

Translation of Horace's Ode, "Donec Gratus"

"While I by thee was held most dear,
While no more favored rival nigh
About thy neck his arms had twined,
More blest than Persian kings was I."

"While for no other thou didst sigh,
But Lydia kindled love's fierce flame,
More widely known and greater far
Than Ilia's fame was Lydia's name."

"Now Thracian Chloe rules my heart,
Whose lyre does sweetest music give;
For whom I would not fear to die,
If Fate would let my darling live."

"For Ornytus' son, Calais named
Of noble birth, with love I sigh.
If cruel Fate his life should seek,
To save him twice I'd gladly die."

"What if the old love should return
And bind us fast with brazen chains?
If Chloe with her golden hair
Should yield her place to Lydia's claims?"

"Though thou art lighter than a cork,
While fairer than the stars is he;
Though thy wrath mocks the raging main,
Gladly I'll live and die with thee."

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