

## HORACE – CARMEN SAECULARE

Phoebus Apollo, and Diana, queen  
Of forests, bright with Heaven's glorious sheen,  
To be adored foreber, grant we may  
Be given all the gifts for which we pray,  
When the Sibyl's verses cause the gathering  
Of chosen maids and spotless youths who'll sing  
In honour of the heavenly gods who love  
The Seven Hills of Rome that loom above  
The city. Nourishing sun, who bring the day  
Upon your shining coach as on your way 10  
You go and hide it and appear the same  
Next morning, may it always be your claim  
That you look on no city here on earth  
Greater than Rome! You goddess of childbirth,  
Protect our mothers, whether you would be  
Called Genitalis or Lucina! See  
That you nurture our youth! See that you bless  
Our ancient wedlock edicts, o goddess,  
So that our women may breed all the more  
And that the certain cycle of five score 20  
And one half years may bring back melody  
And games thronged thrice by day as frequently  
As in the lovely night-time. And, Fates, you  
Who to your prophecies are always true,  
As was ordained, link happy destinies  
To former ones, as rigid sequences  
Of issues prove. Let Earth, who is profuse  
With crops and cattle, garlands now produce  
To deck Ceres with ears of wheat, and let  
Jupiter's wholesome rain and winds abet 30  
A fruitful harvest! Phoebus, good and kind,  
Put down your bow! To young lads lend your mind!  
O moon, queen of the stars, give maids your ear  
And let them hear you speak! If it is clear  
That Rome's your doing, if that Trojan band  
Was those who landed on the Tuscan strand,  
Those who were bidden to find a new home  
And, on an auspicious course, settled in Rome,  
For whom Aeneas, untouched by the fray  
That shattered Ilium, prepared a way 40  
To liberty, whereby he would bestow  
More than was lost. You gods, I beg you, show  
Our young boys virtuous ways and make content  
Our aged people and make opulent,  
Fecund and famous Romulus's race.  
The son of Venus and Anchises grace  
With anything he wants of you, when he

Offers you milk-white steers! – in victory  
He yet showed mercy to the fallen foe.  
The Parthians fear us now because they know      50  
Our might on land and sea.; they also fear  
The Alban axes; longing now to hear  
Our answer is the haughty Indian race  
And Scythia. Faith once more has its place  
In Rome, Peace, Honour, slighted Probity  
And with her flowing horn, Fertility.  
May prophet Phoebus, with his shining bow,  
Dear to the Muses, he who can bestow  
Upon a weary frame his healing skill,  
If he supports the shrines of Palatine's hill,      60  
Prolong the length of Rome's authority,  
Extending, too, Latium's prosperity  
Into the future. May Diana, who  
Holds Aventine and Algidus, look to  
The Fifteens' prayers and lend a gracious ear  
To children's prayers in order that they hear.  
Such is the wish of every deity:  
We trust our hope will lead to certainty  
And will continue throughout all our days,  
As Phoebus and Diana we will praise.      70