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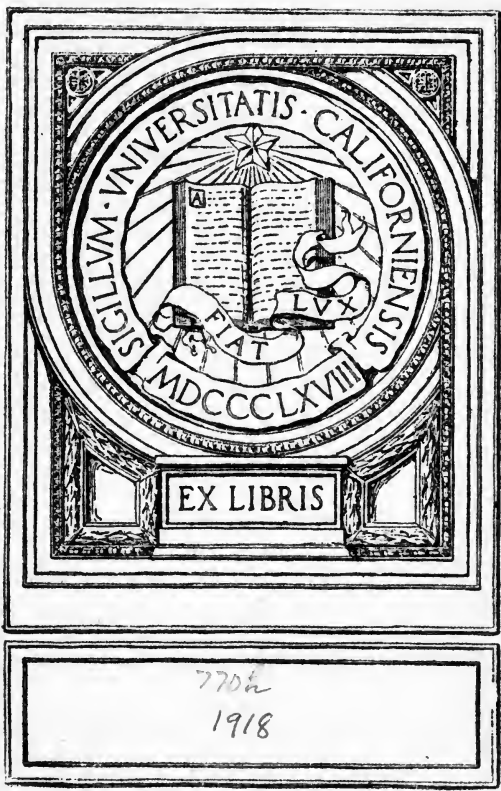
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ODES OF HORACE

BOOK II

By GERARD FENWICK

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ODES OF HORACE

Book II.

ODES OF HORACE

BOOK II.

Translated into English Verse

BY

GERARD FENWICK

‘VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE CANTO’



LONDON

ARTHUR L. HUMPHREYS

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1918

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PREFACE.

THE publication of a translation of the first book of the Odes of Horace almost inevitably leads to a further attempt on the part of the author, and the present volume is the result of such an attempt.

The present translation is an endeavour to carry out the aims of the former, namely, to give a rendering, in the simplest metre, of the meaning of the poet, without any attempt at a literal translation, and without being in any way bound to use the same metre in translating similar Odes. The original Latin is also prefixed, not to show the exactness of the translation, since it is not exact, but as an assistance to those of my readers who, like myself, have long left their schooldays behind them, but who may still retain a not altogether unkindly recollection of their classical studies.

A few notes have also been appended, taken

PREFACE.

almost entirely from the version by E. D. Wickham, the sources of which, I hope, I have in all cases duly acknowledged. Notes not carrying an indication of their source are my own, and are therefore void of any weight.

I have again made use of various English translations, especially those of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and Sir Theodore Martin, in verse, and of the Loeb Classical Series in prose.

February, 1918.

THE
UNIVERSITY OF
CHICAGO

ODES, BOOK II.

HORATIUS.

ODE I.

MOTUM ex Metello consule civicum
Bellique causas et vitia et modos
Ludumque Fortunae gravesque
Principum amicitias et arma
Nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus,
Periculosae plenum opus aleae,
Tractas, et incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.
Paullum severae Musa tragoediae
Desit theatri: mox ubi publicas
Res ordinaris, grande munus
Cecropio repetes cothurno,
Insigne maestis praesidium reis
Et consulenti, Pollio, curiae,
Cui laurus aeternos honores
Delmatico peperit triumpho.
Iam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
Perstringis aures, iam litui strepunt,
Iam fulgor armorum fugaces
Terret equos equitumque voltus.
Audire magnos iam videor duces
Non indecoro pulvere sordidos,
Et cuncta terrarum subacta
Praeter atrocem animum Catonis.
Iuno et deorum quisquis amicior
Afris inulta cesserat impotens

HORACE.

ODE I.

YOU wish to tell of civil war,
The cause of strife, the turns of fate,
Of leaders such as late we saw
During ¹ Metellus' consulate.
Of treaties dire, of swords still stained,
And dripping thick unpurged from blood,
A dangerous task as if constrained
Upon deep hidden fires you stood.
Soon may we see in tragic vein
Your Muse th' attentive theatre hold
On Attic buskin once again,
When you your country's woes have told.
² Pollio! of anxious clients the friend,
The Senate's bulwark in distress,
To whom Dalmatian laurels lend
The well-won trophy of success.
Already does the trumpet's blast
And blare of bugle strike our ears,
Whilst clash of arms and armies vast
Excite the horse and horseman's fears;
I hear the shouts of leaders shrewd,
With glorious dust all stained, roll,
And almost all the world subdued
Except the might of ³ Cato's soul.
The other Gods who could not save
With Juno left the Afric shore

HORATIUS.

Tellure victorum nepotes
Rettulit inferias Iugurthae.
Quis non Latino sanguine pinguior
Campus sepulcris impia proelia
Testatur auditumque Medis
Hesperiae sonitum ruinae?
Qui gurges aut quae flumina lugubris
Ignara belli? quod mare Dauniae
Non decoloravere caedes?
Quae caret ora cruore nostro?
Sed ne relictis, Musa procax, iocis
Caeae retractes munera neniae,
Mecum Dionaeo sub antro
Quaere modos levioere plectro.

HORACE.

And offered on Jugurtha's grave
The grandsons of his conqueror.
Is there a spot by strife unstirred,
Or plain that lacks a Roman tomb,
Sure witnesses the Medes have heard
The echoes of Hesperia's doom?
Is there a stream, a pool, a flood
That beats against Italia's shores
Which is not stained with Roman blood,
Or not been vexed by Roman wars?
But let my heedless Muse refrain
From tragic scene and tragic verse,
And in cool grotto once again
The tale of love and wine rehearse.

HORATIUS.

ODE II.

NULLUS argento color est avaris
Abdito terris, inimice lamnae
Crispe Salusti, nisi temperato
Splendeat usu.

Vivet extento Proculeius aevo,
Notus in fratres animi paterni;
Illum aget penna metuente solvi
Fama superstes.

Latius regnes avidum domando
Spiratum, quam si Libyam remotis
Gadibus iungas et uterque Poenus
Serviat uni.

Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops,
Nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi
Fugerit venis et aquosus albo
Corpore languor.

Redditum Cyri solio Phraaten
Dissidens plebi numero beatorum
Eximit Virtus, populumque falsis
Dedocet uti

Vocibus, regnum et diadema tutum
Deferens uni propriamque laurum,
Quisquis ingentes oculu inretorto
Spectat acervos.

HORACE.

ODE II.

GOLD that in the mine is hidden
Has no lustre, ⁴Sallust mine!
You agree that wealth unbidden
To do good can never shine.

Long on tireless pinion Fame
Has lauded ⁵Proculeius' love
Of his brothers, and will name
Him among the Gods above.

He who can curb a greedy mind
A vaster kingdom will survey
Than Libyas East and West combined
With Punic tribes beneath one sway.

Dread dropsy by indulgence grows,
Nor we assuage the raging thirst
Unless the cause of all our woes
From out ourselves be banished first.

⁶Virtue would not Phraates⁷ place
Among the blessed, although restored
To Cyrus' throne by people's grace,
But shows the misuse of the word.

Thus power, wealth, and sovereignty,
'Tis he alone of men can find,
Who'll pass uncounted treasure by
Without a lingering look behind.

HORATIUS.

ODE III.

A EQUAM memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Laetitia, moriture Delli,
Seu maestus omni tempore vixeris,
Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
Festos reclinatum bearis
Interiore nota Falerni.
Quo pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis? Quid obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo?
Huc vina et unguenta et nimium breves
Flores amoenae ferre iube rosae,
Dum res et aetas et sororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.
Cedes coëmptis saltibus et domo
Villaque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
Cedes et exstructis in altum
Divitiis potietur heres.
Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho,
Nil interest, an pauper et infima
De gente sub divo moreris,
Victima nil miserantis Orci.
Omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
Versatur urna serius ocuis
Sors exitura et nos in aeternum
Exsilium impositura cumbae.

HORACE.

ODE III.

AN even mind when fortune smiles,
A steadfast heart when storms run high,
⁸ Dellius, remember to preserve,
We all must die.

Whether in gloom we pass our days,
Or on a grassy bank recline
And celebrate each holiday
With ⁹ vintage wine.

Why else do pine and poplar white
Their branches join in pleasant shade,
And underneath a babbling stream
Runs through the glade?

Then while the sisters three permit
And youth and fortune, free from care,
Bid slaves bring unguents forth, and wine,
With roses fair,

Those farms, those houses must be left,
The mansion lapped by Tiber's wave,
Another shall possess the wealth
Which now you save.

Whether you are with riches blest
Or pass your nights beneath the sky,
In palace or in hovel born—
We all must die.

The same hard fate compels us all
Our lot now tossing in the urn.
Some day will come, and we must go,
Not to return.

HORATIUS.

ODE IV.

NE sit ancillae tibi amor pudori,
Xanthia Phoceu ! Prius insolentem
Serva Briseis niveo colore
Movit Achillem ;
Movit Aiacem Telamone natum
Forma captivae dominum Tecmessae ;
Arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
Virgine rapta,
Barbarae postquam cecidere turmae
Thessalo victore et ademptus Hector
Tradidit fessis leviora tolli
Pergama Grais.

HORACE.

ODE IV.

DO you love a ¹⁰ slave girl,
Xanthias, tell me true?
Greater men have done so
Even more than you.
So too did Achilles
Deem ¹¹ Briseis' kiss
Better than all others
His supremest bliss.
Ajax Telemonius
Gave in to the power
Of ¹² Tecmessa loving,
She his conqueror.
Even great ¹³ Atrides
Felt a slave girl move
In his hour of triumph
All his soul to love.
Though the fatal fires
Lighted Ilium's wall,
Which the death of Hector
Hastened to their fall,
When a Thracian triumph
O'er barbarian hordes
Gave to Grecian warriors
Ease to wearied swords.

HORATIUS.

Nescias, an te generum beati
Phyllidis flavae decorent parentes :
Regium certe genus et penates
 Maeret iniquos.

Crede non illum tibi de scelesta
Plebe dilectam, neque sic fidelem,
Sic lucro aversam potuisse nasci
 Matre pudenda.

Brachia et voltum teretesque suras
Integer laudo ; fuge suspicari,
Cuius octavum trepidavit aetas
 Claudere lustrum.

HORACE.

You don't know her parents?
Beauty without flaw,
Such as hers, must have them
Worth such son-in-law :
She's of royal lineage,
One of high descent ;
Unkind Gods she wearies
With a sad lament.
Such a modest maiden
Owns no servile race
Or a shameless mother
To bring thee disgrace.
If I praise thy Phillis
For her golden hair
Or her feet or ankles
You need not despair.
Though I love her dearly,
I am getting old,
For I'm very nearly
¹⁴Forty full years old.

HORATIUS.

ODE V.

NONDUM subacta ferre iugum valet
Cervice, nondum munia comparis
Aequare nec tauri ruentis
In venerem tolerare pondus.
Circa virentes est animus tuæ
Campos iuvencae, nunc fluviis gravem
Solantis aestum, nunc in udo
Ludere cum vitulis salicto
Praegestientis. Tolle cupidinem
Immitis uvæ: iam tibi lividos
Distinguet Auctumnus racemos
Purpureo varius colore.

HORACE.

ODE V.

TOO young, too young, I fear,¹⁵
Too young the yoke to bear ;
Sure is she, sure is she,
The burden is too great.
Not for her is yet the fate
Of a married maid's estate ;
Let her be, let her be.

The gentle heifer needs
To graze among the meads
In the cool, in the cool ;
And within the icy streams,
While she stands and while she dreams
And her soft sides bathes, it seems
So good to have left school,
With her fellows all to rove
Through the cool dark willow grove
Without rule, without rule.

Do not covet unripe fruit,
For the Autumn will endue it
When it's ripe, when it's ripe,
With the luscious purple hue ;
Then will she follow you,

HORATIUS.

Iam te sequetur: currit enim ferox
Aetas et illi, quos tibi dempserit,
 Apponet annos; iam proterva
 Fronte petet Lalage maritum:
Dilecta, quantum non Pholoë fugax,
Non Chloris albo sic humero nitens,
 Ut pura nocturno renidet
 Luna mari, Cnidiusve Gyges,
Quem si puellarum insereres choro,
Mire sagaces falleret hospites
 Discrimen obscurum solutis
 Crinibus ambiguoque voltu.

HORACE.

For as swift years bestrew
Your hair, your hair with grey ;
They will add to her also
More age, and she will go
In her pretty saucy way :
A husband fit to seek,
Than Pholoë more meek,
Than Chloris more beloved,
With her shoulders shining white
As the moon reflects at night
In the ocean heaving bright,
Will Lalage be moved.

For as Cnidian Gyges, placed
Among maidens richly graced
With fair hair, with fair hair,
A stranger would not know
Whom those fragrant curls endow
And a girl or boy allow
To be there, to be there.

HORATIUS.

ODE VI.

SEPTIMI, Gades aditure mecum et
Cantabrum indoctum iuga ferre nostra
et

Barbaras Syrtes, ubi Maura semper
Aestuat unda;

Tibur Argeo positum colono
Sit meae sedes utinam senectae,
Sit modus lasso maris et viarum
Militiaeque!

Unde si Parcae prohibent iniquae,
Dulce pellitis ovibus Galaesi
Flumen et regnata petam Laconi
Rura Phalantho.

Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes
Angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
Mella decedunt viridique certat
Baca Venafro;

HORACE.

ODE VI.

SEPTIMIUS!¹⁶ although you are ready to
 roam,
 With me as your friend, to the furthest of
 shores,
To Gades, the untamed Cantabrian's home,
 Or where surges break on the land of the
 Moors.
There is not a spot I sooner would laze in
 Than Tibur, long settled by Greeks from afar,
Or where, back from the seas, I would pass my
 last days in,
 Worn out with wandering, weary of war.
If Fate does not give me the home that I
 covet,
 The streams of Galesus shall next be my
 choice,
Where the Spartan Phalanthus did once reign
 above it,
 And the sheep in ¹⁷ false skins all covered re-
 joice.
Than that corner of earth there isn't a better,
 Its honey is equal to Hymettus' own,
Than its olives I am sure you would never
 get a
 Finer from any in Venafrum grown.

HORATIUS.

Ver ubi longum tepidasque praebet
Iuppiter brumas, et amicus Aulon
Fertili Baccho minimum Falernis
 Invidet uvis.

Ille te mecum locus et beatæ
Postulant arces; ibi tu calentem
Debita sparges lacrima favillam
 Vatis amici.

HORACE.

Where Spring lingers longer with favouring
breezes,

And Juppiter tempers the winter's cold blast,
And ¹⁸ Aulon of Bacchus the fertile, the friend
is,

Nor envies unduly the ¹⁹ Falernian mast.
'Tis this spot that calls us to share in its
beauties,

While we both of us live, until you at the end
Shall shed a last tear and perform the last
duties

O'er my still glowing ashes, your poet and
friend.

HORATIUS.

ODE VII.

O SAEPE mecum tempus in ultimum
Deducte Bruto militiae duce,
Quis te redonavit Quiritem
Dis patriis Italoque caelo,
Pompei meorum prime sodalium?
Cum quo morantem saepe diem mero
Fregi coronatus nitentes
Malobathro Syrio capillos.
Tecum Philippos et celerem fugam
Sensi relicta non bene parmula,
Cum fracta virtus et minaces
Turpe solum tetigere mento.
Sed me per hostes Mercurius celer
Denso paventem sustulit aëre;
Te rursus in bellum resorbens
Unda fretis tulit aestuosis.
Ergo obligatam redde Iovi dapem
Longaque fessum militia latus
Depone sub lauru mea nec
Parce cadis tibi destinatis.

HORACE.

ODE VII.

WHAT, ²⁰ Pompey, old man, how many a risk
You shared with me long ago!
When we warred with Brutus; what lucky
chance
Has brought you to Italy now?

How we used to drink as comrades true,
And watch the days decline,
We two together, with essenced hair,
And beakers of vintage wine.

Why we fled together, both you and I,
From Philippi's fatal field.
Where valour was broke and the bravest died,
And I shamefully left my shield!

But me did ²¹ Mercurius hide from the foe
In a cloud of densest air,
Whilst you again by the wave wert rapt
Of the battle raging there.

But now it is meet that we give Jove thanks,
So lay your tired limbs down
Beneath my bays, nor spare the draught
From wine jars meant for your own.

HORATIUS.

Oblivioso levia Massico
Ciboria exple; funde capacibus
Unguenta de conchis. Quis udo
Deproperare apio coronas
Curatve myrto? quem Venus arbitrum
Dicet bibendi? Non ego sanius
Bacchabor Edonis: recepto
Dulce mihi furere est amico.

HORACE.

Come, fill the cup with the Massic wine,
That brings relief from care,
And unguents pour from the largest shells;
²² And whose is the business there,

To garlands make from the parsley cool,
Or the myrtle boughs so green?
Let the dice be cast and the ²³ Venus throw—
Make one of us lord of the scene.

I shall not shrink from the Thracian test,
But play the game to the end;
It is good to meet with a ²⁴ pal again,
And carouse once more with a friend.

HORATIUS.

ODE VIII.

ULLA si iuris tibi peierati
Poena, Barine, nocuisset unquam
Dente si nigro fieres vel uno

Turpior ungui,

Crederem. Sed tu, simul obligasti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo invenumque prodis

Publica cura.

Expedit matris cineres opertos
Fallere et toto taciturna noctis
Signa cum caelo gelidaque divos

Morte carentes.

Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa, rident
Simplices Nymphae, ferus et Cupido
Semper ardentes acuens sagittas

Cote cruenta.

Adde, quod pubes tibi crescit omnis,
Servitus crescit nova, nec priores
Impiae tectum dominae relinquunt

Saepe minati.

Te suis matres metuunt iuvenis,
Te senes parci miseraeque nuper
Virgines nuptae, tua ne retardet

Aura maritos.

HORACE.

ODE VIII.

BARINE! when thou art forsworn,
If broken tooth or blackened nail
Proclaimed thy crime, although forlorn,
I'd trust your tale.
When you that faithless head have pledged,
By solemn oath meant to deceive,
You shine more fair to youth new fledged
I do believe.
To falsely swear by Mother's dust,
By stars, dumb sentinels of night,
By deathless Gods, or heaven, must
Add to thy might.
But Venus laughs at lovers' smarts,
And even Nymphs ingenuous smile,
While Cupid points his fiery darts
On whetstone vile.
And even more, our total youth
Grow up but to become your slave,
Nor spite of threats will quit your roof
The elders grave.
While matrons fear their young sons rove,
The aged miser dreads thee too,
And anxious brides lest husbands' love
Is kept by you.

HORATIUS.

ODE IX.

NON semper imbres nubibus hispidos,
Manant in agros aut mare Caspium
Vexant inaequales procellae
Usque, nec Armeniis in oris,
Amice Valgi, stat glacies iners
Menses per omnes aut Aquilonibus
Querceta Gargani laborant
Et foliis viduantur orni:
Tu semper urges flebilibus modis
Mysten ademptum, nec tibi Vespero
Surgente decedunt amores
Nec rapidum fugiente Solem.
At non ter aevo functus amabilem
Ploravit omnes Antiochum senex
Annos, nec impubem parentes
Troilon aut Phrygiae sorores
Flevere semper. Desine mollium
Tandem querelarum, et potius nova
Cartemus Augusti tropaea
Caesaris et rigidum Niphaten,
Medumque flumen gentibus additum
Victis minores volvere vertices,
Intraque praescriptum Gelonos
Exiguis equitare campis.

HORACE.

ODE IX.

THE rain not always from the skies
Descends upon the sodden ground,
Nor sudden storms for ever rise
To vex the Caspian ocean round.
Not always on Armenian shores,
Friend ²⁵ Valgius, stands the ice still stiff,
Nor through the oaks the North wind roars
And strips the elms on Gargan cliffs.
But you still sing in saddest strain
Your Mystes lost, nor does your love
The evening as it comes again
Or flies before the sun, remove.
Not even ²⁶ Nestor glorious
²⁷ Antilochus did always mourn,
Nor was regret for Troilus
By sire and sisters always borne.
Now let your undue mourning cease,
And let us rather sing the praise
Of Caesar's triumphs the increase,
And ²⁸ Niphetus' stiff frozen ways.
The river of the conquered Medes
Will now in narrower boundaries roll;
In smaller fields Gelonian steeds
Will roam constrained by our control.

HORATIUS.

ODE X.

RECTIUS vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urgendo neque, dum procellas
Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
Litus iniquum.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
Sobrius aula.

Saepius ventis agitur ingens
Pinus et celsae graviore casu
Decidunt tures feriuntque summos
Fulgura montes.

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
Alteram sortem bene praeparatum
Pectus. Informes hiemes reducit
Iuppiter, idem

Summovet. Non, si male nunc, et olim
Sic erit: quondam cithara tacentem
Suscitat musam neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.

Rebus angustis animosus atque
Fortis appare; sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimium secundo
Turgida vela.

HORACE.

ODE X.

²⁹ **L**ICINIUS,³⁰ do not always press
When fortune favours on the sea,
Nor yet when sudden storms distress
Hug dangerous shores immoderately.

Whoever loves the golden mean
Will not regret if straw-roofed shed
By no one envied, should be seen
In place of mansions o'er his head.

The loftiest pine the wind feels most,
The tallest towers loudest fall,
The lightning's flash when seen does most
On highest mountain tops appal.

Hope still, hope on, when times are bad ;
When fortune favours cautious be,
Your breast for either fate make glad,
And faint not in adversity.

The cold Jove brings, he will remove,
Nor will fate always be unkind,
Phœbus again the Muse will move
Not always bent this bow you'll find.

Whatever fate may have in store
The consequences boldly face ;
The wise man steers his course no more
Than he can easily retrace.

HORATIUS.

ODE XI.

QUID bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes,
Hirpine Quinti, cogitet Hadria
Divisus obiecto, remittas
Quaerere nec trepides in usum
Poscentis aevi pauca. Fugit retro
Levis iuventas et decor, arida
Pellente lascivos amores
Canitie facilemque somnum.
Non semper idem floribus est honor
Vernis neque uno Luna rubens nitet
Voltu: quid aeternis minorem
Consiliis animum fatigas?
Cur non sub alta vel platano vel hac
Pinu iacentes sic temere et rosa
Canos odorati capillos,
Dum licet, Assyriaque nardo
Potamus uncti? Dissipat Euius
Curas edaces. Quis puer ocius
Restinguet ardentis Falerni
Pocula praetereunte lympha?
Quis devium scortum eliciet domo
Lyden? Eburna, dic age, cum lyra
Maturet in comptum Lacaenae
More comas religata nodum.

HORACE.

ODE XI.

WHAT Cantabrians may demand
Or Scythian warriors may plot,
By Hadria parted from our land,
³¹ Quintus Hirpinus, matters not.

The cares of life, if wants be few,
Need not disturb; youth, beauty goes,
Light loves no more have zest for you,
Nor rests sweet sleep where grey hair shows.

Not every flower do we esteem,
Not always does the same moon shine,
Why vex your soul with plans, and scheme
As if eternity were thine?

Beside this plane while time allows
Or underneath this neighbouring pine,
With nard and roses on our brows,
Come, let us lie and quaff our wine.

Here, boy, make haste this wine to cool,
And quench Falernia's fiery airs
With water from the neighbouring pool,
Bacchus can cure all carking cares.

Summon shy Lyde from her home,
And bid her not forget her lyre,
Like Spartan maiden let her come,
Her hair in simple plain attire.

HORATIUS.

ODE XII.

NOLIS longa ferae bella Numantiae
Nec durum Hannibalem nec Siculum
mare

Poeno purpureum sanguine mollibus
Aptari citharae modis,
Nec saevos Lapithas et nimium mero
Hylaeum domitosque Herculea manu
Telluris iuvenes, unde periculum

Fulgens contremuit domus
Saturni veteris; tuque pedestribus
Dices historiis proelia Caesaris,
Maecenas, melius ductaque per vias
Regum colla minacium.

Me dulces dominae Musa Licymniae
Cantus, me voluit dicere lucidum
Fulgentes oculos et bene mutuis
Fidum pectus amoribus;

Quam nec ferre pedem dedecuit choris
Nec certare ioco nec dare brachia
Ludentem nitidis virginibus sacro
Dianae celebris die.

HORACE.

ODE XII.

³² YOU would not expect me ³³ to tell of the
wars,
Of Numantia fierce, or Hannibal vile,
Nor yet of the slaughter which once was the
cause

³⁴That ensanguined the sea around Sicily's
isle.

The fate of the Lapithæ drunken with wine,
Or Hylæus tamed by Hercules' hand,
And the danger that threatened e'en Saturn
divine,

Is none of it suited for me to command.

But tell thou, Maecenas, the glories of Cæsar,
His wars and his conquests in stateliest prose,
The kings who once menaced and now are be-
neath our

Contempt as they're led in our triumphant
shows.

To tell of your mistress, the peerless Licymnia,
Her singing divine, me the Muses will move,
Her beautiful eyes that so saucy and brilliant
are,

While her heart still beats true to a mutual
love.

HORATIUS.

Num tu, quae tenuit dives Achaemenes,
Aut pinguis Phrygiae Mygdonias opes
Permutare velis crine Licymniae,
 Plenas aut Arabum domos?—:
Dum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula
Cervicem aut facili saevitia negat,
Quae poscente magis gaudeat eripi,
 Interdum rapere occupet.

HORACE.

Whose feet in the dance it is no dishonour
To see when she sports in innocent jest,
Her arms interlaced in Diana's honour,
With maidens her votaries only confessed.
But if you possessed all the wealth of the
Persians,
Or treasures of Mygdon in Phrygia rich,
Or the gold that is found in the house of
Arabians,
Would you change for a hair of Licymnia
the witch?
As she bends her fair neck to receive a last
kiss,
Or even denies one in mischievous mood,
If stolen is happy, delights in your bliss,
And returns one to show that your love's
understood.

HORATIUS.

ODE XIII.

ILLE et nefasto te posuit die,
Quicumque primum, et sacrilega manu
Produxit, arbos, in nepotem
Perniciem opprobriumque pagi;
Illum et parentis crediderim sui
Fregisse cervicem et penetralia
Sparsisse nocturno cruore
Hospitis; ille venena Colcha
Et quidquid usquam concipitur nefas
Tractavit, agro qui statuit meo
Te triste lignum, te caducum
In domini caput immerentis.
Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas: navita Bosporum
Poenus perhorrescit, neque ultra
Caeca timet aliunde fata,
Miles sagittas et celerem fugam
Parthi, catenas Parthus et Italum
Robur; sed improvisa leti
Vis rapuit rapietque gentes.

HORACE.

ODE XIII.

WITH ³⁵impious hand he planted thee,
And reared thy growth,
A menace to the countryside,
And master both.
I could believe his parents' death
He had procured,
And trusting guest to death at night
He oft allured.
He poisons used and potions dread,
Thou evil tree,
Who on his farm thy master's head
Missed narrowly.
But no man knows from hour to hour
What he should shun,
Or if Fate wills him to complete
What he's begun.
The ³⁶Punic sailor when at sea
The Bosphorus fears,
Yet knows not if from unseen cause
Worse risk appears.
The warrior fears the Parthian's bow
E'en while they fly,
Whilst they the ³⁷chains and prisons dread
Of Italy.
So sudden death the race of man
Oft takes away,
And still will snatch them unprepared
From light of day.

HORATIUS.

Quam paene furvae regna Proserpinae
Et iudicantem vidimus Aeacum
Sedesque discriptas piorum et
Aeoliis fidibus querentem
Sappho puellis de popularibus,
Et te sonantem plenius aureo,
Alcaeae, plectro dura navis,
Dura fugae mala, dura belli!
Utrumque sacro digna silentio
Mirantur umbrae dicere; sed magis
Pugnas et exactos tyrannos
Densum humeris bibit aure volgus.
Quid mirum, ubi illis carminibus stupens
Demittit atras belua centiceps
Aures et intorti capillis
Eumenidum recreantur angues?
Quin et Prometheus et Pelopis parens
Dulci laborem decipitur sono;
Nec curat Orion leones
Aut timidos agitare lyncas.

HORACE.

The kingdom I have nearly seen
Of Prosperine,
And Æacus on judgment seat
Supreme divine,
The storied mansions of the blest,
And Sappho too,
Still chiding on Æolian string
Her lovely crew :
By thee Alcaeus almost heard
Once more retold,
The woes of exile, sea, and wars,
With plectrum gold.
³⁸And both, the shades are glad to hear
In silence blest,
Though tales of fights and tyrants' woes
Delight them best.
What wonder if at such a song
The horrid beast,
With hundred heads, his ears hung down
And howling ceased.
Whilst all the wild, dishevelled locks
Of writhing snakes,
Of the Eumenides, lie down
And short rest takes.
Prometheus too and Tantalus,
In such sweet sound,
A rest from endless toil and work
A moment found.
Nor did Orion still pursue
His lions fierce,
And strive the fearful lynx to catch,
With dart to pierce.

HORATIUS.

ODE XIV.

EHEU fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectae
Afferet indomitaeque morti:
Non, si trecentis, quotquot eunt dies,
Amice, places illacrimabilem
Plutona tauris, qui ter amplum
Geryonen Tityonque tristi
Compescit unda, scilicet omnibus,
Quicunque terrae munere vescimur,
Enaviganda, sive reges
Sive inopes erimus coloni.
Frustra cruento Marte carebimus
Fractisque rauci fluctibus Hadriae,
Frustra per auctumnos nocentem
Corporibus metuemus Austrum:
Visendus ater flumine languido
Cocytos errans et Danaï genus
Infame damnatusque longi
Sisyphus Aeolides laboris.
Linquenda tellus et domus et placens
Uxor, neque harum, quas colis, arborum
Te praeter invisas cupressos
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.
Absumet heres Caecuba dignior
Servata centum clavibus et mero
Tinget pavementum superbo,
Pontificum potiore coenis.

HORACE.

ODE XIV.

ALAS, ³⁹ my Postumus, alas!
The fleeting years go swiftly by,
Nor will religion give a pause
To creeping eld or watery eye.
Not if you daily sacrifice
Three hundred oxen will it save
You, friend, from Pluto's iron rule
Or stop your crossing Lethe's wave:
Whether as slaves we till the soil
Or rule as kings o'er land and sea,
That last dread voyage waits us all
Whoe'er we are, whate'er we be.
In vain we shun the strife of Mars,
In vain return from Hadria's wave
In vain we dread the autumn airs—
No care can save us from the grave
Cocytus with his darkling flood,
The cursed race of Danaus' brood,
And Sisyphus' eternal task
Must one and all alike be viewed.
From land, and home, and loving wife
We soon must pass: the cypress tree
Of all you planted during life
Alone shall your companion be.
A better shall your goods possess,
Shall stain that floor with marble fine,
Though now protected by your seal,
With bumpers of your vintage wine.

HORATIUS.

ODE XV.

IAM pauca arato iugera regiae
Moles relinquent, undique latius
Extenta visentur Lucrino
Stagna lacu, platanusque caelebs
Evincet ulmos; tum violaria et
Myrtus et omnis copia narium
Spargent olivētis odorem
Fertilibus domino priori:
Tum spissa ramis laurea fervidos
Excludit ictus. Non ita Romuli
Praescriptum et intonsi Catonis
Auspiciis veterumque norma.
Privatus illis census erat brevis,
Commune magnum: nulla decempedis
Metata privatis opacam
Porticus excipiebat Arcton,
Nec fortuitum spernere caespitem
Leges sinebant, oppida publico
Sumptu iubentes et deorum
Templa novo decorare saxo.

HORACE.

ODE XV.

ALREADY⁴⁰ do our stately homes
Leave fewer acres for the plough,
The fish pond in our pride becomes
Than Lucrine lake still larger now,
The elm round which our vines we train
Is now supplanted by the plane.

The violet-bed, the myrtle sweet,
And every scent that taints the gale,
Dark laurels, with their cool retreat,
From summer sun do now prevail,
Where once the olive for its lord
Did a small competence afford.

Not so did Romulus ordain,
Nor Cato's was, nor our sires' way.
Each for himself despised gain,
Each for the State did live alway.
No endless colonnades looked forth
⁴¹ By ten feet measured, to the North.

Nor would our customs then allow,
Our sires the humblest means to spurn,
By chance-cut turves their altars grow,
And mansions were not their concern,
But at the public cost alone
Temples did rise in new-won stone.

HORATIUS.

ODE XVI.

OTIUM divos rogat in patenti
Prensus Aegaeo, simul atra nubes
Condedit lunam neque certa fulgent
 Sidera nautis ;
Otium bella furiosa Thrace,
Otium Medi phareta decori,
Grosphe, non gemmis neque purpura ve-
 nale neque auro,
Non enim gazae neque consularis
Summovet lictor miseros tumultus
Mentis et curas laqueata circum
 Tecta volantes.
Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in mensa tenui salinum,
Nec leves somnos timor aut cupido
 Sordidus aufert.
Quid brevi fortes iaculamur aevo
Multa ? Quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus ? Patriae quis exsul
 Se quoque fugit ?
Scandit aeratas vitiosa naves
Cura nec turmas equitum relinquit.
Ocior cervis et agente nimbos
 Ocior Euro.

HORACE.

ODE XVI.

AS when he is caught in the open sea,
And the moonbeams glint through the
hurrying cloud,
And the stars show not where his course should
be,

The sailor cries to the Gods aloud :
He cries for peace as the Thracian cries,
And the Median still with his quiver girt,
But rest nor purple nor gold supplies
⁴²For which gems my Grosphus are only dirt.
For neither wealth nor power can buy
Cessation of trouble or peace of mind,
Cares⁴³ still round the panelled ceilings fly
Which no consul's licitor can hold or bind.
He happily lives on a slender store,
And he sleeps untroubled by fear or greed
Who prizes the ⁴⁴salt that his fathers bore
As it shines on his board as his utmost need.
We dare so much when our time is so short ;
We change for lands warmed by another sun
Our homes : it is all, our effort is naught,
What exile from home from himself can run ?
Care climbs aboard of the brass-prowed ship,
Not the squadron of horse can leave it behind,
'Tis swifter than stag, or than clouds let slip
And driven in rain by the Eastern wind.

HORATIUS.

Laetus in praesens animus quod ultra est
Oderit curare et amara lento
Temperet risu ; nihil est ab omni
 Parte beatum.

Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem,
Longa Tithonum minuit senectus,
Et mihi forsán, tibi quod negarit,
 Porriget hora.

Te greges centum Siculaeque circum
Mugiunt vaccae, tibi tollit hinnitum
Apta quadrigis equa, te bis Afro
 Murice tinctae

Vestiunt lanae : mihi parva rura et
Spirítum Graiae tenuem Camenae
Parca non mendax dedit et malignum
 Spernere volgus.

HORACE.

Keep a cheerful heart as the days go by,
That must be endured that you cannot cure,
Greet fate with a smile if it's bitter—why,
There's nothing that always is good I am sure.
Death did Achilles in's prime lay low,
Tithonus, wasted by age, lived on.
So time in its flight to me may show
What fate denied thee, may be my own.
For you the lowing of Sicilian kine,
Or the mare for the chariot race equipped,
For thee the wearing of raiment fine,
Whose wool has been twice in the purple
dipped.
To me the gift of a tiny farm,
And a mind not bound by the vulgar crowd.
Such, fate has given, with the further charm,
Some skill in Grecian verse has allowed.

HORATIUS.

ODE XVII.

CUR me querelis exanimas tuis?
Nec dis amicum est nec mihi te prius
Obire, Maececas, mearum
Grande decus columenque rerum.
Ah te meae si partem animae rapit
Maturior vis, quid moror altera,
Nec carus aequae nec superstes
Integer? Ille dies utramque
Ducet ruinam. Non ego perfidum
Dixi sacramentum: ibimus, ibimus,
Utcunque praecedes, supremum
Carpere iter comites parati.
Me nec Chimaerae spiritus igneae
Nec, si resurgat, centimanus Gyas
Divellet unquam: sic potenti
Iustitiae placitumque Parcis.
Seu Libra seu me Scorprios adspicit
Formidolosus, pars violentior
Natalis horae, seu tyrannus
Hesperiae Capricornus undae,
Utrumque nostrum incredibili modo
Consentit astrum. Te Iovis Impio
Tutela Saturno refulgens
Eripuit volucrisque Fati

HORACE.

ODE XVII.

⁴⁵ **M**AECENAS. 'tis not meet that thou shouldst
die

Before thy friend, nor any God approves.

Oh! my renown and stately column high,

Why vex my soul who you so dearly loves?

But if too strong a fate bears thee away,

My soul's best half, why should I longer wait?

Life seems no longer sweet, no longer gay;

The hour that seals thy doom sees my own fate:

It is no empty oath that I have sworn,

As soldiers hasty to their generals swear,

We come, we come, where'er thou goest drawn,

True comrades, ready for that journey drear,

Me no Chimaera with his mouths of fire,

Nor Gyas rising with his hundred hands,

Shall keep from thee, if so the Fates desire

And Justice mighty in her iron bands.

Whether that tyrant of the western wave,

Fell Capricorn, shone on my natal hour,

Or Libra's light, or Scorpio's, showed more brave

On both our lives, sure one star shows its
power.

You did the care of Jove from Saturn snatch

And clogged the wheels of swiftly moving fate,

HORATIUS.

Tardavit alas, cum populus frequens
Lactum theatri ter crepuit sonum :

Me truncus illapsus cerebro

Sustulerat, nisi Faunus ictum
Dextra levasset, Mercurialium
Custos viorum. Reddere victimas

Aedemque votivam memento :

Nos humilem feriemus agnam.

HORACE.

And all the theatre rose a glimpse to catch
Of thee, and thrice with shouts did celebrate.
For me was stayed the tree-trunk from my head,
And sure if Pan had not restrained the blow,
With strong right hand, I had e'en now been
dead :

Pan, great protector of the poet's brow.
Do not thou forget thank-offerings to pay
With victims slain and stately temples reared.
But I perhaps with humbler offerings may
Appease the Gods, from greater ills secured.

HORATIUS.

ODE XVIII.

NON ebur neque aureum
Mea renidet in domo lacunar,
Non trabes Hymettiae
Premunt columnas ultima recisas
Africa, neque Attali
Ignotus heres regiam occupavi,
Nec Laconicas mihi
Trahunt honestae purpuras clientae :
At fides et ingeni
Benigna vena est, pauperemque dives
Me petit ; nihil supra
Deos lacesso nec potentem amicum
Largiora flagito,
Satis beatus unicis Sabinis
Truditur dies die,
Novaeque pergunt interire lunae.
Tu secanda marmora
Locas sub ipsum funus et sepulcri
Immemor struis domos
Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges
Summovere litora,
Parum locuples continente ripa.
Quid, quod usque proximos
Revellis agri terminos et ultra

HORACE.

ODE XVIII.

NO ⁴⁶ivory furniture have I,
Nor are my ceilings decked with gold,
Nor pillars brought from Africa
Hymettian marbles for me hold.
An unknown heir of Attalus,
Vast palaces I live not in ;
Neither do well-born ladies fair
Laconian purple for me spin :
But honesty and kindly mien
To me attract the rich, though poor,
Contented with one Sabine farm,
From Gods and friends I ask no more.
Day follows on the heels of day,
Moons wax and wane as soon as born,
You contract for new marble slabs
Although the frequent funerals warn,
Regardless of the open grave
You mansions build on Baiae's shore,
And eager strive to push away
The sea that makes you feel too poor.
Nay, worse, you have removed the stones
That marked the boundaries of his field,
And to your greed for wider lands
Have made your poorer neighbours yield.

HORATIUS.

Limites clientium

Salis avarus? Pellitur paternos

In sinu ferens deos

Et uxor et vir sordidosque natos.

Nulla certior tamen

Rapacis Orci fine destinata

Aula divitem manet

Herum. Quid ultra tendis? Aequa tellus

Pauperi recluditur

Regumque pueris, nec satellites Orci

Callidum Promethea

Revexit auro captus. Hic superbum

Tantalum atque Tantali

Genus coërcet, hic levare functum

Pauperem laboribus

Vocatus atque non vocatus audit.

HORACE.

The sire plods upon his way,
The matron follows in his track,
Their humble goods within his arms,
Their ragged children on her back.
But there's no palace waits the man
More certainly wherever planned
Who undue riches has amassed
Than that one built by Orcus' hand.
What further limits would you pass?
Earth hides alike the prince, the slave;
And gold could Charon not induce
To yield Prometheus from the grave.
Orcus holds Tantalus in his grasp,
And all his race however great;
But called or not death will relieve
The poor man of his load of fate.

HORATIUS.

ODE XIX.

BACCHUM in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem—credite posteri—
Nymphasque discentes et aures
Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.
Euoe, recenti mens trepidat metu
Plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum
Laetatur. Euoe, parce Liber,
Parce, gravi metuende thyrso!
Fas pervicaces est mihi Thyiadas
Vinique fontem, lactis et uberes
Cantare rivos, atque truncis
Lapsa cavis iterare mella;
Fas et beatæ coniugis additum
Stellis honorem tectaque Penthei
Disiecta non leni ruina,
Thracis et exitium Lycurgi.
Tu flectis amnes, tu mare barbarum,
Tu separatis uvidus in iugis
Nodo coërces viperino
Bistonidum sine fraude crines:

HORACE.

ODE XIX.

BACCHUS⁴⁷ I've seen in the rocky wild,
Satyrs and nymphs by his songs beguiled,
Their sharp-pricked ears and their goat-like feet,
As they listened and learned his music sweet.
Evoe hail! still my mind feels dread,
Though my breast beats high with thy presence
fed.

Evoe hail! but Lyaeus spare,
Nor strike thy slave with thy thyrsus bare.
Believe, it is true the tale I tell;
Believe, and hand on to thy sons as well.
Lo now I'm permitted to sing the praise
Of Bacchanals wanton and all their ways,
Of the springs of wine and of rivers' flow
With milk, and of honey in tree-trunk hollow.
Now it is lawful to sing of thy bride,
And her crown that amongst the stars does ride,
Of the palace of Pentheus to tell the fate,
And the doom of Lycurgus of Thrace relate.
The⁴⁸ river's flow you curb, and distant sea,
Midst desert hills when flushed with wine you
be

Amongst⁴⁹ Bistonian tresses safe entwine
The loathly snakes in chaplet viperine.

HORATIUS.

Tu, cum parentis regna per arduum
Cohors Gigantum scanderet impia,
Rhoetum retorsisti leonis
Unguibus horribilique mala;
Quamquam choreis aptior et iocis
Ludoque dictus non sat idoneus
Pugnae ferebaris: sed idem
Pacis eras mediusque belli.
Te vidit insons Cerberus aureo
Cornu decorum, leniter atterens
Caudam, et recedentis trilingui
Ore pedes tetigitque crura.

HORACE.

Thou, when the impious giants did assail
Thy Father's realm and strove those heights to
scale,

Rhoetus thou didst oppose with lion's claw,
And flung them headlong with thy dreadful jaw.
Although you seem more meet for merry dance
And sportive play than fit for battle's chance,
Still dost thou show in time of war as great
As when in peace thy strength we celebrate.
Thee Cerberus sees with golden horn bedight
And shakes his tail acknowledging thy might,
And when you leave for thy forgiveness begs
With triple tongue, saluting feet and legs.

HORATIUS.

ODE XX.

NON usitata nec tenui ferar
Penna biformis per liquidum aethera
Vates, neque in terris morabor
Longius, invidiaque maior
Urbes relinquam. Non ego, pauperum
Sanguis parentum, non ego, quem vocas
Dilecte, Maecenas, obibo
Nec Stygia cohibebor unda.
Iam iam residunt cruribus asperae
Pelles, et album mutor in alitem
Superne, nascunturque leves
Per digitos humerosque plumae.
Iam Daedaleo notior Icaro
Visam gementis litora Bospori
Syrtesque Gaetulas canorus
Ales Hyperboreosque campos.

HORACE.

ODE XX.

UPON no common wing, or pinion frail,
 ⁵⁰ Shall I your poet soar upon the gale,
 But with no long delay,
 From haunts of man away,
 And envious tongues' display,
I as a noble ⁵¹ swan shall set my sail.

Though I from lowly parents do descend,
If thou Maecenas still dost call me friend,
 I shall not always die,
 Though Stygian wave may try
 To hold me, by-and-by,
I shall escape and higher heights ascend.

Now, even now, the wondrous change begins,
On my legs grow and gather the rough skins,
 Whilst on my shoulders grow
 Light plumage, and below
 Upon my fingers show
The down and feathers of a great bird's wings.

The shore of groaning Bosphorus shall I
Soon see, than Icarus more swift shall fly
 Across Syrtean sand
 Of far Gaetulia, and
 The distant Northern land,
A bird melodious in the open sky.

HORATIUS.

Me Colchus et qui dissimulat metum
Marsae cohortis Dacus et ultimi
Noscent Geloni, me peritus
Discet Hiber Rhodanique potor.
Absint inani funere neniae
Luctusque turpes et querimoniae;
Compesce clamorem ac sepulcri
Mitte supervacuos honores.

HORACE.

Me shall the Colchian and the Dacian know,
Who fears his dread of Marsian troops to show,
The Scythians me will own,
The Spaniard on this throne,
And they who drink the Rhone
Soon shall acknowledge how my fame does
grow.

And when that day shall come which is my
doom,
Do not with dirges sad increase the gloom,
But let your tears be brief,
Nor by unseemly grief
Seek thou to gain relief,
And spare the useless splendours of the tomb.

NOTES TO THE ODES.

BOOK II.

ODE I.

1. The consulship of Q. Caec. Metellus Celer and L. Afranius, B.C. 60, the year of the league between Pompey, Crassus, and Caesar, often called the First Triumvirate [Wickham].

2. C. Asinius Pollio, the friend and supporter of Julius Caesar, having passed through the Consulship in B.C. 40, and won the honours of a triumph for his campaign against the Illyrians, withdrew from public life, and in the subsequent struggle with Antony and Octavius remained honourably neutral. He was a munificent patron of literature, and is famous as having established the first public library at Rome out of the spoils of his Illyrian campaign. His history of the civil wars from B.C. 60 to the establishment of Augustus's power is referred to by Tacitus (*Ann.* IV. 34), and Suetonius (*Jul. Caesar*, 30) [Wickham].

3. The mention of Cato's death and the final overthrow of the Pompeians at Thapsus suggest the thought that Jugurtha is avenged in the Roman blood shed on African soil. The impression which Jugurtha's cruel death had made on the Romans had been revived by Sallust's history [Wickham]. He was starved to death in Rome after the triumph of Marius, January 1, B.C. 104.

ODE II.

4. That this ode is addressed to Salustius is enough to show that there could be no danger of the world's applying its doctrine to him. The little we know of him is chiefly derived from Tacitus (*Ann.* III. 30), where his death in B.C. 29 is recorded. Horace had satirised him some years before (*Book I.*, *Satire II.*, 48 *et seq.*).

HORACE.

but had by now made his acquaintance in the Court circle. Pliny (*Nat. Hist.* XXIV., 2) mentions that the Sallust family possessed copper mines in the Tarentaise (*Centronum tractu*), and it has been suggested that this gave a special point to the first stanza ('As you know from your experience of ore') [Wickham].

5. Proculeius is said to have divided his share of his father's estate between his two brothers, Scipio (or Caepio) and Murena, who had lost their patrimony in the civil wars. Murena and Caepio suffered death for a conspiracy against Augustus in B.C. 22. We learn from Dio, LIV., 3, that Proculeius was brother of Murena and of Terentia, wife of Maecenas. He was high in Augustus's favour, and is among the persons named by Tacitus (*Ann.* IV. 40) to whom the Emperor had thought of marrying his daughter, Julia. Juvenal (VII., 94) couples him with Maecenas as a patron of literature [Wickham].

6. The judgment of a virtuous man, as in Book I., Satire III., 42 [Wickham].

7. The only event in Parthian history contemporaneous with the assumed date of the Odes is that related by Dio, LI., 18, and by Justinus, XLII., V., 5. Phraates IV., to whom Orodes I. had resigned his throne in B.C. 38, after some years of tyranny provoked his subjects to the point of rebellion. He was expelled, and Tiridates, another member of the Arsacid house, though his exact relationship to Phraates is unknown, was put upon the throne in his place. After a short period Phraates was restored (Justinus adds by intervention of the Scythians, which probably explains the allusion of Ode I., XXVI., 3-5) [*vide* introduction to Odes I—III., sec. 8, by Wickham].

ODE III.

8. Some little doubt hangs over the name of the person to whom these counsels of Epicureanism are addressed. The old Blandinian MS. gave it as Gellius. Dellius (as the other good MSS. and the MSS. of Acron and Porphyryon write the name) would probably be Q. Dellius. He had deserted successively Dolabella, Cassius, and finally Antony on the eve of the Battle of Actium. Gellius's character was not such that Horace would gain much by the substitution of his name for that of Dellius [Wickham].

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9. *Interiore nota.* The brand of the innermost and so the earliest filled bin [Wickham]. More carefully preserved [Smith's *Classical Dictionary*]. I prefer the word vintage. A specially good wine would doubtless be specially marked, and certainly more carefully preserved. I cannot think that wine at the back of a bin need necessarily be better than that at the front, and the poet surely is referring to wine better than ordinary.

ODE IV.

10. We can hardly be wrong in supposing that with the exception of her pretty face and figure, the praises of Phyllis are to be interpreted ironically. Possibly the Ode refers to some real person although the name be fictitious. The irony would be wasted on a shadow, and there is a definiteness both in the name Phocian Xanthias and in the introduction of Horace's own personality which is more dramatic than is usual in the purely imaginary Odes [Wickham].

11. Briseis, daughter of Brisaeus of Lyrnessus, fell into the hands of Achilles, but was seized by Agamemnon, thus occasioning the feud between the two heroes [Homer's *Iliad*, Book I. Smith's *Classical Dictionary*].

12. Tecmessa is not mentioned by Homer; she was the daughter of the Phrygian king Teleutas, whose territory was ravaged by the Greeks during a predatory excursion from Troy. Tecmessa was taken captive and was given to Ajax Telamonius, by whom she had a son, Eurysaces [Smith's *Classical Dictionary*].

13. *Atreides*=Agamemnon, son of Atreus, leader of the Greeks against Troy. When the city was captured Cassandra, daughter of Priam, was given him as his share of the booty.

14. Horace's fortieth year ended on December 8, B.C. 25. The lustrum was properly the sacrifice performed by the censor after completing the quinquennial census [Wickham].

ODE V.

15. It is uncertain to whom this ode is addressed; but it has nothing to gain or lose by being supposed to have reference to any real person. The whole tone of it is incongruous with modern ideas [Wickham].

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ODE VI.

16. Septimius has naturally been supposed to be the same person whom Horace introduces to Tiberius in Epistle I., 9. It may probably be the same person who is named as the common friend of the poet and the Emperor in Augustus's letter preserved in the Suetonian life of Horace [Wickham].

17. *Pellitis*. Varro, *de Re Rustica*, explains this epithet: 'Ovibus pellitis, quae propter lanae bonitatem ut sunt Terentinae et Atticae pellibus integuntur ne lanae inquinetur' [Wickham].

18. *Aulon*. The name, which is a common one, suggests rather a hollow between hills. It is perhaps preserved in the name 'Melone' still given to a slope near the seashore about eight miles S.E. of Tarentum [Wickham].

19. *Uvis*. Literally a bunch or cluster of grapes. I have translated it as if it referred to the wine of Falernum, *i.e.* the produce of the grapes, Falernum being famous for its wine.

ODE VII.

20. *Pompeius*. Nothing is known of him. At what point of the civil war Pompeius abandoned it and availed himself of an offered amnesty, or what interval elapsed since then, there is no indication. Horace writes as if he had heard nothing of his old friend for some years, and he has by this time a lawn of his own on which he can entertain a guest [Wickham].

21. *Mercurius*. The poet is *Mercurialis vir* (Book II., Ode XVII., 29). Mercury carries him safely through the foe, as he led Priam safely through the camp of Troy's enemies (Book I., Ode III., 13 *et seq.*) [Wickham].

22. Horace fancies the banquet preparing, and issues orders to the servants [Wickham].

23. 'Venus' was the highest throw of the four *tali* as 'canis' was the worst, when all showed the same face. The *tali*, originally knuckle-bones, marked only on four sides, are different from the six-sided dice (*tessaræ*, κίβοι), of which three were used, the highest throw being three sixes, τρις ἕξ (Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*, 33) [Wickham].

24. I feel I should apologise for the use of this word, but the whole Ode seems to be of a most intimate and playful nature.

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ODE IX.

25. The Ode is addressed to C. Valgius Rufus, a poet whose elegies are referred to and quoted by Servius on Virgil, Eclogue VII., 22 and *Aeneid*, XI., 457. He stands in Book I., Satire X., 82 with Varius, Maecenas, Virgil, and the other select few for whose literary approbation Horace cares [Wickham].

26. *Ter aevo functus . . . senex*, the old man who lived life three times over, *i.e.* Nestor. The old age of Nestor which needed the support of a son would have excused his grief as would the lovable character of his son [Wickham].

27. Antilochus, son of Nestor and Anaxibia or Eurydice, accompanied his father to Troy and distinguished himself by his bravery. He was slain before Troy by Memnon the Ethiopian, and buried beside his friends Achilles and Patroclus [Smith's *Dictionary Classical Biography*].

28. *Rigidum Niphatem*, 'stiff frozen Niphates.' The later Roman poets took it for a river. Lucan, III., 245: 'volventem saxa Niphaten.' The geographers, however, only recognise a mountain of the name in Armenia [Wickham].

ODE X.

29. Horace recommends moderation of life and manners. Professedly it is a mean that he praises; but it is clear that it is excess that he deprecates: the danger of defect is not really before his mind [Wickham].

30. The person to whom this Ode is addressed is the same as the *augur Murena* of Book III., Ode XIX., 11. He is variously called Lucius Murena, Licinius Murena, Varro Murena, and is said to have been brother of Terentia, the wife of Maecenas. The Murena of Horace had been employed by Augustus in B.C. 25 in the subjugation of the Salassi, the inhabitants of the Val d'Aosta, and had been named as Consul Suffectus in B.C. 23. In B.C. 22 he was accused of a conspiracy with Fannius Caepio, and, in spite of the efforts of Proculius, his brother, and Maecenas, his brother-in-law, was put to death. In a character given of him (*ἀκράτω και κατακορεῖ παρησιᾶ προς πάντα ὁμοίως ἐκρήτο*, see Dio, I. c., who tells a story of his boldness of speech towards Augustus himself) we may probably see the appropriateness of Horace's persuasive to moderation [Wickham].

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ODE XI.

31. Nothing is known of Quintius Hirpinus; possibly he is the same as the Quintius to whom Epistle I., 16 is addressed. The origin of the name Hirpinus is not certain. It is very probably a local name, the Hirpini being a Samnite tribe, of which Beneventum was the capital [Wickham].

ODE XII.

32. The Scholiasts gave the tradition that Licymnia is a name invented by Horace to veil and yet to represent to the initiated that of Terentia, the wife of Maecenas. Bentley points out that the mention of the public dance in Diana's honour implies that the person imagined is not merely a '*libertina*' [Wickham].

33. *Aptari citharæ modis*. Horace says his genius is not fitted to tell of the great feats of Roman arms any more than it would be for the heroic myths. He will content himself with the merits of Licymnia, let Maecenas tell of the glories of Cæsar [Wickham].

34. *Siculum mare*. This name, which is generally given to the sea to the east of Sicily, is used by Horace of the sea between its north coast and Italy; *vide* Book III., Ode IV., 28, *Sicula Palinurus unda*. The chief victories referred to will be those of C. Duilius in B.C. 263 off Mylae on the north coast of Messina, and of L. Lutaetius Catulus in B.C. 242 off the 'Aegates Insulae', at the western extremity of the island [Wickham].

ODE XIII.

35. Horace often alludes to his escape in other Odes (*vide* Book II., Ode XVII., 27; Book III., Ode IV., 27; Book III., Ode VIII., 8). It must have been a very narrow escape to have made such an impression, but we are not told any details of the event. He commences with a burst of indignation, at least half humorous, at the unlucky tree and the wretch who planted it. He then moralises on our ignorance of Fate and how death comes to all. Then how narrowly he escaped death, and had seen Proserpine and Aeacus on his seat of judgment, and of the happy souls among whom he would first look for Sappho and Alcaeus. This probably because he prided himself on being the

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first to adapt Greek measures, especially the Sapphic and Alcaic metres, to the Latin tongue. Lastly, such is the skill of these poets that Cerberus is spellbound and Prometheus and Tantalus forget their pains in listening to them [Wickham].

36. *Poenus*. So the MSS. and the Schol. without exception. It is difficult to see the special relation between Poenus and Bosphorum. The suggestion, endorsed by Orelli, that Poenus can be used for Phoenician requires proof. Lachman's correction of Thynus or Thoenus is tempting; Bithynian commerce is often mentioned by Horace, Carthaginian never; and the first difficulty of the Bithynian sailor would be the Bosphorus [Wickham]. I don't know that there is much in this: the voyage from Carthage to the Euxine has many dangers, but the passage through the Bosphorus, known perhaps only by report, appeals more forcibly to the sailor, causing him to overlook those which may await him even in seas already familiar to him.

37. *Catenas et Italum robur*, 'the chains of an Italian prison house.' *Robur* was a name given to the 'Tullianum' or lower dungeon of the Mamertine prison by the Capitol, where greater criminals were confined before their execution and where Jugurtha was starved to death [Wickham].

38. Horace imagines himself in Hades and seeing the ghosts listening to the songs of Sappho and Alcaeus. The reference to the tales of war as the most popular reminds one of the idea of the Northmen's Valhalla.

ODE XIV.

39. The burden is the same as that of Odes II., III., and XI., and of Book IV., Ode VII.: 'Life is short, let us enjoy it while we may,' but there is more of sadness in this Ode than in the others. The usual moral is hinted in the passing epithet *dignior* bestowed on the heir who is to waste our store of choice wine; but the feeling of the stanza is not so much for his wisdom as for the additional bitterness which it adds to our labours to know that they may all be undone as soon as we are dead. 'We must leave it unto a man that shall be after us, and who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool' (Eccles. ii. 19). There is no clue to the person addressed [Wickham].

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ODE XV.

40. This Ode is in the same vein as the six Odes at the beginning of Book III, and belongs probably to the time (B.C. 28) when Augustus, having accepted the censorial power, set himself to the work of religious restoration and social legislation [Wickham].

41. By ten feet measured, requiring a ten-foot measure owing to their size. Facing north for coolness.

ODE XVI.

42. Grosphus was the man Horace commends to Iccius in Book I., Epistle XII., 22-24. He was a man of wealth with his property in Sicily [Wickham].

43. Cares are represented as a flock of ill-omened birds that fly round and round under the panelled roof of the rich man's hall [Wickham].

44. The paternal salt-cellar, the heirloom of a respectable household. Among the poor a shell served as a salt-cellar: all those who were better to do had one of silver, which descended from father to son; it was accompanied by a silver plate, which together with the salt-cellar was used in the domestic sacrifices. The salt-cellar was usually placed in the middle of the table. [*Vide* Smith's *Greek and Roman Antiquities*.] Compare the English 'above and below the salt' as denoting the seat of honour. Salt was of course much used in sacrifices, and partook almost of a sacred character.

ODE XVII.

45. Maecenas was an invalid: he had been complaining of his health to Horace, and the poet would coax him out of his hypochondriacal fancies by the expressions of affection and by the profession of his belief that Maecenas's life was as good as his own, recalling his previous recovery from illness and his flattering reception in the theatre as memories likely to strengthen his confidence in his destiny and in himself. Maecenas died in B.C. 8, but a few months before Horace [Wickham].

ODE XVIII.

46. Horace opposes two pictures: one of himself, contented and happy with his farm and his poetry; the other of some rich

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man so full of plans for building and increasing his property as to forget death and to commit wrong and robbery. Ode XV. complained of the growth of the villas of the wealthy on the ground of the waste of land that was wanted for agriculture. This Ode touches on another evil, incidental to this passion—the unjust and cruel ejection of small owners from their ancestral properties [Wickham]. Personally I have grave doubts whether this alienation of small estates is, in reality, any real loss to the community at large. In every business, except that of agriculture, extension of operation on the one hand and contraction of management on the other seems to be the rule, and is generally regarded with approbation: in agriculture, small holdings and allotments are, by a certain class, regarded as the only hope of the country. It is impossible to go into details here; I can only say I don't think the case proved.

ODE XIX.

47. The poet imagines himself to have unexpectedly come on Bacchus with his Nymphs and Satyrs while wandering in the hills. He describes his terror, the rush of inspiration: delightful yet half painful from its tumultuous excitement. He finds the way of relief. He may sing of Bacchus: of his power to bless those whom he loved and destroy his enemies: his power over inanimate nature, over noxious beasts, over the giants, over the monsters of Hades [Wickham].

48. This refers to his conquest of India. The powers of nature aided him in the enterprise: the Orontes and Hydaspes turned their streams at the touch of his thyrsus that he might cross them, and the sea grew calm before him [Wickham].

49. The Bistones were a tribe of Thrace, the chief seat of the Dionysiac cultus [Wickham].

ODE XX.

50. This Ode may be described as a amplification of Ennius's epitaph on himself:

'Nemo me lacrymis decoret, neque funera fletu
Faxit. Cur? volito virus per ora virum.'

The Ode owes its places at the end of a book to its general

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reference to Horace and his lyric fame; but it does not look as if it had been written for such a purpose as Ode III., 30, Epistle I., 20 [Wickham].

51. The white and tuneful bird is not named, but it is clearly the swan [Wickham].



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