

Bequest of

Rev. H. C. Scadding, D.D.

to the Library

of the

University of Toronto

1901

AT THE



UNIVERSITY OF
TORONTO PRESS



8470 1/2

37

THE
ODES AND EPODES
OF
HORACE.

LL
. H8113 nx

. Es

THE

ODES AND EPODES

OF

HORACE,

TRANSLATED

LITERALLY AND RHYTHMICALLY.

BY W. SEWELL, B.D.,

FELLOW AND SUB-RECTOR OF EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD.

LONDON:

HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

MDCCCL.

53551
12 | 1 | 02

PRINTED BY
COX (BROTHERS) AND WYMAN, GREAT QUEEN STREET,
LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.

PREFACE.

I HOPE the object of this translation will not be misunderstood. It is one thing to attempt the transfusion of a poet's mind, spirit, and grace from one language into another, so that those who cannot read the original, may form some notion of his beauties ; another to construe him literally and grammatically, word for word, as boys are required to do in our classical schools, and at the Universities. I have had no thought of attempting a translation of the former kind. But as the tutor of a college, engaged in that which must ever form the best foundation of all high mental culture,—instruction in classical literature, and also as deeply interested in a still earlier stage of education, I have tried from time to time to aid those placed under my care in uniting two conditions of translation, with the failure of either of which in students very serious evils must follow : first, accuracy,—strict, literal, word-for-word accuracy, and secondly, as much attention as possible to the language of poetry. I believe the former exercise is a most healthy discipline for the mind, which cannot be too carefully enforced. But if prosecuted without the latter, it must destroy all the charm which ought to attend the study of great authors, prevent all improvement in English while we are studying Latin and Greek, and corrupt instead of refining the taste of the young. This is not the place to enter into the theory of such suggestions. But as a tutor in the University of Oxford, may I venture to suggest to heads, both of our public and private schools,

the observations which have impressed on my own mind so strongly the importance of introducing into classical education the practice of translation at once literal and rhythmical.

1. Of the value of strict accuracy, and minute attention to grammatical construction, it is not unnecessary to speak. The University of Oxford still requires it. But a long experience as a tutor compels me to fear that it is decaying in our schools. It is a fact which I can vouch for, from my own experience, that in by far the largest number of young men who enter the University, there is scarcely any such habit. Tenses are substituted for tenses, cases for cases, words carelessly disturbed from their order, conjunctions confounded, prepositions omitted or inserted at will, particles treated as nonentities, all the nice discriminations of suffixes neglected ; and nearly the first year of the University course is required for going over this elementary ground, and correcting something of the carelessness which has been permitted or encouraged at school.

The explanation of this evil is to be found, not in the negligence or incompetence of masters. Far from it. For it prevails in schools where the teachers are of the highest attainments, and most sedulously devoted to their work. But it is attributable to the consciousness of the sad effects which flow from accustoming a boy to view the great models of classical poetry through the medium of his own bare prosaic translation, and of allowing him to travestie them in bad English. To escape from this into a free and elegant translation, he is indulged in grammatical liberties. And thus the habit of accuracy is sacrificed, and a slovenly scholarship overlooked and even encouraged. To reconcile the two things, strict accuracy and something of a poetical character, is very difficult indeed at the spur of the moment. For my own classes I found it necessary to make such translations

beforehand. And I have hoped they might be useful to other masters.

2. It is scarcely necessary to explain why such translations of classical poetry should be rhythmical. Without rhythm poetical phraseology becomes bombast ; and the unadorned language which the simplicity of the best ancient writers so frequently requires, when stripped of the rhythm of the original, loses all its charm. Moreover, the habit of composing in rhythm forms the ear to a delicate perception of its power and laws, even in writing prose. The value of rhythm even in a sermon, even to the uneducated, is very great. It acts like music, wakens feelings, supports attention, prevents fatigue, pleases and soothes the ear to listen favourably, and assists memory, especially among the poor, to a degree which will perhaps be best understood by supposing our Bible and Liturgy to be stripped of the exquisite rhythm in which they are now clothed, and then comparing the effect of it even upon uneducated minds.

3. There is another use for which I have employed such translations myself, and which I would venture without presumption to suggest to others. We all know how many years it takes to acquire a command over Latin and Greek, while a residence of a few months in a foreign country will make us tolerable masters of its language. The reason is, that in the former case we spend our time in translating Latin into English, in the latter case we are constantly employed in translating English, or what is the same, our own thoughts, into French or German. Constant composition is essential to the mastery of a language, even to a practical grammatical acquaintance with it. And composition is the most wearying and troublesome part of a schoolmaster's duty. The necessity of perpetual correction, which involves on his own part perpetual composition also,—the absence of any certain standard of excellence, or correctness,—the hopelessness of reaching any

great perfection,—the weariness of reading over innumerable dull exercises, and that after the labour of teaching, in the hours of relaxation,—all this tends to make the practice of composition by the pupil dreaded by the master, and neglected in the school. And yet without it how is a dead language to be learnt any more than a living one? There is a mode of meeting this great practical difficulty which I venture to suggest from experience. It is, first, that when boys are learning and have learned their grammar, they should be exercised in this, not by reading Horace or Virgil, but in detached words, separate phrases, taken out of their context; in which the context can be of no use to suggest a guess; and nothing can lead to a knowledge of the meaning but the grammatical formation. This would fix their attention upon the grammatical rules. And it would also prevent the distaste which is now too commonly acquired even for the highest poetry of the ancients by the associations of dry grammar. We do not (ought not at least to) allow the Holy Scripture to be profaned by making it an exercise in syntax. For the same reason, though in an infinitely lower degree, we should save the great classical writers from being rendered distasteful, by the same process, to those in whom it is our main object to inspire love and admiration for them. Anatomical lectures are not to be illustrated upon living human beings.

The next thing should be to provide for classes, not Virgil for instance, or Homer, but as accurate and at the same time as poetical a translation of them as can be procured; accuracy—strict word-for-word accuracy—being the most essential condition. And then the master, with the original in his hand, should lead them on to write Virgil and write Homer. Every lesson will thus be a lesson in composition; a lesson in grammar, which they cannot but learn when compelled to practise; at the same time an exercise of thought; at the same

time an opportunity of acquiring a vast amount of synonyms and forms of expression suggested by the whole class, with the certainty of selecting the best. And the master will be relieved from difficulty by possessing the key in his own hand; will be able to exercise his boys in discriminating and choosing between seemingly similar phraseology; and their attention will be kept up, their interest of creation maintained, and their memory assisted, by writing down the sentences as fast as they are formed. When in this way boys have composed themselves, as it were, the great compositions of antiquity (in which they will soon acquire an extraordinary facility), they may then be led to read them, not merely construing them literally into English, which I think should rarely be required except upon paper, when they have time to study their work carefully and arrange their language rhythmically; but reading them off (which is most important) in the original language, and then with the book closed giving an account of the meaning of each sentence as it was read. The value of this exercise is very great, from the attention, forethought, and constructive power which the architecture, as it were, of the Greek and Latin languages requires, by suspending important words to the last, and so compelling the mind to keep every member of the sentence before the eye till the close is reached. Lastly, in a more advanced stage, at the University, the pupil should be able to take up at once a Greek passage, be examined in the higher points of grammatical construction, read it off fluently into elegant English, and then pass to the higher questions of philosophical criticism—a point which, in the present state of grammatical scholarship, when the student arrives at the University, it is scarcely possible to touch on. The tutors in our colleges have to teach the first laws of grammar. And there is often little time to pass beyond.

My own recollections of a school where this plan was par-

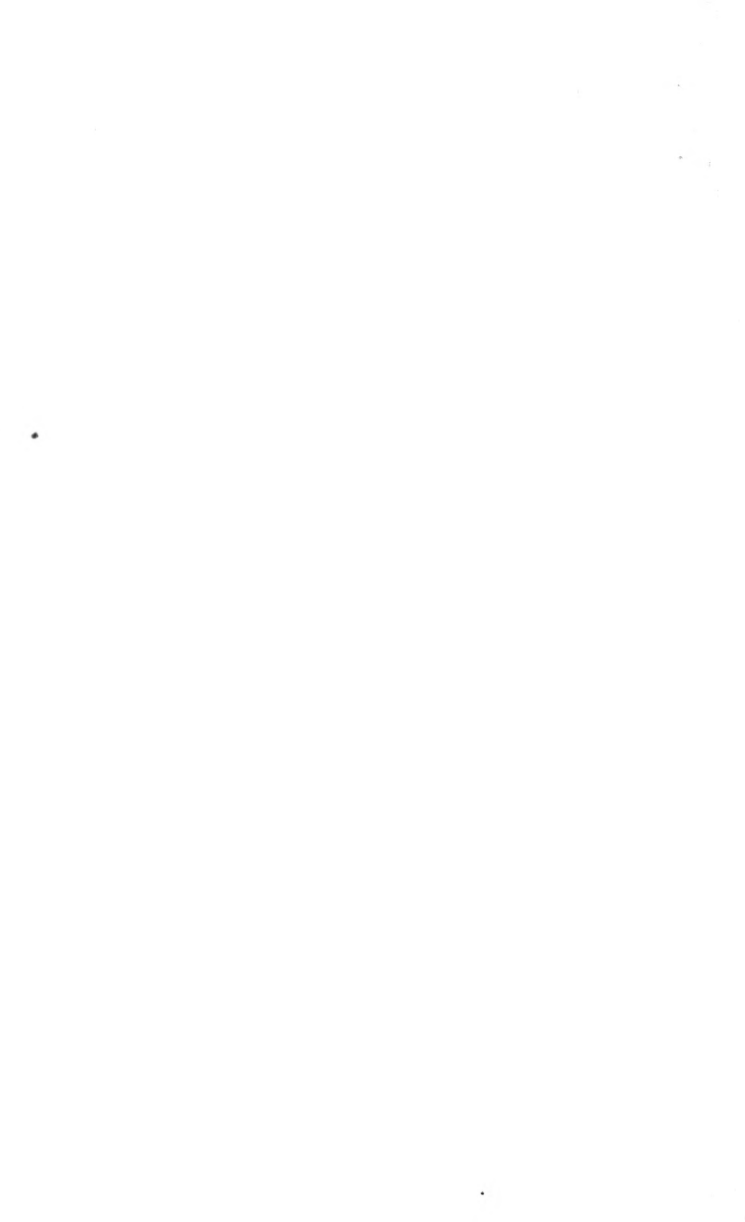
tially in use, satisfy me of its great importance. And to assist in its more general introduction, by providing translations which may thus be used by boys, while the original is in the hands of the master, has been the chief motive of the translations I have hitherto attempted, and of the form selected; the combination, namely, of the literal with the rhythmical.

I will add one word on the employment of rhyme in such translations, when they are to be made by the pupil himself. It is, of course, an additional fetter, and one which at first will seem to render the task almost insurmountable. But it possesses two great advantages. First, it compels the translator to accumulate and compare a great variety of forms of expressions, synonyms, and kindred phrases, before he can succeed; and this process, even if unsuccessful, at least enables him to accumulate a very copious magazine of language, and to familiarize himself to its whole variety of combination. Especially it will interest him in reading English copiously, for the sake of the language. Secondly, it offers—what is often very much wanted by boys, indeed by us all—a work, and an interesting work, something like a puzzle, on which the mind can employ itself in vacant moments, when it cannot trust to the healthiness of its own spontaneous day-dreams, and cannot draw actively on its own imagination. Those who have to direct the thoughts of the young can best understand the value of such an employment and (as it soon will become) of such an amusement, at times when other external materials for active occupation are removed.

These suggestions are the best apology for the present effort. They will account, I hope, for certain laxities in rhymes—for a few expletives marked in brackets, where the rhyme absolutely required it—for some harsh involutions which will present difficulties of meaning to those who have not the original before them—for the occasional use of pleo-

nasms, to suggest more copious language—and for a thousand failures to produce easy and elegant poetry,—anything in the slightest degree approaching to the charm of Horace. It is intended as a species of Hamiltonian translation; nothing more.

EXETER COLLEGE,
September 6, 1850.



THE FIRST BOOK
OF THE
ODES OF HORACE.

ODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

Mæcenas atavis edite regibus.

MÆCENAS, from a regal line
Ancestral sprung,—O safeguard mine,
Alike, and darling pride ! There are,
Whom, in the race-course of the car,
It joys that they in clouds have gather'd
Olympia's dust ; and whom, nice-weather'd
With wheels all glowing hot, the goal
And palm of glory lifts in soul
To be as lords of earth, the tenants of the pole :
One heart it pleaseth if there fight
The turmoil of the Quirites light
To throne him high with triple pair
Of honours ; one, if he, whate'er
Is swept from Libya's winnowing floor,
Has garner'd in his private store.
One who delights his father's farms
With hoe to cleave, no, not on terms
Of Attalus's wealth, wouldst thou
Divert aside, that he should plough
With plank in Cyprus hewn, the sea
Of Myrto,—craven sailor he.

Scared at the Siroc when it braves
The battle with the Icarian waves,
The man of traffic lauds his ease
And native hamlet's rural leas,
Then does his shatter'd barks repair,
Ill school'd his penury to bear.
A man there is, who neither horns
Of the time-mellow'd Massic scorns,
Nor e'en a portion to purloin
From the whole day—with limbs supine,
Stretch'd now some arbutue green below ;
Now at some fount with gentle flow
Of hallow'd streamlet. Many a wight
The tented field and blast delight
Of trump with clarion blent, and frays
Loathed of mothers. Still there stays
Beneath the freezing open sky
The huntsman, losing memory
Of his soft consort ; whether doe
By his stanch hounds is spied, or through
His filmy toils a Marsian boar
Has burst a passage. Me that dower
Of lore-crown'd brows, the ivy spray,
With Gods supreme associates ; me
Cool grove, and be vies lightly tripping
Of Nymphs with Satyrs, far are keeping
From the mere people ;—if her flute
Neither Euterpe chains as mute,
Nor Polyhymnia disdain
To tune her lyre of Lesbian strain.
But if my name thou dost enscroll
Midst minstrels of a lyric soul,
Strike with high crest shall I the planets of the pole.

ODE II.

TO AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

Jam satis terris.

Now hath the Sire enough of snow
And hailstorm dread launch'd o'er the land ;
And having on our hallow'd towers
Volley'd his bolts with red right hand ;—
Hath scared the city—scared the nations,
Lest Pyrrha's grievous age revive :
Her who of monsters strange bewail'd her,
When all his herd did Proteus drive
The lofty mountain crests to visit ;
And tangled was the finny drove
In the elm top, which erst had been
Familiar haunt for many a dove ;
And on the tide o'er mantling spread,
Floated the does in panic dread.
Seen have we amber Tiber rushing,
With waves in fury whirl'd again
Back from Etruria's strand, to level
The king's historic piles, and fane
Of Vesta ; while to Ilia wailing
Too sore, he vaunts him vengeance-giver,
And on his left bank lawless glides,
Though Jove mislike,—he spouse-fond river.
Hear shall they that their city's sons
The steel have whetted, wherewithal
The Persian's dread would better perish ;
Hear, too, of battle frays they shall—
They, by their fathers' vice and sin,
A manhood scatter'd wide and thin.

Whom may the realm invoke of Gods,
To save a tottering empire's lot ?
With what address may virgins weary
Vesta, their hymns who listeth not ?
To whom the task our guilt of cleansing
Shall Jove assign ? At this last hour,
Come, we beseech thee, with a cloud
Mantled thine iv'ry shoulders o'er,
Aurifer Apollo ! or, if thou
Wouldst liefer, thou of Eryx Pride !
Laugh-loving Venus, whom around
Frolic and Cupid flutt'ring glide !
Or on thy slighted race and line
If one fond look thou cast of thine,
Woe ! sated thou with sport too long,
Whom the war-cry and helmets bright,
And face of Marsian infantry,
Keen 'gainst their gory foe, delight !
Or, if with masqued form, a youth
Plume-clad on earth thou personate,
Boon Maia's child ! content to be
Venger proclaim'd of Cæsar's fate !
Late into heaven return, and long
Glad with Quirinus' nation stay !
Nor may a breeze too rapid waft thee,
Wroth at our vices, far away !
Here rather love thy triumphs dread !
Here to be sire and sov'reign hight !
Nor brook that Medes should scour the plain
Unvenged, with, Cæsar, thee to lead the fight.

ODE III.

TO THE SHIP IN WHICH VIRGIL WAS ABOUT TO SAIL TO ATHENS.

Sic te Diva potens Cypri.

So may the goddess power that Cyprus sways,
So Helen's brothers, stars of light,
And he the sovran Father of each breeze,
Guide thee on thy course aright :
Gyved all and prison'd, save
Him of Iapygia's wave ;
Bark ! which with Virgil trusted to thy faith
Art charged, waft him back, I pray,
Unto the Attic bourns untouch'd by scathe,
And save my own life's moiety.
That man had oak and triple-plaited mail
Bucklering his breast, who first
Launch'd on the savage deep his shallop frail,
Nor Siroc fear'd of headlong burst,
Holding its tourney with the Northwinds keen,
Nor the rueful Hyades,
Nor the South's wrath, than whom of Hadria's main
No despot mightier there is
To heave its depths, or, if he fain,
To lay them to repose again.
At what approach of death appall'd was he,
Who floating monsters saw below
With tearless eyes, who saw the billowy sea,
And rocks of legendary woe,—
The high Ceraunians ? Prescient Heaven in vain
By th' estranging deep each shore

Cut off, if shoals which touch should ne'er profane,
 Still godless barks are bounding o'er.
 Bolden'd all ills to brook, mankind doth burst
 Through each forfended dark abuse ;
 Bolden'd did Japet's race, with guilt accurst,
 Fire midst the nations introduce.
 After that fire was from the dome purloin'd
 Of heaven, on earth there swooping fell
 Marasmus, and a troop of monster kind
 Of fevers ; and the slow-doom'd spell
 Of death removed afar till then,
 Quick gather'd short its step on men.
 Dædal, with pinions not to mortals lent,
 Sounded the unsubstantial sky ;
 The travail of Alcides Acheron rent.
 Nought is for dying men too high.
 Heaven's self, in senseless pride,
 We seek to climb ;
 Nor suffer, by our crime,
 That Jove his levin-bolts of wrath should lay aside.

ODE IV.

TO SEXTIUS.

Solvitur acris hyems.

MELTING is winter keen with grateful—change of spring, and
 western wind,
 And engines drag the dry keels from the shore ;
 And neither now doth flock in stalls—nor hind in hearth
 their pleasure find ;
 Nor meads with hoary frosts stand silver'd o'er.

Now Cythera's Venus leads her—choirs, with Luna o'er her
head ;

And hand in hand with Nymphs the Graces fair
With foot alternate beat the ground, while—Vulcan, glowing
hot, doth bid

The Cyclops' pond'rous stithies blaze and glare.

Now 'tis meet our glossy brow—either with green myrtle
spray,

Or bloom to twine, which leas unfetter'd bear ;

Now, too, meet in groves embower'd—to Faun to offer,
whether he

Ask with a lamb, or with a kid prefer.

Ghastly Death, with foot impartial,—knocks at cabins of the
poor,

And monarchs' towers. O Sextius, thou the blest,

Life's brief span forbids our laying—plans for hopes of dis-
tant hour ;

Thee soon shall Night and fabled shades arrest,

And the phantom hall of Pluto ;—whither, soon as thou hast
gone,

Neither the wine-throne thou with dice wilt share ;

Nor young Lycides admire, with—whom at present all the
town

Is charm'd, and soon will glow our maidens fair.

ODE V.

TO PYRRHA.

Quis multá.

WHAT stripling slim, on beds of roses,
Bathed in liquid odours, woos thee,

Pyrrha, in some delicious grot ?

For whose pleasure art thou binding
Back thy flowing locks of gold,
Artless in graceful niceties ?

Woe ! how oft shall he be wailing

Thy honour, and his alter'd gods !

And on seas with murky tempests
Rough, shall marvel to his fill,

All unused to such a sight.

He who now too fondly trusting,
Enjoys thee in thy golden hour ;

Who still disengaged, still lovely,

Hopes to find thee, recking nought

Of the treacherous breeze. O hapless

They, to whom untried thou shinest !

As for me, with votive tablet,

The hallow'd wall doth show that I

Have my dripping garb suspended

Unto the god who rules the sea.

ODE VI.

TO AGRIPPA.

Scriberis Vario.

SUNG shalt thou be by Varius as the brave,
And victor o'er thy foes—Varius, a swan
Of strain Mæonian, whatsoe'er exploit
Thy fierce-sould soldiery on ships or steeds
Hath wrought, with thee to lead them : We, Agrippa,
Neither these themes to celebrate essay,
Nor the destructive ire of Peleus' son,
Who knew not how to yield ; nor the career
Of the guile-mask'd Ulysses o'er the sea ;
Nor Pelops' ruthless house—we humble bards,
Themes of such grandeur ; while the bashful soul,
And Muse, the queen of the unwarlike lyre,
Forbids us to deteriorate the lauds
Of glorious Cæsar, and thine own, by fault
Of our own native wit. Who in fit strain
Of Mars in adamantine tunic clad
Could duly write, or Merion, black with dust
Of Troy, or Tydeus' son, by Pallas' aid,
Match for the gods above ? We do but chant
Of feasts convivial ; we of maidens' wars,
With close-pared nails 'gainst youthful wooers fierce,
We with hearts disengaged ; or if at all
We burn, light trifling not beyond our wont.

ODE VII.

TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

Laudabunt alii.

OTHERS shall laud the glorious Rhodes,
Or Mitylen, or Ephesus,
Or the rampire walls of Corinth,
Seated on its sister floods ;
Or Thebes by Bacchus blazon'd wide,
Or the Delphic peaks by Phœbus,
Or Thessalian Tempe's vales.
There are, whose single task it is,
In one unbroken minstrel song,
To chant the towers of taintless Pallas,
And upon their brow to fix
The olive cull'd from every theme.
Many a bard to Juno's homage
Tells of Argos, soil for steeds,
And the riches-rife Mycenæ.
Me hath neither half as much
Hardy Lacedæmon smitten,
Nor so much the champaign wealthy
Of Larissa, as the grotto
Of the echoing Albunea,
And the headlong-shooting Anio,
And Tiburnus' hallow'd grove,
And its orchards ever dewy
With their twinkling rivulets.
As from darkling heaven above
Notus fair is oft-times sweeping
Clouds, nor doth engender showers
Ever during ; so do thou

Wisely, Plancus, mind to close
Thy sorrow, and the toils of life
With mellow Bacchus ; whether thee
War-camps with their standards flashing
Now detain, or shall detain thee
Thy Tibur's thickly-matted shade.
Teucer, when he was escaping
Salamis and sire, albeit,
Is with coronal of poplar
Said to have his temples twined,
Temples in Lyæus steep'd ;
And his comrades, as they sorrow'd,
Thus accosted : " Wheresoever
Fortune, kinder than a sire,
Now shall waft us, will we voyage,
O my comrades and companions."
Nought with Teucer guide, and Teucer
Auspice-giver, must be deem'd
Lost to hope. For one unerring,
Phœbus, promised there shall rise
A Salamis, a twinlike rival,
On a new-found shore. O heroes !
And ye chieftains who with me
Oft have worse disasters suffer'd,
Now with wine your troubles banish :
To-morrow ocean vast will we retrace.

ODE VIII.

TO LYDIA.

Lydia, dic, per omnes.

LYDIA, speak, by all the gods
I charge thee, why such haste pursuing,
With fondling, Sybaris to ruin ?

Why should he loathe the listed field
In the hot noon,—in days bygone,
The patient he of dust and sun ?

Why neither midst his comrade friends,
A mailed knight, doth he bestride
His charger, nor subdue and guide

Its Gaulic mouth, with wolf-fang'd curbs ?
Why to touch the amber Tiber
Fears he ? Why than blood of viper

Oil more heedful doth he shun ?
Nor bruised and blacken'd now with mail
Bears he his arms—of many a tale

He once the hero, oft for quoit,
Oft for javelin hurtled clean
Beyond the limit ? Why unseen

Skulks he, as the son they say
Of Ocean Thetis, hid did lie,
As Troja's tearful wreck drew nigh,

Lest his garb of man should sweep him
Headlong into the bloody fray
And Lycia's squadron'd chivalry ?

From Ilion, and, with step unseen,
 The arrogant Atridæ twain
 Eluded, and the watchfire posts
 Of Thessaly, and camped hosts,—
 Ruthless enemies to Troy.
 Thou, in the abodes of joy,
 Dost holy spirits lay to rest ;
 And, with golden rod, arrest
 The phantom throng—the favourite thou
 To all of gods, both them above and them below.

ODE XL

TO LEUCONOE.

Tu ne quæsieris.

THINK not to ask (it is a crime to know)
 What end to me, what unto thee the gods,
 Leuconoe, have assign'd ; nor mayst thou tempt
 Assyrian calculations. How far better,
 Whatever shall betide thee, to endure ;
 Whether more winters, or this one thy last
 Jove doth bestow, which 'gainst its barrier rocks
 Is now exhausting the Tyrrhenian sea.
 Wise be thou—clear thy wines—and to a span
 Of narrow bound prune back too lengthen'd hope ;
 E'en while we talk, will envious life have fled.
 Snatch thou the present hour ; little as may
 Too fondly trusting to the morrow's light.

Now let both park and public malls,
 And whisperings soft, as night draws nigh,
 By thee at the appointed hour
 Be courted ; now, too, traitor sly
 Of lurking maid, the titter pleased,
 From some deep nook, and love-pledge seized
 Off from the arm, or finger ill
 Affecting to retain it still.

ODE X.

TO MERCURY.

Mercuri facunde.

O MERCURY, thou fluent child
 Of Atlas, who the manners wild
 Of new-created man didst mould
 Adroit with voice, and practice school'd
 Of the graceful wrestling-floor—
 Thee will I chant, th' ambassador
 Of mighty Jove, and gods, and Sire
 Thee too of the curved lyre ;
 Deft, whatever gave thee pleasure,
 With frolic theft to hide and treasure.
 At thee, of old, a stripling yet,
 While with voice of blust'ring threat
 He tries to scare thee, if once more
 Thou shouldst have failed to restore
 His kine, esloin'd away by craft,
 Left quiverless, Apollo laugh'd.
 Moreo'er, with thee his steps to guide,
 The treasure-laden Priam hied

ODE IX.

TO THALIARCHUS.

Vides, ut altâ.

THOU seest how Soracte stands,
Glass'd over with its depth of snow ;
Nor may the groaning labouring woods
Hold up beneath their burden now ;
And streams in masses 'neath the force
Of the sharp frost have stopp'd their course.

Thaw thou the cold ; with bounteous hand
The logs upon thy hearth-fire heaping ;
And kindlier draw from Sabine jar
Thy luscious wine of four years' keeping ;
O Thaliarchus ! all beside
Surrender to the gods to guide.

For, soon as they have laid the winds,
That battle fierce with seething ocean,
Nor cypresses, nor mountain ash
Timeworn are toss'd in wild commotion.
What on to-morrow there shall be,
Eschew from searching curiously.

And what amount of days thy lot
Shall grant thee, set it down to gain ;
Nor do thou sweet delicious loves,
Nor dances, thou a boy, disdain ;
While from thee, in thy spring-tide gay,
Hoar churlish eld afar doth stay.

ODE XII.

TO AUGUSTUS.

Quem virum.

WHAT chief or hero, Clio, dost thou choose,
 On lyre or thrilling pipe to waft to fame ?
 What denizen of heaven ? Of whom shall she,
 The frolic phantom, echo back the name ?

Either in Helicon's embow'ring bourns,
 Or Pindus o'er, or Hæmus icy-dew'd ?
 Whence in a wild disorder'd chase the woods
 Their minstrel, Orpheus, on his steps pursued—

Orpheus, with art, his mother's gift, delaying
 The rivers' rapid flow, and winged airs,
 And arm'd with witching pow'r from tuneful chords,
 To draw the oaks along with listening ears.

What should I sing before the wonted lauds
 Of him, the Sire, who all the fortunes guides
 Of men and gods—who rules the sea and land,
 And tempers all the world with varying tides ?

From whom no creature mightier than himself
 Is gender'd, nor is aught in glory fumed,
 His likeness or his second ; yet to him
 Pallas the next prerogatives hath claim'd—

Pallas, the battle-bold. Nor thee unsung,
 Bacchus, I'll leave ; nor thee, O Virgin, foe
 To the fierce bestial tribe ; nor, Phœbus, thee,
 Dread with thine arrow of unerring blow !

Alcides, too, I'll chant ; and Leda's boys,—
Famed one with steeds for vanquishing his peers,
With cestuses the other ; soon as whose
Pale star hath mirror'd gleam'd on mariners,

Down streams from rocks the agitated spray,
Winds drop at once, and clouds from æther sweep ;
And (for they so have will'd) th' o'erpeering wave
Sinks in repose again upon the deep.

Whether, on these succeeding, I may first
Of Romulus relate, or Numa's throne
Of peacefulness, or Tarquin's fasces proud,
I doubt, or Cato's death, of high renown.

Regulus, and the Scauri, and the man
Of his high spirit, when the Punic foe
Triumph'd, profuse, Paulus will I rehearse,
With muse of blazon, and Fabricius too.

Him and the Curius, with his locks unkempt,
And the Camillus, instrument of war,
Stern poverty created, and a farm
Ancestral, with its meet and simple Lar.

There grows, like tree of deep mysterious age,
The glory of Marcellus. Glitters bright
The Julian planet in the midst of all,
Like Dian midst the lesser fires of night.

O! of man's race, thou father and preserver !
Offspring of Saturn ! by the fates' decree
Great Cæsar's tutelage to thee is given ;
Reign thou, with Cæsar second but to thee.

He, whether Parthia's hosts on Latium hovering,
 In triumph just before him he hath driven,
 Tamed to the yoke ; or Seric tribes and Inds
 Cast 'neath the region of the Orient heav'n—

He, less than thee alone, the wide-spread globe
 Shall rule in justice. Thou, with pond'rous car,
 Shalt make Olympus tremble,—thou on groves
 But little holy launch thy levin-bolts of war.

ODE XIII.

TO LYDIA.

Cum tu, Lydia.

WHEN, Lydia, thou dost lauding speak
 Of Telephus's rose-flush'd neck,
 Of Telephus's arms, with sheen
 As fair as wax—woe, woe !—my spleen
 Hot burning swells with choking bile.
 Then neither thought in me the while,
 Nor colour in a fixed place
 Abideth : and with secret trace
 The tear-drop on my cheeks is stealing—
 With what slow fires I waste revealing
 Deep in my breast. I burn [and pine],
 Whether intemp'rate brawls with wine
 Thine iv'ry shoulders have defiled ;
 Or on thy lips, with passion wild,
 The boy with tooth has stamp'd a mark
 Remember'd long. No, if thou hark
 To me enough, O, hope thou never,
 That he will constant prove for ever,

Who cruel wounds those honey'd lips,
 Which Venus in quintessence steeps
 Of her own nectar. Blest are those,
 Thrice and again, in union close,
 Whom bond unbroken doth confine,
 Nor riv'n by jealousies malign,
 Shall Love their spirits disenthral
 Before the final day of all.

ODE XIV.

TO THE ROMAN STATE.

O navis, referent.

O THOU ship! new waves will sweep
 Thee back into the open deep.
 O! what art thou doing? Gain
 The haven straight with might and main.
 Seest thou not how stripp'd thy side
 Of its oarage, and beside
 Struck and splinter'd is thy mast
 With the winged Afric blast;
 And thy yard-arms groan [at length],
 And thy timbers scarce have strength,
 Without many a girding band,
 'Gainst the tyrant sea to stand.
 Not unscathed in thee thy sails,
 Not thy imaged gods, [with wails]
 Whom to call on, when once more
 Overwhelm'd with evil hour.
 Though a pine of Pontic brood,
 Daughter of a noble wood,

Both birth and useless name thou boast,
 Nought to painted poops doth trust
 The craven mariner. Do thou,
 If a mock thou dost not owe
 To the hurricanes, beware !
 Thou, who late my wearying care,
 Art now my fond regret, and fear
 Not light-hearted, shun the seas
 Spread midst the glittering Cyclades.

ODE XV.

TO PARIS.

Pastor cum traheret.

WHEN the shepherd o'er the sea,
 In Ida's barks was Helen dragging,
 Her his hostess, traitor he—
 In a joyless lull-time [flagging],
 Nereus whelm'd each winged breeze,
 To chant their ruthless destinies.

Home art thou leading with ill omen
 One, whom Greece will redemand,
 With full many a warrior foeman,
 Oath-bound in a leagued band,
 Thy bridal bonds to rive and wreck,
 And Priam's sov'reignty antique.

Woe ! how big a sweat is nearing
 For steeds ! how big for men ! And thou
 'Gainst the Dardan race art stirring
 What deadly havoc ! Even now
 Pallas casque, and shield [for warring],
 And car, and fury is preparing.

Vain shelter'd under Venus' shield,
Fierce shalt thou comb thy locks, and measure,
On harp unknown to battle-field,
Ditties thy harem train to pleasure !
Vainly in thy bridal bower
Buried shalt thou skulk and cower

From the massy spears, and stings
Of the Gnossian reed, and roar
Of fight, and Ajax clad with wings
To chase thee. Yet alas ! in hour
Far too late thou shalt and must
Daub thy adulterer locks in dust.

See'st not Ulysses at thy rear,
Him, perdition of thy race ?
Not Pylia Nestor ? Lost to fear,
Dogging close thy steps they press—
Thee, Salaminian Teucer, thee,
Sthenelus, in battle fray

Deep-school'd, or if need be there,
His steeds to rule in lordly guise,
He no sluggard charioteer.
Merion too shalt thou agnize.
Lo ! to unearth thee foams on fire
Tydides, nobler than his sire ;

From whom, like hart the wolf before,
On the glen's farther bank discern'd,
Reckless of grass thou off shalt scour,
With gasps from head on high upturn'd.
Minion ! to thy chosen maid
Not these professions having made.

Achilles' fleet, with rancour rack'd,
 To Iliou, and the Phrygians' brides,
 The day of vengeance shall protract ;
 But after fate-fix'd winter tides,
 Achaia's conflagration [stern]
 Iliou's palaces shall burn.

ODE XVI.

O matre pulchrá.

O THAN thy mother fair, thou daughter
 Fairer still, whatever close
 Thou wilt upon my strains Iambic,
 Sarcasm full, shalt thou impose ;
 Whether by fire thou wouldest fain,
 Or by the Adriatic main.

Not Dindymene, not in shrines,
 Does the indwelling Pythian king
 Convulse his priestly maiden's soul ;
 Not Bacchus with so fierce a sting ;
 Not Corybautes peal on peal,
 So clash their brazen cymbals shrill,

As rueful ires, which neither brand
 Of Noric steel, nor wreck-strew'd ocean,
 Nor raging fire, nor Jove himself,
 Sweeping on in dread commotion,
 Scares from its purpose. He, 'tis said,
 Prometheus, force-constrain'd, did add

Unto the clay his primal base,
 An atom carved from every side ;
And the wild rav'ning lion's fury
 Unto the bowels of us applied ;
'Twas wrath that laid Thyestes low
In dust with wheeling deadly blow ;

And unto cities tall hath proved
 The primal causes why they sunk,
Wreck'd from their base, and o'er their walls
 A host, with unwont triumph drunk,
The foeman's ploughshare deep did strike.
Chain down thy spirit ;—me alike

In the delicious hour of youth,
 The burning of the breast did try,
And into strains Iambic, wing'd
 Like arrows, plunged me frantically.
Now seek I words of bitterness
To change for such as soothe and bless ;
If thou, a recantation made
Of all my obloquies, a maid
Become once more of friendly part,
And only give me back thine heart.

ODE XVII.

TO TYNDARIS.

Velox amœnum serpe.

SWIFT Faunus oft doth change his haunt
 To sweet Lucretilis, from vales
 Lycæan, and doth bid avaunt
 The fiery heat, and showery gales
 Still from my ewes. Throughout the grove
 Secure, as from the path they rove,

The lurking arbutus, and bank
 Of thyme, are searching out unharm'd
 The harem of the husband rank :
 Nor are the little kids alarm'd
 At emerald snakes, nor wolves of war,
 Whene'er my Tyndaris [afar],

With dulcet pipe have rung the glens,
 And marble cliffs of soft reclined
 Ustica. Me 'tis heaven defends ;
 To heaven my holiness of mind
 And Muse is heart-loved. Here for thee,
 Rich with the treasures of the lea,

Full to the brim shall Plenty well
 From horn of bounty. Here the fire
 Of Sirius in sequester'd dell
 Shalt thou eschew ; and on a lyre
 Of Teos, thou the pair shalt sing
 On one loved object labouring.

Penelope and Circe—maid

As crystal bright, as crystal vain ;
 Here many a goblet 'neath the shade
 Of harmless Lesbian thou shalt drain ;
 Nor shall the Semeleian boy,
 Thyoneus, his affrays of joy

Embroid with Mars ; nor yet shalt thou,
 Suspect, the saucy Cyrus fear,
 Lest on thee, sore ill-match'd, he throw
 Ungovernable hands, and tear
 To shreds thy tress-entangled tire,
 And robe, nought meriting his ire.

ODE XVIII.

TO VARUS.

Nullam, Vare, sacrá.

THOU mayst not plant a single tree—before the hallow'd
 vine,
 O, Varus, round about the soil—of Tivoli benign,
 And walls of Catilus ; for Heaven—hath doom'd that all
 shall be
 Harsh to unmoisten'd lips. And ne'er—by other arts do flee
 Our soul-corroding anxious thoughts.—Who after draughts
 of wine
 At warfare with its burden dread—or poverty doth whine ?
 Who tells not, Bacchus sire, of thee,—and thee, the queen of
 Grace,
 O Venus, rather ? Yet that not—a wight should dare
 transgress

The boons of Liber temper'd right,—there warns the brawl
 fought out
 With Lapithæ above their wine—brawl of the Centaur rout ;
 There warns us Evius little mild—to the Sithonian throng,
 When with but narrow bound to check—their lusts, 'twixt
 right and wrong
 They draw the line with greedy soul.—O Bassareus the fair,
 I'll never shake thee 'gainst thy will,—nor drag to open air
 Mysterious symbols mantled o'er—with leaves of mottled
 ray.
 Hush thou with Berecynthian horn—thy tambour's madden-
 ing bray !
 Which blind conceit dogs close at heel,—and Vaunt, that far
 too high
 Uplifts her vain fantastic crest,—and Confidence, the spy
 Lavish of secrets, more than glass—transparent to the eye.

ODE XIX.

TO GLYCERA.

Mater sava Cupidinum.

THE Cupids' ruthless mother,
 And the Theban Semele's boy,
 And my own wanton lawless spirit
 Bids me once again surrender
 My soul, to passions long giv'n o'er.
 It fires my heart,—
 The polish'd sheen of Glycera,
 Glittering in clear transparency
 Than Parian marble purer :
 It fires my heart—

Her graceful hoyden air,
 And face too glossy smooth
 E'en to be gazed upon.
 On me with all her forces rushing,
 Venus her Cyprus hath deserted,
 Nor brooks that I should sing
 Of Tartar hordes, and Parthian
 Valiant with his rallied chargers ;
 Nor things which touch me not.
 Here place me, boys,
 The living sward, here vervain tufts,
 And incense, with a patera of wine
 Of two years old ;
 When a victim hath been slain,
 With more of mercy will she come.

ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

Vile potabis modicis.

SABINE wine of humble price,
 From tankards of a modest size,
 Thou shalt quaff ; a wine, which I,
 In a Grecian cask stored by,
 Seal'd with my own hand the day,
 When the loud applause on thee
 In the theatre was shower'd ;
 O Mæcenas, friend [adored],
 Thou, the knight—till Tyber's shores,
 River of thine ancestors,
 And the frolic phantom sprite
 Of the Vaticanian height,

Back to thee with one accord
 Flung thy praises. [At thy board]
 Thou shalt drink the Cæcuban,
 And the grape by press Calene
 Tamed and master'd : cups of mine
 Neither the Falernian vine,
 Nor the Formian hills refine.

ODE XXI.

ON DIANA AND APOLLO.

Dianam teneræ dicite.

DIAN proclaim, ye delicate virgins !
 Him the unshorn, ye striplings, proclaim !
 Monarch of Cynthus ; and Iato loved
 To the depth of the soul by Jove supreme.

Her chant ye, in streams and the leaf of groves
 Delighting ; whatever on Algidus froze,
 Or the dark forests of Erymanthus,
 Or verdant Cragus hangs beetling o'er.

Tempe, do ye, with full as many
 Laudings extol, ye boyish choir !
 And Phœbus's native Delos, and shoulder
 Graced with his quiver, and brother's lyre.

He tearful war, he woe-stricken famine,
 And plague, from people, with Cæsar their lord,
 Sway'd by your prayer shall chase away
 To harbour with Persians and Britain's horde.

ODE XXII.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

Integer vite.

THE man intact of life, and clear
 Of trespass, lacks not Moorish shafts,
 Nor bow, nor quiver, Fuscus, womb'd
 With venom'd arrows.
 Whether prepared his path to take
 Through seething Syrtes, or the wild
 Unsheltering Caucasus, or realms
 Which the Hydaspes,
 That legend-haunted stream, doth lave.
 For me in Sabine wood a wolf,
 While my own Lalage I chant,
 And o'er my limit,
 From cares untrammell'd, free am roving,
 Fled, though unarm'd—a monster such
 As neither Daunia, hero-land,
 Its beech-groves wide
 Within, doth feed, nor Juba's realm
 Doth gender,—she the sun-scorch'd nurse
 Of lions. Place me where in plains
 Lifeless and dull,
 No single tree by summer's breeze
 Is freshen'd—quarter of the globe
 Which fogs and noxious Jove oppresses;—
 Place me beneath
 The car of Sol too nigh, on ground
 Denied to man's abodes. I'll love
 My Lalage, the sweetly smiling,
 The sweetly speaking.

DE XXIII.

TO CHLOE.

Vitas hinnulco me.

THOU shunn'st me, Chloe, like a fawn
 Its panic-stricken mother seeking
 On pathless mountains, not without
 Vain fear of airs, and wild wood [creaking].

For whether spring's approach hath rustled
 In flutt'ring leaves, or [midst the trees]
 Green lizards have the bramble parted,
 She trembles both in heart and knees.

Yet not as tiger fierce, or lion
 Gætulian, do I thee pursue,
 To crush thee. Cease at length to follow
 Thy mother, thou of age for man to woo.

ODE XXIV.

TO VIRGIL.

Quis desiderio sit pudor.

WHAT shame or limit can there be
 In yearning for so loved a head ?
 O teach thou me, Melpomene,
 Funereal dirges ! thou [the maid],
 To whom with harp the Sire of Heav'n
 A voice of melting tone hath given.

Does, then, the sleep etern of death
 Quintilius whelm ? To whom, O when
Shall Modesty and unbribed Faith,
 Sister of Justice, and, to man
Unveiled, Truth an equal find ?
He died by many a noble mind

Bewept—more sorely wept by none
 Than by thyself, my Virgil. Thou,
As fond and duteous as a son
 Vainly, alas ! art asking now
Of Heaven Quintilius ! not on terms
Like these intrusted to thine arms.

What though with more of witcheries
 Than Thracian Orpheus, thou a shell
Attune, e'en listen'd to by trees,
 Ne'er can the blood return to swell
That phantom visionary form,
Which once with wand of shuddering charm,

He of no mercy to unlock
 The fates to prayers, he, Mercury,
Hath driven to join his sable flock.
 Hard fate ! Yet that doth learn to be
Lighter by patience, whatsoe'er
It is forbidden to repair.

ODE XXV.

TO LYDIA.

Parcius junctas quatiant.

MORE rarely now thy casements closed
 With knocks on knocks the wanton youth are shaking.
 Nor do they rob thee of thy sleep—and fondly
 Thy door to its threshold clings,
 That which before o'er-facile used to move
 Its hinges. Less and less thou now art hearing,
 ‘ While I, thy slave, the livelong nights are dying,
 O Lydia, sleepest thou ?’
 Beldame thyself in turn shalt thou be weeping
 Thy supercilious paramours,
 Light and fantastic standing
 In the lone alley :
 While Thracia’s blast its revels keeps
 More fierce towards interlunar tides ;
 What time in thee hot burning love and lust,
 The dams of horses which is wont to madden,
 Shall round thy fest’ring liver rage,
 Not without sorrowing wail,
 That our blithe youth delights
 In ivy green the more, and myrtle black ;
 Dry wither’d leaves consigns
 To winter’s comrade, Hebrus

ODE XXVI.

TO ÆLIUS LAMIA.

Musis amicus.

FRIEND to the Muses, grief and fears
 Will I consign to wanton airs,
 To waft into the Cretan sea ;
 By whom 'neath Arctos fear'd may be
 The ice-clime's monarch—what [of late]
 May be dismaying Tiridate,
 Supremely reckless. O do thou,
 Who joy'st in founts of taintless flow,
 Twine blossoms basking in the sun—
 Twine for my Lamia a crown,
 Pimplea, sweet one ! Reft of thee,
 Nought do my honours profit me.
 Him, with a shell new chorded—him
 With Lesbian quill, as sacred theme
 To hallow both for thee 'tis good,
 And for thy minstrel sisterhood.

ODE XXVII.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

Natis in usum.

To battle with cups framed for service of mirth,
 Is a fashion of Thracians. Away from the earth
 With the barbarous practice ! And Bacchus, the flower
 Of bashfulness, shield from your brawlings of gore.
 'Tis monstrous how vastly the Mede's scimitar
 With wine and with lustres in harshness doth jar.

Compose, my companions, your outcry profane,
 And on elbow deep sunk on your cushions remain.
 Would you fain that I also of Falern austere
 A portion should quaff? Let the brother of her,
 The fair maid of Opus, Megilla, now say
 With what wound blest—what shaft, he is pining away.
 Does his willingness falter? I'll drink, I declare,
 On no other condition. What Venus soe'er
 Subdues you, with fires, which no blushing demand,
 She scorches you up; and you ever offend
 With ingenuous passion. Whatever your grief,
 Come, depose it in ears that are perfectly safe.
 Ha, wretch! in how dread a Charybdis, thou lad,
 Deserving a better amour to have had,
 Were you struggling!—what witch shall have power—
 what magician,
 To release thee by Thessaly's drugs from perdition?
 What god? With this three-form'd Chimæra [to cage thee,]
 Trammell'd thus, scarce will Pegasus self disengage thee.

 ODE XXVIII.

ARCHYTAS.

Te maris et terræ.

SAILOR :

Thee of the sea, and earth, and countless sand,
 The measurer, Archytas, coffin now
 Some petty offerings nigh the Matine strand
 Of but a little dust; nor doth it aught
 Bestead thee to have struin'd thy powers to scale
 The empyrean mansions, and in thought
 The vaulted pole to have traversed—thee at point
 To die.

ARCHYTAS :—There sunk in death alike the sire
 Of Pelops—he with Powers above the joint
 Regaler—and Tithonus, into air
 Translated far ; and Minos, introduced
 The secret mysteries of Jove to share.
 And the Tartarean halls possess the son
 Of Panthous, again to Orcus plunged ;
 Though, as he call'd the days of Troy bygone
 To witness for him with th' unfasten'd shield,
 Nought had he yielded up to gloomy death,
 Save nerves and skin : he not, with thee his judge,
 Pronouncer mean on Nature and the true ;
 But all one night awaits ; and once by all
 Must the death-path be trod. The Furies' crew
 Are off'ring some a sight for grim-faced Mars
 To feast his eyes on. The devouring sea
 Is death to mariners. The funeral cars
 Of old and young promiscuous close do crowd :
 Stern Proserpine no single crest hath shunn'd.
 Me, also, of Orion downward bow'd
 That swift careering pursuivant, the South,
 Hath whelm'd in waves Illyrian. But do thou,
 Sailor, ne'er grudge, with soul of little ruth,
 An atom small of floating sand to give
 Unto my bones and uninterred head.
 So, whatsoever threat Eurus shall heave
 Against Hesperia's billows, may the woods
 Venusian suffer for it—thee preserved !
 And oh ! unto thy hand may store of goods
 Down from what source it may, flow like a stream
 From the just Jove, and Neptune, guardian god
 Of consecrate Tarentum. Dost thou deem
 It light to brave a crime, which soon shall be
 Hereafter mischief to thy innocent sons,

It may be, both the rites now due to me
 And stern reverses may thyself await.
 Not with unvenge'd prayers will I be left ;
 And thee no expiations from thy fate
 Shall e'er release. However thou dost haste,
 (Not long the hindrance), when the dust is thrown
 Thrice on my corse, thou shalt have leave to run.

ODE XXIX.

TO ICCIUS.

Icci, beatis nunc.

ICCIUS, the Arabs' treasures blest
 Thou enviest now, and musest o'er
 Fierce battle against Saba's kings,
 Ne'er vanquish'd thoroughly before ;

And fetters for the dreadful Mede
 Thou forget. Who of maidens fair,
 Barbarian born, her consort slain,
 Shall be thy slave ? With perfum'd hair,

What boy from royal hall be posted,
 To serve thy goblet—school'd from bow,
 A father's gift, his Seric shafts
 To stretch and launch ? Oh, who may now

Deny that up the mountains steep
 Again may glide the headlong brooks ;
 And Tiber to his founts return ;
 When thou Panæti'us' far-famed books,

Amass'd at price from every mart,
 And thy Socratical abode,
 To change for Ebro's corslet aim'st,
 Far better labours having vow'd ?

ODE XXX.

TO VENUS.

O Venus, regina Cnidi.

O VENUS, thou of Cnidus queen,
 And Paphos, scorn thy Cyprus dear,
 And unto Glycera's graceful fane
 Transport thee, who invites thee here
 With her frankincense profuse.
 With thee let the hope-flush'd boy,
 And Graces, each with loosen'd zone,
 And Nymphs, and he scarce made for joy
 Without thee, Youth, make haste to come,
 And with them Mercurius.

ODE XXXI.

TO APOLLO.

Quid dedicatum poscit.

WHAT of his newly consecrate
 Apollo does the bard entreat ?
 What prayer, from patera outpouring
 The fresh-distilled juice, emit ?

Not for rich crops of fertile-teeming
Sardinia, not of Calabrie,
That sultry land, the herds of beauty—
Not gold, or Indian ivory ;

Not meads, which Liris eats away
With tranquil stream—that voiceless river.
Prune they the vine with hook Calene,
To whom of such a life the giver

Hath Fortune been. And charged with wealth,
The trafficker may drain him dry
From flasks of gold his wines recruited
By wares of Syrian spicery.—

He precious to the gods themselves,
Forsooth, as thrice in every year,
And four times to the Atlantic main
Repairing free from harm or fear.

Me may the olives nurture, me
The chicory, and mallows light ;
To me, Latona, grant the boon
My gather'd gains to use aright :

Both strong of health, and I beseech thee,
Alike with reason perfect left ;
And an old age to pass me, neither
Disgraced, nor of the harp bereft.

ODE XXXII.

TO HIS LYRE.

Poscimur.

SUMMON'D are we ; if that ought,
'Neath the shade in vacant thought,
We have trifled erst with thee—
Aught that may have life to see
Both this year and more,—away !
Raise my lyre a Latian lay !
Thou who first didst tune thy strain
For a Lesbian denizen ;
Who in war of lion soul
Still amidst the battle's lull,
Or if he on the oozy strand
Had moor'd his storm-toss'd bark to land,
Of Bacchus and the Muses' band,
And Venus and her boy was singing
Ever to her fondly clinging,
And of Lycus passing fair,
With jet-black eyes and jet-black hair.
O Apollo's pride, and guest
At the banquets glad-caress'd
Of imperial Jove—O, shell
Sorrow's sweet and soothing spell,
Unto me, with due appeal
Calling, teem with blessings still !

ODE XXXIII.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

Albi, ne doleas plus nimio.

GRIEVE not, my Albius, over too severely
 Upon the memory dwelling
 Of ruthless Glycera ;
 Nor harp upon thy piteous elegies,
 Because a younger form
 Outshines thee, now her faith is broken.
 Lycoris, with the narrow forehead graced,
 The love of Cyrus fires ;
 Cyrus doth swerve aside
 To woo the cruel Pholoe. Yet shall kids
 Be wedded first unto Appulian wolves
 Ere Pholoe sin
 With an ungraceful paramour.
 Thus hath it pleased Venus ; her whose will
 It is to pass ill-matched forms and spirits
 Beneath her brazen yoke,
 With cruel frolic sport.
 E'en me myself, when a far better love
 Was wooing me, with pleasing chain
 Did Myrtale detain—
 A freedman's daughter she,—more violent
 Than Adria's friths, that scoop
 The coves of Calabrie.

ODE XXXIV.

AGAINST THE EPICUREANS.

Parcus Deorum.

I BUT a votary poor of Heaven,
And rare attendant for the past,
While of a wild philosophy
I stray professor, now at last
To back my sails am doom'd perforce,
And trace again my quitted course,

For oft and oft the Sire of day,
Splitting the clouds with lightning glare,
Throughout the crystal sky hath driven
His thund'ring steeds and winged car ;
Whereat brute earth, and wand'ring floods,
Whereat the Styx, and dread abodes

Of loathed Tænarus, and bounds
Atlantic shudder to their base.
The Deity hath might to change
Lowest, for things of highest place ;
And wastes away the blazon'd knight,
Dragging forth darkness into light.

Hence, from one head with ravening grasp,
With rush of pinions loud and shrill,
Fortune the crest hath borne aloft ;
Here joys to place it down at will.

ODE XXXV.

TO FORTUNE.

O Diva.

O GODDESS, who dost hold thy sway
 O'er Antium loved—thou ever nigh,
 Either from lowest scale of woe
 Our mortal frame to lift on high,
 Or trains triumphal proud and stern
 Into funereal pomps to turn.

Thee in his penury doth court,
 And canvass with a fretful prayer,
 The tiller of his farmland ;—thee,
 As sov'reign of the main, whoc'er
 Is lashing the Carpathian sea
 With a Bithynian argosy.

Thee Dacia's son of savage mood,
 Thee the on-flitting Tartar hordes,
 And towns, and tribes, and Latium fierce,
 And mothers of barbarian lords,
 And purple tyrants dread, lest thou,
 With foot of wanton mischief, low

Spurn down the tow'ring shaft ; or lest
 The populace, with thronging rush,
 To arms the flagging souls, to arms
 Alarum, and the empire crush.
 Ever in the van of thee
 Walketh thy serf Necessity,

Beam-clamping bolts and wedges bearing
 In hand of brass—nor distant far
 Is griping hook and molten lead.

Thee Hope attends and Honour rare,
 With patches mantled white as snow ;
 Nor doth her comrade she forego,

Though with changed garb, the great man's halls
 Thou quit in deadly enmity ;
 While faithless crowd, and perjured queau
 Away retire. Dispersed fly
 With dreg-drain'd casks, the friends too full
 Of guile, in pairs the yoke to pull.

O save thou Cæsar, soon to pass
 'Mongst Britons, the remotest men
 Of earth, and that fresh-levied band
 Of spirits in their prime, which then
 By eastern regions must be view'd
 With terror, and the crimson flood.

Alas ! For all our scars and crime,
 Shame, shame ! and for our brothers [slain !]
 What have we shrunk from ? We, an age
 Of harden'd hearts ? What deed of sin
 Forbidden have we left undrain'd ?
 Whence have our youth their grasp refrain'd,

By fear of gods ? What holy shrines
 E'er have they spared ? O would to Heaven
 That on an anvil newly planted,
 O Fortune, thou wouldst hammer even
 And sharpen out our blunted swords
 'Gainst Massaget, and Arab hordes.

ODE XXXVI.

Et thure, et fidibus juvat.

BOTH with frankincense and lyre,
 And with the blood of calf, full richly due,
 Sweet is it to propitiate
 The guardian gods of Numida.
 He who now in safety
 From the remotest western land,
 Disperses many a kiss
 To his companions dear ;
 Yet to none more than to his Lamia loved ;
 In memory of a boyhood pass'd
 No other lord beneath ;
 And of the toga changed
 On one the self-same hour.
 Let not the beauteous day
 Its Cretan symbol lack.
 Nor be there limits to the cask produced,
 Nor of the feet repose
 After the Salian's fashion.
 Nor let Damalis, the maid
 Of wine profuse,
 Bassus with Thracian flagon overcome :
 Nor let roses fail our feasts,
 Nor parsley full of life, nor lily brief.
 All upon Damalis shall rest
 Their melting eyes :
 Nor shall Damalis be torn
 From her new paramour,
 Claspng him round more close
 Than wanton ivy wreaths.

ODE XXXVII.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

Nunc est bibendum.

Now must we drain the goblets,—now
Must earth be struck with lib'ral tread ;
Now for the Salian priests to deck
The gods' divan, with banquets spread,
Comrades and friends, it were the time ;
Before this hour it seem'd a crime

Forth from our grandsires' cells to draw
Our Cæcub wine ; while frantic ruin,
The queen against the Capitol,
And death against the throne was brewing—
She, with her filthy eunuch'd crew
Of men, with ailments foul to view—

She, impotent of soul to cherish
Any dream of hope she would,
And with her sugar'd fortune drunk.
Yet still her frenzy hot it cool'd :
Scarce one solitary sail
From the fires survived and hail.

And her mind, with idle panic
'Neath the Marcotic juice
Scared, into terrors stern,
And real, Cæsar did reduce,
As from Italia she was winging,—
He close with oars upon her springing

(E'en as a hawk the silken doves,
Or, as in snow-clad Hiemon's plains
A hunter swift the hare pursues),
That he might soon consign to chains
The monster sight of destiny :
Her who searching how to die

A death more like her lineage, neither
Startled and cower'd the steel before
Like woman,—nor with fear-wing'd fleet
Made for some distant skulking shore ;
But brook'd with eye serene to face
Her palace, grov'ling in disgrace—

She, hero-soul'd, e'en forked asps
To stroke, that through her frame entire,
Black venom she might swallow—she,
When death had ponder'd been, with ire
More savage still, as grudging sooth
To thy Liburnians void of ruth,
As one unqueen'd, in triumph proud
Slow to be trail'd along the crowd,
She—woman of no vulgar blood.

ODE XXXVIII.

TO HIS SERVANT.

Persicos odi, puer.

I LOATHE, my boy, the pomps paraded
By Persian art. They please me not—
Of phillyra thy chaplets braided.
Cease hunting of all spots in what
There lingers still the rose late waning.

I care not thou shouldst task'd refine
Aught on the artless myrtle wreath ;
Nor thee, a page, the myrtle twine
Doth misbecome,—nor me, beneath
My close pleach'd vine the goblet draining.

THE SECOND BOOK
 OF THE
 ODES OF HORACE.

ODE I.

TO ASINIUS POLLIO.

Motum ex Metello consule civicum.

CIVIL commotion, from the date
 Metellus consul, and the springs
 Of war, and crimes, and varying state,
 And fortune's game, and gatherings
 Of princes dread, and armour wet
 With gory streams inexpiate yet—

A work with hazardry replete
 Full perilous, thou now art tracing,
 And through the midst of fires deep set
 'Neath treacherous ashes, thou art pacing.
 Let for a moment disappear
 The Muse of Tragedy austere

From off the stage. Hereafter, soon
 As public themes thou right hast placed,
 Thy glorious task shalt thou resume,
 With the Cecropian buskin graced.
 Pollio! to many a criminal
 In sorrow, and to senate hall

Consulting, thou a guardian arm,
Famed far and wide ! for whom the bay
Did honours win of deathless charm
On thy Dalmatian triumph day.
E'en now with peal of bugles, telling
Of menace, thou our ears art thrilling :

Now roar the clarions ; now the glare
Of arms doth scare the chargers scouring,
And horsemen's eyes. Methinks I hear
E'en now [the cries of] chiefs high towering,
With no disgraceful dust embued,
And all the realms of earth subdued,

Save Cato's spirit stern and sore.
Juno, and of the heavenly band,
Whoe'er more friendly to the Moor
Had powerless from the unvenged land
Retired, the victor's sons repaid
As offerings to Jugurtha's shade.

What plain enrich'd with Latian gore
Doth not by sepulchres attest
Our godless fights, and Mede-heard roar—
Roar of the ruin of the West ?
What sea-gulf, or what rivers [far]
Know not of melancholy war ?

What main hath Daunian carnage ne'er
Distain'd ? What coast from blood is clear
Of ours ? Yet flippant Muse, thy sphere
Of frolic left, treat not again
Themes due to Ceos' dirgeful shell ;
With me 'neath Venus' grotto still
Seek measures of a lighter quill.

ODE II.

TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS.

Nullus argento color est.

THERE is in silver not a sheen, when hoarded
 In the earth's miser-bosom, thou decrier
 Of the mere ore, my Sallust, if it shine not
 With modest usage.

Live through a lengthen'd age with Proculeius,
 Known for a father's spirit to his brethren ;
 Him shall there waft, on wing afraid of flagging,
 Fame ever-during.

Rule may you wider, by a grasping spirit
 Taming, than if you to remotest Gades
 Libya join, and either Punic host be
 Serf to thee only.

Swells the cursed dropsy by itself indulging,
 Nor repels thirst, unless the ailment's cause has
 Fled from the art'ries, and the aqueous languor
 From the pale body.

What though restored to Cyrus' throne, Phraates
 Virtue, dissenting from the mob, erases
 From the blest's lists, and disenchants the world of
 Using false titles ;

Kingdom and scatheless diadem, and laurel
 Wholly his own, to one alone awarding,
 Whosoe'er gazes on enormous heaps with
 Eye undiverted.

ODE III.

TO QUINTUS DELLIUS.

Æquam memento rebus.

A SOUL true-balanced in distress,
 Mind thou maintain ; and not the less
 Midst blessings, one attemper'd mild
 From joy presumptuous and wild ;
 O Dellius, thou about to die,
 Whether each hour in misery
 Lived hast thou, or on elbow sank
 On some sequester'd grassy bank,
 Hath bless'd thee throughout days divine
 With inner seal of Falern wine ;
 Where giant fir and poplar white
 A hospitable shade delight
 To blend with boughs, and struggles ill
 To huddle past with slanting rill
 The fitting crystal water. Here
 Wines and spiced unguents bid them bear,
 And sweet rose-blossoms of a date
 Too shortlived ; while as yet the state
 Of things, and age, and sable twine
 Of the three sisters grant it thine.
 Thou shalt retire from parks amass'd
 By purchase oft, and mansion vast,
 And villa, which that amber river
 Tiber doth lave—retire for ever ;
 And of thy wealth, up-piled on high,
 Thine heir shall have the mastery.
 Be rich, from Inachus of yore
 A child, it matters naught, or poor,

Trust me, not sprung from the unholy vulgar,
 Is she loved by thee ; nor could one so faithful,
 So lucre-loathing, ever spring from mother

Fit to be blush'd for.

I can her arms, and lineaments, and tap'ring
 Limbs unaffected flatter ; hate suspecting
 One, whose life just has trembled on the point to
 Close his eighth lustre.

ODE V.

Nondum subactâ.

NOR yet hath she the strength to bear
 The yoke, with neck subdued ;
 Not yet the tasks to satisfy
 Of thy yoke-fellow.

* * * * *

Thy heifers' thoughts are wand'ring round
 Savannahs green, in rivers now
 The burden of the heat relieving ;
 Now in some stream-fed willow bower,
 With younglings of the kine
 Delighting more than all to frolic.
 Hence with thy passion for th' unmellow'd grape ;
 Soon to thy hand shall autumn,
 With all its varied tints,
 Mottle the clusters blue with purple stain :
 Soon will she follow thee.
 For on there runs the fierce careering time,
 And unto her will add the years
 Which it hath ta'en from thee.

Soon with a forward brow
 Will Lalage her spouse be seeking.
 Loved so as neither coy, retreating Pholoe,
 Nor Chloris—glittering so with shoulder fair,
 As the clear moon reflected glitters
 On the night-sea,
 Or Cnidian Gyges ; whom
 If thou shouldst introduce among
 The maidens' choir,
 E'en strangers, wondrously sagacious,
 Would the faint-shadow'd difference deceive,
 With his loose floating locks,
 And aspect epicene.

ODE VI.

TO SEPTIMIUS.

Septimi Gades aditure mecum.

SEPTIMIUS, who with me wouldst go
 E'en unto Gades, and the foe
 Cantabrian, yet untaught to bear
 Our yokes, and savage Syrtes, where
 Seetheth the Moorish wave for e'er ;
 I would that Tibur, perch'd above
 By Argive colonist, may prove
 The home of my declining life !
 Prove my last bourn, when worn with [strife
 Of] sea, and travellings, and war.
 Whence if unkindly fates debar
 My footsteps, may I straight repair
 Unto Galesus' stream, the dear
 To fleece-clad sheep, and pastures (near),
 By Sparta's son Phalantus sway'd.

That nook, beyond all nooks of earth,
 To me is full of smiles and mirth,
 Where honeys yield not of the prize
 T' Hymettus ; and the berry vies
 E'en with the green Venafrian glade.
 Where spring prolong'd, and winter skies
 Of genial temper Jove supplies ;
 And blest with Bacchus still profuse
 Kind Aulon on Falernian juice
 An envious glance doth little send.
 That spot with me thyself invites,
 And yonder favour'd fortress heights ;
 There with a tear-drop richly due,
 While tepid still, shalt thou bedew
 The ashes of thy minstrel friend.

ODE VII.

TO POMPEIUS VARUS.

O sæpe mecum.

O THOU, full oft reduced with me
 Into the last emergency,
 With Brutus of our warrior train
 The chieftain ! Who hath given again
 Thee, Quirite still, to powers on high
 Ancestral, and Italia's sky ?
 Pompey, thou flower of comrades mine !—
 With whom the slow hours oft o'er wine
 I crush'd—with crowns on locks that shone
 Glossy with balm of Syria's own.
 With thee I felt Philippi's field,
 And hurrying rout, my petty shield

Abandon'd in no noble plight,
That time when Valour's self in fight
Was crush'd, and threat'ning fronts saluted,
E'en with the chin the soil polluted.
But me, in panic crouching, swift
Mercurius through the foe did lift,
Wrapt in thick mist. Thee back once more
The re-engulfing billow bore,
With seething friths, into the war.
Therefore the feast, thy bounden care,
Render to Jove, and lay to rest
Thy side, with warfare long distress'd,
My bay beneath ; nor spare the casks
For thee design'd. Our burnish'd flasks,
Brim with oblivious Massie juice :
From copious shells pour balms profuse.
Who has the task to hasten home
Of parsley dew'd or myrtle bloom
Our chaplets ? Whom will Venus choose
Umpire and lord of our carouse ?
For me, I'll revel not in mood
Saner than Thracia's sisterhood.
'Tis sweet to play the maniac's part,
My friend recover'd to my heart.

ODE VIII.

TO BARINE.

Ulla si juris tibi.

IF but one pain for perjured troth
 Had brought thee harm, Barine, e'er—
 If by black tooth or single nail
 Thou wert becoming uglier :

I'd trust ; but thou, when thou hast bound
 With vows thy false head, fairer far
 Art glitt'ring out, and issuest forth
 Of all our youth the general care.

It doth bestead thee to forswear
 Thy mother's ashes sepultured ;
 And night's still stars, with heav'n entire,
 And gods from ice-cold death secured.

Venus herself at this, I say,
 Doth smile—the artless nymphs do smile ;
 And Cupid fierce his fire-shafts pointing
 On bloody whetstone all the while.

Add that our youth entire grows round thee—
 Grows a new vassalage—and thralls,
 Who served thee erst, though oft they menaced.
 Quit not their godless tyrant's halls.

Thee, mothers for their youthful steers—
 Thee, frugal crones and maidens dread—
 Sad, though new-wedded—lest thy breath
 Delay their spouses [from their bed].

ODE IX.

TO TITUS VALGIUS.

Non semper imbres.

NOT ever on the ragged lea
Stream showers from clouds ; nor Caspia's sea
Do tempests chafe in fitful gusts
For aye : nor, on Armenia's coasts,
All the months round, my Valgius dear,
Stands ice impassive, or [for e'er]
Are the Garganian groves of oak
Straining and groaning 'neath the stroke
Of the north blasts,—and are of all
Their foliage stripp'd, the ash trees [tall],
Thou aye and aye in tearful strain
Harp'st on thy Mystes from thee ta'en.
Nor do thy loves with Vesper springing
Up from his couch, nor with him winging
His flight from the careering sun,
E'er quit thee. Yet the aged one,
Who served life's office three times o'er
Wail'd not Antiochus [of yore],
His darling, all his years. Nor [thus]
Wept for the callow Troilus
Parents or Phrygian sisters aye,
At length from thy soft plainings stay ;
And trophies new let's rather chant
Of Cæsar the august, and gaunt
Niphate, and how the Median flood,
Added to nations all subdued,
In humbler guise its eddies rolls ;
And how within prescribed rules
The Gelon hordes in narrow'd plains
Give to their chivalry the reins.

ODE X.

TO LICINIUS MURENA.

Rectius vives.

You will live more aright, my Licinius, by neither
Full sail stretching out to the deep evermore,
Nor while heedful you shudder at storms [and foul weather],
By crowding too close on the perilous shore.

Whoever is fond of the golden mediety,—
Secure is he free from the scum of a den,
Out of fashion and slovenly—free in sobriety,
From a mansion but form'd to be envied of men.

Far often the pine-tree gigantic is dashing
To and fro with the tempests ; and turrets of height
Tumble down to the earth with a heavier crashing,
And the crests of the mountains the thunderbolts smite.

It hopes amidst evil—it fears amidst good,
For an alter'd condition,—the well-season'd heart.
It is Jove who the winters, grim-visaged [and rude],
Brings back—he the same who doth bid them depart.

Not if fortune is now in ill plight, doth it follow
She will be so hereafter alike : there's an hour,
When the muse sitting silent, with harpstring Apollo
Doth waken, nor straineth his bow evermore.

In distresses approve thee a mettlesome soul,
And brave. Thou wilt wisely the very same man.
When the wind on thy poop may be blowing too full,
Furl thy bellying sails into narrower span.

ODE XI.

TO QUINTIUS HIRPINUS.

Quid bellicosus Cantaber.

WHAT the Cantabrian hot for war,
 And Tartar horde, disparted far
 By Adria's barrier, plans, discard,
 Hirpinus Quintius, to regard
 With curious search ; nor fret with nerve
 Startling and quick, a life to serve,
 That makes but few demands. Apace
 Flies past us light-wing'd youth, and grace ;
 While wither'd hoary eld doth fright
 Away wild loves, and slumber light.
 There dwells not in the spring-tide flower
 The same bright glory ev'ry hour.
 Nor shines the moon in crimson fire
 With but one visage. Wherefore tire
 Thy soul, too weak for such a task,
 With plans eternity that ask ?
 Why not beneath some foliage high—
 Plane, wilt thou,—or this fir-tree nigh ?
 Reclining thus in lax repose,
 Our grey hairs scented with the rose,
 And nard Assyrian, while we may,
 Carouse we, bathed in unguents [gay] ?
 Evius doth scatter to the air
 Corroding griefs. What page will there
 Quickest the fiery Falern's glasses
 Slake in the clear stream as it passes ?
 Who from her home will angling be
 Lyde, that wayward harlotry ?

Thrills at the name of Bosphorus with fright,
Nor fears from ought beyond his hidden doom ;
Soldiers at Parthian's shafts and rapid flight ;
Parthian at chains and massy beam of Rome.

Yet Death's stern grasp hath nations, unforeseen,
Swept off, and still will sweep. How near did we
The regal halls of gloomy Proserpine,
And Æacus in judgment sitting see !

And the sequester'd haunts of holy shades ;
And Sappho on her chords Æolian still
Her plaint preferring of her country's maids ;
And thee, Alcæus, with thy golden quill,

Sounding in deeper tones disasters fell
Of shipboard, fell of exile, fell of fights ;
While that such themes each utters [from his shell],
For holy silence meet, admire the sprites ;

But more on frays, and tyrants chased doth feast
With listening ear the close-pack'd should'ring throng.
What marvel ? When the hundred-headed beast
Droops his black ears in stupor at his song,

And the snakes wreathed in the braided tire
Of the three Furies, cheerful wax and mild ;
Moreo'er, Prometheus too, and Pelops' sire,
With the sweet strain are of their woes beguiled,
Nor for a while to chase the lion
Or timorous lynxes recks Orion.

ODE XIV.

TO POSTUMUS.

Eheu, fugaces.

POSTHUMUS! Posthumus! years, alas!
Onward are sliding with fleeting pace;
Nor unto wrinkles and menacing age
Will goodness an hour's delay engage,
And to death untamed. Not, though you try,
For as many days as are flitting by,
To soothe, friend, on each, with three hundred steers,
Pluto, who never melteth in tears;
Him who Geryon huge doth chain,
And Tityos thrice with his river of pain,
That river sooth to be sailed of us all,
Who are fed the bounties of earth withal,
Whether [mighty] kings we shall chance to be,
Or helpless children of husbandry.
All in vain shall we keep aloof
From the battle-god of bloody proof,
And the broken billows of Adria hoarse;
All in vain, through the Autumns' course,
The baleful South for our bodies dread.
By all alike must be visited
Sable Cocytus, wandering his way
With his listless flood, like one astray,
And kindred of Danaïus, famed for wrong,
And he condemn'd to his labour long,
Sisyphus, son of Æolus.
Quitted must be our land by us,
And hall, and charming spouse; nor of these,
Which thou cherishest now, thy stately trees,

Thee, shortlived lord, shall a single one, save
 The loathed cypress, attend to the grave.
 A worthier heir shall squander at ease
 Cæcubans, kept 'neath hundred keys,
 And with wine dye the pompous floor of thy hall—
 Wine richer than feasts pontifical.

ODE XV.

AGAINST THE LUXURY OF THE ROMANS.

Jam pauca aratro.

SOON will our piles of princely pride
 Leave but few acres for the share ;
 And pools be throng'd on every side,
 As wondrous sights, spread wider far
 Than Lucrine lake ; and from its realm
 The unwedded plane will beat the elm.

Then violet tufts and myrtle bower,
 And of the nostrils all the store
 Fragrance o'er olive-grounds will shower,
 Fruit-bearing to their lord of yore.
 Then with boughs matted will the bay
 Screen out the sultry shafts of day.

Not so in the auspicious morn
 Of Romulus the rule enroll'd :
 And Cato's, with his locks unshorn ;
 And by our fathers' laws of old.
 With them the private wealth was small,
 Immense the treasury of all.

No colonnade, by tens of feet
 Meted, for subjects would surprise
 Dark Arcos ; nor did laws permit
 The turf chance-springing to despise :
 Bidding at public cost our towns,
 And fanes of Gods adorn with freshly-sculptured stones.

ODE XVI.

TO GROSPHUS.

Otium Divos.

EASE doth the wight of heaven implore,
 Surprised in the Ægean wide,
 Soon as the murky cloud has whelm'd
 The moon, nor stars of faith to guide,
 On mariners gleam cold.
 For ease doth Thracia madding wild
 In war, for ease the Medians pray,
 With quiver graced, a treasure not
 With gems nor crimson bought to be,
 My Grosphus, nor with gold.
 For it is not the treasured hoards,
 Nor consul's licitor that aloof
 Bids stand the spirit's tumults sad,
 And cares which round the fretted roof
 Are ever winging light.
 Well is life spent by him on little,
 For whom, on table furnish'd plain,
 Glitters the salt, his sire's heirloom,
 Nor doth alarm, or avarice mean
 Snatch off his slumbers light.

Why aim we, heroes of a day,
At many a mark ? Why land for land
Scorch'd by a stranger sun exchange ?
What exile from his father's strand
Himself did also flee ?
She climbs—that festering care—our ships
Brass-beak'd, nor quits her seat behind
The squadrons of our chivalry,
Swifter than harts, and Eastern wind
Chasing the clouds away.
Cheer'd for the passing hour, thy soul
May loathe to cast an anxious thought
On all beyond, and bitter draughts
May soothe with smile elastic. Nought
Is bless'd on every side.
Achilles in his bright career
A hurried death did snatch away ;
Tithon a lingering eld decay'd,
And Time perchance will proffer me
What thee it hath denied.
Round thee a hundred flocks are lowing,
And Sicel kine ; for thee the mare
Match'd for thy four-yoked car doth toss
Her snorting high ; thee fleeces [rare]
Twice dipp'd in Afric grain
Of crimson, mantle ; me, a Fate
Who ne'er did lie, gave petty fields,
And inspiration slight, from muse
Of Græcia, and the mob of eye
Malicious to disdain.

ODE XVII.

TO MÆCENAS.

Cur me querelis.

WHY dost thou drain my life away
 With thy laments? It pleaseth not,
 Mæcenas, either heav'n or me,
 That before me thou meet thy lot ;
 O thou, of all which I possess,
 Chief pride and bulwark in distress.

Ah ! thee, one portion of my heart,
 If grasp untimely snatch away,
 Why linger I, the other part ?
 Neither as dear, nor like to stay
 Behind thee whole. That day of awe
 Ruin alike on each shall draw.

No traitor war-oath did I take :
 On will we—on—wherever thou
 The way shall lead—prepared to make
 Our latest journey, link'd as now.
 Me not the fire-Chimæra's breath,
 Shall ever tear from thee in death ;

Nor though again should Gyges rise,
 With all his hundred arms together.
 Thus is it pleasing in the eyes
 Of sovran right, and Parcæ, whether
 Libra or Scorpion dread, the power
 More boist'rous of my natal hour,

On me doth gaze, or Capricorn,
 The despot of th' Hesperian flood ;
 Each star, that ruled when we were born,
 Doth sympathize in wond'rous mood.
 Thee Jove's bright tutelary ray
 From impious Saturn snatch'd away.

And stay'd those wings of rapid pace,
 The wings of fate, what time their shout
 Of joy the thronging populace
 Thrice in the theatre rung out.
 Me the tree's trunk, which stealthy slid
 Down on my brain, had stricken dead.

Except that with his own right hand
 Faunus had lighten'd off the blow :
 He, Power protective of the band
 To Mercury dear. Remember thou
 Victims and votive fane to pay,
 We, lowly gift, a lamb will slay.

ODE XVIII.

AGAINST AVARICE AND LUXURY.

Non ebur.

No ivory or gilded fretwork vault
 Glitters in my abode ;
 No slabs Hymettian load,
 Columns in farthest Afric quarried out.
 Nor Attalus's throne
 Have I, an heir unknown,
 Usurp'd ; nor for me do client dames
 Of noble birthright spin
 Purples of Spartan grain.

But honour, and of native wit there is
 A vein of kindly store ;
 And me, a minstrel poor,
 The rich man courts. Nothing beyond of heav'n
 Importunate I ask ;
 Nor my great patron task
 For larger boons, with my one Sabine farm
 Wealth-blest abundantly.
 Day is propell'd by day,
 And crescent moons are hast'ning still to wane :
 Yet thou, but just before
 Thy death and sepulture,
 For marbles to be quarried dost contract ;
 And, reckless of thy tomb,
 Art rearing many a dome,
 And striv'st to push far out the ocean's strand,
 Which still, with clam'rous surges,
 Assaults on Baïæ urges,—
 Thou poorly dower'd with the mainland shore.
 What, that of thy estate
 Each landmark nearest set
 Thou still art tearing up, and ev'ry bound
 Of thy dependent poor
 Greedy art vaulting o'er !
 Lo ! far away is driv'n both wife and man,
 Each as his bosom loads
 Bearing his fathers' gods
 And squalid babes. Yet not one doomed hall,
 With all his wealth, awaits
 The lord of those estates,
 More certain than the end of rav'nous hell.
 Why farther strain thy hopes ?
 The earth impartial opes
 Its bosom to the poor and monarchs' sons ;

Nor did the henchman [black]
 Of Orcus ferry back,
 For all his craft, Prometheus, caught with gold.
 He fast to his abode
 Chains Tantalus the proud,
 And Tantalus's offspring. He, to bring
 Relief unto the poor,
 Their cares and labours o'er,
 Summon'd, and summon'd not, doth hearken still.

ODE XIX.

ON BACCHUS.

A DITHYRAMBIC, OR DRINKING SONG.

Bacchum in remotis.

I SAW on rocks afar retired
 Bacchus teaching hymns inspired,
 (Trust me, O posterity!)
 And Nymphs his lessons learning [nigh],
 And ears up-prick'd [to list his song]
 Of the goat-footed Satyr throng.

Evæ! with fresh alarm my soul
 Throbs, and with breast of Bacchus full,
 Exults in wild tumultuous joy.
 Evæ! spare, thou franchised boy!
 Spare me, O thou terrible!
 With thy wand of potent spell!

Privilege for me it is
 To chant the froward Thyades,

And the fount of grapy juice,
And the rills of milk profuse,
And honeys o'er and o'er to sing
From cavern'd tree-trunks weltering.

Mine it is moreo'er to story
His thrice-bless'd consort's glory,
Added to the stars, and hall
Of Pentheus, with no gentle fall,
Toss'd to wreck, and the deadly scourge
Of the Thracian king, Lycurge.

Thou the river's course dost bow,
Thou the barbaric ocean ! Thou
On sequester'd cliffs, in wine
Steep'd, all scatheless dost confine
In a viper-knot the braids
Of thine own Bistonian maids.

Thou, when, thy father's realms assailing,
The Giants' godless crew were scaling
Up the steep of heav'n, didst whirl
Rhætus back, and downward hurl,
Arm'd with the lion's claw,
And its terror-striking jaw.

Even though pronounced of fitter port
For dance, and frolic jests, and sport,
Thou usedst not to be deem'd enough
Accomplish'd for the battle rough ;
Yet thou the same wert prompt to share,
And mix alike in peace and war.

Harmless did Cerb'rus thee behold,
Graceful with thy horn of gold ;

Soft his tail against thee beating,
 While, as thou wert slow retreating,
 With his mouth of triple tongue
 Thy feet and legs he lick'd along.

ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

Non usitatâ.

NOR on a wonted wing, or lowly,
 In shape biform'd, shall I be wafted
 Through the crystal firmament,
 A minstrel I. Nor in the regions
 Of earth shall I be dallying longer ;
 And beyond the power of envy,
 Cities shall I quit. No never,
 I, the blood of wealthless parents,—
 I, whom thou, loved friend, art calling,
 Thou, Mæcenas, shall I perish ;
 Nor in Stygian wave be prison'd.
 Now, e'en now, is settling down
 On my thighs the skin fast rough'ning,
 And into a bird of silver
 Changing am I all above.
 And, my fingers o'er, and shoulders,
 Glossy plumage forth is springing.
 Than the son of Dædal swifter,
 Icarus, shall I now voyage
 To the groaning Bosphorus' shores,
 And Gætulia's desert sands,
 And the Hyperborean champaigns,

I, a bird of sweetest music.

Me shall Colchia's host, and he

Who now striveth to dissemble

His terror of the Marsian cohort,

And remotest Gelons know.

Me Iberian school'd shall learn,

And the quaffer of the Rhone-stream.

Hence with dirges from my burial,

Where I am not, and lamentings

Full of infamy, and wailings ;

Hush your outcry, and abandon

All the superfluous homage of a tomb.

THE THIRD BOOK
 OF THE
 ODES OF HORACE.

ODE I.

ON CONTENTMENT.

Odi profanum vulgus.

I LOATHE the rabble rout profane,
 And bid them far avaunt.
 Peace with your tongues! a minstrel strain
 Which none before did list,
 Do I, the Muse's priest,
 To maidens and to striplings chant.

Of awful kings the sovran might
 Is o'er the flocks their own;
 O'er kings themselves 'tis Jove's, the bright
 Enthroned in triumph due,
 Won o'er the giant crew,
 The worlds convulsing with his frown.

It may be man than man more wide
 In trenched grounds arrays
 His shrubs; to loftier blood allied,
 One to the field comes down
 A candidate; in morals one
 Nobler competes, and praise.

Another may a throng more great
Of client followers claim ;
With law impartial iron fate
In lottery doth win
Blazon'd and meanest men ;
One roomy vase shakes every name.

For him whose godless neck of crime
The sword unsheath'd hangs o'er,
No flavour sweet will there sublime
The feasts of Sicily ;
No choral minstrelsy
Of birds and lyre will sleep restore.

Sleep, gentle sleep, with no disdain
Is looking on the roof
Low nestling of the rural swain,
Or bank embower'd in shades,
Nor Tempe's breeze-fann'd glades.
The soul that only yearneth for enough

Neither the boisterous sea with dread
Frets, nor the mad assault
Of setting Bear, or rising Kid ;
Not vineyard by the storm
Of hailstones scourged, or farm
Deceitful, while the tree doth hold at fault,

One hour the rains from heaven, one hour
The stars that scorch the leas ;
The winters now that harshly lower.
As many a monster heap
Is plunged into the deep,
The finny tribes perceive the narrow'd seas.

Here, crowding with his company,
 His piles in concrete pour'd
 The contract-builder sinks, and he
 The lord who nauseates
 The land. Yet fear and threats
 Scale the same places with the lord.

Nor quittance care, as spectre black,
 The brass-beak'd ship of war,
 And sits behind the trooper's back.
 But what if, when I groan
 In pain, no Phrygian stone,
 Nor habit, brighter than the star,

Of purples, soothes me, nor the vine
 Falerne, or spikenard oil,
 Of Persia ; why a hall of mine,
 On portals for the eye
 Of envy, tow'ring high,
 In fashion new, should I up-pile ?
 Why barter 'gainst my Sabine vale
 Riches that tenfold toil entail ?

ODE II.

AGAINST THE DEGENERACY OF THE ROMAN YOUTH.

Angustam, amici.

LET pinching poverty, my friend,
 Thy hardy boy in cutting war
 Learn with his fellows to endure ;
 And on his charger borne, a sight of fear,
 Harry the savage Parthians with his spear.

And let him pass his life beneath
 The vault of heav'n, amidst alarms.
 Him from the foeman's rampire gazing,
 Let the belligerent suzran's dame, and she
 His maid of years mature sigh deep to see ;

Ah ! lest her own affianced one,
 Her princely youth, to battle hosts
 Unused, the lion rouse to wrath,
 Him savage to be handled, whom through heaps
 Of carnage gore-besmeared vengeance sweeps.

It is a sweet and glorious thing
 To perish for our fatherland !
 Death e'en the man of coward flight
 Close chases, nor of youth recreant in war
 Doth it the hams or craven shoulders spare.

Virtue of sordid mean rebuff
 Unconscious, with unsullied honours
 Bright glitters. Nor the victors' axes
 Lifts she aloft, or lowers them down beneath
 The wilful bidding of a people's breath.

Virtue, to souls that merit not
 To die, the gates of heav'n unclosing,
 Essays a passage by a path
 Denied to common men ; and vulgar routs,
 And the dark earth with flying pinion flouts.

There is to trustworth silence, too,
 Its prize secured. Whoe'er divulged
 The holy truth of secret Ceres,
 Will I forbid 'neath the same beams to be,
 Or to unmoor his fragile bark with me.

Full oft the Sire of day, when slighted,
 Hath the untainted soul involved
 With him of heart defiled. Rarely
 Hath Vengeance with her halting gait the chase
 Quitted of guilty man, though foremost in the race.

ODE III.

ON STEADINESS AND INTEGRITY.

Justum et tenacem.

THE man of righteousness, and strong
 Of purpose, not the fire devouring
 Of populace commanding wrong,
 Not despot's visage o'er him low'ring,
 Shakes in his solid soul ; nor he,
 Wild lord of Adria's restless sea,
 Auster ; nor Jove's almighty arm,
 Launching his bolts. If o'er him fall
 The shatter'd globe, without alarm
 The crumbling wrecks will smite him still.

This was the glorious art whereby
 Pollux and wandering Hercules
 Attain'd the flaming tow'rs on high,
 Up having struggled ; and midst these
 Augustus calm reclining sips
 Nectar, with purple-flushing lips.

With this thy meed of glory earning,
 Thee, father Bacchus, thee they drew,
 With neck untamed such lore for learning,
 Dragging the yoke, thy tiger crew.

With this on Mars's coursers set,
From Acheron Quirinus 'scaped ;
When to the gods, in conclave met,
Juno her grateful plan outshaped :
Ilion ! Ilion, into dust
A judge foredoom'd, and foul with lust,

Is turning ; and a foreign dame,
Since the hour Laomedon
Defaulter to the gods became
Of their plighted earning won ;

Ilion by me and Pallas chaste,
With people and with fraudulent king,
'Neath the ban of ruin placed.
Now no more is glittering
Of Sparta's foul adulterate dame
The guest black chronicled in fame ;

Nor doth Priam's house forsworn,
The battling Greeks by Hector's aid,
Crush and shiver back in scorn :
And the war, so long delay'd

By feuds of ours, hath sunk to rest.
Henceforth both my rancour sore,
And the son whom I detest,
Whom the Trojan priestess bore,
Unto Mars will I surrender ;
Him will I allow to enter

Heav'n's empyrean abodes,
Nectar's juiced draughts to drain ;
And in the peace-crown'd ranks of gods
To stand enroll'd. While the main

Far outstretch'd madly foam between
 Troy and Rome, on any shore
 Happy let the exiles reign ;
 While the cattle trample o'er
 Priam's and Paris' sepulchre,
 And the wild beasts harbour there

Their cubs unvenged. Glittering stand
 The Capitol, and Rome have sway
 Laws to dispense with haughty hand
 O'er Media's triumph-led array.

Wide-fear'd, her name o'er farthest shores
 Extend she,—where the central deep
 Dissevers Europe from the Moor ;—
 Where swelling Nile its leas doth steep :
 More bold to scorn gold undisclosed,
 And thus more happily reposed,

When earth conceals it, than with hand,
 Which every hallow'd thing doth rob,
 T' amass it for a mortal's end.
 Whatever limit of the globe

Hath barr'd a passage, this, yclad
 In arms, achieve she—joy'd to view
 In what part fires are revelling mad,
 In what the mists and show'ry dew.
 But to the warrior sons of Rome
 Beneath this bond I read their doom,

That ne'er too duteous, and with joy
 Confiding in their high estate,
 The roofs of their ancestral Troy
 They fain desire to reinstate.

Ilion's fortune reascending
 'Neath a funeral augury,
 With a havoc sad attending,
 Shall repeated be ; while I
 Lead to war the victor crew—
 I, spouse of Jove and sister too.

Though thrice arise the wall of brass,
 With Phæbus the emprise to cherish—
 Thrice by my Argives mass from mass
 Dismantled, should it fall and perish :
 Thrice the wife a captive led,
 Wail o'er spouse and children [dead].

These thoughts with lyre for frolic made
 Comport not. Spirit of my verse,
 Where strain'st thou ? Bold presumptuous maid !
 Cease the gods' converse to rehearse ;
 And with thy strains of lowly tone,
 Themes of high vein to humble down.

ODE IV.

TO CALLIOPE.

Descende celo.

DESCEND thou from the sphere,
 And utter, haste, a longer strain
 Forth from thy flute, Calliope my queen ;
 Or if, with thrilling voice, thou mayst prefer.
 Or unto chords, attuned, and harp to Phæbus dear.

Hear ye ? or doth my soul
 Delude some sweet delirious spell ?
 Methinks I voices hear, and rove at will
 Through hallow'd groves of sainted spirits full,
 'Neath which both pleasant rills and breezy zephyrs roll.

For me, while wand'ring o'er
 Apulian Vultur, past the bourn
 Of my Apulian foster-land, outworn
 With sport and sleep in boyhood's hour,
 Wove there of foliage strange the fabled doves a bower.

(Sight which might well be tale
 Of marvel unto all, whoe'er
 Tall Acherontia's nestled hamlet share,
 And Bantium's forest glades, and arable
 Rich of Ferentum's town, low-seated in its dell.)

How slumb'ring I did lie,
 With limbs from vipers black safe-kept,
 And bears ; how both in hallow'd bay was wrapt,
 And myrtle sprays cull'd from each thicket nigh,
 Not without aid of heav'n, a spriteful infant I.

I, votary of your power
 Ye Muses ! votary of you,
 Ascend amid Sabinum's mountain crew ;
 Or if slope Tibur, or Præneste froze,
 Or Baiæ's crystal streams have charm'd me the more.

Unto your well-springs me
 And to your choirs devoted, not
 The battle at Philippi put to rout,
 Did quench in death ; not the accursed tree,
 Not Palinurus whelm'd in the Sicilian sea.

Wherever ye shall stand
 With me associate, cheerly glad
 As mariner will I the raging mad
 Bosphoric frith essay, and the parch'd sand,
 As wayfarer, will brave of the Assyrian strand.

I'll visit Britons, towards
 The stranger ruthless, and the swarm
 Concanian gloating o'er their mare's blood [warm] ;
 Visit the quiver-deek'd Gelonian hordes,
 And Scythia's river, I unscathed [by their swords].

Cæsar sublime o'er foes,
 When his troops, worn with battle's calls,
 He hath dismiss'd to shelter in their walls,
 Now as he seeks his weary toils to close,
 Ye in Pierian grot invigorate with repose.

Mild gentle counsel you
 Both give, and joy in it when given,
 Ye boon ones. Well we wot how foes of Heaven,
 The Titans and their savage monster crew,
 He with his volley'd bolt of thunder overthrew—

He who the senseless land,
 He who the tempest-tossing main,
 And cities, and the realms of grief and pain,
 And gods, and mortal throngs with single hand,
 'Neath his just regal sway doth temper and command.

Struck had they into Jove,—
 That trustful youth,—a dread alarm,
 As horrible they rose with many an arm,
 And the [fell] brotherhood, who Pelion strove
 To pile upon Olympus dark [with many a grove].

But what could they do here,
 Typhoëus, and the stalwart might
 Of Mimas, or Porphyryon with his height
 Of menace big. What Rhœtus and [his peer],
 He with uprooted trunks, that dauntless vollyer,

Enceladus, in face
 Of Pallas' thundering Ægis rushing.
 Here Vulcan stood, with ravening flames outgushing ;
 On that side Juno in her matron grace,
 And he who from his arms ne'er will his bow displace—

He who his locks untied,
 Bathes in Castalia's crystal dew,
 Who Lycia's bosky brakes, and woodland through,
 His natal region,—hath dominion wide,
 He of the Delian isle, and Patara the pride—

Apollo. Strength unblest'd
 With counsel by mere bulk its own
 Down tumbles. Strength of modest temper'd tone
 E'en gods promote to greatness ; and detest
 Alike the might that stirs all guilt within the breast.

Of these my maxims, lo,
 A witness, he with hundred hands,
 Gyges, and he the famed throughout the lands,
 Orion, spotless Dian's tempter foe,
 He by her virgin shaft o'ermatch'd and levell'd low.

Earth mutters pain and ire,
 Hurl'd o'er her own prodigious crew ;
 And mourns her brood to Orcus burning blue
 Plunged by the levin bolt ; nor hath the fire,
 Swift though it dart, gnaw'd through Ætna th' incumbent
 pyre.

Nor from the heart abstains
 That vulture, jailer-ward assign'd
 To villany : the heart of him with mind
 Unbridled, Tityus. Thrice a hundred chains
 Shackle the paramour Pirithous [in his pains].

ODE V.

ON THE RECOVERY OF THE STANDARDS FROM PHRAATES.

Cælo tonantem.

JOVE, as he thunders through the sky,
 Long have we deem'd to rule on high :
 Augustus shall be held of all
 A God close nigh to list our call,
 Since Britons to the imperial throne
 And Persians dread were added on.

What ! match'd with a barbarian wife
 Did Crassus' soldiery brook life !
 Base husband ! And in fields of foes
 His sires-in-law, could he repose
 In age ? Thou Senate ! shame ! oh, shame !
 And Rome's changed character [and fame !]

Kneeling at Median despot's knee,
 A Marsian and Apulian he !
 Of shields, and name, and toged attire
 Oblivious, and the deathless fire
 Of Vesta, while unscathed from ill
 Jove stood, and Rome's proud city still.

This Regulus's prescient thought
Had heeded, from conditions, fraught
With shame, revolting, and from act
Of precedent, which ruin dragg'd
Down on a coming age, if youth
Once prisoner, died not without ruth.

"I have," he cried, "our standards seen
Nail'd upon many a Punic fane,
And mail, without a drop of blood,
Stripp'd from our soldiers. I have view'd
The arms of citizens of Rome
Behind a back born-free wrung home :

And gates unclosed, and fields in tillage
Doom'd by our battle-god to pillage."
Sooth will the warrior home return,
Redeem'd with gold, more fierce and stern !
Loss do ye heap on infamy !
Neither the fleece with borrow'd dye

Bedrugg'd, retrieves its faded hue ;
Nor recketh Virtue real and true,
Once having lapsed, to be replaced
In bosoms by defeat disgraced.
If from the hunter's toils close twined,
Just disentangled, fights the hind ;

Brave will he be, himself who threw
Upon the mercy of a foe
Of broken troth ; and on will scare
And trample in a second war
The Punica, he who felt the thong
On his back-twisted muscles wrung—

Resistless felt, and shrunk in awe
At Death. He witless whence to draw
Life, did confound base peace with fight.
O shame ! O Carthage, queen of might !
On ignominious ruins now
Enthroned of Italy [laid low !]

'Tis said that he did from him put
His modest yoke-fellow's salute,
And infant progeny, as now
A crest-fallen slave ; and with a brow
Rugged and stern, his manly face
Did on the ground unmoved place ;

While he the wavering senate-lords
The adviser he, with counsel-words
Ne'er given in any other strain,
Was strength'ning ; and amidst a train
Of sorrowing friends, the foremost graced,
The exile on his way did haste.

Yet well he knew what even then
The savage torturer for him
Was planning ; still his kinsmen train
Barring his path, and people fain
To linger his return, with heart
No other did he move apart,

Than if some client's cause, of sitting,
Protracted, he at length were quitting,
The suit decided, to his own
Venefrian farm-lands wending down,
Or Sparta's own Tarentine town.

ODE VI.

TO THE ROMANS.

Delicta majorum immeritus lues.

THY father's crimes, O child of Rome,
Thyself nought meriting their doom,
Shalt thou atone for, till each shrine
And tottering fane of Powers divine,
And imaged forms thou hast replaced,
With smoky blackness now defaced.

Vail'd to the gods because thou hearest
Thy head, the imperial crown thou wearest,
From this each origin of grace,
To this each issue back retrace.
The gods when scorn'd have many a blow
Dealt on Hesperia's land of woe.

Twice now Monæses and the band
Of Pacorus each onslaught, plann'd
By us with auspices unblest'd,
Have crush'd, and lift their glittering crest,
At having added plunder'd gains
Unto their petty wreathed chains.

It wanted little, that the walls
Of Rome, possess'd by factious brawls,
Dacian and Ethiopia's son
Razed out; with his armado one
A foeman dread, the other far
Mightier, with volley'd shafts [in war].

Teeming with crime, hath age on age
 Our bridals first, and lineage,
 And household hearths been sullyng ;
 And, streaming down from this well-spring,
 Swept like a flood hath desolation
 In on our fathers' land and nation.

.

Not from such parents sprung as these
 Did our young manhood stain the seas
 With Punic blood, and slew for us
 Pyrrhus and huge Antiochus,
 And Hannibal cursed ; but a yield,
 Like men, of soldiers from the field ;

Taught with their Sabine hoes to turn
 The clods, and of a mother stern
 The will obeying, home to lift
 The axe-lopp'd stakes, when Sol might shift
 The mountain shadows, and their yokes
 Remove from many a wearied ox,

Slow drawing on that hour of charm
 With car retreating. Fraught with harm
 What hath time fail'd to impair ?
 Our fathers' generation far
 Worse than our grandsires us did bear
 More worthless,—us henceforth about
 A guiltier issue to send out.

ODE VII.

TO ASTERIA.

Quid fles.

WHY dost thou weep, my Asterie, for one,
Whom with the earliest spring the Zephyrs fair
Will render to thy arms, with Thynian ware
Enrich'd ; the youth of never-swerving faith,

Thy Gyges? He to Oricum forced in
By southern blasts, when Capra's madd'ning stars
Were ris'n, his wintry nights, not without tears
Profuse, in sleepless vigils wastes away.

And yet the envoy of his careworn hostess,
Whisp'ring that Chloe sighs for him [and years],
And with thy rightful fires in misery burns,
Tempts him all cunning in a thousand forms.

Oft he rehearses how a traitress wife,
With calumnies of falsehood urged on
Fond trusting Prætus 'gainst Bellerophon,
Too chaste, his plans of murder to mature.

He tells of Peleus nearly plunged in Hell,
While the Magnesian queen, Hippolyte,
In cautious self-denial he doth flee ;
And tales that teach to sin he doth suggest

Wily ; but all in vain. For deafer far
Than the Icarian's watch-heights he doth hear
His words, still whole. But thou, lest one too near,
Enipeus, charm thee over well, beware ;

Though not another of like lore to wind
 His steed upon the sward of Mars is made
 The gaze of every eye ; nor with like speed
 Does any swimming shoot the Tuscan channel.

With earliest nightfall close thy house, nor e'er
 At minstrelsy of pipe complaining soft,
 Gaze down into the streets ; and though he oft
 Call thee the hard of heart, stubborn do thou remain

ODE VIII.

TO MÆCENAS.

Martiis cælebs.

WHAT I on the calends of March,
 A swain unwedded, am doing ;
 What mean my flowers, and the pan
 Of incense full, you are viewing

With marvelling eyes, and the coal
 On the living turf-plot flung ;
 Oh thou, who well hast been taught
 The lessons of either tongue :

I had vow'd a banquet dainty
 To the God of Liberty ;
 And a milk-white, kid when nearly
 Struck dead by the stroke of a tree.

This day, with each year returning,
 As a festival shall unbind
 The cork, with pitch close seal'd,
 From the amphora, first design'd.

When Tullus was our consul,
To drink the smoky fume—
Take, Mæcenas, a hundred glasses
To your friend, now safe at home.

And the waking lamps prolong thou
To the morning light, and far
Be all clamour and wrath! Dismiss thou
For the city, thy public care.

The Dacian Cotison's band
Has fallen. The Median foe,
Turn'd 'gainst himself, is battling
With weapons full of woe.

The Cantaber, he assailant
Of old of the coasts of Spain,
Is now our serf, tamed down
By his too-late bolted chain.

Een now the Tartar hordes,
With their bow unbent and slack,
In their secret thoughts are brooding
From their steppes to retire them back.

Releasing now thy care,
Lest the nation suffer aught ;
Abstain thou, a private subject,
From indulging too heedful thought.
Seize glad the gifts of the present hour,
And quit all musing with strictness fraught.

ODE IX.

TO LYDIA.

Donec gratus.

HORACE :

So long as I was dear to thee,
And not a youth more precious used to fling
His arms around thy neck of snow,
I flourish'd happier far e'en than the Persian's king.

LYDIA :

Long as thou burn'dst not for another,
Rather, nor Lydia after Chloe stood,
I, Lydia, maid of high renown,
More famed than Ilia lived, the pride of Roman blood.

HORACE :

Me now the Thracian Chloe sways,
Learn'd in sweet measures, and of science rare
To strike the lyre ; for whom to die
I will not fear, if Fates will her surviving spare.

LYDIA :

Me Calais burns with mutual fire,
Calais the Thurian Ornytus' child,
For whom I twice will brook to die,
If to the boy surviving fate will be but mild.

HORACE :

What if our love of old return,
And sever'd hearts with brazen yoke constrain ?
If Chloe fair is shaken off,
And for the jilted Lydia opes the door again ?

LYDIA :

Though he is fairer than a star,
 Thou lighter than a cork, and prone to ire,
 More than the wicked Adria—
 With thee I'd joy to live—with thee would fain expire.

ODE X.

TO LYCE.

Extremum Tanaim.

O, LYCE ! though thou wert drinking
 Remotest Tanais, wedded there
 Unto a savage spouse :
 Yet to expose me,
 Stretch'd at my length before thy ruthless doors,
 Unto the native Aquilos,
 Sure wouldst thou weep.
 Hark ! with what din the gate—
 With what a din the grove,
 Midst thy fair halls implanted, to the winds
 Rebblows, and how Jove
 The deep-imbedded snows
 With bright crystalline power is icing o'er.
 Lay thou thy haughtiness aside,
 Unloved of Venus ;
 Lest, as the wheel runs round,
 The rope recoil.
 Not a Penelope to wooers harsh
 Did a Tyrrhenian father thee beget.

O! though nor gifts nor prayers
 Nor the wan aspect of thy lovers dyed
 With violet, nor thy spouse
 Smitten with a Pierian harlotry,
 Doth bend thee from thy purpose ;
 Yet spare thy suppliants, thou,
 That art not softer than th' unbending oak,
 Nor milder in thy soul than Moorish snakes.
 No, not for ever will this side be patient
 Of the hard threshold, or the rains of heaven.

ODE XI.

TO MERCURY.

Mercuri.

O MERCURY; for school'd by thee
 His teacher, with his minstrelsy
 Amphion motion breathed in stones,
 And thou, the deft, thy echoing tones
 Back from thy seven chords to pour,
 My shell! nor bless'd with speech of yore,
 Nor grateful—yet a friendly guest
 Both at the banquets of the blest,
 And holy sanctuaries now :
 Pour strains whereto may Lyde bow,
 And rivet close her stubborn ears ;
 She who, like filly of three years,
 In the broad plains doth sport and frisk
 With bound and start, and dreads to risk
 A touch ;—from wedlock 'scaped, and raw
 Still to her passion'd husband's law.

Thou canst the tigers lead along,
 And forests following in the throng ;
 And the swift rushing rivers stay.
 For thee bewitching him made way,
 The porter of the palace dread,
 E'en Cerb'rus, though his furies' head
 There rampire round a hundred snakes,
 And from his three-tongued mouth there breaks
 Foul blast, and gory stream [the while].
 Moreo'er, Ixion too did smile,
 And Tityos with reluctant eye :
 For one short hour the urn stood dry,
 While thou with grateful song dost cheer
 The Danaan maids. Let Lyde hear
 The virgins' crime and noted pains ;
 And cask, of water void, which drains
 From the deep bottom quite away ;
 And of the Fates, though late, which stay
 For forfeits e'en in hell below—
 O godless ! (for what deed of woe
 More heinous could they ?) godless maids !
 They had the heart with steeled blades
 To slay their consorts. Of the quire,
 One only, worth the nuptial fire,
 Unto her perjured sire became
 Sublimely false, and maid of fame
 Through every age—e'en she who " Rouse,
 Arouse thee ! " to her youthful spouse
 Exclaim'd, " lest a slumber long
 Be dealt thee, whence thou fear'st not wrong :
 Thy sire-in-law and guilty crew
 Of sisters, disappoint thou ; who,
 Like lionesses, having found
 Calves, alas ! scatter'd singly round,

Tear them to pieces. I, than they
 More gentle, thee will neither slay,
 Nor hold in prison. Me my sire
 May load with chains of ruthless ire,
 Because in mercy I did spare
 My luckless husband ;—me e'en bear
 An exile in his fleet, to shores
 Remotest of Numidian boors.
 Go, whither feet and winds transport thee,
 While night and Venus still support thee :
 Go thou with blessed omen free,
 And on my tomb a ditty see
 Thou carve, in memory of me."

ODE XII.

TO NEOBULE.

Miserarum est, neque amori.

'Tis the lot of hapless maidens,—neither to indulge its play
 To affection, nor in homied—wine their ills to wash away ;
 Or to be struck lifeless, dreading—scourges of an uncle's tongue.
 From thee Cytherea's basket—does that winged stripling
 young,—
 From thee all thy webs and study—of Minerva, labour's queen,
 Now is taking, Neobule,—Liparean Hebrus' sheen.
 He, when once his oil-bathed shoulders—he has wash'd in
 Tiber's wave,
 Than Bellerophon himself a—trooper more expert and brave,
 Nor with cestus nor with slothful-foot o'er vanquish'd,—he the
 same,
 At the harts in throng alarm'd scudding o'er the open plain
 Dexterous to launch his arrows,—and as fleet in foot [or more],
 Ambush'd in the deep-sunk thicket—to surprise and slay the
 boar.

ODE XIII.

TO THE BANDUSIAN FOUNTAIN.

O fons Bandusie.

O FOUNT of Bandusie, brighter than crystal,
 Worthy of luscious wine, not without blossoms,
 To-morrow with a kid shalt thou be gifted,
 Whose brow with its fresh horns is budding.
 And it on love and on frays is resolving,—
 Bootlessly all, since thine icy-cold streamlets
 With crimson blood to greet thee it shall stain,
 Though the petulant flock's little nursling.
 Thee the fierce season of Sirius blazing
 Cannot contaminate ; coolness delicious
 Thou lendest to the plough-bewearied steers,
 And unto the wide-straying cattle.
 Thou shalt be ranked, thou alike, in the number
 Of fountains of story, while I chant the ilex
 Imperch'd upon thy hollow-grottoed rocks,
 Whence thy clear babbling waters are bounding.

ODE XIV.

TO THE ROMANS.

ON THE RETURN OF AUGUSTUS FROM SPAIN.

Herculis ritu.

PEOPLE, he late, like Hercules, proclaim'd
 At the death-purchased laurel to have aim'd,
 Cæsar, his own Penates seeks again,
 Victorious from the realms of Spain.

Let her, the wife who in her spouse alone
 Joyeth, come forth, when duty she hath done
 To the just gods ; and her, the sister too
 Of the bright chief ; and fair to view,
 With suppliant fillet, mothers of each lass
 And youth late saved. O striplings, [as ye pass,]
 And damsels that by this your consorts know,
 All words of omen ill forego.
 This day in sooth a festival, all care
 Of gloom shall lighten from me. I will fear
 Nor tumult, nor to perish by the sword,
 While Cæsar is of earth the lord.
 Go, for spiced oil, my boy, and crowns repair,
 And cask still mindful of the Marsian war,
 If, as he scour'd the plains, by any hap,
 One flask could Spartacus escape.
 Bid, too, Neæra speed—that minstrel maid.—
 Her myrrh-bathed locks to fasten in a braid.
 If any hind'rance through the porter rough
 And loath'd occur, do thou walk off.
 Each whitening hair doth mitigate our passion,
 Thirsting for brawls and froward altercation.
 I would not bear this, hot in youthful blood,
 When Plancus as our consul stood.

ODE XV.

TO CHLORIS.

Uxor pauperis Ibyci.

PAUPER Ibycus's wife,
To thy good-for-nothing life,
And thy scandalous labour'd tricks
Do at length a limit fix ;
Bordering as thou art [too sure]
On a funeral mature.
Cease midst virgin girls to frolic,
And a vapour melancholic
O'er the glitt'ring stars to throw.
Not, if tolerably so
Aught becometh Pholoe,
Chloris, too, becomes it thee :
She, the daughter, better far,
Gallants' houses storms in war,
Like a Bacchant, frenzy-smitten.
Soon as tambourine is beaten ;
Her like wanton kid and brisk
Nothus' love compels to frisk ;
Thee the fleeces shorn around
Lucerie the far renown'd,
Not the harps, or purple bloom
Of the rose, nor casks drain'd home
To dregs, a beldam thee become.

ODE XVI.

TO MÆCENAS.

Inclusam Danaën.

IMPRISON'D Danae the tower
Of brass, and oaken stanchion'd door,
And sleepless watchdogs' outposts rough,
From midnight paramours enough
Had bulwark'd ; had not Jove the while
And Venus, mocked with a smile
Acrisius, him the tim'rous guard
Of the fair maid so closely barr'd ;
Since safe would be and oped the way,
The god transmuted into pay.
Gold loves through body-guards, unknown,
To steal, and burst through walls of stone,
Mightier than stroke of lightning flash.
The Argive augur's house did crash,
In ruin plunged, for lucre's sake.
A Macedonian man did break
Through city gates, and rival kings
With gifts supplanted. Gifts, like springs,
Our navies' ireful chiefs ensnare.
On waxing wealth there follows care,
And craving after increase. I
Justly have shudder'd to lift high
A crest conspicuous far and wide,
Mæcenas, thou of knights the pride.
The more that each refuse to give
To self, the more will he receive
From Heaven. Stripp'd bare of all I have,
I seek the camps of men who crave

For nought, and joy the side to fly
Of rich men, a deserter I—
I with a lustre far more great,
The lord of a despised estate,
Than if, whate'er the sturdy-bred
Apulian ploughs, myself were said
Within my granges close to store,
Amidst enormous riches poor.
A rill of water clear as dew,
And woodland of but acres few,
And the sure promise failing not
Of my own harvest, in its lot
More blessed far, doth cheat away
The palm from him who glitters gay
In fertile Afric's regal sway.
Though nor Calabria's bees produce
Me honeys, nor the Bacchic juice
In Læstrygonian hogsheads wanes
To softness for me, nor in plains
Of Gallic pastures multiply
Rich wools ; yet troublous poverty
Stands far aloof. Nor, should I choose
Aught more, wouldst thou to give refuse.
Better my narrow revenues
May I extend, by drawing close
Desire, than if I pieced in one
With plains which the Mygdonians own
The realm of Halyattes. Such
As ask for much there faileth much.
'Tis well with him to whom kind Heaven
With frugal hand enough hath given.

ODE XVII.

TO ÆLIUS LAMIA.

Æli, vetusto nobilis.

ÆLIUS, from ancient Læmus famed,
Since older Læmiæ both, they tell,
Were titled hence, and of their sons
Through many a storied chronicle
The race entire its source derives
From that great patriarch, who the towers
Of Formiæ first of all, and Liris
Gliding into Marica's shores,
Is stated to have tenanted,
A lordly ruler far around ;
To-morrow will a tempest, swooping
From Eurus, strew the woodland ground
With leaves, with worthless weed the shore,
Unless that prophetess of rain,
The raven, with its load of years,
Deceive me. While you may, store in
Dry wood. To-morrow thou shalt serve
Thy genius with the pure vine-juice,
And porkling of a two-month date,
Thou with thy household from their tasks let loose.

At what price we may purchase a Chian cask,
Who may the waters with fires allay,
Who lending house-room, and when, I may 'scape
These Pelignian frosts, you nothing say.

Fill to the new moon—quick, boy, fill
To midnight ; fill to our augur friend,
Muræna, with glasses three or nine,
Suited to each let the goblets blend.

He who loves the uneven Nine
For thrice three glasses distraught will call,
A minstrel he ; but more than three
The power that dreadeth riot and brawl,

She, link'd in hand with the unveil'd sisters,
Grace, forbids us to touch. To play
The maniac is luxury. Why do blasts
Of Berecynth's pipe their strain delay ?

Why hangs the flute with the silent lyre ?
Grudging hands I am loathing. Scatter
Blossoms of roses. Full of envy
Let Lycus list to the frenzied clatter,

And our fair neighbour, little suited
To the old Lycus. Thee, with hair
Thick cluster'd, glossy, Telephus, thee
Like to the crystal evening star,
Blooming Rhode is wooing. Me,
Burns the slow flame of my Glycere.

ODE XX.

TO PYRRHUS.

Non vides quanto.

Dost thou not see, my Pyrrhus,
With what a peril thou art now abstracting
The cubs of that Getulian lioness ?
A little while, and thou shalt fly
The battle fierce—
Thou a discouraged plunderer ;
When through opposing troops of youths
A passage she shall force, reseeking
Nearchus mark'd above them all.
Mighty the battle, whether unto thee
Or her the greater booty fall.
Meantime, while thou the winged shafts
Art drawing forth, she whets
Her dreaded teeth.
He, umpire of the fight, is said
'Neath his bare foot the prize-palm to have laid,
And with the gentle breeze to be refreshing
His shoulder mantled loose with perfumed locks.
E'en such as Nireus was, or he, the boy
From the fount-gushing Ida springs snatch'd to Heaven.

ODE XXI.

TO HIS JAR.

O nata mecum.

O BORN with me, when Manlius ruled
 As consul, whether thou dost bring
 Quarrels, or jests, or brawl, and loves insane,
 Or, pious cask, an easy sleep,
 Under whatever name
 Thy chosen Massic thou preservest,
 Thou worthy to be broach'd
 On some propitious day !
 Descend thou, when Corvinus bids
 Wines of a tone more mellow'd to produce.
 Not he, although he is imbued
 With grave Socratic lectures,
 Will slight thee, as a Cynic rough.
 Even old Cato's virtue oft
 Is said to have wax'd warm with wine.
 Thou dost a gentle violence apply
 Unto a spirit commonly morose :
 Thou dost the cares of sages
 And counsel hidden deep unveil,
 Beneath the frolic-fraught Lyæus :
 Thou bring'st back hope
 And vigour unto anxious souls ;
 And addest horns unto the poor,
 Who, after thee, doth shudder neither
 At monarchs' angry crests, nor soldiers' arms.
 Thee, Bacchus, and, if she will come
 Propitious, Venus, and the Graces,
 Reluctant to unloose their close embraces,
 And sparkling lustres shall eke out,
 Until returning Phœbus puts the stars to rout.

ODE XXII.

TO DIANA.

Montium custos.

VIRGIN, of hills and groves the watch !

Who damsels travailing in pain

When thrice invoked dost list, and snatch

From death, thou three-form'd goddess queen !

Still may thy pine hang beetling o'er

My cot, and I, as years come round,

Present it glad with blood of boar

Intent to launch a sidelong wound.

ODE XXIII.

TO PHIDYLE.

Cælo supinas si tuleris manus.

IF thou hast lifted up to heaven

Thy hands supine, when Luna rises,

My village-maiden, Phidyle,

If with frankincense and wheat

Of this year's growth thy Lares you have soothed,

And with a greedy porkling ;

Neither thy fecund vine

Will feel the plague-rife Siroc, nor thy crop

The barren mildew ;

Or in the apple-teeming year

Thy nurslings sweet the noxious season.

For she, the heifer that is browsing
 Upon the snowy Algidus,
 Vow'd to the shrine, midst oaks and holms,
 Or fattens on the Alban herbage,—
 She as a victim deep shall stain
 The priestly axes buried in her neck.
 To thee it nought applies
 With slaughter large of lambs to tempt the skies,
 While thou dost crown thy lowly gods
 With rosemary and myrtle frail.
 If free from crime thy hand hath touch'd
 The altar, not with more persuasive power,
 Though with a costly victim, it has soothed
 Thy household gods estranged,
 With duteous wheat and crackling grain of salt.

ODE XXIV.

TO THE COVETOUS.

Intactis opulentior.

THOUGH wealthier than the hoards
 Intact of Arabs, and of India rich,
 Thou with thy concrete piles
 Seize the whole Tyrrhene and Apulian seas,
 Yet if all-direful Fate
 Its adamantine nails is fixing deep
 In highest towering crests,
 Not from alarm thy soul, not from the snares
 Of death, shalt thou thy head
 E'er extricate. Those dwellers of the plain,
 The Tartars, better live,

Whose wains in course their homes nomadic draw,
And hardy Getic tribes,
For whom unmeted acres unenclosed
Fruitage and Ceres bear.
Nor pleases them a tilth beyond the year ;
And him who hath discharged
His toilsome tasks, a successor relieves
With lottery impartial.
There for her step-sons, of a mother reft,
The wife doth mix their cups
Thoughtless of harm : nor doth the dower'd wife
Rule o'er her man, nor trust
In some sleek paramour. The wealthiest dower
Of parents virtue is,
And chastity, that bound by compact fix'd
Dreads any second man ;
And sin is an unutterable deed,
Or death instead a prize.
O whosoe'er shall wish to sweep away
Our godless massacres and rage
Intestine, if as Father of our cities
He yearn to see his name
Inscribed 'neath statues, let him dare to curb
Our wild licentiousness ;
He glorious unto ages after-born ;
Since (woe to us the crime !)
Virtue unscathed we loathe ; but once upborne
Out of our sight we seek it,
We souls of envy. What avail complaints
Of sorrow, if the fault
Is not cut off by vengeance ? What our laws,
All futile without manners ?
If nor the quarter of the globe closed in
By glowing sultry heats,

Nor the side nearest to the north, and snows
 Hard frozen to the ground,
Repel the merchant? If with cunning craft
 Our mariners o'ercome
The boisterous seas? If poverty esteem'd
 Heinous disgrace, commands us
Aught that may be both to commit and brook,
 And arduous virtue's path
Abandons? Let us, or to the Capitol
 Whither the shouting calls us,
And throng of the applauding populace,
 Or let us in the next sea,
Jewels, and stones, and useless gold, the fuel
 Of our first primal guilt,
Cast from us, if we worthily repent
 Our crimes. Uprooted whole
Must be the germins of our sinful lust,
 And our too softened minds
Be form'd to rougher schooling. The young boy
 Of noble blood wots little
His seat to keep upon his steed, and fears
 To join the chase; to play
More learned, whether with the Grecian troch
 Thou bid him, or would fain
With dice, forbidden by his country's laws.
 While the sire's faith forsworn
Deceives his partner sharer in his gain,
 And guest; and hastens to amass
Wealth for a worthless heir. Sooth, beyond bounds
 Swell high our riches, yet
I know not what, something there still is wanting
To the curtail'd estate.

ODE XXV.

TO BACCHUS.

A DITHYRAMBIC.

Quo me, Bacche.

WHERE, O Bacchus, where art thou tearing me
 Full of thyself? O, into what bowers,
 Or into what deep caves are they bearing me
 Fleet, with a spirit of new-born powers?

In what dark grots will they list my story,
 While I muse to enrol above
 Peerless Cæsar's undying glory,
 Mid stars and the synod hall of Jove?

A theme I'll chant me of glory, new,
 Yet unutter'd by others' lips.
 Even thus Bacchus, with sleepless view,
 Sits entranced on the mountain-steeps;

Gazing forth on Hebrus and Thrace
 Snow-glazed over, and Rhodope,
 Trodden with foot of a savage race.
 How, as with wayward step I stray

At river banks and at lonely shades,
 'Tis sweet to marvel! O sov'reign thou
 Of Naiad choirs, and Bacchic maids
 Strong the tall ash with their hands to bow:

Nothing mean or in lowly strain,
 Nought that can ever die will I sing;
 Sweet is the peril to join the train
 Of the God (O thou the Læonian king),
 Circling my brows with his vine-leaf green.

ODE XXVI.

TO VENUS.

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus.

FORM'D for the service of the fair,
 I lived of late, and served in war,
 Not without glories ; now
 My armour and my lyre, which right
 Hath done its duty in the fight,
 This temple wall shall owe—
 This wall which the left side protects
 Of ocean Venus. Here, here fix
 Bright links, and bars, and bows
 With menace big 'gainst every door
 That barr'd our passage. Heavenly Power !
 O thou that dost repose
 At Cyprus, thine own blissful place,
 And Memphis, by the snow of Thrace
 Untouch'd ; as sov'reign reigning,
 O with uplifted scourge, [as such.]
 Give only once a little touch
 To Chloe, the disdaining.

ODE XXVII.

TO GALATEA, UPON HER GOING TO SEA.

Impios parra.

LET guilty spirits on their way
 The omen speed of chattering jay ;
 Or pregnant brache, or with grey grim eye
 Down from Lanuvium scouring by

She-wolf, and fox with young ; and snake
Their journey just commenced, may break :
If athwart the pathway darted,
Like arrow, it the nags has started.
Whom shall I fear for,—augur I
Far-seeing ? Ere the bird, with eye
Diviner of the showers impending,
Back to its stagnant pools is wending,
The wizard crow, with prayer and vows,
From Sol uprising I'll arouse.
You may be blessed wheresoe'er,
My Galatea, you prefer ;
And, mindful of me, may dwell there :
And thee nor ill-starr'd woodpecker,
Nor raven wild forbid to tread
Thy path. Yet seest thou with what dread
Disturbance, as he sinketh prone,
Orion blusters ? I have known
What Adria's murky gulf is like,
And what a wicked blow can strike
Paly Iapyx ! O, may women
And children of our country's foemen
Feel rising Auster's dark commotion,
And uproar of the blackening ocean,
And shores beneath its scourge that quiver !
So too Europa did deliver
In simple faith her snowy side
Unto the bull, her treacherous guide,
And at the sea with monsters fill'd,
And frauds half-wrought and half reveal'd,
Though bold as lion, pale she sate—
She, maiden who, in meads but late,
On blossoms passionately set,
And framer of a wreath, the debt

Due to the nymphs, did now catch sight
Beneath the dim and twilight night
Of nought the stars and waves beside.
And soon as Crete she touch'd, in pride
With all its hundred cities throned,
"O, father! O the name!" she groan'd,
"Of child betray'd! and duteous sense
Of love with frenzy vanquish'd! Whence,
And whither came I? Once to die
For maiden's guilt is penalty
Too light. Is it with waking eye
That o'er my foul enormity
I wail? Or from corruption free
Is a vain phantom mocking me—
Phantasm which from the iv'ry gate
'Scaped, o'er my soul a dreamy state
Is drawing? Did it better tide
Over the surges long to ride,
Or cull fresh blossoms? If some power
Would but deliver at this hour
Up to my wrath the caittiff steer,
I'd strain all strength the horns to tear
With steel, and into pieces pull
Of that once dear-loved monster bull.
Shameless I left my sire's hearth altar;
Shameless at Orcus now I falter!
O thou, of gods if one there be
Who hears this, naked may I stray
Midst lions. Ere my cheek of bloom
Unsightly lank decay consume,
And slowly from the tender prey
Her pulpy moisture melt away,
Fain would I feed the tigers, while
In all my grace." "Europa vile!"

Thine absent sire doth ceaseless cry,
“Why dost thou hesitate to die ?
E'en from this ash thy neck suspended,
By zone which well thy flight attended,
Out of its socket thou mayst wrest ;
Or, if the rocks delight thee best,
And death-jagg'd quarries—quick, thy form
Trust to the mercy of the storm,
As swift it sends. Unless thou fain
Wouldst rather, for a master's gain,
Thy task be plying ; and be pass'd
O'er to a barb'rous queen at last,
As a poor harlot ;—thou the blood
Of monarchs !” As she wail'd, there stood
Beside her Venus, smiling mild
A traitor smile ; and he, her child,
Bearing a slacken'd bow. Anon,
When long enough her frolic fun
The goddess play'd, she cried, “ Abstain
From wrath and heated wrangling vain.
When the loathed bull shall thee present
His horns to be in pieces rent.
Thou little know'st that spouse thou art
Of Jove th' unconquer'd. Bid depart
Thy sobbings ; learn aright to bear
Thy glorious lot ; the section'd sphere
Titles derived from thee shall wear.”

ODE XXVIII.

TO LYDE.

Festo quid potiùs die.

WHAT should I rather put in use
On Neptune's festal day? Produce,
My Lyde, quick, thy Cæcub hoard,
And to grave Wisdom, circummured,
A gentle violence apply.
Thou feelest that the noonday sky
Is sinking : and, as if the day,
So swift-wing'd, at thy voice would stay,
Thou grudgest from the store to tear
The amphora still ling'ring there,
Of Consul Bibulus. In lays
Alternate we will Neptune praise,
And sea-green tresses of the choir
Of Nereids : Thou with curved lyre
Lato shalt chant from answering strings,
And the fleet Cynthian's arrow-stings ;
Her in last carol, who is claiming
Cnidos, and those islets gleaming,
The Cyclades, and Paphos fair
Visits with her yoked pair
Of cygnets. Night shall named be, too,
In a grave ditty richly due.

ODE XXIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

Tyrrhena regum progenies.

O TYRRHENE offspring of a line
Of kings, to greet thee, mellow'd wine
From hogshead never stoop'd before,
Mæcenas, with a blooming store
Of roses, and the chesnut oil
Squeezed for thy locks, is now long while
With me at home. From all that stays
Thy coming rescue thee ; nor gaze
Still upon Tibur dew'd with rills,
And Æsula's sloping arables,
And ridges of the parricide
Telegonus. O throw aside,
Full of daintiness and pride,
Thy opulence, and massy dome
Up to the high clouds reaching home ;
Cease for a while to marvel o'er
The smoke, and wealth, and bustling roar
Of happy Rome. Change oft is sweet
E'en to the rich ; and suppers neat
Beneath the poor man's lowly cot,
Tapestries and crimson boasting not,
Unravell'd have a care-knit brow.
Andromeda's bright sire is now
His fire concealed laying bare :
Now Procyon maddens, and the star
Of frenzied Leo, while the sun
Again the days of drought brings on.

Now, weary with his drooping flock,
The herdsman seeks the shades, and brook,
And shaggy Sylvan's bosky brakes ;
And not a voiceless bank partakes
Of wand'ring breezes. Thou distress'd,
Musest what posture may the best
Become the state, and ill bestead
With cares dost for the city dread,
What Seres, and the land ruled o'er
By Cyrus, Bactria, hath in store
And Tanais discord-rife. With sight
Far-seeing, in a gloomy night,
Doth Heaven of each approaching morn
The issue whelm, and laughs to scorn,
If mortal man too anxious fret
O'er measure. What is present yet,
Remember thou with tranquil breast
To rule and settle : all the rest
Onward is borne by some high power,
Like Tiber's stream, which at one hour
Down its central bed doth glide
Calmly into the Tyrrhene tide,
At another in one mass
Rocks corroded to their base,
And trunks swept off, and cattle throng,
And homesteads tumbling rolls along.
Not without the clam'rous cry
Of mountain height and forest nigh,
When the wild deluge wakes to strife
The tranquil rivers. He his life,
Lord of himself, will pass away,
And bless'd, who from day to day
Hath license, " I have lived," to say ;

To-morrow let the Sire surprise
Either with one black pall the skies,
Or with a cloudless sun. Nought still
E'er will he cancel or repeal,
Whate'er is once behind us : none
Will he reforge, or make undone
Of deeds which once the flying hour
Off-carried. Fortune, gloating o'er
Her cruel task, and stubborn bent
To play her frolic insolent,
Her fickle honours shifts at pleasure,
Now unto me profuse of treasure,
Now to another. While she makes
Her stay, I praise her ; if she shakes
Her rapid pinions, I resign
Her bounties ; and in worth still mine
I wrap me, and with longing eye
Seek honest, dowerless poverty.
'Tis not my int'rest, if the mast
Is groaning 'neath the Siroc blast,
To run and sink to prayers of woe,
And strive to bargain vow on vow,
Lest Cyprian wares and Tyrian heap
More riches on the greedy deep.
Then 'neath the guardianship secure,
Of my light skiff with double oar,
Through storms Ægean some light air
And the twin Pollux me shall bear.

ODE XXX.

ON HIS OWN WORKS.

Exegi monumentum.

I HAVE a monumental tower
Achieved, of more enduring power
Than bronze, and loftier than the site
Of pyramids by monarchs' pight ;
Which not corroding rain can wreck,
Not Boreas, masterless and weak,
Or the innumerable chain
Of years, and flight of seasons [vain].
I shall not all die ; and of me
Shall many a portion scatheless flee
From Libitina. Still shall I,
With laudings of posterity,
Wax great in freshness, all the time,
While up the Capitol shall climb
The priest, with virgin of maid tongue
All silent. I shall still be sung,
Where furious Aulidus doth roar
Against its banks, and Daunus, poor
In streams, the rural nations sway'd ;
I from a lowly one now made
Puissant ;—chief in having woo'd,
And married the Æolian ode
To Latian measures. Put thou on
The haughty port by merit won,
And grudgeless with the Delphic bay
Belt thou my locks, Melpomene.

THE FOURTH BOOK
 OF THE
 ODES OF HORACE.

ODE I.

TO VENUS.

Intermissa, Venus.

O VENUS ! art thou again
 Stirring thy battles, long given o'er ?
 Spare me, I pray thee, I pray !
 I am not such as I was of yore,
 'Neath the good Cynara's reign.
 Cease, mother stern of Cupids sweet,
 Cease at thy pleasure to wind
 One who a decade of lustres fleet
 Touches on, and by this time
 Steel'd 'gainst thy silken imperial sway.
 Hie thee to where the soft prayers
 Of youthful spirits call thee away.
 In better season'd hour
 Unto Paulus Maximus' mansion thou
 Wilt revel it, light upborne
 On yoked cygnets of purple hue,
 If a fit heart you seek to fire.
 For both nobly born, and a form of grace,
 And never mute in defence
 Of poor accused in their deep distress,

A boy, too, of hundreds of arts,
Far and wide will he bear around
The standards of thy campaign.
And whensoever having won his ground
O'er his competitors' bribes
Profuse, he hath laugh'd in joy, beside
The lake of Albanum he'll place
Thee enshrined in marble pride,
Under a citron beam.
Here at thy nostrils shalt thou respire
Frankincense rich, and be charm'd
With many a mingled strain of the lyre
And Berecynthian pipe,
Not without flute. There twice a day
Boys with the delicate maids,
Lauding thy mighty divinity,
Thrice with a footstep of snow,
In Salian fashion, shall shake the ground.
Me neither damsel now,
Nor the trustful hope of responsive love,
Nor to enter the lists in wine
Delights ; nor with chaplet fresh to twine
My temples. But why, alas !
Why, Ligurine, o'er my cheeks is welling
The slow intermitting tear ?
Why fluent erst, in a silence, little
Graceful, while I am speaking,
Falters my tongue ? In dreams of night
Now I a prisoner hold thee,
Now swift in flight I pursue thee over
The sword of the Martian plain.
Thee, hard of heart, through the midst of waters
Rolling away before thee.

ODE II.

TO ANTONIUS IULUS.

Pindarum quisquis studet.

WHOSOE'ER Pindar studieth to rival,
 Leans upon pinions by the art of Dædal
 Waxed, Iulus, ready to give titles
 To the glass'd ocean.
 E'en as a torrent from a mountain hurling,
 Which rains have fed its wonted margin over,
 Pindarus boils, and rushes on with mouth of
 Deep-rolling thunder.
 He to be gifted with Apollo's laurel,
 Whether, along his dithyrambs audacious,
 New-minted words he sweepeth, and in numbers
 Lawless is hurried :
 Or doth of gods or monarchs sing, the blood of
 Gods, by whose prowess perish'd in a righteous
 Murder the Centaurs—perish'd the flame of
 Deadly Chimæra ;
 Or those, whom palm of Elis home is leading,
 Raised to the skies, or pugilist or courser,
 Nameth, and gifts them with a boon more rich than
 Hundreds of statues.
 Or doth he wail a spirit in its manhood
 Reft from his weeping consort ; and his vigour,
 Soul too, and golden manners raise to heav'n, and
 Grudge to black Orcus.
 Copious the breeze, which lifts the swan of Dirce,
 Oft as he soars, Antonius, into lofty
 Cloud-regions. I, in fashion and in guise of
 Bee of Matinum,

Culling sweet thyme-stores with abundant labour,
 As through the leafy grove I stray, and banks of
 Rill-gushing Tiber, petty songster, mould my

Verses elab'rate.

Thou a true bard with louder quill shalt chant me
 Cæsar, whene'er, the holy steep along, he
 Drag the Sicambric savages, with well-earn'd

Chaplet adorn'd ;

He, than whom nothing mightier or better
 Fates and kind gods unto the earth have given,
 Nor will, although to patriarchal gold the

Age be returning.

Sing shall you too of happy days, and public
 Sports of the city, for the gain'd return of
 Valiant Augustus, and the forum clear'd from

All litigation ;

Then of my voice (if anything I speak worth
 Hearing) a portion large shall add its song, and
 " Fair Sol ! O glorious Sol ! " I'll sing, rejoiced at

Cæsar recover'd.

And as the way thou ledest " Io triumph ! "
 Not once alone we'll utter " Io triumph ! "
 We the whole city, and will offer incense

To the kind heavens.

Thee shall acquit ten bullocks, and as many
 Kine ; me a tender calf, his dam abandon'd,
 Who in full pastures now is growing up, my

Vows to accomplish ;

One that in forehead copieth the crescent
 Fires of the moon, its triple rise repeating,
 Snow-white to view where mark it draws, beyond this

Brinded all over.

ODE III.

TO MELPOMENE.

Quem tu.

HIM whom thou once, Melpomene,
 In hour of birth, with tranquil eye,
 Hath gazed upon, no Isthmian toil
 As pugilist shall glorify.

Him shall not stalwart courser draw
 A victor in Achæan car,
 Nor him, as chieftain deck'd with leaves
 Of Delos, shall the pomp of war,
 For that he crush'd in dust of kings
 The lofty swelling threatenings.

Show to the Capitol. But streams
 Which fertile Tibur flow along,
 And bowery tresses thick shall mould
 To glory for Æolian song.

Among the dear-loved choirs of bards
 Of Rome, the cities' queen, the youth
 Deigns to enrol me, and e'en now
 Less am I gnaw'd with envy's tooth.

O maid Pierian, that dost temper
 The sweet ring of the golden shell !
 O thou, who e'en to voiceless fishes
 Couldst give the cygnet's song at will !

This all is of thy gift, that I
 Am shown by passers' finger sign.
 As lyrist of the Roman harp
 That I do breathe and please (if please I do), is thine.

ODE IV.

THE PRAISES OF DRUSUS.

Qualem ministrum.

E'EN like the thunder-bearer bird,
 (Upon whom Jove, of gods the king,
 Supreme dominion hath conferr'd
 O'er every wandering winged thing,
 Having him faithful proved and true
 In Ganymede of golden hue).

When youth and vigour of his sires
 Have on a day from eyrie high
 Launch'd him untoild ; and vernal airs
 (The clouds now vanish'd from the sky),
 Have taught him cowering at the first
 Into unwonted strains to burst ;

After a while with fervid glow,
 The impetuous spirit down hath sped
 Upon the folds their swooping foe ;
 Now upon dragons struggling dread
 With folds recoil'd there pounced his flight
 Love of the banquet and the fight ;

Or as a lion-whelp, the which
 Just of the gushing milk bereaved
 Of brinded dam, on pastures rich
 Intent a kidling hath perceived ;
 Poor kidling, doom'd full soon, [forsooth,]
 To perish by an unflesh'd tooth.

E'en in such spirit Drusus [keen,
 As 'neath the Rhaetian Alps he wages
 His wars, the Vindelics have seen :
 (Whose fashion whence deduced through ages,
 Still their right hands against attacks
 Arms with the Amazonian axe,

I have deferr'd to question here ;
 Nor may we ken of every truth),
 But squadrons long, and far and near
 Victors, by counsels of a youth
 O'ercome, have learnt what mind could do—
 What native worth, with training due

Nursed in heav'n-blest bowers apart :
 What towards youthful Neros show'd
 Augustus's paternal heart.
 Brave from the brave are born and good ;
 There lives in steers, there lives in steeds,
 The virtue of their parents' breeds.

Neither do eagles fierce beget
 A tim'rous dove. But teachers' skill
 Doth inborn powers advance and whet,
 And right tilths hardy bosoms steel :
 Where manners e'er hath proved a dearth,
 Crimes deform things of noble birth.

What unto Neros thou dost owe,
 Rome ! doth Metaurum's stream attest,
 And Asdrubal in battle low
 O'ervanquish'd ; and that day so blest
 Which (clouds dispell'd from Latium's sky)
 First smiled with balmy victory.

When through Italia's towns the Moor,
 Like flame through torches, with alarm
 Accursed, or, like to Eurus, o'er
 Sicilia's waves bestrode the storm.
 Thenceforth, with favouring labours new
 Still did Rome's youth increase and grew ;

And sanctuaries spoil'd and wreck'd
 By the ungodly wild uproar
 Of Punic soldiery, erect
 Upon their pedestals once more
 Their gods possess'd ; and after all
 Spake the false-hearted Hannibal :

“ Hinds of yon ravening wolves the prey,
 We're dogging, of our own free wish,
 A foe from whom to hide away
 And 'scape, it is a triumph rich.
 That race which ever undismay'd
 Even from Troy, in ashes laid,

“ Safe to Ausonia's cities bore
 The vessels of its mysteries,
 And sons, and age-ripe fathers hoar,
 Though storm-toss'd o'er the Tuscan seas.
 Like ilex lopp'd by iron brand
 In Algidus, the mother land

“ Of foliage dark, through loss of limb
 Through murd'rous stroke, e'en from the axe,
 Succour and spirit doth it win.
 Not stancher did the Hydra wax
 With mangled crest each time to meet
 Alcides, madd'ning at defeat.

“ Nor portent worse did Colchos e'er
 Or Echionian Thebes beget.
 Thou shalt in ocean plunge it—fair
 Tenfold it issues. Wrestle, yet
 Before its feet with glory bright
 'Twill spurn the victor in his might ;

“ And battles wage, to be allow'd
 The tales of consorts. Now no more
 Will I my tiding-bearers proud
 Despatch to Carthage ; o'er—'tis o'er !
 All hope and fortune of our name,
 With Asdrubal in battle slain.

“ Nought is there which the Claudian bands
 Will not achieve ; whom both with arm
 Of a kind providence defends
 Great Jove, and extricate from harm
 Through the sharp thorny paths of war,
 Augustus's sagacious cares.”

ODE V.

TO AUGUSTUS.

Divis orte bonis.

CHILD of bless'd gods, of Romulus's race
 Best guardian, too long absent art thou now ;
 To the sires' holy conclave thou didst vow
 A timely coming back. O now return !

Light to thy country, chieftain blest, restore ;
 For, like the springtide, when thy face has shone
 Upon thy people, happier passes on
 The day, and suns with fairer beauty smile.

E'en as a youth, whom his return delaying
 More than a year-long course, beyond the plains
 Of the Carpathian sea Notus detains
 With envious blast, far from his cherish'd home,

On him with vows, and omens, and with prayers
 His mother calls, nor from the winding strand
 Her gaze withdraweth : so our fatherland,
 Smitten with loyal yearnings, seeks for Cæsar.

For safe from harm the heifer roves the fields,
 Ceres and fostering bounty feeds our leas ;
 The mariners wing their flight across the seas,
 Restored to peace : Faith dreads to be rebuked :

With no foul deed is the chaste household sullied :
 Manners and law have each dark spotted sin
 Crush'd and expell'd : our infants' mothers win
 Applause for offspring like unto their sires :

And retribution dogs the path of crime
 Its sure companion. Who would crouch before
 The Parthian foeman ? Who the Tartar frore ?
 Who 'neath the brood grisly Germania bears,

With Cæsar scatheless ? Who a thought would give
 To wild Iberia's war ? Each one doth close
 The day upon his native hills, and woos
 The vine seductive to the unwedded trees :

Hence to his wine-cups joyous he returns,
 And at his twice-served board as deity
 Thee he invites ; with prayer repeated thee,
 With wine from pateræ shed, he duteous courts :

And with his Lares blends thy power divine,
 As Greece of Castor and Alcides great
 Right mindful. O bless'd chief, of lengthen'd date
 Days of rejoicing, mayst thou guarantee

Unto Hesperia's region ! This at morn
 With dry lips we repeat, and the whole day
 Unbroken—this bedew'd with wine, we say
 When Sol is sinking in his ocean bed.

ODE VI.

HYMN TO APOLLO.

Dive, quem proles.

O POWER divine, whom venger [to destroy]
 Of the high boastful tongue, Niobe's brood
 And Tityos felt, the ravisher, and one
 The all but vanquisher of lofty tow'ring Troy—

Phthian Achilles, than the world beside
 Mightier, a warrior poorly match'd with thee ;
 Though, ocean Thetis' son, with his dread spear
 He shook the Dardan towers, stout battling [in his pride,]

He like a pine-tree by the biting brand
 Deep smitten, or as cypress from its seat
 By Eurys push'd, fell prone in all his breadth,
 And low his neck reposed in dust of Teucris's land.

He, not enclosed in steed, which did belie
Minerva's hallow'd gifts, fain would delude
Troy's children in their ill-starr'd holiday,
And Priam's hall in dances bursting forth to joy,

But face to face to his poor captives dread,
Woe, deed of horror! woe! the infant babes
That knew not yet to speak, in Grecian flames
Burn would he in their mother's womb yet lying hid :

But that the Father of the gods, o'ercome
By prayers of thine, and Venus, his beloved,
Vouchsafed to the fortunes of Æneas
Walls with an auspice traced of more propitious doom.

Lord of the lyre, O Phœbus, thou instructor
Of silver-voiced Thalia, thou who lav'st
Thy locks in Xanthus' flood, maintain the glory
Of Græcia's muse, thou smooth of cheek, the bard's conductor !

Phœbus it was vouchsafed me inspiration,
Phœbus the art of minstrelsy, and name
Of poet. O of maidens ye the flower,
And boys from parents sprung of glorious generation,

Ye, the fond charge of Delos' queen divine,
Who with her brow the lynxes swift of flight
And harts within the stakenets drives and prisons,
Guard ye the Lesbian foot, and beat of finger mine.

Duly Latona's stripling with our song,
Duly the lightener of night adoring,
Her the aye-waxing with her torch, of grain
Bounteous, and swift to roll the headlong months along.

Now, veiled bride, "a carol" shalt thou say,
 "Of heaven beloved, when now the hundredth year
 Brings back our festal morns, have I rehearsed,
 I pupil apt of measures, Horace, the minstrel's lay."

ODE VII.

TO TORQUATUS.

Diffugère nives.

FLED have the snows. The herbage now—is returning to the
 leas,
 And their tresses to the trees ;
 The earth its varied courses shifts,—and the rivers waxing low
 Within their margins flow.
 Link'd with the nymphs and her sisters twain,—the queen of
 grace aspires
 Unrobed to lead the choirs.
 Lest thou should hope for joys that die not,—warns the year,
 and Time away
 Sweeping each bounteous day.
 Frosts melt with zephyrs : summer slow—is springtide
 wearing on,
 . Itself to perish, soon
 As autumn apple-crown'd has shed—its fruits profuse, and then
 Dull frost rolls round again.
 Yet do the swiftly-fleeting moons—their wanes in heaven
 repair ;
 We, when we sunk have there
 Where good Æneas, where Tullus rich,—and Ancus all are
 laid,
 Ashes become and shade.

Who knoweth if to-morrow's hours—the gods above may lay
 On the total of to-day ?
 All will thy heir's rapacious hands—escape, which with a soul
 Thou gav'st of bounty full.
 When thou hast once met death, and pass'd—hath Minos
 upon thee
 His glorious decree,
 Not birth, Torquate, not thee will flow—of speech, not thee
 will worth
 Again replace on earth.
 For neither chaste Hippolytus,—from the murky shades of
 hell,
 Doth Dian disenthral ;
 Nor from his loved Perithous—hath Theseus power to break
 The chains of Lethe's lake.

ODE VIII.

TO MARCIUS CENSORINUS.

Donarem pateras.

UPON my friends would I bestow,
 Pateræ and bronzes fair to show,
 My Censorine, with courteous spirit ;
 Tripods, I'd give the prize for merit
 Of valiant Grecians ; nor shouldst thou
 Bear off the pettiest and most low
 Of all my gifts, if I were rich,
 Sooth so to say, in arts, the which
 Either Parrhasius brought to light,
 Or Scopas, one of craft and might
 In stone, and one in liquid dyes,—
 Now man, now God before our eyes

To shrine. But on me doth not wait
This talent. Nor is thine the estate,
Or soul that needeth gauds like these.
Thou dost delight in poesies ;
And poesies can we bestow,
And tell the present's value too.
Not marbles with a nation's seal
Deep graven (wherewithal doth steal
Back once again the life and breath
To glorious chieftains after death).
Not rapid routs, and threatenings [black]
Of Hannibal retorted back ;
Not flaming fires of Carthage, foe
To Heav'n, his lauds more brightly show,
Who home return'd, having won
A name from Africa undone,
Than Calabrie's Pierian quire ;
Nor, if what thou with noble fire
Hast wrought, their records fail to show,
Wilt thou have gain'd thy guerdon due.
What would the son of Ilia be
And Mars, if, rife with jealousy,
Silence the high deserts should bar
Of Romulus ! So rescued far
From Stygian waves the soul high-strung
Of mighty bards, and love, and tongue,
Doth Æacus for holy rest
Consign to islands of the blest.
The hero worthy praise the muse
Forbids to die. The muse endues
With gift of heaven. Thus above
At the thrice-long'd-for feasts of Jove
Alcides, slothless hero, he
Assisteth. The Tyndaridæ,

As constellation glittering bright,
 Rescue our barks in shatter'd plight
 From ocean's depths. His temples dight
 With emerald vine-leaf, Bacchus brings
 Our vows to blessed issuings.

ODE IX.

TO MARCUS LOLLIVS.

Ne fortè credas.

DEEM not perchance the words will die,
 Which of that far-resounding river,
 The Aufidus, a native I,
 By magic arts before me never
 Divulged, now am uttering,—words
 Framed to be married unto chords.

Not though Mæonian Homer owes
 The nobler post, are buried yet
 The strains of Pindarus, and those
 Of Ceos, or the full of threat—
 Those of Alcæus, and the muse
 Majestic of Stesichorus.

Nor if Anacreon trifled aught
 In days of old, hath lengthen'd age
 Outblotted all. The passion'd thought
 Is breathing still, and in her page
 Live glowing fires intrusted well
 To the Æolian maiden's shell.

Not singly at the curled hair
Of an adulterer youth, and gold
About his raiment daubed fair,
And graceful trim of princely mould,
And train, admiring caught the flame,
Fair Helen, Lacedæmon's dame.

Nor was it Teucer first who levell'd
His shafts from bow in Cydon hewn ;
Not once alone was Ilion perill'd :
Not huge Idomeneus alone
Or Sthenelus did wage their fights,
A worthy theme for muses' flights.

Not fierce-soul'd Hector or the keen
Deiphobus was first to face
So many a grievous blow to screen
Their modest wives and infant race.
There lived, ere Agamemnon's time,
Full many a hero in his prime ;

But all beyond the reach of tear,
And, known to none, are whelm'd and barr'd
'Neath a long night, because they ne'er
Possess'd a consecrated bard.
Little doth dither hidden worth
From sloth interred in the earth.

I will not, Lollius, pass thee by,
Unnamed, undeck'd in pages mine ;
Or let oblivion's livid eye
Carp at so many toils of thine,
With none to 'venge thee. Thine's a soul
Both in events of prescience full,

And in fair seasons, and in waning
Upright ; of fraud that thirsts for pelf
Chastiser, and from gold abstaining
That draggeth all things to itself ;
And consul not of one short year,
But often as the judge prefer

Right to the useful,—he of faith
And virtue proven,—and with brow
Sublime has cast into their teeth
The guilty's bribes, and victor now
Through squadrons facing bold his charge,
His legions hath deployed at large.

Not to the lord of much the name
Of blest wilt thou have rightly given ;
More rightly he that name doth claim
Of blest, who can the gifts of heaven
Use wisely, and hard penury bear,
And guilt e'en worse than death doth fear ;
He for the friends whom he doth cherish,
Or country, not afraid to perish.

ODE X.

TO LIGURINUS.

O crudelis adhuc.

O CRUEL still, and with the gifts—of Venus ruling wide,
 When plumage on thy cheeks shall spring,—unlook'd for by
 thy pride,
 And locks which o'er thy shoulders now—float light, have
 fall'n away,
 And hue, which now than red rose bloom—is brighter and
 more gay,
 All changed hath Ligurine transform'd—into a bearded face.
 "O!" thou wilt say, each time thou seest—thee alter'd in
 the glass,
 "Soul of to-day, why did it not—the same in boyhood dwell?
 Or with these thoughts why come not back—my cheeks un-
 blemish'd still?"

ODE XI.

TO PHYLLIS.

Est mihi nonum.

THERE is a cask in store for me,
 Brim full of Alban, its ninth year
 O'er-passing now; there is, within
 My orchard, parsley, Phillis dear,
 For twining coronals; there is
 Rich store of ivy, wherewithal
 Thou shin'st in beauty, with thy locks
 Bound back; with silver smiles my hall:

Twined with its holy vervain wreaths
The altar longs to be besprent
With victim'd lamb ; and, thronging close,
The household is on hurry bent ;
Hither and thither, mix'd with striplings,
They course about, my maiden folk ;
Flicker and wave the flames while whirling
In volumed spire the sooty smoke.
Yet, that thou know what joys thou'rt call'd to :
The Ides are to be kept by thee,
That day which April cleaves, the month
Of Venus, daughter of the sea ;
Justly observed, and holier nigh
To me than my own natal day,
Since from this dawn, Mæcenas mine,
His years on flowing doth array :
Telephus, whom you woo—a youth
Not of thy lot—a maid hath gain'd
Wealthy and wild, and prisoner holds
With a delightsome fetter chain'd :
Scorch'd Phaeton doth grasping hopes
Alarm ; and winged Pegasus
Aggrieved at rider born of earth,
Bellerophon, supplies to us
Precedent grave, that thou aye follow
Objects meet for thee, and by viewing
As crime the hoping aught beyond
What is allow'd, may be eschewing
An ill-match'd passion. Come thou, now,
Last of my loves (since never more
Henceforth with other fair shall I
Be fired) learn notes with me to pour
With thy delicious voice again,
Our gloomy cares will melt away beneath the strain.

ODE XII.

TO VIRGIL.

Jam veris comites.

Now the Spring's pursuivants, which soothe the sea,
Thracia's light airs, the threaden sails are fanning ;
Nor neither meads are stark, nor rivers growl,
Swoll'n with a winter's snow.

Her nest she fixes, Itys sadly wailing,
That hapless bird, and the undying shame
Of Cecrop's hall, because she ill avenged
The savage lusts of kings.

Stretch'd on the tender herbage, to the flute
The sleek-fed lambs' protectors hymns are singing ;
And charm the Deity, whom flocks delight,
And Arcadie's dark hills.

Thirst have the seasons brought to us, my Virgil ;
But if thou fain wouldst quaff of Bacchus press'd
At Cales, thou of noble youths the client,
Wine shalt thou win with nard.

One little nard-shell will a cask elicit,
Which in the stores Sulpician now reposes,
Bounteous to give new hopes, and efficacious
Cares' gall to wash away.

Unto which joys if thou art hasting, swiftly
Come with thy bargain : little am I musing
With cups of mine all giftless to imbue thee,
As rich in a full hall.

Sooth set delays aside, and thirst of lucre ;
 And of the black fires mindful, while you may,
 Mingle a short-lived folly with thy counsels :
 'Tis sweet in fitting place to drop our wisdom.

ODE XIII.

TO LYCE.

Audivére, Lyce.

THEY have heard me, my Lyce, the gods, they have heard—
 Yea, the gods, O my Lyce, the vows I preferr'd !
 Thou art turning a beldam, and yet would be still
 A beauty, and blushless doth frolic and swill ;
 And, when tipsy, poor Cupid, all listless and slack,
 With a crack'd shaky ditty you try to charm back :
 Though he all the while, in the beautiful cheek
 Of the Chian is keeping his bivouac awake—
 Her, springlike, and skill'd on the psaltry to play ;
 For mischievous Cupid still wingeth his way
 Past dry wither'd oaks ; and he shuns thee with dread,
 Because black teeth, and wrinkles, and snows on thy head
 Stamp thee ugly. Nor now can the crimsons of Cos,
 Nor jewels that sparkle, restore thee the loss
 Of hours, which once stored in its chronicles known
 The swift-winged Time has lock'd up as its own.
 Where, alas ! has fled Venus ? Or where of thy face
 The complexion ? And whither thy movement of grace ?
 What hast thou of her—yea, of her, who each day
 Breathed loves, from myself who had stolen me away ?
 A face next to Cynara's blest with success,
 And notorious for arts of a charming address ?

But the fates gave to Cynara brief years [to snatch,]
 While Lyce, about to embalm as a match
 Long kept for the years of the patriarch crow ;
 That the youths might be able to see in their glow,
 Not unmix'd with laughter in peals, all the flash
 Of the torch gone, and melted away into ash.

ODE XIV.

TO AUGUSTUS.

Quæ cura patrum.

WHAT care of senators, or what
 Of Quirite hands, by off'rings fraught
 With honours, may throughout all time,
 Augustus, thy deserts sublime,
 Through titled scrolls, and archives during
 Be to eternity securing ?

O thou, wherever Phœbus pours
 His light on habitable shores,
 Mightiest of princes ; whom but now
 The Vindelics, untaught to bow
 To Latian law have learnt to know,
 What in the battle thou couldst do.

For, with thy soldiers at his side,
 Drusus, that race unpacified,
 Genauns and Brenni swift to fly,
 And fortalices perched high
 On the dread Alps—to fury lash'd
 More than one turn to earth hath dash'd.

The elder of the Nero pair
 Did next the heavy shock of war
 In conflict plunge, and [from the field]
 With favouring auspices repell'd
 The Rhaetian savagery—he
 In the dread lists of chivalry,

Fit mark for every gaze, to note
 With what fierce shocks he wearied out
 Breasts vow'd unto a freeman's grave ;
 E'en as th' indomitable wave
 Auster is scourging, when the train
 Of Pleiads cleaves the clouds in twain.

No dull and listless warrior he
 To scare the foemen's chivalry,
 And plunge his snorting charger through
 The midst of burnings. Even so
 Bull-fronted Aufidus rolls on,
 He who the kingdoms flow along

Of Daunus the Apulian, when
 He raves, and on the labour'd plain
 A deluge horrible designs :
 E'en as the wild barbarians' lines
 Of plaited mail did Claudius burst,
 And shiver with wild shock ; and first,

And rearmost mowing down, the ground
 Strew'd, victor without loss or wound :
 Thee forces lending, thee alone
 Counsel, and deities thine own.
 For on that day, whereon [of yore]
 Did Alexandria, bow'd before

Thy feet, her havens at thy call
Ope, and her desert regal hall ;
Did Fortune, favouring thee still,
After a lustre third fulfil
Bless'd issues of the war, and praise
Awarded, and the yearn'd-for grace

To thy behests imperial, done
All duly. Thee Cantabria's son
Ne'er tamable before, and Mede,
And Ind ; thee Tartar, on his steed
Off-scudding, marvelling doth regard—
O thou Italia's present guard,

And Rome's, the nations' mistress. Thee
He who doth veil in mystery
His fountains' wellsprings, Nile, as well
As Ister—thee with ravening swell
The Tigris—thee with monsters rife
Oceanus, that roars in strife

'Gainst Britons in the far west couch'd ;
Thee Gallia's land, that never crouch'd
At death's disasters, and the shore
Of stern Iberia lists e'ermore ;
Thee the Sicambri revelling in the charms
Of carnage, worship now with peaceful piled arms.

ODE XV.

TO AUGUSTUS, ON THE RESTORATION OF PEACE.

Phœbus volentem.

PHŒBUS, when I myself was fain
 To tell of wars and cities ta'en,
 With harsh-struck lyre my madness chid,
 Lest I my puny sails should spread
 Across the Tyrrhene main. Thy days,
 O Cæsar, both unto our leas
 Their teeming harvests have restored,
 And unto Jove our favouring Lord
 Planted once more the standards torn
 Down from the Parthian's gates of scorn.
 And Quirin's Janus they have closed,
 Now cleansed from battles, and imposed
 Curbs on licentious wild abuse
 From righteous rule late wandering loose.
 And banish'd far each guilty stain,
 And call'd back pristine arts again :
 Arts wherewithal the Latian name,
 And powers Italian wax'd in fame,
 And far the empire's glory spread,
 And grandeur, from the western bed
 Of Sol unto his place of birth.
 With Cæsar guardian of the earth,
 Not civil frenzy, or brute force,
 Shall rob us of our peaceful course.
 Not wrath, which forges brands for blows,
 And piteous cities turns to foes.

Not they in Danube deep who slake
Their thirst, the Julian laws shall break ;
Not Getæ, not the Seric hordes,
Or Persians faithless to their words,
Not they by Tanais' flood-stream born.
And we alike on every morn,
Common and hallow'd, while we share
The boons of frolic Bacchus, there
With our young race and matrons true,
First having prayed in order due
To heaven, in rite from sires descended,
The hymn with pipes of Lydia blended,
Chiefs who all virtue did fulfil,
And Iliou and Anchises still,
And boon Dione's race in minstrelsy will trill.

THE BOOK
OF THE
EPODES OF HORACE.

ODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

Ibis Liburnis.

PASS wilt thou, friend, in shallows frail
 Midst yon armado's sea-forts towering,
 At thy own risk, Mæcenas, prompt
 To share each ill on Cæsar lowering.
 And what of us, to whom our life
 Is gladsome, if surviving thou ;
 If not, a weary load ? Shall we,
 At thy behest, pursue as now
 Our peaceful ease, but little sweet
 Unless with thee conjoin'd we share it ?
 Or brave this toil with soul, wherewith
 It suits no silken men to bear it ?
 Bear it we will, and either o'er
 Alp-cliffs and Caucasus shelterless,
 Or to the West's remotest gulf
 With valorous heart will on thee press.
 Ask you, how aid I toil of thine
 By my exertion ?—I, not made

For war, and strengthless? By thy side
 I shall be seized with lesser dread,
 Which haunts the absent still in form
 Dilated. E'en as, perched o'er
 Her callow nestlings, dreads the bird
 The serpent's stealthy glidings more,
 When they are quitted, not as like,
 Though she were close at hand, to bear
 More succour to them at her side.
 Fought shall be this and every war
 Cheerly, in hope to please thee; not
 That coulters harness'd to more steers
 Of mine may struggle, or my flock
 Before the sultry star appears,
 May their Lucanian pastures change
 For Calabrie's; or glittering bright
 On towering Tusculum, my villa
 Stretch to the walls from Circe height.
 Enough and more thy bounty me
 Hath 'rich'd. I ne'er will have amass'd,
 What either, grasping Chremes like, in earth
 I may inter, or as some dissolute spendthrift waste.

 ODE II.

THE PRAISES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

Beatus ille.

HAPPY the man, from worldly cares retired,
 Who, like the pristine race of mortals, farms
 Hereditary lands with steers unhired;
 Loosed from each care usurious. Nor in arms

Roused is he by the murd'rous trumpet [loud,]
Nor thrills with terror at the wrathful seas ;
The public forum, too, and portals proud
Of subjects mightier than himself he flees.
Then either with the vine-plants' sucker, now,
Adult, the towering poplars he doth wed,
And lopping with his knife each useless bough,
Ingrafts the more luxuriant in their stead ;
Or, in some glen sequester'd, forth he gazes
On herds loose straying of his lowing beeves ;
Or honeys squeezed in taintless casks amasses,
Or his weak flocks he of their fleece relieves ;
Or when his head decored with mellow fruits
Autumn has lifted from the cultured plain,
How joys he culling pears on grafted shoots,
And grapes competing with the purple grain,
Wherewith, Priapus, thee to gift, and thee,
O father Sylvan, of his bourns the guard.
It likes him, now beneath some old holm-tree
To lie, and now on the retentive sward.
Whilom the waters glide deep banks between ;
Birds in the woodlands pour their plaintive voice ;
And springs 'gainst pebbles brawl with welling streams—
A murmuring, downy slumbers to entice.
But soon as Jove the Thunderer's wintry round
His magazines of rains and snowdrifts stores,
Either on barrier'd toils with many a hound
From side to side he drives the savage boars ;
Or with smooth stretch his filmy nets he strains,
Treacheries the glutton thrushes to surprise ;
And crouching hare, and emigrated crane
With springes captures, a delicious prize.
Who feels not, mid these tasks, razed from his heart
Each noxious anxious thought, which love employs ?

But if a yokemate chaste to bear her part,
 Assist his household and his darling boys
 (Such as a Sabine dame, or one, tann'd thoroughly
 With suns, a stouthearted Apulian's mate),
 And pile with aged logs the hearth-fire holy,
 The coming of her wearied spouse to greet ;
 And, folding in their wattled pens the kine
 Sleek fed, may drain their wide-stretch'd udders dry ;
 And from sweet barrel broaching this year's wine,
 Serve up repasts which gold did never buy ;
 Let not the shell tribe of the Luerine lake,
 Or turbot, or the scar delight me more,
 If winter any, when it thundering breaks
 On eastern waves, to this sea chases o'er,
 Let not the bird of Afric's region, not
 Ionia's woodcock, with more gust to please,
 Descend into my maw than olive got
 Choice from the richest branches of my trees,
 Or blade of lapathus that loves the mead,
 And mallows healthful to the frame diseased ;
 Or on the festive Terminals doom'd to bleed,
 A lamb, or kidling from the wolf just seized.
 Midst these repasts how charming 'tis to view
 The sheep from pasture homeward quick repair !
 To view the steers with collar drooping low
 Outwearied dragging the inverted share !
 And my domestics, busy swarm, the token
 Of a rich household, laid to their repose,
 The fire-bright Lares round ! Thus having spoken
 The usurer Alfius, on the spot preparing
 At once to be
 A farmer he,
 Upon the Ides drew all his money in ;
 And on the Calends seeks to place it out again.

ODE III.

TO MÆCENAS.

Parentis olim si quis.

If a wight, upon a time,
Ever has, with hand of crime,
Wrench'd his sire's aged neck, [I ween,]
'Tis that he hath eating been
Garlic, deadlier, [without question,]
E'en than hemlock. O digestion
Hard as iron, of the reaper!
What's this poison, which so [deep here]
Is turmoiling in my chest?
Has the blood of viper, dress'd
In these vegetables, pass'd me
Undetected? Or, [to blast me,]
Has Canidia meddling been
With your pestilent cuisine?
When Medea fell in love,
All the Argonauts above,
With their brilliant captain, Jason,
Meditating how to place on
Bulls a yoke untried before,
'Twas with this she smear'd him o'er.
'Twas with presents, dyed with this,
Having 'venged his harlot miss,
Off on snake's wing she did caper.
Nor did ever such a vapour
From the stars besiege about
E'en Apulia's land of drought;
Nor did gift upon the shoulder
Of that wonder-working soldier

Hercules, take to inflammation
 With a fiercer conflagration.
 But if e'er, jocose Mæcenas,
 Aught thou fancying hast been as
 This, I hope and pray your fair
 May present her hand to bar
 Your kiss, and on the side recline
 Of sofa farthest off from thine.

ODE IV.

TO MENAS.

Lupis et agnis.

As bitter a hate as did ever betide

Wolves and lambs by their lot, is there 'twixt you and me,
 Thou with Spain's cat-of-nine-tails deep scored on thy side,
 And with hard fetters gall'd up thy shanks [to the knee].

You may strut as you like it, purse-proud with your treasure,
 Fortune does not effect any change in the blood ;
 Do you never perceive, Holy Way as you measure,
 With a toga of double three ells long and broad,

How on thee, both of comers and goers the faces
 There turns a most free unreserved indignation ?
 This fellow, with magistrates' floggings to pieces
 Cut up, to the beadle's disgust and vexation,

Farms a thousand broad acres of Falern estate,
 And the Appian road with his coach-horses frets ;
 And on the first benches a knight in great state,
 To Otho's despite, he presumingly sits.

What boots it so many grim faces of vessels
 Beak'd with pond'rous weight, are despatch'd [from afar,]
 'Gainst piratical crews and a handful of vassals,
 With this fellow—this—for a tribune of war ?

ODE V.

THE WITCHES MANGLING A BOY.

At, 6 Deorum.

“ BUT O whate'er of powers on high
 Ruleth the earth and progeny
 Of man! what means your tumult there ?—
 Or what those eyes with savage stare,
 Fix'd on me singly ?—eyes of all.
 O, by your boys ! if, at your call,
 On pangs of labour unpretended
 And true, Lucina e'er attended,
 And by this purple's empty glory,
 And by great Jove, I now implore ye,
 Who deeds like these will sure mislike—
 Why dost thou stare upon me like
 A stepdame, or a savage beast
 Attack'd with steel !” When, having ceased
 Wailing with quivering tongue, the boy
 (Each proud aristocratic toy
 Torn from him) stood in fix'd amaze—
 Smooth tender body—which might raise
 Compassion in the godless mind
 Of Thracians ; Canidie, entwined
 With vipers short in hair, and head
 Unconscious of a comb, doth bid

Wild fig-trees out of tombs uprooted,
Bids cypresses for burials suited,
And greased with blood of tadpole foul
The spawn, and down of night screech-owl,
And drugs Iolchos' soil produces,
And she, the rife with poison juices,
Iberia ;—bones, too, with a snatch
Torn from the jaws of starvling brache,
All be to ashes burnt with fire
Of Colchos. While in light attire
For action, the whole mansion through,
Sagana, sprinkling hellish dew,
Is bristling up with elfin wig,
Like a sea hedgehog or boar pig
Charging the hunter. Veia, not
Scared by one conscientious thought,
Out of a grave was scrabbling soil
With hard hoes, grunting o'er the toil ;
That there interr'd the livelong day
The boy might pine and die away
Before the spectacle of flesh
Twice and three times replaced afresh,
And whilom with his mouth might strain
Forward as far, as by the chin
Suspended bodies peer above
The water's flow ; that so might prove
His marrow scorch'd and spleen adust,
A philtre potion charged with lust,
When on the interdicted fare
His eye-balls once, with fixed stare
Had wither'd in their sockets. Nor
That one was absent—she of more
Than women's common lustful flame,
Folia, Ariminum's dame,

Both Naples, that ease-loving shore,
And every neighbouring town was sure—
She who with charm Thessalian tears
Down from the welkin spell-bound stars,
And moon. Upon this, gnawing hard
With livid tooth her thumb unpared,
Canidia raging mad—O what
Utter'd she, and what utter'd not !
O ye that ne'er betray, to sight
Admitted of my workings—Night
And Dian—thou who art enacting
Silence, while rituals are transacting
Mysterious : now, now aid me—now
Against the mansions of my foe
Your rancour turn, and, heavenly power.
While wild beasts timorous lurk and cower
In woods, with honied slumber drooping :
Let all Suburra's dogs be whooping
At the old leman (sight for all
To laugh at), smear'd in nard withal,
Such as more perfect never yet
My fingers did elaborate.
What has occur'd ? Why less than erst
Prevail the venom drugs accursed
Of barbarous Medea, aided
With which her foemen she evaded,
When she had wrought revenge and slaughter
On that proud miss, great Creon's daughter ;
What time the mantle, gift deep dyed
With gore, did the new-wedded bride
In a combustion sweep away !
Yet not a weed or root that lay
Conceal'd in rugged haunts hath pass'd
Me undetected. He sleeps fast

In Lethe, bathed though he be
In unguents, on the couches he
Of every wanton harlotry.
Ah! ah! he walks, discharged from harm,
By some more cunning weird wife's charin.
Oh, not by wonted draughts, thou head
Doom'd many a shower of tears to shed!
Varus, shalt thou to me again
Rush back; nor, though by Marsian strain
Call'd, shall thy mind recover e'er.
A mightier draught will I prepare,
A mightier brew than this for thee,
Who scorn'd the first. And 'neath the sea
First shall the welkin find its bed,
While earth above our heads is spread;
Ere thou not burn with strong desire
Of me, as with its sooty fire
Asphalt. On this, not now as erst
The boy 'gan soothe those hags accursed
With gentle words; but, in a doubt,
Whence to break silence, thus launch'd out
Prayers Thyestean. Yes—they can,—
Your hell-broths, change the mighty plan
Of right and wrong. They cannot turn
Men's cycle doom'd. With curses stern
Will I pursue you. Curse-fraught hate
Is with no victim expiate.
Yea, too, when bidden now to die,
I shall have heaved my latest sigh,
At midnight, as a power of wrath,
Will I confront you in your path;
And with crook'd claws as spectre pale
I will your visages assail.
That which the privilege is of powers

Divine, that rule o'er Pluto's shores ;
 And perch'd upon your restless breast,
 With panic I will scare your rest.
 You shall the mob from lane to lane,
 Pelting with stones, to pieces batter
 From side to side—you hags obscene ;
 And after that the wolves shall scatter
 Abroad your members uninterr'd,
 And every Esquilinian bird.
 Nor to my parents shall this scene—
 Alas ! myself surviving, lost have been.

ODE VI.

AGAINST CASSIUS SEVERUS.

Quid immerentes.

WHY worry harmless guests, thou cur,
 Dastard to front a wolfish pack ?
 Why not turn hither, if you dare,
 Your empty threats, and me attack,
 Prepared your bite to render back ?
 For, mastiff-like, or that dun-hound
 Of Sparta, the auxiliar race
 Of herdsmen, through the snows profound,
 With ear up-prick'd, in scent, I'll chase
 Whatever brute shall lead the race.
 You, when the grove with bark of fear
 You've fill'd, can at the meat, toss'd light
 Before thee, snuff. Beware, beware,
 For against knaves with fiercest might
 I lift my horns, prepared for fight ;

Like him, by false Lycambes spurn'd,
 As son, or that keen enemy
 To Bupalus. What, if one hath turn'd
 'Gainst me with venom'd tooth, shall I.
 Like helpless boy, sit down and cry?

ODE VII.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

Quò, quò scelestis ruitis.

WHITHER, whither, guilty crew,
 Rush ye on? or what to do,
 Are your scabbarded iron brands
 Grasp'd, and fitted to your hands?
 Has but little Latian gore
 Spilled been, plains and oceans o'er?
 Not that Roman arm might fire
 Ramparts, like imperial tire,
 Of the jealous Carthage, or
 That the Briton, ne'er before
 Touch'd by foe, might take his way,
 Fetter'd, down the Sacred Way;
 But that Parthian's vows to cherish,
 By her own right hand might perish
 This our glorious city. Neither
 Dwelt in wolves, or lions either
 Soul like this—ne'er mad for blood
 Save against an alien brood.
 Is it frenzy blind, or force
 Sharper that sweeps on your course?
 Or can it be guilt? Reply—
 Dumb they stand; and there doth dye

Every face a ghastly pale,
 And their strick'n spirits quail
 All bewilder'd : So it is ;
 'Tis our bitter destinies
 Roman souls that haunt and goad,
 And the guilt of brothers' blood :
 Since the gore of Remus, ill
 Meriting his fate, did well
 To the ground with execrations
 Fraught to coming generations.

ODE IX.

TO MÆCENAS.

Quando repōstum.

O WHEN Cæcubian juice, stored by
 For festival regales, shall I,
 Triumphant in our victor lord,
 Caesar, beneath thy dome, high tower'd
 (Thus pleas'd it Jove that it should be)
 Thou bless'd Mæcenas, quaff with thee ;
 The while the lyre rings forth a lay
 Mingled with flutes—in Dorian key
 The lyre, a strain barbaric they !
 As late, when chased across the main,
 The chief Neptunian fled amain,
 His navy giv'n to flames, in threat
 When he had shaken o'er the state
 Gyves, which from slaves a traitor band
 Stripp'd had he ; their accomplice hard.
 Rome-born (alas ! posterity
 Ye to the tale will give the lie !)

Thrall'd to a woman his fascine,
 And arms our soldier bears, and e'en
 Unto a wrinkled eunuch crew
 Brooks to be slave : While Sol doth view
 Raised amid standards of the fight
 The foul gnat-curtain. At this sight
 Gauls twice a thousand wheel'd about
 Their snorting chargers, pealing out,
 " Cæsar ;" and in the haven hid
 Skulk poops of foemen's vessels sped
 To leftward. Io triumph ! [say,]
 Dost thou the cars of gold delay,
 And heifers, unprofaned by touch ?
 Io triumphe ! neither such
 A chieftain from Jugurtha's fight
 Home didst thou convoy, nor the high
 Great Africanus—him for whom
 Valour o'er Carthage piled a tomb.
 Vanquish'd on land and sea, the foe
 Has ta'en the sagum, garb of woe
 'Stead of his purple. Either he
 To Crete, that isle of proud renown,
 With its twice fifty towns, doth flee,
 To sail with breezes not his own ;
 Or to the Syrtes, 'neath the scourge
 Of Notus vex'd, his course doth urge ;
 Or swept is o'er an aimless surge.
 Bigger cups here, boy, and produce
 The Chian or the Lesbian juice !
 Or what may floating qualms restrain,
 Measure us forth the Cæcuban.
 All care and fear for Cæsar's state,
 With sweet Lyæan draughts 'tis joy to dissipate.

ODE X.

AGAINST MÆVIUS.

Malâ soluta.

UNMOOR'D with omen ill
 The ship is under sail,
 That bears the fetid Mævius on his way.
 Remember, I entreat,
 O Auster, that you beat
 Each side with your billows of dismay.

Let Eurus black as night,
 O'er the sea upturn'd outright,
 Sweep away in wreck his ropes and broken oars !
 Let the north wind rise, as dread,
 As on the mountains' head
 He breaks the holms that tremble [at the roar ;]

Nor let a friendly star
 In that murky night appear
 Wherein Orion sad is sinking low ;
 Nor let him wafted be
 Upon a calmer sea
 Than Græcia's band of victors o'er the foe ;

When from Troy in conflagration
 Pallas turn'd her indignation
 On Ajax's abominated sail.
 O what a sweating sore
 Thy crew is hanging o'er,
 And on thyself a jaundiced aspect pale.

And that howling and that hooting
 A man but little suiting,
 And prayers to Jove, the turn'd away in scorn ;
 When to Notus charged with vain
 Rebellowing back again
 Ionia's gulf thy shatter'd keel has torn !

But if a booty rich,
 Stretch'd on the winding beach,
 The corm'rants you've indulged with your form,
 A goat of wanton play
 Shall be victimized that day,
 And a lamb to the Powers of the storm.

ODE XI.

TO PETTIUS.

Petti, nihil me.

PETTIUS, it charms me nought, as heretofore,
 My petty rhymes t' indite, struck to the heart
 With deep oppressive love—love which of me
 Past all doth make his mark. This third December,
 Since I desisted my delirious passion
 To cherish for Inachia, from the woods
 Is shattering down their glory. Woe is me,
 Throughout the town (for shame it is to think
 Of such a grief) how sad a tale was I !
 And of the feasts convivial I repent,
 In which as love-sick both my lassitude,
 And silence did convict me, and the sigh,
 Fetch'd from my bosom's depth. That nought avail'd
 'Gainst lucre a poor minstrel's genius fair
 I to lament was wout, into thy breast

Pouring my plaint, soon as the unblushing god,
 With wine more fiery, from their place had stirr'd
 The secrets of a heart with passion glowing.
 " But if within my bosom there doth boil
 My ire uncheck'd, to scatter to the winds
 These charmless thoughts, mere fuel to the flame,
 And soothing not a whit the venom'd wound—
 My bashfulness (I said), now thrust away,
 Will cease the lists to enter more with rivals
 No fitting match." When with a brow austere
 These maxims I had eulogized to thy face,
 Order'd to hie me home, with faltering foot
 I would be carried on, alas! to doors
 No friends to me, and O! alas! to thresholds
 Hard-hearted, against which my loins and side
 I bruised. Now of one who vaunts to vanquish
 In softness any girl, Lycisca's love
 Possesses me, from which there have no power
 To extricate me, not the advice of friends
 All unreserved, nor their reproaches grave;
 But a new passion for some maiden fair
 Braiding in knot behind her flowing hair.

 ODE XIII.

TO A FRIEND.

Horrida tempestas.

A GRISLY storm has ravell'd up the brow
 Of heaven, and rains and snow-storms are apace
 Dragging down æther. Now the ocean, now
 The forests, 'neath the northern blast of Thrace
 Are groaning. From the day, companions dear,
 Snatch we occasion; and while hale each knee,

And graceful 'tis, upon our brow, with care
 Albeit clouded o'er, unravell'd be
 Our wrinkled ead. Broach thou the vintage press'd
 When my Torquatus consul sat. The rest
 Forbear to speak of. Heaven perchance will bring
 These ills once more into their rightful sphere,
 With change benignant. Now, our pleasure is
 Both to be bathed with nard of Persia's king,
 And from their cursed and dread anxieties
 Our hearts to lighten with Cyllene's string.
 As to his glorious foster-child, there sung
 The far-famed Centaur: "Mortal! to defeat
 Unknown—thou boy from heavenly Thetis sprung!
 Thee doth the land of Assarac await
 Which cleave the cold streams of Scamander, rill
 Minute, and Simois eddying oily smooth;
 Whence have the Fates, with web inflexible,
 Cut off from thee the passage home [in sooth,]
 Nor shall thy blue-haired mother e'er again
 Bring thee back home. There lighten every pain
 With wine and song, midst converse sweet of gladness.
 The antidotes to all grim-visaged sadness."

 ODE XIV.

TO MÆCENAS.

Mollis inertia.

WHY a soft listlessness has spread
 Such deep oblivion o'er my inmost senses,
 As if I drain'd with parched lips
 Goblets Lethæan slumbers slow inducing,
 O fair Mæcenas, you destroy me
 By asking oft. For 'tis a god—a god

Who is forbidding me to bring
 My once commenced Iambics, poesy
 Promised of old, to their completion :
 So say they for the Samian fair Bathyllus
 Anacreon, the bard of Teos,
 Was fired, who oft and oft on hollow shell
 Unto no high-wrought measure wail'd
 His love. Inflamed art thou thyself, poor wretch !
 But if no fairer flame did wrap
 In conflagration the beleaguer'd Troy,
 Rejoice thou in thy lot. For me
 Phryne, a freedman's daughter, nor content
 With one adorer, makes me pine away.

ODE XV.

TO NEERA.

Nox erat.

It was the night, and, in the sky
 Serene, the moon was shining high
 Among the lesser stars, when thou
 Prepared to trespass with thy vow
 Upon the power of heaven's high lords,
 Thy oath wert taking on my words ;
 More tightly than the tapering holm
 Is bound with ivy, clinging home
 Unto my side with flexile arms ;
 While fraught to sheepfold with alarms
 The wolf, and he, the sailor's foe,
 Orion, should toss to and fro
 The winter ocean, and the air
 Should wave unshorn Apollo's hair ;

That this our love should mutual live !
 O thou, Neera, doom'd to grieve
 Full sore at my unyielding will :
 For if in Flaccus there be still
 Ought of the man, he will not bear
 With one more favour'd thou shouldst share
 Night after night ; and wroth at wrong
 Will seek his match. Nor will his strong
 Resolve to beauty yield again,
 When once it has been found to sin ;
 If fix'd resentment to his heart
 Has pierced. But thou, whoe'er thou art,
 Happier than me, and who elate
 Now walk'st in triumph at my fate,
 Thou shalt have leave enrich'd to stand
 With cattle, and with breadth of land,
 And for thee may Pactolus flow,
 Nor e'en escape thy power to know
 Each secret and mysterious page
 Of that resuscitated sage,
 Pythagoras. And surpass you may
 Nireus in grace ; yet, woe the day !
 Her loves transferr'd elsewhere thou'lt mourn,
 But I shall have my laugh in turn.

 ODE XVI.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

Altera jam teritur.

Now is another age wearing away
 'Neath civil frays, and Rome to ruin stoops
 By her own forces. Her, whom nought could lay
 In ashes—neither Marsia's border troops,

Or menacing Porsena's Tuscan band,
 Nor Capua's rival valour, could subdue,
 Nor Spartacus of sharp impatient hand,
 And Allobrogian, ever he untrue
 Unto his new-condition'd state, nor all
 Germania fierce, with blue-eyed bearded brood,
 And he the cursed of parents, Annibal,
 Her shall we, godless age, destroy, of blood
 Doom'd to destruction ; and the ground once more
 By monsters of the wood possess'd shall be.
 Woe ! on our ashes shall a conqueror,
 A savage, trample ; and his chivalry
 Shall bruise the city with a thundering hoof ;
 And e'en Quirinus' bones (crime to behold),
 Which now from winds and suns are screen'd aloof,
 Wide will he scatter, insolently bold.
 It may be what can extricate us now,
 Free from our deadly ills henceforth to live,
 Ye all, or the best portion, fain would know ;
 Be no advice preferr'd to this I give.
 E'en as Phœœa's nation fled away
 Curse-bound, and lands and Lares did forsake
 Their own, and fanes, to boars and wolves of prey
 Thenceforth to be a dwelling ; that we take
 Our course, wherever feet will carry us ;
 Where'er the south shall call us o'er the surge,
 Or rampant Siroc. Doth it like you thus ?
 Or aught more wise hath any now to urge ?
 Why do we dally still with omen fair
 To climb and seize the bark ? But let us fain
 Take oath to these conditions : whenso'er
 Rocks from profoundest shoals upbuoy'd again
 Have swum the surface, be it not a crime
 Steps to retrace ; nor irk it us to spread

Our shifted canvass homeward, at what time
Po shall have bathed Matinum's mountain-head ;
Or far into the main its headland thrust
Tall Apennine ; and love, of wondrous power,
Have coupled monsters in unheard-of lust ;
That it charms tigers 'neath th' embrace to cower
Of harts, and to the hawk the ringdove play
The paramour ; nor trustful cattle fear
Grey grim-eyed lions, and the briny sea
Loves the he-goat now smooth. This and whate'er
Shall 'vail all sweet return to cut away,
When we have pledged with curses, let us part,
The city all entire,—or moiety
More righteous than the herd of stubborn heart ;
Minion and desp'rate, let him cumber still
His evil-boding couches. Ye, the band
In whom dwells valour, hence with woman's wail !
And waft your flight on past the Tuscan strand.
Us there awaits an ocean wand'ring round,
A land of culture. Let us seek it straight,
Bless'd land, and islands which with wealth abound :
Where earth unplough'd doth year on year repeat
The boons of Ceres, and unpruned for aye
The vineyard blossoms ; and the olive's shoot,
The never-failing olive doth display,
Its germins, and the black fig decks with fruit
Its own, its native tree ; honeys distil
From hollow ilex,—down the mountain crest
Light leaps with tinkling foot the crystal rill.
There to the milkpails come without behest
The ewe-goats, and the flock in amity
Bring home their full swoln udders. Nor at eve
Doth the bear howling prowl the sheepcotes nigh,
Nor the deep soil with vipers festering heave.

The flock contagions harm not. Of no star
 Does the swart tyranny the herd scorch aught.
 And at more wonders shall we marvel there,
 We blessed ; how nor Eurus deluge-fraught
 With big effused showers the leas doth scar ;
 Nor are the succulent germinis parch'd with drought
 In glebes unmoisten'd ; while each temper due
 He gives who rules the gods. Ne'er to this spot
 Did pine-tree stretch with Argo's oaring crew ;
 Nor did the shameless Colchian set her foot ;
 Not to this port did Sidon's sailors brace
 Their yard-arms, nor Ulysses' troop of toil.
 Jove for a holy race these strands kept back,
 When that with brass he did alloy and soil
 An age of gold ; with brass, with iron then,
 He harden'd age on age. Whereof to men
 Of holiness, [and favourites of heaven,]
 A happy flight with me its prophet bard is given.

ODE XVII.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN HORACE AND CANIDIA.

Jam jam efficaci.

Now, now at length, on bended knee,
 My hands to potent sorcery
 I yield ; and by the realms implore
 Of Proserpine, and by Dian's power
 Inflexible, and by each tome
 Of charms prevailing to call down
 Unsphered planets from the sky,
 At length thy words of mystery,

Canidia, spare ! and slack, O slack
Thy magic wheel swift whirled back.
He, Telephus, did move to grace
The son of Nereus, in whose face
The Mysians' squadrons he in pride
Had marshall'd, and against whose side
Barb'd shafts had hurtling been. The dames
Of Ilion Hector wrapp'd in balms—
The slaughterer Hector—when he lay
Sentenced to savage birds a prey,
And dogs ; when once his citadel
Abandon'd, the monarch fell
Before the feet, alas ! of one
In wrath unbending, Peleus' son.
Ulysses' oarsmen sorely toil'd,
Their bristle-mantled limbs despoil'd
Of their tough hides, when Circe fain
So will'd it. Then did thought again,
And voice glide back, and to each face
Its wonted dignity and grace.
Paid have I full sufficiency,
And more, of penalties to thee,
O thou the thrice-loved, and again,
By bargemen and by market-men.
Fled has my youth, and bashful sheen
Has left my bones, with sallow skin
Hung loosely o'er. My locks are hoar
With thy perfumes. No peaceful hour
Back on my pillow doth me lay
From travail sore. Night treads on day,
And day on night—nor there is might
My breast with gasping strained tight
To lighten of its burden. So
O'er vanquish'd am I in my woe,

That I must own the truth, in times
Before denied, that Sabine rhymes
Knell on the bosom frenzy-fits,
And that the head asunder splits
'Neath Marsic ditty. What beside
Fain wouldst thou have? O ocean tide
And earth! I burn to such degree
As nor Alcides—smeared he
With the black blood of Nessus—nor
The flame Sicilian raging sore
In burning *Ætna*. Thou till I,
By rough rude winds, a cinder dry,
Am swept away, art all on fire,
Thyself a laboratory entire,
With Colchian drugs. What closing fate?
Or what the ransom that doth wait
For me? Speak out; with faith I'll pay
Each stipulated penalty;
Prepared to expiate my fault,
Whether a hundred steers thou shalt
Have claim'd, or shalt on lying lyre
To have thy praises sung desire;
Thou as the chaste, thou honest-soul'd,
Throughout the zodiac shalt hold
Thy progress as a star of gold.
Enwrath'd at slander'd Helen's fate,
Castor, and he of Castor great
The brother, by his suppliant cries
O'er-master'd, did his forfeit eyes
Unto the bard restore. And thou,
(For thou hast power,) release me now
From madness. O thou neither foul'd
With parents' filth, nor beldam, school'd

In the poor's charnels to disperse
The ashes nine days from the hearse.
Thine is a breast for welcome mild,
And spotless hands ; and thy womb's child
Is Pactumeius ; and with red gore
Of thine the midwife batheth o'er
Her rags, whenever as a stout
Parturient thou are sallying out.

CANIDIA'S ANSWER.

Why pour to close-seal'd ears thy prayers ?
Not to the naked mariners
More deaf its rocks with the deep surge
Does the wild wintry Neptune scourge.
That thou unpunish'd should have mock'd
Cotytto's mysteries, unlock'd
To eyes profane—that rite divine
Of Cupid, the young libertine !
And claiming the archpriest to be
Of Esquilinian sorcery,
Should, without penalty or shame,
Have fill'd the city with my name !
What was the use that I with riches
Heap'd those Pelignian old witches,
Or brew'd a poisonous potation,
Quicker than all in operation ?
But as for thee, a doom too slow
For thy petitions bides thee now ;
And joyless must a life by thee
Be drained out in misery ;
For this, that you may still supply
Food for new pangs of agony.

He craves repose in strong desire
Tantalus, Pelop's faithless sire,
Lacking for aye the boon repast :
Craves it Prometheus, chained fast
Unto the vulture : craves in want,
He, Sisyphus, the stone to plant
Upon the mountain's crest ; but still
Jove's laws forbid it. Thou shalt feel
The wish one hour from some high pile
To plunge thee down ; another while
With Noric steel that breast of thine
To broach. And vainly shalt thou twine
Cords for thy neck—thou sad and dull
In loathing sickliness of soul.
Then on the shoulders mounted high
I'll ride of thee, my enemy ;
And earth itself shall yield before
My haughtiness. Must I, who power
Possess e'en images of wax
To move, as thou hast learnt, of facts
Too curious, and the moon to tear
Down by my charmings from the sphere ;
Can raise the dead though burnt with fire,
And brew the cup of strong desire :
Must I lament for witchery
That hath no issue upon thee ?

THE SECULAR POEM

OF

HORACE.

TO APOLLO AND DIANA.

Phæbe, silvarumque potens Diana.

PHŒBUS, and thou the forest queen,
 Dian, bright glory of the sphere,
 Pow'rs aye adorable and adored,
 O grant the prayers which we prefer
 On hallow'd days,—

Days, when the Sibyl's songs did monish
 That virgin maids, a chosen train,
 And sinless boys, to Powers of Heaven,
 Whose joy the seven hills have been,
 A hymn should raise.

Boon Sol, who op'st and shroud'st the day
 In radiant car, and spring'st from gloom
 Still different and the same, mayst thou
 Nought nobler than our city Rome
 Behold on earth !

Ilithyia, kind to bring
 Duly our timely births to light,
 O do thou guard our mothers, whether
 Lucina thou wouldst fain be hight,
 Or Queen of Birth !

Goddess, rear up our nursling young,
And bless the sires' awards, proclaiming
Of maidens to be yoked, and law
Marital with an offspring teeming
New sprung to light.

That the fix'd cycle, ten times roll'd
Through years elev'n, again our songs
And sports may bring, 'neath daylight bright
Thrice, and as often fill'd with throngs
'Neath gracious night.

And you, ye Fates, all true to chant
What once hath doomed been, and what,
O may the world's firm law maintain !
Add ye blest fortunes to the lot
Fulfill'd thus far !

Teeming with grain and flock may Earth
With wheaten coronal her need
To Ceres bring. May streams alike
Of health, and Jove's soft zephyrs feed
Our nursling care.

With sheathed arrow, mild and calm,
Hear thou our striplings as they bow,
Apollo ! Thou the Planets' Queen,
Luna, with double-crested brow,
Our maidens hear !

If Rome be work of yours, and squadrons
Of Ilion reach'd the Tuscan strand,
That portion doom'd their homes and city
To change anew, by your command
In safe career ;

For whom, unscathed, through burning Troy,
Æneas pure, his country's fall
Surviving, paved a passage free,
Designing than their quitted all
More to replace.

Gods! to our loyal manhood souls
Of virtue,—Gods! to tranquil eld
Repose,—to the Romulean race
Both substance and an offspring grant,
And ev'ry grace!

And he who with white steers adores you,—
He, of Anchises' glorious blood,
And Venus,—rule he, lord above
The warring foe, to foe subdued
In mercy kind!

O'er ocean now and land the Mede
His mighty bands and fasces dreads
Of Alba; Tartars his awards
Now seek, they once with haughty heads,
And sons of Ind.

Now Faith, and Peace, and noble Truth,
And pristine Shame, and she in scorn
Long slighted, Virtue, dares return,
And Plenty, bless'd with brimming horn,
Her face reveals.

And Augur Phœbus, he the graced
With glittering bow, and welcome well
To the nine Muses; who the body's
Exhausted limbs with healthful spell
Relieves and heals.

If the Palatian towers, and State
Of Rome, and Latium blest he view
With fav'ring eye, may he prolong
The age into a lustre new,
And happier aye !

And she who Aventine doth sway,
And Algidum, may she to prayers
Pour'd by the great Fifteen take heed,
And to our striplings' vows her ears
Benign close lay !

Hope good and sure I home report,
That Jove and the assembled gods
Cherish these thoughts ; the chorus I
Both Phœbus and Diana's lauds
Taught to display.





53551

LL
H8113nx
.Es

by Sewell.

NAME OF BORROWER

red

Wk

indow - 930 - Sewell

1239 Feb 5

~~*Sewell*~~

