Horace *Odes* 1.37 (J. Clancy, tr.)

Now for a drinking spree, now for a loose-footed Light fantastic, now is the time to pay Our debt to the gods, my friends, And spread a spectacular banquet.

Before today, to bring the Caecuban\(^1\) from family storerooms was wrong, while the crazy Queen was stil scheming with her Sickly eunuchs, her pack of perverts,

To send the Capitol crashing and bury The empire: wild were her dreams of doing Whatever she wished, the best Luck was her liquor. She sobered up

When her ships caught fire, scarcely one unscathed, And delusions of mind nursed on Egypt’s wine Were cured by Caesar with the facts Of fear, his navy close as she fled

From Italy, like a hawk going after a gentle dove, or a swift hunter tracking A hare over snow-covered fields In Thessaly: chains awaited this

Damnable monster. But a heroine’s death Was her goal: she showed no female shivers At the sight of a sword, and her Fast-sailing fleet sought no secret harbors.

Her courage was great: she looked on her fallen Palace, a smile still on her face, and boldly Played with venomous serpents, Her flesh drinking their bitter poison,

So highly she dared, her mind set on her death. Not for her the enemy ship, the crownless Voyage, her role in the grand Parade\(^2\): she was no weak-kneed woman.

\(^1\) Caecuban: luxury wine. 
\(^2\) Horace is referring to a Triumph here.