

**THE ODES OF
HORACE. IN
ENGLISH VERSE**

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The Odes of Horace. In English Verse by Horace & W. E. H. Forsyth

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HORACE & W. E. H. FORSYTH

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HORACE. IN
ENGLISH VERSE**

THE ODES OF HORACE

(Forsyth)
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THE
ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

I.

TO MÆCENAS.

O thou to ancient kings allied,
My patron, ornament, and pride !
Some love their chariot skill to show,
And clouds of dust raise as they go.
The goal just shunned with glowing wheel,
The palm, the prizes, make them feel
Lords of the world—nay, while they fly,
They almost seem to mount the sky.
When fickle crowds fresh honours add
To grace their lineage, some are glad ;
Another in his granary stores
The wealth of Libyan threshing-floors.
While him who loves to plough and till
His own paternal acres still,
Not Attalus with all his gold
Will ever tempt to leave his hold,

Odes of Horace.

And in a Cyprian bark to brave,
 A timid sailor, storm and wave.
 The merchant, scared by ocean's strife,
 Praises repose and country life,
 But presently fresh ships he finds,
 For poverty is worse than winds.
 Some love old Massic wine to quaff,
 And of the day spend well nigh half,
 Outstretched beneath a shady tree,
 Or where the running stream flows free.
 Some choose the camp and trumpet's bray,
 And wars which mothers' hearts dismay.
 The sportsman lives an outdoor life,
 Forgetful of his tender wife;
 Whether he hunt with hounds the hind
 Or boar that bursts the toils he find.
 Ivy, the prize of learning, given
 To me, exalts my soul to heaven.
 I care not with the crowd to join—
 The groves, the dancing nymphs are mine,
 And Satyrs too—if but the Muse
 Her meed of fame will not refuse.
 Could I to lyric honours rise,
 My head would tower and touch the skies.

II.

TO AUGUSTUS.

Enough of dreadful hail and snow
 The Sire of heaven has sent below :
 From red right hand his bolts flew down
 Upon our towers, and awed the town.