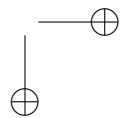
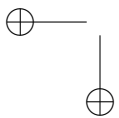
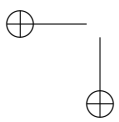
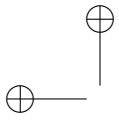
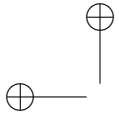


**The Odes of Horace**  
Book III



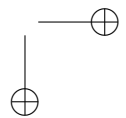
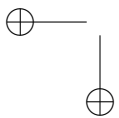


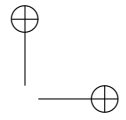
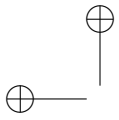


**The Odes of Horace**  
Book III

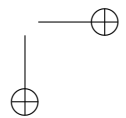
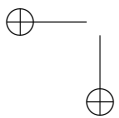
*Translated by A. Gordon Mitchell*

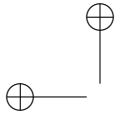
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2024  
First Published, 1921





DEDICATION

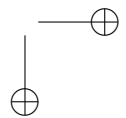
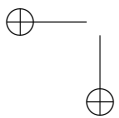
TO MY GALLANT FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN  
WHO SERVED IN THE GREAT WAR,  
AND  
TO THE IMPERISHABLE MEMORY OF

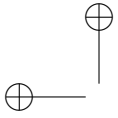
THE SONS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

WHO HAVE PROVED, BY LAND AND SEA,  
HOW SWEET AND SEEMLY IT IS TO DIE  
FOR MOTHERLAND,

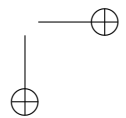
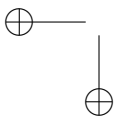
**I DEDICATE THIS BOOK**

OF THE POET OF  
ANCIENT ROMAN VIRTUE





*A Northern echo of the Orphic strains  
Whose proud, imperial music still remains,  
And will inspire the ages yet to be,  
Where'er the alembic of the heart distils  
A love of Freedom, cradled in the hills,  
And voiceful with the thunder of the sea.*





## PREFACE

In looking over some of the Odes of Horace in Book III, the present translator was much impressed by the aptness of some of the passages to present-day conditions and to the tragic and critical movement of current events. For example, the passage beginning, –

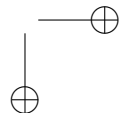
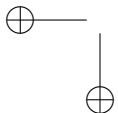
'Tis sweet to lose our life by hostile hand,  
'Tis sweet to perish for our native land;

the poet's praise of military valour in Ode II, –

The sturdy youth, O friends, the sword should wield;

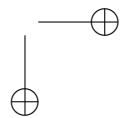
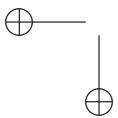
the lofty imperial strain of Ode III; the doom pronounced against blind force in Ode IV, which shows that the poet was no believer in the modern German heresy that "might is right"; the magnificent passage in Ode V, in which the poet describes how Regulus prevailed upon the Senate to send him back to be tortured and put to death by the Carthaginians rather than make peace with a victorious enemy; the argument in Ode VI, ascribing the ill-success of Rome in the field to her decline in religion and morals – these passages, to mention no others, appear to the translator sufficient justification for the issue of Book III at the present time in a form that unseals its meaning to the English-reading public. In the case of two of the Odes (XI and XII), he has made an attempt to reproduce the metre of the original, so far as that is possible in a language the rhythm of which depends on accent instead of quantity.

In the case of the famous Ode XXIX, he may be thought to show a lack of diffidence in publishing a version of an Ode for ever associated with the great name of Dryden. The splendid

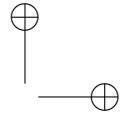




poem of Dryden, however (which is to be found in an Appendix to the present work), is a paraphrase; the present version claims to be nothing more than a translation.





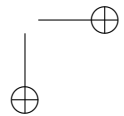
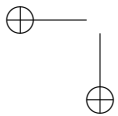


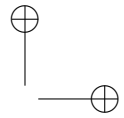
## INTRODUCTION

Horace – or to give him his full name, Quintus Horatius Flaccus – was born at Venusia, on the borders of Apulia and Lucania, on the 8th of December, 65 B.C. He was the son of a freedman who, it is thought, had been formerly a slave of the town of Venusia. Horace enjoyed the benefit of a wholesome parental training and example. His father at one time occupied the post of a “coactor,” or collector of dues, and saved enough money to buy a small farm and to educate his son. He was a man of high intelligence and moral principle; and, after giving his son a sound home-training, he sent him to Rome, where he received the best education available at that time. Thence he proceeded to Athens, where, as he says himself, “he sought for truth among the groves of the Academy.” His studies were interrupted by the civil war. Espousing the cause of Brutus, the young Republican took part in the battle of Philippi; and, in one of his odes, he refers to his casting away his shield in the rout that followed that engagement. Returning to Rome, he was introduced by Virgil to Mæcenas, who became his fast friend and patron till death, for a brief period, separated the statesman from the poet.

Mæcenas presented him with a farm near Tibur, the modern Tivoli; and, amidst its delightful surroundings and occupations, some of his happiest days were passed. Augustus wished him to become his amanuensis, but Horace declined the office, although, in spite of his early Republican views, he was sincerely attached to the Emperor’s throne and person.

He died suddenly in November, 8 B.C., shortly after the death of Mæcenas.

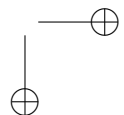
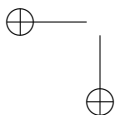




His *Satires* were his first published works; then came his *Odes*; and last of all his *Epistles*. His *Odes* were written when he had arrived at the maturity of his powers; and some of the finest and most important of them are contained in the Book which, in its English dress, is now offered to the public.

His writings are of autobiographical interest as showing the spiritual development of the poet. Beginning in the *Satires* with holding up some of the tenets of Stoicism to ridicule, he goes on, in the Third Book of the *Odes*, to extol the old Roman virtues of piety, courage, temperance, chastity, and patriotism. In his early writings an avowed Epicurean unbeliever, he comes into sympathy with the religious revival favoured by Augustus. He has been blamed for countenancing the divine honours paid to that Potentate; but as Mr. Sellar says “the language which at first sight offends our modern susceptibilities is to be regarded rather as the artistic expression of the prevailing national sentiment than as the tribute of an insincere adulation.” Another contrast between his early and later views is to be found in his abandonment of a *pococurante* attitude as to national interests for the intense patriotic fervour of the opening *Odes* of the Third Book.

In the first of these lyrics, the thesis is that happiness is to be found not in gratified ambition, but in contentment with the simple pleasures of home. In Ode II, Horace sings the praise of military valour, self-sacrifice for one’s native land, and discretion in keeping a secret. Ode III presents a powerful plea against the transference of the seat of Empire to Troy. In Ode IV the poet gives us a charming glimpse of an incident in his early life in Apulia, declares his devotion to the Muses, and praises Augustus for his interest in literature. From the Muses, he says, the Emperor derives that wise counsel which, as opposed to that lawless and brutal force which the Gods will never suffer to prevail, makes for imperial strength and dignity. In Ode V he praises Augustus and animadverts upon the degeneracy of the morals of his time, concluding with an impassioned description





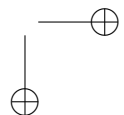
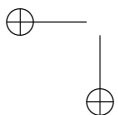
of the self-sacrifice of the national hero, Regulus. He addresses Ode VI to the Romans, and attributes the defeat of their armies to their decline in religion and morals. In Ode XIV he celebrates the triumphant return of Augustus after his campaign against the Cantabrians. In addition to the above, Ode XXIV may be described as a national ode. In it he inveighs against the avarice, self-indulgence, and effeminacy of his day.

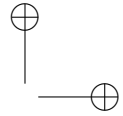
In this book we also find specimens of his erotic verse, in Ode VII where he exhorts Asterie to be constant to her absent lover; in Ode IX, which is cast in the form of a dialogue between the poet and Lydia; in X, addressed to Lyce, in which, not, perhaps, without the suspicion of a sly laugh against himself, he describes how he lay, exposed to the fury of the elements, before the shut door of that lady; in XI, where he invokes Mercury and his lyre, and asks them to soften the heart of Lyde by reciting to her the fate of the cruel Danaïds; in XII, in which he depicts the love-sickness of Neobule; and in XXVI, his valedictory Ode to Venus.

Of his convivial poetry we have examples in Ode VIII, in which he invites Mæcenas to join with him in celebrating the anniversary of his escape from death by the fall of a tree; in XVII, addressed to Alius Lamia; in XIX, which is written in a spirit of boyish gaiety and frolic; in XXI, addressed to his wine-jar, in which he extols the virtues of the genial cup; and in XXV, in which he describes, with dithyrambic animation, the inspiring effects of Bacchus.

Odes XVIII, To Faunus, XXII, To Diana, XXIII, To Phidyle, with its exquisitely beautiful close, and XXVIII, To Lyde, are examples of his religious poetry.

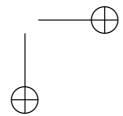
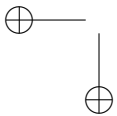
Of verse of a didactic character, we have, besides the opening Odes, XVI, addressed to Mæcenas, in which, after giving examples of the power of gold, he professes his satisfaction with the slender income of his Sabine farm and the favour of his steadfast friend, and points out that contentment is better than gain; in XXIV, addressed to the covetous; and in XXIX, in which he

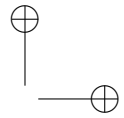
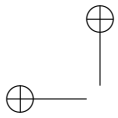




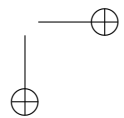
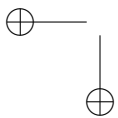
exultingly declares to Mæcenas his emancipation from the spirit of avarice. In XXVII, To Galatea, we have a dramatic narrative of the story of Europa. The only Ode to a natural object is the beautiful one (XIII), To the Bandusian Fountain. As showing the affectionate tenacity with which Horace cherished early associations, it may be noted that he appears to have named this fountain on his Sabine farm after a spring in his native district. Lampoons are agreeably conspicuous by their absence from the Third Book, the only composition of this kind being XV, To Chloris. In the concluding Ode XXX Horace asserts his claim to literary immortality. Touching this, Mr. Sellar says, "His chief claim to literary originality is not that on which he himself rested his hopes of immortality – that of being the first to adapt certain lyrical metres to the Latin tongue – but that of being the first of those whose works have reached us who establishes a personal relation with his reader, speaks to him as a familiar friend, gives him good advice, tells him the story of his life, and shares with him his private tastes and pleasures and all this without any loss of self-respect, any want of modesty or breach of good manners, and in a style so lively and natural that each new generation of readers might fancy that he was addressing them personally and speaking to them on subjects of everyday modern interest."

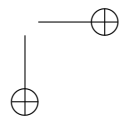
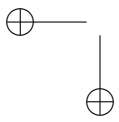
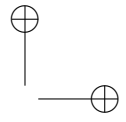
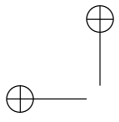
The self-portrayal of the poet in this Book is of a particularly interesting and pleasing character. We trace in these pages the active agency of all the best influences of his life – the refined literary and personal friendship of the distinguished Mæcenas – the sweet breath of his Sabine valley – the unforgotten associations of that old Apulian home and father from whom he derived his reverence for the traditional piety and virtue of his country – all, in the time of his mellowing middle age, consenting to the end of his producing literary work of a sort that the world does not willingly let die. Doubtless, there is much that we miss in his verses. The poetry of child-life must be sought elsewhere: and only in a slight and fugitive way





can he be called a high-priest of nature. Some, too, may be disposed to impute to him as a fault that he harps too much on convivial topics. But, in this connection, it is only just to the poet to bear in mind his powerful words in the eighteenth Ode of the First Book: – “Fair Bacchus! I will not excite thee against thy will. Nor will I expose to light thy mysteries that are veiled in ivy and vine leaves. Cease the dire clamour of your Cymbals and your Phrygian horn, whose followers are blind Self-love, and Vainglory, that lifts too high her empty head, and the foolish Confidence, more transparent than glass, that is recklessly garrulous concerning private affairs.” In Book III are to be found many bracing thoughts, instinct with old Roman piety, frugality, hardihood, and manliness, in virtue of which this ancient poet has still a voice and a message for the ears of living men. For poignancy of lyrical passion one may have to look to such as her after whom one of his favourite measures derives its name, or to his own compatriot Catullus; but, as regards width of interest, dignity of sentiment and conviction, exactitude of form and felicity of phrase, our poet’s prophecy of his own immortality is amply justified; and, firmly established in his niche in the temple of fame, he smiles upon us from beneath the imperishable laurel crown wherewith Melpomene has wreathed his sacred head.







## ODE I

*(In which the poet maintains that honours and riches  
are not the measure of happiness.)*

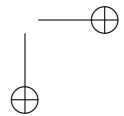
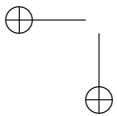
I hate the unholy rabble; from my lay  
I drive the ungrateful subject far away.  
Attend ye all! I sing in novel strain,  
The Muses' priest, to charm your ears again.

Tremendous monarchs, wielding sceptres high,  
Rule, each his own – but Jupiter the sky,  
The earth, and these proud monarchs all obey –  
To him the giants' tribe submissive pray.  
He ruleth all: earth at his dreadful nod  
Trembles before the universal God.

One in more numerous rows his trees may plant  
Than his less wealthy neighbour; one may vaunt  
His high descent, his fair unsullied fame,  
As making good to rank and place his claim;  
A third, again, mayhap, outshines them all  
In having more retainers at his call.

Whate'er the land, whate'er the race or name,  
The puissant and those unknown to fame,  
Inexorable Destiny awaits,  
E'en now the urn is shaking: forth, ye fates!

He has no relish for Sicilian board  
Over whose head is hung the naked sword:  
The songs of birds, the cithern's music shed  
No dew of sleep upon his weary bed.  
Sweet sleep disdaineth not the humble cot,  
Sweet sleep alleviates the poor man's lot.



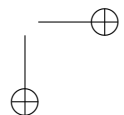
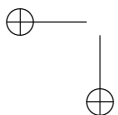


Sweet sleep will yonder rustic overcome  
On leafy bank, 'mid song and drowsy hum.

The man unmoved by covetous desire –  
His eye the raging sea, the tempests' ire  
Will view unmoved, nor will he vainly wail  
When all his vines are stripped by crashing hail,  
Or when the scorching sun and wintry sleet  
Upon his battered fields in fury beat.

Narrowed the fishes feel the deep to be  
By ponderous masses cast into the sea –  
Lavish foundations flung by builder's hand  
And haughty lords, disdainful of the land.  
But where is lord, how great soe'er he be,  
Can climb a height from Threat and Terror free?  
Both on the barque and on the chariot – there,  
Behind the horseman, rideth gloomy Care.

Since neither purple's hue, nor marble stone,  
Nor wines, nor perfumes ease a mortal's moan,  
Am I in latest style to deck my hall,  
On envied pillars, too, to spend my all:  
Am I to change my Sabine valley fair  
For bleaker climes and wealth begetting care?







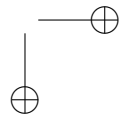
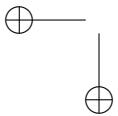
ODE II  
TO HIS FRIENDS

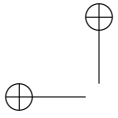
*(In praise of military valour, honesty, and fidelity in keeping a secret.)*

The sturdy youth, O friends, the sword should wield  
And bravely front the hardships of the field.  
The dreaded knight with sword and mighty spear  
The hostile ranks should fill with dread and fear.

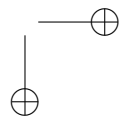
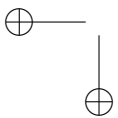
Knight such as this will surely gain the day,  
Riding through blood – a lion in the fray.  
The timorous women, gazing from on high  
Behold his direful wrath, and anxious sigh  
Lest their proud lord, unskilful in the fight,  
By mad encounter tempt the lion's might.  
'Tis sweet to lose our life by hostile hand,  
'Tis sweet to perish for our native land.  
We all must die: e'en cowards meet their doom,  
Flight helps no mortal to evade the tomb:  
Neither unwarlike youth, nor timid slave  
From death's all-conquering hand his life can save.

Unspotted Virtue no repulse debars.  
She still untarnished shineth as the stars;  
Spotless and pure and free from every stain  
She ends at no one's beck her queenly reign,  
Opening to those the portals of the sky  
Whom undeservèd fate compelled to die.  
Thro' arduous paths she tireless wends her way,  
Nor longer on the miry earth will stay,  
But, soaring far on pinion strong and proud,  
She spurns the earth and all its grovelling crowd.





The man who secrets carefully can keep  
The fruits of Honesty is sure to reap.  
Grant this, ye Gods! that I may keep aloof,  
Nor ever dwell beneath a sheltering roof –  
(For, often, when the good with wicked rove,  
They share the anger of avenging Jove,  
And judgment, tardy tho' it be in pace,  
At last must meet its victim face to face)  
Nor ever, e'en tho' lured by favouring gale  
In fragile barque – with such an one – set sail  
As, with a front of brass, is not ashamed  
To publish secrets never-to-be-named.





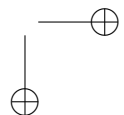
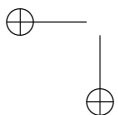
### ODE III

*(In which the poet urges Augustus not to transfer  
the seat of empire to Troy.)*

Nor citizens enforcing wrong demand,  
Nor tyrants' threatening countenance and hand  
Can move the righteous man of purpose fixed:  
Nor stormy Auster, who full oft has mixed  
The furious Adria's restless, raging stream,  
Nor Jove's dread lightning's awe-inspiring gleam.  
Should Nature's germs in dire confusion roll  
Together all, and mingle pole with pole,  
Him, steadfast, and, though dangers thickly rear  
Aloft their heads, yet free from every fear,  
Would strike, through middle space in fury hurled,  
The crashing fabric of a ruined world.

'Twas by such valour Hercules could claim,  
And Pollux too, an everlasting name –  
An envied seat amid ethereal fires  
Where, high above his earth-engendered sires,  
Divine Augustus now in ease reclines,  
And sips with rosy lips Olympic wines.

Famed for this valour, tigers bound with thong  
Have hurried thee, O Bacchus, swift along.  
From death this valour Romulus debars,  
Evading Acheron on the steeds of Mars:  
When Juno, while the Gods in council sate,  
Had uttered Ilium's heaven-approved-of fate: –  
“O Ilium, Ilium, prostrate in the dust,  
By a strange woman and a judge's lust



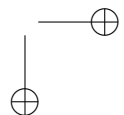
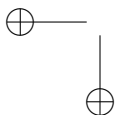


Undone, thy people and thy guileful prince  
Are vowed to me and to Athene, since  
Laomedon, thy founder, did not pay  
The treasure from the temples snatched away.

“No more does Helen’s famous gallant shine,  
No longer Troy repels the Grecian line;  
Though Hector for a little could withstand  
The advancing ensigns of the hostile band,  
The war, awhile delayed by civil brawl,  
At last accomplished mighty Ilium’s fall,  
And now the armies of triumphant Greece  
Exchange a tedious war for lasting peace.

“Henceforward I’ll commit my wrath and ire  
And Ilia’s hated boy to Mars his sire:  
His shall be one of blest Olympus’ seats  
And his ’twill be to taste of nectar’s sweets,  
And, while the draught delicious is imbibed,  
Among the immortal Gods to be inscribed.

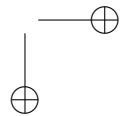
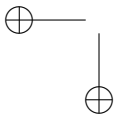
“While billows roll ’twixt Ilium and Rome  
Let exiled Trojans flourish far from home.  
While roving herds unpunished can disgrace  
The sepulchres of Ilium’s ancient race,  
While forest brutes can breed and safely dwell  
’Mid ruined columns of the citadel,  
Let the high Capitol in glory stand,  
Let dreaded Rome give laws to every land,  
Let none o’er all the earth her eagles stay,  
Let vanquished Medes their conquerors obey,  
Let her advance where Neptune ceaseless roars,  
And rule supreme o’er ocean’s furthest shores.  
But let her show her greatness and despise  
The gold most fitly hid from mortal eyes,  
Nor drag it forth with sacrilegious hand  
For greedy traffic over all the land.





Whatever race resists her powerful sway,  
To it, rejoicing, let her force her way:  
Let her advance where dews and rain-clouds fall –  
Where madding, furious fires hold festival.  
But to tremendous Rome this fortune fair  
On one condition only I declare: –  
Let not her sons exultant, in their joy,  
Too pious, wish to build their fathers' Troy.  
If Troy ill-omened now anew uprising,  
Again her dying shriek shall rend the skies,  
I, who am both Jove's sister and his wife,  
Victorious leading on the bloody strife.  
If thrice Apollo's aid restore the wall,  
Thrice, whelmed by my Grecians, it shall fall,  
Thrice shall the captive wife bewail her lord  
And her dear son transfixed by hostile sword.”

But whither wendest thou, presumptuous Muse?  
How darest thou the speech of Gods abuse?  
Thou harpest on the theme of sword and fire:  
Such things are misbecoming to the Lyre.





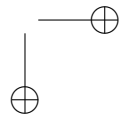
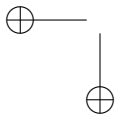
ODE IV  
TO CALLIOPE

Calliope, descending from the sky,  
Chant forth thy long, sweet strains of melody  
On artless pipe, or with thy voice so clear,  
Or on the harp or lute to Phœbus dear,  
If so it please thee: dost thou hear my prayer?  
Or does some frenzy fond my sense ensnare?  
I séem to hear thy heaven-inspired song,  
And with thee walk the hallowed groves along,  
Where babbling streamlets gush, and gentle breeze  
Whispers his love-song to the yielding trees.

Above Apulia's vale with plenty blest,  
When, wearied of my play, I sought to rest  
In boyhood's days neath lofty Vultur's shade,  
The wood-doves, famed in tale, my sylvan bed  
With coverlet of verdant leaves bespread.

The Bantine forest people and the band  
That dwell in low Forentum's fertile land,  
The folk of lofty Acherontia's nest  
All marvelled that in peace I took my rest –  
That, all unharmed of deadly snake or bear,  
My tender body lay unconscious there,  
And that, as I reposed upon the ground,  
Laurel and myrtle lay in heaps around.  
But ne'er so fearless had I pressed the sod  
Without the aid of some protecting God.

I'm yours, ye Muses! wheresoe'er I roam,  
Whether I climb toward my Sabine home,

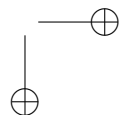
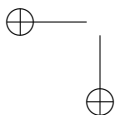




Whether I take my pleasure in the cool  
Preneste, Tibur's vale, or Baia's pool.  
A lover of your fountains and your dance,  
I did not die by the Philippic lance,  
I was not crushed by the accursed tree,  
I was not whelmed by Palinurus' sea.  
If ye be with me, I will gladly plough  
The raging Bosphorus with brazen prow,  
I'll journey through Assyria's arid sand –  
Visit the inhospitable Briton's land –  
I'll see Concanians gorged with horses' gore,  
And safely reach the furthest Scythian shore,  
And, if ye still be with me, I unharmed  
Shall see Gelonians with the quiver armed.

When Cæsar, general of mighty Rome,  
Dismissed each weary soldier to his home,  
Him, seeking from his labour to be eased,  
Ye in a cool Pierian grotto pleased.  
On him ye joy good counsel to bestow,  
And, when imparted, gracious gladness show.  
We know how he who ruleth o'er the land  
And wind-tossed ocean with his mighty hand,  
Whom cities and dark Pluto's realm obey,  
Who wields o'er Gods and men his sovran sway,  
For ever silenced the proud Titans' boast  
And ruined by his bolt the giant host.

Confiding in their strength, with courage fired,  
The youth e'en Jove awhile with fear inspired;  
The brothers, too, who fruitless efforts made  
To pile vast Pelion on Olympus' shade.  
But what Typhoëus – what could Mimas' might –  
Or Rhoetus – or Porphyryon's threatening height –  
Enceladus that trunks uptorn did wield –  
Avail 'gainst dread Minerva's sounding shield?





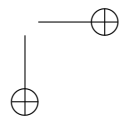
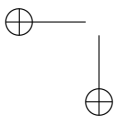
The eager Vulcan stood upon this side,  
And there the matron Juno in her pride,  
And here stood Delos' God whose flowing hair  
Oft in Castalia's fountain glances fair,  
Who ne'er without his bow and quiver roves,  
Who owns his native woods and Lycia's groves.

Blind force by its own weight is dashed to dust:  
Well-tempered force the Gods divine and just  
Promote to good success, but view with hate  
Forces that ends unlawful meditate.

The hundred-handed Gyges shows this true –  
Orion, spotless Dian's tempter too,  
Assailant of an uncorrupted heart  
Whom she subdued by angry virgin-dart.

The earth bewails whom her vast borders hide,  
She mourns the offspring that were once her pride,  
Who by Jove's thunderbolts o'erwhelmed fell  
And now eke out a dismal life in hell.

The swift, fierce-darting fire, that ever fumes  
In lofty Etna, Etna ne'er consumes,  
The avenging bird still Tityus' liver pains,  
Piritoüs still is bound in captive chains.







## ODE V

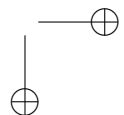
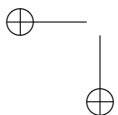
*(In praise of Augustus)*

We have believed the Thunderer rules the sky:  
Augustus, while on earth we deify,  
Who has subdued the vaunting Parthians' pride,  
And adds Britannia to his empire wide.

Has Crassus' soldier led a shameful life,  
Conjoined in wedlock with a foreign wife?  
And oh the morals of these wicked days!  
Alas, the Senate that corrupt decays!  
Have Marsian and Apulian soldiers bold  
In camps of hostile spouses' sires grown old,  
Forgetful of Rome's shields, her dress and name,  
Forgetful of eternal Vesta's flame,  
Ere Romans yield to an invading horde,  
Ere Rome's proud Jove obeys a foreign lord?

Wise Regulus foresaw with prudent eye  
If captive youth did not unpitied die –  
If Rome rejected not the Punic terms  
'Twould sow within itself destruction's germs.

“I've seen,” he said, “our Roman eagles grace  
The temples of the Carthaginian race:  
I've seen our soldiers' arms, without affray,  
By Carthaginians rudely snatched away:  
I've seen the hands of citizens, alack!  
Bound with the slavish thong behind their back:  
I've seen the gates unshut and fresh-tilled farms  
Adorn the land once ravaged by our arms.



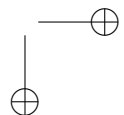
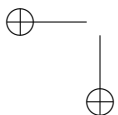


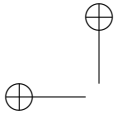
“Say you the ransomed soldier that returns  
With fresh-fired ardour for his country burns?  
Nay: you add loss of courage to disgrace.  
As wool, when dyed, can ne’er its hue replace,  
So valour, once expelled, will never deign  
The coward heart that lost it to regain.

“If timid hind, freed from the hunter’s toils,  
At bay her captors, boldly fighting, foils,  
Then, too, the captive soldier will be brave  
Who yields to faithless foe, his life to save,  
Then shall he conquer Carthage who of yore  
Feared death, and bondage unresisting bore –  
Who knew not else how he might keep his life  
Than by confounding peace with martial strife.  
O shame! O mighty Carthage towering high  
By piteous overthrow of Italy!”

Brave Regulus, ’tis said, with downcast face,  
Repulsed his children and his wife’s embrace  
Until, by counsel wisely urged and well,  
But of a sort without a parallel,  
He should confirm the hesitating State,  
And haste, a noble exile, to his fate.  
From all his mourning friends.

Yet knew he well  
Tortures, more horrid than the tongue can tell,  
Were swift preparing. Notwithstanding, stern  
Repelled he friends opposing his return,  
As if, the business of his clients o’er,  
He sought Venafrum or Tarentum’s shore.





ODE VI  
TO THE ROMANS

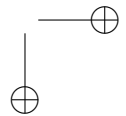
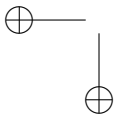
*(That irreligion and profligacy had brought the greatest  
misfortunes upon them.)*

Guiltless of evil done by guilty sires,  
For thee, proud Rome, till piety inspires  
Thy sons to tend thy statues and thy fanes,  
The Gods' displeasure unappeased remains.

Unto the Gods thou ow'st thy mighty reign  
Over the nations: else thy sceptre vain.  
Unless before the Gods thou bend the knee,  
Unless 'tis thine in all events to see  
The mighty working of their sovran hand  
No longer 'twill be thine o'er sea and land  
To rule supreme: full many a grievous woe  
Do slighted Gods Italia's people owe.

Already twice our evil-starred attack  
Have Pacorus and Moneses beaten back:  
Tricked out with paltry neck-chains, soft they smile  
To add our golden plunder to their pile.

The Ethiop renowned for naval power,  
The Dacian darting shafts in deadly shower,  
Ill-fated Rome, by civil brawls annoyed,  
Well-nigh irreparably have destroyed.  
A wicked age, fertile in foulsome fruits,  
The nuptial tie, our homes, our race pollutes.  
This loathsome source, this noisome fountainhead  
A dire succession of defeats has fed  
Which urges on, with unabating flow,  
Upon the commonwealth its flood of woe.

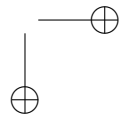
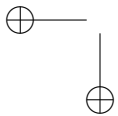


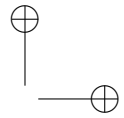
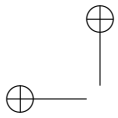


Now wenches, budding into womanhood,  
Are soiled with every lawless wish and lewd.  
They train their joints, for 'tis their dearest joy  
Their supple limbs in dancing to employ:  
And, while their lord sits nodding o'er his glass,  
Their time with gallants not so old they pass:  
Nor choose on whom their favours they'll bestow,  
The lights removed, but, ordered, off they go;  
Their all-too-conscious husband looks askant  
While they promiscuous embraces grant  
To whosoe'er their shameful pleasures buys.

From such a stock the youth did not arise,  
Whose puissance our foemen felt of yore,  
When vasty Neptune blushed with Punic gore –  
Whose puissance Antiochus o'erthrew –  
Who dreadful Hannibal and Pyrrhus slew;  
But warlike rustics of a temper stern,  
Taught how the soil with Sabine hoes to turn,  
And trained to carry fagots from the wood  
To please an angry mother's fretful mood,  
When the receding chariot of the sun  
Gave token that the hours of day were done,  
And, flinging far the mountain-shades, bespoke  
The loosing of the weary oxen's yoke,  
And pleasant twilight with its welcome rest.

What does not Time's destroying tooth divest  
Of all its virtue? Fathers not so good  
Got us a worse to get a worser brood.





ODE VII  
TO ASTERIE

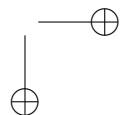
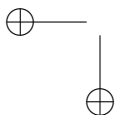
Why weep'st, Asterie, thy constant swain  
Whom kindly breezes shall bring o'er the main  
Enriched with Bithynian merchandise?

When Capra, harbinger of storm, did rise,  
His vessel drave before the Southern blast  
To Oricum, where anchor he has cast,  
And where at night he lays his lonely head  
Upon a sleepless, cold, and tearful bed.

The agent of his hostess slyly tries  
A thousand wiles, saying that Chloë sighs  
And burns for him with unrequited flame;  
But, faithful heart! he cherishes thy name.

He says: – “A woman Protus urged in haste  
Bellerophon to slay, alas! too chaste;  
And Tartarus had Peleus almost gained  
Who from Hippolyte's embrace abstained.”

Fables are told him that may prompt to sin;  
Deafer is he than rock to ocean's din.  
But for thyself, Asterie, take care;  
Enipeus, thy neighbour, oh beware!  
Though none like him shines in the Martian course,  
Though none like him can back the prancing horse,  
Though none like him can breast the Tuscan wave,  
Yet – lock thy door, if thou thyself would'st save;  
And, though he may have called thee hard and prayed,  
Look thou not down upon his serenade,  
But let him pipe his unavailing strain,  
And true to him that's absent still remain.





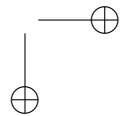
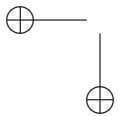
ODE VII  
TO MÆCENAS

You ask, Mæcenas, you who know and speak  
The language of the Roman and the Greek,  
What mean these coals and incense? and what freak  
    Has caused a bachelor on flowers to dote  
Upon the Calends? Know, my gentle friend,  
This day a falling tree had proved my end  
But for the Gods who mortal lives defend;  
    To Bacchus, then, I've vowed a snow-white goat.

Now shall my walls with mirth and joy resound,  
And this blest day, as years shall bear it round,  
Shall break the seal from off the cask that bound  
    In Tullus' consulship the cheering wine.  
Drain, then, a hundred glasses through the night,  
The lamps shall blaze till dimmed by morning light,  
Away with angry clamour, hate, and spite,  
    Around this day let happy memories twine.

Dismiss, my friend, your cares about the State:  
Already has the Dacian met his fate,  
No longer are the warlike Medes elate  
    They spend their strength in grievous civil brawl;  
And the Cantabrian, our ancient foe,  
Before our dreaded arms at last lies low;  
The Scythians purpose, with unbended bow,  
    To quit the field before in fight they fall.

May no solicitude lest sudden harm  
Befall the State deny your friend your charm:  
Leave war behind and all its dread alarm,  
    This day we'll celebrate with festival.





ODE IX  
TO LYDIA

(*A Dialogue.*)

*Horace*

There was none so blest as I  
On the earth below,  
While no rival with his arms  
Clasped thy neck of snow.

*Lydia*

While my love thou didst not spurn  
For another flame,  
'Mid the Roman maidens I  
Held the chiefest name.

*Horace*

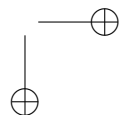
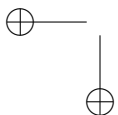
Chloë, skilled in measures sweet,  
Taught in music's art,  
Sways me, and I'd gladly die  
For my fairer part.

*Lydia*

Calais inflames my breast:  
Gladly would I dive  
Twice into the stream of death  
So my boy survive.

*Horace*

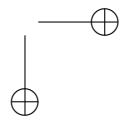
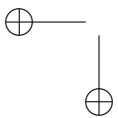
What if love unite our hearts  
Fonder than before?  
If, my Chloë gone, for thee  
I should ope the door?



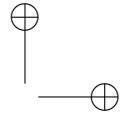


*Lydia*

Though he's fair – thou light as cork –  
Fierce as raging main –  
With thee, till the day I die,  
I would live again.







ODE X  
TO LYCE

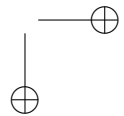
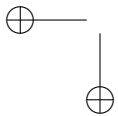
O Lyce, didst thou lip far Tanaïs,  
Wed to some savage, that a pity 'tis  
For me to lie on such a night as this  
    Before your door  
Thou'dst feel – exposed where haunting north winds hiss,  
    And angry roar.

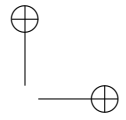
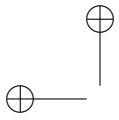
Dost hear the tempest through thy gateway howling,  
And through the grove round thy fair mansion prowling,  
The gleam on sleet, from the black night-rack scowling  
    In showers projected,  
Beneath the fitful moon so wildly rowling  
    Hast thou detected?

Offend not Venus by a breast of steel  
Lest backward spring thy rope on rushing wheel.  
Thy Tuscan sire ne'er taught thee to congeal  
    Thy tender heart,  
Like dame Penelope, 'gainst the appeal  
    Of wooer's art.

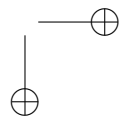
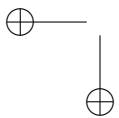
Though neither gift nor prayer thy love begets,  
Nor suitors' faces pale as violets,  
Nor yet that singing-girl thy husband pets,  
    I prithee spare  
The heart that with a thankless fondness frets,  
    And hear my prayer.

O thou as hard as oak no storm can break,  
As pitiless as Mauritanian snake,





Not thus for ever can I lie and quake,  
Nor thus remain  
Before thy threshold, for thy love's sweet sake,  
Soaked by the rain.





ODE XI  
TO LYDE

Helmes who, by dint of thy artful schooling,  
Taught'st Amphion stones to displace by singing,  
Seven-stringed Lyre that expressest deftly  
Resonant music,

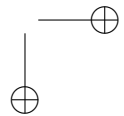
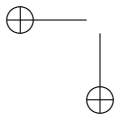
Sometime neither elegant nor attractive,  
Now acclaimed at temple and feast of wealthy,  
Speak to Lyde harmonies apt to reach her  
Obstinate hearing.

She, as filly three-year-old frisking over  
Broad meads, capers skittish and fears for capture –  
Knows no nuptial rite, immature as yet for  
Amorous husband.

Thou canst tigers lead in thy train, and woodlands,  
Thou canst rivers arrowy make to linger,  
Thine the potent charm to the which the vasty  
Doorkeeper yielded –

Cerberus, though serpents an hundred guarded,  
Fury-like, his head, and a breath repulsive  
From his mouth three-tongued, in a stream of poison,  
Pestilent issued.

Laughed Ixion, Tityus, too, reluctant,  
Danaïds some time from their task desisted,  
Leaving dry their pot, by thy lovely music  
Lulled into dreaming.





Tell to Lyde how that the virgins trespassed,  
Tell the well-known doom of their dire misdoing –  
How in vain they sought to replenish vessels  
Leaking at bottom:

How their fate pursued to the Shades the maidens,  
Wicked ones! for how could their crime be greater?  
Wicked ones that bathed in their bridegrooms' life-blood  
Merciless daggers.

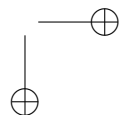
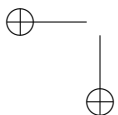
One there was, one splendidly false to perjured  
Parent, one all-worthy the torch of Hymen,  
One a maid whose name in immortal glory  
Shines through the ages.

“Rise, oh rise!” quoth she to her youthful husband,  
“Lest long sleep be dealt thee by hand unwot of:  
Flee the fate my sire and my guilty sisters  
Meditate for thee.

“They ah! thee would lacerate like as lions  
Rend the younglings helpless in iron clutches.  
I, more gentle, neither will do thee evil,  
Nor will detain thee.

“Let my father manacle all my body  
Inasmuch as I have released the wretched,  
Let my doom be banishment e'en to furthest  
Limit of Afric.

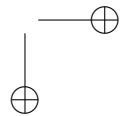
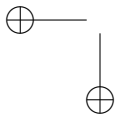
“Go where feet may hasten and breezes waft thee,  
While the night and love thy attempt may favour.  
Go: farewell: forget not to grave my story  
Sad on my tombstone.”





ODE XII  
TO NEOBULE

'Tis the fortune of the wretched ne'er to solace with  
affection,  
Nor to drown their woe in winecup, but dispirited  
to tremble  
At the tongue-lash of an uncle. Thou hast banished,  
Neobule,  
All thy sowing, all thy knitting, all the labours of  
Minerva  
At the bidding of the winged little son of Cytherea,  
And bedazzled by the splendour of the gallant Li-  
parean,  
When thy lover, oil-anointed, has his shoulders  
bathed in Tiber;  
Not Bellerophon can rival as a horseman this thy  
Hebrus,  
Nor at boxing, nor at racing has he ever found a  
master;  
O'er the open plain careering, he the timid stag  
transfixes,  
And the wild-boar in the shelter of his covert he  
surprises.



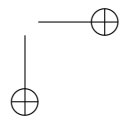
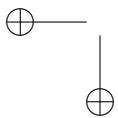


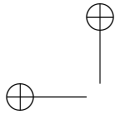
ODE XIII  
TO THE BANDUSIAN FOUNTAIN

Fount Bandusian, that glass  
In thy clearness dost surpass,  
Meet to mingle in the tasse  
Flower-enwreathed of nectared wine,  
On the morrow shall be thine  
Kid whose horns in vain presage  
War and love's approaching age.  
Offspring of a wanton brood,  
He shall dye thy wave with blood.

Burning heat of Summer ray  
Cannot touch thee; herds that stray,  
Oxen weary of the share  
To thy cooling rill repair.

Doubt not an enduring name  
Mid the founts of noblest fame,  
Since my song, inspired by thee,  
Celebrates the oaken tree  
Spreading o'er the hollow steep  
Whence thy babbling waters leap.





ODE XIV  
ON THE RETURN OF AUGUSTUS FROM SPAIN

Romans! great Cæsar who of late, 'tis said,  
Hath sought the laurel crown whose price is death,  
Now from the coasts of Spain betakes his way  
Homeward in glory.

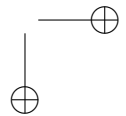
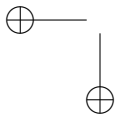
Lady, rejoicing in thy famous Mate,  
Come forth, thy rites to the just Gods performed,  
Sister of our great Captain; with the chaplet,  
Suppliant's emblem,

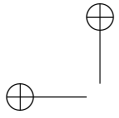
Mothers of maidens and surviving youths,  
And ye, oh boys and girls but lately wed,  
From every word of evil augury  
Careful abstain ye.

This festal day will banish all my care,  
I will not dread the violence of war:  
I quake for no assassin while the earth  
Cæsar possesses.

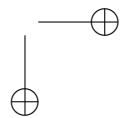
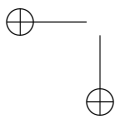
Go, boy, in quest of wreaths and unguents rare,  
And cask that can the Marsic war recall –  
If so it be a single vessel 'scaped  
Spartacus prowling.

And bid Nææra of the tuneful voice  
With haste to bind in knot her golden hair;  
But, if the surly porter cause delay,  
Go thou, and wait not.





A temper prone to strife and angry brawls  
The silver hair begins to mollify;  
I had not suffered this when, in my youth,  
Plancus was consul.







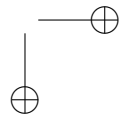
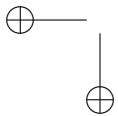
ODE XV  
TO CHLORIS

Wife of lbycus the needy,  
Why of naughtiness so greedy?  
Surely now 'tis time and more  
That your sinful works were o'er.  
Now so near your latest day,  
Cease among the maids to play.

You are but a cloud, in sooth,  
Mid' those sparkling stars of youth  
Pholoë may fitly do  
That which is not meet for you.

It is more your daughter's part,  
Like a Maenad whom the art  
Of the beaten tambour rouses,  
To invade the young men's houses.  
She, impelled by Nothus' passion,  
Capers in a kid-like fashion.

You, a dame of many years,  
Fits the wool that falls to shears  
In Luceria's famous plains  
Better than the cithern's strains,  
Or the rose's bloom divine,  
Or the deep-drained cask of wine.





ODE XVI  
TO MÆCENAS

From midnight gallants well the brazen tower,  
And oaken door, and watch of trusty hounds  
Had guarded captive Danaë's virgin flower:

Had not Acrisius, her warder pale,  
Been mocked by Jove and Venus, who well knew  
A God disguised as gold could never fail.

To gold through guards to break is but a game,  
And through stone-walls it rends its onward path  
With mightier stroke than bolted lightning-flame.

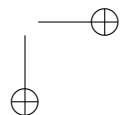
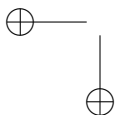
'Twas gold whereby in utter ruin fell  
The Argive augur's house. Philip by gold  
Did burst his way to many a citadel,

And by his bribes did rival Kings o'erthrow.  
By love of gold fierce mariners are snared,  
Gold and a crop of cares together grow,

And still a thirst for more. Therefore, thou crown  
Of Roman Knights, Mæcenas, I had fain,  
Rather than lift the head of pride, look down.

As much as any may deny himself –  
All that and more he from the Gods receives,  
I to the camp of them that seek not pelf,

Naked, betake me. With a will I fee  
The faction of the wealthy – though of means  
That move contempt, a nobler lord to be





Than if, most poor amid my riches great,  
I could be said to garner in my barns  
All that the tireless yeomen cultivate.

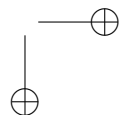
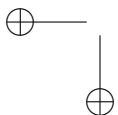
A river of pure water, and a wood  
Of acres few, and prospect of my crop –  
To me not Afric's Empire were as good.

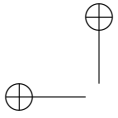
Happy my lot, though no Calabrian bees  
Pile up for me their sweets – no Formian wine  
Settles in cask for me upon its lees.

Nor any goodly fleeces grow for me  
In Gallic pastures: yet is Want afar,  
Did I need more, I have a friend in thee.

By ruling my desires with cautious rein  
I better shall my income small enhance  
Than could I Lydia join to Phrygia's plain.

Much still he lacks who much doth still demand,  
Blest is the man to whom by God is dealt  
Sufficient for his need, with sparing hand.



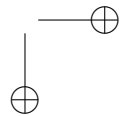
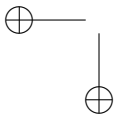


ODE XVII  
TO ÆLIUS LAMIA

Ælius of Lamus' noble race,  
(For hence authentic records trace  
The ancient stock that bear that name  
And all descended from the same),  
You spring from him of whom they say  
He ruled of old o'er Formiæ  
And Liris, through Marica's plain  
That slowly glides – a broad domain.

Unless the prophet of the rain –  
The hoary raven-croaks in vain,  
To-morrow from the East o'er cast  
There shall arise a stormy blast  
With leaves the forest nooks will pile,  
And all the shore with seaweed vile.

Secure your logs while yet they're dry,  
Upon the morrow you will ply  
Your Genius with a cup of wine  
And two-month suckling of your swine,  
The while your slaves at ease recline.





ODE XVIII  
TO FAUNUS

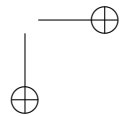
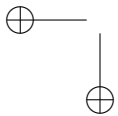
(*A Hymn.*)

O Faunus, lover of the flying Nymphs,  
Deign through my bounds and smiling fields to pass  
With aspect all benign: my little flock  
    Leave with a blessing.

So thine this year shall be a tender kid  
And generous cup, associate of Venus,  
And on thine ancient altar there shall reek  
    Odorous incense.

When dark December brings thy festival,  
The cattle sport upon the grassy plain,  
The ox is loosed, the folk in festal mood  
    Stroll through the meadows.

Among the awless lambkins strays the wolf,  
The forest strews its trophies at thy feet,  
The delver joys to strike the hated earth  
    Thrice in his dancing.



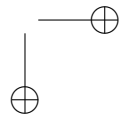
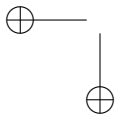


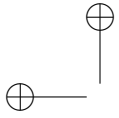
ODE XIX  
TO TELEPHUS

The tale of the years that 'twixt Inachus lie  
And Codrus that feared not for Athens to die,  
The heroes of story that Æacus got,  
And battles at time-honoured Ilium fought –  
Such tales you are never weary of telling,  
But nothing you say of how Chian is selling,  
Or who shall apply to the water the fire  
Or lend us a house for the feast we desire,  
Or how this Pelignian cold to expel –  
Regarding such themes you have nothing to tell.

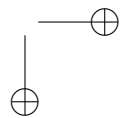
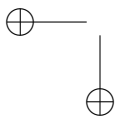
Quick, O boy! I will drink to the Crescent so clear –  
To the midhour of night – to Murena the seer.  
With cyaths but three, or as many as nine,  
To suit every reveller's palate in wine,  
Let the cups be supplied: for the bard, he'd despatch  
In his frenzy a number the Muses to match,  
But the Graces, fair sisters, lest guests disagree  
Forbid us to meddle with upwards of three.

For playing the fool I am ready and ripe.  
Why ceases the breath of the Phrygian pipe?  
Why silent is hanging the reed with the lyre?  
Strew roses in plenty, and move not my ire  
By niggardly handfuls. And give that curmudgeon,  
Old Lycus, the pleasure to hear in high dudgeon  
Our furious racket resound through the street,  
As also that partner for Lycus unmeet.





O Telephus, whom, in the wealth of thy hair  
Resplendent, to star of the eve I compare,  
Fair Chloë at thee her love-glances doth dart,  
But my passion for Glycera eats at my heart.





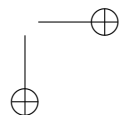
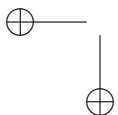
ODE XX  
TO PYRRHUS

See you not, Pyrrhus, at what risk you take  
The whelps from a Getulian lioness?  
A fearful ravisher, you soon shall flee  
    The shrewd encounter,

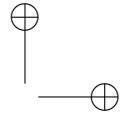
When through the opposing squadron of the youth  
She'll march, demanding her renowned Nearchus –  
A contest grand whether to you shall fall,  
    Or her, the booty.

Meantime, while you produce your winged shafts,  
She whets her dreadful fangs – in careless vein,  
The umpire 'neath his naked foot, 'tis said,  
    Places the palm-wreath,

And lets the cooling zephyr fan his shoulder,  
Kissed by the glory of his scented hair:  
As Nireus fair, or he of whom was reft  
    Many-streamed Ida.



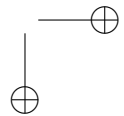
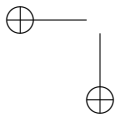


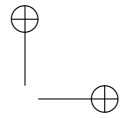


ODE XXI  
TO HIS WINE-JAR

Sweet jar, whose wine, like me, is of the date  
When Manlius adorned the consulate,  
Whether the food of plaints or jests you keep,  
Or frenzied love, or unresisting sleep –  
To whatso' end thou storest Massic juice,  
Its generous spilth befits a high day's use.  
Hither! Corvinus utters the request  
That I should broach him something of my best.  
Tho' in Socratic lore immersed, the fellow  
Ne'er shrugs his shoulders at a wine that's mellow.  
E'en Cato's excellence, we are informed,  
Ofttimes by draughts of gladdening wine was warmed.

Thou art the soft, compulsive instrument  
That mollifies the hard, forbidding bent;  
Thy powers, with help of Bacchus the jocose,  
The cares and secrets of the wise disclose;  
Thou bringest hope and strength in evil hour,  
And to the poor impartest horns of power:  
Thy virtue drives away their dread of harms  
From crowns of wrathful kings and men of arms.  
Bacchus and Venus, if in kindly mood  
She deign to come, and the fair sisterhood  
Of Graces, loth to part their mutual tie,  
And shining lights shall help us still to ply  
Thy genial cup until approaching day  
Shall drive the waning stars of night away.

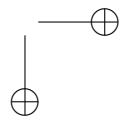
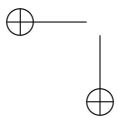


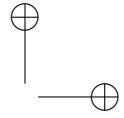


ODE XXII  
TO DIANA

O Virgin Wardress of the hills and groves  
That thrice-besought, respondest to the prayer  
Of girls in travail, and avertest death,  
Goddess three-formed!

To thee I consecrate this pine that shades  
My dwelling, to the which I'll immolate  
Yearly with joy a boar that meditates  
Charging with side-stroke.



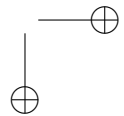
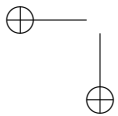


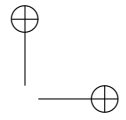
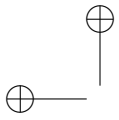
ODE XXIII  
TO PHIDYLE

O Phidyle, thou country quean,  
If stretched in prayer thy hands have been  
Upwards to heaven at the new moon –  
If thou hast offered, as a boon  
To household Gods, this season's fruit,  
Incense and rooting pig to boot –  
Thy fruitful vine shall 'scape the death  
That lurks within the South wind's breath,  
From dearth-producing mildew free  
Thy happy harvest-fields shall be,  
And flourish shall thy younglings dear  
E'en at that perilous time of year  
When orchards russet apples bear.

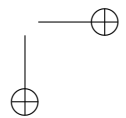
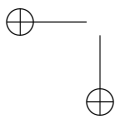
For let the throat of victims bleed  
On snowy Algidus that feed  
Mid groves of ilex and of oak,  
For costly sacrifice bespoke –  
Or batten on the Alban plain –  
The flamen's axe with crimson stain:  
Not thine, O maid of slender coffer,  
The hecatombs of wealth to offer,  
But none the less does it avail  
Our little Gods with crowns to hail  
Of rosemary and myrtle frail.

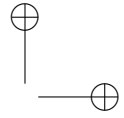
If pure the hands that touch the shrine,  
Not better pleased are Powers divine –  
Not more appeased their righteous ire  
When rarest victims feed the fire





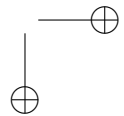
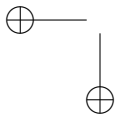
Than by the crackling salt and grain  
Ne'er offered by the poor in vain.

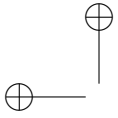




ODE XXIV  
TO THE COVETOUS

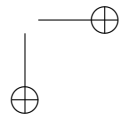
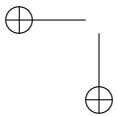
Though richer thy possessions be  
Than Ind, and untouched wealth of Araby,  
Should'st thou with mansions occupy  
The Tyrrhene and Apulic till they're dry,  
If bitter Fate should near thee draw  
And fix upon thy ridge her ruthless claw,  
Thou shalt not dreadless draw thy breath  
Nor disengage thy head from snares of death.  
Better they live in Scythian plain  
Whose vagrant homes are drawn by lumbering wain –  
Better the hardy Getic tribe  
Whose acres no enclosures circumscribe;  
Their fruit and corn they do not call  
Their own, but raise a harvest free to all.  
They do not use the land to ear  
For longer season than a single year:  
Then, freed from toil, the yeoman goes,  
And, where he reaped his tilth, another sows.  
Stepmothers guiltless there and mild  
With gentleness entreat the orphan child:  
The dowered lady does not seek  
To rule her lord, nor trusts the wooer sleek.  
Their portion is the virtue high  
Of parents, and the bond of chastity  
That shrinks from touch of alien hands,  
And breach of law the doom of death demands.  
  
Oh, if there be who wish to stay  
Unholy slaughter, and to drive away

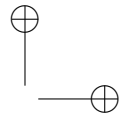




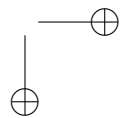
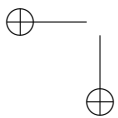
Our civic rage – if any aim  
At statue reared in honour of his name  
As Father of the Roman State,  
Our licence wild to curb and regulate,  
Let him essay, devoid of fear,  
And earn a name renowned through every year;  
Since Worth surviving we detest,  
But, lost to view, with jealous ardour quest.

What boots our lamentable whine,  
If sin we visit not with pains condign?  
What do our idle laws avail,  
If moral founts of jurisprudence fail?  
If e'en to lands of tropic heat,  
And Borean shores where Arctic billows beat,  
And turned to glaciers is the snow  
The trader with his merchandise must go?  
And if the mariner have skill  
To bend the savage ocean to his will?  
Impelled by Want, that huge disgrace,  
To do or suffer aught, our nerves we brace:  
For fear of being poor accounted  
We quit the steep of Virtue that we mounted.  
Wherefore into the Capitol,  
Whither our steps the crowds acclaiming call,  
Or into depths of nearest sea  
Our gems and stones and golden trumpery,  
Material of our grossest ill  
Fling we away! If Penitence do fill  
Our heart, the element entire  
We must erase of our corrupt desire;  
Minds that are softened overmuch  
Must feel of Discipline the moulding touch.  
The well-bred boy, for all his course  
Of learning, knows not how to sit a horse:





He fears to hunt, more skilled to play  
With childish trundling-hoop in Grecian way;  
Or, if you bid him show his vice,  
Breaking the law, he'll try his hand at dice,  
The while his lying father cheats  
The friend and guest that at his table eats,  
And gains ill-gotten glut an heir  
Unworthy. Ours, in fine, a waxing share  
Of riches; but, for all we get,  
Something – I know not what – is wanting yet.





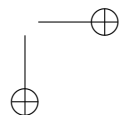
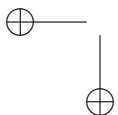
ODE XXV  
TO BACCHUS

(*A Dithyram.*)

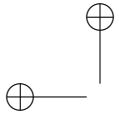
Whither Bacchus dost thou waft me  
Who in copious draughts have quaffed thee?  
Goaded by new inspiration,  
Where shall I find habitation?  
To what grove or to what hollow  
Swift thy leading do I follow?  
In what antre, meditating  
Cæsar's glory time out-dating,  
Him shall I be heard extolling  
And his mighty name enrolling  
Mid the lights through heaven that rove,  
And the councillors of Jove.

New and high shall be my singing  
Former poets all outwinging,  
Thus the Mænad on the steep  
Wonders, as she wakes from sleep,  
Hebrus' winding stream beholding,  
And the fleecy snow enfolding  
Thrace, and Rhodope with crest  
Oft by savage feet impressed.  
With what happiness I wander  
Where the silver streams meander!  
With what pleasure I am led  
Through the grove untenanted!

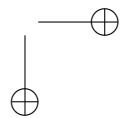
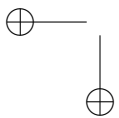
Thou that art of Naiads King,  
And of Bacchanals that fling  
To the earth, in ruin laid,  
Mighty monarchs of the glade,







Nothing petty, mean or mortal  
Shall escape the opening portal  
Of my lips. 'Tis pleasing danger  
After thee to be a ranger,  
Bacchus! round whose temples twine  
Verdant leaflets of the vine.

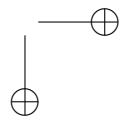
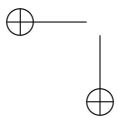




ODE XXVI  
TO VENUS

Till of recent time was I  
Fit to please a maiden's eye;  
Not without a share of praise  
Did I pass campaigning days.  
But my lyre and weapons all,  
Now from war discharged, this wall,  
Warding on the left the shrine  
Of the sea-born Queen divine,  
Shall receive. Here, here repose  
Shining torches, bars and bows  
That were meant to lend assistance  
When a doorway made resistance.

Queen that ownest Cyprus blest,  
Memphis, too, where never rest  
Snows Sithonian, hear my prayer:  
Lift thy scourge aloft in air  
And forget not to bestow a  
Single cut on haughty Chloë.





ODE XXVII  
TO GALATEA

*(Upon her going to Sea.)*

Be evil men by evil omen met –  
The wheatear's note, the pregnant bitch and fox  
And tawny wolf from the Lanuvian fields  
Swiftly descending:

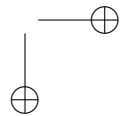
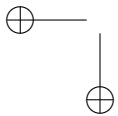
And let the serpent bar their purposed way,  
Their steeds affrighting, as, like shaft, it lies  
Athwart their path; but I, for her whose risk  
Maketh me tremble,

A heedful seer, will summon by my prayers  
The ominous raven from the rising sun,  
Before the bird regains his stagnant pool,  
Rainstorm presaging.

Live happy, Galatea, where thou wilt,  
And ever bear my image in thy heart.  
May no ill-omened pie or wandering crow  
Hinder thy journey!

But see'st thou, as Orion hastes to set,  
How wakes the howling tempest? Well I know  
The darksome Adria, and how the West  
Smiles to deceive us.

Let wives and offspring of our foemen feel  
The onset blind of the arising South,  
The growl of inky seas, the shaking shore  
Lashed by the breakers.





Thus did Europa trust her form of snow  
To the deceitful bull; and, albeit bold,  
She paled to feel entrapped amid a sea  
Swarming with monsters.

She that bestowed her care on meadow-flowers  
And wrought a chaplet meet for Nymphs to wear,  
Now only stars above and waves beneath  
Saw in the gloaming.

But, when at Crete that boasts an hundred towns  
The maiden touched, she said: – “O father mine!  
O my lost name of daughter, and my duty  
Vanquished by madness!

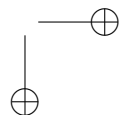
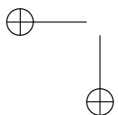
“Whence? where am I? A single death is light  
Award of virgin’s crime. Am I awake  
Who mourn my fact so foul? Or, innocent,  
Am I the plaything

“Of some deceit that through the ivory gate  
Of dreams escapes? Which was the better lot—  
O’er weary waves to fare, or in the meads  
Garlands to gather?

“If any now would give me in my rage  
This infamous bull, I’d mangle him with steel,  
I’d try to break his horns who was of me  
Sometime beloved.

“Before my comely cheeks a foul decay  
Emaciates, before this tender prey  
In void of sap, I would have tigers fierce  
Feast on my beauty.”

“Wretched Europa!” cries the absent sire,  
“Why thus delay to die, when thou may’st hang  
By thy convenient girdle from this ash,  
Breaking thy neck-bone?”



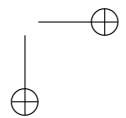
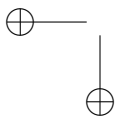


“Or, if the cliffs allure thee and the rocks  
Jagged with death, come – give thee to the swift  
Wings of the storm; unless thou choose to spin  
Wool for thy mistress,

“And, though of kingly blood, to be the thrall  
Of some outlandish dame.” But Venus here,  
Sly-smiling, and her son, with bow unbent,  
Met with the mourner.

And, presently, when she had bantered her,  
“Refrain,” she said, “from rage and hot dispute,  
Since this detested bull shall yield his horns  
Meek for thy rending.

“Know’st not thyself wife of unconquered Jove?  
Sob not, but learn to grace thy fortune high.  
By thy great name a Continent shall be  
Known through the ages.”

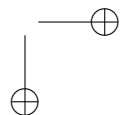
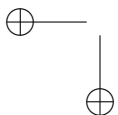


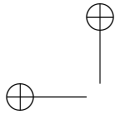


ODE XXVIII  
TO LYDE

How can I better pass  
This holy day of Neptune's festival?  
Come, Lyde, strapping lass,  
Bring forth the well-kept Cæcuban: lay siege  
To thy discretion's strength.  
Thou dost perceive the sultry hour of noon  
Declines to eve at length;  
Yet, as if winged day were in its flight  
Arrested, thou dost still  
Delay to bring the cask the consulship  
Of Bibulus did fill.

Neptune by turns we'll celebrate in song  
And Nereids' locks of green,  
Thou wilt Latona praise on curved lyre  
And Dian's darts so keen:  
And, when thy song is ended, we shall sing  
Unto the Queen most fair  
Of Cnidos and the sunny Cyclades,  
Whose wont is to repair  
To Paphos with her team of harnessed swans  
Of plumage snowy-white:  
And, as a fit conclusion, we shall chant  
A lullaby to Night.





ODE XXIX  
TO MÆCENAS

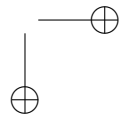
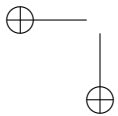
O Mæcenas, who art sprung from  
    Tuscan Kings,  
Now for long within thy dwelling  
    Certain things  
Wait the season that thy presence  
    Hither brings.

Mellow wine within a virgin  
    Cask reposes  
And a vessel fragrant essence  
    Fast encloses  
Ready for thy hair, nor lack I  
    Lovely roses.

Cease to gaze on humid Tibur's  
    Prospect wide,  
Asula upon her sloping  
    Mountain-side,  
And the heights of Telegonus,  
    Parricide.

Leave satiety's surroundings  
    For my home,  
And the buildings that approach the  
    Skyey dome,  
Quit the smoke and wealth and din of  
    Happy Rome.

Oft with pleasure to the wealthy  
    Change is fraught;





Though it boast no purple hangings,  
In a cot  
Wholesome fare has smoothed the lines of  
Rugged thought.

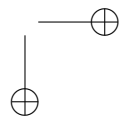
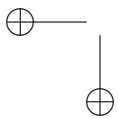
Cepheus bright, aforetime hidden,  
Shineth out,  
Procyon joins the savage Lion's  
Fiery bout,  
And the sun revolving brings the  
Days of drought.

Languid flock and weary shepherd  
Seek the shade,  
And the river, and Silvanus'  
Brake invade:  
Still the bank whereo'er the vagrant  
Breezes played.

Thou thine anxious care bestowest  
On the State –  
How to counsel and defend it,  
Mid the great  
Dangers that thou apprehendest  
At our gate.

Thou art dreading what the Indians  
May design –  
What the Parthians, o'erswayed by  
Cyrus' line,  
And the Scythians that for battle  
Eager pine.

God in wisdom hides the future  
From our view  
In a cloud so thick that no one  
Pierces through,







And he laughs if mortal trembles  
More than due.

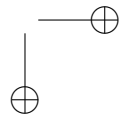
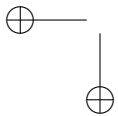
Give attention to the matter  
Now in hand,  
Let the others flow as river  
Through the land  
Now toward the sea Etruscan  
Gliding bland:

But again by flood enchafed  
On it pours,  
Grinding stones-roots, houses tearing  
From its shores,  
While the woods and mountains echo  
To its roars.

O'er himself that man as master  
Beareth sway,  
And a happy life secureth  
Who can say,  
As the light declineth, "I have  
Lived to-day.

"When another day has broken  
What care I  
Though with gloomy cloud the Father  
Drape the sky,  
Or in glory cause the sun to  
Ride on high?

"Yet what lies behind he never  
Shall undo;  
What the hour has carried with it  
As it flew  
He shall not annul, nor ever  
Mould anew."





Fortune loves her savage office,  
Fickle dame!  
Evermore intent upon her  
Haughty game,  
Now to me, and now to others  
Bringing fame.

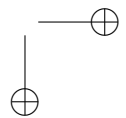
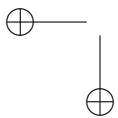
While she tarries, I extol her:  
If she soar  
Far away on rapid pinion,  
All the store  
Wherewithal she may have blest me  
Give I o'er,

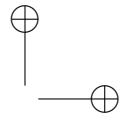
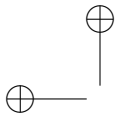
And I wrap me in my virtue  
In that hour  
And I seek, for consolation's  
Soothing power,  
Poverty with Honour only  
For its dower.

'Tis no matter that concerns me,  
If the mast  
Loudly groan beneath the roaring  
Southern blast,  
Wild to beg and make my bargains,  
All aghast

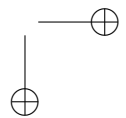
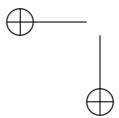
Lest my freight from Tyre and Cyprus  
In the deep  
Go to swell the wealth its greedy  
Waters keep,  
Adding to a golden harvest  
None may reap.

Then may Pollux and the breezes  
Waft me o'er,





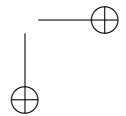
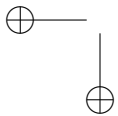
While around me the Aegean  
Billows roar,  
Safely in a two-oared shallop  
To the shore.

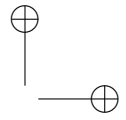
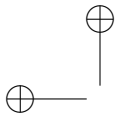




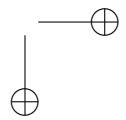
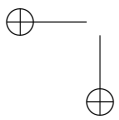
### ODE XXX

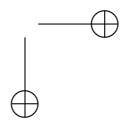
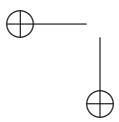
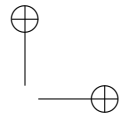
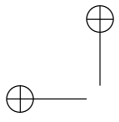
I have reared a monument outlasting brass  
Which doth King's pyramids in height surpass.  
Nor wasting rains, nor raving Winter blast  
Nor years revolving numberless and fast  
Shall ever cast it down. Not all of me  
Shall die: a goodly part the grave shall flee:  
My praise shall be renewed with passing time,  
While priest the Hill Capitoline shall climb  
With silent Vestal: and where hoarsely sings  
Impetuous Aufidus, and, scant of springs,  
Daunus o'er rustic subjects bore his sway,  
Of me, raised from a low estate, they'll say  
I was the first to fit Æolic song  
To measures of our own Italian tongue.  
Melpomene, assume the queenly air  
That thy deserts demand: with willing care  
Bind thou the Delphic bays about my hair.





NOTES







## NOTES

### ODE I

In this Ode the poet, as “a priest of the Muses,” sets forth and illustrates the Stoic maxim that true happiness is not to be found in outward circumstances but in peace of mind and contentment with “a competent portion of the good things of this life.”

*Sicilian board.* The Sicilian monarchs were so noted for the choiceness of their banquets that *Siculæ* or *Syracusance dapes* became a proverb for sumptuous repasts.

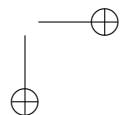
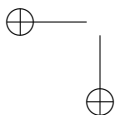
*Narrowed the fishes feel the deep to be.* It was common in those days for the wealthy to erect on the sea-shore stately mansions and baths, the vast foundations of which were immersed in the water (notably at Baia *q.v.*, *sub* Ode IV).

### ODE II

*Avenging Jove.* The word in the original is *Diespiter* – the Father of day or light.

### ODE III

*Sips with rosy lips Olympic wines.* Latin, *Purpureo bibit ore nectar.* Doering puts the query, “Is this an allusion to his divinity?” I am indebted to the late Rev. J. Murray Mitchell, LL.D., for the suggestion, “Is it not more natural to refer it to the nectar colouring his mouth in the same way as if he had been eating blueberries?”





*Tigers bound with thong, etc.* Bacchus headed an expedition into the East. His army was composed of men and women “all inspired with divine fury” and equipped with  $\Theta\acute{\upsilon}\rho\sigma\omicron\iota$  (i.e., long poles with ornamental heads of fir-cone or vine-leaves), cymbals and other musical instruments. After the subjugation of India he was drawn in his triumphal chariot by a team of tigers.

*Romulus.* In the text *Quirinus*, another name for Mars, which was also given to Romulus after his apotheosis. Romulus is the “Ilia’s hated boy” of some verses further on. He was the son of Mars and Ilia, and twin-brother of Remus. It is said that he was taken up into heaven. *Conf.* Ovid, *Fast.* II, 496.

“Hinc tonat, hinc missis abrupitur ignibus aether:  
Fit fuga: Rex patriis astra petebat equis.”

*Laomedon, the founder, etc.* In building the walls of Troy, Laomedon was assisted by Apollo and Neptune. When the work was completed, he refused them the reward which he had promised to bestow upon them for their labours.

*Helen’s famous gallant.* Paris, the son of Priam.

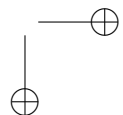
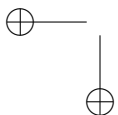
*I who am both Jove’s sister and his wife.* *Conf.* Virgil, *Æn.* I, 47.

“Ast ego, quae divûm incedo regina, Jovisque  
Et soror et conjux.”

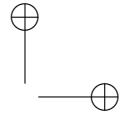
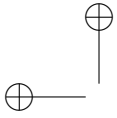
*But whether wendest thou, etc.* Our poet’s ambition was to be numbered among lyrical poets –

“Quodsi me lyriæis vatibus inseris  
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.”

but in this ode he proves that he can shine in another sphere than that of Euterpe.







#### ODE IV

*Calliope.* Daughter of Jupiter and Mnemosyne: the muse of epic poetry.

*Above Apulia's vale, etc. Altricis extra limen Apuliæ.* Horace was born on 8th December, 65 B.C., at Venusia (now Venosa), on the borders of Lucania and Apulia. Hence he speaks of himself as *Lucanus, an Apulus anceps*.

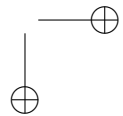
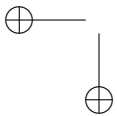
*Lofty Vultur's shade.* Vultur or Vulturnus is a mountain of volcanic origin partly in Apulia and partly in Lucania. It is situated near Venusia. Here the river Aufidus (*v.* Ode XXX), now the Ofanto, takes its rise.

*Bantia, Forentum* (now Forenza), *Acherontia*, all Apulian towns in the neighbourhood of Venusia.

*My Sabine home.* "Horace lived partly at Rome, partly at his Sabine farm, varying his residence occasionally by visits to Tibur, Preneste, or Baiæ" (Sellar). Several miles up the Anio, north of Tibur (now Tivoli), and on the other side, was Horace's villa, which he calls his Sabine farm. In this villa Horace had a steward and eight slaves.

*Præneste* (now Palestrina), south-east of Tibur, and twenty-five miles from Rome. Anciently a place of considerable natural and military strength, having eight towns subject to it. It was called *altum* by Virgil, and for the same reason *frigidum* by our poet.

*Baiæ's pool.* Baiæ (now Baja), situated between the promontory of Misenum and Puteoli (now Pozzuoli), a favourite watering-place of the wealthy inhabitants of ancient Rome. Possessing the advantages of hot springs and mineral waters, a mild climate, and beautiful surroundings, it might be termed at once the Bath and Brighton of Rome. Of old a city of residential palaces, the foundations of some of which were laid in the sea itself,





nothing now remains to give evidence of its departed grandeur, but “ruins, heaps of marble, mosaics, and other relics of the past.” In another place (II, 18, 20–22) our poet, referring to the moles and buttresses erected to keep the sea says: –

“Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges  
Submovere litora,  
Parum locuples continente ripa.”

*I did not die by the Philippic lance.* Our poet “attached himself to the cause of Brutus served at the battle of Philippi in the post of military tribune. He shared in the rout which followed the battle” (Sellar). In Book II, Ode 7, he ascribes his preservation on that occasion to the guardianship of Mercury –

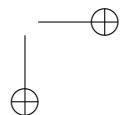
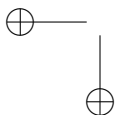
“Tecum Philippos et celerem fugam  
Sensi, relictæ non bene parmula. . .  
Sed me per hostis Mercurius celer  
Denso paventem sustulit aëre.”

Here, on the other hand, he attributes his survival to the care of the Muses whom he served.

*Palinurus’ sea.* The poet refers to his having been overtaken by a storm off the promontory of Palinurus to the hazard of his life. Palinurus (now Cape Palinuro) was a dangerous headland on the coast of Lucania, near the ancient Velia. Many wrecks took place there on account of the submerged rocks in the vicinity. The promontory derived its name from Palinurus, the steersman of Æneas (*v.* Virgil, *Æn.* VI, 381).

*Assyria* for Syria. (Doering.)

*The inhospitable Briton’s land.* The reference is to the old and untrue “traveller’s tale” that the Britons were in the habit of sacrificing their guests.





*Concanians.* The Concani were said to consider the blood of horses a palatable drink. Concana is identified by some as Santillana, a town of Cantabria, in Spain.

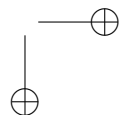
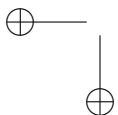
*Scythian shore.* That of the Tanaïs (now the Don). The Scythians were an ancient nomadic race inhabiting the Russian steppe, north of the Black Sea. “From the passage of the Tanaïs for fifteen marches northeast through the steppe, the country belonged to the nomad Sarmatians, whose speech and way of life resembled those of the Scythians. Then came the wooded region of the Budini, who spread far inland. . . . In this region lay Gelonus, the Greek emporium of the fur trade, round which lived the half-Grecian Geloni, probably on the Volga, and hardly further south than Simbirsk” (*Encycl. Brit. s.v.*).

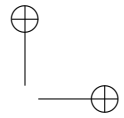
*Gelonians.* V. Note on *Scythian shore, supra.*

*Ye in a cool Pierian grotto pleased.* Pierides was a name given to the Muses either (1) because they were born in Pieria, in Thessaly or Macedonia, or (2) because they were the daughters of Pierus and Antiopa (Cicero), or (3) because they vanquished the daughters of Pierus in a musical competition, from which circumstance they assumed the name, as Minerva was called Pallas because she killed the giant Pallas (*Lempriere, s.v.*). “The Muses are said to refresh Augustus in a cave on Mount Pierus, because that Emperor, when he had leisure, used to amuse himself with reading poetry and sometimes composing verses” (*Adam, s.v.*).

*The brothers.* Alæus a giant, son of Titan and Terra, married Iphimedia, by whom Neptune had two sons, Otus and Ephialtes; Alæus brought them up as his sons, whence they have been called Aloides.

*Typhous, Mimas, Rhotus, Porphyryon, Enceladus.* Giants. Typhous, a monster of horrid form, was crushed by having Sicily thrown on him by Jupiter. Mimas is mentioned as a Centaur





by Hesiod, but his name occurs among those of the giants in Euripides. Porphyrion is called by Pindar Βασιλεύς Διγάντων. Rhotus is mentioned in II, 19, as having been discomfited in his attack upon Jupiter by Bacchus who, in opposing him, assumed the shape of a lion. Enceladus, like Typhœus, is fabled, in the fight against the Gods, to have had Sicily or Etna flung upon him.

*Castalia's fountain.* On Mount Parnassus. It was sacred to Apollo, the president of the Muses.

*Lycia's groves.* Patara, a town of Lycia, where Apollo was wont to sojourn for the six winter months, as he spent the six summer months in the island of Delos.

*Gyges.* Son of Calum and Terra, who with his brothers Cottus and Briareus, was thrust down to Tartarus by Jupiter. Then he was brought back to assist the Father of the Gods in overcoming the Titans.

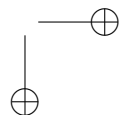
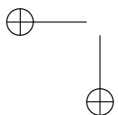
*Orion.* The myths referring to him are conflicting. One account makes him a giant, another a celebrated hunter.

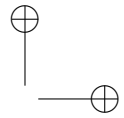
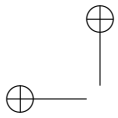
*Tityus.* A giant, son of Terra, who was cast by Jupiter into Tartarus for insulting Latona. Virgil (*Æn.* VI, 289) describes him as of such enormous bulk as to have occupied nine acres of land.

*Pirithoüs.* Son of Ixion, who is fabled to have descended into Hades along with Theseus for the purpose of seizing Proserpine. As a punishment of his temerity, Pluto bound him to a rock.

#### ODE V

*Augustus.* Caius Octavius, grand-nephew of Julius Cæsar. On his accession to sovereign power he chose for himself the title "Augustus," a word derived by some from augur and previously applied only to things most sacred. Temples were actually





erected to his pretended divinity. Horace, although he had been a Republican in his youth, and had taken part in the battle of Philippi on the side of Brutus, was introduced to Augustus by his patron Mæcenas, and became a court poet and functionary.

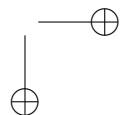
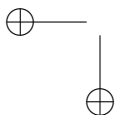
*Crassus.* Marcus Licinius, the triumvir, who was defeated by the Parthians under Surena, who caused him to be put to death by pouring molten gold down his throat.

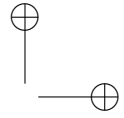
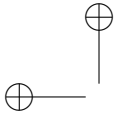
*Rome's shields.* Ancile (τὸ ἀγκύλιον). The sacred shield found in the palace of Numa, and said to have fallen from heaven. Its material was bronze, its shape oval, but with a semicircular incavation on each side, having a rough resemblance to the *bend of the arm*; hence the name, according to the grammarians; but it is clearly referable to the *semicircular handle* affixed to the top for the purpose of suspending it on the rod by which it was carried through the city by the Salii (Rich.). Lest it should be stolen, Numa caused eleven facsimiles of it to be forged, and kept in the temple of Mars.

*Eternal Vesta's flame.* A fire was kept ever burning in the temple of Vesta by the Vestal Virgins.

*Rome's proud Jove.* Jupiter Capitolinus.

*Regulus.* Marcus Atilius. One of the commanders in the great naval victory over the Carthaginians. Effecting a landing on the enemy's coast, the Romans at first succeeded so well that half of the army was recalled to Rome. The Carthaginians, however, found an able leader in Xanthippus; and Regulus, giving battle to them in the spring of 255, upon ground advantageous to the enemy, was disastrously defeated, and taken captive. Despatched to Rome on parole to arrange terms of peace or exchange of prisoners, he dissuaded the Senate from coming to terms with a victorious enemy; whereupon he returned to Carthage, and was put to death after most savage torture.





*Venafrum* (now Venafro). A town of Campania several miles above Capua, on the Volturnus, near the border of Samnium. It was famous for its olive trees, whence *Venafranum* stands for the finest oil (Juvenal, v. 86).

*Tarentum* (now Taranto). A celebrated Greek city of Southern Italy situated on the north coast of the Gulf of Tarentum. Its land-locked port is the only secure one on the Gulf. The district around it was fertile, being especially famous for its olives and its delicate breed of sheep, now extinct, as also for its honey and wine. The purple dye of Tarentum was also celebrated. The city was anciently populous, wealthy, and powerful.

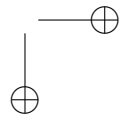
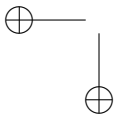
#### ODE VI

*Pacorus*. The eldest of the thirty sons of Orodes, King of Parthia, sent against Crassus whose army he defeated and whom he took prisoner (Lempriere).

*Monæses*. A general of Orodes. He has been identified by historians with Surena. Surena is said to have been a title by which the Parthian commander-in-chief was distinguished.

*Ethiop*. "The name Ethiopian must be regarded not as an ethnographical but as a politico-geographical designation. It has been applied, both in ancient and modern times, to peoples of different race who have occupied the country to the south of Egypt and the south-western part of Arabia" (*Encycl. Brit., s.v.*). The Ethiop is here said to be *classe formidatus*, in allusion to the mighty fleet which Cleopatra arrayed against the Romans.

*Dacian*. Called *Dacus asper* in Book I, 35. Ancient Dacia included the modern provinces of Transylvania, Wallachia, and Moldavia, besides parts of Hungary and Southern Galicia. The Dacians, long troublesome to Rome, were finally subjugated by Trajan in A.D. 104. In commemoration of the Emperor's victory the famous column bearing his name was erected.





*Antiochus III*, called the Great. At the solicitation of Hannibal he made war on Rome. He was defeated at Theropyla by Acilius Glabrio and at Mount Sipylus, in Asia Minor, by Scipio. He was killed in an attempt to plunder a temple at Elymais, 187 B.C.

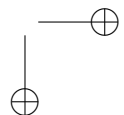
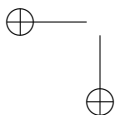
*Hannibal*. His death was self-inflicted. At Libyssa, on the eastern shore of the Sea of Marmora (probably 183 B.C.), he took poison (which he carried about with him in a ring) in order to avoid falling into the hands of the Romans.

*Pyrrhus*. King of Epirus. He was requested by the Tarentines, 280 B.C., to help them against Rome. "For the first time in history Greeks and Romans met in battle at Heraclia, near the shores of the Gulf of Tarentum, and the cavalry and elephants of Pyrrhus secured for him a complete victory" (*Encycl. Brit., s.v.*). Returning to Italy in 276, he was routed at Beneventum. He met his death at Argos from the hand of a woman who hurled a heavy roof-tile upon his head, thus resembling in his end Abimelech, the son of Jerubbaal. "And a certain woman cast a piece of a millstone upon Abimelech's head, and all to brake his scull" (Judges ix. 53.). It is, therefore, only by a poetic licence in the three cases specified that Horace can speak of the Roman youths' slaying those generals.

*Sabine hoes*. The hoe (*ligo*) had a long handle with an incurved blade, the edge of which was dentated. *Versare glebas* with such a tool must have been a slow and laborious task. The translator has himself witnessed a crofter in one of the Orkney Islands turning the soil in a field with a garden-spade, in order to save his sick horse!

#### ODE VII

*Bithynian Merchandise*. "Bithynia was a province in the north-west of Asia Minor adjoining the Propontis, the Thracian Bosphorus and the Euxine" (*Encycl. Brit., s.v.*). It was anciently a great emporium.





*Capra.* A star in the constellation Auriga, whose rising and setting was supposed to be attended by storms.

*Oricum.* A town of Epirus, situated on the Ionic Gulf.

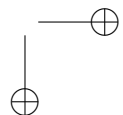
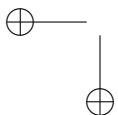
*Bellerophon.* “Son of the King of Ephyre. After slaying his brother, he fled to the court of Proetus, King of Argos. The King’s wife fell in love with him, and, as he slighted her passion, she accused him before her husband of attempt upon her virtue” (Lempriere).

*Peleus.* A King of Thessaly, who, after accidentally slaying his father-in-law, fled to the court of Acastus, King of Iolchos. There Hippolyte, wife of Acastus, fell in love with him, and, failing to awake in him any reciprocal passion, accused him before Acastus.

#### ODE VIII

*Mæcenas C. Cilnius.* The place and date of the birth of this eminent minister of State and patron of letters are unknown. He claimed to be of ancient Etruscan descent. An able and prescient statesman, he was in his hours of leisure inclined to indolent and self-indulgent habits which, according to Velleius, amounted to luxury and effeminacy. It need not be said that the patron of Virgil and Horace was a man of fine literary taste, and as he had great wealth at his disposal he had the opportunity, whereof he took abundant advantage, of being a generous friend of men of letters. “Few men have used the influence of a grand seigneur with such enlightened beneficence, with such lasting results. . . , with such genuine simplicity and cordial loyalty” (Sellar).

What freak  
Has caused a bachelor on flowers to dote  
Upon the Calends?







The Calends of March were sacred to Juno, the Goddess of Wedlock. On this day married women were wont to return thanks to her for their wedded happiness, whence the day was known as Matronalia, or *Matronales ferice*.

*This day a falling tree had proved my end.* The narrow escape here referred to, took place at the poet's Sabine farm. Horace makes frequent mention of this incident in his Odes, notably at the end of II, 17 –

“Me truncus illapsus cerebro  
Sustulerat, nisi Faunus ietum  
Dextra Verosset, Mercurialium  
Custos virorum.”

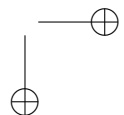
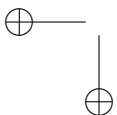
In II, 13, he apostrophises the tree which so nearly killed him by its fall.

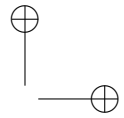
*Tullus.* L. Volcatius who, A.U.C. 688, was Consul along with M. Emilius Lapidus. The wine referred to, if, as appears from internal evidence to be the case, this ode was written about A.U.C. 734, was, therefore, about 46 years old: nor was this an excessive and unusual age for wine (Doering).

*Dacian.* V. note on Ode VI.

*Medes.* “The Babylonian Berosus, writing soon after Alexander the Great, states that at a very early time which we must place somewhat over two thousand years before Christ, the Medes conquered Babylonia, and that eight Median Kings reigned thereafter in Babylonia for a space of 224 years. . . . The series of the great Iranian monarchies begins for us with the Median Empire of Ecbatana” (*Encycl. Brit.*). The poet refers to the civil strife between the factions of Phraates and Tiridates.

*The Cantabrian.* The Cantabri were the most formidable of all the native Spanish tribes against which the Romans waged war. Their country was situated on the south coast of the Bay of





Biscay. For a prolonged period they repelled the attacks of the Romans, and were not subjugated till the time of Augustus. Again revolting they were defeated with great loss by Agrippa, B.C. 19. Rebelling once more, in the reign of Tiberius, the Emperor could do no more than hold them in check. One of their tribes were the Concani (*v. note on Ode IV*).

*Scythians.* *V. note on Ode IV.*

#### ODE IX

“Though the scene in which Horace returns into favour with Lydia is hardly dramatic, the poet has pleasantly adjusted this dialogue to the form and rules of an alternate ode, and so a thing especially delightful in this poem – he suffers himself to be outdone by Lydia in her responses. For the rest, the reader will himself perceive the sweetness of this most lovely song which commentators have vied with one another to expound” (Doering).

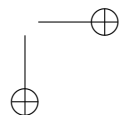
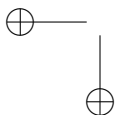
*'Mid the Roman maidens I \Held the chiefest name.* In the text, Lydia compares herself, in point of distinction to Ilia, the mother of the founder of Rome, thus arrogating to herself a higher honour than Horace, who had compared himself to a Persian King.

*Fierce as raging main. Improbo iracundior Hadria. Conf. I, 33,* 15, where Myrtale is described as *fretis acrior Adriæ.*

#### ODE X

*Tanaïs.* Now the Don. *V. note on Ode IV, s.v. Scythian shore.*

*Lest backward spring thy rope,* etc. The image is that of a crane. *Funis retro* it was a proverbial expression.





*Thy Tuscan sire*, etc. The maids of Tuscany were reputed to be less stedfast in their affections than Penelope.

*Mauritanian snake*. Mauretania was the northwestern corner of Africa comprising Morocco and Western Algeria. This part of the Continent abounded in snakes. It became two prosperous provinces of the Roman Empire, until the Vandal invasion in 429 A.D.

#### ODE XI

*Amphion*. Son of Jupiter by Antiope. Mercury presented him with a lyre at the music of which stones were set in motion. Hence when Amphion played upon his lyre at the building of the city of Thebes, the stones, moved by the influence of its harmonious sounds, assumed the due order of their position in the walls.

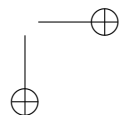
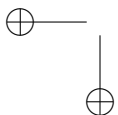
*Seven-stringed lyre*. Λύρα επτάχορδος, επτάτονος, επτάφθογγος. *Conf.* Milton's "sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies" (Areopagitica).

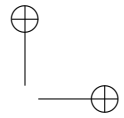
*Thou canst tigers lead*. *Conf.* Cicero, Arch. 8, *bestiæ sæpe immanes cantu flectuntur et consistunt*. The reference is to the power of the lyre of Orpheus: –

“Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing;  
To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sping, as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.

“Everything that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by;  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.”

*King Henry VIII*





*Cerberus.* Orpheus lulled him to sleep with his lyre.

*Fury-like. Furiale:* after the manner of the Furies, having serpents in place of hair.

*Ixion.* As a punishment for an act of ingratitude, Jupiter struck Ixion with a thunderbolt, and ordered Mercury to bind him to an ever-revolving wheel.

*Tityus.* V. note on Ode IV.

*Danaïds.* The fifty daughters of Danaus, King of Argos. Their father, having been informed by an oracle that he was to be slain by one of his sons-in-law, made his daughters take a vow that they would put their husbands to death. All did so, with the exception of Hypermnestra. The murderesses were condemned to fill with water a vessel which was full of holes.

*Splendidly false to perjured parent. Perjurum fuit in parentem splendide mendax.* Contrast Tennyson's lines.

“His honour rooted in dishonour stood  
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.”

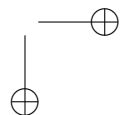
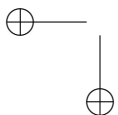
*Idylls of the King:* Lancelot and Elaine.

*Rise, oh rise!* etc. A dramatic touch. One of the principal persons of the tragedy is introduced as speaking. *Conf.* the introduction of Juno's speech into Ode II.

Forget not to grave my story  
sad on my tombstone.

Et nostri memorem sepulcro  
Scalpe querelam.

Doering remarks: “How elegant! instead of the commonplace: – ‘and, in mournful memory of our love, engrave an inscription on the monument of my sepulchre.’”





#### ODE XII

*The gallant Liparean.* Hebrus was a native of Lipara, the largest island of the Lipari group, lying to the north of the eastern half of Sicily. Lipara was colonized in the sixth century, B.C., by Cnidians and Rhodians. One of the group is Stromboli, the only specimen in Europe of a constantly active volcano.

*Oil-anointed.* It was customary to anoint the body before wrestling. Hebrus is represented as plunging into the Tiber after some athletic contest.

*Bellerophon.* *V.* note on Ode VII. Proetus sent him to the King of Lycia with a letter asking the King to put him to death. The King sent him to slay the Chimera; but, horsed on the winged steed Pegasus, he overcame the monster and returned in triumph.

#### ODE XIII

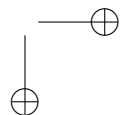
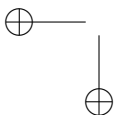
*Fount Bandusian.* The spring from which issued the stream Digentia, which flowed through the Sabine farm of Horace.

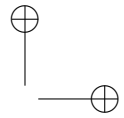
*On the morrow shall be thine, etc.* The poet promises to sacrifice to the Nymphs who were supposed to make the fountain their home.

#### ODE XIV

*Now from the coasts of Spain, etc.* Augustus was returning in triumph after his victorious expedition against the Cantabri. But *v.* note on Ode VIII.

*Chaplet. Vitta.* The riband which fastened the flocks of wool forming a fillet; often used, as here, collectively, for the fillet itself.



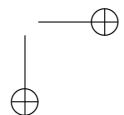
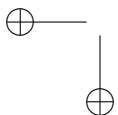


*Spartacus.* A native of Thrace, leader of the rebellion of slaves against Rome in the first century, B.C. When training for the arena as a gladiator he, along with others, made his escape. His band was swelled by runaway slaves, and the rebels marched from Campania into Lucania. The end which Spartacus had in view was to cross the Alps in order that the slaves, who were for the most part northerners, might disperse to their homes. The one idea of his followers, however, was loot, and they refused to leave Italy. Success after success attended their arms, and Spartacus led them against Rome, but they swerved in fear from the Capital. At length Marcus Crassus was sent against them with eight legions. Crassus decimated the first troops that fled from the insurgents. Spartacus was put to the worse in the next battle, and retreated towards the Straits of Messina. Crassus tried to hem him in by walling the peninsula from sea to sea, but Spartacus succeeded in breaking through. Retreating once more he fought a successful rear-guard action. But the slaves refused to continue the retreat, and Spartacus was forced to give battle to the Roman army, with the result that the rebels were hopelessly discomfited. Before the battle began, Spartacus stabbed his horse. He fought with great valour and fury. Wounded in the leg, he fought on his knees, protecting himself with his shield, and when at last he fell, his body lay upon a heap of Romans who had succumbed to his terrible sword.

*Plancus.* L. Munatius, colleague of M. Emilius Lepidus in the Consulate, A.U.C. 712, when Horace was about twenty-three years of age. The circular *Torre d' Orlando* at Gæta is the sepulchre of Plancus.

ODE XV

*Like a Mænad.* Women of ill-regulated passions were often compared to Mænads or Bacchantes. Baccha (Βάχχη), in the





text Thyias (from Thyas the first priestess of Bacchus), is “frequently represented in works of art, and described by the poets, with a flowing hair, a mantle made of kid-skin on the left side, and the *thyrsus* in the right hand, running like a mad woman through the streets” (Rich.).

*Luceria’s famous plains.* Luceria (now Lucera), a city of Apulia, said to have been founded by Diomedes. It was when the Romans were marching to the relief of Luceria that they met with defeat at the Caudine forks. They took the city in 320 B.C., and recovered it in 314. During the second Punic War, it was the headquarters of the Apulian campaigns. The sheep reared in the plains of Apulia produced a wool of fine quality. *Lana Apula laudatissima.* Pliny viii, 48, s. 73.

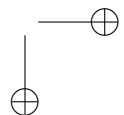
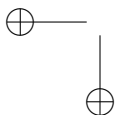
*Cithern.* Cithara (κίθάρρα) or guitar, “a stringed instrument of very great antiquity, resembling in form the *human chest and neck*” (Rich.).

ODE XVI

*Mæcenus.* V. note on Ode VIII.

*Danaë.* Daughter of Acrisius, King of Argos. She was imprisoned in a brazen tower by her father in consequence of his having been warned by an oracle that his daughter’s son would put him to death. Jupiter, who had become enamoured of the captive maiden, obtained access to her by transforming himself into a shower of gold. The son of Danaë was Perseus, who decapitated Medusa the Gorgon.

*The Argive augur.* Amphiaraus, who married Eriphyle, the sister of Adrastus, King of Argos. When Adrastus declared war on Thebes, he hid himself, knowing that he was fated to perish in battle. His wife revealed his place of concealment, and received as reward of her treachery a golden necklace set with diamonds.





*Philip. Vir Macedo* in the text. The father of Alexander the Great, who as Cicero says (Ad Attic. I. 16), *omnia castella expugnari posse dicebat, in quæ modo asellus auro onustus ascendere posset*. Hence he has been termed *majore ex parte mercator Gracia, quam victor* (Val. Max. vii, 2).

*Calabrian bees*. The position of Calabria, in the Italian peninsula, has been described as “the heel of the boot.” The district around Tarentum, one of the principal cities of Calabria, was famous for producing oil and honey.

*Formian wine*. In the text, *Læstrygonia Bacchus in amphora*. The Læstrygones inhabited the district in which the town of Formia in Campania was situated.

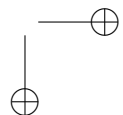
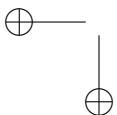
*Gallic pastures, Gallicæ oves pretiosiores habentur*. Columell. vii, 2, 4.

*Lydia and Phrygia*. Countries in Asia Minor. The former is indicated in the text by the name of one of its Kings, Alyattes: the latter by Mygdonia, a district of Macedonia, the inhabitants of which are said to have emigrated to Phrygia.

#### ODE XVII

*Lamus*. Son of Neptune, and the most ancient King of the Lastrygones. There was among the Romans so ardent a desire to discover a noble origin for their families that they were quick to seize upon any resemblance between their names and those of celebrated personages of remote times, particularly such as had figured in the Trojan war, as evidence of long and distinguished descent.

*Formiæ and Liris*. Formiæ (now Formia) finely situated near the *Via Appia* on the Gulf of Gaëta. At an early period the town became a Roman municipium. Between Formiæ and Cajeta was a villa of Cicero's, called Formianum, near which







he was assassinated, by order of Antony, in the 64th year of his age. In the grounds of the Villa Caposele, which was at one time a residence of the Kings of Naples, there are ruins which some think to be those of baths belonging to Cicero's villa. The vicinity of Formia is occupied with vineyards, olive plantations and fruit gardens. Up the river Liris was Aquinum, the birth-place of Juvenal, and Arpinum, the birth-place of Cicero.

*Marica.* At the mouth of the Liris, a sluggish stream bordered by fertile fields, stood Minturna, a town the inhabitants of which regarded the nymph, Marica, wife of Faunus and mother of Latinus, as their tutelary goddess. Her worship was conducted in a grove, near the river, which was consecrated to her.

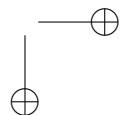
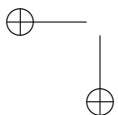
*Seaweed vile. Inutili* in the text. *Conf.* Virg. Eclog., vii, 42, *projecta vilior alga.*

*Your Genius. I.e.,* the being whose peculiar office it is to watch over your life. The Genius was supposed to be gratified by jovial indulgence on the part of the individual over whose fortunes he presided.

#### ODE XVIII

*Faunus.* Son of Picus, legendary King of Italy *circa* 1300 B.C. He had a great traditional reputation for courage, wisdom, and interest in agriculture, and was worshipped as a country deity.

*The delver joys, etc. Gaudet invisam pepulisse fossor | Ter pede terram.* The earth is supposed to be hated by the labourers because of the sore labour which it causes him; hence his delight in striking it with the foot in his dance.





ODE XIX

*Inachus.* Son of Oceanus and Tethys, who founded the kingdom of Argos, 1856 B.C.

*Codrus.* Seventeenth and last King of Athens. In his reign his kingdom was at war with the Heraclida, and, an oracle having foretold that victory would declare itself on the side of those whose King was slain, the enemy issued strict orders that the life of Codrus was to be spared. The heroic monarch, however, disguised himself and was slain, thus obtaining victory for his country by the sacrifice of his own life (1070 B.C.). Codrus was called the Father of his Country.

*Æacus.* King of Cœnopia. He was the father of Peleus, Telamon, Achilles, and the grandfather of Teucer and Ajax.

*Chian.* The celebrated wine produced in the island of Chios off the coast of Asia Minor, between Lesbos and Samos

*Who shall apply to the water the fire.* The reference is to the Roman custom of taking a warm bath before dinner.

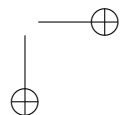
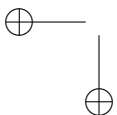
*Pelignian cold.* The Peligni inhabited a mountainous district between the Apennines and the Adriatic, adjacent to that occupied by the Marsi. Ovid, who was a native of the district, says that the Peligni were of Sabine origin.

*I will drink to the Crescent so clear. Conf. Burns: –*

“It is the moon, I ken her horn  
That’s blinkin’ in the lift sae hie.”

*Murena.* A celebrated Roman whom Cato sought to convict of bribery. He was defended by Cicero, who secured his acquittal.

*Phrygian pipe. Bercynticæ tibiae* in the text.





Berecynthus was a mountain in Phrygia dedicated to the worship of Cybele. She was worshipped with shrieks and howlings and the confused noise of musical instruments, in commemoration of her grief for the loss of her beloved Atys.

*Tibia* was a name given to different wind instruments constructed in some cases of vegetable, in others of animal or mineral material, all possessing in common the characteristic of having holes for the fingers and being sounded by a mouthpiece inserted between the lips (Rich.). The tibia figured prominently in the worship of Cybele.

*The reed.* *Fistula* (σύριγγ). A Pan's pipe made of the stalks of the reed, cane, or hemlock (Rich.).

*The lyre.* *Lyra* (λύρη). A small and very ancient stringed instrument. The cords were open on both sides, without any sounding board, and varied in number from three to nine. It was sounded with both hands, one on each side; or with a quill (plectrum) in one hand and the fingers of the other (Rich.).

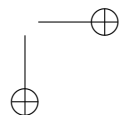
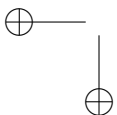
*That partner for Lycus unmeet.* The young wife of the "old Lycus."

*My passion for Glyceræ, etc.* *Me lentus Glyceræ torret amor meæ.* *Conf.* I, 13, 8.

#### ODE XX

*Getulian lioness.* Gætulia was a district of uncertain boundaries in Northern Africa. Sallust mentions a tradition that the Gatuli were one of the two great aboriginal races of Northern Africa. The adjective Gatulian became little more than a synecdoche for African. (*Enclyc. Brit.*, *s.v.*)

*'Neath his naked foot, etc.* *Sub pede poni* is said of that concerning which we care nothing – a matter of indifference.





*Nireus.* A King of Naxos, famous for his beauty. He was one of the Grecian leaders in the Trojan war.

Νιρεὺς δς κάλλιστος ἀνὴρ ὑπὸ Ἰλιος ἦλθε.

Homer, Iliad II, 673.

*He of whom was reft,* etc. Ganymede, a beautiful youth of Phrygia, who was taken up to heaven as he was tending his father's flocks on Mount Ida. He became the cup-bearer of the Gods in place of Hebe.

ODE XXI

*Massic juice.* Massicus was a mountain in Campania famous for its wine. In II, 7, Horace calls this wine obliviosus, inasmuch as it caused those who drank it to forget their cares.

*Cato.* Commentators disagree as to whether the poet refers to Cato the Censor, or to his great-grandson Cato of Utica.

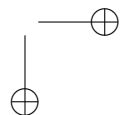
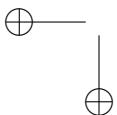
ODE XXII

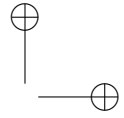
*Diana.* Diana was called *Lucifera* or *Lucina* when invoked by women in travail.

*Goddess three-formèd.* Diana in the sky was the Moon, on the earth Diana, in Hades Hecate; hence her name of *Diva triformis*.

ODE XXIII

*Household Gods. Lares.* "Tutelary spirits; according to the religious belief of the Romans, supposed to be the souls of deceased persons, who exercised a protecting influence over the interior of every man's household, himself, his family, and property. They were not regarded as divinities like the *Penates* (*q.v. infra*); but simply as guardian spirits whose altar was





the domestic hearth (focus) in the atrium, upon which each individual made offerings of incense to them in his own home” (Rich.).

*The South wind's breath.* The South or African wind was supposed to be especially harmful to vines.

*That perilous time of year.* *Gravis Autumnus*, Sat. II, 6, 19.

*Algidus.* A mountain of Latium, not far from the *Via Appia*.

*Alban plain.* *I.e.*, the pastures near the town of Alba Longa, in Latium, at the foot of Mount Albanus.

*Our little Gods.* The *Lares* were commonly represented by images of a small size.

*If pure the hands, etc.* *Immunis aram si tetigit manus, etc.* In this noble lyrical phrase the poet touches, with reverent hand, one of the fundamental truths of religion. The richness of the gift is divinely measured by the spirit of the giver. *Conf.* the incident of the widow's two mites in the life of our Lord.

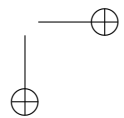
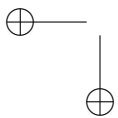
*Powers divine. Penates: e.g.,* Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, Vesta, Neptune, Apollo; every family worshipped one or more of these (Rich.).

#### ODE XXIV

*Untouched wealth of Araby.* The Romans had often tried in vain to gain possession of the treasures of Araby the Blest.

*The Tyrrhene and Apulic.* The Tuscan or *mare inferum*, and the Adriatic or *mare superum*. In other words, the two seas which clasp the eastern and western coasts of Italy. As to mansions founded on the sea-floor, *v. note, Baiae's pool*, on Ode IV.

*Scythian plain.* *V. note, Scythian shore*, on Ode IV.





*Getic tribe.* The ancient *Getæ* were a war-like people of the lower Danube. "The Goths first appear in history in the ancient land of the *Getæ*; and this geographical fact, combined with the likeness of the names has naturally caused *Getæ* and *Goths* to be looked on as the same people. The identification. . . is rejected by nearly all later writers" (*Encycl. Brit.*, *s.v.* Goths).

*Trundling-hoop.* *Trochus*, "made of iron or bronze, and trundled by a crooked-necked key" (Rich.).

*Breaking the law.* Games of chance were prohibited by the *Lex Titia et Publicia et Cornelia* (Smith.).

ODE XXV

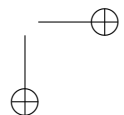
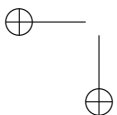
*Mænad.* V. note on Ode XV.

*Hebrus.* (Now the Maritza) the principal river of Thrace.

*Thrace and Rhodope.* The Roman province of Thrace was bounded on the north by the Balkans, on the east by the Black Sea, on the south by the Sea of Marmora, the Dardanelles, and the Ægean, and on the west by the Nestus (now the Mesta Su). Rhodope (now Despoto-dagh) was its principal mountain-chain. The summits of Rhodope are higher than those of the Balkans, some of them ranging from 5,000 to 8,000 feet. Dionysus (Bacchus) was the deity most worshipped in Thrace.

*Naiads.* Deities presiding over rivers and fountains. "They are represented as young and beautiful virgins, often leaning upon an urn, from which flows a stream of water" (Lempriere.).

*Bacchanals.* See note, *Mænad*, on Ode XV. Euripides refers to furious violence of this kind on the part of the Bacchantes (*Bacch. passim*).





*Bacchus!* round whose temples, etc. He is usually represented as crowned with vine and ivy leaves and with a thyrsus in his hand.

ODE XXVI

*Torches. Funalia.* The *funale* was a lint or torch made of fibres twisted together like a rope (*funis*) and impregnated with wax or pitch.

*Bars. Vectes,* crow-bars.

*Bows. Arcus.* “Although it does not appear from other passages that the bow was employed by lovers for breaking open the doors of young women, yet it cannot be denied that lovers, in their violent storming of houses, might even split closed doors asunder by a discharge of arrows” (Doering.).

*Cyprus.* Venus arose from the sea near Cyprus. The principal seat of her worship was the city of Paphos.

*Memphis. Venus Hospita* is said to have had a temple in this city. Herodot., ii. 112.

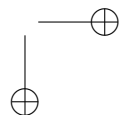
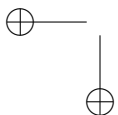
*Snows Sithonian.* Thracian snows (Adam). Sithon was a King of Thrace (Lampriere). An ornamental epithet, as in Ovid Amor. III, 7, 8. *Brachia Sithonia candidiora nive* (Doering).

ODE XXVII

*The wheatear’s note.* The original is *parra*, according to Smith, “a bird of ill-omen, supposed to be the wheat-ear.”

*The West. Iapyx:* so-called from the inhabitants of Apulia, the Iapyges.

*Europa.* Daughter of Agenor, King of Phœnicia. She was a maiden of beauty so rare that Jupiter, smitten by her charms,





assumed the shape of a bull and mingled with the herds of Agenor while the princess and her ladies were culling flowers in the meadows. Europa fondled the noble animal, and at last had the courage to sit on his back; whereupon the bull hastened to the shore and swam the sea with his fair burden. Arriving at Crete, he resumed his true shape and declared his love. Europa became his wife, giving name to one of the three grand divisions of the globe as known among the ancients.

ODE XXVIII

*Neptune's festival.* This was celebrated by the Romans in the month of July.

*Cæcuban.* *Cæcubus Ager* was a district of Latium, adjoining to the Bay of Caieta (Gæta), which produced excellent wine (Adam.).

*The consulship of Bibulus.* M. Calpurnius Bibulus was consul, A.U.C. 694.

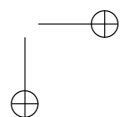
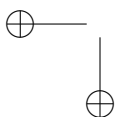
*Vereids locks of green.* The *Nereides* were nymphs of the sea, fifty in number, the daughters of Nereus and Doris. *Virides comas*, bluish-green carulean, the colour of the sea, attributed to marine deities.

*Latona.* The mother of Apollo and Diana. Latona and Diana were the special objects of the worship of young women.

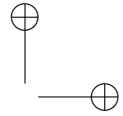
*Dian.* In the text Cynthia, a name of Diana from Mount Cynthus, in Delos, where she was born.

*Cnidus.* A town of Caria, in Asia Minor, of which Venus was a presiding deity. The town had a famous statue of her by Praxiteles.

*Night.* *Nox*, daughter of Chaos, one of the most ancient deities of the pagans.







ODE XXIX

*Mæcenas.* *V.* note on Ode VIII.

*Humid Tibur.* The epithet derives its appropriateness from the abundance of streams with which the district of Tibur was watered. For Tibur, *v.* note on Ode IV, *my Sabine home.*

*Æsula.* A town of Latium.

*The heights of Telegonus.* Tusculum (now Frascati) 12 miles from Rome. It is said to have been founded by Telegonus, son of Ulysses and Circe. He went to Ithaca to seek his father, but was shipwrecked on the coast and plundered some of the inhabitants of the island. Ulysses and Telemachus, hearing of his depredations, came to attack the raiding stranger, and Telegonus slew his father, in ignorance of his identity. The house on the Esquiline occupied by Mæcenas was so lofty as to command a view, not only of the whole city, but also of the neighbouring towns of Tibur, Æsula, and Tusculum: adjoining it were the splendid grounds known as the Esquiline gardens.

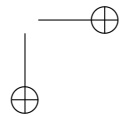
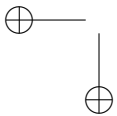
*Cepheus.* Father of Andromeda, changed into a constellation after his death. Its position in the heavens is beneath the tail of Ursa minor.

*Procyon.* *Ante-canis*, the lesser Dog, near Sirius.

*Silvanus.* A rural deity, represented as half-man, half-goat.

*Indians.* In the text *Seres*. Serice, the country of the Seres, has been identified with China. "The name Seres is familiar to the Latin poets of the Augustan age, but always in a vague way, and usually with a general reference to Central Asia and the further East" (*Encl. Brit.*, *s.v.* China).

*The Parthians.* In the text *Bactra*. Bactra was the capital of Bactriana, a province of Persia; a synecdoche for the whole Parthian Empire.





*Scythians.* In the text *Tanais*. *V.* note on Ode IV, *Scythian Shore*. The river stands for the race inhabiting the region through which it flowed.

*As river.* The poet employs the Tiber as his illustration.

*The Ægean.* The Ægean Sea, over which the merchandise of Tyre and Cyprus was borne to Rome, was particularly dangerous to navigators on account of its frequent storms.

*A two-oared shallop.* *Scapha* (σκάφη), a skiff, cutter, long-boat, or jolly-boat, carried on board larger vessels, to be lowered and used as occasion required. A smaller boat rowed only by a pair of oars, and employed for river and coasting occupations, such as fishing, etc. (Rich.).

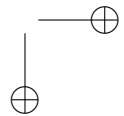
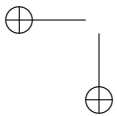
#### ODE XXX

*A goodly part the grave shall flee.* In the text, *Vitabit Libitinam*. A temple at Rome, dedicated to Venus Libitina, who presided over funerals, contained the requisites for obsequies and the registers of the dead.

*While priest, etc.* While stands the Capitoline, *i.e.*, for ever. For “stands” the poet puts the thing that was wont to be done on the Capitoline while it stood. There, every month, the Pontifex Maximus performed the rites of the national religion, being conducted thither with stately pomp by the Vestal Virgins (Doering.).

*Impetuous Aufidus.* With the salmon-like instinct alluded to by King James I the thought of the poet reverts to the river of his native Apulia. (*V.* note on Ode IV, *lofty Vultur’s shade*.)

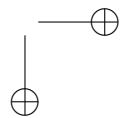
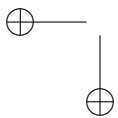
*Scant of rings, Daunus, etc.* Daunus was a King of Apulia in ancient times. Inasmuch as the land over which he reigned was poorly watered, he himself is, by a bold lyrical stroke, called *pauper aque* (Doering.).

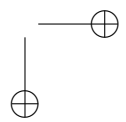
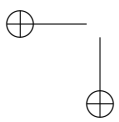
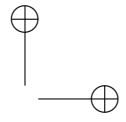
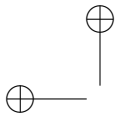


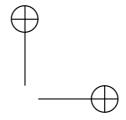
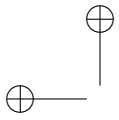


*Æolic song.* Sappho and Alcæus were natives of the island of Lesbos, which formed part of Æolis in Asia Minor.

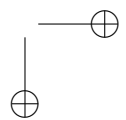
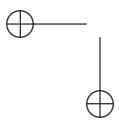
*The Delphic bays.* The prize and decoration of poets. In IV, 2, 9, Horace assigns the laurea Apollinaris to Pindar. The laurel wreath or crown was “the ornament of Apollo, of poets, of ancestral images, of triumphant generals, and of letters containing news of a victory” (Smith).

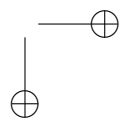
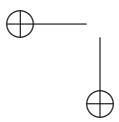
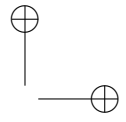
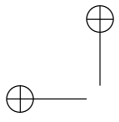






APPENDIX







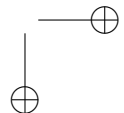
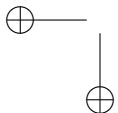
ODE XXIX  
TRANSLATED BY JOHN DRYDEN, 1685

Descended of an ancient line,  
That long the Tuscan scepter sway'd,  
Make haste to meet the generous wine,  
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd:  
The rosy wreath is made;  
And artful hands prepare  
The fragrant Syrian oil, that shall perfume thy hair.

When the wine sparkles from afar,  
And the well-natur'd friend cries, come away;  
Make haste and leave thy business and thy care,  
No mortal interest can be worth thy stay.

Leave, for a while, thy costly country seat;  
And, to be great indeed, forget  
The nauseous pleasures of the great.  
Make haste and come:  
Come and forsake thy cloying store;  
Thy turret that surveys from high  
The smoke, and wealth, and noise of Rome,  
And all the busy pageantry  
That wise men scorn, and fools adore.  
Come, give thy soul a loose, and taste the pleasures of the  
poor.

Sometimes 'tis grateful for the rich to try  
A short vicissitude, and fit of poverty:  
A savory dish, a homely treat,  
Where all is plain, where all is neat,  
Without the stately spacious room,



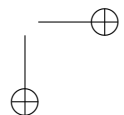
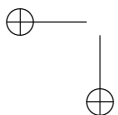


The Persian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,  
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

The sun is in the Lion mounted high;  
The Syrian star  
Barks from afar,  
And with his sultry breath infects the sky;  
The ground below is parch'd, the heavens above us fry.  
The shepherd drives his fainting flock  
Beneath the covert of a rock,  
And seeks refreshing rivulets nigh:  
The sylvans to their shades retire,  
Those very shades and streams new shades and streams  
require,  
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging fire.

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor;  
And what the city factions dare,  
And what the Gallic arms will do,  
And what the quiver-bearing foe,  
Art anxiously inquisitive to know:  
But God has wisely hid from human sight  
The dark decrees of future fate,  
And sown their seeds in depths of night.  
He laughs at all the giddy turns of state,  
When mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

Enjoy the present smiling hour,  
And put it out of Fortune's power;  
The tide of business, like the running stream,  
Is sometimes high and sometimes low,  
A quiet ebb or a tempestuous flow,  
And always in extreme.  
Now with a noiseless gentle course  
It keeps within the middle bed;  
Anon it lifts aloft its head,







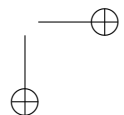
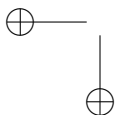
And bears down all before it with impetuous force;  
And trunks of trees come rolling down,  
Sheep and their folds together down:  
Both house and homestead into seas are borne,  
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,  
And woods, made thin with winds, their scatter'd honors  
mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,  
He, who can call to-day his own:  
He who secure within, can say,  
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.  
Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,  
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate, are mine.  
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,  
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

Fortune that with malicious joy  
Does man, her slave, oppress,  
Proud of her office to destroy,  
Is seldom pleased to bless:  
Still various, and inconstant still,  
But with an inclination to be ill,  
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,  
And makes a lottery of life.  
I can enjoy her while she is kind;  
But when she dances in the wind,  
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,  
I puff the prostitute away;\*

\*"Mr. Boyle was all impatient to hear, saying that my Lord Treasurer and my Lord Halifax were equally anxious and Addison, blushing, began reading of his verses, and, I suspect, knew their weak parts as well as their most critical hearer. When he came to the lines describing the angel, that

'Inspired repulsed battalions to engage  
And taught the doubtful battle how to rage,'





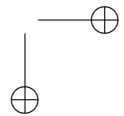
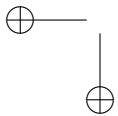
The little or the much she gave, is quietly resign'd:  
Content with poverty my soul I arm,  
And Virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

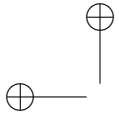
What is 't to me,  
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,  
If storms arise, and clouds grow black;  
If the mast split, and threaten wreck?  
Then let the greedy merchant fear  
For his ill-gotten gain,  
And pray to gods that will not hear  
While the debating winds and billows bear  
His wealth unto the main.  
For me, secure from Fortune's blows,  
Secure of what I cannot lose,  
In my small pinnace I can sail,

he read with great animation, looking at Esmond, as much as to say, 'You know where that simile came from – from our talk and our bottle of Burgundy, the other day.'

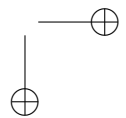
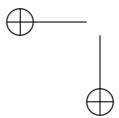
"The poet's two hearers were caught with enthusiasm, and applauded the verses with all their might. The gentleman of the Court sprang up in great delight. 'Not a word now, my dear sir,' says he, 'trust me with the papers – I'll defend them with my life. Let me read them over to my Lord Treasurer. . . .' And without more ado, the courtier in lace seized the manuscript pages, placed them in his breast with his ruffled hand over his heart, executed a most gracious wave of the hat with the disengaged hand, and smiled and bowed out of the room leaving an odour of pomander behind him.

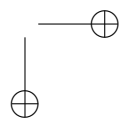
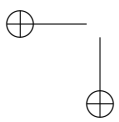
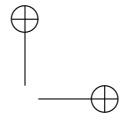
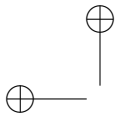
"'Does not the chamber look quite dark?' says Addison, surveying it, 'after the glorious appearance and disappearance of that gracious messenger. Why, he illuminated the whole room. . . . When I came out of Oxford, into the world, my patrons promised me great things; and you see where their promises have landed me, in a lodging up two pairs of stairs, with a sixpenny dinner from the cook's shop. Well, I suppose this promise will go after the others, and fortune will jilt me, as the jade has been doing any time these seven years. "I puff the prostitute away,"' say he, smiling, and blowing a cloud out of his pipe." Thackeray's *The History of Henry Esmond*, Book I, Chapter xi.

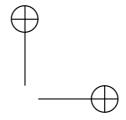
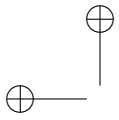




Contemning all the blustering roar;  
And running with a merry gale,  
With friendly stars my safety seek  
Within some little winding creek,  
And see the storm ashore.







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