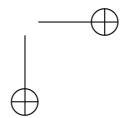
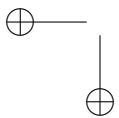
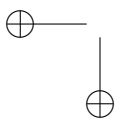
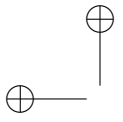
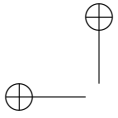


## Twentyfive Odes of Horace

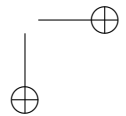
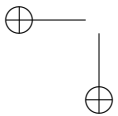


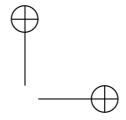
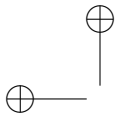




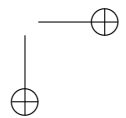
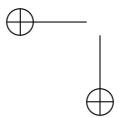
**Twentyfive Odes of Horace**  
*Rendered into English by J. S. Blake-Reed*

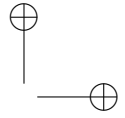
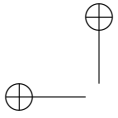
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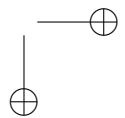
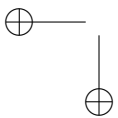


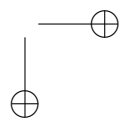
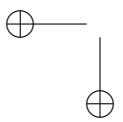
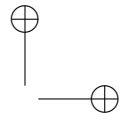
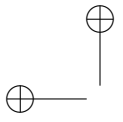
2022  
First Published in 1942





UXORI MEAE DILECTAE.  
*Felices ter et amplius,  
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis  
Divulsus querimoniis,  
Suprema citius solvet amor die.*







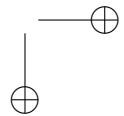
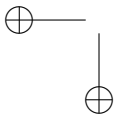
## FOREWORD

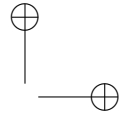
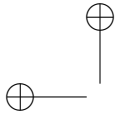
I put to myself recently a question, with which most people have at some time played: If you were sent into exile and allowed to take with you only one book, what book would you choose? The answer came at once and spontaneously: 'Horace.'

This booklet is the result of a recourse to that genial author in recent days of depression and worry. There is an element in Horace that peculiarly charms, uplifts and comforts. He is, above all writers, the poet of middle age and I personally have learned to love and admire his balanced contentment, his quiet courage, his gratitude for and enjoyment of the good things of life and his unruffled patience and equanimity. His philosophy is not deep but it is eminently satisfying. He teaches us not to expect too much of life, to make the best of things as they are, to be wary of ambition and not to worry unduly. The world to-day, beset with problems not vastly different from those which Horace's epoch faced, – and to some extent solved, – would be all the better for some inspiration from his sanity, good-humour and moderation.

I claim no merit for my little book of versions, Horace is really untranslatable. Even Milton was not quite successful in his solitary attempt. But the exercise has amused and cheered me and a small circle of friends has found a sufficient degree of pleasure in my renderings to tempt me into print. So my little collection flutters out into the world, in the hope that for such as love Horace, – and they are many more than one might think, – it may beguile a leisure hour.

My sincere thanks are due to my wife and particularly to my friend and colleague in the Mixed Court of Appeal, Judge E. S. Lemass, who have contributed to this little book most of





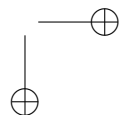
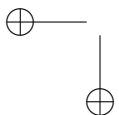
the attractive illustrations, which are perhaps its chief merit.\*  
I wish also to thank Mr. W. Walker and the staff of Messrs.  
Whitehead Morris, (E.) Ltd., for many valuable suggestions and  
for the great interest they have shown in my work.

If this edition does more than cover its expenses, the Red  
Cross will be by so much the gainer.

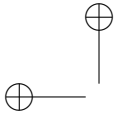
J. S. B. R.

*Alexandria*  
*September 1942*

\*[NOT INCLUDED IN THE PRESENT EDITION. IW]

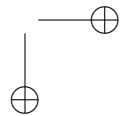
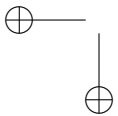


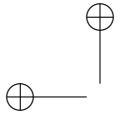




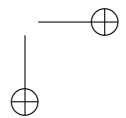
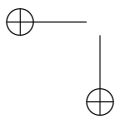
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### I.3 SIC TE DIVA

The Cyprian and those shining stars,  
Brothers of Helen, waft thy sail;  
And Aeolus in prison bars  
Bind all except the favouring gale, –

O ship, that for the Attic shore,  
Bearing my Virgil, must depart;  
Safe land thy charge, – and with him more  
Than half of my foreboding heart.

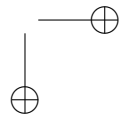
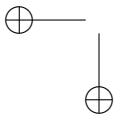
Oak was his breast and triple steel,  
Who first upon the furious main,  
Adventuring his slender keel,  
Defied the Afric hurricane, –

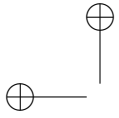
The storms that blow from off the Pole,  
The Hyads and the South Wind's rage,  
That Hadria's billows still control,  
To rouse to fury or assuage.

Him could no shape of death appal,  
Dry-eyed who raging seas and steep  
Ceraunian crags beheld and all  
The floating monsters of the deep.

In vain with ocean east from west  
To hold dissevered God decrees;  
Rash ships defy his stern behest,  
Adventuring forbidden seas.

No reverence, no laws control  
Rebellious man's audacious mind,



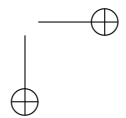
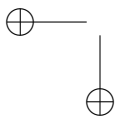


Since first the impious Titan stole  
Forbidden fire for humankind:

Not unavenged the plundered flame  
From Heaven was reft; straightway the breed  
Of wasting ills and fevers came  
The lagging feet of death to speed.

And Daedalus the empty air  
On wings denied to men essayed;  
And tireless Hercules could dare  
The realms of Pluto to invade.

Foolhardy man no tasks dismay;  
To fly to Heaven his heart aspires:  
Not yet the eternal Sire can lay  
Aside his vengeful lightning fires.





## I.7 LAUDABUNT ALII

Some Ephesus, some Rhodes or Lesbos sing,  
And some of Corinth, where the seas divide;  
Tempe or Thebes, her Bacchus fostering,  
Delphi, Apollo's pride:

And some will still with endless praise endow  
Virgin Athena's town inviolate,  
Loving with olive wreath to crown her brow;  
And some will celebrate

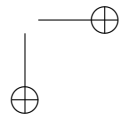
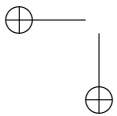
In Juno's honour, Argos, home of steeds,  
Or rich Mycenae's citadel. My strain  
Sings not of Sparta's old heroic breeds  
Nor fair Larissa's plain.

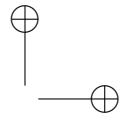
My lyre Albunea's echoing grot shall praise  
And Tibur's glade, where headlong Anio flows,  
And cooling streamlets through the summer days  
Water my orchard close.

Often the South Wind sweeps the clouds away,  
Nor aye descends in the torrential shower;  
So, Plancus, let the wine-cup still allay  
The troubles of the hour.

In martial camp or Tibur's trees beneath,  
Recall how, fleeing from his home and sire,  
Teucer, his forehead bound with poplar wreath,  
His comrades did inspire.

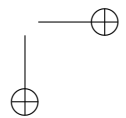
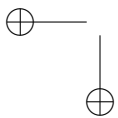
“Where Fortune, kinder than my sire, shall speed  
“Our steps, brave hearts, together let us fare;





“Where Teucer’s arms and Teucer’s omens lead,  
“No need for dull despair.

“Our younger Salamis may yet outshine  
“The old one’s fame; Phoebus his word will keep.  
“Worse days we’ve known; now fill the bowl with  
wine;  
“To-morrow to the deep.”





## I.8 LYDIA, DIC, PER OMNES

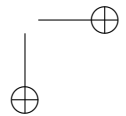
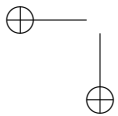
Lydia, prithee, tell me why  
With your love you seek to spoil  
Sybaris, once unconquered by  
Dust and sun and martial toil.

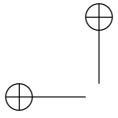
Now no more in knightly train  
With his mates we see him ride;  
Now no more with curbing rein  
Tame his Gallic courser's pride.

Now he shuns the Tiber's flood,  
Wrestling-ground and boxing-ring,  
More than deadly vipers' blood, –  
He who once the quoit would fling

Surely to its mark and oft  
O'er the line the javelin threw;  
Now his arms are white and soft,  
Once with bruises black and blue.

Now he hides, as once they say,  
Young Achilles lay concealed,  
Skulking in a girl's array,  
Fearful of the Trojan field.





## I.9 VIDES UT ALTA

White in the snow Soracte stands,  
The trees beneath their burden hoar  
To earth are bowed; through all the lands  
The frozen rivers flow no more.

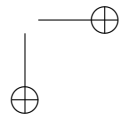
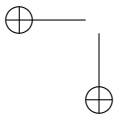
Pile up the pine-wood logs upon  
The blazing hearth; drive out the cold;  
Broach the capacious demijohn  
Of Sabine vintage, four years old.

All that's to come the gods decree;  
At their command the tempests cease,  
The seas subside and cypress tree  
And mountain ash will rest in peace.

Ask not what may to-morrow chance;  
Count every day a respite earned;  
While life is young enjoy the dance  
Nor let the sweets of love be spurned.

Ere youth to moody age must yield  
And whitening hairs invade the brow,  
Enjoy the course, the track, the field  
And twilight tryst and whispered vow.

A sweet and sudden laugh betrays  
Your lurking charmer's hiding-place:  
You snatch your forfeit – and she pays, –  
And struggles but to save her face.







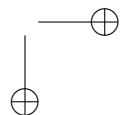
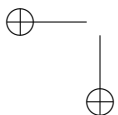
## I.11 TU NE QUAESIERIS

We may not con the future's fears & hopes;  
Whatever fate the gods for us ordain,  
Enquire not; from Chaldaean horoscopes,  
Leuconoe, refrain.

Better by far to bear the will of heaven,  
Whether for weal or woe our lot be cast;  
Whether to life be many winters given,  
Or this should be your last,

That wearies now the wild Etruscan brine  
Upon the rocky shores still unprevailing;  
Be wise, Leuconoe; decant your wine,  
Far-reaching hopes curtailing

To man's short life proportioned. Even now,  
Even as I speak, the jealous moments flee:  
Enjoy the passing hour, unsure that thou  
To-morrow's sun shalt see.





## I.12 QUEM DEUM AUT HEROA...?

What god or hero or what mortal's fame,  
Historic Muse, shall wake the slumbering string  
Or the shrill flute? With what heroic name  
Shall jovial echo ring?

Whether on leafy slopes of Helicon,  
On Pindus' summit or by Haemus cold,  
Where the entranced oaks the Muse's son  
Led in the dance of old; –

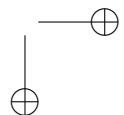
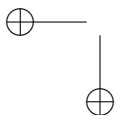
Taught by his Mother's art tempestuous floods  
And headlong streams and rushing winds to stay,  
And skilful to subdue the listening woods  
With his seductive lay.

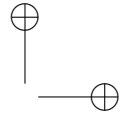
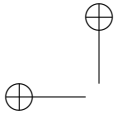
First the great Sire of Heaven my song shall praise,  
Who gods and men and earth and ocean's tides  
Bends to his will and through the round of days  
The circling seasons guides.

Greater than all his works he reigns alone;  
No creature made his great creator nears;  
Yet Pallas standeth closest to his throne,  
First of the heavenly peers.

And next my strain for thee, the bold in war,  
Liber, and thee, the huntress maid, shall flow  
And Phoebus, darting arrows from afar  
From his unerring bow.

Alcides and the Great Twin Brethren, hail!  
The boxer and the lord of flying steeds:





Whose star of comfort greets the storm-rent sail  
And safe to haven leads.

Back from the headlands ebb the baffled tides;  
The flying clouds disperse, the winds are still;  
O'er all the main the angry wave subsides,  
Obedient to their will.

Shall Romulus or Numa's peaceful sway  
Or haughty Tarquin inspiration lend  
Next to my lyre? Or shall a sterner lay  
Tell Cato's noble end?

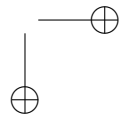
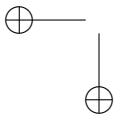
See, thick they throng, our mighty men of old!  
Regulus, Scaurus, he who life as naught,  
The great Aemilius, deemed, – by Pyrrhic gold  
Fabricius unbought.

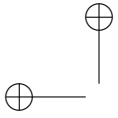
Laborious days, by stern privation ruled,  
Their fathers' glebe, the yeoman's frugal home  
Unshaven Curius and Camillus schooled  
To fight the wars of Rome.

Marcellus' glory waxes with the years,  
Like to a tree, though none behold it grow:  
And, like the moon among the lesser spheres,  
The Julian star shall glow.

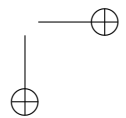
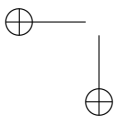
Great Sire and Guardian of all humankind,  
To Thee we pray; – to Thee the charge is given; –  
Preserve great Caesar in his place assigned,  
Thy regent under Heaven.

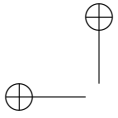
While baffled Parthia's subjugated hordes,  
Haled in the wake of his triumphal wheels,  
Shall captive march and neath the Roman swords  
The furthest Orient kneels, –





His justice under Thee shall rule the world, –  
Whose thundering chariot great Olympus moves,  
Whose levin-bolts of vengeance still are hurled  
Upon the impious groves.





### I.13 CUM TU, LYDIA, TELEPHI

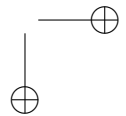
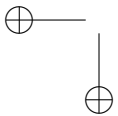
When you the manly charms  
Of Telephus admire,  
His ruddy neck, white arms, –  
My liver boils with ire;  
My heart is set on fire.

My wits their task refuse;  
Now pink, now pale I turn;  
The scalding tear bedews  
My cheek. So you may learn  
What fire doth in me burn –

When o'er your snowy breast  
His horse-play spills the wine,  
With drunken kisses pressed  
Upon those lips divine,  
I fain would claim for mine.

Believe me, one so rude  
Those kisses to profane,  
Love's nectar has imbued  
In quintessential strain,  
Will never true remain.

Thrice, four times blest are they,  
All human bliss beyond,  
Held till life's latest day  
In love's unbroken bond,  
Faithful, harmonious, fond.





## I.22 INTEGER VITAE

The pure in heart, my Fuscus, needs  
No arms to shield him from the foe; –  
Nor deadly spear nor venomed reeds  
Nor Moorish bow.

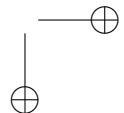
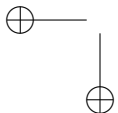
Secure he roams from Syrtes' waves  
To Caucasus, the friendless land;  
Or where the fabled river laves  
The Indian sand.

Chanting an ode to Lalage,  
While through my Sabine wood I strayed  
Unarmed, a wolf encountered me  
And fled afraid.

A monster huge! A beast more dread  
Did ne'er Apulia's thickets roam,  
Nor Juba's sun-scorched desert bred,  
The lions' home.

Ah! banish me to sterile plains,  
By summer breezes still unfanned,  
A hemisphere of fogs and rains, –  
A treeless land:

Or to a waste of arid steppes,  
Scorched by the sun's unpitying rays: –  
Her lovely voice, her smiling lips  
I still will praise.





#### I.24 QUIS DESIDERIO...?

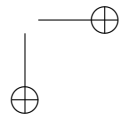
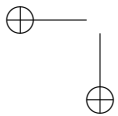
No shame for one so loved shall stay  
Our tears, no years our mourning end;  
Melpomene, a mournful lay  
Inspire for our departed friend,  
Who with sweet voice the lyre dost sway.

Quintilius sleeps his last long sleep!  
Honour undimmed and Faith unstained,  
Twin-born with Justice, still shall weep  
His loss and simple Truth unfeigned  
None like him shall in memory keep.

You, with all noble hearts, deplore,  
Virgil, his death the rest above,  
And bow despairingly before  
The gods your prayers were vain to move  
Quintilius safely to restore.

For not the harp that wont to thrill  
The forest with its Orphic strains  
Could charm the dead to life or fill  
Again with blood the empty veins,  
When once the pulse of life is still.

Once the grim usher of the slain  
Has beckoned with his gloomy rod,  
The gate is barred, our prayers are vain;  
We may not change the will of God.  
Patience alone can ease our pain.





### I.31 QUID DEDICATUM. . . ?

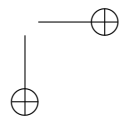
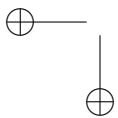
I ask not, as I pour the wine  
Before thy newly hallowed shrine,  
Phoebus, and make my humble prayer,  
Fertile Sardinia's harvests rare, –

Calabria's herds nor all the land,  
Where Liris wears the bordering strand,  
Slow gliding level banks between,  
Nor gold nor Indian ivory's sheen.

The merchant, who each season braves,  
Blessed by the gods, the Atlantic waves,  
His wine from golden cups may drain, –  
Rich produce of Levantine gain.

Calenian vineyards he may prune,  
To whom the gods vouchsafe the boon;  
Olives supply my humble need,  
Me endive and soft mallows feed.

With senses unimpaired to live,  
Content with what the gods may give, –  
An honoured age, the poet's lyre, –  
Ah! Phoebus, grant my heart's desire.







### II.3 AEQUAM MEMENTO

Joy not o'ermuch when life is kind  
And when your days are cast in sorrow,  
Learn still to keep a tranquil mind,  
For, Dellius, you may die to-morrow.

Though all your days to sadness dawn,  
Or in secluded country bowers  
You take your ease on shaded lawn,  
While rich Falernian speeds the hours, –

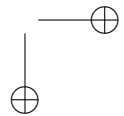
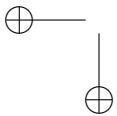
Where pine and poplar overhead  
With chequered shade the grass-plot stipple  
And, crystal in their winding bed,  
The waters of the streamlet ripple, –

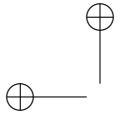
Hither your wines and unguents bring,  
While fortune stands and youthful years,  
With short-lived roses of the spring,  
While Atropos withholds her shears.

Your villa by the Tiber's sands,  
The purchased glades, the stately hall, –  
All you must leave; to other hands  
Your store of hoarded gold must fall.

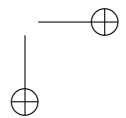
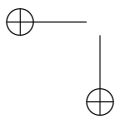
For, scion of a sceptred line  
Or homeless wanderer at his gates, –  
To each one end the fates assign;  
For each unpitying Orcus waits.

For all alike one end in store;  
Sooner or late the lot must fall:





And Charon's skiff, the Stygian shore  
And endless exile wait for all.





## II.6 SEPTIMI, GADES

Seprimius, who with me wouldst roam  
Where fierce Cantabrians have their home,  
To Gades or where billows foam  
O'er Syrtes' sand, –

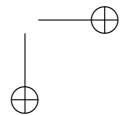
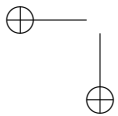
Would that my age in Tibur blest,  
That Argive colony, might rest,  
By wars and wanderings distrest  
By sea and land.

Or, be that paradise denied,  
Where kirtled ewes, Galesus' pride,  
Browse o'er Phalanthus' countryside,  
I'd find repose; –

Where bees their combs with honey fill,  
Sweet as Hymettus bears, and still  
As green as on Venafrum's hill  
The olive grows:

Where springs are long and winters free  
From chill and Aulon's sheltering lea  
Ripens the grape; no spot for me  
More joy can lend.

There let us go; the mountains call;  
There, there your duteous tear shall fall,  
When God so wills, above the pall  
Of me, your friend.





## II.8 ULLA SI JURIS

Barine, if a single scathe  
The gods would send to mar your beauty, –  
One blackened tooth for perjured faith,  
A broken nail for broken duty, –

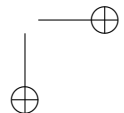
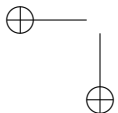
I'd listen; but from flouted vow  
And every faithless protestation  
More fascinating still you grow  
To tease our rising generation.

Your mother's grave, the starry skies,  
The gods and all the host of heaven  
You call to witness of your lies; –  
And still your perfidy's forgiven!

Venus and all the Nymphs condone,  
With secret smile, your fickle feigning;  
And Cupid on his gory stone  
Sharpens his shafts for fresh campaigning.

And still the generations new  
Bring to your service slaves and lovers;  
Each, though he vows no more to woo,  
Fresh pretext for delay discovers.

Mothers with sons your guile alarms;  
Old bachelors their heads are shaking;  
And brides in terror, lest your charms  
Their spouses lead astray, are quaking.





## II.10 RECTIUS VIVES

Wisely your bark, Licinius, steer  
Not where the deepest ocean rolls;  
Nor, over-cautious, sail too near  
    The treacherous shoals.

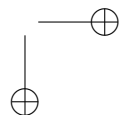
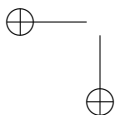
Whoe'er the golden mean pursues,  
To live secure from envy's eye  
Nor sordid hut for home will choose  
    Nor palace high.

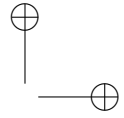
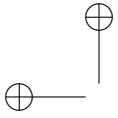
The tallest pines the tempest's might  
Assails; high towers with heavier crash  
Will fall; the loftiest hills invite  
    The lightning flash.

Caution in weal and hope in ill  
The steadfast bosom still will learn;  
Jove sends the gloomy winters, – still  
    The springs return.

Dark days a brighter dawn succeeds;  
Ofttimes Apollo tunes his lyre,  
Unbends his bow and jocund leads  
    The Muses' choir.

Undaunted still by want or grief,  
When Fortune with too prosperous gale  
Your bark impels, be wise and reef  
    Your swelling sail.





## II.14 EHEU FUGACES

Ah! Postumus, the seasons roll;  
No piety a halt can call  
To wrinkles; age will take its toll  
And death, unconquered, waits for all.

No wealth of sacrifice can save;  
Be sure no pitying tear can stain  
Grim Pluto's cheek; the Stygian wave  
Rings even Titans in their pain.

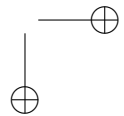
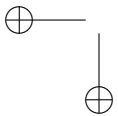
Come wealth or want, come gain or loss,  
One is the doom of humankind:  
The gloomy stream we all must cross,  
Both sceptred king and simple hind.

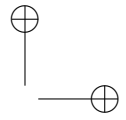
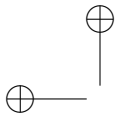
In vain we shun the embattled field,  
Nor Hadria's storm-tossed billows dare;  
In vain our sickly frames we shield,  
Wrapped from the chill autumnal air.

For all alike Cocytus rolls  
Its gloomy flood of sluggish waters,  
Where Sisyphus for ever tholes  
Eternal pains with Danaus' daughters.

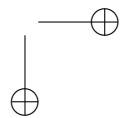
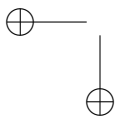
Of all the trees your cares have sown,  
When home and wife and lands you leave,  
The hated cypresses alone  
Follow their owner to the grave.

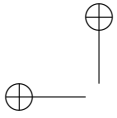
A hundred locks preserve in vain  
The wines your lavish heirs shall pour;





Pontific Caecuban shall stain  
The marbles of your stately floor.





## II.16 OTIUM DIVOS

In the Aegaeon, far from shore,  
For peace the lonely sailor prays,  
When stars are dim and clouds obscure  
Diana's rays.

For peace the Thracian, fierce in war,  
For peace the Median archers cry; –  
Which neither gems nor purple's store  
Nor gold can buy.

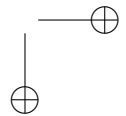
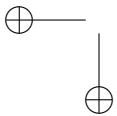
No wealth 'gainst gnawing woes is proof,  
Nor can the Consul's guard disarm  
The cares around the fretted roof  
That flit and swarm.

Happy the simple hind I hold, –  
Nor fear nor want disturbs his dreams, –  
Upon whose board his father's old  
Salt-cellar gleams.

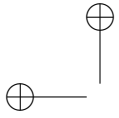
Flee then ambition! Life is brief;  
The exile 'neath an alien sky  
Forgets his home; his load of grief  
He cannot fly.

Care flutters from the admiral's mast,  
Outstrips in speed the knightly train, –  
Swifter than roes or eastern blast  
That clears the rain.

Enquire not what to-morrow brings;  
Enough to know to-day is sweet;





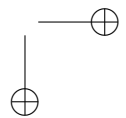
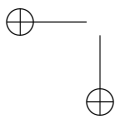


A smile can lighten bitter things;  
No joy's complete.

Achilles perished in his flower;  
Tithonus, aging, still must live;  
And boons to thee denied the hour  
To me may give.

Thy flocks and herds range far and wide,  
Thy race-horse whinnies o'er his corn;  
Fleeces in Afric purple dyed  
Thy limbs adorn;

To me a faithful Providence  
Some echo grants of Grecian song,  
And shuts without my garden fence  
The envious throng.





## II.20 NON USITATA

No ordinary wing could bear, –  
The task, I fear, were much too hard, –  
On journeys through the limpid air  
One half a bird and half a bard.

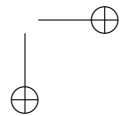
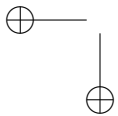
The plumes you give me now I'll try,  
This slanderous earth to leave behind;  
Your humble comrade cannot die  
Or be with Stygian wave confined.

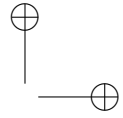
Already horny skin upon  
My legs and ankle-bones is showing;  
And up above I'm made a swan;  
White feathers on my arms are growing.

Swifter than Icarus I soar  
Beyond Hyperborean bounds;  
O'er Bosphorus' tempestuous shore  
And Syrtes' shoals my song resounds.

Colchian and Scythian hordes my verse  
(At heart afraid of Roman legions)  
With drinkers of the Rhone rehearse  
And learned Dons – from Spanish regions.

Silence the dirge and dry the tear,  
Nor to my tomb be mourning given;  
Your poet's left an empty bier;  
He's grown him wings – and flown to Heaven.





### III.5 CAELO TONANTEM

Jove rules in Heaven we say:  
Caesar on earth his counterpart shall reign;  
Fierce Parthia and the distant British main  
His rule obey.

Shall Carrhae's captive band  
Taint with barbaric blood the Roman stock,  
While still the Capitol's unconquered rock  
And Rome shall stand?

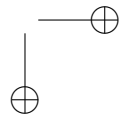
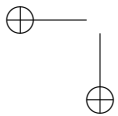
What! Shall the sons of Rome,  
The Marsian and Apulian, shall they yield, –  
Forget the Roman name, the sacred shield  
And Vesta's dome?

Even such peril nigh  
The wary heart of Regulus discerned  
Foreboding, when the Punic peace he spurned  
And: Let them die

Unpitied, he proclaimed,  
Who left the Roman standards to the foe,  
Who rendered up their arms without a blow  
And Rome have shamed.

In Punic fetters cowed  
I saw them pass and Carthage opens wide  
Her gates, while o'er the ravaged countryside  
The fields are ploughed.

Can shameful ransom buy  
Courage for craven hearts? Can aught restore





To the fleece the native hues it owned before  
It drank the dye?

You add but loss to shame!  
Valour, once dead, no valour can beget;  
The struggling hart, freed from the hunter's net,  
Is cowed and tame.

So, taught by fear to yield  
To base surrender and the victor's chain,  
Think not the ransomed soldier e'er again  
Will face the field.

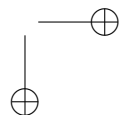
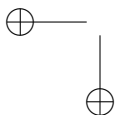
Not life but death their doom,  
Who seek by tame submission life to save:  
O glorious Carthage, rising on the grave  
Of recreant Rome!

His wife and children dear, –  
Their last embrace, their kisses he forbore.  
He bowed his head; he knew himself no more  
A Roman peer:

Then, as his words at last  
The Fathers' hesitating counsel swayed,  
Amid his mourning friends, still undismayed,  
To exile passed.

The Punic torturer's wrath  
Well though his mind foresaw, with heart unbowed  
He put aside his kinsmen and the crowd  
That stayed his path;

As erst, his cares laid down,  
His vassals' quarrels judged, he went his way  
To green Venafrum or Tarentum's bay, –  
The Spartan town.





### III.9 DONEC GRATUS ERAM

HORACE

While in your favour none could vie  
With me and none more loved than I  
About your neck his arms could fling,  
I envied not the Persian king.

LYDIA

Before your heart unfaithful proved  
And Chloe more than Lydia loved,  
Known far and wide, poor Lydia's name  
Outrivalled Roman Ilia's fame.

HORACE

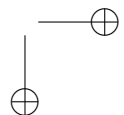
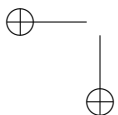
My heart the Thracian maid doth fire  
With sweetest voice and tuneful lyre:  
For her sweet sake to die I'd dare,  
So Fate my better half would spare.

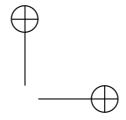
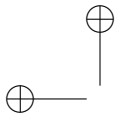
LYDIA

I burn for Thurian Calais;  
His heart is mine and mine is his.  
For such a lover gladly I,  
So he survived me, twice would die.

HORACE

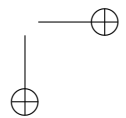
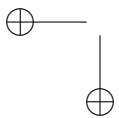
What if the ancient love, recalled,  
Our sundered hearts again enthralled? –  
If I that golden blonde discard  
And leave for you my door unbarred?

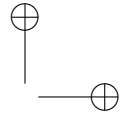




LYDIA

Though he is beauteous as a star,  
You light as cork and testier far  
Than Hadria's billows raging high,  
With thee I'll live, with thee I'd die.





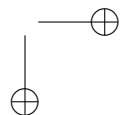
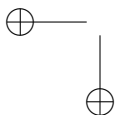
### III.13 FONS BANDUSIAE

Clear, crystal spring, this bowl of wine  
To pledge thy fame with flowers I'll twine:  
The morn a frolic goat shall see  
His young life render, Nymph, to thee.

In vain his sprouting horns foreshow  
The loves, the strife he ne'er shall know;  
With purple of his warm life's tide  
Thy cooling waters shall be dyed.

The fiery Dog-star's angry heat  
Can ne'er invade thy cool retreat;  
To oxen wearied of the plough  
Or browsing herd how dear art thou.

Bandusia's fount, 'mid classic springs  
Thy name shall sound while Horace sings  
The oak that shades thy grottoed source,  
The murmurous music of thy course.





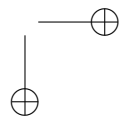
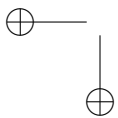
### III.18 FAUNE NYMPHARUM

Faun, wooer of the nymphs that flee,  
Benignly range my little farm;  
Keep, as they roam the sun-swept lea,  
My lambs from harm.

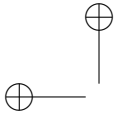
For thee December's yearling dies,  
The bowl that Venus loves shall flow;  
For thee my incense-smoke shall rise,  
My altars glow.

December's Nones shall banish cares;  
Loose in the meadows stray the flocks,  
While in the rustic revel shares  
The resting ox.

In peace the wolf and lamb consort;  
For thee the wood its tribute spills;  
The dancing peasant spurns in sport  
The ground he tills.







### III.23 CAELO SUPINAS

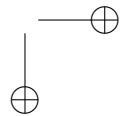
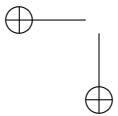
If on your altar, Phidyle,  
Incense and herbs, the season's fee,  
Oft as the monthly moons return,  
With sacrificial pig shall burn, –

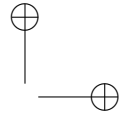
No wind shall blight the swelling grape,  
Your tender flocks shall still escape  
The autumn chills that thin the fold,  
Nor mildew dim the harvest's gold.

Great bulls, in Alban meadows bred,  
Or where Mount Algidus his head  
Above the forest rears in ice,  
Bleed for the Pontiffs' sacrifice.

No need our scanty flock to doom  
To make a rich man's hecatomb;  
Enough to deck our humbler gods  
With rosemary and myrtle rods.

No costlier gift our gods desire  
Than salt that crackles in the fire,  
Or oaten bannock: – but be sure  
The hand that brings the gift is pure.



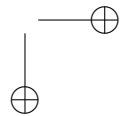
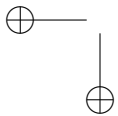


### III.26 VIXI PUELLIS NUPER IDONEUS

With many a maid I've urged my suit;  
And oft success my arms attended:  
But now, alas! my lover's lute  
Hangs on the wall; – the game is ended.

The torches, levers, bolts and bows,  
That “laughed at locksmiths,” now must moulder, –  
Hung on the wall where Venus shows  
Her chillier, inauspicious shoulder.

One last and final prayer I urge,  
O Cyprian, snowless Memphis haunting, –  
Give Chloe with thy high-swung scourge  
One final cut to cure her vaunting.





### III.29 TYRRHENA REGUM PROGENIES

Son of the ancient Lucumos,  
For thee, with garlands of the rose,  
I keep a cask of mellow wine  
With eastern balsams; – come and dine!

Come from your terrace, looking down  
O'er Aequian slopes and Tibur's town  
And in the distance, far descried,  
The ramparts of the Parricide.

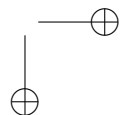
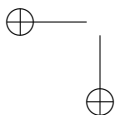
Bid to distressful pomp good-bye, –  
Your belvedere that rakes the sky;  
Desert a while your stately home,  
The wealth, the smoke, the noise of Rome.

No tapestries my rooms afford,  
No purple couches line my board;  
But simple life and country fare  
Have often eased a load of care.

Now Cepheus lifts his torch on high;  
The ramping Lion climbs the sky;  
Now Procyon's fires begin to burn;  
The Dog-days and the drought return.

The weary shepherd seeks the shade;  
The cattle in the streamlet wade  
Or to the sheltering brake repair;  
No breath disturbs the sultry air.

You wrestle with the forms of state  
Or Persia's threats anticipate,





Or anxious-hearted brood upon  
The perils from the fractious Don.

The wiser gods the future veil  
And laugh when anxious mortals quail  
At evils that may ne'er befall,  
Shrouded in night's mysterious pall.

Enough the problems of the day;  
Now calm and tranquil life away  
Ebbs like a river, flowing free,  
To mingle with the Etruscan sea;

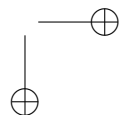
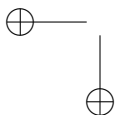
Now with uprooted trees and rocks  
And ruined homes and drowning flocks  
The spate the furious torrent fills  
And roars between the woods and hills.

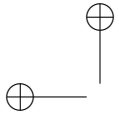
Lord of his fate and blest I call  
Him who can say; Whate'er befall,  
Come cloud or sun, blue skies or grey  
To-morrow, I have lived to-day.

For changeful fate can ne'er destroy  
The brief but unforgotten joy  
That once has been, or bring to naught  
What once the fleeting hour has brought.

Let Fortune spin her varying wheel,  
Capricious still her prize to deal  
Now to another, now to me, –  
Constant but in inconstancy:

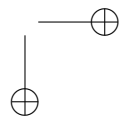
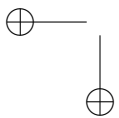
Staying I thank her; should she fly,  
Wrapped in my cloak of probity,  
Calm and resigned, I ask no more,  
But learn with honour to be poor.

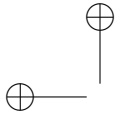




So while the furious Afric blast  
Shall bend and strain the creaking mast,  
And merchants fall to piteous prayers,  
In terror lest their Tyrian wares

With costly jetsam strew the seas,  
My two-oared skiff, with gentle breeze  
And favouring Pollux for its guide,  
Shall safe the Aegaeon tumult ride.





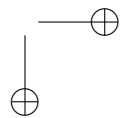
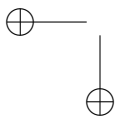
### III.30 EXEGI MONUMENTUM

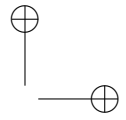
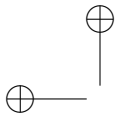
Firmer than bronze my monument shall tower,  
Higher than regal pyramids ascending;  
Nor tempest's fury nor erosive shower  
Shall waste it nor the march of years unending.

Not all of me for Libitina's prey  
Is doomed to fall; I shall not wholly die.  
My fame shall live and grow with every day,  
While still the priest the Capitol on high –

With silent vestal climbs. My name shall sound  
Where rapid Aufidus descends in spate,  
Where Daunus ruled Apulia's arid ground, –  
I, humbly-born, by poesy made great.

The first was I to fit to Roman strain  
Aeolian song. Melpomene, allow  
The glory that is truly thine and deign  
With Delphic wreath to crown thy poet's brow.





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