



## **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 IX. of Horace

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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## LIBER IV.

## ODE IX.

**N**E forte credas interitura, quae  
Longe fonantem natus ad Aufidum  
Non ante vulgatas per artes  
Verba loquor socianda chordis;  
Non, si priores Maeonius tenet  
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricae latent  
Caeaque, et Alcaei minaces  
Stesichorique graves Camenae:  
Nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,  
Delevit aetas: spirat adhuc amor,  
Vivuntque commissi calores  
Aeoliae fidibus puellae.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona  
Multi; sed omnes illacrymabiles  
Urgentur ignotique longa  
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

Part of the NINTH ODE  
Of the FOURTH BOOK.

LEST you should think that verse shall die,  
Which sounds the Silver Thames along,  
Taught, on the wings of Truth to fly  
Above the reach of vulgar song;

Tho' daring Milton fits sublime,  
In Spencer native Muses play;  
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,  
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay.

Sages and Chiefs long since had birth  
Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd;  
These rais'd new Empires o'er the Earth,  
And Those, new Heav'ns and Systems fram'd.

Vain was the Chief's, the Sage's pride!  
They had no Poet, and they died.  
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!  
They had no Poet, and are dead.

Part of the  
of the  
of the

MISCELLANIES