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CAMWS 2016 | Section C: Horace

**Sounds, Patterns, and Meaning in Horace, *Odes* 4.7**

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| **Latin Text of *Odes* 4.7*****Diffugere*** *nives,* ***redeunt*** *iam gramina campis  arboribusque comae;mutat terra vices et decrescentia ripas flumina praetereunt;**Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet* 5 *ducere nuda chorus.Immortalia ne speres, monet annus et almum quae rapit hora diem.**Frigora mitescunt Zephyris, ver prot****erit*** *aestas,* *int****erit****ura simul* 10*pomifer autumnus fruges effud****erit****, et mox bruma rec****urrit*** *iners.**Damna tamen celeres reparant caelestia lunae: nos ubi decidimusquo pater Aeneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus,* 15 *pulvis et umbra sumus.**Quis scit an adiciant hodiernae crastina summae tempora di superi?Cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis, amico quae dederis animo.* 20*Cum semel occideris et de te splendida Minos fecerit arbitria,non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te restituet pietas;**infernis neque enim tenebris Diana* ***pudicum***25***liber****at Hippo****lytum****,nec Lethaea valet Theseus abrumpere* ***caro******vinc****ula Piri****thoo****.* | **My translation (mechanical)**The snow has been routed: the grass is already returning to the fields and the foliage to the trees; the land changes, the rivers subside and pass by their banks.Grace, along with the nymphs and her two sisters, dares to lead the dance naked; “don’t expect things to last forever,” the year warns, as does the hour which snatches away the nourishing day.The cold is softened by the winds, summer wears spring away, though summer, too, is about to die; fruit-bearing fall will have shed its fruit, and soon winter rushes back in, sluggish. Still the swift months renew heaven’s crimes: yet for us, when we descend to where father Aeneas, where rich Tullus and Ancus are, we are dust and shade.Who knows whether or not the god above will add a tomorrow on to the end of today? Everything that you’ve kept for yourself will escape the greedy hands of your heir.Once you’ve died and Minos has made his faultless judgments about you, Torquatus, your lineage will not bring you back, nor will your speeches, not even your *pietas*.I say this because not even Diana is able to free chaste Hippolytus from the shadows below; nor is Theseus strong enough to break dear Pirithous free from the chains of the Lethe. |

Horace, *Odes* 4.2.37-44

*quo nihil maius meliusve terris*

*fata donavere bonique divi*

*nec dabunt, quamvis* ***redeant*** *in aurum*

*tempora priscum.*

*Concines laetosque dies et urbis*

*ublicum ludum super impetrato*

*fortis* ***Augusti reditu*** *forumque*

*litibus orbum.*

Horace, *Odes* 4.5.5-8

*Lucem* ***redde*** *tuae, dux bone, patriae;*

***instar veris*** *enim voltus ubi tuus*

*adfulsit populo, gratior it dies*

 *et soles melius nitent.*

Vergil, *Eclogues* 4.4-5

*magnus ab integro saeclorum nascitur ordo;*

*iam* ***redit*** *et virgo,* ***redeunt*** *Saturnia regna*

Vergil, *Georgics* 2.149

*hic* ***ver adsiduum*** *atque alienis mensibus aestas:*

Vergil, *Aeneid* 6.791-3

*hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti saepius audis,
Augustus Caesar, divi genus, aurea condet
saecula...*

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