Orace

The Odes
THE ODES OF HORACE
IN ENGLISH VERSE WITH LATIN TEXT
THE ODYSSEY OF HORACE
BOOKS I-IV
AND THE SAECULAR HYMN

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE
BY W. S. MARRIS

PARALLEL WITH THE LATIN TEXT
OF E. C. WICKHAM

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THE ODES OF HORACE
Q. HORATI FLACCI

CARMINUM

LIBRI IV

LIBER PRIMUS

MAECENAS atavis edite regibus,
o et praesidium et dulce decus meum,
sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
collegisse iuvat, metaque servidis
5

evitata rotis palmaque nobilis
terrarum dominos cychit ad deos;
hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium
cessat tergeminis tollere honoribus;
illum, si proprio condidit horroco,
10

quicquid de Libycis verritur areis.
Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
agros Attalics condicionibus
numquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypria
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.

Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
mercator metuens otium et oppidi
THE
ODES OF HORACE

BOOK I

I

Maecenas, born of royal sires,
My buckler and my star!
One man Olympic dust aspires
To gather on his car,
Grazing the goal with glowing tyres,
And but the victor’s palm desires,
Till lord of earth amid the choirs
Of heaven he soars afar.
One, when the fickle mob of Rome
Has borne him, thrice elected, home,
His summit hath attained;
And one, when in his barns he stores
The yield of Libya’s threshing-floors,
His heart’s desire has gained.
And him, whose pride it is to plough
The fields his fathers tilled,
No bribes of Attalus would bow
To cleave the wave with Cyprian prow—
A mariner unskilled.
The trader quails at all the gales
That battle with the main,
CARMINUM I. I, II

laudat rura sui; mox reficit rates quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.
Est qui nec veteris poca 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 coningis immemor, seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus, seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas. Me doctarum hederae praemia frontium dis miscent superis, me gelidum nemus nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori secernunt populo, si neque tibias Euterpe cohibet nec Polyhymnia Lesbounm refugit tendere barbiton. Quodsi me lyricis vatibus inseres, sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

II

Iam satis terris nivis atque dirae grandinis misit Pater, et rubente dextera sacras iaculatus arces terruit Urbem,
terruit gentes, grave ne rediret saeculum Pyrrhae nova monstra questae, omne cum Proteus pecus egit aldos visere montes,
ODES I. 1, 11

And vaunts his village ease and air;  
But poverty untaught to bear,  
Soon he betakes him to repair  
  His battered ships again.  
And one I know who well esteems  
  Deep draughts of Massie old,  
While through the working day he dreams  
Beside the source of holy streams  
  Or 'neath the arbute's fold.  
And many men love best of all  
  The camp; they long to hear  
The bugle blare, the trumpet call  
  To wars that mothers fear.  
The hunter camped 'neath frosty skies  
  His gentle wife forgets;  
Be it a doe his pack surprise,  
Or Marsian boar before their eyes  
  Has ripped the strong-tied nets.  
But me, the ivy crown that twines  
The brows of bards, a seat assigns  
  Among the gods in heaven:  
The cool of woods, the tripping band  
Of Nymphs and Satyrs hand in hand  
  Me from the throng have riven:  
If but Euterpe doth not stay  
Her flute, nor Polyhymnia  
  The Lesbian lyre debars;  
For if 'mid lyric poets thou  
Award me place, my soaring brow  
  Shall strike the very stars.

II

Now snow enough upon the land  
  And cruel hail the Sire hath hurled:  
The Heights have felt his red right hand,  
  And Rome and all the world  
Are quaking lest the days come back  
  Whose sights of fear made Pyrrha weep;  
When Proteus drove his ocean-pack  
Upon the mountains steep,
CARMINUM I. II

piseium et summa genus haesit ulmo,
nota quae sedes fuerat columbis,
et superiecto pavidae natarunt
aequore dammae.

Vidimus flavum Tiberim retortis
litore Etrusco violenter undis
ire deiectum monumenta regis
templaque Vestae;

Iliae dum se nimium querenti
iactat ultorem, vagus et sinistra
labitur ripa Iove non probante u-
xorius amnis.

Audiet cives acuisse ferrum,
quo graves Persae melius perirent,
audiet pugnas vitio parentum
rara iuventus.

Quem vocet divum populus ruentis
imperi rebus? Prece qua fatigent
virgines sanctae minus audientem
carmina Vestam?

Cui dabit partes scelus expiandi
Iuppiter? Tandem venias precamur
nube candentes umeros amictus,
augur Apollo;

sive tu mavis, Erycina ridens,
quam Ioerus circum volat et Cupido;

sive neglectum genus et nepotes
respicis auctor,
ODES 1. ii

And high in elms the fish did nest
   Where once the ringdoves used to brood,
And deer swam gasping on the crest
   Of the o'erwhelming flood.

We've seen dun Tiber, tossed amain
   Back from his Tuscan bank in foam,
Roar on to crumble Vesta's fane
   And ancient Numa's home,

When, bragging how he would requite
   The wrongs that Ilia wept so sore,
Uxorious flood, in Jove's despite
   He swept his eastern shore.

Our sons, diminished by our sin,
   Will hear a talk of wars, when swords
Were whet by Romans 'gainst their kin,
   And not for Persian hordes.

What god will hear a nation's wail
   Of falling empire? with what hymn
Shall holy maids the ears assail
   Of Vesta, deaf to them?

What envoy will the Father bid
   Redeem our sins? We pray thee, hear,
And come with radiant shoulders hid
   In cloud, Apollo seer!

Come, please thee, laughing Queen of Love,
   Around whom Mirth and Cupid fly;
Come, Mars, our founder, think thee of
   Thy hapless progeny.
CARMINUM I. II, III

henu nimis longo satiate ludo,
quem invat clamor galeaeque leves,
acer et Mauri peditis cruentum
vultus in hostem;

sive mutata iuvenem figura
ales in terris imitariis aliae
filius Maiae, patiens vocari
Caesaris ultor:

serus in caelum redeas diuque
laetus intersis populo Quirini,
neve te nostris vitis iniquum
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 alis praece Iapyga,
navis, quae tibi creditum
debes Vergilium finibus Atticis,
reddas incolunmem, precor,
et servce animae dimidium meae.

Illi robur et aes triplex
circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
ODES I. ii, iii

Doth it not pall—the weary game
   Of cries of battle, helms a-glow,
And Arab bending eyes of flame
   Upon his bloody foe?
Or thou, kind Maia’s wing’d son!
   Descend awhile to earth and deign
The form of mortal youth to don,
   And ’venge our Caesar slain!
Defer thy journey to the skies,
   And stay the Roman folk to bless;
No whirlwind snatch thee from our eyes,
   Wroth with our wickedness;
But here with us triumphant bide
   As sire and sovereign prince adored;
Nor let the Medes unpunished ride
   Where, Caesar, thou art lord.

III

May Helen’s starry brethren clear,
And Venus, Queen of Cyprus, steer
   Thy course, O gallant ship!
The Sire of every breeze that blows
Keep all the others ’prisoned close,
   And but the West let slip!
So thou convey to Attic shore
   My Virgil safe and whole;
O dearly guard him, I implore,
   For he is half my soul.
With oak and triple brass for coat
   Truly the man was clad,
Who hazarded his fragile boat
   The first on Ocean mad;
CARMINUM I. 111

commisit pelago ratem
primus, nec timuit praeceptum Africum
decertantem Aquilonibus
nec tristes Hyadas nec rabiem Noti,
quo non arbiter Hadriae
maior, tollere seu ponere vult freta.

Quem mortis timuit gradum,
qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,
qui vidit mare turbidum et
infames scopulos Aeroceraunia?

Nequiquam dens abscidit
prudens Oceano dissociabili
terras, si tamen impiae
non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.

Audax omnia perpeti
gens humana ruuit per vetitum nefas.

Audax Iapeti genus
ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit.

Post ignem aetheria domo
subductum macies et nova februm
terris incubuit cohors,
semotique prins tarda necessitas
leti corripuit gradum.

Expertus vacuum Daedalus aëra
pennis non homini datis;
perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor.

Nil mortalibus ardui est;
caelum ipsum petimus stultitia neque
per nostrum patimur scelus
iracunda Iovem ponere fulmina.
And braved the South-wind swooping forth
To deadly battle with the North,
    And sullen Hyades,
And Afric blast—the tyrant lord
That ruleth Adria with his word
    And stirs or stills the seas:
The man who saw through flying spume
The awful Rocks of Thunder loom,
    And sea-beasts swimming near,
And never blenched—what shape of Doom
    Could strike his soul with fear?
In vain did God far-seeing keep
Dissevered land and land
With this abyss of Ocean deep,
If sacrilegious ships o'erleap
    The waters he hath banned!
So Man's indomitable soul
    Runs headlong into sin;
So overbold Prometheus stole
    The fire, to give his kin—
(For when the flame from heaven he drew,
    On Earth there fell a breath
Of famine and diseases new,
    And the slow doom of Death
Came nigher then and came more fast)
So Daedalus in aether vast
    Unhuman pinions spread;
So Hercules the Toiler passed
    The waters of the Dead.
There soars no summit too sublime
For mortal fools to seek to climb—
    No—not Olympus steep:
Our sins give angry Jove no time
    To let his lightning sleep.
IV

Solvitur acriis 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 deceutes alternaterram quatiant pede, dum graves Cyclopium Vulcanns ardens urit officinas.

Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto aut flore, terrae quem ferunt solntae.

Nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis, seu poscat agna sive malit haedo.

Pallida Mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres. O beate Sesti,

Vita summa brevis spem nos vetat incohare 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 iuvventus nunc omnis et mox virgines testebunt.

V

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa perfusus liquidis urget odoribus, grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?

Cui flavam religas comam,

IV. visit
IV

Keen Winter thaws, and welcome Spring is come with Western breeze,

Dry keels are wheeled on rollers to the shore;
No more the ingle lures the hind, nor stalls the cattle please,

The meadows gleam with silver frost no more.
Now overhead the Moon is high, and Venus leads the dance,

And hand in hand the Nymphs and Graces fair
Are tripping rhythmic measures, while the fiery Vulcan fans

The Cyclops’ stithy yet to fiercer flare.
'Tis now the time with myrtle green thy glossy locks to braid,

And blossoms which the yielding clods unloose,
To sacrifice to Fannus in the holy coppice’ shade

A tender kid or lamb, whiche’er he choose.
With even tread the spectre Death strides into pauper’s cot

And prince’s hall. Ah, happy Sestius!
For distant good no man may hope; so short is human lot.

Soon thou wilt lie in Pluto’s scanty house
'Mid gloom and unsubstantial ghosts: in thy new dwelling there

Thou’lt dice for kingship of the cups no more,
Nor languish for young Lycidas, who makes the lads despair

And soon will make the hearts of maidens sore.

V

What scented stripling woos thee lying,
Pyrrha, in grotto fair,
'Mid many a rose? for whom art tying
Thy auburn hair
CARMINUM L. V, VI

5 simplex munditiis? Heu quotiens fidem
mutatosque deos flebit et aspera
nigris aqua ventis
emirabitur insolens,

qui nunc te frutus credulus aurea;
qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
sperat nescius auroe
fallacis. Miseri, quibus

intemptata nites! Me tabula sacer
votiva paries indicat uvida

15 suspendisse potenti
vestimenta maris deo.

VI

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

5 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

10 imbellisque lyrae Musa potens vetat
landes egregii Caesaris et tuas
culpa deterere ingenii.

[ 15 ]
With simple grace? Poor boy, how often
Thine and the gods' caprice
Shall 'wilder him, like squalls that roughen
His sunny seas!

He thinks thee gold, he hopes that ever
Thou wilt be free and kind,
Nor dreams of veering winds. Ah, never
Were folk as blind

As they who've proved thee not! my payment
In yonder fane is stored:
A tablet vows my dripping raiment
To Ocean's lord.

VI

The flights of Varius have Homer's force,
And he, not I, thy gallant deeds shall tell,
And all the prowess of the ships and horse
That thou didst lead so well.

Not mine to sing, Agrippa, feats like these;
Or how his stubborn rage Achilles nursed,
Or shrewd Ulysses' wanderings over seas,
Or Pelops' house accursed.

I may not soar so high; for simple shame
Of my unwarlike lyre prohibits me
To tarnish thine and lofty Caesar's fame
With limping eulogy.
CARMINUM I. vi, vii

Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina
digne scripsisset, aut pulvere Troico
15 nigrum Merionen, aut ope Palladis
Tydiden superis parem?

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

VII

LAUDABUNT alii claram Rhodon aut Mytilenen
aut Epheson bimarisve Corinthi
moenia vel Baccho Thebas vel Apolline Delphos
insignes aut Thessala Tempe.
5 Sunt quibus unum opus est intactae Palladis urbem
carmine perpetuo celebrare et
undique decerptam fronti praepone olivam.
Plurimus in Iunonis honorem
aptum dicet equis Argos ditesque Mycenas.
10 Me nec tam patiens Lacedaemon
nec tam Larissae percussit campus opimae,
quam domus Albuneae resonantis
et praeceps Anio ac Tiburni lucus et nda
mobilibus pomaria rivis.
15 Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila caelo
saepe Notus neque parturit imbres
perpetuo, sic tu sapiens finire memento
tristitiam vitaeque labores

[16]
ODES I. vi, vii

Who worthily could write of Mars arrayed
   In hammered mail? or grimy Merion?
Or how against the gods with Pallas' aid
   Tydides held his own?

Banquets and battles by the maidens waged,
   Whose shaven nails their lovers sorely ply—
Of these I sing; beset or disengaged,
   But light of heart as aye.

VII

Rhodes the sunny, Mitylene, Ephesus—let others vaunt,
Corinth 'mid her double havens, Thebes that Bacchus loved to haunt,
Delphi honoured of Apollo, or Thessalian Tempe's dell:
There be some whose only study is a long-drawn tale to tell
Of the maid Athene's city, while they pull the random sprays
Of her olive for their garlands. Many more in Juno's praise
Sing of Mycenaean treasures or of Argos, land of steeds;
Give to me nor sturdy Sparta nor Larissa's fertile meads,
But Albunea 'mid her echoes, Anio leaping from the hill,
And Tiburnus' woods and orchards wet with many a glinting rill.
Lo, betimes the fair Sou'wester blows the thunder from the skies,
Nor is ever big with deluge. So be thou, my Plancus, wise:  

[ 16 ]
CARMINUM I. vii, viii

molli, Plance, mero, seu te fulgentia signis
20 castra tenent sen densa tenebit
Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina patremque
cum fugeret, tamen uda Lyaeo
tempora poplea furtur vinxisse corona,
sic tristes affatus amicos:
quo nos cumque feret melior fortuna parente,
ibimus, o socii comitesque.
Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro;
certus enim promisit Apollo,
ambiguam tellure nova Salamina futuram.
25 O fortis peioraque passi
mecum saepe viri, nunc vino pellite curas;
ecran ingens iterabimus aequor.

VIII

LYDIA, dic, per omnes
te deos oro, Sybarin cur properes amando
perdere; cur apricum
oderit campum, patiens pulseris atque solis.
5 Cur neque militaris
inter aequales equitatis, Gallica nec lupatis
temperat ora frenis?
Cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere? Cur olivum
sanguine viperino
cautius vitat neque iam livida gestat armis
brachia, saepe disco,
saepe trans finem iaculo nobilis expedito?

27 VII. auspice Teucri, 2 VIII. hoc deos oro,
\[17\]
ODES I. vii, viii

Make an end of toil and sorrow in the easy wine at last;
Whether now the camp a-flashing with its eagles holds
thee fast,
Or the matted shades of Tibur call their lord to their
embrace.
Hearkeu to the tale of Teucer. From his sire and native-
place
He was driven; but undaunted to his gloomy men he
cried,
(While he bound a wreath of poplar round his brows the
wine had dyed)
'Fate is kinder than a father: o'er the world where'er
she call,
Let us on: despair of nothing, comrades and com-
panions all;
Teucer leads and takes the omens, and Apollo's pledge
ye hold—
"Salamis beyond the water shall be rival of the old."
Come, ye brave, who oft beside me have endured a
worse woe,
Drink and doubt not, for to-morrow o'er the deep again
we go!'

VIII
By all the gods, O Lydia, pray
Why hasten Sybaris to slay
With love?—that he the Campus shuns
Who once could bear the dust and suns.
To plunge in Tiber's yellow tide
Why fears he now? and will not ride
Like soldier 'mid his peers, nor wheel
His Gallic horse with curb of steel?
Why doth he shun like viper's blood
The wrestlers' oil? Oft, oft he would
Hurl dart or disc beyond the mark:
Why be his thews no longer dark?

[ 17 ]
CARMINUM I. viii, ix

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
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
deproeliantes, nec cupressi
nec veteres agitantur orni.

Quid sit futurum eras, fuge quaerere et
quem Fors dierum cunque dabit, lucro
appone, nec dulces amores
sperne puer, neque tu choreas,
donec virenti canities abest
morosa. Nunc et campus et areae
lenesque sub noctem susurri
composita repetantur hora;

[18]
Why lurks he hid, like Thetis’ son
When Ilium’s day was all but done,
Who shrank from harness, lest its call
Should drive him out to fight and fall?

IX

How deep the snows upon Soracte glisten!
The groaning forests yield
Beneath their load, and fast in icy prison
The streams are pent and sealed.

Come, Thaliarchus, heap the logs on thicker,
To melt this bitter cold,
And draw me freely of yon Sabine liquor;
The jar is four years old.

Leave all the rest to Jove; the winds that riot
With Ocean, at his will
Are laid; the ancient ash-trees all are quiet,
The cypresses are still.

What matter of To-morrow and its chances?
Count each To-day among
Thy gains, and make the most of loves and dances
Now while thy heart is young,

And crabbed age is far: and get thee roaming
By city-square and mead,
To catch a gentle whisper in the gloaming
At hour and place agreed;
CARMINUM I. IX, X

nunc et latentis proditor intimo
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,

5 te canam, magni Iovis et deorum
nuntium curvaeque lyrae parentem,
callidum, quicquid placuit, iocosò
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 relecto

10 Thessalosque ignes et iniqua Troiae
castra feellit.

Tu pias laetis animas reponis
sedibus virgaque levem eoërces
aurea turbam, superis deorum
gratus et ismis.

[19]
ODES I. ix, x

A merry laugh that tells the maid who lingers
   Hid in some corner deep;
A token plundered from the wrist or fingers
   That feign so fast to keep.

X

O suasive Mercury, from Atlas sprung!
   Thy lore informed the savage race
Of new-made men with cunning of the tongue,
   And athletes' lissom grace.

Thou herald of the gods, of mighty Jove,
   Who gav'st the curving lyre its strings,
I sing thee, and thy skill in whisking off
   Thy wayward plunderings.

Apollo lost his cattle by thy craft,
   Mad imp, but when in thunder-tone
He raged at thee to fetch them—how he laughed
   To find his quiver gone!

With thee for guide, from Troy rich Priam went
   And past the proud Atridae crept,
And past the fires that shone on every tent
   Where Troy's besiegers slept.

Herding with rod of gold the airy ghosts
   Thou guidest unto blest abodes
All holy souls: thou friend of heavenly hosts
   And friend of nether gods.
CARMINUM I. xi, xii

XI

Tu ne quaesieris, seire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi finem di dederint, Lenuconoë, nec Babylonios temptaris numeros. Ut melius, quicquid erit, pati! seu plures hiemes seu tribuit Iuppiter ultimam, quae nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare Tyrrhenum, sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi spem longam rescues. Dum loquimur, fugerit invida actas: 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 Piudo gelidove in Haemo,
unde vocalem temere insecutae Orphea silvae,
arte materna rapidos morantem
fluminum lapsus celeresque ventos,
blundum et auritas fidibus canoris ducere quercus?

Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
landibus, qui res hominum ac deorum,
qui mare ac terras variisque mundum temperat horis?

[ 20 ]
XI

Forbear to ask, Leuconoe, for this no man may know, What term of life the gods have set for thee and me: forgo
Thy Babylonish cyphers: better bide whate’er befall, Come many winters yet from Jove, or this the last of all To fling the tired Tyrrhenian sea upon the crannied reef. If thou art wise, then strain the wine. The span of life is brief;
So prune thy far out-reaching hopes—the while we speak has run
One niggard minute: clench to-day, and trust no morrow’s sun.

XII

Whom, Clio, wilt thou call to fame
With shrilling fife or string?
Man, god, or hero? speak the name
That Echo gay shall fling
O’er Pindus’ peak or Haemus’ waste
Or Helicon in shade,
Whence all the forests ran in haste
To list when Orpheus played;
Whose mother taught him skill to coax
Quick rills and winds to hear,
And draw with ringing chords the oaks Uplifting every ear.

Jove first of all I duly praise;
Who men and heavenly powers
And sea and land and Cosmos sways
Through all the changing hours.
CARMINUM I. xii

Unde nil maius generatur ipso,
nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum:
proximos illi tamen occupavit

Pallas honores.

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 reguum 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.
Begot of him naught greater is,
   And like or near is none;
Though honours next of place to his
   Minerva makes her own.

Then thee, good Bacchus, bold in fight,
   I sing; and Dian, foe
Of savage beasts; and Phoebus' might
   With his unfailing bow;

Alcides; and the Brethren Twain,
   The one for boxing famed,
One for his car: when o'er the main
   Their silver star has flamed,

Back from the rocks the surges creep,
   Clouds fly and winds are still,
The swelling billow falls asleep,
   Because it is their will.

Next shall I tell of Romulus
   Or Numa's quiet time?
The insolence of Tarquin's house,
   Or Cato's death sublime?

Then Regulus and the Scauri twain
   My grateful Muse shall crown,
And Paullus who on Cannae's plain
   His mighty life laid down;

Fabricius too and Curius rude,
   And Furins—all to arms
Inured by want and hardihood
   Upon their fathers' farms.
CARMINUM 1. xii. xiii

45 Crescit occulto velut arbor aevo
fama Marcelli; micat inter omnes
Iulium sidus velut inter ignes
luna minores.

Gentis humanae pater atque custos
orte Saturno, tibi cura magni
Caesaris fatis data: tu secundo
Caesare regnes.

Ille, sen Parthos Latio imminentes
egerit insto domitos triumpho,
sive subiectos Orientis orae
Seras et Indos,

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

XIII

Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi
cervicem roseam, cerea Telephi
landas brachia, vae meum
fervens difficili bile tumet iecur.
Tum nec mens mihi nec color
certa sede manet, umor et in genas
furtim labitur, arguens
quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.
Uror, sen tibi candidos
turparunt umeros immodicae mero

[ 22 ]
Marcellus' fame through days unseen
  Grows like a tree; the star
Of Julius, like the moon, is queen
  O'er planets meaner far.

Warden and Sire of mortals, Fate
Commit, O Jove, to thee
The care of Caesar; next in state
  To thine his empire be!

So shall the Medes who menace Rome
  His triumph due adorn,
With Indians and Chinese who come
  From far-off lands of morn;

And he rule all the world aright,
  Yet under thee: thy wheel
Shall shake the skies; thy thunder smite
  The groves where sinners kneel.

XIII

To hear thee, Lydia, praise the charms
  Of Telephus—his waxen arms,
His rosy neck—what fierce alarms
  Convulse my swelling heart!
My colour and my senses go,
  The silent tears they start,
To tell thee of the torture slow
  That rends my soul apart.
I rage to see in brawl uncouth
  Thy snowy shoulders marred.
CARMINUM I. xiii, xiv

rixae, sive puer furens
impressit memorem dente labris notam.
Non, si me satis audias,
speres perpetuum, dulcia barbare
laedentem oscula, quae Venus
quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit.
Felices ter et amplius,
quos irrupta tenet copula nec malis
divulsus querimoniiis
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 sancius Africa,
antennaeque 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.
To witness how the crazy youth
With print of his audacious tooth
Thy lips so deep has scarred.
Be wise and hearken: firm and true
How canst thou deem the lover, who
Could use with such despite
Soft lips that Venus doth imbrue
With her own dear delight?
Thrice happy they, and yet again,
Whom bonds unbroken tie,
And love, unsevered by the bane
Of bitter words, in perfect chain
Holds, to the day they die.

XIV.

New storms will drive thee back anon
To sea, O ship, beware!
Fight hard for port: thy oars are gone,
Thy flanks are bare.
The gales thy mast have sorely hurt,
And loud thy yards complain;
Scarce can thy hull endure ungirt
The raging main.
Come woes anew, thy sails are torn;
No gods will hear thy pleas;
Though Pontic pine, the purest born
Of all the trees,
Yet race and name are mockery:
Scared sailors take no joy
In painted poops: heed, lest thou be
The tempests’ toy.
CARMINUM I. xiv, xv

Nuper sollicitum quae mihi taedium,
nunc desiderium curaque non levis,
interfusa nitentes
vites aequora Cycladas.

XV

Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus
Idaeis Helenen perfidus hospitam,
ingrato celeres obruit otio
ventos, ut caneret fera

Nereus fata: Mala ducis avi domum,
quam multo repetet Graecia militae,
coniurata tuas rumpere nuptias
et regnum Priami vetus.

Heu heu quantus equis, quantus adest viris
sudor! quantae moves funera Dardanae
genti! Iam galeam Pallas et aegida
currusque et rabiem parat.

Nequiquam Veneris praesidio ferox
pectes caesariem grataque feminis
imbelli cithara carmina divides;
nequiquam thalamo graves

hastas et calami spicula Gnossii
vitabis strepitumque et celerem sequi
Aiacem; tamen heu serus adulteros

[ 24 ]
crines pulvere collines.
ODES \( \text{I. xiv, xv} \)

Thou, that hast been my burden long,
Art now my care, my dream:
O shun the tides that swirl among
The isles a-gleam.

\[ \text{XV} \]

When perjured Paris 'neath Idaean sails
Bore off his hostess Helen o'er the strait,
To grudging silence Nereus crushed the gales
And sang their dismal fate.

"Black day it is thou bearest home a prize
Whom all the Greeks in arms will claim again,
Sworn to a man to wreck thy wedding-ties
And Priam's hoary reign!"

"How man and horse will rue the reeking field,
And for thy deed how many Dardans die!
See, Pallas trims her car and helm and shield
With fury in her eye.

"In vain to comb thy tresses in the pride
Of Venus' aid, or touch the lute of love
To songs that maids applaud: in vain to hide
In bridal bower alove"

"From massy spears and arrows and the shocks
Of war, and Ajax speedy in pursuit:
Late but at last shall thine adulterous locks
Lie trampled under-foot."
CARMINUM I. xv, xvi

Non Laërtiaden, exitium tuae
genti, non Pylium Nestora respicis?
urgent impavidi te Salaminius
Teucer et Sthenelus sciens

pugnae, sive opus est imperitare equis,
non auriga piger; Merionen quoque
nosces. Ecce furit te reperire atrox
Tydides melior patre,
quem tu, cervus uti vallis in altera
visum parte lupum graminis immemor,
sublimi fugies mollis anhelitn,
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 criminosis cumque voles modum
pones iambis, sive flamma
sive mari libet Hadriano.

Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius,
non Liber aeque, non acuta
sic geminant Corybantes aera,

[ 25 ]

Teucer, te
ODES 1. xv, xvi

‘See at thy back how Pylian Nestor steals,
With him Ulysses, bane of all thy house,
And Salamimian Teucer at thy heels
And fearless Sthenelus,

‘Skilled with the sword and quick if need require
To curb his steeds: and there too Merion see,
And there Tydides, fiercer than his sire,
Lusting to light on thee.

‘But like a deer who quits his grassy haunts
Once he has spied a wolf across the glen,
Hard-panting thou wilt fly. What, were thy vaunts
To Helen idle then?

‘Ay, though Achilles’ angry squadron spare
Awhile from ruin Troy and Trojan dames,
The fated year shall see its houses flare
A-blaze with Grecian flames.’

XVI

O fairer than thy mother fair,
E’en as it pleaseth thee
Destroy my libels: let them flare
In fire or sink in sea.

The Pythian shakes his hierophants,
And Dindymene hers,
The clashing brass of Corybants
To very madness stirs,
CARMINUM I. xvi, xvii

tristes ut irae, quas neque Noricus
deterret ensis nec mare naufragum
nec saevus 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 trista, dum mihi
    fias recantatis amica
    opprobriis animumque reddas.

XVII

Velox amoenum saepe Lucretilem
    mutat Lycaeo Faunus et igneam
defendit aestatem capellis
    usque meis pluviosque ventos.
ODES I. xvi, xvii

But wrath is worse: nor Noric steel
    Nor waves wherein men drown
Can quell it, nor Jove’s thunder-peak
    And lightning crashing down.

In making man Promethens mixed
    With earth, they say, a part
Of all that lives, and in us fixed
    A lion’s angry heart.

’Twas wrath that smote Thyestes down,
    Wrath—primal cause of woe
Which wrecked the towers of many a town,
    So that the shouting foe

Drave furrows where once ran the wall.
    Forgive me—I was young
When my hot spirit made me fall
    To writing verse that stung:

But now would I my taunts amend
    To kindness; wilt thou deign
To take thy penitent for friend
    And show me love again?

XVII

Oft for Lucretilis the sweet
    Swift Pan his Arcady deserts;
And wind and rain and summer heat
    He ever from my goats averts.
CARMINUM I. xvii

Impune tutum per nemus arbutos
quaerunt latentes et thyma deviae
·olentis uxores mariti,
nek virides metuant colubras,
nec Martiales Haediliae lupos,

ticumque dulci, Tyndari, fistula
valles et Usticae cubantis
levia personuere saxa.

Di me tuentur, dis pietas mea
et Musa cordi est. Hic tibi copia
manabit ad plenum benigno
raris honorum opulenta cornu.

Hic in reducta valle Caniculae
vitabis aestus et fide Teia
dices laborantes in uno
Penelopen vitreamque Circen;

hic innocentis pocula Lesbii
duces sub umbra, ncc Semeleius
cum Marte confundet Thyoneus
proelia, ncc metues protervum

suespecta Cyrum, ne male dispari
incontinentes iniciat manus
et scindat haerentem coronam
crinibus immeritamque vestem.
Queens of a noisome sultan, 'mid
The woods at will they roam serene,
In search of thyme and arbute hid,
Unterrified by vipers green,

Untroubled by the wolves of Mars,
My Tyndaris, when once among
Ustica's slopes and polished scaurs
The fairy pipes of Pan have rung.

The gods have care of me; my Muse
Finds favour, and the prayers I make:
Here shall a horn of plenty loose
Its country tribute for thy sake.

Far from the heat in sheltered vale
Here shalt thou sing to Cretan chord
Penelope and Circe pale,
The twain who pined for one same lord;

Here quaff a wine that ne'er did harm
Beneath the shade; here Bacchus lewd
And Mars shall raise no loud alarm;
Nor shalt thou shrink from Cyrus rude,

Lest in his jealousy he press
Rough hands on one too weak to bear
Such force, and rend thy blameless dress,
Or coronal that decks thy hair.
XVIII

Nullam, Varce, sacra vite prius severis arborem circa mite solum Tiburis et moenia Catili. Siccis omnia nam dura deus proposuit, neque mordaces aliter diffugiant sollicitudines.

5 Quis post vina gravem militiam aut pauperiem crepat? Quis non te potius, Bacche pater, teque, decens Venus? At, ne quis modici transiliat munera Liberi, Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixae super mero debellata, monet Sithoniis non levis Euius,

10 cum fas atque nefas exigno fine libidinum discernunt avidi. Non ego te, candide Bassareu, invitumquatiam, nec variis obsita frondibus sub divum rapiam. Saeva tene cum Berecyntio cornu tympana, quae subsequitur caecus Amor sui,

15 et tollens vacuum plus nimio Gloria verticem, arcanique Fides prodiga, per lucidior vitro.

XIX

Mater saeva Cupidinum
Thebanaque inbet me Semelac puer
et lasciva Licentia
finitis animum reddere amoribus.

5 Urit me Glycerae nitor
splendentis Pario marmore purius:

7 XVIII. Ac de
ODES I. XVIII, XIX

XVIII

AROUND the walls of Catilus, in Tibur's soil benign,
Varus, before all other trees, plant thou the holy vine.
God renders life a heavy toil to men who always shun
The tankard; wine and only wine makes gnawing
troubles run.
Who croaks amid his cups about grim war or poverty?
Nay, father Bacchus, thee he sings, and winsome
Venus, thee!
And yet ere thou abuse the gifts mild Liber hath
supplied,
Bethink thee how the Lapiths and the Centaurs fought
and died
Above their wine, and Evius' hand upon the Thracians
fell,
When they so madly made their lust the line im-
palpable
'Twixt good and evil. Sunny god in fox-skin mantle
dight!
I will not wake thee 'gainst thy will nor rudely drag
to light
Thy secrets from the forest's heart. O hush thy cruel
drums
And Asian conches! they arouse blind Love of Self,
who comes
With Vanity that idly rears her empty head on high,
And Faith unfaithful, like a glass wherein who will
may spy.

XIX

THE Cupids' mother, cruel dame,
And Theban Semele's son
And wanton Ease my mind reclaim
To loves methought were done;
I burn for Glycera, whose glow
Makes dull the Parian stone;
urit grata protervitas
et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.

In me tota ruens Venus

Cyprum deseruit, nec patitur Scythas
et versis animosum equis
Parthum dicere nec quae nihil attinet.

Hic vivum mihi caespitem, hic
verbenas, pucri, 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 landes tibi Vaticani
montis imago.

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

[ 29 ]
ODES I. xix, xx

Her pretty pertness and her brow
   Too fair to gaze upon.
Now Venus quits her Cyprus bright
And sweeps upon me in her might,
   Nor suffers me to chant
The Scyths nor Parthians bold in flight
   Nor aught irrelevant.
Pile up green turf for sacrifice,
Ye slaves, and lay the herbs and spice
   With wine of yester year;
For haply when a victim dies
   Her wrath I need not fear.

XX

Thy welcome here will be a modest cup,
   Will be but homely wine;
I filled the Grecian jar and sealed it up
   Myself, Maecenas mine,
The day men cheered thee in the theatre, till
   Thine own loved Tiber's banks
And echo gay on Vatican's high hill
   Gave back the voice of thanks.
Anon I'll give thee Caecuban, and vines
   That Cales' presses crushed;
With lofty Formiae's or Falernum's wines
   My cups have never flushed.
XXI

**DÍANAM** tenerae dicite virgines, intonsum, pueri, dicite Cynthium Latonamque supremo dilectam penitus Iovi.

Vos lactam fluviiis et nemorum coma, quaecumque gut gelido prominet Algido, nigris aut Erymanthi silvis aut viridis Crāgi.

Vos Tempe totidem tollite laudibus natalemque, mares, Delon Apollinis, insignemque pharetra fraternaque 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 nec venenatis gravida sagittis, Fusce, pharetra,

sive per Syrtes iter aestuosas sive facturus per inhospitalem Caucasm vel quae loca fabulosus lambit Hydaspes.
XXI

Ye gentle maids, of Dian sing;
Sing, lads, Apollo's blowing hair,
And Leto, loved of Heaven's high king
Beyond compare.

Sing, maids, of her who loves the floods
And firs on Algidus so keen,
On Erymanthus dark with woods,
Or Cragus green.

Of Tempe sing, ye boyish choir,
And Delos, Phoebus' natal place,
And how the bow and Hermes' lyre
His shoulder grace.

So woful war and plague and need
From people and from prince shall he
Divert to Briton and to Mede,
Moved by your plea.

XXII

He who is innocent and pure
Needs not to go equipped
With spear or quiver of the Moor
And arrows poison-tipped.

Not though he fare through Syrtes' waves,
Cold Caucasus' expanse,
Or regions that Hydaspes laves,
That river of romance.
CARMINUM I. xxii, xxiii

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 acctiva 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 hinnuleo me similis, Chloë,
quae renti pavidam montibus aviis
matrem non sine vano
aurarum et siliiæ metu.

nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit
adventus foliis seu virides rubum
dimovere lacertæ,
et corde et genibus tremit.

5 vepris inhorruit ad ventum coni. Bentl. et al.

[31]
ODES I. xxii, xxiii

I roamed beyond my farm at ease,
I sang of Lalage,
And met unarmed among the trees
A wolf, who fled from me.

Martial Apulia, forest-land,
   Bred never monster worse;
Nor such was weaned 'mid Juba's sand,
   The lions' thirsty nurse.

Set me on steppes, where summer air
   No leaf hath ever kissed,
The zone that lies in dull despair
   Of sombre sky and mist;

Set me where flames so fierce a heat
   That there no dwellers be:
Yet will I love her—smiling-sweet,
   Sweet-speaking Lalage.

XXIII

THOU fiest, Chloe, from my sight,
   Like fawn who seeks o'er uplands lone
His fretting dam, and thrills with fright
   At every leaf that's blown:

If but a gleaming lizard parts
   The underwood, or waving trees
Dance to the breath of Spring, he starts
   With quaking heart and knees.
Atqui non ego te tigris ut aspera
Gaetulusve leo frangere persequeror:
- taudem desine matrem
tempestiva sequi viro.

XXIV

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
tam cari capitis? Praecipe lugubros
cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
vocem cum cithara dedit.

Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
urget! eni 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 ereditum
poseis Quintilium deos.

Quid si Threcicio blandius Orphee
auditam moderere arboribus fidem,
um vanae redeat sanguis imagini,
quam virga semel horrida,

non lenis precibus fata recludere,
nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi?
Drurum: sed levius fit patientia,
quicquid corrigere est nefas.
ODES I. xxiii, xxiv

No tiger I nor lion wild,
Who thus pursues to work thee woe;
’Tis time to leave thy mother, child,
A lover’s love to know.

XXIV

Why stint or stay our grief for him we love?
Melpomene, the lyre
And liquid notes are thine by grace of Jove:
Do thou the dirge inspire.

So on Quintilius sleep eternal lies!
O Modesty and Honesty austere
Sister of Justice, Truth without disguise—
When will ye find his peer?

Though many a good man wept that he should die,
No man than thou, my Virgil, wept him more;
’Not lent for this’ thou sayest—idle cry!
The gods will not restore.

Not though with more than Thracian Orpheus’ charm
Thy touch upon the lyre drew trees to hear,
Shall blood again the airy spirit warm,
Which with his wand of fear

The herald, deaf to pleadings to unbar
The doors of Doom, among the shades has penned.
Hard! Ay, but easier by endurance are
The ills we cannot mend.

[32]
Parcius iunctas quatiunt fenestras
iactibus crebris iuvenes protervi,
nec tibi somnos adimunt, amatque
ianna limen,

quae prius multum facilis movebat
cardines; audis minus et minus iam:
' me tuo longas perunte noctes,
Lydia, dormis?'

Invicem moechos anus arrogantes
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 hdera virente
gaudet pulla magis atque myrto,
aridas frondes hiemis sodali
dedicet Hebro.

Musis amicis tristitia et metus
tradam protervis in mare Cretiennm
portare ventis, quis sub Arcto
rex gelidae metuatur orae,

[ 33 ]
XXV

Thy casement rarer than of yore
Resounds to lovers' eager blows:
No more they break thy sleep: the door
Clings to the lintel close,
Though once its hinge would turn so light;
And less and less the cry comes now
'I die of love the live-long night,
Ah, Lydia, sleepest thou?'

Thy turn will come man's scorn to wail,
Poor crouching hag in alley lone,
'Twixt moon and moon, 'neath Northern gale
Fiercer and fiercer blown;
And such a flame of wild desire
As drives the mares to madness blind,
Shall wrap thy heart with burning fire
And thou wilt sigh to find
How joyous Youth prefers the spray
Of ivy green or myrtle pale,
And flings the withered leaves away
On Hebrus' icy vale.

XXVI

Beloved of the Muses, all sorrow and dread
I fling to the petulant breezes to blow
Abroad o'er the seas, never vexing my head
What king is revered in the regions of snow,
CARMINUM I. xxvi, xxvii

5 quid Tiridaten terreat, unice
securus. O, quae fontibus integris
gaudes, apricos necte flores,
necte meo Lamiae coronam,

Pimplea duleis! Nil sine te mei

10 prosunt honores: hunc fidibus novis,
hunc Lesbio sacare plectro
teque tuasque decet sorores.

XXVII

Natis in usum laetitiae scyphis
Pugnare Thracum est: tollite barbarum
morem, verecundumque Bacchum
sanguineis prohibete rixis!

5 Vino et lucernis Medus acinaces
Immane quantum discrepat: impium
lenite clamorem, sodales,
et cubito remanete presso!

Vultis severi me quoque sumere

10 partem Falerni? Dicat Opuntiae
frater Megillae, quo beatus
vulnera, qua pereat sagitta.

Cessat voluntas? Non alia bibam
mercede. Quae te cumque domat Venus,
non erubescendis admirit
ignibus, ingenuoque semper

[34]
ODES I. xxvi, xxvii

Nor caring a whit for the terrors that scare
Tiridates. O queen of the silvery floods
Wherein thou delightest, for Lamia's hair
Come, weave in a garland thy sunniest buds.

Dear lady of Pimpla! my song in his fame
Without thee is nothing. 'Tis only his due
That thou and thy sisters should honour his name
With Lesbian quill on a virginal new.

XXVII

The bowl was born to make man gay,
And o'er it none but Thracians fight:
Hush, gentlemen! a bloody fray
Is no fit scene for Bacchus' sight.

Those Median knives with lamps and wine
Accord abominably: cease
This monstrous clamour, comrades mine,
And on your elbows rest at peace.

You call on me to take my part
Of fierce Falernian? then expound,
Megilla's brother! whose the dart
That gave thee such a happy wound?

How, silent? but no other fee
Shall make me drink! I know her chaste,
Thy Venus—whosoe'er she be;
Thy faults were never faults of taste.
amore peccas. Quicquid habes, age,
depone tutis auribus. A ! miser,
quanta laborabas Charybdì,
digne puer meliore flamma!

Quae saga, quis te solvere Thessalis
magus venenis, quis poterit deus?
Vix illigatum te triformi
Pegasus expediet Chimaera.

XXVIII

Te maris et terrae numeroque carentis harenae
mensorem cohibent, Archyta,
pulveris exigui prope litus parva Matinum
munera, nec quicquam tibi prodest
5 aërias temptasse domos animoque rotundum
percurrísse polum morituro.
Occidit et Pelopis genitor, conviva deorum,
Tithonnesque remotus in auras,
et Iovis arcanis Minos admissus, habentque
10 Tartara Panthoiden iterum Orco
demissum, quamvis, clipeo Troiana refixo
tempora testatus, nihil ultra
nervos atque cutem morti concesserat atrae,
iudice te non sordidus auctor
15 naturae verique. Sed omnes una manet nox
et calcanda semel via leti.
Dant alios Furiae torvo spectacula Marti;
exitio est avidum mare nantis;

[ 35 ]
Come, to these ears thy secret tell,
    For they are loyal. Lad, for shame;
Embroiled with that Charybdis fell!
    Thy meed had been a nobler flame.

What mage with herbs of Thessaly,
    What witch or god could tear her toils?
Scarce Pegasus could set thee free
    From yon Chimaera's triple coils!

XXVIII

Thou could'st measure earth and ocean and th'innu-
merable sand,
Yet a little dust, Archytas, here beside the Matine
strand
Cabins thee; thy soul adventured all the mansions of
the sky
And the vault of heaven vainly, since it was thy doom
to die.
Gone is Tantalus who feasted with the gods; Tithonus
too,
He who rode the air; and Minos, though the heart of
Jove he k New;
Twice has Pluto haled Euphorbus, ay, and holds him
fast below,
Though he claimed the ancient buckler he had borne at
Troy, to show
That to grisly Death he'd yielded skin and sinew, only
these;
No mean master—so thou sayest—of eternal Verities.
But for all one night abideth and one road by all is t rod.
Some the Furies rend, to gladdened Mars whose eyes
delight in blood;

[35]
CARMINUM I. xxviii, xxix

mixta sēnum ac iuvenum densentur funera; nullum
saeva caput Proserpina fugit. Me quoque devesi rapidus comes Orionis Illyricis Notus obruit undis. At tu, nauta, vagae ne parce malignus harenae ossibus et capiti inhumato


30 Quamquam festinas, non est mora longa; licebit iniecto ter pulvere curras.

XXIX

Icci, beatis nune Arabum invides gazis, et aereum militiam paras non ante devictis Sabaeae regibus, horribilique Medo

nectis catenas? Quae tibi virginum sponso necato barbarae serviet? Puer quis ex aula capillis ad cyathum statuetur unctis,

[ 36 ]
Hungry seas devour the sailor: young and old alike are sped
Crowding to the pyres: the Death Queen never spares a mortal head.
So with me—the tempest gathered as Orion sought his lair
And o'erwhelmed me in the billows; and my skull and bones lie bare.
Sailor, cast on these, I pray thee, but a pinch of drifting sand;
So though forests reel when Eurus roars against the western strand,
Thou shalt 'scape, and wares abounding fall to thee from founts divine,
Jove the just, and Neptune, warden of Tarentum's holy shrine.

Is it naught to leave offences for thy sinless sons to rue?
Nay, perchance high Retribution may exact her fearful due
Of thy guilty self—no other. Then my curse will find its prey
And no penance will acquit thee. What, thou grudgest the delay?
'Tis a minute's task to sprinkle thrice the dust—and then away!

XXIX

What, Iccins! envying Arabs their gold,
And brooding on battles and desperate deeds
'Gainst kings of Sabaea unconquered of old
And hammering fetters for terrible Medes?

What maiden of all the barbarian girls
Shall wail her dead lover, and wait on thy will?
What page of the palace with scent on his curls
Shall stand at thy elbow the flagon to fill,
doctus sagittas tendere Sericas

arum paterno? Quis neget arduis
pronos relabi posse rivos
montibus et Tiberim reverti,
cum tu coemptos undique nobilis
libros Panacti Socraticam et domum
mutare loricis Hiberis,
pollicitus meliora, tendis?

XXX

O Venus, regina Cnidi Paphique,
sperne dilectam Cypron, et vocantis
ture te multo Glycerae decoram
transfer in aedem.

Fervidus tecum puer et solutis
Gratiae zonis properentque Nymphae
et parum comis sine te Inventas
Mercuriusque.

XXXI

Quid dedicatum poseit Apollinem
vates? Quid orat de patera novum
fundens liquorem? Non opimae
Sardiniae segetes feraces,
non aestuosae grata Calabriae
armenta, non aurum aut eburn Indicum,
non rura, quae Liris quieta
mordet aqua taciturnus amnis.
ODES I. xxix-xxx

Though better he learned in his boyhood to bend
The bow of his fathers to shafts of Cathay?
Who denies that meandering rivers may wend
Uphill, or that Tiber may run the wrong way,

When thou—to more excellent purposes vowed—
Art putting thy scholar's collection to sale,
Ay, Socrates' school and Panaetius proud,
To purchase thee hauberks of Arragon mail?

XXX

O Venus, queen of many an isle,
Forsake thy Cyprian seat awhile,
For Glyceria calls on thee to come,
And incense fills her pretty home.

Bring glowing Cupid, and bid speed
Each Nymph and Grace with girdles freed,
And Mercury, and comely Youth
Whose comeliness is thine in truth.

XXXI

To Phoebus, throned within his shrine,
His poet pours the new-made wine
And prays—for what? he doth not crave
Sardinia's fields of corn a-wave,

Nor sunny South with kine untold,
Nor India's ivory and gold,
Nor leas that Liris crumbles aye
So still, so placidly away.
CARMINUM I. xxxi, xxxii

Premant Calena falce quibus dedit
fortuna vitem, dives et aureis
mercator exsiccatos culullis
vina Syra reparata merce,
dis carus ipsis, quippe tcr et quater
anno revisens aequir Atlanticum
impune. Me pascunt olivae,
me cichorae levase malvae.

Frui paratis et valido mihi,
Latoë, doneis, at, precor, integra
cum mente, nec turpem senectam
degere nec cithara carentem.

XXXII

POSCIMUR. Si quid vacui sub umbra
lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
vivat et plures, age, dic Latinum,
barbite, carmen,

Lesbio primum modulate civi,
qui ferox bello tamen inter arma,
sive iactatam religarat udo
litore navim,

Liberum et Musas Veneremque et illi
semper haerentem puerum canebat
et Lycum nigris oculis nigroque
crine decorum.

ac, precor, et, precor 1 Poscimus
ODES I. xxxi, xxxii

The lords of vineyards, favoured souls,
May clip their clusters: golden bowls
Suit well a merchant-prince to try
The wines his Syrian imports buy

(How heaven must love him! thrice and more
Each year the western ocean o'er
He sails unscathed). But feast for me
Shall olives, beans, and endives be.

Give me enjoyment of my own,
I pray, ere strength and wits be gone;
Keep mine old age from ill-repute,
Nor, Phoebus, let its lyre be mute.

XXXII

They bid us: if beneath the bough
We've both made merry songs, to stay
A year or more, my cither, now
Come, sing a Latin lay.

First on thy chords the Lesbian smote,
That fighter fierce, who 'mid his wars,
Or when he'd lashed his battered boat
Again to oozy shores,

Would sing the Muses, Venus fair,
And Cupid by her clinging tight,
And Bacchus, and the eyes and hair
Of Lycus, dark as night.
CARMINUM I. xxxii-xxxiv

O decus Phoebi et dapibus suprmi
ggrata testudo Iovis, o laborum
dulce lenimen, mihi eumque salve
rite vocanti.

XXXIII

Albi, ne dolcas plus nimio memor
immitis Glyceae, nes miserables
decantes elegos, eur tibi iunior
laesa praeniteat fide,

insignem tenui fronte Lycorada
Cyri torret amor, Cyrus in asperam
decnat Pholoën ; sed prius Apulis
iungentur eapreae lupis,

quam turpi Pholoë peccet adultero.

Sie visum Veneri, cui placet impares
formas atque animos sub iuga aënea
saeva mittere eum ioco.

Ipsum me, melior eum peteret Venus,
grata detinuit compede Myrtale
libertina, fretis aerior Hadriae
curvantis Calabros sinus.

XXXIV

Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens,
insaniens dum sapientiae
consultus erro, nune retrorsum
vela dare atque iterare cursus

[ 39 ]
Pride of Apollo! loved at all
The feasts of Jove enthroned on high,
Sweet balm in sorrow, when I call,
Good shell, hear thou my cry.

XXXIII

TIBULLUS, peace—enough of brooding now
O'er unrelenting Glycera; enough
Of singing sadly how she broke her vow
And took a younger love.

See pretty Lyceoris of the narrow brows
In love with Cyrus; Cyrus turns away
To Pholoë the prude: but wolves and does
Will mate before the day

That Pholoë accepts so base a lord.
So pleases Venus: 'tis her bitter joke
To couple forms and minds that least accord
Beneath her brazen yoke.

I too when nobler Love was wooing me
In willing bondage to a freed-girl lay:
Though Myrtale was shrewish as the sea
That gnaws Calabria's bay.

XXXIV

My prayers were rare and scant, and I
The fool of mad philosophy;
But I must bend my sails and back
Betake me to the ancient track.
CARMINUM I. xxxiv, xxxv

5 cogor relictos: namque Diespiter, igni corusco nubila dividens
plerumque, per purum tonantes egit equos volucremque currum,
quo bruta tellus et vaga flumina,
quo Styx et invisī horrida Taenari sedes Atlantisque finis
conevititur. Valet ima summis
mutare et insignem attenuat deus
obseura 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 lacesit
Carpathium pelagus carina.

Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythae,
urbesque gentesque et Latium ferox
regumque matres barbarorum et
purpurei metuunt tyranni,
ODES I. xxxiv, xxxv

When skies are black with storm, the Sire
Hath often cleft them with his fire,
But now with car and steeds of thunder
He rives the fleckless blue asunder,

Till sluggard Earth and streams that flow,
Dark Taenarus, abode of woe,
And Styx, and Atlas' mountain-wall
Are rocking. Ay, God bringeth all

The mighty low, and lifts the mean;
He rends the veil of things unseen;
And Fortune speeds on clanging wing
To crown the beggar, strip the king.

XXXV

GODDESS of pleasant Antium,
   Whose might from lowliest place can lift
Our weak mortality, or doom
   Our proudest hours to anguish swift;

Poor struggling peasants crowd to thee
   With troubled prayers, and he who braves
In Thynian keel the Cretan sea,
   For thou art mistress of the waves.

The Dacians rude, the Scythian hordes,
   Imperious Latium, tribe and town,
And mothers of barbaric lords
   And purple tyrants fear thy frown;
miurioso ne pede prornas
stantem columnam, nec populus frequens
ad arma cessantes, ad arma
concitam imperiumque frangat.

Te semper antecit saeva Necessitas,
clavos trabales et cuneos manu
gestans aëna, nec severus
uncus abest liquidumque plumbum.

Te Spes et albo rara Fides colit
velata panno, nec comitem abnegat,
utcumque mutata potentes
veste domos inimica linquis.

At vulgus 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 retusum in

Massagetas Arabasque ferrum!

[ 41 ]
Lest 'neath thy heel ignobly lie
   The column that now springs elate;
And loiterers rally to the cry
   'To arms, to arms!' and wreck the State.

Before thee, Doom morosely tramps,
   Her brazen fingers clenching fast
Gigantic nails and gripping clamps
   And molten lead and wedges vast:

And white-veiled Honour rare to view
   And Hope attend thee: fast they bide,
When changing mood and mantle too
   Thou fiest from the halls of pride.

But fickle mobs and mistresses
   Soon go, and comrades melt in air
When casks are emptied to the lees—
   Too false are they the yoke to share.

Defend our Caesar setting forth
   To fright, with levies yet unworn,
The Britons of the farthest North,
   The Indian sea, and lands of Morn.

A curse on wars that brothers fought!
   What way of sin have we not trod?
When have we left a wrong unwrought,
   Or held our hands for fear of God?

What altars have we ever spared?
   O, forge anew our edgeless swords
On other anvils, to be bared
   Against the Huns and Arab hordes!
XXXVI

Et ture et fidibus invat
placare et vituli sanguine debito
custodes Numidae deos,
qui nunc Hesperia sospes ab ultima
caris multa sodalibus,
nuli plura tamen dividit oscula
quam dulci Lamiae, memor
actae non alio rege puertiae
mutataeque simul togae.
Cressae ne carcat pulchra dies nota,
neu promptae modus amphorae,
neu morem in Salium sit requies pedum,
neu multi Damalis meri
Bassum Threicia vincat amystide,
neu desint epulis rosae,
neu vivax apium, neu breve lilium.
Omnis in Damalin patres
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.
XXXVI

Now it is good with song and spice
   To offer heaven reward,
And slay the steer of sacrifice
   For Numida, restored
In safety from the farthest coast
Of Spain, to greet a thronging host
Of comrades old, but Lamia most,
   For he recalls again
The boyish service side by side,
The boyish raiment laid aside
   Together by the twain.
O mark with chalk of whitest hue
   This day of our desire!
Unstinting still the cups renew,
And dance ye as the Salii do
   With feet that never tire.
Though Damalis drink deep and fast,
Yet ne'er shall Bassus be surpassed
   In Thracian wars of wine;
Let roses, roses crown the scene
And parsley-leaves that keep their green
   And lilies soon to pine;
And all shall bend their longing view
On Damalis, but she
Will never leave her lover new,
But clings to him as close and true
   As ivy grips the tree.

XXXVII

Now drink, and now let earth resound,
   My friends, with merry tread!
While couches of the gods are crowned
   With feasts like pontiffs spread.
Antehac nefas depromere Caecubum
cellis avitis, dum Capitolio
regina dementes ruinas
funus et imperio parabat

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 vclut
molles columbas aut leporem citus
venator in campis nivalis
Haemoniae, daret ut catenis

fatale monstrum: quae generosius
perire quaerens nec muliebriter
expavit ensen nec latentes
classe cita reparavit oras;

ansa 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.
Till now, 'twere sin the wine to take
From its ancestral home,
While Cleopatra schemed to wreck
The fanes and realm of Rome.

With all her crew of eunuchs base,
   By mad ambition ruled,
And dazed with ferment of success:
   Until her frenzy cooled

When scarce a ship escaped the blaze;
   And Caesar called her back
From drunken dreams to true amaze,
   As hard upon her track

He plied his oars—as falcon scares
   The fluttered doves to flight,
Or 'mid the snow men hunt the hares—
   Intent to fetter tight

The fiend of Fate. Not hers to quail
   From steel as women do;
To shores afar she bent no sail;
   A finer end she knew:

She nerved herself unmoved to look
   Upon her wrecked domains;
And gripped the asps and deeply took
   Their venom in her veins:

No brutal ships, no triumph high,
   With her should work their will;
Flushed with her dark resolve to die,
   Unqueened, but queenly still.
XXXVIII

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,
displicent nexae philyra coronae;
mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
scra moretur.

Simplici myrto nihil allabores
sedulus curo: neque te ministrum
dedecet myrtus neque me sub arta
vite bibeutem.
XXXVIII

Boy, I detest this Persian gear;
I loathe these wreaths of linden plait:
Forgo thy searching far and near
For roses late.

I ask of thee no showy wreath;
The simple myrtle serves to twine
Thee waiting and me drinking, 'neath
This tangled vine.
MOTUM ex Metello consule civicum
bellique causas et vitia et modos
ludumque Fortunae gravesque
principum amicitias et arma
nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus,
periculosae plenum opus aleae,
tractas, et incedis per ignes
suppositos cineri doloso.

Panum severae Musa tragoediae
desit theatris: mox ubi publicas
res ordinaris, grande munus
Cecropio repetes cothurno,
insigne maestis praesidium reis
et consulenti, Pollio, curiae,
cui laaurus aeternos honores
Delmatico peperit triumpho.
ODES

BOOK II

I

Scribe of the civil wars that date
Back to Metellus' year—their seeds
And course and crimes: the whims of Fate;
The leaders leagued in deadly deeds;

The swords a-drip with blood that yet
Cries 'vengeance'—'tis a parlous game
Thou playest! ay, thy feet are set
On ash that cloaks the lava flame.

Now bid thy Tragic Muse make room
Awhile, and first in order tell
Our chronicles, and then resume
The buskin thou hast worn so well.

The felon shrinking at the bar,
The peers in council seek thy aid,
Great Pollio! whom th' Illyrian war
Has crowned with bays that cannot fade.

[ 45 ]
Iam nunc minaci murmure cornu
perstringis aures, iam litui strepunt,
iam fulgor armorum fugaces
terret equos equitumque vultus.

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
reptulit inferias Iugurthae.

Quis non Latino sanguine pinguior
campus sepulcris impia proelia
testatur audiumque Medis
Hesperiae sonitum ruinae?

Qui gurges aut quae flumina Inubris
ignara belli? Quod mare Dauniae
non decoloravere caedes?
Quae caret ora cruore nostro?

Sed ne relictis, Musa procax, iocis
Ceeae retractes munera neniae,
meem Dionaee sub antro
quaere modos leviore plectro.
Al ready dost thou stun our ears
With clarion-blare and trumpet-peal,
And from the lightning of thy spears
Appalled the horse and rider reel.

I hear the tale of chiefs of pride
Begrimed with dust but not with shame,
And all the world subdued beside,
Save Cato’s soul that naught could tame.

Ay, Juno and the gods who once
Left Africa they loved and lost,
Have carried back the conquerors’ sons
As offering to Jugurtha’s ghost.

Fat with our gore the meadows lie;
Our godless wars their graves attest;
Yea, to the utmost East they cry
The ruin of the crashing West.

Each brook and eddy brings to mind
Some woful fight: there rolls no flood
But carnage has incarnadined;
No coast is clean of Roman blood.

Yet, ere thy jests be quite forgot,
Rash Muse, in this funereal strain,
Away with me to Venus’ grot
And choose a song of gayer vein.
II

NULLUS argento color est avaris
abdito terris, inimicee lamnae
Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato
splendeat usu.

Vivet extento Proculeius auro,
notus in fratres animi paterni;
illum agat penna metuente solvi
fama superstes.

Latius regnæ avidum domando
spiritum, quam si Libyam remotis
Gadibns 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
demerens uni propriamque laurum,
quisquis ingentes oculo irretorto
spectat acervos.
II

As silver ore is dull and rough
When hoarded deep in earth below,
So, Sallust, thou dost hate the stuff,
Till use has made it glow.

Long, long may Proculeius thrive!
He loved his brothers like a sire;
And fame shall bear him hence alive
On wings that never tire.

Break thou thy soul of greed, and reign
More widely than by making one
Far Libya and farther Spain
And ruling both alone.

Indulgence makes the dropsy worse;
And who would quench the thirsty flame
Must drive its cause, the watery curse,
From the poor sufferer’s frame.

On Cyrus’ throne Phraates reigns,
But Virtue scorns to join the herd
Who hail him ‘blessed’: she disdains
So to abuse that word.

To him alone, to have and hold,
She grants the crown and realm and bays,
Who passes by the piles of gold
And turns not back to gaze.
III

Aequam memento rebus in arduis
servare mentem, non secus in bonis
ab insolenti temperatam
laetitia, moriture Delli,

5 seu maestus omni tempore vixeris,
seu te in remoto gramine per dies
festos reclinatum bearis
interiore nota Falerni.

Quo pinus ingens albaque populus
umbram hospitalém consociare amant
ramis? Quid obliquus laborat
lympha fugax trepidare vivo?

10 Huc vina et unguenta et nimium breves
flores amoenae ferre inbe rosae,
dum res et aetas et sororum
fila trium patiuntur atra.

Cedes coemptis saltibus et domo
villaque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
cedes, et exstructis in altum
divitiis potietur heres.

15 Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho,
nil interest, an pauper et infima
de gente sub divo moreris,
victima nil miserantis Orci.

20 [48]
III

Be tranquil when the times are bad,
   And when thy days are prosperous
Be not inordinately glad,
   For thou must die, my Dellius,

Alike if all thy years have gone
   In sorrow, or thy feasts are spent
At ease upon some quiet lawn
   With wine of the more excellent.

Else wherefore do the pine-tree slim
   And poplar white enlace their sprays
In kindly shade? why frets the stream
   To wimple down its winding ways?

Bid bring the wines and scents and bloom
   Of roses sweet that fade apace,
While yon dark Sisters of the loom
   And time and fortune show us grace.

Thy purchased parks, thy palace tall,
   Thy house by tawny Tiber's wave—
Thon must forgo, forgo them all:
   Those golden heaps thy heir shall have.

Be thou of Inachus' high name,
   Or meanest wretch that bides beneath
The naked sky, 'tis all the same:
   Thou art the prey of ruthless Death.
Omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
versatur urna serius oculus
sors exitura et nos in aeternum
exsilium impositura cumbae.

IV

Ne sit ancillae tibi amor pudori,
Xanthia Phocen, prius insolentem
serva Briseis niveo colore
movit Achillem;

movit Aiacem Telamone natum
forma captivae dominum Tecumessae;
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 penates
maeret iniquos.

Crede non illam tibi de seelesta
plebe dilectam, neque sic fidelem,
sic luero aversam potuisse nasci
matre pudenda.
ODES II. iii, iv

We all are sped to one same mark,
   And late or soon from one same urn
Out leaps the lot, and we embark
   For exile whence is no return.

IV

Blush not, my Phoeus, to have loved
   Thy serving-girl : think how
The snow-white slave Briseis moved
   Achilles proud ere now.

His comely prize Tecmessa swayed
   The son of Telamon;
Atrides' heart a captive maid
   In that proud moment won,

When all the foreign ranks gave way
   Before the Greeks, and Hector's throes
Delivered Troy an easier prey
   To its war-weary foes.

Thy fair-haired Phyllis' family
   May yet add lustre unto thine;
I trow she mourns a royal tree
   And household gods malign.

Be sure so lovable a thing
   Is not of vicious stock; be sure
Such faith and honour could not spring
   From mother aught but pure.

[ 49 ]
Brachchia et vultum teretesque suras
integer lando; fuge suspicari,
cuius octavum trepidavit aetas
clandere lustrum.

V

Nondum subacta ferre iugum valet
cervice, nondum munia comparis
aequare nec tauri ruentis
in venerem tolerare pondus.

Circa virentes est animus tuae
campos invencae, nunc flaviis gravem
solantis aestum, nunc in udo
ludere cum vitulis saliceto

praegestientis. Tolle cupidinern
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 Pholoë fugax,
non Chloris albo sic humero nitens,
Ut pura nocturno renidet
luna mari, Cnidiusve Gyges,
ODES II. iv, v

Her arms, her face, her shapely feet
I praise unsmitten: never fear
A friend whose age is hasting fleet
To close its fortieth year.

V

Nor yet! She is too young to bow
Beneath the yoke her head elate,
To share the labours of the plough,
Or brook the passion of a mate.

Thy heifer's heart is wholly bent
On grassy meads: she loves the cool
Of rivers or is best content
When plashing in an osier-pool

Among the calves. Oh, never sigh
For turning grapes! In gorgeous hue
Comes Autumn speedily to dye
The bluish clusters deeper blue.

Soon she herself will dog thy feet:
That pride of youth that reckons gain
The years thou mournest, passes fleet,
And Lalage will chase her swain,

More sweetly than shy Pholoë,
Or Chloris of the shoulders white
As moon upon the midnight sea,
Or Gyges in his beauty bright,
CARMINUM II. v, vi

quem si puellarum insereres choro,
mire sagaces falleret hospites
discrimen obscurum solutis
crinibus ambiguoque vultu.

VI

SEPTIMI, Gades aditure mecum et
Cautabrum indoctum iuga ferre nostra et
barbaras Syrtes, ubi Maura semper
aestuat unda;

Tibur Argeo positum colono
sit meae sedes utinam senectae,
sit modus lasso maris et viarum
militiaeque!

Unde si Parcae prohibent iniquae,
dulce pellitis ovibus Galaesi
flumen et regnata petam Laconi
rura Phalantho.

Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes
angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
mella decadunt viridique certat
baca Venafro;

ver ubi longum tepidasque praebet
Iuppiter brumas, et amicus Aulon
fertili Baccho minimum Falernis
invidet uvis.

19 fertilis
ODES II. v, vi

Whose winsome face and floating curls
So cunningly his sex disguise,
To pick him from a troop of girls
Would puzzle e'en the sharpest eyes.

VI

FRIEND that art ready to go forth with me
To Gades or the Basques who spurn
Our empire still, or Syrtes' savage sea
Where Moorish breakers churn;

May Tibur be the home of my old age,
The town that Argives built of yore;
There would I end this weary pilgrimage
Of roads and waves and war.

If cruel Fate forbids that goal, I'll seek
The brook Galaesus, loved resort
Of coated flocks, the land where once the Greek
Phalanthus held his court.

That nook of earth of all beneath the sky
Allures me most, whose honey yields
Not to Hymettus, and whose olives vie
With green Venafran fields;

There Spring is long and softly Winters fall
By grace of Jove, and Aulon's vine
By Bacchus' blessing envies not at all
Falernum's famous wine.
Ille te mecum locus et beatae
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 nitentes
Malobathro Syrio capillos.

Tecum Philippos et celerem fugam
sensi relicta non bene parmula,
cum fracta virtus, et minaces
turpe solum tetigere mento.

Sed me per hostes Mercurius celer
denso paventem sustulit aere;
te rursus in bellum resorbens
unda fretis tuli aestuosis.

Ergo obligatam redde Iovi dapem
longaque fessum militia latus
depone sub lauru mea nec
parce cadis tibi destinatis.
ODES II. vi, vii

They call us both; those happy hills require
Me and thee too: be there and lend
A tear to drop upon the glowing pyre
Of me, thy bard and friend.

VII

O thou with whom I often faced
The darkest days in Brutus’ train,
Who has restored thee undisgraced
To Roman skies and gods again?
Pompey, of all my comrades king!
Oft I and thou at drink have beat
The lagging day, with wreaths of spring
Upon our hair and perfumes sweet.

Philippi’s wreck and rout we shared:
My shield aside I basely thrust;
When even Valour’s self despaired,
And fiercest captains bit the dust.

But nimble Hermes hid me safe
In thickest mist, and bore me far
From fears and foes: the ebbing wave
Sucked thee into the surf of war.

Then pay to Jove the bounden feast,
And stretch beneath my laurel tree
Thy limbs from weary war released
Nor spare the pitchers nursed for thee.
Oblivioso levia Massico
eiboria exple; funde capacibus
unguenta de conchis. Quis undo
deproperare apio coronas
curatve myrto? Quem Venus arbitrum
dicet vivendi; Non ego sanius
baechabor Edonis: recepto
dulce mihi furere est amico.

ULLA si inris tibi peierati
poena, Barine, noenisset umquam,
dente si nigro fieres vel uno
turpior ungui,
eregorum. Sed tu, simul obligasti
perfidum votis caput, enitescis
pulchriori multo iuvenumque prodis
publica cura.

Expedit matris cinerces opertos
fallere et toto taeiturna noetis
signa cum caelo gelidaque divos
morte carentes.

Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa, rident
simplices Nymphae, ferus et Cupido
semper ardentes acuens sagittas
cote eruenta.
ODES II. VII, VIII

Fill up the gleaming cups with wine
That brings repose: let unguents fall
From spacious shells. Who runs to twine
Soft parsley for our coronal,

Or myrtle? whom will Venus send
To rule our cups? my madman's mood
Shall match the Bacchant’s: when a friend
Comes home, to play the fool is good.

VIII

If punishment for outraged truth,
Barine, e’er had wrought thee hurt,
If by one darkening nail or tooth
Less beautiful thou wert,

I’d trust thee. But thy faithless face
Is only fairer for its lies,
As thou dost pass in haughty grace
And draw all boyish eyes.

Forsworn by thy dead mother’s tomb,
By yon mute stars in heaven set,
By gods secure from chill of doom—
Forsworn—thou prosperest yet!

Well may they smile to watch thy arts—
Venus, the Nymphs of guileless mood,
And Cupid grinding fiery darts
On whetstone red with blood.
CARMINUM II. viii, ix

Adde, quod pubes tibi crescit omnis, servitus crescit nova, nec priores impiae tectum dominae relinquunt saepe minati.

Te suis matres metuunt iuvencis, 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 inaequalles procellae usque, nec Armeniis in oris, amice Valgi, stat glacies iners menses per omnes aut Aquilonibus querqueta Gargani laborant et foliis viduantur orni:

tu semper urges flebilibus modis Mysten ademptum, nec tibi Vespero surgente decedunt amores nec rapidum fugiente Solem.

At non ter aevo functus amabilem ploravit omnes Antilochum senex annos, nec impubem parentes Troilon aut Phrygiae sorores
So, as new lads to manhood come
   Thy slaves increase: their fathers still
Abandon not thy godless home,
   Though oft they swear they will.

Of thee old misers go in awe,
   And dames with sons: and each new bride
Is wretched lest thy glamour draw
   Her husband from her side.

IX

Not every day the storm-clouds spend
   O'er cloddy fields the rain:
The squalls that tear the Caspian end,
   Nor on Armenia's plain,

Good friend, through all the seasons lasts
   The ice, nor always leaves
Garganus' oak-wood to the blasts,
   Nor rowans lose their leaves.

But still thou makest piteous wails
   For Mystes torn away,
When Hesper climbs or when he pales
   Before the march of Day.

He who lived thrice the common span
   Mourned not through all his years
Antilochus: not always ran
   His sire's and sisters' tears
flevere semper. Desine mollium tandem querellarum, et potius nova cantenmus Augusti tropae
Caesaris et rigidum Niphaten,

Medumque flumen gentibus additum victis minores volvere vertices, intraque praescriptum Gelonos exiguis equitare campis.

X

Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum semper urgendo neque, dum procellas cautus horrescis, nimium premendo litus iniquum.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem diligit, tatus caret obsoleti sordibus tecti, caret invidenda sobrius aula.

Saepius ventis agitatur ingens pinus et celsae graviore casu decidunt turres feriuntque summos fulgura montes.

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis alteram sortem bene praeeparatum pectus. Informes hiemes reducit Iuppiter, idem
ODES II. ix, x

For Troilus the young. Have done
With lamentations weak;
Sing Caesar’s trophies newly won
And cold Niphates’ peak;

How, added to a conquered world,
Euphrates ’bates his tide,
And Huns, beyond our frontiers hurled,
O’er straitened deserts ride.

X

FRIEND, steer not always for the deep,
Nor shrink, when storms pursue,
Too near false shores: so shalt thou keep
Thy bearing true.

Who loves the golden mean, aloof
From squalid hut abides,
And wisely shuns the lordly roof,
Where Envy hides.

Tall pines are tempest-tossed the worst,
High towers crash most loud,
Breaks on the mountain’s summit first
The thunder-cloud.

In ill, wise hearts hope better things,
In weal, they fear for worse;
The ugly snows one Father brings
And will disperse.
CARMINUM II. x, xi

Carminus III.

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 Hadria
divisus obiecto, remittas
quaeerere, nec trepides in usum

poscentis aevi paucia. Fugit retro
levis inuentas et decor, arida
pellente lascivos amores
canitie facilemque somnum.

Non semper idem floribus est honor
vernis neque uno Luna rubens nitet
vultu: quid aeternis minorem
consiliis animum fatigas?

Cur non sub alta vel platano vel hac
pinnu iacentes sic temere et rosa

15
canos odorati capillos,
dum licet, Assyriaque nardo

[56]
ODES II. x, xi

And here and now though all be wrong,
   Not always lasts the woe,
When Phoebus wakes the Muse to song
   And slacks his bow.

Be brave and strong in trouble's stress;
   Yet wisely have a care
To reef thy sail before the press
   Of wind too fair.

XI

The Goths beyond the sea may plot,
   The warlike Basques may plan,
Friend, never heed them! vex thee not
   For this our mortal span

Of little wants. Youth's halcyon day
   Soon goes with all its gleams,
And wizened Age drives far away
   Light loves and easy dreams.

The warmth of April buds will wane,
   The ruddy Moon will change:
Why must thou tax a puny brain
   With schemes beyond its range?

No! 'neath the lofty lime or pine
   Reposing while we may
Bedewed with scent, while roses twine
   Our hair already grey,

[ 56 ]
CARMINUM II. XI, XII

potamus uncti? Dissipat Euius
curas edaces. Quis puer oclus
restinguet ardentis Falerni
pocula praetercunte lympha?

Quis devium scortum eliciet domo
Lyden? Eburna, die age, cum lyra
maturct in comptum Lacaenac
more comas religata nodum.

XII

Nolís longa ferae bella Numantiae
nec durum Hannibalem nec Siculum marc
Poeno purpureum sanguine mollibus
aptarí citharae modis,

nec saecos Lapithas et nimium mero
Hylæum domitosque Herculea manu
telluris iuvenes, unde periculum
fulgens contremuit domus

Saturni veteris; tuque pedestribus
dieces historiis proelia Caesaris,
Maecenas, melius ductaque per vias
regum colla minacium.

Me dulces domínae Musa Licymniae
cautus, me voluit dicere lucidum
fulgentes oculos et bene mutuis
fidum pectus amoribus;

[ 57 ]
Here lie and drink. Wine blows away
The gnats of care. Go, slave,
Quick, this Falernian's fire allay
In yonder rushing wave.

Coax Lyde from her lurking-place,
With ivory lute arrayed,
Her tresses knotted with the grace
That marks the Spartan maid.

XII

Blood-drops of Carthage dyed Sicilian seas;
Fear came with Hannibal; Numantia grim
Saw weary fighting— but such themes as these
How should the soft lute hymn?

Nor how Hylaeus over-drunken warred
With Lapiths wild, nor how Alcides' might
Routed the Titans, charging till they jarred
Old Saturn's halls of light.

Withal, Maecenas, thou wilt best relate
In lordly prose of Caesar's martial feats,
And how he bowed the monarchs in their state
And led them through the streets.

For me the Muse hath other task: 'tis mine
To sing the shining eyes and voice so sweet
Of thy Licymnia, whose heart and thine
Ever as one shall beat.
CARMINUM II. xii, xiii

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 erine Licymniac,
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 saerilega manu
produxit, arbos, in nepotum
perniciem opprobriumque pagi;

illum et parentis crediderim sui
fregisse cervicem et penetralia
sparsisse nocturno cruore
hospitis ; ille venena Colcha

et quicquid usquam concipitur nefas
tractavit, agro qui statuit meo
te triste lignum, te caducum
in domini caput immerentis.

28 occupat

[ 58 ]
Gracious alike whene'er the dance she treads,
    Or flashes out a jest, or lifts in play
Her arms amid the throng of radiant maids
    On Dian's festal day.

For all the treasure of Achaemenes,
    Or Phrygia with Mygdon's riches rare,
Or Araby the blest—would'st give for these
    One strand of all her hair,

When to thy burning kiss she bows her neck,
    Or now denies thee in caprice of love
What, more than thee, she wishes thee to take,
    And sometimes robs thee of?

**XIII**

Accursed his hand who made thee grow
    And black the day he planted thee,
Foredoomed to work his children woe
    And shame the village, vicious tree!

Who set thee up on my estate,
    Disastrous log! to tumble on
Thy master's undeserving pate?
    I dare not think what he has done.

He broke his father's neck: he smote
    His guest beside the midnight hearth:
With dark Medea's drugs he wrought,
    And every bane devised on earth.
Quid quisque vitet, numquam homini satis cantum est in horas: navita Bosporum
Poenus perhorrescit, neque ultra cacca timet aliunde fata,
miles sagittas et celerem fngam Parthi, catenas Parthus et Italum robur; sed improvisa leti
vis rapuit rapietque gentes.

Quam paene furvae regna Proserpinae et indicantem vidimus Aeacum sedesque discriptas piorum et Aeoliis fidibus querentem

Sappho puellis de popularibus, et te sonantem plenius aureo, Alcaee, plectro dura navis,
dura fugae mala, dura belli!

Utrumque sacro digna silentio miraturm umbrae dicere; sed magis pugnas et exactos tyraunos
deousm umeris bibit aure vulgus.

Quid mirum, ubi illis carminibus stupens demittit atras belua centiceps aures et intorti capillis Eumenidum recreantur angues?

Quin et Prometheus et Pelopis parens dulci laborem decipitur sono; nec curat Orion leones ant timidos agitare lyncas.

23 discretas 38 laborum
From hour to hour not one of us
   Takes thought of his peculiar doom;
Bold sailors dread the Bosporus
   Nor heed what other fate may loom;
We fear the Mede who shoots and flies,
   And he the prison-walls of Rome;
And still in unimagined guise
   Comes Death on man, and aye will come.
How near the sombre Queen of Hell
   And Aeacus the judge was I!
The mansions where the blessed dwell,
   And Sappho wailing dolefully
Of her unloving maids: and thee
   Alcaens, as thou chantest o’er,
With golden quill, the toils of sea,
   The toils of exile, toils of war.
The Shades attend in solemn awe
   As meet they may when either sings,
But keener list and closer draw
   To songs of fights and banished kings.
Nay, e’en the hundred-headed hound
   Slinks every ear and listens thrilled;
And all the snakes that writhe around
   The Furies’ heads are charmed and stilled.
Prometheus too amid his woes
   And Pelops’ sire have rest a space;
Orion hearkens and forgoes
   The lion and the lynx to chase.
XIV

EHEU fugaces, Postume, Postume,
labuntur anni nec pitas moram
rugis et instanti senectae
afferet indomitaque morti:

non, si trecenis, quotquot eunt dies,
amice, places illacrimabilem
Plutona tauris, qui ter amplum
Geryonen Tityonque tristi

compescit unda, scilicet omnibus,
quicumque terrae munere veseimur,
enaviganda, sive reges
sive inopes erimus coloui.

Frustra eruento Marte carebimus
fractisque rauci fluctibus Hadriae,
frustria per autumnos nocentem
corporibus metuemus Austrum:

visendus ater flumine languido
Cyctos errans et Danaei genus
infame damnatusque longi
Sisyphus Aeolides laboris.

Linquenda tellus et domus et placens
uxor, neque harum, quas colis, arborum
te praeter invisas cupressos
ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

[ 60 ]
XIV

They go, my Postumus, they go,
The flying years! no pious faith
Can stay the furrows on the brow
And rushing Age and conquering Death,

Not, though with every sun that shines,
Thou slay three hecatombs to woo
The tearless Pluto, who confines
Huge Geryon and Tityrus too,

With yon sad flood that every man
Who feeds upon the gifts of earth
Must sail, be he of royal clan
Or hind of poor and lowly birth.

In vain from bloody war we run,
Or booming Adriais’s broken seas;
In vain through days of Autumn shun
Sirocco’s poison-laden breeze.

We yet must see Cocytus coil
His crawling stream, and Sisyphus
Condemned eternally to toil,
And the fell race of Danaus.

Land, house and winsome wife must all
Be left; and of thy cherished trees
None follows its brief owner’s pall
Except the woful cypresses.
Absumet heres Caecuba dignior
servata centum clavibus et mero
tinget pavimentum superbo,
pontificum potiore cenis.

XV

IAM paucar aratro iugera regiae
moles relinquent, undique latius
extenta visentur Lucrino
stagna lacu, platanusque caelebs
evincet ulmos; tum violaria et
myrthus et omnis copia narium
spargent olivetis odorem
fertilibus domino priori;
tum spissa ramis laurea fervidos
excludet ictus. Non ita Romul
praescriptum et intonsi Catonis
auspicis 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 inbentes et deorum
templa novo decorare saxo.

[ 61 ]
ODES II. xiv, xv

Thy worthier heir will drain the store
   Of wine that thon did'st guard so dear;
Yea, spill it on his marble floor,
   Though pontiffs never drank its peer.

XV

Soon princely palaces will make
   Ploughed acres rare, and ponds will spread
As wide as is the Lucrine lake,
   And lindens that no vine has wed
Will rout the elms; while gardens rich
   In violet and myrtle pour
A world of scent o'er olives which
   Gave elder owners goodly store,
And thickly matted laurel boughs
   Keep out the sun. Ah, other ways
Had Cato rough and Romulus
   In those untidy, good old days!
With them the State was rich, the man
   Was poor—he had no colonnade
Set North and stretching many a span
   To pamper him with air and shade.
Their laws allowed no man to scorn
   The wayside turf for building; stone
The State provided, to adorn
   The temples and the towns alone.
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,
Grospe, non gemmis neque purpura venale neque auro.

Non enim gazae neque consularis
summovet lictor miser us tumultus
mentis et curas laqueata circum
tecta volantes.

vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
splendet in mensa tenui salinum,
nec leves somnos timor aut cupidio
sordidus autert.

Quid brevi fortes iaeculamur aevo
multa? Quid terras alio calentes
sole mutamus? Patriae quis exsul
se quoque fugit?

Scandit aeratas vitiosa naves
cura nec turmas equitum relinquit,
ocior cervis et agente nimbos
ocior Euro.

[ 62 ]
XVI

'Rest, rest!' so prays the wind-bound tar
On Ocean's waste, when murk and wrack
Bury the Moon and show no star
To guide him on his track.

For rest prays Thrace, with war distraught,
And Medes whose quivers catch the sun;
The rest that gold nor gems e'er bought,
The rest no purples won.

Nor lictors at the consul's heel
Nor pomp and wealth can thrust aloof
The soul's unrest, the cares that wheel
Around a fretted roof.

Then well with him, on whose plain board
One bowl of antique silver gleams;
No sordid terrors for his hoard
Break on his easy dreams.

Why aim our little bolts so high?
Why haste to lands 'neath other suns?
From fatherland a man may fly,
From self he never runs.

Black Trouble climbs the brazen ships
And holds the troops of horse in chase,
Swift as the stag, or wind that whips
The driven clouds apace.
CARMINUM II. xvi, xvii

25 Laetus in praesens animus quod ultra est oderit curare et amara lento temperet risu; nihil est ab omni parte beatum.

Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem, longa Tithonum minuit senectus, et mihi forsan, tibi quod negarit, porriget hora.

Te greges centum Siculaeque circum mugiunt vaccae, tibi tollit hinnitum apta quadrigis equa, te bis Afro murice tinctae

vestiunt lanae: mihi parva rura et spiritum Graiae tennem Camenae Parca non mendax dedit et malignum spernere vulgus.

XVII

Cur me querellis examinas tuis?
Nec dis amicum est nec mihi te prius obire, Maecenas, mearnum grande decus coluemque rerum.

A! te meae si partem animae rapit maturior vis, quid moror altera,
nec carus aeque nec superstes integer? Ille dies utramque

[63]
Relish each hour and never care
What lies beyond: with gentle jest
Mellow the bitter things; for ne'er
Was mortal wholly blest.

Death took Achilles in his prime;
Tithonus lingered wretchedly
To wasting age. What thou from Time
Hast missed, may fall to me.

Thine are great herds of lowing kine
And sheep; a mare that neighs her pride
Doth draw thy car: thy raiment fine
Is purple double-dyed.

Yet Fate is true, and hath assigned
To me a breath of Grecian song,
Estate sufficient, and a mind
To scorn the carping throng.

XVII

O hush thy sighs, they break my heart!
Maecenas, heaven and I would hate
That thou should'st die the first, who art
The Sun, the Pillar of my fate.

If hasty Death take half my soul
In thee, how longer should I stay,
A broken fragment, not a whole,
And hating half-existence? Nay,
ducet ruinam. Non ego perfidum
dixi sacramentum: ibimus, ibimus,
utcumque praecedes, supremum
carpere iter comites parati.

Me nec Chimaerae spiritus ignae
nec, si resurgat, centimanus Gyas
divellet umquam: sic potenti
lnstitiae placitumque Parcis.

Seu Libra seu me Scorpios aspicit
formidolosus, pars violentior
natalis horae, seu tyrannus
Hesperiae Capricornus undae,

utrumque nostrum incredibili modo
consentit astrum. Te Iovis impio
tutela Saturno refulgens
eripuit volucrisque Fati

tardavit alas, cum populus frequens
lactum theatris ter crepuit sonum:
me truncus illapsus cerebro
sustulerat, nisi Faunus iictum
dextra levasset, Mercurialium
custos virorum. Reddere victimas
aedemque votivam memento:
nos humilem feriemus agnam.

14 gigas codd. plerique
ODES II. xvii

One day shall end us twain! the oath
I swore to thee was true and fast:
Lead on, and let us journey both
Shoulder to shoulder, to the last.

Chimaera with her flaming breath
Nor Gyas hundred-armed set free
Again shall part us e’en in death:
So Justice and the Fates decree.

Whatever planet saw me born,
And sways my life—perchance the Scales,
Or Scorpion grim, or Capricorn,
The tyrant of the Western gales—

In wondrous wise our stars agree:
For beaming back ’gainst Saturn’s hate
The care of Jove delivered thee
And clogged the wings of rushing Fate,

When loud with cheers and cheers again
The theatre echoed row on row;
And me—yon tree had crushed my brain
But Fannus’ hand kept off the blow,

For ever he defends the sons
Of Mercury. Then duly pay
Thy votive steers and altar-stones,
And I a little lamb will slay.
XVIII

Non ebur neque aureum
mea renidet in domo lacunar,
non trabes Hymettiae
premunt columnas ultima recisas
Africa, neque Attali
ignotus heres regiam occupavi,
nec Laconicas mihi
trahunt honestae purpuras clientae:
at fides et ingeni
benigna vena est, pauperemque dives
me petit; nihil supra
deos lacesso nec potentem amicum
largiora flagito,
satis beatus unicos Sabinis.

Truditur dies die,
novaeque pergunt interirc lunae.
Tu secanda marmora
locas sub ipsum funus et sepulcri
immemor struis domos,
marisque Bais obstrepentis urges
summoverc litora,
parum locuples continente ripa.
Quid, quod usque proximos
revellis agri terminos et ultra
limites clientium
salis avarus? Pellitum paternos
in sinis ferens deos
et uxor et vir sordidosque natos.
XVIII

No gleam of gold or ivory
    Illumes my panelled roof:
Here no Hymettian marbles be,
Laid upon columns hewn for me
    In Africa far-off;
No Attalus his palace leaves
    To me his unknown heir,
No band of noble ladies weaves
    Laconian purples rare.
But I have honour and good store
Of wit, and so though I be poor
The wealthy seek me out. No more
    Of heaven can I require,
No more my patron's bounty crave,
For in the Sabine farm he gave
    I have my heart's desire.
Day tramples day, new moons pursue
    Their end—but thou, so nigh
The grave, art hiring men to hew
Thee marble for a mansion new,
    Forgetting thou must die:
Why, thou would'st push the waves that break
On Baiae back to sea, to make
    More space to serve thy need:
Anon upon a neighbour's grounds
Thou leapest, and a client's bounds
    Uprootest in thy greed,
Till forth both man and woman fare,
And in their arms their gods they bear,
    And little ragged clan;
Nulla certior tamen
rapacis Orci fine destinata
aula divitem manet
crum. Quid ultra tendis? Acquatellus
pauperi recluditur
regumque pueris, nec satelles Orci
callidum Promethea
revexit auro captus. Hic superbum
Tantalum atque Tantali
genus coërcet, hic levare functum
pauperem laboribus
vocatus atque non vocatus audit.

XIX

BACCHUM in remotis carmina rupibus
vidi docentem—credite posteri—
Nymphasque discentes et aures
capripedum Satyrorum acutas.

Euoe, recenti mens trepidat metu
plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum
laetatur. Euoe, parce Liber,
parce, gravi metuende thyrso!

Fas pervicaces est mihi Thyiadas
vinique fontem, lactis et uberes
cantare rivos atque truncis
lapsa cavis iterare mella;
ODES II. xviii, xix

But ne’er a hall its lord awaits
So surely as the certain gates
   Of Death wait every man.
Why struggle idly? Earth is just:
It yawns for prince and pauper’s dust;
   And Charon ne’er was won
By gold or cunning to restore
Prometheus to the hither shore;
Yea, Pelops’ race he watches o’er—
   Imperious sire and son:
But likewise to the poor he lists
And, bidden or unbid, assists
   The hind whose toil is done.

XIX

I’ve watched (believe me, future years!)
   While Bacchus taught the Nymphs a lay,
And goat-foot Satyrs pricked their ears,
   Over the mountains far away.

Hail, Bacchus, to thee! even now
   My heart’s a-leap with joy and fright;
Hail and forbear! for dread art thou
   When thou dost lift thy rod to smite.

So may I praise thy devotees
   Who never tire, the founts of wine,
The honey-drip from hollow trees,
   The foaming streams of milk divine,

[66]
fas et beatæ coniugis additum
stellis honorem tectaque Penthei
disiecta novi leni ruina,
Thrácis et exitium Lycurgi.

Tu flectis amnes, tu mare barbarum,
tu separatis uvidus in iugis
nodo coërces viperino
Bistonidum sine fraude crines:

tu, cum parentis regna per arduum
cohors Gigantum scanderet impia,
Rhoetum retorsisti leonis
unguibus horribilique mala;

quamquam choreis aptior et ioci
ludoque dictus non sat idoneus
pugnae ferebaris: sed idem
pacis eras mediusque belli.

Te vidit insons Cerberus aurco
cornu decorum, leniter atterens
caudam, et recedentis trilingui
ore pedes tetigitque crura.

XX

Non usitata nec tenui ferar
penna biformis per liquidum aethera
vates, neque in terris morabor
longius, invidiaque maior
ODES II. xix, xx

So sing how 'mid the stars is set
  The Crown of thy transfigured spouse,
The awful end Lycurgus met,
  The utter wreck of Pentheus' house.

Thou swayest streams and outer seas,
  And full of wine on some lone hill
Bindest the locks of Maenades
  In knots of vipers, scatheless still.

Once when the godless Giant gang
  Would put thy Father's realm to sack,
Armed with a lion's claw and fang
  Thou, thou didst topple Rhoetus back.

Men knew thy worth in dance and game
  And jesting, but did doubt thy part
In fight: yet wert thou still the same
  Alike of war and peace the heart.

Thee with thy golden horn bedecked
  E'en Cerberus grew mild to greet:
He brushed thee with his tail, and licked
  With all his tongues thy home-set feet.

XX

Now bard and bird supreme I ride
  On faery wing the azure skies
No more will I on earth abide,
  But scorning human jealousies,
CARMINUM II. xx

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 notior Icaro
visam gementis litora Bospori
Syrtesque Gaetulas canorus
alcs 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 sepulcri
mitte supervacuos honores.
ODES II. xx

Will quit the cities. Ne'er shall I,
The lowly-born—shall I, whom thou
Befriendest, dear Maecenas, die
Or fret beyond the Stygian slough.

Lo, o'er my shrunken legs there comes
Rough skin, and from the waist I take
A bird's white form, and shining plumes
Are showing on my hands and neck.

More widely famed than Icarus
In music soaring I will go
Beyond the moaning Bosporus,
And Afric sand and Arctic snow.

To Scyths and Serbs who hide their fear
Of Roman swords shall I be known;
Of me the far-off Goths shall hear,
And cultured Spain and they of Rhone.

Upon my empty obsequies
No dirge be sung, no tear be shed:
Hush lamentation, and suppress
The idle honours of the dead.
DI profanum vulgus et arceo;
favete linguis: carmina non prius
audita Musarum sacerdos
virginibus puerisque canto.

Regum timendorum in proprios greges,
reges in ipsos imperium est Iovis
clari Giganteo triumpho,
cuncta supercilio moventis.

Est, ut viro vir latius ordinet
arbusta sulcis, hic generosior
descendat in Campum petitor,
moribus hic meliorque fama

contendat, illi turba clientium
sit maior: aequa lege Necessitas
sortitur insignes et imos;
omne capax movet urna nomen.
ODES

BOOK III

I

I hate and spurn the common throng;
Hush every noise! the Muses' priest,
I chant of things no man hath sung
For maids and youths to list.

Kings have dominion o'er their flocks;
Yet very kings to Jove bow down:
Flushed with the Giants' fall, he rocks
The Cosmos with a frown.

One man may plant in wider rows
His trees—and some for office strive,
(One nobly-born, and one who shows
A cleaner name and life,

One with a larger client herd)
Yet Fate unmoved throws lots in turn
For high and low: each name is stirred
In one capacious urn.
CARMINUM III. 1

Destrictus ensis cui super impia
cervice pendent, non Siculae dapes
dulcem elaborabunt saporem,
non avium citharaeque cantus

somnum reducent. Somnus agrestium
lenis virorum non humiles domos
fastidit umbrosamque ripam,
non Zephyris agitata Tempe.

Desiderantem quod satis est neque
tumultuosum sollicitat mare,
 nec saevus Arcturi cadentis
impetus aut orientis Haedi,

non verberatae grandine vineae
fundusque mendax, arbore nunc aquas
culpante, nunc torrentia agros
sidera, nunc hiemes iniquas.

Contracta pisces acquora sentiunt
iactis in altum molibus; hoc frequens
caelementa demittit redemptor
cum famulis dominusque terrae

fastidiosus. Sed Timor et Minae
scandunt eodem, quo dominus, neque
decedit aerata triremi et
post equitem sedet atra Cura.

Quodsi dolentem nec Phrygius lapis
nec purpurarum sidere clarior
delenit usus nec Falerna
vitis Achaemeniumque costum,
ODES III. 1

For him above whose wicked head
The naked sabre swings, in vain
Are feasts of dainty savour spread:
Nor lute's nor linnet's strain

Shall win him sleep—the sleep of ease
That falls content o'er country hinds
In humble homes, and 'neath the trees—
Or Tempe stirred of winds.

Who seeks the things that shall suffice
He recks not how the billows roll,
Arcturus' setting, Haedus' rise
Shall trouble not his soul.

Not though his vines are lashed with sleet,
And every field its promise fails,
When trees complain of parching heat,
Or winter's cruel gales.

The very fish feel cramped: a band
Of builders, with their gang of slaves,
Whose lord disdains to dwell on land,
Shoot rubble 'mid the waves.

Yet none may mount beyond the grip
Of Fright and Fear, that climb beside;
Black Care can board the brazen ship,
And ride with them that ride.

If marbles nor Falernian jars
Nor fragrance of the treasured East
Nor purple robes that dim the stars
Can heal a mind diseased,
CARMINUM III. ii

45 cur invidendis postibus et novo
suble mortu moliar atrium?
Cur valle permutem Sabina
Divitias operosiores?

II

Angustam amice pauperiem pati
robustus acri militia puer
condiscat et Parthos feroce
vexet eques metuendus hasta

vitamque sub divo et trepidis agat
in rebus. Illum ex moenibus hosticis
matrona bellantis tyranni
prospiciens et adulta virgo

suspiret, eheu, ne rudis agminum
sponsus lacessat regius asperum
tactu leonem, quem cruenta
per medias rapit ira caedes.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori:
mors et fugacem persecutur virum,
nec parcit imbellis iuventae
poplitibus timidoque tergo.

Virtus repulsae nescia sordidae
intaminatis fulget honoribus,
nec sumit aut ponit secures
arbitrio popularis aurae.

[ 71 ]
ODES III. 1, II

Why build a pillared mansion new,
Whose lofty gates will envy wake?
Or why for wealth, and worry too,
My Sabine dale forsake?

II

Let every sturdy lad delight
To bear the pinch and press of war:
And train him stoutly as a knight
To plague the fiery Parthians sore,

And spend afield his crowded hours.
So when yon fighting tyrant’s bride
Describes him from the foeman’s towers,
Or some tall maiden at her side,

She’ll sigh ‘Alas! preserve my king,
Untutored yet in battle’s lore,
From rousing yon grim lion’s spring,
Who leaps and slays in wrath and gore!’

To die for home is sweet and fair;
Death overtakes the man who flees,
Nor pities youth, nor thinks to spare
The coward back, the craven knees.

No base defeat can Virtue own;
She glows with glory naught can dim;
She takes not, lays not office down,
To please the people’s gusty whim.
CARMINUM III. n, m

Virtus recludens immeritis mori
caelum negata temptat iter via,
coetusque vulgares et ndam
spenit humum fugiente penna.

25
Est et fidel tuta silentio
merces: vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum
vulgarit arcanae, sub isdem
sit trabibus fragilemque mecum

solvat phaselon; saepe Diespiter
neglectus incesto addidit integrum:
raro antecedentem seelestum
dsernit pede Poena claudio.

III

Iustum et tenacem propositi virum
non civium ardor prava inbentium,
non vultus instantis tyranni
mente quatit solida neque Auster,

dux inquieti turbidus Hadriac,
nec fulminantis magna manus Iovis;
si fractus illabatur orbis,
impavidum serient ruinae.

Hac arte Pollux et vagus Hercules

10 enisus arces attigit igneas,
quos inter Augustus recumbens
purpureo bibit ore nectar.

[ 72 ]
To such great hearts as may not die,
By ways untrodden faring forth
She opes the skies: her wings defy
The rabble and the mire of Earth.

Wise silence hath sure meed as well:
Divulge the rites of Ceres dark,
And 'neath my roof thou shalt not dwell
Nor launch with me the fragile bark.

For oft offended Deity
Impure and pure alike doth rend:
And lame of foot though Vengeance be,
She dogs the sinner to the end.

The just man to his purpose vowed
Bends to no clamour of a crowd
Of knaves: no tyrant angry-browed
Can shake his granite will,

Nor seas by stormy Auster swirled,
Nor bolts the hand of Jove hath hurled;
The fragments of a shivered world
Would strike him dauntless still.

So won to starry palaces
Pollux and roving Hercules,
And with them Caesar lies at ease,
His lips with nectar bright;
CARMINUM III. iii

Hac te merentem, Bacche pater, tuae
vexere titres indocili iugum
15 collo trahentes; hac Quirinus
Martis equis Acheronta fugit,
gratum elocuta consiliantibus
Iunone divis: Ilion, Ilion
fatalis incestusque index
et mulier peregrina vertit
in pulvere, ex quo destituit deos
mercede pacta Laomedon, mihi
20 castaeque damnatum Minervae
cum populo et duce fraudulento.

Iam nec Lacaenae splendet adulterae
famosus hospes nec Priami domus
periura pugnaces Achivos
Hectoreis opibus refringit,
25 nostrisque ductum seditionibus
bellum resedit. Protinus et graves
iras et invisum nepotem,
Troica quem peperit sacerdos,
Martii redonabo; illum ego lucidas
inire sedes, ducere nectaris
30 sucos, et adscribi quietis
ordinibus patiar deorum.

Dum longus inter saeviat Ilion
Romamque pontus, qualibet exsules
in parte regnante beati;
35 dum Priami Paridisque busto

[73]
ODES III, iii

So father Bacchus, as thy due,
Thy car the chafing tigers drew;
So Romulus from Acheron flew
On Mars' own steeds of light;

When to the gods in council said
Fair-spoken Juno 'Troy is dead;
The doomed and wicked judge, who wed
That quean from o'er the sea,

'Destroyed it; I and Pallas both
To ruin king and race took oath,
When false Laomedon was loath
To pay the gods their fee;

'No more the wanton Helen's smiles
Reward the guilty stranger's wiles;
Nor Priam's sons the Grecian files
By Hector's might o'errun.

'The war prolonged by enmities
In heaven is hushed: and I dismiss
My wrath with Mars—my bitterness
Against his daughter's son,

'The child of Ilia; I submit
Enthroned in heaven to see him sit,
And drain the nectar, and be writ
Among the gods at peace.

'While rolls the deep 'twixt Troy and Rome,
The exiles in an alien home
May thrive and rule: while o'er the tomb
Of Trojan monarchies

[ 73 ]
CARMINUM III. iii

insultet armentum et catulos ferae
celent inultae, stet Capitolium
fulgens triumphatisque possit
Roma ferox dare iura Medis.

Horrenda late nomen in ultimas
extendat oras, qua medius liquor
secernit Europen ab Afro,
qua tumidus rigat arva Nilus,
aurum irrepetum et sic melius situm,
cum terra celat, spernere fortior
quam cogere humanos in usus
omne sacrum rapiente dextra.

Quicumque mundo terminus obstitit,
hunc tanget armis, visere gestiens,
quae parte debacchentur ignes,
quae nebulae pluviique rores.

Sed bellicosis fata Quiritibus
hac lege dico, ne nimium piii
rebusque fidentes avitae
tecta velint reparare Troiae.

Troiae renascens alite lugubri
fortuna tristi clade iterabitur,
ducente victrices catervas
coniuge me Jovis et sorore.

Ter si resurgat murus aëneus
auctore Phoebo, ter percat meis
excisus Argivis, ter uxor
capta virum puerosque ploret.
"The cattle play, and unpursued
The mother-leopard hides her brood,
Proud Rome shall hold the Medes subdued,
And stately gleam her Fane;

"Her name shall fling its terror wide,
Where Africa mid-seas divide
From Europe, or where Nilus' tide
Up-swells and floods the plain:

"Braver to scorn the hidden gold
Than hale it from earth's wiser hold
For human use, with fingers bold
Even to sacrilege.

"Ay, to the barriers of Earth
Her hungry eagles shall go forth
Where mist and rain possess the North,
Or suns in fury rage.

"But on these terms do I declare
The Romans' fortune—that they ne'er
Through reverence or pride repair
The wreck of Ilion.

Unlucky Troy restored to life
Shall fall anew in bloody strife,
And I—Jove's sister and His wife—
Will lead the victors on.

"If thrice the brazen rampart rise
At Phoebus' beck, my Argives thrice
Shall sap it, and the widows' cries
Go up for warriors slain.'
CARMINUM III. iv

Non hoc iocosae conveniet lyrae:
quo, Musa, tendis? Desine pervicax
referre sermones deorum et
magna modis tenuare parvis.

IV

DESCENDE caelo et dic age tibia
regina longum Calliope melos,
seu voce nunc mavis acuta,
seu fidibus citharave Phoebi.

5

Auditis, an me ludit amabilis
insania? Audire et videor pios
errare per lucos, amoenae
quos et aquae subeunt et auro.

Me fabulosae Vulture in Apulo
nutricis extra limen Apuliea
ludo fatigatumque somno
fronde nova puerum palumbes
texere, mirum quod foret omnibus,
quicumque celsae nidum Acherontiae
saltusque Bantinos et arvum
pingne tenent humilis Forenti,

ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
dormirem et ursis, ut premerer sacra
lauroque collataque myrto,
non sine dis animosus infans.

10 nutricis...limina Pulliae codd. aliqui. inde alii alia
conjectaverunt.
ODES III. III, IV

Stop, wayward Muse! thy song doth mate
The lute but ill. Of gods' debate
Prattle no more; nor mar so great
A theme with thy poor strain.

IV

Calliope, thy heavens forsake,
And fill with lingering song the flute:
Or lift thy silvery voice, or wake
The chords of Phoebus' lute.

O listen! are these mocking dreams,
That she is bidding me to rove
Where pleasant airs and pleasant streams
Caress the holy grove?

Once, when a child on Voltur's steep
Beyond Apulia's bounds I strayed,
And tired of play was fain to sleep,
The fairy ring-doves made
My bed of leaves—a marvel told
By folk along the Bantine dale,
From Acherontia's craggy hold,
To rich Forentum's vale;

How safe from deadly snake or bear,
'Neath bay and holy myrtle piled,
I slumbered—sure, the gods had care
Of such a daring child!

[75]
CARMINUM III. IV

Vester, Camenae, vester in arduos
tollor Sabinos, seu mihi frigidum
Praeneste seu Tibur supinum
seu liquidae placuere Baiae.

Vestris amicum fontibus et choris
non me Philippis versa acies retro,
devota non extinxit arbos,
nec Sicula Palinurus unda.

Utenumque mecum vos eritis, libens
insanientem navita Bosporum
temptabo et urcentes harenas
litoris Assyrii viator;
visam Britannos hospitibus feros
et lactum equino sanguine Concanum.

Vos Caesarem altum, militia simul
fessas cohortes abdidit oppidis,
finire quaerentem labores
Pierio recreatis antro.

Vos lene consilium et datis et dato
gaudetis, almæ. Scimus, ut impios
Titanas immanemque turmam
fulmine sustulerit caduco,
qui terram inertem, qui mare temperat
ventosum, et urbes regnaque tristia
divosque mortalesque turbas
imperio regit unus aequo.

[76]
So, when I seek bright Baiae's shores,
Low Tibur or Praeneste chill,
Or climb my Sabine uplands, yours,
Yours, Muses, am I still.

I love your choirs and founts, and ye
Have kept me safe through divers harms:
Philippi's rout, yon fatal tree,
And Palinurus' storms.

If ye be still at my right hand,
I'll trudge with willing heart across
Assyria's waste of scorching sand,
Or sail wild Bosporus,

'Mid savage Britons go unhurt
And Basques, who drink of horses' blood,
Or Scythians with quivers girt,
Where rolls the Volga's flood.

So, when his war-worn companies
Great Caesar hath to quarters brought,
And turns to rest, ye give him ease
In your Pierian grot,

Good Nine, who give and love to give
Your counsel soft. We know full well
How on the Titans' monstrous hive
The crashing levin fell

Of Jove, who sways the windy seas,
Dull earth, and towns and realms of gloom,
And throngs of men and deities,
With one impartial doom.
Carminum III. iv

*Magnum illa terrorem intulerat Iovi fidens inuentus horrida bracchiis, fratresque tendentes opaco Pelion imposuisse Olympos.*

*Sed quid Typhoeus et validus Mimas, aut quid minaci Porphyriion statn, quid Rhoetus evulisisque trunci Enceladus iaculator audax contra sonantem Palladis aegida possent ruentes? Hinc avidus stetit Vulcanus, hinc matrona Iuno et numquam umeris positurus arcum,*

*qui rore puro Castalae lavit crines solutos, qui Lyciae tenet dumeta natalemque silvam, Delius et Patareus Apollo.*

*Vis consili expers mole ruit sua: vim temperatam di quoque provehunt in maius; idem odere vires omne nefas animo moventes.*

*Testis mearum centimans Gyas sententiarum, notus et integrae temptator Orion Dianae, virginea domitus sagitta.*

*Iniecta monstris Terra dolet suis maeretque partus fulmine luridum missos ad Orcum; nec peredit impositam celer ignis Aetnam,*

*69 gigas codd. plerique*
Yet cause enough had Jove to dread
  The bristling arms of those proud foes,
Who strove on dark Olympus' head
  Huge Pelion to impose.

But what could lusty Mimas do,
  Or what Porphyrian's front of scorn,
What Rhoetus, or his twin who threw
  Like spears the trees up torn,

'Gainst Pallas' clanging shield? and there
  With Jove stood Vulcan hungry-eyed,
And Juno Queen, and He who ne'er
  Shall lay his bow aside,

Who bathes his hair in crystal floods
  Of Castaly: and aye doth guard
His native Lycia's brakes and woods—
  Delos' and Patara's lord.

Blind force of its own might is spent:
  Self-tempered force the gods prolong
To higher ends: but they resent
  A power that works for wrong.

Let hundred-handed Gyas be
  My witness, and Orion who
Attempted Dian's purity,
  And whom her arrow slew.

Earth, piled above her brood, may fret
  And moan for them the thunder cast
To pallid Hell; no quick flame yet
  Hath gnawed through Etna vast;
CARMINUM III. iv, v

incontinentis nec Tityi iecur
reliquit ales, nequitiae additus
custos; amatorem trecentae
Pirithoum cohibent catenae.

V

CAELO tonantem credidimus Iovem
regnare: praesens divus habebitur
Augustus adiectis Britannis
imperio gravibusque Persis.

Milesne Crassi coniuge barbara
turpis maritus vixit et hostium—
pro curia inversique mores!—
consensit soceorum in armis

sub rege Medo Marsus et Apulus,
anciliorum et nominis et togae
oblitus aeternaeque Vestae,
incolumni Iove et urbe Roma?

Hoc caverat mens provida Reguli
dissentientis conditionibus
foedis et exemplo trahentis
perniciem veniens in aevum,

si non periret immiserabilis
captiva pubes. Signa ego Punicis
adfixa delubris et arma
militibus sine caede, dixit,

ODES III. iv, v

And still o'er wanton Tityus' reins
The vulture perches at his post;
And still Pirithous lies in chains
And pays the price of lust.

V

His thunder shows Jove reigns in heaven:
And Caesar, once he lays his rod
On Medes and Britons, shall be given
The honours of incarnate god.

Hath he who served with Crassus stooped
To wed a savage wife, and grow
Grey-haired (O Rome thou art corrupt!)
In hiring to her kin, our foe?

Serving a king, though free of birth,
Forgetting name and garb of home,
The Shields, and Vesta's living hearth,
Though still they stand, the shrines of Rome?

Ah, when far-seeing Regulus
Flung back the shameful terms with scorn.
This was the bane he feared for us,
This ruin for the years unborn.

'Let Roman captives go unwept
To death. Our banners hang,' he cried.
In Punic fanes, with harness stripped
From men who better far had died.
derepta vidi; vidi ego civium
retorta tergo bracchia libero
portasque non clausas et arva
Marte coli populata nostro.

Auro repensus scilicet acrior
miles redibit.—Flagitio additis
damnum: neque amissos colores
lana refert medicata fuco,

uoc vera virtus, cum semel excidit,
curat reponi deterioribus.
Si pugnat extricata densis
cerva plagis, erit ille fortis,
qui perfidis se credidit hostibus,
et Marte Poenos proteret altero,
qui lora restrictis lacertis
sensit iners timuitque mortem.

Hic, unde vitam sumeret inscius,
pacem duello miscuit. O pudor!
O magna Carthago, probrosis
altior Italiae ruinis!

Fertur pudicae coniugis osculum
parvosque natos ut capitis minor
ab se removisse et virilem
torvus humi posuisse vultum:

donec labantes consilio patres
firmaret auctor numquam alias dato,
terneque maerentes amicos
egregius properaret exsul.
ODES III. v

"For I have seen them—seen the arms
Of freemen twisted back and bound;
The gates stood open; and the farms
We fired before were harvest-crowned.

"Ye tell me that a man regained
With gold is keener? 'tis to add
Scathe unto scandal! fleeces stained
Have lost for aye the hue they had.

"So, once she quit him, Valour scorns
To repossess the craven. When
The doe that breaks the meshes turns
To fight, will he be brave again

"Who's trusted foes that ever lied;
Ay, crush them in a future fray,
Who's let his arms with thongs be tied
And looked on Death, and turned away.

"He fancied war and peace were one:
That Death were Life he did not know:
O Carthage, thou dost shame us, grown
So mighty in our overthrow!"

So, like a man outcasted, runs
The tale—he thrust away from him
His loving wife and little sons
And bent on earth his visage grim;

Till with such words as none e'er spoke
He braced the Senate's doubts at last,
Then from his grieving friends he broke
And to immortal exile passed.
CARMINUM III. v, vi

Atqui sciebat quae sibi barbarns
tortor pararet; non aliter tamen
dimovit obstantes propinquos
et populum reeditus morantem,
quam si clientum longa negolina
diindiciata lite relinquaret,
tendens Venafrianos in agros
ant Lacedaemonium Tarentum.

VI

DELIETA maiorum immertitfus iucis,
Romane, donee templo refereceris
acdesque labentes deorum et
foeda nigro simulacra fumo.

Dis te minorem quod geris, imperas;
hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.
Di multa neglecti dederunt
Hesperino mala lucuosae.

cum bis Monaeses et Paeori maus
non asepiatos contudit impetus
nostros et adiecisse prædam
torquibus exiguis renidel,

Paaee occupatatm seditionibus
delevit Urbem Dacus et Aethiopae,
hic classe formidatus, ille
missibus melior sagittis.
ODES III. v, vi

Ay, knowing well the savage rack
   Would wreak its wrath on every limb,
He parted kin who held him back,
   And citizens who wrought with him;

Unmoved, as if the lawsuits tried,
   Of clients' weary business free,
To the Venafran fields he hied,
   Or Greek Tarentum by the sea.

VI

On thee shall lie thy fathers' guilt
   Though not, O Roman, thine the crime,
Till stands each ruined fane rebuilt
   And clean the statues black with grime.

Submit to Heaven, and thereby reign;
   Of all this is the source, the sum;
On woful Italy what bane
   From her neglected gods has come!

Lo, now the Parthian captains twice
   Have shattered our attacks unblest,
And necklaces of little price
   With Roman spoils have proudly dressed.

While faction wracked the City through,
   The Ethiopian with his ships,
The Dacian with his archers too,
   How nigh they brought her to eclipse!
CARMINUM III. vi

Fecunda culpa saecula nuptias
primum inquinavere et genus et domos;
hoc fonte derivata clades
in patriam populumque fluxit.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
matura virgo et fingitur artibus
iam nunc et incestos amores
de tenero meditatur ungui;

mox iuniores quaerit adulteros
inter mariti vina, neque eligit
cui donet impermissa raptim
gandia luminibus remotis;

sed iussa coram non sine conscio
surgit marito, seu vocat institor
seu navis Hispanae magister,
dedecorum pretiosus empor.

Non his inventus orta parentibus
infecit aequor sanguine Punico,
Pyrrhumque et ingentem cecidit
Antiochum Hannibalemque dirum;

sed rusticorum mascula militum
proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
versare glebas et severae
matris ad arbitrium recisos

portare fustes, sol ubi montium
mutaret umbras et inga demeret
bobus fatigatis, amicum
tempus agens abenute curra.
ODES III. vi

Our vicious age polluted first
The wedding-tie, and home and clan:
And thence the tide of poison burst
That has o'erwhelmed us, land and man.

The ripening maid is keen to learn
Ionian measures: she acquires
The tricks of art, and soon there burn
Within her heart unholy fires.

Ere long she quits her drunken lord
For younger mates: nor beckons one
To whom to give what she should guard,
As soon as all the lamps are gone,

But with her husband's knowledge fain
She goes at call, whoe'er it be,
Pedlar or merchant prince from Spain,
Whose ingots buy her infamy.

Of no such stock were they, who dyed
The seas with Punic blood, and smote
Antiochus' and Pyrrhus' pride
And Hannibal of dreadful note,

But warlike yeomen's sturdy brood,
Well used to dig with Sabine spade,
Or cut and carry home the wood
Whene'er a rigorous mother bade.

What time the Sun threw shadows far
Downhill, to bid the cattle leave
The yoke, and with his westering car
Led on the kindly hour of eve.
Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?
Aetas parentum pcior avis tulit
nos nequiores, mox datusnos progeniem vitiosiorem.

VII

Quid fies, Asteric, quem tibi candidi
primo restituent vere Favonii
Thyna merce beatum,
constantis iuvenem fide,

Gygen? Ille Notis actus ad Oricum
post insana Caprae sidera frigidas
noctes non sine multis
insomnis lacrimis agit.

Atqui sollicitae nuntius hospitae,
suspirare Chloën et miseram tuis
dicens ignibus uri,
temptat mille vaf er modis.

Ut Proetum mulier perfida credulum
falsis impulerit criminibus, nimis

C esto Bellerophon ti
maturare necem, refert.

Narr at paene datum Pelea Tartaro,
Magnessam Hippolyten dum fugit abstinen;
et peccare docentes
fallax historias monet.
ODES III. vi, vii

Where hath not Time his havoc wrought?
Our parents worser than their own
A baser race in us begot,
To breed yet viler sons anon.

VII

Why weepest thou, Asterie?
The winds of May that bring the blue
Shall carry Gyges back to thee
Enriched with Thynian freights, and true.

To Oricum by south winds borne,
While Capra rent with storm the sky,
With many a tear, awake and lorn,
He sees the chilly nights go by.

Yet from his hostess, passion-torn,
Comes word to him how Chloe sighs,
And with a love like thine is worn:
Her envoy all his cunning tries:

He tells how once a woman's lie
Drove trusting Proetus on to kill
Bellerophon, whose chastity
Made him withstand her wicked will;

How Peleus fled the Thracian queen,
And nigh for continence was slain:
Ay, every tale that teaches sin
His wily tongue employs—in vain;
CARMINUM III. vii, viii

Frustra: nam scopulis surdior Icari
voces audit adhuc integer. At tibi
ne vicinus Enipeus
plus insto placeat, cave;

25 quamvis non alius flectere equum sciens
aeque conspicitur gramine Martio,
nectis quam citus aeque
Tusco denatat alveo.

Prima nocte domum clande neque in vias
sub cantu querulae despice tibiae,
et te saepe vocanti
duram difficilis mane.

VIII

Martis caelebs quid agam Kalendis,
quid velint flores et acerra turis
plena, miraris, positusque carbo in
caespite vivo,

docte sermones utriusque linguae?
Voveram dulces epulas et album
Libero caprum prope funeratus
arboris ictu.

Hic dies anno redeunte festus
corticem adstrictum pice dimovebit
amphorae fumum bibere institutae
consule Tullo.

[ 83 ]
ODES III. vii, viii

For every word falls on an ear
Deaf as the rocks; it moves him not:
But heed thou, lest Enipeus there
Allure thee more than neighbour ought.

Although no other like to him
Is seen to wheel so well his horse,
Across the turf of Mars; nor swim
So swiftly down the Tiber’s course.

Bar doors at sundown: flutes may moan,
But peer not thou abroad to see:
And though he call thee hard as stone,
A many times—unyielding be.

VIII

The first of March! and does it vex thy soul
That I, a man unwed,
Have got me flowers and frankincense and coal
On green grass-altar spread;

O skilled in lore of Greece and Italy?
This he-goat white I vowed
As feast for Bacchus, when the falling tree
Brought me so near my shroud.

So every year this day with cheery joke
The rosin seals I’ll strip
From jars laid up to mellow ’mid the smoke
In Tullus’ consulship.

[ 83 ]
Sume, Maecenas, cyathos amici
sospitis centum et vigiles lucernas
perfer in lucem: procul omnis esto
clamor et ira.

Mitte civiles super urbe curas:
Occidit Daci Cotisonis agmen,
Medus infestus sibi luctuosis
dissidet armis,

servit Hispanae vetus hostis orae
Cantaber sera domitus catena,
iam Scythae laxo meditantur areu
cedere campis.

Neglegens, ne qua populus laboret
paree privatus nimium cavere:
dona praesentis cape laetus horae et
linque severa.

IX

DONEC gratus eram tibi
nec quisquam potior bracchia candidae
cervici iuvenis dabat,
Persarum vigni rege beatior.

DONEC non alia magis
arsisti neque erat Lydia post Chloën,
multi Lydia nominis
Romana vigni clarior Ilia.

Me nunc Thressa Chloë regit,
dulces docta modos et citharae sciens,

[84]
Then take a hundred cups, Maccenas, for
Thy friend's escape from harm;
Feed all the lamps till dawn: and bar the door
To discord and alarm.

O'er weighty cares of State no longer brood:
The Dacian Cottiso
And all his host are fallen; rent with feud
Mede eyeth Mede as foe;

In Spain our enemies of long ago
Are bound at last in chains;
At last the Scythian thinks to slack his bow
And quit the conquered plains.

Then be an idle man, with ne'er a thought
For how the people fare:
Content to take the gifts To-day has brought,
And cry 'good-bye' to Care.

IX

Horace. While I was gracious in thy sight,
Nor favoured rival dared to fling
His arms about thy neck so white,
Richer was I than Persia's king.

Lydia. When thou did'st love me, me alone,
Nor Lydia after Chloe came,
I, Lydia, then had great renown,
O'ertopping Roman Ilia's fame.

Horace. I worship Thracian Chloe now
So sweet she sings, she harps so well:
CARMINUM III. IX, X

pro qua non metuam mori,
   si parcent animae fata superstiti,
Me torret face mutua
   Thurini Calaüs filius Ornyti,
pro quo bis patiar mori,
   si parcent puero fata superstiti.
Quid, si prisca redit Venus
   diductosque iugo cogit aëneo,
   si flava excutitur Chloë
reiectaeque patet ianna Lydiae?
Quamquam sidere pulchrior
   ille est, tu levior cortice et improbo
iracundior Hadria,
   tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

X

EXTREMUM Tanain si biberes, Lyce,
saevo nupta viro, me tamen asperas
porrectum ante fores obicere incolis
   plorares Aquilonibus.

Audis quo strepitu ianua, quo nemus
   inter pulchra satum tecta remugiat
ventis, et positas ut glaciet nives
   puro numine Iuppiter?

Ingratam Veneri pone superbiam,
   ne currente retro funis eat rota.
non te Penelopen difficilem procis
   Tyrrhenus genuit parens.

[85]
ODES III. ix, x

For her sweet sake to death I'd bow,
If Fate would spare my lady still.

LYDIA. The son of Ornytus and I
Such ardent love each other bear,
For him I'd suffer twice to die,
If Fate would still my Calais spare.

HORACE. How, if again the old regard
Should bind us both with brazen chain?
If doors to golden Chloe barred
To slighted Lydia ope'd again?

LYDIA. Fair as a star is he—and thou
Like tossing cork, or Adrian sea
So quickly ruffled: yet I vow
I'd love to live and die with thee.

X

THOUGH thou wert dwelling with a savage mate
By distant Don, 'twould touch thee, Lyce, still
To see me lying thus before thy gate,
Exposed to wind so chill.

HARK! the door creaks, and round thy villa fair
The trees are groaning with each gust that blows;
And see, the magic of the icy air
Freezes the fallen snows.

Doff this disdain that Venus hates; maybe
Backward the wheel will spin and drag the rope;
Thou, Tuscan bred, art no Penelope
Forbidding swains to hope.
CARMINUM III. x, xi

O quamvis neque te munera nec preces
nec tinctus viola pallor amantium
nec vir Pieria paelice saucius
curvat, supplicibus tuis
parcas, nec rigida mollior aesculo
nec Mauris animum mitior anguibus.
Non hoc semper erit liminis aut aquae
cælestis patiens latus.

XI

Mercuri,—nam te docilis magistro
movit Amphion lapides canendo,—
tuque testudo resonare septem
callida nervis,
nec loquax olim neque grata, nunc et
divitum mensis et amica templis,
dic modos, Lyde quibus obstinatas
applicet aures,
quae velut latis equa trima campis
ludit exultim metuitque tangi,
nuptiarum expers et adhuc protervo
cruda marito.

Tu potes tigres comitesque silvas
ducere et rivos celeres morari;
cessit immanis tibi blandienti
ianitor aulae,
ODES III. x, xi

Though vows and presents move thee not at all
Nor the grey pallor of thy lover's face,
Nor yon Greek girl who holds thy lord in thrall,
O show us yet some grace!

Though knotted oaks were sooner bent by prayer,
And Moorish snakes more pitiful to pain,
Be warned! my bones will not for ever bear
Thy door-step, and this rain.

XI

O Hermes, by whose teaching once
Amphion singing moved the stones:
O shell, endowed with sevenfold strings
Wherein such wondrous music rings—

Once dumb and scorned, but welcome now
In palaces and fanes art thou—
Inspire me with a song shall bend
Yon wilful Lyde to attend.

Like some young filly that careers
About the meadows free, and fears
The touch of man, she recks not of
A mate—as yet o'er-young for love.

But thou canst draw the beasts and woods
To follow thee, and stay the floods:
The porter of the gate of Hell,
Grim Cerberus, confessed thy spell,
CARMINUM III. xi

Cerberus, quamvis furiale centum
muniunt angues caput eius atque
spiritus taeter saniesque manet
ore trilingui.

Quin et Ixion Tityosque vultu
risit invito, stetit urna paulum
sieca, dum grato Danai puellas
carmine mulces.

Audiat Lyde scelus atque notas
virginum poenas et inane lymphae
dolium fundo percuntis imo,
seraque fata,
quae manent culpas etiam sub Orco.

Impiae,—nam quid potuere maius?—
Impiae sponsos potuere duro
perdere ferro.

Una de multis face nuptiali
digna periiurum fuit in parentem
splendide mendax et in omne virgo
nobilis aevum,
surge, quae dixit juveni marito,
surge, ne longus tibi somnus, unde
non times, detur; socerum et scelestas
falle sorores,
quae velut nactae vitulos lecaenae
singulos eheu lacerant: ego illis
mollior nec te feriam neque intra
claustra tenebo.
Though round his Gorgon head he shakes
His fillet of a hundred snakes,
And though from out his triple mouth
Pour fetid breath and bloody froth.

Ixion, too, was forced to smile
And Tityus: the urn awhile
Stood empty, as the Danaid throng
Drew comfort from thy soothing song.

Tell Lyde of their tragedy;
The famous weird those maidens dree—
Filling their jar, whence night and day
The wasting water leaks away.

So Doom awaiteth at the last
The sinner dead. And who surpassed
Their infamy, that with the sword
Could slay each one her wedded lord?

Yet one deserved the name of bride;
One only, who superbly lied
To her deceitful father—Fame
Shall ever consecrate her name.

'Awake!' she cried, 'my lord, my love!
Ere from a snare thou think'st not of
Come longer slumber! Up, and go,
Before my sire and sisters know.

'Lo! they are lions, lighting on
A herd, and rending one by one:
But I am softer—I'll not wound
Nor hold thee fast in prison bound.
CARMINUM III. xi, xii

Me pater saevis oneret catenis,
quod viro clemens misero peperci:
me vel extremos Numidarum in agros
casse releget.

I, pedes quo te rapiunt et aurae,
dum favet nox et Venus, i secundo
omine et nostri memorem sepulcro
scalpe querellam.

XII

Miserarum est neque amori dare ludum neque
dulci
mala vino lavere, ant examinari metuentes
patruae verbera linguae.

Tibi qualum Cythereae puer ales, tibi telas
operosaeque Minervae studium aufert, Neobule,
Liparaei nitor Hebri,
simul unctos Tiberinis numeros lavit in undis,
eques ipso melior Bellerophonte, neque pugno
neque segni pede victus:

catus idem per apertum fugientes agitato
grege cervos iaculari et celer alto latitantem
fruticeto excipere aprum.

arto
ODES III. xi, xii

'My sire may load me down with chains,
Or far to Africa's domains
May ship me, for that I, thy wife,
Was pitiful and spared thy life.

'Go, get thee gone, o'er land and flood,
While Night and Love are kind, and good
The omens; grave upon my tomb
One word of sorrow for my doom.'

XII

O ill it is to be a girl! with Love she must not play
Nor drown her woes a-drinking, but must tremble every day

Before an uncle's bitter stinging tongue!

Poor Neobule, robbed of all thy wool and weaving gear
By Venus' wing'd boy! forgot the labours once so dear

In dreams of Hebrus beautiful and young;
Lo, how he goes anoint with oil in Tiber's wave to swim!
Bellerophon ne'er rode so well: no man hath beaten him

In boxing or outrun him in the race:
And shrewdly can he shoot the stags that race across the moor
In panic and confusion, and is first to front the boar

Who charges from his woody lurking-place.
XIII

O FONS Bandusiae, splendidior vitro, dueli digne mero non sine floribus, cras donaberis haedo, cui frons turgida cornibus

primis et venerem et proelia destinat; frustra: nam gelidos inficiet tibi rubro sanguine rivos lascivi suboles gregis.

Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculae nescit tangere, tu frigus amabile fessis vomere tauris praebes et pecori vago.

Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium, me dicente cavis impositam ilicem saxis, unde loquaces lymphae desiliunt tuae.

XIV

HERCULIS ritu modo dictus, o plebs, morte venalem petiisse laurum Caesar Hispana repetit penates victor ab ora.

Unico gaudens mulier marito prodeat iustis operata divis, et soror clari ducis et decorae supplice vitta

XIV 6  operata sacris.
XIII

Bandusia, crystal fountain! meet
For thee are wine and garlands sweet,
Lo, in thine honour dies at morn
A tender kid, whose budding horn
Marks him for love and wars—in vain:
His ruby blood shall surely stain,
Though youngest wanton of the fold,
Thy limpid runnels, clear and cold.
The Dog-star with his fiercest beam
Can never touch thy shaded stream,
Cool refuge for the weary ox
With ploughing spent, and roaming flocks.
'Mid founts of fame thou too shalt be,
What time I sing the ilex tree
That overhangs the grotto deep
From which thy babbling waters leap.

XIV

Of late we spake how Caesar sought
Like Hercules, the laurels fraught
With death—To-day, ye folk of Rome,
From Spain he comes triumphant home.
Rejoicing in her peerless spouse
His wife shall go and pay her vows,
With her our hero’s sister too,
And, decked with votive fillets due
CARMINUM III. xiv, xv

virginum matres iuvenumque nuper sospitum. Vos, o pueri et puellae
iam virum expertae, male ominatis parcite verbis.

Hic dies vere mihi festus atras eximet curas; ego nec tumultum
nec mori per vim metuam tenente Caesare terras.

I, pete unguentum, puer, et coronas et cadum Marsi memorem duelli,
Spartacum si qua potuit vagantem fallere testa.

Dic et argutae properet Neaerae murrheum nodo cohibere crinem;
si per invisum mora ianitorem fiet, abito.

Lenit albescens animos capillus litium et rixae cupidos protervae;
non ego hoc ferrem calidus iuventa consule Planco.

XV

UXOR pauperis Ibyci,
tandem nequitiae fige modum tuae
famosisque laboribus:
maturo propior desine funeri

[ 90 ]
ODES III. xiv, xv

The dames of Rome, their thanks to pour
For sons and daughters safe once more.
O youths and wedded girls, take care
To utter words of omen fair!

This day shall be in truth a day
Of joy, to hunt black care away;
No mobs I dread, nor death by sword,
While Caesar o'er the earth is lord.

Bring wreaths and perfumes, and a jar
That can recall the Marsic war,
If pitcher be, that 'scape d the hands
Of Spartacus' marauding bands.

And bid Neaera, sweet-voiced maid,
Her scented tresses quickly braid;
But if her porter makes delay—
That surly menial—come away!

Hairs growing grey compose a mind
To feuds and quarrels once inclined;
When Plancus ruled, and I was hot
And young, I would have brooked it not.

XV

O WIFE of humble Ibycus!
Bring within bounds at last
Thy enterprises infamous,
Thy profligacies vast.
CARMINUM III. xv, xvi

5 inter ludere virgines
   et stellis nebulam spargere candidis.
Non, si quid Pholoën satis,
   et te, Chlori, decet: filia rectius
expugnat iuvenum domos,
10 pulso Thyias uti concita tympano.
Illam cogit amor Nothi
   lascivae similem ludere capreae:
te lanae prope nobilem
   tonsae Luceriam, non citharae decent
nec flos purpureus rosae
   nec poti vetulam faece tenus cadi.

XVI

Inclusam Danaën turris aënea
robustaeque fores et vigilum canum
tristes excubiae munierant satis
nocturnis ab adulteris,

5 si non Acrisium virginis abditae
custodem pavidum Iuppiter et Venus
risissent: fore enim tum iter et patens
   converso in pretium deo.

Aurum per medios ire satellites
10 et perrumpere amat saxa potentius
ictna fulmineo: concidit auguris
   Argivi domus ob lucrum
[ 91 ]
ODES III. xv, xvi

Since thou art ripe, and death at hand,
Frisk not among the maidens, and
Their starlight overcast.
The mood that Pholoë becomes,
With Chloris ill doth sort:
Like Bacchant maddened by the drums
Thy daughter storms the young men’s homes.
   And none may chide her sport;
With love for Nothus in her veins
   She frolics like the does;
But thou art old; the woolly skeins
   That famed Luceria grows
Befit thee more than lighter things—
The flagon’s lees, the cither-strings,
   The purple of the rose.

XVI

The brazen tower, where Danaë was immured—
   Portals of oak—and mastiffs’ vigil grim—
From all her lovers had the maid secured
   Through the night-watches dim;
But Jupiter and Venus made a gibe
   Of old Acrisius, her quaking guard,
Knowing the god, transmuted to a bribe,
   Would find the gates unbarred.
Gold fears no challenge from the sentinel;
   Gold like the thunder rives the rocks in twain:
The Argive prophet’s house in ruin fell
   Submerged by greed of gain.
demersa exitio; diffidit urbs
portas vir Macedo et subruit aemulos
reges munribus; munera navium
saevos illaqueant duces.

Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam
maiorumque fames. Iure perhorruit
late conspicuum tollere verticem,
Maccenas, equitum decus.

Quanto quique sibi plura negaverit,
ab dis plura feret: nil cupientium
modus castra peto et transfuga divitum
partes linquere gestio,

contemptae dominus splendidior rei,
quam si quicquid arat impiger Apulus
occultare meis dicerer horreis,
magnas inter opes inops.

Purae rivus aquae silvaque ingerum
paucorum et segetis certa fides meae
fulgentem imperio fertilis Africae
fallit sorte beatior.

Quamquam nec Calabrae mella ferunt apes
nec Laestrygonia Bacchus in amphora
languescit mihi nec pinguia Gallicis
crescunt vellera pascuis,

importuna tamen pauperies abest,
nec, si plura velim, tu dare deneges.
Contracto melius parva cupidine

vestigalia porrigam,
By dint of bribes the man of Macedon
   Could force the gates of cities, and unseat
His rival monarchs; bribes have oft undone
   Rough captains of the fleet.

Care follows after riches as they grow,
   And hunger still for more: I feared aright
To rear my head aloft in vulgar show,
   Maecenas, noble knight!

The more a man denies himself, the more
   The gods will give him. So with raiment rent
I flee the ranks of Wealth, deserting o'er
   To camp beside Content;

Prouder as lord of my despised domain,
   Than if men told how on my granary floor
I heaped Apulia's lusty yield of grain—
   Amid vast riches poor.

My little copse, my brook so fair to see,
   My faithful harvest—no such happy lot
Is his who holds rich Africa in fee,
   Although he knows it not.

Though not for me Calabrian bees bestow
   Their honey, nor in hoary pitchers sleep
The mellowing wines, nor thick the fleeces grow
   On backs of Gallic sheep;

Yet weary poverty is not my fate,
   Nor if I ask for more, wilt thou refuse:
By checking my desires can I inflate
   My puny revenues,
CARMINUM III. xvii, xviii

quam si Mygdoniis regnum Alyattei

campis continuem. Multa petentibus
desunt multa: bene est, cui deus obtulit
parca, quod satis est, manu.

XVII

AELI vetusto nobilis ab Lamo,—
quando et priores hinc Lamias ferunt
denominatos et nepotum
per memores genus omne fastos ;

auctore ab illo ducis originem,
qui Formiarum moenia dicitur
princeps et innantem Maricae
litoribus tenuisse Lirim

late tyrannus:—cras foliis nemus
multis et alga litus inutili
demissa tempestas ab Euro
sternet, aquae nisi fallit augur

annosa cornix. Dum potes, aridum
compone lignum: cras Genium mero
curabis et porco bimenstri
cum famulis operum solutis.

XVIII

FAUNE, Nympharum fugientum amator.
per meos fines et aprica rura
lenis incedas abeasque parvis
aequus alumnis,

5 ducit coni. Heinsius

[93]
Better than by annexing Mygdon's land
To Croesus' realm: great cravings greatly fail;
And well with him, to whom with sparing hand
God gives sufficient tale.

XVII

Friend, nobly sprung from Lamus old,
Sire of the elder Lamiae,
Ay, and their later sons, enrolled
In many a page of history—
From Formiae's fort thy ancestor
Was lord, says legend, far and wide,
To where by Lake Marica's shore
The Liris pours its brimming tide.

To-morrow, and a gale will strow
The beach with sea-weed, and with leaves
The forest, or yon hoary crow,
That presages the rain, deceives.

Lay in dry logs while yet 'tis fine;
To-morrow bid thy soul be gay
With tender sucking-pig and wine,
And give thy slaves a holiday.

XVIII

As thou the flying Nymphs dost woo
Come softly o'er my sunny farm,
Good Faun, and softly go, nor do
My little lambkins harm.
CARMINUM III. xviii, xix

si tener pleno cadit haedus anno,
larga nec desunt Veneris sodali
viua craterae, vetus ara multo
fumat odore.

Ludit herboso pecus omne campo,
cum tibi Nonae redeunt Decembres:
festus in pratis vacat otioso
cum bove pagus;

inter andaces lupus errat agnos;
spargit agrestes tibi Silva frondes;
gaudet invisam pepulisse fossor
ter pede terram.

XIX

QUANTUM distet ab Inacho
Codrus pro patria non timidus mori,
narras et genus Aeaci
et pugnata sacro bella sub Ilio:
quo Chium pretio cadum
mercemur, quis aquam temperet ignibus
quo praebente domum et quota
Pelignis caream frigoribus, taces.
Da lunae propere novae,
da noctis mediac, da, puer, auguris
Murenæ : tribus aut novem
miscentur cyathis pocula commodis.
Qui Musas amat impares,
ternos ter cyathos attonitus petet
So once a year to thee we slay
A kid, and fill with wine the cup
That Venus loves, while altars grey
Send their sweet savours up.

Come thy December Nones, and flocks
O'er all the grassy meadows play;
The hamlet and the idle ox
Afield make holiday.

Lambs scorn the wolf who prowls around:
To thee the woods their leafage strow:
The ditcher dances, glad to pound
The earth, his hated foe.

XIX

How Codrus brave, who died to save
His native land, was sprung
From Inachus: of Peleus' line,
Of battles fought round Troy divine,
All these thy lyre hath sung;
But what a Chian cask will cost,
Who'll make our water hot,
And where we are to find our host,
Or when escape this Arctic frost,
Of these thou tellest not.

Boy! bear a cup to greet the Moon,
For Midnight one, and haste!

Bear to the seer Murena one;
With ladies nine or three of wine,
As suits each toper's taste.

Mad bards who love the Muses' band
For three times three may shout:
CARMINUM III. xix, xx

15 vates; tres prohibet supra
rixarum metuens tangere Gratia
nudis iuncta sororibus.
Insanire invat: cur Berecyntiae
cessant flamina tibiae?
20 Cur pendet tacita fistula cum lyra?
Parcentes ego dexteras
odi: sparge rosas; andiat invidus
dementem strepitum Lyceus
et vicina seni non habilis Lyco.
25 Spissa te nitidum coma,
puro te similem, Telephe, Vespero,
tempestiva petit Rhode:
me lentus Glycerae torret amor meae.

XX

Non vides, quanto moveas periculo,
Pyrrha, Gaetulae catulos Icaenae?
Dura post paulo fugies inaudax
proelia raptor,
cum per obstantes iuvenum catervas
abit insignem repetens Nearchum,
grande certamen, tibi praeda cedat
maior an illi.

Interim, dum tu celeres sagittas
5 promis, haec dentes acuit timendos,
arbiter pugnae posuisse nudo
sub pede palmam
The naked Graces, hand in hand,
To touch no more than three command,
   Lest revel end in rout.
I'm for a rouse! why tarry mute
   The pipes of Cybele?
Why silent hang the lyre and lute?
   No niggard hands for me!
Strew roses! Surly Lycus there,
Unfit to wed a wife so fair,
   Shall hear our revelry—
Ah, Telephus! thick-haired and bright
As Hesper at the fall of night,
   To thee doth Rhode turn,
And proper mate of thine is she:
But Glycera has kindled me;
   For her I slowly burn.

XX

Pyrrhus! at peril of thy life
   Wouldst rob a tigress of her young?
O thou wilt fly the deadly strife,
   Faint-hearted thief, ere long;
When through the press of lads she hies
   To claim Nearchus fair to see,
And battle rages, ere the prize
   Fall unto her or thee.
Yet, while she whets her fearsome teeth
   And thou art baring shafts to shoot,
They say the judge has crushed the wreath
   Below his naked foot,
fertur et leni recreare vento
sparsum odoratis umerum capillis,
qualis aut Nireus fuit aut aquosa
raptus ab Ida.

XXI

O nata mecum consulc Manlio,
seu tu querellas sive geris iocos
seu rixam et iusanos amores
seu facilem, pia testa, somnun,
quocumque lectum nomine Massicum
servas, moveri digna bono die,
descende, Corvino iubente
promere languidiora vina.

Non ille, quamquam Socraticis madet
sermonibus, te negleget horridus:
narratur et prisci Catonis
saepe mero caluisse virtus.

Tu lene tormentum ingenio admove
plerumque duro; tu sapientum
curas et arcanum iocos
consilium retegis Lyaco;

tu spem reducis mentibus anxius,
viresque et addis cornua pauperi
post te neque iratos trementi
regum apices neque militum arma.

[ 96 ]
ODES III. xx, xxi

And lets the cooling breezes rough
The scented locks about his cheek,
Like Nireus, or the boy borne off
From fountained Ida’s peak.

XXI

TWIN-BORN with me in Manlius’ year
O thou who bringest men good cheer,
Or grief, or brawl, and passion wild,
Or easy sleep, my pitcher mild;

Whate’er thy end, ’tis meet to call
Thy Massic to our festival;
Come down: it is Corvinus’ whim:
I need my ripest wines for him.

Deep-dyed in Plato’s lore is he,
But not too stern to relish thee;
Why, good old Cato, so they tell,
Would warm unto his wine right well.

Thou hast a gentle rack to strain
The stiffest wits: to thee are plain
The sage’s cares and secret thoughts
By grace of Him who loosens knots.

Reviving hope in anxious minds
Thou givest horns of strength to hinds
Who, filled with thee, no longer pale
At crested kings or men in mail.

[96]
Carminum III. xxii-xxiii

Te Liber et, si laeta aderit, Venus
scgnesque nodum solvere Gratiae
vivaeque producent lucernae,
dum rediens fugat astra Phoebus.

XXII

Montium custos nemorumque, Virgo,
quae laborantes utero puellas
ter vocata audis adimisque leto,
diva triformis,

imminens villae tua pinus esto,
quam per exactos ego laetus annos
verris obliquum meditantis ictum
sanguine donem.

XXIII

Caelo supinas si tuleris manus
nascente Luna, rustica Phidyle,
si ture placaris et borna
fruge Lares avidaque porca,

nec pestilentem sentiet Africum
fecunda vitis nec sterilum seges
robiginem aut dulces alumni
pomifero grave tempus anno.

Nam quae nivali pascitur Algido
devota quercus inter et ilices
aut crescit Albanis in herbis
victimam pontificum secures
ODES III. xxI-xxIII

May Bacchus and the Graces still
Close-linked, and Venus, if she will,
Prolong thy rounds 'neath lanterns gay
Till flee the stars at dawn of Day.

XXII

O maid, who watchest wood and fell,
   And thrice invoked dost hear the moan
Of girls in need, and guard them well ;
   Queen, that art three yet one !
Be thine the pine above my cot :
   There gladly as each year doth go
I'll slay a boar who yet has not
   Achieved his side-long blow.

XXIII

Stretch out thy hands toward the skies,
   Good Phidyle, at each new moon ;
Appease thy gods with gifts of spice,
   A fatted sow, and sheaves of June.
Sirocco shall not parch thy grape,
   Nor blight of rust shall blast thy crop ;
Thy tender lambs shall all escape
   The sickly days when apples drop.
Amid the snowy oaks and holms
   Of Algidus—on Alba's mead—
Full many a fated heifer roams
   That 'neath the pontiff's knife shall bleed.
CARMINUM III. xxi, xxiv

cervice tinget: te nihil attinet
temptare multa caede bidentium
parvos coronantem marino
rore deos fragilique myrto.

Immunis aram si tetigit manus,
non sumptuosa blandior hostia
mollivit aversos Penates
farre pio et saliente mica.

XXIV

INTACTIS opulentior
thesauris Arabum et divitis Indiae
camentis licet occupes
Tyrrhenum omne tuis et mare Apulicum,
siigit adamantinos
summis verticibus dira Necessitas
clavos, non animam metu,
non mortis laqueis expedites caput.
Campestres melius Scythae,
quorum plaustra vagas rite trahunt domos,
vivunt et rigidi Getae,
immetata, quibus ingera liberas
fruges et Ceres ferunt,
nec cultura placet longior annua,
defunctumque laboribus
aequali recreat sorte vicarius.
Illic matre carentibus

4 codd. boni Ponticum; vel publicum; unde Lackmannus pro Tyrrhenum quod habent codd. omnes terrenum conjectavit.
ODES III. xxiii, xxiv

What lack hast thou to compass death
   For many a ewe, to urge thy plea?
Thy godlings will accept a wreath
   Of brittle bay and rosemary.

Clean hands upon the altar laid
   Need no rich offering to appeal
To gods whose wrath is surely stayed
   By crackling salt and holy meal.

XXIV

Thy wealth outshines the virgin mines
   Of Ind and Araby,
Thy mighty piles of building-stone
Usurp and hide, not earth alone,
   But e'en the common sea;
Yet, once let Fate relentless strike
Thy roof with adamantine spike,
   And never shalt thou loose
Thy spirit from the dread of doom.
   Thy body from the noose.
O better far the Scythians fare,
   The dwellers of the plains,
Whose wont it is their homes to bear
   From place to place in wains;
The Getae too, of habit stern,
   That from the fenceless acres earn
Their crops and corn at will;
Beyond a year the selfsame soil
   They tarry not to till,
And when one wearies of the toil
Another follows still.
CARMINUM III. xxiv

privignis mulier temperat innocens,  
nec dotata regit virum
coniunx nec nitido fidit adultero.

Dos est magna parentium  
virtus et metuens alterius viri  
certo foedere castitas;  
et peccare nefas aut pretium est mori.

O quisquis volet impias  
caedes et rabiem tollere civicam,  
si quaeret PATER URBIUM  
subscribi statuis, indomitam andeat  
refrenare licentiam,

clarus postgenitis: quatenus—heu nefas!—  
virtutem incolunem odimus,  
sublatam ex oculis quacrimus invidi.

Quid tristes querimoniae,  
si non supplicio culpa reciditur,

quid leges sine moribus  
vanae proficiunt, si neque fervidis  
pars inclusa caloribus  
mundi nec Boreae finitimum latus  
durateaque solo nives

mercatorum abigunt, horrida callidi  
vincunt aequora navitae,  
magnum pauperies opprobrium iubet  
quidvis et facere et pati  
virtutisque viam deserit arduae?

Vel nos in Capitolium,  
quo clamor vocat et turba faventium,  
vel nos in mare proximum  
gemmas et lapides, aurum et inutile,
Their wives are innocent, and rear
Their step-sons with a mother's care;
No richly-portioned brides
O'erbear their lords, and in the words
Of lovers none confides.
Their parents' worth, their honour sure
That shrinks from all that is not pure—
These are their dower of price;
And lawless love is sin whereof
She that is guilty dies.
O whoso would our scenes of blood,
Our factions' rage abate,
And read upon his statues hewn
_The Father of the State',_
First let him curb our mad caprice,
And from some future year
Await his fame: we—woe it is—
Lament a virtue that we miss
And hate her when she's here.
What use to mourn, unless abuse
By justice' sword is mown?
What profit laws, if lives are loose?
When South unto the zone
Enringed by heat, or Northward, where
The snows lie frozen 'neath the Bear,
Our traders go, our sailors dare
The anger of the waves?
When poverty is such disgrace,
As drives us on to do or face
Whate'er she will, but shuns the hill,
That only Virtue braves?
Come to the Capitol with me
Where cheers and shouting call,
And there, or in the nearest sea,
Our idle gold and jewel'ry
And baubles, fling them all,
CARMINUM III. xxiv, xxv

summi materiem mali,

mittamus, scelerum si bene paenitet.

Eradenda cupidinis

pravi sunt elementa et tenerae nimis

mentes asperioribus

formandae studiis. Nescit equo rudis

haerere ingenuus puer

venarique timet, ludere doctior,

seu Graeco iubeas trocho

seu malis vetita legibus alea,

cum perinra patris fides

consortem socium fallat et hospitem

indignoque pecuniam

heredi properet. Scilicet improbae

crescunt divitiae; tamen

curtae nescio quid semper abest rei.

XXV

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui

plenum? quae nemora aut quos agor in specus

velox mente nova? quibus

antris egregii Caesaris audiar

aeternum meditans decus

stellis inserere et consilio Iovis?

Dicam insigne recens adhuc

indictum ore alic. Non secus in iugis

exsomnis stupet Euias

Hebrum prosptiens et nive candidam

Thracen ac pede barbaro

lustratam Rhodopen, ut mihi devio

[100]
ODES III. xxiv, xxv

Chief stuff of mischief, if indeed
We truly mourn our fall.
This alphabet of vicious greed
Let us erase at once;
And discipline with rougher rede
Our far too tender sons:
Our boys of birth are all unskilled
To sit a horse and hunt,
Though well the Grecian hoop they wield
Or dice that laws affront;
Their fathers break the oath they swore
To partner or to friend,
All haste to make a fortune for
A worthless heir to spend;
No doubt the piles of pieces will
Grow monstrous big, but something still
Is lacking to the end.

XXV

Where, Bacchus, art thou driving me
Fulfilled of wine, thy gift?
What woods and dens be these I see
In frenzy new and swift?
What caves will hearken, when I try
Imperial Caesar's majesty
Amid the stars to set,
Where all the gods in council range?
Sublime shall be the song and strange,
Unsung by poet yet.
As Maenad waking on the height
O'er Hebrus' flood and Thrace snow-white
Stands stupefied to gaze,
And Rhodope, where wild men rove;
ripas et vacuum nemus
mirari libet. O Naïadum potens

15 Baccharumque valentium
proceras manibus vertere fraxinos,
nil parvum aut humili modo,
nil mortale loquar. Dulce periculum est,
O Lenaee, sequi deum

20 cingentem viridi tempora pampino.

XXVI

VIXI puellis nuper idoneus
et militavi non sine gloria;
nunc arma defunctumque bello
barbiton hic paries habebit,

laevum marinae qui Veneris latus
custodit. Hic hic ponite lucida
funalia et vectes et arcus
oppositis foribus minaces.

O quae beatam diva tenes Cyprum et
Memphin carentem Sithonia nive,
regina, sublimi flagello,
tange Chloën semel arrogantem.

XXVII

IMPIOS parrae recinentis omen
ducat et praegnans canis aut ab agro
rava decurrens lupa Lanuvino,
fetaque vulpes:
So I by banks and empty grove
  Take my impassioned ways.
O master of the Naiads all,
  And of the Bacchant throng,
Whose power can ply the ash-trees tall,
No song of lowly mood or small
  Is mine—no mortal song!
Sweet is the hazard, God of wine,
  To follow, follow yet.
The clinging tendrils of the vine
  Wherewith thy brow is set.

XXVI

Meet for the maidens once was I,
  And warred, and glory won withal;
But now I lay my harness by
  And weary harp, upon this wall.
That guards the sea-born goddess’ side:
  Here, here throw down the bars and bows
And torches bright that once were plied
  On all the doors that shut so close.
O Queen, who rulest Cyprus fair,
  And Memphis where no snows abide
Kind Venus, lift thy lash in air,
  To tingle once on Chloé’s pride.

XXVII

May sinners meet all omens ill!
  The bitch with cubs; the owlet’s tongue;
The dun wolf stalking down the hill;
  The vixen great with young;
CARMINUM III. xxvii

5  rumpat et serpens iter institutum,
si per obliquum similis sagittae
terruit mannos : ego cui timebo
  providus auspex,
  antequam stantes repetat paludes
10  imbrium divina avis imminentum,
  oseinenem corvum prece suseitabo
  solis ab ortu.

  Sis licet felix, ubicunque mavis,
et memor nostri, Galatea, vivas,
15  teque nec laevus vetet ire picus
  nec vaga cornix.

  Sed vides, quanto trepidet tumultu
  pronns Orion. Ego quid sit ater
  Hadriae novi sinus et quid albus
  peceet Iapyx.

  Hostium uxorres puerique caecos
  sentiant motus orientis Austri et
  aequoris nigri fremitum et trementes
  verbere ripas.

20  Sic et Europe niveum doloso
  credidit tauro latus et scatentem
  beluis pontum mediasque frandes
  palluit audax.

  Nuper in pratis studiosa florum et
  debitate Nymphis opifex coronae,
  noete sublustri nihil astra praeter
  vidit et undas.

5  rumpit 15  vetat ex uno cod. Laminus
ODES III. xxvii

May adders o'er the roadway glide
And scare their steeds with arrowy dart;
But I, diviner eagle-eyed
For her who hath my heart,

Will pray the raven, e'er he hies
Back to the stagnant marshes where
He calls the rain, at morning-rise
To croak an omen fair.

Be happy, wheresoe'er thou art,
And think on me, my lady, still;
No roaming crow delay thy start,
No daw that bodeth ill!

Yet see, Orion sinks and reels
With tempest. Well I know the mien
Of inky Adria, when it feels
The west wind lashing keen.

For wives and children of our foes
Such terrors be! when Auster roars
And whips the surges black, whose blows
Convulse the solid shores.

E'en bold Europe, when she gave
Her snowy limbs to you false bull,
Grew pale, beholding ocean's wave
Of beasts and terrors full.

Of late intent on meadow flowers,
She plaited wreaths the Nymphs to please:
Now she discerns through Night's dim hours
Only the stars and seas.
Quae simul centum tetigit potentem
Oppidis Creten: Pater, o relictum
Filiae nomen, pietasque, dixit,
Vicu furore!

Unde quo veni? Levis una mors est
Virginum culpae. Vigilansne ploro
turpe commissum, an vitii carentem
ludit imago

Vana, quae porta fugiens eburna
Somnium dicit? Meliusne fluctus
Ire per longos fuit, an recentes
carpere flores?

Si quis infamem mihi nunc iuvenicum
dedat iratae, lacerare ferro et
frangere enitar modo multum amati
cornua monstri.

Impudens liqui patrios Penates,
Impudens Orcum moror. O deorum
Si quis haec audis, utinam inter errem
Nuda leones!

Antequam turpis macies decentes
Occupet malas teneraeque succus
deflueat praedae, speciosa quaero
Pascere tigres.

Vilis Europe, pater urget absens:
Quid mori cessas? Potes hac ab orno
Pendulum zona bene te secura
Laedere collum.

[103]
Anon to mighty Crete she came
   With all its hundred towns, and cried
'O Sire! I may not speak thy name,
   Since folly love defied.

'O whence, O where? mere death—no more—
   Were doom too light for maid's offence:
Am I awake and sinning sore,
   Or all in innocence

'By phantoms from the ivory gate
   Bemocked? To pluck the buds new-blown,
Or wander o'er yon weary strait—
   Ah, which were better done?

'Give me that steer of ill-repute
   To hew in pieces with the sword,
To wrench the horns from off the brute
   That once I so adored!

'Shameless I left my father's home
   Shameless I shrink from death. This prayer
Hear, some kind god, and let me roam
   'Mid lions, lone and bare!

'Ere wasting mars my comely cheek,
   Ere withers all my sap away,
While I am seemly yet, I seek
   To be the tigers' prey.

"Die, die! thou base Europe, haste!"
   (Far off my father chideth me)
For noose, the good zone at thy waist,
   For gibbet, yon tall tree.
CARMINUM III. xxvii, xxviii

Sive te rupes et acuta leto
saxa delectant, age te procellae
crede veloci, nisi herile mavis
carpere pensum,

regius sanguis, dominaeque tradi
barbarae paelex. Aderat querenti
perfidum ridens Venus et remisso
filius arcu.

Mox, ubi lusit satis: Abstinetto,
dixit, irarum calidaeque rixae,
cum tibi invisus laceranda reddet
cornua taurus.

Uxor invicti Iovis esse nescis:
mitte singultus, bene ferre magnam
disce fortunam; tua sectus orbis
nomina ducet.

XXVIII

Festo quid potius die
Neptuni faciam? Promereconditum
Lyde strenua Caecubum
munitaeque adhibe vim sapientiae.

Inclinare meridiem
sentis ac, veluti stet volucris dies,
parcis deripere horreo
cessantem Bibuli consulis amphioram.
Nos cantabimus invicem

Neptunum et virides Nereidum comas;

[ 104 ]
ODES III. xxvii, xxviii

"Or haply climb yon airy scaur,
  And fling thee on the jagged rock
To death; unless it likes thee more,
  Thou child of kingly stock,
"To card thy wool the slaves among,
  And serve a foreign master's dame."

Now Cupid, with his bow unstrung,
And Venus mocked her shame;
Till, tired of jibes, the goddess spake:

'Refrain from rage and railing, when
Thy hated bull shall bring thee back
  His horns to rend again,
'Wife of unconquered Jove thou art,
  And know'st it not! learn not to shame
Thy honours: hush thy sobs; a part
  Of Earth shall bear thy name.'

XXVIII

How better may I keep the day
  Of Neptune's festival?
Go, Lyde fleet of foot, unlock
The cellared Caecuban, to shock
  The strength of Wisdom's wall.
Thou seest noon go down the hill;
Then why, as if winged day stood still,
  Art thou a-loitering thus
To pull the pitcher from the bins,
Where it has lingered idly since
  The year of Bibulus?
And first will I of Neptune tell
  And Nereids' hair sea-green;
tu curva recines lyra
Latonam et celeris spicula Cynthiae,
summo carmine, quae Cnidon
fulgentesque tenet Cycladas et Paphum
iunctis visit oloribus;
dicetur merita Nox quoque uenia.

XXIX

TYRRHENA regum progenies, tibi
non ante verso lene merum cado
cum flore, Maecenas, rosarum et
pressa tuis balanus capillis

iamdudum apud me est. Eripe te morae;
nee semper udum Tibur et Aefulae
declive contempleris arvum et
Telegoni iuga parricidae.

Fastidiosam desere copiam et
molem propinquam nubibus arduis;
omitte mirari beatae
fumum et opes strepitumque Romae.

Plerumque gratae divitibus viees
mundaeque parvo sub lare pauperum
cenae sine aulaeis et ostro
sollicitam explicuere frontem.

Iam clarus occultum Andromedae pater
ostendit ignem, iam Procyon furit
et stella vesani Leonis,
sole dies referente siccos:

6 ne

[105]
ODES III. xxviii, xxix

Of Leto thou, with curving shell,
    And Cynthia's arrows keen;
And both shall take for crowning theme
    The Queen of Love, who sways
Cnidos and Cyclades a-gleam,
And visits Paphos with her team
Of swans; and then a grateful hymn
    To gentle Night we'll raise.

XXIX

Scion of Tuscan kings, I keep
    For thee, thou laggard, roses rare,
And wine in virgin jars asleep,
    And fragrant balsam for thy hair.
Haste then, and turn from gazing on
    The downs of Aefula, the hills
Of parricidal Telegon,
    And Tivoli of many rills.
Leave weary luxury at home,
    Leave halls that climb the very skies,
No more bemused by gorgeous Rome,
    City of smoke and wealth and cries.
Relief in change wealth often feels:
    And though the house be poor and bare
Of purples rich, yet dainty meals
    Have smoothed the furrowed brows of care.
Now maddened Leo rages sore,
    And Cepheus sudden bursts ablaze,
And Procyon revels, and once more
    The Sun leads on the thirsty days.
CARMINUM III. xxix

iam pastor umbras cum grege languido
rivumque fessus quaeit et horridi
dumcta Silvani, caretque
ripa vagis taciturna ventis.

Tu, civitatem quis deceat status,
curas, et Urbi sollicitus times,
quid Seres et regnata Cyro
Bactra parent Tanaisque discors.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
caliginosa nocte premit deus
ridetque, si mortalis ultra
fas trepidat. Quod adest memento

cum pace delabentis Etruscum
in mare, nunc lapides adesos
stirpesque raptas et pecus et domus
volventis una non sine montium
clamore vicinaeque silvae,
cum fera diluvies quietos

irritat amnes. Ille potens sui
laetusque deget, cui licet in diem
dixisse Vixi : cras vel atra
nube polum Pater occupato,

vel sole puro; non tamen irritum,
quodcumque retro est, efficiet neque
diffinget infectumque reddet,
quod fugiens semel hora vexit.
ODES III. xxix

Now shepherd spent and languid sheep
   Seek out the shade and stream and trees
Of rough Silvanus; marges sleep
   Untroubled by the wandering breeze.

But thou art brooding over Rome,
   Thy thought is all of threats of war
From rebel Scyths, or Bactrians whom
   King Cyrus ruled, or China far.

Yet prescient God hath drawn a veil
   Of blackness o'er the future: men
May fret against their mortal pale;
   And He but laughs. Be tranquil then

Just in the present: all besides
   Is onward like a river borne;
Now smooth unto the sea it glides,
   Now swirls a wreck of trees uptorn,

And hollowed stones and homes and pens,
   'Mid thunder that the woods and bills
Re-echo, till the flood immense
   Aroused e'en the quiet rills.

Lord of his soul and glad is he
   Who can with every sunset say,
'To-morrow, and let Jove decree
   Or sun or storm. I've lived To-day.

'Yet even Jove shall not undo
   What once is past, nor nullify
Nor shape again to fashion new
   What flying Time has carried by.'

[ 106 ]
CARMINUM III. xxx

Fortuna saevo laeta negotio et
ludum insolentem ludere pertinax
transmutat incertos honores,
nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.

Laudo manentem; si celeres quatit
pennas, resigno quae dedit et mea
virtute me involvo probamque
pauperiem sine dote quaero.

Non est meum, si mugiat Africis
malus procellis, ad miseras preces
decurrere et votis pacisci
ne Cypriæ Tyriæque merces
addant avaro divitias mari;
tunc me biremis praesidio scaphae
tutum per Aegaeos tumultus
aura feret geminusque Pollux.

XXX

Exegi monumentum aere perennius
regalique situ pyramidum altius,
quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
possit diruere aut innumerabilis
annorum series et fuga temporum.

Non omnis moriar multaque pars mei
vitabit Libitinam: usque ego postera
crescam lande recens, dum Capitolium
scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex.

Dicar, qua violens obstrepit Aufidus

[ 107 ]
Fortune, who loves her craft malign
And aye pursues her haughty whim,
Bestows her shifty boons, benign
To me awhile, anon to him.
I praise her staying; if she shake
Quick wings, I waive her every gift:
And, mantled in my virtue, take
To wife undowered honest thrift.
When masts are groaning to the gales,
Not mine to fall a-whining prayers
In hope to bargain that my bales
Of Cyprian or Tyrian wares
Shall not enrich the miser main;
But still my two-oared cockle rides,
Safe-borne of breeze and Brethren twain,
Across the wild Aegean tides.

XXX
I've wrought a monument more tall
Than pyramids of kings,
Enduring shall it be o'er all
The age of brazen things;
No wasting rain shall lay it low
Nor all the Northern blasts that blow
Nor endless aeons as they go:
I shall not wholly die:
The better part of me, I know,
From death's dark Queen shall fly;
And ever fresh my fame shall grow
Through all the future time,
As long as up the Sacred Hill,
The silent Virgin with him still,
The Pontifex shall climb.
Where Aufidus doth race and roar
When rains his torrent swell;
et qua pauper aquae Daunus agrestium regnavit populorum, ex humili potens princeps Aeolium carmen ad Italos deduxisse modos. Sume superbiam quaesitam meritis et mihi Delphica lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam.
Where good king Daunus ruled of yore
His rustic folk—an arid shore—
    Shall men my story tell,
How rising high from low estate
The airs of Greece I first did mate
    To odes of Italy.
Come now, thy well-won pride of place
    Assume, Melpomene;
With bays of Delphi, of thy grace,
    Bind thou my brow for me.
CARMINUM

LIBER QUARTUS

I

INTERMissa, Venus, diu
rursus bella moves? Parce, precor, precor.
Non sum qualis eram bonae
sub regno Cinarae. Desine, dulcium
5 mater saeva Cupidinum,
circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
iam durum imperiis: abi,
quo blandae iuvenum te revocant preces.

Tempestivius in domum

10 Pauli, purpureis alesoloribus,
comissabere Maximi,
si torrere iecur quaeris idoneum:
namque et nobilis et decens
et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis

15 et centum puer artium
late signa feret militiae tuae,
et, quandoque potentior
largi muneribus riserit aemuli,
[ 109 ]
What, Venus! would'st thou wake a war
Long stilled? forbear, I pray:
I am not as I was of yore
'Neath kindly Cinara's sway;
Harsh mother of the Love-gods dear,
One that is nigh his fiftieth year
No longer seek to bend
To thy soft biddings: let me be:
Caressing voices call to thee;
To youth's appeal attend.
If 'tis thy wish betimes to rouse
A likely heart, away
With thy bright swans to Paullus' house
And there make holiday:
For he is noble, comely, shrewd
In pleadings at the bar,
A youth with every art indued
To bear thy banners far.
So when he triumphs, and can jeer
Rivals more rich than him,
CARMINUM IV. 1, II

Albanos prope te lacus
ponet marmoream sub trabe citrea,
illic plurima naribus
duces tura, lyraequae et Berecyntiae
delectabere tibiae
mixtis carminibus non sine fistula;
illic bis pueri die
numen cum teneris virginitbus tuum
landantes pede candido
in morem Salium ter quatient humum.
Me nec femina nec puer
iam nec spes animi credula mutui,
unc certare iuvat mero,
nec vincire novis tempora floribus.
Sed cur heu, Ligurine, cur
manat rara meas lacrima per genas?
Cur facienda parum decoro
inter verba cadit lingua silentio?
Nocturnis ego somniis
iam captum teneo, iam volucrem sequor
te per gramina Martii
campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

II

PINDARUM quisquis studet aemulari,
Iule, ceratis ope Daedalea
nititur pennis vitreo daturus
nomina ponto.

22, 23 lyra, Berecyntia, tibia

[110]
To thee beside the Alban mere
A marble statue he will rear
'Neath roof of citron-beam;
And there, while incense round thee floats
Unto thy heart's desire,
Shall blend in harmony the notes
Of flute and pipe and lyre:
And twice a day with shining feet
The boys and maidens slight
Shall tread a dance of triple beat
In honour of thy might.
I seek no love, nor hope to find
My love requited now,
No more I care to drink or bind
New blossoms on my brow;
Yet whence, alas! belovèd, whence
Are these slow tear-drops come?
And why, for all my eloquence,
Fall I abashed and dumb?
In dreams I hold thee fast: anon
Thou fliest, I pursue
Thee o'er the meadows, cruel one,
And rolling rivers too.

II

He that to vie with Pindar thinks,
On waxèd wings like Icarus soars,
Till in the glassy sea he sinks
And leaves his name upon its shores.
Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres quem super notas aluere ripas, fervet immensusque ruit profundo Pindarus ore,

laurea donandus Apollinari,

seu per audaces nova dithyrambos verba devolvit numerisque fertur lege solutis;

seu deos regesque canit, deornm sanguinum, per quos cecidere insta morte Centauri, cecidit tremendae flamma Chimaeræ; sive quos Elea domum reducit palma caelestes pugilemve equumve dicit et centum potiore signis munere donat,

flebili sponsae iuvenemve raptum plorat et vires animumque moresque aureos educit in astra nigroque invidet Orco.

Multa Dircaenum levat aura cygnum, tendit, Antoni, quotiens in altos nubium tractus. Ego apis Matinae more modoque

grata carpentis thyma per laborem plurimum circa nemus uvidique Tiburis ripas operosa parvus carmina fingo.
ODES IV. ii

Like torrent foaming from its source
Fed far above its banks with rain,
So Pindar pours with mighty force
The flood of his majestic strain.

Well hath he won Apollo's bay,
Now in some daring dithyramb
Coining new phrases, borne away
Upon a spate no rules can dam,

Now singing gods or heroes, who
Were sons of gods, and did to death
The Centaurs righteously, and slew
Chimaera of the fiery breath;

Or them who come enwreathed with palm
As gods, from race or boxing won:
To whom his ode is rarer balm
Than many statues carved of stone:

Or now he mourns the lover riven
From wailing bride, and slacks the hold
Of Hell on him, and lifts to Heaven
His strength of soul, his heart of gold.

Strong is the gale that lifts on high
The swan of Dirce, friend, when he
Sails to his cloudy heights. But I,
In mood and manner like a bee.

Laboriously garnering thyme
About the dewy banks and trees
Of Tibur, bend to toilsome rhyme
My unassuming melodies.
CARMINUM IV. 11

Concines maiore poëta plectro
Caesarem, quandoque trahet feroce
per sacrum clivum merita decorus
fronde Sygambros,
quo nihil maius meliusve terris
fata donavere bonique divi
nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
tempora priscum.

Concines lactosque dies et Urbis
publicum ludum super impetrato
fortis Augusti reeditu forumque
litibus orbum.

Tum meae, si quid loquar audiendum,
vocis accedet bona pars, et, O Sol
pulcher! o landande! canam, recepto
Caesare felix.

Teque, dum procedis, io Triumphe,
non semel dicemus, io Triumphe,
civitas omnis dabimusque divis
tura benignis.

Te decem tauri totidemque vaccae,
me tener solvet vitulus, relictat
matre qui largis iuvenescit herbis
in mea vota,
fronte curvatos imitatus ignes
tertium lunae referentis ortum,
qua notam duxit, niveus videri,
cetera fulvus.

[ 112 ]

49 procerit
ODES IV. ii

But thou, a bard of weightier quill,
   Shalt sing of Caesar, soon to lead
Fierce captives up the Sacred Hill,
   Enwreathed with laurels for his meed.

(No rarer boon of gracious heaven,
   No greater gift of Fate to men,
Was e'er bestowed, nor shall be given,
   Though come the Age of Gold again.)

Shalt sing of festivals and sports
   Ordained throughout the breadth of Rome,
And stillness only in the courts,
   Because our longed-for chief is home.

Then, if I dare uplift my voice,
   I'll take my part and swell the strain,
‘Glad morn, that bids us all rejoice
   And gives us Caesar safe again!’

Lead thou, O Triumph, lead the way,
   Thy name again, again we greet,
A people as one man, and pay
   The kindly gods our savours sweet.

Ten bulls, ten kine shall quit thy vows;
   But one young calf that barely yet
Has left his mother’s flank, to browse
   Where grass is long, shall clear my debt:

As moon thrice risen on the night
   So is the crescent on his head;
One spot he bears of snowy white,
   And all the rest is tawny red.
III

QUEM tu, Melpomene, semel
nascentem placido lumine videris,
illum non labor Isthmius
clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger
currunt ducet Achaico
victorem, neque res bellica Deliis
ornatum folis ducem,
quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,
ostendet Capitolio:
sed quae Tibur aquae fertile praebunt
et spissae nemorum comae
fingent Aeolio carmine nobilem.
Romae principis urbinum
dignatur suboles inter amabiles
vatum ponere me choros,
et iam dente minus mordeor invido.
O, testudinis aureae
dulcem quae strepitum, Pieri, temperas,
O mutis quoque piscibus
donatura cycni, si libeat, sonum,
totum muneres hoc tui est
quod monstror digito praetereuntium
Romanae fidelis lyrae:
quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.
III

The boy whose birth thy quiet eyes
Have watched, Melpomene,
Shall win no Isthmian boxing prize,
Nor guide to victory
Achaean car and coursers light,
Nor ride in triumph from the fight
Up to the Capitolian height,
With laurel garlandings,
While all men note him how he smote
The swelling threats of kings.
Ah no! but all the brooks that brim
By Tibur's fertile leas
And tangled woods shall honour him
Who sings the songs of Greece.
Queen above all the towns that stand
Is Rome: and since her youth
Think fit to rank me in the band
Of gentle bards, I feel the brand
No more of Envy's tooth.
O mistress of the ringing tones
That thrill the golden shell,
Whose power could give the song of swans
To yon dumb fish as well,
This benefaction comes of thee
That, as they pass, men point at me
As bard of Roman song:
My life, my fame—if fame it be—
To thee alone belong.
IV

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem,
cui rex deorum regnum in aves vagas
permisit expertus fidelem
Iuppiter in Ganymede flavo,

olim iuventas et patris vigor
nido laborum propulit insciun
vernique iam nimbis remotis
insolitos docuere nius

venti paventem, mox in ovilia
demisit hostem vividus impetus,
nunc in reluctantes dracones
egit amor dapis atque pugnae;

qualemve laetis caprea pascuis
intenta fulvae matris ubere
iam lacte depulsum leonem
dente novo peritura vidit:

videre Raeti bella sub Alpibus
Drusum gerentem Vindelici:—quibus
mos unde deductus per omne
tempus Amazonia securi
dextras obarmet, quaerere distuli,
nec scire fas est omnia;—sed diu
lateque victrices catervae
consiliis iuvenis revictae

[ 114 ]
IV

The eagle, when he carried off
Fair Ganymede, was faithful found,
Wherefore he guards the bolts of Jove
And king of roving birds is crowned:

Like him—as fledgeling yet he plies
In pride of blood a callow wing,
Till April winds and sunny skies
Allure him to more daring spring,

When swooping down with blinding flight
Havoc among the pens he makes,
Until he lusts for feast and fight
And grapples with the writhing snakes;

Or as a grazing kid espies
A lion's cub that ne'er before
Has left his tawny dam, and dies
By teeth till then unflushed with gore;

So Drusus to the Vandals' sight
Appeared, as 'neath the Alps he warred,
And wise in counsel, bold in fight,
Destroyed their long triumphant horde.

(They arm themselves like Amazons
With axes in their hands: but why
Or whence the ancient custom runs,
I know not: 'tis a mystery.)
sensere, quid mens rite, quid indoles
nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
posset, quid Augusti paternus
in pueros animus Nerones.

Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis;
est in iuvencis, est in equis patrum
virtus, neque imbellem feroce
progenerant aquilae columbam;
doctora sed vim promovet insitam,
rectique cultus pectora roborant;
utcumque defecere mores,
indecorant bene nata culpae.

Quid debeas, o Roma, Neronibus,
testis Metaurum flumeu et Hasdrubal
devictus et pulcher fugatis
ille dies Latio tenebris,
qui primus alma risit adorea,
dirus per urbes Afer ut Italas
ceu flamma per taedas vel Eurus
per Siculas equitavit undas.

Post hoc secundis usque laboribus
Romana pubes crevit, et impio
vastata Poenorum tumultu
fana deos habuere rectos,
dixitque tandem perfidus Hannibal:

Cervi, luporum praeda rapacium,
sectamur ulmo, quos opimus
fallere et effugere est triumphus.
And taught the power of soul and brain
Developed 'neath a godly roof,
And what the Nero striplings twain
Owed to their foster-father's love.

When sires are good and brave, the child
Is brave: in cattle and in steeds
Blood proves itself: the eagle wild
The timorous ring-dove never breeds:

Yet ordered training nerves the brain
And teaching betters Nature's worth;
For, failing virtue, many a stain
Disfigures those of spotless birth.

Thy debt to Nero's house, O Rome,
Metaurus' river testifies
And Hasdrubal's defeat, when gloom
Was swept from our Italian skies,

The first of days that glowed benign,
Since the dread foe through Italy
Careered, like flame through woods of pine.
Or Eurus o'er Sicilian sea.

Thenceforth our youth have grown unstayed
In prosperous toils, and temples wrecked
By Carthage in her godless raid
Have held their gods again erect,

Till faithless Hannibal spoke out:
We are as stags amid a pack
Of wolves: 'twere boast enough to flout
The foe; 'tis madness to attack.
Gens, quae cremato fortis ab Ilio
iactata Tuscis aequoribus sacra
natosque maturosque patres
pertulit Ausonias ad urbes,
duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
nigrae feraci frondis in Algido,
per damna, per caedes, ab ipso
ducit opes animumque ferro.

Non hydra secto corpore firmior
vinci dolentem crevit in Herculem,
monstrumve submisere Colchi
maius Echioniaeve Theae.

Merses profundo: pulchrior evenit:
luctere: multa proruet integrum
eum laude victorem geretque
proelia coniugibus loquenda.

Carthagini iam non ego nuntios
mittam superbos: occidit, occidit
spes omnis et fortuna nostri
nominis Hasdrubale interempto.

Nil Claudiae non perficiunt manus,
quas et benigno numine Iuppiter
defendit et curae sagaces
expediunt per acuta belli.

73 perficiunt
That race that braved the Trojan fires
And carried tossed on Tuscan sea
Its gods, its children, and its sires
Unto the towns of Italy,

Like oak that biting bill-hook rives
Where Algidus stands deep in shade,
E'en through its ghastly wounds derives
New strength and spirit from the blade.

The Hydra thriving at each thrust
Of foiled and angry Hercules,
The monsters Thebes and Colchis loosed
Were never prodigy like these.

Submerged awhile, 'more fair she soars:
Close-gripped, she hurls her victor down,
And wives shall chatter of the wars
She yet will wage with high renown.

No couriers proud will speed apace
Henceforth to Carthage. Fallen all
The hope and fortune of our race:
They died—thay died with Hasdrubal.'

The Neros' daring who can stay?
For Jove hath blessed them with his might,
And skill and forethought guide their way
Along the thorny paths of fight.
V

Divis orte bonis, optime Romulae
custos gentis, abes iam nimium diu;
maturum reditum pollicitus patrum
saneto concilio redi.

Lucem redde tuae, dux bone, patriae:
instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus
affulsit populo, gratior it dies
et soles melius nitent.

Ut mater iuenem, quem Notus invido
flatu Carpathii trans maris aequora
cunctantem spatio longius annuo
dulei distinct a domo,

votis ominibusque et precibus vocat.
curvo nee faciem litore dimovet:
sie desideriis icta fidelibus
quaerit patria Caesarem.

Tutus bos etenim rura perambulat,
nutrit rura Ceres alamaque Faustitas,
pacatum volitant per mare navitae,
culpari metuit Fides,

nullis pollutur casta domus stupris,
mos et lex maculosum edomuit nefas,
laudantur simili prole puerperae,
culpam poena premit comes.
O'DES IV. V

V

O'erlong thou bidest, child of gracious heaven,
Thou best of guardians of the race of Rome,
Make good thy promise to the Fathers given,
And in right season come!

Revive the land, good captain, with thy ray,
For once the April face of thee hath shone
Upon the people, gladder goes the day
And fairer beams the sun.

Like some fond mother peering o'er the foam,
Her face set ever toward the winding shore,
Who seeks her sailor son wind-bound from home
A weary year and more,

And falls unceasingly, till he returns,
To vows and sacrifice and prayer,
E'en so the fatherland for Caesar yearns
With loyal, longing care.

To-day secure the oxen roam the lea;
Ceres and kindly Plenty nurse the grain;
Our ships are winging o'er a summer sea,
And Honour shrinks from stain;

No scandal smirches happy married lives;
Custom and code have killed the taint within;
Sons like to fathers praise the faith of wives;
And Doom treads hard on sin.
CARMINUM IV. v, vi:

25 Quis Parthum paveat, quis gelidum Seythen, 
quis Germania quos horrida parturit 
fetus, incolumni Caesare? quis ferae 
bellum curet Hiberiae?

Condit quisque diem collibus in suis, 
et vitem viduas ducit ad arbores; 
hiuc ad vina redit laetus et alteris 
  te mensis adhibet deum;

te multa prece, te prosequitur mero 
defuso pateris et Laribus tuum

miscet numen, uti Graecia Castoris 
et magni memor Herculis.

Longas o utinam, dux bone, ferias 
praestes Hesperiae! dicimus integro 
sicci mane die, dicimus uvidi,

cum sol Oceano subest.

VI

DIVE, quem proles Niobea magna 
vindicem linguæ Tityosque raptor 
sensit et Troiae prope victor altae 
Phthius Achilles,

ceteris maior, tibi miles impar,
filius quamvis Thetidis marinae 
Dardanas turres quateret tremenda 
cuspide pugnax.
Who thinks of Medes or Scythians of the North?
Who cares how savage Spain with war may chafe?
Who dreads the swarms rough Germany brings forth,
While we have Caesar safe?

Twining the widowed elms about with vines
On his own hills each man lays day to rest,
Then gladly home, and as he drinks and dines
He bids the meal be blest

By thee, his Godhead; prayers and wine he pours
To thee as to his household deities,
As men do yet in Greece, which still adores
Castor and Herenles.

O bless our land of Italy, good chief,
With one long holiday! this, this we crave,
Dry-lipped at dawn, and o'er our drink at eve
When Phoebus dips the wave.

VI

O God, whose wrath on reckless boasters falls—
The brood of Niobe, and Tityus gross,
And e'en Achilles, as Troy's lofty walls
Were yielding to his blows—

Sea Thetis bore him, and in stricken field
All men he cowed, yet nowise was thy peer,
Though, when he warred, the Dardan turrets reeled
Before his fearful spear:

[113]
Ille, mordaci velut icta ferro
pinus aut impulsa cypressus Euro,
procidit late posuitque collum in
pulvere Teuco.

Ille non inclusus equo Minervae
sacra mentito male feriatos
Troas et lactam Priami choreis
falleret aulam;

sed palam captis gravis, heu nefas! heu!
nescios fari pueros Achivis
ureret flammis, etiam latentem
matris in alvo,
ni tuis victus Venerisque gratae
vocibus divum pater annuisset
rebus Aeneae potiore ductos
alite muros.

Doctor argutae fidelis Thaliae,
Phoebe, qui Xanthe lavis amnis crinos,
Dauniae defende deus Camenae,
levis Agyieus.

Spiritum Phoebus mihi, Phoebus artem
carminis nomenque dedit poëtae.
Virginum primae puere claris
patribus orti,

Deliae tutela deae fugaces
lyncas et cervos cohibentis arcu,
Lesbium servate pedem meique
pollicis ictum,
For like a pine rent by the biting blade
    Or cypress smitten low by Eurus' gust,
With mighty crash he fell, and fallen laid
    His head in Trojan dust.

He scorned to couch within the charger false,
    The offering to Pallas that they feigned,
And thence to spring on Priam's dance-lit halls
    Where ill-timed revel reigned,

But when he took a man in open strife
    He knew no pity: horror 'tis to tell,
He would have burned the babbling child alive,
    The babe unborn as well,

But that the Father of high heaven, swayed
    By thine appeal and winsome Venus' prayer
Gave to Aeneas newer bastions laid
    With auguries more fair.

Master, of whom Thalia learned her song,
    Laving thy hair by Xanthus' yellow strand,
Cherish and guard for us, Agyiens young,
    The lays of this our land!

Phoebus, it is by Phoebus' grace I win
    The breath and art of singing, and the fame;
Ye hightborn maids and yonths who glory in
    Your sires' illustrious name,

Wards of the Delian huntress, her who stays
    The roes and lynxes with her arrows fleet,
Keep well the Lesbian measure in your lays,
    And mark my finger's beat;
CARMINUM IV. VI, VII

rite Latonae puerum canentes,
rite crescentem face Noctilucam,
prosperam frugum celeremque pronos
volvere menses.

Nupta iam dices: Ego dis amicum,
saeculo festas referente luces,
reddidi carmen, docilis modorum
vatis Horati.

VII

Diffugere nives, redeunt iam gramina campis
arboribusque comae;
mutat terra vices et decrescentia ripas
flumina praetereunt;
5 Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus andet
ducere nuda choros.
Immortalia ne speres, monet annus et alnum
quae rapit hora diem:
frigora mitescunt Zephyris, ver proterit aetas
interitura, simul
pomifer Autumnus fruges effuderit, et mox
bruma recurrit iners.
Damna tamen celeres reperant caelestia lunae:
nos, ubi decidimus,
10 quo pater Aeneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus,
pulvis et umbra sumus.
Quis scit, an adiciant hodiernae crastina summae
tempora di superi?

15 pius Aeneas

[120]
Lifting to Leto’s son the bounden strain,
   And her whose torch glows brighter every night;
’Tis she who sheds a blessing on the grain,
   And wings the months to flight;
So on thy bridal morning shalt thou say,
   ‘The gods have blest me for the melody
I chanted on the cyclic festal day,
   And Horace taught it me.’

VII
The snows have taken flight again; the meads are fresh with grass;
The trees have donned their green;
Between their marges placidly the *minished* rivers pass;
The Earth hath changed her mien.
Now come the Nymphs and Graces three, and fling their robes away
To lead the dance of Spring:
‘But thou must die’—the year, the hours that thieve the kindly day,
This is the word they bring.
Frosts yield to Spring: on Spring herself hard press the feet of June;
And forthwith Summer dies,
When appled Autumn sheds abroad his fruits, and all too soon
Come Winter’s leaden skies.
The moons in heaven quick repair the losses they endure,
But, once we pass to where
Ancus and wealthy Tullus bide, where bides Aeneas pure,
We are but dust and air.
The gods may add To-morrow to the score To-day completes,
But who their will hath scanned?
CARMINUM IV. VII, VIII

Cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis, amico
quae dederis animo.
Cum semel occideris et de te splendida Minos
fecerit arbitria,
non, Torquate, genus, non te faecundia, non te
restituet pietas;
25 infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
liberat Hippolytum,
nee Lethaea valet Theseus abrumpere caro
vincula Pirithoo.

VIII

Donarem pateras grataque commodus,
Censorine, meis aera sodalibus,
donarem tripodas, praemia fortium
Graiorum, neque tu pessima munerum
ferres, divite me silicet artium,
quas aut Parrhasius protulit aut Scopas,
hic saxo, liquidis ille coloribus
sollers nune hominem ponere, nunc deum.
Sed non haec mihi vis, nec tibi talium
res est aut animus deliciarum egens.
gandes carminibus; carmina possumus
donare et pretium dicere muneri.
Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
per quae spiritus et vita redit bouis
post mortem ducibus, non celeres fugae
reiectaeque rectorcum Hannibalis minae,
non incendia Carthaginis impiae
eius, qui domita nomen ab Africa

[ 121 ]
And all that thou dost lavish on the self thou lovest, cheats
Thy heir’s voracious hand.
Once thou art perished from the world, and Minos at the end
Hath spoke his stately doom,
Nor pride of blood nor eloquence nor piety, good friend,
Shall win thee from the tomb:
Pure was Hippolytus of heart, yet Dian may not loose Him from the dark domains,
Nor Theseus hath the might to pluck his dear Pirithous Away from Lethe’s chains.

VIII

Fain would I give my comrades store
Of bowls or pleasing bronzes, or
Of tripods, such as erst
Were prizes which Greek athletes bore,
Nor would’st thou have the worst,
Good Censorinus, had I aught
That Scopas or Parrhasius wrought,
Who, one in colours warm,
And one in stone, so deftly caught
Divine or human form.
But mine are not the means for these,
Nor would such delicacies please
Thy state or taste, my friend:
Thy choice is verses; verses I
Can give, maybe can signify
The worth of what I send.
No marbles graved at public cost,
To breathe in mighty captains lost
The life of other days,
Nor Hannibal as fast he fled
His threats recoiling on his head,
Nor godless Carthage flaming red
So bright the merits blaze
Of him who Africa o’erthrew
CARMINUM IV. viii, ix

Incratus rediiit, clarus indicant
laudes quam Calabrae Pierides: neque,
si chartae sileant quod bene feceris,
mercedem tulcris. Quid foret Iliae
Mavortisque puer, si taciturnitas
obstaret meritis invida Romuli?

Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Aaecum
virtus et favor et lingua potentium
vatum divitibus consecrat insulis.
dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori:
caelo Musa beat. Sic Iovis interest
optatis epulis impiger Hercules,
clarum Tyndaridae sidus ab infinis
quassas erpiunt aequoribus rates,
ornatus viridi tempora pampino
Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

IX

Ne forte credas interitura, quae
longe sonantem natus ad Aufidum
non ante vulgatas per artes
verba loquor socianda chordis:

non, si priores Maeonius tenet
sedes Homerus, Pindaricae latcut
Ceaeque et Alcaeii minaces
Stesichorique graves Camenae;

nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,
delevit aetas; spirat adhuc amor
vivuntque commissi calores
Aeoliae fidibus puellae.
And after wore its name, as do
His mother-country’s lays:
For none hath wage, until the page
Of poet tells his praise.
What now were Mars’ and Ilia’s son
If envious oblivion
His glories had suppressed?
If Aeacus from Hades’ river
Is snatched away to dwell for ever
In islands of the blest,
’Tis by the might and grace and breath
Of potent bards. A hero’s death
Is by the Muse abhorred:
Nay, but she grants him bliss in heaven;
So toiling Hercules is given
A place at Jove’s high board;
So from the chasms of the main
Those shining stars, the Brethren Twain
Pluck forth the battered prows;
So Bacchus, with the vine-leaves bent
About his brow, to glad event
Conducts his votaries’ vows.

IX

O never deem that they will die,
These words of mine, which thus I wed
To music with new art,—though I
By sounding Aufidus was bred.

If Homer rules the world of verse,
Yet still the Cean calls to us,
And Pindar and Alcaeus fierce,
And dignified Stesichorus.

Time has not blurred the merry words
Anacreon made: the love and fire
That Sappho breathed upon her chords
Yet live and speak within her lyre.
CARMINUM IV. ix

Non sola comptos arsit adulteri
crines et aurum vestibus illitum
mirata regalesque cultus
et comites Helene Lacaena,

primusve Teucer tela Cydonio
dirçxit arcu; non semel Ilios
vexata; non pugnavit ingens
Idomeneus Sthenclusve solus
dicenda Musis proelia; non ferox
Hector vel acer Deiphobus graves
exceptit ictus pro pudicis
coniugibus puerisque primus.

Vixere fortis ante Agamemnnona
multi; sed omnes illacrimabiles
urgentur ignotique longa
nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

Paulum sepultae distat inertiae
celata virtus. Non ego te meis
chartis inornatum silebo,
totve tuos patiar labores

impune, Lolli, carpere livas
obliviones. Est animus tibi
rerumque prudens et secundis
temporibus dubiiisque rectus,

vindex avara fraudis et abstineus
ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniae,
consulque non unius anni,

sed quotiens bonus atque fidus

[ 123 ]
ODES IV. ix

Not only Spartan Helen burned
   A lover's glossy locks to view,
His raiment all with gold adorned,
   His kingly pomp and retinue:

Nor first of men did Teucer loose
   His Cretan shafts: nor Troy was won
But once: immense Idomeneus
   And Sthenelus, nor they alone.

Fought epic fights: nor Hector brave
   And keen Deiphobus were first
Their shrinking wives and sons to save,
   And bid the foeman smite his worst.

There lived ere Agamemnon's day
   Heroes a many: but they all
Nameless, unwept, are laid away,
   Lacking a poet's coronal.

For mouldering sloth and worth forgot
   Are nigh the same. A wreath of song
I've kept to crown thee; I will not
   Be dumb, while on thy labours long

Oblivion works her jealous will
   Unchecked, good friend. Thou hast a soul
Wise in affairs and keeping still
   In woe or weal her self-control;

Condemning fraud and greed, and clear
   Of lucre's all-compelling lure,
She rules for no poor single year,
   But aye, (like honest judge and pure,
iudex honestum praetulit utili,
reciecit alto dona nocentium
vultu, per obstantes catervas
explicuit sua victor arma.

45 Non possidentem multa vocaveris
recte beatum: rectius occupat
nomen beati, qui deorum
muneribus sapienter uti
duramque callet pauperiem pati

50 peiusque leto flagitium timet,
non ille pro caris amicis
aut patria timidus perire.

X

O crudelis adhuc et Veneris munerebus potens,
insperata tuae cum veniet pluma superbiae,
et, quae nunc umeris involitant, deciderint comae,
nunc et qui color est puniceae flore prior rosae,

5 mutatus Ligurinum in faciem vererit hispidam,
dices, heu, quotiens te speculo videris alterum:
Quae mens est hodie, cur eadem non puero fuit,
vel cur his animis incolumes non redeunt genae?

XI

Est mihi nonum superantis annum
plenus Albani cadus; est in horto,
Phylli, nectendis apium coronis;
est hederae vis

[124]
Who puts his honour 'fore his purse,
   And scorns with fine disdain the pay
Of guilty folk) is strong to force
   Through foeman ranks her conquering way.
Ill dost thou do to call him 'blest'—
   The lord of wealth: that name is given
Of right to him who knoweth best
   To use the kindly gifts of heaven,
And bear adversity's hard hand;
   Who dreads dishonour worse than death;
Yea, and for friends and fatherland
   Stands forth to spend his dying breath.

X
Ay, 'tis easy to be cruel, in the might of Venus' boon!
But an unimagined shadow o'er thy pride shall darken soon;
When the locks that float so lightly on thy neck begin to fall,
When thy colour that is brighter than the rose's purple pall
Fades and pales, and Ligurinus' face is changed and rough to see:
Then thou, seeing in thy mirror a new self, wilt cry,
   'Ah me!
O the thoughts that vex me! wherefore came they not ere boyhood went?
Or returns not beauty to me when so sorely I repent?'

XI
I keep a cask of Alban wine
   O'er nine years old: my gardens bear
A wealth of ivy, Phyllis mine,
   To bind about thy lustrous hair,
multa, qua crines religata fulges; 
ridet argento domus; ara castis 
vincta verbenis avet immolato 
spargier agno;

cuncta festinat manus, huc et illuc 
cursitunt mixtae pueris puellae; 
sordidum flammae trepidant rotantes 
vertice fumum.

Ut tamen noris quibus advoceris 
gauis, Idus tibi sunt agendae, 
quid dies mensem Veneris marinae 
findit Aprilem,
iure sollemnis mihi sanctiorque 
paene natali proprio, quod ex hac 
luce Maecenas meus adfluentes 
ordinat annos.

Telephum, quem tu petis, occupavit 
non tuae sortis invenem puella 
dives et lasciva tenetque grata 
compede vinctum.

Terret ambustus Phaëthon avaras 
spes, et exemplum grave praebet ales 
Pegasus terrenum equitem gravatus 
Bellerophontem,

semper ut te digna sequare et ultra 
quam licet sperare nefas putando 
disparem vites. Age iam, meorum 
finis amorum—

[ 125 ]
And parsley meet for coronals:
  My house is bright with plate: and strewed
With vervain pure the altar calls
  Impatient for a lambkin's blood.

See how they scurry, lads and girls,
  They're busy, all my household folk:
And from the flickering fire up-whirls
  In rolling coils the sooty smoke.

What feast is this thou art to keep?
  Know that this holy day divides
The mouth of Venus of the deep:
  I bid thee honour April's Ides:

Duly to me as high, as dear
  A day as that which saw me born,
Since my Maecenas tells each year
  That passes, from this very morn.

Thou seekest Telephus; but he
  Is not for thee, nor free at all:
A richer, lighter love is she
  Who holds him for a willing thrall.

Think of burnt Phaethon, and check
  Ambitious dreams. If Pegasus
Flung mortal rider from his back,
  The lesson should have weight for us:

Pursue what best becomes thy state,
  Conceive it wrong to aim above
Thy place, and shun too high a mate:
  Ah come, my last and latest love,
CARMINUM IV. xi, xii

non enim posthac alia calebo
femina—condisce modos, amanda

voce quos reddas; minuentur atrae
carmine curae.

XII

IAM veris comites, quae mare temperant,
impellunt animae lineae Thraciac;
iam nec prata rigent nec fluvii strepunt
hiberna nive turgidi.

Nidum ponit, Ityn flebiliter gemens,
infelix avis et Cecropiae domus
aeternum opprobrium, quod male barbaras
regum est ulta libidines.

Dicunt in tenero gramine pinguium
custodes ovium carmina fistula
delectantque deum, cui pecus et nigri
colles Arcadiae placent.

Adduxere sitim tempora, Vergili;
sed pressum Calibus ducere Liberum
si gestis, iuvenum nobilium cliens,
nardo vina merebere.

Nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum,
qui nunc Sulpiciis accubat horreis,
spes donare novas largus amaraque
curarum eluere efficax.
ODES IV. xi, xii

(For never will I kindle more
   To other lady) learn a lay
For thy dear voice to sing me, for
   Song sends the clouds of care away.

XII

The winds of Thrace, that bear the Springtide home,
   Have stilled the sea, and forth the vessels go;
Soft are the fields; no more the rivers foam
   In spate with winter snow.

The swallow builds, and sings a doleful song
   Lamenting Itys: still she lays her blame
On Athens' kings: they did her bitter wrong
   And sore she punished them.

From pipes of all the shepherd-boys who keep
   Fat flocks on grassy meads, the music thrills
To charm the ears of Pan, who loves the sheep
   And Arcady's dark hills.

This summer season makes us all athirst:
   So, friend of rich young nobles, Virgil mine,
If Cales be thy choice, then earn it first
   And barter nard for wine.

There sleeps a pitcher deep in Galba's crypt
   That one wee box of nard shall win to day—
Full of delightful visions, well equipped
   To wash all cares away.
CARMINUM IV. xii, xiii

Ad quae si properas gandia, cum tua
velox merce veni: non ego te meis
immunem meditor tingere pociulis,
plena dives ut in domo.

Verum pone moras et studium lucri,
nigrorumque memori, dum licet, ignium
misce stultitiam consiliis brevem:
dulce est desipere in loco.

XIII

AUDIVERE, Lyce, di mea vota, di
audivere, Lyce: fis anus, et tamen
vis formosa videri
ludisque et bibis impudens

cantu tremulo pota Cupidinem
lentum sollicitas. Ille virentis et
doctae psallere Chiae
pulchris excubat in genis.

importunus enim transvolat aridas
quercus et refugit te, quia luridi
dentes, te quia rugae
turpant et capitis nives.

Nec Coae referunt iam tibi purpurae
nec cari lapides tempora, quae semel
notis condita fastis
inclusit volucris dies.
ODES IV. xii, xiii

So if these joys allure, away with thee
   And bring thy bargain: for, I pledge my word.
I will not let thee drink without a fee,
   As might a richer lord.

But palter not—put thoughts of gain afar—
   Think, in this respite, of the funeral flame;
And spice thy plans with folly: times there are
   When folly is the game.

XIII

The gods have heard, have heard my prayer:
   Lyce, thou growest grey,
Yet shameless would'st thou still be fair,
   And still carouse and play,

And stir with quavering, drunken song
   Slow Love? But lo! he keeps
Guard by the cheeks of Chia young
   Who soft the cither sweeps.

He skims above the blasted heath;
   He shuns thee in despite;
Grey hairs and wrinkles, yellow teeth—
   These are no comely sight.

Nor Coan robe nor costly gem
   Can wake old days again,
Once flying time has set on them
   The seal of history plain.
CARMINUM IV. xii, xiv

Quo fugit Venus, heu, quove color? Decens quo motus? Quid habes illius, illius, quae spirabar amores,
quae me surpuerat mihi,
felix post Cinaram notaque et artium gratarum facies? Sed Cinarae breves annos fata dederunt,
servatura diu parem
cornicis vetulae temporibus Lycei,
possent ut iuvenes visere fervidi multo non sine risu
dilapsam in cineres facem.

XIV

Quae cura patrum quaeve Quiritiwm plenis honorum muneribus tuas,
Auguste, virtutes in aevum per titulos memoresque fastos
aeternet, o, qua sol habitabiles illustreat oras, maxime princeipum?
quem legis expertes Latinae
Vindelic didicere nuper,
quid Marte posses. Milite nam tuo
Drusus Genaunos, implacidum genus,
Breunosque veloees et arees
Alpibus impositas tremendis
dilapsam
ODES IV. xiii, xiv

Where be they now—thy grace and hue
And charm? what bides with thee
Of her whose breath was love, who drew
My very self from me?

Who, after Cinara, held her sway
Queen of all arts, and fair?
The Fates took Cinara soon away;
But Lyce they will spare

To match in years the beldam crow:
Till every lover bold
Shall laugh to see thy torch’s glow
Die out in ashes cold.

XIV

How shall the People and the Peers
Find honours fit for thee, and tell
Thy virtues, Caesar, through the years
In stone or storied chronicle?

Where Day illumines man’s abodes
First prince thou art, the wide world o’er:
Vandals who never conned our codes
To-day have learned thy might in war.

Thine were the troops of Drusus, when
He shattered the Gelauni wild,
And wrecked the forts the mountain men
Upon the beetling Alps had piled;

[ 128 ]
CARMINUM IV. xiv

deicet acer plus vice simplici;
maior Neronum mox grave proelium
commisit immanesque Ractos
auspicii pepulit secundis,
spectandus in certamine Martio,
devota morti pectora liberae
quantis fatigaret ruinis;
indomitas prope qualis undas
exerect Auster, Pleiadam choro
scindente nubes, impiger hostium
vexare turmas et frementem
mittere equum medios per ignes.

Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
qui regna Dauni praefluit Apuli,
cum saevit horrendamque cultis
diluvium meditatur agris,

ut barbarorum Claudius agmina
ferrata vasto diruit impetu
primosque et extremos metendo
stravit humum sine clade victor,
te copias, te consilium et tuos
praebente divos. Nam tibi, quo die

portus Alexandrea supplix
et vacuam patefecit aulam,
Fortuna lustro prospera terto
belli secundos reddidit exitus,
laudemque et optatum peractis
imperiis decus arrogavit.

[129]
Requiting them their debt, and more:
    And now by Heaven's peculiar grace
Tiberius wages desperate war
    And routs the giant Rhaetan race.

'Twas good to watch him in the strife—
    How fierce he smote those gallant foes,
Who valued freedom more than life;
    Like tireless waves beneath the blows
Of Auster, when the Pleiad choir
    Peer through the clouds—and how he pricked
His snorting charger through the fire,
    And rode their squadrons down, unchecked.

Like whirling Aufidus who roars
    Like some mad bull, by Daunus' plain,
Ere rising in his wrath he pours
    A deluge o'er the standing grain,
Sheer through the hillmen's iron ranks
    Tiberius burst with impact vast,
And felled the vanguard and the flanks
    And scatheless and victorious passed,

With thee for strengthener and guide
    And augur. Fifteen years have gone
Since beaten Egypt opened wide
    To thee her port, and empty throne;

And ever since that day our pains
    To glad event hath Fortune brought,
And added unto past campaigns
    The fame and glory that we sought.
CARMINUM IV. xiv, xv

Te Cantaber non ante domabilis
Medusque et Indus, te profugus Seythes
miratur, o tutela praesens
Italieae dominaeque Romae.

Te, fontium qui celat origines,
Nilusque et Hister, te rapidus Tigris,
te belnosus qui remotis
obstrepet Oceanus Britannis,
te non paventis funera Galliae
duraeque tellus audit Hiberiae,
te caede gaudentes Sygambri
compositis venerantur armis.

XV

Phoebus volentem proelia me loqui
victas et urbes increpuit lyra,
ne parva Tyrrhenum per aequor
vela darem. Tua, Caesar, aetas

fruges et agris rettulit uberes
et signa nostro restituit Iovi
derepta Parthorum superbis
postibus et vacuum duellis

Ianum Quirini clausit et ordinem
rectum evaganti frenaelicentiae
iniecit emovitque culpas
et veteres revocavit artes,

[130]
Spaniards who never brooked the rod,
    Medes, Indians, Scyths without a home,
Revere thee now—O guardian god
    Of Italy and regal Rome;

And Danube and the hidden springs
    Of Nile, and Tigris as he pours,
And Ocean full of beasts who flings
    His rollers on far British shores;

And Gauls whom never Death could fright
    And stubborn Basques obey thy word;
And Teutons who in blood delight
    Lay down their arms and greet their lord.

XV

Of battles fought and cities sacked
    Methought to sing, but Phoebus smote
His lyre, before on Ocean's tract
    I launched abroad my tiny boat.

Caesar, thy reign which brought the corn
    Back to the furrows, now restores
To Jove's abode our ensigns, torn
    From haughty Parthian temple-doors.

It closes Janus' gates in peace,
    It bridles licence over-bold
To stray: it bids ill-doing cease,
    And summons back the arts of old,
per quas Latinum nomen et Italae
c avere vires famaque et imperi
porrecta maestas ad ortus
solis ab Hesperio cubili.

Custode rerum Caesare non furor
civilis aut vis exiget otium,
non ira, quae procudit enses
et miseris inimicat urbes.

Non, qui profundum Danuvium bibunt.
edicta rumpent Iulia, non Getae,
non Seres infidive Persae,
non Tanaïn prope flumen orti.

Nosque et profestis lucibus et sacris
inter iocosì munera Liberi
cum prole matronisque nostris,
rite deos prius apprecati,

virtute functos more patrum duces
Lydis remixto earmine tibiis
Troiamque et Anchisen et almae
progeniem Veneris canemus.

eximet
ODES IV. xv

Which nursed the name of Rome to might,
    Till her superb dominion spread
East, where the sun comes forth in light,
    And West to where he lays his head.

Nor Rage nor Force, while Caesar wards
    The world, shall trouble our repose:
Nor Wrath who ever forges swords
    And drives unhappy towns to blows.

Nor they who drink of Danube deep,
    Nor Parthia faithless nor Cathay,
Tartars, nor dwellers of the steppe,
    The Julian laws shall disobey.

Wherefore on feast or work-day we,
    With hearts made glad by Bacchus' cheer,
With wives beside and sons on knee,
    Will first implore the gods to hear,

Then sing, as in our fathers' day,
    Of old courageous captains gone,
And praise to Ilius Anchises grey,
    And Troy, and gentle Venus' son.
Q. HORIZATI FLACCI
CARMEN SAECULARE

PHOEBE silvarumque potens Diana,
   lucidum caeli decus, o colendi
   semper et culti, date, quae precamur
   tempore sacro,

5 quo Sibyllini monuere versus
   virgines lectas puerosque castos
   dis, quibus septem placuere colles,
   dicere carmen.

Alme Sol, currut nitido diem qui
   promis et celas aliusque et idem
10 nascereis, possis nihil urbe Roma
   visere maius.

Rite maturos aperire partus
   lenis, Ilithyia, tuere matres,
15 sive tu Lucina probas vocari
   seu Genitalis:

   diva, producas subolem patrumque
   prosperes decreta super iugandis
   feminis prolisque novae feraci
20 lege marita,
THE SAECULAR HYMN

Phoebus and Dian of the woods,
   Ever and ever glorified,
Whose radiance all the heaven floods,
   O hear our prayer this holy tide.

That which the Sibyl's verse ordains
   To-day our chosen choir fulfils,
And youths and maidens lift their strains
   To gods who love the Seven Hills.

Kind Sun, who with thy car of flame
   Dost wake the day and lead it home,
Born ever new yet aye the same,
   O look on naught as great as Rome.

And thou, whose grace in season right
   Bringeth the young ones forth to day,
O Queen of Increase, Queen of Light
   Preserve our mothers well, we pray;

And give our children length of days,
   And bless the Senate's wise decrees
And marriage laws, that seek to raise
   To Rome a plentiful increase.
CARMEN SAECULARE

certus undcnos decies per annos
orbis ut cantus referatque ludos
ter die claro totiensque grata
nocte frequentes.

Vosque veraces cecinisse, Parcae,
quod semel dictum est stabilisque rerum
terminus servet, bona iam peractis
iungite fata.

Fertilis frugum pecorisque Tellus
spicea donet Cererem corona;
nutriant fetus et aquae salubres
et Iovis aurae.

Condito mitis placidusque telo
supplices audi pueros, Apollo;
siderum regina bicornis, audi,
Luna, puellas:

Roma si vestrum est opus, Iliaeque
litus Etruscum tenuere turmae,
iussa pars mutare Lares et urbem
sospite cursu,
cui per ardentem sine fraude Troiam
castus Aeneas patriae superstes
liberum munivit iter, daturus
plura relictis:

di, probos mores docili iuventae,
di, senectuti placidae quietem,
Romulae genti date remque prolemque
et decus omne!

[ 133 ]
SAECULAR HYMN

So, when the cycle set of old
Swings through its hundred years and ten,
Such crowds as these such games shall hold
Three days and yet three nights again.

Ye Fates who tell us true the Doom
Once uttered, may the past be blent
In one glad whole with days to come:
So be it in the fixed event!

May Earth fulfilled of flocks and fruits
A wheaten wreath for Ceres twine;
And Heaven nurse all tender shoots
With breezes warm and showers benign.

Phoebus, forgo in gentle wise
Thy bow, and grant these boys their boon:
And hearken to these maidens' cries
Thou queen of Heaven, hornèd Moon.

If Rome be workmanship of yours,
If 'twas by you the Trojan band
Were safely led to Tuscan shores
And changed their gods and fatherland,

When good Aeneas forced a road
Right through the burning which bereft
Them all of country, and bestowed
Upon them more than they had left;

Give righteousness to docile Youth
And Age with peace and quiet bless,
Ye Gods! and grant the Nation growth
And wealth and every happiness!
CARMEN SAECULARE

Quaeque vos bobus veneratur albis
clarus Anchisae Venerisque sanguis,
impetret, bellante prior, iacentem
lenis in hostem!

Iam mari terraque manus potentes
Medus Albanasque timet secures,
iam Scythae responsa petunt superbi
numper et Indi.

Iam Fides et Pax et Honos Pudorque
priscus et neglecta redire Virtus
audet, appareteque beata pleno

Copia cornu.

Augur et fulgente decorus arcu
Phoebus acceptusque novem Camenis,
qui salutari levat arte fessos
corporis artus,

si Palatinas videt aequus aras,
remque Romanam Latiumque felix
alterum in lustrum meliusque semper
prorogat aevum.

Quaeque Aventinum tenet Algidumque,
quindecem Diana preces virorum
curat et votis puerorum amicas
applicat aures.

Haec Iovem sentire deosque cunctos
spem bonam certamque domum reporto,
doctor Phoebei chorus et Dianae
dicere laudes.

65 arces
71 curat

63 prorogat
72 applicet
SAECULAR HYMN

And, as he slays the kine of snow
To you, may Venus' glorious heir
Obtain his prayers, and crush the foe
In arms, and still the prostrate spare.

Now rule our legions sea and land:
Our Alban axe the Median shuns:
The Indians wait on our command,
And e'en the Scyths, so haughty once.

Now Peace and Honour as of old
And Faith and Virtue put to scorn
Return again, and we behold
Abundance with her teeming horn.

Apollo seer, with flashing dart,
The idol of the Muses nine,
Who comforts with his healing art
Our wearied bodies when they pine,

As he with gracious glance surveys
Mount Palatine, leads ever home
To newer cycles, gladder days,
The hopes of Italy and Rome.

And Aventine Diana, queen
Of Algidus, doth surely hear
The pleadings of the Priests fifteen
And lend our lads her friendly ear.

Home, we bring home good hope and strong
That Jove and all the gods will grant
Our prayers, who thus our ordered song
To Phoebus and to Dian chant.
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