

Pinner Philosophy Group
Philosopher's Christmas - 2025

Soracte

(from the Latin of Horace, Odes 1.9,

translated by Ranald Barnicot,

published in *Poetry Salzburg Review Autumn 2020*)

You see how deep the snow gleams on Soracte's peak,
how for that burden the forest is too weak,
how the streams have frozen to a halt,
and the whole landscape – gleaming, bleak!

Melt, melt the cold, lay logs upon the grate,
and many, nor like a miser hate
to see, O my young Prince of Revels,
from its Sabine amphora the good wine spate

after its four-year wait. And let the gods take care
of everything but that, and let them scare
into calm the sea-unsettling, battling
winds. Then neither cypress nor ash, rare

in age, are shaken. What may tomorrow show?
Don't seek to know! Let your heart's treasure grow
to fill whatever day your fortune grants,
and, young, spurn neither dance nor love's sweet glow,

your sap as yet unsoured by age. Now seek the park,
now seek the piazza, soft whispering in the dark,
seek them again at the promised hour,
seek now the sweet laughter, by whose treason mark

the girl that in some inmost corner hides,
seek now the token that, when you tug,
from arm or unresisting finger glides.

Original Version

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte nec iam sustineant onus
silvae laborantes geluque
flumina constiterint acuto?

Dissolve frigus ligna super foco
large reponens atque benignius
deprome quadrum Sabina,
o Thaliarche, merum diota.

Permitte divis cetera, qui simul
strauere ventos aequore fervido
deproeliantis, nec cupressi
nec veteres agitantur orni.

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quaerere, et
quem fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro
adpone nec dulcis amores
sperne, puer, neque tu choreas,

donec virenti canities abest
morosa. Nunc et Campus et areae
lenesque sub noctem susurri
composita repetantur hora,

nunc et latentis proditor intumo
gratus puellae risus ab angulo
pignusque dereptum lacertis
aut digito male pertinaci.