

INTEGER VITAE

Horace, Book 1, Ode XXII

Who wholesome is of life, and pure of heart,
Needs not a bow, nor any Moorish dart,
Nor quiver-load of shafts with poisoned end,
Fuscus, my friend;

Whether through sultry Syrtis he may stray,
Or through gruff Caucasus he make his way,
Or journey where, through weird and mystic places,
Hydaspes races.

For as, care-free, deep in the Sabine grove,
Weaving for Lalage a song of love,
I strolled, a wolf fled from me—fled alarmed,
And I unarmed;

Wild Daunias has no such monster fed,
In all her spacious forests acorn-spread,
And Juba's land, the lion's arid nurse,
Breeds nothing worse.

Place me on plains bleak bald and barren, where
No tree is nourished by the summer air,
A zone where cruel Jove ill-treats the ground,
And fogs abound;

Place me where suns roll all too close above,
On land not fit for homes, in thoughts of love
For Lalage, sweet-smiling, sweet of voice,
I will rejoice.

JAMES FERRES