

METRICAL AND INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION OF HORACE.

BOOK I. ODES 8 AND 9.

ODE 8. *Introduction*.—This ode, with several others, is addressed to Lydia. Sybaris, a Roman youth, has fallen a victim to her siren charms, and for dear love of her has given up all the manly exercises in which he had been accustomed to eclipse all his companions. The poet takes the lady to task for this untoward influence of her alluring arts, in so doing paying a delicate compliment to the irresistible power of her charms.

Lydia, by all the gods I charge thee,—say
Lydia, per omnes deos oro te dic
 Why by thy love thou sendest Sybaris
cur amando properes Sybarin
 To swift perdition? Why should he, who once
Perdere! cur
 Endured the heat and dust so well, now hate
patiens solis atque pulveris oderit
 The sunny open field? Why with his friends
apricum campum? cur inter equales
 No longer does he ride in martial guise,
neque equitat militaris
 Nor Gallic steeds with bitted bridles rein?
nec Gallica ora lupatis frenis temperat?
 Why fears he now the tawny Tiber's touch?
cur timet fluvium Tiberim tangere?
 Why shuns the wrestler's oil with greater care
cur vitat olivum cautius
 Than viper's bite? No longer now he shows
viperino sanguine? Neque jam gestat
 His brawny arms, all black and blue with blows,
brachia livida armis,
 Famed as he often was in games of quoits,
Nobilis sæpe disco,
 And for the javelin hurled beyond the goal.
Sæpe jaculo expedito trans finem.
 Why lurks he hiding, as they say the son
Quid latet ut dicunt filium
 Of sea-born Thetis lurked, upon the eve
marine Thetidis sub
 Of Troy's sad downfall, lest his male attire
Troje lacrimosa funera, ne virilis cultus
 Should hurl him forth to slaughter Lycia's bands?
proriperet in cædem et Lycias catervas?

ODE 9. *To Thaliarchus*.—An ode to cheer up a down-hearted friend. Some crushing misfortune has fallen upon him, and looking out upon the snow-clad hills and wintry landscape he sees in the prospect an image of his own desolation. "Now is the winter of our discontent" is the language of his soul. "Nay," says the poet, "winter without can be dis-