

HOR. LIB. III. CARM. IX.

DONEC GRATUS ERAM TIBI.

WHILE you for me reserved your charms,
Nor any youth more favoured, pressed
Around your snowy neck his arms ;
No Persian monarch lived so blest.

While Lydia was your only flame,
Nor Chloe yet a rival found,
On every tongue was Lydia's name,
Than Roman Ilia's more renowned.

Now Thracian Chloe rules my heart,
With lute and song beyond compare,
For whom with life itself I'd part,
If fate my charming girl would spare.