

ODES OF HORACE



TEN ODES OF QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS

READ IN LATIN BY DI

CONTENTS:

1 LP
1 text (11 p.)

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SIDE I

Book I Ode 4
Ode 9
Ode 11
Ode 16
Ode 17
Ode 38

Book II Ode 2
Ode 3
Ode 7
Ode 10
Ode 14

SIDE II

Book II Ode 16

Book III Ode 13
Ode 16
Ode 21

Book IV Ode 7
Ode 9
Ode 12

ODES OF
HORACE

Eighteen Odes of

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS

Read in Latin by JOHN F. C. RICHARDS

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The Odes of Horace

Quintus Horatius Flaccus (65-8 B.C.) published the first three books of his Odes in 23 B.C., and these were followed about 13 B.C. by a fourth book. There are 103 Odes in the four books, and he uses the Alcaic strophe in 37 of them and the Sapphic strophe in 25; these meters were used by two Greek poets, Alcaeus and Sappho, who lived on the island of Lesbos about 600 B.C. The first has been imitated in English by Tennyson in his poem about Milton:

O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies,
O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,
God-gifted organ-voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages.

The second has been imitated by Swinburne:

All the night sleep came not upon my eyelids,
Shed not dew, nor shook nor unclosed a feather,
Yet with lips shut close and with eyes of iron
Stood and beheld me.

This reproduces the five beats of the Sapphic line; those who are familiar with the music used for a famous Ode (Integer vitae scelerisque purus), in which there are only four beats in the line, may find this confusing.

Among the other meters used by Horace are the Lesser and Greater Asclepiad and three Asclepiadic strophes, and the First and Fourth Archilochian strophes.

Horace is represented here by eighteen Odes; eight of them are written in Alcaics (I, 9, 16, 17; II, 3, 7, 14; III, 21; IV, 9), four in Sapphics (I, 38; II, 2, 10, 16), four in Asclepiadic meters (Second Asclepiad, III, 16, IV, 12; Third Asclepiad, III, 13; Greater Asclepiad, I, 11), and two in Archilochian meters (First Archilochian, IV, 7; Fourth Archilochian, I, 4).

The Latin text, taken from the Oxford edition of the Odes, is given below; each Ode is followed by a translation in poetical prose by A.D. Godley and then by a verse translation.

Eight of the translations in verse are by Sir Stephen de Vere, 1812-1904 (I, 17; II, 3, 10, 14, 16; III, 16; IV, 9, 12), three are by Philip Francis, 1708-1773 (I, 4, 16; II, 2), three are by Charles Stuart Calverley, 1831-1884 (I, 9, 11; III, 13), two are by John Conington, 1825-1869 (III, 21; IV, 7), one is by William Cowper, 1731-1800 (I, 38), and one is by Sir Theodore Martin, 1816-1900 (II, 7).

The following are the editions which have been used:

1. Q. Horati Flacci Opera, recognovit...Eduardus C. Wickham, editio altera curante H.W. Garrod, Oxonii, (MDCCCC) MDCCCXII.
2. The Odes and Epodes of Horace, translated by A.D. Godley, London, 1898.
3. The Odes and Epodes of Horace, translated by Sir Stephen de Vere, London and New York, 1893.
4. The works of Horace, translated by Philip Francis, D.D., New York, 1825.
5. Translations into English and Latin, by Charles Stuart Calverley, London, 1896.
6. The works of Horace, with Conington's translation, London, 1911.
7. The works of William Cowper, London, 1837.
8. Horace, by Theodore Martin, Edinburgh and London, 1876.

In this reading of the Odes the syllables which are elided (final vowels and final m before a following vowel or h) have been pronounced, though this has not affected the beat of the verse. Thus hostile aratrum exercitus will be heard in I, 16, 21 and not hostil' aratr' exercitus, and regum est in IV, 12, 8 and not regumst.

John F.C. Richards received his B.A. degree at Oxford University (Christ Church) in 1921, his M.A. in 1927, and his Ph.D. at Harvard University in 1934. He has been teaching Greek and Latin literature since 1927, first at Dartmouth College, and then at Harvard University, the University of Rochester, and Columbia University, where he is now Associate Professor of Greek and Latin.

IV

SOLVITVR acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni,
trahuntque siccas machinae carinas,
ac neque iam stabulis gaudet pecus aut arator igni,
nec prata canis albicant pruinis.
iam Cytherea choros ducit Venus imminente Luna, 5
iunctaeque Nymphis Gratiae decentes
alterno terram quatunt pede, dum gravis Cyclopum
Vulcanus ardens visit officinas.
nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto
aut flore terrae quem ferunt solutae; 10
nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
seu poscat agna sive malit haedo.
pallida Mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
regumque turris. o beate Sesti,
vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat incohare longam. 15
iam te premet nox fabulaeque Manes
et domus exilis Plutonia; quo simul mearis,
nec regna vini sortiere talis,
nec tenerum Lycidan mirabere, quo calet iuventus
nunc omnis et mox virgines tepebunt. 20

I, 4.

Keen winter thaws at the pleasant change to spring
and the west wind, and engines launch the ships' dry
keels: and now nor flock loves its fold nor hind his
fire: nor are meads white with hoary frost. Now
while the moon hangs high in heaven Cytherean Venus
leads the dance: and lovely Graces with their
companion Nymphs foot it o'er the ground with changing
step, while glowing Vulcan makes the weary Cyclops'
smithies to blaze.¹ Now 'tis meet to bind sleek
locks with myrtle green or flowers that spring from
thawing earth. Now 'tis meet to sacrifice to Faunus
in shady groves, whether lamb or kid be the offering
of his choice. Pale Death with foot impartial knocks
alike at poor men's hovels and royal palaces.
Fortunate Sestius! the shortness of life's sum forbids
us essay the hope of distant good. Soon, soon shall
night and storied shades and Pluto's narrow halls
imprison thee: once thou art thither gone, no
kinship of the feast shall dice assign thee: nor shalt
thou marvel at tender Lycidas, whom now all our youth
adore, and maidens presently shall coyly woo.

¹Godley translates urit in l. 8. The reading in the
Oxford text is visit.

I, 4

Fierce winter melts in vernal gales,
And grateful zephyrs fill the spreading sails; *
No more the ploughman loves his fire,
No more the lowing herds their stalls desire,
While Earth her richest verdure yields,
Nor hoary frosts now whiten o'er the fields.
Now joyous through the verdant meads,
Beneath the rising moon, fair Venus leads
Her various dance, and with her train
Of Nymphs and modest Graces shakes the plain,
While Vulcan's glowing breath inspires
The toilsome forge and blows up all its fires.
Now crowned with myrtle or the flowers
Which the glad Earth from her free bosom pours,
We'll offer in the shady grove
Or lamb or kid, as Pan shall best approve.
With equal pace impartial Fate
Knocks at the palace as the cottage gate;
Nor should our sum of life extend
Our growing hopes beyond their destined end.
When sunk to Pluto's shadowy coasts,
Oppressed with darkness and the fabled ghosts,
No more the dice shall there assign
To thee the jovial monarchy of wine,
No more shall you the fair admire,
The virgin's envy and the youth's desire.

Philip Francis

* 1-2. These lines are not an exact translation.

IX

VIDES ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec iam sustineant onus
silvae laborantes, geluque
flumina constiterint acuto.
dissolve frigus ligna super foco
large reponens atque benignus
deproinde quadrimum Sabina,
o Thaliarche, merum diota:
permite divis cetera, qui simul
stravere ventos aequore fervido 10
deproeliantis, nec cupressi
nec vetres agitantur omni.
quid sit futurum cras fuge quaerere et
quem Fors dierum cumque dabit lucro
appone, nec dulcis amoris
sperne puer neque tu chorcas, 15
donec virenti canities abest
morosa. nunc et campus et areae
lenesque sub noctem susurri
composita repetantur hora, 20
nunc et latentis proditor intimo
gratus puellae risus ab angulo
pignusque deceptum lacertis
aut digito male pertinaci.

I, 9.

Thou seest how Soracte rises clear, all white with
deep snow, nor can the straining woods bear their
burden, and streams are stayed by piercing frost.
Dispel the cold: heap plenteous logs on the fire:
and with more bounteous hand draw four-year-old wine
from the two-eared Sabine jar, thou master of the
feast. Leave all else to the gods: soon as
they have stilled the winds that battle with the
boiling sea, no cypress shakes nor aged ash. Seek
not to know what the morrow shall bring: whatever
day chance allots thee, count as gain: nor spurn
in youth sweet love, nor spurn the dance, ere
crabbed age hath marred thy bloom. Now be thine to
haunt the Plain, the public squares: to hear soft
whispers at twilight's trusted hour, -- to hear the
silvery tell-tale laughter from the far corner where
lurks thy love, and steal some pledge from her arm
or unresisting finger.

I, 9

One dazzling mass of solid snow
Soracte stands; the bent woods fret
Beneath their load; and, sharpest-set
With frost, the streams have ceased to flow.

Pile on great faggots and break up
The ice: let influence more benign
Enter with four-years-treasured wine,
Fetched in the ponderous Sabine cup:

Leave to the gods all else. When they
Have once bid rest the winds that war
Over the passionate seas, no more
Grey ash and cypress rock and sway.

Ask not what future suns shall bring.
Count to-day gain, whate'er it chance
To be: nor, young man, scorn the dance,
Nor deem sweet Love an idle thing,

Ere Time thy April youth hath changed
To sourness. Park and public walk
Attract thee now, and whispered talk
At twilight meetings pre-arranged;

Hear now the pretty laugh that tells
In what dim corner lurks thy love;
And snatch a bracelet or a glove
From wrist or hand that scarce rebels.
Charles Stuart Calverley

XI

Tv 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
Tyrrenum: sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi
spem longam reseces. dum loquimur, fugerit invida
aetas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

I, 11.

Seek not forbidden knowledge, Leuconoe: ask not what
end heaven hath decreed for thee and me, nor probe
the secrets of Chaldean numbers. Far better to
suffer whate'er befall! whether Jove hath granted
us to see more winters, or this be the last, which
to-day breaks yon Tyrrhene sea against opposing crags,
be wise, strain the wine, and curtail thy distant
hopes with thought of life's brief span. E'en
while we speak, jealous Time will have been on the
wing: enjoy the present, trust the future as little as
thou mayest.

I, 11

Seek not, for thou shalt not find it, what my
end, what thine shall be;
Ask not of Chaldaea's science what God wills,
Leuconoe:
Better far, what comes, to bear it. Haply many a
wintry blast
Waits thee still; and this, it may be, Jove ordains
to be thy last,
Which flings now the flagging sea-wave on the
obstinate sandstone-reef.
Be thou wise: fill up the wine-cup; shortening,
since the time is brief,
Hopes that reach into the future. While I speak,
hath stol'n away
Jealous Time. Mistrust To-morrow, catch the
blossom of To-day.

Charles Stuart Calverley

XVI

O MATRE pulchra filia pulchrior,
quem criminosis cumque voles modum
pones iambis, sive flamma
sive mari libet Hadriano.
non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius,
non Liber aequae, non acuta
sic geminant Corybantes aera,
tristes ut irae, quas neque Noricus
deterret ensis nec mare naufragum
nec saevus ignis nec tremendo
Iuppiter ipse ruens tumultu.
fertur Prometheus addere principi
limo coactus particulam undique
deseccam et insani leonis
vim stomacho apposuisse nostro.
irae Thyesten exitio gravi
stravere et altis urbibus ultimae
stetere causae cur perirent
funditus imprimeretque muris
hostile aratrum exercitus insolens.
compesce mentem: me quoque pectoris
temptavit in dulci iuventa
fervor et in celeris iambos
misit furem: nunc ego mitibus
mutare quaero tristia, dum mihi
fias recantatis amica
opprobriis animumque reddas.

I, 16.

Daughter fairer than thy mother fair! make what end
thou wilt of my scurrile lampoons -- cast them into
the fire or the Adriatic wave. Not Cybele, nor the
Dweller of the Pythian shrine, nor Bacchus, nor the
redoubled clash of shrill Corybantic cymbals,
inspires the votary with frenzy like to gloomy
wrath -- wrath that quails not before Noric swords
or wrecking billows or fierce fire or e'en the
fearful crash of Jove's descending thunder.
Prometheus, 'tis said, compelled to add to our primal

clay some portion culled from every creature, gave to
our breast the raging lion's ire. 'Twas anger that
laid Thyestes low in dire destruction: for this, the
chiefest cause, have tall cities fallen, and
arrogant hosts driven the foeman's plough across
their levelled walls. Control thy temper: I too
in pleasant youth have felt the glow of passion, and
hurried madly into swift satiric verse: now I would
fain change bitter for sweet, if but thou wilt take
my repentance for hard words, become my friend and
give me back thy heart.

I, 16

Daughter, whose loveliness the bosom warms
More than thy lovely mother's riper charms,
Give to my bold lampoons what fate you please,
To wasting flames condemned or angry seas.
But yet remember, nor the god of wine,
Nor Pythian Phoebus from his inmost shrine,
Nor Dindymene nor her priests possess
Can with their sounding cymbals shake the breast
Like furious anger in its gloomy vein,
Which neither tempered sword nor raging main
Nor fire wide-wasting nor tremendous Jove,
Rushing in baleful thunders from above,
Can tame to fear. Thus sings the poet's lay:
Prometheus, to inform his nobler clay,
Their various passions chose from every beast,
And with the lion's rage inspired the human breast.
From anger all the tragic horrors rose,
Which crushed Thyestes with a weight of woes;
From hence proud cities date their utter falls,
When insolent in ruin o'er their walls
The wrathful soldier drags the hostile plough,
That haughty mark of total overthrow.
Me too in youth the heat of anger fired,
And with the rapid rage of rhyme inspired;
But now repentant shall the Muse again
To softer numbers tune her melting strain,
So thou recall thy threats, thy wrath control,
Resume thy love, and give me back my soul.

Philip Francis

XVII

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

I, 17.

Swift Faunus oft changes his pleasant Lucretile for
Lycaeus,¹ and ever wards the summer's fiery heat and
the rainy winds from my she-goats. Spouses of their
ill-smelling lord, safely they roam this protected
grove in quest of shy arbutus and thyme, nor fear
green vipers, nor Mars' army of wolves from Haedilia --
ay, Tyndaris, whene'er Faunus' sweet pipe echoes about
the valleys and the smooth rocks of low-lying Ustica.
The gods protect me: they love my piety and my Muse.
Here to thy heart's content shall plenty, rich in

the country's pride, flow for thee from her bounteous
horn. Here in my vale's recess thou shalt shun the
dogstar's heat, and sing to thy Teian lute of
Penelope's and bright Circe's yearning for one and
the same love: here 'neath the shade thou shalt
drain cups of harmless Lesbian wine, nor shall
Semele's Bacchus battle with Mars; nor shalt thou
fear lest Cyrus, jealous Circe's yearning for one and
hands on thee in unequal strife, and rend the garland
that decks thy tresses, and thy innocent raiment.

lit. takes Lucretilis in exchange for Lycaeus.

I, 17

Swift-footed Faunus oft delights to roam
From snow-clad peaks of Arcady, and find
Here in my soft Lucretilis a home,
Where in sequestered brake,
Safe from hot suns and pitiless wind,
From ledge to ledge my nimble younglings climb
Nipping fresh arbutus and fragrant thyme,
Fearless of prowling wolf or venomous snake,
While from Ustica's vale profound
From polished rocks the wood-god's pipes resound.
The gods protect me. They approve
My piety, my song they love.
Haste, Tyndaris, haste! partake my store
Of rural honours brimming o'er
From plenteous horn. This cool retreat
Shall guard thee from the Dog-star's heat.
Here that white hand the Teian lyre shall strike,
That sweet voice sing the old Greek melody
Of him, the wandering Prince beloved alike
By that true wife, Penelope,
And Circe glittering as a summer sea.
Tyndaris! neath the arching vine
Lift to thy lips the Lesbian wine,
An innocent draught! Not here shall Mars
And Bacchus wage their customed wars;
Not here shall jealous Cyrus dare
To rend thy guiltless robe, or tear
The clinging garland from thy hair.

Sir Stephen de Vere

XXXVIII

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

I, 38.

My lad, I hate your Persian splendours: garlands
twined with linden delight not me: cease to search
where tarries yet the latest rose. I care not that
thy diligence add ought to plain myrtle: for myrtle
well befits both thee the man and me the master, who
drink beneath my vine's enlacing shade.

I, 38

Boy, I hate their empty shows,
Persian garlands I detest,
Bring not me the late-blown rose,
Lingering after all the rest.

Plainer myrtle pleases me,
Thus outstretched beneath my vine;
Myrtle more becoming thee,
Waiting with thy master's wine.

William Cowper

CARMINVM LIBER II

II

NVLVS argento color est avaris
addito terris, inimice lamnae
Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato
splendat usu.
vivet extento Proculeius aevo,
notus in fratres animi paterni;
illum aget penna metuente solvi
Fama superstes.

latius regnes avidum domando
spiritum, quam si Libyam remotis
Gadibus iungas et uterque Poenus
serviat uni.
crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops,
nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi
fugerit venis et aquosus albo
corpore languor.
redditum Cyri solio Phraaten
dissidens plebi numero beatorum
eximit Virtus, populumque falsis
dedocet uti
vocibus, regnum et diadema tutum
deferens uni propriamque laurum,
quisquis ingentis oculo irretorto
spectat acervos.

II, 2.

No sheen hath silver while 'tis hid in avaricious
earth, Sallustius Crispus, thou hater of metal
unburnished by moderate use. Long shall be the
life of Proculeius, whose praise it is to have
played a father's part to his brothers: him shall
deathless fame bear on unfailing wing. A wider
empire is his who curbs a covetous heart, than
were he to unite Libya and farthest Gades, and
rule alone o'er Phoenicia's twain colonies. 'Tis
by self-indulgence that dread dropsy grows, nor
quenches thirst unless the sickness' root be
banished from the veins, and watery languor from
the pallid frame. Though Phraates be restored to
Cyrus' throne, yet Virtue in no accord with the
multitude denies him a place among the truly
blest, and teaches the crowd to speak no wrongful
praise; bestowing on him alone a crown and royalty
unquestioned and the garland that is his by right,
who sees nor turns a longing eye on high-piled
wealth.

II, 2

Gold hath no lustre of its own;
It shines by temperate use alone,
And when in earth it boarded lies,
My Sallust can the mass despise.
With never-failing wing shall Fame
To latest ages bear the name
Of Proculeius who could prove
A father, in a brother's love.
By virtue's precepts to control
The furious passions of the soul
Is over wider realms to reign,
Unenvied monarch, than if Spain
You could to distant Libya join,
And both the Carthages were thine.
The dropsy, by indulgence nursed,
Pursues us with increasing thirst,
Till art expels the cause and drains
The watery languor from our veins.
But Virtue can the crowd unteach
Their false mistaken forms of speech;
Virtue, to crowds a foe professed,
Disdains to number with the blest
Phraates, by his slaves adored
And to the Parthian crown restored;
And gives the diadem, the throne,
And laurel wreath to him alone,
Who can a treasured mass of gold
With firm undazzled eye behold.

Philip Francis

III

AEQVAM memento rebus in arduis
servare mentem, non secus in bonis
ab insolenti temperatam
laetitia, moriture Delli,
seu maestus omni tempore vixeris,
seu te in remoto gramine per dies
festos reclinatam bearis
interiore nota Falerni.
quo pinus ingens albaque populus
umbram hospitem consociare amant
ramis? quid obliquo laborat
lympa fugax trepidare rivo?

5

10

huc vina et unguenta et nimium brevis
flores amoena ferre iube rosae,
dum res et aetas et sororum
fila trium patiuntur atra.
cedes coemptis saltibus et domo
villae flavus quam Tiberis lavit;
cedes, et exstructis in altum
divitiis potietur heres.
divesne prisco natus ab Inacho
nil interest an pauper et infima
de gente sub divo moreris,
victima nil miserantis Orci.
omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
versatur urna serius ocus
sors exitura et nos in aeternum
exsilium impositura cumbae.

15

20

25

II, 3.

Ever preserve a mind well balanced in adversity, nor
less control undue delight in Fortune's smile,
remembering, Delli, that thou must die: whether
thy life be one long sorrow, or reclined in some
grassy nook thou makest holiday with Falernian of
inmost brand to bless thine ease. Why else do tall
pine and poplar pale love to intertwine their branches?
hospitable shade? why strives yon fleeting current to
speed adown its winding bed? Hither bid wines be
brought and perfumes and the lovely rose's o'er-short-
lived bloom, while fortune and age and the three
sisters' dark threads permit thee. Thou wilt leave
thy bought glades, thy palace, thy park that tawny
Tiber laves; all shalt thou leave, and thine heir
enjoy thy high-heaped riches. Whoe'er thou art
that dwellest awhile beneath the sky, whether rich
and of Inachus' ancient line, or poor and lowly born,
it matters not: alike wilt thou be the victim of
pitiless death. To one bourne we all are driven:
the lot of each will soon or late leap from the urn
wherein 'tis shaken, and set us in the boat that
bears us to endless banishment.

II, 3

Be mindful thou, when storms of adverse fate
Encompass thee, to meet still unsubdued
Their worst with manly fortitude:
When Fortune, fickle deity,
Smiles once again, grateful yet unelate
Accept the gift, Delli, foredoomed to die;
Whether in gloom austere
Thou liv'st, or whether, when the year
Renews its feasts, on some sequestered sward
By cooling stream reclined,
Thou quaff'st Falernian draughts long-stored,
Where the huge pine, and poplar silver-lined
With branches interlaced have made
A hospitable shade,
And where by curving bank and hollow bay
The tremulous waters work their silent way

Bring hither wine and rich perfume,
And the loved rose's short-lived bloom,
While wealth is thine, and youthful years,
And pause as yet the fatal Sisters' shears.
One day thy stately halls, thy dear-bought woods,
Thy villa bathed by Tiber's yellow floods,
Shall see their loving master's face no more: -
And lavish heirs shall waste his high-heaped store.

What boots it, friend, albeit you trace
From Inachus your rich and ancient race?

What boots it though beneath the stars you lie
Base-born, unfriended in your poverty?

Death claims his victim. All must tread
One common path, the highway of the dead:
Fate shakes the urn, and o'er the Stygian river
Soul after soul to exile fleets forever.

Sir Stephen de Vere

VII

O SAEPE mecum tempus in ultimum
deducte Bruto militiae duce,
quis te redonavit Quiritem
dis patriis Italoque caelo,
Pompei, meorum prime sodalium?
cum quo morantem saepe diem mero
fregi coronatus nitentis
malobathro Syria capillos.
tecum Philippos et celerem fugam
sensi relicta non bene parmula,
cum fracta virtus, et minaces
turpe solum tetigere mento.
sed me per hostis Mercurius celer
denso paventem sustulit aere;
te rursus in bellum resorbens
unda fretis tulit aestuosis.
ergo obligatam redde Iovi dapem
longaque fessum militia latus
deponere sub lauro mea, nec
parce cadis tibi destinatis.
oblivioso levius Massico
ciboria exple; funde capacibus
unguenta de conchis. quis udo
deproperare apio coronas
curatave myrto? quem Venus arbitrum
dicet bibendi? non ego sanius
bachchabor Edonis: recepto
dulce mihi furere est amico.

5

10

15

20

25

II, 7.

Thou who wert oft with me led to face deadly risks
'neath Brutus' captaincy, -- who hath restored thee
to Roman rights, thy country's gods, thy native
skies, Pompeius, chiefest of my comrades? with whom
full oft o'er the winecup I have shortened the
lagging day, my head engarlanded, my locks shining
with Syrian ointment. With thee I bore Philippi's
swift flight, that day when I cast away my craven
shield, what time valour fell and threatening
champions bit the base dust. But me swift Mercury
wrapt in dense cloud and bare safe through my
dreaded foes: thee the wave of war sucked back and
whelmed in seething surf. Wherefore now pay to Jove
thy votive feast; lay thee down, weary of long wars,
beneath my laurels, nor spare the casks reserved for
thee. Fill the polished goblets with care-dispelling
Massic wine: pour unguents from their wide shells.
Whose the task to weave in haste garlands of soft
parsley or myrtle? whom shall a lucky throw make
master of the feast? wildly as e'er a Thracian will
I revel: welcome, misrule, when friends come home!

II, 7

Dear comrade in the days when thou and I
With Brutus took the field, his perils bore,
Who hath restored thee, freely as of yore
To thy home gods and loved Italian sky,

Pompey, who wert the first my heart to share,
With whom full oft I've sped the lingering day,
Quaffing bright wine, as in our tents we lay,
With Syrian spikenard on our glistening hair?

With thee I shared Philippi's headlong flight,
My shield behind me left, which was not well,
When all that brave array was broke, and fell
In the vile dust full many a towering wight.

But me, poor trembler, swift Mercurius bore,
Wrapped in a cloud, through all the hostile din,
While war's tumultuous eddies, closing in,
Swept thee away into the strife once more.

Then pay to Jove the feasts, that are his fee,
And stretch at ease these war-worn limbs of thine
Beneath my laurel's shade, nor spare the wine
Which I have treasured through long years for thee.

Pour till it touch the shining goblet's rim
Care-drowning Massic; let rich ointments flow
From amplest conchs! No measure we shall know!
What! Shall we wreaths of oozy parsley trim,

Or simple myrtle? Whom will Venus send
To rule our revel? Wild my draughts shall be
As Thracian Bacchanals', for 'tis sweet to me
To lose my wits, when I regain my friend.

Sir Theodore Martin

X

Rectivs vives, Licini, neque altum
semper urgendo neque, dum procellas
cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
litus iniquum.

auream quisquis mediocritatem 5
diligat, tutus caret obsoleti
sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
sobrius aula.
saepius ventis agitur ingens
pinus et celsae graviore casu 10
decidunt turres feriuntque summos
fulgura montis.
sperat infestis, metuit secundis
alteram sortem bene praeparatum
pectus. informis hiemes redacit 15
Iuppiter, idem
summovet. non, si male nunc, et olim
sic erit: quondam cithara tacentem
suscitat Musam neque semper arcum
tendit Apollo. 20
rebus angustis animosus atque
fortis appare; sapienter idem
contrahes vento nimium secundo
turgida vela.

II, 10.

More rightly wilt thou guide thy life, Licinius, if
thou neither darrest ever the deep, nor in cautious
fear of storms too closely hug the dangerous
shore. Whoe'er loves the golden mean, hath safety
that keeps afar from sordid hovels, and discretion
that shuns an envied palace. 'Tis the tall pine
that oftenest is tossed by winds: lofty towers fall
with heaviest crash; lightnings strike the mountain's
peak. The breast well-prepared hopes change in ad-
versity, fears it in prosperity. Jupiter brings
back yet anon dispels unlovely winters. Think not,
if now 'tis ill with thee, that so 'twill be here-
after: full oft Apollo takes his lyre and wakes the
Muse to song, nor always bends his bow. In perilous
times show a bold courageous front: 'twill be wisdom
to reef the sail when swollen by too favouring winds.

II, 10

Tempt not the deep, nor while you fly
The storm, Licinius, steer too nigh
The breakers on the rocky shore:
Hold fast, contented evermore,
The way of Peace, the Golden Mean: -
That bounded space which lies between
The sordid hut and palace hall.
Tall towers with mightiest ruin fall:
The giant Pine, wind-shattered, bends;
On loftiest peaks the bolt descends.

The balanced mind with prophet eye
Sees tempest in the cloudless sky;
Nor less when clouds that sky deform
Describes the rainbow through the storm.
Jove sends us frost, and winter rain,
But bids the summer bloom again:
Repine not for a short-lived sorrow,
A happier sun shall shine tomorrow:
Not always Phoebus bends his bow;
Often his harp in accents low
Awakes the silent Muse. - Beware!

Beset with danger do and dare!
But reef betimes thy swelling sail,
Nor trust too far the flattering gale.
Sir Stephen de Vere

XIV

EHEV fugaces, Postume, Postume,
labuntur anni nec pietas moram
rugis et instanti senectae
adferet indomitaque morti:

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

II, 14.

Postumus, Postumus, the flying years, alas! glide
on, nor shall piety delay wrinkles and hasting eld and
unconquered death, -- no, my friend, not if every
day thou shouldst offer three hundred bulls to
appease tearless Pluto, who enchains Geryon's triple
bulk and Tityus with that gloomy wave which all we
who live by earth's bounty must traverse, be we
kings or poor husbandmen. 'Tis vain to shun bloody
war and the hoarse Adriatic's breaking surf: vain
to guard against autumn's unhealthy south winds:
still must we behold black Cocytus' dull meandering
stream, and Danaus' accursed kin, and Sisyphus,
Aeolus' son, doomed to an eternity of toil. Thy
lands, thy house, thy loved wife, -- all must thou
leave: nor of all yon trees that thou tendest shall
any save the hated cypress follow their short-lived
lord. Thy worthier heir shall drain the Caecuban
thou guardest with an hundred keys, and stain thy
floors with royal wine that e'en priestly banquets
cannot match.

II, 14

Alas, my Postumus, our years
Glide silently away. No tears,
No loving orisons repair
The wrinkled cheek, the whitening hair
That drop forgotten to the tomb:
Pluto's inexorable doom
Mocks at thy daily sacrifice:
Around his dreary kingdom lies
That fatal stream whose arms infold
The giant race accursed of old:
All, all alike must cross its wave,
The king, the noble, and the slave.
In vain we shun the battle roar,
And breakers dashed on Adria's shore:
Vainly we flee in terror blind
The plague that walketh on the wind:
The sluggish river of the dead,
Cocytus, must be visited,
The Danaid's detested brood,
Foul with their murdered husbands' blood,
And Sisyphus with ghastly smile
Pointing to his eternal toil.

All must be left; thy gentle wife,
 Thy home, the joys of rural life:
 And when thy fleeting days are gone
 Th'ill-omened cypresses alone
 Of all thy fondly cherished trees
 Shall grace thy funeral obsequies,
 Cling to thy loved remains, and wave
 Their mournful shadows o'er thy grave.
 A lavish but a nobler heir
 Thy boarded Caecuban shall share,
 And on the tessellated floor
 The purple nectar madly pour,
 Nectar more worthy of the halls
 Where Pontiffs hold high festivals.

Sir Stephen de Vere

XVI

OTIVM divos rogat in patenti
 prensus Aegaeo, simul atra nubes
 condidit lunam neque certa fulgent
 sidera nautis;
 otium bello furiosa Thrace,
 otium Medi pharetra decori,
 Grophe, non gemmis neque purpura ve-
 nale neque auro.
 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
 nec levis somnos timor aut cupido
 sordidus aufert.
 quid brevi fortes iaculamur aevo
 multa? quid terras alio calentis
 sole mutamus? patriae quis exsul
 se quoque fugit?
 scandit aeratas vitiosa navis
 Cura nec turmas equitum relinquit,
 ocior cervis et agente nimbo
 ocior Euro.
 lactus in praesens animus quod ultra est
 oderit curare et amara lento
 temperet risu; nihil est ab omni
 parte beatum.
 abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem,
 longa Tithonum minuit senectus,
 et mihi fors, tibi quod negarit,
 porriget hora.
 te greges centum Siculaeque circum
 mugiant vaccae, tibi tollit hinnitum
 apta quadrigis equa, te bis Afro
 murice tinctae
 vestiunt lanae: mihi parva rura et
 spiritum Graiae tenuem Camenae
 Parca non mendax dedit et malignum
 spernere vulgus.

II, 16.

For rest prays the sailor caught on the wide Aegean,
 what time dark clouds have hidden the moon, nor
 stars shine clear to guide the mariner: rest is
 the prayer of war-maddened Thracian and quiver-
 decked Mede, -- rest, Grosphus, that nor gems nor
 gold can buy. For no treasures, no consul's lictor
 can chase away the mind's sad disorders, and cares
 that hover about richly ceiled halls. Full well
 he lives at little cost, whose father's salt-cellar
 shines on his humble board: nor fear, nor base
 desire robs him of light slumbers. Why aims our
 valour so high in life's brief span? Why change
 we our homes for lands warmed by another sun?
 What exile from his country hath e'er fled from
 himself as well? Sickly care climbs brazen-beaked
 ships, nor is out-paced by squadrons of horse, --
 swifter than stags, swifter than the east wind
 that drives the clouds. Enjoy the present hour:
 think not on that which lies beyond, and temper
 sorrows with careless smile: there is no bliss
 unmixed with ill. Swift death took great
 Achilles for its prey: Tithonus pined in long old
 age: and to me perchance shall hours bring what
 to thee they deny. Around thee low a hundred
 herds of Sicilian kine: thine are whinnying mares,
 fit to draw the chariot: thou art clad in wool
 twice stained by Afric's purple. To me hath Fate
 fulfilled her promise, granting me (1) . . . the

delicate spirit of Grecian song, and contempt of
 the envious crowd.

(1) Godley does not translate parve rura in line 37.

II, 16

When the pale moon is wrapt in cloud,
 And mists the guiding stars enshroud;
 When on the dark Aegean shore
 The bursting surges flash and roar;
 The mariner with toil opprest
 Sighs for his home and prays for rest:
 So pray the quivered Mede's barbaric race:
 Grosphus, not gold nor gems can buy
 That peace which in brave souls finds sanctuary;
 Nor Consul's pomp, nor treasured store,
 Can one brief moment's rest impart,
 Or chase the cares that hover o'er
 The fretted roof, the wearied heart.

Happy is he whose modest means afford
 Enough - no more: upon his board
 Th'ancestral salt-vase shines with lustre clear,
 Emblem of olden faith and hospitable cheer;
 Nor greed, nor doubt, nor envy's curses deep
 Disturb his innocent sleep.
 Why waste on doubtful issues life's short years?
 Why hope that foreign suns can dry our tears?
 The Exile from his country flies,
 Not from himself, nor from his memories.

Care climbs the trireme's brazen sides;
 Care with the serried squadron rides;
 Outstrips the cloud-compelling wind
 And leaves the panting stag behind:
 But the brave spirit, self possest,
 Tempers misfortune with a jest,
 With joy th'allotted gift receives,
 The gift withheld to others frankly leaves.

A chequered life the Gods bestow:
 Snatched by swift fate Achilles died:
 Time-worn Tithonus, wasting slow,
 Long wept a death denied:
 A random hour may toss to me
 Some gifts, my friend, refused to thee.

A hundred flocks thy pastures roam:
 Large herds, deep-uddered, low around thy home
 At the red close of day:
 The steed with joyous neigh
 Welcomes thy footstep: robes that shine
 Twice dipt in Afric dyes are thine.
 To me kind Fate with bounteous hand
 Grants other boon; a spot of land,
 A faint flame of poetic fire,
 A breath from the Aeolian lyre,
 An honest aim, a spirit proud
 That loves the truth, and scorns the crowd.

Sir Stephen de Vere

CARMINVM LIBER III

XIII

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

Fount of Bandusia, brighter than glass, worthy of
sweet wine, ay and flowers! to-morrow shall a kid be
offered thee, whose brow is big with earliest horns,
promise of love and battle: all in vain: for the
sportive flock's scion shall dye with red blood thy
current cool. Untouched thou art by burning Dog-
star's fiercest hour: welcome coolness thou dost
give to oxen weary of the plough, and wandering
flocks. Thou too shalt have a place 'mong storied
springs, when I sing the oak that crowns those
beetling crags whence leap thy babbling waters.

III, 13

Bandusia, stainless mirror of the sky!

Thine is the flower-crown'd bowl, for thee
shall die,
When dawns yon sun, the kid;
Whose horns, half-seen, half-hid,

Challenge to dalliance or to strife-in vain!
Soon must the firstling of the wild herd be slain,
And those cold springs of thine
With blood incarnadine.

Fierce glows the Dogstar, but his fiery beam
Toucheth not thee: still grateful thy cool stream
To labour-wearied ox,
Or wanderer from the flocks:

And henceforth thou shalt be a royal fountain:
My harp shall tell how from yon cavernous mountain,
Where the brown oak grows tallest,
All babblingly thou fallest.

Charles Stuart Calverley

XVI

INCLYSAM Danaen turris aenea
robustaeque fores et vigilum canum
tristes excubiae munierant satis
nocturnis ab adulteris,
si non Acrisium virginis abditae
custodem pavidum Iuppiter et Venus
risissent: fore enim tutum iter et patens
converso in pretium deo.
aurum per medios ire satellites
et perrumpere amat saxa potentius
ictu fulminis: concidit auguris
Argivi domus ob lucrum
demersa exitio: diffidit urbium
portas vir Macedo et subruit aemulos
reges muneribus: munera navium
saevos illaqueant dutes.
crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam
maiorumque fames. iure perhorui
late conspicuum tollere verticem.
Maecenas, equitum decus.
quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
ab dis plura feret: nil cupientium
nudus castra peto et transfuga divitum
partis linquere gestio,
contemptae dominus splendidior rei
quam si quidquid arat impiger Apulus
occultare meis diceret horreis,
magnas inter opes inops.
purae rivus aquae silvae iugerum
paucorum et segetis certa fides meae
fulgentem imperio fertilis Africae
fallit sorte beator.
quamquam nec Calabrae mella ferunt apes
nec Laestrygonia Bacchus in amphora
languescit mihi nec pinguis Gallicis
crescunt velleria pascuis,
importuna tamen pauperies abest
nec, si plura velim, tu dare deneges.
contracto melius parva cupidine
vectigalia porrigam,
quam si Mygdoniis regnum Alyattei
campis continuem. multa petentibus
desunt multa: bene est, cui deus obtulit
parca quod satis est manu.

Imprisoned Danae had been protected enow 'gainst night-
ly suitors by her brazen tower with doors of oak and
surlly watchdogs to be her sentinels, had not Jupiter
and Venus mocked Acrisius, timid guardian of the
hidden maid: knowing right well that safe and easy the
road would be once the god was changed to gold. Gold
will find a way through banded guards, and split
rocks more mightily than the lightning's stroke: 'twas
gain that plunged the Argive seer's house in headlong
ruin: with bribes the Macedonian brake city-gates
asunder and mined the power of rival kings: bribes
ensnare rough ship-captains. With growing wealth
comes care and hunger for increase. Wisely,
Maecenas, pride of untitled knights! have I ever
shrunk from raising my head aloft for all to see.
Heaven's bounty still follows self-denial: naked, I
cast my lot with those that covet nought, and desert
the banner of the hosts of wealth: prouder in my
lordship of what the world contemns, than in the fame
of storing in my granaries all the harvests that
hardy Apulians win -- so were I 'mong blessings still
unblest. Mine is but a stream of clear water, a few
acres of woodland and the sure promise of a crop,
yet little knows the lordly ruler of fertile Africa
how far less happy is his lot than mine: albeit
no Calabrian bees store honey for me, nor have I
wine that mellows in Formian jar, nor rich fleeces
that grow in Gallic pastures, yet hated poverty
is far from me, nor, should I crave for more,
wouldst thou refuse to grant. Better shall I add
somewhat to my scant estates by limiting my desires
than by joining Alyattes' realm to Phrygia's plains.
Ask much, much shalt thou lack; happy he, to whom
heaven hath granted sufficiency with sparing hand.

III, 16

A tower of brass held Danae immured; -
Strong oaken doors, and watchdogs' midnight bay
'Gainst love too bold the royal maid secured;
But Jove and Venus smiled
Mocking her Sire, for gold will work its way
Through guarded gates and sentinels beguiled.

Gold cleaves the fortress and the rock
With force more potent than the thunder's shock.
The Argive augur, sold
By his false wife, Eriphyle, for gold,
Died with his sons. The man of Macedon
Subdued with bribes proud kings in arms arrayed:
And Menas, won
By Roman gold, a Roman fleet betrayed.

Maecenas! knighthood's boast! thou knowest how
Like thee I shrank from lifting of my brow
Above my peers. To him whose modest thrift
Denies itself, Heaven sends its ampler gift.
Naked I fly the standard of the great,
And seek the ranks of those who nought desire,
More honoured thus despising vulgar state
Than if I should my bursting garners fill
With rich Apulia's grain heaped daily higher,
Sitting 'mid worthless wealth, a beggar still.

Enough for me my little wood, my spring
Where Zephyr's cooling wing
Fans the crisp stream; my garden plot
Whose promised crop deceiveth not: -
The Afric despot knows no happier lot.

What though Calabrian bees for me
No honey filch from flower or tree -
What though no Gallic flocks increase
For me their wealth of snowy fleece -
What though the Formian vine
Ripens not in my bin its mellowing wine -
Content I live; not rich; yet free
From harsh importunate penury:
If more I claimed thou wouldst not more refuse.
True riches mean not revenues:
Care clings to wealth: the thirst for more
Grows as our fortunes grow. I stretch my store
By narrowing my wants; far wealthier thus
Than if the treasures of Alatteus
And Phrygia's plains were mine. We are not poor
While nought we seek. Happiest to whom high Heaven
Enough - no more - with sparing hand has given.

Sir Stephen de Vere

XXI

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

III, 21.

My gentle wine-jar, born with me in Manlius' consul-
 ship! whether thou movest to plaint or jest, or
 quarrel or passionate love, or easy sleep, -- what-
 ever end those Massic grapes may serve which thou
 guardest, worthy to be broached on a lucky day,
 descend now from thy place, since 'tis Corvinus'
 will to set forth mellowier wines. Though steeped
 in philosophic converse, he will never be so stern
 as to despise thee: 'tis said that e'en ancient Cato's
 virtue oft took fire from wine. Thy gentle spur
 quickens wit's wonted sloth: thy merry draughts lift
 darkness from the cares and secret questionings of the
 wise: thou bringest back hope to anxious hearts, thou
 givest spirit and strength to the poor man, who when
 he hath drunk from thee fears no crowned king's wrath,
 no soldier's arms. Bacchus and Venus, if she come in
 kindness, and the Graces' close-linked sisterhood,
 and late-burning lamps shall prolong thy revels, while
 Phoebus' return chases the stars away.

III, 21

O born in Manlius' year with me,
 Whate'er you bring us, plaint or jest,
 Or passion and wild revelry,
 Or like a gentle wine-jar rest;
 Howe'er men call your Massic juice,
 Its broaching claims a festal day;
 Come then; Corvinus bids produce
 A mellowier wine, and I obey.
 Though steeped in all Socratic lore,
 He will not slight you; do not fear.
 They say old Cato o'er and o'er
 With wine his honest heart would cheer.
 Tough wits to your mild torture yield
 Their treasures; you unlock the soul
 Of wisdom and its stores concealed,
 Armed with Lyaeus' kind control.
 'Tis yours the drooping heart to heal;
 Your strength uplifts the poor man's horn;
 Inspired by you, the soldier's steel,
 The monarch's crown, he laughs to scorn.
 Liber and Venus, wills she so,
 And sister Graces, ne'er unknot,
 And living lamps shall see you flow
 Till stars before the sunrise flit.

John Conington

CARMINV LIBER IV

VII

DIFFUGERE nives, redeunt iam gramina campis
 arboribusque comae;
 mutat terra vices, et decrescentia ripas
 flumina praetercunt:

Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
 ducere nuda choros.
 immortalia ne speres, monet annus et alium
 quae rapit hora diem:
 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
 quo pater 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
 quae dederis animo.
 cum semel occideris et de te splendida Minos
 fecerit arbitria,
 non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
 restituet pietas:
 infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
 liberat Hippolytum,
 nec Lethaea valet Theseus abrumpere caro
 vincula Perithoo.

IV, 7

Fled are the snows, and now the fields once more are
 clad with grass, the trees with leaves: with the
 varying year the lessening streams flow between their
 banks: the sister Graces three in naked beauty venture
 forth with the Nymphs to lead the dance. Hope nought
 immortal -- so warns the year and the hour that speeds
 the sunny day. Cold turns to mildness at the west
 wind's breath: summer routs spring, itself to perish
 soon as fruitful autumn spreads his store, and ere
 long sluggish winter comes again. Yet swift moons
 repair what skies have wasted: but we, when we have
 followed reverend Aeneas and wealthy Tullus and Ancus
 to their lowly bourne, are nought but dust and shadow.
 Who can tell if heaven above shall add a morrow to
 this day's sum of life? All that thou givest for
 thine own heart's delight shall 'scape the heir's
 greedy clutch. Once thou hast fallen and Minos
 passed high judgement on thee, nor lineage, Torquatus,
 nor eloquence nor piety shall restore thee: for from
 the shades of death Diana frees not her chaste
 Hippolytus, nor can Theseus break oblivion's bonds
 from off his loved Pirithous.¹

¹Godley translates Pirithoo, which is the usual
 spelling. The reading in the Oxford text is
Perithoo.

IV, 7

The snow is fled; the trees their leaves put on,
 The fields their green:
 Earth owns the change, and rivers lessening run
 Their banks between.
 Naked the Nymphs and Graces in the meads
 The dance essay;
 "No 'scaping death!" proclaims the year, that speeds
 This sweet spring day.
 Frosts yield to zephyrs; Summer drives out Spring,
 To vanish, when
 Rich Autumn sheds his fruits; round wheels the ring --
 Winter again!
 Yet the swift moons repair heaven's detriment:
 We, soon as thrust
 Where good Aeneas, Tullus, Ancus went,
 What are we? Dust.
 Can Hope assure you one more day to live
 From powers above!
 You rescue from your heir whate'er you give
 The self you love.
 When life is o'er, and Minos has rehearsed
 The grand last doom,
 Not birth, nor eloquence, nor worth shall burst
 Torquatus' tomb.
 Not Dian's self can chaste Hippolytus
 To life recall,
 Nor Theseus free his loved Pirithous,
 From Lethe's thrall.

John Conington

Ne forte credas interitura, quae
 longe sonantem natus ad Aufidum
 non ante vulgatas per artis
 verba loquor socianda chordis:
 non, si priores Maeonius tenet
 sedes Homerus, Pindaricae latent
 Caeque et Alcae minaces
 Stesichorive graves Camenae;
 nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,
 deleuit aetas; spirat adhuc amor
 vivuntque commissi calores
 Aeoliae fidibus puellae.
 non sola comptos arsit adulteri
 crinis et aurum vestibus illitum
 mirata regalisque cultus
 et comites Helene Lacaeana,
 primusve Teucer tela Cydonio
 direxit arcu; non semel Ilios
 vexata; non pugnavit ingens
 Idomeneus Sthenelusve solus
 dicenda Musis proelia; non ferox
 Hector vel acer Deiphobus gravis
 exceptit ictus pro pudicis
 coniugibus puerisque primus.
 vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
 multi; sed omnes illacrimabiles
 urgentur ignotique longa
 nocte, carent quia vate sacro.
 paulum sepulchrae distat inertiae
 celata virtus. non ego te meis
 chartis inornatum sileri,
 totve tuos patiar labores
 impune, Lolli, carpere lividas
 obliviones. est animus tibi
 rerumque prudens et secyndis
 temporibus dubiisque rectus,
 vindex avarae fraudis et abstinens
 ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniae,
 consulque non unius anni,
 sed quotiens bonus atque fidus
 iudex honestum praetulit utili,
 reiecit alto dona nocentium
 vultu, per obstantis catervas
 explicuit sua victor arma.
 non possidentem multa vocaveris
 recte beatum: rectius occupat
 nomen beati, qui deorum
 muneribus sapienter uti
 duramque callet pauperiem pati
 priusque leto flagitium timet,
 non ille pro caris amicis
 aut patria timidus perire.

IV, 9.

Deem not that death will overtake the verse which I,
 a child of far-sounding Aufidus' banks, make by arts
 aforetime undivulged, fit mate for lyric strings:
 though Maeonian Homer hold his pride of place, yet is
 not Pindar's nor Ceos' Muse forgotten, nor Alcaeus'
 challenge nor Stesichorus' exalted song: nor hath time
 erased Anacreon's sportive lay: there love yet breathes,
 and yet lives in the lyre's keeping the Aeolian girl's
 passion. Others beside Laconian Helen have been fired
 with love and wonder by a paramour's glossy locks, his
 embroidered raiment and royal pomp and retinue:
 others ere Teucer aimed arrows from Cydonian bow:
 other Troys have been besieged: not giant Idomeneus
 or Sthenelus alone fought fights that poesy should have
 sung: not proud Hector, not brave Deiphobus first
 faced the hard battle-shock for children and chaste
 wives. Many the brave who lived ere Agamemnon: but
 all are buried in eternal night, unwept, unknown,
 for lack of a sacred singer. Small is the space
 that severs buried sloth from hidden worth. My page,
 Lollius! shall not mutely leave thee unhonoured, or
 suffer envious oblivion unbuked to devour thy many
 toils. Thou hast a soul wise in affairs, upright
 in hours of success and danger, a soul to punish
 greedy fraud and shun money's all-compelling charm,
 a soul to make thee consul not one year alone, but
 at whatsoever time it plays the honest judge's part
 sets Honour above interest, refuses with lofty scorn
 the bribes of guilt, and carries its triumphant
 standards through the opposing hosts. The lord of
 wide possessions merits not truly the name of blest:
 more rightly is the title his alone who knows how
 wisely to use heaven's gifts and bear grim penury,
 and dreads crime worse than death: fearing not to
 perish for friends beloved or fatherland.

Think not, my Lollius, that these strains can die,
 Strains linked by arts unknown before
 With chords of lyric harmony,
 Which from far-sounding Aufidus I bore
 Where foams the mountain flood down to the Adrian shore.
 The poet dies not. Homer reigns alone;
 Divine Alcaeus clangs his vengeful lyre;
 Stesichorus still chants in graver tone;
 And Pindar's glowing hymns the soul inspire.
 The generations pass away,
 But spare Anacreon's sportive lay;
 And love still breathes where Sappho sings
 And still the soul of rapture clings
 To the wild throbbings of the Aeolian strings.

Not Spartan Helen, false and fair,
 By passion blinded, driven by Fate,
 First loved a stranger's braided hair,
 His golden robes, his princely state;
 And lost to shame, to honour dead,
 From home, from country fled:

Not Hector, not Deiphobus,
 Died first their wives, their babes to guard;
 Idomeneus and Sthenelus
 Not first defied the foeman's sword;
 Not Teucer first bent the Cydonian bow;
 Nor once alone Troy's god-built walls lay low.

A race of heroes brave and strong
 Before Atrides fought and died;
 No Homer lived; no sacred song
 Their great deeds sanctified:
 Obscure, unwept, unknown they lie,
 Oppressed with clouds of endless night;
 No poet lived to glorify
 Their names with light.

Virtue from human eye concealed
 Unsung, unhonoured, unrevealed,
 Like buried sloth forgotten lies.
 Thy toils, my Lollius, shall defy
 Oblivion pale, foul obloquy;
 Thy fame shall live and star-like rise
 On song's immortal blazon penned
 By me, thy poet and thy friend.

Thine is the strenuous will, the constant mind,
 The soul serene in calm or storm resigned: -
 Consul for Life! for, while one pulse survives,
 In thee the Roman Consul's spirit lives,
 Spirit of justice, which disdains
 The fraudulent wile, the miser's gains,
 The proffered bribe; which loves the light,
 Scorns the expedient, grasps the right; -
 Spirit heroic, which when foes
 Unnumbered round the legion close,
 Measures the peril with untroubled eye
 And bursts through circling hosts to victory.

Who dwells on earth supremely blest?
 Not he of wealth and power possest;
 But he alone to whom is given
 Wisdom to use the gifts of Heaven;
 Who fears to sin, but not to die,
 Most rich when steeped in poverty,
 Exulting when his native land
 Or friends beloved his life demand.
 Sir Stephen de Vere

XII

IAM veris comites, quae mare temperant,
 impellunt animae lintea Thraciae;
 iam nec prata rigent nec fluvii strepunt
 hiberna nive turgidi.
 nidum ponit Ityn flebiliter gemens
 infelix avis et Cecropiae domus
 aeternum opprobrium, quod male barbaras
 regum est ultra libidines.
 dicunt in tenero gramine pinguium
 custodes ovium carmina fistula
 delectantque deum cui pecus et nigri
 colles Arcadiae placent.
 adduxere sitim tempora, Vergili;
 sed pressum Calibus ducere Liberum
 si gestis, iuvenum nobilium cliens,
 nardo vina merebere.

nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum,
qui nunc Sulpicii accubat horreis,
spes donare novas largus amaraque
curarum eluere efficac.

20

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 luci,
nigrorumque memor, dum licet, ignium
misce stultitiam consiliis brevem:
dulce est desipere in loco.

IV, 12.

Now sails are sped by spring's companions, the
Thracian airs that calm the sea: now are the meadows
frozen no more, nor roar the rivers swollen with
winter's snow. With piteous wail for Itys the sad
bird builds her nest -- eternal shame to Cecrops'
house for the ill vengeance she wreaked on kings'
savage desires. Keepers of fat sheep pipe their songs
amid the tender grass, to that god's delight who
loves the flock and Arcadia's dark hills. 'Tis the
season, Virgilius, that brings thirst: but if thou
longest to drain the juice of Cales' grape, thou
client of high-born youth, thou must earn thy wine
by nard. One little box of nard shall tempt forth
the cask that now lies in Sulpicius' cellar,
bounteous giver of new hopes, potent to drown bitter
cares. To these delights if thou hastest come quick
with thy price: 'tis no plan of mine that thou
shouldst swill my cups for nought, as in a rich man's
wealthy house. Nay, away with thy delays and thy zeal
for gain: remember the dark funeral fire while thou
mayest and let folly awhile mar thy counsels: at
fitting seasons, un wisdom for me!

IV, 12

Now Thracian airs, companions of the Spring,
Temper the seas, and with Etesian wing
Fan the expanded sail. Released from snow
The earth awakes: late-raging rivers flow
With noiseless course. Once more the voice is heard,
As sad she builds her nest, of that poor bird
Who grieves for Itys, - her, the dire disgrace
(Though foul the sin avenged) of Cecrops' race.
The shepherd stretched on tender herbage trills
Strains like his native mountains wild and free,
Charming the god who haunts those pine-dark hills,
And loves the peaceful flocks of Arcady.
Thirst comes with Summer; Virgil, haste,
Comrade of noble youths, and taste
Choice wine of Cales: my reward
One little shell of Syrian nard.
The mellowed cask long-stored within
The depths of the Sulpician bin
Shalt then be thine, that nectar rare
Which brightens hope and drowns dull care.
Come taste my wine, but ere thou try it,
Remember, friend, that thou must buy it:
I cannot, like the rich man, give
Largess to all and nought receive.

Hence, sordid cares! Hence, idle sorrow!
Death comes apace: to-day - to-morrow -
Then mingle mirth with melancholy, -
Wisdom at times is found in folly.

Sir Stephen De Vere