

Pastor Perfidus

Based on Horace, Ode 1.15

By: Kevin Gaul

With Idaean Ships upon the tide,
The shepherd hauls his stolen bride
While Nereus subdues quick winds
To sing the doom that fate portends:

"You lead her home with omen foul.
The Greeks will not abide your vows,
And dire days shall greet you soon
And usher Priam's kingdom's ruin.

Alas, what toil for man and horse,
What deaths you've set upon their course!
Now Pallas, whom you shan't assuage,
Readies aegis, helm, and rage.

You'll shun the Cretan arrow's sting,
While pleasing songs to girls you'll sing,
And vainly how you'll comb your hair,
Emboldened ward of Venus fair.

For Ajax in pursuit draws near,
And Sthenelus, no mean charioteer.
Too late your fate shall come to bear,
When dust defiles that unchaste hair.

Did you not regard the Ithacan lord,
Or Pylia Nestor from distant shores?
With anger Diomedes swells;
Meriones you'll come to know as well.

As deer see wolves, ignoring pasture,
You'll vainly flee, evading capture,
Short of breath, head raised in fear,
Not as promised to Helen dear.

Though the rage of Achilles may delay
For score more winters the fated day,
Armed with fire the Greeks shall come,
And scorch the homes of Illium."

