

Translation of Horace Ode 1.9

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***Abstract:** I originally translated Horace's Ode 1.9 for a perfect translation exercise in Professor Ellen Oliensis's "Lyric and Society" class. The poem has been a favorite of mine since I first read it because of its beautiful imagery and the way in which it melds several different scenes effectively into one piece. Particularly the first two stanzas struck me in their stark contrast of natural and human realms as did the last two stanzas which portray a sort of elusive intimacy that is completely different in setting and tone from the rest of the poem. My goals in translating were to remain close to the Latin, emphasizing details that stood out to me in Horace's word choice, and to generally maintain the tone of each segment.*

References and Lexical Acknowledgments:

Horace, and Daniel H. Garrison. Odes and Epodes. Oklahoma series in classical culture, v. 10. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1991.

A Latin Dictionary. Founded on Andrews' edition of Freund's Latin dictionary. Revised, enlarged, and in great part rewritten by Charlton T. Lewis, Ph.D. and Charles Short, LL.D. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1879. Accessed via www.perseus.tufts.edu.

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
 Soracte, nec iam sustineant onus
 silvae laborantes, geluque
 flumina constiterint acuto.

You see how Soracte stands tall, brilliant with thick
 snow cover — how the straining forests no longer
 support their burden and the rivers
 have congealed with sharp ice.

Dissolve frigus ligna super foco
 large reponens atque benignius
 deprome quadrimum Sabina,
 o Thaliarche, merum diota.

Melt away the cold, replenishing dry branches
 amply upon the hearth, and more generously
 let flow the four-winter wine, o Thaliarchus,
 from its two-eared Sabine jug.

Permitte divis cetera, qui simul
 stravere ventos aequore fervido
 deproeliantis, nec cupressi
 nec veteres agitantur orni.

Entrust all else to the gods, for as soon as
 they have smoothed over the gales that battle
 on a seething ocean's face, neither cypresses
 nor ancient ash trees are disturbed.

Quid sit futurum cras fuge quaerere, et
 quem Fors dierum cumque dabit lucro
 appone, nec dulcis amores
 sperne puer neque tu choreas,

Chase away speculation on tomorrow's outcome, and
 tally the profits of whatever days Chance grants you;
 reject neither sweet lovers
 nor dances, for you are a boy

donec virenti canities abest
 morosa. Nunc et Campus et areae
 lenesque sub noctem susurri
 composita repetantur hora,

still in bloom, and the mulish grays of old age stay
 away for now. Now let the Campus and the plazas
 and delicate whispers beneath the nightfall
 be revisited at the agreed upon time—

nunc et latentis proditor intimo
 gratus puellae risus ab angulo
 pignusque dereptum lacertis
 aut digito male pertinaci.

now too the captivating giggle of a hiding girl
 echoing from an intimate corner, betraying her,
 and the love token snatched from an arm
 or from a finger feebly resisting.