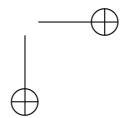
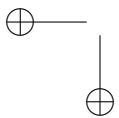
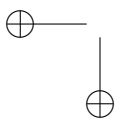
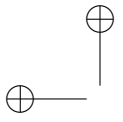


The Odes of Horace
Books I and II



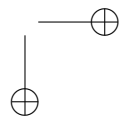
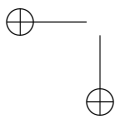


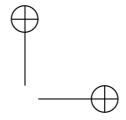
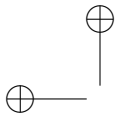


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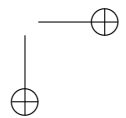
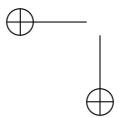
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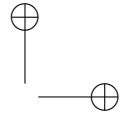
IWP





2024
First Published, 1955





TO QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS

*O kindly cynic, safe and calm
Amidst Elysian Fields,
Assigned another Sabine farm,
A flight that fancy yields.*

*Here thou can rest as when on earth,
A boon the gods allow,
Cæcuban wine for temperate mirth
And myrtle on thy brow.*

*Lyde and Lalage at hand,
Mæcenas at thy side,
A shady grot, and from thy land
A prospect fair and wide.*

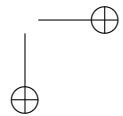
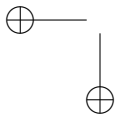
*You take this book, and for a while
Perplexity engages,
Until at length with courteous smile
You idly turn the pages.*

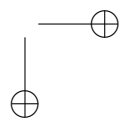
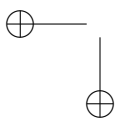
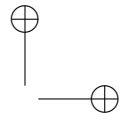
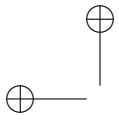
*“My humble odes! Ah, yes, indeed,
You use our Latin letters
For your uncouth, barbaric screech,
That limps within its fetters.”*

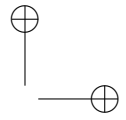
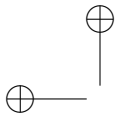
*“Nevertheless, I praise the thought
To bring within your home
Something of what in life I taught,
The glory that was Rome.”*

*’Tis thus I dreamt the poet’s mind
Some charity afforded.
And if my readers are as kind,
I shall be well rewarded.*

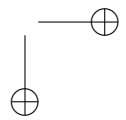
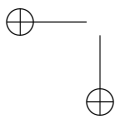
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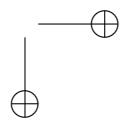
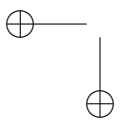
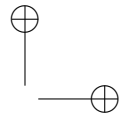
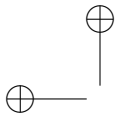


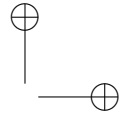




BOOK I

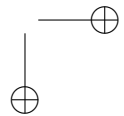
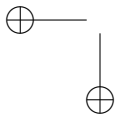






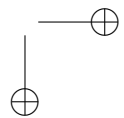
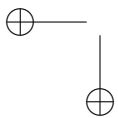
ODE 1
TO MÆCENAS

Mæcenas of the royal line,
My patron and my pride,
Some covered with Olympic dust
In chariot races ride.
Their glowing wheels just clear the goal,
And when they gain the prize,
Exalted high, lords of the earth,
Like gods unto their eyes.
Quirites strive in vain to raise
This man to honour's height;
Another in his granary
Stores up for his delight
The gleanings from the threshing floors
That Libyan sweepings yield;
While one tills only with the hoe
His patrimonial field.
You could not tempt this rustic
By words from morn to dark,
For all the wealth of Attalus
To man a Cyprian bark.
In vain you would exhort him
To leave the upland leas,
Become a timorous sailor,
And cross the Myrtoan seas.
Yet for a space the trader,
Who dreads the south-west wind
Contending with Icarian waves,
Commends a tranquil mind.



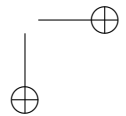
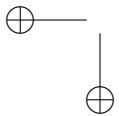


He seeks repose, retiring
Unto his rural home,
But soon more wealth desiring,
Decides again to roam.
Poverty ill contents him,
Tranquillity doth fade,
He mends his shattered vessel,
And once more plys his trade.
Another finds contentment
In cups of Massic wine,
Taking a portion of the day
To sleep beneath the vine,
Or stretched by green arbutus,
He lazily doth dream,
Or else reposes at the head
Of some quiet, sacred stream.
The camp and martial music,
The trumpet's call to arms,
Rejoice a goodly company,
Who welcome war's alarms.
Though mothers who have borne them,
Detest this mortal strife,
The soldier for the eagles
Leaves parents, child and wife.
Unmindful of his tender spouse,
The hunter goes his rounds,
Whether a hart is held in view
By his thrice faithful hounds;
Whether the air grows cold and chill,
Intent upon his spoils,
He waits to see if Marsian boar
Has broke the fine-wrought toils.
Ivy, reward of learned brows.
A prize by all allowed,
Will make me equal with the gods,





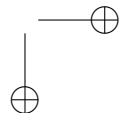
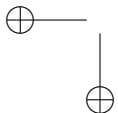
Distinguished from the crowd.
The cool grove and the nymphs afoot
With satyrs in light dances,
Will equally attest my fame,
And add unto my chances,
If neither Euterpe holds back
Her pipe that I desire,
Nor Polyhymnia fails to keep
In tune the Lesbian lyre.
But if among the lyric poets
You rank me, by great Mars,
I tower with my exalted head
Uplifted to the stars.

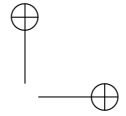




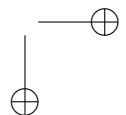
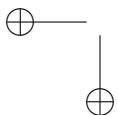
ODE 2
TO AUGUSTUS CÆSAR

Enough of snow and dreadful hail omnipotent Sire hath sent
Upon the earth. And even now we pray him to relent.
With red right hand his thunder disturbed the sacred towers,
The city shook with terror before his mighty powers.
The nations sore affrighted, as dwellings crash and burn,
Dread lest the age of Pyrrha with portents should return,
When Proteus led his sea-herds to mountains high in droves,
When fishes in the elm trees were seen instead of doves.
And as the flooding waters poured fast and ever brimming,
Upon the surface of the waves the timid deer were swimming.
So have we seen the Tiber, boiling in yellow foam,
Repelled anew from Tuscan shores thrust backward on to Rome,
Rushing in mighty torrents onwards with fell design,
Destroying King Numa's monuments and Vesta's sacred shrine.
So thus doth rather Tiber in accents loud proclaim
Revenge for weeping Ilia his object and his aim.
Thus doth uxorious river still mindful of his love,
Brave the disapprobation of the all powerful Jove,
Leaving his wonted channel, his indignation glows,
With roar of spume and waters his left bank overflows.
Our youth reduced in numbers through misdeeds of their sires,
Shall hear how civil discord blazed out in angry fires,
How Roman turned on Roman, alike the high and low,
With swords far better fashioned to smite the Persian foe.
E'en of fraternal battles the story sad relate,
And ask which god will listen to save the sinking State?
What prayer shall sacred virgins with pleading upward raise?
Vesta ignores the spoken word, disdains their hymns of praise.





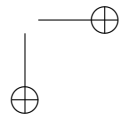
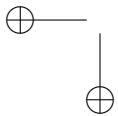
To whom assigns great Jupiter the burden of our crime?
O come Apollo, prophet, god, at this distracted time,
Veiling thy radiant shoulders within a golden cloud,
Speaking we pray thee unto us thy gracious thoughts aloud.
Or else let smiling Venus descend from heights above,
Around her ever hover the gods of mirth and love.
Perchance our mighty founder, Mars, comes speeding from afar,
Bringing to aid thy children the clarion call of war;
Clamour and shining helmets and Moorish troops in line,
So terrible against the foe, delight that heart of thine.
Too long thy sport continues, too many men have died,
Until at length aweary thy sword sheathes satisfied.
Better let son of gentle Maia assume a human shape,
Robes of imperial purple the nation round him drape.
Avenger of great Cæsar, expectant to our eyes,
May you delay for many years your summons to the skies.
Long may you reign to prosper us, we citizens of Rome,
Nor may our misdeeds drive you hence unto your heavenly
home.
Father and prince, your triumphs advance along the Appian
way;
No longer Parthians dare to raid, our Roman kin to slay.
Hail Cæsar, Lord and Emperor, for ever and a day!





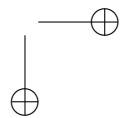
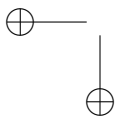
ODE 3
TO THE SHIP IN WHICH VIRGIL WAS ABOUT
TO SAIL FOR ATHENS

To the goddess who rules over Cyprus,
To the twin stars who gleam in the sky,
To the father of winds in entreaty,
Prevent each except Iapyx to fly.
May all of ye steer a sate passage
For Virgil the half of my soul,
And waft him securely to Athens,
Preserving him healthy and whole.
Stout oak, triple brass ably welded
Cased the heart in a permanent grip
Of the man who first trusted the ocean,
And launched on its waters a ship.
And Africus feared not, contending
With storms from the pitiless north,
He disdained the mournful Hyades,
And let his frail bark sally forth.
He laughed at the fury of Notus,
Who holds Adriatic in sway,
Which rolls its white billows in turmoil,
Or at pleasure calms waves in the bay.
No manner of death could affright him,
At sea-monsters and whirlpools he'd mock,
And beholding the Acroceraunians,
He smiled at that evil-shaped rock.
In vain have the gods well divided
Every land by the wide spreading main,
Man sails in his ships on the ocean,





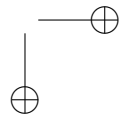
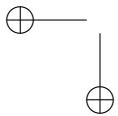
Superb in his pride and profane.
Presumptuous, he violates commandment
Laid down for the welfare of Earth.
Greatly daring, enduring all hardship,
Forsaking the land of his birth.
Deceitful Prometheus, unmindful,
Brought fire from the heavens above,
Consumption and fevers then followed,
And Death swiftly overcame Love.
So one soared with wings, thus contemning
The will of the gods more and more;
And Hercules went into Hades,
To land on dread Acheron's shore.
No barrier Nature imposes
Can keep back the ardour of man,
In our folly we aim at high heaven,
The laws of creation to scan.
So wicked and foolish we mortals,
Let us own to our infinite shame
That Jove must refurbish his thunder
To scourge us with lightning and flame.

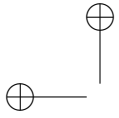




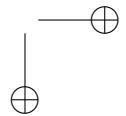
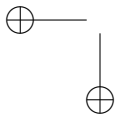
ODE 4
TO SEXTIUS

Harsh Winter yields to vernal Spring,
Soft blows the wind once more,
Tackle and engines downward bring
The vessels to the shore.
The rustic leaves his cottage fire
To plough the earthy weald,
The cattle shun the sheltered byre
To graze unfrozen field.
The moonlight smiles upon the glade
Where Venus leads the dance,
Her nymphs attendant, each fair maid
With soft alluring glance.
The Graces follow in her train
To tread the mazy measure;
And to their feet the earth again
Re-echoes in its pleasure.
Beneath that overhanging gorge
The glowing Vulcan toils,
Kindling anew the Cyclops' forge
To fashion martial spoils.
With myrtle green our heads we deck,
Or other vernal flowers.
Now Spring has come, we little reck
The passing of the hours.
Faunus a sacrifice we owe,
A lamb, perchance a kid,
A recompense for months of snow,
When his fair gifts lay hid.





And yet, my Sextius, one thought more
Disturbs me as I sing,
Pale Death comes knocking at the door
Of peasant and of king.
Happy thou art to-day, my friend,
Remote from cares and strife,
To everything there comes an end,
How short the span of life!
Too soon among the gathering gloom
The shadowy ghosts appear,
For Pluto summons to the tomb,
His haunted house draws near.
Once wafted thence, no more the dice
Shall crown thee King of Wine,
Pluto will take an ample price
For all misdeeds of thine.
Cerberus bays as from his lair
He marks thee shrink aside;
And kindly Lycidas, thy heir,
Finds solace in a bride.





ODE 5
TO PYRRHA

Pyrrha in a dainty grot,
Overhung with roses.
Who's that youth, whose happy lot
Is to bring you posies?

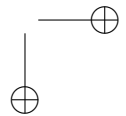
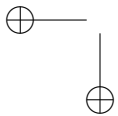
Scented youth, he seeks your charms,
Strokes your golden tresses,
Holds you fast within his arms,
Smothered with caresses.

Ah, too often in the years,
Will he rate Time's sickle,
Ask the gods with bitter tears,
Why they made you fickle.

As the sea is calm and blue,
So the callow lover
Hopes you will be ever true,
Never love another.

Now the sky is black with rain,
And the sea surprises,
Tempest tossed the troubled main,
Furious gale arises.

Wretches lured by Pyrrha's wiles,
As she binds her hair,
Find destruction in her smiles,
And their end despair.

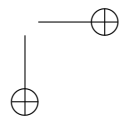
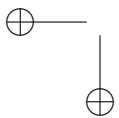




Unto Neptune vows I pay
For my preservation,
Stand the tablets there to-day,
With no reservation.

The votive tablets indicate
My garments, dripping free,
I here now duly consecrate
To the great god of sea.

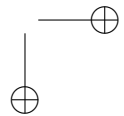
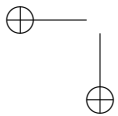
So a tablet on my stairs
Might reveal this story:
“I escaped from Pyrrha’s snares,
To the gods the glory.”

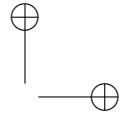




ODE 6
TO AGRIPPA

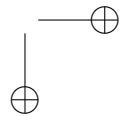
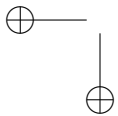
Varius that bird whose flight rejoices
To sing your praise in loud Mæonian voices,
Extols your bravery in high command,
Alike on shipboard or upon the land.
He marks you riding at your armies' head,
Your troop victorious in their martial tread.
But, O, Agrippa, we poor, humble wights
Cannot attain such high poetic flights.
Achilles' deadly ire to voice we fail,
Ulysses, crafty, for us furls his sail.
To chronicle his voyages lacks our skill,
Nor bends the house of Pelops to our will.
The Muse, who rules instead the peaceful lyre,
And diffidence forbid me to conspire
To sing great Cæsar's praises and your fame,
For lack of genius and a pen too tame.
Who has a dignity that will not fail
To show Red Mars in adamantine mail?
Or Meriones, dark with Trojan dusts,
Or son of Tydeus who in Pallas trusts;
By her protection with the gods made peer,
But we free blades love light from year to year.
We sing of banquets, or when feasting fails,
Relate how maids oppose youths with pared nails!

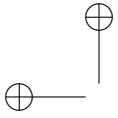




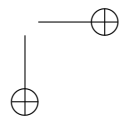
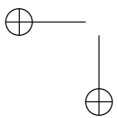
ODE 7
TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS

Mitylene, famous Rhodes, Ephesus or Thebes the
great
Made illustrious by Bacchus, other poets shall cele-
brate,
Or the bastions of fair Corinth girt by seas on either
side,
Delphi extolled by Apollo, or Thessalian Tempe's
pride.
City of the spotless Pallas, some may sing in verse
unbrief,
And prefer to pluck the olive unto any other leaf.
Many a one in praise of Juno chants of Argos and
its steeds,
Or again of rich Mycenæ other ways my Muse now
leads.
I ignore Lacædemon and Larissa's fertile plain,
Turning to the house of Albus, sounding in my ear
again.
From the heights the rapid Anio hurries as its water
gleams,
I behold the groves of Tibur, orchards lapped by
pleasant streams.
As the south wind often sweetly clears clouds from
a lowering sky,
Nor lets rain storms fall for ever, but allows the
earth to dry,
So do you O Plancus wisely, grateful to the gods
divine,





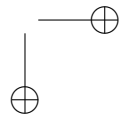
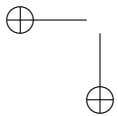
Set an end to grief and labour by the aid of mellowed
wine.
Whether tented field detains you, banners shining
in the heat,
Or your leafy home at Tibur keeps you in its cool
retreat.
Teucer fleeing from Salamis in fear of his father's
frown,
Notwithstanding, bound his temples bathed in wine
with poplar crown,
It is said his good companions thus addressed with
cheerful voice:
“We will go wherever Fortune carries us within its
choice.
More propitious than a father, Fortune is our kindly
guide,
Trust my friends in Teucer's conduct, with Apollo
at his side.
For the god, our great protector, promises that we
shall find
Salamis in a new country like the one we leave
behind.
Gallant heroes, used to hardship, drive your cares
with wine away.
In a few hours we weigh anchor at the dawn of a
new day.
To the god, the great Apollo, pour libations on our
knees,
Mindful of to-morrow's voyaging over vast and mighty
seas.”

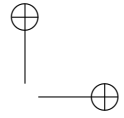




ODE 8
TO LYDIA

Lydia, I ask thee by the gods above,
Why ruin Sybaris by the lures of love?
Inured to dust and heat, pray now explain
The reason why he shuns the sunny plain?
No longer as a soldier with his peers
He rides his Gallic steed; and even fears
To cleave the waves of yellow Tiber's stream,
Where once he strove a swimmer, all supreme.
In boxing he would challenge all who came.
Offer him oil, he turns aside in shame.
The summons to the ring he has withstood,
As if the unguent had been viper's blood.
No more he shows his bruised arms in pride,
The discus and the javelin laid aside.
Like Thetis' son at Troy's approaching doom,
Why keep concealed in unfrequented gloom?
Is it for fear the clarion call of war
Should fan his martial ardour from afar,
Bidding him leave the net of Lydia's charms
For Lycian troops and death's most dire alarms?





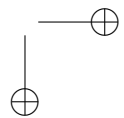
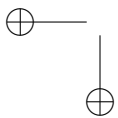
ODE 9
TO THALIARCHUS

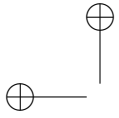
White, white with snow Soracte stands;
Snow overcomes the forest's force,
Chill lies the frost upon the lands
And stems the river in its course.
Dear friend, anew for me and mine
Pile on more logs, and, by thy star,
Bring out thy best, thy four years' wine,
Treasured within the Sabine jar.

The gods allayed the furious gales,
Which warred with a tempestuous sea.
The wind not any more avails
To stir the cypress on the lea.
The ancient ash trees stand like rods,
Unmoved amid the winter's sway,
So we can leave care to the gods,
And taste the pleasures of to-day.

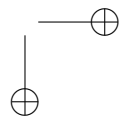
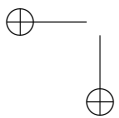
Inquire not of to-morrow's pain,
What Fortune brings you, now embrace,
And score the gift for present gain,
Nor meet it with lugubrious face.
For thou art young, nor need disdain
Thy pleasant loves and dancing hours,
Till frosty age has chilled thy brain,
And withered all thy garden's flowers.

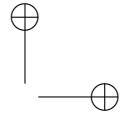
The Campus Martius and the glades
Can whisper yet of plighted troth,
And still as falls the evening shades,





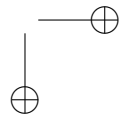
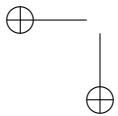
You come a lover, nothing loth.
From bosky thicket notes of mirth
Reveal the maid who hides her charms;
And, as the dryad leaps to earth,
You snatch the token from her arms.

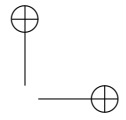
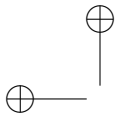




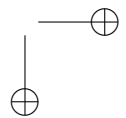
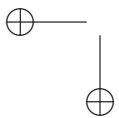
ODE 10
TO MERCURY

To Mercury, grandson of Atlas,
An eloquent god in thy speech,
Who skilfully trained savage mortals
Choice language and manners to teach.
Established the graceful Palastra
For sport and the zest of desire,
I praise thee great Jupiter's runner,
Who invented the arcuate lyre.
Artful thefts and a jest to thy liking,
At thy wish thou wilt cloak or conceal,
When Apollo in angry upbraiding
Claimed the oxen he dared thee to steal,
Then a boy you were mute at his curses,
His wrath turned to laughter that day,
When he found that instead of atoning,
Thou had stolen his quiver away.
King Priam, fortified by thy guidance,
Passed from Ilium through the Greek knights,
Deceiving the proud sons of Atreus,
Undiscovered by Thessaly's lights.
Thou aided the opulent monarch
To recover the corpse of his boy,
Secure from inveterate hatred
That the Greeks entertained against Troy.
The souls of the good thou dost welcome,
Allotting them blissful retreat.
Wraiths and ghosts thou dost marshal together
In companies as it seems meet.





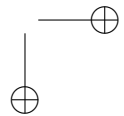
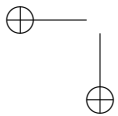
The Powers in high heaven and Hades
Alike bless the sway of thy rod,
As it gleams with its gold in the sunshine
O mischievous, quicksilver god.





ODE 11
TO LEUCONOE

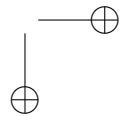
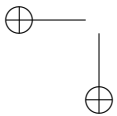
Leuconoe, 'tis not fitting
To know the span of life.
No Chaldean sages sitting,
Nor yet the sibyl wife,
Can tell us what is plotted
Across the starry chart,
The years of life allotted
Before we twain must part.
So manfully enduring,
In patience let us wait,
What the gods give, securing
Submission to our fate.
If great Jove grants more winters,
Or if this be the last,
That cleaves the rocks in splinters,
As stormy seas surge past.
Be wise. Let expectation
Reflect thy shortened day.
Thy wines for delectation
Rack off, the vintner pay.
As we discourse, Time beckons,
Make haste with panting breath
To seize to-day. Who reckons
To-morrow may bring death.





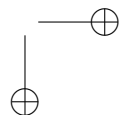
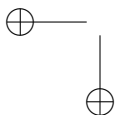
ODE 12
TO AUGUSTUS

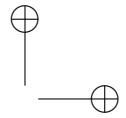
What mortal, what hero, what god do you celebrate,
Clio, on thy harp?
Dost thou tune the shrill pipe to a name sportive
echo repeats clear and sharp?
In Helicon's shady retreat, height of Pindus, or
Hamus so chill
Whence the woods followed Orpheus in tune, as he
played with his wonderful skill.
Mother-taught he persuaded the oaks, as they lis-
tened uprooted to follow,
Retarded the flow of the streams and halted the
breeze in the hollow.
My Muse tell me who I shall sing, except Jupiter,
Father supreme,
Who governs both men and the gods, as they work,
as they sleep, as they dream.
Sea, earth and the whole world he rules with seasons
that constantly change,
No greater than Jove is renowned for the might and
the power of his range.
Though Pallas I also would praise for her honours
in second degree,
Nor pass Bacchus unsung, ever bold as he crushes
the rich grapes for me.
O Virgin I laud, the protector of man from the
savage wild beast,
I praise Phœbus the unerring archer, and Hercules
toast at the feast



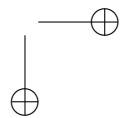
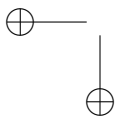


Forget not the offspring of Leda, both the runner
and horse-man of fame,
Constellation which burns in the heaven clear-shining
and lambent with flame;
A beacon of joy to the sailor, for the troubled surge
ebbs from the shore,
Winds calm, dark clouds vanish, moreover, the
waves cease to threaten and roar.
Whom next after these in my verses to praise, my
fair Muse, dost thou deign?
Whether Romulus, Rome's mighty founder, or King
Numa, his good peaceful reign,
Tarquinius with ensigns resplendent, or Cato in glory
to die,
Or Regulus pattern of honour, never known his
pledged word to deny.
The Scauri I add and great Paulus, his praises anew
I would sing,
Who with courage faced Carthage triumphant, and
Fabricius who conquered a king.
Harsh poverty, farm of his fathers formed this hero
whom wars ever call,
As also the shaggy haired Curius, and Camillus who
saved Rome from Gaul.
Marcellus, that name in gold letters I weave in the
woof of my rhyme.
His fame ever grows and increases, as a tree does
unnoticed by time.
Yet mighty above all these heroes is the name of the
great Julian line,
Who resembles the moon in the heavens, surpassing
the stars as they shine.
Son of Saturn, I hereby invoke thee, begetter of men
by and large,





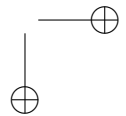
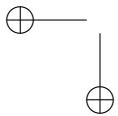
Be to Cæsar the gracious Protector, for the Fates
transfer him to thy charge.
Supreme thou shalt reign, only holding great Cæsar
thy second in place,
Whether enemy Parthians defeating, making inroads
on Italy's space,
Or subjecting the Seres and Indians in Eastern pos-
sessions afar,
He shall rule the wide world in his justice, subordi-
nate but to thy star.
Olympus is shaken affrighted as Jove in his car
passes under,
Polluted groves shrivel and vanish as against them
is launched his dire thunder.





ODE 13
TO LYDIA

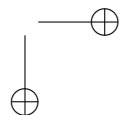
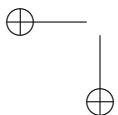
O Lydia, I hate your commending
Telephus and his neck like a rose.
Will you never, my dear, make an ending
Of the white arms that Telephus shows?
I cannot help saying I am nettled,
My liver is swelling with bile,
My mind and my colour unsettled,
And tears take the place of a smile.
On fire with a zeal to discover
Whether revels account for the stains
On the shoulders caressed by your lover,
Unworthy of all he obtains.
Or are they the marks of rough kisses?
If so, heed my counsel, I pray,
If the softness of Venus he misses,
He'll be true to you but for a day.
Thrice happy the twain so delighted,
No differences come to divide,
Until life's end comes, so united,
Perpetual bridegroom and bride.
For constancy, truth and devotion
Enrich the full meaning of life,
Transcending a passing emotion
That troubles the waters of strife.

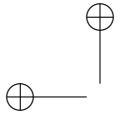




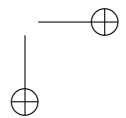
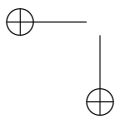
ODE 14
TO THE ROMAN STATE

O ship of State once more afloat, borne forth by
waves anew!
What are you doing? Dare, seize the port, altho'
your hopes are few.
Your sides have lost their plying oars, your mast
has felt the gale;
The violent south wind wounded it, groans deep
your main-yard's sail.
Your keel can scarce resist amain the waves' inces-
sant power,
Unless the help of cordage comes, your sails no
longer tower.
No more entire, just like the gods graven upon your
stern,
Pressed with distress you may again in vain unto
them turn.
Daughter of that illustrious wood, the stately Pontus
pine,
You boast your race and pristine fame, but vain
your ancient line.
The paintings made upon your stern in all those
bygone years,
No longer impart confidence, nor calm the sailor's
fears.
Look to yourself, O gallant Ship, unless a cruel rate
Shall make you sport of every wind, shattered and
desolate.





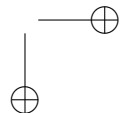
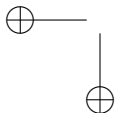
Lately my sorrow and fatigue, O Rome, dear Rome,
so fair,
You now receive solicitude, my tenderness and care.
The Cyclades which shine afar the eddying waves
to shape,
I pray that from their dangerous seas, great Ship
you find escape.

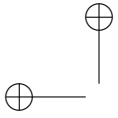




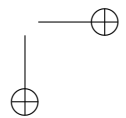
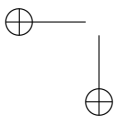
ODE 15
TO PARIS

In Trojan ships did Paris to Menelaus' despair,
Basely abduct Queen Helen, the fairest of the fair.
She who had been his hostess and pledged in flowing bowl,
From husband, lands and kindred perfidious shepherd stole.
In ominous calm did Nereus suppress the speeding wind,
To bring the dire Fates' warning he ever had in mind:
"Unlucky is the omen, you rash presumptuous boy,
With which you carry Helen unto your native Troy.
Greece in a strong confederacy shall claim her swift return:
Beacons shall summon armies as in the night they burn.
Of Priam's ancient kingdom, of nuptials you intend,
The mighty Grecian leaders will swear to make an end.
What blood and sweat to horses, as equally to men,
Approaches near and nearer within your startled ken!
Of Helen and her beauty you only dream and care,
But for the Trojan nation destruction you prepare.
Pallas has donned already her helmet and her shield,
Mounting her ivory chariot in fury for the field.
In vain, beloved by Venus, your hair you comb and tire,
And please the girls who listen with love songs from your lyre,
In vain escape the thrust of spears around thy marriage-bed,
The Cretan dart, the battle's din, pursuit by Ajax led.
Alas, though late, the time will come, exacted by the just,
When you shall trail your erring locks dishevelled in the dust.
Behold the stern avengers, behold in trepidation,
The offspring of Laertes, so fatal to thy nation,
Behold the Pylian Nestor, Teucer the Salaminian,
Sthenelus, skilled in fight, o'er horses holds dominion,





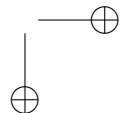
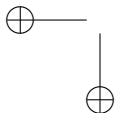
Swift in the chariot race; the man of Cretan hue,
The hero Meriones, all fearless thee pursue.
The gallant son of Tydeus is hot upon your track,
Superior to his father, he marks you turning back.
As the stag leaves his pasture, when danger doth assail,
Descrying the wolf emerging athwart the pleasant vale,
So panting with exertion, effeminate you go,
Unmindful you pledged Helen how you would face the foe.
Though the ire of Achilles and his assembled fleet
Delay the day of destiny that comes with halting feet,
Though for a space in Helen's bower her smiles you will enjoy,
That day will come eventually, so fatal unto Troy.
I hear the matrons mourning, I see a flaming pyre
Consume the Trojan palaces lit up by Grecian fire.”

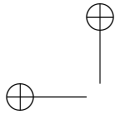




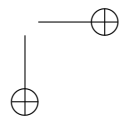
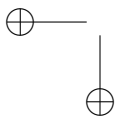
ODE 16
TO A YOUNG LADY HORACE HAD OFFENDED

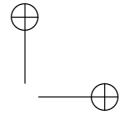
O daughter of mother delightful,
Excelling her even in charm,
Let the flames end my unkind iambics,
Or the deep Adriatic their harm.
Nor Cybele nor great Apollo,
The dweller in innermost shrines,
So shaketh the breasts of his priests,
As the echo of infamous lines.
Nor Bacchus nor do Corybantes
Redouble their strokes in desire,
Upon their loud cymbals a-clanging,
As the tragic effects of your ire.
The Noric sword cannot deter it,
Nor pitiless sea with its dearth,
Nor flames rushing up to the heavens,
Nor Jove as he crashes to earth.
'Tis said that of yore old Prometheus,
When he fashioned mankind out of clay,
From each beast took a certain ingredient
To add to his magic assay.
The force of a terrible anger,
He tore from the tawny lion's chest,
Applying it with cunning discretion
To depths of the new human breast.
O dire was the fate of Thyestes,
Extinguished in terrible rage,
That has shattered full many a city,
Final cause of the wars that we wage.





For cities entirely demolished,
An insolent army appals,
And driveth exulting its ploughshare
In enmity over the walls.
Be tranquil and hear my petition.
In youth I was driven to pen
Iambics swift-footed in cadence,
That angered both women and men.
I barter now harshness for kindness,
I wish to make every amend,
I repent. Take me back in affection,
Once more be my intimate friend.





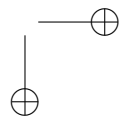
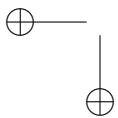
ODE 17
TO TYNDARIS

Often the sprightly Faunus
Comes from the Lycæan mount
To pleasant Lucretilis,
Above my river's fount;
He guards my herd of she-goats
From scorching summer's heat,
From rainy winds protects them,
Giving them food to eat.

There's a strong smelling he-goat,
These are his wives that rove,
Seeking wild fruits and thyme secure
Throughout the sheltered grove.
Their kids dread not green lizards,
Or wolves assigned to Mars,
Whenever, my Tyndaris,
Pan wanders 'neath the stars.

The sloping Ustica's fair vales,
Its smooth rocks towering high,
Resound with melodious pipe,
As Faunus passes nigh.
And so protected by the gods,
No blessing they refuse.
All the gods hold in high esteem
My piety and my Muse.

Here plenty, rich in rural fame,
Shall flow to you bestowing
Gifts from her ever generous horn,

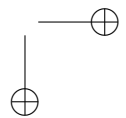
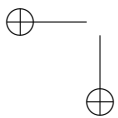




So often overflowing.
Here in this pleasant sheltered vale
You feel not Sirius' heat,
On your Anacreontic harp
Your songs you can repeat.

You sing Penelope anew,
Frail Circe you discover,
Telling of how the sorceress
Is striving for one lover.
Here you shall gratefully repose
Beneath the shady vine,
And quaff a cup at your desire
Of harmless Lesbian wine.

The raging son of Semele
Will not seek Mars in strife,
Insolent Cyrus do not fear,
In terror of your life.
No match for him, for unawares
He rends your garments fair,
Snatches the chaplet that you wove
So neatly in your hair.





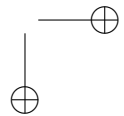
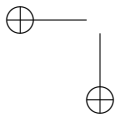
ODE 18
TO VARUS

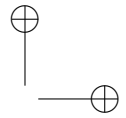
O Varus, in that plot of thine
You plant no better tree,
Preferable to the sacred vine,
And what it means to thee,
Nurtured by Tibur's mellow soil
And Catilus' grey wall,
For sober folk are cross with toil,
The drinker smiles at all.

Oblivious of his biting cares,
When he has drunk his fill,
War's hardships pass him unawares,
And poverty seems nil.
Now Father Bacchus celebrate,
And Venus, fair indeed,
But let thy cups be moderate,
Take care not to exceed.

Remember how the Centaurs fought
The Lapitha bemused,
Bacchus the Thracians sternly taught
A lesson they refused.
The Thracians, avid with desire
For everything they long,
Will never trouble to inquire
If this be right or wrong.

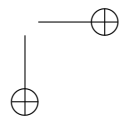
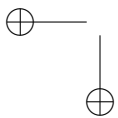
O youthful Bacchus, my behest
Is "Slumber at your will,"
I will not rouse you from your rest
Your mysteries to fulfil.





Nor will I dare to make them plain,
Or put aside the leaves,
That cover there from eyes profane,
Your secret garnered sheaves.

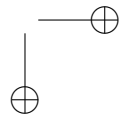
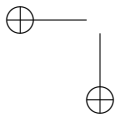
Your cymbals dire and Phrygian horn,
Pray cease us to entrance.
Blind followers of these, we scorn,
Self-love and Arrogance.
Arrogance with her empty head
Held high as she doth pass,
Faith blabbing secrets in her stead,
Transparent more than glass.





ODE 19
TO GLYCERA

Cruel mother of Cupids, the son
Of the Theban Semele at last,
With luxurious ease turn my mind
To the loves I forsook in the past.
Fair Glycera, shining in radiance,
Putting Paria's marble to shame,
Alluring and petulant darling,
Has kindled my heart into flame.
Her beauty disturbs my clear vision,
I catch fleeting sight of her face;
She comes, she recedes, for a moment
I see her fair form and its grace.
While Venus departing from Cyprus,
Overwhelms me anew to refuse
To sing of the Scythian and Parthian,
The subjects I chose for my Muse.
The Parthian who breaks into fury,
When his horse is turned round for full flight,
Or, indeed, any other poem's subject
In which I was wont to delight.
Slaves bring me a turf for my fire,
And a flagon of two years' old wine,
Frankincense, vervains and spices,
To summon this goddess of mine.
She will come, I believe, more propitious
To grant what I wish to obtain,
When I have erected an altar
Upon which a young victim is slain.



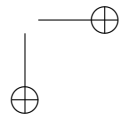
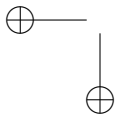


ODE 20
TO MÆCENAS

Mæcenas, dear, the famous knight,
Alight now at my house,
I've Sabine wine for your delight,
Wherewith to make carouse.
A humble wine, but yet a good,
And pleasure it may yield.
In this old Grecian cask of wood
I have it stored and sealed.

I sealed it on the very day,
When praises for your name
Re-echoed down great Tiber's way
To your undying fame.
The river's bank returned the cheers
The amphitheatre raised,
The Vatican hill the message hears,
And makes you doubly praised.

Cæcuban wine at home you sup,
Grape from Calenian press,
Homelier wines within my cup
I pour, I must confess.
No vintage from the Formian hills
Seasons this cup of mine,
Never my boy the flagon fills
From the Falernian vine.





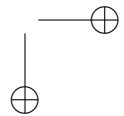
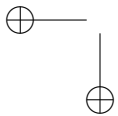
ODE 21
ON DIANA AND APOLLO

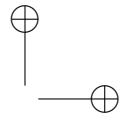
Chant the praises of Diana,
Tender virgins in the morn,
Praise ye boys the god Apollo,
Crown with bays his hair unshorn.
Praise Latona wooed with passion
And a never-ending love
By the ruler of Olympus,
Great, supreme and awful Jove.

Praise the goddess, O ye virgins,
Joyful in the running streams,
And the crowded groves projecting
Where cold Algidus now gleams,
Or the woods of Erymanthus
Dark and gloomy in their sheen,
Or rejoicing for a moment
At the sight of Cragus green.

Shout ye boys with equal praises,
Delos of the god's desire.
See his shoulders bear a quiver
And his brother Hermes' lyre
He moved by your intercession,
Drives away death-dealing war,
Plague and ever wretched famine
From Apollo flee afar.

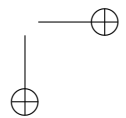
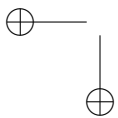
All these evils leave the Romans,
Under mighty Cæsar's sway,
As the altars of Apollo
Flame with sacrifice to-day.





Other lands receive these scourges,
Nations hostile unto Rome,
Persians robed and painted Britons
Find destruction in their home.

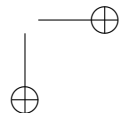
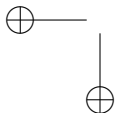
Sing once more, ye tender virgins,
Praise Diana goddess bright,
Praise ye boys the god Apollo
In his excellence and might.





ODE 22
TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS

A man of upright life, O Fuscus, sinless and pure, a noble liver,
Needs not the Moorish javelins or the bow, or poisoned darts
in loaded quiver,
Whether through sultry Syrtes, wandering by the treacherous
waves,
Inhospitable Caucasus, or those places which renowned Hy-
daspes laves.
Lately of Lalage I sang, far straying from my wonted bounds
In Sabine wood, and there a wolf fled from me as pursued by
hounds.
I was unarmed. It was a monster, which warlike Apulia decrees
It shall not shelter or retain under its ever-spreading trees.
Nor shall that nurse of lions, where Juba had his sway,
Produce such lurking wolf as fled from me that day.
Place me in barren plains, where no tree greets the air in its
zest,
That part of the world which clouds and inclement conditions
infest.
The chariot of the neighbouring sun rolls over me as I lie
In the desolate land, not a house to be seen with the eye.
There while she smiles and speaks sweetly, though harsh is the
sky above,
There shall I willingly rest, with my Lalage only to love.





ODE 23
TO CHLOE

Little fawn, art thou astray
In the pathless mountains?
Hast thou lost thy homeward way
To the stream's pure fountains?

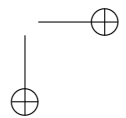
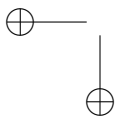
Has thy timid mother fled?
Left thee all forsaken,
While you start in empty dread
By the breeze o'ertaken?

Spring affrights with rustling sheaves,
Heart and knees a-quiver,
When green lizards stir the leaves
Down along the river.

Chloe, darling, like the fawn,
Fearful and protesting,
When Aurora brings the dawn,
Do not shun my questing.

Lion of Gatulia may rend,
Tigress tear to pieces,
But beside thy faithful friend,
Apprehension ceases.

Lovely in thy woman's charms,
Quit thy mother's side.
Come unto my open arms,
Chloe, my love, my bride.





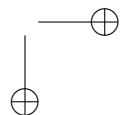
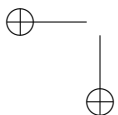
ODE 24
TO VIRGIL

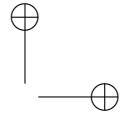
How unashamed can there be any end,
Or limit to affectionate regret,
Melpomene, for our lost cherished friend –
O Muse, when all our world is overset?
Thy father gifted thee with harp and voice,
I heard it pure beside the ocean's surge;
Often it made my saddened heart rejoice,
Now teach me how to chant a mournful dirge.

Quintilius rests, is it eternal sleep?
Can modesty, staunch faith that stands beside
Her sister Justice, and brave Truth but weep,
Finding no equal unto him who died.
Many good men lament him in his death,
Virgil most deeply you his loss deplore;
Alas, 'tis vain, you waste your pious breath,
Asking the gods Quintilius to restore.

They lent him not to us on terms of grace;
Aye, though you strike the lyre by listening trees,
So sweet that Thracian Orpheus hides his face,
Owning thee victor, vanquished on his knees.
Yet never blood returns to empty shade,
Hermes relentless to reverse the fates,
Drives with his dread Caduceus, as they bade,
The ghosts in gloomy throng to Hades' gates.

Bitter the ills for which avails no cure.
Hard is the rule beyond our powers' amend
Patience may help us evils to endure,
To bear the loss of Quintilius, our friend.





ODE 25
TO LYDIA

The wanton youths less freely shake
Thy fastened window shutters
With feeble knocks. You scarcely wake
To hear their drunken stutters.

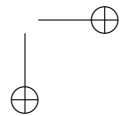
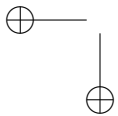
Rest undisturbed, thy door is fast,
Though once it moved so ready,
Its hinges yielding in the past
Now lovingly stand steady.

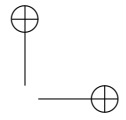
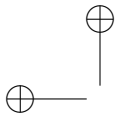
Less and less often hear you might
The words that came a-sighing:
“My Lydia, dost thou sleep all night,
While I for love am dying?”

Now you are old you must bewail
The insolence of rakes.
At Interlunium Thracian Gale
Thy darkened dwelling shakes.

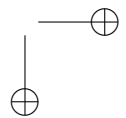
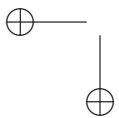
In lonely alley, in the dust,
With no free spendthrift giver,
As mares rage with baffled lust,
So burns thy ulcered liver.

So runs thy plaint – finds sprightly youth
More joy in growing myrtle
And verdant ivy, of a truth,
Than an old-fashioned kirtle.





Despising dry and withered leaves,
That hang on trees a-splinter,
They dedicate them, fancy weaves,
To Eurus, mate of Winter.





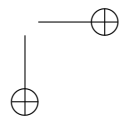
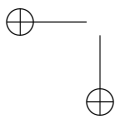
ODE 26
TO ELIUS LAMIA

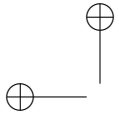
A friend to the Muses,
I cast fears and woe
Unto the breezes,
That pass to and fro.
They sweep from the mountain,
They dance on the lea,
And waft all my fears
Unto Crete and its sea.

I am strangely regardless,
Within my own soul,
What frosty king, dreaded,
Reigns under the pole;
And royal Tiridates,
Whom everyone hears
Apprehending the future,
I know not his fears.

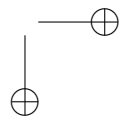
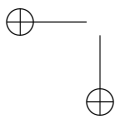
I ask, O sweet Muse,
Delighted with showers,
For Lamia a chaplet
To weave with thy flowers.
My praises are worthless
Bereft of thy pains,
So make him immortal
With thy dulcet strains.

Yea, make him immortal,
And at thy desire,
As music comes swelling
From thy Lesbian lyre,





When thou and thy sisters
Your voices upraise,
I know no theme better
Than Lamia to praise.





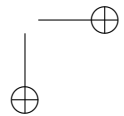
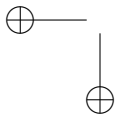
ODE 27
TO HIS COMPANIONS

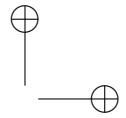
The feast with wine is swimming,
The wine-cups made for mirth,
To quarrel o'er their brimming
Marks you of Thracian birth.
Away with savage faction,
Wreath Bacchus with green bays,
Protect him by thy action,
From rude and bloody frays.

Horrid to wine and revels
The sabre of the Medes.
Repress the words of devils,
Desist from uncouth deeds.
Rest elbow bent at table,
Quiet at your well-dressed fare.
A cup? Yes, I am able
Falernian wine to share.

But first, Megilla's brother,
Opuntian's, must avow
What love beyond all other
Distracts his fevered brow.
What Cupid's dart is killing,
What wound for him is glory.
Refuse? I am not willing
To drink without the story.

Ruled by whatever passion
That scorches you, inflamed,
I tell you in plain fashion,
You need not feel ashamed.

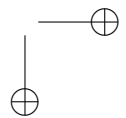
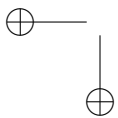




Whatever is your case,
Trust it to faithful ears.
An honoured love you grace,
As ever – Calm your fears.

Alas, I did not reckon
Charybdis with its snare,
From which for aid you beckon
And struggle in despair.
Worthy of better love,
Who can thy danger quell?
What deity from above?
What wizard with his spell?

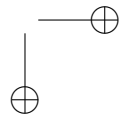
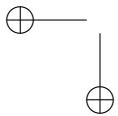
Thessalian magi wrangle,
Scarce Pegasus can free
You from this three-fold tangle,
And this Chimæra flee.





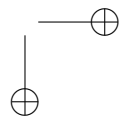
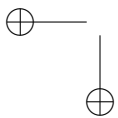
ODE 28
ARCHYTAS

The lack of the gift of a little sand near the Man-
tinian strand,
Confines thee, O Archytas, scanner of sea and earth
and innumerable sand.
What availeth it now that you studied the heavens
above and the stars in the sky,
Traversed in thought the whole world and its works,
since thou was to die?
Thus, also, the father of Pelops, the guest of the
gods, met with death.
Tithonus was wafted to heaven and Minos gave up
his last breath,
Though admitted to Jupiter's secrets; and of son of
Panthous, 'tis said:
He possesses Tartarean regions, sent once more to
the home of the dead.
When he retook his shield from the temple, and
gave proof of Troy's battles within,
Recollecting that sad death was given nothing more
than his sinews and skin.
You avowed he was great in your sight, no mean
judge of nature, truth, doom,
Yet night awaits all, and all travel once Death's road
with its gloom.
The Furies give some to the sport of the death-
dealing, horrible Mars;
Greedy ocean destroys the poor sailors, vainly trust-
ing in mariners' stars;





The funerals of young and the old are mingled,
amassed in a crowd;
Nor does cruel Proserpine ever fail to give each single
person a shroud.
The south wind, of Orion setting, tempestuous at-
tendant and slave,
Has overcome me and engulfed me, shipwrecked in
Illyrian wave.
O sailor, do not thou begrudge me loose sand to my
bones and my head,
As I lie there unburied, and make me fit shade for
the realms of the dead.
Then, whatever the East wind shall threaten to
Italy's sea and its shore,
Venusinian woods only shall suffer, but you unto
safety restore.
The ports where you touch shall yield profit and
manifold, rich treasure-trove,
Protected by Jove and by Neptune, who defends
blest Tarentum in love.
But, if you perchance prove neglectful, making light
of your duty, a crime
Injurious to your posterity, though sinless they be
at the time,
Just laws, haughty vengeance await you, empty
prayers will prove fruitless alone,
I will not lie here long deserted, expiations will never
atone.
If in haste to be gone, do not tarry, or linger the
length of a day,
Thrice sprinkle the dust on my body, and then pray
proceed on your way.





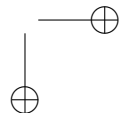
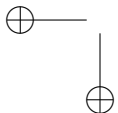
ODE 29
TO ICCIUS

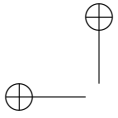
Rich treasures of Araby seeking,
O Iccius ride on thy steed,
So warlike a vengeance you're wreaking,
Forging chains for the enemy Mede.
Kings of Saba, so hither the victors,
Their people you mean to enslave,
Placing over them ædiles and lictors,
While the hazard of battle you brave.

What virgin, barbaric, selected,
You take as her lover you slew?
What boy from the Court is protected,
To fill cups of wine unto you?
His scented locks stream like a river,
His skill as an archer to show,
Seric arrows he takes from his quiver,
And lets fly from his father's great bow.

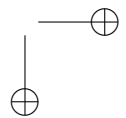
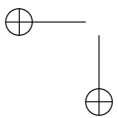
Deny not that rivers retracing
Flow back to their mountainous source,
Or that Tiber his current enlacing,
Can alter his rhythmical course;
Since Panatius, that eloquent writer,
Whose works stand in noble array,
You exchange for the role of a fighter,
And leave all your books to decay.

Iberian armour surpasses
All Socrates' wisdom of life;
Philosophy's teaching and classes
You barter for battle and strife.





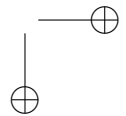
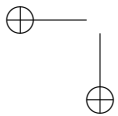
In knowledge we owned us your debtor,
To-day we but vainly deplore
The promise of things so much better,
You showed in the days gone before.

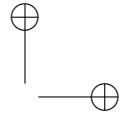




ODE 30
TO VENUS

In Temple of Glycera,
Amid her sacred shrine,
Much frankincense arises
O'er offered corn and wine.
O Venus, both of Gnidus
And Paphos, fairest Queen,
Desert thy favoured Cyprus,
Where erstwhile thou hast been.
Bid Cupid hasten with thee,
The roguish god of love,
The Graces follow after,
Demure as any dove.
And let thy nymphs come tripping,
And Youth, whose only charm
Rests in the hands of Mercury,
Supported by thy arm.
Accept Glycera's offering;
Here exercise thy sway;
When Love is all triumphant,
Who recks of yesterday?

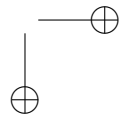
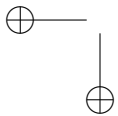




ODE 31
TO APOLLO

When a temple to Phœbus you fashion,
What boon begs the poet at the shrine?
Invoking the god's kind compassion,
While libations he first pours of wine.
Not full crops of Sardinia, so fertile,
Not Calabria's rich flocks it would seem,
Not Ind's ivory, gold ore or myrtle,
Not lands eaten by Liris' quiet stream.

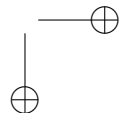
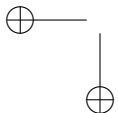
Those whom Fortune endows with possessions
And vine-yards Calenian for life,
Bid thy workers in joyful processions
Prune thy vines with an unciform knife.
Let the opulent merchant at leisure,
From gold cups drink his wine in the glade,
For the gods grant to him at their pleasure
Wines procured by his Syrian trade
Free from loss and from shipwreck's disaster,
The Atlantic thrice yearly or more,
He visits to make himself master
Of riches to add to his store.
As for me, succories and soft mallows
With olives support me in wealth,
Latona's son all my land hallows,
I implore thee preserve me in health.
My reason keep scatheless, and bind me
From the follies of age to retire.
Keep me prudent – and let no one find me
Bereft of my music and lyre.





ODE 32
TO HIS LYRE

They bid us discourse. Now if ever,
When idly I sat in the shade,
And thou and I set in endeavour,
Some masterpiece thoughtfully played.
If we wrought such a work for our pleasure,
That will live in the future it brings,
O Lyre grant me now in full measure,
The exquisite touch of thy strings.
A Lesbian, a soldier, sea-raider,
First tuned into music this lay,
Perchance when he strode an invader,
Or made fast his ship in the bay.
To Bacchus, the wine-god, his praises,
Or the Muses that poetry employ,
Or to Venus his anthem upraises,
And Cupid her mischievous boy;
While Lycus his jetty locks streaming,
His black eyes agleam with desire,
Can share in the wonderful dreaming
That blends in the notes of my lyre.
Apollo has fashioned thee proudly
To gladden the banquets of Jove;
And as you play softly or loudly,
Be propitious to me in thy love.
When in joy or in sorrow I take thee,
May you often enchant all who hear,
Ah, ne'er for a moment forsake me,
Sweet Lyre that I ever hold dear.





ODE 33
TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS

My Albius, thou art brooding
And mourning like a shade,
Thy elegies alluding
To an inconstant maid.

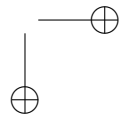
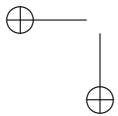
You cannot pass life scatheless,
But why so pale and wan?
Since Glycera is faithless,
She loves a younger man.

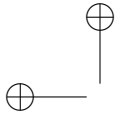
Now Lycoris desirous,
With forehead smooth and low,
For hopeless love of Cyrus
Who Pholoë loves, we know.

She-goats with wolves elated,
Far sooner shall be wed,
Than Pholoë shall be mated
With Cyrus live or dead!

Such is the will of Venus,
Such is her cruel joke,
Who likes to put between us
Her heavy brazen yoke.

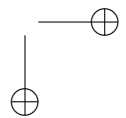
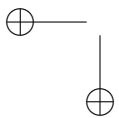
For wife and man ill-suited
Are joined for her delight,
And ever is disputed
How wrong assumes the right.





For my love I elected
Myrtale, base-born slave,
And fonder love rejected.
Who gave me all I crave.

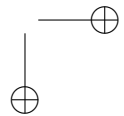
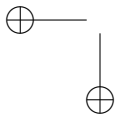
I paid my heart's devotion
To Myrtale instead,
As fickle as the ocean
That gulfs Calabria's head.

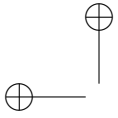




ODE 34
AGAINST THE EPICUREANS

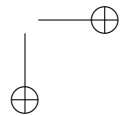
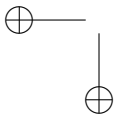
I was remiss, inconstant in my prayers
Unto the gods; the subject of my cares
A foolish cult, whose follies I deplore;
Now I am forced to sail back to the shore.
Renew the course, which I unwisely left,
Of Epicurean errors all bereft.
Jupiter went in his exalted sway
To cleave the clouds with lightning's fell array,
Of late descended from the heights afar,
Driving his thundering steeds and rapid car,
Shaking the earth and winding rivers' scene,
As he appeared above the clear serene.
Styx, Tanarus detested, port forsaken,
The bounds of Atlas, all were rudely shaken.
The god will reckon the estate of man,
All well distinguish in his wisdom's plan,
Make the high low, and with a prescience sure
Bring forth to light the humble and obscure.
Rapacious Fortune, with its whizzing dread,
Bears off the plume from one exalted head,
Placing it then, with infinite delight,
Upon another, now first brought to sight.





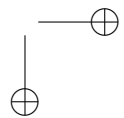
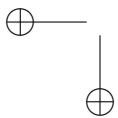
ODE 35
TO FORTUNE

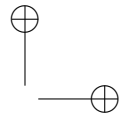
O goddess, the ruler of Antium, that beautiful city
sedate,
Mortal man to exalt ever ready from lowly and
indigent state,
Thou turnest a triumph into mourning, as thy flex-
ible nature allows.
To thee at sun's rising and setting the countryman
offers his vows.
As the ship that was launched in Bithynia ploughs
the sea for a while,
That flows round the land of Carpathia, sea-girt,
that most wonderful isle,
The mariner kneels to adore thee, protection and
succour to crave,
Because of thy sway o'er the ocean, the mistress of
water and wave.
Rough Dacian and cities and nations, and wandering
Scythians with slings,
Warlike Latium and despots in purple, and mothers
barbaric of kings,
All fear thee triumphant; and I, even I, now would
pray:
Spurn not with thy foot in destruction the column
that stands firm to-day.
Let not popular tumult arouse those now quiet to
take arms in contention,
Let not this great empire be shattered by force of
internal dissension.



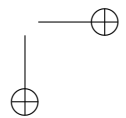
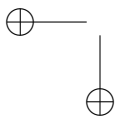


Necessity marches before thee, thy minister bound
by thy pledges,
Her brazen hand holding outstretched huge spikes
and the torturing wedges.
Nor absent are clamps never yielding, molten lead
for the fight,
While in reverence come Hope and Fidelity rare,
clothed in white.
Constant attending upon thee, whatever thy wrath
or thy state
Changing thy robes, or deserting the opulent house
of the great.
The crowd of companions more faithless, the cour-
tesan perjured and gay,
Draw back as they see thou hast altered, and pass
on their self-centred way.
Friends shun the yoke of misfortune, when the wine-
casks are empty and dry,
Dregs and all; they prove faithless and hasten their
wonted companions to fly.
Preserve in thy mercy great Cæsar, who meditates
under his rule
A war on the far-distant Britons, a land near to
Ultimate Thule.
Keep safe our young bands of young levies, so dreaded
by Orient lands
And Red Sea; O once more be propitious and keep
them secure in thy hands.
Alas! of our scars and our misdeeds, my brothers, I
feel bitter shame,
Our hard age has nothing avoided, so profane, we
violate every claim.
Our youth to the gods know no reverence, their
hands they will never restrain,





What temples are free from their ravage? What
altars unspotted from stain?
O forge our blunt swords on new anvils, a new and
proud story to tell.
As we war on those insolent nations, Massagetæ and
Arabs to quell.





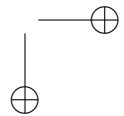
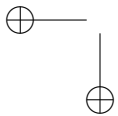
ODE 36
TO NUMIDA

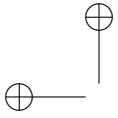
Let music echo from the tuneful lyre,
The incense burn upon the altar high;
And sacrifice a heifer, at desire,
Unto the gods, as Numida draws nigh.
The gods, his guardians as he went from Rome,
Bring him to-day from Spain afar to home.

With many greetings he salutes the brave,
His dear companions of the bygone year,
But, above all, his recollections crave
The sight of Lamia, friend to him most dear,
They shared a tutor in their youthful prime,
And donned the toga at the self-same time.

A Cretan mark befits this joyous day;
Let us not spare the wine-jar hither brought,
Nor Salian-like, let not our dances stay,
Nor Bassus be by Damalis outfought.
Thracian Amystis proves a crucial test,
O let not toping Damalis rank best!

Heap flowers upon the merry, festive board,
Red roses, short-lived lily, parsley green,
The company at length with one accord
Fix their glazed eyes on Damalis, our Queen
Yet she like clinging ivy, in her charms,
Will not be parted from her new Love's arms.





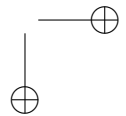
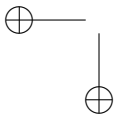
ODE 37
TO HIS COMPANIONS

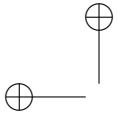
Companions of my leisure,
Now is the time to revel,
To tread a lightsome measure
On ground prepared and level,
To deck with Salian fare
The couches all divine;
Impious before it were
To quaff Cæcuban wine.

For Egypt's royal Queen,
Base creatures in her train,
Noisome and all unclean,
Thought everything to gain.
Bemused by foolish pride,
She plotted in her home,
The Empire to deride,
Destruction unto Rome.

For Fortune seemed to beckon
The weak and foolish Queen,
In pride she failed to reckon
How fleeting was the scene.
When worsted in the battle,
Hardly her fury tames,
The creaking and the rattle
Of one ship from the flames.

From Italy advancing,
See Cæsar's fleet in line,
Her craven fears enhancing,
Flushed with Egyptian wine.





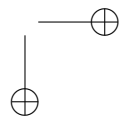
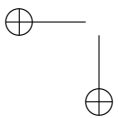
As hawk his way preparing,
Pursues doves unaware;
Or hunter greatly daring,
The snowy Æmon hare.

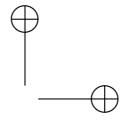
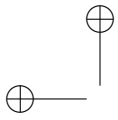
Fatal her golden beauty,
Deadly her scented breath,
Forsaking right and duty,
Her lovers went to death.
Now Nemesis encroaches
Upon her transient gains,
For Cæsar's might approaches
To throw her into chains.

Seeking a death yet kinder,
She sought no hidden isle,
The sharp sword did not blind her –
She even deigned to smile,
When she beheld her palace
Lie desolate in ruin,
Unmoved by grief or malice,
Or Nemesis pursuing.

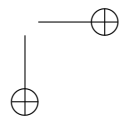
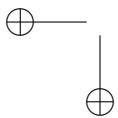
Her resolution steady,
Eternity she grasps –
The poison at hand ready
In the death-dealing asps.
Asking eternal rest,
She seized the writhing snake,
And pressed it to her breast
In life no more to wake.

For death she chose to face,
Liburnians she fled,
No Roman triumph to grace
With her proud, royal head.





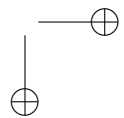
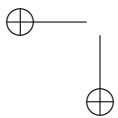
When everything was past,
The glory she had been,
Courageous to the last,
She lived, she died, a Queen.

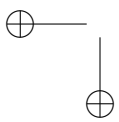
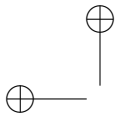


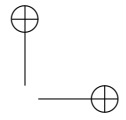
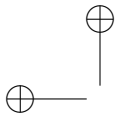


ODE 38
TO HIS SERVANT

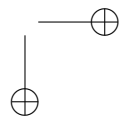
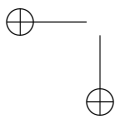
Boy, as my pleasure you await,
All Persian luxury I hate;
And when the chaplets you entwine,
Weave not the linden into mine.
Seek not the place both far and wide,
Where full blown roses may abide.
Nor strive to deck the myrtle plain
With added blossoms; 'twill be vain,
For, as you serve at my behest,
A myrtle wreath becomes you best.
Again its suits me in my bower
To wear a wreath of myrtle flower.
'Tis thus my simple joys I shape,
As 'neath the vine I quaff the grape.

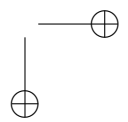
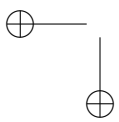
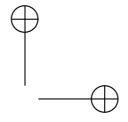
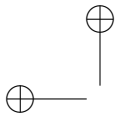






BOOK II

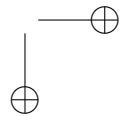
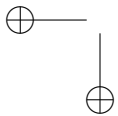


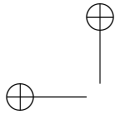




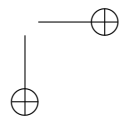
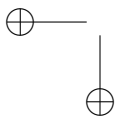
ODE 1
TO ASINIUS POLLIO

You are concerned with woeful civil strife,
Which in Metellus' consulship had life.
The causes, errors, actions of the war,
The game that Fortune played near and afar.
Evil confederacy of the chiefs narrate,
Arms stained with blood as yet unexpiate.
Into your work hazardous peril dashes,
You tread on fires beneath deceitful ashes.
Let Muse presiding o'er the tragic rage
Be for a while absented from the stage.
Soon, when your history of affairs of State
Is finished, you resume your work so great
In Athen's tragic style, O Pollio staid,
To sorrowing defendants such an aid
And the consulting Senate; thou the same
To whom the laurel brought immortal fame.
Did not Dalmatian triumph that very day
Attest the honours all were proud to pay?
E'en now you stun our ears at early morns
With sounding clarions and menacing horns.
The shining weapons fill flying steeds with fright,
The riders sway, bedazzled at the sight.
I hear of captains caked with glory's dust,
Of earth subdued, save Cato's soul of crust.
Juno averted her propitious face,
And other gods who loved the Afric race,
Powerless, withdrew their once protecting hand,
As unrevenged they left that tropic land.





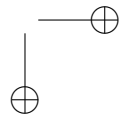
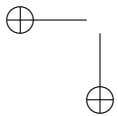
Later, the victors' sons, as the gods bade,
Were sacrificed unto Jugurtha's shade.
What plain, enriched through Latin blood out-poured,
By many sepulchres doth not record
Our impious battles and destructive deeds,
Italy's fall resounding to the Medes?
What pool, what rivers our dire war withstood?
What ocean reddens not with Daunian blood?
Again, what rocky coast, what sandy shore
Is not besprinkled with a Roman's gore?
Enough! Rash Muse neglecting joyous refrains
Resume not toil on Cæan's plaintive strains.
Rather in love's retreat let me attain
The softer verses of a lighter vein.





ODE 2
TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS

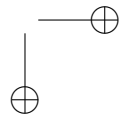
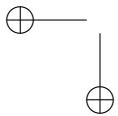
O Crispus Sallustius, I drink to your health,
You have rooted objection to overflowing wealth.
It derives only splendour spent wisely on mirth,
And loses its lustre when stored in the earth.
Proculeius shall outlive the span of most others,
Renowned for his fatherly love to his brothers.
His fame shall survive, and eulogy's song
On an untiring wing shall bear him along.
Controlling desire to own riches and lands,
A vaster dominion you hold in your hands
Than if Libya you joined to the far remote Gades,
Or ruled o'er the natives of both the Carthages.
Self-indulgence, a dropsy, is sure to increase,
Unless veins relinquish the cause of disease.
Its thirst does not slacken; and water will stay
In pale fatigued body until drawn away.
Virtue confutes all the vulgar belief
That the happy are always the rich and the chief.
One may instance Phraates who cannot atone,
Though restored to his kingdom and Cyrus's throne.
Virtue tells people to use words correct,
By showing it can rightly and duly elect
To a kingdom and diadem that's safe and secure,
And perpetual laurel, the man with heart pure,
Who with undazzled eye and without any pleasure,
Unenvying, sees all around heaps of treasure.

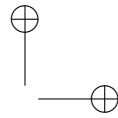




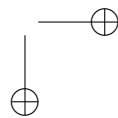
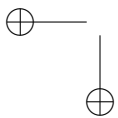
ODE 3
TO QUINTUS DELLIUS

O Dellius born to die from life distracting,
Be even-tempered yet in times exacting.
Equally with prosperity at thy side
Refrain from exultation in thy pride.
Whether life's sadness bids the sun not shine,
Or happy days bring thee Falernian wine,
Regaling thee remote from cares of State
With a rare vintage of the oldest date.
At ease reclined on grassy sward that's made
So welcome by the pine and poplar's shade
Weaving their boughs above, while onward gleams
The trembling current purling on its streams.
Wine, perfumes, short-lived roses ere they wither,
Order thy slaves to bring for comfort hither,
While the three sisters with black threads allow,
While age and fortune smile upon thy brow.
You must depart from all the groves you bought,
From your house also and that villa sought.
That villa washed by Tiber's yellow wave,
An heir inherits all that wealth you save.
It matters not, if well endowed with gold,
You claim descent from Inachus of old,
Or whether poor, of most ignoble race,
Without a roof the elements you face.
Merciless Pluto claims you as his slave.
We all are driven onwards to the grave.
The lot of all is shaken in the urn.
Each of us soon or late must take his turn,





Come forth and by the shores of Styx afloat,
Embark for exile endless in the boat,
That Charon ferries with a funeral knell
To land us ghosts before the gates of Hell.





ODE 4
TO XANTHIUS PHOCEUS

O Xanthius Phoceus, I appeal,
Because your maid you love,
Embarrassment you need not feel,
Thus blest by gods above.

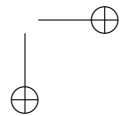
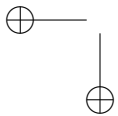
It happened so before your time,
Achilles, haughty, brave,
Was master, struck by love sublime
For Briseis, fair, his slave.

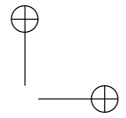
When Agamemnon conquered Troy,
He burned with ardour bright
For royal virgin, slave and toy,
His passion and delight.

Thessalian conqueror, supreme,
Barbarian troops in flight
And Hector vanquished, like a dream
Greeks shattered Trojan might.

Perchance thy Phyllis, beautiful,
Has parents of high rank,
Ready you, as is dutiful,
Their son-in-law to thank.

Surely a maid of royal race
Lamenting her hard lot,
Be confident that she would grace
A palace as a cot.

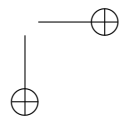
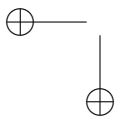


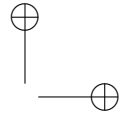


Never one of the worthless crowd,
Nor born of mother needy,
By all her merits are allowed,
So true and never greedy.

Arms, face and shapely legs ideal,
I praise in accents chaste.
For me no jealousy you feel,
Whose age doth onward haste.

So love thy Phyllis, do not fear
To place her at thy side,
For I have reached my fortieth year,
And do not seek a bride.





ODE 5
OF LALAGE

She is so young, not fit as yet
To bear the marriage yoke.
To run beside impetuous bull,
She is not fully broke.

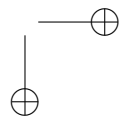
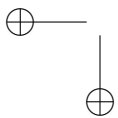
Your heifer loves the verdant fields,
There is her sole retreat,
She likes to stand in running streams,
Allaying the grievous heat.

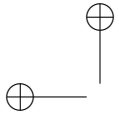
Or else delights on wet moist ground
To frisk, devoid of fears,
Where willow trees hang overhead,
With the young playful steers.

So do not long for grapes unripe,
With patience be imbued,
For varied autumn soon will tinge
The clusters purple-hued.

Shortly the maid will follow you,
Swift marches time ahead,
Those very years it takes from you
Will pass to her instead.

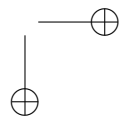
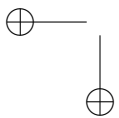
Wantonly sure, dear Lalage
Will seek a husband meet,
Far more beloved than Pholoë coy,
Or even Chloris sweet.





Mark her fair shoulder shining bright,
As moon upon the wave,
Or even Gnidian Gyges fair,
Youth beautiful and brave.

Place him amidst a crowd of girls,
No difference now endangers,
His flowing locks and girlish face
Deceive sagacious strangers.





ODE 6
TO SEPTIMIUS

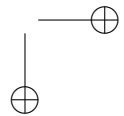
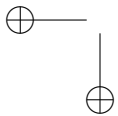
Septimius, ever ready,
With me to Gades steady
Or Cantabrian to fare;
Cantabrian, be it spoke,
Untaught to bear our yoke,
But you voyage anywhere.

To Syrtes, always chilling,
Ready to go and willing,
Whate'er the pain and toils,
You even dare to brave,
Where Mauritanian wave
Foaming for ever boils.

May Tibur (history speaks
Once colony of Greeks),
In old age be my home.
End stress by sea and land,
And war's fatiguing hand,
Grant me no more to roam.

But if cruel fates debar,
Then I will seek afar
Galesus' flowing streams,
Lands which Phalanti keep,
Pleasant with skin-garbed sheep,
To satisfy my dreams.

That corner of the earth
Gladdens my eye with mirth



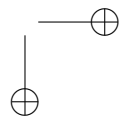
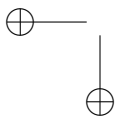


Above all other climes;
Where honey, sweet with grasses,
Hymettus all surpasses,
And bees pervade the limes.

Venafrian verdant yields
To olive from its fields.
There through the balmy air,
Mild winters and long spring
Abound with everything,
And all the land is fair.

Aulon makes fruitful vine
Excel Falernian wine;
Its grapes for ever please.
These heights and place, I tell,
Beg you and me to dwell
In happiness and ease.

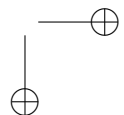
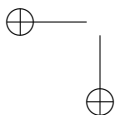
And when your poet friend
Comes to his mortal end,
Then you beside his bier,
As the flame upward flashes,
Bedew his glowing ashes,
In memory with a tear.





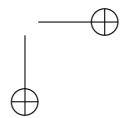
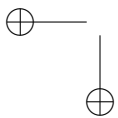
ODE 7
TO POMPEIUS VARUS

O Pompey, thou first of my fellows, so often reduced
to despair,
When you and I warring for Brutus of adversity had
our full share,
Given back unto Rome a proud citizen, I hasten to
greet thee once more,
To the gods of thy country and zephyrs the fates
now again thee restore.
We have lightened days weary with drinking, reclin-
ing at ease in our bowers,
My hair shining with Syrian unguents and crowned
with a chaplet of flowers.
In Philippi's battle together we shared a precipitate
flight,
When I threw my shield from me, a dastard, and
valour was broken by might.
I saw heroes renowned for their exploits, in whom
we all centred our trust,
Hurled downwards to earth on their faces, and over-
whelmed biting the dust.
Though a craven, yet Mercury speedy his favoured
protection to show,
In a thick cloud conveyed me all scatheless through
the midst of the pitiless foe.
The sea with its tempest-tossed billows bore thee
back unto battle and strife,
Give Jupiter suitable offering for his bounty in saving
thy life.





Rest thy tired limbs beneath my green laurel, because they are wearied with fight,
Spare not the wine-casks provided to gladden thy feasting at night.
Fill up polished bowls with good Massic, let it dispel anxiety and care,
Pour out scented ointments in conches that are both capacious and rare.
Wreaths of fresh parsley or myrtle weave quickly for highest and the least,
Whom shall the dice called the Venus proclaim as the master of feast?
As frantic as any Bacchante, I celebrate now wild carouse,
'Tis delightful to play one demented, when I welcome my friend in my house.





ODE 8
TO BARINE

How unabashed Barine stands,
Although her broken vows
Fully deserve a punishment,
As everyone allows.

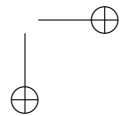
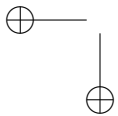
If you had suffered prejudice,
Or looked a thought less fair
By blackness of a tooth or nail,
I might believe your prayer.

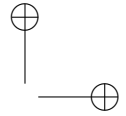
But hardly have you bound your head
With promises untrue,
Than you shine out more radiantly
And charming to the view.

You issue forth. An eager train
Of youths your entry trim,
Surrounding you with every care,
Obedient to your whim.

You find advantage to deceive
Your mother's ashes urned.
The silent stars amid the night,
And heaven itself are spurned.

You dare delude the very gods,
Free from chill death's black ferry;
Venus, I swear, doth smile at this,
The kindly nymphs are merry.





Upon a bloody whetstone,
Cruel Cupid time beguiles
By sharpening his burning darts,
Laughing at all your wiles.

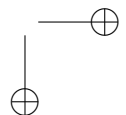
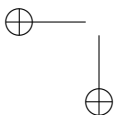
Moreover, dear, our tender boys
For you grow up apace,
New herds of slaves for you increase,
Nor do the old give place.

Often they threaten to depart,
To leave thy house profane,
When they behold thy witching smile,
Perforce they must remain.

O you have much to answer for,
A constant care to mothers
Dreading you may entice their sons,
While sisters fear for brothers.

Thrifty old men in terror see
Your manifold expenses.
The newly-wed are in distress,
And almost lose their senses.

They fear lest one so beautiful,
So clever with her charms,
Shall make their husbands love them less,
And snatch them from their arms.





ODE 9
TO TITUS VALGIUS

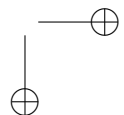
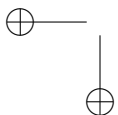
Rain does not pour for ever on the fields,
Often the varied gale to calmness yields
 On Caspian Sea;
Nor, my friend Valgius, in Armenia drear
Does ice immobile stay throughout the year,
 But wanders free.

Nor do Garganian oaks for months eleven
Toss their long branches to the winds of heaven
 From cruel north.
Nor, when the Spring its nascent foliage weaves,
Are ash-trees widowed of their verdant leaves
 That issue forth.

But thou thy Mystes, of all loved the chief,
Incessantly pursues with stricken grief.
 Amid thy pain
Bewailing him in Vesper's rise begun,
Or when he flies the coming of the sun
 And day again.

Yet the old man, three generations prime,
Grieved for Antilochus not all his time,
 That gentle boy.
Nor did his parents and his sisters fair
Lament for ever Troilus in despair,
 The hope of Troy.

So do thou Valgius in thy love desist
From soft complaints for one so dearly missed
 Beyond recall.



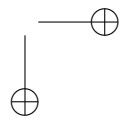
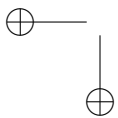


Augustus Cæsar let us sing instead,
With trophies gathered shining round his head,
A clarion call.

O let us now our acclamations bring,
The glory of his conquests loudly sing,
And chant besides
Frozen Niphates in our proud ovations,
While River Medus rolls by vanquished nations
More humble tides.

Nay more, Gelonians ranging once in pride,
To-day a prescribed boundary meekly ride,
On either hand.

Curbed by the pressure of great Cæsar's might,
He now allots them for their sole delight
A narrow land.





ODE 10
TO LICINIUS MURENA

O Licinius, cease from sailing
Where the ocean roars,
While you dread the storms prevailing,
Coasting rocky shores.

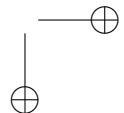
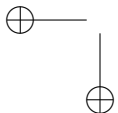
Lead a life secure and better,
Happier and serene.
Whoso wishes ends to fetter,
Loves the golden mean.

Wise he rests, no risk awaiting
Of a wretched cell,
Others who stir envy's hating
In a palace dwell.

Lofty pines more often sway
In tempestuous gale,
High towers fall with more display,
Ruined without avail.

Lightnings strike the mountain high.
A heart, prepared by years,
Hopes ever in adversity,
Prosperity it fears.

The god who brings dire winters back,
He who to Spring gives claim,
No different seems on either tack,
'Tis Jupiter the same.

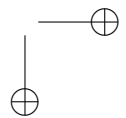
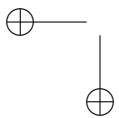




If it be ill with us to-day,
To-morrow good will show,
Apollo sings a silent lay,
Nor always bends his bow.

In narrow plight and times of stress
Appear in spirits high;
Undaunted the occasion bless,
Nor stay to breathe a sigh.

Again, when voyaging in your ship
Fanned by propitious gales,
Wisely let not occasion slip,
Take in your swelling sails.





ODE 11
TO QUINTIUS HIRPINUS

What Cantabrian and Scythian you quest, both the tide
And the deep Adriatic opposing divide,
Seek not to be anxious what schemes they now brew,
Or crave needs for a life of necessities few.

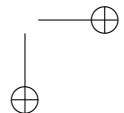
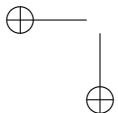
Too soon youth and beauty will leave us to weep,
And arid old age will expel loves and sleep.
The glory of Spring flowers too quickly will die,
Nor does the moon shine always red in the sky.

Therefore, O Quintius, I ask why again
With projects eternal you tire your poor brain?
Let us rest 'neath a plane-tree or this lofty pine,
Indulging ourselves with some generous wine.

While we may, let us revel, our hoary locks' plume
Made fragrant with roses and Eastern perfume.
The canker of care and the sadness of heart
At the advent of Bacchus will swiftly depart.

What slave is at hand, a cup now to cool
Of ardent Falernian in that running pool?
And who will tempt Lyde, that wandering maid,
Dear wanton, to come from her cot to this glade?

Bid her haste with her lyre of choice ivory wrought,
Her tresses arranged in a knot deftly caught,
Like a young Spartan damsel, our joys to prolong,
As she cheers our refection with music and song.





ODE 12
TO MÆCENAS

Numantia's wars protracted,
Or Annibal withstood,
Sicilian seas impurpled
With Carthaginian blood.

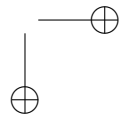
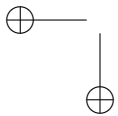
Cruel Lapithê nor Hylæus,
Prolific in its wine,
Or earth-born youths subdued
By Hercules divine.

Old Saturn in his palace
So splendid to the sight,
Dreaded their fierce uprising
And danger from their might.

Do not insist, Mæcenas,
That all this rage and ire
Shall be by me adapted
To soft lays of the lyre.

Rather might you, Mæcenas,
With more propriety write
The battles of great Cæsar
In prose for our delight.

Narrate how haughty necks
Of kings in their defeats
Were led to make a triumph,
Along the crowded streets.





My Muse's will compels,
That I my mistress dear,
Lycimnia, celebrate
In sweet strains to the ear.

I laud her eyes bright-darting,
Her heart so true to love,
So graceful in the dance,
Or jesting in the grove.

Or on Diana's festival,
Renowned for wisdom's charms,
She and the radiant virgins,
Link pleasantly their arms.

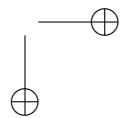
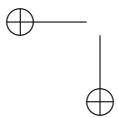
Mæcenas, would you change
One of Lycimnia's tresses
For all Achæmenas amassed,
The riches he possesses?

Or for Mygdonian wealth
Of fertile Phrygia's pleasure,
Or dwellings of Arabians,
Replete with bales of treasure.

As when she turns her neck
To meet your burning kisses,
Or gently cruel denies
Some favour that she misses.

A stolen kiss she craves
More even than the seeker,
Sometimes the gift she snatches,
Although herself the weaker.

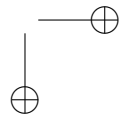
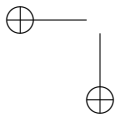
She thus anticipates,
With a surpassing zest,
The pleasure of the wooer
Who falters in his quest.

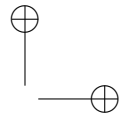




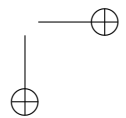
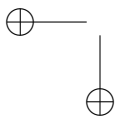
ODE 13
TO A TREE

Unlucky was the day whoever this tree planted,
And raised it with a head accursed and enchanted.
Destructive of posterity, unlucky in its tillage,
Towering aloft in shame, the scandal of the village.
This planter, I believe, as I survey its wreck,
A parricide ingrate – broke his own father's neck –
At midnight he would stain, at murder's foul behest,
His inner secret rooms with life-blood of his guest.
Moreover, Colchian poisons were ready to his hand,
And every wicked sin that anywhere is planned.
A sorry piece of timber he planted for disaster
Within my field to fall on me, its kindly master!
Let us be ever mindful, that caution flees away,
That no man is regardful at all hours of the day.
A sailor dreads indeed the Bosphorus unkind,
Danger from other quarters ne'er comes into his mind.
The soldier dreads the arrows, the Parthian's swift retreat,
The Parthian chains and prison in Italy to meet.
Yet every kind of mortal, who draws from life its breath,
Has unawares been stricken, or will be held by death.
Black Proserpine and Æcus, dispenser of the law,
How nearly I her kingdom and his dread judgment saw,
How near beheld apart the homes of pious shades.
Sappho upon her lyre bewails her Lesbian maids.
Alcæus on golden harp laments in fuller strains
The hapless lot of exile and war's distressful pains.
A sacred silence falls, the listening shades admire
The music of their harps, born of celestial fire.





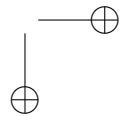
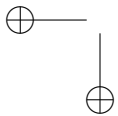
But see with pressing shoulders the multitudes that throng.
Lending an avid ear to a more different song –
Battles and banished tyrants and kingdoms torn asunder,
In these they take delight, and there is little wonder.
The many-headed monster hangs down his sable ears,
Astonished at those lays that calm his inmost fears.
Even the snakes entwined within the Furies' hair,
On hearing them are soothed and taken unaware.
Prometheus, Pelops' sire, will equally forget,
Soothed by the pleasant melody, their tortures overset.
Orion rests from hunting, the lions need not fear,
Even the savage lynxes are scatheless from his spear.

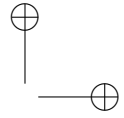
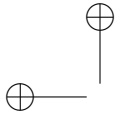




ODE 14
TO POSTUMUS

Alas, Postumus, my Postumus, on glide the fleeting years.
Piety delays not wrinkles, nor old age with its fears.
Death comes to every mortal, and, if on every day
Three hundred bulls were sacrificed, they could not take away
Dread Pluto's fatal dictum, that all of mortal race
Should cross the Stygian ferry, and hide diminished face
With Geryon and Tityus, thrice monstrous in design,
Imprisoned by infernal king with others of their line.
Yea, all must cross that river, beggars as well as kings,
Fed by the bounty of the earth from whence their life-blood
springs.
In vain from Mars' dread battlefields shall we at length be free,
In vain escape the billows of the Adriatic sea.
No longer apprehensive, when autumn chills the land,
Of pestilence that walks abroad with devastating hand.
The black Cocytus wanders on with ever sluggish stream,
Here are the race of Danaus, abhorred in the extreme;
And Sisyphus expectant pursues his endless toil;
All these await your coming on Pluto's hellish soil
Hail and farewell in greeting your well-beloved spouse,
Hail and farewell in greeting your fruitful lands and house.
Trees that you plant and cherish no longer shall be here,
Only the hated cypresses shall shadow o'er thy bier.
Though stored Cæcuban vintage is locked by keys of thine,
Libations from a worthier heir shall pour thy cherished wine.
Alas, alas, Postumus, thy wines of Gaul and Spain,
Richer than any Pontiff's, are stored for thee in vain.





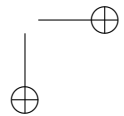
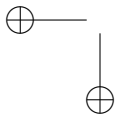
ODE 15
AGAINST LUXURY OF THE ROMANS

These mansions all palatial,
That root up tree and bough,
Leave only scanty acres
For tillage by the plough.
Wide is the Lucrine lake,
With its reflections green,
Yet wider pleasure-ponds
Will everywhere be seen.

Elms with their shady foliage
Give place to barren planes,
While violet banks and myrtles
Diffuse their scented gains
Within the olive groves,
With all the floral prime,
Those groves which were so fruitful
In former owner's time.

When the sun flames in heaven,
Fiercely it shines and gleams;
The laurel with dense boughs
Excludes its burning beams.
The Institutes of Romulus,
Unshaven Cato's law,
Did not encourage luxury
Old custom never saw.

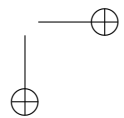
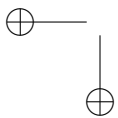
Then private wealth was narrow,
The national income great.
No private men owned palaces,
Or kept egregious state.





They had no open galleries
Measured by ten-foot rule,
Collecting northern breezes
To shade them and to cool.

The laws did not permit them
To spurn the lowly clay
For building of their dwellings
In that more simple day.
But many a public building,
Temples for gods alone,
The common wealth did ornament
Sumptuously with new stone.





ODE 16
TO GROPHUS

O Grophus, I bid you imagine
One voyaging the Aegean sea wide,
When the moon is obscured with black tempest
And the vessel is tossed with the tide.

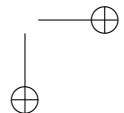
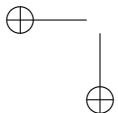
No star shineth out for the sailors.
No light shineth out of their woes.
He imploreth the gods in entreaty
To grant him the boon of repose.

For rest ask the furious Thracian,
For rest ask the quiver-graced Medes,
Jewels, purple or gold ineffective,
Supplications are answered by deeds.

The tumults of minds that are wretched,
The cares that 'mid splendour hold sway,
Royal treasures can never remove them,
Or the lictors with rods drive away.

O happy the man who with little
Views with pleasure set out on his board
The heir-loom, a salt-cellar ancient,
He sleeps free from cares of a hoard.

Why do we for many things striving,
And brave for a season of time,
Change our air that is gentle and temperate
For the sun of a tropical clime?





Whoever becoming an exile
Fled himself in a hopeless despair?
For the brazen-beaked ships e'en are boarded
By the grip of a ravaging care.

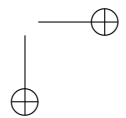
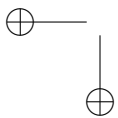
It rides with the swift troops of horsemen,
More fleet than the stag or the hind,
And when in the east rages Eurus,
It outstrips the storm-driven wind.

A mind that is ever now cheerful
Disdains to be troubled awhile,
Life's bitters corrected and sweetened
By the warmth of his unconcerned smile.

Nothing on all hands is blesséd,
Great Achilles died young, war to wage,
While protracted long years irked Tithonus,
And I may exceed you in age.

Around you a hundred flocks bleating,
Lowing heifers of Sicily vie,
Neighing mares are arrayed in their harness,
You wear wool steeped in Africa's dye.

On me honest Fate sheds its bounty,
A rural estate of delight,
The Greek muse for some inspiration,
Contempt for the vulgar's mean spite.





ODE 17
TO MÆCENAS

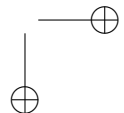
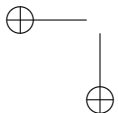
Why slay me with thy chidings?
Why bring me bitter tidings,
To gods' and my distaste?
That thou Mæcenas great,
Decked pillar of my state,
Should first depart in haste.

Alas! If shock or flurry
Take away in a hurry
Thou, portion of my soul,
Why do I half remain,
My value lost in twain,
Nor any longer whole?

I take no perjured oath,
Destruction on us both,
That fatal day shall bring.
Whenever you decide,
I follow at thy side,
Last quest accompanying.

We ne'er shall be disbanded.
Not Gyges, hundred-handed,
If he arose from death,
Shall break our bond asunder,
Nor Jove with all his thunder,
Nor fell Chimæra's breath.

Equity and Fates still
Command this as their will,
According to their power,





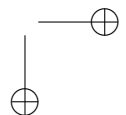
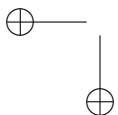
If Libra fair ascended,
Or Scorpio dire portended,
At my first natal hour.

Or Capricorn rose brave,
Ruler of Western wave;
Whether in fears or hopes,
'Tis wonderful to see
How close our fates agree
Within our horoscopes.

For thou when Saturn bleak
Evil for thee did wreak,
Then Jove outstretched his arm,
The while assembled crowd
Hailed you with plaudits loud,
He kept you safe from harm.

And Faunus, friend to men
Of genius with the pen –
The tree trunk falling low
On my unarmoured head
Would soon have left me dead,
Had he not turned the blow.

Be thankful, friend of mine,
Give duly at the shrine
For victims, bull and cock,
While I in humble way,
My sacrifice will pay,
A white lamb from my flock.





ODE 18
AGAINST AVARICE AND LUXURY

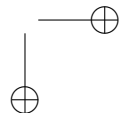
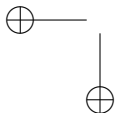
No ivory or golden fretted ceiling
Glitters in house of mine,
No marble beams Hymettus all revealing
Rest on their pillars fine.
Those pillars cut with wondrous art,
Of Africa remote a part.

I do not claim as the pretended heir
To seize the Palace Attalus by ruse,
I do not ask my kinsfolk, women fair,
To spin Laconian purple for my use.
Integrity and genius free in vein
Are the chief qualities that me sustain.

Poor in estate, the rich to me resort,
I ask the gods to grant no further grace,
I pay my powerful friend no further court,
Happy enough my Sabine farm to pace.
Day follows day, and in the sky again
The new moons hasten nightly to their wane.

With one foot in the grave, you daily toil,
Putting out marble to be hewn anew,
Building your houses on a freehold soil,
Unmindful of the tomb awaiting you.
At Baiae a sea-shore wider you command,
Not rich enough with owning the main land.

Base avarice compels you to harsh deeds.
Why remove landmarks in your neighbour's grounds?





Why thus encroach upon your clients' needs,
Trespassing over all accustomed bounds;
Evicting parents, children destitute,
With household gods at thy rapacious suit?

Yet no court more awaits its wealthy peer
Than that of Pluto, destined in his greed,
Why then continue making men to fear?
Impartial earth king's sons and poor doth feed.
The ferry-man of hell, though bribed with gold,
Prometheus led not back to regions old.

Tantalus proud, his race the god confines,
Yet condescends the needy to relieve,
Whether invoked at his accustomed shrines,
Or whether mute in poverty they grieve.
Freed from their labours, at the journey's end
They find at last a comforter and friend.





ODE 19
ON BACCHUS

Believe it, posterity, Bacchus I saw
Reciting his music and laying down the law.
The nymphs learned the airs in the rocks far away,
With the goat-footed satyrs, attentive all day.

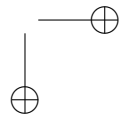
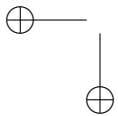
Evøe! troubled my mind with a new risen dread,
Bacchanalian full joy filled my soul and my head.
Evøe! Spare me, O Bacchus, O spare me in grace,
So fearful with thyrsus, I turn from thy face.

'Tis allowed me to sing of thy priestess divine,
Of the rills flowing with milk and the fountains of wine,
Tell again of the honey amassed by the bees,
That distils from the hollowed-out trunks of the trees.

'Tis also allowed me to laud and descry
The honour your Queen adds to stars in the sky,
The palace of Pentheus in ruinous condition,
And Thracian Lycurgus, now doomed to perdition.

You rule o'er the rivers and barbarous seas,
Sit on mountain-tops lonely with wine on the lees;
And unhurt, with vipers you knotted the hair,
Adorning your vestals, all Thracian and fair.

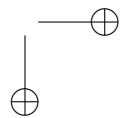
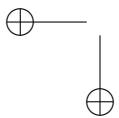
When Titans profane scaled Jupiter's height,
And his realms were distracted with battle and fight,
When on Ossa was piled the o'er-crushing Pelion,
You overcame Rhätus in shape of a lion.





They said you were fitter for dance, jest and play,
Insufficient to fight in this terrible fray.
But then it was seen how your powers do increase,
Revealed as the god to decide war and peace.

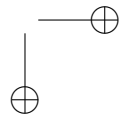
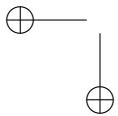
When you strode, golden horned, accoutred in mail,
Then Cerberus looked, gently wagging his tail,
And on your return came you bounding to meet.
With his triple tongue licking your legs and your feet.

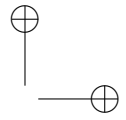
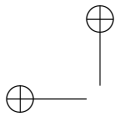




ODE 20
TO MÆCENAS

Behold me a poet as in dual form I sing,
Conveyed through the air on no commonplace wing.
No longer on earth will I loiter or bide.
I depart from the cities and scorn envy's pride.
Not I, even I, dear Mæcenas, will die,
Nor shall Stygian wave check me as upward I fly.
E'en now a rough skin both my ankles doth gird,
Behold me transformed to the shape of a bird,
White as the foam on the coast's rocky boulders,
With feathers of down on my fingers and shoulders
A songster melodious, and swifter in light
Than Dædalean Icarus winging his flight,
I visit the Bosphorus, and for my pains
Gætulean Syrtes, Hyperborean plains.
The Colchian and Dacian, who hideth his dread
Of cohorts advancing by Marsian chiefs led;
And the distant Gelonians, in war-paint a show,
All these in the future the white bird shall know.
The learned of Spain shall study my tone,
And likewise the native who drinks of the Rhone.
Let no dirges be sung, no manhood be failing
In vain lamentations or ceaseless bewailing
For my funeral imagined, when I am undying.
Suppress now your grief and cease from all crying.
Though you might carve marble to lighten thy gloom,
Forbear the vain honour to raise me a tomb.





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