

Translation of Horace's Ode, "Exegi Monumentum"

Loftier than the majestic pile
Of pyramids on Egypt's plain,
More durable than tempered bronze,
I built my monument of fame.
The tempest with destructive power,
The fierce unbridled North Wind's rage,
The quickly changing seasons' flight,
The years succeeding age on age—
Dim not my fame. I shall not die;
But shall escape Death's goddess still,
While, growing brighter year by year,
My fame shall future ages fill.
As long as priest and silent maid
The Capitolium's side ascend,
Posterity shall hold me dear,
And to my name fresh glory lend.
Where wild Aufidus roars along,
Where Daunus ruled a peasant race
In lands parched by the burning sun,
I, lifted from my lowly place,
Shall cherished be, as one who sang
Æolian songs in Roman tongue.
Take thou, O Muse, the honor won,
Since by thy aid the task was done.
Propitious be to me, I pray,
And crown my locks with Phœbus' bay.

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