

**THE ODES OF HORACE. BOOK I.
SPECIMEN OF AN ATTEMPT TO
GIVE A CLOSER ENGLISH VERSE
TRANSLATION OF THE ODES
THAN HAS HITHERTO BEEN MADE**

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The Odes of Horace. Book I. Specimen of an Attempt to Give a Closer English Verse Translation of the Odes Than Has Hitherto Been Made by Horace & James John Lonsdale

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HORACE & JAMES JOHN LONSDALE

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BOOK I.

SPECIMEN OF AN ATTEMPT
TO GIVE A CLOSER ENGLISH VERSE TRANSLATION OF
THE ODES THAN HAS HITHERTO
BEEN MADE.

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JUDGE OF COUNTY COURTS; RECORDER
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THE ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

QUINTI HORATII FLACCI
CARMINUM

LIBER PRIMUS.

Fesser Asclepiad
ODE I.

AD MÆCENATEM.

MÆCENAS, atavis edite regibus,
O et præsidium, et dulce decus meum !
Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat: metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos.

Hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium
Certat tergeminis tollere honoribus:
Illum, si proprio condidit horreo
Quidquid de Libycis verritur areis:

Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
Agros Attalicis conditionibus
Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypriâ
Myrtoum, pavidus nauta, secet mare.

Luctantem Icaris fluctibus Africum
Mercator metuens, otium et oppidi
Laudat rura sui: [mox reficit rates

THE ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

ODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

MÆCENAS, who from kings can'st boast descent,
My safe-guard and my sweetest ornament,
To some th' Olympic dust to raise is dear ;
Whilst with the glowing wheel the goal to clear,
And win the noble palm, exalts them straight
Unto the Gods, this world who regulate.
To wear the triple honours one is proud,
Gain'd through the struggles of th' inconstant crowd ;
Another, if within his barn he stores
All that is swept from Lybia's threshing-floors.
His father's acres who delights to plough,
Though you with wealth of Attalus endow,
A timid sailor, ne'er induced will be
With Cyprian keel to cut th' Egæan Sea.
When Afric's blasts upheave th' Icarian waves,
The frighted trader of his village raves,
Its fields and rest ; but, want unused to bear,

Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.

Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici,
Nec partem solido demere de die
Spernit : nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacrae.

Multos castra juvant, et lituo tubæ
Permistus sonitus, bellaque matribus
Detestata. Manet sub Jove frigido
Venator, teneræ conjugis immemor,
Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,
Seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas.

Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
Dīs miscent superis : me gelidum nemus,
Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori,
Secernunt populo ; si neque tibia
Euterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Lesboiū refugit tendere barbiton.

Quod si me lyricis vatibus inseris,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

His shatter'd bark soon hastens to repair.
Some men to rob the day feel no disdain,
Nor cup of fine old Massican to drain :
Their limbs now stretching 'neath the arbut green.
Now, where the sacred stream's still source is seen.
Many in camps rejoice, and mingled strain
Of trump and horn, and war, the mother's bane.
The hunter, careless of his tender spouse,
If chance his well-train'd hounds the stag to rouse,
Or through his nets the Marsian wild-boar tear,
Remains from home, beneath the frosty air.
Me th' ivy crown, on learned brows display'd,
Ranks with the Gods : me the cool forest's shade,
Where Nymphs with Satyrs dance, a sprightly throng,
Draws from the world ; if, whilst I tune my song,
Euterpe lend the music of her flute,
And Polyhymnia sound the Lesbian lute.
Class me but 'mongst the Lyric poets, I,
With head sublime, shall strike the starry sky.

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