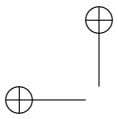
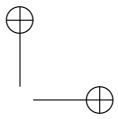
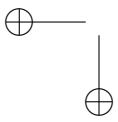
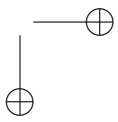



THE ODES OF HORACE

BOOK I

THE ODES OF HORACE

BOOK I

Translated by Gerard Fenwick

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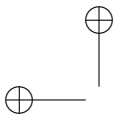
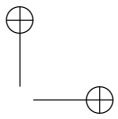
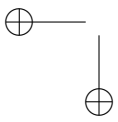
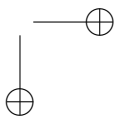



2024
First Published, 1917

PREFACE

To add another translation of the Odes of Horace to those already in existence seems to call for some apology, or at least some explanation. It was begun some years ago, when for my own amusement I tried to translate some of the Odes into English verse without any intention of publishing them. The outbreak of the present war interrupted this harmless amusement, and it was not till after I had been invalided home from the Front for some time that I again took up the task, as much for relief from nervous strain as for a method of relaxation. Since then I have completed the first book of the Odes, and at the wish of some of my most intimate friends have consented to offer my work to the public.

As will be only too evident to every scholar, it has no pretensions to learning and, I fear, not much to English verse. I have aimed more at expressing the apparent meaning of the poet than in giving a verbatim translation. More especially have I tried to make my translation easily readable by using the simplest metres without reference to that used by the poet; neither have I considered it necessary to use the same metre in translating similar Odes, since I feel that, in endeavouring to translate a poet whose felicity in the use of a language so concise as Latin is almost proverbial, it is hopeless to further handicap oneself by the use of metres ill adapted to the English tongue.

I have availed myself of many of the existing translations of Horace both in prose and verse, especially the Loeb series of classical translations in prose, and the metrical versions of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Sir Theodore Martin, and, perhaps the most scholarly of all, that by the late John Connington,

Esq., M.A. The notes at the end of the volume are nearly all taken from those of the late E. C. Wickham, whilst I have also availed myself of those by A. J. Macleane and J. Low, and the Dictionaries edited by Dr. Wm. Smith of Classical Antiquities, Biographies, and Mythologies, have been freely used. I hope I have in all cases acknowledged the source of any note that may appear; there are one or two of my own, mere *obiter dicta*, binding on no one.

I would further explain that, owing to resuming duty in France, I have been unable to check and verify the notes as I should have liked. Of course, publication could have been delayed till my return to England, but in that event one of my objects in publication would have failed, namely, the hope that such a translation of Horace, together with the original Latin,* might be of interest to some officers and men of the British Army who still remember with affection the "distant spires and antique towers" of their schooldays.

In conclusion, in mitigation of the numerous faults that I know it must contain, I can only plead Dr. Johnson's excuse, "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance."

*NOTE: Not included in the present edition.

BOOK I

ODE I

Mæcenas, scion, of ancient kings,
To some the Olympic contest brings
The height of life and joy intense,
To see the whirring chariot wheels
Close pass the well-missed Metæ fly,
Himself among the Gods on high.
Another if the fickle crowd
Applaud him to the triple-crown,
While yet another if allowed
To add more riches to his own.
Whilst he who loves to plough the fields
His fathers ploughed you would not move
With royal wealth for richer yields
Across Ægean seas to rove.
The merchant trembling at the storms
The sweets of rest and home upcries,
Yet soon the storm-tossed barques reforms
Impatient of adversities.
Another loss of time will brook
With cups of Massic wine while he
Is stretched beside the sacred brook
Or 'neath the green arbutus-tree.
So, many love the warrior's life
By martial scenes and trumpets cheered.
Delighting in the thoughts of strife
And bloody wars by mothers feared.
The hunter thoughtless for his bride
Will pass the night beneath the sky
So if the hunted stag has died
Or Marsian boar the nets defy.

Me with the poet's ivy dight
Far from the vulgar crowd removed
Would raise to heaven the cool dell bright
By dancing nymphs and satyrs loved.
If neither Polyhymnia, nor
Euterpe will refuse her aid,
Among your lyric poets sure
A shining star am I displayed.

ODE II

Enough of hail, of rain, of snow,
The Sire has sent upon the land,
E'en struck the sacred towers a blow
With red right hand.

The City quails and all men fear
Deucalion's age will come again,
And Proteus herd on hills appear
From out the main,

That through the elm where once the dove
Her nest did build now fish will steer,
Whilst o'er the flooded street will move
The timid deer.

We saw the Tibur's yellow wave
Beat loud against the Tuscan shore,
And round the royal statues lave
With sullen roar.

The loving river could not hear
His Ilia mourning for her love
And 'gainst the left bank strove to bear
In spite of Jove.

The future race, now all too thin,
Will hear their Fathers whet their swords
Not 'gainst the Persian foe, but in
Their own discords.

What God against impending fate
Shall men implore? Or with what prayer
Shall Vesta's virgins supplicate
Her heedless ear?

On whom shall Jove the heavy task
Of fitting expiation lay?
Of bright Apollo thee we ask,
What while we pray.

Perhaps thee, Venus, we should seek,
Round whom desire and light jest fly,
Or Mars, who for his children weak
Make no reply;

Though sated with thy warlike play
Thou lovest the clash of spear and helm,
And warriors look about to slay
Or overwhelm.

Perhaps as gentle Maia's son
In form of youth you tread the earth,
Content avenger to be known
Of Cæsar's worth.

Long may your absence be deferred,
Long may you o'er your people reign,
Nor from us, by our faults deterred,
Be rapt again.

Oh! let this be your greatest pride,
The highest thought you can inspire,
The Medes no longer victors ride,
Cæsar, our Sire.

ODE III

Goddess of Cyprus, brothers of Helen,
Shining as stars in the vault of heaven.
Father of winds, let the North-west blow,
The only wind on the ship below,
Guard my Virgil to Attic shore,
Deliver him safe, I thee implore,
Bring him back over the salt sea brine,
The dearest half of this soul of mine.
Surely with oak and with brass around
His heart was braced and his courage bound
Who first committed his fragile barque
To the angry waves and the salt sea dark:
Who neither regarded the South-west wind
When it meets the North; and his steadfast wind,
Regarded not the watery skies,
Nor the waves which 'neath Hadria's tyrant rise.
What form of death could appeal to him
Who has watched unmoved sea monsters swim,
Who has seen the swell of the sea and the shock
As it breaks 'gainst the Acroceraunian rock?
In vain did the Gods in their prudence place
The unfriendly sea betwixt race and race
If in spite of all man's impious craft
Is o'er the forbidden waters waft.
Ever we see has the race of man
Dared the forbidden heights to scan:
By fraud did Prometheus once aspire
To steal from heaven the sacred fire;

He stole the gift, but in its train
Came hunger, and all the tribe of pain
Upon the earth, and hastened on
The approach of death, to every one.
Dædalus, too, essayed to fly
On impious wing across the sky;
And Hercules, as the poets tell,
Dared to assault the gates of Hell.
Naught is too hard for man to try –
In folly he attempts the sky,
And from his crimes hopes to remove
The wrath and thunderbolts of Jove.

ODE IV

Now the winter melts away,
While the springtime breezes play,
And the long-dry keels are drawn
On rollers from the upland lawn.
No longer cattle in the fold
Shelter from the winter's cold,
Nor the ploughman seeks the fire,
And hoar frosts from the ground suspire.
Now does Venus lead the dance
Underneath the moonbeam's glance,
And the Nymphs joined with the Graces
Strike the ground with rhythmic paces;
While Vulcan in the smithy tires
Attending to Cyclopean fires.
Let ivy or green myrtle now
With new-born flowers deck each brow.
To Faunus now in cool grot hid
We sacrifice a lamb or kid.
But oh! beloved Sestus, think
How short is life, how on the brink
Of endless night we fearful stand,
The shades and Pluto's house at hand.
That fearful death insistent beats
'Gainst humble doors and royal seats,
Whose gloomy portals once you pass
You will not circulate the glass
Among your friends by chance lot ta'en,
Nor e'en love Lycidas again,
The cynosure of youthful eye
For whom soon all the maids will sigh.

ODE V

Who is this stripling,
Whose hair is rippling,
Rich with unguents
And roses gay?
Is he lover, or not,
Whom you meet in cool grot,
With your hair in a knot
In the simplest way,
Say, Pyrrha, say.
I am sorry for him.
How his eyes, too, will swim,
And the sea will look grim,
In the dark evening breeze
When he tries you to please.
He believes your hair gold,
And I suppose you have told
Him you're always at leisure
And ready for pleasure,
So he thinks it is true.
Oh! listen, boy, listen,
In vain you will strive.
I once was alive,
And thought, too, to wive;
But I found I was wrong,
And my arms, too, are hung
Her trophies among,
For I once was young, too.

ODE VI

Agrippa! Varius shall sing of thee,
In Homer's strain,
And every doughty deed by land or sea
Thy armies gain.

I know not how to sing of war,
Pelides' wrath,
Nor of Ulysses wandering far
On wild seas forth.

Such mighty themes the peaceful Muse
Forbid me sing,
And Cæsar's fame and theme refuse
My too-weak string.

How shall I sing the arms of Mars
In measure just,
Or Tydeus equal to the Gods
By Pallas' trust?

Feasts are my theme, and maidens sport
With the young train,
Although we burn with hope, untaught
By former pain.

ODE VII

Some have sung of sunny Rhodes
And Mytilene,
Of Ephesus and Corinth's walls,
Two seas between;
And others Bacchus sing, and Thebes
Or Tempe's vale,
Or where the glittering Delphic shrines
Apollo hail.
Others would sing in deathless verse
Athenê's town,
And in her honour deck themselves
With olive crown.
And many, too, in Juno's praise
Would Argos sing,
For horses apt and riches stored
By Mycene's king.
For me more dear the Sibyl's fane
And waters cool
Than rich Larissa's fruitful plain
And Spartan rule.
Where headlong Anio leaps in foam
Through Tibur's grove,
And nourishes with fickle stream
The fruits I love.
For as the South wind often blows
Rain clouds away,
So you, my Plancus, put an end
To toils of day
In cups of wine: nor heed the call
By trumpets made,

So if you may enjoy the depth
Of Tibur's shade.
When Salaminian Teucer fled
His father's wrath
Though flushed with wine to anxious friend
He thus spake forth,
Wherever better fortune leads,
O comrades, friends,
Do not despair where Teucer calls
Or Teucer sends.
Has not Apollo promised us
In other lands
Another Salamis to raise
By our right hands?
O warriors, suffer but a while
As once with me.
To-night be glad: to-morrow launch
We on the sea.

ODE VIII

Sybaris you say you love.
Why do you his ruin prove,
Tell me true by all above,
Lydia?
Why does he the drill-ground shun,
Who once could stand the dust and sun;
Why does he no longer ride
With breakers' gear his peers beside,
Or swim in Tiber's yellow tide,
Lydia?
Why does he who once could send
The heavy discus o'er the end
Of the playground, take alarm
At its marks upon his arm,
Or regard the athlete's oil
More deadly than the serpents coil,
Lydia?
Tell me, Lydia, does he hide
As once the son of Thetis tried
To do before the fall of Troy
Lest his strength he should employ
In slaughter: and if borne away
'Gainst Lycian hosts be slain or slay.
Where does Sybaris hide, I say,
Tell me, Lydia, tell me, pray.

ODE IX

How deep Soracte stands in snow,
The very trees bowed to the ground
By winter's weight, while river's flow
In ice is bound.

Pile up the logs, bring out the wine,
In two-eared cups just four years old,
So pleasantly we'll pass the time
And keep out cold.

Leave all things to the Gods who both
Now vex with storm the restless seas,
Then neither elm nor cypress shake
With gentle breeze.

Oh, do not ask what fate will give
Or what the future has in store,
Take what she brings with thankfulness
And ask no more.

And neither gentle loves despise,
Let cheerful dances be a joy
To you, so long as age keeps off,
My gentle boy.

Now in the parks and squares are heard
The merry sounds of maidens' mirth
As the appointed hour comes on
To give them birth.

Hark! from the darkest corner comes
The scream of maiden fairly caught,
As from her arm or hand is torn
The pledge long sought.

ODE X

Grandson of Atlas, father of the lyre,
Jove's messenger and herald of the Gods,
Who by the gift of speech, and by thy wit
And teaching them the use of athletes' oil
Hast given culture to the race of men;
Mercurius, silver-tongued, of thee I sing.
Thee, shrewd to hide thy theft in mischief ta'en,
Apollo once in angry threatening swore
To punish, if the stolen beeves you took
Were not restored, his laughter could not hold
Finding his quiver e'en while he threatened gone.
Beneath your care rich Priam leaves old Troy,
Avoids exultant Greeks and baleful fires
Of Thessaly, and camps late raised
Against the ancient and the fair-walled town.
By thee the happy souls to rest are brought
To blissful mansions of eternal joy,
And aery ghosts obey thy shining rod,
By all the Gods beloved, oh darling boy.

ODE XI

Enquire not what space of life
The Gods allow to you or me
From Babylonian numerals
        Leuconoë.
Go suffer whosoe'er befal
If many winters come, or one,
Which now wears out Tyrrhenian seas
        Sees thy life done.
The wise man strains his wine nor hopes
For long-drawn-out prosperity,
E'en while we talk old age creeps on
        Insensibly.
Enjoy to-day, why foolish long
For what may bring or pain or sorrow,
The present happiness is sure,
Why trust to-morrow.

ODE XII

Clio, what man, what hero woulds't thou sing,
What God would'st praise on harp or pipe?
Whose name or happy memory would'st thou bring
To shores of shady Helicon or Pindus height,
Or icy Hæmus? Whence streamed the wood
Following the voice of Orpheus as he went.
He by his mother's lesson had withstood
The flow of rolling rivers, and the swift winds pent
By his sweet song: the very oaks gave ear,
And harkened to his voice and lute-string clear.
Of whom more fitting shall I sing the praise,
Than mighty Jove, the king of Gods and men,
Who rules the earth and sea, and duly weighs
The progress of the seasons in his ken,
Than whom no greater, no, no equal lives?
Not e'en to Pallas are such honours due,
Who nearest comes, to whom fierce battle gives
Delight. Nor of you, Bacchus, or Diana too,
Shall I be silent, both hating savage war.
Nor of you Phœbus striking from afar.
Or shall I tell of Hercules, or Leda's twins,
The one in horses, that in boxing famed?
When o'er the sea their star to shine begins,
The wild winds cease to blow, the sea is tamed,
And from the dripping rock the spray runs down.
While as they pray the clouds away are blown.
Nay, who so worthy after these can be?
Can Romulus, or Numa's peaceful reign,
Or Tarquin's fasces proud, or Cato, he
Glorious by death, such heights attain?

What shall I, grateful, sing of Regulus?
What lofty muse shall Scaurus celebrate?
Or Paulus, of Rome's honour scrupulous,
When Carthage triumphed, victor of his fate?
Fabricius shall I sing, for war untaught,
Save in the hard school of his father's farm;
Or Curius also, with his locks distraught,
Or to Camillus shall I give the palm?
Just as unseen the mighty tree-trunk grows,
Or than the firelight brighter shines the moon,
So all the glory of Marcellus shows,
And Cæsar's star shines steady in its noon.
Oh Father! guardian of the race of man,
From Saturn sprung, to Cæsar give thy care,
Take thou his fate upon thyself again,
And with his name again the kingdom share.
If he the threatening Parthian leads
In triumph due now tamed by war.
Or if the remotest Orient heeds
His will, 'tis by thy help and 'neath thy star,
Thy angry bolts thy righteousness display.
And heaven trembles at thy chariot's way.

ODE XIII

Why do you praise the rosy neck
Of Telephus or his soft arm,
And of my feelings never reck
Indifferent if you do me harm?
My passions rise, my colour goes,
And from its seat my mind retires,
While down my cheek the hid tear flows
And I slow perish in your fires.
Whether unseemly cups have stained
Your shoulders white with dregs of wine
Or your too pretty lips have pained
The amorous youth the grief is mine.
No, Lydia, do not look to find
Real constancy in such a kiss,
Though Venus' nectar be combined
To form the fifth part of its bliss.
Thrice happy they and they alone
Who keep intact as man and wife
The bond that made the two now one,
And break it only with their life.

ODE XIV

Oh, ship! make haste to reach the land,
New storms arise. What wilt thou do?
Do you not see on every hand
What loss the storm has brought to you?
Do you not see how bare of oars
Your side is swept? Your mast, too, sprung
By furious blasts from Afric's shores,
And yard-arm groans with torn sails hung.
How can a still more furious sea,
With ropes unbound, your strength sustain?
The Gods once honoured by thee
No more will listen to your pain.
Oh! boast not, build of Pontic pine,
The noblest daughter of the wood,
Or name or lineage divine,
Or place your faith in painted wood.
Beware be thou of every breeze,
Of every fickle wind the sport.
Avoid the shining Cyclades,
Nor wreck thy vessel nearing port.
Oft has your voyage been to me
A long-drawn-out, heart-sickening fear.
Now hope's mixed with anxiety
Not lessened as the end draws near.

ODE XV

When the treacherous shepherd stole
In Trojan ships his bride away
Across the ocean's darkling roll
His hostess, lovely Helena,
Old Nereus stayed the favouring breeze
And told his fate in words like these.
"An evil woman from her home you take
Whom Greece with mighty force, all sworn to break
Your nuptials and old Priamus' long reign,
Will come to seek and take her home again.
What toil to horse, what toil to man will be,
What funeral pyres the Dardan race will see.
Already Pallas helm and aegis takes,
Her anger rises, her chariot ready makes.
Vainly you comb your locks 'neath Venus' care,
While tuneful pipes and ladies your songs share.
In vain you hope within the marriage bed
To shun the noise of battle and the tread
Of Ajax following in swift pursuit,
And the dread spears, or arrows Cretans shoot.
In vain you hope, in vain in Venus trust,
Your guilty locks at last shall roll in dust.
Regard'st thou not the wise Odysseus, nor
Nestor, thy country's bane, from Pylos' shore?
You shall the dauntless Teucer put to flight
With Sthenelus, who knows each turn of fight,
Whether it be to curb the eager horse
Or urge the flying chariot in its course.
Meriones also dost thou disdain,

A fiercer Tydeus hunts thee o'er the plain, Whilst
thou, as when a stag a wolf descries
Across the vale, of food neglectful, flies;
So shalt thou fly, for this no promise given,
And sob thy heart unheeded out to heaven.
The angry fleet of great Achilles may
The doom of fate to Trojan wives delay,
But when the appointed winters shall expire
Old Troy will burn beneath the Grecian fire."

ODE XVI

Oh daughter, than your mother fair,
Who still seems so fair unto me,
My scurril verses you may tear
Or burn or drown in Hadria's sea;
Not Cybele nor Pythian priest
With greater fear their votary shakes,
Nor Bacchus, nor is that the least
That Corybantic cymbal makes.
I'd sooner face the Noric sword,
The lightning flash, the angry sea
Or Jove himself in thunder poured,
Than let your anger light on me.
'Tis said Prometheus had to add
To primal mud a portion small
From every beast, so lion mad
Is in the passions of us all.
His passions did Thyestes bring
To utter ruin and his fall.
The lofty citadels did ring
With victors' ploughs around the wall.
Be not afraid: if fiery breast
Did tempt me in the heat of youth
To try the crude iambic jest,
Old age has taught me now the truth.
For now I wish to change for sweet
The spiteful things that once I spread,
And with a reparation meet,
To get from you fresh life instead.

ODE XVII

How often does the great God Pan
Prefer Lucretilis above
Lycæus, and in shady grove
From summer's heat my goats remove
Or storms of rain.
There matrons of the reeking herd
At ease throughout the wood may seek
The arbutus bushes growing meek,
Or fragrant thyme in hidden creek,
By snakes unscared,
Or by the ravening wolves of Mars;
Where'er thy gentle lute is found
The valleys and the hills resound,
And slopes of Ustica rebound,
And rocky scaurs.
Ah, Tyndarus, the gods love me,
My song and praise to them are dear.
The treasures of the country here
Poured into thy lap appear
Incessantly.
Here screened from sun thou mayest tell
To Teian harp the tale divine,
Penelope's unending line,
And sea-born Circe's herd of swine
In bosky dell.
Here mayest thou drink successive cups
Of Lesbian wine beneath the shade,
And see no drunken quarrels made,
And be of Cyrus unafraid
E'en while he sups.

Nor would his lawless fingers stray
To snatch the garland from thy hair,
Or thine so modest dress to tear
In tipsy frenzy to declare
Thee his alway.

ODE XVIII

Oh, Varus, plant no tree except the vine
Round Tibur's walls, or in that soil so fine,
From every ill or carking care God sends
There is no other exit but by wine.

For who would talk of poverty or war,
And would not sooner from the wine cup pour
Libations deep to Bacchus and to Love,
From which rejoicing he had drunk before.

The Lapithæ and Centaurs quarrels warn,
And Thracians greedy, by their passions torn
Impatient of the line of right and wrong,
Those who the gifts of modest Bacchus scorn.

Nor will I thee, all-shining Bacchus, shake,
As like the Thyrsis, nor thy secrets take
Into the light of day with leaves all bound,
And, thee unwilling, plain thy mysteries make.

Let Berecynthian horns thy cymbals drown,
And glory vain attempting heights unknown,
And self-love blind which follows in their train,
And faith unfaithful to the secrets shown.

ODE XIX

The imperious mother of desire,
The child of Theban Semele,
And idleness bid raise the fire
That I thought extinct to be.
Glycera's beauty shines again,
Fairer than a Parian fane.
Those pouting lips consume me quite,
And face too beautiful for sight.
Now I am the slave of love,
Other themes I dare not try;
Scythians even do not move
Me, nor Parthians charging nigh,
Who wheeling with their horses are
In fancied flight more dangerous far.
Bring green turves, an altar build,
With sacred boughs and incense due;
Pour out the wine and she may yield
More easily to victims new.

ODE XX

My dear Mæcenas, if you dine,
But plainest Sabine is your fare,
Served in small cups: but none the less
'Twas bottled with my utmost care;
That year the teeming circus hailed
My dearest friend its own true knight.
While Father Tiber sang thy praise,
With Pompey's statue on the height.
At home the choicest Cæcubam
Or wine from Cale's press you'll drink,
But no Falernian vintages
Or Formian vineyards with me link.

ODE XXI

Now let the virgin choir
Diana hail,
While boyish tongues aspire.
Young Cynthius to admire.
Let both with music ring
Latona, heaven's high king
Did love, her sing.
Again the anthem raise,
Ye maidens fair,
To her who loves the ways
Of rivers and the maze
Of foliage o'er the bank
Of icy Algius, or the dank
Wood of Erymanthus dark,
And the green trees, the mark
Of Cragus there.
But now of Tempe tell,
Ye tuneful boys,
And Delos great as well,
Birthplace of Phœbus fell,
Who on his shoulder bears
The burden with the lyres
Which Hermes did inspire
With cheerful noise.
So may your prayers avail
To turn away
From us the spectre pale
Of famine, and the wail
Of war: by Cæsar led

Let Persians feel instead
The burden which they dread,
And Britons pay.

ODE XXII

Fuscus! the man of blameless life
No Mauric javelin, bow or quiver,
And arrows barbed, with poison rife,
Needs he whatever.
Not even though his journey be
Through Caucasus or Syrtes sand,
Or where the famed Hydaspes see
An unknown land.
Once when I sang in Sabine wood
Of Lalage, all free from care,
A wandering wolf that heard me stood
And left me there,
Unharmed, outside my own snug farm;
From Juba's land, of lions the nurse,
Or Daunia's oaks couldest thou charm
A monster worse?
Place me among those frozen fields
Where no tree bows to summer air
And where to mist the broad earth yields
When Jove is near:
Or place me in that torrid zone
Too warm for life, she me beguiles,
I love my Lalage alone
Both when she talks and when she smiles.

ODE XXIII

You avoid me, Chloë, why?
So do timid roebuck fly
To their dams 'mongst pathless hills,
Empty fear their bosom fills,
Sounds of breezes in the sky,
Leafy foliage shaking nigh,
Or perhaps the breath of spring
With its green leaves shivering;
Or green adders in the brake
Cause their knees and hearts to shake.
Tell me, Chloë, why you fly.
No Gætulian lion I,
Tiger angry to devour
You, or crush you in my power.
You must from your mother rove,
You are ready now for love.

ODE XXIV

There is no sense of shame in such despair,
No undue longing for so dear a friend.
Melpomene! with me the Sire's gifts share
And voice and music to my dirges lend.
Now rests Quintilius in his last long sleep
Nor Modesty nor Truth transparent can,
Nor unstained Honour, sister of Justice deep,
His equal find among the sons of man.
A cause of grief to many has he died,
By none more mourned than thee, Virgilius dear,
In vain you pray, the Gods your suit denied,
You cannot thus retain Quintilius here.
Not if than Thracian Orpheus you could bend
The trees more featly to thy tuneful string,
Not to thy prayers would cruel fate unbend
And back to pallid ghosts the lifeblood bring,
Whom once Mercurius with his dread wand
Has forced to join the sad dark shades below.
'Tis hard: patience alone can lift the hand
Of fate which lies so heavy on us now.

ODE XXVI

I have banished fear and sorrow
To the sportive wind,
They shall blow round Crete to-morrow,
Wherefore should I mind.
Now I frolic with the Muses
Wherefore should I care
Whom an unknown king abuses
In the northern air?
Foes may frighten Tiridates
From a distant land,
Little reck I what his fate is,
Safe alone I stand.
Sweet Pimplea, thou who lovest
Fountains cool and clear,
Pick me flowers as thou rovest,
Bind my Lamia's hair.
What of praises can I give him
If thou be not nigh?
With thy sisters raise the anthem
In new minstrelsy.

ODE XXVII

Only drunken Thracians quarrel
In their cups, companions mine:
Let us then apply the moral
Nor stain with blood the God of wine,
Cups are made to be the measure
Both of wines and of wines' pleasures.
Do you think the Persian knife
Suitable for such a time?
Wine and lights and furious strife
Don't agree in any clime.
Comrades, on your elbows rest,
Peace when drinking is the best.
What! would you fill my cup in jest
With rough Falern? e'en while you rail
Just listen to our present guest,
Megilla's brother tells the tale
How with sharp arrow in his side
In what delicious pain he died.
Do you consent? I will not take
Another bribe. Whoe'er she be
That tames you now she will not wake
Those fires you are ashamed to see.
You always blushed and sure I know
With free-born maiden still will do.
Have you a love? whisper her name
I will not tell, my ears are sure.
What! was't she who fanned the flame
And made you all those ills endure?

My pretty boy, you're worthier far
Than with such treacherous seas to war.
Was it some witch or wizard wise,
Thessalian drugs or mighty God,
That cleared the scales from off your eyes
And let you see the path you trod?
Scarce Pegasus with thee could fly
If bound to such a trinity.

ODE XXVIII

Thou who could'st measure earth and sea
Could'st count the countless grains of sand,
Or dare heaven's citadels to see,
Or by the orbed Pole to stand,
What did your learning you avail?
A little pinch of Matine dust
Is all you are, Archytas hail,
In spite of knowledge die we must.
E'en Tantalus of Gods the guest,
Tithonus carried to the skies,
Or Minos in Jove's secrets blest,
Whoever lives for certain dies.
Now Tartarus Euphorbus holds
A second time to Orcus sent,
Although the re-claimed weapons told
He only nerves and skin had lent
To cruel death. What judge than thou
Is better skilled in life and truth?
Before eternal might we bow,
For all must tread the path of ruth.
For some the cruel sport of Mars,
Or greedy sea, the sailor's bane.
More frequent roll the funeral cars,
For old, for young, escape is vain.
Me did the south wind raging wild,
What time Orion sinks to rest,
Drown with Hadria's waves high piled,
And leave unburied and unblest.

But surely, sailor, you will give
A tiny pinch of shifting sand
To hide the bones that used to live,
And lie unhappy on the land!
If so whenever East winds blow,
Venusia's woods the storm shall feel
Which threatens you, while safe below
You ride upon an even keel.
A rich reward, whoe'er it be
That in your lap pours riches down –
If Jove, or he who rules the sea
And guards Tarentum's sacred town.
And will you, then, commit a crime,
Which your now blameless child may bear?
Remember fate, and change sublime,
And broken laws may find you here.
Mine will not be an empty prayer,
Nor is there time for long delay;
No victims can absolve thy care,
Thrice cast the dust and go away.

ODE XXIX

Iccius, you prepare for war.
What's the reason? Tell me true,
Is it kings from Saba far,
Or wealth of Arabs you pursue?
Median kings not yet subdued
Would you in your chains include?
Do you seek a slave-girl fair,
Ravished from her new-slain spouse?
Or a boy with essenced hair,
Scion of a kingly house,
To bear thy cup? By parent taught
To draw the bow in mimic sport.
If you, who promised better things,
The search for books and wisdom's school,
Are now content the corselet rings
Of Spanish steel to wear and rule,
Rivers will mountains high ascend,
And Tiber in her sources end.

ODE XXX

Thou who rulest Cnidus o'er
And holdest Paphos in thy sway,
Oh, leave the well-loved Cyprian shore
And Glycera's commands obey;
She a temple has for thee,
Sweet with incense, fair to see.

Bring with thee the ardent boy,
Nymphs and Graces, zones unbound,
Let them hasten in their joy,
Grace with youth is ever found,
But without thee, Venus mine,
Youth and wit will never shine.

ODE XXXI

What blessing can your post ask,
Or gift, at great Apollo's shrine,
When pouring from the holy flask
The sacred drops of new-made wine?
Sardinian fields are not for me,
Nor herds that love Calabria's suns,
Nor gold, nor Indian ivory,
Nor fields through which the Liris runs
And silent gnaws the bank away.
They who at Cales prune the vine
I envy not their pleasant play;
Nor merchants who with gems may shine
And pledge their guests in cups of gold
Bought by the wares their ships may bring,
For goods from far Atlantic sold,
And three and four times visiting.
Me does the home-grown olive feed,
The endives green, the mallows light:
And while I have the strength indeed
May I enjoy them as is right.
But, oh, Apollo! grant to me
That I to old age may aspire
With mind unclouded, from shame free,
Nor yet forgetful of the lyre.

ODE XXXII

You bid me sing. If there be aught
That we have sung in times of ease
May merit life however short,
My lyre! let now a new song please.
Thou who wast wont in Lesbian verse
To tell the praise of wine and song,
Of Venus and her boy perverse,
Of Lycus' eyes and dark hair long,
Now must you sing of war and arms,
Of navies wrecked on stormy shore,
And let the tale of Rome's alarms
Than tales of love attract thee more.
Oh, lyre, that graces Phœbus' height
And welcome is at feasts of Jove –
Oh, solace of my labour bright –
Me equal to this new task prove.

ODE XXXIII

Albius, grieve not overmuch
At Glycera's inconstant heart,
Nor think thy mournful verse will touch
Or cause her smart.
Another lover has thy place;
Is to her perjured eyes more fair.
But Lycoris, with lovely face,
And low-grown hair,
For Cyrus burns, who burns in vain
For Pholoë. Why goats would mate
With wolves e'er she herself would stain
By such a fate.
Such things to Venus are for sport,
Who loves to bring beneath her yoke
Unequal forms and minds distraught
In bitter joke.
If I a free-born mistress crave
Dear Myrtale still holds me fast,
More dangerous than Calabrian wave
In Hadria vast.

ODE XXXIV

But few and seldom were my prayers,
Philosophy led me astray:
I now must spread to other airs
My sails and other creeds obey.
E'en now the sire of Gods supreme,
With lightening flash the clouds has riven,
And thundering through the pure serene
Has rolled the chariot car of heaven.
The solid earth, the wandering wave.
The Styx itself, the dread abode
Of hated Tænarus' dark cave,
And bounds of Atlas terror showed.
From one is torn by turn of fate
The kingly crown to this one given,
The Gods at once cast down the great,
And set the lowliest high in heaven.

ODE XXXV

Goddess who rulest Antium blest,
Canst raise poor mortals from the ground,
Or turn to sudden tears the jest,
And into woe the trumpets sound;
To thee the anxious rustic prays,
The sailor also prays to thee
When with Bithynian barque he strays
Upon the far Carpathian sea.
The stubborn Dacian dreads thy frown,
The Scythians wild, the Roman stern,
Barbarian queens for offspring groan,
And townsmen for thy favours yearn.
The tyrant clad in purple fears
Lest you his 'stablished power destroy,
And lest the cry to arms who hears
Those arms against his rule employ.
Necessity, that tyrant dread,
Shall come with thee, where'er she goes.
The nails, the clamps, the molten lead,
The bonds of fate, in hand she shows:
Thee Hope and stainless Honour clad
In linen white do supplicate,
Nor leave thee when in vestment sad
You quit the mansions of the great.
The fickle crowd, the faithless fair,
At thine appearance shrink away;
False friends will not misfortune share,
When casks are drained they will not stay.

But do thou shield our Cæsar great
'Gainst far-off Britons when he goes,
And make the levy of our State
More dreadful to our Eastern foes.
We blush to see the scars we bear,
Still bloody from fraternal strife,
What kind of sin do we not dare,
What age with cruelty more rife?
Has any fear of God as yet
Restrained our youth? Oh, grant that we
Our swords on anvil new re-whet
'Gainst Arabs or Massagetæ!

ODE XXXVI

With incense and with song 'tis right to strive
To praise the Gods, and that vowed calf to slay.
Have they not brought Numidia home alive
From far Hesperia? and now soon he may
His own dear friends embrace with many a kiss,
To none more given than to Lamia dear,
Still mindful of the days of boyhood's bliss
And man's estate, together entered near.
Let not so fair a day its white mark want,
And let there be no limit set to wine,
To Salian measures let the dancers pant,
Nor check such joy such happiness as mine,
And let not Damalis with merry eye
Encounter Bassus with the Thracian cup,
Let parsley evergreen and roses lie
With short-lived lilies round us as we sup.

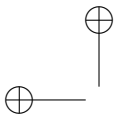
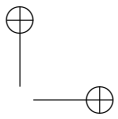
ODE XXXVII

Ho! comrades, ho! the time has come
To deck the couch for goddess meet,
To revel in the sumptuous feast,
And beat the floor with dancing feet.
How could we broach the oldest bin,
Or revel in our finest wine,
While Egypt's Queen fell ruin sought
To bring 'gainst the Capitoline,
Our sacred hill, with ghastly crowd
Of wretched men; what while imbued
With reckless dreams of fortune fair
With bloody ruin us pursued?
But Cæsar soon her fury stayed,
When scarce one ship from fire was free,
And changed a mind with wine distraught
From courage to timidity.
Just as a hawk the gentle dove,
Or speedy sportsman hunts the hare
In snowy Thrace, so Cæsar strove
In chains to bind the flying fair;
With eager oar he urged the chase,
But, kindled with a nobler pride,
She neither sought a wilder shore
Or feared with sword to pierce her side.
The woman dared and saw unmoved
Her royal palace prostrate lie;
Unflinching took the deadly snakes,
And from their poison dared to die.
Though doubtless envying the slave,

She sought out death, and bolder far
Would not be drawn, when once a Queen,
A captive to her victor's car.

ODE XXXVIII

Those Persian gewgaws vex me, boy,
Those tight-bound locks I also hate.
Why do you thus the rose pursue
Where'er it grows, however late?
To simple myrtle can you add
A single grace? I do not think
The myrtle less beseems my slave
Than me when 'neath the vine I drink.

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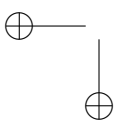
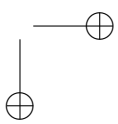



NOTES

ODE I

Meta-Meta. The *metæ* were three tall conical objects set on a semicircular plinth at a short distance from each end of the Spina. These formed the turning-points for the chariots. The *primæ metæ* were near the semicircular end of the circus, round which the chariots made the first turn, hence the closer the charioteer could keep to the *metæ* the better, as shortening the course (From *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, edited by Dr. Smith, ed. 1890).

Fickle crowd = Turba mobilium Quiretium; *cf. popularis aurœ* (Ode III, 2–20). [E. D. Wickham.]

Triple crown. Tergeminis. Tergemini properly means three born at a birth, as gemini by usage meant two so born. Afterwards it was used generally for triple. The triple honours are apparently those of curule ædile, prætor, consul [Wickham]; quæstor, prætor, consul [James Gow]. *Vide Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, articles Ædile and Quæstor.

Ægean. Icaris, the eastern part of the Ægean, so called after the island of Icaria, or more popularly from Icarus, son of Dædalus, whose story is well known.

Impatient. Indocilis, untaught to suffer poverty, or rather modest means, hence impatient of adversity, not suffering (... pati).

So if the hunted stag has died. Seu visa est, to run from scent to view, just before the kill, the intervening time usually is very short.

Polyhymnia, one of the Muses; she presided over lyric poetry, and was believed to have invented the lyre. The Muse of the sublime Hymn. *Vide Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology*, edited by Wm. Smith, 1849.

Euterpe, the Muse of the lyre.

ODE II

Deucalion. Pyrrha, wife of Deucalion, and joint survivor with him of the deluge (*Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography*).

Proteus occurs in the earliest legends as a subject of Poseidon, and described as tending his flocks (*Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography*).

Ilia mourning for her love. Nimium with quærenti, "complaining more than he could bear"; she complains of the murder of her great descendant, Julius Cæsar. Horace connects the name of Ilia (Rea Sylvia) with the Julian line, as Virgil does those of Ilus and Iulus [Wickham].

Vesta's virgins supplicate. Vestæ virgines. The vestal virgins. The temple of Vesta referred to in *monumenta regis* would include the Pontifex Maximus and the temple of Vesta, both were attributed to King Numa: it was situated at the foot of Mount Palatine. For vestal virgins, *vide Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.*

Venus. Erycina = Venus from her temple on Mount Eryx. The Gods invoked are all specially connected with Julius Cæsar. He was the priest of Vesta; his ancestor, Caius Julius, dedicated the only temple to Apollo then existing in Rome; Venus was his mythical ancestress, Mars his mythical ancestor. Apollo is described as Augur in Carm. Sæcul. 61, and in Virgil, Æn. iv 376. This title was not known to the Greeks [James Gow].

Brothers of Helen. Fratres Heleni, Castor and Pollux. Supposed to be special protectors of sailors (*vide* Ode XII, 25–32). They saw their presence in the lights which play at times round the masts of vessels in the Mediterranean after stormy weather, and known as St. Elmo's fire.

North-west blow. Iapyga-albus Iapyx (Book III, Ode XXVII, 20). The N.W. wind, which got its name in the mouths of those who crossed from Brundusium to Dyrrhachium, on whom it blew from the *Iapygium promontorium* in Apulia, and to whom it was the most favourable wind [Wickham].

His heart was braced. To string up (nerves, sinews, &c.), give firmness or tone to; figuratively also to brace oneself, heart, energies, &c., in the sense of summoning up resolution for a task (*Dictionary of the English Language*, edited by James A. H. Murray, 1888).

When it meets the North; and his steadfast wind. Decertantem = fighting hard with. May this not refer to the advent of spring, when navigation would begin again (see next ode), and the warm winds from the South took the place of the cold North winds of winter? Until the warm weather had completely set in, the memory of the winter storms would not be obliterated. Hence this would mean early spring. Since writing the above I have read again *The Cruise of the "Falcon,"* by E. F. Knight, where, describing the voyage across the Atlantic, he says: "We were now having an experience of that tantalising, wearisome region where the doldrums and South-West African monsoons fight for mastery over the equatorial sea." And again a little later on he says: "We had now reached a locality between the S.W. monsoon and the S.E. trade, where these winds contend continually for the mastery." This seems to me to exactly coincide with Horace's

Decertantem. Whether such a phenomenon takes place annually in the Mediterranean or not I don't know.

Acroceraunian. Acroceraunia. Horace names a special dangerous head-land, as he has a special wind in v. 12 and a special sea in v. 15. They are all, however, special dangers which Virgil himself must encounter on his journey from Brundusium to Dyrrhachium [Wickham].

Prometheus. Iapeti. Father of Prometheus, and regarded by the Greeks as the ancestor of the human race. *Audax lapeti genus* = Prometheus (*Dictionary Greek and Roman Biography*).

ODE IV

. . . long-dry keels are drawn. Siccas machinæ carinas = rollers [Wickham]. Horace uses the word (*machinæ*) for the machine used to launch vessels, which appears to have been effected by the joint force of ropes and pulleys drawing the ship and a screw pushing it forwards, aided by rollers (φαλαγγες) underneath it. *Siccas carinas*, the dry keels, so called as the boats had been lying on the shore all the winter, and were therefore dry. On parts of our own coasts, *e.g.* Northumberland, it is the custom of the fishermen to haul the smaller cobles, *i.e.* fishing-boats, on to the cliffs, and to bring the larger boats down for use during the winter months. For this purpose they use a pair of wheels with a crank axle which is pushed under the boat until it balances, when it is drawn by horses or pushed by men to the place desired. Our lifeboat carriages are a more elaborate example. I imagine the poet had fishing-boats more in his mind probably than trading vessels.

Your will not circulate the glass. Regna vini, the post of συμτοσιαρχος, *arbiter bibendi. Vide* Smith's *Dictionary of Antiquities*, article Symposium.

ODE V

In the simplest way. Simplex munditiis. "In his (her) simplicity divine." [Tennyson.]

Pyrrha, a fictitious name.

And my arms, too, are hung. "My arms too are hung her trophies among," *cf.* Book III, Ode XXVI.

> Nunc arma defunctumque bello
> Barbiton hic paries habebit;

referring to the practice of hanging up the arms of the conquered enemy on the walls of a temple. The practice still obtains, *e.g.*, regimental colours in churches, that is, the victorious colour; and trophies of the chase, *i.e.*, the animal which has been overcome.

ODE VI

Homer's strain. Maconii carminis. Lydian, poetically applied to Homer, who was supposed to be a native of Lydia.

Equal to the Gods. Superis parem, referring to his wounding Aphrodite and Ares.

ODE VII

Mytilene. I do not know if there is any authority for Mitylene as a trisyllable.

Delphic shrines. Besides the great temple of Apollo it contained many sanctuaries, statues, and other works of art (*Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography*).

Olive crown. Olivam. The olive leaf is specially named as the appropriate crown for one who wrote of Athens [Wickham].

For horses apt.... Aptum... equis Argos = Homer's ιππόβοτος.

Teucer, a son of Telamon and Hesione of Crete, and stepbrother of Ajax. On his return from the Trojan War his father refused to receive him in Salamis because he had not revenged the death of his brother Ajax, or brought with him his remains. Teucer, in consequence of a promise of Apollo, sailed away in search of a new home. This he found in Cyprus, where he founded the town of Salamis.

... where Teucer calls. Where Teucer leads or Teucer sends. *Teucro duce et auspice Teucro*, under Teucer's conduct and Teucer's star. The two do not necessarily belong to the same person. The Auspices were taken in the name of the Imperator, and the *Felicitas* was his. I have taken the liberty of assuming that the leader (*dux*) also took the auspices and, if propitious, might send his people to war or battle unaccompanied by himself. There is some doubt about the reading. Paris A and some other MSS. have Teucer, it must then mean under Teucer's guidance and that of his patron, *i.e.* Apollo [*vide* note by Wickham].

ODE VIII

... breaker's gear. Lupatis... frenis. A bit with jagged points like wolves' teeth, used for taming the fiercer horses. To modern ideas, a method well adapted to make a horse still more unmanageable.

The heavy discus. This discus was not a hollow ring as our quoit, but a solid disc, a foot in diameter, held between the fingers and the inside of the elbow joint; it easily might leave marks on the arm.

As once the son of Thetis tried. Filium Thetidis = Achilles, referring to the well-known post-Homeric story of his disguising himself as a woman to avoid going to the Trojan War. Thetis, knowing that if he went it would be fatal to him, introduced

him among the daughters of Lycomedes of Seyros, where he was found by Ulysses.

ODE IX

Squares are heard. Areæ. The open spaces in the town, especially round temples [Orelli]. I have translated it "squares" as the nearest modern equivalent, although no special shape is necessary. Campus is applied to the eight (or seventeen) open spaces in Rome. Campus Esquilinus, Cic. (*Latin-English Lexicon*, Riddle).

ODE X

Grandson of Atlas. Nepos Atlantis. Hermes (identified with Mercurius) was the son of Zeus and Maia, one of the Pleiades, and daughter of Atlas [J. Gow].

Silver-tongued. Facundus eloquent. Cf. Acts XIV 12: "And they called Barnabas, Jupiter; and Paul, Mercurius, because he was the chief speaker."

ODE XI

Babylonian numerals. Numeros = tables, calculations. A reference to astrology, in which mathematics were much used. Horace himself was not above the superstitions of his day.

Strains = *Liques*, *i.e.* decants, his wine.

ODE XII

Delight. I have taken the stop as after *audax*, following Bentley and Ritter, making them an epithet of Pallas. But Bacchus (in Book II, Ode XIX, line 28) is *idem pacis mediusque belli.* If the stop is put after *honores*, war gives delight to Bacchus, a

proposition I deem doubtful, especially so closely joined with *virgo inimica sævis*.

Phœbus striking from afar. ἑκατηβόλος Απολλων , far-darting Apollo (Homer), a regular epithet of the God.

Curius. M. Curius Dentatus won the battle of Beneventum B.C. 275. He is a standing example of ancient Roman simplicity [Wickham].

Distraught. *Incomptis* = unadorned, rude. *Cf.* Book II, Ode XV, line 11, *Intonsi Catonis*. Pliny says the first barber was brought trom Sicily in B.C. 300, and that Scipio Africanus was the first Roman who was shaved daily. To have lived before the days of barbers implies antiquity and the absence of softer modern habits [Wickham].

ODE XIII

Fifth part. *Quinta parte* = Quintessence, the very best part; nothing, of course, to do with essence, perfume.

. . . man and wife. Roman marriage (*vide Dictionary Greek and Roman Antiquities*, *sub* Matrimonium and Divortium) was terminable by either party at any time, though divorce was said to be unknown in the earlier times. The first case of divorce is said to have occurred in B.C. 233, when Sp. Cæcilius Rufa put away his wife on the ground of barrenness. Towards the end of the Republic and under the Empire divorce was very common.

And break it only with their life. *Suprema citius die* = sooner than the day of death (parts them). It is death and not the rupture of love that parts them [J. Gow].

ODE XIV

With ropes unbound. Sine funibus = without ropes. Referring to the practice of passing ropes round the outside of the hull to hold the timbers in position, and relieve the strain of a heavy sea. *Cf.* St. Paul's voyage, "they undergirded the ship."

. . . shinning Cyclades. Nitentes Cyclades. A reference perhaps to their marble rocks and alluring but dangerous aspect [Wickham].

ODE XV

The *treacherous shepherd*, Paris.

A fiercer Tydeus. Tydides melior patre. Tydides = son of Tydeus.

ODE XVI

His passions did Thyestes bring. I have taken *iræ* not to mean the passionate anger of Thyestes but to refer to his lusts, *vide* the story of the house of Pelops. Of course, the story of the Pelopidæ would be well known to all Horace's readers, so that the origin of the wrath of Thyestes would be understood.

With victors' ploughs. . . . To plough the site of a conquered city was a token of its utter destruction.

ODE XVII

Scaurs. A north-country word denoting a precipitous place, usually the result of a landslide, but is covered after a time with grass and trees, very common by the side of rivers.

And sea-born Circe's herd of swine. Vitream. As a sea nymph, daughter of the Oceanid Perse. Homer, *Odyssey*, X, 139 [Wickham].

ODE XVIII

Lapithæ and Centaurs. Referring to their quarrel at the wedding feast of Peirithous, where the Centaurs had got drunk on wine.

Thracians were notorious for their intemperance, *vide* Ode XXVII.

. . . *secrets shown. Secrets* = the Bacchic mysteries.

ODE XIX

The child of Theban Semele = Bacchus (*vide Greek and Roman Biography, sub* Dionysus).

. . . *Parian fane. Pario* = fairer than a Parian fane. Paros, famous for its marble.

ODE XX

Served in small cups. . . . Cantharis. A large drinking-cup, usually made of earthen-ware, but sometimes of metal: they were often highly adorned. Here evidently they were smaller than usual (*modicis*), Horace wishing to accentuate the frugality of his living. Sabine wine, *i.e.* a poor quality; *cantharis modicis*, small cups; *ipse testa conditum*, bottled by himself.

. . . *Pompey's statue. Vaticani.* The theatre of Pompey, which was the only one finished at this time, stood at the south end of the Campus Martius, so looking across the Tiber on the Janiculum and Vatican hills [Wickham].

Cœcubam. Cœcubum, Caleno, Falernue, Formiani, all having reference to the higher-class wines, such as a man of Mæcenas position would be likely to use.

ODE XXI

Young. Intonsum. A sign of youth; the girls are to sing Diana, the boys Apollo [Wickham].

Cynthius = Apollo, from Mt. Cynthus in Delos [Wickham]. (*Vide* Ode XXXV, note.)

Latona was mother of Apollo and Diana by Zeus [*Classical Dictionary*, Smith, *sub* Leto].

Erymanthus. Brymanthi, a mountain on the north frontier of Arcadia.

Cragus. Cragi, in Lycia, for Artemis as well as Apollo.

Tempe, where Apollo purified himself after the slaughter of Pytho.

ODE XXII

Hydaspes, a river of the Punjaub, the modern Jelum. I have taken it as referring to the Punjaub generally – its five rivers.

ODE XXIII

... *breadth of spring. Adventus veris*, etc. It has been objected, by Bentley, that there are no green leaves to shiver in the coming of spring, but it would seem unnecessary to press the meaning of *adventus* too closely, and, after all, in early spring cold, even severe, is not uncommon [Wickham].

ODE XXIV

In vain you pray.... Tu frustra pius. It is vain, alas! that with pious prayers thou dost ask the Gods to restore Quintilius, whom thou didst entrust to their keeping, but not on those terms (*i.e.* that they should not take him away), Porphyrion's explanation. Lambinus and Grævius understand *non ita creditum* to mean that he was not entrusted to Virgil on such terms that he was never to part with him [A. J. Macleane].

And back to palid ghosts.... Non vande redeat. Cf. Homer, νεκύων εἴδωλα, Ode XI, have to have a draught of blood before they can recover life enough to talk with Odysseus [Wickham].

ODE XXVI

Pimplea, properly the name of a fountain in Pieria, near Mount Olympus. Horace uses it as an adjective of the Muse who haunts the spot [Wickham].

ODE XXVII

Thracians, *vide* Ode XVIII.

Cups = the measures, *i.e.* moderate drinking, too many cups were not a measure.

... Persian knife. Acinaces. This word signifies the Persian scimitar or short sword, introduced into Greece after the Persian War. It is commonly used by Herodotus. Horace seems to be the first Latin writer that uses it [Macleane]

... trinity. Triforma Chimæra, referring to the three-headed monster The fore part of her body was that of a lion, the back that of a dragon, the middle that of a goat. According to Hesiod she had three heads, one of each of the above-mentioned animals.

. . . *Archytas hail.* I am neither competent nor qualified to discuss the various interpretations attached to this Ode. I assume that Horace, as he so often does, wishes to moralise on the instability of life, of fortune, and of learning. For this purpose he takes Archytas, who lived about B.C. 400, one of the most renowned of ancient philosophers and mathematicians, and who was said to have been drowned in the Adriatic. His ghost is supposed to be addressed by some one, perhaps an intimate friend, who had also been shipwrecked: "All your knowledge is of no use, you could measure and count the sand on the shore, and pry into the mysteries of the sea and of the heaven, but at the last a tiny pinch of dust is all you are. Why hope to escape death? Pythagoras, Minos, Tithonus, are all dead. I also am dead, drowned as you were in the sea, but unless some one will cast a pinch of dust on me I cannot pass the Styx or rest quietly in my tomb. A little dust is all you were, a little dust is all I want, to be your equal, who in life was so much more accomplished than I." To my mind it is the same thought as appears in Book II, Ode XIV, line 21, *et seq.*:

> Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens
> Uxor; neque harum, quas colis, arborum
> Te, præter invisas cupressos,
> Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

To me it seems quite unnecessary to try and make various interpretations or suggestions. Archytas makes a convenient person for some imaginary shipwrecked ghost to address, in order that Horace may moralise.

Euphorbus. Pythagoras was said to have supported his doctrine of μετεμψύχωσις by asserting that his own soul had animated the body of Euphorbus (Παόθου υὸν ἐυμμελίεν), whom Menelaus

slew (Homer, *Iliad*, XVII, 69), a fact which he proved by recognising the shield of Euphorbus hung with others in a temple at Argos.

Ruth = sorrow (*vide* Murray's *English Dictionary*, Archaic).

You ride upon an even keel. Venusia's woods, etc. I have taken this as if the sailor was under the lee of the woods, sheltered from the wind and, therefore, riding on an even keel.

ODE XXIX

The search for books.... Libros Panœti. The Stoic philosopher and friend of Scipio Africanus Minor. *Socraticam domus*, the school of philosophy [Wickham].

Of Spanish steel to wear and rule. Spanish steel was famous, *cf.* Toledo swords.

ODE XXX

Cnidus. Venus, Cnidus, Paphos, etc. (*vide Dictionary Greek and Roman Biography*); all the foregoing places were connected with the worship of Venus.

ODE XXXI

... Calabria's suns. Æstrosœ = glowing, very hot, from the sun; *cf.* shimmering heat.

... Cales prune the wine. Premant calena, etc. If we read "ut" instead of "et" there is a taunt against the wine-grower who toils that other men may drink of his wine, as well as against the trader who risks his life for gold cups and rich wine [Wickham]. May it not be that Horace is comparing the fortunate lot of the wine-grower with that of the merchant who, it is true, drains the wine from golden cups, but who has to trade at the risk of

his life from the Atlantic to Syria, in order to obtain the means of doing so?

Bought by the wares.... *Vina Syra reparata merce.* Wine taken in exchange for Syrian wares.

ODE XXXII

Thou who wast wont in Lesbian strain, i.e. Alcæus. Horace always prided himself that he was the first to use the Alcaic metre in Latin.

ODE XXXIII

And low-grown hair. Insignem tenui fronte. A mark of youth as well as of good looks, and seems to suggest that this admiration for a low forehead, or hair low down on the forehead, was connected with the horror a Roman felt for baldness [Wickham].

Free-born. Melior = better = free born. Myrtale was the child of a manumitted slave (*Libertina*).

ODE XXXIV

... sire of Gods supreme. Diespiter = Jupiter. *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities* says Jupiter, a contraction of *Diovis pater* or *Diespiter* and *Diovis* or *Dies*, which was originally identical with *divum* (heaven), so that Jupiter literally means "the heavenly father."

The kingly crown.... *Apicem* seems to be used here for the tiara of Eastern kings (Ode III, 21, 30, *regum apices*). It was the name of the conical cap worn at Rome by the flamines [Wickham].

ODE XXXV

Antium. Horace here, as elsewhere, imitates the common mode of addressing a Greek god or goddess by the title of some chief seat of their worship: *O quæ beatam diva terneo Cyprum* (Book III, Ode XXVI, line 9, etc.). There was at Antium a famous temple of Fortuna, or rather apparently of the Fortunæ, who were represented as two sisters, *veridicæ sorores* (Mart., V, i, 3), whose images were consulted as an oracle [Wickham]. The Ode is an address to Fortune, or rather, perhaps, to Good Fortune, especially with reference to the establishment of Roman power under Cæsar.

Nails. Clavos trabales, etc. Nails such as are used to fix beams; *cuneos*, wedge-shaped nails. The *uncus* is an iron clamp which was fastened by molten lead and used to join blocks of stone. The point is they are not implements of building, but they are the implements that make a building indissoluble [Wickham].

ODE XXXVI

Man's estate. Mutatæ-togæ, *i.e.* the assumption of the *toga virili* instead of the *prætexta* at the age of fifteen [Wickham].

White mark. Cressa nota = a white mark to symbolise a lucky day.

Bassus. The Roman name almost implies that a real person was meant, but none is known to us whose date would suit this reference. By Martial's time the name has, from this passage, become proverbial for a heavy drinker [Wickham].

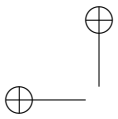
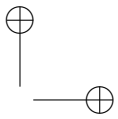
ODE XXXVII

. . . *deadly snakes. Combibent.* The story of her death by the bite of an asp was, according to Dio (51. 14), due to conjecture.

Some κεντηματα λεπτα were found on her arm, which were attributed by some to the bite of an asp, by some to a poisoned needle. Suetonius also (Oct. 17) only says *putabatur* [Wickham].

ODE XXXVIII

Persicos. Persian luxury was proverbial.

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