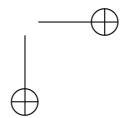
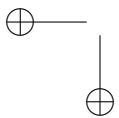
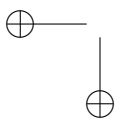
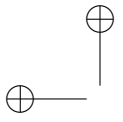


More Odes of Horace



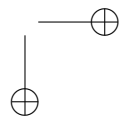
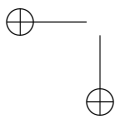


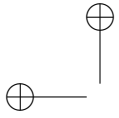


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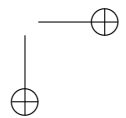
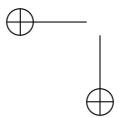
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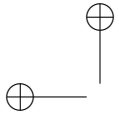
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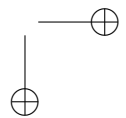
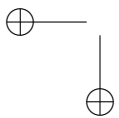


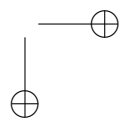
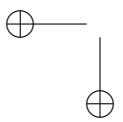
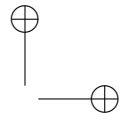
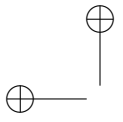
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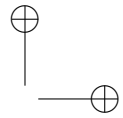




SCHOLAE MANCUNIENSIS
IN HONOREM
ET IN PIAM ET GRATAM MEMORIAM
VIRO RUM DOCTORUM
JOHANNIS E. KING,
JOHANNIS R. BROADHURST,
HAROLDI WILLIAMSON,
QUI AU CTORI PUERO
VATIS HORATI AMOREM
INSTILL AVERUNT.





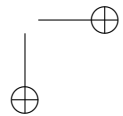
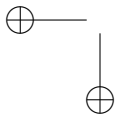


FOREWORD

I have been tempted by the kind reception accorded to my “Twenty-five Odes of Horace” two years ago to publish this attempted rendering of a further fifty Odes, which has diverted my leisure during the past eighteen months. Though the success of my former little volume was mainly due to the indulgence of personal friends, I am vain enough to derive pleasure from the interest shown in the book by many members of the British Forces; unknown to me and of all ranks.

Of this interest I cannot forbear from calling as a witness a naval officer, who told me how, in the dark days of the Cretan evacuation, the lines “Otium divos rogat in patenti Prensus Aegaeo” recurred to his mind. And many an Englishman must in recent days have unconsciously echoed the words addressed by the poet, two thousand years ago, to the goddess Fortune worshipped at Anzio.

Few aspects of life escaped the kindly comments of this genial bachelor. My versions aim at exhibiting him in a variety of moods. Sometimes we see him professedly in love, – but in general so unconvincingly that I have always been tempted to regard his essays in this line as celebrating his friends’ amours rather than his own. His different invitations to dinners or drinking parties reveal an affectionate and lovable companion but he has, at the same time, some gentle warnings to utter on the folly and mischief of over-indulgence. Politics he eschews, despite his intimacy with the great rulers of the Roman world, and he constantly refuses to lend his lyre for the celebration of the great deeds of his day and their doers. He will not sing of the “feats of Mars” and, though a genuinely patriotic Roman and properly proud of the great victories of Augustus and his





generals, it is as the restorer of order to a world in chaos and the founder of an enduring peace for mankind that the Emperor enjoys his sincerest tribute.

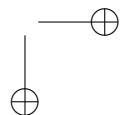
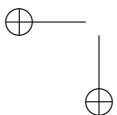
But it is really as the prophet of an unambitious, quietly dutiful and humbly contented life that Horace most completely claims our affection. And in him it is comforting to find an outstanding example of a man, born in a humble station and exalted by sheer genius to the friendship and familiarity of the great and powerful, yet preserving his modesty, his dignity and his human kindness to the end. They were a wise generation of statesmen who could win the trust and affection of such a man.

My thanks are especially due to my friend and colleague in the Mixed Court of Appeal, Judge E. S. Lemass and my friend Mr. E. St. Leger Hill of Victoria College, as also to my wife, for the charming illustrations that adorn my versions.* I wish to thank also Mr. W. Walker and the staff of Messrs. Whitehead Morris Egypt for the care and interest that they have shown in their production.

J. S. B. R.

Alexandria
November 1944

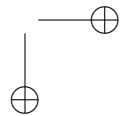
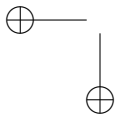
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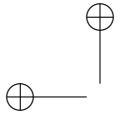




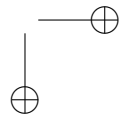
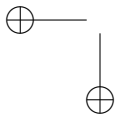
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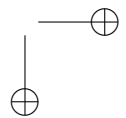
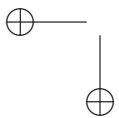


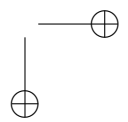
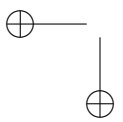
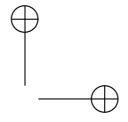
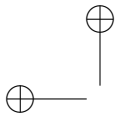
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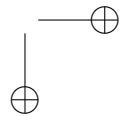
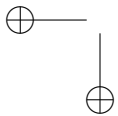


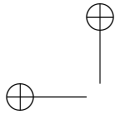




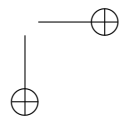
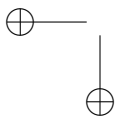
I.1 MAECENAS ATAVIS

Scion of Tuscan kings of ancient story,
Maecenas, thou my patron, shield and glory,
Some men there be whom the Olympic prize
Will still exalt triumphant to the skies;
'Mid eddying dust on flying wheels to round
The turning-post and be with olive crowned
This one to rise to offices of state
The fickle Roman mob will cultivate;
While one rejoicing in his granaries stores
The harvests swept from Libyan threshing floors.
The man who joys ancestral fields to till
Not all the gold of Asia ever will
Tempt to the sea, in Cyprian bark to brave
The storms that vex the wild Aegaeon wave.
The merchant who, when the fierce Afric gale
O'er the Icarian billows doth prevail,
Yearns for his hamlet's peace, anon repairs
His shattered ships and still the ocean dares,
Of thrifty life impatient. Many a one
On a green lawn defies the noon-day sun,
Lulled by the rippling brook in shady bowers,
While draughts of Massic speed the sultry hours.
Some love the embattled camp, the martial horn,
The clarion's call, the wars that mothers mourn.
The hunter, watching 'neath the wintry sky,
Forgets his spouse; unmarked the hours go by
While faithful hounds proclaim the view-halloo
Or Marsian boar breaks the stout meshes through.
Be my ambition and divine reward





The ivy wreath, meed of the learned bard;
Far from the busy world aloof to dwell
'Mid Nymphs and Satyrs in my shady dell,
So the soft flute Euterpe shall inspire
And Polyhymnia sweep the Lesbian lyre.
Count me among the lyric bards and I
With prideful head shall touch the stars on high.





I.2 JAM SATIS TERRIS

Now snow and hail have raged their fill,
With red right hand the heavenly Sire
No more shall smite with lightning fire
His sacred hill.

No longer shall the nations dread
Deucalion's monstrous era nigh,
When Proteus to the hill-tops high
His seal-droves led:

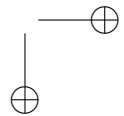
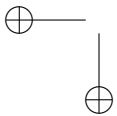
When fishes spawned in topmost trees,
Where erst was known the nesting dove,
And timid deer, the fields above,
Swam on the seas.

Back-driven from the Etruscan main
We saw the Tiber's sandy spate
O'erflood the house of Numa's state
And Vesta's fane;

When the uxorious river, urged
By Ilia's still revengeful pride,
Well nigh, the will of Jove defied,
Had Rome submerged.

Sparse remnants of their fathers' guilt,
Our youth those fathers' wars deplore;
Better our Parthian foemen's gore
Those swords had spilt!

Which of the gods our prayer shall hear
To save the falling Roman state?





What pious chant shall penetrate
Vesta's dull ear?

To whom to assoil the sins of Rome
Hath Jupiter the role allowed?
Bright Prophet, clad in radiant cloud,
Apollo, come!

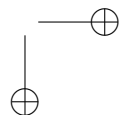
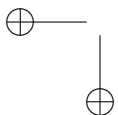
Or Venus, come with smiling face,
Attended by Love's mirthful throng;
Or Mars, take pity on thy long
Forgotten race:

Too long delighted with the fray,
The flashing helm, the war-cry's din,
The Mauretanian phalanx in
Its fierce array.

Or in a mortal semblance deign
Thy godhead, Maia's son, to veil;
Thee as avenger bid us hail
Of Caesar slain.

Long, long to earth thy presence lend;
Joy with our joys nor soon to heaven,
Wroth at our sins still unforgiven,
In storm ascend.

Father and Lord! with us abide;
Earth saves thee triumphs still in store.
Caesar shall rule and Medes no more
Vain-glorious ride.





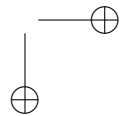
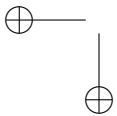
I.4 SOLVITUR ACRIS HIEMPS

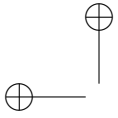
Chill winter's o'er; Favonius
 and Spring the earth are wooing,
The ships are on the slip-ways
 that so long ashore have lain;
The herd has gone to pasture and
 the ploughman's out and doing,
And all the frost has melted and
 the field is green again.

Now Nymphs and lovely Graces
 follow Venus in the mazes
Of the merry dance at evening
 'Neath Diana's silver beam;
And Vulcan kindles Etna and
 the Cyclops' stithy blazes,
And hammers all are ringing in
 the forge of Polypheme.

Come, wreath your brow with myrtle, –
 for the golden days are on us, –
Or any flower that blossoms now
 the earth is born anew;
And in the shady thicket
 let us sacrifice to Faunus
The nurseling of the goatherd
 or the offspring of the ewe.

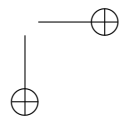
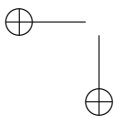
For pallid Death, indifferent,
 soon knocks upon the portals
Of the monarch's stately palace or
 the cotter's humble gate;





No long-drawn hopes, my Sestius,
 life cherishes for mortals;
And us the night is calling and
 the fabled ghosts await.

In that gloomy house of exile
 there will be no merry dicing
To decide who shall be master
 of the revel and the wine;
And you'll bid farewell to Lycidas,
 now all our youth enticing
And destined with his beauty soon
 to make the maidens pine.





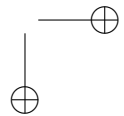
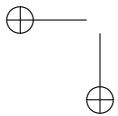
I.5 QUIS MULTA GRACILIS...?

What slender stripling now
Reclined on roses in some shady cave,
With liquid scents imbued, dost thou enslave,
Pyrrha, for whom dost thou

Thy golden hair upbind,
Bewitching in thy simple-seeming dress?
How oft alas! shall he with tears confess
The fickle gods unkind:

And marvel to behold
The storms and tempests of thy angry mood,
Who thinks to find thee ever kind and good
And deems thy heart pure gold.

Ah! 'ware the shifting breeze,
Lover untried! For me, my dripping weeds
In Neptune's fane are hung; – the tablet reads: –
I have escaped the seas.





I.6 SCRIBERIS VARIO

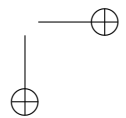
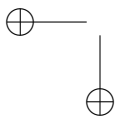
Thy praise shall shine, by Varius written large
In that high heaven of song where Homer soars,
Intrepid leader of the Roman charge,
 Champion of naval wars!

My frailer Muse, Agrippa, dares not sing
Of epic themes, – Pelides' stubborn mood,
The wanderings of Dulichium's crafty king
 Or Pelops' savage brood: –

My soft unwarlike lyre, that fain would hymn
Great Caesar's praise and thine, is hushed for shame
To muteness, lest its trivial strains should dim
 The lustre of such fame.

What modern bard can sing Mars' mailed might,
The Cretan, swarthy from the dusty plain
Of Troy, the hero Pallas taught to fight
 With gods – and not in vain?

My festive lyre in lighter modes must ring;
Of jealous maids, scratched faces, lovers' jars
Heart-whole – or love-lorn for the nonce, – I sing;
 Not of the feats of Mars.





I.10 MERCURI, FACUNDE

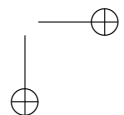
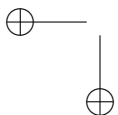
Grandson of Atlas, thee I hymn,
Who man's first savage state didst raise
To human speech and shapely limb
And gentler ways;

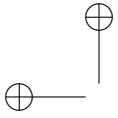
Inventor of the curved lyre,
All that thou wouldst in frolic steal,
Herald of gods and Jove their sire,
Skilled to conceal:

When Phoebus for his stolen herd
Stormed at thy naughty prank, anon
He laughed to find – and ceased to gird, –
His quiver gone.

Priam's rich ransom train defied
Thessalian fires and watchful posts
And brother kings, with thee for guide,
And Grecian hosts.

For pious souls to mansions blest
Thy golden rod the way doth show;
To gods above a welcome guest
And gods below.





I.15 PASTOR CUM TRAHERET

What time with Helen o'er the seas
The shepherd guest perfidious fared,
A calm unwelcome stayed the breeze
And Nereus thus the fates declared:

Woe worth the day, woe worth the bride,
Ill-spel'd the troth, short-lived the joy!
The Grecian hosts from far and wide
Assemble for the sack of Troy.

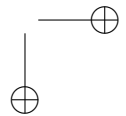
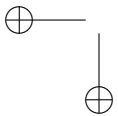
Death multiform for Ilion looms;
'Mid toil of heroes, clash of steeds,
Pallas her shield and helm assumes
And forth in raging chariot speeds.

Vain, vain shall Venus' favour prove.
The curling locks, the bridal bower
And all the madrigals of love
Cannot avert the destined hour.

'Mid arrows' rain and lances' thrust
The Cretan onset I espy;
The adulterous locks are trailed in dust
And Ajax leads the battle-cry.

Bane of thy house, Laertes' son
And Nestor to my eyes appear,
With the fierce scion of Telamon
And Sthenelus the charioteer.

And swift the Cretan team shall speed
And Meriones on hoofs of fire

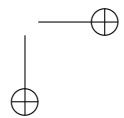
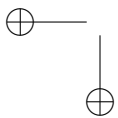




Shall urge the car of Diomede,
A champion mightier than his sire.

Then as with panic breath the hart
Flees from the ravening wolf espied
Across the valley, thou shalt start
In terror from thy mistress' side.

Freighted with woe for Phrygian dames
Achilles' galleys take the tide.
A few short years and Grecian flames
Shall turn to ashes Ilion's pride.





I.16 O MATRE PULCHRA

Thou fairest mother's fairer child,
Throw to the flames or to the wild
Waters of Hadria's stormy sea
My naughty lines that libelled thee.

Fierce is the fury Liber's vine
Inspires and from his Pythian shrine
Phoebus distracts his hierophant;
The cymbals of the Corybant

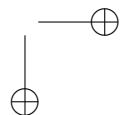
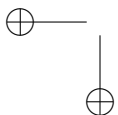
Clash wild to greet the Phrygian queen;
But fiercer still are bursts of spleen
That shipwreck, fire and sword defy
And Jove, down-thundering from the sky.

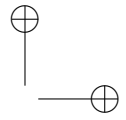
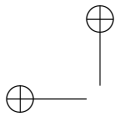
Of old to our primeval clay
The creative Titan, as they say,
Adding of every beast a part,
Blent with the lion's wrath man's heart.

Wrath brought Thyestes to his fate
And of proud cities, soon or late,
Has taught the towering walls to bow
Beneath the exultant victor's plough.

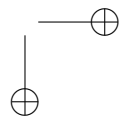
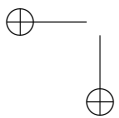
Yield not to wrath; in younger day
I too gave room to passion's sway;
And over many a rancorous page
Racing iambics voiced my rage.

But now a kindlier age succeeds;
No more I joy in bitter screeds.





Hear my apologetic strain;
Forgive and bid me live again.





I.17 VELOX AMOENUM

Faunus will oft Lycaeus change
My sweet Lucretilis to range;
From scorching sun and rainy winds
My tender flock he still defends.

In safety through the sheltered grove
My goats may seek the herbs they love,
On arbutus and thyme may browse, –
Wives of a most ill-savoured spouse.

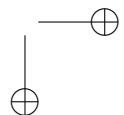
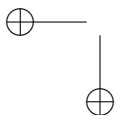
No snake or wolf my kids affright
And down the vale from morn to night
Ustica's shelving rocks reply
Still to the shepherd's melody.

My piety the gods have blessed;
The Muses love me; and the best
Of all the bounteous country pours,
Sweet Tyndaris, shall here be yours.

Here in my valley's cool retreat,
Safe from the Dog-star's burning heat,
Your lyre shall tell how once in love
Penelope and Circe strove.

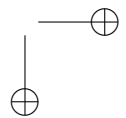
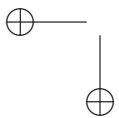
Here in my arbour we'll recline
And quaff the harmless Lesbian wine;
Our feast shall know no tinge of strife
Nor Cyrus seek his erring wife.

Fear naught; – we'll banish far from hence
Your jealous husband's violence;





No angry hand your dress shall tear
Or rive the garland from your hair.





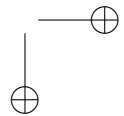
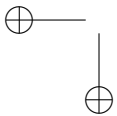
I.18 NULLAM, VARE, SACRA

In the kindly soil of Tibur,
 by Catillus' ancient wall,
Plant the sacred vine of Bacchus,
 my Quintilius, first of all;
Life is dull for water-drinkers;
 so the gods have willed it; Say,
What except the merry wine-cup
 gnawing care can drive away?

Drink! and debt and war's alarums
 and a host of cares remove,
And the heart must sing of Bacchus
 and the goddess fair of Love.
Yet amidst your wine and revel
 heed the story that is told
Of the Centaurs and the Lapiths
 at the wedding feast of old.

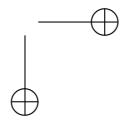
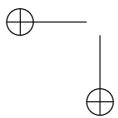
For the Thracian frenzy warns us
 how the feast becomes a fray;
Right and wrong alike confounding,
 Lust and Passion rule the day.
Ne'er may I untimely tempt thee,
 wearer of the fox's skin,
Or betray the mysteries hidden
 thy leaf-covered ark within.

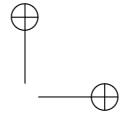
Hush the drums that beat to madness;
 still the Berecyntian horn:
Blind Self-love and idle Vaunting
 of their ecstasies are born.





Faith, unfaithed, the unguarded secret
of the bosom must reveal,
And the breast, as glass transparent,
tells the things it should conceal.





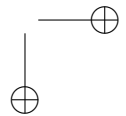
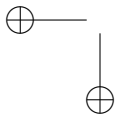
I.19 MATER SAEVA CUPIDINUM

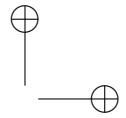
O Queen of wild desires,
O Son of Semele,
Again your madness fires,
The heart I fancied free
From Love's fierce tyranny.

Like marble in the sun
Doth Glycera's beauty blaze;
Bewitched, distraught upon
Her lovely face I gaze,
Her sweet coquettish ways.

Venus, her Cyprian shore
Leaving, in all her might
Assails me. I no more
Of Parthians' deadly flight
Or Scythian hosts indite.

Heap high my altar's sods,
Bring incense and vervain
To appease these direful gods,
With wine of summers twain.
So shall I rest from pain.



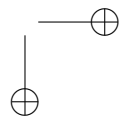
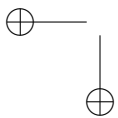


I.20 VILE POTABIS

Of Sabine wine a shallow cup,
Maecenas, you shall first essay;
In a Greek jar I sealed it up
 Upon the day

When the applauding echo ran
From all the theatre's crowded ranks
Far as the slopes of Vatican
 And Tiber's banks.

And then in Caecuban or wine
Of Cales you shall drain a toast,
No Formian or Falernian vine
 My hills can boast.



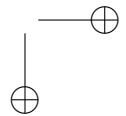
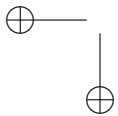


I.23 VITAS HINNULEO

Even as the frightened fawn that flees
With fluttering heart and trembling knees,
O'er pathless hills and in the trees
The breeze doth hear, –

Seeking her anxious dam, doth quake
When winds of spring the branches shake
Or darting lizards stir the brake
And checks in fear; –

So, Chloe, you my footsteps fly;
But leave your mother; be not shy;
No ravening beast of prey am I
To eat you, dear.





I.25 PARCIUS JUNCTAS

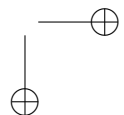
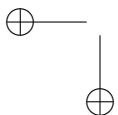
Youth on its midnight prowl no more
Raps on your shuttered window-panes;
Your erstwhile ever-open door
Fast shut remains.

Unvexed your sleep; no more the cry
Is heard: Have pity, Lydia mine.
Can you unheeding sleep while I
Your lover pine?

Now 'tis your turn the slights to bear
Of prideful youth, while north winds sweep
'Neath moonless skies the alley where
You hide and weep;

Left, while your cankered heart is torn
With passion still, – so lusts enrage
The wanton mare, – alone to mourn
Your luckless age.

For youth the ivy green will choose
And loves the myrtle's dusky gleam;
And winter's withered leaves it strews
On Hebrus' Stream.





I.27 NATIS IN USUM

Each on his cushion rest reclined!
Friends, copy not the Thracian madness,
To throw about the cups designed
To serve for jollity and gladness.

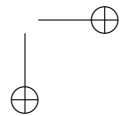
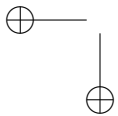
No place for Persian scimitars
When o'er the wine the lamps are winking;
Hush, shame not with your strife and jars
The gentle god who gave us drinking.

Must I in toping bear my part?
Then let Megylla's brother tell us
What blissful shaft has pierced his heart,
What blest love-sickness makes him jealous.

You will not tell? No other toast
I'll drink; no other name shall serve us.
She surely noble birth can boast;
Your love's a lady. Don't be nervous.

Whisper it then! I'll not betray
Your passion or your secret barter.
What, her! You're throwing yourself away;
My poor dear fellow! What a tartar!

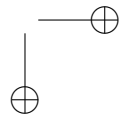
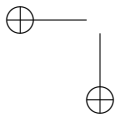
No potion, spell or magic chant
Can help you; much alas! I fear a
Transcendant Pegasus you'll want
To set you free from that Chimaera.

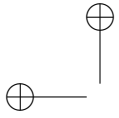




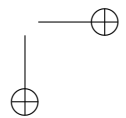
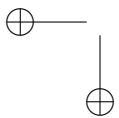
I.28 TE MARIS ET CAELI

Thy bones, Archytas, on the Matine strand
A heap of grey dust hides,
Who once couldst count the innumerable sand
And number stars and tides.
Ah! what availed thy mind's ethereal quest?
Thou too wast marked to die;
Tithonus passed and he, the fellow-guest
Of blessed gods on high.
And Minos who Jove's inmost counsels shared,
He too to death must yield;
And he, thy trusted master, he who dared
To recognise the shield
He bore before the walls of Troy of old
And boasted gloomy death
Naught but his mortal envelope could hold,
Once more resigned his breath,
Footing the darkling path we all must tread, –
Some to be made the game
Of cruel Mars and still its tale of dead
The unsated sea must claim.
Young, old, alike to Proserpine they wend.
Me too the southern blast
Whelmed as Orion waned. Ah! condescend,
Sailor, of dust to cast
A handful on my still unburied bones;
So safely may you sail,
While seas rage and Venusia's forest groans
Beneath the eastern gale.
So Jove and he who guards Tarentum's gates





Bless you, where'er you fare,
With fortune; pause; for Nemesis awaits,
Should you despise my prayer.
You or your offspring may unburied lie
Toll for your sin to pay.
Short is the task; of dust three handfuls I
Implore; then speed your way.





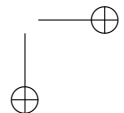
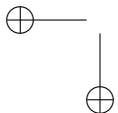
I.29 ICCI, BEATIS

And can it be that, Iccius, you
Have set your heart on martial deeds?
The spoils of Araby pursue
And seek to chain the unconquered Medes?

What maid whose swain your sword shall slay
Shall on her conqueror's whims attend?
What long-haired page from far Cathay,
Skilled erst the Tartar bow to bend,

Shall pour the wine your couch beside?
Rivers henceforth shall flow uphill
And Tiber upstream roll his tide
Now Iccius, the bibliophile,

Aside his cherished volumes flings
And barter Socrates and Stoics
For Spanish hauberks. Better things
You promised than these wild heroics.





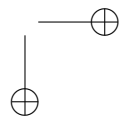
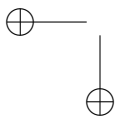
I.32 POSCIMUR

Of all our leisured triflings past
If aught the wasting years shall brave,
Awake, my lyre, and sound at last
A Roman stave:

First by the Lesbian poet plied,
Who whether in the toils of war
Or when his storm-tossed bark he tied
To Ocean's shore,

Liber, the Muse and Venus fair,
The boy that to her side doth cling
And Lycus' jet-black eyes and hair
Would ever sing.

Glory of Phoebus, welcome aye,
My lyre, in Jove's high festal hall,
Sweet salve of care, attend, I pray,
My solemn call.





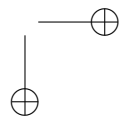
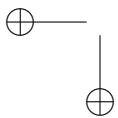
I.33 ALBI, NE DOLEAS

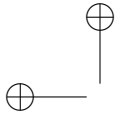
No more in plaintive strains deplore
The whimsies of that Bitter-Sweet,
If she Tibullus loves no more
And smiles a younger swain to greet.

Lycoris of the narrow brows
Courts Cyrus; he for Pholoe glows,
Who, cold and distant, scorns his vows, –
For sooner wolves shall mate with roes

Than Pholoe with a love despised.
Thus Venus still, with fierce delight,
Looks, hearts and wills unharmonised
Will 'neath her brazen yoke unite.

Me too, when nobler passion called,
That pleasing hussy Myrtale
In love-lorn fetters held enthralled,
As wayward as Calabria's sea.





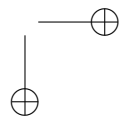
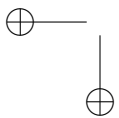
I.34 PARCUS DEORUM

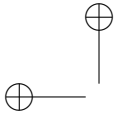
A worshipper infrequent, slack,
By mad philosophy perverted, –
The gods have set my sail aback;
I seek the course I had deserted.

For Jove, who oft the clouds divides
With lightning, now through cloudless heaven
With thundering steeds and chariot rides
And solid earth and streams are riven.

The Styx and Taenarus' dark cave,
Atlas, by whom the world is bounded
Beside the outer Ocean's wave,
In ruin are alike confounded.

For high and low the gods dispose;
One comes to grief and one to power.
Fortune her cap, like whirlwind, blows
From head to head, from hour to hour.





I.35 O DIVA GRATUM

Fortune, revered in Antium town,
Mighty the humble soul to raise
Or lordliest triumphs to bring down
To dust and ashes, thee I praise.

To thee the peasant's humble prayers
Ascend, the sailor prays to thee,
Who in Bithynian carrack dares
The tempests of the Cretan sea.

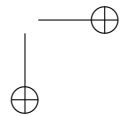
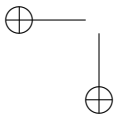
The Scythian hordes and Dacia wild
And warlike Latium own thy sway;
The barbarous queen commends her child
To thee and purple monarchs pray.

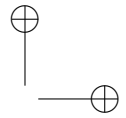
Our state's firm column fast and strong
Maintain and save from war's alarms;
And hush the tocsin's brazen tongue
That calls from peace, To arms, to arms!

Relentless fate, a lictor dread,
The wedges and the nails doth bear
And iron clamps and molten lead
Before thee, – yet – a blessed pair, –

Sweet Hope and, clad in robes of white,
The rarer Faith thy steps attend;
Nor e'er, though thou shouldst take to flight,
Forsake whom thou didst once befriend.

But faithless comrades, purchased love
And flatterers false and friendship feigned,



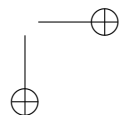
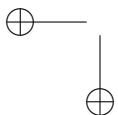


Fortune departing, all remove
Once feasts are o'er and casks are drained.

To those far isles with Caesar fare,
Washed by the furthest ocean's foam,
And with our flower of youth who bear
Through all the East the fear of Rome.

No crimes could shock our iron age,
Our hands have shunned no depth of guilt;
Pity the wounds and all the rage,
The brothers' blood by brothers spilt,

The hearts no reverence could restrain,
The altars sacked by impious swords!
And edge our blunted blades again
'Gainst Arab foes and Tartar hordes.





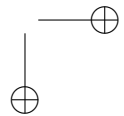
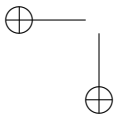
I.36 ET TURE ET FIDIBUS

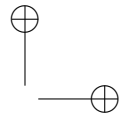
Come sound, my lyre, a merry strain
And let a fatted calf be slain
 And fragrant incense burn;
And all the guardian gods adore
Who from the distant Spanish shore
 Blessed Numida's return.

Now his rejoicing friends among
On Lamia of all the throng
 His warmest kisses shower;
On Lamia, his school-day mate,
Who came with him to man's estate
 The self-same day and hour.

This our red-letter day shall be
And like the Salian brothers we
 Will dance and drink galore;
Till Damalis, our thirstiest guest,
Gives sober-sided Bassus best
 The Thracian sponce to floor.

Roses and short-lived lilies twine
With parsley green and so to dine,
 With eyes all languishing
For Damalis, – but all in vain; –
She still will to her new-found swain
 Closer than ivy cling.

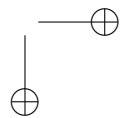
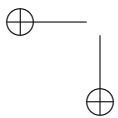




I.38 PERSICOS ODI

No Persian luxuries for me!
Flowers sewn on bark of linden-tree;
Search not where still the latest rose
Of summer blows.

Bring simple myrtle; nothing add.
The leaf that suits my serving-lad
Shall crown his master as he dines
Beneath his vines.





II.1 MOTUM EX METELLO CONSULE

Of civic strife and all the griefs
That marked Metellus' consulate,
Alliances of mighty chiefs,
Fraught with disaster for the state,

Of Fortune's sport, the sin, the woe,
Of blood that still for vengeance cries
You tell us. Warely walk; below
Dead ashes fire still smouldering lies.

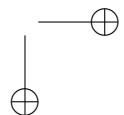
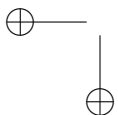
Hush, Tragic Muse, thy choral strain
Till public cares no more engage
My Pollio's pen; then once again
On Attic buskin stalk the stage.

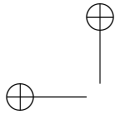
Defender at the bar renowned,
O elder statesman wise and staid,
In thy Dalmatian triumph crowned
With laurels that can never fade,

Still as thy vivid page I read
The war-horns bray, the clarions peal;
Rider and horse I see stampede,
Confounded by the flash of steel;

In battle's glorious dust enswirled
I see the great commanders ride,
Alone in all a vanquished world
By Cato's rugged soul defied.

Juno and gods that strove in vain
To save their Carthage from her doom,



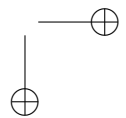
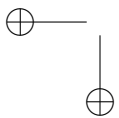


Sons of her conquerors' sons have slain
To be Jugurtha's hecatomb.

No field but, drenched with Roman gore
And sown with Roman corpses, shows
The record of our impious war,
Where now its ampler harvest grows.

No gulf or stream, no shore or sea
But runs with blood from Daunian wounds;
The crash of falling Italy
Far as the Parthian plains resounds.

Enough, my Muse; too sternly ring
For you the tones of Cean lyres;
Come, seek some shady nook and sing
The lighter themes that Love inspires.





II.2 NULLUS ARGENTO

Gold has no lustre in the mine
And rightly, Crispus, you refuse
To bow to wealth; from righteous use
Alone 'twill shine.

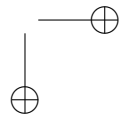
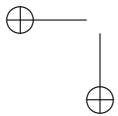
So Proculeius' noble deed
Time in its tireless flight records, –
Kinder than sire to son towards
His brothers' need.

Libya to Gades join and hold
The double realm that Carthage ruled; –
Wider he reigns whose heart is schooled
'Gainst greed of gold.

A dropsy by indulgence bred,
Unslaked the thirst for wealth remains
Till pallid frame and watery veins
Their poison shed.

Raised to the throne of Persia high,
Phraates blest the world reposes;
Virtue, despite the world, confutes
The specious lie.

For his the kingdom, his the throne
And his the laurel wreath in fee,
Unmoved who heaps of gold can see
And passes on.





II.4 NE SIT ANCILLAE

Blush not, my Xanthias, to have wooed
Your serving-wench; for all his pride
For Brises' child, the snowy-hued,
Achilles sighed.

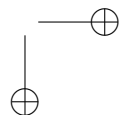
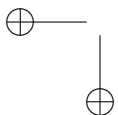
Ajax must own Tecmessa's spell;
Atrides 'mid his triumph brave,
Charmed by Cassandra's beauty, fell
Thrall to his slave;

When Ilion's squadrons, stricken sore,
'Neath the Thessalian onset reeled
And Hector from her foes no more
His Troy could shield.

Thy blonde-haired Phyllis well may boast
A lineage nobler e'en than thine
And mourn a father's kingdom lost
And gods malign.

Not from the baser tribes of earth
Such unbought faith was ever born;
No sordid mother gave her birth,
A child of scorn.

Her face, her arms, her ankles smooth
I'll sing; but still your jealous fears!
I'm forty turned – and past my youth
By twenty years.





II.5 NONDUM SUBACTA

Unschool'd as yet the yoke to wear
Or equal-paced the plough to pull,
Your heifer, still too young to bear
The ardours of the amorous bull,

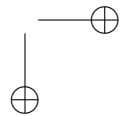
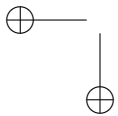
In grassy meads delights to stray,
Where cool the summer rilllets flow,
With the young herd to frisk and play
Beside the streams where willows grow.

Let unripe grapes ungathered still
Hang green upon the unravished vine;
Full soon the purple autumn will
The clusters pale incarnadine.

Time speeds along in restless dance;
The years you forfeit she will gain.
And bolder as her days advance
Your Lalage will seek her swain.

More than elusive Pholoe
Or Chloris loved, her shoulders white
Shine like the moon above the sea
That silvers all the summer night.

And as amid the maidens' dance,
With damask cheek and flowing curl,
Gyges deceived the keenest glance,
You question: Is she boy or girl?





II.7 O SAEPE MECUM

Safe home from all the desperate odds
That Brutus' wars contrived to scare us,
Restored to Rome and household gods
And native skies, Pompeius Varus, –

First of my comrades! Oft we've drowned
With copious draughts the lagging hours;
Sleek with Assyrian nard and crowned
Our shining locks with summer flowers.

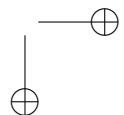
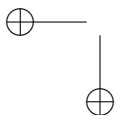
We shared Philippi's stricken field,
Where fell the fiercest of our nation;
I saved my life but lost my shield –
And p'rhaps a shred of reputation.

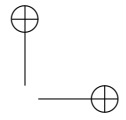
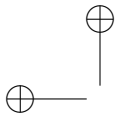
Safe from the fray, if terrified,
Wrapped in a mist swift Hermes bore me;
But left you tossing on the tide
Of warfare's billows wild and stormy.

So now, your vows for safety paid,
Released from wars and civic quarrels,
Come, rest your bones beneath the shade
Spread by my more inglorious laurels.

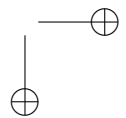
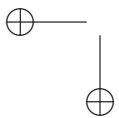
Unguent from bulging shells we'll pour
And, myrtle wreaths with parsley twining,
Empty the casks I've kept in store
And drown regrets and vain repining.

And whomso'er the dice enthrone.
Lord of the feast, – so help me Bacchus, –





No Thracian toper but shall own
His equal in your joyful Flaccus.





II.9 NON SEMPER IMBRES

Not always wintry torrents weep,
My Valgius, o'er the sodden field,
Or gusty storms the Caspian sweep
Or on Armenian peaks congealed

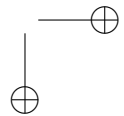
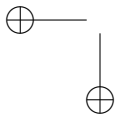
For ever lies the sterile frost
Or, groaning 'neath the winter's rage,
Garganian oaks are tempest-tossed
Or rowans shed their foliage.

You for your favourite Mystes dead
In ceaseless threnodies complain;
With Hesper's dews your tears are shed
And morning bids you weep again.

But not the king of ninety years
For his loved son for ever sighed;
And even the Trojan sisters' tears
For Troilus at length were dried.

No longer unconsoled lament;
Let our united strains resound
For snowy-peaked Niphates pent
At last within the Empire's bound:

Sing how, by Caesar's triumphs won,
Euphrates rolls a humbler tide
And Scythians by the furthest Don
Have learned o'er narrower steppes to ride.





II.11 QUID BELLICOSUS

What warlike Scythia or Spain,
My Quintius, may against us plot,
While still the Adriatic main
Between us rolls, enquire not.

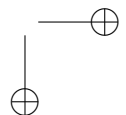
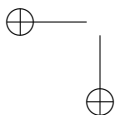
Cease for the little life should need
To fret; old age relentless lowers;
Trim youth and beauty soon recede
And easy sleep and soft amours.

Spring flowers must fade; Diana beams
With changing face from day to day.
Why harass with eternal schemes
A life that cannot last for aye?

Rather where lofty plane and pine
Athwart the grass their shadows spread,
With heads anointed, we'll recline,
With fragrant roses garlanded.

Bacchus dispels man's mournful mood;
Quick, boy! the cheering goblets fill;
And cool the hot Falernian flood
With limpid water from the rill.

And Lyde call, that wanton fair,
With ivory lyre to haste the while
And join our feast, her flowing hair
Tied simply in the Spartan style.





II.12 NOLIS LONGA FERAЕ

Dread Hannibal, methinks, you would not deem
Nor fierce Numantia's siege, nor yet the main
Sicilian, red with Punic gore, a theme
Meet for the lyre's sweet strain:

Centaurs' and Lapiths' wine-fomented brawls,
The progeny of earth, that monstrous brood,
Whose onslaught shook old Saturn's shining halls,
Whom Hercules subdued: –

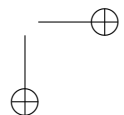
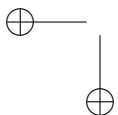
Not such my themes. And in thy stately prose,
Maecenas, shall the history be read
Of Caesar's wars and of our captive foes
In Roman triumphs led.

I'll sing, obedient to my Muse's will,
Licymnia's dulcet tones, her eyes that shine
Bright as the stars, her loyal heart that still
Responsive beats to thine.

Her lively wit, her laughter fresh and gay,
Her feet, so lightsome in the dance, I'll sing;
Her graceful arms, on Dian's festal day
Linked in the maiden ring.

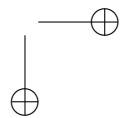
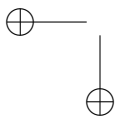
Would you, my friend, for all the treasures rare
Persia and fertile Phrygia that bless,
Or rich Arabia, of Licymnia's hair
Barter a single tress? –

Oft as to meet your ardent kiss she bends
Or, slyly teasing, would deny the bliss





You still must crave; – but while she still pretends
Coyness, she'll snatch a kiss.





II.13 ILLE ET NEFASTO

An impious hand, accursed tree,
For future generations' harm
In evil hour first planted thee
To be the scandal of my farm.

He was a parricide confessed,
He dared at dead of night to spill
The blood of unsuspecting guest
And Colchian poisons to distill; –

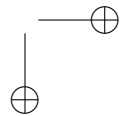
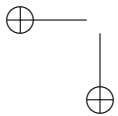
All forms of evil 'neath the sun,
Thou sorry trunk, his hand has sped,
Who planted thee to fall upon
Thy unoffending owner's head.

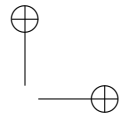
Still unforeseen his doom awaits
Fond man for all his cautious care;
The sailor fears the stormy straits
But dreads not death from elsewhere.

The soldier fears the arrowed flight
Of Parthians, they the Roman chain.
Unseen, unfeared, destruction's might
Descends and shall descend again.

Methought that never loomed so near
The gloom where Proserpine doth reign,
The blest abodes, the judge severe;
And Sappho in Aeolian strain

Some long-lost Lesbian maid deplored,
The while in louder-swelling key



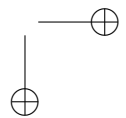
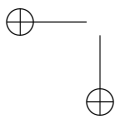


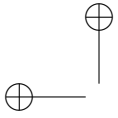
Alcaeus' golden harp outpoured
The ills of exile, war and sea.

Silent and awed each listening ghost
Attends on those inspired peers;
More pleased the thronging vulgar host
Of exiled kings and battles hears.

Nay, even the many-headed hound
Droops his fell ears and silence keeps,
And, charmed by the melodious sound,
The Furies' crown of serpents sleeps.

Tantalus and Prometheus cease
From labour and forget their woe;
Lions and lynxes sport in peace,
Safe from Orion's slumbering bow.





II.15 JAM PAUCA ARATRO

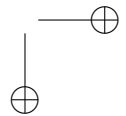
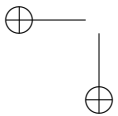
Soon princely piles shall claim the land
Where once the plough the yeoman sped
And lordly meres on every hand
Wide as the Lucrine Lake shall spread.

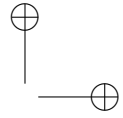
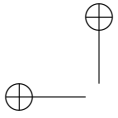
Elms for the barren plane must fall;
'Mid the once fruitful olive rows
Myrtle and violet bloom with all
The fragrance of the garden close.

O'erhead the close-trimmed laurels wreath
Their twining boughs to shady bowers
And northward-facing loggias breathe
Cool breezes through the sweltering hours.

Not so in old Quirinus' reign
Or 'neath the bearded Censor's rule;
Short was the private rent-roll then;
The coffers of the state were full.

Of turf they built their cottage walls
And roofed above with casual sods;
But ashlar faced the public halls
And temples of the Roman gods.





II.17 CUR ME QUERELLIS...?

With vain forebodings why for aye
My heart distress? The gods forbend
That you, my glory and my stay,
Should die before your humble friend.

Half of my being! You removed,
How should my crippled life endure? –
The weaker half, the less beloved,
A maimed existence! – Oh! be sure

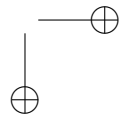
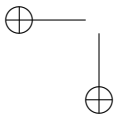
One self-same day shall knell for both
The parting hour and whensoever
You beckon me I'll keep my oath
Your last dark pilgrimage to share.

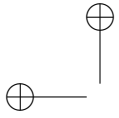
No dread Chimaera's fiery breath
Nor giant with a hundred hands
Shall part us or in life or death;
So Justice wills and Fate commands.

For whether, when your friend was born,
The Scorpion in ascendant stood,
Or Libra ruled or Capricorn,
The tyrant of the western flood,

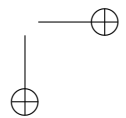
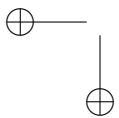
In wondrous wise our stars combine;
Thee Jupiter's benignant ray
Preserved from Saturn's power malign
And fate's o'er-hasty wing could stay;

When through the theatre's crowded ranks
To hail you safe the plaudits ran;





And I to Faunus owe my thanks,
Of wits the kindly guardian,
Who saved me from the falling tree.
To heaven that heard us in our need
The shrine you vowed shall rise, for me
A lowly lamb to-day shall bleed.

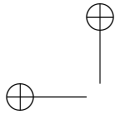




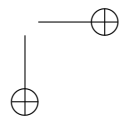
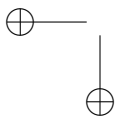
II.18 NON EBUR NEQUE AUREUM

With no wrought roof of ivory and gold
My cottage gleams;
No columned shafts from Africa uphold
Hymettan beams.
No Attalus to me, an unknown heir,
His wealth has left;
No noble maidens weave for me the rare
Laconian weft.
Honour I have; of wit a kindly vein
The gods have given;
Nor do the great my humbleness disdain;
And I of heaven
Or high-placed friend would ask no further boon,
My Sabine fields
Content to own, as day to day and moon
To new moon yields.
You on the very threshold of the grave
The marble spoils
Of Parian quarries purchase; where the wave
At Baiae boils
Your pile-built terrace would extend the shore
The sea to own;
Your avaricious pride uproots the poor
Man's boundary stone.
Forth to the friendless world the rustic plods,
Condemned to roam
With wife and children and the humble gods
That blessed his home.
One last abode for all alike, my friend,





Alone is sure;
The unsated grave must open at the end
For rich and poor.
Nor would the sentinel of Orcus dire
For any bribe
Release the sage Prometheus; Pelops' sire
And all his tribe
In everlasting bondage still enthralled
He holds and he
The labourer from his toil, called or uncalled,
At last sets free.





II.19 BACCHUM IN REMOTIS

Over the hills and far away
Bacchus methought I once did hear
His songs rehearse; Nymphs connd the lay
And Satyrs pricked a listening ear.

Evoe! with dread, half bliss, half pain
My pulses at the memory swell;
Evoe I cry; fierce god refrain
Thy ivy-wand's ecstatic spell.

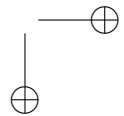
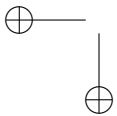
Of wanton Bacchanals I sing,
Of streams with milk and wine that flow:
Of honeycombs that clustering
On hollow trunks for ever grow.

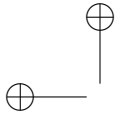
Thy blessed consort raised to heaven,
A newer star, I celebrate;
And Pentheus' halls to ruin given
And hymn the Thracian scoffer's fate.

The winding streams thy spell commands
And barbarous seas thy power declare;
On hills remote thy Maenad bands
With snakes unvenomed bind their hair.

The Titan host that fain would storm
The gates of heaven thou didst defy
And in a ravening lion's form
Send Rhoetus hurtling from the sky.

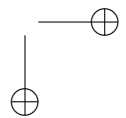
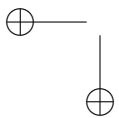
Ah! not in hours of mirthful ease
Alone thy godhead we adore;





Thou lovest all the ways of peace
And rulest still the tides of war.

Thy golden horn's resplendence awed
The guardian of the gates of Hell
And Cerberus the triple-jawed
Before thy footsteps fawned and fell.





III.1 ODI PROFANUM

I hold aloof the vulgar throng,
The Muses' sacred celebrant;
Strains yet unheard in Latin tongue
To boys and girls alone I chant.

Dread kings their proper flocks command,
But kings themselves must own the sway
Of Jove who crushed the Titan band,
Whose dreaded nod the spheres obey.

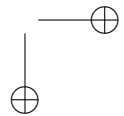
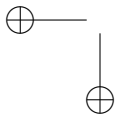
One man with acres wide is blest,
One raises on a noble name
Ambition's ladder, one deems best
A virtuous life's unsullied fame;

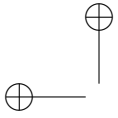
One boasts retainers at his call;
But high and low await their turn:
Impartially the lots of all
Jostle in Fate's capacious urn.

And who the threatening dagger sees
Suspended o'er his guilty breast,
Him no Sicilian feast can please,
No strain of lute can charm to rest, –

Nor songs of birds can bring the sleep
That loves the roofs of humble men,
That hovers still where Zephyrs sweep
The shady slopes of Tempe's glen.

Blest with enough, who seeks no more
Need fear no wintry hurricane,





Nor shattered argosies deplore
When stars malignant vex the main;

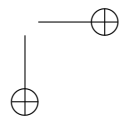
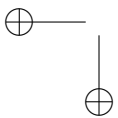
Unmoved the rattling hail he hears
Nor mourns for hope of harvest lost;
Nor devastating floods he fears
Nor scorching suns nor nipping frost.

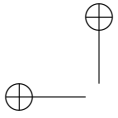
But now the solid earth will not
Suffice the grasping owner's whim;
The seas are made a building-plot
And fish in straitened waters swim.

Yet fears and dark forebodings scale
The highest tower, the longest stair;
Still with the gilded yacht they sail;
Behind the horseman rideth Care.

Since Persian scents and robes that shine
Bright as the sun with Tyrian art,
And marble halls and choicest wine
Help not to heal an aching heart,

Why should I yearn for columns rare,
For stately hall or colonnade,
Or change for Wealth, that brings but Care,
The sweetness of my Sabine glade?





III.2. ANGUSTAM AMICE

Our youth to stern privation bred,
Hardened in warfare's grim career,
Shall teach the Parthian foe to dread
The Roman charge, the Roman spear;

Inured to welcome danger's hour,
The suns that scorch, the nights that freeze,
Such from the foes' beleaguered tower
The rebel king's seraglio sees

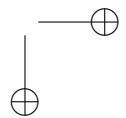
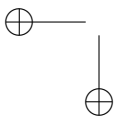
And sighs to heaven an anxious prayer
Its callow lord may ne'er the wrath
Of such provoke or rashly dare
To cross the lion's gory path.

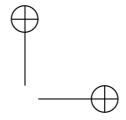
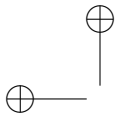
Glorious is death for country's sake
And blest. In vain the craven flees.
Unsparing Fate doth overtake
The recreant back, the trembling knees.

Valour that no defeat will own
Shines with a light no age can dim;
Nor grasps at power nor lays it down
Subservient to the rabble's whim.

She scorns the mob; she opens wide
The heavens to souls unmarked to die;
By paths to mortal powers denied
Scorns the base earth and mounts the sky.

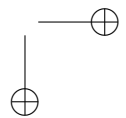
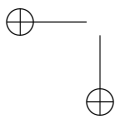
And Counsel kept its meed of praise
Shall merit; ne'er shall house with me





Who Ceres' mysteries betrays,
Nor e'er with Horace put to sea.

For oft the heavenly wrath will claim
The righteous for the guilty's fate;
And Vengeance, though her foot be lame,
O'ertakes the sinner soon or late.





III.3 JUSTUM ET TENACEM

The man of true and steadfast soul
No clamours shall to sin persuade;
He shrinks not at the tyrant's scowl,
The tempest strikes him unafraid;

Him nor the rage of ocean waves
Nor Jove's dread lightnings can appal;
Unmoved the crack of doom he braves,
Though all the world in ruin fall.

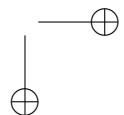
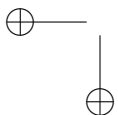
Such virtue errant Hercules
And Pollux raised to starry spheres;
And Caesar too, made one with these,
Shall feast among his heavenly peers.

Thus Bacchus tamed his pards beneath
His chariot; thus our Roman sire
Mounted to heaven, nor drank of death,
Borne by the War-god's steeds of fire;

When Juno spoke the word of grace
Among the Olympian synod blest:
Albeit on Ilion's perjured race
Minerva's curse and mine doth test;

False arbiter and alien bride
To gods deceived the debt have paid
That false Laomedon denied
And Ilion in the dust is laid.

No more that brave array can charm
The Spartan queen's lascivious eye;





And cold in death is Hector's arm
And Priam's halls in ruin lie.

Cold in its embers sinks the war
Fanned by our feuds to age-long hate;
The child the Trojan Vestal bore
Mars for his own shall vindicate.

And he shall know the bright abodes
And there, his father's sin forgiven,
Shall drink the nectar of the gods
Among the tranquil hosts of heaven.

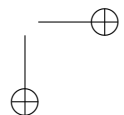
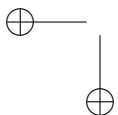
And for his sons, while still the sea
'Twixt Rome and Ilion shall roar,
The world their heritage shall be
But they shall know their Troy no more.

While o'er their princes' graves the kine
Shall pasture and the fox shall breed,
Their Capitol shall glorious shine
And Rome shall rule the vanquished Mede.

Through all the world her name shall ring,
Where seas Europa's realm divide
From Afric hordes and harvests spring,
Watered by Nile's redundant tide.

She from ignoble greed of gain
Inviolatè her heart shall keep
And undisturbed by hands profane
The treasures of the mine shall sleep.

Where earth's remotest frontier runs
There shall her conquering eagles fly;
Where life is scorched by tropic suns,
Where mists and rainstorms veil the sky.



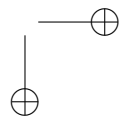
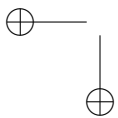


But thus their covenant shall stand;
Unbroken till the end of days:
They shall forget their motherland
Nor dare the walls of Troy to raise:

For Troy, reborn, shall number o'er
Again her years of blood and toil;
And I, Jove's sister-spouse, once more
Shall cheer my Argives to their spoil.

And, thrice by Phoebus built in vain,
Three times shall fall the brazen keep;
And thrice for sons and husbands slain
Shall captive Trojan widows weep.

Hold Muse; your strains for jest and mirth,
Not for Homeric themes were given;
Nor impiously report to earth
The secret colloquies of heaven.





III.7 QUID FLES, ASTERIE...?

Dry your tears, Asterie;
Gyges, faithfulest of swains,
Spring shall soon waft home to thee,
Laden with his Pontic gains.

Driven from his course afar,
Storm-bound in Illyrian bay,
He 'neath Capra's angry star
Weeps the wintry nights away

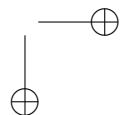
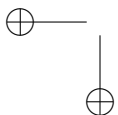
From his hostess, cunning dame,
Oft the go-between returns;
Saying with Asterie's flame
Hapless Chloe for him burns.

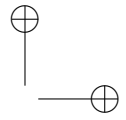
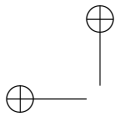
Tells how erst a trusting spouse,
Duped by Sthenoboea's lie,
For his faith to honour's vows
Sent Bellerophon to die:

Tells of Peleus, nearly slain,
Victim of the slighted queen;
Hundred lying tales – in vain –
Tells, his heart from you to wean.

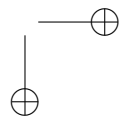
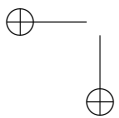
Deafer than Aegaeon flint
Still the temptress he disarms.
But for you – a friendly hint, –
'Ware your dashing neighbour's charms.

Though of all the knightly team
None like young Enipeus ride,





Swimming in the Tuscan stream
None can swifter cleave the tide, –
Bar your door at evening's fall;
When the love-sick flutes complain
Look not forth. And still to all
His entreaties deaf remain.





III.8 MARTIIS CAELEBS

The Matrons' Feast! With garlands gay,
Incense and turf-built altar smoking, –
What does a bachelor to-day
The gods invoking?

Nor Greek nor Roman lore records
My festival; know, then, your Flaccus,
Saved from a falling tree, rewards
His saviour, Bacchus.

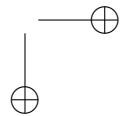
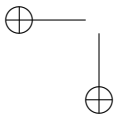
And yearly on this solemn date
I'll broach through all my days enduring
A cask in Tullus' consulate
Laid up maturing.

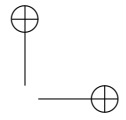
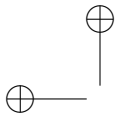
A hundred grateful bumpers fill
And, discord and disturbance banished,
Our festal lamps shall twinkle till
The stars have vanished.

No more the vanquished Dacian dares
Defiance; Medes their shafts are whetting
For their own kin and so, the cares
Of state forgetting,

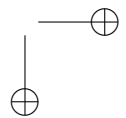
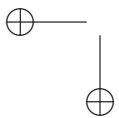
While Scythian hordes their conquered plains
With bows unstrung at last are quitting
And fierce Cantabrians wear their chains,
To Rome submitting,

Discard a while the frets of power
And, statecraft banished till to-morrow,





From grave affairs an easeful hour
Of respite borrow.





III.10 EXTREMUM TANAIN

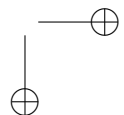
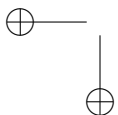
Though, Lyce, by the farthest Don you dwelt,
To some fierce Scythian wed, your heart should melt
 To see me at your door
Prostrate, imploring, while the north-winds roar.

Hark how your door-frame rattles and the while
The trees are tossing in your peristyle;
 And 'neath the wintry blast
The fallen snow with ice is over-glassed.

Banish the pride that Venus bids you shun;
Too soon the wheel of life will backward run.
 No Tuscan lineage high
Calls you with chaste Penelope to vie.

No longer then my prayers and offerings scorn
Or mock the sallow hue of love forlorn.
 Your spouse a maid pursues
Of Macedon; – why should you love refuse?

Harder than oak, that unkind spirit bend
Nor guard the serpent's malice to the end.
 No more that fast-closed door
My frame can suffer or the rains that pour.





III.11 MERCURI, NAM TE

Hermes, to build the Theban wall
Who didst Amphion's harp inspire,
Hear me and thou obey my call,
My seven-stringed lyre!

Once mute and scorned, now waxing bold,
To feasts of gods and nobles dear,
Teach me a strain may captive hold
My Lyde's ear;

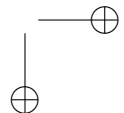
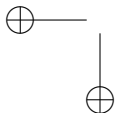
May tame a while that wayward will
Doth love and wooers still disdain,
Wild as a colt unbroken still
To brook the rein.

The forests wild and tigers fell
Follow thy march and rivers fleet
Halt at thy strains; the Hound of Hell
Fawned at thy feet,

And cowering crouched and drooped in awe
The head a hundred serpents wreath,
And silence stopped the triple jaw,
The baleful breath.

Ixion's wheel forgot to turn
And Tityos smiled with lips awry;
The Danaid sisters left their urn
A moment dry.

Lyde shall hear of tardy fate,
A tale of blood by maidens spilled;





The fabled jar insatiate
That ne'er is filled;

Of crime eternal pain rewards
Beyond the tomb. Ah! wicked they
All sin beyond, their sleeping lords
Who dared to slay.

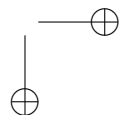
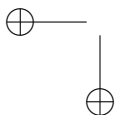
Yet Hypermnestra lives in fame
For ever – to her perjured sire
Gloriously false, who scorned to shame
The nuptial fire.

Husband awake! – he heard her call, –
Death from an unseen hand is nigh;
My father and my sisters all
Doom thee to die.

The lionesses rend their prey,
The unconscious breast awaits the knife;
Awake! more merciful than they,
I give thee life.

Flee then! though cruel chains for me
Or exile on a barbarous shore
The meed of clemency must be, –
Wide stands the door.

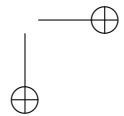
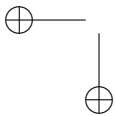
With Night and Love to bless thy flight,
Thy steps to guide or speed thy sail,
Depart – and on my tomb-stone write
My mournful tale.





III.12 MISERARUM EST

How unhappy is the maiden
 who has never learned to flirt,
Who has never called on Bacchus
 her distresses to divert
 Or dared a scolding uncle to defy!
Don't you know it, Neobule,
 since that little winged boy
Banished diligent Minerva
 and your spinsterly employ
 And Hebrus in the river took your eye?
His anointed shoulders glisten
 in the Tiber's flowing tide
And your Liparaean gallant
 like Bellerophon can ride;
 He's the champion of the ring and of the course.
When the dappled deer are running
 and the herd is scattered free,
'Tis his arrow strikes the quarry
 and there's none so skilled as he
 To surprise the boar that's lurking in the gorse.





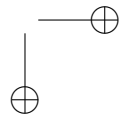
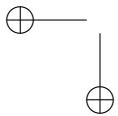
III.15 UXOR PAUPERIS IBYCI

Old wife of wretched Ibycus, for shame!
Belated truce to coquetries proclaim;
 Your ill-reputed ways
Abandon in the evening of your days.

Your frivolling 'mid the girls upon me jars! –
Like a damp mist wet-blanketing the stars.
 Unmeet for Chloris deem
Flirtations that might Pholoe beseem .

For her 'tis meet among the lads to revel,
Like Maenad whom the timbrel doth bedevil;
 On Nothus she doth dote
And frisks and gambols like the wanton goat.

Thee distaff and Luceria's wool would suit
Better than sweet strains of the lover's lute:
 With thy years sadly goes
The cup drained dry, the purple of the rose.





III.16 INCLUSAM DANAEN

The doors of oak, the brazen tower
Had made fast Danae's prison-bower,
And surly mastiffs waked to keep
Inviolate her maiden sleep.

But Jove and Venus laughed disdain;
Acrisius set his guards in vain;
The way was clear, the pass was sold.
The god had changed himself to Gold.

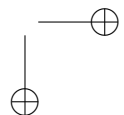
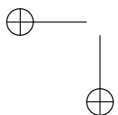
For, mightier than the bolt that falls
From heaven, gold rives the fortress walls;
Through watch and ward can make its way;
Gold did the Argive seer betray.

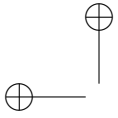
Bribes for the Macedonian king
His foemens' gates could open fling;
To rival kings submission taught
And fleets and stern commanders bought.

As riches mount, so cares increase;
Man's thirst for gain can never cease.
How rightly I, Maecenas, dread
To raise a too-conspicuous head.

The more a man himself denies,
The more the kindly god supplies.
So I enlist among the band
Who, little owning, less demand.

My humble competency yields
More than from all their fertile fields





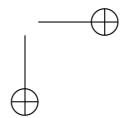
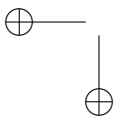
Drudging Apulian hinds can store, –
Still, in the midst of plenty, poor.

My crystal stream, my tiny wood,
The prospect of my harvest good, –
Who holds all Africa in fee,
For all his wealth, might envy me.

Though no Calabrian bees may toil
To fill my hives with golden spoil,
No Formian wines maturing sleep,
No Gallic pastures breed me sheep, –

Grim penury I have not known
And, if a little more to own
I yearned, your bounty still would give.
With few desires I richer live –

Than kings of all the Asian shore.
Much shall they lack who thirst for more.
To whom God gives sufficiency
With sparing hand, the happiest he.





III.21 O NATA MECUM

Born with me the very year
Manlius held the curule chair,
Mirth or quarrels to inspire,
Easy sleep or mad desire,

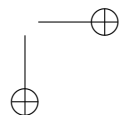
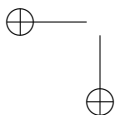
With whatever potence stored,
Massic, you shall cheer my board,
Now Corvinus with me dines,
Amateur of mellow wines.

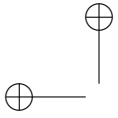
He, in lore Socratic wise,
Still doth not the grape despise;
Even as Cato's rugged soul
Loved, they say, the jolly bowl.

You to spirits dull and dry
Gentle stimulus apply;
Secret cares the sage that fret
Bring to light and bid forget;

Hope to anxious hearts restore
And with courage fire the poor;
War's alarms and kings severe
He who drinks forgets to fear.

Liber, then, with Venus deign
And the Graces' linked train,
Cheer our feast till Phoebus rout
The stars and put our candles out.





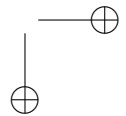
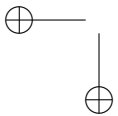
III.28 FESTO QUID POTIUS DIE...?

Busy Lyde, prithee haste,
Open quick my choicest bin;
Could we both on Neptune's feast
Better pastime hope to win?
Bid entrenched Wisdom lay
Down her arms and leave the fray.

Can the day for ever last?
Look, the sun's no longer high.
Quick! a flagon let us taste
That was fittingly laid by
When a consul governed us
With the surname – Bibulus.

Then in ditties alternate
Nereids' locks of ocean hue
I will sing and celebrate
Neptune and Latona you.
Next, Diana's arrows sharp
Shall inspire your curved harp.

Last to Venus let us sing,
Queen of Cnidos, o'er the seas
Whom her swans to Paphos wing
And the gleaming Cyclades.
Last of all, when dusk is nigh,
Night shall claim a lullaby.





IV.1 INTERMISSA, VENUS, DIU

Ah! spare me, Venus, why
That ancient strife renew?
I am not as when I
Did Cinara pursue;
Too old am I to woo.

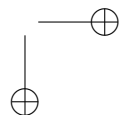
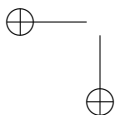
Fierce Queen of soft desire,
Hark rather to the prayer
Of ardent youth. Inspire
Less stubborn hearts to wear
The yoke I cannot bear.

Winged by thy swans, away
To Fabius depart;
With him make holiday,
Seducing with thy art
A more responsive heart.

A youth of noblest parts!
His eloquence the Bar
Doth own; – a hundred arts
He knows to carry far
The standards of thy war.

When, richer rivals scorned,
The maiden yields her hand,
With citron roof adorned
Thy marble bust shall stand
Upon the Alban strand.

There incense-smoke shall raise
Its fragrance and the choir





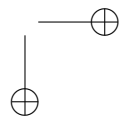
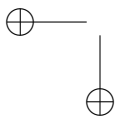
Shall daily chant thy praise,
And with the tuneful lyre
The pipe and flute conspire.

Twice daily maids and boys
Thy deity shall greet;
And earth with merry noise
Of snow-white dancing feet
In triple pulse shall beat.

No heart in maid or boy
Responsive beats to mine:
No longer can I joy
With flowers my brow to twine
Or drown my cares in wine.

Yet, Ligurinus, you
Know well why still to-day
Tears oft my cheek bedew;
The words I fain would say
In silence die away.

In nightly visions I
To clasp your beauty seem;
As o'er the track you fly
Or swim the Tiber's stream,
I chase you in my dream.





IV.2 PINDARUM QUISQUIS

Whoe'er would seek to vie
With Pindar's verse sublime the ether braves
On waxen pinions; in the deep blue waves
His name shall die.

As the swift torrent roars
Down from the mountains, swoll'n with winter rain
Beyond its banks and overflows the plain,
So Pindar pours,

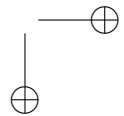
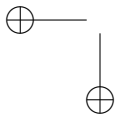
In daring phrase and strong
Unmeasured numbers, by no canons bound,
His dithyrambics, by Apollo crowned
The lord of song:

Whenas of gods and kings,
The race divine that Centaurs gave to death
And faced in fight Chimaera's fiery breath;
His music sings:

Or when the palm-leaf prize,
Home from Olympia borne, his songs divine,
Marble and bronze outlasting, do combine
To immortalise:

Or, reft from sorrowing bride,
He celebrates the conquering hero slain,
Redeeming all his glories with his strain,
From Lethe's tide.

Alas! too strong for me
Above the lofty cloud-rack blows the gale





Where Dirce's Swan doth soar. I am the frail
Matinian bee, –

That 'mid the fragrant thyme
Laborious flit in Tibur's stream-washed dell,
Culling my sweets and building cell by cell
My careful rhyme.

For thee 'tis left to greet
Great Caesar's triumph in sublimer song,
Chanting the hosts Sygambrian haled along
The Sacred Street.

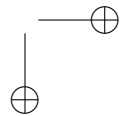
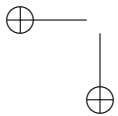
No greater boon to earth
The gods have given or can hold in store
Than Caesar, though the Golden Age once more
Should come to birth.

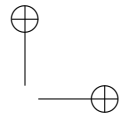
Then shalt thou celebrate
Days of rejoicing and our public glee
For Caesar's safe return; the Forum free
From strife and hate.

And, midst the cheers of Rome,
My humbler notes shall swell the strain of praise:
'O day most blest' I'll sing, 'O day of days!
'Caesar's come home!'

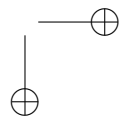
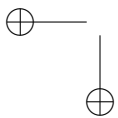
And thou shalt lead the cry,
'Hail, Triumph, hail!' whose echoes without end
Shall ring and fragrant incense-smoke ascend
To Heaven on high.

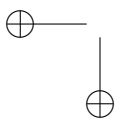
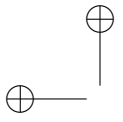
Ten bulls, ten heifers thou
Shalt sacrifice; for me my pastures breed
A weanling calf and with lush grasses feed
To pay my vow.

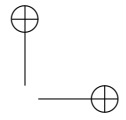
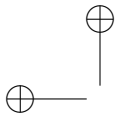




Above his brow are spread,
Like to a three-days moon, his curving horns;
And in between a silver blaze adorns
His tawny head.







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