The shades, amazed, in reverent silence stand
To hear these stories worthy of sacred awe,
But shoulder close to drink the magic
Tales of great battles and banished tyrants.

What wonder is it then that the spellbound beast
At songs like these his hundred black ears drops down,
That snakes entwined among the Furies'
Locks cease to writhe and are lulled to quiet?

Prometheus and Tantalus are beguiled
By this sweet sound to rest from their endless toil;
Orion cares no more for hunting,
Lion and lynx rest in timid safety.

(Metre: Alcaic Strophe)

ODES OF HORACE — Book III, Ode 30

More enduring than bronze I've built my monument
Overtopping the royalty pile of the pyramids,
Which no ravenous rain, neither Aquilo's rage
Shall suffice to destroy, nor the unnumbered years
As they pass one by one, nor shall the flight of time.
I shall not wholly die; no, a great part of me
Shall escape from death's Queen; still shall my fame rise fresh
In posterity's praise while to the Capitol
Still the high priest and mute maiden ascend the Hill.
From where Aulidus brawls and from that thirsty land
In which Daunus once ruled over his rustic tribes,
I, grown great though born low, I shall be named as first
To have spun Grecian song into Italian strands
With their lyrical modes. Take this proud eminence
Won by your just deserts; and with the Delphic bay,
O Melpomene, now graciously bind my hair.

(Metre: 1st Asclepiadean)

—TRANS. BY HELEN ROWE HENZE