

**“Ask Not (Odes I.11)”**  
**By Horace (Translated by John Conington)**

Season 15, Episode 5

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*Original Latin:*

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

*English Translation by John Conington:*

Ask not ('tis forbidden knowledge), what our  
destined term of years,  
Mine and yours; nor scan the tables of your  
Babylonish seers.  
Better far to bear the future, my Leuconoe,  
like the past,  
Whether Jove has many winters yet to give, or  
this our last;  
This, that makes the Tyrrhene billows spend  
their strength against the shore.  
Strain your wine and prove your wisdom; life  
is short; should hope be more?  
In the moment of our talking, envious time  
has ebb'd away.  
Seize the present; trust tomorrow e'en as  
little as you may.

