

ODE XIV.

TO POSTUMUS.

EHEU! Postume, Postume! fugaces anni  
*Alas! Postumus, Postumus! the fleeting years*  
 labuntur; nec pietas afferet moram rugis  
*glide by; nor will piety cause any delay to wrinkles*  
 et instanti senectæ, indomitæque morti. Non,  
*and approaching age, and invincible death. No,*  
 amice, si places illacrimabilem  
*my friend, (even) though thou mayest appease inexorable*  
 Plutona trecentis tauris quot quot dies  
*Pluto with three hundred bulls for every day*  
 eunt;— qui compescit ter amplum Geryonen,  
*that passes;— who imprisons three bodied Geryon,*  
 Tityonque tristi  
*(a monster of triple size,) and Tityus, by (that) gloomy*

unda scilicet enaviganda omnibus  
*stream, that must undoubtedly be crossed by all*  
 quicumque vescimur munere terræ,  
*of us who are nourished by (enjoy) the bounty of the earth,*  
 sive erimus reges sive inopes coloni. Frustra  
*whether we be kings or needy husbandmen. In vain*  
 carebimus cruento Marte, fractisque  
*shall we avoid bloodstained (warlike) Mars, and the broken*  
 fluctibus rauci Adriæ; frustra metuemus  
*waves of the hoarse Adriatic; in vain shall we dread*  
 Austrum, nocentem corporibus per  
*the south wind, injurious to our persons during the*  
 auctumnos; ater Cocytos errans  
*Autumn months; the gloomy Cocytus flowing with*  
 languido flumine, et infame genus Danai,  
*its languid current, and the notorious race of Danaïis*  
 Sisyphus, Æolides, damnatusque longi  
*and Sisyphus, son of Æolus, condemned to everlasting*

laboris, visendus. Tellus et domus et  
*labor, must be visited. Thy land, and mansion, and*  
 placens uxor linqenda; neque ulla harum  
*pleasing wife must be forsaken; nor shall any of those*  
 arborum, quas colis, præter invisas  
*trees which thou art rearing, except the odious*  
 cypresses, sequetur te, brevem dominum.  
*cypresses, follow thee, (their) short-lived master.*  
 Dignior hæres absumet Cæcuba servata  
*A worthier heir shall consume thy Cæcuban preserved*  
 centum clavibus, et tinget pavimentum  
*under a hundred keys, and shall stain the pavement*  
 superbo mero potiore  
*with generous wine superior to (that quaffed at)*  
 cœnis pontificum.  
*the banquets of the pontiffs.*

ODE 4.7 – 123-4

ODE VII.

TO TORQUATUS.

NIVES diffugere; gramina jam redeunt  
*The snows have fled; their verdure is now returning*  
 campis, que comæ arboribus. Terra  
*to the fields, and their foliage to the trees. The earth is*  
 mutat vices, et decrescientia flumina  
*changing its appearance, and the sinking rivers*  
 prætereunt ripas; Gratia nuda audet  
*glide within their banks; a Grace unclad (now) venture*  
 ducere choros cum Nymphis que geminis  
*to lead the dance with the Nymphs and her twin-*  
 sororibus. Annus et hora quæ rapit  
*sisters. The year and the hour which hurries away*  
 alnum diem, monet ne speres immortalia.  
*the cheerful day, warn (thee) not to expect everlasting bliss.*

Frigora mitescunt zephyris; æstas  
*The cold seasons are mitigated by the zephyrs; the summer*  
 proterit ver, peritura simul  
*follows close upon spring, (itself) doomed to perish as soon as*  
 pomifer autumnus effuderit fruges, et mox  
*fruitful autumn sheds its stores, and immediately*  
 iners bruma recurrit. Tamen, celeres lunæ  
*inactive winter returns. However, the rapid months*  
 reparant damna cœlestia ubi nos decidimus  
*repair the losses of the firmament; when we descend*  
 quo pius Æneas, quo dives Tullus  
*to whither dutiful Æneas, whither the wealthy Tullus*  
 et Ancus sumus pulvis et umbra.  
*and Ancus (have preceded us,) we are dust and shade*  
 Quis scit an di superi adjiciant tempora  
*Who knows whether the gods above will add the hours*  
 erastinæ summæ hodiernæ? Cuncta quæ  
*of to-morrow to the sum of to-day? Everything which*

dederis amico animo fugient  
*thou shalt have given to thy genial soul will escape*  
 avidas manus hæredis. Quum semel occideris,  
*the grasping hands of thy heir. When once thou shalt be dead,*  
 Torquate, et Minos fecit splendida arbitria  
*Torquatus, and Minos has passed his impartial sentence*  
 de te, non genus, non facundia, non pietas  
*on thee, not birth, nor eloquence, nor filial affection*  
 restituet te, te! Enim neque Diana liberat  
*shall restore thee, thee! For neither can Diana release*  
 pudicum Hippolytum tenebris infernis,  
*the chaste Hippolytus from the darkness of the lower world*  
 nec Theseus vatet arumpere Lethæa vincula  
*nor is Theseus able to tear off the Lethæan bonds*  
 caro Pirithoo.  
*from his beloved Pirithous.*