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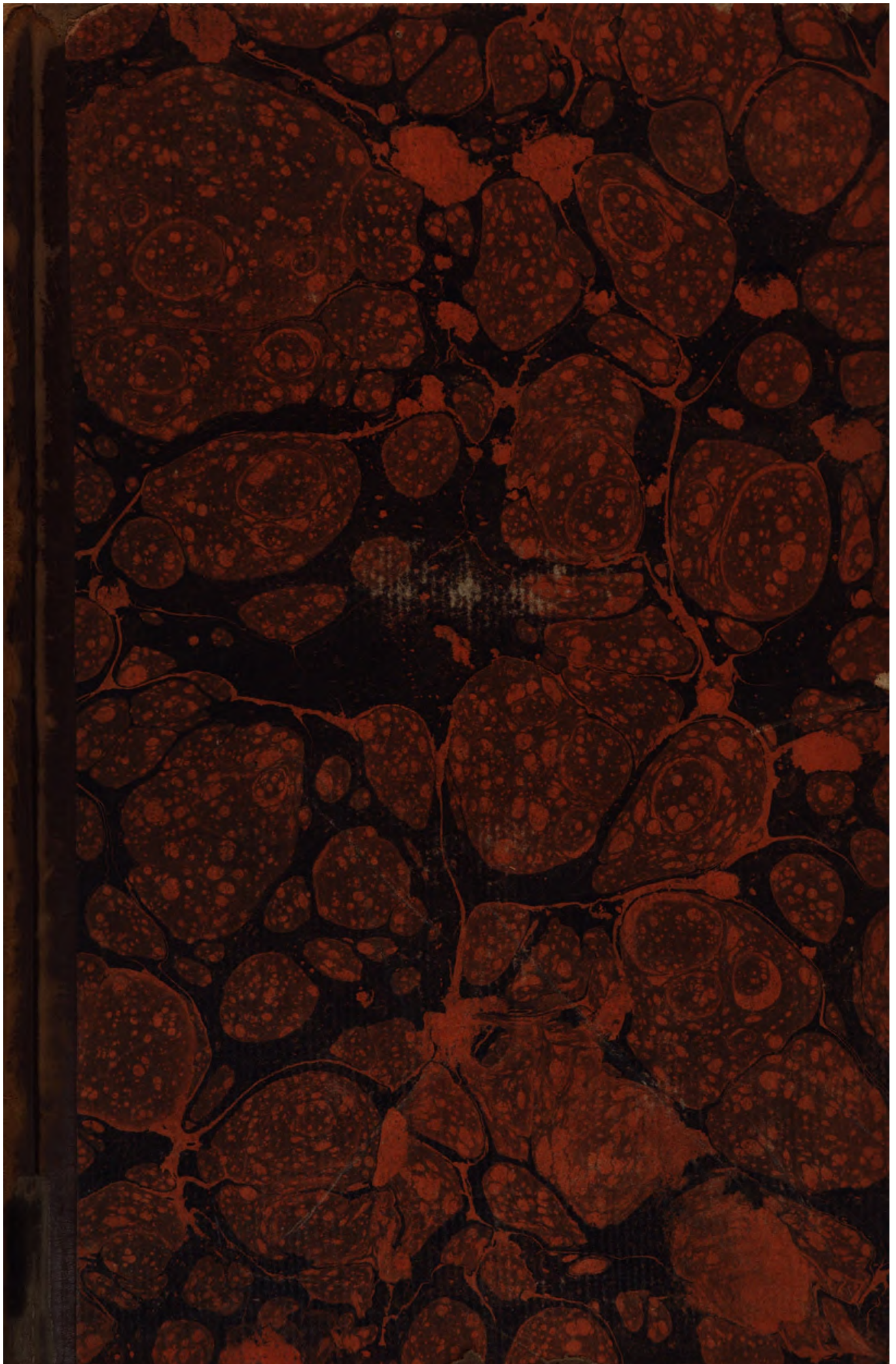
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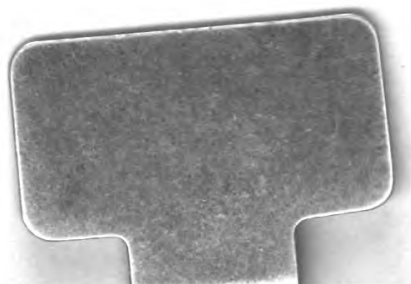


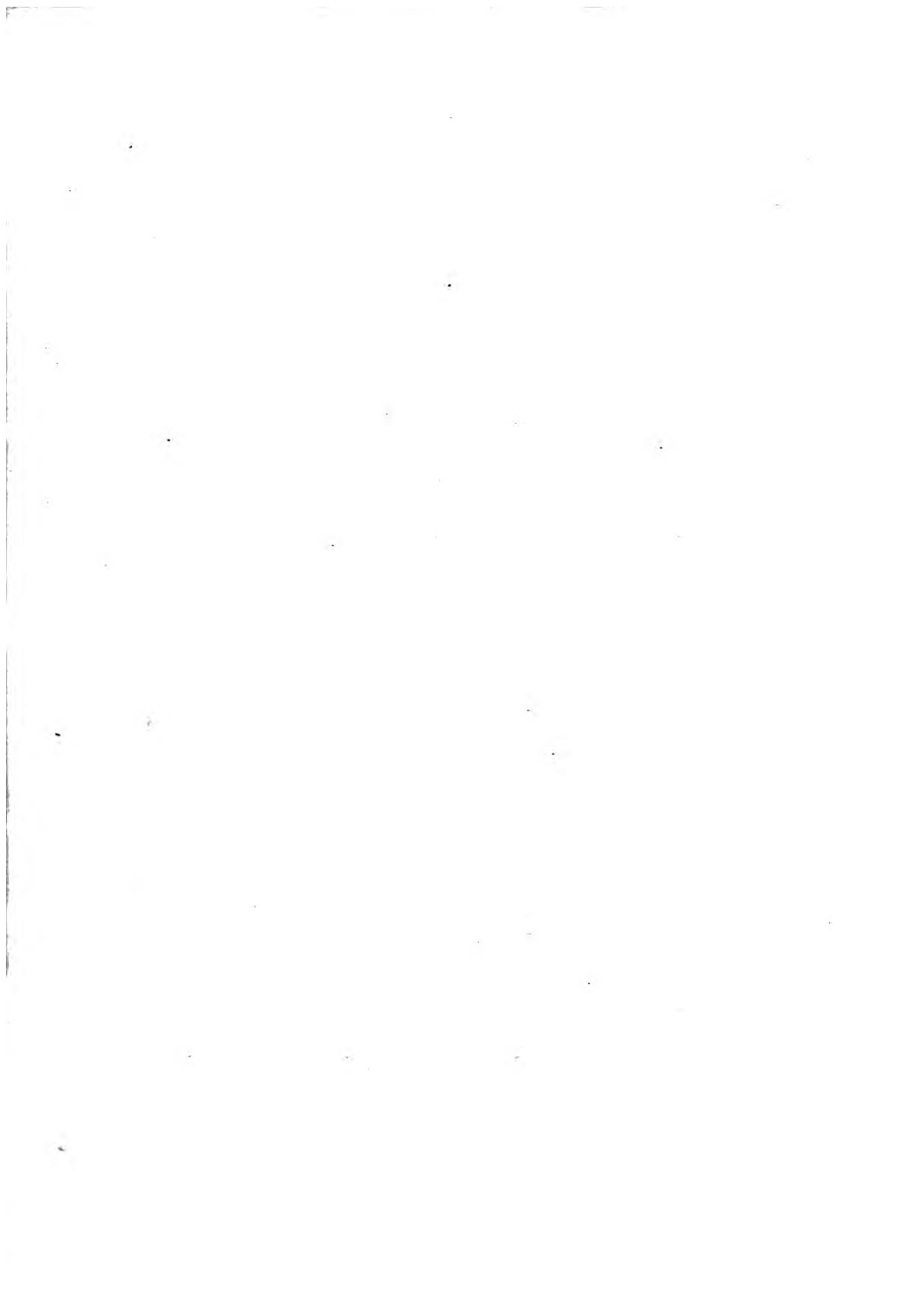
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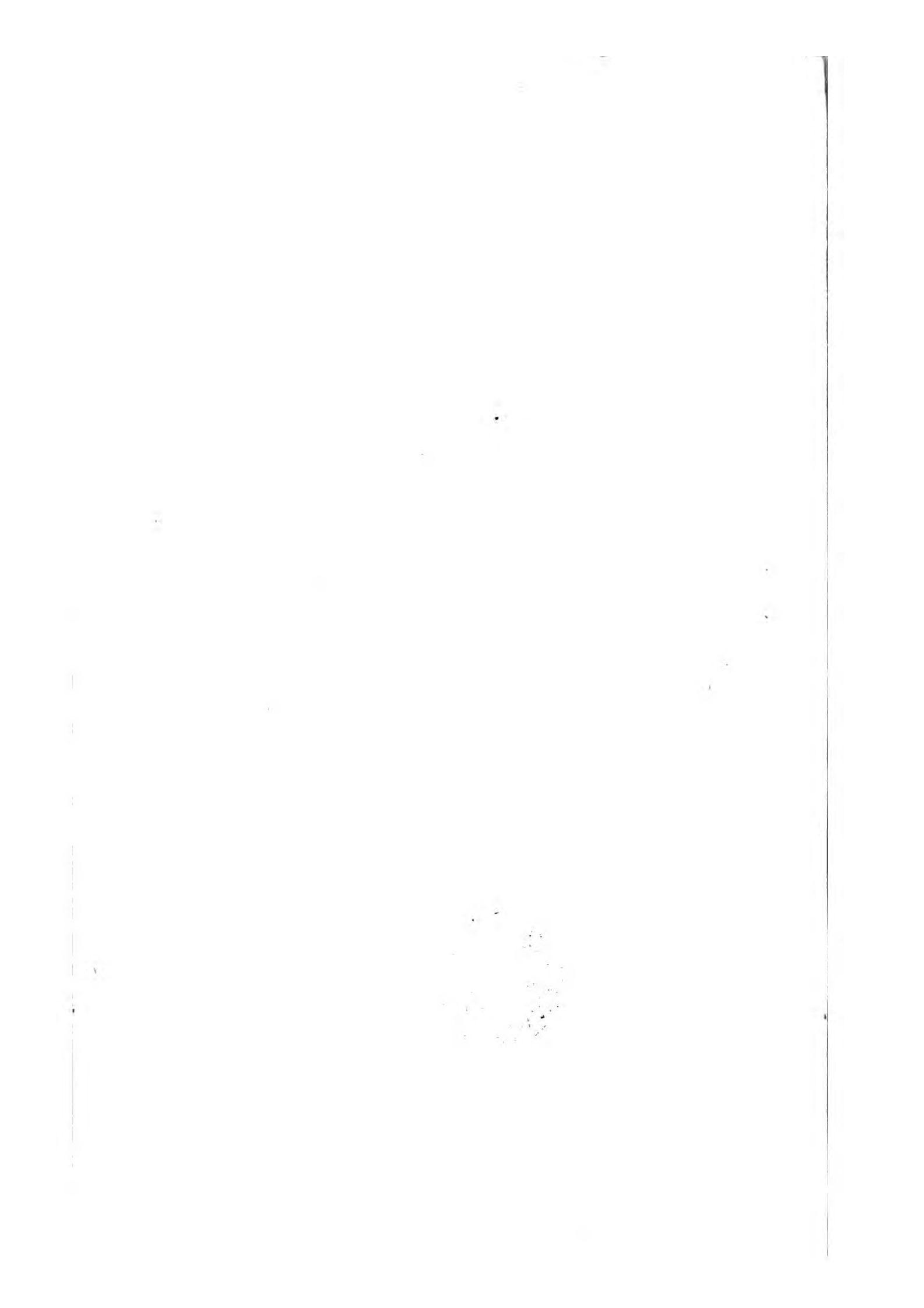




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TRANSLATIONS IN ENGLISH VERSE

FROM

OVID,

HORACE, TACITUS,

ETC.

BY

WILLIAM LEE, M.A.

FORMERLY FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.



LONDON:

RIVINGTONS, WATERLOO PLACE.

1860.

297.e. 57.

OVIDII

METAMORPH. LIBER XIII.

CONSEDERE duces : et, vulgi stante corona,
 Surgit ad hos clypei dominus septemplicis Ajax.
 Utque erat impatiens iræ, Sigeïa torvo
 Littora respexit, classemque in littore, vultu :
 Intendensque manus, Agimus, pro Jupiter! inquit,
 Ante rates causam, et mecum confertur Ulysses!
 At non Hectoreïis dubitavit cedere flammis,
 Quas ego sustinui, quas hac a classe fugavi.
 Tutius est fictis igitur contendere verbis, [tum;
 Quam pugnare manu. Sed nec mihi dicere promp-
 Nec facere est isti. Quantumque ego Marte feroci,
 Quantum acie valeo, tantum valet iste loquendo.
 Nec memoranda tamen vobis mea facta, Pelasgi,
 Esse reor : vidistis enim. Sua narret Ulysses,
 Quæ sine teste gerit, quorum nox conscia sola est.
 Præmia magna peti fateor : sed demit honorem
 Æmulus Ajaci. Non est tenuisse superbum,
 Sit licet hoc ingens, quicquid speravit Ulysses.
 Iste tulit pretium jam nunc certaminis hujus,
 Quo cum victus erit, mecum certasse feretur.
 Atque ego, si virtus in me dubitabilis esset,
 Nobilitate potens essem, Telamone creatus,
 Mœnia qui forti Trojana sub Hercule cepit :
 Littoraque intravit Pagasæa Colcha carina.

OVID.

METAMORPHOSES, BOOK XIII.

THE chiefs are set, the crowd in circle close,
 Lord of the seven-fold shield, great Ajax rose.
 Angry of mood, survey'd (and stern his look)
 The shore, the ships: with hands uplifted, spoke.
 Is it, ye gods, before this fleet I plead,
 The fleet from Trojan fires my valour saved!
 And dares Ulysses to compare with me,
 Nor scorned Ulysses Hector's fires to flee!
 Is safer then the conference of words,
 Than fierce encounter of contending swords?
 Too slow of speech, in action swift and strong,
 Not mine, as his, the readiness of tongue.
 As greater far my prowess in the field,
 To him the force of eloquence I yield.
 My cause no art of elocution needs,
 Soldiers, Pelasgians, ye have seen my deeds!
 Unwitnessed his, Ulysses may recite,
 Conscious of his alone the darksome night.
 Great is the prize for arbitrement, I own,
 But such my rival lessens its renown.
 Nor may with pride the Telamonian hold,
 What claims Ulysses arrogantly bold.
 To him may glory in the contest be,
 For him, to rival Ajax, victory!

Æacus huic pater est: qui jura silentibus illic
 Reddit, ubi Æoliden saxum grave Sisyphon urget.
 Æacon agnoscit summus, prolemque fatetur
 Jupiter esse suam. Sic ab Jove tertius Ajax.
 Nec tamen hæc series in causa prosit, Achivi;
 Si mihi cum magno non est communis Achille.
 Frater erat: fraterna peto. Quid sanguine cretus
 Sisyphio, furtisque et fraude simillimus illi,
 Inserit Æacidis alienæ nomina gentis?
 An quod in arma prior, nulloque sub indice veni,
 Arma neganda mihi? potiorque videbitur ille,
 Ultima qui cepit; detrectavitque furore
 Militiam ficto; donec solertior isto,
 Sed sibi inutilior, timidi commenta retexit
 Naupliades animi, vitataque traxit in arma?
 Optima nunc sumat, qui sumere noluit ulla.
 Nos inhonorati, et donis patruelibus orbi,
 Obtulimus qui nos ad prima pericula, simus.
 Atque utinam aut verus furor ille, aut creditus, esset;
 Nec comes hic Phrygias unquam venisset ad arces
 Hortator scelerum! non te, Pœantia proles,
 Expositum Lemnos nostro cum crimine haberet.
 Qui nunc (ut memorant) silvestribus abditus antris
 Saxa moves gemitu: Laërtiadæque precaris,
 Quæ meruit: quæ Dî, Dî, dent non vana preceris.
 Et nunc ille eadem nobis juratus in arma,
 (Heu!) pars una ducum, quo successore sagittæ
 Herculis utuntur, fractus morboque fameque,
 Velaturque aliturque avibus, volucresque petendo
 Debita Trojanis exercet spicula fatis.

Were too my merit dubious in the scale,
Sure might the blood of Telamon prevail.
To whom with great Alcides Troy did bow,
Who plough'd the Colchian seas with daring prow.
His sire was Æacus, in whose control
The silent shades, and Sisyphus, bade roll
The stone revertive—Æacus and Jove
His great progenitors can Ajax prove.
Nor would I boast this splendour of my line,
Were not the blood of brave Achilles mine.
His blood, his arms are mine: my right is there,
How shall the race of Sisyphus be heir?
Like him, Ulysses graft, in fraud the same,
On the proud stock of Æacus his name!
Are arms refused to me, who willing bore,
And given to him reluctant on this shore,
Of madness simulate? who would not dare
The common peril, latest in the war;
Till wiser Palamede the fraud display'd,
And dragg'd the trembling coward from his shade.
His then a Hero's arms, the glorious stake,
Achilles' sword, who fear'd a sword to take?
Shall on that worthless breast the cuirass shine,
My claims denied, be foul dishonour mine!
His madness would 'twas true, or true believed,
At home less hurtful had Ulysses lived,
Author of crimes! not Philoctetes then
Were left an exile in yon Lemnian glen. [said,
There, hapless chief, thou groan'st with pain, 'tis
And call'st down curses on Ulysses' head.

Ille tamen vivit, quia non comitavit Ulysses.
Mallet et infelix Palamedes esse relictus;
Viveret; aut certe letum sine crimine haberet.
Quem, male convicti nimium memor iste furoris
Prodere rem Danaam finxit: fictumque probavit
Crimen. Et ostendit, quod jam præfoderat, aurum.
Ergo aut exilio vires subduxit Achivis,
Aut nece. Sic pugnat; sic est metuendus Ulysses.
Qui licet eloquio fidum quoque Nestora vincat;
Haud tamen efficiet, desertum ut Nestora crimen
Esse rear nullum. Qui, cum imploraret Ulyssen
Vulnere tardus equi, fessusque senilibus annis,
Proditus a socio est. Non hæc mihi crimina fingi
Scit bene Tydides: qui nomine sæpe vocatum
Corripuit: trepidoque fugam exprobravit amico.
Aspiciunt oculis Superi mortalia justis.
En eget auxilio, qui non tulit; utque reliquit,
Sic linquendus erat. Legem sibi dixerat ipse.
Conclamat socios. Adsum, videoque trementem,
Pallentemque metu, et trepidantem morte futura.
Opposui molem clypei; texique jacentem; [ertem.
Servavique animam (minimum est hic laudis) in-
Si perstas certare, locum redeamus in illum:
Redde hostem, vulnusque tuum, solitumque timorem.
Post clypeumque late: et mecum contende sub illo.
At postquam eripui; cui standi vulnera vires
Non dederant, nullo tardatus vulnere fugit.
Hector adest: secumque Deos in prælia ducit.
Quaque ruit, non tu tantum terreris, Ulysse;
Sed fortes etiam: tantum trahit ille timoris.

Fierce on that head deserved curses fall,
If gods there be, not vainly may'st thou call!
Brother in arms, must he to uses base
Turn darts divine? the product of the chase,
His food, his vest! and birds alone destroy
Arrows predestined to the fall of Troy.
Yet life is his, though wretched, on that coast,
Here, guiltless, murdered, Palamede is lost!
Thou, had we cast thee on a desert shore,
Might'st live; nor died dishonoured, if no more.
Unmask'd by thee, thence victim of his hate,
Ulysses brands thee traitor to the state.
To prove the crime, could show by buried gold,
(The gold he buried) you your country sold.
So harms he Greece by exile and by death,
So wars Ulysses, so doth Ilion scathe!
If Nestor's e'en his eloquence excel,
Hardly he may persuade me, it was well
T' abandon Nestor at his utmost need,
Nestor imploring as the recreant fled.
Well knows, I lie not, Diomed; who there
His friend upbraided with reproach severe,
In vain—the gods are just: in danger now
Ulysses calls, and who averts the blow!
Helpless, o'erthrown, him pale and trembling found,
I raised, and spread my ample buckler round.
He saved not others; small the praise to save
The base deserter, him the coward slave.
Art thou my rival yet? on—let us go,
Thou trembling, wounded, front again the foe,

Hunc ego sanguineæ successu cædis ovantem
Cominus ingenti resupinum pondere fudi.
Hunc ego poscentem, cum quo concurreret, unus
Sustinui: sortemque meam vovistis, Achivi:
Et vestræ valuere preces. Si quæritis hujus
Fortunam pugnæ; non sum superatus ab illo.
Ecce ferunt Tröes ferrumque, ignemque, Jovemque
In Danaas classes. Ubi nunc facundus Ulysses?
Nempe ego mille meo protexi pectore puppes,
Spem vestri reditus. Date tot pro navibus arma.
Quod si vera licet mihi dicere; quæritur istis, [est;
Quam mihi, major honos, conjunctaque gloria nostra
Atque Ajax armis, non Ajaci arma petuntur.
Conferat his Ithacus Rhesum, imbellemque Dolona,
Priamidenque Helenum rapta cum Pallade captum.
Luce nihil gestum, nihil est Diomede remoto:
Si semel ista datis meritis tam vilibus arma;
Dividite: et major pars sit Diomedis in illis.
Quo tamen hæc Ithaco? qui clam, qui semper inermis
Rem gerit; et furtis incautum decipit hostem?
Ipse nitor galeæ claro radiantis ab auro
Insidias prodet, manifestabitque latentem.
Sed neque Dulichius sub Achillis casside vertex
Pondera tanta feret. Nec non onerosa gravisque
Pelias esse potest imbellibus hasta lacertis.
Nec clypeus vasti cælatus imagine mundi
Conveniet timidæ, natæque ad furta sinistrae.
Debilitatum quid te petis, improbe, munus?
Quod tibi si populi donaverit error Achivi;
Cur spolieris, erit; non, cur metuaris ab hoste.

Then lie again protected by my shield,
There own thee vanquish'd, then the contest yield,
Thou, who so saved from death, had strength to flee,
Spite of thy wound, and saved from death by me!
Lo! Hector comes, with him his gods along,
The bravest tremble, weak as thou, the strong.
Him bathed in carnage, breathing terror round,
In combat close, I hurled upon the ground.
When him my lot great rival to engage,
All Greece had pray'd the fight might Ajax wage.
Nor Greece forgets the fortune of that fight,
To each brave champion equal judged aright.
Fierce 'gainst the Grecian ships with sword and fire,
Assailing Troy and angry Jove conspire,
In that dread hour, the eloquent of men,
My present rival, where Ulysses then?
'Twas I alone fire, Troy and Hector stay'd,
Give me the prize for all your fleet I saved.
Place on my worthiest breast, be mine, to bear
Those arms, more honoured, if your Ajax wear.
Let with such feats the Ithacan compare
Rhesus, weak Dolon slain: what merit there!
Or from her temple rapt and chosen rest,
With guardian Pallas, Helenus the priest.
These be but thefts or victories of night,
Reward ye these? give Diomed his right.
All by the aid of Diomed is done,
The greater share hath brave Tydides won.
What needs Ulysses, who unarmed, by wiles,
By stealth th' unwary enemy beguiles,

Et fuga (qua sola cunctos, timidissime, vincis)
 Tarda futura tibi est gestamina tanta trahenti.
 Adde, quod iste tuus, tam raro prælia passus,
 Integer est clypeus. Nostro, qui tela ferendo
 Mille patet plagis, novus est successor habendus.
 Denique, quid verbis opus est? spectemur agendo.
 Arma viri fortis medios mittantur in hostes,
 Inde jubete peti: et referentem ornate relatis.
 Finierat Telamone satus; vulgique secutum
 Ultima murmur erat: donec Laërtius heros
 Adstitit, atque oculos paulum tellure moratos
 Sustulit ad proceres, expectatoque resolvit
 Ora sono: neque abest facundis gratia dictis.
 Si mea cum vestris valuissent vota, Pelasgi,
 Non foret ambiguus tanti certaminis hæres:
 Tuque tuis armis, nos te poteremur, Achille.
 Quem quoniam non æqua mihi vobisque negarunt
 Fata, (manuque simul veluti lachrymantia tersit
 Lumina,) quis magno melius succedat Achilli,
 Quam per quem magnus Danaïs successit Achilles?
 Huic modo ne prosit, quod, ut est, hebes esse vi-
 detur:

Neve mihi noceat, quod vobis semper, Achivi,
 Profuit ingenium: meaue hæc facundia, si qua est,
 Quæ nunc pro domino, pro vobis sæpe locuta est,
 Invidia careat: bona nec sua quisque recuset.
 Nam genus, et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
 Vix ea nostra voco. Sed enim, quia rettulit Ajax
 Esse Jovis pronepos, nostri quoque sanguinis auctor
 Jupiter est, totidemque gradus distamus ab illo.

The golden helmet? flashing in the day,
'Twould his insidious ambush more betray.
Achilles' casque too heavy for that head.
Could from that arm the Pelian lance be sped?
That left unfitting for the ponderous shield,
Charged with the marvels of the heavenly field.
Weak as thou art, why ask, to weigh thee down,
A gift, the foe would quickly make his own?
Coward, to thee should Greece the prize concede,
Th' unworthy prize would more thy flight impede.
Thou need'st no buckler; one for me be found,
Mine gash'd and bruised ' gapes with many a wound.
Enough, Ulysses, why a strife of words,
Be tried the contest with our rival swords,
Mid Troy's proud host the envied armour throw,
His be the prize who bears it from the foe.
Ajax hath ceased; a murmur at the close
Ran through the crowd, hushed, as Ulysses rose.
Downcast his eyes awhile upon the ground,
Then slowly lifted to the peers around;
Words full of grace broke solemnly the pause,
With graceful act, propitious to his cause¹. [prayer,
"Greeks, had, with mine, prevailed your general
No claim were now, or sought a doubtful heir.
Not for his arms ambitious rivals strived,
In arms for Greece had still Achilles lived!
Him to our vows since cruel fate denies,
(And specious wiped the orator his eyes,)

¹ See Notes.

Nam mihi Laërtes pater est, Arcesius illi,
 Jupiter huic: neque in his quisquam damnatus et
 exsul.

Est quoque per matrem Cyllenius addita nobis
 Altera nobilitas. Deus est in utroque parente.
 Sed neque materno quod sim generosior ortu,
 Nec mihi quod pater est fraterni sanguinis insons,
 Proposita arma peto: meritis expendite causam.
 Dummodo quod fratres Telamon Peleusque fuerunt,
 Ajacis meritum non sit: nec sanguinis ordo,
 Sed virtutis honor spoliis quærat in istis.
 Aut si proximitas, primusque requiritur hæres,
 Est genitor Peleus, est Pyrrhus filius illi.
 Quis locus Ajaci? Phthian Scyronve ferantur.
 Nec minus est isto Teucer patruelis Achilli.
 Num petit ille tamen? num sperat, ut auferat arma?
 Ergo operum quoniam nudum certamen habetur;
 Plura quidem feci, quam quæ comprehendere dictis
 In promptu mihi sit. Rerum tamen ordine ducar.
 Præscia venturi genitrix Nereïa leti
 Dissimulat cultu natum. Deceperat omnes,
 In quibus Ajacem, sumtæ fallacia vestis.
 Arma ego fœmineis animum motura virilem
 Mercibus inserui. Neque adhuc projecerat heros
 Virgineos habitus cum parmam hastamque tenenti,
 Nate Dea, dixi: tibi se peritura reservant
 Pergama. Quid dubitas ingentem evertere Trojam?
 Injecique manum; fortemque ad fortia misi.
 Ergo opera illius mea sunt. Ego Telephon hasta
 Pugnantem domui; victum orantemque refeci.

Who may be best to great Achilles heir,
But he, who gave Achilles to the war?
Let not in Ajax bluntness all prevail,
Wisdom in me and elocution fail.
Grudge not my art, let for its master plead
The tongue for you oft eloquent in need ¹.
To each his gift—the splendour of a line,
Ancestral honours, scarce I call them mine.
But since that Ajax boasts descent from Jove,
Mine is from Jove, and in the same remove.
Laertes' son, from Arcese and heaven's king,
From no attainted ancestors, I spring.
My house maternal doth Cyllenius grace,
So either parent owns a godlike race.
Not that my mother's nobler, and so proud
My father's, guiltless of a brother's blood,
Not for th' unsullied honours of my line,
Award by worth my right to arms divine.
If brothers Telamon and Peleus were,
Not so by blood let Ajax be the heir.
Not to descent, to merit be the prize,
To worth alone, where "all true honour lies."
Or if by parentage the spoils are won,
Peleus survives, and Pyrrhus is a son.
How Ajax heir? to Phthia, Scyros, send;
Same claim of blood might Teucer recommend.
Does Teucer claim, does Teucer hope the prize?
Since then to worthiest exploits your assize,

¹ See Notes.

Quod Thebæ cecidere, meum est. Me credite

Lesbon,

Me Tenedon, Chrysenque, et Cyllan, Apollinis urbes,

Et Scyron cepisse. Mea concussa putate

Procubuisse solo Lyrnessia mœnia dextra.

Utque aliàs taceam; qui sævum perdere posset

Hectora, nempe dedi: per me jacet inclytus Hector.

Illis hæc armis, quibus est inventus Achilles,

Arma peto. Vivo dederam, post fata reposco.

Ut dolor unius Danaos pervenit ad omnes;

Aulidaque Euboïcã complerunt mille carinæ;

Exspectata diu, nulla, aut contraria classi,

Flamina sunt: duræque jubent Agamemnona sortes

Immeritam sævæ natam mactare Dianæ.

Denegat hoc genitor: Divisque irascitur ipsis:

Atque in rege tamen pater est. Ego mite parentis

Ingenium verbis ad publica commoda verti.

Nunc equidem fateor, fassoque ignoscat Atrides;

Difficilem tenui sub iniquo iudice causam.

Hunc tamen utilitas populi, fraterque, datique

Summa movet sceptri, laudem ut cum sanguine

penset.

Mittor et ad matrem: quæ non hortanda, sed astu

Decipienda fuit. Quo si Telamonius isset,

Orba suis essent etiamnum lintea ventis.

Mittor et Iliacas audax orator ad arces:

Visaque et intrata est altæ mihi curia Trojæ.

Plenaque adhuc erat illa viris. Interritus egi,

Quam mihi mandarat communis Græcia, causam:

Accusoque Parin, prædamque Helenamque reposco;

More have I done than readily can tell,
But will in order how deserved well.
Tethys to save her son from destined death,
In female garb concealed her son beneath.
Deceived the Greeks, and Ajax with the rest,
The false assumption of a woman's vest.
With woman's gauds I mingled arms, to prove
The mightier tumult of heroic love.
Robes cast aside, him grasping spear and shield
Instant I seized, Achilles all revealed.
Heaven-born, I said, why stay'st the fate of Troy?
And sent him forth to conquer and destroy.
His feats are mine: so vanquish'd in the field,
Struck by my lance, so Telephus was healed.
Thebes mine; by me the cities of the Sun,
Chryses and Cylla, Tenedos, are won.
Lesbos and Syros 'twas my valour took,
And to the earth Lyrnesian ramparts shook.
Hector my spoil: I bade the hero come,
To whom alone great Hector must succumb.
Give me Achilles' arms, by arms revealed,
I gave him living, now, reclaim to wield.
When mourns all Greece the guilt of one, and stay
A thousand vessels in Eubœan bay,
Winds foul or none; when Dian, fates demand
A daughter's blood and at Atrides' hand,
Recoils the father from so grievous wrong,
Curses his gods, in king the sire more strong.
'Twas I the father's tenderness reproved,
And turned obedient to the public good.

Et moveo Priamum, Priamoque Antenora junctum :
At Paris, et fratres, et qui rapuere sub illo,
Vix tenuere manus (scis hoc, Menelaë) nefandas :
Primaque lux nostri tecum fuit illa pericli.
Longa referre mora est, quæ consilioque manuque
Utiliter feci spatiosi tempore belli.
Post acies primas, urbis se mœnibus hostes
Continuere diu; nec aperti copia Martis
Ulla fuit. Decimo demum pugnavimus anno.
Quid facis interea, qui nil nisi prælia nosti ?
Quis tuus usus erat ? nam si mea facta requiris,
Hostibus insidior, fossas munimine cingo :
Consolor socios, ut longi tædia belli
Mente ferant placida : doceo, quo simus alendi
Armandique modo : mittor, quo postulat usus.
Ecce Jovis monitu deceptus imagine somni
Rex jubet incepti curam dimittere belli.
Ille potest auctore suam defendere causam.
Non sinat hoc Ajax : delendaque Pergama poscat :
Quodque potest, pugnet. Cur non remoratur
 ituros ?
Cur non arma capit ? dat, quod vaga turba sequatur ?
Non erat hoc nimium, nunquam, nisi magna lo-
 quenti.
Quid, quod et ipse fugis ? vidi, puduitque videre,
Cum tu terga dares inhonestaque vela parares.
Nec mora, Quid facitis ? quæ vos dementia, dixi,
Concitat, o socii, captam dimittere Trojam ?
Quidve domum fertis decimo, nisi dedecus, anno ?
Talibus atque aliis, in quæ dolor ipse disertum

Before a partial judge hard cause I plead,
Pardon, Atrides, it so well succeed.
Him shame, his sceptre and the common weal
By me persuade the sacrifice to seal,
Give life for fame; yet needed all my art
To tear a daughter from a mother's heart.
Hard task! for this if Ajax must prevail,
The winds till now had slept in Grecian sail.
Me too all Greece commissioned her envoy,
To plead her wrongs before the court of Troy.
Accuse I boldly Paris and his band,
Helen, her treasures, fearlessly demand.
Antenor, Priam, had not long withstood,
But Paris, friends and brothers call for blood:
Scarce hold their hands; this, Menelaus, you know,
In that first day of danger shared with you.
'Twere long to tell what services mine are,
Of skill and action, in this lengthened war.
First combats o'er, his walls, for lingering years
The foe had kept, the tenth again appears.
What need of Ajax, skilled in fight alone?
In time of truce his "occupation gone."
Ambush I frame, the trenches guard and wall,
Courage and patience animate in all.
The troops with arms, the camp with food provide,
At duty's call, am found on every side.
Warned in a dream Atrides, from above,
Would cease to war, and pleads the will of Jove.
Did Ajax then demand the fall of Troy,
Arrest the flying, all his force employ,

Fecerat, aversos profuga de classe reduxi.
 Convocat Atrides socios terrore paventes :
 Nec Telamoniades etiam nunc hiscere quicquam
 Ausit. At ausus erat reges incessere dictis
 Thersites, etiam per me haud impune, protervis.
 Erigor : et trepidos cives exhortor in hostem :
 Amissamque mea virtutem voce reposco.
 Tempore ab hoc quodcunque potest fecisse videri
 Fortiter iste, meum est : quem dantem terga re-
 traxi.

Denique de Danaïis quis te laudatve petitve ?
 At sua Tydides mecum communicat acta :
 Me probat ; et socio semper confidit Ulysse.
 Est aliquid, de tot Graiorum millibus, unum
 A Diomede legi. Nec me sors ire jubebat :
 Sic tamen et spreto noctisque hostisque periclo,
 Ausum eadem quæ nos, Phrygia de gente Dolona
 Interimo : non ante tamen, quam cuncta coëgi
 Prodere, et edidici quid perfida Troja pararet.
 Omnia cognoram : nec, quod specularer, habebam :
 Et jam præmissa poteram cum laude reverti.
 Haud contentus ea, petii tentoria Rhesi,
 Inque suis ipsum castris comitesque peremi.
 Atque ita captivo victor votisque potitus
 Ingredior curru lætos imitante triumphos.
 Cujus equos pretium pro nocte poposcerat hostis,
 Arma negate mihi : fueritque benignior Ajax.
 Quid Lycii referam Sarpedonis agmina ferro
 Devastata meo ? cum multo sanguine fudi
 Cœranon Iphitiden, et Alastoraque, Chromiumque,

Seize arms himself, exhort to arms the crowd ?
Not much for him, methinks, that boaster proud !
And fly'st thou too ? O shame, I saw thee fly,
Saw thy ignoble sails outspread on high.
How now, my friends, what madness this, I said,
Troy bends, and Greece has homeward shameful fled !
This said and more, made eloquent by grief
Back from their ships again I led each chief.
The troubled chiefs Atrides then convokes,
Ajax is dumb, Thersites all provokes.
Him I chastise ; to arms I call the host,
Bid on the foe redeem their honour lost.
Henceforth, whatever Ajax may have done,
So dragg'd from flight, his honours have I won ¹.
Who seeks thee, Ajax, who confides in thee ?
Tydides acts, his counsels are with me.
Of all the Greeks Tydides' chosen friend,
High praise ! not me the lots to danger send,
Danger I seek ; the foe by night invade ;
The Phrygian Dolon falls beneath my blade.
Dolon I slew, him first compelled declare
What Troy resolves, what projects may prepare.
My task fulfilled and nothing more to learn,
I might with praise and recompense return.
Not yet content while other foes remain,
Seek in their tents, slay Rhesus and his train.
High borne aloft on Rhesus' captive car,
I come triumphant victor from the war.

¹ See Notes.

Alcandrumque, Haliumque, Noëmonaque, Pryta-
nimque,

Exitioque dedi cum Chersidamente Thoöna,

Et Charopen, fatisque immitibus Ennomon actum;

Quinque minus celebres nostra sub mœnibus urbis

Procubuere manu. Sunt et mihi vulnera, cives,

Ipsa pulchra loco. Nec vanis credite verbis.

Aspicite en. Vestemque manu deducit; et, Hæc sunt

Pectora semper, ait, vestris exercita rebus.

At nihil impendit per tot Telamonius annos

Sanguinis in socios; et habet sine vulnere corpus.

Quid tamen hoc refert; si se pro classe Pelasga

Arma tulisse refert contra Troasque Jovemque?

Confiteorque, tulit; neque enim benefacta maligne

Detrectare meum est; sed nec communia solus

Occupet; atque aliquem vobis quoque reddat ho-

norem.

Reppulit Actorides sub imagine tutus Achillis

Troas ab arsuris cum defensore carinis.

Ausum etiam Hectoreo solum concurrere Marti

Se putat, oblitus regisque, ducumque, meique,

Nonus in officio, et prælatus munere sortis.

Sed tamen eventus vestræ, fortissime, pugnæ

Quis fuit? Hector abit violatus vulnere nullo.

Me miserum! quanto cogor meminisse dolore

Temporis illius, quo Graium murus Achilles

Procubuit! nec me lachrymæ, luctusve, timorve

Tardarunt, quin corpus humo sublime referrem:

His humeris, his, inquam, humeris ego corpus

Achillis,

Achilles' steeds hoped Dolon in that night,
 Give but his arms; hath Ajax better right?
 Sarpedon's Lycian host why routed tell?
 Cœranon by me, Alastor, Chromius fell,
 Alcander, Halius, Prytanis, Noemon,
 Charops, with him Chersidamus, Thoon, }
 And to my steel ill-fated Ennomon. }
 Why say what lesser warriors I destroy,
 Spoil of my sword, before the walls of Troy?
 Nor yet unharmed my body in the war,
 How true my words, see here each honest scar.
 Behold, ye Greeks, this all-devoted breast,
 The heart is yours, that beats beneath this
 vest!

Never for you his blood hath Ajax shed,
 In all these years, to earn the glorious meed.
 What if he boast the safety of the fleet,
 From Troy, from Jove defended, (and 'tis meet
 I give deserved praise,) yet sure to you
 (Not all the glory his) some honour due!
 Patroclus safe in semblance of his friend
 The ships and great protector could defend.
 Ajax himself alone the Trojan Mars
 He thinks can rival; if he Hector dares,
 Chosen by lot; the king, the chieftains, me
 Forgets he then? from wounds how Hector free?
 Oh! with what grief unhappy I recall
 The fatal day of great Achilles' fall.
 Yet stay me not the general grief or fear
 Achilles' body from the field to bear.

Et simul arma tuli: quæ nunc quoque ferre laboro.
 Sunt mihi, quæ valeant in talia pondera, vires:
 Est animus vestros certe sensurus honores.
 Scilicet idcirco pro gnato cærule mater
 Ambitiosa suo fuit, ut cœlestia dona,
 Artis opus tantæ, rudis et sine pectore miles
 Indueret? neque enim clypei cœlamina norit,
 Oceanum, et terras, cumque alto sidera cœlo,
 Pleïadasque, Hyadasque, immunemque æquoris
 Arcton,
 Diversasque urbes, nitidumque Orionis ensem.
 Postulat ut capiat, quæ non intelligit, arma.
 Quid? quod me duri fugientem munera belli
 Arguit incepto serum accessisse labori?
 Nec se magnanimo maledicere sentit Achilli?
 Si simulasse vocat crimen; simulavimus ambo.
 Si mora pro culpa est; ego sum maturior illo.
 Me pia detinuit conjux; pia mater Achillem;
 Primaque sunt illis data tempora, cætera vobis.
 Haud timeo, si jam nequeo defendere crimen
 Cum tanto commune viro. Deprensus Ulyssis
 Ingenio tamen ille; at non Ajacis Ulysses.
 Neve in me stolidæ convicia fundere linguæ
 Admiremur eum: vobis quoque digna pudore
 Objicit. An falso Palameden crimine turpe
 Accusasse mihi, vobis damnasse decorum est?
 Sed neque Naupliades facinus defendere tantum,
 Tamque patens valuit; nec vos audistis in illo
 Crimina; vidistis: pretioque objecta patebant.
 Nec Pœantiaden quod habet Vulcania Lemnos,

Give me his arms so nobly borne away,
My strength can wield, my gratitude repay.
Was't for her son a sea-born mother sued
Armour divine, to deck a soldier rude?
To him unknown the sculpture of that shield,
The graven marvels of the heavenly field,
The earth, the skies, the ocean and the strand;
Ajax have arms he cannot understand!
The Pleiads, Hyads, bright Orion's sword,
But ill become a blunt unlettered lord.
What! dares he call me laggard here, nor see
He so reproach Achilles' memory?
If for delay dissembling be a sin,
Common to both, the lesser fault was mine.
A wife or mother each detaining sue,
Our earliest love for them, the rest for you.
Achilles' fault I scarcely blush to own;
If he by me, was I by Ajax known?
What wonder then he slander casts on me,
Not from his slander, Greeks, yourselves are free!
If by my voice was Palamede accused,
No guilt be yours, to pardon who refused?
Guilty he was, nor could his crime defend,
Patent to all, ye heard, ye saw, condemn'd.
If Philoctete be left in Lemnos' isle,
Accuse me not: with your consent, awhile
For pains like his, intolerable woes,
I counsell'd rest, from war and seas repose.
He heard and lives; my counsel given to you
The event has proved how fortunate, as true.

Esse reus merui. Factum defendite vestrum :
 Consensistis enim. Nec me suasisse negabo ;
 Ut se subtraheret bellique viæque labori,
 Tentaretque feros requie lenire dolores.
 Paruit ; et vivit. Non hæc sententia tantum
 Fida, sed et felix ; cum sit satis, esse fidelem.
 Quem quoniam vates delenda ad Pergama poscunt,
 Ne mandate mihi : melius Telamonius ibit :
 Eloquioque virum morbis iraque furentem
 Molliet : aut aliqua producet callidus arte.
 Ante retro Simois fluet, et sine frondibus Ide
 Stabit, et auxilium promittet Achaïa Trojæ ;
 Quam, cessante meo pro vestris pectore rebus,
 Ajacis stolidi Danaïs solertia prosit.
 Sis licet infestus sociis, regique, mihique,
 Dure Philoctete : licet exsecrere, meumque
 Devoveas sine fine caput : cupiasque dolenti
 Me tibi forte dari, nostrumque haurire cruorem :
 Utque tui mihi, sic fiat tibi copia nostri :
 Te tamen aggrediar : mecumque reducere nitar.
 Tamque tuis potiar (faveat Fortuna) sagittis ;
 Quam sum Dardanio, quem cepi, vate potitus :
 Quam responsa Deum, Trojanaque fata retexi :
 Quam rapui Phrygiæ signum penetrale Minervæ
 Hostibus e mediis. Et se mihi comparat Ajax ?
 Nempe capi Trojam prohibebant fata sine illo.
 Fortis ubi est Ajax ? ubi sunt ingentia magni
 Verba viri ? cur hic metuis ? cur audet Ulysses
 Ire per excubias, et se committere nocti ?
 Perque feros enses, non tantum mœnia Troum,

Him if for Ilion's fall invoke your seers,
O send not me, choose Ajax from the peers!
Let his mild voice, his eloquence, persuade,
Lure, if they can, the madman from his shade.
Sooner back Simois roll, stand Ida bare,
And Greece false Ilion assist to war,
Than for the general good my labours cease,
My genius fail, and Ajax give ye peace.
Though curse thou Greece, her chief, in angry mood,
And raging thirst for, Philoctete, my blood;
Thee in thy furious wrath from savage den,
I'll strive to draw, and give to Greece again.
So Fortune favour, shall be mine your darts,
Mine as the Dardan prophet by my arts;
As I unravelled oracles and fate,
Won the Palladium of the Phrygian state,
Borne from the midst of valiant foes; and dare
May Ajax now his worth with mine compare?
My deeds decide the fall of Troy; I vow
Her fate to conquer—where great Ajax now?
Ulysses braves the dangers of the fight,
The hostile guards, to penetrate by night
E'en to the Trojan citadel, and there
The virgin goddess from her altar bear.
If not: how vain the Telamonian shield!
Troy fell that night, that night I forced to yield.
Point not to Diomed with voice and gest,
His friendly aid I willingly attest.
Our camp, our ships when, Ajax, you defend,
Wert thou alone? no army succour lend?

Verum etiam summas arces intrare: suaque
 Eripere æde Deam: raptamque efferre per hostes?
 Quæ nisi fecissem, frustra Telamone creatus
 Gestasset læva taurorum tergora septem.
 Illa nocte mihi Trojæ victoria parta est:
 Pergama tum vici, cum vinci posse coëgi.
 Desine Tydiden vultuque et murmure nobis
 Ostentare meum. Pars est sua laudis in illis.
 Nec tu, cum socia clypeum pro classe tenebas,
 Solus eras: tibi turba comes, mihi contigit unus;
 Qui, nisi pugnacem sciret sapiente minorem
 Esse, nec indomitæ deberi præmia dextræ,
 Ipse quoque hæc peteret: peteret moderatior Ajax,
 Eurypilusque ferox, claroque Andremone natus;
 Nec minus Idomeneus, patriaque creatus eadem
 Meriones: peteret majoris frater Atridæ.
 Quippe manu fortes (nec sunt tibi Marte secundi)
 Consiliis cessere meis. Tibi dextera bello
 Utilis; ingenium est, quod eget moderamine nostri.
 Tu vires sine mente geris: mihi cura futuri est.
 Tu pugnare potes: pugnandi tempora mecum
 Eligit Atrides. Tu tantum corpore prodes;
 Nos animo. Quantoque ratem qui temperat, anteit
 Remigis officium; quanto dux milite major;
 Tanto ego te supero. Nec non in corpore nostro
 Pectora sunt potiora manu. Vigor omnis in illis.
 At vos, o proceres, vigili date præmia vestro;
 Proque tot annorum cura, quos anxius egi,
 Hunc titulum meritis pensandum reddite nostris.
 Jam labor in fine est. Obstantia fata removi:

With me my Diomed: and worthily
 (But that he honoureth wisdom's mastery)
 The prize might ask; the younger Ajax claim,
 Thoas, Idomeneus, great chiefs of fame.
 The Cretan Merion, Menelaus, no less
 In might than you, my eminence confess.
 I praise your manly arm, a mind you bear, }
 That needs of me a counsellor in war, }
 Prompt to advise, the future is my care. }
 Combat you may; when battle to engage,
 With me Atrides taketh counsel sage.
 Brute strength is yours, in me a lofty soul;
 The hand is subject to the mind's control.
 As all the chief, as steersman guides his crew,
 So I by mind superior to you.
 Warriors of Greece, now give your warder true,
 His well-earned prize, who often cared for you.
 The war is o'er, your long protracted toil;
 I've conquer'd fate, given Ilion to your spoil.
 Oh! for the doomed walls of trembling Troy,
 Her captive gods, for hopes of home and joy;
 If aught of peril yet in fate remain,
 Or martyr wanting who may more sustain;
 Think of Ulysses, Greeks, and grateful prove.
 If not my deeds or eloquence can move,
 If not to me, to this be honour paid!
 And pledge of fate, Minerva's form display'd.
 The chiefs are won by eloquence, the prize
 The strong man's armour given to the wise.

Altaque posse capi faciendo, Pergama cepi.
Per spes nunc socias, casuraque mœnia Troum,
Perque Deos oro, quos hosti nuper ademi;
Per, si quid superest, quod sit sapienter agendum;
Si quid adhuc audax, ex præcipitique petendum:
Si Trojæ fatis aliquid restare putatis;
Este mei memores: aut si mihi non datis arma;
Huic date. Et ostendit signum fatale Minervæ.

Mota manus procerum est: et, quid facundia
posset,
Re patuit: fortisque viri tulit arma disertus.

NOTES.

- Page 11, *Thou need'st no buckler ; one for me be found,
Mine gash'd and bruised gapes with many a wound.]*
 "Our bruised arms hung up for monuments."
Shakspeare, Richard III., act 1, scene 1.
- Page 11, *With graceful act, propitious to his cause.]*
 "Belial in act more graceful and humane."
Milton, Par. Lost.
- Page 13, ———— *let for its master plead
The tongue for you oft eloquent in need.]*
Lord Say. This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
 For your behoof.
Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?
Lord Say. Great men have reaching hands; oft have I struck
 Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.
Shakspeare, Second Part of Henry VI., act 4, scene 7.
- Page 19, *Henceforth, whatever Ajax may have done,
So dragg'd from flight, his honours have I won.]*
 "For every honour sitting on his helm,
 Would they were multitudes
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 To engross up glorious deeds in my behalf,
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up."
Shakspeare, First Part of Henry IV., act 3, scene 2.

HORATII

CARMINUM LIBER I. CARMEN I.

Ad Mæcenatem.

MÆCENAS atavis edite regibus,
 O et præsidium, et dulce decus meum!
 Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
 Collegisse juvat; metaque fervidis
 Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis
 Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos.
 Hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium
 Certat tergeminis tollere honoribus;
 Illum, si proprio condidit horreo
 Quidquid de Libycis verritur areis;
 Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
 Agros, Attalicis conditionibus
 Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cyprai,
 Myrtöum pavidus nauta secet mare.
 Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
 Mercator metuens, otium et oppidi
 Laudat rura sui: mox reficit rates
 Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.
 Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici,
 Nec partem solido demere de die
 Spernit, nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
 Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ.
 Multos castra juvant, et lituo tubæ
 Permistus sonitus, bellaque matribus

HORACE.

ODES, BOOK I. ODE I.

To Mæcenas.

O THOU, whose ancient, most illustrious race,
 Etruscan kings, revered Mæcenas, grace.
 Near-wheeling, fervid, round the goal, there are
 Whom most delights the swift Olympian car ¹.
 Heroes, as Gods adored, the palmy wreath
 Lifts to the skies; great lords of earth beneath.
 Others by plaudits of the fickle crowd,
 In pride of place, of high ambition, proud.
 Others enamoured of their garnered store,
 The golden sheaves of Libya's fertile shore
 Happy the peasant, whom thou tempt'st in vain
 To seek for treasures on the stormy main.
 The merchant trembling, by the billows tost,
 Regrets his ease of home and country lost,
 Yet saved, would dare again the raging sea,
 More hated want, more dreaded poverty.
 One loves, by sacred stream, in shades, the day,
 His wine-cup drain, his lazy length to lay.
 One camps delight, the clarion and the war,
 A soldier's plumed pride, the matron's fear.
 The huntsman careless of his tender spouse,
 Chases the sylvan game through wintry snows.

¹ See Notes.

Detestata. Manet sub Jove frigido
 Venator, teneræ conjugis immemor:
 Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,
 Seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas.
 Me doctarum ederæ præmia frontium
 Dîs miscent superis: me gelidum nemus,
 Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori
 Secernunt populo; si neque tibus
 Euterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
 Lesböum refugit tendere barbiton.
 Quod si me lyricis vatibus inseres,
 Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

CARMINUM LIBER I. CARMEN II.

Ad Augustum Cæsarem.

JAM satis terris nivis atque diræ
 Grandinis misit Pater, et rubente
 Dextera sacras jaculatus arces
 Terruit urbem:
 Terruit gentes, grave ne rediret
 Seculum Pyrrhæ nova monstra questæ:
 Omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos
 Visere montes;
 Piscium et summa genus hæsit ulmo,
 Nota quæ sedes fuerat columbis;
 Et superjecto pavidæ natarunt
 Æquore damæ.

The ivy-crown, fair learning's cherish'd prize,
 I covet more, "commercing with the skies¹,"
 By cooling grove, I see, in blissful trance,
 (Far from the crowd) light nymphs and satyrs dance.
 If not Euterpe, laughter-loving muse,
 Nor Polyhymnia, her aid refuse,
 If thou, Mæcenas, praise my Lesbian lyre,
 I may to heaven itself, in ecstasy, aspire.

ODES, BOOK I. ODE II.

To Augustus Cæsar.

LONG time the earth with snow and grievous hail,
 Jove's red right hand unceasing to assail,
 With fire hath scathed our battlements, and Rome
 The angry Father hath with fear o'ercome.
 His fear hath seized the nations, lest return
 The age of Pyrrha, as of old, to mourn
 Strange monstrous things; when Proteus drove his
 brood
 On mountain tops, all floundering in the flood.
 What time the fishes tenanted the grove
 Of lofty elms, late mansions of the dove.

¹ See Notes.

Vidimus flavum Tiberim, retortis
 Littore Etrusco violenter undis,
 Ire dejectum monumenta regis,
 Templaque Vestæ;
 Iliæ dum se nimium querenti
 Jactat ultorem, vagus et sinistra
 Labitur ripa (Jovè non probante) u-
 xorius annis.

Audiet cives acuisse ferrum,
 Quo graves Persæ melius perirent;
 Audiet pugnas, vitio parentum
 Rara juvenus.

Quem vocet Divûm populus ruentis
 Imperî rebus? Prece qua fatigent
 Virgines sanctæ minus audientem
 Carmina Vestam?

Cui dabit partes scelus expiandi
 Jupiter? Tandem venias, precamur
 Nube candentes humeros amictus,
 Augur Apollo:

Sive tu mavis, Erycina ridens,
 Quam Jocus circumvolat, et Cupido:
 Sive neglectum genus et nepotes
 Respicias, auctor,

Heu, nimis longo satiate ludo!
 Quem juvat clamor, galeæque leves,
 Acer et Mauri peditis cruentum
 Vultus in hostem:

Sive mutata juvenem figura
 Ales in terris imitaris, almæ

The forest's dappled citizens were fain
To swim affrighted in th' incumbent main.
Late have we seen the yellow Tiber roll
His furious waves, nor Tuscan shores control,
O'erturn old Numa's temple; in his ire
Pure Vesta's fane, and quench her sacred fire.
Wide the left bank the river-god o'erflows,
Avenge Ilia, his complaining spouse.
There shall he learn how Romans whet that steel
For civil wars, a Persian foe should feel.
In civil broils destroyed Hesperia's youth,
Few, by our guilt, and thinned her manhood's
growth.

Say, on what god the people now may call,
To save the empire rushing to its fall.
Fatigue unwilling Vesta with what prayer
The sacred virgins, how implore to spare?
What god our guilt, O Jupiter, atone?
At length, Apollo, hear our suppliant moan!
Augur descend! whose ivory shoulders shroud
A fleecy mantle of celestial cloud.

Danced round by¹ Joy and Love, glad Venus
come,

Or Mars, our founder, look upon thy Rome,
Thy sons neglected: satiate with gore,
Arms thy delight, in arms the threatening Moor!
Or in the human form of youthful grace,
Likest the winged god, bland Maia's race,

¹ See Notes.

Filius Maiæ, patiens vocari
 Cæsaris ultor.
 Serus in cœlum redeas; diuque
 Lætus intersis populo Quirini:
 Neve te nostris vitiis iniquum
 Ocior aura
 Tollat. Hic magnos potius triumphos,
 Hic ames dici Pater atque Princeps:
 Neu sinas Medos equitare inultos,
 Te duce, Cæsar.

CARMINUM LIBER I. CARMEN III.

Ad navem qua vehebatur Virgilius.

Sic te Diva potens Cypri,
 Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
 Ventorumque regat pater,
 Obstrictis aliis, præter Iapyga¹,
 Navis, quæ tibi creditum
 Debes Virgilium; finibus Atticis
 Reddas incolumem, precor,
 Et serves animæ dimidium meæ.
 Illi robur et æs triplex
 Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
 Commisit pelago ratem
 Primus, nec timuit præcipitem Africum
 Decertantem Aquilonibus,
 Nec tristes Hyadas, nec rabiem Noti;

¹ See Notes.

Called to avenge great Julius, hero, come!
Make in our city still thy happy home.
Long may'st thou dwell; long ere our crimes again
Drive to the skies, to hate the haunts of men.
Prince, Father, Chieftain, triumph, Cæsar, here,
The People's love, the humbled Parthian's fear.

ODES, BOOK I. ODE III.

To Virgil's Ship at Sea.

THE Cyprian Queen, the Spartan Twins, I pray,
And Him, the raging whirlwinds all obey,
So soft they waft thee, Bark, as thou shalt land
Thy charge, my Virgil, safe, on Attick strand.
So may Iapix gales propitious lend,
As thou, my soul's best half, restore my friend.
Clad was his breast in triple brazen mail,
First on rough seas who launched a pinnace frail,
The North winds braved, the Hyad's dismal reign,
And Notus, tyrant of the Adrian main.
What feared he shapes of death, who dared to view
The rocks, the sea, its monsters ever new?
In vain did Nature sea and land divide,
Man would contend with Nature in his pride.

Quo non arbiter Adriæ
Major, tollere seu ponere vult freta.
Quem mortis timuit gradum,
Qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,
Qui vidit mare turgidum, et
Infames scopulos Acroceraunia ?
Nequicquam Deus abscidit
Prudens Oceano dissociabili
Terras, si tamen impiæ
Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.
Audax omnia perpeti
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.
Audax Iäpeti genus
Ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit !
Post ignem ætheria domo
Subductum, macies et nova febrium
Terris incubuit cohors ;
Semotique prius tarda necessitas
Leti corripuit gradum.
Expertus vacuum Dædalus aëra
Pennis non homini datis.
Perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor.
Nil mortalibus arduum est.
Cælum ipsum petimus stultitia ; neque
Per nostrum patimur scelus
Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina.

Man would presumptuous burst each barrier's chain ;
No dangers daunt him, and no laws restrain.
Heaven's vital flame the rash Prometheus stole,
Knowledge of good and evil to the soul.
Hence gaunt Disease, hence fevers fire the veins,
And all the hideous Court of Horror reigns.
And Death once long constrained to wait his prey
O'er earth, with Fate, precipitates his sway.
Dædalian art the regions of the sky,
The Hades dark could Hercules defy.
Our maddening crimes would scale the heavens
 above,
Will ne'er disarm the thunderings of Jove.

CARMINUM LIBER I. CARMEN IV.

Ad Sestium.

SOLVITUR acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni :
Trahuntque siccas machinæ carinas :
Ac neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus, aut arator igni :
Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.
Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus, imminente luna :
Junctæque Nymphis Gratiaë decentes
Alterno terram quatiunt pede ; dum graves Cyclopum
Vulcanus ardens urit officinas.
Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto,
Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt solutæ.
Nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
Seu poscat agnam, sive malit hœdum.
Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres. O beate Sesti,
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia : quo simul mearis,
Nec regna vini sortiére talis,
Nec tenerum Lycidam mirabere, quo calet juvenus
Nunc omnis, et mox virgines tepebunt.

ODES, BOOK I. ODE IV.

To Sestius.

THE Spring returns with change of season bland,
The Zephyr breathes, the vessels quit the strand.
The ox his stall, the ploughman leaves his fire,
The hoar-frost melts, the meads in green attire.
Now Cytherea leads the moonlit round,
The Nymphs and Graces light alternate bound.
Swart Vulcan pleased beholds his blooming spouse,
The Cyclops labours, and his anvil glows.
Now let the myrtle green our temples crown,
Or flowers whate'er in softened meadows grown.
To Faunus now the grateful it behoves,
A lamb or kid to immolate in groves.
Pale Death impartial strikes at every door,
Of royal palace, as of cottage poor.
O! happy Sestius! short, the life of man
Forbids far projects, and new schemes to plan.
Night o'er thy head e'en now extends her shroud,
With fabled Manes, Pluto's shadowy crowd.
When theirs; no more the dice shall crown you king,
Lord of the wine and feast, and merry ring.
Then from your tender Lycidas must part,
Lycidas; ere long to win fond maiden's heart.

CARMINUM LIBER I. CARMEN V.

Ad Pyrrham.

QUIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa
 Perfusis liquidis urguet odoribus
 Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro ?
 Cui flavam religas comam,
 Simplex munditiis ? Heu, quoties fidem
 Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera
 Nigris æquora ventis
 Emirabitur insolens,
 Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea :
 Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
 Sperat, nescius auræ
 Fallacis ! Miseri, quibus
 Intentata nites. Me tabula sacer
 Votiva paries indicat uvida
 Suspendisse potenti
 Vestimenta maris Deo.

CARMINUM LIBER I. CARMEN VI.

Ad Agrippam.

SCRIBERIS Vario fortis, et hostium
 Victor, Mæonii carminis alite,
 Quam rem cunque ferox navibus aut equis
 Miles te duce gesserit.

ODES, BOOK I. ODE V.

To Pyrrha.

WHAT tender youth thee presses in his arms,
Perfumed, on roses, revels in your charms,
Pyrrha? for whom bind'st up thy tresses sheen,
In cooling grot, so simply neat and plain?
How oft that youth your fickleness shall weep,
Wonder, his joys what angry whirlwinds sweep,
Who blest in fond credulity of love,
Hopes thou shalt always amiable prove!
Ah! wretched they, for whom thou shinest so fair,
Beneath the rose a dangerous serpent there.
My votive offering in Neptune's cell,
Shows I've escaped your witcheries—farewell.

ODES, BOOK I. ODE VI.

To Agrippa.

LET Varius praise thee, hero, to the height,
Praise eagle-winged, and with Homeric flight;
Thy wars, Agrippa, worthily record,
By land and sea, our soldiers' victor lord.

Nos, Agrippa, neque hæc dicere, nec gravem
 Pelidæ stomachum cedere nescii,
 Nec cursus duplicis per mare Ulyssæi,
 Nec sævam Pelopis domum
 Conamur, tenues grandia: dum pudor,
 Imbellisque lyræ Musa potens vetat
 Laudes egregii Cæsaris, et tuas
 Culpa deterere ingeni.

Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina
 Digne scripserit? Aut pulvere Troïco
 Nigrum Merionem? Aut ope Palladis
 Tydiden Superis parem?
 Nos convivia, nos prælia virginum
 Sectis in juvenes unguibus acrium
 Cantamus; vacui, sive quid urimur,
 Non præter solitum leves.

CARMINUM LIBER I. CARMEN VII.

Ad Munatium Plancum.

LAUDABUNT alii claram Rhodon, aut Mitylenen,
 Aut Ephesum, bimarisque Corinthi
 Mœnia, vel Baccho Thebas, vel Apolline Delphos
 Insignes, aut Thessala Tempe.
 Sunt quibus unum opus est intactæ Palladis urbem
 Carmine perpetuo celebrare, et
 Undique decerptæ frondi præponere olivam.
 Plurimus, in Junonis honorem,

Achilles' wrath, Ulysses wandering far,
 Perils by storm, vicissitudes of war,
 The song of Pelop's line; my lowly Muse
 Such noble themes would modestly refuse.
 Mere humble strains, inadequate, would shame
 Great Cæsar's glory and Agrippa's fame.
 Who well my praise in adamantine mail
 The armed Mars? who well renew the tale
 Of Merion swart in dust; Tydides made
 Of Gods the rival, by Minerva's aid?
 'Tis mine in social feast, for frolic round
 Of youths and maidens jocund pipe to sound.
 If warm in love, or free, as wont, my reed
 The sprightly dance and merriment shall lead ¹.

 ODES, BOOK I. ODE VII.

To Munatius Plancus.

OTHERS shall Rhodes or Mitylenè praise.
 For sea-girt Corinth, Ephesus, some lays.
 To Bacchus, Thebes, to Phœbus, Delphos dear,
 Thessalian Tempe, other tributes share.
 Others on Athens most their praise bestow,
 And bind th' eternal olive on their brow;
 And Argos, many, for its steeds renown'd,
 Mycenæ rich, in Juno's honour, sound.

¹ See Notes.

Aptum dicit equis Argos, ditesque Mycenæ.
 Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
 Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
 Quam domus Albunæ resonantis,
 Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda
 Mobilibus pomaria rivis.
 Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila cœlo
 Sæpe Notus, neque parturit imbres
 Perpetuos: sic tu sapiens finire memento
 Tristitiam, vitæque labores
 Molli, Plance, mero; seu te fulgentia signis
 Castra tenent, seu densa tenebit
 Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina patremque
 Cum fugeret, tamen uda Lyæo
 Tempora populea fertur vinxisse corona,
 Sic tristes affatus amicos:
 Quo nos cunque feret melior fortuna parente,
 Ibimus, o socii, comitesque.
 Nil desperandum Teucro duce, et auspice Teucro:
 Certus enim promisit Apollo
 Ambiguam tellure nova Salamina futuram
 O fortes, pejoraque passi
 Mecum sæpe viri, nunc vino pellite curas:
 Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.

CARMINUM LIBER I. CARMEN VIII.

Ad Lydiam.

LYDIA, dic, per omnes
 Te Deos oro, Sybarin cur properes amando

Me not so Sparta brave, Larissa's leas,
 As loud Albunea's grot, have power to please.
 As Anio's fall, as Tibur's woody side,
 As freshening rills that through its orchards glide.
 The balmy South-wind sweeps away the cloud,
 Nor rains perpetual always sunshine shroud.
 So thou, O Plancus, care and sorrow drive,
 And wisely learn, Philosopher, to live;
 Whether in pomp and circumstance of war,
 Or in your Tibur rest, from camps afar.
 When Teucer Salamis and father fled,
 Feasting, a poplar wreath around his head. [said, }
 Cheered with these words his sorrowing friends, 'tis }
 "Where leads us fate, less cruel than my sire,
 We'll go, will, dear companions, retire.
 Hope yet, with Teucer's auspices ye rove,
 Find other Salamis by Phœbus' love.
 Brave! oft with me in greater sufferings tried,
 Now drain the cup, and cast all care aside.
 Quaff now with me, my friends, the generous wine,
 To-morrow to new fields, across the vasty brine¹."

ODES, BOOK I. ODE VIII.

To Lydia.

I, LYDIA, thee, by all the gods conjure,
 Say, why to ruin Sybaris you lure?

¹ See Notes.

Perdere: cur apricum

Oderit campum, patiens pulveris atque solis:

Cur neque militaris

Inter æquales equitet, Gallica nec lupatis

Temperet ora frænis?

Cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere? cur olivum

Sanguine viperino

Cautius vitat? neque jam livida gestat armis

Brachia, sæpe disco,

Sæpe trans finem jaculo nobilis expedito?

Quid latet, ut marinæ

Filium dicunt Thetidis sub lacrymosa Trojæ

Funera; ne virilis

Cultu in cædem et Lycias proriperet catervas?

CARMINUM LIBER I. CARMEN IX.

Ad Thaliarchum.

VIDES, ut alta stet nive candidum

Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus

Sylvæ laborantes, geluque

Flumina constiterint acuto.

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco

Large reponens: atque benignius

Deprome quadrimum Sabina,

O Thaliarche, merum diota.

Permitte Divis cætera: qui simul

Stravere ventos æquore fervido

Deprœliantes, nec cupressi,

Nec veteres agitantur orni.

Why in the Field of Mars he hate to run,
 He so enduring once of dust and sun ?
 Why not a gallant soldier on the plain,
 And like his peers a Gallic courser rein ?
 Why not his arm the yellow Tiber cleave,
 The wrestler's olive, why, as poison leave ?
 That arm now all unused to bruising steel,
 Could dart the javelin far, the discus wheel.
 Why hides, like Thetis' son, when loth to go,
 And charge in manly arms the Lycian foe ?

ODES, BOOK I. ODE IX.

To Thaliarch.

SEEST thou Soracte, glistening with snow,
 The loaded woods, the rivers ceased to flow ?
 Be warm at home ; with logs heap high the fire,
 Freely let wine mirth, Thaliarch, inspire.
 Trust in the gods ; when pleaseth them, the seas,
 The winds are hush'd, nor rock'd the forest trees.
 Think not the ill to-morrow may bring forth,
 Of present joy appreciate the worth.
 Strike up the dance, the viol and the song ;
 Youth, snatch the pleasures that to youth belong !
 The course, the chase, may spring-time hours delight,
 The social feast, but most the rapturous night.

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere; et
 Quem fors dierum cunque dabit, lucro
 Appone; nec dulces amores
 Sperne puer, neque tu choreas,
 Donec virenti canities abest
 Morosa. Nunc et campus, et areaë,
 Lenesque sub noctem susurri
 Composita repetantur hora;
 Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
 Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo,
 Pignusque dereptum lacertis,
 Aut digito male pertinaci.

CARMINUM LIBER I. CARMEN X.

Hymnus ad Mercurium.

MERCURI, facunde nepos Atlantis,
 Qui feros cultos hominum recentum
 Voce formasti catus, et decoræ
 More palestræ:
 Te canam, magni Jovis et Deorum
 Nuncium, curvæque lyræ parentem;
 Callidum, quidquid placuit, jocosum
 Condere furto.
 Te, boves olim nisi reddidisses
 Per dolum amotas, puerum minaci
 Voce dum terret, viduus pharetra
 Risit Apollo.

Nut-brown thy locks, in softer sports engage,
Far yet awhile the peevishness of age.
In corner sly the damsel's treacherous laugh
Her fearful joy betrays, consenting half.
Dare then to loose her bracelet's yielding spring,
Or spoil, love's pledge, the finger of its ring.

ODES, BOOK I. ODE X.

To Mercury.

GRANDSON of Atlas, eloquent, with grace
Forming the Athlete in the dance and race,
I sing thee, Mercury; whose vocal power,
First rude from Nature's hand, could charm the boor.
Thee, master of the bended lyre, and sly
To hide your playful thefts and trickery.
Apollo's herd you drove away when young,
Apolla frighted you with threatening tongue.
But when again his oxen he had won,
Apollo smiled to find his quiver gone.
You guided Priam safe from Ilion's towers,
Through hostile camps, through proud Atrides'
powers.

Quin et Atridas, duce te, superbos,
Ilio dives Priamus relicto,
Thessalosque ignes, et iniqua Trojæ
Castra fefellit.

Tu pias lætis animas reponis
Sedibus, virgaque levem coërces
Aurea turbam, superis Deorum
Gratus, et imis.

CARMINUM LIBER I. CARMEN XI.

Ad Leuconoën.

TU ne quæsieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi
Finem Dî dederint, Leuconoë; nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros. Ut melius, quidquid erit, pati!
Seu plures hiemes, seu tribuit Jupiter ultimam,
Quæ nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare
Tyrrhenum. Sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

Beloved by gods above, below, thou lead'st
The pious spirits to their mansions blest;
Gathering the shadowy crowd, with golden wand,
To darksome Hades, on the Stygian strand.

ODES, BOOK I. ODE XI.

To Leuconoe.

SEEK not, Leuconoe, by dark art to know,
What end on you or me shall Fate bestow;
Nor by quaint figures Babylonian try,
To cast the horoscope of destiny;
Our future days, to calculate, foretell.
Ills, if they come, bear rather, and bear well.
Whether you hear again the wintry blast,
Or this of all your seasons be the last,
The Winter, that now chafes the Tyrrhene sea,
Lashing yon mole's usurping masonry¹.
Be wise to-day, and clarify your wine,
Spin not long hopes in life so short as thine.
Whilst yet we talk, the envious moments fly,
Joy now; nor trust to-morrow, till you die!

¹ See Notes.

CARMINUM LIBER I. CARMEN XII.

Ad Augustum.

QUEM virum aut heroa, lyra, vel acri
 Tibia sumes celebrare, Clio?
 Quem Deum? cujus recinet jocosa
 Nomen imago,
 Aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris,
 Aut super Pindo, gelidove in Hæmo?
 Unde vocalem temere insecutæ
 Orphea silvæ,
 Arte materna rapidos morantem
 Fluminum lapsus, celeresque ventos,
 Blandum et auritas fidibus canoris
 Ducere quercus.
 Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis
 Laudibus, qui res hominum ac Deorum,
 Qui mare et terras, variisque mundum
 Temperat horis?
 Unde nil majus generatur ipso
 Nec viget quidquam simile, aut secundum:
 Proximos illi tamen occupavit
 Pallas honores.
 Præliis audax, neque te silebo,
 Liber; et sævis inimica virgo
 Belluis; nec te, metuende certa
 Phœbe sagitta.
 Dicam et Alciden, puerosque Ledæ;
 Hunc equis, illum superare pugnis
 Nobilem: quorum simul alba nautis
 Stella refulsit,

ODES, BOOK I. ODE XII.

To Augustus.

WHOSE name, O Clio, shall your flute or lyre,
What Hero, Man, or Demigod inspire ?
With what proud name, responsive to your lay,
On mountain-tops, shall joyful Echo play ?
In what embowering shades your notes be blown,
Of Pindus, Hæmus, or of Helicon ?
From Hæmus, Orpheus, by maternal aid,
Drew down the woods, the winds and rivers stay'd.
Whom praise we first ? on Him first duly call,
The Father, Maker, Sovereign Lord of all.
Who rules the earth and ocean by his power,
And brings in Season's change and varying hour.
Second to Him, or like, none other name—
The nearest honours may Minerva claim ¹.
On conquering Liber would I praise bestow,
On thee, Apollo, of unerring bow.
Of huntress Dian resonant my song,
To Liber, Phœbus, Dian, strains belong.
I'll pay Alcides, Leda's sons, their meed,
Proud of his cæstus one, one guides the steed.
What time their Twin-star in the heaven hath shone,
Beneath the rocks the angry waves lie down.
The winds are hushed, and far dispersed each cloud,
And, as they will, is calm the threatening flood.
Or shall I sing of Romulus next to these,
Or mild Pompilius' quiet reign of ease ?

¹ See Notes.

Defluit saxis agitatus humor ;
Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes ;
Et minax (quod sic voluere) ponto
Unda recumbit.

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

Regulum, et Scauros, animæque magnæ
Prodigum Paulum, superante Pœno,
Gratus insigni referam Camena,
Fabriciumque.

Hunc, et incomtis Curium capillis,
Utilem bello tulit, et Camillum
Sæva paupertas, et avitus apto
Cum lare fundus.

Crescit, occulto velut arbor ævo,
Fama Marcelli : micat inter omnes
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

Gentis humanæ pater atque custos,
Orte Saturno, tibi cura magni
Cæsaris fatis data : tu secundo
Cæsare regnes.

Ille seu Parthos Latio imminentes
Egerit justo domitos triumpho
Sive subjectos Orientis oræ
Seras et Indos ;

Te minor latum reget æquus orbem :
Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum ;
Tu parum castis inimica mittes
Fulmina lucis.

Proud Tarquin's fasces? or with latest breath,
 True to his country, Cato's noble death!
 Regulus, the Scauri, shall my greatful verse,
 And thee, Æmilius, with pride rehearse?
 O'erthrown and vanquish'd in the Punic strife,
 Of soul unconquered, prodigal of life.
 Unbribed Fabricius, great from humble home,
 Curius, Camillus, saviour of Rome.
 Of simple manners, in supreme command,
 Whose wealth and pride, their father's rood of
 land¹.

Marcellus' fame grows strong in nights of age,
 His scions' virtues all our hopes engage.
 The Julian star¹ auspicious shines, and bright
 The heaven illumines, as the Queen of night.
 Father, Protector of the human race,
 Of Saturn born, thy servant Cæsar grace!
 Imperial Cæsar so the world shall own
 A present Deity here; his altars crown.
 Whether he chase from Rome impending war,
 Triumphant, chain the Parthian to his car,
 Or bind, in farthest limits of the East,
 The Seres, Indians, by his high behest.
 He knowing well your government to bear,
 Shall sway in mercy, equity, and fear.
 Thou heaven shalt shake, and fire each guilty
 grove,
 He rule on earth, the minister of Jove.

¹ See Notes.

CARMINUM LIBER I. CARMEN XIII.

Ad Lydiam

CUM tu, Lydia, Telephi
 Cervicem roseam, cerea Telephi
 Laudas brachia, vae! meum
 Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.
 Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
 Certa sede manet: humor et in genas
 Furtim labitur, arguens
 Quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.
 Uror, seu tibi candidos
 Turparunt humeros immodicæ mero
 Rixæ; sive puer furens
 Impressit memorem dente labris notam.
 Non, si me satis audias,
 Speres perpetuum, dulcia barbæ
 Lædentem oscula, quæ Venus
 Quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit.
 Felices ter, et amplius,
 Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
 Divulsus querimoniis,
 Suprema citius solvet amor die!

CARMINUM LIBER I. CARMEN XIV.

Ad Rempubicam.

O NAVIS, referent in mare te novi
 Fluctus? O quid agis? Fortiter occupa
 Portum. Nonne vides, ut
 Nudum remigio latus,

ODES, BOOK I. ODE XIII.

To Lydia.

WHEN, Lydia, you, of Telephus the charms,
 Of Telephus praise the neck, the waxen arms;
 All swells with jealousy my angry soul,
 My cheeks now red, now pale; what tear-drops roll!
 My mind uncertain, wandering spirits prove
 The fever, fire, delirium of love.
 I burn, whene'er the revels' wild excess
 Spares not your ivory shoulders' ruffled dress.
 Thee if that happy youth so fierce embrace,
 Leave on your lips his transports' amorous trace;
 In rude disport, o'er sweets, impassioned, rove,
 Imbued with nectared quintessence of Love.
 That favourite boy, my counsel would'st thou hear,
 So ardent now, believe not all sincere.
 Happy, thrice happy, whom a tender chain
 May constant, indissoluble retain.
 Whose love, unharmed by bitterness and strife,
 First-born in youth, and ending but with life!

ODES, BOOK I. ODE XIV.

To the Vessel of the Roman State.

O BARK, ah! would'st thou tempt the waves again?
 Beware! O safely yet in port remain.
 Your rowers faint, how strained your cords and mast,
 Broken thy cords, thy timbers cannot last¹,

¹ See Notes.

Et malus celeri saucius Africo,
 Antennæque gemant; ac sine funibus
 Vix durare carinæ
 Possint imperiosius
 Æquor? non tibi sunt integra lintea;
 Non Dî, quos iterum pressa voces malo.
 Quamvis Pontica pinus,
 Silvæ filia nobilis,
 Jactes et genus et nomen inutile:
 Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
 Fidit. Tu, nisi ventis
 Debes ludibrium, cave.
 Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,
 Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,
 Interfusa nitentes
 Vites æquora Cycladas.

CARMINUM LIBER I. CARMEN XV.

PASTOR cum traheret per freta navibus
 Idæis Helenam perfidus hospitam;
 Ingrato celeres obruit otio
 Ventos, ut caneret fera
 Nereus fata. Mala ducis avi domum,
 Quam multo repetet Græcia milite,
 Conjurata tuas rumpere nuptias,
 Et regnum Priami vetus.

Mid seas imperious—all thy sails are torn,
 The gods forsake thee, desolate, forlorn.
 Hewn, as thou wert, on Pontic hill, proud pine,
 No pilot trusts thy painted prow so fine.
 Strong built and bravely rigged, of high renown,
 Fear, lest thee winds and waves contemptuous drown!
 Lately my cause of anxious grief and care,
 For thee fresh ills the angry gods prepare.
 Yet mayst thou 'scape, I pray, in treacherous seas,
 Glistening with rocks, the scattered Cyclades.

ODES, BOOK I. ODE XV.

Nereus foretells to Paris the Fall of Troy.

WHAT time that Shepherd to the Trojan shore,
 O'er sea, fair Helen, guest perfidious bore.
 Nereus the winds' swift ministry controll'd,
 False love delay'd, its punishment foretold.
 The Bride thou ledest inauspicious home,
 To claim in arms avenging Greece shall come.
 To break thy nuptials Greece combined hath sworn,
 And Priams' ancient kingdom to o'erturn.
 What toils await the rider and his steed,
 How, for your guilt, must Troy, your country, bleed!

Eheu, quantus equis, quantus adest viris
Sudor! quanta moves funera Dardanæ
Genti! jam galeam Pallas et ægida

 Currusque et rabiem parat.

Nequicquam, Veneris præsidio ferox,
Pectes cæsariem, grataque feminis
Imbelli cithara carmina divides:

 Nequicquam thalamo graves

Hastas, et calami spicula Cnossii
Vitabis, strepitumque, et celerem sequi
Ajacem: tamen, heu! serus adulteros

 Crines pulvere collines.

Non Laërtiaden, exitium tuæ
Gentis, non Pylum Nestora respicis?
Urguent impavidi te Salaminus

 Teucerque, et Sthenelus sciens

Pugnæ; sive opus est imperitare equis,
Non auriga piger. Merionem quoque
Nosces. Ecce, furit te reperire atrox

 Tydides melior patre:

Quem tu, cervus uti vallis in altera
Visum parte lupum graminis immemor,
Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,

 Non hoc pollicitus tuæ.

Iracunda diem proferet Ilio,
Matronisque Phrygum, classis Achillei.
Post certas hiemes uret Achaicus

 Ignis Iliacas domos.

Minerva now her ægis, spear, and car
Prepares, and all the horrid rage of war.
By Venus bold, thou trick'st thy locks in vain,
Draw'st out, to women dear, unwarlike strain.
On wanton couch, thou canst not, by her aid,
The Cretan darts, effeminate, evade
Escape from Ajax, swift for blood, despair!
The dust shall soil your wreathed adulterous hair.
See'st not Ulysses, of thy race the doom,
The Pylian Nestor, in thy fates to come?
Teucer of Salamis? Sthenelus, in war
Or skill'd to fight, or rule the rapid car?
You'll feel the force of Merion; the ire
Of fierce Tydides, greater than his sire.
Him, as in valley seen, the stag aloof,
Heedless of pasture, flies the savage wolf;
Him shalt thou fly, with trembling, fainting breath.
Not such the promise that thy Helen hath!
Achilles' wrath may yet awhile delay
The fate of Troy; but, O, beware the day,
When Phrygian matrons shall, at length, deplore
The Grecian fires, and Ilion be no more!

HORATII

CARMINUM LIBER III. CARMEN I.

ODI profanum vulgus, et arceo.
 Favete linguis: carmina non prius
 Audita, Musarum sacerdos,
 Virginibus puerisque canto.
 Regum timendorum in proprios greges,
 Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis,
 Clari Giganteo triumpho,
 Cuncta supercilio moventis.
 Est ut viro vir latius ordinet
 Arbusta sulcis; hic generosior
 Descendat in Campum petitor;
 Moribus hic, meliorque fama
 Contendat; illi turba clientium
 Sit major; æqua lege Necessitas
 Sortitur insignes et imos:
 Omne capax movet urna nomen.
 Districtus ensis cui super impia
 Cervice pendet, non Siculæ dapes
 Dulcem elaborabunt saporem;
 Non avium citharæque cantus
 Somnum reducent. Somnus agrestium
 Lenis virorum non humiles domos
 Fastidit, umbrosamque ripam,
 Non Zephyris agitata Tempe.

HORACE.

ODES, BOOK III. ODE I.

AVAUNT, base herd, I hate ye, hence, begone!
 To youths and maidens consecrate alone,
 Song unattempted, yet unsung, I raise,
 Hist! hear the Muses' Hierophant, his lays. [frown,
 Slaves, tyrants, fear: Heaven's monarch, with a
 Hurls tyrant kings, and rebel angels down.
 Though one extend the bowery colonnade,
 O'erwhelm his neighbour with invidious shade;
 With nobler blood one strive in honour's race,
 Another worth and gentle manners grace;
 Though pride effuse her long cliental train;
 Ambition's prize so each may hope to gain,
 All yield to Chance, Necessity, and Fate,
 Each to his lot, the lowest, and the great.
 Say what delight Sicilian feasts afford
 Him, o'er whose impious head depends a sword.
 Shall aid his gust the song of birds, the sweep
 Of stringed harp compose his fears to sleep?
 Soft sleep! that loves the cottage 'neath the hill,
 The cooling zephyr and the soothing rill.
 The man content no raging seas appal,
 Nor Hædus rising nor Arcturus' fall.
 His own sufficeth: spite of beating hail,
 Or drought or flood, serene: if harvests fail.

Desiderantem quod satis est, neque
Tumultuosum sollicitat mare,
Nec sævus Arcturi cadentis
Impetus, aut orientis Hœdi;
Non verberatæ grandine vineæ,
Fundusque mendax; arbore nunc aquas
Culpante, nunc torrentia agros
Sidera, nunc hiemes iniquas.
Contracta pisces æquora sentiunt,
Jactis in altum molibus: huc frequens
Cæmenta demittit redemptor
Cum famulis, dominusque terræ
Fastidiosus: sed Timor et Minæ
Scandunt eodem quo dominus; neque
Decedit ærata triremi, et
Post equitem sedet atra Cura.
Quod si dolentem nec Phrygius lapis,
Nec purpurarum sidere clarior
Delenit usus, nec Falerna
Vitis, Achæmeniumque costum;
Cur invidendis postibus, et novo
Sublime ritu moliar atrium?
Cur valle permutem Sabina
Divitias operosiores?

Though the tall rampire lift its stately pride,
Contracted waves the lengthening mole bestride,
The restless lord his architect command
With crowd of slaves, and straighten all the strand;
Care, Fear, and Danger, threatening his power
The galley scale, behind his courser scour.
If purple brighter than the heaven, or stone
Of Phrygian quarry ne'er assauge the groan,
The rich man's anguish: inly if he pine,
Spite of Achæmenian nard, Falernian wine,
The tower'd palace wherefore should I rear,
Of newest form, and neighbouring envy fear?
Why should I change in Sabine vale my cot
For heavier burthen of a wealthy lot?

CARMINUM LIBER III. CARMEN IX.

Dialogus Horatii et Lydiæ.

HORATIUS.

DONEC gratus eram tibi,
 Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ
 Cervici juvenis dabat;
 Persarum vigui rege beatior.

LYDIA.

Donec non alia magis
 Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën;
 Multi Lydia nominis
 Romana vigui clarior Iliæ.

HORATIUS.

Me nunc Cressa Chloë regit,
 Dulces docta modos, et citharæ sciens:
 Pro qua non metuam mori,
 Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.

LYDIA.

Me torret face mutua
 Thurini Calais filius Ornithi:
 Pro quo bis patiar mori,
 Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

HORATIUS.

Quid si prisca redit Venus,
 Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo?

ODES, BOOK III. ODE IX.

A Dialogue between Horace and Lydia.

HORACE.

WHEN I a favorite with thee,
No other youth preferr'd to me,
Round thy white neck his arms might fling;
More happy I than Persia's king.

LYDIA.

When thou from other loves wert free,
For Cloe not deserting me,
Triumphant was thy Lydia's name,
In Rome more bright than Ilia's fame.

HORACE.

Cloe of Thrace, my mistress now,
Sweet her voice in music's flow;
For whom I would not fear to die,
To snatch her life from destiny.

LYDIA.

For Thurian Calais I burn,
My love does Calais' return;
My life twice freely would I give,
So that Ornithius' son might live.

HORACE.

What, if Venus to her yoke
Bind us with the cord we broke?

Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ ?

LYDIA.

Quamquam sidere pulchrior
Ille est; tu levior cortice, et improbo
Iracundior Adria:
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

If shaken off fair Cloe's chain,
And Lydia's door ne'er closed again?

LYDIA.

Though he be brighter than a star,
And thou than cork art lighter far,
More touchy than the Adrian sea,
Blest would I live, would die, with thee.

NOTES.

IN the usual order of the Odes (as probably arranged by Horace himself) the first ode is addressed to Mæcenas, the friend of Augustus, the great patron of men of letters. It treats of the difference of men's inclinations, and of the wish of Horace to obtain a place among the Lyric poets. The object of the second ode, to Augustus Cæsar, is to persuade the Romans, that they would best appease the gods, irritated by the crimes of their civil wars, and save the power of Rome, by accepting Augustus as its chief. In the third ode Horace addresses the ship, in which Virgil was sailing, and invokes the protection of Venus, and of the Gemini, Castor and Pollux, for his friend. Virgil hoped to strengthen his health, then declining, by the voyage to Athens; to go into Asia, to visit the scenes of the Iliad, and to finish his Æneid. Augustus found Virgil at Athens: they travelled towards Rome together; but Augustus left Virgil ill at Megara. Soon afterwards the great Poet embarked, and landed in a dying state at Brundisium, where he expired, on the 10th of the Calends of October (22nd September), in the year of Rome 735, nineteen years B.C.). He was born on the 15th October, A.U.C. 684, in the consulate of Crassus and Pompey.

ODE 1. "And looks commercing with the skies."

Milton, ll Penseroso.

“ ————— or in swift race contend
 As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields ;
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
 With rapid wheels.”

Milton, Par. Lost, book ii.

ODE 2. “Terrestrial Heaven, *danced round by* other heavens
 That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps
 Light above light, for thee alone, as seems.”

Milton, Par. Lost, book ix.

The overflowings of the Tiber were frequent, especially at Rome, and considered warnings of the displeasure of the deities. There was a terrible inundation the year this ode is supposed to have been written, 732 A.U.C., 22 B.C. An inscription, still to be seen on one of the arches of the bridge Quatro Capi (Pons Fabricius) at Rome, attests that it was destroyed and afterwards rebuilt by Q. Æmilius Lepidus, and M. Lollius, who were the consuls of that year. According to Horace the Tiber (‘uxorius amnis’) was so complaisant as to overflow to please Ilia, his complaining wife, and without the leave of Jupiter (‘Jove non probante’).

Pliny says, as to the inundations of the Tiber,—

“Tiberis . . . nullique fluviorum minus licet, inclusis utrimque lateribus: nec tamen ipse pugnat, quanquam creber ac subitus incrementis, et nusquam magis aquis quam in ipsa Urbe stagnantibus. Quin immo vates intelligitur potius ac monitor, auctu semper religiosus verius, quam sævus.”

Pliny, Hist. Nat. lib. iii. 9.

And Tacitus (Ann. lib. i. 76), thus,—

“Eodem anno continuis imbris auctus Tiberis plana Urbis stagnaverat: relabentem secuta est ædificiorum et hominum

strages. Igitur censuit Asinius Gallus, *ut libri Sibyllini adirentur*. Renuit Tiberius, perinde divina humanaque obtegens. Sed remedium coercendi fluminis Ateio Capitoni et L. Arruntio mandatum.”

Again (*Tacitus*, Hist. lib. i. 86)—

“Prodigia insuper terrebant diversis auctoribus vulgata: . . . et plura alia, rudibus sæculis etiam in pace observata, quæ nunc tantum in metu audiuntur: sed præcipuus et cum præsentis exitio etiam futuri pavor subita inundatione Tiberis, qui immenso auctu, proruto ponte Sublicio, ac strage obstantis molis refusus, non modo jacentia et plana Urbis loca, sed secunda ejusmodi casuum implevit. Rapti e publico plerique, plures in tabernis et cubilibus intercepti. Fames in vulgus, inopia questus et penuria alimentorum. Corrupta stagnantibus aquis insularum fundamenta, dein remeante flumine dilapsa. Utque primum vacuus a periculo animus fuit, id ipsum quod paranti expeditionem Othoni campus Martius et via Flaminia, iter belli, esset obstructum a fortuitis vel naturalibus causis, in prodigium et omen imminenti-um cladum vertebatur.”

ODE 3. *Iapix*: north-west wind, blowing towards Greece from Iapygia, a name of Apulia.

“Fecerat ignipotens undis et Iapyge ferri.”

Virgil, *Æneid*. viii. 710.

ODE 4. Lucius Sestius, to whom the fourth ode is addressed, was of a rich and distinguished family, the friend of Brutus, and his quæstor. He and Horace had both fought in the same cause with Brutus, and both afterwards became the friends of Augustus. When the emperor retired from the consulate in 731 A.U.C., Sestius succeeded him in that high office, and on

quitting it, in the beginning of the spring 732 A.U.C., Horace invites him to enjoy his leisure and the beauty of the season,—

“*Non regna vini sortiere talis.*”

So in the Verses attributed to Virgil, beginning,

“Copa¹ Syrisca, caput Graia redimita mitella,

* * * *

Eia age pampinea fessus requiesce sub umbra ;

Et gravidum roseo necte caput strophio ;

Candida formosæ decerpes ora puellæ.

Ah ! pereat, cui sunt prisca supercilia !

Quid cineri ingrato servas bene olentia sarta ?

Anne coronato vis lapide ista tegi ?

Pone merum et talos. Pereant, qui crastina curant !

Mors aurem vellens, Vivite, ait, venio.”

ODE 5. Milton has translated the fifth ode :

“What slender youth, bedewed with liquid odours,

Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,

Pyrrha ? For whom bind'st thou

In wreaths thy golden hair,

Plain in thy neatness ?” &c.

ODE 6. *To Agrippa.* Whatever may have been the merit of the verses of Varius (they have not come down to us), we cannot suppose them equal to the magnificent lines of Virgil's *Æneid*, not then published,—

“Parte alia, ventis et dīs Agrippa secundis,

Arduus agmen agens ; cui, belli insigne superbum,

Tempora navali fulgent rostrata corona.”

Æneid. viii. 682.

¹ *Copa*, the tavern dancing-girl.

The highest honours were paid to Agrippa, son-in-law of Augustus.

“M. Agrippam, ignobilem loco, bonum militia et victoriæ socium, geminatis consulatibus extulit, mox defuncto Marcello generum sumpsit . . . genitos Agrippa Caium ac Lucium in familiam Cæsarum induxerat, necdum posita puerili prætexta *principes juventutis* appellari, destinari consules specie recusantis flagrantissime cupiverat.”

Tacitus, Annales, lib. i. 3.

Horace in this ode evidently alludes to a tragedy written by Varius (Thyestes), in the line,

“Nec sævam *Pelopis* domum.”

“————— forte epos acer,
Ut nemo, Varius ducit.”

Horace, Sat. lib. i. 10.

“Plotius et Varius, Mæcenas, Virgiliusque,
Valgius, et probet hæc Octavius optimus, atque
Fuscus——”

Horace, Sat. lib. i. 10.

“How often have I *led* thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire.”

Goldsmith, The Traveller.

ODE 7. To Munatius Plancus, whose master in eloquence was Cicero, and in war, Julius Cæsar; born 680 A.U.C. (73 years B.C.). When Cæsar was assassinated, Plancus commanded an army, and Cicero endeavoured to gain him to the party of the Senate and Republic. It was at this time he founded two celebrated colonies; one, Augusta Rauracorum, Augst, near Basle; the other, Lugdunum, the modern Lyons. Perceiving that the party of the Senate was likely to be the weaker, he attached himself, with his army, to the triumvirs; and consul with Lepidus, placed his own brother, Plotius Plan-

cus, on the list of proscription. In the quarrels that broke out afterwards between Antony and the young Octavius, Plancus sided with Antony, and is said to have been one of the most dissolute in the court of Cleopatra; but being the secretary of Antony, and seeing he would be ruined, he left Egypt, went to Rome, and declared for Octavius. Velleius Paterculus says that in Plancus treason was a disease, *morbo proditor*. It seems Octavius distrusted such a character, and notwithstanding his military renown gave him no command. After the victory at Actium, Plancus became the flatterer of Octavius, and it was on his proposition the title of Augustus was conferred by the Senate. Perhaps to console him for the neglect of Augustus, Horace addressed this ode to Plancus, who was his neighbour at Tibur. The remains of the villa of Plancus have been discovered two miles and a half from Tibur, near Vitriano.

Teucer was favoured by the oracles of Apollo. An indirect allusion to Augustus, who boasted himself to be beautiful as Apollo, and indeed his son. The "domus Albunæ resonantis" was the temple of the Sibyl. Lactantius says, "there is a tenth Sibyl, of Tibur, called Albunea." The ruins of her temple are still at Tivoli. The Anio (Teverone), "præceps Anio," overflowed in November, 1826, destroyed thirty-six houses at Tivoli, and undermined the rock on which the temple of the Sibyl stands. Virgil alludes to its lofty site:

"At rex sollicitus monstris, oracula Fauni,
 Fatidici genitoris, 'adit, lucosque *sub alta*
 Consulit *Albunea* : nemorum quæ maxima sacro
 Fonte sonat." *Virgil, Æneid. vii. 81.*

O fortes, pejoraque passi
Mecum sæpe viri, nunc vino pellite curas :
Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.]

I remember, when a boy at Eton, a young friend saying Sir John Moore quoted these lines at the dinner-table, in Kent, of

that friend's father, on the eve of embarking as commander-in-chief in the Peninsula.

“To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.”

Milton, Lycides.

ODE 9. Thaliarchus, friend of Horace, a personage unknown; probably a Greek by birth, the name signifying the king or chief of the festival, as in the fourth ode,—“non regna vini sortiere talis.” It seems the winter at Rome in 724-725 A.U.C. was very severe; however, it is not unusual now for Mount Soracte (Monte San-Silvestro), about twenty-seven miles from Rome, to be covered with snow. I so saw it, in a very severe winter at Rome, 1820-21, white with snow, from the Monte Pincio.

ODE 10 appears to have been translated from a Greek ode, perhaps of Alcæus, and probably written to celebrate the festival of Mercury, the 15th of May. So Ovid nearly in the same words—

“Clare nepos Atlantis, ades; quem montibus olim

Edidit Arcadiis Pleïas una Jovi:

Pacis et armorum superis imisque deorum

Arbiter, alato qui pede carpis iter,

Læte lyræ pulsu, nitida quoque læte palæstra;

Quo didicit culte lingua favente loqui.

Templa tibi posuere patres spectantia circum

Idibus: ex illo est hæc tibi festa dies.

* * * *

Ablue præteriti perjuriam temporis, inquit:

Ablue præterita perfida verba die.

Sive ego te feci testem, falsove citavi.

* * * *

Talia Mercurius poscentem ridet ab alto,

Se memor Ortygias surripuisse boves.”

Ovid, Fasti, lib. v. 664.

The thefts of Mercury do not seem to dishonour him in the judgment of Ovid and of Horace, but are recorded to his praise; such was the Roman superstition, such the heathen deities!

“ — Superstition taught the tyrant awe.

* * * *

Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bless'd abodes,
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods,
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust.
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, formed like tyrants, tyrants would believe.”

Pope, Essay on Man, Epist. iii. 250.

ODE 11. *To Leuconoé.* Leuconoé, a real or feigned name, of a mistress of Horace, signifying in Greek, Candour. Probably Horace was at Naples or Baiæ when he wrote this ode, about the year 725 A.U.C. Vast works were then carried on in and around the bay of Baiæ and Puteoli. The remains of the moles are yet to be seen, constructed of volcanic rocks, “*pumicibus oppositis*,” the same mentioned in the Ode 18, book ii.:

“ Tu secanda marmora
Locas sub ipsum funus, et, sepulchri
Immemor, struis domos;
Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges
Summovere littora,
Parum locuples continente ripa.”

And again, in Epist. 1, book i.,—

“ Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis præluceat amœnis,
Si dixit dives, lacus et mare sentit amorem
Festinantis heri.”

“ Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
 The firm connected bulwark seems to grow ;
 Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
 Scoops out an empire, and *usurps* the shore.”

Goldsmith, The Traveller.

ODE 12. *To Augustus.* One of the most beautiful odes,—written in 731 A.U.C., 23 years B.C., the world in peace, and the most distant nations obedient to Rome. The Senate conferred all the powers of the state and divine honours on Augustus. “ Qui cuncta discordiis civilibus fessa nomine *principis* sub imperium accepit.”—*Tacitus, Ann. i.*

Thus Virgil,—

“ Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti sæpius audis,
 Augustus Cæsar, divi genus,” &c.

Æneid. vi. 791.

The son of Octavia, the young Marcellus, died soon after, aged only seventeen, greatly regretted. “ Augustus . . . Claudium Marcellum, sororis filium, admodum adolescentem, pontificatu et curuli ædilitate . . . extulit.”—*Tacitus, An. iii.*

Of whom too Virgil, in the fine, well-known lines of 6th *Æneid* :

“ Atque hic Æneas ; una namque ire videbat
 Egregium forma juvenem, et fulgentibus armis ;
 Sed frons læta parum, et dejecto lumina vultu.

* * * * *

Tum pater Anchises, lacrimis ingressus obortis :
 O nate, ingentem luctum ne quære tuorum ;
 Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
 Esse sinent : nimium vobis Romana propago
 Visa potens, superi, propria hæc si dona fuissent.
 Quantos ille virûm magnam Mavortis ad urbem
 Campus aget gemitus ! vel quæ, Tiberine, videbis

Funera, quum tumulum præterlabere recentem.

* * * * *

Heu, miserande puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas,
 Tu Marcellus eris. Manibus date lilia plenis:
 Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
 His saltem adcumulem donis, et fungar inani
 Munere."

Virgil, Æneid. vi. 861.

"——— whom am alone
 From all eternity, for none I know
 Second to me, or like, equal much less."

Milton, Par. Lost, book viii. 406.

"A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When every rood of ground maintain'd its man.
 For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life required, and gave no more.
 His best companions, innocence and health,
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth."

Goldsmith, The Deserted Village.

"Of rougher front, a mighty People come!
 A race of Heroes! in those virtuous times
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame
 Their dearest country they too dearly loved.
 Her better Founder first, the light of Rome,
 Numa, who softened her rapacious sons.

* * * * *

He, whom his thankless country could not lose,
 Camillus, only vengeful to her foes.
 Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold;
 And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.
 Thy willing victim, Carthage, bursting loose
 From all that pleading Nature could oppose."

Thomson, Winter.

“ Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivæ
 Sacra ferens ? nosco crines incanaque menta
 Regis Romani ; primas qui legibus urbem
 Fundabit, Curibus parvis, et paupere terra
 Missus in imperium magnum.”

Virgil, Æneid. vi. 810.

“ Quis te, magne Cato, tacitum, aut te, Cosse, relinquat ?
 ————— parvoque potentem
 Fabricium ? vel te sulco, Serrane, serentem ?”

Æneid. vi.

“ O Melibœe, deus nobis hæc otia fecit.
 Namque erit ille mihi semper deus : illius aram
 Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.”

Virgil, Ecl. i.

“ An deus immensi venias maris, ac tua nautæ
 Numina sola colant.”

Virgil, Georg. i.

“ In medio mihi Cæsar erat, templumque tenebit.”

Virgil, Georg. iii.

“ Præsenti tibi maturos largimur honores
 Jurandasque tuum per nomen ponimus aras,
 Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.”

Horace, lib. ii. epist. 1.

Proximos illi tamen occupavit

Pallas honores.]

Horace places Minerva, that is, heavenly wisdom, “ Cœlestis Sapiencia,” next to Jupiter. The words “ Prœliis audax ” here apply better to Liber or Bacchus, the conqueror of India, than to Pallas.

“ Nec, qui pampineis *victor* juga flectit habenis,
 Liber, agens celso Nysæ de vertice tigris.”

Virgil, Æneid. vi. 804.

The Seres and Indians are usually mentioned together as the most distant nations.

“Velleraque ut foliis despectant tenuia Seres;
Aut quos Oceano propior gerit India lucos,
Extremi sinus orbis.”

Virgil, Georg. ii. 121.

Julium sidus.] The comet that appeared soon after the death of Julius Cæsar, and supposed auspicious to his family.

“———— *patriumque* aperitur vertice *sidus.*”

Virgil, Æneid. viii. 681.

Whether he chase from Rome impending war]

“————— te, maxime Cæsar,
Qui nunc extremis Asiæ jam victor in oris
Imbellem avertis Romanis arcibus Indum.”

Virgil, Georg. ii. 170.

ODE 13. Imitated from the celebrated ode of Sappho, rendered into Latin by Catullus, for his Lesbia.

ODE 14. This and the 15th ode are allegories. Horace in this 14th ode compares the Roman Republic to a ship, built of the best pine of Pontus. Written in the year 723 A.U.C., 31 B.C., deprecating the civil war then imminent between Octavius and Antony. The 15th ode is sublime; it is evidently an allusion to the loves of Antony and Cleopatra, and to the impending fall of their power in the East. Their fate was decided in the battle of Actium, 22nd September, 723 A.U.C.

“In medio classes æratas, Actia bella,
Cernere erat; totumque instructo Marte videres
Fervere Leucaten, auroque effulgere fluctus.”

Hinc Augustus agens Italos in prœlia Cæsar
 Cum Patribus, Populoque, Penatibus et magnis Dīs,
 Stans celsa in puppi; geminas cui tempora flammæ
 Læta vomunt, patriumque aperitur vertice *sidus*.

* * * * *

Hinc ope barbarica, variisque Antonius armis,
 Victor ab Auroræ populis et litore rubro,
 Ægyptum, viresque Orientis, et ultima secum
 Bactra vehit; sequiturque, nefas! Ægyptia conjux."

Virgil, Æneid. vi. 675.

"Your rowers faint, how strained your cords and mast,
 Broken thy cords, thy timbers cannot last¹.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men, ne'er sit and wail their loss,
 But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

What though the mast be now blown overboard,

The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,

And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?

Yet lives our pilot still.

Say Warwick was our anchor, What of that?

And Montague our topmast, What of him?

Our slaughter'd friends the tackles, What of these?

Why is not Oxford here another anchor?

And Somerset another goodly mast?

The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?

And though unskilful, why not Ned and I

For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?

We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;

But keep our course, though the rough winds say, no.

From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck

As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.

And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?

¹ Thus hopes Henry VI.'s queen, Margaret, but with hope soon cruelly defeated.

And Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?

And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?

All these the enemies to our poor bark.

Shakspeare, Third Part of Henry VI. act v. sc. 4.

I am indebted for my notes on Horace almost entirely to the excellent work of Walckenaer. "Histoire de la Vie et des Poésies d'Horace, par le Baron Walckenaer, Membre de l'Institut de France, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. Deuxième Edition. Paris, 1858."

TACITI

AGRICOLA.

TU vero felix, Agricola, non vitæ tantum claritate, sed etiam opportunitate mortis: ut perhibent, qui interfuerunt novissimis sermonibus tuis, constans et libens fatum excepisti, tamquam pro virili portione innocentiam Principi donares. Sed mihi filiæque, præter acerbiter parentis erepti, auget mœstitiam, quod adsidere valetudini, fovere deficientem, satiari vultu, complexu, non contigit: excepissemus certe mandata vocesque, quas penitus animo figeremus. Noster hic dolor, nostrum vulnus: nobis tam longæ absentiae conditione ante quadriennium amissus es. Omnia sine dubio, optime parentum, adsidente amantissima uxore, superfuere honori tuo: paucioribus tamen lacrymis compositus es, et novissima in luce desideravere aliquid oculi tui.

Si quis piorum manibus locus; si, ut sapientibus placet, non cum corpore exstinguuntur magnæ animæ: placide quiescas, nosque, domum tuam, ab infirmo desiderio, et muliebribus lamentis, ad contemplationem virtutum tuarum voces, quas neque lugeri, neque plangi fas est: admiratione te potius, temporalibus laudibus, et, *si natura suppeditet, similitudine decoremus*. Is verus honos, ea con-

TACITUS.

AGRICOLA.

HONOUR'D in life, and timely flown thy breath,
Happy for thee, Agricola, thy death!
In death so calm, as willing to convince
All friends around, how innocent thy prince.
To us, thy children, rests not the relief,
Alas! sad aggravation of our grief,
Children, denied thy failing health to tend,
To share the dear embraces of our friend.
To hear thy words the latest wish impart,
To bind its memory nearest to our heart.
Thee we regret, and deep the wound we bear,
Long absent lost, while yet thou livest here.
Doubtless to thee no honours would refuse,
O best of fathers, a bereaved spouse.
But other friends were wanting to thy bier,
Thou look'st in vain, thy children were not there.
If for the just be mansions of their rest,
And such there be; mount, spirit, to the blest!
Sad orphans now, from lamentation vain,
From useless sighs, tears womanly restrain.
Bid us thy virtues contemplate, admire,
Those cease to wail, those teach us to desire,
With all our strength; so best thy memory love,
So worthiest thee, by imitating prove.

junctissimi cujusque pietas. Id filiæ quoque uxori-
quæ præceperim, sic patris, sic mariti memoriam vene-
rari, ut omnia facta dictaque ejus secum revolvant,
famamque ac figuram animi magis, quam corporis,
complectantur: non quia intercedendum putem
imaginibus, quæ marmore, aut ære finguntur: sed
ut vultus hominum, ita simulacra vultus imbecilla
ac mortalia sunt, forma mentis æterna: quam tenere
et exprimere non per alienam materiam et artem,
sed tuis ipse moribus possis. Quidquid ex Agri-
cola amavimus, quidquid mirati sumus, manet, man-
surumque est in animis hominum, in æternitate
temporum, fama rerum. Nam multos veterum,
velut inglorios, et ignobiles, oblivio obruet, Agri-
cola, posteritati narratus et traditus, superstes erit.

Sad wife, sad daughter! whom ye ceaseless weep,
His every word, each action sacred keep.
And while his form and lineaments ye trace,
Figure his mind, and mentally embrace.
Yet Art has power, life-breathing Art; nor I
Would ductile bronze or marble bust deny.
But man, his works, his monuments are frail.
The frame of mind may still o'er death prevail.
Such fairest image, your example now,
Let, what this hero was, your merit show.
Gentle his life¹: his admirable name
In minds of men rests heritage of fame.
Some good in vain against oblivion strive,
In history's page Agricola shall live.

¹ See Notes.

NOTES

“ PARMI les ouvrages authentiques de Tacite, le premier par la date, *la Vie d'Agricola*, occupe un rang éminent parmi les chefs-d'œuvre de tous les âges, et, sans aucun doute, c'est la plus belle biographie qui ait été écrite dans aucune langue. L'auteur ne s'y montre pas seulement ce qu'il est partout, un grand écrivain et un grand esprit, mais, chose plus rare peut-être, un grand cœur. La beauté de son âme se reflète sur le style, et la péroraison, bien qu'imprégnée en certains passages de souvenirs cicéroniens, est justement regardée comme l'une des plus touchantes élégies qu'ait inspirées le regret d'une affection brisée par la mort, comme l'une des pages les plus émouvantes de l'éloquence antique. Dans cet admirable morceau, Tacite est spiritualiste comme Platon ; il est chrétien par la sérénité de la douleur, les espérances et les consolations qu'il demande au souvenir des vertus du grand homme qu'il pleure. ‘Novissima in luce desideravere aliquid oculi tui.’ Ce paragraphe est imité de Cicéron, qui dit, en parlant de Crassus (*de Oratore*, lib. iii.).

“ ‘Fuit hoc luctuosum suis, acerbum patriæ, grave bonis omnibus : sed ii tamen rempublicam casus secuti sunt, ut mihi non erepta L. Crasso a diis immortalibus vita, sed donata mors, esse videatur. *Non vidit* flagrantem bello Italiam, non ardentem invidia senatum, non sceleris nefarii principes civitatis reos, non luctum filiæ, non exilium generi, non acerbissimam C. Marii fugam, non illam post reditum ejus cædem omnium

crudelissimam, non denique in omni genere deformatam eam civitatem, in qua ipse florentissima multum omnibus gloria præstitisset.' ”

Œuvres complètes de Tacite, traduction nouvelle accompagnée du texte Latin, d'un Index, de Notes et d'une Notice sur Tacite. De Charles Louandre. Paris, 1857.

“Natus erat Agricola, Caio Cæsare tertium consule, idibus Juniis: excessit sexto et quinquagesimo anno, decimo kalendas Septembres, Collega Priscoque coss. Quod si habitum quoque ejus posteri noscere velint, decentior quam sublimior fuit: nihil metus in vultu: gratia oris supererat.” *Tacitus, Agric. xliv.*

“Suivant l'opinion la plus accréditée, Tacite naquit dans l'Ombrie, à Interamne, aujourd'hui Terni, entre les années 55 et 60 de notre ère. On sait peu de chose des premières années de sa vie, sinon qu'il épousa en 78 la fille d'Agricola, et que, sous le règne de Vespasien, il entra dans la carrière des honneurs.

“Il avait écrit la Vie d'Agricola en 97, la Germanie en 98; sous le règne de Trajan il écrivit les Histoires, et plus tard les Annales.”—*Notice sur Tacite, Louandre.*

Gentle his life :]

“*His life was gentle : and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, This was a Man.*

Shakspeare, Julius Cæsar, act v. sc. 5.

HYMNUS.

DIES IRÆ.

DIES Iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus Tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et Natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quicquid latet, apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

HYMN.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

DAY of Wrath, in that last day,
The world shall all consume away;
So David and the Sibyl say.

What terrors of the Lord will be,
When in the Lord our Judge we see,
Weighing all things evenly.

Hark! the trumpet's wakening tone
Through the graves of earth is gone,
Gathering all before the throne.

To Death and Nature what surprise,
When the creature shall arise,
To its Judge must give replies!

From the book then open spread,
Recording all things, shall be read
The judgments of the quick and dead.

When sits the Judge upon His throne,
Shall every hidden sin be known,
Guilt escape unpunished none.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illa die.

Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus,
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis,
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus,
Supplicanti parce Deus.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed Tu bonus fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.

What then wretched shall I say ?
What patron saint for pardon pray ?
The just almost a castaway !

King of majesty and power,
Who freely sav'st thy saints that hour,
On me thy gracious mercy shower !

Jesu good, remember then,
For me 'Thou liv'st on earth with men,
Nor drive me from thy face again.

Weary Thou in seeking me,
Redeemer, dying on the tree,
Be not in vain thine Agony !

Just Judge, the punishment I fear,
Remit by absolution here,
Before the day of reckoning there.

Like a wicked wretch I groan,
Guiltiness my blushes own,
Hear, O God, thy suppliant's moan.

Of erring Mary the relief,
Who heardest on the cross the thief,
I hope in Thee, help my belief !

Unworthy as I am to pray,
Spare, good Lord, thy mercy may,
Lest in endless fires I stay.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus.

Huic ergo parce Deus,
Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem.

Fold me, Lord, amongst thy sheep,
Not with the goats apart to weep;
And on thy right hand ever keep.

When the cursed hear their doom,
In everlasting fires consume,
Bid me with thy blessed come.

With contrite heart and suppliant brow,
Dust I am, in dust I bow,
Save at last, O save me now!

Day of tears, when from his urn,
From dust again shall man return,
The sentence of his sins to mourn.

Him, O Lord, in pity spare;
Wretched sinners trembling there,
Take, O Jesu, to thy care.

Written at Whilton Rectory, Northamptonshire,
January, 1845.

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