[The Horatian Sappho: Sapphic Allusions in](https://camws.org/sites/default/files/meeting2022/2800HoratianSapphoOdes.pdf)*[Odes](https://camws.org/sites/default/files/meeting2022/2800HoratianSapphoOdes.pdf)*[2.13](https://camws.org/sites/default/files/meeting2022/2800HoratianSapphoOdes.pdf)

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| **1) Horace *Odes* 1.22.21-25** |  |
| pone sub curru nimium propinqui  solis in terra domibus negata:  dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,  dulce loquentem. | Set me beneath the chariot of the sun where it comes too close to the earth in a land forbidding houses—I shall still love my Lalage with her sweet laughter and her sweet talk |

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| **2) Horace *Odes* 1.13.1-8** |  |
| 1 Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi  ceruicem roseam, cerea Telephi  laudas bracchia, uae, meum  feruens difficili bile tumet iecur.  5 tum nec mens mihi nec color  certa sede manet, umor et in genas  furtim labitur, arguens  quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus. | When you, Lydia, praise Telephus’ rosy neck and Telephus’ wax-like arms, ah! my liver swells and boils with choking bile. Then neither my mind nor my color remains in a steady state, and moisture trickles guiltily down my cheeks, betraying how thoroughly I am melted down by a slow heat.[[1]](#footnote-1) |

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| **3) Sappho fr. 31.1-8** |  |
| 1 φάινεταί μοι **κῆνος** ἴσος θέοισιν  ἔμμεν ὤνερ, **ὄττις** ἐναντίος τοι  ἰσδάνει καὶ πλάσιον ἆδυ φωνεί-  σας ὐπακούει  5 καὶ γελαίσας ἰμερόεν **τό** μ᾽ ἦ μάν  καρδίαν ἐν στήθεσιν ἐπτόησεν·  ὠς γὰρ εἰσίδω βροχέως σε, φώνας  οὐδὲν ἔτ᾽ ἴκει | That man seems to me to be equal to the gods, whoever sits across from you and listens closely to you laughing sweetly, which sets the heart in my chest in motion. For whenever I look at you even for a moment, nothing of voice comes to me |

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| **4) Catullus 51.1-8** |  |
| 1 **Ille** mi par esse deo videtur,  **ille**, si fas est, superare divos,  **qui** sedens adversus identidem te  spectat et audit  5 dulce ridentem, misero **quod** omnes  eripit sensus mihi: nam simul te,  Lesbia, aspexi, nihil est super mi  <vocis in ore> | That man seems to me to be equal to a god. That man, it it’s permissible, seems to surpass the gods, who sitting opposite repeatedly looks at you and hears you laughing sweetly, which steals away all senses from wretched me: for at the same time I have seen you Lesbia, nothing of my voice is left for me. |

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| **5) Horace *Odes* 2.13.1-12** |  |
| 1 **Ille** et nefasto te posuit die  **quicumque** primum, et sacrilega manu  produxit, arbos, in nepotum  perniciem opprobriumque pagi;  5 **illum** et parentis crediderim sui  fregisse cervicem et penetralia  sparsisse nocturno cruore  hospitis; **ille** venena Colcha  et **quidquid** usquam concipitur nefas  10tractavit, agro **qui** statuit meo  te, triste lignum, te, caducum  in domini caput inmerentis | Whoever it was that planted you in the first place did so on an evil day, and with an unholy hand he raised you, Tree, to bring harm to his descendants and disgrace to the district. I could believe that he strangled his father and spattered the inmost shrine at dead of night with the blood of a guest; he dabbled in Colchian poisons and every enormity conceived throughout the world, that wretch who set you up on my estate, you damned piece of lumber, yes you, to fall down on your innocent owner’s head |

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| **6) Horace *Odes* 2.13.21-36** |  |
| 21 quam paene furvae regna Proserpinae  et iudicantem vidimus Aeacum  sedesque discriptas piorum et  Aeoliis fidibus **querentem**  25 **Sappho** puellis de popularibus  et te sonantem plenius aureo,  Alcaee, plectro dura navis,  dura fugae mala, dura belli.  utrumque sacro digna silentio  30 mirantur umbrae dicere, sed magis  pugnas et exactos tyrannos  densum umeris bibit aure volgus.  quid mirum, ubi illis carminibus stupens  demittit atras belua centiceps  35 auris et intorti capillis  Eumenidum recreantur angues? | How close I came to seeing the kingdom of dusky Proserpine, Aeacus sitting in judgment, and, set apart, the abodes of the righteous, and Sappho complaining on her Aeolian strings about the girls of her city, and you, Alcaeus, with your golden plectrum singing in more resonant tones about the harshness of life at sea, the bitter harshness of exile, the harshness of war! The ghosts marvel at both as they sing of things that demand a reverent silence; but the crowd, packed shoulder to shoulder, drink in more eagerly with their ears tales of battles and banished tyrants. What wonder, when, entranced by those songs, the hundred-headed beast relaxes his black ears, and the snakes entwined in the Furies’ hair sink to rest? |

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| **7) Sappho fr. 131** |  |
| Ἄτθι, σοὶ δ’ ἔμεθεν μὲν ἀπήχθετο  φροντίσδην, ἐπὶ δ’ Ἀνδρομέδαν πότῃ | Atthis, thinking of me is hateful to you, and you fly off to Andromeda |

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| **8) Sappho fr. 57** |  |
| τίς δ᾿ ἀγροΐωτις θέλγει νόον . . .  ἀγροΐωτιν ἐπεμμένα στόλαν . . .  οὐκ ἐπισταμένα τὰ βράκε ᾿ ἔλκην ἐπὶ τὼν σφύρων; | What country girl bewitches your mind wearing a rustic dress, not knowing how to drag her rags from over her ankles? |

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1. Translations of Horace are from Niall Rudd’s 2004 Loeb edition. Translations of Sappho and Catullus are my own [↑](#footnote-ref-1)