

Horace Book 1, Ode 11

Tū nē quaesierīs, scīre nefās, quem mihi, quem tibi
finem dī dederint, Leuconoē, nec Babylōniōs
temptāris numerōs. Ut melius, quidquid erit, patī,
seu plūrēs hiemēs seu tribuit Iuppiter ultimam,
quae nunc oppositīs dēbilitat pūmicibus mare
Tyrrhēnum. Sapiās, vīna liquēs, et spatiō brevī
spem longam resecēs. Dum loquimur, fūgerit invida
aetās: carpe diem, quam minimum crēdula posterō.

You may not ask, to know is forbidden, what end, to me,
to you, the gods have given, Colinda, nor be tempted by
the Babylonian numbers. So much better to endure whatever will be,
whether more winters, or the last one Jupiter has parceled out,
which now cripples the Tyrrhenian Sea against the rocks.
May you savor, decant the wine, and in a short space
cut back long hope. While we speak, life's grudging time has
fled. Reap the day, trusting in the next so very little.