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THE ODES OF HORACE

THE ODES OF HORACE

Translated by

LORD DUNSANY



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I must express my indebtedness to
Professor E. Warmington for his
very kind assistance in removing
errors from my translation, which
would have provided the critics
with some sport

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THIS BOOK IS PRODUCED IN COMPLETE
CONFORMITY WITH THE AUTHORISED
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DEDICATED TO

MRS. E. L. VAUGHAN

AND TO THE MEMORY OF MY TUTOR

PREFACE

THERE must be many hundreds of translations of odes of Horace and I fancy that, if you searched rectories while their owners were out, and, more carefully, the solemn offices of lawyers, penetrating the deeps of old drawers, you might eventually find thousands. Getting on for a hundred years ago Mr. Gladstone, when putting the Odes into English verse, felt a justification was needed for yet another translation, and gave as his justification that other translators had wandered far from Horace. But such translations as I have seen, into English verse, including Mr. Gladstone's, seemed frequently to wander from the original, and this may often be necessary; but I have approached this job with a sense of the impiety of adding anything to what Horace has said, and a strong reluctance to leave anything out. I think that impiety is the word that Horace himself would have used of any serious alteration of anything written by the inspired bards before him, and I think that that feeling is a wholesome guide. On the other hand the quite incompatible rule must be accepted that, if keeping faithfully to the original should make the lines cramped and dull, nobody in the world will read them. These are the Scylla and Charybdis of translation. On the one hand you spoil some of the poetry that was in the original, and on the other hand you make your poet appear, if anyone read you, not to have been a poet at all. As for justification, it seems to me that it is not the great number of previous translations that make the need of it, but that they themselves provide the justification. For, if generation after

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generation has translated Horace, it would seem that there is some continual need to look out on him thus through innumerable windows. Perhaps all such translations are as leaves that last only a season or so and need continual renewal, while Horace himself is like an oak that has Weathered the ages, as he knew and said that he would; and he knew that those ages would bring him recognition, even among barbarous peoples, though I do not think he actually mentions that he would be known among any so barbarous as the British, and certainly not any dwelling in that isle to the west of it that the Romans dimly knew by the name of Winter.

I think that notes attached to the name of every historical or fabulous person might be tiresome, and certainly unnecessary, because students of Horace will know all about them, and others will be quite prepared to accept, of some giant casually mentioned, that he obviously made some rash attempt on Olympus and was very finely defeated by deities whom Horace supported, and they will probably not care much to hear of his miraculous parentage or why he attempted to do the sort of thing that Milton has very properly condemned. I think notes are only necessary where it is so impossible to understand what is happening, that the line does not make sense without some brief explanation. This is the case, for instance, in the second ode of the first book where the Tiber is described as overflowing its banks and knocking down statues in order to console Ilia; and to most of us, to whom it would not occur that a flood at the Thames Embankment could be caused by any effort of the river to console Queen Victoria or Boadicea, some explanation seems to be needed as to who Ilia was and what consolation she might have got from destructions caused

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by the Tiber. Well, Ilia was the mother of Romulus, and, as the Romans of her day considered she ought not to have been, they had buried her alive. Any destruction therefore that the Tiber could do in Rome might well be supposed to be a consolation to Ilia's shade; and, as Ilia had been married to the god of the Tiber, this was all very natural. And in the second ode I think it is necessary to mention that the son of Maia was Mercury, whom Horace was enough of a courtier to mistake for Augustus; an uneasy memory of having fought against him, the sin that he refers to five lines later, probably stimulating Horace's powers of flattery.

The end of the fifth ode needs, perhaps, this much explanation; that, as he has been comparing the lady to a storm at sea, Horace compares his own escape from her charms to a sailor's escape from shipwreck, and the hanging up of the clothes that he wore at the time, on the temple wall, as an offering to the god of the sea. It is obvious from Horace's mention of this, without any researches into Roman customs, that it was usual in old Rome to hang up on a temple wall some such relic of a disaster from which the suppliant had been saved. Indeed, this principle may guide anyone offering a translation of Horace's odes to the public, the principle that where he refers to some custom, such as drinking to the new moon, or to the middle of the night, such a custom must have existed, and a note will not be needed to say that it was so, or a quotation from any authority in order to prove it. And in the same way any reference to the exploit of some god, goddess or giant may usually be credited to him or her as a battle honour, without the reader requiring any explanatory note, should he not know of the engagement already. I don't know if a line

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like "let Babylonians make no calculations" in Ode **XI** of **Book I** needs any comment: it is almost obvious, but perhaps not quite, that the work of looking into the future, now largely undertaken by gypsies, was in Horace's time in the harids of the Babylonians, possibly of the same tribe that now practise on Epsom Heath, which had not in those days got so far to the West. The next ode, number **XII**, is so full of history that it might be made starry with asterisks, but I think that each allusion may be left to speak for itself. Horace still misses no opportunity of atoning for having fought against the emperor, and at the end of this ode he suggests a fair division of Heaven and Earth between Augustus and Jupiter. In Ode **XXV**, and very occasionally elsewhere in this book, I have attempted to repioduce in English the exact metre of Horace, the Sapphic metre, that he uses in this ode and in many others. It may have theInterest that fragments of an oriental vase, broken on a long journey, might have in the West, but I have not done this often, as it seems too well established that the metres of the ancients, either in Greek or Latin, do not fare well in English. In this ode the savagery of Horace breaks out, as it occasionally does, through the charm of his calm philosophy and his happy love of the countryside, a savagery that was evidently not his alone, but that of Bis age and people, as Ode **XXVII** shows, if we may presume to criticize men who drank together till they fought with their wine-cups. I think it is scarcely necessary to point out to any reader of the next ode that a ritual pinch of dust thrown on a corpse by passers-by was needed by the spirit to enable it to go on its journey. One may comment, however, that probably all the Roman rites came from some old necessity, as all their fables came from some

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past event. The need for the burial of the dead was transferred from the living to the spirits of those that had died, though the living could suffer from their curses if burial were neglected.

Though no explanation is needed of the first Book's penultimate ode, one may perhaps pause for a moment to point to Horace's digression from a patriotic attack on Cleopatra, who had seriously threatened Rome, to an appreciation of her heroic end, both his patriotism and his appreciation being -very suitable in a poet.

The second book begins with a warning to a certain Pollio not to allow his pen to get him mixed up in politics, as it is not safe; and the last four lines, addressed to his Muse, show how the poet realized that in the course of his ode he was very nearly doing the same thing himself. The second and fifth verses of the second ode of this book contain references to two men totally forgotten, but one may accept Horace's word that Proculcius was kind to his younger brothers, and that Phraates did not deserve the popular approval that was accorded to him.

In Ode III it is quite obvious that Orcus is a name of the ruler of Hades, and one may point out that throughout the odes one will find the same god or goddess variously called by many names, or a name of one of them may be used for the place that he rules. Venus, for instance, is called sometimes Erycine, Bacchus is often called Liber, and sometimes Bassareus; Diana is also Cynthia, and Hades may be Pluto, Orcus, Proserpina or Libitina, or it may be referred to by naming one of its rivers, such as Cocytus or Lethe. Where Horace says in Ode IV "her grief is only unjust Penates," a modern would say "it is merely her bad luck". Luck was as it were localised in old Rome, and

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dwelt in the little idols that each household **preserved**. There must be on many English mantelpieces pairs of china ornaments that have come to attract to themselves a little of the reverence that used to go to the Roman-Penates, but not of course so much, because, though they receive respect, they do not reciprocate by exerting beneficent power, unless the pleasure we get from them may really have an influence on our lives.

(One will rarely find a lovelier pastoral thought than in the second verse of Ode V, at any rate in the original. There we see both a countryside and a mind unspoiled by any of the genie that Stephenson or Watt so rashly let out of the bottle which we know as a cylinder. And I may mention here as well as anywhere that the odes of Horace are ground that has been very industriously dug by numbers of lyric poets, and that in Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Stephen Phillips, Francis Thompson, and many others, the influence of Horace will often flash out, even though it may illuminate no more than a single line.

Various authorities have given various reasons for the opening of Ode VI, yet it seems to me clear enough that at the time he wrote it Horace must have intended to attempt another campaign, but was probably told at the recruiting office that his age-group was not being called up. All the following verses contain thoughts that must have since come to many, but they particularly remind me of some written by Francis Ledwidge before he went to war, a poet who had probably never seen the odes of Horace even in translation, and certainly never in the original
, (Anybody wanting to get at the whole of the Horatian philosophy will probably find most of it in Ode X, and the rest of it in Ode XL And after Ode XII of this second book

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the reader nearly got no more, for the falling tree told of in Ode XIII was evidently a very near thing and must have very nearly killed Horace, so near that in this ode he describes, as if he had had a peep at them, some of the scenes and personalities of Hades. Ode XIV is a *cri de cmr* that has echoed down the ages, a thing as natural to Man as its song is to the nightingale, a cry against the coming of age and death, which has made even the name of the man to whom it was addressed almost a household word throughout civilized lands.

To so rural a poet as Horace the growth of the suburbs, and the covering up of the country by large housing estates, must always have jarred, and this is the theme of Ode XV, with an added regret that the suburbanites have not the old rural virtues.

The prophecies of poets are often attributed more to poetic license than to truth, and are usually little heeded, but I know many that have been fulfilled exactly, as was the simple prophecy recorded in the third verse of Ode XVII; for Horace died, as he said he would, when *Mæcenas* died, actually within three weeks.

; Coming to Book 3, one may perhaps point out that in the third ode Horace was mainly concerned, after the first few verses, in dissuading Augustus from an intention to rebuild Troy, which appeared to Horace as dangerous as a proposal to rebuild Essen might appear to us. 'Dangerous too, it seemed to the poet, to give advice to Augustus, as the last verse of this ode shows clearly enough, even though he had flattered him so grossly in verse 3, and so oddly, for at a time when Augustus was still in residence in Rome, Horace describes him as dining out in Heaven.

Rebuke of forgotten men, as in the fifth ode, is seldom

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interesting two thousand years later, but this ode is well worth reading, if only for the last verse, with its beautiful description of the heroic Regulus walking calmly away from the Senators, whom he has just persuaded to send him to his doom.

Dissipated though Horace was, nobody gives better rebukes and advice, to those that were still more dissipated, than he does, as for instance in the sixth ode; but by the time he has written the eighth ode the anniversary has come round of the day on which he was so nearly killed by a falling tree, and this occasion can only be celebrated by drinking all night; and he hopes that Mæcenas will come and assist him, instead of bothering with affairs of State.

The charming ninth ode needs no notes, even among barbarous Britons, or in any age or any country.

Perhaps a note may be required to explain the vocal tortoiseshell alluded to in verse 2 of the eleventh ode: the point is merely that the lyre was made out of the shell of a tortoise.

The sixteenth ode is one of pure contentment, the seventeenth and eighteenth are of the rural scene that Horace inhabited, and where best contentment might grow, and the nineteenth is of hard drinking.

I The twentieth ode requires the explanation that the lady in love with Nearchus is compared to a lioness throughout, an explanation made the more necessary by the poet's assertion that Nearchus is possessed of the prize for the fight between Pyrrhus and the lioness, as if he had almost mixed his metaphors. And with the twenty-first ode Horace returns to his bottle, and in the next ode prays to Diana.

In the twenty-fourth ode he is giving advice as sound and sober as though he had never sat up drinking all night,

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but in the next ode Bacchus calls him again and he goes whole-heartedly back.

(in the twenty-seventh ode, when one comes to the lines:

Strung by thy belt, conveniently with thee,
Strangling is easy,

which is practically a literal translation, one should credit Horace for knowing that that is merely funny, for a few lines later he makes Venus laugh at Europa for making all this fuss about having gone off with a bull to whom she had not been properly introduced by her father, and tells her to pay more attention to the important position to which she has been promoted by her marriage to Jupiter.

Again Horace gets bored with sobriety, and in the next two odes he is back with his casks of wine. And then it occurs to him what a big thing he has done, and tells how his odes shall outlast brass and the pyramids, and that rain and wind and the centuries will not wear them away. fVerj nearly twenty. centuries have passed since he wrote that, and they have had no effect whatever upon the odes except to increase the fame of them, and they have outlasted much brass; and the pyramids are beginning to wear with the wind and the rain and the careless hand of man, but there is no sign yet of any fading of Horace's odes, and it is to be hoped that mankind may take more care of them than it has of the* Sphinx and the pyramids J

' Book IV, Ode 6, starts with an allusion that is not clear without a note, Niobe who had boasted that she had twelve children. While the goddess Latona only had two, which were heard by the goddess, who immediately put up her two, Apollo and Diana, to kill Niobe's twelve. The reference to the mockery of Mnerva's rites, is explained by the Greeks

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having told the Trojans through their "Intelligence" Sinon, that the wooden horse was consecrated to Minerva.

it was said that Diana had brought Hippolytus back from Hades, and ^sculapius is also credited with having done fflis, but in the last verse of the next ode Horace shows that he merely does not believe it. In the one following that, Book IV, Ode 9, Horace tells principally of a certain Lollius. I cannot think that my guess has any value, but the worthy Lollius, as I read this ode, seems so like the portrait 'of a mayor in his parlour, with his hand tucked inside the breast of his respectable frock coat, that I wonder if he commissioned this poem.

And with its 15 th ode the fourth book comes to an end with a little more flattery offered to Caesar Augustus, and some thoughts on the greatness of Rome, with wise allusions to its origins in the simple virtues of old; and in a mood such as might come to a hard drinker on a Sunday afternoon in summer Horace completes his odes. And now I feel that for the last two months I have walked, however haltingly, beside the charming old reprobate's spirit, of which regretfully I take my leave.

DUNSANY.

BOOK I

I

TO MAECENAS

MAECENAS sprung from kings of old,
My glory and my dear support,
Some, in the dust of chariots rolled,
To the Olympic games resort,
Where, turning rapidly the post,
The prize exalts them among those
Who rule the world; another most
Among the politicians goes
In search of honours; while to store
In barns of his whatever might
Be swept from Libya's threshing floor
Another longs; the next's delight
Is ploughing acres of his own,
Had from his fathers. Not with all
The wealth that Attalus had known
Will you move such to brave the squall
That troubles the Myrtoan sea.
The merchant fearful of the wrath
Of the South-wester, when that he
Makes the Icarian his path,
Praises the calm of his campaign.
But soon his weather-beaten ships
He puts upon the seas again,
Unable to endure the whips

THE ODES OF HORACE

Of Poverty. And some I know
Who drink old Massic all **the** day
Lying where green arbutus grow,
Or where a stream's head-waters play.
And military camps call others,
And notes from horns and trumpets blown,
And battles, hated by the mothers.
And stays the hunter out alone
Under the cold and open skies,
His wife forgetting, for his hounds
Have seen a deer, or he descries
Where some great boar has broken bounds.
But me the poet's crown of green
Lifts up among the gods above;
Me the nymphs' dances, where are seen
The satyrs with them in the grove,
From other men have set apart,
If but Euterpe play her flute
And Polyhymnia use her art
And not tefuse the Lesbian lute.
And if you give to me a place
Among the bards who sing to lyres,
I shall uplift my soaring face
Sublime among the heavenly fires.

BOOK I, ODE II

II

To CESAR AUGUSTUS

ENOUGH of snow, enough of dreadful hail,
Has God sent down, and with his flaming hand
Stricken the temples: all the people quail
Throughout the City, fearing lest the land
See come again to it dire Pyrrha's age
With its strange prodigies, when Proteus' herds
In the high mountains had their pasturage
And fish were in the elms instead of birds,
And shy deer swam the overwhelming sea.
We have seen the yellow Tiber, back again
From the Etruscan shore thrown suddenly,
Whelm the King's monument and Vesta's fane,
While with what ardour, Ilia to console,
Over the left bank he goes gliding on,
Breaking away from Jupiter's control,
The fond old stream. A generation,
Scanty through parents' faults, will come to hear
Citizens sharpen swords, by which should die
Far better the dread Persians, till appear
Battles among them. To what god will cry
This people of an empire falling, falling?
Or with what prayers, though Vesta no more heareth,
Will vestal virgins on her name be calling?
To expiate the crime what man appeareth?
O come at last, as we have prayed, Apollo,
A cloud about your gleaming shoulders cast,
Or Erycine, whom mirth and loving follow.

THE ODES OF HORACE

Or look on your neglected sons at last,
Mars, satiate, alas, with sport too long,
Whom noise delights and helmets shining far,
And Moorish infantry with faces strong
Looking upon their enemy in war.
Or you, the wing'd one, if on earth you bear
The shape of a young man, of Maia born.
Long may it be before to Heaven's air,
Caesar's avenger, you return, nor scorn
To dwell for long among Rome's populace.
And let not any anger at our sin
Carry you from us, swiftly as winds race.
Here are great triumphs that you soon shall win;
Here be content to be our prince and sire.
And, while you lead us, suffer not the Medes
Over our borders, Csesar, to aspire,
And with impunity, to ride their steeds.

BOOK I, ODE HI

III

To THE SHIP THAT WAS ABOUT TO TAKE VIRGIL TO ATHENS

Now may the goddess reigning over Cyprus
And Helen's brothers, favorable stars,
And the winds' father guide you on your journey
Shutting all winds, but Iapyx, behind bars.
O ship to whom has been entrusted Virgil,
Whom you owe to us, take him on his way,
Keeping from harm this half of my own spirit,
Safe to the lands of Attica, I pray.
Oak round his breast and triple brass the sailor
Wore whose frail bark first ventured on the sea,
Fearing no tempest rushing out of Africa
Fighting with the North wind; unperturbed was he
By the sad Hyades, or by the fury
Raging in the South wind, than whom not a power
Can more arouse or calm the Adriatic.
What death fears he who once has seen to glower,
With steadfast eyes, the monsters of the ocean,
Seen storm at sea, and the ill-omened peaks
Frowning along Acroceraunian mountains?
Then to what end a prudent Heaven seeks
To set apart the ocean and the meadows,
If impious ships should overpass the bars,
Taking their ways across the gulfs forbidden?
Everything mankind, and against his stars,
Hastens to suffer. Daringly Prometheus
Brought fire by craft for which the people pay;
For, since that fire was stolen out of Heaven,
Came the new fevers filling earth today,

THE ODES OF HORACE

And Death, once gentle, hurries now his footsteps.

Daedalus, with wings never meant for man,
Tried the thin air; and, breaking over Acheron,

Hercules laboured. Nothing ever can
Be too hard for mortals. See us in our folly

Making attempts against the very sky,
Nor with our sins and all our provocations
Suffer we Jupiter to lay his lightning by.

BOOK I, ODE IV

IV

To SESTIUS

Now from the winter is removed the sting
And with a pleasant change the West wind blows
And tackles drag dry keels, for it is Spring.
No longer to its sheds the flock now goes,
No more the ploughman sits beside his fire,
No more the meadows under frost are white.
Now Cytherean Venus leads the choir,
While dance the graces with the nymphs by night,
And burning Vulcan sets the forge aflare.
Now is the time to wreath with myrtle green,
Or with the freed earth's flowers, the sleek hair,
Or sacrifice, where shady branches lean,
A lamb or kid to Faunus. Towers of kings,
Or poor men's huts, are equally Death's mark.
Fortunate Sestius, brief life bars the things
That we long hope for. Even thee the dark
Is closing in on, and the phantom ghosts
And Pluto's cheerless house, wherein when gone
Thou shalt not care to know who lead the toasts
By lot at feasts, nor yet to gaze upon
The graceful Lycidas young men admire,
And for whom presently the girls will be afire.

THE ODES OF HORACE

V

TO PYRRHA

PYRRHA, what graceful youth among the roses,
Sprinkled with liquid unguents, in a cave
Loves thee? For whom thy yellow hair reposes
In simple neatness? Ah, when he shall rave
At the gods changing and thy promise broken,
When he shall wonder newly at sea-storms
Which the dark winds have raggedly awoken,
Who now believes that he enjoys thy charms,
Who sees thee, love on him alone bestowing
Ever, who no deceptive breeze has known.
Unhappy they on whom thou shin'st unknowing.
But, for myself, the temple wall has shown
By votive tablet, and drenched clothes suspended
To the sea's god, my travelling is ended.

BOOK I, ODE VI

VI

To AGRIPPA

VARIUS in Homeric song
Shall write of thee, a victor strong,
Fierce where the horsemen ride along,
 Or with the ships at sea.
Achilles' wrath I cannot tell,
Nor how there crossed the ocean's swell
Ulysses sly, or palace fell
 Of Pelops. ;Not for me
These themes, while modesty restrains
And my unwarlike lyre refrains
From soiling the outstanding reigns
 Of thee and Caesar too.
Who worthily of Mars shall write,
In adamantine tunic dight,
Or Meriones dark as night
 With dust of Ilium? Who
Of Tydeus' son that, by the aid
Of Pallas, was an equal made
Of those who sit above our shade?
 But I, Agrippa, sing
Of young girls' frolics, when heart-free
Or if in love I chance to be:
Their pointed nails are themes for me,
 For lovers' harrying.

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vii

TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS

OTHERS than I will sing of Rhodes' renown,
Of Mitylene, or of Ephesus,
Or Corinth 'twixt her seas, Thebes, Bacchus' town,
Or Delphi, for Apollo glorious,
Or of Thessalian Tempe. Others sing
The city of unmated Pallas; long
They sing of it, and before everything
Gathered from trees they put the olive. Strong
In numbers those are that for Juno's sake
Give honour most to Argos, where they rear
The horses, or of rich Mycenæ make
Their eulogies. But not to me so dear
Hard Lacedæmon, nor Larissa's plain,
With all its wealth, as loud Albunea seems
And headlong Anio, Tibur's woodland fane,
And orchards watered with swift-running streams.
Often the bright South wind drives clouds away
From the dark sky; so, wisely, Plancus, end
The cares of life with wine, whether you stay
Where the camp gleams with ensigns, or where bend
The woods above your Tibur. When he fled
From Salamis and from his father's house
Teucer yet bound for Bacchus round his head
A wreath of foliage from the poplar's boughs.
To his sad friends "Where Fortune leads", he said,

BOOK X, ODE VII

"More kindly than my father, we shall follow.
Never despair, with Teucer at your head,

For we are promised, and by sure Apollo,
In a new land another Salamis

Like to the old. Brave comrades, who with me
Have often been through things as bad as this,

Drink now. Tomorrow to the open sea."

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vIII

To LYDIA

BY all the gods say, Lydia, why
Haste you to ruin Sybaris?
Why hates he fields of chivalry,
To sun and dust used as he is?
Ruined by love! Why rides he not
Among his equals in the field?
Why has he no jagg'd bridle got,
To make the Gallic horses yield?
And why to dip is he afraid
In yellow Tiber? Why his fear
Of wrestler's oil, as though 'twere made
Of viper's blood? And why appear
No marks upon his arms of blows,
He who was formerly renowned
With quoit and javelin for throws
That often went beyond the ground?
Why hides he, as hid Thetis' son
Ere Ilion's sad calamity,
Lest man's attire should urge him on
To slaughter and the enemy?

BOOK I, ODE IX

IX

To THALIARCHUS

SEE how Soracte's head is white with snow,
And how the troubled woods scarce bear the weight,
And by sharp frost is gripped the rivets' flow.
Drive out the cold by heaping on the grate
Plenty of logs; and wine in plenty too
Bring out, O Thaliarchus, four years old,
From Sabine jars; and to the gods do you
Leave all the rest; who when they have controlled
The winds that war against the boiling sea,
Will leave the cypress and the mountain-ash
Untroubled. What tomorrow there may be
Never enquire, but rather treat as cash
In hand whatever days you get from Fate.
And fall in love, young man, and go to balls,
While fretful gray hairs are not on your pate,
To the parade-ground and the public halls,
And seek the whispering places of the night
At trysting-time: go where her laughs discover
The girl that hides, who after struggles slight
Will lose a ring or bracelet to her lover.

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X

HYMN TO MERCURY

GRANDSON of Atlas, who from savage ways
Turned early men by precept and by drill,
Eloquent Mercury, I'll sing thy praise
Who dost the work of herald at the will
Of Jove and all the gods; of the curved lyre
The father, skilful art thou to conceal
Whatever stolen object thou desire.
And once, when oxen thy sly craft did steal
Apollo threatened thee, young as thou wast,
Unless thou gav'st them back, and laughed to see,
Even as he scolded thee, his quiver lost.
And, by thee guided, Priam went, when he
With wealthy gifts left Ilium and passed
Proud sons of Atreus and the hostile lines
And the Greek watchfires. Thou dost bring at last
To blessed places beyond Earth's confines
The spirits of the just, and with thy golden
Caduceus thou driv'st the airy row
Of ghosts. To thee the gods are all beholden,
Those who sit up above and those below.

BOOK I, ODE XI

XI

To LEUCONOE

SEEK not, Leuconoe, wrong it is to know,
What day the gods shall send for you or me
To be our last: let Babylonians show
No calculations, but what is to be
Make you the best of. Maybe many winters
Jupiter gives you, or this one the last,
Which even now against the worn rocks splinters
The waves of the Tyrrhenian on them cast.
Be wise; strain out the wine, and keep your hope
To a small space; for, even while we rhyme,
The grudging hour flies on. With each day cope
And trust but little to the coming time.

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XII

To CÆSAR AUGUSTUS

WHAT man or hero with shrill flute or lyre,
Or what god, Clio, do you choose to sing?
The echo of whose name do you desire
Along the shades of Helicon to ring,
Or over Pindus or on Hsemus cold,
Whence after Orpheus all the forests ran,
Whose song, his mother taught to him, could hold
The river's running and could put a ban
On the wind's swiftness, and could lead away
The oak-trees, lured to listen to his song?
But what should I before His praises say
Who all things that to man and gods belong,
And sea and land, and all the world, doth steer,
Sending its different seasons? Naught was made
So great as he, nor like to him, nor near,
Though next to him most reverence is paid
To Pallas. Of thee, Bacchus, I will tell,
In battle brave; and virgin that dost war
With the wild beasts; and Phcebus, terrible
For thy sure arrow. I tell furthermore
Of Hercules, and then of Leda's sons,
The one as an equestrian renowned,
A pri2e-fighter the other: when there runs
In heaven their white star, from rocky ground
Rough seas retire, winds die away, and flee
The clouds before them, and the threatening **wave**
At the **Twins'** will falls back into the sea.

BOOK I, ODE XII

How Cato went so nobly to his grave
Shall I remember next? Or Romulus?

Or Tarquin's haughty fasces? Or the reign,
Calm and untroubled, of Pompilius?

Of Regulus and Scauri my refrain
Will blithely tell my Muse, and Paulus who

So glorious was when we by Hannibal
Were overcome, and of Fabricius too;

Him and brave Curius, with hair prodigal,
Able in battle, with Camillus did

Harsh Poverty bring up in some small home
Upon a plot of land inherited.

Even as grows a tree below the loam,
Marcellus' fame grows in the dark of time.

And among all of them shines Caesar's star,
As among lesser lights the moon sublime.

Father and guardian of all men that are,
From Saturn sprung, the Fates have given thee

The care of Caesar. Reign, and let him hold
The second place; and in the days when he

Back from the Latin boundaries shall have rolled
The threatening Parthians, and have led them then

In triumph due, or in an eastern land
Have overthrown the Seres and the men

Of India, the wide world shall he command,
Less only than thyself; thy chariot

Shall shake Olympus with its awful weight,
Thine angry thunderbolts thou shalt send hot

Upon the groves no longer consecrate.

THE ODES OF HORACE

Xiii

To LYDIA

LYDDY, when you praise Telephus,
His rosy neck, his waxen arms,
My liver grows tumultuous
With bile that seethes to hear his charms,
My colour does not keep its place,
Nor yet my mind; the tears begin
Their stealthy course along my face
And show the fire that wastes within.
I burn when brawlings wild with wine
Make marks upon your shoulders' white,
Or when some mad young libertine
Your lips has blemished with a bite.
You will not hope, if you hear me,
For constancy from one who harms
A lovely mouth so brutally
Which Venus has so filled with charms.
But who are held by bond unbroken,
Thrice happy; aye, and more are they!
Among whom strife has never woken,
Whom Love shall part on their last day.

BOOK I, ODE XIV

XIV

TO THE SHIP WHICH WAS TO TAKE HIS FRIENDS
TO THE ÆGEAN

NEW waves shall take you out to sea,
O ship? What do you? Hug the shore.
How bare your sides do you not see,
And all swept clear of every oar,
With winds that swoop from Africa?
Your yard-arm creaks, your mast is cracked,
Your keel, with ropes gone, scarcely may
Hold out when by the ocean wracked
No sails are left to you untorn,
No gods on whom to call again
If by disaster overborne.
Although a pine of Pontic grain
The daughter of a noble wood,
The race and name of which you reck
Will no more do you any good.
For pictures on the after-deck
The harassed sailor has no care.
If sport of winds you would not be,
Beware, O ship. You erstwhile were
A source of anxious care to me,
And now of longing. Nowise light
The care I feel! So down the seas
Which run between, may you steer right
And pass the shining Cyclades.

THE ODES OF HORACE

XV

WHEN the false shepherd carried Helen away,
Who was his hostess, down the narrow sea
In ships of Ida, Nereus hushed the play
Of the wild winds, to tell what was to be.
With evil omen tak'st thou home with thee
Whom Greece will demand back with a great host
Sworn to destroy the ancient empery
Of Priam and thy marriage. What sweat lost
Will be, alas, by horses and by men!
And O, what funerals for the Trojan race
Thou bringest on! Her chariot and then
Her aegis Pallas takes, and sets in place
Her helmet, and already glows her ire.
In vain thou'lt comb thy locks, upon the aid
Of Venus trusting; to the peaceful lyre
Thy songs that please the women shall be made.
In vain thou'lt hide thee from the darts of Crete
In the bedchamber, and the heavy spears
And battle, and the swift pursuing feet
Of Ajax, for in spite of this the smears
Of dust shall be on thine adulterous hair.
Seest thou not Ulysses, of thy race
The doomed destroyer? Seest thou not where
Comes Nestor, whose paternal dwelling-place
In Pylos lies? And rapidly appear
Those fearless men, Teucer of Salamis,
And Sthenelus, no slothful charioteer;
A fighter also, and well-skilled he is;

BOOK I, ODE XV

And Meriones; and the dreadful son
Of Tydeus rages to discover thee,
Greater than was his father: thou shalt run
From him as stags that in a valley see
A wolf on the far slope and graze no more;
So out of breath thou go'st. How different
The promises that Helen heard of yore.
Achilles' fleet shall be impediment
To the approach of those destroying days
To Ilium and the women of that land,
But after some few years Greek fire shall blaze
And not a house in Ilium shall stand.

THE ODES OF HORACE

XVI

To TYNDARIS

LOVELY thy mother, even lovelier thou.

Scandalous verses punish as thou please,
Whether into the flames thou put them now,
Or cast them to the Adriatic seas.

Not he that in the inner temple is

In Delphi, shakes the spirit of the priest,
Nor yet Cybele, nor the ecstasies

Of Bacchus, so much; neither have increased
The Corybantes on their sounding brass

Their ringing blows, so fierce as is the ire
For which a Noric sword no terrors has,

Nor shipwreck out at sea, nor yet wild fire,
Nor Jupiter himself, when down the sky

Rushing in storm. Prometheus, as they say,
Some fragment from the rest took everywhere

And something added to the primal clay;
Then in our hearts a portion of the might

Of the mad lion placed he. This it was
That drove Thyestes to his dreadful plight,

And lofty cities have been wrecked because
Of this same wrath, and armies insolent

Over their battlements have driven the plough.
Restrain thine anger. Passions turbulent

Drove me in my sweet youth, and that was how
I made those hasty verses: now I try

To change those lamentable things to good,
Hoping that after my apology

Thou'lt turn again to me in friendly mood.

BOOK I, ODE XVII

XViii

To TYNDARIS

OFTEN swift Faunus to Lucretilis,
The pleasant mountain, from Lyceum goes.
There always 'gainst the heat's severities
He guards my goats, and when the wet wind blows.
And there my she-goats stray unharmed away,
Searching for thyme and the arbutus berry,
Through the safe grove as soon as those notes play
With which the rocks of Ustica are merry
And all the valley, from his pipes a-ring,
And fearless are their young of the green snake
Or of the wolf-pack's warlike ravening.
The gods protect me for my music's sake
And for my piety. Here shall there flow
For thee the riches of the countryside
In fullest measure. In the vale below
Thou shalt not by the dog-star's heat be tried,
And, in the metre of Anacreon,
Of shining Circe and Penelope
And how they both did love Laertes' son
Thou shalt relate; and in the shade for thee
Shall be some cups of harmless Lesbian wine,
And Bacchus shall not be embroiled in fight
With Mars, and here no fear shall e'er be thine
That brutal Cyrus's suspicion might
Lay upon thee, no match for him, his hands
Incontinently, or that he should tear
Thine unoffending dress, or rend the strands
Of flowers that are clinging to thy hair.

XViii

To VARUS

VARUS, no *tree* before the sacred vine
 Plant on the mellow soil whence Tibur rose,
 Or over Catilus's ramparts twine.
 For every hardship does the god propose
 For men that do not drink, nor irking care
 By any other means is overcome.
 Who grumbles, after having had his share
 Of wine, at hard times following the drum,
 Or poverty? Who would not rather thee,
 O father Bacchus, and thee, Venus fair?
 And, lest the gifts of moderate Bacchus be
 By anyone exceeded, let him bear
 In mind the battles that the Centaurs fought
 Against the Lapithae, and over wine;
 Or let him recollect how harshly wrought
 Bacchus with those of the Sithonian line,
 When between right and wrong their greed could see
 No bounds but their own passion. For myself
 O candid Bassareus, O Bacchus, thee
 I shall not move, despite thee, from thy shelf.
 Thy hidden things, leaf-covered, to the day
 I shall not bring. Keep your wild cymbals* noise
 And Berecyntian horns. See, where they play,
 Goes self-esteem all blind, with prouder poise
 Holding its head, the emptier it is:
 See infidelity beside it pass;
 And prodigal it is of mysteries,
 But more transparent than a sheet of glass.

BOOK I, ODE XIX

XIX

To GLYCERA

T H E cupids' cruel mother, and that son
Of Theban Semele, and wantonness,
Have bid me turn again to loves long done.
Glycera's radiance, shining in excess
Of Parian marble, is consuming me,
And her gay sprightliness and face too bright
For eye to look on. Venus suddenly
Rushing on me has wholly taken flight
From Cyprus, and me suffers not to sing
Of Scythians, nor the Parthian, valiant
Upon his charger rearward galloping,
Or anything to her not relevant.
Here bring me, boys, a green sod, and here place
Verbena, frankincense and two-year wine.
When I have sacrificed, with gentler face
The goddess Venus will to me incline.

THE ODES OF HORACE

XX

TO MAECENAS

MY dear Maecenas, thou shalt drink with me
In modest goblets my vin ordinaire,
Which I laid down the year they gave to thee
The acclamation in the theatre, where
Out to the Tiber's banks thy praises ran,
The river by whose waters thou wast reared,
And sportive echoes of the Vatican
Repeated them. By vineyards thou art cheered
Of Caecubum, or wine that from the stills
Of Cales comes; but in my cups shall be
Nought from the vines upon Falernian hills
Nor those that flourish under Formiae.

BOOK I, ODE XXI

XXI

SING all you maidens in Diana's praise,
And you, young men, to curly-haired Apollo,
And unto Jove's Latona lift your lays.
Sing, girls, of her who doth the rivers follow
And in the shade of groves is glad to go,
Whether they hang on chilly Algidus
Or in dark woods of Erymanthus grow,
Or in the hills of Cragus verdurous.
And let the praise of Tempe's vale be sung,
Young men, and Delos where the god was born,
Upon whose shoulder is the quiver hung,
Where, too, the lyre of Mercury is worn.
And he, moved by your prayer, will grant therefor
That we and Caesar shall be no more smitten
By famine, plague and lamentable war,
And banish them to Persia and to Britain.

THE ODES OF HORACE

XXII

To Fuscus ARISTIUS

W H O upright is and clear of sin
No bow nor Moorish javelin
Nor quiver needs, Fuscus, wherein
Axe poisoned arrows.

Whether through deserts igneous,
He goes, or savage Caucasus,
Or by those sands that fabulous
Hydaspes harrows.

For, as in Sabine woods I strayed,
And songs of Lalage I made,
Carefree, unarmed, a wolf afraid
Fled from before me.

Not warlike Daunian oakwoods see
A beast so terrible as he,
Nor Juba's lions' nursery,
Arid and stormy.

Put me on lifeless plateaux, where
No trees shall feel the summer air,
Or on that side of earth laid bare
To Jove's reviling.

Put me too near the tropic heat
Or homeless in some lone retreat;
Still Lalage will I love, sweet
Speaking or smiling.

BOOK I, ODE XXIII

XXIII

To CHLOE

YOU fly me, Chloe, like a hind
 Seeking its dam in lonely crags
With needless fear of every wind.
 Whether in woods the foliage wags
With Spring's approach, or whether where
 The lizards stir the draperies
Of bramble bushes, listening there
 It trembles in its heart and knees.
Like no fierce tiger I pursue
 To harm you, or Gsetulian
Wild lion. Leave your mother; you
 Are of an age to go with man.

BOOK I, ODE XXIV

XXIV

To VIRGIL

WHAT shame can be, what limit can there be,
In mourning for a life so dear as his?
Teach me thy saddest song, Melpomene,
To whom a voice, as clear as crystal is,
Thy father gave thee when he gave the lute.
So, then, he lies in everlasting sleep,
Quintilian: and when shall good repute
And faith unbroken, that doth ever keep
With justice, find us such as him again?
He died by many good men mourned, but most,
O Virgil, mourned by thee. Alas, in vain
Thy piety that would beseech his ghost
Back from the gods, that only lent it here.
Not though thou sing'st like Orpheus, bard of Thrace,
To listening trees, would the blood reappear
In the thin shade, when once to the dark place
Mercury's dreaded wand has driven its flight,
Where prayers are weak against the seals of Fate.
Hard is it; but by patience we make light
Of what there is no way to abrogate.

BOOK I, ODE XXV

XXV

To LYDIA

SELDOMER lately beat upon your windows
Boisterous young men with repeated knocking,
Nor are you woken, and your door reposes
Still on its lintel,

Which opened erstwhile upon easy hinges.
Less and less, these days, do you hear them singing:
"While I die for thee waiting in the long night,
Lydia thou sleepest."

You in your turn will cry along a bye-street,
When you are old, for the disdainful gallants,
Slighted, where in between the old and new moon
Rages the East wind.

When flaming love and the unbridled passion
That sets afire the mothers of the horses
Shall round your heart-strings sore and over-heated
Rage in their fury,

Plaintive that young men frolicking will rather
Joy in green ivy and the dark-leaved myrtle,
While to the Hebrus, comrade of the winter,
Casting the old leaves.

THE ODES OF HORACE

XXVI

TO THE MUSE

FRIEND of the Muses, all my cares I throw
To the wild winds to drop them in the sea
That lies round Crete. What kings of ice and snow
May fear in the far North, or what may be
The dread of Tiridates, I've no care.
Sweet Muse whose joy is in unsullied springs,
Weave me a crown for Lamia to wear
Of sunny flowers. Nought without thee sings
This verse of mine, which thou wilt consecrate,
As doth behove thee and thy sisters too,
By metre unto Lesbos dedicate,
Alcaic verses, and by lyrics new.

XXVII

TO HIS COMRADES

WITH goblets, that were only made for joys,
They fight in Thrace. Give up this barbarous thing.
Cease you, my comrades, from the impious noise,
Spare modest Bacchus this red bloodshedding.
Most out of place the Median sabres shine
With wine and candles. Keep your elbows down.
Would you I drink the strong Falernian wine?
And let Megilla's brother, from the town
Of Opus, tell us by what arrow he
Is fortunately stricken. You will not?
Then drink not I. However it may be
That Venus holds thee, with a fire too hot
She will not scorch thee: thou shalt only err
In seemly love. What is it all about?
Come; tell it to safe ears. . . , Ah, worthier
Of better love! Oh, wretched beyond doubt!
In what Charybdis dost thou toil! What mage
Or god or witch can ever set thee free?
Or what Thessalian herbs thine ill assuage?
Scarce Pegasus from this will rescue thee.

XXviii

THE SAILOR

Archytas, that has measured land and sea
 And countless numbers of the grains of sand,
 Want of a little dust's poor gift to thee
 Now holds thee back upon the Matine strand.
 Nought profits it thee to have known the skies
 And for thy mind to have searched out the pole,
 Foredoomed to die.

ARCHYTAS.

Pelops' father lies

Dead also, though he dined with gods; the soul
 Even of Tithonus is blown far away;

And Minos, who was counsellor to Jove,
 Tartarus holds him; and, twice sent from day,
 Pythagoras, which thing he used to prove
 By the shield taken from the temple wall,

Witnessing Troy. Only his nerves and skin
 He left to Death. And him you do not call
 Any mean author. But one night wherein
 All must descend, and one road to be trod

By all of us, remains. The Furies make
 Of some a spectacle for war's grim god.

The greedy sailor lies where the seas break.
 Mixed in a mass are shades of old and young,
 And past Proserpina no man may get.

I too was into the Illyrian flung

By the strong South wind as Orion set.
 But thou, O sailor, grudge not to my bones
 And head unburied here a pinch of sand.
 So, when the East wind menacingly moans

BOOK I, ODE XXVIII

On waves of the Hesperian, or on land
Makes all the woodlands of Venusia hum,
Thou shalt go safe, and all thy merchandize
With Heaven's help across the sea shall come,
And Neptune too shall aid thine enterprise,
Who guards Tarentum. Do not as I say,
And haply children not yet born to thee
Will suffer, and for thee thyself there may
Be dreadful changes waiting: there shall be
No weakening of my curse: no sacrifice
Shall e'er absolve thee. And, whate'er thy haste,
This shall not much delay, and in a trice
Thou shalt go on when the due dust is placed.

THE ODES OF HORACE

XXIX

To Iccius

Now for the wealth of Araby you look:
Against Sabsea's yet unconquered king
War you prepare and for the Medes you hook
Together chains. What barbarous young thing
Will serve you, when her husband has been killed?
What boy from some fine house, with scented hair,
In his ancestral Seric arrows skilled,
Will bear your cup, Iccius? Who can swear
That rivers that have left the mountainside
Cannot return there, nor the Tiber tum?
Since all the lovely books that far and wide
You have collected, those from which we learn
Of Socrates, and those Pansetius
Has left us, for cuirasses made in Spain
Your wish is now to change. Ah, once to us
You promised something better, but in vain.

BOOK I, ODE XXX

XXX

To VENUS

VENUS, of Cnidos and of Paphos Queen,
Leave lovely Cyprus, visiting instead
The chapel that by Glycera has been
Set up, and where with incense amply spread
She calls you. Let the burning boy with you
Be and the nymphs, and Graces with loose dress;
And let your brother, Mercury, come too,
And youth, that is without you mannerless.

THE ODES OF HORACE

XXXI

To APOLLO

WHAT on Apollo's dedicated day
Does the bard ask of him? What as he drops
The wine out of the chalice does he pray?
Not all Sardinia's wealth of heavy crops
Nor yet the flocks that hot Calabria yields,
Nor gold or ivory of India,
Nor land where Liris through the sleepy fields
With silent waters wears the banks away.
Let those whom Fortune may have given a vine
In Cales, tend it: from his cup of gold
The wealthy merchant drinks, and for the wine
Pays with the merchandize in Syria sold.
Dear to the gods is he, for thrice or more
Each year he goes to the Atlantic sea
And never comes to harm. But me a store
Of mallows feeds, olives and chicory.
Son of Latona, then, of thee I pray
That with a sound mind I enjoy my things,
And into honoured age shall drift away,
Never without an instrument of strings.

XXXII

To His LYRE

IF singing carefree in the shade
Some songs, my lyre, I may have made,
That not this year nor next shall fade,
Sing now a Latin song.

It was the Lesbian* first played thee,
Though fierce in battle sometime he,
Or landward from the heaving sea
Bringing his ship along,

Yet of the Muses still he sang,
Bacchus and Venus and their gang,
And Lycus with dark locks that hang
Around his shining eyes.

Glory of Phoebus, Jove's delight
At banquet, labour's sweet respite,
O, when I call thee, in thy might,
For me, my lyre, arise.

*Alcrus.

THE ODES OF HORACE

XXXiii

To ALBIUS TIBULLUS

GRIEVE not, Tibullus, much, remembering
Unfriendly Glycera, nor sad odes sing
Because a younger man outshines thee now
And her sworn love is a forgotten thing.

Lycoris with her pretty forehead burns
With love of Cyrus. Meanwhile Cyrus turns
To cruel Pholoe; but, anyhow,
With the Apulian wolves a goat sojourns

Sooner than Pholoe would care to err
With one so ugly; for it pleaseth her,
The goddess, to join shapes and minds unlike
In a bronze yoke with jesting sinister.

I, when a better love came after me,
Was bound by Myrtal, once a slave, now free,
More lively than are all the waves that strike
Calabria from the Adriatic sea.

BOOK I, ODE XXXIV

XXXIV

LITTLE and seldom to the gods I gave
Due worship once, a wanderer in the ways
Of crazy science. Now my sails I have
Turned round to sail the course of earlier days;

For Jupiter, who splits the clouds asunder
With flashing fire, drives often in clear air
The horses and the chariots of thunder,
By which dull earth and rivers wandering there,

And Styx and the dark place of dreadful nights,
And Atlas mountain to the furthest end,
Are shaken. Yet the lowly to the heights
He lifts, and brings the mighty low, the friend

Of poor and humble. Ravening fortune takes,
With roar of pinions, here from one man's head
His diadem, and her delight she makes
To place it on another man's instead.

THE ODES OF HORACE

XXXV

To FORTUNE

O GODDESS reigning over lovely Antium,
Able from out the depths any to exalt,
Or turn the pomp of splendid celebrations
Into sad journeys marching to a vault,
It is to thee the soil's poor cultivator
Offers his prayer. The ruler of the sea
Art thou to those that travel the Carpathian,
Hailing from Bithynia. The Scythians fear thee,
Wandering their prairies, and the savage Dacian,
Cities and races, the fierce Latin folk,
Mothers of kings of the barbarian places,
And many a tyrant in his purple cloak,
Lest with thy foot thou overturn their columns,
Or lest a people putting arms aside
Be stirred by mobs to take again their weapons,
O goddess Fortune, and destroy their pride.
Dreadful Necessity before thee ever,
With spikes and wedges in her hand of brass
And molten lead and heavy hook, is going,
And Hope and perfect Faith beside thee pass,
All cloaked in white, and still thy comrades keeping,
However from the houses of the great,
Hostile and with changed attitude, thou turnest.
But the mob faithless and the profligate
Desert: when to the very dregs the wine-casks
Have all gone dry, friends no more lend their hand,
Too treacherous to do their share of labour.

BOOK I, ODE XXXV

But guard thou Caesar, to the last of lands
Ready to set out, to the Isles of Britain,
And that new swarm of men in eastern clime
Now to be feared along the Red Sea's borders.
Alas our shameful scars! Alas the crime!
And O alas our brothers! Have we shrunk from
Aught in this harsh age? What impiety
Have we left unattempted? What religion
Has made our young men hold their hands? Have we
Even spared altars? Would that the old iron
Of our worn weapons might be forged again
On some new anvil, that the Massagetans
Or men of Araby with them be slain.

THE ODES OF HORACE

XXXVI

HARPSTRINGS and incense and a calf for sacrifice,
When in the temple I pay the blood I owe,
Placate the spirits watching over Numida,
Safe back from far Spain but a while ago,
Who gives his greetings to his dear companions,
None more to any, remembering their days
With the same tutor, than to handsome Lamia,
With whom he took the toga and a grown man's ways.
Let the glad day with a white mark be signified,
Let not the amphorae hold our portions back,
Nor let the foot rest, dancing like the Salians.
Hard-drinking Damalis with the Thracian knack
Shall not beat Bassus. Let not from our banqueting
Roses be absent, nor parsley, nor the brief
Bloom of the lily. Loving eyes on Damalis
All will be turned, but Damalis is lief
Not to be parted any more from Numida,
Her latest lover. Closer will she cling
Than to the trees the ivy's longing foliage;
So will her embraces entwine the man I sing.

BOOK I, ODE XXXVII

XXXVII

IT'S drinking time; it's time to dance;
It's time for Salian food and wine;
It's time with trappings to enhance
The couches where the gods recline.

It was a crime a while ago
From cellars of our sires to bring
The wine, while planned the overthrow
Of Rome with senseless ruining,

That Queen with her unwholesome crew
Of nasty men, mad to aspire
And drunk with fortune, till came through
Scarcely one ship out of the fire

That calmed her ardour; and her heart,
Weakened by Mareotic wine,
Caesar with terror made to start,
Driving her on over the brine,

(As sparrowhawks at pigeons go,
Or as over iEmonian plains
A hare is hunted through the snow)
To put that monster into chains,

Who, seeking a more noble fate,
Feared with no woman's fears the sword,
And with no flight precipitate
Sought any hiding-place abroad,

THE ODES OF HORACE

But saw her palace overthrown
 With face unmoved, and took a snake
To drink its venom, fiercer grown
 With death determined; none should take

So proud a woman prisoner,
 In harsh Liburnian ships to go;
None, be you sure, would capture her
 To lead her in a Roman show.

XXXVIII

I HATE the Persians, boy, and all their ways.
Their chaplets tied with bark I cannot stand.
Stop your investigations in what land
Lingers the last rose into autumn's days.

Add nothing to the wreath of myrtle made;
No more I care for; and it well suits you,
My slave, the myrtle, and I think me too,
Under a thick vine drinking in the shade.

BOOK II

I

TO C. ASINIUS POLLIO

OF civil war you write, its every phase,
Its cause, the wrong of it, of Fortune's sport,
Metellus being consul in those days,
The leagues of princes with their dread import,
Arms stained with blood not expiated yet.
Full of dread hazard is the work you do.
Over the hidden fires your feet are set
On treacherous ashes. For a year or two
Let tragedy's grim Muse be kept away
From Roman theatres: affairs of State
You first shall settle, Pollio; then you may
To your great work yourself re-dedicate
In tragic buskin, you the eminent
Defender of unhappy prisoners,
Counsellor of the Roman Parliament,
On whom Dalmatian laurel wreath confers
Eternal honour. To our ears you bring
Threatening murmurs of the horns already,
And flash of arms, amidst the trumpeting,
Frightens the horses now, and makes unsteady
The faces of the horsemen. Even now
I seem to see chiefs dark with honest mire,
And all the world struck down except the brow
Of Cato. Juno and the gods retire

BOOK II, ODE I

Who most befriended Africa, from land
They never could avenge, but soon bring back
Thither the grandsons of the victors, and
Offer them to Jugurtha. What fields lack
Their meed of Latin blood, or do not show
With all their graves where those sad wars have been,
And how the thunder of Spain's overthrow
Came to the Medes? What gulfs have never seen
These lamentable battles, or what flood?
What sea is there that has not known its water
Dyed to a darker colour by our blood?
What shores are there we have not soaked with slaughter?
But lest, my merry Muse, you leave your mirth,
Turn from these themes that to sad gods belong,
And with me in some hollow of the earth,
Given to Venus, sing a lighter song.

THE ODES OF HORACE

ii

To C SALUSTIUS CRISPUS

CRISPUS Sallustius, no colour shines
In treasure until put to temperate use.
You are against ore hidden in the mines
That grudge to let it loose.

Lives Proculeius to a distant day,
Kind to his brothers, even as a sire:
Fame on her wings will carry him away,
Which will not ever tire.

By curbing natural greed more wide you'll reign
Than if you should join Lybia to Cadiz
And both the Carthages should appertain
To your dependencies.

The dreadful dropsy by indulgence grows.
One cannot drive out thirst until the cause
Of the disease from the pale body goes
And lethargy withdraws.

Virtue, dissenting from the populace,
Excludes Phraates from the fortunate,
Though seated on the throne whose glories trace
From Cyrus; no false prate

She teaches, and she gives the diadem,
The sceptre and the laurel, to the man
Who can see heaped-up treasuries, and them
With unmoved vision scan.

BOOK II, ODE III

To DELLIUS

REMEMBER, Dellius, when times are bad
Keep a calm mind, and in good times no less
Let it be tempered against all excess
Of insolent rejoicing. Whether sad

You live, or whether upon holidays,
Along a green lawn far secluded laid,
Where the great pine-tree's branches join their shade
With that of the white poplars, you shall raise

Cups of the best Falernian, while theie flows
A slanting rivulet that hurries by
With rippling waters, some day you must die.
Here bid them bring wine, unguents and the rose,

Whose flower lasts for such a little space,
While the occasion and your youth permit,
And the dark threads where the three sisters sit.
Your woods your mansion and your country place

That yellow Tiber washes you will leave.
Aye, you will leave your riches, and an heir
Will come to have for his enjoyment there
The wealth that you have laboured to achieve.

Rich, of the line of Inachus of old,
Or beggarly and of some mean descent,
It matters not; beneath the firmament
Awhile you linger, then will Orcus hold

THE ODES OF HORACE

Unpitying his victim. We are all
To one place driven; soon or late the urn
Throws out the fatal lot for each in turn
Which sends us to the boat with no recall.

BOOK II, ODE IV

IV

To XANTHIAS PHOCEUS

XANTHIAS PHOCEUS, never mind your loving
Merely a slave-girl. Long ago Achilles
Felt the same way about the slave Briseis,
Charmed by her whiteness.

Tecmessa too stirred Telamonian Ajax
With her fair form, a captive; and Atreides
Loved in the midst of his victorious triumphs,
Captured, a maiden,

After the slaughter of the foreign squadrons
Done by Achilles, when the death of Hector
Gave to the Greeks more easily the city
Weary with warfare.

You know not whether the important parents
Of your blonde Phyllis would not bless your wedding;
Surely of royal blood, her grief is only
Unjust Penates.

Think not your love from common folk was taken,
Nor yet that one so faithful as your Phyllis,
So free from greed, could ever have for mother
One who would shame you.

Immune I sing her arms' and features' praises
And tapering calves; but banish your suspicion
Of one who sees the days of his eighth lustrum
Rapidly ending.

THE ODES OF HORACE

V

YOUR heifer has not strength to bear as yet
The yoke upon her neck, not yet to share
The burden with another, nor to bear
The bull's weight amorously on her set.

Her thoughts are in the meadows, young and green,
Cooling herself in streams from summer's glow
Or playing where the dewy oziars grow
Among the bull-calves. While the grapes are green

Desire them not. Now in thy vines arrays
The dark grape-clusters with her purple hues
Already Autumn. Lalage will choose
Soon to be seeking thee. Her fiery days

Draw on and give to her the time they take
From thee away, and in a little while
A husband will she choose with saucy smile.
Greatly shall she be loved; men shall not ache

So much for Pholoe, the wild and shy,
Nor Chloris, with her shoulders shining bright
As the full moon upon the sea at night,
Nor Cnidian Gyges so attract the eye,

Who would dupe strangers wonderfully well;
If he were put among a group of girls
With that deceptive face, and loosened curls,
The cleverest of them would scarcely tell.

BOOK II, ODE VI

VI

To SEPTIMIUS

SEPTIMIUS, about to come with me,
To Gades, where the tribes know not our yoke,
And the wild Syrtes where the Moorish sea
Always in thunder broke.

May Tibur be the seat of my old age,
That colony of Hellas, when by land
And sea I weary of my pilgrimage
And of the armed band.

And, if unequal Fates would this forbid,
Galesus river, to the cloaked sheep dear,
I'll seek, in country where Phalanthus did
Reign in an earlier year.

That nook of earth, more than all others do,
Is smiling for me: there the honey yields
Not to Hymettus, nor the olives to
Those of Venafrian fields.

There spring is long, and mild the winter there,
And to the fertile Bacchus friendly shines
Mount Aulon, and its grapes may well compare
With the Falernian vines.

That place and all the happy uplands call
For you and me: there with the ashes blend
Such tears as may be due, letting them fall
Upon the bard your friend.

THE ODES OF HORACE

vII

TO POMPEIUS VARUS

OFT with me in the last extremity
When soldiers under Brutus, Pompeius,
Who is it that has sent you back to us,
To the home gods and the Italian sky,

My oldest friend? How oft with cups of wine
Have we not both together worn away,
With flowers crowned, the slowly lagging day,
While Syrian ointments made our tresses shine.

With you I knew Philippi and the flight,
And my shield left behind me none too well,
When broken was our valour, and there fell
Our haughty soldiers, the foul dust to bite.

But me swift Mercury bore, much afraid,
Through the foe's lines, enveloped in dark air,
While you the stormy waters carried where
You followed once again the soldier's trade.

So pay your promised sacrifice to Jove
And stretch your frame worn-out by many wars
Under the laurels, and spare not the jars
That wait your coming to my laurel grove,

BOOK II, ODE VII

But empty the smooth cups of dreamy wine
Of Massicus, and pour the unguent down
From ample vessels. Who will make a crown
Of parsley for us, or the myrtle twine?

And which of us will Venus nominate
Toast-master at the Feast? I will drink level
With any Thracian, for it's sweet to revel
When there's a friend's return to celebrate.

THE ODES OF HORACE

viii

To BARINE

IF any harm, Barine, ever fell
Upon thee for thy broken oath, a tooth
Blackened, a finger-nail a bit uncouth,
I should indeed believe you very well.

But thou no sooner riskest thy false head
With oaths unkept, than lovelier thou grow'st
Than e'er before and have become the toast
Of all the young men. Thou hast profited

By the betrayal of thy mother's bones,
Her buried ashes hidden from the light,
And all the silent beacons of the night
And the wide sky and the Immortal Ones.

And Venus only smiles, and only smile
The woodland nymphs, those simple people, too,
And cruel Cupid with his arrows, who
On bloodstained whetstone sharpens them the while.

And add to this that everywhere there grow
New lovers for thee and thy slaves increase,
Nor do thine old flames ever find release
From thy bad house, though threatening to go.

And mothers of young men, and niggardly
Old men, of thee are equally in dread,
And fearful are the young wives lately wed,
For fear their husbands should get wind of thee.

BOOK II, ODE IX

To VALGIUS

NOT always on the rugged fields the rain
Streams down, not always is the Caspian
Troubled by squalls, nor does dull ice remain
All the year long in lands Armenian,

My old friend, Valgius; the oak-woods bow
In Garganus not always to the heavens
Of the North wind, which does not always sough
Among the rowans, stripping off their leaves;

But you in mournful verses still regret
The loss of Mystes, when the Evening star
Arises, and you are lamenting yet
When from the rising sun it flies afar.

Old Nestor who had lived three ages through
Wept not the lovable Antilochus
All his remaining years; the parents too,
And Trojan sisters of young Troilus,

Wept not for ever. Then desist from these
Unmanly plaints at last. Let's sing instead
Caesar Augustus and his victories
Won where Niphates lifts his frozen head;

And sing with us the river of the Medes,
Now added to the races overthrown,
Which to a lesser torrent now recedes;
And the Geloni in their narrowed zone.

THE ODES OF HORACE

X

To LICINIUS

MORE justly will you live, Licinius,
Not always pushing out into the deep,
Nor, while you wisely fear the tempest's sweep,
Hugging too close the shore so hazardous.

Whoever loves the golden middle way
Avoids the squalor of a roof outworn,
And well-advised is he to hold in scorn
The palace which to envy will be prey.

More often by the gales the mighty pine
Is shaken, and more heavy is the fall
Of lofty towers, and the lightnings all
Strike where the pinnacles of mountains shine.

The well-prepared heart, in an adverse day,
Hopes on, and fears, as soon as times are fair,
A change of fortune; winters hard to bear
Jupiter sends, then takes them all away.

If times are hard, they will not always be.
Apollo wakens with his lyre from sleep
Sometimes the Muse: not always does he keep
Taut-stretched the bow; not always killing he.

In hard times be thou resolute and brave;
And, when a favorable wind prevails,
Give not to it thy full and bellying sails
Too readily, but rather prudence have.

BOOK II, ODE XI

XI

To QUINCTIUS HIRPINUS

WHAT warlike Cantabri and Scythians plan,
Hirpinus Quinctius, no longer care:
The Adriatic cuts us off from there.
The needs of life, which little asks of man,

Trouble about them neither. There retire
Beauty and youth, and dry old age away
Hurries the sportive loves of yesterday,
And sleep no longer comes at our desire.

Not always to the vernal flower clings
The early beauty, nor the moon has shined
For ever with one face. Why tire thy mind
Unfit for thought upon eternal things?

Then under some tall plane, or by this pine,
Our grey hair perfumed with the scent of rose
And spikenard of Assyria, repose
And drink with me, while yet the chance is thine.

For Bacchus drives our carping cares away.
What boy will swiftly cool these fiery glasses
Of old Falernian in the stream that passes?
And who will fetch us Lyde? Go and say

That from her dwelling-place down some stray road
She hasten here and bring her ivory lyre.
And tell the courtesan she must attire
Her hair all loose in the Laconian mode.

THE ODES OF HORACE

XIII

TO THE TREE THAT NEARLY FELL ON HIM IN A
SABINE FIELD

ON inauspicious day he planted thee
With lawless hand, whoever did it first,
By his posterity to be accursed,
The scandal of the countryside, O tree.

He cut his father's throat, I could believe,
And sprinkled inner chambers in the night
With his host's blood, and would have had delight
In Colchic poison, or what could achieve

Whatever crime, who put thee in my plot,
Unhappy tree, upon thy master's head
To fall, who this had never merited.
At every moment a man heedeth not,

What any person should avoid in time.
The Carthaginian through the Bosphorus
Sails terrified, but is not sedulous
To fear blind Fate in any further clime.

The soldier fears the arrow, shot in flight
By the swift Parthian; chains, the Parthian,
And Roman might: unseen by any man
Death leads, and will lead, races to the night.

BOOK II, ODE XIII

How near I saw Proserpina's domain,
 And iEacus upon his judgement-seat,
 And regions trodden by just spirits' feet,
How near heard Sappho with her lute complain

Against the maidens of the Lesbian shore,
 And thee, Alcaeus, with thy golden bow,
 Singing the hardships that thou used to know,
Hardship at sea, in exile, and at war.

And with religious silence there the ghosts
 List awestruck to the golden words of each.
 But most the vulgar cluster to hear speech
Of banished tyrants and the clash of hosts.

What wonder, when the hundred-headed beast
 His dark ears droops, enchanted by that air,
 And serpents, interwoven with the hair
Of the Eumenides, from pain have ceased.

Even Prometheus, even Tantalus,
 At the sweet sound forget their toil; Orion
 Troubles no longer to pursue the lion,
No longer hunts the lynxes timorous.

THE ODES OF HORACE

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THE ODES OF HORACE

XIV

TO POSTUMUS

POSTUMUS, Postumus, alas the years
Glide on, nor all thy piety can stay
The wrinkles in thy cheeks, nor yet delay
Old age that rushes on us, nor the shears.

Not with three hundred bulls shalt thou placate
Unpitying Pluto, though thou sacrifice
Day after day: he holdeth Geryon, thrice
The size of man, by Styx incarcerate,

That sad unnavigable stream; and we,
All that are nourished by the gifts of earth,
Whether poor peasants or of royal birth,
With Geryon and Tityus shall be.

In vain shall we shun sanguinary war,
In vain the breakers of hoarse Adriatic,
Vainly in autumn shall we fear rheumatic
Winds of the South; still on the gloomy shore

Shall we behold Cocytus' languid flow,
And the notorious tribe of Danaus,
And Sisyphus, the son of iEolus,
Condemned to his long labours. We must go

BOOK II, ODE XIV

From land and home and amiable spouse.

Nor of these trees, for which we care today,
Will any follow their brief lord away
Except the hated cypress. In thy house

A worthier heir thy Csecuban will waste,

Locked with a hundred keys; and, stained with wine
Inestimable, thy paved floor will shine,
Wine which a pontiff's banquet should have graced.

THE ODES OF HORACE

XV

Now stately piles leave little for the plough
And in these days one can see everywhere
Lakes larger than the Lucrine, and the bare
And barren plane excludes the elm-tree now.

Violet-gardens, myrtle and all kinds
Of scented flowers now their odour spray
Among the olive-groves, in earlier day
So profitable, and the laurel winds

Thick branches which will soon keep out the sun.
Not so did Romulus ordain, nor so
Long-bearded Cato. In the long ago
Of the old people this was never done.

Small was, of old, the personal domain,
And great the public; no great gallery then
Some yards across, stood to refresh those men
With the wind blowing out of Charles's Wain.

Then a man scorned not his allotted sods,
The laws constraining him, which also bade
That walled towns should at public cost be made
With new stone, and the temples of the gods.

BOOK II, ODE XVI

XVI

To GROSPHUS

THE sailor caught on open seas
When storm hides moon and galaxies
Asks only of the Gods for ease;
 And ease, in time of war,

Fierce Thracians seek, and Medes, all bold
With quivers, ease that is not sold
For gems nor purple nor for gold.
 Wealth cannot banish, nor

The Consul's lictor, from the mind
The crowd of sorrows that we find
Flitting where ceilings are designed
 With fluted arch and vault.

He lives on little well whose sleep,
Unhurt by fear or greed, is deep,
Whose little table still can keep
 His father's bowl of salt.

Why seek we much in our brief age?
Why seek another vicinage?
Who from himself makes pilgrimage,
 Though from his land released?

Base care can board the ships of brass,
And moves among the horsemen's mass
Swifter than stags, or winds when pass
 The clouds out of the East.

THE ODES OF HORACE

Who is contented with today
Will care not for what's far away:
The rough he will with smiles allay.
 Nothing is good all through.

Death came to famed Achilles fast,
Age wore Tithonus out at last,
Time may give me, could we forecast,
 What it denies to you.

A hundred flocks around you browse,
Race-horses whinney, and there rouse
The lowings of Sicilian cows;
 Dyed wool for you is spun.

A little countryside to me
And spirit of the Camenae
The Fates that do not lie decree,
 And the base crowd I shun.

BOOK II, ODE XVII

XVII

TO MÆCENAS, UPON HIS CONVALESCENCE

WHY killst thou me with thy lament?
The gods have no desire, nor I,
That thou before myself shouldst die,
My prop and my encouragement,

Mæcenas. Ah, if half of me,
The better half, be torn away,
Why should the other longer stay?
The day that sees the fall of thee

Shall see the other fall. I swore
No oath in vain; when thou shalt make
The final journey, I shall take
The road, thou going on before.

Not the Chimaera, breathing fire,
Nor Gyas with the hundred hands,
Shall stop me travelling those lands
With thee, as the just Fates desire.

Whether the Scorpion look on me,
(And violent his natal hour)
The Scales or Capricorn, whose power
Is master of the Western sea,

Our stars are strangely linked things.
Thee Jove, in the ascendant, late
From Saturn saved, the bird of Fate
Slowing the beating of her wings,

THE ODES OF HORACE

What time the populace of Rome
That thronged the theatre cheered thee thrice,
While I was near to my demise,
Sent by a log to my long home,

But Faunus turned aside the blow,
Guarding the poets. Let him gain
Thy sacrifice and votive fane,
And I will pay the lamb I owe.

XVIII

No ivory nor gilded dome
Doth flash and glitter in my home,
No beams have from Hymettus come,
Their weight on monoliths to lay,
Cut in remotest Africa;
I occupy no house in Rome
Of Attalus, an unknown heir:
No purple robes for me to wear,
From Lacedaemon sent by some
Lady-dependants, make their way.
Only I have a certain share
Of wit, and faith, and rich men pay
Respects to me, though I am poor.
I ask the gods for nothing more.
Nor aught from my great friend I pray,
Contented with my house that stands
Beloved upon the Sabine lands.
Day treads upon the heels of day,
The new moons grow and wear away,
And still you issue your commands
For marble to be hewn, to whom
Is come the very eve of doom,
And build, forgetful of your tomb.
You work to push out Bail's shore,
On which the seas resounding roar,
Not finding there sufficient room.
What! Do you break down and step o'er
Your clients' boundaries? Are man
And wife thrust out from their own door,

THE ODES OF HORACE

Clutching their household gods, while **ran**
Their ragged children? For all that,
No palace waits the plutocrat
More sure than that by Orcus' **plan**
Destined. For proletariat
And those of royal blood the flat
Earth gapes alike. Nor Charon can
Be bribed to let Prometheus by.
Proud Tantalus and all his clan
He holds, and when poor workmen die
He eases them of all their fears:
Invoked or uninvoked he hears.

BOOK ii, ODE XIX

XIX

To BACCHUS

I HAVE seen Bacchus as he taught his rhymes
On lonely crags, and the nymphs listening.
Believe me, O ye folk of future times.
And pricked-eared goat-foot satyrs heard him sing.

My mind is shaken by my fear of late
And, filled with Bacchus, I am wildly glad.
Spare, spare me, Bacchus, dreaded for the weight
Thy thyrsus hath. But I must sing the mad

Bacchantes and the fountains flowing wine,
The streams of milk, and from the hollow boughs
The honey falling still, and, where there shine
Her glories in the stars, his happy spouse

I also sing, and of the ruin dread
By which the house of Pentheus was cast down,
And of Lycurgus, that in Thrace was bred,
And the disaster that befell his crown.

Thou rul'st the rivers and the Barbarous Seas,
And, having drunken well, in distant lands
Dost weave the locks of the Bistonides
With snakes that do not harm them. When the bands

Of impious giants would have climbed the steep
Up to thy father's kingdom, thou hurl'd'st down,
With jaws and talons and a lion's leap,
The giant Rhætus. Rather thy renown

THE ODES OF HORACE

Came from the dance and from the jest and game,
For battle was thought less within thy reach.
And yet in war and peace thou wast the same,
Standing midway between the scope of each.

Thee Cerberus saw, gorgeous with thy horn
Of gold, and wagged his tail, and harmed not thee
And, as thou wentest back into the morn,
Thy feet and legs with treble tongue licked he.

BOOK II, ODE XX

XX

To MAECENAS

No common wing shall carry me away,
The bard, in other shape through liquid air.
Much longer on the earth I shall not stay.
Greater than envy I shall travel there

Beyond the cities. I of poor descent,
I whom thou call'st thy friend, Maecenas, I
Shall not beyond the boundary be pent
Of Styx's dreary stream. I shall not die.

The rough skin on my legs already grows
And higher up I change to a white swan:
Smooth on my shoulders now the plumage shows,
And now my fingers it has settled on.

Now swifter than the son of Daedalus,
A bird of melody, I shall behold
The coast-line of the roaring Bosphorus,
Gaetulian Syrtes and the Norsemen's wold.

And they shall know me who in Colchis dwell,
And those that hide their fear of Marsian men,
The Dacians, and the citizens as well
Of far Gelonus: there shall learn me then

Iberian scholars and who drink from Rhone.
No empty dirges then, no grief, no wailing;
And by the sepulchre let sighs be none.
And there will obsequies be unavailing.

BOOK III

|

THE common herd I hate and keep away.

Pray silence; for songs never heard before
To youths and maidens I will sing or say,

The priest within the Muses' temple door.
Dread kings the sway over their peoples hold,

But over kings doth Jupiter hold sway,
Famed for the giants that he smote of old,

Who moveth all things with his eyebrow's play.
It often happens that one man will plant

More amply than the next; and one will be
Of nobler birth, another elegant

In manners is; for public favour he
On greater reputation will rely;

One on the followers that to him turn.
And grim necessity for low and high

Casts lots, and all men's names are in her urn.
The impious man for whom the sword is bare

Above his neck will have no relish for
Sicilian feasts, and song of birds in air

Or sound of lute-strings will avail no more
To bring him sleep. And gentle sleep ne'er shuns

The people of the fields in humble homes,
Nor shady places where a river runs,

Nor Tempe's valley where the West wind roams.
Who only wants enough will have no fear

Of stormy waters with the foam afloat,
Nor fear Arcturus in his wild career

BOOK III, ODE I

When setting, nor the rising of the Goat.
Nor troubles he when hailstones strike his vines,
Nor when his plot of land his hope deceives,
Nor when about the rain his tree repines,
Or for hot summers or harsh winters grieves.
The fishes feel the ocean narrowing
From all the rubble thrown into the deep,
And still contractors and their workmen fling
Cement to it for one who cannot keep
To solid earth. And where the magnate goes
Go Fear and Menaces, and sombre Care
Is in the brazen ships with treble rows,
And up behind the horseman sits she there.
And if thy Phrygian marbles cannot heal
Thine ills, nor purple brighter than a star,
Nor any wine with the Falernian seal,
Nor ointment from an Achaemenian jar,
Why, then, thy mighty columns raise on high?
And what will some new lofty hall avail?
And for laborious riches why should I
Change the contentment of my Sabine vale?

THE ODES OF HORACE

II

HARSH poverty, my friends, a youth should know
While strong, and active service he should see.
A knight against the Parthians he should go,
And feared by those fierce men his spear should be.

Under the open sky his days should pass
And among dangers. Looking out on him
From hostile ramparts they should cry Alas,
The queen of warring monarch and her slim

Young daughter. May my husband, she should sigh,
All inexpert in martial equipage,
Not touch this rugged lion going by
Through blood and slaughter, driven by his rage.

A sweet and seemly thing it is to die
For fatherland. Death spares no timid back
But follows after those that turn and fly,
Pursuing down the routed legions' track.

True worth knows no defeat, but calmly shines
With honours unbesmirched by common hand.
It takes no axes up, nor them resigns
At populace's volatile command.

True worth, to those deserving not to die
Will open heaven and the pathless way;
From popular assemblies it will fly,
Nor on the muddy earth its wings will stay.

BOOK III, ODE II

A sure reward for trusty silence is;
And in the same house I refuse to be
With one revealing Ceres' mysteries,
Or in a ship with him to put to sea.

For slighted Heaven slays the innocent
Among the guilty: where a crime has been,
On a lame foot may hobble punishment,
But very seldom has escape been seen.

III

THE just man firm of purpose turns aside
Neither for fury of the mob in power,
Nor in the presence of the tyrant's pride;
Nor can the stormy South wind make him cower,

Lord of the angry Adriatic Sea,
Nor Jupiter's great hand dispensing thunder;
And, if the sky should fall in fragments, he
Would walk among the ruins without wonder.

Pollux by this, and wandering Hercules,
Rose to the starry heights, with whom reclines
Augustus, and with glowing radiancies
About his mouth he drinks the heavenly wines.

Wild tigers, father Bacchus, even so
Were made to drag thy car and take upon
Their necks thy yoke, Quirinus too did go
With Mars's horses thus from Acheron,

When Juno in the heavenly council spoke
Words welcome; Ilion, Ilion, she said,
O fatal city thrown to dust and smoke
By that foul judge and her with whom he fled,

That wandering woman, fatal since the day
On which Laomedon deceived the gods,
Not paying what he had agreed to pay,
Since when it has been placed beneath the rods

BOOK III, ODE III

Of me and of Minerva, people and lord.

Now shines the host of that adulterous
Lacedaemonian no more. The sword

Of Hector no more guards false Priam's house.

The wars, drawn out by our divisions, wane

And I will put my anger now aside
And give to Mars his hated child again,
Born of the Trojan priestess, to abide

Here in the homes of light, to drink the balm

Of nectar, here among the gods to find
That imperturbable eternal calm

Which to our company has been assigned.

So long as between Ilion and Rome

The long sea rages, let the exiles reign
Happily elsewhere: only on the tomb
Of Priam and of Paris let remain

The leaping flocks, and let the wild beasts hide

Their young there undisturbed. The Capitol
Shining in all its glory shall abide

And Rome triumphant shall the Medes control.

Far let her name be dreaded upon shores

The most remote, and where the midland sea
Parts Europe from the regions of the Moors,
And where Nile's floods give water to the lea.

Boldly may she despise unquarried gold.

And how much better hidden in the land,
Than pressed to human uses, that take hold
Of all things sacred with a greedy hand.

THE ODES OF HORACE

If any at the boundary of the world
Shall stand against her, there her arms will march.
She shall see cloudy lands where rain is swirled,
And lands the tropics furiously parch.

But on the warring men of Rome I lay
This interdict: that out of piety,
Or too much trusting in their luck, they may
Never rebuild Troy's fallen masonry.

Troy born again under an evil omen
Will fall again, and with the old disaster.
My armies I will lead against the foemen;
I, sister and the wife of Heaven's master.

Thrice, if the brazen walls of Troy should soar
Under Apollo's hand, thrice shall they fall
And thrice the captive widow shall deplore
Her man and vainly for her children call.

But these high themes ill suit my merry lyre.
My Muse, where art thou going? Cease to sing
The talk of gods, or headstrong to aspire
To slight great matters with thy slender string.

BOOK III, ODE IV

IV

To CALLIOPE

COME from the sky, O Queen Calliope.
Play on the flute or chant me some long air,
Whether with clear loud song it is to be,
Or whether for the lyre or lute you care.

Hark do ye hear? Or does illusion play
Upon me? I can hear her and it seems
That through the dedicated groves I stray
Where winds are roaming and delightful streams.

In fabled Vultur in Apulia
Or just outside Apulia's boundary,
Apulia that nursed me, tired with play
And sleepy, when a child, doves covered me

With fresh green leaves, so that they Wondered, all
Who dwell in Acherontia's high nest
Or in the Bantian meadows, or the small
But fertile fields that round Ferentum rest.

And so I slept, in sacred laurel laid
And myrtle over me, by snake or bear
All undisturbed, a small child unafraid,
Watched by the gods, who had me in their care.

THE ODES OF HORACE

Yours am I, Muses, in the Sabine hills
Or if on cold Praeneste I should be,
Or on the upper slopes where Tibur spills
Its waters, or at crystal-clear Baiae.

Friend of your fountains and your dances I
Was not extinguished by the curs&d tree,
Nor slaughtered in the rout at Philippi,
Nor drowned near Palinurus in the sea.

While you are with me gladly will I dare
The raging waters of the Bosphorus,
Or travel the Assyrian borders where
The dry sands of the desert flame at us.

Among the savage Britons I will go
Or Spaniards drunken upon horses' blood,
And the Gelonian archers I shall know
Inviolate, and the far Scythian flood.

And ye, when Caesar shall have led his men
Back to the cities, tired with skirmishing,
And seek to end his labours, to him then
In some Pierian hollow do ye sing.

Counsels of gentleness you give to him,
And in the giving you rejoice. We know
How he that rules the massive earth, and dim
Regions below it, and the winds that blow

BOOK III, ODE IV

Over the ocean, and the cities, slew
The Titans with his swooping lightning-stroke
And all their barbarous and monstrous crew;
Alike he rules the gods and mortal folk.

Fear even upon Jupiter they brought,
Young and outrageous, in brute strength their trust,
And with them those two brothers who had sought
To pile up Pelion, on Olympus thrust.

But what could Mimas or Typhoeus do
Or huge Porphyrion, for all his ske,
Or Rhcetus, or Enceladus, who threw
Trunks of uprooted trees, or what devise

Against the ringing shield that Pallas bore,
All ruined utterly? Here Vulcan stood,
There stately Juno, and who nevermore
Will drop the bow with which he is endued,

Who in pure dew of the Castalian earth
Washes his flowing locks, whom Lycians follow,
Who holds the woodland thickets of his birth,
The Delian and Pataran Apollo.

Force without wisdom falls by its own weight,
But prudent force the gods help to success:
The force that meditates all ill they hate,
And witness to this statement is no less

THE ODES OF HORACE

Than hundred-handed Gyas, also he
 Slain by Diana's arrows in defence,
Orion, who assailed her chastity.
 Earth, thrown upon them with her weight immense,

Weeps for her own dead monsters, she bewails
 Her offspring sent into the dismal shade
By stroke of lightning: and no fire avails
 To burn away Mount Ætna on them laid,

Nor does the vulture ever cease to tear
 The liver of the raper Tityus
Sent down upon him for his lusting where
 Three hundred chains hold down Pirithous.

BOOK III, ODE V

V

BY thundering of Jupiter we know
He reigns in Heaven, and we shall see clear
Augustus, by the Britons' overthrow
And Persian hordes', a god amongst us here.

What! Could the men of Crassus be so base
As to have married with barbarian wives?
Our senate! Our lost morals! The disgrace!
And in foe's armies they have spent their lives,

Men from Apulian and Marsian fields,
Forgetting in the kingdom of the Mede
Their togas, and the venerable shields
And everlasting Vesta, and their breed.

And Jupiter and Rome are still erect.
This the wise Regulus foresaw when he
Did the dishonourable terms reject
As bad example for the days to be,

So that our young men should not pine away
Unpitied captives. I, he said, have seen
In Carthaginian temples the display
Of Roman eagles, and arms that have been

Taken without a fight; have seen hands tied
Behind the backs of free men; seen their doors
Lie open, and the fields, which far and wide
Our armies trampled, ploughed by Punic boors.

THE ODES OF HORACE

Think you the ransomed soldier will come back
More eager? No, you only add to shame
A further loss; for wool once dyed will lack
Its old tint and will never be the same.

Nor does true courage when once overset
Care among decadents to be made good.
If a hind fights when taken from the net,
That soldier will again have hardihood

Who gave himself to a perfidious foe,
He will crush Carthage in another war
Whose listless arms the binding shackles know
And who has dreaded death some years before.

Such man not knowing how his life to save
Confuses peace with war. The shame of this!
O mighty Carthage, loftier for the grave
Of ruined Italy. From his wife's kiss

Regulus turned, as citizen no more,
And from his little children drew away
And grimly on the ground that lay before
He set his manly glance. Not till that day

Was heard such counsel as he gave to all
The trembling senators, to strengthen those
Who all around were letting their tears fall.
Then to that exile glorious he goes,

BOOK III, ODE V

Though knowing what the barbarous torturer
Had ready for him; yet he put aside
His kin from round him and who would defer
His going back, as if, on having tried

Some long case of his clients, he should go
From all the argument and wander down
To where the meadows of Venafrum grow,
Or to Tarentum, Lacedaemon's town.

THE ODES OF HORACE

VI

TO THE ROMANS

ROMAN, though guiltless, thou must expiate
Thy father's sins until thou build'st again
The temples, and the statues, desecrate
With sooty smoke, and every fallen fane.

Thou reign'st because the gods are over thee.
From them all policies and all success.
The gods neglected gave to Italy,
Sorrowful country, many a distress.

Pacorus and Monaeses twice have smote
Our expeditions, that with auspices
Unfavorable marched, and now they gloat
To add our loot to their mean necklaces.

The Dacian and the Aethiop near won
The City, when immersed in strife were we:
With navies formidable was the one,
The other with a better srehery.

This age so rife with wrong contaminates
First marriage, then the race, and then the home.
And from this spring disaster percolates
And overwhelms the populace and Rome.

With grown-up girls it now is all the rage
To learn Ionic dances and to train
Their limbs for them, and from an early age
To dream of loves from which they should abstain.

BOOK III, ODE VI

And younger lovers one will look for soon,
And even where her husband drinks his wine;
Nor does she care to whom she gives the boon
Of lawless love, where only dim lights shine,

But goes where bidden, in the sight of all,
Even her husband knowing where she goes,
Whether it is some pedlar gives the call
Or Spanish captain, who great pay bestows.

Not of these parents came that youthful band
Who dyed the sea with Carthaginian gore,
And killed Antiochus and Pyrrhus and
The dreadful Hannibal in days of yore:

But they were soldiers of a manly stock,
Well skilled to turn the clods with Samnite spade,
Who brought cut logs, when shadows of the rock
Grew long, to their stern mothers, as they bade.

Then would the setting sun from labouring
And weary oxen take the yoke away,
And comes the friendly hour of evening
And into night the Chariot rolls from day.

What is it withering time does not abate?
Our fathers' age, worse than our grandsires' days,
Bore us still worse, soon a more profligate
Posterity will take our wretched place.

THE ODES OF HORACE

VII

To ASTERIA

W H Y for young Gyges weep, Asteria?

Whom the clear winds by early spring set free,
Enriched with produce of Bithynia,
Constant as ever, will bring back to thee.

To Oricum he goes, by South winds swept,
After the rising of the mad She-goat.
Many indeed the tears he must have wept
Lying on cold nights sleepless in his boat.

His lovesick hostess sends sly messenger,
Telling how Chloe burns with fires as thine,
Telling the unease and the sighs of her;
In many ways him trying to entwine.

Of the perfidious woman that egged on
Credulous Procetus, he goes on to tell,
To plan the death of chaste Bellerophon
By lying accusations. Into Hell

He tells how Peleus was so nearly thrown,
Fleeing Magnesian Hyppolyte;
And falsely all the stories that condone
The ways of vice he tells, and uselessly.

And Gyges hears all this with deafer ear
Than all the rocks of the Icarian,
With heart untouched. But thou, be not too dear,
Unto Enipeus, but beware the man;

BOOK III, ODE VII

Though in the field of Mars no other show
So capable at managing his mount,
Nor any swimmer else so swiftly goes
Down with the stream from the Etruscan fount.

And shut thy house up early, nor look out
When in the street thou hear'st the plaintive strain
He plays upon the flute, which do thou flout.
And when he calls thee cruel, so remain.

THE ODES OF HORACE

VIII

To MÆCENAS

UNWEDDED, in Spring's early hours,
Thou seekest what I do with flowers
And coal that on the green turf glowers
 And censer filled with myrrh,

Thou in two languages well-skilled.
A banquet, and a goat's blood spilled
I vowed to Bacchus; for near killed
 Was I by falling fir.

This day, in each returning year,
I draw the cork, to make good cheer,
Out of the cask I laid down here
 When Tullus was in power.

A hundred cups, Maecenas, take,
For this thy friend's survival's sake,
And a long night of it we'll make
 Far from where troubles lour.

Dismiss the cares thou hast for Rome.
The Dacian host is overcome:
The Mede has civil war at home,
 And that old enemy,

BOOK III, ODE VIII

The Spaniard, in his own domains
Has come at last to wear our chains,
And now the Scythian yields his plains
With slackened archery.

So, like a private person, shirk
Warning the State lest troubles lurk;
The gifts of time enjoy, the irk
Cast far away from thee.

THE ODES OF HORACE

IX

HORACE

WHEN that I was acceptable to thee,
And round thy white neck never arm would cling
Of any young man luckier than me,
Then was I prouder than a Persian king

LYDIA

When that thou burnedst with no other flame,
Nor Chloe was preferred to Lydia,
Then did I live with a more splendid name
And more renowned than Roman Ilia.

HORACE

Well, Thracian Chloe is my mistress now,
Skilled in soft notes, and on the harp to play,
For whom, if the three Sisters would allow,
I would give up life to prolong her day.

LYDIA

I burn for Calais as he for me,
The son of Ornytus in Thurii,
And if those Sisters would allow that he
Should so survive, twice for him would I die.

HORACE

What if the old love should come back again
To bind us once more with its yoke of brass?
Blonde Chloe cast off, what if should remain
Open those lost doors where I used to pass?

BOOK III, ODE IX

LYDIA

Were he more lovely than the evening star,
Thou lighter than a cork and more awry
Than billows of the Adriatic are,
With thee I'd love to live and gladly die.

THE ODES OF HORACE

X

To LYCE

THOUGH to a savage husband wed,
Far up the Tanais, thou'd shed
A tear on my recumbent head
Beside thy stormy door.

Hear how the winds about it whine,
And through that garden-grove of thine,
See how the snows there freeze and shine.
O, Lyce, I implore

Give up the pride that Venus hates
Lest back thy wheel of luck rotates.
Thou'rt no Penelope that waits,
With lovers courting thee.

O, though no gifts nor prayers avail,
Nor sight of lovers looking pale,
Nor jealousy because thy male
With singing girls makes free,

Yet spare us now, as we implore,
Though harsh as snakes that sting the Moor.
Not always rain-soaked by thy door
Will this thy lover be.

BOOK III, ODE XI

XI

To MERCURY

AMTHION singing, taught by thee,
Could move the stones, O Mercury;
And thou, my lyre, canst make for me
 With seven strings thy song.

Not always spoke the tortoiseshell,
Now at great feasts and fanes as well.
What melody can travel, tell,
 To Lyde's ears along?

Who, as at grass a three-year marc
Frisks happily and will not bear
The hand, of marriage unaware,
 Is young for husband yet.

Thou canst lead tigers and the wood,
And halt the rivers in their flood.
Cerberus in the gateway stood
 For thee, Hell's monstrous pet;

Although with hundred snakes his head
Is furiously garlanded,
And down his triple tongue the red
 And reeking matter drains.

THE ODES OF HORACE

Tityus and Ixion smiled;
The urn stood dry while every child
Of Danaïis was all beguiled
By thy pellucid strains.

Let Lyde learn their penalty
And crime, and how the waters flee
Out of the urn, and let her see
How even in after-life

Fate punishes atrocities.
What worse could they have done than this?
To kill, of all impieties,
Their husbands with a knifel

One of them, worthy of her vow,
False to her perjured parent now,
But, as all ages will allow,
False nobly: "Rise," she says

To her young husband, "lest be brought
The long sleep, whence thou hast no thought.
Escape my sire and sisters, fraught
With dreadful wickedness.

Alas, as lionesses slay
Young cattle, each one is their prey.
I will not harm, more mild than they,
Nor will I hold thee here.

BOOK III, ODE XI

Chains may my father heap on me
Because in pity I spared thee,
And to Numidia by sea
 To farthest end transfer.

Go where thy feet and winds thee take
While night and love work for thy sake;
Go safe. Some sad memorial make
 Upon my sepulchre."

THE ODES OF HORACE

XII

To NEOBULE

WHO give no play to Jove, nor wash away
Troubles with merry wine, or live in fear
Bewildered by an uncle's tongue, O they
Are wretched. Cytherea's winged son
From you your wool-basket and work has won;
And with your studies comes to interfere
Hebrus's beauty, than Bellerophon
A better rider, able in a race
As in a fight, in Tiber washing clear
His shoulders oiled. Skilled he in open chase .
Casting at running stags; or in thick cover
To take the hidden boar, how swift your lover.

BOOK III, ODE XIII

XIII

To THE FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA

O FOUNTAIN of Bandusia, more clear
Than glass, well worthy of sweet wine and flowers,
A kid tomorrow will I offer here
Whose forehead is now budding with the powers

Of love and battles, but they bud in vain,
For this young offspring of the lustful flocks
With its red blood thy cooling stream will stain,
A sacrifice to thee. Upon thy rocks

The flaming Dog-star knows not how to beat
In its worst hour: weary with the plough
Thou shelterest the oxen from the heat
And all the wandering herds. Thou, even thou,

Shalt be among the fountains known to fame,
When I have told of how the ilex grow
Upon thy hollow rocks, and when I name
The babbling rivulets that from thee flow.

THE ODES OF HORACE

XIV

TO THE ROMANS

LIKE Hercules, 'tis lately said
Caesar sought laurels, purchased
Only by death, and conquering led
His household gods from Spain.

Let his good wife rejoice, and make
Sacrifice for the just gods' sake.
His sister, wreathed, let her take,
And mothers that regain

Their sons. And you young men, and you
Young girls that are unmarried too,
Let not a word, whate'er you do,
That's inauspicious fall.

This day, indeed a festal day,
Will drive my weary care away.
No war nor civil strife shall slay
While Caesar rules us all.

Get oil and wreaths, boy; forth be rolled
A cask remembering wars of old,
If any has escaped his hold
When Spartacus came by;

BOOK III, ODE XIV

And bid Nesera here repair
In haste, and knot her chestnut hair,
And, if the janitor be there,
Let him depart. But I,

Now that my hair is turning gray,
Am milder than in Plancus' day
When I loved strife and wanton play
And would let none deny.

THE ODES OF HORACE

XV

To CHLORIS

WIFE of poor Ibycus, how long
Till thine effrontery shall cease
And all thy well-known deeds of wrong?
Thou, ready for thy last release,

Among the maidens play no more,
Mixing thy cloud among their stars.
What Pholoe may be suited for
Is not for thee; to break the bars

Of young men's houses may suit her,
Like a Bacchante wild with drums.
With love of Nothus she's astir
Like a lewd she-goat. Wool that comes

From famed Luceria thou shouldst try.
The zyther is no longer thine.
Thy time for roses is gone by
And drinking to the dregs the wine.

BOOK III, ODE XVI

XVI

TO MAECENAS

OAK doors upon a tower of brass
And watch-dogs howling round the lass
Would not have let a lover pass
 To prisoned Danae,

Did Jove and Venus not deride
The frightened guardian of the bride;
For a safe road lay open wide,
 When gold the god should be.

Right through the guardians passes gold,
And rocks; than lightning 'tis more bold:
The Argive augur's house was rolled
 In wreck, for love of gain.

By bribes did Philip open gates
And crush the kings of rival states:
And grim sea-captains gold placates
 In ships upon the main.

Care follows after growing store,
And more makes only thirst for more;
To raise a proud head I abhor,
 Maecenas, honoured knight.

THE ODES OF HORACE

Who turns from more than is his need
The gods will recompense indeed.
Empty, I seek no camps of greed;
From wealth I take my flight,

More lord of but a humble thing
Than if Apulia should bring
Her riches of hard harvesting,
Amongst great wealth still poor.

Pure water and a little wood,
A crop that's certain to be good;
No lord of fertile Afric could,
For all his pride, have more.

Though from Calabria no bee
Sends honey, nor in amphorae
Mellows good wine, nor flocks for me
Grow wool in Gallic land,

Yet poverty is well away,
And you will help me when I pray;
By wise economy I may
My substance more expand

Than if I reigned in kingdom wide.
Who seek for much have much denied.
Best off are those that are supplied
By God with sparing hand.

BOOK III, ODE XVII

XVII

To JELIUS LAMIA

iELius of the noble line
Of Lamus (for the records say
That hence thy family; and they
Owned Formiae, from whom ye trace

Your origin, 'tis said, and bound
The Liris where its waters pour
Through Marica to find the shore,
And reigned in all the country round).

Tomorrow from the East a storm
Will strew the grove with maay leaves,
Unless the aged crow deceives,
And seaweed on the shore will swarm.

Then bring in dry logs while one may.
Tomorrow thou shalt pour out wine
And feast upon a two-months swine
While all thy slaves make holiday.

THE ODES OF HORACE

XVIII

To FAUNUS

FAUNUS, who loves the nymphs in flight,
Across my farm with sunshine bright
Come gently, and retire from sight
 Kind to my cattle's young,

If at the ending of the year
A kid shall fall and wine appear,
And there shall be much incense here
 On thine old altar flung,

While all my herd in pasture plays
When next shall come December days
And all at ease my oxen graze
 And all my neighbours feast,

And safe from wolves my lambs shall be
Where the wood drops its leaves for thee,
And labourers shall merrily
 Dance, from their work released.

BOOK III, ODE XIX

XIX

To TELEPHUS

THOU tell'st how fat from Inachus
Was Codrus, patriot unafraid,
And of the race of iEacus,
And of the war round Ilion made;

But how we purchase Chian wine,
And who will make the water hot,
And who will lend his house, to dine
In these cold days, thou sayest not.

Bring wine to drink to the new moon,
And to the middle of the night,
And to Murena, who is soon
To be our augur. Nine is right

For drinks, or three. The inspired bard
Who loves the Muses, would have nine,
Though the nude Graces would regard
The limit as three cups of wine,

Fearful of brawls. Let's rage today.
Why stops the Berecyntian flute?
Why have the reed pipes ceased to play,
So silent by the silent lute?

THE ODES OF HORACE

Strew roses and let Lycus hear;
I do not like a grudging devil;
And let the lady living near,
Ill-matched with Lycus, hear us revel.

How glittering thy thick locks are!
The budding Chloe looks for thee,
All lucid as the Evening Star,
While love of Glycera warms me.

BOOK III, ODE XX

XX

To PYRRHUS

THE danger, Pyrrhus, dost thou see,
Robbing the lioness? For she
Will turn on thee, and thou wilt flee
 In terror from her thunder,

When through the young men in her track
She goes to get Nearchus back.
Will booty won in that attack
 Be hers or thine I wonder?

As out thine arrows thou dost bring
Her dreadful teeth are sharpening,
While he who shall decide the thing
 Holds underfoot the prize,

And round his shoulders stir in air
The ripples of his scented hair,
As him the eagle took from where
 All Ida's streams arise.

THE ODES OF HORACE

XXI

TO HIS BOTTLE

O GOODLY bottle, of an age with me;
When Manlius was consul we were born;
Whether strife, mirth or quarrels are in thee,
Or raging love, or easy sleep till morn,
Under whatever name thou stor'st good wine,
Fit to be brought out on a festal day,
Come down to please Corvinus, jar of mine,
From thee he will not rudely turn away,
Soaked though he is in all Socratic lore;
And even good old Cato, as they tell,
Would warm his wits over his cellar's store.
A gentle violence thou dost impel
Into a disposition harshly made.
The cares and secret counsels of the wise
Thou dost lay open with the merry aid
Of Bacchus. Hope thou causest to arise,
In spirits that are all anxiety,
And strength, and arm'st the poorest as with horns,
Who fears no monarch after drinking thee
And all the armoury of soldiers scorns.
Thee Bacchus, and sweet Venus if she will,
And the three Graces that together stay,
And glowing lanterns, shall draw out until
Returning Phoebus drives the stars away.

BOOK III, ODE XXII

XXII

To DIANA

GUARDIAN of mountains and of trees
Who aids in their extremities
Women who call on thee, and these
Delivers from the throes,

The pine above my house is thine
And every year unto the pine
I'll sacrifice a growing swine
Dreaming of slanting blows.

THE ODES OF HORACE

XXiii

TO PHIDYLE

IF, Phidyle, thou lift thy hands
To heaven when the moon is new
And offer fruit and incense to
The gods that look upon these lands,

Thy vine no pestilence shall know,
Nor shall thy harvest blighted be;
Thy young shall fear no injury
In autumn when the apples grow.

For on cold Algidus a beast
Among the oaks and ilex feeds,
Or fattens in the Alban meads,
To stain the axes of the priest.

Great sacrifice is not for thee,
So long as thou shalt duly set
On little gods their coronet
Of myrtle frail and rosemary.

With honest hand the altar touch,
And grain and meal may well appease
The ire of thy home-deities,
And offered treasure not so much.

BOOK III, ODE XXIV

XXIV

THOUGH richer than the treasures
Untouched in Araby or Ind
And though thy rubble fills the seas,
When dread Necessity has pinned

Her talons wrought of adamant
Upon thy roof, thou shalt draw breath
No longer without fears to daunt,
Nor free thee from the nets of Death.

Better the Scythians of the plain,
Whose wagons draw their wandering homes,
Whose fields unparcelled yield them grain,
And better where the Getan roams,

Who does not care to cultivate
His acres longer than a year.
Another comes, and his estate
Is worked in his turn. Women here

Care for their stepsons faithfully,
The children that have lost their mothet.
No rich wife rules her husband; she
Never trusts falsely to another.

Great is their dowry, virtue got
From parents, and the faith that fears
Another man, and that will not
Transgress, or death ends their careers.

THE ODES OF HORACE

O who will care to put an end
To slaughter and to civil war,
To have inscribed The City's Friend
Upon his statues, let him dare

To curb unchecked licentiousness,
To be in after-ages famed,
Since virtue lost is sought no less
Than it was, when amongst us, blamed.

But what can these complaints avail
If there is nought to punish crime?
For without morals laws must fail,
If thus the world's most torrid clime,

Nor that part bordering the North
Where on the earth lies frozen snow,
Deter no merchant; if the wrath
Of waters by the men that know

A seaman's work is overcome;
If to do aught and suffer aught
By poverty's opprobrium
We are compelled, and set at nought

Virtue's hard way. Where many call
Let us into the temple go
With all our useless gold and all
Our gems, the matter of much woe,

BOOK III, ODE XXIV

Or cast them in the nearest sea.
If of our sins we will repent
The rudiments of greed must be
Uprooted, and soft minds be bent

By harder study. Free young boys
Are ignorant of how to ride,
They fear to hunt and all their joys
Are in the Grecian hoops they guide,

Or with the dice the laws forbid,
While their false fathers cheat their friends,
Their partners and whoever did
Put trust in them, their only ends

To pile up riches for base heirs.
Dishonest riches surely grow;
And yet some lack is always theirs,
And what it is I do not know.

THE ODES OF HORACE

XXV

To BACCHUS

O WHITHER, Bacchus, drivest me?
Into what woodland borne am I,
Or to what caverns, full of thee,
Newly inspired? Where shall I be
Heard praising Caesar to the sky
While singing his immortal glory?
And I will tell a noble story
Untold by other lips as yet.
So gazes from a rocky place,
Her eyes upon the Hebrus set,
The Bacchanal, with snowy Thrace
And Rhodope before her face,
Frequented by a barbarous race.
O how I love the forest lands!
Thou ruler of the bacchanals,
Who can tear ash-trees with their hands,
Nothing that's humble, nothing small
Nor mortal sing I. It is fine
To follow him whose brows are all
Enwreathed with tendrils of the vine.

BOOK III, ODE XXVI

XXVI

To VENUS

ALL for the girls I lived of late,
And I have served with some repute.
Now on the wall I hang my lute
And there my arms I consecrate

To Venus, risen from the sea,
Upon her left hand. There, then, place
The gleaming torches, bow and mace
Which threatened doors opposing me.

O, goddess of the happy land
Of Cyprus, and where comes no snow
To Memphis, give a single blow
To Chloe with thy lifted hand.

THE ODES OF HORACE

XXVII

To GALATEA

IMPIOUS men, may they have evil omens,
Hooting of owls, a pregnant bitch, and running
Down from the fields Lanuvian a gray wolf,
Vixen and litter.

Snakes shall rush out upon the way they travel,
Slanting across, and terrify the ponies,
Arrow-like; but for her for whom I fear, a
Provident augur,

I shall invoke the old prophetic raven
Out of the East, before the bird foreboding
Imminent tempests takes his flight, returning
Home to the marshes.

Do not forget me. Happy, Galatea,
Be in the lands wherever thou shalt wander:
Woodpecker to the left nor roving crow shall
Hinder thy going.

See thou with what a stormy roar Orion
Runs to his couch! I know the Adriatic,
How black its gulf and how serene Iapyx
Often deceives us.

BOOK III, ODE XXVII

Foemen of Rome, may they, their wives and children
Look on the might of blind arising Auster,
Know the dark seas and all the shores a-tremble
Under its smiting.

Even so did Europa trust her whiteness
To the sly bull, although courageous, daunted
By deceit all round and the seas abounding
Thickly with monsters,

Lately in meadows busy with the flowers
Forming a garland to the nymphs devoted.
Now she saw nought but, glimmering in darkness,
Stars and the water.

Who as she touched Crete, strong in hundred cities,
Called to her father, overcome with fury,
Saying "Surrendered now the name of daughter!
Piety also!

Whither? Or whence? One death were light to punish
That which I do. Am I awake, deploring
Sinful things done, or does an empty phantom
Play with me guiltless?

Does a dream guide me straying through the portal
Ivory-carven? Was it better crossing
Billows so distant, or, as only lately
Picking the flowers?

If they would bring that bull again before me,
Hard would I try to break his horns with iron,
Angry as now I am, although a while since
Loving him greatly.

THE ODES OF HORACE

O without shame I left my sire's Penates.
Shameless my doom I now delay: if hear me
Any gods now, would that among the lions
Naked I wander.

Ere on my cheeks there falls decay's debasement,
Ere from this prey life-giving blood shall wither,
Beautiful still, may I become, I ask it,
Food for a tiger!"

"Wretched Europa," says her distant father,
"Why from death shrinkest? Hanging from an ash-tree,
Strung by thy belt, conveniently with thee,
Strangling is easy.

Or prefer rocks for death acutely sharpened.
Trust, then, thyself to storm that rushes by thee,
Or, instead, thou that art of royal breeding
Card for a mistress,

Given, a slave, to some outlandish woman."
While she complained sly-smiling Venus entered;
With her her son with bow relaxed was also.
When her amusement

Ended said she, "Cease angry crimination,
For to thee soon this hated bull surrenders
Horns to thy hands for thee to tear asunder
If it shall please thee.

BOOK III, ODE XXVII

Thou know'st not thou art wife of Jove unconquered.
Cease then thy sobs. Live worthy thy position.
Know that thy name shall be hereafter given
Part of the planet."

THE ODES OF HORACE

XXVIII

TO LYDE

WHAT shall I do on Neptune's day?
Lyde, roll out, and speedily
The hoarded Caecubum and pray
Throw down thy stern sobriety.
Thou see'st the noontide wear away,
And yet, as if the sun were stilled,
To bring the jar thou dost delay,
When Bibulus was consul filled.
Of Neptune we by turns will sing
And of the Nereids' green hair,
Thou of Latona carolling
And Cynthia's arrows; last our air
Shall hymn who goes where glimmering
Stand Cnidos and the Cyclades
And Paphos, with her swans a-wing.
And Night shall have her melodies.

BOOK III, ODE XXIX

XXIX

To MAECENAS

MAECENAS, from Etrurian kings
Descended, I have kept for long
A wine for thee, one not too strong,
Arid roses and some scented things

To deck thy hair. Make no delay.
No more on Tibur's watery ways
And Tusculum's high ridges gaze,
Nor sloping fields of Æfula.

Leave thine abundance, and thy dome,
A neighbour to the lofty clouds,
Nor gaze upon the smoke that shrouds
The noise and opulence of Rome.

Oft change is pleasant to the great,
And in a small house humble fare,
With neither silk nor arras there,
May soothe a brow too perturbate.

The father of Andromeda
Shows us his lately hidden light,
And now the Lion's star is bright
And fiery heat is on the way.

THE ODES OF HORACE

The shepherd with his sleepy sheep
Looks for the shadow and the grove,
And now the winds no longer rove
Where banks of rivers seem to sleep.

Thou cares t what shall fit the State,
And what the Bactrians will do
The Seres and the Tanaan crew,
And those to Cyrus subjugate.

The issue of the days to be
Wise Heaven hides in murky night,
And smiles if Man beyond his right
Becomes solicitous to see.

Make now the most of what is thine;
The rest is as a river flowing
And calm to the Etruscan going,
Then rolling stones and trees and kine

And houses, while the mountains roar
And branches of the neighbouring wood,
And waters rage with the wild flood,
Which flowed so quietly before.

He only his own master is
And happy, who can always say:
Tomorrow sun or storm, today
Have I not lived? No power is his

BOOK III, ODE XXIX

Who rules the stars to cancel aught
Of what has been, nor can he change
The past, or ever disarrange
What once the flying hour has brought.

And Fortune, in her cruelty
Delighting, still persists to play,
And changeful honours takes away,
Now kind to others, now to me.

I praise her only while she stays,
Her gifts surrendering when she flies,
And then my virtue satisfies,
And honest poverty I praise.

I do not, when the timbers groan
With storm from Africa, say prayer,
Or bargain, that the sea may spare
Some Cyprian goods that I may own.

Then in a light ship may I sail,
However the Ægean rage,
Unhurt under the tutelage
Of Castor, Pollux and the gale.

THE ODES OF HORACE

XXX

A MONUMENT more durable than brass,
Rising above the regal pyramids,
Have I erected, which no rain nor wind,
Nor centuries unnumbered, could destroy,
Nor all the flight of seasons. I shall die
Not altogether: much of me escapes
Libitina, and grows for ever new
In praises of posterity, so long
As up the Capitol the priest shall go
By the hushed maiden. Where the Aufidus
Goes roaring and where arid Daunus ruled
A rustic populace, of humble birth,
But great, I shall be recognized as first
To give to Italy Æolian song.
Melpomene, with pride thou hast deserved,
With laurel out of Delphi wreath my hair.

