

AN HORATIAN ODE

AN HISTORIAN ODE

Translated by Helen Rowe Henze

Fount of Bandusia, shining more bright than glass,
Worth the sweetest of wine not without garlands crowned,
You tomorrow a young kid
Will be given, whose forehead now

Swollen with his first horns mark him for love and fight;
In vain: for with his blood, crimson blood, shall he dye
All your icy cold streams; the
Offspring, he, of a wanton flock.

You the blazing Dogstar's furious, dreaded hour
Does not know how to touch; and to the straying sheep,
Oxen tired from the plowshare
Do you furnish a cool retreat.

You shall also become one of our honored streams
When I sing of the oak anchored upon the rocks,
Holly crowning the cavern
Whence your chattering waters leap.

(Ode 13, Book III)