

Book II. Ode XII. Translated.

THE wars of Numantia and Hannibal dire,
 On land, or on ocean the fighting,
 Mæcenæ, ne'er suited my peaceable lyre,
 In subjects much softer delighting.

You love not of centaurs embattled to hear,
 Nor of giants, a tale of such wonder,
 Who shook all the skies, made Jupiter fear,
 'Till drove by Alcides and thunder.

In prose, my good patron, more nobly you write,
 As your topic than these is much better,
 How Cæsar with glory can govern and fight,
 And lead haughty kings in his fetter.

Alone my gay Muse of Licinnia would sing,
 The constant, good-natur'd, and pretty,
 So graceful to dance with the maids in a ring,
 So sparkling, so merry, and witty.

While you play with her hair that is carelessly curl'd,
 While this way, now that way she twitches,
 Of your teasing so kindly complaining, no world
 Could bribe for one lock with its riches.

Thus

Thus blest with the nymph, how transporting the joy!
 Who whimsical, wanton, amuses;
 Who pleasingly forward, or prettily coy,
 Oft snatches the kiss she refuses.



To a L A D Y making a Pin-Basket.

By the same.

WHILE objects of a parent's care,
 With joy your fond attention share,
 Madam, accept th' auspicious strain;
 Nor rise your beauteous work in vain.
 Oft be your second race survey'd,
 And oft a new pin-basket made.

When marriage was in all its glory,
 So poets, madam, tell the story,
 Ere Plutus damp'd love's purer flame,
 Or Smithfield bargains had a name,
 In heav'n a blooming youth and bride
 At Hymen's altars were ally'd;
 When Cupid had his Psyche won,
 And, all her destin'd labours done,
 The cruel Fates their rage relented,
 And mamma Venus had consented.

At Jove's command, and Hermes' call,
 The train appear'd to fill the hall,
 And gods, and goddesses were drest,
 To do them honour, in their best.