

HORÆ HORATIANÆ—I.

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MONTREAL.

HORACE—BOOK I., ODE IX.

See, dazzling with untrodden snow
Soracte stands: the straining woods
Bend with their burden, and the floods
Curbed by keen frost have ceased to flow.

Pile logs upon the hearth, afar
To drive, O Thaliarch, the cold,
And draw the vintage, four years old,
With lavish hand from Sabine jar.

Resign all else to Jove's high will:
When once he lulls the winds asleep
That battle on the boiling deep,
Cypress, and ancient ash, are still.

Seek not to-morrow's fate to know,
Set down as gain whatever chance
To-day brings forth, nor scorn the dance,
Or youthful love's delicious glow.

Age soon will blight thy manhood's flower:
Park and parade should claim thee now,
And thou shouldst murmur passion's vow
At dusky twilight's trysting hour:

Or track the low, sweet laugh that tells
Where some coy maid conceals her charms,
And snatch a forfeit from her arms,
Or hand, that tenderly repels.

BOOK I., ODE XXII.

Fuscus, the man whose life is pure,
And clear from crime, may live secure:
No Moorish darts or bow he needs,
No quiver stored with venom'd reeds:

Whether on Afric's burning sands,
Or savage Caucasus he stands.

Or where with legend-haunted tide
The waters of Hydaspes glide.

For, while in Sabine glades, alone,
Singing of Lalage, my own,
I roamed light-hearted and unarmed,
A wolf that faced me fled—alarmed.

No monster so portentous roves
Through gallant Daunia's broad oak-groves,
Nor e'en in Juba's thirsty land,
That suckles lions 'mid the sand.

Set me on lifeless deserts, where
No tree is fanned by summer's air,
That zone of earth, which mist and cloud
With sullen atmosphere enshroud;

Set me in houseless realms afar,
Beneath the sun's too neighbouring car,
E'en there sweet-smiling Lalage,
Sweet-speaking maid beloved shall be.

BOOK I., ODE XXXIII.

Thou shun'st me, Chloe, like a fawn,
That on some trackless mountain lawn,
Scared idly by the woods and wind,
Seeks her shy dam to find.

If the first breath of Spring but chance
To quiver on the leaves that dance,
Or the green lizards stir the brakes,
In heart and knees she quakes.

I chase, but not to crush thee, child,
Like lion grim, or tiger wild:
Then, cease to haunt thy mother's side,
Now fit to be a bride.