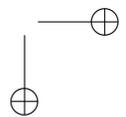
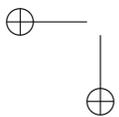
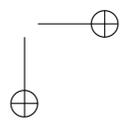
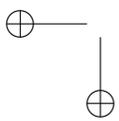
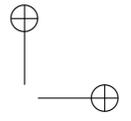
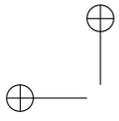
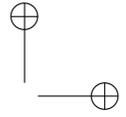
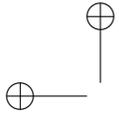


QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS
A SELECTION OF HIS WORKS







QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS
A SELECTION OF HIS WORKS

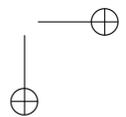
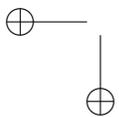
Rendered into English Verse by
Two Boston Physicians

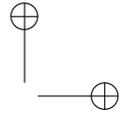
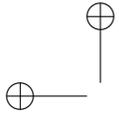
Fred Bates Lund, M. D.

and

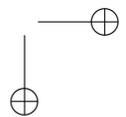
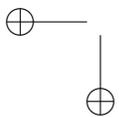
Robert Montraville Green, M. D.

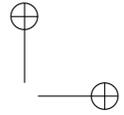
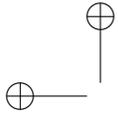
IWP





2024
First Published, 1953

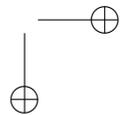
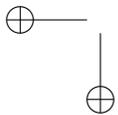


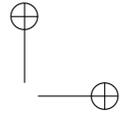
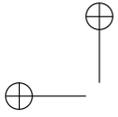


FOREWORD

The degree of Doctor of Medicine conferred by Harvard University does not necessarily imply a narrow restriction to purely medical interests, for many Boston physicians have practiced widely different arts. Even without raising the versatile literary ghost of Oliver Wendell Holmes (A.B. 1829, M.D. 1836), one recalls immediately such men as William Sturgis Bigelow (A.B. 1871, M.D. 1874) and Charles Goddard Weld (M.D. 1881) who, through prodigies of connoisseurship and imagination, assembled the unparalleled collection of oriental painting and sculpture in the Museum of Fine Arts, or John Charles Phillips (S.B. 1899, M.D. 1904) whose four great volumes on *A Natural History of the Ducks* stand as a monument in ornithology. Fred Bates Lund (A.B. 1888, M.D. 1892) was, and Robert Montraville Green (A.B. 1902, M.D. 1906) happily still is, devoted to classical as well as medical learning. In the same spirit that William Norton Bullard (A.B. 1875, M.D. 1880) collected medical incunabula, both these men translated Galen, but in a completely literary vein both of them also loved Horace and turned him into English verse with extraordinary charm and skill.

A true Horatian instinctively understands the spirit of clubs. Although Fred Lund became a Taverner in 1892, he waited fifty-one years before joining the Club of Odd Volumes. In the seven short years between 1943 and his death he rapidly became one of the best loved members of the club, which now honors itself by publishing a selection of his translations of Horace. Thirteen of them were read at a meeting of the Charaka Club in New York on 15 January 1941 and printed in volume XI of that club's *Transactions*, but the rest remained in manuscript at the time of Dr. Lund's death in 1950. This seemed so poor an idea to Philip R. Allen that the Club of Odd Volumes undertook, with the gracious permission of Dr. Lund's widow and sons, to print them. The project was happily enlarged by the willingness of Dr. Green to allow his translations to appear in the same volume with those of his good friend and colleague, and

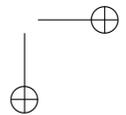
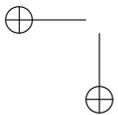


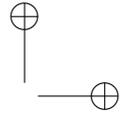
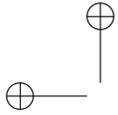


by the amiability of Peter Oliver in sparing time from his current studies of Horace to write an introductory essay.

The club is grateful to the Charaka Club for permission to quote from its copyrighted *Transactions*, and to William Greenough Wendell for his efforts in arranging for copies of this book to go to those Harvard men who have during the past fifty-three years followed Dr. Green as holders of the Jacob Wendell Scholarship.

WALTER MUIR WHITEHILL, *Clerk*





INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

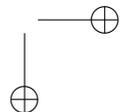
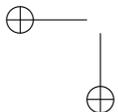
The way to enjoy Horace is to read him and not about him, and the way to read him is in Latin. These translations, published by and for the friends of the two translators, at first consideration, then, avail little, for except for one ode quoted in full in this preface (with a half dozen or so translations of it) the Latin is not given. Happily, however, in this case, it may be taken for granted that for the public for whom this small work is designed, it will be no great hardship to lay hand on a Latin version of the poems.

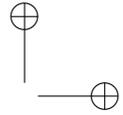
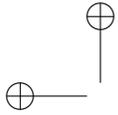
For most of us, it is extremely difficult to read Horace, straight and cold, in Latin. When occasionally we try, most of us reproach ourselves for our unskill and blame the teachers of our childhood and youth with whom in earlier years we struggled wretchedly through the beginnings of Latin grammar, through *Fabulae Faciles*, Caesar, Cicero, and perhaps, if we persisted far enough, Vergil and some of Horace.

If we had been born a generation or two earlier, it would not have been “the few who persisted” who would have had some Horace. For every educated man of what we may loosely call Western Christendom read some Horace, from the time of the Renaissance when we first started the wholesale production of educated men. In England, and in this country up to the end of the nineteenth century, it was drummed and hammered into every schoolboy. Kipling in his autobiography refers to “King,” of much beloved memory to readers of Stalky & Co., as having “taught me to loathe Horace for 2 years, to forget him for 20, and then to love him for the rest of my days, and through many sleepless nights.”

But Horace was never easy to read, I think probably not even to his contemporaries. He says himself that trying to be concise, he is obscure.*

*“... *brevis esse laboro, Obscurus fio,*” *Ars Poetica* 25.





The earliest extant commentary, that of Porphyrius in the third century, while aimed somewhat at helping one *understand* Horace, is really aimed at helping one read him.

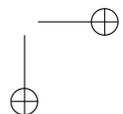
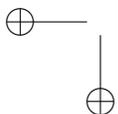
Horace is not hard to understand, once one can read what he is saying, find the subject or predicate of the verb, put together the two halves of an ablative absolute, distinguish some gerunds and gerundives, or join the proper adjective in one line to its noun that may appear in the middle of the third line away. There is no great trouble after this.

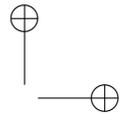
There began to be editions of Horace almost as soon as there was printing. There were over thirty before 1500, and more than 200 in the next century. Up to now there have been some 4,000. The great majority of these have notes or comments. Some have as much comment as text; and a few, when the fashion for such things was at its height in the sixteenth century, have considerably more. There is a Venice edition of 1559 which, in addition to the early commentaries of Porphyrius and of Acronis, had those of Parrhasius, Mancinelli and Ascensius, who had already been popular for a generation; with their scholia, *scholiisque*, the title page reads, *Angeli Politiani, M. Antonii Sabellici, Ludovici Coelii Rodigini, Baptistae Pii, Petri Criniti, Aldi Manutii, Matthaei Bonfinis & Jacobi Bononiensis nuper adjunctis. Nor is this all. His nos praeterea annotationes. . . Antonii Thylesii Consentini, Francisci Robertelli Utinensis, atque Henrici Glareani. . . addidimus.* After all this come the notes on the metre by Nicolas Perotus.

If the man of the Renaissance took his Horace with this much learned assistance, we need not perhaps feel too badly when, confronted by a beautiful quarto page of the Baskerville edition, unblemished by note, comment, or explanation, we read our author with a little difficulty.

The chief trouble in reading Horace is in the order of the words, and most of the early commentators gave an *ordo* for the complicated passages. The *ordo* of two different editions is not necessarily the same; the *ordo* in a French edition will usually differ from that in an English one.* But in some of the harder passages of Horace almost any *ordo* or order other than his may help the reader. However,

*One may compare, for example, *Persicos odi*, Book I.38, in any one of the editions which have the notes of Porphyrius, Acronis, and Ascensius, say that published in Paris in 1519, with the same ode in the edition by





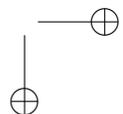
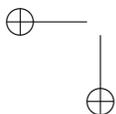
the rearrangement of the words in Latin is not necessary, and for the reader of Horace whose Latin is a little less than adequate, any version in his mother tongue, prose or verse, paraphrase, imitation, or burlesque will suffice, and many are a joy!

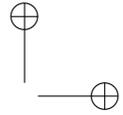
Occasionally, as we believe is the case with the present translations, where learning has been lightened and brightened with sympathy and wit, the translations can stand alone; but even with these, we cannot but urge the reader to reach to his shelves and read them with the original.

For as we said, the way to enjoy Horace is to read him in Latin, which generally speaking we cannot do today, and probably no one ever could do easily. Another way is to read him with a literal translation beside us, and for this something like the eighteenth-century editions by David Watson with notes and *ordo* serve well: easier to find and about as useful, even though it lacks the *ordo* and notes, is the contemporary Loeb Library edition. Better still, one step better, is to read a poetic translation published with the Latin on one page and English on the opposite, of which there are a good number. That by Bulwer Lytton is a fair example, but the trouble in this case is that we are separated from Lord Lytton by about a century, and though we are hardly aware of it, our own English usage has changed a little since then, and things that were subtle to his readers are often obscure to us. He, moreover, like many, set out to translate the odes and epodes, and he did translate the odes and epodes. Some of his results are inspired, but in some we feel that a particular ode may have been done only because the preceding and following ones had been done, and therefore this one had to be.

Best of all, so far as it goes, for the reader who can put his hand on some or any edition of Horace (and this, after all, is any reader), is what is here presented, a translation in verse, a double translation in a number of instances, of some of the odes and epodes, not all, but only those their fancy chose, by two wise and witty gentlemen. Either could doubtless have translated all of them in verse. Neither did, and nothing in the two collections is forced or strained. It is an unfeeling reader who will not know, as he reads, that these translations were made not for duty but delight.

David Watson, London 1743, and with the Paris edition of 1894 with arguments and notes "*par une société de Professeurs et de latinistes.*"





Horace, of course, is untranslatable. This is one of the commonest remarks about Horace, and even though it seems a little foolish to put it in a preface to some new translations, there is a compulsion to say it again. One of the present translators has said it himself, and yet happily it did not deter him; and the uncounted others who have made an effort to put Horace, sound and shape as well as sense, into another language, whether they called their versions translations, paraphrases, burlesques, or imitations (there was an ecphrasis from Venice in 1546), must all have known this, and many of them said it.

It is true, in a way, or partly so, and partly, in a way, it is not true.

It is no very difficult matter to put any particular verse of Horace into English, or for that matter French, or Dutch, or German, Danish, Swedish, Spanish, or Portuguese, or Italian. It has been done many times in most of these languages. He has also been translated into Russian, Polish, Rumanian, Arabic, and Chinese, and at least once into Greek. This latter is hardly remarkable, for Horace, as he says himself, “first taught Graecian measures how to run in Latin song,”

*Princeps Aeolium carmen ad Italos
Deduxisse modos. . .*

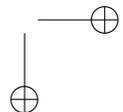
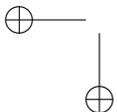
Book III.30

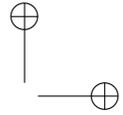
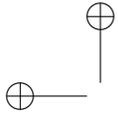
or as Philip Francis translated it in the middle eighteenth century,

*Who first attempted to inspire
With Graecian sounds the Roman lyre.*

However, putting the words of a poem into another language, say French, or English, does not necessarily (actually almost never) result in a French or English poem.

But it is also possible to translate faithfully an ode of Horace into poetry in another language. Even more is possible: it can be translated into poetry of close to the same form. Particularly is this true in English. Milton did this with *Quis multa gracilis* with more or less success (each will have his own opinion about the extent of the success), and so have other poets with other odes; Bulwer Lytton, for example, to a good degree, or so it seems to me, with *O Venus, regina Cnidi Paphique* (Book I.30). Someone has called this “dancing





in chains,” yet these and others have done it nicely, even though they do not often achieve anything to equal the line of Cowley that so pleased John Drinkwater:*

And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

or Dryden’s

Half unwilling willing kiss,

The results in these cases are good, but they are not precisely Horace.

There are a great number of translations of single poems that are precious to readers of English poetry, by Congreve, Otway, Prior, Ben Jonson, Samuel Johnson, and nearer the present day, by Conington, De Vere, Gladstone, Robert Louis Stevenson, Austin Dobson, Lord Dunsany, to name only a few.

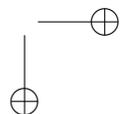
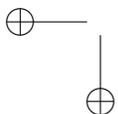
Only the verse translations can be read with any satisfaction. A literal translation is only a literal translation, and while the meaning is there, everything is lost of the author’s admitted chief joy, that of arranging words together.

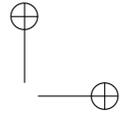
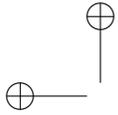
As a result, amateur translators, by whom I mean those who have laboured for love, have not been willing to spend their time making prose translations, but have tried in their various ways not only to give the meaning, but to give some of the metric, rhythmic, musical sound and form of the original. This is what seems impossible. However skillfully done, the result does not have the quality of the original; associations of words in one language will not carry through to another, puns, onomatopoeia, alliteration, will vanish. If these aspects are worked into the translation, then the literal sense almost inevitably suffers.

Yet many of the translators, greatly inspired, have produced the happiest results. Few of us can ever read the Pyrrha ode and not think of Milton’s translation, or the Torquatus (the first printed Horace) and not think of Dr. Johnson’s

*The changing year renews the plain,
The rivers know their banks again.*

**The Odes of . . . Horace . . .* translated by Patrick Branwell Brontë, with an introduction by John Drinkwater, London, privately printed, 1923.





or the *Intermissa, Venus, diu*, without our memories of the Horace being interwoven with those of Ben Jonson and Ernest Dowson.

Many of the English versions are dear to our memory, but they are not exactly Horace. In a way they are more than Horace, they are Horace plus Milton, or Horace plus Prior, or Dobson, or De Vere, down to our present translators,

Perhaps the best evidence that there is justification for now putting forth these new versions of some of Horace will appear if we follow any particular ode through a few of its changes in other than the words of its author.

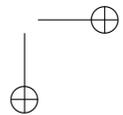
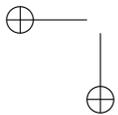
Persicos odi serves us best. Most of us will remember some of the eight Latin lines of this many-times-translated darling. Horace wrote:

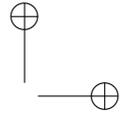
CARMINUM LIBER I
XXXVIII

*Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,
displicent nexae philyra coronae;
mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
sera moretur.*

*Simplici myrto nihil allabores
sedulus, cura: neque te ministrum
dedecet myrtus neque me sub arta
vite bibentem.*

In the translations which follow there seems to me to be a gratifying variety. There is not much to choose between the two prose versions, the first of the eighteenth and the second of the twentieth century; and it is hard to believe that the Francis translation which follows them appeared at the same time as Watson's. That by Archdeacon Wrangham is pleasing, as, indeed, are all of the hundred and two that he made; and we have always felt kindly toward him for his modest prefatory explanation that his version was not undertaken "in any regular succession, but promiscuously, as memory, during my solitary walks or rides suggested the originals." We include Hartley Coleridge's version because of the curious fact that it is the reason why the fine translations of the odes of the First Book by Patrick Branwell Brontë are incomplete, lacking this one ode. On 27 June 1840 he wrote, at the end of his manuscript, "This ode I have no





heart to attempt after having heard Mr. H. Coleridge's translation on May-day at Ambleside."

Bulwer Lytton in this, as in many of his translations, follows the form of the original, and, it seems, with no sacrifice of sense. But he fails to capture the sprightliness that one sees in the Archdeacon's version. As the translations come nearer to the present day, through those of De Vere, and of Eugene and Roswell Field, the touch seems to get lighter; translation tends to become paraphrase, paraphrase as in Franklin P. Adams' version, and some of those of our present translators, comes close to burlesque. Who cares? They are a joy to read, and we always have the original.

1

TO HIS SERVANT

HE IS AN ENEMY TO TOO GREAT MAGNIFICENCE IN ENTERTAINMENTS

I Hate, my Boy, the magnificent festival Entertainments of the Persians. Garlands knit with the inner Rind of the Linden Tree displease me. Cease to inquire in what places the latest Roses remain growing. I earnestly desire, that you add nothing to the simple Myrtle; for neither is the Myrtle unbecoming you a servant, nor me, drinking under the thick Shade of a Vine.

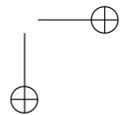
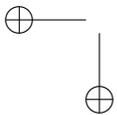
DAVID WATSON
Odes, Epodes, etc.
London, 1743

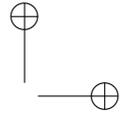
2

AWAY WITH ORIENTAL LUXURY!

Persian elegance, my lad, I hate, and take no pleasure in garlands woven on linden bast. A truce to searching out the haunts where lingers late the rose! Strive not to add aught else to the plain myrtle! The myrtle befits both thee, the servant, and me, the master, as I drink beneath the thick-leaved vine.

C. E. BENNETT
Loeb Classical Library
New York, 1919





3

TO HIS SLAVE

*I tell thee, boy, that I detest
The grandeur of a Persian feast,*

*Nor for me the linden's rind
Shall the flowery chaplet bind:*

*Then search not where the curious rose
Beyond his season loitering grows,*

*But beneath the mantling vine
While I quaff the flowing wine,*

*The myrtle's wreath shall crown our brows,
While you shall wait, and I carouse.*

REVEREND PHILIP FRANCIS
The Odes. . . of Horace
London, 1743

4

PERSICOS ODI, &c.

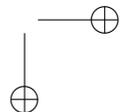
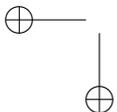
*I hate the Persian banquet's pride;
Boy, fling that gaudy wreath aside;
Nor seek in what lone dell the rose,
The last of Summer, lingering blows.
Add not a leaf - 'tis my command.
Well suits thy brow the myrtle band;
And well befits its simple braid
Me, quaffing in the vine's close shade.*

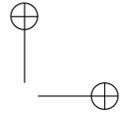
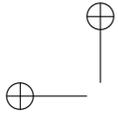
REVEREND FRANCIS WRANGHAM
Lyrics of Horace
London, 1821

5

MAY-DAY AT AMBLESIDE

*Nay, nay, my boy - 'tis not for me
This studious pomp of ancient luxury:
Give me no various garlands - fine
with linden twine,
Nor seek, where latest lingering blows*





the solitary rose.
Earnest I beg – add not, with toilsome pain,
One far-sought blossom to the myrtle plain,
For sure, the fragrant myrtle bough
Looks seemliest on thy brow
Nor me mis-seems, while, underneath the vine
Close interweaved, I quaff the rosy wine.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE (ca. 1840)
In *Odes of . . . Horace*,
Translated P. B. Brontë.
London, 1923

6

TO HIS WINE-SERVER

Boy, I detest the pomp of Persic fashions –
Coronals wreathed with linden rind displease me;
Cease to explore each nook for some belated
Rose of the autumn.

Weave with plain myrtle nothing else I bid thee;
Thee not, in serving, misbecomes the myrtle,
Me not, in drinking, underneath the trellised
Bowery vine-leaves.

EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON
Odes & . . . of Horace
Edinburgh, 1869

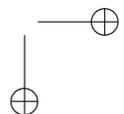
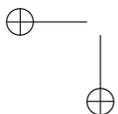
7

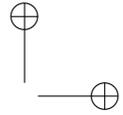
I hate, my boy, that Persian state –
Those gorgeous crowns with linden bound;
Search not the haunts, where lingering late,
The hidden rose may yet be found.

A simple myrtle-fillet twine
For me, for both; it suits us best
As, shadowed by the matted vine,
I quaff the ruby wine, and rest.

SIR STEPHEN EDWARD DE VERE
Translations from Horace
London, 1885

XV





8

THE PREFERENCE DECLARED

*Boy, I detest the Persian pomp;
I hate those linden bark devices;
And as for roses, holy Moses!
They can't be got at living prices!
Myrtle is good enough for us, –
For you, as bearer of my flagon;
For me, supine, beneath this vine,
Doing my best to get a jag on!*

EUGENE AND ROSWELL FIELD
Echoes from the Sabine Farm
New York, 1901

9

THE SIMPLE STUFF

*Nix on the Persian pretence!
Myrtle for Quintus H. Flaccus!
Wreaths of the linden tree, hence!
Nix on the Persian pretence!
Waiter, here's seventy cents –
Come, let me celebrate Bacchus!
Nix on the Persian pretence!
Myrtle for Quintus H. Flaccus.*

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS
Tobogganing on Parnassus
New York, 1913

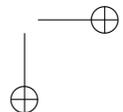
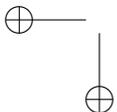
10

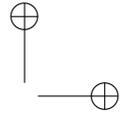
PERSICOS ODI, PUER, APPARATUS

*I hate, my boy, your modern Paris notions,
Your linden bandaged wreaths are not for me;
Late roses, too, they only rouse emotions
That are not fit for company to see.*

*The simple myrtle's good enough for me, boy;
It's quite sufficient, bring it with the wine.
You can't do better, careful though you be, boy.
So crowned, I'll drink beneath the arching vine.*

DR. FRED B. LUND





*Boy, how I hate the Persian fallacies –
Fillets with flowers twined, and other junk;
Don't look for places where the late rose lingers –
That's all the bunk.*

*The lowly myrtle shall adorn us both;
No costly foreign vintages for mine:
Humble home-brew the only beverage,
From my own vine.*

DR. ROBERT M. GREEN

Thanks to two recent bibliographies,* the extent to which Horace was printed and published and presumably read may be followed down to the present from the earliest known printing of any of his works, that of the Torquatus ode (Book IV.7) in 1465 at Mainz by Fust and Schoeffer. Since then there have been over 4,000 editions.

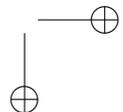
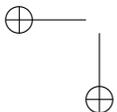
Venice, not surprisingly, led at first; fifteen editions were published there before 1500. France then took the lead, and by 1700 over 170 editions had been published in that country. In the eighteenth century some 270, over half of the 475 or so known to have been printed, came from the British Isles, the great majority from London. The terrific vogue for Horace in England in the first half of that century does not here concern us, but it is worth noting.

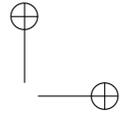
From 1700 to 1728 there were fifty editions published in England (I have included the few published in Dublin, Glasgow and Edinburgh); by 1737, 100; and there were fifty more in the next seven years, making 150 from 1700 to 1744. This was the peak. There were not 200 until 1759, and at the end of the century the total was 263.

The first American edition was printed in Philadelphia in 1786. During the first decade of the nineteenth century, Great Britain continued to lead in the number of editions, but by the middle of

*Quintus Horatius Flaccus Editions in the United States and Canada as they appear in the Union Catalog of the Library of Congress. Mills College, California, 1938.

Quintus Horatius Flaccus Editions not located in the United States through the Union Catalog of the Library of Congress. Ernest Kletsch, Washington, D. C., 1937.





the century Germany was ahead, with the United States gaining rapidly. As neither of the two bibliographies yet has a usable index (one has none at all), it is at present impossible to quote the exact numbers of printings and editions. And as the two lists, even when they are combined, will not contain all the editions, there are not now, nor are there ever likely to be, any exact figures. Nevertheless, the trends that can be detected after a certain amount of laborious counting are curious and interesting.

We draw no conclusion, but we cannot help but consider, as we observe this progression, the time of the hegemony of Venice in Italy, the century of the Roi Soleil in France, England after the Glorious Revolution, Germany in the century of its unification, and the time of the beginning of the greatness of this country.

Spain, with several editions, comes into the picture for a moment, and at the moment that could be expected, as does Russia in the century of Peter and Catherine.

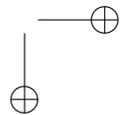
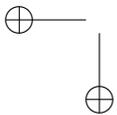
We do not pretend to understand recent printings in Arabic and Chinese, nor the Latvian edition of 1940 (though we suspect the answer lies close beset with tears); and the edition in Gaelic of 1933 seems not malapropos to the budding hypothesis.

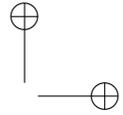
Because we have chosen here, chiefly on considerations of brevity and wit, to quote the text of but the one ode, *Persicos odi*, we do not overlook the high seriousness of Horace.

Persicos odi may be taken as an example of what the late E. K. Rand called one of the “flights of the little Mantineian bee” to which Horace likened himself, but for the other side of Horace, we commend to our reader, if there be one who does not know it, Professor Rand’s chapter on “Roman Seriousness and Laughter” in *The Building of Eternal Rome*.

Ever since Petronius Arbiter noted his “careful happiness” (*curiosa felicitas*), a great many people have speculated on the reason for the persistent fame and high honour of Horace. It is assumed from the last ode of the Third Book where he says that he has built a monument more durable than bronze and that he will not wholly die (*Non omnis moriar*), that his high place in fame would not greatly have surprised him.*

*Here in the decent obscurity of a footnote, I cannot resist quoting a wretched couplet of translation of the *Non omnis moriar* lines that for a quarter of a century I have been unable to forget, though I can





But I wonder if he ever thought ahead two thousand years, during the fast-moving and uneven times in which he wrote, not unlike, in some ways, these days of ours.

It is not easy to think two thousand years ahead from 1952. Will people then still be reading Shakespeare, who by comparison with Horace, is almost our contemporary? If they are, they will, of course, be reading Horace; if they are not, there is then no name in our vocabulary of heroes that will not be deader than Ozymandias, and as obscure as the poet who may have sung as the pyramids were building.

It is perhaps as foolish as it is hard to search for a word or a phrase to put to Horace. There is no chance to add honour to his memory and his fame, yet it is a temptation to say something if only to agree with all that has been said by everyone who loved him.

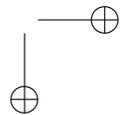
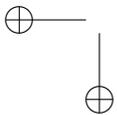
Professor Rand said that Horace sometimes “soared like an Eagle,” and Quintillian 1,900 years earlier said somewhat the same, “*insurgit aliquando*,” and he spoke of his sweetness and his grace, and his quality of “happy daring” (*felicissime audax*). Added to this must be his moral elegance, his wide and interminable sympathy, and his profound, if the word be allowed, and sparkling wit.

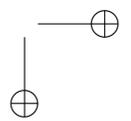
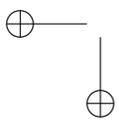
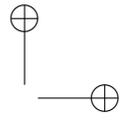
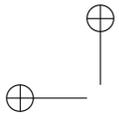
If one reader of this preface reads these translations and then turns to Horace again, that person will be glad.

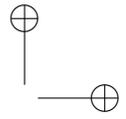
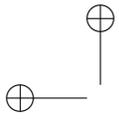
PETER OLIVER
Mount Kisco, New York,
April Fool's Day, A.D. MCMLII

remember neither where I saw it, nor who wrote it. From the title “Catullus Considerable Kisser,” which “F.P.A.” gave to what he called his “pasteurization of Ode VII,” I should be inclined to credit him with the authorship. But I do not know. I hope if he sees this he will not mind the supposition. The couplet is:

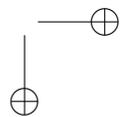
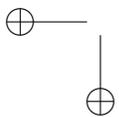
*I shall not ever wholly die, a part of
me's immortal
A part of me shall [will?] never pass the
mortuary portal.*

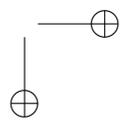
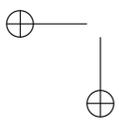
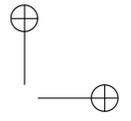
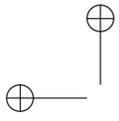


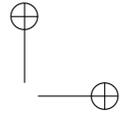
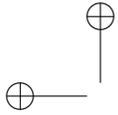




**TRANSLATIONS BY
FRED BATES LUND, M.D.**



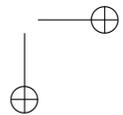
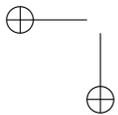


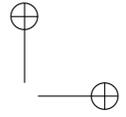
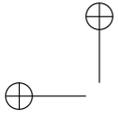


BOOK I ODE 1
TO MAECENAS

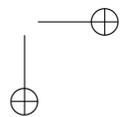
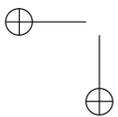
Maecenas atavis edite regibus

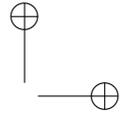
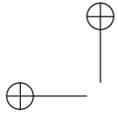
Maecenas, descendant of kings, and beside
My guide and protector, my joy and my pride,
You surely have noticed that some men there are
Who raise the Olympian dust in their car
And seem to enjoy it; while grazing the goal
With axle rod hot brings delight to their soul,
And winning the palm in the race against odds
Lifts the lords of the earth to the ranks of the gods.
One man's overjoyed if the popular vote
Of the fickle electorate raise him to note;
Another if, making a corner in wheat,
He can charge what he likes for what others must eat.
The man who inherits an opulent farm,
And joyfully ploughs it, sees nothing but harm
In ploughing the ocean in vessel of tree –
And he'll ne'er be persuaded to try it, not he.
The merchant, disheartened by storms, will pretend
That he loves his vacation and villa, no end,
But reluctant to see his expenses run on,
He fits out his ships and away he is gone.
In quaffing old Massic some think it no crime
In a shady green grove to spend part of their time;
Or lying at rest by the side of a stream
To list to its music, and slumber, and dream.
The life of the camp is delightful to some
Who love the alarum of trumpet and drum
That's hated by housewives; while hunters will roam
All night in the cold, leaving fond wives at home,
If their dogs but give tongue on the track of a stag,
Or the boar breaks the net and goes crash! through the flag.
To be crowned with the ivy and bear off the prize





In letters lifts me to the gods in the skies.
I love the cool grove where apart from the throng
With the Nymphs and the Satyrs I join in the song;
If only Euterpe will lend me her flute
Nor fair Polyhymnia's cithern be mute,
In the band of the lyricists place me, and I
Will strike with my forehead the stars in the sky!





BOOK I ODE 5
TO PYRRHA

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa

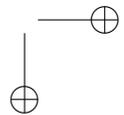
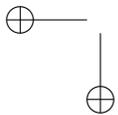
What slender boy with perfumes rare
In rose-decked grot doth woo thee now,
For whom bindst thou thy golden hair,
O Pyrrha, on thy lovely brow,

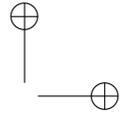
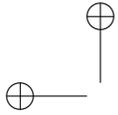
With sweet simplicity? Alack,
How often shall he weep for woe,
And curse his gods when seas are black
And waves beat high and storm winds blow,

And wonder how so sweet and fair
And golden thou didst seem to be
When loving, trusting, free from care,
He dreamed of no deceit in thee.

Ah, woe to those on whom the glow
Of thy fair face hath cast its thrall
Unknowing thy deceit I know.
I've hung, O Neptune, on the wall,

My dripping garments
In thy shrine
And votive tablet too to show
How narrow an escape was mine!





BOOK I ODE 9
WINTER

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum

Behold how lofty, clad in snowy shroud,
Soracte stands, while bends beneath its load
The groaning forest, and the winter's chill
Hath hushed in silence every murmuring rill.

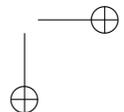
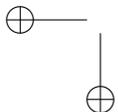
Pile high the hearth with logs, drive out the cold,
Thaliarchus, and from the four year old
Two-handled jar, pour out the Sabine wine
With liberal hand for cheer to me and mine.

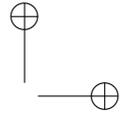
Leave to the gods the rest, for they can quell
The warring winds above the boiling seas
Till the branches of the ancient oaks are still
And quiet are the waving cypress trees.

Whate'er the morrow bring, cease thou to care.
The fortune each day gives thee, count it gain,
Nor love's sweet blandishments spurn thou, my boy,
Nor dancing with the maidens on the plain.

While yet from thy young strength old age is far,
At evening in the campus and the park
The soft and murmuring whispers thou may'st hear
Of maids and lovers trysting after dark.

Now from the shady hiding place, the cry
Of laughing maidens thou may'st hear, who try
Halfheartedly their lovers to resist
As they pluck the bracelet from reluctant wrist.





BOOK I ODE 10
HYMN TO MERCURY

Mercuri, facunde nepos Atlantis

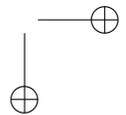
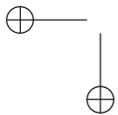
Mercury, Atlas' grandson, thee,
Whose skill the customs of our race
Could mould from something crude and free
To modern decorousness and grace,

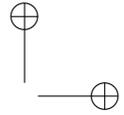
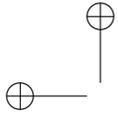
Thee, messenger of Jove, I sing;
Thee, parent of the curving lyre,
Whose craft could compass anything
Thou didst in sport and jest desire,

As when of old thou'dst stolen his herd
Apollo tried to make thee shiver
(A stripling then), with threatening word,
He had to laugh! You'd stolen his quiver!

When Troy was ta'en, beneath thy care
Through hostile camps old Priam crept,
Stole past the flickering firelight's flare
While the proud sons of Atreus slept.

For pious souls thy golden wand
Their path to blest abodes doth show.
The gods above of thee are fond;
Delight thou art of gods below.

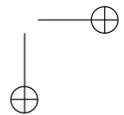
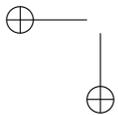


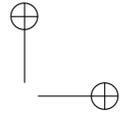


BOOK I ODE 11
TO LEUCONOË

Tu ne quaesieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi

Seek not to know, for 'tis not right Leuconoë, that we
Should know what time the gods shall end this life for
you and me,
Nor calculations mystical should we employ; but try
To bear our trials as we can – we may not have to die
Ere many winters Jove has given; or this the last may
be,
Whose waves are breaking on the cliffs that rim the
Tuscan sea.
If you are wise, you'll strain your wine, and then, since
life is brief,
Cut out the plans that look too far ahead, for age brings
grief,
And while we talk, it's coming on; today, then, have
your fun,
And leave as little as you may to wait tomorrow's sun.





BOOK I ODE 17
TO TYNDARIS

Velox amoenum saepe Lucretilem

See Faunus sometimes for a change
Through fair Lucretile will range,
And leaves Lycaeus; from the sun
And rain defends my flocks that run

In safety where arbutus blows,
And where wild thyme in hiding grows,
Among the trees, nor adders sting.
No ravening wolves fear they, when ring

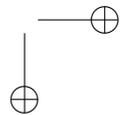
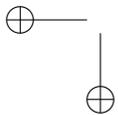
The hillsides with his piping shrill;
And rocks worn smooth by flowing rill
And all the hidden vales resound,
My Tyndaris, with the sweet sharp sound.

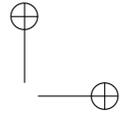
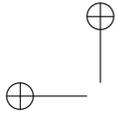
The gods protect me. Piety
And song to them are dear; for thee
Remains the wealth of grain and corn
And rural plenty's copious horn.

In winding vale the Dog Star's fire
Escaping, to the Teian lyre
Here may you sing of Circe's strife
With brave Ulysses' faithful wife.

And cups of harmless Lesbian here
Beneath the shade may quaff, nor fear
Bold Bacchus and his drunken rout,
Nor jealous Cyrus, lest he flout

Your weakness and tear off the crown
From your fair brow or rip the gown,
With hand ungentle and unchaste,
That guards your unoffending waist.

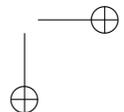
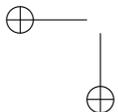


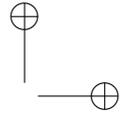
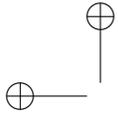


BOOK I ODE 18
TO QUINTILIUS VARUS

Nullam, Vare, sacra vite prius severis arborem

Set out no tree, O Varus, before the sacred vine
By the fair fields of Tibur and ramparts Catiline;
All things are hard for thirsty folks, as best seemed in
God's sight,
Nor other means have we to put our carking cares to
flight.
For who fears war or poverty when he has drunk his
wine?
Who is not thine, O Bacchus, or lovely Venus, thine?
But lest o'er moderation's bounds we carelessly should
leap
The Centaurs and the Lapithae 'twere well in mind to
keep.
How they fell fighting o'er their cups, and how the heavy
hand
Of angry Evius fell upon the proud Sithonian band
When they in drink, twixt right and wrong, transgressed
the narrow line,
And careless of the consequence, indulged in too much
wine.
Not I, O white-armed Bacchus, against thy will would
care
To rouse and drag thee, crowned with leaves into the
open air!
Keep back thy Berecynthian horn, thy rolling drum
restrain,
And blind self-love that follows on so quickly in thy
train,
While boasting lifts his empty head, and free to all who
pass
Bad faith tells out his secrets, diaphanous as glass!





BOOK I ODE 22
TO FUSCUS

Integer vitae scelerisque purus

Whose life is whole and free from all that's low
Needs not the negro's javelins nor his bow
Nor poisoned arrows ready to deliver,

Fuscus, the quiver,

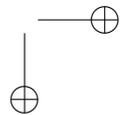
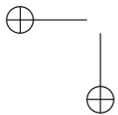
Whether beyond the Syrtes' broiling sun
Or cruel Caucasus his path may run,
Or to the storied land that with its waves
Hydaspes laves.

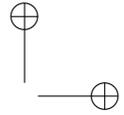
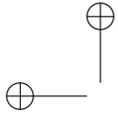
For in the Sabine forest while I strayed
Beyond the boundaries, and undismayed,
Sang of my Lalage, a wolf, alarmed,
Fled, me unarmed.

Warlike Apulia's broad groves of oak
Bear not such monsters, nor 'neath Juba's yoke
Those arid plains that 'neath the hot sun's curse,
Fierce lions nurse.

Place me in desert fields where no soft breeze
Breathing of summer recreates the trees,
That land where fog and rain's perpetual fall
Envelopes all,

Or where the chariot of the sun too near,
Denies us homes there, still I shall not fear
To love my Lalage's sweet laugh and greet
Her accents sweet.





BOOK I ODE 24
ON THE DEATH OF QUINTILIUS

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus?

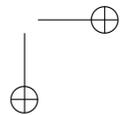
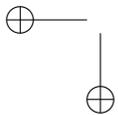
Ashamed to mourn for one so dear?
Melpomene, your saddest song
Begin, with voice and lyre, like clear
And rippling waters, sweet and strong.

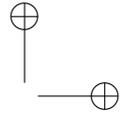
Quintilius, then, perpetual sleep,
His faith, his friendship, holds in fee,
Transparent truth and honor deep!
Where can we hope his like to see?

Many and dear the friends that mourn,
And none, O Vergil, more than thee.
In vain, alas, for his return,
You pray the gods. It may not be!

More sweet than Orpheus' were your strain
(Whose music e'en the trees could hear),
The life blood comes not back again
To that pale spirit once so dear,

Whom Mercury's dread wand hath driven
To join the dark band of the dead.
By patience (since God hath not given
To you this boon) be comforted.

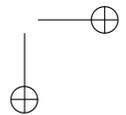
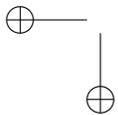


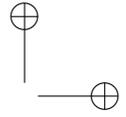
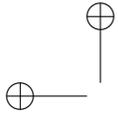


BOOK I ODE 26
TO L. ÆLIUS LAMIA

Musis amicus tristitiam et metus

Because I love the Muses, fear and care
I'll cast unto the boisterous winds to bear
And scatter o'er the ocean. 'Tis not mine
To fret about the left bank of the Rhine,
Or why Lenin strikes terror. I'm secure.
O thou who dost delight in fountains pure,
Weave me the flowers that in the meadow grow,
Weave me a chaplet for my Lamia's brow.
Thou sweetest singer of the Muses nine,
Naught without thee avails my rhyming line.
'Tis meet with Lesbian lute and lyric lays
That thou and thy fair sisters sing his praise.

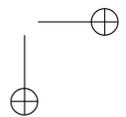
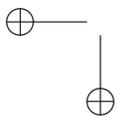


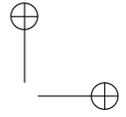


BOOK I ODE 30
INVOCATION TO VENUS

O Venus, regina Cnidi Paphique

O Venus, though Cnidos and Paphos adore thee,
Leave thy lov'd Cypress and hither come.
Her incense fair Glycera burns before thee;
Visit her home.
Bring the broth of a boy who sports about thee
And Nymphs and Graces with girdles free,
And youth less lovely by far without thee,
And Mercury.





BOOK I ODE 31
PRAYER TO APOLLO

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem

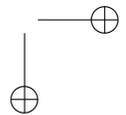
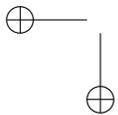
What asks the poet when he pours
The new wine out to great Apollo;
What are the gifts that he implores,
The blessings that he hopes will follow?

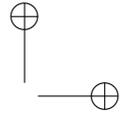
Sardinian grain is not his dream,
Calabrian flocks, nor ivory,
Nor gold, nor lands where Liris' stream
Eats out its banks unceasingly.

The fortunate may prune the vine
Calenian; merchants rich in gold
From gilded cups may drain the wine,
In Syrian barter bought and sold.

The gods must hold him more than dear,
Who safely to the Atlantic shore
Can voyage twice and thrice a year;
Me, simple olive, nothing more,

Save chicory and mallow may
Support. Old age without annoy,
Strong, sane, O Leto, grant I pray,
And not without the cithern's joy.





BOOK I ODE 32
TO HIS LYRE

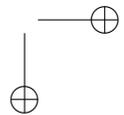
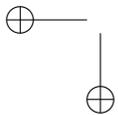
*Poscimur. Si quid vacui sub umbra
The Granddam of my Granddam was the Lyre*

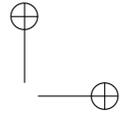
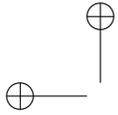
We're asked to sing. If loafing in the shade
Sometimes we two a tune or so have played
That's likely to live on a year or two,
Speak up, my lyre, let's show what we can do.

A Lesbian on thy strings was first to play,
A fighter, and a good one in his day,
But when he had knocked out the champion,
So there was no more fighting to be done,
Or when, back from a tedious yachting trip
He'd moored upon the shore his storm-tossed ship,

Bacchus and Venus and the little chap
That ever sits in mother Venus' lap,
He'd sing, and black-eyed Susan's kinky curls,
And how brunettes are prettier'n other girls.

O Phoebus' charm, delight of Jove on high,
And ornament of banquets in the sky,
Labor's sweet solace, play a tune for me
If I have pleased thee with my praise of thee.





BOOK I ODE 35
TO FORTUNE

O Diva, gratum quae regis Antium

O Goddess that reignest o'er Antium the fair,
Who art ready to raise from the foot of the stair
The humblest, or change the processions of pride
To marches of mourning for those who have died,

Poor farmers lift up supplications to thee
And sailors (for thou art the Queen of the sea),
As in vessel of oak from Bithynian lands
They tempt the rough sea as it breaks on the sands.

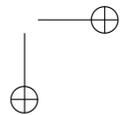
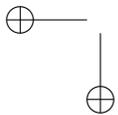
The Dacian, the Scythian, who fights as he runs,
Towns and peoples of Italy, Latium's brave sons,
Purple tyrants, barbarian kings are in fear
Lest thy foot overturn the tall columns they rear.

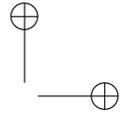
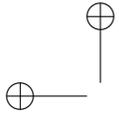
Thy servant, Compulsion, beside thee doth stand;
Lo, her levers and wedges she bears in her hand,
Cruel hooks too she carries, and hot melted lead
Already to pour on your suffering head.

Hope and honour, though rare, shall upon her attend
In the white veil she wears when, no longer a friend,
She rises and leaves the abodes of the proud
And changes their garment of pride for a shroud.

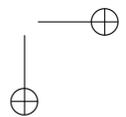
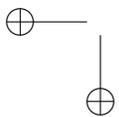
But the faithless companion, the false lying whore,
Take their leave when their greed has exhausted your store,
When the wine cask is emptied clear down to the end,
They no more consort with their once dearest friend.

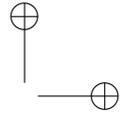
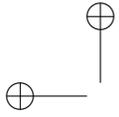
Lead safely our Caesar to Britain's rough strand
And the band of recruits for the East, 'neath thy hand,
Keep safely: their trust can be only in thee
As they leave for the distant Ionian sea.





But the wounds and the scars of our brothers, ah me!
How wicked the times, from what wrongs do we flee!
What shrine of the gods unmolested can stand
Or what reverence restrain youth's destroying right hand?
May we find some new anvil our blunt spear to whet
'Gainst the Kurds and the Arabs that trouble us yet!



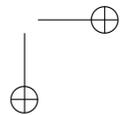
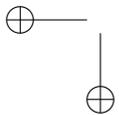


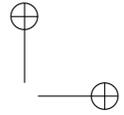
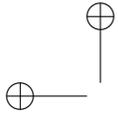
BOOK I ODE 38
TO HIS BOY

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus

I hate, my boy, your modern Paris notions,
Your linden bandaged wreaths are not for me;
Late roses, too, they only rouse emotions
That are not fit for company to see.

The simple myrtle's good enough for me, boy;
It's quite sufficient, bring it with the wine.
You can't do better, careful though you be, boy.
So crowned, I'll drink beneath the arching vine.





BOOK II ODE 3
TO DELLIUS

Aequam memento rebus in arduis

A level head when times are hard
Remember, Dellius, to keep,
In good times, none the less, to guard
'Gainst pride exultant; you must sleep

Death's long sleep some day, if in care
You spend your life, or good old wine
Through happy days in peace you share –
On distant grassy slopes recline,

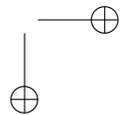
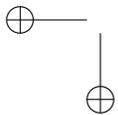
Where poplar white and lofty pine,
Their hospitable branches twine,
While, twisting, striving to be free,
The swift brook hastens toward the sea.

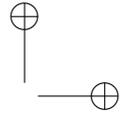
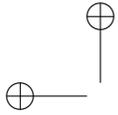
Here wine and nard, and roses fair
(Too soon alas to fade and die)
Do you command, while age doth spare
Nor the dread sisters' shuttles fly

Too swiftly. Soon to that fair field
And villa washed by Tiber's flow
You'll bid good-by, for you must yield
Your riches to your heir, and go.

It matters not if rich or poor,
Of noble birth or pauper clan,
Unpitying death comes swift and sure
To all beneath the sky's wide span.

By the same rod we're driven, all!
Eternal exile, soon or late
Awaits us, when the lot shall fall
Spilled from the urn that holds our fate.





BOOK II ODE 4
TO XANTHIAS

Ne sit ancillae tibi amor pudori

So why should you blush for the honest affection
You feel for a serving maid, Xanthias, my boy,
When you know that a maid with a snow white complexion
Could haughty Achilles intensely annoy?

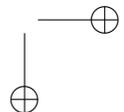
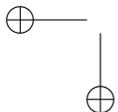
And Telamon's son, captain Ajax the gory,
Was brought to his knees by Tecmessa, the same
Was a slave girl; and Atreus' proud son in his glory
By a fair captive maiden was kindled to flame,

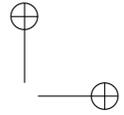
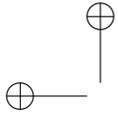
When barbarian troops by the squadron were taken
And Hector the champion slain in the fight
And to capture great Troy by her forces forsaken,
Though besiegers were many, the task was but light.

And how do you know but you're lucky to get her?
Fair Phyllis may still have a family tree,
Perhaps some misfortune it is that upset her,
For of gentle descent most assuredly is she.

And don't you believe her connections are shady
Or her mother a woman you'd speak of with shame!
She's so honest and true that she must be a lady
And if you don't see it, then you are to blame.

Her arms and her face and her limbs, if I praise them,
You need not be jealous, it will not be long
Before I am forty, so just don't you raise them,
Those angry suspicions! So endeth my song.





BOOK II ODE 6
TO SEPTIMIUS

Septimi, Gadis aditure mecum

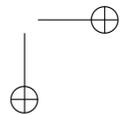
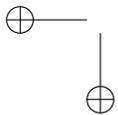
Septimius, I know you'd go with me to Spain,
Where the Cantabri yield not as yet to our reign;
Or to barbarous Syrtes, where rages the sea
On the African shore, you would travel with me.

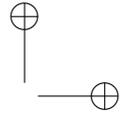
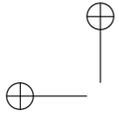
But I'd spend my old age, when no longer I roam,
In Tibur, of immigrant Argives the home,
Of my travels by land and by water the goal,
And the haven of rest for my war-wearied soul.

But if to my wishes the fates prove unkind,
By the fair flowing river Galaesus I'd find
My rest, where far-famed are the flocks for their fleece,
And, ruled by Phalanthus, the country found peace.

That corner of earth is most smiling and fair,
Its honey the sweetest, its grapes the most rare,
Its springs are the longest, its winters most fine,
Where the slopes of Mount Aulon are clad by the vine.

That place and its hills are the homes of the blest;
They're calling for me, and when there I'm at rest:
Then come, O Septimius, and wet with a tear
Your poet friend's ashes, still warm on his bier.





BOOK II ODE 8
TO BARINE, A FLIRT

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati

If just because you broke your word
You were become a shade less fair,
Your teeth a bit less white, or stirred
With less allure your lovely hair,

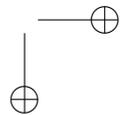
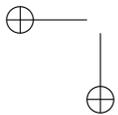
'Twere natural; but you, whene'er
You bind your fair, deceitful head
With vows you mean to break, appear
Still more attractive, till we dread

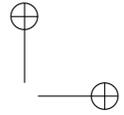
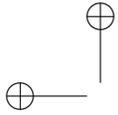
Your influence. Your mother's urn
And the still stars throughout the night,
The deathless gods, each in his turn
You swear by in his own despite.

It harms you not! But Venus' self,
And her fair nymphs laugh at your guile,
And Cupid, too, the cruel elf,
Whets his sharp arrows with a smile.

You gain new lovers every day,
Your band of slaves increasing still;
Nor older ones are driven away,
By your caprice and wanton will.

Fond mothers trouble for their boys
And anxious fathers dread you too,
And new-made brides the fear annoys
Of husbands led astray by you.





BOOK II ODE 10
TO LICINIUS — THE GOLDEN MEAN

Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum

Right living means, Licinius, not to keep
Forever sailing where the seas are deep,
Nor while you, cautious, shun the storm wind's roar,
Clinging too closely to the treacherous shore.

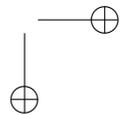
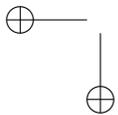
The man who cultivates the golden mean
Steers a safe course, life's greatest ills between,
For sordid poverty in humble cot,
And envy in the palace vex him not.

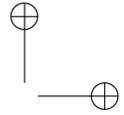
The tallest pines are shaken most of all
By storm winds, and with louder crashes fall
The loftier towers; the highest mountain peaks
The lightning strikes when Jove mid thunder speaks.

The man whose heart is fit for any fate
Will hope in evil fortune, nor elate
Will be in good. And God will send
The spring which brings the cruel winter's end.

Though evil press thee now, 'twill not be long,
For soon Apollo will arouse to song
The sleeping Muse, and strike the silent lyre;
Nor will he always bend his bow in ire.

In poverty be resolute and brave,
And it were wiser on the swelling wave
Of Fortune fair, to reef the bellying sail,
Distended by too favoring a gale.





BOOK II ODE 14
TO POSTUMUS

Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume

O Postumus, the years fly by,
Nor piety may stay
Old age oncoming, nor deny
Unconquered death his sway;

Nor if, my friend, you sacrifice
Throughout the year, each day,
Fat oxen, it will not suffice
Grim Pluto's hand to stay,

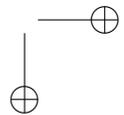
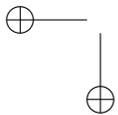
Who Geryon and Tityos tall
Holds prisoned on that shore
Beyond the wave that mortals all
Must soon be ferried o'er,

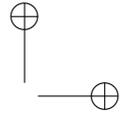
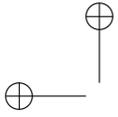
Both prince and pauper; for in vain
A bloody death we fear,
Or shipwreck, or the wind and rain
That mark the passing year.

We all must view the Danaid's toil,
Where winds Cocytos black,
And Sisyphus' eternal toil
And ever-bending back.

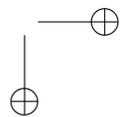
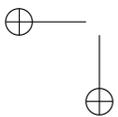
Yes, land and home and wife most dear
All must be left behind,
And none save cypress by your bier
Of cherished trees you'll find

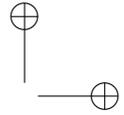
Will follow their brief lord. Your heir
Will drink down to the lees
Wines ripened 'neath his father's care
Behind a hundred keys.





That Caecuban you used to save
For banquets rich and rare
Shall stain beneath his feet the pave,
Your rich and pampered heir.





BOOK II ODE 16
TO GROSPHUS

Otium divos rogat in patenti

Peace! calls unto the Gods the luckless sailor,
Caught in his shallop on the Aegean wide,
When stars no more shine clear in heaven, and storm wrack
The moon doth hide.

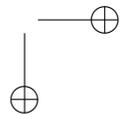
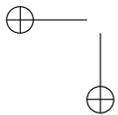
Peace! 'tis the cry of Thracians fierce in battle;
Peace quiver-bearing Medes seek and desire,
Nor gems nor priceless purple, Grosphus, seek they,
Nor yellow fire

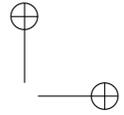
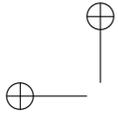
Of gold. Not treasure nor the consul's lictors
Subdue the tumult of the anxious mind
Nor cares that flit about the enamelled ceiling
In thrall can bind.

He liveth well on little on whose table
(A simple one) his father's service gleams,
Nor fear nor sordid avarice spoil his slumber
With fearful dreams.

When life's so short, how rash of us is aiming
To shoot our arrows at a mark so high,
Why change our winters for the south? What exile
Himself can fly?

Care, cruel, climbs aboard our brass-railed triremes,
Care dogs the horseman, swifter than the deer,
Or Eurus when he drives the clouds before him,
The skies to clear.

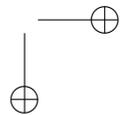
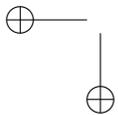


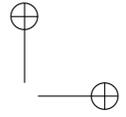
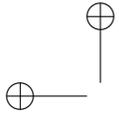


BOOK II ODE 18
CONTENTMENT

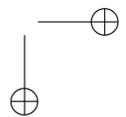
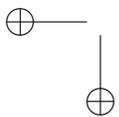
Non ebur neque aureum

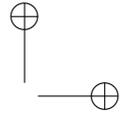
Not ivory nor gold
Doth decorate the ceiling of my house
Nor marble beams
By columns brought from distant Afric shores
Upheld. No heir
Of Attalus' domain, unknown, am I.
Nor purple robes
Laconian my clients spin.
Candor and wit
No less are constant dwellers in my house;
Though poor, the rich
Come to me as companions. Nothing more
From gods I ask;
Nor seek for greater gifts from those in power.
I'm blest enough
And satisfied with simple Sabine friends.
Thy marble walls
Thou buildest in the very face of fate,
Forgetting death.
Thou urgest back the raging Baian sea
To yield its shore,
Content not with the banks that hold it in.
What boots it thee
To overleap thy clients' boundaries;
To drive them out;
Husband and wife and dirty children too,
And let them go, and carry their penates in their cloaks?
No home more sure
Than cruel Orcus shall provide at last
Awaits the rich;
Why seekest thou for more in vain, my friend?
Impartial earth





Encloses both the poor man and the prince.
Nor gold could buy
The freedom of Prometheus back from Hell.
Proud Tantalus
And all his kinsmen there are held in thrall;
The poor man, too,
Must cease his labor at the call of death.





BOOK III ODE 1
TO ASINIUS POLLIO

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo

I hate and shun the vulgar throng –
In silence, youths and maidens, hear
From me, the Muses' priest, a song
As yet unheard by mortal ear.

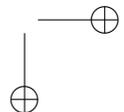
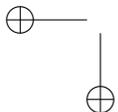
Each nation must its king obey.
O'er kings themselves Great Jove holds sway,
Whom giants, conquered, brought renown,
Who moveth all things with his frown.

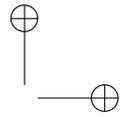
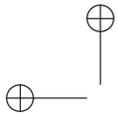
One man may till a larger field,
Another's lineage proud may yield
A greater suffrage; fairer fame
Shall give another prouder name,

The while a larger client throng
To still another's house belong;
Yet stern necessity, nor fate
Impartial, shall discriminate
Between the lowly and the great.
The lot of every man in turn
Shall leap out from the mighty urn.

He o'er whose impious head the naked blade
Is hanging findeth not in banquets rare,
Or songs of birds, sweet slumber; in the shade
Of lovely Tempe's vale she fain would share
Her favors with the humble, and the poor
Would grace their homes, nor wander from their door.

Who holds his soul from envy free
Tempts not the dangers of the sea;
Setting Arcturus' deadly storm,
Nor rising Haedus brings him harm,





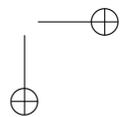
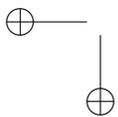
Nor vineyard, lashed beneath a storm of hail,
Nor lying farm, whose prospects ever fail,
Nor floods that wash away the orchards tall,
Nor early frosts that kill them in the fall.

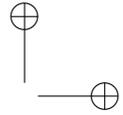
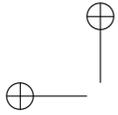
The fishes must in narrower boundaries keep
When mighty walls are planted in the deep.
Full many a contractor and his hands
Build the foundations while the master stands,

Loathing the land; but fear and threat of pain,
Climbs upward with the owner, nor refrain
Upon the brass decked yacht his steps to track,
While Black Care sits behind the horseman's back;

Nor Phrygian marble can alley his fear
Nor purple vestments fairer than the stars,
Nor old Falernian wine his heart can cheer,
Nor Achaemenian nard in costly jars.

Why should I build a castle, lofty, new,
Whose pillars shall my neighbor's envy gain?
Why change my Sabine valley and its view
For riches that bring trouble in their train?





BOOK III ODE 2
THE STRENUOUS LIFE

Angustam amice pauperiem pati

In war's sharp school let rugged youth
Learn hardship cheerfully to bear
And drive fierce Parthians *sans* ruth
In terror of his horse and spear.

For him the life in God's free air
Mid stirring scenes! In hostile town
Matron and maid will breath a prayer
As they from battlements look down

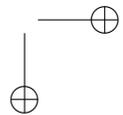
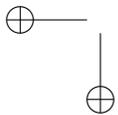
As through the battle press he goes,
In terror lest the royal spouse
To bloody slaughter of his foes
The lion's cruel wrath may rouse.

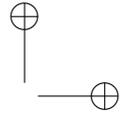
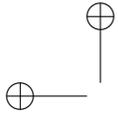
For home and country, death is sweet
And fitting; death is on the track
Of him who flies, with swifter feet
And strikes the coward's shuddering back,

Defeat shall virtue never know
But shine unspotted, nor shall raise
Nor drop the axe, howe'er may blow
The fickle breeze of public praise.

Virtue the gate of heaven bars
To the unworthy, but will try
By ways untried to reach the stars,
Spurn earth with fleeting wing, and fly.

Though God may sometimes by mistake
Punish the good man with the ill
Vengeance though lame, will overtake
The wicked, and his doom fulfill.





BOOK III ODE 5
REGULUS

Caelo tonantem credidimus Jovem

In heaven Jove, the thunderer, reigns;
Augustus here on earth obtains
His godhead when proud Persia falls,
And hostile Britons are his thralls.

When Caesar's soldiers take, Oh shame!
Barbarian wives in wedlock's name,
Our laws and customs all forgot,
Mid foreign kin grow old and rot;

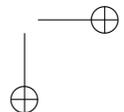
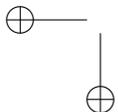
When Marsian and Apulian too
Forget eternal Vesta's due,
And name and rank, rules Jove on high?
Still stands our city 'neath the sky?

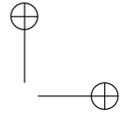
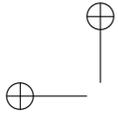
Such terms as this were deemed disgrace –
Think on it ye degenerate race!
When Regulus' sage wisdom turned
And compromising treaties spurned,

Lest captive youth should have to die
Who well deserved it. "Hanging high,
Our Roman standards on the wall
Of Punic shrines I've seen withal,
And Roman arms I've seen," he said,
"From soldiers captured, and not dead!

"Our citizens I've had to see
With arms behind their backs, once free,
Now bound; wide gates and spreading farms
On fields once ravaged by our arms.

"More fiercely will he fight again
Whom gold hath ransomed? No! 'Tis vain.





Nor stain of darkly dyed disgrace
The pure white texture e'er replace,

“Nor baser virtues serve instead
Of valor true when once 'tis fled!
When fights the hind freed from the snare,
Then he to fight again will dare

“Who trusted to false foes his life,
And Punic armies in fell strife
Engage the coward who could feel
His sinews bonded by the steel –

“Feared death and mingled peace with strife,
When a brave stand had saved his life!
O mighty Carthage, loftier grown!
O Rome, by shameful peace o'erthrown!”

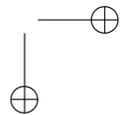
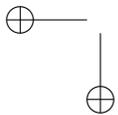
From his dear wife's fond kiss, 'tis said,
And children small, he turned his head,
And stood aside and on the ground
He fixed his gaze, until he found

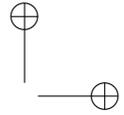
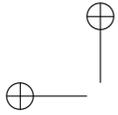
By counsel never given before
A means to strengthen and to shore
The warring fathers of the state
And gave it e'er 'twas yet too late.

His mourning friends he left behind,
A noble exile's fate to find;
Full well he knew the tortures grim
By barbarous foe prepared for him;

But ne'er the less he made his way
Through crowds imploring him to stay,
And kinsfolk sad, as one set free
From a long suit at law where he

Had given his judgment, and his feet
Were turning toward his country seat,
Where fair Venafrian fields spread wide
Or proud Tarentum's waterside.





BOOK III ODE 7
TO ASTERIE

Quid fles, Asterie, quem tibi candidi

Why we weep, Asterie, him whom winds of spring,
Enriched with Thynian merchandise, will bring
Again to you, your youth
Of constant faith and truth,

Gyges, to Oric shores by stormy winds,
Beneath the Goat's stars driven, where he finds
No rest at night nor sleeps,
But ever wakes and weeps?

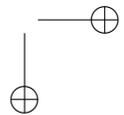
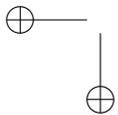
His lovesick hostess' envoy says that she
Burns with your fires, and lives in misery,
And tries by many a wile,
His fond heart to beguile.

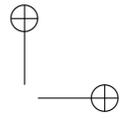
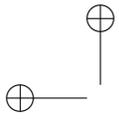
Bellerophon, he says, near lost his life,
Falsely accused by Proetus' wicked wife,
Because he was too chaste
To suit the lady's taste.

He tells how Peleus barely 'scaped from hell
Because Hippolyte loved him too well;
And tales of stolen joy
He tells to tempt your boy,

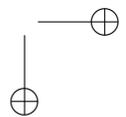
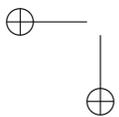
In vain, for deafer than a stone is he
To any voice that tempts his constancy.
But as for you, take care!
Your neighbor's charm beware –

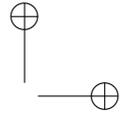
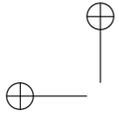
Enipeus'! for none looks so well as he
On horseback, nor across the Tuscan Sea
So gracefully can swim.
You'd best look out for him!





At nightfall close your door, nor to the street
Look from your window when his pipings greet
Your ear, and though he call,
Don't hear him, dear, at all.





BOOK III ODE 11
TO LYDE

Mercuri, nam te docilis magistro

Mercury, for taught by thee as master,
Amphion made the stones move to his songs,
And thou, O shell, resounding to the music
Of seven thongs,

(Voiceless wert thou, nor dear to us in old time,
But now to temples and rich banquets friend),
Sing me a song to which the stubborn Lyde
Her ears shall lend;

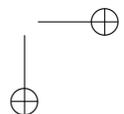
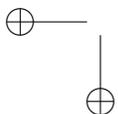
Who, like a three-years' colt, exultant, sporting,
Across broad meadows romps and flees my call;
Recks not of mating, and of ardent courting
Makes naught at all.

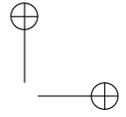
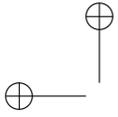
Thou with thy song canst stop swift streams from flowing,
Tigers and forests follow in thy train;
The janitor of hell turned back, when heard he
Thy soothing strain.

Yes, Cerberus, whose head a hundred serpents
Like furies writhe around, and from his maw
Black smoke and bloody lather drip and moisten
His ravening jaw,

Ixion, yea, and Tityos, unwilling,
Were forced to smile; the jar stood dry a while,
While Danaus' daughters by thy lovely music
Thou didst beguile.

Let Lyde learn the maidens' famous penance,
The crime, the streams that ever leak away,
The empty jar, and how for old, old trespass
Those maids must pay





The penalty that 'waits them e'en in Hades;
Wretches! What greater crime or ill could they
Conceive, the monsters, than their new-wed husbands
With sword to slay?

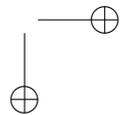
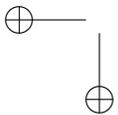
One of the many, worthy of the torch-glow
That lit her wedding, met her father's crime
With glorious falsehood; ne'er her praise shall wither
'Neath flight of time.

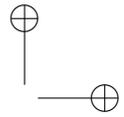
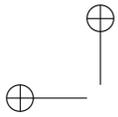
"Rise," bade she her young husband, "lest forever
A sleep, all unexpected, be thy lot;
My father and my wicked sisters – flee them,
Suspecting not;

"Like lionesses in a fold of cattle,
They one by one are tearing them apart,
Kinder than they am I, I will not wound thee
Nor wear thy heart

"In prison down. Then let my father load me
With chains, because my spouse I would not slay,
Or in his fleet to Afric's desert goad me
Far, far, away.

"Go! where thy steps and favoring breeze may bear thee,
While night and love protect thee, go! Thy lot
Be happy; grave this plaint upon my tombstone,
'Forget me not.'"

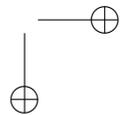
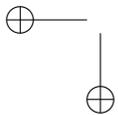


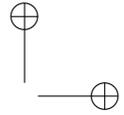
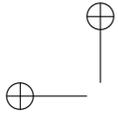


BOOK III ODE 12
TO A LOVESICK GIRL

Miserarum est neque amori dare ludum neque dulci

It is hard, dear, and I know it; you're in love and may
not show it,
And you may not drown your troubles in the wine that
foams and bubbles,
And your uncle's tongue, I'm told, too, lashes deeply
when he scolds you.
Cytherea's winged Cupid at your studies makes you
stupid,
You've no heart for weaving laces when you think how
fair his face is –
Liparacus', for his beauty, makes you quite forget your
duty
When his shining shoulders gleam across the Tiber's
swelling stream.
And how he rides! with so much skill that e'en Bello-
phon looks ill.
In the boxing and the races he the man that sets the
pace is,
His the swift and shining spear that brings down the
frightened deer.
When the hunt streams through the hollow, and the
wild boar he can follow
Through the thicket swiftly riding, and can prick it from
its hiding.





BOOK III ODE 13
THE FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA

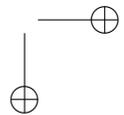
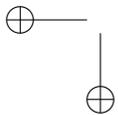
O fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro

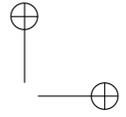
Bandusia's fountain, gleaming fair
And crystal clear beneath the skies,
Sweet wine and flowers I'll prepare
Tomorrow, and for sacrifice,

A kid whose destiny, foretold
By sprouting horns upon his head,
Is love and strife, but No! thy cold
Clear stream his blood shall tinge with red.

The raging Dog Star's baleful glare
Can touch thee not. The wandering sheep
And oxen, weary of the share,
Of thy cool, grateful stream drink deep.

Noblest of fountains, 'tis of thee
I sing and of the ilex tree
That shades the towering rocky steeps
Down which thy prattling streamlet leaps.





BOOK III ODE 18
TO FAUNUS

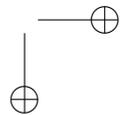
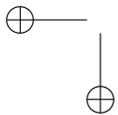
Faune, Nympharum fugientum amator

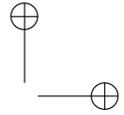
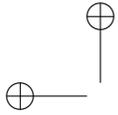
O Faunus of the fleeing Nymphs the lover,
Walk through my sunny meads with gentle mien,
And when you leave my bounds, look kindly over
The tender flocks that graze those bounds between.

So every year to Venus' chos'n attendant
A tender kid shall fall a sacrifice,
And wealth of wine be poured from cups resplendent
And incense from your ancient altars rise.

You'll see when come the nones of chill December
In all the grassy fields the flocks at play.
Your joyous fête the village will remember,
And with their herds hold happy holiday.

Among the sportive lambs the wolf is straying;
The forest scatters autumn leaves around;
Three times the merry ditcher in his playing
Will stamp with heavy foot the hated ground.





BOOK III ODE 20
TO PYRRHUS

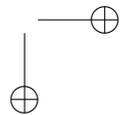
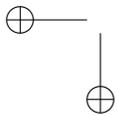
Non vides, quanto moveas periclo

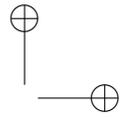
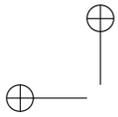
Your danger, Pyrrhus, see you not?
How short will be the fight and hot?
How soon we'll hear you call for help
If you the lioness's whelp
In madness steal away?

When mid the youths that throng the place
She seeks Nearchus, fair of face,
A pretty fight will soon ensue,
Whether it fall to her or you
To carry off the prey.

You draw swift arrows from your sheath!
Meanwhile she whets her cruel teeth!
The heedless cause of all the harm
Plants his bare foot upon the palm
In careless ease, they say.

The winds caress the fragrant hair
That falls adown his shoulders bare.
Like Nireus glows his beauty rare
Or e'en like Ganymede the fair
From Ida stol'n away.





BOOK III ODE 21
IN PRAISE OF WINE

O nata mecum consule Manlio

O precious jar that hadst thy birth
In Manlius' consulship with me,
That givest sentiment and mirth
And sleep, and love, and revelry,

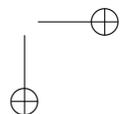
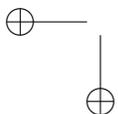
Whate'er its brand, choice Massic fine
Is what you hide away for us,
Corvinus bids you pour your wine
And make a holiday for us.

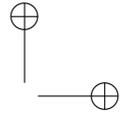
He, though he reeks Socratic lore,
Has never thee unkindly treated;
Old Cato, too, in days of yore
Oft by thy kindly juice was heated.

To stubborn souls a gentle turn
Thou giv'st toward jollity and joking,
Set'st free the cares that wise men burn
By drink that's gay and mirth-provoking.

Thou bringest hope to anxious minds,
The poor man finds thee strong to arm him,
In threats of kings no fear he finds,
Nor war nor violence can harm him.

If Bacchus and fair Love be here,
Let living torches stretch the night,
While Graces fair our spirits cheer
Till Phoebus puts the stars to flight.



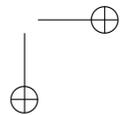
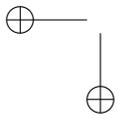


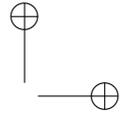
BOOK III ODE 22
AD DIANAM

Montium custos nemorumque, Virgo

Mountain and forest that guardest, O maiden,
Triple-formed goddess, whom women in pain
Call upon thrice when with childbirth they're laden,
And thou savest their lives, for they call not in vain,

Thine be the pine tree, wide branching, and lending
Shade to my house from the sun in the sky.
A side-striking boar, at each happy year's ending,
At its base, by my hand, in thine honor shall die.





BOOK III ODE 23
TO PHIDYLE

Caelo supinas si tuleris manus

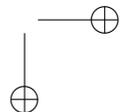
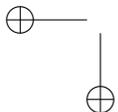
If but to heaven your suppliant hands you lift
When the moon rises, rustic Phidyle,
With incense, sucking swine and corn make shift
To please your household gods; those gods will see

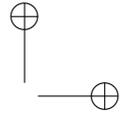
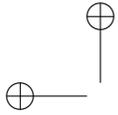
That neither Afric's pestilential wind
Shall harm your fruitful vine, nor rust shall sear
Your growing crops. Your tender flocks shall find
No danger in the autumn of the year.

The victim destined for the pontiff's stroke
In Alban meadows pasture finds, or knows
Its home where grow the ilex and the oak
On lofty Algidus among the snows.

His blood shall stain the axe! 'Tis not for you
Your little gods with slaughter to appease –
O many victims – for the sweet sea dew
And slender myrtle crowns suffice for these.

And if your guiltless hand the altar touch,
Your gods desire no fairer sacrifice
Than pious gift of bread and salt, for such
Will soften toward you their averted eyes.





BOOK III ODE 24
THE CURSE OF MAMMON

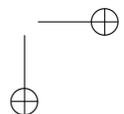
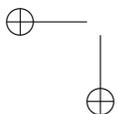
Intactis opulentior

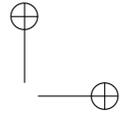
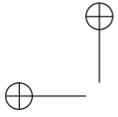
Though richer far you are
Than Araby's wealth untold or India's gold,
Grant that your piers usurp
All of the Tuscan or the Apulian sea,
If adamant bolts
On your devoted head dread fate shall fix,
Your soul from fear of death
Or life from toils of fate you'll ne'er set free.

The Scythian nomads' lives
(Whose homes are wagons, drawn from place to place),
The Gaetans', rough and hard,
Are better far, upon the unfenced fields
That yield them fruit and grain
One year, before to other fields they fare.
Worn with the toil of life
One falls, another comes to take his place
And orphans motherless
A second mother tends with watchful care.

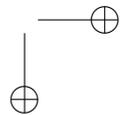
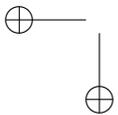
Wives rule not husbands there,
Though richly dowered, nor trust in paramours.
So virtue is the dower,
And chastity that fears clandestine bonds
That parents leave their young;
Sin is unholy, death the penalty.
Where is the wretch would bring
Slaughter or civil madness on the state?

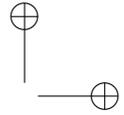
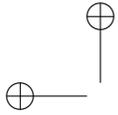
Who "Father of Towns" would see
Engraved beneath his statue, let him dare,
From license to refrain,





Honored by children's children. But alas,
Virtue, secure, we hate;
When the grave hides it, long for it in vain.
What are complaints and sighs
If punishment atones not for our fault?
What laws without morale?
Empty, alas! when neither tropic heat
Nor frozen arctic snow
The merchants' greed for gain can hold in check.
Rough seas our sailors cross
With cunning craft: reproach of poverty
Bids suffer all and do,
When once the paths of virtue men forsake.
Into the Capitol
(Amid the clamorous applause of friends)
Or in the nearest sea
Would we might throw our gems and useless gold
(Chief cause of all our ills).
If of our crimes we really repent,
Uprooted utterly
Must be the elements of greed, young minds
By sterner training formed. Our noble youth
How to bestride a steed
Are ignorant, nay, fear the chase, more skilled
To roll Greek hoops
Or cast the dice, forbidden by our laws.
His father's treachery
Will trick his partner, or still worse, his guest;
For worthless heir he slaves,
And though even ill-got gain may multiply,
Yet still it something lacks,
Nor can appease or even approach his greed.





BOOK III ODE 27, LINE 21 TO END
EUROPA

Hostium uxores puerique caecos

Then let the wives and children of our foes
Feel the black wind gusts when the storm wind blows,
The swirl of the dark waters, and the crash
When the shore trembles 'neath the breakers' lash.

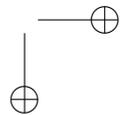
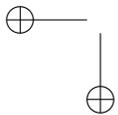
So rash Europa gave her snow-white form
To the deceitful bull – soon mid the storm
And perils of the deep, grew pale with fear.
In the dim twilight, naught could see or hear,
But stars and ocean, she who free from care
Thought but of flowers, and in the meadows fair
Wrought garlands fit to deck a goddess' hair.

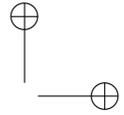
And when to hundred-citied Crete she came,
She cried, "Oh maiden modesty! Oh shame!
By madness conquered, Oh my father dear!
Whence have I come; alas, how came I here?"

"Am I awake and mourning vigil keep
For crime committed, or am I asleep,
Tricked by a vision through the ivory gate
Of dreams that cometh? Better were my fate
To pluck fresh flowers in the grassy plain
Than cleave the long dark billows of the main.

"O that some power would yield up to me now
The hated bull a few short days ago
I loved to madness. I would break and tear
With sharpened steel those curving horns so fair.

"Shameless I left my father's gods, in peace;
Shameless I stand here, waiting death's release.
Oh, if some god would deign to hear my prayer,
I would walk naked in the lion's lair.

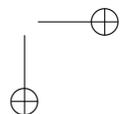
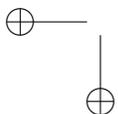


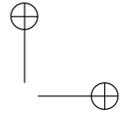
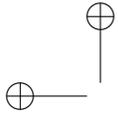


“Ere age’s wrinkles come to scar my brow
While yet the bloom is on my cheek, e’en now
Still beautiful and in the pride of youth,
I would be mangled by the tiger’s tooth.

“Methinks I hear my absent father cry:
‘Vilest Europa, why delay to die?
Your girdle your good luck has let you save
Will serve to choke you. If without a grave
’Mid rugged rocks and crags to die you care,
Leap headlong from yon cliff, and trust the air
To bear you up. Else living in disgrace
(You of blood royal) soon will find your place
In some proud mistress’ home, the flax to twine,
Or be her royal master’s concubine.’”

Deceitful Venus, who was standing by
And listening to her sorrows, now drew nigh;
Cupid with unstrung bow was by her side,
And when she’d sported long enough, she cried:
“Enough, Europa, fume and fret forbear
Lest the bull yield to you his horns to tear.
Cease sobbing, for you now must learn to bear
Good fortune; for of mighty Jove on high
You are the spouse; e’en now the time is nigh
When all the world shall ring with your fair fame
And a wide continent shall bear your name.”





BOOK III ODE 30
HIS MONUMENT

Exegi monumentum aere perennius

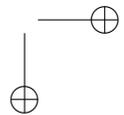
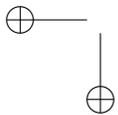
A monument that longer shall endure
Than one of brass, and one that stands more high
Than pyramid upon a royal site
I've built, and one that neither biting rain,

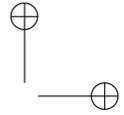
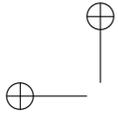
Nor yet the driving northwest wind hath power
To wear away to naught, nor of the years
The innumerable series and flight.
Not all of me shall die, my greater part
The dread death goddess' clutches shall escape!

And grow in fame afresh as long a time
As e'er the silent Virgin with the priest
Shall climb the high steps of our Capitol.

I shall be named, where swift Ofanto flows
And where King Daunus rules his arid lands
And rustic dwellers, as the man who first
Rose from humility to power and brought
The Grecian metres to Italian song.

The honor due, the prize that I've deserved
Bring me, Melpomene, and on my brow
Bind thou with willing hand the laurel crown.





BOOK IV ODE 2
PINDAR

Pindarum quisquis studet aemulari

Who tries to sing as Pindar sings,
Like Daedalus on waxen wings
Essays to fly; and like him he
His name shall give some shining sea.

Like river swollen by mountain rains
That bursts its banks and floods the plains,
Immense and deep it boils along –
So swells the tide of Pindar's song.

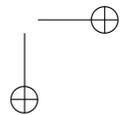
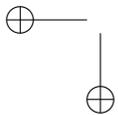
To him the laurel crown is due,
Whether, in numbers bold and new
And rhythms from ancient usage freed,
He sings of gods and royal deed,

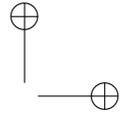
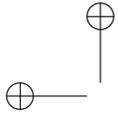
Of kings from gods descended, who,
For justice's ends the Centaurs slew
And quenched Chimaera's baleful flames;
Or when he sings the Elian games –

Who won in fight or race the prize,
His name exalting to the skies,
And causing it longer to live
Than any prize the sculptors give.

The husband torn from weeping spouse,
He sings, and by his verse can rouse
The spirit of the Golden Age,
Star-high exalted, on his page.

A mighty wind doth lift on high
Our Swan of Dirce. In the sky,
Among the clouds his form we see;
I rather, like the tiny bee,





Far Tibur's mossy glens along
Roam as I labor out my song
Throughout the busy summer day,
And gather pollen where I may.

He strikes a nobler lyre who sings
Great Caesar's triumphs, when he brings
The fierce Sygambry to his will,
And leads them up the Sacred Hill.

A greater boon, nor gods nor fate
Have granted, or will grant our state.
E'en though the Golden Age be here,
In all its pristine glory. Cheer!

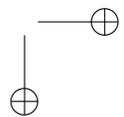
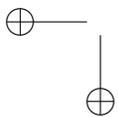
And greet the coming of our King!
Augustus comes in triumph! Sing!
And celebrate the happy day
Of his return with mirth and play.

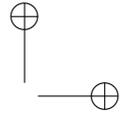
Then I, if I may lift my voice –
O sun! O glory! Oh, rejoice! –
Will shout when Caesar passes by,
Cry, "Io Triumphe!" to the sky.

Three times the citizens shall shout,
"Io Triumphe!" round about,
The incense on the altars smoke.
Ten oxen from beneath the yoke,

As many heifers, thou shalt slay;
But I shall on the altar lay
One heifer calf (enough for me)
Now pastured on my grassy lea,

Like the new moon her horns upturn,
When rising bright her fires burn,
A spot of white upon her breast
Doth mark her off from all the rest.

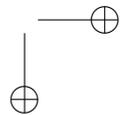
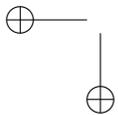


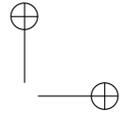


BOOK IV ODE 3
TO MELPOMENE

Quem tu, Melpomene, semel

Whom thou, Melpomene,
At birth hast gazed upon with favoring eyes,
On Isthmian plain not he
Shall win the boxing match or gain the prize,
Because his sturdy team
Of horses win him races on the track;
Nor laurel crown shall gleam
Upon his brow because he has turned back
The threats of warlike kings,
As he stands on the sacred steps in glory;
But where the lovely springs
Past Tibur flow and dark groves old in story,
Renowned for Grecian song
Shall I be; Rome, the prince of cities, write me
Among the glorious throng
Of poets; envy's tooth no more shall bite me
O queen of the golden lyre
That temperest its music sweet and strong;
O thou whose lyric fire
Could even give dumb fish the gift of song;
All, all to thee I owe
That men shall point me out and say 'tis mine
Our Roman song to know,
And, if I please, the glory shall be thine.

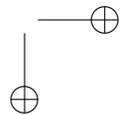
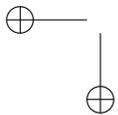


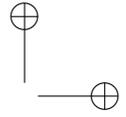
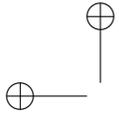


BOOK IV ODE 8
TO CENSORINUS, THE POWER OF SONG

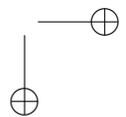
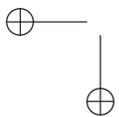
Donarem pateras grataque commodus

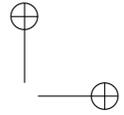
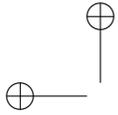
I'd give to my friends costly presents of plate
Or tripods, the spoils of the brave and the great
In our war with Greeks, Censorinus, and you
Not the least of these gifts should bear off as your due,
Were I rich; if Parrhasius or Scopas (whose skill
Could depict now a man, now a god at his will,
Whether painted in colors or sculptured in stone)
Had produced a good thing, you're the one who should own
That work if I had it; but you do not care,
Nor need works of art for you have them to spare.
But songs you delight in, and songs I can give,
And tell you their value in verse that will live.
Not marble, though chiselled by sculptor of worth
Whose fame reaches out to the ends of the earth,
Though such spirit and verve to dead heroes it give
That we're almost persuaded they're breathing and live,
Nor Hannibal, threatening, back driven in flight,
Nor impious Carthage, with torch fires alight,
Imparted a lustre so bright to his name
Who (Africa conquered) victorious came
To our shores, as the Muses of poetry. None,
(If their pages are silent) for what he has done
Shall bear off his recompense! What had we known
(If the poets a mantle of silence had thrown
O'er Ilia's story) of Romulus' fame?
'Twas the poets who told us how Aeacus came,
Caught back from the waves of the Styx, till he rest,
By the power of their song, in the isles of the blest.
The man of true worth is forbidden to die
By the Muses; they find him his place in the sky.
So Hercules shares in the banquets of Jove





While Castor and Pollux, bright shining above
As clear stars in heaven, from shipwreck can save
Our fleets that are whelmed by the storm and the wave,
And Bacchus, becrowned with the chaplet of palm,
Hears the prayers of the faithful and saves them from harm.





BOOK IV ODE 9, LINES 1 TO 32
SONG MAKES IMMORTAL

Ne forte credas interitura quae

Lest you should think these songs would die
Beside Ofanto's sounding shore,
Those words to music wed which I
Have sung in notes unknown before –

Though Homer held the throne of song,
Still sound the notes of Pindar's lyre;
Stesichorus' stately verse lives long,
The Chian's notes our hearts can fire.

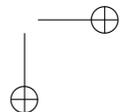
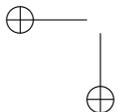
Anacreon sung long, long ago –
Time spared him – love is breathing still,
And life and love and joy and woe
In Sappho's burning verses thrill,

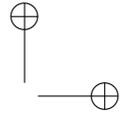
And for a lover's pleated hair
And woven coat of cloth of gold,
And royal train, and features fair,
Yearned Helen, not alone, of old.

Nor Teucer first the arrow sped,
Nor only once did Ilium fall;
And not alone have fought and bled
Idomeneus and Sthenelus tall,

In battles worth the singing! No!
Deiphobus and Hector brave
Withstood (but not the first) a blow
Their wives and children's lives to save.

Brave men ere Agamemnon's day,
Unknown, unwept, in endless night
Are hid because no poet's lay
They had to keep their memory bright.

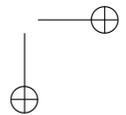
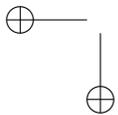


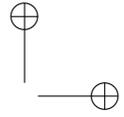
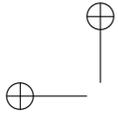


BOOK IV ODE 10
TO LIGURINUS

O crudelis adhuc et Veneris muneribus potens

O thou who now art arrogant, with Venus' gifts endowed,
When unexpected bristles come to mar your beauty proud,
When locks that hide your shoulders now have fallen from your head
And color from your blooming cheeks, than rose more fair, has fled,
When your face is rough and hairy, and you're looking in the glass
And see, O Ligurinus, what changes come to pass,
How many times, alas, you'll say, "Oh, would that I had known
In boyhood that which I know now, with all my beauty flown";
Or "Would that, knowing as I do, the sad and bitter truth,
Fresh still upon my cheeks remained the lovely bloom of youth."





BOOK IV ODE 11
INVITATION TO PHYLLIS

Est mihi nonum superantis annum

I have a jar of Sabine wine
That's more than nine years old by now
And store of parsley fit to twine
And make a garland for your brow;

And ivy, Phyllis, growing there
That's so becoming in your hair.
The villa smiles with silver bright,
The altar wreathed with sweet vervain

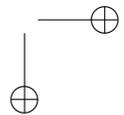
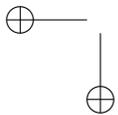
Stands ready, waiting, richly dight
Till the flock's firstling shall be slain;
While hurry, scurry, round about
The boys and girls run in and out.

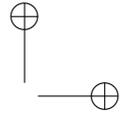
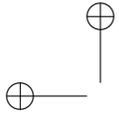
Upleaping to the rooftree tall
The smoke and flame in spirals fly,
And would you know the festival
To which you are invited, I

Remind you April's ides are here
That splits fair Venus' month in twain;
A day more sacred and more dear
Than my own birthday, for 'tis plain
That on this day, from cares and fears
Maecenas freed my affluent years.

This Telephus, the youth you court
A gay, rich woman holds in thrall.
She's not a woman of your sort
If I may say so, not at all.

Let Phaëthon, on fire, of pride
And rash ambition's dangers tell;

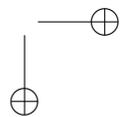
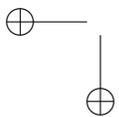


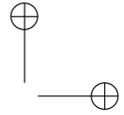
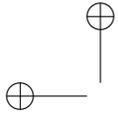


And bold Bellerophon, who tried
To ride winged Pegasus and fell.

To ask no more than is your due,
Hope for no more than is your right,
Will save anxiety for you,
Last of my loves, for honor bright,

Henceforth no woman shall inspire
My heart with love. Come, sing and play
With your beloved voice and lyre,
For song can drive dull care away.





BOOK IV ODE 12
INVITATION TO VERGIL

Jam veris comites, quae mare temperant

Now spring's companions, those mild Thracian gales
That calm the ocean, fill our swelling sails.
The fields the stiffening frost no longer know;
Nor roar the rivers, swollen by winter's snow.

The mourning nightingale now builds his nest,
The old disgrace still rankling in his breast
That came to Itys and his Attic kin,
The foul revenge of kings for lust and sin.

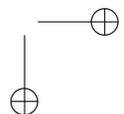
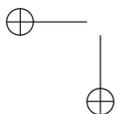
All in the grassy meads their tuneful lay,
The guardians of the fattening flocks do play
Upon their pipes, and bring Great Pan delight,
Who cattle loves, and Arcady's dark height.

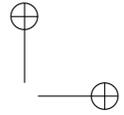
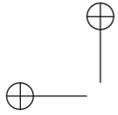
The spring, dear friend, when buds begin to burst
Brings in its train a very special thirst,
But noble youth, if wine be your reward,
You'll have to pay therefor with fragrant nard.

Of nard a little alabaster box
From cellars of Sulpicius will coax
A wine with power to make our hearts elate,
And wipe dull care completely off the slate.

And if these pleasant prospects can entice,
Come on at once, and with you bring the price;
For I do not intend to let you stay,
As Dives might, and nothing have to pay.

Just put aside your worries and desires
For greater wealth, remembering death's dark fires
While yet you may; – be foolish for a day!
'Tis sweet sometimes from wisdom's path to stray!





BOOK IV ODE 13
TO AN OLD WOMAN

Audivere, Lyce, di mea vota, di

Lyce, the gods have heard my prayer,
For you are gray who would be fair,
The gods have listened, Lyce, yea,
You spend your days in drink and play

And strive to win slow Cupid's favors
With alcoholic trills and quavers.
The saucy god his pleasure seeks,
In lovely Chia's blooming cheeks.

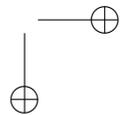
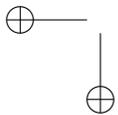
He skips your withered oaken wreath,
And flying from your yellow teeth
And whitening hair, doth linger long
And listen to her luring song.

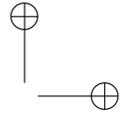
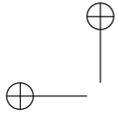
Nor Coan robe of purple hue
Nor precious stones will give to you
Again the years whose tale once told
Swift time hath hid in annals old.

And where is now that beauty rare,
That graceful motion, color fair
That breathed of love and stole away
My heart? Where is it now, today?

That beauty Cinara alone
Surpassed; that grace, alas, 'tis gone;
For Cinara's brief reign is fled.
Lavish the fates on Lyce's head

The years that make her old and gray
Like an old crow, till boys at play
Shall laugh to see her burning brand
Wasted to ashes in her hand.

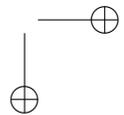
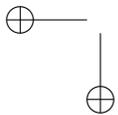


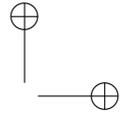
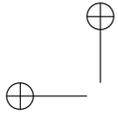


EPODE II
COUNTRY JOYS

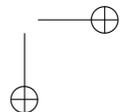
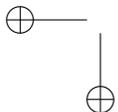
Beatus ille qui procul negotiis

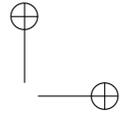
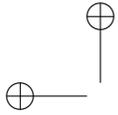
“Happy the man who, free from business cares
As erst the ancient race of men,
Ancestral acres with his oxen tills
Quite free from interest to pay,
Not like the soldier roused by trumpet’s note,
Nor sailor dreading angry seas.
He shuns the forum, and the thresholds proud
Of influential citizens.
Thus is he free to twine the growing vine
About the lofty poplar tree,
Or prune the useless branches, and engraft
More fruitful shoots in place of them;
Or watch his lowing cattle as they stray
Deep in the winding valley folds;
Or press the honey from the comb to fill
The clean washed jars that keep it pure.
Or when fair Autumn lifts above the fields
His head with sweet red apples decked,
Rejoices as he plucks the grafted pear
And grapes that rival purple dyes,
As thy reward, O Priapus, and thine
Silvanus, guardian of the bounds.
Now ’neath the ancient ilex he may lie,
Or on the thickly woven grass,
The while between deep banks the waters flow,
And birds are singing in the trees.
But when the winter Jove, the thunderer, sends,
And gathers storms and snows about,
He with his hounds may chase the savage boar
That struggles to escape the net,
Or from the light rod hang the slender snare,





With bait the toothsome thrush to lure.
The timid hare, the migratory crane,
Are pleasing captives of his net.
Who mid such scenes as these would not forget
The cares that love brings in his train?
Then let a modest wife perform her part,
Make glad the house with children dear
(A Sabine or a sturdy sun-tanned lass
Of stout Apulian ancestry);
And pile the sacred hearth with well-dried wood
Against her weary lord's return,
And shut the happy sheep in woven folds
And milk their swollen udders dry,
Or draw the sweet new wine from out the cask
To make an unbought feast for him.
No Lucrine oysters please my palate more
Than scar or turbot, when the storms
From eastward turn their fury on our bay.
No fowl of Afric breed descends
Into my stomach with a sweeter taste,
Nor Asian woodcock pleases me
More than the olive plucked from burdened branch,
Or sorrell stalks that love the grass,
Or mallow that relieves the body's ills.
Or lamb that's slaughtered at the feast
Of boundaries, or kid torn from the jaws
Of wolves to make a meal for me.
At such a feast as this how sweet to watch
The well-fed flocks returning home,
Or tired cattle drag the plow reversed
With necks awearied from the yoke,
With household servants standing by the fire
And lares gleaming in its light!"
So spoke the moneylender Alfius,
Always about to buy a farm;
Then on the ides he gathered in his cash,
To lend at calends out again.



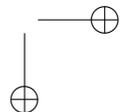
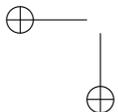


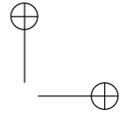
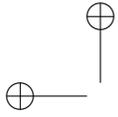
EPISTLES, BOOK I XX
TO HIS BOOK

Vertummum Ianumque, liber, spectare videris

Vertumnus and Janus, the gods of the bookstalls,
You seem to be looking for, booklet of mine.
You want to stand up on the shelves of the Sosii
All polished with pumice and shining, and fine.
You hate locks and seals, that are loved by the modest,
You groan and lament because readers you lack.
You've gone back on your teacher, and long to be common;
Don't go there! Once there, you can never get back!
You'll say when a tired reader rolls you up tightly,
"Wretched! What was I thinking of! What have I done!"
But unless as a prejudiced prophet, not rightly,
I predict you'll be mauled, and you won't have much fun.

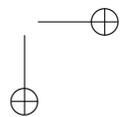
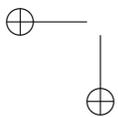
You'll be thought well of at Rome till you're oldish and wrinkled,
And begin to be soiled by the crowd's dirty hands,
Then you'll either be quiet, and feed the slow bookworms,
Or flee o'er the ocean to far distant lands,
Such as Utica, Gaul, or some far Spanish city.
When you're tied in a bundle and sent o'er the sea,
How I, your advisor, will laugh! What a pity
You'll think it, that you did not listen to me.
For I'm like the man that kicked over his donkey,
Down the cliff, when his orders he would not obey,
For who wants to keep an unwilling companion?
Let him go where he wants to and fare as he may.
But this fate awaits you, to teach boys their Latin,
In far distant lands, as a palsied old man.
And when the mild weather provides you with pupils
Just tell them my story the best way you can.
You may say that a freedman I had for a father,
And in youth cramping poverty sat by our hearth,

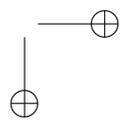
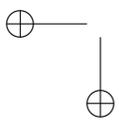
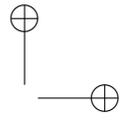
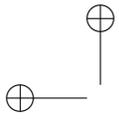


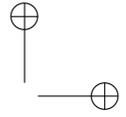
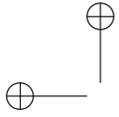


But I spread my wings far past the nest I was born in
(To my virtues please *add* what you take from my birth).
I was dear, you may say, to the eminent leaders,
In peace and in war in the town where I lived.
I was short, grey, and sunburned, and quick to get angry,
But add, that I also was quick to forgive.

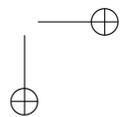
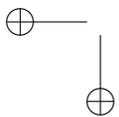
If any one asks you my age, please remember,
To tell them that when you last saw me, no more
Were the years I had passed from New Year's to December,
When Lollius was consul, than just forty-four.

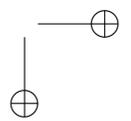
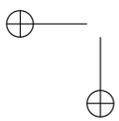
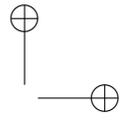
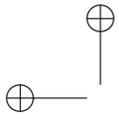


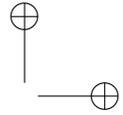
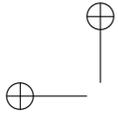




TRANSLATIONS BY
ROBERT MONTRAVILLE GREEN, M.D.







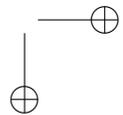
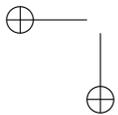
BOOK I ODE 1
SUUM CUIQUE:
DE GUSTIBUS NIL DISPUTANDUM

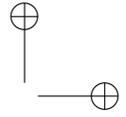
Maecenas atavis edite regibus

Maecenas scion of ancestral kings,
Who art my guardian and dear delight,
There are those who adore to gather dust
Upon their chariot, and whom the goal
Cleared with hot wheels and the victorious palm
Exalt to heaven as masters of the world.
One man is happy if the fickle crowd
Vies to distinguish him with triple praise;
Another if in his granary he stores
Rich sweepings from the Libyan threshing floors.

The hind, delighting with his hoe to cleave
His father's acres, you will ne'er persuade
With terms of Attalus to cleave the sea,
A trembling sailor in a Cyprian bark.
The merchant, fearful of the southwest gale
As it strives with the floods, praises the peace
And quiet fields of his home town, but soon
Refits his shattered ships and puts to sea,
Ill-taught to bear the curse o poverty.

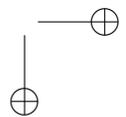
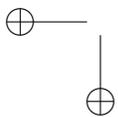
There are those who scorn not a fragrant bowl
Of vintage Massic, nor to spend a part
Of the long day stretched 'neath the verdant shade
Of the arbutus, or beside the course
Of the soft murmuring and sacred stream.
The camp delighteth many and the sound
Of trumpet mingled with the clarion,
And wars hateful to mothers. 'Neath the cold sky
The hunter, heedless of his gentle spouse,
Tarries the livelong night that he may catch

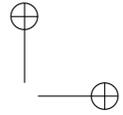
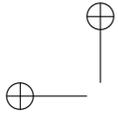




The roebuck sighted by his trusty hounds
Or Marsian boar snared in the net's close bounds.

But I am made one with immortal gods
By the ivy that rewards the scholar's brow,
Or by the cool grove and the tripping flock
Of slender Nymphs and Satyrs rollicking
That separate me from the common folk,
So that Euterpe withhold not the flute
Nor Polyhymnia refuse to tune
The Lesbian lyre. And if you mention me
Among the lyric poets I shall tread
A pathway 'mid the high stars overhead.





BOOK I ODE 3
BON VOYAGE TO VERGIL

Sic te diva potens Cypri

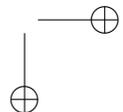
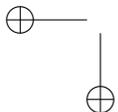
May the divine mistress of Cyprus' isle,
May Helen's brothers, twin stars luminous,
And may the god of winds, confusing all
Save Japyx, guide thy course, fortunate ship
Who bearest Vergil trusted to thy care.
Restore him safe from Attic lands, I pray;
Preserve the better half of my dear soul!

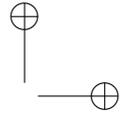
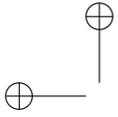
Granite and triple bronze begirt his breast
Who first confided to the angry deep
His frail bark, fearing not the hurricane
Contending with the blizzards of the north,
Nor the sad Hyades, nor Notus' rage,
Than whom the ocean hath no greater lord
Whether he will to raise or calm its waves.

What step of death feared he who with dry eyes
Beheld the swimming monsters, the dark sea
And thy grim cliffs, Acroceraunia!
In vain the prudent god severed the lands
With the unsocial ocean, if in spite
Of him our impious vessels dash across
The depths destined to be untouchable.

Bold to endure, the self-styled human race
From one colossal blunder stumble on
Into the next, gluttons for punishment.
Japetus' daring son by wicked craft
Brought evil fire to the tribes of men.

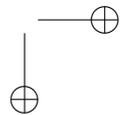
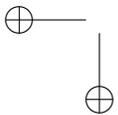
When fire was stolen from its celestial home
Wasting disease and a new-fangled flock
Of fevers fell upon the sickening earth,

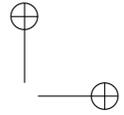




And death's doom that before was leisurely
And far remote quickened its fatal step.

Now Daedalus essayed the vacant air
On wings not given to man, and Hercules,
Toiling, burst through the gates of Acheron.
Nought is too steep for mortals: heaven itself
We would scale in our folly, and through sin
We suffer Jove not to lay down his bolts.





BOOK I ODE 4
SPRING AND DEATH

Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni

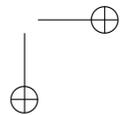
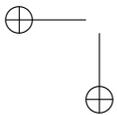
Winter is breaking up at the welcome change
Of spring, and the fisherman hauls his boat to the shore;
The flock forsakes the fold for the open range,
The ploughman his hearth, for the fields are frosty no more.

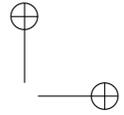
Now 'neath the crescent moon Cytherea leads
Her chorus, and Nymphs and Dryads among the trees
With tripping feet tread the earth, while Hephaestus feeds
With fire the great forges of the Cyclopes.

Now 'tis fitting to garland our locks with ties
Of myrtle or blossoms the unfettered earth brings forth;
In shady groves 'tis meet to make sacrifice
Of a kid to Faunus or ewe lamb of spotless worth.

Pale Death, Sestius, beats with impartial doom
At poor men's cottages and towers of kings;
And life's short moment forbids us to give room
To a long hope: soon comes night with her phantom wings.

Soon shall we journey to Pluto's exile home
Beyond the watery waste of the Stygian shore,
And never again to the joyous feast shall we come,
Nor ever shall we love or be loved any more.





BOOK I ODE 5
PYRRHA, THE FLIRT

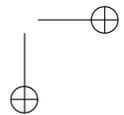
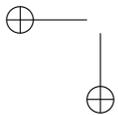
Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa

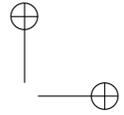
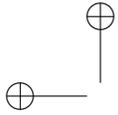
Who's the sleek kid, Pyrrha, with perfume there,
Rushing you at the rose-grown rendezvous,
For whom you've bobbed up your peroxide hair
To play the ingénue?

Now he adores, believing you true gold,
Hoping you fall for him as he for you;
When the wind changes, you will can him cold:
He doesn't know; you do.

Alas, how oft he'll mourn your altered faith,
Looking upon life's ocean all amazed,
Its waters ruffled with the dark winds' breath,
On which guileless he gazed.

Poor fish, on whom your charms untasted shine!
I've had my lesson; I have loved and lost;
Shipwrecked, I worship at another shrine;
I've got my fingers crossed.





BOOK I ODE 7
THE LAST VOYAGE

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon aut Mytilenen

Let others praise illustrious Mytilene,
Rhodes, Ephesus, twin-ocean'd Corinth's walls,
Thessalian Tempe, Thebes whose magic genie
Is Bacchus, Delphos whence Apollo calls.

There are whose sole task is to celebrate
Athena's city in perpetual song
And vainly their own temples decorate
With laurels that to other brows belong.

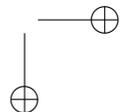
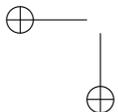
Many a one in Juno's praise shall sing
Of horse-famed Argos and Mycenae proud;
But not Larissa nor Sparta can bring
Me joy like Alba's grotto echoing loud,

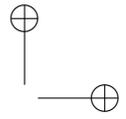
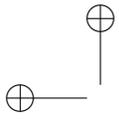
And Tibur's grove and headlong Anio
And orchards watered by the rippling rill.
As oft from heaven a kind south wind doth blow
The clouds away lest they breed tempests still,

So wisely let us remember thus to end
The day's labor and sorrow with sweet wine,
Whether in life's fierce warfare we contend,
Or 'neath the cool shadows of home recline.

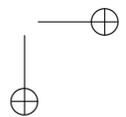
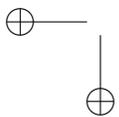
'Tis said that Teucer, when from Salamis
He fled at his stern father's harsh behest,
Binding his brow with poplar wreath, I wis,
His sorrowful companions thus addressed:

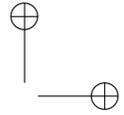
"Wherever fortune, kindlier than my sire,
Leads, friends and comrades, there at my command
Go we. Apollo by his sacred fire
Hath pledged us new homes in a better land.





“Ye heroes who with me often have borne
Worse evils, banish now your cares with wine.
Despair not of my destiny; to-morn
We will again venture the boundless brine.”





BOOK I ODE 8
LYDIA, THE VAMP

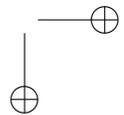
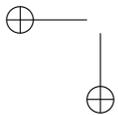
Lydia, dic, per omnes

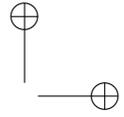
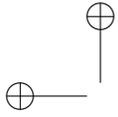
Say Lydia, for God's sake tell me why
You're bent on spoiling Sybaris with love?
He used to sweat beneath the sunny sky
At sports; now he's like any sucking dove.

Why does he ride no more among his mates
On bitted warhorse o'er the race track skimming?
His only interest is now in dates
With you. He's even afraid to go in swimming

And hates to wrestle worse than poisonous snakes
For fear he'll cramp his style at making love.
No more world's records in the gym he makes
At shot-put or the manly boxing glove.

Why does he hide, as once Achilles did
Among the womenfolk? Why does he scoff
At warlike exercise? What ails the kid?
Say, Lydia, it's you, you vamp: lay off!





BOOK I ODE 9
FEBRUARY MORNING AT THE SABINE FARM

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum

See how Soracte stands deep-white in snow;
The bending woods no longer bear their weight
Of ice; and in the grip of the keen cold
The rivers all are dumb.

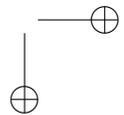
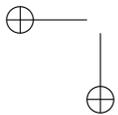
Dissolve the frost, generously piling high
The hearth with logs, my Thaliachus, pour
From Sabine flagon in abundant draught
The rich Falernian wine.

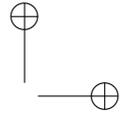
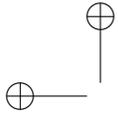
All else leave to the gods: when they have stilled
The war of strident winds with the turbulent
Ocean, nor cypress nor the ancient beech
Longer shall be at strife.

Seek not to know the morrow's fate, and count
As gain whatever day fortune may give;
Nor spurn sweet love, my lad, nor shun the dance
While the snow-white of age

Spares yet thy youth from its congealing touch.
Now let the sports of field and town prevail;
And let soft whispers be renewed at night
At the appointed hour,

The happy laughter that betrays the maid
In cosy covert hiding, the love-gage
Snatched from the hand reluctant, the fond kiss
On lips not loth to yield.





BOOK I ODE 10
HYMN TO HERMES

Mercuri, facunde nepos Atlantis

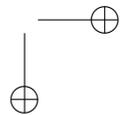
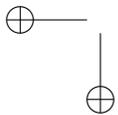
Hermes, Atlas' clever grandson,
Who sagaciously did'st teach
Newmade man that brawn and sinew
Are surpassed by arts of speech,

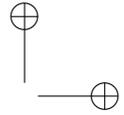
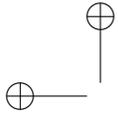
Let me sing of thee, the herald
Of great Jove and all the gods,
Father of the curving lyre,
Wide-awake when Homer nods.

Stealing as a boy the cattle
Of Apollo, when he flew
In a rage and fiercely threatened,
Thou did'st take his quiver too.

'Twas thy guidance that enabled
Rich old Priam when he fled
Pillaged Troy to leave the haughty
Sons of Atreus in the red.

And 'tis thou who shalt conduct us
Where departed spirits dwell,
Who for thy urbanity art
Loved alike in heaven and hell.





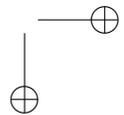
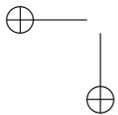
BOOK I ODE 11
WHY WORRY?

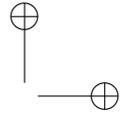
Tu ne quaesieris – scire nefas – quem mihi, quem tibi

Seek not to know, for knowing is a sin,
What fate the gods may give to thee or me;
Take what you get and like it, nor begin
Juggling with loaded dice, Leuconoë.

It matters not a jot how many more
Winters Jupiter grants, or if this be
The last upon whose cold and rocky shore
Our life dashes the billows of its sea.

Be wise and in a little space restrain
A long hope; drain the wine of pleasure clear.
Time passes while we speak; to-morrow's vain
Dream trust not; seize the present now and here.





BOOK I ODE 13
LYDIA MAKES HORACE JEALOUS

Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi

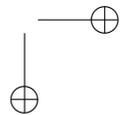
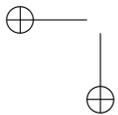
Lydia, I must say it makes me sick
 To see you always raising such a fuss
Over the waxen arms and rosy neck
 Of your latest young victim, Telephus.

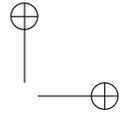
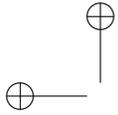
I own I'm green with jealousy to hear
 You praise him so much, and my own desires
Send sliding down my cheek a furtive tear
 That shows how hot I burn with inward fires.

It makes me sore as hell to see him pat
 Your shining shoulders when he's flushed with wine;
And when your lips he fiercely kisses, that
 Is what I can't stand: no rough stuff for mine!

Say, listen, Lydia: don't hope to have
 True faith from one who thus unfeelingly
Profanes thee to whom Aphrodite gave
 The quintessence of her own charm in fee.

Thrice happy and more blest indeed are they
 Whom deathless bonds of true love shall unite,
Nor passion's tempests sever ere the day
 Of life's last parting at the brink of night.





BOOK I ODE 19
GLYCERA AND VENUS

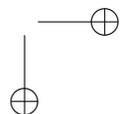
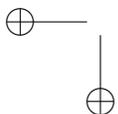
Mater saeva Cupidinum

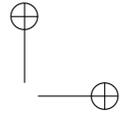
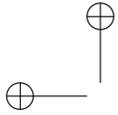
Venus, fierce mother of desires,
 Bacchus, high priest of wine's fires,
Bid me now my soul enchain
 Under love's sweet spell again.

Glycera, you enthrall me so!
 Your complexion's pure as snow
Or Parian marble to behold,
 But unlike them you're not cold.

Venus, leave thy wonted shrine,
 Fill this throbbing heart of mine,
No more let me waste my time
 On solemn verse or limping rhyme.

Here in leafy, fragrant bowers,
 Glycera, the world is ours;
Give us love and give us wine,
 We will be as gods divine.





BOOK I ODE 22
THE UPRIGHT LIFE

Integer vitae scelerisque purus

The man of life upright and free from sin
Needs not the bow nor Moorish javelin,
Needs not the quiver that doth bear within
Arrows envenomed,

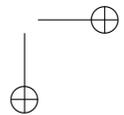
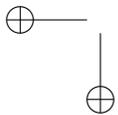
Whether through stormy seas he take his way,
Or cold Caucasian peaks, or far away
Where flows through realms of Xanadu, they say,
Fabled Hydaspes.

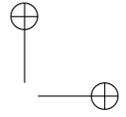
For once when carefree through a Sabine grove
I wandered heedless, singing of my love,
A wolf that on the selfsame path did rove
Fled from my footsteps,

A monster such as not the warlike lands
Of Daunia nurture on their oak-clad strands,
Nor Juba breeds upon her barren sands,
The nurse of lions.

Put me on arid plains where lifeless trees
Revive not in the parching summer breeze,
Or in a land where fogs and blizzards freeze,
Snow-bound forever,

Set me beneath the chariot of the sun,
Where to the desert nigh his course doth run,
Still will I sing my sweet love's praise alone,
Speaking or smiling.





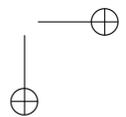
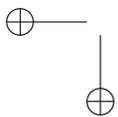
BOOK I ODE 23
CHLOË, THE SHY GIRL

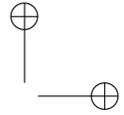
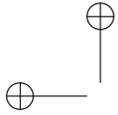
Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloë

You shun me, Chloë, like a fawn
Seeking her mother o'er the hills
In needless terror when at dawn
The light breeze through the forest thrills.

You quiver in both heart and knees
When you see me approach your side,
As the fawn quivers when she sees
A leaf stir or a lizard glide.

Don't be so shy; I'm not pursuing
You like a tiger or a lion:
It's not your mother that I'm wooing
It's you I've got my eye on.





BOOK I ODE 28
MADAM, IT IS COMMON!

Te maris et terrae numeroque carentis harenae

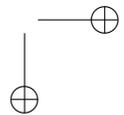
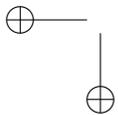
Archytas, once the mighty measurer
Of land and ocean, now a paltry mound
Contains thine ashes near thy native shore;
Nor doth it aught to thine avail redound

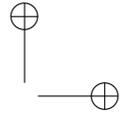
That thou hast traversed heaven's circling vault
And visited the divine abodes on high:
Despite thy glories, thou must have an end
Doomed, like Tithonus, at the last to die.

Tantalus too is dead, though once he sate
At table with the gods; Minos, who shared
Jove's secrets; and Deiphobus, the great
Hero of Troy, who nobly did and dared.

Yet of these unto black death yielded none
Aught but his flesh and sinews, to thy mind
Justification that in life he won
Eternal fame of nature and mankind.

To every man one common night remains
And death's road must be trodden to make room
For those the Furies give as sacrifice
To Mars; the ocean brings the sailors' doom.
Youths and old men crowd thick among the dead;
Cruel Proserpina spares no man's head.



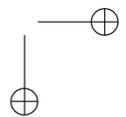
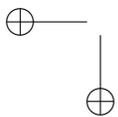


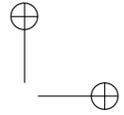
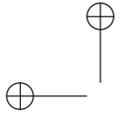
BOOK I ODE 30
GLYCERA TEACHES VENUS

O Venus, regina Cnidi Paphique

Venus queen of Paphos isle,
Leave your temple, go awhile
And watch Glycera beguile
Me with her seductive smile.

Let young Cupid come with you,
And the Nymphs and Graces too,
Let us show you how to woo –
Maybe you'll learn a thing or two!





BOOK I ODE 31
THE POET'S PRAYER FOR HIS OLD AGE

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem

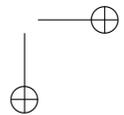
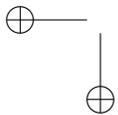
What does the poet at Apollo's shrine
Implore? What is his prayer as from the full
Chalice he pours libation of new wine?
Not rich Sardinia's harvests plentiful,

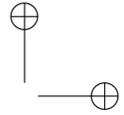
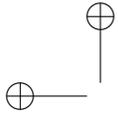
Nor pleasant flocks of warm Calabria,
Not Indian gold and ivory, nor lands
Where Liris' silent river flowing far
With quiet water frets the silver sands.

Let those whom Fortune favors trim the vine
With the Calenian sickle, that the wise
Trader from golden cups may drain the wine
He purchases with Syrian merchandise.

Dear to the very gods, forsooth, is he,
Who thrice and four times yearly doth repair
Unscathed to the Atlantic flood! For me,
Olives, endive, and mallow be my fare.

Latona's son, grant me to live content
With what I have, in health; and, I pray thee,
With mind intact, spend my retirement
Lacking not honor, friends nor poesy.





BOOK I ODE 37
THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero

Now is the time to quaff the flowing horn,
Now with unfettered foot to beat the earth,
My comrades, and with banquets to adorn
The couches of the gods in festal mirth.

Ere this, it had been sinful to bring forth
Our Caecuban from ancient bins, while still
The frenzied queen, a woman nothing worth,
Plotted destruction against Rome's proud hill

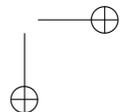
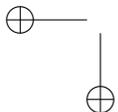
And empire with her crew insatiate
Of lust, a woman mad enough to nurse
The wildest hopes of power, intoxicate
With fortune's gifts, yet fearing fortune's curse.

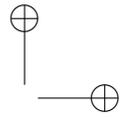
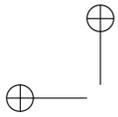
For the escape of scarce a single craft
From flames sobered her frenzy, and ere long
Our Caesar changed her wild delusions, daft
With wine, to real terror, as with strong

Oars he pursued her – as the hawk doth chase
The gentle doves, or o'er Thessalian plains
The hunter seeks the hare with furious pace –
To throw the accurs'd monster into chains.

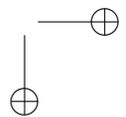
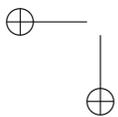
Yet she, seeking a nobler death to die,
Showed for the sword a woman's fear, no more,
Nor with her henchmen sought basely to fly
And win with her swift fleet some secret shore.

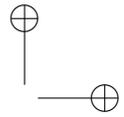
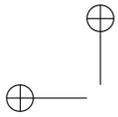
She dared even to gaze with face serene
Upon her fallen palace and impart
Courage to touch the aspick's poisonous sheen,
That she might suck black venom to her heart,





Waxing bolder as she resolved to face
Destruction, forsooth scorning e'er to be
By foemen dragged, a queen no more, to grace
A conqueror's triumph – no mean woman, she.



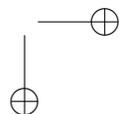
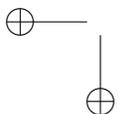


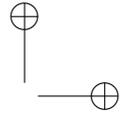
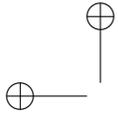
BOOK I ODE 38
NIX FOR THE DOMESTIC FALLACIES!

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus

Boy, how I hate the Persian fallacies –
 Filletts with flowers twined, and other junk;
Don't look for places where the late rose lingers –
 That's all the bunk.

The lowly myrtle shall adorn us both;
 No costly foreign vintages for mine:
Humble home-brew the only beverage,
 From my own vine.





BOOK II ODE 3
THE FLEETING HOUR

Aequam memento rebus in arduis

Preserve an even temper in distress,
A mind refraining in prosperity
From insolent extravagance no less,
 Thou who art soon to die,

Whether thou live sedately all thy days
Or on secluded sward gaily recline,
Making thy heart glad with secret cachets
 Of rare Falernian wine.

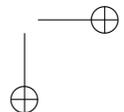
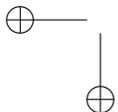
Why do the mighty pine and poplar white
Their boughs in hospitable shade unite?
Why doth the fleeting brook to hasten seek
 In rivulet oblique?

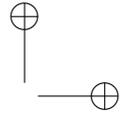
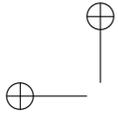
Hither bid bring wine and spikenard to thee,
And brief but lovely blossoms of the rose,
While time, tide, and black thread of the Sisters Three
 Suffer thy fond repose.

Thy home, thy lands amassed by purchases,
Thy villa, where tawny Tiber washes by,
Thou shalt depart, and the harsh heir possess
 Thy riches heaped on high.

Whether high-born from ancient Inachus,
Or from the lowest dregs thou draw thy breath
'Neath heaven, it matters not; thou must end thus,
 Victim of pitiless death.

For all, under the same compulsion dark,
Sooner or later shall come from fate's urn
The lot that sends us off in Charon's bark
 Into exile eterne.





BOOK II ODE 14
THE INEVITABLE END

Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume

Alas, the fleeting years, they slip away;
Nor all your piety shall give delay,
Dear Postumus, to wrinkles or old age,
Or death's indomitable wrath assuage –

Nay, my friend, not though every day thou seek
With hecatombs of bullocks plump and sleek
To appease relentless Pluto, who doth hold
Geryon prisoner and Tityos bold

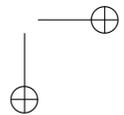
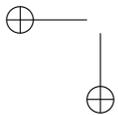
By the sad water where we all must fare
That feed upon earth's bounty, be our care
The pride of princes or the penury
That waits upon the peasant's poverty.

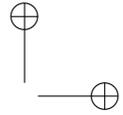
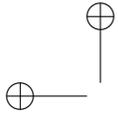
Vain shall be our escape from bloody war
Where the hoarse Adriatic billows roar,
And our dread of the autumnal hurricane
That deals destruction shall be all in vain.

On black Cocytos must we gaze at last;
And when beyond his foul stream we have passed,
Danaus' breed must we behold again,
Condemned with Sisyphus to endless pain.

We must leave earth and home and happy wife,
Nor shall the treasures we have loved in life
Follow their former fond possessor proud,
The gloomy cypress only shall be our shroud.

And wastrel heirs shall drain the vintages
Which jealously we guard with lock and keys,
And spill upon the pavement nobler wine
Than e'er is drunk at pontiffs' feasts divine.





BOOK II ODE 20
DOUBLE-LIVED IN REGIONS NEW

Non usitata nec tenui ferar

Upon no weak or wonted wings shall I,
A poet double-lived, soar heaven's wind;
Both on earth shall I linger and, borne high
O'er envy, leave the haunts of men behind.

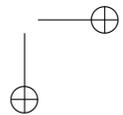
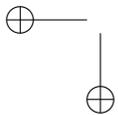
For I, though child of humble parentage,
I, whom you speak with now, beloved friend,
I shall not perish with this passing age,
Hateful oblivion shall not be my end.

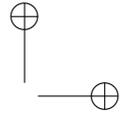
Already wings of immortality
Spring from my shoulders, and my spirit flies
Aloft, leaving the earthly part of me
To mingle with the dust of centuries.

Soon, like Daedalian Icarus and more
Renowned, a spirit of song, I shall behold
The Syrtes and the moaning Bosphorus' shore
And realms of endless Hyperborean cold.

The Dacian and the Colchian shall know me,
They who of Roman cohorts feign no fear,
The Spanish scholar and the far Geloni
And all who dwell beside Rhone's waters clear.

Let there be no dirges or lamentation
Or grief at what you falsely deem my death;
For I shall have in heaven reincarnation
And live on earth, too, with undying breath.

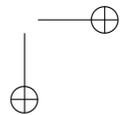
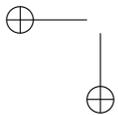


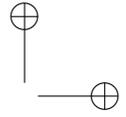
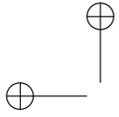


BOOK III ODE 13
THE FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA

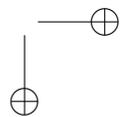
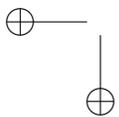
O fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro

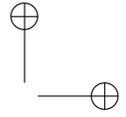
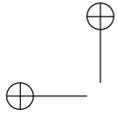
Fountain of Bandusia,
Whose sparkling waters shine
Brighter than clearest crystal,
Sweeter than purest wine,
Tomorrow in thine honor
Fain would I sacrifice
A firstling of the sheepfold
With tender pleading eyes.
Nay, for such immolation
Thy cool green marge would stain
With crimson-flowing lifeblood
Cruelly shed in vain.
Rather I'll crown with garlands
This grassy bank of thine,
And quaff thy rarest vintage
Unmixed with baser wine.
The Dog Star cannot touch thee
With his fierce-blazing heat;
To weary sheep and cattle
Thou givest comfort meet.
And because I am singing
The beauty that is thine,
Henceforth shalt thou be numbered
Among the springs divine.
Sweeter than Arethusa,
Purer than Hippocrene,
More noble than Castalia,
The haunt of heaven's queen,





And dearer than Pieria
Where dwell the Muses high,
Thou too shalt be immortal,
Bandusia, thou and I.





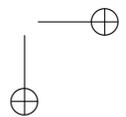
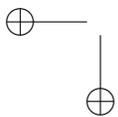
BOOK III ODE 26
THE HAS-BEEN

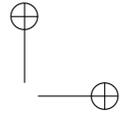
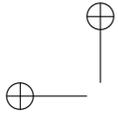
Vixi puellis nuper idoneus

The girls all liked me once; not without glory
I've lived and played the soldier and the lover.
But now I'm old and that's another story,
My dancing and my fighting days are over.

Hang up my shield and helmet, lute and lyre,
In Venus' temple by the timeless ocean;
No more I burn with youth's eternal fire,
Yet in my heart still lingers one emotion:

O queen divine, who in soft Cyprus singest
Of Memphis far from regions cold and snowy,
Lift high the cruelest lash which thou swingest,
Give a good licking to my haughty Chloë!





BOOK III ODE 30
**NOT MARBLE,
NOR THE GILDED MONUMENTS OF PRINCES**

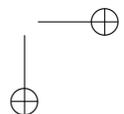
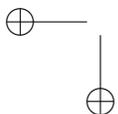
Exegi monumentum aere perennius

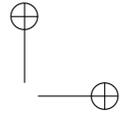
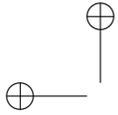
Lo, I have builded me a monument
More durable than bronze, and loftier far
Than royal pride of pyramids, which not
Consuming storm, nor fury impotent
Of wind, nor lapse of years innumerable,
Nor flight of ages ever can destroy.

I shall not wholly die; my greater part
Shall escape the grave, and freshly shall I grow
With fame of time to come, so long as still
Pontiff and Vestal climb the sacred hill.

It will be said that, where the Aufidus
Rolls boisterous by and Daunus ruled a land
Of rustic people and unfertile fields,
I, like a mighty prince from lowly loins,
Bent to Italian modes the songs of Greece.

Melpomene, assume the pride which my
Deserts demand, and gladly bind my brow
With thine immortal Delphic laurel now.





BOOK IV ODE 1
EHEU FRUSTRA, SENECTUS!

Intermissa, Venus, diu

Venus, would'st thou have me seek to renew
The sports of long ago? Prithee, forbear!
I'm not the man I used to be, when dear
Cinara ruled my heart and loved me true.

Mother of sweet desires, cease I pray,
For I am callous to thy soft command,
I am too old to eat out of the hand:
Hark what the voices of the youngsters say.

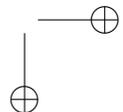
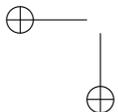
'Twere fitter far, Venus, for thee to haste,
Borne by thy shining swans in pageantry,
To Paulus Maximus. There shalt thou see
Gay mettle more attractive to thy taste.

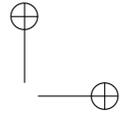
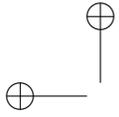
Comely is he, and filled with noble pride,
That last infirmity of human hearts,
A youth accomplished in a hundred arts
To celebrate thy service far and wide.

When, by his gifts prevailing, he shall laugh
Over some lavish rival, let him set
Thy shrine by Alban shores, a carcanet
Under the citron bough. There shalt thou quaff

Incense like the bouquet of choicest wine;
And shalt delight in mingled melody
Of lute and lyre, and in light psalmody
Of Berecynthian flute and pipe divine.

There, daily praising thee in thine abode,
Shall youths and maidens delicately beat
The ground with fleeting touch of snowy feet
In triple time after the Salic mode.

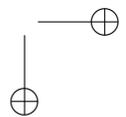
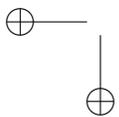


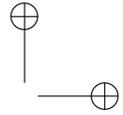
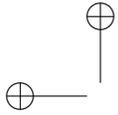


But as for me, man delights me no more,
Nor woman neither, nor the trustful hope
Of minds commutual, nor the riotous scope
Of revelry, as in the days of yore.

But why, dear Ligurinus, alas why
Steals now and then adown my cheek a tear?
Why halts my tongue, once eloquent, in fear
Amid the high tide of my ecstasy?

In visions of the dawn I hold my love
Captive again, now follow her in flight
Over field and forest through the darkling night,
But perish ere love's fulness I may prove.





BOOK IV ODE 7
SPRING AND DEATH

Diffugere nives, redeunt iam gramina campis

The snows have fled; already now return
Verdure and foliage to meadows hoar.
Earth changes, and the little brawling burn
Subsides beneath its shore.

Spring with her sister nymphs now dares to weave
The naked dance; but the hour that doth send
The day hence warns thee thy fond hope to leave
Of pleasure without end.

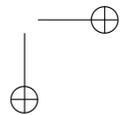
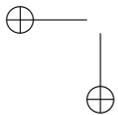
Spring softens the cold, but is trodden down
By summer destined then to pass in turn,
When autumn pours her harvest forth, and soon
Numb winter shall return.

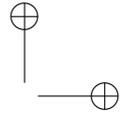
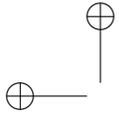
The swift moon doth repair her monthly change
Forever; but when we have gone to be
Where the great spirits of the past do range,
Shadow and dust are we.

Who knows if the high gods shall add a part
Of future time to to-day's sum of care?
Whate'er thou grantest to thine own dear heart
Escapes thy greedy heir.

When once thou hast departed and on thee
Minos hath passed august arbitrament,
Not wit shall thee restore, nor piety,
To earth's dear element.

Dian grants not Hippolytus to wend
From nether darkness nor hath Theseus power
From bonds Lethean to set free his friend
In death's unwelcome hour.

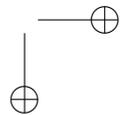
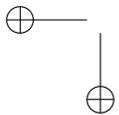


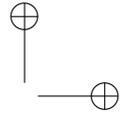
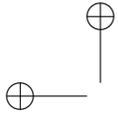


BOOK IV ODE 10
YOUTH AND AGE

O crudelis adhuc et Veneris muneribus potens

Ah, Ligurinus, while you still feel gay
The wrinkles of old age come unforeseen,
Your skin grows sallow and your hair turns grey;
Then, when in the mirror you survey
Your altered countenance, sadly you say:
“Why wasn’t I wiser when I was young?
Si jeunesse savait! si vieillesse pouvait!””





BOOK IV ODE 11
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!

Est mihi nonum superantis annum

I have a jar full of old Alban wine
Of nine-year vintage; in my garden grows
Parsley for weaving garlands, and the rose
Blooms there amid the vine

To deck thy tresses. All the house doth shine
With silver vessels; and the altar, wreathed
With sacred foliage, waits to be bathed
In sacrifice divine.

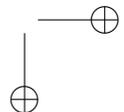
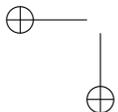
Hither and thither, bustling in their haste,
The lads and lasses run; upon the hearth
The flames dance; through the chimney's sooty girth
The white smoke eddies fast.

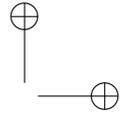
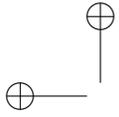
That thou may'st know to what brave festival
Thou art bidden, Phyllis, 'tis to celebrate
The Ides of April, a day consecrate
To Venus above all;

More dear to me than my own natal day;
For from that day Maecenas counts his years:
On that day let us banish idle tears,
And drive dull care away.

Thy rival Lydia's wealth and wanton fire
Now hold in thrall young Telephus, the youth
Above thy rank and station, who in sooth
Hath been thy heart's desire.

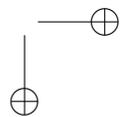
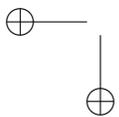
Against ambitious hopes scorched Phaëton
Warns thee; and heavenly-winged Pegasus,
Scorning his earthly rider, counsels us
To heed Bellerophon,

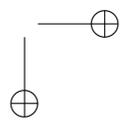
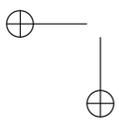
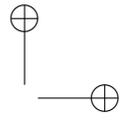
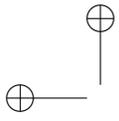


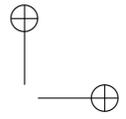
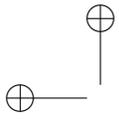


To seek our equal, deeming it a wrong
To hope for more than to our lot is cast.
Come therefore now, of all my loves the last,
For henceforth I shall long

For no maiden more precious in my eyes.
Come, soothe my spirit with thy sweet caress,
And singing make my weary wilderness
A shining Paradise!







<https://iwpbooks.me/>

