

*Horace in English seeks to reach through translation to Roman Horace, the friend of Virgil and Maecenas, while at the same time presenting a many faceted portrait of English Horace, moralist, love poet, patriot, ironist, wit, convivial companion, everyman's poet for all occasions.*

I hate the vulgar crowd, and keep them away: A priest of the Muses, I sing a song never heard before, I sing a song for young women and boys. The power of dread kings over their peoples, is the power Jove has over those kings themselves, famed for his defeat of the Giants, controlling all with a nod of his head. He who only longs for what is sufficient, is never disturbed by tumultuous seas, nor the savage power of Arcturus setting, nor the strength of the Kids rising, nor his vineyards being lashed by the hailstones, nor his treacherous farmland, rain being blamed for the state of the trees, the dog-star parching the fields, or the cruel winter. So if neither Phrygian stone, nor purple, brighter than the constellations, can solace the grieving man, nor Falernian wine, nor the perfumes purchased from Persia, why should I build a regal hall in modern style, with lofty columns to stir up envy? Why should I change my Sabine valley, for the heavier burden of excess wealth? Virtue, that opens the heavens for those who did not deserve to die, takes a road denied to others, and scorns the vulgar crowd and the bloodied earth, on ascending wings. I forbid the man who divulged those secret rites of Ceres, to exist beneath the same roof as I, or untie with me the fragile boat: By these means Pollux, and wandering Hercules, in their effort, reached the fiery citadels, where Augustus shall recline one day, drinking nectar to stain his rosy lips. Bacchus, for such virtues your tigers drew you, pulling at the yoke holding their untamed necks: But I prophesy such fate for her warlike citizens, with this proviso: Stop wilfully repeating divine conversations, and weakening great matters with these trivial metres. Do you hear her, or does some lovely fancy toy with me? I hear, and seem to wander, now, through the sacred groves, where delightful waters steal, where delightful breezes stray. You give calm advice, and you delight in that giving, kindly ones. We know how the evil Titans, how their savage supporters were struck down by the lightning from above, by him who rules the silent earth, the stormy sea, the cities, and the kingdoms of darkness, alone, in imperial justice, commanding the gods and the mortal crowd. Great terror was visited on Jupiter by all those bold warriors bristling with hands, and by the brothers who tried to set Pelion on shadowy Olympus. Power without wisdom falls by its own weight: The gods themselves advance temperate power: Let hundred-handed Gyas be the witness to my statement: The swift fires have not yet eaten Aetna, set there, nor the vultures ceased tearing at the liver of intemperate Tityus, those guardians placed over his sin: We believe thunderous Jupiter rules the sky: Augustus is considered a god on earth, for adding the Britons, and likewise the weight of the Persians to our empire. Do you think that our soldiers ransomed for gold, will fight more fiercely next time! Yet he knew what the barbarous torturer was preparing for him. You rule because you are lower than the gods you worship: Neglected gods have made many woes for sad Italy. Already Parthians, and Monaeses and Pacorus, have crushed our inauspicious assaults, and laugh now to have added our spoils to their meagre treasures. Dacians and Ethiopians almost toppled the City, mired in civil war, the last feared for their fleet of ships, and the others who are best known for their flying arrows. Our age, fertile in its wickedness, has first defiled the marriage bed, our offspring, and homes: The young girl early takes delight in learning Greek dances, in being dressed with all the arts, and soon meditates sinful affairs, with every fibre of her new being: The young men who stained the Punic Sea with blood they were not born of such parentage, those who struck at Pyrrhus, and struck at great Antiochus, and fearful Hannibal: What do the harmful days not render less? VII Be True Why weep, Asterie, for Gyges, whom west winds will bring back to you at the first breath of springtime, your lover constant in faith, blessed with goods, from Bithynia? She tells how a treacherous woman, making false accusations, drove credulous Proteus to bring a too-hasty death to a too-chaste Bellerophon: But take care yourself lest Enipeus, next door, pleases you more than is proper: VIII Celebration You, an expert in prose in either language, wonder what I, a bachelor, am doing on the Kalends of March, what do the flowers mean, the box of incense, and the embers laid out on the fresh cut turf. I vowed sweet meats to Bacchus, vowed a pure white goat, at that time when I was so nearly killed by a falling tree. Leave the cares of state behind in the

City: Cerberus, the frightful doorkeeper of Hell, yielded to your charms, though a hundred snakes guarded his fearful head, and a hideous breath flowed out of his mouth and poisoned venom was frothing around his triple-tongued jaws. Impious what worse could they have committed? I, gentler than them, will never strike you, or hold you under lock and key. Let my father weigh me down with cruel chains, because in mercy I spared my wretched man: Go, wherever your feet and the winds take you, while Venus, and Night, both favour you: The implacable hour of the blazing dog-star knows no way to touch you, you offer your lovely coolness to bullocks, weary of ploughing, and to wandering flocks. And you, O you boys and you young girls who are still without husbands, spare us any of your ill-omened words This day will be a true holiday for me, and banish dark care: And tell that graceful Neaera to hurry and fasten all her perfumed hair in a knot: My greying hair softens a spirit eager for arguments and passionate fights: O, dear wife of poor Ibycus, put an end to your wickedness, at last, and all of your infamous goings-on: What fits Pholoe is not quite fitting for you, Chloris: Her love for Nothus forces her to gambol like a lascivious she-goat: Anxiety, and the hunger for more, pursues growing wealth. The more that a man denies himself, then the more will flow from the gods: A stream of pure water, a few woodland acres, and a confident faith in the crops from my fields, are more blessed than the fate that deceives the shining master of fertile Africa. I can eke out my income more effectively by constraining what I desire, than if I were to join the Mygdonian plains to the Lydian kingdom. To those who want much, much is lacking: XVII The Approaching Storm Aelius, noble descendant of ancient Lamus and they say the Lamiae of old were named from him, the ancestral line, through all of our recorded history: Tomorrow a storm sent from the East, will fill all the woodland grove with leaves, and the sands with useless weed, unless the raven, old prophet of rain, is wrong. Pile up the dry firewood while you can: XVIII To Faunus Faunus, the lover of Nymphs who are fleeing, may you pass gently over my boundaries, my sunny fields, and, as you go by, be kind to all my new-born, if at the end of the year a tender kid is sacrificed to you: All the flock gambols over the grassy plain, when the fifth of December returns for you: I like to rave: Why is the pipe hanging there speechless, next door to the speechless lyre? I dislike those hands that refrain: Ripe Rhode is searching for you, Telephus, you with the glistening hair, oh you, who are like the pure evening star: You apply gentle torture to wits that are mostly dull: You, Bacchus, and delightful Venus, if she would come, the Graces, reluctant to dissolve their knot, and the bright lamps, will be here, till Phoebus puts the stars to flight again. Since the destined victim, grazing, on snowy Algidus, amongst the oak and ilex trees, or fattening in the Alban meadows, will stain the axes of the priest with blood: There, as their own, the unselfish women raise those children who have lost their mothers: What use are sad lamentations, if crime is never suppressed by its punishment? What use are all these empty laws without the behaviour that should accompany them? Let the source of our perverted greed be lost, and then let our inadequate minds be trained in more serious things. To what caves or groves, driven, swiftly, by new inspiration? So does the sleepless Bacchante, stand in amazement on a mountain-ridge, gazing at Hebrus, at Thrace, shining with snow, at Rhodope, trodden by barbarous feet, even as I like to wander gazing, at river banks, and echoing groves. O, Lenaeus, the danger of following a god is sweet, wreathing my brow with green leaves of the vine. Here, O here, place the shining torches, and set up the crowbars, and set up the axes, so that they menace opposite doorways. XXVII Europa Let the wicked be led by omens of screeching from owls, by pregnant dogs, or a grey-she wolf, hurrying down from Lanuvian meadows, or a fox with young: Galatea, wherever you choose to live may you be happy, and live in thought of me: But see, with what storms flickering Orion is setting. Let the wives and children of our enemy feel the blind force of the rising southerly, and the thunder of the dark waters, the shores trembling at the blow. Leaving the meadow, where, lost among flowers, she was weaving a garland owed to the Nymphs, now, in the luminous night, she saw nothing but water and stars. As soon as she reached the shores of Crete, mighty with its hundred cities, she cried: Where have I come from, where am I going? Am I awake, weeping a vile act, or free from guilt, mocked by a phantom, that fleeing, false, from the ivory gate brings only a dream? Is it not better to pick fresh flowers than to go travelling over the breadths of the sea? O if one of the gods can hear, I wish I might walk naked with lions! My absent father urges me on: Happily you can hang by the neck from this ash-tree: Venus was laughing, treacherously, with her son, his bow unstrung. Stop your sobbing, and learn to carry your good fortune well: Venus, drawn by her swans: Escape from what delays you: Forget the

fastidiousness of riches, and those efforts to climb to the lofty clouds, stop being so amazed by the smoke, and the wealth, and the noise, of thriving Rome. A change usually pleases the rich: Now the shepherd, with his listless flock, searches for the shade, and the stream and the thickets of shaggy Silvanus, the silent banks lack even the breath of a wandering breeze. Remember, with calmness, reconcile yourself to what is: Fortune takes delight in her cruel business, determined to play her extravagant games, and she alters her fickle esteem, now kind to me, and, now, to some other. Melpomene, take pride, in what has been earned by your merit, and, Muse, willingly, crown my hair, with the Delphic laurel. Index of First Lines.

**Chapter 2 : Odes (Horace) - Wikipedia**

*Quintus Horatius Flaccus (December 8, 65 BC - November 27, 8 BC), known in the English-speaking world as Horace (/ ˈh ɛr ɛ s /), was the leading Roman lyric poet during the time of Augustus (also known as Octavian).*

Historical context[ edit ] Horace composed in traditional metres borrowed from Archaic Greece , employing hexameters in his Satires and Epistles, and iambs in his Epodes, all of which were relatively easy to adapt into Latin forms. His Odes featured more complex measures, including alcaics and sapphics , which were sometimes a difficult fit for Latin structure and syntax. Despite these traditional metres, he presented himself as a partisan in the development of a new and sophisticated style. He was influenced in particular by Hellenistic aesthetics of brevity, elegance and polish, as modeled in the work of Callimachus. Though elitist in its literary standards, it was written for a wide audience, as a public form of art. Archilochus and Alcaeus were aristocratic Greeks whose poetry had a social and religious function that was immediately intelligible to their audiences but which became a mere artifice or literary motif when transposed to Rome. However, the artifice of the Odes is also integral to their success, since they could now accommodate a wide range of emotional effects, and the blend of Greek and Roman elements adds a sense of detachment and universality. It was no idle boast. Whereas Archilochus presented himself as a serious and vigorous opponent of wrong-doers, Horace aimed for comic effects and adopted the persona of a weak and ineffectual critic of his times as symbolized for example in his surrender to the witch Canidia in the final epode. His work expressed genuine freedom or *libertas*. Horace instead adopted an oblique and ironic style of satire, ridiculing stock characters and anonymous targets. His *libertas* was the private freedom of a philosophical outlook, not a political or social privilege. There was nothing like it in Greek or Roman literature. Occasionally poems had had some resemblance to letters, including an elegiac poem from Solon to Mimnermus and some lyrical poems from Pindar to Hieron of Syracuse. Lucilius had composed a satire in the form of a letter, and some epistolary poems were composed by Catullus and Propertius. But nobody before Horace had ever composed an entire collection of verse letters, [73] let alone letters with a focus on philosophical problems. The sophisticated and flexible style that he had developed in his Satires was adapted to the more serious needs of this new genre. His craftsmanship as a wordsmith is apparent even in his earliest attempts at this or that kind of poetry, but his handling of each genre tended to improve over time as he adapted it to his own needs. Nevertheless, the first book includes some of his most popular poems. This often takes the form of allusions to the work and philosophy of Bion of Borysthenes [nb 13] but it is as much a literary game as a philosophical alignment. By the time he composed his Epistles, he was a critic of Cynicism along with all impractical and "high-falutin" philosophy in general. Over time, he becomes more confident about his political voice. Epicureanism is the dominant influence, characterizing about twice as many of these odes as Stoicism. A group of odes combines these two influences in tense relationships, such as Odes 1. While generally favouring the Epicurean lifestyle, the lyric poet is as eclectic as the satiric poet, and in Odes 2. This book shows greater poetic confidence after the public performance of his "Carmen saeculare" or "Century hymn" at a public festival orchestrated by Augustus. In it, Horace addresses the emperor Augustus directly with more confidence and proclaims his power to grant poetic immortality to those he praises. It is the least philosophical collection of his verses, excepting the twelfth ode, addressed to the dead Virgil as if he were living. In that ode, the epic poet and the lyric poet are aligned with Stoicism and Epicureanism respectively, in a mood of bitter-sweet pathos. What is true and what befits is my care, this my question, this my whole concern. Ambiguity is the hallmark of the Epistles. It is uncertain if those being addressed by the self-mocking poet-philosopher are being honoured or criticized. Though he emerges as an Epicurean, it is on the understanding that philosophical preferences, like political and social choices, are a matter of personal taste. Thus he depicts the ups and downs of the philosophical life more realistically than do most philosophers. His Odes were to become the best received of all his poems in ancient times, acquiring a classic status that discouraged imitation: We think rather of a voice which varies in tone and resonance but is always recognizable, and which by its unsentimental humanity evokes a very special blend of liking and respect. My friend, you would not tell with such high zest To

children ardent for some desperate glory, The Old Lie: Dulce et decorum est Pro patria mori. More developments are covered epoch by epoch in the following sections. Ovid followed his example in creating a completely natural style of expression in hexameter verse, and Propertius cheekily mimicked him in his third book of elegies. As mentioned before, the brilliance of his Odes may have discouraged imitation. Conversely, they may have created a vogue for the lyrics of the archaic Greek poet Pindar, due to the fact that Horace had neglected that style of lyric see Pindar Influence and legacy. Both Horace and Lucilius were considered good role-models by Persius, who critiqued his own satires as lacking both the acerbity of Lucilius and the gentler touch of Horace. Ancient scholars wrote commentaries on the lyric meters of the Odes, including the scholarly poet Caesius Bassus. By a process called *derivatio*, he varied established meters through the addition or omission of syllables, a technique borrowed by Seneca the Younger when adapting Horatian meters to the stage. Works attributed to Helenius Acro and Pomponius Porphyrio are the remnants of a much larger body of Horatian scholarship. Porphyrio arranged the poems in non-chronological order, beginning with the Odes, because of their general popularity and their appeal to scholars the Odes were to retain this privileged position in the medieval manuscript tradition and thus in modern editions also. Horace was often evoked by poets of the fourth century, such as Ausonius and Claudian. Prudentius presented himself as a Christian Horace, adapting Horatian meters to his own poetry and giving Horatian motifs a Christian tone. What has Horace to do with the Psalter? Boethius, the last major author of classical Latin literature, could still take inspiration from Horace, sometimes mediated by Senecan tragedy. German print of the fifteenth century, summarizing the final ode 4. Classical texts almost ceased being copied in the period between the mid sixth century and the Carolingian revival. These became the ancestors of six extant manuscripts dated to the ninth century. Two of those six manuscripts are French in origin, one was produced in Alsace, and the other three show Irish influence but were probably written in continental monasteries Lombardy for example. His influence on the Carolingian Renaissance can be found in the poems of Heiric of Auxerre [nb 24] and in some manuscripts marked with neumes, mysterious notations that may have been an aid to the memorization and discussion of his lyric meters. This hymn later became the basis of the solfege system Do, re, mi The German scholar, Ludwig Traube, once dubbed the tenth and eleventh centuries The age of Horace *aetas Horatiana*, and placed it between the *aetas Vergiliana* of the eighth and ninth centuries, and the *aetas Ovidiana* of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, a distinction supposed to reflect the dominant classical Latin influences of those times. Such a distinction is over-schematized since Horace was a substantial influence in the ninth century as well. A twelfth century scholar encapsulated the theory: Horace wrote four different kinds of poems on account of the four ages, the Odes for boys, the *Ars Poetica* for young men, the Satires for mature men, the Epistles for old and complete men. Dante referred to Horace as *Orazio satiro*, and he awarded him a privileged position in the first circle of Hell, with Homer, Ovid and Lucan. The most prolific imitator of his Odes was the Bavarian monk, Metellus of Tegernsee, who dedicated his work to the patron saint of Tegernsee Abbey, St Quirinus, around the year The content of his poems however was restricted to simple piety. His verse letters in Latin were modelled on the Epistles and he wrote a letter to Horace in the form of an ode. However he also borrowed from Horace when composing his Italian sonnets. Montaigne made constant and inventive use of Horatian quotes. The first English translator was Thomas Drant, who placed translations of Jeremiah and Horace side by side in *Medicinable Morall*, Ben Jonson put Horace on the stage in *Poetaster*, along with other classical Latin authors, giving them all their own verses to speak in translation. English literature in the middle of that period has been dubbed Augustan. There were three new editions in two in Leiden, one in Frankfurt and again in Utrecht, Barcelona, Cambridge. Cheap editions were plentiful and fine editions were also produced, including one whose entire text was engraved by John Pine in copperplate. Horace was often commended in periodicals such as *The Spectator*, as a hallmark of good judgement, moderation and manliness, a focus for moralising. The fictional hero Tom Jones recited his verses with feeling. Horatian-style lyrics were increasingly typical of Oxford and Cambridge verse collections for this period, most of them in Latin but some like the previous ode in English. He composed a controversial version of Odes 1. Thus for example Benjamin Loveling authored a catalogue of Drury Lane and Covent Garden prostitutes, in Sapphic stanzas, and an encomium for a dying lady "of salacious memory". Samuel Johnson took particular pleasure in

reading The Odes. He even emerged as "a quite Horatian Homer" in his translation of the Iliad. Quos procax nobis numeros, jocosque Musa dictaret? Milton recommended both works in his treatise of Education. Translations occasionally involved scholars in the dilemmas of censorship. Thus Christopher Smart entirely omitted Odes 4. He also removed the ending of Odes 4. Thomas Creech printed Epodes 8 and 12 in the original Latin but left out their English translations. Philip Francis left out both the English and Latin for those same two epodes, a gap in the numbering the only indication that something was amiss. French editions of Horace were influential in England and these too were regularly bowdlerized. William Thackeray produced a version of Odes 1. Horace was translated by Sir Theodore Martin biographer of Prince Albert but minus some ungentlemanly verses, such as the erotic Odes 1. Lord Lytton produced a popular translation and William Gladstone also wrote translations during his last days as Prime Minister. Housman considered Odes 4. Auden for example evoked the fragile world of the s in terms echoing Odes 2. And, gentle, do not care to know Where Poland draws her Eastern bow, What violence is done; Nor ask what doubtful act allows Our freedom in this English house, Our picnics in the sun. The obscene qualities of some of the poems have repulsed even scholars [nb 37] yet more recently a better understanding of the nature of Iambic poetry has led to a re-evaluation of the whole collection.

**Chapter 3 : Horacio | Spanish to English Translation - SpanishDict**

*More: English to English translation of Horace Quintus Horatius Flaccus (December 8, 65 BC - November 27, 8 BC), known in the English-speaking world as Horace (or), was the leading Roman lyric poet during the time of Augustus (also known as Octavian).*

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following quotation from "On Education". John Dryden, - There appears in every part of his diction a kind of noble parity. And the well-natured friend cries, "Come away!" Make haste, and leave thy business and thy care; No mortal interest can be worth thy stay. Leave for a while thy costly country seat, And to be great indeed, forget thy nauseous pleasures of the great. Thy turret that surveys from high The smoke, and wealth, and noise of Home, And all the busy pagantry That wise men scorn and fools adore. Come, give thy soul a loose, and taste the pleasures of the poor. "Happy the man, and happy he alone He who can call today his own; He who, secure within, can say. Be fair or foal or rain or shine. Not heaven itself upon the past has power. And what has been, has been, and I have had my hour. Proud of her office to destroy. Is seldom pleased to bless; Still various, and unconstant still. But with an inclination to be ill. And makes a lottery of life. And shakes the wings, and will not stay, I puff the prostitute away. The little or the much she gave is quietly resigned; Content with poverty, my soul I arm. And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm. Then let the greedy merchant fear For his ill gotten gain, And pray to gods, that will not hear. While the debating winds and hillows hear His wealth into the main. Secure of what I cannot lose. In my small pinnacle I can sail. Will like a friend familiarly convey The truest notions in the easiest way He, who supreme in Judgment, as in wit. Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ Yet Judged with coolness, the he sung with fire His precepts teach but what his works inspire. Read them by day and meditate by night. But for all his miraculous ingenuity in adapting Horace to his own needs. What Horace would only smile at. Pope would treat with the great severity of a Perseus: Pope would strike with the apostolic lightning of a Juvenal Horace would content himself with tugging into ridiculed William Wordsworth - - By noise and strife and questions wearisome And the vain splendours of imperial Rome. Never shall ruthless minister of death Mid thy soft gloom the glittering steel unsheath; No goblets shall, for thee, be crowned with flowers. No kid with piteous outcry thrill thy bowers. Or death shall knock that never knocks in vain. Odes I, 4, Digitized by Google Digitized by Google Cp. Ode I, 37, Byron had conceived a great dislike for Horace in his school days, he says he was compelled to study his poems. Awakening without wounding the touched heart. In "Don Juan" 14, 77, he calls Horace "The great, little poet. Ten years later in a letter to Murray he says, "I look upon it Digitized by Google Digitized by Google Hints from Horace and my Father as by far the best things of my doing. On the title page of "Hours of Idleness. The copious use of claret is forbid too. Shelley was more influenced by Horace than Byron, on account of his poetic love and appreciation of lyric expression; that he was essentially Greek in his tastes and so cared less for Horace. Odes I, 3, Keats also unconsciously endeavored to avoid foreign influence. To his brother, he wrote:

**Chapter 4 : Horace: Some Satires in English Translation**

*These "In English" books by Penguin are like gold. Great translations of the classics by the greatest poets, covering all historical periods, usually prefaced with a fascinating introduction about the reception of the author throughout history.*

Book 1 [ edit ] Book 1 consists of 38 poems. To win the title of a lyric poet is all that Horace desires. He imagines that the disaster is caused by the wrath of Ilia the wife of Tiber, the civil wars, and the assassination of Julius Caesar. Augustus, as Mercury in human shape, is invoked to save the empire. Horace urges his friend Sestius "vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat incohare longam" The brief sum of life forbids us cling to far-off hope. Vipsanius Agrippa, the distinguished Roman Commander. The snow is deep and the frost is keen "Pile high the hearth and bring out old wine" Leave all else to the gods. It is vain to inquire into the future "Let us enjoy the present, for this is all we can command. It closes with the famous line: He exhorts it to beware of fresh perils and keep safely in harbor. He describes the sad effects of unbridled anger, and urges her to restrain hers. Si quid vacui sub umbra He implores her to preserve Augustus in his distant expeditions, and to save the state from ruinous civil wars. The tone of triumph over the fallen queen is tempered by a tribute of admiration to her lofty pride and resolute courage. Book 2 [ edit ] Book 2 consists of 20 poems. A lament for the carnage caused by the conflicts of the Romans with their fellow-citizens. The love of gain grows by self-indulgence. The moderate man is the genuine king. Let us enjoy our life while we may, for death will soon strip us all alike of our possessions. The poet prays that Tibur may be the resting-place of his old age; or, if that may not be, he will choose the country which lies around Tarentum. Valgius Rufus on the death of his son Mystes. Since all troubles have their natural end, do not mourn overmuch. Rather let us celebrate the latest victories of Augustus. The moderate life is the perfect life. This same event is also alluded to in Odes, II. After expressing his indignation against the person who planted the tree, he passes to a general reflection on the uncertainty of life and the realms of dark Proserpine. Nothing can stay the advance of decay and death, the common doom of all on earth. Men pile up wealth, only for another to waste it. Contentment, not wealth, makes genuine happiness. Book 3 consists of 30 poems. The worthlessness of riches and rank. The praise of contentment. Care cannot be banished by change of scene. They also do so to Augustus, and prompt him to clemency and kindness. The evils of violence and arrogance, on the other hand, are exemplified by the Titans and Giants, and others. The disgraceful actions of the troops of Crassus who married Parthians after being taken prisoner are contrasted by the noble example of Regulus who was released from Carthage to negotiate a peace, but dissuaded the Senate, and then returned to Carthage to be tortured to death. The ode concludes with the tale of the daughters of Danaus, and their doom in the underworld. Only thoughts of handsome Hebrus take her mind off her troubles. True contentment is to be satisfied with little, as Horace is with his Sabine farm. Valerius Messala Corvinus, sings of the manifold virtues of wine. A simple life like that of the Scythians is the healthiest and best. Stringent laws are needed to curb the present luxury and licentiousness. But he begs of Venus, as a last request, that his slighted love may not go unavenged. He bids her to beware, lest the mild aspect of the deceitful skies lead her astray "for it was through lack of caution that Europa was carried away across the sea. He bids him to remember that we must live wisely and well in the present, as the future is uncertain. Exegi monumentum aere perennius I have raised a monument more permanent than bronze. Book 4 [ edit ] Horace published a fourth book of Odes in 13 BC consisting of 15 poems. Horace acknowledged the gap in time with the first words of the opening poem of the collection: He bids her to turn to a more youthful and worthy subject, his friend Paulus Maximus. Horace declines, alleging lack of talent, and requests Iulus to compose the poem himself. This ode praises Drusus, the younger son of the Empress Livia, on his victory over the Raeti and Vindelici. Drusus is compared to a young eagle and lion. His stepfather Augustus is also praised as having trained him to greatness. This ode is an invocation to Apollo, begging help and inspiration for this important task. Though the earth renews itself, and the waning moon waxes afresh, yet death is the ending of human life. Let us then make the best of our days while they last. Marcius Censorinus and probably sent as a Saturnalian gift. Horace would give bronze vases, or tripods, or gems of Grecian art, but he does not have these. What he has to give instead is the immortality of a poem. The

breezes and birds have returned” An invitation to a feast of Spring” The poet agrees to supply the wine, if Virgil will bring a box of perfumes. Horace honors the courage and exploits of Tiberius , the elder son of the empress Livia, on his victories over the tribes of the Raetian Alps. He then praises Augustus, whom he extols as the glory of the war, the defense of Roman and Italy, and as the undisputed ruler of the world.

**Chapter 5 : Horace - Horace Poems - Poem Hunter**

*I haven't finished it yet, but this is by far the best way to read Horace in English. This book traces the English translators of Horace since the Renaissance and it is wonderful to see the appeal the poet has had on both great poets and ordinary people.*

All of what is said there applies in the case of Horace as well -- and then some. But there is something quintessentially Roman about the Satires and Epistles: Horace was the son of a freed slave, as he himself tells us; he was not born into the same type of aristocratic environment as, say, Julius Caesar. Imagine his thrill and trepidation when, having made friends with Vergil, he was introduced to Augustus himself! By virtue of his poetic genius, he eventually found himself traveling in the most exalted social circles in Rome. This gift meant, among other things, space and time to write -- the most important gift any artist can receive. Once again, as with Catullus, these English translations are meant only as a stopgap measure. The metrical constraints of the dactylic hexameter notwithstanding, it may be that we sometimes hear here the authentic sound of Latin as it was spoken conversationally in Rome of the first century BCE. This, combined with the wisdom of Stoic philosophy, which they purvey not in treatise format but in stories and dialogues, makes them irreplaceably valuable. English versions of the Satires here are taken or adapted from the translation by C. Commentary on the English text can be found online at the Perseus website. A certain person, known to me by name only, runs up; and, having seized my hand, "How do you do, my dearest fellow? But, "You know me," says he: When the sweat ran down to the bottom of my ankles. O, said I to myself, Bolanus, how happy were you in a headpiece! Meanwhile he kept prating on any thing that came uppermost, praised the streets, the city; and, when I made him no answer; "You want terribly," said he "to get away; I perceived it long ago; but you effect nothing. I shall still stick close to you; I shall follow you hence: I want to see a person, who is unknown to you: Who can move his limbs with softer grace [in the dance]? And then I sing, so that even Hermogenes may envy. No man ever made use of opportunity with more cleverness. You should have a powerful assistant, who could play an underpart, if you were disposed to recommend this man; may I perish, if you should not supplant all the rest! It is never of any disservice to me, that any particular person is wealthier or a better scholar than I am: Life allows nothing to mortals without great labor. Fuscus Aristius comes up, a dear friend of mine, and one who knows the fellow well. We make a stop. I began to twitch him [by the elbow], and to take hold of his arms [that were affectedly] passive, nodding and distorting my eyes, that he might rescue me. Cruelly arch he laughs, and pretends not to take the hint: Would you affront the circumcised Jews? I am something weaker, one of the multitude. You must forgive me: I will speak with you on another occasion. The wicked rogue runs away, and leaves me under the knife. But by luck his adversary met him: He hurries him into court: Thus did Apollo rescue me. The gods have done more abundantly, and better, for me [than this]. O son of Maia, I ask nothing more save that you would render these donations lasting to me. If I have neither made my estate larger by bad means, nor am in a way to make it less by vice or misconduct; if I do not foolishly make any petition of this sort -- "Oh that that neighboring angle, which now spoils the regularity of my field, could be added! Oh that some accident would discover to me an urn [full] of money! Wherefore, when I have removed myself from the city to the mountains and my castle, what can I polish, preferably to my satires and prosaic muse? Father of the morning, or Janus, if with more pleasure thou hearest thyself [called by that name], from whom men commence the toils of business, and of life such is the will of the gods, be thou the beginning of my song. At Rome you hurry me away to be bail; "Away, dispatch, [you cry,] lest any one should be beforehand with you in doing that friendly office": I must go, at all events, whether the north wind sweep the earth, or winter contracts the snowy day into a arrower circle. After this, having uttered in a clear and determinate manner [the legal form], which may be a detriment to me, I must bustle through the crowd; and must disoblige the tardy. I will not tell a lie. The seventh year approaching to the eighth is now elapsed, from the time that Maecenas began to reckon me in the number of his friends; only thus far, as one he would like to take along with him in his chariot, when he went a journey, and to whom he would trust such kind of trifles as these: For all this time, every day and hour, I have been more subjected to envy. Our son of fortune

here, says everybody, witnessed the shows in company with [Maecenas], and played with him in the Campus Martius. Does any disheartening report spread from the rostrum through the streets, whoever comes in my way consults me [concerning it]: Among things of this nature the day is wasted by me, mortified as I am, not without such wishes as these: O countryside, when shall I behold thee? O evenings, and suppers fit for gods! Meanwhile, my neighbor Cervius prates away old stories relative to the subject. For, if any one ignorantly commends the troublesome riches of Aurelius, he thus begins: What need of many words? He neither grudged him the hoarded vetches, nor the long oats; and bringing in his mouth a dry plum, and nibbled scraps of bacon, presented them to him, being desirous by the variety of the supper to get the better of the daintiness of his guest, who hardly touched with his delicate tooth the several things: Will you not prefer men and the city to the savage woods? Take my advice, and go along with me to the city: Wherefore, my good friend, while it is in your power, live happy in joyous circumstances: And now the night possessed the middle region of the heavens, when each of them set foot in a gorgeous palace, where carpets dyed with crimson grain glittered upon ivory couches, and many baskets of a magnificent entertainment remained, which had yesterday been set by in baskets piled upon one another. After he had placed the peasant then, stretched at ease, upon a splendid carpet; he bustles about like an adroit host, and keeps bringing up one dish close upon another, and with an affected civility performs all the ceremonies, first tasting of every thing he serves up. He, reclined, rejoices in the change of his situation, and acts the part of a boon companion in the good cheer: The dramatic occasion is the festival of the Saturnalia, a carnivalesque moment in the calendar during which slaves and masters temporarily changed places. In the course of this conversation comes a philosophical lesson on what it means to be truly free. I have been listening to you a long while now, and would like to say a few things in return; but, being a slave, I am afraid to. Yes, Dauus, a faithful servant to his master and an honest one -- at least enough so for you to let him go on living. Well since our ancestors decreed it so, use the freedom of December [i. Some people are dependably fond of their vices, and stick to them regularly. Some swim back and forth, clinging now to right, now to wrong. The notorious Priscus was sometimes seen wearing three rings, sometimes wearing none. He was so flighty that he would change his toga every hour; starting out from a magnificent mansion, he would soon find himself in a place from which not even a decent freedman could emerge with self-respect. One moment he was a Roman libertine; the next, an Athenian sage -- unseasonable in any season. That buffoon, Volanerius, when well-deserved gout had crippled his fingers, hired a servant to take up the dice and put them into a box for him: You good-for-nothing, will you get to the point sometime today? What is all this about? How so, you scoundrel? At Rome, you long for the country; then, when you are out in the country, you extol the absent city to the skies. If it happens you are not invited out anywhere to supper, you praise your own quiet dish of vegetables -- as if you only ever go out when you are forced to -- and you declare how lucky you are, and that you love not having to go out drinking. Miluius, and the other rascals who expected to be your guests, go off muttering things unfit to repeat. But seeing you are as I am, and perhaps something worse, why do you call me to account, as if you were the better man, and disguise your own vice with euphemisms? When my sharp urges drive me, she -- naked in the lamplight, whoever she may be -- takes the lashes of my swollen tail; or, with me on my back, she -- horny herself -- rides me like a horse between her thighs. But then she sends me on my way, neither dishonored, nor caring whether a richer or a handsomer man pisses in the same spot. But you, when you have cast off the insignia of your rank, your equestrian ring and your Roman habit, turn from a magistrate into a wretched slave, hiding with a hooded cape your perfumed head: You are brought inside, trembling, your bones shaking both with desire and with fear. Or even more so over the seducer? But she has changed neither her clothing nor her place, nor offends more than you do; since the woman is in dread of you, nor gives any credit to you, though you profess to love her. You must go under the yoke knowingly, and put all your fortune, your life, and reputation, together with your body, into the power of a furious husband. I suppose, then, you will be afraid for the future; and, being warned, will be cautious. No, you will look for your next chance to be in terror, to be in danger of death. O so often a slave! What beast, when it has once broken free of its chains, absurdly hands itself over to them again? But just take away the danger, and vagrant nature will spring forth, when restraints are removed. Are you my master, subject as you are to the dominion of so many things and people? You whom the rod of manumission,

though it be tapped on you three or four times, could never free from this wretched anxiety? And another thing, just as important: You, for example, who have the command of me, are the wretched slave of another, and are led about, like a puppet movable by means of wires not its own. The wise man, who has dominion over himself; whom neither poverty, nor death, nor chains can frighten; strong enough to defy his own passions and to scorn prestige; and, complete in himself, smooth as a sphere onto which nothing external can fasten; a man against whom Fortuna, attempting harm, can harm only herself. Can you see yourself in any of these qualities?

**Chapter 6 : Horace: Odes in Latin + English by Horace**

*Translation for 'Horace' in the free French-English dictionary and many other English translations.*

And who would want to? Horace is a master of lyric poetry. To learn better how we speak as poets, we should all be looking at and coming to grips with Horace. And even for those who do, the collapse that exists between Latin and English can seem insurmountable. I was a terrible student when I studied Latin and Greek and have since forgotten much of it. Looking back now, I can see that I looked at foreign languages more as a different speaking-code that could be translated into English with a few admitted bumps along the way, rather than another way of thinking—perhaps even another way of being. It keeps me humble I hope. Because language is a rite of initiation of sorts, it has to be done with humans. At the end of the day, most translators have to admit that they are only able to be accurate in one or two ways, and that these accuracies come at the expense of other accuracies. A translator may, for example, attempt to imitate the free and easy rhythm of the original, but to do so in English, the translator may need to reorder the ideas and images in the original. That is, we first must recognize the limits of translation, while also acknowledging and appreciating, I think what the translator adds to the translation. The collection that J. All or almost have had some experience translating from a classical language. All the poets, with the exception of Simic, grew up speaking one of the major incarnations of modern English American, British, Irish, Canadian, Australian. As such, it is a valuable collection to add to the stable of Horace translations. From them, you can learn a lot about Horace as a poet. But I suspect you can also learn more about the translators as poets themselves, and that makes this collection a valuable addition to the study of modern poetry as well. It would be much too large of a task to review how each poet approaches Horace. One poem is not probably enough to enlighten us about how the contemporary poet relates her or his poetics with that of Horace, but thankfully, McClatchy has given readers enough to make a study of each individual poet if a they so chose. The best I can is muddle an assessment in triangulation with another modern edition of Horace I have come to love and admire: *The time is right, in you, for some bold move. Now let your mother go. Now, let me come. They must wrestle with all the objects, by squeezing them in, ordering and directing them to their will. This reinterpetive ordering says much about how the translators as poets relate to Horace. That exercise would, no doubt, yield a large number of insights, and I hope that the readers of this review would do this and return with their findings perhaps shared in the comment section?* Ezra Pound suggested that there are three major components to poetry: In this review I mostly focused on image the most easily translated of the three aspects according to Pound. Maybe some other day. What I wanted to end this review with, however, is with a demonstration of the way that we all carry Horace in our voice, using a poem I wrote as an example. It was a very clear demonstration for me that tradition, for better or worse, was a part of all our voices, and—in a sense—we all need that tradition to speak as poets. Oh what to do? Oh make for port! Your sails are torn! Your mast is shaking! Your oars are gone! Your onboard gods gone overboard! How long, how long Can the eggshell hull so frail hold out? The mast has snapped, sails slap at the wind, your hull needs rope to tie it back together, canvas has torn, but you no longer have gods to get you out of trouble. You make a sailor nervous. You who, not that long ago, were just my headache, my pain in the neck, but who now have my heart aboard, steer clear of those narrow seas that cut past the bright lights marking the rocks of the Cyclades. An endless wind doth tear the sail apace Of forced sighs and trusty fearfulness. To the Harbormaster I wanted to be sure to reach you; though my ship was on the way it got caught in some moorings. I am always tying up and then deciding to depart. In storms and at sunset, with the metallic coils of the tide around my fathomless arms, I am unable to understand the forms of my vanity or I am hard alee with my Polish rudder in my hand and the sun sinking. To you I offer my hull and the tattered cordage of my will. The terrible channels where the wind drives me against the brown lips of the reeds are not all behind me. Yet I trust the sanity of my vessel; and if it sinks, it may well be in answer to the reasoning of the eternal voices, the waves which have kept me from reaching you. Canzonere Like a forgetful, wind tottered garbage scow I float. I wanted to shield it from the gulls who followed the fat, dull smell of death from port to port, pulling out intestines of trash. For you I have been terrible, increasing, lashed to a green whale, desiring spontaneous prose from secret thoughts

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to hold me now. His book of poetry is *Whale of Desire*. He sometimes tweets *micahtowery*. No sailor puts his trust in mere *Paintwork* in danger. *Micah Towery* February 10, , 9: *Austen Ballad* February 11, , 7: I like the conceit and craft of such close translation. This is a wonderful website and I shall return here often. *Micah Towery* February 11, , 9:

**Chapter 7 : Horace - French translation - calendrierdelascience.com English-French dictionary**

*Definition of Horace from the Collins English Dictionary Noun phrases with several determiners Most noun phrases contain only one determiner or none at all, but if there are more, they follow a definite order.*

By their practice, the great Roman poets Horace and Juvenal set indelibly the lineaments of the genre known as the formal verse satire and, in so doing, exerted pervasive, if often indirect, influence on all subsequent literary satire. He also owned a small property and could afford to take his son to Rome and ensure personally his getting the best available education in the school of a famous fellow Sabellian named Orbilius a believer, according to Horace, in corporal punishment. In about 46 bc Horace went to Athens, attending lectures at the Academy. Horace, however, proceeded to Rome, obtaining, either before or after a general amnesty of 39 bc, the minor but quite important post of one of the 36 clerks of the treasury *scribae quaestorii*. He now enrolled Horace in the circle of writers with whom he was friendly. During these years, Horace was working on Book I of the *Satires*, 10 poems written in hexameter verse and published in 35 bc. The *Satires* often exalt the new man, who is the creator of his own fortune and does not owe it to noble lineage. Horace develops his vision with principles taken from Hellenistic philosophy: The ideal of the just mean allows Horace, who is philosophically an Epicurean, to reconcile traditional morality with hedonism. Self-sufficiency is the basis for his aspiration for a quiet life, far from political passions and unrestrained ambition. In the 30s bc his 17 *Epodes* were also under way. Mockery here is almost fierce, the metre being that traditionally used for personal attacks and ridicule, though Horace attacks social abuses, not individuals. The tone reflects his anxious mood after Philippi. Horace used his commitment to the ideals of Alexandrian poetry to draw near to the experiences of Catullus and other *poetae novi* New Poets of the late republic. Their political verse, however, remained in the fields of invective and scandal, while Horace, in *Epodes* 7, 9, and 16, shows himself sensitive to the tone of political life at the time, the uncertainty of the future before the final encounter between Octavian and Mark Antony, and the weariness of the people of Italy in the face of continuing violence. In his erotic *Epodes*, Horace began assimilating themes of the Archaic lyric into the Hellenistic atmosphere, a process that would find more mature realization in the *Odes*. In the mids he received from Maecenas, as a gift or on lease, a comfortable house and farm in the Sabine hills identified with considerable probability as one near Licenza, 22 miles [35 kilometres] northeast of Rome, which gave him great pleasure throughout his life. After Octavian had defeated Antony and Cleopatra at Actium, off northwestern Greece 31 bc, Horace published his *Epodes* and a second book of eight *Satires* in 30â€”29 bc. In the first *Satires* Horace had limited himself to attacking relatively unimportant figures e. The second *Satires* is even less aggressive, insisting that satire is a defensive weapon to protect the poet from the attacks of the malicious. The autobiographical aspect becomes less important; instead, the interlocutor becomes the depository of a truth that is often quite different from that of other speakers. The poet delegates to others the job of critic. While the victor of Actium, styled Augustus in 27 bc, settled down, Horace turned, in the most active period of his poetical life, to the *Odes*, of which he published three books, comprising 88 short poems, in 23 bc. Horace, in the *Odes*, represented himself as heir to earlier Greek lyric poets but displayed a sensitive, economical mastery of words all his own. He sings of love, wine, nature almost romantically, of friends, of moderation; in short, his favourite topics. He creates an intermediate space between the real world and the world of his imagination, populated with fauns, nymphs, and other divinities. Some of the *Odes* are about Maecenas or Augustus: He denounces corrupt morals, praises the integrity of the people of Italy, and shows a ruler who carries on his shoulders the burden of power. At some stage Augustus offered Horace the post of his private secretary, but the poet declined on the plea of ill health. Notwithstanding, Augustus did not resent his refusal, and indeed their relationship became closer. The last ode of the first three books suggests that Horace did not propose to write any more such poems. The tepid reception of the *Odes* following their publication in 23 bc and his consciousness of growing age may have encouraged Horace to write his *Epistles*. Book I may have been published in 20 bc, and Book II probably appeared in 14 bc. These two books are very different in theme and content. They are literary letters, addressed to distant correspondents, and they are more reflective and

didactic than the earlier work. Book I returns to themes already developed in the Satires, while the others concentrate on literary topics. In these, Horace abandoned all satirical elements for a sensible, gently ironical stance, though the truisms praising moderation are never dull in his hands. The third book, the Epistles to the Pisos, was also known, at least subsequently, as the *Ars poetica*. The first epistle of Book II, addressed to Augustus, discusses the role of literature in contemporary Roman society and tells of changing taste. The second, addressed to the poet and orator Julius Florus, bids farewell to poetry, describes a day in the life of a Roman writer and discourses on the difficulty of attaining true wisdom. Horace in these works has become less joyful and less poetic. Poets are quarreling, and Rome is no longer an inspiration. It is time for him to abandon poetry for philosophy. The third book, now called *Ars poetica*, is conceived as a letter to members of the Piso family. It is not really a systematic history of literary criticism or an exposition of theoretical principles. It is rather a series of insights into writing poetry, choosing genres, and combining genius with craftsmanship. For Horace, writing well means uniting natural predisposition with long study and a solid knowledge of literary genres. This last named is dedicated to Augustus, from whom there survives a letter to Horace in which the Emperor complains of not having received such a dedication hitherto. By this time Horace was virtually in the position of poet laureate, and in 17 bc he composed the Secular Hymn *Carmen saeculare* for ancient ceremonies called the Secular Games, which Augustus had revived to provide a solemn, religious sanction for the regime and, in particular, for his moral reforms of the previous year. The hymn was written in a lyric metre, Horace having resumed his compositions in this form; he next completed a fourth book of 15 Odes, mainly of a more serious and political character than their predecessors. The latest of these poems belongs to 13 bc. One of his last requests to the Emperor was: During the latter part of his life, Horace had been accustomed to spend the spring and other short periods in Rome, where he appears to have possessed a house. He wintered sometimes by the southern sea and spent much of the summer and autumn at his Sabine farm or sometimes at Tibur Tivoli or Praeneste Palestrina, both a little east of Rome. He himself confirms his short stature and, describing himself at the age of about 44, states that he was gray before his time, fond of sunshine, and irritable but quickly appeased. Influences, personality, and impact To a modern reader, the greatest problem in Horace is posed by his continual echoes of Latin and, more especially, Greek forerunners. The echoes are never slavish or imitative and are very far from precluding originality. Two of the incidents, however, prove to have been lifted—and cleverly adapted—from a journey by the earlier Latin satirist Lucilius. Often, however, Horace provides echoes that cannot be identified since the works he was echoing have disappeared, though they were recognized by his readers. Very often he names as a model some Greek writer of the antique, preclassical, or Classical past 8th–5th centuries bc, whom he claims to have adapted to Latin—notably, Alcaeus, Archilochus, and Pindar. Modern critics have noticed that what unites Horace to Alcaeus is a particular kind of allusion: Horace begins his poem with a translation of lines from his model. The critical term is motto. Similarly, Horace has a subtly allusive relationship to Archilochus, which can be seen in the aggressively iambic character of the ending of some of the Epodes and the placing of Archilochean mottoes usually at the beginning in other Epodes. It seems that Horace admires Pindar for his sublime style and aspires to that ideal in his most serious poems. The man who emerges is kindly, tolerant, and mild but capable of strength; consistently humane, realistic, astringent, and detached, he is a gentle but persistent mocker of himself quite as much as of others. His self-portrait is also a confession of an attitude that descends from melancholy to depression. Some modern critics believe that he may have been clinically depressed. His attitude to love, on the whole, is flippant; without telling the reader a single thing about his own amorous life, he likes to picture himself in ridiculous situations within the framework of the appropriate literary tradition—and relating, it should be added, to women of Greek names and easy virtue, not Roman matrons or virgins. To his male friends, however—the men to whom his Odes are addressed—he is affectionate and loyal, and such friends were perhaps the principal mainstay of his life. The gods are often on his lips, but, in defiance of much contemporary feeling, he absolutely denied an afterlife. Some of his modern admirers see him as the poet of the lighter side of life; others see him as the poet of Rome and Augustus. Both are equally right, for this balance and diversity were the very essence of his poetical nature. But the second of these roles is, for modern readers, a harder and less palatable conception, since the idea of poetry serving the state is not

popular in the West and still less serving an autocratic regime, which is what Horace does. Yet he does it with a firm, though tactful, assertion of his essential independence. And he refers openly to his own juvenile military service against the future Augustus, under Brutus at Philippi. He himself ran away, he characteristically says, and threw away his shield. But that, equally characteristically, turns out to be copied from a Greek poet indeed from more than one. It is not autobiography; it is a traditional expression of the unsuitability of poets and of himself for war. The whole poem absolves Horace of any possible charge of failing, because of his current Augustan connections, to maintain loyalty to his republican friends. But, above all, he deeply admired him for ending a prolonged, nightmarish epoch of civil wars. So great was that achievement that Horace, at least, had no eye for any crudities the new imperial regime might possess. The Emperor was on more delicate ground when he sought, by social legislation, to purify personal morals and to protect and revive the Roman family. But here, too, Horace, in spite of his own erotic frivolity, was with him, perhaps because of the famous austerity of his Sabine stock. And so the Secular Hymn contains a specific allusion poetically not altogether successful to these reforms. But these Odes are by no means wholly political, for much other material, including abundant Greek and Roman mythology, is woven into their dense, compact, resplendent texture. This cryptic, riddling sonority is the work of a poet who saw himself as a solemn bard vates, a Roman reincarnation of Pindar of Thebes because, a stately Greek lyricist. Thereafter, the medieval epoch had little use for the Odes, which did not appeal to its piety, although his Satires and Epistles were read because of their predominantly moralistic tones. The Odes came into their own again with the Renaissance and, along with the Ars poetica, exerted much influence on Western poetry through the 19th century. And still new versions, some of them admirable, continue to appear.

### Chapter 8 : Horace in English by D.S. Carne-Ross

*Horace, verse tragedy in five acts by Pierre Corneille, produced in and published in It was also translated into English under the title Horatius.. Although the character Sabine (Horace's wife) was invented by Corneille, the drama is based on an actual incident mentioned in Livy's history of Rome.*

### Chapter 9 : Some Notes on Translations of Horace

*Horace The Odes, Epodes, Satires, Epistles, Ars Poetica and Carmen Saeculare. A new complete downloadable English translation of the Odes and other poetry translations including Lorca, Petrarch, Propertius, and Mandelstam.*