

Unwept, unhonored, and unsung are practically synonyms—but, thanks to Horace, Lollius will escape time's "long night": *non ego te . . . patiar . . . carpere lividas obliviones* (30 ff.). The praise of Lollius with which the poem concludes sounds determined rather than enthusiastic, being little more than a list of conventional virtues.¹⁸ Clearly Horace found a more compelling theme in art's special power than he did in the particular instance that here called it forth. It is, ironically, Horace's declarations that we remember rather than the lines on Lollius that should, rightly, vindicate them.

O fons Bandusiae (C. 3.13) has long been a favorite among the Odes, though its connection with poetry has been generally neglected:

O fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro,
dulci digne mero non sine floribus,
cras donaberis haedo,
cui frons turgida cornibus

primis et venerem et proelia destinat— 5
frustra, nam gelidos inficiet tibi
rubro sanguine rivos
lascivi suboles gregis.

te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculae 10
nescit tangere, tu frigus amabile
fessis vomere tauris
praebes et pecori vago.

fies nobilium tu quoque fontium
me dicente cavis inpositam ilicem 15
saxis, unde loquaces
lympphae desiliunt tuae.

O fountain of Bandusia, gleaming brighter than glass, worthy of sweet wine and flowers, tomorrow you will be given a kid whose forehead, now swelling with its first horns, destines him for love and battle—but in vain, for this offspring

18. Though perhaps Horace's emphasis on Lollius' honesty (C. 4.9.37 ff.) may be a kind of vindication, as Lollius was apparently accused of greed; see Velleius Paterculus, 2.97; Pliny, *H. N.* 9.58.118 (Mayhoff).

of the wanton flock shall dye your cold waters with his red blood. The harsh season of the blazing Dog Star cannot touch you; you provide lovely coolness for bulls tired from the plow, and for the straying flocks. You too will become one of the famous fountains of the world, when I sing of the oak tree set upon the hollow rocks from which your speaking waters leap down.

So familiar is the poem that its true quality tends to be lost in the sentimental echoes it produces. Here, for instance, is Wordsworth's meditation from "Liberty":

Give *me* the humblest note of those sad strains,
Drawn forth by pressure of his gilded chains,
As a chance sun-beam from his memory fell
Upon the Sabine farm he loved so well;
Or when the prattle of Bandusia's spring
Haunted his ear—he only listening.

"He only listening." Horace is less modest, for he pays tribute not only to an obscure fountain but to the poetry that can place it among the most famous fountains of the world. Rather than term the Ode an invocation to a spring, we could equally well name it an invocation to his own art. The limpid water might be viewed as a counter-image to the turbulent stream that represents Pindar's inspired verse (C. 4.2.5 ff.). Providing both solace and beauty, *frigus amabile*,¹⁹ the fountain rests immune from the attacks of nature (9–10); we are halfway to the proud declarations of the epilogue (C. 3.30.1 ff.).

Readers have often been repelled by the details of the kid's sacrifice (6–8). Perhaps the description is not there for its realistic effect alone. Destined for love and battle, the "offspring of the wanton flock" epitomizes life's comprehensive vitality, and as his warm blood mingles with the lucid water it is easy to sense a suggestion of the trans-

19. For poetry's combination of solace and beauty, cf. *Epod.* 13.9–10, 17–18; C. 1.32.13–15, 2.13.33 ff., 4.11.33–36. For the association of *amabilis* with poetry, cf. C. 3.4.5, 4.3.14; *Ep.* 1.3.24. With the *fons Bandusiae* we might compare the "cool grove" of Bacchus (C. 1.1.30), setting for the poet's most excited emotions (cf. C. 3.25.1 ff.).

formation of life into art. In the Odes on poetry the union of vitality and calm is a recurrent theme,²⁰ one that is not, of course, peculiar to Horace alone. Seen in these terms, the first two stanzas of *C.* 3.13 suggest something akin to what Yeats implied when he called for a poem "as cold and passionate as the dawn."

Horace elsewhere describes the Muses as "you who delight in fresh springs,"²¹ and the *nobiles fontes* (13) of Greece and Rome were generally those associated with poetic inspiration: Arethusa, Hippocrene, Castalia. But instead of dwelling upon the traditional concept, Horace inverts it. The waters of the spring do not create his poetry; rather, his poetry gives new life to nature. In such a context *loquaces* (15) becomes a loaded adjective, quite different in meaning from Wordsworth's stock epithet "prattling." Horace had, to be sure, heard Bandusia's waters. Yet he knew and quietly insisted that they were to "speak" most significantly through the medium of his own verse.

Several of the Odes commemorating some person or object have a proleptic quality. The pattern is difficult to define but easy to find parallels for. In the fourth Roman Ode the *lene consilium* that the Muses bestow on Caesar seems to be represented by the Ode itself. Similarly, the assurance that *certus Apollo* gives to Teucer is analogous to the assurance given to Plancus by *C.* 1.7 in its entirety. Certain poems, that is to say, which appear only to describe objectively some message, or to make some promise, turn out to be themselves the substance of that message, or the redemption of that promise.²² Horace's delight in this kind of a double effect may underlie the long poem on the Danaids. The Ode ends with Hypermestra's injunction to her husband, a characteristic addition to the myth:

i pedes quo te rapiunt et aurae,
dum favet nox et Venus, i secundo

20. See below, 337 ff.

21. *C.* 1.26.6; cf. *C.* 3.4.25.

22. For other possible examples see above, 52, 74–75. The equivalent in negative terms is the Horatian *recusatio* where the very disclaimers prove their own falsity; see above, 112 ff.

omine et nostri memorem sepulcro
scalpe querelam. [C. 3.11.49–50]

Go wherever your feet and the breezes take you, while night and Venus are favorable; go with lucky omen, and carve upon my tomb an elegy in memory of me.

The Ode might be the very *querela* that Hypermestra requests; certainly she could have hoped for no finer epitaph than *splendide mendax* (35). Horace himself helps to make her "a maiden noble throughout all the ages to come" (35–36). In these terms the poem's supposed disunity is less alarming, for the introductory praise of the lyre and of Mercury, its inventor, becomes eminently, if obliquely, appropriate.

Seen in this way, the invitation that Horace extends to Maecenas (*C.* 1.20) is curiously evocative:

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
cantharis, Graeca quod ego ipse testa
conditum levi, datus in theatro
cum tibi plausus,

clare Maecenas eques, ut paterni
fluminis ripae simul et iocosa
redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
montis imago.

Caecubum et prelo domitam Caleno
tu bibes uvam: mea nec Falernae
temperant vites neque Formiani
pocula colles.

You will drink, dear knight Maecenas, cheap Sabine wine from small cups, which I myself stored away and sealed in a Greek cask at the time when such applause was given you in the theater that the banks of your ancestral river and a pleasant echo from the Vatican mountain returned your praises. At home you will drink Caecuban and the