

HORÆ HORATIANÆ—II.

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(Continued from page 18.)

HORACE—BOOK I., ODE XXIV.

Why check the yearning for a friend
So loved? O Muse, to whom belong,
By Jove's own gift, both lyre and song,
Thy mournful inspiration lend.

Quintilius sleeps in endless night!
When shall his peer be found on earth,
For truth unblemished, modest worth,
And loyal faith that loves the right?

The Good all mourned him; but thy moan
Was saddest, Virgil! Thou in vain
Dost ask him of the Gods again,
Unmindful he was but a loan.

Nay—couldst thou sweeter strains command
Than Orpheus, whom the groves obeyed,
Thou couldst not animate the shade,
Which Maia's son, with gloomy wand,

Closing the gate of death, hath driv'n
To mingle with the spectral throng.
'Tis hard—but suffering makes us strong
To bear the unchanging will of Heav'n!

BOOK I., ODE XXVII.

O'er wine-cups destined for delight
The savage Thracians love to fight—
Such custom shun, my comrades all,
For modest Bacchus hates a brawl.

The Persian dagger ill contrasts
With lamps, and wine, and gay repasts;
Pray, Friends, this hideous din restrain,
And on your elbows rest again.

Must I, too, drink Falernian? Well—
Let Greek Megilla's brother tell

Whose glances shot the fatal dart
That blissfully transfixed his heart.

What, silent? Then no wine for me!
Whate'er thy charmer's name may be,
There needs no blush; for thine will prove
A frank and honourable love.

Out with the secret! Whisper low:
I'm dumb. Poor wretch! and is it so?
With what a Harpy dost thou mate,
Boy, worthy of a better fate!

What witchcraft, what Thessalian charms,
What God can snatch thee from her arms?
Scarce Pegasus himself could thee
From this three-formed Chimera free!

BOOK I., ODE XXX.

O Cnidian, Paphian Queen! awhile
Thy darling Cyprus leave, and deign
'Mid clouds of frankincense to smile
On Glycera's graceful fane.

Bring thy flushed boy, and Mercury,
The Graces, too, with loosened zones,
The Nymphs, and Youth, who, reft of thee,
Slight charm or beauty owns.

BOOK I., ODE XXXVIII.

Boy, I detest all Persian state,
And crowns with linden-bark entwined:
Search not, the rose that lingers late
For me to find.

Enough, this simple myrtle-wreath,
Which decks not ill thy brows and mine,
As, served by thee, I drink beneath
The trellised vine.