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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

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Horace, Ode III. Book III.

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H O R A C E,
O D E III. B O O K III.

Augustus had a design to rebuild Troy, and make it the Metropolis of the Roman Empire, having closetted several Senators on the project: Horace is suppos'd to have written the following Ode on this occasion.

THE Man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.

Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;
Not the red arm of angry *Jove*,

That

That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruine and confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright *Pollux* to the blest abodes ;
Such did for great *Alcides* plead,
And gain'd a place among the Gods ;
Where now *Augustus*, mix'd with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies :
His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,
And with immortal stains divinely glow.

By arts like these did young *Lyæus* rise :
His Tigers drew him to the skies,
Wild from the desert and unbroke :
In vain they foam'd, in vain they star'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd ;
He tam'd 'em to the lash, and bent 'em to the yoke.

Such were the paths that *Rome's* great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind snatch'd on high,
He shook off dull mortality,
And lost the Monarch in the God.
Bright *Juno* then her awful silence broke,
And thus th' assembled deities bespoke.

Troy, says the Goddess, perjur'd Troy has felt
 The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;
 The towering pile, and soft abodes,
 Wall'd by the hand of servile Gods,
 Now spreads its ruines all around,
 And lyes inglorious on the ground.
 An umpire, partial and unjust,
 And a lewd woman's impious lust,
 Lay heavy on her head, and sunk her to the dust.

Since false *Laomedon's* tyrannick sway,
 That durst defraud th'immortals of their pay,
 Her guardian Gods renounc'd their patronage,
 Nor wou'd the fierce invading foe repell;
 To my resentments, and *Minerva's* rage,
 The guilty King and the whole People fell.

And now the long protracted wars are o'er,
 The soft adult'rer shines no more;
 No more do's *Hector's* force the *Trojans* shield,
 That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd the field.

My vengeance fated, I at length resign
 To *Mars* his off-spring of the *Trojan* line:
 Advanc'd to god-head let him rise,
 And take his station in the skies;
 There entertain his ravish'd sight
 With scenes of glory, fields of light;

Quaff

Quaff with the Gods immortal wine,
And see adoring nations crowd his shrine:

The thin remains of *Troy's* afflicted host,
In distant realms may seats unenvy'd find,
And flourish on a foreign coast;
But far be *Rome* from *Troy* disjoin'd,
Remov'd by seas, from the disastrous shore,
May endless billows rise between, and storms unnumber'd roar.

Still let the curst detested place,
Where *Priam* lies, and *Priam's* faithless race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass.
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray;
Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,
Amidst the mighty ruins play,
And frisk upon the tombs of Kings.

May Tigers there, and all the savage kind,
Sad solitary haunts, and silent desarts find;
In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
May th' unmolested Lionsess
Her brinded whelps securely lay,
Or, coucht, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.

While *Troy* in heaps of ruins lyes,
Rome and the *Roman* Capitol shall rise;
Th' illustrious exiles unconfin'd
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.

In vain the sea's intruding tide
Europe from *Afric* shall divide,
 And part the sever'd world in two:
 Through *Afric's* sands their triumphs they shall spread,
 And the long train of victories pursue
 To *Nile's* yet undiscover'd head.

Riches the hardy foldier shall despise,
 And look on gold with un-desiring eyes,
 Nor the disbowell'd earth explore
 In search of the forbidden ore;
 Those glitt'ring ills conceal'd within the Mine,
 Shall lye untouch'd, and innocently shine.
 To the last bounds that nature sets,
 The piercing colds and sultry heats,
 The godlike race shall spread their arms;
 Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
 'Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine;
 Now sweat for conquest underneath the line.

This only law the victor shall restrain,
 On these conditions shall he reign;
 If none his guilty hand employ
 To build again a second *Troy*,
 If none the rash design pursue,
 Nor tempt the vengeance of the Gods anew.

A Curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
 That shall the new foundations raise:

Greece

Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
 To storm the rising town with fire,
 And at their armies head my self will show
 What *Juno*, urged to all her rage, can do.

Thrice should *Apollo's* self the city raise,
 And line it round with walls of brass,
 Thrice should my fav'rite *Greeks* his works confound,
 And hew the shining fabrick to the ground;
 Thrice should her captive dames to *Greece* return,
 And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands mourn.

But hold, my Muse, forbear thy towering flight,
 Nor bring the secrets of the Gods to light:
 In vain would thy presumptuous verse
 Th' immortal rhetoric rehearse;
 The mighty strains, in Lyric numbers bound,
 Forget their majesty, and lose their sound.



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