

# **THE SATIRES OF HORACE**

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The Satires of Horace by Various

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**VARIOUS**

**THE SATIRES OF  
HORACE**





753 P. 124



BREVIARY TREASURES

The Satires of   ♣  
Horace   ♣   ♣   ♣  
Translated by Various Hands

*Horatius*



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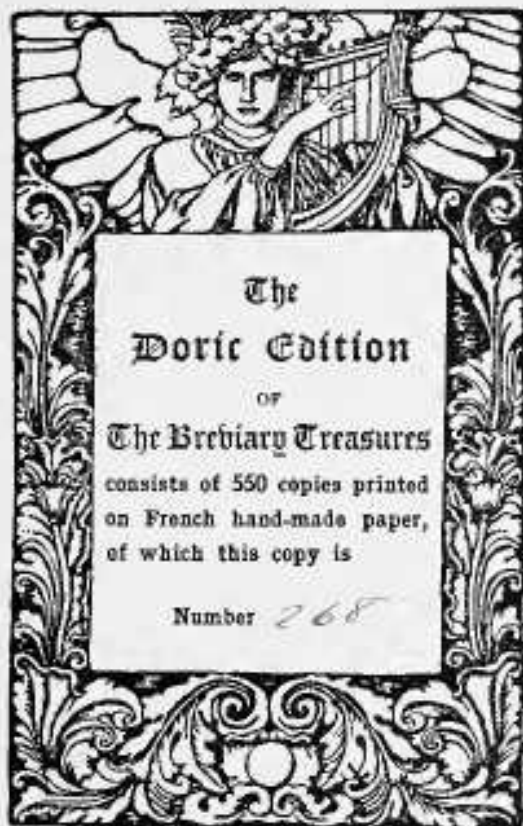
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1925

Spit, Mt. Adams

*Copyright, 1905*

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THE  
SATIRES OF HORACE



BOOK I.

SATIRE I.

TO MÆCENAS

*"Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem."*

WHENCE comes it, dear Mæcenas, that  
we find  
Each to applaud his neighbour's lot  
inclined —  
Each to repine at that which chance has  
thrown  
Into his lap, or choice ordained his  
own ?





“Blest is the merchant’s fate,” the soldier  
cries,  
As bowed with years the toilsome march  
he plies :  
Again, the merchant tossed by storms at  
sea  
Exclaims, — “The soldier’s is the life  
for me ;  
For why — the trumpet summons to the  
fray,  
And death or glory quickly crowns the  
day.”  
The lawyer, when ere cock-crow at his  
gate  
Loud clients knock, applauds the peas-  
ant’s fate :  
Dragged from the country by a writ, the  
clown  
Swears none are blest but those that dwell  
in town.  
So many like examples wait our call,  
Scarce prating Fabius could recount them  
all.

