frigora mitescunt Zephyris, ver proterit aestas
interitura simul
pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit, et mox
bruma recurrit iners (9-12).

Winter gives way to Spring's breath, Summer drives away Spring, only to perish itself as soon as apple-bearing Autumn has poured forth its fruits. And soon Winter stumbles back, all-but-dead.[19]

With Horace's next stanza, the echoes are surer and remarkably varied:

damna tamen celeres reparant caelestia lunae:
nos, ubi decidimus
quo pater Aeneas, quo Tullus dives et Ancus,
pulvis et umbra sumus (13-16).

Yet the swift-changing moon repairs its heavenly losses. We, when once we have descended whither father Aeneas and king Tullus and Ancus have gone, we are dust and shadow.

Line 15 is reminiscent of Virgil (*pater Aeneas*), of Horace's *Epistles* (1.6.27), of Lucretius:

lumina sis oculis etiam bonus Ancus reliquit
(3.1025)

even good Ancus closed his eyes to the light of day,

and of the passage Lucretius was using from Ennius (*Annals* 149). And the evocative line is set in a paraphrase of Catullus'

soles occidere et redire possunt:
nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,
nox est perpetua una dormienda
(5.4-6).

The sun can set and rise again.
But for us, when once our brief light has set,
there is but one everlasting night to sleep through.

nobis, cum semel occidit:: *nos, ubi decidimus*—Horace's words have special poignancy when we set them against those of the earlier poet. The theme has changed from major to minor: Catullus' *soles* become *lunae* in Horace; peaceful, everlasting night has turned to dust and shadow; Catullus' regular hendecasyllables are part of a vigorous affirmation of life, while Horace's uneven distichs are resigned and melancholy—every second line is halted, almost hushed.

As for associative use of his own work, Horace sometimes refashions whole odes (1.4 and 4.7 are variations on the same theme, as are 2.3 and 2.14), but usually it is only a slight touch, a combination of words, that calls to mind an association elsewhere. Why is the last stanza of the ode to the *fons Bandusiae* so charming? If those melodious lines:

fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
saxis, unde loquaces
lymphae desiliunt tuae (3.13.13-16),

You too will become one of those glorious fountains, as I sing of the oak tree perched on hollow rocks, whence your speaking waters leap down,

are compared with a couplet from the Epodes:

mella cava manant ex ilice, montibus altis
levis crepante lympha desilit pede (16.47-48),

Honey flows from the hollow oak tree, and from the steep hills gentle water leaps down with splashing step,

my lads, put sprays of leaves and
incense here,
and a bowl of two-year-old wine.[14]

The response is so instinctive in Horace that he can extend this life-imagery to other liquid-vegetative pictures. Peaceful rivers and branches remind us to live and love while we may:

circa virentes est animus tuae
campos iuvencae, nunc fluviis gravem
solantis aestum, nunc in udo
ludere cum vitulis salicto
praegestientis

(2.5.5-9).

the thoughts of your beloved are (like a heifer's) turned towards green fields, as now she finds relief from the oppressive heat in the streams, and now delights to play with young calves among the wet willow trees.[15]

Conversely, water and trees tossed by storms mirror our struggles and sufferings:

cras foliis nemus
multis et alga litus inutili
demissa tempestas ab Euro
sternet

(3.17.9-12).

tomorrow a storm, unleashed from the East, will strew the grove with leaves and the shore with useless seaweed.[16]

In the Soracte ode, the opening stanza depicts winter's death as burdening the trees and freezing the rivers, while the second stanza, urging us to live in the present, is cast in terms of logs piled high on the hearth and wine freely flowing. I am not suggesting Horace consciously planned

this. Only that, like all good poets, he thinks imaginatively, and that there is logic in the interrelation of his images. In 1.5 (*Quis multa gracilis*), the boy is *perfusus liquidis odoribus* in a somewhat desperate attempt to live life to the full *multa in rosa*, while the girl is not only unbedewed (*simplex munditiis*), she is fiery (Pyrrha), elementally opposed to water. Horace forecasts that the boy's liquid confidence will give way to disillusionment and finally disaster—expressed in terms of tears and a storm at sea; while he will nearly drown, she will doubtless remain high and dry (like the primeval Pyrrha who survived the flood), a siren in a seaside cave.[17]

There are meaningful life-images in *O Fons Bandusiae* as well. Commager persuasively argues that Horace intends this ode as "an invocation to his own art."[18] We may add then that in calling the spring

dulci digne mero non sine floribus

(3.13.2)

worthy of sweet wine, and flowers too

Horace implies that lyric art is worth devoting one's life to: the offering of life-images represents self-dedication. And, in an extension of the liquid-vegetative image, there is sacrificed the warm blood of a pubescent kid who gives promise of love and war: artistic creation demands that the artist forsake a career of pleasure and prestige. The closing stanza:

fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
saxis, unde loquaces
lymphae desiliunt tuae

thus implies that Horace's art will rank with the greatest of antiquity, as he sings of his experience in modest and characteristic terms—oak tree and leaping, babbling water. Doubtless Horace never intended the poem as a complete