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FREDERIC THOMAS BLANCHARD
THE
WORKS OF HORACE;
TRANSLATED BY
PHILIP FRANCIS, D. D.
AH SPARE ME. VENUS, LET THY SUPPLIANT REST

Pub. by SKing. New York
1825
THE WORKS OF HORACE,

TRANSLATED

BY PHILIP FRANCIS, D. D.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

THE LIFE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES,

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:

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1825.
FEW memoirs have been handed down to us of the able translator of Horace and Demosthenes. He was of Irish extraction, if not born in that kingdom; where his father was a dignified clergyman, and, among other preferments, held the rectory of St. Mary Dublin, from which he was ejected by the court on account of his Tory principles. His son, our author, was also educated for the church, and obtained a doctor's degree. His edition of Horace made his name known in England about the year 1743, and raised him a reputation, as a classical editor and translator, which no subsequent attempts have been able to diminish. Dr. Johnson, many years after other rivals had started, gave him this praise: "The lyrical part of Horace never can be properly translated; so much of the excellence is in the numbers and the expression. Francis has done it the best: I'll take his, five out of six, against them all."

Some time after the publication of Horace, he appears to have come over to England; where, in 1753 he published a translation of part of the Orations of
LIFE OF DR. FRANCIS.

Demonsthenes, intending to comprise the whole in two quarto volumes. It was a matter of some importance at that time to publish a large work of this kind, and the author had the precaution therefore to secure a copious list of subscribers. Unfortunately, however, it had to contend with the acknowledged merit of Leland’s Translation; and, allowing their respective merits to have been nearly equal, Leland’s had at least the priority in point of time, and, upon comparison, was preferred by the critics, as being more free and eloquent, and less literally exact. This, however, did not arise from any defect in our author’s skill, but was merely an error, if an error at all, in judgment: for he conceived that as few liberties as possible ought to be taken with the style of his author, and that there was an essential difference between a literal translation, which only he considered as faithful, and an imitation, in which we can never be certain that we have the author’s words or precise meaning. In the year 1755, he completed his purpose in a second volume, which was applauded as a difficult work well executed, and acceptable to every friend of genius and literature: but its success was by no means correspondent to the wishes of the author or of his friends.

The year before the first volume of his Demosthenes appeared, he determined to attempt the drama, and his first essay was a tragedy, entitled Eugenia. This is professedly an adaptation of the French Cenio to English feelings and habits, but it had not much success on the stage. Lord Chesterfield, in one of his letters to his son, observes, that he did not think it would have succeeded so well, considering how long our British audiences had been
acquainted to murder, racks, and poison, in every tragedy: yet it affected the heart so much, that it triumphed over habit and prejudice. In a subsequent letter, he says that the boxes were crowded till the sixth night, when the pit and gallery were totally deserted, and it was dropped. Distress without death, he repeats, was not sufficient to affect a true British audience, so long accustomed to daggers, racks, and bowls of poison; contrary to Horace's rule, they desire to see Medea murder her children on the stage. The sentiments were too delicate to move them: and their hearts were to be taken by storm, not by parley.

In 1754, Mr. Francis brought out another tragedy at Covent-Garden theatre, entitled Constantine, which was equally unsuccessful, but appears to have suffered principally by the improper distribution of the parts among the actors. This he alludes to, in the dedication to lord Chesterfield, with whom he appears to have been acquainted; and intimates, at the same time, that these disappointments had induced him to take leave of the stage.

During the political contests at the beginning of the present reign, he employed his pen in defence of government, and acquired the patronage of lord Holland; who rewarded his services by the rectory of Barrow in Suffolk, and the chaplainship of Chelsea-hospital. What were his publications on political topics, as they were anonymous, and probably dispersed among the periodical journals, cannot now be ascertained. They drew upon him, however, the wrath of Churchill, who in his "Author" has exhibited a portrait of Mr. Francis probably overcharged by spleen and envy. Churchill in
deed was so profuse of his calumny, that, long before he died, his assertions had begun to lose their value. He is said to have intended to write a satirical poem, in which Francis was to make his appearance as the 'ordinary of Newgate. The severity of this satire was better understood at that time, when the ordinaries of Newgate were held in very little esteem, and some of them were grossly ignorant and dissolute.

Mr. Francis died at Bath, March 5, 1773, leaving a son, who in the same year was appointed one of the Supreme Council of Bengal, and is now Sir Philip Francis, K. B., and M. P. for Appleby.

Of all the classical writers, Horace is by general consent allowed to be the most difficult to translate; yet so universal has been the ambition to perform this task, that scarcely an English poet can be named in whose works we do not find some part of Horace. These efforts, however, have not so frequently been directed to give the sense and local meaning of the author, as to transfuse his satire, and adapt it to modern persons and times. But of the few who have exhibited the whole of this interesting poet in an English dress, Mr. Francis has been supposed to have succeeded best in that which is most difficult, the lyric part, and likewise to have conveyed the spirit and sense of the original, in the Epistles and Satires, with least injury to the genius of the author. In his preface, he acknowledges his obligations to Dr. Dunkin, a poet of some celebrity, and an excellent classical scholar.

While Horace is accounted the most difficult, he is perhaps of all Latin authors the most popular; and
accordingly we find more frequent quotations from him than from any other. He is in Latin what Pope is English; and the reason is honourable to his talents, to the refinement and elegance of his sentiments, and to the universal range he took through the extensive provinces of manners, morals, and criticism. He was contemporary with Virgil and Varius, by whose means he obtained the patronage of Mæcenas and Augustus. To Mæcenas he was so warmly attached, that it has been supposed, but not on sufficient authority, that he put an end to his own life in order to follow his generous patron. It is certain that he died soon after Mæcenas, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, and in the year eighth before the Christian æra.
PREFACE.

The works of Horace have been always numbered among the most valuable remains of antiquity. If we may rely upon the judgment of his commentators, he has united in his lyric poetry the enthusiasm of Pindar, the majesty of Alcæus, the tenderness of Sappho, and the charming levities of Anacreon. Yet he has beauties of his own genius, his own manner, that form his peculiar character. Many of his odes are varied with irony and satire; with delicacy and humour; with ease and pleasantry. Some of them were written in the first heat of imagination, when circumstances of time, places, persons, were strong upon him. In others, he rises in full poetical dignity; sublime in sentiments, bold in allusions, and profuse of figures; frugal of words, curious in his choice, and happily venturesous in his use of them; pure in his diction, animated in his expressions, and harmonious in his numbers; artful in the plans of his poems, regular in their conduct, and happy in their execution. Surely the best attempts to translate so various an author, will require great indulgence, and any tolerable success may deserve it. But perhaps we shall better see the variety of our poet's genius by considering, if such an expression may be forgiven, the various genius of lyric poetry.

In the first ages of Greece, the lyric muse was
particularly appointed to celebrate the praises of the gods and heroes in their festivals. The noblest precepts of philosophy were enlivened by music, and animated by the language of poetry, while reason governed the raptures, which a religious enthusiasm inspired. We may therefore believe, that nothing could enter into its compositions, but what was chaste and correct, awful and sublime, while it was employed in singing the praises of gods, and immortalizing the actions of men; in supporting the sacred truths of religion, and encouraging the practice of moral virtue. Such was its proper, natural character. But it soon lost this original excellence, and became debased to every light description of love, dances, feasts, gallantry, and wine. In this view it may be compared to one of its first masters, who descended (according to an expression of Quintilian) into sports and loves, although naturally formed for nobler subjects.

Yet this alteration, though it lessened its natural dignity, seems to have added to that pleasing variety, to which no other poetry can pretend. For when the skill and experience of the persons, who first cultivated the different kinds of poems, gave to each kind those numbers, which seemed most proper for it; as lyric poetry had given birth to all sorts of verse, so it preserved to itself all the measures of which they are composed, the pentameter alone excepted. Thus a variety of subjects is agreeably maintained by a variety of numbers, and they have both contributed to that free, unbounded spirit, which forms the peculiar character of lyric poetry.
PREFACE.

In this freedom of spirit it disdains to mark the transitions, which preserve a connection in all other writings, and which naturally conduct the mind from one thought to another. From whence it must often happen, that while a translator is grammatically explaining his author, and opening his reasoning, that genius and manner, and boldness of thinking, which are effects of an immediate poetical enthusiasm, shall either be wholly lost, or greatly dissipated and enfeebled.

It is remarkable, that this kind of poetry was the first that appeared in Rome, as it was the first that was known in Greece, and was used in the same subjects by the Romans, while they had not yet any correspondence with Greece and her learning. However, it continued in almost its first rudeness until the Augustan age, when Horace, improved by reading and imitating the Grecian poets, carried it at once to its perfection, and, in the judgment of Quintilian, is almost the only Latin lyric poet worthy of being read.

If we should inquire into the state of lyric poetry among English writers, we shall be obliged to confess that their taste was early vitiated, and their judgment unhappily misguided, by the too great success of one man of wit, who first gave Pindar's name to a wild, irregular kind of versification, of which there is not one instance in Pindar. All his numbers are exact, and all his strophes regular. But from the authority of Cowley, supported by an inconsiderate imitation of some other eminent writers, every idler in poetry, who has not strength or industry sufficient to confine his rhymes and num-
bers to some constant form (which can alone give them real harmony,) makes an art of wandering, and then calls his work a Pindaric ode; in which, by the same justness of criticism, his imagination is as wild and licentious as his numbers are loose and irregular.

To avoid this fault, all the measures in the following translation are constantly maintained through each ode, except in the Carmen Seculare. But it may be useless to excuse particulars, when possibly the whole poem, in its present form, may be condemned. Yet by foreigners it has been called Mr. Sanadon's master-piece; and since the odes of Horace are certainly not in that order at present, in which they were originally published, it has been esteemed an uncommon proof of his critical sagacity, to have reconciled in one whole so many broken parts, that have so long perplexed the best commentators. Yet the reader will find some alteration of Mr. Sanadon's plan, for which the translator is obliged to the learned and reverend Mr. Jones, who lately published a very valuable edition of Horace.

Although it was impossible to preserve our author's measures, yet the form of his strophes has been often imitated, and, in general, there will be found a greater number of different stanzas, in the translation, than in the original. One advantage there is peculiar to English stanzas, that some of them have a natural ease and fluency; others seem formed for humour and pleasantry; while a third kind has a tone of dignity and solemnity proper for sublimer subjects. Thus the measures and form of
the stanza will often show the design and cast of the ode.

In the translation it has not only been endeavoured to give the poet's general meaning, but to preserve that force of expression, in which his peculiar happiness consists, and that boldness of epithets, for which one of his commentators calls him wonderful, and almost divine. Many odes, especially in the first book, have little more than choice of words and harmony of numbers to make them not unworthy of their author; and although these were really the most difficult parts of the translation, yet they will be certainly the least entertaining to an English reader. In the usual manner of paraphrase or imitation, it had not been impossible to have given them more spirit, according to the taste of many a modern critic, by enlarging the poet's design, and adding to his thoughts; but, however hardy the translator may seem by his present adventurous undertaking, this was a presumption, of which he was very little capable.

It would be a tedious, useless, and ill-natured labour to point out the faults in other versions of our poet. Let us rather acknowledge, that there are excellent lines in them, of which the present translator has taken as many as he could use upon his plan, and wishes, for the sake of the public, they could be found to exceed a hundred.

Yet still the far more valuable parts of our author remain to be considered. If in his Odes he appears with all the charms and graces and ornaments of poetry, in his Epistles and Satires he gives us the noblest precepts of philosophy, that ever formed the human heart, or improved the un-
understanding. He tells us, that Homer shows in a clearer and more persuasive manner the beauty and advantages of virtue, the deformity and dangers of vice, than even the Stoic and Academician philosophers. Yet the morality of Homer is confined to politics; to the virtues or vices of princes, upon whom, indeed, the happiness or misery of their people depends. But in the morality of Horace, the happiness and misery of all human kind are interested. Here the gratitude and affection due to a good father for his care and tenderness are impressed upon the child. Here we are taught, that real greatness does not arise from the accident of being nobly born, or descended from a race of titled ancestors. We must imitate those virtues, to which they were indebted for their titles. Such are the sentiments of our poet's philosophy.

If his religion were a subject for our curiosity, it will appear to have been founded upon the best reasoning of the human understanding. He asserts a supreme Being, with that noble idea of him, "Unde nil majus generatur ipso, nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum." From this Being all others, both gods and men, received their existence, and upon him they depend for the continuance of it. But as creeds and practice too frequently differ, it is acknowledged, that our poet, although not professedly the disciple of any particular school, in general lived an Epicurean. Such a religion was happily suited to the natural indolence of his disposition, the carelessness of his temper, and the companionable gaiety of his humour. Yet we find him honest, just, humane, and good-natured; firm in his friendships; grateful, without flattery, to
he bounty of Mæcenas, and wisely contented with
the fortune which he had the honour of receiving
from his illustrious patron. Among the numerous
authors of antiquity, others, perhaps, may be more
admired, or esteemed; none more amiable, more
worthy to be beloved.

The difficulty of translating this part of his works
arises in general from the frequent translations of
lines in Grecian writers, and parodies on those of
his contemporaries; from his introducing new char-
acters on the scene, and changing the speakers of
his dialogues; from his not marking his transitions
from thought to thought, but giving them as they
lay in his mind. These unconnected transitions
are of great life and spirit; nor should a translator
be too coldly regular in supplying the connection,
since it will be a tame performance, that gives us
the sense of Horace, if it be not given in his pecu-
liar manner.

As his editors have often perplexed the text, by
altering the measures of our author for the sake of
a more musical cadence; so they, who have imi-
tated or translated him with most success in Eng-
lish, seem to have forgotten, that a carelessness of
numbers is a peculiar part of his character, which
ought to be preserved almost as faithfully as his
sentiments.

Style is genius, and justly numbered amongst
the fountains of the sublime. Expression in poet-
ry is that colouring in painting, which distinguishes
a master's hand. But the misfortune of our trans-
lators is, that they have only one style; and con-
sequently all their authors, Homer, Virgil, Horace,
Ovid, are compelled to speak in the same numbers.
and the same unvaried expression. The free-born spirit of poetry is confined in twenty constant syllables, and the sense regularly ends with every second line, as if the writer had not strength enough to support himself, or courage enough to venture into a third.

This unclassical kind of versification would be particularly most unnatural in a translation of Horace. It would make him argue in couplets, and the persons of his dialogues converse almost in epigrams. The translator has therefore followed the sense in one unbroken period. He has often endeavoured to imitate the prosaic cadence of his author, when he could with much more ease have made him appear like a modern original. He has run the lines into each other, as he believes it the best manner of preserving that loose, prosaic poetry, that negligence of numbers, which has ever been esteemed one of his peculiar beauties.

If we consider the poetical spirit and numerous variety of measures in his Odes, we may believe this careless versification in his Satires was not an effect of necessity, but of judgment. His frequent use of proverbs and common phrases; his different manner of expressing the same sentiments in his Odes and Satires, will convince us, that he really thought a satirist and a poet were extremely different characters; that the language of poetry was as unnatural to the morality of satire, as a low, familiar style to the majesty of an epic poem; or, as he himself expresses it, that the Muse of Satire walks on foot, while all her sisters soar into the skies.

If this criticism be just, the dispute between Ja-
vend and Horace, with regard to style, may with ease be decided. In Juvenal the vices of his age are shown in all their natural horrors. He commands his readers in the language of authority, and terrifies them with images drawn in the boldness of a truly poetical spirit. He stands like a priest at an altar sacrificing to his gods; but even a priest, in his warmest zeal of religion, might be forgiven, if he confessed so much humanity, as not to take pleasure in hearing the groans, and searching into the entrails of the victim.

There is a kind of satire of such malignity, as too surely proceeds from a desire of gratifying a constitutional cruelty of temper. The satirist does not appear like a magistrate to give sentence on the vices of mankind, but like an executioner to slaughter the criminal. It was the saying of a great man, that he who hated vice, hated mankind: but certainly he does not love them as he ought, who indulges his natural sagacity in a discernment of their faults, and feels an ill-natured pleasure in exposing them to public view.

Our author was of another spirit; of a natural cheerfulness of temper; an easiness of manners, fashioned by the politeness of courts; a good understanding, improved by conversing with mankind; a quick discernment of their frailties, but, in general, so happy an art of correcting them, that he reproves without offending, and instructs without an affectation of superiority. He preserves a strength of reasoning necessary to persuade, without that dogmatical seriousness, which is apt to disgust or disoblige. He has this advantage over the rigid satirist, that we receive him into our boa-
PREFACE.

Soms, while he reasons with good-humour, and corrects in the language of friendship. Nor will his Satires be less useful to the present age, than to that in which they were written, since he does not draw his characters from particular persons, but from human nature itself, which is invariably the same in all ages and countries.
ODES.

BOOK I.

ODE I.

TO MAECENAS.

MAECENAS, whose high lineage springs
From fair Etruria's ancient kings,
O thou, my patron and my friend,
On whom my life, my fame depend,
In clouds th' Olympic dust to roll,
To turn with kindling wheels the goal;
And gain the palm, victorious prize!
Exalt a mortal to the skies.

This man, by faction and debate
Rais'd to the first employs of state;
Another, who from Lybia's plain
Sweeps to his barn the various grain:
A third, who with unwearied toil
Ploughs cheerful his paternal soil;
While in their several wishes blest,
Not all the wealth by kings possest,
Shall tempt, with fearful souls to brave
The terrors of the foamy wave.

When loud the winds and waters wage
Wild war with elemental rage,
The merchant praises the retreat.
The quiet of his rural seat;
Yet, want untutor'd to sustain,
Soon rigs his shatter'd bark again.

No mean delights possess his soul,
With good old wine who crowns his bowl
Whose early revels are begun
Ere half the course of day be run,
Now, by some sacred fountain laid,
Now, stretch'd beneath some bowering shade.

The tented camps a soldier charm,
Trumpets and fifes his bosom warm;
Their mingled sounds with joy he'll hear,
Those sounds of war which mothers fear.
The sportsman, chill'd by midnight Jove,
Forgets his tender, wedded love,
Whether his faithful hounds pursue,
And hold the bounding hind in view;
Whether the boar his hunters foils,
And foaming breaks the spreading toils.

An ivy-wreath, fair Learning's prize,
Raises Mæcenas to the skies,
The breezy grove, the mazy round,
Where the light Nymphs and Satyrs bound.
If there the sacred Nine inspire
The breathing flute, and strike the lyre,
There let me fix my last retreat,
Far from the little vulgar, and the great.
But if you rank me with the choir,
Who tun'd with art the Grecian lyre,
Swift to the noblest heights of fame
Shall rise thy poet's deathless name.
ODES, BOOK I.

ODE II.

TO AUGUSTUS.

ENOUGH of snow and hail in tempests dire
Have pour'd on earth, while Heav'n's eternal Sire
With red right arm at his own temples hurl'd
His thunders, and alarm'd a guilty world.
Lest Pyrrha should again with plaintive cries
Behold the monsters of the deep arise.
When to the mountain-summit Proteus drove
His sea-born herd, and where the woodland dove
Late perch'd, his wonted seat, the scaly brood
Entangled hung upon the topmost wood,
And every timorous native of the plain
High-floating swam amid the boundless main.

We saw, push'd backward to his native source,
The yellow Tiber roll his rapid course,
With impious ruin threat'ning Vesta's fane,
And the great monuments of Numa's reign;
With grief and rage while Ilia's bosom glows,
Boastful, for her revenge, his waters rose:
But now, th' uxorious river glides away,
So Jove commands, smooth-winding to the sea.

And yet, less numerous by their parents' crimes,
Our sons shall hear, shall hear to latest times,
Of Roman arms with civil gore embru'd,
Which better had the Persian foe subdu'd.

Among her guardian gods, what pitying power
To raise her sinking state shall Rome implore?
Shall her own hallow'd virgins' earnest prayer
Harmonious charm offended Vesta's ear?
To whom shall Jove assign to purge away
The guilty deed? Come then, bright god of day,
But gracious veil thy shoulders beamy-bright,
Oh! veil in clouds th' unsufferable light.

Or come, sweet queen of smiles, while round thee rove,
On wanton wing, the powers of mirth and love;
Or hither, Mars, thine aspect gracious bend,
And powerful thy neglected race defend,

Parent of Rome, amidst the rage of fight
Sated with scenes of blood, thy fierce delight,
'Thou, whom the polish'd helm, the noise of arms,
And the stern soldier's frown with transport warms,

Or thou, fair Maia's winged son, appear,
And human shape, in prime of manhood, wear;
Declar'd the guardian of th' imperial state,
Divine avenger of great Cæsar's fate:

Oh! late return to heav'n, and may thy reign
With lengthen'd blessings fill thy wide domain;
Nor let thy people's crimes provoke thy flight,
On air swift-rising to the realms of light.

Great prince and father of the state, receive
The noblest triumphs which thy Rome can give:
Nor let the Parthian, with unpunish'd pride,
Beyond his bound's, O Cæsar, dare to ride.
ODE III.

TO THE SHIP IN WHICH VIRGIL SAILED TO ATHENS.

SO may the Cyprian queen divine
And the twin-stars with saving lustre shine;
So may the father of the wind
All others, but the western breezes, bind,
As you, dear vessel, safe restore

Th' entrusted pledge to th' Athenian shore,
And of my soul the partner save,
My much-lov'd Virgil, from the raging wave.
Or oak, or brass, with triple fold,
Around that daring mortal's bosom roll'd,
Who first to the wild ocean's rage
Launch'd the frail bark, and heard the wind's engage

Tempestuous, when the South descends
Precipitate, and with the North contends;
Nor fear'd the stars portending rain,
Nor the loud tyrant of the western main,
Of power supreme the storm to raise,
Or calmer smooth the surface of the seas.

What various forms of death could fright
The man, who view'd with fix'd, unshaken sight,
The floating monsters, waves inflam'd,
And rocks for shipwreck'd fleets ill-fam'd?
Jove has the realms of earth in vain
Divided by th' inhabitable main,
If ships profane, with fearless pride,
Bound o'er th' inviolable tide.
THE WORKS OF HORACE.

No laws, or human or divine,
Can the presumptuous race of man confine.
Thus, from the sun's ethereal beam
When bold Prometheus stole th' enlivening flame.
Of fevers dire a ghastly brood,
Till then unknown, th' unhappy fraud pursu'd;
On earth their horrors baleful spread,
And the pale monarch of the dead,
Till then slow-moving to his prey,
Precipitately rapid swept his way.
Thus did the venturous Cretan dare
To tempt, with impious wings, the void of air;
Through hell Alcides urg'd his course:
No work too high for man's audacious force.
Our folly would attempt the skies,
And with gigantic boldness impious rise;
Nor Jove, provok'd by mortal pride,
Can lay his angry thunderbolts aside.
ODE IV.

TO SESTIUS.

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 crown'd 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 destin'd end.
   When sunk to Pluto's shadowy coasts,
Opprest 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 virgins' envy, and the youth's desire.
WHERE liquid odours round him breathe,  
What youth, the rosy bower beneath,  
Now courts thee to be kind?  
Pyrrha, for whose unwary heart  
Do you, thus drest with careless art,  
Your yellow tresses bind?  

How often shall thi' unpractis'd youth  
Of alter'd gods, and injur'd truth,  
With tears, alas! complain?  
How soon behold with wondering eyes  
The black'ning winds tempestuous rise,  
And scowl along the main?  

While, by his easy faith betray'd,  
He now enjoys thee, golden maid,  
Thus amiable and kind;  
He fondly hopes that you shall prove  
Thus ever vacant to his love,  
Nor heeds the faithless wind.  

Unhappy they, to whom, untried,  
You shine, alas! in beauty's pride;  
While I, now safe on shore,  
Will consecrate the pictur'd storm,  
And all my grateful vows perform  
To Neptune's saving power.
ODES, BOOK I.

ODE VI.

TO AGrippa.

VARIUS, who soars on Homer's wing;
Agrippa, shall thy conquests sing,
Whate'er, inspired by his command,
The soldier dar'd on sea or land.

But we nor tempt with feeble art
Achilles' unrelenting heart,
Nor sage Ulysses in our lays
Pursues his wanderings through the seas;
Nor ours in tragic strains to tell
How Pelops' cruel offspring fell.

The Muse, who rules th' unwarlike lyre,
Forbids me boldly to aspire
To thine or sacred Cæsar's fame,
And hurt with feeble song the theme.

Who can describe the god of fight
In adamantine armour bright;
Or Merion on the Trojan shore
With dust, how glorious! cover'd o'er;
Or Diomed, by Pallas' aid,
To warring gods an equal made?

But whether loving, whether free,
With all our usual levity,
Untaught to strike the martial string,
Of feasts and virgin fights we sing;
Of maids, who, when bold love assails,
Fierce in their anger—pare their nails.
ODE VII.

TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

LET other poets in harmonious lays
Immortal Rhodes or Mitylene praise,
Or Ephesus, or Corinth's towery pride,
Girt by the rolling main on either side;
Or Thebes, or Delphos, for their gods renown'd,
Or Tempe's plains with flowery honours crown'd.

There are, who sing in everlasting strains
The towers where wisdom's virgin-goddess reigns.
And ceaseless toiling court the trite reward
Of olive, pluck'd by every vulgar bard.
For Juno's fame, th' unnumber'd tuneful throng
With rich Mycenæ grace their favourite song,
And Argos boast, of pregnant glebe to feed
The warlike horse, and animate the breed:
But me, nor patient Lacedæmon charms,
Nor fair Larissa with such transport warms,
As pure Albunea's far-resounding source,
And rapid Anio, headlong in his course,
Or Tibur, fenc'd by groves from solar beams,
And fruitful orchards bath'd by ductile streams.

The south wind often, when the welkin lowers,
Sweeps off the clouds, nor teems perpetual showers
So, Plancus, be the happy wisdom thine,
To end the cares of life in mellow'd wine;
Whether the camp with banners bright display'd,
Or Tibur hold thee in its thick-wrought shade.
When Teucer from his sire and country fled,
ODES, BOOK I.

With poplar wreaths the hero crown'd his head,
Reeking with wine, and thus his friends address'd,
Deep sorrow brooding in each anxious breast:
Bold let us follow through the foamy tides,
Where Fortune, better than a father, guides;
Avaunt, despair! when Teucer calls to fame,
The same your augur, and your guide the same.
Another Salamis, in foreign clime,
With rival pride shall raise her head sublime;
So Phœbus nods: Ye sons of valour true,
Full often tried in deeds of deadlier hue,
To-day with wine drive every care away,
To-morrow tempt again the boundless sea.
ODE VIII.

TO LYDIA.

BY the gods, my Lydia, tell,
Ah! why, by loving him too well,
Why you hasten to destroy
Young Sybaris, too am'rous boy?
Why he hates the sunny plain,
While he can sun or dust sustain?
Why no more, with martial pride,
Does he among his equals ride;
Or the Gallic steed command
With bitted curb and forming hand?
More than viper's baleful blood
Why does he fear the yellow flood?
Why detest the wrestler's oil,
While firm to bear the manly toil?
Where are now the livid scars
Of sportive, nor inglorious, wars,
When for the quoit, with vigour thrown
Beyond the mark, his fame was known?
Tell us, why this fond disguise,
In which like Thetis' son he lies,
Ere unhappy Troy had shed
Her funeral sorrows for the dead,
Lest a manly dress should fire
His soul to war and carnage dire.
BEHOLD Soracte’s airy height,
    See how it stands a heap of snow;
Behold the winter’s hoary weight
    Oppress the labouring woods below;
And, by the season’s icy hand
Congeal’d, the lazy rivers stand.

Now melt away the winter’s cold,
    And larger pile the cheerful fire;
Bring down the vintage four-year-old,
    Whose mellow’d heat can mirth inspire.
Then to the guardian powers divine
Careless the rest of life resign:

For, when the warring winds arise,
    And o’er the fervid ocean sweep,
They speak—and lo! the tempest dies
    On the smooth bosom of the deep;
Unshaken stands the aged grove,
    And feels the providence of Jove.

To-morrow with its cares despise,
    And make the present hour your own,
Be swift to catch it as it flies,
    And score it up as clearly won;
Nor let your youth disdain to prove
The joys of dancing and of love.
Now let the grateful evening shade,
The public walks, the public park,
An assignation sweetly made
With gentle whispers in the dark:
While age morose thy vigour spares,
Be these thy pleasures, these thy cares.

The laugh, that from the corner flies,
The sportive fair-one shall betray;
Then boldly snatch the joyful prize;
A ring or bracelet tear away,
While she, not too severely coy,
Struggling shall yield the willing toy.
ODE X.

HYMN TO MERCURY.

I SING the god, whose arts refin'd
The savage race of human kind,
By eloquence their passions charm'd,
By exercise their bodies form'd:
Hail, winged messenger of Jove
And all th' immortal powers above,
Sweet parent of the bending lyre,
Thy praise shall all its sounds inspire.

Artful and cunning to conceal
What'er in sportive theft you steal,
When from the god who gilds the pole,
Even yet a boy, his herds you stole,
With angry voice the threat'ning power
Bad thee the fraudulent prey restore;
But of his quiver too beguil'd,
Pleas'd with the theft Appollo smil'd.

You were the wealthy Priam's guide
When safe from Agamemnon's pride,
Through hostile camps, which round him spread
Their watchful fires, his way he sped.
Unspotted spirits you consign
To blissful seats and joys divine,
And powerful with your golden wand
The light, un bodied crowd command:
Thus grateful does your office prove
To gods below, and gods above.
ODE XI.

TO LEUCONOE.

STRIVE not, Leuconoe, to pry
Into the secret will of fate,
Nor impious magic vainly try,
To know our lives' uncertain date;

Whether th' indulgent power divine
Hath many seasons yct in store,
Or this the latest winter thine.
Which breaks its waves against the shore.

Thy life with wiser arts be crown'd,
Thy filter'd wines abundant pour;
The lengthen'd hope with prudence bound
Proportion'd to the flying hour;

- Even while we talk in careless ease,
Our envious minutes wing their flight;
Then swift the fleeting pleasure seize,
Nor trust to-morrow's doubtful light.
ODE XI.

HYMN TO JOVE.

WHAT man, what hero, on the tuneful lyre,
Or sharp-ton'd flute, will Clio choose to raise
Deathless to fame? What god? whose hallow'd name

The sportive image of the voice
Shall in the shades of Helicon repeat,
On Pindus, or on Haemus, ever cool,
From whence the forests in confusion rose

To follow Orpheus and his song:
He, by his mother's art, with soft delay
Could stop the river's rapid lapse, or check
The winged winds; with strings of concord sweet

Powerful the listening oaks to lead.
Claims not th' eternal Sire his wonted praise?
Awful who reigns o'er gods and men supreme,
Who sea and earth—this universal globe

With grateful change of seasons guides;
From whom no being of superior power,
Nothing of equal, second glory, springs,
Yet first of all his progeny divine

Immortal honours Pallas claims:
God of the vine, in deeds of valour bold,
Fair virgin-huntress of the savage race,
And Phæbus, dreadful with unerring dart,
Nor will I not your praise proclaim.
Alcides' labours, and fair Leda's twins,
Fam'd for the rapid race, for wrestling fam'd,
Shall grace my song; soon as whose star benign

Through the fierce tempest shines serene,
Swift from the rocks down foams the broken surge,
Calm are the winds, the driving clouds disperse,
And all the threatening waves, so will the gods,
Smooth sink upon the peaceful deep.
Here stops the song, doubtful whom next to praise,
Or Romulus, or Numà's peaceful reign,
The haughty ensigns of a Tarquin's throne,
Or Cato, glorious in his fall.
Grateful in higher tone the Muse shall sing
The fate of Regulus, the Scaurian race,
And Paulus, 'midst the waste of Cannæ's field.
How greatly prodigal of life!
Form'd by the hand of penury severe,
In dwellings suited to their small demesne,
Fabricius, Curius, and Camillus rose;
To deeds of martial glory rose.
Marcellus, like a youthful tree, of growth
Insensible, high shoots his spreading fame,
And like the moon, the feebler fires among,
Conspicuous shines the Julian star.
Saturnian Jove, parent and guardian god
Of human race, to thee the fates assign
The care of Cæsar's reign; to thine alone
Inferior let his empire rise;
Whether the Parthian's formidable powers,
Or farthest India's oriental sons,
With suppliant pride beneath his triumph fall,
Wide o'er a willing world shall he
Contented reign, and to thy throne shall bend
Submissive. Thou in thy tremendous car
Shalt shake Olympus' head, and at our groves
Poluted, hurl thy dreadful bolts.
ODE XIII.

TO LYDIA.

AH! when on Telephus his charms,
When on his rosy neck and waxen arms,
Lydia with ceaseless rapture dwells,
With jealous spleen my glowing bosom swells,
My reason in confusion flies,
And on my cheek th' uncertain colour dies,
While the down-stealing tear betrays.
The lingering flame, that on my vitals preys.
I burn, when in excess of wine,
Brutal, he soils those snowy arms of thine,
Or on thy lips the fierce-fond boy
Impresses with his teeth the furious joy.
If yet my voice can reach your ear,
Hope not to find him constant and sincere,
Cruel who hurts the fragrant kiss,
Which Venus bathes with quintessence of bliss.
Thrice happy they, whom love unites
In equal rapture, and sincere delights,
Unbroken by complaints or strife,
Even to the latest hours of life.
ODE XIV.

TO THE REPUBLIC.

UNHAPPY vessel! shall the waves again
Tumultuous bear thee to the faithless main?
What would thy madness, thus with storms to
sport!
Cast firm your anchor in the friendly port.
Behold thy naked decks; the wounded mast
And sail-yards groan beneath the southern blast,
Nor without ropes thy keel can longer brave
The rushing fury of th’ imperious wave:
Torn are thy sails, thy guardian gods are lost,
Whom you might call in future tempests tost.
What though majestic in your pride you stood
A noble daughter of the Pontic wood,
You now may vainly boast an empty name,
Or birth conspicuous in the rolls of fame.
The mariner, when storms around him rise,
No longer on a painted stern relies.
Ah! yet take heed, lest these new tempests sweep
In sportive rage thy glories to the deep.
Thou late my deep anxiety and fear,
And now my fond desire and tender care,
Ah! yet take heed, avoid those fatal seas
That roll among the shining Cyclades.
ODE XV.

THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

WHEN the perfidious shepherd bore
The Spartan dame to Asia's shore,
Nereus the rapid winds oppress'd,
And calm'd them to unwilling rest,
That he might sing the dreadful fate
Which should their guilty loves await.

Fatal to Priam's ancient sway
You bear th' ill-omen'd fair away;
For soon shall Greece in arms arise,
Deep-sworn to break thy nuptial ties.
What toils do men and horse sustain!
What carnage loads the Dardan plain!
Pallas prepares the bounding car,
The shield and helm and rage of war.
Though proud of Venus' guardian care,
In vain you comb your flowing hair;
In vain you sweep th' unwarlike string,
And tender airs to females sing;
For though the dart may harmless prove
(The dart that frights the bed of love;)
Though you escape the noise of fight,
Nor Ajax can o'ertake thy flight;
Yet shalt thou, infamous of lust,
Soil those adulterous hairs in dust.

Look back and see, with furious pace,
That ruin of the Trojan race,
Ulysses drives, and sage in years
Fam'd Nestor, hoary chief, appears.
Intrepid Teucer sweeps the field,
And Sthenelus, in battle skill'd;
Or skill'd to guide with steady rein,
And pour his chariot o'er the plain.
Undaunted Merion shalt thou feel;
While Diomed with furious steel,
In arms superior to his sire,
Burns after thee with martial fire.

As when a stag at distance spies
A prowling wolf, aghast he flies
Of pasture heedless; so shall you,
High-panting, fly when they pursue.
Not such the promises you made,
Which Helen's easy heart betray'd.
Achilles' fleet with short delay
Vengeful protracts the fatal day;
But when ten rolling years expire,
Thy Troy shall blaze in Grecian fire.
ODE XVI.

TO TYNDARIS.

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 condemn'd, or angry seas. But yet remember, nor the god of wine, nor Pythian Phœbus from his inmost shrine, nor Dindymene, nor her priests possest, can with their sounding cymbals shake the breast like furious anger in its gloomy vein, which neither temper'd 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 ev'ry beast, and with the lion's rage inspired the human breast from anger all the tragic horrors rose, that crush'd 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 fir'd, and with the rapid rage of rhyme inspir'd but now repentant, shall the Muse again to softer numbers tune her melting strain, so thou recall thy threats, thy wrath controul, resume thy love, and give me back my soul.
Ode XVII.

To Tyndaris.

PAN from Arcadia's hills descends
   To visit oft my Sabine seat,
And here my tender goats defends
   From rainy winds, and summer's fiery heat;

For when the vales, wide-spreading round,
   The sloping hills, and polish'd rocks
With his harmonious pipe resound,
   In fearless safety graze my wandering flocks;

In safety, through the woody brake,
   The latent shrubs and thyme explore,
Nor longer dread the speckled snake,
   And tremble at the martial wolf no more.

Their poet to the gods is dear,
   They love his piety and muse,
And all our rural honours here
   Their flow'ry wealth around thee shall diffuse.

Here shall you tune Anacreon's lyre,
   Beneath a shady mountain's brow,
To sing frail Circe's guilty fire,
   And chaste Penelope's unbroken vow.

Far from the burning dog-star's rage
   Here shall you quaff our harmless wine;
Nor here shall Mars intemperate wage
   Rude war with him who rules the jovial vine:

Nor Cyrus' bold suspicions fear;
   Not on thy sotfness shall he lay
His desperate hand, thy clothes to tear,
   Or brutal snatch thy festal crown away.
ODE XVIII.

TO VARUS.

ROUND Catilus' walls, or in Tibur's rich soil,
To plant the glad vine be my Varus' first toil;
For God hath propos'd to the wretch who's athirat
To drink, or with heart-gnawing cares to be curst
Of war, or of want, who e'er prates o'er his wine?
For 'tis thine, father Bacchus; bright Venus, 'tis thine,
To charm all his cares. Yet that no one may pass
The freedom and mirth of a temperate glass,
Let us think on the Lapithæ's quarrels so dire,
And the Thracians, whom wine can to madness inspire:
Insatiate of liquor when glow their full veins,
No distinction of vice or of virtue remains.

Great god of the vine, who dost candour approve,
I ne'er will thy statues profanely remove;
I ne'er will thy rites, so mysterious, betray
To the broad-glaring eye of the tale-telling day.
Oh! stop the loud cymbal, the cornet's alarms,
Whose sound, when the Bacchanal's bosom it warms,
Aroused self-love, by blindness misled,
And vanity, lifting aloft the light head.
And honour, of prodigal spirit, that shows,
Transparent as glass, all the secrets it knows.
ODE XIX.

ON GLYCERA.

VENUS, who gave the Cupids birth,
And the resistless god of wine,
With the gay power of wanton mirth,
Now bid my heart its peace resign;
Again for Glycera I burn,
And all my long-forgotten flames return.

Like Parian marble pure and bright,
The shining maid my bosom warms;
Her face, too dazzling for the sight,
Her sweet coquetting—how it charms!
Whole Venus rushing through my veins,
No longer in her favourite Cyprus reigns;

No longer suffers me to write
Of Scythians, fierce in martial deed,
Or Parthian, urging in his flight
The battle with reverted steed:
Such themes she will no more approve,
Nor aught that sounds impertinent to love.

Here let the living altar rise
Adorn'd with every herb and flower;
Here flame the incense to the skies,
And purest wine's libation pour;
Due honours to the goddess paid,
Soft sinks to willing love the yielding maid.
ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

A POET'S beverage, vile and cheap
(Should great Mæcenas be my guest,)
Crude vintage of the Sabine grape,
But yet in sober cups, shall crown the feast:

*Twas rack'd into a Grecian cask,
Its rougher juice to melt away:
I seal'd it too—a pleasing task!
With annual joy to mark the glorious day,

When in applausive shouts thy name
Spread from the theatre around,
Floating on thy own Tiber's stream,
And Echo, playful nymph, return'd the sound.

From the Cæcubian vintage prest
For you shall flow the racy wine;
But ah! my meagre cup's unblest
With the rich Formian or Falernian vine.

[For the TWENTY FIRST ODE, see "The Secular Poem."
ODE XXII.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

THE man who knows not guilty fear
Nor wants the bow nor pointed spear;
Nor needs, while innocent of heart,
The quiver teeming with the poison'd dart.

Whether through Libya's burning sands
His journey leads, or Scythia's lands,
Inhospitable waste of snows,
Or where the fabulous Hydaspes flows:

For musing on my lovely maid
While careless in the woods I stray'd,
A wolf—how dreadful! cross'd my way.
Yet fled—he fled from his defenceless prey

No beast of such portentous size
In warlike Daunia's forests lies,
Nor such the tawny lion reigns
Fierce on his native Afric's thirsty plains.

Place me, where never summer breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;
Where ever-lowering clouds appear,
And angry Jove deforms th' inclement year.

Place me beneath the burning ray,
Where rolls the rapid car of day;
Love and the nymph shall charm my toils,
The nymph who sweetly speaks and sweetly smiles.
ODE XXIII.

TO CHLOE.

CHLOE flies me like a fawn,
Which through some sequester'd lawn
Panting seeks the mother-deer,
Not without a panic fear
Of the gently-breathing breeze,
And the motion of the trees.
If the curling leaves but shake,
If a lizard stir the brake,
Frighted it begins to freeze,
Trembling both at heart and knees.
But not like a tiger dire,
Nor a lion fraught with ire,
I pursue my lovely game
To destroy her tender frame.
Haste thee, leave thy mother's arms;
Ripe for love are all thy charms.

ODE XXIV.

TO VIRGIL.

WHEREFORE restrain the tender tear?
Why blush to weep for one so dear?
Sweet muse, of melting voice and lyre,
Do thou the mournful song inspire.
Quintilius—sunk to endless rest,
With death's eternal sleep opprest!
Oh! when shall Faith, of soul sincere,
Of Justice pure the sister fair,
And Modesty, unspotted maid,
And Truth in artless guise array'd,
Among the race of human kind
An equal to Quintilius find?

How did the good, the virtuous mourn,
And pour their sorrows o'er his urn!
But, Virgil, thine the loudest strain.
Yet all thy pious grief is vain;
In vain do you the gods implore
Thy lov'd Quintilius to restore,
Whom on far other terms they gave,
By nature fated to the grave.

What though you can the lyre command,
And sweep its tones with softer hand
Than Orpheus, whose harmonious song
Once drew the listening trees along,
Yet ne'er returns the vital heat
The shadowy form to animate;
For when the ghost-compelling god
Forms his black troops with horrid rod;
He will not, lenient to the breath
Of prayer, unbar the gates of death.
'Tis hard: but patience must endure,
And soothe the woes it cannot cure.
ODE XXV.

TO LYDIA.

The wanton herd of rakes profest
Thy windows rarely now molest
With midnight raps, or break thy rest
With riot.

The door, that kindly once could move
The pliant hinge, begins to love
Its threshold, and no more shall prove
Unquiet.

Now less and less assail thine ear
These plaints, "Ah, sleepest thou, my dear?
While I whole nights, thy true-love, here
"Am dying?"

You in your turn shall weep the taunts
Of young and insolent gallants,
In some dark alley's midnight haunts
Late plying:

While raging tempests chill the skies,
And burning lust (such lust as tries
The madding dams of horses) fries
Thy liver;

Our youth, regardless of thy frown,
Their heads with fresher wreaths shall crown
And fling thy wither'd garlands down
The river.
Ode XXVI.

To His Muse.

While in the Muse's friendship blest,
Nor fear nor grief shall break my rest;
Bear them, ye vagrant winds, away
And drown them in the Cretan sea.

Careless am I, or who shall reign
The tyrant of the Scythian plain,
Or with what anxious fear opprest
Heaves Tiridates' panting breast.

Sweet Muse, who lovest the virgin spring,
Hither thy sunny flow'rets bring,
And let thy richest chaplet shed
Its fragrance round my Lamia's head:
For nought avails the poet's praise,
Unless the Muse inspire his lays.

Oh! string the Lesbian lyre again,
Let all thy sisters raise the strain,
And consecrate to deathless fame
My lov'd, my Lamia's honour'd name.
WITH glasses made for gay delight
'Tis Thracian, savage rage to fight.
With such intemperate, bloody fray
Fright not the modest god away.

Monstrous! to see the dagger shine
Amidst the midnight joys of wine.
Here bid this impious clamour cease,
And press the social couch in peace.

Say, shall I drink this heady wine,
Press'd from the rough Falernian vine?
Instant; let yonder youth impart
The tender story of his heart,
By what dear wound he blissful dies,
And whence the gentle arrow flies.

What! does the bashful boy deny?
Then, if I drink it let me die.
Who'er she be, a generous flame
Can never know the blush of shame.
Thy breast no slave-born Venus fires.
But fair, ingenuous love inspires.
Then safely whisper in my ear,
For all such trusts are sacred here.

Ah! worthy of a better flame!
Unhappy youth! is she the dame?
Unhappy youth! how art thou lost,
In what a sea of troubles tost!
What drugs, what witchcraft, or what charms
What god, can free thee from her arms?
Scarce Pegasus can disengage
Thy heart from this Chimæra's rage.
ODÉ XXVIII.

A MARINER AND THE GHOST OF ARCHYTAS.

Mariner.

ARCHYTAS, what avails thy nice survey
Of ocean's countless sands, of earth and sea?
In vain thy mighty spirit once could soar
To orbs celestial, and their course explore;
If here, upon the tempest-beaten strand,
You lie confin'd, till some more liberal hand
Shall strow the pious dust in funeral rite,
And wing thee to the boundless realms of light.

Ghost.

Even he, who did with gods the banquet share,
Tithonos, rais'd to breathe celestial air,
And Minos, Jove's own counsellor of state,
All these have yielded to the power of fate.

Mariner.

Even your own sage, whose monumental shield,
Borne through the terrors of the Trojan field,
Prov'd that alone the mouldering body dies,
And souls immortal from our ashes rise,
Even he a second time resign'd his breath,
Sent headlong to the gloomy realms of death:

Ghost.

Not meanly skill'd, even by your own applause,
In moral truth, and nature's secret laws.
One endless night for all mankind remains,
And once we all must tread the shadowy plains.
ODES, BOOK I.

In horrid pomp of war the soldier dies;
The sailor in the greedy ocean lies;
Thus age and youth promiscuous crowd the tomb;
No mortal head can shun th' impending doom.

When sets Orion's star, the winds that sweep
The raging waves, o'erwhelm'd me in the deep:
Nor thou, my friend, refuse with impious hand
A little portion of this wandering sand
To these my poor remains; so may the storm
Rage o'er the woods, nor ocean's face deform:
May gracious Jove with wealth thy toils repay,
And Neptune guard thee through the watery way!

Thy guiltless race this bold neglect shall mourn,
And thou shalt feel the just returns of scorn.
My curses shall pursue the guilty deed,
And all in vain thy richest victims bleed.
What' e r thy haste, oh! let my prayer prevail,
Thrice strow the sand, then hoist the flying sail.
ODE XXIX.

TO ICCIUS.

ICCIUS, the blest Arabia's gold
Can you with envious eye behold?
Or will you boldly take the field,
And teach Sabæa's kings to yield,
Or meditate the dreadful Mede
In chains triumphantly to lead?
Should you her hapless lover slay,
What captive maid shall own thy sway?
What courtly youth with essenc'd hair
Shall at thy board the goblet bear,
Skilful with his great father's art
To wing with death the pointed dart?
Who shall deny that streams ascend,
And Tiber's currents backward bend,
When you have all our hopes betray'd;
You, that far other promise made;
When all your volumes, learned store
The treasures of Socratic lore,
Once bought at mighty price, in vain,
Are sent to purchase arms in Spain?
ODES, BOOK I.

ODE XXX.

TO VENUS.

QUEEN of beauty, queen of smiles, Leave, oh! leave thy favourite isles: A temple rises to thy fame, Where Glycera invokes thy name, And bids the fragrant incense flame.

With thee bring thy love-warm son, The Graces bring with flowing zone, The Nymphs, and jocund Mercury, And sprightly Youth, who without thee Is nought but savage Liberty.
ODE XXXI.

TO APOLLO.

WHEN at Apollo's hallow'd shrine
The poet hails the power divine,
And here his first libations pours,
What is the blessing he implores?

He nor desires the swelling grain,
That yellows o'er Sardinia's plain;
Nor the fair herds, that lowing feed
On warm Calabria's flowery mead;
Nor ivory, of spotless shine;
Nor gold, forth-flaming from its mine;
Nor the rich fields that Liris laves,
And eats away with silent waves.

Let others quaff the racy wine
To whom kind Fortune gives the vine;
The golden goblet let him drain
Who vent'rous ploughs th' Atlantic main.
Blest with three safe returns a-year,
For he to every god is dear.

To me boon Nature frankly yields
Her wholesome sallad from the fields;
Nor ask I more, than sense and health
Still to enjoy my present wealth.
From age and all its weakness free,
O son of Jove, preserv'd by thee,
Give me to strike the tuneful lyre,
And thou my latest song inspire.
ODE XXXII.

TO HIS LYRE.

If with thee beneath the shade
Many an idle air I play'd,
Now the Latian song, my lyre,
With some immortal strain inspire,
Such as once Alcæus sung.

Who, fierce in war, thy music strung,
When he heard the battle roar,
Or'moor'd his sea-tost vessel on the shore.
Wine and the Muses were his theme,
And Venus, laughter-loving dame,
With Cupid ever by her side,
And Lycus, form'd in beauty's pride,
With his hair of jetty dye,
And the black lustre of his eye.
Charming shell, Apollo's love,
How grateful to the feasts of Jove!
Hear thy poet's solemn prayer,
Thou soft'ner of each anxious care.
NO more in elegiac strain
 Of cruel Glycera complain,
 Though she resign her faithless charms
 To a new lover's younger arms.
 The maid, for lovely forehead fam'd,
 With Cyrus' beauties is inflam'd;
 While Pholoe, of haughty charms,
 The panting breast of Cyrus warms;
 But wolves and goats shall sooner prove
 The pleasures of forbidden love,
 Than she her virgin honour stain,
 And not the filthy rake disdain.
 So Venus wills, whose power controuls
 The fond affections of our souls;
 With sportive cruelty she binds
 Unequal forms, unequal minds.
 Thus, when a better Venus strove
 To warm my youthful breast to love,
 Yet could a slave-born maid detain
 My willing heart in pleasing chain,
 Though fiercer she than waves that roar
 Winding the rough Calabrian shore.
ODE XXXIV.

A FUGITIVE from heaven and prayer,
I mock'd at all religious fear,
Deep science'd in the mazy lore
Of mad philosophy; but now
Hoist sail, and back my voyage plough
To that blest harbour, which I left before.

For lo! that awful heavenly Sire,
Who frequent cleaves the clouds with fire,
Parent of day, immortal Jove,
Late through the floating fields of air,
The face of heaven serene and fair,
His thundering steeds and winged chariot drove.

When, at the bursting of his flames,
The ponderous earth, and vagrant streams
Infernal Styx, the dire abode
Of hateful Tænarus profound,
And Atlas to his utmost bound,
Trembled beneath the terrors of the god:

The hand of Jove can crush the proud
Down to the meanest of the crowd,
And raise the lowest in his stead;
But rapid Fortune pulls him down,
And snatches his imperial crown,
To place, not fix it, on another's head.
ODE XXXV.

TO FORTUNE.

GODDESS, whom Antium, beauteous town, 
obey,
Whose various will with instant power can raise
Frail mortals from the depths of low despair,
Or change proud triumphs to the funeral tear:

Thee the poor farmer, who with ceaseless pain
Labour's the glebe; thee, mistress of the main,
The sailor, who with fearless spirit dares
The rising tempest, courts with anxious prayers:

Thee the rough Dacian, thee the vagrant band
Of field-born Scythians, Latium's warlike land,
Cities and nations, mother-queens revere,
And purple tyranny beholds with fear.

Nor in thy rage with foot destructive spurn
This standing pillar, and its strength o'erturn;
Nor let the nations rise in bold uproar,
And civil war, to break th' imperial power.

With solemn pace and firm, in awful state
Before thee stalks inexorable Fate,
And grasps empaling nails, and wedges dread,
The book tormentous, and the melted lead:

Thee Hope and Honour, now, alas, how rare!
With white enrob'd, attend with duteous care,
When from the palace of the Great you fly
In angry mood, and garb of misery.
Not such the crowd of light companions prove,
Nor the false mistress of a wanton love,
Faithless who wait the lowest dregs to drain,
Nor friendship’s equal yoke with strength sustain.

Propitious guard our Cæsar, who explores
His vent’rous way to farthest Britain’s shores:
Our new-rais’d troops be thy peculiar care,
Who dreadful to the East our banners bear.

Alas! the shameless scars! the guilty deeds,
When by a brother’s hand a brother bleeds!
What crimes have we, an iron age, not dar’d?
In terror of the gods what altar spar’d?

Oh! that our swords with civil gore distain’d,
And in the sight of gods and men profan’d—
Sharpen again, dread queen, the blunted steel,
And let our foes the pointed vengeance feel.
ODE XXXVI.

WITH incense heap the sacred fire,
And bolder strike the willing lyre.
Now let the heifer's votive blood;
Pour to the gods its purple flood:
Those guardian gods, from farthest Spain.
Who send our Numida again.

A thousand kisses now he gives,
A thousand kisses he receives.
But Lamia most his friendship proves,
Lamia with tenderness he loves.
At school their youthful love began,
Whence they together rose to man.

With happiest marks the day shall shine
Nor want th' abundant joy of wine:
Like Salian priests the dance we'll lead,
And many a mazy measure tread.
Now let the Thracian goblet foam,
Nor in the breathless draught o'ercome
Shall Bassus yield his boasted name
To Damalis of tipling fame.

Here let the rose and lily shed
Their short-liv'd bloom; let parsley spread
Its living verdure o'er the feast,
And crown with mingled sweets the guest,
On Damalis each amorous boy
Shall gaze with eyes that flow with joy,
While she, as curls the ivy-plant,
Shall twine luxuriant round her new gallant.
ODE XXXVII.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

NOW let the bowl with wine be crown’d,
Now lighter dance the mazy round,
And let the sacred couch be stor’d
With the rich dainties of a priestly board:

Sooner to draw the mellow’d wine,
Prest from the rich Cæcubian vine,
Were impious mirth, while yet elate
The queen breath’d ruin to the Roman state:

Surrounded by a tainted train,
Wretches enervate and obscene,
She rav’d of empire—nothing less—
Vast in her hopes, and giddy with success:

But, hardly rescu’d from the flames,
One lonely ship her fury tames;
While Cæsar with impelling oar
Pursu’d her flying from the Latian shore:

Her, with Egyptian wine inspir’d,
With the full draught to madness fir’d,
Augustus sober’d into tears,
And turn’d her visions into real fears.

As darting sudden from above
The hawk attacks a tender dove;
Or sweeping huntsman drives the hare
O’er wide Æmonia’s icy deserts drear;
So Cæsar through the billows press’d
To lead in chains the fatal pest:
But she a nobler fate explor’d,
Nor woman-like beheld the deathful sword.

Nor with her navy fled dismay’d,
In distant realms to seek for aid,
But saw unmov’d her state destroy’d,
Her palace desolate, a lonely void:

With fearless hand she dar’d to grasp
The writhings of the wrathful asp,
And suck the poison through her veins,
Resolv’d on death, and fiercer from its pains

Then scorning to be led the boast
Of mighty Cæsar’s naval host,
And arm’d with more than mortal spleen.
Defrauds a triumph, and expires a queen.
ODE XXXVIII.

TO HIS SLAVE.

I TELL thee, boy, that I detest
The grandeur of a Persian feast,
Nor for me the linden’s rind
Shall the flowery chaplet bind:
Then search not where the curious rose
Beyond his season loitering grows,
But beneath the mantling vine
While I quaff the flowing wine,
The myrtle’s wreath shall crown our brows,
While you shall wait, and I carouse.
ODES.

BOOK II.

ODE I.

TO ASINIUS POLLIO

O POLLIO, thou the great defence
Of sad impleaded innocence.
On whom, to weigh the grand debate,
In deep consult the fathers wait;
For whom the triumphs o'er Dalmatia spread
Unfading honours round thy laurel'd head;

Of warm commotions, wrathful jars,
The growing seeds of eivil wars;
Of double Fortune's cruel games,
The specious means, the private aims;
And fatal frienships of the guilty great;
Alas! how fatal to the Roman state!

Of mighty legions late subdu'd,
And arms with Latian blood imbruid,
Yet unaton'd (a labour vast!
Doubtful the dye, and dire the cast!)
You treat adventurous, and incautious tread
On fires with faithless embers overspread.
Retard awhile thy glowing vein,
Nor swell the solemn, tragic scene;
And when thy sage, historic cares
Have form'd the train of Rome's affairs,
With lofty rapture re-inflam'd, infuse
Heroic thoughts, and wake the buskin'd Muse.

Hark! the shrill clarion's voice I hear,
Its threat'ning murmurs pierce mine ear;
And in thy lines, with brazen breath,
The trumpet sounds the charge of death;
While the strong splendors of the sword afford
The flying steed, and mar the rider's sight!

Panting with terror, I survey
The martial host in dread array,
The chiefs, how valiant and how just!
Desil'd with not inglorious dust,
And all the world in chains, but Cato see
Of spirit unsubdu'd, and dying to be free.

Imperial Juno, fraught with ire,
And all the partial gods of Tyre,
Who, feeble to revenge her cries,
Retreated to their native skies,
Have in the victor's bleeding race repaid
Jugurtha's ruin, and appeas'd his shade.

What plain, by mortals travers'd o'er,
Is not enrich'd with Roman gore?
Unnumber'd sepulchres record
The deathful harvest of the sword,
And proud Hesperia, rushing into thrall,
While distant Parthia heard the cumbrous fall.
ODES, BOOK II.

What gulf, what rapid river flows
Unconscious of our wasteful woes?
What rolling sea's unfathom'd tide
Have not the Daunian slaughters dy'd?
What coast, encircled by the briny flood,
Boasts not the shameful tribute of our blood?

But thou, my Muse, to whom belong
The sportive jest and jocund song,
Beyond thy province cease to stray,
Nor vain revive the plaintive lay:
Seek humbler measures, indolently laid
With me beneath some love-sequester'd shade
GOLD hath no lustre of its own,  
It shines by temperate use alone,  
And when in earth it hoarded 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 controul  
The furious passions of the soul  
Is over wider realms to reign,  
Unenvied Monarch, than if Spain  
You could to distant Lybia join,  
And both the Carthages were thine.  
The Dropsy, by indulgence nurs’d,  
Pursues us with increasing thirst,  
Till art expells the cause, and drains  
The watery langour from our veins.  
But Virtue can the crowd unteach  
Their false, mistaken forms of speech;  
Virtue, to crowds a foe profest,  
Disdains to number with the blest  
Phraates, by his slaves ador’d,  
And to the Parthian crown restor’d,  
And gives the diadem, the throne,  
And laurel wreath, to him alone  
Who can a treasur’d mass of gold  
With firm, undazzled eye behold.
ODES, BOOK II:

ODE III.
TO DELLIUS.

IN adverse hours an equal mind maintain;
Nor let your spirit rise too high,
Though Fortune kindly change the scene
Remember, Dellius, you were born to die.

Whether your life in sorrows pass,
And sadly joyless glide away;
Whether, reclining on the grass,
You bless with choicer wine the festal day,

Where the pale poplar and the pine
Expel the sun's intemperate beam,
In hospitable shades their branches twine,
And winds with toil, though swift, the tremulous stream.

Here pour your wines, your odours shed,
Bring forth the rose's short-liv'd flower,
While Fate yet spins thy mortal thread,
While youth and fortune give th' indulgent hour.

Your purchas'd woods, your house of state,
Your villa, wash'd by Tiber's wave,
You must, my Dellius, yield to Fate,
And to your heir these high-pil'd treasures leave.

Whether you boast a monarch's birth,
While wealth unbounded round you flows;
Or poor, and sprung from vulgar earth,
No pity for his victim Pluto knows.

We all must tread the paths of Fate;
And ever shakes the mortal urn,
Whose lot embarks us, soon or late,
On Charon's boat, ah! never to return.
ODE IV.

TO XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.

LET not my Phoceus think it shame
For a fair slave to own his flame;
A slave could stern Achilles move,
And bend his haughty soul to love:
Ajax, invincible in arms,
Was captiv'd by his captive's charms:
Atrides 'midst his triumphs mourn'd,
And for a ravish'd virgin burn'd,
What time the fierce barbarian bands
Fell by Pelides' conquering hands,
And Troy (her Hector swept away)
Became to Greece an easier prey.

Who knows, when Phyllis is your bride.
To what fine folk you'll be allied?
Her parents dear, of gentle race,
Shall not their son-in-law disgrace.
She sprang from kings, or nothing less,
And weeps the family's distress.

Think not that such a charming she
Can of the wretched vulgar be,
A maid, so faithful and so true
To love, to honour, and to you!
Her dear mamma, right-virtuous dame,
Could ne'er have known the blush of shame

While thus with innocence I praise,
Let me no jealous transports raise.
Heart-whole and sound I laud her charms.
Her face, her taper legs, her arms;
For, trembling on to forty years,
My age forbids all jealous fears.
ODES, BOOK II.

ODE V.

SEE, thy heifer's yet unbroke
To the labours of the yoke,
Nor hath strength enough to prove
Such impetuous weight of love.
Round the fields her fancy strays,
O'er the mead she sportive plays;
Now beneath the sultry beam
Cools her in the passing stream,
Now with frisking steerlings young
Sports the sallow groves among.

Do not then commit a rape
On the crude, unmellow'd grape:
Autumn soon, of various dyes,
Shall with kinder warmth arise,
Bid the livid clusters glow,
And a riper purple show.

Time to her shall count each day,
Which from you it takes away,
Till with bold and forward charms
She shall rush into your arms.
Pholoe, the flying fair,
Shall not then with her compare;
Nor the maid of bosom bright,
Like the moon's unspotted light,
O'er the waves, with silver rays,
When its floating lustre plays;
Nor the Cnidian fair and young,
Who, the virgin-choir among,
Might deceive, in female guise,
Strangers, though extremely wise,
With the difference between
Sexes hardly to be seen,
And his hair of flowing grace,
And his boyish, girlish face.
ODE VI.

TO SEPTIMIUS.

SEPTIMIUS, who hast vow'd to go
With Horace even to farthest Spain,
Or see the fierce Cantabrian foe,
Untaught to bear the Roman chain,
Or the barbaric Syrts, with mad recoil
Where Mauritanian billows ceaseless boil;

May Tibur to my latest hours
Afford a kind and calm retreat;
Tibur, beneath whose lofty towers
The Grecians fix'd their blissful seat:
There may my labours end, my wanderings cease,
There all my toils of warfare rest in peace!

But should the partial Fates refuse
That purer air to let me breathe,
Galesus, thy sweet stream I'll choose,
Where flocks of richest fleeces bathe:
Phalantus there his rural sceptre sway'd,
Uncertain offspring of a Spartan maid.

No spot so joyous smiles to me
Of this wide globe's extended shores;
Where nor the labours of the bee
Yield to Hymettus' golden stores,
Nor the green berry of Venafran soil
Swells with a riper flood of fragrant oil.
There Jove his kindest gifts bestows,
There joys to crown the fertile plains;
With genial warmth the winter glows,
And spring with lengthen'd honours reigns.
Nor Aulon, friendly to the clustering vine,
Envies the vintage of Falernian wine.

That happy place, that sweet retreat,
The charming hills that round it rise,
Your latest hours and mine await:
And when at length your Horace dies,
There the deep sigh thy poet-friend shall mourn
And pious tears bedew his glowing urn.
ODE VII.

TO POMPEIUS VARUS

VARUS, from early youth belov'd,
And oft with me in danger prov'd,
Our daring host when Brutus led,
And in the cause of freedom bled,
To Rome and all her guardian powers
What happy chance the friend restores,
With whom I've cheer'd the tedious day;
And drunk its loitering hours away,
Profuse of sweets while Syria shed
Her liquid odours on my head?

With thee I saw Philippi's plain,
Its fatal rout, a fearful scene!
And dropp'd, alas! th' inglorious shield,
Where valour's self was forc'd to yield,
Where soil'd in dust the vanquish'd lay,
And breath'd th' indignant soul away.

But me, when dying with my fear,
Through warring hosts, inwrapp'd in air,
Swift did the god of wit convey;
While thee wild war's tempestuous sea
In ebbing tides drove far from shore,
And to new scenes of slaughter bore.

To Jove thy votive offerings paid,
Beneath my laurel's sheltering shade.
Fatigu'd with war, now rest reclin'd,
Nor spare the casks for thee design'd.
Here joyous fill the polish'd bowl,
With wine oblivious cheer thy soul,
And from the breathing phials pour
Of essenc'd sweets a larger shower.

But who the wreath unfading weaves
Of parsley, or of myrtle leaves?
To whom shall beauty's queen assign
To reign the monarch of our wine?
For Thracian-like I'll drink to-day,
And deeply Bacchus it away.
Our transports for a friend restor'd
Should ev'n to madness shake the board.
ODE VIII.

TO BARINE.

If e'er th' insulted powers had shed
Their vengeance on thy perjur'd head,
If they had mark'd thy faithless truth
With one soul nail, or blacken'd tooth,
Again thy falsehood might deceive,
And I the faithless vow believe.

But when, perfidious, you engage
To meet high heaven's vindictive rage,
You rise, with heigten'd lustre fair,
Of all our youth the public care.

It thrives with thee to be forsworn
By thy dead mother's hallow'd urn:
By heaven, and all the stars that roll
In silent circuit round the pole:
By heaven, and every nightly sign,
By every deathless power divine:
Yes; Venus laughs, the nymphs with smiles:
The simple nymphs! behold thy wiles,
And with the blood of some poor swain
By thy perfidious beauty slain,
Fierce Cupid whets his burning darts,
For thee to wound new lovers' hearts.

Thy train of slaves grows every day,
Infants are rising to thy sway;
And they who swore to break thy chain
Yet haunt those impious doors again.
Thee for their boys the mothers fear,
The frugal father for his heir;
And weeping stands the virgin bride,
In Hymen's fetters lately tied.
Lest you detain, with brighter charms,
Her perjur'd husband from her arms.
ODE I X.

TO VALGIUS.

NOR everlasting rain deforms
The squalid fields; nor endless storms,
Inconstant, vex the Caspian main;
Nor on Armenia's frozen plain
The loitering snow unmelting lies;
Nor, loud, when northern winds arise,
The labouring forests bend the head,
Nor yet their leafy honours shed:
Yet still in elegiac strains
My Valgius for his son complains,
When Vesper lifts his evening ray,
Or flies the rapid beam of Day.

Not for his son the Grecian sage,
Renown'd for thrice the mortal age:
Not for their youthful brother dead,
Such sorrows Priam's daughters shed.

At length these weak complaints give o'er,
Indulge th' unmanly grief no more:
But let us bolder sweep the string,
And Cæsar's new-rais'd trophies sing:
The Tigris, and its freezing flood,
Euphrates, with its realms, subdu'd;
Whose waves are taught with humbler pride
Smother to roll their lessening tide;
The Scythians, who reluctant yield,
Nor pour their squadrons o'er the field.
ODE X.

TO LICINIUS MURENA.

LICINIUS, would you live with ease,
Tempt not too far the faithless seas,
And when you hear the tempest roar,
Press not too near th' unequal shore.

The man, within the golden mean
Who can his boldest wish contain,
Securely views the ruin'd cell,
Where sordid want and sorrow dwell,
And, in himself serenely great,
Declines an envied room of state.

When high in air the pine ascends,
'To every ruder blast it bends.
The palace falls with heavier weight,
When tumbling from its airy height;
And when from heaven the lightning flies,
It blasts the hills that proudest rise.

Who'er enjoys the untroubled breast,
With virtue's tranquil wisdom blest,
With hope the gloomy hour can cheer,
And temper happiness with fear.

If Jove the winter's horrors bring,
Yet Jove restores the genial spring.
Then let us not of fate complain,
For soon shall change the gloomy scene.
Apollo sometimes can inspire
The silent Muse, and wake the lyre:
The deathful bow not always plies,
Th' unerring dart not always flies.
When Fortune, various goddess, lowers,
Collect your strength, exert your powers;
But, when she breathes a kinder gale,
Be wise, and furl your swelling sail.
ODE XI.

TO QUINTIUS HIRPINUS.

Be not anxious, friend, to know
What our fierce Cantabrian foe,
What intends the Scythian's pride,
Far from us whom seas divide.
Tremble not with vain desires,
Few the things which life requires.
Youth with rapid swiftness flies,
Beauty's lustre quickly dies,
Wither'd Age drives far away
Gentle sleep and amorous play.

When in vernal bloom they glow,
Flowers their gayest honours show.
Nor the moon with equal grace
Always lifts her ruddy face.
Thus while nature's works decay,
Busy mortal, prithee say,
Why do you fatigue the mind,
Not for endless schemes design'd?

Thus beneath this lofty shade,
Thus in careless freedom laid,
While Assyrian essence sheds
Liquid fragrance on our heads,
While we lie with roses crown'd,
Let the cheerful bowl go round:
Bacchus can our cares controul,
Cares that prey upon the soul.
Who shall from the passing stream
Quench our wine's Falernian flame?
Who the vagrant wanton bring,
Mistress of the lyric string,
With her flowing tresses tied,
Loosely, like a Spartan bride?
ODE XII.

TO MÆCENAS.

NUMANTIA'S wars, for years maintain'd,
   Or Hannibal's vindictive ire,
Or seas with Punic gore distain'd,
   Suit not the softness of my feeble lyre:
Nor savage Centaurs mad with wine,
   Nor Earth's gigantic rebel brood,
Who shook old Saturn's seats divine,
   Till by the arm of Hercules subdu'd.

You in historic prose shall tell
   The mighty power of Cæsar's war;
How kings beneath his battle fell,
   Or dragg'd indignant his triumphal car.
Licymnia's dulcet voice, her eye
   Bright-darting its resplendent ray,
Her breast, where love and friendship lie,
   The muse commands me sing in softer lay

In raillery the sportive jest,
   Graceful her mien in dancing charms,
When playful at Diana's feast
   To the bright virgin choir she winds her arms.
Say, shall the wealth by kings possest,
   Or the rich diadems they wear,
Or all the treasures of the East,
   Purchase one lock of my Licymnia's hair?
While now her bending neck she plies
   Backward to meet the burning kiss,
Then with an easy cruelty denies,
   Yet wishes you would snatch, not ask the bliss:
ODE XIII.

WHOMEVER rais’d and planted thee,
Unlucky and pernicious tree,
In hour accrues’d with impious hand
(Thou bane and scandal of my land)
Well may I think the parricide
In blood his guilty soul had dyed,
Or plung’d his dagger in the breast,
At midnight, of his sleeping guest,
Or temper’d every baleful juice
Which poisonous Colchian glebes produce;
Or, if a blacker crime be known,
That crime the wretch had made his own,
Who on my harmless grounds and me
Bestow’d thee, luckless, falling tree.

While dangers hourly round us wait,
No caution can prevent our fate.
All other deaths the sailor dares,
Who yet the raging ocean fears;
The Parthian views with deep dismay
The Roman chains, and firm array;
The Roman dreads the Parthian’s speed,
His flying war, and backward reed;
While Death, unheeded, sweeps away
The world, his everlasting prey.

How near was I those dreary plains,
Where Pluto’s auburn consort reigns;
Where awful sits the judge of hell;
Where pious spirits blissful dwell;
Where Sappho’s sweet complaints reprove
The rivals of her fame and love,
Alcaeus bolder sweeps the strings,
And seas, and war, and exile sings?
   Thus while they strike the various lyre,
The ghosts the sacred sounds admire;
But when Alcaeus tunes the strain
To deeds of war, and tyrants slain,
In thicker crowds the shadowy throng
Drink deeper down the martial song.
What wonder? when with bending ears
The dog of hell astonish'd hears,
And, in the Furies' hair entwin'd,
The snakes with cheerful horror wind;
   While, charm'd by the melodious strains,
The tortur'd ghosts forget their pains,
Orion quits his bold delight,
To chase the lion's rage, or lynx's flight.
ODE XIV.

TO POSTUMUS.

HOW swiftly glide our flying years!
Alas! nor piety nor tears
Can stop the fleeting day;
Deep-furrow'd wrinkles, posting age,
And death's unconquerable rage,
Are strangers to delay.

Though every day a bull should bleat
To Pluto, bootless were the deed,
The monarch tearless reigns,
Where vulture-tortur'd Tityos lies,
And triple Geryons monstrous size
The gloomy wave detains.

Whoever tastes of earthly food
Is doom'd to pass the joyless flood,
And hear the Stygian roar;
The sceptred king, who rules the earth.
The labouring hind, of humbler birth,
Must reach the distant shore.

The broken surge of Adria's main,
Hoarse-sounding, we avoid in vain,
And Mars in blood-stain'd arms;
The southern blast in vain we fear,
And autumn's life-annoying air
With idle fears alarms:
For all must see Cocytus flow,
Whose gloomy water sadly slow,
Strays through the dreary soil.
The guilty maids, an ill-fam'd train!
And, Sisyphus, thy labours vain,
Condemn'd to endless toil.

Your pleasing consort must be left,
And you, of villas, lands, bereft,
Must to the shades descend;
The cypress only, hated tree!
Of all thy much-lov'd groves, shall thee,
Its short-liv'd lord, attend.

Then shall your worthier heir discharge
And set th' imprison'd casks at large,
And dye the floor with wine,
So rich and precious, not the feasts
Of holy pontiffs cheer their guests
With liquor more divine.
ODE XV.

IN royal pride our buildings rise,
The useless plough neglected lies;
Ponds broad as lakes our fields o’erspread;
Th’ unmarried plane high waves the head
Above the elm; while all around,
Wafting their fragrance o’er the ground,
Where once the olive pour’d its shade,
And its rich master’s cares repaid,
The violet and myrtle greets
The senses with a waste of sweets.
While vainly would Apollo’s ray
Through our thick laurels pour the day
Not such were Cato’s sage decrees,
Nor Romulus by arts like these
In wisdom form’d th’ imperial sway,
And bid th’ unwilling world obey:
Though small each personal estate,
The public revenues were great;
Arcades were then by law confin’d,
Nor open’d to the northern wind:
Or turf, or brick, where Fortune pleas’d.
The private dwelling humbly rais’d,
While awful to the powers divine
Rose high to heaven the sacred shrine,
And all the public structures shone
Enrich’d with ornamental stone.
ODE XVI.

TO POMPEIUS GROSPHUS:

CAUGHT in the wild Ægæan seas,
The sailor bends to heaven for ease,
While clouds the moon's fair lustre hide,
And not a star his course to guide.
Furious in war the Thracian prays,
The quiver'd Mede, for ease, for ease,
A blessing never to be sold
For gems, for purple, or for gold,
Nor can the consul's power control
The sickly tumults of the soul,
Or bid the cares to stand aloof
That hover round the vaulted roof?
Happy the man whose frugal board
His father's plenty can afford;
His gentle sleep nor anxious fear
Shall drive away, nor sordid care.
Why do we aim with eager strife
At things beyond the mark of life?
To climates warm'd by other suns
In vain the wretched exile runs;
Flies from his country's native skies,
But never from himself he flies;
Corrodimg cares incessant charge
His flight, and climb his armed barge,
Or though he mount the rapid steed;
Care follows with unerring speed;
ODES, BOOK II.

Far fleeter than the timorous hind,
Far fleeter than the driving wind.
The spirit that, serenely gay,
Careless enjoys the present day,
Can with an easy, cheerful smile
The bitterness of life beguile;
Nor fears the approaching hour of fate,
Nor hopes for human bliss complete.

Achilles perish'd in his prime,
Tithon was worn away by time,
And Fate, with lavish hand, to me
May grant what it denies to thee.
A hundred bleating flocks are thine,
Around thee graze thy lowing kine;
Neighing thy mares invite the reins,
Thy robes the twice-dy'd purple stains.
On me not unindulgent Fate
Bestow'd a rural, calm retreat,
Where I may tune the Roman lyre,
And warm the song with Grecian fire.
Then scorn, in conscious virtue proud,
The worthless malice of the crowd.
WHY will Mæcenas thus complain.
Why kill me with the tender strain?
Nor can the gods nor I consent
That you, my life's great ornament,
Should sink untimely to the tomb,
While I survive the fatal doom.

Should you, alas! be snatch'd away,
Wherefore, ah! wherefore should I stay.
My value lost, no longer whole,
And but possessing half my soul?
One day, believe the sacred oath,
Shall lead the funeral pomp of both,
With thee to Pluto's dark abode,
With thee I'll tread the dreary road.
Nor fell Chimaera's breath of fire,
Nor hundred-handed Gyas dire,
Shall ever tear my friend from me;
So Justice and the Fates decree.

Whether fair Libra's kinder sign,
Or Scorpius with an eye malign
Beheld my birth (whose gloomy power
Rules dreadful o'er the natal hour;)
Or Capricorn, with angry rays
Who shines the tyrant of the seas,
With equal beams our stars unite,
And strangely shed their mingled light.
Thee Jove's bright influence snatch'd away
From baleful Saturn's impious ray,
And stopp'd the rapid wings of Fate,
When the full theatre, elate,
With joyful transports hail'd thy name.
And thrice uprais'd the loud acclaim.

A tree, when falling on my head,
Had surely crush'd me to the dead,
But Pan, the poet's guardian, broke,
With saving hand, the destin'd stroke.

For thee, let the rich victim's blood
Pour forth to Jove its purple flood:
For thee, the votive temple rise;
For me, a humble lambkin dies.
ODE XVIII.

NO walls, with ivory inlaid,
Adorn my house; no colonnade
Proudly supports my citron beams,
Nor rich with gold my ceiling flames;
Nor have I, like an heir unknown,
Seiz'd upon Attalus his throne;
Nor dames, to happier fortunes bred,
Draw down for me the purple thread:
Yet with a firm and honest heart,
Unknowing or of fraud or art,
A liberal vein of genius blest,
I'm by the rich and great carest.
My patron's gift, my Sabine field
Shall all its rural plenty yield,
And, happy in that rural store,
Of heaven and him I ask no more.

Day presses on the heels of day,
And moons increase to their decay:
But you, with thoughtless pride elate,
Unconscious of impending fate,
Command the pillar'd dome to rise,
When lo! thy tomb forgotten lies,
And, though the waves indignant roar,
Forward you urge the Baian shore,
While earth's too narrow bounds in vain
Your guilty progress would restrain.
The sacred landmark strives in vain
Your impious avarice to restrain;
You break into your neighbour's grounds,
And overleap your client's bounds.
Driven out by thee, to new abodes
They carry their paternal gods;
The wife her husband's sorrow shares,
And on her breast her squalid infants bears.

Yet, destin'd by unerring Fate,
Shall death this wealthy lord await;
Then whither tend thy wide demesnes?
For Earth impartial entertains
Her various sons, and in her breast
Princes and beggars equal rest.

Nor gold could bribe, nor art deceive,
The gloomy life-guard of the grave
Backward to tread the shadowy way,
And waft Prometheus into day.

Yet he who Tantalus detains,
With all his haughty race, in chains,
Invok'd or not, the wretch receives,
And from the toils of life relieves.
ODE XIX.

TO BACCHUS.

I saw (let future times believe)
The god of wine his lectures give;
'Midst rocks far distant was the scene
With ears erect the satyrs stood,
And every goddess of the wood
Listened th' instructive, solemn strain.

The recent terror heaves my breast,
Yet, with th' inspiring power possest,
Tumultuous joys my soul have warm'd;
Dreadful, who shak'st the ivy spear,
Thy votary thus prostrate hear,
And be thy rage, thy rage disarm'd.

Give me to sing, by thee inspir'd,
Thy priestesses to madness fir'd:
Fountains of wine shall pour along,
And, melting from the hollow tree,
The golden treasures of the bee,
And streams of milk shall fill the song

Fair Ariadne's crown shall rise,
And add new glories to the skies:
While I to listening nations tell
How impious Pentheus' palace burn'd,
With hideous ruin overturn'd,
And how the mad Lycurgus fell.
Indus and Ganges own thy sway,
Barbaric seas thy power obey,
And o'er the pathless mountain's height
Her head with horrid snakes enroll'd,
Which harmless writhe their angry fold
Thy raptur'd priestess speeds her flight.

When rising fierce in impious arms,
The giant-race with dire alarms
Assail'd the sacred realms of light,
With lion-wrath, and dreadful paw,
With blood-besmear'd and foaming jaw,
You put their horrid chief to flight.

For dancing form'd, for love and wit,
You seem'd for war's rude toils unfit,
And polish'd to each softer grace:
But dreadful when in arms you shone,
You made the fatal art your own,
In war excelling as in peace.

With golden horn supremely bright,
You darted round the bending light
Far-beaming through the gloom of hell:
When Cerberus, with fear amaz'd,
Forgot his rage, and fawning gaz'd,
And at thy feet adoring fell.
THE WORKS OF HORACE.

ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

With strong, unwonted wing I rise,
A two-form'd poet, through the skies.
Far above envy will I soar,
And tread this worthless earth no more.
For know, ye rivals of my fame,
Though lowly born, a vulgar name,
I will not condescend to die,
Nor in the stygian waters lie.

A rougher skin now clothes my thighs,
Into a swan's fair form I rise,
And feel the feather'd plumage shed
Its down, and o'er my shoulders spread.
Swift as with Dædalean wing,
Harmonious bird, I'll soaring sing,
And, in my flight, the foamy shores
Where Bosphorus tremendous roars,
The regions bound by northern cold,
And Lybia's burning sands, behold.
Then to the learned sons of Spain,
To him who ploughs the Scythian main.
To him who, with dissembled fears,
Conscious, the Roman arms reveres,
To him who drinks the rapid Rhone,
Shall Horace, deathless bard! be known.

My friends, the funeral sorrow spare;
The plaintive song, and tender tear;
Nor let the voice of grief profane
With loud laments the solemn scene.
Nor o'er your poet's empty urn
With useless, idle sorrows mourn.
ODES.

BOOK III.

ODE I.

MONARCHS on earth their power extend;
Monarchs to Jove submissive bend,
And own the sovereign god,
With glorious triumph who subdu'd
The Titan race, gigantic brood!
And shakes whole nature with his nod;

When rival candidates contend,
And to the field of Mars descend
To urge th' ambitious claim,
Some of illustrious birth are proud,
Some of their clients vassal crowd,
And some of virtue's fame.

Others the rural labour love,
And joy to plant the spreading grove,
The furrow'd glebe to turn;
Yet with impartial hand shall Fate
Both of the lowly and the great
Shake the capacious urn.
Behold the wretch, with conscious dread,
In pointed vengeance o'er his head
  Who views th' impending sword;
Nor dainties force his pall'd desire,
Nor chant of birds, nor vocal lyre,
    To him can sleep afford;

Heart-soothing sleep, which not disdains
The rural cot, and humble swains,
    And shady river fair:
Or Tempe's ever-blooming spring,
Where zephyrs wave the balmy wing,
    And fan the buxom air.

Who nature's frugal dictates hears,
He nor the raging ocean fears,
    Nor stars of power malign,
Whether in gloomy storms they rise,
Or swift descending through the skies
    With angry lustre shine;

Whether his vines be smit with hail,
Whether his promis'd harvests fail,
    Perfidious to his toil;
Whether his drooping trees complain
Of angry winter's chilling rain,
    Or stars that burn the soil.

Not such the haughty lord, who lays
His deep foundations in the seas,
    And scorns earth's narrow bound;
The fish, affrighted, feel their waves
Contracted by his numerous slaves,
    Even in the vast profound.
High though his structures rise in air,
Pale menaces, and black despair,
This haughty lord shall find
O'ertake his armed galley's speed,
And when he mounts the flying steed,
Sits gloomy Care behind.

If purple, which the morn outshines,
Or marble from the Phrygian mines,
Though labour'd high with art,
If essence, breathing sweets divine,
Or flowing bowls of generous wine,
Ill sooth an anxious heart.

On columns, rais'd in modern style,
Why should I plan the lofty pile
To rise with envied state;
Why, for a vain, superfluous store,
Which would encumber me the more,
Resign my Sabine seat?
THE WORKS OF HORACE.

ODE II.

TO HIS FRIENDS.

Our hardy youth should learn to bear
Sharp want, to rein the warlike steed,
To hurl the well-directed spear
With pointed force, and bid the Parthian bleed.

Thus form'd in war's tumultuous trade
Through summer's heat, and winter's cold,
Some tyrant's queen, or blooming maid,
Shall from her walls the martial youth behold:

"Let not, alas! my royal spouse,
Untaught the deathful sword to wield,
That lion in his anger rouse,
Whom furious rage drives through th'ensanguin'd field."

What joys, what glories round him wai,
Who bravely for his country dies!
While with dishonest wounds shall Fate
Relentless stab the coward as he flies.

With stainless lustre Virtue shines,
A base repulse nor knows, nor fears;
Nor claims her honours, nor declines,
As the light air of crowds uncertain veers:

To him who not deserves to die
She shows the paths which heroes trod,
Then bids him boldly tempt the sky,
Spurn off his mortal clay, and rise a god:
To silence due rewards we give;
And they who mysteries reveal
Beneath my roof shall never live,
Shall never hoist with me the doubtful sail.

When Jove in anger strikes the blow,
Oft with the bad the righteous bleed:
Yet with sure steps, though lame and slow,
Vengeance o'ertakes the trembling villain's speed.
ODE III.

THE man, in conscious virtue bold,
Who dares his secret purpose hold,
Unshaken hears the crowd's tumultuous cries;
And the impetuous tyrant's angry brow defies.

Let the wild winds, that rule the seas
Tempestuous, all their horrors raise;
Let Jove's dread arm with thunders rend the spheres,
Beneath the crush of worlds undaunted he appears.

Thus to the flamy towers above,
The vagrant hero, son of Jove,
Upsoar'd with strength his own, where Caesar lies,
And quaffs, with glowing lips, the bowl's immortal joys.

Lyæus thus his tigers broke,
Fierce and indocile to the yoke;
Thus from the gloomy regions of the dead,
On his paternal steeds, Rome's mighty founder fled.

When heaven's great queen with words benign
Address'd th' assembled powers divine—
Troy, hated Troy, an umpire lewd, unjust,
And a proud foreign dame, have sunk thee to the dust.

To me, and wisdom's queen decreed,
With all thy guilty race to bleed,
What time thy haughty monarch's perjur'd sire
Mock'd the defrauded gods, and robb'd them of their hire.
The gaudy guest, of impious fame,
No more enjoys th' adulterous dame;
Hector no more his faithless brothers leads
To break the Grecian force; no more the victor bleeds.

Since the long war now sinks to peace,
And all our heavenly factions cease;
Instant to Mars my vengeance I resign,
And here receive his son, though born of Trojan line.

Here, with encircling glories bright,
Free let him tread the paths of light,
And, rank'd among the tranquil powers divine,
Drink deep the nectar'd bowl, and quaff celestial wine.

From Rome to Troy's detested shores,
While loud a length of ocean roars,
Unenvied let th' illustrious exiles reign,
Where Fate directs their course, and spreads their wide domain.

On Priam's and th' adulterer's urn
While herds the dust insulting spurn,
Let the proud Capitol in glory stand,
And Rome, to triumph'd Medes, give forth her stern command:

Let the victorious voice of Fame
Wide spread the terrors of her name,
Where seas the continents of earth divide,
And Nilus bathes the plain with his prolific tide.
Let her the golden mine despise;
For deep in earth it better lies,
Than when by hands profane, from nature's store,
To human use compell'd, flames forth the sacred ore.

Where nature's utmost limits end,
Let her triumphant arms extend;
Or where the sun pours down his madding beams,
Or where the clouds are dark, and rain perpetual streams.

Thus let the warlike Romans reign
(So Juno and the Fates ordain,)
But on these terms alone, no more to dare,
Through piety or pride, their parent Troy repair;

For Troy rebuilt, ill-omen'd state!
Shall feel the same avenging fate;
Again my Grecians shall victorious prove,
By me led on to war, the sister-wife of Jove.

Thrice should Apollo raise her wall,
Thrice shall her brazen bulwarks fall,
Thrice shall her matrons feel the victor's chain;
Deplore their slaughter'd sons, deplore their husbands slain.

But whither would the Muse aspire?
Such themes nor suit the sportive lyre,
Nor should the wanton, thus in feeble strain,
The councils of the gods, immortal themes' profane.
ODE IV.

TO CALLIOPE.

DESCEND from heaven, and in a lengthen'd strain,
Queen of melodious sounds, the song sustain,
Or on the voice high-rais'd the breathing flute,
The lyre of golden tone, or sweet Phœbean lute.

Hark! some celestial voice I raptur'd hear!
Or does a pleasing phrensy charm my ear?
Through hallow'd groves I stray, where streams beneath
From lucid fountains flow, and zephyrs balmy breathe.

Fatigued with sleep, and youthful toil of play,
When on a mountain's brow reclin'd I lay
Near to my natal soil, around my head
The fabled woodland doves a verdant foliage spread:

Matter, be sure, of wonder most profound.
To all the gazing habitants around,
Who dwell in Acherontia's airy glades,
Amid the Bantian woods, or low Perentum's meads,

By snakes of poison black, and beasts of prey,
That thus, in dewy sleep unharmed I lay;
Laurels and myrtle were around me pil'd,
Not without guardian gods an animated child.

Yours, I am ever yours, harmonious Nine,
Whether I joy in Tibur's vale supine,
Whether I climb the Sabine mountain's height,
Or in Prænestæ's groves or Baian streams delight.

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Nor tree devoted, nor tempestuous main,
Nor flying hosts, that swept Philippi's plain
In fearful rout, your filial bard destroy'd,
While in your springs divine and choral sports he joy'd.

If by the Muses faithful guidance led,
Or Libya's thirsty sands I'll fearless tread,
Or climb the venturous bark, and launch from shore,
Though Bosphorus in storms with maddening horrors roar.

Nor Britons, of inhospitable strain,
Nor quiver'd Scythians, nor the Caspian main;
Nor he who joyous quaffs the thirsty bowl streaming with horses' blood, shall shake my dauntless soul.

When Cæsar, by your forming arts inspir'd,
Cheerful disbands his troops, of conquest turn'd.
And yields to willing Peace his laurel'd spoils.
In the Pierian cave you charm the hero's toils;

Gracious from you the lenient counsels flow,
Which bid the hero spare his prostrate foe;
For Cæsar rules like Jove, whose equal sway
The ponderous mass of earth and stormy seas obey:

O'er gods and mortals, o'er the dreary plains,
And shadowy ghosts, supremely just he reigns,
But, dreadful in his wrath, to hell pursu'd,
With thunder's headlong rage, the fierce Titanian brood,
Whose horrid youth, elate with impious pride,
Unnumber'd, on the sinewy force relied:
Mountain on mountain pil'd they rais'd in air,
And shook the throne of Jove, and bad the Thunderer fear.

But what could Mimas of enormous might,
Typhœus, or Porphyryon's threatening height,
Or bold Enceladus fierce darting far
The trunks of trees uptorn, dire archer of the war,

Though with despair and rage inspir'd they rose,
To sage Minerva's sounding shield oppose?
While Vulcan here in flames devour'd his way,
There matron Juno stood, and there the god of day,

Resolv'd, till he had quell'd th' aspiring foe,
Never to lay aside th' unerring bow.
He the pure dew of fair Castalia loves,
There bathes his flowing hair, and haunts his natal groves.

Ill-counsell'd force, by its own native weight,
Precipitately falls; with happier fate
While the good gods upraise the just design,
And bold, unhallow'd schemes pursue with wrath divine.

This truth shall hundred-handed Gyas prove,
And warm Orion, who with impious love
Tempting the goddess of the sylvan scene,
Was by her virgin darts, gigantic victim! slain.
On her own monsters hurl’d, with hideous weighe
Fond mother Earth deplores her offspring’s fate;
By thunders dire to livid Orcus doom’d,
Nor fire can eat its way through Ætna unconsum’d.

Such are the pains to lawless lust decreed;
On Tityos’ liver shall the vulture feed
With rage ungorg’d, while Pluto stern detains
His amorous rival bound in thrice an hundred chains.
ODE V.

THE PRAISES OF AUGUSTUS.

DREAD Jove in thunder speaks his just domain;
On earth, a present god, shall Cæsar reign,
Since world-divided Britain owns his sway,
And Parthia’s haughty sons his high behests obey.

O name of country, once how sacred deem’d!
O sad reverse of manners, once esteem’d!
While Rome her ancient majesty maintain’d;
In his own Capitol while Jove imperial reign’d,

Could they to foreign spousals meanly yield,
Whom Crassus led with honour to the field?
Have they, to their barbarian lords allied,
Grown old in hostile arms beneath a tyrant’s pride,

Basely forgetful of the Roman name,
The heaven-descended shields, the Vestal flame,
That wakes eternal, and the peaceful gown,
Those emblems which the Fates with boundless empire crown?

When Regulus refus’d the terms of peace
Inglorious, he foresaw the deep disgrace,
Whose foul example should in ruin end,
And even to latest times our baffled arms attend;

Unless the captive youth in servile chains
Should fall unpitied. In the Punic fanes
Have I not seen, the patriot captain cried,
The Roman ensigns fixed in monumental pride?
I saw our arms resign'd without a wound;
Our free-born citizens in fetters bound;
The gates of Carthage open, and the plain,
Late by our war laid waste, with culture cloth'd again.

Ransom'd, no doubt, with nobler sense of fame
The soldier shall return—Ye purchase shame.
When the fair fleece imbibes the dyer's stain,
Its native colour lost it never shall regain,

And valour, failing in the soldier's breast,
Scorns to resume what cowardice possess'd.
When from the toils escap'd the hind shall turn
Fierce on her hunters, he the prostrate foe may spurn

In second fight, who felt the fetters bind
His arms enslav'd; who tamely hath resign'd
His sword unstain'd with blood; who might have died,
Yet on a faithless foe, with abject soul, relied;

Who for his safety mix'd poor terms of peace
Even with the act of war; O foul disgrace!
O Carthage, now with rival glories great,
And on the ruins rais'd of Rome's dejected state!

The hero spoke; and from his wedded dame
And infant-children turn'd, opprest with shame
Of his fallen state; their fond embrace repell'd,
And sternly on the earth his manly visage held.
Till, by his unexampled counsel sway'd,
Their firm decree the wavering senate made;
Then, while his friends the tears of sorrow shed,
Amidst the weeping throng the glorious exile sped:

Nor did he not the cruel tortures know,
Vengeful, prepar'd by a barbarian foe;
Yet, with a countenance serenely gay,
He turn'd aside the crowd, who fondly press'd his stay;

As if, when wearied by some client's cause,
After the final sentence of the laws,
Cheerful he hasted to some calm retreat,
To taste the pure delights that bless the rural seat.
ODE VI.

TO THE ROMANS.

THOUGH guiltless of your fathers' crimes,
Roman, 'tis thine, to latest times,
The vengeance of the gods to bear,
Till you their awful domes repair,
Profan'd with smoke their statues raise,
And bid the sacred altars blaze.

That you the powers divine obey,
Boundless on earth extends your sway:
From hence your future glories date,
From hence expect the hand of Fate.
Th' offended gods, in horrors dire,
On sad Hesperia pour'd their ire:
The Parthian squadrons twice repell'd
Our inauspicious powers, and quell'd
Our boldest efforts, while they shone
With spoils from conquer'd Romans won,
The Dacians, whose unerring art
Can wing with death the pointed dart;
Th' Ægyptian, for his navies fam'd,
Had Neptune's boundless empire claim'd,
And almost in their rage destroy'd
Imperial Rome, in civil strife employ'd.

Fruitful of crimes, this age first stain'd
Their hapless offspring, and profan'd
The nuptial bed, from whence the woes,
That various and unnumber'd rose
From this polluted fountain-head,
O'er Rome and o'er the nations spread.
With pliant limbs the tender maid
Now joys to learn the shameless trade
Of wanton dancing, and improves
The pleasures of licentious loves;
Then soon amid the bridal feast
Boldly she courts her husband's guest:
Her love no nice distinction knows,
But round the wandering pleasure throws,
Careless to hide the bold delight
In darkness and the shades of night.
Nor does she need the thin disguise;
The conscious husband bids her rise,
When some rich factor courts her charms,
And calls the wanton to his arms,
Then, prodigal of wealth and fame,
Profusely buys the costly shame.

Not such the youth, of such a strain,
Who dyed with Punic gore the main;
Who Pyrrhu's flying war pursu'd,
Antiochus the Great subdu'd,
And taught that terror of the field,
The cruel Hannibal, to yield:
But a rough race, inur'd to toil,
With heavy spade to turn the soil,
And by a mother's will severe
To fell the wood, and homeward bear
The ponderous load, even when the sun
His downward course of light had run,
And from the western mountain's head
His changing shadows lengthning spread,
Unyok'd the team, with toil oppress'd,
And gave the friendly hour of rest.
What feels not Time's consuming rage?
More vicious than their fathers' age
Our sires begot the present race,
Of manners impious, bold and base:
And yet with crimes to us unknown,
Our sons shall mark the coming age their own.
ODE VII.

TO ASTERIE.

AH! why does Asterie thus weep for the youth
Of constancy faithful, of honour and truth,
Whom the first kindly zephyrs, that breathe o'er
the spring,
Enrich'd with the wares of Bithynia shall bring?
Driven back from his course by the tempests, that rise
When stars of mad lustre rule over the skies,
At Oricum now poor Gyges must stay,
Where sleepless he weeps the cold winter away;
While his landlady Chloe, in sorrow of heart,
Bids her envoy of love exert all his art,
Who tells him how Chloe, unhappy the dame!
Deep sighs for your lover, and burns in your flame.
He tells him how Proetus, deceiv'd by his wife,
Attempted, ah dreadful! Bellerophon's life,
And urg'd by false crimes, how he sought to destroy
The youth for refusing, too chastely, the joy:
How Peleus was almost despatch'd to the dead,
While the lovely Magnessian abstemious he fled.
Then he turns every tale, and applies it with art,
To melt down his virtue, and soften his heart;
But constant and heart-whole young Gyges appears,
And deafer than rocks the tale-teller hears.
Then, fair-one, take heed, lest Enipeus should prove
A little too pleasing, and tempt thee to love;
And though without rival he shine in the course,
To rein the fierce steed though unequal his force,
Tho' matchless the swiftness with which he divides,
In crossing the Tiber, the rough-swelling tides,
Yet shut the fond door at evening's first shade,
Nor look down to the street at the soft serenade,
Or if cruel he call thee in love-sighing strain,
Yet more and more cruel be sure to remain.
ODES, BOOK III.

ODE VIII.

TO MÆCENAS.

THE Greek and Roman languages are thine,
Their hallow'd customs, and their rites divine;
And well you might the flowery wreaths admire,
The fragrant incense, and the sacred fire,
Rais'd on the living turf, to hail the day
To which the married world their homage pay.

When on my head a tree devoted fell,
And almost crush'd me to the shades of hell,
Grateful I vow'd to him, who rules the vine,
A joyous banquet, while beneath his shrine
A snow-white goat should bleed; and when the year
Revolving bids this festal morn appear,
We'll pierce a cask with mellow juice replete,
Mellow'd with smoke since Tullus rul'd the state.

Come then, Mæcenas, and for friendship's sake,
A friend preserv'd, a hundred bumpers take.
Come drink the watchful tapers up to day,
While noise and quarrels shall be far away.
No more let Rome your anxious thoughts engage.
The Dacian falls beneath the victor's rage,
The Medes in civil wars their arms employ,
Inglorious wars! each other to destroy;
Our ancient foes, the haughty sons of Spain,
At length, indignant, feel the Roman chain;
With bows unbent the hardy Scythians yield,
Resolv'd to quit the long-disputed field.
No more the public claims thy pious fears:
Be not too anxious then with private cares,
But seize the gifts the present moment brings,
Those fleeting gifts, and leave severer things.
Ode IX.

A Dialogue Between Horace and Lydia.

Horace.

While I was pleasing to your arms,
Nor any youth, of happier charms,
Thy snowy bosom blissful press’d,
Not Persia’s king like me was blest.

Lydia.

While for no other fair you burn’d,
Nor Lydia was for Chloe scorn’d,
What maid was then so blest as thine?
Not Ilia’s fame could equal mine.

Horace.

Now Chloe reigns; her voice and lyre
Melt down the soul to soft desire;
Nor will I fear even death, to save
Her dearer beauties from the grave.

Lydia.

My heart young Calais inspires,
Whose bosom glows with mutual fires,
For whom I twice would die with joy,
If death would spare the charming boy.

Horace.

Yet what if Love, whose bands we broke,
Again should tame us to the yoke;
Should I shake off bright Chloe’s chain,
And take my Lydia home again?
ODES, BOOK III.

Lydia.

Though he exceed in beauty far
The rising lustre of a star;
Though light as cork thy fancy strays,
Thy passions wild as angry seas,
When vex'd with storms; yet gladly I
With thee would live, with thee would die.
ODE X.

TO LYCE.

THOUGH you drank the deep stream of Tanais icy,
The wife of some barbarous blockhead, O Lyce,
Yet your heart might relent to expose me reclin'd
At your cruel-shut door to the rage of the wind.
Hark, your gate! how it creaks! how the grove,
    planted round
Your beautiful villa, re-bellows the sound!
How Jupiter numbs all the regions below,
And glazes with crystal the fleeces of snow!
Away with these humours of pride and disdain.
To Venus ungrateful, to Cupid a pain,
Lest while by the pulley you raise to the top,
Your rope should run back, and your bucket should drop.

No sprightly Tyrrhenian begot thee a prude,
Another Penelope, harsh to be woo'd.
O, though neither presents, nor vow-sighing strain.
Nor violet painting the cheek of thy swain,
Nor thy husband, who gives up his heart for a ditty
To a song-singing wench, can provoke thee to pity;
Though like the hard oak you're to softness inclin'd,
And milder than all of the serpentine kind,
Yet think not this side can forever sustain
Thy threshold hard-hearted, and sky-falling rain.
ODE XI.

TO MERCURY.

O THOU, by whose harmonious aid
Amphion's voice the listening stones could lead;
And sweetest shell of power to raise,
On seven melodious strings, thy various lays;
Not vocal, when you first were found,
But of a simple and ungrateful sound;
Now tun'd so sweetly to the ear,
That gods and men with sacred rapture hear;
Oh! thou inspire the melting strain
To charm my Lyde's obstinate disdain,
Who like a filly o'er the field
With playful spirit bounds, and fears to yield
To hand of gentlest touch, or prove,
Wild as she is, the joys of wedded love.
'Tis yours, with all their beasts of prey,
To bid the forests move, and powerful stay
The rapid stream. The dog of hell,
Immense of bulk, to thee soft-soothing fell,
And suppliant bow'd, though round his head
His hundred snakes their guardian horrors spread
Baleful his breath though fiery glow'd,
And from his three-tongued jaws fell poison flow'd.
Ixion, of his pains beguil'd,
And Tityos, with unwilling pleasure, smil'd;
Dry stood their urn, while with soft strain
You sooth'd the labours of the virgin train.
Let Lyde hear, what pains, decreed,
Though late, in death attend the direful deed.
There doom'd to fill, unceasing task!
With idle toil, an ever-streaming cask;
Impious, who in the hour of rest
Could plunge their daggers in a husband's breast.
Yet worthy of the nuptial flame,
And nobly meriting a deathless name,
Of many, one untainted maid,
Gloriously false, her perjur'd sire betray'd.

Thus to her youthful lord—Arise;
Awake, lest sleep eternal close thine eyes;
Eternal sleep: and ah! from whom
You little dreaded the relentless doom.
Oh! fly, my lord, this wrathful sire;
Far from my sisters fly, those sisters dire,
Who riot in their husbands' blood,
As lionesses rend their panting food;
While I, to such fell deed a foe,
Nor bind thee here, nor strike the fatal blow.
Me let my father load with chains,
Or banish to Numidia's farthest plains:
My crime, that I, a loyal wife,
In mercy spar'd a wretched husband's life.
While Venus, and the shades of night
Protect thee, speed, by sea or land, thy flight;
May every happy omen wait
To guide thee through this gloomy hour of Fate!
Yet not forgetful of my doom,
Engrave thy grateful sorrows on my tomb.
ODE XII.

TO NEOBULE.

UNHAPPY the maidens forbidden to prove
The bumper's full joy, or the raptures of love;
Unhappy the girls, who are destin'd to hear
The tedious rebukes of old uncles severe.

Cytherea's wing'd son now bids thee resign
The toils of Minerva, the spinster divine;
For now, Neobule, with other desires
The brightness of Hebrus thy bosom inspires;
When herises with vigour from Tiber's rough waves,
Where the oil of his labours athletic he laves,
Like Bellerophon skilful to rein the fierce steed,
At cuffs never conquer'd, nor out-stripp'd in speed,
And dextrous, with darts never flying in vain,
To wound the light stag bounding over the plain,
Or active and valiant the boar to surprise,
Transfix'd with his spear, as in covert he lies.
ODE XIII.

TO THE FOUNTAIN BANDUSIA.

FOUNTAIN, whose waters far surpass
The shining face of polish'd glass,
To thee, the goblet, crown'd with flowers;
Grateful the rich libation pours;
A goat, whose horns begin to spread,
And bending arm his swelling head,
Whose bosom glows with young desires,
Which war or kindling love inspires,
Now meditates his blow in vain,—
His blood shall thy fair fountain stain.
When the fierce dog-star's fervid ray
Flames forth, and sets on fire the day,
To vagrant flocks, that range the field,
You a refreshing coolness yield;
Or to the labour-wearied team
Pour forth the freshness of thy stream.
Soon shalt thou flow a noble spring,
While in immortal verse I sing
The oak that spreads thy rocks around,
From whence thy babbling waters bound.
ODE XIV.

ON THE RETURN OF AUGUSTUS FROM SPAIN.

THY prince, O Rome, who foreign realms
   Explor'd like Jove's immortal son,
Fearless to search the laurel wreath
   By death and glorious daring won,
Victorious comes from farthest Spain,
To Rome and all his guardian gods again.

Let her, who to her arms receives
   With joy her own, her laurel'd spouse,
Her private sacrifice perform'd,
   Pay to just Heaven her public vows,
And let the fair Octavia lead
The matron-train in suppliant veils array'd;

The matron-train, to whose glad arms
   Their sons, with conquest crown'd, return;
And you, fair youth, whose pious tears
   Your slaughter'd sires and husbands mourn,
This day at least your griefs restrain,
And luckless from ill-omen'd words abstain.

This day, with truly festal joy,
   Shall drive all gloomy cares away;
For, while imperial Cæsar holds
   O'er the glad Earth his awful sway,
Nor fear of death from foreign arms,
Or civil rage, my dauntless soul alarms.
Boy, bring us essence, bring us crowns;
Pierce me a cask of ancient date,
Big with the storied Marsian war,
And with its glorious deeds replete,
If yet one jovial cask remain
Since wandering Spartacus o’erswept the plain.

Invite Næra to the feast,
Who sweetly charms the listening ear,
And bid the fair one haste to bind
In careless wreaths her essenc’d hair;
But should her porter bid you stay,
Leave the rough, surly rogue, and come away.

When hoary age upon our heads
Pours down its chilling weight of snows,
No more the breast with anger burns,
No more with amorous heat it glows:
Such treatment Horace would not bear,
When warm with youth, when Plancus fill’d the consul’s chair.
ODES, BOOK III.

ODE XV.

TO CHLORIS.

THOU poor man's incumbrance, thou rake of a wife,
At length put an end to this infamous life;
Now near thy long home, to be rank'd with the shades,
Give over to frisk it with buxom young maids,
And, furrow'd with wrinkles, profanely to shroud
Those bright constellations with age's dark cloud.

What Pholoe well, with a decency free,
Might practice, sits awkward, O Chloris, on thee.
Like her, whom the timbrel of Bacchus arouses
Thy daughter may better lay siege to the houses
Of youthful gallants, while she wantonly gambols,
Of Nothus enamour'd, like a goat in its rambles;
The spindle, the distaff, and wool-spinning thrifty,
Not musical instruments, fit thee at fifty,
Nor roses impurpled enriching the breeze,
Nor hogsheads of liquor drunk down to the lees.
ODE XVI.
TO MÆCENAS.

OF watchful dogs an odious ward
Might well one hapless virgin guard,
When in a tower of brass immur'd,
And by strong gates of oak secur'd,
Although by mortal gallants lewd
With all their midnight arts pursu'd,
Had not great Jove and Venus fair
Laugh'd at her father's fruitless care:
For well they knew no fort could hold
Against a god transform'd to gold.

Stronger than thunder's winged force
All-powerful gold can speed its course,
Through watchful guards its passage make,
And loves through solid walls to break:
From gold the overwhelming woes,
That crush'd the Grecian augur, rose;
Philip with gold through cities broke,
And rival monarchs felt his yoke;
Captains of ships to gold are slaves,
Though fierce as their own winds and waves.
Yet anxious care, and thirst of more,
Attend the still increasing store.

While you in humble rank appear,
Gracing the knighthood that you wear,
By your example taugh't, I dread
To raise the far conspicuous head.
The more we to ourselves deny,
The more the gods our wants supply.
Far from the quarters of the great,
Happy, though naked, I retreat.
And to th' unwishing few with joy
A blest and bold deserter fly,
Possest of what the great despise,
In real, richer pomp I rise,
Than if, from fair Apulia's plain,
I stor'd in heaps the various grain,
While of the wealthy mass secure,
Amidst the rich abundance poor.

The streamlet, flowing through my ground;
The wood, which a few acres bound;
The little farm of kindly soil,
Nor faithless to its master's toil,
Shall tell the consul, whose domain
Extends o'er Africa's fertile plain,
Though of his envied lot possest,
He ne'er shall be like Horace blest.

Though nor the fam'd Calabrian bee
Collect its golden sweets for me:
For me no Formian vintage grows,
With mellow'd warmth where Bacchus flows
Nor on the verdant Gallic mead
My flocks of richer fleeces feed:
Yet am I not with want opprest,
Which vainly seeks the port of rest,
Nor would thy bounteous hand deny
My larger wishes to supply:
But while those wishes I restrain,
Farther I stretch my small domain
Than could I distant kingdoms join,
And make united empires mine:
For sure the sate of man is such,
They greatly want, who covet much:
Then happy he, whom heaven has fed
with frugal but sufficient bread.
ODE XVII.

TO ÆLIUS LAMIA.

ÆLIUS, whose ancient lineage springs
From Lamus, founder of the name
(From whom a sacred line of kings
Shines through the long records of fame,
From whom th' illustrious race arose,
Who first possess'd the Formian towers,
And reign'd where Liris smoothly flows
To fair Marica's marshy shores,

If the old shower-foretelling crow
Croak not her boding note in vain,
To-morrow's eastern storm shall strow
The woods with leaves, with weeds the main.

Then pile the fuel while you may,
And cheer your spirit high with wine;
Give to your slaves one idle day,
And feast upon the fatted swine.
FAUNUS, who with eager flame
Chase the Nymphs, thy flying game,
If a tender kid disdain,
Each returning year, thy fane,
If with wine we raise the soul
(Social Venus loves the bowl,)
If thy consecrated shrine
Smoke with odours,—breath divine!
Gently traverse o'er my bounds,
Gently through my sunny grounds,
Gracious to my fleecy breed,
Sporting o'er the flowery mead.

See my flocks in sportive vein
Frisk it o'er the verdant plain,
When through winter's gloom thy day
Festal shines, the peasants play
On the grassy-matted soil,
Round their oxen, free from toil.
See the wolf forgets his prey,
With my daring lambs to play;
See the forest's bending head
At thy feet its honours shed,
While with joyful foot the swain
Beats the glebe he plough'd with pain.
ODE XIX.

TO TELEPHUS.

WHEN Inachus reign'd to thee is notorious,
When slain for his country was Codrus the glorious;
When govern'd the monarchs from Peleus descended;
When Troy was besieged, and so bravely defended;
But where the best Chian, or what it may cost ye,
Or how we may warm the long winter and frosty,
Or temper our water with embers so glowing,
Ah! Telephus, here thou art strangely unknowing.
Here's a bumper to Midnight; to Luna's first shining;
A third to our friend in his post of divining.
Come fill up the bowl, then fill up your bumpers,
Let three, or thrice three, be the jovial of numbers.
The poet, enraptur'd, sure never refuses
His brimmers thrice three to his odd-number'd Muses:
But the Graces, in naked simplicity cautious,
Are afraid, more than three might to quarrels debauch us.
Gay frolic, and mirth, to madness shall fire us;
Why breathes not the flute, then, with joy to inspire us?
Why hang on the wall, in silence dolorous,
The soft-swelling pipe and the hautboy sonorous?
I hate all the slaves, who are sparing of labour:
Give us roses abundant, and let our old neighbour.
ODES, BOOK III.

With his damsel, ill-suited to such an old fellow,
Even burst with his envy to hear us so mellow.
Poor Horace in flames, how slowly consuming!
For Glycera burns, while Chloe the blooming
Her Telephus courts, whose tresses are beaming.
As are the bright rays from Vesperus streaming.

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ODE XX.

TO PYRRHUS.

PYRRHUS, you tempt a danger high,
When you would steal from angry lioness her cubs, and soon shall fly

Injurious.

What wars of horrid form arise,
Through crowds of lovers when she flies
To seek her boy, and snatch the prize,

Victorious!

You shoot; she whets her tusks to bite;
While he, who sits to judge the fight,
Treads on the palm with foot so white,

Disdainful;

And sweetly floating in the air,
Wanton he spreads his fragrant hair.
Like Ganymede, or Nireus fair,

And vainful.
GENTLE cask of mellow wine,
And of equal age with mine;
Whether you to broils or mirth,
Or to madding'love give birth;
Or the toper's tempels steep
Sweetly in ambrosial sleep;
For whatever various use
You preserve the chosen juice,
Worthy of some festal hour,
Now the hoary vintage pour:
Come—Corvinus, guest divine,
Bids me draw the smoothest wine.

Though with science deep imbued,
He, not like a Cynic rude,
Thee despises, for of old
Cato's virtue, we are told,
Often with a bumper glow'd,
And with social raptures flow'd.

You by gentle tortures oft
Melt hard tempers into soft;
You strip off the grave disguise
From the counsels of the wise,
And with Bacchus, blithe and gay,
Bring them to the face of day.
Hope by thee, fair fugitive!

Bids the wretched strive to live;
To the beggar you dispense
Heart and brow of confidence:
Warm'd by thee, he scorns to fear
Tyrant's frown or soldier's spear.

Bacchus boon, and Venus fair
(If she come with cheerful air,)
And the Graces, charming band!
Ever dancing hand in hand;
And the living taper's flame,
Shall prolong thy purple stream,
Till returning Phoebus bright
Puts the lazy stars to flight.
ODE XXII.

TO DIANA.

Of groves and mountains guardian maid,
Invok'd by three mysterious names;
Goddess three-form'd, whose willing aid
With gracious pow'r appears display'd,
From death to save our pregnant dames

To thee I consecrate the pine,
That nodding waves my villa round,
And here, beneath thy hallow'd shrine,
Yearly shall bleed a festal swine,
That meditates the side-long wound.
ODE XXIII.

TO PHIDYLE.

If on the new-born moon, with hands supine,
   My Phidyle, laborious rustic, prays;
If she with incense, and a ravening swine,
   And yearly fruits, her household gods appease,

Nor pestilential storm shall smite her vines,
   Nor barren mildew shall her harvests fear;
Nor shall her flocks, when the sad year declines,
   Beneath its fruitage, feel th' autumnal air.

Let the devoted herds, that lowing feed
   In snow-topt Algidon's high-branching wood
Or the fair kine of rich Albania, bleed,
   And stain the pontiff's hallow'd axe with blood.

The little gods, around thy sacred fire,
   No vast profusion of the victim's gore,
But pliant myrtle wreaths alone require,
   And fragrant herbs, the pinus, rural store.

A grateful cake, when on the hallow'd shrine
   Offer'd by hands that know no guilty stain,
Shall reconcile th'offended powers divine,
   When bleeds the pompous hecatomb in vain.
AGAINST MISERS.

THOUGH of th'unriffed gold possest
Of gorgeous Ind, and Araby the blest;
Though with hewn, massy rocks you raise
Your haughty structures midst th'indignant seas.
Yet, soon as Fate shall round your head,
With adamantine strength, its terrors spread,
Nor the dictator's power shall save
Your soul from fear, your body from the grave.

Happy the Scythians, houseless train!
Who roll their vagrant dwellings o'er the plain:
Happy the Getes fierce and brave,
Whom no fix'd laws of property enslave;
While open stands the golden grain,
The free-born fruitage of th'unbounded plain.
Succeeding yearly to the toil,
They plough with equal tasks the public soil.
Not there the guiltless step-dame knows
The baleful draught for orphans to compose:
No wife high-portion'd rules her spouse,
Or trusts her essence'd lover's faithless vows:
The lovers there for dowry claim
The father's virtue and the mother's fame,
That dares not break the nuptial tie,
Polluted crime! whose portion is to die.
O that some patriot, wise and good,
Would stop this impious thirst of civil blood.
And joy on statues to behold
His name, the Father of the State, enroll'd
Oh! let him quell our spreading shame,
And live to latest times an honour'd name.
ODES, BOOK III.

Though living Virtue we despise,
We follow her, when dead, with envious eyes.
But wherefore do we thus complain,
If Justice wear her awful sword in vain?
And what are laws, unless obey'd
By the same moral virtues they were made?
If neither burning heats extreme,
Where eastern Phæbus darts his fiercest beam;
Nor where the northern tempest blows,
And freezes down to earth th'eternal snows,
Nor the wild terrors of the main
Can daunt the merchant, and his voyage restrain;
If want, ah dire disgrace! we fear,
From thence with vigour act, with patience bear,
While Virtue's paths untrodden lie,
Those paths that lead us upwards to the sky?
Oh! let us consecrate to Jove
(Rome shall with shouts the pious deed approve)
Our gems, our gold, pernicious store!
Or plunge into the deep the baleful ore.
If you indeed your crimes detest,
Tear forth, uprooted from the youthful breast.
The seeds of each deprav'd desire,
While manly toils a firmer soul inspire.
Nor knows our youth, of noblest race,
To mount the manag'd steed or urge the chase.
More skill'd in the mean arts of vice,
The whirling troque, or law-forbidden dice:
And yet his worthless heir to raise
To hasty wealth, the perjur'd sire betrays
His partners, co-heirs, and his friends;
But, while in heaps his wicked wealth ascends,
He is not of his wish possest,
There's something wanting still to make him blest
WHITHER, in sacred ecstasy,
Bacchus, when full of thy divinity,
Dost thou transport me? To what glades?
What gloomy caverns, unfrequented shades?
In what recesses shall I raise
My voice to sacred Cæsar's deathless praise,
Amid the stars to bid him shine,
Rank'd in the councils of the powers divine?
Some bolder song shall wake the lyre,
And sounds unknown its trembling strings inspire.
Thus o'er the steepy mountain's height,
Starting from sleep, thy priestess takes her flight;
Amaz'd beholds the Thracian snows,
With languid streams where icy Heber flows,
Or Rhodope's high-towering head,
Where frantic choirs barbarian measures tread.
O'er pathless rocks, through lonely groves,
With what delight my raptur'd spirit roves!
O thou, who rul'st the Naiad's breast;
By whom the Bacchanalian maids, possesst
With! sacred rage inspir'd by thee,
Tear from the bursting glebe th' uprooted tree,
Nothing or low, or mean, I sing,
No mortal sound shall shake the swelling string.
The venturous theme my soul alarms,
But warm'd by thee the thought of danger charms.
When vine-crown'd Bacchus leads the way,
What can his daring votaries dismay?
ODE XXVI.

TO VENUS

I LATELY was fit to be call’d upon duty,
And gallantly fought in the service of beauty:
But now crown’d with conquest I hang up my arms,
My harp, that campaign’d it in midnight alarms:
Here fix on this wall, here my ensigns of wars,
By the statue of Venus, my torches and bars,
And arrows, which threaten’d, by Cupid their liege
War, war on all doors that dare hold out a siege.

O goddess of Cyprus, and Memphis that know
Nor the coldness or weight of love-chilling snow.
With a high-lifted stroke, yet gently severe,
Avenge me on Chloe, the proud and the fair.

ODE XXVII.

TO GALATEA.

FIERCE from her cubs the ravening fox
Or wolf from steep Lanuvian rocks,
Or pregnant bitch, or chattering jay,
Ill-omen’d, guide the wicked on their way;

Serpents, like arrows, sidelong thwart
The road, and make their horses start.
For those I love, with anxious fear
I view the doubtful skies, a prudent seer.
And bid the chanting raven rise
When Phoebus gilds his orient skies,
Ere speeds the shower-boding crow
To lakes, whose languid waters cease to flow.

Happy may Galatea prove,
Nor yet unmindful of our love,
For now no luckless pye prevails,
Nor vagrant crow forbids the swelling sails.

Yet see what storms tumultuous rise,
While prone Orion sweeps the skies.
I know the Adriatic main,
And western winds, perfidiously serene.

But may the rising tempest shake
Our foes, and dreadful o'er them break;
For them the blackening ocean roar,
And angry surges lash the trembling shore.

When on her bull Europa rode
Nor knew she press'd th' imperial god,
Bold as she was, th' affrighted maid
The rolling monsters of the deep survey'd.

Late for the rural nymphs she chose
Each flower, a garland to compose,
But now beneath the gloom of night,
Views nought but seas, and stars of feeble light.

Soon as she touch'd the Cretan shore,
My sire, she cries,—ah! mine no more,
For every pious, tender name
Is madly lost in this destructive flame.

Where am I, wretched and undone?
And shall a single death atone
A virgin's crime? Or do my fears
Deplore the guilty deed with waking tears?
Or am I yet, ah! pure from shame,
Mock'd by a vain delusive dream?
Could I my springing flowrets leave,
To tempt through length of seas the faithless wave?

While thus with just revenge possest,
How could I tear that monstrous beast!
How could I break, by rage inspir'd,
Those horns, alas! too fondly once admir'd!

Shameless, my father's gods I fly;
Shameless, and yet I fear to die.
Hear me, some gracious heavenly power,
Let lions fell this naked corse devour.

My cheeks ere hollow wrinkles seize,
Ere yet their rosy bloom decays,
While youth yet rolls its vital flood,
Let tigers fiercely riot in my blood.

But hark! I hear my father cry,
Make haste, unhappy maid, to die,
And if a pendant fate you choose,
Your faithful girdle gives the kindly noose;

Or, if you like a headlong death,
Behold the pointed rock beneath;
Or plunge into the rapid wave,
Nor live on haughty tasks, a spinster slave.

Some rude barbarian's concubine,
Born as thou art of royal line.
Here the perfidious-smilling dame
And idle Cupid to the mourner came;
Awhile she rallied with the fair,
Then with a grave and serious air,
Indulge, she cries, thy rage no more,
This odious bull shall yield him to thy power.

Yet sigh no more, but think of love,
For know, thou art the wife of Jove;
Then learn to bear thy future fame,
When earth's wide continent shall boat thy name.

ODE XXVIII.

TO LYDE.

SAY, what shall I do on the festival day,
Of Neptune! Come, Lyde, without more delay,
And broach the good creature, invaulted that lies,
Cast off all reserve, and be merry and wise.
The evening approaches, you see, from you hill;
And yet, as if Phœbus, though winged, stood still,
You dally to bring us a cup of the best,
Condemn'd, like its consul, ignobly to rest.

With voices alternate, the sea-potent king,
And the Nereids, with ringlets of azure, we'll sing,
From the sweet-sounding shell thy hand shall arise
Latona's, and swift-darting Cynthia's praise.
The gay-smiling goddess of love and delight,
Who rules over Cnidos, and Cyclades bright,
And guiding her swans with a soft silken rein
Revisits her Paphos, shall crown the glad strain.
Then to the good Night, while bumpers elate us
We'll sing a farewell, and a decent quietus.
ODES, BOOK III.

ODE XXIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

DESCENDED from an ancient line,
That once the Tuscan sceptre sway'd,
Haste thee to meet the generous wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd;
For thee the fragrant essence flows,
For thee, Mæcenas, breathes the blooming rose.

From the delights, oh! break away,
Which Tibur's marshy prospect yields,
Nor with unceasing joy survey
Fair Æsula's declining fields
No more the verdant hills admire
Of Telegon, who kill'd his aged sire.

Instant forsake the joyless feast,
Where appetite in surfeit dies,
And from the towered structure haste,
That proudly threatens to the skies;
From Rome and its tumultuous joys,
Its crowds, and smoke, and opulence, and noise;

Where health preserving plainness dwells,
Nor sleeps upon the Tyrian dye,
To frugal treats, and humble cells,
With grateful change the wealthy fly.
Such scenes have charm'd the pangs of care.
And smooth'd the clouded forehead of despair.

Andromeda's conspicuous sire
Now darts his hidden beams from far;
The Lion shows his maddening fire,
And barks fierce Procyon's raging star,
While Phœbus, with revolving ray,
Brings back the burnings of the thirsty day.
Fainting beneath the sweltering heat,
To cooling streams and breezy shades
The shepherd and his flocks retreat,
White rustic Sylvans seek the glades,
Silent the brook its borders laves,
Nor curls one vagrant breath of wind the waves.

But you for Rome’s imperial state
Attend with ever-watchful care,
Or, for the world’s uncertain fate
Alarm’d, with ceaseless terrors fear;
Anxious what eastern wars impend,
Or what the Scythians in their pride intend,

But Jove, in goodness ever wise,
Hath hid, in clouds of depthless night,
All that in future prospect lies,
Beyond the ken of mortal sight,
And laughs to see vain man opprest
With idle fears, and more than man distrest.

Then wisely form the present hour;
Enjoy the bliss that it bestows;
The rest is all beyond our power,
And like the changeful Tiber flows,
Who now beneath his banks subsides,
And peaceful to his native ocean glides:

But when descends a sudden shower
And wild provokes his silent flood,
The mountains hear the torrent roar,
And echoes shake the neighbouring wood;
Then swollen with rage he sweeps away
Uprooted trees, herds, dwellings to the sea.

Happy the man, and he alone,
Who master of himself can say,
To-day at least hath been my own,
For I have clearly liv'd to-day:
Then let to-morrow's clouds arise,
Or purer suns o'erspread the cheerful skies:

Not Jove himself can now make void
The joy, that wing'd the flying hour;
The certain blessing once enjoy'd,
Is safe beyond the godhead's power;
Nought can recall the acted scene,
What hath been, spite of Jove himself, hath been.

But Fortune, ever-changing dame,
Indulges her malicious joy,
And constant plays her haughty game,
Proud of her office to destroy;
To-day to me her bounty flows,
And now to others she the bliss bestows:

I can applaud her while she stays;
But if she shake her rapid wings,
I can resign with careless ease
The richest gifts her favour brings,
Then folded lie in virtue's arms,
And honest poverty's undower'd charms.

Though the mast howl beneath the wind,
I make no mercenary prayers,
Nor with the gods a bargain bind
With future vows, and streaming tears,
To save my wealth from adding more
To boundless ocean's avaricious store:

Then in my little barge I'll ride,
Secure amid the foamy wave,
Calm will I stem the threatening tide,
And fearless all its tumults brave;
THE WORKS OF HORACE.

Even then perhaps some kinder gale,
While the twin stars appear, shall fill my joyful sail.

ODE XXX.

TO MELPOMENE.

MORE durable than brass, the frame
Which here I consecrate to fame;
Higher than pyramids that rise,
With royal pride, to brave the skies;
Nor years, though numberless the train,
Nor flight of seasons, wasting rain,
Nor winds, that loud in tempests break,
Shall e’er its firm foundation shake,
Nor shall the funeral pyre consume
My fame; that nobler part shall bloom,
With youth unfading shall improve,
While to th’ immortal fane of Jove
The Vestal maids, in silent state
Ascending, on the pontiff wait.

With rapid course and deafening waves
Where Aufidus impetuous raves,
And where a poor, enervate stream
From banish’d Daunus takes its name,
O’er warlike realms who fix’d his throne,
Shall Horace, deathless bard, be known,
Who first attempted to inspire
With Grecian sounds the Roman lyre.
With conscious pride, O Muse divine
Assume the honours justly thine;
With laurel wreaths my head surround;
Such as the god of verse have crown’d.
ODES.
BOOK IV.

ODE I.
TO VENUS.

AGAIN new tumults fire my breast?
Ah spare me, Venus, let thy suppliant rest.
I am no more, alas! the swain
I was in Cynara’s indulgent reign.
Fierce mother of the Loves, no more
Attempt to bend me to thy charming power,
Harden’d with age; but swift repair
Where youth invokes thee with the soothing prayer.
Would you inflame, with young desire,
A bosom worthy of thy purest fire,
To Paulus guide, a welcome guest,
Thy purple swans, and revel in his breast.
Of noble birth, and graceful made,
Nor silent when affliction claims his aid,
He, with a hundred conquering arts,
Shall wave thy banners wide o’er female hearts.
When more successful he shall prove,
And laugh at rivals, who with gifts make love,
Thou in a citron dome shalt stand,
Form’d by the sculptor’s animating hand:
There shall th' abundant incense flame,
And thou transported quaff the rising steam;
There shall the power of music join,
And raise the song with harmony divine;
There shall the youths and virgins pay
To thee their grateful offerings twice a-day.
Like Salian priests the dance shall lead,
And many a mazy measure round thee tread.
For me, alas! those joys are o'er,
For me the vernal garland blooms no more;
No more the feats of wine I prove,
Nor the delusive hopes of mutual love.
Yet why, ah! fair-one, still too dear,
Steals down my cheek the involuntary tear?
Or why thus falter o'er my tongue
The words, which once harmonious pour'd along?
Swift through the fields, and flowing streams,
I follow thee in visionary dreams,
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst, ah cruel! from my arms.

ODE II.

TO ANTONIUS IULUS.

HE, who to Pindar's height attempts to rise,
Like Icarus, with waxen pinions tries
His pathless way, and from the venturous theme
Falling shall leave to azure seas his name.
As when a river, swollen by sudden showers,
O'er its known banks from some steep mountain
pours,
So in profound, unmeasurable song
The deep-mouth'd Pindar, foaming, pours along.
Well he deserves Apollo's laurel'd crown,  
Whether new words he rolls enraptur'd down  
Impetuous through the Dithyrambic strains;  
Free from all laws, but what himself ordains;

Whether in lofty tone sublime he sings  
The immortal gods, or god-descended kings,  
With death deserv'd who smote the Centaurs dire;  
And quench'd the fierce Chimæra's breath of fire;

Or whom th' Olympic palm, celestial prize!  
Victorious crowns, and raises to the skies,  
Wrestler or steed—with honours, that outlive  
The mortal fame which thousand statues give;

Or mourns some hapless youth in plaintive lay,  
From his fond, weeping bride, ah! torn away;  
His manners pure, his courage, and his name,  
Snatch'd from the grave, he vindicates to fame.

Thus, when the Theban swan attempts the skies,  
A nobler gale of rapture bids him rise;  
But like a bee, which through the breezy groves  
With seeble wing and idle murmurs roves,

Sits on the bloom, and with unceasing toil  
From thyme sweet-breathing culls his flowery spoil;

So I, weak bard! round Tibur's lucid spring,  
Of humbler strain laborious verses sing.  
'Tis thine with deeper hand to strike the lyre,  
When Caesar shall his raptur'd bard inspire,  
And crown'd with laurel, well-earn'd meed of war.  
Drag the fierce Gaul at his triumphant car;

Than whom the gods ne'er gave, or bounteous Fate,  
To human kind a gift more good or great,
Nor from the treasures shall again unfold,
Though time roll backward to his ancient gold.
Be thine the festal days, the city's joys,
The Forum silenc'd from litigious noise,
The public games for Cæsar safe restor'd,
A blessing oft with pious vows implor'd.
Then, if my voice can reach the glorious theme;
Then will I sing, amid the loud acclaim—
"Hail, brightest sun; in Rome's fair annals shine;
Cæsar returns—eternal praise be thine."
As the procession awful moves along,
Let shouts of triumph fill our joyful song;
Repeated shouts of triumph Rome shall raise,
And to the bounteous gods our altars blaze.

Of thy fair herds twice ten shall grateful bleed,
While I with pious care, one steerling feed:
Wean'd from the dam, o'er pastures large he roves,
And for my vows his rising youth he proves:
His horns like Luna's bending fires appear,
When the third night she rises to her sphere;
And yellow all the rest, one spot there glows
Full in his front, and bright as winter snows:

ODE III.
TO MELPOMENE.
HE, on whose natal hour the queen
Of verse hath smil'd, shall never grace
The Isthmian gauntlet, or be seen
First in the fam'd Olympic race:
He shall not after toils of war,
And taming haughty monarchs' pride,
With laurel'd brows conspicuous far,
To Jove's Tarpeian temple ride:
But him, the streams which warbling flow
Rich Tiber's fertile vales along,
And shady groves, his haunts, shall know
The master of th' Æolian song.
The sons of Rome, majestic Rome!
Have placed me in the poet's quire,
And Envy, now or dead or dumb,
Forbears to blame what they admire.
Goddess of the sweet-sounding lute,
Which thy harmonious touch obeys,
Who canst the finny race, though mute,
To cygnet's dying accents raise,
Thy gift it is, that all, with ease,
Me prince of Roman lyrics own;
That, while I live, my numbers please,
If pleasing, is thy gift alone.

ODE IV.
THE PRAISES OF DRUSUS.
As the majestic bird of towering kind,
Who bears the thunder through th' ethereal space
(To whom the monarch of the gods assign'd
Dominion o'er the vagrant, feather'd race,
His faith approv'd, when to the distant skies
From Ida's top he bore the Phrygian prize)
Sprung from his nest, by sprightly youth inspir'd,
Fledg'd, and exulting in his native might,
Novice to toils; but as the clouds retir'd,  
And gentler gales provok'd a bolder flight,  
On sailing wings through yielding air explor'd  
Unwonted paths, and panted while he soar'd

Anon to ravage in the fleecy fold,  
The glowing ardour of his youthful heart  
Pour'd the beak'd foe; now more maturely bold  
With tallons fierce precipitant to dart  
On dragons fell, reluctant in the fray;  
Such is his thirst for battle, and for prey:

Or as a lion through the forest stalks,  
Wean'd by his tawny dam from milky food;  
A goat descries him from her flowery walks,  
First doom'd to stain his youthful jaws with blood:

So Drusus look'd tremendous to his foes,  
Beneath the frozen height of Alpine snows.  
The Rhætian bands beheld him such in war:  
Those daring bands, who with triumphant joy  
Were wont to spread their baneful terrors far;  
Tam'd by the conduct of the martial boy,  
Felt what true courage could achieve, when led  
By bright example, and by virtue bred;

Felt how Augustus with paternal mind  
Fir'd the young Nerces to heroic deeds;  
The brave and good are copies of their kind:  
In steers laborious, and in generous steeds  
We trace their sires: nor can the bird of Jove  
Intrepid, fierce, beget th' unwarlike dove:

Yet sage instructions, to refine the soul  
And raise the genius, wondrous aid impart,  
Conveying, inward as they purely roll,  
Strength to the mind, and vigour to the heart.
When morals fail, the stains of vice disgrace
The fairest honours, and the noblest race.

How much the grandeur of thy rising state
Owes to the Neroes, Rome imperial, say;
Witness Metaurus, and the dismal fate
Of unnamed Asdrubal, and that glad day,
Which first auspicious, as the darkness fled,
Over Latium's face a tide of glory shed;

Resistless in his rage, before that day
The Carthaginian with vindictive ire
Through our fair cities urg'd his cruel way,
As through the pitchy pines destructive fire
Devours its course; or as when Eurus raves,
And howling rides the mad Sicilian waves.

The Roman youth, improving by their toils,
With better fate now wield the vengeful sword,
And see those temples, which were once the spoils
Of Tyrian rapine, to their gods restor'd;
When faithless Hannibal at length express'd
The boding sorrows of his anxious breast:

"Like stags, of coward kind, the destin'd prey
Of ravening wolves, we unprovok'd defy
Those, whom to baffle is our fairest play,
The richest triumph we can boast, to fly.
Nor mark that race, which to the Latian shore
Their gods, their sons, their sires, intrepid bore.

"That race, long lost upon the Tuscan waves,
Are like an oak upon the woody top
Of shaded Algidus, embrown'd with leaves,
Which, as keen axes its green honours lop,
Through wounds, through losses no decay can feel,
Collecting strength and spirit from the steel."
THE WORKS OF HORACE.

"Not Hydra stronger, when dismember'd, rose
Against Alcmena's much-enduring son,
Grieving to find, from his repeated blows,
The foe redoubled, and his toil begun;
Nor Colchis teem'd, nor Echionian Thebes
A feller monster from their bursting glebes.

"In ocean plunge them, they emerge more bright;
At arms oppose them in the dusty field,
With routed squadrons they renew the fight,
And force your yet unbroken troops to yield,
And battles wage, to be the future boast
Of their proud consorts o'er our vanquis'd host.

"To lofty Carthage I no more shall send
Vaunts of my deeds, and heralds of my fame;
My boundless hopes, alas! are at an end,
With all the flowing fortune of our name:
Those boundless hopes, that flowing fortune, all
Are dash'd, and buried in my brother's fall."

The Claudian race, those favourites of the skies
No toil shall damp, no fortitude withstand;
Superior they to difficulties rise,
Whom Jove protects with an indulgent hand;
Whom cautious cares, preventing wiles afar,
Guide through the perils of tumultuous war.

ODE V.

TO AUGUSTUS.

PROPITIOUS to the sons of Earth
(Best guardian of the Roman state)
The heavenly powers beheld thy birth,
And form'd thee glorious, good and great.
Odes, Book IV.

Rome and her holy fathers cry, Thy stay
Was promis'd short, ah! wherefore this delay?

Come then, auspicious prince, and bring
To thy long gloomy country, light,
For in thy countenance the spring
Shines forth to cheer thy people's sight:
Then hasten thy return: for, thou away,
Nor lustre has the sun, nor joy the day.

As a fond mother views with fear
The terrors of the rolling main,
While envious winds, beyond his year,
From his lov'd home her son detain;
To the good gods with fervent prayer she cries;
And catches every omen as it flies;

Then anxious listens to the roar
Of winds, that loudly sweep the sky;
Nor, fearful, from the winding shore
Can ever turn her longing eye:
Smit with as faithful and as fond desires,
Impatient Rome her absent lord requires.

Safe by thy cares her oxen graze,
And yellow Ceres clothes her fields;
The sailor ploughs the peaceful seas,
And Earth her richer abundance yields;
While, nobly conscious of unsullied fame,
Fair honour dreads th' imputed sense of blame.

By thee our wedded dames are pure
From foul adultery's embrace;
The conscious father views secure
His own resemblance in his race:
Thy chaste example quells the spotted deed,
And to the guilt thy punishments succeed.

Who shall the faithless Parthian dread,
  The freezing armies of the north,
The enormous youth, to battle bred,
  Whom horrid Germany brings forth?
Who shall regard the war of cruel Spain,
If Cæsar live secure, if Cæsar reign?

Safe in his vineyard toils the hind,
  Weds to the widow’d elm his vine,
Till the sun sets his hill behind,
  Then hastens joyful to his wine,
And in his gayer hours of mirth implores
Thy godhead to protect and bless his stores.

To thee he chants the sacred song,
  To thee the rich libation pours;
Thee, plac’d his household gods among,
  With solemn, daily prayer adores;
So Castor and great Hercules of old
Were with her gods by grateful Greece enroll’d:

Gracious and good, beneath thy reign
  May Rome her happy hours employ,
And grateful hail thy just domain
  With pious hymns and festal joy:
Thus, with the rising sun we sober pray,
Thus in our wine beneath his setting ray.

[The SIXTH ODE will be found in "The Secular Poem;" see the first "Chorus of Youths and Virgins," and the succeeding "Hymn to Apollo."]
ODE VII.
TO TARQUATUS.

The snow dissolves, the field its verdure spreads,
The trees high wave in air their leafy heads;
Earth feels the change; the rivers calm subside.
And smooth along their banks decreasing glide.
The elder Grace, with her fair sister-train,
In naked beauty dances o'er the plain.
The circling hours, that swiftly wing their way,
And in their flight consume the smiling day;
Those circling hours, and all the various year.
Convince us, nothing is immortal here.

In vernal gales cold winter melts away;
Soon wastes the spring in summer's burning ray,
Yet summer dies in autumn's fruitful reign,
And slow-pac'd winter soon returns again.
The moon renews her orb with growing light.
But when we sink into the depths of night,
Where all the good, the rich, the brave are laid,
Our best remains are ashes and a shade.

Who knows that heaven, with ever-bounteous-
power,
Shall add to-morrow to the present hour?
The wealth you give to pleasure and delight.
Far from thy ravening heir shall speed its flight.
But soon as Minos, thron'd in awful state,
Shall o'er thee speak the solemn words of Fate:
Nor virtue, birth, nor eloquence divine,
Shall bid the grave its destin'd prey resign.
Nor chaste Diana from infernal night
   Could bring her modest favourite back to light;
And hell-descending Theseus strove in vain
   To break his amorous friend's Lethæan chain.

ODE VIII.

TO CENSORINUS.

WITH liberal heart to every friend
   A bowl or caldron would I send;
Or tripods, which the Grecians gave,
   As rich rewards to heroes brave;
Nor should the meanest gift be thine,
If the rich works of art were mine,
By Scopas or Parrhasius wrought,
   With animating skill who taught
The shapeless stone with life to glow,
Or bad the breathing colours flow,
   To imitate, in every line,
The form or human or divine.

But I nor boast the curious store,
And you nor want, nor wish for more;
'Tis yours the joys of verse to know,
   Such joys as Horace can bestow,
While I can vouch my present's worth
   And call its every virtue forth.
Nor columns, which the public raise,
Engrav'd with monumental praise,
By which the breath of life returns
To heroes sleeping in their urns;
Nor Hannibal, when swift he fled,
His threats retorted on his head;
Nor impious Carthage wrapt in flame,
From whence great Scipio gain'd a name,
Such glories round him could diffuse
As the Calabrian poet's muse;
And should the bard his aid deny,
Thy worth shall unrewarded die.

Had envious silence left unsung
The child from Mars and Ilia sprung,
How had we known the hero's fame,
From whom the Roman empire came?
The poet's favour, voice, and lays,
Could Æacus from darkness raise,
Snatch'd from the Stygian guls of hell,
Among the blissful isles to dwell.

The Muse forbids the brave to die,
The Muse entrones him in the sky:
Alcides, thus, in heaven is plac'd,
And shares with Jove th' immortal feast;
Thus the twin-stars have power to save
The shatter'd vessel from the wave,
And vine-crown'd Bacchus with success
His jovial votaries can bless.
ODE IX.

TO LOLLIUS.

WHILE with the Grecian bards I vie,
And raptur'd tune the social string;
Think not the song shall ever die,
Which with no vulgar art I sing,
Though born where Aspis rolls his sounding stream
In lands far distant from poetic fame.

What though the Muse her Homer thrones
High above all th' immortal choir,
Nor Pindar's rapture she disowns,
Nor hides the plaintive Cæan lyre:
Alcæus strikes the tyrant's soul with dread,
Nor yet is grave Stesichorus unread.

Whatever old Anacreon sung,
However tender was the lay,
In spite of Time is ever young,
Nor Sappho's amorous flames decay;
Her living songs preserve their charming art,
Her love still breathes the passions of her heart.

Helen was not the only fair,
By an unhappy passion fir'd,
Who the lewd ringlets of the hair
Of an adulterous beau admir'd;
Court arts, gold lace, and equipage have charms
To tempt weak woman to a stranger's arms.
Nor first from Teucer's vengeful bow
   The feather'd death unerring flew,
Nor was the Greek the single foe
   Whose rage ill-fated Ilion knew
Greece had with heroes fill'd th' embattled plain,
Worthy the Muse in her sublimest strain.

Nor Hector first transported heard
   With fierce delight the war's alarms,
Nor brave Deiphobus appear'd
   Amid the tented field in arms,
With glorious ardour prodigal of life,
To guard a darling son and faithful wife.

Before great Agamemnon reign'd,
   Reign'd kings as great as he, and brave.
Whose huge ambition's now contain'd
   In the small compass of a grave;
In endless night they sleep, unwept, unknown,
No bard had they to make all time their own.

In earth if it forgotten lies,
   What is the valour of the brave?
What difference, when the coward dies,
   And sinks in silence to his grave?
Nor, Lollius, will I not thy praise proclaim,
But from oblivion vindicate thy fame.

Nor shall its livid power conceal
   Thy toils—how glorious to the state!
How constant to the public weal
   Through all the doubtful turns of fate!
Thy steady soul, by long experience found
Erect alike, when Fortune smil'd or frown'd.
Villains, in public rapine bold,
Lollius, the just avenger, dread,
Who never by the charms of gold,
Shining seducer, was misled:
Beyond thy year such virtue shall extend,
And death alone thy consulate shall end.

Perpetual magistrate is he,
Who keeps strict Justice full in sight;
With scorn rejects th' offender's fee,
Nor weighs convenience against right;
Who bids the crowd at awful distance gaze,
And Virtue's arms victoriously displays.

Not he, of wealth immense possest,
Tasteless who piles his massy gold,
Among the number of the blest
Should have his glorious name enroll'd;
He better claims the glorious name, who knows
With wisdom to enjoy what heaven bestows:

Who knows the wrongs of want to bear,
Even in its lowest, last extreme
Yet can with conscious virtue fear,
Far worse than death, a deed of shame;
Undaunted, for his country or his friend,
To sacrifice his life—O glorious end!
ODE X.

TO LIGURINUS.

O CRUEL still, and vain of beauty's charms,
When wintry age thy insolence disarms;
When fall those locks that on thy shoulders play,
And youth's gay roses on thy cheeks decay;
When that smooth face shall manhood's roughness wear,
And in your glass another form appear;
Ah why, you'll say, do I now vainly burn,
Or with my wishes not my youth return?

ODE XI.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS, I have a cask of wine
Mellow'd by summers more than nine;
With living wreaths to crown our heads
The parsley's vivid verdure spreads;
To bind your hair the ivy twines,
With plate my cheerful sideboard shines;
With vervain chaste an altar bound,
Now thirsts for blood; the victim's crown'd.
All hands employ'd; with busy haste
My boys and girls prepare our feast;
Trembling the pointed flames arise,
The smoke rolls upward to the skies.
But why this busy, festal care?
This invitation to my fair?
This day the smiling month divides,
O'er which the sea-born queen presides;
Sacred to me, and due to mirth,
As the glad hour that gave me birth;
For, when this happy morn appears,
Mæcenas counts a length of years
To roll in bright succession round,
With every joy and blessing crown'd.

Gay Telephus exults above
The humble fortunes of thy love;
A rich and buxom maid detains
His captive heart in willing chains.

The youth destroy'd by heavenly fire
Forbids ambition to aspire;
And Pegasus, who scorn'd to bear
His earth-born rider through the air,
A dread example hath supplied
To check the growth of human pride,
And caution my presumptuous fair
To grasp at things within her sphere.

Come then, my latest love (for I
Shall never for another die,)
Come learn with me to newer lays
Thy voice of harmony to raise.
The soothing song and charming air
Shall lessen every gloomy care.
ODE XII.

TO VIRGIL.

COMPANIONS of the Spring, the Thracian winds
With kindly breath now drive the bark from shore;
No frost, with hoary hand, the meadow binds,
Nor swoln with winter snow the torrents roar.
The swallow, hapless bird! now builds her nest,
And in complaining notes begins to sing,
That, with revenge too cruelly possest,
Impious she punish'd an incestuous king.

Stretched on the springing grass the shepherd swain
His reedy pipe with rural music fills;
The god, who guards his flock, approves the strain
The god, who loves Arcadia's gloomy hills.

Virgil, 'tis thine with noble youths to feast;
Yet, since the thirsty season calls for wine,
Would you a cup of generous Bacchus taste,
Bring you the odours, and a cask is thine.

Thy little box of spikenard shall produce
A mighty cask, that in the cellar lies;
Big with large hopes shall flow th' inspiring juice
Powerful to soothe our griefs, and raise our joys.

If pleasures such as these can charm thy soul,
Bring the glad merchandise, with sweets replete;
Nor empty-handed shall you touch the bowl,
Nor do I mean like wealthy folk to treat.

Think on the gloomy pile's funereal flames,
And be no more with sordid lucre blind;
Mix a short folly with thy labour'd schemes;
'Tis joyous folly, that unbends the mind.
THE gods, the gods have heard my prayer:

See, Lyce, see that hoary hair,
Yet you a toast would shine:
You impudently drink and joke,
And with a broken voice provoke
Desires no longer thine.

Cupid, who joys in dimple sleek,
Now lies in blooming Chia's cheek,
Who tunes the melting lay;
From blasted oaks the wanton flies,
Scar'd at thy wrinkles, haggard eyes,
And head snow'd o'er with gray.

Nor glowing purple, nor the blaze
Of jewels, can restore the days,
To thee those days of glory,
Which, wasted on the wings of time,
Even from thy birth to beauty's prime,
Recorded stand in story.

Ah! whither is thy Venus fled?
That bloom by nature's cunning spread?
That every graceful art?
Of her, of her, what now remains,
Who breath'd the loves, who charm'd the swains,
And snatch'd me from my heart?
Once happy maid! in pleasing guiles
Who vied with Cynara in smiles,
   Ah! tragical survival!
She glorious died in beauty's bloom,
While cruel Fate defers thy doom
   To be the raven's rival.

That youths, in fervent wishes bold,
Not without laughter may behold
   A torch, whose early fire
Could every breast with love inflame,
Now faintly spread a sickly gleam,
   And in a smoke expire.
ODE XIV.
TO AUGUSTUS.

HOW shall our holy senate's care,
Or Rome with grateful joy prepare
Thy monumental honours, big with fame,
And in her festal annals eternize thy name?

O thou, where Sol with varied rays
The habitable globe surveys,
Greatest of princes, whose vindictive war
First broke th' unconquer'd Gaul to thy triumphal car!

For when thy legions Drusus led,
How swift the rapid Breuni fled!
The rough Genauni fell, and, rais'd in vain
Tremendous on the Alps, twice overwhelm'd the plain
Their haughty towers. With just success
While the good gods thy battle bless,
Our elder Nero smote with deep dismay
The Rhætians huge of bulk, and broke their firm array.

Conspicuous in the martial strife,
And nobly prodigal of life,
With what prodigious ruins he oppress'd
For glorious liberty the death-devoted breast!

As when the Pleiads rend the skies
In mystic dance, the winds arise,
And work the seas untam'd; such was the force,
With whicl he through spreading fires he spurr'd his foaming horse.
So branching Aufidus, who laves' The Daunian realms, fierce rolls his waves, When to the golden labours of the swain He meditates his wrath, and deluges the plain,

As Claudius, with impetuous might, Broke through the iron ranks of fight; From front to rear the bloodless victor sped, Dow'd down th' embattled field, and wide the slaughter spread.

Thine were his troops, his counsels thine, And all his guardian powers divine: For, since the day when Alexandria's port Open'd, in suppliance low, her desolated court:

When thrice five times the circling sun His annual course of light had run; Fortune by this success hath crown'd thy name, Confirm'd thy glories past, and rais'd thy future fame.

Dread guardian of th' imperial state, Whose presence rules thy country's fate, On whom the Medes with awful wonder gaze, Whom unhous'd Scythians fear, unconquer'd Spain obeys:

The Nile, who hides his sevenfold source, The Tigris, headlong in his course, The Danube, and the ocean wild that roars With monster-bearing waves round Britain's rocky shores:

The fearless Gaul thy name reveres, Thy voice the rough Iberian hears, With arms compos'd the fierce Sicambrians yield, For view, with dear delight, the carnage of the field.
ODE XV.

TO AUGUSTUS.

I WOULD have sung of battles dire
And mighty cities overthrown,
When Phoebus smote me with his lyre,
And warned me with an angry tone,
Not to unfold my little sail, or brave
The boundless terrors of the Tyrrhene wave.

Yet will I sing thy peaceful reign,
Which crowns with fruits our happy fields;
And, rent from Parthia's haughty fane,
To Roman Jove his eagles yields;
Augustus bids the rage of war to cease,
And shuts up Janus in eternal peace.

Restrain'd by arts of ancient fame,
Wild License walks at large no more,
Those arts, by which the Latian name,
The Roman strength, th' imperial pow'r,
With awful majesty unbounded spread
To rising Phoebus from his western bed.

While watchful Cæsar guards our age,
Nor civil wrath, nor loud alarms
Of foreign tumults, nor the rage
That joys to forge destructive arms,
And ruin'd cities fills with hostile woes,
Shall e'er disturb, O Rome, thy safe repose
Nations, who quaff the rapid stream,
Where deep the Danube rolls his wave;
The Parthians, of perfidious fame,
The Getae fierce, and Seres brave,
And they on Tanais who wide extend,
Hail to the Julian laws reluctant bend.

Our wives and children share our joy,
With Bacchus' jovial blessings gay;
Thus we the festal hours employ,
Thus grateful hail the busy day;
At first with solemn rites the gods adore,
And, like our sires, their sacred aid implore;

Then vocal, with harmonious lays
To Lydian flutes, of cheerful sound,
Attemper'd sweetly, we shall raise
The valiant deeds of chiefs renown'd,
Troy, Anchises, and the godlike race
Venus, blooming with immortal grace.
ODES.

BOOK V.

ODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

WHILE you, Mæcenas, dearest friend,
Would Cæsar's person with your own defend;
And Antony's high-towered fleet
With light Liburnian galleys fearless meet,
What shall forsaken Horace do,
Whose every joy of life depends on you?
With thee 'tis happiness to live,
And life, without thee, can no pleasure give.
Shall I th'unkind command obey,
And idly waste my joyless hours away?
Or, as becomes the brave, embrace
The glorious toil, and spurn the thoughts of peace
I will; and over Alpine snow,
Or savage Caucasus, intrepid go;
Or follow, with undaunted breast,
Thy dreadful warfare to the furthest West.
You ask, what aid I can afford,
A puny warrior; novice to the sword.
Absence, my lord, increases fear;
The danger lessens when the friend is near:
Thus, if the mother-bird forsake
Her unfledg'd young, she dreads the gliding snake
With deeper agonies afraid,
Not that her presence could afford them aid.
With cheerful heart will I sustain,
To purchase your esteem, this dread campaign:
Not that my ploughs, with heavier toil,
Or with a larger team, may turn my soil;
Not that my flocks, when Syrins reigns,
May browse the verdure of Lucania's plains:
Not that my villa shall extend
To where the walls of Tusculum ascend.
Thy bounty largely hath supplied,
Even with a lavish hand, my utmost pride;
Nor will I meanly wish for more,
Tasteless in earth to hide the sordid store,
Like an old miser in the play,
Or like a spendthrift squander it away.
LIKE the first mortals blest is he,  
From debts, and usury, and business free,  
With his own team who ploughs the soil,  
Which grateful once confess'd his father's toil.  
The sounds of war nor break his sleep,  
Nor the rough storm, that harrows up the deep;  
He shuns the courtier's haughty doors,  
And the loud science of the bar abjures.  
Sometimes his marriagable vines  
Around the lofty bridegroom elm he twines:  
Or lops the vagrant boughs away,  
Ingrafting better as the old decay;  
Or in the vale with joy surveys  
His lowing herd safe-wandering as they graze;  
Or careful stores the flowing gold  
Prest from the hive, or sheers his tender fold;  
Or when, with various fruits o'erspread,  
The mellow Autumn lifts his beauteous head,  
His grafted pears or grapes, that vie  
With the rich purple of the Tyrian dye,  
Grateful he gathers, and repays  
His guardian gods upon their festal days;  
Sometimes beneath an ancient shade,  
Or on the matted grass supinely laid,  
Where pours the mountain stream along,  
And feather'd warblers chant the soothing song;  
Or where the lucid fountain flows,  
And with its murmurs courts him to repose.
ODES, BOOK V.

But when the rain and snows appear,
And wintry Jove loud thunders o'er the year,
With hounds he drives into the toils
The foaming boar, and triumphs in his spoils:
Or for the greedy thrush he lays
His nets, and with delusive baits betrays;
Artful he sets the springing snare,
To catch the stranger crane, or timorous hare.
Thus happy, who would stoop to prove
The pains, the wrongs, and injuries of love?
But if a chaste and virtuous wife
Assist him in the tender cares of life;
Of sun-burnt charms, but honest fame
(Such as the Sabine, or Apulian dame;)
Fatigu'd when homeward he returns,
The sacred fire with cheerful lustre burns;
Or if she milk her swelling kine,
Or in their folds his happy flocks confine;
While unbought dainties crown the feast,
And luscious wines from this year's vintage press
No more shall curious oysters please;
Or fish, the luxury of foreign seas
(If eastern tempests, thundering o'er
The wintry wave, shall drive them to our shore;
Or wild-fowl of delicious taste,
From distant climates brought to crown the feast.
Shall e'er so grateful prove to me,
As olives gather'd from their unctuous tree,
And herbs that love the flowery field,
And cheerful health with pure digestion yield
Or fatling, on the festal day,
Or kid just rescued from some beast of prey.
Amid the feast how joys he to behold
His well-fed flocks home hasting to their fold.
Vol. I
Or see his labour'd oxen bow
Their languid necks, and drag th' inverted plough.
At night his numerous slaves to view
Round his domestic gods their mirth pursue!
The usurer spoke: determined to begin
A country-life, he calls his money in,
But, ere the moon was in her wane,
The wretch had put it out to use again.

ODE III.

TO MAECENAS.

IF parricide ever, in horrors more dire,
With impious right hand shall strangle his sire,
On garlick, than hemlock more rank, let him feed;
O stomach of mowers to digest such a weed!
What poison is this in my bosom so glowing?
Have I swallow'd the gore of a viper unknowing?
Canidia perhaps hath handled the feast,
And with witchery hellish the banquet hath drest.
With this did Medea her lover besmear,
Young Jason, beyond all his Argonauts fair;
The stench was so strong, that it tam'd to the yoke
The brass-footed bulls breathing fire and smoke.
On the gown of Creusa its juices she shed,
Then on her wing'd dragon in triumph she fled.
Not such the strong vapour that burns up the plains,
When the dog-star in anger triumphantly reigns;
Not the shirt of Alcides, that well-labour'd soldier,
With flames more envenom'd burn'd into his shoulder.

May the girl of your heart, if ever you taste,
Facetious Mæcenas, so baleful a feast,
Her hand o'er your kisses, oh, may she bespread,
And lie afar off on the stock of the bed!
ODE IV.

As wolves and lambs by nature disagree,
So is my hatred firm to thee;
Thou wretch, whose back with flagrant whips is torn;
Whose legs with galling fetters worn;
Though wealth thy native insolence inflame,
A scoundrel ever is the same,

While you your thrice three ells of gown display,
And stalk along the sacred way,
Observe the free-born indignation rise,
Mark! how they turn away their eyes:
This wretch, they cry, with public lashing flay'd
Till even the beadle loath'd his trade,

Now ploughs his thousand acres of demesne,
And wears the pavement with his train;
Now on the foremost benches sits, in spite
Of Otho, an illustrious knight.

From slaves and pirates to assert the main,
Shall Rome such mighty fleets maintain,
And shall those fleets, that dreadful rule the sea,
A pirate and a slave obey?
ODE V.

ON THE WITCH CANIDIA.

BUT oh, ye gods, whose awful sway
Heaven, earth, and human-kind obey,
What can this hideous noise intend?
On me what ghastly looks they bend!
If ever chaste Lucina heard
Thy vows in hour of birth perferr'd:
Oh! by this robe's impurpled train,
Its purple pride, alas! how vain!
By the unerring wrath of Jove,
Unerring shall his vengeance prove;
Why like a step-dame do you stare,
Or like a wounded tigress glare?

Thus while his sacred robes they tear,
The trembling boy prefers his prayer;
Then naked stands, with such a form
As might an impious Thracian charm.
Canidia, crown'd with writhing snakes
Dishevell'd, thus the silence breaks:
'Now the magic fire prepare,
And from graves uprooted tear
Trees, whose horrors gloomy spread
Round the mansions of the dead;
Bring the eggs and plumage foul
Of a midnight-shrieking owl;
Be they well besmear'd with blood
Of the blackest-venom'd toad;
ODES, BOOK V.

From their various climates bring
Every herb that taints the spring;
Then into the charm be thrown,
Snatch'd from famish'd bitch, a bone:
Burn them all with magic flame,
Kindled first by Colchian dame?

Now Sagana, around the cell,
Sprinkled her waters black from hell;
Fierce as a porcupine, or boar,
In frightful wreaths her hair she wore.

Veia, who never knew remorse,
Uplifts the spade with feeble force,
And, breathless with the hellish toil,
Deep-groaning breaks the guilty soil,
Turns out the earth, and digs a grave,
In which the boy (as o'er the wave
A lusty swimmer lifts his head)
Chin-deep sinks downward to the dead,
O'er dainties, chang'd twice thrice a-day
Slowly to gaze his life away;
That the foul hags an amorous dose
Of his parch'd marrow may compose,
His marrow and his liver dried,
The seat where wanton thoughts reside,
When, fixt upon his food in vain,
His eye-balls pin'd away by pain.

Naples, for idleness renown'd,
And all the villages around,
Believe that Folia shar'd their rites,
She who in monstrous lusts delights,
Whose voice the stars from heaven can tear;
And charm bright Luna from her sphere.

Here, with black tooth and livid jaws,
Her unpar'd thumbs Canidia gnaws.
THE WORKS OF HORACE

And into hideous accents broke;
In sounds, how direful! thus she spoke:
Ye powers of darkness and of hell,
Propitious to the magic spell,
Who rule in silence o'er the night,
While we perform the mystic rite,
Be present now, your horrors shed,
In hallow'd vengeance on his head.
Beneath the forest's gloomy shade
While beasts in slumbers sweet are laid,
Give me the leecher, old and lew'd,
By barking village-curs pursued,
Expos'd to laughter, let him shine
In essence—ah! that once was mine.
What! shall my strongest potions fail,
And could Medea's charms prevail?
When the fair harlot, proud of heart,
Deep felt the vengeance of her art;
Her gown, with powerful poisons dyed,
In flames enwрапp'd the guilty bride.
Yet every root and herb I know,
And on what steepy depths they grow,
And yet, with essence round him shed,
He sleeps in some bold harlot's bed;
Or walks at large, nor thinks of me,
By some more mighty witch set free.
But soon the wretch my wrath shall prove,
By spells unwonted taught to love;
Nor shall even Marsian charms have power,
Thy peace, O Varus to restore.
With stronger drugs, a larger bowl
I'll fill, to bend thy haughty soul;
Sooner the seas to heaven shall rise,
And earth spring upwards to the skies,
Than you not burn in fierce desire,
As melts this pitch in smoky fire.

The boy, with lenient words, no more
Now strives their pity to implore;
With rage yet doubtful what to speak,
Forth from his lips these curses break:
Your spells may right and wrong remove,
But ne'er shall change the wrath of Jove;
For, while I curse the direful deed,
In vain shall all your victims bleed.
Soon as this tortur'd body dies,
A midnight Fury will I rise:
Then shall my ghost, though form'd of air,
Your cheeks with crooked talons tear,
Unceasing on your entrails prey,
And fright the thoughts of sleep away:
Such horrors shall the guilty know,
Such is the power of gods below.

Ye filthy hags, with showers of stones
The vengeful crowd shall crush your bones;
Then beasts of prey, and birds of air,
Shall your unburied members tear,
And, while they weep their favourite boy,
My parents shall the vengeful sight enjoy.
ODE VI.

TO CASSIUS SEVERUS.

YOU dog, that fearful to provoke
The wolf, attack offenceless folk!
Turn hither, if you dare, your spite,
And bark at me, prepar'd to bite.
For like a hound, or mastiff keen,
That guards the shepherd's flocky green,
Through the deep snows I boldly chase,
With ears erect, the savage race;
But you, when with your hideous yelling
You fill the grove, at crusts are smelling.
    Fierce as Archilochus I glow;
Like Hipponax a deadly foe.
If any Mongrel shall assail
My character with tooth and nail;
What! like a truant boy, shall I
Do nothing in revenge—but cry?
ODES, BOOK V.

ODE VII.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

WHITHER, oh! whither, impious, do ye run? Why is the sword unsheath'd; the war begun? Has then too little of the Latian blood Been pour'd on earth, or mix'd with Neptune's flood? Not that the Romans with avenging flame Might burn the rival of the Roman name, Or Britons, yet unbroken to our war. In chains should follow our triumphal car, But that the Parthian should his vows enjoy, And Rome, with impious hand, herself destroy. The rage of wolves and lions is confin'd; They never prey but on a different kind. Answer, From madness rise those horrors dire? Does angry fate, or guilt, your souls inspire? Silent they stand; with stupid wonder gaze, While the pale cheek their inward guilt betrays 'Tis so—the Fates have cruelly decreed, That Rome for ancient fratricide must bleed: The brother's blood, which stain'd our rising walls On his descendants, loud, for vengeance calls.
TO MÆCENAS.

WHEN shall we quaff your old Cæcubian wine,
Reserv'd for pious feasts and joys divine?
Cæsar with conquest comes, and gracious Jove,
Who gave that conquest, shall our joys approve.
Then bid the breath of harmony inspire
The Doric flute, and wake the Phrygian lyre;
As late, when the Neptunian youth, who spurn'd
A mortal birth, beheld his navy burn'd,
And fled affrighted through his father's waves
With his perfidious host; his host of slaves,
Freed from those chains with which his rage design'd,
Impious! the free-born sons of Rome to bind.
The Roman troops (Oh! be the tale denied
By futrue times) enslav'd to woman's pride,
And to a wither'd eunuch's will severe
Basely subdu'd, the toils of war could bear,
Amidst the Roman eagles Sol survey'd,
O shame! th' Egyptian canopy display'd;
When twice a thousand Gauls aloud proclaim,
Indignant at the sight, great Cæsar's name,
And a brave fleet, by just resentment led,
Turn'd their broad prows, and to our havens fled.

Come, god of triumphs, bring the golden car,
The untam'd heifers, and the spoils of war;
For he, whose virtue rais'd his awful tomb
O'er ruin'd Carthage, ne'er return'd to Rome.
So great and glorious, nor could Libya's field
To thee, O Triumph, such a leader yield.
Pursu'd by land and sea, the vanquish'd foe
Hath chang'd his purple for the garb of woe:
With winds, no more his own; with shatter'd fleet.
He seeks the far-fam'd hundred towns of Crete;
To tempest-beaten Libya speeds his way,
Or drives a vagrant through th' uncertain sea.

Boy, bring us larger bowls, and fill them round
With Chian, or the Lesbian vintage crown'd,
Or rich Cæcubian, which may best restrain
All sickening qualms, and fortify the brain.
Th' inspiring juice shall the gay banquet warm:
Nor Cæsar's danger shall our fears alarm.
WHEN filthy Mævius hoists the spreading sail—
Each luckless omen shall prevail.
Ye southern winds, invert the foamy tides,
And bang his labouring vessel’s sides;
Let Eurus rouse the main with blackening roar,
Crack every cable, every oar;
Let the north wind rise dreadful o’er the floods,
As when it breaks the mountain-woods,
Nor let one friendly star shine o’er the night,
When sets Orion’s gloomy light.
Mayst thou no kinder winds, O Mævius, meet,
Than the victorious Grecian fleet,
When Pallas turn’d her rage from ruin’d Troy,
The impious Ajax to destroy.
With streams of sweat the toiling sailor glows,
Thy face a muddy paleness shows;
Nor shall thy vile, unmanly wailings move
The pity of avenging Jove.
While watery winds the bellowing ocean shake,
I see thy luckless vessel break:
But if thy carcass reach the winding shore,
And birds the pamper’d prey devour,
A lamb and lustful goat shall thank the storm,
And I the sacrifice perform.
ODES, BOOK V.

ODE XI.

TO PETTIUS.

SINCE cruel love, O Pettius, pierc'd my heart,
How have I lost my once-lov'd lyric art!
Thrice have the woods their leafy honour mourn'd,
Since for Inachia's beauties Horace burn'd.
How was I then (for I confess my shame)
Of every idle tale the laughing theme!
Oh! that I ne'er had known the jovial feast,
Where the deep sigh, that rends the labouring breast,
Where languor, and a gentle silence shows,
To every curious eye, the lover's woes.

Pettius, how often o'er the flowing bowl,
When the gay liquor warm'd my opening soul,
When Bacchus, jovial god, no more restrain'd
The modest secret, how have I complain'd,
That wealthy blockheads, in a female's eyes,
From a poor poet's genius bear the prize!
But if a generous rage my breast should warm,
I swore—no vain amusements e'er shall charm
My aching wounds. Ye vagrant winds, receive
The sighs, that sooth the pains they should relieve.

Here shall my shame of being conquer'd end,
Nor with such rivals will I more contend.

When thus, with solemn air, I vaunting said,
Inspir'd by thy advice I homeward sped:
But ah! my feet in wonted wanderings stray,
And to no friendly doors my steps betray;
There I forget my vows, forget my pride,
And at her threshold lay my tortur'd side.
ODE XIII.

TO A FRIEND.

SEE what horrid tempests rise,
And contract the clouded skies;
Snows and showers fill the air,
And bring down the atmosphere.
Hark! what tempests sweep the floods!
How they shake the rattling woods!

Let us while it's in our power,
Let us seize the fleeting hour;
While our cheeks are fresh and gay,
Let us drive old age away;
Let us smooth its gather'd brows,
Youth its hour of mirth allows.

Bring us down the mellow'd wine,
Rich with years, that equal mine;
Prithee, talk no more of sorrow,
To the gods belongs to-morrow,
And, perhaps, with gracious power
They may change the gloomy hour.
Let the richest essence shed
Eastern odours on your head,
While the soft Cyllenian lyre
Shall your labouring breast inspire.

To his pupil, brave and young,
Thus the noble Centaur sung:
Matchless mortal! though 'tis thine
Proud to boast a birth divine,
Yet the banks, with cooling waves
Which the smooth Scamander laves;
And where Simois with pride
Rougher rolls his rapid tide,
Destin'd by unerring Fate,
Shall the sea-born hero wait.
  There the Sisters, fated boy,
Shall thy thread of life destroy,
Nor shall azure Thetis more
Waft thee to thy natal shore;
Then let joy and mirth be thine,
Mirthful songs, and joyous wine,
And with converse blithe and gay
Drive all gloomy cares away.
ODE XV.

TO NEÆRA.

CLEAR was the night, the face of heaven serene
Bright shone the moon amidst her starry train,
When round my neck as curls the tendril-vine—
(Loose are its curlings, if compar'd to thine ;)
'Twas then, insulting every heavenly power,
That, as I dictated, you boldly swore:
While the gaunt wolf pursues the trembling sheep:
While fierce Orion harrows up the deep;
While Phœbus' locks float wanton in the wind,
Thus shall Neæra prove, thus ever kind.

But, if with aught of man was Horace born,
Severely shalt thou feel his honest scorn;
Nor will he tamely bear the bold delight,
With which his rival riots out the night,
But in his anger seek some kinder dame,
Warm with the raptures of a mutual flame;
Nor shall thy rage, thy grief, or angry charms
Recall the lover to thy faithless arms.

And thou, whoe'er thou art, who joy to shine,
Proud as thou art, in spoils which once were mine.
Though wide thy land extends, and large thy fold,
Though rivers roll for thee their purest gold,
Though nature's wisdom in her works were thine,
And beauties of the human face divine,
Yet soon thy pride her wandering love shall mourn.
While I shall laugh, exulting in my turn.
ODE XVI.

TO THE ROMANS.

IN endless civil war, th’ imperial state
By her own strength precipitates her fate.
What neighbouring nations, fiercely leagu’d in arms
What Porsena, with insolent arms
Threatening her tyrant monarch to restore;
What Spartacus, and Capua’s rival power;
What Gaul, tumultuous and devoid of truth,
And fierce Germania, with her blue-eyed youth
What Hannibal, on whose accursed head
Our sires their deepest imprecations shed,
In vain attempted to her awful state,
Shall we, a blood-devoted race, complete?
Again shall savage beasts these hills possess?
And fell barbarians, wanton with success,
Scatter our city’s flaming ruins wide,
Or through our streets in vengeful triumph ride
And her great founder’s hallow’d ashes spurn,
That sleep uninjur’d in their sacred urn?

But some, perhaps, to shun the rising shame
(Which Heaven approve) would try some happier scheme.

As the Phocæans oft for freedom bled,
At length, with imprecated curses, fled
And left to boars and wolves the sacred fane,
With all their household gods, ador’d in vain;
So let us fly, as far as earth extends,
Or where the vagrant wind our voyage bends.

Shall this, or shall some better scheme prevail?
Why do we stop to hoist the willing sail?
But let us swear, when floating rocks shall gain,
Rais’d from the deep, the surface of the main,
When lowly Po the mountain-summit leaves,
And Apennine shall plunge beneath the waves;
When nature’s monsters meet in strange delight,
And the fell tigress shall with stags unite;
When the fierce kite shall woo the willing dove,
And win the wanton with adulterous love;
When herds on brindled lions fearless gaze,
And the smooth goat exults in briny seas:
Then, and then only, to the tempting gale
To spread repentant the returning sail.

Yet to cut off our hopes, those hopes that charm
Our fondness home, let us with curses arm
These high resolves. Thus let the brave and wise,
Whose souls above th’ indocile vulgar rise;
Then let the crow’d, who dare not hope success,
Inglorious, these ill-omen’d seats possess.

But ye, whom virtue warms, indulge no more
These female plaints, but quit this fated shore;
For earth-surrounding sea our flight awaits,
Offering its blissful isles, and happy seats,
Where annual Ceres crowns th’uncultur’d field,
And vines unprun’d their blushing clusters yield;
Where olives, faithful to their season, grow,
And figs with nature’s deepest purple glow;
From hollow oaks where honey’d streams distil,
And bounds with noisy foot the pebbled rill;
Where goats untaught forsake the flowery vale,
And bring their swelling udders to the pail;
Nor evening bears the sheep-fold growl around,
Nor mining vipers heave the tainted ground;
Nor watry Eurus deluges the plain,
Nor heats excessive burn the springing grain.
ODES, BOOK V.

Not Argo thither turn'd her armed head;
Medea there no magic poison spread;
No merchants thither plough the pathless main,
For guilty commerce, and a thirst of gain;
Nor wise Ulysses, and his wandering bands,
Vicious, though brave, e'er knew these happy lands.
O'er the glad flocks no foul contagion spreads,
Nor summer sun his burning influence sheds.

Pure and unmix'd the world's first ages roll'd:
But soon as brass had stain'd the flowing gold,
To iron harden'd by succeeding crimes,
Jove for the just preserv'd these happy climes,
To which the gods this pious race invite,
And bid me, raptur'd bard, direct their flight.

ODE XVII.

TO CANIDIA.

CANIDIA, to thy matchless art,
Vanquish'd I yield a suppliant heart;
But oh! by Hell's extended plains,
Where Pluto's gloomy consort reigns,
By bright Diana's vengeful rage,
Which prayers nor hecatombs assuage;
And by the books, of power to call
The charmed stars, and bid them fall,
No more pronounce the sacred scroll,
But back the magic circle roll.
Even stern Achilles could forgive
The Mysian king, and bid him live,
Though proud he rang’d the ranks of fight,
And hurl’d the spear with daring might.
Thus, when the murderous Hector lay
Condemn’d to dogs, and birds of prey,
Yet when his royal father kneel’d,
The fierce Achilles knew to yield;
And Troy’s unhappy matrons paid
Their sorrows to their Hector’s shade.

Ulysses’ friends, in labours tried,
So Circe will’d threw off their hide,
Assum’d the human form divine,
And dropp’d the voice and sense of swine.

O thou, whom tars and merchants love,
Too deep thy vengeful rage I prove,
Reduc’d, alas! to skin and bone,
My vigour fled, my colour gone,
Thy fragrant odours on my head
More than the snows of age have shed.

Days press on nights, and nights on days,
Yet never bring an hour of ease,
While, gasping in the pangs of death,
I stretch my lungs in vain for breath.

Thy charms have power (’tis now confess)
To split the head, and tear the breast.

What would you more, all-charming dame?
O seas, and earth! this scorching flame!
Not such the fire Alcides bore,
When the black-venom’d shirt he wore.
Nor such the flames, that to the skies
From Ætna’s burning entrails rise:
And yet, thou shop of poisons dire,
You glow with unrelenting fire.
O JES, BOOK V.

Till, by the rapid heat calcin'd,
Vagrant I drive before the wind.

How long?—What ransom shall I pay?
Speak—I the stern command obey.
To expiate the guilty deed,
Say, shall a hundred bullocks bleed?
Or shall I to the lying string
Thy fame and spotless virtue sing?
Teach thee, a golden star, to rise,
And deathless walk the spangled skies?

When Helen's virtue was defam'd,
Her brothers, though with rage inflam'd.
Yet to the bard his eyes restor'd,
When suppliant he their grace implor'd.

Oh! calm this madness of my brain,
For you can heal this raging pain.
You never knew the birth of shame,
Nor by thy hand, all-skilful dame,
The poor man's ashes are upturn'd,
Though they be thrice three days inurn'd.
Thy bosom's bounteous and humane,
Thy hand from blood and murder clean
And with a blooming race of boys
Luçina crowns thy mother-joys.
CANIDIA'S ANSWER.

I'LL hear no more. Thy prayers are vain
Not rocks, amid the wintry main,
Less heed the shipwreck'd sailors's cries,
When Neptune bids the tempest rise.
Shall you Cotyttia's feast deride,
Yet safely triumph in thy pride?
Or, impious, to the glare of day
The sacred joys of love betray?
Or fill the city with my name,
And pontiff like our rights defame?
Did I with wealth in vain enrich
Of potent spells each charming witch?
Or mix the speedy drugs in vain?
No—through a lingering length of pain
Reluctant shalt thou drag thy days,
While every hour new pangs shall raise.

Gazing on the delusive feast,
Which charms his eye, yet flies his taste,
Perfidious Tantalus implores,
For rest, for rest, the vengeful powers;
Prometheus, while the vulture preys
Upon his liver, longs for ease;
And Sisyphus, with many a groan,
Uprolls, with ceaseless toil, his stone
To fix it on the topmost hill—
In vain—for Jove's all-ruling will
Forbids. When thus in black despair
Down from some castle, high in air,
You seek a headlong fate below,
Or try the dagger's pointed blow.
Or if the left-ear'd knot you tie,
Yet death your vain attempts shall fly;
Then on your shoulders will I ride,
And earth shall shake beneath my pride.

Could I with life an image warm
(Impertinent, you saw the charm,)
Or tear down Luna from her skies,
Or bid the dead, though burn'd, arise.
Or mix the draught inspiring love,
And shall my art on thee successless prove.
THE

SECULAR POEM.

*The Poet to the People.*

STAND off, ye vulgar, nor profane,
With bold, unhallow'd sounds, this festal scene
In hymns inspir'd by truth divine,
I, priest to the melodious Nine,
To youths and virgins sing the mystic strain.

*To the Chorus of Youths and Virgins.*

PHŒBUS taught me how to sing,
How to tune the vocal string;
Phoebus made me known to Fame,
Honour'd with a poet's name.

Noble youths, and virgins fair,
Chaste Diana's guardian care
(Goddess, whose unerring dart
Stops the lynx, or flying hart,)
Mark the Lesbian measures well,
Where they fall, and where they swell
And in varied cadence sing,
As I strike the changing string.
To the god, who gilds the skies,
Let the solemn numbers rise;
Solemn sing the queen of night,
And her crescent's bending light,
Which adown the fruitful year
Rolls the months in prone career.
Soon, upon her bridal day,
Thus the joyful maid shall say:
When the great revolving year
Bade the festal morn appear,
High the vocal hymn I rais’d,
And the listening gods were pleas’d.
All the vocal hymn divine,
Horace, tuneful bard, was thine.

FIRST CONCERT.

HYMN TO APOLLO.

Chorus of Youths and Virgins

TITYOS, with impious lust inspir’d,
By chaste Latona’s beauties fir’d,
Thy wrath, O Phæbus, tried;
And Niobe, of tongue profane,
Deplor’d her numerous offspring slain,
Sad victims of their mother’s pride,

Achilles too, the son of Fame,
Though sprung from Thetis, sea-born dame,
And first of men in fight,
Though warring with tremendous spear
He shook the Trojan towers with fear,
Yet bow’d to thy superior might;

The cypress, when by storms impell’d,
Or pine, by biting axes fell’d,
Low bends the towering head:
So falling on th’ ensanguin’d plain,
By your unerring arrow slain,
His mighty bulk the hero spread

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THE WORKS OF HORACE

He had not Priam's heedless court,
Dissolv'd in wine, and festal sport,
With midnight art surpris'd;
But, bravely bold, of open force,
Had proudly scorn'd Minerva's horse
And all its holy cheat despis'd;

Then arm'd, alas! with horrors dire,
Wide-wasting with resistless ire,
Into the flames had thrown
Infants, upon whose faltering tongue
Their words in formless accents hung:
Infants to light and life unknown:

But charm'd by beauty's queen and thee,
The sire of gods, with just decree
Assenting, shook the skies;
That Troy should change th' imperial seat,
And, guided by a better fate,
Glorious in distant realms should rise.

Oh! may the god, who could inspire
With living sounds the Grecian lyre;
In Xanthus' lucid stream
Who joys to bathe his flowing hair,
Now make the Latian muse his care,
And powerful guard her rising fame.
SECOND CONCERT.

Chorus of Youths.
Ye virgins, sing Diana's praise.

Chorus of Virgins.
Ye boys, let youthful Phæbus crown your lays.

The Two Choirs.
Together let us raise the voice
To her, belov'd by Jove supreme;
Let fair Latona be the theme,
Our tuneful theme, his beauteous choice.

Chorus of Youths.
Ye virgins, sing Diana's fame,
Who bathes delighted in the limpid stream;
Dark Erymanthus' awful groves,
The woods that Algidus o'erspread,
Or wave on Cragus' verdant head,
Joyous th' immortal huntress loves.

Chorus of Virgins.
Ye boys, with equal honour sing
Fair Tempe cloth'd with ever-blooming spring;
Then hail the Delian birth divine,
Whose shoulders, beaming heavenly fire,
Grac'd with his brother's warbling lyre,
And with the golden quiver shine.

* The twenty-first Ode of the first Book.
Chorus of Youths and Virgins.

Mov'd by the solemn voice of prayer,
They both shall make imperial Rome their care.
And gracious turn the direful woes
Of famine and of weeping war
From Rome, from sacred Cæsar far,
And pour them on our British foes.

THIRD CONCERT.

TO APOLLO AND DIANA.

Chorus of Youths and Virgins.

YE radiant glories of the skies,
Ever-beaming god of light,
Sweetly shining queen of night,
Beneath whose wrath the wood-born savage dies!
Ye powers, to whom with ceaseless praise
A grateful world its homage pays,
Let our prayer, our prayer be heard,
Now in this solemn hour preferr'd,
When by the Sibyl's dread command,
Of spotless maids a chosen train,
Of spotless youths a chosen band,
To all our guardian gods uplift the hallow'd strain.

Chorus of Youths.

Fair Sun, who with unchanging beam
Rising another and the same,
Dost from thy beamy car unfold
The glorious day,
Or hide it in thy setting ray,
Of light and life immortal source,
Mayst thou, in all thy radiant course,
Nothing more great than seven-hill’d Rome behold.

Chorus of Virgins.

Goddess of the natal hour,
Or, if other name more dear,
    Propitious power,
Can charm your ear,
Our pregnant matrons gracious hear:
With lenient hand their pangs compose,
    Heal their agonizing throes;
Give the springing birth to light,
    And with every genial grace,
Prolific of an endless race,
Oh! crown our marriage-laws, and bless the nuptial rite:

Chorus of Youths and Virgins.

That when the circling years complete
    Again this awful season bring.
Thrice with the day’s revolving light,
    Thrice beneath the shades of night,
In countless bands our youthful choirs may sing
These festal hymns, these pious games repeat.

Ye Fates, from whom unerring flows
    The word of truth; whose firm decree
Its stated bounds and order knows,
    Wide-spreading through eternity,
With guardian care around us wait,  
And with successive glories crown the state.

Let earth her various fruitage yield,  
Her living verdure spread,  
And form, amid the waving field,  
A sheafy crown for Ceres' head;  
Fall genial showers, and o'er our fleecy care  
May Jove indulgent breathe his purest air!

**Chorus of Youths.**

Phœbus, whose kindly beams impart  
Health and gladness to the heart,  
While in its quiver lies the pestilential dart,  
Thy youthful suppliants hear:

**Chorus of Virgins.**

Queen of the stars, who rul'st the night  
In horned majesty of light,  
Bend to thy virgins a propitious ear.

**Chorus of Youths and Virgins.**

If, ye gods, the Roman state  
Was form'd by your immortal power,  
Or if, to change th' imperial seat,  
And other deities adore,  
Beneath your guidance the Dardanian host  
Pour'd forth their legions on the Tuscan coast.
THE SECULAR POEM.

For whom Æneas, through the fire,
In which he saw his Troy expire,
A passage open'd to a happier clime,
Where they might nobler triumphs gain,
And to never-ending time
When boundless empire reign,

Ye gods, inform our docile youth
With early principles of truth;
Ye gods, indulge the waning days
Of silver'd age with placid ease,
And grant to Rome an endless race,
Treasure immense, and every sacred grace.

The prince, who owes to beauty's queen his birth,
Who bids the snowy victim's blood
Pour forth to-day its purple flood,
Oh! may he glorious rule the conquered earth
But yet a milder glory show
In mercy to the prostrate foe!

Already the fierce Mede his arms reveres
Which wide extend th' imperial sway,
And bid th' unwilling world obey;
The haughty Indian owns his fears,
And Scythians, doubtful of their doom,
Await the dread resolves of Rome.

Faith, Honour, Peace, celestial maid,
And Modesty, in ancient guise array'd,
And Virtue (with unhallow'd scorn
Too long neglected) now appear,
While Plenty fills her bounteous horn,
And pours her blessings o'er the various year.
Chorus of Youths.

If the prophetic power divine,
Fam'd for the golden bow and quiver'd dart,
Who knows to charm the listening Nine,
And feeble mortals raise with healing art;
If he with gracious eye survey the towers
Where Rome his deity adores,
Oh! let each era still presage
Increase of happiness from age to age!

Chorus of Virgins.

Oh! may Diana, on these favourite hills,
Whose diffusive presence fills
Her hallow'd fane,
Propitious deign
Our holy priests to hear,
And to our youth incline her willing ear.

Chorus of Youths and Virgins.

Lo! we the chosen, youthful choir,
Taught with harmonious voice to raise
Apollo's and Diana's praise,
In full and certain hope retire,
That all th' assembled gods, and sovereign Jove,
These pious vows, these choral hymns approve.
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.