THE ODES OF HORACE, LITERALLY TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE. BOOK I, PP. 1-133

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The Odes of Horace, Literally Translated into English Verse. Book I, pp. 1-133 by Henry George Robinson

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HENRY GEORGE ROBINSON

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THE

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LITERALLY TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

BY

HENRY GEORGE ROBINSON.



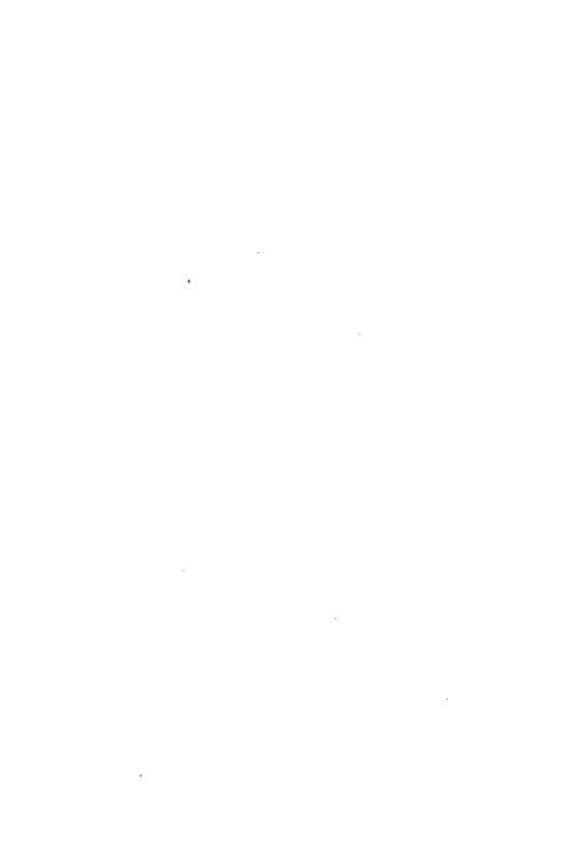
" Dulce periculum est."
Hos.

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1844.

297. 9. 25.



THE

ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

LIBER PRIMUS.

CARMEN 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 Quicquid de Libycis verritur areis.

Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo

BOOK FIRST.

ODE L

TO MÆCENAS.

Mæcenas, from an ancient line
Of kings deriv'd, Oh, patron mine,
And proudest glory! some there are
Who joy to gather in the car
Olympic dust; and whom the goal,
Just 'scap'd as fast the hot wheels roll,
And victory's palm-wreath, to the state
Of gods, earth's rulers, elevate.

This, if perchance with factious votes
The light Quiritian mob promotes
To threefold honours;—that 'twill please,'
If in his private granaries
He hoard whatever wheaten stores
Are swept from Libyan threshing-floors.

A third one, whose delight is found In tilling his paternal ground, Agros, Attalicis conditionibus Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypriâ Myrtöum pavidus nauta secet mare.

Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum Mercator metuens, otium et oppidi Laudat rura sui ; mox reficit rates 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 sacræ.

Multos castra juvant, et lituo tubæ Permixtus sonitus, bellaque matribus Detestata. Manet sub Jove frigido Venator, teneræ conjugis immemor; Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus, Seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas. You ne'er could tempt to change his state, Were Attalus's wealth the bait, And as a timid sailor plough Myrtoa's sea with Cyprian prow.

Affrighted, when the south wind raves,
Battling with Icarian waves,
The merchant lauds the quiet charm
And ease of his suburban farm;
But soon refits his shatter'd fleet,
The chance of want untaught to meet.

There's one, who neither does disdain Cups of old Massicum to drain, Or break upon the solid day Whiling a part of it away; 'Neath the green arbutus now spread, Now at some sacred fountain-head.

Camps delight many, and the sound Of trumps and clarions mingling round, And savage war, the mothers' hate.

Regardless of his tender mate,
Beneath the chilly atmosphere
The hunter lies, if but a deer
His staunch hounds sight, or madly tears
A Marsian boar his circling snares.