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Ad Thaliarchum.

HORACE I, 9.

(First prize translation.)



OST see how snowy white Soracte stands,
And struggling woods beneath their burden bend,
With icy bands, from other lands
The streams pursue their trend.

Oh Thaliarchus, from the Sabine cell
Bring forth the wine, the oldest and the best ;
The cold dispel, the logs heap well,
Leave to the gods the rest.

For when the deities have lulled the winds,
Which struggled with the seething, billowy sea,
The cypress finds these mightier minds
Bring rest to every tree,

Scan not the future, but whatever days
Good Fortune grants, consider as a gain ;
Spurn not love's lays, nor dancing days,
Soon comes old age with pain.

Now in the Campus, on the public way,
Let twilight whisper, lovers' laughs resound,
When sweetheart's pay is snatched away,
As forfeit for being found.

Austen A. Chute, '12,