

ODE VII.

TO POMPEY.

POMPEI, prime meorum sodalium, sæpe deducte
 Pompey, chief of my companions, often reduced
 necum in ultimum tempus, Bruto, duce
 with me to the last extremity, under Brutus, the leader
 militiæ, quis redonavit te Quiritem
 of our warfare, who has restored thee as a Roman
 patriis dis Italoque cælo?
 citizen to thy country's gods and an Italian sky?
 Cum quo sæpe fregi morantem
 Thou with whom I have often broken the lingering
 diem mero, coronatus capillos nitentes Syrio
 day with wine, crowning my tresses shining with Syrian
 malobathro. Tecum sensi Philippos et celerem
 ointment. With thee I experienced Philippi and the hurried
 fugam, non bene relicta parmula, quum
 flight, having ingloriously abandoned my shield, when
 Virtus fracta, et minaces tetigere
 Valor was overcome, and threatening (foes) touched
 mento turpe solum. Sed Mercurius,
 with their chins the blood-stained earth. But Mercury,
 denso aere, celer sustulit me paventem,
 in a dense cloud, rapidly conveyed me away, terrified,
 per hostes. Unda
 through (the midst of) the enemy. The tide of battle,
 resorbens rursus tulit te in bellum æstuosis
 dragging (thee) back, bore thee to war on its foaming
 fretis. Ergo, redde Jovi dapem obligatam,
 waters. Therefore, repay to Jove the feast that is his due,
 depone sub mea lauru latus fessum longa
 rest beneath my laurel thy limbs, wearied by long
 militia, que parce nec cadis destinatis tibi.
 warfare, and spare not the casks reserved for thee.
 Exple levia ciboria oblivioso Massico;
 Fill up the polished goblets with care-dispelling Massic,
 funde unguenta de capacibus conchis. Quis
 pour out the perfumes from the capacious shells. Who
 curat deproperare coronas udo apio ve
 undertakes to weave the garlands of fresh parsley and
 myrto? Quem Venus dicet arbitrum bibendi?
 myrtle? Whom shall the die declare master of the feast?
 Ego bacchabor non sanius
 I will revel not more soberly than (as wildly as)
 Edonis. Est dulce mihi furere
 the Thracians. It is delightful to me to indulge in pleasure
 recepto amico.
 on the recovery of a friend.

“Hoc videris tibi Paulus et
 “On this account you seem to yourself a Paulus and
 Messala? At hic, si ducenta plaustra triaque
 Messala? But he, if two hundred wagons and three
 funera concurrant foro, sonabit magna quod
 funerals should meet in the forum, will bawl loud enough
 vincat cornua tubasque: hoc saltem tenet
 to drown the horns and trumpets: this hold at all events
 nos.” Nunc redeo ad me natum
 he has on us.” Now I return to myself descended
 libertino patre, quem omnes rodunt natum
 from a freedman father, whom all carp at as descended
 patre libertino, nunc, quia sum tibi
 of a father a freedman, now, because I am your
 convictor, Mæcenas; at olim, quod
 familiar friend (guest,) Mæcenas; but formerly, because
 Romana legio pareret mihi tribuno. Hoc
 a Roman legion was subject to me as tribune. The present case
 est dissimile illi; quia non ut
 is different from the former one; because not as
 forsit quisvis jure invidet mihi
 perhaps any one with justice may envy me
 honorem,
 the (military) advancement (I once enjoyed,) (can one)
 ita te amicum quoque,
 with the same justice (so envy me) your friendship also,
 præsertim cautum adsumere dignos,
 (you who are) especially cautious to admit the worthy,
 procul prava ambitione.
 (those who are) far (removed from) base adulation (ambition.)
 Non possum dicere me felicem hoc, quod
 I cannot call myself lucky on this account, that
 sortitus te amicum casu; etenim nulla
 I obtained you as my friend by chance; for no
 sors obtulit me tibi. Olim optimus
 chance brought me before you. Long ago that best of men
 Virgilius, post hunc Varius, dixere quid
 Virgil, after him Varius, told you what sort of a man
 essem. Ut veni coram, loquutus pauca
 I was. When I came before you, I spoke a few words
 singultim, (namque infans pudor prohibebat
 with gasps, (for my tongue-tied bashfulness prevented me
 profari plura); ego non me
 from speaking more); I did not (pretend) that I was
 natum claro patre, non ego me
 descended of an illustrious father, nor that I
 vectari circum rura Satureiano caballo; sed,
 was carried round my fields on a Satureian steed; but,

vectari circum rura Satureiano caballo; sed,
 was carried round my fields on a Satureian steed; but,
 quod eram, narro: respondes pauca, ut
 what I was, I state: you answer a few words, as
 tuus mos est: abeo: et revocas nono
 your custom is: I retire: and you recall me in the ninth
 mense post, jubesque esse in numero
 month after, and desire me to be among the number
 amicorum. Ego duco hoc magnum, quod
 of your friends. I esteem this a great thing, that
 placui tibi, qui secernis honestum turpi,
 I pleased you, who distinguish the worthy from the base,
 non præclaro patre, sed vita et
 not by an illustrious father, but by (one's) life and
 puro pectore. Atqui si mea natura est mendosa
 a pure heart. But after all if my nature is tainted
 mediocribus vitiis ac paucis, alioqui
 with ordinary faults and only a few of them, otherwise
 recta, (velut si reprehendas nævos
 upright (perfect,) (as if you find fault with medals
 inspersos egregio corpore;) si
 scattered over a handsome body) (a beautiful skin:) if
 quisquam vere objiciet mihi neque avaritiam,
 no one can rightly attribute to me either avarice,
 neque sordes, aut mala lustra; si vivo
 or acts of meanness, or haunts of vice; if I live
 parus et insons et carus amicis,
 pure and innocent and dear to my friends,
 (ut collaudem me,) pater fuit causa his;
 (to speak in my own praise,) my father was the cause of this;
 qui pauper macro agello noluit mittere
 who, being poor with a meager farm, would not send
 me in ludum Flavi; quo pueri orti
 me to the school of Flavius; whither boys sprung
 e magnis centurionibus, suspensi loculos
 from great centurions, having their satchel
 tabulamque lævo lacerto, ibant
 and writing tablet hanging on their left shoulder, went
 referentes octonos æris Idibus: sed est ausus
 carrying eight asses on each Ides: but he had the face
 portare puerum Romam, docendum
 (dared) to take me a boy to Rome, to be taught
 artes, quas quisvis eques atque
 the branches of knowledge, which any knight and
 senator semet doceat prognatos.
 senator himself causes to be taught his children.