



## **The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.**

In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his Death

Containing His Miscellaneous Pieces In Verse and Prose

**Pope, Alexander**

**London, 1751**

Book IV. Ode I. of Horace.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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## L I B E R IV.

## O D E I.

## A D V E N E R E M.

**I**NTERMISSA, Venus, diu  
 Rurfus bella moves? parce precor, precor.  
 Non fum qualis eram bonae  
 Sub regno Cynarae. define, dulcium  
 Mater faeva Cupidinum,  
 Circa luftra decem flectere mollibus  
 Jam durum imperiis: abi  
 Quo blandae juvenum te revocant preces.  
 Tempeftivius in domum  
 Paulli, purpureis ales oloribus,  
 Comiffabere Maximi;  
 Si torrere jecur quaeris idoneum.  
 Namque et nobilis, et decens,  
 Et pro folicitis non tacitus reis,



B O O K IV\*.

O D E I.

To VENUS.

A GAIN? new Tumults in my breast?  
Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!  
I am not now, alas! the man  
As in the gentle Reign of My Queen Anne.  
Ah sound no more thy soft alarms,  
Nor circle sober fifty with thy Charms.  
Mother too fierce of dear Desires!  
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.  
To *Number five* direct your Doves,  
There spread round MURRAY all your blooming  
Loves;  
Noble and young, who strikes the heart  
With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry decent part;  
Equal, the injur'd to defend,  
To charm the Mistress, or to fix the Friend.

NOTES.

\* This, and the unfinished imitation of the ninth Ode of the fourth Book which follows, shew as happy a vein for the Odes of Horace as for the Epistles.



Et centum puer artium,

Late signa feret militiae tuae.

Et, quandoque potentior

Largi muneribus riserit aemuli,

Albanos prope te lacus

Ponet marmoream sub trabe citrea.

Illic plurima naribus

Duces thura; lyraque et Berecynthia

Delectabere tibia

Mixtis carminibus, non sine fistula.

Illic bis pueri die

Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum

Laudantes, pede candido

In morem Salium ter quatient humum.

Me nec femina, nec puer

Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,

Nec certare juvat mero,

Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.



He, with a hundred Arts refin'd,  
 Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind;  
 To him each Rival shall submit,  
 Make but his Riches equal to his Wit.  
 Then shall thy Form the Marble grace,  
 (Thy Grecian Form) and Chloë lend the Face:  
 His House, embosom'd in the Grove,  
 Sacred to social life and social love,  
 Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,  
 Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:  
 Thither, the silver-sounding lyres  
 Shall call the smiling Loves, and young Desires;  
 There, ev'ry Grace and Muse shall throng,  
 Exalt the dance, or animate the song;  
 There Youths and Nymphs, in consort gay,  
 Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.  
 With me, alas! those joys are o'er;  
 For me, the vernal garlands bloom no more.  
 Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,  
 The still-believing, still-renew'd desire;  
 Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,  
 And all the kind Deceivers of the soul!  
 But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!  
 Steals down my cheek th' involuntary Tear?



Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur

Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?

Cur facunda parum decoro

Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?

Nocturnis ego somniis

Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor

Te per gramina Martii

Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.



Ode I. OF HORACE. 35

Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,  
Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?  
Thee, drest in Fancy's airy beam,  
Absent I follow thro' th' extended Dream;  
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,  
And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms;  
And swiftly shoot along the Mall,  
Or softly glide by the Canal,  
Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray;  
And now, on rolling waters snatch'd away.