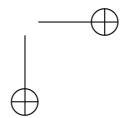
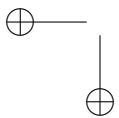
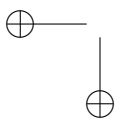
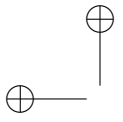


Selected Odes of Horace



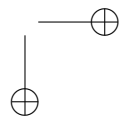
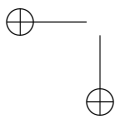


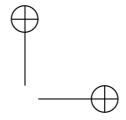
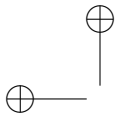


Selected Odes of Horace

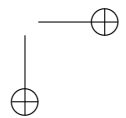
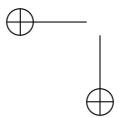
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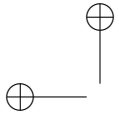
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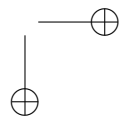
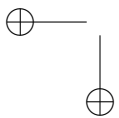


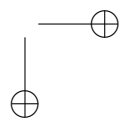
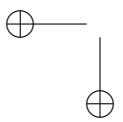
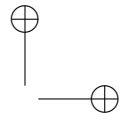
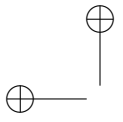


I am indebted to the Rev. G. W. Douton for much encouragement, to Mr. N. L. Smith for correction of proofs and to both for a number of suggestions.

G. R. S.

Hongkong, September, 1922.





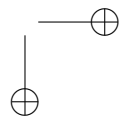
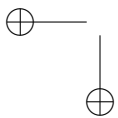


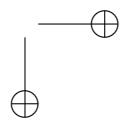
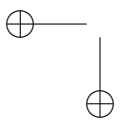
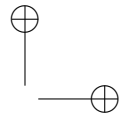
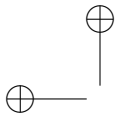
DEDICATION

Flacce, votivum tibi ego hunc libellum
Parvulum tali neque honore dignum
Dedico, gratus domino minister
Discipulusque.

Tu mihi frontis gelidis lavare
Fontibus rugas breviter dedisti
In tuis lasso maris et viarum
Militiaeque.

Ipsae Maecenas mihi sis benignus,
Neve me spernas nimio prophanum
Partibus Flacci semel ingruentem
Vix imitandis.







ODES 1.5

(To Pyrrha – a shrew)

What sleek young beau perfumed and smart
Amid the roses plies the heart

Of his embowered sweet?

For whom within that pleasant grot

Those golden tresses do you knot,

So exquisitely neat?

Today you're gold for his delight

And always calm and always bright;

Ah! vain imaginings!

No breath of doubt assails him now,

Poor butterfly that sees the glow

And has not singed its wings!

How oft hereafter will he find

The fickle gods have changed their mind

And weep that faith is vain;

And marvel as the storm-clouds sweep

Black'ning across the ruffled deep,

A landsman on the main!

For me to consecrate the wall

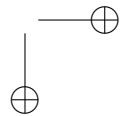
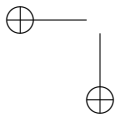
Where hangs a draggled overall

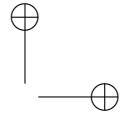
A tablet stands, to mark

My thanks to him whose powerful nod

Secured – I mean the Ocean God –

My rescue from a shark.





ODES I.6

(To a victorious General)

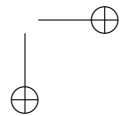
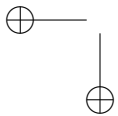
Another tongue in epic flights
Will sing the deeds by sea and land
Of warriors under your command,
My hero of a hundred fights.

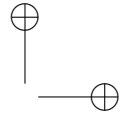
Achilles' unrelenting ire,
Odysseus' shifts from sea to sea,
Yourself, and fierce Pelopidae
Are all beyond my simple lyre.

Not mine with poor civilian quill
So glorious a theme to shame,
For fear your military fame
Should suffer from my want of skill.

Who claims Mars' adamantine shirt
Fitly to tell, or Ajax made
Match of the gods by Pallas' aid
And Merion black with Trojan dirt?

My trifling Muse as usual sings
Of feasts and fights with finger-nails
By maidens keen against the males
And leisurely philanderings.





ODES I.8

(*To Phyllis*)

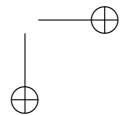
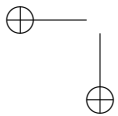
Phyllis, tell me I implore
 Why is Charlie on the rack;
 Why the hot and dusty track
Knows its devotee no more;

Why he rides no more; nor bends
 On the curb the fretting head
 Of his Arab thoroughbred
'Midst his military friends.

Has the river lost its charms
 That he shuns its yellow food?
 Is the oil turned viper's blood
That once graced his supple arms?

Is this he whose wonted art
 Often slung the discus best;
 Often, beating all the rest,
Broke the record with the dart?

Say what keeps our warrior fine
 (Like sea-goddess Thetis' boy
 Just before the fall of Troy)
From the dangers of the line!





ODES I.9

(A Winter's song)

See how white Soracte stands
Mantled deep in snow,
How the frost with icy bands
Holds the rivers' flow,
While in vain the woods do strain
Their hoary burden to sustain.

Fetch me logs. Drive out the cold.
Pile aloft the fire.

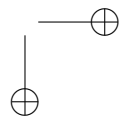
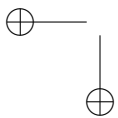
Find the Sabine four-year-old;
Broach it, trusty squire.

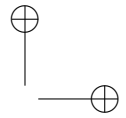
Stint it not; a brimming tot
From the double-handled pot!

Trust to God for what remains
Though the ocean quivers
Hot with battling hurricanes
And the cypress shivers;
Though to-day the ashes sway
He will soon His wrath allay.

Brings the morrow joy or pain
Question not the fates;
Rather set it down as gain
Whatsoe'er awaits.

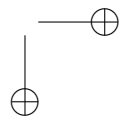
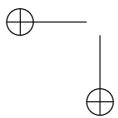
Love is sweet and youth is fleet;
Dancing is for nimble feet.

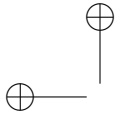




Ere old age white-haired and sour
 Turns your strength to sadness,
Haste to fix the trysting hour;
 Youth's the time for gladness.
Lover, hark! by square and park
Gentle whisperings in the dark!

Hark to where the merry snigger
 Gives you the direction
Where the lurking girlish figure
 Coyly waits detection.
Wherefore linger? Snatch the ring or
Bracelet from the yielding finger.

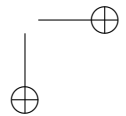
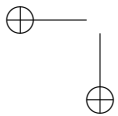




ODES I.11

(*To Leuconoe*)

Seek not to know, 'twere wrong, Leuconoe,
What end the gods have set for you and me;
Nor try your luck by mystic numerals
But rather take whatever chance befalls.
The storm that vainly flings the Tyrrhene spray
Upon th' opposing pumice cliffs today
Perchance will be our last. Perchance 'tis willed
That many another storm must be fulfilled.
The wise man quaffs the cup and sets his hope
Within the limits of a narrow scope.
E'en while we talk life slips unseen away:
Trust not the morrow: pluck its fruit today.





ODES I.13

(To Lydia – a jilt)

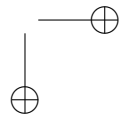
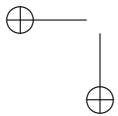
When you admire your Rudolph's charms
Of rosy neck and supple arms,
Then all my fevered heart's distress
Bids fair to burst in bitterness.

My mind no certain haven knows;
My fickle colour comes and goes;
Sure symptom of the fire within
That slowly burns beneath the skin.

'Tis madd'ning that those shoulders white
Should suffer in some drunken fight.
'Tis madd'ning should the lust of youth
Leave its foul mark upon your mouth.

Would you but hearken to my suit
Not long would you desire the brute
Who prostitutes the kisses sweet
Distilled from Love's own nectar neat.

Ah! me, what blessings manifold
On them whose bonds of union hold
Whose love no quarrelling can strain,
Till death at last dissolves the chain!





ODES I.14

(To the ship of state)

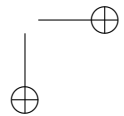
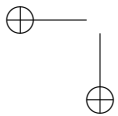
What dost thou, ship? Wilt seawards go
Once more upon the ebbing-tide?
Seest thou how bare of oars thy side?
To port then bravely on the flow!

Shivers thy mast. Thy sail-yards sigh
By furious sou'wester hurt.
Scarce can thy seams by ropes ungirt
Withstand the ocean's tyranny.

Thy sails are rent. Thy gods are gone.
What boots it that the Pontic pine,
Queen of the forest tall, be thine?
Canst face the storm again alone?

Thy class and name avail thee nought;
What hope can frightened sailor find
In painted poop? Stay, lest the wind
Shall hold thee forfeit to his sport.

Thou leav'st me sad and ill-at-ease
Whose coming was my eager dream
But yesterday. Beware the stream
That cleaves the shining Cyclades.





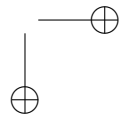
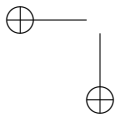
ODES I.23

(To Chloe)

You shun me, Chloe, like the fawn
That in the trackless mountain-ways
Each idle forest-breath dismays
Seeking its trembling dam forlorn.

Starts the green lizard from the brake,
Sets but the new-born breath of spring
The restless leaf a-quivering,
And heart and knees are all a-quake.

And yet no lion African
No tiger rough to crush you I.
Then wherefore to thy mother fly?
The time has come to seek a man.





ODES I.25

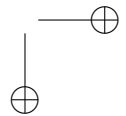
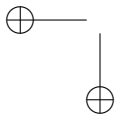
(To Lydia grown old)

Less often now the love-sick swain
Beats on your shuttered window-pane;
Close to the threshold clings the door
Whose hinges turned so fast of yore,
And you can sleep in peace again.

Less often now you hear the cry,
“Will Lydia let her lover lie
And through the long night heedless sleep?”
In turn a slighted hag you weep
As scornful lovers pass you by.

From Thrace will come the wild monsoon
To riot at the changing moon,
And love that sets the mares afire
And blazing lust will vent their ire
Upon your fevered liver soon!

And in your silent porch you’ll frown
That ivy green and myrtle brown
Were ever youth’s delight and pride:
The withered leaves of wintertide
In winter’s streams are left to drown.





ODES I.27

(A drinking bout)

It is the Thracian way to fight
With bottles made for man's delight;
But gentlemen do not conclude
Their revels in a bloody feud.

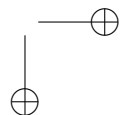
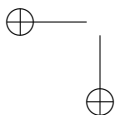
For what a world of difference lies
'Twixt scimitars and revelries!
So, friends, your graceless shouts restrain
And in your places pray remain.

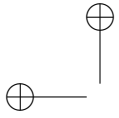
Must I a stiff Falernian face
As well? Then let the puntian trace
(Megilla's brother) whence the dart
That welcome slays his wounded heart.

What? Silent? Yet I'll take no less
To pledge you. Pure the flame, I guess,
That burning holds you in its grip.
Nay, blush not for an honest slip!

Come, the whole story let me hear.
Just whisper in a trusty ear.
Poor boy! You are in waters hot!
And you deserved a better lot.

What god, what witch, what wizard's art
Can purge the poison from your heart?
Scarce Pegasus could loose the coils
Of such a monstrous dragon's toils.



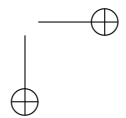
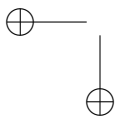


ODES I.30

(To Venus)

Queen of the isles, with incense free
Glycera calls to thee;
From thy chosen Cyprus come
Unto her pretty home.

Loose your girdles, Nymph and Grace!
Speed Boy with eager face!
Speed Mercury! Youth speed on,
Unkind when Love is gone!





ODES I.31

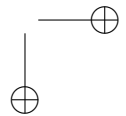
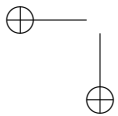
(To Apollo)

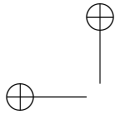
What does thy bard and votary,
Sacred Apollo, ask of thee
As from the bowl new wine he spills?
Not for the fields of smiling corn
That rich Sardinia tills,
Nor the fat herds of cattle born
On hot Calabria's hills.

Let them that have the luck
The Calene grape to pluck
Their vineyards hold.
Let India keep
Her ivory and gold,
And quiet Liris sleep
Amid her silent wold.

The merchant rich to heaven dear
May ply the ocean thrice a year
And come unscathed to quaff his wine,
Reward of Syrian merchandise,
From golden goblets. When I dine
Olives and chicory suffice
And mushrooms fine.

I would ask nothing more
Save to enjoy my store:
Give me a body strong
And a clear brain;
Let my years be long
Yet free from stain
And never without a song.

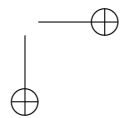
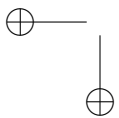


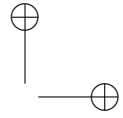


ODES I.38

(Ode to Simplicity)

Barbaric stage-effects I hate
And ribbon'd wreaths attract me not.
I would not have you seek the spot,
Good squire, where roses linger late.
Would'st gild the bay? I charge you, hold!
Not I beneath my humble vine
Who drink, nor you who serve the wine,
Shall blush for bay-leaf's native gold.





ODES II.2

(*To Crispus Sallustius*)

Silver is but colourless
Hidden in the selfish mine,
Friend who scoff at plate unless
Proper handling makes it shine.

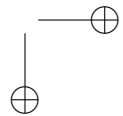
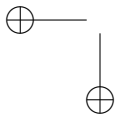
Proculeius never dies
Famous for the love he felt
For his brothers, but will rise
Borne on wings that cannot melt.

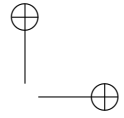
Libya, and far Cadiz
Carthaginian empires twain
Bow to one. Yet kinglier is
He who can his greed restrain.

Dropsy humoured feeds the more
Thirsty yet until you drain
All the dull and watery sore
From the whitened gland and vein.

People held Phraates blest
When he reigned in Cyrus' stead.
Virtue disallows the test
Shewing how they are misled.

His alone her special bays
His a kingdom free from care
Who on money-bags can gaze
Calmly, and not turn a hair.





ODES II.3

(To Dellius)

Friend, when fortune goes astray
Keep a level head alway,
 And when luck is on your side
 Happy be, but curb your pride.

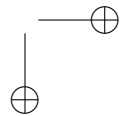
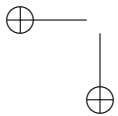
Death awaits you though you pass
Holidays amid the grass
 With a jug of ancient brew.
 Death awaits the kill-joy too.

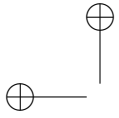
Why do pine and poplar white
In welcome shade their boughs unite?
 Why does the streamlet hurrying by
 Thus slope its banks invitingly?

Hither wine and ointment bring
And roses sweet, brief-blossoming.
 Fortune holds and youth is thine,
 Ere the three Sisters snap the twine.

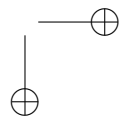
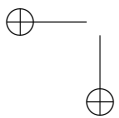
House and villa, acres wide
Washed by Tiber's yellow tide,
 All must go: and riches mount
 But to swell an heir's account.

Be you scion of wealth and fame,
Or a child without a name
 Dying homeless; high or low,
 Death does no distinction know.





Spins the wheel, the wheel of fate,
Comes your number soon or late
Sending you, no matter whom,
To the exile of the tomb.





ODES II.4

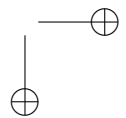
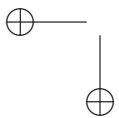
(*To Xanthias Phocesus*)

Do not think it a disgrace
That a little slavey's face
In a chap with such a name
Should awake so fierce a flame.
Once a slave-girl's skin snow-white
Did enslave a haughty knight,
And a pretty captive girl
Captive led a noble earl.
Once a conquering G.O.C.
In the hour of victory
Felt a strong desire to kiss
Such a little captured miss:
(When his army gained the fight
And the hostile ranks in flight
Left their captain on the field
And their capital to yield
Less reluctant than before
To its weary conqueror.)
Do you doubt the pa and ma
Of your gold-haired Mary are
Such as would do credit to
Such a son-in-law as you?
I am sure you'll find they trace
Several kings among their race;
Only some unlucky blow
Temporarily lays them low.
Scorn to think your lovely lass
Comes from anything low-class.





Think not such fidelity,
Such contempt for £ s. d.
Could admit of any other
Than a very proper mother.
Though I do not miss the charms
Of a face or pair of arms,
Though I praise a rounded ankle
Do not let suspicion rankle;
I'm nigh forty summers old
And they leave me stony cold.





ODES II.5

(*Lalage*)

She has no strength the yoke to share
On bended neck, no strength to bear
The eager onset of the bull,
No strength her proper weight to pull.

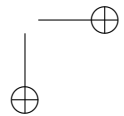
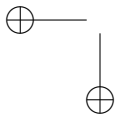
Your little heifer's heart it set
'Mid meadows green and sedges wet,
Where with the calves she sports and cools
Her burning brow among the pools.

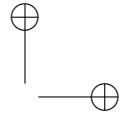
The unripe grape is not for you;
Full soon the bunches red and blue
Will all their brightest colours don
When dappled autumn paints them on;

And, when swift-running time transfers
The years from your account to hers,
Your darling of her own accord
With eager face will seek her lord,

More dear than she whose shoulders white
Outshine the moon that floats by night
Upon the waves, and Pholoe coy
And Gyges too, the Cnidian boy,

(Whose problem face and flowing curls,
Did you but put him with the girls,
Would clever judges strangely vex
Upon the question of his sex.)





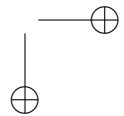
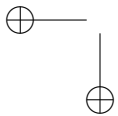
ODES II.8

(To Barine – a flirt)

I could believe if outraged truth
Your beauty did assail
By damaging a single tooth
Or blackening a nail.
But as it is each broken vow
Makes prettier still that perjured brow,
And never a breach of trust but adds
A fresh attraction for our lads.

It pays to cheat a mother's urn;
The stars' still, nightly gaze;
The breadth of heaven; the gods that spurn
Death's icy hand. It pays!
The Nymphs are laughing – simple folk;
Venus, I'll swear, enjoys the joke;
And Cupid smiles a wicked smile
Whetting his bloodstained darts the while!

Indeed to serve this impious quean
Our youth new slaves begets
While all the old ones still remain
Despite repeated threats.
Mothers of boys are all afraid
And dry old men. The hapless maid
Trembles lest wind of you delay
Her husband on his wedding-day.





ODES II.9

(To Valgius – love-sick)

Not always do the cloud-borne rains
 Pour down upon the furrowed soil;
 Not always does the Caspian boil
Storm-tossed by fitful hurricanes.

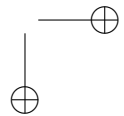
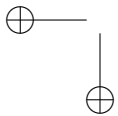
Not all the year the deadly grip
 Of ice Armenia's shore will choke,
 Nor the nor'-easter vex the oak
And leaves from widowed ashes strip.

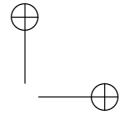
Waxes the evening star and wanes,
 Fleeing the daylight's fiery heat.
 Yet still you sigh your vanished sweet
And still your love for him remains.

No greybeard wasted all his years
 To weep for kind Antilochus;
 The sire of beardless Troilus
And Phrygian sisters dried their tears.

Let soft complaints be heard no more;
 'Twere better far that we should sing
 The newest triumphs of the king
By stiff Niphates' icy shore

How Media's stream in vassalage
 Less proudly rolls its conquered tide;
 And how Gelonian horsemen ride
Confined upon a narrower stage.





ODES II.10

(*To Licinius*)

Friend, would you the right rule keep,
Steer not always for the deep,
Nor, when ocean tempests roar,
Hug too tight a doubtful shore.

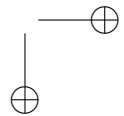
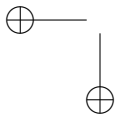
He who loves the Golden Mean
Steers a careful course between
Hovel foul and palace fair,
Lest there's envy lurking there.

Commonly the lightning seeks
Mountain ranges' topmost peaks.
Winds the tallest pine attack.
Heaviest falls the highest stack.

He who's wise, when all is gay
Guards against a rainy day;
Stormbound, trusts the clouds will pass,
High his hopes tho low the glass.

Jove who darkens will make clear;
'Tis not winter all the year.
Apollo sometimes stays his dart
To wake to song the lyric Art.

In the trough of narrow seas
Set the jaw and brace the knees.
On the crest of fortune's tide
Wisely reef your swelling pride.





ODES II.14

(*To Postumus*)

The fleeting years slip fast away.
Old age and wrinkles threaten us:
Nor piety, my Postumus,
Can keep resistless death at bay.

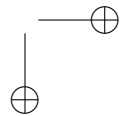
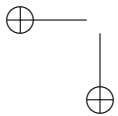
Three hundred bulls may give their blood
And daily Pluto's pity claim
Who holds e'en Geryon's giant frame,
And Tityus with his dismal flood.

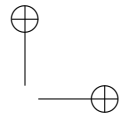
In vain, my friend! for on that tide
All we who on earth's bounty feed,
Both kings and husbandmen in need,
Must journey to the further side.

In vain we flee Mars' bloody field,
And Hadria's breakers shun in vain:
And from dread Auster, autumn's bane,
Our bodies vainly do we shield.

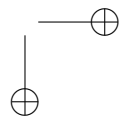
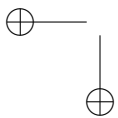
Those sluggish waters you must face
Where dark Cocytus slowly coils,
And Sisyphus unceasing toils,
And Danaus hides his shameful race.

For lands and home and mistress kind
And every tree he nurtures now,
Except the hated cypress bough,
Their short-lived lord must leave behind.





A worthier heir your wine will claim
That now a hundred keys secure,
And stain the floor with liquor pure
That puts the cups of priests to shame.





ODES II.16

(*To Grosphus*)

For peace the sailor on the deep
Benighted asks the gods in boon
When darkling clouds have veiled the moon
And stars no certain vigil keep.

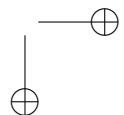
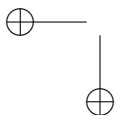
For peace the Mede with quiver gay
And war-bewildered Thracians sigh;
That peace that gold can never buy
Nor precious stones nor bright array.

Not pomp nor splendour can restrain
The cares that haunt the palace gate,
Nor consul's lictor dissipate
The thoughts that crowd a troubled brain.

The man upon whose humble board
Some old ancestral salver gleams,
Nor fear nor greed disturb his dreams –
That man lives well though small his hoard.

Why waste in braggart enterprise
Brief life? What exile e'er did roam
And leave his former self at home?
Then wherefore seek we alien skies?

Care climbs upon the brazen ships
And hangs upon the trooper's feet,
The spoiler than the stag more fleet
That e'en the driving gale outstrips.



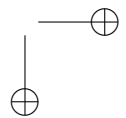
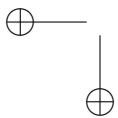


Be but contented with to-day,
Nor seek to-morrow's fate to guess.
No sweet but has its bitterness;
Then smile the bitterness away.

Far-famed Achilles swiftly died;
Tithonus was condemned to live
To dotage; Time to me may give –
Who knows? – the years to thee denied.

A hundred flocks, Sicilian kine,
A neighing steed, a four-wheeled car
And wool in red from Africa
Twice-dipped for raiment – all are thine.

On me a truthful Fate conferred
The Grecian Muse's spirit rare,
And, though she gives but acres bare,
Permits me scorn the common herd.





ODES III.9

(*Reconciliation*)

FLACCUS

When I was welcome in your sight,
And mine alone the arms that press'd
With sov'ran touch that bosom white,
No Persian king was half so blest.

LYDIA

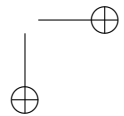
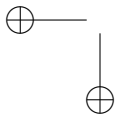
When I was dearest unto you
And Chloe woke no rival flame,
No Roman Ilia could outdo
The lustre shed on Lydia's name!

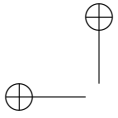
FLACCUS

But now my Thracian Chloe reigns;
For her my life I'd gladly give
Who wakes the zither's sweetest strains,
If by my death my love should live.

LYDIA

I burn for him and he for me –
Thurinian Ornythus his boy.
I'd die twice over if so be
My Calais could life enjoy.



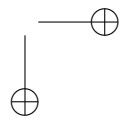
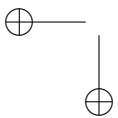


FLACCUS

Suppose the gold-haired Chloe cut,
And bonds of steel for Lydia spurn'd
New-forg'd, her door no longer shut,
And ancient Love once more return'd!

LYDIA

Though fairer than a star is he,
Though lightly as a cork you lie
And rage more rudely than the sea,
With you I'd gladly live and die.





ODES III.13

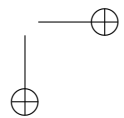
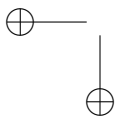
(To a Spring)

O crystal rill, tomorrow brings
 A kid upon whose forehead swell
 The tender horns that do foretell
The day of loves and buffetings.

In vain, O fit for flowers and wine,
 The stripling of the sportive flock
 Will but thy cooling waters mock
And with his blood incarnadine.

Untouched by Dog-star's hot embrace
 To wandering sheep thou giv'st thy brow.
 And oxen weary of the plough
May kiss thy cool and lovely face.

So thou, while I the oak-tree sing
 Upon thy hollow cavern grown
 Whence leap the chattering waters down,
Wilt famous be, Bandusian spring.





ODES III.18

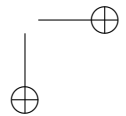
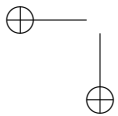
(To a Faun)

Lover of the wood-nymphs fleet,
 Lightly leap my boundary stones;
Sunny fields are thine to greet;
 Fear not for thy little ones.

Falls a tender kid each year,
 Rise the fragrant fumes of wine
Poured from bowls to Venus dear
 Freely at thine ancient shrine.

Sports the flock on grassy lea,
 All the country-side is gay;
Oxen in the pastures tree
 Keep thy winter holiday.

Woodland leaves are spread for thee:
 Lambs are bold though wolves be nigh;
Leaps the ditcher thrice for glee
 On the earth, his enemy.



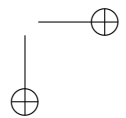
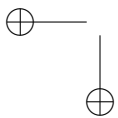


ODES III.22

(To the Virgin Goddess)

Thou that guardest bill and grove,
Thou that dost from death remove
 Women labouring of child
 Answering their three-fold cry
 Offered to Thy Trinity,
 Blessed Virgin undefiled;

Hangs a pine above my gate;
Lady, let me dedicate
 It to thee; for so I vow
 Every year upon this day
 Gladly I a boar will slay
 Practising his sidelong blow.

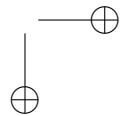
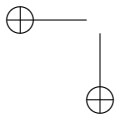


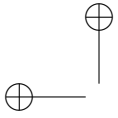


ODES III.26

(A veteran retires)

Match for any girl was I
Not so long ago;
Nor without some gallantry
Have I faced the foe.
Now my arms return to store
And my lyre shall strive no more.
Crow-bar, battering-ram and torch,
Venus of the sea,
Threatening once the frowning porch,
I bequeathe to thee
To the wall to be applied
That protects thy lucky side.
Queen and goddess, that dost hold
Cyprus' happy vale,
Memphis free from Thracian cold,
Raise aloft thy flail;
And to Chloe's scornful back
Deal one gentle little smack.





ODES IV.11

(Invitation)

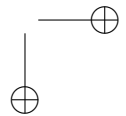
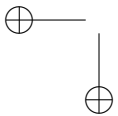
Phyllis, a cask of Alban wine
More than nine years old is mine,
 And in my garden grows for thee
 Parsley for crowns, and ivy free
To deck that pretty hair of thine.

Indoors, mid smiling silver, stands
An altar wreathed with pious hands,
 That eagerly awaits the hour
 When sacrificial lamb shall pour
His blood upon its leafy bands.

Hither and thither maidens fly
And men in busy company;
 All the household is astir,
 And the flickering tongues of fire
Roll the murky smoke on high.

Yet, would'st thou know what joys await
This invitation, mark the date
 That thou must keep: it is the Ides
 That April in the midst divides –
April to Venus consecrate.

In truth a festival for me;
My very birthday scarce could be
 More sacred. For upon that day
 Maecenas set me on the way
To fortune and prosperity.



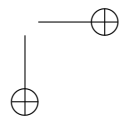
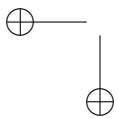


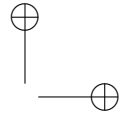
No fitting mate for thee the swain
At whom thy cap is set in vain;
 Another maiden rich and coy
 Already leads the happy boy
A willing captive on a chain.

Ambition should reflect upon
The fate of burning Phaethon;
 And soaring hopes may well be warned
 By winged Pegasus who scorned
His earthly knight Bellerophon.

For thou should'st only contemplate
The things that fit thine own estate
 And hold it sacrilege to try
 To climb the unpermitted sky
With one who cannot bear thy weight.

With thee my tale of loves shall end;
Henceforth no other lady friend
 Shall fire this heart. So learn the strain
 That thy sweet voice must give again:
Let song the veil of sorrow rend.





ODES IV.13

(To Lyce grown old)

The gods have heard, have heard my prayer!
And you are old; and still you play
And still you drink your shame away
Hoping that men will think you fair.

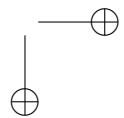
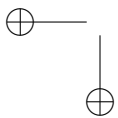
With drunken, quavering song you seek
To wake reluctant Love, that floats
On Chia's young and tuneful notes
And nestles on her pretty cheek.

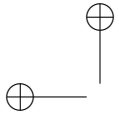
Love soars beyond the oak-tree dry
And rudely shuns you in his flight;
For yellow teeth and temples white
And wrinkles do not beautify!

No Coan scarlet can recall,
No gem reflect the day long dead
That fleeting Time has marked in red,
And turned the page for good and all.

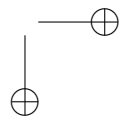
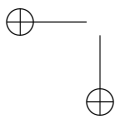
The rosy cheek, the carriage smart,
The charm, ah! whither are they flown?
Is that the face whose breath alone
Love-laden robbed me of my heart;

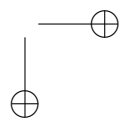
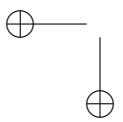
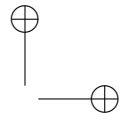
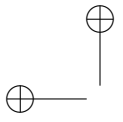
And, famed for every art and grace,
Triumphant ruled when Cinara died?
But fate to Cinara denied
The years it keeps for Lyce's case.

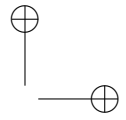
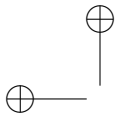




For Lyce, like an ancient crow,
Must live to hear the laughter free
Of hot-head lovers when they see
The fire has burnt to ashes now!







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