

C. TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE, 1913

I.

BOOK IV, ODE 7

Farewell, runaway snows! For the meadow is green, and the tree stands
 Clad in her beautiful hair.
 New life leavens the land! The river, once where the lea stands,
 Hideth and huggeth his lair.
 Beauty with shining limbs 'mid the Graces comes forth, and in glee stands,
 Ringed with the rythmical fair.

Hope not, mortal, to live forever, the year whispers lowly.
 Hope not, time murmurs, and flies.
 Soft is the frozen sod to the Zephyr's sandal, as wholly
 Summer drives Spring from the skies,—
 Dying when earth receives the fruits of Autumn, till slowly
 Forth Winter creeps, and she dies.

Yet what escapes from heaven, the fleet moons capture, retrieving;
 When through Death's dream we survey
 Heroes and kings of old, in lands of infinite grieving,
 What are we? Shadow and clay.
 Say will rulers above us the fate tomorrow is weaving
 Add to the sum of today?

Hear me: whatever thou giv'st to thine own dear soul, shall not pleasure
 Hungering fingers of kin.
 Once in the gloom, when the judge of Shades in pitiless measure
 Dooms thee to journey within,
 Birth, nor eloquent speech, nor gift of piety's treasure
 Opens the portal of sin.

Never, goddess of chasteness, from night infernal thou freest
 One who for chastity fell.
 Ever, hero of Athens, him who loved thee thou seest
 Writhe in the chainings of Hell.