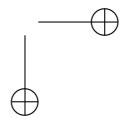
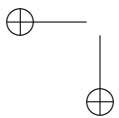
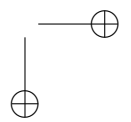
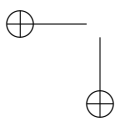
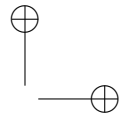
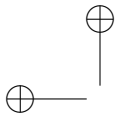
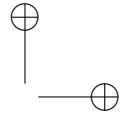
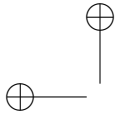


THE ODES OF HORACE
A SELECTION



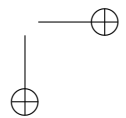
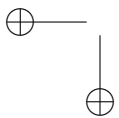


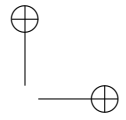
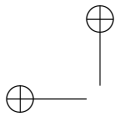


THE ODES OF HORACE
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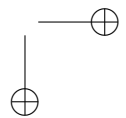
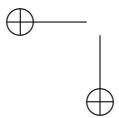
Translated by Leonard Chalmers-Hunt

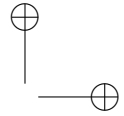
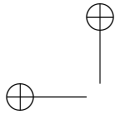
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2024
First Published, 1925





FOREWORD

By the Hon. Mr. Justice McCardie

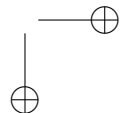
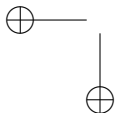
I gladly give a few words of welcome to this little volume by Mr. Chalmers-Hunt, entitled *Odes of Horace: A Selection*. The English Bar has always been loyal to the high sovereignty of literature. Mr. Chalmers-Hunt (who is a barrister of the Middle Temple) is carrying on the happy tradition by rendering into English verse many of the Odes of Quintus Horatius Flaccus.

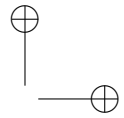
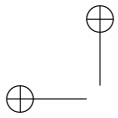
“Culture,” said George Meredith, “is half way to Heaven.” To the question – What is Culture? I know of no better answer than that given by Matthew Arnold in the preface to his *Literature and Dogma*. “Culture,” he said, “is to know the best that has been said and thought in the world.”

A striking feature of modern culture is the ever widening interest in the literature of ancient Rome. We recognize in deepening measure the debt we owe to it. To no one is the debt more due than to Horace. He was the Poet Laureate of Rome. The tribute paid to him in the third chapter of Professor Conway’s *New Studies of a Great Inheritance*, is a just recognition of our obligation.

Horace lived in a supreme period of world history. He was born in 65 B.C. He died in 8 B.C. The space of his life was marked by great events. He was 21 years old when Julius Cæsar was assassinated. He was 22 when Cicero was killed. He served as a military tribune under Brutus at the battle of Philippi in 42 B.C. He was the friend of Augustus Cæsar. He was the companion of Virgil. He knew the inner movements of Roman policy.

Much of his life was passed in the microcosm Rome itself. He was a contemporary of Propertius, of Sallust, and of Ovid.





He talked with Tibullus. He had listened, I doubt not, to the eloquence of Cicero.

Much of his life was passed also in the quiet homestead on his Sabine farm. "*Beatus ille qui procul negotis.*" He and his patron Mæcenas, died in the same year. They were buried close together on the slope of the Esquiline Hill.

He had passed a life of vivid experiences.

He knew the world. He knew men. He had analyzed the springs of human conduct. He had watched the play of human passions and the ceaseless artistry of circumstance.

His poems reflect the life and thought of his time. They reveal the tragedy and humour of life.

His observation was keen. His education was wide. He was versed in the literature known to the men of his time. He had studied as a youth in the University of Athens and amongst his fellow pupils was the son of Cicero.

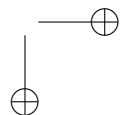
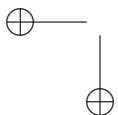
Such was the man. Of him it may be said, as of Sophocles:

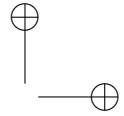
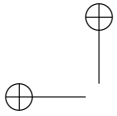
He saw life steadily and saw it whole.

To the richness of his experience, he added a mastery of diction. Probably his works supply a greater wealth of the quotations daily used by men, than all the other literature of Rome put together.

He bequeathed to us a star shower of felicitous phrases. It is happily observed by Professor Mackail that "his unique power of compression is not that of the poet who suddenly flashes out in a golden phrase, but more akin to the art of the distiller who imprisons an essence, or the gem engraver working by minute touches on a fragment of translucent stone."

His popularity was and has been unexampled from the day when the Odes (the labour of ten years) were first published in 23 B.C. by the brothers Sosii. He became at once a "*scriptor classicus.*" A critical edition of his works was published by Probus in about A.D. 75. There is a delightful essay by





Sainte Beuve with the title “What is a classic?” He offers the definition that a classic is “*an old author canonised by admiration.*” That definition aptly applies to Horace. He has never ceased to hold the affections of men. He is almost a negation of his own words

Pulvis et umbra sumus.

His appeal is to the man of thought and the man of action alike – to the man of business and the man of a profession. Nor is the appeal less to the historian. He who would know Rome must know Horace. The moralist cannot ignore him for he was the poet of character and he saw that character was the basis of individual and national well being.

There have been many translations of his works. He who would appreciate the difficulties of translation will recall with interest the *Essay on Translation* by Tyler, published so long ago as 1791. He who would gain a still deeper conception of the difficulties will himself seek to render into English verse a few of the subtler odes of Horace.

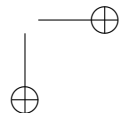
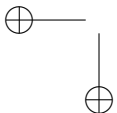
Translation is indeed a difficult task. The man who has given perfection not merely to the thought but also to the style of his author might well say:

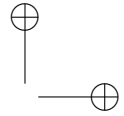
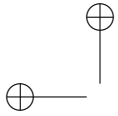
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

The colour and perfume of style are ever elusive. Perhaps the beauties of Horace were peculiar to the Latin tongue. The phrase of Petronius seems to grow in truth, with each decade. “*Horatii curiosa felicitas.*”

This version of Horace by Mr. Chalmers-Hunt, must be judged by the public. They must determine its merits.

I hope they will find that the volume is marked by many charming touches, many graceful lines and many melodious couplets. I wish all success to Mr. Chalmers-Hunt. He will not have failed if he adds to the number of those who have found solace and delight in the wisdom and genius of Horace.

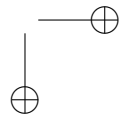
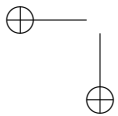


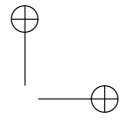
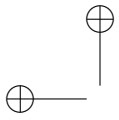


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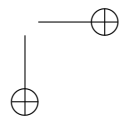
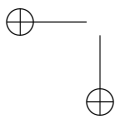
From Mr. E. A. Barber, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford

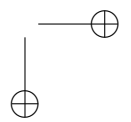
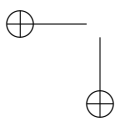
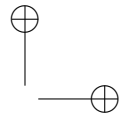
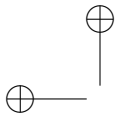
The list of English translators of *Horace Odes* is a long one and contains many names of high distinction in classical scholarship. Though the twentieth century is perhaps inclined to appraise this kind of poetry less highly than its predecessors did, yet it is a proof of Horace's enduring attractiveness, that even to-day the Odes still tempt not a few readers of the sort of which England has always been justly proud, *viz.*, those who are not professional scholars, to see whether they cannot render into their native tongue something of the charm and skill which have fascinated them in the original. The difficulties are notoriously great, and no version can hope to overcome all of them; but the renderings which follow show that the translator has not tried to run away from the problem, and that in much of his phrasing he has achieved a degree of success on which he is to be congratulated. We believe that many readers will peruse his versions with interest.

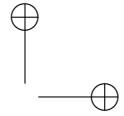
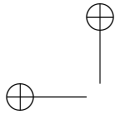




BOOK I

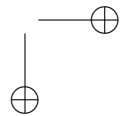
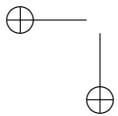


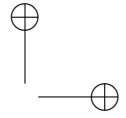
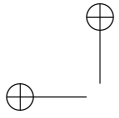




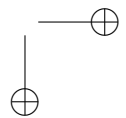
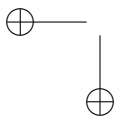
ODE I
TO MÆCENAS

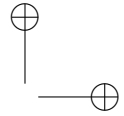
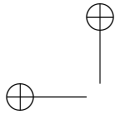
Kinsman of kings by long descent,
My shield and gracious ornament.
Some doth the chariot-course delight,
To avoid the goal with ardent flight.
To watch the flashing wheels go round,
That strew with dust the Olympic ground.
There, glory lifts them to the skies,
Who win the palm's exalted prize.
This man, the fickle crowd would move,
Peculiar honours to approve.
This man, would in his granary pour,
Grain swept from Afric's threshing-floor.
The yeoman, his familiar close,
For cargo rich would ne'er propose
To exchange; with Cyprian argosy,
To breast the wave of Myrto's sea;
The wave-borne trader tempest-blown,
His township's rural peace shall own,
But shattered barks he'll soon refit,
To want impatient to submit.
And this, would through luxurious day,
With Massic wine wile time away,
He, where dark shrubs shade from the gleam,
Reclines near some pellucid stream.
And these to tented lines repair,
Who love the brazen clarion's flare,
Whose safe return will ease her sighs,
And gladden the maternal eyes.





The seasoned hunter chases late,
Regardless of his nuptial state,
Whose well-trained hounds the hind have seen,
Or meshes ripped by wild-boar's spleen.
But me, more learned chaplets call,
The Muse and Lesbian lyre enthrall.
Mine be some shady fountained grot,
Where noisy rabble enters not.
Where strains of pipe and lute resound,
And all the fabled folk go round.
If fluty stops Euterpe brings,
And Polyhymnia sweeps the strings –
Should'st thou my lyric verse enrol,
The stars would hail the poet's soul!





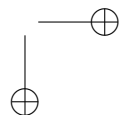
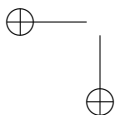
ODE III
TO VERGILIUS

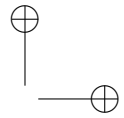
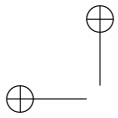
Do thou fair queen of love,
And ye bright stars above,
 Virgilius protect!
Do thou O soft west wind,
His ship assigned,
Bring safely back,
O'er favoured track
His course direct.

With oak and brass his breast
In triple folds was pressed
 Who first essayed the sea.
Nor feared the whistling gale
With storm-rent sail.
Midst monsters great,
He courted Fate
 With chivalry!

In vain the gods divide,
The shores with ocean's tide,
 A prudent boundary.
If vessels onward bound
Over the sound,
Though rocks portend
A fearful end,
 And dangers nigh!

Prometheus did not fail,
Jove's sacred torch to assail,
 With impious treachery.

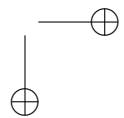
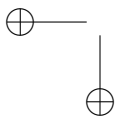


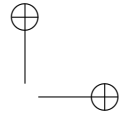
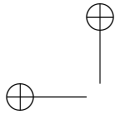


Then pestilential bands
To fevered lands
Lean famine brought.
And Death unsought
Came silently!

'Tis not to mortals giv'n,
To scale the heights of Heav'n,
Yet Dædalus did fly.
With wings sped through the air!
And triumphed there
To Alcides fell
The gates of Hell
Ingloriously!

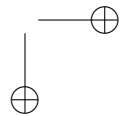
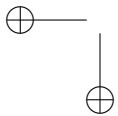
Nought mortals can retard,
For them is nought too hard,
Though elements revolt!
The skies must own their fame!
Their might acclaim.
From them nor deep
Can secrets keep,
Nor thunder bolt!

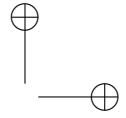
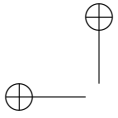




ODE IV
TO L. SEXTIUS

Now spring dissolves the wintry plain,
And balmy airs blow soft again!
Dry keels grate on the pebbled floor,
Drawn by stout pulleys to the shore.
No more the kine their sheds desire,
No more the ploughman needs his fire.
Fields dewy-white but not with frost,
Have robbed chill winter of his boast.
Now radiant Venus foots the dance
The moon around doth palely glance.
The Graces who in arts exult,
With Nymphs display the salient cult.
While Vulcan at his anvil plies,
And Cyclopean flames arise.
Our brows with floral wreaths we'll bind,
Or crown with myrtle sprays entwined.
To Faun his votive choice we'll pay,
Younglings of herd and flock display.
For Death with measured footstep sure,
Strikes down the magnate with the boor.
O happy Sextius! blest is he,
Who prudent, knows life's brevity!
Soon night will spread its darkling wing,
And Pluto's halls grim shadows fling!
Where precedence in mirth and wine,
Shall dice propitious ne'er assign.
Nor shall young Lycidas aspire,
To be youth's envy, maids' desire.





ODE V
TO PYRRHA

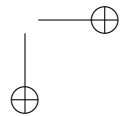
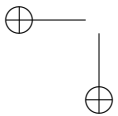
Pyrrha! who is the youth whom you inspire,
Where sheds the odorous rose its liquid fire?
Who now in yon sequestered garden-plot,
Pours in your ear his exigent desire?

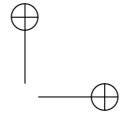
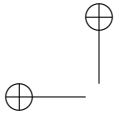
Do you for him your bright gold tresses bind?
Can swathes so coiled forswear a gentle mind?
Him, your feigned smile your glance demure have led,
To wreck his happiness through folly blind.

Your mien decorous oft shall he lament,
Bewail changed deities and fortune spent.
Regardless now, black winds he soon shall seek,
Brave the wild surf and darkling firmament.

His reason, thrall to your alluring smile,
His hope, the hours more amiable beguile!
His expectation reckons not the gale,
Nor doubts his blissful heedlessness assail!

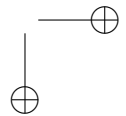
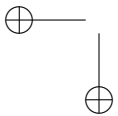
Lost they, who blindly doting on your face.
Prove at their cost your callous lack of grace!
Ye gods! to whom I once wet garment hung,
A mural slab now marks the sacred place!

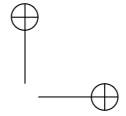
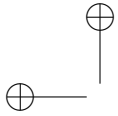




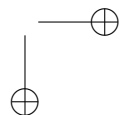
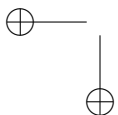
ODE VII
TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS

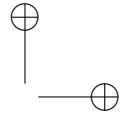
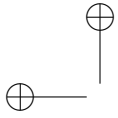
Some poets Ephesus may praise,
Sing Delphi and Apollo's lays,
Tempe, with atmosphere divine,
Thebes, noted for its praise of wine,
Or sea-girt Corinth's haven fair,
Where ships from far-off lands repair.
Happy are they for whom the muse
Finds the employment each would choose!
To celebrate in verses neat,
Her temples, and fair Pallas greet.
Finding a liberal recompense,
In olive garlands gathered thence –
And some to Argos yield the prize,
Famed for equestrian exercise.
Others, whom dreams of wealth invite,
In rich Mycenæ find delight.
I sing not stubborn Sparta's name,
Nor flat Larrissa's fruitful fame.
I sing Albunea's echoing halls,
The spray from Anio's rushing falls.
Yea, in my walks I love to rove,
The avenues of Tibur's grove.
Composing lays in orchards wet,
With many a tinkling rivulet.
The soft south wind now moist with rain,
Shall touch with blue the skies again.
Your mind with toilsome care distraight,
A good wine's bouquet shall elate,





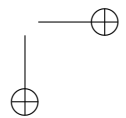
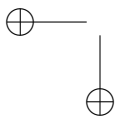
Whether the bannered camps constrain,
Or shady lawns your limbs detain –
When Teucer Salamis had fled,
With poplar wreath adorned his head,
With temples moist with Lycæ's wine,
He scorned misfortune to repine.
And cheered his small disheartened band,
Worn strangers in a stranger land –
“Where fortune shall our steps direct,
Hearts shall be brave and heads erect.
I am your leader, I your mate,
Together we will conquer fate –
Hath not Apollo augured well,
In a fair city shall ye dwell,
Tho' we have toiled o'er tide and shore,
A new world lies our path before.
Come drink prosperity to be,
To-morrow, we will sail the sea.”

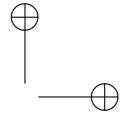
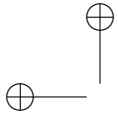




ODE VIII
TO LYDIA

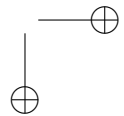
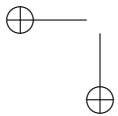
Ye gods! my Lydia, tell me this,
Why would you ruin Sybaris?
Who though inured to dust and heat,
No longer seeks the camp to greet.
Why does he spare his restless steed
Which well-drilled exercise doth need?
Or fear to dive from Tiber's ledge
And swim the stream from edge to edge.
Why does he fragrant oils forsake,
Nor limb-anointed, weapons take?
He who was skilled to hurl the quoit,
To javelin give longer flight.
Now shameless seeks a woeful fate,
The Trojan coward to imitate.

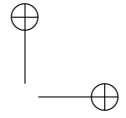
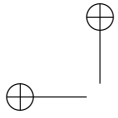




ODE IX
TO TALIARCHUS

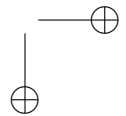
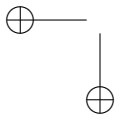
Yon mountain's peak is all aglow,
With towering splendour of the snow.
The woods 'neath glist'ning burdens bow,
Their laden branches bending low.
Irriguous streams with ice-bound chain,
No more meander through the plain.
Pile logs, the winter's cold abate,
With liberal cups your hearts elate!
Close-ringed about the hearth, your kin,
Shall praise the wine well-aged in bin. –
To Heav'n commend your anxious care,
Who calms the sea, brings genial air.
Who stills the elms in swaying stress.
The ash and ancient cypress-trees. –
Whate'er the morrow's lot may be,
Await with equanimity.
And every day that Fate may give,
Count Fortune's boon, and thine to live!
Let sportive youth rejoice in youth,
To comely charms be ne'er uncouth.
Do not the sprightly dance disdain,
While strength and mind to enjoy, remain.
Now let the common and the park,
Resound with whispers in the dark!
Where hid in some remote recess,
Her laugh betrays the stolen kiss,
Or clasping of a yielding arm,
Or fingers held, to snatch a charm.

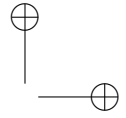
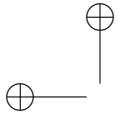




ODE X
TO MERCURIUS

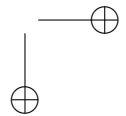
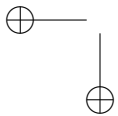
Hail, Mercury, the glib of tongue,
To whom doth eloquence belong!
Thou who of old, the art of speech,
To our rude ancestors didst teach.
Gav'st grace to supple arms and thighs,
Trained with Paestrian exercise. –
Thy praise, wing'd Mercury do I sing
Swift courier of Olympus' king.
Originator of the lyre,
Who didst the craft of strings inspire.
And with sly quip and jesting boast,
Didst pilfer what didst covet most.
Behold you now, in boyhood's days,
Prestigiator, who didst raise
Apollo's anger, when with leer,
Didst steal his oxen steer by steer. –
Until his wrath, didst turn to smiles,
His quiver victim of thy wiles.
Behold again, when by a ruse,
Didst guile the sons of proud Atreus,
Priam unseen, by thy decoy,
Didst spirit far from flaming Troy.
Thine is the lot to aid the just,
Who late have left their mortal dust.
Lightly thy golden wand dost wield,
Guiding the blest to joys revealed.
Beloved, by all above, below,
To whom thy favour thou dost show.

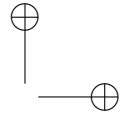
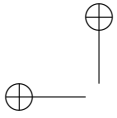




ODE XI
TO LEUCONOË

'Tis wrong for you to seek to know,
What end to each shall Heav'n bestow.
'Tis not for you, nor yet for me,
To numbers search Leuconoë!
Your lot with resignation bear,
Leave to high Jove your future care.
Who knoweth, if this wintry blast,
Which rocks the main 'neath skies o'ercast,
Shall be the last or shall still more,
Lash with wild force the Tyrrhene shore?
Seek a calm frame of mind to gain,
With careful hand your vintage strain.
With Hope conditioned to your need,
Of moments fugitive take heed!
Words will not envious Time delay,
Which, while we speak, has fled away.
Clutch while you may the present hour,
Nor mind uncertain future's dower!





ODE XIV
TO THE STATE

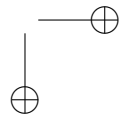
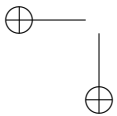
O ship, now drifting further from the shore,
What unknown perils lie your track before!
Forbear a strange uncharted course to steer,
Come back to port, do you not ruin fear?

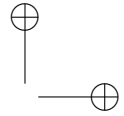
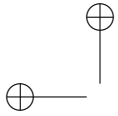
How can your oarless row-locks stem the tide?
Your splintered mast leans sagging o'er your side,
Groaning your yards, with rigging lost, your keel,
Is left a derelict to toss and reel.

Rent are your sails! – Forsaken is your cause
By Gods who govern destinies, O pause,
While boasting of your race and ancient name,
To each, your uselessness has brought dire shame!

You who were hewn and shaped of Pontic pine,
Proud daughter of a long arboreous line!
Do you take heed, e'en in disaster learn,
“A ship-wrecked sailor scorns a painted stern.”

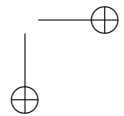
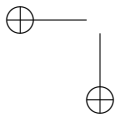
Mark well your shattered bulwarks, and beware,
Lest every wind shall mock at your despair:
Cause of my grief, e'en now my cup of woe,
Shun seas that 'tween false Cyclades do flow.

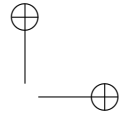
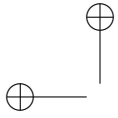




ODE XVI
A RECANTATION

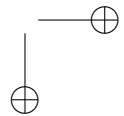
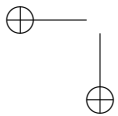
O daughter blest with comely grace,
Less lovely was your mother's face!
To bitter verse an end must be,
Consumed by flames or cast in sea!
Nor priestly mind is so opprest,
When Pythian hordes the shrine molest.
No cymbals clashed in frenzied rite,
To ear could ever give such fright,
As those iambics which I wrote,
Ungenerously in days remote!
Nor fire nor sword could then prevent,
Nor Jove's tumultuous tempest sent.
Nor the wild raging of the sea
Wrecking doomed ships disastrously.
The potter who first shaped our clay,
Did take from beasts each part (they say),
And a more finished work to test,
Added a lion's heart to breast!
From this did fierce resentments grow,
Rage slew Thyestes, the dread plough,
To cities brought their overthrow! –
Compose your once indignant mind,
Forgive youth's hasty impulse blind! –
Those harsh iambics I deplore,
Which then I wrote with spirit sore!
Who seek my temper so morose
To change; thoughts gentle to disclose,
Should wrongs recanted feelings mild,
Restore your friendship reconciled.

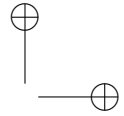
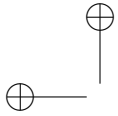




ODE XVII
TO TYNDARIS

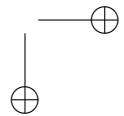
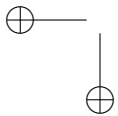
Pan oft descends from Lycæ's height,
My rural homestead to delight,
Who tempers heat, and shields from rain,
My she-goats browsing the champaign.
That wand'ring seek safe hills to climb,
And nibble strawberry trees and thyme.
Frolicksome kids no longer dread
Green lizard nor the wolf's gaunt head,
When through the vale and rocks around,
Thy sweet low pastoral notes resound.
Here offer I, my modest praise,
To powers that welcome rural lays.
Behold! such plenty doth adorn,
The country-side with fruitful horn.
Here in this solitary vale,
The dog-star's heat shall not prevail,
Penelope shall wake my lyre,
Circe shall hymen's songs inspire.
To her did Neptune beauty give,
While each for the same lover strive.
Here, shall you quaff soft Lesbian wine,
Where branches interlaced entwine!
Here shall the din of conflicts cease,
Where reigns the solitude of peace!
Nor tyrant e'er with cruel grasp,
Shall chaplets rend, nor robe unclasp.

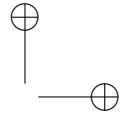
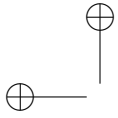




ODE XVIII
TO VARUS

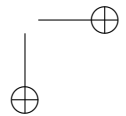
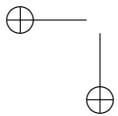
Who farms rich Tibur, plants his vines,
Young shoots round wall'd Catilius twines.
O Varus would you happy be?
Then make the vine your sacred tree.
Harder to sober persons are,
Vicissitudes and anxious care.
Let modest cups suffice your need,
They'll bring to you a friend indeed!
For who would happy over wine,
Of war or circumstance complain?
Toast therefore with contented strain,
Your charmer and her charms again!
If you would be exceeding wise,
So use the wine that edifies,
That rancour's heat you shall avoid,
The sneers that wound, the taunts that gride.
Distinguish love from sordid lust,
Nor inspiration soil with dust.
The things that blemish, things that shine,
Divide not with a narrow line.
Nor roughly shake the unwilling cup,
Nor prate of secrets treasured up.
Silence the cymbals, stop the horn,
If thus self-consciousness is born.
Ignore the fatuous empty head,
Whose balance hangeth by a thread.
Scorn broken faith, whose hints alas,
Are more transparent e'en than glass.

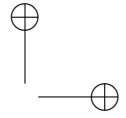
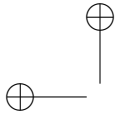




ODE XIX
TO GLYCERA

Now Love invites, the cup delights,
And passion's flame commends,
The attractions of my former flame,
While Fate occasion lends!
My Glycera's eyes wake memories,
Her face like marble glows,
Poignant remembrance goads me on,
To seek a cure for woes!
For Love hath left her Cyprian bower,
Nor suffers me to sing
The Scythians and their warlike steeds,
Either of man or thing!
So bring you here a grassy turf,
Vervains and frankincense.
A cup of wine that's two-years old
Shall bring my love from hence!



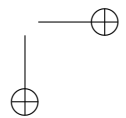
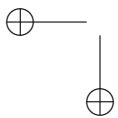


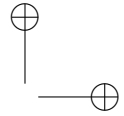
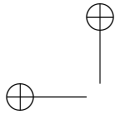
ODE XX
TO MÆCENAS

A Grecian cask of sound rough Sabine wine
Is all that I can offer to my friend!
I sealed it, stored it, marked it with a sign
When shouts the forum's atmosphere did rend!

Shouts given for you, my most illustrious knight,
When Vatican's proud hill rang with your praise!
Your stream's paternal banks with sheer delight
Heard from afar and echoed the applause!

To you belong the generous vintages,
Of Calen's and Cæcuba's choicest vines!
For me, no vintager shall ever press
The Formian grape, nor rack Falernian wines!





ODE XXII
TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS

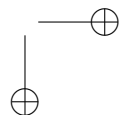
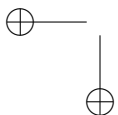
He, whose life blameless, integrity shows,
No need has of spear, poisoned arrows nor bows!
Though he through the desert or Caucasus go,
Or regions where fabled Hydaspes doth flow!

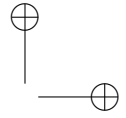
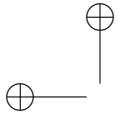
One day free from care, my steps wandered beyond,
The bounds of my homestead of memories fond.
A gaunt Sabine wolf passed, when I was unarmed,
Which when I sang Lalage, bolted alarmed.

A monster so fearful of menacing mien,
In Daunia's oak-forests has never been seen!
The like was ne'er bred in that far warlike land,
Nor where Juba's lions thrive 'midst the dry sand!

You may place me in plains bare of culture and ease,
Where never cool zephyr refreshes the trees,
In the world's furthest quarter, opprest by dark clouds,
And by hard fate; where climate the atmosphere shrouds.

Though you place me in lands where no dwellings are found,
Where the sun's rays beat down on the parched barren ground.
Still love for my Lalage, smiling and neat,
Shall give to my lyrics notes dulcet and sweet.



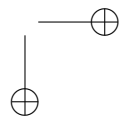
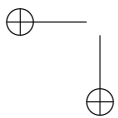


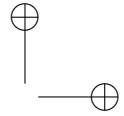
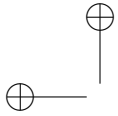
ODE XXIII
TO CHLOË

Are you a fawn that you should shun me so,
Seeking fair Chloë, its maternal doe?
That bounding up the tangled mountain-side
From stirring breeze and swaying branch would hide.

Perchance the wind doth some wild-rose leaf shake,
Or a green lizard rustles in the brake.
Innocent, cause the quivering heart I ween,
That fancies danger where none can be seen.

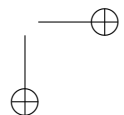
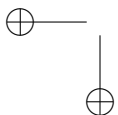
Am I a lion? that thus in wait I lay,
To seize and ravish love's delicious prey.
In a new home, aside cast vain alarms,
Come seek the shelter of your lover's arms!

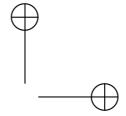
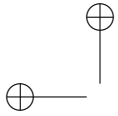




ODE XXIV
TO VERGILIUS

When sorrow weeps for one so dear,
Shall shame forbid the mourner's tear?
Awake my muse your tuneful lyre,
Clear is the voice the gods inspire!
Though sleep perpetual shall be his,
Though wrapt in gloom Quinctilius is,
Extol his Justice, Faith, and Truth,
The virtues of ingenuous youth!
O when shall they his equal find
In modesty and charm refined?
He died lamented by the wise,
Vergilius! yours the deepest sighs!
Ne'er shall Avernus drear relent,
His life restore to body spent.
Could you rare Orpheus' fingers trace,
Excel the magic bard of Thrace,
(Famed for his oak-compelling lays,)
He would not pass from realms beyond,
Where Mercury with grievous wand,
Drives the pale flock to that dim land,
Nor prayers devout unlock the door,
Closed by hard Fate for evermore.
At fixed decrees 'tis wrong to fret,
Endurance lightens e'en regret!





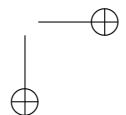
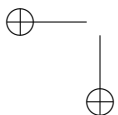
ODE XXVI
TO ÆLIUS LAMIA

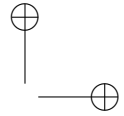
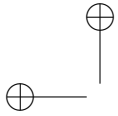
O may the friendly muses bear,
My sadness to the stormy seas.
Yielding to wayward winds my care,
I choose the joys of leisured ease!

Careless, what servile thrall may bow
Beneath the northern tyrant's wrath,
A garland for my Lamia's brow,
I weave from flowers that strew my path.

Grant me the immortal gift of song!
Warm tribute to my friend inspire!
That blest by all th' harmonious throng,
I'll strike an undiscording lyre.

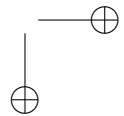
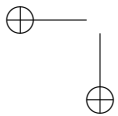
For without thee whom fountains please,
I cannot sing of fount or rill!
Thine be the merit, thine the increase,
Who dost inspire the Lesbian quill!

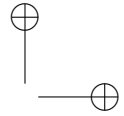
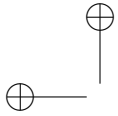




ODE XXVII
TO HIS COMPANIONS

Cups were made for jollity,
Mirth, and not for cruelty.
Giv'n for thirst and not for fight,
Like the Thracians venting spite.
Guard libations lovingly,
Pay respect to deity.
Lamps and wine congenial are,
Freed from Median scimitar!
Let unseemly brawling rest,
Be your couch by elbow pressed.
If you wish it, comrades mine,
I'll quaff coarse Falernian wine!
So that all my toast shall share,
Flowing bumpers I'll declare!
Let the smitten brother tell,
Whose the arrow, whose the spell?
Surely, you are not afraid
To confess the cherished maid!
Love may torture, love may tame,
Yours is an ingenuous flame!
What the mind doth hold most dear,
Trust its secret to my ear. –
Ah, wild youth! dost toil in vain,
Victim to the treacherous main.
Worthy of a better fate,
Ne'er shall Charybdis satiate. –
What God, astrologer or sage
With drugs or charm can doom assuage?
Scarce Pegamus could set you free,
Bound in Chimærian agony.



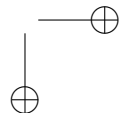
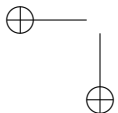


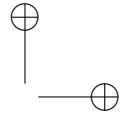
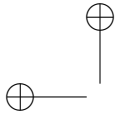
ODE XXVIII
TO ARCHYTAS

'Twill take but little sand to scatter o'er
Archytas! who could measure sea and shore.
He who could with inviolable mind,
Search the round globe, the skies' wide circuit find.

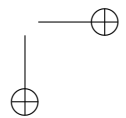
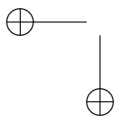
Archytas:

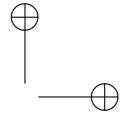
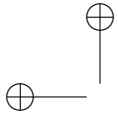
Know thou that Death, the sire of Pelop's claimed,
Whom gods hospitable their guest had named.
And Minos chosen confidant of Jove,
So fate, Tithonus did from earth remove,
To Hades came at length Panthorides,
Who in far Trojan times his shield did seize,
And with a mighty spirit testified,
Though yielding flesh and nerves, dark Death defied.
As thou thyself, just arbiter, shalt find. –
Who studiest nature with no erring mind.
Once must the fatal path by man be trod,
Dark is the night where flows Death's endless flood.
Some pay in blood the sacrifice to war,
Others from depths unfathomed come no more.
The pyres of youth and age together glow,
And every head to ruthless Death must bow.
Around me did the raging south wind blow,
And o'er me did the waves Illyrian flow –
O sailor! of your pity, ashes spare,
And let my shroudless body be your care.
So when the blast shall lash Hesperia's main,
And all Venusia's woods its shocks sustain,





Safe you shall go, and earn a due reward,
From the just Power that doth Tarentum guard.
Take heed lest nature with avenging hand,
For negligence, the penal due demand.
Lest on your guiltless children there should be,
The vicious stain of your iniquity.
For pangs of conscience and wrongs sequent cares,
Impervious are to sacrifice or prayers.
So in your haste, pause for a moment's spell,
Cast o'er me three-fold dust, and fare you well.





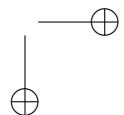
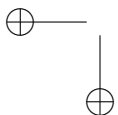
ODE XXIX
TO ICCIUS

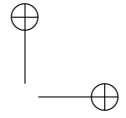
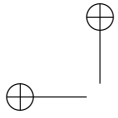
O Iccius what a change of front,
Arabian gold more blessed to count.
Or now to seek belligerent fame,
Undaunted Sabine kings to tame!

You, now the armourers forge constrains
To weld for furious Mede his chains.
What though you slay her plighted mate,
Can captive maid ingratiate?

What liveried page court-trained shall stand,
Before your couch the cup to hand?
Who, trained the arrow's flight to know,
Learned archery with paternal bow.

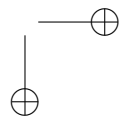
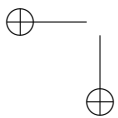
As well might Tiber's sullen tide
With backward course up ravine glide.
When you, whom studious works could please,
Acquired the lore of Socrates.
Who, gifts unusual did reveal,
Now barter books for coats of mail.

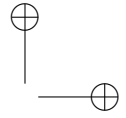
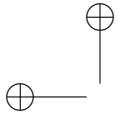




ODE XXX
TO VENUS

Fair ruler of the realms of love,
Venus, now quit thy Cyprian grove!
Grant to my Glycera some sign,
Who offers incense at thy shrine.
To her thy radiance now reveal,
That she may love's sweet influence feel.
Bid Cupid come with fervid haste,
The tender nymphs and graces chaste,
With youth, decorous at thy hand,
And Mercury jocose and bland.





ODE XXXI
TO APOLLO

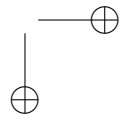
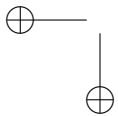
What of Apollo shall the poet ask,
Pouring a full libation from the flask?
Nor crops Sardinian nor Calabrian herds,
Nor gold, nor Indian ivory, nor bask

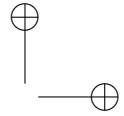
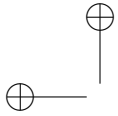
In meads, where doth fair-flowing Iris glide!
Wearing away his banks with noiseless tide!
Let those that own them prune Calenian vines,
Rich in the share that Fortune doth provide!

Theirs, the gold cup that Syrian produce buys,
Theirs is the wine that deities may prize!
They from Atlantic voyages return,
Thrice every year, safe with their merchandize!

But me, a salad dressed with olives feeds,
With mallows shall suffice my modest needs!
To thee, Apollo, this shall be my prayer,
For health to enjoy the fruitage of my deeds!

O grant to me the unpretentious mind,
That finds enjoyment in a lot confined!
And grant the years may bring unsullied age.
Leaving a lyre inviolate behind!





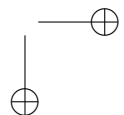
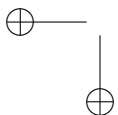
ODE XXXII
TO HIS LYRE

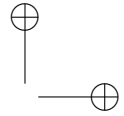
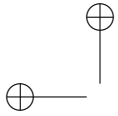
Me it behoves, if pleasing shade,
Has brought the leisable hour,
If I have sung in this fair glade,
One lay that shall through time endure.

A Latin ode I'd have thee play,
O Lyre! first by Alcæus tuned,
Who swift to join the armed fray,
His keel upon the shore had bound.

Who Bacchus sang, as he was wont,
The Muses, Venus and her son.
Dark Lycus, showing noble front,
Glowing with victories he had won.

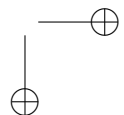
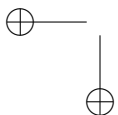
Dear emblem of Apollo's fame,
Who charmst the banquets of high Jove!
To me, may thy propitious name,
Bring rest from toil, sweet joys of love!

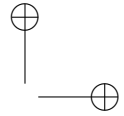
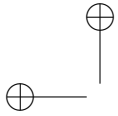




ODE XXXIII
TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS

Tibullus! you should cease to brood,
Glycera's inconstant mood!
Cease this doleful elegy,
Chanting such dire perfidy!
She who did your suit sustain,
Now prefers a younger swain.
Lycoris is all aglow,
Noted for her snowy brow.
Cyrus seeks who lit the flame,
Philoë, imperious dame,
Rather that goats with wolves should mate,
Than Philoë should meet such fate.
Ah, Venus loves a bitter joke,
Brings folk unsuited 'neath the yoke.
My youthful love knew sweet distress,
Held by a small foot in duress.
Myrtale, freed from servile state,
Had a tongue like Calabria's strait!





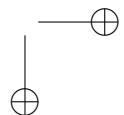
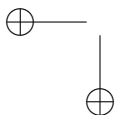
ODE XXXIV
TO HIMSELF

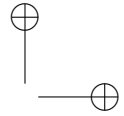
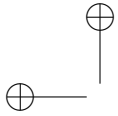
I, who too oft had failed to worship Heaven,
Sought mad philosophy by impulse driven,
Am now constrained to backwards set my sails,
And seek the course which once to me was given.

He who divides the clouds with raking fire,
With car steed-plunging, rolled the thunder's ire,
He cleared the sky, He shook the torpid earth,
Upheaving rivers, seas, and Hades dire.

His might immutable, is strong to exchange
High states for low, exalted lots to estrange.
The vaunt of headstrong pride, He bringeth low,
And lifts obscurity to immortal range.

O why bewail we thus misfortune's hour?
And to the hap of chance ascribe the Power,
Who drags the diadem from tyrant's brow,
Who spares the cot and ravages the tower?





ODE XXXV
TO FORTUNE

O Goddess! Thou who from fair Antium's throne,
Dost raise poor genius from lowest stair,
Or gloom'st proud triumph with a funeral moan,
To thee the harassed farmer pleads his care.

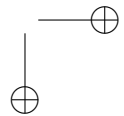
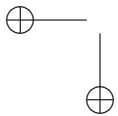
To thee, whose sway imperial rules the sea,
The sailors their Bithynian keels commend.
To thee rough Dacian calls, and ere they flee,
The Scythian hosts in supplication bend.

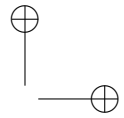
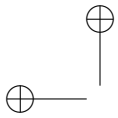
Homage to thee Italian armies show,
Thee, Mothers of barbarian hosts implore.
To thee, kings purple-clad and cities bow,
Lest thine encircling arm should shield no more.

Lest with despoiling foot thou shouldst destroy
The column that supports a nation's cause,
Lest a mad populace to arms should fly,
And wreck the empire's sov'reignty and laws.

Before thee, gaunt necessity doth tread,
With spikes and wedges in her brazen hand,
The lacerating hook, and molten lead
Are never absent, waiting thy command.

When with vexed mien, and changed robe dost leave,
No more imperial mansions to befriend,
Thee, Hope reveres, to thee white Faith doth cleave,
Herself, thy linked companion to the end.





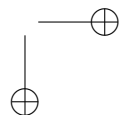
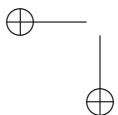
At thine approach the desecrating mob
Yields in confusion; from some poor soul's plight,
There comes the echo of a stifed sob,
And guilty foot-steps fade into the night,

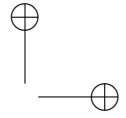
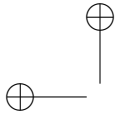
And those fair-weather friends who with a mask
Upon their faces, shared our fortune's flask.
When no request was then too much to ask,
Have fled away, now empty is the cask.

O may'st thou mighty Cæsar safely keep,
His vessel bound for Britain's furthest isle,
O grant his band of levied youths may sweep,
Undaunted o'er the Eastern rank and file.

How shameful are the wrongs of civic feud!
The fratricidal scars that mar great Rome,
Forsooth, we live in decades hard and crude,
When youth spares not the altars nor the home.

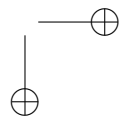
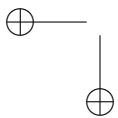
O let thy anvil's fires burst forth amain,
And forge the nation's armoury again!
That with disuse too long hath blunted lain,
So shall Rome's swords the Scythian hosts restrain.

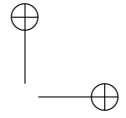
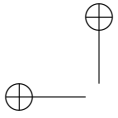




ODE XXXVI
TO PLOTIUS NUMIDA

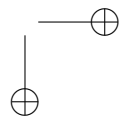
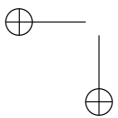
Waft the incense, touch the string,
Sacrificial calf now bring!
Pay the Gods their offering due,
Who have now restored to you,
Numida, from furthest Spain,
Mindful of his friends again.
You he greets with fond embrace,
Glad to see his Lamia's face.
Comrade of his boyhood's days.
Each the toga wore with grace,
Drawing nigh to manhood's age,
Sharing the same tutelage.
Be this day a memory white,
Cretan chalk-mark shall indite,
Pass the loving-cup around,
Let the Salian step resound.
Do not Damalis now deem,
Shall o'er Bassus reign supreme.
Be the rose your floral queen,
Lilies bring with parsley green.
Look around! you'll find all eyes,
Languishing on Damalis.
Who like ivies wantoning,
Doth to her new lover cling.

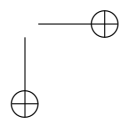
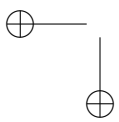
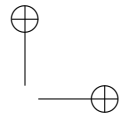
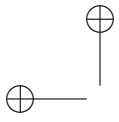


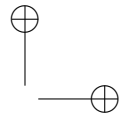
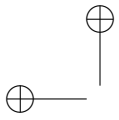


ODE XXXVIII
TO HIS SLAVE

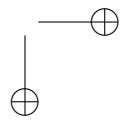
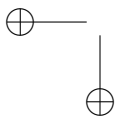
Your Persian unguents vex me sore,
The linden branches cut no more.
Nor pluck the last lone-lingering rose,
This later season doth disclose.
Compose your toil with careful mind,
Plain myrtle round my temples bind,
Which not unseemly shall accord,
As well with serving-boy as lord.
Who now secure from rain and shine,
Carouses 'neath his bowered vine.

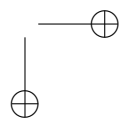
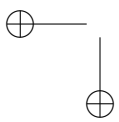
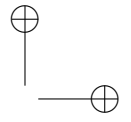
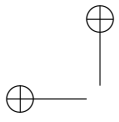


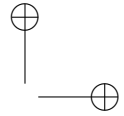
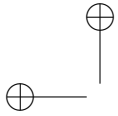




BOOK II







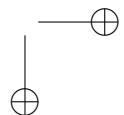
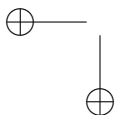
ODE III
TO DELIUS

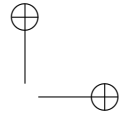
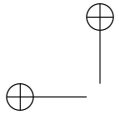
Strive in necessity, a mind
Well-balanced to attain!
And if meanwhile Fortune may smile,
Arrogant joy restrain!
Yet know O Dellius, years soon fly,
Or sad your life has been.
Or flushed with wine full many a time,
You've lingered on life's green.

Where lofty pine and poplar white,
Unfold a generous shade.
Where now with rapid course the stream,
Flows winding through the glade.
Here bring you wine and unguents fine,
The fragrant rose display!
Careless, what age or fate may bring,
Rose-petals have short stay.

For soon enough the sisters three,
Will draw the darkened thread!
Soon, soon enough your house, your groves,
Shall know no more your tread!
O soon enough your heir-at-law,
Inherit shall your wealth,
Be happy then by Tiber's stream,
Death cometh on by stealth!

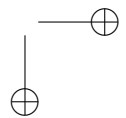
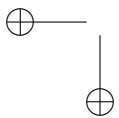
'Tis all alike, or rich or poor –
To claim high lineage!
Sprung from ancestral Inachus,
Plebeian-born or sage!

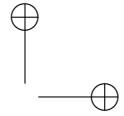
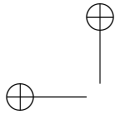




So that care-free you breathe the air,
Beneath an open sky,
So that you learn of life, just this,
Death pitiless is nigh!

For all are mortals of one kin
One end, one place, the same!
Hurried along in one vast throng,
Nor matters wealth or fame!
The lot of each, or soon or late,
Is shaken from the urn.
And we aboard the eternal boat,
Pass, never to return!





ODE IV
TO XANTHIAS

You need not, O Xanthias, e'er be afraid,
To foster the courtship of your serving-maid!
Remember Achilles, the proud and the brave,
Whose heart was aflame for Briseis a slave!

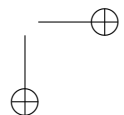
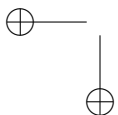
The form of the lovely Temessa did fire,
Telamonian Ajax with flaming desire!
In the hour of his triumph Atrides did turn,
To gaze on his captive and for her charms yearn!

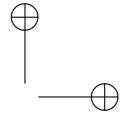
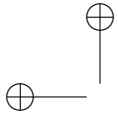
When armies barbarian fell 'neath the sword,
Succumbed to the prowess of Thessaly's lord.
When Hector surrounded no longer was nigh,
To save the lost fortunes of desolate Troy!

Fair Phyllis may have, whom you should adore,
Fine parents, an honour you should not ignore!
She comes of good stock, and if me you'll believe,
Her family Penates have caused her to grieve!

Forbear to imagine that coarse vulgar crowd,
Could have giv'n to beauty such daintiness proud,
That such personality, so frank a mind,
Could e'er have had mother of shallower kind.

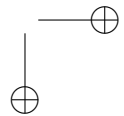
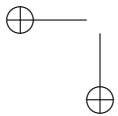
So not without cause I can frankly commend her,
For arms and complexion, and ankles so slender!
And deem your old friend quite above a false nos-
trum,
Who ambles along to complete his eighth lustrum!

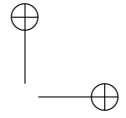
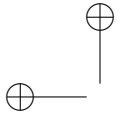




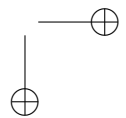
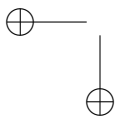
ODE V
TO LALAGE

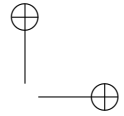
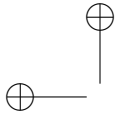
Can your heifer labour brook,
With more patient neck the yoke?
To her mate yield docile frame,
Ere the mating instinct tame.
Seeking plains and pastures cool,
Standing in the soothing pool.
Jostling calves with playful pranks,
Sporting on the willowed banks.
Pluck not grape that's immature,
Let desire befit the hour!
Soon will autumn's changing dews,
Clusters tinge with purple hues.
She will follow you anon,
As a riper age creeps on.
Taking from you unaware,
Years it allocates to her –
Love's imperative demand,
Lalage shall understand,
With defiant coquetry,
Cast aside false modesty,
Seek a husband, choose a mate,
With ripe charms ingratiate.
More beloved than Pholoë,
Borne along impetuously.
More than dainty Chloris light,
With chaste shoulder snowy-white.
Like the pale pure moon that paves,
With a shining path the waves.





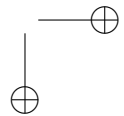
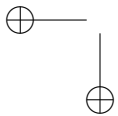
Or the Cnidians youthful face,
Almost feminine in grace.
Placed with damsels in a row.
Hardly would a difference show.
Whose locks, should motion disarrange,
Few strangers wise would note the change!

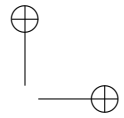
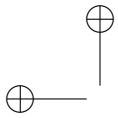




ODE VI
TO SEPTIMIUS

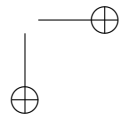
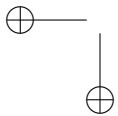
Septimius, comrade mine to be,
To Gade's soon to come with me!
We twain will seek those untamed shores,
Where Mauretanian wave outpours.
The surf that laves the burning sands,
And scorns the sway of Rome's commands.
Founded by Argive husbandmen,
May Tibur close my wearied eyne.
Fit climax to an arduous life,
Spent midst the stress of toil and strife.
Which if the fates unkind deny,
Then to Galasus' stream I'd fly!
Seek lands once by Phalantus held,
His clan from Sparta's realm expelled.
Where flocks fleece-coated snowy white,
Browse verdurous banks and pastures light.
Earth's fairest nook, that charms my eye
With beauty and rare symmetry.
Where flow'rful meads rich honey yield,
And olives crown the verdant weald.
Where springs are soft and winters mild,
Where vats with luscious wine are filled.
Such sights our homeward steps commend,
Together, blest hills we'll ascend,
Where should you lay your poet-friend,
Tears with his ashes, pray you blend!

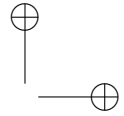
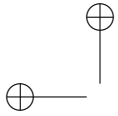




ODE VII
TO POMPEIUS

Old comrade in those grievous days,
When Brutus ruled War's troubled ways!
You to Rome's gods did he restore,
Beneath Italian skies once more!
Pompey, my earliest friend and true
Brief hours o'er wine I've spent with you!
We sought to lingering day beguile,
Anointing locks with Syrian oil.
Remember you Philippi's fate
The sudden flight precipitate?
My little buckler torn from me,
'Twas left behind ingloriously!
When warriors struck the dust with chin,
And order lost its discipline. –
Myself, swift Mercury did bear,
With trembling gait through misty air.
You, the hot waves receding track,
To the fierce melée carried back! –
Render to Jove his votive feast,
And 'neath my laurel take your rest.
Fill up the cups of light design,
Oblivion quaff in Massic wine,
Nor think to spare the cherished cask,
Pour flowing unguent from the flask. –
For who would parsley crowns delay,
Or ought from myrtle take away?
Whom shall the dice pronounce to-day,
The Master of our revelry?
So to mad mirth shall be no end,
'Tis sweet to welcome back a friend!





ODE IX
TO VALGIUS

Fields are not always dank with rain,
Nor tempest always in the cloud!
Nor gales with turmoil sweep the main
Nor frost congeals the Armenian flood!

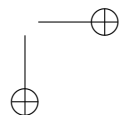
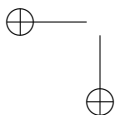
Friend Valgius, through the rolling year,
Not always oaks endure the force
Of blust'ring winds! nor ash-trees wear,
The leafless widowhood of loss!

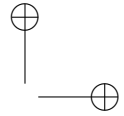
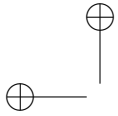
But you in endless numbers moan,
With tears invoke your Mystes blest!
Nor sunrise finds your love less lone,
Than sunset, fading in the west!

The agèd centenarian wise,
Did long Antilochus complain!
Found respite for his weeping eyes,
As Priam did, for Troilus slain!

At length your dolorous muse restrain,
Desist from these unmanly sighs!
Be Cæsar's trophies your refrain,
In measures tell his victories!

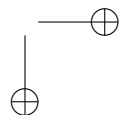
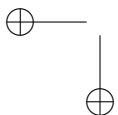
Armenia to his conquests add,
Whose rivers flow with gentler tide.
The Scythians by his might forbad
Do now in plains restricted ride!

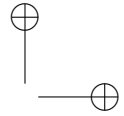
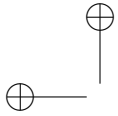




ODE X
TO LICINUS

Licinius, you would profit reap,
If you would saner counsels keep!
Who scorns the reefs that strew the deep
Safe navigation doth o'er-leap.
Who unadventurous hugs the shore,
Will lack of enterprise deplore.
Who steers a middle course between,
To him accrues no dwelling mean!
With blessings that suffice, elate,
He envies not the halls of state.
Conscious when roaring tempests rage,
That loftiest pines their force engage.
That sky-crowned towers majestic,
Crash heaviest with o'erwhelming fall.
When black clouds wield their ponderous flail
That light'nings strike the ridged fell,
Philosophy's proportioned mind,
Hope in the direst straits can find,
And ripe experience dearly bought,
Sees lurking change in every lot.
Jove, who doth bring the frozen rime,
Doth he not yield spring's warmth sublime?
Though sadness glooms our present day,
Shall it for ever with us stay? –
Apollo, with his gracious lyre,
Still shall the silent Muse inspire,
Nor aye bend bow, nor quiver sling,
Nor fit the feathered shaft to string.
In straightened lot, let strength prevail,
When winds are fair, then shorten sail! –





ODE XI
TO QUINTUS

What the Cantabrian fierce and Scythian think,
Whom Hadria's opposing wave divides,
Hirpinus Quintius, from enquiry shrink,
Sufficiency needs little else besides.

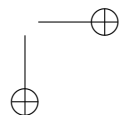
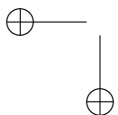
Youth's bloom and beauty have but little stay,
Sleep flies, companion of a careless mind.
Bright locks shall wither and their gloss turn grey,
Too soon the glow of passion lags behind!

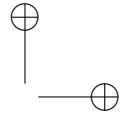
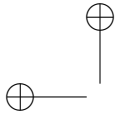
And that first fragrant breath of joyous spring!
And that rare blush which tints its choicest flowers!
Like to the moon that folds its ruddy wing,
Shall wax and wane the heritage of hours!

Beyond our little range of sight and thought,
An everlasting future stretches far.
We who vex thus our minds so feebly wrought,
With futile questionings; who mortal are!

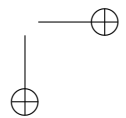
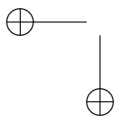
Come let us drain the cup and seek repose,
Where pine or plane-tree shades the grateful sward,
There let us crown our grey hairs with the rose,
Anointed with Assyrian spikenard!

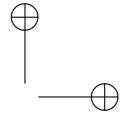
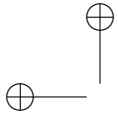
Let gracious Bacchus be our only theme!
Who deigns to dissipate dull carking care!
Now let some nimble slave by flowing stream,
Cool strong Falernian wine, from fountain rare!





And bid him Lyde bring, that sportive maid
Who not averse doth wander from her home!
Tell her, to bring her lyre with ivory laid,
Hair neatly-bound, like a Laconian dame!





ODE XII
TO MÆCENAS

Numantia's savage wars suit not my lyre,
Nor Hannibal, nor the Sicilian Sea!
Empurpled with the wounds of Carthage dire,
Nor raving Hylæus, nor Lapithæ.

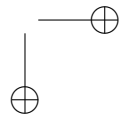
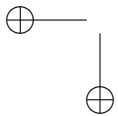
Nor the wild centaurs tamed by Hercules,
Whence fear o'ertook old Saturn's shining halls,
Write you in prose great Cæsar's victories,
And the proud necks of kings now made his thralls.

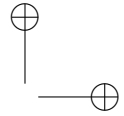
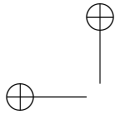
Lycymnia's charms my Muse would fain approve,
Sweet mistress of the shining eyes and true!
Her warm breast faithful to her gallant love,
And all her heart, Mæcenas, is for you!

Her it becomes to foot the classic dance,
To crack a joke, to winding arms display!
To Dian celebrate, and with coy glance,
To sport with maidens on a festal day!

O would you barter strand of hair so bright,
For all the gold Arabia could give?
For all the gems that eastern kings delight?
For all the wealth that maketh Phrygia thrive?

While from your kiss she turns her neck away,
Her lips with facile cruelty denies!
Who wishes you would seize your lovely prey,
And waiting your embrace, expectant flies!





ODE XIV
TO POSTUMUS

Alas, O Postumus, how glide the years,
Which, for your piety, nor wrinkles spare!
Urging us on to Death's relentless spheres,
Nor do they brook delay for age nor care!

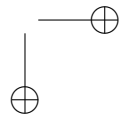
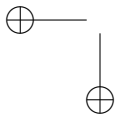
Not though you sacrifice full many a steer,
Will Hades, the inexorable, yield!
Though oxen number as the days in year,
Once Death's still wave its victims hath concealed.

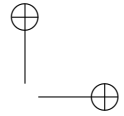
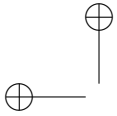
That last sad wave o'er which we all must sail,
Who e'er the brief rewards of earth enjoy!
Then, shall not rank imperial avail,
Nor all the indigence of husbandry!

Sound we in vain the armistice of war,
In vain, the ocean wastes the billow's force!
Doth fallow Autumn insalubrious mar
The feeble life-stream in its vital course!

If Death's dull stream shall aye relentless flow,
And guilty shades pass by in sullen train!
If toil laborious shall no respite know,
And expiation never rest attain!

If, when you leave land, house and wife so true,
Of all the trees you wont to plant, but one
Shall rise and follow; the funereal yew,
Follow its short-lived master to the tomb!





ODE XV
THE AGE

The plough will soon have acres few.
For artificial lakes,
Broader than Leucrine, hide the view,
With piers marked out with stakes.

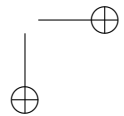
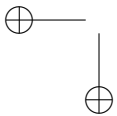
The plane usurps the seat of elm,
Myrtle and violet bed,
Fair olive-yards with scent o'erwhelm.
Above, dark laurels spread!

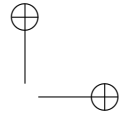
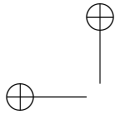
'Twas not so in the ancient days,
When Romulus held sway,
And Cato ordered public ways,
With wise authority!

They, owning little, yet were blest,
Their wealth, the Common weal.
No arched piazza wooed their rest,
Did luxury reveal!

No private portico lent shade,
Nor caught the passing breeze.
Turf then adorned its pastoral glade,
Safe by the law's decrees!

Who ornate buildings for the town,
At rural cost forbad.
When costly temples faced with stone,
On civic funds were laid.





ODE XVI
TO GROSPHUS

The man who sails the furthest seas,
When starless nights are black,
Longs for a port of restful ease,
And cleaves the homeward track.

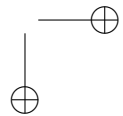
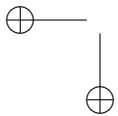
The old campaigner tired of war,
Whom frays no longer please,
Bemoans war's din, the battle's jar,
And asks the Gods for peace.

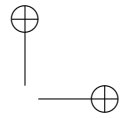
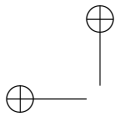
Dull care moves not for lictor's rod,
Nor gems nor gold decoy,
The purple of the wealthy lord,
Contentment passes by.

For care leaves not embossèd roof,
And tumults vex the mind,
Nor from the owner stand aloof,
In misery's halls confined!

He liveth well, his sleep is light,
Who sordid greed declines.
His father's salt-cellar kept bright,
Upon his table shines.

Why crowd we schemes in life's brief time,
And far from country wend,
Our ways through many a distant clime,
Whom conscience doth attend?





Gaunt care usurps the galley's helm,
Nor less the caravan,
When doth the blinding storm o'erwhelm
The fleeing stag and man!

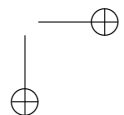
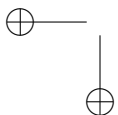
He, whom the present hours can cheer,
Will find their presence blest,
Who waits the future without fear,
Who smiles when care-oppress!

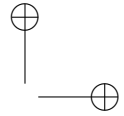
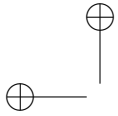
Dark clouds may cross the fairest skies,
Perchance may come swift Death!
Where now old age protracted lies,
And feebly gasps for breath!

Who knows what lot shall leave the urn
The kindlier or woe?
That cherished joy I hardly won,
May be denied to you.

For you flocks bleat and heifers low,
A little mare doth neigh!
Your wools with purple dye that glow
Are gifts denied to me!

Yet Fate, with no ungenerous mind,
Some recompense now yields!
To one who hates the vulgar kind;
His muse and some small fields!





ODE XVII
TO MÆCENAS

Why do you vex my mind with plaintive fears,
And fill my troubled eyes with woeful tears,
Mæcenas, by the friendly Gods beloved,
Mine be the tomb, be yours the gracious years!

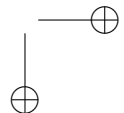
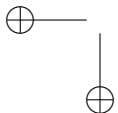
Ah, if a stronger power importunate,
Should bear off half my life, I could not wait!
My own twin-soul, if Death should claim you first,
That day would bring to each an equal fate!

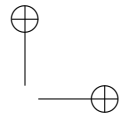
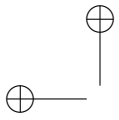
Have I not sworn a sacramental oath
To follow where my leader wills? for both
Shall ne'er the breath of Heav'n nor vaunt of Hell,
Deny our stars a mutual circling path!

Companions to the end, we shall not fail,
Our journey, Justice and the Fates avail!
Pleased o'er our pledged devotion to preside,
Nor Gyges nor Chimæra shall prevail!

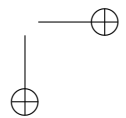
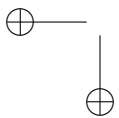
The star that influenced my natal hour,
Conjoined with your's protection to assure,
Whether the Scorpion fierce or Libra glowed,
Or Capricorn that rules Hesperia's shore.

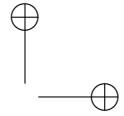
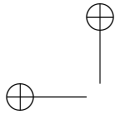
Propitious powers watched o'er our destinies,
You, senator, thrice hailed applauding cries,
Me, in like manner, saved fro' untimely fate,
Where yonder fallen tree dismembered lies.





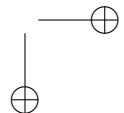
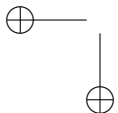
From you bright Jove deflected Saturn's aim,
For me, Pan, poet's friend, exalts my fame!
Remember now the votive offerings due,
From you a temple, and from me a lamb!

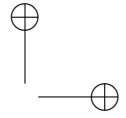
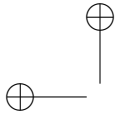




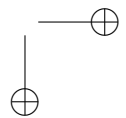
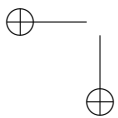
ODE XVIII
TO COVETOUS

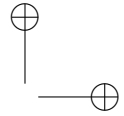
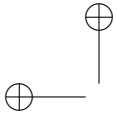
No gilded ceiling decks my hall,
No ivory gleams upon my wall,
No beams from furthest Afric' brought,
Hold columns cunningly inwrought,
Nor unfamiliar like an heir,
Do I to splendid courts repair.
No courtly dames of high degree
Shall weave the purple thread for me.
But faith and a kind muse combine,
To make the glow of genius shine.
Though my condition finds me poor,
A wealthy patron seeks my door.
For more, I'll not the gods request,
With one small Sabine farm much blest,
Nor do I ask my noble friend,
A larger recompense to send.
For day doth urge the flight of day,
And new moons wax and wane as they.
But you, for marble slabs contract,
Prepare your funeral's last dread act,
And then forgetful of the grave,
For your house build an architrave.
And discontent with all your gain,
Hasten to Baiæ's shore restrain.
Why do you seize your neighbour's land,
A trespasser, with greedy hand?
Drive out his wife now dispossessed,
Her household gods clasped to her breast,





Her mate, despoiled with contempt,
Her children squalid and unkempt.
You shall a destined end await,
Such as befits a tyrant's fate.
Why then enlarge your proper bounds?
Her sons the impartial earth surrounds.
Behold, her portals wide she flings,
With equal hand for poor and kings!
Th' impeccant guard of Hades' shore,
Would not Prometheus false restore,
His lot to Tantalus assigns,
Whom with proud offspring he confines.
Whence, unimplored or sought in prayer,
He aids the poor, released from care.





ODE XIX
TO BACCHUS

Lo! I have Bacchus seen 'midst rocks remote,
(Nor be posterity incredulous!)
Teaching the nymphs the tuneful stop and note,
Training the goat-hoofed satyrs sedulous!

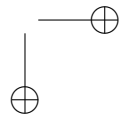
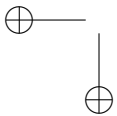
What new alarm doth seize my trembling mind?
When my full heart would wine-inspired rejoice?
Spare me, dread Evoë, from spear entwined
With ivy and the vine-leaf; hear my voice!

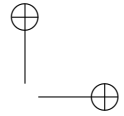
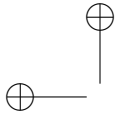
Grant me to sing the wanton Thyades,
The founts of wine and milk abounding stream.
Wild honey flowing down from hollow trees,
And thy blest spouse, who shines a stellar beam.

To sing of Pentheus' end, torn limb from limb,
Of flowing rivers, hills, and raging seas.
Of mad Lycurgus, cursed with raving dumb,
And snake-bound coils of the Bistonides.

Thou, when fierce giants scaled the halls of Jove,
Didst slay the lion-faced Rhætus sharp of claw.
Champion alike in peace or war didst prove,
Though fitted well for dance or jestful saw.

Thee, ornamented with thy golden horn,
By Cerberus seen, his wagging tail did greet,
Did with his threefold tongue before thee fawn,
And on thy leaving, gently pawed thy feet.





ODE XX
TO MÆCENAS

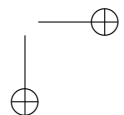
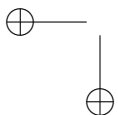
On aspiration's wing I venture flight,
Where nought that's coarse nor mean shall blur my sight.
Nor ling'ring, plain and city I would quit,
A two-formed poet free from envy's blight.

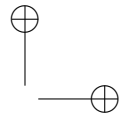
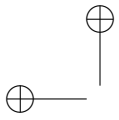
Though lowly-born, of parentage obscure,
I, whom you call by name, dear friend most sure,
Shall rise triumphant o'er the Stygian wave,
With spirit unconfined that shall endure.

Plumage hirsute e'en now adorns my feet,
And feathers snowy-white on shoulders meet.
Mine are the wings of a melodious bird,
Which floats o'er wave and shore with pinions fleet.

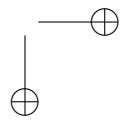
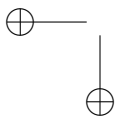
Where Bosphorus moans, where sands of Libya burn,
My fame, the Scythians dreading Rome shall learn.
Me, those who drink the Rhone shall come to know,
My merit, Spain's philosophers discern.

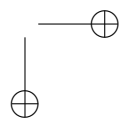
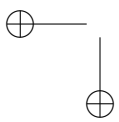
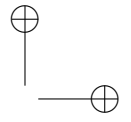
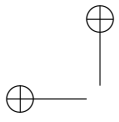
Let not the dirge my empty bier assail,
Omit the panegyric and the mournful wail.
Repress all clamour which my muse would shame,
And grant my sepulchre may never fall.

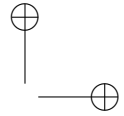
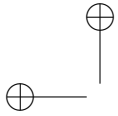




BOOK III







ODE I
“AD CHORUM VIRGINUM ET PUERORUM”

Profanity I hate, the vulgar throng
Avoid! May they with silence favour me
The Muses' High-Priest. Mine is a new song,
For adolescence and virginity!

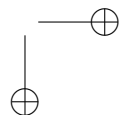
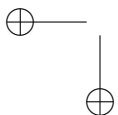
Kings govern empires, empires sway the world,
And Jove who conquered giants, ruleth all,
O'er realms of kings, his banner is unfurled,
And by his nod the nations rise or fall.

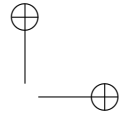
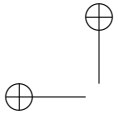
For in this world of chance it happens oft,
Where one succeeds another one shall quail,
To one, an avenue of trees aloft,
Another plants, and finds his furrows fail.

And thus in things political, the scheme,
Has seldom the same order, rank, or end.
This one a worthy candidate may seem,
But that one to the Campus shall descend.

Lo, this one in philosophy doth shine!
This one a host of clients shall attend;
Doth to each one necessity assign,
His destined lot, th' inevitable end.

Fate doth by law inviolable prove,
Exalted ranks and low within the urn.
Which from capacious depths each name doth move,
Allotted good or ill at every turn.





He o'er whose impious neck the drawn sword hangs,
Shall ne'er in feasts Sicilian delight,
Now shall the songs of birds assuage his pangs,
Nor shall the lyre, soft-wingèd sleep invite.

Sweet sleep! 'tis thine to soothe the rustic swain,
Where shady bank thy gentle sway doth own,
Nor shall thy gentle presence e'er disdain
The humble cot or Tempe Zephyr-blown.

He, who with frugal sustenance content,
Shall ne'er the sea's tumultuous billows fear,
Nor the wild raging of the firmament,
Nor stars concealed by cloudy atmosphere.

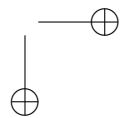
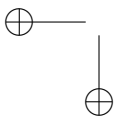
His little vineyard swept by hail or rain,
His farm uncertain of the season's yield.
His tree, the unkind deluge doth complain,
Or drought or biting frost denude his field.

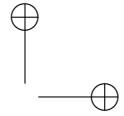
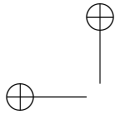
Here, where the piers are let into the deep,
The builder cement places, and hard rocks,
The master there disdains his bounds to keep,
And e'en the fishes feel the vibrant shocks.

And where the master goes, there fear and threats
Follow his footsteps, nor from him retreat.
Upon the brazen ship of war care sits.
Behind the horseman's saddle finds a seat.

But if nor Phrygian stone nor purple fine,
Brighter than starlight and Falernian wine,
Nor Achemenian essence can soothe pain,
Why should I wish a lofty mansion mine?

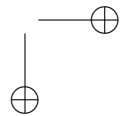
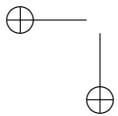
In vain, should I exchange my Sabine vale,
For richer fields where sorrow doth prevail.

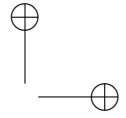
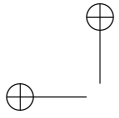




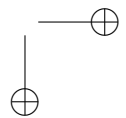
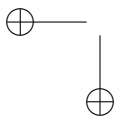
ODE II
TO THE ROMAN YOUTH

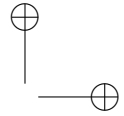
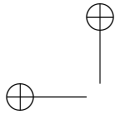
Let strenuous youth now strive to learn,
War's keener edge, privations stern,
And with equestrian sword and lance,
Check the fierce Scythian's advance.
Braced by exercise and air,
Let them odds o'erwhelming dare, –
See, the matrons of the foe,
From sheer walls look down below,
And with maidens gathered nigh,
Anxious for their warriors, sigh.
Woe shall the unskilled leader seize,
Ignoring troops and companies.
For who the bristling lion provokes,
Falls 'neath the onslaught of his strokes.
Their glory shall not sweetness lack,
Whom Death for country gives not back.
Dire end the fugitive pursues
Nor spares his back and weakened thews.
Valour, e'en glorious in defeat,
With unstained honour shines replete.
Nor pompous, office doth assume,
By public favours overcome.
'Tis valour wins the gates of Heav'n,
Though its heroic heart be riv'n.
Hard is his way, his path severe,
Who scorns the vulgar atmosphere.
Let stalwart courage aye endure,
Fidelity's reward is sure!





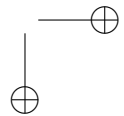
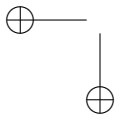
But who betrays a sacred rite,
Him, genial host shall ne'er invite
To share the shelter of his home,
Nor launch frail bark upon the foam.
He who forsakes all-seeing Jove,
Paths more perverse will surely rove.
And punishment with rapid stride
Shall walk his guilty steps beside.

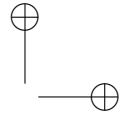
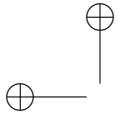




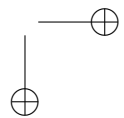
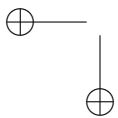
ODE IV
TO CALLIOPE

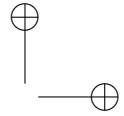
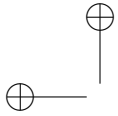
O come, thou Queen Calliope,
With strains of Heav'n-born minstrelry!
Or wouldst thou trill with kindling voice,
Or make Apollo's harp thy choice.
Calliope, O dost thou hear,
Or doth sweet fancy mock mine ear?
I seem to roam some sacred grove
Midst streams and zephyrs that I love.
In childhood's days worn out with play
O'er me would doves green foliage lay.
Leaf-mantled, thus, by sleep caressed,
Beyond Appulia sought my rest.
Which seemed a wondrous thing to all
Who dwelt 'neath Acheron's ridged fell,
Which towers o'er Bantian forests wide,
Round rich Tarentum's country-side.
How I could sleep in safety sure,
From bears and adder's fang secure?
My covering, a myrtle-spray
Or a few leaves of sacred bay.
Had not the Gods befriended there
A spirit-child, of Heav'n the care?
O blessed Muses, I fulfil
The promptings of your sov'reign will,
Whether I climb yon Sabine mount
Or drink of cool Praneste's fount,
Or view fair Tibur's sloping glades,
Or rest 'neath Baiæ's colonnades.



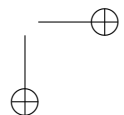
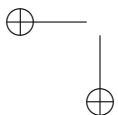


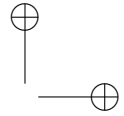
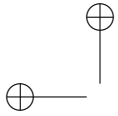
The rustic dance my fealty claims,
I love the fount that fills the streams!
I, who survived with downcast eye
The army's rout at Philippi,
Escaped miraculously free
The violence of falling tree.
Nor sank, where Palinurus gave
His name to the Sicilian wave.
Where'er your influence shall prevail,
A willing mariner I'll sail.
Nor shall I fear the waves to explore
That wash the sands of Syria's shore.
To warlike Britain will I speed,
Seek Spain, where men on horses feed.
The Scythian archers armed with bow,
Where doth their mighty river flow –
And O ye Muses, ye shall charm
Great Cæsar tired of war's alarm!
Refresh his spirit in some grot,
His toils laborious all forgot.
When all his cohorts weary grown,
Are safely quartered in each town.
'Tis thine to soothe with gracious voice,
And being gracious, to rejoice!
We know how giants in revolt,
Were crushed by Jove's dread thunderbolt,
That all the world doth own his sway,
Who cities rules, whom seas obey –
Who comforts kings in sore distress,
Rules Heav'n and Earth with righteousness.
Supreme o'er Hades sad with tears,
Rules mortal and immortal spheres.
Once deadly folly's impious arms
Had filled Jove's breast with dread alarms.
When giants, Pelion strove to move,
And fling its mass on Heav'n's fair grove.





Porphyriion fierce who led the throng
With Mimas and Tryphæus strong,
Rushed wildly on, nor did his thews,
Nor exploits help Enceladus.
Nor trunks uprooted could avail
Against Minerva's coat of mail.
Opposing; strenuous Vulcan stood,
And Matron Juno faced the brood.
Phœbus with shoulder quiver-slung,
Who bathes his locks the dew among,
And watery Castalia loves,
Roving his woods and native groves.
Lo! Gyges with a hundred hands,
A witness to my story stands –
Urion, tempting Dian chaste,
Pierced by her dart in virgin's haste.
Earth doth her fallen tyrants mourn,
Bereft of offspring, now forlorn.
Dispatched to Hades' lurid sphere,
Smitten by thunderbolts severe.
Etna, nor Hell's swift fire consumes,
Though belching forth its noisome fumes.
Nor leaves, the ravenous bird that gnaws
Tityus' spleen, held in its claws.
Who ne'er can some brief respite snatch,
From guard that keeps eternal watch;
Perithous the enamoured, strains,
Imprisoned by three-hundred chains.





ODE VI
TO THE ROMANS

Though guiltless, you shall not by Gods be spared,
Till ye their ruined temples have repaired,
Whose fanes are threatened with destruction dire,
Whose statues are besmirched with smoke and mate.

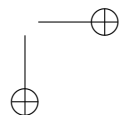
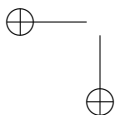
Less than the gods ye own yourselves to be,
Bear yourselves therefore with humility.
From them you ever seek th' initiative,
And them you ask the favoured end to give.

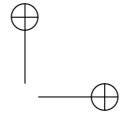
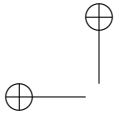
Neglected gods that have complained in vain,
Have many an evil brought to saddened Spain,
Twice have Monæses and Pacorus' band,
Crushed us; our treasures in their cellars stand.

Egypt and Scythia have nigh destroyed
Our city, which sedition has employed.
A hostile fleet now harasses our shore,
And falling arrows trouble us the more.

Lo! these flagitious times have nuptials stained,
Race-pride and honoured house alike disdained.
From this polluted source destruction flows,
And this incontinence the country knows.

Time was when parents scorned such sickly brood,
When sea ran red with Carthaginian blood.
A manlier stock slew Pyrrhus, slew withal,
Mighty Antiochus and Hannibal.

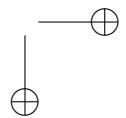
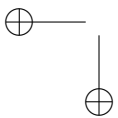


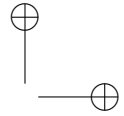
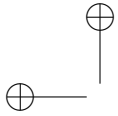


The country then reared soldiers masculine,
Taught to delve deep the clods with spades Sabine,
To chop and carry faggots to the vill,
Obey a mother stern, and fear her will.

When mountain shadows changed with sunset's glow,
Fled the swift chariot the range below!
How loosed they weary oxen from the yoke,
How their long fast with friendly cups they broke!

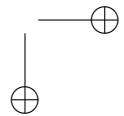
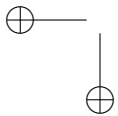
O what for us shall bring this spendthrift age
Of stricken youth, of worthless parentage?
Worse than our grandfathers from us shall spring,
A progeny past all imagining.

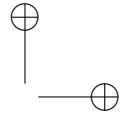
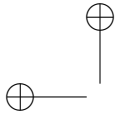




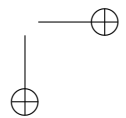
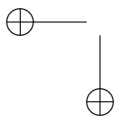
ODE VII
TO ASTERIE

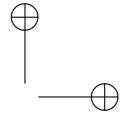
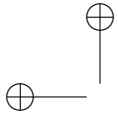
Why do you Gyges now deplore,
Whom pleasant spring shall soon restore?
Your merchant-lover, Asterie,
Of well-approved fidelity.
He, by blustering winds driven,
When Capra in the sky hath striven,
Sleepless through the darkness peers,
And forced by cold gives way to tears,
His faith, your rival's slave now tries,
"That Chloe frets and Chloe prays,
That miserably pass the days."
Tempting in vain a thousand ways,
Doth in his ear the story tell,
How a base woman did prevail,
With accusations false and frail,
Prætus too credulous, upon,
To slay his chaste Bellerophon.
And then proceeding doth relate,
How Peleus escaped Hades' fate,
When tearing himself from her arms
He fled Hippolyte's rare charms.
And then with smooth speech doth begin,
To tell the alluring wiles of sin.
But all in vain, steadfast as rock,
He hears the words, nor fears the shock.
While you for your part must take care,
Of neighbour Enipeus beware!
Be circumspect when he's in sight,
Lest he should please you more than right.





Skilled though he be to turn with rein
His steed upon the Martian plain.
He, swimming down the Tuscan sea,
In speed doth fear no rivalry!
At nightfall keep within your home,
Lock fast the door, nor outside roam.
And when you hear the plaintive flute,
Wailing below, be resolute!
And look not down at him who calls
Your name beneath the silent walls!





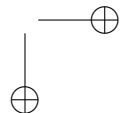
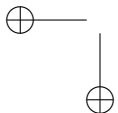
ODE VIII
TO MÆCENAS

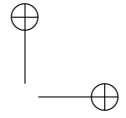
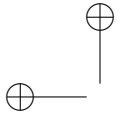
You wonder how a single man
Regards a Martian rite,
What flowers and incense mean to him
When coals on turf burn bright!
O you who are a scholar ripe
To Bacchus do I vow.
A banquet rich, a he-goat white,
I who escaped the bough!

Next year I'll keep this festal day
Remove from flask its sign,
Draw out the cork begrimed with smoke
Which flavour lends to wine.
'Twas fastened with a coat of pitch,
When Tullus office bore,
Come pledge my health, Mæcenas mine,
A hundred cups or more! –

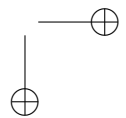
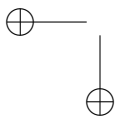
With wakeful lights to dawning day,
We'll joyful cups prolong
We'll envious clamour banish far,
And anger calm with song.
Forgetting cares of public life,
We'll toast the Scythian's rout.
The armed Mede angry with himself
Shall claim our jovial bout.

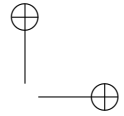
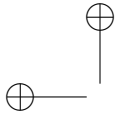
Our Spanish foes on distant shores,
At length wear Roman chains.
The Scythian with the bow unstrung,
In vanquished fields complains.





Cast care aside, nor ponder more
Dull politics nor rite.
But seize with joy the promised hour.
Leave sadness to the night!





ODE IX
AN AMÆBAN ODE

Horace

Whilst thou didst cherish love that once was mine
Nor other youth did favoured arms entwine
About thy swan-like neck; then I elate,
Was happier than the Sultan of a state.

Lydia

Whilst yet no fairer maid thy breast did fire,
Thou, Lydia before Chloe did'st desire,
Rome held no name more envied e'er than mine,
Which Ilia's lustre e'en could not outshine.

Horace

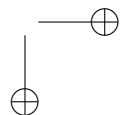
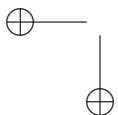
My vows to Thracian Chloe are devote,
Sweet chantress to the cittern's dulcet note.
For whom e'en Death's dread wings I would invite,
Should her soul live; to speed my spirit's flight.

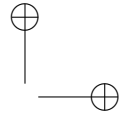
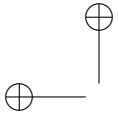
Lydia

Lit by a torch reciprocal, I now adore
Young Calais, whom Thurine Ornith bore
For whom I'd dare the inevitable shade
Twice o'er, if thus his life my loss would aid.

Horace

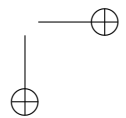
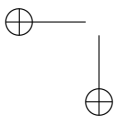
Reviving mem'ries oft old loves provoke,
Bring those once parted 'neath a firmer yoke.
E'en Chloe's bonds might fail; the wide-flung door
Might give forsaken Lydia welcome sure.

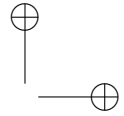
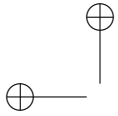




Lydia

Though gleams his orbit brighter than a star's,
And thou, as light as cork which a tree bears.
Thy temper changeable e'en as the sea,
'Tis my one hope, to live and die with thee.





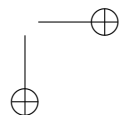
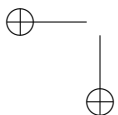
ODE XII
TO NEOBULE

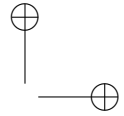
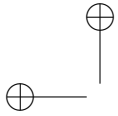
It is the woeful lot of womankind,
To look askance at passion's pleasant lure.
Oblivion's solace ne'er in wine to find.
Dreading its scorn, to uncle's tongue endure.

Love's winged son your basket doth remove,
You, Hebrus' comeliness distracts from work,
Forsaking toils of industry for love,
You leave Minerva, and your studies shirk.

With shoulder oiled and washed in Tiber's tide,
No rival shall he find with straighter blow.
Him, Bellerophon e'en could not outride,
So quick with fist, and with his feet ne'er slow.

Skilled he to hurl the spear at running stag,
That scours the plains, leading the trembling herd.
Swift to observe his lair, and from it drag,
The lurking wild boar that the thicket stirred.



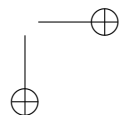
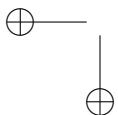


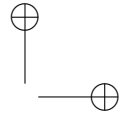
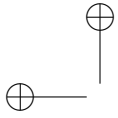
ODE XIII
ON A BANDUSIAN FOUNTAIN

O fountain of Bandusia,
More lucent e'en than glass.
Deserving of the choicest wine,
Of flowers thou dost surpass.
The morrow's gift shall be a kid,
For mating battles born,
Whose hardy forehead's rising stumps,
Show each incipient horn!

In vain, nor call of love nor war,
From destined fate can save.
This offspring of the nimble flock,
Shall crimson thy cold wave.
Thee, nor Canicula can touch,
With torrid heat of noon,
Who giv'st cool flow to plough-worn ox,
To wand'ring kine a boon.

And thou shalt be my honoured fount,
By me extolled thine oaks,
Whence the full-voiced torrents fall,
From far sonorous rocks.





ODE XIV
“ON THE RETURN OF AUGUSTUS FROM SPAIN”

Ye Romans! your imperial lord,
Who deathless laurels sought,
Hath victory o’er the Spaniards cowed,
To his Penates brought!

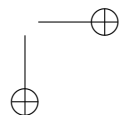
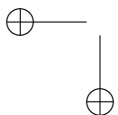
And bid Octavia come forth,
To greet her gallant spouse!
Illustrious in his proved worth,
To just gods pay her vows!

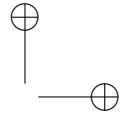
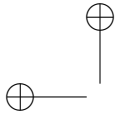
Let the great leader’s sister come,
Mothers and maids draw near!
Your sons and brothers welcome home,
Your suppliant garlands wear!

And do ye youths and matrons young,
Indite your happiest lays,
The festal hours with feasts prolong,
And drown dull care with praise!

For Cæsar ruleth o’er our foes,
Whose lands he doth possess.
Henceforth I fear nor Death nor blows,
Nor violence’s stress.

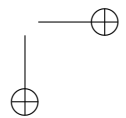
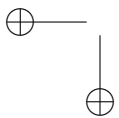
Go seek you unguents fine, my slave,
For chaplets do you ask,
And to commemorate the brave,
Broach the famed Marsic cask!

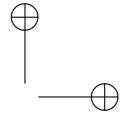
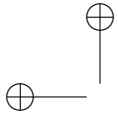




And bid Neæra bind her hair,
In neat myrrh-essenced knot,
For surly porter have a care,
Who lingers near the spot.

For whitening hair doth calm a mind,
To which strife once was dear,
When Plancus in wild days behind,
Consular rank did bear.





ODE XVI
TO MÆCENAS

A tower of brass, an oaken door,
A vigilant hound's bay,
Nightly Danaë kept guard o'er,
From youth's lascivious play.

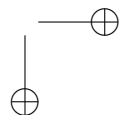
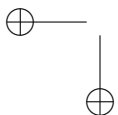
But mighty Jove with Love's fair dame,
Did at Acrisius scoff.
Who ne'er did reck of virgin's shame,
When bright gold strewed his path!

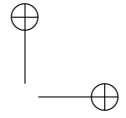
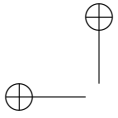
When changèd to a god, gold mocks,
Eager to pass the guard.
Nor fears to break the hardest rocks,
Which lightning can retard.

The Grecian Augur overcome,
Was with his house destroyed,
'Twas lucre's power that wrecked his home,
With cunning craft employed!

Thus rival kings came 'neath its spell,
Philip asunder cleft,
A city's gates; a snare could quell,
Ships' captains with a gift.

Opulence with insatiate zeal,
Seeks e'er increasing store,
Dull care rolls on with hast'ning wheel,
And glooms that path before!





Mæcenas, flower of knightly breed,
Wealth's prideful pomp I fear!
Which doth with ostentatious head,
Its boastful crest uprear!

Who doth in self-denial joy,
Nor seeks rich fields to explore,
More bounteous gifts shall Heav'n supply,
And wisdom bless his door!

Midst simple-hearted folk and meek,
Shall be my domicile!
With mind content their camps I'll seek,
And leave the rich to smile.

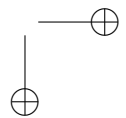
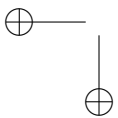
More glorious in my small estate,
Though poor as men count wealth,
Than if I stored in granaries great
What Fortune hides by stealth!

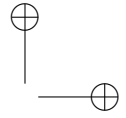
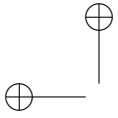
A stream that laves a pasture field,
A copse of acres few,
Faith that my soil fair crops will yield,
These shall my mind renew.

These joys secure, these pleasures small,
Nor Afric' can surpass.
The consul there who ruleth all,
Owns not such cool green grass!

Yea, am I blessèd in my lot,
Who taste not Formian wine!
Nor rich bees hive within my plot,
Calabrian honey fine!

Nor the few sheep which browse my farm,
Rich Gallic fleeces bear,
From poverty I fear no harm,
Free from its galling care!

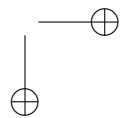
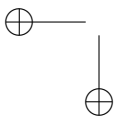


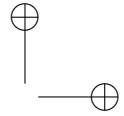
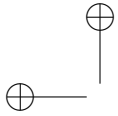


Nor would thy bounteous hand, I know,
Far richer gifts deny!
These, should I ask, thou wouldst bestow,
My larger wants supply!

Thus master of my wants, my mind,
A treasury rich doth gain,
Nor mourns, shall Lydia's dower extend,
Far as yon distant plain.

For poor is he, whose vain desire,
Outdistances his reach.
And rich, who thankful can aspire,
Whom wisdom kind doth teach.





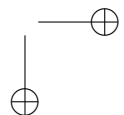
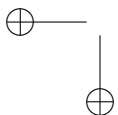
ODE XVII
TO ÆLIUS LAMIUS

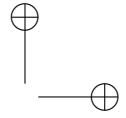
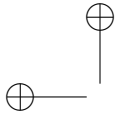
O Ælius, scion of a race,
Whose lineage is high.
Canst through successive annals trace,
Fair deeds of chivalry. –

'Tis said thine ancestor did rule
The Formian walls and towers,
Where Lyris flows with waters cool,
Laving Marica's bowers. –

Behold to-night the lowering West,
Or augur-crow deceives,
Morrow shall bring a stormy East,
Coasts dank with weeds and leaves.

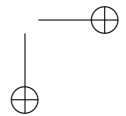
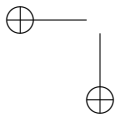
With due haste store your faggots dry,
Choose your libations wine. –
Promise your slaves an idle day,
And off a porker dine!

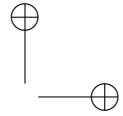
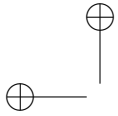




ODE XVIII
TO FAUNUS

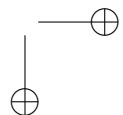
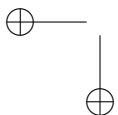
O Faun, who dost fleet nymphs pursue
With amorous speed! retiring slow
Through woods that skirt a sunlit field
Propitious be! my younglings shield!
A tender kid with bleating call
At the full year to thee shall fall!
Let wine fill Love's convivial cup
Incense from ancient turf go up.
Now bounds the herd o'er grassy plain,
As rounds the kindly year again.
Now sports the village free from care
In meads midst oxen resting there.
Among the lambs now bolder grown
The wolf doth from his lair come down,
For thee, the rural woods unfold
Umbrageous foliage, green and gold.
While hinds on soil, foot-beaten thrice
In clumsy scorn, again rejoice!

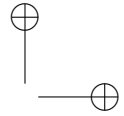
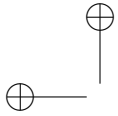




ODE XIX
TO TELEPHUS

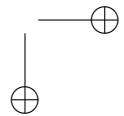
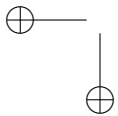
You may of that rare zealot Codrus write,
And the long age of Inachus indite.
Biographer of Peleus you may be
Relate the Trojan wars in history.
But what the purchase price of wine in cask
Or how to water heat, wherein to bask,
You silently ignore, who owning home
Yet hint not how chill winter to o'ercome!
Fill, boy, with haste a cup to the new moon
The midnight bowl shall claim our homage soon.
We'll toast Murena in auspicious cup,
Brimming, shall three times three be lifted up.
The poet rapt who loves the Muses nine,
Will call their toast, to each a bowl assign.
Though the shy Grace peace-loving doth declaim
That ninefold bumpers modest beauties shame
A raving clamour doth wine's fumes increase,
Forbid the pipe its frenzied strains to cease!
Come blow the flute, the tranquil harp now twang,
Tune up, ye minstrels, lest the music hang.
Join up right hands, form in a friendly ring,
And on the festive board red roses fling.
Let morose Lycus hear the jovial noise
Which will upset our neighbour's equipoise.
Caress, O Telephus, your Chloë's hair
Whose brilliance rivals e'en the starlight fair.
While I to winsome Glycera will turn
Who treats her Horace with disdainful scorn.

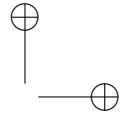
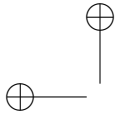




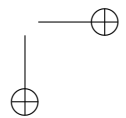
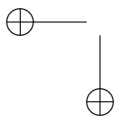
ODE XXI
TO HIS AMPHORA

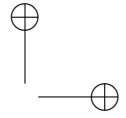
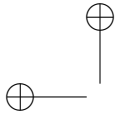
The consul Manlius did see,
The light of our nativity!
O cask! beneficent art thou,
Whate'er condition men may show!
Or plaint or brawl or sleep or joke,
Or love's sweet madness dost provoke.
It matters not, come praise, come blame,
Whate'er of vintage be the name.
If thou dost hold a generous wine,
Kept for some festal day divine!
Corvinus, of no judgment small,
For thy descent e'en now doth call!
Who will not with indifference blind,
Though to philosophy inclined,
Neglect to drain thee to the lees,
For all the lore of Socrates!
Thou who didst make with glowing wine,
Old Cato's valour brightlier shine.
Giv'st impulse kind to him morose.
Dost guarded counsels oft disclose,
When Bacchus comes in sportive guise,
To charm their secrets from the wise.
Dost to despair new hope restore,
With courage strong dost nerve the poor!
Who tremblest not at foeman's frown,
Nor fearest angered crown nor throne.
Now bring, O Bacchus, lord of wine,
Venus, if she shall be benign!





The Graces too with garlands bound,
Shall in a mazy reel go round.
Through hours prolonged our lamps shall burn,
Till Phoebus brings returning dawn.



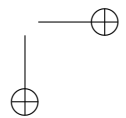
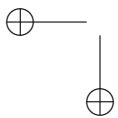


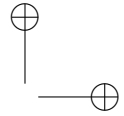
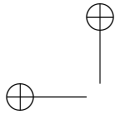
ODE XXII
TO DIANA

O thou who guardest hills and groves,
Chaste virgin, deign to bless,
When called upon in three-fold prayer,
Maternity's distress!

Who dost young matrons save from Death,
To thee belongs the pine!
Which now o'erhangs my villa's roof,
Thy consecrated sign!

Lo! as each year doth reach the full,
On thee will I bestow!
The offering of a tusky boar,
Which aims a sidelong blow!





ODE XXIII
TO PHIDYLE

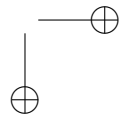
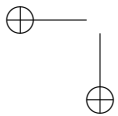
If at the new moon thou shalt raise thy hands,
To Heav'n, O rustic Phidyle, in prayer!
If thou shalt render household god's demands,
A growing pig, fresh fruit and incense rare!

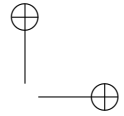
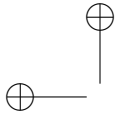
Then shall thy fruitful vine ne'er feel the blast,
Of pestilence, nor blight shall spoil thy corn,
Nor babes grow weak when skies shall be o'ercast,
And autumn sickly grows, of fruitage shorn!

There midst the snows of Algidus now feeds
The dedicated victim which was bred,
Midst oaks and holm-trees, or in meads
Albanian, doth rich pastures tread!

Whose neck the pontifical axe shall stain,
Crown then your deities with rosemary!
Nor tender myrtle lesser gods disdain,
Since sheep of two-years' teeth are not for thee!

An altar touched by gracious hand so pure,
Better than costly victims shall appease,
Nor crackling salt nor votive sheaves can more,
The gods' averted countenances please.





ODE XXV
TO BACCHUS

Whither would'st thou lead, O god of wine
Me, thy drowsed bard, thy prophet of the vine?
What unknown ecstasy exalts my mind,
To what enchantment shall I sense resign?

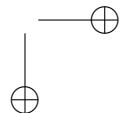
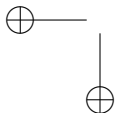
In what far-echoing cavern do I rove,
Deep in the meditation that I love?
Exalting Cæsar's honour to the stars,
I place him in the council of high Jove!

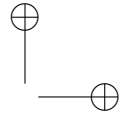
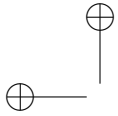
Dull mediocrity and verse obscure,
Ne'er could a Muse inspired as mine outpour,
My word shall be an oracle of song,
Whose strains throughout the ages shall endure!

Lo on the mountains, sleepless Bacchanals
Rage in their frenzy; Thrace the white snow palls!
Beholding Hebrus' river they grow mad
On Rhodope, where foot barbarian falls!

I wander, sometimes pausing to admire
The banks and silent groves of my desire.
O thou who rul'st the Naiads and Bacchants,
Whose hands can snap tall ash-trees; I aspire

To speak nought insignificant nor mean,
Nor things that blur and soil this mortal scene.
Grant me, thou God of Wine, that peril sweet,
To follow thee encrowned with vine-leaves green!





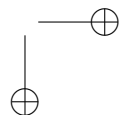
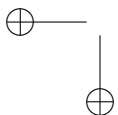
ODE XXVII
TO VENUS

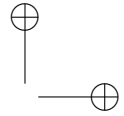
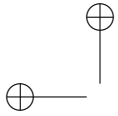
Susceptible to a maiden's charms,
High service I had sought.
But now I lay aside my arms,
Nor sound lute's amorous note.

Discharged from contests doth it rest,
Upon this further wall,
Which guards the side of Venus blest,
Sea-born and beautiful!

Here let the gleaming torches glow,
The helmet and the shield,
The sword and spear and threat'ning bow,
To which doors hostile yield!

Thou, to whom Cyprus doth belong,
And Memphis free from snow,
On wilful Chloe let thy thong,
Strike one descending blow.





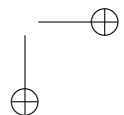
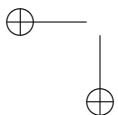
ODE XXVIII
TO LYDE

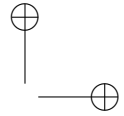
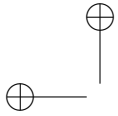
O Neptune's is a festal day,
Which we'll more gaily spend,
Shall Lyde bring without delay,
Wine of Cecuban brand.
Now broach the cask that long hath lain,
In loft so cool and dry,
With many a potent cup we'll drain,
Too strong philosophy!

Long hath the sun's diurnal flight,
His high meridian gained,
Who now sinks down with waning light,
His journey's course attained.
Go, bring you from the upper floor,
The long-awaited jar,
'Twas Bibulus who saw me store,
This vintage consular!

To Neptune sing alternate lays,
Sing Nereid's shining praise,
With curvèd harp Latona praise,
Sing Cynthia's sharp swift wands.
Now end your songs with glad refrains,
Which shall fair Venus please,
Who drives to Paphos her reined swans,
And rules the Cyclades!

To soft-winged night with shadows long,
We'll sing a meritorious song.





ODE XXIX
TO MÆCENAS

You who can trace descent from Tuscan kings,
Mæcenas, mild wine stored in cask awaits!
For you the rose its crimson petals flings,
And for your hair pressed oil that decorates!

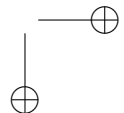
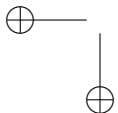
Snatch the brief moments of the hasting day,
Leave your moist Tibur nor the hour delay!
No longer fields of Æsulæ survey,
Nor hills where sire, Telegonus did slay!

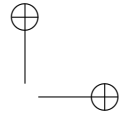
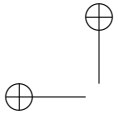
Dainty fastidiousness now cast aside,
Where towers your lofty mansion to the clouds!
Leave your loved Rome, nor let devoted pride,
Bind you to smoke and noise of fine abodes.

Change brings agreeable solace e'en to those,
Who can the luxuries of wealth command.
The modest lodging of a poor recluse,
May entertain the richest in the land.

Sometimes a frugal meal when neatly spread,
Outrivals curtained feasts and dainty fare.
An anxious brow with furrows overlaid,
Some rustic roof shall oft release from care.

Now doth clear Cepheus pour his glowing rays!
Procyon rages and the Lion raves,
The burning sun brings back the parching days.
And where the shadows fall, and cool stream laves





The tangled thickets of the sylvan brink,
The weary shepherd leads his languid flock,
Where sheep may crop cool pasturage and drink,
And wand'ring winds the grassy banks ne'er rock.

The fortunes of the State are now your care,
You view the city's welfare with alarm,
Pondering schemes that Cyrus doth prepare,
You fear lest hostile Tanaïs shall harm!

The prudent Providence that issues hides,
Enwraps futurity with misty night,
His smile, our mortal frailty derides,
If man's anxiety is less than right!

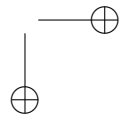
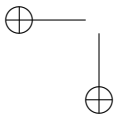
The hour that bounds your present circumstance,
Remember, to endure with equal mind,
For like a river, Time doth e'er advance,
Bearing or joy or grief to each assigned

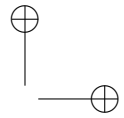
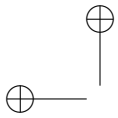
Now in mid stream the peaceful waters glide,
Fair flowing to the far Etruscan sea,
Now lifting rugged boulders with its tide,
Sweeps houses, stocks and cattle from the lea.

And now the tempest rages o'er the fell.
Far down the nearer woods loud echoes peal,
The rolling cataracts with fury swell,
Where once did quiet tributaries steal.

He rules his mind, who joyfully can say,
"Lo, I have lived!"; to future lot resigned,
Now let the Father cloud the coming day,
Or bid clear skies the sun's bright radiance find.

Yet shall the Father not invalidate,
Nor bring one issue that has been, to nought.
He will not render void the course of Fate,
Nor change whate'er a transient hour has wrought.



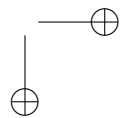
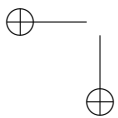


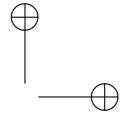
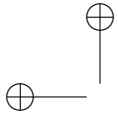
For Fortune ever was a wayward maid,
Who in her wanton insolence delights
Transferring fickle honours she has laid
On me, to other; lo! she thus requites!

While she remains, her sovereignty I own,
Should she clap wings for flight, then I resign
The gifts she gave me, and the studious gown
Of poor philosopher, again is mine!

No dower hath honest poverty to share,
Not mine the mast that bends before the storm!
Nor the vowed bargain of a mournful prayer,
Lest bales should heap the coffers of the foam!

Thus, I who own a small two-oared boat
Shall find protection in the friendly breeze.
While the twin-stars shall keep my keel afloat
Steering a safe course through tumultuous seas!





ODE XXX
TO MELPOMENE

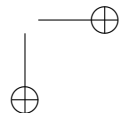
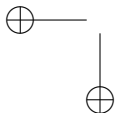
Lo, I have built a shrine which shall endure
From age to age, upon foundations sure,
This monument shall ne'er corrode like brass,
Its height, shall royal pyramids surpass!

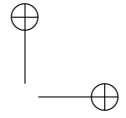
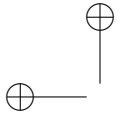
Its strength, insidious rains though ne'er so drear,
Or winds engaging force shall ne'er destroy!
Though seasons change, and year shall follow year,
Its site shall flourish everlastingly!

I shall not wholly die, but living rise
To fame perpetual in th' ethereal skies,
Through far posterity; though Death may claim
My mortal dust, Rome shall preserve my name.

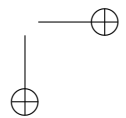
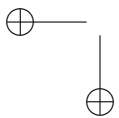
While priest and silent maid the steep ascend,
Of me, whose ways the peasant folk attend,
Whom no high lineage claims it shall be said
He first Greek verse with Latin tongue did wed.

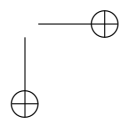
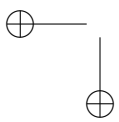
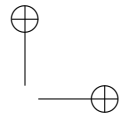
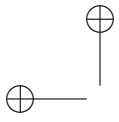
At length, where swollen Aufidus rolls by,
And Daunus swelters waterless and dry,
Melpomene! let honoured merit glow
And place the laureate wreath upon my brow!

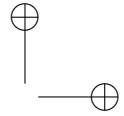
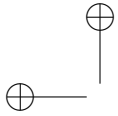




BOOK IV

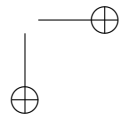
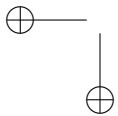


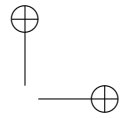
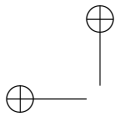




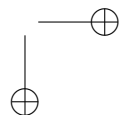
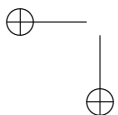
ODE I
TO VENUS

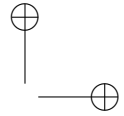
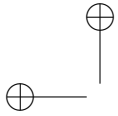
O Venus who dost stir up war,
After long interval, Oh spare!
I cannot now lost vigour feign,
Once mine in my good Cinara's reign.
Cruel Cupid's mother! now refrain,
Years fifty I'll ne'er see again,
Who must decline Love's soft commands
And all its favours at thy hands.
Depart, let youth of tender age
Follow with prayers thy equipage!
More fitly thou with gleaming swans,
Shalt seek a stream which mansion spans!
To Paulus Maximus now fly,
And grace the halls of revelry!
For passions flame he doth extol,
Him in thy service now enrol!
A noble scion fashioned well,
In eloquence he doth excel.
He is a youth of finer parts,
Who keeps his clients by his arts.
Thy standards he will carry high,
And don thy royal livery!
Who, when rich rivals cross his path,
Waives them aside, with mocking laugh.
Thy marble effigy he'll rear,
By Alba's water flowing near,
And in an alcove thou shalt gleam,
Thy temple roofed with citron beam.





There wreathed in curling vapours dense
Shalt breathe the clouds of frankincense.
And in thy praise shall sound the flute,
With mingled strains of pipe and lute.
And with the harmony inset,
Shall sound the full-voiced flageolet.
As morn and eve glad youth applauds.
Hails thy divinity with lauds.
And to white dancing feet the ground
With Salian measures shall resound.
But me, no longing now incites
For youthful joys, for wine's delights.
For brow encrowned with floral wreath,
For mutual love past all belief.
Ah why, ah why, my Ligurine,
Do cheeks now show a tear-stained line?
Why doth tongue once so eloquent
Lapse into silence of lament?
Though nought remains, yet still I seem,
To hold you in my nightly dream.
Chasing you flying through the grass,
As we the dewy Campus pass.
And still methinks, O heartless one,
I brave deep waters rolling on!





ODE III
TO MELPOMENE

Whose natal day once has thy quiet eye,
Bless'd O Melpomene, nor Isthmian toil,
Shall yield him wrestler's skilled nobility,
Nor steed-drawn chariot scour the Olympic soil!

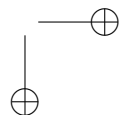
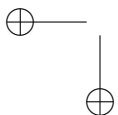
Him shall no feat of heroism crown!
No triumph greets him on the sacred hill!
His, not to swelling tyranny cast down!
Nor with his voice the threats of kings to still!

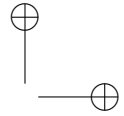
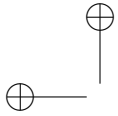
Yet, where irriguous Tiber flowing stream,
Doth through the fertile valley gently glide!
He shall find glory in Æolian theme,
Who now within a leafy grove doth hide!

Rome, queen of cities! thy imperial son,
My name among the poets doth enrol!
My envious rivals mocking banter shun,
Nor tongue malicious cavils at the scroll!

O sacred Muse, to whom doth e'er belong
The golden lyre! which at thy will doth sound!
Canst give to fishes dumb a swan-like song,
And break the solitude of depths profound!

Thine is the gift, if passing wayfarer,
Should point the finger at the Roman bard.
'Tis thine, if I should breathe th' immortal air,
And breathing, praise in verse thy blest award!





ODE V
TO AUGUSTUS

Beloved of Heaven, of race divine,
Who makest Rome thy care!
For thy return thy people pine,
The senate offers prayer!

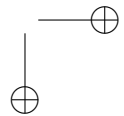
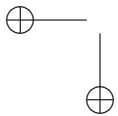
Now let the light of thy renown,
Upon thy country beam!
As in the spring, lit by the sun,
More brightly day doth gleam.

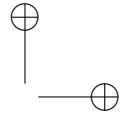
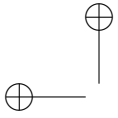
And as an anxious mother's prayers,
Recall her absent boy.
Whilst the south-wind with envious cares,
His tracks from home decoy!

Who the year's voyage doth prolong,
Beyond Carpathian Seas,
While she doth roam curved bays among,
Anxious and ill-at-ease.

So doth his country's faithful heart,
Her Cæsar's coming wait!
With eyes expectant and alert,
And hope inviolate!

Round pastures safe now wander kine,
Lands arable yield grain!
The season showers its gifts benign,
Sailors fly o'er the main!





Faith fears no more th' inconstant mind,
Chaste virtue scorns to roam!
Law hath the impious wretch enchained,
And children bless the home!

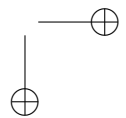
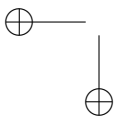
Who views the Parthian with alarm?
Who ice-bound Scythia fears?
The menace of the German arms,
Or wild Iberia's spears?

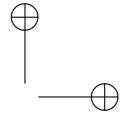
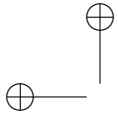
Cæsar's rule, all with gladness fills,
And at the close of day!
The peasant on his native hills,
Now stakes his vines that stray!

Anon shall he with joy return,
From grafting tree with vine!
To make thy merit his refrain,
At tables set with wine!

Thy name revered he hails with prayer,
Fills up the goblets every time!
To household gods commits thy care,
Like Greece heroic lords sublime!

Good Prince, far famed for chivalry,
Our festal days leave yet!
And should the morning find cups dry,
May sunset find throats wet!





ODE VI
TO APOLLO

Thou, whom Niobe's sons have feared
Famed for thy scathing tongue!
That erst the scheming Tityus scared,
And cowed Achilles strong!

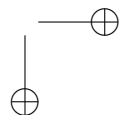
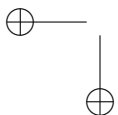
He; more enlightened than the rest,
Had failed to conquer Troy!
Nor martial ardour filled his breast,
Such as thou didst employ!

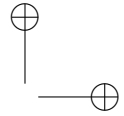
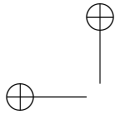
Though sea-born Thetis called him son,
And he with threat'ning spear,
Had shaken Dardan towers in scorn,
And in his foes struck fear!

But as a pine that axe doth hew,
Declines 'neath forceful thrust,
Or as a gale-uprooted yew,
His neck touched Trojan dust!

He would, encased in sacred horse,
That Pallas' rites did feign!
Have wrought in hours of night by force,
What he by day did gain!

He would have baffled trustful Troy
Upon a festal day!
Have entered Priam's seat of joy,
'Midst rites and dances gay!





He would dumb offspring yet unborn,
Have burnt with Grecian flame!
Had not thy angry words of scorn,
With Venus', brought him shame!

The God's own father, mighty Jove,
To Æneas promised rest,
And did by happier omens prove,
Should later walls be blest!

Euphonius master of the lyre,
Didst Argive Thalia train!
Who lav'st in Xanthus' stream thy hair,
Safeguard my Muse's strain.

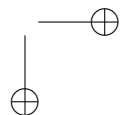
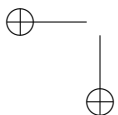
Phœbus who lent me art to sing,
In measures full and strong!
In spirit through my verse doth wing.
And names me bard of song!

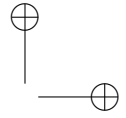
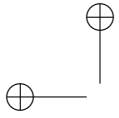
So come ye youths and maidens young,
Born of illustrious race!
Your care to Dian doth belong,
Patroness of the chase!

Whose bow doth stags and lynxes rout,
Though swift in flight, they fall!
The time of Lesbian dances foot,
While I the measure call!

Mark, how my thumb doth sweep the lyre,
Sounding Latona's praise,
What time doth Luna's waxing fire
Inspire our roundelays!

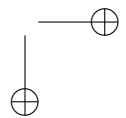
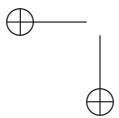
Now, doth her circumfulgent light
Our ripening fruit mature!
Prone with her swift declining flight,
The rolling months to ensure!

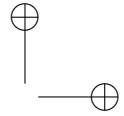
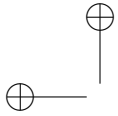




Thyself, in wedlock, shalt indite,
“I who was quick to learn!
Horatian measures; now recite
The odes for which gods yearn!”

Mem'ries they bring of festal days
That graced an earlier age,
Recalling scenes and old-time lays,
That present cares assuage!





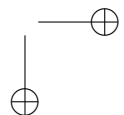
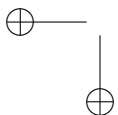
ODE VII
TO TORQUATUS

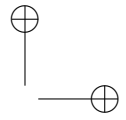
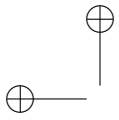
The snows have fled, the winter sped,
On every branch appearing,
New leaves are seen, hues emerald green
The grasses now are wearing.
Meadows elate in festal state,
The streams in flood decreasing.
While nymphs and graces lead the dance
With roundelays unceasing.

The days pass by with many a sigh,
When winter's at the portal,
For sunset-time with chilling rime.
Tells joys are not immortal!
Now zephyrs mild chide tempests wild,
Summer finds spring still courting,
Autumn doth pour her fruitful store,
With wistful eye departing!

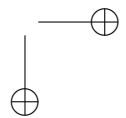
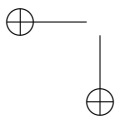
Moons wax and wane and come again
Bare winter's rack repairing!
Ourselves forgot, must share their lot
With mighty souls and daring!
Who doth foreknow, shall Fate bestow
This day's fare on the morrow?
A mind resigned will riches find,
Nor greedy heir shall borrow.

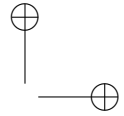
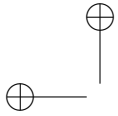
One sea for all, whate'er befall,
Fear not the tide before you.
Whence neither wisdom, prayer, nor wealth
Nor lineage shall restore you!





To Hades' glades, leave Hades' shades,
Nor passing joys ignore you!
Your best reward, your last record,
When Death's wave shall fold o'er you!





ODE IX
TO LOLLIUS

I would not have you think that words of mine,
Are doomed to perish; – words which being born,
Where Aufidus loud rolls; – with power serene,
I teach the lyre responsive, arts unknown!

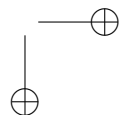
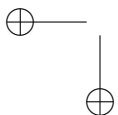
Not though 'mong poets Homer reigns supreme,
Shall he exalted Pindar's songs obscure,
Nor cast in shade Alcæus' mighty theme,
Nor make Stesichorous' renown less sure! –

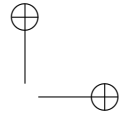
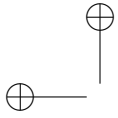
Nor shall time's hand Anacreon's touch efface,
In whose sweet strains love's breath doth linger still,
Where Sappho lives and glows with comely grace,
And the wild chords crash forth her kindling will!

Helen, admiring, did not yearn alone,
The essenced locks of Paris to caress,
Gold-spangled robes that might have decked a throne,
His retinue, and courtly sumptuousness.

Nor Teucer first, did arrow fit to string,
Nor Ilium once, did fatal fires destroy!
Not once Idomeneus did army bring.
Nor Stheneleus alone, the Muse's joy!

Nor was fierce Hector first to brave war's strife,
Nor did Deiphobus alone receive
His gaping wounds, fighting for child and wife,
Left in their modest chastity to grieve.





Ere Agamemnon lived, men brave as he
Did Fate urge on with unrelenting might,
Unknown they sank in drear obscurity.
Unwept; no gorgeous pæan broke their night.

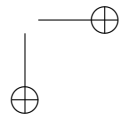
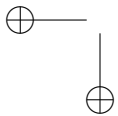
Of what avail is fame by dust concealed.
Or valour that doth lack the poet's lays?
Thee, shall my verse extol; and once revealed,
Nor shall oblivion envious shroud thy praise.

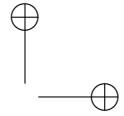
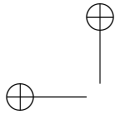
Thine is a mind well-balanced in affairs,
To wield authority in stress or peace,
To punish the mean trickster, foil his snares.
To shun base peculation's avarice.

Not for one year shall last thy consulate,
But long as one found faithful shall prefer,
Things right to the expedient; – sedate,
His frown shall men from evil bribes deter.

Stern the recalcitrant to quell; ne'er slow
To fallen foe show mercy's gentle sway, –
Who uses wisely, gifts the gods bestow,
Is blest; – not he, whose riches gild his way!

His fortitude shall penury endure,
By him e'en Death is sought before disgrace,
He seeks in high endeavour guerdon sure,
Prepared to die, a patriot for his race.





ODE XI
TO PHYLLIS

I have a cask of Alba's wine
O'er which nine years have flown,
A well-stocked garden, Phyllis mine,
Grows parsley for my crown!

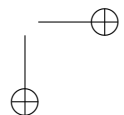
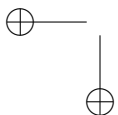
Ivy grows in profusion there,
Which do you now entwine!
Bind up in neat gold swathes your hair,
That doth with radiance shine!

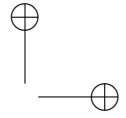
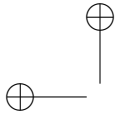
Old silver plate doth grace my board,
Vervains the altar bind,
A lamb doth bleed upon the sward,
Now hastes the running hind!

And now each swain doth bring his maid,
The sprightly dance to claim,
Black clouds of smoke the skies invade,
From spiral points of flame!

Your presence, feasting now invite.
The pastimes of the Ides.
The month of sea-born Venus bright,
This April day divides!

A natal day to me so dear,
More cherished than my own,
Its anniversary tells the year
Which saw Mæcenas born! –



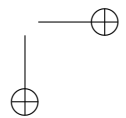
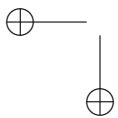


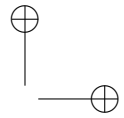
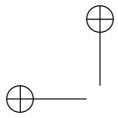
Young Telephus of noble race,
When sought for, you'll ne'er find,
A richer maid with smiling grace
Holds him with fetters kind.

Scorched Phaeton scares the wiles of greed,
Winged Pegasus, when flown,
A subject serious to heed,
Gave to Bellerophon!

An end more worthy now pursue,
With reason curb desire,
Shun him whose rank is not for you,
To equal mate aspire!

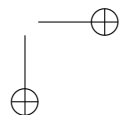
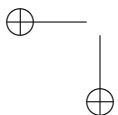
Come, for from thee I ne'er will rove,
For other maid ne'er long!
Come, sing the soft refrains I love
And soothe dull care with song!

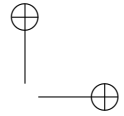
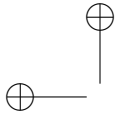




ODE XII
TO VERGILIUS

Companion of the gentle gales
Which sweep the seas and fill the sails,
Spring, doth the dewy meads renew
Where snow-filled torrents raging flew.
The plaintive nightingale distressed
Now builds again her twined nest.
Stretched on the grass midst lusty ewes,
The pastoral swain shall flute his muse.
Pleasing the season's deity
'Midst charmed hills of Arcady.
O Virgil! spring's thirst-quenching time
Needs patrons of the magic rhyme!
Come then old friend and honoured bard,
Well-mindful of your spikenard!
If you require a luscious wine,
Try the Calenian grape divine.
One alabaster-box shall buy
The cask Sulpician shades supply.
This shall you quaff with jocund mirth,
And stifle sorrow at its birth!
Come with due haste and pay its price,
Nor leave behind your merchandise.
Think not a liberal table mine,
Each pays his share who calls for wine.
Do not for studious lucre wait,
Nor festal bouts procrastinate.
Be mindful of the smoke-palled pyre,
The last dread obsequies of fire!
Take heart, give mirth more liberal space,
"Wisdom" is "foolishness in place."





ODE XIII
TO LYCE

Be sure, O Lyce, prayers are heard!
To me was given response to prayer!
Your hoary age would time retard,
Regain the charms that once were fair!

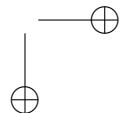
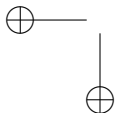
You sport with tipsy insolence,
Hilarious gaiety now feign.
Thus deaf to ev'ry finer sense,
With faltering whine lost loves complain.

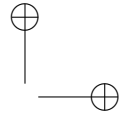
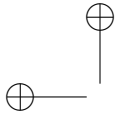
But Cupid basks on blooming cheeks,
In Chian maiden's blushes prides,
Her touch upon the lyre he seeks,
And softly well-trained fingers guides.

In manner rough to withered oak,
He, your ungracious presence flies,
His flight; your arid lips provoke,
Grey hairs and wrinkles he defies!

Nor Coan robes of purple hue,
Nor jewels of the clearest ray!
Shall e'er those times restore to you
The annals of a younger day!

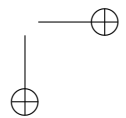
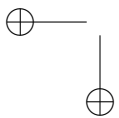
Whither has fled your comeliness,
Whither your bloom and figure gone?
Of beauty shorn; you, with caress,
Once pledged your charms for me alone.

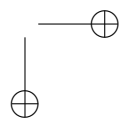
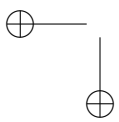
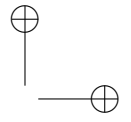
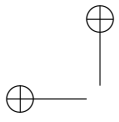


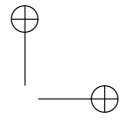
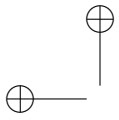


Who, did my wiser wit befool,
Mourning my dear dead Cinara's love,
And with the arts of guileful rule,
My faithful mem'ries did remove.

To Cinara, fate short threads gave,
To Lyce, years of agèd crow,
That mocking youth should taunting rave,
Consumed torches never glow.







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