

**NINETEEN ODES
OF HORACE**

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Nineteen Odes of Horace by Horace

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HORACE

**NINETEEN ODES
OF HORACE**

Nineteen Odes of Horace

ENGLISHED BY
WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS

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Od. III. II.

I PRAY thee, Mercury—since by thee
 Inspired Amphion's song moved stones—
 And thee, O Shell, whose psaltery
 Can sound forth Music's seven tones—
 Not tuneful once, nor sweet, but now
 Welcome to fane and rich man's board—
 Prompt me a strain, whose charm shall bow
 Lyde's proud ears my suit toward:
 Who, as a filly three years old
 In the wide fields, frolics, and fears
 A touch, a maiden pure, for bold
 Wooer as yet too young in years.
 Thou can'st draw tigers after thee,
 And woods; the torrent's rush can'st stay;
 Before thy music's witchery
 The vast Hall's warder-hound gave way—
 Aye, Cerberus, tho' his frightful head
 Is girt with snakes a hundred strong;
 Tho' foul his breath, and slime, like shed
 Gore, dribbles from his triple tongue.
 Nay e'en Ixion, forced to smile,
 And Tityos, laughed against the grain;
 The urn stood empty for a while,
 While Danaids heard thy soothing strain.
 Let Lyde hear what sin disgraced
 Those virgins: what their well-known fate:
 How all the water runs to waste
 From the urn's bottom: how, tho' late,

In Orcus sin's reward is sure.
 Ah impious—what could mortal hand
 Do worse?—who, impious, could endure
 To slay their grooms with cruel brand.
 One out of all the band alone,
 Worthy the marriage torch, to sire
 Forsworn was greatly false, and won
 A fame that lives while years expire:
 Who roused her young groom in the night—
 "Up, lest a sleep, whence fearest naught,
 A long sleep, whelm thee; cheat by flight
 My sire's and wicked sisters' thought,
 Who, as she-lions tear their prey
 Of calves, are tearing—woe is me!—
 Each her own mate; kinder than they,
 I will not smite or prison thee.
 Me let my sire load with rude chains
 Because my lad I would not slay;
 Me let his fleet to the domains
 Of far Numidia bear away.
 Go thou where feet and breezes take
 Thee; night is kind and Venus nigh.
 So farewell; for my memory's sake,
 Grave on my tomb an elegy."

Od. III. 14.

CAESAR, of whom we lately spoke
 As bent on bays, like Hercules,
 That death must buy, returns, good folk,
 Home from his Spanish victories.
 Proud of your peerless lord, do you,

His wife, after due prayer and rite,
 Come forth—our brave chief's sister too.
 And, with thanksgiving fillets bright,
 Mothers of girls, and youths restored
 Safe to their homes; ye lads, and ye,
 Lasses new-wed, utter no word
 To-day of evil augury.
 This day, truly a feast for me,
 Will chase black cares; I will not dread,
 While Caesar holds the world in fee,
 Tumult, or stroke shall strike me dead.
 Boy, fetch me unguents, flowers, and bring
 Wine that recalls the Marsian war,
 If anywhere that wandering
 Rogue Spartacus passed by a jar.
 And bid clear-voiced Neera knot
 Her perfumed hair without delay,
 And come; but if the porter's not
 Friendly, and hinders, come away.
 Gray hairs tame tempers, once, I fear,
 Too keen on brawls and quarrellings;
 Had I youth's fire, as in the year
 Of Plancus, I'd not brook such things.

Od. III, 15.

WIFE of poor Ibycus, have done
 At last with your depravity,
 And infamous pursuits, as one
 To whom a timely death draws nigh.
 No longer sport young girls among,
 Nor cloud their brightness starry-clear;