**Quis Multa Gracilis**

Trailing a wake of heady odors, what slim

Boy in a wreath of roses leads you, Pyrrha,

In some cozy hollow, on; him

For whom you comb your honey hair

And neatly knot it? O, how often he

Shall weep for constancy and the inconstant

Gods! Black gales and the cruel sea

Will amaze this neophyte

Who finds merely being with you golden.

He hopes – careless affection, ever; no thought

Of shifty breezes. Misery for men

Who in a body’s beauty bask.

Content! For me, at the temple wall, I offer

This votive of my foundering to potent

Neptune; the painted board, and these

Weeds from shipwreck I have shored.

*Horace (Quintus Horatius Flaccus), c. 65-8 B.C.*

*Trans. from Latin by Stephen Sandy*