

**TRANSLATIONS IN  
ENGLISH VERSE  
FROM OVID,  
HORACE, TACITUS, ETC.**

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Translations in English Verse from Ovid, Horace, Tacitus, Etc. by William Lee

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**WILLIAM LEE**

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TRANSLATIONS IN ENGLISH VERSE

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ETC.

BY

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## OVIDII

## METAMORPH. LIBER XIII.

CONSEDERE duces : et, vulgi stante corona,  
 Surgit ad hos clypei dominus septemplex Ajax.  
 Utque erat impatiens iræ, Sigeia torvo  
 Littora respexit, classemque in littore, vultu :  
 Intendensque manus, Agimus, pro Jupiter! inquit,  
 Ante rates causam, et mecum confertur Ulysses!  
 At non Hectoreis 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 Phrygiæ 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 Ulysem.  
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; atque reliquit,  
Sic linqvendus erat. Legem sibi dixerat ipse.  
Conclamat socios. Adsum, videoque trementem,  
Fallentemque 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.

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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,