

## ODE XXXVII.

TO HIS COMRADES.

NUNC sodales est bibendum nunc pulsanda  
*Now, comrades, we should carouse, now strike*  
 tellus libero pede nunc erat tempus ornare  
*the ground with a free foot, now is the time to deck*  
 pulvinar deorum Saliaribus dapibus. Antehac  
*the temples of the gods with Salian banquets. Before this,*  
 nefas depromere Cæcubum  
*(it would have been) impious to bring out the jar*  
 cellis avitis dum regina cum  
*from the vaults of our ancestors, while a queen, with*  
 contaminato grege virorum, turpium morbo,  
*a contaminated crowd of followers, polluted by disease,*  
 parabat dementes ruinas Capitolio et  
*was preparing mad ruin for the capitol, and*  
 funus imperio, impotens sperare quidlibet,  
*destruction for the empire, weak (enough) to hope for anything,*  
 que ebria dulci fortuna. Sed vix  
*and intoxicated with delightful prosperity. But scarcely*  
 una navis sospes ab ignibus minuit  
*a single ship preserved from the flames diminished*  
 furorem, Cæsar redigit in veros timores  
*her frenzy, and Cæsar reduced to real fears,*  
 mentemque lymphatam Mareotico, adurgeret  
*her mind maddened by Mareotic wine, pursuing*  
 remis volentem ab Italia, velut accipiter  
*(her) in his galleys as she fled from Italy, as the hawk*  
 molles columbas, aut citus venator  
*(pursues) the gentle doves, or the active hunter*  
 leporum campis nivalis Hæmonia— ut  
*the hare on the plains of snowy Hæmonia— that*  
 daret catenis fatale monstrum; quæ  
*he might consign to chains the fated monster, who,*  
 quærens generosius perire, nec muliebriter, expavit  
*seeking a nobler death, neither, like a woman, dreaded*  
 ensem, nec reparavit cita classe latentes  
*the sword, nor sought with her swift ship the secret*  
 oras. Ausa et vultu sereno visere  
*shores. She dared even with a countenance unmoved to behold*  
 regiam jacentem, et fortis  
*her palace plunged in affliction, and was bold (enough)*  
 tractare asperas serpentes, ut  
*to handle the irritated asps, in order that*  
 combiberet corpore atrum venenum,  
*she might imbibe into her frame the deadly poison,*

ferocior deliberata morte; scilicet,  
*(becoming) more fierce by premeditated death; in truth,*  
 invidens deduci sævis Liburnis  
*scorning to be led away by hostile Liburnians*  
 triumpho privata  
*in (insulting) triumph, (though) stripped of her throne.*  
 non humilis mulier.  
*(still) an un-yielding woman.*

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## ODE XXVI.

TO VENUS.

NUPER vixi idoneus puellis, et militavi non  
*I lately lived suited for the girls, and I served not*  
 sine gloria; nunc hic paries qui custodit  
*without reputation; (but) now this wall which guards*  
 lævum latus marinæ Veneris habebit arma  
*the left side of sea-born Venus shall possess my arms*  
 que barbiton defunctum bello. Hic, hic  
*and lyre discharged from warfare. Here, here*  
 ponite funalia lucida, et vectes et arcus  
*lay down the glowing torches, and the bars and bows*  
 minaces oppositis foribus. O diva, quæ  
*that threaten resisting doors. O goddess, who dost*  
 tenes beatam Cyprum, et Memphim carentem  
*possess happy Cyprus, and Memphis exempt*  
 Sithonia nive, regina, semel tange  
*from Sithonian snow, queen, give but one blow*  
 sublimi flagello arrogantem Chloen.  
*with uplifted lash to the scornful Chloe.*

## EPISTLE IV.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

*He declares his accomplishments; and, after proposing the thought of death, converts it into an occasion of pleasantry.*

ALBI, candide judex nostrorum sermonum, quid  
*Albius, fair critic of my satires, what*  
 dicam te facere nunc in regione  
*shall I say that you are doing now in the district*  
 Pedana? Scribere quod vincat  
*about Pedum? That you are writing what may surpass*  
 opuscula Cassi Parmensis? an  
*(in number) the minor works of Cassius of Parma? or*  
 tacitum reptare inter salubres sylvas,  
*silently sauntering amongst the healthful groves,*  
 curantem quidquid est dignum sapiente bonoque?  
*meditating whatever is worthy of a man wise and good?*  
 Tu non eras corpus sine pectore. Di  
*You were never body without soul. The gods*  
 dederunt tibi formam, tibi divitias, artemque  
*have granted to you beauty, to you riches, and the art*  
 fruendi. Quid majus nutricula voveat  
*of enjoying them. What more could a nurse wish*  
 dulci alumno, qui possit sapere, et  
*for her darling foster-child, if he could think, and*  
 fari quæ sentiat, et cui gratia, fama,  
*express what he thinks, and to whom esteem, reputation,*  
 valetudo contingat abunde, et mundus victus,  
*health fall in abundance, and a decent living,*  
 non deficiente Camena. Inter spem curamque,  
*with a never-failing poetic vein. Amidst hope and care,*  
 inter timores et iras, crede omnem  
*amidst fears and angry passions, imagine that every*  
 diem diluxisse tibi supremum. Hora, quæ  
*day has dawned upon you as the last. The hour, that*  
 non sperabitur, superveniet grata. Quum  
*shall not be expected, will come the more welcome. When*  
 voles ridere vises me pinguem ac  
*you shall wish to laugh you shall visit me plump and*  
 nitidum bene curata cute, porcum de  
*sleek with a well cared-for skin, a hog from*  
 grege Epicuri.  
*the herd of Epicurus.*