricked up ears.  
 Euoi! My heart, filled with the God,  
 Beats furiously; my mind still fears;  
 Spare, Liber of the awful rod.  
 Euoi! So may I now recall,  
 And picture, headstrong Thyiades,  
 Wine-springs, rivers of milk, the fall  
 Of honey-drops from hollow trees.  
 Mine too it is to tell how clomb  
 Thy bride to heaven, beatified:  
 How awful ruin wrecked the home  
 Of Pentheus: how Lycurgus died.  
 Thou rulest streams and barbarous seas;  
 On far hills, bibulous, dost entwine  
 The hair of the Bistonides  
 With knotted snakes, disarmed by wine.  
 Thou, when the impious Giant-horde  
 Would scale Heaven's steep, the Sire's domain,  
 With lion's teeth and claws toward,  
 Did'st hurl fell Rhoetus back amain.  
 Called God of dance and sport and fun,  
 Thou wert esteemed unfit for arms;  
 Yet did'st thou bear thyself as one  
 For whom both war and peace have charms.

To Cerberus, with horn of gold,  
 Thou wert as friend, whose tail, to greet  
 Thy coming, stroked thee: whose three fold  
 Tongue licked thy parting legs and feet.

*Od. II. 20*

NOT common and not weak the wing whereon,  
 A bard of twofold nature, I shall soar  
 Thro' the clear air; this earth I'll quit anon,  
 And leave its cities, lift for evermore  
 Beyond all envy. Child of poverty,  
 Yet called to hear, as friend, your last farewell,  
 Beloved Maecenas, I shall never die,  
 Nor brook restraint within the Stygian hell.  
 Now, even now, my legs put on rough skin;  
 Above, a white bird in the fashioning,  
 I take new shape; shoulders and hands begin  
 To wear a plumage smooth and glistening.  
 More famed than Daedalean Icarus,  
 Now shall I visit, as a tuneful swan,  
 Gaetolian Syrtes, shores where Bosphorus  
 Moans, Northern Steppes; Colchian, and Dacian,  
 Who fears the Marsian chivalry, yet tries  
 To hide his fear, Geloni over-sea,  
 Shall come to know me; Spaniard too, grown wise,  
 And they who drink the Rhone, shall learn of me.  
 Let no dishonouring wails, no elegies,  
 No dirges sad, insult my empty bier;  
 Speak softly; 'tis no time for noisy cries;  
 The rites that honour tombs are useless here.



*Od. III. 1*

**I** HATE and spurn the unhallowed throng;  
 Keep silence, all, while I dictate,  
 Priest of the Muses laureate,  
 To boys and girls new forms of song.  
 Kings claim their own flocks' fealty;  
 To Jove the kings themselves bow down,  
 Who rules the wide world by his frown,  
 And smote the Titans gloriously.  
 More widely one plants trees; whereas  
 One candidate of nobler birth  
 Enters the Field, another's worth  
 Stands in high fame; another has  
 More numerous clients. All the same,  
 Ever and aye Necessity  
 Dooms high and low impartially;  
 The vasty urn shakes every name.  
 For him, o'er whom hangs the alarm  
 Of drawn sword, feasts of Sicily  
 Will have no sweets, the melody  
 Of birds and lute will have no charm  
 To bring back sleep. Sleep calm and bland  
 Scorns not the cots of labouring men,  
 Nor shady banks of stream, or glen,  
 Nor Tempe's vale by Zephyrs fanned.  
 What is enough—that and no more—  
 Who craves but this, nor rough sea frets,  
 Nor storms that, when Arcturus sets,  
 Or the Kid rises, rage and roar,  
 Nor hails that lash his vines, nor land  
 That cheats his hopes, while trees complain  
 Of stars that scorch the fields, of rain,

Of the fierce grip of Winter's hand.  
 Huge moles, thrust out, narrow the sea  
 For fish, where the contractor's band,  
 And owner, weary of the land,  
 Cast chips into the masonry.  
 But Fear and Menace climb as high,  
 As climbs the lord—twin frets of mind—  
 On bronze-beaked trireme, and behind  
 Rider, sits black Anxiety.  
 But, if nor Phrygian stone nor dress  
 Sheeny as stars, nor vineries  
 Falernian, nor Achaemenes'  
 Perfumes, can soften his distress,  
 Why build with portals of desire  
 A hall, new-planned to threat the sky?  
 Why change my Sabine snuggery  
 For wealth whose burdens fret and tire?

### *Od. III. 2*

**T**OUGHENED by war let every lad  
 Learn to bear hardness, and be glad;  
 As horseman let him wield a spear  
 Whose thrust shall be the Parthian's fear.  
 Out in the air, at danger's call,  
 His life be lived; from enemy wall  
 Let warring tyrant's consort—aye,  
 And daughter grown, see him, and sigh,  
 Lest her dear prince, untrained to fight,  
 Should dare this lion's dangerous might,  
 That, fired by battle-rage, for aye  
 Ramps thro' the fiercest of the fray.  
 To die for Homeland is a sweet  
 And gracious thing; on flying feet

Death presses hard, nor spares to smite  
 Poltroons' weak knees and backs affright.  
 Virtue, secure from shameful rout,  
 With honours all-unstained shines out;  
 Nor takes, nor drops, authority  
 To suit the crowd's oft-changing cry.  
 Opening to deathless souls the skies,  
 Virtue forbidden pathways tries;  
 Scorning dank earth, and gatherings  
 Of mobs, she mounts on soaring wings.  
 A faith that keeps a secret hid  
 Claims sure reward; I shall forbid  
 A man, who blabs one mystery  
 Of Ceres' rites, to lodge with me,  
 Or board my skiff. Saints have been sent  
 With sinners to one banishment  
 By slighted Jove; Vengeance is halt,  
 But, following, rarely makes a fault.

### *Od. III. 3*

**W**HO loves the Right, whose will is resolute,  
 His purpose naught can shake—nor rage of brute  
 Mob bidding him work evil; not the eye  
 Of threatening despot; not the tyranny  
 Of Auster, lord of Hadria's restless sea:  
 Not Jove's great hand, red with artillery;  
 A shattered world, falling in ruins, might  
 Crush him; his dauntless soul it will not fright.  
 Thus Pollux and Alcmene's roaming son  
 Up to the flaming heights of heaven won;  
 Thus, seated at their side, Augustus sips  
 The nectar of the Gods with radiant lips.  
 Thus, Father Bacchus, as in homage due

To thy deserts, tigers unbroken drew  
 Thy car; thus in the chariot of Mars  
 Quirinus rose o'er Acheron to the stars,  
 When to the Gods in council came the word  
 Of Juno—gracious speech, and gladly heard—  
 “O Ilion, Ilion, by a judge obscene,  
 A wretch accursed, and by a foreign quean,  
 Rolled in the dust—aye, damned and unforgiven  
 Since false Laomedon broke faith with Heaven,  
 By me and chaste Minerva—reprobate,  
 People and perjured king—one folk, one fate!  
 Aye, but no longer does the guest infame  
 Trick himself out for Sparta's harlot-dame;  
 No longer Priam's faithless house beats back,  
 With Hector's aid, Achaia's fierce attack;  
 Prolonged by our disputes, the weary war's  
 Offence is over now; forthwith to Mars  
 Will I give up my anger, and my hate  
 Toward my grandson, whom his earth-born mate,  
 The Trojan priestess, bare. To him will I  
 Grant entrance where on shining couches lie  
 The blessed; nectar shall he quaff, and find  
 Among the untroubled Gods his rank assigned.  
 The wide world thro', so long as angry seas  
 Part Rome and Ilion, wheresoe'er they please,  
 Let Trojan exiles lord it, safe and blest;  
 So long as herds leap o'er the tombs, where rest  
 Priam and Paris, and wolves, scathless, hide  
 Their younglings, let the Capitol, in its pride,  
 Stand glorious and let the might and awe  
 Of Rome rule conquered Medes, and be their law.  
 Feared far and wide, let her extend her sway  
 To earth's remotest bounds, where Africa  
 And Europe face the intervening main,

And Nile inundant floods the Egyptian plain.  
 Let her be rather bold to scorn the gold  
 That earth conceals—'tis better hid—than bold  
 To gather it up with greedy hands that seize  
 All sacred things for human usages.  
 Whatever limits bound the world, her war  
 Shall compass them, exultant to explore  
 Where sunflames hold their maddest revelry,  
 Where dews are rains, and fog-banks cloak the sky.  
 But to Quirinus' braves I prophesy  
 This future on the terms that piety  
 Too great, and self-trust, seek not to restore  
 Dead Troy—the Troy their forebears built of yore.  
 The fate of Troy, with evil augury  
 Reborn, shall once again spell tragedy,  
 When I, Jove's queen and sister, lead the foe  
 Whose conquering hosts achieve her overthrow.  
 Tho' thrice the bronzen wall from ruins rose,  
 By Phoebus built, thrice would Achaian blows,  
 My champions', fell it; thrice would captive wife  
 Wail lord and sons, slain in the battle-strife."  
 Such songs as these suit not my sportive lyre;  
 Whither, my Muse, would'st soar? Stay thy desire  
 Headstrong to tell what the high Gods may say,  
 And shrink a theme sublime with lowly lay.

### *Od. III. 4*

COME down from heaven, royal Calliope;  
 Breathe on the pipe a deathless melody,  
 Or sing a song—sing it with clarion voice,  
 Or to Apollo's lute-strings—thine the choice. 15  
 Hear ye her strain? Or does a frenzy kind  
 Mock me? I seem to hear it, and to wind

My way thro' holy groves, where 'neath the trees  
 Play peasant streamlets and a kindly breeze.  
 Me on Apulian Vultur, past the line  
 That bounds Apulia, my nurse langsyne,  
 The storied doves of Venus strewed with green  
 Leaves, as I slept, play-tired, the sleep serene  
 Of boyhood, as a sign—a prodigy—  
 For all whom Acherontia's aerie,  
 Or Bantia's glades, shelter, and them whose toil  
 Ploughs the rich tilths of low Forentum's soil.  
 They marvelled how it was I slept unscathed  
 By deadly snakes and bears: how I was swathed  
 With sacred bays, and myrtles' kind embrace—  
 A child inspired by Heaven's peculiar grace.  
 Aye, and as yours, ye Muses—yours for aye—  
 I climb my Sabine hill, or make my way  
 To favourite haunts—Praeneste's chilly height,  
 Or Tibur's slopes or Baiae, clear and bright.  
 Because your sweet choirs love me as their own,  
 Your fountains too, no death has struck me down—  
 Not sad Philippi's rout, not the curst tree,  
 Not Palinurus on Sicilian sea.  
 With you beside me, as a seaman, I  
 Will brave mad Bosphorus right willingly;  
 With you, as traveller, will wander o'er  
 The burning sands of far Assyria's shore.  
 The stranger-hating Britons will I greet:  
 The Concani who drink, and count it sweet,  
 The blood of horses: the Geloni armed  
 With quivers: Scythia's river—all unharmed.  
 You too to mighty Caesar, soon as he  
 Has settled in the towns where they would be  
 His war-worn troops, and from his toils would cease,  
 Give, in some grot Pierian, welcome peace.

Gentle your counsel; gracious too, I trow,  
 Your joy in its acceptance; this we know—  
 Know it as knowing how it was with him,  
 Who smote the impious Titan hordes with grim  
 Descending bolt—who sways the windy sea  
 And sluggish earth: whose one sole empery  
 Rules earth's abodes and realms of sad duress,  
 Mortals and Gods alike, in righteousness.  
 Great had Jove's fear been when the giant brood,  
 Proud of their frightful arms, against him stood;  
 And when the brothers strove to fix upon  
 Shady Olympus lofty Pelion.  
 But what availed Typhon—what the strong hand  
 Of Mimas, or Porphyrion's threatening stand:  
 What Rhoetus, or Enceladus, the stark  
 Hurler of upturn trees, with heaven for mark,  
 When Pallas' sounding aegis barred the way?  
 Here stood fierce Vulcan, greedy for the fray;  
 Dame Juno there, and he, whose shoulders now  
 Bear, and shall ever bear, his mighty bow:  
 Who with Castalia's waters dewy-bright  
 Bathes his long locks: who holds, as of birthright,  
 All Lycia's woods and brakes—Phoebus, adored  
 As Delos' glory, and as Patara's lord.  
 Force lacking counsel falls by its own weight;  
 Force temperate the Gods make yet more great—  
 The Gods who hate the strength that would defy  
 Their righteous will, and plot iniquity.  
 Gyas, the hundred-handed, seals as true  
 These maxims: infamous Orion too,  
 For foul assault on chaste Minerva known,  
 And by her virgin arrows smitten down.  
 On her own monsters heaped, with many a wail  
 Earth weeps her sons hurled down to Orcus pale

By thunder-bolts, whose fires, haste as they will  
 To eat thro' Aetna's pile, are prisoners still.  
 The jailor-vulture, lechery's penalty,  
 Still guards the lustful Tityos ceaselessly,  
 And gnaws his liver; chains three hundred hold  
 Pirithous captive, for love over-bold.

*Od. III. 5*

**T**HAT Jove is lord of all above  
 His thunders and his lightnings show;  
 Persia and Britain tamed shall prove  
 Augustus demigod here below.  
 That ever a soldier Crassus led  
 Should wed—ah Senate! ah the sin!—  
 A barbarous mate to shame his bed,  
 And grow old with her hostile kin,  
 A Marsian as a Mede king's kern,  
 Aye, or Apulian, dead to pride  
 Of name, shields, garb, Vesta eterne,  
 Tho' Jove and Rome unscathed abide!  
 'Twas fear of this made Regulus  
 Reject base terms of peace with scorn,  
 Inferring precedents ruinous  
 To generations yet unborn,  
 If prisoners were not left to die  
 Unpitied. "Punic shrines display,"  
 Quoth he, "our eagles—have not I  
 Seen them—seen weapons snatched away  
 From warriors' unresisting hands—  
 Seen on free backs arms twist askew,  
 Gates left unbarred, and enemy lands,  
 Swept by our war, now tilled anew?"



Ransomed by gold, doubtless, a man  
 Returns the bolder! Ah, 'tis loss  
 Added to foul disgrace; for can  
 Dyed wool regain its native gloss?  
 Nor does true valour, once expelled,  
 Care to replace poltroonery.  
 Free the snared stag from toils that held  
 It captive—will it fight? Will he,  
 Who to a treacherous foeman knelt,  
 Be brave, and in a second strife,  
 Crush him—who on his shoulders felt  
 The thongs, nor fought, but clung to life?  
 He, knowing not whence true life is won,  
 Confounded peace with war. O shame!  
 O mighty Carthage, throned upon  
 The wrecks of Italy's fair fame!"  
 His chaste wife's kiss, the lads he loved,  
 He put aside, in outlaw's wyse—  
 So runs the tale—and all unmoved  
 Bent sternly down his manly eyes;  
 Till by new counsel he made strong  
 The Fathers' wavering will, and straight  
 Went forth, his sorrowing friends among,  
 A glorious exile, to his fate.  
 He knew what tortures were in store  
 For him, and yet he pushed his way  
 Thro' troops of hindering kinsfolk, nor,  
 Tho' crowds beset him, brooked delay,  
 As tho', some clients' law-suit tried  
 And won, he sought a holiday  
 By green Venafro's country-side,  
 Or Dorian Taranto's bay.

*Od. III. 6*

**F**OR sins of ancestors will you atone,  
 Roman, what tho' the sins were not your own,  
 Till you repair the high Gods' sanctuaries,  
 Their tottering fanes, their smoke-grimed images.  
 You rule the world because to heaven you bow.  
 Hence nations rise and fall; often ere now,  
 Angered by man's neglects, the Gods have hurled  
 Distress and anguish on the Western world.  
 Once and again Monaeses and the horde  
 Of Pacorus have broke our unblest sword,  
 And, booty-laden, add with grinning glee  
 To their few torcs our captured finery.  
 Dacian and Aethiop have well nigh wracked  
 Our city, with its civil wars distract—  
 The Aethiop, by sea no puny foe:  
 The Dacian, master of the twanging bow.  
 Fruitful in crime, the ages as they ran  
 First fouled the marriage-bond, the home, the clan;  
 Thence sprang a flood of ill—a flood that broke  
 In on our hapless country and our folk.  
 The girl grows up to learn the Ionic dance,  
 And, even now, with stage-tricks would enhance  
 Her charms, who dreams, her inmost heart within,  
 Of loves unlawful—aye, and hugs her sin.

\* \* \* \* \*

Not from such parents sprang the youth who dyed  
 With Punic blood the ocean far and wide:  
 Whose war broke Pyrrhus, and redoubtable  
 Antiochus, and Hannibal, the fell.  
 Nay, 'twas a brood, stalwart and masculine,  
 Of yeomen-soldiers—lads who with Sabine

Spades turned the clods, and, as stern mothers bid,  
 Shouldered their piles of faggots, kid by kid,  
 To bring them home what time the sun should shift  
 The shadows, and from weary oxen lift  
 Their yokes, with parting chariot speeding on  
 The friendly hour when the day's work is done.  
 What has it not debased, this present curse?  
 Our parents' age, than our grandparents' worse,  
 Has brought us forth, who shall beget, ah shame!  
 Children yet more unworthy Rome's great name.

### *Od. III. 7*

WHY weep, Asterie, your swain  
 Constant and leal, whom Zephyrs clear  
 With the new spring will bring again  
 To you, enriched with Thynian gear,  
 Gyges? He, driven by Southern gales  
 To far-off Oricum, when rose  
 The Goat's mad star, sleepless bewails  
 Thro' chilly nights his wants and woes.  
 And yet his hostess, love-sick dame,  
 Sends messages that Chloe sighs,  
 Poor soul, with love like yours aflame,  
 And artful tempts him manywise.  
 She tells how a false wife of yore  
 Urged Proetus, credulous husband, on,  
 By charges false, to slay before  
 His time too chaste Bellerophon:  
 How Peuels 'scaped death-penalty  
 Hardly, who fled, wise heart and pure,  
 Magnesian Hippolyte,  
 And brings up tales with sinful lure,  
 In vain; than rocks Icarian

More deaf, he hears the words heart-whole.  
 Beware you, lest your neighbour-man  
 Enipeus over-please your soul;  
 Tho' never another cavalier  
 On Martian sword attracts such gaze,  
 Nor Tuscan Tiber knows his peer  
 Of all who swim its watery ways.  
 At nightfall close your doors, nor eye  
 The streets below what time you hear  
 Flute's plaintive notes, and to the cry,  
 That calls you cruel, turn deaf ear.

### *Od. III. 8*

**M**ARCH has come in. You would find out  
 What I, a bachelor, am about—  
 What mean these flowers, these incense-bowls,  
 These live sods topped with kindled coals.  
 You doubt, tho' Roman tales you know,  
 And Greek. Well, Liber claims a vow—  
 Feast and white goat—vowed when the tree,  
 That fell, all but demolished me.  
 Each year this festal day shall see  
 Its pitch-sealed cork drawn faithfully  
 From out a jar that, cellared here,  
 First drank the smoke in Tullus' year.  
 For my escape, and for my sake,  
 A hundred cups, Maecenas take;  
 Keep the lamps lit till dawn of day;  
 Clamour and brawls—Avaunt! Away!  
 Dismiss all public cares; no more  
 Will Dacian Costiso wage war;  
 The hostile Parthians' civic strife  
 Hurts only their own country's life.

In Spain our old Cantabrian foe  
 Obeys the might that laid him low  
 At last; the Scythians think to slack  
 Their bows, and from their plains fall back.  
 Here just a citizen, abate  
 Thoughts over-anxious for the State;  
 Care-free, enjoy for this brief hour  
 The sweet of life; forget the sour.

*Od. III. 9*

- He.*     **W**HILE you were happy in my love,  
           And no more favoured swain might fling  
 Round your white neck his arms, I throve,  
 More blest than any Persian king.
- She.*     While yet you had no other flame,  
           Ere Chloe ousted Lydia,  
 I, Lydia, throve—a maid of fame,  
           Who outshone Roman Ilia.
- He.*     Chloe of Thrace is now my queen,  
           Skilled in the lyre's sweet strains; for whom  
 I'll never fear to die, I ween,  
           If but fate lift my true life's doom.
- She.*     Me, Ornytus' son, Calais,  
           The Thurine, fires, who am his joy;  
 For whom I'd die twice o'er, ywis,  
           If but the fates will spare my boy.
- He.*     What if with yoke that shall abide  
           Old love knots sundered hearts once more?  
 What if blonde Chloe's cast aside,  
           And Lydia scorned re-opes her door?

*She.* Tho' he is brighter than a star,  
 And you than cork are lighter—aye,  
 Than boisterous Hadria rougher far,  
 With you I'd live; with you I'd die.

*Od. III. 10*

(Omitted)

*Od. III. 11*

**I** PRAY thee, Mercury—since by thee  
 Inspired Amphion's song moved stones—  
 And thee, O Shell, whose psaltery  
 Can sound forth Music's seven tones—  
 Not tuneful once, nor sweet, but now  
 Welcome to fane and rich man's board—  
 Prompt me a strain, whose charm shall bow  
 Lyde's proud ears my suit toward:  
 Who, as a filly three years old  
 In the wide fields, frolics, and fears  
 A touch, a maiden pure for bold  
 Wooer as yet too young in years.  
 Thou canst draw tigers after thee,  
 And woods; the torrent's rush canst stay;  
 Before thy music's witchery  
 The vast Hall's warder-hound gave way—  
 Aye, Cerberus, tho' his frightful head  
 Is girt with snakes a hundred strong;  
 Tho' foul his breath, and slime, like shed  
 Gore, dribbles from his triple tongue.  
 Nay e'en Ixion, forced to smile,  
 And Tityos, laughed against the grain;

The urn stood empty for a while,  
 While Danaids heard thy soothing strain.  
 Let Lyde hear what sin disgraced  
 Those virgins: what their well-known fate:  
 How all the water runs to waste  
 From the urn's bottom: how, tho' late,  
 In Orcus sin's reward is sure.  
 Ah impious—what could mortal hand  
 Do worse?—who, impious, could endure  
 To slay their grooms with cruel brand.  
 One out of all the band alone,  
 Worthy the marriage torch, to sire  
 Forsworn was greatly false, and won  
 A fame that lives while years expire:  
 Who roused her young groom in the night—  
 “Up, lest a sleep, whence fearest naught,  
 A long sleep, whelm thee; cheat by flight  
 My sire's and wicked sisters' thought,  
 Who, as she-lions tear their prey  
 Of calves, are tearing—woe is me!—  
 Each her own mate; kinder than they,  
 I will not smite or prison thee.  
 Me let my sire load with rude chains  
 Because my lad I would not slay;  
 Me let his fleet to the domains  
 Of far Numidia bear away.  
 Go thou where feet and breezes take  
 Thee; night is kind and Venus nigh.  
 So farewell, for my memory's sake,  
 Grave on my tomb an elegy.”

*Od. III. 12*

**P**OOR girls! We may not give our love free play,  
 Or drown in wine our sense of hurt and wrong,  
 Or, if we do, must bear, as best we may,  
 The deadly lashes of an uncle's tongue.  
 Venus' winged cherub steals your wicker-tray,  
 Poor Neobule; the bright radiancy  
 Of Liparaean Hebrus takes away  
 The webs of throng Minerva's industry,  
 When he has bathed, returning from the lists,  
 In Tiber's flood his shoulders oiled; as knight,  
 A greater than Bellerophon; quick fists,  
 Quick feet, give him the palm in race or fight.  
 Skilled he to shoot in the open stags that rush  
 Forth, when the herd is driven from its lay;  
 And swift to meet the boar, couched in the brush  
 Of some dense thicket, as it breaks away.

*Od. III. 13*

**F**OUNT of Bandusia, crystal-clear—  
 Aye, clearer—worthy flowers and wine,  
 Tomorrow shall a kid be thine  
 Upon whose front young horns appear,  
 That threat love-battles presently.  
 In vain they threat, for with red blood  
 This scion of a lustful brood  
 Shall stain thy stream's fresh purity.  
 The flaming Dog-Star's spell of heat  
 Touches thee not; to weary ox,  
 Tired of the plough, and wandering flocks,



Thou art refreshment cool and sweet.  
 Thou shalt be of the founts men call  
 Famous, when of the oak I tell  
 That crowns the hollow rocks, whence well  
 Thy babbling waters to their fall.

*Od. III. 14*

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

Gray hairs tame tempers, once, I fear,  
 Too keen on brawls and quarrelings;  
 Had I youth's fire, as in the year  
 Of Plancus, I'd not brook such things.

*Od. III. 15*

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

*Od. III. 16*

**B**RONZE tower, stout doors, and surly guard  
 Of watchful dogs, had safely barred  
 Against assaults of midnight love  
 Fair Danae's prison, had not Jove  
 And Venus mocked Acrisius' care,  
 Tis jealous wardship, well aware  
 That to the God in golden shower

Broad way and safe would ope the tower.  
 Thro' bodyguards, thro' masonry,  
 Gold makes its way more potently  
 Than lepin-bolt; 'twas lucre brought  
 The Argive augur's house to naught.  
 By bribes the man of Macedon  
 Cleft open city-gates, and won  
 The fall of rival monarchies;  
 Even rude admirals have their price.  
 Increase of wealth and greed bring on  
 Care, from self-gloriation  
 Rightly I've shrunk unto this hour,  
 Maecenas, knighthood's pride and flower.  
 The more a man himself denies,  
 The more kind Heaven to him supplies;  
 Homely I seek camps of content,  
 Deserting wealth's environment,  
 Prouder, as master of my small  
 Farm, than as famed to garner all  
 Apulia's fruits of industry,  
 In plenty, yet in scarcity.  
 A rivulet clear, a wood of few  
 Acres, my small crop's promise true,  
 Give me a lot that, hid from him,  
 Makes Afric praetor's fame look dim.  
 Tho' bees Calabrian bring not in  
 Honey, nor wine in Formian bin  
 Mellows, nor sheep on Gallic lea  
 Fatten, and grow thick wool, for me,  
 Yet from harsh poverty I'm free;  
 If more I craved, you'd give it me;  
 Curtailed wants would more happily  
 Enlarge my income than if I

Blent the dominions of Mygdon  
 And Alyattes into one.  
 Want much, lack much; happy is he  
 To whom Heaven grants sufficiency.

*Od. III. 17*

**S**PRUNG, noble Aelius, from Lamus old  
 (Since, as folk say, 'twas he who gave their name

To early Lamiae, and—the annals hold  
 The proofs of this—the entire clan can claim  
 Descent from him who was, 'tis said, first king  
 Of Formiae, and of the country-side,  
 Where on Marica's coasts, meandering,  
 Slow Liris swims, lord of dominions wide),  
 Tomorrow will the East Wind bring a blast,  
 Shall strew with useless weed the shore, with leaves  
 The woods, unless the aged crow's forecast,  
 Its prophecy of coming rain, deceives  
 Our ears. Get in, then, while the weather's fine,  
 Dry wood; tomorrow will you chase away  
 Your Genius' cares with sucking pig and wine,  
 Making, with all your household, holiday.

*Od. III. 18*

**W**OOER of flying Nymphs, whene'er,  
 My homestead's sunny fields among,  
 You come and go, be debonair,  
 Faunus, nor do my nurslings wrong,  
 If, as your due, a kidling dies:  
 If filled your bowl, to Venus dear,

With wine: if from your altar rise  
 Abundant odours—year by year.  
 The cattle in the pastures play,  
 What time December's Nones for you  
 Return, and all make holiday,  
 Village and kine—one merry crew.  
 A wolf roams 'mid the lambs; they heed  
 Him not; for you the woodland tree  
 Scatters its leaves; the digger freed  
 Thrice stamps on hated earth his glee.

### *Od. III. 19*

**Y**OU tell what years part Inachus  
 From Codrus, patriot to the death:  
 What was the line of Aeacus:  
 What wars raged Ilion's walls beneath;  
 But price of Chian: at whose cost  
 The baths are warmed: the hour to flee  
 Pelignian cold: who is the host—  
 All this you leave in mystery.  
 To the new moon charge bumpers, boy,  
 To midnight, to our augur new,  
 Murena; for each toast employ  
 Three or four ladlefuls as due.  
 Who holds the odd-numbered Muses dear,  
 A crazed bard, will with three times three  
 Ladles make merry, but, for fear  
 Of strife, the Graces' trinity,  
 Unrobed, makes three the bound. But we  
 Would fain be mad. Why stays the flute  
 Its Berecynthian revelry?  
 Why hang the lyre and Pan-pipe mute?

I hate close fists; strew roses; let  
 Crossgrained old Lycus hear our mad  
 Din; let it make his Amoret  
 Ill-matched, his neighbour lady, glad.  
 You with your long locks fair to see:  
 You, Telephus, who like Vesper shine,  
 Rhode, fit mate, seeks; as for me,  
 I slowly burn for Glycera mine.

*Od. III. 20*

SEE you not, Pyrrhus, at what risk you steal  
 Her cubs from a Gaetolian lioness?  
 Soon, very soon, as robber, will you feel  
 Her wrath, and know flight's terror and distress,  
 What time she comes, thro' ranks that seek to bar  
 Her way, to claim Nearchus, her delight—  
 To settle whose shall be the spoils of war,  
 Her prize or rather yours—a famous fight.  
 Meantime, they say, while she whets her fierce fangs,  
 And you are getting out your arrows fleet,  
 He, on whose will the battle's issue hangs,  
 Tramples upon the palm with naked feet,  
 While on his shoulders and his scented hair,  
 That round about them falls, plays, as it wills,  
 A soft, refreshing breeze—as Nireus fair,  
 Or Ganymede, rapt up from Ida's rills.

*Od. III. 21*

O BORN with me in Manlius' year,  
 Good jar, whatever gifts you bear—  
 Jokes, quarrels, strife, mad loves, light sleep—  
 To whatsoever end you keep

Choice Massic, come, for to yourself  
 You owe the move, down from your shelf,  
 On this glad day; for mellower brands  
 Corvinus calls; his wish commands.  
 Steeped in the Schools' philosophy,  
 He's yet no boor to pass you by.  
 Why, oftentimes—so we are told—  
 Wine warmed stern Cato's soul of old.  
 You rack dull wits full tenderly,  
 Unveil hid wisdom's mystery,  
 And straight the wise man's cares depart,  
 As gay Lyaeus glads his heart.  
 Hope cheers the anxious by your gift;  
 The weakling's horn on high you lift;  
 Heartened by you he laughs at fear  
 Of diademed kings, of sword and spear.  
 Liber, and Venus, if she's good:  
 The Graces' close-knit sisterhood,  
 And live lamps still shall lead you on  
 While Dawn is bidding stars begone.

### *Od. III. 22*

**V**IRGIN, who wear'st a threefold form of threefold  
 majesty,  
 Warden of woods and hills, who, as invoked with  
 threefold cry,  
 Dost hear, and save from death, young wives in child-  
 birth's agony,  
 Thine be the pine that overhangs my villa, so that I,  
 At each year's end, may offer it, in cheerful fealty,  
 The blood of a young boar that plans the stroke that  
 strikes awry.

*Od. III. 23*

**I**F upturned hands to heaven you lift  
 When the new moon is born,  
 And charm your Lares with a gift  
 Of incense, and new corn,  
 And a fat swine, then yours shall be  
 A fair lot, rustic Phidyle.  
 Your fruitful vine shall mock the pest  
 Of Afric's windy heat;  
 No blighting mildew shall infest  
 Your crops; your nurslings sweet  
 Shall brave the sickly months, nor fear  
 The menace of the autumnal year.  
 The victim which, doomed to pay vows,  
 'Mid oaks and holm-oaks feeds  
 On snowy Algidus, or grows  
 Fat upon Alban meads,  
 Shall with its neck's blood stain one day  
 The axes which Rome's pontiffs sway.  
 It is not laid on you to press,  
 By costly sacrifice  
 Of many sheep, prayer and address  
 On your small deities;  
 It's yours to crown them quietly  
 With myrtle frail and rosemary.  
 If pure your hand, when it is laid  
 The altar's face upon,  
 Not by a costly victim made  
 More coaxing, it has won  
 Your House-Gods' grace by the appeal  
 Of crackling salt and pious meal.



*Od. III. 24*

**T**HO' wealthier than all Araby  
 With untouched stores, and rich Indies,  
 With quarried stones you occupy  
 All that is land, and public seas,  
 Natheless, if grim Necessity  
 Nails with steel nails each pinnacle,  
 Your soul from fear you will not free,  
 Nor 'scape Death's toils—his halter fell.  
 Better the life of Scyths, who scour  
 The steppes, whose waggons bear afield  
 Their shifting homes, and Getae dour,  
 For whom unmeasured acres yield  
 Free crops of corn: who till their land  
 But for a year; each worker does  
 His share; that done, another hand  
 Relieves him; thus the shared work goes.  
 Kind is stepmother's face toward  
 Stepchildren motherless, kind her sway;  
 The dowried wife rules not her lord,  
 Nor heeds what sleek adulterers say.  
 Their dowry great is innocence  
 Of parents, and pledged chastity  
 That shrinks from taint; to whom offence  
 Is sin, with death for penalty.  
 Who wills to end the deaths that shame  
 Our civic madness, and to bear  
 Beneath his statues the proud name,  
 "Father of Cities," let him dare  
 To curb wild license, and for fame  
 Look to the future, for our spite

Hates living worth—O wicked shame!—  
 To miss it when it's lost to sight.  
 What boot laments, if penalty  
 Cuts not the crime short? Of what worth  
 Are laws without morality,  
 If not that quarter of the earth  
 That's fenced by heat, nor that which lies  
 Nearest the North Wind, where deep snow  
 Crusts the earth's surface, terrifies  
 The merchant: if skilled sailors plow  
 The boisterous seas: if the disgrace  
 Of poverty bids men consent  
 To aught, and do aught mean and base,  
 And shun true Virtue's steep ascent?  
 Or to the Capitol bear we,  
 Summoned by crowds' applauding call,  
 Or plunge we in the nearest sea,  
 Gems, jewels, useless gold, of all  
 That's worst the source, if we repent  
 Us truly of our grievous sin.  
 We must stub up each element  
 Of base desire, must discipline  
 Too tender souls with more severe  
 Studies; untrained, the high-born boy  
 Can't sit a horse; he turns with fear  
 From hunting; handier with a toy—  
 With Grecian hoop, if you desire,  
 Or, if you like, with dice, despite  
 The law. What wonder, when his sire  
 To guest and partner breaks his plight,  
 Keen to snatch gain for worthless son?  
 Certes base lucre multiplies  
 Itself, and yet the prize, when won,  
 Lacks something—lacks what satisfies.

*Od. III. 25*

**W**HITHER, O Bacchus, bearest me inspired?  
 Into what groves, what grottoes, am I now  
 Hurried, by new thoughts swept along and fired?  
 What caves shall hear me meditating how  
 I may exalt great Caesar's fame for aye  
 To Jove's high council, and the starry skies?  
 My song shall be sublime and new, a lay  
 None other yet has sung. Not otherwise  
 Than Euhiad, in nightlong revelry  
 Upon the hills, is ravished as her eye  
 Scans Hebrus, snow-white Thrace, and Rhodope,  
 By foot barbarian, traversed, so am I  
 Entranced, what time, by visions borne along,  
 I gaze on quiet groves and riverside.  
 O Lord of Naiads, and Bacchantes, strong  
 To overturn tall ash-trees' towering pride,  
 Naught petty, naught unworthy its high due,  
 Not death itself, shall touch this song of mine.  
 'Tis a sweet risk, Lenaean, to ensue  
 The God who wreathes his brows with pliant  
 vine.

*Od. III. 26*

**T**IME was when, as a Cupid's knight,  
 I fought, not all ingloriously,  
 Love's battles; now my panoply—  
 Armour and lyre, too tired to fight—  
 I'll hang upon this temple-wall,  
 That on her left guards Venus; let

Rope-torches, crowbars, bows, that threat  
 Closed doors, hang by them, one and all.  
 Goddess, who rulest Cyprus blest,  
 And, from Sithonian snow-storms free,  
 Memphis, with uplift whip, prithee,  
 Touch, just for once, proud Chloe's breast.

*Od. III. 27*

LET omens ill attend the way  
 Of impious souls—to-whooping owl  
 And pregnant bitch, or wolf blue-grey,  
 Down-rushing from Lanuvium's knowl,  
 And vixen bred; or let their start  
 Be broken off by slantwise run  
 Of serpent swift as flying dart,  
 That scares their team; but I, for one  
 For whom I fear, an augur wise,  
 Or e'er the rain-seer bird divine  
 Reseeks the marsh, from the sunrise,  
 Will call the crow to speak a sign.  
 May you be happy wheresoe'er,  
 My Galatea, you may go;  
 Forget me not, nor woodpecker,  
 Upon your left, nor wandering crow,  
 Forbid you. But you see with what  
 Tempests Orion sets e'en now;  
 What Hadria's dark gulf is, and that  
 Iapyx clear can sin, I know.  
 May enemy wife and family  
 Feel rising Auster's blind outbreaks,  
 And Ocean's black ferocity,  
 And shores that furious wave-beat shakes.

Thus risked Europa her fair life  
 On treacherous bull, and, seeing the sea  
 With monsters thronged, with perils rife,  
 Paled at her own audacity.  
 Lately intent on flowering leas,  
 And wont to wreathe the chaplets due  
 To Nymphs, she now saw naught but seas  
 Boundless, and stars the dim night thro'.  
 Soon as she reached Crete with its host  
 Of towns, a hundred strong, "O, sire!"  
 She cried, "O name of daughter lost!  
 O duty slain by mad desire!  
 Whence came I whither? One death were  
 For virgins' sin light penalty.  
 Wail I, awake, as wrong-doer,  
 Foul deed, or does a phantasy  
 Vain mock my innocence in sleep,  
 With dream from ivory gateway flown?  
 Better was it to cross the deep,  
 Or gather flowerets freshly blown?  
 Should any yield that beast infame  
 To my just wrath I'd strive I vow  
 To break its horns; with sword I'd maim  
 The monster loved so well but now.  
 Shameless I left my father's home:  
 Shameless stay Orcus. O if ear  
 Divine can hear I fain would roam  
 Where lions my bare flesh would tear  
 Ere from fair cheeks the bloom has died  
 Decayed ere ebbs life's ruddy blood  
 From victim young in beauty's pride  
 Gladly I'd be fierce tigers' food.  
 'Europa vile,' cries far away  
 My sire, 'death beckons; with your zone,—

'Twas well you brought it with you—may  
 You break your neck, hung from this roan.  
 O if rocks deadly sharp and high  
 Cliff please you more, trust the wind's  
 wings,  
 Unless you rather wish to ply  
 A slave-girl's task—you, sprung from kings,  
 A concubine, to foreign dame  
 Abandoned.' " As she made lament,  
 Venus with smile perfidious came  
 Up, and her son with bow unbent.  
 So soon as she had mocked enow,  
 "Cease," cried she, "from your passionate  
 Complaints, when the loathed bull shall bow  
 His horns for you to mutilate.  
 Unconquered Jove's wife unaware  
 You are; sob not; great is your fame;  
 Learn to bear well a fate so fair,  
 For half the world shall wear your name."

### *Od. III. 28*

**W**HAT could I better do on Neptune's day?  
 Lyde, be quick and broach' the Caecuban  
 Hid in your store, and with me make foray  
 On wisdom's fortress—that's my present plan.  
 Midday is past; you see how Phoebus' car  
 Sinks; yet as tho' the flying day stood still,  
 You pause, as loth to bring the lingering jar,  
 That erst the year of Bibulus bade you fill.  
 Now will we sing in turn—of Neptune I,  
 And green-haired Nereids; your part shall be  
 To sing to your curved lyre Latona, aye,  
 And flying Cynthia's fierce artillery.

Lastly the Cnidian queen shall be our theme,  
 Who holds the shining Cyclades in fee,  
 And visits Paphos' isle with swans for team;  
 Night too shall have her meed of elegy.

*Od. III. 29*

OF Tuscan kings, Maecenas, heir,  
 An unbroached jar of mellow wine,  
 Rose-blooms, and balsam for your hair  
 Of ben-nuts, wait you here, langsyne  
 Expectant; haste, nor watch for aye  
 Wet Tibur, Aefula's hillside,  
 And the far wolds where erst held sway  
 Telegonus, the parricide.  
 Come, leave your plenty's irk and bore,  
 Your palace with its skyey dome;  
 Nor marvel longer at the roar  
 And smoke and pomp of wealthy Rome. °  
 Full oft a welcome change to meals  
 Simple, in humble cots, that know  
 Nor purple rugs, nor awninged ceils,  
 Has smoothed a rich man's anxious brow.  
 Now shining out the sire of fair  
 Andromeda unveils his rays;  
 Now Procyon and the mad Lion glare  
 Frenzied, as suns bring back dry days.  
 Now, weary with his weary flock,  
 The shepherd seeks the shady rill,  
 And thickets of Silvanus shock,  
 And, breathless now, the bank is still.

How best the State may stand and hold  
 Its own, you ponder ; fear, too, what  
 Bactra, by Cyrus ruled of old,  
 Seres, and rebel Tanais plot.  
 All wisely Heaven in darkest night  
 Enshrouds the event that is to be,  
 And mocks if mortal men despite  
 Its sanctions : order equably  
 What is ; all else sweeps on amain,  
 Like stream that down mid-channel now  
 Falls calm into the Tuscan main,  
 Now rolls down stones worn by its flow,  
 And upturn rocks, and homes, and herd,  
 Together, while each neighbouring wood,  
 And hill, rings, as still brooks are stirred  
 To fury by the furious flood.  
 Lord of himself, and happy, will  
 He be, who can from day to day  
 Say, "I have lived ; let Jove fulfill  
 Tomorrow's sky with leaden-grey  
 Clouds or with shine, he can't undo  
 What has been done, nor make as naught,  
 No, nor reforge and shape anew,  
 What once the flying hour has brought."  
 Exultant in her cruel trade,  
 Playing her rude game ceaselessly,  
 Fortune shifts honours, fickle jade,  
 Kind, now to others, now to me.  
 I praise her present ; if she flap  
 Her wings, pay back without ado



Her gifts, use virtue as my wrap,  
 And poverty undowried woo.  
 Not mine, if stormy Afric bows  
 The groaning mast, to fly to prayers  
 Abject, and bargain with shrill vows  
 That Cyprian and Tyrian wares  
 May not enrich the greedy seas.  
 At such a time in light pair-oar,  
 Sped by twin Pollux and by breeze,  
 I'll cross the Aegean safe to shore.

*Od. III. 30*

**L**O, I have reared a monument that bronze shall not  
 outlast,  
 More lofty than the pyramids that despots piled of  
 yore;  
 Its strength defies devouring rain, defies the ungoverned  
 blast  
 Of Aquilo, the wind that blows from where the North  
 seas roar;  
 It shall survive when the unnumbered tale of years is  
 past,  
 When days and months have ceased to be, and Time  
 shall be no more.  
 There's that in me which shall not die; that which is  
 most of me  
 Shall win where the death-goddess has no part nor  
 lot; my fame  
 Shall grow with increase ever new as the ages yet  
 to be  
 Uplift their voice in praise of me, and magnify my  
 name,

While up the Capitol shall climb, in solemn company,  
 Pontiff and they whose silent care guards Vesta's  
 holy flame.

It shall be said of me, who, where Ofanto storms along  
 Raging, and where o'er arid realms ruled Daunus in  
 old days,

Waxed strong from low estate, that I, first of all sons  
 of song,

Married to modes of Italy Aeolia's lyric lays.

Be proud of right, Melpomene, and, for to thee belong  
 The honours, will to crown my brow with great  
 Apollo's bays.

### *Od. IV. 1*

**W**HAT, Venus, would'st thou now recall  
 Wars long abandoned? Spare, I pray.

I am not what I was as thrall  
 Of kindly Cinara. Cease to sway,

O sweet Loves' cruel mother, one,  
 Who, with his fiftieth year anigh,  
 Bends not to thy mild rule; begone  
 Whither young gallants' coaxing cry

Recalls thee. Timelier wilt thou  
 Revel with glistering swans to fire  
 Young Paulus Maximus, I trow,  
 If fitting heart be thy desire.

For as high-born and fair to see,  
 No silent champion at the Bar,  
 Graced with a hundred graces, he  
 Will bear thy standards wide and far:  
 Who, when he shall have mocked, in pride  
 Of power, a rival's bribery,

In marble, Alban lakes beside,  
 'Neath cedar roof will image thee.  
 There shall abundant incense greet  
 Thy nostrils; Berecynthian flute  
 And lyre for thee shall blend their sweet  
 Music, nor shall Pan-pipe be mute.  
 Twice every day shall lads and gay  
 Young lasses celebrate thy might,  
 And shake the earth, in Salian way,  
 With threefold beat of feet snow-white.  
 Naught cheers me now—nor lass, nor lad,  
 Nor wistful hope of love that shall  
 Match mine, nor brows, with flowerets clad  
 Fresh-blown, nor bouts convivial.  
 But why, ah Ligurinus, why  
 Steal down my cheeks rare tear-drops?  
     Whence  
 The breaks that silence shamefully  
 My tongue, and halt its eloquence?  
 Fast now I hold thee in my dreams;  
 In dreams now chase thee o'er the sward  
 Of Mars' great Field, now thro' the stream's  
 Swift flood—O cruel heart, and hard!

### *Od. IV. 2*

**W**HO seeks to rival Pindar, he  
     Upsoars on wings waxed with the skill,  
 Julus, of Daedalus, and will  
 Name with his name some glassy sea.  
 As stream that down the mountain's steep,  
 Above its banks by rains uplift,  
 Rushes, so surges Pindar swift

With boundless flood, with utterance deep.  
 Worthy Apollo's bays is he,  
   Whether in dithyrambs bold he pours  
   Forth words new-formed, or song that wars  
 Against all laws of poetry;  
 Whether he hymns Gods, or acclaim  
   Kings born of Gods, whose valour slew  
   The Centaurs—righteous doom and due—  
 And quenched Chimaera's fearsome flames;  
 Or tells of heroes glorified  
   By palm Olympian, of steed,  
   Of boxer, bringing to them a meed  
 A hundred statues could not side;  
 Or, wailing bridegroom rapt away  
   From weeping bride, exalts on high  
   His strength, soul, golden courtesy,  
 And grudges Orcus' gloom its prey.  
 Strong is the breeze that lifts the swan  
   Dircaean, Antony, what time  
   To heights of cloud-land it would climb.  
 I, as a Matine bee drones on,  
 Culling the thyme's sweets toilsfully  
   By watery Tibur's groves and braes,  
   Fashion, a humble bard, my lays  
 With pains of strenuous industry.  
 A poet, you, of nobler quill  
   Shall sing of Caesar when, with well  
   Earned bays enwreathed, he leads the fell  
 Sygambri down the Sacred Hill;  
 Than whom Fate and kind deities  
   Have given naught better, naught that is  
   Greater, to earth, nor will, ywis,

Give, tho' the Golden Age re-rise.  
 Of feasts and games your song shall be—  
     Our thanks for answered prayers that gave  
     Back to our arms Augustus brave—  
 And Forum from all law-suits free.  
 Then too my voice, if not in vain  
     Its utterance, shall come in, and say,  
     Full-toned, "O fair, O happy day!"  
 For joy that Caesar's home again.  
 And, as you lead the way, we'll raise,  
     Not once alone, our triumph-shout,  
     Ho Triumph!—all will peal it out,  
 And offer Heaven incense in praise.  
 Your debt ten bulls, as many cows,  
     Shall quit; a calf will set me free—  
     A youngling weaned, that on lush lea  
 Grows to its strength to pay my vows,  
 Whose brow, with hornlets newly grown,  
     Copies the young moon's crescent rays,  
     At its third rise; it shows a blaze,  
 A birth-mark; elsewhere' tis red-roan.

### *Od. IV. 3*

**H**E on whose birth, Melpomene,  
 Thou once for all hast set thine eye,  
 Thy placid gaze, shall never be  
     A boxer, famed for mastery  
 In Isthmian games; no fiery steeds  
     Shall draw him in Achaean car  
 To victory, nor shall mighty deeds  
     Display him, as a man of war,

To Rome's heart, crowned with Delian bays,  
 Because he cast proud tyrants down.  
 But Tibur's thickly wooded braes,  
 And streams, shall rear him to renown,  
 With lyric song. As for rewards,  
 To me poetic rank the youth  
 Of Rome, of cities queen, accords,  
 And blunted now is envy's tooth.  
 Muse of the golden lyre, whose art  
 Tempers its strings to harmony:  
 Who could'st, were it thy will, impart  
 To voiceless fish the swan's clear cry:  
 That as Rome's minstrel-bard I'm hailed  
 By passers' fingers lift to me:  
 My breath, and, if I have not failed  
 To charm, my charm—'tis all of thee!

### *Od. IV. 4*

**L**IKE as the bird that bears on high  
 Jove's bolts, by heaven's Lord, as its meed,  
 Made king of birds, for loyalty  
 Proved upon fair-haired Ganymede;  
 Him youth and native grit of old  
 Drove from the nest or e'er he knew  
 Toil, and Spring winds, when clouds had rolled  
 By, sent him forth on ventures new,  
 Half fearful; soon, with rushing stoop  
 To sheepfolds, he would strike his prey,  
 On struggling snakes anon to swoop,  
 Urged by the lust of feast and fray;  
 Or, as a fawn that, having quit  
 Its red dam's dugs for lavish grass,

Sees lion-cub newly weaned—sees it  
 To die by its young fangs, alas!—  
 So saw the Vindelicians  
 'Neath Alps of Raetia Drusus' war,  
 When, conquered by a young man's plans,  
 Troops, that had conquered long and far—  
 Who arm with Amazonian  
 Axe their right hands—have armed them so  
 Always; when came the use I can  
 Not say; not all things may one know—  
 Felt what a mind, a temper, taught  
 In fostering home to bear its part,  
 Could do: how on the Neros wrought  
 Augustus' care—his father's heart.  
 Brave souls spring from the brave and true;  
 Ever in steers, in colts, there is  
 The mettle of their sires, nor do  
 Fierce eagles breed soft doves, ywis.  
 But teaching trains the force innate;  
 Right culture firms the heart; whene'er  
 Morals decay, faults vitiate  
 What is by nature good and fair.  
 What to the Neros Rome you owe  
 Metaurus' flood attests for aye,  
 And Hasdrubal your vanquished foe,  
 And Latium's fair and cloudless day,  
 That first smiled with kind victory  
 Since the dread African, Rome's bane,  
 Like flame thro' pines, swept Italy,  
 As Eurys sweeps Sicilian main.  
 Thenceforth with labours prosperous  
 Rome's youth grew strong, and temples  
 wrecked

By Punic onslaught impious,  
 Beheld their Gods again erect.  
 Quoth treacherous Hannibal at length—  
 “As stags, the prey of fierce wolves, we  
 Chase wantonly a foe whose strength  
 ’Tis triumph rare to foil and flee.  
 The race, that from Troy’s cinders bore  
 Bravely across the Tuscan sea  
 Thro’ storms to the Ausonian shore  
 Its Gods, babes, manhood’s chivalry—  
 As, lopped by axe in dark-leaved wood  
 Of shady Algidus, holm-oak—  
 Thro’ scathes, thro’ wounds, draws hardihood  
 And courage from the iron’s stroke.  
 Not stronger grew ’gainst Hercules  
 The Hydra maimed, as hard bestead  
 He chafed; not greater prodigies  
 Echion’s Thebes and Colchis bred.  
 Plunged in the depths, it rises more  
 Resplendent; grapple it, it will bring  
 Down proudly unscathed conqueror,  
 And wage wars for its wives to sing.  
 No haughty messengers shall I  
 Now send to Carthage; fallen is all  
 Our hope: fallen our fortune, aye,  
 Our name—dead with dead Hasdrubal.  
 Naught shall the Claudian hands not do,  
 By Jove’s kind favour evermore  
 Protected: by shrewd counsels too  
 Brought safely thro’ the risks of war.”



*Od. IV. 5*

**B**Y grace of kind Gods born, best champion  
 Of Romulus' race, too long you stay from home;  
 Upon your promise to return anon  
 Our sacred Council rests; keep it, and come.  
 Give to your country back, dear Chief, your light,  
 For, when upon our folk your face has shone,  
 Like Spring, the very sunshine seems more bright,  
 Aye, and more pleasantly the days pass on.  
 Even as a mother, when her boy, delayed  
 By South Wind's jealous breath, beyond the sea  
 Carpathian lingers, from his dear home stayed  
 More than a year, recalls him ceaselessly  
 By vows, by prayers, by divinations, nor,  
 A-watch for him, from winding coast-line turns  
 Her eyes, so with heart-longings evermore  
 His country for her absent Caesar yearns.  
 In safety roam our oxen over leas,  
 By Ceres and by kind Prosperity  
 Fattened; our sailors fly o'er peaceful seas;  
 Faith shrinks from blame as from an infamy;  
 Adulteries never smirch homes' fair renown;  
 Custom and Law have chased the impiety;  
 Children like husbands are our matrons' crown;  
 Hard on offence presses the penalty.  
 Who would fear Persians, or chill Scythia's hordes,  
 Or shaggy Germany's war-loving breeds:  
 Who would reck aught of fierce Hiberia's swords,  
 While Caesar's life is safe: while Caesar leads?  
 Each on his own hills sees the sunlight fail;  
 To "marriageable elm" he weds his vine;

This done, his wine recalls him, soon to hail  
 You at his second course as all divine.  
 With wine from goblets poured, with many a prayer,  
 He honours you, and to his deities  
 He adds your Lar, as Greece, mindful of their  
 Exploits, hails Castor and great Hercules.  
 Long may you give, good Chief, such festival  
 Days to Hesperia—thus, while yet the day  
 Is whole, and we athirst: thus, when we all  
 Have well drunk, and the sun has set, we pray.

### *Od. IV. 6*

**G**OD, by whose will the vaunting word  
 Of Niobe was her children's knell:  
 Whom Tityos knew, and Phthia's lord,  
 Before whose might Troy all but fell,  
 A peerless warrior, but for thee  
 No match, tho', as the Sea-Queen's son,  
 Fighting with spear tremendous, he  
 Shook the tall towers of Ilion.  
 He, as a pine by keen axe thrown,  
 Or cypress felled by East Wind's gust,  
 Fell great and greatly, and laid down  
 His haughty neck in Trojan dust.  
 Not he, in horse, feigned offering  
 To Pallas' honour, would betray  
 Trojans untimely revelling,  
 And Priam's hall with dancers gay,  
 But, stern to foes ta'en openly,  
 He'd burn with Greek fires—ah, the sin  
 Of it!—small boys, yet infants, aye,  
 And babes their mothers' wombs within;

Had not, by kindly Venus' prayers  
 And thine impelled, the Sire most High  
 Granted Aeneas and his heirs  
 Walls traced with happier augury.  
 Of sweet Thalia's psaltery  
 Master, who lav'st thy flowing hair  
 In Xanthus, beardless Way-God, be  
 The Daunian Muse's pride thy care.  
 My genius is of Phoebus' dower,  
 Aye, and my art; he gives to me  
 My poet's name. O virgins' flower,  
 And boys of noble ancestry,  
 Wards of the Delian Goddess, who  
 Stays flying stags and lynxes fleet,  
 Be to the Lesbian measures true,  
 And mark my thumb's controlling beat,  
 Duly exalting Leto's son,  
 Duly the Night-Queen's crescent light,  
 Who brings full crops, and hurries on  
 The months' career—their onward flight.  
 "Trained to the modes"—anon you'll say  
 As bride—"of Horace, poet-seer,  
 On our centennial holiday  
 I sang a song Gods loved to hear."

### *Od. IV. 7*

**T**HE snows have fled; returns to every mead  
 Its grass, its crown of leaves to every tree;  
 Earth changes with the change; at lessened speed,  
 Within their banks the rivers seek the sea.  
 The Graces and the Nymphs with never a fear  
 All naked dance the happy hours away;

Look not for things immortal—warns the year,  
 Aye, and the hour that steals the gracious day.  
 West winds abate the frosts; summer anon  
 Tramples on Spring, itself to disappear  
 As Autumn sheds its fruits; then, Autumn gone,  
 Winter comes back to close the working-year.  
 Yet, fast as moons wane in the sky, as fast  
 They wax; but we, poor mortals, when we fare  
 Whither Aeneas, Tullus, Ancus passed,  
 Are naught but dust here, naught but shadows there.  
 Who knows whether the gods who reign above  
 Add a new day's span to the sum of this?  
 Live while you live; that which the soul you love,  
 Your self, enjoys, your greedy heir will miss.  
 Once you are dead, once Minos, judge of men,  
 Has fixed by doom august your destiny,  
 Not rank, Torquatus, shall restore you then;  
 Not eloquence; not even piety.  
 Dian despite, Hippolytus remains,  
 Chaste tho' he was, hidden in nether gloom;  
 Nor can the love of Theseus break the chains  
 That hold Peirithous in dark Lethe's tomb.

### *Od. IV. 8*

**G**LADLY I'd give my boon companions,  
 To suit their tastes, goblets and bronzes rare,  
 And tripods, prizes of Greek champions,  
 Nor, Censorinus, would you get least share,  
 That is, if with such gems my house were filled,  
 Such as Parrhasius or Scopas wrought,  
 The one in stone, with paints the other, skilled  
 To image God or man, as genius taught.

But I have no such store, nor have such things  
 Aught that your fortunes lack, or tempers crave;  
 In song is your delight; as offerings  
 Songs we can give, and tell what worth they have.  
 Not marbles graven with records of proud feats,  
 Whereby return their breath to warriors dead  
 And life: not Hannibal's hurried retreats,  
 No, nor his threats' recoil on his own head,  
 More gloriously manifest his praise  
 Who won from conquered Africa a name,  
 Than the Calabrian Muses; nor, if lays  
 Were silent, would you get your meed of fame.  
 What would the son of Mars and Ilia be,  
 If jealous silence buried Romulus,  
 And his deserts? Not his integrity  
 Alone from Stygian waves snatched Aeacus,  
 And raised him in blest isles to deity,  
 Nay, but great poets' voices too and grace.  
 Who praise deserves, the Muse forbids to die.  
 With heaven she blesses. Thus she make a place  
 For Hercules where high Jove feasts the blest;  
 Thus the Tyndaridae, bright luminaries,  
 Snatch from profoundest depths ships storm-distrest;  
 Thus Liber satisfies his votaries.

### *Od. IV. 9*

**L**EST you should fancy that the songs which I,  
 By Aufidus' far-sounding waters sprung,  
 With modes of art till then unknown, have sung—  
 Songs to be married to the lyre—will die,  
 Think that, if to Maeonian Homer pride  
 Of place belongs, yet Pindar's song remains;  
 The Cean Muse, Alcaeus' warlike strains,

Stesichorus' stately epics, still abide.  
 Time has not rased Anacreon's minstrelsy,  
     His merry songs; still breathes the love, still burn  
     The fires, entrusted to her sad cithern  
 By the Aeolian maid in years gone by.  
 Not Spartan Helen only has admired  
     A gay gallant's tressed locks, his broidery  
     Of gold, his princely pomp, his company,  
 And with the vision has been passion-fired.  
 Not first did Teucer from Cydonian bow  
     Shoot shafts; not only once has Ilium  
     Been sacked; not huge Idomeneus alone,  
 Or Sthenelus waged warfare long ago  
 Worthy the Muses' song; not first did haught  
     Hector and keen Deiphobus await,  
     And meet, fierce blows in combats passionate  
 For innocent wives and tender children fought.  
 Before the age of Agamemnon wight  
     Lived many a hero, but unwept, unknown,  
     Because no sacred bard hymned their renown,  
 They, one and all, lie whelmed in endless night.  
 'Twixt valour hid and buried cowardice  
     Small is the difference; never will I,  
     In what I write, pass you unhonoured by,  
 In silence, Lollius, nor in any wyse  
 Suffer green-eyed oblivion to wear  
     Your many deeds away, unchecked by song.  
     Yours is the statesman's soul, upright and strong,  
 Or in misfortune, or in fortune fair:  
 Of greedy guile avenger stern, unmoved  
     By all-seducing gold's attraction,  
     A consul it, not of one year alone,

But ever when, as judge true and approved,  
 It has set Right before expediency:  
 Has scorned offenders' bribes with proud disdain:  
 Has thro' opposing ranks cloven amain  
 Its way, its stedfast march, to victory.  
 Not rightly will you speak of him as blest  
 Whose wealth is many things; more truly he  
 Can claim the title, "Blest," who, skilled to see  
 What wisdom bids, uses at wisdom's hest  
 The gifts of heaven: can bear hard poverty:  
 Who dreads far worse than death dishonour's brand;  
 No coward he, who for his motherland  
 And comrades dear would never fear to die.

### *Od. IV. 10*

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

*Od. IV. 11*

**I** HAVE a cask of Alban, more  
 Than nine years old; my garden-ground:  
 Phyllis, of parsley have good store,  
 For chaplets meet; ivy abounds—  
 Sprays that show out your beauty's sheen,  
 Binding your hair; the house looks good  
 With silver plate; with vervain green,  
 The altar claims a slain lamb's blood.  
 All hands are busy; to and fro  
 Run boys and girls in companies;  
 The fire-flames flicker as they go  
 Upward, and black smoke-eddies rise.  
 What joys invite you? Well, the Ides  
 Claim your attendance, be it known—  
 Mid-April's feast-day that divides  
 The month that Venus counts her own:  
 Rightly a feast for me, well nigh  
 More sacred than my birth's event,  
 For from this anniversary  
 Maecenas tells his life's ascent.  
 You long for Telephus, a lad  
 Not of your class; a wealthy maid  
 Has snapped him up, and holds him, glad  
 To be her prisoner—saucy jade.  
 From greed's ambitions Phaethon  
 Consumed deters; the tale that tells  
 How Pegasus flung Bellerophon,  
 Scorning his earth-born rider, spells  
 Warning to you that you should choose  
 Meet things: should cut too venturesome



Hopes down as sinful: should refuse  
 A mate unequal. Come, then, come,  
 Last of my loves, for not again  
 Shall I love woman; learn my lays,  
 That your dear voice may lilt each strain;  
 All gloom, all troubles, song allays.

*Od. IV. 12*

**B**REEZES from Thrace, that come with Spring  
 To fill our sails, now calm the waves;  
 Unfed by snows, no longer raves  
 The stream; frost is no longer king.  
 Now nests the unhappy bird that must  
 For ever mourn Itys—a shame  
 Eternal, she, to Cecrops' name,  
 Whose crime avenged Kings' barbarous lust.  
 Our fatlings' warders sing their loves  
 To Pan-pipe's music on green swards,  
 And gladden him whose favour guards  
 Arcadia's flocks, and dark hill-groves.  
 Virgil, the days are thirsty days,  
 But, if you want Calenian, then,  
 As client of young noblemen,  
 Bring with you nard; he drinks who pays.  
 A box will draw a cask, my friend,  
 Now in Sulpician stores laid up;  
 There's hope, fresh hope, in every cup,  
 And of all bitter cares an end.  
 If on these joys you're keen, then come  
 Quick with the stuff; I don't incline  
 To soak you gratis with my wine,

As might a rich man in full home.  
 Quick, quit your usury. Time is fleet.  
 Think, while you may, of funeral flames,  
 And blend brief folly with your aims;  
 Folly, in folly's hour, is sweet.

### *Od. IV. 13*

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

Lyce to rival an old crow,  
 That ardent swains, coming to view  
 Your beauty's torch, might see it now  
 Fallen to ash, and laugh at you.

### *Od. IV. 14*

WHAT zeal of Senate or of people may  
 With fitting meed of honours eternize,  
 Augustus, your all-worthiness for aye,  
 By graven inscriptions and State-histories?  
 Prince of all princes mightiest, wheresoe'er  
 The sun illumes earth's peoples with his light,  
 Whom the Vindelici, untaught to bear  
 Rome's yoke, have lately learnt to know—your might  
 In war, for Drusus, with your soldiery,  
 With more than mere requital, overthrew  
 Fiercely the turbulent Genauni, aye,  
 And swiftly marching Brenni—strongholds too  
 Perched on the awful Alps. This warfare won,  
 The elder Nero clashed in furious fight  
 With the gigantic Raeti, and anon  
 Put them, with happy auspices, to flight.  
 A gallant sight he was, as gallantly  
 With mighty shocks his battle smote amain  
 Hearts freely dedicate to liberty  
 Or death—well nigh as Auster sweeps the main  
 Tameless, what time the Pleiads' choir on high  
 Disparts the clouds—eager to thrust his way  
 Thro' enemy ranks, and ride his fiery  
 Steed thro' the heat and fury of the fray.  
 As bull-like Aufidus, whose waters pass  
 Apulian Daunus' realm, rolls in his pride,

What time he fumes, and, fuming, plots, alas!  
 A flood whose waves shall waste the countryside,  
 So Claudius overwhelmed with rush far-sped  
 The mailed barbarians' hosts, as, mowing down  
 Front ranks and rear, he strewed the battle-stead  
 With slain, and won, unscathed, the victor's crown.  
 You gave the troops, you gave the plan, yours were  
 The favouring auspices, for on the day  
 That Alexandria humbly opened her  
 Harbours and empty palace, as your prey,  
 On this same day, three lustres passed, Good Speed,  
 Which gave unbroken victory to your hands,  
 Has added this renown, and longed-for meed  
 Of glory, to your earlier commands.  
 You the Cantabrian, whom none could tame  
 Before: you Parthian, Indian, Scythian  
 Nomad, revere—you of the Italian name,  
 And sovereign Rome, abiding Guardian.  
 The Nile and Hister, streams that hide their springs:  
 Tigris' fast-flowing flood: your beck abide;  
 Aye, and the monster-teeming Main that flings  
 On far Britannia's shore its breakers' pride.  
 You claim the allegiance of the Gallic land,  
 That fears not death, of rough Hiberia too;  
 The blood-thirsty Sygambri, to your hand  
 Brought, lay aside their arms, and reverence you.

### *Od. IV. 15*

**P**HOEBUS with lyre forbade me, fain  
 To tell of captured fort and fray,  
 To sail upon the Tuscan main  
 My little bark. Caesar, your sway  
 Has brought back plenty to our land:  
 Has given, from Parthian doors reta'en,

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

### *The Secular Hymn*

**P**HOEBUS and Dian, woodland Queen,  
 Glory of heaven's resplendent sheen,  
 Worshipped and worshipful for aye,  
 Grant us the boons we seek to-day:  
 On which the Sibyl's runes require  
 That boys and girls, a holy choir,

Shall sing unto the Gods who care  
 For our seven hills a hymn of prayer.  
 Kind Sun, whose chariot on its way  
 Opens and closes every day :  
 Who risest different yet the same,  
 May'st never view what shrinks Rome's fame!  
 Who openest ripe wombs of thy right  
 Full gently, Ilithyia hight,  
 Or, if thou wilt, Lucina, bless  
 Our mothers, as birth's Patroness.  
 Goddess, bring up our youth, and speed  
 That which the Fathers have decreed  
 Wedlock anent—the law whereby  
 Marriage creates the family,  
 That each fixed cycle, covering  
 Ten times eleven years, may bring  
 Anthems and games, thronged in daylight  
 Three times, and three times in the night.  
 Ye Fates, whose prophecies are sure,  
 As promised—may the pledge endure  
 By grace of our great Land-Mark's stay!—  
 Add new to old good speed, we pray.  
 With crops and herds rich, may our land  
 Bid Ceres crowned with wheat-ears stand;  
 May Jove with many a favouring breeze,  
 And kindly rains, bless our increase.  
 Gentle and kind, with bow laid by,  
 Apollo, hear our striplings' cry;  
 Queen of the stars, with crescent brows,  
 O Luna, hear our maidens' vows.  
 If Rome is yours, and Ilion bore  
 The folk who won the Etruscan shore—  
 A remnant, called to Lares new  
 And homes, and safely brought thereto—  
 For whom, unscathed when Ilion flamed,

Outliving Troy, Aeneas, named  
 The Good, to give them more than they  
 Had lost, carved out an open way,  
 To docile youth grant honesty,  
 Ye Gods, to eld tranquility;  
 Give to the Romuleian race  
 Offspring, and means, and every grace.  
 What Venus' and Anchises' heir  
 Asks, with white steers to plead his prayer,  
 That give him: let him crush each foe  
 In arms, but spare a foe laid low.  
 By sea and land before his power,  
 And Alban axes, Parthians cower;  
 Now Indians, Scyths, once insolent,  
 Wait upon his arbitrament.  
 Now Faith and Peace and Chivalry  
 Return with pristine Modesty;  
 Virtue ignored dares re-appear,  
 And Plenty with full horn is here.  
 Surely as Phoebus, archer-seer.  
 Adorned with radiant bow, and dear  
 To the nine Muses—he whose skill  
 Healthgiving heals limbs tired and ill—  
 Sees Palatine heights with kind face,  
 He lengthens out a lustre's space,  
 And on to aeons of success,  
 Rome's weal and Latium's happiness,  
 Diana too, whom Aventine  
 Hill and Mount Algidus enshrine,  
 Heeds our Fifteen Priests' prayers, and hears  
 Our children's vows with gracious ears.  
 That Jove and all the Gods assent  
 We bear back home hope confident,  
 And sure—the chorus trained to praise  
 Phoebus and Dian with glad lays.

## VARIÆ LECTIONES

- I, 24, line 12  
That not thus did you bid them keep your friend.
- I, 24, 20  
... naught may remedy.
- I, 37, lines 30-32  
She grudged Rome's galleys, haughty dame,  
That she, reft of her royalty,  
In triumph led, should flaunt Rome's fame.
- III, 13, line 13  
The fame of famous fountains shall  
Be thine,
- III, 23, lines 25-30  
A giftless hand—a hand not made  
By victim of great price  
More coaxing—on the altar laid,  
As offering sacrifice,  
Soothes angered House-Gods by the appeal  
Of crackling salt and pious meal.
- IV, 7, line 22  
By flaming doom has fixed your destiny,
- IV, 13, line 4  
Whose swelling brows young horns uprear,
- Secular Hymn, lines 26-27  
As ye once promised—and may your  
Pledge stand thro' our firm Landmark's stay—

W. H. M.













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