

**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  
ODES OF HORACE

LITERALLY TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

BY  
HENRY GEORGE ROBINSON.



—  
" Dulce periculum est." Hor.  
—

LONDON:  
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMANS,  
PATERNOSTER-BOW.  
1844.

297. g. 25.



THE  
ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

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## LIBER PRIMUS.

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### 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.

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### ODE I.

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 cervæ 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.