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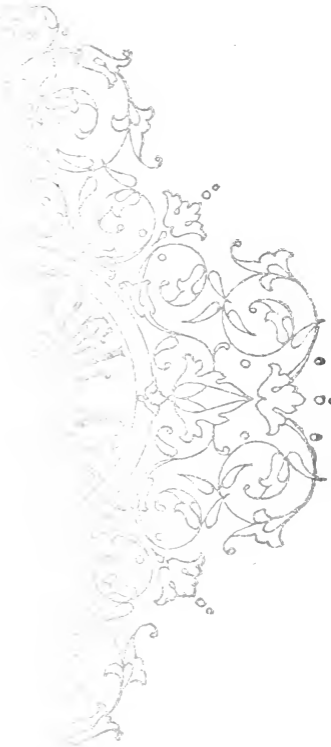
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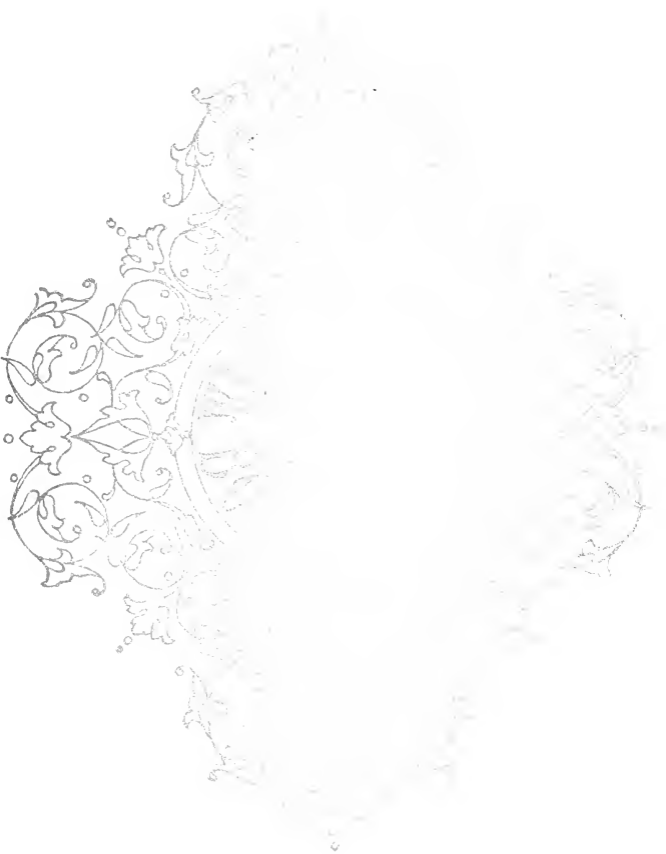


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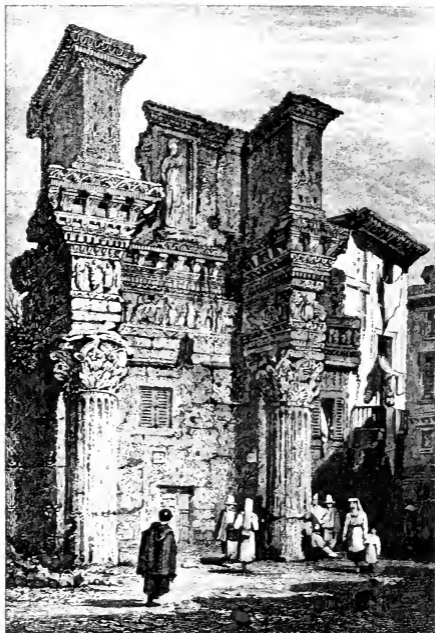












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THE ODES OF HORACE

BOOKS I AND II

2057155



# Q. HORATI FLACCI CARMINUM

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## LIBER PRIMUS

### I

**M**AECENAS atavis edite regibus,  
o et praesidium et dulce decus meum:  
sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum  
collegisse iuvat metaque fervidis  
evitata rotis palmaque nobilis  
terrarum dominos evehit ad deos;  
hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium  
certat tergeminis tollere honoribus;  
illum, si proprio condidit horreo  
quicquid de Libycis verritur areis.  
gaudentem patrios findere sarculo  
agros Attalicis condicionibus  
numquam demoveas, ut trabe Cypria  
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.  
luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum  
mercator metuens otium et oppidi  
laudat rura sui: mox reficit rates  
quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.



# THE ODES OF HORACE

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## BOOK I

### I

**M**AECENAS, born of monarch ancestors,  
The shield at once and glory of my life!  
There are who joy them in the Olympic strife  
And love the dust they gather in the course;  
The goal by hot wheels shunn'd, the famous prize,  
Exalt them to the gods that rule mankind;  
This joys, if rabbles fickle as the wind  
Through triple grade of honours bid him rise,  
That, if his granary has stored away  
Of Libya's thousand floors the yield entire;  
The man who digs his field as did his sire,  
With honest pride, no Attalus may sway  
By proffer'd wealth to tempt Myrtoan seas,  
The timorous captain of a Cyprian bark.  
The winds that make Icarian billows dark  
The merchant fears, and hugs the rural ease  
Of his own village home; but soon, ashamed  
Of penury, he refits his batter'd craft.

## Horati Carminum Lib. I

est qui nec veteris pocula Massici  
nec partem solido demere de die  
spernit, nunc viridi membra sub arbuto  
stratus, nunc ad aquae lene caput sacrae.  
multos castra iuvant et lituo tubae  
permixtus sonitus bellaque matribus  
detestata. manet sub Iove frigido  
venator tenerae coniugis immemor,  
seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus  
seu rupit teretis Marsus aper plagas.  
me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium  
dis miscent superis, me gelidum nemos  
nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori  
secernunt populo, si neque tibus  
Euterpe cohibet nec Polyhymnia  
Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton.  
quodsi me lyricis vatibus inseres,  
sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

## II

IAM satis terris nivi atque diræ  
grandinis misit pater et rubente  
dextera sacras iaculatus arces  
    terrui urbem,  
terrui gentis, grave ne rediret  
saeculum Pyrrhæ nova monstra questæ,

## Odes of Horace, Book I

There is, who thinks no scorn of Massic draught,  
Who robs the daylight of an hour unblamed,  
Now stretch'd beneath the arbuté on the sward,  
Now by some gentle river's sacred spring;  
Some love the camp, the clarion's joyous ring,  
And battle, by the mother's soul abhorr'd.  
See, patient waiting in the clear keen air,  
The hunter, thoughtless of his delicate bride,  
Whether the trusty hounds a stag have eyed,  
Or the fierce Marsian boar has burst the snare.  
To me the artist's meed, the ivy wreath  
Is very heaven: me the sweet cool of woods,  
When Satyrs frolic with the Nymphs, secludes  
From rabble rout, so but Euterpe's breath  
Fail not the flute, nor Polyhymnia fly  
Averse from stringing new the Lesbian lyre.  
O, write my name among that minstrel choir,  
And my proud head shall strike upon the sky!

## II

ENOUGH of snow and hail at last  
The Sire has sent in vengeance down:  
His bolts, at His own temple cast,  
Appall'd the town,  
Appall'd the lands, lest Pyrrha's time  
Return, with all its monstrous sights,

## Thoratí Carmínium Líb. I

omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos  
visere montis,  
piscium et summa genus haesit ulmo,  
nota quae sedes fuerat columbis,  
et superiecto pavidae natarunt  
aequore dammae.  
vidimus flavom Tiberim retortis  
litore Etrusco violenter undis  
ire deiectum monimenta regis  
templaque Vestae,  
Iliae dum se nimium querenti  
iactat ultorem, vagus et sinistra  
labitur ripa, Iove non probante u-  
xorius amnis.  
audiet civis acuisse ferrum,  
quo graves Persae melius perirent,  
audiet pugnas vitio parentum  
rara iuventus.  
quem vocet divom populus ruentis  
imperii rebus? prece qua fatigent  
virgines sanctae minus audientem  
carmina Vestam?  
cui dabit partis scelus expiandi  
Iuppiter? tandem venias precamur  
nube candentis umeros amictus,  
augur Apollo;  
sive tu mavis, Erycina ridens,  
quam Iocus circum volat et Cupido;

## Odes of Horace, Book I

When Proteus led his flocks to climb  
    The flatten'd heights,  
When fish were in the elm-tops caught,  
    Where once the stock-dove wont to bide,  
And does were floating, all distraught,  
    Adown the tide.  
Old Tiber, hurl'd in tumult back  
    From mingling with the Etruscan main,  
Has threaten'd Numa's court with wrack  
    And Vesta's fane.  
Roused by his Ilia's plaintive woes,  
    He vows revenge for guiltless blood,  
And, spite of Jove, his banks o'erflows,  
    Uxorious flood.  
Yes, Fame shall tell of civic steel  
    That better Persian lives had spilt,  
To youths, whose minish'd numbers feel  
    Their parents' guilt.  
What god shall Rome invoke to stay  
    Her fall? Can suppliance overbear  
The ear of Vesta, turn'd away  
    From chant and prayer?  
Who comes, commission'd to atone  
    For crime like ours? at length appear,  
A cloud round thy bright shoulders thrown,  
    Apollo seer!  
Or Venus, laughter-loving dame,  
    Round whom gay Loves and Pleasures fly;

## Thorati Carminum Lib. I

sive neglectum genus et nepotes  
    respicis, auctor  
heu nimis longo satiate ludo,  
quem iuvat clamor galeaeque leves  
acer et Mauri peditis cruentum  
    vultus in hostem,

sive mutata iuvenem figura  
ales in terris imitaris, almae  
filius Maiaie, patiens vocari

    Caesaris ultor:

serus in caelum redeas diuque  
laetus intersis populo Quirini,  
neve te nostris vitiis iniquom  
    ocior aura

tollat: hic magnos potius triumphos,  
hic ames dici pater atque princeps,  
neu sinas Medos equitare inultos  
    te duce, Caesar.

### III

SIC te diva potens Cypri,  
    sic fratres Helenae, lucida sidera,  
ventorumque regat pater  
    obstrictis aliis praeter Iapyga,  
navis, quae tibi creditum  
    debet Vergilium, finibus Atticis  
reddas incolumem precor  
    et serves animae dimidium meae.

## Odes of Horace, Book I

Or thou, if slighted sons may claim  
    A parent's eye,  
O weary with thy long, long game,  
    Who lov'st fierce shouts and helmets bright,  
And Moorish warrior's glance of flame  
    Or e'er he smite!  
Or Maia's son, if now awhile  
    In youthful guise we see thee here,  
Caesar's avenger—such the style  
    Thou deign'st to bear;  
Late be thy journey home, and long  
    Thy sojourn with Rome's family;  
Nor let thy wrath at our great wrong  
    Lend wings to fly.  
Here take our homage, Chief and Sire;  
    Here wreathe with bay thy conquering brow,  
And bid the prancing Mede retire,  
    Our Caesar thou!

### III

THUS may Cyprus' heavenly queen,  
Thus Helen's brethren, stars of brightest sheen,  
    Guide thee! May the Sire of wind  
Each truant gale, save only Zephyr, bind!  
    So do thou, fair ship, that ow'st  
Virgil, thy precious freight, to Attic coast,  
    Safe restore thy loan and whole,  
And save from death the partner of my soul!

## Horati Carminum Lib. I

illi robur et aes triplex  
circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci  
commisit pelago ratem  
primus, nec timuit praecipitem Africum  
decertantem Aquilonibus  
nec tristis Hyadas nec rabiem Noti,  
quo non arbiter Hadriae  
maior, tollere seu ponere volt freta.  
quem mortis timuit gradum,  
qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,  
qui vidit mare turbidum et  
infamis scopulos Acroceraunia?  
nequiquam deus abscidit  
prudens Oceano dissociabili  
terras, si tamen impiae  
non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.  
audax omnia perpeti  
gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas:  
audax Iapeti genus  
ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit;  
post ignem aethera domo  
subductum maçies et nova febrium  
terris incubuit cohors  
semotique prius tarda necessitas  
leti corripuit gradum.  
expertus vacuum Daedalus aera  
pinnis non homini datis;  
perrupit Acheronta Hercules labor,



## Odes of Horace, Book I

Oak and brass of triple fold  
Encompass'd sure that heart, which first made bold  
To the raging sea to trust  
A fragile bark, nor fear'd the Afric gust  
With its Northern mates at strife,  
Nor Hyads' frown, nor South-wind fury-rife,  
Mightiest power that Hadria knows,  
Wills he the waves to madden or compose.  
What had Death in store to awe  
Those eyes, that huge sea-beasts unmelting saw,  
Saw the swelling of the surge,  
And high Ceraunian cliffs, the seaman's scourge?  
Heaven's high providence in vain  
Has sever'd countries with the estranging main,  
If our vessels ne'ertheless  
With reckless plunge that sacred bar transgress.  
Daring all, their goal to win,  
Men tread forbidden ground, and rush on sin:  
Daring all, Prometheus play'd  
His wily game, and fire to man convey'd;  
Soon as fire was stolen away,  
Pale Fever's stranger host and wan Decay  
Swept o'er earth's polluted face,  
And slow Fate quicken'd Death's once halting pace.  
Daedalus the void air tried  
On wings, to humankind by Heaven denied;  
Acheron's bar gave way with ease  
Before the arm of labouring Hercules.

## Horati Carminum Lib. I

nil mortalibus arduist;  
caelum ipsum petimus stultitia neque  
per nostrum patimur scelus  
iracunda Iovem ponere fulmina.

### IV

SOLVITUR acris hiemps grata vice veris et Favoni,  
trahuntque siccas machinae carinas,  
ac neque iam stabulis gaudet pecus aut arator igni,  
nec prata canis albicant pruinis.  
iam Cytherea choros ducit Venus imminente luna,  
iunctaeque Nymphis Gratiae decentes  
alterno terram quatiunt pede, dum gravis Cyclopum  
Volcanus ardens urit officinas.  
nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto  
aut flore, terrae quem ferunt solutae;  
nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,  
seu poscat agna sive malit haedo.  
pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas  
regumque turris. o beate Sesti,

## Odes of Horace, Book I

Nought is there for man too high;  
Our impious folly e'en would climb the sky,  
Braves the dweller on the steep,  
Nor lets the bolts of heavenly vengeance sleep.

### IV

THE touch of Zephyr and of Spring has loosen'd  
Winter's thrall;  
The well-dried keels are wheel'd again to sea:  
The ploughman cares not for his fire, nor cattle for  
their stall,  
And frost no more is whitening all the lea.  
Now Cytherea leads the dance, the bright moon  
overhead;  
The Graces and the Nymphs, together knit,  
With rhythmic feet the meadow beat, while Vulcan,  
fiery red,  
Heats the Cyclopien forge in Aetna's pit,  
'T is now the time to wreath the brow with branch  
of myrtle green,  
Or flowers, just opening to the vernal breeze;  
Now Faunus claims his sacrifice among the shady  
treen,  
Lambkin or kidling, which soe'er he please,  
Pale Death, impartial, walks his round: he knocks  
at cottage-gate  
And palace-portal. Sestius, child of bliss!

## Tborati Carminum Lib. I

vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.  
iam te premet nox fabulaeque manes  
et domus exilis Plutonia: quo simul mearis,  
nec regna vini sortiere talis,  
nec tenerum Lycidan mirabere, quo calet iuventus  
nunc omnis et mox virgines tepebunt.

### V

QUIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa  
perfusus liquidis urget odoribus  
grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?  
cui flavam religas comam,  
simplex munditiis? heu quotiens fidem  
mutatosque deos flebit et aspera  
nigris aequora ventis  
emirabitur insolens,  
qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,  
qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem  
sperat, nescius aurae  
fallacis. miseri, quibus  
intemptata nites. me tabula sacer  
votiva paries indicat uvida  
suspendisse potenti  
vestimenta maris deo.

## Odes of Horace, Book I

How should a mortal's hopes be long, when short his  
being's date?

Lo here! the fabulous ghosts, the dark abyss,  
The void of the Plutonian hall, where soon as e'er  
you go,

No more for you shall leap the auspicious die  
To seat you on the throne of wine; no more your  
breast shall glow

For Lycidas, the star of every eye.

### V

WHAT slender youth, besprinkled with perfume,  
Courts you on roses in some grotto's shade?

Fair Pyrrha, say, for whom

Your yellow hair you braid,

So trim, so simple! Ah! how oft shall he

Lament that faith can fail, that gods can change,

Viewing the rough black sea

With eyes to tempests strange,

Who now is basking in your golden smile,

And dreams of you still fancy-free, still kind,

Poor fool, nor knows the guile

Of the deceitful wind!

Woe to the eyes you dazzle without cloud

Untried! For me, they show in yonder fane

My dripping garments, vow'd

To Him who curbs the main.

VI

SCRIBERIS Vario fortis et hostium  
victor Maeonii carminis alite,  
quam rem cumque ferox navibus aut equis  
miles te duce gesserit.

nos, Agrippa, neque haec dicere nec gravem  
Pelidae stomachum cedere nescii  
nec cursus duplicis per mare Ulixei  
nec saevam Pelopis domum  
conamur tenues grandia, dum pudor  
inbellisque lyrae Musa potens vetat  
laudes egregii Caesaris et tuas  
culpa deterere ingeni.

quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina  
digne scripserit aut pulvere Troico  
nigrum Merionen aut ope Palladis  
Tydiden superis parem?

nos convivia, nos proelia virginum  
sectis in iuvenes unguibus acrium  
cantamus, vacui, sive quid urimur,  
non praeter solitum leves.

VII

LAUDABUNT alii claram Rhodon aut Mytilenen  
aut Ephesum bimarisque Corinthi  
moenia vel Baccho Thebas vel Apolline Delphos  
insignis aut Thessala Tempe;

## Odes of Horace, Book I

### VI

NOT I, but Varius:—he, of Homer's brood  
A tuneful swan, shall bear you on his wing,  
Your tale of trophies, won by field or flood,  
Mighty alike to sing.ng.  
Not mine such themes, Agrippa; no, nor mine  
To chant the wrath that fill'd Pelides' breast,  
Nor dark Ulysses' wanderings o'er the brine,  
Nor Pelops' house unblest.  
Vast were the task, I feeble; inborn shame,  
And she, who makes the peaceful lyre submit,  
Forbid me to impair great Caesar's fame  
And yours by my weak wit.  
But who may fitly sing of Mars array'd  
In adamant mail, or Merion, black with dust  
Of Troy, or Tydeus' son by Pallas' aid  
Strong against gods to thrust?  
Feasts are my theme, my warriors maidens fair,  
Who with pared nails encounter youths in fight;  
Be Fancy free or caught in Cupid's snare,  
Her temper still is light.

### VII

LET others Rhodes or Mytilene sing,  
Or Ephesus, or Corinth, set between  
Two seas, or Thebes, or Delphi, for its king  
Each famous, or Thessalian Tempe green;

## Tibullati Carminum Lib. I

sunt quibus unum opus est intactae Palladis urbem  
carmine perpetuo celebrare et  
undique decerptam fronti praeponere olivam;  
plurimus in Iunonis honorem  
aptum dicet equis Argos ditisque Mycenas:  
me nec tam patiens Lacedaemon  
nec tam Larisae percussit campus opimae,  
quam domus Albunae resonantis  
et praeceptus Anio ac Tiburni lucus et uda  
mobilibus pomaria rivis.  
albus ut obscuro deterget nubila caelo  
saepe Notus neque parturit imbris  
perpetuos, sic tu sapiens finire memento  
tristitiam vitaeque labores  
molli, Plance, mero, seu te fulgentia signis  
castra tenent seu densa tenebit  
Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina patremque  
cum fugeret, tamen uda Lyaeo  
tempora populea fertur vinxisse corona,  
sic tristis affatus amicos:  
“quo nos comque feret melior fortuna parente,  
ibimus, o socii comitesque.  
nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro:  
certus enim promisit Apollo  
ambiguam tellure nova Salamina futuram.  
o fortes peioraque passi  
mecum saepe viri, nunc vino pellite curas:  
cras ingens iterabimus aequor.”



## Odes of Horace, Book I

There are who make chaste Pallas' virgin tower  
The daily burden of unending song,  
And search for wreaths the olive's rifled bower:  
The praise of Juno sounds from many a tongue,  
Telling of Argos' steeds, Mycenae's gold.  
For me stern Sparta forges no such spell,  
No, nor Larissa's plain of richest mould,  
As bright Albunea echoing from her cell.  
O headlong Anio! O Tiburnian groves,  
And orchards saturate with shifting streams!  
Look how the clear fresh south from heaven removes  
The tempest, nor with rain perpetual teems!  
You too be wise, my Plancus: life's worst cloud  
Will melt in air, by mellow wine allay'd,  
Dwell you in camps, with glittering banners proud,  
Or 'neath your Tibur's canopy of shade.  
When Teucer fled before his father's frown  
From Salamis, they say his temples deep  
He dipp'd in wine, then wreath'd with poplar crown,  
And bade his comrades lay their grief to sleep:  
"Where Fortune bears us, than my sire more kind,  
There let us go, my own, my gallant crew.  
'Tis Teucer leads, 'tis Teucer breathes the wind;  
No more despair; Apollo's word is true.  
Another Salamis in kindlier air  
Shall yet arise. Hearts, that have borne with me  
Worse buffets! drown to-day in wine your care;  
To-morrow we recross the wide, wide sea!"

VIII

LYDIA, dic, per omnis  
te deos oro, Sybarin cur properes amando  
perdere, cur apricum  
oderit campum, patiens pulveris atque solis,  
cur neque militaris  
inter aequalis equitet, Gallica nec lupatis  
temperet ora frenis?  
cur timet flavom Tiberim tangere? cur olivom  
sanguine viperino  
cautius vitat neque iam livida gestat armis  
bracchia, saepe disco,  
saepe trans finem iaculo nobilis expedito?  
quid latet, ut marinae  
filium dicunt Thetidis sub lacrimosa Troiae  
funera, ne virilis  
cultus in caedem et Lycias proriperet catervas?

IX

VIDES ut alta stet nive candidum  
Soracte, nec iam sustineant onus

Odes of Horace, Book I

VIII

LYDIA, by all above,

Why bear so hard on Sybaris, to ruin him with love?

What change has made him shun

The playing-ground, who once so well could bear  
the dust and sun?

Why does he never sit

On horseback in his company, nor with uneven bit

His Gallic courser tame?

Why dreads he yellow Tiber, as 't would sully that  
fair frame?

Like poison loathes the oil,

His arms no longer black and blue with honourable  
toil,

He who erewhile was known

For quoit or javelin oft and oft beyond the limit  
thrown?

Why skulks he, as they say

Did Thetis' son before the dawn of Ilion's fatal  
day,

For fear the manly dress

Should fling him into danger's arms, amid the  
Lycian press?

IX

SEE, how it stands, one pile of snow,

Soracte! 'neath the pressure yield

## Horatí Carminum, Lib. I

silvae laborantes geluque  
flumina constiterint acuto.  
dissolve frigus ligna super foco  
large reponens atque benignius  
deprome quadrimum Sabina,  
o Thaliarche, merum diota.  
permitte divis cetera, qui simul  
stravere ventos aequore fervido  
deproeliantis, nec cupressi  
nec veteres agitantur orni.  
quid sit futurum cras, fuge quaerere, et  
quem fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro  
appone, nec dulcis amores  
sperne puer neque tu choreas,  
donec virenti canities abest  
morosa. nunc et campus et areae  
lenesque sub noctem susurri  
composita repetantur hora,  
nunc et latentis proditor intumo  
gratus puellae risus ab angulo  
pignusque dereptum lacertis  
aut digito male pertinaci.

### X

MERCURI, facunde nepos Atlantis,  
qui feros cultus hominum recentum  
voce formasti catus et decorae  
more palaestrae,

## Odes of Horace, Book I

Its groaning woods; the torrents' flow  
With clear sharp ice is all congeal'd.  
Heap high the logs, and melt the cold,  
Good Thaliarch; draw the wine we ask,  
That mellow vintage, four-year-old,  
From out the cellar'd Sabine cask.  
The future trust with Jove; when He  
Has still'd the warring tempest's roar  
On the vex'd deep, the cypress-tree  
And aged ash are rock'd no more.  
O, ask not what the morn will bring,  
But count as gain each day that chance  
May give you; sport in life's young spring,  
Nor scorn sweet love, nor merry dance,  
While years are green, while sullen eld  
Is distant. Now the walk, the game,  
The whisper'd talk at sunset held,  
Each in its hour, prefer their claim.  
Sweet too the laugh, whose feign'd alarm  
The hiding-place of beauty tells,  
The token, ravish'd from the arm  
Or finger, that but ill rebels.

### X

GRANDSON of Atlas, wise of tongue,  
O Mercury, whose wit could tame  
Man's savage youth by power of song  
And plastic game!

## Horatí Carminum Lib. I

te canam, magni Iovis et deorum  
nuntium curvaeque lyrae parentem,  
callidum quicquid placuit iocoso  
condere furto.

te, boves olim nisi reddidisses  
per dolum amotas, puerum minaci  
voce dum terret, viduus pharetra  
risit Apollo.

quin et Atridas duce te superbos  
Ilio dives Priamus relicto  
Thessalosque ignis et iniqua Troiae  
castra fefellit.

tu pias laetis animas reponis  
sedibus virgaque levem coerces  
aurea turbam, superis deorum  
gratus et imis.

## XI

TU ne quaesieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem  
tibi

finem di dederint, Leuconoe, nec Babylonios  
temptaris numeros. ut melius, quicquid erit, pati,  
seu pluris hiemes seu tribuit Iuppiter ultimam,  
quae nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare

## Odes of Horace, Book I

Thee sing I, herald of the sky,  
Who gav'st the lyre its music sweet,  
Hiding whate'er might please thine eye  
    In frolic cheat.  
See, threatening thee, poor guileless child,  
    Apollo claims, in angry tone,  
His cattle;—all at once he smiled,  
    His quiver gone.  
Strong in thy guidance, Hector's sire  
    Escaped the Atridae, pass'd between  
Thessalian tents and warders' fire,  
    Of all unseen.  
Thou lay'st unspotted souls to rest;  
    Thy golden rod pale spectres know;  
Blest power! by all thy brethren blest,  
    Above, below!

### XI

ASK not ('t is forbidden knowledge) what our  
    destined term of years,  
Mine and yours; nor scan the tables of your Baby-  
    lonish seers.  
Better far to bear the future, my Leuconoe, like  
    the past,  
Whether Jove has many winters yet to give, or this  
    our last;  
*This*, that makes the Tyrrhene billows spend their  
    strength against the shore.

## Thorati Carminum Lib. I

Tyrrhenum. sapias, vina liques et spatio brevi  
spem longam reseces. dum loquimur, fugerit  
    invida  
aetas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

## XII

QUEM virum aut heroa lyra vel acri  
tibia sumis celebrare, Clio,  
quem deum? cuius recinet iocosa  
    nomen imago  
aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris  
aut super Pindo gelidove in Haemo?  
unde vocalem temere insecutae  
    Orphea silvae  
arte materna rapidos morantem  
fluminum lapsus celerisque ventos,  
blandum et auritas fidibus canoris  
    ducere quercus.  
quid prius dicam solitis parentis  
laudibus, qui res hominum ac deorum,  
qui mare et terras variisque mundum  
    temperat horis:  
unde nil maius generatur ipso,  
nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum?  
proximos illi tamen occupavit  
    Pallas honores.



## Odes of Horace, Book I

Strain your wine and prove your wisdom; life is  
short; should hope be more?

In the moment of our talking, envious time has ebb'd  
away.

Seize the present; trust to-morrow e'en as little as  
you may.

### XII

WHAT man, what hero, Clio sweet,  
On harp or flute wilt thou proclaim?

What god shall echo's voice repeat  
In mocking game

To Helicon's sequester'd shade,

Or Pindus, or on Haemus chill,  
Where once the hurrying woods obey'd  
The minstrel's will,

Who, by his mother's gift of song,  
Held the fleet stream, the rapid breeze,  
And led with blandishment along  
The listening trees?

Whom praise we first? the Sire on high,  
Who gods and men unerring guides,  
Who rules the sea, the earth, the sky,  
Their times and tides.

No mightier birth may He beget;  
No like, no second has He known;  
Yet nearest to her sire's is set  
Minerva's throne.

## Torati Carminum Lib. I

proeliis audax, neque te silebo,  
Liber, et saevis inimica virgo  
beluis, nec te, metuende certa

Phoebe sagitta.

dicam et Alciden puerosque Ledae,  
hunc equis, illum superare pugnis  
nobilem; quorum simul alba nautis

stella refulsit,

defluit saxis agitatus umor,  
concidunt venti fugiuntque nubes  
et minax, quod sic voluere, ponto

unda recumbit.

Romulum post hos prius an quietum  
Pompili regnum memorem an superbos  
Tarquini fasces, dubito, an Catonis

nobile letum.

Regulum et Scauros animaeque magnae  
prodigum Paulum superante Poeno  
gratus insigni referam camena

Fabriciumque.

hunc et incomptis Curium capillis  
utilem bello tulit et Camillum  
saeva paupertas et avitus apto

cum lare fundus.

crescit occulto velut arbor aevo  
fama Marcelli; micat inter omnis  
Iulium sidus velut inter ignis

luna minores.

Odes of Horace, Book I

Nor yet shall Bacchus pass unsaid,  
Bold warrior, nor the virgin foe  
Of savage beasts, nor Phoebus, dread  
With deadly bow.

Alcides too shall be my theme,  
And Leda's twins, for horses he,  
He famed for boxing; soon as gleam  
Their stars at sea,  
The lash'd spray trickles from the steep,  
The wind sinks down, the storm-cloud flies,  
The threatening billow on the deep  
Obedient lies.

Shall now Quirinus take his turn,  
Or quiet Numa, or the state  
Proud Tarquin held, or Cato stern,  
By death made great?  
Ay, Regulus and the Scaurian name,  
And Paullus, who at Cannae gave  
His glorious soul, fair record claim,  
For all were brave.

Thee, Furius, and Fabricius, thee,  
Rough Curius too, with untrimm'd beard,  
Your sires' transmitted poverty  
To conquest rear'd.

Marcellus' fame, its up-growth hid,  
Springs like a tree; great Julius' light  
Shines, like the radiant moon amid  
The lamps of night.

## Horati Carminum Lib. I

gentis humanae pater atque custos,  
orte Saturno, tibi cura magni  
Caesaris fatis data; tu secundo

Caesare regnes.

ille seu Parthos Latio imminentis  
egerit iusto domitos triumpho,  
sive subiectos orientis orae

Seras et Indos,

te minor latum reget aequos orbem;  
tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,  
tu parum castis inimica mittes  
fulmina lucis.

### XIII

CUM tu, Lydia, Telephi

cervicem roseam, cerea Telephi

laudas bracchia, vae meum

fervens difficili bile tumet iecur.

tum nec mens mihi nec color

certe sede manent, umor et in genas  
furtim labitur, arguens

quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.

uror, seu tibi candidos

turparunt umeros inmodicae mero

rixae, sive puer furens

inpressit memorem dente labris notam.

## Odes of Horace, Book I

Dread Sire and Guardian of man's race,  
To Thee, O Jove, the Fates assign  
Our Caesar's charge; his power and place  
Be next to Thine.

Whether the Parthian, threatening Rome,  
His eagles scatter to the wind,  
Or follow to their eastern home  
Cathay and Ind,

Thy second let him rule below:

Thy car shall shake the realms above;  
Thy vengeful bolts shall overthrow  
Each guilty grove.

### XIII

TELEPHUS—you praise him still,  
His waxen arms, his rosy-tinted neck;  
Ah! and all the while I thrill  
With jealous pangs I cannot, cannot check.  
See, my colour comes and goes,  
My poor heart flutters, Lydia, and the dew,  
Down my cheek soft stealing, shows  
What lingering torments rack me through and  
through.

Oh, 't is agony to see  
Those snowwhite shoulders scarr'd in drunken  
fray,  
Or those ruby lips, where he

non, si me satis audias,  
 speres perpetuom dulcia barbare  
 laedentem oscula, quae Venus  
 quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit.  
 felices ter et amplius,  
 quos inrupta tenet copula nec malis  
 divolsus querimoniis  
 suprema citius solvet amor die.

XIV

O NAVIS, referent in mare te novi  
 fluctus! o quid agis? fortiter occupa  
 portum! nonne vides ut  
 nudum remigio latus,  
 et malus celeri saucius Africo  
 antemnaeque gemant, ac sine funibus  
 vix durare carinae  
 possint imperiosius  
 aequor? non tibi sunt integra lintea,  
 non di, quos iterum pressa voces malo.  
 quamvis Pontica pinus  
 silvae filia nobilis,  
 iactes et genus et nomen inutile:  
 nil pictis timidus navita puppibus  
 fidit. tu nisi ventis  
 debes ludibrium, cave.

Odes of Horace, Book I

Has left strange marks, that show how rough his  
play!

Never, never look to find  
A faithful heart in him whose rage can harm  
Sweetest lips, which Venus-kind  
Has tintured with her quintessential charm.  
Happy, happy, happy they  
Whose living love, untroubled by all strife,  
Binds them till the last sad day,  
Nor parts asunder but with parting life!

XIV

O LUCKLESS bark! new waves will force you back  
To sea. O, haste to make the haven yours!  
E'en now, a helpless wrack,  
You drift, despoil'd of oars;  
The Afric gale has dealt your mast a wound;  
Your sailyards groan, nor can your keel sustain,  
Till lash'd with cables round,  
A more imperious main.  
Your canvas hangs in ribbons, rent and torn;  
No gods are left to pray to in fresh need.  
A pine of Pontus born  
Of noble forest breed,  
You boast your name and lineage—madly blind  
Can painted timbers quell a seaman's fear?  
Beware! or else the wind  
Makes you its mock and jeer.

## Horati Carminum Lib. I

nuper sollicitum quae mihi taedium,  
nunc desiderium curaque non levis,  
interfusa nitentis  
vites aequora Cycladas.

### XV

PASTOR cum traheret per freta navibus  
Idaeis Helenen perfidus hospitam,  
ingrato celeris obruit otio  
ventos, ut caneret fera  
Nereus fata. "mala ducis avi domum  
quam multo repetet Graecia milite,  
coniurata tuas rumpere nuptias  
et regnum Priami vetus.  
heu heu, quantus equis, quantus adest viris  
sudor! quanta moves funera Dardanae  
genti! iam galeam Pallas et aegida  
currusque et rabiem parat.  
nequiquam Veneris praesido ferox  
pectes caesariem grataque feminis  
inbelli cithara carmina divides;  
nequiquam thalamo gravis  
hastas et calami spicula Cnosii  
vitabis, strepitumque et celerem sequi  
Aiacem: tamen heu serus adulteros  
crines pulvere collines.



## Odes of Horace, Book I

Your trouble late made sick this heart of mine,  
And still I love you, still am ill at ease.  
O, shun the sea, where shine  
The thick-sown Cyclades!

### XV

WHEN the false swain was hurrying o'er the deep  
His Spartan hostess in the Idaean bark,  
Old Nereus laid the unwilling winds asleep,  
That all to Fate might hark,  
Speaking through him:—"Home in ill hour you take  
A prize whom Greece shall claim with troops  
untold,  
Leagued by an oath your marriage tie to break  
And Priam's kingdom old.  
Alas! what deaths you launch on Dardan realm!  
What toils are waiting, man and horse to tire!  
See! Pallas trims her aegis and her helm,  
Her chariot and her ire.  
Vainly shall you, in Venus' favour strong,  
Your tresses comb, and for your dames divide  
On peaceful lyre the several parts of song;  
Vainly in chamber hide  
From spears and Gnosian arrows, barb'd with fate,  
And battle's din, and Ajax in the chase  
Unconquer'd; those adulterous locks, though late,  
Shall gory dust deface.

## Horati Carminum Lib. I

non Laertiaden, exitium tuae  
gentis, non Pylum Nestora respicis?  
urgent inpavidi te Salaminus

Teucer, te Sthenelus sciens  
pugnae, sive opus est imperitare equis,  
non auriga piger. Merionen quoque  
nosces. ecce furit te reperire atrox

Tydides melior patre:  
quem tu, cervos uti vallis in altera  
visum parte lupum graminis immemor,  
sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,

non hoc pollicitus tuae.  
iracunda diem proferet Ilio  
matronisque Phrygum classis Achillei;  
post certas hiemes uret Achaicus  
ignis Iliacas domos."

### XVI

O MATRE pulchra filia pulchrior,  
quem crimosus cumque voles modum  
pones iambis, sive flamma  
sive mari libet Hadriano.  
non Dindymene, non adytis quatit  
mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius,  
non Liber aequae, non acuta  
sic geminant Corybantes aera,  
tristes ut irae, quas neque Noricus

## Odes of Horace, Book I

Hark! 't is the death-cry of your race! look back!

Ulysses comes, and Pylian Nestor grey;

See! Salaminian Teucer on your track,

And Sthenelus, in the fray

Versed, or with whip and rein, should need require,

No laggard. Merion too your eyes shall know

From far. Tydides, fiercer than his sire,

Pursues you, all aglow;

Him, as the stag forgets to graze for fright,

Seeing the wolf at distance in the glade,

And flies, high panting, you shall fly, despite

Boasts to your leman made.

What though Achilles' wrathful fleet postpone

The day of doom to Troy and Troy's proud dames,

Her towers shall fall, the number'd winters flown,

Wrapp'd in Achaean flames."

## XVI

O LOVELIER than the lovely dame

That bore you, sentence as you please

Those scurril verses, be it flame

Your vengeance craves, or Hadrian seas.

Not Cybele, nor he that haunts

Rich Pytho, worse the brain confounds,

Not Bacchus, nor the Corybants

Clash their loud gongs with fiercer sounds

Than savage wrath; nor sword nor spear

## Horati Carminum Lib. I

deterret ensis nec mare naufragum  
nec saevos ignis nec tremendo  
Iuppiter ipse ruens tumultu.  
fertur Prometheus addere principi  
limo coactus particulam undique  
desectam et insani leonis  
vim stomacho apposuisse nostro.  
irae Thyesten exitio gravi  
stravere, et altis urbibus ultimae  
stetere causae, cur perirent  
funditus imprimeretque muris  
hostile aratrum exercitus insolens.  
compesce mentem: me quoque pectoris  
temptavit in dulci iuventa  
fervor et in celeres iambos  
misit furentem; nunc ego mitibus  
mutare quaero tristia, dum mihi  
fias recantatis amica  
obprobriis animumque reddas.

### XVII

VELOX amoenum saepe Lucretilem  
mutat Lycaeo Faunus et igneam  
defendit aestatem capellis  
usque meis pluviosque ventos.  
impune tutum per nemus arbutos  
quaerunt latentis et thyma deviae

## Odes of Horace, Book I

Appals it, no, nor ocean's frown,  
Nor ravening fire, nor Jupiter  
In hideous ruin crashing down.  
Prometheus, forced, they say, to add  
To his prime clay some favourite part  
From every kind, took lion mad,  
And lodged its gall in man's poor heart.  
'T was wrath that laid Thyestes low;  
'T is wrath that oft destruction calls  
On cities, and invites the foe  
To drive his plough o'er ruin'd walls.  
Then calm your spirit; I can tell  
How once, when youth in all my veins  
Was glowing, blind with rage, I fell  
On friend and foe in ribald strains.  
Come, let me change my sour for sweet,  
And smile complacent as before:  
Hear me my palinode repeat,  
And give me back your heart once more.

### XVII

THE pleasures of Lucretilis  
Tempt Faunus from his Grecian seat;  
He keeps my little goats in bliss  
Apart from wind, and rain, and heat.  
In safety rambling o'er the sward  
For arbutus and for thyme they peer,

## Horati Carminum Lib. I

olentis uxores mariti,  
nec viridis metuunt colubras  
nec Martialis Haediliae lupos,  
utcumque dulci, Tyndari, fistula  
valles et Usticae cubantis  
levia personuere saxa.  
di me tuentur, dis pietas mea  
et musa cordi est. hinc tibi copia  
manabit ad plenum benigno  
ruris honorum opulenta cornu.  
hic in reducta valle Caniculae  
vitabis aestus et fide Teia  
dices laborantis in uno  
Penelopen vitreamque Circen.  
hic innocentis pocula Lesbii  
duces sub umbra nec Semeleius  
cum Marte confundet Thyoneus  
proelia nec metues protervom  
suspecta Cyrum, ne male dispari  
incontinentis iniciat manus  
et scindat haerentem coronam  
crinibus inmeritamque vestem.

### XVIII

NULLAM, Vare, sacra vite prius severis arborem  
circa mite solum Tiburis et moenia Catili:

## Odes of Horace, Book I

The ladies of the unfragrant lord,  
Nor vipers, green with venom, fear,  
Nor savage wolves, of Mars' own breed,  
My Tyndaris, while Ustica's dell  
Is vocal with the silvan reed,  
And music thrills the limestone fell.  
Heaven is my guardian; Heaven approves  
A blameless life, by song made sweet;  
Come hither, and the fields and groves  
Their horn shall empty at your feet.  
Here, shelter'd by a friendly tree,  
In Teian measures you shall sing  
Bright Circe and Penelope,  
Love-smitten both by one sharp sting.  
Here shall you quaff beneath the shade  
Sweet Lesbian draughts that injure none,  
Nor fear lest Mars the realm invade  
Of Semele's Thyonian son,  
Lest Cyrus on a foe too weak  
Lay the rude hand of wild excess,  
His passion on your chaplet wreak,  
Or spoil your undeserving dress.

### XVIII

VARUS, are your trees in planting? put in none be-  
fore the vine,  
In the rich domain of Tibur, by the walls  
of Catilus;

## Horati Carminum Lib. I

siccis omnia nam dura deus proposuit, neque  
mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines.

quis post vina gravem militiam aut pauperiem  
crepat?

quis non te potius, Bacche pater, teque, decens  
Venus?

ac nequis modici transiliat munera Liberi,  
Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero  
debellata, monet Sithoniis non levis Euhius,  
cum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum  
discernunt avidi. non ego te, candide Bassareu,  
invitum quatiā nec variis opsita frondibus  
sub divom rapiam. saeva tene cum Berecynthio  
cornu tympana, quae subsequitur caecus amor sui  
et tollens vacuum plus nimio gloria verticem  
arcanique fides prodiga, perlucidior vitro.



## Odes of Horace, Book I

There's a power above that hampers all that sober  
brains design,  
And the troubles man is heir to thus are quell'd,  
and only thus.

Who can talk of want or warfare when the wine is  
in his head,  
Not of thee, good father Bacchus, and of Venus  
fair and bright?

But should any dream of licence, there's a lesson  
may be read,  
How't was wine that drove the Centaurs with the  
Lapithae to fight.

And the Thracians too may warn us; truth and  
falsehood, good and ill,  
How they mix them, when the wine-god's hand is  
heavy on them laid!

Never, never, gracious Bacchus, may I move thee  
'gainst thy will,  
Or uncover what is hidden in the verdure of thy  
shade!

Silence thou thy savage cymbals, and the Bercyn-  
tine horn;  
In their train Self-love still follows, dully, desper-  
ately blind,

And Vain-glory, towering upward in its empty-  
headed scorn,  
And the Faith that keeps no secrets, with a win-  
dow in its mind.

XIX

MATER saeva Cupidinum

Thebanaeque iubet me Semelae puer  
et lasciva Licentia

finitis animum reddere amoribus.  
urit me Glycerae nitor

splendentis Pario marmore purius;  
urit grata protervitas

et voltus nimium lubricus aspici  
in me tota ruens Venus

Cyprum deseruit, nec patitur Scythas  
et versis animosum equis

Parthum dicere nec quae nihil attinent.  
hic vivom mihi caespitem, hic

verbenas, pueri, ponite turaque  
bimi cum patera meri:

mactata veniet lenior hostia.

XX

VILE potabis modicis Sabinum  
cantharis, Graeca quod ego ipse testa  
conditum levi, datus in theatro

cum tibi plausus,  
care Maecenas eques, ut paterni  
fluminis ripae simul et iocosa  
redderet laudes tibi Vaticani  
montis imago.

XIX

CUPID'S mother, cruel dame,  
And Semele's Theban boy, and Licence bold,  
Bid me kindle into flame  
This heart, by waning passion now left cold.  
O, the charms of Glycera,  
That hue, more dazzling than the Parian stone!  
O, that sweet tormenting play,  
That too fair face, that blinds when look'd upon!  
Venus comes in all her might,  
Quits Cyprus for my heart, nor lets me tell  
Of the Parthian, bold in flight,  
Nor Scythian hordes nor aught that breaks her spell.  
Heap the grassy altar up,  
Bring vervain, boys, and sacred frankincense;  
Fill the sacrificial cup;  
A victim's blood will soothe her vehemence.

XX

NOT large my cups, nor rich my cheer,  
This Sabine wine, which erst I seal'd,  
That day the applauding theatre  
Your welcome peal'd,  
Dear knight Maecenas! as 't were fain  
That your paternal river's banks,  
And Vatican, in sportive strain,  
Should echo thanks.

## Horati Carminum Lib. I

Caecubum et prelo domitam Caleno  
tu bibes uvam: mea nec Falernae  
temperant vites neque Formiani  
pocula colles.

### XXI

DIANAM tenerae dicite virgines,  
intonsum, pueri, dicite Cynthium  
Latonamque supremo  
dilectam penitus Iovi.  
vos laetam fluviis et nemorum coma,  
quaecumque aut gelido prominet Algido,  
nigris aut Erymanthi  
silvis aut viridis Cragi.  
vos Tempe totidem tollite laudibus  
natalemque, mares, Delon Apollinis  
insignemque pharetra  
fraternaue umerum lyra.  
hic bellum lacrimosum, hic miseram famem  
pestemque a populo et principe Caesare in  
Persas atque Britannos  
vestra motus aget prece.

### XXII

INTEGER vitae scelerisque purus  
non eget Mauris iaculis neque arcu

## Odes of Horace, Book I

For you Calenian grapes are press'd,  
And Caecuban; these cups of mine  
Falernum's bounty ne'er has bless'd,  
Nor Formian vine.

### XXI

OF Dian's praises, tender maidens, tell;  
Of Cynthus' unshorn god, young striplings, sing;  
And bright Latona, well  
Beloved of Heaven's high King.  
Sing her that streams and silvan foliage loves,  
Whate'er on Algidus' chill brow is seen,  
In Erymanthian groves  
Dark-leaved, or Cragus green.  
Sing Tempe too, glad youths, in strain as loud,  
And Phoebus' birthplace, and that shoulder fair,  
His golden quiver proud  
And brother's lyre to bear.  
His arm shall banish Hunger, Plague, and War  
To Persia and to Britain's coast, away  
From Rome and Caesar far,  
If you have zeal to pray.

### XXII

No need of Moorish archer's craft  
To guard the pure and stainless liver;

## Horati Carminum Lib. I

nec venenatis gravida sagittis,

Fusce, pharetra,  
sive per Syrtis iter aestuosas,  
sive facturus per inhospitalem  
Caucasum vel quae loca fabulosus  
lambit Hydaspes.

namque me silva lupus in Sabina,  
dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra  
terminum curis vagor expeditis,  
fugit inermem.

quale portentum neque militaris  
Daunias latis alit aesculetis,  
nec Iubae tellus generat, leonum  
arida nutrix.

pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis  
arbor aestiva recreatur aura,  
quod latus mundi nebulae malusque

Iuppiter urget;

pone sub curru nimium propinqui  
solis in terra domibus negata:  
dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,  
dulce loquentem.

### XXIII

VITAS inuleo me similis, Chloe,  
quaerenti pavidam montibus aviis  
matrem non sine vano  
aurarum et silviae metu.

## Odes of Horace, Book I

He wants not, Fuscus, poison'd shaft  
To store his quiver,  
Whether he traverse Libyan shoals,  
Or Caucasus, forlorn and horrent,  
Or lands where far Hydaspes rolls  
His fabled torrent.

A wolf, while, roaming trouble-free  
In Sabine wood, as fancy led me,  
Unarm'd I sang my Lalage,  
Beheld, and fled me.

Dire monster! in her broad oak woods  
Fierce Daunia fosters none such other,  
Nor Juba's land, of lion broods  
The thirsty mother.

Place me where on the ice-bound plain  
No tree is cheer'd by summer breezes,  
Where Jove descends in sleety rain  
Or sullen freezes;

Place me where none can live for heat,  
'Neath Phoebus' very chariot plant me,  
That smile so sweet, that voice so sweet,  
Shall still enchant me.

### XXIII

YOU fly me, Chloe, as o'er trackless hills  
A young fawn runs her timorous dam to find,  
Whom empty terror thrills  
Of woods and whispering wind.

## Horati Carminum Lib. I

nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit  
adventus foliis, seu virides rubum  
dimovere lacertae,  
et corde et genibus tremit.  
atqui non ego te, tigris ut aspera  
Gaetulusve leo, frangere persequor:  
tandem desine matrem  
tempestiva sequi viro.

### XXIV

QUIS desiderio sit pudor aut modus  
tam cari capitis? praecipe lugubris  
cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater  
vocem cum cithara dedit.  
ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor  
urget? cui Pudor et Iustitiae soror,  
incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas  
quando ullum inveniet parem?  
multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,  
nulli flebilior, quam tibi, Vergili.  
tu frustra pius, heu, non ita creditum  
poscis Quintilium deos.  
quid si Threicio blandius Orpheo  
auditam moderere arboribus fidem,  
non vanae redeat sanguis imagini,  
quam virga semel horrida



## Odes of Horace, Book I

Whether 't is Spring's first shiver, faintly heard  
Through the light leaves, or lizards in the brake  
The rustling thorns have stirr'd,  
Her heart, her knees, they quake.  
Yet I, who chase you, no grim lion am,  
No tiger fell, to crush you in my gripe:  
Come, learn to leave your dam,  
For lover's kisses ripe.

### XXIV

WHY blush to let our tears unmeasured fall  
For one so dear? Begin the mournful stave,  
Melpomene, to whom the Sire of all  
Sweet voice with music gave.  
And sleeps he then the heavy sleep of death,  
Quintilius? Piety, twin sister dear  
Of Justice! naked Truth! unsullied Faith!  
When will ye find his peer?  
By many a good man wept, Quintilius dies;  
By none than you, my Virgil, trulier wept:  
Devout in vain, you chide the faithless skies,  
Asking your loan ill-kept.  
No, though more suasive than the bard of Thrace  
You swept the lyre that trees were fain to hear,  
Ne'er should the blood revisit his pale face  
Whom once with wand severe

## Torati Carminum Lib. 1

non lenis precibus fata recludere  
nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi.  
durum: sed leuius fit patientia  
quicquid corrigere est nefas.

### XXV

PARCIUS iunctas quatiunt fenestras  
iactibus crebris iuvenes protervi,  
nec tibi somnos adimunt, amatque  
ianua limen,  
quae prius multum facilis movebat  
cardines. audis minus et minus iam:  
“ me tuo longas pereunte noctes,  
Lydia, dormis? ”

## Odes of Horace, Book I

Mercury has folded with the sons of night,  
Untaught to prayer Fate's prison to unseal.  
Ah, heavy grief! but patience makes more light  
What sorrow may not heal.

### XXV<sup>1</sup>

SWAINS in numbers  
Break your slumbers,  
Saucy Lydia, now but seldom,  
Ay, though at your casement nightly,  
Tapping loudly, tapping lightly,  
By the dozens once ye held them.

Ever turning,  
Night and morning,  
Swung your door upon its hinges;  
Now, from dawn till evening's closing,  
Lone and desolate reposing,  
Not a soul its rest infringes.

Serenaders,  
Sweet invaders,  
Scanter grow, and daily scanter,  
Singing: "Lydia, art thou sleeping?  
Lonely watch thy love is keeping!  
Wake, O, wake, thou dear enchanter!"

<sup>1</sup> Translated by Theodore Martin,

invicem moechos anus arrogantis  
 flebis in solo levis angiportu,  
 Thracio bacchante magis sub inter-  
 lunia vento,  
 cum tibi flagrans amor et libido,  
 quae solet matres furiare equorum,  
 saeviet circa iecur ulcerosum,  
 non sine questu,  
 laeta quod pubes hedera virenti  
 gaudeat pulla magis atque myrto,  
 aridas frondes hiemis sodali  
 dedicet Hebro.

XXVI

MUSIS amicus tristitiam et metus  
 tradam protervis in mare Creticum  
 portare ventis, quis sub Arcto  
 rex gelidae metuatur orae,  
 quid Tiridaten terreat, unice  
 securus. o quae fontibus integris  
 gaudes, apricos necte flores,  
 necte meo Lamiae coronam,  
 Pimplea dulcis. nil sine te mei  
 prosunt honores: hunc fidibus novis,  
 hunc Lesbio sacrare plectro  
 teque tuasque decet sorores.

## Odes of Horace, Book I

Lorn and faded,  
You, as they did,  
Woo, and in your turn are slighted;  
Worn and torn by passion's fret,  
You, the pitiless coquette,  
Waste by fires yourself have lighted.

Late relenting,  
Left lamenting,—  
“ Withered leaves strew wintry brooks!  
Ivy garlands greenly darkling,  
Myrtles brown with dew-drops sparkling,  
Best beseem youth's glowing looks! ”

### XXVI

THE Muses love me: fear and grief,  
The winds may blow them to the sea;  
Who quail before the wintry chief  
Of Scythia's realm, is nought to me.  
What cloud o'er Tiridates lowers,  
I care not, I. O, nymph divine  
Of virgin springs, with sunniest flowers  
A chaplet for my Lamia twine,  
Pimplea sweet! my praise were vain  
Without thee. String this maiden lyre,  
Attune for him the Lesbian strain,  
O goddess, with thy sister quire!

XXVII

NATIS in usum laetitiae scyphis  
 pugnare Thracum est: tollite barbarum  
 morem verecundumque Bacchum  
 sanguineis prohibete rixis.  
 vino et lucernis Medus acinaces  
 immane quantum discrepat; impium  
 lenite clamorem, sodales,  
 et cubito remanete presso.  
 voltis severi me quoque sumere  
 partem Falerni? dicat Opuntiae  
 frater Megyllae, quo beatus  
 volnere, qua pereat sagitta.  
 cessat voluntas? non alia bibam  
 mercede. quae te cumque domat Venus,  
 non erubescendis adurit  
 ignibus ingenuoque semper  
 amore peccas: quicquid habes, age  
 depone tutis auribus. a miser,  
 quanta laborabas Charybdi,  
 digne puer meliore flamma!  
 quae saga, quis te solvere Thessalis  
 magus venenis, quis poterit deus?  
 vix inligatum te triformi  
 Pegasus expediet Chimaera,

XXVII

WHAT, fight with cups that should give joy?  
'T is barbarous; leave such savage ways  
To Thracians. Bacchus, shamefaced boy,  
Is blushing at your bloody frays.  
The Median sabre! lights and wine!  
Was stranger contrast ever seen?  
Cease, cease this brawling, comrades mine,  
And still upon your elbows lean.  
Well, shall I take a toper's part  
Of fierce Falernian? let our guest,  
Megilla's brother, say what dart  
Gave the death-wound that makes him blest.  
He hesitates? no other hire  
Shall tempt my sober brains. Whate'er  
The goddess tames you, no base fire  
She kindles; 't is some gentle fair  
Allures you still. Come, tell me truth,  
And trust my honour.—That the name?  
That wild Charybdis yours? Poor youth!  
O, you deserved a better flame!  
What wizard, what Thessalian spell,  
What god can save you, hampered thus?  
To cope with this Chimaera fell  
Would task another Pegasus.

XXVIII

TE maris et terrae numeroque carentis harenae,  
 mensorem cohibent, Archyta,  
 pulveris exigui prope litus parva Matinum  
 munera, nec quicquam tibi prodest  
 aerias temptasse domos animoque rotundum  
 percurrisse polum morituro.  
 occidit et Pelopis genitor, conviva deorum,  
 Tithonusque remotus in auras,  
 et Iovis arcanis Minos admissus, habentque  
 Tartara Panthoiden iterum Orco  
 demissum, quamvis clipeo Troiana refixo  
 tempora testatus nihil ultra  
 nervos atque cutem morti concesserat atrae,  
 iudice te non sordidus auctor  
 naturae verique. sed omnis una manet nox  
 et calcanda semel via leti.  
 dant alios Furiae torvo spectacula Marti,  
 exitiost avidum mare nautis;  
 mixta senum ac iuvenum densentur funera, nullum  
 saeva caput Proserpina fugit;  
 me quoque devexi rapidus comes Orionis  
 Illyricis Notus obruit undis.  
 at tu, nauta, vagae ne parce malignus harenae  
 ossibus et capiti inhumato  
 particulam dare: sic, quodcumque minabitur Eurus  
 fluctibus Hesperii, Venusinae



XXVIII

THE sea, the earth, the innumerable sand,  
 Archytas, thou couldst measure; now, alas!  
 A little dust on Matine shore has spann'd  
 That soaring spirit; vain it was to pass  
 The gates of heaven, and send thy soul in quest  
 O'er air's wide realms; for thou hadst yet to die  
 Ay, dead is Pelops' father, heaven's own guest,  
 And old Tithonus, rapt from earth to sky,  
 And Minos, made the council-friend of Jove;  
 And Panthus' son has yielded up his breath  
 Once more, though down he pluck'd the  
 shield, to prove  
 His prowess under Troy, and bade grim death  
 O'er skin and nerves alone exert its power,  
 Not he, you grant, in nature meanly read.  
 Yes, all "await the inevitable hour";  
 The downward journey all one day must tread.  
 Some bleed, to glut the war-god's savage eyes;  
 Fate meets the sailor from the hungry brine;  
 Youth jostles age in funeral obsequies;  
 Each brow in turn is touch'd by Proserpine.  
 Me, too, Orion's mate, the Southern blast,  
 Whelm'd in deep death beneath the Illyrian wave.  
 But grudge not, sailor, of driven sand to cast  
 A handful on my head, that owns no grave.  
 So, though the eastern tempests loudly threat  
 Hesperia's main, may green Venusia's crown

## Torati Carminum Lib. I

plectanur silvae te sospite, multaue merces,  
unde potest, tibi defluat aequo  
ab Iove Neptunoque sacri custode Tarenti.  
neclegis inmeritis nocituram  
postmodo te natis fraudem committere? forset  
debita iura vicesque superbae  
te maneant ipsum: precibus non linquar inultis,  
teque piacula nulla resolvent.  
quamquam festinas, non est mora longa: licebit  
iniecto ter pulvere curras.

### XXIX

ICCI, beatis nunc Arabum invides  
gazis et acrem militiam paras  
non ante devictis Sabaeae  
regibus horribilique Medo  
nectis catenas. quae tibi virginum  
sponso necato barbara serviet?  
puer quis ex aula capillis  
ad cyathum statuatur unctis,  
doctus sagittas tendere Sericas  
arcu paterno? quis neget arduis  
pronos relabi posse rivos  
montibus et Tiberim reverti,

## Odes of Horace, Book I

Be stripp'd, while you lie warm; may blessings yet  
Stream from Tarentum's guard, great Neptune,  
down,  
And gracious Jove, into your open lap!  
What! shrink you not from crime whose punish-  
ment  
Falls on your innocent children? it may hap  
Imperious Fate will make yourself repent  
My prayers shall reach the avengers of all wrong;  
No expiations shall the curse unbind.  
Great though your haste, I would not task you long;  
Thrice sprinkle dust, then scud before the wind.

### XXIX

YOUR heart on Arab wealth is set,  
Good Iccius: you would try your steel  
On Saba's kings, unconquer'd yet,  
And make the Mede your fetters feel.  
Come, tell me what barbarian fair  
Will serve you now, her bridegroom slain?  
What page from court with essenced hair  
Will tender you the bowl you drain,  
Well skill'd to bend the Serian bow  
His father carried? Who shall say  
That rivers may not uphill flow,  
And Tiber's self return one day,

## Horati Carminum Lib. I

cum tu coemptos undique nobilis  
libros Panaeti Socraticam et domum  
mutare loricis Hiberis,  
pollicitus meliora, tendis?

### XXX

O VENUS regina Cnidi Paphique,  
sperne dilectam Cypron et vocantis  
ture te multo Glyceræ decoram  
transfer in aedem.  
fervidus tecum puer et solutis  
Gratiæ zonis properentque Nymphae  
et parum comis te Iuventas  
Mercuriusque.

### XXXI

QUID dedicatum poscit Apollinem,  
vates? quid orat de patera novom  
fundens liquorem? non opimæ  
Sardiniae segetes feraces,  
non aestuosæ grata Calabriae  
armenta, non aurum aut ebur Indicum,  
non rura quæ Liris quieta  
mordet aqua taciturnus amnis.  
premant Calena falce quibus dedit  
fortuna vitem, dives et aureis

Odes of Horace, Book I

If you would change Panaetius' works,  
That costly purchase, and the clan  
Of Socrates, for shields and dirks,  
Whom once we thought a saner man?

XXX

COME, Cnidian, Paphian Venus, come,  
Thy well-beloved Cyprus spurn,  
Haste, where for thee in Glycera's home  
Sweet odours burn.  
Bring too thy Cupid, glowing warm,  
Graces and Nymphs, unzoned and free,  
And Youth, that lacking thee lacks charm,  
And Mercury.

XXXI

WHAT blessing shall the bard entreat  
The god he hallows, as he pours  
The winecup? Not the mounds of wheat  
That load Sardinian threshing floors;  
Not Indian gold or ivory—no,  
Nor flocks that o'er Calabria stray,  
Nor fields that Liris, still and slow,  
Is eating, unperceived, away.  
Let those whose fate allows them train  
Calenum's vine; let trader bold

## Horati Carminum Lib. I

mercator exsiccet culullis  
vina Syra reparata merce,  
dis carus ipsis, quippe ter et quater  
anno revisens aequor Atlanticum  
impune: me pascunt olivae,  
me cichorea levesque malvae.  
frui paratis et valido mihi,  
Latoe, dones et precor integra  
cum mente nec turpem senectam  
degere nec cithara carentem.

### XXXII

POSCIMUR. siquid vacui sub umbra  
lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum  
vivat et pluris, age dic Latinum,  
barbite, carmen,  
Lesbio primum modulate civi,  
qui, ferox bello, tamen inter arma,  
sive iactatam religarat udo  
litore navem,  
Liberum et Musas Veneremque et illi  
semper haerentem puerum canebat  
et Lycum nigris oculis nigroque  
crine decorum.  
o decus Phoebi et dapibus supremi  
grata testudo Iovis, o laborum  
dulce lenimen, mihi cumque salve  
rite vocanti.

## Odes of Horace, Book I

From golden cups rich liquor drain  
For wares of Syria bought and sold,  
Heaven's favourite, sooth, for thrice a year  
He comes and goes across the brine  
Undamaged. I in plenty here  
On endives, mallows, succory dine.  
O grant me, Phoebus, calm content,  
Strength unimpair'd, a mind entire,  
Old age without dishonour spent,  
Nor unbefriended by the lyre!

### XXXII

THEY call;—if aught in shady dell  
We twain have warbled, to remain  
Long months or years, now breathe, my shell,  
A Roman strain,  
Thou, strung by Lesbos' minstrel hand,  
The bard, who 'mid the clash of steel  
Or haply mooring to the strand  
His batter'd keel,  
Of Bacchus and the Muses sung,  
And Cupid, still at Venus' side,  
And Lycus, beautiful and young,  
Dark-hair'd, dark-eyed.  
O sweetest lyre, to Phoebus dear,  
Delight of Jove's high festival,  
Blest balm in trouble, hail and hear  
Whene'er I call!

XXXIII

ALBI, ne doleas plus nimio memor  
 immitis Glycerae, neu miserabilis  
 decantes elegos, cur tibi iunior  
 laesa praeniteat fide.  
 insignem tenui fronte Lycorida  
 Cyri torret amor, Cyrus in asperam  
 declinat Pholoen: sed prius Apulis  
 iungentur capreae lupis,  
 quam turpi Pholoe peccet adultero.  
 sic visum Veneri, cui placet imparis  
 formas atque animos sub iuga aenea  
 saevo mittere cum ioco.  
 ipsum me melior cum peteret Venus  
 grata detinuit compede Myrtale  
 libertina, fretis acrior Hadriae  
 curvantis Calabros sinus.

XXXIV

PARCUS deorum cultor et infrequens  
 insanientis dum sapientiae  
 consultus erro, nunc retrorsum  
 vela dare atque iterare cursus  
 cogor relictos: namque Diespiter,  
 igni corusco nubila dividens  
 plerumque, per purum tonantis  
 egit equos volucremque currum,



XXXIII

WHAT, Albius! why this passionate despair  
For cruel Glycera? why melt your voice  
In dolorous strains, because the perjured fair  
    Has made a younger choice?  
See, narrow-brow'd Lycoris, how she glows  
For Cyrus! Cyrus turns away his head  
To Pholoe's frown; but sooner gentle roes  
    Apulian wolves shall wed,  
Than Pholoe to so mean a conqueror strike:  
So Venus wills it; 'neath her brazen yoke  
She loves to couple forms and minds unlike,  
    All for a heartless joke.  
For me sweet Love had forged a milder spell;  
But Myrtale still kept me her fond slave,  
More stormy she than the tempestuous swell  
    That crests Calabria's wave.

XXXIV

MY prayers were scant, my offerings few,  
While witless wisdom fool'd my mind;  
But now I trim my sails anew,  
And trace the course I left behind.  
For lo! the Sire of heaven on high,  
By whose fierce bolts the clouds are riven,  
To-day through an unclouded sky  
His thundering steeds and car has driven.

## Thorati Carminum Lib. I

quo bruta tellus et vaga flumina,  
quo Styx et invisi horrida Taenari  
    sedes Atlanteusque finis  
    concutitur. valet ima summis  
mutare et insignem attenuat deus,  
obscura promens; hinc apicem rapax  
    fortuna cum stridore acuto  
    sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet.

### XXXV

O DIVA, gratum quae regis Antium,  
praesens vel imo tollere de gradu  
    mortale corpus vel superbos  
    vertere funeribus triumphos:  
te pauper ambit sollicita prece  
ruris colonus, te dominam aequoris  
    quicumque Bithyna laccessit  
    Carpathium pelagus carina.  
te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythae,  
urbesque gentesque et Latium ferox,  
    regumque matres barbarorum et  
    purpurei metuunt tyranni,  
iniurioso ne pede proruas  
stantem columnam, neu populus frequens  
    ad arma cessantis, ad arma  
    concitet imperiumque frangat.

## Odes of Horace, Book I

E'en now dull earth and wandering floods,  
And Atlas' limitary range,  
And Styx, and Taenarus' dark abodes  
Are reeling. He can lowliest change  
And loftiest; bring the mighty down  
And lift the weak; with whirring flight  
Comes Fortune, plucks the monarch's crown,  
And decks therewith some meaner wight.

### XXXV

LADY of Antium, grave and stern!  
O Goddess, who canst lift the low  
To high estate, and sudden turn  
A triumph to a funeral show!  
Thee the poor hind that tills the soil  
Implores; their queen they own in thee,  
Who in Bithynian vessel toil  
Amid the vex'd Carpathian sea.  
The Dacians fierce, and Scythian hordes,  
Peoples and towns, and Rome, their head,  
And mothers of barbarian lords,  
And tyrants in their purple dread,  
Lest, spurn'd by thee in scorn, should fall  
The state's tall prop, lest crowds on fire  
To arms, to arms! the loiterers call,  
And thrones be tumbled in the mire.

## Horati Carminum Lib. I

te semper anteit saeva Necessitas,  
clavos trabalis et cuneos manu  
    gestans aena, nec severus  
    uncus abest liquidumque plumbum,  
te Spes et albo rara Fides colit  
velata panno, nec comitem abnegat,  
    utcumque mutata potentis  
    veste domos inimica linquis.  
ut volgus infidum et meretrix retro  
periura cedit, diffugiunt cadis  
    cum faece siccatis amici,  
    ferre iugum pariter dolosi.  
serves iturum Caesarem in ultimos  
orbis Britannos et iuvenum recens  
    examen Eois timendum  
    partibus Oceanoque rubro.  
eheu cicatricum et sceleris pudet  
fratrumque. quid nos dura refugimus  
    aetas, quid intactum nefasti  
    liquimus? unde manum iuventus  
metu deorum continuit, quibus  
pepercit aris? o utinam nova  
    incude diffingas retunsum in  
    Massagetis Arabasque ferrum.

### XXXVI

Et ture et fidibus iuvat  
    placare et vituli sanguine debito

## Odes of Horace, Book I

Necessity precedes thee still  
With hard fierce eyes and heavy tramp;  
Her hand the nails and wedges fill,  
The molten lead and stubborn clamp.  
Hope, precious Truth in garb of white,  
Attend thee still, nor quit thy side  
When with changed robes thou tak'st thy flight  
In anger from the homes of pride.  
Then the false herd, the faithless fair,  
Start backward; when the wine runs dry.  
The jocund guests, too light to bear  
An equal yoke, asunder fly  
O shield our Caesar as he goes  
To furthest Britain, and his band,  
Rome's harvest! Send on Eastern foes  
Their fear, and on the Red Sea strand!  
O wounds that scarce have ceased to run!  
O brother's blood! O iron time!  
What horror have we left undone?  
Has conscience shrunk from aught of crime?  
What shrine has rapine held in awe?  
What altar spared? O haste and beat  
The blunted steel we yet may draw  
On Arab and on Massagete!

### XXXVI

BID the lyre and cittern play;  
Enkindle incense, shed the victim's gore,

## Tborati Carminum Lib. I

custodes Numidae deos,  
qui nunc Hesperia sospes ab ultima  
caris multa sodalibus,  
nulli plura tamen dividit oscula  
quam dulci Lamiae, memor  
actae non alio rege puertiae  
mutataeque simul togae.  
cressa ne careat pulchra dies nota,  
neu promptae modus amphorae,  
neu morem in Saliū sit requies pedum,  
neu multi Damalis meri  
Bassum Threicia vincat amystide,  
neu desint epulis rosae  
neu vivax apium neu breve lilium.  
omnes in Damalin putris  
deponent oculos, nec Damalis novo  
divelletur adultero,  
lascivis hederis ambitiosior.

### XXXVII

NUNC est bibendum, nunc pede libero  
pulsanda tellus, nunc Saliaribus  
ornare pulvinar deorum  
tempus erat dapibus, sodales.  
antehac nefas depromere Caecubum  
cellis avitis, dum Capitolio  
regina dementis ruinas  
funus et imperio parabat

## Odes of Horace, Book I

Heaven has watch'd o'er Numida,  
And brings him safe from far Hispania's shore.  
Now, returning, he bestows  
On each dear comrade all the love he can;  
But to Lamia most he owes,  
By whose sweet side he grew from boy to man.  
Note we in our calendar  
This festal day with whitest mark from Crete:  
Let it flow, the old wine-jar,  
And ply to Salian time your restless feet.  
Damalis tosses off her wine,  
But Bassus sure must prove her match to-night.  
Give us roses all to twine,  
And parsley green and lilies deathly white.  
Every melting eye will rest  
On Damalis' lovely face; but none may part  
Damalis from our new-found guest;  
She clings, and clings, like ivy, round his heart.

### XXXVII

Now drink we deep, now featly tread  
A measure; now before each shrine  
With Salian feasts the table spread;  
The time invites us, comrades mine.  
'T was shame to broach, before to-day,  
The Caecuban, while Egypt's dame  
Threaten'd our power in dust to lay  
And wrap the Capitol in flame,

## Horatí Carminum Lib. I

contaminato cum grege turpium  
morbo virorum, quidlibet impotens  
sperare fortunaque dulci

ebria. sed minuit furorem  
vix una sospes navis ab ignibus,  
mentemque lymphatam Mareotico  
redegit in veros timores

Caesar, ab Italia volantem  
remis adurgens, accipiter velut  
mollis columbas, aut leporem citus  
venator in campis nivalis

Haemoniae, daret ut catenis  
fatale monstrum. Quae generosius  
perire quaerens nec muliebriter

expavit ensem nec latentis  
classe cita reparavit oras;  
ausa et iacentem visere regiam  
vultu sereno, fortis et asperas  
tractare serpentes, ut atrum  
corpore combiberet venenum,

deliberata morte ferocior;  
saevis Liburnis scilicet invidens  
privata deduci superbo  
non humilis mulier triumpho.

### XXXVIII

PERSICOS odi, puer, apparatus,  
displicent nexae philyra coronae,



Odes of Horace, Book I

Girt with her foul emasculate throng,  
By Fortune's sweet new wine befool'd,  
In hope's ungovern'd weakness strong  
To hope for all; but soon she cool'd,  
To see one ship from burning 'scape;  
Great Caesar taught her dizzy brain,  
Made mad by Mareotic grape,  
To feel the sobering truth of pain,  
And gave her chase from Italy,  
As after doves fierce falcons speed,  
As hunters 'neath Haemonia's sky  
Chase the tired hare, so might he lead  
The fiend enchain'd; *she* sought to die  
More nobly, nor with woman's dread  
Quail'd at the steel, nor timorously  
In her fleet ships to covert fled.  
Amid her ruin'd halls she stood  
Unblench'd, and fearless to the end  
Grasp'd the fell snakes, that all her blood  
Might with the cold black venom blend,  
Death's purpose flushing in her face;  
Nor to our ships the glory gave,  
That she, no vulgar dame, should grace  
A triumph, crownless, and a slave.

XXXVIII

No Persian cumber, boy, for me;  
I hate your garlands linden-plaited;

## Horati Carminum Lib. I

mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum  
sera moretur.

simplici myrto nihil adlabores  
sedulus curo: neque te ministrum  
dedecet myrtus neque me sub arta  
vite bibentem.

Odes of Horace, Book I

Leave winter's rose where on the tree  
It hangs belated.

Wreath me plain myrtle; never think  
Plain myrtle either's wear unfitting  
Yours as you wait, mine as I drink  
In vine-bower sitting.

## LIBER SECUNDUS

### I

MOTUM ex Metello consule civicum  
bellique causas et vitia et modos,  
ludumque Fortunae gravisque  
principum amicitias et arma  
nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus,  
periculosae plenum opus aleae,  
tractas et incedis per ignes  
suppositos cineri doloso.  
paulum severae Musa tragoediae  
desit theatri: mox, ubi publicas  
res ordinariis, grande munus  
Cecropio repetes coturno,  
insigne maestis praesidium reis  
et consulenti, Pollio, curiae,  
cui laurus aeternos honores  
Delmatico peperit triumpho.  
iam nunc minaci murmure cornuum  
perstringis auris, iam litui strepunt,  
iam fulgor armorum fugacis  
terret equos equitumque voltus.

## BOOK II

### I

THE broils that from Metellus date,  
The secret springs, the dark intrigues,  
The freaks of Fortune, and the great  
Confederate in disastrous leagues,  
And arms with uncleansed slaughter red,  
A work of danger and distrust,  
You treat, as one on fire should tread  
Scarce hid by treacherous ashen crust.  
Let Tragedy's stern muse be mute  
Awhile; and when your order'd page  
Has told Rome's tale, that buskin'd foot  
Again shall mount the Attic stage,  
Pollio, the pale defendant's shield,  
In deep debate the senate's stay,  
The hero of Dalmatic field  
By Triumph crown'd with deathless bay.  
E'en now with trumpet's threatening blare  
You thrill our ears; the clarion brays;  
The lightnings of the armour scare  
The steed, and daunt the rider's gaze.

## Horati Carminum Lib. II

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  
    tellure, victorum nepotes  
    rettulit inferias Iugurthae.  
quis non Latino sanguine pinguior  
campus sepulchris 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.

### II

NULLUS argento color est avaris  
abdito terris, inimice lamnae  
Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato  
    splendeat usu.  
vivet extento Proculeius aevo,  
notus in fratres animi paterni;

## Odes of Horace, Book II

Methinks I hear of leaders proud  
With no uncomely dust distain'd,  
And all the world by conquest bow'd,  
And only Cato's soul unchain'd.  
Yes, Juno and the powers on high  
That left their Afric to its doom,  
Have led the victors' progeny  
As victims to Jugurtha's tomb.  
What field, by Latin blood-drops fed,  
Proclaims not the unnatural deeds  
It buries, and the earthquake dread  
Whose distant thunder shook the Medes?  
What gulf, what river has not seen  
Those sights of sorrow? nay, what sea  
Has Daunian carnage yet left green?  
What coast from Roman blood is free?  
But pause, gay Muse, nor leave your play  
Another Cean dirge to sing;  
With me to Venus' bower away,  
And there attune a lighter string.

### II

THE silver, Sallust, shows not fair  
While buried in the greedy mine:  
You love it not till moderate wear  
Have given it shine.  
Honour to Proculcius! he  
To brethren play'd a father's part;

illum aget pinna metuente solvi  
fama superstes.

latius regnes avidum domando  
spiritum, 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 ingentis oculo inretorto  
spectat acervos.

III

AEQUAM 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.



## Odes of Horace, Book II

Fame shall embalm through years to be  
That noble heart.

Who curbs a greedy soul may boast  
More power than if his broad-based throne  
Bridged Libya's sea, and either coast  
Were all his own.

Indulgence bids the dropsy grow;  
Who fain would quench the palate's flame  
Must rescue from the watery foe  
The pale weak frame.

Phraates, throned where Cyrus sate,  
May count for blest with vulgar herds,  
But not with Virtue; soon or late  
From lying words

She weans men's lips; for him she keeps  
The crown, the purple, and the bays,  
Who dares to look on treasure-heaps  
With unblench'd gaze.

### III

AN equal mind, when storms o'ercloud,  
Maintain, nor 'neath a brighter sky  
Let pleasure make your heart too proud,  
O Dellius, Dellius! sure to die,  
Whether in gloom you spend each year,  
Or through long holydays at ease  
In grassy nook your spirit cheer  
With old Falernian vintages,

## Horati Carminum Lib. II

quo pinus ingens albaque populus  
umbram hospitem consociare amant  
ramis? quid obliquo laborat  
lympha fugax trepidare rivo?  
huc vina et unguenta et nimium brevis  
flores amoenae ferre iube rosae,  
dum res et aetas et sororum  
fila trium patiuntur atra.  
cedes coemptis saltibus et domo  
villaque, flavos quam Tiberis lavit,  
cedes, et extractis 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 ocus  
sors exitura et nos in aeternum  
exilium inpositura cumbae.

### 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;

## Odes of Horace, Book II

Where poplar pale and pine-tree high  
Their hospitable shadows spread  
Entwined, and panting waters try  
To hurry down their zigzag bed.  
Bring wine and scents, and roses' bloom,  
Too brief, alas! to that sweet place,  
While life, and fortune, and the loom  
Of the Three Sisters yield you grace.  
Soon must you leave the woods you buy,  
Your villa, wash'd by Tiber's flow,  
Leave,—and your treasures, heap'd so high,  
Your reckless heir will level low.  
Whether from Argos' founder born  
In wealth you lived beneath the sun,  
Or nursed in beggary and scorn,  
You fall to Death, who pities none.  
One way all travel; the dark urn  
Shakes each man's lot, that soon or late  
Will force him, hopeless of return,  
On board the exile-ship of Fate.

### IV

WHY, Xanthias, blush to own you love  
Your slave? Briseis, long ago,  
A captive, could Achilles move  
With breast of snow.  
Tecmassa's charms enslaved her lord,  
Stout Ajax, heir of Telamon;

arsit Atrides medio in triumpho  
virgine rapta,  
barbarae postquam cecidere turmae  
Thessalo victore et ademptus Hector  
tradidit fessis leviora tolli

Pergama Grais.

nescias, an te generum beati  
Phyllidis flavae decorent parentes;  
regium certe genus et penatis  
maeret iniquos.

crede non illam tibi de scelesta  
plebe delectam, neque sic fidelem,  
sic lucro aversam potuisse nasci  
matre pudenda.

bracchia et voltum teretisque suras  
integer laudo: fuge suspicari  
cuius octavom trepidavit aetas  
claudere lustrum.

V

NONDUM subacta ferre iugum valet  
cervice, nondum munia comparis  
aequare nec tauri ruentis  
in venerem tolerare pondus.  
circa virentis est animus tuae  
campos iuvencae, nunc fluviis gravem

## Odes of Horace, Book II

Atrides, in his pride, adored  
    The maid he won,  
When Troy to Thessaly gave way,  
    And Hector's all too quick decease  
Made Pergamus an easier prey  
    To wearied Greece.  
What if, as auburn Phyllis' mate,  
    You graft yourself on regal stem?  
Oh yes! be sure her sires were great;  
    She weeps for *them*.  
Believe me, from no rascal scum  
    Your charmer sprang; so true a flame,  
Such hate of greed, could never come  
    From vulgar dame.  
With honest fervour I commend  
    Those lips, those eyes; you need not fear  
A rival, hurrying on to end  
    His fortieth year.

### V<sup>1</sup>

HAVE patience! She's plainly too tender, you see,  
    The yoke on her delicate shoulders to bear;  
So young as she is, fit she never could be  
    His task with the gentlest yoke-fellow to share,  
Or brook the assault of the ponderous bull,  
    Rushing headlong the fire of his passion to cool.

<sup>1</sup>Translated by Theodore Martin.

## Tibullati Carminum Lib. II

solantis aestum, nunc in udo  
ludere cum vitulis salicto  
praegestientis. tolle cupidinem  
immitis uvae: iam tibi lividos  
distinguet autumnus racemos  
purpureo varius colore.  
iam te sequetur: currit enim ferox  
aetas, et illi, quos tibi dempserit,  
apponet annos: iam proterva  
fronte petet Lalage maritum,  
dilecta quantum non Pholoe fugax,  
non Chloris albo sic umero nitens,  
ut pura nocturno renidet  
luna mari Cnidiusve Gyges:  
quem si puellarum insereres choro,  
mire sagacis falleret hospites  
discrimen obscurum solutis  
crinibus ambiguoque voltu.

### VI

SEPTIMI, Gadis aditure mecum et  
Cantabrum indoctum iuga ferre nostra et  
barbaras Syrtis, ubi Maura semper  
aestuatur unda:  
Tibur Argeo positum colono  
sit meae sedes utinam senectae,

## Odes of Horace, Book II

At present your heifer finds all her delight  
In wandering o'er the green meadows at will,  
In cooling her sides, when the sun is at height,  
In the iciest pools of some mountain-fed rill,  
Or 'mid the dank osier-beds bounding in play  
With the young calves, as sportive and skittish as  
they.

For unripe grapes to long is mere folly; soon, too,  
Many-tinted Autumnus with purple will dye  
Thy clusters that now wear so livid a hue;  
And so after thee, soon her glances will fly,  
For merciless Time to count will assign  
The swift speeding years, as she takes them from  
thine.

And then will the Lalage long for a lord,  
Nor shrink from the secrets of conjugal joy;  
By thee she will be, too, more fondly adored,  
Than Pholoe's self, or than Chloris the coy,  
Her beautiful shoulders resplendently white  
As the moon, when it silvers the ocean by night.

### VI

SEPTIMIUS, who with me would brave  
Far Gades, and Cantabrian land  
Untamed by Rome, and Moorish wave  
That whirls the sand;  
Fair Tibur, town of Argive kings,  
There would I end my days serene,

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 omnis  
angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto  
mella decedunt viridique certat  
baca Venafro,

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.

## 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 nitentis  
malobathro Syrio capillos?



## Odes of Horace, Book II

At rest from seas and travellings,  
And service seen.

Should angry Fate those wishes foil,  
Then let me seek Galesus, sweet  
To skin-clad sheep, and that rich soil,  
The Spartan's seat.

O, what can match the green recess,  
Whose honey not to Hybla yields,  
Whose olives vie with those that bless  
Venafrum's fields?

Long springs, mild winters glad that spot  
By Jove's good grace, and Aulon, dear  
To fruitful Bacchus, envies not  
Falernian cheer.

That spot, those happy heights desire  
Our sojourn; there, when life shall end,  
Your tear shall dew my yet warm pyre,  
Your bard and friend.

### VII

O, OFT with me in troublous time  
Involved, when Brutus warr'd in Greece,  
Who gives you back to your own clime  
And your own gods, a man of peace,  
Pompey, the earliest friend I knew,  
With whom I oft cut short the hours  
With wine, my hair bright bathed in dew  
Of Syrian oils, and wreathed with flowers?

tecum Philippos et celerem fugam  
 sensi relicta non bene parmula,  
 cum fracta virtus et minaces  
 turpe solum tetigere mento.  
 sed me per hostis Mercurius celer  
 denso paventem sustulit aere;  
 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.  
 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.

VIII

ULLA si iuris tibi perierati  
 poena, Barine, nocuisset umquam,  
 dente si nigro fieres vel uno  
 turpior ungui,  
 crederem: sed tu simul obligasti  
 perfidum votis caput, enitescis

## Odes of Horace, Book II

With you I shared Philippi's rout,  
Unseemly parted from my shield,  
When Valour fell, and warriors stout  
Were tumbled on the inglorious field:  
But I was saved by Mercury,  
Wrapped in thick mist, yet trembling sore,  
While you to that tempestuous sea  
Were swept by battle's tide once more.  
Come, pay to Jove the feast you owe;  
Lay down those limbs, with warfare spent,  
Beneath my laurel; nor be slow  
To drain my cask; for you 't was meant.  
Lethe's true draught is Massic wine;  
Fill high the goblet; pour out free  
Rich streams of unguent. Who will twine  
The hasty wreath from myrtle-tree  
Or parsley? Whom will Venus seat  
Chairman of cups? Are Bacchants sane?  
Then I'll be sober. O, 't is sweet  
To fool, when friends come home again!

### VIII

HAD chastisement for perjured truth,  
Barine, mark'd you with a curse—  
Did one wry nail, or one black tooth,  
But make you worse—  
I'd trust you; but, when plighted lies  
Have pledged you deepest, lovelier far

pulchrior multo iuvenumque prodis  
publica cura.

expedit matris cineres opertos  
fallere et toto taciturna noctis  
signa cum caelo gelidaque divos  
morte carentis.

ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa, rident  
simplices Nymphae, ferus et Cupido  
semper ardentis 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 iuencis,  
te senes parci miseraeque nuper  
virgines nuptae, tua ne retardet  
aura maritos.

## 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 omnis aut Aquilonibus  
querqueta Gargani laborant  
et foliis viduantur orni:

## Odes of Horace, Book II

You sparkle forth, of all young eyes  
The ruling star.

'T is gain to mock your mother's bones,  
And night's still signs, and all the sky,  
And gods, that on their glorious thrones  
Chill Death defy.

Ay, Venus smiles: the pure nymphs smile,  
And Cupid, tyrant-lord of hearts,  
Sharpening on bloody stone the while  
His fiery darts.

New captives fill the nets you weave;  
New slaves are bred; and those before,  
Though oft they threaten, never leave  
Your godless door.

The mother dreads you for her son,  
The thrifty sire, the new-wed bride,  
Lest, lured by you, her precious one  
Should leave her side.

### IX

THE rain, it rains not every day  
On the soak'd meads; the Caspian main  
Not always feels the unequal sway  
Of storms, nor on Armenia's plain,  
Dear Valgius, lies the cold dull snow  
Through all the year; nor north winds keen  
Upon Garganian oakwoods blow,  
And strip the ashes of their green.

tu semper urges flebilibus modis  
Mysten ademptum, nec tibi Vespero  
surgente decedunt amores

nec rapidum fugiente solem.  
at non ter aevo functus amabilem  
ploravit omnis Antilochum senex  
annos, nec inpubem parentes

Troilon aut Phrygiae sorores  
flevere semper. desine mollium  
tandem querellarum, et potius nova  
cantemus Augusti tropaea

Caesaris et rigidum Niphaten  
Medumque flumen gentibus additum  
victis minores volvere vertices,  
intraque praescriptum Gelonos  
exiguus equitare campis.

X

RECTIUS vives, Licini, neque altum  
semper urgendo neque, dum procellas  
cautus horrescis, nimium premendo

litus iniquom:  
auream quisquis mediocritatem  
diligit, tutus caret opsoleti  
sordibus tecti, caret invidenda  
sobrius aula.

saepius ventis agitur ingens  
pinus et celsae graviore casu

## Odes of Horace, Book II

You still with tearful tones pursue  
Your lost, lost Mystes; Hesper sees  
Your passion when he brings the dew,  
And when before the sun he flees.  
Yet not for loved Antilochus  
Grey Nestor wasted all his years  
In grief; nor o'er young Troilus  
His parents' and his sisters' tears  
For ever flow'd. At length have done  
With these soft sorrows; rather tell  
Of Caesar's trophies newly won,  
And hoar Niphates' icy fell,  
And Medus' flood, 'mid conquer'd tribes  
Rolling a less presumptuous tide,  
And Scythians taught, as Rome prescribes,  
Henceforth o'er narrower steppes to ride.

### X

LICINIUS, trust a seaman's lore:  
Steer not too boldly to the deep,  
Nor, fearing storms, by treacherous shore  
Too closely creep.  
Who makes the golden mean his guide,  
Shuns miser's cabin, foul and dark,  
Shuns gilded roofs, where pomp and pride  
Are envy's mark.  
With fiercer blasts the pine's dim height  
Is rock'd; proud towers with heavier fall

## Thorati Carminum Lib. II

decidunt tures feruntque summos  
fulgura montis.

sperat infestis, metuit secundis  
alteram sortem bene praeparatum  
pectus. informis 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.

### XI

QUID bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes,  
Hirpine Quincti, cogitet Hadriã  
divisus obiecto, remittas

quaerere, nec trepides in usum  
poscentis aevi pauca: fugit retro  
levis iuventus et decor, arida  
pellente lascivos amores

canitie facilemque somnum.  
non semper idem floribus est honor  
vernibus neque uno luna rubens nitet  
vultu: quid aeternis minorem  
consiliis animum fatigas?



## Odes of Horace, Book II

Crash to the ground; and thunders smite  
The mountains tall.

In sadness hope, in gladness fear  
'Gainst coming change will fortify  
Your breast. The storms that Jupiter  
Sweeps o'er the sky

He chases. Why should rain to-day  
Bring rain to-morrow? Python's foe  
Is pleased sometimes his lyre to play,  
Nor bends his bow.

Be brave in trouble; meet distress  
With dauntless front; but when the gale  
Too prosperous blows, be wise no less,  
And shorten sail.

### XI

O ASK not what those sons of war,  
Cantabrian, Scythian, each intend,  
Disjoin'd from *us* by Hadria's bar,  
Nor puzzle, Quintius, how to spend  
A life so simple. Youth removes,  
And Beauty too; and hoar Decay  
Drives out the wanton tribe of Loves  
And Sleep, that came or night or day.  
The sweet spring-flowers not always keep  
Their bloom, nor moonlight shines the same  
Each evening. Why with thoughts too deep  
O'ertask a mind of mortal frame?

## Tborati Carminum Lib. II

cur non sub alta vel platano vel hac  
pinu iacentes sic temere et rosa  
canos odorati capillos,  
dum licet, Assyriaque nardo  
potamus uncti? dissipat Euhius  
curas edacis. quis puer ocius  
restinguet ardentis Falerni  
pocula praetereunte lympha?  
quis devium scortum eliciet domo  
Lyden? eburna, dic age, cum lyra  
maturet, incomptum Lacaenae  
more comae religata nodum.

## XII

NOLIS longa ferea bella Numantiae,  
nec durum Hannibalem nec Siculum mare  
Poeni 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.

## Odes of Horace, Book II

Why rot, just thrown at careless ease  
    'Neath plane or pine, our locks of grey  
Perfumed with Syrian essences  
    And wreathed with roses, while we may,  
Lie drinking? Bacchus puts to shame  
    The cares that waste us. Where's the slave  
To quench the fierce Falernian's flame  
    With water from the passing wave?  
Who'll coax coy Lyde from her home?  
    Go, bid her take her ivory lyre,  
The runaway, and haste to come,  
    Her wild hair bound with Spartan tire.

### XII

THE weary war where fierce Numantia bled,  
    Fell Hannibal, the swoln Sicilian main  
Purpled with Punic blood—not mine to wed  
    These to the lyre's soft strain,  
Nor cruel Lapithae, nor, mad with wine,  
    Centaur, nor, by Herculean arm o'ercome,  
The earth-born youth, whose terrors dimm'd the  
    shine,  
    Of the resplendent dome  
Of ancient Saturn. You, Maecenas, best  
    In pictured prose of Caesar's warrior feats  
Will tell, and captive kings with haughty crest  
    Led through the Roman streets.

## Torati Carminum Lib. II

me dulcis dominae Musa Licymniae  
cantus, me voluit dicere lucidum  
fulgentis oculos et bene mutuis  
fidum pectus amoribus,  
quam nec ferre pedem dedecuit choris  
nec certare ioco nec dare bracchia  
ludentem nitidis virginibus sacro  
Dianae celebris die.  
num tu quae tenuit dives Achaemenes  
aut pinguis Phrygiae Mygdonias opes  
permutare velis crine Licymniae,  
plenas aut Arabum domos,  
cum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula  
cervicem aut facili saevitia negat,  
quae poscente magis gaudeat eripi,  
interdum rapere occupet?

### XIII

ILLE et nefasto te posuit die,  
quicumque primum, et sacrilega manu  
produxit, arbos, in nepotum  
perniciem obprobriumque pagi;  
illum et parentis crediderim sui  
fregisse cervicem et penetralia  
sparsisse nocturno cruore  
hospitis; ille venena Colcha

## Odes of Horace, Book, II

On me the Muse has laid her charge to tell  
Of your Licymnia's voice, the lustrous hue  
Of her bright eye, her heart that beats so well  
    To mutual passion true:  
How nought she does but lends her added grace,  
    Whether she dance, or join in bantering play,  
Or with soft arms the maiden choir embrace  
    On great Diana's day.  
Say, would you change for all the wealth possest  
    By rich Achaemenes or Phrygia's heir,  
Or the full stores of Araby the blest,  
    One lock of her dear hair,  
While to your burning lips she bends her neck,  
    Or with kind cruelty denies the due  
She means you not to beg for, but to take,  
    Or snatches it from you?

### XIII

BLACK day he chose for planting thee,  
Accurst he rear'd thee from the ground,  
The bane of children yet to be,  
    The scandal of the village round.  
His father's throat the monster press'd  
    Beside, and on his hearthstone spilt,  
I ween, the blood of midnight guest;  
    Black Colchian drugs, whate'er of guilt

et quicquid usquam concipitur nefas  
 tractavit, agro qui statuit meo  
     te, triste lignum, te caducum  
     in domini caput inmerentis.  
 quid quisque vitet, numquam homini satis  
 cautum est in horas. navita Bosphorum  
     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 gentis.  
 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  
     pugnans et exactos tyrannos  
     densum umeris bibit aure volgus.  
 quid mirum, ubi illis carminibus stupens  
 demittit atras belua centiceps  
     auris et intorti capillis  
     Eumenidum recreantur angues?

Is hatch'd on earth, he dealt in all—  
 Who planted in my rural stead  
 Thee, fatal wood, thee, sure to fall  
 Upon thy blameless master's head.  
 The dangers of the hour! no thought  
 We give them; Punic seaman's fear  
 Is all of Bosphorus, nor aught  
 Recks he of pitfalls elsewhere;  
 The soldier fears the mask'd retreat  
 Of Parthia; Parthia dreads the thrall  
 Of Rome; but Death with noiseless feet  
 Has stolen and will steal on all.  
 How near dark Pluto's court I stood,  
 And Aeacus' judicial throne,  
 The blest seclusion of the good,  
 And Sappho, with sweet lyric moan  
 Bewailing her ungentle sex,  
 And thee, Alcaeus, louder far  
 Chanting thy tale of woful wrecks,  
 Of woful exile, woful war!  
 In sacred awe the silent dead  
 Attend on each: but when the song  
 Of combat tells and tyrants fled,  
 Keen ears, press'd shoulders, closer throng.  
 What marvel, when at those sweet airs  
 The hundred-headed beast spell-bound  
 Each black ear droops, and Furies' hairs  
 Uncoil their serpents at the sound?

quin et Prometheus et Pelopis parens  
 dulci laborem decipitur sono,  
 nec curat Orion leones  
 aut timidos agitare lyncas.

XIV

EHEU, fugaces, Postume, Postume,  
 labuntur anni, nec pietas moram  
 rugis et instanti senectae  
 afferet indomitaeque morti;  
 non, si trecenis quotquot eunt dies,  
 amice, places inlacrimabilem  
 Plutona tauris, qui ter amplum  
 Geryonen Tityonque tristi  
 comescit unda, scilicet omnibus,  
 quicumque terrae munere vescimur,  
 enaviganda, sive reges  
 sive inopes erimus coloni.  
 frustra cruento Marte carebimus  
 fractisque rauci fluctibus Hadriae,  
 frustra per autumnos 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



Odes of Horace, Book II

Prometheus too and Pelops' sire  
In listening lose the sense of woe;  
Orion hearkens to the lyre,  
And lets the lynx and lion go.

XIV

AH, Postumus! they fleet away,  
Our years, nor piety one hour  
Can win from wrinkles and decay,  
And Death's indomitable power;  
Not though three hundred bullocks flame  
Each year, to soothe the tearless king  
Who holds huge Geryon's triple frame  
And Tityos in his watery ring,  
That circling flood which all must stem  
Who eat the fruits that Nature yields,  
Wearers of haughtiest diadem,  
Or humblest tillers of the fields.  
In vain we shun war's contact red  
Or storm-tost spray of Hadrian main:  
In vain, the season through, we dread  
For our frail lives Scirocco's bane.  
Cocytus' black and stagnant ooze  
Must welcome you, and Danaus' seed  
Ill-famed, and ancient Sisyphus  
To never-ending toil decreed.  
Your land, your house, your lovely bride  
Must lose you; of your cherish'd trees

te praeter invisas cupressos  
 ulla brevem dominum sequetur.  
 absumet heres Caecuba dignior  
 servata centum clavibus et mero  
 tinguet pavimentum superbo,  
 pontificum potiore cenis.

XV

IAM pauca aratro iugera regiae  
 moles relinquent, undique latius  
 extenta visentur Lucrino  
 stagna lacu, platanusque caelebs  
 evincet ulmos; tum violaria et  
 myrtus et omnis copia narium  
 spargent olivetis odorem  
 fertilibus domino priori;  
 tum spissa ramis laurea fervidos  
 excludet 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.

## Odes of Horace, Book II

None to its fleeting master's side  
Will cleave, but those sad cypresses.  
Your heir, a larger soul, will drain  
The hundred-padlock'd Caecuban,  
And richer spilth the pavement stain  
Than e'er at pontiff's supper ran.

### XV

FEW roods of ground the piles we raise  
Will leave to plough; ponds wider spread  
Than Lucrine lake will meet the gaze  
On every side; the plane unwed  
Will top the elm; the violet-bed,  
The myrtle, each delicious sweet,  
On olive-grounds their scent will shed,  
Where once were fruit-trees yielding meat;  
Thick bays will screen the midday range  
Of fiercest suns. Not such the rule  
Of Romulus, and Cato sage,  
And all the bearded, good old school.  
Each Roman's wealth was little worth,  
His country's much; no colonnade  
For private pleasance wooed the North  
With cool "prolixity of shade."  
None might the casual sod disdain  
To roof his home; a town alone,  
At public charge, a sacred fane  
Were honour'd with the pomp of stone.

XVI

OTIUM divos rogat in patenti  
prensus Aegaeo, simul atra nubes  
condidit lunam neque certa fulgent  
sidera nautis;

otium bello furiosa Thrace,  
otium Medi pharetra decori,  
Grosphe, non gemmis neque purpura ve-  
nale neque auro.

non enim gazae neque consularis  
summovet lictor miseros tumultus  
mentis et curas laqueata circum  
tectata volant.

vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum  
splendet in mensa tenui salinum,  
nec levis somnos timor aut cupido  
sordidus aufert.

quid brevi fortes iaculamur aevo  
multa? quid terras alio calentis  
sole mutamus? patriae quis exul  
se quoque fugit?

scandit aeratas vitiosa navis  
cura nec turmas equitum relinquit,  
ocior cervis et agente nimbos  
ocior Euro.

laetus in praesens animus quod ultrast  
oderit curare et amara lento

XVI

FOR ease, in wide Aegean caught,  
The sailor prays, when clouds are hiding  
The moon, nor shines of starlight aught  
For seaman's guiding:  
For ease the Mede, with quiver gay:  
For ease rude Thrace, in battle cruel:  
Can purple buy it, Grosphus? Nay,  
Nor gold, nor jewel.  
No pomp, no lictor clears the way  
'Mid rabble-routs of troublous feelings,  
Nor quells the cares that sport and play  
Round gilded ceilings.  
More happy he whose modest board  
His father's well-worn silver brightens;  
No fear, nor lust for sordid hoard,  
His light sleep frightens.  
Why bend our bows of little span?  
Why change our homes for regions under  
Another sun? What exiled man  
From self can sunder?  
Care climbs the bark, and trims the sail,  
Curst fiend! nor troops of horse can 'scape her,  
More swift than stag, more swift than gale  
That drives the vapour.  
Blest in the present, look not forth  
On ills beyond, but soothe each bitter

temperet risu: nihil est ab omni  
 parte beatum.  
 abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem,  
 longa Tithonum minuit senectus,  
 et mihi forsan tibi quod negarit,  
 porriget hora.  
 te greges centum Sicalaeque circum  
 mugiunt vaccae, tibi tollit hinnitum  
 apta quadrigis equa, te bis Afro  
 murice tinctae  
 vestiunt lanae: mihi parva rura et  
 spiritum Graiae tenuem Camenae  
 Parca non mendax dedit et malignum  
 spernere volgas.

XVII

CUR me querellis exanimas tuis?  
 nec dis amicum est nec mihi te prius  
 obire, Maecenas, mearum  
 grande decus columenque rerum  
 a, 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,  
 utcumque precedes, supremum  
 carpere iter comites parati.

## Odes of Horace, Book II

With slow, calm smile. No suns on earth  
Unclouded glitter.

Achilles' light was quench'd at noon;

A long decay Tithonus minish'd;

My hours, it may be, yet will run

When yours are finish'd.

For you Sicilian heifers low,

Bleat countless flocks; for you are neighing

Proud coursers; Afric purples glow

For your arraying

With double dyes; a small domain,

The soul that breathed in Grecian harping,

My portion these; and high disdain

Of ribald carping.

### XVII

WHY rend my heart with that sad sigh?

It cannot please the gods or me

That you, Maecenas, first should die,

My pillar of prosperity.

Ah! should I lose one half my soul

Untimely, can the other stay

Behind it? Life that is not whole,

Is *that* as sweet? The self-same day

Shall crush us twain; no idle oath

Has Horace sworn; whene'er you go,

We both will travel, travel both

The last dark journey down below.

me nec Chimaerae spiritus igneae  
 nec si resurgat centimanus Gyas  
 divellet umquam: sic potenti  
 Iustitiae placitumque Parcis.  
 seu Libra seu me Scorprios aspicit  
 formidulosus, pars violentior  
 natalis horae, seu tyrannus  
 Hesperiae Capricornus undae,  
 utrumque nostrum incredibili modo  
 consentit astrum. te Iovis impio  
 tutela Saturno refulgens  
 eripuit volucrisque fati  
 tardavit alas, cum populus frequens  
 laetum theatri ter crepuit sonum:  
 me truncus inlapsus cerebro  
 sustulerat, nisi Faunus ictum  
 dextra levasset, Mercurialium  
 custos virorum. reddere victimas  
 aedemque votivam memento:  
 nos humilem feriemus agnam.

XVIII

NON ebur neque aureum  
 mea renidet in domo lacunar;  
 non trabes Hymettiae  
 premunt columnas ultima recisas  
 Africa, neque Attali  
 ignotus heres regiam occupavi,



## Odes of Horace, Book II

No, not Chimaera's fiery breath,  
Nor Gyas, could he rise again,  
Shall part us; Justice, strong as death,  
So wills it; so the Fates ordain.  
Whether 't was Libra saw me born  
Or angry Scorpio, lord malign  
Of natal hour, or Capricorn,  
The tyrant of the western brine,  
Our planets sure with concord strange  
Are blended. You by Jove's blest power  
Were snatch'd from out the baleful range  
Of Saturn, and the evil hour  
Was stay'd, when rapturous benches full  
Three times the auspicious thunder peal'd;  
Me the curst trunk, that smote my skull,  
Had slain; but Faunus, strong to shield  
The friends of Mercury, check'd the blow  
In mid descent. Be sure to pay  
The victims and the fane you owe;  
Your bard a humbler lamb will slay.

### XVIII

CARVEN ivory have I none;  
No golden cornice in my dwelling shines;  
Pillars choice of Libyan stone  
Upbear no architrave from Attic mines;  
'T was not mine to enter in  
To Attalus' broad realms, an unknown heir,

Torati Carminum Lib. II

nec Laconicas mihi  
trahunt honestae purpuras clientae.  
at fides et ingeni  
benigna venast, pauperemque dives  
me petit; nihil supra  
deos laccio nec potentem amicum  
largiora flagito,  
satis beatus unicus Sabinis.  
truditur dies die  
novaeque pergunt interire lunae:  
tu secanda marmora  
locas sub ipsum funus et sepulchri  
immemor struis domos,  
marisque Bais obstrepentis urges  
summovere litora,  
parum locuples continente ripa.  
quid quod usque proximos  
revellis agri terminos et ultra  
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  
erum. quid ultra tendis? aequa tellus  
pauperi recluditur  
regumque pueris, nec satelles Orci

## Odes of Horace, Book II

Nor for me fair clients spin  
Laconian purples for their patron's wear.  
Truth is mine, and Genius mine;  
The rich man comes, and knocks at my low door:  
Favour'd thus, I ne'er repine,  
Nor weary out indulgent Heaven for more:  
In my Sabine homestead blest,  
Why should I further tax a generous friend?  
Suns are hurrying suns a-west,  
And newborn moons make speed to meet their end.  
*You* have hands to square and hew  
Vast marble-blocks, hard on your day of doom,  
Ever building mansions new,  
Nor thinking of the mansion of the tomb.  
Now you press on ocean's bound,  
Where waves on Baiae beat, as earth were scant;  
Now absorb your neighbour's ground,  
And tear his landmarks up, your own to plant.  
Hedges set round clients' farms  
Your avarice tramples; see, the outcasts fly,  
Wife and husband, in their arms  
Their fathers' gods, their squalid family.  
Yet no hall that wealth e'er plann'd  
Waits you more surely than the wider room  
Traced by Death's yet greedier hand.  
Why strain so far? you cannot leap the tomb.  
Earth removes the impartial sod  
Alike for beggar and for monarch's child:

callidum Promethea  
 revexit auro captus: hic superbum  
 Tantalum atque Tantali  
 genus coercet, hic levare functum  
 pauperem laboribus  
 vocatus atque non vocatus audit.

XIX

BACCHUM in remotis carmina rupibus  
 vide docentem, credite posteri,  
 nymphasque discentis et auris  
 capripedum Satyrorum acutas.  
 euhoe! recenti mens trepidat metu,  
 plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum  
 laetatur: euhoe! parce Liber,  
 parce, gravi metuende thyrso!  
 fas pervicacis 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 coeres viperino  
 Bistonidum sine fraude crinis.

## Odes of Horace, Book II

Nor the slave of Hell's dark god  
Convey'd Prometheus back, with bribe beguiled.  
Pelops he and Pelops' sire  
Holds, spite of pride, in close captivity;  
Beggars, who of labour tire,  
Call'd or uncall'd, he hears and sets them free.

### XIX

BACCHUS I saw in mountain glades  
Retired (believe it, after years!)  
Teaching his strains to Dryad maids,  
While goat-hoof'd satyrs prick'd their ears.  
Evoe! my eyes with terror glare;  
My heart is revelling with the god;  
'T is madness! Evoe! spare, O spare,  
Dread wielder of the ivied rod!  
Yes, I may sing the Thyiad crew,  
The stream of wine, the sparkling rills  
That run with milk, and honey-dew  
That from the hollow trunk distils;  
And I may sing thy consort's crown,  
New set in heaven, and Pentheus' hall  
With ruthless ruin thundering down,  
And proud Lycurgus' funeral.  
Thou turn'st the rivers, thou the sea;  
Thou, on far summits, moist with wine,  
Thy Bacchants' tresses harmlessly  
Dost knot with living serpent-twine.

## Thorati Carminum Lib. II

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.

### XX

NON usitata nec tenui ferar  
pinna 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 umerosque plumae.  
iam Daedaleo ocior Icaro  
visam gementis litora Bosphori

## Odes of Horace, Book II

Thou, when the giants, threatening wrack,  
Were clambering up Jove's citadel,  
Didst hurl o'erweening Rhoetus back,  
In tooth and claw a lion fell.  
Who knew thy feats in dance and play  
Deem'd thee belike for war's rough game  
Unmeet: but peace and battle-fray  
Found thee, their centre, still the same.  
Grim Cerberus wagg'd his tail to see  
Thy golden horn, nor dream'd of wrong,  
But gently fawning, follow'd thee,  
And lick'd thy feet with triple tongue.

### XX

No vulgar wing, nor weakly plied,  
Shall bear me through the liquid sky;  
A two-form'd bard, no more to bide  
Within the range of envy's eye  
'Mid haunts of men. I, all ungraced  
By gentle blood, I, whom you call  
Your friend, Maecenas, shall not taste  
Of death, nor chafe in Lethe's thrall.  
E'en now a rougher skin expands  
Along my legs: above I change  
To a white bird; and o'er my hands  
And shoulders grows a plumage strange:  
Fleeter than Icarus, see me float  
O'er Bosphorus, singing as I go,

**Iborati Carminum Lib. II**

Syrtisque Gaetulas canorus  
ales Hyperboreosque campos.  
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 sepulchri  
mitte supervacuos honores.



## Odes of Horace, Book II

And o'er Gaetolian sands remote,  
And Hyperborean fields of snow;  
By Dacian horde, that masks its fear  
Of Marsic steel, shall I be known,  
And furthest Scythian: Spain shall hear  
My warbling, and the banks of Rhone.  
No dirges for my fancied death;  
No weak lament, no mournful stave;  
All clamorous grief were waste of breath,  
And vain the tribute of a grave.

END OF VOLUME I.



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