

Jacob Balde (1604-1668)



Balde in the Ruhmeshalle, Munich

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Introduction

JACOB BALDE (1604-1668) was a German Jesuit priest and one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of all Neo-Latin poets. His life is described thus in B. Guldner's article on Balde in the 1913 *Catholic Encyclopedia*:

b. 4 January, 1604, in the Imperial free town of Ensisheim in Upper Alsace; d. at Neuburg, 9 August, 1668. He studied the classics and rhetoric in the Jesuit college of his native town, philosophy and law at the University of Ingolstadt, where on 1 July, 1624, he was admitted into the Society of Jesus. Having undergone the usual ascetical and literary training he taught classics and rhetoric in the colleges of Munich and Innsbruck, and in his leisure hours composed the Latin mock-heroic poem "Batrachomyomachia" (The Battle of the Frogs and the Mice). After completing his theological studies at Ingolstadt, where he was ordained priest in 1633, he was appointed professor of eloquence in the university. Called to Munich a few years later to educate the sons of Duke Albert, he soon after received the office of court preacher to the elector Maximilian. Owing to failing health he was, in 1654, sent to Neuburg on the Danube, where he became the intimate friend and adviser of the Count Palatine Philipp Wilhelm. Here he died.

Guldner rightly says that his mastery of classical Latin 'was such that he wielded it with astonishing power and originality, and he used the ancient metres and poetical forms with consummate ease and skill.' To me Balde seems a rather astonishing apparition. He is a very rare exception to a sort of iron rule. Nearly all neo-Latin verse, even some that has 'ease and skill', to me seems made of prefabricated parts, plundered from ancient poets. There is a deadness about it, as if the poet made it with his brain, but not with his ears and the language of his childhood. But Balde's Latin is often so fresh and strange, so dense with simultaneous, fully imagined images, that it is as if, like Catullus or Vergil, he were stretching Latin beyond its prior bounds.

It seems strange that among English speakers he is nearly unknown, and almost never translated. Of course, translations of Latin verse of this quality can only be coarse simulacra. But they might perhaps cause a few readers to notice the denseness and power of the Latin, and the fact that some of these poems are masterpieces (e.g. *Sylvae* 7.7, simply one of the most beautiful poems, by anyone, that I have ever seen).

My translations seem to me fearfully uneven. I am often strongly tempted to excise all but the best (e.g. 1.5, 2.36, 3.27, 3.31, 3.43, *Sylvae* 7.7). But that would obscure an important trait of Balde's that I need to show, which is his prodigious variety. He used verse for all purposes and is as experimental, as Protean, as Auden or Hardy. Certain quiet kinds of poem (e.g. 'The Heliotrope', or all those to the Virgin) rely much less on 'images' which a translation can somehow catch, than on subtler wrinkles that 'good English' quite flattens (bold word order, echo-filled diction, extreme compression, etc.). I can only hope that just enough beauty survives to make these, too, worth including. And after all, the radiant Latin is always there, on the facing page.

I should be very grateful for any corrections. Balde's Latin is often very hard from extreme compression, or wild word order, or a bit of loose grammar (some 'constructio minus probata', as Orelli mildly says), or an allusion too subtle (see for example *Sylvae* 7.7.42, where the *not* brilliantly famous island of Gyarus is identified only as '*Aegaea...insula*!'), or all at once. Even his learned prior editors (Orelli, Müller, Thill) not seldom misconstrue or misunderstand him; and I detect errors in my own versions almost every time I reread them.

ABBREVIATIONS IN THE NOTES. '**Müller**' = Benno Müller (ed.), *Jacobi Balde Carmina Lyrica*, Munich, 1844 (which you can download from Google Books or from www.archive.org). '**Orelli**' = *Jacobi Balde Carmina Selecta*, edidit et notis illustravit Io. Conradus Orellius (i.e. Johann Conrad Orelli), Zurich, 1805 (this too is

downloadable at archive.org. Müller seems to have taken many of his notes from this book, without acknowledgement). All references merely to '**Thill**' are to Jacob Balde, *Odes (Lyrica), livres I-II*. Texte de l'édition commentée du P. Benno Müller, Regensburg 1884; traduction et notes par Andrée Thill; introduction par Marcel Israël; Université de Haute-Alsace, 1987. "**Thill, JB**" = Thill, Andrée: *Jacob Balde. Dix ans de recherche*, Paris, 1991. "**Thill, LJ**" = *La lyre jésuite: anthologie de poèmes latins (1620-1730)*, by Andrée Thill, Gilles Banderier, Marc Fumaroli; Geneva 1999. (I am much indebted to Thill, but often disagree with her construing, or think them too coarse-textured. She often ignores a 'wrinkle' in the Latin.) "**Smith, Dict.**" = William Smith, *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, 1870 (online at <http://www.ancientlibrary.com/smith-dgra/>).

The numbers identifying the poems are those of *Jacobi Balde Lyricorum Libri IV*, Cologne, 1660, online at <http://www.uni-mannheim.de/mateo/camena/AUTBIO/balde.html> (little blue link-numbers at the beginning of each poem will take you to the text at that site).

For a large bibliography by Wilfred Stroh, organized by topics, of studies nearly all in German, see http://www.lrz-muenchen.de/~stroh/balde_lit.html. See also Stroh's essay of 2004, *De Iacobi Balde vita et operibus*, http://www.lrz-muenchen.de/~stroh/schriften/balde_madrid.html. For another account of Balde's life see the last page of the present file.

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Ode I, V. Ad Petrum Hildbrandum S.J.,
Professorem Matheseos. Cum soliditatem
caelestium Orbium propugnaret. Exemplo
Christophori Columbi se novum
immensae vastatis Oceanum perlustrasse.
Caelum liquidum. [s009](#) [s010](#)

Arcana Mundi numine percitus
Proferre cogor. Credite Vatibus!
Non omne Caelum rupis instar,
Aut solido riget aere fusum.
Datur natari. Nuper inivimus
Campos aquarum; sed radiantium,
Campos liquenteis: totus Aether
Irrigui madet ignis imbri.
Crispata claris vidimus aequora
Ardere squamis. Vidimus aureis
Delphina luctari sub undis
Et nitidos vomere ore rivos.
Sunt stagna caelum mollia, navibus
Sulcanda veris; vidimus alteram
Argo coruscantem secunda
Aetherio dare vela ponto.
Castorque et ovo natus adulterae
Pollux eodem per pelagi minas
Nixi procellosumque lumen
Astrigeris secuere remis.
Regno secundi caeruleo Iovis
Vix Aula Primi distat in aere.
Quod nos opinamur trisulcum
Fulmen, habet faciem Tridentis.
Quassata cuius spicula fulgura,
Aestus marinos rauca tonitrua
Vocamus ignari locorum
Eminus impediante nube.
In ludibundo gurgite mobilem
Fulvi per aethram solis equi movent
Se more phocarum; priore
Parte sui Pyroisque et Aethon
Phlegonque tollunt altius ungulas;
Membris flagrantem posterioribus
Solvuntur in Piscem, et fluentis
Signa fugae rutilante cauda
Impressa delent. heic et Aquarius
Triton recurva lampade personat;

Ode 1.5 To Peter Hildebrandt S.J., Professor of
Astronomy, when he argued for the solidity of the
celestial orbs. With the example (adduced) of
Christopher Columbus, (saying that he, Balde,) had
traversed a new Ocean of immense vastness.

Stirred by a god I am compelled to unfold
the secrets of the world. Believe us Seers!
Not every sky is rock-like
or fused in solid bronze.
5 There one can swim! Yes, recently I entered
wide fields of waters--but of radiant waters,
fluid fields! The whole fiery
Aether dripped with a storm.
I saw the curling waves flash brilliant scales
10 I saw the Dolphin struggling underneath
his golden waves and spewing
bright water from his mouth.
There are mild pools of skies that by real ships
are ploughed: I saw a sparkling second Argo
15 raise sail to a wind astern
on the aetherial deep!
Castor and Pollux (whom the adultress bore
in the same egg!) were struggling with the dangers
and stormy light of a sea
20 they cut with starry oars.
To the blue kingdom of the Second Jove
the First Jove's hall is nigh. What we suppose
to be a three-forked lightning
has the shape of a trident.
25 We think its shaken tips are lightning-flashes;
We call its seething tide the booming thunder--
being ignorant of its place
hidden by distant cloud.
In playful swirling through the mobile blue
30 gallop the yellow horses of the Sun,
seal-like! With their foreparts
bright Pyrois and Aethon
and Phlegon lift high hooves; but their behinds
dissolve in a flaming Fish; and with their ruddy
35 tails they erase the signs
of their most fluid flight.
Here too Aquarius wielding his curved torch
plays Triton's role; Luna, the role of Tethys

heic Luna Tethys, Pleias Ino,
 Erigone Galatea visa
 Martisque Siren puniceas Venus
 Tranare lymphas. Nereidum choro
 Hinc inde Stellarum meante
 Perspicui micuere fluctus.
 Incensa splendent omnia; luteus
 Scintillat humor. Se penetrabilem
 Crystallus indulgere carinis
 Et manibus liquefacta cedit.
 Vero profundo cancer et igneis
 Inserpit undis veraque flumina
 Manat Olympo: testis arva
 Eridanus per aprica torrens;
 Dum concitati vortice luminis
 In axe late vibrat et insulas
 Molitur illustreis pyropis,
 Post croceum subit haustus aequor.
 At nec sereni monstra maris truces
 Desunt Cometae, parva quibus procul
 Venire conspectis, rubentem
 Sidera diffugiunt in algam:
 Quamquam hos et ipsi Terrigenae pavent
 Longe remoti, larva simul polo
 Illuxit, et barbata Cete
 Terribilem variant figuram.
 Balaena flammis non aliter secat
 Quam mullus Istrum: nam rapidum iubar
 A fronte spumosaque lucis
 Exsiliens iaculatur amnem.
 Haec Hildebrando, Musa, refer meo.
 Fortasse nolit credere: candidam
 Tum lactis intritque magna
 In patera cita panis offam,
 Bis terve gyra turbine pollicis:
 Sic astra, dices, in liquido natant
 Permista caelo. credet ille
 Protinus Alsatie Columbo.

and Pleias that of Ino,
 40 Erigone, Galatea.
 As Venus wife of Mars, the Siren swims
 pink Punic seas. Like Nereids in a choir,
 hence, thence, a brilliant wave
 of tiny Stars meanders.
 45 All things are lit and radiant; yellow moisture
 sparkles all round, as penetrable crystal
 indulges happy keels
 or yields to swimmers' hands.
 But in the deep and in the fiery billows
 50 the Crab creeps; dripping, gushing from Olympus
 real streams roar like the Po
 roaring through sunny fields!
 as in the swirling of excited light
 it vibrates down the pole, it pulls at brilliant
 55 islands of bronze, then sinks
 tired into a yellow sea.
 Nor are sea-monsters absent -- the fierce Comets!
 The moment they are spotted, all the tiny
 scared stars flee hither, thither
 60 into the ruddy seaweeds!
 Yes, these, the Comets, even the Earth-born fear,
 though far away, the moment the spectre lights
 the pole; bearded sea-lions
 vary the frightful figure.
 65 Not otherwise does the Whale slice the flames
 than mullets do the Danube. A quick radiance
 flies leaping from its brow
 and streams of foamy light.
 All this, my Muse, report to Hildebrandt!
 70 Perhaps he won't believe; then in a big dish
 offer him clear bright pieces
 of crumbled bread in milk
 twisted twice, thrice by small twists of the thumb:
 "That's how (you'll say) the stars are floating mingled
 75 with bright sky" -- then he'll trust
 the Columbus of Alsace!

About the dedicatee Peter Hildebrandt I know nothing. 'Matheseos Professor' I translated 'Prof. of Astronomy' but 'mathesis' also meant Mathematics, and Astrology. All the sea-creatures named in the poem are also, as it happens, constellations; perhaps it was this that inspired Balde to write it. **33 Pyrois et Aethon Phlegonque**: horses of the Sun or of Dawn. (πυρόεις, αἰθών, φλέγων). **40 Erigone**: daughter of Icarus put among the stars = Virgo. **52 Eridanus**: the constellation was named after the Po, the greatest Italian river. On its violence see Vergil, *Geo.* 1.481 ff., 4.371 ff.

Ode 1.8. Equus Troianus. Ad Andream
Alcimum. Germaniam suis cupiditatibus
perire. [s013](#)

Sic est: peritur non sine sumptibus.
Funesta multo Marte pericula
Quaeruntur et curis; labore
Damna suo pretioque constant.

Nostris volentes usque doloribus
Favemus ipsi. Quanta sub Hectore
Felix et inconcussa Troia
Staret adhuc Priamique regnum,

Si noluisset crimine decipi!
Ingens Epei machina sistitur,
Mons foetus armis et latenti
Myrmidonum Dolopumque nube:

Equum iuventus Dardana ligneum
Visura longo protinus agmine
Divisit emovitque portas,
Laeta malo propiore muris.

Urgente Fato, Fata quis arceat?
Praesagiebat Laocoon dolum:
Sed in cavernas nempe frustra
Impulerat moniturus hastam.

Iamque omnis aetas mista senum ruit
Virumque diris fervere gaudiis;
Vtrimque ludentes puellae
Ingeminant puerique carmen.

Pars vincla nectunt stuppea: pars iubas
Formidolosi plaudere roboris
Nituntur in scalis: ovanti
Pars similis pedibusque lapsus

Et provehenteis subiciunt rotas:
Fatale donec constitit ardua
Lateque despexit catervas
Palladium super Urbe monstrum.

Heu! digna perdi Dardaniae domus,
Captis Ulyssem moenibus invehis!

Ode 1.8 The Trojan Hourse. To Andreas Alcimus.
How Germany is perishing by its own greeds.

That's how things are; men die, expensively.
They seek out lethal danger, with much war
and worrying, and their pay
consists of pain and loss.

5 We are the fosterers, patrons of our pain.
How proudly under Hector Priam's kingdom
and Troy, untoppled, happy,
might even now be standing,

if she had not colluded in the treachery.
10 Epeus' monstrous engine stopped: a mountain
pregnant with swords and latent
storm-cloud of Greeks and Thracians:

to see this wooden Horse, the Trojan youths
in a long column instantly dismantled
15 and split gates, glad at evil
now nearer than the walls.

Who if Fate pressures, pushes Fate away?
Laocoön trying to warn them of the ruse
flung a frustrated spear
20 against its hollow side

but already every generation, both old men
and young alike, seethe round in deadly joy
and playful girls and boys
redouble the happy song.

25 Some fasten hempen ropes; some on the ladders
struggle to clap the mane of fearful oak
and like ovators others
fling underneath its feet

rollers to be its wheels. At last the fatal
30 mute monster stood, like a Palladium,
high over the steep city
& looked down on the crowds.

House of Dardanus, worthy of destruction,
you pull Odysseus into a captured town!

Sic notus, o cives, dolosi Vultus et ingenium Sinonis!	35	O citizens, who thus learn Sinon's sly face and nature!
Hinc versa fumant Pergama funditus. At si fateri non pudet, Alcime;; Insana plureis culpa tangit. Sero Phyges sapiere quondam;	40	That is why Troy smokes, toppled utterly. Alcimus, if it is not shame to say it, the insane sin is still spreading. Once Phrygians knew too late,
Nunc noster Orbis sero nimis sapit, Aequanda stultae patria Teucrae. Non solus aut primus nepotes Rex fatuos generavit Ilus.		and now our world is wise too late. The country of stupid Teucra should be levelled. Ilus was not first nor the only king to have fatuous grandsons:
Europa nullum non habet Ilion. Ubique Xanthus sanguine decolor; Ubique Germanos videbis In fluvios Simoenta volui.	45	Europe has other Ilions. Everywhere Xanthos is dark with blood and everywhere you see Simoeis flowing into our German streams.
Nutrimus hosteis in medio sinu: Suecos fovemus. Rex Alemanniam Vastator intravit vocatus. Splendidus periisse, lucrum est.	50	We nurse an enemy at the breast: our hearths are warming Swedes. The devastating king entered when asked to. Better to have died more gloriously.

1 sic est: echoes Horace, *Epode* 7.17. **6-8:** cf. *Aen.* 2.56. **10 Epeus** son of Panopeus, maker of the Trojan Horse. **28 ff.** see Vergil, *Aen.* 2.235 quoted below. **27 'like ovators':** i.e. like participants in an ovation, a triumphant military parade (for a description of one see Livy xxvi, 21). **32 Palladium:** archaic wooden image of Athena on which Troy's prosperity depended; stolen by Diomedes and Odysseus. (Thill translates *Palladium* as 'oeuvre de Pallas' and says in her note 'oeuvre de Palas-Athéné, inspiratrice des artisans'; but I doubt if the adj. by itself, without a noun to modify, ever means merely this). **36 Sinon** son of Anticleas, left behind by the Greeks leaving Troy, persuaded the Trojans to let the Horse into the city. (*Aen.* 2.57 ff.) **40 Phrygians** = Trojans (see on line 44). '**Sero sapiunt Phryges**', 'Phrygians are wise behind the time', was a Roman proverb. **42 Teucra:** i.e. Troy (from Teucer, a king of Troy). **44 Ilus** son of Tros king of Phrygia, who founded Ilium. Ilus himself was blinded for touching the Palladium, trying to save it from a temple fire. **46-7 Xanthos... Simoeis:** rivers at Troy, tributaries of the Scamander. **sanguine decolor:** Horace Ode 2.1.35 *mare decoloraverere caedes*. **50. the devastating king:** Gustavus Adolphus king of Sweden, called into Germany by the Protestants (see below on 3.31.13). **51-2 'Better'** etc.: more lit. 'it would be a profit to have died more splendidly' -- thus skillfully recalling the first stanza. Balde's poem has many sharp echoes of Horace, *Epode* 7 and Vergil, *Aen.* 2, esp. 234-240:

dividimus muros et moenia pandimus urbis.
accingunt omnes operi pedibusque rotarum 235
subiciunt lapsus et stuppea vincula collo
intendunt. scandit fatalis machina muros
feta armis. pueri circum innuptaeque puellae
sacra canunt funemque manu contingere gaudent:
illa subit mediaeque minans inlabitur urbi. 240

Ode 1.11. *Commendat Flavii Leonis vinum.*
[s016](#)

Vinum Falernum nectare dulcius,
 Et quale numquam protulerit Rhodos :
 Assuesce crystallum subire
 Lene fluens, phialaeque fundi.

Velis solutum compede dolii
 Mensam Leonis visere crebrius.
 Hoc Castor et Pollux amici,
 Hoc avidi Lupiceius orat

Comes Melichi. tu neque nubila
 Fundo minaris: nec capiti graveis
 Inducis umbras: nec feroci
 Bella geris metuenda thyrsos.

Sed mite duci prolicis hospitem,
 Quamvis paventem. Te penes et ioci,
 Castaque Musarum Camoenae,
 Et teneri sine lite risus.

Te Iuno furtim, forsan et inscia
 Iunone laetus Iuppiter hauserit:
 Malitque Bacchus se relicto
 Te bibere et suus hinc renasci.

Ode 1.11 He commends the wine of Flavius Leo.

Wine sweeter than the nectar of Falernum, Wine
 that even Rhodes did not produce, be accustomed
 softly to swirl in crystal
 or into cups be poured.

5 Now freed from prison in the vat, consent
 to visit Leo's table much more often!
 Eager friends, Castor, Pollux,
 Melichus, Lupiceius

10 all beg you. For you never threaten lowland
 with gathered storm nor cause a head to spin
 with darkness nor wage dreadful
 wars with a savage thyrsus,

15 but induce even the timidest of the guests
 to be drawn out. In your power, merriment,
 chaste verses of the Muses,
 soft laughter without sting.

20 Juno in secret, Juppiter, perhaps
 without her knowing, happily drain you; Bacchus
 deserts himself, to drink you
 so he can be reborn.

3-4 *crystallum... phiala*: perhaps by '*crystallum*' Balde means a glass, and by '*phiala*' a shallow cup. (The commonest ancient meaning of *phiala* is a flat drinking bowl; but e.g. Isidore, in book 20 s.v. De Vasis Potatoriis, says it means glass: "*Phialae*", *dictae quod ex vitro fiant; vitrum enim Graece ὑάλον dicitur.*" In Balde *Sylvae* 2.4 it is an ivory vial for perfume; in *Sylvae* 5.3 yellow poison floats in a *phiala* that sparkles with gems: '*Ne natet in phiala flavum gemmante venenum*'). 9-12 Balde perhaps means: 'You cause neither an upset stomach (*neque nubila fundo minaris*) nor unconsciousness (*nec capiti graveis inducis umbras*) nor a headache (*nec feroci bella geris metuenda thyrsos*)'. 17 '**Juno in secret**': because Roman women were forbidden to drink wine (so Thill). 20 '**reborn**': alludes to Dionysus being torn apart by Titans and allowed by Juppiter to be reborn (Thill).

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Ode I, XIV. Pyladis Hortus. Symbolum Amicitiae.
[s019](#)

Exuli cum se Pylades Oresti
 Iungeret caris geminandus annis,
 Duxit haec fatus per amoeniorem
 Phocidos hortum.

Frater, o flagrans animi medulla,
 Pars sacri maior meliorque Veris,
 Ex meo discas utinam vireto,
 Quid sit Amicus.

Fraudis expertes violae leguntur,
 Candidum pectus reserant ligustra,
 Germinant nigrae, tamen optimae vac-
 cinia famae.

Flos Amor, flos est iuvenilis horti,
 Quem creat Virtus, redolet sereno
 Pulcher aspectu, placidusque longum
 Durat in aevum.

Ecce, fons mersos penitus lapillos
 Pervio veri reteggit liquore.
 Quidquid in fundo latet amnis imo,
 Prodere garrit.

Fontis in morem penetrabile nuda;
 Neuter arcanum tacitus recondat;
 Corde crystallus fluat ex aprico
 Clara videri.

Cur diu celes animi dolorem?
 Prome, dispersus minuetur extra.
 Qui tibi luget, tibi gaudet, hic est
 Verus amicus.

Ode 1.14. The Garden of Pylades. Symbol of
 friendship

Though Pylades in order to be doubled
 in sweet years joined Orestes in his exile,
 he said once, as he led him through the prettier
 garden in Phocis,

5 "O burning marrow of my soul, my Brother,
 O greatest best part of my sacred Springtime,
 oh, how I wish you'd learn from this green spot
 what is a friend.

10 These violets that we pluck, know not deceit;
 convolvulus unlocks hearts, till they brighten;
 and though redoubling darkly, whortleberry
 is bright in fame!

Boyhood is gardens, and its blossom love.
 Virtue creates it: fragrant, crystal-clear,
 15 and beautiful, it placidly endures
 through a long lifetime.

See? through a springlet's penetrable fluid
 we see the submerged pebbles of the truth.
 What lurks upon a stream-bed, soon is published
 20 by noisy splashes.

So you, too, like a fountain bare the hidden.
 Let neither of us bury tacit secrets
 but from a heart that's sunlit, let them flow
 as bright as crystal!

25 Why are you hiding pain deep in your heart?
 Unburden it. Once outside you, it will lessen.
 A true friend is the one who shares your griefs
 and happiness."

Pylades (son of King Strophius of Phocis and Anaxibia, daughter of Atreus) was cousin and best friend of Orestes (son of Agamemnon king of Mycenae). They grew up together in Phocis; when Orestes, having killed his mother Clytemnestra, was driven to Tauris by the Furies, Pylades accompanied him (Ovid Pont. 3.2.58, Cic. de Amic. 7; de Fin. 5.22.).

2 "*caris*: sc. iuventutis omnisque vitae. *geminandus annis* i.e. bis quodammodo fruiturus, ut in arctissima duorum coniunctione amicorum fieri et potest et solet" -- so Müller ad loc., but *caris annis* could also be abl. of time going with *duxit*.

6 *sacri... veris*: i.e. simply his youth; but it has an older sense, perhaps worth mentioning; I quote from Smith, *Dict*, s.v.: "VER SACRUM (ἔτος ἱερόν). It was a custom... in times of great danger and distress, to vow to the deity the sacrifice

of every thing born in the next spring, that is between March 1st and the last day of April, if the calamity under which they were labouring should be removed (Festus, *s.v.* Ver sacrum; Liv. XXII.9, 10, XXXIV.44; Strab. V. p172; Sisenna *ap. Non.* xii.18; Serv. *ad Aen.* VII.796)." In earliest times both men & beasts were included; but later "children were allowed to grow up, and in the spring of their 20th or 21st year they were with covered faces driven across the frontier of their native country, whereupon they went whithersoever fortune or the deity might lead them".

(9-10) recall Verg. *Ecl.* 2.18 '*alba ligustra cadunt vaccinia nigra leguntur.*' There Page says of the plants: "*ligustrum*: usually rendered 'privet', but probably the white convolvulus, or bindweed' (*ligustrum* from *ligo*), of which Martyn writes, 'It has a flower whiter than any swan or snow, and is at the same time a most vile and obnoxious weed, rooted out of all gardens, and unfit for garlands, withering and losing its colour as soon as gathered.' *vaccinium* is often rendered 'bilberry', but it is beyond doubt a flower, for the bilberry could not be used in a posy or called *molle* as *vaccinium* is in line 50; the word is only a corrupted form of ὑάκινθος, see Martyn on G. 4. 182." But perhaps '*uaccinium*' is in fact whortleberry or blueberry: that has white blossoms; but Vergil's '*nigra leguntur*' and Balde's '*geminant nigrae*' could refer to the berries.

* * *

Ode i, XLIII. Ad Divam Virginem. Delectari se
eius Laudibus Canendis. [s055](#)

Ode 1, 43. To the Divine Virgin. The Delight he takes in
singing her praises.

Quem, Regina, tuo semel
Afflaris Zephyro, non aliis velit
Ventis ille vehi super
Undas pegasei fontis, ubi sacram
Venae laetitiam bibat,
Et facunda redux carmina temperet.
Nec, cum pieriam chelyn
Arguto fidicen pollice moverit
Formosam Lalagen canet,
Vultumque ac nivea colla Licymniae
Aut nigras Glycerae comas:
Sed doteis potius, Virgo, tuas lyra
Emirabitur aurea.
Et nunc, sive caput sole serenius
Seu lunae timidum iubar
Subiectae pedibus dicet, et igneas
Zonae sidereae rosas
Nunc, ut virgineo castus et integer
Partu detumui<t> sinus,
Matris non solitae nomen et oscula
Laetis humida lacrimis,
Vagiturque Dei: tum liquidum melos
Caeli et non rude gaudium;
Nunc formam pueri: *sive* nitentibus
Gemmanteis oculis faces,
Infusumque diem crinibus, ac genas,
Mali fragmina punci,

Whoever your West Wind
breathes on, O Queen, will let no other winds
raise him above the wave
of the Horse-fountain, there again to drink
5 its sacred happiness
and quieten his now abounding song.
Nor will he when his sonorous
thumb has excited the Pierian shell
sing shapely Lalagē
10 or snowy face and shoulders of Licymna
or Glycera's dark tresses,
but, Virgin, only your bright gifts that fill
his gold lyre will amaze him.
And whether a head serener than the sun
15 or shy rays of a moon
subjected to your feet he sings, or roses
ablaze in your belt of stars;
or how a chaste womb, whole from virgin birth,
subsided in the girl
20 unused to a mother's name and to the kisses
wet with her happy tears,
and to God crying, or the clear carolling
and refined joy of Heaven,
or the boy's beauty and the brilliance
25 of his clear gem-like eyes
and his hair full of light and cheeks as red
as a cut pomegranate

Et costis madidos unguine dactylos,
 Seu quae plurima serior
 Aetas bis geniti Numinis edidit,
 Narrabit fide Teia
 Vates partheniam vectus in insulam.
 O ergo facilis veni,
 Nec te, Diva, tuis subtrahe laudibus;
 Quas si dura mihi neget
 Non opto Lyricis vatibus inseri.

and his moist fragrant fingers; or the gifts
 to us that the later life
 30 of the twice-born Divinity poured forth
 your Seer with Teian lute
 will sing while sailing to the Virgin Island.
 Come, therefore, graciously,
 Goddess, do not avoid my praise of you;
 35 if cruelly you withdraw,
 I do not choose to be in the lyric poets.

(1) 'Whoever' etc.: echoes Horace c. 4.3.1 *quem tu Melpomene semel* (and this whole poem echoes all of that one). See Thill, *JB* p. 112 ff. (8) *arguto pollice*: 'subtle thumb'; but 'argutus' has terribly many meanings, all of them apt for Balde's 'thumb' (sharp, clear, melodious, skillful, etc. Cf. my note on 2.36.18 *arguta vocis tela*). (13) *emirabitur aurea*: Hor. c. 1.5.8 *emirabitur insolens*; 4.3.17 *o testudinis aureae*. (14-32) *Et nunc... insulam*: just one labyrinthine sentence. The sole main verb is 31 'narrabit', and all the nouns are its objects, even those that are also the objects of subordinate verbs. I here simplify it to show the structure: "(14-17) And whether he sings now your head or your feet or your waist, (18-22) (or) now your name 'Mother' and your kisses and the baby's crying -- (23-3) (and) then the song and joy of Heaven -- (24-8) (and) now the Boy's beauty -- whether eyes or hair or cheeks or fingers -- or (now) the gifts that his maturity gave us -- (all this) your Seer will tell." (14) 'serener than the sun': almost 'sunnier than the sun'. Lat. *serenus* means lit. 'cloudless'; so e.g. Vergil, *Geo.* 1.461-2 *serenas nubes*, 'sunny clouds'. (18-20) a parenthesis I slightly expanded; more lit.: "now--as the womb subsided, chaste & whole from virgin birth--the name 'Mother'" etc. (Here Thill, *JB* 113, has rather oddly "tantôt, quand ton sein [??] est retombé chaste et intact après l'enfantement, il dira le renom d'une mère sans égale [??]" etc. But 'sinus' I think does not mean 'sein'; and 'Matris non solitae' not 'mother without equal' but 'mother not customary', i.e. mother not used to being a mother: it seems a transferred epithet.) (26) *infusumque diem crinibus*: more lit. perhaps 'and the light poured onto his hair'; Balde perhaps is thinking of a halo. (26-8) Images from the Song of Songs, e.g. 4.3 *Sicut fragmen mali punici, ita genae tuae*, 5.5 *manus meae stillaverunt myrrham, et digiti mei pleni myrrha probatissima*. (30) 'Twice-born': Son of God, son of Mary. (32) *fide Teia*: from Horace, c. 1.17.18. 'Teian' = pert. to Teos, a city on the coast of Asia Minor, birthplace of the poet Anacreon. *Parthenia* is an old name for the isle of Samos, 'because Juno dwelt there when a virgin' (Lewis & Short s.v.). Balde probably knew this; and I suppose he knew that the 'Asclepiad' meter of his own poem (i.e. of its long lines) is named for Asclepiades of Samos (b. 320 BC, author of 40 or so erotic poems in the Palatine Anthology). (34-6) *O ergo facilis veni* etc.: terribly hard to translate, because the language is perfectly apt for three things: (a) a young lover pleading with a girl (how fearlessly Balde mimes this!), (b) a poet addressing his Muse (just as in Horace c. 4.3), and (c) a real prayer to Mary. In addition, (d) *Quas si* etc. imitates Horace addressing Maecenas: c. 1.1.35 *Quodsi me lyricis vatibus inseres / sublimi feriam sidera vertice*.

* * *

Ode II, VIII. Exclamatio. In funere Divitis,
 cum sepeliretur. Carmen extemporale. [s065](#)

Adeste, magni Carceris incolae,
 Parvoque claudi discite carcere.
 Hanc vestra Libertas Seriphum,
 Hos Gyaros subit exul Orbis.

Ode 2.8. Exclaimed at the funeral of a rich man as he
 was interred. Extemporaneous poem.

Inmates of the Great Prison, learn how to be
 locked in a small one! Exiled from the world
 your Freedom goes down into
 this Seriphos, this Gyaros.

Post fata cunctis sufficit angulus,
 Et parvus asser. Turrigeris ubi
 Innixa Maurorum columnis

5 For all men after death a slot suffices
 or a small post. Where is the great pile leaning
 upon black Mauric marble

Ac minio variata moles?		and inlaid with vermilion?	
Aut lata per quae iugera miluius Volans, citatas tot stadiis tamen Lassavit alas? Nunc avitis Nomen ubi fluitare bullis	10	Where the wide acres, circling which the kite, though quick for so many stadia, tired his wings? Where now a name to flutter in the ancestral necklace,	
Sparsum, et cruenti sanguis originem Foetens tyranni? Nunc lituis ubi Elisus et Rumor vapore Astra super populosque vectus?	15	the blood foul like its source in a bloody tyrant? Where is it, flashing out of cloud or war-horn, that Rumor borne above the stars, high over peoples?	
Venter pusillus, grande negotium, Quo iam recessit? Quis leget ostrea Gaurana pransuro? Ligatae Quem veteri saturabit uva	20	That paltry belly -- so much trouble! -- whither has it now gone? Who gathers Lucrine oysters for it to dine on? Whom will soot of some sealed jug	
Fuligo testae? Pomiferis ubi Autumnus implens arboribus nemus? Funesta creverunt Adami (Insere nunc Meliboeae) poma.		sate with old grapes? Where is an Autumn filling the woods with fruit-trees? Soon too lethal (O plant them, Meliboeus) grew Adam's apple trees.	
Ingratus heres caetera possidet, Te flente ridens; ille palatii Metator insultat sepulcro, Calve, tuo titulosque calcat.	25	An ingrate heir possesses all the rest; you weep, he laughs; that measurer of your palace, Bald Man, insults your tomb-stone, and treads on your inscription.	
Fert ille torqueis et Tyrii vomit Spumas aheni: te redimiculis Cingent inornatum lacertae. Heliadum bibit ille crustis	30	He wears your pearls. He sparkles with the froth of Tyrian vats. You, unadorned and beltless, quick lizards girdle; he from inlaid amber cups	
Tandem solutis caecuba clavibus Mappamque tingit: te nec aqua, Cinis, Lustrare dignetur. Quietem Sub placido capit ille cygno:	35	is drinking Caecuban (he has solved the locks!) and staining napkins: you he thinks unworthy of offering even water. Beneath swan's down he sleeps;	
Te saxa pressant. Ille reconditae Talenta gazae promet et intimae Avarus immigrabit arcae; Funereo tibi nec triente	40	you, stones squeeze. Greedily he exports the gold you buried deep, and moves into your inmost strongbox; but not three pence puts he in your dead mouth	
In os reposto. Si lacrimas dedit, Cum dulce pondus, carum Odium, extulit, Credantur emptae vel Charontis Immemorem redolere Lethen.		for Charon's fee. And if he wept when carrying your sweet weight out, dear Odium, let bought women be trusted! let oblivious Lethe be thought sweet-smelling!*	

Proh fluxa rerum, fluxa potentia,
Opumque ludus! Somnia, somnia
Emissa per rimas eburnae
Mox iterum revocanda Portae.

45 O flux of things, O fluctuating power,
O joke of wealth! Dreams, flitting from the cracks
of Ivory Gates ajar
and soon to be recalled.

NOTES. **3-4 Seriphos...** **Gyaros:** small islands of the Cyclades, used by the Romans as prisons; see my note on *Silvae* 7.7.42. See also Juvenal 10.170 (Balde in this poem often recalls Juvenal 10). **7 Maurorum columnae:** Horace 2.18.4. **9-11 Aut lata per quae** etc.: construe '*aut (ubi nunc sunt tua) lata iugera, per quae*' etc.; and '*tamen*' makes '*citatas*' concessive. Balde echoes (& I think surpasses) Juvenal 9.54: '*Dic, passer, cui tot montes, tot praedia servas / Appula, tot milvos intra tua pascua lassos?*' = 'Say, sparrow, for whom do you preserve so many mountains, so many farms of Apulia, so many kites who tire amid your pastures?' **11 bullis ('necklace'):** the *bulla* (lit. 'bubble') was a hollow hemisphere of gold (less often silver) that hung on a cord from the neck; worn for good luck by noble Roman children. When they grew up it was laid aside and consecrated to the Lares. The Latin here is so dense, the grammar so loose, that it's impossible to translate literally. Müller: '*Ubi nunc nomen avitis bullis [i.e. ex avorum fonte] sparsum fluitare [i.e. ut fluitet]? Ubi nunc sanguis originem cruenti tyranni foetens?*' Thill: '*Où son répandus maintenant le nom venu de la bulle des aïeux / et le sang dont l'odeur fétide atteste qu'il est issu d'un tyran cruel?*' '*Sanguis foetens*' could be taken both literally (blood that now stinks) and figuratively (grim lineage); and '*cruenti tyranni*' could mean both the dead man and a kingly ancestor. **15 Rumor:** i.e. high Fame. Balde I think echoes Ovid, *Met.* 15.871-9 (which in turn echoes Horace *Ode* 3.30). **18 Gaurus:** mod. Monte Barbaro overhanging the Lucrine lake; associated with oysters at Juv. 8.86. **20-21 fuligo etc.:** echoes Juv. 5.34 f., '*cuius patriam titulumque senectus / delevit multa veteris fuligine testae*': lit. '(a vintage) whose name and label old age / has erased with the thick soot of an old jug.' In order to hasten the ripening of the wine, "it was often placed after bottling in... an upper room to which smoke had free access" (J. D. Duff ad loc.). **23 Insere nunc, Meliboeus:** Verg. *Ecl.* 1.74. **29 Tyrii vomit spumas aheni,** lit. 'spews the froth of Tyrian bronze', i.e. bronze vats in which costly purple dye was made, from crushed shellfish. **32 Heliadum bibit ille crustis** (sc. *phialis*): (lit.) 'he drinks from inlaid (cups) of the daughters of Helios', i.e. cups inlaid with amber (on amber, see my note on *Silvae* 7.7.39); echoes Juv. Sat. 5.37: '*Ipse capaces / Heliadum crustas et inaequales beryllo / virro tenet phialas*': 'he himself holds spacious cups inlaid with amber and rough with beryls.' **33 Caecuban:** a famous white or pink wine; Balde echoes Hor. *Ode* 1.37.5-6, '*antehac nefas depromere Caecubum / cellis avitis*'; 2.14 fin.: '*absumet heres Caecuba dignior / servata centum clavibus et mero / tinguet pavimentum superbo / pontificum potiore cenis*.' **37-40 'Greedily'** etc.: more lit.: 'Greedy he produces talents of recondite (i.e. carefully hidden) treasure & has moved into (i.e. set up house in) your inmost strongbox;' ('*intimae arcae*' dat. with compound verb); but a literal version loses both the giant magic of the word order and the aptness of the words. For '*immigro*' Lewis & Short s.v. aptly quote Livy, proem. §11 '*nulla unquam res publica... nec bonis exemplis ditior fuit nec in quam ciuitatem tam serae auaritia luxuriaque immigrauerint*.' **40 Charon:** coins put in a corpse's mouth, to pay the fee of Charon, the Ferryman in Hades, were a Greek superstition adopted by the Romans.. **42 extulit: 'carried out'**, i.e. carried out of the house on the funeral bier ('*effero*' the everyday Roman word for this). **43-4 credantur** etc.: if the text is sound, very hard Latin. My transl. assumes that '*emptae*' = 'bought women' as at Prop. 1.9.4; that '*credantur*' is passive as in Lewis & Short II. C. c, but by a kind of zeugma, also governs the O.O. of 'redolere Lethen' ('let it be believed that' etc.); and that '*redolere*' = 'is fragrant' (as e.g. in Balde *Lyrica* 1.14.14 '*flos Amor... redolet sereno pulcher aspectu*'). Thill makes '*lacrimae*' the subject of '*credantur*': '*S'il a donné des larmes en enterrant un doux fardeau, un cher objet de haine, on les croirait achetées ou sentant le Léthé verseur d'oubli*.' If I though this right I would translated: "And if he shed tears, carrying / your sweet weight out, dear hate, let them be thought / to have been bought, or smelling / of Charon's mindless stream". Yet I think (a) that the heir did *not* weep; (b) that the jussive (or potential) subjunctive of '*credantur*' seems feeble (far better, indicative), and (c) that it seems absurd to say that any tears 'smell' of Lethe (I can scarcely understand Thill's 'ou sentant'). **Lethe**, the river of Forgetfulness in Hades. **Porta eburnea**: the ivory gate of Hades, through which come false dreams: Homer *Od.* 19.562 ff.

Ode II, XI. Ad D. Virginem

*In Silva Quietis,
vulgo Waldrast, altissimo Tyrolensium
montium iugo propitiam.
Cum Auctor ad eam inviseret.
((s070))*

Diva, quam circum spatiosa late
Hinc et hinc crescit nemoralis arbor
Et supra nubeis procul acta ramis
Sidera verrit,

Ut libens dignas habitare sedeis
Cerno sublimem! Nebulosa quamvis
Saxa praecingant, amor egit altum
Visere Montem.

Cui Therapnaeae metuant Amyclae
Terga conferri, viridisque Cynthus
Quaeque famosos agitata pascunt
Maenala cervos.

Verticem supra mediusque caelum
Inter et terras humileis, iacere
Arva despecto penitus remota
Proximus astris.

Heic moror. Vos, o socii, redite
Indices voti. Stat in hoc recessu
Emori; nam quo tumulo reponam
Dignius ossa?

Spirat ex antris pietas, et horror
Conscius Nymphae. locus ipse gratum
Terret ac mulcet, Superique per prae-
cordia fusi.

Sive nimbosas quatit Auster alas:
Sive brumali Boreas minatur
Ninguidus cornu: niveae tenemus
Virginis aulam.

Hinc ut avellar? Prius ima Valli
Incidet Rupes, pedibusque dorsum
Et caput iunget: prius ipse fontem
Deferet Oenus.

Ode 2.11. To the Divine Virgin

*In the Forest of Quiet,
In the vulgar tongue Waldrast,
the highest mountain peak of the Tyrol
On the Occasion of the Author's Visit there.*

Goddess, about whom spacious far and wide,
hither and thither grow the forest trees
that, climbing even over clouds, have branches
scraping the stars,

5 how gladly I see you living in a worthy,
uplifted house! For although cloudy stones
so ring it round, Love led us here to visit
your immense mountain.

Let crags of Therapnaean Amyclae fear
10 to be compared with yours, and sappy Cynthus
and the stirred glades of Maenalus that pasture
its famous stags.

Above a peak midway between the sky
and the more humble earth I can gaze down
15 at farmland utterly remote from earth
next to the stars.

Here I am staying! You my friends return
to tell my prayer. I want in this wild place
to die now. What low tumulus would better
20 compose my bones?

From nearby caves a piety breathes, and horror,
aware of the Nymph. The place itself
frightens and soothes one grateful: divine power
pours through the heart.

25 And whether South-wind shaking rainy wings,
or snowy North-wind threatens, with his horn
full of the winter storm, we have the hall
of the Snow Virgin.

Must I be torn hence? Sooner let the crag
30 become the valley floor and to its feet
join head and spine, O sooner let the Inn
turn back its springs.

O quies semper memorande silvae,
 O tuum vere meritura Nomen:
 Da frui fessis aliquando vera,
 Silva, quiete.

O Forest Quiet I must recall forever,
 Waldrast, O truly to deserve your name
 35 grant to us weary travellers to know
 true quiet, Forest.

N O T E S. Written in summer 1640, when Balde was 36. Maria Waldrast is a pilgrimage church and Servite monastery in a pass in the Alps south of Innsbruck, at a spot where in 1406 (or some say 1392) two shepherd boys found an image of Madonna and Child in a hollow larch tree (i.e., presumably, the tree had grown into that shape). **9 Therapnae:** Laconian town near Mt. Taygetus where Helen was born. **Amyclae:** city of King Tyndarus (father of Helen, Castor, & Pollux) near Sparta and Therapnae; it had a very old temple of Apollo (Martial epigr. 9.104). **10 Cynthus:** highest mountain on Delos where Apollo and Diana were born. **12 Maenalus:** highest mt. of Arcadia, thick with pines, renowned for hunting (hence 'stirred', '*agitata*' by huntsmen). **32 Oenus:** the Inn, Bavarian river on which Innsbruck is. **34 meritura:** here translated as a purpose clause; but it could also be attributive ('that will deserve your name').

There is an essay about the poem by Gerald Gillespie, in T. Kerth & G. C. Schoolfield (edd.), *Life's Golden Tree: Essays in German Literature from the Renaissance to Rilke* (Columbia, SC: Camden House, 1996) pp. 56-62. He translates into English only the last stanza, saying (p. 60): 'The final lines achieve the almost magical realization of the peace of the soul at this special moment and place of rest in the earthly journey. I ask your indulgence for my crude initial rendering of these lines into English:

Woodland Rest, ever worthy of remembrance,
 You will with greater merit bear your name:
 Let the weary in due course enjoy that
 Real rest, Woodland.'



Pilgrimage Church of Maria Waldrast (The church is in the fold of the hills)

* * *

Ode 2.21 Ad Arsacius Mamiroda Musicum.
Testudinis Peritissimum. Cum festo die S.
Caeciliae, Auctorem ad Symphoniam
invitaret. Lyra Pythagorae sive Animus
temperatis affectibus concors. [s084](#)

Quid iuvat Vatem Citharas amantem
Mortuam plectris animare buxum?
Verior nostro Lyra, Mamiroda, in
Pectore cantat.

Illa, si nescis, gravis ac sonora
Constat undenis fidibus movendis
Lege Naturae, nisi docta virtus
Temperet arte.

Spe, Metu, Votis, Odio, Dolore,
Gaudiis, Ira variamur omnes.
Corpus his nervis Animusque certo
Contremittit ictu.

Inter argutas resonare chordas
Est Amor princeps. Age nunc et artem
Disce ludendi: capies magistro
Certius usu.

Digna si speres, cupias honestum,
Oderis culpam, metuas timenda,
Diligas Numen, modereris irae
Laetus et insons,

Mulceas ipsos homines, Deosque,
Orpheo maior, pecudesque et ornos.
Totus astrorum chorus explicatas
Arriget aureis.

Sin ames parvum, fugias petenda,
Peior adversis, hilaris protervus,
Saevus irasci, timidus dolere,
Turpiter audax:

Dissono, vae, quam vitiata cantu
Corda stridebunt! Tua quale carmen
Musa disperdet Stygii Camoenis
apta tyranni!

Cum ferox Raptor spoliasset Aetnam

Ode 2.21 To Arsacius Mamiroda, a musician most
skillful in the lyre, when on St Cecilia's Day he invited
the author to a symphony. The Lyre of Pythagoras, or:
A Mind Harmonious with Governed Emotions.

Why does a Poet love lutes? Why delight
to hear a plectrum quickening dead boxwood?
A truer cithara, Mamiroda, sings
deep in the heart.

5 That one, you know, is an elevenfold
lyre sonorous and deep, excited only
by Natural laws, unless a learned Virtue
keep time and tune.

10 By Hope or Fear or Prayer, by Hate or Grief,
by Joy, by Anger, all of us keep changing.
The body and the heart quake, if a string
is sharply struck.

15 Among the brilliant strings, foremost to sound
is Love. Come then, and learn the art of playing;
and you will learn it surer if Experience
is your instructor.

20 If you have hopes worth hoping, covet honor,
and hate all sin, and fear what should be feared,
and love God's will, and govern every anger,
harmless and happy

you will soothe human beings and the Gods
and more than Orpheus did, the flocks and elm-trees
and the whole chorus of the stars will prick
unfolded ears!

25 But love the small, and flee what you should seek,
worse in bad times, and shameless in light-hearted,
cruel in your anger, too afraid of pain,
and basely daring,

30 alas! with what a jangled song your full-of-vice
heart-strings will shrill! Your Muses will destroy
a song like that, as apt for the Camenae
of Styx's king!

When that ferocious Rapist plundered Aetna

Iamque de nigro revoluta curru Tristis infernas Cereris subiret Filia sedis,	35	and spinning round and round in the black car Ceres' grim daughter was already nearing a hellish home
Ante consistens Hymenaeus Orcum, Hac Lyra moestam voluisse Sponsam Fertur et Maneis hilarare: Sed Proserpina flevit.	40	they say that Hymenaeus stopped and stood before dark Orcus trying, with this lyre, to make the sad bride and the Manes merry: but that she wept.
Nuptias, Eheu! miseranda nostras Rapta clamabat, resonare malim Antra Vulcani Sicalaeque rupis Nubere fabro.		The pitiable stolen creature cried, 'No, no! I'd rather Vulcan's caverns echoed my bridal song or marry even the Workman of Aetna's Crag.'

15-16 'magistro... usu': a verbless abl. absolute (no doubt by analogy with similar phrases using 'duce' = 'ducente'. In such phrases, how wonderfully compressed Latin is!) **30 corda:** almost a pun, since it is both n. pl. for 'heart' and a variant spelling of 'chorda' = string or chord. **31 Camenae** (cognate with 'carmen'): the Roman word for Muses (which is a Greek word). **32-3 Styx's king... rapist:** Pluto. He snatched Proserpina (Persephone) from Aetna, to the grief of her mother Ceres (Demeter). **38 Orcus:** can mean (a) the realm of Hades; (b) Pluto; (c) Death. **37 Hymenaeus:** the marriage god. At Roman weddings a song was sung to him with a refrain like 'To Hymen, Hymenae' etc., and he was felt to be present (e.g. Prop. 4.3.16, re a bad wedding: 'nupsi non comitante deo'). **43-4 'workman of Aetna's crag'** (lit. 'workman of the Sicilian crag'): the Cyclops, the ugliest creature on earth, both in his face and in his emotions. Under Aetna he forges thunderbolts in Vulcan's forge (e.g. Vergil *Geo.* 471-2, describing the Aetna eruption of 44 BC: 'Cyclopum efferuere in agros / uidimus undantem ruptis fornacibus Aetnam').

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II, XXV. AUCTORIS EXCLAMATIO
adversus OCTAVIANUM CAESAREM
AUGUSTUM: cum Schleishemii, M. TULLI
CICERONIS marmoream effigiem
contemplantur. CARMEN EXTEMPORALE
([s088](#))

Ingratus hic, et barbarior fuit
Lictore, qui te, M A R C E, reliquerat
Lictoris infami sub ictu.
Popilio quoque parricida

OCTAVIANUS paene nocentior.
Numquam Curulem presserat auream:
Si non tulisses tam disertam
Consul opem; populos et Urbis

Supra levato Dardaniae caput.
Sed cum procacis leno Volumniae,
Siccariorum fretus armis,
Te premeret, gladioque servi

Caedi iuberet: num repulit manus
Antonianas Romulei potens
Alumnus ostri? Num cruentos,
Qua poterat prohibere dextra,

Collo Patroni sollicitus sui
Avulsit enseis? Ille tyrannidi
Crudele connivebat hostis,
Imperio Caput immolanti.

Heu, Tullianae pulcra Philippicae
Praesecta cervix, ludibrium foro
Pependit in Rostris feroci.
Eloquio datur ista merces.

2.25 The AUTHOR'S OUTCRY against
OCTAVIANUS CAESAR AUGUSTUS as he
contemplated Schleissen's marble effigy of M.
TULLIUS CICERO. Extemporaneous poem.

He was an ingrate, more a barbarian,
Marcus, than even the lictor, when he left you
beneath some lictor's ignominious blow.
Octavianus was almost more deadly

5 than the parricide Popilius. After all
he never would have sat on Curule gold
had not the consul's brilliant eloquence
supporting him upraised him over peoples,

10 above the head of the Dardanian city!
But when the impudent Volumnia's pimp
relying on the arms of murderers,
got hold of you and by a slavish sword

15 told them to kill you, were the hands of Antony
ever pushed back by this now potent nursling
of Roman purple? Or with his right hand,
that could have stopped the bloody swords,

20 did he, now scared, pull them from off the neck
of his once Patron? Mere enemy, crudely
conniving at a tyranny, he winked
at the one to Power offering a head.

The lovely head of Cicero's Philippics,
cut at the throat, the joke of a ferocious
Forum, thus dangled from the Rostra:
that is the reward men give to eloquence.

4 Popilius Laenas, tribune of the people, had been defended by Cicero on a capital charge, but had him killed to gratify Antony. Cicero's severed head and hands were hung from the Rostra in the Forum. (For details see Seneca *Suas.* 6.16-24, Plut. *Cic.* 47-49; Appian 4.4.19-20.) Octavian could have prevented Cicero's murder, but sacrificed him to political expediency, even though hugely indebted to him. **6. Curule gold:** As Müller says, Balde is probably thinking of the golden chair of Julius Caesar (Suet. *Caes.* 76); Octavian never used it. **10 Volumnia's pimp:** Antony, a notorious womanizer. His mistress Volumnia, freedwoman of P. Volumnius Eutrapelus, was a mime-actress; her stage-name was Cytheris; she was mistress also to the poet Cornelius Gallus who called her Lycoris (see Servius on Verg., *Buc.* 10.1.) On this poem see Eckard Lefèvre, "Jakob Baldes Trauer über Ciceros Tod (Lyr. 2,25)", in: Thomas Ganschow / Matthias Steinhart (Hrsg.), *Otium . Fs. für Michael Strocka*, Remshalden 2005, 213-218. Like

Tacitus and Edward Gibbon, Balde detested Augustus. See *Silvae* 5.5.37-48 (below p. 30).

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Ode 2.33 CHOREAE MORTUALES: DANCE OF THE DEAD (([s099](#)))

Saltemus: socias iungite dexteras.
Iam Maneis dubius provocat Hesperus.
Per nubeis tremulum Cynthia candidis
Lumen cornibus ingerit.

O let us dance. Partners, join hands. Already
doubtful the Dusk Star signals to the Shades!
Through the clouds flickering Cynthia heaps up
light with her brilliant horns.

In lodice senes non bene pendula,
In ferruginea cyclade Virgines:
Sed picta violis grex tenet instita;
Alternos facimus pedes.

5 Old men in rough wool that hangs awkwardly,
young girls in rust-red tunics with a hem
that violets embroider, form our flock
as round and round we go.

Heic et Pontificum ture fragrantibus
Rus pastoris olens pileus infulis,
Et Regum Tyriis paenula vestibus
Miscentur sine nomine.

10 Mitres of Bishops redolent of incense,
a shepherd's felt cap smelling of the field,
dark hooded raincoats, scarlet robes of Kings,
mingle without a name.

Nullus de tumulo sollicitus suo
Aut pompae titulis, invidet alteri.
Omneis mors variis casibus obruit,
Nullo nobilis ordine.

No one preoccupied about his tomb
or the inscription's wording envies others.
15 By varying mishaps, in no order, noble
Death suffocated all.

Nobis nostra tamen sunt quoque sidera,
Sed formosa minus: sunt Zephyri, licet
Veris dissimiles, auraque tenuior,
Cupressisque frequens nemus.

Yet for us also Night has constellations,
although less beautiful; there is West Wind,
though not like spring's, & breeze, a subtler breeze,
20 and woods too thick with cypress.

O dulces Animae, vita quibus sua
Est exacta, nigris sternite floribus
Quam calcamus humum: spargite lilia
Fuscis grata coloribus.

Sweet souls from whom the debt of life demanded
was paid in full, O sprinkle with black blossoms
this earth we trample upon: O scatter lilies
that please with duskier colors.

Aptos choreis inferimus pedes!
Ut nullo quatitur terra negotio!
Dempta mole leves et sine pondere
Umbrae ludimus alites.

25 How apt for dancing are the feet we ply!
The earth is shaken -- by no thing at all.
Light as our loss of mass and without weight
we wingèd shadows play.

Ter cantum tacito murmure sistimus.
Ter nos Elysium vertimus ad polum,
Ter noctis tenebras (stringite lumina)
Pallenti face rumpimus.

30 Thrice we stop singing in a silent hum
and thrice we turn to the Elysian pole;
thrice the Night's shadows (O unsheath your lights!)
we rout with pallid torches.

Nos quicumque vides plaudere Manibus:
Cantabis simileis tu quoque naenias.

Stranger, who see us clapping, to the Shades
35 you will sing dirges too. What now you are

Quod nunc es fuimus; quod sumus hoc eris.
Praemissos sequere, et Vale.

we, too, have been. What we are, you will be.
Follow us and fare well

NOTES. **2 Manes: 'Shades'.** For 'Manes' English has no good equivalent; the word is always thrilling, for it means not only the ghosts of the dead but also the somber Gods of the Underworld: the Romans used this same word for both.

2 Dubius... Hesperus. In Latin verse '*dubius*' often refers to the 'uncertain' or 'doubtful' (because it makes objects doubtful) light of nightfall; here it is beautifully transferred to the Dusk Star himself, as if he were half frightened by the Manes he is summoning.

7 ferruginea cyclade: the *cyclas* "a circular robe worn by women, to the bottom of which a border was affixed, inlaid with gold (Prop. IV.7.70). Alexander Severus, in his other attempts to restrain the luxury of his age, ordained that women should possess only one *cyclas* each, and that it should not be adorned with more than six unciae of gold (Lamp. *Alex. Sev.* 41). The *cyclas* appears to have been usually made of some thin material (*tenui in cyclade*, Juv. IV.259)" -- thus Smith *Dict.* s.v.

10 'Mitres': Latin '*infulis*' = lit. 'fillets'; here, the lappets on bishops' mitres (which resemble the dangling ends of a fillet; perhaps they descend from those).

14 pompae titulis could mean: (a) 'procession's placards' (to an ancient Roman, I think, the phrase would have meant this), (b) 'titles of pomp' (i.e. Duke, Bishop, etc.), or (c) 'pomp's inscriptions'. My transl. assumes (c), since '*titulus*' was always the commonest word for tomb inscription, and Balde detested pompous specimens of those (see e.g. *Silvae* 5.5, or *Silvae* 7. 43 where he quotes and caricatures them).

15-16 mors... nobilis: 'noble Death': the adj. is startling; I think it beautiful, but like Ochsner (quoted by Müller ad loc.) I wonder if it isn't a printer's error for '*mobilis*'!

17 'Yet for us also' etc.: compare Vergil *Aen.* 6.640-2 describing the stars etc. of Elysium.

32 'Unsheathe... rout' seems to imitate Roman military language: '*Stringite gladios!*' = 'Unsheathe your swords!'

34 plaudere: Müller says 'sc. *pedibus choreas*'. He has in mind Vergil *Aen.* 6.644 '*pars pedibus plaudunt choreas et carmina dicunt*', lit. 'some clap out choral dances with their feet [i.e. they dance a ring dance, stamping] and sing songs.' But **34-5** could be taken in three ways: (A) as in my translation, Balde's Latin should be punctuated so that '*Manibus*' is governed by '*simileis*'. (B) as implied by the received punctuation, '*Manibus*' is governed by '*plaudere*', in which case it means: 'Whoever see us clapping at the Shades'; or '...clapping for the Shades' = dancing for them. The trouble with this is that in line 2 the dancers *are* the Shades. Or conceivably (C) the inf. '*plaudere*' is an imperative, so that it means: 'Whoever you are who watch us, clap' etc. Against this seem the echo of Vergil, and the awkwardness of using first the accusative (*nos*) then the dative (*Manibus*) to refer to the same persons. Orelli says: "Balde alludes to that superstition, which even now obtains among the common people, that whoever sees the chorus of the dead at night will soon die himself."

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Ode 2.36. Ad Somnum, Quom insomnia laboraret

Mansuete Mortis frater, eburneae
Dynasta portae, non nisi palpebra
Labente tranquillisque clausis
Per tenebras oculis vidende,

Curas potentem demere mentibus,
O Somne, ramum certius admove
Et hinc et hinc perfunde tempus
Rore soporiferaque virga.

Tu numen alnum mitibus influis
Succis in artus; tu grave taedium
Abstergis instaurasque vireis
Mane recens habileis labori.

Iam laetus igneis elicit Hesperus,
Iam nox ephebos ordinat aetheris
In agmen et Phoebos sororem
Substituit propiore curru.

Iamque in pharetras plumigeras avis
Arguta vocis tela recondidit,
Glebisque lassati terendis
Curva boves referunt aratra.

Stat mutus orbis; grata silentia
Exhalat aer: me tamen unicum
Quietis expertem fatigat
Triste dolor piceaeque fesso

Haerere curae. Quid, placidissime
Divum, moraris? Si tua vel volens
Vel irretorta fronte spreui
Dona sciens (neque enim recordor),

Poenas scelestus iam meritas dedi.
Placare tandem, Somne, revertere
Et innocenti sparge Lethe
Irriguos vigilantis artus.

Effunde plenius frigora cornibus
Mitique siccum lumen inebria

Ode 2.36. To Sleep, When the Author Suffered from Insomnia

O gentle brother of Death, O ivory gate's
Dynast, whom no one glimpses, except if
eyelids are slipping, and into a tranquil
darkness one's shut eyes peer,

5 your bough, so potent at erasing worries
of wakeful minds, O Sleep, put next to mine
and here, there, sprinkle temples with your dew
and soporific wand.

Propitious god, you flow like gentle sap
10 into the limbs, you wipe our heaviest
tiredness away and fresh at dawn restore
strength fitting men for labor.

Already glad, the Dusk Star calls his fires;
already Night ranks the etherial horsemen
15 in columns, substituting for Apollo
his sister running nearer.

Already in their feather quivers birds
have hidden the sharp arrows of their voices;
exhausted from a day of breaking sod
20 bulls pull home the curved ploughs.

Stock-still the globe, and mute. Sweet silences
float in the air. But at me (who alone
no quietness ever know) pulls heavy grief
and to my tiredness pitch-like

25 grim worries cling. Why then, O placidest
of gods, do you delay? If willingly
I knew but scorned your gifts and turned my back
(but this I don't remember)

I have already paid the price of crime.
30 Be appeased at last, O Sleep. Return to me
and sprinkle with an innocent Oblivion
a wakeful man's hot limbs.

Oh, from full horns pour out your chilliness;
inebriating dry eyes with the gentle

Caelo<,> reclinatumque corpus Ossa super line dormientis,	35	night sky and smear it over a sleeper's prone body and his bones.
Sed absque rhoncho. Sic tibi Tarquini Parcente dextra plura papavera Crescant in hortis; sic opacet Silva caput chlamydemque et arcam	40	And hush my snoring! So may Tarquin's hand refrain from striking, so that poppies thicklier grow in your gardens; so may forest darken your head, and Nature fill your cloak
Natura blandis repleat otiis. Sic illud antrum, cui deus incubas, Non turbet umbrarum caterva Tristis Atlantiadesque ductor.		and strongbox full of loveliest idleness. So may that cave in which your godhood rests be not disturbed by tumults of grim shadows and their Hermetic guide.
Sic nulla crudi flamina murmurent Apeliotae, nulla tonitrua Stridensve nocturnae volucris Penna sonet penitusque septas	45	So may no gusts be droning from a cruel East Wind, so may no sudden claps of thunder, nor a whistling in the feathers of the Night Bird whose eerie sound offends
Offendat aureis: sed fuga rivuli Per prata gratum mobilis obstrepat Et lenis audiri susurrus Sub platano trepidantis aerae.	50	the cloistered ear; but may a brooklet's flight rapid through meadows make its pleasing din or the light sough of ear-delighting breeze beneath a trembling plane-tree.
Proh vota! cuius damnor inertiae? Totus labasco; vix lubet hiscere; Piget moveri. Sella lectus Esto: puer citharam repone.	55	Such prayers! To what paralysis am I damned? I feel so faint, I hardly enjoy yawning; to move is hard; let the chair be my bed; boy, take the lyre away. . .

NOTES. Date 1643. The poem is to **Somnus**, Sleep, brother of Death, son of Night and Darkness (i.e. Erebus: Hesiod, *Theogony* 211 ff.). Some of his attributes can be seen in Greek vase paintings; they include a wand (here, line 4) by which he rations sleep, a bough (7, 31-2) dripping water from the river Lethe (= Oblivion; in 7 it's beautifully called "dew" in order to evoke the night), poppies (38-9), a horn full of opium juice (33 f.), and the lightless cave (42) in which he sleeps, which is also the entrance to the Underworld (43-4).

2 Dynasta: prince, potentate: a rather startling (though beautiful) word to use here. In Vergil the Ivory Gate is that through which come false dreams (*Aen.* VI fin.).

9 tu numen almus: more lit. 'you, nourishing divine power'. But both words are hard to render in English: *numen* is lit. the 'nod' or will of a god; *almus* means nourishing (from the verb *alo*), nurse-like, kind.

13 igneis elicit: 'calls his fires'. The Latin is, again, magically suggestive, and untranslatable. Lit. 'calls forth (his) fires', i.e. perhaps 'starts to sparkle'. But the plural ('fires') makes one think of the other stars, as if the Dusk Star sent them a signal! Because of this and because of **14 f. ordinat in agmen:** 'ranks in columns' Balde seems to me to recall (perhaps not consciously) Ovid, *Met.* 2,112 f. describing the dawn: "diffugiunt stellae, quarum *agmina cogit* / *Lucifer* et caeli statione novissimus exit.: 'the Stars took flight; the Dawn Star drove them in columns and left his station last.'

14 ephebos: 'horsemen': *epheboi* were Athenian youths being trained for manhood in the art of war, mainly as cavalrymen.

18 *arguta vocis stela*: 'sharp arrows of the voice'. The Latin adj. 'arguta', when used by poets, is always untranslatable, since it oddly means both (a) (of sound) sharp, shrill, clear-cut and (b) (mainly of shape) shapely, graceful, with sweet clear curves (e.g. the shape of a swallow in flight, or the bent neck of Venus). The beautiful image of the voice, or of musical sounds, conceived as 'arrows' is common in Homer and Pindar (for charming examples in Pindar see e.g. http://udallasclassics.org/maurer_files/PindarIndex.htm, section IV.1)

34 f. *Mitique siccum lumen inebria Caelo*: lit. 'inebriate [i.e. make drunken and dizzy] the dry [i.e. sober, waking, too alert!] eyes'. This phrase too is scarcely translatable since there are four puns (so to call them): '*siccum*' means both 'dry' and 'sober' (i.e. not drunken, not yet dizzy from the poppy juice); '*lumen*' both 'eye' and 'light'; and '*miti... caelo*' both '*with* mild sky' (i.e. with the dewy softness of the night; instrumental abl.) and '*from* the mild sky' (abl. of separation).

35-6 *reclinatumque corpus / Ossa super line dormientis*: more lit. 'and smear it on the reclining body above the bones of the sleeper' (I think 'super' follows the word it governs, as often in Vergil).

38 f. 'Tarquin... poppies': for the story of Tarquin's attack on poppies see, Livy I.54.

41 *arcam*, 'strongbox': I don't know what this refers to. (I even wonder if it isn't a copyist's error for '*arcem*' = 'fortress', meaning his cave).

43-4 'tumults of grim shadows': Sleep's cave (42) is that through you pass to go to the Underworld. For a superb description of the twittering, bat-like Shades and their guide, Hermes, see Homer, *Odyssey* 24.1-10 (Balde calls him '*Atlantiades*', 'scion of Atlas', because he was grandson of Atlas through Maia).

47 'the night bird': presumably the owl.

47-9 *septas... aureis*: 'cloistered ear'. You can take *septas* predicatively; then it means in effect 'protected' (i.e. by the cave). But also it magically evokes the windings of the inner ear.

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Ode. 2.39. *Enthusiasmus. In coemeterio considerantis mortem ac functorum ossa. Anno M.DC.XL*

Inspiration in a Cemetery, contemplating Death and the Bones of the Departed. 1640

Vt se feroces denique litori stravere fluctus! compositis minae velis et humani modesto aequore detumuerunt fastus.		On this shore the ferocious waves lay down and went to sleep. Here, furled sails. Men's disdain, their threats, are all deflated into this modest plain.
marcent quieto cuncta silentio non ira venti, non sonus imbrium auditur in portu: profundo monstra iacent maris ipsa somno.	5	In the still silence all things shrivel up. No anger of the wind, no sounds of storms in port are heard. In deepest sleep the sea-monsters lie.
huc illa demum spuma superbiae, frangenda tristes ad scopulos, cadit; huc pompa tempestatis acta in medio crepat et solutos	10	At last that foam of arrogance, here destined to break on grim stone, falls away. The pomp of the tempest driven hither in sunlight pops and rustles
effundit utres: protinus omnia iniuriarum flamina concidunt, subsedit aularum procella et tumor invidiaeque gurgis.	15	like a deflated float. Immediately all the fierce gales collapse: the injuries, the rough squall of the palace, the swirls or swells of hatred.
quid simus, eheu! sola tacentibus mors muta nobis atraque candide fatetur ac demonstrat: hoc est omnis homo: cinis atque pulvis.	20	What we are only Death, mute and pitch dark, tells us as we fall silent, demonstrating lucidly what each human amounts to: ash and dust.
omnes subimus non revocabile debere fatum; serius ocus, ut quemque ducit (vel rebellem attrahit) imperiosus ordo,		We all submit to a debt no one can cancel to Death and soon, or later, as the imperious order leads each (or if he is a rebel drags him)
manes sub unum cogimur atrium. diu timemus, quod cito desinit et stamus in casum repentem. nascimur ut moriamur orti.	25	are Shadows, herded into one Atrium. We long fear what ends instantly; we brace for a fast fall; are born so as from birth to die.
Vitae sub ipso nomine Mors latet. vix maior annos impulit, et puer se mactat infantem: tenellus dum tenero sibi cedit ipsi.	30	Beneath the very name of Life lurks Death. As one scarce-older strikes, a boy crowds out his infant self; a tiny is pushed out by a small.

pellit iuventus laeta pueritiam, praetexta rallam. Vir iuvenem necat crescente barba: quam senectae iam nimia madidam pruina		Youth gladly swallows childhood; a striped toga the boy's light tunic. Soon a man slays a youth as the beard grows, that Atropos snips off, and his chin with it,
unaque mentum demetit Atropos. sic et rapinam vivimus, et fugam, nostri latrones et prioris usque gradus spatiique fures,	35	as old age moistens it. And so we live: by theft, by flight, robbers of prior selves, self-brigands, the night-burglars of our own time and space,
ac curiosi in saecula transfugae: qui semper aetatem induimus novam; ipsique numquam et semper ipsi, inque dies alii, sequente	40	scared, care-filled runaways into eternity. Always we get dressed up in a new age-group, always yet never ourselves, as the day alters, other,
mutamur hora. vertere, vertere, formose Proteu: cum faciem Deo iubente pones adque Galbas Veneris auriculis carentes :	45	then change again, next hour. Oh, alter, alter, O shapely Proteus! Whenever at God's bidding you drop your face, and come to Galbas that lack earlobes,
deformis unum Larva teneberis servare vultum pauperis Ibici. non hic lupinis aera distant, non validae scapha parva navi.	50	you will be trapped, an ugly ghost, preserving the pauper face of Ibycus! Here, bronze pennies look just the same as beans, the stout ship like a skiff.
an sis vetusto nobilis ab Lamo, an usque prisco dives ab Inacho, hiems an aestas; infidelis scilicet hoc Libitina curat!	55	Or were you noble, of the blood of Lamus? Or a rich man, a scion of old Inachus? Winter, or Summer? Faithless Libitina, no doubt, cares.
qua dextra sceptrum, qua fuerit ligo, qua falx et ensis: forfice quod caput rasum, coronatumve gemmis, unde sciam? iacet incubantum	60	In which right hand was there a hoe? A sceptre, a scythe, a sword? Which head was shorn, or crowned with jewels? How could I know? All are a jumbled heap
confusa strages. non roseus color sublucet ulli, non cutis extima. ut flante Cauro tota vernis silva comis viduata moeret.		of mingled bones. Here no one glows or blushes; no one has skin; as when a whole forest, swept by a Northeast wind, grieves widowed of its spring leaves.
discrimen hoc quod cernimus unicum est esse nullum. cuius enim genae pinguntur ostro? quae polito frons ebori nivibusque certat?	65	The one distinction we discern amongst them is that there is none. Which one's cheeks had rouge? Which forehead vied with polished ivory? Or fresh snow?
quis crine vertex, quae violis comae ornantur? Eheu! non oculi micant	70	Which head had tresses? Whose hair was entwined with violets? Here no eyes flash from birth

fulgore nativo; nec usquam Flamma domi. Latebras amoris		with lightning; in this house the hearth is cold. Snakes searching
scrutata serpens Idalios cavo exhausit igneis. Vah specus horrida, truncaequae nares: vah ruina! oris hiat lacerata sepes,	75	love's hiding-places drained dry Cupid's ardors. Faugh! fearful cavern! Those truncated nostrils! What ruin. Faugh! This mouth gapes with its hedges torn,
gingiva linguae stirpitur erutae. praedator hortum vermis edentulum vastare repit. Vah palati a colubris iugulata radix!	80	no gums, a tongue that's torn out by its roots. The maggot creeps: to rob this toothless garden. The root of the palate -- faugh! is choked and swarms with snakes.
Ergone tanti forma fideliae censeris albae cretaeque putrium fallax puellarum et caducis allita fraus speciosa malis?		Why are you prized so much, O beauty of the white pot? and you, deceitful make-up of rotting girls? You, seemliest frauds, perfumes of the crumbling.
labore quanto femina comitur solvenda in atra denique viperas! licet venustatis canorae in speculis radietur echo,	85	With how much labor she adorns herself, in order to dissolve, into black vipers! Let the echo of resounding beauty shine in the mirrors,
suamque praesens quaerat imaginem absentis instar, dumque reflectitur irritet aspectu placentis -- non potitur tamen ipsa semet.	90	and she, though present, seek her absent image and while she is reflected, be excited by sight of someone pleasing! -- she can't possess herself.
adeste, quarum vivere nil agit praeter videri: splenia certius et lac asellarum pudendae, functa sua simulacra vita,	95	Come, creatures, to whom nothing in life matters except being seen! Shameless, you will apply your asses' milk and plasters to wrinkled brows more deftly
fronti admovebunt: turpe rigentibus ventosa rugis calva medebitur, legem capillis calva ponet. Musa siles? ubi me relinquis?	100	as ghosts. Each windy bald skull will heal ugly wrinkles and say to hair: "Thus far. No farther." Muse, are you silent?... Where, then, are you leaving me?

NOTES. The Latin of this poem, more than that of any other, has a prodigious compression, which translation cannot reproduce without becoming unintelligible. It seemed best not even to try. I did, as always, make it roughly metrical, because 'free verse' and Balde are poles apart; but otherwise the transl. is only a drab aid to the Latin, giving only the main or 'literal' meaning. In the notes I point to some of the other meanings, which are unmistakably there, but which clarity has to sacrifice. (I do sometimes take a different sort of liberty: often I break up a long period -- so as to slow it down, to call attention to the density of this or that piece of it.)

3 modesto aequore: a complex pun. Latin *aequor* means both 'plain' (from *aequus*, 'level') and 'sea'; and this one is 'modest' in the sense that it now, at last, knows its boundary, its *modum*. **8 monstra... ipsa:** human pride is

like a stormy sea, inhabited by many undersea 'monsters'! Balde alludes to many passages in Genesis, Psalms, Job, St. Augustine, etc., where the sea is an image of the wild, lawless human heart (see below on lines 99 f.: the places there quoted also underlie these first four stanzas). This image used to be so well known that even speakers in Parliament could allude to it; e.g. Edmund Burke addressing the arrogant king of England, in his speech 'On Conciliation with America' (March 22, 1755): "But there a power steps in that limits the arrogance of raging passions and furious elements, and says, SO FAR SHALL THOU GO, AND NO FARTHER. Who are you, that you should fret and rage, and bite the chains of nature?" **11 *pompa***: pomp, display (as in a parade, which is what *pompa* originally meant; Gk. πομπείαν πομπεύω or πέμπω, escort a procession). **12 *uter, utris***, m.: an inflated leather bag, used to keep one afloat when crossing streams etc.; here also an image of the inflated ego (as in Horace *Sat.* 2.5.98, on a vain man: '*crescentem tumidis infla sermonibus utrem*'). ***solutos effundit utres***: lit. '(pride) pours out (its) deflated floats', i.e. it now deflates -- and sinks! (Thill p. 138: "C'est là qu'est poussée la pompe de la tempête pour crever en son milieu et répandre ses outres ouvertes".) **14 *aularum procella et tumor***: the squall (*procella*) and commotion of palaces (*aulae*). **16 *invidiae***: I translate 'hatred' but it also means 'spite' or 'envy'. **18 - *que*** connects *muta* and *atra*. Notice the symmetry of the oxymorons: though mute, Death speaks; though black, it brightly shows. **22 *debere***: here in effect a noun, obj. of *subimus*: 'we all encounter owing a death'; i.e. we encounter the fact that we owe (to Nature) a death. But *subire* is never easily translatable; it means not only 'encounter' but also (more literally) 'go beneath' or 'go down into'. Also the Latin says not 'death' but lit. 'an irrevocable Fate'. **25 'we are herded'**: i.e. by Hermes, guide of ghosts into the underworld. **27 *stamus in casum repentem***: lit. 'we stand for a sudden fall': i.e. it's as if tenaciously we stood fast -- only for the purpose of falling! **30 *vix maior annos impulit***: *annos* is acc. of respect ('one hardly greater in years' = one hardly older). The point is that we are violent because we keep killing, or expelling, our prior selves. **33 *pellit***: hard to render since it means (a) 'strikes' and (b) 'expels' (i.e. a simple form = a compound, as often in poetry). **31 f. *tenellus*** etc.: lit '(as) a tender tiny one (i.e. a baby: *tenellus* dimin. *tener*) succumbs to a tender one (i.e. a boy)'. **34 *praetexta***: the purple-bordered toga worn by children till they donned the toga. ***ralla***: light fine cloth worn by small children. **35 *madidam***: 'moist' -- i.e. with putrefaction? **37 *Atropos***: the Parca who cuts the thread of life. She snips off old age's beard -- & the chin with it! Müller thinks that Balde imagines the mutilated statue of the emperor Galba (see below on 48); but we need not assume this. **40 *gradus***: 'stage' of life. **41 *in saecula***: I translated 'into eternity', but it could also be the opposite: 'into Time'. **42 *induo***: don, put on (as one puts on clothes). **46 *Proteus***: a sea god, notoriously hard to catch and pin down because he kept changing shape. But Balde is ironical (is really addressing man). **48 *Galbas***: Juv. *Sat.* 8.3: *et Galbam auriculis nasoque carentem*. **50 *pauper Ibicus***: Hor. *ode* 3.15.1. **51 *lupinus*** cf. Hor. *Epist.* 1.8.3; and see my note on Balde *ode* 4.31.7. **52 *scapha***: alludes of course to Charon's skiff. **53 *Lamus***: son of Neptune, king of the Laestrygonians (Hom. *Od.* 22.81; cf. Hor. *c.* 3.17.1) ***Inachus***: old king of Argos. (*Aen.* 7.371; Hor. *c.* 2.3.21. **55 *Hiemis an aestas***: i.e. old age and youth. **56 *Libitina***: goddess of undertakers. **57-8 *qua... qua... qua...***: an emendation by Ochsner & Müller (the 1660 edition, retained by Thill, has *quae... quae... quae...*). **73-4 *Idalios ignes***: i.e. Cupid's fires, the fire of love (since Mt. Ida is sacred to Aphrodite). ***cavo***: i.e. of the eyes. **79 *Vah palati!*** etc. Surely the palate is meant. Thill (*J.B.* 142; cf. 151) oddly has: 'Horreur! ce palais ravagé jusque au fond par les couleuvres.'

81 *tanti... censeris*: 'are you valued so much...?' (*tanti* gen. of price); the addressees are items of women's makeup. **87 ff. *venustatis canorae***: female beauty is 'sonorous' since poets sing of it! ***licet...in speculis radietur Echo***: lit. 'let the Echo [i.e. reflection!] of sonorous loveliness shine in the mirrors' -- here sight is expressed here in terms of sound, and vice versa. **89 *quaerat.. irriteret***: lit. 'let her [i.e. Woman] seek... let her be excited' (jussive subjunctives); I change the mood just to save metrical space. **94 ff.** The **plasters** were to make wrinkles disappear (Mart. *Epigr.* 2.29: *et numerosa linunt stellantem splenia frontem*); the **asses' milk** to freshen the skin (Pliny *NH* 28.49 (183) '*Cutem in facie erugari et tenerescere candore lacte asinino putant, notumque est quasdam cottidie septies genas custodito numero fovere.*') **96 *simulacra sua vita functa***: Cf. Vergil *Geo.* 4.474-5 (re the ghosts in Hades), *defunctaque corpora vita / magnanimum heroum, pueri innuptaeque puellae*, etc. **97 f. *rigentibus... rugis***: dat. with *medebitur*. ***ventosa... calva***: 'the windy bald head' = the skull in the grave! Age and 'rigor mortis' will stiffen the wrinkles; but the 'bald head' will 'heal' them by simply erasing them. **99 *legem capillis calva ponet***: echoes the language of many OT passages in which God (rather than the bald head!) ordains boundaries for the sea (rather than hair!), saying 'Thus far and no farther'; e.g. Job 38: *Posui mari ostia et vectes, et dixit, hucusque venies, et non procedes amplius; et hic confringes tumentes fluctus tuos*; Hier. 5, 21-2 *Qui posui arenam terminum mari, praeceptum sempiternum, quod non praeteribit*; Ps. 104.9. **100 *Muse siles? Ubi me relinquis***: Horace, *c.* 3.3.70 *Quo, Musa, tendis*, 3.251 *Quo me*,

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Ode II, XLIV. [s114](#)

*Ad Virginem Dei matrem.
Pro Sereniss. Principe Ferdinando Maria
Francisco Ignatio Wolfgango Sereniss.
Electoris Maximiliani Primogenito.
Carmen votivum.*

Ode 2.44

*To the Virgin mother of God
For his most Serene Highness Ferdinand
Marie Francis Ignatius Wolfgang,
first-born son to the most Serene Elector Maximilian.
Votive poem*

Nam quid vetabit, quo minus offeram
Tibi Puellum? Non adimo suae
Matri: sed insontem foveri
Praesidio melioris opto.

What will prevent my offering you the Boy?
I do not take him from his Mother; only
would have his innocence
protected by one better.

Admitte Pignus, Mater amabilis,
Et prima vitae flecte crepuscula:
Ut flos tenellae lucis halet
In gremio redolentis Horae,

5 Accept the pledge, O amiable Mother.
Guide the dawn-twilight of his life, so that
this flower of fresh light breathe
in the lap of the fragrant Hour

Tuique Nati ludat imagine.
Tum crescat ore et fronte merities;
Venaque spiranti sereno
Dulce tremant; senique vesper

10 and play in the image of your Son. May noon
grow in his mouth and brow. May veins
thrill quietly as he breathes,
may his old age's twilight

Purae quietis provehat otia.
Cor urat aestas, ver animum, genas
Autumnus, albentique pingat
Virgineam nive bruma mentem.

15 bring him a leisure of pure peace. May Summer
burn in his heart, Spring in his soul, the Autumn
his cheeks, and Winter snow
whiten a mind yet virgin.

5 **'Pledge'**: Lat. '*pignus*' = a child; often found even in inscriptions. *Pignus* acquired this sense "in the Augustan period,...due firstly to children being regarded as warrants of... mutual affection, and secondly to the fact that a man's nearest relations were those selected as hostages... for his loyalty"--Postgate on Prop. 4.11.12 (& see also Prop. 4.11.73). 8 *Horae*: "les Heures, filles du Soleil, cf. Ov., M. II.26; 'l'Heure odorante' semble désigner ici l'Aurore, qui correspond au matin de la vie (v.6)." -- Thill. By 'exhale' Balde might mean 'emit its own tiny fragrance'; i.e. may this flowerlet make its own tiny contribution to the fresh scents of Dawn. 11 *venaeque* etc.: more lit.: 'may his veins, as he breathes quietly, thrill sweetly' (i.e. tremble with a sweet trembling: *dulce* internal acc. '*Sereno*' could be taken predicatively, so that it would mean: 'as he breathes in sunlight'). I find this little poem astonishingly beautiful.

* * *

Ode III, II. Ad D. Virginem Aetalensem.

Cum ex Tyroli in Bavarium profectus
illac praeveheretur. [s125](#)

Montium Praeses, nemorumque Virgo,
Cuius Aetalae meminere valles,
Silva cui circum viret, et comanteis
Imputat umbras,
Quam tuam laetus propiore passu
Eminus visam venerarer aedem!
Sed viae tardant, neque lentus audit
Currus habenas.
Ergo, quod solum superest amicis,
Quos iter iungi vetat: O et absens,
Ter quater pulcris cumulanda votis,
Sic quoque salve.
Tu quoque absentem iubeas valere
Mutuas ut dum damus atque voceis
Reddimus sacrae per opaca silvae
Insonet Echo.

Ode 3.2. To the Divine Virgin of Ettal

When having left the Tyrol for Barvaria
the author was approaching her.

Mountain protectress, Virgin of the Woods,
whom valleys of Ettal are mindful of,
round whom a forest greens, to whom it owes
its deepened shadows,
how happily, as my footsteps draw near,
your church I worship, seeing it from afar!
But the roads slow me and this stubborn team
deaf to the reins.
So what alone is left for friends, whom roads
forbid to join: O even absent, Lady
worthy of three and four heaps of my prayers,
even thus -- Hello!
You too, though I'm not there, bid me fare well,
and while we call each other thus and answer,
inside the darkness of a sacred forest
the echo sounds!



Ettal in Bavaria founded 28 April 1330 by Kaiser Louis IV H. R. Emperor

Ode 3, 37 Lyrica sua, in silvis amissa, indicio
volantis Spinuli sub arbore populo reperta
esse, laetatur. ((s156))

Sunt vates superis, io
Curae. Vos socii, plaudite: Repperi
Centum carmina victimis
Constatura mihi: qualibus Atticum
Mactat Pythagoras Iovem.
Magna parte mei non ego gaudeam
Inventa? Fugiant dies:
Soles intereunt: sub celeri rota
Aevi, quadrupedantibus
Velox Tempus equis proterit omnia
Caelo Musa tamen beat;
Vatem Musa suum grata vetat mori,
At tu, Spinule, quem vagis
Mutantem nemus ac nubila saltibus
Sectato bene reddidit
Seu Fortuna suam, seu Deus, arborem,
Quaesitam meritis feres
Laudem: nec minimarum ex avium grege
Indonatus abiveris.
Quamquam nulla tibi gratia simias
Affandi volucres; neque
Certas flumineis parvus oloribus:
Tantillus tamen, et places,
Et maior reliquis semper habebis.
Ne se Pica, loquax genus,
Sturnusque aligerum conferat histrio:
Aut quae Bistonium soror
Luget flebilibus quæsta modis Ityn,
Felix Spinule. Tu quoque,
In cuius iacuit depositum sinu,
Subter florida brachia;
Fies nobilium Populus arborum.
Hinc iam certa mihi petam
Lauro posthabita: quando nec Herculem
Prostratis puduit feris
Albenti solio cingere tempora.

Ode 3.27. The author rejoices that his lyrics, lost
in the woods, have been found beneath a poplar
tree, by a hint given by the flight of a Chaffinch

For seers the gods above
Do worry! Oh, friends, clap! I found a hundred
poems most plainly destined
to die as victims, such as Pythagoras
5 offered to Attic Jove!
How not be glad? So great a part of me
is found now! And as days fly off,
suns vanish, and the quick wheel of my life
spins, and with galloping
10 horses swift Time pounds everything away,
a Muse repays with Heaven,
and glad of him, forbids her seer to die.
But you, Chaffinch, who darted
from wood to cloud to glade, as God or Luck
15 returned your close pursuer
to the sole tree he sought, deserve the praise
with which I cover you!
Nor from the flock of tiniest of the birds
will you go unrewarded.
20 Admittedly you lack the tricky grace
of birds that ape the voice
and are too small to vie in streams with swans,
yet tinily you give pleasure
and always will be prized above the others.
25 Let no loquacious Magpie
and no bird-mimic Starling vie with you,
no Thracian sister mourning,
searching in dirges for her missing Itys,
O happier Finch! And thou
30 in whose breast it was lying tucked away
beneath thy flowering branch,
Poplar, will be among the famous trees!
From thee will I seek my wreaths
above the laurel: as when Hercules
35 amid the prostrate beasts
was not ashamed to wreath his head in poplar.

5 Pythagoras: 'It is said that when the Theorem was found which is named for him, Pythagoras full of joy sacrificed a hundred bulls to Zeus who was worshipped most religiously in Attica' (Müller ad loc.). **6 magna parte mei:** imitates Horace C. 3.30.6. **11 Caelo Musa beat:** Horace C. 4.8.28-9 '*dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori, / caelo Musa beat.*': 'the Muse forbids a man worthy of praise to die; the Muse blesses him

with Heaven.' 13-16 '*At tu Spinule*' etc.: the Latin is hard to construe ('*quem*' is object of '*sectato*' which I think means 'the one who chased you', and '*vagis*,' a transferred epithet, modifies '*saltibus*' but describes the bird), and impossible to translate literally. More lit.: "Either Fortune or God gave back to your close pursuer [lit. 'to the one who well pursued (you)] his tree [i.e. the lost tree which he sought] as you exchanged grove or clouds for errant glades". 17 *Quaesitam* etc.: echoing Hor. C. 3.30 fin. 25 *Pica*: magpie; jay; mockingbird. 27 '*Thracian sister*' (Lat. *Bistonium* = 'Thracian') refers to Philomela, who was changed into a nightingale; her song is one of mourning for her sister Procne's infant son Itys, whom Procne killed to punish her husband for raping Philomela (the story is too terribly tangled to summarize here! -- see Ovid, *Met.* 6.412 ff.) 32 *Fies nobilium*' etc.: more lit. 'will be of the noble trees' (imitating Horace C. 3.13.13').

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Ode iii, XXXI. *Ad illustrissimum D. Philippum Brevanum. Cum Auctori antiqua numismata monstraret.* (([s161](#)))

Ode 3.31. To the most illustrious Count Philipp Curtz. When he showed the author his ancient coin collection

Utrumque gleba subter Achaica
Crepit refossi lamina Caesaris
Detrita, Romanisque nummus
Squalidus eruitur sepulcris,

Whenever from beneath Achaean sod
the worn-out metal of a dug-up Caesar
clinks and a squalid coin
is ripped from Roman tombs

Nostrate gaza carius aestimas
Placetque gemmis gratior omnibus,
Concisus in vultus minutos
Materiae veteris tyrannus.

5 you prize it over treasure of our country;
a pleasure sweeter than a jewel, a tyrant
incised into a minute
gaze of the old metal.

Flammatus, inquis, sic oculos Nero,
Sic Hadrianus, sic pater Aelius,
Sic antecedentes ferebant
Ora Titi Solymis timendi.

10 "That's just how Nero looked, with swollen eyes,"
you say. "That's Hadrian. That's the father, Aelius.
Or "See? -- the predecessors
of Titus, whom Jewry feared!

Bos Iulianum cornibus indicat.
Phocam securis. Quam bene barbari
Fastus, et atroces in auro
Stant animi! Iuvat intueri

15 "That bull with horns betokens Julian;
the axes, Phocas. Yes, what fine barbarian
disdain and his cruel spirit:
frozen in gold!" What pleasure

Rubiginosas saevitiae notas,
Vinctaeque laurum frontis, et asperi
Stellas renidente capilli,
Et trabeam, volucremque conto

20 to gaze at mildewed brands of cruelty,
at the brows bound with laurel, at the wild
hair bright with stars, state robe,
the sceptre with the bird

Supervolantem. Quadriugos agit
En, Nerva currus victor, et aetheri
Sublimis immittit triumphum!

flying above it. "Look! the four-horsed chariot
whose victor driver, Nerva, into ether
sublimely sends his triumph!

Ipse sedet, minioque pictus		Himself vermilion-faced
Iucunda plebis iurgia digerit, Spectante Roma: tristis, et aspici Depressus horret signa Dacus, Ante Iovis feriendus aram.	25	directs the jocund quarrels of the plebs, as Rome looks on. How grim, how bristling that depressed Dacian! Destined for death before Jove's altar."
Haec curioso nuper imaginum, Philippe, visu multus obiveras. Inscripta mirabar metallis Signa quidem faciesque prisco	30	For a gaze avid for these images, Philipp, you went in detail over all. I marvelled at cut emblems and at the faces broken
Horrore fractas; te potius tamen. Ex quo loquentem prisca Boethium, Gracchosque, et antiquum Catonem, Ac Fabios mihi Consulares	35	with ancient fear: but oh, still more at you, from whom I thought I heard Boethius' voice, the Gracchi, quaint old Cato, the consuls Fabii,
Audire visus, nil pretiosius Desiderabam. Pectore in unico Se tota spectandam Vetustas Exhibet, historiisque ludit.	40	each in his own old words: and nothing sweeter did I desire. In your one heart the whole of lost Time reemerges, and mocks our histories!
Verendus annis iam propioribus Sisti sonantem Dis animam bonis Fers in senatum, viva Scauri Effigies Thraseaeque magni.		Fearful to later years, into the Senate you bring a soul resounding with good gods, live Effigy of Scaurus or of great Thraseas.
Namque et benignus candor, et inclytæ Magnaëque Mentis copia fulgurat Ruptura per quascumque nubeis Consiliis agilique telo	45	For your bright kindness and the copiousness of your distinguished mind are a pure lightning breaking through any cloud by wits and the quick arrow
Sagacitatis. Tu bene perspicax Ventura tangis pollice Delphico, Doctusque coniectare verum, Luce frui potes obserata.	50	of an acuteness! Penetratingly you can with Delphic thumb palpate the future and skilled at guessing truth enjoy a locked-up light.

N O T E S. **Philippus Brevanus** = Count Philipp Curtz, Lord High Chamberlain of Bavaria, and father of the astronomer Albert Curtz (1600-1671). (I know nothing more about him; but 45-52 seem to imply that his responsibilities included more than coin-collecting.) **31 sic oculos** Verg. A. 3.489 *sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat* (cf. *Od.* 4.149). **10 Hadrian:** P. Aelius Hadrianus reigned 117-138. **12 Titus** = Titus Flavius Vespasianus father & son conquered Jerusalem in AD 70. **13 Julian** the Apostate, last pagan Roman emperor, enemy of Christians, reigned AD 360-3. **14 Phocas** cruelest Byzantine Emperor, AD 602-610. **19 'hair bright with stars'**, i.e. with gold leaf. **19 'state robe'**: the purple *trabea* worn by emperors. **20 'wand with a bird'**: an ivory triumphal sceptre capped with an eagle (Juv. 10.43). **22 Nerva:** M. Ulpius Traianus Nerva ruled 98-117. **24 vermilion-faced:** In early Rome men in triumphs smeared their faces & bodies with cinnebar (Mercuric sulphide) (Pliny NH 5.36: 111-12. But the custom later died out, & Müller thinks this an anachronism here). **25 'directing quarrels'**, i.e. presiding at athletic contests. **27 Dacians:**

Scythian people on left bank of Danube, long feared by Romans, finally subjugated by Trajan; his coins often depict them. **28 'struck down'**: captive chieftains were led in chains to be jeered at in the triumph, then put to death by the public executioner. **34 Boethius**: Roman senator & consul, imprisoned and killed by Theodoric king of the Ostrogoths. **35 Gracchi & Fabii**: Roman families illustrious for virtue. **M. Porcius Cato** cos. & senator. **43 M. Aemilius Scaurus** 'hominem gravissimum, civem egregium, fortissimum senatorem' Cic. *pro Mur.* 17. **44 Thraseas Paetus**: Roman senator under Nero, upright and incorruptible (Tac. *Ann.* 14, 48 ff.; 16, 33 ff.) *Pollice Delphico*, h.e., arte vaticinandi. **49-52** Notice how subtly but with what depth this last stanza returns to the first! The first was full of darkness, the past, the underground, and the locked up: this of light, of the future, of the sky, and of the unlocked. History, the uncovering of the past, results in discovery of the future.

Here are some coins of emperors, in the order in which Balde mentions them:



NERO (54-68 AD) and his mother Agrippina



HADRIAN (98-117):



AELIVS PATER



TITUS (79-81) and a Jewish captive kneeling before a trophy



JULIAN (360-3) and his bull



PHOCAS (602-610) wearing the trabea



NERVA (96-98 AD) (at the right, a symbol of his friendship with the army)

Ode 3.43. De spinulo suo. To his Pet Chaffinch (II) (([s179](#)))

Quod nec Psittacus audeat,
 Nec Phoenix patrii de cineris rogo
 Heres ipse sui neque
 Iunonis volucer gemmeus impetret;
 Audes, Delicium meum,
 Me turbare canentem imperiosius,
 Siren rustica, Spinule:
 Ales nequitiae dulcis et ingeni
 Seu furatus amygdalam
 Pennis cum repeto, stridulus emicas:
 Seu rostro digitum adpetis
 Infusum Citharae: nec sinis ultimas
 Primis iungere vocibus;
 Et quandoque tuam protrahis eclogam
 Seu te gurgite proluis,
 Et mox unguiculis molle fricas caput,
 Ut collo redeat lyra
 Et plumae veteris temperies metri,
 Concinno super aequore.
 Quamquam pectine dum comeris, annus est.
 Tantum forma negotium:
 Fluctus tot subigis, rursus ut excites.
 Huc, o noster, ades, nihil
 Virgati metuens carceris ostium.
 Non captivus enim domi.
 Sed saltu teretes per radios vago
 Lascivis in arudine
 En florem mylii corripe femina,
 Ruris innocuas dapes,
 At secura necis grataque fercula.
 Sic vivas avibus bonis.
 Post cum non rigido candida pollice
 Pennam vulserit Atropos:
 (Parcae et vestra secant stamina, si vetus
 Smyrnae fabula creditur)
 Componam violis mollibus, et sacris
 Funus Pieridum rosis,
 Addam perpetuumserta virentia:
 Donec Melpomene soror
 Parnassi riguis collibus inferat.

What Parrot would not dare,
 What Phoenix rising from his father's ashes,
 heir to himself, nor Juno's
 bejewelled bird would ever try
 5 you dare, O my Delight:
 to stop my singing so imperiously!
 My rustic Siren, chaffinch,
 sweet winged thing of naughtiness and talent,
 who if you steal an almond
 10 and when I want it, screech & flash your wings!
 or if you peck my finger
 that plucks the lute, and will not let me join
 the last sounds to the first;
 or when you drag out your own tiny Eclogue;
 15 or splash so in the eddy!
 & scratch your soft head with your tiny claws,
 till lyre return to throat
 and to your feathers their first glossy neatness
 above a sea now calm.
 20 Although you take a year to comb your feathers!
 So great a task is beauty!
 So many swells you calm -- then rouse again!
 Come here, my Own! The open
 door of your wicker prison is not scary!
 25 At home you're not a captive:
 but through the shapely bars with a quick leap
 can play on your reed swing.
 Look here -- an ear of millet! Little one, snatch
 your harmless rustic feast
 30 secure of ambush, happy with your dish.
 So may you live with good birds!
 and later when, with supple thumb, a radiant
 Atropos plucks your feathers
 (and Parcae cut your thread! if that old tale
 35 of Smyrna can be true)
 I will compose your funeral, with violets
 and roses of the Muses
 and add forever fresh green wreaths, until
 your sister, Melpomene,
 40 carries you to Parnassus' brook-filled hills.

NOTES. 4 **Juno's bejewelled bird**: the Peacock sacred to Juno. 11-12 '**my finger that plucks the lute**' etc.: Balde might mean 'when I compose poems'; but perhaps he really means lute-playing or singing. It is said that for his tragedy *Jephtah* he himself composed the music. 17 ff. **ut collo... aequore**: hard verses. Müller says about 17, "*lyra h. e. cantus vel vox oscinis*" and about 18 "*plumae (dat.) veteris metri temperies, i.e. pristina venustas et comptus*." 19 **concinno super aequore**: "above a sea now calm": this refers I think to the little bird-bath; cf. Vergil *Geo.* 4.25-29. 22 '**so many swells**' etc.: referring again, I think, to the bird-bath. (The finch stops making waves, i.e. ends his bath -- then takes another bath!) 29 '**harmless rustic feast**': the verbal adj. *innocuas* might be either active (i.e. the finch's meal hurts no one) or passive (the finch is not hurt by her feast: there is no danger in it; cf. Vergil *Geo.* 3.537). 33 ff. the *Parcae*, the three Fates, are Clotho ('Spinner', who spins the thread of mortal life), Lachesis ('Lot-Appportioner' who measures it), and Atropos ('Unturning' who cuts it). 33 **Atropos** is 'radiant' perhaps because she is a maiden dressed in white (Plato *Rep.* 617c; Statius *Silv.* 4.8.19); I do not know why her thumb is 'supple'. 35 **Smyrna** was one of the putative birthplaces of Homer; Müller thinks that Balde refers to *Odyssey* 17.326, because it describes the death not of a person but of Odysseus' dog Argos): Ἄργον δ' αὖ κατὰ Μοῖρ' ἔλαβεν μέλανος θανάτοιο. 39 **Melpomene**: the Muse of tragedy, but also of lyric verse (e.g. most memorably in Horace C. 3.30 fin. and 4.3.)

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Ode 3.48 Illusio poetica. [s188](#)

Ode 3.48. Poetic mockery.

Quis meum supra caput urget auro
Illitus pennas? Quis Ephebus astris
Concolor nexam mihi cumque fingit
Ferre coronam?

Who smeared with gold now flutters overhead?
What Ephebos the color of the stars
pretends to bring a laurel wreath enwoven
for me alone?

Ille diductis revolutus alis
Ter quater plaudit: taciteque propter
Verticem lapsus posito renidens
Stemmate sidit.

5 Now coming round again, with parted wings
he claps thrice, four times! Gliding near my head
he quietly puts the wreath down, and irradiant
alights. And yet

At simul vano manus ausa motu
Tendit in laurum, fugit et cachinno
Lene succusso Puer ales eluc-
tatur in altum.

10 if my hand boldly, with an empty gesture,
goes to the wreath, he flees! Shaking with soft
laughter the winged Boy escapes my grasp
into deep sky.

Quisquis, o nequam puer, inficeto
Me ioco ludis, quod habes, habeto
Munus, et serva. tamen ista numquam
Serta petivi.

15 Whoever you are, bad boy, who mock at me
unwittily, the gift that you possess
possess and save: but never were your laurels
sought for by me.

Non minor vates ideo canendus:
Si, quod attendent folium capellae,
Vile contemnam: nec amicta circum
Tempora gestem.

20 I am not less a Seer to be sung
if I disdain as cheap this leaf of yours
that she-goats crop, and will not strut about
with shaded brows.

4. 28 De Pompeio Magno, Iulio Caesare, Catone Unicensi, in Tabula depictis ab Alberto Durero Carmen extemporale. In gratiam clarissimi Viri Io. Targisilii, qui ostenderat. Ode XXVIII. [s233](#)

Partum tueri difficile est, ubi
Collisa Virtus ipsa sibi nocet,
Molesque iusto maior. Hi sunt,
Hi laceri duo frustra Mundi

Damnosa. Canus ferre negat parem,
Calvus priorem; dividitur scelus:
Civilis a belli tumultu
Peliacae tonuere valles.

Per ipsa Iuris viscera lanceam,
Per et Senatum torserat aemulus.
Extrema Libertatis umbra
Hoc steterat removenda iactu.

At non eadem mente domabilis
Vultum tyranni sustinuit Cato.
Romana Libertas Catoni
Posthabita placuisse Roma

Vitaque fertur. Carior altera
Non uxor illi. Marmaricas simul
Nudi peragrarunt arenas,
Ense simul periere fixo.

Audire Caesar qui potuit sua
Manu peremptum, non potuit tamen
Videre servum. quanta, Iuli,
Funera Thessalicis humasti

Vespillo campis! Rectius alteri
Impensus hosti, Thracibus aut Dahis
Fuisset ulturusque Crassum
Assyriis cruor ille Carrhis.

4.28 Extemporaneous poem on Pompeius Magnus, Julius Caesar, Cato Uticensis, depicted in a painting by Albrecht Dürer. In gratitude to the most illustrious Iohannes Targisilius who showed it to him.

Protecting one's own child is hard, if Virtue,
too big for her own good, in the collision
hurts just herself. Two scraps
of the torn world they are:

5 White Head who says he cannot bear a peer;
Bald Head, superiors. So they share the crime.
With the storm of civil war
thunder Pelion's valleys.

10 One rival flings a lance clean through the guts
of Law; one at the Senate. (That had been
freedom's last shadow: destined
to vanish at one blow.)

15 But Cato, not in that way tameable
could not endure a tyrant's face. Old Cato
loved only Roman freedom,
dearer to him than Rome

20 or his own life. Not even his second spouse
was dearer. Wandering destitute together
through the Marmaric sand
they died on one fixed sword

and Caesar could not hear of him cut down
by his own troops, or see him made a slave.
How many graves, then, Julius,
did you as Undertaker

25 dig in the fields of Thessaly? So much blood,
spent better on *real* foes: on Thracians, Dahae,
or to avenge Crassus killed
at Carrhae by Assyrians.

NOTES. Dürer's painting is said to be lost, known only from this poem. **3** *molesque iusto maior*: lit. 'and (if her) mass is too big' (or '...greater than right'). I.e. Virtue's two biggest children are both 'overweight' (as we'd say today). Müller thinks this an echo of Horace Ode 3.4.65 *vis consili expers mole ruit sua* ('force without planning falls from its own weight'). **5-6 White-head... Bald-head:** Pompey, Caesar. Balde echoes Lucan 1.125-6, *Nec quemquam iam ferre potest Caesarve priorem. Pompeiusve parem*. The epigram is reversed at Dio Cassius 41.54: 'In temper they differed to this extent, that Pompey was eager to be second to no man, and Caesar to be first of all (Γνώμη μὲν γὰρ τοσοῦτον ἀλλήλων διέφερον, ὅσον Πομπήιος μὲν, οὐδενὸς ἀνθρώπων δεύτερος, Καῖσαρ δὲ, καὶ πρῶτος πάντων εἶναι ἐπεθύμει); Pompey, to be honored by a willing people and to preside over and be loved by men who fully consent; whereas Caesar cared not at all if he ruled over even an unwilling people, issued orders to men who hated him, and bestowed honors with his own hand upon himself.' **8** *Peliacae valles* refers to the battle of Pharsalus (mod. Pharsala) in Thessaly where on 9 August 49 BC Caesar's troops defeated Pompey's (and to the East, between Pharsalus and the sea, is Pelion, a famous mountain covered with oak and pine trees). **17 'his second wife':** Marcia, daughter of M. Philippus, married Cato after he divorced his first wife Attilia daughter of Soranus. **18. Marmaricas arenas:** Marmarica a region of Africae, now part of Libya. Cato wandering through the sand recalls Lucan Phars. 9.366 ff. **20 'they died on one fixed sword'** i.e. they committed suicide so that they would not have to witness Caesar's triumph. **26** *Thracibus ac Dacis*, cf. Ode 3.31.37; 4.13.25 (Müller). **28 Carrhae:** in 53 BC, M. Licinius Crassus and his son Publius were slaughtered by the Parthians at Carrhae (near present Harran in Turkey), with the loss of 20,000 dead, 10,000 taken prisoner, and several legionary eagles. It was one of the most shocking defeats in Roman military history, and Caesar was actually planning a campaign of vengeance at the time of his assassination.

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Ode IV, XXXI. Ad Christophorum Immolam
Stoicum. De Se ipso. ((§237))

Ode 4.31 To the Stoic Christopher Immola.
The Author About Himself.

Contemno quaedam, et calco superbia
Laudabili. Cur, Immola, serviam
Famae volutanti susurros?
Cur timeam sine Marte linguas?

Some things I scorn and with praiseworthy pride
tread underfoot. Why, Immola, should I serve
hearsay that tosses whispers,
or fear blunt-bladed tongues?

Non est meum, si plebs amat aequior,
Gaudere: si plebs odit iniquior,
Dolere: permistam lupinis
Dedecorum decorumque mercem,

5 It is not my task, if the plebs fairly loves me,
to jump with joy, or if unfairly it hates me
to grieve. For wares of Grace
or Disgrace, that are sold

Quae pisculento venditur in foro,
Pari moneta solvo. quid interest?
Contemnar a vili popello,
An celebrer, digito faventis

10 in the fish market partly with fake pennies,
I pay with proper coin. What difference?
being scorned by one vile rabble,
being thronged by avid fans

Monstrandus, hic est. Seu mihi pollicem
Suburra vertat, seu premat, improba
Virtute tantundem rependo
Meque mea involvo lacerna.

15 who point, saying, "There he is!" Let the Suburra
turn down her thumb or up, I pay for baseness
with the right coins of virtue
and tightlier close my cloak.

4 sine Marte, 'blunt-bladed': lit. 'unmartial', unable to hurt me. **7 permistam [sic] lupinis**: lit. 'mixed with lupine (beans)'; these were fake money; used e.g. as stage money: see Lewis & Short under 'lupinus', and see the photo of lupine beans at 'Vergil's Garden', <http://classics.uc.edu/~parker/hortus/plants.pictures/L/lupinus/lupinus.html> -- they do look a bit like Roman coins. **13 monstrandus, Hic est**: alluding to Horace 4.3.22 *monstror digito praetereuntium* (but Horace is proud of this; Balde isn't). **14 Suburra**: the district for prostitutes in ancient Rome. **14 vertat seu premat**: 'to close down the thumb (premere) was a sign of approbation; to extend it (vertere, convertere; pollex infestus), a sign of disapprobation (Plin. 28, 2, 5, § 25; Hor. Epod. 1, 18, 66; Juv. 3, 36)' etc. -- thus Lewis & Short. **14 improba** could be (a) acc. pl. as in my translation (my colleague David Sweet first suggested this); or (b) nom., modifying Suburra; or (c) abl., as plainly marked in the 1660 edition, as if it meant 'I balance (the Suburra's approval or disapproval) with corrupt virtue, in equal amount'. Thus Eckard Lefèvre, "Jakob Baldes Ode 'De se ipso' (Lyr. IV,31)" in Jacqueline Champeaux, Martine Chassignet (edd.), *Aere perennius. Hommage à Hubert Zehnacker*, Paris 2006, 543-552 (online at: www.freidok.uni-freiburg.de/volltexte/4968/pdf/Lefevre_Jakob_Baldes.pdf). Lefèvre thinks that it thus *inverts* Horace, C. 3.29.54-5 'mea / virtute me involvo probamque / pauperiem sine dote quaero'. I think he is right to point to the echo; but that abl. *improba* is an error by Balde's printer.

* * *

Ode IV.XXXII. Cantata feriis natalitiis
Christi. Speculum sine macula

Ode 4.32. Song for the Christmas Holidays.
The Spotless mirror

Ecce crystallus sine labe pura,
cui suum toto Deus ore vultum
(Filius) impressit speculi nitentis
captus amore.

Look at the faultless crystal, on which God
with His whole gaze imprinted His own face
(I mean, His son) because the shining mirror
shone so with love.

Tota iam vere, Dea, tota pulcra es.
Tu quidem Virgo quoque pulcra: sed cum
Mater et Virgo celebraris, es te
pulcrior ipsa.

Goddess already wholly beautiful,
all-beautiful as a Maid, when loved as Maid
and Mother both you are more beautiful
than your own self.

* * *

[s241](#)

Ode iv, 36 MELANCHOLIA

Semper ego inclusus Germanae finibus orae
in Bavara tellure senescam!
Tristibus imperiis spatio retinemur in arcto
et curtum male perdimus aevum.
Atqui vincla licet rupto dissolvere nodo
et clausas diducere turre:
Graeculus effugiens aliquis Minoia regna
ceratas sibi sumpserat alas.
Sed neque fallaces ventos temptare necesse est
lapsuris super aequora pennis.
Tota mihi quamvis adeo Germania carcer,
deterius quoque carcere corpus,
libera mens tamen est: ubi vult, habitatque volatque.
In pelago non impedit Auster,
in terris non tardat obex, transcendit et Alpes
nubiferas ac sidera pulsat.
Accedit Phoebi donum, divina poësis.
Hac fretus velocior Euro
Euri nascentis patriam cunasque videbo,
Aurorae rapiendus in ortum.

I locked forever in by German shores,
age on Bavarian earth!
Detained in the tight space of somber kingdoms
I waste my too brief life.
5 But it's permitted to untie the knots
and open locked-up towers.
A certain Greekling, fleeing Minos' kingdom,
once put on waxen wings!
But one need not try the deceitful wind
10 on wings the sea will wet.
Although till now Germania is my prison,
my limbs a tighter prison,
the mind is free: it lives, flies where it will.
In sea no South wind foils it,
15 ashore no barrier; and it scales cloud-bearing
high Alps, and hits the stars.
And with Apollo's gift, with divine verse
more swiftly than the East wind
I'll see the East wind's birthplace and its cradles,
20 when I'm snatched to the Sunrise.

1-2 more lit. "I forever locked in the bounds of the German shore / on Bavarian earth grow old". Balde imagines himself locked in perhaps by the "German shore" of the Danube. He had travelled at least to Constantinople (for he has three poems describing it: *Silvae* IV, 37, 38, 39) 7 **Greekling**: i.e. Icarus. He and his father Daealus (maker of the Labyrinth) fled from Crete on artificial waxen wings made by Daedalus; but Icarus flew too near the sun, so that the wax melted and he fell into the sea.

* * *

Ode IV XL. Ad Virginem Matrem Kalendis
Maiis. Anno MDCXLI. [s246](#) [s420](#)

O quam te memorem, Dea,
Vitae praesidium et dulce decus meae,
Quae tandem niveo redux
Lunae curriculo pristina languidae
Menti gaudia sufficis.
Iam, quae tarda pigro torpuerat gelu,
Altum vena micans salit.
Rursus tento lyram certaque mobileis
Depectit radios manus
Et carmen tremulum, Virgo, tibi ferit:
Nil gratum sine te meae
Respondent Citharae : sed simul halitum
Persensere tuum fides,
Vernant Aoniis continuo rosis
Et fontem prope limpidum
Luctu deposito lenius insonant,
Aurium nemus assilit.
Sic o saepe veni, Diva, decentium
Mater blanda cupidinum,
Et longas reseca Pieridum moras.
Tecum vivere amem libens
Et, si Fata vocant, non metuam mori.

Ode 4.40 To the Virgin Mother, on the Kalends of May
1641.

Goddess, how could I name you,
you mainstay of my life and its sole radiance,
who, circling by the snowy
course of the Moon bring back to a numb heart
5 its earliest happiness!
The sluggish pulse, long half-alive and cold,
leaps throbbing, till again
I try the lyre out, and a surer hand
combing the mobile strings,
10 Virgin, for you compels a trembling song.
Without you nothing sweet
can the old cithern echo, but the instant
it feels your breath run down it,
it sprouts with the spring roses of Aonia,
15 and near a limpid fountain
free of its grief makes softer sounds. The woods
fall silent with pricked ears!
O visit often this way, Goddess, gentlest
Mother of decent longings.
20 Abbreviate the Muses' long delays.
With you I would live gladly
and if the Fates called not be afraid to die.

1 *Aen.* 1.327 ff. '*O quam te memorem, virgo?* etc. (see Thill JB 117 ff.). 2 *Vitae praesidium et dulce decus meae*: imitates Horace's address to Maecenas, *Ode* 1.38.2 *o et praesidium et dulce decus meum* (and compare Vergil, *Geo.* 2.40 *o decus, o famae merito pars maxima nostrae*). 3-4 *niveo...Lunae curriculo*: *curriculum* can mean either 'chariot' or the circular race-course. 8 *lyra* (= λύρα: lyre), 12 *cithara* (= κίθαρα, κίθαρις, φόρμιγγις: cithern, guitar, lute), 13 *fides* (= lyre?): see Smith, *Dict.*, s.v. Lyre: "The lyre had a great and full-sounding bottom... made generally of tortoise shell, from which... the horns rose as from the head of a stag", and it was stood between the legs; whereas the smaller, softer-sounding cithern, like the guitar and the lute, had strings drawn directly over the soundbox, and was held on the knees. But often the classical poets use the words interchangeably, and one does not know if Balde differentiates between them. Perhaps by all three words he means the lute. 10 *carmen tremulum ferit*: lit. 'strikes the trembling song', as if the song were frightened, but a "surer hand" striking it drove it on. 18-19 *decentium / Mater blanda cupidinum*: Hor. ode 4.1.4 f. (of Venus) 'dulcium / mater saeva cupidinum.' 21-2 Cf Hor. c, 3.9,24

Ode IV, XLI. Ambitionis Ingenium et Tormentum
[s247](#)

Venata summos Ambitio viros
 Simul tenaceis fortiter attrahit
 Dolosa chelas: vae, retentam
 Usque manum licet eiulantum
 Constringit arcte, ni pueri fleant,
 Missura numquam. Miserit: ocius
 Redibit ad poenam libido
 Acrior, et cupiet dolere.
 Quid istud aevum tristius inquinat,
 Quam gloriosae rixa cupidinis?
 Statura proh quanto labore
 Bella placent pretioque mortes!?
 In hoc tumultu propulit integras
 Classeis Adolphus; seque Alemanniae
 Infudit exsultante cursu,
 Nubigenas imitatus amneis.
 Hoc Lusitanos, hoc rotat Angliam,
 Gallosque torvae miscet Iberiae:
 Hoc pene Belgarum Leonem
 Sternit, et in sua frangit ossa.
 In omne praeceps itur, et ultima
 Tentantur armis. Cartigenae mari
 Terraque decertant, parati
 Per medias equitare strages.
 Qua rima regni vel tenuis micat,
 Furtim lupinum porrigitur caput:
 Circumque balatus ovilis
 Dens gladiis hebetandus instat.
 Quivis beatum se spoliis fore
 Desideratis credit et aestuat:
 Frustra. Voluptas, et triumpho, et
 Mars et honor, titulique et aurum,
 Non vera nostri sunt animi bona.
 Haec dico Vates: cuncta sibi bona
 Ut quisque largiatur uni,
 Cuncta negat, sua qui negavit.

Ode 4.41. The Nature and Torment of Ambition

Deceitful, a huntress of the highest men,
 Ambition closes her tenacious claws.
 Whatso hand she has caught,
 although men wail, she squeezes
 5 not going to let go -- till the boys weep!
 But if she lets go, keener and quicker lust
 returns for punishment,
 longing to be in pain!
 What taints a life more uglily than these quarrels
 10 of a vainglorious greed? Faugh! -- how much pain
 will stop these wars you love?
 Your price, how many deaths?
 In this tumult Adolphus drove intact
 his fleets, and into Germany he poured
 15 in an exultant course,
 miming mist-bearing rivers!
 This spins the Portuguese and it spins England,
 and mingles Frenchmen with wild-haired Iberia;
 lays flat the Belgian Lion,
 20 breaking bones against bones.
 To the abyss men rush; remotest regions
 fill with their spears; on Cartagena's sea,
 on land they struggle, glad
 to ride into mid-slaughter.
 25 At any, the airiest, glimmers of a kingdom,
 the stealthy wolf-head points! About the baaing
 of sheep move the sharp teeth
 which only swords will dull.
 You, who believe that plunder will make you happy
 30 and seethe for what you think you lack, lack all.
 Sensual delight and triumphs,
 wars, honors, dukedoms, gold,
 are *not* the true goods of a soul. As Seer
 I tell you this. By largesse for your self
 35 you lose all goods, since thus
 you've lost all that was yours.

5 ni pueri fleant: lit. 'unless the boys weep'; but by 'boys' he means, I think, the men themselves: cf. *Sylvae* 5.5.29 where he describes Pompey and Caesar as '*duo pueri nugis iocantes*'. **11-12 statura** etc.: I think this means lit. 'wars please, that are going to stop only at how much suffering? Faugh! And deaths (please, going to stop only) at what price? **13 Adolphus:** Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, intervened on behalf of the Lutherans in Germany, who opened their city gates to him, etc. Together with Frederick the Elector Palatine, he seized Munich on 27 May 1632, and departed on 8 June having

exacted a huge ransom. Under him "Sweden expanded to become the third biggest nation in Europe after Russia and Spain" etc. (Wikipedia). **21** *in omne praeceps itur*: impersonal const.; 'in praeceps' imitates Vergil *Geo.* 1.199 ff '*sic omnia fatis in peius ruere ac retro sublapsa referri*' and 1.203 '*atque illum in praeceps prono rapit alveus amni.*' **22** *Cartigenae*: here Müller refers to his note at *Ode* 1.24.42 Cattigena (sic), where he says 'procul dubio significantur Princeps Orangii Nassavi.' But he does not explain; and in view of 21-2 '*ultima tentantur*', to me it seems more likely that Balde means Cartagena de Indias, the wealthy Spanish city in Columbia. It was repeatedly attacked by pirates—Jean-François Roberval, Robert Cote, John Hawkins, Sir Francis Drake, Bernard Desjeans, many others—till it was fortified from Spain with huge subsidies: "Between 1751 and 1810, the city received the sum of 20,912,677 Spanish dollars, the equivalent of some 2 trillion dollars today" (Wikipedia). **25** *rima... micat*: cf. *Aen.* 8.391-2 '*non secus atque olim , tonitru cum rupta corrusco / ignea rima micans percurrit lumine nimbos*'. **34-6** *cuncta* etc.: really wild Latin order, the tortuous subtlety of which befits what said by a Vates (see my note at *Sylvae* 5.5.6); it means lit. 'Each person who has refused his own goods in order to lavish goods only on himself, refuses all (goods).' I.e. '*quisque qui negavit sua bona, ut (ea) sibi uni largiatur, cuncta negavit.*'

* * *

[s257](#)

Ode IV, XLVIII. Heliotropium

Sive

mens hominis ad Deum versa.

Iamque adeo toti nutu pendemus ab uno,
 Alea iacta semel.
 Numinis imperio commisimus omnia: tanti
 Sit retinere nihil.
 Iusserit: in Libycis stivam ducemus arenis,
 Caucaseoque iugo.
 Iusserit: Ionia remos lentabimus unda,
 Carpathioque freto.
 Observent timidi mergum, fulicasque marinas,
 Quid meditentur aves
 Littoreae; fallax quo vento strideat aer;
 Quid nova Luna coquat:
 An tristes vultu protendat lurida nimbos,
 Anne serena micet,
 Dormiat, an refluxum vesano concita cornu
 Arietet Oceanum.
 Si Deus ire monet, numquam retinebit Orion
 Nubilus inter aquas:
 Ut gladio findat mediae fundamina navis,
 Tutior asser erit.
 Sed neque Phoebeis aetatem metiar annis,
 Pendulus a radio.
 Ille meas, quo non alter formosior, Horas
 Temperat, ille meus
 Sol maior, Parvique faber totoque videndus
 Altior axe scopus.
 Huc desiderium iaculetur pectoris arcus,
 Quanta pharetra patet.
 Certior huc pleno, quo Meta remotior, ictu
 Nostra sagitta volat.

Ode 4.48 The Heliotrope

or

The Mind of Man turned towards God

I hang already, wholly, on one will,
 the die cast once for all.
 I entrust my all to God. Of so much worth
 it shall be to have nothing.
 5 He bids: my plough will comb the Libyan sands
 or the Caucasian crag.
 He bids: my oars bend in Ionian shallows
 or the Carpathian storm.
 Let scared men watch the gulls cry & the sea-coots
 10 or what shore birds portend,
 or with what wind deceitful air is whistling;
 what the New Moon is cooking,
 and whether storm is dimming its wan face
 or does it shine serene:
 15 Is it asleep? or butting with mad horn
 an overflowing Sea?
 If God warns "Go", cloudy Orion never
 will hold me back in the rain,
 not if his sword at mid-ship cleave the keel:
 20 safer will be a beam.
 Nor will I measure my age by solar years
 and hang on rays of Phoebus.
 One handsomer than he forms now my weather,
 who as my greater Sun,
 25 the small one's Maker, is a target, seen
 above the whole starry sky.
 From here the bow of my heart may shoot its longings,
 all that are in its quiver
 and the more remote that Goal the surer-shot
 30 my arrows to Him fly.

Written 31 July 1640 on the occasion of taking his final vows. **Heliotrope**: the plant heliotrope or turnsole, or any of the many plants whose blossoms close by night but all day turn towards the sun. **5, 7 Iusserit**: a jussive perf. subjunctive, hardly translatable; more lit. 'let him bid', i.e. if he commands. **10 ff.** Balde's weather signs come largely from Vergil, *Geo.* 1.351 ff. (where Vergil says that they come from God: *Geo.* 1. 351 f., 373). **17 Orion**: a mythical giant huntsman, after his death turned by Zeus into the constellation Orion. It set at the end of October and signalled coming storm (see e.g. Hesiod *WD* 618 ff., Vergil *Aen.* 10.763-7: Balde seems to recall the Vergil). **23 'Forms my weather'**: more lit. 'regulates my hours'; but to me Balde seems to play on the root-meaning of '*temperat*', which is cognate with '*tempestas*' & '*tempus*', and of '*hora*', which means not only 'hour' but also 'season'. **27 'bow of my heart'**: notice that this beautifully reverses an ancient image, that of 'far-shooting Apollo'. Balde's Sun is shot at by arrows of love.

* * *

Silvae 5.5. **Enthusiamus.** Quem praesentibus sociis, Auctor passus est in Antiquario Sereniss. Electoris Maximiliani: quum Romanas ibi statuas contemplaretur Anno M. DC. XLI. [s417](#) [s418](#) [s419](#)

Inspiration which, in the presence of companions, the Author suffered in the Antiquarium of the most Serene Elector Maximilian, while contemplating the Roman statues there. 1641.

Vobis, Sodales, eripior: Deo Intrante pectus, surrigit altius A fronte languorem comarum et Ima sacer quatit horror ossa.		I am torn from you, companions. As the God enters my chest he makes the hair stand up on the brow higher; holy horror darts in my bones.
Ab usque prisco quos mihi ROMULO Viros, Apollo, turbidus obicis! Hic BRUTUS inventor securis; Sic oculos tulit ANCUS olim.	5	From even ancient ROMULUS what men you thrust on me tumultuously, Apollo! Here the axe-finder, BRUTUS: there ANCUS--his very gaze!
Sermone felix Egeria NUMA, Plebem sacratu ritibus imbuunt. CUNCTATOR et velox CAMILLUS, Invidiam domuere factis.	10	Happy from converse with Egeria, NUMA steeped the Plebeians in their sacred rites; CUNCTATOR, swift CAMILLUS tamed envy by their deeds.
Procede paullum SCIPIO, Dardanae Fulcrum ruinae, magnanimum genus, Victor victoris dolosi, et Hannibal Hannibali timendus.	15	Step out a little, SCIPIO, mighty prop of Roman ruin, great of soul, O victor of the deceitful victor, Hannibal feared by Hannibal.
Postquam ergo Luscus per solidas nives, Ruptis aceto montibus, Africam Infudit Europae frementem et Nubigeræ penetravit Alpes:	20	After the One-eyed amidst ice and snow split crags with vinegar and letting Africa loose into trembling Europe pierced the cloud-bearing Alps,
A te retractus, quem gravis annulis Inauspicatas hausit equestribus Praedator ad Cannas cruorem Evomuit lacrimosa rursus		pulled back by you that plunderer, once heavy with rings of knights, well sated with the gore he drank at luckless Cannae, vomited all back up
Ad funeratae moenia Patriae. Decisa ferro caussa, quis imperet, Tros anne Poenus, conquievit Non aliis iterata seclis.	25	against the walls of his dead city! Cut by swords, the Question, who would rule, Troy or Phoenicia, fell so asleep forever: no later ages asked it.
Ah! parta bello, ni pueri duo		Ah, gains of war! Except that two boys playing

Nugis iocantes ambitiosius, Ni dissipassent[;] dum molestae Dux <i>asini</i> GENER instat <i>umbrae</i> ,	30	their war-sports lost them all! A SON-IN-LAW as Chief attacks the shadows of asses; FATHER-IN-LAW
<i>Lanam</i> vicissim retinet anxius SOCER <i>caprinam</i> : Roma libidines Pavit nocentum, et in suasmēt Incubuit lacerata vireis.	35	fight back hard, trying to keep a precious goat-fleece. Rome trembling at the greeds of harmful creatures lay torn by her own strength like a self-incubus.
O ut serenum te subito mihi, AUGUSTE, sistis, caesariem sacra Evincte lauru! Blanda nullum Tam tenere diuturna fovit	40	And you! serene you suddenly stop for me, AUGUSTUS. Sacred laurel binds your hair. Doting Fortuna never cherished a chick so long
Fortuna pullum, tamque fidelibus Protexit alis, utiliter tibi Civile sudavit peracta Strage nefas: alios cupido		and tenderly, or kept him so well hidden with faithful wings. So usefully to you the civil evil sweated with butchery! and as others
Laboriosi criminis obruit: Insons opima tu preciosius Culpa fruebaris, lucratus Non titulum, sed opes tyranni.	45	got ruined by their lust for careful crimes, you, guiltless, harvested their choicer fruits and earned, without the title, all the wealth of a tyrant.
Astutus Orbis praedo, TIBERIUS, Lusit sagaci Troiugenas dolo: et Aequum, potestatisque frena, Eripuit sine lite. Bifrons,	50	A subtlest robber of the World, TIBERIUS acutely mocked the Troy-race. Reins of power, men's rights, he confiscated without disputes. Two-faced,
Biceps, bilinguis nexa Quiritibus Post vincla sensim vertice Pileum Excussit ignarosque fraudis Ridiculo domuit capistro;	55	two-headed, double-tongued, he tied them tight unnoticed, knocked the <i>pileus</i> from their heads and with a mere halter, tamed men unaware of the fraud:
Successor immetabilis omnium, Haeres bonorum publicus: interim Latebat altis Caprearum In speculis trabeata vulpes.	60	a measureless successor, in broad daylight the heir of all, as meanwhile in the deep caves of Capri he lurked like a be-togaed wolf.
Quae tunc alebas, Itala, militum Portenta, tellus? Ecce, CALIGULA Nutritus in castris et inter Arma puer: solitus vir enseis		What portents of new soldiers, earth of Italy, were you now nursing? Lo! CALIGULA camp-nursed, boy amid swords, when grown liked to exchange
Mutare cultris, et galeam scypho. Plerumque factis degenerantibus Obscurus ex claro Parente	65	his swords for knives, a helmet for a goblet! Dark offspring of a brilliant parent, scarcely worthy of being born,

Prodit immeritusque nasci.		degenerate, treacherous.
Cadaveroso cur Latio diu Umbrisque visis tristius immoror? Exsangu Ditis, nate Maia, Coge pecus. Properate, Manes:	70	Why in cadaverous Latium amid goblins must I pause grimly? Bloodless Son of Dis and Maia, herd your flock! You, Manes, hasten on!
Tu stulte CLAUDI; cuius atrocitas Illusit amens civibus, et sibi: Inceste FLAVI, foede GALBA, Mollis OTHO, CARACALLA segnis.	75	You, halfwit CLAUDIUS, whose cruel mindlessness mocked Romans and yourself! Incestuous FLAVIUS, foul GALBA! wanton OTHO! and sluggish CARACALLA!
Quid MAXIMINUS? Caesar erat tuus An, Roma, lictor? Naufraga COMMODI Natavit in vino iuventus Et patrium male fregit assem.	80	You, MAXIMINUS! Rome, was he your Caesar or lictor? And COMMODUS' shipwrecked youth, floating in spilt wine, badly broke up his father's wealth.
Ventris Sacerdos HELIOGABALUS, Turpique obesus mole VITELLIUS, Qua dote laudari merentur? Siste gradum, NERO parricida.		Priest of the belly, HELIOGABALUS, VITELLIUS, fat and ugly, for what gift should they be praised? You, NERO, O parricide, stop a moment!
Fugit sub Orcum territus histrio, Et sulphurata pallidior face. Quot vero, MESSALINA, perdes Nupta viros? Satis unus uni	85	A frightened mime, he fled to Hell, more pallid than a sulphuric torch! You, MESSALINA, by marrying you will ruin how many men? Enough
Non est maritus? LIVIA, JULIA Iucunda mater, lubrica filia: Scit <u>mons Palatinus</u> , scit aula Luxuriae monumenta Vestrae.	90	for one girl? LIVIA, JULIA, jocund mother, lubricious daughter! Palatine and Palace hall know the monuments of your luxuriousness.
Ut rara sese femina continet, Assueta nullis vivere legibus, Simul venenatis perunctae Illecebris maduere mentes!	95	How rare the woman who controls herself; she is used to living lawlessly, the moment a mind is poisoned, steeped in the perfumes of lust.
Impellor. Euan! te video, TITE VESPASIANI! Qualis in impios Quantusque bellator ruebas Isacidas, equitare plena	100	Oh, the god goads me. Hail! I see you, TITUS VESPASIAN, as you were when you rained ruin on faithless sons of Isaac and were seen galloping
Per arva visus strage cadaverum. Sed et SEVERO, et clarior ULPIO Vix ullus, incidenda magnis Nomina congeminante saxis.		amid red furrows full of butchered corpses. But hardly anyone more renowned than SEVERUS and ULPIUS: who redoubled the names cut on great stones.

Laudem triumphos? Marmoreo tholi Horum locatas effigies Ducum Mirer sub arcu? Nempe strictos Est aliquid potuisse Leti	105	Should I praise triumphs? Gaze at chieftains standing around the <i>tholus</i> , all in marble niches? No doubt it is not nothing if the bared teeth of Death
Tardare denteis, nec penitus rogo Fugisse in auras: sed memores sui Notas reliquisse et verendis Semideum oculis reponi.	110	be slowed a bit; if from a pyre not utterly you flee into the breeze, but leave behind marks that remember you, half-god, in awe-filled nooks.
Eheu! quod <u>Afer</u> candide, dixeras: Laudantur omnes in statuis, ubi Non sunt; ardentes, ubi sunt, Perpetuo cruciantur igni.	115	But alas! O brilliant African, as you said, men are extolled where they are not, in statues, but where they are, are tortured in everlasting fire!
O, invidendis arcear atriis! Me talis alta sede Lararii Procul remotum, nulla spectet Posteritas, tumulereque totus.		May I be far from every envied atrium! Remote from the conspicuous lararium, may I be wholly buried, and no heirs gaze at me.
Me gleba parvo condatur in angulo. Et absque pompa. Qui latuit bene, Bene et quievit. post sepulchrum, Non habear tabulis et aere,	120	Let the sod hide me in some little spot far from all pomp. Whoever lies well hidden also sleeps well. Entombed, may I not seem a Seer
Macraque Vates dignus imagine, Gypsoque et aris. Ah miseri, quibus Haec vota subsultant! Abeste Caesarei miseranda, <i>Larvae</i> ,	125	worthy of plaques, of bronze, a skinny image, a shrine or bust. O wretches, whom such vows so much disturb! Be gone, O Ghosts, O pitiable
Rubigo fastus. Splendida gloriae Me nescientem gloria nesciat. Sed iam quieta mente, Phoebi Fatidicus furor ecce cessit.	130	mould of the pride of Caesars. May the brightness of glory know not me, nor I know glory. But ah, the mind is still, fatidic fury vanished.

NOTES. 6 **'tumultuous':** *turbidus* = 'turbid, obscure'; as in Apollo's epithet *Λοξίας* ('crooked', i.e. hard to interpret). 7 **Brutus:** L. Junius Brutus, who liberated Rome from the tyranny of Tarquinius Superbus. Müller aptly quotes Vergil Aen. 6.818 ff: *Vis et Tarquinius reges animamque superbam Ultoris Bruti, fascisque videre receptos? Consul imperium hic primus saevasque securis Accipiat, natosque pater nova bella moventis Ad poenam pulchra pro libertate vocavit.* (When his own sons tried to restore Tarquin, Brutus had them beheaded by the lictor's axe.) 8 **Ancus Marcius**, 640-614, 4th king of Rome. 9 **Numa Pompilius:** 2nd king of Rome. In conversation with the nymph **Egeria** (whom some say he married) he got religious instruction and learned to be a wise legislator. 11 **Cunctator:** Q. Fabius Maximus 'the Delayer', Roman general who sought to defeat Hannibal by avoiding pitched battles. **Camillus:** Livy 5.37 & 49. 17 **'one-eyed':** Hannibal had only one eye (Nepos *Hann.* 4.; Juv. *Sat.* 10.157 ff.) Balde's passage recalls Juv. 10.147-167. 18. **'vinegar':** for the legend see Livy 21.37.2. 22 **'rings of knights':** at Cannae Hannibal's men collected more than 200 gold rings of dead Roman knights; as proof of his victory he sent them to Carthage, where they were poured on the floor in front of the Senate. 30 ff. **'son-in-law... father-in-law':** Pompey and Julius Caesar. 32 **'ass's shadow... goat-fleece':** proverbial

images of absurd or trivial things not worth fighting for (Hor. *Epist.* 1.18.15). **50 'Troy-race':** the Romans, descended from the Trojan Aeneas. **54 *Pileus*:** a cap of liberty worn by newly freed slaves. (Serv. at Virg. *Aen.* 8.564). Roman freedmen were subjected by Tiberius to a new kind of slavery. **59 *Capri*:** cf. Suet. *Tiber.* 40. **65 'goblets':** i.e. poisoned: Caligula was said to have poisoned Tiberius. **66 'brilliant parent':** Germanicus. **71 'son of Dis [= Pluto] and Maia':** Hermes, conductor of dead souls. **73. *Claudius*:** Müller thinks that Nero is meant; but surely this is the emperor Claudius (Nero comes later). On his stupidity and cruelty see Suet. *Claud.* 3-4. **75 *Flavius*:** the emperor Domitian. On his 'foulness' (*inceste*) see Suet. *Dom.* 22. **77. *Maximinus*:** Balde means perhaps *Gaius Valerius Galerius Maximinus Daia*, half-nephew and successor of Valerius Maximianus; he was "Caesar", i.e. junior emperor, under his uncle Valerius, from A.D. 305, "Augustus" (i.e. co-emperor) from A.D. 311; he could be called "lictor" because he persecuted Christians. But Balde's reference is brief and ambiguous; he might mean instead *Gaius Verus Julius Maximinus Thrax*, emperor A.D. 235-8, who also persecuted Christians. (According to Thill on *Lyrice* 2.28, ref. is to the uncle of Maximinus Daia, *Gaius Galerius Valerius Maximianus*, emperor 305-311; who in A.D. 293 governed as Diocletian's "Caesar" and in 286 ff. was promoted to "Augustus", i.e. co-emperor with Diocletian; he persuaded Diocletian to persecute Christians.) **81 *Heliogabalus*** = Elagabalus = Marcus Aurelius Antoninus; born Varius Avitus Bassianus, in youth a priest of the god El-Gabal at his native Emesa in Syria. As emperor (203-222) he forced senators to watch as he danced round the god's altar; & at the summer solstice dedicated to the god a festival with huge public food distributions. **82 *Vitellius*:** acc. to Suetonius (*Vit.* 13) lazy, an obese glutton, eating banquets four times a day, feasting on rare foods which he would send the Roman navy to procure. **84. *Nero parricida*:** Tac. *Annals* 14.5-10. **87 Valeria *Messalina*:** famously debauched wife of the emperor Claudius. **89 *Livia*,** wife of Tiberius Nero and of Augustus, mother of Tiberius and Drusus. ***Julia*,** daughter of Augustus and Scribonia, banished by Augustus (Suet. *Aug.* 65). **96. *Titus*** conquered Judea and destroyed the Temple in Jerusalem (A.D. 70). **102 *Severus*:** Septimius Severus, emperor in A.D. 193-211. ***Ulpius*:** the emperor Trajan (A.D. 98-117). **105 ff. 'Should I praise triumphs?'** etc. These beautiful lines recall (perhaps not consciously, and without imitating closely) Juvenal 10.133 ff. **106. *Tholus*:** a circular chapel in the inner courtyard of this or that arcaded Roman market. But perhaps Balde recalls the famous *tholos* at Athens: "the new round Prytaneum near the Senate House.... It was adorned with some small silver statues (Pollux, viii. 155; Demosth. *de Fals. Leg.* p. 419), and near it stood the ten statues of the Attic ἐπώνυμοι", i.e. legendary eponymous heroes (Smith, *Dict.* s.v. 'Tholus'.) **113 *African*:** Müller, followed by Thill, says that St. Augustine is meant ('cui haec adscribitur sententia: *O miser Aristoteles, qui laudaris, ubi non es, et ubi es, ureris!*') but they give no reference. **117 *lararium*:** a small chapel in a Roman house, where images of tutelary ancestors were prayed to. "It seems to have been customary for religious Romans in the morning, immediately after they rose, to perform their prayers in the lararium... The emperor Alexander Severus (Lamprid. *AL Sev.* 29, 31)... had among the statues of his *Lares* those of Christ, Abraham, Orpheus, and Alexander the Great. This emperor had a second lararium, from which the first is distinguished by the epithet *majus*, and the images of his second or lesser lararium were representations of great and distinguished men, among whom are mentioned Virgil, Cicero, and Achilles." (Smith, *Dict. Gk. & Rom. Ant.* s.v.). **124 *macra... imagine*:** Balde might have in mind the first meaning of *imago*: a waxen death-mask. "The external distinction of the *Nobiles* was the *Jus Imaginum*, These *Imagines* were figures with painted masks of wax, made to resemble the person whom they represented (Plin. *H. N.* xxxv. 2. *expressi cera vultus*); and they were placed in the Atrium of the house, apparently in small wooden receptacles or cases somewhat in the form of temples (Ξύλινα ναΐδια, Polyb. vi. 53). The *Imagines* were accompanied with the *tituli* or names of distinction which the deceased had acquired; and the *tituli* were connected in some way by lines or branches so as to exhibit the pedigree (stemma) of the family. These *Imagines* were generally enclosed in their cases, but they were opened on festival days and other great ceremonials, and crowned with bay... they also formed part of a solemn funeral procession." (Smith, *Dict.* s.v. *Nobiles*). Compare Propertius 2.13 *nec mea tunc longa spatietur imagine pompa* ('let not my funeral procession stretch out in a long line of images'). **128 'May glory know not me, nor I know glory':** Thill takes '*me nescientem*' attributively: 'Que la gloire éclatante m'ignore, moi qui ignore la gloire!': 'May dazzling glory know not me, who know not glory', and that has charm. But it seems better to take '*nescientem*' as part of the wish, since, during his life at least, Balde did know glory.

SCIPIO, & ROMAN EMPERORS (in the order in which Balde mentions them) :



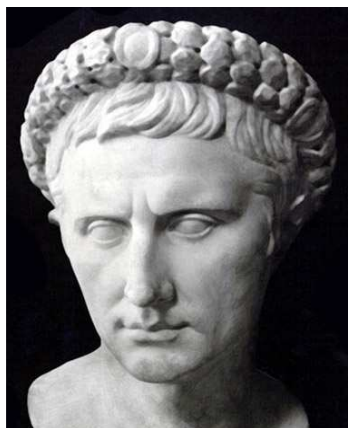
P. Cornelius Scipio Africanus,
'the Roman Hannibal'



v. 62 Caligula 37-41 AD



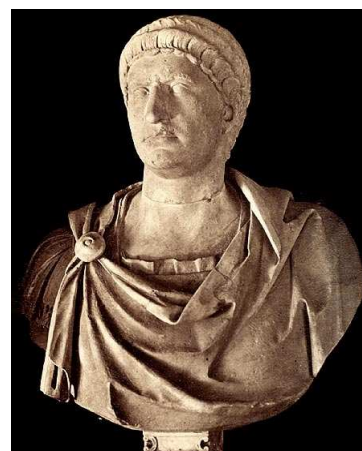
v. 75 Galba 68-69 AD



verse 37 Augustus
27 BC-14 AD



v. 73 Claudius 10-54 AD



v. 76 Otho Jan-April 69 AD



v. 49 Tiberius 14-37



v. 75 Flavius Domitianus
81-96 AD



v. 76 Caracalla 198-217



v. 77 Maximinus Daia 308-313 AD



82 Vitellius basely fat 69 AD



v. 89 Livia wife of & Tib. Cl. Nero
& Augustus; mother of Tiberius,
gt-gt-grandmother of Nero



v. 78 naufraga Commodus
177-192 AD



v. 73 Claudius Nero 41-54 AD



89 Julia f. of Augustus & Scribonia,
m. Marcellus, Agrippa, Tiberius



v. 81 Heliogabalas = Elagabalus
218-222 AD



v. 87 Messalina wife of Claudius



v. 97 Titus 79-81 AD

* * *

Silvae, Ode 7.7 ENTHUSIASMUS. IN COEMETERIO, ANNO MDCXLII,
ipso die anniversario Fidelium Defunctorum.

Inspiration in a Cemetery, 1642,
on the very day of the Anniversary of the Faithful Dead. [s488](#)

Iamne ergo, MANES, vestra brevissimae Spectata vitae fabula transiit! Ex aere conflato supellex, Haec Feretri brevis arca restat.		Shadows, already your admired story of briefest life has passed! Mere furniture remains, all moulded bronze, strongbox of a brief bier.
At nemo de tot millibus alteri Antiqua turbat iura vel invidet. Hic hostis acclinatur hosti, Hic geminos capit urna fratres.	5	But of so many thousands not one envies another, or disturbs the ancient laws. Here enemy props enemy, there an urn captures twins.
Hic virgo scortis iungitur et procus Iuxta maritum dormit adulterae. Hic sanctus incumbit scelesto, Hic vitium iacet atque Virtus.	10	Here virgin with the prostitute, the suitor of an adultress sleeps by the good husband a saint lies on a scoundrel, and Vice lies next to Virtue.
Arcana dudum tristia comprimi Luctantur in me: nec penitus sibi Audet fateri quae volutat Mens nimio titubata fluctu.	15	Just now still hidden, a sadness in me struggles to be suppressed, that the upset mind, spinning beneath too great a wave, does not dare even utter.
Morare Vates, nec stimulum DEI, Ignave, sentis? proice pectore Immane famosumque VERUM, Dum graderis vagus inter ossa.	20	You linger, Poet. Are you afraid to feel the goad of God? Heave then the immense famous Truth from your heart; wander amid the bones.
Hic Coelum et Orcus continuis tamen Haerent acervis, hic Superum choro Inferna miscetur caterva. Hic paleae latitant inanes		Here Heaven & Hades everywhere entwine in tangles, here with choirs of Upper souls mingle the mobs of Hell and here inane husks hide
Cum plena spicis grana ferentibus, Interque spinas lilia consitas Ignota crescunt. Hic beatas Inter oves stabulantur haedi.	25	amid the wheat-ears big with seed: here lilies sown amid thorns may sprout unrecognized. Here among happy sheep are stabled odious goats.
O lucis AEdes, dulce Sacrarium, Electa Christi messis in horreo! O Terra lacte et melle manans, Aula spei, thalamus quietis:	30	O Temple of light, O sweet Sacrarium, Christ's chosen harvest, in its grainbin! Earth that run with Milk and Honey, Hope's hall, bedroom of Quiet:

O noctis antrum, quo latet abdita Thesaurus irae: feta nocentium Spelunca latronum, secundae Suppliciis habitanda mortis:	35	O Cave of Night wherein lurks every treasure of hidden Anger! Cave-womb big with hurtful night robbers, which the torments of a second death will inhabit!
O plena puris Area gaudiis Umbrosa quam nec silva nec igneo Surgens ab electro lacunar Nec Zephyri superent virecta.	40	O threshing-floor that fill with simple joys that neither shaded woods nor coffered ceiling rising in brilliant amber nor green West Wind surpasses;
Ah? verioris tristitiae Domus Aegea qua sit mitior insula Quaeque in tenebris mersa squallet Trans rigidas Aquilonis oras;		Ah, House of an unhappiness so real that even the Aegean isle was gentler, that plunged in darkness bristle in stiff shores of the North Wind;
O seminantis funera GRATIAE, O seminatae corpora GLORIAE, Vos Solis exstinctura lumen, Astrigeros ferietis orbeis ,	45	O funeral of the Grace that one time sowed you, O bodies of that Glory that was sown, who will put out the sunlight and strike star-bearing spheres;
Ah? non secundo credita sidere Siccis Averno semina saltibus. Hoc illa surrectura Cadmi Dente seges, tubicenque iuxta.	50	Ah, seeds entrusted to an unlucky season in dry glens of Avernus: ah, crop destined to rise from Cadmus' teeth next to the trumpeter:
Florete porro vaticinantia Ver dulce flavis Ossa coloribus, Nam germinabunt instar herbae Circum hederas, viridemque buxum.	55	O flourish on, Bones prophesying sweet and golden springtime: you will germinate like grass around the ivies and the green box trees.
Iacete porro taetra cadaverum Implenda diris Ossa doloribus: Totoque Vindictae lacerto in Sulphureum iacienda stagnum:	60	Lie on, foul bones of the cadavers destined to fill with fearful pain, then to be flung with all Revenge's strength into the swamps of brimstone.
Sed nempe tantum ludimus, et iocis Crispamus auras, non sine sibilo. At non inanis signa famae Ambiguus cecinisse verbis		But surely I play too much and with my jokes but make a breeze curl, not without a hissing. Yet no mere empty rumor, sung in two-sided words,
Dicemur olim: cum fragor aetheris Impellet axes turbine flammeo; Et fractus illabetur Orbis Impavidum super et paventem,	65	will it be called one day, when fiery cyclones thundering drive apart the poles of the ether, when the cracked orb will slip above the brave & the trembling
Rumpenda nullo carmine surditas		and deafness, pierceable by no song, a horn

Rumpetur illa Nubivagi tuba; Qua per sepulcrorum cavernas Ceus tonitru quatiente terram,	70	of one who wanders in the clouds will pierce as through the caves of tombs like an earth-shaking thunder
Vox audietur: SURGITE MORTUI. Repente surgent. Castus ad aurea Hinc Agnus exsultabit astra: Inde salax trepidabit Hircus,	75	a voice is heard: "Rise, dead." And all at once they all will rise. Up to the golden stars from here the Lamb will leap, from there a lewd Goat quail
Sidente lapsis sub pedibus solo, Immugientium fulmine nubium Ad ima stratus. Quos amicos Unus ager, patriaeque caespes	80	as ground collapses under his slipping feet: cast by a thunderbolt from bellowing clouds into the depths! Friends whom one field, paternal sod
Molaeve tectum, quos placidus sopor Iungebat una, VITA novissimis Disiunget actis. Quis gelatos Insolitus quatit horror artus?		or a mill's roof, or two whom placid sleep joined into one, new acts of LIFE will separate. What unwonted fear shakes the frozen limbs?
An iam moventur? sistite Pallidi! Tantisper Umbrae sistite, buccina Donec supremæ clangat horæ. Illa suo latet in metallo	85	Do they already stir? Stay, pallid creatures! stay, Shades, a little longer: till the war-horn of the supreme hour moans. It lies hid, in its metal
Procusa nondum: iam tamen emicat. EXTREMA Mundo purpureo DIES Implumis in nido Sororum Stertit adhuc, sed et ista pennas	90	as yet unforged: yet is already glistening! The LAST DAY of the empurpled world unfledged in the Sisters' nest still snores, but is already
Iam iamque librat. Sistite Mortui! Ter de profundis, quod bene sospitet, Suspiro fibris luce cassos Davidica miseratus Oda.	95	poising its feathers. Stay still, O you Dead. Thrice from the depths I sigh what well preserves, from pity of those lightless, in a Davidic ode.
Ter lustris vivo fonte; ter alteram Lucem precatus clamo: Quiescite FORTUNA MORTALIS PERACTA EST VESTRA: MANET PERAGENDA NOBIS.	100	Thrice bathe I, in the living fountain: thrice praying for other light, I cry, "O rest. Your mortal fate is acted. Remains, what I must act."

NOTES. This prodigious, flawless poem is scarcely translatable; I just did the best I could. It is curious that just like the other great 'Enthusiasmus in Coemeterio', *Lyrical* 2.39 (p. 6 above) written two years earlier, it is 100 lines long.

1 *Manes*: 'Shadows': see on Ode 2.33.2.

39 'brilliant amber': lit. 'fiery amber': amber was fabled to be the tears of daughters of the sun, the Heliades, who had been changed into poplar trees (see e.g. Pliny *NH* 37.11). Coffered ceilings = voluptuous luxury, not needed in Paradise; in Horace *C.* 2.18.2 they gleam in ivory and gold.

42 *Aegean isle*: Balde means Gyarus (= Gyara = Gyarae), a notoriously terrible island in the Cyclades, to which the worst Roman criminals were sent; it is tiny, and so barren that there the rats gnaw iron! (see Tac. *Ann.* 1.69 *insulam*

Gyarum immitem et sine cultu hominum; Juv. Sat. 1.73; & many references in Miroslav Marcovich, *Studies in Graeco-Roman Religions and Gnosticism*, Leiden, 1989, p. 47-51). Thus it's wholly antithetical to the overflowing threshing-floor of the prior stanza.

43-44 "that bristles" etc.: '*squalet*' can also mean 'is flaky' with filth; but Balde I think has in mind a place of ice and darkness, like the terrible pitch-dark, frozen North in Vergil, *Georgics* 1.236, 3.349-67 (cf. also *Geo.* 1.507 '*squalet*' = 'lies untilled' & waste).

50 *Avernus*: a lake near Cumae, thought to be the entrance to the underworld. The name was thought to mean lit. 'birdless' (Gk. *aornos*), because birds flying over it were killed by the fumes it emitted.

51 *Cadmus' teeth*: Cadmus was the mythical founder of Thebes. On Athena's instructions he killed a dragon sacred to Ares and sowed its teeth in the ground, from which there sprang a race of fierce armed men, called *Spartes* ('sown'). By throwing a stone among them, Cadmus caused them to fall upon one another until only five survived -- etc.

62 'not without a whisper': the Latin line hisses with 5 's' sounds and *sibilo* could = 'hiss'.

90 'the Sisters': the Parcae (Fates).

94 *de profundis*: Psalm 129 (130) *de profundis clamavi*.

97 'living fountain' (I quote all of these places, since each contributes some nuance of the truth): Ps. 35 (36) *Quoniam apud te est fons vitae Et in lumine tuo videmus lumen*; Prov. 14.27 *Timor Domini fons vitae Ut declinent a ruina mortis*; Ier. 2.13 *Duo enim mala fecit populus meus: Me dereliquerunt fontem aquae vivae Et foderunt sibi cisternas*; & 17.13 *Omnes qui te derelinquunt confundentur, Recedentes a te in terra scribentur, Quoniam dereliquerunt venam viventium Dominum*; Rev. 7.17 (cf. 21.6) *quoniam Agnus, qui in medio Throni est, reget illos et deducet eos ad vitae fontes aquarum, et absterget Deus omnem lacrymam ab oculis eorum*. **97-8 *alteram lucem*:** cf. Martial Ep. 14.42 in the version of Isidore, Or. 20.10.3, on a candle: *hic tibi nocturnos praestabo cereus ignis: / subducta luce, <en> altera lux tibi sum*, i.e. 'when your light [or: day] is lost, lo! I am your other light.' I do not know if Balde alludes to this; but it would illuminate '*alteram*': the Manes, and the poet in his fear, have lost their light and need another. (The Martial MSS have '*Hic tibi nocturnos praestabit cereus ignis / subducta est puero namque lucerna tuo*'. Oddly, Martial's editors prefer that; to me it seems far inferior.)

98 'O rest': he is speaking to the dead.

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Balde from the frontispiece to Müller's 1844 edition of his works

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Entry for JAKOB BALDE by Friedrich List in Albert Hauck (ed.), *The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge* by J. J. Herzog (Funk & Wagnalls: NY & London, 1908), Vol 1, p. 426-7:

BALDE, JAKOB: German Jesuit, distinguished as a scholar, poet, and preacher; b. at Ensisheim (55 m. s.s.w. of Strasburg), Alsace, Jan. 4, 1604; d. at Neuburg (29 m. n.n.e. of Augsburg), Bavaria, Aug. 9, 1668. He was destined for a legal career, and was educated by the Jesuits in his native town, at Molsheim, and at Ingolstadt. In 1624 he renounced the world and entered the Society, still continuing his classical studies, and teaching rhetoric at Munich and Innsbruck. In 1633 he was ordained; from 1635 to 1637 he was professor of rhetoric in the University of Ingolstadt; and from 1638 to 1640, after the death of Jeremias Drexel, court preacher to Maximilian I in Munich. Here he remained as historiographer of the duchy for ten years longer, but won more renown by the poetical compositions of the years 1637-46. His work in this period was lyrical (*Lyrical*, Munich, 1638-42; *Sylvae*, 1641-45), but after 1649 he turned rather to satire and elegy. His health forced him to leave Munich in 1550, and after three years at Landshut and one at Amberg, he settled at Neuburg on the Danube, where he spent his last years in the peaceful dignity of the office of chaplain to the count palatine Philip William. His memory, which had to a great extent died out, was revived at the beginning of the nineteenth century by Herder, Orelli, and others, and his name has since been increasingly honored, especially by the efforts of the Munich society, founded in 1868, which bears it. He well deserves this renown from more than one point of view. He was a great classical scholar, a positive reincarnation of Roman antiquity. As a Latin poet (his small body of vernacular work is far inferior) he displays a wonderful array of excellent qualities --vivid imagination, depth of thought and feeling, brilliant invention and composition, and mastery of the most difficult forms. The characteristic universal scholarship of his age is best shown in his *Urania Victrix* (1663), which touches every branch of knowledge. Besides the works already mentioned, and some epics belonging to his first period, his *Philomela* (1645), full of devotion to the Crucified, his *Elegiae variae* (1663), and his amusing satires on quack doctors and other impostors in *Medicina gloria* (1649) may be named.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: His collected works were first published in complete form at Munich, 1729, the earlier editions at Cologne, 1660 and 1718, being defective; his *Carmina lyrica* appeared, ed. B. Müller, Regensburg, 1884. Consult L. Brunner, *J. Balde, le grand poète de l'Alsace. Notice historique et littéraire*, Guebwiller, 1865; J. Bach, *Jacob Balde, der neulateinische Dichter des Elsasses*, Strasburg, 1885; F. Tauehert, *Herder's griechische und morgenländische Anthologie and seine Uebersetzungen von J. Balde*, p. 176, Munich, 1886.

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Frontispiece to Jos. Aigner (ed.), *Jakob Balde's Oden und Epoden in fünf Büchern*, Augsburg, 1831.

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P. Jacobus Balde S.I.
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