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HORACE

ODES AND EPODES

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HORACE

ODES AND EPODES

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

C. E. BENNETT



HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
LONDON, ENGLAND

First published 1914
Reprinted 1918, 1919, 1921, 1924, 1925
Revised and reprinted 1927
Reprinted 1929, 1930, 1934, 1939, 1946, 1947, 1960, 1964
Revised and reprinted 1968
Reprinted 1978, 1988, 1995

ISBN 0-674-99037-4

*Printed in Great Britain by St Edmundsbury Press Ltd,
Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk, on acid-free paper.
Bound by Hunter & Foulis Ltd, Edinburgh, Scotland.*

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LIFE AND WORKS OF HORACE

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS was born at the little town of Venusia, on the borders of Apulia and Lucania, December 8, 65 B.C. His father was a freedman, who seems to have been a collector of taxes. In this business he saved some money, and, dissatisfied with the advantages offered by the school at Venusia, took the young Horace to Rome for his education. This plan evidently involved no little personal and financial sacrifice on the father's part—a sacrifice appreciated to the full by Horace, if not at this time, at least in his later life. In a touching passage almost unique in ancient literature (*Sat.* i. 6, 72ff.) the poet tells us of the father's devotion at this period. Ambitious only for his son's mental and moral improvement, without a thought of the larger material prizes of life, he not only provided Horace with the best instruction the capital afforded, but watched with anxious care over the boy's moral training as well, even accompanying him to school and back again to his lodgings.

In his nineteenth year or thereabouts (*i.e.* about 46 B.C.) Horace went to Athens to add the finishing touches to his education by the study of philosophy. The Greek poets also largely occupied his attention at this time. Among his friends during this Athenian

LIFE AND WORKS OF HORACE

period may be mentioned the young Cicero, son of the orator, and M. Valerius Messalla, who, with many other young Romans, were residing at Athens for the purpose of study.

After some two years Horace's studies were interrupted by political events. Caesar had been assassinated in March of 44 B.C., and in September of that year Brutus arrived in Athens, burning with the spirit of republicanism. Horace was easily induced to join his standard, and, though lacking previous military training or experience, received the important appointment of *tribunus militum* in Brutus' army. The battle of Philippi (November, 42 B.C.) sounded the death-knell of republican hopes and left Horace in bad case. His excellent father had died, and the scant patrimony which would have descended to the poet had been confiscated by Octavian in consequence of the son's support of Brutus and Cassius.

Taking advantage of the general amnesty granted by Octavian, Horace returned to Rome in 41 B.C., and there secured a position as quaestor's clerk (*scriba*), devoting his intervals of leisure to composition in verse. He soon formed a warm friendship with Virgil, then just beginning his career as a poet, and with Varius; through their influence he was admitted (39 B.C.) to the friendship and intimacy of Maecenas, the confidential adviser of Octavian, and a generous patron of literature. About six years later (probably 33 B.C.) he received from Maecenas the Sabine Farm, situated some twenty-five miles to the north-east of Rome, in the valley of the Digentia, a small stream flowing into the Anio. This estate was not merely adequate for his support, enabling him to devote his entire energy to study and poetry, but

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was an unfailing source of happiness as well; Horace never wearies of singing its praises.

Horace's friendship with Maecenas, together with his own admirable social qualities and poetic gifts, won him an easy entrance into the best Roman society. His *Odes* bear eloquent testimony to his friendship with nearly all the eminent Romans of his time. Among these were: Agrippa, Octavian's trusted general and later his son-in-law; Messalla, the friend of Horace's Athenian student days, and later one of the foremost orators of the age; Pollio, distinguished alike in the fields of letters, oratory, and arms. The poets Virgil and Varius have already been mentioned. Other literary friends were: Quintilius Varus, Valgius, Plotius, Aristius Fuscus, and the poet Tihullus.

With the Emperor, Horace's relations were intimate and cordial. Though the poet had fought with conviction under Brutus and Cassius at Philippi, yet he possessed too much sense and patriotism to be capable of ignoring the splendid promise of stability and good government held out by the new régime inaugurated by Augustus. In sincere and loyal devotion to his sovereign, he not merely accepted the new order, but lent the best efforts of his verse to glorifying and strengthening it.

He died November 27, 8 B.C., shortly before the completion of his fifty-seventh year, and but a few weeks after the death of his patron and friend Maecenas.

Horace's first published work was Book I of the *Satires*, which appeared in 35 B.C. Five years later Book II was published. Though conventionally called "Satires," and alluded to by Horace himself as *satirae*, these were entitled by him *Sermones*, as being

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talks, so to speak, couched in the familiar language of everyday life. In Horace's hands satire consists in the main of urbane comment upon the vices and foibles of the day, coupled with amusing incidents of personal experience and good-natured railery at the defects of the prevailing philosophical systems, of which he was always an earnest and intelligent student.

The *Epodes*, published about 29 b.c., mark the transition from the *Satires* to the *Odes*. They resemble the *Satires* in their frequent polemical character, the *Odes* in the lyric form in which they are cast.

Books I-III of the *Odes* were published in 23 b.c., when Horace was forty-two years old. Many of them had unquestionably been written several years before—some apparently as early as 32 b.c. These *Odes* at once raised Horace to the front rank of Roman poets, and assured his permanent fame. Six years later he was the natural choice of Augustus for the composition of the *Carmen Saeculare* to be sung at the celebration of the Saecular Games in that year. A fourth book of *Odes* was published about 13 b.c.

Horace also issued two books of *Epistles*, the first about 20 b.c., the second about 14 b.c. Besides these we have the *Epistula ad Pisones*, often called *Ars Poetica*, a letter dealing with the principles of poetic composition, especially with the drama. This work belongs to the last years of the poet's life.

As a master of lyric form Horace is unexcelled among Roman poets. In content also many of his odes represent the highest order of poetry. His patriotism was genuine, his devotion to Augustus was profound, his faith in the moral law was deep

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and clear. Wherever he touches on these themes he speaks with conviction and sincerity, and often rises to a lofty level. But the very qualities of reason and reflection that made him successful here, naturally limited his success in treating of love and sentiment—the topics most frequently chosen for lyric treatment by other poets. On this account he has not infrequently been challenged as without title to high poetic rank. But fortunately the question is not an academic one. Generation after generation continues to own the spell of Horace's verse. So long as this is true, we may properly ignore theoretical discussions concerning the character of his lyric work.

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METRES USED BY HORACE

1. *Alcaic Strophe*.

$\cong | _ \cup | _ _ || _ \cup \cup | _ \cup | _ \cong$ (twice)
 $\cup | _ \cup | _ _ | _ \cup | _ \cong$
 $_ \cup \cup | _ \cup \cup | _ \cup | _ \cong$

In the first two lines a diaeresis regularly occurs after the second complete foot, but this is sometimes neglected, e.g. *Odes*, I, 37, 14; IV, 14, 17.

The extra syllable at the beginning of the first three lines of each stanza is called an anacrusis.

This metre occurs in *Odes*, I, 9, 16, 17, 26, 27, 29, 31, 34, 35, 37; II, 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 14, 15, 17, 19, 20; III, 1-6, 17, 21, 23, 26, 29; IV, 4, 9, 14, 15.

2. *Sapphic and Adonic*.

$_ \cup | _ _ | _ || _ \cup \cup | _ \cup | _ \cong$ (three times)
 $_ \cup \cup | _ \cong$

The regular caesura of the first three lines falls after the long syllable of the dactyl; but a feminine caesura, after the first short of the dactyl, sometimes

METRES USED BY HORACE

occurs. This is especially frequent in Book IV of the *Odes*, and in the *Carmen Saeculare*.

Now and then we find a hypermetric verse, e.g. *Odes*, II, 16, 34.

This metre occurs in *Odes*, I, 2, 10, 12, 20, 22, 25, 30, 32, 38; II, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 16; III, 8, 11, 14, 18, 20, 22, 27; IV, 2, 6, 11; *Carmen Saeculare*.

3. First Asclepiadean.

— | — ◡ ◡ | — | — ◡ ◡ | — ◡ ◡

A diaeresis regularly occurs after the sixth syllable of the verse, but exceptions occur in *Odes*, II, 12, 25, and IV, 8, 17.

This metre occurs in *Odes*, I, 1; III, 30; IV, 8.

4. Second Asclepiadean.

— | — ◡ ◡ | — ◡ ◡ | — | — ◡ ◡ | — ◡ ◡ | — ◡ ◡

The second line of the couplet is the First Asclepiadean. The special name Glyconic is given to the metre of the first line.

This metre occurs in *Odes*, I, 3, 13, 19, 36; III, 9, 15, 19, 24, 25, 28; IV, 1, 3.

5. Third Asclepiadean.

— | — ◡ ◡ | — | — ◡ ◡ | — ◡ ◡ | — ◡ ◡ (three times)
— | — ◡ ◡ | — ◡ ◡

METRES USED BY HORACE

This consists of the First Asclepiadean and the Glyconic.

This metre occurs in *Odes*, I, 6, 15, 24, 33; II, 12; III, 10, 16; IV, 5, 12.

6. Fourth Asclepiadean.

— | — ◡ ◡ | — | — ◡ ◡ | — ◡ ◡ (twice)
— | — ◡ ◡ | — ◡ ◡
— | — ◡ ◡ | — ◡ ◡

The first two lines are the First Asclepiadean. The third is called Pherecratean. The fourth is the Glyconic.

This metre occurs in *Odes*, I, 5, 14, 21, 23; III, 7, 13; IV, 13.

7. Fifth Asclepiadean.

— | — ◡ ◡ | — | — ◡ ◡ | — | — ◡ ◡ | — ◡ ◡ | — ◡ ◡

This metre occurs in *Odes*, I, 11, 18; IV, 10.

8. Iambic Trimeter.

The strict scheme is:

— ◡ | — ◡ | — | — ◡ | — ◡ | — ◡ | — ◡ ;

but the spondee is occasionally substituted for the iambus in the odd feet of the verse, and at times even other substitutes occur, e.g. the tribrach (— ◡ ◡), dactyl, and rarely the anapaest (— ◡ ◡). A caesura regularly occurs after the short syllable of the third foot (penthemimeral caesura), less

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frequently after the short syllable of the fourth foot (heptemimeral caesura).

This metre occurs in *Epode* 17.

9. *Iambic Strophe.*

◡ | ◡ | ◡ | ◡ || ◡ | ◡ | ◡ | ◡ | ◡ | ◡ | ◡ | ◡
 ◡ | ◡ | ◡ | ◡ | ◡ | ◡ | ◡ | ◡ |

This consists of the iambic trimeter (see § 8) followed by the iambic dimeter, which admits the same substitutes as the trimeter.

This metre occurs in *Epodes* 1-10.

10. *Alcmanic Strophe.*

◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ || ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ |
 ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ |

This consists of the dactylic hexameter followed by a dactylic tetrameter. The spondee is freely substituted for the dactyl, as in Virgil.

This metre occurs in *Odes*, I, 7, 28; *Epode* 12.

11. *First Pythiambic.*

◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ || ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ |
 ◡ | ◡ | ◡ | ◡ | ◡ | ◡ |

A dactylic hexameter followed by an iambic dimeter (§ 9).

This metre occurs in *Epodes* 14, 15.

METRES USED BY HORACE

12. *Second Pythiambic.*

◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ || ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ |
 ◡ | ◡ | ◡ | ◡ || ◡ | ◡ | ◡ | ◡ |

A dactylic hexameter followed by an iambic trimeter (§ 8). In this metre no substitutes for the iambus are permitted.

This metre occurs in *Epode* 16.

13. *First Archilochian.*

◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ || ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ |
 ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ |

A dactylic hexameter followed by a dactylic trimeter catalectic ("stopping short").

This metre occurs in *Odes*, IV, 7.

14. *Second Archilochian.*

◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ || ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ |
 ◡ | ◡ | ◡ | ◡ || ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ | ◡ ◡ |

A dactylic hexameter followed by a line consisting of an iambic dimeter combined with a dactylic trimeter catalectic (§ 13). In the first and third feet of the dimeter, the spondee may take the place of the iambus.

This metre occurs in *Epode* 13.

METRES USED BY HORACE

15. *Third Archilochian.*

◡ — | ◡ — | ◡ ◡ || — | ◡ — | ◡ — | ◡ —
 ◡ ◡ — | ◡ ◡ — || ◡ — | ◡ — | ◡ — | ◡ —

The first line is an iambic trimeter (§ 8). The second is the same as the second line of the Second Archilochian (§ 14), with the two parts reversed.

This metre occurs in *Epode* 11.

16. *Fourth Archilochian Strophe.*

— ◡ ◡ | — ◡ ◡ | — ◡ ◡ | — ◡ | — ◡ | — ◡
 — ◡ — | — ◡ || — | ◡ — | ◡ — | ◡ —

The first line is called a greater Archilochian, and admits the substitution of the spondee for the dactyl in the first three feet. The second line is an iambic trimeter catalectic ("stopping short"); cf. § 8.

This metre occurs in *Odes*, I, 4.

17. *Second Sapphic Strophe.*

— ◡ ◡ | — ◡ | — ◡
 — ◡ | — | — || ◡ ◡ | — | — ◡ ◡ | — ◡ | — ◡

A so-called Aristophanic verse, followed by a greater Sapphic.

This metre occurs in *Odes*, I, 8.

METRES USED BY HORACE

18. *Trochaic Strophe.*

— ◡ | — ◡ | — ◡ | —
 ◡ — | ◡ — | ◡ — | ◡ — | ◡ — | ◡ —

A so-called Euripidean verse, followed by an iambic trimeter catalectic ("stopping short"); cf. § 8.

This metre occurs in *Odes*, II, 18.

19. *Ionic a Minore.*

◡ ◡ — | ◡ ◡ — | ◡ ◡ — | ◡ ◡ — (twice)
 ◡ ◡ — | ◡ ◡ —

This metre occurs in *Odes*, III, 12.

THE ODES OF HORACE

LIBER I

I

MAECENAS atavis edite regibus,
o et praesidium et dulce decus meum,
sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
collegisse iuvat metaque fervidis
civitate rotis palmaeque nobilis
terrarum dominos evehit ad deos;
hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium
certat tergeminis tollere honoribus;
illum, si proprio condidit horreo,
quicquid de Libycis verritur areis. 10
gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
agros Attalicis condicionibus
numquam demoveas, ut trabe Cypria
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.
luctantem Icaris fluctibus Africum
mereator metuens otium et oppidi
laudat rura sui; mox reficit rates
quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.
est qui nec veteris pocula Massici

BOOK I

ODE I

Dedication to Maecenas

MAECENAS, sprung from royal stock, my bulwark and
my glory dearly cherished, some there are whose one
delight it is to gather Olympic dust upon the racing
car, and whom the turning-post cleared with glowing
wheel and the glorious palm exalt as masters of the
earth to the very gods. One man is glad if the mob
of fickle Romans strive to raise him to triple honours;
another, if he has stored away in his own granary
everything swept up from Libyan threshing-floors.
The peasant who loves to break the clods of his
ancestral acres with the hoe, you could never induce
by the terms of an Attalus to become a trembling sailor
and to plough the Myrtoan Sea in Cyprian bark. The
trader, fearing the southwester as it wrestles with the
Icarian waves, praises the quiet of the fields about
his native town, yet presently refits his shattered
barks, untaught to brook privation. Many a one
there is who scorns not bowls of ancient Massic
nor to steal a portion of the day's busy hours,

CARMINVM LIBER I

nec partem solido demere de die
 spernit, nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
 stratus, nunc ad aquae lene caput sacrae.
 multos castra iuant et lituo tubae
 permixtus sonitus bellaque matribus
 detestata. manet sub Iove frigido
 venator tenerae coniugis immemor,
 seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,
 seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas.
 me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
 dis miscent superis, me gelidum nemus
 30 nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori
 secernunt populo, si neque tibus
 Euterpe cohibet nec Polyhymnia
 Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton.
 quodsi me lyricis vatibus inseris,
 sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

ODES BOOK I. 1

stretching his limbs now 'neath the verdant arbute-
 tree, now by the sacred source of some gently
 murmuring rill.

Many delight in the camp, in the sound of the trum-
 pet mingled with the clarion, and in the wars that
 mothers hate. Out beneath the cold sky, forgetful
 of his tender wife, stays the hunter, whether a deer
 has been sighted by the trusty hounds, or a Marsian
 boar has broken the finely twisted nets.

Me the ivy, the reward of poets' brows, links with
 the gods above; me the cool grove and the lightly
 tripping bands of the nymphs and satyrs withdraw
 from the vulgar throng, if only Euterpe withhold not
 the flute, nor Polyhymnia refuse to tune the Lesbian
 lyre. But if you rank me among lyric bards, I shall
 touch the stars with my exalted head.

II

IAM satis terris nivis atque dirae
grandinis misit Pater et rubente
dextera sacras iaculatus arces
 terrui urbem,

terrui gentis, grave ne rediret
saeculum Pyrrhae nova monstra questae,
omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos
 visere montes,

piscium et summa genus haesit ulmo,
nota quae sedes fuerat columbis, 10
et superiecto pavidae natarunt
 aequore dammae.

vidimus flavum Tiberini, retortis
litore Etrusco violenter undis,
ire delectum monumenta regis
 templaque Vestae,

Iliae dum se nimium querenti
iactat ultorem, vagus et sinistra
labitur ripa, love non probante, ux-
 orius amuis. 20

ODE II

To Augustus, the Deliverer and Hope of the State

ENOUGH already of dire snow and hail has the Father
sent upon the earth, and smiting with his red right
hand the sacred hill-tops has filled with fear the City
and the people, lest there should come again the
gruesome age of Pyrrha, who complained of marvels
strange, when Proteus drove all his herd to visit the
lofty mountains, and the tribe of fishes lodged in
elm-tops, that till then had been the wonted haunt
of doves, and the terror-stricken does swam in
the overwhelming flood.

We saw the yellow Tiber, its waves hurled back in
fury from the Tuscan shore, advance to overthrow
the King's Memorial¹ and Vesta's shrines, showing
himself too ardent an avenger of complaining Ilia,
and spreading far and wide o'er the left bank without
Jove's sanction,—fond river-god.

¹ The Regia, the official residence of the Pontifex Maximus,
said to have been built by King Numa.

CARMINVM LIBER I

audiet civis acuisse ferrum,
quo graves Persae melius perirent,
audiet pugnas vitio parentum
rara iuventus.

quem vocet divom populus ruentis
imperii rebus? Prece qua fatigent
virgines sanctae minus audientem
carmina Vestam?

cui dabit partes scelus expiandi
Iuppiter? Tandem venias, precamur, 30
nube candentes umeros amictus,
augur Apollo;

sive tu mavis, Erycina ridens,
quam Iocus circum volat et Cupido;
sive neglectum genus et nepotes
respicis, auctor,

heu nimis longo satiate ludo,
quem iuvat clamor galeaeque leves
acer et Mauri¹ peditis cruentum
vultus in hostem. 40

sive mutata iuvenem figura
ales in terris imitaris almae
filius Maiac, patiens vocari
Caesaris ultor:

¹ *Marsi Faber, Bentley.*

ODES BOOK I. ii

Our children, made fewer by their sires' sins, shall
hear that citizen whetted against citizen the sword
whereby the Parthian foe had better perished,—
shall hear of battles too.

Whom of the gods shall the folk call to the needs
of the falling empire? With what entreaty shall
the holy Maidens importune Vesta, who heedeth not
their litanies? To whom shall Jupiter assign the
task of atoning for our guilt? Come thou at length,
we pray thee, prophetic Apollo, veiling thy radiant
shoulders in a cloud; or thou, if thou wilt rather,
blithe goddess of Eryx, about whom hover Mirth
and Desire; or thou, our author, if thou regardest
the neglected race of thy descendants, thou glutted
with the game of war, alas! too long continued, thou
whose delight is in the battle-shout and glancing
helms and the grim visage of the Moorish foot-soldier
facing his blood-stained foe. Or thou, winged son
of benign Maia, if changing thy form, thou assumest
on earth the guise of man, right ready to be called
the avenger of Caesar: late mayest thou return to

CARMINVM LIBER I

serus in caelum redeas, diuque
laetus intersis populo Quirini,
neve te nostris vitiis iniquum
ocior aura

tollat ; hic magnos potius triumphos,
hic ames dici pater atque princeps,
neu sinas Medos equitare inultos,
te duce, Caesar.

50

ODES BOOK I. ii

the skies and long mayest thou be pleased to dwell
amid Quirinus' folk ; and may no untimely gale
waft thee from us angered at our sins ! Here rather
mayest thou love glorious triumphs, the name of
“ Father ” and of “ Chief ” ; nor suffer the Medes to
ride on their raids unpunished, whilst thou art our
leader, O Caesar !

III

Sic te diva potens Cypri,
 sic fratres Helenae, lucida sidera,
 ventorumque regat pater
 obstrictis aliis praeter Iapyga,

 navis, quae tibi creditum
 debes Vergilium; finibus Atticis
 reddas incolumem, precor,
 et serves animae dimidium meae.

 illi robur et aes triplex
 circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci 10
 commisit pelago ratem
 primus, nec timuit praecipitem Africuum

 decertantem Aquilonibus
 nec tristes Hyadas nec rabiem Noti,
 quo non arbiter Hadriae
 maior, tollere seu ponere volt freta.

 quem mortis timuit gradum,
 qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,
 qui vidit mare turbidum et
 infames scopulos, Acroceraunia? 20

ODE III

To Virgil setting out for Greece

MAY the goddess who rules over Cyprus, may Helen's
 brothers, gleaming fires, and the father of the winds,
 confining all but Iapyx, guide thee so, O ship, which
 owest to us Virgil entrusted to thee,—guide thee so
 that thou shalt bring him safe to Attic shores, I pray
 thee, and preserve the half of my own soul!

Oak and triple bronze must have girt the breast of
 him who first committed his frail back to the angry
 sea, and who feared not the furious south-west wind
 battling with the blasts of the north, nor the gloomy
 Hyades, nor the rage of Notus, than whom there
 is no mightier master of the Adriatic, whether he
 choose to raise or calm the waves. What form of
 Death's approach feared he who with dry eyes gazed
 on the swimming monsters, on the stormy sea, and
 the ill-famed cliffs of Acroceraunia? Vain was the

CARMINVM LIBER I

nequiquam deus abscedit
 prudens Oceano dissociabili
 terras, si tamen impiae
 non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.

audax omnia perpeti
 gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.
 audax Iapeti genus
 ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit.

post ignem aetheria domo
 subductum macies et nova febrium 30
 terris incubuit cohors,
 semotique prius tarda necessitas

leti corripuit gradum,
 expertus vacuum Daedalus aëra
 pinnis non homini datis;
 perrupit Acheronta Hercules labor.

nil mortalibus ardui est;
 caelum ipsum petimus stultitia, neque
 per nostrum patimur scelus 40
 iracunda Iovem ponere fulmina.

ODES BOOK I. iii

purpose of the god in severing the lands by the
 estranging main, if in spite of him our impious ships
 dash across the depths he meant should not be
 touched. Bold to endure all things, mankind rushes
 even through forbidden wrong. Iapetus' daring son
 by impious craft brought fire to the tribes of men.
 After fire was stolen from its home in heaven, wasting
 disease and a new throng of fevers fell upon the
 earth, and the doom of death, that before had been
 slow and distant, quickened its pace. Daedalus
 essayed the empty air on wings denied to man; the
 toiling Hercules burst through Acheron. No ascent
 is too steep for mortals. Heaven itself we seek in
 our folly, and through our sin we let not Jove lay
 down his bolts of wrath.

IV

SOLVITVR acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni,
 trahuntque siccas machinae carinas,
 ac neque iam stabulis gaudet pecus aut arator igni,
 nec prata canis albicant pruinis.

iam Cytherea choros ducit Venus imminente luna,
 iunctaeque Nymphis Gratiae decentes
 alterno terram quatunt pede, dum graves Cyclopum
 Vulcanus ardens visit¹ officinas.

nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto
 aut flore, terrae quem ferunt solutae ; 10
 nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
 seu poscat agna sive malit haedo.

pallida Mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
 regumque turres. o beate Sesti,
 vitae summa brevis spes nos vetat incohare longam.
 iam te premet nox fabulaeque Manes

et domus exilis Plutonia ; quo simul mearis,
 nec regna vini sortiere talis,
 nec tenerum Lycidan mirabere, quo calet iuventus
 nunc omnis et mox virgines tepebunt. 20

¹ visit most MSS.; writ a few poorer MSS.

ODE IV

Spring's Lesson

KEEN winter is breaking up at the welcome change to spring and the Zephyr, and the tackles are hauling dry hulls toward the beach. No longer now does the flock delight in the fold, or the ploughman in his fireside, nor are the meadows longer white with hoary frost. Already Cytherean Venus leads her dancing bands beneath the o'erhanging moon, and the comely Graces linked with Nymphs tread the earth with tripping feet, while blazing Vulcan visits the mighty forges of the Cyclopes. Now is the fitting time to garland our glistening locks with myrtle green or with the blossoms that the unfettered earth brings forth. Now also is it meet in shady groves to bring sacrifice to Faunus, whether he demand a lamb or prefer a kid.

Pale Death with foot impartial knocks at the poor man's cottage and at prince's palaces. Despite thy fortune, Sestius, life's brief span forbids thy entering on far-reaching hopes. Soon shall the night of Death enshroud thee, and the phantom shades and Pluto's cheerless hall. As soon as thou com'st thither, no longer shalt thou by the dice obtain the lordship of the feast, nor gaze with wonder on the tender Lycidas, of whom all youths are now enamoured and for whom the maidens soon shall glow with love.

V

Qvis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
 perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
 grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
 cui flavam religas comam,

simplex munditiis? heu quotiens fidem
 mutatosque deos flebit et aspera
 nigris aequora ventis
 emirabitur insolens,

qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
 qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem 10
 sperat, nescius aurae
 fallacis. miseri, quibus

intemptata nites. me tabula sacer
 votiva paries indicat uvida
 suspendisse potenti
 vestimenta maris deo.

ODE V

To a Flirt

WHAT slender youth, bedewed with perfumes, embraces thee amid many a rose, O Pyrrha, in the pleasant grotto? For whom dost thou tie up thy golden hair in simple elegance? Alas! How often shall he lament changed faith and gods, and marvel in surprise at waters rough with darkening gales, who now enjoys thee, fondly thinking thee all golden, who hopes that thou wilt ever be free of passion for another, ever lovely,—ignorant he of the treacherous breeze. Ah, wretched they to whom thou, untried, dost now appear so dazzling! As for me, the temple wall with its votive tablet shows I have hung up my dripping garments to the god who is master of the sea.

VI

SCRIBERIS Vario fortis et hostium
 victor Maconii carminis alite,
 quam rem cunq̄ue ferox navibus aut equis
 miles te duce gesserit.

nos, Agrippa, neque haec dicere nec gravem
 Pelidae stomachum cedere nescii
 nec cursus duplicis per mare Vlixei
 nec saevam Pelopis domum

conamur, tenues grandia, dum pudor
 imbellisque lyrae Musa potens vetat 10
 laudes egregii Caesaris et tuas
 culpa deterere ingeni.

quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina
 digne scripserit aut pulvere Troico
 nigrum Merionen aut ope Palladis
 Tydiden superis parem?

nos convivia, nos proelia virginum
 sectis in iuvenes unguibus acrium
 cantamus, vacui, sive quid urimur,
 non praeter solitum leves. 20

ODE VI

*Horace is unable worthily to sing the Praises
 of Agrippa*

Thou shalt be heralded by Varius, a poet of Homeric
 flight, as valiant and victorious o'er the foe, whatever
 exploit with ships or horse the daring soldier has
 achieved under thy leadership. No such deeds,
 Agrippa, do I essay to sing nor the fell anger of
 Peleus' son, who knew not how to yield, nor the
 wanderings o'er the sea of the crafty Ulysses, nor the
 cruel house of Pelops,—too feeble I for such lofty
 themes, since modesty and the Muse that presides
 over the lyre of peace forbid me lessen by defect
 of skill noble Caesar's glory and thine own. Who
 could fittingly tell of Mars clad in his adamantine
 tunic? Of Meriones begrimed with Trojan dust, or
 Tydides, a match, with Pallas's help, for the immortals?
 I sing but of banquets, I sing but of combats of
 maidens fiercely attacking the young men with
 trimmed nails, easy as is my wont, whether fancy
 free or fired by a spark of love.

LAUDABVNT alii claram Rhodon aut Mytilenen
 aut Ephesum bimarisque Corinthi
 moenia vel Baccho Thebas vel Apolline Delphos
 insignes aut Thessala Tempe.

sunt quibus unum opus est, intactae Palladis urbem
 carmine perpetuo celebrare et
 undique decerptam fronti praeponere olivam.
 plurimus in Iunonis honorem

aptum dicet equis Argos ditesque Mycenae.
 me nec tam patiens Lacedaemon 10
 nec tam Larisae percussit campus opimae,
 quam domus Albunae resonantis

et praeceps Anio ac Tiburni lucus et uda
 mobilibus pomaria rivis.

albus ut obscuro deterget nubila caelo
 saepe Notus neque parturit imbres

perpetuos, sic tu sapiens finire memento
 tristitiam vitaeque labores

molli, Plance, mero, seu te fulgentia signis
 castra tenent seu densa tenebit 20

In Praise of Tibur

LET others praise famed Rhodes, or Mitylene, or
 Ephesus, or the walls of Corinth, that overlooks two
 seas, or Thebes renowned for Bacchus, Delphi for
 Apollo, or Thessalian Tempe. Some there are whose
 only task it is to hymn in unbroken song the town of
 virgin Pallas and to place upon their brows a wreath
 of olive gathered from every quarter. Many a one in
 Juno's honour shall sing of horse-breeding Argos and
 of rich Mycenae. As for me, not hardy Lacedaemon,
 or the plain of bounteous Larisa has so struck my
 fancy as Albunea's echoing grotto and the tumbling
 Anio, Tiburnus' grove and the orchards watered by
 the coursing rills.

As Notus is oft a clearing wind and dispels the
 clouds from darkened skies nor breeds perpetual
 showers, so do thou, O Plance, remember wisely to
 end life's gloom and troubles with mellow wine,
 whether the camp gleaming with standards holds thee

CARMINVM LIBER I

Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina patremque
 cum fugeret, tamen uda Lyaeo
 tempora populea fertur vinxisse corona,
 sic tristes adfatus amicos :

“quo nos cumque feret melior fortuna parente,
 ibimus, o socii comitesque !
 nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro !
 certus enim promisit Apollo

“ambiguam tellure nova Salamina futuram,
 o fortes peioraque passi
 mecum saepe viri, nunc vino pellite curas ;
 cras ingens iterabimus aequor.”

30

ODES BOOK I. vii

or the dense shade of thine own Tibur shall encompass thee. Teucer, as he fled from Salamis and his father, is yet said to have bound garlands of poplar about his temples flushed with wine, addressing thus his sorrowing friends: “Whithersoever Fortune, kinder than my sire, shall bear us, thither let us go, O friends and comrades! Never despair under Teucer’s lead and Teucer’s auspices! For the unerring Apollo pledged us that there should be a second Salamis in a new land. O ye brave heroes, who with me have often suffered worse misfortunes, now banish care with wine! To-morrow we will take again our course over the mighty main.”

VIII

LYDIA, dic, per omnes
 te deos oro, Sybarin cur properes amando
 perdere; cur apricum
 oderit campum, patiens pulveris atque solis;

 cur neque militaris
 inter aequales equitet, Gallica nec lupatis
 temperet ora frenis.
 cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere? cur olivum

 sanguine viperino
 cautius vitat, neque iam livida gestat armis 10
 bracchia, saepe disco,
 saepe trans finem iaculo nobilis expedito?

 quid latet, ut marinae
 filium dicunt Thetidis sub lacrimosa Troiae
 funera, ne virilis
 cultus in caedem et Lycias proriperet catervas?

ODE VIII

Sybaris' Infatuation for Lydia

IN the name of all the gods, tell me, Lydia, why
 thou art bent on ruining Sybaris with love; why he
 hates the sunny Campus, he who once was patient of
 the dust and sun; why he rides no more among his
 soldier mates, nor restrains the mouth of his Gallic
 steed with jagged bit! Why does he fear to touch
 the yellow Tiber? Why does he shun the wrestling-oil
 more warily than viper's blood, nor longer show his
 arms bruised with weapon practice, he who once was
 famed for hurling, oft the discus, oft the javelin,
 beyond the farthest mark? Why does he skulk, as
 they say the son of sea-born Thetis did, when the
 time of Troy's tearful destruction drew near, for fear
 that the garb of men should hurry him to slaughter
 and the Lycian bands?

IX

VIDES ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec iam sustineant onus
silvae laborantes, geluque
flumina constiterint acuto ?

dissolve frigus ligna super foco
large reponens atque benignius
deprome quadrimum Sabina,
o Thaliarche, merum diota.

permitte divis cetera, qui simul
stravere ventos aequore fervido
deproeliantes, nec cupressi
nec veteres agitantur orni.

quid sit futurum eras, fuge quaerere et
quem Fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro
appone nec dulces amores
sperne puer neque tu choreas,

donec virenti canities abest
morosa. nunc et campus et areae
lenesque sub noctem susurri
composita repetantur hora,

nunc et latentis proditor intumo
gratus puellae risus ab angulo
pignusque dereptum lacertis
aut digito male pertinaci.

10

20

ODE IX

Winter without Bids Us Make merry within

SEEST thou how Soracte stands glistening in its
mantle of snow, and how the straining woods no longer
uphold their burden, and the streams are frozen
with the biting cold ? Dispel the chill by piling high
the wood upon the hearth, and right generously
bring forth in Sabine jar the wine four winters old,
O Thaliarchus ! Leave to the gods all else ; for so
soon as they have stilled the winds battling on the
seething deep, the cypresses and ancient ash-trees
are no longer shaken. Cease to ask what the morrow
will bring forth, and set down as gain each day that
Fortune grants ! Nor in thy youth neglect sweet
love nor dances, whilst life is still in its bloom and
crabbed age is far away ! Now let the Campus be
sought and the squares, with low whispers at the
trysting-hour as night draws on, and the merry
tell-tale laugh of maiden hiding in farthest corner,
and the forfeit snatched from her arm or finger
that but feigns resistance.

X

MERCURI, facunde nepos Atlantis,
qui feros cultus hominum recentum
voce formasti catus et decorae
more palaestrae,

te canam, magni Iovis et deorum
nuntium curvaeque lyrae parentem,
callidum, quicquid placuit, iocoso
condere furto.

te, boves olim nisi reddidisses
per dolum amotas, puerum minaci 10
voce dum terret, viduos pharetra
risit Apollo.

quin et Atridas duce te superbos
Ilio dives Priamus relicto
Thessalosque ignes et iniqua Troiae
castra fefellit.

tu pias laetis animas reponis
sedibus virgaque levem coerces
aurea turbam, superis deorum
gratus et imis. 20

ODE X

Hymn to Mercury

O MERCURY, grandson eloquent of Atlas, thou that
with wise insight didst mould the savage ways of
men just made, by giving speech and setting up the
grace-bestowing wrestling-ground, thee will I sing,
messenger of mighty Jove and of the gods, and father
of the curving lyre; clever, too, to hide in sportive
stealth what'er thy fancy chose. Once in thy boy-
hood, as Apollo strove with threatening words to fright
thee, should'st thou not return the kine thy craft had
stolen, he laughed to find himself bereft of quiver too.
'Twas by *thy* guidance also that Priam, laden with
rich gifts, when leaving Ilium, escaped the proud
Atridae, the Thessalian watch-fires, and the camp that
menaced Troy. 'Tis thou dost bring the pious souls
to their abodes of bliss, marshalling the shadowy
throng with golden wand, welcome alike to gods
above and those below.

XI

Tv ne quaesieris—scire nefas—quem mihi, quem tibi
 finem di dederint, Leuconoë, nec Babylonios
 temptaris numeros. ut melius, quicquid erit, pati!
 seu plures hiemes, seu tribuit Iuppiter ultimam,
 quae nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare
 Tyrrhenum. sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi
 spem longam reseces. dum loquimur, fugerit invida
 aetas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

ODE XI

Enjoy the Passing Hour!

Ask not, Leuconoë (we cannot know), what end the
 gods have set for me, for thee, nor make trial of the
 Babylonian tables¹! How much better to endure
 whatever comes, whether Jupiter allots us added
 winters or whether this is last, which now wears out
 the Tuscan Sea upon the barrier of the cliffs! Show
 wisdom! Busy thyself with household tasks; and
 since life is brief, cut short far-reaching hopes! Even
 while we speak, envious Time has sped. Reap the
 harvest of to-day, putting as little trust as may be
 in the morrow!

¹ Referring to the calculations of the Chaldaean astrologers.

XII

QVEM virum aut heroa lyra vel acri
tibia sumis celebrare, Clio?
quem deum? cuius recinet iocosa
nomen imago

aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris
aut super Pindo gelidove in Haemo,
unde vocalem temere insecutae
Orphea silvae,

arte materna rapidos morantem
fluminum lapsus celeresque ventos, 10
blandum et auritas fidibus canoris
ducere quereus?

quid prius dicam solitis parentis
laudibus, qui res hominum ac deorum,
qui mare et terras variisque mundum
temperat horis?

unde nil maius generatur ipso,
nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum
proximos illi tamen occupavit
Pallas honores, 20

ODE XII

The Praises of Augustus

WHAT man, what hero dost thou take to herald on
the lyre or clear-toned flute, O Clio? What god?
Whose name shall the playful echo make resound on
the shady slopes of Helicon or on Pindus' top or on
cool Haemus, whence in confusion the trees followed
after tuneful Orpheus, who by the skill his mother
had imparted stayed the swift courses of the
streams and rushing winds; persuasive, too, with his
melodious lyre to draw the listening oaks in his
train.

What shall I sing before the wonted praises of the
Father, who directs the destinies of men and gods,
who rules the sea and lands and the sky with its
shifting seasons? From whom is begotten nothing
greater than himself, nor doth aught flourish like or
even next to him. Yet the glory nearest his, Pallas,
bold in battle, hath secured. Nor will I fail to mention

CARMINVM LIBER I

proeliis audax ; neque te silebo,
 Liber, et saevis inimica virgo
 beluis, nec te, metuende certa
 Phoebe sagitta.

dicam et Alciden puerosque Ladae,
 hunc equis, illum superare pugnis
 nobilem ; quorum simul alba nautis
 stella refulsit,

defluit saxis agitatus umor,
 concidunt venti fugiuntque nubes, 30
 et minax, quod sic voluere, ponto
 unda recumbit.

Romulum post hos prius an quietum
 Pompili regnum memorem an superbos
 Tarquini fasces, dubito, an Catonis
 nobile letum,

Regulum et Scauros animaeque magnae
 prodigum Paulum, superante Poeno,
 gratus insigni referam camena 40
 Fabriciumque.

hunc et intonsis Curium capillis
 utilem bello tulit et Canillum
 saeva paupertas et avitus apto
 cum lare fundus.

ODES BOOK I. xii

thee, O Bacchus, nor thee, O virgin goddess, a foe to
 savage creatures, nor thee, O Phoebus, to be dreaded
 for thine unerring arrow. I will sing Alcides, too,
 and Leda's sons, famed, the one for victories with
 horses, the other for his skill in boxing ; as soon as
 their clear star shines out for sailors, down from the
 cliffs flows the storm-tossed water, the winds subside,
 the clouds flee, and the threatening billow, because
 they so have willed, falls to rest upon the deep.

After these I know not whether to tell first of
 Romulus, of Pompilius' peaceful reign, or the proud
 fasces of Tarquinius, or of Cato's noble death. Re-
 gulus and the Scauri and Paulus, generous of his
 noble life, what time the Carthaginian prevailed, will
 I gratefully celebrate in glorious song,—Fabricius,
 too. Him and Curius with his unshorn locks and
 Camillus, stern poverty bred fit for war and a farm
 handed down from father to son with homestead to

CARMINVM LIBER I

crescit occulto velut arbor aevo
fama Marcelli¹; micat inter omnes
Iulium sidus, velut inter ignes
luna minores.

gentis humanae pater atque custos,
orte Saturno, tibi cura magni 50
Caesaris fatis data : tu secundo
Caesare regnes.

ille seu Parthos Latio imminentes
egerit iusto domitos triumpho,
sive subiectos Orientis orae
Seras et Indos,

te minor latum reget aequus orbem :
tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,
tu parum castis inimica mittes
fulmina lucis. 60

¹ Marcelli MSS. : Marcellis, Peerlkamp's conjecture, is adopted by many editors.

ODES BOOK I. xii

match. The glory of Marcellus, like a tree, grows by the silent lapse of time. As the moon among the lesser lights, so shines the Julian constellation amid all others.

O Father and Guardian of the human race, thou son of Saturn, to thee by fate has been entrusted the charge of mighty Caesar ; mayst thou be lord of all, with Caesar next in power ! Whether he lead in well-earned triumph the humbled Parthians, that now threaten Latium, or the Seres and Indians lying along the borders of the East, second to thee alone shall he with justice rule the broad earth ; be it thine to shake Olympus with thy ponderous chariot, thine to hurl thy angry bolts upon polluted groves !

XIII

CVM tu, Lydia, Telephi
 cervicem roseam, cerea Telephi
 laudas bracchia, vae, mecum
 fervens difficili bile tumet iecur.

tunc nec mens mihi nec color
 certa sede manet, umor et in genas
 furtim labitur, arguens
 quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.

uror, sen tibi candidos
 turparunt umeros immodicae mero
 rixae, sive puer furens
 impressit memorem dente labris notam.

non, si me satis audias,
 speres perpetuum dulcia barbare
 laedentem oscula, quae Venus
 quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit.

felices ter et amplius,
 quos inrupta tenet copula nec malis
 rivulsus querimoniis
 suprema citius solvet amor die.

10

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ODE XIII

Jealousy

WHEN thou, O Lydia, praisest Telephus' rosy neck,
 Telephus' waxen arms, alas! my burning heart swells
 with angry passion. Then my senses abide no more in
 their firm seat, nor does my colour remain unchanged,
 and the moist tear glides stealthily down my cheek,
 proving with what lingering fires I am inwardly de-
 voured. I kindle with anger whether a quarrel waxing
 hot with wine has harmed thy gleaming shoulders,
 or the frenzied lad has with his teeth imprinted a
 lasting mark upon thy lips. Didst thou but give
 heed to me, thou wouldst not hope for constancy in
 him who savagely profanes the sweet lips that Venus
 has imbued with the quintessence of her own nectar.
 Thrice happy and more are they whom an unbroken
 bond unites and whom no sundering of love by
 wretched quarrels shall separate before life's final
 day.

XIV

O NAVIS, referent in mare te novi
 fluctus. o quid agis! fortiter occupa
 portum. nonne vides, ut
 nudum remigio latus

et malus celeri saucius Africo
 antemnaeque gemant, ac sine funibus
 vix durare carinae
 possint imperiosius

aequor? non tibi sunt integra lintea,
 non di, quos iterum pressa voces malo. 10
 quamvis Pontica pinus,
 silvae filia nobilis,

iactes et genus et nomen inutile:
 nil pietis timidus navita puppibus
 fidit. tu, nisi ventis
 debes ludibrium, cave.

nuper sollicitum quae mihi taedium,
 nunc desiderium curaque non levis,
 interfusa nitentes
 vites aequora Cycladas.

ODE XIV

To the Ship of State

O SHIP, new billows threaten to bear thee out to sea
 again. Beware! Haste valiantly to reach the haven!
 Seest thou not how thy bulwarks are bereft of oars,
 how thy shattered mast and yards are creaking in the
 driving gale, and how thy hull without a girding-
 rope can scarce withstand the overmastering sea?
 Thy canvas is no longer whole, nor hast thou gods
 to call upon when again beset by trouble. Though
 thou be built of Pontic pine, a child of far-famed
 forests, and though thou boast thy stock and useless
 name, yet the timid sailor puts no faith in gaudy
 sterns. Beware lest thou become the wild gale's sport!
 Do thou, who wert not long ago to me a source of
 worry and of weariness, but art now my love and
 anxious care, avoid the seas that course between the
 glistening Cyclades!

XV

PASTOR cum traheret per freta navibus
 Idaeis Helenen perfidus hospitam,
 ingrato celeres obruit otio
 ventos, ut caneret fera

Nereus fata: "mala ducis avi domum,
 quam multo repetet Graecia milite,
 coniurata tuas rumpere nuptias
 et regnum Priami vetus.

elieu, quantus equis, quantus adest viris
 sudor! quanta moves funera Dardanae 10
 genti! iam galeam Pallas et aegida
 currusque et rabiem parat.

nequiequam Veneris praesidio ferox
 pectes caesariem grataque feminis
 iubelli cithara carmina divides;
 nequiequam thalamo graves

hastas et calami spicula Cnosii
 vitabis strepitumque et celerem sequi
 Aiacem: tamen, heu serus! adulteros
 crines pulvere collines.

ODE XV

The Prophecy of Nereus

As the treacherous shepherd youth was hurrying his
 whilom hostess Helen o'er the waves in Trojan bark,
 Nereus checked the swift gales with an unwelcome
 calm, that he might foretell the cruel fates: "Tis
 under evil auspices that thou art leading home a
 bride whom Greece with many a champion shall
 seek again, sworn to break thy wedlock and destroy
 the ancient realm of Priam. Alas! What toil for
 steeds, what toil for men is looming near! What
 disaster art thou bringing on the Trojan folk!
 Already Pallas makes ready her helmet, her aegis,
 her car, and is whetting her fury. In vain, em-
 boldened by Venus' help, shalt thou comb thy
 tresses and sing to the music of the unwarlike lyre
 the songs that women love; vainly in thy chamber's
 retreat shalt thou shun the heavy spears and darts
 of Cretan reed, the battle's din, and Ajax fleet to
 follow. In spite of all, thou shalt yet (alas! too
 late) defile in the dust thy adulterous locks. Heedest

CARMINVM LIBER I

non Laërtiaden, exitium tuae
gentis, non Pylium Nestora respicis?
urgent impavidi te Salaminius
Teucer, te Sthenelus, sciens

pugnae, sive opus est imperitare equis,
non auriga piger. Merionen quoque
nosces, ecce furit te reperire atrox
Tydides melior patre,

quem tu, cervos uti vallis in altera
visum parte lupum graminis immemor, 30
sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,
non hoc pollicitus tuae.

iracunda diem proferet Ilio
matronisque Phrygum classis Achillei;
post certas hiemes uret Achaicus
ignis Pergameas¹ domos."

¹ Pergameas *Petrus van Os*, 1500: *Iliacas MSS.*

ODES BOOK I. xv

thou not Laertes' son, the scourge of thy race?
No? Nor Pylian Nestor? Dauntlessly upon thee
press Teucer of Salamis and Sthenelus skilled in
battle, or, if occasion call to guide the ear, no
sluggish charioteer. Meriones, too, shalt thou come
to know. Lo! Fierce Tydides, brave father's braver
son, is furious to hunt thee out. Him shalt thou flee
faint-hearted, panting with head thrown high, as the
deer forgets its pasturage and flees the wolf seen
across the valley, though to thy mistress thou didst
promise a far different prowess.

The wrath of Achilles' followers may put off the
day of doom for Ilium and the Trojan matrons; yet
after the allotted years the fires of Greece shall burn
the homes of Pergamus."

XVI

O MATRE pulchra filia pulchrior,
quem criminosus cumque voles modum
pones iambis, sive flamma
sive mari libet Hadriano.

non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius,
non Liber aeque, non acuta
sic¹ geminant Corybantes aera,

tristes ut irae, quas neque Noricus
deterret ensis nec mare naufragum 10
nec saevus ignis nec tremendo
Iuppiter ipse ruens tumultu.

fertur Prometheus addere principi
limo coactus particulam undique
desectam et insani Leonis
vim stomacho apposuisse nostro.

irae Thyesten exitio gravi
stravere et altis urbibus ultimae
stetere cansae, cur perirent
funditus imprimeretque muris 20

¹ sic MSS.: si Bentley, followed by many editors

ODE XVI

The Poet's Recantation

O MAIDEN, fairer than thy mother fair, make any end
thou wilt of my abusive lines, be it with fire or in
the waters of the Adriatic!

Not Dindymene, not the god who dwells in Pytho's
shrine, when he thrills the priestess' soul, not Bacchus,
not the Corybants, when they clash their shrill-
sounding cymbals, so agitate the breast as doth
grim anger, which neither the Noric sword represses,
nor the sea that wrecketh ships, nor fierce fire, nor
Jupiter himself, when he dashes down in awful fury.

Prometheus, as goes the tale, when forced to add
to our primeval clay a portion drawn from every
creature, put also in our breasts the fury of the
ravensing lion. 'Twas anger that laid Thyestes low
in dire destruction, and that has ever been the
primal cause why lofty cities perished utterly, and

CARMINVM LIBER I

hostile aratrum exercitus insolens.
compesce mentem : me quoque pectoris
temptavit in dulci iuventa
fervor et in celeres iambos

misit furentem ; nunc ego mitibus
mutare quaero tristia, dum mihi
fias recantatis amica
opprobriis animumque reddas,

ODES BOOK I. xvi

the hostile hosts in exultation ran the plough over
their fallen walls. Restrain thy spirit ! Me too in
youth's sweet day eager passion tempted and drove
in madness to impetuous verse. Now I would change
those bitter lines for sweet, wouldst thou only become
my friend and give me again thy heart, since I have
recanted my harsh words.

XVII

VELOX amoenum saepe Lucretilem
mutat Lycaeo Faunus et igneam
defendit aestatem capellis
usque meis pluviosque ventos.

impune tutum per nemus arbutos
quaerunt latentes et thyma deviae
olentis uxores mariti,
nec virides metumnt colubras

nec Martialis haediliae ¹ lupos,
utcumque dulci, Tyndari, fistula 10
valles et Vsticae cubantis
levia personuere saxa.

di me tuentur, dis pietas mea
et Musa cordi est. hic tibi copia
manabit ad plenum benigno
ruris honorum opulenta cornu.

hic in reducta valle Caniculae
vitabis aestus, et fide Teia
dices laborantis in uno
Penelopen vitreamque Circen; 20

ODE XVII

An Invitation to Country Joys

IN swift passage Faunus often changes Lycaeus for fair Lucretilis, and wards off from my goats the fiery heat and rainy winds during all his stay. Harmlessly through safe thickets do the roaming consorts of the rank he-goat hunt the hiding arbutus and thyme. Nor do the kids have fear of poisonous snakes or of the wolf, the war-god's favourite, when once, O Tyndaris, sloping Ustica's vales and smooth-worn rocks have echoed with the sweet pipe (of Pan). The gods are my protection; to the gods both my devotion and my muse are dear. In this spot shall rich abundance of the glories of the field flow to the full for thee from bounteous horn. Here in retired valley shalt thou escape the dog-star's heat, and sing on Teian lyre Penelope and Circe of the glassy sea,

¹ haediliae MSS., supported by ancient glosses: formerly taken as a proper name (*Haediliae*).

CARMINVM LIBER I

hic innocentis pocula Lesbii
duces sub umbra, nec Semeleius
cum Marte confundet Thyoneus
proelia, nec metues protervum

suspecta Cyrum, ne male dispari
incontinentes iniciat manus
et scindat haerentem coronam
crinibus immeritamque vestem.

ODES BOOK I. xvii

enamoured of the self-same hero. Here shalt thou
quaff bowls of harmless Lesbian wine beneath the
shade, nor shall Thyoneus, child of Semele, engage
in broils with Mars. Nor shalt thou, watched with
jealous eye, fear the wanton Cyrus, lest he lay rude
hands on thee, a partner ill-suited to his cruel ways,
or lest he rend the garland clinging to thy locks, or
thy unoffending robe.

XVIII

ODE XVIII

The Praises of Wine

NVLLAM, Vare, sacra vite prius severis arborem
 circa mite solum Tiburis et inoenia Catili ;
 siccis omnia nam dura deus proposuit neque
 mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines.
 quis post vina gravem militiam aut pauperiem crepat ?
 quis non te potius, Bacche pater, teque, decens Venus ?
 ac ne quis modici transiliat munera Liberi,
 Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero
 debellata, monet Sithoniis non levis Euhius,
 cum fas atque nefas exiguo sine libidinum 10
 discernunt avidi. non ego te, candide Bassareu,
 invitum quatiā nec variis obsita froudibus
 sub divum rapiam. saeva tene cum Berecyntio
 coruū tympana, quae subsequitur caecus Amor sui
 et tollens vacuum plus nimio Gloria verticem
 arcanique Fides prodiga, perlucidior vitro.

O VARUS, plant no tree in preference to the sacred
 vine about the mellow soil of Tibur and by the walls
 of Catilus ! For to the abstemious has the god ordained
 that everything be hard, nor are cankering cares
 dispelled except by Bacchus' gift. Who, after
 his wine, harps on the hardships of campaign
 or poverty ? Who does not rather glorify thee, O
 Father Bacchus, and thee, O comely Venus ? And
 yet, that no one pass the bounds of moderation in
 enjoying Liber's gifts, we have a lesson in the
 Centaurs' contest with the Lapithae, fought out to the
 bitter end over the festal board ; we have a lesson,
 too, in the Sithonians, hated by Bacchus when,
 furious with desire, they distinguish right and
 wrong only by the narrow line their passions draw.
 I'll not be the one, fair Bassareus, to rouse thee against
 thy will, nor to expose to the light of day thy mystic
 emblems covered with leaves of many kinds. Repress
 the wild cymbal along with Berecyntian horn, orgies
 followed by blind self-love, by vainglory that lifts its
 empty head too high aloft, and by a faith that betrays
 its trust, transparent more than glass !

XIX

MATER saeva Cupidinum

Thebanaeque iubet me Semelae puer
et lasciva Licentia
finitis animum reddere amoribus.

urit me Glycerae nitor,
splendentis Pario marmore purius ;
urit grata protervitas
et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.

in me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deseruit, nec patitur Scythias 10
et versis animosum equis
Parthum dicere, nec quae nihil attinent.

hic vivum mihi caespitem, hic
verbenas, pueri, ponite turaque
bimi cum patera meri :
mactata veniet lenior hostia.

ODE XIX

The Charms of Glycera

THE Cupids' cruel mother with the son of Theban
Semele and sportive Wantonness bid me give heed
again to loves I dreamed were ended. I am enamoured
of Glycera's beauty, more dazzling than Parian
marble ; I am enamoured of her sweet forwardness
and her face seductive to behold. Upon me Venus,
leaving her Cyprus, has fallen with all her power,
and permits me not to sing of the Scythians, of
the Parthians bold in flight, or of aught irrelevant.
Here set me up, O slaves, an altar of verdant turf !
Here put sprays of leaves, and incense, with a bowl
of last year's unmixed wine ! The goddess will be
less cruel at her coming, if I sacrifice a victim.

XX

VILE potabis modicis Sabinum
 cantharis, Graeca quod ego ipse testa
 conditum levi, datus in theatro
 cum tibi plausus,

care ¹ Maecenas eques, ut paterni
 fluminis ripae simul et iocosa
 redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
 montis imago.

Caecubum et prelo domitam Caleno
 tum ² bibes ³ uvam; mea nec Falernae 10
 temperant vites neque Formiani
 pocula colles.

¹ care; clare *interpolated MSS.*

² tum *Porphyrius*: tu *MSS.*

³ bibas *Keller*,

ODE XX

An Invitation to Maecenas

Come, drink with me—cheap Sabine, to be sure, and
 out of common tankards, yet wine that I with my
 own hand put up and sealed in a Grecian jar, on the
 day, dear Knight Maecenas, when such applause was
 paid thee in the Theatre that with one accord the
 banks of thy native stream and the sportive echo
 of Mount Vatican returned thy praises. Then thou
 shalt drink Caecuban and the juice of grapes crushed
 by Cales' presses; my cups are flavoured neither
 with the product of Falernum's vines nor of the
 Formian hills.

XXI

DIANAM tenerae dicite virgines,
intonsum, pueri, dicite Cynthium
Latonamque supremo
dilectam penitus Iovi.

vos laetam fluviis et nemorum coma,
quaecumque aut gelido prominet Algido,
nigris aut Erymanthi
silvis aut viridis Cragi;

vos Tempe totidem tollite laudibus
natalemque, mares, Delon Apollinis, 10
insignemque pharetra
fraternaue umerum lyra.

hic bellum laerosum, hic miseram famem
pestemque a populo et principe Caesare in
Persas atque Britannos
vestra motus aget prece.

ODE XXI

In Praise of Latona and Her Children

PRAISE Diana, O ye maidens tender! Praise, O ye
lads, unshorn Apollo, and Latona, fondly loved by
Jove supreme! Praise ye, O maidens, her who de-
lights in streams and in the foliage of the groves that
stand out on cool Algidus or amid the black woods of
Erymanthus and verdant Cragus! Do ye, O lads,
with praises just as many, glorify Tempe and Delos,
Apollo's natal isle, and the god's shoulder, adorned
with quiver and with the lyre invented by his brother's
cunning! Moved by your prayer he shall ward off
tearful war, wretched plague and famine from the
folk and from our sovereign Caesar, and send these
woes against the Parthian and the Briton.

XXII

INTROER vitae scelerisque purus
non eget Mauris iaculis neque arcu
nec venenatis gravida sagittis,

Fusce, pharetra,

sive per Syrtes iter aestuosas
sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum vel quae loca fabulosus
lambit Hydaspes.

namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra
terminum curis vagor expeditis,
fugit inermem;

quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit aesenletis
nec Iubae tellus generat, leonum
arida nutrix.

pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
arbor aestiva recreatur aura,
quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Iuppiter urget;

pone sub curru nimum propinqui
solis in terra domibus negata:
dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
dulce loquentem.

ODE XXII

*From the Righteous Man even the Wild Beasts Run
away*

HE who is upright in his way of life and unstained by guilt, needs not Moorish darts nor bow nor quiver loaded with poisoned arrows, Fuscus, whether his way shall be through the sweltering Syrtes or the cheerless Caucasus or the regions that storied Hydaspes waters. For as I was singing of my Lalage and wandering far beyond the boundaries of my farm in Sabine woods, unarmed and free from care, there fled from me a wolf, a monster such as not martial Daunian nurtures in her broad oak forests, nor the parched land of Juba, nurse of lions, breeds.

Place me on the lifeless plains where no tree revives under the summer breeze, a region of the world o'er which brood mists and a gloomy sky; set me beneath the chariot of the sun where it draws too near the earth, in a land denied for dwellings! I will love my sweetly laughing, sweetly prattling Lalage.

10

20

XXIII

VITAS hinnuleo me similis, Chloë,
 quaerenti pavidam montibus aviis
 matrem non sine vano
 aurarum et siluae metu.

nam seu mobilibus veris¹ inhorruit
 adventus foliis, seu virides rubum
 dimovere lacertae,
 et corde et genibus tremit.

atqui non ego te tigris ut aspera
 Gaetulusve leo frangere persequor :
 tandem desine matrem
 tempestiva sequi viro.

10

¹ *vepris inhorruit ad ventos Bentley, Keller.*

ODE XXIII

Fear me not, Chloë!

Thou shunnest me, Chloë, like a fawn that seeks its timid mother o'er trackless hills, filled with needless terror of the breezes and the woods. For it quivers in heart and limb, if through the light hung leaves hath run the shiver of spring's approach, or the green lizards have pushed aside the bramble. Yet my purpose is not to crush thee like a savage tiger or Gaetolian lion. Cease at length to follow thy mother, since now thou art ripe for a mate!

XXIV

Qvis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
tam cari capitis? praeceipe lugubres
cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
vocem cum cithara dedit.

ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
urget? cui Pudor et Iustitiae soror,
incorrupta Fides, nadaque Veritas,
quando ullum inveniet parem?

multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,
nulli flebilior quam tibi, Vergili. 10
tu frustra pius heu non ita creditum
poscis Quintilium deos.

quid, si Threicio blandius Orpheo
auditam moderere arboribus fidem?
num vanae redeat sanguis imagini,
quam virga semel horrida,

non lenis precibus fata recludere,
nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi?
durum: sed levius fit patientia,
quicquid corrigere est nefas. 20

ODE XXIV

A Dirge for Quintilius

WHAT restraint or limit should there be to grief for
one so dear? Teach me a song of mourning, O
Melpomene, thou to whom the Father gave a liquid
voice and music of the lyre!

Does, then, the sleep that knows no waking lie
heavy on Quintilius! When shall Honour, and
Justice' sister, Loyalty unshaken, and candid Truth
e'er find a peer to him? Many are the good who
mourn his death; but no one more than thou, O
Virgil. In vain, despite thy fond devotion, dost thou
ask the gods to give Quintilius back, entrusted to
this mortal life, alas! on no such terms. Even wert
thou to strike more tunefully than Thracian Orpheus
the lyre once heeded by the trees, would then the
life return to the unsubstantial ghost, which with his
gruesome wand Mercury, not kind to ope the portals
of the Fates to our entreaty, has gathered once to
the shadowy throng? 'Tis hard; but by endurance
that grows lighter which Heaven forbids to change
for good.

XXV

PARCIVS iunctas quatiunt fenestras
ictibus¹ crebris iuvenes protervi,
nec tibi somnos adimunt, amatque
ianua limen,

quae prius multum facilis movebat
cardines. audis minus et minus iam :
“ me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
Lydia, dormis ? ”

invicem moechos anus arrogantes
flebis in solo levis angiportu,
Thracio bacchante magis sub inter-
lunia vento,

cum tibi flagrans amor et libido,
quae solet matres furiare equorum,
sacviet circa iecur ulcerosum,
non sine questu,

laeta quod pubes hedera virenti
gandeat pulla magis atque myrto,
aridas frondes hiemis sodali
dedicet Euro.²

10

20

¹ ictibus; iactibus *most MSS.*² Euro *Strassburg ed.* 1516: *Hebro MSS.*

ODE XXV

Lydia's Charms are Past

LESS often now do riotous youths shake thy shutters
with repeated blows; no longer do they steal thy
slumbers from thee; and the door that once right
willingly did move its hinges now hugs its thresh-
old. Less and less often hearest thou such plaints
as this: “Sleepest thou, Lydia, while I, thy lover
true, die throughout the livelong night?” Thy turn
shall come, and thou, a hag forlorn in deserted alley,
shalt weep o'er thy lovers' disdain, when on moon-
less nights the Thracian north-wind rises in its fury,
while burning love and passion, such as are wont to
goad the stallions' dams, shall rage about thy
wounded heart. Then shalt thou make moan that
merry youths take more delight in ivy green and
myrtle dark, consigning withered leaves to the east-
wind, winter's mate.

XXVI

Mysis amicus tristitiam et metus
tradam protervis in mare Creticum
portare ventis, quis sub Arcto
rex gelidae metuatur orae,

quid Tiridaten terreat, unice
securns. o quae fontibus integris
gaudes, apricos necte flores,
necte meo Lamiae coronam,

Pimplei dulcis. nil sine te mei
prosunt honores: hunc fidibus novis, 10
hunc Lesbio sacrare plectro
teque tuasque decet sorores.

ODE XXVI

Immortalise Lamia, Ye Muses!

DEAR to the Muses, I will banish gloom and fear to the
wild winds to carry o'er the Cretan Sea, all uncon-
cerned what ruler of the frozen borders of the North
is object of our fear, or what dangers frighten
Tiridates.

Do thou, sweet Muse, that takest joy in fountains
fresh, weave gay blossoms, yea, weave them as a
garland for my Lamia! Naught without thee avail
my tributes. Him in new measures, him with Lesbian
plectrum,¹ 'tis meet that thou and thy sisters should
make immortal.

¹ An instrument of metal or ivory with which the strings
of the lyre were struck or picked.

XXVII

Natis in usum laetitiae scyphis
 pugnare Thracum est: tollite barbarum
 morem, verecundumque Bacchum
 sanguineis prohibete rixis.
 vino et lucernis Medus acinaces
 immane quantum discrepat: impium
 lenite clamorem, sodales,
 et cubito remanete presso.
 vultis severi me quoque sunere
 partem Falerni? dicat Opuntiae
 frater Megyllae, quo beatus
 vulnere, qua pereat sagitta.
 cessat voluntas? non alia bibam
 mercede. quae te cumque domat Venus,
 non erubescendis adurit
 ignibus ingenuoque semper
 amore peccas. quicquid habes, age,
 depone tutis auribus.—a miser,
 quanta laboras in Charybdi,
 digne puer meliore flamma!
 quae saga, quis te solvere Thessalis
 magus venenis, quis poterit deus?
 vix inligatum te triformi
 Pegasus expediet Chimaera.

10

20

ODE XXVII

Let Moderation Reign!

To fight with goblets meant for pleasure's service is fit for none but Thracians. Banish such barbarous ways! Protect from bloody brawls our Bacchus, who loves what's seemly. With wine and lamps the Persian sword is sadly out of keeping. Repress your impious uproar, mates, and lie with elbow resting on the couch! You wish that I too drink my portion of stout Falernian? Then let Opuntian Megylla's brother tell with what wound, what shaft, he languishes in bliss. Thy inclination falters? On no other terms will I consent to touch the draught. Whatever passion masters thee, it burns thee with a flame for which thou needst not blush, and free-born always is the object of thy weakness. Whatever 'tis, come, confide it to my trusty ear!—Ah! Wretched youth! In what a fatal whirlpool art thou caught, lad worthy of a better flame! What witch, what wizard with Thessalian charms,—nay, what god, can rescue thee! Entangled, as thou art, in the triple-formed Chimaera's toils, scarce Pegasus shall set thee free.

XXVIII—1

Te maris et terrae numeroque carentis harenae
 mensorem cohibent, Archyta,
 pulveris exigui prope litus parva Matinum
 munera, nec quicquam tibi prodest

aërias temptasse domos animoque rotundum
 percurrisse polum morituro.
 occidit et Pelopis genitor, conviva deorum,
 'Tithonusque remotus in auras

et Iovis arcanis Minos admissus, habentque
 Tartara Panthoiden iterum Orco 10
 demissum, quamvis clipeo Troiana refixo
 tempora testatus nihil ultra

nervos atque cutem morti concesserat atrae,
 iudice te non sordidus auctor
 naturae verique. sed omnes una manet nox,
 et calcanda semel via leti.

dant alios Furiae torvo spectacula Marti,
 exitio est avidum mare nautis;
 mixta senum ac iuvenum densentur funera, nullum
 saeva caput Proserpina fugit. 20

ODE XXVIII—1¹*Death the Doom of All*

Tiouv, Archytas, measurer of the sea and land and
 countless sands, art confined in a small mound of
 paltry earth near the Matinian shore; nor doth it
 aught avail thee that thou didst once explore the
 gods' ethereal homes and didst traverse in thought
 the circling vault of heaven. For thou wast born to
 die! Death befell also Pelops' sire, though once he
 sat at the table of the gods; Tithonus, too, translated
 to the skies, and Minos, partner of Jove's own secrets;
 and Tartarus holds the son of Panthous, sent down a
 second time to Orcus, though by taking down the
 shield he bore witness to Trojan times, and yielded
 to black Death naught but his sinews and his
 frame,—to thy mind no common judge of Nature
 and of truth.

But a common night awaiteth every man, and
 Death's path must be trodden once for all. Some, the
 Furies offer as a sight for cruel Mars; the hungry sea
 is the sailor's ruin. Without distinction the deaths
 of old and young follow close on each other's heels;
 cruel Proserpine spares no head.

¹ In our MSS. and in most editions, this Ode forms a part
 of the one that here follows.

XXVIII—2

ME quoque devexi rapidus comes Orionis
 Illyricis Notus obruit undis.
 at tu, nauta, vagae ne parce malignus harenae
 ossibus et capiti inhumato

particulam dare: sic, quodcumque minabitur Eurus
 fluctibus Hesperiiis, Venusinae
 plectantur silvae te sospite, multaue merces,
 unde potest, tibi defluat aequo

ab Iove Neptunoque saeri custode Tarenti.
 negligis immeritis nocituram 10
 postmodo te natis fraudem committere? fors et
 debita iura vicesque superbae

te maneant ipsum: precibus non linquar inultis,
 teque piacula nulla resolvent.
 quamquam festinas, non est mora longa; licebit
 iniecto ter pulvere curras.

ODE XXVIII—2¹*A Petition for Sepulture*

ME, too, Notus, whirling mate of setting Orion, overwhelmed in the Illyrian waves. But do thou, O mariner, begrudge me not the shifting sand, nor refuse to bestow a little of it on my unburied head and bones! Then, whatever threats Eurus shall vent against the Hesperian waves, when the Venesian woods are beaten by the gale, mayst thou be safe, and may rich reward redound to thee from the sources whence it can,—from kindly Jove and Neptune, sacred Tarentum's guardian god!

Thou thinkest it a light matter to do a wrong that after this will harm thine unoffending children? Perchance the need of sepulture and a retribution of like disdain may await thyself sometime. I shall not be left with my petition unavenged, and for thee no offerings shall make atonement. Though thou art eager to be going, 'tis a brief delay I ask. Only three handfuls of earth! Then thou mayst speed upon thy course.

¹ In our MSS. and in most editions, this Ode forms a part of the one that here precedes.

XXIX

Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invides
 gazis et acrem militiam paras
 non ante devictis Sabaeae
 regibus, horribilique Medo

nectis catenas? quae tibi virginum
 sponso necato barbara serviet?
 puer quis ex aula capillis
 ad cyathum stataetur unctis,

doctus sagittas tendere Sericas
 arcu paterno? quis neget arduis
 pronos relabi posse rivos
 montibus et Tiberim reverti,

cum tu coemptos undique nobilis
 libros Panaeti, Socraticam et domum
 mutare loriceis Hiberis,
 pollicitus meliora, tendis?

ODE XXIX

The Scholar Turned Adventurer

Iccius, art thou looking now with envious eye at the
 rich treasures of the Arabians, and making ready for
 dire warfare on Sabaeen kings as yet unconquered,
 and art thou forging fetters for the dreadful Mede?
 What barbarian maiden, her lover slain by thee,
 shall become thy slave? What page from royal
 halls, with perfumed locks, shall be thy cup-bearer,
 taught with his father's bow to speed the arrows of
 the East? Who'll deny that the descending streams
 can glide backwards to the lofty hills and the Tiber
 reverse its course, when thou, that gavest promise
 of better things, art bent on changing Panaetius'
 famous books, purchased from every quarter, and the
 Socratic school for Spanish corselets?

XXX

O VENVS, regina Cnidi Paphique,
 sperne dilectam Cypron et vocantis
 ture te multo Glycerae decoram
 transfer in aedem.

fervidus tecum puer et solutis
 Gratiae zonis properentque Nymphae
 et parum comis sine te Iuventas
 Mercuriusque.

ODE XXX

Invocation to Venus

O VENUS, queen of Cnidos and of Paphos, forsake thy
 beloved Cyprus and betake thyself to the fair shrine
 of Glycera, who summons thee with bounteous
 incense! And with thee let hasten thy ardent
 child; the Graces, too, with girdles all unloosed,
 the Nymphs, and Youth, unlovely without thee,
 and Mercury!

XXXI

QVĪD dedicatum poscit Apollinem
vates? quid orat, de patera novum
fundens liquorem? non opimae
Sardiniae segetes feraces,

non aestuosae grata Calabriae
armenta, non aurum aut ebur Indicum,
non rura, quae Liris quieta
mordet aqua taciturnus amnis.

premant Calena falce quibus dedit
Fortuna vitem, dives ut aureis
mercator exsiccet culillis
vina Syra reparata merce,

10

dis carus ipsis, quippe ter et quater
anno revisens aequor Atlanticum
impune. me pascunt olivae,
me cichorea levesque malvae.

frui paratis et valido mihi,
Latoe, dones et, precor, integra
cum mente, nec turpem senectam
degere nec cithara carentem.

20

ODE XXXI

The Poet's Prayer

WHAT is the poet's prayer to the newly enshrined Apollo? For what is his petition as he pours new wine from the bowl? Not for the rich harvests of fertile Sardinia, not for the pleasant herds of hot Calabria, not for Indian gold or ivory, nor for the fields that the Liris' silent stream frets with its placid flow. Let those to whom Fortune has vouchsafed it, trim the vine with Calenian pruning-knife, that the rich trader may drain from golden chalice the wine for which he barter's Syrian wares, dear to the very gods, since thrice and four times yearly he revisits all unscathed the Atlantic main. My fare is the olive, the endive, and the wholesome mallow. Grant me, O Latona's son, to be content with what I have, and, sound of body and of mind, to pass an old age lacking neither honour nor the lyre!

XXXII

POSCIMVR. siquid vacui sub umbra
 lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
 vivat et plures, age dic Latinum,
 barbite, carmen,

Lesbio primum modulate civi,
 qui ferox bello tamen inter arma,
 sive iactatam religarat udo
 litore navim,

Liberum et Musas Veneremque et illi
 semper haerentem puerum canebat, 10
 et Lycum nigris oculis nigroque
 crine decorum.

o decus Phoebi et dapibus supremi
 grata testudo Iovis, o laborum
 dulce lenimen medicumque,¹ salve
 rite vocanti !

¹ medicumque *Lachmann* : mihicumque *MSS.*

ODE XXXII

Invocation to the Lyre

I AM asked for a song. If ever in idle hour beneath
 the shade I have sung with thee any trivial lay that
 shall live not merely for this year, but for many, come,
 give forth now a Roman song, thou lyre first tuned
 by the Lesbian patriot who, though bold in war, yet,
 whether amid arms or having moored his storm-
 tossed bark on the watery strand, was wont to sing
 of Bacchus, the Muses, Venus, and the boy that ever
 clings to her, and Lycus beautiful for black eyes
 and raven locks.

O shell, thou glory of Phoebus and welcome at the
 feasts of Jove Supreme, O sweet and healing balm
 of troubles, be propitious to me, whenever I invoke
 thee duly !

XXXIII

ALBI, ne doleas plus nimio memor
immitis Glycerae neu miserabiles
decantes elegos, cur tibi iunior
laesa praeniteat fide.

insignem tenui fronte Lycorida
Cyri torret amor, Cyrus in asperam
declinat Pholoën : sed prius Apulis
iungentur capreae lupis,

quam turpi Pholoë peccet adultero.
sic visum Veneri, cui placet impares 10
formas atque animos sub iuga aënea
saevo mittere cum ioco.

ipsum me melior cum peteret Venus,
grata detinuit compede Myrtale
libertina, fretis acrior Hadriae
curvantis Calabros sinus.

ODE XXXIII

The Faithless Fair

GRIEVE not o'ermuch, O Albius, for thought of cruel
Glycera, nor sing unceasing plaintive elegies, ask
ing why a younger rival outshines thee in her
eyes, and why her plighted troth is broken! Fair
Lycoris with forehead low is consumed with love for
Cyrus; Cyrus in turn inclines to unresponsive Pholoë;
but sooner shall does mate with Apulian wolves than
Pholoë shall go astray with so mean a paramour
Such the decree of Venus, whose delight it is in cruel
sport to force beneath her brazen yoke bodies and
hearts ill-mated. I myself, when a worthier passion
called, was held fast in pleasing bonds by slave-born
Myrtale, more tempestuous than the waves of Hadria,
where it rounds into Calabria's gulf.

XXXIV

PARCVS deorum cultor et infrequens,
 insanientis dum sapientiae
 consultus erro, nunc retrorsum
 vela dare atque iterare cursus

cogor relictos: namque Discpiter,
 igni corusco nubila dividens
 plerumque, per purum tonantes
 egit equos volucrumque currum;

quo bruta tellus et vaga flumina
 quo Styx et inuisi horrida Taenari
 sedes Atlanteusque finis
 concutitur. valet ima summis

10

mutare et insignem attenuat deus,
 obscura promens; hinc apicem rapax
 Fortuna cum stridore acuto
 sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet.

ODE XXXIV

The Poet's Conversion

I, A CHARY and infrequent worshipper of the gods, what time I wandered, the votary of a foolish wisdom, am now compelled to spread my sails for the voyage back, and to retrace the course I had abandoned. For though it is the clouds that Jove is wont to cleave with his flashing bolts, this time he drove his thundering steeds and flying car through a sky serene—his steeds and car, whereby the lifeless earth and wandering streamas were shaken, Styx, and hated Taenarus' dread seat, and the bourne where Atlas has his stand. Power the god does have. He can interchange the lowest and the highest; the mighty he abases and exalts the lowly. From one man Fortune with shrill whirring of her wings swiftly snatches away the crown; on another she delights to place it.

XXXV

O DIVA, gratum quae regis Antium,
praesens vel imo tollere de gradu
mortale corpus vel superbos
vertere funeribus triumphos,

te pauper ambit sollicita prece
ruris colonus, te dominam aequoris,
quicumque Bithyna iacessit
Carpathium pelagus carina,

te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythae
urbesque gentesque et Latium ferox 10
regumque matres barbarorum et
purpurei metuunt tyranni,

iniurioso ne pede proruas
stantem columnam, neu populus frequens
“ad arma” cessantes, “ad arma”
concitet imperiumque frangat.

te semper anteit saeva¹ Necessitas,
clavos trabales et cuneos manu
gestans aëna, nec severus
uncus abest liquidumque plumbum. 20

¹ Excellent MSS. also have serva.

ODE XXXV

To Fortuna

O GODDESS that rulest pleasant Antium, mighty to
raise our mortal clay from low estate or change
proud triumphs into funeral trains, thee the poor
peasant entreats with anxious prayer; thee, as sove-
reign of the deep, whoever braves the Carpathian
Sea in Bithynian bark; thee the wild Dacian, the
roving Scythian, cities, tribes, and martial Latium,
and mothers of barbarian kings, and tyrants clad in
purple, fearing lest with wanton foot thou overturn
the standing pillar of the State, and lest the thronging
mob arouse the peaceable “to arms, to arms!” and
thus wreck the ruling power.

Before thee ever stalks Necessity, grim goddess,
with spikes and wedges in her brazen hand; the
stout clamp and molten lead are also there. Thee,

CARMINVM LIBER I

te Spes et albo rara Fides colit
velata panno, nec comitem abnegat,
utcumque mutata potentis
veste domos inimica linquis.

at vulgus infidum et meretrix retro
periura cedit, diffugiunt cadis
cum faece siccatis amici,
ferre iugum pariter dolosi.

serves iturum Caesarem in ultimos
orbis Britannos et iuvenum recens 30
examen, Eois timendum
partibus Oceanoque rubro.

elieu, cicatricum et sceleris pudet
fratrumque. quid nos dura refugimus
aetas? quid intactum nefasti
liquimus? unde manum iuventus

metu deorum continuit? quibus
pepercit aris? o utinam nova
incude diffingas retusum in
Massagetas Arabasque ferrum! 40

ODES BOOK I. xxxv

Hope cherishes and rare Fidelity, her hand bound¹
with cloth of white, nor refuses her companion-
ship, whenever thou in hostile mood forsakest the
houses of the great in mourning plunged. But the
faithless rabble and the perjured harlot turn away;
friends scatter so soon as they have drained our wine-
jars to the dregs, too treacherous to help us bear the
yoke of trouble.

Do thou preserve our Caesar, soon to set forth
against the Britons, farthest of the world! Pre-
serve the freshly levied band of youthful soldiers
who shall raise fear in Eastern parts beside the Red
Sea's coast.

Alas, the shame of our scars, and crimes, and
brothers slain! What have we shrunk from, har-
dened generation that we are? What iniquity have
we left untouched? From what have our youth kept
back their hands through fear of the gods? What
altars have they spared? O mayst thou on fresh anvils
reforge our blunted swords, and turn them against
the Arabs and Massagetæ!

¹ The priests of Fides performed sacrifices with a band of
white cloth wrapped around the hand.

XXXVI

ODE XXXVI

A Joyful Return

Er ture et fidibus iuvat
 placare et vituli sanguine debito
 custodes Numidae deos,
 qui nunc Hesperia sospes ab ultima
 caris multa sodalibus,
 nulli plura tamen dividit oscula
 quam dulci Lamiae, memor
 actae non alio rege puertiae
 mutataeque simul togae.
 Cressa ne careat pulchra dies nota, 10
 neu promptae modus amphorae,
 neu morem in Saliū sit requies pedum,
 neu multi Damalis meri
 Bassum Threicia vincat amystide.
 neu desint epulis rosae
 neu vivax apium neu breve lilium;
 omnes in Damalin putres
 deponent oculos, nec Damalis novo
 divelletur adultero,
 lascivis hederis ambitiosior. 20

WITH incense and with music and due offering of a bullock's blood, let us appease the gods that have guarded Numida, who, now returned in safety from the farthest West, bestows kisses in abundance on each fond mate, yet on no one more than well-loved Lamia, recalling their boyhood passed under the self-same teacher and their togas changed together.

Let this fair day not lack a mark of white, nor be there limit of devotion to the wine-jar that has been brought out, nor pause of dancing after the Salian fashion! Nor let Bassus be outdone by strong-headed Damalis in drinking the long, deep Thracian draught. Nor let roses, lasting parsley, or the quickly fading lily be wanting to our feast! All shall cast their languishing eyes on Damalis; yet shall Damalis not be torn from her new lover, holding closer to him than the fond ivy (to the oak).

XXXVII

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
 pulsanda tellus, nunc Saliaribus
 ornare pulvinar deorum
 tempus erat dapibus, sodales.

antehac nefas depromere Caecubum
 cellis avitis, dum Capitolio
 regina dementes ruinas,
 funus et imperio parabat

contaminato cum grege turpium
 morbo virorum, quidlibet impotens
 sperare fortunaque dulci
 ebria. sed minuit furorem

10

vix una sospes navis ab ignibus,
 mentemque lymphatam Mareotico
 redegit in veros timores
 Caesar, ah Italia volantem

remis adurgens, accipiter velut
 molles columbas aut leporem citus
 venator in campis nivalis
 Haemoniac, daret ut catenis

20

ODE XXXVII

The Fall of Cleopatra

Now is the time to drain the flowing bowl, now with
 unfettered foot to beat the ground with dancing, now
 with Salian feast to deck the couches of the gods, my
 comrades! Before this day it had been wrong to bring
 our Caecuban forth from ancient bins, while yet a
 frenzied queen was plotting ruin 'gainst the Capitol
 and destruction to the empire, with her polluted
 crew of creatures foul with lust—a woman mad enough
 to nurse the wildest hopes, and drunk with Fortune's
 favours. But the escape of scarce a single galley
 from the flames sobered her fury, and Caesar changed
 the wild delusions bred by Mareotic wine to the
 stern reality of terror, chasing her with his galleys,
 as she sped away from Italy, even as the hawk
 pursues the gentle dove, or the swift hunter follows
 the hare over the plains of snow-clad Thessaly, with

CARMINVM LIBER I

fatale monstrum. quae generosius
perire quaerens nec muliebriter
expavit ensem nec latentes
classe cita reparavit oras.

ausa et iacentem visere regiam
vultu sereno, fortis et asperas
tractare serpentes, ut atrum
corpore combiberet venenum,

deliberata morte ferocior ;
saevis Liburnis scilicet invidens
privata deduci superbo
non humilis mulier triumpho.

30

ODES BOOK I. xxxvii

purpose fixed to put in chains the accursed monster.
Yet she, seeking to die a nobler death, showed for
the dagger's point no woman's fear, nor sought to
win with her swift fleet some secret shore ; she even
dared to gaze with face serene upon her fallen palace ;
courageous, too, to handle poisonous asps, that she
might draw black venom to her heart, waxing bolder
as she resolved to die ; scorning, in sooth, the thought
of being borne, a queen no longer, on hostile galleys
to grace a glorious triumph—no craven woman she !

XXXVIII

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

simplici myrto nihil adlabores
 sedulus, cura : neque te ministrum
 dedecet myrtus neque me sub arta
 vite bibentem.

ODE XXXVIII

Away with Oriental Luxury !

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

BOOK II

LIBER II

I

MOTVM ex Metello consule civicum
bellique causas et vitia et modos
 ludumque Fortunae gravesque
 principum amicitias et arma

nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus,
periculosae plenum opus aleae,
 tractas et incedis per ignes
 suppositos cineri doloso,

paulum severae Musa tragoediae
desit theatris : mox, ubi publicas
 res ordinaris, grande munus
 Cecropio repetes cothurno,

insigne maestis praesidium reis
et consulenti, Pollio, curiae,
 cui laurus aeternos honores
 Delmatico peperit triumpho.

BOOK II

ODE I

To Pollio Writing a History of the Civil Wars

THOU art treating of the civil strife that with
Metellus' consulship began, the causes of the war,
its blunders, and its phases, and Fortune's game,
friendships of leaders that boded ill, and weapons
stained with blood as yet unexpiated—a task full
of dangerous hazard—and art walking, as it were, over
fires hidden beneath treacherous ashes.

For a brief time only let it be that thy stern tragic
muse is missing from the stage; but soon, when thou
hast chronicled events of state, renew thy lofty calling
in the Attic buskin, Pollio, famed support of anxious
clients and bulwark of the Senate in its councils,
thou for whom, too, the laurel won lasting glory in
thy Dalmatian triumph. Even now with threaten-

CARMINVM LIBER II

iam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
perstringis auris, iam litui strepunt,
iam fulgor armorum fugaces
terret equos equitumque vultus. 20

audire magnos iam videor duces,
non indecoro pulvere sordidos,
et cuncta terrarum subacta
praeter atroceim animum Catonis.

Iuno et deorum quisquis amicior
Afris inulta cesserat impotens
tellure, victorum nepotes
rettulit inferias Jugurthae.

quis non Latino sanguine pinguior
campus sepulcris impia proelia 30
testatur auditumque Medis
Hesperiae sonitum ruinae ?

qui gurgis aut quae flumina Ingubris
ignara belli ? quod mare Dauniae
non decoloravere caedes ?
quae caret ora errore nostro ?

sed ne relictis, Musa procax, iocis
Caeae retractes munera neniae,
mecum Dionaeo sub antro
quaere modos levioere plectro. 40

ODES BOOK II. i

ing blare of horns thou strik'st our ears ; even now
the clarions sound ; even now the gleam of weapons
strikes terror into timid horses and into the horse-
men's faces. Already I seem to hear the shouts
of mighty captains begrimed with no inglorious
dust, and to see all the world subdued, except stern
Cato's soul. Juno and all the gods who, friendlier
to Africa, had helplessly withdrawn, powerless to
avenge the land, have offered on Jugurtha's grave
the grandsons of his conquerors.

What plain is not enriched with Latin blood, to
bear witness with its graves to our unholy strife and
to the sound of Hesperia's fall, heard even by the
Medes ! What pool or stream has failed to taste
the dismal war ! What sea has Italian slaughter not
discoloured ! What coast knows not our blood !

But, lest, O heedless Muse, thou leave sportive
themes and essay again the Cean dirge, seek with me
in the shadow of some Dionean grotto measures of
lighter mood !

II

NVLVS argento color est avaris
 abdito terris, inimice lamnae
 Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato
 splendeat usu.

vivet extento Procleius aevo,
 notus in fratres animi paterni:
 illum aget pinna metuente solvi
 Fama superstes.

latius regnes avidum domando
 spiritum, quam si Libyam remotis 10
 Gadibus iungas et uterque Poenus
 serviat uni.

crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops,
 nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi
 fugerit venis et aquosus albo
 corpore languor.

redditum Cyri solio Phraaten
 dissidens plebi numero beatorum
 eximit Virtus populumque falsis 20
 dedocet uti

vocibus, reguum et diadema tutum
 deferens uni propriamque laurum,
 quisquis ingentes oculo inretorto
 spectat acervos.

ODE II

Money—Its Use and Abuse

No lustre is there to silver hidden away in the greedy earth, O Sallustius Crispus, thou foe to metal unless it shine by well-ordered use. Procleius shall live through distant ages, known for his fatherly spirit towards his brothers; him shall enduring fame bear on pinions that refuse to droop.

Thou shalt rule a broader realm by subduing a greedy heart than shouldst thou join Libya to distant Gades, and should Punic settlers on both sides the Strait become subjects of a single lord. By indulgence the dreadful dropsy grows apace, nor can the sufferer banish thirst, unless the cause of the malady has first departed from the veins and the watery languor from the pale body.

Though Phraates has been restored to the throne of Cyrus, yet Virtue, dissenting from the rabble, will not admit him to the number of the happy, and teaches the folk to discard wrong names, conferring power, the secure diadem, and lasting laurels on him alone who can gaze upon huge piles of treasure without casting an envious glance behind.

III

AEQVAM memento rebus in arduis
servare mentem, non secus in bonis
ab insolenti temperatam
laetitia, moriture Delli,

seu maestus omni tempore vixeris,
seu te in remoto gramine per dies
festos reclinatum bearis
interiore nota Falerni.

quo pinus ingens albaque populus
umbram hospitalem consociare amant 10
ramis? quid obliquo laborat
lymphæ fugax trepidare rivo?

huc vina et unguenta et nimium breves
flores amoenae ferre iube rosae,
dum res et aetas et sororum
fila trium patiuntur atra.

cedes coëmptis saltibus et domo
villaque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
cedes, et exstructis in altum
divitiis potietur heres. 20

ODE III

Enjoy the Fleeting Hour!

REMEMBER, when life's path is steep, to keep an even mind, and likewise, in prosperity, a spirit restrained from over-weening joy, Dellius, seeing thou art doomed to die, whether thou live always sad, or reclining in grassy nook take delight on holidays in some choice vintage of Falernian wine. Why do the tall pine and poplar white love to interlace their branches in inviting shade? Why does the hurrying water strive to press onward in the winding stream? Hither bid slaves bring wines and perfumes and the too brief blossoms of the lovely rose, while Fortune and youth allow, and the dark threads of the Sisters three. Thou shalt leave thy purchased pastures, thy house, and thy estate that yellow Tiber washes; yea, thou shalt leave them, and an heir shall become master of the wealth thou hast heaped up high.

CARMINVM LIBER II

divesne, prisco natus ab Inacho,
nil interest an pauper et infima
de gente sub divo moreris ;
victima nil miserantis Orci.

omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
versatur urna serius ocuis
sors exitura et nos in aeternum
exsilium impositura cumbae.

ODES BOOK II. iii

Whether thou be rich and sprung from ancient
Inachus, or dwell beneath the canopy of heaven
poor and of lowly birth, it makes no difference :
thou art pitiless Orcus' vietim. We are all being
gathered to one and the same fold. The lot of every
one of us is tossing about in the urn, destined sooner,
later, to come forth and place us in Charon's skiff for
everlasting exile.

IV

NE sit ancillae tibi amor pudori,
 Xanthia Phocœu. prius insolentem
 serva Briseis niveo colore
 movit Achillem ;

movit Aiacem Telamone natum
 forma captivæ dominum Tecmessæ ;
 arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
 virgine rapta,

barbaræ postquam cecidere turmæ
 Thessalo victore et ademptus Hector 10
 tradidit fessis leviora tolli
 Pergama Graïs.

nescias an te generum beati
 Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes ;
 regium certe genus, et penates
 maeret iniquos.

crede non illam tibi de scelesta
 plebe dilectam neque sic fidelem,
 sic lucro aversam potuisse nasci 20
 matre pudenda.

bracchia et voltum teretesque suras
 integer laudo ; fuge suspicari,
 cuius octavum trepidavit aetas
 claudere lustrum.

ODE IV

Love for a Slave-Girl

LET not affection for thy handmaiden put thee to the blush, O Phocian Xanthias! Before thy day the slave Briseis with her snow-white skin stirred the heart of proud Achilles; yea, and captive Tecmessa's beauty stirred the heart of her master, Ajax, son of Telamon; and Atrides in the midst of triumph was inflamed with love for a captured maid, what time the barbarian hosts were overcome by the Thessalian's victory, and Hector's loss gave Pergamos over to the toil-worn Greeks, an easier prey.

Thou can'st not tell but that the parents of thy blond Phyllis are rich and will lend glory to their new-found son; surely her lineage must be of royal origin, and she mourns the cruelty of her household gods. Rest assured that the maid thou lovest belongs not to the wretched rabble, and that one so loyal, so aloof from greed could be the child of no mean mother. 'Tis with no touch of passion that I praise her arms, her face, and her shapely ankles. Suspect not one whose life in rapid course has already brought its eighth lustrum to a close!

V

NONDVM subacta ferre iugum valet
 cervice, nondum munia comparis
 aequare nec tauri ruentis
 in venerem tolerare pondus.

circa virentes est animus tuae
 campos iuvencae, nunc fluviis gravem
 solantis aestum, nunc in udo
 ludere cum vitalis salicto

praegestientis, tolle cupidinem
 immitis uvae : iam tibi lividos
 distinguet autumnus racemos
 purpureo variis colore. 10

iam te sequetur (currit enim ferox
 aetas, et illi, quos tibi dempserit,
 apponet annos), iam proterva
 fronte petet Lalage maritum,

dilecta, quantum non Pholoë fugax,
 non Chloris, albo sic umero nitens,
 ut pura nocturno renidet
 luna mari Cnidiusve Gyges, 20

quem si puellarum insereres choro,
 mire sagaces falleret hospites
 discrimen obscurum solutis
 crinibus ambiguoque vultu.

ODE V

Not Yet!

Nor yet can she bear the yoke on submissive neck,
 not yet fulfil the duties of a mate, or endure the
 vehemence of a lover. Upon the verdant meads
 dwell the thoughts of thy love, who now allays the
 oppressive heat amid the streams, and now is eager to
 sport with her comrades in the moist willow-grove.
 Away with desire for the unripe grape! Soon for
 thee shall many-coloured Autumn paint the darken-
 ing clusters purple. Soon shall she follow thee. For
 Time courses madly on, and shall add to her the years
 it takes from thee. Soon with eager forwardness shall
 Lalage herself make quest of thee to be her mate,
 beloved as was not shy Pholoë, nor Chloris, gleaming
 with shoulder white, even as the unclouded moon
 beams on midnight sea, nor Cnidian Gyges, so fair that
 should you put him in a band of maids, those who
 knew him not would, for all their insight, fail to note
 his difference from the rest, disguised by his flowing
 locks and his girl-boy face.

VI

SEPTIMI, Gadis aditure mecum et
Cantabrum indoctum iuga ferre nostra et
barbaras Syrtes, ubi Maura semper
aestuatur unda,

Tibur Argeo positum colono
sit meae sedes utinam senectae,
sit modus lasso maris et viarum
militiaeque.

unde si Parcae prohibent iniquae,
dulce pellitis ovibus Galaesi
flumen et regnata petam Laconi
rura Phalantho.

ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes
angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
mella decedunt viridique certat
baca Venafrō;

ver ubi longum tepidasque praebet
Iuppiter brumas, et amicus Aulon
fertili Baccho minimum Falernis
invidet uvis.

ille te mecum locus et beatæ
postulant arces; ibi tu calentem
debita sparges lacrima favillam
vatis amici.

10

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ODE VI

Praise of Tibur and Tarentum

O SEPTIMIUS, ready to go with me to Gades and to the
Cantabrians not yet schooled to bear our yoke, and
to the wild Syrtes, where the Moorish wave is ever
tossing, may Tibur, founded by Argive settlers, be the
home of my old age! May it be my final goal when
I am weary with sea, with roaming, and with war!
But if the cruel Fates bar me from that spot, I
will seek the river of Galaesus, loved by its skin-clad¹
sheep, and the fields once ruled by Spartan Phalanthus.
That corner of the world smiles for me beyond all
others, where the honey yields not to Hymettus, and
the olive vies with green Venafrum, where Jupiter
vouchsafes long springs and winters mild, and where
Aulon, dear to fertile Bacchus, envies not the clusters
of Falernum. That place and its blessed heights
summon thee and me; there shalt thou bedew with
affection's tear the warm ashes of thy poet friend!

¹ The fine fleeces of certain sheep were protected from injury
by means of skins fastened about their bodies.

VII

O SAEPE mecum tempus in ultimum
deducte Bruto militiae duce,
quis te redonavit Quiritem
dis patriis Italoque caelo,

Pompei, meorum prime sodalium,
cum quo morantem saepe diem mero
fregi, coronatus nitentes
malobathro Syrio capillos?

tecum Philippos et celerem fugam
sensi relictâ non bene parmula, 10
cum fracta Virtus et minaces
turpe solum tetigere mento.

sed me per hostes Mercurius celer
denso paventem sustulit aère ;
te rursus in bellum resorbens
unda fretis tulit aestuosus.

ergo obligatam redde Iovi dapem,
longaque fessum militia latus
depone sub laura mea nec
parce calis tibi destinatis. 20

ODE VII

A Joyful Return

O FRIEND oft led with me into extremest peril, when
Brutus was leader of our hosts, who hath restored thee
as a citizen to thy country's gods and to the sky of
Italy, O Pompey, first of my comrades, with whom
I many a time have beguiled the lagging day with
wine, first garlanding my locks glistening with Syrian
nard? With thee I knew Philippi's day and its
headlong rout, leaving my shield ingloriously
behind, when Valour's self was beaten down and
threatening hosts ignobly bit the dust. But me in
my terror Mercury bore swiftly through the foe in a
dense cloud ; thee the wave drew back again into the
abyss of war and bore once more on troubled waters.
So render unto Jove the banquet pledged, and lay thy
limbs, with long campaigning wearied, beneath my
laurel-tree, nor spare the jars set apart for thee!

CARMINVM LIBER II

oblivioso levia Massico
ciboria exple, funde capacibus
 unguenta de conchis. quis udo
 deproperare apio coronas

curatve myrto? quem Venus arbitrum
dicet bibendi? non ego sanius
 bacchabor Edonis: recepto
 dulce mihi furere est amico.

ODES BOOK II. vii

Fill to the brim with care-dispelling Massic the
polished goblets! Pour out perfumes from generous
phials! Who will make haste to weave garlands of
pliant parsley or of myrtle? Whom shall the Venus-
throw¹ make the master of our drinking? I'll revel
as wildly as the Edonians. 'Tis sweet to make mad
holiday when a friend has been regained.

¹ The name given to the highest throw of the dice.

VIII

VLLA si iuris tibi peierati
 poena, Barine, nocuisset umquam,
 dente si nigro fieres vel uno
 turpior ungui,
 crederem. sed tu simul obligasti
 perfidum votis caput, enitescis
 pulchrior multo iuvenumque prodis
 publica cura.
 expedit matris cineres opertos
 fallere et toto taciturna noctis
 signa cum caelo gelidaque divos
 morte carentes.
 ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa ; rident
 simplices Nymphae ferus et Cupido,
 semper ardentis acuens sagittas
 cote cruenta.
 adde quod pubes tibi crescit omnis,
 servitus crescit nova, nec priores
 impiae tectum dominae relinquunt,
 saepe minati.
 te suis matres metuunt iuvenis,
 te senes parei miseraeque, nuper
 virgines, nuptae, tua ne retardet
 aura maritos.

10

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ODE VIII

Barine's Baleful Charms

HAD ever any penalty for violated vows visited thee,
 Barine; didst thou ever grow uglier by a single
 blackened tooth or spotted nail, I'd trust thee now.
 But with thee, no sooner hast thou bound thy per-
 fidious head by promises than thou shinest forth much
 fairer and art the cynosure of all eyes when thou
 appearest. 'Tis actually of help to thee to swear
 falsely by the buried ashes of thy mother, by the silent
 sentinels of night, with the whole heaven, and by the
 gods, who are free from chilly death. All this but
 makes sport for Venus (upon my word, it does :) and for
 the artless Nymphs, and cruel Cupid, ever whetting
 his fiery darts on blood-stained stone. Not only
 this! All our youth are growing up for thee alone, to
 be a fresh band of slaves, while thy old admirers leave
 not the roof of their heartless mistress, oft as they
 have threatened this. Thee mothers fear for their
 sons, thee frugal sires, thee wretched brides, who but
 yesterday were maidens, lest thy radiance make their
 husbands linger.

IX

Now semper imbres nubibus hispidos
 manant in agros aut mare Caspium
 vexant inaequales procellae
 usque nec Armeniis in oris,

amice Valgi, stat glacies iners
 menses per omnes, aut Aquilonibus
 querqueta Gargani laborant
 et foliis viduantur orni :

tu semper urges flebilibus modis
 Mysten ademptum, nec tibi Vespero
 surgente decedunt amores
 nec rapidum fugiente solem.

at non ter aevo functus amabilem
 ploravit omnes Antilochum senex
 annos, nec impubem parentes
 Troilon aut Phrygiae sorores

flevire semper. desine mollium
 tandem querellarum, et potius nova
 cantemus Augusti tropaea
 Caesaris, et rigidum Niphaten

Medumque flumen gentibus additum
 victis minores volvere vertices,
 intraque praescriptum Gelonos
 exiguis equitare campis.

ODE IX

A Truce to Sorrow, Valgius !

Nor for ever do the showers fall from the clouds on the sodden fields, nor the rough blasts always fret the Caspian waves, nor on Armenian borders, friend Valgius, does the lifeless ice linger through every month, nor are Garganus' oak-groves always lashed by the blasts of the North and the ash-trees reft of their leaves. But thou in tearful strains dwellest ever on the loss of thy Mystes, nor do thy words of love cease either when Vesper comes out at evening, or when he flies before the swiftly coursing sun. Yet the aged hero who had lived three generations did not for ever mourn his loved Antilochus, nor did his Phrygian parents and sisters weep without end for youthful Troilus. Cease at length thy weak laments, and let us rather sing of the new trophies of Augustus Caesar, ice-bound Niphates and the river of the Medes rolling in smaller eddies, now 'tis added to the list of vanquished nations, and the Geloni riding now within bounds prescribed over their narrowed plains.

X

RECTIVS vives, Licini, neque altum
semper urgendo neque, dum procellas
eantus horreseis, nimium premendo
litus iniquum.

auream quisquis mediocritatem
diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
sobrius aula.

sapientius ventis agitur ingens
pinus et celsae graviore casu
decidunt turres feriuntque summos
fulgura montis. 10

sperat infestis, metuit secundis
alteram sortem bene praeparatum
pectus. informes hiemes reducit
Iuppiter ; idem

summovet. non, si male nunc, et olim
sic erit : quondam cithara tacentem
suscitat Musam neque semper arcum
tendit Apollo. 20

rebus angustis animosus atque
fortis appare : sapienter idem
contrahes vento nimium secundo
turgida vela.

ODE X

" *The Golden Mean* "

BETTER wilt thou live, Licinius, by neither always pressing out to sea nor too closely hugging the dangerous shore in cautious fear of storms. Whoso cherishes the golden mean, safely avoids the foulness of an ill-kept house and discreetly, too, avoids a hall exciting envy. 'Tis oftener the tall pine that is shaken by the wind ; 'tis the lofty towers that fall with the heavier crash, and 'tis the tops of the mountains that the lightning strikes. Hopeful in adversity, anxious in prosperity, is the heart that is well prepared for weal or woe. Though Jupiter brings back the unlovely winters, he, also, takes them away. If we fare ill to-day, 'twill not be ever so. At times Apollo wakes with the lyre his slumbering song, and does not always stretch the bow. In time of stress shew thyself bold and valiant ! Yet wisely reef thy sails when they are swollen by too fair a breeze !

XI

QVIV bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes,
Hirpine Quincti, cogitet Hadria
divisus obiecto, remittas
quaerere, nec trepides in usum

poscentis aevi pauca : fugit retro
levis inventas et decor, arida
pellente lascivos amores
canitie facilemque somnum.

non semper idem floribus est honor
vernīs, neque uno luna rubens nitet 10
vultu : quid aeternis minorem
consiliis animum fatigas ?

cur non sub alta vel platano vel hae
pinu iacentes sic temere et rosa
canos odorati capillos,
dum licet, Assyriaque nardo

potamus uncti ? dissipat Ennius
curas edaces. quis puer ocuis
restringuet ardentis Falerni
pocula praetereunte lympha ? 20

quis devium scortum eliciet domo
Lyden ? eburna, dic age, cum lyra
maturet, in comptum Lacaenae
more comas religata nodum !¹

¹ incomptam comam nodo *Bentley*.

ODE XI

Enjoy the Passing Hour !

WHAT the warlike Cantabrian is plotting, Quinctius
Hirpinus, and the Scythian, divided from us by the
intervening Adriatic, cease to inquire, and be not
anxious for the needs of life, since 'tis little that
it asks. Fresh youth and beauty are speeding
fast away behind us, while wizened age is banishing
sportive love and slumbers soft. Not for ever do the
flowers of spring retain their glory, nor does blushing
Luna shine always with the selfsame face. Why,
with planning for the future, weary thy soul unequal
to the task ? Why not rather quaff the wine, while
yet we may, reclining under this lofty plane or pine, in
careless ease, our grey locks garlanded with fragrant
roses and perfumed with Syrian nard ? Bacchus
dispels carking cares. What slave will swiftly temper
the bowls of fiery Falernian with water from the
passing stream ? Who will lure from her home Lyde,
coy wench ? With ivory lyre, come bid her haste, her
hair neatly fastened in a knot, like some Laconian
maid.

XII

NOLIS longa ferae bella Numantiae
 nec durum Hannibalem nec Siculum mare
 Poeno purpureum sanguine mollibus
 aptari citharae modis,

nec saevos Lapithas et nimium mero
 Hylaeum domitosque Herculea manu
 telluris iuvenes, unde periculum
 fulgens contrennit domus

Saturni veteris : tuque pedestribus
 dices historiis proelia Caesaris, 10
 Maecenas, melius ductaque per vias
 regum colla minacium.

me dulces dominae Musa Licymniae
 cantus, me voluit dicere lucidum
 fulgentes oculos et bene mutuis
 fidum pectus amoribus ;

quam nec ferre pedem dedecuit choris
 nec certare ioco nec dare brachia
 ludentem nitidis virginibus sacro
 Dianae celebris die. 20

ODE XII

The Charms of Terentia

You would not wish to have the themes of fierce
 Numantia's tedious wars wedded to soft measures of the
 lyre, or doughty Hannibal, or the Sicilian Sea crimson
 with Punic blood, or the savage Lapithae and Hylaeus
 mad with wine, or the triumph of Hercules' hand
 over the sons of earth, at the danger of whose assault
 the shining house of ancient Saturn shook with terror.
 So you yourself, Maecenas, would better treat, and
 treat in storied prose, of Caesar's battles and of kings,
 once threatening, led by the neck along the streets.

Me the Muse has bidden to celebrate the sweet
 singing of Mistress Licymnia, her brightly flashing
 eyes, and her heart right faithful in mutual love—
 her whom it graced so well to trip amid the dancers'
 bands, to parry jest with jest, and to offer her arms to
 festal maids on the sacred day that fills Diana's shrine.

CARMINVM LIBER II

num tu quae tenuit dives Achaemenes
aut pinguis Phrygiae Mygdonias opes
permutare velis crine Licymniae,
 plenas aut Arabum domos,

cum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula
cervicem, aut facili saevitia negat,
quae poscente magis gaudeat eripi,
 interdum rapere occupat? ¹

¹ *Most MSS. and editors read occupet.*

ODES BOOK II. xii

Would you exchange a lock of Licymnia's tresses for
all that rich Achaemenes once owned, or for the Myg-
donian wealth of fertile Phrygia, or the well-stocked
homes of the Arabians, as she bends her neck toward
your eager kisses, or in teasing playfulness refuses to
give them (yea, refuses, since, more than he who asks
them, she delights to have them snatched), or at
times is first herself to snatch them?

XIII

ILLE et nefasto te posuit die,
 quicumque primum, et sacrilega manu
 produxit, arbos, in nepotum
 perniciem opprobriumque pagi.

illum et parentis crediderim sui
 fregisse cervicem et penetralia
 sparsisse nocturno errore
 hospitis; ille venena Colcha

et quicquid usquam concipitur nefas
 tractavit, agro qui statuit meo 10
 te, triste lignum, te caducum
 in domini caput immerentis.

quid quisque vitet, numquam homini satis
 cautum est in horas: navita Bosphorum
 Poenus perhorrescit neque ultra
 caeca timet aliunde fata;

miles sagittas et celerem fugam
 Parthi, catenas Parthus et Italum
 robur; sed improvisa leti
 vis rapuit rapietque gentes. 20

ODE XIII

A Narrow Escape

THE man who first planted thee did it upon an evil day and reared thee with a sacrilegious hand, O tree, for the destruction of posterity and the countryside's disgrace. I could believe that he actually strangled his own father and spattered his hearthstone with a guest's blood at dead of night; he too has dabbled in Colehic poisons and whatever crime is anywhere conceived—the man that set thee out on my estate, thou miserable stump, to fall upon the head of thy unoffending master.

Man never heeds enough from hour to hour what he should shun. The Punic sailor dreads the Bosphorus, but fears not the unseen fates beyond that threaten from other quarters. The soldier dreads the arrows of the Parthians and their swift retreat; the Parthian fears the chains and rugged strength of Italy; but the fatal violence that has snatched away, and again will snatch away, the tribes of men, is something unforeseen.

CARMINVM LIBER II

quam paene furvae regna Proserpinae
 et iudicantem vidimus Aeacum
 sedesque discriptas piorum et
 Aeoliis fidibus querentem

Sappho puellis de popularibus
 et te sonantem plenius aureo,
 Alcaee, plectro dura navis,
 dura fugae mala, dura belli.

utrumque sacro digna silentio
 mirantur umbrae dicere; sed magis 30
 pugnas et exactos tyrannos
 deusum umeris bibit aure volgus.

quid mirum, ubi illis carminibus stupens
 demittit atras belua centiceps
 auris, et intorti capillis
 Eumenidum recreantur angues?

quin et Prometheus et Pelopis parens
 dulei laborum¹ decipitur sono,
 nec curat Orion leones
 aut timidos agitare lynceas. 40

¹ laborum: good MSS. read also laborem.

ODES BOOK II. xiii

How narrowly did I escape beholding the realms
 of dusky Proserpine and Aeacus on his judgment-seat,
 and the abodes set apart for the righteous, and Sappho
 complaining on Aeolian lyre of her countrywomen,
 and thee, Alcaeus, rehearsing in fuller strain with
 golden plectrum¹ the woes of seaman's life, the cruel
 woes of exile, and the woes of war. The shades
 marvel at both as they utter words worthy of reverent
 silence; but the dense throng, shoulder to shoulder
 packed, drinks in more eagerly with listening ear
 stories of battles and of tyrants banished. What
 wonder, when lulled by such strains, the hundred-
 headed monster lowers his black ears, and the serpents
 writhing in the locks of the Furies stop for rest! Yea,
 even Prometheus and Pelops' sire are beguiled of
 their sufferings by the soothing sound, nor does Orion
 care to chase the lions or the wary lynxes.

¹ See note on p. 73.

XIV

EURE fugaces, Postume, Postume,
labuntur anni, nec pietas moram
rugis et instanti senectae
adferet indomitaeque morti;

non, si trecentis, quotquot eunt dies,
amice, places inlacrimabilem
Plutona tauris, qui ter amplum
Geryonen Tityonque tristi

compescit unda, scilicet omnibus,
quicumque terrae munere vescimur, 10
enaviganda, sive reges
sive inopes erimus coloni.

frustra cruento Marte carebinus
fractisque rauci fluctibus Hadriae,
frustra per autumnos nocentem
corporibus metuemus Austrum:

visendus ater flumine languido
Cocytos errans et Danaï genus
infame damnatusque longi
Sisyphus Aeolides laboris. 20

ODE XIV

Death is Inevitable

ALAS, O Postumus, Postumus, the years glide swiftly by, nor will righteousness give pause to wrinkles, to advancing age, or Death invincible—no, not if with three hecatombs of bulls a day, my friend, thou strivest to appease relentless Pluto, who imprisons Geryon of triple frame and Tityos, by the gloomy stream that surely must be crossed by all of us who feed upon Earth's bounty, be we princes or needy husbandmen. In vain shall we escape from bloody Mars and from the breakers of the roaring Adriatic; in vain through autumn tide shall we fear the south-wind that brings our bodics harm. At last we needs must gaze on black Cocytos winding with its sluggish flow, and Danaus' daughters infamous, and Sisyphus, the son of Aeolus, condemned to ceaseless toil. Earth we must

CARMINVM LIBER II

linquenda tellus et domus et placens
uxor, neque harum, quas colis, arborum
te praeter invisas cupressos
ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

absumet heres Caecuba dignior
servata centum clavibus et mero
tinguet pavimentum superbo
pontificum potiore cenis.

ODES BOOK II. xiv

leave, and home and darling wife; nor of the trees
thou tendest now, will any follow thee, its short-lived
master, except the hated cypress. A worthier heir
shall drink thy Caecuban now guarded by a hundred
keys, and drench the pavement with glorious wine
choicer than that drunk at the pontiffs' feasts.

XV

IAM pauca aratro iugera regia
 moles relinquent, undique latius
 extenta visentur Lucrino
 stagna lacu, platanisque caelebs

evincet ulmos; tum violaria et
 myrtus et omnis copia narium
 spargent olivetis odorem
 fertilibus domino priori.

tum spissa ramis laurea fervidos
 excludet ictus. non ita Romuli 10
 praescriptum et intonsi Catonis
 auspiciis veterumque norma.

privatus illis census erat brevis,
 commune magnum: nulla decempedis
 metata privatis opacam
 porticus excipiebat Arcton,

nec fortuitum spernere caespitem
 leges sinebant, oppida publico
 sumptu iubentes et deorum
 templa novo decorare saxo. 20

ODE XV

The Invasion of Luxury

A SHORT time and our princely piles will leave but few acres to the plough; on all sides will be seen our fish-ponds spreading wider than the Lucrine Lake, and the lonely plane-tree will drive out the elm; then will beds of violets and copses of myrtle and the whole company of sweet perfumes scatter their fragrance amid olive groves that once bore increase to their former owner; then will laurel thickets shut out the sun's hot rays. Not so was it prescribed under the rule of Romulus and unshorn Cato or by the standard of our sires. With them private estates were small, and great was the common weal. No private citizen had a portico measuring its tens of feet, lying open to the shady north; nor did the laws permit our fathers to scorn the chance turf,¹ but bade them at common cost adorn their towns and the temples of the gods with marbles rare.

¹ For building a simple altar.

XVI

OTIVM divos rogat in patenti
 prensus Aegaeo, simul atra nubes
 condidit lunam neque certa fulgent
 sidera nautis;

otium bello furiosa Thrace,
 otium Medi pharetra decori,
 Grosphæ, non gemmis neque purpura ve-
 nale neque auro.

non enim gazæ neque consularis
 summovet lictor miseros tumultus
 mentis et curas laqueata circum
 tecta volantes. 10

vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
 splendet in mensa tenui salinum
 nec leves somnos timor aut cupido
 sordidus aufert.

quid brevi fortes iaculamur ævo
 multa? quid terras alio calentes
 sole mutamus? patriæ quis exsul
 se quoque fugit?

ODE XVI

Contentment the Only True Happiness

For peace the mariner prays, storm-caught on the open Aegean, when dark clouds have hid the moon and the stars shine no longer sure for sailors; for peace prays Thrace furious in war; for peace the Parthian with quiver richly dight—peace, Grosphus, that cannot be bought with gems, with purple, or with gold. For 'tis not treasure nor even the consul's lictor that can banish the wretched tumults of the soul and the cares that fit about the panelled ceilings. He lives happily upon a little on whose frugal board gleams the ancestral salt-dish, and whose soft slumbers are not banished by fear or sordid greed. Why do we strive so hard in our brief lives for great possessions? Why do we change our own land for climes warmed by a foreign sun? What exile from his country ever escaped himself as well? Morbid care

CARMINVM LIBER II

scandit aeratas vitiosa naves
 cura nec turmas equitum relinquit,
 ocior cervis et agente nimbos
 ocior Euro.

laetus in praesens animus quod ultra est
 oderit curare et amara lento
 temperet risu. nihil est ab omni
 parte beatum.

abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem,
 longa Tithonum minuit senectus; 30
 et mihi forsán, tibi quod negarit,
 porriget hora.

te greges centum Siculaeque circum
 mugiunt vaccae, tibi tollit hinnitum
 apta quadrigis equa, te bis Afro
 murice tinctae

vestiunt lanae; mihi parva rura et
 spiritum Graiae tenuem Camenae
 Parca non mendax dedit et malignum
 spernere vulgus. 40

ODES BOOK II. xvi

boards even the brass-bound galley, nor fails to over-
 take the troops of horse, swifter than stags, swifter
 than Eurus when he drives the storm before him.
 Let the soul be joyful in the present, let it disdain
 to be anxious for what the future has in store, and
 temper bitterness with smile serene! Nothing is happy
 altogether. Achilles for all his glory was snatched
 away by an early death; Tithonus, though granted a
 long old age, wasted to a shadow; and to me mayhap
 the passing hour will grant what it denies to thee.
 Around thee low a hundred herds of Sicilian kine;
 in thy stables whinnies the racing-mare; thou art
 clothed in wool twice dipped in Afric purple. To
 me Fate that does not belie her name¹ has given a
 small domain, but she has vouchsafed the fine breath
 of Grecian song and a scorn for the envious crowd.

¹ *i.e.* because she is *parca*: "sparing in her gifts."

XVII

CVR me querellis exanimas tuis?
 nec dis amicum est nec mihi te prius
 obire, Maecenas, mearum
 grande decus columnaque rerum.

a, te meae si partem animae rapit
 maturior vis, quid moror altera,
 nec carus aequae nec superstes
 integer? ille dies utramque

ducet ruinam. non ego perfidum
 dixi sacramentum: ibimus, ibimus,
 utcumque praecedes, supremum
 carpere iter comites parati.

me nec Chimaerae spiritus igneae
 nec, si resurgat, centimanus Gyas¹
 divellet umquam: sic potenti
 Iustitiae placitumque Parcis.

sen Libra seu me Scorpios adspicit
 formidolosus pars violentior
 natalis horae seu tyrannus
 Hesperiae Capricornus undae,

¹ Gyas *Lambinus*: *gigas MSS*

ODE XVII

*Despair not, Maecenas! One Star Links our
 Destinies*

WHY dost thou crush out my life by thy complaints?
 'Tis the will neither of the gods nor of myself that I
 should pass away before thee, Maecenas, the great
 glory and prop of my own existence. Alas, if some
 untimely blow snatches thee, the half of my own life,
 away, why do I, the other half, still linger on, neither
 so dear as before nor surviving whole? That fatal day
 shall bring the doom of both of us. No false oath have
 I taken; both, both together, will we go, when'er
 thou leadest the way, prepared as comrades to travel
 the final journey. Me no fiery breath of Chimaera, nor
 hundred-handed Gyas, should he rise against me, shall
 ever tear from thee. Such is the will of mighty Jus-
 tice and the Fates. Whether Libra or dread Scorpio
 or Capricornus, lord of the Hesperian wave, dominates
 my horoscope as the more potent influence of my

10

20

CARMINVM LIBER II

utrumque nostrum incredibili modo
 consentit astrum. te Iovis impio
 tutela Saturno refulgens
 eripuit volucrisque Fati

tardavit alas, cum populus frequens
 laetum theatri ter crepuit sonum ;
 me truncus inlapsus cerebro
 sustulerat, nisi Faunus ictum

dextra levasset, Mercurialium
 custos virorum. reddere victimas
 aedemque votivam memento ;
 nos humilem feriemus agnam.

30

ODES BOOK II. xvii

natal hour, the stars of us twain are wondrously
 linked together. To thee the protecting power of
 Jove, outshining that of baleful Saturn, brought
 rescue, and stayed the wings of swift Fate what
 time the thronging people thrice broke into glad
 applause in the theatre. Me the trunk of a tree,
 descending on my head, had snatched away, had not
 Faunus, protector of poets, with his right hand warded
 off the stroke. Remember then to offer the victims
 due and to build a votive shrine ! I will sacrifice a
 humble lamb.

XVIII

Now ebur neque aureum
 mea renidet in domo lacunar,
 non trabes Hymettiae
 premunt columnas ultima recisas

 Africa, neque Attali
 ignotus heres regiam occupavi,
 nec Laconicas mihi
 trahunt honestae purpuras clientae.

 at fides et ingeni
 benigna vena est, pauperemque dives 10
 me petit: nihil supra
 deos lacesso nec potentem amicum

 largiora flagito,
 satis beatus unicus Sabinis.
 truditur dies die,
 novaeque pergunt interire lunae.

 tu secunda marmora
 locas sub ipsum funus et sepulcri
 immemor struis domos,
 marisque Bais obstrepentis urges 20

ODE XVIII

The Vanity of Riches

Not ivory or gilded panel gleams in my home, nor do
 beams of Hymettian marble rest on pillars quarried
 in farthest Africa, nor have I, as heir of Attalus,¹
 become unwittingly the owner of a palace, nor for me
 do high-born dames trail robes of Laconian purple.
 But I have loyalty and a kindly vein of genius, and me,
 though poor, the rich man courts. I importune the
 gods for nothing more, and of my friend in power I
 crave no larger boon, happy enough in my cherished
 Sabine farm. Day treads upon the heel of day, and
 new moons haste to wane; yet thou on the grave's
 verge dost contract for the cutting of marble slabs,
 and, forgetful of the tomb, dost rear a palace, eager to
 build out the coast of the sea that thunders by Baiae,

¹ In 133 B.C. Attalus III, King of Pergamus, had made the Roman people his heir.

summovere litora,
 parum locuples continente ripa.
 quid quod usque proximos
 revellis agri terminos et ultra

limites clientium
 salis avarus? pellitur paternos
 in sinu ferens deos
 et uxor et vir sordidosque natos.

nulla certior tamen
 rapacis Orci fine destinata 30
 aula divitem manet
 erum. quid ultra tendis? aequa tellus

pauperi recluditur
 regumque pueris, nec satelles Orci
 callidum Promethea
 revexit auro captus. hic superbum

Tantalum atque Tantalii
 genus coercet, hic levare functum
 pauperem laboribus
 vocatus atque non vocatus audit. 40

not rich enough in the mainland shore. What, that thou tearest down each neighbouring post that marks thy farm, and in thy greed dost overleap the boundaries of thy tenants! Man and wife are driven forth bearing in their arms their household gods and ragged children. And yet no hall more certainly awaits the wealthy lord than greedy Orcus' destined bourne. Why strive for more and more? For all alike doth Earth unlock her bosom—for the poor man and for princes' sons. Nor could Orcus' minion be bribed by gold to ferry back Prometheus, the crafty. Proud Tantalus and the son of Tantalus he holdeth fast, and, summoned or unsummoned, lends an ear to free the poor man when his toils are o'er.

XIX

BACCHVM in remotis carmina rupibus
vidi docentem—credite posteri—

Nymphasque discentes et auris
capripedum Satyrorum acutas.

euhoe, recenti mens trepidat metu,
plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum
lactatur. euhoc, parce, Liber,
parce, gravi metuende thyrso.

fas pervicaces est mihi Thyiadas
viniq̄ue fontem lactis et uberes
cantare rivos atq̄ue truncis
lapsa cavis iterare mella;

10

fas et beatae coniugis additum
stellis honorem tectaque Penthei
disiecta non leni ruina
Thracis et exitium Lycurgi.

tu flectis amnes, tu mare barbarum,
tu separatis uvidus in iugis
nodo coerces viperino
Bistonidum sine fraude crines.

20

ODE XIX

Bacchus, Thine's the Power!

BACCHUS I saw on distant crags—believe me, ye of
after time—teaching hymns, and I beheld the nymphs
his pupils, and the goat-footed satyrs with their
pointed ears. Evoe! My heart thrills with fear
still fresh, and tumultuously rejoices, since my breast
is full of the god. Evoe! Liber! Spare me, oh,
spare me, thou god to be dreaded for thy mighty
thyrsus! 'Tis meet for me to sing of the tireless
Bacchanals, to tell of the fountains of wine, the rich
streams of milk, and the honey distilling from
hollow tree-trunks. Meet, too, it is to sing of the
crown of thy consort deified, set now among the stars,
and Pentheus' palace overthrown in dire destruction,
and the fatal end of Thracian Lycurgus. Thou bendest
to thy sway the streams and the savage sea. On
distant peaks, flushed with wine, thou bindest the
hair of the Bistonian women with harmless knot of

CARMINVM LIBER II

tu, cum parentis regna per arduum
 cohors Gigantum scanderet impia,
 Rhoetum retorsisti leonis
 unguibus horribilique mala ;

quamquam choreis aptior et iocis
 ludoque dictus non sat idoneus
 pugnae ferebaris ; sed idem
 pacis eras mediusque belli.

te vidit insons Cerberus aureo
 cornu decorum, leniter atterens
 caudam, et recedentis trilingui
 ore pedes tetigitque crura.

30

ODES BOOK II. xix

serpents. Thou, too, when the impious crew of
 giants through the steep sky strove to mount to the
 realms of Jove, didst hurl back Rhoetus with the
 dread lion's claw and tooth. Though called fitter for
 dance and mirth and game, and said to be ill-suited
 for the fight, yet thou didst share in war as well as
 peace. Thee, too, glorious with thy horn of gold,
 Cerberus looked upon and harmed thee not, brushing
 thee fondly with his tail, and at thy going touched
 thy legs and feet with his triple tongue.

XX

NON usitata nec tenui ferar
pinna biformis per liquidum aethera
vates, neque in terris morabor
longius invidiae maior

urbes relinquam. non ego, pauperum
sanguis parentum, non ego, quem vocas,
dilecte Maecenas, obibo
nec Stygia cohibebor unda.

iam iam residunt cruribus asperae
pelles, et album mutor in alitem 10
superne, nascunturque leves
per digitos umerosque plumae.

iam Daedaleo notior¹ Icaro
visam gementis litora Bosphori
Syrtesque Gaetulas canorus
ales Hyperboreosque campos.

me Colchus et, qui dissimulat metum
Marsae cohortis, Dacus et ultimi
noscent Geloni, me peritus 20
discet Hiber Rhodanique potor.

absint inani funere neniae
luctusque turpes et querimoniae;
compesce clamorem ac sepulcri
mitte supervacuos honores.

¹ inferior MSS. ocior: tutior Bentley.

ODE XX

The Poet prophesies his own Immortality

ON no common or feeble pinion shall I soar in double
form through the liquid air, a poet still, nor linger
more on earth, but victorious over envy I shall quit
the towns of men. Not I, the son of parents poor,
not I, who hear your voice, beloved Maecenas, shall
perish, or be confined by waters of the Styx. Even
now the wrinkled skin is gathering on my ankles,
and I am changing to a snowy swan above, and o'er
my arms and shoulders is spreading a plumage soft.
Soon, a tuneful bird, I shall visit the shores of the
moaning Bosphorus, more renowned than Icarus, born
of Daedalus; I shall visit the Gaetulian Syrtes and
the plains of the Hyperboreans. Me the Colchian
shall come to know, and the Dacian, who feigns to
feel no dread of our Marsian cohorts, and the far
Geloni; by the study of my writings the Spaniard
shall become learned and they who drink the waters
of the Rhone.

Let dirges be absent from what you falsely deem
my death, and unseemly show of grief and lamenta-
tion! Restrain all clamour and forgo the idle tribute
of a tomb!

BOOK III

LIBER III

I

Omni profanum vulgus et arceo;
favete linguis. carmina non prius
audita Musarum sacerdos
virginibus puerisque canto.

regum timendorum in proprios greges,
reges in ipsos imperium est Iovis,
clari Giganteo triumpho,
cuncta supercilio moventis.

est ut viro vir latius ordinet
arbusta sulcis, hic generosior
descendat in Campum petitor,
moribus hic meliorque fama

contendat, illi turba clientium
sit maior; aequa lege Necessitas
sortitur insignes et imos:
omne capax movet urna nomen.

BOOK III

ODE I

Simplicity

I HATE the uninitiate crowd and keep them far away.
Observe a reverent silence! I, the Muses' priest,
sing for maids and boys songs not heard before.

The rule of dreaded kings is over their own
peoples; but over the kings themselves is the rule
of Jove, glorious for his victory o'er the Giants, and
controlling all things with the nod of his brow.

'Tis true that one man plants his vineyards over
wider acres than his fellow; that one candidate for
office who comes down to the Campus is of nobler
birth, another of greater worth and fame, while still
another has a larger band of followers; yet with
impartial justice Necessity allots the fates of high
and low alike. The ample urn keeps tossing every
name.

destrictus ensis cui super impia
 cervice pendet, non Siculae dapes
 dulcem elaborabunt saporem,
 non avium citharaeque cantus 20

somnum reducent. somnus agrestium
 lenis virorum non humiles domos
 fastidit umbrosamque ripam,
 non zephyris agitata Tempe.

desiderantem quod satis est neque
 tumultuosum sollicitat mare
 nec saevus Arcturi cadentis
 impetus aut orientis Haedi,

non verberatae grandine vineae
 fundusque mendax, arbore nunc aquas 30
 culpante, nunc torrentia agros
 sidera, nunc hiemes iniquas.

contracta pisces aequora sentiunt
 iactis in altum molibus: huc frequens
 caementa demittit redemptor
 cum famulis dominusque terrae

fastidiosus. sed Timor et Minae
 scandunt eodem quo dominus, neque
 decedit aerata triremi et 40
 post equitem sedet atra Cura.

Over whose impious head ¹ the drawn sword hangs,
 for him Sicilian feasts will produce no savour sweet,
 nor will music of birds or lutes bring back sleep to his
 couch. Soft slumber scorns not the humble cottage of
 the peasant, nor the shady bank, nor the valley by
 the zephyrs fanned. He who longs for only what he
 needs is troubled not by stormy seas, not by the fierce
 onslaught of setting Arcturus or rising Haedus—not
 by the lashing of his vineyards with the hail, nor by
 the treachery of his farm, the trees complaining now
 of too much rain, now of the dog-star parching the
 fields, now of the cruel winters.

The fishes note the narrowing of the waters by
 piers of rock laid in their depths. Here the builder
 with his throng of slaves, and the master who disdains
 the land, let down the rubble. But Fear and Threats
 climb to the selfsame spot the owner does; nor does
 black Care quit the brass-bound galley and even takes
 her seat behind the horseman.

¹ An allusion to "the sword of Damocles." When Damocles extolled the great felicity of the tyrant Dionysius, the latter placed him at a sumptuous banquet where Damocles saw a sword suspended over his head by a single hair.

CARMINVM LIBER III

quodsi dolentem nec Phrygius lapis
nec purpurarum sidere clarior

delenit usus nec Falerna
vitae Achaemeniumque costum,

cur invidendis postibus et novo
sublime ritu moliar atrium?

cur valle permutem Sabina
divitias operosiores?

ODES BOOK III. 1

But if neither Phrygian marble nor purple brighter
than the stars nor Falernian wine nor Persian nard
can soothe one in distress, why should I rear aloft
in modern style a hall with columns to stir envy?
Why should I change my Sabine dale for the greater
burden of wealth?

II

ANGVSTAM amice pauperiem pati
robustus acri militia puer
 condiscat et Parthos feroces
 vexet eques metuendus hasta,

vitamque sub divo et trepidis agat
in rehus. illum ex moenibus hostieis
 matrona bellantis tyranni
 prospiciens et adulta virgo

suspiret: "elheu, ne radis agminum
sponsus lacessat regius asperum
 tactu leonem, quem cruenta
 per medias rapit ira caedes." 10

dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,
mors et fugacem persequitur virum,
 nec parcat imbellis iuventae
 poplitibus timidove tergo.

Virtus, repulsae nescia sordidae,
intaminatis fulget honoribus,
 nec sumit aut ponit secures
 arbitrio popularis aurae. 20

ODE II

Endurance, and Fidelity to One's Trust

LET the youth, hardened by active service, learn to
bear with patience trying hardships! Let him, a
horseman dreaded for his lance, harass the warlike
Parthians and pass his life beneath the open sky
amid stirring deeds! At sight of him from foeman's
battlements may the consort of the warring tyrant
and the ripe maiden sigh: "Ah, let not our royal
lover, unpractised in the fray, rouse the lion fierce to
touch, whom rage for blood hurries through the midst
of carnage!"

'Tis sweet and glorious to die for fatherland. Yet
Death o'ertakes not less the runaway, nor spares the
limbs and coward backs of faint-hearted youths.

True worth, that never knows ignoble defeat,
shines with undimmed glory, nor takes up nor lays
aside the axes at the fickle mob's behest. True worth,

CARMINVM LIBER III

Virtus, reeludens immeritis mori
caelum, negata temptat iter via,
coetusque vulgares et udam
spernit humum fugiente pinna.

est et fideli tuta silentio
merces: vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum
volgarit arcanæ, sub isdem
sit trabibus fragilemque mecum

solvat phaselon; saepe Diespiter
neglectus incesto addidit integrum,
raro antecedentem scelestum
deseruit pede Poena claudo.

30

ODES BOOK III. ii

opening Heaven wide for those deserving not to die,
essays its course by a path denied to others, and
spurns the vulgar crowd and damp earth on fleeting
pinion.

There is a sure reward for trusty silence, too. I
will forbid the man who has divulged the sacred rites
of mystic Ceres, to abide beneath the same roof or to
unmoor with me the fragile bark. Often has outraged
Jupiter involved the innocent with the guilty; but
rarely does Vengeance, albeit of halting gait, fail to
o'ertake the guilty, though he gain the start.

III

ODE III

Justice, and Steadfastness of Purpose

Ivstvm et tenacem propositi virm
 non civium ardor prava iubentium,
 non vultus instantis tyranni
 mente quatit solida neque Auster,

dux inquieti turbidus Hadriae,
 nec fulminantis magna manus Iovis ;
 si fractus inlabatur orbis,
 impavidum ferient ruinae.

hac arte Pollux et vagus Hercules
 enisus arces attingit igneas, 10
 quos inter Augustus recumbens
 purpureo bibet¹ ore nectar.

hac te merentem, Bacche pater, tuae
 vexere tigres, indocili ingum
 collo trahentes ; hac Quirinus
 Martis equis Acheronta fugit,

gratum elocuta consiliantibus
 Iunone divis : " Ilium, Ilium
 fatalis incestusque iudex
 et mulier peregrina vertit 20

THE man tenacious of his purpose in a righteous cause is not shaken from his firm resolve by the frenzy of his fellow-citizens bidding what is wrong, not by the face of threatening tyrant, not by Auster, stormy master of the restless Adriatic, not by the mighty hand of thundering Jove. Were the vault of heaven to break and fall upon him, its ruins would smite him undismayed.

'Twas by such merits that Pollux and roving Hercules strove and reached the starry citadels, reclining among whom Augustus shall sip nectar with ruddy lips. 'Twas for such merits, Father Bacchus, that thy tigers drew thee in well-earned triumph, wearing the yoke on untrained neck. 'Twas for such merits that Quirinus escaped Acheron on the steeds of Mars, what time Juno, among the gods in council gathered, spake the welcome words : " Ilium, Ilium has been turned to dust by an umpire fateful

¹ Some MSS. read bibit.

CARMINVM LIBER III

in pulverem, ex quo destituit deos
mercede pacta Laomedon, mihi
castaeque damnatum Minervae
cum populo et duce fraudulentæ.

iam nec Lacaenae splendet adulteræ
famosus hospes nec Priami domus
periura pugnaces Achivos
Hectoreis opibus refringit,

nostrisque ductum seditionibus
bellum resedit. protinus et graves 30
iras et invisum nepotem,
Troica quem peperit sacerdos,

Marti redonabo; illum ego lucidas
inire sedes, ducere¹ nectaris
sucos et adscribi quietis
ordinibus patiar deorum.

dum longus inter saeviat Ilion
Romanque pontus, qualibet exules
in parte regnanto beati; 40
dum Priami Paridisque busto

insultet armentum et catulos ferae
celent inullae, stet Capitolium
fulgens triumphatisque possit
Roma ferox dare iura Medis.

¹ Good MSS. also have *discere*.

ODES BOOK III. iii

and impure, and by a foreign woman—Ilium given
over to me and virgin Pallas, with its folk and
treacherous king, ever since Laomedon cheated the
gods of their covenanted pay. No longer does the
infamous stranger dazzle the eyes of his Spartan
paramour, nor does the perjured house of Priam with
Hector's help longer baffle the contending Greeks;
and the war our feuds had lengthened, now has ended.
Henceforth I will abandon my fierce wrath and restore
to Mars my hated grandson whom the Trojan
priestess bore. Him will I suffer to enter the abodes
of light, to quaff sweet nectar, and to be enrolled in
the serene ranks of the gods.

Provided only a wide sea rage between Ilium and
Rome, let the exiles reign happy in whatever place
they choose; provided only the cattle trample over
the tomb of Priam and of Paris, and the wild beasts
hide their whelps there with impunity, let the Capitol
stand gleaming, and let warlike Rome dictate terms
to the conquered Medes! Held far and wide in awe,

horrenda late nomen in ultimas
 extendat oras, qua medius liquor
 seceruit Europen ab Afra,
 qua tumidus rigat arva Nilus,

aurum inreperitum et sic melius situm,
 eum terra celat, spernere fortior 50
 quam cogere humanos in usus
 omne sacrum rapiente dextra.

quicumque mundo terminus obstitit,
 hunc tangat armis, visere gestiens,
 qua parte debacchentur ignes,
 qua nebulae pluviique rores.

sed bellicosus fata Quiritibus
 hac lege dico, ne nimium pii
 rebusque fidentes avitae
 tecta velint reparare Troiae, 60

Troiae renascens alite lugubri
 fortuna tristi clade iterabitur
 ducente victrices catervas
 coniuge me Iovis et sorore.

ter si resurgat murus adneus
 anctore Phoebos, ter pereat meis
 excisus Argivis, ter uxor
 capita virum puerosque ploret."

let her spread her name to farthest coasts, where the
 Strait severs Europe from Africa, where the swollen
 Nile waters the corn-lands, stronger to spurn undis-
 covered gold (better so bestowed, while Earth yet
 hides it) than to gather it for human uses with
 a hand that plunders every sacred thing. What-
 ever limit bounds the world, this let her reach with
 her arms, eager to behold where tropic heats hold
 revel, where mists and dripping rains prevail.

But on this condition only do I foretell the fates
 to the martial Quirites: Let them not, too loyal and
 too trustful of their power, wish to renew the roofs
 of ancestral Troy! If Troy's fortune revive again,
 it shall be under evil omen, and her doom shall be
 repeated with dire disaster, I, Jove's consort and
 sister, leading the conquering hosts. Should her
 walls thrice rise in bronze with Phoebus' help,
 thrice shall they perish, destroyed by my Argive
 warriors; thrice shall the captive wife mourn her
 husband and her children."

CARMINVM LIBER III

non hoc iocosae conveniet lyrae :
quo, Musa, tendis? desine pervicax 70
referre sermones deorum et
magna modis tenuare parvis.

ODES BOOK III. iii

But this will not befit the sportive lyre. On what,
O Muse, art thou bent? Cease wantonly to report
the councils of the gods and to belittle lofty themes
with trivial measures!

IV

DESCENDE caelo et dic age tibia
regina longum Calliope melos,
seu voce nunc mavis acuta
seu fidibus citharaque Phoebi.

auditis, an me ludit amabilis
insania? audire et videor pios
errare per lucos, amoenae
quos et aquae subeunt et aerae.

me fabulosae Volture in avio¹
matricis extra limen Apuliae² 10
ludo fatigatumque somno
fronde nova puerum palumbes

texere, mirum quod foret omnibus,
quicumque celsae nidum Acherontiae
saltusque Bantinos et arvum
pingue tenent humilis Forenti,

ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
dormirem et ursis, ut premerer sacra
lauroque conlataque myrto,
nou sine dis animosus infans. 20

¹ avio *Keller*: *Apulo MSS.*

² *Good MSS., also have limina Pulliaa.*

ODE IV

Wisdom and Order

DESCEND from heaven, O Queen Calliope, and play upon the flute a long-continued melody, or sing with thy clear voice, dost thou prefer, or to the strings of Phoebus' lyre! Do ye hear, my mates? Or does some fond illusion mock me? Methinks I hear her and am straying through hallowed groves, where pleasant waters steal and breezes stir.

In childhood's days, on trackless Vultur, beyond the borders of old nurse Apulia, when I was tired with play and overcome with sleep, the doves of story covered me o'er with freshly fallen leaves, to be a marvel to all who dwell in lofty Acherontia's nest, and Bantia's glades, and the rich fields of Forentum in the dale—how I slept safe from bears and black serpents, how I was overspread with sacred bay and gathered myrtle, with the gods' help a fearless child.

CARMINVM LIBER III

vester, Camenae, vester in arduos
tollor Sabinos, seu mihi frigidum
Praeneste seu Tibur supinum
seu liquidæ placuere Baiae.

vestris amicam fontibus et choris
non me Philippis versa acies retro,
devota non extinxit arbor,
nec Sicula Palinurus unda.

utcumque mecum vos eritis, libens
insanientem navita Bosphorum
temptabo et urentes harenas
litoris Assyrii viator ;

visam Britannos hospitibus feros
et laetum equino sanguine Concanum,
visam pharetratos Gelonos
et Scythicum inviolatus amnem.

vos Caesarem altum, militia simul
fessas cohortes addidit oppidis,
finire quaerentem labores,
Pierio recreatis antro.

vos lene consilium et datis et dato
gaudetis, almae. scimus, ut impios
Titanas immanemque turbam
fulmine sustulerit caduco,

ODES BOOK III. iv

As yours, yes, yours, O Muses, do I climb to my
lofty Sabine hills, or go to cool Praeneste, or
sloping Tibur, or to cloudless Baiae, has it but
caught my fancy. Friend of your springs and dan-
cing choirs, not Philippi's rout destroyed me, nor that
accursed tree, nor the Sicilian wave near Palinurus'
headland. Whenever ye are with me, gladly will I
as mariner essay the raging Bosphorus, or as wanderer
the blazing sands of the Syrian shore. I'll visit all
unscathed the Britons, no friends to strangers, the
Concanian that delights in draughts of horses' blood,
the Geloni that wear the quiver, and the Scythian
stream.

'Tis ye who in Pierian grotto refresh our noble
Caesar, when he seeks to soothe his cares, now that
he has settled in the towns his cohorts wearied with
campaigning. Ye give gentle counsel, and delight in
giving it, ye goddesses benign. Full well we know
how the impious Titans and their frightful horde were

CARMINVM LIBER III

qui terram inertem, qui mare temperat
ventosum et urbes regnaque tristia,
divosque mortalesque turmas
imperio regit unus aequo.

magnum illa terrorem intulerat Iovi
fidens iuventus horrida brachiiis 50
fratresque tendentes opaco
Pelion imposuisse Olympo.

sed quid Typhoeus et validus Mimas,
aut quid minaci Porphyriion statu,
quid Rhoetus evnisisque truncis
Enceladus iaculator audax

contra sonantem Palladis aegida
possent ruentes? hinc avidus stetit
Vulcanus, hinc matrona Iuno et 60
numquam numeris positurus arcum,

qui rore puro Castaliae lavit
crines solutos, qui Lyciae tenet
dumeta natalemque silvam,
Delius et Patarens Apollo.

vis consili expers mole nit sua :
vim temperatam di quoque provehunt
in manus ; idem odere vires
omne nefas animo moventes.

ODES BOOK III. iv

struck down with the descending bolt by him who rules
the lifeless earth, the wind-swept sea, cities, and the
gloomy realms below, who alone with righteous sway
governs the gods and throngs of men. Mighty terror
had been brought on Jove by that insolent crew,
bristling with hands, and by the brothers who strove
to set Pelion on shadowy Olympus. But what
could Typhoeus avail and mighty Mimas, what Por-
phyriion with his threatening mien, what Rhoetus and
Enceladus, bold hurler of uprooted trees, in their rush
against the ringing aegis of Minerva! On this side
stood eager Vulcan, on that, matron Juno and he who
from his shoulder shall never lay aside the bow, who
laves his flowing locks in Castalia's pure dew, who
haunts the Lycian thickets and the forests of his
native isle, god of Delos and of Patara, Apollo's self.

Brute force bereft of wisdom falls to ruin by its
own weight. Power with counsel tempered, even the
gods make greater. But might that in its soul is bent

CARMINVM LIBER III

testis mearum centimanus Gyas ¹
 sententiarum, notus et integrae
 temptator Orion Dianae,
 virginea domitus sagitta. 70

iniecta monstros Terra dolet suis
 macretque partus fulmine luridum
 missos ad Orcum ; nec peredit
 impositam eeler ignis Aetnen,

incontinentis nec Tityi iecur
 reliquit ales, nequitiae additus
 custos ; amatorem trecentae
 Pirithoum cohibent catenae. 80

¹ Gyas *Lambinus* : gigas *MSS.*

ODES BOOK III. iv

on all impiety, they hate. Be hundred-handed Gyas
 the witness of my verdict, Orion too, well-known
 assailant of chaste Diana, subdued by the arrow of the
 maiden-goddess ! Earth, heaped upon her monstrous
 offspring, mourns and laments her progeny hurled
 down to murky Orcus by the thunderbolt. Nor yet
 has the swift-darting flame eaten through Aetna's
 pile, nor does the vulture leave the breast of lawless
 Tityos, set as a watchman o'er his infamy. And
 thrice a hundred chains hold fast the amorous
 Pirithous.

V

CAELO tonantem credidimus Iovem
regnare; praesens divus habebitur
Augustus adiectis Britannis
imperio gravibusque Persis.

milesne Crassi coniuge barbara
turpis maritus vixit et hostium
(pro curia inversique mores!)
consenuit socerorum in armis

sub rege Medo, Marsus et Apulus
ancillorum et nominis et togae 10
oblitus aeternaeque Vestae,
incolumi Iove et urbe Roma?

hoc caverat mens provida Reguli
dissentientis condicionibus
foedis et exemplo trahentis¹
perniciem veniens in aevum,

si non periret immiserabilis
captiva pubes. "signa ego Punicis
adfixa delubris et arma
militibus sine caede" dixit 20

¹ trahentis all MSS.: trahenti many editors.

ODE V

Martial Courage

WE believe that Jove is king in heaven because we hear his thunders peal; Augustus shall be deemed a god on earth for adding to our empire the Britons and dread Parthians. Did Crassus' troops live in base wedlock with barbarian wives and (alas, our smitten Senate and our altered ways!) grow old in service of the foes whose daughters they had wedded—Marsian and Apulian submissive to a Parthian king, forgetful of the sacred shields, the Roman name, the toga, and eternal Vesta, while Jove's temples and the city Rome remained unharmed?

'Twas against this the far-seeing mind of Regulus had guarded when he revolted from the shameful terms and from such precedent foresaw ruin extending to the coming ages, should not the captive youth perish without pity. "With mine own eyes," he said, "have I seen our standards hung up in Punic shrines, and weapons

“derepta vidi, vidi ego civium
retorta tergo bracchia libero
portasque non clausas et arva
Marte coli populata nostro.

auro repensus scilicet acrior
miles redibit. flagitio additis
damnum: neque amissos colores
lana refert medicata fuco,

nec vera virtus, cum semel excidit,
curat reponi deterioribus.

si pugnat extricata densis
cerva plagis, erit ille fortis

qui perfidis se credidit hostibus,
et Marte Poenos proteret altero,
qui lora restrictis lacertis
sensit iners timuitque mortem.

hic, unde vitam sumeret inscius,
pacem duello miscuit. o pudor!
o magna Carthago, probrosis
altior Italiae ruinis!”

fertur pudicae coniugis osculum
parvosque natos ut capitis minor
ab se removisse et virilem
torvus humi possuisse voltam,

wrested from our soldiers without bloodshed; with mine own eyes have I seen the hands of freemen pinioned behind their backs, the gates (of Carthage) open wide, the fields once ravaged by our warfare tilled again. Redeemed by gold, forsooth, our soldiers will renew the strife with greater bravery! To shame ye are but adding loss; the wool with purple dyed never regains the hue it once has lost, nor does true manhood, when it once has vanished, care to be restored to degenerate breasts. If the doe gives fight when loosened from the close-meshed toils, then will *he* be brave who has trusted himself to perfidious foes, and *he* will crush the Carthaginians in a second war who has tamely felt the thongs upon his fettered arms and has stood in fear of death. Such a one, not knowing how to make his life secure, has confounded war with peace. Alas the shame! O mighty Carthage, raised higher on Italy's disgraceful ruins.”

’Tis said he put away his chaste wife’s kisses and his little children, as one bereft of civil rights, and sternly bent his manly gaze upon the ground, till he

30

40

CARMINVM LIBER III

doucee labantis consilio patres
firmaret auctor numquam alias dato,
interque maerentes amicos
egregius properaret exsul.

atqui sciebat quae sibi barbarus
tortor pararet. non aliter tamen
dimovit obstantes propinquos
et populum reditus morantem,

quam si clientum longa negotia
diuudicata lite relinqueret,
tendens Venafranos in agros
aut Lacedaemonium Tarentum.

50

ODES BOOK III. v

should strengthen the Senate's wavering purpose by advice ne'er given before, and amid sorrowing friends should hurry forth a glorious exile. Full well he knew what the barbarian torturer was making ready for him; and yet he pushed aside the kinsmen who blocked his path and the people who would stay his going, with no less unconcern than if some case in court had been decided, and he were leaving the tedious business of his clients, speeding to Venafran fields, or to Lacedaemonian Tarentum.

DELICTA maiorum immeritus lues,
 Romane, donec templa refeceris
 aedesque labentes deorum et
 foeda nigro simulaera fumo.

dis te minorem quod geris, imperas;
 hinc omne principium; huc refer exitum.
 di multa neglecti dederunt
 Hesperiae mala luctuosae.

iam bis Monaeses et Pacori manus
 non auspicatos contudit impetus
 nostros et adiecisse praedam
 torquibus exiguis renidet.

paene occupatam seditionibus
 delevit urbem Dacus et Aethiops,
 hic classe formidatus, ille
 missilibus melior sagittis.

fecunda culpa saecula nuptias
 primum inquinavere et genus et domos:
 hoc fonte derivata clades
 in patriam populumque fluxit.

motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
 matura virgo et fingitur artibus
 iam nunc et incestos amores
 de tenero meditatur ungui

10

20

Religion and Purity

THY fathers' sins, O Roman, thou, though guiltless,
 shalt expiate, till thou dost restore the crumbling
 temples and shrines of the gods and their statues
 soiled with grimy smoke. 'Tis by holding thyself
 the servant of the gods that thou dost rule; with
 them all things begin; to them ascribe the out-
 come! Outraged, they have visited unnumbered
 woes on sorrowing Hesperia. Already twice
 Monaeses and the band of Pacorus have crushed
 our ill-starred onslaughts, and now beam with joy to
 have added spoil from us to their paltry necklaces.
 Beset with civil strife, the City has narrowly escaped
 destruction at the hands of Dacian and of Aethiops, the
 one sore dreaded for his fleet, the other better with
 the flying arrow. Teeming with sin, our times have
 sullied first the marriage-bed, our offspring, and our
 homes; sprung from this source, disaster's stream has
 overflowed the folk and fatherland. The maiden
 early takes delight in learning Grecian dances,
 and trains herself in coquetry e'en now, and plans
 unholy amours, with passion unrestrained.¹ Soon midst

¹ Literally: 'from her tender nail'; *i. e.* in every fibre of her being.

CARMINVM LIBER III

mox inniores quaerit adulteros
inter mariti vina, neque eligit
cui donet impermissa raptim
gaudia luminibus remotis,

sed iussa coram non sine conscio
surgit marito, seu vocat institor 30
seu navis Hispanae magister,
dedecorum pretiosus emptor,

non his iuventus orta parentibus
infecit aequor sanguine Punico
Pyrrhumque et ingentem cecidit
Antiochum Hannibalemque dirum;

sed rusticorum mascula militum
proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
versare glaebas et severae
matris ad arbitrium recisos 40

portare fustes, Sol ubi montium
mutaret umbras et iuga demeret
bobus fatigatis, amicum
tempus agens abeunte curru,

damnosa quid non imminuit dies?
aetas parentum, peior avis, tulit
nos nequiores, mox daturos
progeniem vitiosorem.

ODES BOOK III. vi

her husband's revels she seeks younger paramours,
nor stops to choose on whom she swiftly shall bestow
illicit joys when lights are banished; but openly,
when bidden, and not without her husband's know-
ledge, she rises, be it some peddler summons her, or
the captain of some Spanish ship, lavish purchaser of
shame.

Not such the sires of whom were sprung the youth
that dyed the sea with Punic blood, and struck down
Pyrrhus and great Antiochus and Hannibal, the
dire; but a manly brood of peasant soldiers, taught
to turn the clods with Sabine hoe, and at a strict
mother's bidding to bring cut firewood, when the sun
shifted the shadows of the mountain sides and lifted
the yoke from weary steers, bringing the welcome
time of rest with his departing car.

What do the ravages of time not injure! Our
parents' age, worse than our grandsires', has brought
forth us less worthy and destined soon to yield an
offspring still more wicked.

VII

QVIB fles, Asterie, quem tibi candidi
primo restituent vere Favonii

Thyna merce beatum,
constantis iuvenem fide,

Gygen? ille Notis actus ad Oricum
post insana Caprae sidera frigidas
noctes non sine multis
insomnis lacrimis agit.

atqui sollicitae nuntius hospitae,
suspirare Chloen et miseram tuis
dicens ignibus uri,
temptat mille vafer modis. 10

ut Proetum mulier perfida credulum
falsis impulerit criminibus nimis
casto Bellerophontae
maturare necem refert;

narrat pacne datum Pelea Tartaro,
Magnessam Hippolyten dum fugit abstinens;
et peccare docentes
fallax historias movet.¹ 20

ODE VII

Constancy, Asterie!

WHY weepest thou, Asterie, for Gyges, whom at
spring's first advent the cloudless zephyrs shall
restore to thee, rich with Bithynian wares, thy con-
stant lover? He, by east winds driven to Oricum,
after the Goat's wild rising, passes the chill nights
sleeplessly, not without many a tear. And yet the
messenger of his enamoured hostess, telling how
wretched Chloë sighs and is consumed with affection
for thy lover, craftily tempts him with a thousand arts.
She tells how a perfidious woman by false charges
drove credulous Proetus to bring swift death on
over-chaste Bellerophon. She tells of Peleus, all but
doomed to Tartarus for righteous shunning of
Magnessian Hippolyte; and with subtle guile cites
examples that encourage faithlessness.

¹ Most MSS have *monet*.

CARMINVM LIBER III

frustra : nam scopulis surdior Icarī
 voces audit adhuc integer. at tibi
 ne vicinns Enipeus
 plus iusto placeat cave ;

quamvis non alius flectere equum sciens
 aequę conspicitur gramine Martio,
 nec quisquam citus aequę
 Tusco denatat alveo.

prima nocte domum claudē neque in vias
 sub cantu querulae despice tibiae, 30
 et te saepe vocanti
 duram difficilis mane.

ODES BOOK III. vii

Yet all in vain, for deafē than the cliffs of Icaros, he
 listens to her pleas, heart-whole as yet. But have
thou a care lest to thee thy neighbour Enipeus prove
 more pleasing than he ought, though no one else is
 seen to be as skillful to guide his steed over the
 Campus' sward and no one swims so swiftly down
 the Tiber's channel. At nightfall close thy dwelling,
 nor bend thy gaze into the streets at the music of
 his plaintive flute, and though oft he call thee cruel,
 do thou remain unyielding.

VIII

MARTIS caelebs quid agam Kalendis,
quid velint flores et acerra turis
plena miraris positusque carbo in
caespite vivo,

docte sermones utriusque linguae.
voveram dulces epulas et album
Libero caprum prope funeratus
arboris ictu.

hic dies anno redeunte festus
corticem adstrictum pice demovebit 10
amphorae fumum bibere institutae
consule Tullo.

sume, Maecenas, cyathos amici
sospitis centum et vigiles lucernas
perfer in lucem : procul omnis esto
clamor et ira.

mitte civiles super urbe curas :
occidit Daci Cotisonis agmen,
Medus infestus sibi luctuosus
dissidet armis,

ODE VIII

A Glad Anniversary

WHAT I, a bachelor, am doing on the Martian
Kalends, what mean the flowers, the casket full of
incense, and the embers laid on fresh-cut turf—at
this you marvel, you versed in the lore of either
tongue! I had vowed to Liber a savoury feast
and a pure white goat, what time I narrowly escaped
destruction by the falling tree. This festal day, each
time the year revolves, shall draw a well-pitched
cork forth from a jar set to drink the smoke ¹ in Tullus'
consulship. So drain, Maecenas, a hundred cyathi in
celebration of your friend's escape, and keep the lamps
alight till dawn! Banish far all angry brawls! Dismiss
the cares of state! Crushed is the band of Dacian
Cotiso; the hostile Parthians are fighting with each

¹ *I.e.* sealed.

CARMINVM LIBER III

servit Hispanae vetus hostis orae
Cantaber, sera domitus catena,
iam Scythae laxo meditantur arcu
cedere campis.

neglegens, ne qua populus laboret,
parce privatus nimium cavere et
dona praesentis cape laetus horae ac
linque severa.

ODES BOOK III. viii

other in disastrous strife; our old foe of the Spanish coast, the Cantabrian, at last in captive chains, is now our subject. Already the Scythians, with bows unstrung are planning to quit their plains. Be for the nonce a private citizen, care-free, and cease to be too much concerned lest in any way the people suffer! Gladly take the gifts of the present hour and abandon serious things!

IX

“ *DONEC* gratus eram tibi
 nec quisquam potior bracchia candidae
 cervici iuvenis dabat,
 Persarum vigui rege beator.”

“ donec non alia magis
 arsisit neque erat Lydia post Chloen,
 multi Lydia nominis
 Romana vigui clarior Ilia.”

“ me nunc Thressa Chloe regit,
 dulces docta modos et citharae sciens, 10
 pro qua non metuam mori,
 si parcent animae fata superstiti.”

“ me torret face mutua
 Thurini Calais filius Ornyti,
 pro quo bis patiar mori,
 si parcent puero fata superstiti.”

“ quid si prisca redit Venus
 diductosque iugo cogit aëneo ?
 si flava executitur Chloë
 reiectaeque patet ianua Lydiae ? ” 20

“ quamquam sidere pulchrior
 ille est, tu levior cortice et improbo
 iracundior Hadria,
 tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens ! ”

ODE IX

Reconciliation

“ WHILE I was dear to thee and no more favoured
 youth flung his arms about thy dazzling neck, I lived
 in greater bliss than Persia's king.”

“ While thou wast enamoured of no other more
 than me, and Lydia ranked not after Chloë, in joy
 of my great fame I, Lydia, lived more glorious than
 Roman Ilia.”

“ Me Thracian Chloë now doth sway, skilled in
 sweet measures and mistress of the lyre ; for her
 I will not fear to die, if the Fates but spare my
 darling and suffer her to live.”

“ Me Calais, son of Thurian Ornytus, kindles with
 mutual flame ; for him right willingly I twice will die,
 if the Fates but spare the lad and suffer him to live.”

“ What if the old love come back again and join
 those now estranged beneath her compelling yoke ; if
 fair-haired Chloë be put aside and the door thrown
 open to rejected Lydia ? ”

“ Though he is fairer than the stars, and thou less
 stable than the tossing cork and stormier than the
 wanton Adriatic, with thee I fain would live, with
 thee I'd gladly die.”

X

EXTREMVM Tanain si biberes, Lyce,
saevo nupta viro, me tamen asperas
porrectum ante fores obicere incolis
plorares Aquilonibus.

audis, quo strepitu ianua, quo nemus
inter pulchra satum tecta remugiat
ventis, et positas ut glaciet nives
puro numine Iuppiter?

ingratam Veneri pone superbiam,
ne currente retro finis eat rota :
non te Penelopen difficilem procis
Tyrrienus genuit parens.

o quamvis neque te munera nec preces
nec tinctus viola pallor amantium
nec vir Pieria paelice saucius
curvat, supplicibus tuis

parcas, nec rigida mollior aesculo
nec Mauris animum mitior anguibus.
non hoc semper erit liminis aut aquae
caelestis patiens latus.

10

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ODE X

A Lover's Complaint

WERT thou went to drink of Tanais' distant stream,
O Lyce, wedded to some stern husband, yet wouldst
thou be loth to expose me, stretched out before thy
cruel portals, to the blasts of thy native North. Hearest
thou how creaks the door, how the trees planted
within thy fair abode are moaning in the gale ;
how in cloudless majesty Jupiter is glazing the
fallen snow ? Banish thy disdain, to Venus hateful,
lest the rope run back as the wheel revolves !¹ No
Penelope art thou, unyielding to thy suitors, nor of
Tuscan parents born. Though neither gifts nor
prayers move thee, nor thy lovers' pallor tinged with
saffron, nor thy husband's passion for a Thessalian
mistress, yet spare thy suppliants, thou less pliant
than the unbending oak, and in heart no gentler
than Moorish serpents ! Not for ever will my body
endure thy threshold or the rain of heaven,

¹ A figure drawn from some mechanical appliance such as
a windlass, of which control is lost.

XI

MERCVRĪ (nam te docilis magistro
movit Amphion lapides canendo),
tuque testudo resonare septem
callida nervis,

nec loquax olim neque grata, nunc et
divitum mensis et amica templis,
dic modos, Lyde quibus obstinatas
applicet aures,

quae velut latis equa trima campis
ludit exultim metuitque tangi,
nuptiarum expers et adhuc protervo
cruda marito.

tu potes tigres comitesque silvas
ducere et rivos celeres morari ;
cessit immanis tibi blandienti
ianitor aulae,

Cerberus, quamvis furiale centum
muniant angues caput eius atque
spiritus taeter saniesque manet
ore trilingui.

ODE XI

Take Warning, Lyde, from the Danaids !

O MERCURY (for taught by thee as master,
Amphion with his measures moved the rocks) and
thou, O shell, trained to respond with thy seven
strings, thou that once wast neither eloquent nor
lovely, but now art welcome at the tables of the
rich and in the temples of the gods, utter measures
to which Lyde may incline her reluctant ears, who
now, like a filly three years old, gambols o'er the
spreading plains, and shrinks from being touched, to
wedlock still a stranger, and not yet ripe for an eager
mate.

Thou hast power to draw tigers and the forests in
thy train, and canst stay the dashing streams. To
thy persuasive charms Cerberus, grim gateman of the
court of hell, surrendered, though a hundred snakes
guard his frightful head, and foul breath and gore

quin et Ixion Tityosque voltu
 risit invito, stetit urna paulum
 sicca, dum grato Danaï puellas
 carmine mulces.

audiat Lyde scelus atque notas
 virginum poenas et inane lymphae
 dolium fundo pereuntis imo
 seraque fata,

quae manent culpas etiam sub Orco.
 impiae (nam quid potuere maius ?) 30
 impiae sponsos potuere duro
 perdere ferro.

una de multis face nuptiali
 digna periurum fuit in parentem
 splendide mendax et in omne virgo
 nobilis aevum,

“ surge ” quae dixit iuveni marito,
 “ surge, ne longus tibi somnus, unde
 non times, detur ; socerum et scelestas
 falle sorores, 40

quae, velut nactae vitulos leaenae,
 singulos eheu lacerant : ego illis
 mollior nec te feriam neque intra
 claustra tenebo.

flow from his three-tongued mouth. Nay, even Ixion and Tityos smiled through their anguish, and for a little while the jar stood dry, as with thy winning notes thou Danaus' daughters didst beguile. Let Lyde hear the tale of the maidens' sin and punishment well-known, and their vessel ever empty of water vanishing through the bottom, and the fate which, though long deferred, awaits wrongdoing even in Orcus' realms. Impious (for what greater crime could they have compassed ?), impious, they had the heart to destroy their lovers with the cruel steel. One only of the many was there, worthy of the marriage torch, gloriously false to her perjured father, a maiden noble for all time to come, who to her youthful husband said : “ Arise, arise ! lest unending slumber visit thee from a source thou fearest not. Elude my father and my wicked sisters, who like lionesses that have seized young steers, alas ! are rending each her own. I, softer of heart than they, will neither strike thee nor hold thee under lock and bar. Me let my

CARMINVM LIBER III

me pater saevis oneret catenis,
quod viro clemens misero peperci ;
me vel extremos Numidarum in agros
 classe releget.

i, pedes quo te rapiunt et aurae,
dum favet Nox et Venus ; i secundo
omine, et nostri memorem sepulcro
 scalpe querellam." 50

ODES BOOK III. xi

father load with cruel chains, for that in mercy I did
spare my hapless husband ! Let him with his ships
send me in banishment to the farthest lands of the
Numidians ! Go whither thy feet and the breezes
hurry thee, while night and Venus are propitious !
God speed thee ! And carve upon my sepulchre an
elegy in memory of me !"

XII

MISERARVM est neque amori dare ludum neque dulci
 mala vino lavere aut exanimari metuentes
 patruae verbera linguae.

tibi qualum Cythereae puer ales, tibi telas
 operosaeque Minervae studium aufert, Neobule,
 Liparaci nitor Hebri

simul unctos Tiberinis umeros lavit in undis,
 eques ipso melior Bellerophonte, neque pugno
 neque segni pede victus,

catus idem per apertum fugientes agitato 10
 grege cervos iaculari et celer arto latitantem
 fruticeto excipere aprum.

ODE XII

Neobule's Soliloquy

WRETCHED the maids who may not give play to love
 nor drown their cares in sweet wine, or who lose
 heart, fearing the lash of an uncle's tongue. From
 thee, O Neobule, Cytherea's winged child snatches
 away thy wool-basket, thy web, and thy devotion to busy
 Minerva, so soon as radiant Liparean Hebrus has
 bathed his well-anointed shoulders in Tiber's flood,
 a rider better even than Bellerophon, never defeated
 for fault of fist or foot, clever too to spear the stags
 flying in startled herd over the open plain, and quick
 to meet the wild boar lurking in the thick-set copse.

XIII

O FONS BANDVSIAE, splendidior vitro,
 dulci digne mero non sine floribus,
 cras donaberis haedo,
 cui frons turgida cornibus

primis et venerem et proelia destinat.
 frustra : nam gelidos inficiet tibi
 rubro sanguine rivos
 lascivi suboles gregis.

te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculae
 nescit tangere, tu frigus amabile
 fessis vomere tauris
 praebes et pecori vago.

fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
 me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
 saxis, unde loquaces
 lymphae desiliunt tuae.

10

ODE XIII

To the Fountain Bandusia

O FOUNT BANDUSIA, brighter than crystal, worthy of
 sweet wine and flowers, to-morrow shalt thou be
 honoured with a firstling of the flock whose brow,
 with horns just budding, foretokens love and strife.
 Alas! in vain; for this offspring of the sportive flock
 shall dye thy cool waters with its own red blood.
 Thee the fierce season of the blazing dog-star cannot
 touch; to bullocks wearied of the ploughshare and
 to the roaming flock thou dost offer gracious coolness.
 Thou, too, shalt be numbered among the far-famed
 fountains, through the song I sing of the oak planted
 o'er the grotto whence thy babbling waters leap.

XIV

HERCVLIS ritu modo dictus, o plebs,
 morte venalem petiisse laurum
 Caesar Hispana repetit penates
 victor ab ora.

unico gaudens mulier marito
 prodeat iustis operata divis
 et soror clari ducis et decorae
 supplice vitta

virginum matres iuvenumque nuper
 sospitum. vos, o pueri et puellae
 non virum expertae,¹ maleominatis²
 parcite verbis. 10

hic dies vere mihi festus atras
 eximet curas; ego nec tumultum
 nec mori per vim metuam tenente
 Caesare terras.

i, pete unguentum, puer, et coronas
 et cadum Marsi memorem duelli,
 Spartacum siqua potuit vagantem
 fallere testa. 20

¹ iam expertae, MSS. non Bentley; iam virum expertas, Cuningham.

² male nominatis most MSS.

ODE XIV

The Return of Augustus

CAESAR, O citizens, who but now was said, like
 Hercules, to be in quest of the laurel purchased at
 the price of death, rejoins again his household gods,
 victoriously returning from the Spanish shore. Re-
 joicing in her peerless husband, let his consort, after
 offering sacrifice to the righteous gods, now advance,
 and the sister of our famous chief, and, with suppliant
 fillet decked, mothers of maids and sons just saved.

Do ye, O lads and maidens not yet wedded, refrain
 from ill-omened words! This day for me shall be
 truly festal and shall take away black cares. Neither
 civil strife nor death by violence will I fear, while
 Caesar holds the earth.

Go seek perfumes, lad, and garlands, and a jar that
 remembers the Marsian War, if a single one in any way
 hath been able to escape the roving Spartacus! Also

CARMINVM LIBER III

dic et argutae properet Neacrae
murreum nodo cohibere crinem ;
si per invisum mora ianitorem
fiet, abito.

lenit albescens animos capillus
litium et rixae cupidos protervae ;
non ego hoc ferrem calidus iuventa
consule Planco.

ODES BOOK III. xiv

bid clear-voiced Neaera to make haste and fasten in a
knot her chestnut locks! If delay be caused by the
hateful door-keeper, come away! My whitening hair
softens a spirit prone to strife and wanton brawling ;
I had not brooked such insult when hot with youth
in Plancus' consulship.

XV

Vxor pauperis Ibyci,
 tandem nequitiae fige modum tuae
 famosisque laboribus ;
 maturo propior desine funeri

inter ludere virgines
 et stellis nebulam spargere candidis.
 non, si quid Pholoen, satis
 et te, Chlori, decet : filia rectius

expugnat iuvenum domos,
 pulso Thyias uti concita tympano. 10
 illam cogit amor Nothi
 lascivae similem ludere capreae ;

te lanae prope nobilem
 tonsae Luceriam, non citharae decent
 nec flos purpureus rosae
 nec poti vetulam facce tenus cad.

ODE XV

Old and Young

O WIFE of humble Ibycus, put an end at length to thy wantonness and thy disreputable arts ! Since thou art nearing the fitting time for death, cease to sport among the maidens and to cast a cloud over the shining stars ! What becomes Pholoë does not quite become thee also, Chloris. 'Tis fitter for thy daughter to storm the homes of gallants, like some Bacchanal roused by the beating drum. She, for love of Nothus, is forced to gambol like a sportive doe. The wool shorn near famed Luceria is meet for thee, not the lyre nor the dark red blossom of the rose, nor wine-jars drained to their dregs, old beldame that thou art !

XVI

INCLVSAM Danaën turris aënea
robustaeque fores et vigilum canum
tristes excubiae munierant satis
nocturnis ab adulteris,

si non Acrisium virginis abditae
custodem pavidum Iuppiter et Venus
risissent: fore enim tutum iter et patens
converso in pretium deo.

aurum per medios ire satellites
et perrumpere amat saxa, potentius 10
ictu fulmineo: concidit auguris
Argivi domus, ob lucrum

demersa exitio; diffidit urbium
portas vir Macedo et subruit aemulos
reges muneribus; munera navium
saevos inlaqueant duces.

crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam
maiorumque fames. iure perhorru
late conspicuum tollere verticem,
Maecenas, equitum decus. 20

ODE XVI

Contentment

TOWER of bronze, doors of oak, and the strict guard of watch-dogs had quite protected imprisoned Danaë from nocturnal lovers, had not Jupiter and Venus laughed at Acrisius, anxious keeper of the hidden maiden. For they knew that the way would be safe and open, when the god had turned to gold. Gold loves to make its way through the midst of sentinels and to break through rocks, for 'tis mightier than the thunderbolt. 'Twas for the sake of gain that the house of the Argive prophet plunged to destruction and fell in ruins. 'Twas by gifts of gold that the Macedonian burst open gates of cities and overthrew rival kings; gifts ensnare bluff admirals, too. Yet as money grows, care and greed for greater riches follow after. With reason did I shrink from raising my head to be seen afar, Maecenas, thou glory of the equestrian

CARMINVM LIBER III

quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
 ab dis plura feret : nil cupientium
 nudus castra peto et transfuga divitum
 partes linquere gestio,

contemptae dominus splendidior rei,
 quam si, quidquid arat impiger Apulus,
 occultare meis dicerer horreis,
 magnas inter opes inops.

purae rivus aquae silvaeque iugerum
 paucorum et segetis certa fides meae 30
 fulgentem imperio fertilis Africae
 fallit sorte beatior.

quamquam nec Calabriae mella ferunt apes,
 nec Laestrygonia Bacchus in amphora
 langueseit mihi, nec pinguis Gallicis
 crescunt vellera pascuis :

importuna tamen pauperies abest,
 nec si plura velim tu dare deneges.
 contracto melius parva cupidine
 vectigalia porrigam, 40

quam si Mygdoniis regnum Alyattei
 campis continuem. multa petentibus
 desunt multa ; bene est, cui deus obtulit
 parca quod satis est manu.

ODES BOOK III. xvi

rank. The more a man denies himself, so much the more will he receive from the gods. Destitute myself, I seek the camp of those desiring naught, and, a renegade, am eager to leave the side of the rich, a more glorious master of the wealth I spurn than were I said to hide within my barns the produce of all the acres that the sturdy Apulian ploughs, a beggar in the midst of mighty wealth. My stream of pure water, my woodland of few acres, and sure trust in my crop of corn bring me more blessing than the lot of the dazzling lord of fertile Africa, though he know it not. Though neither Calabrian bees bring me honey, nor wine lies mellowing for me in Laestrygonian jar, nor thick fleeces are waxing for me in Gallic pastures, yet distressing poverty is absent ; nor, did I wish more, wouldst thou refuse to grant it. By narrowing my desires I shall better enlarge my scanty revenues than were I to make the realm of Alyattes continuous with the Mygdonian plains. To those who seek for much, much is ever lacking ; blest is he to whom the god with chary hand has given just enough.

XVII

AELI vetusto nobilis ab Lamo,
 quando et priores hinc Lamias ferunt
 denominatos et nepotum
 per memores genus omne fastos ;

auctore ab illo ducis originem,
 qui Formiarum moenia dicitur
 princeps et innantem Maricae
 litoribus tenuisse Lirin,

late tyrannus. cras foliis nemus
 multis et alga litus inutili 10
 demissa tempestas ab Euro
 sternet, aquae nisi fallit augur

annosa cornix. dum potes, aridum
 compone lignum ; cras Genium mero
 curabis et porco bimenstri
 cum famulis operum solutis,

ODE XVII

Prepare for a Rainy Morrow !

O AELIUS, famed scion of ancient LAMUS (since from him, they say, were named the Lamiae of old, and the whole line of their descendants through all recorded history), you draw your blood from him as founder who first is said to have held the walls of Formiae and the Liris where it floods Marica's shores, possessing lordship far and wide. To-morrow a tempest, from the East let loose, shall strew with many leaves the grove, and the shore with useless seaweed, unless the ancient raven, prophet of rain, this time prove false. Pile up dry fagots, while you may ! To-morrow, attended by your household slaves from tasks released, cheer your soul with unmixed wine and a pig but two months old !

XVIII

FAVNE, Nympharum fugientum amator,
per meos fines et aprica rura
lenis incedas abeasque parvis
aequus alumnis,

si tener pleno cadit haedus anno,
larga nec desunt Veneris sodali
vina craterae, vetus ara multo
fumat odore.

ludit herboso pecus omne campo,
cum tibi nonae redeunt Decembres ;
festus in pratis vacat otioso
cum bove pagus ;

inter audaces lupus errat agnos ;
spargit agrestis tibi silva frondes ;
gaudet invisam pepulisse fossor
ter pede terram.

10

ODE XVIII

Thy Blessing, Faunus !

O FAUNUS, lover of the flying nymphs, with kindly purpose mayst thou pass across my boundaries and my sunny fields, and in thy going be propitious to the young offspring of the flocks, if at the year's full tide a tender kid falls sacrifice to thee and generous meed of wine fails not the mixing bowl, comrade of Venus, and the ancient altar smokes with store of incense. All the flock gambols o'er the grassy field whene'er December's Nones come round for thee ; in festal garb the country folk make holiday amid the meads, along with resting steers ; the wolf saunters among lambs that know no fear ; in thy honour the forest sheds its woodland foliage ; and the delver delights in triple measure with his foot to beat the hated ground.

XIX

ODE XIX

Invitation to a Drinking-Bout

QUANTVM distet ab Inacho

Codrus pro patria non timidus mori
narras et genus Aeaci
et pugnata sacro bella sub Ilio ;

You tell how far removed in time from Inachus was Codrus, who feared not death for fatherland, and you detail the line of Aeacus and the wars waged beneath the walls of sacred Ilium ; but you say not what price we shall pay for a jar of Chian wine, who with his fire shall heat the water, under whose roof and at what hour I am to escape the Paelignian cold.

quo Chium pretio cadum
mereemur, quis aquam temperet ignibus,
quo praebente domum et quota
Paclignis caream frigoribus, taces.

A health without delay, my lad, to the new moon, to midnight, to Murena's angurship ! With three cyathi, or with nine, as may be fitting, the draught is mixed ! The rapt bard that loves the Muses of unequal number shall ask for cyathi three times three. The Grace hand in hand with her sisters nude, shrinking from brawls, forbids us to touch more than three. To revel madly is my delight. Why pause the measures of the Berecyntian flute ? Why idly hangs the pipe beside the silent lyre ?

da lunae propere novae,
da noctis mediae, da, puer, auguris
Murenae : tribus aut novem
miscentur cyathis pocula commodis. 10

qui Musas amat impares,
ternos ter cyathos attonitus petet
vates ; tres prohibet supra
rixarum metuens tangere Gratia

nudis iuncta sororibus.
insanire iuvat ; cur Berecyntiae
cessant flamina tibiae ?
cur pendet tacita fistula cum lyra ? 20

CARMINVM LIBER III

parcentes ego dexteras

odi: sparge rosas; audiat invidus
dementem strepitum Lycus
et vicina seni non habilis Lyco.

spissa te nitidum coma,

puro te similem, Telephe, vespero
tempesta petit Rhode;
me lentus Glycerae torret amor meae.

ODES BOOK III. xix

Hands that hold back, I hate. Fling round the
roses! Let jealous Lycus hear our mad uproar,
and the maid that dwells hard by, for aged Lycus
not well-suited! Thee, glistening with thy cluster-
ing locks, O Telephus, like to the clear evening
star, ripe Rhode seeks; myself a lingering love for
my own Glycera burns.

XX

NON vides, quanto moveas periclo,
 Pyrrhe, Gaetulæ catulos læænæ?
 dura post paulo fugies inaudax
 proelia raptor,

cum per obstantes iuvenum catervas
 ibit insignem repetens Nearchum:
 grande certamen, tibi præda cedat,
 maior an illi.

interim, dum tu celeres sagittas
 promis, hæc dentes acuit timendos,
 arbiter pugnae posuisse nudo
 sub pede palmam

fertur et leni recreare vento
 sparsum odoratis umerum capillis,
 qualis aut Nireus fuit aut aquosa
 raptus ab Ida.

10

ODE XX

The Rivals

SEEST thou not, Pyrrhus, at how great risk thou
 touchest the whelps of the Gaetulian lioness? Soon
 thou shalt shun fierce combats, a robber without
 spirit, when through the opposing crowd of youths
 she goes in quest of peerless Nearchus. Then great
 will be the struggle whether the prize is to fall
 to thee or rather to her. Meantime, as thou
 drawest thy swift arrows, and she is sharpening
 her dreadful teeth, the arbiter of the battle is
 said to have trampled the palm beneath his bare foot,
 and in the gentle breeze to be cooling his shoulders
 covered with perfumed locks, like unto Nireus or
 him that was carried off from many-fountained Ida.

XXI

O NATA mecum consule Manlio,
 seu tu querellas sive geris iocos
 sen rixam et insanos amores
 seu facilem, pia testa, somnum,
 quocumque lectum nomine Massicum
 servas, moveri digna bono die,
 descende Corvino iubente
 promere languidiora vina.
 non ille, quamquam Socraticis madet
 sermonibus, te negleget horridus : 10
 narratur et prisce Catonis
 saepe mero caluisse virtus.
 tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves
 plerumque duro ; tu sapientium
 curas et arcanum iocoso
 consilium retegis Lyaeo ;
 tu spem reducis mentibus anxiiis
 viresque et addis cornua pauperi,
 post te neque iratos trementi
 regum apices neque militum arma. 20
 te Liber et si laeta aderit Venus
 segnesque nodum solvere Gratiae
 vivaque producent lucernae,
 dum rediens fugat astra Phoebus.

ODE XXI

In Praise of Wine

Thou faithful jar, born with me in Manlius' consulship, whether thou bringest lovers' plaints, or mirth, or mad love and quarrels, or soft slumber—for whatever end was gathered the Massic that thou guardest, fit to be brought out on some auspicious day—descend, since Corvinus gives the order to fetch forth a mellower wine! Steeped though he be in Socratic lore, he will not churlishly despise thee. Virtuous old Cato, even, is said often to have warmed with wine.

Pleasant compulsion dost thou apply to wits whose wont is dullness ; thou unlockest the thoughts of the wise and their secret purpose by merry Bacchus' spell ; thou restorest hope to hearts distressed, and addest power and courage to the poor man, who after thee trembles not at the crowns of angry kings or soldiers' weapons. Thee Liber and Venus, if she lend her gracious presence, and the Graces, loth to break their bond, and the burning lamps shall attend, till returning Phoebus puts to flight the stars.

XXII

MONTIVM custos nemorumque, Virgo,
 quae laborantes utero puellas
 ter vocata audis adimisque leto,
 diva triformis,

imminens villae tua pinus esto,
 quam per exactos ego laetus annos
 verris obliquum meditantis ictum
 sanguine donem.

ODE XXII

Dedication of a Pine Tree to Diana

O MAIDEN goddess, guardian of hill and grove, thou
 that, thrice invoked, givest ear to young mothers
 when in travail and rescuest them from death, goddess
 of the triple form, thine be the pine that overhangs my
 dwelling, that gladly through the passing years I may
 offer to it the blood of a boar practising its first side-
 long thrusts!

XXIII

CAELO supinas si tuleris manus
 nascente luna, rustica Phidyie,
 si ture placaris et horna
 fruge Lares avidaque porca :

nec pestilentem sentiet Africum
 fecunda vitis nec sterilem seges
 robiginem aut dulces alumni
 pomifero grave tempus anno.

nam quae nivali pascitur Algido
 devota quercus inter et ilices 10
 aut crescit Albanis in herbis
 victima, pontificum secnr̄is

cervice tinguet : te nihil attinet
 temptare multa caede bidentium
 parvos coronantem marino
 rore deos fragilique myrto.

immunis aram si tetigit manus,
 non sumptuosa blandior hostia,
 mollivit aversos Penates
 farre pio et saliente mica. 20

ODE XXIII

The Gods Love the Giver rather than the Gift

If thou raise thy upturned palms to heaven each time
 the moon is born anew, O Phidyie, my country lass, if
 with incense, with grain of this year's harvest, and
 with a greedy swine thou appease the Lares, then thy
 teeming vine shall not feel the south wind's ravages,
 nor thy crop the barren blight, nor the young off-
 spring of the flock the sickly season when autumn
 yields its fruits. For the destined victim that is grazing
 on snowy Algidus amid the oaks and ilexes, or is
 waxing fat on the Alban grass, shall dye the axes of the
 priests with its neck's blood. For thee there is no
 need to importune the gods with much sacrifice of
 sheep, if thou but crown their tiny images with rose-
 mary and crisp myrtle. If pure hands have touched
 the altar, though commended by no costly victim,
 they appease estranged Penates even by sacred
 meal mingled with crackling salt.

XXIV

INTACTIS opulentior
 thesauris Arabum et divitis Indiae
 caementis licet occupes
 terrenum¹ omne tuis et mare publicum ;²
 si figit adamantinos
 summis verticibus dira Necessitas
 clavos, non animum metu,
 non mortis laqueis expedies caput.
 campestris melius Scythiae,
 quorum plaustra vagas rite trahunt domos, 10
 vivunt et rigidi Getae,
 immetata quibus iugera liberas
 fruges et Cererem ferunt,
 nec cultura placet longior annua,
 defunctumque laboribus
 aequali recreat sorte vicarius.
 illic matre carentibus
 privignis mulier temperat innocens,
 nec dotata regit virum
 coniunx nec nitido fidit adultero. 20

¹ MSS. Tirrenum or Tyrrenum. Lachmann reads terrenum, following Porphyrius's comment "non terram tantum . . . occupantum."

² So most MSS.: less good ones Ponticum or Apulicum: the acceptance of Lachmann's conjecture involves reading publicum.

ODE XXIV

The Curse of Mammon

THOUGH thou be richer than the unrifled treasures of
 the Arabs or rich India, and with thy palaces encroach
 on all the land and the public sea, if dire Necessity
 plant her nails of adamant in thy topmost roof, thou
 shalt not free thy soul from fear nor thy head
 from the snare of Death. Far better live the
 Scythians of the steppes, whose wagons haul their
 homes from place to place, as is their wont; far better
 live the Getae stern, whose unallotted acres bring
 forth fruits and corn for all in common; nor with them
 is tillage binding longer than a year; another then on
 like conditions takes the place of him whose task is
 done.

There, matrons spare children of their mother reft,
 nor do them harm, nor does the dowered wife rule
 o'er her husband or put faith in dazzling paramour.

dos est magna parentium
 virtus et metuens alterius viri
 certo foedere castitas,
 et peccare nefas aut pretium est mori.

o quisquis volet impias
 caedes et rabiem toilere civicam,
 si quaeret "Pater urbium"
 subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat

refrenare licentiam,
 clarus postgenitis: quatenus, heu nefas, 30
 virtutem incolumem odimus,
 sublatam ex oculis quaerimus, invidi.

quid tristes querimoniae,
 si non supplicio culpa reciditur?
 quid leges sine moribus
 vanae proficiunt? si neque fervidis

pars inclusa caloribus
 mundi nec Boreae finitimum latus
 durataeque solo nives
 mercatorem abigunt, horrida callidi 40

vincunt aequora navitae,
 magnum pauperies opprobrium iubet
 quidvis et facere et pati,
 virtutisque viam deserit arduae.

Their noble dower is parents' worth and chastity
 that shrinks in steadfast loyalty from the husband of
 another. To sin is an abomination; or if they sin,
 the penalty is death.

Whoe'er will banish impious slaughter and intes-
 tine fury, whoe'er shall seek to have inscribed upon
 his statues, "Father of Cities," let such have courage
 to curb our lawless licence, and so win fame among
 the men of after times; since we (alas, the shame!),
 with envy filled, hate Virtue while it lives and
 mourn it only when snatched from sight.

Of what avail are dismal lamentations, if wrong is
 not repressed by penalties? Of what avail are empty
 laws, if we lack principle; if neither the regions of
 the world enclosed by burning heats nor the regions
 near the North with snow hard-frozen on the ground
 keep off the trader; if our skilful seamen outride
 the stormy waves; and poverty, deemed a base re-
 proach, bids us do all, suffer all, and quits the steep
 path of Virtue?

CARMINVM LIBER III

vel nos in Capitolium,
 quo clamor vocat et turba faventium,
 vel nos in mare proximum
 gemmas et lapides aurum et inutile,

 summi materiem mali,
 mittamus, scelorum si bene paenitet. 50
 eradenda cupidinis
 pravi sunt elementa et tenerae nimis

 mentes asperioribus
 formandae studiis. nescit equo rudis
 haerere ingenuus puer
 venarique timet, ludere doctior,

 seu Gracco iubeas trocho,
 seu malis vetita legibus alea,
 cum pericula patris fides
 consortem socium fallat et hospites 60

 indignoque pecuniam
 heredi properet. scilicet improbae
 creseunt divitiae; tamen
 curtae nescio quid semper abest rei.

ODES BOOK III. xxiv

To the Capitol, amid the plaudits of the noisy
 crowd, or to the nearest sea let us send our gems
 and jewels and our baneful gold, the cause of our
 chiefest woe, if we repent us truly of our crimes.
 Destroy the causes of our perverted greed, and let our
 too feeble hearts be trained in sterner tasks! The
 freeborn lad, unpractised, knows not how to ride his
 steed; he fears to hunt, more skilled in games,
 whether you bid him try with Grecian hoop or
 rather with the dice the law forbids; while his per-
 jured father defrauds his partner and his friends, and
 hastens to lay up store of money for his unworthy
 heir. His gains, ill-gotten, grow apace, 'tis true, yet
 something is ever lacking to the fortune incomplete.

XXV

Qua me, Bacche, rapis tui
 plenum? quae nemora aut quos agor in specus,
 velox mente nova? quibus
 antris egregii Caesaris andiar
 aeternum meditans decus
 stellis inserere et consilio Iovis?
 dicam insigne, recens, adhuc
 indictum ore alio. non secus in iugis
 exsomnia stupet Euhias,
 Hebrum prospiciens et nive candidam 10
 Thracen ac pede barbaro
 lustratam Rhodopen, ut mihi devio
 ripas et vacuum nemus
 mirari libet. o Naiadum potens
 Baccharumque valentium
 proceras manibus vertere fraxinos,
 nil parvum aut humili modo,
 nil mortale loquar. dulce periculum est,
 o Lenaeae, sequi deum
 cingentem viridi tempora pampino. 20

ODE XXV

A Dithyramb

WINTER, O Bacchus, dost thou hurry me, o'erflow-
 ing with thy power? Into what groves or grottoes
 am I swiftly driven in fresh inspiration? In what
 caves shall I be heard planning to set amid the stars,
 and in Jove's council, peerless Caesar's immortal glory?
 I will sing of a noble exploit, recent, as yet untold
 by other lips. Just so upon the mountain-tops does
 the sleepless Bacchanal stand rapt, looking out o'er
 Hebrus and o'er Thrace glistening with snow, and
 Rhodope trodden by barbarian feet—even as I love
 to stray and to gaze with awe upon the unfre-
 quented banks and groves.

O thou master of the Naiads and of the Bacchanals
 that have might to uproot lofty ash-trees with their
 hands, nothing trifling or of humble strain, nothing
 mortal will I utter. Sweet is the peril, O lord
 of the wine-press, to follow the god, crowning my
 temples with verdant vine-sprays.

XXVI

VIXI Puellis nuper idoneus
 et militavi non sine gloria;
 nunc arma defunctumque bello
 barbiton hic paries habebit,

laevum marinae qui Veneris latus
 custodit. hic, hic ponite lucida
 funalia et vectes securaeque¹
 oppositis foribus minaces.

o quae beatam diva tenes Cyprum et
 Memphin carentem Sithonia nive, 10
 regina, sublimi flagello
 tange Chloen semel arrogantem.

¹ securaeque *Bentley*: et arcus *MSS.*

ODE XXVI

Love's Triumphs are Ended

TILL recently I lived fit for Love's battles and served
 not without renown. Now this wall that guards the
 left side of sea-born Venus shall have my weapons
 and the lyre that has done with wars. Here, O here,
 offer up the shining tapers and the levers and the
 axes that threaten opposing doors!

O goddess queen that holdest wealthy Cyprus and
 Memphis, free from Thracian snows, touch with
 thine uplifted lash, if only once, the haughty
 Chloë!

XXVII

Immos parrae recinentis omen
ducat et praegnas canis aut ab agro
rava decurrens lupa Lanuvino
fetaque volpes;

rumpat et serpens iter institutum,
si per obliquum similis sagittae
terruit mannos: ego cui tuncbo,
providus auspex,

antequam stantes repetat paludes
inbrium divina avis imminentum, 10
oscinem corvum prece suscitabo
solis ab ortu.

sis licet felix, ubicumque mavis,
et memor nostri, Galatea, vivas;
teque nec laevus vetet ire picus
nec vaga cornix.

sed vides, quanto trepidet tumultu
pronus Orion. ego quid sit ater
Hadriae novi sinus et quid albus
peccet lapyx.

20

ODE XXVII

Bon voyage!

MAY the wicked be guided by the omen of a scream-
ing lapwing and a pregnant dog or a red she-wolf
racing down from the Lanuvian fields, or a fox that
has just brought forth! May a serpent break
the journey they have begun, when, darting like
an arrow athwart the road, it has terrified the
ponies! But for whom I, as a prophetic augur,
cherish fear, for him will I rouse the singing raven
from the east with my entreaties, before the bird
that forebodes threatening showers re-seeks the
standing pools.

Mayst thou be happy, Galatea, wherever thou
preferrest to abide, and mayst thou live with
memories of me; nor may any woodpecker on the
left or any roving crow forbid thy going! But
thou seest with how great tumult sinking Orion
rages. Full well I know what Hadria's black gulf
can be and what the sins of clear lapyx. May the

hostium uxores puerique caecos
sentiant motus orientis Austri et
aequoris nigri fremitum et trementes
verbere ripas.

sic et Europe niveum doloso
credidit tauro latus et scatentem
beluis pontum mediasque fraudes
palluit audax.

nuper in pratis studiosa florum et
debitae Nymphis opifex coronae
nocte sublustri nihil astra praeter
vidit et undas.

quae simul centum tetigit potentem
oppidis Creten, "pater, o relictum
filiae nomen pietasque" dixit
"victa furore.

unde quo veni? levis una mors est
virginum culpae. vigilansne ploro
turpe commissum an vitiis carentem
ludit imago,

vana quae porta fugiens eburna
somnia ducit? meliusne fluctus
ire per longos fuit an recentes
carpere flores?

wives and children of our foes be the ones to feel
the blind onset of rising Auster and the roaring of
the darkling sea, and the shores quivering with the
shock!

So did Europa, too, entrust her snowy form to the
treacherous bull and turn pale before the deep alive
with monsters, and at the peril of mid-sea—she who
before had been so bold. Erstwhile among the
meadows, absorbed in flowers, and weaving a garland
due the Nymphs, now she beheld naught in the
glimmering night except the stars and waves.
Soon as she touched Crete, mighty with its hundred
cities, "O father," she exclaimed, "O name of
daughter, that I forsook, and filial duty, by frenzy
overmastered! Whence have I come and whither?
A single death is too light for maidens' faults. Am
I awake and do I lament a hideous deed, or am I free
from sin and does some phantom mock me, that
flying idly through the ivory gate, brings but a
dream? Was it better to travel o'er the long waves,
or to pluck fresh flowers? If anyone would now but

30

40

CARMINVM LIBER III

si quis infanem mihi nunc iuvenicum
 dedat iratae, lacerare ferro et
 frangere enitar modo multum anati
 cornua monstri.

impudens liqui patrios Penates,
 impudens Orcum moror. o deorum 50
 si quis haec audis, utinam inter errem
 nuda leones!

antequam turpis macies decentes
 occupet malas teneraeque sncus
 defluat praedae, speciosa quaero
 pascere tigris.

'vilis Europe,' pater urget absens:
 'quid mori cessas? potes hac ab orno
 pendulum zona bene te secuta
 laedere collum. 60

sive te rupes et acuta leto
 saxa delectant, age te procellae
 crede veloci, nisi erile mavis
 carpere pensum

regius sanguis dominaeque tradi
 barbarae paelex.' " aderat querenti
 perfidum ridens Venus et remisso
 filius arcu.

ODES BOOK III. xxvii

deliver the infamous bullock to my anger, I would
 strive to rend it with the steel and break the horns
 of the monstrous creature just now so fondly loved.
 Shameless, I left my household gods; shameless, I
 keep Orcus waiting. Oh, if any god hear these
 laments, let me wander naked among lions! Before
 hideous wasting seizes upon my comely cheeks and the
 fresh life-blood departs from the tender victim, while
 beauteous still, I seek to feed the tigers. 'Worth-
 less Europa,' my father, though far distant, urges,
 'why dost thou hesitate to die? On this ash thou
 caust hang thyself with the girdle that happily has
 followed thee. Or if the cliffs and rocks sharp for
 death allure thee, come! give thy body to the
 hurrying gale, if thou wilt not rather card a mistress'
 wool, thou of royal blood, and be given o'er, a con-
 cubine, to the mercies of some barbarian queen!''

As she thus complained, Venus with treacherous
 laugh stood by, and her son with unstrung bow. Soon

CARMINVM LIBER III

mox ubi lusit satis, "abstineto"
dixit "irarum calidaeque rixae,
cum tibi invisus laceranda reddet
cornua taurus.

70

uxor invicti Iovis esse nescis.
mitte singultus, bene ferre magnam
disce fortunam; tua sectus orbis
nomina ducet."

ODES BOOK III. xxvii

when the goddess had had sport enough, "Refrain from anger and hot passion," she exclaimed, "when the hated bull shall give thee his horns to be mangled! Thou knowest not that thou art the wife of Jove invincible. Cease thy sobs! Learn to bear becomingly thy great destiny! A region of the earth shall take thy name."

XXVIII

Festo quid potius die
 Neptuni faciam? prae reconditum,
 Lyde, strenua Caecubum
 munitaque adhibe vim sapientiae.

inclinare meridiem
 sentis ac, veluti stet volucris dies,
 parvis deripere horreo
 cessantem Bibuli consulis amphoram.

nos cantabimus invicem
 Neptunum et virides Nereidum comas; 10
 tu curva recines lyra
 Latonam et celeris spicula Cynthiae;

summo carmine, quae Cnidon
 fulgentesque tenet Cycladas et Paphum
 innectis visit oloribus;
 dicetur merita Nox quoque nenia.

ODE XXVIII

In Neptune's Honour

WHAT better could I do on Neptune's festal day?
 Nimbly bring forth, O Lyde, the Caecuban stored
 away, and make assault on wisdom's stronghold!
 Thou seest the day is waning, and yet, as though the
 fleeting hours were standing still, thou delayest to
 bring from out the store-room a waiting jar that dates
 from Bibulus' consulship.

In responsive song we will sing, I of Neptune and
 the Nereids' sea-green tresses. Thou, in answer, on
 thy curving lyre shalt hymn Latona and the shafts of
 swift-moving Cynthia; and in final song her who holds
 Cnidos and the shining Cyclades, and visits Paphos
 with her team of swans. Night also shall be cele-
 brated with a fitting lay.

XXIX

TYRRHENA regum progenies, tibi
non ante verso lene merum cado
cum flore, Mæcenas, rosarum et
pressa tuis balanus capillis

iam dudum apud me est: eripe te morae,
ne semper udum Tibur et Aefulæ
declive contempleris arvum et
Telegoni inga parricidæ.

fastidiosam desere copiam et
molem propinquam nubibus arduis, 10
omitte mirari heatae
funum et opes strepitumque Romæ.

plerumque gratae divitibus vices
mundæque parvo sub lare pauperum
eeneæ sine aulæis et ostro
sollicitam explicuere frontem.

iam clarus occultum Andromedæ pater
ostendit ignem, iam Procyon fuit
et stella vesani Leonis
sole dies referente siccos; 20

ODE XXIX

A Clear Conscience Makes Us Superior to Fortune

MAECENAS, scion of Tuscan kings, a jar of mellow wine
as yet untouched has long been waiting for thee at
my house, along with roses and balsam for thy locks
expressed. Delay no more! Gaze not ever at well-
watered Tibur and the sloping fields of Aefula and
the heights of Telegonus, the parricide! Abandon
cloying luxury and the pile that towers to the lofty
clouds! Cease to wonder at the smoke, the riches,
and the din of wealthy Rome! Often a change is
pleasant to the rich, and a simple meal beneath the
poor man's humble roof, without tapestries and purple,
has smoothed the wrinkles on the care-worn brow.

Already Andromeda's shining father reveals his
hidden fires; already Procyon rages and the star of
furious Leo, as the sun brings back the days of
drought. Now with his listless flock the weary

iam pastor umbras cum grege languido
 rivumque fessus quaerit et horridi
 dumeta Silvani, caretque
 ripa vagis taciturna ventis.

tu civitatem quis deceat status
 curas et urbi sollicitus times,
 quid Seres et regnata Cyro
 Bactra parent Tanaisque discors.

prudens futuri temporis exitum
 caliginosa nocte premit dens, 30
 ridetque si mortalis ultra
 fas trepidat. quod adest memento

componere aequas; cetera fluminis
 riu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
 cum pace delabentis Etruscum
 in mare, nunc lapides adesos

stirpesque raptas et pecus et domos
 volventis una non sine montium
 clamore vicinaeque silvae,
 cum fera diluvies quietos 40

inritat amnes. ille potens sui
 lactusque deget, cui licet in diem
 dixisse "vixi: eras vel atra
 nube polum pater occupato

shepherd seeks the shade and stream and sraggy
 Silvanus' thickets, and the silent bank is forsaken by
 the straying breeze.

Thy thoughts are set on what conditions fit the
 State; anxious art thou for the City, fearing what
 the Seres may be plotting, or Bactra once ruled by
 Cyrus, and the discordant tribes on Tanais' banks.
 With wise purpose does the god bury in the shades of
 night the future's outcome, and laughs if mortals be
 anxious beyond due limits. Remember to settle
 with tranquil heart the problem of the hour! All
 else is borne along like some river, now gliding
 peacefully in mid-channel into the Tuscan Sea, now
 rolling polished stones, uprooted trees, and flocks
 and homes together, with echoing of the lulls and
 neighbouring woods, while the wild deluge stirs up
 the peaceful streams.

Master of himself and joyful will that man live
 who day by day can say: "I have lived to-day;
 to-morrow let the Father fill the heaven with murky

CARMINVM LIBER III

vel sole puro ; non tamen irritum,
quodcumque retro est, efficiet, neque
distinget infectumque reddet,
quod fugiens semel hora vexit.

Fortuna saevo laeta negotio et
ludum insolentem ludere pertuax
transmutat incertos honores,
nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.

50

lando manentem ; si celeres quatit
pinuas, resiguo quae dedit et mea
virtute me involvo probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quaero.

non est meum, si mugiat Africae
malus procellis, ad miseris preces
decurrere et votis pacisci,
ne Cypriae Tyriaeque merces

60

addant avaro divitias mari :
tum me biremis praesidio scaphae
tutum per Aegaeos tumultus
aura feret geminusque Pollux."

ODES BOOK III. xxix

clouds, or radiant sunshine ! Yet will he not render
vain whatever now is past, nor will he alter and undo
what once the fleeting hour has brought. Fortune,
exulting in her cruel work, and stubborn to pursue her
wanton sport, shifts her fickle favours, kind now to me,
now to some other. I praise her while she stays ; but
if she shake her wings for flight, I renounce her gifts,
enwrap me in my virtue, and woo honest Poverty,
undowered though she be. Not mine, when masts
are groaning with the Afric gales, to have recourse to
wretched prayers and with vows to strike a compact
with the gods that my Cyprian and my Tyrian wares
shall not add new riches to the devouring sea.
Then the breezes and Pollux with his brother shall
bear me through the tempests of the Aegean main,
safely protected in my two-oared skiff."

XXX

ERGO monumentum aere perennius
 regalique situ pyramidum altius,
 quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
 possit diruere aut innumerabilis
 annorum series et fuga temporum.
 non omnis moriar multaue pars mei
 vitabit Libitinam : usque ego postera
 cresecam laude recens. dum Capitolium
 scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex,
 dicar, qua violens obstrepit Aufidus
 et qua pauper aquae Daunus agrestium
 regnavit populorum, ex humili potens
 princeps Aeolium carmen ad Italos
 deduxisse modos. sume superbiam
 quaesitam meritis et mihi Delphica
 lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam.

10

ODE XXX

The Poet's Immortal Fame

I HAVE finished a monument more lasting than
 bronze and loftier than the Pyramids' royal pile, one
 that no wasting rain, no furious north wind can
 destroy, or the countless chain of years and the ages'
 flight. I shall not altogether die, but a mighty part
 of me shall escape the death-goddess. On and on
 shall I grow, ever fresh with the glory of after time.
 So long as the Pontiff climbs the Capitol with the
 silent Vestal, I, risen high from low estate, where
 wild Aufidus thunders and where Daunus in a
 parched land once ruled o'er a peasant folk, shall
 be famed for having been the first to adapt Aeolian
 song to Italian verse. Accept the proud honour won
 by thy merits, Melpomene, and graciously crown
 my locks with Delphic bays.

BOOK IV

LIBER IV

I

INTERMISSA, Venus, diu
rursus bella moves. patee, precor, precor.
non sum qualis eram bonae
sub regno Cinarae. desine, dulcium

mater saeva Cupidinum,
circa Iustra decem flectere mollibus
iam durum impetis : abi,
quo blandae iuvenum te revocant preces.

tempestivus in domum
Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus, 10
comissabere Maximi,
si torrere iecur quaeris idoneum.

namque et nobilis et decens
et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis
et centum puer artium
late signa feret militiae tuae ;

BOOK IV

ODE I

Venus, Forbear !

THE contests long suspended thou, Venus, wouldst renew. Be merciful, I beg, I beg ! I am not as I was under the sway of kindly Cinara. O cruel mother of sweet Cupids, strive no more to bend, when near fifty years are past, one now callous to thy soft commands ! Hie thee rather to the place where the persuasive prayers of young men call. More suitably, borne by thy gleaming swans, shalt thou haste in joyous revelry to the house of Paulus Maximus, if thou dost seek to kindle a fitting heart. For noble is he and comely, an eloquent defender of anxious clients, a youth accomplished in a hundred arts ; and he will bear the standard of thy service far and wide. And when prevailing

CARMINVM LIBER IV

et quandoque potentior
 largi muneribus riserit aenui,
 Albanos prope te lacus
 ponet marmoream sub trabe citrea. 20

illic plurima naribus
 duces tura lyraeque et Berecyntiae
 delectabere tibiae
 mixtis carminibus non sine fistula ;

illic bis pueri die
 numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
 laudantes pede candido
 in morem Salium ter quatient humum.

me nec femina nec puer
 iam nec spes animi credula mutui 20
 nec certare iuvat mero
 nec vincere novis tempora floribus.

sed cur heu, Ligurine, cur
 manat rara meas lacrima per genas ?
 cur facunda parum decoro
 inter verba cadit lingua silentio ?

nocturnis ego somniis
 iam captum teneo, iam volucrem sequor
 te per gramina Martii
 Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubilis. 40

ODES BOOK IV. i

o'er the gifts of some lavish rival he shall laugh in
 triumph, beside the Alban lakes he'll set thy marble
 statue beneath a roof of citron wood. Abounding
 incense shalt thou there inhale, and shalt take delight
 in the mingled strains of lyre and Berecyntian flute; nor
 shall the pipe be lacking. There twice each day shall
 boys, with maidens tender, hymning thy majesty,
 beat the ground with snowy feet, in triple time
 after the Salian fashion.

Me nor lad nor maid can more delight, nor trustful
 hope of love returned, nor drinking bouts nor temples
 bound with blossoms new.

But why, O Ligurine, why steals now and then
 adown my cheek a tear? Why halts my tongue,
 once eloquent, with unbecoming silence midst my
 speech? In visions of the night, I now hold thee
 fast, now follow thee in flight o'er the Campus
 Martius' sward, now midst the whirling waves, O
 thou hard of heart!

II

PINDARVM quisquis studet aemulari,
Iule, ceratis ope Daedalea
nititur pinnis vitreo daturus
nomina ponto.

monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
quem super notas aluere ripas,
feruet immensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore,

laurea donandus Apollinari,
seu per audaces nova dithyrambos
verba devolvit numerisque fertur
lege solutis,

seu deos regesque canit, deorum
sanguinem, per quos cecidere iusta
morte Centauri, cecidit tremendae
flamma Chimaerae,

sive quos Elea domum reducit
palma caelestes pugilemve equumve
dicit et centum potiore signis
munere donat,

ODE II

*Thou, Antonius, not I, shouldst Sing Great Caesar's
Praise*

WHOEVER strives, Iulus, to rival Pindar, relies on
wings fastened with wax by Daedalean craft, and is
doomed to give his name to some crystal sea.

Like a river from the mountain rushing down,
which the rains have swollen above its wonted
banks, so does Pindar soethe and, brooking no re-
straint, rush on with deep-toned voice, worthy to be
honoured with Apollo's lays, whether he rolls new
words through daring dithyrambs and is borne along
in measures freed from rule, or sings of gods and
kings, the progeny of gods, at whose hands the
Centaur's fell in death deserved and by whom was
quenched the fire of dread Chimaera; or when he
sings of those whom the Elean palm leads home
exalted to the skies, of boxer, or of steed, and endows
them with a tribute more glorious than a hundred

CARMINVM LIBER IV

febili sponsae iuvenemve raptum
plorat et vires animumque moresque
aureos edueit in astra nigroque
invidet Oreo.

multa Dircaeam levat aura cyenum,
tendit, Antoni, quotiens in altos
nubium tractus. ego apis Matinae
more modoque

grata carpentis thyma per laborem
plurimum circa nemus uvidique
Tiburis ripas operosa parvus
carmina fingo. 30

concines maiore poeta plectro
Caesarem, quandoque trahet feroces
per sacrum clivum merita decorus
fronde Sygambros ;

quo nihil maius meliusve terris
fata donavere bonique divi,
nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
tempora prisum. 40

concines laetosque dies et urbis
publicum ludum super impetrato
fortis Augusti reilitu forumque
litibus orbum.

ODES BOOK IV. ii

statues; or laments the young hero snatched from his tearful bride, and to the stars extols his prowess, his courage, and his golden virtue, begrudging them to gloomy Oreus.

A mighty breeze uplifts the Dircaean swan, Antonius, as oft as he essays a flight to the lofty regions of the clouds. I, after the way and manner of the Matinian bee, that gathers the pleasant thyme laboriously around full many a grove and the banks of well-watered Tibur, I, a humble bard, fashion my verses with incessant toil. Thou, a poet of loftier strain, shalt sing of Caesar, when, honoured with the well-earned garland, he shall lead in his train along the Sacred Slope the wild Sygambri; a sovereign than whom nothing greater, nothing better, have the Fates and gracious gods bestowed upon the world, nor shall bestow, even though the centuries roll backward to the ancient age of gold. Thou shalt sing of the festal days, of the city's public games to celebrate the return of brave Augustus in answer to our prayers, and of the Forum free from strife. Then,

CARMINVM LIBER IV

tum meae, siquid loquar audiendum,
 vocis accedet bona pars, et "O sol
 pulcher, o laudande!" canam recepto
 Caesare felix.

tuque dum procedis,¹ io Triumphe!
 non semel dicemus, "io Triumphe!" 50
 civitas omnis dabimusque divis
 tura benignis.

te decem tauri totidemque vaccae,
 me tener solvet vitulus, relicta
 matre qui largis iuvenescit herbis
 in mea vota,

fronte curvatos imitatus ignis
 tertium lunae referentis ortum,
 qua notam duxit, niveus videri,
 cetera fulvus. 60

¹ tuque dum procedis *all MSS. except B.C. (which give procedit): te is then taken as referring to Triumph: tuque dum procedis Peerlkamp, Keller.*

ODES BOOK IV. ii

if I have aught deserving to be heard, the best powers of my voice shall swell the acclaim, and happy at Caesar's coming home, I'll sing: "O glorious day, with honour to be mentioned!" And as thou takest the lead along the ways, "Io triumphe!"¹ we will shout all of us together, and not only once: "Io triumphe!" and incense will we offer to the kindly gods.

Thy promises, ten bulls and as many kine shall satisfy; mine a tender calf, which, having left its dam, is growing on the generous pasturage to fulfil my vows, imitating with its brow the curving crescent of the moon at its third rising, snow-white where it bears a mark, but elsewhere tawny.

¹ *I.e.* "Hail! God of Triumph!"

III

QVEM tu, Melpomene, semel
 nascentem placido lumine videris,
 illum non labor Isthmianus
 clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger
 curru ducet Achaico
 victorem, neque res bellica Delis
 ornatum foliis ducem,
 quod regum inuidas contuderit nimas,
 ostendet Capitolio ;
 sed quae Tibur aquae fertile praeflunt 10
 et spissae nemorum comae
 furgent Aeolio carmine nobilem.
 Romae principis urbium
 dignatur snboles inter amabiles
 vatium ponere me choros,
 et iam dente minus mordeor invido.
 o testudinis aureae
 dulcem quae strepitum, Pieri, temperas,
 o mutis quoque piscibus
 donatura cyeni, si libeat, sonum, 20
 totum muneris hoc tui est,
 quod monstror digito praetereuntium
 Romanae fidicen lyrae :
 quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

ODE III

My Glory is Thy Gift, O Muse

Whom thou, Melpomene, hast once beheld with
 favouring gaze at his natal hour, him no Isthmian toil
 shall make a famous boxer, no impetuous steed shall
 draw as victor in Achaean car, nor shall martial deeds
 show him to the Capitol, a captain decked with Delian
 bays, for having crushed the haughty threats of kings;
 but the waters that flow past fertile Tibur and the
 dense leafage of the groves shall make him famous
 for Aeolian song.

The children of Rome, queen of cities, deem it
 meet to rank me among the pleasant choirs of poets ;
 and already am I less attacked by Envy's tooth. O
 thou Pierian maid that dost modulate the sweet tones
 of the golden shell, O thou that couldst lend the
 music of the swan even to dumb fishes, didst thou so
 desire, this is all thy gift, that I am pointed out by
 the finger of those passing by as the minstrel of the
 Roman lyre. That I am filled with the breath of
 song, and that I please, if please I do, is of thy
 bestowing.

IV

QVALEM ministrum fulminis alitem,
 cui rex deorum regum in aves vagas
 permisit expertus fidelem
 Iuppiter in Ganymede flavo,

alim iuventas et patrius vigor
 nidu laborum propulit inscium,
 vernique iam nimbis remotis
 insolitos docuere nisus

venti paventem, mox in ovilia
 demisit hostem vividus impetus, 10
 mne in reluctantes dracones
 egit amor lapidis atque pugnae ;

qualemve laetis caprea pascuis
 intenta fulvae matris ab ubere
 iam lacte depulsum leonem
 dente novo peritura vidit :

videre Raetis bella sub Alpibus
 Drusum gerentem Vindelici ; (quibus
 mos inde deductus per omne
 tempus Amazonia securi 20

ODE IV

Drusus and the Claudian House

LIKE the winged bearer of the lightning, to whom
 the king of gods gave dominion o'er the roving
 birds, having found him faithful in the case of fair-
 haired Ganymede—at first youth and native strength
 drive him forth, ignorant of toils, from out his nest,
 and the spring gales, now that storms are past, have
 taught him unwonted efforts, despite his fears ; next
 with eager onset he swoops down as foe upon the
 sheep-folds ; then love of plunder and the fight drives
 him against struggling snakes ; or like some lion just
 weaned from the rich milk of his tawny mother,
 which a doe, intent on hounteous pasturage, has
 espied, doomed to perish by its untried tooth : even
 such was Drusus as the Vindelici beheld him waging
 war beneath the Rhaetian Alps. Whence was de-
 rived the custom that through all recorded time arms
 their right hands with the Amazonian battle-axe, I

dextras obarmet, quaerere distuli,
nec scire fas est omnia) sed diu
lateque victrices catervae
consiliis iuvenis revictae

sensere quid mens, rite quid insoles
nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
posset, quid Augusti paternus
in pueros animus Neroues.

fortes creantur fortibus et bonis;
est in iuvenis, est in equis patrum
virtus, neque imbellem feroces
progenerant aquilae columban.

doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
rectique cultus pectora roborant;
ntcumque defecere mores,
indecorant bene nata culpae.

quid debeas, o Roma, Neronibus,
testis Metaurum flumen et Hasdrubal
devictus et pulcher fugatis
ille dies Latio tenebris,

qui primus alma risit adorea,
dirus per urbes Afer ut Italas
ceu flamma per taedas vel Eurus
per Siculas equitavit undas.

have forborne to seek, nor is it vouchsafed to know all things; but the hordes long victorious on many a field were vanquished by the young hero's wisdom, and were made to feel the potency of head and heart fitly nurtured beneath an auspicious roof, and of Augustus' fatherly devotion to the youthful Neros.

'Tis only from the sturdy and the good that sturdy youths are born; in steers, in steeds, appear the merits of their sires; nor do fierce eagles beget timid doves. Yet training increases inborn worth, and righteous ways make strong the heart; whenever righteousness has failed, faults mar even what nature had made noble.

What, O Rome, thou owest to the Neros, the Metaurus River is a witness, and vanquished Hasdrubal, and that glorious day when the gloom from Latium was dispelled, the day that was the first to smile with blessed victory, since the dire Carthaginian dashed on his way through the Italian towns, like as the fire rages through the pines, or Eurus o'er the Sicilian waves. Thenceforth the Roman

CARMINVM LIBER IV

post hoc secundis usque laboribus
Romana pubes crevit, et impio
vastata Poenorum tumultu
fana deos habuere rectos.

dixitque tandem perfidus Hannibal :
" cervi luporum praeda rapacium,
sectamur ultro, quos opimus
fallere et effugere est triumphus.

gens, quae cremato fortis ab Ilio
iactata Tuscis aequoribus sacra
natosque maturosque patres
pertulit Ausonias ad urbes,

duris ut illex tonsa bipennibus
nigrae feraci frondis in Algido,
per damna, per caedes ab ipso
ducit opes animumque ferro.

non hydra secto corpore firmior
vinci dolentem crevit in Herculem,
monstrumve submittere Colchi
maius Echioniaeve Thebae.

merses profundo, pulchrior evenit ;
luctere, multa prouet integrum
cum laude victorem geretque
proelia coniugibus loquenda.

ODES BOOK IV. iv

youth, through undertakings ever prosperous, waxed
stronger, and the shrines laid waste by the impious
havoc of the Carthaginians had their gods set up
once more. And at last false Hannibal exclaimed :
" Like deer, the prey of ravening wolves, we follow
all in vain those whom it were a signal triumph to
baffle and evade. The race which—sturdy still after
Ilium's destruction—brought safe to the Ausonian
towns, over tossing Tuscan seas, its sacred images, its
children, and its aged sires, like some oak shorn of its
leafy boughs by heavy axes on Mount Algidus rich in
dark foliage, through loss, through slaughter, draws
its strength and life from the very steel. Not the
hydra, as its frame was hewn, grew mightier against
Hercules, loth to yield ; nor did the Colchians or
Echionian Thebes rear a greater prodigy. Drown it in
the depths ! It comes forth fairer. Wrestle with it !
It will throw with great renown a fresh opponent flushed
with victory, and wage wars for wives to tell of. To

CARMINVM LIBER IV

Carthagini iam non ego nuntios
mittam superbos: occidit, occidit
spes omnis et fortuna nostri
nominis Hasdrubale interempto.

nil Claudiae non perficient manus,
quas et benigno numine Iuppiter
defendit et curae sagaces
expediunt per acuta belli."

70

ODES BOOK IV. iv

Carthage no more shall I send proud messengers;
perished, perished is all hope and the fortune of our
name since Hasdrubal's destruction.

Naught is there that the Claudian might shall not
achieve, which Jupiter defends with power benign,
and which wise counsels guide safely through war's
perils.

|

V

Divis orte bonis, optime Romulae
 custos gentis, abes iam nimum diu ;
 maturum reditum pollicitus patrum
 sancto concilio redi.

lucem redde tuae, dux bone, patriae ;
 instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus
 adfulsit populo, gratior it dies
 et sales melius nitent.

ut mater iuvenem, quem Notus invido
 flatu Carpathii trans maris aequora
 cunctantem spatio longius annuo
 dulci distinet a domo, 10

votis ominibusque et precibus vocat,
 curvo nec faciem litore demovet :
 sic desiderii icta fidelibus
 quaerit patria Caesarem.

tutus hos etenim rura perambulat,
 nutrit rura Ceres almaque Faustitas,
 pacatum volitant per mare navitae ;
 culpari metuit fides,

20

ODE V

The Blessings of Augustus' Sway

SPRUNG from the blessed gods, best guardian of the
 race of Romulus, too long already art thou absent.
 Come back, for thou didst pledge a swift return to
 the sacred council of the Fathers. To thy country
 give again, blest leader, the light of thy presence !
 For when, like spring, thy face has beamed upon the
 folk, more pleasant runs the day, and brighter shines
 the sun. As with vows, with omens, and with prayers
 a mother calls the son whom the South wind with his
 envious gales keeps lingering far from his sweet home
 across the stretch of the Carpathian Sea for longer
 than a year, and from the curving shore turns not her
 face ; so, moved by loyal love, his country yearns for
 Caesar. For when he is here, the ox in safety roams
 the pastures ; Ceres and benign Prosperity make rich
 the crops ; safe are the seas o'er which our sailors
 course ; Faith shrinks from blame ; polluted by no

nullis polluitur casta domus stupris,
 mos et lex maculosum edomuit nefas,
 laudantur simili prole puerperae,
 culpam poena premit comes.

quis Parthum paveat, quis gelidum Scythen,
 quis Germania quos harrida parturit
 fetus, incoluui Caesare? quis ferae
 bellum erret Iberiae?

condit quisque diem collibus in suis,
 et vitem viduus ducit ad arbores; 30
 hinc ad vina redit laetus et alteris
 te mensis adhibet deum;

te multa prece, te prosequitur mero
 defuso pateris, et Laribus tuum
 miscet numen, uti Graecia Castoris
 et magni memor Herculis.

"longas o utinam, dux bone, ferias
 praestes Hesperiae!" dicimus integro
 sicci mane die, dicimus nvidi,
 cum sol Oceano subest. 40

stain, the home is pure; custom and law have
 stamped out the taint of sin; mothers win praise
 because of children like unto their sires; while
 Vengeance follows close on guilt.

Who would fear the Parthian, who the icy Scythian,
 who the hordes rough Germany doth breed, while
 Caesar lives unharmed? Who would mind the war in
 wild Iberia? On his own hillside each man spends the
 day, and weds his vines to waiting trees; thence
 gladly repairs to the feast, and at the second course¹
 invokes thee as a god. Thee with many a prayer,
 thee with pure wine poured from bowls, he worships;
 and mingles thy majesty with his household gods,
 like Greece mindful of Castor and great Hercules.

"Long holidays, blest leader, vouchsafe unto
 Hesperia!" So do we pray, dry-lipped, when day
 begins: so pray we, flushed with wine, when the
 sun sinks beneath the Ocean.

¹ When libations were poured to the deities before
 drinking began.

VI

DIVÆ, quem proles Niobeæ magnæ
vindicem linguæ Tityosque raptor
sensit et Troiæ prope victor altæ
Phthius Achilles,

ceteris maior, tibi miles impar,
filius quamvis Thetidis marinæ
Dardanas turres quateret tremenda
cuspidè pugnax.

ille, mordaci velut icta ferro
pinus aut impulsæ epressus Euro, 10
procidit late posuitque collum in
pulvere Teucro.

ille non inclusus equo Minervæ
sacra mentito male feriatos
Troas et lætam Priami choreis
falleret aulam ;

sed palam captis gravis, heu nefas, heu,
nescios fari pueros Achivis
ureret flammis, etiam latentem
matris in alvo, 20

ODE VI

Invocation to Apollo

O God, whom Niobe's offspring came to know as the punisher of boastful words, whom the robber Tityos felt and Phthian Achilles when well-nigh victorious over lofty Troy, mightier than others, yet no match for thee, though he was the son of sea-born Thetis and shook the Dardanian towers, fighting with his awful spear. He, like to some pine stricken with biting steel, or some cypress o'erturned by the Eastern wind, fell prostrate with his outstretched frame and bowed his neck in Trojan dust. He would not have hidden within the horse that feigned sacrifice to Minerva, nor striven to deceive the Trojans keeping ill-timed holiday, or Priam's court taking joy in dances ; but with open cruelty to his captives (alas ! alas ! the horror) he would have burned with Grecian fires the speechless babes, yea, the very infant hidden in its mother's womb, had not the Father of the gods,

ni tuis victus Venerisque gratae
 vocibus divom pater admisisset
 rebus Aeneae potiore ductos
 alite muros.

doctor argutae fidicen Thaliae,
 Phoebe, qui Xantha lavis amne crinis,
 Damniae defende decus Camenae,
 levis Agyieiu.

spiritum Phoebus mihi, Phoebus artem
 carminis nomenque dedit poetae, 30
 virginum primae puerique claris
 patribus orti,

Deliae tutela deae, fugacis
 lynceas et cervos cohibentis arcu,
 Leshium servate pedem meique
 pollicis ictum,

rite Latonae pnerum canentes,
 rite crescentem face Noctilucam,
 prosperam frugum celeremque pronos
 volvere menses. 40

nupta iam dices "ego dis amicum,
 saeculo festas referente luces,
 reddidi carmen docilis modorum
 vatis Horati."

won over by thy appeals and those of winsome Venus,
 promised to Aeneas' destiny walls built under better
 auspices.

O Phoebus, minstrel teacher of melodious Thalia,
 thou that lavest thy locks in Xanthus' stream,
 support the glory of the Daunian Muse, beardless
 Agyiens!

'Twas Phoebus lent me inspiration, Phoebus the art
 of song, and gave me the name of poet. O noblest of
 maids, and ye lads sprung from illustrious sires, wards
 of the Delian goddess, who with her bow stops the
 fleeing lynxes and the stags, observe the Lesbian
 measure and my finger's beat, as ye duly hymn
 Latona's son and the orb of night waxing with
 her torch, ripener of crops, and swift to speed the
 advancing months! Soon, when wedded, thou shalt
 boast, "I, trained in the measures of the bard
 Horatius, joined in rendering the hymn welcome to
 the gods, what time the cycle brought 'round again
 the festal days."

VII

DIFFVGERE nives, redeunt iam gramina campis
 arboribusque comae ;
 mutat terra vices et decrescentia ripas
 flumina praeterent ;

Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
 ducere nuda choros.
 immortalia ne speres, monet annus et autumnus
 quae rapit hora diem.

frigora mitescunt zephyris, ver proterit aestas
 interitura, siuul 10
 pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit, et max
 bruma recurrit iners.

damna tamen celeres reparant caelestia lunae ;
 nos ubi decidimus,
 quo pius Aeneas, quo Tullus dives et Ancus,
 pulvis et umbra sumus.

quis scit an adiciant hodiernae crastina summae
 tempora di superi ?
 emeta manus avidas fingent heredis, amico
 quae dederis animo. 20

ODE VII

Spring's Return

THE snow has fled ; already the grass is returning to the fields and the foliage to the trees. Earth is going through her changes, and with lessening flood the rivers flow past their banks. The Grace, with the Nymphs and her twin sisters, ventures unrobed to lead her bands. The year and the hour that rob us of the gracious day warn thee not to hope for unending joys. The cold gives way before the zephyrs ; spring is trampled underfoot by summer, destined likewise to pass away so soon as fruitful autumn has poured forth its harvest, and lifeless winter soon returns again.

Yet the swiftly changing moons repair their losses in the sky. We, when we have descended whither righteous Aeneas, whither rich Tullus and Ancus have gone, are but dust and shadow. Who knows whether the gods will add to-morrow's time to the sum of to-day ? All things which thou grantest to thine own dear soul, shall escape the greedy clutches of thine heir.

CARMINVM LIBER IV

cum semel occideris et de te splendida Minos
fecerit arbitria,
non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
restituet pietas ;

infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
liberat Hippolytum,
nec Lethaea valet Theseus abrumpere caro
vincula Pirithoo.

ODES BOOK IV. vii

When once thou hast perished and Minos has pronounced on thee his august judgment, not family, Torquatus, nor eloquence, nor righteousness shall restore thee again to life. For Diana releases not the chaste Hippolytus from the nether darkness, nor has Theseus power to break the Lethæan chains of his dear Pirithous.

VIII

DONAREM pateras grataque commodus,
 Censorine, meis aera sodalibus,
 donarem tripodas, praemia fortium
 Graiorum, neque tu pessima munernm
 ferres, divite me scilicet artium,
 quas aut Parrhasius protulit aut Scopas,
 hic saxo, liquidis ille coloribus
 sollers nunc hominem ponere, nunc deum.
 sed non haec mihi vis, non tibi talium
 res est aut animus deliciarum egens. 10
 gaudes carminibus: carmina possumus
 donare et pretium dicere muneris.
 non incisa notis marmora publicis,
 per quae spiritus et vita redit bonis
 post mortem ducibus, non celeres fugae
 reiectaeque retrorsum Hannibalis minae,
 non incendia Carthaginis impiae
 eius, qui domita nomen ab Africa
 lucratus rediit, clarius indicant
 laudes quam Calabriae Pierides neque, 20
 si chartae sileant quod bene feceris,
 mercedem tuleris. quid foret Iliae
 Mavortisque puer, si taciturnitas

ODE VIII

In Praise of Poesy

GENEROUSLY would I give bowls and welcome bronzes
 to my comrades, Censorinus, and tripods, prizes of the
 manful Greeks, nor shouldst thou bear off the meanest
 of my gifts, were I but rich, that is, in the treasures
 which Parrhasius produced, or Scopas—skilful, the one
 in marble, the other in liquid colours, to portray now
 a hero, now a god. But I have no such store, nor
 does thy condition or thy spirit crave such toys. In
 songs is thy delight. Songs we can bestow, and can
 name the worth of such a tribute.

Not marble graven with public records, whereby
 breath and life return to goodly heroes after death,
 nor the swift retreat of Hannibal and his threats re-
 coiling on himself, nor the burning of wicked Car-
 thage, declare more gloriously the fame of him
 who came back home, having won his name from
 Africa's subjection, than do the Muses of Calabria;
 nor wouldst thou reap thy due reward, should the
 parchment leave thy worthy deeds unheralded.
 What to-day were the child of Ilia and Mars, had

CARMINVM LIBER IV

obstaret meritis invida Romuli?
 ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Aeacum
 virtus et favor et lingua potentium
 vatam divitibus consecrat insulis.
 dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.
 caelo Musa beat. sic Iovis interest
 optatis epulis impiger Hercules,
 clarum Tyndaridae sidus ab infimis
 quassas eripiunt aequoribus rates,
 ornatus viridi tempora pampino
 Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

30

ODES BOOK IV. viii

jealous silence blocked the path of Romulus' deserts?
 The powers of gifted bards, their favour, and their
 voice rescue Aeaëus from the Stygian waves and win
 for him a hallowed home in the Islands of the Blest.
 'Tis the Muse forbids the hero worthy of renown to
 perish. 'Tis the Muse bestows the boon of heaven.
 'Tis thus that tireless Hercules shares Jove's hoped-
 for table. 'Tis thus that Tyndareüs' sons, gleaming
 fires, rescue storm-tossed ships from the sea's abyss,
 and Liber, his temples decked with verdant vine-
 sprays, brings vows to happy issue.

IX

Ne forte credas interitura quae
 longe sonantem natus ad Ausidum
 non ante vulgatas per artes
 verba loquor socianda chordis :

non, si priores Maconius tenet
 sedes Homerus, Pindaricae latent
 Caeaeque et Alcaei minaces
 Stesichoriquae graves Camenae ;

nec siquid olim lusit Anacreon
 delevit aetas ; spirat adhuc amor 10
 vivuntque commissi calores
 Aeoliae fidibus puellae.

non sola comptos arsit adulteri
 crines et aurum vestibus illitum
 mirata regalesque cultus
 et comites Helene Lacaena,

primusve Teucer tela Cydonio
 direxit arcu ; non semel Ilios
 vexata ; non pugnavit ingens
 Idomeneus Sthenelusve solus 20

ODE IX

In Praise of Lollius

THINK not the words will perish which I, born near
 far-sounding Ausidus, utter for linking with the
 lyre, by arts not hitherto revealed! E'en though
 Maeonian Homer holds the place of honour, yet
 Pindar's Muse is not unknown, or that of Ceos, of
 threatening Alcaeus, or of Stesichorus the stately.
 Nor has time destroyed whate'er Anacreon once sung
 in sport. Still breathes the love of the Aeolian maid,
 and lives her passion confided to the lyre.

Not Spartan Helen only became inflamed with
 love, marvelling at a paramour's trim locks, his gold-
 bespangled raiment, his princely pomp and followers ;
 nor was Teucer first to speed the shaft from Cretan
 bow. Not once alone has an Ilium been beset ; nor
 has great Idomeneus or Sthenelus alone fought

CARMINVM LIBER IV

dicenda Mnsis proelia; non ferox
Hector vel acer Deiphobus graves
exceptit ictus pro pudicis
coniugibus puerisque primus.

vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
multi; sed omnes inlacrimabiles
urgentur ignotique longa
nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

paulum sepultae distat inertiae
eclata virtus. non ego te meis
chartis inornatum silebo,
totve tuos patiar labores

30

impune, Lolli, carpere lividas
obliviones. est animus tibi
remque prudens et secundis
temporibus dubiisque rectus,

viudex avarae fraudis et abstineus
ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniae,
consulque non minus anni,
sed quotiens bonus atque fidus

40

iudex honestum praetulit utili,
reiecit alto dona nocentium
vultu, per obstantes catervas
explicuit sua victor arma.

ODES BOOK IV. ix

battles worthy to be sung by the Muses. Nor were
doughty Hector and keen Deiphobus the first to
encounter heavy blows for chaste wife and children.
Many heroes lived before Agamemnon; but all are
overwhelmed in unending night, unwept, unknown,
because they lack a sacred bard. In the tomb, hidden
worth differs little from cowardice. Not thee, O
Lollius, will I leave unsung, unhonoured by my verse;
nor will I suffer envious forgetfulness to prey undis-
turbed upon thy many exploits. A mind thou hast,
experienced in affairs, well-poised in weal or woe,
punishing greedy fraud, holding aloof from money that
draws all things to itself, thou a consul not of a single
year, but so oft as, a judge righteous and true, thou
preferrest honour to expediency, rejectest with high
disdain the bribes of guilty men, and bearest thine
arms victorious through opposing hosts.

CARMINVM LIBER IV

non possidentem multa vocaveris
recte beatum ; rectius occupat
nomen beati, qui deorum
muneribus sapienter uti

duramque callet pauperiem pati
peiusque leto flagitium timet,
non ille pro caris amicis
aut patria timidus perire

50

ODES BOOK IV. ix

Not him who possesses much, would one rightly call
the happy man ; he more fitly gains that name who
knows how to use with wisdom the blessings of the
gods, to endure hard poverty, and who fears dishonour
worse than death, not afraid to die for cherished
friends or fatherland

X

O CRVDELIS adhuc et Veneris muneribus potens,
 insperata tuae cum veniet pluma superbiae
 et, quae nunc umeris involitant, deciderint comae,
 nunc et qui color est puniceae flore prior rosae
 mutatus, Ligurine, in faciem verterit hispidam :
 dices "heu," quotiens te speculo videris alterum,
 " quae mens est hodie, cur eadem non puero fuit,
 vel cur his animis incolumes non redeunt genae ? "

ODE X

Beauty is Fleeting

O THOU, cruel still and dowered with Venus' gifts,
 when unexpected down shall come upon thy pride
 and the locks have fallen that now wave upon thy
 shoulders, and the bloom that now outvies the
 blossom of the crimson rose has faded, Ligurinus, and
 changed to a shaggy visage, then as often as thou
 gazest in the mirror on thy altered features, thou
 shalt say : " Alas ! why lacked I as a lad the purpose
 that I have to-day ? Or why to my present spirit do
 not my rosy cheeks return ? "

XI

Est mihi nonum superantis annum
 plenus Albani cadus; est in horto,
 Phylli, nectendis apium coronis;
 est hederæ vis

multa, quæ crines religata fulges;
 ridet argento domus; ara castis
 vincta verbenis aet immolato
 spargier agno;

cuncta festinat manus, hæc et illuc
 cursitant mixtæ pueris puellæ; 10
 sordidum flammæ trepidant rotantes
 vertice fumum.

ut tamen noris quibus advoceris
 gaudiis, Idus tibi sunt agendaæ,
 qui dies mensem Veneris marinae
 findit Aprilem,

iure sollemnis mihi sanctiorque
 paene natali proprio, quod ex hæc
 luce Maecenas meus adfluentes
 ordinat annos.

ODE XI

A Joyous Birthday

I HAVE a jar full of Alban wine over nine years old;
 in my garden, Phyllis, is parsley for weaving garlands;
 there is goodly store of ivy, which, binding back thy
 hair, sets off thy beauty. The house gleams with
 silver vessels; the altar wreathed with sacred leafage
 yearns to be sprinkled with the blood of an offered
 lamb. The household all is hurrying; hither and
 thither rushes the mingled throng of lads and maids;
 the flames are dancing as they roll the sooty smoke
 aloft in wreaths. Yet that thou mayst know to what
 joys thou art invited, 'tis to celebrate the Ides that
 cleave in twain April, the month of sea-born Venus;
 with reason a festal day to me, and honoured almost
 more than my own natal day, because from this dawn
 my Maecenas reckons his on-gliding years.

CARMINVM LIBER IV

Telephum, quem tu petis, occupavit
 non tuae sortis iuvenem puella
 dives et lasciva tenetque grata
 compede vinetum.

terret ambustus Phaëthon avaras
 spes, et exemplum grave praebet ales
 Pegasus terrenum equitem gravatus
 Bellerophonem,

semper ut te digna sequare et ultra
 quam licet sperare nefas putando
 disparem vites. age iam, meorum
 finis amorum,

(non enim posthac alia calebo
 femina) condisce modos, amanda
 voce quos reddas : minuuntur atrae
 carmine curae.

30

ODES BOOK IV. xi

Telephus, whom thou seekest, a lad above thy
 station, a maiden rich and wanton has secured and
 holds him bound with pleasing chain. Scorched
 Phaëthon serves as a warning to ambitious hopes;
 and winged Pegasus, who brooked not Bellerophon,
 his earth-born rider, affords a weighty lesson, to follow
 ever what befits thee, and to shun an ill-assorted
 mate, deeming it wrong to hope for more than is
 permitted.

Come, now, of all my loves the last (for hereafter
 I shall glow with passion for no other woman), learn
 verses to render with thy lovely voice! Black care
 shall be made to wane by the help of song.

XII

IAM veris comites, quae mare temperant,
 impellunt animae linthea Thraciae;
 iam nec prata rigent nec fluvii strepunt
 hiberna nive turgidi.

nidum ponit, Ityn flebiliter gemens,
 infelix avis et Cecropiae domus
 aeternum opprobrium, quod male barbaras
 regum est ultra libidines.

dicunt in tenero gramine pinguium
 custodes ovium carmina fistula
 delectantque deum, cui pecus et nigri
 colles Arcadiae placent.

adduxere sitim tempora, Vergili;
 sed pressum Calibus ducere Liberum
 si gestis, iuvenum nobilium cliens,
 nardo vina merebere.

nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum,
 qui nunc Sulpicii adcubat horreis,
 spes donare novas largus amaraque
 curarum eluere efficax.

ODE XII

The Delights of Spring

ALREADY the Thracian breezes, Spring's attendants,
 that calm the sea, are swelling the sails of ships;
 no longer are the meadows frozen, nor do the rivers
 roar, swollen with winter's snow. Making tearful
 moan for Itys, the ill-fated swallow builds her nest,
 everlasting disgrace of the Cecropian house, for that
 she avenged too cruelly the barbarous lust of kings.

On the soft grass the keepers of the fat sheep
 play songs upon the pipe, and delight the god to
 whom are dear Arcadia's flocks and sombre hills.

The season has brought thirst, O Virgil; but if
 thou, a follower of noble patrons, art eager to quaff a
 wine pressed at Cales, thou must earn the cup by
 bringing spikenard. A tiny shell of spikenard shall
 lure forth a jar that now reposes in Sulpicius' store-
 house, rich in promise to bestow fresh hopes, and
 powerful to wash away the bitterness of care.

CARMINVM LIBER IV

ad quae si properas gaudia, cum tua
velox merce veni : non ego te meis
immunem meditor tingere poculis,
 plena dives ut in domo.

verum pone moras et studium lucri
nigrorumque memor, dum licet, ignium
misce stultitiam consiliis brevem ;
 dulce est desipere in loco.

ODES BOOK IV. xii

If thou art eager for such joys, come quickly with
thy wares ! If thou comest without thy portion, I
purpose not, like some rich lord in well-stocked house,
to steep thee in my cups. But put aside delay and
thirst for gain, and, mindful of Death's dark fires,
mingle, while thou mayst, brief folly with thy wisdom !
'Tis sweet at the fitting time to cast serious thoughts
aside.

XIII

AVDIVERE, Lyce, di mea vota, di
 audivere, Lyce : sis anns et tamen
 vis formosa videri
 ludisque et bibis impudens

et cantu tremulo pota Cupidinem
 lentum sollicitas. ille virentis et
 doctae psallere Chiae
 pulchris excubat in genis.

importunus enim transvolat aridas
 quercus, et refugit te, quia luridi
 dentes te, quia rugae
 turpant et capitis nives. 10

nec Coae referunt iam tibi purpurae
 nec cari lapides tempora, quae semel
 notis condita fastis
 inclusit volueris dies.

quo fugit Venus, heu, quove color ? decens
 quo motus ? quid habes illius, illius,
 quae spirabat amores,
 quae me surpuerat mihi, 20

ODE XIII

Retribution

THE gods have heard my prayer, O Lyce, aye, the
 gods have heard it. Thou art becoming old, and yet
 desirest to seem beauteous and joinest in the merriment
 and drinkest hard and, already maudlin, seekest
 with quavering song to rouse unwilling Cupid. He
 keeps his watch on the fair cheeks of blooming Chia,
 skilled in playing on the harp. For disdainfully he
 flies past withered oaks, and shrinks from thee,
 because yellow teeth and wrinkles and snowy locks
 disfigure thee.

No more do robes of Coan purple or costly jewels
 bring back to thee the days that time in its flight has
 once laid away and locked up in the archives known
 to all.

Whither has fled thy grace, alas ! or thy bloom
 whither ? Whither thy comely carriage ? What
 dost thou retain of her, of her, I ask, who once
 breathed love, who stole me from myself, thou happy

CARMINVM LIBER IV

felix post Cinaram notaque et artium
gratarum facies? sed Cinarae breves
annos Fata dederunt,
servatura diu parem

cornicis vetulae temporibus Lycen,
possent ut iuvenes visere fervidi
multo non sine risu
dilapsam in cineres facem.

ODES BOOK IV. xiii

after Cinara was gone, once famous for thy beauty and
thy winning ways? Brief years the Fates to Cinara
granted, resolved on keeping Lyce long, to match
the age of the ancient crow, so that hot youths with
many a laugh might come to see the torch to ashes
fallen.

XIV

QVAE cura patrum quaeve Quiritium
 plenis honorum muneribus tuas,
 Auguste, virtutes in aevum
 per titulos memoresque fastus
 aeternet, o, qua sol habitabiles
 illustrat oras, maxime principum,
 quem legis expertes Latinae
 Vindelici didicere nuper,
 quid Marte posses. milite nam tuo
 Drusus Genaunos, implacidum genus, 10
 Breunosque¹ veloces et arces
 Alpibus impositas tremendis
 deiecit acer plus vice simplici;
 maior Neronum mox grave proclium
 commisit immanesque Ractos
 auspiciis pepulit secundis,
 spectandus in certamine Martio
 devota morti pectora liberae
 quantis fatigaret ruinis,
 indomitas prope qualis undas 20

¹ Breunos: some inferior MSS. have Brennos.

ODE XIV

Drusus and Tiberius

WHAT care of Fathers and Quirites, O Augustus, shall
 with full meed of honours immortalise thy prowess
 by inscriptions and commemorative records, thou
 mightiest of princes where'er the sun shines on
 habitable coasts, thou whose power in war the Vin-
 delici, free till now from Latin rule, have learned
 of late to know. For thine were the troops where-
 with keen Drusus, with more than like requital, hurled
 the Genauni down, a clan implacable, the swift
 Breuni, and their strongholds set upon the awful
 Alps. Soon too the elder Nero joined deadly battle
 and overcame the savage Rhaetians under happy
 auspices, a wonder to behold in martial combat for
 the havoc with which he crushed hearts dedicated to
 the death of freemen; almost as the south wind when
 he frets the unconquerable waves, when the band of

CARMINVM LIBER IV

exercet Auster Pleiadum choro
scindente nubes, impiger hostium
vexare turmas et frementem
mittere equum medios per ignes.

sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
qui regna Dauni praefuit Apuli,
cum saevit horrendamque cultis
diluvium minitatur agris,

ut barbarorum Claudius agmina
ferrata vasto diruit impetu 30
primosque et extremos metendo
stravit humum sine clade victor,

te copias, te consilium et tuos
praebente divos. nam tibi quo die
portus Alexandria supplex
et vacuum patefecit aulam,

Fortuna lustris prospera tertio
belli secundos reddidit exitus,
laudemque et optatum peractis
imperii decus adrogavit. 40

te Cantaber non ante domabilis
Medusque et Indus, te profugus Scythes
miratur, o tutela praesens
Italiae dominaeque Romae.

ODES BOOK IV. xiv

Pleiads cleaves the clouds; eager to harry the hosts
of the foe and to drive his snorting charger through
the midst of fiery tumult. So does bull-formed
Aufidus roll on, flowing past the realms of Apulian
Daunus, when he rages and threatens awful deluge to
the well-tilled fields, even as Claudius o'erwhelmed
with destructive onslaught the mail-clad hosts of
savages, and strewed the ground, mowing down van
and rear, victorious without loss,—the troops, the
plan, the favouring gods provided all by thee. For
on the selfsame day that suppliant Alexandria
opened her harbours and her empty palace to thee,
propitious Fortune, three lustrums later, brought a
happy issue to the war and bestowed fame and hoped-
for glory upon the deeds wrought in fulfilment of thy
commands.

At thee marvels the Cantabrian never before sub-
dued, at thee the Mede and Indian, at thee the
roving Scythian, thou mighty guardian of Italy and

CARMINVM LIBER IV

te, fontium qui celat origines,
Nilusque et Hister, te rapidus Tigris,
te beluosus qui remotis
obstrepat Oceanus Britannis,

te non paventis funera Galliae
duraeque tellus audit Hiberiae
te caede gaudentes Sygambri
compositis venerantur armis.

50

ODES BOOK IV. xiv

imperial Rome. To thee the Nile gives ear, the Nile
that hides the sources of its springs; to thee the
Danube, the swirling Tigris, the Ocean teeming with
monsters, that roars around the distant Britons; to
thee the land of Gaul that recks not death, and
stubborn Iberia. Before thee stand in awe the
slaughter-loving Sygambri, with weapons laid to rest.

XV

PHOEBVS volentem proelia me loqui
victas et urbes increpuit lyra,
ne parva Tyrrhenum per aequor
vela darem. tua, Caesar, aetas

fruges et agris rettulit uberes
et signa nostro restituit Iovi
derepta Parthorum superbis
postibus et vacuum duellis

Ianum Quirini clausit et ordinem
rectum evaganti frena licentiae
iniecit emovitque culpas
et veteres revocavit artes,

per quas Latinum nomen et Italiae
crevere vires famaue et imperi
porrecta maiestas ad ortus
solis ab Hesperio cubili.

custode rerum Caesare non furor
civilis aut vis exigit otium,
non ira, quae procutit enses
et miseris inimicat urbes.

ODE XV

Augustus

WHEN I wished to sing of fights and cities won, Apollo checked me, striking loud his lyre, and forbade my spreading tiny sails upon the Tuscan Sea. Thy age, O Caesar, has restored to farms their plenteous crops and to our Jove the standards stript from the proud columns of the Parthians; has closed Quirinus' fane empty of war; has put a check on licence, passing righteous bounds; has banished crime and called back home the ancient ways whereby the Latin name and might of Italy waxed great, and the fame and majesty of our dominion were spread from the sun's western bed to his arising.

While Caesar guards the state, not civil rage, nor violence, nor wrath that forges swords, embroiling hapless towns, shall banish peace. Not they that

CARMINVM LIBER IV

non qui profundum Danuvium bibunt
edicta rumpent Iulia, non Getae,
non Seres infidive Persae,
non Tanain prope flumen orti.

nosque et profestis lucibus et sacris
inter iocosi munera Liberi
cum prole matronisque nostris,
rite deos prius adprecati,

virtute functos more patrum duces
Lydis remixto carmine tibiis
Troiamque et Anchisen et almae
progeniem Veneris canemus.

30

ODES BOOK IV. xv

drink the Danube deep shall break the Julian laws,
nor Getae, Seres, faithless Parthians, nor they by
Tanais born. On common and on sacred days, amid
the gifts of merry Bacchus, with wife and child we
first will duly pray the gods; then after our fathers'
wont, in measures joined to strains of Lydian flutes,
we will hymn the glories of the heroic dead, Troy
and Anchises and benign Venus' offspring.

CARMEN SAECULARE

CARMEN SAECVLARE

PHOEBE silvarumque potens Diana,
lucidum caeli decus, o colendi
semper et culti, date quae precamur
tempore sacro,

quo Sibyllini monuere versus
virgines lectas puerosque castos
dis quibus septem placuere colles
dicere carmen.

alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui
promis et celas aliusque et idem
nascaris, possis nihil urbe Roma
visere maius!

rite maturos aperire partus
lenis, Ilithyia, tuere matres,
sive tu Lucina probas vocari
seu Genitalis.

diva, producas subolem patrumque
prosperes decreta super iugandis
feminis prolisque novae feraci
lege marita,

CARMEN SAECULARE

O PHOEBUS, and Diana, queen of forests, radiant
glory of the heavens, O ye ever cherished and ever
to be cherished, grant the blessings that we pray for
at the holy season when the verses of the Sibyl have
commanded chosen maidens and spotless youths to
sing the hymn in honour of the gods who love the
Seven Hills.

O quickening Sun, that in thy shining car usherest
in the day and hidest it, and art reborn another
and yet the same, ne'er mayst thou be able to view
aught greater than the city of Rome!

O Ilithyia, that, according to thy office, art gracious
to bring issue in due season, protect our matrons,
whether thou preferrest to be invoked as "Lucina"
or as "Genitalis." Rear up our youth, O goddess,
and bless the Fathers' edicts concerning wedlock and
the marriage-law, destined, we pray, to be prolific in
new offspring, that the sure cycle of ten times eleven

CARMEN SAECVLARE

certus undenos deciens per annos
orbis ut cantus referatque ludos
ter die claro totiensque grata
nocte frequentes.

vosque veraces cecinisse, Parcae,
quod semel dictum stabilisque rerum
terminus servet,¹ bona iam peractis
iungite fata.

fertilis frugum pecorisque tellus
spicea donet Cererem corona ;
nutriant fetus et aquae salubres
et Iovis aerae.

condito mitis placidusque telo
supplices audi pueros, Apollo ;
siderum regina bicornis, audi,
Luna, puellas.

Roma si vestrum est opus Iliacque
litis Etruscum tenuere turmae,
iussa pars mutare Lares et urbem
sospite cursu,

cui per ardentem sine fraude Troiam
castus Aeneas patriae superstes
liberum munivit iter, daturus
plura relictis :

¹ servat: *Orelli.*

CARMEN SAECULARE

years may bring round again music and games
thronged thrice by bright daylight and as often by
gladsome night!

And ye, O Fates, truthful in your oracles, as has
once been ordained, and may the unyielding order
of events confirm it, link happy destinies to those
already past.

Bountiful in crops and cattle, may Mother Earth
deck Ceres with a crown of corn; and may Jove's
wholesome rains and breezes give increase to the
harvest!

Do thou, Apollo, gracious and benign, put aside
thy weapon and give ear to thy suppliant sons! And
do thou, O Luna, the constellations' crescent queen
to the maidens lend thine ear!

If Rome be your handiwork, and if from Ilium
hailed the bands that gained the Tuscan shore (the
remnant bidden to change their homes and city in
auspicious course), they for whom righteous Aeneas,
survivor of his country, unscathed 'mid blazing Troy,
prepared a way to liberty, destined to bestow more

CARMEN SAECVLARE

di, probos mores docili iuventae,
 di, senectuti placidae quietem,
 Romulae genti date remque prolemque
 et decus omne.

quaeque vos bobus veneratur albis
 clarus Anchisae Venerisque sanguis,
 impetret, bellante prior, iacentem
 lenis in hostem.

iam mari terraque manus potentes
 Medus Albanasque timet secures,
 iam Scythae responsa petunt superbi
 nuper et Indi.

iam Fides et Pax et Honor Pudorque
 priscus et neglecta redire Virtus
 audet, apparetque beata pleno
 copia cornu.

augur et fulgente decorus arcu
 Phoebus acceptusque novem Camenis,
 qui salutari levat arte fessos
 corporis artus,

si Palatinas videt aequus aras,
 remque Romanam Latiumque felix
 alterum in lustrum meliusque semper
 proroget¹ aevum,

¹ proroget : *excellent MSS. also have prorogat.*

CARMEN SAECULARE

than had been left behind,—then do ye, O gods,
 make teachable our youth and grant them virtuous
 ways; to the aged give tranquil peace; and to the
 race of Romulus, riches and offspring and every glory!

And what the glorious scion of Anchises and of
 Venus, with sacrifice of milk-white steers, entreats
 of you, that may he obtain, triumphant o'er the
 warring foe, but generous to the fallen! Now
 the Parthian fears the hosts mighty on land and sea,
 and fears the Alban axes. Now the Indians and
 Scythians, but recently disdainful, are asking for our
 answer. Now Faith and Peace and Honour and
 old-time Modesty and neglected Virtue have courage
 to come back, and blessed Plenty with her full horn
 is seen.

May Phoebus, the prophet, who goes adorned with
 the shining bow, who is dear to the Muses nine, and
 with his healing art relieves the body's weary frame
 —may he, if he looks with favour on the altars of
 the Palatine, prolong the Roman power and Latium's
 prosperity to cycles ever new and ages ever better!

CARMEN SAECVLARE

quaeque Aventinum tenet Algidumque,
quindecim Diana preces virorum
curet et votis puerorum amicas
applicet aures.

70

haec Iovem sentire deosque cunctos
spem bonam certamque domum reporto
doctus et Phoebi chorus et Dianae
dicere laudes.

CARMEN SAECULARE

And may Diana, who holds Aventine and Algidus,
heed the entreaty of the Fifteen Men and incline
gracious ears to the children's prayers! That such
is the purpose of Jove and all the gods, we bear
home the good and steadfast hope, we the chorus
trained to hymn the praises of Phoebus and Diana.

THE EPODES

EPODON

I

Ibis Liburnis inter alta navium,
 amico, propugnacula,
paratus omne Caesaris periculum
 subire, Maecenas, tuo.
quid nos, quibus te vita si superstitute
 iucunda, si contra, gravis?
utrumne iussi per-equemur otium
 non dulce ni tecum simul,
an hunc laborem mente laturo, decet
 qua ferre non molles viros?
feremus, et te vel per Alpium iuga
 inhospitalem et Caucasum
vel Occidentis usque ad ultimum sinum
 forti sequemur pectore.
roges, tum labore¹ quid iuven mea,
 imbellis ac firmus parum?
comes minore sum futurus in metu,
 qui maior absentes habet:

¹ labore *Glaxanus*: laborein *MSS.*

THE EPODES

EPODE I

Friendship's Tribute

ON Liburnian galleys shalt thou go, my friend
Maecenas, amid vessels with towering bulwarks,
ready to encounter at thine own risk every peril that
threatens Caesar. But what of us, to whom, with thee
surviving, life is a delight, but else is full of heaviness?
Shall we, as bidden, devote ourselves to ease, that is
not sweet except with thee? Or shall we bear these
hardships with such resolve as befitteth stalwart men?
Bear them we will, and whether o'er the ridges of
the Alps and savage Caucasus, or to the very farthest
corners of the West, thee will we follow with stout
heart. Thou askest how by my hardships I am to
lighten thine—I for war unfit and in strength not
rugged? I shall have less fear, attending thee, for
fear lays hold with greater power on those away,—

EPODON LIBER

ut adsidens implumibus pullis avis
 serpentium adlapsus timet 20
 magis relictis, non ut adsit auxili
 latura plus praesentibus.
 libenter hoc et omne militabitur
 bellum in tuae spem gratiae,
 non ut iuvenis inligata pluribus
 aratra nitantur mea,
 pecusve Calabris ante sidus fervidum
 Lucana mutet pascuis,
 neque ut superni villa candens Tusculi 30
 Circaea tangat moenia.
 satis superque me benignitas tua
 ditavit : haud paravero,
 quod aut avarus ut Chremes terra premam,
 discinctus aut perdam nepos.

THE EPODES, I

just as a brooding mother-bird more keenly dreads
 attacks of gliding serpents on her unfledged nestlings
 when she has left them, though she could lend them
 no more aid were she at hand.

This war and every war shall be gladly undertaken
 in hope to win thy favour—not that more straining
 bullocks may be mine, yoked to the plough, nor that
 my flocks may change Calabrian for Lucanian pastures
 before the blazing dog-star's season, nor that I may
 have a gleaming villa close to the Circean walls of
 lofty Tusculum. Enough has thy bounty enriched
 me and more ; I will not lay up treasure, either to
 bury in the ground, like miser Chremes, or to squander
 like some reckless spendthrift.

II

" BEATVS ille qui procul negotiis,
 ut prisca gens mortalium,
 paterna rura bobus exercet suis
 solutus omni faenore,
 neque excitatur classico miles truci,
 neque horret iratum mare,
 Forumque vitat et superba civium
 potentiorum limina.
 ergo aut adulta vitium propagine
 altas maritat populos, 10
 aut in reducta valle mugientium
 prospectat errantes greges,
 inutilesque falce ramos amputans
 feliciores inserit,
 aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris,
 aut tondet infirmas oves ;
 vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
 Autumnus agris extulit,
 ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pira
 certantem et uvam purpuræ, 20
 qua muneretur te, Priape, et te, pater
 Silvane, tutor finium.

EPODE II

Country Joys

" HAPPY the man who, far away from business cares,
 like the pristine race of mortals, works his ancestral
 acres with his steers, from all money lending free ;
 who is not, as a soldier, roused by the wild clarion,
 nor dreads the angry sea ; he avoids the Forum and
 proud thresholds of more powerful citizens ; and so
 he either weds his lofty poplar-trees to well-grown
 vines, or in secluded dale looks out upon the rang-
 ing herds of lowing cattle, and, cutting off useless
 branches with the pruning-knife, engrafts more
 fruitful ones, or stores away pressed honey in clean
 jars, or shears the helpless sheep. Or when Autumn
 in the fields has reared his head crowned with
 ripened fruits, how he delights to pluck the grafted
 pears, and grapes that with the purple vie, with
 which to honour thee, Priapus, and thee, Father
 Silvanus, guardian of boundaries.

libet iacere modo sub antiqua ilice,
 modo in tenaci gramine.
 labuntur altis interim ripis¹ aquae,
 queruntur in silvis aves,
 fontesque² lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
 somnos quod invitet leves.
 at cum tonantis annus hibernus Iovis
 imbres nivesque comparat, 30
 aut trudit acris hinc et hinc multa cane
 apros in obstantes plagas,
 aut amite levi rara tendit retia,
 turdis edacibus dolos,
 pavidumque leporem et advenam laqueo gruem
 iucunda captat praemia.
 quis non malarum, quas amor curas habet,
 haec inter obliviscitur?
 quod si pudica mulier in partem iuvet
 domum atque dulces liberos, 40
 Sabina qualis aut perusta solibus
 pernicious uxor Apuli,
 sacrum vetustis extruat lignis focum
 lassus sub adventum viri,
 claudensque textis cratibus laetum pecus
 distenta siccet ubera,
 et horna dulci vina promens dolio
 dapes inemptas adparet;

¹ Good MSS. also have rivis.

² fontes MSS. : frondes (Markland's conj.) many edd.

'Tis pleasant, now to lie beneath some ancient
 ilex-tree, now on the matted turf. Meanwhile the
 rills glide between their high banks; birds warble
 in the woods; the fountains splash with their flowing
 waters, a sound to invite soft slumbers. But when
 the wintry season of thundering Jove brings rains
 and snow, with his pack of hounds one either drives
 fierce boars from here and there into the waiting
 toils, or on polished pole stretches wide-meshed nets,
 a snare for greedy thrushes, and catches with the
 noose the timid hare and the crane that comes from
 far—sweet prizes! Amid such joys, who does not
 forget the wretched cares that passion brings?

But if a modest wife shall do her part in tending
 home and children dear, like to some Sabine woman
 or the well-tanned mate of sturdy Apulian, piling
 high the sacred hearth with seasoned firewood
 against the coming of her weary husband, penning
 the frisking flock in wattled fold, draining their
 swelling udders, and, drawing forth this year's sweet
 vintage from the jar, prepare an unbought meal,—then

EPODON LIBER

non me Lucrina iuverint conchylia
 magisque rhombus aut scari, 50
 si quos Eois intonata fluctibus
 hiems ad hoc vertat mare ;
 non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum,
 non attagen Ionicus
 iucundior quam lecta de pinguis
 oliva ramis arborum
 aut herba lapathi prata amantis et gravi
 malvae salubres corpori
 vel agna festis caesa Terminalibus 60
 vel haedus ereptus lupo.
 has inter epulas ut iuvat pastas oves
 videre properantes domum,
 videre fessos vomerem inversum boves
 collo trahentes languido
 postosque vernas, ditis examen domus,
 circum renidentes Lares.”
 haec ubi locutus faenerator Alfius,
 iam iam futurus rusticus,
 omnem redegit Idibus pecuniam,
 quaerit Kalendis ponere. 70

THE EPODES, ii

not Lucrine oysters would please me more, nor scar,
 nor turbot, should winter, thundering on the eastern
 waves, turn them to our coasts ; not Afric fowl nor
 Ionian pheasant would make for me a repast more
 savoury than olives gathered from the richest
 branches of the trees, or the plant of the meadow-
 loving sorrel, and mallows wholesome to the ailing
 body, or than a lamb slain at the feast of Terminus,
 or a kid rescued from the wolf. Amid such feasts,
 what joy to see the sheep hurrying homeward from
 pasture, to see the wearied oxen dragging along the
 upturned ploughshare on their listless necks, and the
 home-bred slaves, troop of a wealthy house, ranged
 around the gleaming Lares ! ”

When the usurer Alfius had uttered this, on the
 very point of beginning the farmer's life, he called
 in all his funds upon the Ides—and on the Kalends
 seeks to put them out again !

III

PARENTIS olim si quis impia manu
 senile guttur fregerit,
 edit eicentis allium nocentius,
 o dura messorum illia!
 quid hoc veneni saevit in praecordiis?
 num viperinus his error
 incoctus herbis me fefellit? an malas
 Canidia tractavit dapes?
 ut Argonautas praeter omnes candidum
 Medea mirata est ducem,
 ignota tauris inligaturum iuga
 perunxit hoc Iasonem;
 hoc delibutis ulta donis pacificem
 serpente fugit alite.
 nec tantis unquam siderum insedit vapor
 siticulosae Apuliae,
 nec munus umeris efficaciae Herculis
 inarsit aestuosius.
 at si quid unquam tale concupiveris,
 iocose Maecenas, precor,
 manum puella savio opponat tuo,
 extrema et in sponda eubet.

EPODE III

That Wicked Garlic!

If ever any man with impious hand strangle an aged parent, may he eat of garlic, deadlier than the hemlock! Ah! what tough vitals reapers have! What venom this that rages in my frame? Has vipers' blood without my knowledge been brewed into these herbs? Or has Canidia tampered with the poisonous dish? When Medea was enraptured with the hero Jason, fair beyond all the Argonauts, 'twas with this she anointed him, as he essayed to fasten upon the steers the unfamiliar yoke; 'twas with presents steeped in this, that she took vengeance on her rival ere she fled on her winged dragon. Never o'er parched Apulia did such heat of dog-star brood, nor did Nessus' gift burn with fiercer flame into the shoulders of Hercules, that wrought mighty deeds. But if ever, my merry Maecenas, you wish to repeat the jest, I pray your sweetheart may put her hands before your kisses, and lie on the farthest edge of the couch.

IV

LVPIB et agnis quanta sortito obtigit,
 tecum mihi discordia est,
 Hibericis peruste funibus latus
 et crura dura compede.
 licet superbus ambules pecunia,
 Fortuna non mutat genus.
 videsne, Sacram metiente te Viam
 cum bis trium ulnarum toga,
 ut ora vertat huc et huc euntium
 liberrima indignatio?
 "sectus flagellis hic triumviralibus
 praeconis ad fastidium
 arat Falerni mille fundi iugera
 et Appiam mannis terit
 sedilibusque magnus in primis eques
 Othone contempto sedet.
 quid attinet tot ora navium gravi
 rostrata duci pondere
 contra latrones atque servilem manum,
 hoc, hoc tribuno militum?"

10

20

EPODE IV

The Upstart

As great as is the enmity between lambs and wolves,
 by Nature's laws decreed, so great is that 'twixt me
 and you—you whose flanks are scarred by the Spanish
 rope, and whose legs are callous with hard shackles,
 Though you strut about in pride of wealth, yet
 Fortune does not change your breed. See you not,
 as with toga three yards wide you parade from end
 to end the Sacred Way, how indignation unrestrained
 spreads over the faces of the passers-by? "This
 fellow, scourged with the triumvir's lashes till the
 tired beadle wearied of the task, now ploughs a
 thousand acres of Falernian ground, and with his
 ponies travels the Appian Way. Braving Otho's law,
 he takes his place with the importance of a knight
 in the foremost rows of seats! What boots it for so
 many well-beaked ships of massive burden to be led
 against the pirates and hordes of slaves, when a fellow
 such as this is tribune of the soldiers!"

V

"At o deorum quicquid in caelo regit
 terras et humanum genus,
 quid iste fert tumultus et quid omnium
 vultus in unum me truces?
 per liberos te, si vocata partibus
 Lucina veris adfuit,
 per hoc inane purpurae decus precor,
 per improbaturum haec Iovem,
 quid ut noverca me intueris aut uti
 petita ferro belua?"
 ut haec trementi questus ore constitit
 insignibus raptis puer,
 impube corpus, quale posset impia
 mollire Thracum pectora:
 Canidia, brevibus implicata viperis
 crines et incomptum caput,
 iubet sepulcris caprificos erutas,
 iubet cupressus funebres
 et uncta turpis ova ranae sanguine
 plumamque nocturnae strigis
 herbasque quas Iolcos atque Hiberia
 mittit venenorum ferax,
 et ossa ab ore rapta ieiunae canis
 flammis aduri Colchicis.

10

20

EPODE V

Canidia's Incantation

"But in the name of all the gods in heaven that rule
 the world and race of men, what means this tumult,
 and what the savage looks of all of you bent on me
 alone? By thy children, I implore thee, if Lucina,
 when invoked, came to help an honest birth, by this
 bauble of my purple dress, by Jupiter, sure to dis-
 approve these acts, why like a stepmother dost thou
 gaze at me, or like a wild beast brought to bay with
 hunting-spear?"

When, after making these complaints with quiver-
 ing lip, the lad stood still, stripped of boyhood's em-
 blems, a youthful form, such as might soften the im-
 pious breasts of Thracians, Canidia, her locks and
 dishevelled head entwined with short vipers, orders
 wild fig-trees uprooted from the tombs, funereal
 cypresses, eggs and feathers of a night-roving screech-
 owl smeared with the blood of a hideous toad, herbs
 that Iolcos and Iberia, fertile in poisons, send, and
 bones snatched from the jaws of a starving bitch—all
 these to be burned in the magic flames. But high-girt

EPODON LIBER

at expedita Sagana, per totam domum
 spargens Avernales aquas,
 horret capillis ut marinus asperis
 echinus aut currens aper.
 abacta nulla Veia conscientia
 ligonibus duris humum
 exlauriebat, ingemens laboribus, 30
 quo posset infossus puer
 longo die his terque mutatae dapis
 memori spectaculo,
 cum promineret ore, quantum exstant aqua
 suspensa mento corpora :
 exsecta uti medulla et aridum iecur
 amoris esset poculum,
 interminato cum semel fixae cibo
 intabuisse pupulae. 40
 non defuisse masculae libidinis
 Ariminensem Foliam
 et otiosa credidit Neapolis
 et omne vicinum oppidum,
 quae sidera excantata voce Thessala
 lunamque caelo deripit.
 hic inresectum saeva dente livido
 Canidia rodens pollicem
 quid dixit aut quid tacuit? "o rebus meis
 non infideles arbitrae,
 Nox et Diana, quae silentium regis,
 arcana cum fiunt sacra, 50

THE EPODES, v

Sagana, sprinkling through all the house water from
 Lake Avernus, bristles with streaming hair, like some
 sea-urchin or a racing boar; and Veia, by no sense
 of guilt restrained, groaning o'er her labours, with
 stout mattock was digging up the ground, that,
 buried there, the lad might perish gazing at food
 changed twice and thrice during the tedious day,
 his face protruding only so much as swimmers,
 when hanging in the water by the chin—and all for
 this, that his marrow and his liver, cut out and dried,
 might form a love-charm, when once his eye-balls,
 fixed on the forbidden food, had wasted all away.
 Gossiping Naples and every neighbouring town
 believed that Folia of Ariminum, the wanton hag,
 was also there—Folia, who with Thessalian incan-
 tation bewitches stars and moon and plucks them
 down from heaven. Then fierce Canidia, gnawing
 her uncut nail with malignant tooth—what did she
 say, or rather what did she leave unsaid!

"O faithful witnesses of my deeds, Night and Diana,
 thou that art mistress of the silent hour when mystic

EPODON LIBER

nunc, nunc adeste, nunc in hostiles domos
 iram atque numen vertite.
 formidulosis cum latent silvis ferae
 dulci sopore languidae,
 senem, quod omnes rideant, adulterum
 latent Suburanae canes,
 nardo perunctum, quale non perfectius
 meae laborarint manus.
 quid accidit? cur dira barbarae minus
 venena Medae valent,
 quibus superbam fugit ulta paelicem,
 magni Creontis filiam,
 cum palla, taba munus imbutum, novam
 incendio nuptam abstulit?
 atqui nec herba nec latens in asperis
 radix fefellit me locis.
 indormit unctis omnium cubilibus
 oblivione paelicum.
 a! a! solutus ambulat veneficae
 scientioris carmine!
 non usitatis, Vare, potionibus,
 o multa fetarum caput,
 ad me recurras, nec vocata mens tua
 Marsis redibit vocibus.
 maius parabo, maius infundam tibi
 fastidienti poculum,
 priusque caelum sidet inferius mari
 tellure porrecta super,

60

70

80

THE EPODES, v

rites are wrought, now, even now, lend me your
 help! Now against hostile homes turn your wrath
 and power! While in the awesome woods the wild
 beasts lie in hiding, wrapped in soft slumber, may
 Subura's dogs bark at the old rake,—a sight for all
 to laugh at—anoointed with an essence such as my
 hands ne'er made more perfect! What has befallen?
 Why fail to work the dire philtres of the barbarian
 Medea, with which before her flight she took ven-
 geance on the haughty paramour, mighty Creon's
 daughter, what time the robe, a gift steeped in
 poisoned gore, snatched away in fire the new-made
 bride? And yet no herb nor root, lurking in rough
 places, escaped me. He lies asleep on perfumed
 couch, forgetful of all mistresses. Aha! He walks at
 will, freed by the charm of some cleverer enchantress.
 By no wonted potions, Varus, thou creature doomed
 bitterly to weep, shalt thou return to me; and, sum-
 moned by no Marsian spells, shall thy devotion be
 revived. A stronger draught I will prepare, a
 stronger draught pour out, to meet thy scorn; and
 sooner shall the heaven sink below the sea, with
 earth spread out above, than thou shouldst fail to

quam non amore sic meo flagres uti
 bitumen atris ignibus."
 sub haec puer iam non, ut ante, mollibus
 lenire verbis impias,
 sed duhins unde rumperet silentium,
 misit Thyesteas preces:
 "venena maga non fas nefasque, non valent¹
 convertere humanam vicem.
 diris agam vos; dira detestatio
 nulla expiatur victima. 90
 quin, ubi perire iussus exspiravero,
 nocturnus occurram Furor,
 petamque vultus umbra curvis unguibus,
 quae vis deorum est Manium,
 et iniquictis adsidens praecordiis
 pavore somnos auferam.
 vos turba vicatim hinc et hinc saxis petens
 contundet obscenas unus;
 post insepulta membra different lupi
 et Esquilinae alites, 100
 neque hoc parentes, heu mihi superstites,
 effugerit spectaculum."

¹ venena maga non *Haupt*: venena magnum MSS.

burn with love for me, even as burns the pitch in the
 smoky flame."

At this the lad no longer, as before, essayed to soothe the impious creatures with gentle speech, but, doubtful with what words to break the silence, hurled forth Thyestean curses: "Your magic spells have not the power to alter right and wrong, nor to avert human retribution. With curses I will hound you; by no sacrifice shall my awful execration be warded off. Nay, even when, doomed to die, I have breathed my last, at night I will meet you as a fury; and as a ghost I will tear your faces with crooked claws, as is the Manes' power; and seated on your restless bosoms, I will banish sleep with terror. The rabble, pelting you with stones on every side along the streets, shall crush you, filthy hags. Then by and by the wolves and birds that haunt the Esquiline shall scatter far and wide your unburied limbs, nor shall this sight escape my parents,—surviving me, alas!"

VI

Quid immerentes hospites vexas, canis
 ignavus adversum lupos?
 quin huc inanes, si potes, vertis minas,
 et me remorsurum petis?
 nam qualis aut Molossus aut fulvus Lacon,
 amica vis pastoribus,
 agam per altas aure sublata nives,
 quaecumque praecedet fera;
 tu, cum timenda voce complesti nemus,
 proiecitur odoraris cibum. 10
 cave, cave: namque in malos asperrimus
 parata tollo cornua,
 qualis Lycambae spretus infido gener
 aut acer hostis Bupalus.
 an, si quis atro dente me petiverit,
 inultus ut flebo puer?

EPODE VI

The Blackmailer

Why dost thou worry unoffending strangers, thou cur
 when facing wolves? Why not hither, if thou darest,
 turn thy idle threats and make assault on me, who
 will bite thee in return? For, like Molossian hound
 or tawny Laconian, the shepherd's sturdy friends, with
 ear upraised I'll follow amid deep snow whatever
 beast of prey goes before. Thou, when thou hast
 filled the woods with thy fearful yelps, sniffest
 around at the food that has been flung thee. Beware,
 beware! For full fiercely do I lift my ready horns
 against evil-doers, even as the slighted son-in-law
 of perfidious Lycambes, or as Bupalus' keen foe.
 Or if any one with venomous tooth assail me, shall
 I forgo revenge and whimper like a child?

VII

Qvo, quo scelesti mitis? aut cur dexteris
 aptantur enses conditi?
 parumne campis atque Neptimo super
 fusum est Latini sanguinis?
 non ut superbas invidae Carthaginis
 Romanus arces ureret,
 intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet
 Sacra catenatus Via,
 sed ut secundum vota Parthorum sua
 urbs haec periret dextera, 10
 neque hic lupis mos nec fuit leonibus,
 numquam¹ nisi in dispar feris.
 furarne caecus an rapit vis acrior
 an culpa? responsum date!
 tacent, et ora pallor albus inficit,
 mentesque percussae stupent.
 sic est: acerba fata Romanos agunt
 scelusque fraternae necis,
 ut immerentis fluxit in terram Remi
 sacer nepotibus cruor. 20

¹ numquam *Bentley*: unquam *MSS.*

EPODE VII

A Threatened Renewal of Civil Strife

WHETHER, whither are ye rushing to ruin in your
 wicked frenzy? Or why are your hands grasping the
 swords that have once been sheathed? Has too little
 Roman blood been shed on field and flood—not
 that the Roman might burn the proud towers of
 jealous Carthage, or that the Briton, as yet un-
 scathed, might descend the Sacred Way in fetters,
 but that, in fulfilment of the Parthians' prayers,
 this city might perish by its own right hand? 10
 Such habit ne'er belonged to wolves or lions, whose
 fierceness is turned only against beasts of other kinds.
 Does some blind frenzy drive us on, or some stronger
 power, or guilt? Give answer!—They speak not; a
 ghastly pallor o'erspreads their faces; and dazed are
 their shattered senses. 'Tis so: a bitter fate pursues
 the Romans, and the crime of a brother's murder,
 ever since blameless Remus' blood was spilt upon the
 ground, to be a curse upon posterity. 20

VIII

ROGARE longo putidam te saeculo,
 vires quid enervet meas,
 cum sit tibi dens ater et rugis vetus
 frontem senectus exaret,
 hietque turpis inter aridas natis
 podex velut crudae bovis!
 sed incitat me pectus et mammae putres,
 equina quales ubera,
 venterque mollis et femur tumentibus
 exile suris additum.
 esto beata, funus atque imagines
 ducant triumphales tuum.
 nec sit marita, quae rotundioribus
 onusta bacis ambulet.
 quid quod libelli Stoici inter Sericos
 iacere pulvillos amant?
 inlitterati num minus nervi rigent,
 minusve languet fascinum?
 quod ut superbo provoces ab inguine
 ore adlaborandum est tibi.

10

20

EPODE VIII

THE idea that you should ask all this long time what
 it is that unnerves my strength—you stinking hag!
 —when you've got one black tooth, when old age
 furrows your forehead with wrinkles, when a shame-
 ful hole like a cow's with diarrhoea gapes between
 ugly buttocks. But what stirs me up is that flabby
 chest, those flabby breasts, like a mare's teats, and
 that spongy belly and skinny thigh perched on top
 of swollen legs. Bless you then, and I hope like-
 nesses of triumphant men-folk will lead your funeral.
 May there be no wife who may walk along laden
 with rounder blobs of pearls than yours. There are
 Stoic treatises which tend to lie among neat little
 pillows of silk. What of it? Surely those unlearned
 sinews stiffen no less? That poker doesn't droop
 any less, does it? However, to stir that up from a
 proud groin one's got to work hard with one's mouth.

IX

QVANDO repostum Caecubum ad festas dapes
 victore laetus Caesare
 tecum sub alta—sic Iovi gratum—domo,
 beate Maecenas, bibam
 sonante mixtum tibiis carmen lyra,
 hac Dorium, illis barbarum?
 ut nuper, actus cum freto Neptunius
 dux fugit ustis navibus,
 minatus urbi vincla, quae detraxerat
 servis amicus perfidis. 10
 Romanus cheu—posterii negabitis—
 emancipatus feminae
 fert vallum et arma, miles et spadonibus
 servire rugosis potest,
 interque signa turpe militaria
 sol adspicit conopium.
 ad hoc¹ frementes verterunt bis mille equos
 Galli, canentes Caesarem,
 hostiliumque navium portu latent
 puppes sinistrorsum citae. 20
 io triumphe, tu moraris aureos
 currus et intactas boves?

¹ ad hoc Bentley: ad hunc MSS.

EPODE IX

After Actium

WHEN, happy Maecenas, within thy lofty palace,—
 such is Jove's pleasure,—shall I with thee, in joy at
 Caesar's triumph, drink the Caecuban stored away
 for festal banquets, while flute and lyre make music
 with their mingled melody of Phrygian and Dorian
 strains? Just as lately, when the Neptunian leader,¹
 his ships consumed, was driven from the sea in
 flight, though he had threatened the City with the
 shackles he had taken from faithless slaves, his
 friends! The Roman, alas! (ye, O men of after
 times, will deny the charge)—the Roman bears stakes
 and weapons at a woman's behest, and, a soldier,
 can bring himself to become the minion of withered
 eunuchs, while amid the soldiers' standards the
 sun shines on the shameful Egyptian pavilion. At
 sight of this, twice a thousand Gauls, chanting the
 name of Caesar, turned away their snorting steeds;
 and the ships of the foe, when summoned to the
 left, lay hidden in the harbour! Io, Triumph!²
 Dost thou keep back the golden cars and the unsullied

¹ Sextus Pompeius.

² *I.e.* "Hail! O God of Triumph."

EPODON LIBER

to triumphe, nec Iugurthino parem
 bello reportasti ducem
 neque Africanum, cui super Carthaginem
 virtus sepulcrum condidit.
 terra marique victus hostis punico
 lugubre mutavit sagum.
 aut ille centum nobilem Cretam urbibus,
 ventis iturus non suis, 30
 exercitatas aut petit Syrtes Noto,
 aut fertur incerto mari.
 capaciores adfer huc, puer, scyphos
 et Chia vina aut Lesbia,
 vel quod fluentem nauseam coerceat
 metire nobis Caecubum.
 curam metumque Caesaris rerum iuvat
 dulci Lyaeo solvere.

THE EPODES, ix

kine? Io, Triumphe! Neither in Jugurtha's war
 didst thou bring back so glorious a captain; nor was
 Africanus such,—he whose valour reared for him a
 shrine o'er Carthage. Vanquished on sea and land,
 the foe has changed the scarlet cape for sable, and
 against baffling winds is either making for Crete
 famed for her hundred cities, or is seeking the
 Syrtes by Notus tossed, or is borne upon uncertain
 seas. Bring hither, lad, more generous bowls, and
 Chian wine or Lesbian, or pour out for us Caecuban,
 to check our rising qualms. 'Tis sweet to banish
 anxious fear for Caesar's fortunes with Bacchus'
 mellow gift.

X

MALA soluta navis exit alite,
 ferens olentem Mevium.
 ut horridis utrumque verberes latus,
 Auster, memento, fluctibus.
 niger rudentes Eurus inverso mari
 fractosque remos differat;
 insurgat Aquilo, quantus altis montibus
 frangit trementes ilices.
 nec sidus atra nocte amicum appareat,
 qua tristis Orion cadit; 10
 quietiore nec feratur aequore
 quam Graia victorum manus,
 cum Pallas usto vertit iram ab Illo
 in impiam Aiacis ratem.
 o quantus instat navitis sudor tuis
 tibi que pallor luteus
 et illa non virilis heulatio
 preces et aversum ad Iovem,
 Ionius udo cum remugiens sinus
 Noto carinam ruperit. 20
 opima quod si praeda curvo litore
 porrecta mergos iuveris,
 libidinosus immolabitur caper
 et agna Tempestatibus.

EPODE X

Bad Luck to Mevius

UNDER evil omen the ship sets sail, bearing un-
 savoury Mevius. With fearful waves, O Auster, re-
 member to lash both her sides! Let lowering Eurus
 scatter sheet and broken oars on upturned sea!
 Let Aquilo arise in all the fury with which he
 reads the quivering oaks on lofty mountain-tops!
 And may no friendly star appear on the murky night
 when grim Orion sets! And on no gentler sea may
 he be borne than was the host of the victorious
 Greeks, when Pallas turned her wrath from Ilium's
 ashes against Ajax' impious bark! Oh! What toil
 awaits thy sailors! And thyself, what ghastly pallor,
 and what unmanly wailing, and prayers to Jove
 estranged, when the Ionian Sea whistling with rainy
 Notus, shall wreck thy vessel! But if, stretched out
 as fat carrion on the curving shore, thou give pleasure
 to the gulls, then a sportive goat and a lamb shall
 be offered to the gods of storms.

XI

PERTI, nihil me sicut antea invat
 scribere versiculos amore percussum gravi,
 amore, qui me praeter omnes expetit
 mollibus in pueris aut in puellis urere.
 hic tertius Decembris, ex quo destiti
 Inachia furere, silvis honorem decutit.
 heu me, per urbem, nam pudet tanti mali,
 fabula quanta fui! convivorum et paenitet,
 in quis amantem languor et silentium
 arguit et latere petitus imo spiritus. 10
 "contrane lucrum nil valere candidum
 pauperis ingenium!" querebar adplorans tibi,
 simul calentis inverecondus deus
 fervidiore mero arcana promorat loco.
 "quod si meis inaestuet praecordiis
 libera bilis, ut haec ingrata ventis dividat
 fomenta, vulnus nil malum levantia,
 desinet imparibus certare summotus pudor,"
 ubi haec severus te palam laudaveram,
 iussus abire domum ferebar incerto pede 20
 ad non amicos heu mihi postis et heu
 limina dura, quibus lumbos et infregi latus.

EPODE XI

Cupid's Power

O PERTIUS, no more do I delight as formerly to write
 my verses, for I am stricken with the heavy dart of
 Love, yea of Love who seeks to kindle me beyond all
 others with passion for tender boys and maids. The
 third December is now shaking the glory from the
 woods since I lost my infatuation for Inachia. Ah
 me! (for I'm ashamed of such a sore affliction), how
 people talked of me throughout the town! I hate
 to recall the feasts at which my listlessness and silence
 and the sighs drawn from my bosom's depths proved
 my love-lorn state. "To think that a poor man's
 guileless heart can naught avail against the power
 of gold," did I oft complain, unburdening my grief
 to thee, so soon as the god that banishes reserve had
 warmed me with the quickening wine and brought my
 secrets from their hiding-place. "But if a righteous
 indignation should boil up within my heart, so as to
 scatter to the winds these thankless consolations
 that nowise ease my grievous suffering, I'll banish
 modesty and cease to vie with rivals not my peers."
 When with stern resolve I had praised this course
 before thee, bidden go home, I went my way with
 step irresolute towards door-posts to me, alas! un-
 friendly, and to thresholds hard, on which I racked

EPODON LIBER

nunc glorientis quamlibet mulierculam
vincere mollitia amor Lycisci me tenet ;
unde expedire non amicorum queant
libera consilia nec contumeliae graves,
sed alius ardor aut puellae candidae
aut teretis pueri, longam renodantis comam.

THE EPODES, xi

my loins and side. Affection for Lyciscus now enthral's me, for Lyciscus, who claims in tenderness to outdo any woman, and from whom no friends' frank counsels or stern reproaches have power to set me free, but only another flame, either for some fair maid or slender youth, with long hair gathered in a knot.

XII

EPODE XII

Quid tibi vis, mulier nigris dignissima barris ?
 munera cur mihi quidve tabellas
 mittis, nec firmo iuveni neque naribus obesae ?
 namque sagacius unus odoror,
 polypus an gravis hirsutis cubet hircus in alis,
 quam canis acer, ubi lateat sus.
 qui sudor vietis et quam malus undique membris
 crescit odor, cum pene soluto
 indomitam properat rabiam sedare, neque illi
 iam manet umida creta colorque 10
 stercore fucatus crocodili, iamque subando
 tenta cubilia tectaque rumpit.
 vel mea cum saevis agit fastidia verbis :
 " Inachia langues minus ac me ;
 Inachiam ter nocte potes, mihi semper ad unum
 mollis opus. percat male, quae te
 Lesbiam quaerenti taurum monstravit inertem,

" WHAT possesses you, woman, highly worthy of any
 big black jumbo? Why send me presents and
 letters? I'm not yet a thorough youth and have no
 nasty fat nose yet. You see I smell out shrewdly
 whether a polyp or a goaty stench is bedded in the
 armpits, and do it better than a hound with its
 keen scent finds where the boar-sow lies hidden."
 Oh! what a sweat, what a bad smell spreads all over
 her shrivelled limbs when, the poker lying all slack,
 she tries in a hurry to calm down that indomitable
 madness; the damp cosmetic chalk and her tinted
 make-up dyed with a crocodile's dung no longer
 stay on her; by now too she makes the hard-strained
 mattress and canopy of the bed burst in her heat.
 Or again, when she attacks my distaste with savage
 jibes, she says: " You get tired with that girl
 Inachia less than with me. You can do her three
 times a night; for me you are pliant for the works
 just once. To hell with that Lesbiam who showed

EPODON LIBER

cum mihi Cos adesset Amyntas,
cuius in indomito constantior inguine nervos,
quam nova collibus arbor inhaeret. 20
muricibus Tyriis iteratae vellera lanae
cui properabantur? tibi nempe,
ne foret aequales inter conviva, magis quem
diligeret mulier sua quam te.
o ego non felix, quam tu fugis, ut pavet acres
agna lupos capreaeque leones!"

THE EPODES, xii

you to be impotent when I looked for a bull, when I had Amyntos of Cos handy, in whose unconquerable groin sticks tight a sinew more firmly than a young tree on the hills. Those fleeces of wool dyed again and again in purples of Tyre—for whom were they hurriedly prepared? For you to be sure, lest there should be found among your agemates a fellow-guest whose woman loved him more than she loved you. Oh dear, I'm not happy—you run away from me just as a lamb is frightened by fierce wolves and roe-deer by lions!"

XIII

HORRIDA tempestas caelum contraxit, et imbres
 nivesque deducunt Iovem; nunc mare, nunc silvae
 Threicio Aquilone sonant. rapiamus, amici,
 occasionem de die, dumque virent genua
 et decet, obducta solvatur fronte senectus.
 tu vina Torquato move consule pressa meo.
 cetera mitte loqui: deus haec fortasse benigna
 reducet in sedem vice. nunc et Achaemenio
 perfundi nardo iuvat et fide Cyllenea
 levare diris pectora sollicitudinibus, 10
 nobilis ut grandi cecinit Centaurus alumno:
 "invicte, mortalis dea nate puer Thetide,
 te manet Assaraci tellus, quam frigida parvi
 findunt Scamandri flumina lubricus et Simois,
 unde tibi reditum certo subtemine Parcae
 rupere, nec mater domum caerulea te revehet.
 illic omne malum vino cantuque levato,
 deformis aegrimoniae dulcibus alloquiis."

EPODE XIII

Defiance to the Storm: Make Merry!

A DREADFUL storm has narrowed heaven's expanse, and rain and snow are bringing Jove to earth. The sea, the woods, now roar with the Thracian north wind. Let us snatch our opportunity from the day, my friends, and while our limbs are strong and the time is fitting, let seriousness be banished from the clouded brow! Bring thou forth a vintage trodden in my Torquatus' year. Cease of aught else to speak! The god perchance with kindly change will mend our present ills. Now is the pleasing time to anoint the head with Persian nard, and with Cyllenian lyre to relieve our hearts of dread anxieties, even as the far-famed Centaur once sang to his stalwart foster-child: "O thou invincible, thou mortal child of goddess Thetis, thee the land of Assaracus awaits, through which the tiny Scamander's cooling waters flow and gliding Simois, whence the Fates by fixed decree have cut off thy return; nor shall thy sea-blue mother bear thee home again. When there, lighten every ill with wine and song, sweet consolations for unlovely sorrow!"

XIV

MOLLIS inertia cur tantam diffuderit imis
 oblivionem sensibus,
 pocula Lethaeos ut si ducentia somnos
 arente fauce traxerim,
 candide Maecenas, occidis saepe rogando:
 deus, deus nam me vetat
 inceptos, olim promissum carmen, iambos
 ad umbilicum adducere.
 non aliter Samio dicunt arsisse Bathyllo
 Anacreonta Teium, 10
 qui persaepe cava testudine flevit amorem
 non elaboratum ad pedem.
 ureris ipse miser: quod si non pulchrior ignis
 accendit obsessam Ilium,
 gaude sorte tua; me libertina, nec uno
 contenta, Phryne macerat.

EPODE XIV

Promises Unfulfilled

You distress me, honest Maecenas, by asking oft, why
 soft indolence has diffused as great forgetfulness
 over my inmost senses as if with parchéd throat I
 had drained the bowl that brings Lethéan sleep;
 for 'tis the god, yea 'tis the god, that forbids me
 to bring to an end the iambs already begun, the
 song long promised. Not otherwise enamoured of
 Samian Bathyllus, do they say, was Teian Anacreon,
 who on his hollow shell sang full oft his plaintive
 strains of love in simple measure. You yourself are
 the victim of Love's fires; but if no fairer flame
 kindled beleaguered Ilium, then be happy in your
 lot! I am consumed with love for Phryne, a freed-
 woman, with a single lover not content.

Nox erat et caelo fulgebat Luna sereno
inter minora sidera,
cum tu, magnorum numen laesura deorum,
in verba iurabas mea,
artius atque hedera procera adstringitur ilex
lentis adhaerens brachiis,
dum pecori lupus et nautis infestus Orion
turbaret hibernum mare,
intonsosque agitaret Apollinis aura capillos,
fore hunc amorem mutuum. 10
o dolitura mea multum virtute Neaera !
nam si quid in Flacco viri est,
non feret adsiduas potiori te dare noctes,
et quaeret iratus parem ;
nec semel offensae¹ cedit constantia formae,
si certus intrarit dolor.
et tu, quicumque es felicior atque meo nunc
superbus incedis malo,
sis pecore et multa dives tellure licebit
tibi que Pactolus fluat, 20
nec te Pythagorae fallant arcana renati,
formaque vincas Nireae,
cheu, translatus alio maerebis amores.
ast ego vicissim risero.

¹ offensae : Bentley.

Faithless !

Tw'as night, and in a cloudless sky the moon was
shining amid the lesser lights, when thou, soon to
outrage the majesty of the mighty gods, didst pledge
thy loyalty, clinging to me more closely with thy
twining arms than the lofty ilex is girt by the ivy, and
didst swear that as long as the wolf should be hostile
to the flock, as long as Orion, the sailors' foe, should
toss the wintry sea, as long as the breeze should wave
Apollo's unshorn locks, so long should last our love for
one another. O Neaera, doomed bitterly to rue my
manhood! For if there is a spark of the man in
Flaccus, he'll not allow thee to give night after night
to a more favoured rival, but in his anger he will
seek a fitting mate; nor will his stern resolve yield
to thy beauty's charms, now become hateful to him
once fixed resentment has entered his soul. And
thou, whoe'er thou art, that now paradest happier
than I and proud o'er my distress, though thou be
rich in flocks and acres broad, though for thee
Pactolus flow, and the secrets of Pythagoras rein-
carnate elude thee not, though in beauty thou
shouldst surpass even Nireus, alas! thou art doomed
to mourn her love flown to another. But I in turn
shall laugh.

XVI

ALTERA iam teritur bellis civilibus aetas,
 snis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit.
 quam neque finitimi valuerunt perdere Marsi
 minacis aut Etrusca Porsenae manus,
 aemula nec virtus Capuae nec Spartacus acer
 novisque rebus infidelis Allobrox
 nec fera caerulea domuit Germania pube
 parentibusque abominatus Hannibal:
 impia perdemus devoti sanguinis aetas,
 ferisque rursus occupabitur solum. 10
 barbarus heu cineres insistet victor et urbem
 eques sonante verberabit unguâ,
 quaeque carent ventis et solibus ossa Quirini,
 nefas videre! dissipabit insolens.
 forte, quod¹ expediat, communiter aut melior pars
 malis carere quaeritis laboribus?
 nulla sit hac potior sententia, Phocaeorum
 velut profugit execrata civitas
 agros atque lares patrios, habitandaque fana
 apris reliquit et rapacibus lupis, 20
 ire, pedes quocumque ferent, quocumque per undas
 Notus vocabit aut protervus Afrius.

* quod inferior MSS: quid best MSS

EPODE XVI

The Woes of Civil Strife. A Remedy

ALREADY a second generation is being ground to pieces by civil war, and Rome through her own strength is tottering. The city that neither the neighbouring Marsians had the power to ruin, nor the Etruscan host of threatening Porsena, nor Capua's rival might, nor fierce Spartacus, nor the Gaul, disloyal in time of tumult, nor wild Germany, with its blue-eyed youth, nor Hannibal by parents hated,—this selfsame city we ourselves shall ruin, we, an impious generation, of stock accurst; and the ground shall again be held by beasts of prey. The savage conqueror shall stand, alas! upon the ashes of our city, and the horseman shall trample it with clattering hoof, and (impious to behold!) shall scatter wantonly Quirinus' bones, that now are sheltered from the wind and sun.

Perchance all ye (and this were the wiser course), or at least the better part, seek to escape this dire distress? As once the Phocæan folk, having cursed their fields and ancestral gods, went into exile and left their shrines to be the dwelling-place of boars and ravening wolves, so with us let no other plan be preferred to this: To go wheresoever our feet shall bear us, wheresoever o'er the waves Notus or

sic placet? an melius quis habet suadere?
secunda

ratem occupare quid moramur alite?
sed iuremus in haec: simul imis saxa renarint
vadis levata, ne redire sit nefas;
neu conversa domum pigeat dare lintea, quando
Padus Matina laverit cacumina,
in mare seu celsus procurrerit Appenninus,
novaque monstra iunxerit libidine 30
mirus amor, iuvet ut tigres subsidere cervis,
adulteretur et columba miluö,
credula nec rivos timeant armenta leones,
ametque salsa levis hircus aequora.
haec et quae poterunt reditus abscindere dulces
eamus omnis exsecrata civitas,
aut pars indocili melior grege; mollis et exspes
inominata perprimat cubilia!
vos, quibus est virtus, muliebrem tollite luctum,
Etrusca praeter et volate litora. 40
nos manet Oceanus circumvagus; arva, beata
petamus arva divites et insulas,
reddit ubi Cererem tellus inarata quotannis
et imputata floret usque vinea,
germinat et numquam fallentis termes olivae,
suamque pulla ficus ornat arborem,
mella cava manant ex ilice, montibus altis
levis crepante lymphæ desilit pede.
illic iniussae veniunt ad mulctra capellae.
refertque tenta grex amicus ubera, 50

boisterous Africus shall call. Is such your pleasure?
Or has some one better counsel? Why, with omens
fair, do we delay to board the ship? But let us swear
to this: So soon as rocks shall rise from Ocean's depths
and float again, then let it be no sin to return! Nor
let us be loth to shift our canvas and trim it for the
voyage home, when the Po shall wash the Matinian
heights, when the lofty Apennines shall jut out into
the sea, when strange affection shall join monsters in
unnatural desire, so that tigers shall love to mate with
deer, and the dove shall pair with the kite, the trustful
herd fear not the tawny lion, and the goat, grown
smooth with scales, shall love the briny waters of the
sea. Having vowed these solemn pledges and what-
ever can prevent our sweet return, let us go forth, the
State entire, or the portion better than the ignorant
herd! Let the weak and hopeless remnant rest on
their ill-fated couches!

Ye who have manhood, away with womanish laments,
and speed past the Etruscan coasts! Us the encom-
passing Ocean awaits. Let us seek the Fields, the
Happy Fields, and the Islands of the Blest, where
every year the land, unploughed, yields corn, and
ever blooms the vine unpruned, and buds the shoot of
the never-failing olive; the dark fig graces its native
tree; honey flows from the hollow oak; from the
lofty hill, with plashing foot, lightly leaps the fountain.
There the goats come unbidden to the milking-pail,
and the willing flock brings swelling udders home;

EPODON LIBER

nec vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovile,
 neque intumescit alta viperis humus;
 pluraque felices mirabimur, ut neque largis
 aquosus Eurus arva radat imhribus,
 pingua nec siccis urantur semina glaebis,
 ntrumque rege temperante caelitem.¹
 non huc Argoo contendit remige pinus,
 neque impudica Colchis intulit pedem;
 non huc Sidonii torserunt cornua nautae,
 laboriosa nec cohors Ulixei.
 nulla nocent pecori contagia, nullius astri
 gregem aestnosa torret impotentia.
 Iuppiter illa piaec secrevit litora genti,
 ut inquinavit aere tempus aureum;
 aere, dehinc ferro duravit saecula, quorum
 piis secunda vate me datur fuga.

60

THE EPODES, xvi

nor does the bear at eventide growl 'round the sheep-
 fold, nor the ground swell high with vipers. And at yet
 more marvels shall we wonder in our good fortune,—
 how rainy Eurus does not deluge the cornland with
 his showers; and how the fertile seeds are not burnt
 up in the hard-baked clods, since the king of the gods
 tempers both heat and cold. Hither came no ship of
 pine with straining Argo's oarsmen, nor here did any
 shameless Colchian queen set foot; no Sidonian
 mariners hither turned their spars, nor Ulysses' toiling
 crew. No murrain blights the flock; no planet's
 blazing fury scorches the herd. Jupiter set apart
 these shores for a righteous folk, ever since with
 bronze he dimmed the lustre of the Golden Age.
 With bronze and then with iron did he harden the
 ages, from which a happy escape is offered to the
 righteous, if my prophecy be heeded.

¹ *The arrangement of the lines from 56 on varies with different editors.*

XVII

" I AM I AM efficaci do manus scientiæ,
 supplex et oro regna per Proserpinae,
 per et Dianæ non movenda numina,
 per atque libros carminum valentium
 refixa caelo devocare sidera,
 Canidia, parce vocibus tandem sacris
 citumque retro solve, solve turbinem!
 movit nepotem Telephus Nereïni,
 in quem superbis ordinat agmina
 Mysorum et in quem tela acuta torserat. 10
 unxere ¹ matres Iliæ addictum feris
 alitibus atque canibus homicidam Hectorem,
 postquam relictis moenibus rex procidit,
 heu! pervicacis ad pedes Achillei,
 saetosa duris exuere pellibus
 laboriosi remiges Ulixei
 volente Circa membra, tunc mens et sonus
 relapsus atque notus in vultus honor.
 dedi satis superque poenarum tibi,
 amata nautis multum et institoribus. 20
 fugit iuventas et verecundus color
 reliquit; ossa pelle amieta lurida,

¹ unxere: good MSS. also have luxere.

EPODE XVII

A Palinode

" At length I yield to thy potent skill, and on
 bended knee I beg—by the realms of Proserpine,
 by Diana's inviolable majesty, and by the books of
 incantations that have power to unfix the stars and
 call them down from heaven—Canidia, cease at
 length thy magic spells, and let the whirling wheel
 go back, go back: Telephus moved to pity Nerens'
 grandson, against whom in defiance he had marshalled
 the hosts of the Mysians and had hurled his pointed
 darts. Man-slaying Hector, though given o'er to
 birds of prey and dogs, the Ilian dames were suf-
 fered to anoint for funeral rites, after the king,
 leaving the city walls, fell, ah! piteous sight, at the
 feet of Achilles hard of heart! By Circe's will
 the oarsmen of toil-worn Ulysses put off the limbs
 bristling with tough hides; then returned wit and
 speech, and to their features the wonted grace.
 Enough of penalty and more have I paid to thee,
 thou much beloved of sailors and of peddlers!
 My youth has sped; departed is my rosy bloom; my

tuis capillus albus est odoribus,
 nullum ab labore me reclinat otium ;
 urget diem nox et dies noctem, neque est
 levare tenta spiritu praecordia.
 ergo negatum viucor ut credam miser,
 Sabella pectus increpare caruina
 caputque Marsa dissilire nenia.
 quid amplius vis ? o mare et terra, ardeo, 30
 quantum neque atro delibutus Hercules
 Nessi crnore, nec Sicana fervida
 virens in Aetna flamma ; tu, donec cinis
 iniuriosis aridus ventis ferar,
 cales venenis officina Colchicis.
 quae finis aut quod me manet stipendium ?
 effare ; iussas cum fide poenas luam,
 paratus expiare, seu poposceris
 centum iuveneos, sive mendaci lyra 40
 voles sonari : tu pudica, tu proba
 perambulabis astra sidus aureum.
 infamis Helenae Castor offensus vicem
 fraterque magni Castoris, victi prece,
 adempta vati reddidere lumina :
 et tu—potes nam—solve me dementia,
 o nec paternis obsoleta sordibus
 nec in sepulcris pauperum prudens anus
 novendiales dissipare pulveres.
 tibi hospitale pectus et purae manus

bones are covered with a yellow skin ; with thy
 essences my hair is white ; no respite relieves me
 from torment ; night follows close on day, and day on
 night ; nor is it possible to ease my straining breast
 by taking breath. And so, ill-fated, I am driven to
 believe what I once denied : that Sabellian incan-
 tations can confuse the heart, and that by Marsian
 spells the head is rent asunder. What more dost thou
 desire ? O sea and earth ! I burn as neither Hercules,
 steeped in the black blood of Nessus, nor the live
 Sicilian flame in blazing Aetna. But thou art a
 glowing shop of magic drugs, to the end that I may
 become dry ashes and be carried off by the wanton
 winds. What end or penalty awaits me ? Speak
 out ! 'The punishments commanded, I faithfully will
 pay, ready to make expiation, whether thou de-
 mandest a hundred bullocks, or wouldst have thy
 praises sounded on mendacious lute. Chaste and
 righteous, thou shalt be made to walk amid the
 stars, a golden constellation. Castor and mighty
 Castor's brother, incensed at the affront to Helen,
 were yet won o'er by prayers, and to the bard re-
 stored the sight they had taken away ; do thou—
 for thou art powerful—relieve me of my madness,
 O thou sullied by no ancestral taint, thou no hag
 deft in scattering funeral ashes amid the graves of
 the poor ! Kindly is thy heart and pure thy hands ;

tuosque venter Pactumeius, et tuo
 cruore rubros obstetrix pannos lavit,
 utcumque fortis exsilis puerpera."
 "quid obseratis auribus fundis preces?
 non saxa nudis surdiora navitis
 Neptunus alto tundit hibernus salo.
 inultus ut tu riseris Cotytia
 volgata, sacrum liberi Cupidinis,
 et Esquilini pontifex venefici
 impune ut urbem nomine impleris meo?
 quid proderit ditasse Paelignas anus
 velociusve miscuisse toxicum?
 sed tardiora fata te votis manent;
 ingrata misero vita ducenda est in hoc,
 novis ut usque suppetas laboribus.
 optat quietem Pelopis infidi pater,
 egens benignae Tantalus semper dapis,
 optat Prometheus obligatus aliti,
 optat supremo collocare Sisyphus
 in monte saxum; sed vetant leges Iovis.
 voles modo altis desilire turribus,
 modo ense pectus Norico recludere,
 frustraue vincla gutturi nectes tuo,
 fastidiosa tristis aegrimonia.
 vectabor umeris tunc ego inimicis eques,

50

60

70

Pactumeius is thy offspring, and thine the blood that
 stained the cloths the midwife washed, however
 sturdily thou trippest forth after thy travail."

"Why dost thou pour forth prayers to ears whose
 gates are barred? Not deafer to shipwrecked sailors
 are the cliffs that wintry Neptune beats with swelling
 surge! Thou to laugh with impunity at divulging the
 Cotytian rites and the orgies of Cupid unrestrained!
 Thou, the minister of Esquiline incantation, to fill
 the town with talk of me and reap no punishment!
 What use to have enriched Paelignian dames, or to
 have learned to mix a swifter poison! But a fate
 awaits thee more lingering than thy prayers implore.
 Wretch! Thou must drag out a weary life for this;
 to be ever present for fresh sufferings. For rest,
 longs Tantalus, the sire of faithless Pelops, yearning
 ever for the bounteous feast; for rest, Prometheus
 too, chained to the bird of prey. Sisyphus longs to
 set the rock upon the mountain's crest, but the laws
 of Jove forbid. Thy wish shall be, now to plunge
 down from lofty towers, now to pierce thy bosom
 with the Noric blade; and in vain shalt thou reeve
 the noose about thy throat, sick at heart with weary
 loathing. Then as a horseman I'll ride upon thy
 hated shoulders, and the earth shall give way before

EPODON LIBER

meaeque terra cedit insolentiae,
an quae movere cereas imagines,
ut ipse nosti curiosus, et polo
deripere lunam vocibus possim meis,
possim crematos excitare mortuos
desiderique temperare pocula,
plorem artis in te nil agentis exitum ?”

80

THE EPODES, xvii

my unexampled might. Shall I, who can make waxen images to feel (as thou, prying creature, thyself dost know), I who by incantations can snatch down the moon from heaven, can raise the ashes of the dead, and mix the potion that creates desire,—shall I lament the issue of my craft, futile against thee alone !”

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