

**THE ODES OF  
HORACE;  
BOOKS I AND II**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649418251

The Odes of Horace; Books I and II by J. Howard Deazeley

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**J. HOWARD DEAZELEY**

**THE ODES OF  
HORACE;  
BOOKS I AND II**



THE  
ODES OF HORACE

BOOKS I AND II

---

*DEAZELEY*

**Oxford**

**HORACE HART, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY**

THE  
ODES OF HORACE

BOOKS I AND II

*Done into English Verse*

WITH

ANDROMEDA, ARIADNE, AND JASON

BY

J. HOWARD DEAZELEY, M.A.

MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD

London

HENRY FROWDE

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS WAREHOUSE  
AMEN CORNER, E.C.

1894

AMF9497





THE  
ODES OF HORACE

---

BOOK I.

ODE I.

*To Maecenas.*

MÆCENAS, son of sires who wore a crown,  
At once my shelter and my sweet renown:  
Some joy to gather in the chariot-course  
Olympic dust, and goal-mark grazed by force  
Of fiery wheels and palm of wondrous worth  
Uplift them high as gods who rule the earth;  
So joys another, if the fickle crowd  
With threefold honours strive to make him proud;  
And so a third, who in his garner stores  
The sweepings of the Libyan threshing-floors.  
The man who loves to hoe his father's field  
For wealth of Attalus would never yield

His lot, a craven mariner to be  
And cleave in Cyprian bark Myrtoan sea.  
The South Wind battling with Icarian waves  
The trader dreads and restful landscape craves  
That rings his township; soon his shattered fleet  
Refits he, poverty untaught to meet.  
One man at least the wine of Massic brand  
Age-mellowed scorns not, nor to steal a strand  
From warp of daily toil, 'neath arbut's shade,  
Or by some hallowed stream's calm cradle laid.  
To many camps bring joy, and trumpet's blare  
With clarion blent, and wars too rich in care  
For mothers. Tarries in the freezing air  
The hunter heedless of his help-mate fair,  
If doe is sighted by a trusty hound,  
If boar has burst the taper mesh that bound.  
Me ivy, guerdon of the poet's brow,  
To heaven exalts; and I am severed now  
From common crowd by coolness of the grove  
Where Nymphs with Satyrs gaily dancing rove,  
If neither doth Euterpe hush her flute  
Nor Polyhymnia fail to tune her lute.  
Midst lyric bards if you shall give me place,  
My lofty head will strike to starry space.

## ODE II.

*To Augustus Caesar.*

Snow on the earth enough now hath sent the Sire,  
Snow and fell hail enough, and, with hand of fire  
Scathing the shrines that were once the gods' desire,  
Scared he the town ;

Scared he the nations too, lest again should rise  
Dread scenes of Pyrrha's age viewed with tearful  
eyes,  
When Proteus drove his herd where from lofty skies  
Mountains look down ;

While all the race of fish in the elm-tops rest  
Where doves in other time made their well-known  
nest,  
Does too, as spread the floods, sore affrighted breast  
Watery plain.

Saw we in tawny tide Tiber rush and roar,  
Backward his billows flung from the Tuscan shore,  
Halls of a king to wreck and to tumble o'er  
Vesta's own fane.

Vengeance for Ilia's tears—sighs at length can  
move—  
Boasts he that thus he seeks, and inflamed to rove  
O'er his left bank he strays, in despite of Jove,  
Husband too true.