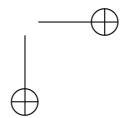
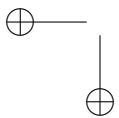
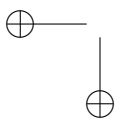
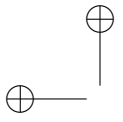


**Translations  
from  
The Odes of Horace**



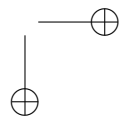
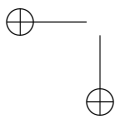


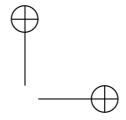
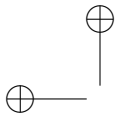


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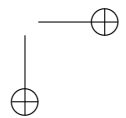
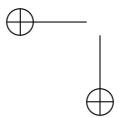
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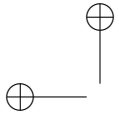
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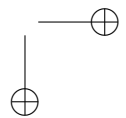
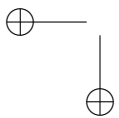


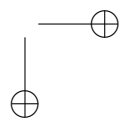
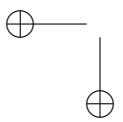
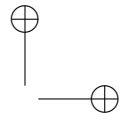
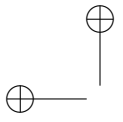
2022  
First Published in 1910





SCHOLAE MANCUNIENSIS  
IN HONOREM  
ET IN PIAM ET GRATAM MEMORIAM  
VIRO RUM DOCTORUM  
JOHANNIS E. KING,  
JOHANNIS R. BROADHURST,  
HAROLDI WILLIAMSON,  
QUI AU CTORI PUERO  
VATIS HORATI AMOREM  
INSTILL AVERUNT.

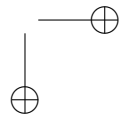
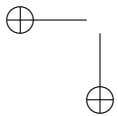


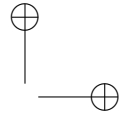




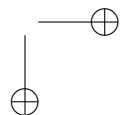
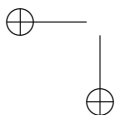
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## I.1 TO MAECENAS

Maecenass, born of ancient kings,  
From whom my strength, my glory springs,  
Mark how men differ! Some there are  
Who drive the cloud-compelling car,  
And round the race-course joy to feel  
The boundaries grazed by glowing wheel:  
The Olympic palm, the guerdon given,  
Can lift these lords of earth to heaven!

    This man is happy if the hour  
And fickle mob exalt to power;  
And that if his own garner stores  
The yield of Libya's threshing-floors.

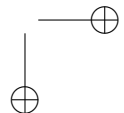
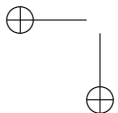
    The peasant, wedded to his farm,  
No wealth of Attalus can charm  
To quit his father's fields, and plough  
The fearful deep with Cyprian prow.

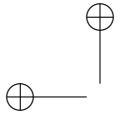
    The merchant, cowed by angry seas,  
Sighs for the fields, the city's ease;  
Anon repairs torn sail and oar,  
Untaught, unable – to be poor.

    Some grudge no hour of busy day  
With mellow Massic whiled away –  
Soft stretched on sward by new-born spring  
The arbutus is sheltering.

    And many drink delight of war  
And tented fields that dames abhor,  
Where trumpet's blare and cry of fife  
Blend their discordant calls to strife.

    The hunter heeds not midnight air

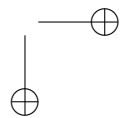
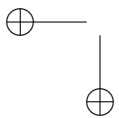




When Marsian boar has burst the snare,  
Nor casts a thought on tender bride  
When trusty hounds the deer have eyed.

For me the ivy, culture's prize,  
Opens the gates of Paradise;  
Where cool sequestered glades retreat,  
And tripping nymphs and Satyrs meet,  
I roam apart: for me the spell  
Of music, born in Lesbian shell  
When Polyhymnia strings her lute,  
Or sweet Euterpe fills the flute.

But rank me mid the Lyric choir –  
I touch the Heaven of my desire!





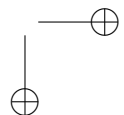
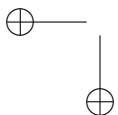
### I.3 TO THE SHIP BEARING VIRGIL TO ATHENS

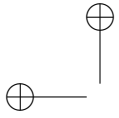
So may the Goddess, Queen of Love,  
So the Twin Stars, in beauty bright,  
And He who sits the Winds above  
Holding them stilled – save Zephyr light –  
Guide thee, good ship! As thou restore  
This precious cargo we consign –  
Our Virgil! Bring him safe to shore,  
And spare that life, the half of mine!

With oak and triple armour clad  
He, who first braved the Ocean's rage  
In fragile bark, and saw the mad  
Winds from the North and South engage!  
Who dared the Adrian Sea to sail,  
Nor feared the boding Hyades,  
Nor tyranny of North-west gale –  
That stirs at will or calms the seas.

What form of Death could daunt those eyes  
That watched the monsters of the deep  
Unmoved, and saw the waters rise  
To break on dread Ceraunia's steep?  
In vain estranging seas divide  
The lands that Heaven fixed separate,  
If impious vessels over-ride  
The waters once inviolate!

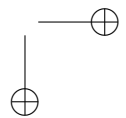
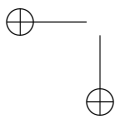
Mankind all-daring rushes in  
Through every law the Gods have given;  
Prometheus with audacious sin  
Can steal the sacred fire from heaven,

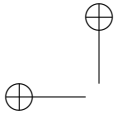




And bring too in its flaming breath  
A horde of fevers and decay  
To brood on Earth, till slow-paced Death  
Must needs be quickened on his way.

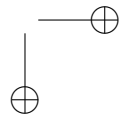
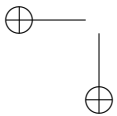
And Daedalus with borrowed wings  
The realms of empty air must span:  
Through Acheron Alcides springs,  
And nothing is too hard for man!  
We storm the gates of heaven above,  
Nor see the folly of our pride:  
Our madness will not suffer Jove  
To lay his thunderbolts aside.

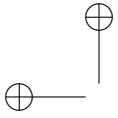




## I.4 SPRING

Cruel Winter's cold is going, and the Spring's soft breath is blowing,  
And the straining ropes are towing thirsty vessels to the sea;  
Now the cattle quit their byre, and the ploughman leaves his fire,  
For no more with chill attire frost is whitening all the lea.  
Lo! the moonlight floods the scene where the Cytherean Queen  
Leads her Graces in between tripping Nymphs, who beat the soil,  
As the dancers come and go; while the fires of Ætna glow  
Where the mighty Cyclops blow their fierce forge for Vulcan's toil.  
Now let myrtle crown our mirth! We must gather at their birth  
What the opening lap of earth gives of blossom and of flower!  
Let our gratitude appear in the offerings we bear  
Of the firstlings of the year to the Wood-God in his bower!  
Death, with equal foot and sure, comes alike to rich and poor,  
Knocks at hovel of the boor and at palace of the King:  
Life's too brief and narrow span larger hope forbids to man,  
Night is falling fast, and wan shapes and shades are gathering!





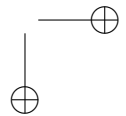
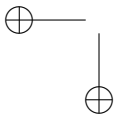
## I.5 TO PYRRHA

Sweet with perfume  
What stripling, Pyrrha, woos tonight  
Thy roses' bloom?  
For whom dost bind those tresses bright  
In simpleness so exquisite?

Oft shall he wail  
That Gods are fickle as the skies,  
That faith can fail;  
And stare with an amazed surprise  
When black with storm the waters rise!

He sees no guile!  
But in that golden glamour blind  
Basks in thy smile,  
And dreams, ah me! that changeful mind  
For ever free, for ever kind.

For *my* escape  
My garments, dank from Neptune's tide,  
His Temple drape:  
What fools men are whose hearts confide  
In loveliness they never tried!



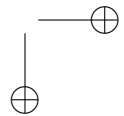
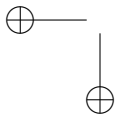


## I.5 TO PYRRHA

Pyrrha, what stripling woos your loveliness?  
What gallant brings his perfumed grace to press  
Your roses' sweetness?  
For what new victim do you deck your lair,  
Pyrrha? For whom bind back that golden hair;  
In witching neatness?

How oft, alas, shall he, poor novice, find  
With weeping eyes nor plighted troth shall bind  
Nor Gods shall harken,  
When he – how little skilled or weather-wise –  
Amazed shall watch the angry waters rise  
And heavens darken;

Who now enjoys you on a golden sea,  
Who dreaming you still fond, still fancy-free,  
Now basks beside you.  
I thank the Gods *I* swam ashore: time was  
I sailed like him a trusting fool – because  
I had not tried you.





## I.6 TO AGRIPPA

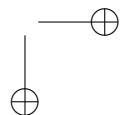
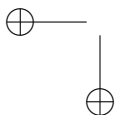
Ask not of me  
To tell what spoils thy warriors bring  
From land or sea:  
Thy victories shall Varius sing –  
He soars aloft on Homer's wing!

Achilles' wrath  
I may not dare, nor serpentine  
Ulysses' path  
Nor the dread curse of Pelops' line –  
Such flights, Agrippa, are not mine.

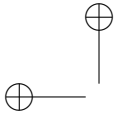
Too small am I  
To reach the great: my Muse and shame  
Forbid me try,  
Lest wit too weak should mar the fame  
Of thine, or mighty Caesar's name.

To Tydeus' son  
What God-like strength might Pallas grant,  
Or Merion  
How grimed with dust, let Homer chant –  
Or Mars how mailed in adamant!

*I* would be gay,  
Though fancy-free, though Cupid sting!  
Of feasts, or fray  
That maidens dare with youths, I sing,  
Their nails sharp-pared for skirmishing!







## I.7 TO PLANCUS

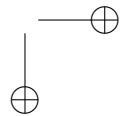
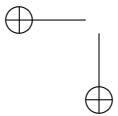
Let others sound the praise  
Of Corinth's sister-bays,  
And sing of Rhodes' or Mitylene's glory,  
Or laud Apollo's shrine  
Or his – the God of Wine,  
Paint Tempe's Vale, or blazon Theban story.

While some but live to tell  
Of one fair citadel,  
And virgin Pallas o'er her olive tending;  
They gather withered stems  
To weave new diadems  
For her they celebrate in strains unending.

Though Juno's fame is rung  
On many a poet's tongue,  
Not Sparta's strength, nor Mycenaean treasure,  
Nor soft Larissa's meads,  
Nor Argos, nurse of steeds,  
Can, like sweet Tibur, move my soul to pleasure.

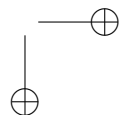
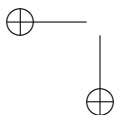
So be it mine to sing  
Albunea's living spring  
Here from her echoing cave in fountains gushing;  
These sacred woods, the flow  
Of headlong Anio,  
And orchards wet with spray of waters rushing.

See how the south winds chase  
The tears from heaven's face,  
How they, that blackened all the sky, can whiten!





So Plancus, it were wise  
To end thy miseries  
In mellow wine, and all thy labours lighten:  
Whether perforce thou stay  
In camps with ensigns gay,  
Or to thy Tibur's deepest shade art fleeting.  
So Teucer, when he fled  
His father, garlanded  
His wine-wet brows, and gave his sad friends greet-  
ing: –  
“Where Fortune leads us on,  
“More kind than Telamon,  
“We go, dear comrades – one with me! No craven  
“Fear shall provoke despair  
“While Teucer's star is fair,  
“And Teucer guides you to the promised haven!  
“In a new land there is  
“A fairer Salamis:  
“Brave hearts! that bore like men a darker sorrow,  
“With wine drive care away,  
“Be glad with me to-day,  
“The mighty Ocean shall be ours to-morrow!”





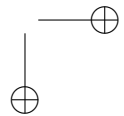
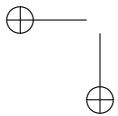
## I.8 TO LYDIA

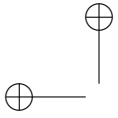
Answer me this!  
Why, Lydia, has your love undone  
Poor Sybaris?  
Why does he hate the field, and shun  
What once he courted – dust and sun?

Fears he to sit  
His charger, 'midst his peers to ride?  
Or with jagged bit  
That headstrong Gallic courser guide?  
Or touch the yellow Tiber's tide?

And he who bore  
Arms bruised so oft with noble toil,  
Shall he no more  
Out-throw his rivals? *He* recoil  
In horror from the athlete's oil?

Hides he away  
Guised as a girl – like Thetis' son  
Ere Troy's dark day,  
Lest a man's garb had urged him on  
To field of death at Ilion?





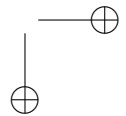
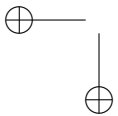
## I.9 WINTER AND YOUTH

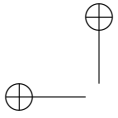
White stands Soracte deep in snow,  
    Bent by their load the trees are filled  
With groans, and lo! the torrent's flow  
    The sharp-set grip of frost has stilled:  
Come, tend thy fire-side, and be bold  
To pile the logs! Drive out the cold!

For greater cheer thou hast a wine  
    Of Sabine grape-juice four years pressed,  
Bring forth a cask! The Gods divine  
    Will do all else: at *their* behest  
The winds, at war with wild waves, cease  
And give the battered rowans peace.

Why seek to know the unborn day,  
    Or what To-morrow's chance may bring?  
While spring keeps wintry age at bay  
    Deem not sweet love an empty thing,  
Nor dances nor youth's joys disdain:  
Whate'er To-day gives – count it gain!

Thine be the tryst in Walk or Park,  
    The low sweet vows at twilight spoken,  
The laugh that leads thee to the mark  
    At hide-and-seek, the ravished token  
From half unwilling willing wrist,  
Or finger that could ill resist.





## I.11 TO LEUCONÖE

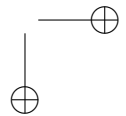
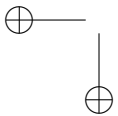
Seek not – it is sin to know it – what is fixed by Heaven’s  
decree –

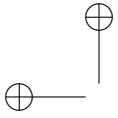
What life’s term to me is granted, or to thee, Leuconöe.  
Tempt no witch’s magic numbers, nor the seers of Babylon:  
How much better that we bear with what the days bring as  
they run!

Haply we may see more winters, or this stormy winter’s day  
Is the last that breaks the waters on the rock-bound Tyrrhene  
bay.

This is wisdom – strain the grape-juice, and curtail thy  
distant plan,

Let thy hope, let thy ambition fit a mortal’s narrow span!  
Even as we speak together envious Time has slipped away,  
Little trust thou in To-morrow – pluck the flower of To-day!





#### I.14 TO THE SHIP OF STATE

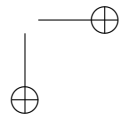
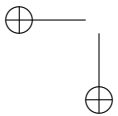
Ship of the State,  
New waves will beat you off the shores!  
Why must you wait?  
The port lies open, make it yours!  
Is not your broadside stripped of oars?

Your mast is hurt,  
Your groaning hull so strained, unless  
'Twere undergirt,  
It scarce could stand the waters' press;  
Your yards are signalling distress.

Your sails are gone,  
Your gods – who might in peril hear  
Your orison:  
What though a noble name you bear,  
And boast the forest queen you were –

Do wrecked men turn  
For succour to an empty name,  
A painted stern?  
Take heed – or wanton winds make game  
Of you and yours and your fair fame.

My late despair  
You changed to sweet anxieties  
And yearning care –  
Then shun, I beg, those treacherous seas  
Sprinkled with dazzling Cyclades.





## I.15 THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS TO PARIS

What time in Trojan barque the traitor bore  
His hostess Helen seaward, Nereus rose  
To chant his doom, and all the wild winds' roar  
Was hushed in grim repose: –

“Thou bring'st her home with evil augury  
Whom Greece with mighty host will seek again,  
Sworn to dissolve thy lawless marriage-tie  
And Priam's ancient reign.

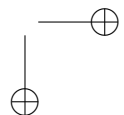
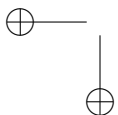
“What toil to man and horse on stricken field!  
What crop of death to Troy, what after-math!  
Lo! Pallas burnishes her helm and shield,  
Her chariot and her wrath!

“Does Cytherea's favour make thee strong?  
In vain thy care to comb that perfumed hair.  
Or link thy lute's unwarlike notes with song  
To captivate the fair:

Thy bridal bed may shield thee from the thrust  
Of Ajax' spear, from dart, from din of war –  
Vain refuge: ah! too late thy blood and dust  
Those lover's locks shall mar!

“Dost thou not mind thee of Laertes' son –  
Thy nation's bane, of Nestor without peer,  
Of warlike Sthenelus – where steeds press on,  
No backward charioteer?

“And Merion also shalt thou learn to dread  
And fearless Teucer. Lo! the eyes of fire,

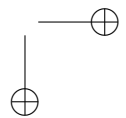
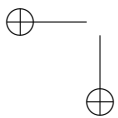




Burning to find thee, eyes of Diomed –  
More mighty than his sire!

“As when a stag, scared from his pasture, flees  
Before a wolf, across the valley spied,  
So, gasping, shalt thou fly from *him*: were these  
The vows thou mad’st thy bride?

“Achilles’ wrath may yield the Phrygian dames  
Long respite from the evil day to come:  
But, when the years are filled, Achaean flames  
Shall leap o’er Ilium!”







## I.16 THE RECANTATION

O fairer than thy mother fair,  
Put whatsoever end you please  
To those vile verses – bid them flare,  
Or drown in Hadria's seas.

Not Cybele and He that haunts  
The Pythian cell so craze the brain,  
Nor Bacchus and the Corybants  
With cymbals clashed again –

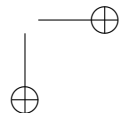
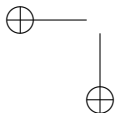
As ruthless anger: *it* nor sword  
Nor raging sea nor fire appals,  
Nor if the bolt of Heaven's Lord  
In quaking ruin falls.

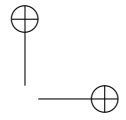
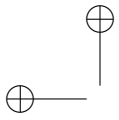
Prometheus moulding man, they say,  
From all things forced to add some part,  
Put lion's fury in the clay  
To make the human heart.

'Twas anger laid Thyestes low:  
If ever ploughshare rased the wall  
When cities fell to haughty foe –  
'Twas anger wrought the fall.

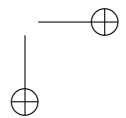
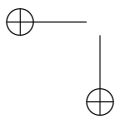
Then bear with calmness that abuse;  
I too was driven by the curse:  
Youth's passion found it sweet to loose  
Its madness in swift verse.

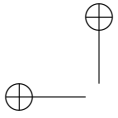
But, now I would that we were friends,  
Hear me recant and change my part,





Let sweet for bitter make amends,  
And give me back your heart.





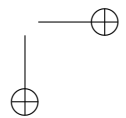
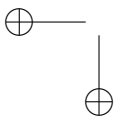
## I.19 TO GLYCERA

The cruel Mother of Desire  
The son of Theban Semele,  
And wanton Passion – all conspire  
To quicken love long dead in me.

I burn for Glycera, with whose white  
No marble makes comparison,  
Whose waywardness is my delight,  
Whose face I dare not gaze upon.

On me, not Cyprus, all the might  
Of Venus falls: I may not chant  
The Parthian horse – whose strength is flight,  
The Scyth, or aught irrelevant!

An altar of live turf build up,  
Strew vervain here with incense blent,  
With last year's vintage fill the cup –  
Through sacrifice she may relent!





## I.22 LALAGE

The man unstained and pure of heart  
Needs no protecting weapon near,  
No bow to speed the poisoned dart,  
No Moorish spear:

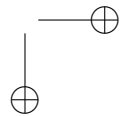
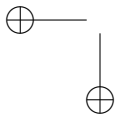
Whether he cross the burning sands  
Of Syrtis, or Caucasian snows,  
Or where through many-fabled lands  
Hydaspes flows.

For whilst I, roaming heedlessly,  
Sang to the woods, a wolf, alarmed,  
Fled at the name of Lalage –  
Fled me unarmed!

Huge creature he: no monster worse  
Stern Daunia's wide oak-forests fed,  
Or Juba's land, that thirsty nurse  
Of lions, bred.

Place me where never breath of Spring  
Rekindles life in herb or tree,  
But all is frost and mist – I'll sing  
Of Lalage!

Place me beneath the Sun-God's car  
In homeless waste or desert isle –  
I'll sing how sweet her accents are,  
How sweet her smile!



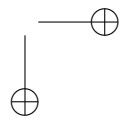
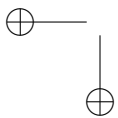


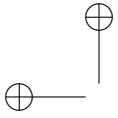
### I.23 TO CHLOE

You shun me, Chloe, like a fawn  
That seeks its dam o'er pathless fells,  
And trembles with vague terrors drawn  
From winds and dells:

If thorn leaves shiver in the breeze,  
Or lizards move the rustling brake,  
She starts, and timid heart and knees  
Together quake.

And yet no lion lies in wait,  
No tiger, fierce to crush you, I!  
A mother is no *woman's* mate –  
Bid her good-bye!





## I.24 TO VIRGIL ON THE DEATH OF QUINTILIUS

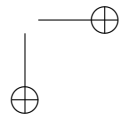
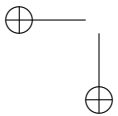
What shame in tears of longing shed  
For one so dear? O lead the choir  
In solemn anthems for the dead  
Sweet Muse of voice and lyre!

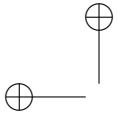
And does the last long sleep hold chained  
Quintilius? O Faith sincere!  
O naked Truth! O Life unstained!  
When shall we find his peer?

By many a good man wept he dies:  
You, Virgil, grudge him most to heaven,  
And beg that life, which heaven denies –  
Not lent, alas, but given.

Not though with more than Orpheus' charm  
You struck that lyre the trees obeyed,  
Could you recall the blood to warm  
And quicken the pale shade,

Whom once within the fold of night  
The God hath driven – deaf to prayer.  
'Tis hard: but patience makes more light  
The load we *have* to bear.





## I.27 TO HIS BOON COMPANIONS

The wine-cup is for man's delight:  
And if they brawl o'er cups in Thrace,  
Are you barbarians that ye fight,  
And bring your God disgrace?

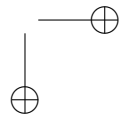
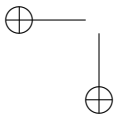
That Persian blade, these lights and wine –  
What worlds asunder! Comrades, cease  
This impious riot and recline  
In fellowship and peace.

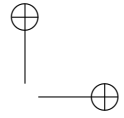
Your strong Falernian must I share?  
I drink a health – not otherwise!  
Megilla's brother shall declare  
By whose sweet shaft he dies.

What, dumb? I drink to none but her!  
No flame of yours, who e'er she be,  
Need burn your cheek, *you* always err  
In well-born company!

To boast such fortune are you coy?  
Then whisper in safe ears her name –  
What! *That* Charybdis she? Poor boy,  
Well worth a better flame!

What witch's brew, what magic force  
Could loosen that Chimaera's coils?  
'Twould task another Wingèd Horse  
To drag you from her toils!





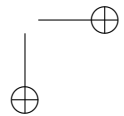
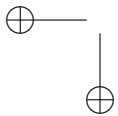
I.28 DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SAILOR AND THE  
SHADE OF ARCHYTAS

SAILOR.

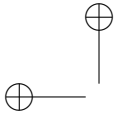
“To number the innumerable sand,  
    To measure Earth and Sea,  
Was thine, Archytas! Now this Matine strand  
    For dust’s sake prisons thee.  
It little profits thou couldst’t send thy soul  
    To pierce the highest sky,  
And span the vault of Heaven from pole to pole –  
    For still thou hadst’t to die!  
Aye, Pelops’ sire, who supped with Gods, is dead:  
    Though borne to Heaven above  
Tithonus perished: Minos, too, is sped  
    Who knew the thoughts of Jove.  
Again Panthoides hell’s prisoner is,  
    Though *once* to Death denied –  
His shield gave proof a Trojan’s life was his,  
    And merely flesh had died:  
No puny master, in thy sight withal,  
    Of truth, nor meanly read  
In Nature’s lore! But one night waits us all,  
    One path we all must tread.”

SHADE OF ARCHYTAS

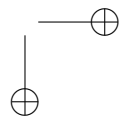
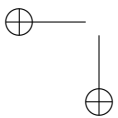
“Some are laid low for Mavors’ merriment,  
    *Thee* hungry seas await:  
Young jostle old, in one grim funeral blent,  
    No head escapeth Fate!







Me, too, Orion's mate the fierce South-wind  
O'erwhelmed in Hadria's wave –  
Grudge not some drifting sand, sailor, be kind  
To one that hath no grave.  
Then, howso fiercely screams the East-wind's lash  
That chafes the western sea,  
His scourge shall strike Venusia's mountain-ash  
And leave thy vessel free!  
And large the recompense my prayers shall bring  
From him who giveth all,  
From Jove himself, and him the Ocean-King  
Who guards Tarentum's wall.  
What, art so reckless to commit a crime  
Shall soon be visited  
On sons that sinned not? Haply comes a time  
When full on thine own head  
Thy scorn recoileth, and the vengeance just  
No offering can stay –  
Though time be precious, stop to sprinkle dust  
But thrice – then speed thy way!"





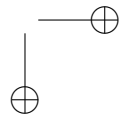
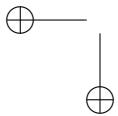
### I.32 TO HIS LYRE

If aught of song or madrigal  
    We two have sung in idle vein  
To live this year or more – They call!  
    Give them a Roman strain!

He first, amid the clash of steel,  
    The man of Lesbos, struck thy string,  
Who, as he moored his battered keel,  
    Still had the heart to sing –

How great the God of Wine, how fair  
    Is She whom Cupid clings beside,  
How beautiful the raven hair  
    Of Lycus raven-eyed.

O balm of weariness and care!  
    O joy of Jove's high festival!  
Lyre of Phoebus! Hear my prayer  
    And answer when I call!





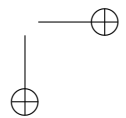
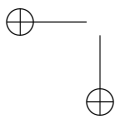
### I.33 TO THE POET TIBULLUS

O longer mourn!  
Too much thou cherishest the shame  
Of Glycera's scorn:  
Why must thy woful songs proclaim  
Her broken vows, her younger flame?

For Cyrus burns  
Low-browed Lycoris, *his* fair head  
The wanton turns  
To scornful Pholoë; goats shall wed  
With wolves, ere Pholoë share his bed:

So Love decrees!  
It pleaseth Her, with yoke unkind,  
To couple these  
It is her cruel jest to bind –  
Ill-matched in face, unlike in mind.

Myself had found  
A gentler mate, but Myrtale  
My senses bound –  
Slave-born, and wilder than the sea  
That carves Calabria's shore, is she!





### I.37 ON THE DEFEAT AND DEATH OF CLEOPATRA

Come, drain a bumper, comrades mine!  
With joyous footsteps beat the earth,  
Spread Salian feasts before each shrine,  
Now is the hour of mirth!

'Twere sin to broach old Caecuban  
While Egypt's Queen might overwhelm  
The Capitol, and madly plan  
The death-blow of our realm:

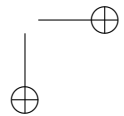
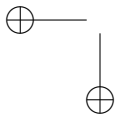
While she with Fortune's favour drunk  
Gave rein to her ungoverned mood –  
She and her men, not men, but sunk  
In sexless turpitude.

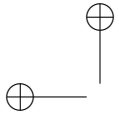
Scarce one ship snatched from flames – *that* quenched  
Her frenzy! Thus from wine-mad brain  
Caesar the vain illusion wrenched,  
And made the dread truth plain:

Then turned she like a hare in flight,  
He strained – like hunter o'er the snows,  
Or falcon swooping from the height  
On doves – so he might close

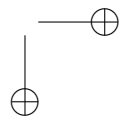
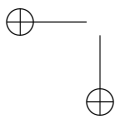
On that fell fiend and lead her chained!  
But she a nobler death would feel;  
No thought had she of refuge gained,  
No woman's dread of steel:

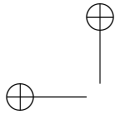
She gazed upon her ruined Hall  
With calm immovable, nor shrank





To fondle those fierce asps, till all  
Her veins their venom drank:  
Fearless, now death was sure, her face!  
*That* triumph had she grudged her foe –  
That she a Queen, forsooth, should grace,  
Unqueened, a Roman show!

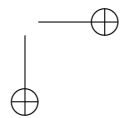
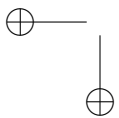




### I.38 TO HIS SLAVE

Your Persian luxuries I hate,  
Your linden wreaths elaborate;  
Seek out no spot where lingers late  
    The rose's sweetness:

Myrtle alone shall grace the wine  
You serve me 'neath the trellised vine;  
Plain myrtle crowns your head and mine  
    In fitting neatness.





## II.4 TO XANTHIAS

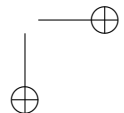
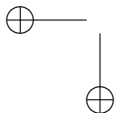
O Xanthias!  
To love thy handmaid is no sin:  
A slave it was  
The stern Achilles gloried in –  
Brisëis of the snow-white skin!  
  
Tecmessa's lord,  
Great Ajax, sprung from Telamon,  
His slave adored:  
In hour of triumph Atreus' son  
Himself by captured maid was won –

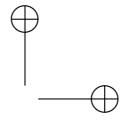
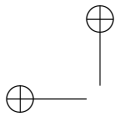
When that strewn plain  
Whereon his fiercest warriors lay,  
And Hector slain  
Had given Pergamus away  
To weary Greece an easier prey!

Who knows what grace  
Of lineage may thy Phyllis share?  
A kingly race  
Indeed bequeathed that golden hair –  
She weeps that Heaven has been unfair!

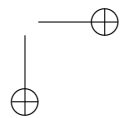
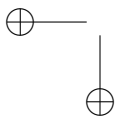
No wastrel born,  
No wanton's child of shame is she:  
Thy darling's scorn  
Of wealth, her perfect trust in thee  
Berie such worthless ancestry.

Each shapely limb  
Heart-whole I praise, complexion clear

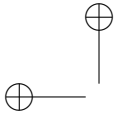




And ankles slim:  
Have no suspicion! Cans't thou fear  
One hurrying past his fortieth year?







## II.8 TO BARINE

Barine, had your beauty paid  
One penalty for vows betrayed,  
Did one speck mar a nail or tooth  
For all the violated truth –

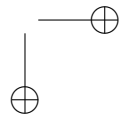
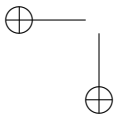
I might have trusted to your troth!  
But now no sooner is your oath  
Forsworn, you shine in lovelier guise  
The cynosure of all young eyes!

It serves your trade, when worst you lie,  
To swear by all the silent sky  
And stars, by your dead mother's wraith,  
By Gods above who taste not death.

The Nymphs for all their lack of guile  
At Beauty's perjuries can smile,  
Aye, Venus smiles too, and her Boy  
Sharpening his shafts in savage joy!

Fresh slaves for you to tyrannise  
With each new generation rise,  
And they that were your slaves before  
Threaten – but cannot leave your door!

For their son's sake what terrors move  
The father's thrift, the mother's love!  
Even the bride weeps lest your charms  
Should lure the bridegroom from her arms!





## II.12 TO MAECENAS AND LICYMNIA

Not the long years Numantia bled,  
Dread Hannibal, or Tyrrhene Sea  
Purpled with Punic blood – I wed  
To my soft harmony,

Not Lapithae, or Earth's young brood  
That shook the bright realms Saturnine –  
By Hercules' strong arm withstood,  
Not Centaurs mad with wine.

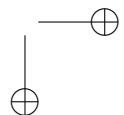
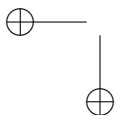
'Twere best *thy* stately prose present,  
Maecenas, what the might of Rome,  
What stiff-necked kings hath Caesar bent  
And led in fetters home.

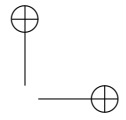
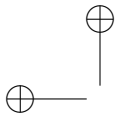
Sweeter to me the melodies  
Licymnia sings, her sprightly turns,  
The fire that tells through glowing eyes  
How loyal her bosom burns!

Her arms – how gracefully they sway,  
Her feet – how rhythmically fall,  
When maidens make bright holiday  
At Dian's festival!

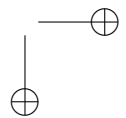
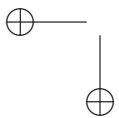
Not all King Midas held in fee,  
Not Phrygia's fruit, Mygdonia's ware,  
Could buy – nor wealth of Araby –  
One lock of her dear hair;

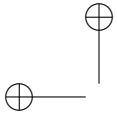
What time she bends thy lips to meet,  
Or, cruel to be kind, denies





The kiss thy seizing makes more sweet,  
Or steals herself the prize.





## II.14 TO POSTUMUS

The years, the swift years speed away!  
No prayer can stay the encroaching power  
Of wrinkled Age and Time's decay,  
And Death's inevitable hour.

Think not by daily sacrifice  
Your life from Pluto to redeem,  
Who holds vast Geryon's triple size  
Confined within his sullen stream:

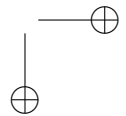
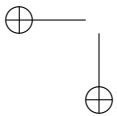
That stream which all are doomed to cross,  
Who live by food that nature yields,  
Be they the lords of earth, or dross  
Of humankind who till the fields.

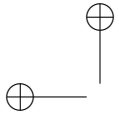
In vain from blood-stained War you fly,  
From Hadria hoarse with broken seas,  
In vain beneath the autumn sky  
You shun the fever-bearing breeze;

You needs must see Cocytus coil  
Its thick black flood, the infamous  
Daughters of Danaus, and the toil  
That never ends of Sisyphus;

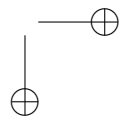
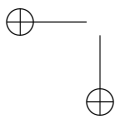
Home, winsome wife, the trees you grew  
All – save those cypresses abhorred –  
You leave: they may not follow you  
Who were, a little time, their lord!

That hundred-padlocked Caecuban  
Your heir with larger heart will pour,





When richer wine than ever ran  
At Pontiff's feast shall stain your floor!





## II.16 CONTENTMENT IS THE TRUE HAPPINESS

“Rest!” is the sailor’s prayer, the boon  
He craves on wild Aegean Sea,  
When clouds have blotted out the moon,  
And stars gleam fitfully:

“Rest!” is the maddened Thracian’s cry,  
“Rest!” is the quivered Mede’s desire –  
That Rest that purple cannot buy  
Nor gold nor gems can hire.

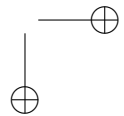
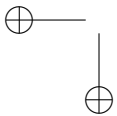
Shall consul’s pomp and lictors daunt  
The tumults of the mind, or ease  
The cares that fretted ceilings haunt –  
That fly round palaces?

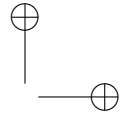
Nor fear nor greed brings slumber on:  
But he whose modest table gleams  
With silver passed from sire to son –  
No care disturbs *his* dreams.

How short the course life’s journey runs;  
How many things we dare to try!  
We fly to warmth of other suns –  
Ourselves we cannot fly!

Curst Care can climb the vessel’s sides,  
Can wheel in line when squadrons form,  
Care, swifter than the stag, outrides  
The winds that drive the storm!

Our happiness is here – to-day!  
For future ills a smile is best:



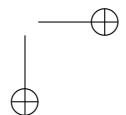
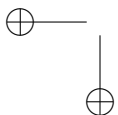


Why meet life's bitterness half-way –  
For none is wholly blest?

Achilles passed by sudden death;  
Tithonus lingered wearily;  
And I may draw an hour's breath  
That Chance denies to thee.

Sicilian cattle round thee low,  
Thy harnessed horses neigh in pride,  
Thy flocks abound; thy garments glow  
With crimson double-dyed:

To me some touch of Grecian charm,  
True to her promise, Fate allowed,  
And gave me, with my little farm,  
To scorn the envious crowd.





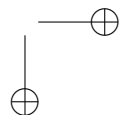
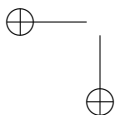
II.17 TO MAECENAS, WHO WRITES THAT HE IS  
DYING

Why rend my spirit with that sigh?  
It pleases neither me nor Fate  
That thou, Maecenas, first should'st die –  
The pride, the pillar of my state!

If Death, untimely, snatch away  
That half – ah! dearer half – my soul,  
Why should this other half delay?  
Could life be sweet no longer whole?

The day that strikes thee strikes us both;  
Together, when thou goest, we go  
Sworn comrades ('tis no idle oath)  
To tread the last long path below.

So Justice, and so Fate commands:  
Not the Chimaera, breathing fire,  
Nor Gias with his hundred hands  
Could tear me from my heart's desire!

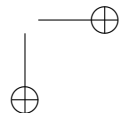
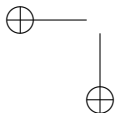


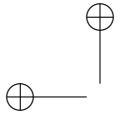




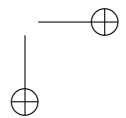
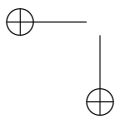
## II.18 AGAINST LUXURY AND AVARICE

No panelled ceiling in *my* dwelling shines  
    With ivory or gold,  
No columns quarried from Numidian mines  
    Greek architrave uphold;  
To some royal heritage, an unknown heir,  
    I have not entered in,  
Laconian purple for my kingly wear  
    No high-born maidens spin.  
But honesty I have and goodly store  
    Of that poetic fire  
Which brings the great man to my lowly door –  
    I have my heart's desire.  
Blest in my Sabine farm what ampler fortune  
    Shall I ask Heaven to send?  
Content with this one gift shall I importune  
    For greater gifts my friend?  
  
Day treads on day, swift moons rehearse your doom,  
    But you, though Death be near,  
Still work fresh marble, not to deck your tomb,  
    But the new halls you rear:  
Where the loud billows roll on Baiae's shore  
    You press the waters back,  
The land is not enough, you must have more  
    Won from the Ocean's wrack.  
What, must your greed insatiate o'erleap  
    The hedge-rows set around  
Your neighbour's farm, and move the marks that keep  
    Your own poor tenants' ground?  
Thrust from their home, from all their fathers gained,





Husband and wife depart,  
Their household gods and children squalor-stained  
Close gathered to their heart.  
And yet no mansion greedy wealth can rear  
More surely will become  
Your own than that which Death, still greedier,  
Hath destined for your home.  
Why look you further? Earth impartially  
Opens for prince and slave;  
Gold could not bribe Hell's minister to free  
Prometheus from the grave:  
Death bids the race of Tantalus endure  
Their torment without cease;  
Called or uncalled He hears the toil-worn poor  
And gives the weary peace.





### III.9 HORACE AND LYDIA

HORACE

“While I had charm to hold thee mine,  
While yet no happier youth might fling  
His arms round that white neck of thine,  
I reigned more blest than Persia’s King!”

LYDIA

“While thou hadst’t fanned no rival flame,  
Nor Chloe placed on Lydia’s throne,  
I, Lydia, gloried in a name  
Fairer than Roman Ilia’s own!”

HORACE

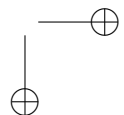
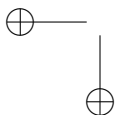
“Me Thracian Chloe rules: her breath,  
Her touch with music is alive!  
For her sweet sake I fear not death –  
If Fate but grant that she survive!”

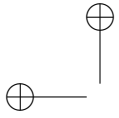
LYDIA

“Me Calais encompasseth  
With flames so passionately shared  
For him I *twice* would suffer death –  
If Fate but grant that he be spared!”

HORACE

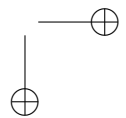
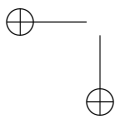
“What if the olden Love returned  
And forged anew our severed chain?  
If Chloe’s golden hair were spurned,  
And Lydia welcomed home again?”





LYDIA

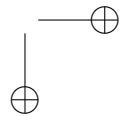
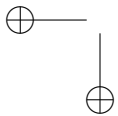
“Though thou art rougher than the sea,  
He fairer than the star-lit sky,  
Thou light and frail as bark, with thee  
I'd joyful live, contented die!”

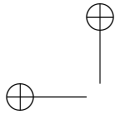




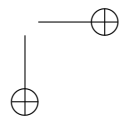
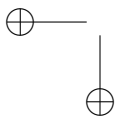
### III.11 (VV. 25-52) THE DAUGHTERS OF DANAUS

Let Lydè hear that tale of guilt  
And maidens' punishment – the drain  
Of falling water ever spilt,  
And emptying urn refilled in vain:  
Fate may be slow, but still the curse  
Comes home – it may be after life:  
Those maidens dared (could crime be worse?)  
Dared put their bridegrooms to the knife.  
One only, worthy to be bride,  
For love's sake foiled her father's crime,  
For love magnificently lied –  
A woman noble through all time!  
“Awake” to her young spouse she cries,  
“Lest, whence you fear not, there befall  
“That sleep that knows no waking. Rise!  
“And cheat my sire and sisters all!  
“Who each with murderous caress,  
“Like a she-lion, rends her prey;  
“But I am weak with tenderness  
“That cannot hold you back or slay!  
“Me let my father load in chains  
“For mercy shown my hapless groom,  
“Or ship me to Numidian plains  
“To wait the lonely exile's doom.  
“Go, while the night and Love combine  
“To aid you! Go, where breezes bid!





“And carve upon my tomb a line  
“That men may read there what I did.”





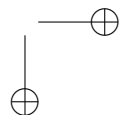
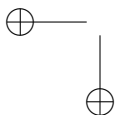
### III.13 THE FOUNT OF BANDUSIA

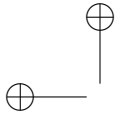
O crystal spring,  
Bandusia, than glass more clear!  
To thee we bring  
A kid whose budding horns appear –  
Sure sign of loves and battles near!

But all in vain  
The wanton herd bequeathed that sign:  
His blood shall stain  
With richer red than rose or wine  
And thy cold wave incarnadine!

The Dog-star's rage  
Can find no path to thy cool rocks,  
Whose streams assuage  
With freshest draught the laboured ox  
And thirsty wanderer of the flocks.

'Mid founts divine  
Thou too shalt take thy rank withal,  
While voice of mine  
Shall sing thy ilex-guarded wall –  
The music of thy waterfall.



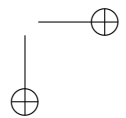
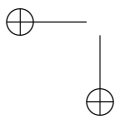


### III.26 TO VENUS

Till late I lived for ladies' love,  
And not without success I strove:  
But now my war-worn arms I bring  
To Venus for an offering.

Here on her left hand lay them by  
Vowed to the sea-born Deity: –  
My torches, crowbar, culverin  
For battering defences in.

O Queen of Cyprus' happy isle,  
Who dost on sun-bathed Memphis smile,  
Give Chloe with thy lash one touch –  
She's surely scornful overmuch!







### III.29 (VV. 41-64) FORTUNE AND PHILOSOPHY

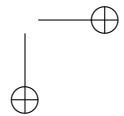
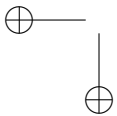
Lord of his life, and happy, he  
Who at each eve can truly say: –  
“To-morrow fair or foul may be:  
“So be it; I have lived to-day!  
“For what is past is mine: no fate  
“Can cancel it, or bring to nought,  
“Nor Jove himself obliterate  
“What once the vanished hour has brought!”

Fortune, who joys in cruel play,  
To gratify some wanton whim,  
Frowns on her friend of yesterday –  
Smiles now on me, and now on him.

She stays, I praise her: if she shake  
Quick wings, her favours I resign,  
Wrap me in honest pride, and take  
Undowered poverty for mine.

When masts are groaning in the gale,  
*I* will not fall to selfish prayers,  
Bargain my worship for a bale,  
Or traffic vows for Tyrian wares –

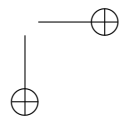
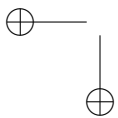
Else given to the greedy seas:  
But safe through all the Aegean roar  
The kindly Twins and following breeze  
Shall walt my little skiff to shore.





### III.30 TO HIS MUSE MELPOMENE

Stronger than bronze, than pyramids of Kings,  
*My* monument shall outlive earthly things;  
Mine neither rain devours, nor tempest wears,  
Nor the innumerable flight of years.  
Mortal in part, I shall not wholly die,  
Large part shall put on immortality.  
While Priest and Vestal climb the Capitol,  
My youth shall live in lines new men extol:  
“Born,” they will say, “where Aufid’s waters chide,  
“Where Daunus ruled a thirsty countryside,  
“He first, from small beginnings waxing strong,  
“To Roman numbers wrought Æolian Song!”  
Then wear, Melpomene, the glory won,  
And crown me Laureate with thy benison!





#### IV.7 SPRING

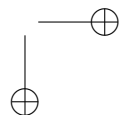
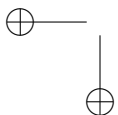
The snows are fled, the trees their head-dress don,  
The fields their green;  
Earth's fashions change, and lessening streams flow  
on  
Their banks between.

Now in the dance the Sister Graces dare  
Their limbs display;  
"Life will not last" the year, the hours declare  
That speed sweet day.

Frosts yield to Spring, and fast in Spring's pursuit  
Comes Summer's breath  
To perish ere rich Autumn sheds her fruit –  
Then Winter's death.

Swift moons in heaven make good their decrement:  
When *we* are thrust  
Where good Æneas, where rich Tullus went –  
We are but dust.

Spend then to-day! For will they grant a morrow,  
The Gods above?  
'Tis from the greedy hands of heirs you borrow  
For him you love!





#### IV.9 TO LOLLIUS

Think not these words will fail that I,  
Nursed by loud Aufid's echoing roar,  
Have married to Greek melody  
With arts unknown before.

Though Homer hold the pride of place,  
We still hear Pindar charming us,  
The Alcaic wrath, the Cean grace,  
And grave Stesichorus.

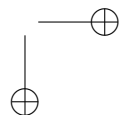
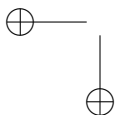
Anacreon's laughter is not mute,  
And Sappho's love is burning still –  
She breathed her secret to the lute  
Where yet her passions thrill.

Was Spartan Helen first to fire  
At royal seducer's braided hair,  
At retinue and gold attire  
That make a prince so fair?

Wrought great Idomeneus alone  
Heroic deeds? Was Teucer's bow  
The first to bend, was Ilion  
Once only battered low?

Did Deiphobus alone dare sell  
With blow for blow a glorious life?  
Was Hector first who fighting fell  
For children and for wife?

Ere Agamemnon men were brave –  
But night o'erwhelmed them dark and long,





Unwept, unhallowed is their grave  
For lack of poet's song!

'Twixt sloth and valour, hid from day,  
Small difference! Your toils, your stress  
I will not, Lollius, leave a prey  
To dull forgetfulness;

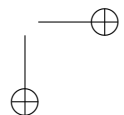
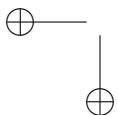
My verse shall be your monument,  
And here, emblazoned on my page,  
Your soul – in calm, in storm, unbent –  
Shall speak to every age!

A consul, not for one short year,  
But always – while you truly hold  
The scales of Justice, and austere  
To that arch-tempter gold,

You scorn the expedient, grasp the right,  
And spurn the bribes the guilty pay:  
Or when surrounded in the fight  
You cleave a conquering way!

The man of boundless revenues  
We call not "happy": trulier so  
We call him who can wisely use  
The gifts the gods bestow;

Who, strong to suffer poverty,  
Holds death less terrible than sin:  
That man can face his fate – and die  
For country and for kin.





#### IV.13 TO LYCE GROWN OLD

The Gods have heard,  
Lyce, the Gods have heard my prayer:  
Thy face is seared  
With age, yet flaunts a frolic air,  
For still thou would'st be reckoned fair!

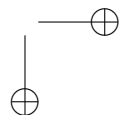
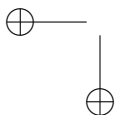
Still would'st thou move,  
With wine-flushed glance and quaverings weak,  
Unwilling Love.  
Young Love! *He* dwells in dimple sleek,  
Keeping sweet watch on Chia's cheek.

Love does not haunt  
The sapless stem, the withered bough;  
Intolerant  
He flies that face the wrinkles plough,  
Thy blackening teeth, thy whitening brow.

No gems, alack,  
No Coan robes so fair thou hast  
That they bring back  
The days that Winged Time has cast  
Into the Annals of the Past.

Ah! Whither fly  
Grace, colour, beauty? What is left  
Of Her, whose sigh –  
Sweetening with Love's own breath the theft –  
Me of my very soul bereft?

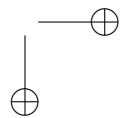
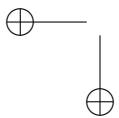
Of Her I crowned  
Queen of sweet arts, in Cinara's place,

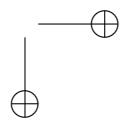
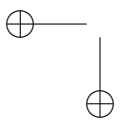
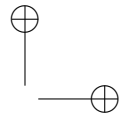
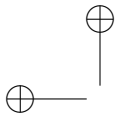




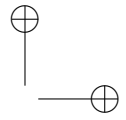
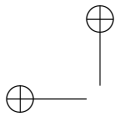
Fair and renowned?  
To Cinara but little grace  
Time gave, to thee too long a space!

Thou rivalest  
The beldam crow, that youth may fling  
Its cruel jest –  
To see that torch, so bright a thing,  
Now fallen to ash and smouldering.









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