

HORACE
ODES AND EPODES

EDITED AND TRANSLATED BY
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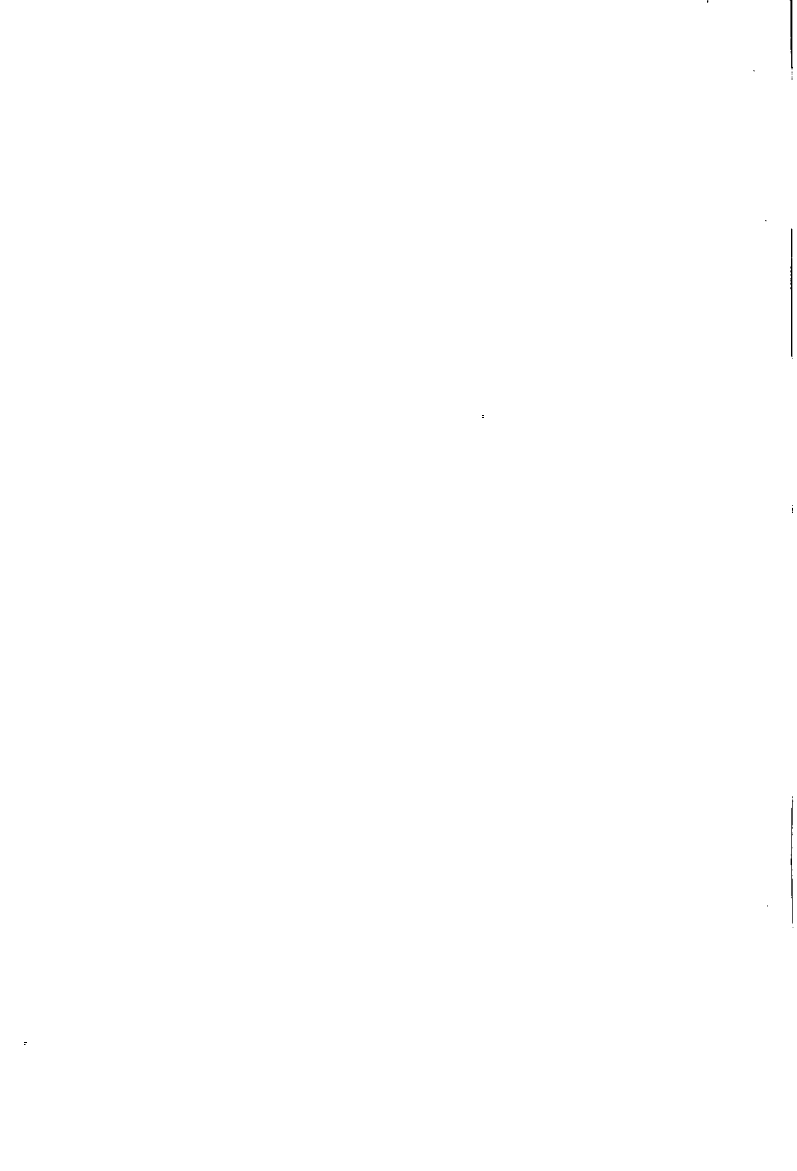
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PREFACE

This volume replaces C. E. Bennett's Loeb edition, which served teachers and students well for most of the twentieth century. Bennett was an accomplished Latinist, and it is no criticism to observe that after nearly ninety years his text and interpretations have at some points become outdated, and that especially in the "hymnic" odes his style now seems old-fashioned. Like Bennett's, the present translation is intended to serve as a guide to the Latin printed *en face*; yet too literal a version would produce a jarringly false effect; so the result is something of a compromise. Any prose rendering, of course, involves loss, and in the case of the *Odes*, where form counts for as much as content, the loss is especially regrettable. Yet a version in quatrains or couplets, like that of James Michie, however agreeable in itself, cannot remain close to the original. David West's translation, sometimes in prose, sometimes in verse, is always lively, and Guy Lee's policy of reproducing Horace's metres is an impressive extension of J. B. Leishman's experiment. But, as anyone who has ever tried will admit, there can be no wholly satisfactory solution. I offer this attempt to readers, whatever their needs, in the hope that it will convey, to a worthwhile degree, the meaning and spirit of a writer whose rise to fame was highly unusual, and who conveyed the outlook of the "normal civil-

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ised man" in poetry that was quite exceptional. As Quintilian observed in the first century A.D., "Of our lyric poets Horace is pretty well the only one worth reading. He rises at times to grandeur, and is full of pleasantness and charm. There is great variety in his figures of speech, and his boldness in the choice of words is equalled only by his felicity" (*Inst. Orat.* X.1.96).

This translation is based on the Oxford Text of E. C. Wickham, revised by H. W. Garrod, Oxford 1912. Significant departures are indicated at the bottom of each page; where these are conjectures, as in I.2.39, the name of the proposer is added, the Oxford reading being recorded on the right; where they are variant readings, as in I.8.2, the manuscript sources can be found in the Oxford Text, in the Teubners of F. Klingner (1959) and D. R. Shackleton Bailey (1985), or in the Paravia edition by Lenchantin de Gubernatis, revised by D. Bo (1958); the Oxford reading again is recorded on the right. When the Oxford reading is retained, occasionally another reading is noted on the right. If that reading is a conjecture, as in I.5.16, its proposer is recorded; if it is a variant, as in IV.7.15, its source can be discovered in the editions mentioned above.

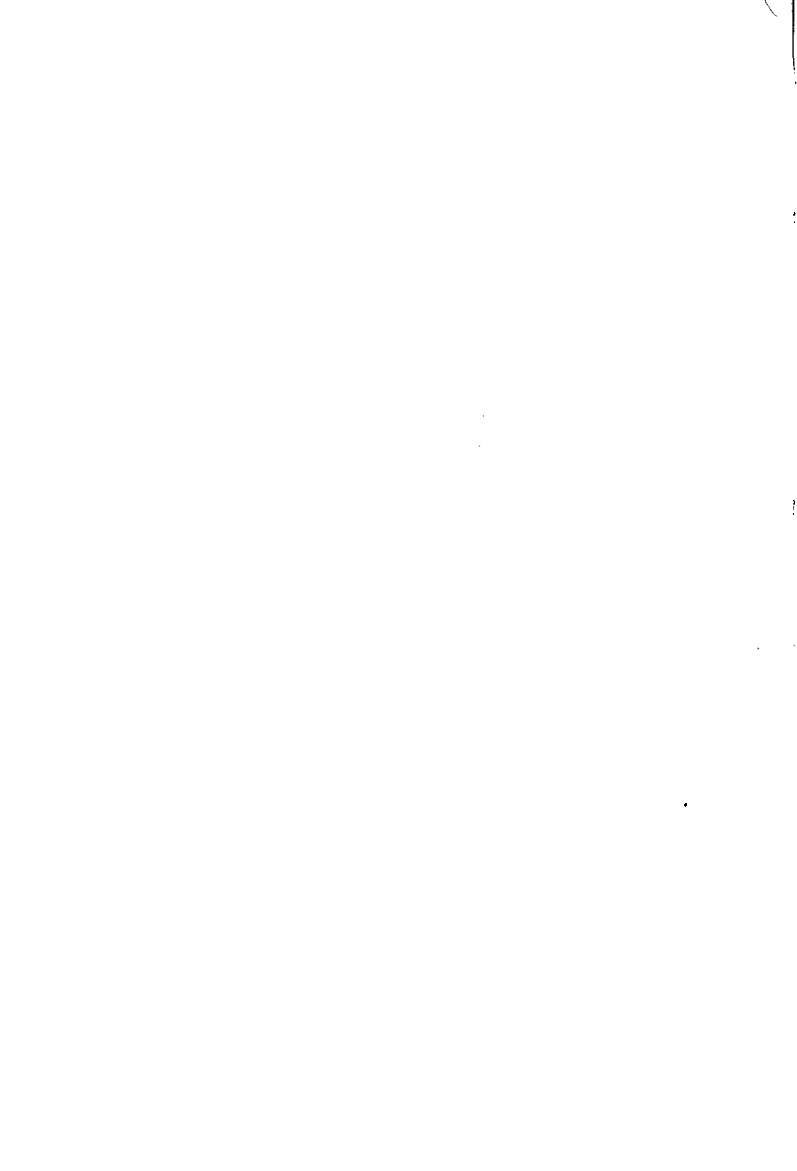
The volume retains the traditional order, i.e. Odes (*Carmina*), Hymn for a New Age (*Carmen Saeculare*), Epodes (*Iambi*); for although the Epodes are the earliest compositions, they are less often consulted. The titles of the poems have been supplied by the translator. Footnotes have been provided where they were needed to clarify the sense. For proper names the reader should consult the Index of Names, which serves as a glossary.

It remains to record my thanks to the late G. P. Goold, and to Professors R. G. M. Nisbet, Richard Thomas, Zeph

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Stewart, and Jeffrey Henderson for their comments on earlier drafts, and to Professor Frederick Williams for helping with the proofs. The shortcomings, as usual, are the author's.

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INTRODUCTION

In 88 B.C. the town of Venusia, on the borders of Apulia and Lucania, which had sided with the Italian Allies in their struggle against Rome, was stormed, and more than 3,000 prisoners were taken (Diodorus 37.2.10). That may have been the occasion when Horace's father, probably still a minor, became a slave. Although he was subsequently emancipated, and was free at the time of Horace's birth (December 8, 65 B.C.), the poet had to endure the sneer that he was "the son of a freedman" (*Sat.* I.6.6,45,46; *Epist.* I.20.20). His mother is not mentioned; perhaps he never knew her.

In spite of these tragic events, Horace's father had made sufficient money as an auctioneer's agent to enable him to take his boy away from Venusia, where the local school was attended by the swaggering sons of Roman centurions (*Sat.* I.6.72-5), and to have him educated in the capital at a fashionable school, where he mixed with the sons of the upper class. At that time (the 50's) Rome was plagued by gang warfare between Caesarians (led by Clodius) and Pompeians (led by Milo), which eventually led to the civil war (49-45). Then came the assassination of Caesar, after which Brutus left Italy to raise an army in the East. In Athens he recruited Horace, who was attending university in Athens along with several young aristocrats.

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Despite his lack of experience Horace was made a military tribune, and before long took part in the disastrous battle of Philippi on the Via Egnatia in Macedonia (42 B.C.). Antony won the day, and Horace was lucky to escape with his life. Returning to Rome under an amnesty, he managed to acquire a secretaryship in the treasury. This gave him enough to live on, and he began to write poetry in earnest.

Soon, on the strength of some early epodes and satires, Vergil and Varius introduced him to Maecenas, and he entered the great patron's circle early in 37 B.C. In that year he accompanied Maecenas on a journey south (*Sat.* I.5). He was also probably with him when, in the struggle against Sextus Pompeius, Octavian's fleet suffered a serious setback off Cape Palinurus (*Odes* III.4.28). Later he affirmed his willingness to accompany Maecenas to Actium (*Epod.* 1), and may actually have done so (*Epod.* 9). If he did, that would have added further force to *Odes* II.6.7-8, where in addressing an old comrade-in-arms he claims to be "weary of the sea and marching and fighting." So, like many others who grew up in the last generation of the Republic, Horace was all too familiar with death and danger. Perhaps that was one reason why he felt such an affinity with the old warrior Alcaeus (see below).

Though he was doubtless wary of Octavian (Augustus after 27 B.C.), Horace recognised that he had brought peace and the hope of recovery. To most sections of the populace Augustus also brought greater freedom, namely the provincials, the equites, and the plebs. True, the power of the senate was broken beyond repair, but Horace may never have had much enthusiasm for the old oligarchic system (see, e.g., *Sat.* I.6).

A few years after joining Maecenas' circle Horace re-

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ceived from his patron the present of a sizeable estate in the hills beyond Tibur (Tivoli). It had a household staff of eight, and was worked by five families who paid him rent. This was an enormous boon, and the poet took full advantage of it. He also stayed from time to time in Tibur, Praeneste, Baiae, Velia, Tarentum, and no doubt other scenic areas. But he still spent much of his time in Rome, where he came to know many of the most important figures. When their names appear in the *Odes* (Agrippa, Pollio, Messalla, and the rest) that is not merely a sign that the social climber has now reached the top (as his detractors would have put it), but also that he has favoured them with a much coveted tribute, for which, like a fashionable portrait painter, he has doubtless received an appropriate fee (cf. II.18.10–11).

THE ODES

Horace takes pride in being the first Roman to write a body of lyric poetry. These poems are explicitly based on the work of Greek writers (I.1.35, 32.3ff.; III.30.13–14; IV.3.23), Alcaeus above all, but also Sappho and, in the case of the major public odes, Pindar; another source was Greek epigram. But whatever their origin or their point of departure, the poems are almost always set in a Roman context. Thus I.37 opens with a direct quotation from a poem of Alcaeus which hailed the death of a tyrant; but the celebration is a Roman one, and the defeated figure is Cleopatra. The poem's dramatic date is just after the news of her suicide (August 30 B.C.) reached Rome. Nearly all (perhaps all) of the odes in the first collection belong to the period between then and 23.

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Books I–III

Eleven of the eighty-eight pieces in Books I–III are public poems on patriotic themes, upholding the traditional values of courage, constancy, loyalty, and piety which the new regime was keen to restore. These values had been articulated and confirmed in the kind of Stoicism brought to Rome in the mid second century by the Greek Panaetius, and transmitted to later generations by Cicero. As for the religious dimension, the deities are the age-old Roman counterparts of the Olympians; and they could be invoked and described by Horace in his capacity as the priest of the Muses (III.1.2) or sacred bard (I.31.2; III.6.2). Privately, he was not a believer. When, for instance, he says that Augustus will eventually drink nectar with the gods (III.3.11–12), he himself would have accepted this only as a reference to the Emperor's enduring fame; after death all men, however powerful, were dust and shadow (IV.7.16). Yet the survival of the great and the good was affirmed by Stoic thinkers and was, of course, later compatible with Christian theology. The finest of the public poems, then, have been admired for their dignity and rhetorical force, and over the years many readers have regarded them as Horace's greatest achievement.

The large majority of the pieces, however, are on private themes. Several are addressed to friends, now inviting or greeting or praising them, now chiding or counselling or consoling. Epicurus' influence is felt here and there, but in many cases Horace draws from the large area where the various schools overlap. In themselves the ideas are simple, amounting to no more than sensible advice on coping with life. But when conveyed as they are in I.4, II.3,10,14,

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and III.29, they have an ageless power; for as a later poet (also a consummate Latinist) said, "The troubles of our proud and angry dust / Are from eternity and shall not fail" (A. E. Housman, *Last Poems*, IX).

In writing about love, Horace comments on the concerns of other people, or reflects on his own past affairs; but he rarely speaks of being in love at the moment. When he does, the emotion is not deeply felt, or, if it is, it does not appear to have lasted for long. What the odes do project is a half-tender, half-ironical attitude towards love (including his own), which observes its vagaries and locates it within a general pattern of experience. Whether because of age or temperament, it never had the consuming intensity that it had for Catullus. Precedents will be found rather in Anacreon and the epigrams of the Greek Anthology. In love, as in friendship, happiness is enhanced and sadness consoled by wine. The other important link is music, by which Horace meant lyric poetry itself. This endeared him to other men and women, and at the same time set him apart. Inspiration was his greatest blessing, yet its origins were mysterious and its coming unpredictable. So he welcomed it as, in a very real sense, a divine gift.

Horace himself must have prepared the poems for publication; yet the principles of arrangement are only occasionally obvious. Thus I.1 (aspiration) and III.30 (achievement), and only they, are in Asclepiads throughout; I.1-9 represent a parade of different metres, and the first three bring together the three most important figures in the poet's life (Maecenas, Augustus, and Vergil); Maecenas begins both the first and the second half of Book I; Book II, nos. 1-11, at the centre of the collection, alternate between Alcaics and Sapphics; III.1-6 are all in Alcaics; II.20 on the

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poet's achievement foreshadows III.30. A few other correspondences could probably be adduced, but in general the more detailed the proposals for schematic patterns are, the more unconvincing they appear.

Hymn for a New Age

Occasional glimpses of what Horace was doing in the years after 23 B.C. can be obtained from Book I of the *Epistles*. There we find him reading Homer in Praeneste, addressing young writers who are campaigning in the East with Tiberius, cheering up an Albius who is probably the elegist Tibullus, entertaining an aristocratic barrister, writing a reference, describing his estate and chatting with his agent, setting off to convalesce on the coast, asserting his originality as a poet, and ridiculing his imitators. Most interesting, perhaps, is no. 7, in which he firmly establishes independence from Maecenas, who has been missing his company and complaining about his long absences. This may remind us of an earlier occasion, recorded by Suetonius, when he declined a request from the Emperor that he should become his personal secretary. Such episodes indicate how unfair it is to describe the poet simply as a client who obtained favours from his patrons in return for flattery.

Horace intended Odes III.30 to mark the end of his lyric phase. His friends, however, had other ideas. Late in 20 B.C., or perhaps early in 19, Maecenas tried to persuade him to resume (*Epist.* I.1.1–11), and later in 19 Julius Florus tried again (*Epist.* II.2.24–5). These attempts could be deflected, but an official request from the Emperor, attested by Suetonius in his *Life of Horace*, was another mat-

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ter. This request, which presumably arrived in 18 B.C., was for a choral hymn to accompany the ceremonies scheduled to take place in the spring of 17. Held ten years after the settlement of 27 B.C., these ceremonies would mark the achievements of the Augustan regime and inaugurate a new age (*saeculum*) in Roman history. The length of the *saeculum* was here envisaged as 110 years (line 21). Full accounts of the celebrations are available in Warde Fowler (439–47) and Fraenkel (364–82). The hymn was performed by a choir of young girls and boys in honour of the gods, especially Apollo (associated with the sun) and Diana (associated with the moon). The symbolism of the hymn has its counterpart on the Ara Pacis and the breastplate of the Prima Porta Augustus; see Zanker, figs. 136 and 148b.

Book IV

To judge from the reference in IV.6.31–44, the centennial celebrations seem to have given Horace the impetus to start another book of odes. If so, the idea was confirmed when Augustus asked him to extol the military achievements of his stepsons, Drusus and Tiberius, against the Alpine tribes. These tribes, in particular the Raeti of the Tirol and the Vindelici of Bavaria and Eastern Switzerland, were blocking the passes to troops and traders, and conducting raids into northern Italy. If the passes could be cleared, that would shorten Rome's communications and enable a frontier to be established along the Danube. In 15 B.C., after defeating the Vindelici (IV.4), Drusus advanced through the Resia (Reschenscheideck) and Brenner passes into the valley of the Inn. At the same time Tiberius marched east from Lake Constance. On August 1st the

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brothers joined forces and overwhelmed the remaining tribesmen who offered resistance (IV.14). "Italy at length had peace from their inroads . . . Cisalpine Gaul could now become in the fullest sense part of Italy"—so observes Syme, quite correctly.¹ Yet Horace hints at the cost when he speaks of "hearts that were determined to die in freedom" (IV.14.18). Odes 5 and 15 anticipate the return of Augustus from Spain and Gaul in 13 B.C. No. 1 formally introduces the collection. The main body of the poem is concerned with the young aristocrat Paullus Fabius Maximus, who is shortly to marry Augustus' cousin. This acts as a prelude to the praises of the new generation of public men: Iullus Antonius (2), Drusus and Tiberius (4 and 14), Censorinus (8). These poems, like 5 and 15 (Augustus) and 9 (Lollius), are public and positive. No. 1, however, has also a second function. Whether or not it marks a resurgence of sexual desire, it certainly signals a renewal of love poetry, albeit of a muted and nostalgic kind. The relevant pieces include nos. 10 (Ligurinus), 11 (Phyllis), and 13 (Cinara, and Lyce as she once was); as private odes they go along with those addressed to Torquatus (7) and Vergil (12). Both the public and the private groups are connected, as in the earlier collection, by the theme of poetry or song, which accounts for half of 2 and 6, most of 9, and the whole of 3 and 8. No. 8 occupies the centre of the collection and by its metre recalls I.1 and III.30. Along with 9, it modifies the deep pessimism of no. 7: there is, after all, one thing that survives death, namely art.

These poems take us to within a few years of the end.

¹ *The Cambridge Ancient History*, 1st ed., vol. x, p. 349.

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Although it is clear that the Emperor is now Horace's chief patron, his old friend Maecenas is not forgotten (11.19). Maecenas died at the end of September 8 B.C., and in his will he gave an instruction to Augustus: "Remember Horatius Flaccus as you remember me." As if recalling what he had said in II.17.10–12 ("We are ready to set out on the final journey as comrades together"), Horace followed on November 27th. They buried him near Maecenas on the Esquiline Hill.

THE EPODES

The *Epodes* (or *Iambi*, as Horace would have called them) were published in 30 B.C. They were written at various times in the previous decade, but give few indications of date. No. 7 tells us that a new civil war is about to start. Horace could have made this statement before the pact of Brundisium in October 40 B.C. at a time when Antony's troops were in southern Italy and a full-scale war between himself and Octavian seemed imminent, or in 39 before the outbreak of war between Octavian and Pompey's son, Sextus Pompeius. The same theme recurs in the first part of the magnificent no. 16. But as the war has now begun, and this is a much more elaborate poem, one naturally puts it later than no. 7. Both, however, appear to have been written in this early period, for no. 16 is closely connected with Vergil's fourth eclogue, which belongs to 40 B.C. (This view is argued by R. G. M. Nisbet in Woodman and West, pp. 1–7). Other scholars put the pieces much later: before and after Actium (31 B.C.) respectively (see pp. 143 and 244 of Mankin's commentary). But once Horace had

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thrown in his lot with Maecenas and Octavian in 37 B.C. he was clearly committed to their cause, as in *Epodes* 1 and 9, whereas nos. 7 and 16 deliver an entirely general condemnation. No. 10 may also belong to the early 30's, for Mevius, too, seems to come from the world of Vergil's *Eclogues* (see *Ecl.* 3.90). Nos. 3 and 14 must be later than the early part of 37, when Horace became Maecenas' client. No. 4 refers to the war against Sextus Pompeius (39–36 B.C.), to judge from the mention of "brigands and slaves" in line 19. It is reasonable to put no. 5 in the same period as *Satires* 1.8: about 36 B.C.; for Canidia and Sagana also appear in that poem. The other Canidia piece (no. 17) came after the satire, for line 58 refers to the setting on the Esquiline (*Sat.* 1.8.14) and the wax dolls (76) refer to that mentioned in *Satires* 1.8.30 and 43. Nos. 1 and 9 were written just before and immediately after Actium.

Within the collection, one assumes that no. 12 is earlier than no. 11, for at 12.15 Inachia is said to be Horace's mistress, whereas at 11.5–6 the affair has been over for two years. This indicates that the pieces are not arranged in strict chronological order (nor, indeed, is it plausible to suggest that nos. 2–8 were all written between 1 and 9). No. 9 is placed exactly in the middle, giving Maecenas the prominence that he was to enjoy in *Odes* 1.20. The two parts are connected by thematic links between 1 and 9 (Actium), 2 and 16.41–66 (idealised country life), 5 and 17 (Canidia), 7 and 16.1–34 (civil war), 8 and 12 (an aging woman). But, as usual, there is no symmetrical pattern.

The genre in which Horace was working is made explicit in *Epistles* 1.19.23–5: "I was the first to show the iambs of Paros to Latium, keeping Archilochus' rhythms

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and fire, but not his themes or the words which hunted Lycambes." Archilochus of Paros wrote his iambs in the seventh century B.C. According to tradition, Lycambes, after promising his daughter Neobule to the poet, reneged, whereupon Archilochus attacked them with such savage invective that they hanged themselves. Horace refers to Archilochus in *Epodes* 6.13, where he couples him with Hipponax, who in the sixth century made a famous attack on the sculptor Bupalus. The "iambic" writers did not confine themselves to the iambic metre, and the same is true of Horace. It is perhaps surprising, however, that Horace, unlike Catullus, never chose to write in Hipponax's favourite metre, the *scazon* or limping iambic, in which the penultimate syllable was long.

It has often been pointed out that, perhaps mainly for political and social reasons, Horace modified the pugnacity that was seen as characteristic of Archilochus. The figure attacked in no. 4 was doubtless identifiable in the Rome of the 30's, and the coward of no. 6, though probably less well known, was no less real (it diminishes the poet's impact to maintain that he assailed only fictitious characters); but neither has been given a name. The same applies to the victim of the vitriolic lampoons 8 and 12. The complaints made about Neaera (15.11) are of quite a different order, but even there the name itself may not be authentic. The fiendish Canidia, who also appears in three of the Satires (1.8, 2.1, and 2.8), represents a type, in that contemporary witchcraft is well attested; how far she is based on an acquaintance cannot be determined. The violence of the tirade in no. 10 is so incommensurate with its target (who was, after all, only a poet) that it must be seen as a rather

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uncharitable joke. Even less serious is the invective against garlic (and indirectly Maecenas) in no. 3. The beautiful idyll in no. 2 turns out to be satirical, but the satire is very gentle; and the target of the remarks in 11 and 14 is the poet himself. No. 13, perhaps the finest piece in the collection, contains no aggression at all, and would easily pass for an ode. However, before drawing too sharp a distinction between Horace and his Greek "models," it is well to remember that Archilochus did not confine himself to bitter lampoons, any more than Lucilius confined himself to mordant satire. Like Horace's other collections, the Epodes present an interesting variety of subject and mood.

METRES

(The nomenclature adopted below follows that of Bennett.)

The Odes

1. *Asclepiad-based systems*

Asclepiad - - - u u - / - u u - u u

(Maecenas atavis edite regibus)

Greater Asclepiad - - - u u - / - u u - / - u u - u u

(nullam, Vare, sacra vite prius severis arborem)

Glyconic - - - u u - u u

(cui flavam religas comam)

Pherecratean - - - u u - u

(grato, Pyrrha, sub antro)

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(a) *First Asclepiad* (I.1; III.30; IV.8). A series of Asclepiad lines.

(b) *Second Asclepiad* (I.3,13,19,36; III.9,15,19,24,25,28; IV.1,3). A quatrain of alternating Glyconics and Asclepiads.

(c) *Third Asclepiad* (I.6,15,24,33; II.12; III.10,16; IV.5,12). Three Asclepiads followed by a Glyconic.

(d) *Fourth Asclepiad* (I.5,14,21,23; III.7,13; IV.13). Two Asclepiads followed by a Pherecratean and a Glyconic.

(e) *Fifth Asclepiad* (I.11, 18; IV.10). A series of greater Asclepiads.

2. *The Alcaic stanza* (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)

⏟ - ⏟ - - / - ⏟ ⏟ - ⏟ ⏟

⏟ - ⏟ - - / - ⏟ ⏟ - ⏟ ⏟

⏟ - ⏟ - - - ⏟ - ⏟

- ⏟ ⏟ - ⏟ ⏟ - ⏟ - ⏟

3(a) *The Sapphic stanza* (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; *Car-
men Saeculare*)

- ⏟ - - - ⏟ ⏟ - ⏟ - ⏟

- ⏟ - - - ⏟ ⏟ - ⏟ - ⏟

- ⏟ - - - ⏟ ⏟ - ⏟ - ⏟

- ⏟ ⏟ - ⏟

3(b) *The greater Sapphic* (I.8). An Aristophaneus followed by a greater Sapphic line:

- ⏟ ⏟ - ⏟ - -

- ⏟ - - - ⏟ ⏟ - / - ⏟ ⏟ - ⏟ - -

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4. *Epodic metres*

(a) *Alcmanic strophe* (I.7,28). A dactylic hexameter followed by a dactylic tetrameter

- u - u - u - u - u - u
- u - u - u - u

(b) *First Archilochian* (IV.7). A dactylic hexameter followed by a hemiepes (i.e. half a dactylic pentameter)

- u - u - u - u - u u --
- u u - u u

(c) *Fourth Archilochian* (I.4). A greater Archilochian followed by an iambic trimeter catalectic

- u - u - u - u u / - u - u - -
u - u - - / - u - u - -

(d) *Hipponactean* (II.18). A trochaic dimeter catalectic followed by an iambic trimeter catalectic

- u - u - u u
u - u - u / - u - u - -

5. *Ionics* (III.12). A succession of ionic metra (u u - -). The line division is uncertain.

The Epodes

1. *Iambic Strophe*

u - u - u / - u - u - u u
u - u - u - u u

This consists of an iambic trimeter (two iambic feet = a metron) and an iambic dimeter. A spondee (- -) is occasionally substituted for the iambus in the odd feet of the verse, and at times other feet are substituted, viz. the tri-

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brach (◡ ◡ ◡), the dactyl (– ◡ ◡), and rarely the anapaest (◡ ◡ –). *Epodes* 1–10.

2. *Third Archilochian*

◡ – ◡ – ◡ / – ◡ – ◡ – ◡ –
– ◡ ◡ – ◡ ◡ – / ◡ – ◡ – ◡ – ◡ –

An iambic trimeter followed by a hemiepes (i.e. half a dactylic pentameter) plus an iambic dimeter. *Epode* 11.

3. *Alcmanic strophe*

– ◡◡ – ◡◡ – / ◡◡ – ◡◡ – ◡ ◡ – ◡
– ◡◡ – ◡◡ – ◡ ◡ – ◡

A dactylic hexameter followed by a dactylic tetrameter. A spondee is freely substituted for a dactyl. *Epode* 12.

4. *Second Archilochian*

– ◡◡ – ◡◡ – / ◡◡ – ◡◡ – ◡ ◡ – ◡
◡ – ◡ – ◡ – ◡ ◡ / – ◡ ◡ – ◡ ◡ ◡

A dactylic hexameter followed by an iambic dimeter plus a hemiepes (i.e. half a dactylic pentameter). In the first and third feet of the dimeter a spondee may take the place of an iambus. *Epode* 13.

5. *First Pythiambic*

– ◡◡ – ◡◡ – / ◡◡ – ◡◡ – ◡ ◡ – ◡
◡ – ◡ – ◡ – ◡ ◡

A dactylic hexameter followed by an iambic dimeter. *Epodes* 14 and 15.

6. *Second Pythiambic*

– ◡◡ – ◡◡ – / ◡◡ – ◡◡ – ◡ ◡ – ◡
◡ – ◡ – ◡ / – ◡ – ◡ – ◡ ◡

A dactylic hexameter followed by an iambic trimeter. No

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substitutes are allowed here for the iambus. *Epode* 16.

7. *Iambic trimeter*

⏏ - ⏏ - ⏏ / - ⏏ - ⏏ - ⏏ ⏏

For substitutions see 1 above. *Epode* 17.

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*Asterisked works contain extensive bibliographies.

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ODES

LIBER PRIMUS

1

Maecenas atavis edite regibus,
o et praesidium et dulce decus meum,
sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
collegisse iuvat, metaque fervidis
5 evitata rotis palmaque nobilis
terrarum dominos evehit ad deos;
hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium
certat tergeminis tollere honoribus;
illum, si proprio condidit horreo
10 quidquid de Libycis verritur areis.
gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
agros Attalicis condicionibus
numquam demoveas ut trabe Cypria
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.
15 luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
mercator metuens otium et oppidi
laudat rura sui; mox reficit ratis
quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.
est qui nec veteris pocula Massici
20 nec partem solido demere de die
spernit, nunc viridi membra sub arbuto

BOOK I

1

Dedication to Maecenas

Maecenas, descended from royal lineage, my protection, my fame and my joy, there are some who enjoy raising Olympic dust with their chariots (the turning post just cleared by their scorching wheels, and the palm of glory, exalt them to heaven as lords of the earth); one man is delighted if the mob of fickle citizens strive to elevate him to the three great offices;¹ another if he has stored in his own barn every grain that is swept from the threshing floors of Libya. If a man takes pleasure in tilling his father's fields with a hoe, you will never tempt him away, even on Attalus' terms, to become a terrified sailor cleaving the Sea of Myrto in a Cyprian bark. When a gale from Africa fights with the Icarian waves, the frightened trader recommends an easy life on a farm near his home town; a little later he repairs his shattered fleet, for he cannot learn to put up with modest means. One man does not refuse cups of old Massic, and is prepared to take a slice out of the working day, stretched out at length beneath a leafy arbutus or at

¹ Those of quaestor, praetor, and consul.

HORACE

stratus, nunc ad aquae lene caput sacrae.
multos castra iuvant et lituo tubae
permixtus sonitus bellaque matribus
25 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
30 dis miscent superis, me gelidum nemus
nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori
secernunt populo, si neque tibus
Euterpe cohibet nec Polyhymnia
Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton.
35 quodsi me lyricis vatibus inseres,
sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

2

Iam satis terris nivis atque dirae
grandinis misit Pater et rubente
dextera sacras iaculatus arces
 terrui urbem,
5 terrui gentis, grave ne rediret
saeculum Pyrrhae nova monstra quæstae,
omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos
 visere montis,
piscium et summa genus haesit ulmo
10 nota quæ sedes fuerat columbis,
et superiecto pavidæ natarunt
 aequore dammae.

ODES I.2

the gentle source of a sacred stream. Many enjoy camp life: the braying of horns and trumpets, and the battles so abhorred by mothers. The huntsman, without a thought for his young wife, stays out beneath the freezing sky if a deer has been sighted by the faithful hounds, or a Marsian boar has broken through the fine-spun net. As for me, the ivy crown, the reward of poetic brows, puts me in the company of the gods above; the cool grove and the light-footed bands of Nymphs and Satyrs set me apart from the crowd, provided Euterpe does not cease to pipe and Polyhymnia does not refuse to tune the Lesbian lyre. But if *you* rank me among the lyric bards of Greece, I shall soar aloft and strike the stars with my head.

2

To the deliverer and hope of the state

Enough fearsome snow and hail has the father now poured upon the earth; he has terrified the city by striking the sacred citadel with his fiery hand, and terrified the people for fear the disastrous age of Pyrrha should return, who cried aghast at unheard-of marvels, when Proteus drove all his seals to visit the high mountains, and the race of fish became lodged in the tops of elm trees, which before had been the home of doves, and panic-stricken deer swam in the all-engulfing flood.

HORACE

vidimus flavum Tiberim retortis
 litore Etrusco violenter undis
 15 ire deiectum monumenta regis
 templaque Vestae,
 Iliae dum se nimium querenti
 iactat ultorem, vagus et sinistra
 labitur ripa Iove non probante u-
 20 xorius amnis.
 audiet civis acuisse ferrum
 quo graves Persae melius perirent,
 audiet pugnas vitio parentum
 rara iuventus.
 25 quem vocet divum populus ruentis
 imperi rebus? prece qua fatigent
 virgines sanctae minus audientem
 carmina Vestam?
 cui dabit partis scelus expiandi
 30 Iuppiter? tandem venias precamur
 nube candentis umeros amictus,
 augur Apollo;
 sive tu mavis, Erycina ridens,
 quam Iocus circum volat et Cupido;
 35 sive neglectum genus et nepotes
 respicis auctor,
 heu nimis longo satiate ludo,
 quem iuvat clamor galeaeque leves
 acer et Marsi¹ peditis cruentum
 40 vultus in hostem;

¹ Marsi *Faber*] Mauri

ODES I.2

We have seen the yellow Tiber, its waves hurled back from the Tuscan bank, proceed to wreck the king's monuments² including Vesta's shrine, while the river boasted that he was avenging the bitterly protesting Ilia, and without Jove's permission, flowed far and wide over the left bank, like a fond husband.³

The young generation, diminished by their parents' crimes, will hear how citizens sharpened the sword which should rather have slain the deadly Parthians, and will hear the wars they fought.

What divinity are the people to call upon to restore the fortunes of their crumbling power? With what prayers are the holy Virgins to weary Vesta who at present pays no heed to their chants? To whom will Jupiter assign the task of expiating our crime? Come now, we beg you, Augur Apollo, with your bright shoulders clothed in cloud; or if *you* would sooner do so, smiling Lady of Eryx,⁴ who have Fun and Desire flitting round you; or *you*, if as our founder⁵ you have any regard for the race you have neglected and for your own descendants, cease (for you have had your fill) from the game which has gone on, alas, too long, you who exult in the uproar of battle, and polished helmets, and the fierce expression of the Marsian foot soldier as he glares at his bleeding foe.

² I.e. the *regia*, or palace, of Numa, and Vesta's temple.

³ Horace follows the version in which the Tiber marries Ilia, the mother of Romulus and Remus.

⁴ Venus, who had a cult on Mount Eryx in Sicily.

⁵ Mars.

HORACE

sive mutata iuvenem figura
ales in terris imitaris almae
filius Maiæ patiens vocari
Caesaris ultor:
45 serus in caelum redeas diuque
laetus intersis populo Quirini,
neve te nostris vitiis iniquum
ocior aura
tollat; hic magnos potius triumphos,
50 hic ames dici pater atque princeps,
neu sinas Medos equitare inultos
te duce, Caesar.

3

Sic te diva potens Cypri,
sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
ventorumque regat pater
obstrictis aliis præter Iapyga,
5 navis, quæ tibi creditum
debes Vergilium, finibus Atticis
reddas incolumem precor,
et serves animæ dimidium meæ.
illi robur et aes triplex
10 circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
commisit pelago ratem
primus, nec timuit præcipitem Africum
decertantem Aquilonibus
nec tristis Hyadas nec rabiem Noti,

ODES I.3

Or you come, o winged son of kindly Maia, if you take on the shape of a young man on earth and are willing to be called Caesar's avenger;⁶ may it be long before you return to heaven; may you dwell happily with Romulus' folk for many a year, and may no breeze come too soon and carry you aloft, alienated by our sins. Here rather may you enjoy glorious triumphs, here may you be glad to be called Father and First Citizen, and refuse to allow the Medes to ride unpunished while you are our leader, Caesar.

3

To Vergil setting out for Greece

May the goddess⁷ who rules over Cyprus, and Helen's brothers,⁸ those bright stars, and the lord of the winds,⁹ tying up all the others except the Iapyx, guide you, o ship; for you hold Vergil in trust and owe him to me. Be sure to discharge him intact on the shores of Attica, I pray you, and save one who is half my soul.

Oak and three layers of brass were wrapped round the heart of that man who first entrusted a fragile craft to the savage sea, and had no fear of the headlong rush of the Southwester as it fought to the death with the northern blasts, or of the Hyades' rain storms, or of the mad South Wind (no more mighty judge presides over the Adriatic,

⁶ A reference to Octavian, the future Augustus. The winged son of Maia is Mercury, who was a civiliser.

⁷ Venus, who had cult centres in Cyprus.

⁸ Castor and Pollux; their "star" is the so-called St. Elmo's fire, regarded as a good omen.

⁹ In *Odyssey* 10.19ff. Aeolus does this favour for Odysseus.

HORACE

15 quo non arbiter Hadriae
 maior, tollere seu ponere vult freta.
 quem mortis timuit gradum,
 qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,
 qui vidit mare turbidum et
20 infamis scopulos Acroceraunia?
 nequiquam deus absceidit
 prudens Oceano dissociabili
 terras, si tamen impiae
 non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.
25 audax omnia perpeti
 gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.
 audax Iapeti genus
 ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit.
 post ignem aetheria domo
30 subductum macies et nova febrium
 terris incubuit cohors,
 semotique prius tarda necessitas
 leti corripuit gradum.
 expertus vacuum Daedalus aera
35 pennis 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 I.3

whether he decides to stir up its waters or calm them down).

What form of death struck terror into that man who looked with dry eyes on swimming monsters, tossing seas, and those infamous rocks, Thunder Peaks?¹⁰ All to no avail did God deliberately separate countries by the divisive ocean if, in spite of that, impious boats go skipping over the seas that were meant to remain inviolate.

The human species, audacious enough to endure anything, plunges into forbidden sacrilege. The audacious son of Iapetus by an act of criminal deception brought fire to the nations. After the theft of fire from its heavenly home, a wasting disease and an unprecedented troop of fevers fell upon the earth, and the doom of a distant death, which up to then was slow in coming, quickened its step.

Daedalus made trial of the empty air on wings that were never meant for men; Hercules (he of the labours) burst through to the region of Acheron;¹¹ nothing is too steep for mortals. In our folly we aspire to the sky itself, and by our crimes we do not allow Jove to lay aside his bolts of wrath.

¹⁰ The Acroceraunia; a high range running up the coast of Epirus into the peninsula that encloses the Gulf of Valona.

¹¹ To remove Cerberus from the underworld; this involved an invasion of earth, corresponding to that of air, fire, and water.

HORACE

4

Solvitur 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.
5 iam Cytherea chorus ducit Venus imminente Luna,
iunctaeque Nymphis Gratiae decentes
alterno terram quatiant pede, dum gravis Cyclopum
Vulcanus ardens visit officinas.
nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto
10 aut flore terrae quem ferunt solutae;
nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
seu poscat agna sive malit haedo.
pallida Mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
regumque turris. o beate Sesti,
15 vitae summa brevis spem 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
20 nunc omnis et mox virgines tepebunt.

ODES I.4

4

Spring's lesson

Sharp winter is loosening its grip as spring and the West Wind bring a welcome change; winches drag down the dry hulls; no longer now do the livestock enjoy the stall or the ploughman his fire; and the meadows are no longer white with hoar frost. Now Cytherean Venus leads the dancers as the moon hangs overhead, and the lovely Graces, hand in hand with the Nymphs, beat the ground with one foot after the other, while glowing Vulcan goes to inspect the heavy forges of the Cyclopes.

Now is the time to bind one's glistening¹² head with green myrtle or with the flowers that the loosened earth brings forth. Now is the time to offer sacrifice to Faunus in the leafy groves with a lamb, if that is what he wants, or a kid if he so prefers.

Pale Death knocks with impartial foot on the poor man's cottage and the rich man's castle. Sestius, well-off as you are, the brief span of life forbids us to embark on far-reaching hopes. Soon night will close round you, and the storied Ghosts and the meagre house of Pluto. Once you reach there, you will not throw dice to decide who directs the party, nor will you gaze in admiration at the boyish Lycidas, who now makes all the young men burn with passion and before long will kindle the desires of the girls.

¹² With scented ointment.

HORACE

5

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
 perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
 grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
 cui flavam religas comam,
 5 simplex munditiis? heu quotiens fidem
 mutatosque deos flebit et aspera
 nigris aequora ventis
 emirabitur insolens,
 qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
 10 qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem
 sperat, nescius aurae
 fallacis! miseri, quibus
 intemptata nites! me tabula sacer
 votiva paries indicat uvida
 15 suspendisse potenti
 vestimenta maris deo.²

6

Scriberis Vario fortis et hostium
 victor Maeonii carminis alite,
 quam rem cumque ferox navibus aut equis
 miles te duce gesserit:
 5 nos, Agrippa, neque haec dicere nec gravem
 Pelidae stomachum cedere nescii

² deo] deae *Zielinski*

ODES I.6

5

To a flirt

Pyrrha, what slender youngster, soaked with perfume, holds you in his arms, lying on a heap of roses in a delightful grotto? For whom are you tying up your flaxen hair, so simple, so elegant? Too bad for *him*: many a time will he weep at your fickle loyalty and his change of luck, gazing in naive astonishment at the sea whipped up by dark winds. Now the trusting lad enjoys your golden charms, hoping you will always be available, always affectionate—unaware, as he is, of the breeze's treachery. Think of the poor wretches, fascinated by your shimmer, with no experience of what you are like! As for me, a votive tablet on his temple wall records that I have dedicated my drenched clothes to the deity who rules the sea.¹³

6

Horace declines to sing the praises of Agrippa

Varius, a bird of Maeonian song, will write of you as a brave man who has conquered our enemies, recording all the feats that your fierce troops have performed on shipboard or horseback under your command. I do not attempt to recount such things, Agrippa, any more than the deadly rancour of Peleus' son who was incapable of giving way, or

¹³ The translation follows the traditional text, reading *deo* in v. 16 as a reference to Neptune. Since Neptune, however, does not figure in the metaphor of the sea of love, whereas Venus does, there is much to be said for Zielinski's conjecture *deae*.

HORACE

nec cursus duplicis per mare Ulixei
nec saevam Pelopis domum
conamur, tenues grandia, dum pudor
10 imbellisque lyrae Musa potens vetat
laudes egregii Caesaris et tuas
culpa deterere ingeni.
quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina
digne scripserit aut pulvere Troico
15 nigrum Merionen aut ope Palladis
Tydiden superis parem?
nos convivia, nos proelia virginum
sectis in iuvenes unguibus acrium
cantamus vacui, sive quid urimur
20 non praeter solitum leves.

7

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon aut Mytilenen
aut Epheson bimarisque Corinthi
moenia vel Baccho Thebas vel Apolline Delphos
insignis aut Thessala Tempe:
5 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 ditisque Mycenae:
10 me nec tam patiens Lacedaemon
nec tam Larisae percussit campus opimae,
quam domus Albunae resonantis

ODES I.7

the wily Ulysses and his journeys over the sea, or the inhuman house of Pelops;¹⁴ such themes are too grand for one of slender powers. Diffidence, and the Muse who controls the unwarlike lyre, forbid me to diminish the exploits of glorious Caesar and yourself by my inadequate talent. Who could write worthily of Mars clad in his adamantine breastplate, or Meriones black with the dust of Troy, or the son of Tydeus who, with Pallas' aid, was the equal of the gods? What I sing of is drinking bouts and the battles waged by fierce girls using their sharpened nails against young men; whether fancy-free or smouldering with desire, I am, as ever, a lightweight.

7

In praise of Tibur

Others will praise the brilliance of Rhodes, or Mytilene, or Ephesus, or the walls of Corinth with its two seas, or Thebes that is famous for Bacchus, or Delphi or Thesalian Tempe, both renowned for Apollo. There are some whose one mission is to celebrate the virgin Pallas' city in a long continuous poem, and to display on their brow the olive plucked from every source.¹⁵ Very many, in Juno's honour, will tell of Argos, a good place for horses, and rich Mycenae. As for me, neither tough Lacedaemon nor the fertile plain of Larisa has so struck my imagination as the home of the echoing Albunea and the plunging Anio and

¹⁴ Horace is thinking in particular of Atreus, who murdered his nephews and served them up to their father, Thyestes.

¹⁵ I.e. literary, historical, and mythological.

HORACE

et praeceps Anio ac Tiburni lucus et uda
mobilibus pomaria rivis.
15 albus ut obscuro deterget nubila caelo
saepe Notus neque parturit imbris
perpetuo, sic tu sapiens finire memento
tristitiam vitaeque labores
20 molli, Plance, mero, seu te fulgentia signis
castra tenent seu densa tenebit
Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina patremque
cum fugeret, tamen uda Lyaeo
tempora populea fertur vinxisse corona,
sic tristis adfatus amicos:
25 “quo nos cumque feret melior fortuna parente,
ibimus, o socii comitesque.
nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro.³
certus enim promisit Apollo
ambiguam tellure nova Salamina futuram.
30 o fortes peioraque passi
mecum saepe viri, nunc vino pellite curas;
cras ingens iterabimus aequor.”

8

Lydia, dic, per omnis
te deos oro,⁴ Sybarin cur properes amando

³ auspice Teucro.] auspice: Teucrici

⁴ te] hoc oro] vere

ODES I.8

the grove of Tiburnus and the orchards watered by hurrying rivulets.

As the bright South Wind often wipes the clouds from the dark sky and does not invariably produce rain, so you should do the sensible thing, Plancus, and make sure to drown life's sadness and trouble with mellow wine, whether you are living, as now, in the camp with its glittering standards, or in the dense shade of your beloved Tibur.

Teucer, even when he had to flee into exile from Salamis and his father,¹⁶ is said to have put a garland of white poplar round his head (which was well moistened by the Loosener)¹⁷ and to have spoken thus to his dejected friends: "Fortune is kinder than my father. Wherever she takes us, my comrades and companions, there will we go. As long as Teucer is your leader and Teucer watches over you, there is no need for despair. Apollo is never wrong, and he has promised there will be another Salamis (the same but different)¹⁸ in a new land.¹⁹ My brave fellows! You have often suffered worse things at my side. Banish your worries now with wine. Tomorrow we shall set out once more over the boundless sea."

8

Sybaris' infatuation with Lydia

Tell me, Lydia, for god's sake, I beg you, why you are in such a hurry to destroy Sybaris by your love; why he shuns

¹⁶ Telamon.

¹⁷ Bacchus, who brings release from care.

¹⁸ I.e. a different town with the same name.

¹⁹ In Cyprus.

HORACE

perdere, cur apricum
 oderit campum, patiens pulveris atque solis.
 5 cur neque militaris
 inter aequalis equitat,⁵ Gallica nec lupatis
 temperat⁶ ora frenis?
 cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere? cur olivum
 sanguine viperino
 10 cautius vitat neque iam livida gestat armis
 bracchia, saepe disco,
 saepe trans finem iaculo nobilis expedito?
 quid latet, ut marinae
 filium dicunt Thetidis sub lacrimosa Troiae
 15 funera, ne virilis
 cultus in caedem et Lycias proriperet catervas?

9

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
 Soracte, nec iam sustineant onus
 silvae laborantes, geluque
 flumina constiterint acuto.
 5 dissolve frigus ligna super foco
 large reponens atque benignius
 deprome quadrimum Sabina,
 o Thaliarche, merum diota:
 permitte divis cetera, qui simul
 10 stravere ventos aequore fervido
 deproeliantis, nec cupressi
 nec veteres agitantur orni.

⁵ equitat] equitet

⁶ temperat] temperet

ODES I.9

the sunny Park, though well able to put up with the dust and sun. Why does he no longer take part in cavalry exercises with his friends, or train the mouth of a Gallic steed with a jagged bit? Why is he afraid to dip his toe in the yellow Tiber? Why does he shy away from olive oil more nervously than if it were viper's blood? Why does he no longer have arms that are black and blue from weapons—he who has often won fame by throwing the discus or the javelin beyond the mark? For what reason has he gone into hiding, as the legendary son of the sea nymph Thetis²⁰ did before the heartbreaking deaths at Troy, for fear his male dress would thrust him into the midst of the carnage and the Lycian troops?²¹

9

Winter bids us make merry

Do you see how Soracte stands there shining with its blanket of deep snow, how the straining woods no longer support their burden, and the streams have been halted by the sharp grip of ice? Thaw the cold by piling logs generously on the hearth, Thaliarchus, and serve the four-year-old wine more lavishly than usual from its Sabine jar. Leave the rest to the gods. Once they still the winds that battle so fiercely over the boiling sea, the old cypress and ash trees are no longer in commotion.

²⁰ Achilles, whose mother sent him to Scyros, disguised as a woman, to save him from the Trojan war.

²¹ Allies of the Trojans, led by Glaucus and Sarpedon.

HORACE

quid sit futurum cras fuge quaerere et
quem Fors dierum cumque dabit lucro
15 appone, nec dulcis amores
 sperne puer neque tu choreas,
donec virenti canities abest
morosa. nunc et Campus et areae
 lenesque sub noctem susurri
20 composita repetantur hora,
nunc et latentis proditor intimo
gratus puellae risus ab angulo
 pignusque dereptum lacertis
 aut digito male pertinaci.

10

Mercuri, facunde nepos Atlantis,
qui feros cultus hominum recentum
voce formasti catus et decorae
 more palaestrae,
5 te canam, magni Iovis et deorum
nuntium curvaeque lyrae parentem,
callidum quidquid placuit iocoso
 condere furto.
te, boves olim nisi reddidisses
10 per dolum amotas, puerum minaci
voce dum terret, viduus pharetra
 risit Apollo.
quin et Atridas duce te superbos
Ilio dives Priamus relicto
15 Thessalosque ignis et iniqua Troiae
 castra fefellit.

ODES I.10

Avoid asking what will happen tomorrow; whatever kind of day Fortune sends you, enter it as a profit, and do not say no to sweet love and dancing, while you are still a lad and your green age is free from peevish whiteness. Now is the time to make for the Park and the city squares, where soft whispers are heard at the time appointed, when dusk is falling, and delightful laughter comes from a secluded corner (giving away the girl who hides there), and a token is snatched from an arm or coyly resisting finger.

10

Hymn to Mercury

Mercury, eloquent grandson of Atlas, you who cleverly shaped the brutish ways of newborn men with the gift of speech and the regulations of the beautiful wrestling school, I shall sing of you, messenger of great Jove and the gods, father of the curving lyre, smart at concealing anything you fancy in playful theft. Long ago, when Apollo was frightening you in threatening tones if you didn't give back the cattle you had craftily stolen, he suddenly saw he had lost his quiver, and burst out laughing. Yes, and it was thanks to your guidance that the wealthy Priam made his way out of Ilium and eluded the haughty sons of Atreus, the Thessalian watchfires, and the army encamped against

HORACE

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

11

5 Tu ne quaesieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi
finem di dederint, Leuconoe, nec Babylonios
temptaris numeros. ut melius, quidquid erit, pati,
seu pluris 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.

12

5 Quem 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

ODES I.12

Troy.²² You duly install the souls of the righteous in the abodes of bliss, and with your golden staff you marshal that shadowy herd, welcome alike to the gods above and those below.

11

Gather ye rosebuds

Do not inquire (we are not allowed to know) what end the gods have assigned to you and what to me, Leuconoe, and do not meddle with Babylonian horoscopes. How much better to endure whatever it proves to be, whether Jupiter has granted us more winters, or this is the last that now wears out the Etruscan Sea against cliffs of pumice. Take my advice, strain the wine and cut back far-reaching hopes to within a small space. As we talk, grudging time will have run on. Pluck the day, trusting as little as possible in tomorrow.

12

In praise of gods and heroes

What man or hero do you choose to celebrate with lyre or shrill pipe, Clio? What God? Whose name will the merry echo send resounding on the leafy slopes of Helicon or on Pindus' summit or on cold Haemus, from where the woods followed Orpheus' voice in haste and confusion, as by his

²² This stanza refers to the famous episode in *Iliad* 24.334ff., where Priam goes out to meet Achilles to ransom Hector's body.

HORACE

10 arte materna rapidos morantem
 fluminum lapsus celerisque ventos,
 blandum et auritas fidibus canoris
 ducere quercus?
 quid prius dicam solitis parentis
 laudibus, qui res hominum ac deorum,
 15 qui mare et terras variisque mundum
 temperat horis?
 unde nil maius generatur ipso,
 nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum:
 proximos illi tamen occupavit
 20 Pallas honores,
 proeliis audax; neque te silebo,
 Liber, et saevis inimica Virgo
 beluis, nec te, metuende certa
 Phoebe sagitta.
 25 dicam et Alciden puerosque Ladae,
 hunc equis, illum superare pugnis
 nobilem; quorum simul alba nautis
 stella refulsit,
 defluit saxis agitatus umor,
 30 concidunt venti fugiuntque nubes,
 et minax, quod⁷ sic voluere, ponto
 unda recumbit.
 Romulum post hos prius an quietum
 Pompili regnum memorem an superbos
 35 Tarquini fascis, dubito, an Catonis
 nobile letum.
 Regulum et Scauros animaeque magnae
 prodigum Paulum superante Poeno

⁷ quod] quia *or* qui

mother's art he checked the rapid course of rivers and the swift winds? He was charming enough to make even the oaks prick up their ears and to lead them in his train by his melodious strings.

What shall I sing before the customary praises of the Father who controls the affairs of gods and men, and also sea, land, and sky by changing the seasons? None of his children is greater than himself, nor does any living thing resemble him or come close behind him. The nearest position of honour, however, is held by Pallas, bold in battle; nor shall I pass you over in silence, o God of Freedom,²³ or you, the maiden who hunts wild animals,²⁴ or you Phoebus, who are dreaded for your unerring arrows.

I shall sing, too, of Alcides²⁵ and Leda's sons, a pair famous for their victories, one with horses, the other with his fists; once their bright star²⁶ has shone upon sailors, the tossed-up water comes streaming from the rocks, the winds die down, the clouds fly away, and (for such is their will) the threatening wave sinks to rest on the sea.

After them I hesitate whether to sing of Romulus, or Pompilius' quiet reign, or Tarquin's arrogant rods, or Cato's illustrious death. Regulus, the Scauri,²⁷ and Paulus who, when the Carthaginian had the upper hand, unstint-

²³ Bacchus.

²⁴ Diana.

²⁵ Hercules.

²⁶ Cf. I.3.2.

²⁷ M. Aemilius Scaurus rebuked his son for showing cowardice against the Cimbri in 102 B.C.; his son is said to have committed suicide in shame. It is also possible that this refers to M. Aurelius Scaurus, consul 108, who showed courage and intransigence in defeat. For others mentioned see Index.

HORACE

40 gratus insigni referam Camena
Fabriciumque.
hunc et incomptis Curium capillis
utilem bello tulit et Camillum
saeva Paupertas et avitus apto
cum lare fundus.
45 crescit occulto velut arbor aevo
fama Marcelli; micat inter omnis
Iulium sidus velut inter ignis
luna minores.
gentis humanae pater atque custos,
50 orte Saturno, tibi cura magni
Caesaris fatis data: tu secundo
Caesare regnes.
ille, seu Parthos Latio imminentis
egerit iusto domitos triumpho,
55 sive subiectos Orientis orae
Seras et Indos,
te minor laetum reget aequus orbem;
tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,
tu parum castis inimica mittes
60 fulmina lucis.

13

Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi
cervicem roseam, cerea Telephi
laudas bracchia, vae meum
fervens difficili bile tumet iecur!

ODES I.13

ingly gave his noble life: these will I gratefully celebrate with the Muse that bestows renown, and Fabricius too. He and the long-haired Curius and Camillus were brought forth to be of service in war by relentless Poverty and an old-fashioned farm with a farmhouse to match. Marcellus' glory continues to grow like a tree with the silent lapse of time. Among them all the Julian star shines out like the moon among the lesser lights.²⁸

Father and protector of the human race, o son of Saturn, you have been entrusted by fate with the care of mighty Caesar; may you have Caesar as vice-regent of your kingdom. Whether it be the Parthians (now a threat to Latium) that he conquers and leads in a justified triumph, or the Chinese and Indians who live close to the region of the rising sun, he will rule in fairness over a happy world, so long as he is subordinate to you. You will shake Olympus with your massive chariot; you will hurl your bolts of wrath upon groves that are ritually polluted.

13

Jealousy

When you, Lydia, praise Telephus' rosy neck and Telephus' wax-like arms, ah! my liver swells and boils with

²⁸ The comet of 44 B.C., which was thought to signal the reception of Julius Caesar into heaven. Here it refers to Augustus.

HORACE

5 tum nec mens mihi nec color
certa sede manet,⁸ umor et in genas
 furtim labitur, arguens
quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.
 uror, seu tibi candidos
10 turparunt umeros immodicae mero
 rixae, sive puer furens
impressit memorem dente labris notam.
 non, si me satis audias,
speres perpetuum dulcia barbare
15 laedentem oscula quae Venus
quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit.
 felices ter et amplius
quos irrupta tenet copula nec malis
 divulsus querimoniis
20 suprema citius solvet amor die.

14

O navis, referent in mare te novi
fluctus! o quid agis? fortiter occupa
 portum! nonne vides ut
 nudum remigio latus,
5 et malus celeri saucius Africo,
antennaeque gemant, ac sine fupibus
 vix durare carinae
 possint imperiosius

⁸ manet] manent

ODES I.14

choking bile. Then neither my mind nor my colour remains in a steady state, and moisture trickles guiltily down my cheeks, betraying how thoroughly I am melted down by a slow heat. It burns me up if your white shoulders have been bruised in a quarrel that has got out of hand through drink, or if a youngster in his passion has left a telltale mark with his teeth on your lips. If you take my advice, you should not expect constancy from one who wounds so savagely that sweet mouth whose kisses are imbued with the quintessence of Venus' nectar. Thrice blest and more than thrice are those who are held fast by an unbreakable bond, whose love is not torn by vicious wrangling and will not let them part before the final day.

14

*To the ship of state*²⁹

O ship! New waves are about to carry you out to sea. O, what are you *doing*? One final effort now, and make port before it is too late! Don't you notice how your side is stripped of oars, your mast is split by the violence of the Southwester, the yardarms groan, and the hull, without the support of ropes, can scarcely withstand the overbearing

²⁹ This is the traditional view of the ode, based on Alcaeus' allegorical poem on a ship in distress (no. 208, Loeb ed.). Some modern scholars have seen the ship as a woman, some as a poetry book, some as Horace's life.

HORACE

aequor⁹ non tibi sunt integra lineae,
10 non di quos iterum pressa voces malo.
 quamvis Pontica pinus,
 silvae filia nobilis,
iactes et genus et nomen inutile,
nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
15 fedit. tu, nisi ventis
 debes ludibrium, cave.
nuper sollicitum quae mihi taedium,
nunc desiderium curaque non levis,
 interfusa nitentis
20 vites aequora Cycladas.

15

Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus
Idaeis Helenen perfidus hospitam,
ingrato celeris obruit otio
 ventos, ut caneret fera
5 Nereus fata: "mala ducis avi domum,
quam multo repetet Graecia milite,
coniurata tuas rumpere nuptias
 et regnum Priami vetus.
heu heu, quantus equis, quantus adest viris
10 sudor! quanta moves funera Dardanae
genti! iam galeam Pallas et aegida
 currusque et rabiem parat.
nequiquam Veneris praesidio ferox
pectes caesariem grataque feminis

ODES I.15

sea? Your sails are no longer in one piece, you have no gods left to call upon,³⁰ now that for a second time you are beset by danger. Although you are made of a Pontic pine, the daughter of an illustrious forest, and you boast of your lineage and name, such things are of no avail; the terrified sailor puts no trust in painted stems. Unless you are to become a plaything of the winds, take care! Until lately you caused me worry and disgust; now you inspire my devotion and fond concern. Make sure to avoid the waters that flow between the shining Cyclades!

15

The prophecy of Nereus

When the herdsman was carrying Helen across the sea with Ida's ships (she was his hostess, he a traitor), Nereus checked the swift winds, imposing on them an unwelcome calm, so that he might utter the dire doom that lay ahead: "It is under an evil omen that you take home a woman whom Greece will reclaim with many a warrior, having sworn an oath to wreck your marriage and with it the ancient kingdom of Priam. Alas, alas! What grievous sweat is in store for horses and men alike! What countless deaths you are bringing to the people of Dardanus! Already Pallas is getting ready her helmet, shield, and chariot, and whetting her fury. In vain will you act the hero under Venus' protection, comb your hair, and play the ladies' favourite

³⁰ No gods: images of the gods were placed in the stern.

HORACE

15 imbelli cithara carmina divides,
 nequiquam thalamo gravis
 hastas et calami spicula Cnosii
 vitabis strepitumque et celerem sequi
 Aiacem; tamen heu serus adulteros
 20 crines⁹ pulvere collines.
 non Laertiaden, exitium tuae
 gentis, non Pylum Nestora respicis?
 urgent impavidi te Salaminii
 Teucer, te Sthenelus sciens
 25 pugnae, sive opus est imperitare equis,
 non auriga piger. Merionen quoque
 nosces. ecce furit te reperire atrox
 Tydides, melior patre,
 quem tu, cervus uti vallis in altera
 30 visum parte lupum graminis immemor,
 sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,
 non hoc pollicitus tuae.
 iracunda diem proferet Ilio
 matronisque Phrygum classis Achillei;
 35 post certas hiemes uret Achaicus
 ignis Iliacas domos.”

16

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

ODES I.16

songs on your soft lyre; in vain will you skulk in the boudoir to avoid the deadly spears, the barbs of Cretan arrows, the uproar of battle, and Ajax's swift pursuit. In the end, alas, you will still get your adulterous hair dirty in the dust. Look round! There is Laertes' son, who spells ruin for your people; there is Nestor of Pylos. You are hard pressed by dauntless warriors: Teucer of Salamis and Sthenelus, who is skilled in hand-to-hand fighting and no mean driver if he is called on to command a team of horses. You will also come to know Meriones. And see, the ferocious son of Tydeus, a better man than his father, is mad to track you down. Like a deer, which, on sighting a wolf on the far side of the valley, forgets about the grass, you will run timidly away from him, head in air, gasping for breath; this was something you did *not* promise to your woman! The anger of Achilles and his forces will postpone the day of doom for Ilium and the Phrygian mothers;³¹ yet after a destined number of winters the fire of Achaea *will* burn down the houses of Troy."

16

The poet's recantation

O daughter more lovely than your lovely mother, put an end to my scurrilous invectives in whatever way you please—with flames or, if you like, the Adriatic Sea.

³¹ Angry at losing Briseis, Achilles withdrew himself and his men from the fighting, *Iliad* 2.771f.

⁹ crines] cultus

HORACE

5 non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
 mentem sacerdotum incola Pythiis,¹⁰
 non Liber aequae, non acuta
 sic geminant Corybantes aera,
 tristes ut irae, quas neque Noricus
 10 deterret ensis nec mare naufragum
 nec saevus ignis nec tremendo
 Iuppiter ipse ruens tumultu.
 fertur Prometheus addere principi
 limo coactus particulam undique
 15 desectam et insani leonis
 vim stomacho apposuisse nostro.
 irae Thyesten exitio gravi
 stravere et altis urbibus ultimae
 steterae causae cur perirent
 20 funditus imprimeretque muris
 hostile aratrum exercitus insolens.
 compesce mentem: me quoque pectoris
 temptavit in dulci iuventa
 fervor et in celeris iambos
 25 misit furentem: nunc ego mitibus
 mutare quaero tristia, dum mihi
 fias recantatis amica
 opprobriis animumque reddas.

¹⁰ Pythiis *Palmer*] Pythius

ODES I.16

Neither the Goddess of Dindymus,³² nor the resident in Pytho's shrine,³³ nor the God of Freedom³⁴ has such a shattering effect on the minds of his priests, nor do the Corybantes, when they clash their earsplitting cymbals again and again, cause such chaos as grim anger. That is not deterred by Noric sword nor shipwrecking sea nor cruel fire nor Jupiter himself when he comes hurtling down in a frightening tempest.

They say that when Prometheus was compelled to add an element cut from every animal to our primordial clay, he also put into the human heart the violence of a raging lion. It was anger that laid Thyestes low in dire destruction; anger too is the chief reason why lofty cities have been utterly levelled, and arrogant armies have gouged their walls with a hostile ploughshare. Control your emotions. I too, in my sweet youth, was afflicted with a hot temper which drove me in a passion to write impetuous invectives. Now I am eager to replace anger with gentleness and to withdraw my insults, if only you will become my friend and give me back your heart.

³² Cybele, whose main cult was on Mount Dindymus in Phrygia.

³³ Apollo in his temple at Delphi.

³⁴ See I.12.22.

Velox amoenum saepe Lucretilem
mutat Lycaeo Faunus et igneam
defendit aestatem capellis
usque meis pluviosque ventos.
5 impune tutum per nemus arbutos
quaerunt latentis et thyma deviae
olentis uxores mariti,
nec viridis metuunt colubras
nec Martialis haediliae lupos,
10 utcumque dulci, Tyndari, fistula
valles et Usticae cubantis
levia personuere saxa.
di me tuentur, dis pietas mea
et Musa cordi est. hic tibi copia
15 manabit ad plenum benigno
ruris honorum opulenta cornu:
hic in reducta valle Caniculae
vitabis aestus et fide Teia
dices laborantis in uno
20 Penelopen vitreamque Circen:
hic innocentis pocula Lesbii
duces sub umbra, nec Semeleius
cum Marte confundet Thyoneus
proelia, nec metues protervum
25 suspecta Cyrum, ne male dispari
incontinentis iniciat manus
et scindat haerentem coronam
crinibus immeritamque vestem.

An invitation to country joys

Often, by way of a change, swift Faunus comes from Lycaeus to my delightful Lucretilis and unfailingly protects my goats from the blazing summer heat and rainy winds. The wives of the malodorous spouse wander unharmed through the safe woodland in search of concealed arbutus leaves and thyme; the kidlings, Tyndaris, have no fear of green snakes or Mars' wolves, when the valleys and smooth rocks on the slopes of Ustica echo to his sweet pipe. The gods watch over me; the gods are pleased with my devotion and my Muse. Here in your honour Plenty will flow to the full, rich with her horn that pours out the glories of the countryside.

Here in my secluded valley you will escape the heat of the Dog,³⁵ and with Teian lyre sing of Penelope and glass-green Circe, who were lovesick for the same man. Here in the shade you will drink cups of innocuous Lesbian; the son of Semele Thyone³⁶ will not combine with Mars to stir up a fight; and you will not have to worry in case the lustful Cyrus, in a fit of jealous suspicion, lay his wild hands on one who is ill-equipped to stand up to him, tearing the garland you have on your head and also your unoffending dress.

³⁵ The constellation of Canis major, including Sirius, rose in July.

³⁶ Bacchus; Semele was named Thyone after Bacchus had rescued her from Hades and made her immortal.

Nullam, Vare, sacra vite prius severis arborem
 circa mite solum Tiburis et moenia Catili.
 siccis omnia nam dura deus proposuit, neque
 mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines.
 5 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,
 10 cum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
 discernunt avidi. non ego te, candide Bassareu,
 invitum quatiam, nec variis obsita frondibus
 sub divum rapiam. saeva tene cum Berecyntio
 cornu tympana, quae subsequitur caecus Amor sui
 15 et tollens vacuum plus nimio Gloria verticem
 arcanique Fides prodiga, perlucidior vitro.

³⁷ A founder of Tibur.

³⁸ See I.12.22.

³⁹ A name of Bacchus, from the Bacchanals' cry of "Euhoe!"

⁴⁰ Another name for Bacchus, connected with Bassaris, a Thracian Maenad.

⁴¹ The god's mystic emblems were displayed on solemn occasions; for the rest they were covered with leaves of ivy, pine, and vine, and kept in a chest.

⁴² The instrument was a double pipe, one of which was a bass with a curved end.

The blessings and dangers of wine

Varus, you should plant no tree in preference to the god-given vine around the genial soil of Tibur and the walls of Catilus;³⁷ for the gods have ordained that everything should be hard for the abstemious, and there is no other way to dispel the worries that gnaw the heart. After wine, who rattles on about the hardships of war or poverty? Who does not rather talk of you, Bacchus, and you, lovely Venus?

Yet no one must abuse by excess the gifts of the moderate God of Freedom.³⁸ That is the lesson of the drunken brawl over unmixed wine between the Centaurs and Lapiths that ended in a battle. That is the lesson of Euhius³⁹ who came down heavily on the Sithonians when, in their eagerness for sex, they drew too fine a line between right and wrong. As for me, I shall never shake you, fair Bassareus,⁴⁰ against your will, nor shall I rudely expose to the daylight things that are hidden under multicoloured leaves.⁴¹ Silence the wild tambourines and the Berecyntian pipe;⁴² they are attended by blind Self-love, and Glory that holds her empty head far too high, and Trust of the sort that lavishly gives away secrets and is more utterly transparent than glass.

HORACE

19

Mater saeva Cupidinum
 Thebanaeque iubet me Semelae puer
 et lasciva Licentia
 finitis animum reddere amoribus.
 5 urit me Glyceræ nitor
 splendentis Pario marmore purius:
 urit grata protervitas
 et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.
 in me tota ruens Venus
 10 Cyprum deseruit, nec patitur Scythas
 et versis animosum equis
 Parthum dicere nec quæ nihil attinent.
 hic vivum mihi caespitem, hic
 verbenas, pueri, ponite turaque
 15 bimi cum patera meri:
 mactata veniet lenior hostia.

20

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
 cantharis, Graeca quod ego ipse testa
 conditum levi, datus in theatro
 cum tibi plausus,
 5 clare¹¹ Maecenas eques, ut paterni
 fluminis ripae simul et iocosa

¹¹ clare] care

ODES I.20

19

The charms of Glycera

The cruel mother of the Cupids, Theban Semele's lad,⁴³ and undisciplined Desire urge me to surrender my heart once more to a love that was over. I am scorched by the radiance of sweet Glycera, who is more dazzling than Parian marble, scorched by her delightful brazenness and her face which is all too unsettling to behold. Venus has left Cyprus and descended on me with all her force. She refuses to let me sing of the Scythians, and the Parthian who is courageous when galloping away, and other irrelevant topics. Put some fresh-cut turf here, boys, and some greenery here, with incense and a bowl of neat wine that is two years old. She will come with a softer impact if I offer a victim.

20

An invitation to Maecenas

You will drink from modest cups a cheap Sabine wine that I stored away in a Greek jar and sealed with my own hand on the day when you, Maecenas,⁴⁴ illustrious knight, were given such applause in the theatre that the banks of your fathers' river,⁴⁵ yes, and the playful echo from the Vati-

⁴³ Bacchus.

⁴⁴ I.e. when Maecenas returned to public life after a dangerous illness.

⁴⁵ The Tiber, whose source is Maecenas' Etruscan home town of Arretium (Arezzo).

HORACE

redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
 montis imago.
Caecubum et prelo domitam Caleno
10 tu bibes uvam: mea nec Falernae
temperant vites neque Formiani
 pocula colles.

21

Dianam tenerae dicite virgines,
intonsum, pueri, dicite Cynthium
 Latonamque supremo
 dilectam penitus Iovi.
5 vos laetam fluviis et nemorum coma,
quaecumque aut gelido prominet Algido
 nigris aut Erymanthi
 silvis aut viridis Gragi.
vos Tempe totidem tollite laudibus
10 natalemque, mares, Delon Apollinis,
 insignemque pharetra
 fraternaue umerum lyra.
hic bellum lacrimosum, hic miseram famem
pestemque a populo et principe Caesare in
15 Persas atque Britannos
 vestra motus aget prece.

ODES I.21

can Hill, repeated your praises. At home you can drink Caecuban and the grape that is crushed in the presses of Cales; my cups are not mellowed by the vines of Falernum or Formian hillsides.

21

In praise of Latona and her children

Sing, young girls, of Diana; sing, boys, of long-haired Cynthus, and of Latona so dearly loved by highest Jove. Praise, you girls, her who delights in rivers and the leafy groves that stand out boldly on cold Algidus or in the dark woods of Erymanthus or verdant Gragus; you males, sing as many praises to exalt Tempe and Delos, birthplace of Apollo, and that shoulder which is noted for the quiver and his brother's lyre.⁴⁶ Moved by your prayer, he will drive away mournful warfare, he will drive away wretched famine and plague from our people and Caesar, our leader, and direct them against the Persians and Britons.

⁴⁶ Mercury invented the lyre.

Integer vitae scelerisque purus
non eget Mauris iaculis neque arcu
nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra,
5 sive per Syrtis iter aestuosas
sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum vel quae loca fabulosus
lambit Hydaspes.
namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
10 dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra
terminum curis vagor expeditis,
fugit inermem,
quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit aesculetis
15 nec Iubae tellus generat, leonum
arida nutrix.
pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
arbor aestiva recreatur aura,
quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
20 Iuppiter urget;
pone sub curru nimium propinqui
solis in terra domibus negata:
dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
dulce loquentem.

The immunity of the elect

The man of unblemished life who is unstained by crime has no need of Moorish javelin or bow, or a quiver full of poisoned arrows, Fuscus, whether he means to travel through the sweltering Syrtes⁴⁷ or the hostile Caucasus or the regions washed by the legendary Hydaspes. For in a Sabine wood, while I was singing of my Lalage and roaming carefree beyond my boundaries, a wolf fled from me, though I had no weapons. It was a monster unlike any bred by martial Daunia in its vast oakwoods or by the land of Juba, that dry wetnurse of lions. Put me on a lifeless plain where no tree is refreshed by summer breezes, a part of the world oppressed by fog and sullen skies, set me beneath the chariot of the sun where it comes too close to the earth in a land forbidding houses—I shall still love my Lalage with her sweet laughter and her sweet talk.

⁴⁷ Two gulfs on the coast of North Africa, the smaller on the east coast of Tunisia, the larger in Libya, between Tripolitania and Cyrenaica. But Horace probably has in mind the desert that lies behind them.

HORACE

23

Vitas inuleo me similis, Chloe,
 quaerenti pavidam montibus aviis
 matrem non sine vano
 aurarum et siluae metu.
 5 nam seu mobilibus veris¹² inhorruit
 adventus¹³ foliis seu virides rubum
 dimovere lacertae,
 et corde et genibus tremit.
 atqui non ego te tigris ut aspera
 10 Gaetulusve leo frangere persequor:
 tandem desine matrem
 tempestitiva sequi viro.

24

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
 tam cari capitis? praecipe lugubris
 cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
 vocem cum cithara dedit.
 5 ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
 urget! cui Pudor et Iustitiae soror,
 incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas
 quando ullum inveniet parem?
 multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,
 10 nulli flebilior quam tibi, Vergili.
 tu frustra pius heu non ita creditum
 poscis Quintilium deos.

ODES I.24

23

To Chloe

You shy away from me, Chloe, like a fawn trying to find its timid mother on the pathless mountains, filled with a baseless fear of breeze and forest. For, if the coming of spring shivers in the fluttering leaves, or if a green lizard disturbs a bramble, her heart and knees tremble! But I am not pursuing you like a fierce tiger or a Gaetulian lion to crunch you up. Come now, stop trailing after your mother: you're old enough for a man.

24

A dirge for Quintilius

What restraint, what limit can there be to our sense of loss for one so beloved? Teach me a song of mourning, Melpomene, for our Father has given you a clear-toned voice and the lyre to accompany it. So then, sleep without end lies heavy on Quintilius. Modesty, and incorruptible Good Faith (sister of Justice), and naked Truth—when will they find his equal? Many a good man weeps at his death, and none weeps more than you, Vergil. You beg the gods to restore Quintilius, pleading that he was not entrusted to them on such terms; but your piety is all in vain. What if

¹² veris] vepris *Gogavius*

¹³ adventus] ad ventum *Muretus*

HORACE

quid si Threicio blandius Orpheo
 auditam moderere arboribus fidem,
 15 num vanae redeat sanguis imagini,
 quam virga semel horrida,
 non lenis precibus fata recludere,
 nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi?
 durum: sed levius fit patientia
 20 quidquid corrigere est nefas.

25

Parcius iunctas quatiunt fenestras
 iactibus crebris iuvenes protervi,
 nec tibi somnos adimunt, amatque
 ianua limen,
 5 quae prius multum facilis movebat
 cardines; audis minus et minus iam
 “me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
 Lydia, dormis?”
 invicem moechos anus arrogantis
 10 flebis in solo levis angiportu,
 Thracio bacchante magis sub inter-
 lunia vento,
 cum tibi flagrans amor et libido,
 quae solet matres furiare equorum,
 15 saeviet circa iecur ulcerosum,
 non sine questu
 laeta quod pubes hedera virenti
 gaudeat pulla magis atque myrto,
 aridas frondis hiemis sodali
 20 dedicet Euro.¹⁴

ODES I.25

you could play more charmingly than Thracian Orpheus the lyre that was once heeded by the trees? Would blood return to the empty wraith once Mercury, who is never soft-hearted enough to open the gates of death in response to prayers, has driven it with his dreaded staff to join the dusky herd? It is hard. But endurance can make lighter what no one is allowed to put right.

25

Lydia's charms are fading

More sparingly do the lustful lads rattle your closed shutters with volleys of pebbles, depriving you of rest; and the door that of old would, most obligingly, move its hinges hugs the threshold. Less and less often now do you hear "Lydia, are you sleeping, while I your slave am wasting away through the long night?"

Your turn will come. When you are an old woman, a thing of no account in a deserted alley, you will weep over your arrogant lechers, while the Thracian wind riots ever more boisterously as the moonless nights draw near; and all the time, burning love, and lust of the kind that maddens the mothers of horses, will rage round your wounded heart; yes, and you will bemoan the fact that happy young males take their pleasure with green ivy rather than dull myrtle; as for withered leaves—they commit them to the East Wind, the henchman of Winter.

¹⁴ Euro ed. Ald. 1501: Hebro

HORACE

26

Musis amicus tristitiam et metus
 tradam protervis in mare Creticum
 portare ventis, quis sub Arcto
 rex gelidae metuatur orae,
 5 quid Tiridaten terreat, unice
 securus. o quae fontibus integris
 gaudes, apricos necte flores,
 necte meo Lamiae coronam,
 Piplei dulcis! nil sine te mei
 10 prosunt honores: hunc fidibus novis,
 hunc Lesbio sacrare plectro
 teque tuasque decet sorores.

27

Natis in usum laetitiae scyphis
 pugnare Thracum est: tollite barbarum
 morem, verecundumque Bacchum
 sanguineis prohibete rixis.
 5 vino et lucernis Medus acinaces
 immane quantum discrepat: impium
 lenite clamorem, sodales,
 et cubito remanete presso.
 vultis severi me quoque sumere
 10 partem Falemi? dicat Opuntiae
 frater Megyllae, quo beatus
 vulnere, qua pereat sagitta.

ODES I.27

26

A present for Lamia

As a friend of the Muses, I shall fling gloom and fear to the turbulent winds to carry them into the Cretan sea; I am singularly indifferent about what king of a frozen region under the Bear is causing alarm, what it is that's frightening Tiridates. You, sweet Lady of Pipla, who take pleasure in fresh springs, weave sunny flowers, weave them into a garland for my dear Lamia. Without you all my tributes are worthless. To sanctify Lamia with new strings and the quill of Lesbos:⁴⁸ that is a fitting task for you and your sisters.

27

In Vino Veritas

Tankards were meant for joy; only Thracians use them as weapons. Away with that barbarous behaviour, and protect Bacchus, who is a respectable deity, from bloody brawls! Where there is wine and lamplight a Persian dagger is utterly out of place. Quieten down this unholy row, my friends, and stay where you are, reclining on your elbow. Do you want me to drink my share of dry Falernian? Well then, let Megylla's brother from Opus tell us what wound and what arrow have caused the blissful death that he dies.

⁴⁸ I.e. a new lyric poem in the style of Alcaeus.

HORACE

cessat voluntas? non alia bibam
 mercede. quae te cumque domat Venus,
 15 non erubescendis adurit
 ignibus, ingenuoque semper
 amore peccas. quidquid habes, age
 depone tutis auribus. al' miser,
 quanta laboras in¹⁵ Charybdi,
 20 digne puer meliore flamma.
 quae saga, quis te solvere Thessalis
 magus venenis, quis poterit deus?
 vix illigatum te triformi
 Pegasus expediet Chimaera.

28

Te maris et terrae numeroque carentis harenae
 mensorem cohibent, Archyta,
 pulveris exigui prope litus parva Matinum
 munera, nec quicquam tibi prodest
 5 aérias temptasse domos animoque rotundum
 percurrisse polum morituro.
 occidit et Pelopis genitor, conviva deorum.
 Tithonusque remotus in auras,
 et Iovis arcanis Minos admissus, habentque
 10 Tartara Panthoiden iterum Orco
 demissum, quamvis clipeo Troiana refixo
 tempora testatus nihil ultra

¹⁵ laboras in] laborabas

ODES I.28

You're reluctant to agree, are you? Well, I shan't drink on any other terms. Whatever beauty queen has you under her thumb, there's no need to blush for the ardour she incites—you always fall for the more respectable type. Whatever your plight, come, whisper it in my ear; it's safe there . . . Ah! You poor fellow! What a Charybdis you're caught in! My boy, you deserve a better flame. What witch, what wizard with Thessalian drugs, what god will be able to set you free? You are held in the toils of a threefold Chimaera, and even a Pegasus will find it hard to extricate you.

28

Death and burial

You, Archytas,⁴⁹ who measured sea and land and the numberless grains of sand, are now confined within a handful of dust (a paltry tribute) near the Matine shore.⁵⁰ Nor does it profit you one whit that you ventured to climb in thought to the heavenly dwellings and to speed across the vaulted firmament; for you were doomed to die. Death overtook even Pelops' father, who dined with the gods, and Tithonus who was spirited away to the sky, and Minos who was admitted to the secret councils of Jove; Tartarus holds prisoner the son of Panthus, who was sent down to Orcus for a second time, even though by taking down the shield and proving he had lived in the times of Troy he had yielded

⁴⁹ The Pythagorean Archytas is addressed by the spirit of a drowned man, who then (at v. 23) appeals to a passing sailor for burial.

⁵⁰ Perhaps in the area of Tarentum.

HORACE

nervos atque cutem morti concesserat atrae,
iudice te non sordidus auctor
15 naturae verique. sed omnis 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
20 saeva caput Proserpina fugit.
me quoque devexi rapidus comes Orionis
Illyricis Notus obruit undis.
at tu, nauta, vagae ne parce malignus harenae
ossibus et capiti inhumato
25 particulam dare: sic, quodcumque minabitur Eurus
fluctibus Hesperii, Venusinae
plectantur silvae te sospite, multaue merces
unde potest tibi defluat aequo
ab Iove Neptunoque sacri custode Tarenti.
30 neglegis immeritis nocituram
postmodo te natis fraudem committere? fors et
debita iura vicesque superbae
te maneant ipsum: precibus non linquar inultis,
teque piacula nulla resolvent.
35 quamquam festinas, non est mora longa; licebit
iniecto ter pulvere curras.

ODES I.28

nothing to dark death save flesh and sinew—in your view
no mean authority on nature and on truth.

But one common night awaits us all, and the road to
death can be trodden only once. The Furies hand over
some to provide entertainment for grim Mars; to sailors
destruction comes from the hungry sea. Young and old
alike crowd together in death; merciless Proserpine never
shuns a head.⁵¹

I, too, was overwhelmed in the Illyrian waves by the
South Wind, the wild henchman of Orion when he sets.⁵²
But you, seafarer, do not be so mean as to grudge a grain of
wind-blown sand to my unburied skull and bones. Then,
whatever threats are hurled by the East Wind at the waves
of Westland, may the woods of Venusia bear the brunt
while you are safe, and may profits cascade upon you from
the only possible source: kindly Jove and Neptune, the
protector of holy Tarentum.

Are you not worried about committing a crime that will
one day bring harm to your innocent descendants? It may
be that you yourself will have to pay the debt you owe to
justice in retribution for your insolence. If I am aban-
doned, my curses will not go unfulfilled; no acts of atone-
ment will absolve you. Although you are pressed for time,
it will not take long: just throw three handfuls of dust;⁵³
then you can speed on your way.

⁵¹ Proserpine was said to cut a lock of hair from each of her
victims.

⁵² This constellation sets in November.

⁵³ A burial sufficient to release a dead man's spirit; cf. the
opening lines.

HORACE

29

Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invides
 gazis, et acrem militiam paras
 non ante devictis Sabaeae
 regibus, horribilique Medo
 5 nectis catenas? quae tibi virginum
 sponso necato barbara serviet?
 puer quis ex aula capillis
 ad cyathum statuetur unctis,
 doctus sagittas tendere Sericas
 10 arcu paterno? quis neget arduis
 pronos relabi posse rivos
 montibus et Tiberim reverti,
 cum tu coemptis undique nobilis
 libros Panaeti Socraticam et domum
 15 mutare loricis Hiberis,
 pollicitus meliora, tendis?

30

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

A philosopher turns to profit

What now, Iccius? Have you got your eye on the rich treasure of the Arabs? Are you preparing a fierce campaign⁵⁴ against the as yet unconquered princes of Sheba, and forging fetters for the fearsome Mede? What foreign maiden will be your slave when you have killed her betrothed? What boy from the royal court with scented hair will be stationed by your ladle, though he was trained to aim Chinese arrows with his father's bow? Who would deny that down-rushing rivers can flow back up steep mountains, and the Tiber be reversed, when you, who have collected from every quarter the famous Panaetius' books and the whole Socratic school, are now hell-bent on exchanging the lot for a Spanish breastplate? Really! We expected better things of *you*.

An invocation to Venus

O Venus, queen of Cnidus and Paphos, abandon your beloved Cyprus and come across to the pretty shrine of Glycera, who summons you with clouds of incense. Make

⁵⁴ That which Aelius Gallus, the officer in charge of Egypt, mounted in 26–25 B.C. It was designed to gain greater control of the lucrative eastern trade route, but it proved an expensive failure.

HORACE

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

31

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem
 vates? quid orat de patera novum
 fundens liquorem? non opimae
 Sardiniae segetes feraces,
 5 non aestuosae grata Calabriae
 armenta, non aurum aut ebur Indicum,
 non rura quae Liris quieta
 mordet aqua taciturnus amnis.
 premant Calenam falce quibus dedit
 10 fortuna vitem, dives et aureis
 mercator exsiccet culullis
 vina Syra reparata merce,
 dis carus ipsis, quippe ter et quater
 anno revisens aequor Atlanticum
 15 impune. me pascunt olivae,
 me cichorea levesque malvae.
 frui paratis et valido mihi,
 Latoe, dones, et,¹⁶ precor, integra
 cum mente, nec turpem senectam
 20 degere nec cithara carentem.

¹⁶ et *Lambinus*] at

sure your blazing boy comes hurrying with you, and the Graces and Nymphs with girdles undone, and Youthfulness, which without you has little charm, and Mercury too.⁵⁵

31

The poet's prayer to Apollo

What boon does the bard ask of the newly consecrated Apollo?⁵⁶ What does he pray for as he pours a libation of new wine from the bowl?⁵⁷ Not the fertile cornfields of rich Sardinia, not the fine herds of sweltering Calabria, not Indian gold or ivory, not an estate which is gnawed by the Liris, that silent river, with its gentle stream. Let those to whom fortune has granted it prune the vine with a Calenian knife;⁵⁸ let the rich trader quaff from a golden goblet wines procured with Syrian merchandise, dear, as he is, to the gods themselves, since, of course, he visits the Atlantic ocean three or four times a year and returns in safety. As for me, I eat olives, I eat endives and mallows—nothing heavy. Grant, o son of Latona, that I may enjoy what I possess—in good health, I pray you, and with full mental vigour; and may I have an old age that is not lacking in dignity or bereft of music.

⁵⁵ Since Mercury is eloquent (I.10.1), he makes a lover more attractive.

⁵⁶ Apollo's temple on the Palatine was consecrated by Augustus on 9 October 28 B.C.

⁵⁷ At the festival of the Meditrinalia two days later.

⁵⁸ Because the vine is in Cales in Campania.

- Poscimus,¹⁷ si quid vacui sub umbra
 lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
 vivat et pluris, age dic Latinum,
 barbite, carmen,
 5 Lesbio primum modulate civi,
 qui ferox bello, tamen inter arma
 sive iactatam religarat udo
 litore navim,
 10 Liberum et Musas Veneremque et illi
 semper haerentem puerum canebat
 et Lycum nigris oculis nigroque
 crine decorum.
 o decus Phoebi et dapibus supremi
 grata testudo Iovis, o laborum
 15 dulce lenimen medicumque,¹⁸ salve
 rite vocanti.

Albi, ne doleas plus nimio memor
 immitis Glycerae neu miserabilis
 decantes elegos, cur tibi iunior
 laesa praeniteat fide,

¹⁷ Poscimus,] Poscimur.

¹⁸ medicumque, *Lachmann*] mihi cumque

An invocation to the lyre

I pray you, if I have ever in an idle hour played with you beneath the shade something that I hope may live for this year and longer, come, my Greek lyre, sing a Latin song. You were first tuned by a citizen of Lesbos,⁵⁹ who was a valiant warrior, and yet, between attacks, or if he had tied up his storm-tossed ship on the still-wet sand, would sing of Bacchus and the Muses and Venus and the little boy who clings to her side, and the gorgeous Lycus with his jet-black eyes and jet-black hair.⁶⁰ O glory of Phoebus, shell that is welcome at the feasts of highest Jove,⁶¹ o sweet balm and medicine of toil, accept my salutation as I duly call upon you.

Love's merry-go-round

Do not grieve overmuch, Albius, when you think of the bittersweet Glycera, and do not drone out pitiful elegies demanding to know why her promises have been broken and a younger fellow outshines you. Lycoris with her beau-

⁵⁹ Alcaeus.

⁶⁰ This youngster does not appear in the extant fragments of Alcaeus.

⁶¹ Mercury invented the lyre by stringing a tortoise shell, cf. I.10.6.

HORACE

5 insignem tenui fronte Lycorida
Cyri torret amor, Cyrus in asperam
declinat Pholoen; sed prius Apulis
iungentur capreae lupis,
quam turpi Pholoe peccet adultero.
10 sic visum Veneri, cui placet imparis
formas atque animos sub iuga aenea
saevo mittere cum ioco.
ipsum me melior cum peteret Venus,
grata detinuit compede Myrtale
15 libertina, fretis acrior Hadriae
curvantis Calabros sinus.

34

Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens
insanientis dum sapientiae
consultus erro, nunc retrorsum
vela dare atque iterare cursus
5 cogor relectos:¹⁹ namque Diespiter,
igni corusco nubila dividens
plerumque, per purum tonantis
egit equos volucremque currum,
quo bruta tellus et vaga flumina,
10 quo Styx et invisi horrida Taenari
sedes Atlanteusque finis
concutitur. valet ima summis

¹⁹ relectos *N. Heinsius*] relictos

tiful low forehead is consumed with a burning passion for Cyrus; Cyrus avoids her in favour of the abrasive Phloe; but does will mate with Apulian wolves before Phloe will go astray with such an ugly lover. Such is the will of Venus, who, as part of a merciless prank, takes pleasure in harnessing incompatible minds and bodies under her brazen yoke. I myself, when courted by a superior mistress, was held fast in welcome fetters by the freedwoman Myrtale, who was more tempestuous than the breakers of the Adriatic which hollows out Calabria's bays.⁶²

34

Unpredictability

I was a stingy and infrequent worshipper of the gods all the time that I went astray, expert that I was in a mad philosophy.⁶³ Now I am forced to sail back and repeat my course in the reverse direction. For Jupiter, who normally splits the clouds with his flashing fire, drove his thundering horses and flying chariot across a clear sky. At that the heavy earth and wandering rivers, at that the Styx, and the dreaded abode of hated Taenarus, and the boundaries marked by Mount Atlas,⁶⁴ were shaken. God has the power to cause

⁶² On the heel of Italy.

⁶³ I.e. Epicureanism. Lucretius, its most famous exponent, asked why it was that thunder and lightning never came from a clear sky (*De Rerum Natura* 6.400).

⁶⁴ The western end of the Mediterranean world.

HORACE

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

35

O diva, gratum quae regis Antium,
 praesens vel imo tollere de gradu
 mortale corpus vel superbos
 vertere funeribus triumphos,
 5 te pauper ambit sollicita prece
 ruris colonus, te dominam aequoris
 quicumque Bithyna lacessit
 Carpathium pelagus carina.
 te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythae,
 10 urbesque gentesque et Latium ferox
 regumque matres barbarorum et
 purpurei metuunt tyranni,
 iniurioso ne pede proruas
 stantem columnam, neu populus frequens
 15 ad arma cessantis, ad arma
 concitet imperiumque frangat.
 te semper anteit saeva²⁰ Necessitas,
 clavos trabalis et cuneos manu
 gestans aena, nec severus
 20 uncus abest liquidumque plumbum.

²⁰ saeva] serva

ODES I.35

the highest and the lowest to change places; he makes the illustrious dim and brings the obscure to light. With a piercing scream rapacious Fortune snatches the crown from one head and likes to place it on another.⁶⁵

35

Ode to Fortune

O goddess, you who reign over your favourite Antium,⁶⁶ ready at hand to raise mortal flesh from the lowest level or to turn an arrogant triumph into a funeral cortege, your support is sought with anxious prayers by the poor tenant farmer, and, as you are mistress of the deep, by whoever provokes the Carpathian Sea in a Bithynian boat; you are dreaded by the rough Dacian and the retreating Scythians,⁶⁷ by cities and peoples (including warlike Latium), by the mothers of foreign princes, and by purple-clad tyrants, afraid that with a violent kick you will topple the standing pillar, and the massed people will arouse the reluctant "to arms! to arms!" and smash their domination.

Ruthless Necessity always strides in front of you, carrying beam nails and wedges in her brazen hand, not forgetting the immovable clamp and lead for melting down. You

⁶⁵ Horace varies the story of the eagle that removed and replaced the cap on Tarquinius Priscus (Livy 1.34.8).

⁶⁶ Fortune had a famous temple at Antium (Anzio) on the coast of Latium.

⁶⁷ The implication may be that, like the Parthians, they were dangerous when riding away.

HORACE

te Spes et albo rara Fides colit
velata panno, nec comitem abnegat,
 utcumque mutata potentis
 veste domos inimica linquis.
25 at vulgus infidum ut²¹ meretrix retro
periura cedit, diffugiunt cadis
 cum faece siccatis amici
 ferre iugum pariter dolosi.
30 serves iturum Caesarem in ultimos
orbis Britannos et iuvenum recens
 examen Eois timendum
 partibus Oceanoque rubro.
eheu, cicatricum et sceleris pudet
fratrumque. quid nos dura refugimus
35 aetas? quid intactum nefasti
 liquimus? unde manum iuventus
metu deorum continuit? quibus
pepercit aris? o utinam nova
 incude diffingas retusum in
40 Massagetas Arabasque ferrum!

²¹ ut *Cunningham*] et

ODES I.35

are attended by Hope and Loyalty (rarely to be seen on earth) with her hand wrapped in a white cloth,⁶⁸ nor do they withdraw their companionship when you change your dress and, no longer in a kindly mood, abandon the houses of the powerful.⁶⁹ But the fickle mob, like a treacherous courtesan, turns away; and those friends who are too cunning to bear their share of the yoke drain the jars to the dregs, and then disappear.

Protect Caesar as he sets out for Britain at the edge of the world,⁷⁰ and also the fresh swarm of our young soldiers who will bring terror to the lands of the East and the Indian Ocean. Ah, the shame of our scars and crimes and what brother has done to brother! From what deed have we recoiled in this stony age of ours? What have we left unsullied by our unspeakable wickedness? From what outrage have our young men restrained their hands out of respect for the gods? What altars have they left undesecrated? O that you would forge afresh your blunted swords on a new anvil and use them against the Massagetæ and the Arabs!

⁶⁸ The priests of Fides thus performed sacrifices, perhaps indicating "guileless innocence" (Page).

⁶⁹ With this, the traditional text, it seems that Hope and Loyalty are thought of as trusty clients who do not abandon the great man when Fortune turns against him.

⁷⁰ Augustus planned in 34, 27, and 26 B.C. to invade Britain.

Et ture et fidibus iuvat
placare et vituli sanguine debito
custodes Numidae deos,
5 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.
10 Cressa ne careat pulchra dies nota,
neu promptae modus amphorae,
neu morem in Salium sit requies pedum,
neu multi Damalis meri
Bassum Threicia vincat amystide,
15 neu desint epulis rosae
neu vivax apium neu breve lilium.
omnes in Damalin putris
deponent oculos, nec Damalis novo
divelletur adultero
20 lascivis hederis ambitiosior.

A joyful return

With incense, lyre, and the blood of a calf which I have promised, I am eager to seek the favour of the gods who have watched over Numida; he is now back safe and sound from the far west,⁷¹ and gives many a kiss to each of his dear comrades—to none more than his beloved Lamia, remembering, as he does, the boyhood days when Lamia alone was king, and the time when together they changed their togas.⁷²

Make sure this glorious day does not go without a Cretan mark;⁷³ there must be no hanging back: bring out the wine jar! Let there be no rest for the feet—Salian style!⁷⁴ Damalis, that doughty drinker, must not be allowed to beat Bassus at tossing the Thracian pot; there must be no lack of roses at the banquet, or of long-lasting celery or lilies that live for a day. Everyone will rest his languishing eyes on Damalis, and Damalis for her part will not be torn away from her new lover, clinging to him more closely than amorous ivy.

⁷¹ Spain.

⁷² I.e. at about the age of sixteen, when they assumed the *toga virilis*.

⁷³ Lucky days were marked with a white pebble or, as here, with white chalk. Horace is doubtless using the popular confusion of *creta* chalk with *Creta* Crete for a humorous effect.

⁷⁴ In the style of the *Salii*; see Index and I.37.1–4.

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
 pulsanda tellus, nunc Saliaribus
 ornare pulvinar deorum
 tempus erat dapibus, sodales,
 5 antehac nefas depromere Caecubum
 cellis avitis, dum Capitolio
 regina dementis ruinas
 funus et imperio parabat
 contaminato cum grege turpium
 10 morbo virorum, quidlibet impotens
 sperare fortunaque dolci
 ebria. sed minuit furorem
 vix una sospes navis ab ignibus,
 mentemque lymphatam Mareotico
 15 redegit in veros timores
 Caesar ab Italia volantem
 remis adurgens, accipiter velut
 mollis columbas aut leporem citus
 venator in campis nivalis
 20 Haemoniae, daret ut catenis
 fatale monstrum; quae generosius
 perire quaerens nec muliebriter
 expavit ensem nec latentis
 classe cita reparavit oras;

The fall of Cleopatra

Now let the drinking begin! Now let us thump the ground with unfettered feet! Now is the time, my friends, to load the couches of the gods with a feast fit for the Salii!⁷⁵

Before this⁷⁶ it was sacrilege to bring the Caecuban out from our fathers' cellars, at a time when the queen, along with her troop of disgustingly perverted men, was devising mad ruin for the Capitol and death for the empire—a woman so out of control that she could hope for anything at all, drunk, as she was, with the sweet wine of success.

But her frenzy was sobered by the survival of scarcely one ship from the flames; and her mind, crazed with Mareotic wine,⁷⁷ was brought down to face real terror when Caesar pursued her as she flew away from Italy with oars, like a hawk after a gentle dove or a speedy hunter after a hare on the snowy plains of Thessaly, to put that monster of doom safely in chains.

Determined to die more nobly, she showed no womanly fear of the sword, nor did she use her swift fleet to gain

⁷⁵ The dance of gratitude to Mars leads naturally to the Salii, who were his priests. They performed a strenuous dance, and like other priests had lavish banquets.

⁷⁶ Before the suicide of Cleopatra in Alexandria in 30 B.C., following her defeat at Actium in the previous year.

⁷⁷ From the region of Lake Mareotis, about 20 miles south of Memphis and 25 miles west of the Nile.

HORACE

- 25 ausa et iacentem visere regiam
 vultu sereno, fortis et asperas
 tractare serpentis, ut atrum
 corpore combiberet venenum,
deliberata morte ferocior,
30 saevis Liburnis scilicet invidens
 privata deduci superbo
 non humilis mulier triumpho.

38

- Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,
displicent nexae philyra coronae;
mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
 sera moretur.
5 simplici myrto nihil allabores
 sedulus curo: neque te ministrum
 dedecet myrtus neque me sub arta
 vite bibentem.

ODES I.38

some hidden shore. She had the strength of mind to gaze on her ruined palace with a calm countenance, and the courage to handle the sharp-toothed serpents, letting her body drink in their black venom. Once she had resolved to die she was all the more defiant—determined, no doubt, to cheat the cruel Liburnians: she would not be stripped of her royalty and conveyed to face a jeering triumph: no humble woman she.

38

Away with oriental luxury!

I dislike Persian frippery, my boy; I do not care for garlands tied with linden bast; don't go looking for a place where the late rose lingers. Please don't go to the trouble of adding anything to plain myrtle; myrtle is entirely suitable for you as a servant, and for me as I sit drinking beneath the thick vine leaves.⁷⁸

⁷⁸ In an arbour formed by training vines over a trellis.

LIBER SECUNDUS

1

Motum ex Metello consule civicum
bellique causas et vitia et modos
 ludumque Fortunae gravisque
 principum amicitias et arma
5 nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus,
periculosae plenum opus aleae,
 tractas, et incedis per ignis
 suppositos cineri doloso.
paulum severae Musa tragoediae
10 desit theatris: mox ubi publicas
 res ordinaris, grande munus
 Cecropio repetes cothurno,
insigne maestis praesidium reis
et consulenti, Pollio, curiae,
15 cui laurus aeternos honores
 Delmatico peperit triumpho.
iam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
perstringis auris, iam litui strepunt,
 iam fulgor armorum fugaces
20 terret equos equitumque vultus.

BOOK II

1

On Pollio's History of the Civil Wars

The civil strife that began with Metellus' consulship,¹ the causes, and blunders, and phases of war, Fortune's sport, the protagonists' deadly friendships, weapons smeared with still unexpiated blood—that is your theme, a dangerous gamble at every point; you walk over fires still burning beneath the treacherous ash. Let it not be long before your stern tragic Muse returns to the theatre; soon, when you have set the nation's affairs in order, you will resume your lofty role on the Attic buskin.² You are already the famous bastion of piteous defendants and of the senate in its deliberations, Pollio; and in your Dalmatian triumph the laurel brought you honours that are ever green.

Even now you rasp our ears with the horns' threatening bray, already bugles blare, already the flash of weapons strikes fear into the nervous horses and the horsemen's

¹ 60 B.C. At that time the so-called First Triumvirate of Pompey, Caesar, and Crassus was formed. This alliance broke the power of the senate and led eventually to civil war.

² I.e. Attic tragedies in Latin.

HORACE

videre¹ magnos iam videor duces
non indecoro pulvere sordidos,
et cuncta terrarum subacta
praeter atrocem animum Catonis.
25 Iuno et deorum quisquis amicior
Afris inulta cesserat impotens
tellure victorum nepotes
rettulit inferias Iugurthae.
30 quis non Latino sanguine pinguior
campus sepulcris impia proelia
testatur auditumque Medis
Hesperiae sonitum ruinae?
qui gurges aut quae flumina lugubris
ignara belli? quod mare Dauniae
35 non decoloravere caedes?
quae caret ora cruore nostro?
sed ne relictis, Musa procax, iocis
Caeae retractes munera neniae,
40 mecum Dionaeo sub antro
quaere modos levioere plectro.

2

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

¹ videre *Beroaldus*] audire

ODES II.2

faces. Already I think I see the great generals, dirty with no inglorious dust, and the whole world vanquished except for Cato's defiant soul.³

Juno, with the other deities more friendly to the Africans, had withdrawn powerless, leaving the country unavenged, but now they have offered as a sacrifice to the dead Jugurtha the grandsons of his conquerors.

What plain has not been enriched with Latin blood, bearing witness by its graves to our unholy battles, and to the crash of Westland's downfall, which has been heard by the Medes? What sea, what river, is unaware of war's desolation? What ocean has not been stained with Daunian carnage? What shore is uncontaminated with our blood?

But steady, my impertinent Muse! Stick to frivolity, and do not rake up themes that call for the Cean dirge.⁴ Join me in the grotto of Dione's daughter⁵ and let us think of a tune for a lighter quill.

2

On the true place of money

Silver has no colour when it is hidden away in the miserly earth, as you know, my dear Sallustius Crispus, who despise strips of metal unless they shine in moderate use.

³ After Thapsus (46 B.C.) Cato committed suicide rather than surrender to Caesar.

⁴ A reference to the lyric poet Simonides of Ceos (6th to 5th century B.C.).

⁵ Venus.

HORACE

- 5 vivet extento Proculeius aevo,
notus in fratres animi paterni;
illum aget penna metuente solvi
 Fama superstes.
latius regnes avidum domando
10 spiritum, quam si Libyam remotis
Gadibus iungas et uterque Poenus
 serviat uni.
crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops,
nec sitim pellas,² nisi causa morbi
15 fugerit venis et aquosus albo
 corpore languor.
redditum Cyri solio Phraaten
dissidens plebi numero beatorum
eximit Virtus, populumque falsis
20 dedocet uti
vocibus, regnum et diadema tutum
deferens uni propriamque laurum,
quisquis ingentis oculo irretorto
 spectat acervos.

3

Aequam memento rebus in arduis
servare mentem non secus ac³ bonis
ab insolenti temperatam
laetitia, moriture Delli,

² pellas (Peerlkamp)] pellit

³ ac] in

ODES II.3

Proculeius will live beyond the mortal span, well-known, as he is, for his fatherly affection for his brothers; enduring Fame will bear him along on wings that scorn to droop.

You will rule more widely by controlling your greedy spirit than if you joined Libya to distant Cadiz, making both Punic peoples⁶ subject to you alone. Dreaded dropsy grows by indulging itself, and you cannot drive away the thirst unless the cause of the ailment has been expelled from the veins, and the watery lethargy from the pallid flesh.

Though Phraates has been restored to Cyrus' throne, Right Thinking⁷ disagrees with the crowd and removes him from the roll of the blessed; it reeducates the people, training them not to use false terms, and it confers a secure kingdom and crown and lasting laurels on one man alone—him who looks at enormous heaps of treasure, and then moves on without a backward glance.

3

Enjoy the fleeting hour!

Remember to keep a level head when life's path is steep; likewise, when the going is good, to restrain it from exces-

⁶ The Carthaginians had also settled in Spain.

⁷ The Stoic concept of *virtus*, here personified.

HORACE

- 5 seu maestus omni tempore vixeris,
seu te in remoto gramine per dies
 festos reclinatum bearis
 interiore nota Falerni.
 quo pinus ingens albaque populus
10 umbram hospitem consociare amant
 ramis? quid obliquo laborat
 lympha fugax trepidare rivo?
 huc vina et unguenta et nimium brevis
 flores amoenae ferre iube rosae,
15 dum res et aetas et sororum
 fila trium patiuntur atra.
 cedes coemptis saltibus et domo
 villaque flavus quam Tiberis lavit;
 cedes, et exstructis in altum
20 divitiis potietur heres.
 divesne prisco natus ab Inacho
 nil interest an pauper et infima
 de gente sub divo moreris,
 victima nil miserantis Orci.
25 omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
 versatur urna serius ocus
 sors exitura et nos in aeternum
 exsilium impositura cumbae.

4

Ne sit ancillae tibi amor pudori,
Xanthia Phoceū, prius insolentem
serva Briseis niveo colore
movit Achillem;

ODES II.4

sive joy, Dellius; for you are sure to die, whether you live in perpetual gloom or on holidays lie in a secluded meadow, treating yourself to a Falernian vintage from the back of your cellar.

For what purpose do the tall pine and white poplar like to form a welcoming shade with their branches? Why does the hurrying water go to the trouble of bustling along its winding course? This is just the place. Tell them to bring wine and perfume and the all too brief blooms of the lovely rose, while circumstances and time and the black threads of the Three Sisters allow it.⁸

You will leave the woodland pastures that you have bought up, and your town house, and your villa washed by the yellow Tiber; yes, you will leave them, and your heir will take possession of the wealth you have built so high. It makes no difference whether you live beneath the sky as a rich man descended from ancient Inachus, or a poor man of humblest family; you are still a victim of pitiless Orcus. We are all driven to the same pen; for all alike is the lot shaken in the urn; sooner or later, out it will come, and put us aboard the skiff for eternal exile.

4

Love for a slave girl

Don't be ashamed, Phocian Xanthias, of loving a servant: in earlier days the slave girl Briseis with her snow-white skin roused the haughty Achilles; the beauty of the captive

⁸ The Fates.

HORACE

- 5 movit Aiacem Telamone natum
forma captivæ dominum Tecmessæ;
arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
virgine rapta,
barbaræ postquam cecidere turmæ
10 Thessalo victore et ademptus Hector
tradidit fessis leviora tolli
Pergama Grais.
nescias an te generum beati
Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes:
15 regium certe genus et penatis
maeret iniquos.
crede non illam tibi de scelestâ
plebe dilectam,⁴ neque sic fidelem,
sic lucro aversam potuisse nasci
20 matre pudenda.
bracchia et vultum teretesque suras
integer laudo; fuge suspicari
cuius octavum trepidavit aetas
claudere lustrum.

5

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

⁴ dilectam] delectam

ODES II.5

Tecmessa roused Ajax, son of Telamon, though he was her master; the son of Atreus, in his hour of victory, was kindled with passion for a girl⁹ who was dragged away when the foreign hosts fell before the conquering Thessalian,¹⁰ and the removal of Hector had made Troy's citadel easier to capture for the battle-weary Greeks.

You never know: your flaxen-haired Phyllis may have well-to-do parents who would reflect glory on their son-in-law. Without a doubt the family she weeps for has royal blood, and its gods have turned unfairly against her. You may be sure that the girl you love does not come from the criminal classes, and that one so loyal and so loth to make money could not be the daughter of an embarrassing mother. I admire her arms and face and shapely legs—though quite disinterested, of course; you mustn't for a moment suspect one whose age has all too soon brought his eighth quinquennium to a close!

5

Not yet!

She is not yet strong enough to bear the yoke with a submissive neck; not yet can she take an equal share of the work with her partner, or endure the weight of a bull as he

⁹ Cassandra.

¹⁰ Achilles.

HORACE

5 circa virentis est animus tuae
 campos iuvencae, nunc fluviis gravem
 solantis aestum, nunc in udo
 ludere cum vitulis salicto
 praegestientis. tolle cupidinem
10 immitis uvae: iam tibi lividos
 distinguet Autumnus racemos
 purpureo varius colore.
 iam te sequetur: currit enim ferox
 aetas et illi quos tibi dempserit
15 apponet annos; iam proterva
 fronte petit Lalage maritum,
 dilecta quantum non Pholoe fugax,
 non Chloris albo sic umero nitens
 ut pura nocturno renidet
20 luna mari, Cnidiusve Gyges,
 quem si puellarum insereres choro,
 mire sagaces falleret hospites
 discrimen obscurum solutis
 crinibus ambiguoque vultu.

6

 Septimi, Gadis aditure mecum et
 Cantabrum indoctum iuga ferre nostra et
 barbaras Syrtis, ubi Maura semper
 aestuata unda,
5 Tibur Argeo positum colono
 sit meae sedes utinam senectae,
 sit modus lasso maris et viarum
 militiaeque!

ODES II.6

rushes to mate. The mind of your heifer ranges over green meadows; now she seeks relief in the river from the oppressive heat; now she is passionately eager to gambol with the calves in the damp osier beds. Get rid of your desire for the unripe grape! In due course you will find that autumn with its many tints will set off the darkening clusters with purple hue; in due course she will follow you, for time runs implacably on, and will give to her the years it takes from you. Soon Lalage will rush to encounter her mate head on; she will be loved even more than the shy Pholoe, more than Chloris whose pale shoulders gleamed like the clear moon reflected in the night sea, and more than the Cnidian Gyges: if you put *him* in a group of dancing girls, discerning strangers would, to their amazement, be tricked; for the distinction would be blurred by his flowing hair and equivocal looks.

6

Praise of Tibur and Tarentum

Septimius, you would go with me to Cadiz, and to the Cantabrian who has not yet learned to bear our yoke, and to the wild Syrtes where the Moorish surf boils for ever. Let me have Tibur, founded by an Argive settler,¹¹ as the home of my old age; let that mark the end for one who is weary of the sea and of marching and fighting. If the Fates

¹¹ Tiburnus, a founder of Tibur (Tivoli).

HORACE

unde si Parcae prohibent iniquae,
10 dulce pellitis ovibus Galaesi
flumen et regnata petam Laconi
rura Phalantho.
ille terrarum mihi praeter omnis
angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
15 mella decedunt viridique certat
baca Venafro,
ver ubi longum tepidasque praebet
Iuppiter brumas, et amicus Aulon
fertili Baccho minimum Falernis
20 invidet uvis.
ille te mecum locus et beatae
postulant arces; ibi tu calentem
debita sparges lacrima favillam
vatis amici.

7

O saepe mecum tempus in ultimum
deducte Bruto militiae duce,
quis te redonavit Quiritem
dis patriis Italoque caelo,
5 Pompei, meorum prime sodalium?
cum quo morantem saepe diem mero
fregi coronatus nitentis
malobathro Syrio capillos.
tecum Philippos et celerem fugam
10 sensi relicta non bene parmula,
cum fracta virtus, et minaces
turpe solum tetigere mento.

ODES II.7

are unkind enough to deny me that spot, I shall make for the river Galaesus (so sweet to the sheep in their leather jackets), and for the countryside once ruled by the Spartan Phalanthus. For me that corner of the world smiles more invitingly than all others. There the honey is not inferior to Hymettus, and the olive rivals green Venafrum; there the springs are long, Jove sends mild winters, and Aulon, beloved of prolific Bacchus, has no cause whatever to envy the grapes of Falernum. That place with its happy stronghold beckons to you and me; there you will duly drop a tear on the warm ashes of your poetic friend.

7

Pompeius' return

My friend,¹² so often carried with me into moments of the utmost peril when Brutus was in charge of operations,¹³ who has restored you to your father's gods and the sky of Italy, to be a citizen once again?¹⁴ Pompeius, dearest of my comrades, many's the time that in your company I have broken the long day's tedium with neat wine, my garlanded hair glistening with Syrian perfume. With you beside me I experienced Philippi and its headlong rout, leaving my little shield behind without much credit,¹⁵ when valour was broken and threatening warriors ignominiously bit the

¹² Nothing else is known of this man.

¹³ Those that ended at Philippi in 42 B.C.

¹⁴ An allusion to Octavian, who sanctioned his return, perhaps in 30 B.C.

¹⁵ Possibly true, but the motif is conventional in Greek poetry.

HORACE

sed me per hostis Mercurius celer
denso paventem sustulit aere;
15 te rursus in bellum resorbens
 unda fretis tulit aestuosis.
ergo obligatam redde Iovi dapem
longaque fessum militia latus
 depone sub lauru mea, nec
20 parce cadis tibi destinatis.
oblivioso levia Massico
ciboria exple; funde capacibus
 unguenta de conchis. quis udo
 deproperare apio coronas
25 curatve myrto? quem Venus arbitrum
 dicet bibendi? non ego sanius
 bacchabor Edonis: recepto
 dulce mihi furere est amico.

8

Ulla si iuris tibi peierati
poena, Barine, nocuisset umquam,
dente si nigro fieres vel uno
 turpior ungui,
5 crederem. sed tu, simul obligasti
 perfidum votis caput, enitescis
 pulchrior multo iuvenumque prodis
 publica cura.
 expedit matris cineres opertos
10 fallere et toto taciturna noctis
 signa cum caelo gelidaque divos
 morte carentis.

ODES II.8

dust. I, however, was swiftly caught up by Mercury¹⁶ in a thick cloud and carried trembling through the enemy's ranks, whereas you were sucked back into war by the current and borne away by the seething tide.

So then, pay to Jove the feast he deserves; lay down your limbs, worn out as they are by long campaigning, beneath my bay tree, and give no quarter to the jars set aside for you. Fill up the polished cups with Massic that dulls the memory, pour scented oils from capacious shells. Whose job is it to come up right away with garlands of moist celery or myrtle? Who will be declared toastmaster by Venus' throw?¹⁷ I shall revel with all the madness of a Thracian; it is sheer delight to go wild, for I have got back my friend.

8

To Barine, who gets away with murder

Had you ever suffered any punishment, Barine, for breaking your vows, were you becoming less attractive by one black tooth or speckled nail, I would believe you; but immediately after binding yourself with oaths taken on your faithless life, you become far more dazzlingly beautiful, and emerge as the heartthrob of every young man in town. You actually *prosper* when you swear falsely by the ashes of your mother's tomb, by the silent beacons of the night along with the whole firmament, and by the gods, who are exempt from chill death.

¹⁶ Inventor of the lyre, hence patron of poets.

¹⁷ The highest throw with the dice.

HORACE

ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa, rident
simplices Nymphae, ferus et Cupido,
15 semper ardentis acuens sagittas
 cote cruenta.
adde quod pubes tibi crescit omnis,
servitus crescit nova, nec priores
impiae tectum dominae relinquunt,
20 saepe minati.
te suis matres metuunt iuencis,
te senes parci, miseraeque nuper
virgines nuptae, tua ne retardet
 aura maritos.

9

Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos
manant in agros aut mare Caspium
 vexant inaequales procellae
 usque, nec Armeniis in oris,
5 amice Valgi, stat glacies iners
mensis per omnis aut Aquilonibus
 querqueta Gargani laborant
 et foliis viduantur orni:
tu semper urges flebilibus modis
10 Mysten ademptum, nec tibi Vespero
 surgente decedunt amores
 nec rapidum fugiente solem.
at non ter aevo functus amabilem
ploravit omnis Antilochum senex
15 annos, nec impubem parentes
 Troilon aut Phrygiae sorores

ODES II.9

Why, Venus herself laughs at this, yes, laughs; so do the guileless Nymphs and savage Cupid—who is forever sharpening his burning arrows on a bloody whetstone. Moreover, a whole generation of young males is growing up to provide you with new slaves, while their predecessors do not leave the house of their unholy mistress, in spite of their frequent threats. You are the one who is dreaded by mothers for your effect on their young steers, by old men, too, who are anxious for their money,¹⁸ and by virgin brides, unhappy for fear your scent may make their new husbands dally.

9

No more tears, Valgius!

Not forever does the rain pour down from the clouds onto the bedraggled fields, nor do gusty squalls always whip up the Caspian Sea, my dear Valgius; the ice does not stand motionless on Armenia's coast through every month of the year, nor do the oaks of Garganus always struggle against the northern blasts, nor are the ash trees widowed of their leaves. You, however, never cease to pursue your lost Mystes with tearful verses; your love does not subside when the evening star rises or when it flees before the on-rushing sun.

Yet the old man who lived three generations¹⁹ did not spend *all* his years grieving for his dear Antilochus, nor did his Phrygian parents and sisters mourn young Troilus for-

¹⁸ They will have to pay their son's debts.

¹⁹ Nestor of Pylos, a character in the *Iliad*.

HORACE

flevēre semper. desine mollium
tandem querelarum, et potius nova
cantemus Augusti tropaea
20 Caesaris et rigidum Niphaten,
Medumque flumen gentibus additum
victis minores volvere vertices,
 intraque praescriptum Gelonos
 exiguus equitare campis.

10

Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum
semper urgendo neque, dum procellas
cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
 litus iniquum.
5 auream quisquis mediocritatem
 diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
 sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
 sobrius aula.
10 saepius ventis agitur ingens
 pinus et celsae graviore casu
 decidunt turres feriuntque summos
 fulgura montis.
15 sperat infestis, metuit secundis
 alteram sortem bene praeparatum
 pectus. informis hiemes reducit
 Iuppiter, idem
 summovet. non, si male nunc, et olim
 sic erit: quondam cithara tacentem
20 suscitat Musam neque semper arcum
 tendit Apollo.

ODES II.10

ever. Come now, do put a stop to these unmanly lamentations, and let us rather sing of Augustus Caesar's latest victories, of ice-bound Niphates and the Persian river²⁰ rolling its waves less proudly now that it has joined the conquered nations, and of the Geloni who gallop their horses within fixed boundaries on plains that have suddenly dwindled.

10

The golden mean

You will keep your life on a straighter course, Licinius, if you neither push continually out to sea, nor, while cautiously avoiding the storms, hug the dangerous shore too closely. The man who cherishes the golden mean maintains a safe position: he escapes the squalor of a tumble-down house and also escapes, because of his moderation, the resentment caused by a mansion. It is more often the tall pine that is shaken by the wind; the collapse is more devastating when high towers fall, and it is the mountain peaks that are struck by lightning. In adversity the well-prepared mind hopes for the opposite situation, is on guard against it in prosperity. Jupiter brings round the ugly winters; he also removes them. If things are bad now, they will not always be so: at times Apollo wakens the slumbering Muse with his lyre; he does not always keep his bow

²⁰ Niphates, probably a mountain in Armenia, but Horace, like other poets, may have imagined it as a river; the Persian river is the Euphrates.

HORACE

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

11

Quid bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes,
Hirpine Quincti, cogitet Hadria
divisus obiecto, remittas
quaerere, nec trepides in usum
5 poscentis aevi pauca: fugit retro
levis iuventas et decor, arida
pellente lascivos amores
canitie facilemque somnum.
non semper idem floribus est honor
10 vernis, neque uno Luna rubens nitet
vultu: quid aeternis minorem
consiliis animum fatigas?
cur non sub alta vel platano vel hac
pinu iacentes sic temere et rosa
15 canos odorati capillos,
dum licet, Assyriaque nardo
potamus uncti? dissipat Euhius
curas edaces. quis puer ocius
restinguet ardentis Falerni
20 pocula praetereunte lympa?

ODES II.11

taut. In dire straits show yourself spirited and brave; you will also be wise to shorten your sail when it swells before too favourable a breeze.

11

Enjoy the passing hour!

Hirpinian Quinctius, leave off asking what the war-mongering Cantabrian is plotting and the Scythian, who is separated from us by the barrier of the Adriatic; and don't fuss about the needs of our short life, for there is little that it requires. Smooth-faced youth and beauty disappear quickly into the past, and our dry grey hair drives off wild love affairs and easy sleep. The beauty of spring flowers does not last forever, nor does the moon always shine with the same glowing face. What's the point of wearing out your brain (which isn't up to it) with plans that stretch to infinity?

Why don't we lie down, without more ado, beneath a tall plane tree, or better this pine here, while there is still time, and drink, our grizzled hair smeared with Syrian nard and garlanded with sweet-scented roses? Euhius dispels gnawing anxieties. Which of you slaves will be the first to quench the cups of burning Falernian²¹ with water from the stream that's flowing by? Who will entice Lyde, that

²¹ See I.20.10.

HORACE

quis devium scortum eliciet domo
Lyden? eburna dic age cum lyra
maturet incomptam⁵ Lacaenae
more comam religata nodo.⁶

12

Nolis longa ferae bella Numantiae
nec durum Hannibalem nec Siculum mare
Poeno purpureum sanguine mollibus
aptari citharae modis,
5 nec saevos Lapithas et nimium mero
Hylaeum domitosque Herculea manu
Telluris iuvenes, unde periculum
fulgens contremuit domus
Saturni veteris; tuque pedestribus
10 dices historiis proelia Caesaris,
Maecenas, melius ductaque per vias
regum colla minacium.
me dulces dominae Musa Licymniae
cantus, me voluit dicere lucidum
15 fulgentis oculos et bene mutuis
fidum pectus amoribus,

⁵ incomptam] in comptum

⁶ comam . . . nodo *Bentley*] comas . . . nodum

ODES II.12

discreet prostitute, from her house? Go on; tell her to grab her ivory lyre and hurry up, tying her uncombed hair in a knot, Spartan style.

12

My Muse prefers love to war

You would not wish the long-drawn-out war against ferocious Numantia, or rugged Hannibal, or the Sicilian Sea red with Punic blood to be set to the soft melodies of the lyre,²² nor the savage Lapiths and Hylaeus mad with wine, and the sons of Earth²³ vanquished by Hercules' hand when their threat caused old Saturn's bright abode to tremble.²⁴ You, Maecenas, will better describe in the prose of history the battles of Caesar and the necks of menacing kings dragged through the streets.

As for me, my Muse has wished me to tell of the lady Licymnia's sweet singing,²⁵ her brightly flashing eyes, and her heart that is rightly loyal to a loving partnership. With-

²² In the First Punic War (3rd century B.C.) the Roman navy defeated the Carthaginians in two engagements off Sicily. In 36 B.C. Octavian's fleet had defeated Sextus Pompeius in the same waters.

²³ The Giants who rebelled against Jupiter.

²⁴ Possibly "Saturn's former abode, now that of Jupiter," but it is more likely that, as often, the Giants' battle has been confused with the Titans'.

²⁵ Licymnia is perhaps a cover name for Terentia, Maecenas' wife; see Nisbet and Hubbard, *Commentary* (1978), pp. 181-2.

HORACE

quam nec ferre pedem dedecuit choris
 nec certare ioco nec dare bracchia
 ludentem nitidis virginibus sacro
 20 Dianae celebris die.
 num tu quae tenuit dives Achaemenes
 aut pinguis Phrygiae Mygdonias opes
 permutare velis crine Licymniae,
 plenas aut Arabum domos,
 25 cum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula
 cervicem aut facili saevitia negat,
 quae poscente magis gaudeat eripi,
 interdum rapere occupet?

13

Ille et nefasto te posuit die
 quicumque primum, et sacrilega manu
 produxit, arbos, in nepotum
 perniciem opprobriumque pagi;
 5 illum et parentis crediderim sui
 fregisse cervicem et penetralia
 sparsisse nocturno cruore
 hospitis; ille venena Colcha
 et quidquid usquam concipitur nefas
 10 tractavit, agro qui statuit meo
 te triste lignum, te caducum
 in domini caput immerentis.
 quid quisque vitet numquam homini satis
 cautum est in horas: navita Bosphorum
 15 Poenus perhorrescit neque ultra
 caeca timet aliunde fata;

ODES II.13

out any loss of grace she joined in the light-footed dance, competed in the contest of wit, and offered her arm as she frolicked with the girls in their finery on that sacred day when Diana's temple was crowded.²⁶

Would you be willing to accept all the wealth that Achaemenes once possessed, or the whole of fertile Phrygia (rich Mygdon's realm), or the Arabs' bulging houses, in exchange for a lock of Licymnia's hair when she bends her neck toward your passionate kisses, or refuses with mock severity the very kisses which (even more than the one who asks for them) she likes to be stolen, and is sometimes the first to steal?

13

A narrow escape from death

Whoever it was that planted you in the first place did so on an evil day, and with an unholy hand he raised you, Tree, to bring harm to his descendants and disgrace to the district. I could believe that he strangled his father and spattered the inmost shrine at dead of night with the blood of a guest; he dabbled in Colchian poisons and every enormity conceived throughout the world, that wretch who set you up on my estate, you damned piece of lumber, yes you, to fall down on your innocent owner's head.

A man can never take sufficient precautions from hour to hour against what he should avoid. The Punic sailor trembles at the Bosphorus, and, beyond that, does not expect an unseen death from any other quarter. The soldier

²⁶ Diana's festival was on 13 August.

HORACE

miles sagittas et celerem fugam
Parthi, catenas Parthus et Italum
robur; sed improvisa leti
20 vis rapuit rapietque gentis.
quam paene furvae regna Proserpinae
et iudicantem vidimus Aeacum
sedesque discriptas piorum et
Aeoliis fidibus querentem
25 Sappho puellis de popularibus,
et te sonantem plenius aureo,
Alcaeae, plectro dura navis,
dura fugae mala, dura belli!
utrumque sacro digna silentio
30 mirantur umbrae dicere; sed magis
pugnans et exactos tyrannos
densum umeris bibit aure vulgus.
quid mirum, ubi illis carminibus stupens
demittit atras belua centiceps
35 auris et intorti capillis
Eumenidum recreantur angues?
quin et Prometheus et Pelopis parens
dulci laborem decipitur sono,
nec curat Orion leones
40 aut timidos agitare lyncas.

14

Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
labuntur anni nec pietas moram
rugis et instanti senectae
adferet indomitaeque morti:

ODES II.14

dreads the Parthians' arrows and their quick retreat; the Parthian fears Italy's chains and dungeon;²⁷ but it is the unexpected death blow that has carried off, and will continue to carry off, the tribes of men.

How close I came to seeing the kingdom of dusky Proserpine, Aeacus sitting in judgment, and, set apart, the abodes of the righteous, and Sappho complaining on her Aeolian strings about the girls of her city, and you, Alcaeus, with your golden plectrum singing in more resonant tones about the harshness of life at sea, the bitter harshness of exile, the harshness of war! The ghosts marvel at both as they sing of things that demand a reverent silence; but the crowd, packed shoulder to shoulder, drink in more eagerly with their ears tales of battles and banished tyrants. What wonder, when, entranced by those songs, the hundred-headed beast²⁸ relaxes his black ears, and the snakes entwined in the Furies' hair sink to rest? Why, even Prometheus and Pelops' father are beguiled of their pain by the pleasant sound, and Orion has no interest in hunting lions or timid lynxes.

14

Death is inevitable

Ah Postumus,²⁹ Postumus, the fleeting years slip by, nor will piety check the onset of wrinkles, old age, and invinci-

²⁷ A dungeon on the Capitol where the chief prisoners of war were put to death. ²⁸ Cerberus.

²⁹ Perhaps an actual person, but also the adjective "last," of a child born after its father's death.

HORACE

- 5 non si trecenis quotquot eunt dies,
amice, places illacrimabilem
 Plutona tauris, qui ter amplum
 Geryonen Tityonque tristi
compescit unda, scilicet omnibus,
10 quicumque terrae munere vescimur,
 enaviganda, sive reges
 sive inopes erimus coloni.
frustra cruento Marte carebimus
fractisque rauci fluctibus Hadriae,
15 frustra per autumnos nocentem
 corporibus metuemus Austrum:
visendus ater flumine languido
Cocytos errans et Danai genus
 infame damnatusque longi
20 Sisyphus Aeolides laboris:
linquenda tellus et domus et placens
uxor, neque harum quas colis arborum
 te praeter invisas cupressos
 ulla brevem dominum sequetur:
25 absumet heres Caecuba dignior
servata centum clavibus et mero
 tinget pavimentum superbo,
 pontificum potiore cenis.

15

Iam pauca aratro iugera regiae
moles relinquent, undique latius
 extenta visentur Lucrino

ble death—no, not if on every day that passed you killed three hundred oxen to appease Pluto, who has no tears; he confines Geryon's three huge bodies and Tityos too beyond the desolate river that must surely be crossed by all of us who eat the fruits of the earth, whether we be princes or poor tenant farmers. All to no avail will we escape bloody Mars and the tossing waves of the hoarse Adriatic, all to no avail will we take precautions for our physical health every autumn against the ravages of the Scirocco.³⁰ We must go and gaze on the black Cocytus meandering with its sluggish stream, and on the ill-famed family of Danaus, and on Sisyphus, Aeolus' son, who is condemned to hard labour that will never end. Earth must be left behind, and home, and beloved wife; and of all the trees that you cultivate none except the abhorrent cypress will follow you, their short-lived master. Your heir, who deserves it better, will use up the Caecuban that you have locked away with a hundred keys, and he will stain your expensive floor with that proud wine, which is choicer than the pontiff's banquets.³¹

15

The invasion of luxury

Soon our princely piles will leave only a few acres for the plough; before our gaze fish ponds will extend in every direction more widely than the Lucrine Lake; and the

³⁰ Autumn was an unhealthy season because malaria, with which the Scirocco wind was associated, was rife.

³¹ A byword for lavishness.

HORACE

5 stagna lacu, platanusque caelebs
evincet ulmos; tum violaria et
myrtus et omnis copia narium
 spargent olivetis odorem
 fertilibus domino priori;
tum spissa ramis laurea fervidos
10 excludet ictus. non ita Romuli
 praescriptum et intonsi Catonis
 auspiciis veterumque norma.
privatus illis census erat brevis,
commune magnum: nulla decempedis
15 metata privatis opacam
 porticus excipiebat Arcton,
nec fortuitum spernere caespitem
leges sinebant, oppida publico
 sumptu iubentes et deorum
20 templa novo decorare saxo.

16

Otium divos rogat in patenti
prensus Aegaeo, simul atra nubes
condidit lunam neque certa fulgent
 sidera nautis;
5 otium bello furiosa Thrace,
otium Medi pharetra decori,
Grosphē, non gemmis neque purpura ve-
 nale neque auro.

bachelor plane tree will crowd out the elm.³² Then violets and myrtles and every kind of abundance that pampers the nostrils will sprinkle scent where olive groves bore fruit for the former owner; then the bay with its thickened foliage will shut out the sun's fiery shafts. Such things were not permitted by the authority of Romulus and shaggy Cato and the standard of the men of old. For their private assets were small, the common wealth great. No colonnades measured out by private rods trapped the cool shade of the northerly Bear;³³ nor did the law allow them to reject any turf they happened on,³⁴ whereas it insisted that towns and the temples of the gods should be beautified at public expense with fresh-cut stone.

16

Contentment the only true happiness

A quiet life is what a man prays the gods to grant him when caught in the open Aegean, and a dark cloud has blotted out the moon, and the sailors no longer have the bright stars to guide them. A quiet life is the prayer of Thrace when madness leads to war. A quiet life is the prayer of the Medes when fighting with painted quivers: a commodity, Grosphus, that cannot be bought by jewels or purple or

³² The plane tree is "bachelor" in supporting no "wife" (vine); the elm, however, was commonly used for this purpose.

³³ The constellation of Ursa Major stands for the northern sky.

³⁴ Turf used for making an altar or roof, the least expensive material.

HORACE

10 non enim gazae neque consularis
summovet lictor miseros tumultus
mentis et curas laqueata circum
tecta volantis.
vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
splendet in mensa tenui salinum
15 nec levis somnos timor aut cupido
sordidus aufert.
quid brevi fortes iaculamur aevo
multa? quid terras alio calentis
sole mutamus? patriae quis exsul
20 se quoque fugit?
scandit aeratas vitiosa navis
Cura nec turmas equitum relinquit,
ocior cervis et agente nimbos
ocior Euro.
25 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,
30 longa Tithonum minuit senectus,
et mihi forsán, tibi quod negarit,
porriget hora.
te greges centum Siculaeque circum
mugiunt vaccae, tibi tollit hinnitum
35 apta quadrigis equa, te bis Afro
murice tinctae
vestiunt lanae: mihi parva rura et
spiritum Graiae tenuem Camenae
Parca non mendax dedit et malignum
40 spernere vulgus.

ODES II.16

gold. For no riches, no consul's lictor,³⁵ can move on the disorders of an unhappy mind and the anxieties that flutter around coffered ceilings.

The good life is enjoyed at little expense by the man whose forefathers' saltcellar gleams on his frugal table, one who is not robbed of his blithe slumbers by fear or sordid greed. Why do we, valiant fellows that we are, aim at so many targets in our short life? Why give up our own country for one that is warmed by another sun? What expatriate has ever succeeded in escaping from himself as well? Morbid Anxiety boards warships with their brazen rams, nor does it leave squadrons of cavalry alone, for it is faster than stags, and faster than the East Wind as it drives the storm clouds before it.

The mind that is happy for the present should refuse to worry about what is further ahead; it should dilute bitter things with a mild smile. Nothing is happy in every respect. An early death overtook the famous Achilles; a protracted old age wasted Tithonus away; it may be that time will offer me what it has denied to you. All around you a hundred herds of Sicilian cattle low; you have a whinnying mare just right for the four-horse chariot; you wear woollen clothes dyed twice over in African crimson. To me the Thrifty One³⁶ that does not belie her name has given a small estate, a slight puff of inspiration from the Graeco-Roman Muse, and a scorn for the resentful mob.

³⁵ The lictor, carrying the fasces that symbolised the magistrate's authority, made a path for him through the crowd.

³⁶ One of the Parcae, or Fates.

HORACE

17

Cur me querelis exanimas tuis?
 nec dis amicum est nec mihi te prius
 obire, Maecenas, mearum
 grande decus columeque rerum.
 5 a! te meae si partem animae rapit
 maturior vis, quid moror alteram,⁷
 nec carus aequae nec superstes
 integer? ille dies utramque
 ducet ruinam. non ego perfidum
 10 dixi sacramentum: ibimus, ibimus,
 utcumque praecedes, supremum
 carpere iter comites parati.
 me nec Chimaerae spiritus igneae
 nec, si resurgat, centimanus Gyas
 15 divellet umquam: sic potenti
 Iustitiae placitumque Parcis.
 seu Libra seu me Scorprios aspicit
 formidulosus, pars violentior
 natalis horae, seu tyrannus
 20 Hesperiae Capricornus undae,
 utrumque nostrum incredibili modo
 consentit astrum: te Iovis impio
 tutela Saturno refulgens
 eripuit volucrisque Fati
 25 tardavit alas, cum populus frequens
 laetum theatri ter crepuit sonum:
 me truncus illapsus cerebro
 sustulerat, nisi Faunus ictum

Our destinies are linked, Maecenas

Why do you worry me to death with your grumbling? It is not the gods' will or mine that you should die first, Maecenas, you who are the great glory and keystone of my existence. If some force snatches away you, who are part of my soul, before me, ah, what do I care for the other part, no longer equally loved, and, though surviving, no longer a whole person? That day will drag both of us down to death. I have sworn a solemn oath and will not break it: we will go, yes, we will go, whenever you take the lead; we are ready to set out on the final journey as comrades together. The breath of the fiery Chimaera will never tear me away from you, no, nor the hundred-handed Gyges if he should rise again. That is the will of mighty Justice and the Fates. Whether Libra or the fearsome Scorpio watches me as the more powerful influence at my birth, or Capricorn the lord of the western wave, our two signs coincide in a quite miraculous fashion. In your case, the protective power of Jupiter, shining brightly in the face of the malign Saturn, snatched you away and slowed down the wings of flying Fate at the time when the crowds of people at the theatre gave three happy rounds of applause.³⁷ As for me, the tree that fell on my crown had carried me off had not Faunus,

³⁷ Cf. I.20.3ff.

⁷ alteram *Burmann*] altera

HORACE

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

18

Non ebur neque aureum
mea renidet in domo lacunar,
non trabes Hymettiae
5 premunt columnas ultima recisas
Africa, neque Attali
ignotus heres regiam occupavi,
nec Laconicas mihi
trahunt honestae purpuras clientae:
at fides et ingeni
10 benigna vena est, pauperemque dives
me petit: nihil supra
deos lacesso nec potentem amicum
largiora flagito,
satis beatus unicus Sabinis.
15 truditur dies die,
novaeque pergunt interire lunae:
tu secunda marmora
locas sub ipsum funus et sepulcri
immemor struis domos
20 marisque Bais obstrepentis urges
summovere litora,
parum locuples continente ripa.

ODES II.18

the guardian of Mercury's men,³⁸ lightened the blow with his hand. Don't forget to offer appropriate victims and to dedicate a votive shrine! I myself will kill a humble lamb.

18

The vanity of riches

No panelled ceiling of ivory and gold glitters in my house; no beams of Hymettian marble rest on columns quarried in the depths of Africa; I have not come into possession of a palace as a long-lost heir of Attalus; nor do I have wellborn lady clients trailing robes of Laconian³⁹ purple. But I do have good faith and a generous vein of talent, and, poor as I am, the rich seek my friendship. I do not pester the gods for anything more, nor do I badger my powerful friend for more lavish gifts. I am quite happy enough with simply my Sabine acres.

Day is pushed on by day, and new moons hurry to wane. But you, though in the very shadow of death, place contracts for cutting marble slabs,⁴⁰ and build houses without giving a thought to your tomb. You press on to move back the coastline where the sea roars in protest at Baiae, for you have insufficient property as long as the shore hems

³⁸ Poets; see I.10.6.

³⁹ Spartan.

⁴⁰ For facing.

HORACE

quid quod usque proximos
 revellis agri terminos et ultra
 25 limites clientium
 salis avarus? pellitur paternos
 in sinu ferens deos
 et uxor et vir sordidosque natos.
 nulla certior tamen
 30 rapacis Orci fine destinata
 aula divitem manet
 erum. quid ultra tendis? aequa tellus
 pauperi recluditur
 regumque pueris, nec satelles Orci
 35 callidum Promethea
 revinxit⁸ auro captus. hic superbum
 Tantalum atque Tantali
 genus coeracet, hic levare functum
 pauperem laboribus
 40 vocatus atque non vocatus audit.

19

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
 vidi docentem—credite posteri—
 Nymphasque discentis et auris
 capripedum Satyrorum acutas.
 5 euhoe! recenti mens trepidat metu
 plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum
 laetatur: euhoe! parce Liber,
 parce gravi metuende thyrsos!

you in. What of the fact that you repeatedly tear up the stones that mark your neighbour's farm, and in your greed leap over your tenants' boundaries? Husband and wife are driven out, carrying in their arms their family gods and ragged children. Yet no hall awaits its rich owner more surely than the inevitable terminus of grasping Orcus. Why do you strive any further? The earth opens impartially for the poor and for the sons of princes. Orcus' attendant could not be bribed with gold to untie Prometheus for all his cunning.⁴¹ He holds the arrogant Tantalus and all his breed in custody; when he is summoned to release the poor man who has finished his labours—yes, and even when he is not summoned—he answers the call.

19

To Bacchus

I have seen Bacchus teaching songs on a distant crag (believe me, my future readers!), and the Nymphs learning them and goat-footed Satyrs with their pointed ears pricked. Euhoe! My mind is in a confused ecstasy, still trembling with the fear that just now came over me; my soul is possessed by Bacchus. Euhoe! Have mercy on me, o God of Freedom!⁴² Have mercy, dread Lord of the fear-

⁴¹ Orcus' attendant is probably not Charon but Mercury, one of whose functions was to escort dead souls to Hades.

⁴² Bacchus.

⁸ revinxit] revexit

HORACE

10 fas pervicaces est mihi Thyiadas
 vinique fontem lactis et uberes
 cantare rivos atque truncis
 lapsa cavis iterare mella:
 fas et beatae coniugis additum
 stellis honorem tectaque Penthei
 15 disiecta non leni ruina
 Thracis et exitium Lycurgi.
 tu flectis amnis, tu mare barbarum,
 tu separatis uvidus in iugis
 nodo coerces viperino
 20 Bistonidum sine fraude crinis:
 tu, cum parentis regna per arduum
 cohors Gigantum scanderet impia,
 Rhoetum retorsisti leonis
 unguibus horribilisque⁹ mala;
 25 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
 30 ore pedes tetigitque crura.

⁹ horribilisque *Bochart*] horribilique

ODES II.19

some ivy rod!⁴³ I am allowed to sing of tireless Bacchants, fountains of wine, and rich rivers of milk, and to tell again the tale of honey oozing from hollow tree trunks.⁴⁴ I am allowed to sing of how your consort⁴⁵ was beatified and her crown set among the stars, how the palace of Pentheus was blasted apart and collapsed in devastation, and how the Thracian Lycurgus was destroyed.

You bend rivers to your will, and the savage sea; on lonely mountain tops, soaked with wine, you bind the Bistonian⁴⁶ women's hair with a harmless knot of vipers. You, when the impious band of Giants climbed up the slope to reach your father's kingdom,⁴⁷ hurled back Rhoetus, causing panic with a lion's claws and fangs.⁴⁸ Although men said you were more suited to dances, fun, and games, and were not really fit for fighting, yet you proved a central figure in war as in peace. When Cerberus caught sight of you, arrayed in all your beauty with golden horns, he did you no harm, but meekly brushed his tail against you; and as you went away he licked your feet and legs with the tongues of his three muzzles.

⁴³ The thyrsus, or wand, of Bacchus, whose touch induced frenzy.

⁴⁴ Such phenomena are mentioned in the *Bacchae* of Euripides.

⁴⁵ Ariadne.

⁴⁶ Thracian.

⁴⁷ I.e. Jupiter's.

⁴⁸ Bacchus could assume various shapes.

HORACE

20

Non usitata nec tenui ferar
 penna biformis per liquidum aethera
 vates, neque in terris morabor
 longius, invidiaque maior
 5 urbis relinquam. non ego pauperum
 sanguis parentum, non ego quem vocas,
 dilecte Maecenas, obibo
 nec Stygia cohibebor unda.
 iam iam residunt cruribus asperae
 10 pelles, et album mutor in alitem
 superne, nascunturque leves
 per digitos umerosque plumae.
 iam Daedaleo notior Icaro
 visam gementis litora Bosphori
 15 Syrtisque 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.

The poet's metamorphosis

On no common or flimsy wing shall I be borne aloft through the clear air, a poet of double shape. I shall remain no longer on earth, but shall leave the cities of men, superior to envy. I, sprung from humble parents, I whom you, my dear Maecenas, send for to be your guest, shall not die, shall not be confined by the waters of the Styx.

Now as I speak, rough skin forms on my legs; I am changing into a white bird in my upper part, smooth feathers sprout from finger to shoulder. Soon, more renowned than Daedalus' Icarus, I shall visit as a tuneful swan the shores of the bellowing Bosphorus, the Gaetulian Syrtes,⁴⁹ and the plains of the folk beyond the North Wind. The Colchian shall come to know me, and the Dacian who pretends not to fear the Marsian cohorts, and, furthest of all, the Geloni; the Spaniard will become educated by reading my works, and so will he who drinks the Rhone. Let there be no lamentations or any ugly expressions of grief and mourning at my hollow funeral;⁵⁰ restrain all cries, and do not trouble with the empty tribute of a tomb.

⁴⁹ Cf. I.22.5.

⁵⁰ "Hollow" (a) because it is pointless; (b) because although the bier will contain the poet's corpse, he himself will not be there.

LIBER TERTIUS

1

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo;
favete linguis: carmina non prius
audita Musarum sacerdos
virginibus puerisque canto.
5 regum timendorum in proprios greges,
reges in ipsos imperium est Iovis,
clari Giganteo triumpho,
cuncta supercilio moventis.
est ut viro vir latius ordinet
10 arbusta sulcis, hic generosior
descendat in Campum petitor,
moribus hic meliorque fama
contendat, illi turba clientium
sit maior: aequa lege Necessitas
15 sortitur insignis et imos;
omne capax movet urna nomen.
detractus ensis cui super impia
cervice pendet, non Siculae dapes

¹ Not belonging to the religion of poetry.

² I.e. the Campus Martius, where elections were held.

BOOK III

1

Simplicity

I shun the uninitiated¹ crowd and keep it at a distance. Pray silence! As priest of the Muses I am singing to girls and boys songs never heard before. Dreaded monarchs have power over their own flocks; monarchs themselves are under the power of Jove, who in the glory of his triumph over the Giants moves the whole universe with the nod of his brow.

It is true that one man lays out his trees in trenches over a wider area than another. This candidate, when he goes down to the Park to solicit votes,² has a nobler pedigree; that one enters the contest with a better character and reputation; another has an advantage in the numbers of his clients. Fate recognizes no distinctions, choosing by lot the highest and the lowest alike; everyone's name is shaken in its capacious urn.

For the man who has a naked sword hanging over his unholy neck,³ no Sicilian banquets will provide a sweet

³ When flattered by Damocles, Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, ordered a sword to be hung by a thread above Damocles' head, illustrating the precarious nature of his own life.

HORACE

20 dulcem elaborabunt saporem,
 non avium citharaeque cantus
 somnum reducent: somnus agrestium
 lenis virorum non humilis domos
 fastidit umbrosamque ripam,
 non Zephyris agitata Tempe.
 25 desiderantem quod satis est neque
 tumultuosum sollicitat mare
 nec saevus Arcturi cadentis
 impetus aut orientis Haedi,
 non verberatae grandine vineae
 30 fundusque mendax, arbore nunc aquas
 culpante, nunc torrentia agros
 sidera, nunc hiemes iniquas.
 contracta pisces aequora sentiunt
 iactis in altum molibus; huc frequens
 35 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.
 quodsi dolentem nec Phrygius lapis
 nec purpurarum Sidone¹ clarior
 delenit usus nec Falerna
 vitis Achaemeniumque costum,
 45 cur invidendis postibus et novo
 sublime ritu moliar atrium?
 cur valle permutem Sabina
 divitias operosiores?

ODES III.1

taste; no music of birds or lyre will bring back his sleep. The gentle sleep that countrymen enjoy does not despise their lowly cottages, or the shady riverbank, or the valley fanned by zephyrs.

The one who desires what is enough is not worried by a stormy sea or by the fierce onslaught of Arcturus as he sets, or the Kid as he rises; not by hail lashing his vineyards or by a farm that has broken its promise. (The orchard blames now the torrential rain, now the dog star for scorching the fields, now the winter's harshness.)

The fish feel their waters shrinking as pier after pier is pushed into the sea. The contractor with his workmen repeatedly tips in rubble; at his side is the owner who is bored with living on land. But Fear and Foreboding climb as high as the owner; black Anxiety does not quit the bronze-beaked galley,⁴ and sits behind the horseman.

Since, then, distress is not relieved by Phrygian marble, or the wearing of clothes brighter than Sidon's purple, or Falernian vines, or Persian spikenard, why should I struggle to build a towering hall in the modern style with a doorway that arouses envy? Why should I change my Sabine valley for riches that will bring an increase only of trouble?

⁴ The Latin term *triremis* strictly denotes a naval vessel; but here, as in *Epistles* 1.1.93, it refers to a rich man's yacht, which might also have bronze ornaments.

¹ 42 Sidone *Nisbet*] sidere

HORACE

2

Angustam amice pauperiem pati
robustus acri militia puer
 condiscat et Parthos feroces
 vexet eques metuendus hasta
5 vitamque sub divo et trepidis agat
in rebus. illum ex moenibus hosticis
 matrona bellantis tyranni
 prospiciens et adulta virgo
suspiret, eheu, ne rudis agminum
10 sponsus lacessat regius asperum
 tactu leonem, quem cruenta
 per medias rapit ira caedis.
dulce et decorum est pro patria mori:
mors et fugacem persequitur virum,
15 nec parcat imbellis iuventae
 poplitibus timidove tergo.
virtus repulsae nescia sordidae
intaminatis fulget honoribus,
 nec sumit aut ponit securis
20 arbitrio popularis aerae.
virtus, recludens immeritis mori
caelum, negata temptat iter via,
 coetusque vulgaris et udam
 spemit humum fugiente penna.

ODES III.2

2

Military and social virtues

A youngster should be toughened by the rigours of a soldier's life, and learn how to put up with the constraints of poverty cheerfully. He should harass the fierce Parthians on horseback, spreading panic with his spear, and spend his life in dangerous situations under the open sky. When they look at him from the enemy's battlements, let the wife of the warring potentate and her grown-up daughter sigh: "O that my princely fiancé, who has no experience of battle, may not provoke the lion that is savage to the touch and whose rage for blood sends him rampaging through the thick of the carnage!"

It is sweet and fitting to die for one's country. Death hunts down also the man who runs away, and has no mercy on the hamstrings of the unwarlike youth and his cowardly back.

A man's true worth does not acknowledge a demeaning rebuff,⁵ but shines forth with its glory undimmed; it does not take up or lay down the axes of authority at the people's whim. Their true worth opens the gates of heaven to those who do not deserve to die; it ventures to make its way by a path denied to others, and spurns the vulgar crowd and the damp earth with its soaring wing.

⁵ Specifically a rebuff at the polls. It is not altogether fanciful to see these lines as an allusion to an attempt by the Princeps to introduce moral legislation in 28 B.C.

HORACE

25 est et fideli tuta silentio
merces; vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum
vulgarit arcanæ, sub isdem
sit trabibus fragilemque mecum
30 solvat phaselon: saepe Diespiter
neglectus incesto addidit integrum:
raro antecedentem scelestum
deseruit pede Poena claudo.

3

Iustum et tenacem propositi virum
non civium ardor prava iubentium,
non vultus instantis tyranni
mente quatit solida neque Auster,
5 dux inquieti turbidus Hadriae,
nec fulminantis magna manus Iovis:
si fractus illabatur orbis,
impavidum ferient ruinae.
hac arte Pollux et vagus Hercules
10 enisus arces attigit igneas,
quos inter Augustus recumbens
purpureo bibit ore nectar.
hac te merentem, Bacche pater, tuæ
vexere tigres indocili iugum
15 collo trahentes; hac Quirinus
Martis equis Acheronta fugit,
gratum elocuta consiliantibus

ODES III.3

There is also a sure reward for loyal silence.⁶ I will forbid anyone who has divulged the secrets of mystic Ceres to be under the same roof or to cast off a fragile boat with me on board. When slighted, Jupiter often lumps the righteously together with the impious; rarely does Retribution fail to catch up with the criminal despite her limping gait.

3

A steadfast commitment to the future

The man of integrity who holds fast to his purpose is not shaken from his firm resolve by hot-headed citizens urging him to do wrong, or by the frown of an oppressive despot, or by the South Wind, that unruly lord of the restless Adriatic, or by the mighty hand of thundering Jove. If the firmament were to split and crash down upon him, he will still be unafraid when hit by the wreckage.

It was through this quality that Pollux and roving Hercules after a long struggle reached the fiery heights; reclining in their company, Augustus will drink nectar with rosy lips.⁷ Through this, Father Bacchus, your tigers deservedly carried you aloft, pulling the yoke with their wild necks; through this Quirinus was saved from Acheron by the steeds of Mars, after Juno had made a speech that brought joy to the council of the gods:

⁶ The secrecy associated with the mysteries of Ceres may also be a way of referring to political discretion. Horace can be trusted to keep his mouth shut.

⁷ Referring to a god's perpetual youth; cf. Vergil, *Aeneid* 2.593 of Venus; or because nectar was red.

HORACE

Iunone divis: "Ilion, Ilion
fatalis incestusque iudex
20 et mulier peregrina vertit
in pulverem, ex quo destituit deos
mercede pacta Laomedon, mihi
castaeque damnatum Minervae
cum populo et duce fraudulento.
25 iam nec Lacaenae splendet adulterae
famosus hospes nec Priami domus
periura pugnaces Achivos
Hectoreis opibus refringit,
nostrisque ductum seditionibus
30 bellum resedit. protinus et gravis
iras et invisum nepotem,
Troica quem peperit sacerdos,
Marti redonabo; illum ego lucidas
inire sedes, ducere nectaris
35 sucos et adscribi quietis
ordinibus patiar deorum.
dum longus inter saeviat Ilion
Romamque pontus, qualibet exsules
in parte regnanto beati;
40 dum Priami Paridisque busto
insultet armentum et catulos ferae
celent inultae, stet Capitolium
fulgens triumphatisque possit
Roma ferox dare iura Medis.
45 horrenda late nomen in ultimas
extendat oras, qua medius liquor
secernit Europen ab Afro,
qua tumidus rigat arva Nilus.

ODES III.3

"Ilium, Ilium, has been reduced to rubble by that calamitous and polluted judge and a foreign woman⁸—Ilium which was given over to me and chaste Minerva for punishment along with its people and its treacherous king ever since Laomedon cheated the gods, even though their wages had been agreed. No longer now does the infamous guest⁹ dazzle his Spartan adulteress, nor does the fraudulent house of Priam hurl back the Achaeans' onslaught with Hector's help. The war that was prolonged by our quarrels is at an end. From this point I shall give over my bitter anger, pardoning for Mars' sake the grandchild I have hated: the son of the Trojan priestess.¹⁰ I shall allow him to enter the abodes of light, to quaff the juice of nectar, and to be enrolled in the peaceful ranks of the gods.

As long as the wide sea rages between Ilium and Rome, let the exiles reign and prosper in whatever place they like. As long as cattle trample on the tombs of Priam and Paris, and wild beasts safely hide their whelps within them, may the gleaming Capitol stand, and may warlike Rome have the power to rule over the conquered Medes. Feared far and wide, may she spread her name to the most distant shores, where the straits intervene to separate Europe from the African, and the swollen Nile waters the corn-fields.

⁸ The judge is Paris, who awarded the prize of beauty to Venus rather than Juno (or Minerva); the foreign woman Helen, from Sparta.

⁹ Paris, seducer of Helen.

¹⁰ Romulus, son of Mars and Ilia.

HORACE

aurum irrepertum et sic melius situm,
50 cum terra celat, spernere fortior
 quam cogere humanos in usus
 omne sacrum rapiente dextra.
quicumque mundo terminus obstitit,
hunc tangat² armis, visere gestiens,
55 qua parte debacchentur ignes,
 qua nebulae pluviique rores.
sed bellicosis fata Quiritibus
hac lege dico, ne nimium pii
 rebusque fidentes avitae
60 tecta velint reparare Troiae.
Troiae renascens alite lugubri
fortuna tristi clade iterabitur,
 ducente victrices catervas
 coniuge me Iovis et sorore.
65 ter si resurgat murus aeneus
auctore Phoebo, ter pereat meis
 excisus Argivis, ter uxor
 capta virum puerosque ploret.”
non hoc iocosae conveniet lyrae;
70 quo, Musa, tendis? desine pervicax
 referre sermones deorum et
 magna modis tenuare parvis.

² tangat] tanget

ODES III.3

Provided she shows her courage by rejecting the gold that is undiscovered (and all the better when concealed in the earth) rather than by pressing it into human uses with a hand that greedily snatches at everything holy, then, whatever limit contains the world, let her reach it with her arms, eager to see those places where fires riot unchecked and those where mists and rain showers never lift.

But on this condition only do I reveal their destiny to the warrior citizens of Rome: they must not, out of excessive piety or confidence in their power, attempt to restore the buildings of ancestral Troy.¹¹ If the fortune of Troy is born again, that will be under an evil omen, and it will end in mournful disaster as it did before. I, Jove's wife and sister, will lead the hosts that hurl it to defeat. If, under Phoebus' direction, her wall were to rise again in solid brass three times, three times would it be destroyed and razed to the ground by my Argives; three times would the captive wife weep for her husband and children."

This will never do for a cheerful lyre. Where are you going, Muse? Don't be so headstrong. Stop reporting the talk of the gods, and diminishing momentous matters with your trivial ditties.

¹¹ Suetonius (*Julius Caesar* 79) reports a rumour that Caesar meant to move the centre of empire east to Alexandria or Troy. In addition, war-torn Troy may be a metaphor for the war-torn Roman republic. There must be no going back.

HORACE

4

Descende caelo et dic age tibia
 regina longum Calliope melos,
 seu voce nunc mavis acuta,
 seu fidibus citharaque³ Phoebi.
 5 auditis an me ludit amabilis
 insania? audire et videor pios
 errare per lucos, amoenae
 quos et aquae subeunt et aerae.
 me fabulosae Vulture in Apulo
 10 nutricis extra limina pergulae⁴
 ludo fatigatumque somno
 fronde nova puerum palumbes
 texere, mirum quod foret omnibus,
 quicumque celsae nidum Acherontiae
 15 saltusque Bantinos et arvom
 pingue tenent humilis Forenti,
 ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
 dormirem et ursis, ut premerer sacra
 lauroque collataque myrto,
 20 non sine dis animosus infans.
 vester, Camenae, vester in arduos
 tollor Sabinos, seu mihi frigidum
 Praeneste seu Tibur supinum
 seu liquidae placuere Baiae.

³ citharaque] citharave

⁴ limina pergulae *Baehrens*] limen Apuliae

ODES III.4

4

Poetic and political harmony

Descend from heaven, Queen Calliope, and come, sing a lengthy song with the pipe or, if you prefer, with your clear voice alone, or with the strings and lyre of Phoebus. Do you hear, my friends? Or am I misled by a fond delusion? I seem to hear her and to be walking in a sacred grove, through which delightful streams and breezes wander. On pathless Vulture,¹² beyond the threshold of my nurse's cottage, when as a child I was worn out with play and sleep, the legendary wood pigeons covered me with fresh leaves. It was a marvel to all who live in the eyrie of lofty Acherontia and Bantia's glades and the rich ploughland of low-lying Forentum how I slept with my body unharmed by bears and black vipers, how I was hidden under piles of sacred laurel and myrtle, thanks to the gods a spirited child.¹³

I am yours, Muses, yes, yours when borne aloft to the Sabine region, yours whether I prefer cool Praeneste or sloping Tibur or Baiae with its limpid air. Because I loved

¹² Mt Vulture, 15 km west of Venusia, looms over the area.

¹³ Acherontia, Bantia, Forentum: small towns near Venusia, Horace's birthplace.

HORACE

- 25 vestris amicum fontibus et choris
 non me Philippis versa acies retro,
 devota non exstinxit arbos,
 nec Sicula Palinurus unda.
 utcumque mecum vos eritis, libens
- 30 insanientem navita Bosphorum
 temptabo et urentis harenas
 litoris Assyrii viator,
 visam Britannos hospitibus feros
 et laetum equino sanguine Concanum,
- 35 visam pharetratos Gelonos
 et Scythicum inviolatus amnem.
 vos Caesarem altum, militia simul
 fessas cohortis abdidit oppidis,
 finire quaerentem labores
- 40 Pierio recreatis antro;
 vos lene consilium et datis et dato
 gaudetis almae. scimus ut impios
 Titanas immanemque turbam
 fulmine sustulerit caduco,
- 45 qui terram inertem, qui mare temperat
 ventosum, et umbras⁵ regnaque tristia
 divosque mortalisque turmas
 imperio regit unus aequo.
 magnum illa terrorem intulerat Iovi
- 50 fidens iuventus horrida bracchiis
 fratresque tendentes opaco
 Pelion imposuisse Olympo.

⁵ umbras *Bentley*] urbes

ODES III.4

your springs and dances, I was not destroyed by the rout of our line at Philippi, nor by that accursed tree,¹⁴ nor by Palinurus with his Sicilian waters.¹⁵ So long as you are with me, I shall gladly become a sailor and venture into the raging Bosphorus, or a traveller and brave the burning sands of Syria's shore. Immune from violence, I shall visit the Britons, who are hostile to foreigners, the Concanian who enjoys drinking horse's blood, the Geloni with their quivers, and the Scythian river.

You refresh our exalted Caesar within a Pierian grotto, as he seeks to bring his labours to an end, now that he has unobtrusively settled his weary troops in the townships.¹⁶ You in your kindness give him gentle advice, and are glad to have given it. We know how the impious Titans and their outlandish troops were eliminated by the hurtling thunderbolt of him who controls the torpid earth, the windy sea, and the ghosts in the realms of gloom, and who rules alone with impartial authority both the gods and the hordes of men.¹⁷

That fearsome young group, relying on the strength of its arms, along with the brothers who strove to place Pelion on top of leafy Olympus, had caused great terror to Jove.

¹⁴ Devoted to the underworld gods, see III.8.7f.

¹⁵ Palinurus: a headland on the coast of Lucania. The incident in which Horace escaped drowning probably took place in the struggle against Pompey's son, Sextus in 36 B.C.

¹⁶ After the war against Antony and Cleopatra.

¹⁷ The mythical revolts against Jupiter (Zeus) are seen as a parallel to the battles of Actium and Alexandria.

HORACE

sed quid Typhoeus et validus Mimas,
 aut quid minaci Porphyryon statu,
 55 quid Rhoetus evulsisque truncis
 Enceladus iaculator audax
 contra sonantem Palladis aegida
 possent ruentes? hinc avidus stetit
 Vulcanus, hinc matrona Iuno et
 60 numquam umeris positurus arcum,
 qui rore puro Castaliae lavit
 crinis solutos, qui Lyciae tenet
 dumeta natalemque silvam,
 Delius et Patareus Apollo.
 65 vis consili expers mole ruit sua:
 vim temperatam di quoque provehunt
 in maius; idem odere viris
 omne nefas animo moventis.
 testis mearum centimanus Gyges⁶
 70 sententiarum, notus et integrae
 temptator Orion Dianae,
 virginea domitus sagitta.
 iniecta monstris Terra dolet suis
 maeretque partus fulmine luridum
 75 missos ad Orcum; nec peredit
 impositam celer ignis Aetnen,
 incontinentis nec Tityi iecur
 reliquit ales, nequitiae additus
 custos; amatorem trecentae
 80 Pirithoum cohibent catenae.

⁶ Gyges *Bentley*] Gyas

ODES III.4

Yet what could Typhoeus and the mighty Mimas, what could Porphyrion with his threatening stance, what could Rhoetus and the reckless Enceladus, who used torn-up tree trunks as javelins, accomplish by charging against the ringing breastplate of Pallas? On one side stood Vulcan, eager for the fray, on the other the lady Juno and the one who would never put the bow back on his shoulder,¹⁸ he who washes his untied hair in the pure stream of Castalia, who holds sway over the thickets of Lycia and the woods of his native isle, the god of Delos and Patara: Apollo.

Power without good sense comes crashing down under its own weight. When power is under control, the gods too raise it to greater heights; but they also hate the power that devises every kind of evil in its heart. Gyges of a hundred hands bears witness to what I have said; so does the notorious Orion, who attempted to rape the virgin Diana and was laid low by the maiden's arrow.

Earth grieves, cast, as she is, on top of her monstrous progeny, and mourns that they were despatched by a thunderbolt to ghastly Orcus. The swift flames have not yet eaten through Etna, which crushes them; the bird assigned to stand guard over his villainy has not left the liver of the uncontrollable Tityus; three hundred fetters hold fast the lustful Pirithous.¹⁹

¹⁸ I.e. until the battle was over.

¹⁹ The figures mentioned here are all examples of uncontrolled lust.

HORACE

5

Caelo tonantem credidimus Iovem
 regnare: praesens divus habebitur
 Augustus adiectis Britannis
 imperio gravibusque Persis.
 5 milesne Crassi coniuge barbara
 turpis maritus vixit et hostium—
 pro curia inversique mores!—
 consenuit socerorum in armis
 sub rege Medo Marsus et Apulus,
 10 anciliorum et nominis et togae
 oblitus aeternaeque Vestae,
 incolumi Iove et urbe Roma?
 hoc caverat mens provida Reguli
 dissentientis condicionibus
 15 foedis et exemplo trahenti⁷
 perniciem veniens in aevum,
 si non periret immiserabilis
 captiva pubes. “signa ego Punicis
 adfixa delubris et arma
 20 militibus sine caede” dixit
 “derepta vidi; vidi ego civium
 retorta tergo bracchia libero
 portasque non clausas et arva
 Marte coli populata nostro.

⁷ trahenti] trahentis

The example of Regulus

Because Jove thunders in heaven we have always believed that he is king there; Augustus will be deemed a god on earth when the Britons and the deadly Persians have been added to our empire. Can it be that Crassus' soldiers have remained alive in disgraceful wedlock with barbarian wives,²⁰ and that (alas for the change in our senate and in our national character!) they have grown old in the army of the enemy whose daughters they have married, under the power of a Parthian king—Marsian and Apulian, forgetting shields,²¹ name, toga, and undying Vesta,²² while Jupiter's temple and the city of Rome are still standing?

It was this that the far-seeing mind of Regulus had sought to prevent when he rejected humiliating terms and a precedent involving disaster for future generations if the young captives were not left to die without pity. "I have seen our standards nailed up in Punic temples," he said, "and weapons that were stripped from our soldiers without bloodshed. I myself have seen Roman citizens with their arms twisted behind their freeborn backs, and the gates standing open,²³ and the fields once ravaged by our armies

²⁰ Crassus' soldiers were captured by the Parthians at the disaster of Carrhae in 53 B.C.

²¹ The ancient shields of the Salii (for whom see Index).

²² The fire in Vesta's temple, which, like the shields, name, and dress, symbolised Rome's identity.

²³ The Gates of Carthage.

HORACE

25 auro repensus scilicet acrior
 miles redibit. flagitio additis
 damnum: neque amissos colores
 lana refert medicata fuco,
 nec vera virtus, cum semel excidit,
 30 curat reponi deterioribus.
 si pugnat extricata densis
 cerva plagis, erit ille fortis
 qui perfidis se credidit hostibus,
 et Marte Poenos proteret altero,
 35 qui lora restrictis lacertis
 sensit iners timuitque mortem.
 hic, unde vitam sumeret inscius,
 pacem duello miscuit. o pudor!
 o magna Carthago, probrosis
 40 altior Italiae ruinis!"
 fertur pudicae coniugis osculum
 parvosque natos ut capitis minor
 ab se removisse et virilem
 torvus humi posuisse vultum,
 45 donec labantis consilio patres
 firmaret auctor numquam alias dato,
 interque maerentis amicos
 egregius properaret exsul.
 atqui sciebat quae sibi barbarus
 50 tortor pararet; non aliter tamen
 dimovit obstantis propinquos
 et populum reditus morantem
 quam si clientum longa negotia
 diiudicata lite relinqueret,
 55 tendens Venafranos in agros
 aut Lacedaemonium Tarentum.

ODES III.5

again under cultivation. If a soldier is ransomed with gold, I suppose he will be all the fiercer when he comes home. You are adding financial loss to moral disgrace. Once wool has been doctored with dye it never recovers the colour it has lost; likewise, once true manliness is gone, it refuses to be put back into men who have become worse. If a doe fights when disentangled from the close-meshed nets, then he will be brave who has trusted himself to a deceitful enemy, and he will crush the Carthaginians in another battle who has felt without protest the thongs pinning his arms, and has quailed at the thought of death. The fellow whom we are now considering, not knowing how he could save his life, confused war with peace. Ah, the shame of it! Ah, mighty Carthage raised all the higher by Italy's ignominious ruins!"

They say that, like one who had forfeited his citizen's rights, he pushed away his virtuous wife when she wanted to kiss him, and his little children, and grimly fixed his manly gaze on the ground until he had stiffened the wavering senate by a proposal that no speaker had ever made at any other time, and then hurried away amid his grieving friends—an outstanding exile. And yet he knew what the barbarous torturer was preparing for him; but he parted the kinsmen who blocked his path and the citizens who tried to prevent his return, just as if, after deciding a case in court, he were now leaving the long-drawn-out business of his clients and making his way to the Venafran countryside or Lacedaemonian Tarentum.

HORACE

6

Delicta maiorum immeritus lues,
 Romane, donec templa refeceris
 aedesque labentis deorum et
 foeda nigro simulacra fumo.
 5 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
 10 non auspicatos contudit impetus
 nostros et adiecisse praedam
 torquibus exiguis renidet.
 paene occupatam seditionibus
 delevit urbem Dacus et Aethiops,
 15 hic classe formidatus, ille
 missilibus melior sagittis.
 fecunda culpa saecula nuptias
 primum inquinavere et genus et domos;
 hoc fonte derivata clades
 20 in patriam populumque fluxit.
 motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
 matura virgo et fingitur artibus
 iam nunc et incestos amores
 de tenero meditatur ungui;
 25 mox iuniores quaerit adulteros
 inter mariti vina, neque eligit
 cui donet impermissa raptim
 gaudia luminibus remotis,

A crisis in religion and domestic morality

Though guiltless, you will continue to pay for the sins of your forefathers, Roman, until you repair the crumbling temples and shrines of the gods,²⁴ and the statues that are begrimed with black smoke. It is because you hold yourselves inferior to the gods that you rule. For every beginning seek their approval; to them attribute its outcome. Because they have been neglected, the gods have inflicted many a woe on sorrowing Westland. Twice already Monaeses and the troops of Pacorus have broken our unsanctioned attacks, and they beam with pleasure at having added solid plunder to their paltry necklaces. Occupied with internecine feuds, the capital has been almost destroyed by the Ethiopian²⁵ and the Dacian, the former a menace with her fleet, the latter superior at shooting arrows.

Generations prolific in sin first defiled marriage, the family, and the home. From this source is derived the disaster which has engulfed our fatherland and its folk. The girl who has just reached puberty enjoys taking lessons in Ionian dancing, and is trained in the arts that go with it; even at this stage she contemplates illicit love affairs with total absorption. In due course, when her husband is in his cups, she looks for younger lovers; but she does not select some man to whom she may hurriedly give forbidden pleasures when the lamp has been removed; on the contrary,

²⁴ Augustus' building program, already under way.

²⁵ A pejorative reference to the forces of Cleopatra, who was Greek.

HORACE

30 sed iussa coram non sine conscio
surgit marito, seu vocat institor
seu navis Hispanae magister,
dedecorum pretiosus emptor.
non his iuventus orta parentibus
infecit aequor sanguine Punico,
35 Pyrrhumque et ingentem cecidit
Antiochum Hannibalemque dirum,
sed rusticorum mascula militum
proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
versare glebas et severae
40 matris ad arbitrium recisos
portare fustis, sol ubi montium
mutaret umbras et iuga demeret
bobus fatigatis, amicum
tempus agens abeunte curru.
45 damnosa quid non imminuit dies?
aetas parentum peior avis tulit
nos nequiores, mox daturos
progeniem vitiosiore.

7

Quid fles, Asterie, quem tibi candidi
primo restituent vere Favonii
Thyna merce beatum,
constantis iuvenem fidei
5 Gygen? ille Notis actus ad Oricum
post insana Caprae sidera frigidas
noctes non sine multis
insomnis lacrimis agit.

when sent for quite openly, she gets up, with her husband's full connivance, whether the caller is some salesman or the captain of some Spanish ship who pays a high price for such degradation.

Not from parents like these came the young men who stained the sea with Punic blood,²⁶ and cut down Pyrrhus and the mighty Antiochus and Hannibal the terrible. No, they were the manly children of peasant soldiers, who had been taught to turn the sod with a Sabellian mattock, and on the instructions of their stern mother to cut and carry firewood, when the sun was lengthening the shadows on the hillside, lifting the yoke from weary oxen and bringing on the cheerful hour with his departing car.

Iniquitous time! What does it not impair? Our fathers' age, worse than our grandfathers', gave birth to us, an inferior breed, who will in due course produce still more degenerate offspring.

7

Comfort and caution

Why are you crying, Asterie, for Gyges, a young man of unshakable loyalty? The cloudless zephyrs will bring him back to you at the beginning of spring, rich with Bithynian merchandise. He has been driven to Oricus by the South Wind, after the rising of the mad goat star;²⁷ there he spends the chilly nights sleepless and tearful. Yet his love-

²⁶ In the naval battles of the first Punic war off the coast of Sicily at Mylae (260 B.C.) and the Aegatian Islands (241).

²⁷ Capra rises at the end of September.

HORACE

10 atqui sollicitae nuntius hospitae,
 suspirare Chloen et miseram tuis
 dicens ignibus uri,
 temptat mille vafer modis.
 ut Proetum mulier perfida credulum
 falsis impulerit criminibus nimis
 15 casto Bellerophontae
 maturare necem refert:
 narrat paene datum Pelea Tartaro,
 Magnessam Hippolyten dum fugit abstinens,
 et peccare docentis
 20 fallax historias movet,⁸
 frustra: nam scopulis surdior Icari
 voces audit adhuc integer. at tibi
 ne vicinus Enipeus
 plus iusto placeat cave;
 25 quamvis non alius flectere equum sciens
 aequae conspicitur gramine Martio,
 nec quisquam citus aequae
 Tusco denatat alveo.
 prima nocte domum claude neque in vias
 30 sub cantu querulae despice tibiae,
 et te saepe vocanti
 duram difficilis mane.

8

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

ODES III.8

sick hostess' go-between cunningly tempts him with a thousand ploys, telling him that Chloe is sighing, consumed, poor lady, with the same passion as your own; he recalls how a deceitful woman,²⁸ by making false accusations, induced the gullible Proetus to hurry up and murder Bellerophon, who was too chaste for his own good; he tells how Peleus was almost consigned to Tartarus when, in his self-restraint, he tried to evade Magnesian Hippolyte; he cleverly adduces other cases, too, that encourage sin—all in vain; for Gyges is deafer to what he says than the rocks of Icarus, and his virtue is still unimpaired.

But you—make sure that your neighbour Enipeus does not please you more than he ought, even though no one else on the grass of Mars²⁹ is seen to be so skilful at maneuvering his horse, and nobody can swim so swiftly down the Tuscan river.³⁰ When dusk falls, lock up your house; at the music of his plaintive pipe, don't look down into the street; and though he calls you hard-hearted again and again, remain unyielding.

8

A happy anniversary

What is a bachelor like myself doing on the first of March?³¹ What do the flowers mean, and the casket full of incense, and the charcoal laid on the altar of fresh-cut turf?

²⁸ Sthenoboea, lover of Bellerophon. ²⁹ The Campus Martius. ³⁰ The Tiber. ³¹ Matrons' Day, celebrated in honour of Juno Lucina, the goddess of childbirth.

⁸ movet,] monet.

HORACE

- 5 docte sermones utriusque linguae?
 voveram dulcis epulas et album
 Libero caprum prope funeratus
 arboris ictu.
 hic dies anno redeunte festus
- 10 corticem adstrictum pice dimovebit
 amphorae fumum bibere institutae
 consule Tullo.
 sume, Maecenas, cyathos amici
 sospitis centum et vigiles lucernas
- 15 perfer in lucem: procul omnis esto
 clamor et ira.
 mitte civilis super urbe curas;
 occidit Daci Cotisonis agmen,
 Medus infestus sibi luctuosis
- 20 dissidet armis,
 servit Hispanae vetus hostis orae
 Cantaber sera domitus catena,
 iam Scythae laxo meditantur arcu
 cedere campis.
- 25 neglegens ne qua populus laboret
 parce privatus nimium cavere,⁹
 dona praesentis cape laetus horae et
 linque severa.

⁹ cavere *with* et *in* 27 *Bentley*] cavere et

ODES III.8

Are you, learned as you are in the discourses of both languages,³² wondering about this? Well, I vowed to the God of Freedom³³ a delicious meal, including a white goat, on the occasion when I was almost sent to my grave by the blow of a tree. As the year comes round, this festal day will remove the cork, with its seal of pitch, from a jar that was first taught to drink the smoke in Tullus' consulship.³⁴

So quaff a hundred ladles, Maecenas, in honour of your friend's escape, and keep the lamp burning until daylight. Away with all shouting and quarrelling. Cast aside your worries for the capital and its citizens.³⁵ The Dacian Cotiso's army has fallen, our enemy, the Medes, are torn apart by a war that brings grief only to themselves. The Cantabrian, our ancient foe from the coast of Spain, is our slave, tamed and in fetters at long last; now the Scythians have unstrung their bows and prepare to withdraw from their plains.³⁶ Don't worry in case the people are in any trouble; you are a private citizen, so try not to be over-anxious; gladly accept the gifts of the present hour, and let serious things go hang.

³² Greek and Latin.

³³ Bacchus.

³⁴ Wine was often stored in the roof, where it was thought to be improved by the smoke. L. Volcaci^us Tullus was consul in 33 B.C.

³⁵ With Augustus absent in Spain, Maecenas was in charge of Rome.

³⁶ The events in Dacia, Parthia, Spain, and Scythia took place between 29 and 26; so the date of Horace's celebration is 1 March, 25 B.C.

Donec gratus eram tibi
 nec quisquam potior bracchia candidae
 cervici iuvenis dabat,
 Persarum vigui rege beatior.
 5 "donec non alia magis
 arsisit neque erat Lydia post Chloen,
 multi Lydia nominis
 Romana vigui clarior Ilia."
 me nunc Thressa Chloe regit,
 10 dulcis docta modos et citharae sciens,
 pro qua non metuum mori,
 si parcent animae fata superstiti.
 "me torret face mutua
 Thurini Calais filius Ornyti,
 15 pro quo bis patiar mori,
 si parcent puero fata superstiti."
 quid si prisca redit Venus
 diductosque iugo cogit aeneo,
 si flava excutitur Chloe
 20 reiectaeque patet ianua Lydiae?
 "quamquam sidere pulchrior
 ille est, tu levior cortice et improbo
 iracundior Hadria,
 tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens."

ODES III.9

9

Reconciliation

As long as I was dear to you, and no favored rival put his arms around your white neck, I lived a richer life than the king of Persia.

“As long as you had no other flame, and Lydia did not take second place to Chloe, I, Lydia, was a great celebrity and lived a more famous life than Rome’s Ilia.”

Thracian Chloe now rules me; she can sing sweet songs and play the lyre delightfully. I shan’t be afraid to die for her, if the fates spare my darling and let her live.

“Calais, the son of Ormytus from Thurii, kindles in me the flame that he feels himself. I’m prepared to die for him twice over, if the fates spare the boy and let him live.”

What if Venus returns as she was before, and forces under her brazen yoke those who have been driven apart? What if flaxen-haired Chloe is got rid of, and the door stands open for the jilted Lydia?

“Although he is more beautiful than a star, while you are more lightweight than a cork, and more bad-tempered than the unconscionable Adriatic, I would love to live with you, and with you I would gladly die.”

HORACE

10

Extremum Tanain si biberes, Lyce,
 saevo nupta viro, me tamen asperas
 porrectum ante foris obicere incolis
 plorares Aquilonibus.
 5 audis quo strepitu ianua, quo nemos
 inter pulchra satum tecta remugiat
 ventis, et positas ut glaciet nives
 puro numine Iuppiter?
 ingratam Veneri pone superbiam,
 10 ne currente retro funis eat rota.
 non te Penelopen difficilem procis
 Tyrrhenus genuit parens.
 o quamvis neque te munera nec preces
 nec tinctus viola pallor amantium
 15 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
 20 caelestis patiens latus.

11

Mercuri—nam te docilis magistro
 movit Amphion lapides canendo—
 tuque testudo resonare septem
 callida nervis,

ODES III.11

10

A lover's complaint

Even if you drank the faraway Don, Lyce, and were married to a savage husband, you would still have too much pity to expose me, lying prostrate at your cruel doorway, to the North Winds of your fellow countrymen. Do you not hear how the door rattles, how the trees that grow in your handsome courtyard howl in the gale, while Jupiter is freezing the fallen snow with his cloudless power?

No more of your haughtiness (Venus doesn't like it); otherwise the rope may run back as the wheel spins.³⁷ Your Etruscan father did not beget you to be a Penelope, spurning all her suitors.³⁸ Though you remain unbending in spite of your lovers' gifts, their appeals, their pallor tinged with yellow,³⁹ and in spite of the fact that your husband is smitten by a Pierian mistress, yet at least please spare those who beg for mercy. . . . You are no more pliant than the rigid oak, no more soft-hearted than Moorish snakes. This body of mine will not endure for ever your doorstep and the rain from heaven!

11

A lesson for Lyde

Mercury (for, thanks to your teaching, Amphion learned how to move blocks of stone by his song), and you, tortoise-shell, who resonate cleverly to seven strings, there was a

³⁷ Horace may let go the handle he is turning.

³⁸ The Etruscans had a reputation for sensuality.

³⁹ The ancients knew a yellow violet.

HORACE

5 nec loquax olim neque grata, nunc et
 divitum mensis et amica templis,
 dic modos, Lyde quibus obstinatas
 applicet auris,
 quae velut latis equa trima campis
 10 ludit exsultim metuitque tangi,
 nuptiarum expers et adhuc protervo
 cruda marito.
 tu potes tigris comitesque silvas
 ducere et rivos celeris morari;
 15 cessit immanis tibi blandienti
 ianitor aulae,
 Cerberus, quamvis furiale centum
 muniant angues caput exeatque¹⁰
 spiritus taeter saniesque manet
 20 ore trilingui.
 quin et Ixion Tityosque vultu
 risit invito, stetit urna paulum
 sicca, dum grato Danaï puellas
 carmine mulces.
 25 audiat Lyde scelus atque notas
 virginum poenas et inane lymphae
 dolium fundo pereuntis imo,
 seraque fata,
 quae manent culpas etiam sub Orco.
 30 impiae—nam quid potuere maius?—
 impiae sponso potuere duro
 perdere ferro.
 una de multis face nuptiali
 digna periurum fuit in parentem
 35 splendide mendax et in omne virgo
 nobilis aevum,

ODES III.11

time when you had no voice and gave no pleasure; now you are welcome at the tables of the rich and the temples of the gods. So come, sing a song to catch Lyde's obstinate ear. Like a three-year-old filly which frisks and prances in the wide meadows, she shies away from being touched, knows nothing about marriage, and is not yet ripe for an ardent mate.

You have the power to lead tigers and forest trees in your train, and to check swift-flowing streams; Cerberus, grim guardian of the vast hall, surrendered to your charms, even though his head, like the Furies', is armed with a hundred snakes, and stinking breath and gore issue from his three muzzles each with its tongue. Why even Ixion and Tityus, in spite of themselves, had smiles on their faces; and their pitchers stood dry for a little while as you soothed the daughters of Danaus with delightful music.

Let Lyde hear about the virgins' crime and their well-known punishment: the urn that was never full because the water leaked away right at the bottom, and the fate which, however delayed, lies in wait for sin even in the depths of Orcus. Those unholy ones (yes, unholy, for what more heinous crime could they have committed?) had the heart to murder their bridegrooms with cold steel. The only one of their number worthy of the marriage torch was magnificently deceitful towards her scheming father, a girl who won everlasting fame.⁴⁰

⁴⁰ Hypermestra.

¹⁰ *exeatque Bentley] eius atque*

HORACE

“surge,” quae dixit iuveni marito,
“surge, ne longus tibi somnus, unde
non times, detur; socerum et scelestas
40 falle sorores,
quae velut nactae vitulos leaenae
singulos eheu lacerant: ego illis
mollior nec te feriam neque intra
 claustra tenebo.
45 me pater saevis oneret catenis,
quod viro clemens misero peperci:
me vel extremos Numidarum in agros
 classe releget.
50 i pedes quo te rapiunt et aerae,
dum favet Nox et Venus, i secundo
omine et nostri memorem sepulcro
 scalpe querelam.”

12

Miserarum est neque amori dare ludum neque dulci
mala vino lavere, aut exanimari metuentis
 patruae verbera linguae.
tibi qualum Cythereae puer ales, tibi telas
5 operosaeque Minervae studium aufert, Neobule,
 Liparaei nitor Hebri,
simul unctos Tiberinis umeros lavit in undis,
eques ipso melior Bellerophonte, neque pugno
 neque segni pede victus:

“Get up!” she said to her young husband, “Get up! before you are put to sleep for a long time by one whom you don’t suspect. Don’t let my father and my wicked sisters catch you; for like lionesses that have pounced on young bull calves, each (how dreadful!) is slaughtering her own victim. I am more soft-hearted than the others; I shall not strike you down or keep you under lock and key. As for me, my father can, if he wants to, load me down with cruel chains for sparing my poor husband out of pity; he can put me on a boat and banish me to the farthest regions of Numidia. Go now wherever your legs and the wind may carry you, while Night and Venus are on your side. Go and good luck to you! And carve on my tomb a sad epitaph in my memory.”

12

Poor Neobule

Pity the girls who cannot give full play to their love or wash away their woes with sweet wine without being faint with the fear of a lashing from their uncle’s tongue. The Cytherean’s winged brat⁴¹ steals your wool basket; your web and your interest in the crafts of Minerva, Neobule, are stolen by the brilliant beauty of Hebrus from Lipara, as soon as he bathes his oiled shoulders in the waters of the Tiber—a better horseman than Bellerophon himself, and unbeatable for the speed of his boxing and sprinting; he is

⁴¹ Cupid.

HORACE

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

13

O fons Bandusiae splendidior vitro
dulci digne mero non sine floribus,
cras donaberis haedo,
cui frons turgida cornibus
5 primis et venerem et proelia destinat;
frustra: nam gelidos inficiet tibi
rubro sanguine rivos
lascivi suboles gregis.
te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculae
10 nescit tangere, tu frigus amabile
fessis vomere tauris
praebes et pecori vago.
fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
15 saxis, unde loquaces
lympae desiliunt tuae.

14

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

ODES III.14

also clever at hitting stags with a javelin as they run across open ground in a stampeding herd; he is quick, too, at receiving the charge of a boar that has been lurking in a dense thicket.

13

The spring of Bandusia

O spring of Bandusia, more glittering than glass, who deserve sweet wine, yes, and flowers as well, tomorrow you will be presented with a kid, whose forehead is swollen with budding horns, marking him out for love and warfare—all in vain; for the offspring of the lustful herd will stain your cool streams with his red blood. You cannot be touched by the fierce season of the blazing dog star, you provide a welcome coolness for the oxen weary from the plough, and for the wandering flock. You too will be numbered among the illustrious springs, thanks to my singing of the holm oak that stands above the rocky cave from which your chattering waters come leaping down.

14

The return of Augustus⁴²

People of Rome! Caesar, who was reported but now to have sought a crown of bay at the cost of his life, comes home victorious like Hercules from the Spanish shore.⁴³

⁴² In the spring or early summer of 24 B.C.

⁴³ Hercules had overcome the Giant Geryon in Spain.

HORACE

- 5 unico gaudens mulier marito
 prodeat iustis operata divis,
 et soror cari¹¹ ducis et decorae
 supplice vitta
 virginum matres iuvenumque nuper
 10 sospitum. vos, o pueri et puellae
 non virum expertae, male nominatis¹²
 parcite verbis.
 hic dies vere mihi festus atras
 eximet curas; ego nec tumultum
 15 nec mori per vim metuam tenente
 Caesare terras.
 i pete unguentum, puer, et coronas
 et cadum Marsi memorem duelli,
 Spartacum si qua potuit vagantem
 20 fallere testa.
 dic et argutae properet Neerae
 murreum nodo cohibente¹³ crinem;
 si per invisum mora ianitorem
 fiet, abito.
 25 lenit albescens animos capillus
 litium et rixae cupidos protervae;
 non ego hoc ferrem calidus iuventa
 consule Planco.

15

Uxor pauperis Ibyci,
 tandem nequitiae fige modum tuae

¹¹ cari] clari

ODES III.15

Let the lady⁴⁴ who rejoices in her incomparable husband come forth, performing due ritual to the righteous gods, and with her the sister of our dear leader,⁴⁵ and, adorned with suppliant garlands, the mothers of the young women and men recently saved from death. You boys, and you girls who have had no experience of a man, avoid any words of ill omen.

This day, which for me is truly festal, will dispel my black worries. I shall not be afraid of insurrection or violent death while Caesar is in charge of the world. Go, my boy, and look for scented ointment and garlands and a jar that remembers the Marsian War, if there is anywhere a crock that has managed to elude the marauding Spartacus.

And tell the clear-voiced Neaera to hurry up, tying a band around her myrrh-scented hair. If any delay occurs on account of the odious doorman, come away. My graying hair is mellowing my temper, which used to be eager for wrangling and impulsive brawls. I would not have put up with this sort of thing in my hot-blooded youth when Plancus was consul.

15

Young and not so young

Wife of impoverished Ibycus, will you kindly set a limit to your profligacy and your scandalous exertions. As you

⁴⁴ The Empress Livia.

⁴⁵ Octavia.

¹² non *Bentley*] iam nominatis] ominatis

¹³ cohibente *Muretus*] cohibere

HORACE

famosisque laboribus:
mature propior desine funeri
5 inter ludere virgines
et stellis nebulam spargere candidis.
non, si quid Pholoen satis,
et te, Chlora, decet: filia rectius
expugnet¹⁴ iuvenum domos,
10 pulso Thyias uti concita tympano.
illam cogat¹⁵ amor Nothi
lascivae similem ludere capreae:
te lanae prope nobilem
tonsae Luceriam, non citharae decent
15 nec flos purpureus rosae
nec poti vetulam faece tenus cadi.

16

Inclusam Danaen turris aenea
robustaeque fores et vigilum canum
tristes excubiae munierant satis
nocturnis ab adulteris,
5 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
10 et perrumpere amat saxa potentius
ictu fulmineo: concidit auguris
Argivi domus ob lucrum

are now quite close to a not untimely death, stop frisking among the unmarried girls and casting a cloud over the shining stars. What suits Pholoe well enough does not also suit you, too, Chloris. It would be more proper for your daughter to storm young men's houses, aroused to frenzy like a Bacchante by the beat of the tambourine. Let her passion for Nothus drive *her* to frolic like 'a wanton doe. For you the right thing is wool shorn in the famous district of Luceria, not lyres or red rose blooms or jars drained to the dregs, you old crone!

16

Gold and good sense

When Danae was locked up in a tower of bronze, doors of stout oak, and fierce patrols of watchdogs would have protected her well enough from lovers-by-night, had not Jupiter and Venus laughed at Acrisius, the nervous jailer of the girl whom he had hidden away. For they knew that the god would have open and undetected access once he had turned into a bribe.

Gold has a way of passing through the middle of bodyguards, and breaking through rocks more effectively than a stroke of lightning. The house of the Argive seer col-

¹⁴ expugnet *Nisbet*] expugnat

¹⁵ cogat *Nisbet*] cogit

HORACE

demersa exitio: diffidit urbium
 portas vir Macedo et subruit aemulos
 15 reges muneribus; munera navium
 saevos illaqueant duces.
 crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam
 maiorumque fames. iure perhorru
 late conspicuum tollere verticem,
 20 Maecenas, equitum decus.
 quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
 ab dis plura feret: nil cupientium
 nudus castra peto et transfuga divitum
 partis linquere gestio,
 25 contemptae dominus splendidior rei
 quam si quidquid arat impiger Apulus
 occultare meis dicerer horreis,
 magnas inter opes inops.
 purae rivus aquae silvaque iugerum
 30 paucorum et segetis certa fides meae
 fulgentem imperio fertilis Africae
 fallit sorte beatior.
 quamquam nec Calabriae mella ferunt apes
 nec Laestrygonia Bacchus in amphora
 35 languescit mihi nec pingua Gallicis
 crescunt vellera pascuis,

⁴⁶ The seer Amphiaraus knew that if he joined the expedition to Thebes he would never return; yet he allowed himself to be persuaded to go by his wife, who had been bribed by Polynices with a necklace. His son, Alcmaeon, then killed his mother, and was subsequently haunted by her furies.

ODES III.16

lapsed, plunged into ruin by the love of money.⁴⁶ The man of Macedon⁴⁷ split open city gates and undermined rival kings by making presents; presents ensnare savage admirals.⁴⁸

As money grows, it is attended by worry and a craving for more. I have had a horror, quite rightly, of raising my head to an eminence that could be seen from far and wide, Maecenas, glory of the Knights. The more a person denies himself, the more he will receive from the gods. Destitute myself, I want to join the camp of those who desire nothing; a deserter, I am eager to abandon the side of the rich, and thus acquire more credit for being master of the wealth I reject than were I said to hide away in my barns everything that the tireless Apulian reaps, a pauper surrounded by great riches.

A stream of clear water, a few acres of woodland, a harvest that never lets me down—this is a more fortunate lot, though the glittering lord of fertile Africa is not aware of it. Although Calabrian bees do not bring me honey, and Bacchus does not mellow for me in a Laestrygonian jar,⁴⁹ and I do not have thick fleeces growing in the pastures of Gaul,

⁴⁷ Philip II (382–36 B.C.); in 360 he embarked on a campaign of expansion, and by an astute mixture of force and bribery made himself master of the Greek world.

⁴⁸ Possibly Menas (or Menodorus), who deserted Sextus Pompeius and was richly rewarded by Octavian.

⁴⁹ According to one tradition, Homer's Laestrygonians were localised at Formiae on the coast of southeast Latium, a wine-producing area.

HORACE

importuna tamen pauperies abest
 nec, si plura velim, tu dare deneges.
 contracto melius parva cupidine
 40 vectigalia porrigam,
 quam si Mygdoniis regnum Alyattei
 campis continuem. multa petentibus
 desunt multa: bene est, cui deus obtulit
 parca quod satis est manu.

17

Aeli vetusto nobilis ab Lamo,—
 quando et priores hinc Lamias ferunt
 denominatos et nepotum
 per memores genus omne fastus,
 5 auctore ab illo ducit¹⁶ originem,
 qui Formiarum moenia dicitur
 princeps et innantem Maricae
 litoribus tenuisse Lirim
 late tyrannus:—cras foliis nemus
 10 multis et alga litus inutili
 demissa tempestas ab Euro
 sternet, aquae nisi fallit augur
 annosa cornix. dum potes, aridum
 compone lignum: cras Genium mero
 15 curabis et porco bimestri
 cum famulis operum solutis.

¹⁶ ducit *D. Heinsius*] ducis

ODES III.17

nevertheless, I am free from nagging poverty, and if I wanted more you would not refuse to give it. By reducing my desires I shall enlarge my small income better than if I joined Alyattes' kingdom to the plains of Mygdon.⁵⁰ Those who seek a lot lack a lot. All is well for the man to whom God with a frugal hand has given enough.

17

The raven forecasts rain

Aelius, illustrious scion of ancient Lamus (for the early Lamiae, they say, are named after him and the whole line of descendants throughout the family records derive their origin from that founder who reputedly was the first to hold sway over the fortified town of Formiae and over the Liris where it flows out on the shore of Marica⁵¹—the lord of a broad domain), tomorrow a storm will be brought down by the Southeast Wind, strewing the woodland with a carpet of leaves and the shore with useless seaweed, if the aged crow that forecasts rain does not mislead me. While you can, gather dry wood; tomorrow, along with your slaves on holiday from work, you will cheer your soul with wine and a two-month-old pig.

⁵⁰ Alyattes' kingdom is Lydia; the plains of Mygdon, Phrygia. These are examples of oriental wealth.

⁵¹ A local goddess.

HORACE

18

Faune, Nympharum fugientum amator,
 per meos finis et aprica rura
 lenis incedas abeasque parvis
 aequus alumnis,
 5 si tener pleno cadit haedus anno,
 larga nec desunt Veneris sodali
 vina craterae, vetus ara multo
 fumat odore.
 ludit herboso pecus omne campo,
 10 cum tibi Nonae redeunt Decembres;
 festus in pratis vacat otioso
 cum bove pagus;
 inter audacis lupus errat agnos;
 spargit agrestis tibi silva frondis;
 15 gaudet invisam pepulisse fossor
 ter pede terram.

19

Quantum distet ab Inacho
 Codrus pro patria non timidus mori,
 narras et genus Aeaci
 et pugnata sacro bella sub Ilio:
 5 quo Chium pretio cadum
 mercemur, quis aquam temperet ignibus
 quo praebente domum et quota
 Paelignis caream frigoribus, taces.

ODES III.19

18

A prayer to Faunus

Faunus, lustful pursuer of the fleeing Nymphs, come gently onto my land with its sunny acres, and as you depart look kindly on my little nurslings, seeing that a tender kid is sacrificed to you at the end of the year, plenty of wine is available for the mixing bowl (Venus' companion), and the old altar smokes with lots of incense. The whole flock gambols in the grassy meadow when your day comes round on the fifth of December. The village in festive mood is on holiday in the fields along with the oxen, which are also resting. The wolf wanders among the lambs, and they feel no fear. The forest sheds its woodland leaves in your honour. The digger enjoys beating with his feet in triple time his old enemy, the earth.

19

A celebration for Murena

The length of time between Inachus and Codrus, who was not afraid to die for his country, the line descending from Aeacus, and the wars fought beneath sacred Troy: all this you tell us at length. What price we have to pay for a jar of Chian, who is to heat the water with fire, at whose house and at what time I can get out of this Paelignian cold: of all this you say nothing.

HORACE

10 da lunae propere novae,
da noctis mediae, da, puer, auguris
Murenae: tribus aut novem
miscentur cyathis pocula commodis.
qui Musas amat imparis,
15 ternos ter cyathos attonitus petet
vates; tris prohibet supra
rixarum metuens tangere Gratia
nudis iuncta sororibus.
insanire iuvat; cur Berecynthiae
cessant flamina tibiae?
20 cur pendet tacita fistula cum lyra?
parcentis ego dexteras
odi: sparge rosas: audiat invidus
dementem strepitum Lycus
et vicina seni non habilis Lyco.
25 spissa te nitidum coma,
puro te similem, Telephe, Vespero,
tempeſtiva petit Rhode:
me lentus Glycerae torret amor meae.

20

Non vides quanto moveas periclo,
Pyrrhe, Gaetulae catulos leaenae?
dura post paulo fugies inaudax
proelia raptor,

ODES III.20

Quick, my boy, prepare a toast to the new month, to midnight, to Murena the augur!⁵² Cups are mixed appropriately with three or nine ladles.⁵³ The inspired poet who loves the odd-numbered Muses will ask for three times three ladles; the Grace who links arms with her naked sisters does not allow more than three, for fear of brawls. I want to go mad. Why have the blasts of the Berecyntian pipe not begun? Why does the syrinx just hang beside the silent lyre?⁵⁴ I detest close-fisted hands. Scatter roses! Let that killjoy Lycus hear the wild uproar, and the woman next door who is not well matched with old Lycus. You, Telephus, who, with your thick shiny hair, are like the clear Evening Star, receive the attentions of Rosy, who is just the right age for you. I burn with a smouldering passion for my Sweetheart.

20

The rivals

Do you not see, Pyrrhus, what a risk you take in meddling with the cubs of a Gaetolian lioness? Before long, because you're a robber without courage, you will run away from

⁵² A certain Murena is due to enter upon his augurate at midnight. Some think it is Licinius Murena of 2.10 (Maecenas' brother-in-law), but it may be A. Terentius Varro Murena who was elected consul for 23 B.C. but was for some reason replaced.

⁵³ The mixing, done in a bowl, does not affect the number of ladles. Yet it is hard to supply "and then served."

⁵⁴ For the Berecyntian pipe see I.18.13f. The syrinx is the Pan pipe, in which different lengths of pipe are glued beside each other.

HORACE

- 5 cum per obstantis iuvenum catervas
ibit insignem repetens Nearchum,
grande certamen, tibi praeda cedat
maior an illi.
interim, dum tu celeris sagittas
10 promis, haec dentis acuit timendos,
arbiter pugnae posuisse nudo
sub pede palmam
fertur et leni recreare vento
sparsum odoratis umerum capillis,
15 qualis aut Nireus fuit aut aquosa
raptus ab Ida.

21

- O nata mecum consule Manlio,
seu tu querelas sive geris iocos
seu rixam et insanos amores
seu facilem, pia testa, somnum,
5 quocumque lectum nomine Massicum
servas, moveri digna bono die,
descende, Corvino iubente
promere languidiora vina.
non ille, quamquam Socraticis madet
10 sermonibus, te negleget horridus:
narratur et prisca Catonis
saepe mero caluisse virtus.

the deadly encounter, when she makes her way through the crowds of young men that block her path, bent on reclaiming the strikingly beautiful Nearchus. It is a momentous point of contention whether a greater prize is to go to you or to her.⁵⁵

In the meantime, while you take out your swift arrows and she sharpens her fearsome teeth, the one who decides the contest, they say, has put his bare foot on the palm of victory, and cools his shoulders in the gentle breeze as they are brushed by his scented hair—like Nireus, or the one who was carried off from many-fountained Ida.⁵⁶

21

In praise of wine

O born with me in Manlius' consulship, whether you bring with you reproaches or fun or quarrels and passionate love or ready sleep, o kindly jar, under whatever epithet⁵⁷ you preserve the choice Massic, you deserve to be called forth on an auspicious day; so come down,⁵⁸ for Corvinus urges me to bring out an especially mellow wine. Although he is steeped in the Socratic dialogues he will not neglect you like an uncouth ascetic; they say that even old Cato, with all his moral rigour, often thawed out with unmixed wine.

⁵⁵ The question may be whether the man or the woman will get greater pleasure from the sexually ambiguous Nearchus.

⁵⁶ Ganymede, carried off by Jupiter's eagle to be his attendant.

⁵⁷ E.g. Laughter-bringer, Brawl-maker, Sleep-giver.

⁵⁸ Cf. III.8.11n.

HORACE

tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves
plerumque duro; tu sapientium
15 curas et arcanum iocoso
consilium retegis Lyaeo;
tu spem reducis mentibus anxii,
virisque et addis cornua pauperi
post te neque iratos trementi
20 regum apices neque militum arma.
te Liber et, si laeta aderit, Venus
segnesque nodum solvere Gratiae
vivaeque producent lucernae,
dum rediens fugat astra Phoebus.

22

Montium custos nemorumque Virgo,
quae laborantis utero puellas
ter vocata audis adimisque leto,
diva triformis,
5 imminens villae tua pinus esto,
quam per exactos ego laetus annos
verris obliquum meditantis ictum
sanguine donem.

23

Caelo supinas si tuleris manus
nascente Luna, rustica Phidyle,

ODES III.23

You apply a gentle rack to natures that tend to be stiff; you disclose the worries of the wise and their secret thoughts with the help of the cheerful Loosener.⁵⁹ You bring back hope to anxious minds, and supply strength and courage to the poor man (after you he no longer quakes at the angry crowns of potentates or at soldiers' weapons).

The God of Freedom and Venus, if she is here in a happy mood, and the Graces who are loth to undo their knot, and the merrily burning lamps will attend you all the way until Phoebus returns and puts the stars to flight.

22

An offering to Diana

Virgin who guard the mountains and the woods, who when thrice invoked give ear to young women in labour and rescue them from death, three-formed Goddess,⁶⁰ let the pine that overhangs my villa be yours, so that at the end of every year I may joyfully present it with the blood of a young boar practising its sidelong slash.

23

To a simple suppliant

If you raise your upturned hands to the sky when the moon is born anew, Phidyle, my country lass; if you placate the

⁵⁹ A reference to Bacchus, as is the God of Freedom (v. 21).

⁶⁰ "Three-formed" because she functioned in heaven as Luna, on earth as Diana, and in Hades as Hecate.

HORACE

si ture placaris et horna
fruge Lares avidaque porca,
5 nec pestilentem sentiet Africum
fecunda vitis nec sterilem seges
robiginem aut dulces alumni
pomifero grave tempus anno.
nam quae nivali pascitur Algido
10 devota quercus inter et ilices
aut crescit Albanis in herbis
victima pontificum securis
cervice tinget: te nihil attinet
temptare multa caede bidentium
15 parvos coronantem marino
rore deos fragilique myrto.
immunis aram si tetigit manus,
non sumptuosa blandior hostia
mollivit aversos Penatis
20 farre pio et saliente mica.

24

Intactis opulentior
thesauris Arabum et divitis Indiae
caementis licet occupes
Tyrrhenum omne tuis et mare Punicum,¹⁷
5 si figit adamantinos
summis verticibus dira Necessitas
clavos, non animum metu,
non mortis laqueis expedies caput.

gods of your property with incense, with this year's grain, and with a greedy sow, your vine will be fruitful and will not feel the sickening Scirocco, nor will your crops know the blight of mildew, nor your darling nurslings the dangerous season⁶¹ when autumn produces its fruit.

The victim marked out for sacrifice, that feeds on snowy Algidus among the oaks and holm oaks or grows fat in Alban pastures, will stain with its neck the pontiffs' axes; but it is not for you to pester the little gods whom you decorate with rosemary and brittle myrtle by slaughtering numerous sheep. If a hand has touched the altar without any gift, not made more persuasive by an expensive victim, it softens the displeasure of the household gods by reverent grain and sputtering salt.⁶²

24

The need for moral restraint

Though you may be richer than the untouched treasures of the Arabs and wealthy India, and take up the whole of the Tyrrhenian and the Punic Sea with the rubble of your foundations, if dreaded Doom drives its adamantine nails into your rooftop, you will not free your mind from fear nor your head from the snares of death.

⁶¹ See on II.14.15.

⁶² These were offered by those who could not afford incense; in Phidyle's case, they will suffice, even without the sow mentioned in v. 4.

17 Punicum] Apulicum

HORACE

10 campestres melius Scythae,
 quorum plaustra vagas rite trahunt domos,
 vivunt et rigidi Getae,
 immetata quibus iugera liberas
 fruges et Cererem ferunt,
 15 nec cultura placet longior annua,
 defunctumque laboribus
 aequali recreat sorte vicarius.
 illic matre carentibus
 privignis mulier temperat innocens,
 nec dotata regit virum
 20 coniunx nec nitido fidit adultero.
 dos est magna parentium
 virtus et metuens alterius viri
 certo foedere castitas;
 et peccare nefas aut pretium est mori.
 25 o quisquis volet impias
 caedis et rabiem tollere civicam,
 si quaeret PATER URBIUM
 subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat
 refrenare licentiam,
 30 clarus postgenitis: quatenus—heu nefas!—
 virtutem incolumem odimus,
 sublatam ex oculis quaerimus invidi.
 quid tristes querimoniae,
 si non supplicio culpa reciditur,
 35 quid leges sine moribus
 vanae proficiunt, si neque fervidis
 pars inclusa caloribus
 mundi nec Boreae finitimum latus
 durataeque solo nives
 40 mercatores abigunt, horrida callidi

ODES III.24

The Scythian plainsmen whose wagons carry their roaming houses in their accustomed way, lead better lives. So do the grim Getae, whose unallotted acres produce crops and corn for all, without charge. They don't go in for cultivation for more than one year; and when a man has done his stint of work, he is relieved by a successor who has an equal assignment.

There a woman is kind to her motherless stepchildren and does them no harm; no wife tyrannises over her husband on the strength of her dowry, nor does she place her trust in some sleek adulterer. Their only dowry, and a big one it is, is the upright character they have received from their parents, and the chastity that goes with an unbreakable compact and shies away from someone else's husband. To sin is utterly forbidden—or else the penalty is death.

Whoever wants to get rid of unholy bloodshed and the madness of civic strife, if he aspires to having Father of Cities inscribed on his statues, oh let him have the courage to curb lawless license. He will be a famous man in future generations; for (shame on us!) we reject virtue when it is alive; then, when it's removed from our sight, we long to have it back, jealous creatures that we are. What is the point of dismal lamentations if guilt is not checked by punishment? What use are laws, vain as they are without morals, if neither that part of the world which is walled in by blazing heat, nor that quarter which lies next to the North Wind, where the snow is packed hard on the ground, keeps the trader away; if our clever sailors over-

HORACE

vincunt aequora navitae,
 magnum pauperies opprobrium iubet
 quidvis et facere et pati
 virtutisque viam deserere¹⁸ arduae?
 45 vel nos in Capitolium,
 quo clamor vocat et turba faventium,
 vel nos in mare proximum
 gemmas et lapides, aurum et inutile,
 summi materiem mali,
 50 mittamus, scelerum si bene paenitet.
 eradenda cupidinis
 pravi sunt elementa et tenerae nimis
 mentes asperioribus
 firmandae¹⁹ studiis. nescit equo rudis
 55 haerere ingenuus puer
 venarique timet, ludere doctior
 seu Graeco iubeas trocho
 seu malis vetita legibus alea,
 cum periura patris fides
 60 consortem socium fallat et hospites,
 indignoque pecuniam
 heredi properet. scilicet improbae
 crescunt divitiae, tamen
 curtae nescio quid semper abest rei.

25

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui
 plenum? quae nemora aut quos agor in specus

come the stormy seas, if poverty, that huge disgrace, makes people do and suffer anything and abandon steep virtue's path?

If we sincerely repent of our crimes, let us deposit precious stones, jewels, and useless gold, the source of our chief affliction, in the Capitoline temple to which the shouts of approving citizens summon us, or else into the nearest sea. The basic causes of sinful greed must be rubbed out, and minds that are too soft must be hardened in rougher pursuits. The freeborn boy is so green that he doesn't know how to hold his seat on a horse and is afraid of hunting; he is more skilled at games, whether you ask him to play with a Greek hoop or, if you prefer it, with the dice that are forbidden by law, while his father's deceitful word of honour defrauds friend, partner, and guest in his eagerness to hand on money to his worthless heir. There's no doubt about it: shameless wealth continues to grow; yet there is always something missing, making the fortune incomplete.

25

Bacchus and the praises of Augustus

Where are you hurrying me, Bacchus, full as I am of you?
Into what woods, what caves, am I being driven at such

¹⁸ *deserere Bentley*] *deserit*

¹⁹ *firmandae Bentley*] *formandae*

HORACE

velox mente nova? quibus
antris egregii Caesaris audiar
5 aeternum meditans decus
stellis inserere et consilio Iovis?
dicam insigne recens adhuc
indictum ore alio. non secus in iugis
exsomnis stupet Euhias
10 Hebrum prospiciens et nive candidam
Thracen et²⁰ pede barbaro
lustratam Rhodopen, ac²¹ mihi devio
rupes²² et vacuum nemus
mirari libet. o Naiadum potens
15 Baccharumque valentium
proceras manibus vertere fraxinos,
nil parvum aut humili modo,
nil mortale loquar. dulce periculum est,
o Lenaeae, sequi deum
20 cingentem viridi tempora pampino.

26

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus
et militavi non sine gloria;
nunc arma defunctumque bello
barbiton hic paries habebit,
5 laevum marinae qui Veneris latus
custodit. hic, hic ponite lurida²³
funalia et vectis securesque²⁴
oppositis foribus minaces.

speed in a strange state of mind? In what grotto shall I be heard as I practise setting the eternal glory of peerless Caesar among the stars and in the council of Jove? I shall sing on a momentous theme, that is modern and has never yet been sung by another's lips. Just as the Maenad, un-sleeping on the mountaintops, stares in wonder as she looks out on the Hebrus and Thrace white with snow, and Rhodope recently traversed by barbarian feet,⁶³ so I in this lonely place delight in marvelling at the rocks and deserted woods.

O Lord of the Naiads and of the Bacchanals who have the strength to uproot tall ash trees with their bare hands, nothing small or in a low style, nothing mortal, shall I sing. It is an intoxicating danger, o God of the wine press, to follow your divinity, wreathing my temples with green vine leaves.

26

Love's triumphs are ended

Till recently I lived in a fit condition to take on the girls, and I campaigned not without distinction. Now this wall that guards the left flank of seaborne Venus will have my weapons, including the lyre whose fighting days are over. Here, here, put the yellowing tapers, and the crowbars and axes that posed such a threat to stubborn doors.

⁶³ Those of the Thracian Maenads.

²⁰ et] ac ²¹ ac] ut

²³ lurida *Nisbet*] lucida

²² rupes *Muretus*] ripas

²⁴ securesque *Bentley*] et arcus

HORACE

10 o quae beatam diva tenes Cyprum et
Memphin carentem Sithonia nive,
regina, sublimi flagello
tange Chloen semel arrogantem.

27

Impios parrae recinentis omen
ducat et praegnans canis aut ab agro
rava decurrens lupa Lanuvino
fetaque vulpes:
5 rumpat et serpens iter institutum
si per obliquum similis sagittae
terrui mannos: ego cui timebo
providus auspex,
antequam stantis repetat paludes
10 imbrium divina avis imminetum,
oscinem corvum prece suscitabo
solis ab ortu.
sis licet felix ubicumque mavis,
et memor nostri, Galatea, vivas,
15 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
20 peccet Iapyx.

ODES III.27

O goddess who hold sway over Cyprus and Memphis that is free from Sithonian snow, raise your whip, o queen, and give Chloe, the haughty thing, just one flick.⁶⁴

27

Galatea and Europa

May evil people be sped on their way by the omen of a hooting owl and a pregnant bitch or a tawny wolf running down from the Lanuvian fields or a vixen with young,⁶⁵ and may a snake interrupt the journey they have begun by darting like an arrow across their path and frightening the ponies! But on behalf of one for whom I, as an augur with second sight, feel concern, I shall rouse with my prayer the prophetic raven from the rising sun before that inspired bird, which forecasts imminent rainstorms, can fly back to the stagnant marshes.⁶⁶

I hope you'll be happy, Galatea, wherever you choose to be, and that you won't forget me. May no ill-omened woodpecker or roving crow prevent your departure. But you do see (don't you?) how unsettled Orion is, and what storms accompany him as he sets. I know to my cost what the black gulf of the Adriatic is like and the nasty tricks of

⁶⁴ I.e. a taste of her own medicine.

⁶⁵ Lanuvium was west of the Appian Way; so any of these phenomena would be a bad omen.

⁶⁶ A bird flying from the east would have been on the left (i.e. the favourable side) for anyone travelling south to sail across the Adriatic. If, however, it took off from the Pomptine marshes west of the Appian Way, that would have brought bad luck.

HORACE

- hostium uxores puerique caecos
sentiant motus orientis Austri et
aequoris nigri fremitum et trementis
verbere ripas.
- 25 sic et Europe niveum doloso
credidit tauro latus et scatentem
beluis pontum mediasque fraudes
palluit audax.
- 30 nuper in pratis studiosa florum et
debitae Nymphis opifex coronae,
nocte sublustri nihil astra praeter
vidit et undas.
- 35 quae simul centum tetigit potentem
oppidis Creten, "pater, o relictum
filiae nomen, pietasque" dixit
"victa furore!
- unde quo veni? levis una mors est
virginum culpa. vigilansne ploro
turpe commissum, an vitiis carentem
- 40 ludit imago
vana, quae porta fugiens eburna
somnia ducit? meliusne fluctus
ire per longos fuit, an recentis
carpere flores?
- 45 si quis infamem mihi nunc iuvenum
dedat iratae, lacerare ferro et
frangere enitar modo multum amati
cornua monstri.

ODES III.27

the white Iapyx.⁶⁷ May our enemies' wives and children experience the blind frenzy of the South Wind as it rises, the roar of dark waters, and the shore trembling under the shock.

Such were the apprehensions with which Europa, too, entrusted her snow-white body to the deceitful bull,⁶⁸ for all her boldness, she grew pale at the sight of the sea teeming with monsters, and the unexpected perils ahead of her. Shortly before, she had been in the meadows, looking eagerly for flowers and making a garland that she had promised to the Nymphs; now in the half-lit night she saw nothing but stars and waves. As soon as she set foot on mighty Crete with its hundred cities, "Father," she said, "alas for the name of daughter which I have forfeited, and filial devotion overcome by madness! Where have I been, and where have I come to? One death is too light for the sin that girls commit. Am I awake and ruing a disgraceful crime, or am I free from guilt and deluded by a vision which, escaping idly through the ivory gate,⁶⁹ brings only a dream? Was it better to travel over the wide waves or to pick fresh flowers? If someone now handed over that detestable young bull to me, I am so furious that I would do my best to slash it with steel and to smash the horns of that monster that I loved so much just a short time ago! It

⁶⁷ The wind which, often with a cloudless sky, would carry a ship across the Adriatic from Brundisium; cf. I.3.4.

⁶⁸ As in paintings, Europa is thought of not as astride, but as leaning forward and grasping the bull's horns.

⁶⁹ The gate of false dreams, as opposed to the gate of horn; the idea came from Homer, *Odyssey* 19.562ff.; cf. the end of *Aeneid* VI.

HORACE

50 impudens liqui patrios Penatis,
 impudens Orcum moror. o deorum
 si quis haec audis, utinam inter errem
 nuda leones!
 antequam turpis macies decentis
 occupet malas teneraeque sucus
 55 defluat praedae, speciosa quaero
 pascere tigris.
 ‘vilis Europe,’ pater urget absens:
 ‘quid mori cessas? potes hac ab orno
 pendulum zona bene te secuta e-
 60 lidere²⁵ collum.
 sive te rupes et acuta leto
 saxa delectant, age te procellae
 crede veloci, nisi erile mavis
 carpere pensum
 65 regius sanguis, dominaeque tradi
 barbarae paelex.”’ aderat querenti
 perfidum ridens Venus et remisso
 filius arcu.
 mox, ubi lusit satis: “abstineto”
 70 dixit “irarum calidaeque rixae,
 cum tibi invisus laceranda reddet
 cornua taurus.
 uxor invicti Iovis esse nescis:
 mitte singultus, bene ferre magnam
 75 disce fortunam; tua sectus orbis
 nomina ducet.”

²⁵ e-lidere] laedere

ODES III.27

was shameless of me to leave my father's home; shameless now to keep Orcus waiting. If any god is listening to what I say, may I wander naked among lions! Before ugly decay fastens on my lovely cheeks, and the sap of youth drains from the succulent prey, while I am still lovely, I beg to provide food for tigers.

'Worthless Europa!' scolds my father,⁷⁰ who is so far away, 'what are you waiting for? Die! You can break your neck by hanging yourself from this ash tree with the belt that has fortunately travelled with you. Or, if you fancy the rocks and cliffs that are sharp enough to kill you, come on, launch yourself on the swift wind—unless you, with your royal blood, would rather pick a daily ration of wool for a mistress and be handed over to a foreign queen as one of her husband's concubines.'"

As she wailed, Venus stood beside her, smiling deceitfully, and her son with his bow unstrung. In due course, when the goddess had amused herself enough, she said "You can stop your tantrums and hysterical abuse, when the bull you so dislike gives you his horns to mutilate! You don't realise that you are the wife of invincible Jove.⁷¹ No more sobbing; learn how to cope with your momentous destiny. A region of the world will bear your name."

⁷⁰ The Phoenician king, Agenor.

⁷¹ She bore him three sons: Minos, Rhadamanthys, and Sarpedon.

Festo quid potius die
 Neptuni faciam? prome reconditum,
 Lyde, strenua Caecubum
 munitaeque adhibe vim sapientiae.
 5 inclinare meridiem
 sentis et,²⁶ veluti stet volucris dies,
 parcis deripere horreo
 cessantem Bibuli consulis amphoram.
 nos cantabimus invicem
 10 Neptunum et viridis Nereidum comas;
 tu curva recines lyra
 Latonam et celeris spicula Cynthiae,
 summo carmine, quae Cnidon
 fulgentisque tenet Cycladas et Paphon
 15 iunctis visit oloribus;
 dicetur merita Nox quoque nenia.

Tyrrhena regum progenies, tibi
 non ante verso lene merum cado
 cum flore, Maecenas, rosarum et
 pressa tuis balanus capillis

²⁶ et] ac

In Neptune's honour

How could I better spend Neptune's feast day?⁷² Jump to it, Lyde! Bring out the Caecuban from its store and mount an attack on the fortress of wisdom. You can see the noon-day sun is on its way down, and yet, as if the winged day stood still, you are chary about grabbing a jar of Bibulus' consulship⁷³ from the cupboard. We will sing in turn of Neptune and the green-haired Nereids; you will sing with your curved lyre of Latona and the arrows of swift-footed Cynthia. The last song will be of her who holds sway over Cnidos and the shining Cyclades, and visits Paphos with her team of swans. Night also will be celebrated in a well-deserved lullaby.⁷⁴

Ode to Maecenas

Maecenas, descendant of Etruscan kings, there is some mellow wine in a jar not yet tilted that has long awaited you at my house, along with rose blooms and balsam pressed

⁷² 23 July.

⁷³ The date (59 B.C.) is unimportant. Horace is playing on the name.

⁷⁴ Horace will sing about Neptune, Lyde about the Nereids; then Lyde will sing about Diana and her matronly mother (Latona); both will sing about Venus and (after making love?) about Night.

HORACE

- 5 iamdudum apud me est. eripe te morae,
 nec semper udum Tibur et Aefulae
 declive contempleris arvom et
 Telegoni iuga parricidae.
 fastidiosam desere copiam et
 10 molem propinquam nubibus arduis;
 omitte mirari beatae
 fumum et opes strepitumque Romae.
 plerumque gratae divitibus vices
 mundaeeque parvo sub lare pauperum
 15 cenae sine aulaeis et ostro
 sollicitam explicuere frontem.
 iam clarus occultum Andromedae pater
 ostendit ignem, iam Procyon furit
 et stella vesani Leonis,
 20 sole dies referente siccos:
 iam pastor umbras cum grege languido
 rivumque fessus quaerit et horridi
 dumeta Silvani, caretque
 ripa vagis taciturna ventis.
 25 tu civitatem quis deceat status
 curas et Urbi sollicitus times
 quid Seres et regnata Cyro
 Bactra parent Tanaisque discors.
 prudens futuri temporis exitum
 30 caliginosa nocte premit deus,
 ridetque si mortalis ultra
 fas trepidat. quod adest memento

⁷⁵ Tusculum, on high ground southeast of Rome, was supposed to have been founded by Telegonus, who had unwittingly murdered his father, Ulysses.

for your hair. So tear yourself away, and stop gazing out on well watered Tibur and the sloping fields of Aefula and the ridge of the parricide Telegonus.⁷⁵ Leave behind your blasé surfeit, and the pile that almost touches the clouds overhead. Stop looking with admiration at prosperous Rome with its smoke, wealth, and noise. Usually rich men welcome a change; a simple dinner without purple hangings at a small house belonging to a man of modest means relaxes the anxious brow.

Now Andromeda's father is visible,⁷⁶ showing clearly the fire that was concealed before, now Procyon is raging,⁷⁷ and Leo's furious star,⁷⁸ as the sun brings round the thirsty days. Now the weary shepherd with his lethargic flock makes for the shade and the river and rough Silvanus' thickets, and the silent bank is untroubled by the wandering breezes.

You are concerned about what constitution best suits the state, and in your anxiety for the capital you worry about what plots are being hatched by the Chinese and Bactra (once the realm of Cyrus) and the Don with its internal feuds.⁷⁹ God in his providence hides future events in murky darkness, and laughs if a mere mortal frets about what is beyond his control. Make sure to settle immediate

⁷⁶ Cepheus, a constellation near the North Pole. In Italy it rose on 9 July.

⁷⁷ Procyon, whose name means "the predecessor of the dog," rose before Sirius (Dog star) in July.

⁷⁸ The constellation of Leo (the Lion), which the sun entered on 18 July. If Horace is thinking of a particular star, it will be the one known as Regulus. ⁷⁹ The threats from the Chinese are meant as fantastic. Bactra refers to the Parthian empire.

HORACE

componere aequus; cetera fluminis
 ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
 35 cum pace delabentis Etruscum
 in mare, nunc lapides adesos
 stirpesque raptas et pecus et domos
 volventis una non sine montium
 clamore vicinaeque silvae,
 40 cum fera diluvies quietos
 irritat amnis. ille potens sui
 laetusque deget, cui licet in diem
 dixisse "vixi": cras vel atra.
 nube polum Pater occupato
 45 vel sole puro; non tamen irritum,
 quodcumque retro est, efficiet neque
 diffinget infectumque reddet,
 quod fugiens semel hora vexit.
 Fortuna saevo laeta negotio et
 50 ludum insolentem ludere pertinax
 transmutat incertos honores,
 nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
 laudo manentem; si celeris quatit
 pennas, resigno quae dedit et mea
 55 virtute me involvo probamque
 Pauperiem sine dote quaero.
 non est meum, si mugiat Africis
 malus procellis, ad miseris preces
 decurrere et votis pacisci
 60 ne Cypriae Tyriaeque merces
 addant avaro divitias mari.
 tunc me biremis praesidio scaphae
 tutum per Aegaeos tumultus
 aura feret geminusque Pollux.

problems calmly. Everything else flows away like a river that now glides peacefully in the middle of its channel down to the Etruscan Sea, now rolls along eroded boulders, uprooted trees, livestock and houses all mixed together amid the roar of the mountains and neighbouring woods, when a wild flood enrages its quiet streams. That man will be master of himself and live a happy life who as each day ends can say "I have lived." Tomorrow let our Father cover the sky in dark cloud or bright sunshine, he will not cancel whatever is past, nor will he render null and void what the flying hour has once carried away. Fortune, revelling in her cruel business, and determined to play her high-handed game, switches her fickle favours, kind now to me, now to someone else. I praise her while she stays, but if she shakes her swift wings, I return her presents, wrap myself in my virtue,⁸⁰ and go in search of honest Poverty, though she brings no dowry.

It is not my way, if the mast creaks in an African gale, to resort to piteous prayers, and, by making promises, to strike a bargain that will save my Cyprian and Tyrian goods from increasing the wealth of the greedy sea. In that situation, the breeze along with Pollux and his twin will carry me serenely through the Aegean's storms in my two-oared dinghy.

⁸⁰ An inner state which rendered a person immune to external misfortunes. The idea was especially, though not exclusively, associated with the Stoics. The metaphor of the philosopher's cloak went back to Plato.

Exegi monumentum aere perennius
regalique situ pyramidum altius,
quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
possit diruere aut innumerabilis
5 annorum series et fuga temporum.
non omnis moriar, multaue pars mei
vitabit Libitinam: usque ego postera
crescam laude recens, dum Capitolium
scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex.
10 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
15 quaesitam meritis et mihi Delphica
lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam.

The poet's monument

I have finished a monument more lasting than bronze, more lofty than the regal structure of the pyramids, one which neither corroding rain nor the ungovernable North Wind can ever destroy, nor the countless series of the years, nor the flight of time.

I shall not wholly die, and a large part of me will elude the Goddess of Death.⁸¹ I shall continue to grow, fresh with the praise of posterity, as long as the priest climbs the Capitol with the silent virgin.⁸² I shall be spoken of where the violent Aufidus thunders and where Daunus, short of water, ruled over a country people, as one who, rising from a lowly state to a position of power, was the first to bring Aeolian verse to the tunes of Italy.

Take the pride, Melpomene, that you have so well earned, and, if you would be so kind, surround my hair with Delphic bay.

⁸¹ An old Italian deity whose temple contained biers and other equipment for funerals.

⁸² A Vestal.

LIBER QUARTUS

1

Intermissa, Venus, diu
rursus bella moves? parce precor, precor.
non sum qualis eram bonae
sub regno Cinaræ. desine, dulcium
5 mater saeva Cupidinum,
circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
iam durum imperiis: abi
quo blandæ iuvenum te revocant preces.
tempestivius in domum
10 Pauli purpureis ales oloribus
comissabere Maximi,
si torrere iecur quaeris idoneum:
namque et nobilis et decens
et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis
15 et centum puer artium
late signa feret militiae tuæ,
et, quandoque potentior
largi muneribus riserit aemuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
20 ponet marmoream sub trabe citrea.

BOOK IV

1

Horace is too old for passion (?)

Are you making war again, Venus, after so long a truce? Have mercy, I beg you, I *beg* you! I am not the man I was in the reign of Cinara the Good. Stop, o cruel mother of sweet Desires, stop driving one who after nearly fifty years is now too hardened to answer your soft commands. Away, and make for a place to which the young men with their coaxing appeals are calling you.

If you seek a suitable heart to inflame, it will be more seemly for you to revel in the house of Paullus Maximus, riding there on the wings of your gleaming swans; for he is aristocratic and good-looking, he is an eloquent counsel for anxious defendants, and as a young fellow of a hundred accomplishments he will carry far and wide the banner of your army. When he has prevailed over the gifts of his big-spending rival, he will laugh and set you up in marble under a citron roof beside the Alban Lake.¹ There you will

¹ About 15 miles southeast of Rome; one assumes Paullus had a villa there.

HORACE

illic plurima naribus
duces tura, lyraeque et Berecynthiae
delectabere tibiae
mixtis carminibus non sine fistula;
25 illic bis pueri die
numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
laudantes pede candido
in morem Salium ter quatient humum.
me nec femina nec puer
30 iam nec spes animi credula mutui
nec certare iuvat mero
nec vincere novis tempora floribus.
sed cur heu, Ligurine, cur
manat rara meas lacrima per genas?
35 cur facunda parum decoro
inter verba cadit lingua silentio?
nocturnis ego somniis
iam captum teneo, iam volucrem sequor
te per gramina Martii
40 Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubilis.

2

Pindarum quisquis studet aemulari,
Iule, ceratis ope Daedalea
nititur pennis vitreo daturus
nomina ponto.
5 monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
quem super notas aluere ripas,

ODES IV.2

inhale incense in profusion and enjoy the mingled strains of the lyre and the Berecyntian pipe,² not forgetting the pipes of Pan. There, twice a day, boys and young girls together will praise your divinity and thump the ground with their white feet in triple time in the Salian style.

As for me, neither woman nor boy nor the fond hope of a kindred spirit gives me pleasure now, nor competitive drinking bouts, nor putting fresh garlands round my temples.

But why, Ligurinus, ah why does a tear every now and then roll down my cheek? Why does my ready tongue falter in mid-sentence in an all too undignified silence? At night in my dreams I sometimes hold you tight, sometimes chase you as you fly across the grass of Mars' Park, or, hard-hearted as you are, through the river's rolling waters.

2

Only a Pindaric poet can sing praises of Augustus

Anyone, Iullus,³ who strives to compete with Pindar relies on wings that have been waxed with Daedalus' skill, and is destined to give his name to a glassy sea. Like a river rushing down a mountainside, swollen by rains above its nor-

² See I.18.13n.

³ Antonius (and so addressed in v. 26) Iullus, son of Mark Antony.

HORACE

fervet immensusque ruit profundo
 Pindarus ore,
 laurea donandus Apollinari,
 10 seu per audaces nova dithyrambos
 verba devolvit numerisque fertur
 lege solutis,
 seu deos regesque canit, deorum
 sanguinem, per quos cecidere iusta
 15 morte Centauri, cecidit tremendae
 flamma Chimaerae,
 sive quos Elea domum reducit
 palma caelestis pugilemve equumve
 dicit et centum potiore signis
 20 munere donat,
 flebili sponsae iuvenemve raptum
 plorat et viris animumque moresque
 aureos educit in astra nigroque
 invidet Orco.
 25 multa Dircaeum levat aura cycnum,
 tendit, Antoni, quotiens in altos
 nubium tractus: ego apis Matinae
 more modoque
 grata carpentis thyma per laborem
 30 plurimum circa nemus uvidique
 Tiburis ripas operosa parvus
 carmina fingo.
 concines maiore poeta plectro
 Caesarem, quandoque trahet feroces
 35 per sacrum clivum merita decorus
 fronde Sygambros,

ODES IV.2

mal banks, Pindar boils and surges immeasurably on with his deep booming voice, deserving the award of Apollo's bay, whether he rolls down new words in his daring dithyrambs and is carried along in free unregulated rhythms, or sings of gods and kings, the blood of gods, by whose hand the Centaurs died a well-earned death and the flame of the dreaded Chimaera was quenched, or whether he tells of those (boxers or charioteers) whom the palm of Elis brings home as the equals of the gods, and presents them with a gift worth more than a hundred statues, or whether he laments a young man snatched from his weeping bride, extolling to the stars his strength, mind, and golden character, and refusing them to black Orcus.⁴

A mighty breeze lifts the swan of Dirce,⁵ Antonius, when he soars into the lofty regions of the clouds. I, in manner and method like a Matine bee that with incessant toil sips the lovely thyme around the woods and riverbanks of well-watered Tibur, fashion in a small way my painstaking songs.

You,⁶ a poet of larger quill, will celebrate Caesar when, decorated with a well-earned wreath of bay, he drags the fierce Sygambri up the Sacred Hill.⁷ The Fates and the

⁴ These lines list different types of Pindaric poetry: dithyrambs (in honour of Dionysus), hymns, victory odes, dirges. In spite of Horace's protests, the poem recalls Pindar in style and structure.

⁵ Pindar, Dirce being a spring in Pindar's native Boeotia.

⁶ Iullus Antonius.

⁷ The ode anticipates Augustus' return from Gaul and Spain in 13 B.C. The Sacred Hill led up to the Capitol.

HORACE

quo nihil maius meliusve terris
fata donavere bonique divi
nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
40 tempora priscum.
concines laetosque dies et Urbis
publicum ludum super impetrato
fortis Augusti reditu forumque
litibus orbum.
45 tum meae, si quid loquar audiendum,
vocis accedet bona pars, et, "o Sol
pulcher! o laudande!" canam, recepto
Caesare felix.
tuque¹ dum procedis, "io Triumphe!"
50 non semel dicemus, "io Triumphe!"
civitas omnis, dabimusque divis
tura benignis.
te decem tauri totidemque vaccae,
me tener solvet vitulus, relicta
55 matre qui largis iuvenescit herbis
in mea vota,
fronte curvatos imitatus ignis
tertium lunae referentis ortum,
qua notam duxit, niveus videri,
60 cetera fulvus.

3

Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
nascentem placido lumine videris,
illum non labor Isthmius
clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger

ODES IV.3

gods in their goodness have given nothing greater or better than him to the world, nor will they do so even if the ages return to their original gold. You will celebrate the days of joy, the capital's public holiday, and the Forum bereft of lawsuits in honour of the valiant Augustus' return which has been granted to our prayers. Then, if I have anything to say that is worth hearing, I shall join in to the best of my ability, singing "O glorious day, o worthy of all praise!" in my joy at Caesar's return.

And while you take the lead, we shall cry more than once "Io Triumph!" The whole city will cry "Io Triumph!" and we shall offer incense to the kindly gods. You will discharge your debt with ten bulls and as many cows, I mine with a young calf which, after leaving its mother is now growing up in the lush meadows to fulfil my vows; on its forehead it has a bright crescent like that of the moon as it brings round its third rising; where it has that mark it is snow-white in colour; the rest of it is tawny.

3

An ode of thanks to the Muse

The man whom you, Melpomene, have once looked on with kindly eyes at the hour of his birth will not win glory as a boxer through his exertions at the Isthmus;⁸ no spirited

⁸ The Isthmus of Corinth, where games were held every second year.

¹ tuque] terque,

HORACE

5 curru ducet Achaico
 victorem, neque res bellica Deliis
 ornatum foliis ducem,
 quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,
 ostendet Capitolio:
 10 sed quae Tibur aquae fertile praefluunt
 et spissae nemorum comae
 fingent Aeolio carmine nobilem.
 Romae principis urbium
 dignatur suboles inter amabilis
 15 vatum ponere me choros,
 et iam dente minus mordeor invido.
 o, testudinis aureae
 dulcem quae strepitum, Pieri, temperas,
 o mutis quoque piscibus
 20 donatura cycni, si libeat, sonum,
 totum muneris hoc tui est,
 quod monstror digito praetereuntium
 Romanae fidicen lyrae:
 quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

4

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem,
 cui rex deorum regnum in avis vagas
 permisit expertus fidelem
 Iuppiter in Ganymede flavo,
 5 olim iuventas et patrius vigor
 nido laborum protulit inscium,
 vernique iam nimbis remotis
 insolitos docuere nisus

ODES IV.4

horse will carry him to victory in an Achaean chariot; nor will a military career parade him before the Capitol, a general decorated with Delian bays,⁹ for crushing the swelling threats of princes. But the waters that flow past fertile Tibur, and the thick foliage of the woods, will shape him for fame in Aeolian song.

The youth of Rome, queen of cities, sees fit to give me a place in the well-loved choir of lyric poets,¹⁰ and now I am less often bitten by the tooth of Envy. O Lady of Pieria, you who tune to sweetness the noise of the golden shell, you who, were you so minded, could give the note of a swan even to dumb fishes, it is entirely thanks to your generosity that I am pointed out by passers-by as the minstrel of the Roman lyre; the fact that I breathe the breath of music and give pleasure (if I do give pleasure) is all of your doing.

4

The feats of Drusus

Like the winged deliverer of the thunderbolt to whom Jupiter, king of the gods, gave kingship over the far-ranging birds,¹¹ having found him faithful in regard to the flaxen-haired Ganymede (at first, youth and his inherited strength pushed him from the nest unaware of the struggles that lay ahead; presently the spring breezes, after removing the stormclouds, taught him, still timid, new and

⁹ Apollo was born on the island of Delos.

¹⁰ Cf. I.1.35-6.

¹¹ The eagle, which held the thunderbolt in its claws; it carried Ganymede to heaven.

HORACE

10 venti paventem, mox in ovilia
 demisit hostem vividus impetus,
 nunc in reluctantis dracones
 egit amor dapis atque pugnae,
 qualemve laetis caprea pascuis
 intenta fulvae matris ab ubere
 15 iam lacte depulsum leonem
 dente novo peritura vidit,
 videre Raetis² bella sub Alpibus
 Drusum gerentem Vindelici—quibus
 mos unde deductus per omne
 20 tempus Amazonia securi
 dextras obarmet, quaerere distuli,
 nec scire fas est omnia—sed diu
 lateque victrices catervae
 consiliis iuvenis revictae
 25 sensere, quid mens rite, quid indoles
 nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
 posset, quid Augusti paternus
 in pueros animus Neronēs.
 fortes creantur fortibus et bonis;
 30 est in iuencis, est in equis patrum
 virtus, neque imbellem feroces
 progenerant aquilae columbam;
 doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
 rectique cultus pectora roborat,³
 35 utcumque defecere mores,
 indecorant bene nata culpae.
 quid debeas, o Roma, Neronibus,
 testis Metaurum flumen et Hasdrubal
 devictus et pulcher fugatis
 40 ille dies Latio tenebris,

ODES IV.4

strenuous maneuvers; before long a vigorous impetus sent him hurtling down to attack sheepfolds; now his love of feasting and fighting has driven him against serpents that fight back); or like a young lion, recently thrust from his tawny mother's milky udder, which is suddenly spied by a roe that has been engrossed by the rich pasture and is now doomed to be killed by a tooth as yet unfamiliar with flesh—that was how the Vindelici saw Drusus as he marched to war beneath the Raetian Alps. (I have deferred inquiry as to the origin of the immemorial custom whereby their right hand is armed with an Amazonian axe; nor, indeed, is it permitted to know everything.) But their hordes, which had long been victorious far and wide, were vanquished by the young general's tactics, and found to their cost what could be done by a mind and character duly nurtured under a divinely favoured roof, and by the fatherly devotion of Augustus to the youthful Neros.¹²

The brave are born from the brave and good. Their sires' valour comes out in young bulls and horses; ferocious eagles do not father timid doves. But training develops innate powers, and the inculcation of what is right strengthens the heart. When sound principles cease to be observed, even the wellborn are disgraced by sin. What you, Rome, owe to the Neros is attested by the river Metaurus, by the overthrow of Hasdrubal, and by that glorious day which, driving the dark clouds away from

¹² Drusus and his brother Tiberius, Augustus' stepsons.

² Raetis] Raeti

³ roborat *Shackleton Bailey*] roborant

HORACE

qui primus alma risit adorea,
 dirus per urbis Afer ut Italas
 ceu flamma per taedas vel Eurus
 per Siculas equitavit undas.
 45 post hoc secundis usque laboribus
 Romana pubes crevit, et impio
 vastata Poenorum tumultu
 fana deos habuere rectos,
 dixitque tandem perfidus Hannibal
 50 "cervi, luporum praeda rapacium,
 sectamur ultro, quos opimus
 fallere et effugere est triumphus.
 gens, quae cremato fortis ab Ilio
 iactata Tuscis aequoribus sacra
 55 natosque maturosque patres
 pertulit Ausonias ad urbis,
 duris ut ilex tunsa⁴ bipennibus
 nigrae feraci frondis in Algido,
 per damna, per caedis, ab ipso
 60 ducit opes animumque ferro.
 non Hydra secto corpore firmior
 vinci dolentem crevit in Herculem,
 monstrumve submittere Colchi
 maius Echioniaeve Thebae.
 65 merses profundo: pulchrior evenit:
 luctere: multa proruet integrum
 cum laude victorem geretque
 proelia coniugibus loquenda.

⁴ tunsa] tonsa

ODES IV.4

Latium, was the first to smile with heartening victory since the dreaded African galloped through the towns of Italy like a fire through pine trees or the East Wind through Sicilian waves.¹³ After that the young men of Rome grew strong through struggles that were always successful; and shrines wrecked by the impious depredations of the Carthaginians once more housed gods that stood upright.

At last treacherous Hannibal spoke as follows: "We are like stags, which are by nature the prey of savage wolves; yet we actually pursue men whom it is a glorious triumph to trick and evade. That people which, even after Troy's conflagration and though tossed on Tuscan seas, still valiantly carried its sacred symbols, children, and elderly fathers to the cities of Ausonia, is like an oak buffeted by a hard two-headed axe on Mt Algidus where dark leaves grow thick; in spite of losses, in spite of bloody deaths, it draws strength and courage from the steel itself. Not more persistently did the Hydra grow stronger, the more its body was hacked, to oppose Hercules who chafed at being bested; no greater monster ever came forth from Colchis or Echion's Thebes. Plunge it in the deep, it emerges all the finer; wrestle with it, amid loud applause it will throw a previously unbeaten champion, and then go on to fight battles for its wives to tell of. No more will I be sending

¹³ The river Metaurus (today Metauro) flows into the Adriatic near Fano, between Ancona and Rimini; in 207 B.C. Hasdrubal, Hannibal's brother, was defeated by C. Claudius Nero in this area; see Livy 27.46-9. The dreaded African is Hannibal.

HORACE

70 Carthagini iam non ego nuntios
mittam superbos: occidit, occidit
spes omnis et fortuna nostri
nominis Hasdrubale interempto.”
nil Claudiae non perficiunt manus,
75 quas et benigno numine Iuppiter
defendit et curae sagaces
expediunt per acuta belli.

5

Divis orte bonis, optime Romulae
custos gentis, abes iam nimium diu;
maturum reditum pollicitus patrum
sancto concilio, redi.
5 lucem redde tuae, dux bone, patriae:
instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus
adfulsit populo, gratior it dies
et soles melius nitent.
ut mater iuvenem, quem Notus invido
10 flatu Carpathii trans maris aequora
cunctantem spatio longius annuo
dulci distinet a domo,
votis ominibusque et precibus vocat,
curvo nec faciem litore dimovet:
15 sic desideriiis icta fidelibus
quaerit patria Caesarem.

ODES IV.5

proud tidings to Carthage. Fallen, fallen is every hope and the success that has attended our name, now that Hasdrubal has been killed." There is nothing that the hands of the Claudii will not accomplish; for Jupiter defends them with the favour of his power, and wise counsels carry them safely through the sharp crises of war.

5

The blessings of Augustus' reign

Descendant of the kindly gods,¹⁴ best guardian of Romulus' folk, you have already been away too long. You promised an early return to the august assembly of the fathers; so return.¹⁵

Bring back the light, dear leader, to your country; for when your face shines like spring upon the citizens, the day passes more happily and the sun's radiance is brighter. Like a mother with a son whom the South Wind with its spiteful blast detains on the far side of the Carpathian Sea, keeping him from his beloved home beyond the end of the sailing season—she calls him back, making vows, watching omens, offering prayers, and never takes her eyes off the curving shore—so with pangs of longing does his loyal country look out for Caesar.

¹⁴ Augustus was supposed to be descended from Aeneas, the son of Venus.

¹⁵ Like IV.2, the ode awaits Augustus' return in 13 B.C.

HORACE

tutus bos etenim rura perambulat,
 nutrit rura Ceres almaque Faustitas,
 pacatum volitant per mare navitae,
 20 culpari metuit fides,
 nullis polluitur casta domus stupris,
 mos et lex maculosum edomuit nefas,
 laudantur simili prole puerperae,
 culpam poena premit comes.
 25 quis Parthum paveat, quis gelidum Scythen,
 quis Germania quos horrida parturit
 fetus, incolumi Caesare? quis ferae
 bellum curet Hiberiae?
 30 condit quisque diem collibus in suis,
 et vitem viduas ducit ad arbores;
 hinc ad vina redit laetus et alteris
 te mensis adhibet deum;
 te multa prece, te prosequitur mero
 defuso pateris et Laribus tuum
 35 miscet numen, uti Graecia Castoris
 et magni memor Herculis.
 “longas o utinam, dux bone, ferias
 praestes Hesperiae!” dicimus integro
 sicci mane die, dicimus uvidi,
 40 cum sol Oceano subest.

ODES IV.5

For then the ox ambles over the pastures in safety; Ceres and kindly Prosperity give increase to the crops, sailors wing their way across a sea clear of lawlessness, fidelity takes care not to incur blame,¹⁶ the home is pure, unstained by any lewdness, custom and law have gained control over the plague of vice, mothers are praised for having similar children,¹⁷ punishment follows hard on the heels of guilt.

Who would fear the Parthian, who the frozen Scythian, who the rough brood Germany breeds, as long as Caesar is safe? Who would care about war in savage Spain? Each man spends all day until sunset in his own hills, wedding the vine to the unmarried trees; then he returns happily to his wine and requests your divine presence at the second course.¹⁸ He honours you with many a prayer, pouring libations from the dish, and combines your worship with that of the household gods, as Greece does when remembering Castor and mighty Hercules.

"May you bring long holidays to Westland, dear leader": that is our prayer early on, when we are sober and the whole day is before us; that is our prayer when we are well oiled and the sun is below the Ocean.

¹⁶ A reference to the Julian law against adultery (18 B.C.).

¹⁷ This vague phrase allows us to assume that Horace means "like their mothers' husbands"; the traditional form, found in Hesiod and Catullus, says "like the parents" or "like the babies' fathers."

¹⁸ When libations were poured to deities before drinking began.

Dive, quem proles Niobeae magnae
 vindicem linguae Tityosque raptor
 sensit et Troiae prope victor altae
 Phthius Achilles,
 5 ceteris maior, tibi miles impar,
 filius quamvis Thetidis marinae
 Dardanas turris quateret tremenda
 cuspide pugna—
 ille, mordaci velut icta ferro
 10 pinus aut impulsus cupressus Euro,
 procidit late posuitque collum in
 pulvere Teucro.
 ille non inclusus equo Minervae
 sacra mentito male feriatos
 15 Troas et laetam Priami choreis
 falleret aulam;
 sed palam captis gravis, heu nefas! heu!
 nescios fari pueros Achivis
 ureret flammis, etiam latentem
 20 matris in alvo,
 ni tuis flexus⁵ Venerisque gratae
 vocibus divum pater adnuisset
 rebus Aeneae potiore ductos
 alite muros—
 25 doctor argutae fidicen Thaliae,
 Phoebe, qui Xantho lavis amne crines,

⁵ flexus] victus

ODES IV.6

6

A hymn to Apollo

Lord, whose power was felt by Niobe's family when you punished her boastful tongue, and by the rapist Tityus, and by Phthian Achilles when on the verge of capturing lofty Troy; he was a greater warrior than any other, but no match for you, even though he was the son of seaborne Thetis and shook the Dardanian towers with his dreaded spear in his eagerness for battle. Like a pine tree struck with the biting steel or a cypress blown over by the East Wind, he fell on his face, covering much ground, and laid his neck in the dust of Troy. *He* would not have skulked in the wooden horse that pretended to be an offering to Minerva,¹⁹ or gulled the Trojans into fatal celebrations²⁰ and the court of Priam into happy dancing, but quite openly he would have cruelly ill-treated the captives; ah, think of the enormity of it! He would have burnt with Achaean fire the children as yet incapable of speech, and even the infant lying in its mother's womb, had not the Father of the Gods been won over by your appeals and those of the lovely Venus, and granted to Aeneas' fortunes walls marked out under happier omens. Phoebus, minstrel-teacher of the clear-voiced Thalia, you who wash your hair in Xanthus' stream, protect

¹⁹ See Vergil *Aeneid* 2.189.

²⁰ See *Aeneid* 2.248-9.

HORACE

Dauniae defende decus Camenae,
 levis Agyieū.
spiritum Phoebus mihi, Phoebus artem
30 carminis nomenque dedit poetae.
virginum primae puerique claris
 patribus orti,
Deliae tutela deae fugaces
lynxas et cervos cohibentis arcu,
35 Lesbium servate pedem meique
 pollicis ictum,
rite Latonae puerum canentes,
rite crescentem face Noctilucam,
prosperam frugum celeremque pronos
40 volvere mensis.
nupta iam dices "ego dis amicum,
saeculo festas referente luces,
reddidi carmen, docilis modorum
 vatis Horati."

7

Diffugere nives, redeunt iam gramina campis
 arboribusque comae;
mutat terra vices, et decrescentia ripas
 flumina praetereunt;
5 Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
 ducere nuda choros.
immortalia ne speres, monet annus et alnum
 quae rapit hora diem;

ODES IV.7

the glory of the Daunian Muse, o smooth-faced Lord of the Highway!²¹

It was Phoebus who gave me inspiration, Phoebus who gave me the lyric art and the name of poet. You, the foremost of our maidens and you, the sons of noble sires,²² wards of the Delian goddess who checks with her bow the fleet-footed lynxes and stags, observe the Lesbian beat and the snap of my fingers as you duly sing of Latona's son, duly of the Nightlighter²³ with her crescent torch, who gives increase to our crops and swiftly rolls the hurrying months. In due course, as a married lady, you will say "When the cycle brought round its festal days, I performed the hymn to please the gods, having learned the tune from its eminent composer: Horace."

7

The cycle of nature

The snow has fled away; now grass is returning to the fields, and leaves to the trees. The earth is changing its seasons; the rivers subside and flow between their banks; the Grace along with the Nymphs and her twin sisters ventures to lead the dances naked. You should not hope for immortality: that is the message of the year and the hour that steals

²¹ Apollo was always represented as beardless. He is Lord of the Highway because in the form of a pillar he stood in the street outside houses to ward off evil.

²² The choir which performed the Hymn for a New Age (*Carmen Saeculare*).

²³ Diana, the moon goddess.

HORACE

10 frigora mitescunt Zephyris, ver proterit aestas
 interitura simul
 pomifer Autumnus fruges effuderit, et mox
 bruma recurrit iners.
 damna tamen celeres reparant caelestia lunae:
 nos ubi decidimus
 15 quo pater⁶ Aeneas, quo Tullus dives et Ancus,
 pulvis et umbra sumus.
 quis scit an adiciant hodiernae crastina summae
 tempora di superi?
 cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis, amico
 20 quae dederis animo.
 cum semel occideris et de te splendida Minos
 fecerit arbitria,
 non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
 restituēt pietas;
 25 infernīs neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
 liberat Hippolytum,
 nec Lethaea valet Theseus abrumpere caro
 vincula Pirithoo.

8

5 Donarem pateras grataque commodus,
 Censorine, meis aera sodalibus,
 donarem tripodas, praemia fortium
 Graiorum, neque tu pessima munerum
 ferres, divite me scilicet artium
 quas aut Parrhasius protulit aut Scopas,
 hic saxo, liquidis ille coloribus

away the kindly day. The cold grows mild under the zephyrs; spring is trodden under foot by summer, which is doomed to die as soon as apple-bearing autumn pours forth its crops, and soon lifeless winter comes hurrying back.

Yet the quickly changing moons recoup their losses in the sky; we, when we have gone down to the same place as Father Aeneas, as rich Tullus and Ancus, are dust and shadow. Who knows whether the gods above will add tomorrow's span to the total of today? Everything you give to your own dear heart will escape the greedy hands of your heir. Once you have died and Minos has pronounced his solemn verdict, neither high birth, nor eloquence, Torquatus, nor piety will bring you back; neither does Diana set Hippolytus free from the infernal darkness, for all his purity, nor has Theseus the power to break the fetters of Lethe that bind Pirithous, however much he loves him.

8

The power of poetry

I would gladly give valuable bowls and bronzes to my friends, Censorinus; I would give tripods (as awarded to Greek heroes), and you would receive by no means the least of such gifts—if I were rich, that is to say, in the objets d'art that Parrhasius produced in liquid colours, or Scopas

⁶ pater] pius

HORACE

sollers nunc hominem ponere, nunc deum.
 sed non haec mihi vis, non tibi talium
 10 res est aut animus deliciarum egens.
 gaudes carminibus; carmina possumus
 donare et pretium dicere muneri.
 non incisa notis marmora publicis,
 per quae spiritus et vita redit bonis
 15 post mortem ducibus, non celeres fugae
 reiectaeque retrorsum Hannibalis minae,
 [non incendia Carthagini impiae]
 eius, qui domita nomen ab Africa
 lucratus rediit, clarius indicant
 20 laudes quam Calabriae Pierides: neque,
 si chartae sileant quod bene feceris,
 mercedem tuleris. quid foret Iliae
 Mavortisque puer, si taciturnitas
 obstaret meritis invida Romuli?
 25 ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Aeacum
 virtus et favor et lingua potentium
 vatum divitibus consecrat insulis.
 dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori:
 caelo Musa beat. sic Iovis interest
 30 optatis epulis impiger Hercules,
 clarum Tyndaridae sidus ab infimis
 quassas eripiunt aequoribus ratis,
 [ornatus viridi tempora pampino]
 Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

²⁴ Calabria was the birthplace of Ennius, who wrote about Scipio not only in his *Annals* but also in a special poem devoted to the general.

²⁵ Romulus.

²⁶ See I.3.2.

ODES IV.8

in marble, artists who were skilled at representing now a man, now a god. But none of that lies within my power, and neither your circumstances nor your tastes require such luxuries. Poetry is what you like, and poetry is what I can offer—and tell the value of the gift.

Not marble statues with their public inscriptions that allow the breath of life to return to good generals after their death, not Hannibal's headlong rout and the hurling back of his threats, [not the burning of unholy Carthage]—none of these proclaims more vividly the feats of the hero who returned home from the subjugation of Africa enriched with a famous name than do the Muses of Calabria,²⁴ nor would *you* reap your reward if no pages gave voice to your achievements. What would the son of Ilia and Mars²⁵ be today if a churlish silence stood in the way of Romulus' just deserts? His own valour, combined with the favour and eloquence of mighty bards, has snatched Aeacus from the Stygian waves, giving him a hallowed place in the Isles of the Blest. If a man is worthy of praise, the Muse does not let him die; the Muse bestows the bliss of heaven. Hence the tireless Hercules is present at Jove's banquets, as he always wished to be; the sons of Tyndareus, now a bright star,²⁶ save battered ships from the sea's abyss; and the God of Freedom [, his head decked with green vine leaves,] brings prayers to a happy fulfilment.²⁷

²⁷ Some lines of this ode are suspect: (a) the total number of verses is not divisible by four, (b) the burning of Carthage is attributed to Scipio Africanus Major in 202, instead of to Scipio Africanus Minor in 146, (c) v. 33 is almost a repetition of III.25.20. But no set of excisions is universally accepted.

Ne forte credas interitura, quae
 longe sonantem natus ad Aufidum
 non ante vulgatas per artis
 verba loquor socianda chordis:
 5 non, si priores Maeonius tenet
 sedes Homerus, Pindaricae latent
 Caeaeque et Alcaei minaces
 Stesichorive graves Camenae;
 nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,
 10 delevit aetas; spirat adhuc amor
 vivuntque commissi calores
 Aeoliae fidibus puellae.
 non sola comptos arsit adulteri
 crinis et aurum vestibus illitum
 15 mirata regalisque cultus
 et comites Helene Lacaena,
 primusve Teucer tela Cydonio
 direxit arcu; non semel Ilios
 vexata; non pugnavit ingens
 20 Idomeneus Sthenelusve solus
 dicenda Musis proelia; non ferox
 Hector vel acer Deiphobus gravis
 exceptit ictus pro pudicis
 coniugibus puerisque primus.
 25 vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
 multi; sed omnes illacrimabiles
 urgentur ignotique longa
 nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

The poet will not allow Lollius to die

You may imagine that these words will perish which I, born by the far-echoing Aufidus, speak to be wedded to the strings of the lyre by an art never before displayed to the public. Yet if Maeonian Homer holds first place, it does not follow that the Muses of Pindar and of Ceos²⁸ are forgotten, or those of Alcaeus and Stesichorus, respectively aggressive and august; nor has time eclipsed the fun that Anacreon once enjoyed; and that love still breathes and that passion still lives which the Aeolian girl²⁹ confided to the strings of her lyre.

Spartan Helen was not the only one to be set on fire as she gazed at her lover's neat hair, his gold-embroidered clothes, his royal finery, and his entourage. Nor was Teucer the first to shoot arrows from a Cretan bow. Not once alone was an Ilium besieged, nor did the mighty Idomeneus or Sthenelus alone fight battles worthy to be recounted by the Muses. Nor were fierce Hector and doughty Deiphobus the first to sustain serious wounds in defence of virtuous wife and children. Many a brave man lived before Agamemnon; but all lie buried unwept and unknown in the long night, because they lack a sacred bard. In the grave

²⁸ Simonides; cf. II.1.38.

²⁹ Sappho.

HORACE

paulum sepultae distat inertiae
 30 celata virtus. non ego te meis
 chartis inornatum silebo,
 totve tuos patiar labores
 impune, Lolli, carpere lividas
 obliviones. est animus tibi
 35 rerumque prudens et secundis
 temporibus dubiisque rectus,
 vindex avarae fraudis et abstinens
 ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniae,
 consulque non unius anni,
 40 sed quotiens bonus atque fidus
 iudex honestum praetulit utili,
 reiecit alto dona nocentium
 vultu, per obstantis catervas
 explicuit sua victor arma.
 45 non possidentem multa vocaveris
 recte beatum: rectius occupat
 nomen beati, qui deorum
 muneribus sapienter uti
 duramque callet pauperiem pati
 50 peiusque leto flagitium timet,
 non ille pro caris amicis
 aut patria timidus perire.

10

O crudelis adhuc et Veneris muneribus potens,
 insperata tuae cum veniet bruma⁷ superbiae,
 et, quae nunc umeris involitant, deciderint comae,

ODES IV.10

there is little to distinguish unrecorded valour from forgotten cowardice.

I shall not pass you over in silence, unhonoured by my pages; nor shall I allow jealous oblivion to erode your countless exploits, Lollius, without fighting back. You have a mind that is wise in practical affairs, upright in both prosperous and critical times, swift to punish dishonest greed, and aloof from money that draws everything into its embrace—the mind of one who has been consul not just for one year, but as often as, like a good and reliable judge, he has put honour before convenience, rejected the bribes of the guilty with a disdainful look, and carried his weapons victoriously through the hosts that are ranged against him.

One would not be right to call happy the man of many possessions; the title of happy is more rightly claimed by the man who has the intelligence to make wise use of the gods' gifts and to put up with the rigours of poverty,³⁰ who fears disgrace worse than death, and is not afraid to die for his dear friends or his native land.

10

Transient beauty

You who are still cruel and still enjoy the power of Venus' gifts, when, against all hope, winter overtakes your arrogance, and the hair that now ripples to your shoulders is

³⁰ Not destitution but a frugal existence; cf. I.1.18.

⁷ bruma *Bentley*] pluma

HORACE

5 nunc et qui color est puniceae flore prior rosae,
mutatus, Ligurine, in faciem⁸ 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?"

11

Est mihi nonum superantis annum
plenus Albani cadus; est in horto,
Phylli, nectendis apium coronis;
est hederæ vis
5 multa, qua crinis religata fulges;
ridet argento domus; ara castis
vincta verbenis avet immolato
spargier agno;
cuncta festinat manus, huc et illuc
10 cursitant mixtæ pueris puellæ;
sordidum flammæ trepidant rotantes
vertice fumum.
ut tamen noris quibus advoceris
gaudiis, Idus tibi sunt agenda,
15 qui dies mensem Veneris marinae
findit Aprilem,
iure sollemnis mihi sanctiorque
paene natali proprio, quod ex hac
luce Maecenas meus affluentis
20 ordinat annos.

ODES IV.11

shed, and the complexion that now surpasses the bloom of the crimson rose fades, Ligurinus, and is replaced by a stubbly face, you will say as you look at your altered self in the mirror, "Ah, why did I not have as a boy the attitude that I have today? Or why don't those unblemished cheeks return to accompany my present feelings?"

11

A happy birthday

I have a jar full of Alban wine that has lived for over nine years. In the garden, Phyllis, there is parsley for weaving garlands, and a large supply of ivy, which makes you look brilliant when it binds back your hair. The house smiles brightly with its silver; an altar draped with fresh greenery just waits to be sprinkled with a slaughtered lamb. The entire household rushes about; slaves male and female bustle hither and thither. The flames flicker as they whirl the sooty smoke in eddies.

To let you know, however, the happy event to which you are invited: you will be celebrating the Ides that divide April,³¹ the month of seaborne Venus, a date I have good reason to observe, one which is almost more special than my own birthday, because from this bright day my dear Maecenas counts the course of his years.

³¹ April 13.

⁸ mutatus, Ligurine,] mutatus Ligurinum faciem] flicem
Nisbet

HORACE

Telephum, quem tu petis, occupavit
non tuae sortis iuvenem puella
dives et lasciva tenetque grata
 compede vinctum.
25 terret ambustus Phaethon avaras
 spes, et exemplum grave praebet ales
Pegasus terrenum equitem gravatus
 Bellerophontem,
30 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
35 voce quos reddas: minuentur atrae
 carmine curae.

12

Iam veris comites, quae mare temperant,
impellunt animae lintea Thraciae;
iam nec prata rigent nec fluvii strepunt
 hiberna nive turgidi.
5 nidum ponit Ityn flebiliter gemens
infelix avis et Cecropiae domus
aeternum opprobrium, quod male barbaras
 regum est ultra libidines.

ODES IV.12

Telephus, the young man whom you are after, belongs to a higher class; he is in the clutches of a girl who is both rich and voluptuous, and he *likes* the fetters that hold him so fast. Phaethon, who was shot down in flames, frightens off dreams of avarice, and the winged Pegasus, who disdained the weight of his earthly rider, Bellerophon,³² provides a weighty moral: you should always strive for what is appropriate to yourself; you should avoid an unequal partner, regarding it as wrong to direct your hopes beyond what is permissible.

So come now, the last of my loves (for after this I shall feel no ardour for any other woman); learn some tunes that you can sing to me with your lovely voice. Black thoughts will be lightened by song.

12

*Spring thoughts for Vergil*³³

Now the Thracian breezes, spring's companions that calm the sea, drive forward the sails; now the fields are no longer frozen and the rivers no longer roar, swollen with winter snow. Weeping bitterly for Itys, the ill-starred bird³⁴ is building her nest, she who brought everlasting shame on Cecrops' house by the cruel vengeance she took on

³² When Bellerophon tried to ride Pegasus up to heaven, the magic steed threw him off.

³³ Vergil had died in 19 B.C., but it is very hard to believe that this Vergil is not the poet. The ode seems to be an imaginary invitation, set nostalgically in the period when Horace first knew him.

³⁴ Procne.

HORACE

10 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
 15 si gestis, iuvenum nobilium cliens,
 nardo vina merebere.
 nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum,
 qui nunc Sulpiciis accubat horreis,
 spes donare novas largus amaraque
 20 curarum eluere efficax.
 ad quae si properas gaudia, cum tua
 velox merce veni: non ego te meis
 immunem meditor tingere poculis,
 plena dives ut in domo.
 25 verum pone moras et studium lucri,
 nigrorumque memor, dum licet, ignium
 misce stultitiam consiliis brevem:
 dulce est desipere in loco.

13

 Audivere, Lyce, di mea vota, di
 audivere, Lyce: fis anus, et tamen
 vis formosa videri
 ludisque et bibis impudens
 5 et cantu tremulo pota Cupidinem
 lentum sollicitas. ille virentis et
 doctae psallere Chiae
 pulchris excubat in genis.

ODES IV.13

the king's barbaric lust. On the soft grass the shepherds, tending their fat sheep, play tunes on their pipes, delighting the god who loves the flocks and dark hills of Arcadia.³⁵

The season, Vergil, has brought thirst; but if you are keen to drink the God of Freedom's juices, pressed at Cales, then you, the client of young nobles, will earn your wine with spikenard. A tiny shell of spikenard will coax out a jar which at the moment reposes in Sulpicius' cellars, generous in giving fresh hopes, and effective at washing away the bitterness of depression.

If you are eager for such delights, come quickly—with your contribution. I do not intend to let you tittle from my cups scot-free, as if I were a rich man with a well-stocked house. However, no more delay; forget the pursuit of money; bear in mind the smoky flames and, while it is still possible, mix a little folly with your serious concerns. It's nice to be silly on the right occasion.

13

A lampoon

The gods have heard my prayers, Lyce; yes, the gods have heard them: you are growing old! And you still want to look pretty; you join in the fun and the drinking without any shame, and when you are tight you try to arouse the reluctant sex god with your tremulous singing. He keeps watch on the lovely cheeks of Chia, who is in the flush of youth and is also accomplished at playing the lyre; without any

³⁵ Pan.

HORACE

10 importunus enim transvolat aridas
 quercus et refugit te, quia luridi
 dentes te, quia rugae
 turpant et capitis nives.
 nec Coae referunt iam tibi purpurae
 nec cari lapides tempora quae semel
 15 notis condita fastis
 inclusit volucris dies.
 quo fugit Venus, heu, quove color? decens
 quo motus? quid habes illius, illius,
 quae spirabat amores,
 20 quae me surpuerat mihi,
 felix post Cinarum notaque et artium
 gratarum facies? sed Cinarum brevis
 annos fata dederunt,
 servatura diu parem
 25 cornicis vetulae temporibus Lycen,
 possent ut iuvenes visere fervidi
 multo non sine risu
 dilapsam in cineres facem.

14

Quae cura patrum quaeve Quiritium
 plenis honorum muneribus tuas,
 Auguste, virtutes in aevum
 per titulos memoresque fastus
 5 aeternet, o, qua sol habitabilis
 illustrat oras, maxime principum?
 quem legis expertes Latinae
 Vindelici didicere nuper,

ODES IV.14

consideration he flies past withered oaks, and shuns you with your ugly discoloured teeth and your wrinkles and your head of snowy hair.

It is too late. Neither dresses of Coan purple nor expensive jewelry can bring back the days that winged time has once locked up and stored away in the records that all can read. Where has your sex appeal gone? Ah, what has happened to your bloom? Your graceful movement? What do you retain of her, yes her, whose very breath was love, who stole me from myself—the girl who, after Cinara, won my heart, and was a beauty also well known for her delightful skills? To Cinara the Fates granted just a few short years, but resolved to keep Lyce alive to rival an old crow in her longevity, so that hot-blooded lads might laugh and laugh at the sight of a torch that had crumbled into ashes.

14

The feats of Augustus' stepsons

Senate and people are anxious to immortalise your virtues for all time with full honours through inscriptions and public records. How can this be done, Augustus, most mighty Princeps wherever the sun shines on habitable regions, whose military power was recently learned to their cost by the Vindelici, who lay beyond the reach of Latium's laws?

HORACE

10 quid Marte posses. milite nam tuo
 Drusus Genaunos, implacidum genus,
 Breunosque veloces et arces
 Alpibus impositas tremendis
 deiecit acer plus vice simplici;
 maior Neronum mox grave proelium
 15 commisit immanisque Raetos
 auspiciis pepulit secundis,
 spectandus in certamine Martio,
 devota morti pectora liberae
 quantis fatigaret ruinis, ·
 20 indomitas prope qualis undas
 exercet Auster, Pleiadum choro
 scindente nubes, impiger hostium
 vexare turmas et frementem
 mittere equum medios per ignis.
 25 sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
 qui regna Dauni praefluit Apuli,
 cum saevit horrendamque cultis
 diluvium meditatatur agris,
 ut barbarorum Claudius agmina
 30 ferrata vasto diruit impetu
 primosque et extremos metendo
 stravit humum sine clade victor,
 te copias, te consilium et tuos
 praebente divos. nam tibi, quo die
 35 portus Alexandria supplex
 et vacuam patefecit aulam,
 Fortuna lustris prospera tertio
 belli secundos reddidit exitus,
 laudemque et optatum peractis
 40 imperii decus arrogavit.

ODES IV.14

For it was with your soldiers that fierce Drusus hurled down the Genauni, that turbulent people, and the swift Breuni along with their strongholds perched on the Alps, thereby inflicting more than a mere reprisal. Shortly after, the elder Nero³⁶ fought a bloody battle and, under your happy auspices, routed the savage Raeti. It was a sight to see how, in Mars' contest, he crushed with utter destruction hearts that were determined to die in freedom. Much like the South Wind as it whips up the wild waves when the Pleiades' group shines through the torn clouds, he never tired of harassing the squadrons of the foe, and sending his snorting steed through the hottest fires of battle. As the bull-formed Aufidus,³⁷ which skirts the kingdom of Apulian Daunus, rolls along, when he goes on the rampage before spreading a terrifying flood over the cultivated farmlands, so Claudius with a huge onslaught broke up the steel-clad lines of the savages, and mowing down front and rear alike littered the ground, gaining victory without loss—and the troops, tactics, and divine assistance were all supplied by you.

Fifteen years from the day when Alexandria marked her submission by throwing open to you her ports and empty palace,³⁸ propitious Fortune once again granted a successful outcome to war, and added this distinction and long-awaited glory to the campaigns already completed.

³⁶ Tiberius, called Claudius in v. 29.

³⁷ Rivers were often represented as bull-headed or horned; Horace speaks elsewhere of the roar of the Aufidus (III.30.10; IV.9.2).

³⁸ Alexandria surrendered to Octavian (later Augustus) on 1 August 30 B.C.

HORACE

te Cantaber non ante domabilis
Medusque et Indus, te profugus Scythes
miratur, o tutela praesens
Italiae dominaeque Romae.
45 te, fontium qui celat origines,
Nilusque et Hister, te rapidus Tigris,
te beluosus qui remotis
obstrepit Oceanus Britannis,
te non paventis funera Galliae
50 duraeque tellus audit Hiberiae,
te caede gaudentes Sygambri
compositis venerantur armis.

15

Phoebus volentem proelia me loqui
victas et urbis increpuit lyra,
ne parva Tyrrhenum per aequor
vela darem. tua, Caesar, aetas
5 fruges et agris rettulit uberes,
et signa nostro restituit Iovi
derepta Parthorum superbis
postibus et vacuum duellis
Ianum Quirini clausit et ordinem
10 rectum evaganti frena licentiae
iniecit emovitque culpas
et veteres revocavit artis,
per quas Latinum nomen et Italiae
crevere vires, famaue et imperi
15 porrecta maiestas ad ortus
solis ab Hesperio cubili.

ODES IV.15

You are the one whom the Cantabrian, hitherto invincible, the Mede and the Indian and the retreating Scythian all regard with awe, yes, you, the ever-present defender of Italy and Rome, mistress of the world. To you the Nile, who conceals the sources of his stream, and the Danube, to you the fiercely flowing Tigris, to you the monster-teeming Ocean that roars at the distant Britons, to you the land of Gaul that fears not death, and that of stubborn Spain—all listen obediently; you receive the homage of the bloodthirsty Sygambri who have now laid aside their weapons.

15

The blessings of the Pax Augusta

When I wanted to sing of battles and the conquest of cities, Phoebus banged on the lyre, to prevent me from setting sail in my tiny craft across the Etruscan Sea.

Your age, Caesar, has brought back rich harvests to the fields, and restored to our Jove the standards torn down from the proud doorposts of the Parthian;³⁹ it has closed the temple of Janus Quirinus, now empty of war; it has put a bridle on licence which was straying beyond the proper limits,⁴⁰ removed sin, and revived the ancient arts⁴¹ by which the name of Latium, the power of Italy, and the prestige and majesty of the Empire were extended from the sun's western bed to his rising.

³⁹ The standards lost by Crassus at Carrhae (53 B.C.) were recovered by diplomatic pressure in 20 B.C.

⁴⁰ A reference to the moral legislation of 18 B.C.

⁴¹ The arts are moral and political.

HORACE

custode rerum Caesare non furor
civilis aut vis exiget otium,
non ira, quae procudit ensis
20 et miseras inimicat urbis.
non qui profundum Danuvium bibunt
edicta rumpent Iulia, non Getae,
non Seres infidive Persae,
non Tanain prope flumen orti.
25 nosque et profestis lucibus et sacris
inter iocosi munera Liberi
cum prole matronisque nostris,
rite deos prius apprecati,
virtute functos more patrum duces
30 Lydis remixto carmine tibiis
Troiamque et Anchisen et almae
progeniem Veneris canemus.

ODES IV.15

With Caesar in charge of affairs, peace will not be driven out by civic madness or violence, or by the anger that beats out swords and makes cities wretched by turning them against one another.

Those who drink the deep Danube will not infringe the Julian Laws, nor will the Getae or the Chinese⁴² or the untrustworthy Parthians, or the people born by the river Don.

As for ourselves, on working days and holidays, surrounded by the merry God of Freedom's⁴³ gifts, along with our wives and children, we shall first offer due prayers to the gods; then in song accompanied by Lydian pipes we shall sing in our fathers' fashion of leaders who lived their lives like true men, of Troy and Anchises and the offspring of kindly Venus.⁴⁴

⁴² Chinese silk was imported by the Romans, but the idea of political submission is fanciful hyperbole.

⁴³ Bacchus.

⁴⁴ Augustus via Aeneas.

CARMEN SAECULARE

Phoebe silvarumque potens Diana,
lucidum caeli decus, o colendi
semper et culti, date quae precamur
tempore sacro,
5 quo Sibyllini monuere versus
virgines lectas puerosque castos
dis, quibus septem placuere colles,
dicere carmen.
alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui
10 promissis et celas aliusque et idem
nascaris, possis nihil urbe Roma
visere maius.
rite maturos aperire partus
lenis, Ilithyia, tuere matres,
15 sive tu Lucina probas vocari
seu Genitalis:
diva, producas subolem, patrumque
prosperes decreta super iugandis
feminis prolisque novae feraci
20 lege marita,
certus undenos decies per annos
orbis ut cantus referatque ludos
ter die claro totiensque grata
nocte frequentis.

HYMN FOR A NEW AGE

Phoebus and Diana, Queen of the Woods, radiant glory of the heavens, ever to be worshipped and ever worshipped, grant our prayers on this holy occasion, when the Sibyl's verses¹ have commanded that chosen girls and boys of good character should sing a hymn to the gods who look with favour on the Seven Hills.

Life-giving Sun, who with your shining car bring forth the day and hide it away, who are born anew and yet the same, may you never be able to behold anything greater than the city of Rome!

You whose gentle function it is to open the way for births in due season, protect our mothers, o Ilithyia, or Lucina if you prefer that name, or Genitalis. O goddess, be pleased to rear our young, and to grant success to the Fathers' edicts on the yoking together of men and women and on the marriage law for raising a new crop of children,² so that the unending cycle of ten times eleven years may bring round singing and games that are thronged with people three times by daylight and as often in the pleasant time of night.

¹ The Sibylline Books.

² A reference to Augustus' marriage law of 18 B.C.

HORACE

- 25 vosque veraces cecinisse, Parcae,
 quod semel dictum est stabilisque rerum
 terminus servet, bona iam peractis
 iungite fata.
- fertilis frugum pecorisque tellus
 30 spicea donet Cererem corona;
 nutriant fetus et aquae salubres
 et Iovis aerae.
- condito mitis placidusque telo
 supplices audi pueros, Apollo;
 35 siderum regina bicornis, audi,
 Luna, puellas:
 Roma si vestrum est opus, Iliaequae
 litus Etruscum tenuere turmae,
 iussa pars mutare Lares et urbem
- 40 sospite cursu,
 cui per ardentem sine fraude Troiam
 castus Aeneas patriae superstes
 liberum munivit iter, daturus
 plura relictis:
- 45 di, probos mores docili iuventae,
 di, senectuti placidae quietem,
 Romulae genti date remque prolemque
 et decus omne.
- quaeque vos bobus veneratur albis
 50 clarus Anchisae Venerisque sanguis,
 impetret, bellante prior, iacentem
 lenis in hostem.
- iam mari terraque manus potentis
 Medus Albanasque timet securis,

HYMN FOR A NEW AGE

You Fates, who truly tell what has once been decreed (and may that be preserved by the immovable landmark of our fortunes),³ add a happy destiny to what has already been fulfilled. May Mother Earth, who is fertile in crops and livestock, present Ceres with a crown of corn; may Jove's wholesome showers and breezes nourish all that she brings forth. Apollo, lay aside your weapon, and listen mildly and gently to the boys' prayers. Do you, o Moon, crescent-shaped Queen of the stars, give ear to the girls.

If Rome is indeed your creation, if the squadrons that settled the Etruscan shore came from Troy—a remnant bidden to change their home and city in a voyage that brought salvation, for whom the righteous Aeneas, a Trojan survivor, built unscathed through the blazing city a road to freedom,⁴ destined, as he was, to give them more than they had left behind—then, o ye gods, give sound character to a young generation enabling them to learn; give rest to the old ensuring their contentment; and to the people of Romulus as a whole give wealth and children and every blessing. What the glorious descendant of Anchises and Venus⁵ asks of you with white oxen, may he obtain; may he be victorious in battle over his foes yet merciful once they are down.

Now the Mede dreads our mighty hands and the axes of Alba that are powerful over land and sea;⁶ now the

³ A difficult passage. The old god Terminus was a protector of Rome's boundaries.

to the *Aeneid*.

⁴ These stanzas are another allusion to the *Aeneid*.
⁵ Their son was Aeneas, putative ancestor of Augustus.

⁶ The town of Alba Longa in Latium was founded, according to tradition, by Aeneas' son. It was therefore seen as a kind of pre-Roman Rome.

HORACE

- 55 iam Scythae responsa petunt superbi
nuper et Indi.
iam Fides et Pax et Honos Pudorque
priscus et neglecta redire Virtus
audet, apparetque beata pleno
60 Copia cornu.
augur et fulgente decorus arcu
Phoebus acceptusque novem Camenis,
qui salutari levat arte fessos
corporis artus,
65 si Palatinas videt aequus aras,
remque Romanam Latiumque felix
alterum in lustrum meliusque semper
prorogat aevum.
quaeque Aventinum tenet Algidumque,
70 quindecim Diana preces virorum
curat et votis puerorum amicas
applicat auris.
haec Iovem sentire deosque cunctos
spem bonam certamque domum reporto,
75 doctus et Phoebi chorus et Dianae
dicere laudes.

HYMN FOR A NEW AGE

Scythians and the Indians, who were recently so arrogant, ask for our decisions. Now Good Faith, Peace, and Honour, along with old-fashioned Modesty and Virtue, who has been so long neglected, venture to return, and blessed Plenty with her full horn is seen by all.

Phoebus the prophet, arrayed with his shining bow, who is dear to the nine Muses, and by his healing art relieves the body's weary limbs—he, if he looks with favour, as he does, on the altars of the Palatine, prolongs Rome's power and Latium's prosperity for another cycle and another ever improving age.

Diana, who possesses the Aventine and Mount Algidus, listens to the prayers of the Fifteen Men⁷ and lends a gracious ear to the appeals of the children.

We carry home the good and certain hope that such is the will of Jupiter and the other gods—we, the chorus trained to sing in praise of Phoebus and Diana.

⁷ The priestly college in charge of the ceremonies.



EPODES

EPODON LIBER

1

Ibis Liburnis inter alta navium,
 amice, propugnacula,
paratus omne Caesaris periculum
 subire, Maecenas, tuo.
5 quid nos, quibus te vita si superstite
 iucunda, si contra, gravis?
 utrumne iussi persequemur otium,
 non dulce, ni tecum simul,
 an hunc laborem, mente laturi decet
10 qua ferre non mollis viros?
 feremus et te vel per Alpium iuga
 inhospitalem et Caucasum
 vel Occidentis usque ad ultimum sinum
 forti sequemur pectore.
15 roges, tuum labore quid iuven meo,
 imbellis ac firmus parum:
 comes minore sum futurus in metu,
 qui maior absentis habet;
 ut adsidens implumibus pullis avis
20 serpentium allapsus timet

EPODES

1

A declaration to Maecenas

You, Maecenas, will sail on a Liburnian galley among ships with towering superstructures, prepared to undergo every danger that threatens Caesar. What about me, to whom life will be a delight if you survive, but otherwise a burden? Shall I do as you say and follow peaceful pursuits which have no charm if not shared with you? Or shall I face these hardships, determined to endure them with the spirit that men ought to show, if they are not weaklings? *I will* endure them, and will follow you with a stout heart across the Alpine peaks and the hostile Caucasus or to the farthest nook of the West. Should you ask how I, who am all too lacking in toughness and pugnacity, can assist your efforts with mine, the answer is that I shall be less apprehensive by your side. Fear's grip is stronger on those who are apart from their dear ones, just as a bird that cares for her unfledged chicks dreads the snake's stealthy attack more if

HORACE

magis relictis, non, ut adsit, auxili
latura plus praesentibus.
libenter hoc et omne militabitur
bellum in tuae spem gratiae,
25 non ut iuvenis illigata 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.

2

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
ut prisca gens mortalium,
paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
solutus omni faenore,
5 neque excitatur classico miles truci,
neque horret iratum mare,
forumque vitat et superba civium
potentiorum limina.
ergo aut adulta vitium propagine
10 altas maritat populos,
aut in reducta valle mugientium
prospectat errantis greges,

EPODE 2

she has left them unguarded—not that she could protect them any better if she were present in their nest. I shall gladly serve in this or any other war in the hope of pleasing you, not with the intention that more bullocks may be yoked to my hard-working ploughs, or that my flocks may move from Calabrian to Lucanian pastures before the coming of the blazing star,¹ or that I may have a shining villa close to the Circaean walls of lofty Tusculum.² Your kindness has given me enough and more than enough in the way of riches. I do not mean to amass something simply to bury it in the ground like that miser Chremes, or to squander it like a slovenly wastrel.

2

Country joys

Happy the man who, far from business concerns, works his ancestral acres with his oxen like the men of old, free from every kind of debt; he is not wakened, like a soldier, by the harsh bray of the bugle, and has no fear of the angry sea; he avoids both the city centre and the lofty doorways of powerful citizens. And so he marries the fully grown layers of the vine to tall poplars, or in a secluded valley he watches his lowing herd as they wander about; he prunes

¹ Sirius, which rises in July.

² Tusculum was allegedly founded by Telegonus, son of Circe and Ulysses; cf. Odes III.29.8.

HORACE

inutilisque falce ramos amputans
 feliciores inserit,
 15 aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris,
 aut tondet infirmas ovis;
 vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
 Autumnus agris extulit,
 ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pira
 20 certantem et uvam purpurae,
 qua muneretur te, Priape, et te, pater
 Silvane, tutor finium!
 libet iacere modo sub antiqua ilice,
 modo in tenaci gramine:
 25 labuntur altis interim ripis¹ aquae,
 queruntur in silvis aves,
 fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
 somnos quod invitet levis.
 at cum tonantis annus hibernus Iovis
 30 imbris nivesque comparat,
 aut trudit acris hinc et hinc multa cane
 apros in obstantis plagas,
 aut amite levi rara tendit retia,
 turdis edacibus dolos,
 35 pavidumque leporem et advenam laqueo gruem
 iucunda captat praemia.
 quis non malarum, quas amor curas habet,
 haec inter obliviscitur?
 quodsi pudica mulier in partem iuвет
 40 domum atque dulcis liberos,
 Sabina qualis aut perusta solibus
 pernicious uxor Apuli,
 sacrum vetustis exstruat lignis focum
 lassi sub adventum viri,

EPODE 2

dead branches with his sickle and grafts on more fruitful ones, or he squeezes out honey, storing it in clean jars, or he shears the unresisting sheep; when in the countryside Autumn raises his head arrayed with ripe fruit, how he enjoys picking the pears he grafted and the clusters that rival the dyer's purple, to reward you, Priapus, and you, Father Silvanus, for watching over his land!

It is a delight to lie under an old holm oak, or in the clinging grass; meanwhile the streams glide between their steep banks, birds twitter in the trees, springs burble as their water gushes forth—sounds that induce a pleasant nap. But in wintertime, when thundering Jove brings masses of rain and snow, he hunts fierce boars from here and there with packs of hounds into the nets that are spread in their path, or with smooth rods he stretches baggy nets to catch greedy thrushes, and with a snare he takes a timid hare and a migrant crane—choice prizes. When occupied in these ways, who does not forget the wretched worries that accompany love?

But if a respectable wife played her part in looking after the home and the dear children (like a Sabine woman or the sun-tanned wife of an energetic Apulian), piled seasoned wood onto the sacred hearth to welcome her husband when he came home tired, shut up the teeming

¹ ripis] rivis

HORACE

45 claudensque textis cratibus laetum pecus
 didenta siccet ubera,
 et horna dulci vina promens dolio
 dapes inemptas apparet;
 non me Lucrina iuverint conchylia
 50 magisve rhombus aut scari,
 si quos Eois intonata fluctibus
 hiems ad hoc vertat mare,
 non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum,
 non attagen Ionicus
 55 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 ovis
 videre properantis domum,
 videre fessos vomerem inversum boves
 collo trahentis languido,
 65 positosque vernas, ditis examen domus,
 circum renidentis Lares!
 haec ubi locutus faenerator Alfius,
 iam iam futurus rusticus,
 omnem redegit Idibus pecuniam,
 70 quaerit Kalendis ponere.

3

Parentis olim si quis impia manu
 senile guttur fregerit,

EPODE 3

animals in wattle pens, drained their bulging udders, ladled this year's wine from a fragrant jar, and served a home-grown supper—then Lucrine oysters would not give me greater pleasure, nor turbot nor wrasse (if winter, thundering over the eastern sea, should drive any to these waters); no African guinea fowl, no Ionian partridge would pass down to my stomach with greater relish than olives picked from the richest branches of the trees or leaves of sorrel that loves the meadow, and mallows that ease an overloaded body, or than a lamb sacrificed at the festival of Terminus or a kid snatched from the jaws of a wolf. When enjoying such a feast, what a delight it is to see the sheep hurrying home from pasture, to see the weary oxen dragging the up-turned plough with their drooping necks, and the homebred slaves (the swarm of a rich house), ready for their meal with the sparkling household gods in the middle!

After these remarks, the money-lender Alfius, just on the very point of becoming a countryman, called in all his money on the Ides, intending to put it out again on the Kalends.

3

That wicked garlic!

Henceforth if anyone with unholy hand chokes the aged

HORACE

edit cicutis alium nocentius.
 o dura messorum ilia!
 5 quid hoc veneni saevit in praecordiis?
 num viperinus his cruor
 incoctus herbis me fefellit, an malas
 Canidia tractavit dapes?
 ut Argonautas praeter omnis candidum
 10 Medea mirata est ducem,
 ignota tauris illigaturum iuga
 perunxit hoc Iasonem;
 hoc delibutis ulta donis paelicem
 serpente fugit alite.
 15 nec tantus umquam siderum insedit vapor
 siticulosae Apuliae,
 nec munus umeris efficacis Herculis
 inarsit aestuosius.
 at si quid umquam tale concupiveris,
 20 iocose Maecenas, precor
 manum puella savio opponat tuo,
 extrema et in sponda cubet.

4

Lupis et agnis quanta sortito obtigit,
 tecum mihi discordia est,
 Hibericis peruste funibus latus
 et crura dura compede.
 5 licet superbus ambules pecunia,
 fortuna non mutat genus.

EPODE 4

throat of his father, let him eat garlic, a plant more deadly than hemlock. Lord, what iron stomachs harvesters must have! What poison is this that rages in my vitals? Can it be that without my knowledge a serpent's blood has been mixed with this salad? Or has Canidia had a hand in the noxious dish? When Medea fell in love with Jason, who was more splendidly handsome than all the other Argonauts, this is what she smeared on the leader when he was about to fasten yokes on the oxen which had never known them before. This was what she spread on the gifts with which she took vengeance on his mistress³ before escaping on her winged dragon. No such heat ever descended from the stars on parched Apulia, nor did that present⁴ burn more fiercely on the shoulders of Hercules who had done so many deeds. If ever you are greedy enough to eat such stuff, my merry Maecenas, I hope your girl will ward off your kisses and lie on the very edge of the bed.

4

An upstart

Great is the enmity assigned by Nature to wolves and lambs; no less is that between me and you—you with your flanks scarred by Spanish ropes and your legs by iron fetters. You may strut around as proudly as you like on account of your money—fortune does not alter breeding.

³ Creusa; see the Index under Creon.

⁴ The robe steeped in poison which Hercules' wife unwittingly gave him to win back his love; see n. 33 below.

HORACE

videsne, Sacram metiente te Viam
cum bis trium ulnarum toga,
ut ora vertat huc et huc euntium
10 liberrima indignatio?
“sectus flagellis hic triumviralibus
praeconis ad fastidium
arat Falerni mille fundi iugera
et Appiam mannis terit,
15 sedilibusque magnus in primis eques
Othone contempto sedet.
quid attinet tot ora navium gravi
rostrata duci pondere
contra latrones atque servilem manum
20 hoc, hoc tribuno militum?”

5

“At, o deorum quidquid in caelo regit
terras et humanum genus,
quid iste fert tumultus? aut quid omnium
vultus in unum me truces?
5 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
10 petita ferro belua?”
ut haec trementi questus ore constitit
insignibus raptis puer,

EPODE 5

Do you notice how, as you stride along the Sacred Way in your nine-foot toga, people walking this way and that turn their faces towards you in the most undisguised indignation? "This fellow was flogged with the magistrates' whip until the crier was weary. Now he ploughs a thousand acres of Falernian land, wears down the Appian Way with his ponies, and sits in the front seats as an important knight, treating Otho's law with contempt.⁵ What's the point of sending so many ships' bows beaked with heavy rams against a rabble of brigands and slaves,⁶ when this, yes this fellow, is a senior officer?"

5

Canidia and her victim

"But in the name of all the gods in heaven that rule the earth and the human race, what does this uproar mean, and the fierce looks that all of you direct just at me? I beg you by your children (if Lucina when summoned was present at a genuine birth), by the useless decoration of this purple robe, by Jove himself who will condemn what you are doing, why do you glare at me like a stepmother or a beast wounded with a spear?"

When he had pleaded like this with his lips trembling,

⁵ Otho's law of 67 B.C. allotted the first fourteen rows in the theatre to knights (*equites*), whose fortune had to exceed 400,000 sesterces.

⁶ The naval forces of Sextus Pompeius, a son of Pompey the Great, included runaway slaves and victims of the proscriptions. He occupied Sicily and blockaded Rome; but was defeated in 36 B.C.

HORACE

impube corpus, quale posset impia
 mollire Thracum pectora,
 15 Canidia, brevibus implicata² viperis
 crinis et incomptum caput,
 iubet sepulcris caprificos erutas,
 iubet cupressos funebris
 et uncta turpis ova ranae sanguine
 20 plumamque nocturnae strigis
 herbasque, quas Iolcos atque Hiberia
 mittit venenorum ferax,
 et ossa ab ore rapta ieiunae canis
 flammis aduri Colchicis.
 25 at expedita Sagana per totam domum
 spargens Avernalis aquas
 horret capillis ut marinus asperis
 echinus aut currens aper.
 abacta nulla Veia conscientia
 30 ligonibus duris humum
 exhauriebat ingemens laboribus,
 quo posset infossus puer
 longo die bis terque mutatae dapis
 inemori spectaculo,
 35 cum promineret ore, quantum exstant aqua
 suspensa mento corpora,
 exsecta uti medulla et aridum iecur
 amoris esset poculum,
 interminato cum semel fixae cibo
 40 intabuissent pupulae.
 non defuisse masculae libidinis
 Ariminensem Foliam
 et otiosa credidit Neapolis
 et omne vicinum oppidum,

EPODE 5

the boy stood there, stripped of everything that showed his age and class, a childish figure that could have softened even the unholy heart of a Thracian. But Canidia, her untidy hair entwined with little snakes, orders wild fig trees to be brought, uprooted from tombs; orders funereal cypresses and eggs smeared with the blood of a hideous toad, the feathers of a nocturnal screech owl, and herbs imported from Iolcos and Hiberia where poisons grow in abundance, and bones snatched from the jaws of a starving bitch—all to be burned in the flames of Colchis.⁷ But Sagana, with her dress hitched up, ready for action, sprinkled water from Lake Avernus all through the house, her spiky hair on end like a sea urchin or a charging boar. Veia, inhibited by no sense of guilt, dug a hole in the ground with an iron mattock, grunting with exertion, so that the boy might be buried up to his face (as a swimmer's body floats with its chin just clear of the water), and suffer a slow death gazing at food that was changed two or three times in the course of the long day. Their intention was that, when his eyeballs had finally rotted away from staring at the forbidden food, his dried-up marrow and liver should be cut out and used as a love charm. Folia from Rimini, with her masculine lusts, did not fail to be present (according to idle Naples and every town in the neighbourhood). She charms

⁷ Land of sorcery.

² *implicata*] *illigata*

HORACE

- 45 quae sidera excantata voce Thessala
 lunamque caelo deripit.
 hic irresectum saeva dente livido
 Canidia rodens pollicem
 quid dixit aut quid tacuit? "o rebus meis
 50 non infidelis³ arbitra
 Nox, et Diana, quae silentium regis
 arcana cum fiunt sacra,
 nunc, nunc adeste, nunc in hostilis domos
 iram atque numen vertite!
 55 formidulosis cum latent silvis ferae
 dulci sopore languidae,
 senem, quod omnes rideant, adulterum
 latrant⁴ Suburanae canes
 nardo perunctum, quale non perfectius
 60 meae laborarint manus.
 quid accidit? cur dira barbarae minus
 venena Medae valent,
 quibus superbam fugit ultra paelicem,
 magni Creontis filiam,
 65 cum palla, tabo munus imbutum, novam
 incendio nuptam abstulit?
 atqui nec herba nec latens in asperis
 radix fefellit me locis.
 indormit unctis omnium cubilibus
 70 oblivione paelicum.
 a! a! solutus ambulat veneficae
 scientioris carmine.
 non usitatis, Vare, potionibus,
 o multa fleturum caput,

³ infidelis arbitra *Palmer*] infideles arbitrae

EPODE 5

the moon and stars with Thessalian incantations and pulls them down from the sky. At this point, Canidia, gnawing her untrimmed thumbnail with her discoloured teeth—what did she say, or what did she *not* say?

“O Night, trusty witness of my deeds, and Diana who preside over the silent time when mystic rites are performed, now, now I beg you, come to my aid, now turn your anger and power against the houses of my enemies. When in the terrifying forests the animals lie hidden, relaxed in sweet sleep, the dogs of the Subura bark at the old lecher,⁸ a sight to make everybody laugh, plastered as he is with the most exquisite perfume that my own hands could concoct . . . What has gone wrong? Why are the dreadful drugs of the savage Medea failing to work? Those were the drugs with which before her flight she took vengeance on her arrogant rival, great Creon’s daughter, when the cloak impregnated with poison, which she had given her as a gift, carried off the young bride in flames. And yet no herb or root has escaped me, however rough its hiding place. The bed he sleeps in has been smeared with a substance designed to make him forget all his other lady loves. Ah *that’s* it! He walks free because of the spells of a *cleverer* witch. Well Varus, you wretch, you will bitterly regret all this; draughts of quite abnormal power will bring you running

⁸ Named as Varus in v. 73. Apparently Canidia has tried to attract him with her spells and magic substances. These have proved ineffective; for he is still visiting his lady loves. So Canidia now plans to win him over with a stronger charm: the boy’s marrow and liver.

⁴ *latrant Housman*] *latrent*

HORACE

75 ad me recurras, nec vocata mens tua
 Marsis redibit vocibus:
 maius parabo, maius infundam tibi
 fastidienti poculum,
 priusque caelum sidet inferius mari,
 80 tellure porrecta super,
 quam non amore sic meo flagres uti
 bitumen atris ignibus.”
 sub haec puer iam non ut ante mollibus
 lenire verbis impias,
 85 sed dubius unde rumperet silentium
 misit Thyesteas preces:
 “venena maga non⁵ fas nefasque, non valent
 convertere humanam vicem;
 diris agam vos; dira detestatio
 90 nulla expiatur victima;
 quin, ubi perire iussus exspiravero,
 nocturnus occurram Furor
 petamque vultus umbra curvis unguibus,
 quae vis deorum est Manium,
 95 et inquietis adsidens praecordiis
 pavore somnos auferam:
 vos turba vicitim hinc et hinc saxis petens
 contundet obscenas anus;
 post insepulta membra different lupi
 100 et Esquilinae alites;
 neque hoc parentes heu mihi superstites
 effugerit spectaculum.”

⁵ maga non *Haupt*] magnum

EPODE 5

back to me. Your affections will return, but not because they have been summoned by Marsian incantations. I shall prepare something stronger; I shall brew something stronger to deal with your scorn. The sky shall sink beneath the sea with the earth spread out above it before you escape burning with passion for me as pitch burns with its smoky flame."

At this the boy, no longer hoping as before to soften those unholy hags with pathetic appeals, but unsure how to break his silence, finally hurled curses worthy of Thyestes: "Magic poisons have no power to alter right and wrong or to change the vengeance that overtakes men. I shall pursue you with curses; no sacrificial victim can bring release from a terrible malediction. More than that, when I have been forced to die and have breathed my last, I shall haunt you by night as a Fury; my ghost will attack your faces with its hooklike claws—such a power belongs to the spirits of the dead; and I shall squat on your tormented heart, banishing sleep and bringing you terror. In every street, from every side, the crowd will pelt you with stones until they have battered you to death, you filthy hags. Then the wolves and vultures of the Esquiline will scatter your unburied limbs, and my parents, who will, alas, outlive me, will not fail to relish that sight."

HORACE

6

Quid immerentis hospites vexas canis
 ignavus adversum lupos?
 quin huc inanis, si potes, vertis minas,
 et me remorsurum petis?
 5 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,
 10 proiectum odoraris cibum.
 cave, cave: namque in malos asperrimus
 parata tollo cornua,
 qualis Lycambae spretus infido gener
 aut acer hostis Bupalò.
 15 an si quis atro dente me petiverit,
 inultus ut flebo puer?

7

Quo, quo scelesti ruitis? aut cur dexteris
 aptantur enses conditi?
 parumne campis atque Neptuno super
 fusum est Latini sanguinis,
 5 non, ut superbas invidiae Carthaginis
 Romanus arces ureret,
 intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet
 Sacra catenatus Via,

EPODE 7

6

A cowardly libeller

How dare you go for unoffending guests, you who are a cowardly cur when confronted with wolves? Why not turn your empty threats in this direction, if you have the guts, and attack someone who will bite back? Like a Molossian or tawny Spartan, the shepherd's sturdy friend, I shall prick up my ears and hunt down through the deep snow any animal that runs away from me, whereas you fill the woods with ferocious barking and then sniff at food thrown at your feet. Take care now, take care! For I am utterly ruthless against villains, and now toss my horns in readiness, like the son-in-law rejected by the treacherous Lycambes,⁹ or the fierce enemy¹⁰ of Bupalus. Well, if someone attacks me with the tooth of malice, am I expected to weep like a child, without retaliating?

7

A threatened renewal of civil strife

Where, where are you rushing to in this evil madness? Why are you drawing swords that have only just been sheathed? Has too little Latin blood been shed on land and sea—not to enable the Roman to burn the arrogant stronghold of jealous Carthage, or to make the Briton, so long beyond our reach, walk down the Sacred Way in chains,

⁹ Archilochus; see Index under Lycambes.

¹⁰ Hipponax; see Index under Bupalus.

HORACE

10 sed ut secundum vota Parthorum sua
 urbs haec periret dextera?
neque hic lupis mos nec fuit leonibus
 numquam⁶ nisi in dispar feris.
furorne caecus, an rapit vis acrior,
 an culpa? responsum date!
15 tacent et albus ora pallor inficit
 mentesque percussae stupent.
sic est: acerba fata Romanos agunt
 scelusque fraternae necis,
ut immerentis fluxit in terram Remi
20 sacer nepotibus cruor.

8

Rogare longo putidam te saeculo
 viris quid enervet meas,
cum sit tibi dens ater et rugis vetus
 frontem senectus exaret,
5 hietque turpis inter aridas natis
 podex velut crudae bovis!
sed incitat me pectus et mammae putres,
 equina quales ubera,
venterque mollis et femur tumentibus
10 exile suris additum.
esto beata, funus atque imagines
 ducant triumphales tuum,
nec sit marita, quae rotundioribus
 onusta bacis ambulet.

EPODE 8

but to ensure that in answer to the Parthians' prayers this city shall perish by its own hand? This is not the way of wolves or lions; *they* are never ferocious except to other species. Is it blind frenzy that hurries you along, or some stronger force, or is it guilt? Answer my question! . . . They are silent; a ghastly pallor spreads over their faces, and their minds are shocked and confused. That's it: a cruel fate and the crime of a brother's murder have driven the Romans on, ever since the innocent Remus' blood was spilt on the ground, blood that has brought a curse on his descendants.¹¹

8

An over-demanding lady

To think that you, who have rotted away with the long passage of time, should ask what unstrings my virility, when your teeth are black, and extreme decrepitude ploughs furrows on your forehead, and your disgusting anus gapes between your shrivelled buttocks like that of a cow with diarrhea! I suppose I am excited by your bosom with its withered breasts like the udders of a mare, your flabby belly, and your scrawny thighs perched on top of your swollen ankles! Be as rich as you like. May the masks of triumphal ancestors escort your cortege! Let no wife be weighed down with fatter pearls as she walks proudly by!

¹¹ Remus was murdered by Romulus at the foundation of Rome.

⁶ numquam ed. Ven. 1490] umquam

HORACE

15 quid quod libelli Stoici inter sericos
 iacere pulvillos amant?
 illiterati num magis⁷ nervi rigent,
 minusve languet fascinum?
 20 quod ut superbo provoces ab inguine,
 ore allaborandum est tibi.

9

Quando repostum Caecubum ad festas dapes
 victore laetus Caesare
 tecum sub alta—sic Iovi gratum—domo,
 beate Maecenas, bibam
 5 sonante mixtum tibiis carmen lyra,
 hac Dorium, illis barbarum,
 ut nuper, actus cum freto Neptunius
 dux fugit ustis navibus,
 minatus Urbi vincla, quae detraxerat
 10 servis amicus perfidis?
 Romanus, eheu,—posterī negabitis—
 emancipatus feminae
 fert vallum et arma miles et spadonibus
 servire rugosis potest,
 15 interque signa turpe militaria
 sol aspicit conopium.

⁷ magis] minus

EPODE 9

What of the fact that slim Stoic volumes nestle on your cushions of Chinese silk? Does that make my organ (which can't read) any stiffer, or my phallic charm less limp? To call it forth from my proud crotch you must go to work with your mouth.

9

After Actium

When, happy Maecenas, shall I drink with you, in joy at Caesar's victory, in your high house (for that's what the god intends) the Caecuban that has been laid by for a banquet of celebration, while the lyre sounds forth its Dorian music¹² mingled with the foreign notes of the pipe? That's what we did, not long ago, when the ships of Neptune's general¹³ were burnt, and he fled, driven from the sea—the man who had threatened to fasten on the capital the chains he had removed from the treasonous slaves whom he had befriended.

The shame of it! A Roman enslaved to a woman (you future generations will refuse to believe it) carries a stake and weapons, and in spite of being a soldier can bear to serve a lot of shrivelled eunuchs, while the sun gazes down on the degenerate mosquito net among the army's standards.¹⁴

¹² The more austere music of the lyre, as distinct from the more exciting "foreign" music of the Phrygian pipe.

¹³ Sextus Pompeius, who regarded Neptune as his patron deity and accordingly wore a blue robe.

¹⁴ This was seen as a symbol of Egyptian decadence. The Roman chastised here is Mark Antony, "enslaved" to Cleopatra.

HORACE

at huc⁸ frementes verterunt bis mille equos
Galli, canentes Caesarem,
hostiliumque navium portu latent
20 puppes sinistrorsum citae.
io Triumphe, tu moraris aureos
currus et intactas boves?
io Triumphe, nec Iugurthino parem
bello reportasti ducem,
25 neque Africanum, cui super Carthaginem
virtus sepulcrum condidit.
terra marique victus hostis punico
lugubre mutavit sagum.
aut ille centum nobilem Cretam urbibus
30 ventis iturus non suis,
exercitatus aut petit Syrtis Noto,
aut fertur incerto mari.
capaciores adfer huc, puer, scyphos
et Chia vina aut Lesbia:
35 vel quod fluentem nauseam coerceat
metire nobis Caecubum:
curam metumque Caesaris rerum iuvat
dulci Lyaeo solvere.

10

Mala soluta navis exit alite,
ferens olentem Mevium:
ut horridis utrumque verberes latus,
Auster, memento fluctibus;

EPODE 10

But two thousand Galatians have turned their snorting horses in our direction, chanting Caesar's name;¹⁵ and the sterns of the enemy's ships, after making off at speed to the left, skulk in harbour. Hail, Triumph! Are you holding back the golden chariots and the heifers that have never known a yoke? Hail, Triumph! You did not bring back such a general from the Jugurthine War, nor was Africanus such, whose valour built a tomb over Carthage. Defeated on land and sea, the enemy has put on a cloak of mourning instead of his scarlet one. The man may reach Crete, famous for her hundred cities,¹⁶ though the winds are not in his favour, or he is making for the Syrtes that are buffeted by the South Wind, or else he is carried along over an uncertain sea. Bring larger cups, boy, and pour us Chian or Lesbian wine, or rather Caecuban so that it may check our seasickness. It's a joy to get rid of our worry and fear for Caesar's cause with the sweet Loosener's help.

10

A send-off for Mevius

The ship carrying stinking Mevius has cast off, and sails away under an evil omen. Be sure, South Wind, to buffet it on both sides with rough waves; let the black East Wind

¹⁵ This force of Mark Antony's cavalry deserted to Octavian.

¹⁶ An allusion to Homer who spoke of "Hundred-citied Crete" (*Iliad* 2.649); cf. Odes III.27.33-4.

⁸ at huc] ad hunc

HORACE

5 niger rudentis Eurus inverso mari
 fractosque remos differat;
 insurgat Aquilo, quantus altis montibus
 frangit trementis ilices;
 nec sidus atra nocte amicum appareat,
 10 qua tristis Orion cadit;
 quietiore nec feratur aequore
 quam Graia victorum manus,
 cum Pallas usto vertit iram ab Ilio
 in impiam Aiakis ratem!
 15 o quantus instat navitis sudor tuis
 tibi que pallor luteus
 et illa non virilis eiulatio,
 preces et aversum ad Iovem,
 Ionius udo cum remugiens sinus
 20 Noto carinam ruperit!
 opima quodsi praeda curvo litore
 porrecta mergos iuverit,
 libidinosus immolabitur caper
 et agna Tempestatibus.

11

Petti, nihil me sicut antea iuvat
 scribere versiculos amore percussum gravi,
 amore, qui me praeter omnis expetit
 mollibus in pueris aut in puellis urere.
 5 hic tertius December, ex quo destiti
 Inachia furere, silvis honorem decutit.

EPODE 11

churn up the sea, smashing and scattering its ropes and oars; let the North Wind rise as high as when on the lofty mountains it shakes and shatters the holm oaks. Let no friendly star appear on that dark night when grim Orion sets,¹⁷ and may the ship be borne along on no calmer sea than was the band of victorious Greeks when Pallas turned her wrath away from the smoking ruins of Troy to the impious craft of Ajax.¹⁸ O what a sweat awaits your crew, while you yourself will turn a pallid yellow and start to scream in that unmanly way, praying to Jove who has turned his back on you, when the Ionian gulf, bellowing in reply to the drenching wind from the South, breaks the hull apart! If, then, a fat carcase, sprawled on the curving shore, gives pleasure to the gulls, a lecherous goat and a lamb will be slain as a thank offering to the storm gods.

11

Passion's slave

Dear Pettius, I get no pleasure from writing little verses, as I did before, because I am deeply smitten by Love—Love, who seeks me out beyond all others to set me on fire for tender boys or girls. December is now shaking the glory from the woods for the third time since I ceased to feel a

¹⁷ In early November.

¹⁸ Ajax, son of Oileus, violated Cassandra in Pallas' temple during the sack of Troy. The goddess, who had previously been angry with Paris because of his famous judgment in favour of Aphrodite, now sent a storm against the Greek fleet, and Ajax was drowned.

HORACE

- heu me, per Urbem—nam pudet tanti mali—
 fabula quanta fui! conviviorum et paenitet,
 in quis amantem languor et silentium
 10 arguit et latere petitus imo spiritus.
 “contrane lucrum nil valere candidum
 pauperis ingenium?” querebar applorans tibi,
 simul calentis inverecundus deus
 fervidiore mero arcana promorat loco.
 15 “quodsi meis inaestuet praecordiis
 libera bilis, ut haec ingrata ventis dividam⁹
 fomenta vulnus nil malum levantia,
 desinet imparibus certare summotus pudor.”
 ubi haec severus te palam laudaveram,
 20 iussus abire domum ferebar incerto pede
 ad non amicos heu mihi postis et heu
 limina dura, quibus lumbos et infregi latus.
 nunc gloriantis quamlibet mulierculam
 vincere mollitie amor Lycisci me tenet,
 25 unde expedire non amicorum queant
 libera consilia nec contumeliae graves,
 sed alius ardor aut puellae candidae
 aut teretis pueri longam renodantis comam.

12

Quid tibi vis, mulier nigris dignissima barris?
 munera quid mihi quidve tabellas

⁹ dividam *Schütz*] dividat

EPODE 12

mad passion for Inachia. Oh dear! I'm ashamed of such a disgraceful business—what a source of gossip I was throughout the city! I hate to recall those parties at which my listlessness and silence and the sighs fetched from the depths of my heart betrayed the man in love. "To think that a poor man's genuine qualities are powerless against money!"—that was the complaint I would make to you in tears, when I was becoming heated with a fiery wine, and the shameless god drew out my secrets from their hiding place. "But if a liberating rage boiled up in my heart, enabling me to scatter to the winds these thankless remedies that do nothing to heal my wound, my shame would be banished and I would no longer compete with people who are not my equals!" When I had sternly commended this course of action in your presence, you urged me to go home. Instead I made my way with faltering steps to the door that was, alas, utterly unsympathetic, and the threshold that was, alas, so hard that I bruised my hips and pelvis against it to no avail. Now I am enthralled by my passion for Lyciscus, who prides himself on being more softly compliant than any slip of a woman. Neither the frank advice of my friends nor their stern condemnation is able to rescue me. That can be done only by another flame—either a pretty girl or a well-formed boy who ties back his long hair in a knot.

12

A lampoon and a retort

"What do you want, woman? A black elephant is just the thing for you. Why do you send me presents and billets-

HORACE

mittis nec firmo iuveni neque naris obesae?
 namque sagacius unus odoror,
 5 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 rabiem sedare, neque illi
 10 iam manet umida creta colorque
 stercore fucatus crocodili, iamque subando
 tenta cubilia tectaque rumpit!
 vel mea cum saevis agitat fastidia verbis:
 "Inachia langues minus ac me;
 15 Inachiam ter nocte potes, mihi semper ad unum
 mollis opus. pereat male, quae te
 Lesbia quaerenti taurum monstravit inertem,
 cum mihi Cous adesset Amyntas,
 cuius in indomito constantior inguine nervus
 20 quam nova collibus arbor inhaeret.
 muricibus Tyriis iteratae vellera lanae
 cui properabantur? tibi nempe,
 ne foret aequalis inter conviva, magis quem
 diligeret mulier sua quam te.
 25 o ego non felix, quam tu fugis ut pavet acris
 agna lupos capreaeque leones!"

13

Horrida tempestas caelum contraxit et imbres
 nivesque deducunt Iovem; nunc mare, nunc silvae

EPODE 13

doux? I'm not a hard young man, nor do I have an insensitive nose; for whether it's a stinking cuttlefish or a goat that lurks in your hairy armpits, I can smell it out more keenly than a sharp-scented hound detects where a female boar is hiding." What a sweat and what a nasty smell comes from her withered limbs when, finding my penis limp, she presses on to satisfy her wild lust, her chalk make-up grows damp, and, along with the rosy colour produced from crocodiles' dung, begins to run, and now in her animal heat she breaks the thongs of the bedstead and its canopy! Or again, castigating me for my distaste in cruel words, she says "You're not so feeble with Inachia as you are with me. You can manage her three times a night; with me you're too limp for a single session. Damn that woman Lesbia who, when I was looking for a bull, directed me to a passive creature like yourself! And all the time I could have had Amyntus of Cos, whose sinewy member stands more firmly in his tireless crotch than a young tree on the hillside. For whose sake did I send so urgently for those woolly fleeces, double-dyed in Tyrian crimson? For you, of course, so that at parties among your age-mates there might be none whose woman loved him more than I loved you. Oh, I'm so miserable! You run away from me like a lamb frightened by fierce wolves, or a roe deer by lions!"

13

How to face stormy weather

A grim storm has made heaven frown, and the sky god descends in rain and snow; now the sea, now the woods roar

HORACE

Threicio Aquilone sonant: rapiamus, amici,
 occasionem de die, dumque virent genua
 5 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 Cyllenaea
 10 levare diris pectora sollicitudinibus;
 nobilis ut grandi cecinit Centaurus alumno:
 "invicte, mortalis dea nate puer Thetide,
 te manet Assaraci tellus, quam frigida ravi¹⁰
 findunt Scamandri flumina lubricus et Simois;
 15 unde tibi reditum certo subtemine Parcae
 rupere, nec mater domum caerulea te revehet.
 illic omne malum vino cantuque levato,
 deformis aegrimoniae dulcibus alloquii."

14

Mollis inertia cur tantam diffuderit imis
 oblivionem sensibus,
 pocula Lethaeos ut si ducentia somnos
 arente fauce traxerim,
 5 candide Maecenas, occidis saepe rogando:
 deus, deus nam me vetat

¹⁰ ravi *Oberdick*] parvi

¹⁹ I.e. in the year of Horace's birth, 65 B.C.

²⁰ Chiron instructing Achilles. ²¹ Troy.

EPODE 14

under the North Wind from Thrace. Let's seize the opportunity offered by the day, my friends, and while there's sap in our knees and it's proper to do so, let old gloominess relax his scowling face. You now, bring out a wine that was pressed when my own Torquatus was consul.¹⁹ Don't bother to say any more. The god perhaps will lay these disturbances to rest again, bringing round a welcome change.

Now is the time to soak our hair with balsam fit for Achaemenes and to lift the awful depression from our hearts with Mercury's lyre strings; as the venerable Centaur sang when instructing his tall pupil:²⁰ "Invincible lad, mortal son of the goddess Thetis, the land of Assaracus²¹ awaits you, which is divided by the cold streams of the yellow Scamander and the rolling Simois; from there the Fates with their unalterable thread have broken off your return, and your sea-green mother will not carry you home. While you're there, lighten all your woes with wine and song,²² those sweet assuagers of horrid despair."

14

Love inhibits iambs

Why has this feeble lethargy diffused such a total forgetfulness through my inmost senses, as if, to slake my thirst, I had quaffed some cups that induce the sleep of Lethe? You're killing me, my honest Maecenas, by repeatedly asking your question. It's the god,²³ the god, that prevents me

²² In *Iliad* 9.186ff. Achilles in his tent is found singing to the lyre; he greets his visitors with wine.

²³ Amor, the god of love.

HORACE

inceptos olim, promissum carmen, iambos
ad umbilicum adducere.
non aliter Samio dicunt arsisse Bathyllo
10 Anacreonta Teium,
qui persaepe cava testudine flevit amorem
non elaboratum ad pedem.
ureris ipse miser: quodsi non pulchrior ignis
accendit obsessam Ilion,
15 gaude sorte tua; me libertina neque uno
contenta Phryne macerat.

15

Nox erat et caelo fulgebat luna sereno
inter minora sidera,
cum tu magnorum numen laesura deorum
in verba iurabas mea,
5 artius atque hederam procera adstringitur ilex,
lentis adhaerens brachiis,
dum pecori lupus et nautis infestus Orion
turbaret hibernum mare,
intonsosque agitaret Apollinis aura capillos,
10 fore hunc amorem mutuum.
o dolitura mea multum virtute Neaera!
nam si quid in Flacco viri est,
non feret adsiduas potiori te dare noctes,
et quaeret iratus parem,

²⁴ In view of the following allusion to Helen, which links up

EPODE 15

from bringing to the end of the roll the poem I promised you, the iambs that I began some time ago. They say that Teian Anacreon was on fire in just the same way for the Samian Bathyllus, and with his hollow shell continually lamented his love in simple rhythms. You yourself are burning,²⁴ poor fellow; but if no more beautiful a flame consumed beleaguered Troy, then count yourself lucky; as for me, Phryne, a freed woman who is not satisfied with one man, keeps me on the boil.

15

The disappointed lover

It was night, and the moon shone in a clear sky among the lesser stars, when you, clinging more closely with your entwining arms than the ivy which clasps the tall holm oak, swore an oath dictated by me (though you were to affront the majesty of the gods by doing so) that as long as the wolf was the enemy of the flock, and Orion, in his hostility to sailors, whipped up the wintry sea, and the breeze ruffled the long hair of Apollo, this love of ours would last. Ah, Neaera, you'll have good reason to regret my manly spirit! For if there's any male self-respect in Flaccus,²⁵ he will not put up with your giving night after night to his rival, and in his anger he will look for a genuine soul mate. His determi-

with Horace's Phryne, Maecenas' beloved was apparently a woman. There may, however, be a secondary nuance, in that Maecenas at one time is said to have been keen on an actor called Bathyllus.

²⁵ A play on Horace's name, which meant "droopy."

HORACE

15 nec semel offensae 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,
 20 tibi que Pactolus fluat,
 nec te Pythagorae fallant arcana renati,
 formaque vincas Nirea,
 heu heu translatos alio maerebis amores:
 ast ego vicissim risero.

16

Altera iam teritur bellis civilibus aetas,
 suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit:
 quam neque finitimi valuerunt perdere Marsi
 minacis aut Etrusca Porsenae manus,
 5 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,
 10 ferisque rursus occupabitur solum.
 barbarus heu cineres insistet victor et Urbem
 eques sonante verberabit ungula,
 quaeque carent ventis et solibus ossa Quirini,
 nefas videre! dissipabit insolens.

²⁶ Horace here follows the tradition that Romulus was not carried up to heaven, but was buried in the Forum.

EPODE 16

nation will not succumb to your beauty now that it has become odious, if an implacable bitterness enters his heart. As for you, whoever you are, who are more successful than myself, and strut around gloating at my misfortune—though you may be rich in livestock and extensive property, and the Pactolus may wash down its wealth just for you, though the abstruse teachings of reborn Pythagoras do not defeat your intellect, and you surpass Nireus in beauty, too bad for you! you will be desolate, when her love has switched to somewhere else; but I in my turn shall laugh!

16

An escapist's dream

Now *another* generation is crushed by civil war, and Rome collapses under its own power! The city which neither its Marsian neighbours managed to destroy, nor the threat of Porsena's Etruscan troops, nor the valour of its rival Capua, nor fierce Spartacus, nor the rebellious and disloyal Allobroges; which wild Germany with its blue-eyed youth never mastered, nor Hannibal, the dread of parents—that city will be destroyed by *us*, an unholy generation whose blood is accursed; and the ground will be taken over once again by savage beasts. A barbaric conqueror will tread on its ashes, his horseman will trample on the city with clattering hooves, and (the ultimate sacrilege!) he will scatter in his arrogance the bones of Romulus that are now sheltered from wind and sun.²⁶

HORACE

15 forte quid expediat communiter aut melior pars
 malis carere quaeritis laboribus.
 nulla sit hac potior sententia, Phocaeorum
 velut profugit exsecrata civitas
 20 agros atque Lares patrios, habitandaque fana
 apris reliquit et rapacibus lupis,
 ire pedes quocumque ferent, quocumque per undas
 Notus vocabit aut protervus Africus.
 sic placet? an melius quis habet suadere? secunda
 ratem occupare quid moramur alite?
 25 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,
 30 in mare seu celsus procurrerit Appenninus,
 novaque monstra iunxerit libidine
 mirus amor, iuuet ut tigris subsidere cervis,
 adulteretur et columba miluo,
 credula nec rivos timeant armenta leones,
 ametque salsa levis hircus aequora.
 35 haec et quae poterunt reditus abscindere dulcis
 eamus omnis exsecrata civitas,
 aut pars indocili melior grege; mollis et exspes
 inominata perprimat cubilia!
 40 vos quibus est virtus, muliebrem tollite luctum,
 Etrusca praeter et volate litora.
 nos manet Oceanus circumvagus: arva, beata
 petamus arva, divites et insulas,
 reddit ubi Cererem tellus inarata quotannis
 et imputata floret usque vinea,

²⁷ The story of their migration is told in Herodotus, I.165.

EPODE 16

All of you, or at least the better part, may be considering what the right course is, in our efforts to be rid of these woeful sufferings. Let this be our preferred decision (following the precedent of the Phocaeen community²⁷ which, after swearing a solemn oath, abandoned their lands and ancestral gods, leaving their shrines to be occupied by boars and savage wolves): to go wherever our legs will carry us, wherever the South Wind or the wild Southwester summon us over the waves. Is that your decision? Or does anyone have a better proposal? The omens are favourable; so why don't we go on board at once? But let us swear this oath: when rocks float up to the surface from the sea's bed, only then will it be no sin to return. Let us not be loth to part about and sail home, when the Po washes the Matine hill-tops or the towering Apennines run into the sea, when a strange affection causes unnatural unions in an unheard-of lust, making tigers eager to couple with deer, and the dove take the kite as a lover; when cattle become trustful, losing their fear of tawny lions, and the goat, no longer shaggy, happily takes to the salt sea. After swearing these oaths and any others that will cut off the prospect of a sweet return, let us be off—the whole community, or at least that part which is superior to the unteachable masses. Leave the timid and the hopeless to lie forever in their beds of doom!

You who have not lost your manhood—away with womanly wailing, and fly past the Etruscan shore. The all-encompassing ocean awaits us. Let us steer for the fields, the blessed fields, and those rich isles where the earth yields corn every year without tilling,²⁸ and the vine

²⁸ The island paradise was situated vaguely in the west; it is sometimes identified with the Canary Islands.

HORACE

45 germinat et numquam fallentis termes olivae,
 suamque pulla ficus ornat arborem,
 mella cava manant ex ilice, montibus altis
 levis crepante lympha desilit pede.
 illic iniussae veniunt ad mulctra capellae,
 50 refertque tenta grex amicus ubera;
 nec vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovile,
 neque intumescit alta viperis humus.
 pluraque felices mirabimur; ut neque largis
 aquosus Eurus arva radat imbribus,
 55 pingua nec siccis urantur semina glaebis,
 utrumque rege temperante caelitem.
 61 nulla nocent pecori contagia, nullius astri
 62 gregem aestuosa torret impotentia.¹¹
 57 non huc Argoo contendit remige pinus,
 neque impudica Colchis intulit pedem;
 non huc Sidonii torserunt cornua nautae
 60 laboriosa nec cohors Ulixei:
 63 Iuppiter illa piae secrevit litora genti,
 ut inquinavit aere tempus aureum;
 65 aere, dehinc ferro duravit saecula, quorum
 piis secunda vate me datur fuga.

¹¹ *vv. 61-2 after 56 Bentley*

EPODE 16

flowers without pruning, where the olive branch never fails to bud, and the dark fig adorns its native tree, where honey oozes from the hollow oak, and the water comes leaping lightly down from the high hills with splashing feet. There the goats come uncalled to the milking pail, and the friendly flock brings home its bulging udders. In the evening no bear comes growling around the sheepfold, nor does the ground swell high with vipers. And we, lucky people that we are, will have still more to marvel at: how there is no wet East Wind to scour the ploughed land with its drenching showers; nor are the fertile seeds scorched in the dry soil; for the king of the gods moderates each extreme. No infections harm the livestock, and the flocks do not swelter under the merciless heat of any star. The craft of pine never strove to reach here, rowed by the Argo's crew; the shameless Colchian²⁹ never set foot here; no sailors of Sidon turned their yardarms in this direction, nor did Ulysses' toiling comrades. No plague infects the herd, no star's furious heat scorches the flock. Jove set these shores apart for the righteous race when he debased the golden age with bronze. First with bronze, then with iron, he hardened the generations of men. A blessed escape is offered to their righteous members if they heed me as their seer.

²⁹ Medea.

5 Iam iam efficaci do manus scientiae,
 supplex et oro regna per Proserpinae,
 per et Dianae 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 Nereium,
 in quem superbus ordinarat agmina
 10 Mysorum et in quem tela acuta torserat:
 luxere¹² matres Iliae addictum feris
 alitibus atque canibus homicidam Hectorem,
 postquam relictis moenibus rex procidit
 heu pervicacis ad pedes Achillei:
 15 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,
 20 amata nautis multum et institoribus:
 fugit iuventas et verecundus color
 reliquit ossa pelle amicta lurida;
 tuis capillus albus est odoribus;
 nullum ab labore me reclinat otium;

¹² luxere] unxere

³⁰ Telephus, king of the Mysians, attacked Achilles, whose mother was the Nereid Thetis. He was wounded by Achilles, but

A palinode and its reception

All right, all right! I yield to the power of your magic, and I humbly beseech you by the kingdom of Proserpine, by the divinity of Diana that must not be provoked, and by those books of spells that can dislodge the stars and call them down from the sky, leave off your awful incantations, Canidia, I beg you, and let the swift wheel that you have set in motion run back, back.

Telephus prevailed on Nereus' grandson,³⁰ when in his pride he had marshalled his Mysian troops against him and had attacked him with sharp spears. After the king came out from the city walls and cast himself down, so pathetically, at the feet of the stubborn Achilles,³¹ the Trojan mothers were able to lament the man-slaying Hector who had been consigned to the wild dogs and birds of prey. With Circe's permission the oarsmen of the much-enduring Ulysses stripped from their limbs the skins that were rough with pigs' bristles; whereupon their sanity and voice returned, and the former dignity was restored to their faces. You have punished me enough and more than enough, you who are so much loved by sailors and hawkers. My youth and modest complexion have vanished,³² leaving my bones covered with yellow skin, while my hair has been turned white by your perfumes. No peace gives me respite

the latter was persuaded to heal his wound with the rust of the spear.

³¹ Priam came out from Troy to recover the body of Hector from Achilles; it was then given decent burial.

³² "The fresh colour of blushing youth" (T. E. Page).

HORACE

25 urget diem nox et dies noctem, neque est
 levare tenta spiritu praecordia.
 ergo negatum vincor ut credam miser,
 Sabella pectus macerare¹³ carmina
 caputque Marsa dissilire nenia.
 30 quid amplius vis? o mare et terra, ardeo
 quantum neque atro delibutus Hercules
 Nessi cruore nec Sicana fervida
 virens in Aetna flamma: tu, donec cinis
 iniuriosis aridus ventis ferar,
 35 cales venenis officina Colchicis?
 quae finis aut quod me manet stipendium?
 effare: iussas cum fide poenas luam,
 paratus expiare, seu poposceris
 centum iuencos, sive mendaci lyra
 40 voles sonari, tu pudica, tu proba
 perambulabis astra sidus aureum.
 infamis Helenae Castor offensus vice
 fraterque magni Castoris, victi prece,
 adempta vati reddidere lumina:
 45 et tu, potes nam, solve me dementia,
 o nec paternis obsoleta sordibus,
 neque in sepulcris pauperum prudens anus
 novendialis dissipare pulveres.

¹³ macerare *Nisbet*] increpare

³³ The Centaur Nessus was fatally shot by Hercules when he attempted to rape Hercules' wife Deianeira. Nessus gave gore

EPODE 17

from my sufferings. Night pushes on day, and day night, and I cannot ease my straining lungs by recovering my breath. Well then, I give in; I believe, poor wretch, what I once denied: that Sabellian spells can make the heart dissolve, and Marsian chants can cause a head to split open. What more do you want? O land and sea, I am burning more fiercely than Hercules, when he was smeared with the inky blood of Nessus,³³ and the Sicilian fires that never die in boiling Etna. Do you intend to blaze away, a veritable factory of Colchian poisons, until I am reduced to dry ashes and blown away by the wind? How will I end up? What compensation do I owe? Tell me; I shall faithfully pay whatever penalty you demand. I am willing to make atonement with a hundred bullocks, if you so wish; or, if you like, to proclaim on my lying harp: "O chaste and respectable lady, you will walk among the constellations as a golden star." Though they were incensed at the libelling of Helen, Castor and his mighty brother were won over by prayer and restored to the bard the eyesight they had taken from him.³⁴ You, too (for you can if you wish), release me from my madness; you are *not* tarnished by the squalor of your ancestors; you are *not* an old crone who cunningly disturbs the recently buried ashes in the paupers' ceme-

from his wound to Deianeira, telling her it could be used as a love potion to ensure her husband's fidelity. Believing this she subsequently gave Hercules a cloak smeared with the gore; when he donned it he was burnt to death.

³⁴ Helen was the sister of Castor and Pollux; Stesichorus, Sicilian Greek poet of the early 6th century, was given back his sight after he had composed a palinode retracting the accusations he had made against Helen.

HORACE

50 tibi hospitale pectus et purae manus,
 tuusque venter Pactumeius, et tuo
 cruore rubros obstetrix pannos lavit,
 utcumque fortis exsilis puerpera.
 "Quid obseratis auribus fundis preces?
 non saxa nudis surdiora navitis
 55 Neptunus albo¹⁴ tundit hibernus salo.
 inultus ut tu riseris Cotytia
 vulgata, sacrum liberi Cupidinis,
 et Esquilini pontifex venefici
 impune ut Urbem nomine impleris meo?
 60 quid proderat ditasse Paelignas anus,
 velociusve miscuisse toxicum?
 sed tardiora fata te votis manent:
 ingrata misero vita ducenda est in hoc,
 novis ut usque suppetas laboribus.
 65 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.
 70 voles modo altis desilire turribus,
 modo ense pectus Norico recludere,
 frustra que vincla gutturi nectes tuo,
 fastidiosa tristis aegrimonia.
 vectabor umeris tunc ego inimicis eques,
 75 meaeque terra cedit insolentiae.
 an quae movere cereas imagines,
 ut ipse nosti curiosus, et polo
 deripere lunam vocibus possim meis,

¹⁴ albo *Palmer*] alto

EPODE 17

tery; you have a generous heart and unsullied hands; Pactumeius is the fruit of your womb; the cloths washed by the midwife were red with your very own blood, however energetic you were when you jumped out of your childbed.

"Why pour out your appeals? My ears are blocked up. They are just as deaf as rocks to naked sailors when wintry Neptune pounds them with his white spray. Are you to go unpunished for spreading abroad and ridiculing Cotyto's rites with their mysteries of unfettered Love? Are you to escape scot-free for filling the city with my name, after playing the high priest of the Esquiline, that hill of sorcery?³⁵ What good did it do me to enrich Paelignian hags and to have mixed a faster-acting poison? However, a slower death than you would like lies in store for you. You will have to drag out a hateful life, ever available for new agonies. Tantalus, father of the traitor Pelops, yearns for peace, ever craving for that lavish feast; Prometheus, too, yearns for peace as he lies in chains, the prey of a vulture; Sisyphus yearns to set his stone on the top of the hill, but Jove's laws forbid it. You will long now to jump from a high tower, now to lay open your breast with a Noric sword; all in vain will you weave a noose for your neck, sick at heart with loathing and distress. Then I shall be carried along, riding on the shoulders of my hated victim, and the earth shall give way to my triumphant pride. I can make wax dolls feel, as you yourself are aware thanks to your curiosity;³⁶ I can draw down the moon from the sky by my incan-

³⁵ This seems to refer to Horace's satirical attack on Canidia in *Satires* 1.8, which is set in the graveyard on the Esquiline.

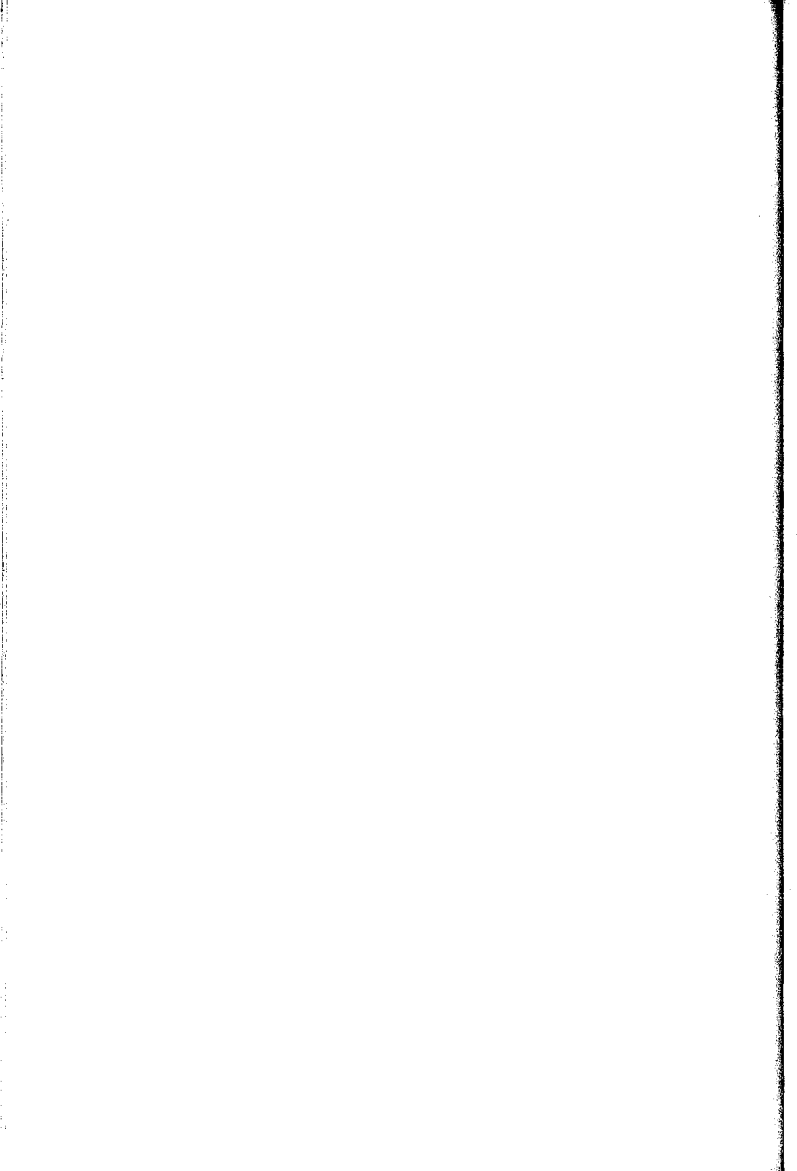
³⁶ This recalls *Satires* 1.8.30ff., which describe what the witches do to a couple of images, one of wool, the other of wax.

HORACE

80 possim crematos excitare mortuos
desiderique temperare pocula,
plorem artis in te nil agentis exitus?"

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tations, rouse to life the dead who have been burnt on the pyre, and brew potions that induce desire. So am I supposed to lament the failure of my art to have any effect on *you*?"



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INDEX OF NAMES

C.S. = Hymn for a New Age; Ep. = Epodes; other references are to the Odes. The letter a indicates a corresponding adjective in the Latin. Parentheses mark allusions.

- Achaeans, the Greeks, III.3.27;
a. I.15.35; IV.3.5, 6.18.
- Achaemenes, legendary ancestor of the Persian kings, whose wealth was proverbial, II.12.21; a. III.1.44; Ep. 13.8.
- Acheron, a river of the underworld; sometimes used of the underworld itself, I.3.36; III.3.16.
- Acherontia, a hill town near Venusia, Horace's birthplace, III.4.14.
- Achilles, I.15.34; II.4.4, 16.29; IV.6.4; Ep. 17.14; (son of Peleus) I.6.6.
- Acrisius, Argive king, father of Danae. Because of an oracle that her son would kill him, he locked her in a tower, III.16.5.
- Adriatic (Hadria), I.3.15, 33.15; II.11.2, 14.14; III.3.5, 9.23; 27.19; a. 1.16.4.
- Aeacus, grandfather of Achilles, II.13.22; III.19.3; IV.8.25.
- Aefula, a town in the hills between Praeneste and Tibur, III.29.6.
- Aegean, II.16.2; a. III.29.63.
- Aelius, III.17.1. *See also* Lamia.
- Aeneas, son of Venus and Anchises, hero of Vergil's epic, IV.6.23, 7.15; C.S. 42.
- Aeolia, a region comprising the coastal strip of Asia Minor from the Hellespont to the Hermus, including Lesbos, home of Sappho and Alcaeus, a. II.13.24; IV.3.12, 9.12.
- Aeolus, a. II.14.20. *See also* Sisyphus.
- Africa, II.18.5; III.16.31; IV.8.18.
- African, II.1.26; III.3.47; IV.4.42; a. II.16.35; Ep. 2.53 (bird); I.1.15; (wind) III.29.57. *See also* Scirocco and Southwester.

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- Africanus, Scipio Africanus I, conqueror of Hannibal at Zama in 202 B.C. (IV.8.18).
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- Ilithyia, goddess of childbirth, C.S. 14.
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- Illyrian, of Illyricum on the northeast shore of the Adriatic, a. I.28.22.
- Inachia, a girl-friend of Horace's, Ep.11.6, 12.14,15.
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- Ionia, the central part of the coast of Asia Minor, a. III.6.21; Ep. 2.54, 10.19.
- Isthmus, of Corinth, a. IV.3.3.
- Italia, I.37.16; III.5.40; IV.14.44; a. II.7.4, 13.18; III.30.13; IV.4.42, 15.13.
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- Janus, god of gates and doorways, hence of beginnings (January); the temple of Janus Quirinus in the Forum was kept shut in times of peace, IV.15.9.
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- Juba, a Numidian king, fought for Octavian at Actium, married the daughter of Antony and Cleopatra, I.22.15.
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- Laconian, Spartan, a. II.18.7.
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- Lamia, member of a distinguished family, I.26.8, 36.7; III.17.2.
- Lamus, chieftain of the cannibal Laestrygonians, mentioned by Homer, *Od.*10.81, III.17.1 (where he is jokingly said to be ancestor of the Lamiae).
- Lanuvium, an ancient Latin town, a. III.27.3 and note.
- Laomedon, employed Apollo and Poseidon to build the walls of Troy and then defrauded them of their pay; later he defrauded Heracles of his reward for rescuing Hesione from a sea monster, whereupon Heracles slew Laomedon and handed the kingship to Priam, III.3.22.
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- Libra, the Balance, a constellation between Virgo and Scorpio, II.17.17.
- Liburnians, a tribe from the northeast Adriatic which gave its name to a type of light, fast, warship, I.37.30; Ep. 1.1.
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- Lucrine, the Lucrine Lake was a coastal lagoon between Puteoli and Baiae, a. II.15.3; Ep.2.49.
- Lycaeus, a mountain in Arcadia associated with Pan / Faunus, I.17.2.
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- Lyce, a woman at first courted (III.10.1) and then abused (IV.13.1,2,25) by Horace.
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- Maecenas, Augustus' minister of home affairs, friend and patron of Horace, I.1.1, 20.5; II.12.11, 17.3, 20.7; III.8.13, 16.20, 29.3; IV.11.19; Ep. 1.4, 3.20, 9.4, 14.5.
- Maenad (Euhias), a female devotee of Bacchus, III.25.9.
- Maeonia, the Homeric name for Lydia; Lydian Smyrna was one of the towns that claimed to be Homer's birthplace, a. I.6.2; IV.9.5.
- Magnesian, of Magnesia in Thessaly (see Hippolyte), III.7.18.

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- Maia, mother of Mercury,
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- Manlius, T. Manlius Torquatus
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- Marcellus, M. Claudius
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- Marsi, a mountain people from
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- Maximus, *see* Paullus.
- Medea, the princess from
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- Metellus, Q. Metellus Celer,
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- Mimas, one of the Earth-born
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- Murena, an augur, perhaps the brother of the Licinius Murena of II.10, III.19.11.
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- Mycenae, the city of Agamemnon, to the north of Argos, I.7.9.
- Mygdon, a legendary king of Phrygia, a. II.12.22; III.16.41.
- Myrtale, a freedwoman who captivated Horace, I.33.14.
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- Neros, Tiberius (the future emperor) and Drusus, sons of Tiberius Claudius Nero, who was the first husband of Livia, wife of Augustus, IV.4.28, 37; IV.14.14.
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- Nestor, the oldest man in the Greek army at Troy, but still capable of fighting, I.15.22.
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- Niobe, who had twelve children, boasted she was more fertile than Latona, who had only two; for this insolence all her children were killed by Apollo and Diana, a. IV.6.1.
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- Numantia, a city in northern Spain, which fought a bitter ten-year war against Rome, and succumbed after a long siege in 133 B.C., II.12.1.
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- Numidians, lived in an area extending south and west of Carthage, III.11.47.
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- Olympia, the shrine of Olympian Zeus at Pisa in Elis where the Olympic games were held, a. I.1.3.
- Olympus, a high mountain on the borders of Thessaly and Macedonia, abode of the gods, I.12.58; III.4.52.
- Opus, a town in eastern Locris, a. I.27.10.
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- Pacorus, Parthian leader, III.6.9.
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- Pactumeius, allegedly a son of Canidia, Ep. 17.50.
- Paeligni, a people who lived in a cold, mountainous region of central Italy, a. III.19.8; Ep. 17.60.
- Palatine, the site of Apollo's temple, a. C.S. 65.
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- Pallas, a title of Athena (Minerva), patron goddess of Athens, I.6.15, 7.5, 12.20, 15.11; III.4.57; Ep. 10.13.
- Panaetius, Greek philosopher who did much to introduce Stoicism to Rome in the second century B.C., I.29.14
- Panthus, father of the Trojan hero Euphorbus, from whom Pythagoras claimed to be reincarnated, I.28.10.

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- Parthians, had by the 1st cent. B.C. an empire extending from the Euphrates to the Indus; their army, with its mounted archers, caused much anxiety to the Romans, I.12.53, 19.12; II.13.18 (twice); III.2.3; IV.5.25, 15.7; Ep. 7.9; a. (Medus) III.5.9.
- Patara, on the south coast of Lycia, where Apollo had a shrine, III.4.64.
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- Paul(l)us Fabius Maximus, a distinguished noble, who married Marcia, Augustus' cousin, IV.1.10.
- Peace, C.S. 57.
- Pegasus, the winged horse that was tamed by Bellerophon and helped him to kill the Chimaera; he created the spring Hippocrene with the stamp of his hoof, I.27.24; IV.11.27.
- Peleus, resisted the advances of Hippolyte, wife of Acastus; married the goddess Thetis and became the father of Achilles, III.7.17. *See also* Hippolyte.
- Pelion, a mountain in Thessaly which the brothers Otis and Ephialtes tried to put on top of Mt Olympus to reach heaven, III.4.52.
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- Pettius, the addressee of Ep. 11.1.
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- Phalanthus, a Spartan who is

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- Phidyle, a simple, pious, countrywoman, III.23.2.
- Philippi, the site of the defeat of Brutus and Cassius by Antony and Octavian in 42 B.C. Horace was on the losing side, but survived, II.7.9; III.4.26.
- Phocaeans, a people living on the coast of Lydia in Asia Minor; they resolved to emigrate en masse to Corsica to escape a Persian army in 540 B.C., Ep. 16.17; a. II.4.2.
- Phoebus (Apollo), I.12.24, 32.13; III.3.66, 4.4, 21.24; IV.6.26,29, 15.1; C.S. 1,62, 75.
- Pholoe, a girl, I.33.7,9; II.5.17; III.15.7.
- Phraates IV, king of Parthia, in 25 B.C. recovered his throne from Tiridates with the help of an army of Scythians, II.2.17.
- Phrygia, a fertile country in central Asia Minor, proverbial for its wealth (represented by Midas), II.12.22; a. II.9.16; III.1.41. Its inhabitants, I.15.34.
- Phryne, a freedwoman desired by Horace, Ep. 14.16.
- Phthia, Achilles' home in Thessaly, a. IV.6.4.
- Phyllis, the name of two girls, II.4.14; IV.11.3.
- Pierides, the Muses, who lived in Pieria, a district in southern Macedonia near Mt. Olympus, IV.3.18; IV.8.20; a. III.4.40, 10.15.
- Pindar, 5th cent. B.C. poet from Boeotia; his choral odes inspired the grander poems of Horace, IV.2.1,8; a. IV.9.6.
- Pindus, a high mountain range dividing Thessaly from Epirus, I.12.6.
- Piplea, "Lady of Pipla," a Muse, Pipla being a place near Mt Olympus, I.26.9.
- Pirithous, a Thessalian Lapith, whose wedding feast was the scene of a famous brawl with the Centaurs; with Theseus he attempted to carry off Persephone from Hades, III.4.80; IV.7.28.
- Plancus, L. Munatius, consul 42 B.C., initially supported Antony, but (like many others) went over to Octavian, and continued his successful career, I.7.19; III.14.28.
- Pleiades, a cluster of stars in the constellation of Taurus; their setting in October marked a stormy season, IV.14.21.
- Plenty (Copia), C.S. 60.
- Pluto (Wealthy), god of the underworld, II.14.7; a. I.4.17.
- Po, the northern Italian river, Ep. 16.28.
- Pollio, C. Asinius, consul 40 B.C., soldier, statesman, histo-

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- Pollux, Greek hero, twin brother of Castor, patron of boxers and (along with his brother) of sailors, III.3.9, 29.64, (I.3.2).
- Polyhymnia, a Muse, I.1.33.
- Pompeius, a friend of Horace's who was with him at Philippi, but continued to fight against Octavian until the amnesty of 30 B.C., II.7.5.
- Pompilius, Numa, second king of Rome, famed for his wisdom and piety, I.12.34.
- Pontus, a forested region on the southeast coast of the Black Sea, a. I.14.11.
- Porphyryon, one of the giants who rebelled against Zeus, III.4.54.
- Porsena, an Etruscan king who attacked Rome to reinstate Tarquin the Proud, Ep. 16.4.
- Postumus, a friend of Horace, II.14.1.
- Praeneste (Palestrina), on a mountain top 25 miles E. of Rome, III.4.23.
- Priam, King of Troy, I.10.14, 15.8; III.3.26, 40; IV.6.15.
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- Proculeius, brother-in-law of Maecenas, said to have divided his property with his brothers, who had lost everything in the civil war; a trusted agent of Augustus, II.2.5.
- Procyon, the precursor of the Dog star, III.29.18.
- Proetus, husband of Sthenoboea, attempted to get rid of Bellerophon, III.7.13.
- Prometheus, made human beings out of clay and for their sake stole fire from heaven; punished by Zeus, who had an eagle devour his liver, which was perpetually renewed, I.16.13; II.13.37, 18.35; Ep. 17.67.
- Proserpine, daughter of Demeter the corn goddess, carried off by Hades to be his wife; but Demeter secured a compromise which allowed Proserpine to live half the year on earth, I.28.20; II.13.21; Ep. 17.2.
- Prosperity (Faustitas), IV.5.18.
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- Pylos, in southwest Messenia, birthplace of Nestor, a. I.15.22.

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- Pyrrha, a former lover of Horace, I.5.3.
- Pyrrha, wife of Deucalion, with whom she survived the flood; they restored the human race by throwing stones over their shoulders, I.2.6.
- Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, assisted Tarentum against Rome in the 3rd cent. B.C. and won two very expensive victories; eventually defeated and withdrew, III.6.35.
- Pyrrhus, a young man planning a risky maneuver, III.20.2.
- Pythagoras, Greek mathematician and philosopher, moved to Croton in southern Italy about 530 B.C. ; he preached a doctrine of dualism in which the soul was capable of surviving death and entering new bodies, Ep. 15.21, (I.28.10).
- Pytho, an old name for the Delphic oracle, a. I.16.6.
- Quinctius, *see* Hirpinus.
- Quintilius, a close friend of Vergil, and also of Horace, who speaks of him as a capable and candid critic (*Ars Poetica* 438ff.), I.24.5,12.
- Quirinus, an old Sabine god, identified at an early stage with Romulus, I.2.46; III.3.15; IV.15.9; Ep. 16.13.
- Quirites, a name given to the citizens of Rome in their peacetime functions, I.1.7; II.7.3; III.3.57; IV.14.1.
- Raeti, an Alpine tribe, IV.14.15; a. IV.4.17.
- Regulus, M. Atilius, captured in the First Punic War in 255 B.C.; sent to Rome to arrange the ransom of the Roman army, but dissuaded the Senate from agreeing to do so; then returned to Carthage, where he was tortured to death, I.12.37; III.5.13.
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- Retribution (Poena), III.2.32.
- Rhode ('Rosy'), III.19.27.
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- Rhoetus, a rebellious giant, II.19.23; III.4.55.
- Rhone (Rhodanus), the river, II.20.20.
- Right Thinking (Virtus), II.2.19.
- Rimini (Ariminensis) a. Ep. 5.42.
- Roman, III.6.2; a. III.9.8; IV.3.23, 4.46; C.S. 66; Ep. 7.6, 7.17, 9.11.
- Rome, III.3.38,44, 5.12, 29.12;

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- IV.3.13, 4.37, 14.44; C.S. 11, 37; Ep. 16.2.
- Romulus, I.12.33; II.15.10; IV.8.24; a. IV.5.1; C.S. 47.
- Sabaea, a district in Arabia, I.29.3.
- Sabellian, belonging to an old Oscan-speaking people of Italy, a. III.6.38; Ep. 17.28.
- Sabine, belonging to a mountain people northeast of Rome, I.22.9; III.1.47; (of Horace's estate) II.18.14; III.4.22; (wine) I.9.7, 20.1; Ep. 2.41.
- Sagana, a witch, Ep. 5.25.
- Salamis, an island off the west coast of Attica, and a city in Cyprus, I.7, 21, 29; a. I.15.23.
- Salii, priests of Mars, who wore an archaic military uniform, sang a special hymn, and performed an energetic ritual dance, I.36.12, 37.1-4; IV.1.28; a. I.37.2.
- Sallustius Crispus, great-nephew of the historian Sallust, a close confidant of Augustus, and a generous literary patron, II.2.3.
- Samos, a large island off the north coast of Caria, a. Ep. 14.9.
- Sappho, lyric poet from Lesbos, II.13.25.
- Sardinia, I.31.4.
- Saturnus, an old Italic god, commonly identified with the Greek Kronos, father of Jupiter, also the malign planet of that name, I.12.50; II.12.9, 17.23.
- Satyrs, wild attendants of Bacchus, part man, part goat, I.1.31; II.19.4.
- Scamander, one of the rivers at Troy, Ep. 13.14.
- Scauri, I.12.37.
- Scirocco, the wind which in autumn blew across the sea from the south and was associated with malaria, II.14.16 (Auster); III.23.5 (Africus).
- Scopas, a famous Greek sculptor of the 4th cent. B.C.; several of his works could be seen in Rome, IV.8.6.
- Scorpio, the constellation and zodiacal sign, II.17.17.
- Scythians, nomadic peoples living to the north and the east of the Black Sea, famous for their horsemanship, I.19.10, 35.9; II.11.1; III.8.23, 24.9; IV.5.25, 14.42; C.S. 55; a. III.4.36.
- Semele Thyone, both names (the first Phrygian, the second Greek) belong to the mother of Bacchus, I.19.2; a. I.17.22, 23.
- Septimius, a loyal friend of Horace, II.6.1.
- Seres, the Chinese, known for their silk, I.12.56.; III.29.27; IV.15.23; a. I.29.9; Ep. 8.15.
- Sestius, a supporter of Brutus;

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- was pardoned after Philippi and later held the consulship under Augustus, I.4.14.
- Sextus Pompeius, (Ep. 4.19; Ep. 9.7,8).
- Sibylline Books, a collection of oracles in Greek dactylic hexameters, stored in the temple of Apollo on the Palatine. Consultation and implementation were assigned to the Board of Fifteen, a. C.S. 5, (70).
- Sicily, a. (Sicanus) Ep. 17.32; (Siculus) II.12.2, 16.33; III.1.18, 4.28; IV.4.44.
- Sidon, III.1.42; a. Ep. 16.59.
- Silvanus, god of woodlands, III.29.23; Ep. 2.22.
- Simois, a river near Troy, Ep. 13.14.
- Sisyphus, son of Aeolus, was a legendary trickster who betrayed Zeus's secrets; punished in Hades by having to roll a boulder up hill always without success, II.14.20; Ep. 17.68.
- Sithonians, inhabitants of the central promontory of Chalcidice in the northern Aegean; punished for unlawful sex, I.18.9; a. III.26.10.
- Socrates, 5th cent. moral philosopher who taught Plato, a. I.29.14; III.21.9.
- Soracte, a mountain north of Rome, I.9.2
- South Wind (Auster), II.14.16; III.3.4, 27.22; IV.14.21; Ep. 10.4; (Notus) I.3.14, 7.16, 28.22; III.7.5; IV.5.9; Ep. 9.31, 10.20, 16.22.
- Southwest Wind (Southwester), I.3.12, 14.5; Ep. 16.22.
- Spain (Hiberia), IV.5.28, 14.50; Ep. 5.21; a. I.29.15; Ep. 4.3; (Spaniard) II.20.20; (Hispania) a. III.6.31, 8.21, 14.3.
- Spartacus, leader of a slave revolt in the 1st cent. B.C., III.14.19; Ep. 16.5.
- Spartan (Lacaena), a. II.11.23; III.3.25; IV.9.16. (Lacon) II.6.11; Ep. 6.5. *See also* Lacedaemon and Laconian.
- Spirits of the dead (Manes), Ep. 5.94. *See also* Ghosts.
- Stesichorus, a Sicilian Greek poet of the early 6th cent. B.C., IV.9.8. (Ep. 17.44).
- Sthenelus, a Greek warrior who fought at Troy, I.15.24; IV.9.20.
- Stoic, a. Ep. 8.15.
- Styx, the stream of Hate in the underworld, I.34.10; a. II.20.8; IV.8.25.
- Subura, a seedy street in central Rome, a. Ep. 5.58.
- Sulpicius, said to be a certain Sulpicius Galba, a. IV.12.18.
- Sun (Sol), C.S. 9.
- Sybaris, a love-sick youth, I.8.2.
- Sygambri, a German tribe which crossed the Rhine and defeated M. Lollius in 16 B.C., but subsequently made

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- peace with Augustus, IV.2.36, 14.51.
- Syria, a. I.31.12; II.7.8; (for Assyrius) a. II.11.16; III.4.32.
- Taenarus, on the most southerly point of Laconia, had a cave which was supposed to be the entrance to the underworld; hence = Hades, I.34.10.
- Tantalus stole the gods' ambrosia to make his friends immortal; for this punished in Hades, where food and drink were placed just out of his reach, II.18.37; Ep. 17.66; (I.28.7), (II.13.37).
- Tarentum, a coastal city inside the heel of Italy, I.28.29; III.5.56.
- Tarquin, the last king of Rome, whose tyrannical rule led to his expulsion in 510 B.C., I.12.35.
- Tartarus, the underworld, I.28.10; III.7.17.
- Tecmessa, a Phrygian princess captured by Ajax, son of Telamon, II.4.6.
- Telamon, father of Ajax, II.4.5.
- Telegonus, son of Ulysses and Circe who unwittingly killed his father, III.29.8.
- Telephus, King of the Mysians, wounded in a skirmish with Achilles, later healed with the rust from his spear, Ep. 17.8.
- Telephus, young Roman(s), I.13.1,2; III.19.26; IV.11.21.
- Tempe, the beautiful valley in Thessaly where the Peneus flows between Ossa and Olympus, I.7.4, 21.9; III.1.24
- Teos, on the coast of Lydia, birthplace of Anacreon, poet of love and wine, a. I.17.18; Ep. 14.10.
- Terminus, god of boundaries, Ep. 2.59.
- Teucer, when he returned from Troy without his half-brother, Ajax, his father Telamon banished him; he thereupon sailed to Cyprus and founded Salamis, I.7.21,27, 15.24; IV.9.17; a. (=Trojan) IV.6.12.
- Thalia, a Muse, IV.6.25.
- Thaliarchus, host at the party in I.9.8.
- Thebes, chief city of Boeotia, the state on Attica's northern border, I.7.3; IV.4.64; a. I.19.2
- Theseus, Athenian hero, the subject of many stories, IV.7.27.
- Thessaly, a. I.7.4, 10.15, 27.21; II.4.10; (Haemonia) I.37.20.
- Thetis, a sea nymph, mother of Achilles; I.8.14; IV.6.6; Ep. 13.12.
- Thrace, II.16.5; III.25.11; (its uncouth inhabitants) I.27.2; II.7.27 (Edoni), 19.16; a. I.24.13, 25.11, 36.14; III.9.9, IV.12.2; Ep. 5.14, 13.3.
- Thrifty One (Parca), one of the Fates, II.16.39.

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- Thurii, a prosperous Greek colony under the arch of Italy's foot, III.9.14.
- Thyestes, son of Pelops, seduced his brother Atreus' wife; to gain revenge Atreus killed Thyestes' two little sons and served them to Thyestes at dinner, I.16.17, a. Ep. 5.86.
- Thyone, *see* Semele.
- Tiber, I.2.13, 8.8, 29.12; II.3.18; a. III.12.7.
- Tiberius, *see* Claudius.
- Tibur (Tivoli), I.7.21, 18.2; II.6.5; III.4.23, 29.6; IV.2.31, 3.10.
- Tiburnus, a founder of Tibur, I.7.13.
- Tigris, the river, IV.14.46.
- Tiridates, a prince supported by Rome in his struggle with Phraates IV for the throne of Parthia, I.26.5.
- Titans, creatures of monstrous power and size who preceded the rule of Zeus and the Olympians, III.4.43.
- Tithonus, a Trojan prince for whom Dawn begged immortality from Zeus; but she forgot to stipulate eternal youth, I.28.8; II.16.30.
- Tityus, a gigantic son of Earth, who was punished for assaulting Latona by having his liver torn by two vultures, II.14.8; III.4.77, 11.21; IV.6.2.
- Torquatus, Manlius, consul in 65 B.C., III.21.1, Ep. 13.6; aristocrat and able barrister, IV.7.23.
- Triumph, the divine personification of victory celebrations, IV.2.49,50; Ep. 9.21,23.
- Troilus, son of Priam, II.9.16.
- Trojans, IV.6.15.
- Troy, I.8.14, 10.15; III.3.60, 61; IV.6.3, 15.31; C.S. 41; a. I.6.14, 28.11; III.3.32.
- Truth (Veritas), I.24.7.
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- Tullus Hostilius, 3rd king of Rome, IV.7.15.
- Tullus, L.Volcacius, consul 33 B.C., III.8.12.
- Tuscan, Etruscan, III.7.28; IV.4.54.
- Tusculum, an ancient town set on high ground some 15 miles southeast of Rome, Ep.1.29 (III.29.8).
- Tydeus, father of Diomedes, an important Greek chieftain in the Trojan war who wounded Ares and Aphrodite in battle, I.6.16, 15.28.
- Tyndareus, father of Castor and Pollux, IV.8.31.
- Tyndaris, a girl invited to visit Horace's Sabine estate, I.17.10.
- Typhoeus, a son of Earth who waged war against Jupiter, III.4.53.
- Tyre, an important city on the coast of Phoenicia, famous for its dyes, a. III.29.60; Ep.12.21.

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- Ulysses, I.6.7; Ep. 16.60, 17.16.
- Ustica, a hill near Horace's estate, I.17.11.
- Valgius, C. Valgius Rufus, consul 12 B.C., versatile scholar and poet, and close friend of Horace, II.9.5.
- Varius, L. Varius Rufus, a distinguished epic and tragic poet, he also wrote a panegyric of Augustus; prepared the *Aeneid* for publication after Vergil's death, I.6.1.
- Varus, possibly the jurist P. Alfenus Varus, a patron of letters, I.18.1.
- Varus, an old reprobate assailed by the witch Canidia, Ep. 5.73.
- Vaticanus, a hill in Rome on the east side of the Tiber, I.20.7.
- Veia, a sorceress, Ep. 5.29.
- Venafrum, an attractive holiday resort in Campania, II.6.16; a. III.5.55.
- Venus, I.4.5, 13.15, 15.13, 18.6, 19.9, 30.1, 32.9, 33.10; II.7.25, 8.13; III.10.9, 11.50, 16.6, 18.6, 21.21, 26.5, 27.67; IV.1.1, 6.21, 10.1, 11.15, 15.32; C.S. 50.
- Venusia, I.28.26.
- Vergil, I.3.6, 24.10; IV.12.13.
- Vesta, goddess of the Roman hearth, whose temple was in the Forum, I.2.16, 28; III.5.11.
- Vindelici, an Alpine tribe, IV.4.18, 14.8.
- Virtue, C.S. 58 (see also II.2.19 note).
- Vulcan, the divine blacksmith, I.4.8; III.4.59.
- Vulture (Vultur), a mountain near Horace's birthplace, III.4.9.
- Xanthias, a friend of Horace, II.4.2.
- Xanthus, a river in Lycia near Patara, where Apollo had a shrine (III.4.64), IV.6.26.
- Youthfulness (Iuventas), I.30.7.
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- West Wind (Favonius), I.4.1. *See also* Zephyrs.
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