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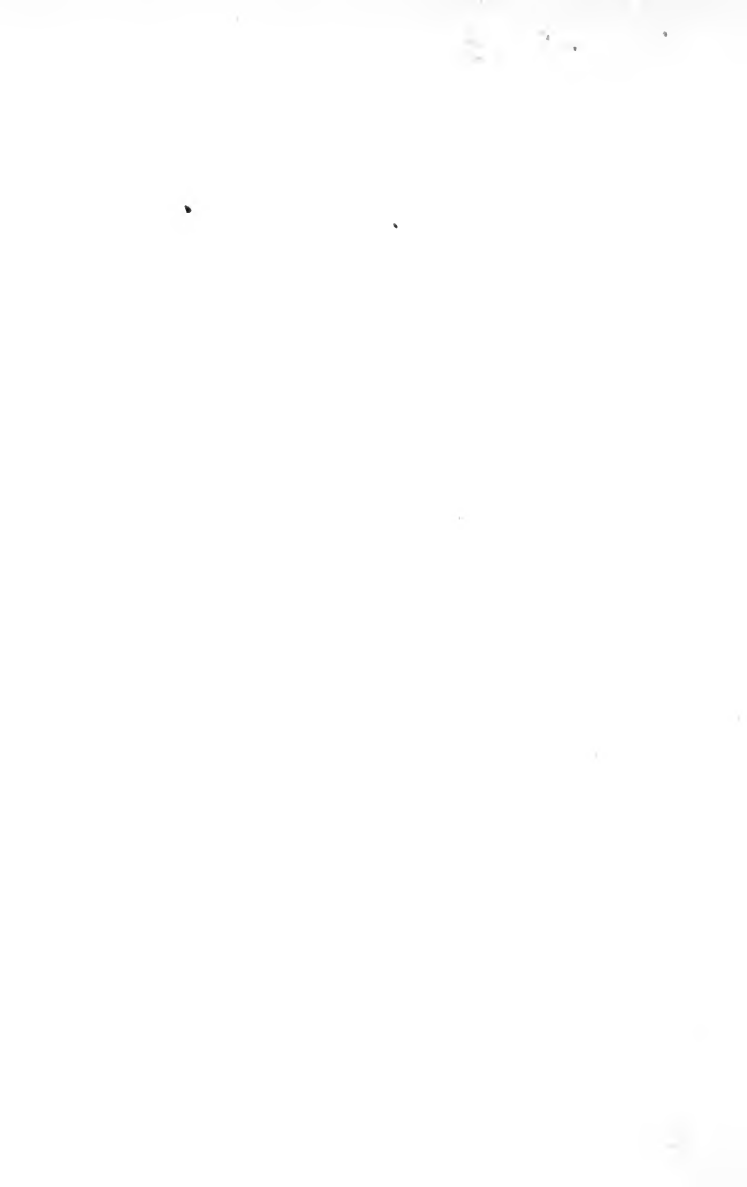
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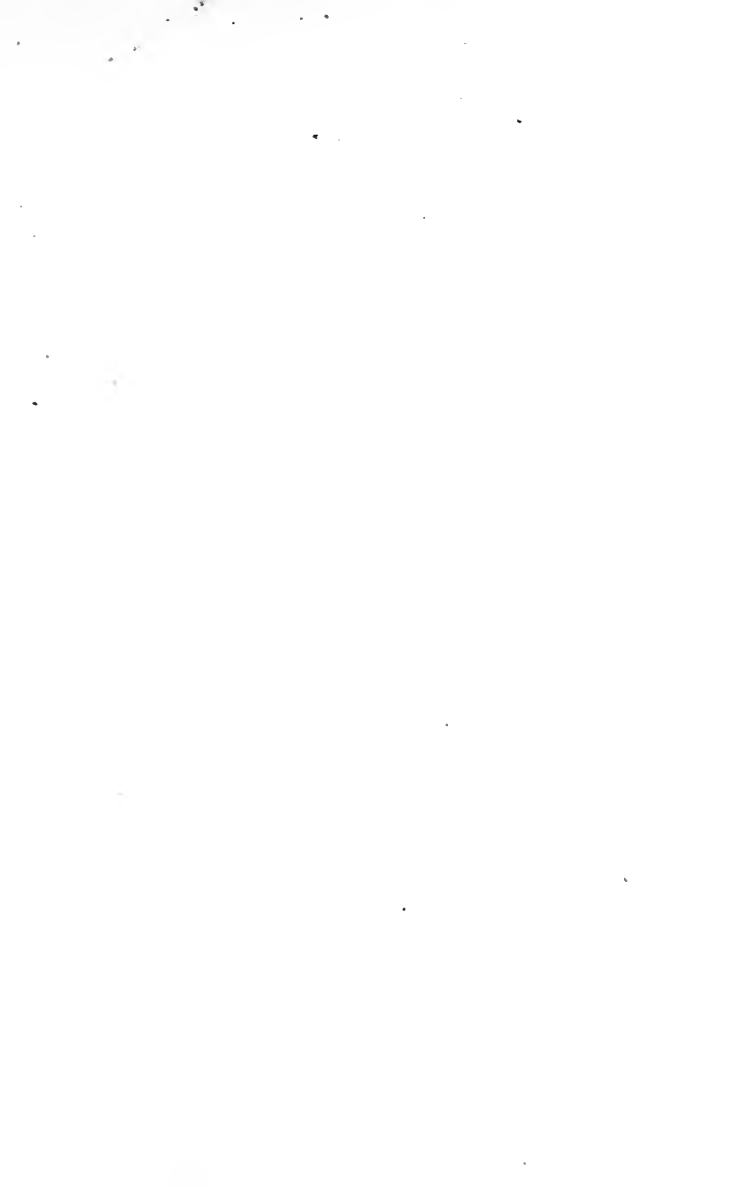
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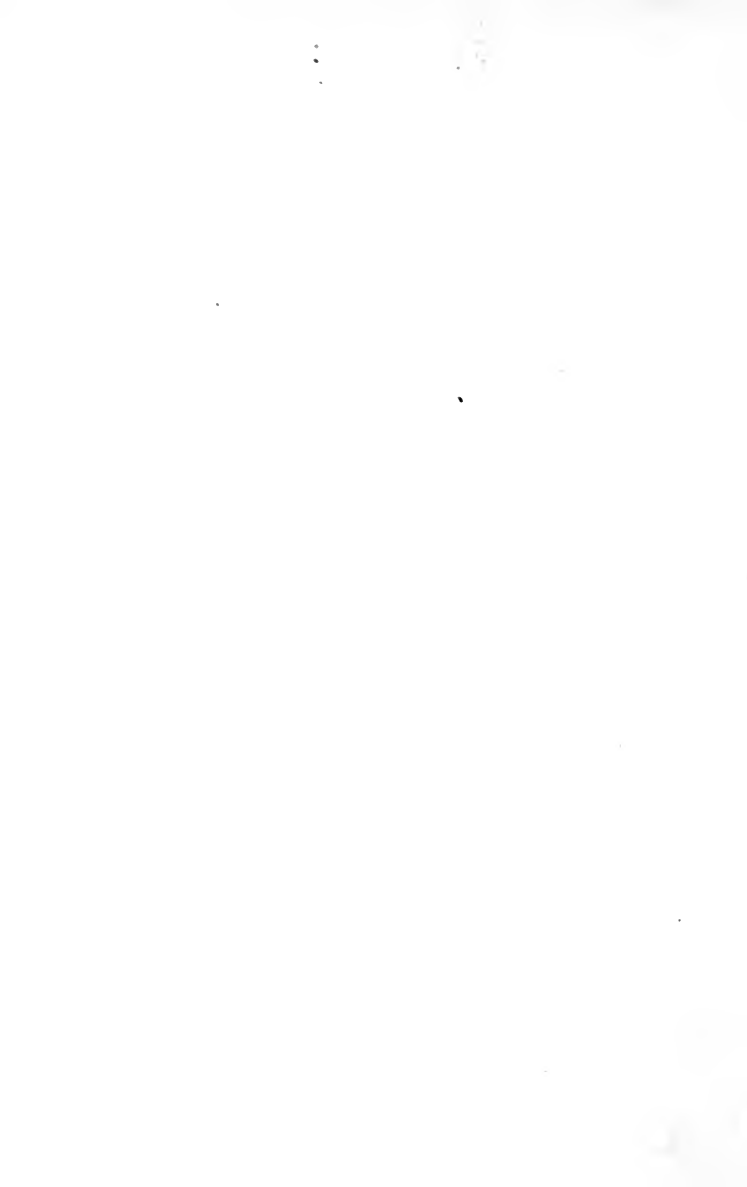
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# Fifty Odes of Horace

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## 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.

W. H. M.

418557



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*Od. I. 1.*

**M**AECCENAS, 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 Mars-  
 ian 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 flute, 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. 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 forbid-  
 den 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. 5.*

**W**HAT 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 to-morrow  
morn."

*Od. I. 8.*

**C**OME, 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. 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. 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 long locks, and to peaceful  
 harp  
 Sing songs that women love; in vain you'll fly  
 In nuptial room fell spears, and arrows sharp  
 Of Gnosian cane, 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. 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.  
 Its 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. 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, thou, whose lyre  
And liquid voice are gifts of the Great Sire,

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. 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 to-day  
 Of strong Falernian? Then let yon 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. 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, as the battle came and passed,  
 Or oft as he had moored at last  
 His storm-tossed bark on the wet shore,  
 Who sang 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** ODDRESS, 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, harp, 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;  
 It 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 Proculeius' 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. 4.*

**L**EST, Xanthias Phoceus, 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. 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. 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 her ivory  
 Cithern forthwith, 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.*

**O**N 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 judgement-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. 15.*

SOON 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. 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;  
 Thee 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 Baiæ 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 vet 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 threefold  
 Tongue licked thy parting legs and feet.

*Od. II. 20.*

**N**OT 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,  
 Gaetulian 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 lyre will have no charm  
 To bring back sleep. Sleep calm and bland  
 Scorns not the cots of labouring men,  
 Nor shady banks of streams 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. 3.*

**W**HO loves the Right, whose will is resolute,  
 His purpose naught can shake—not 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, scatheless, 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 dewes 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 forbears 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.*

**C**OME down from heaven, royal Calliope;  
 Breathe on the pipe a deathless melody,  
 Or sing a song—sing it with clarion voice,  
 Or to the harp of Phoebus—thine the choice.



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 pleasant 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.  
 Proud 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 Porphyryon's threatening stand:  
 What Rhoetus, or Enceladus, the stark  
 Hurler of uptorn 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's 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. 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 of such parentage or such a strain  
 Were they who dyed with blood the (Punic) main—  
 The youth, whose war broke Pyrrhus, and could quell  
 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, then our grandparents' worse,  
 Has brought us forth, who shall beget, ah shame!  
 Children yet more unworthy Rome's great name.

*Od. III. 7.*

**W**HY 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 Peleus '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 sward 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 Thracian Cotiso 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 knits sundered hearts once more?  
 What if blonde Chloe's cast aside,  
 And Lydia scorned re-opes her doors?

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. 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. 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)  
 To-morrow 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; to-morrow will you chase away  
 Your Genius' cares with sucking pig and wine,  
 Making, with all your household, holiday.

*Od. III. 20.*

**S**EE 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.*

○ BORN with me in Manlius' year,  
 Good jar, whatever gifts you bear—  
 Jokes, quarrels, strife, mad love, 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. 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 Euiad, 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, Lenaeon, to ensue  
 The God who wreathes his brows with pliant  
 vine.

*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. 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 toilfully  
 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 Achæan 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. 11.*

**I** HAVE a cask of Alban, more  
 Than nine years old; my garden-grounds,  
 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.











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