Horace—Carmina 3.30
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I raised a monument, more enduring than bronze,
and loftier than the royal ruin of the pyramids,
which neither demolishing rain, nor the unbridled North Wind
could raze: nor the incalculable
succession of years and times flight.
I will not die entirely, and a grand part of me
will escape Libitina; and I will grow ever anew
with the praise of posterity, as long as the pontifex
will climb the Capitoline with the silent virgin priestess.

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I will be legendary, powerful though from humble origins, where violent Aufidus roars and where Daunus poor in rivers ruled rural people, the foremost to compose the Aeolian song in the Italian measures. Take the pride you sought, Melpomene, for merits, and gladly crown my head With the Delphic laurels.