

Horace Book 1, Ode 11

1. Tū nē quaesierīs, scīre nefās, quem mihi, quem tibi
2. fīnem dī dederint, Leuconoē, nec Babylōniōs
3. temptāris numerōs. Ut melius, quidquid erit, patī,
4. seu plūrēs hiemēs seu tribuit Iuppiter ultimam,
5. quae nunc oppositīs dēbilitat pūmicibus mare
6. Tyrrhēnum. Sapiās, vīna liquēs, et spatiō brevī
7. spem longam reseccēs. Dum loquimur, fūgerit invida
8. aetās: carpe diem, quam minimum crēdula posterō.

1. You may not ask, to know is forbidden, what end, to me,
2. to you, the gods have given, Colinda, nor be tempted by
3. the Babylonian numbers. So much better to endure whatever will be,
4. whether more winters, or the last one Jupiter has parceled out,
5. which now cripples the Tyrrhenian Sea against the rocks.
6. May you savor, decant the wine, and in a short space
7. cut back long hope. While we speak, life's grudging time has
8. fled. Reap the day, trusting in the next so very little.