

Let the life-giving partner with its heavenly radiance
 Forsake the muddy dwelling and darkness of the flesh.
 Earthly flesh to earth, the fiery mind to fire,
 Let each part return to its own kind.
 My mind, safe in the knowledge of its merits, does not fear
 To leave the dark confines of the hateful body.
 After its departure from the flesh it will be transported to the heavens above
 To be reinstated in the number of its own constellation.
 It is joyous and blessed to die. Why does Rome deny it,
 Or why begrudge me the Elysian fields?
 After sloughing off the burden of the flesh, I will return
 To the stars to which I belong, enjoying then a life of greater liberty.
 I will look out for the affairs of Latium and I will be concerned for the city,
 And I will make it the object of my special care."
 - His arguments and perplexing words disturb the Romans -
 They want to prove by some artifice that they had not given what they had.
 - "It does not behove nor has it behoved the upright and
 Holy senate to talk with argumentative cleverness.
 An *enthymeme* pours forth, then an *inductio*; a Varus
 Tosses words to and fro through convoluted intricacies -
 I do not know what great thing he is secretly trying to prove -
 And he gradually ties me up in logical reasoning.
 But clever sophists do not have such words
 As to shift me from my purpose.
 Pollio perorates, and gilds the face of his words,
 Bringing up the big guns of his eloquent breast.
 He persuades, he adorns, he acts and puts on the orator,
 Artfully he modulates his rhythms and varies his turns of speech.
 But there is not such beauty or charm in any embroidered words
 As to overturn my vows and prevent me from dying.
 Camillus, as rough in tongue as in attire
 Was pleasing to the gods with his country ways.

Non pictis nugis rigidi placuere Catones;
 Sermo patens illis et sine veste fuit.
 Agresti Latio monstravit Græcia blandum,
 830 Græcia perplexum, Græcia grande loqui.
 O gravis illa dies qua simplex et rude verum
 Sorduit, et ficti plus placuere soni!
 Æquor inaccessas utinam fecisset Athenas!
 Non foret eloquii Roma nitore nocens.
 Cuive quibusve dabit si nostras ipsius ibit
 Tam leve despectum Romula turba preces,
 Qui suus, illorum dominus, Latique jacentis
 Captivas aquilas victor ab hoste tuli,
 Æternique probri maculas et crimina tersi,
 840 Rursus et induitur Roma decore suo?
 Si nihil Ausonios exorans purpura tangit
 Personæque meæ gratia surda perit,
 At mecum faciunt legum decreta meisque
 Consensum votis littera præbet onus.
 Ex olim meus est orator Justinianus;
 Viventis causam mortua lingua facit.
 Non auctore levi neque verbo paupere nitor;
 Arbiter in toto maximus orbe fuit:
 « Dux populi, victor, munus quod quæris habeto. »
 850 Dux ego, victor ego, munera quæro, date.
 Si, quia muneribus vestri fungatur honoris,
 Rex ideo vester desinit esse suus,
 Pono citus trabeam, vestrum citus exuo regem,
 Liber et explicitus ad mea vota meus. »

832 *picti*; 835 *Quisve*; 840 *decore [colore]*; 844 *anus*; 847 *actore gravi*; 849 *querit*; 851 *Sed*.

