

HOR. LIB. II. CARM. VIII.

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ULLA SI JURIS TIBI PEJERATI.

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BARINE, if your perjured youth,  
Heaven e'er with punishment requited;  
If one discoloured nail or tooth,  
Had left you for a moment slighted.

I might indeed believe you; now  
To cheat me were a vain endeavour;  
When after every broken vow  
I see you lovelier far than ever.

A mother's ashes you attest—  
The silent stars, with impious daring;  
Nay, with the immortal gods you jest,  
And make a gain of falsely swearing.