

## SATIRE IX.

*He describes his sufferings from the loquacity of an impertinent fellow.*

FORTE ibam Sacra via, meditans,  
*I chanced to be strolling along the Via Sacra, composing.*  
 sicut est meus mos, nescio quid nugarum, totus  
*as is my wont, some poetic trifle, wholly absorbed*  
 in illis: quidam accurrit notus mihi nomine  
*in it: a certain person runs up, known to me by name*  
 tantum, arreptaque manu: "Quid apud  
*only, and taking me by the hand: (says) "How do you do,*  
 dulcissime rerum?" Inquam, "Suaviter,  
*dearest of fellows?" I answer, "Pretty well.*  
 ut est nunc: et cupio omnia  
*at present: and I desire all things (to come to pass,*  
 quæ vis." Quum adsectaretur: "Numquid  
*as thou wishest." When he followed me up: "Have you any*  
 vis?" occupo. At ille inquit, "Noris  
*commands?" I break in. But he says, "You surely know*  
 nos: sumus docti." Hic ego inquam,  
*me: I am a man of letters." Here I say,*  
 "Eris pluris mihi hoc."  
*"You shall be of more esteem to me on that account"*  
 Misere quærens discedere, modo  
*Earnestly desiring to get away (from him,) sometimes*  
 ire ocius, interdum consistere, dicere  
*I began to go faster, now and then to stop and whisper*  
 puero, nescio quid in aurem, quum sudor  
*to my page I know not what into his ear, while the sweat*  
 manaret ad imos talos. "O te, felicem  
*ran down to the bottom of my ankles. "O you, happy*  
 cerebri, Bolane!" aiebam, tacitus,  
*in being hot-tempered, Bolanus!" said I, silently (te*

quum ille garriret  
*myself,) when all the time he kept prating on*  
 quidlibet, laudaret  
*anything that came into his mind, while he was commending*  
 vicos, urbem. Ut respondebam illi nil,  
*the streets, the city. When I answered him nothing,*  
 inquit, "Misere cupis abire;  
*says he, 'You vehemently desire to get away;*  
 video jamdudum; sed agis nil;  
*I have noticed it this long time; but you effect nothing*  
 usque tenebo;  
*(it's no use;) I will keep right on holding (haunting) you;*  
 prosequar hinc; quo est nunc tibi iter?"  
*I will escort you hence; whither is now your course?"*  
 "Est nil opus te circumagi; volo  
*"There's no need that you go out of your way; I wish*  
 visere quemdam non notum tibi; is cubat  
*to call on one not known to you; he keeps his bed*  
 longe trans Tiberim, prope hortos  
*(lives) a long way off across the Tiber, near the gardens*  
 Cæsaris." "Habeo nil quod agam, et non sum  
*of Cæsar." "I have nothing (to) do, and I am not*  
 piger; sequar te usque." Demitto auriculas,  
*lazy; I'll accompany you all the way." I let my ears down*  
 ut asellus iniquæ mentis, quum subiit  
*(listen,) as an ass of sullen temper, when he carries*  
 onus gravius dorso.  
*a burden heavier than usual on his back.*

## ODE XIII.

TO THE FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA.

FONS Bandusiæ, splendidior vitro, digne  
*Fountain of Bandusia, clearer than crystal, worthy*  
 dulci mero, non sine floribus, cras  
*of sweet wine, and garlands also, to-morrow*  
 donaberis hædo, cui frons, turgida  
*thou shalt be presented with a kid, whose forehead, budding*  
 primis cornibus, destinat et venerem et proelia frustra;  
*with new horns, threatens both love and war in vain;*  
 nam suboles lascivi gregis inficiet  
*for the offspring of thy lascivious flock shall stain*  
 gelidos rivos rubro sanguine. Atrox  
*the cooling streams with crimson blood. The trying*  
 hora flagrantis Caniculæ nescit tangere te; tu  
*season of the fiery dog-star cannot affect thee; thou*  
 præbes amabile frigus tauris fessis  
*affordest a refreshing coolness to the oxen wearied*  
 vomere et vago pecori. Tu  
*with the ploughshare, and to the roaming flock. Thou*  
 quoque fies nobilium fontium,  
*also shalt become (one) of the illustrious fountains,*  
 me dicente ilicem impositam cavis  
*while I sing of the holm-oak overhanging the hollow*  
 saxis, unde loquaces lymphæ desiliunt.  
*rocks, whence thy murmuring waters flow.*