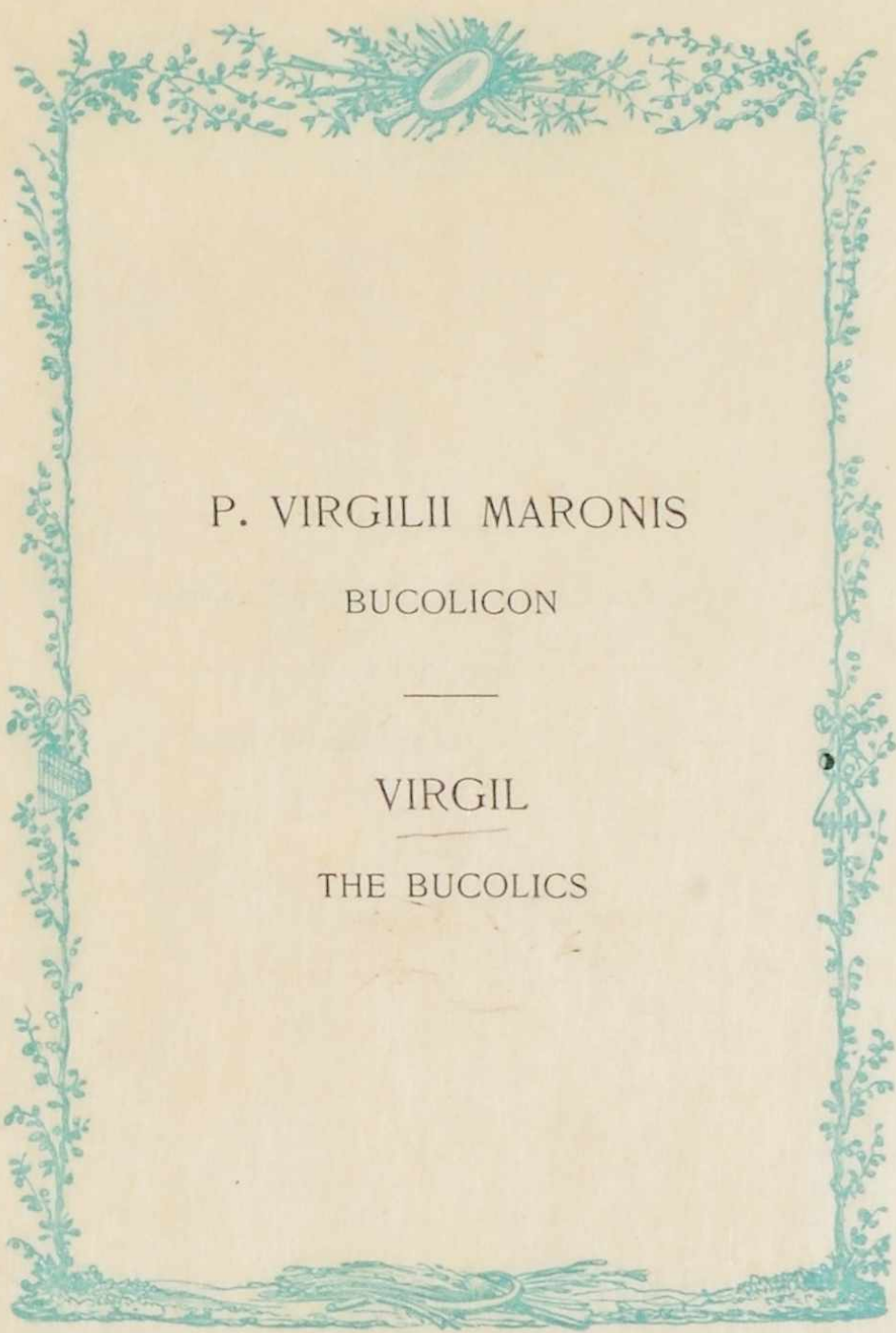


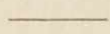
ANTIQUE GEMS

FROM THE
GREEK AND LATIN



P. VIRGILII MARONIS

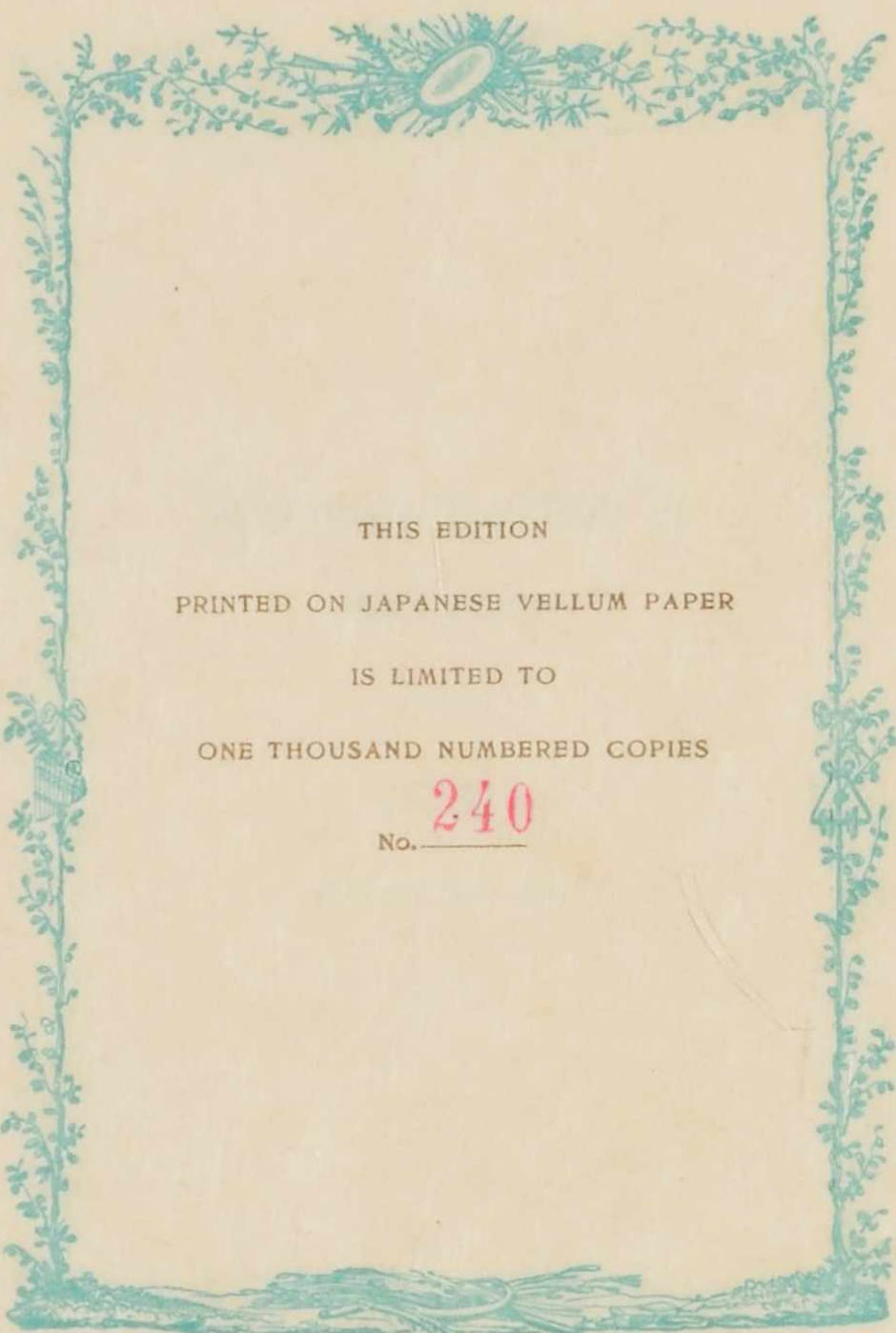
BUCOLICON



VIRGIL



THE BUCOLICS



THIS EDITION
PRINTED ON JAPANESE VELLUM PAPER
IS LIMITED TO
ONE THOUSAND NUMBERED COPIES

No. 240



P. VIRGILII MARONIS

BUCOLICON

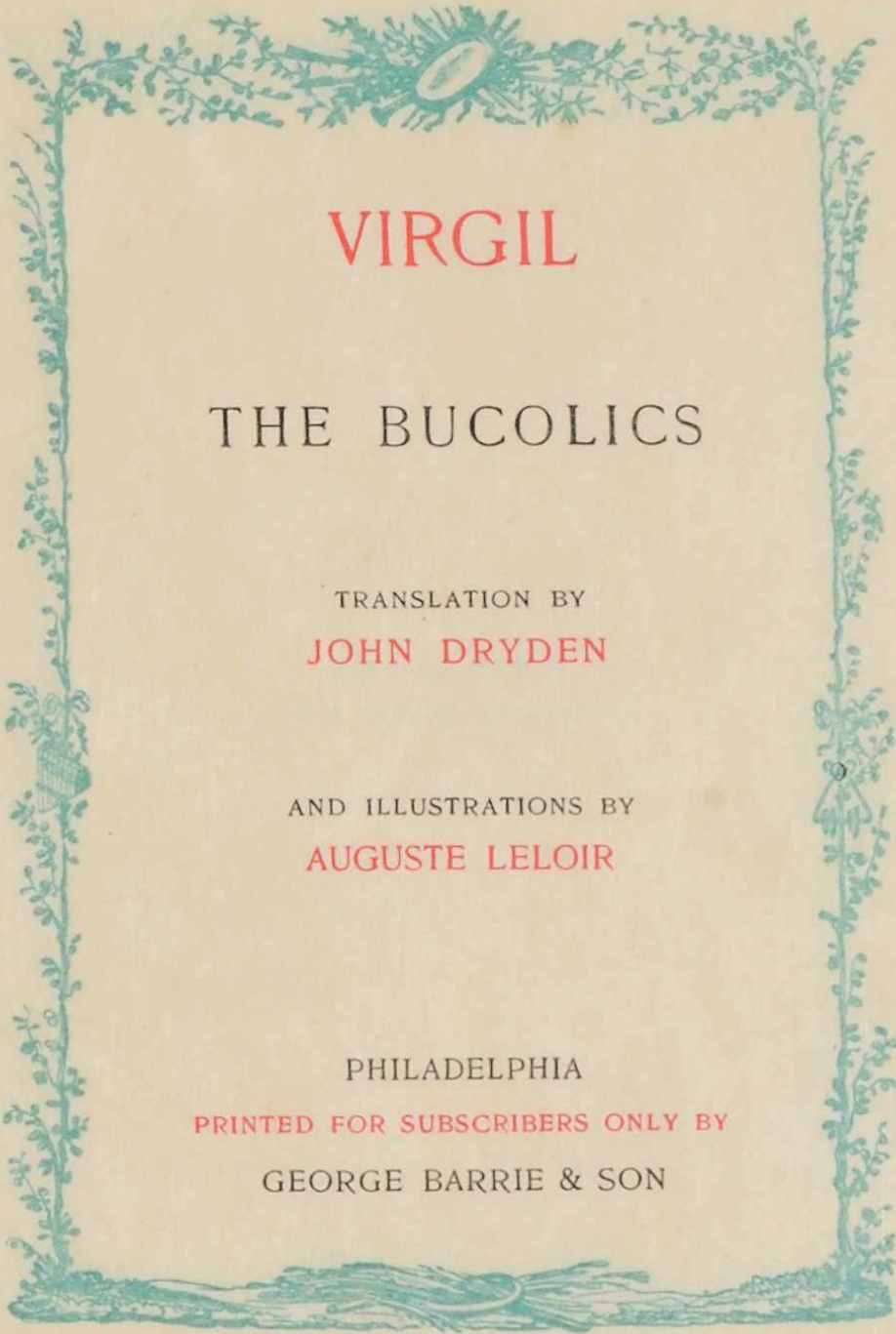
LIBER

PICTURIS ILLUSTRATUS

PHILADELPHIÆ

PROSTAT SOLIS SUBSCRIBENTIBUS APUD

GEORGIUM BARRIE ET FILIUM



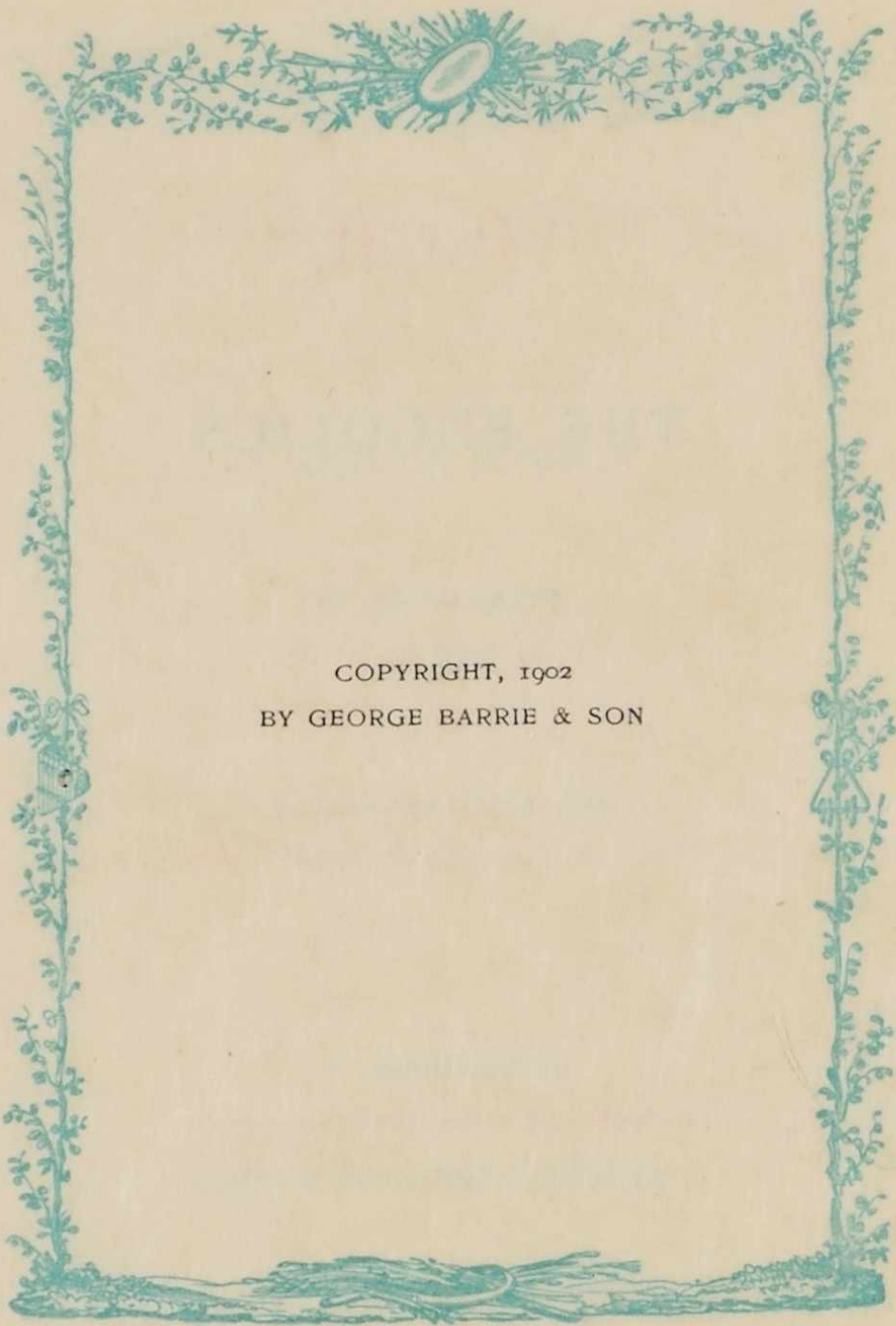
VIRGIL

THE BUCOLICS

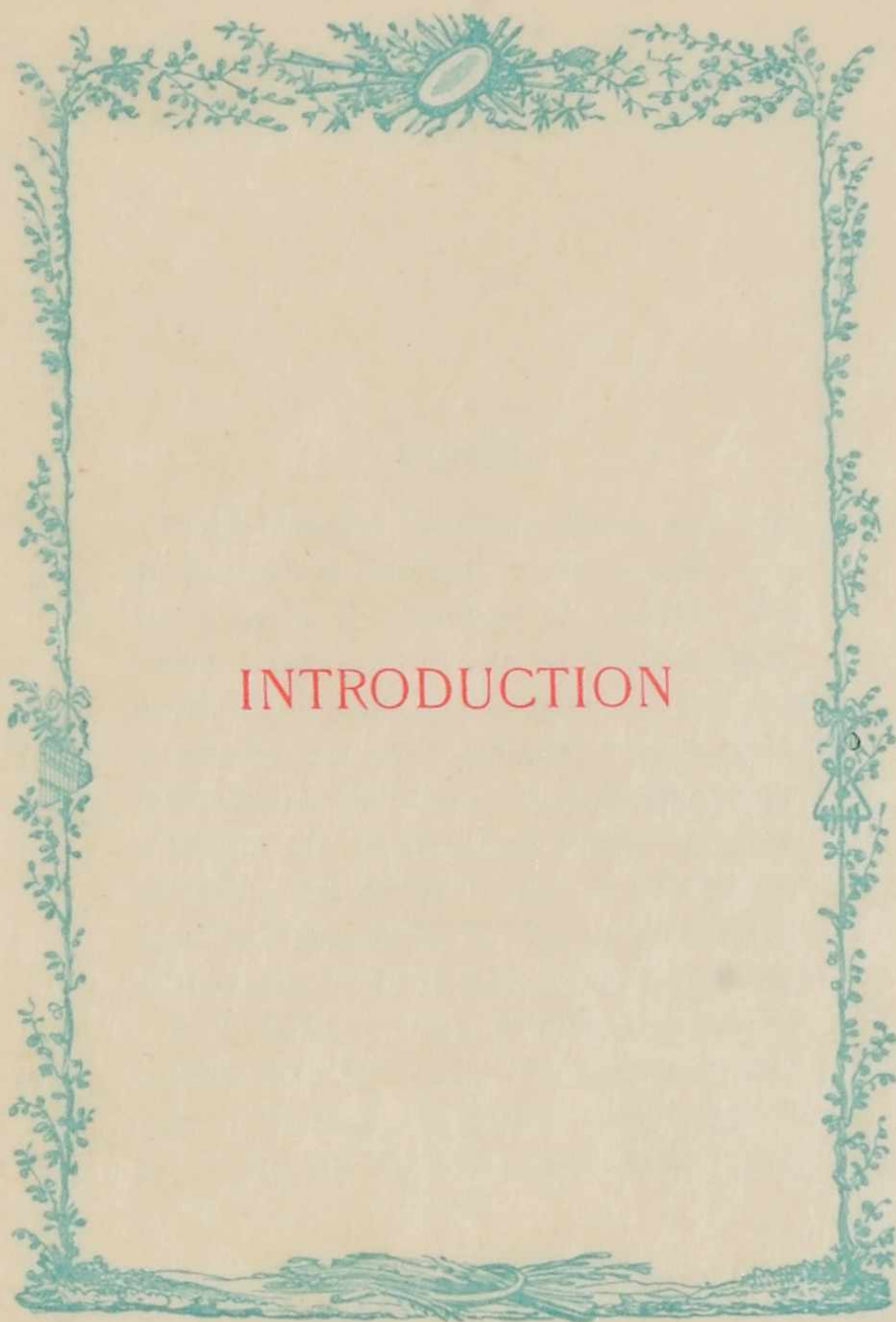
TRANSLATION BY
JOHN DRYDEN

AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY
AUGUSTE LOLOIR

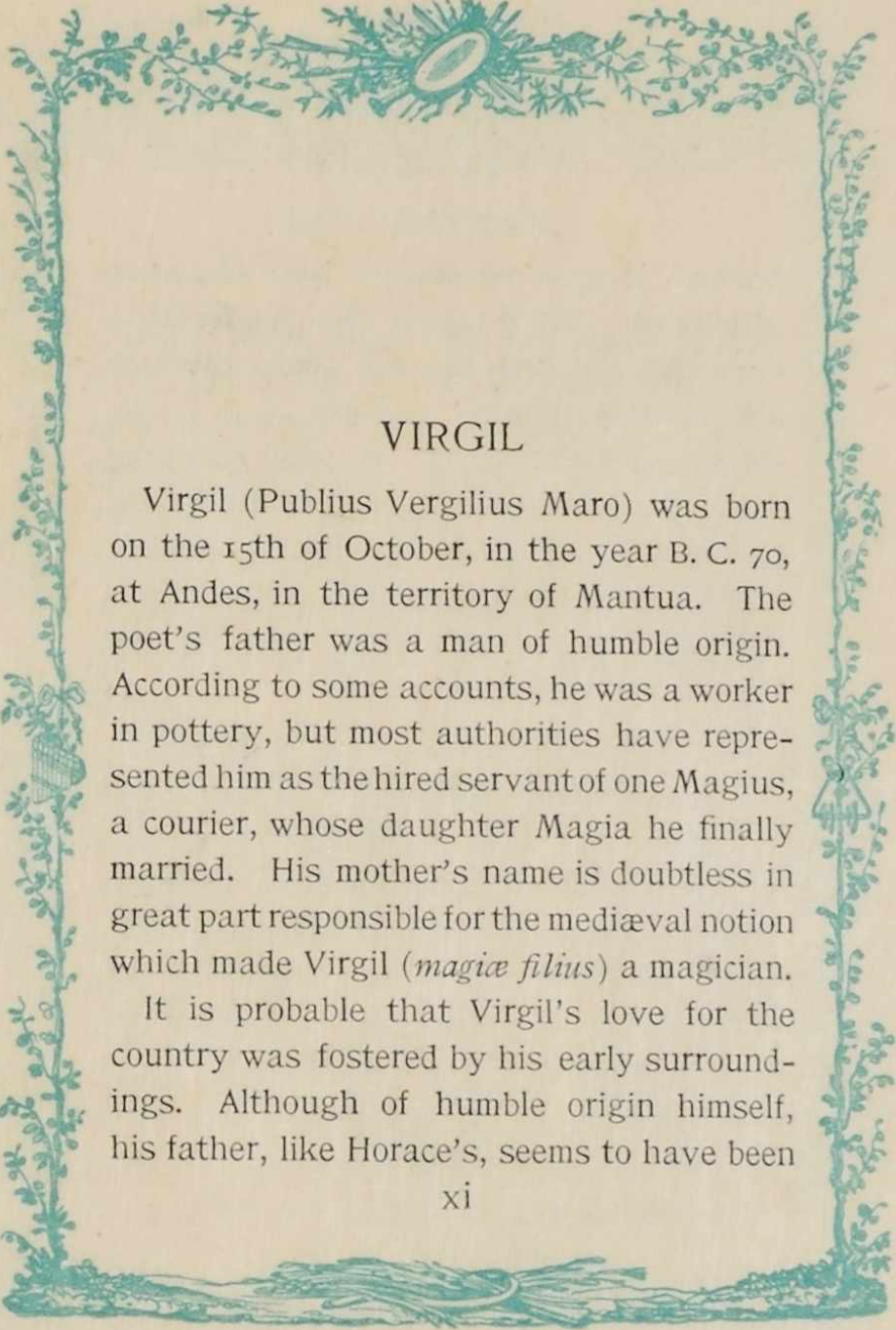
PHILADELPHIA
PRINTED FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY BY
GEORGE BARRIE & SON



COPYRIGHT, 1902
BY GEORGE BARRIE & SON



INTRODUCTION



VIRGIL

Virgil (Publius Vergilius Maro) was born on the 15th of October, in the year B. C. 70, at Andes, in the territory of Mantua. The poet's father was a man of humble origin. According to some accounts, he was a worker in pottery, but most authorities have represented him as the hired servant of one Magius, a courier, whose daughter Magia he finally married. His mother's name is doubtless in great part responsible for the mediæval notion which made Virgil (*magiæ filius*) a magician.

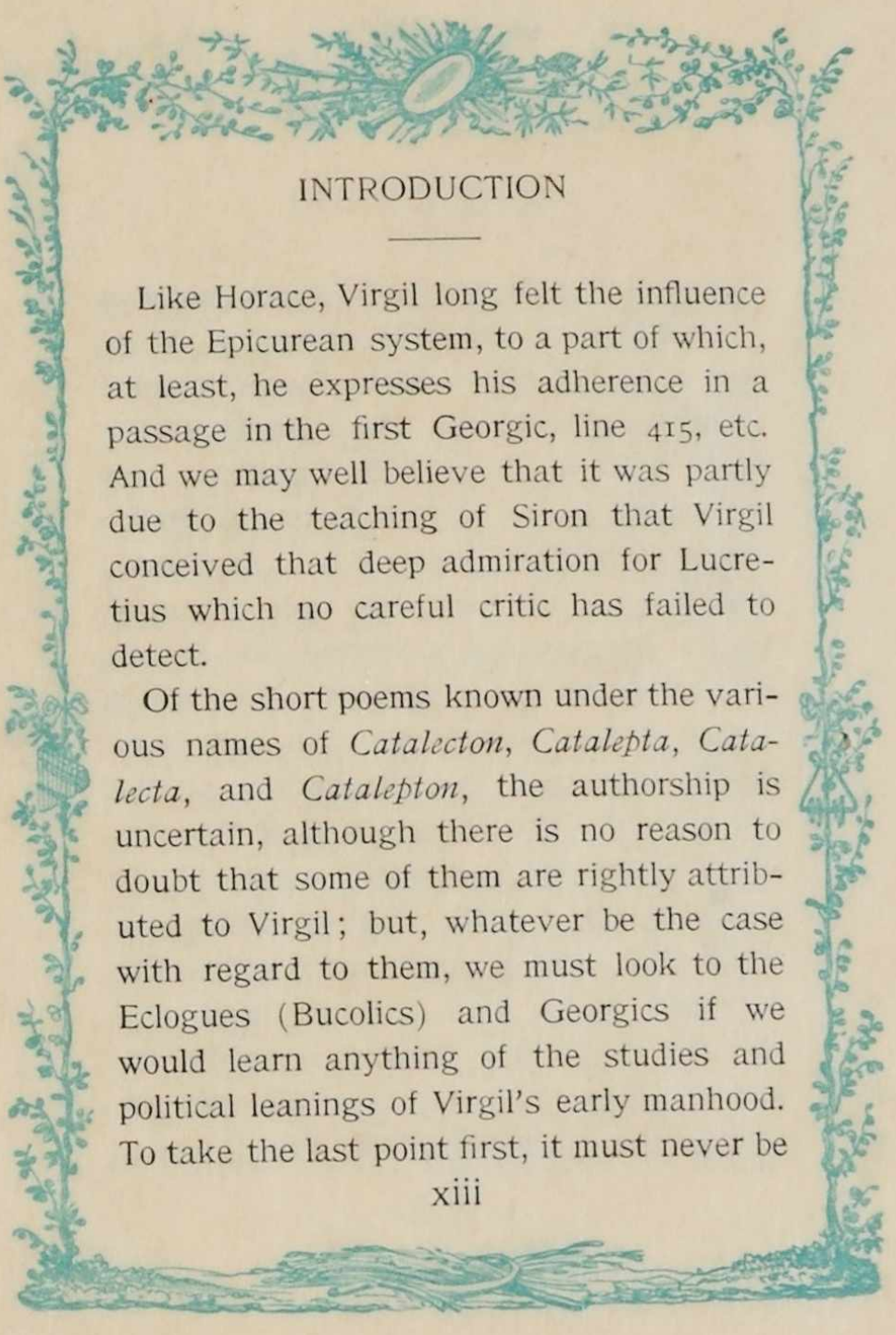
It is probable that Virgil's love for the country was fostered by his early surroundings. Although of humble origin himself, his father, like Horace's, seems to have been



VIRGIL

anxious to give his son the best education attainable. Virgil spent his boyhood at Cremona, and took his *toga virilis* there on his fifteenth birthday (October 15, B. C. 55), on the very day when the poet Lucretius died. From Cremona he went to Milan, and shortly afterward to Rome. Here he studied rhetoric under the best masters, among others Epidius, who also numbered Antonius and Octavianus among his pupils.

Suetonius says that, among his other studies, Virgil paid attention to medicine and astrology. A notice in the Verona Scholia informs us also that he studied philosophy under Siron, a celebrated Epicurean. There are some pretty lines in the collection of minor poems attributed to Virgil, in which the boy expresses the delight with which he is abandoning rhetoric and grammar, and even poetry, for philosophy.



INTRODUCTION

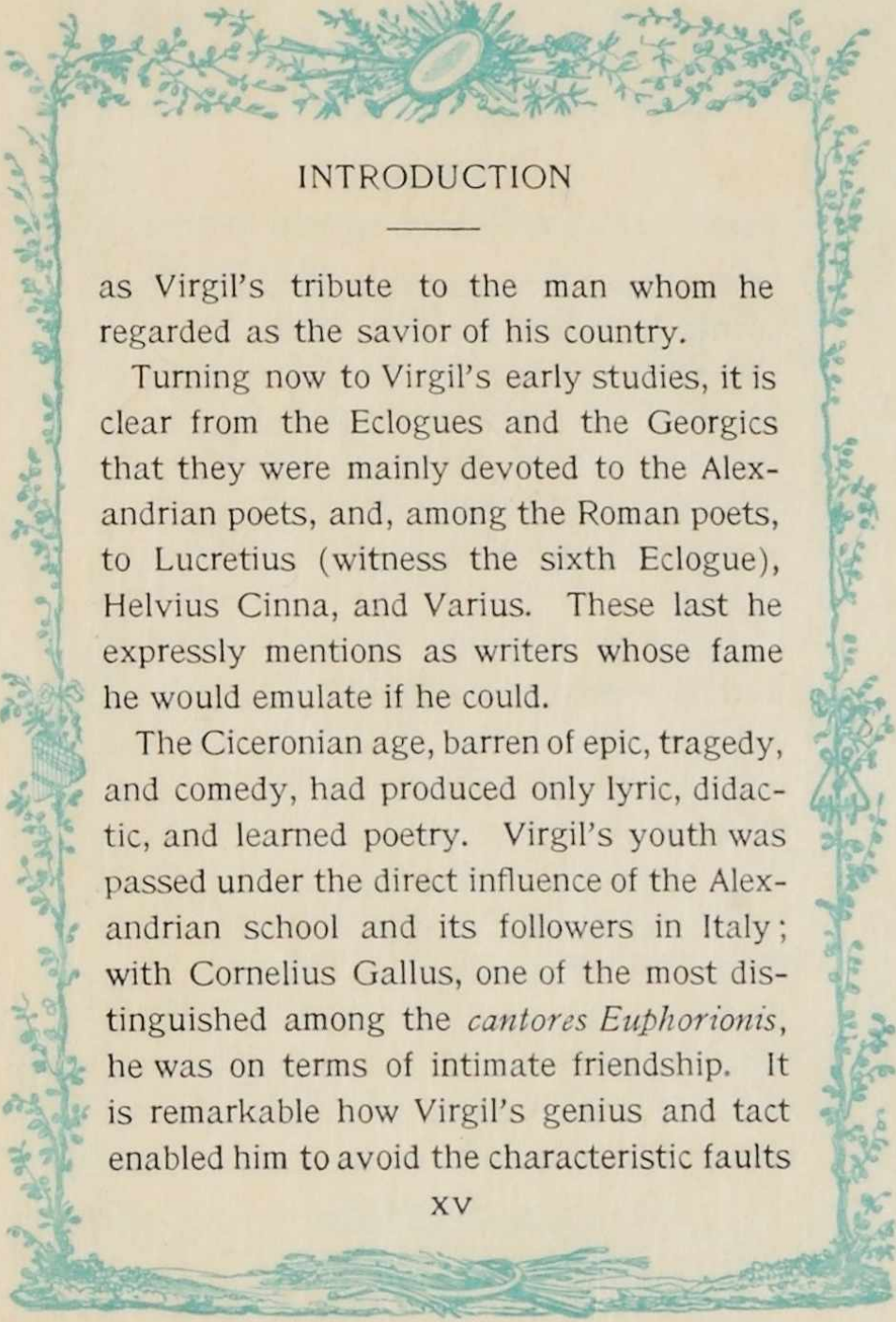
Like Horace, Virgil long felt the influence of the Epicurean system, to a part of which, at least, he expresses his adherence in a passage in the first *Georgic*, line 415, etc. And we may well believe that it was partly due to the teaching of Siron that Virgil conceived that deep admiration for Lucretius which no careful critic has failed to detect.

Of the short poems known under the various names of *Catalecton*, *Catalepta*, *Catalecta*, and *Catalepton*, the authorship is uncertain, although there is no reason to doubt that some of them are rightly attributed to Virgil; but, whatever be the case with regard to them, we must look to the *Eclogues* (*Bucolics*) and *Georgics* if we would learn anything of the studies and political leanings of Virgil's early manhood. To take the last point first, it must never be



VIRGIL

forgotten that Virgil's boyhood was passed in the full blaze of Julius Cæsar's glory. Virgil was a boy of fifteen when Cæsar invaded Britain—an expedition which impressed the fancy even of the hostile Catullus. And there were nearer ties which bound Virgil's native country to Cæsar. In B. C. 49, Cæsar, who had for nineteen years been patron of Gallia Transpadana, conferred full Roman citizenship on its inhabitants. The whole career of the Dictator must, in fact, have deeply impressed the imagination of the young poet. The literary men of the previous generation had mostly espoused the cause of the republic; but a change, for which the course of events quite sufficiently accounts, began with Sallust, Virgil, and Varius. If the fifth Eclogue is rightly referred to Cæsar, we may take this poem, as well as the conclusion of the first Georgic,



INTRODUCTION

as Virgil's tribute to the man whom he regarded as the savior of his country.

Turning now to Virgil's early studies, it is clear from the Eclogues and the Georgics that they were mainly devoted to the Alexandrian poets, and, among the Roman poets, to Lucretius (witness the sixth Eclogue), Helvius Cinna, and Varius. These last he expressly mentions as writers whose fame he would emulate if he could.

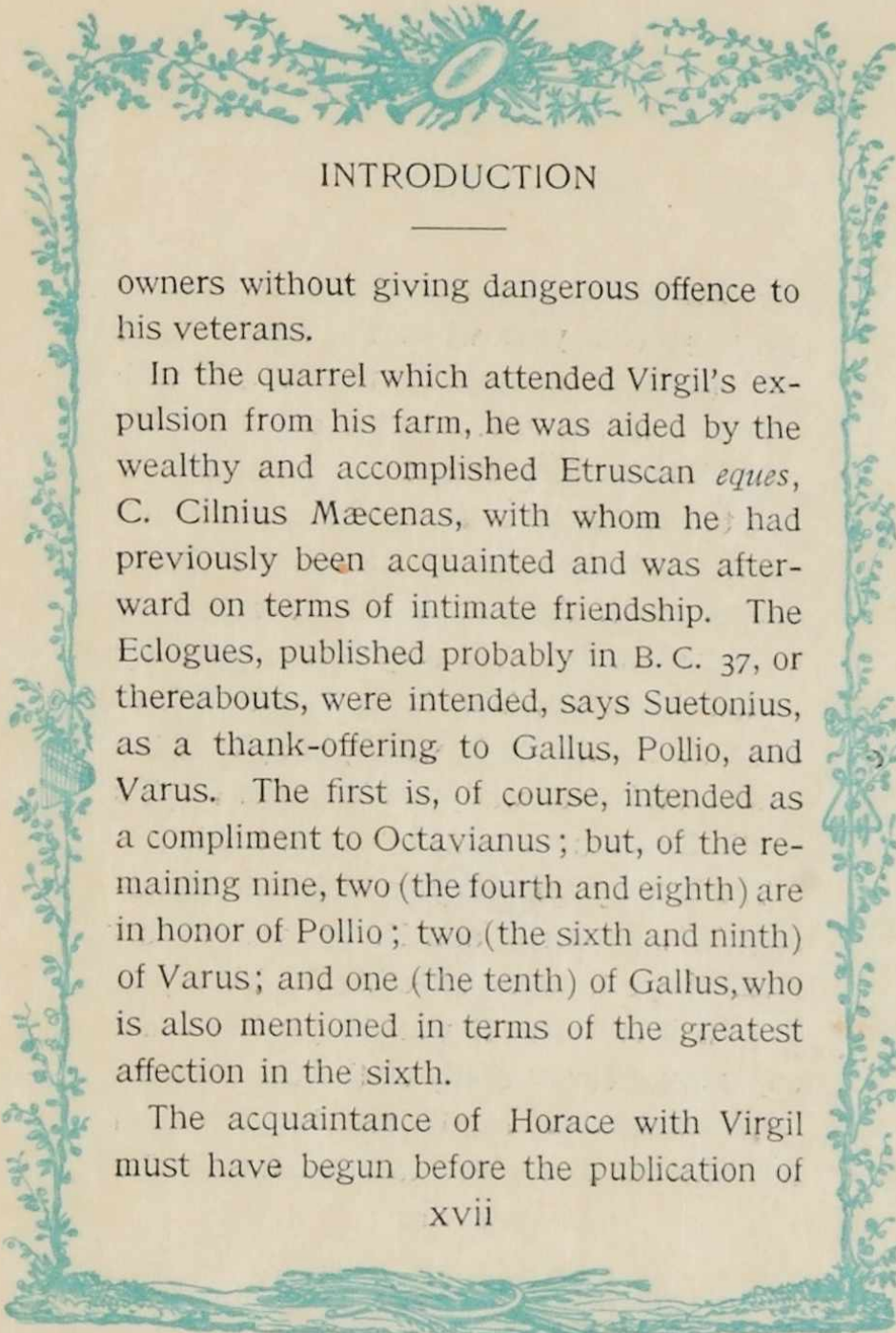
The Ciceronian age, barren of epic, tragedy, and comedy, had produced only lyric, didactic, and learned poetry. Virgil's youth was passed under the direct influence of the Alexandrian school and its followers in Italy; with Cornelius Gallus, one of the most distinguished among the *cantores Euphorionis*, he was on terms of intimate friendship. It is remarkable how Virgil's genius and tact enabled him to avoid the characteristic faults



VIRGIL

of the Alexandrians and their imitators. Their merits he makes his own, their refinement and their beauty; but there is nothing to show that he had ever any taste for the obscurity and affectation and love of recondite mythology which Catullus and Propertius allowed to blemish much of their writings.

Before the year B. C. 41, Virgil had been fortunate enough to win the friendship of Asinius Pollio, whom he mentions in the third Eclogue as encouraging his attempts in the way of pastoral poetry, as well as that of Cornelius Gallus and Alfenus Varus. When the troubles of that year came, and Virgil, like Propertius and Tibullus, was ejected from his estate, the influence of these three friends procured its restitution from Octavianus, who found it a hard task to silence the complaints of the ejected land



INTRODUCTION

owners without giving dangerous offence to his veterans.

In the quarrel which attended Virgil's expulsion from his farm, he was aided by the wealthy and accomplished Etruscan *equus*, C. Cilnius Mæcenas, with whom he had previously been acquainted and was afterward on terms of intimate friendship. The Eclogues, published probably in B. C. 37, or thereabouts, were intended, says Suetonius, as a thank-offering to Gallus, Pollio, and Varus. The first is, of course, intended as a compliment to Octavianus; but, of the remaining nine, two (the fourth and eighth) are in honor of Pollio; two (the sixth and ninth) of Varus; and one (the tenth) of Gallus, who is also mentioned in terms of the greatest affection in the sixth.

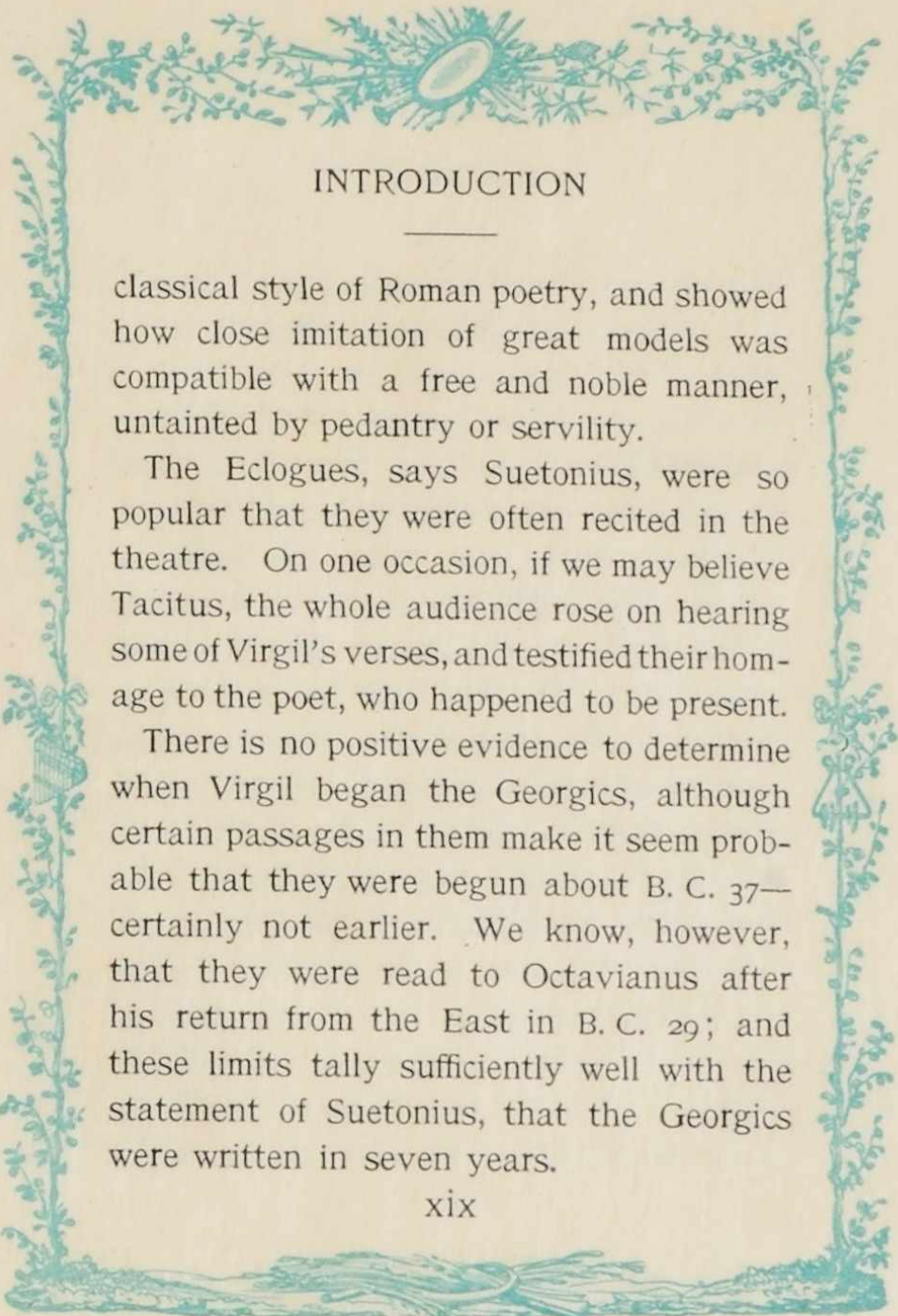
The acquaintance of Horace with Virgil must have begun before the publication of



VIRGIL

the Eclogues. It was either in B. C. 40, or 38, or 37 (the year when the last Eclogue was probably composed), that Virgil, with Varius and Tucca, the future editors of his *Æneid*, joined Horace at Sinuessa on a journey to Brundisium. Horace speaks of Virgil as at that time one of his most intimate friends, as if their acquaintance were now of long standing. The only relic of the early period of this friendship is the twelfth Ode of Horace's Fourth Book, which, in spite of the fact that this book was published after Virgil's death, it seems reasonable to refer to him.

The literary sympathy and intimate friendship between Virgil and Horace was of immense importance as affecting the history of Roman literature. It was they who, while enjoining a closer study of the Greek masterpieces in their length and breadth than had hitherto been given to them, formed the

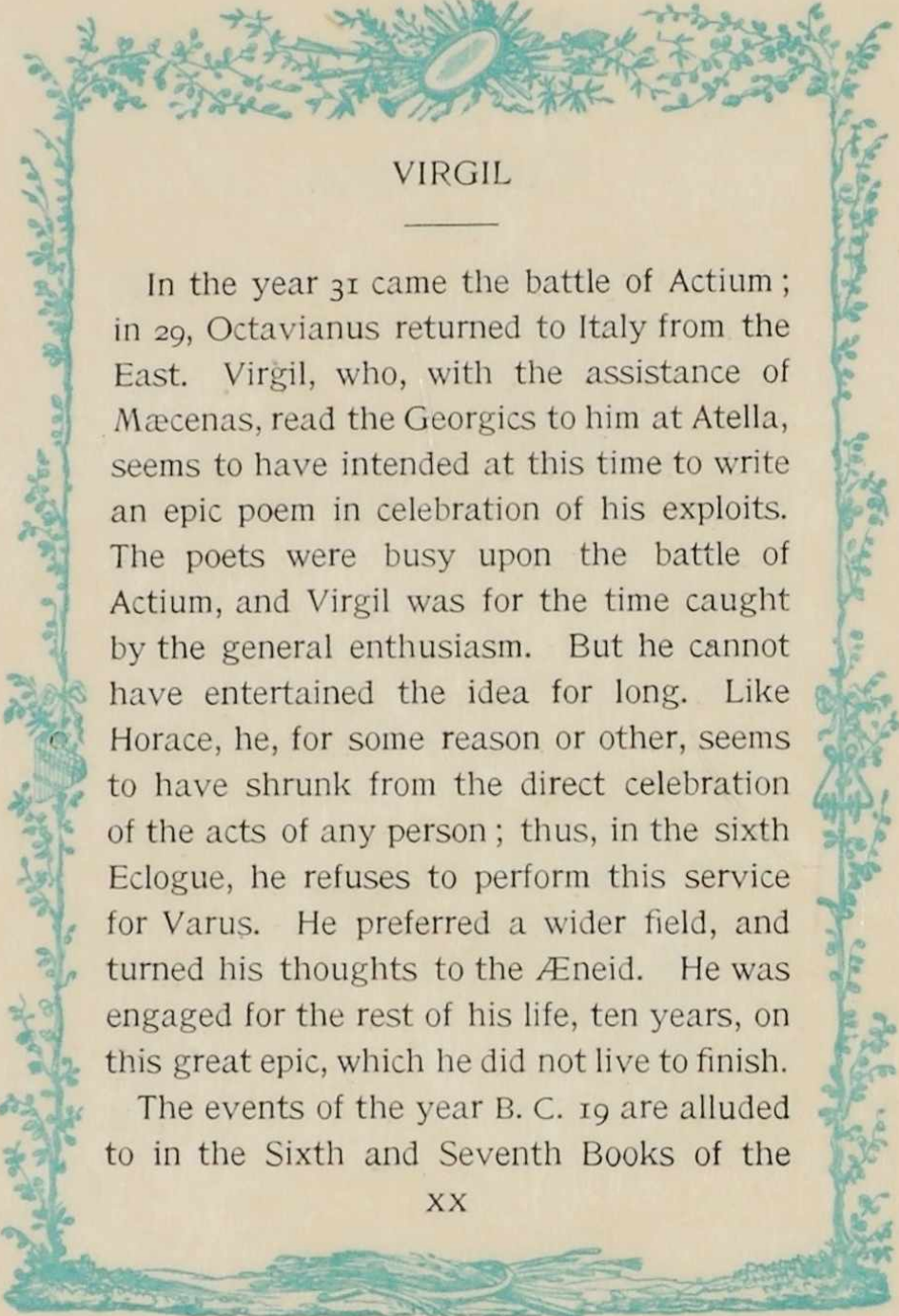


INTRODUCTION

classical style of Roman poetry, and showed how close imitation of great models was compatible with a free and noble manner, untainted by pedantry or servility.

The Eclogues, says Suetonius, were so popular that they were often recited in the theatre. On one occasion, if we may believe Tacitus, the whole audience rose on hearing some of Virgil's verses, and testified their homage to the poet, who happened to be present.

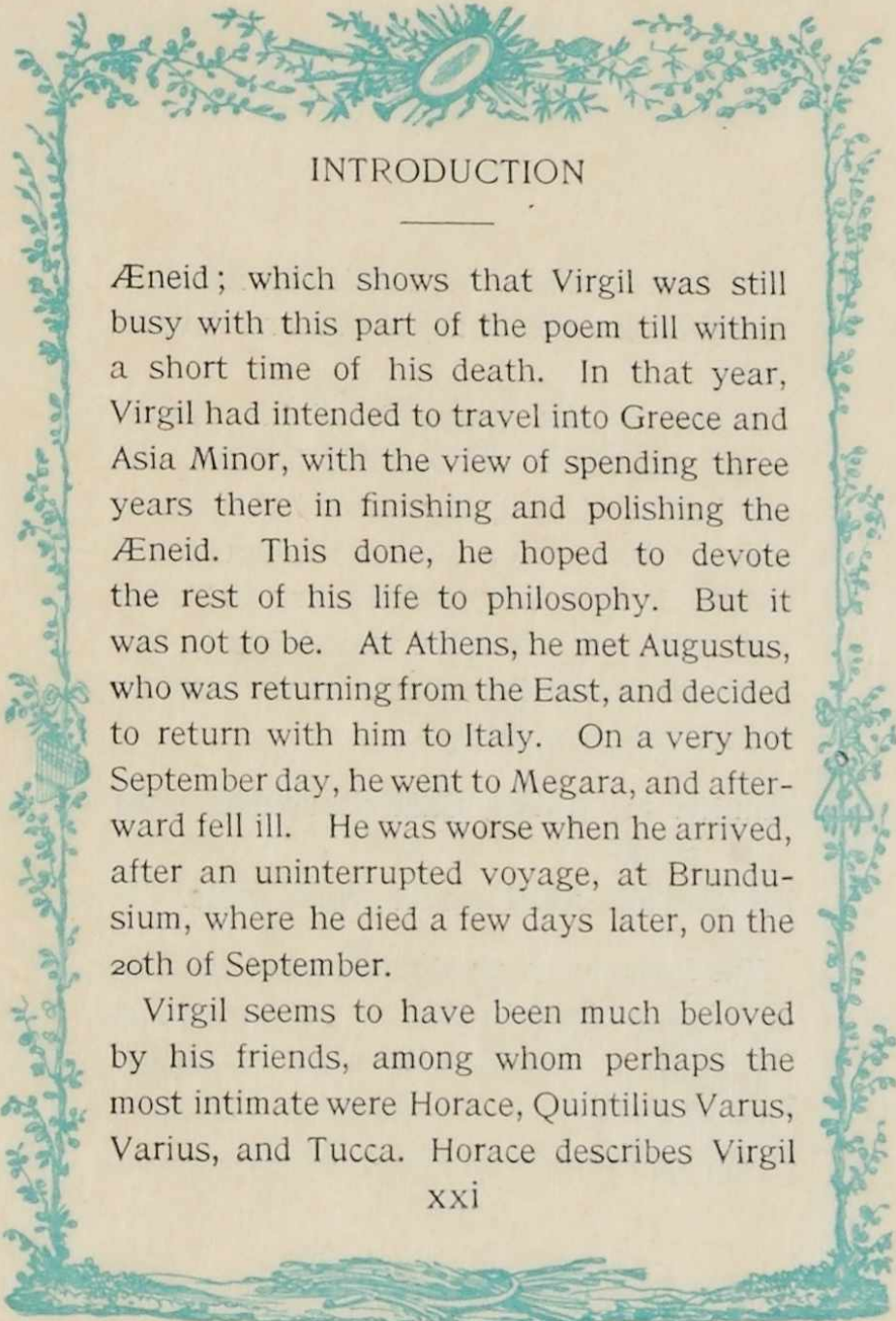
There is no positive evidence to determine when Virgil began the Georgics, although certain passages in them make it seem probable that they were begun about B. C. 37—certainly not earlier. We know, however, that they were read to Octavianus after his return from the East in B. C. 29; and these limits tally sufficiently well with the statement of Suetonius, that the Georgics were written in seven years.



VIRGIL

In the year 31 came the battle of Actium ; in 29, Octavianus returned to Italy from the East. Virgil, who, with the assistance of Mæcenas, read the Georgics to him at Atella, seems to have intended at this time to write an epic poem in celebration of his exploits. The poets were busy upon the battle of Actium, and Virgil was for the time caught by the general enthusiasm. But he cannot have entertained the idea for long. Like Horace, he, for some reason or other, seems to have shrunk from the direct celebration of the acts of any person ; thus, in the sixth Eclogue, he refuses to perform this service for Varus. He preferred a wider field, and turned his thoughts to the Æneid. He was engaged for the rest of his life, ten years, on this great epic, which he did not live to finish.

The events of the year B. C. 19 are alluded to in the Sixth and Seventh Books of the



INTRODUCTION

Æneid; which shows that Virgil was still busy with this part of the poem till within a short time of his death. In that year, Virgil had intended to travel into Greece and Asia Minor, with the view of spending three years there in finishing and polishing the Æneid. This done, he hoped to devote the rest of his life to philosophy. But it was not to be. At Athens, he met Augustus, who was returning from the East, and decided to return with him to Italy. On a very hot September day, he went to Megara, and afterward fell ill. He was worse when he arrived, after an uninterrupted voyage, at Brundisium, where he died a few days later, on the 20th of September.

Virgil seems to have been much beloved by his friends, among whom perhaps the most intimate were Horace, Quintilius Varus, Varius, and Tucca. Horace describes Virgil



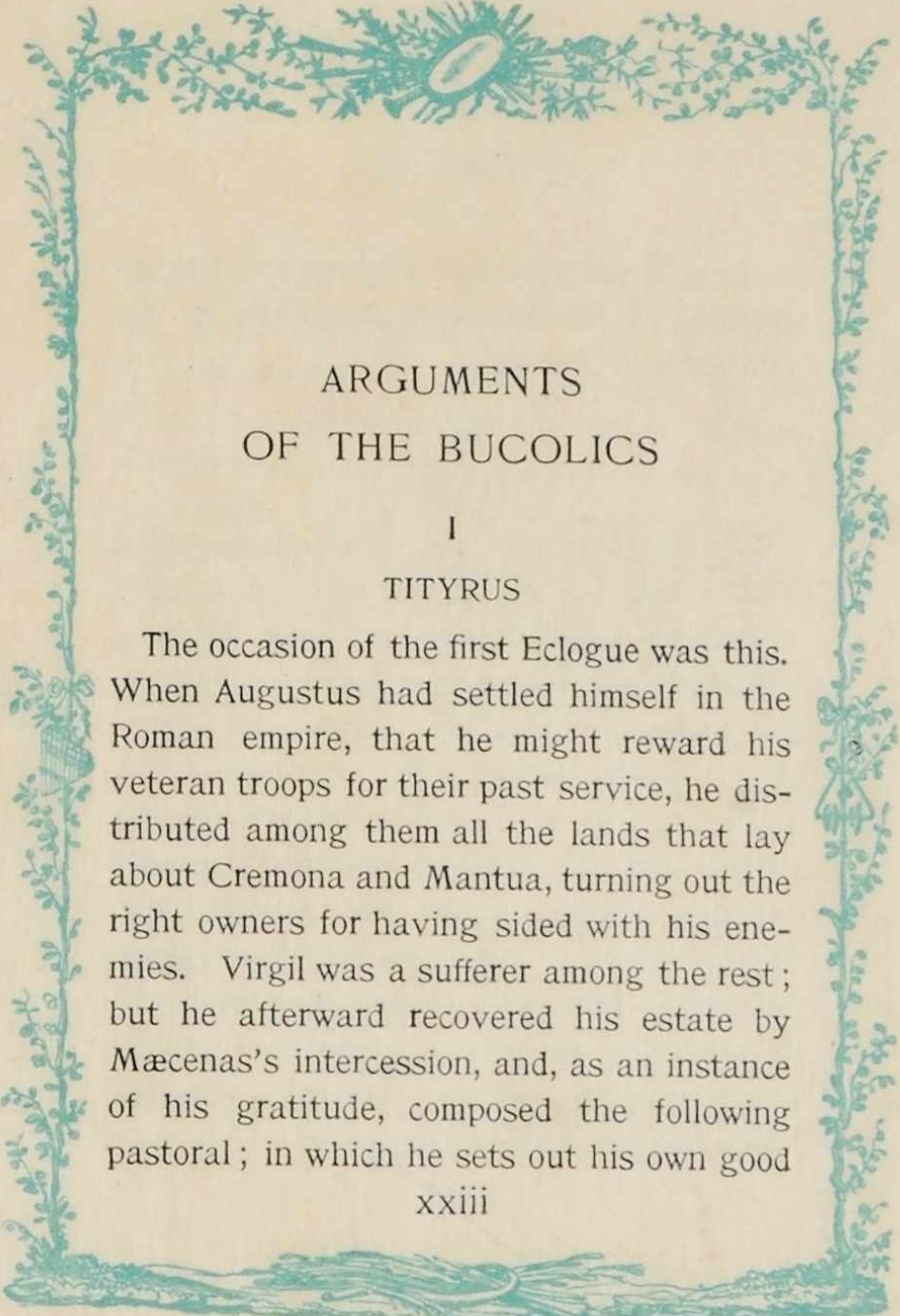
VIRGIL

and Varius, whom he constantly mentions together, as most transparent and lovable souls.

Owing to the generosity of his friends, Virgil enjoyed a considerable fortune. He left half of his property to his half-brother, Valerius Proculus, a quarter to Augustus, a twelfth to Mæcenas, and the rest to Varius and Tucca. His remains were taken to Naples and buried in a tomb on the road to Puteoli, with the epitaph :

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet
nunc
Parthenope : cecini pascua, rura, duces.

The foregoing is an abridgment of the *Life of Virgil* prefixed to Messrs. Conington and Nettleship's valuable edition of his works. The translation of the Eclogues here presented is the famous one of Dryden.



ARGUMENTS
OF THE BUCOLICS

I

TITYRUS

The occasion of the first Eclogue was this. When Augustus had settled himself in the Roman empire, that he might reward his veteran troops for their past service, he distributed among them all the lands that lay about Cremona and Mantua, turning out the right owners for having sided with his enemies. Virgil was a sufferer among the rest; but he afterward recovered his estate by Mæcenas's intercession, and, as an instance of his gratitude, composed the following pastoral; in which he sets out his own good

xxiii



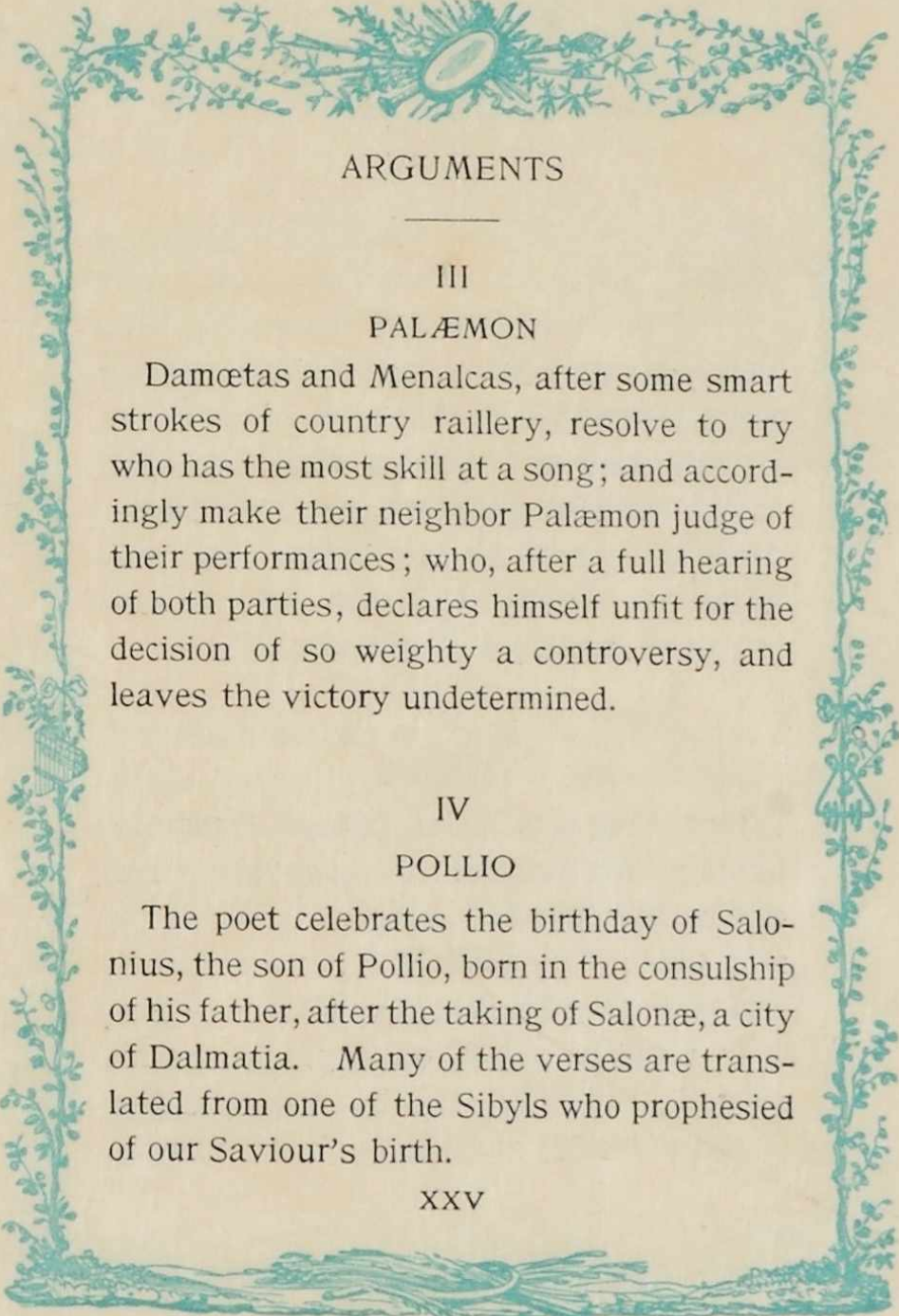
VIRGIL

fortune in the person of Tityrus, and the calamities of his Mantuan neighbors in the character of Melibœus.

II

ALEXIS

The commentators can by no means agree on the person of Alexis, but are all of opinion that some beautiful youth is meant by him, to whom Virgil here makes love in Corydon's language and simplicity. His way of courtship is wholly pastoral; he complains of the boy's coyness, recommends himself for his beauty and skill in piping, invites the youth into the country, where he promises him the diversions of the place, with a suitable present of nuts and apples; but when he finds nothing will prevail, he resolves to quit his troublesome amour and betake himself again to his former business.



ARGUMENTS

III

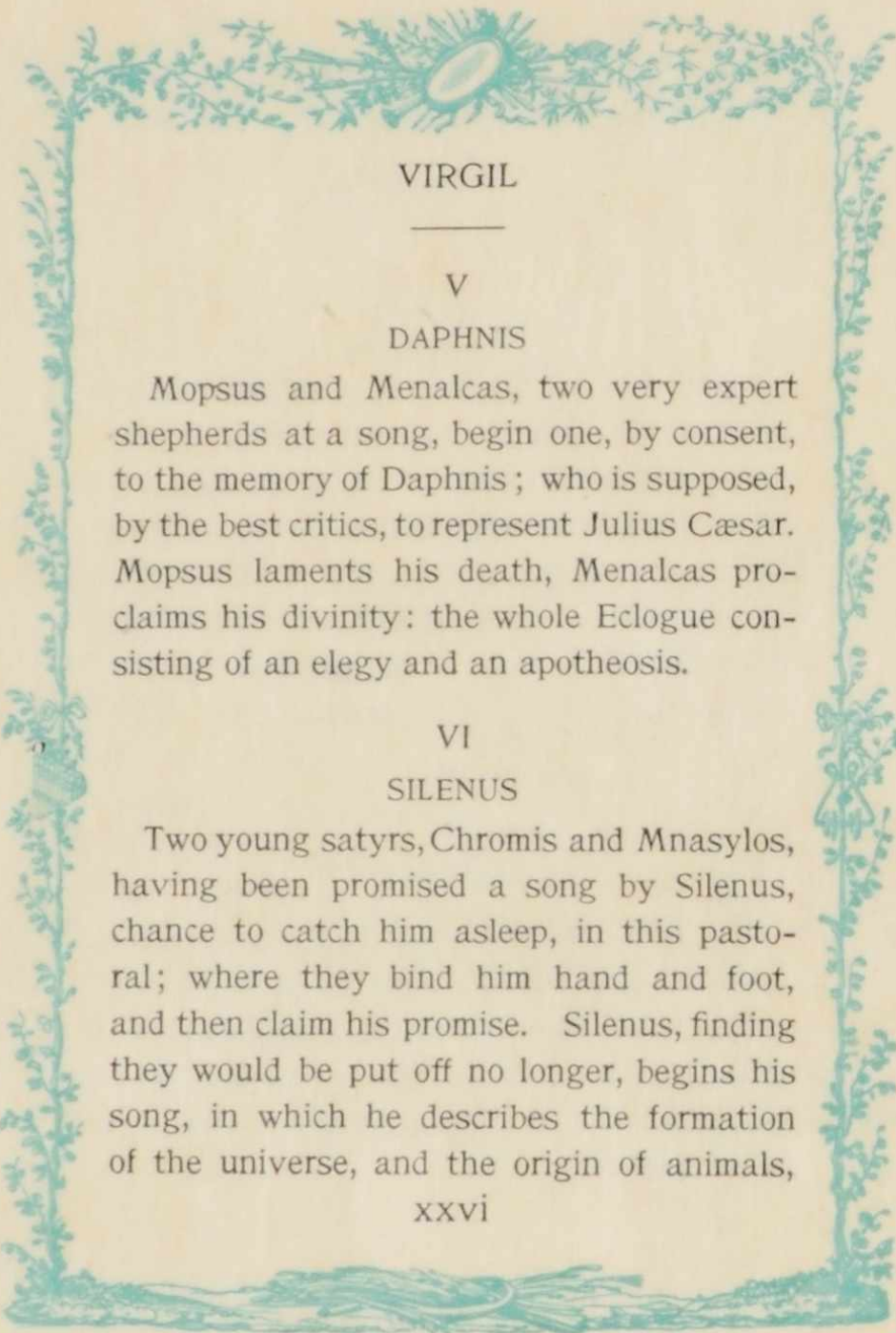
PALÆMON

Damœtas and Menalcas, after some smart strokes of country raillery, resolve to try who has the most skill at a song; and accordingly make their neighbor Palæmon judge of their performances; who, after a full hearing of both parties, declares himself unfit for the decision of so weighty a controversy, and leaves the victory undetermined.

IV

POLLIO

The poet celebrates the birthday of Saloni-
nius, the son of Pollio, born in the consulship
of his father, after the taking of Salonæ, a city
of Dalmatia. Many of the verses are trans-
lated from one of the Sibyls who prophesied
of our Saviour's birth.



VIRGIL

V

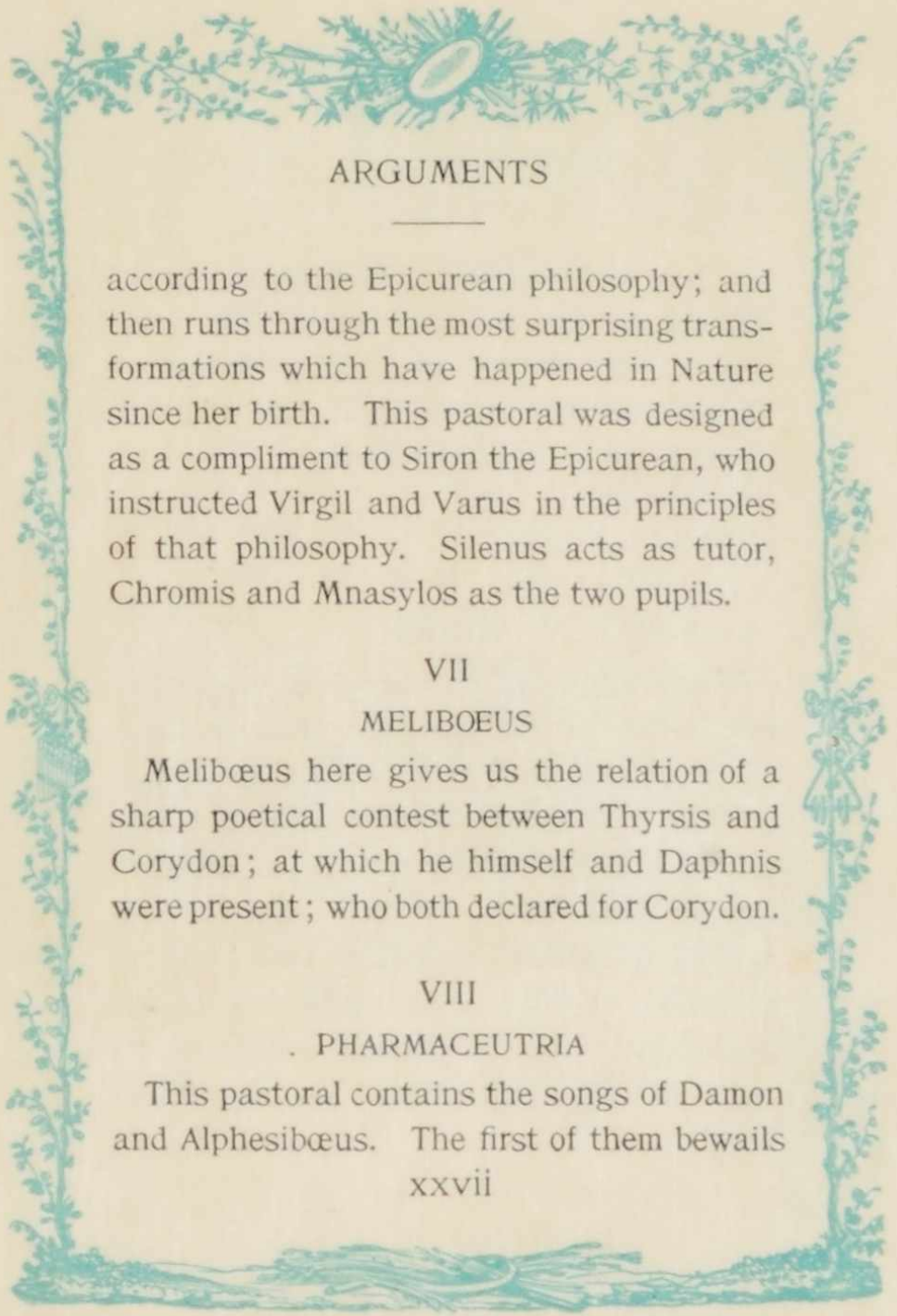
DAPHNIS

Mopsus and Menalcas, two very expert shepherds at a song, begin one, by consent, to the memory of Daphnis; who is supposed, by the best critics, to represent Julius Cæsar. Mopsus laments his death, Menalcas proclaims his divinity: the whole Eclogue consisting of an elegy and an apotheosis.

VI

SILENUS

Two young satyrs, Chromis and Mnasylos, having been promised a song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep, in this pastoral; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promise. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his song, in which he describes the formation of the universe, and the origin of animals,



ARGUMENTS

according to the Epicurean philosophy; and then runs through the most surprising transformations which have happened in Nature since her birth. This pastoral was designed as a compliment to Siron the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philosophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnasylos as the two pupils.

VII

MELIBŒUS

Melibœus here gives us the relation of a sharp poetical contest between Thyrsis and Corydon; at which he himself and Daphnis were present; who both declared for Corydon.

VIII

PHARMACEUTRIA

This pastoral contains the songs of Damon and Alphasibœus. The first of them bewails
xxvii



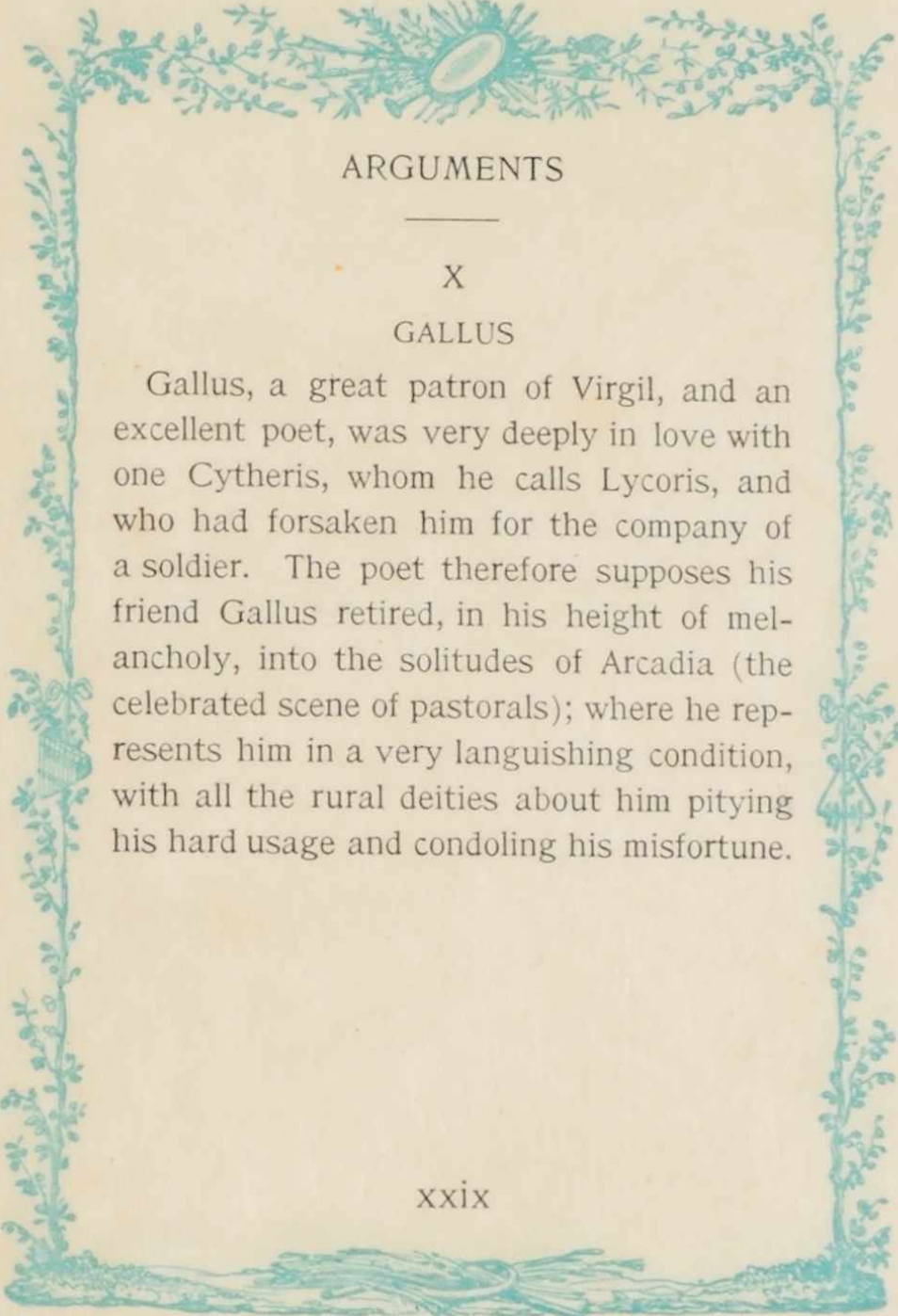
VIRGIL

the loss of his mistress, and repines at the success of his rival, Mopsus. The other repeats the charms of some enchantress, who endeavored by her spells and magic to make Daphnis in love with her.

IX

MOERIS

When Virgil, by the favor of Augustus, had recovered his patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take possession, he was in danger of being slain by Arius the centurion, to whom those lands were assigned by the Emperor, in reward of his services against Brutus and Cassius. This pastoral, therefore, is filled with complaints of his hard usage; and the persons introduced are the bailiff of Virgil, Mœris, and his friend Lycidas.

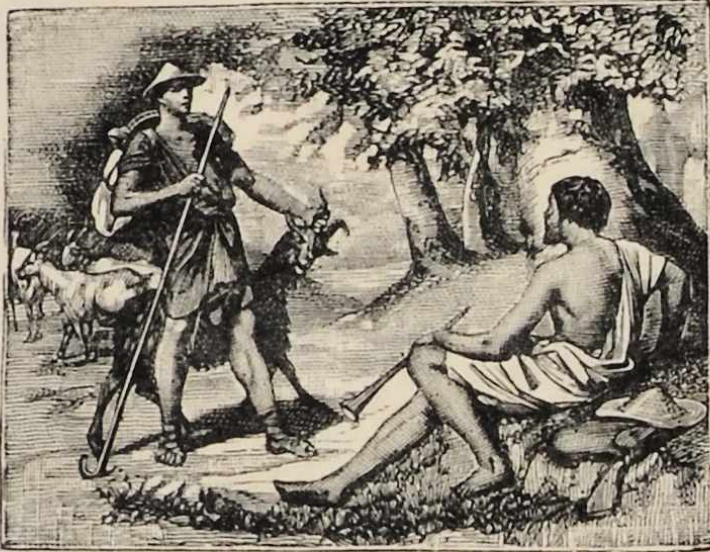


ARGUMENTS

X

GALLUS

Gallus, a great patron of Virgil, and an excellent poet, was very deeply in love with one Cytheris, whom he calls Lycoris, and who had forsaken him for the company of a soldier. The poet therefore supposes his friend Gallus retired, in his height of melancholy, into the solitudes of Arcadia (the celebrated scene of pastorals); where he represents him in a very languishing condition, with all the rural deities about him pitying his hard usage and condoling his misfortune.



BUCOLICA
ECLOGA I.—TITYRUS
TITYRUS—MELIBOEUS
MELIBOEUS

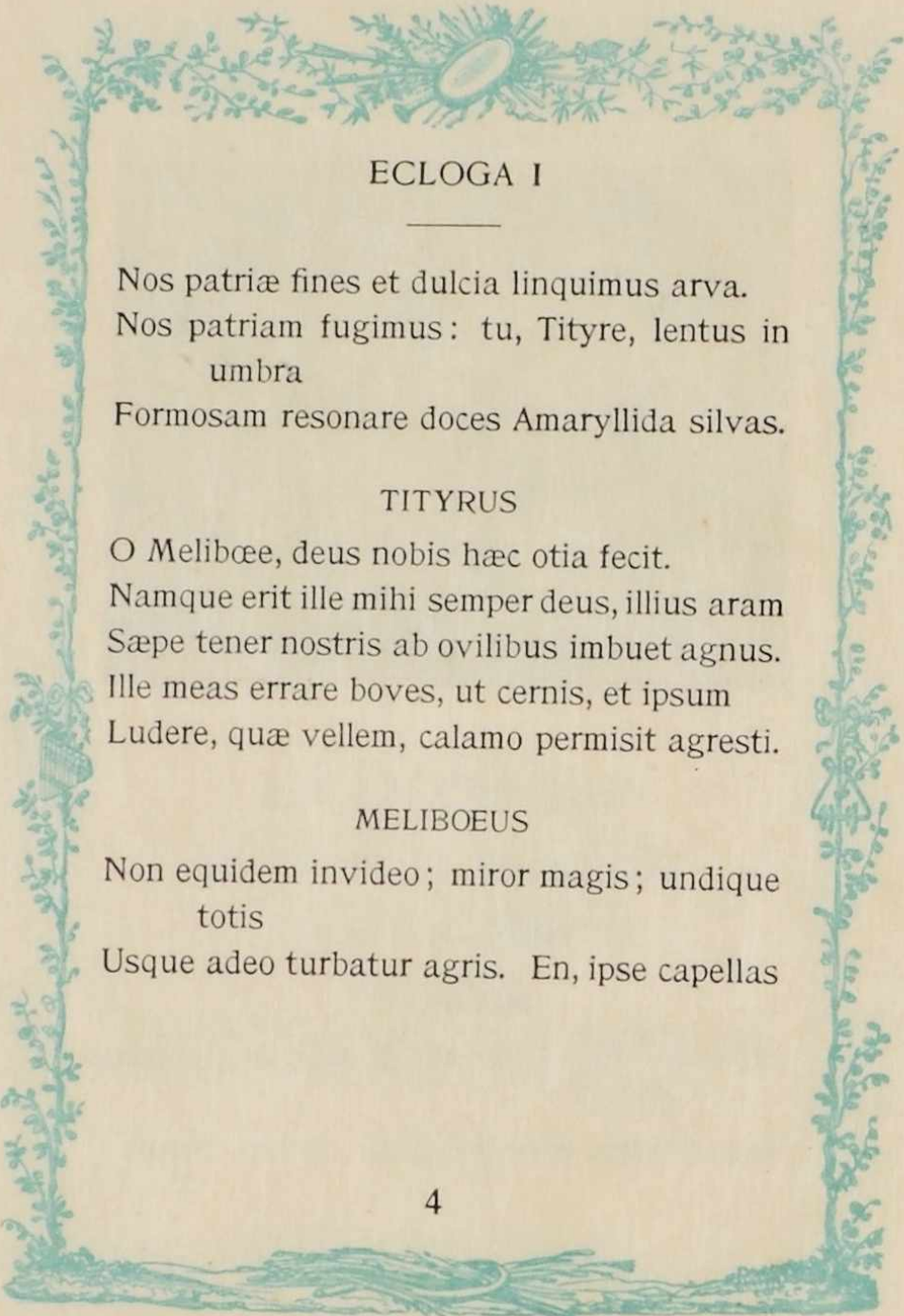
Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi
Silvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena :



THE BUCOLICS
ECLOGUE I.—TITYRUS
TITYRUS—MELIBOEUS

MELIBOEUS

Beneath the shade which beechen boughs
diffuse,
You, Tityrus, entertain your sylvan Muse ;



ECLOGA I

Nos patriæ fines et dulcia linquimus arva.
Nos patriam fugimus: tu, Tityre, lentus in
 umbra
Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas.

TITYRUS

O Melibœe, deus nobis hæc otia fecit.
Namque erit ille mihi semper deus, illius aram
Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.
Ille meas errare boves, ut cernis, et ipsum
Ludere, quæ vellem, calamo permisit agresti.

MELIBŒEUS

Non equidem invideo; miror magis; undique
 totis
Usque adeo turbatur agris. En, ipse capellas



ECLOGUE I

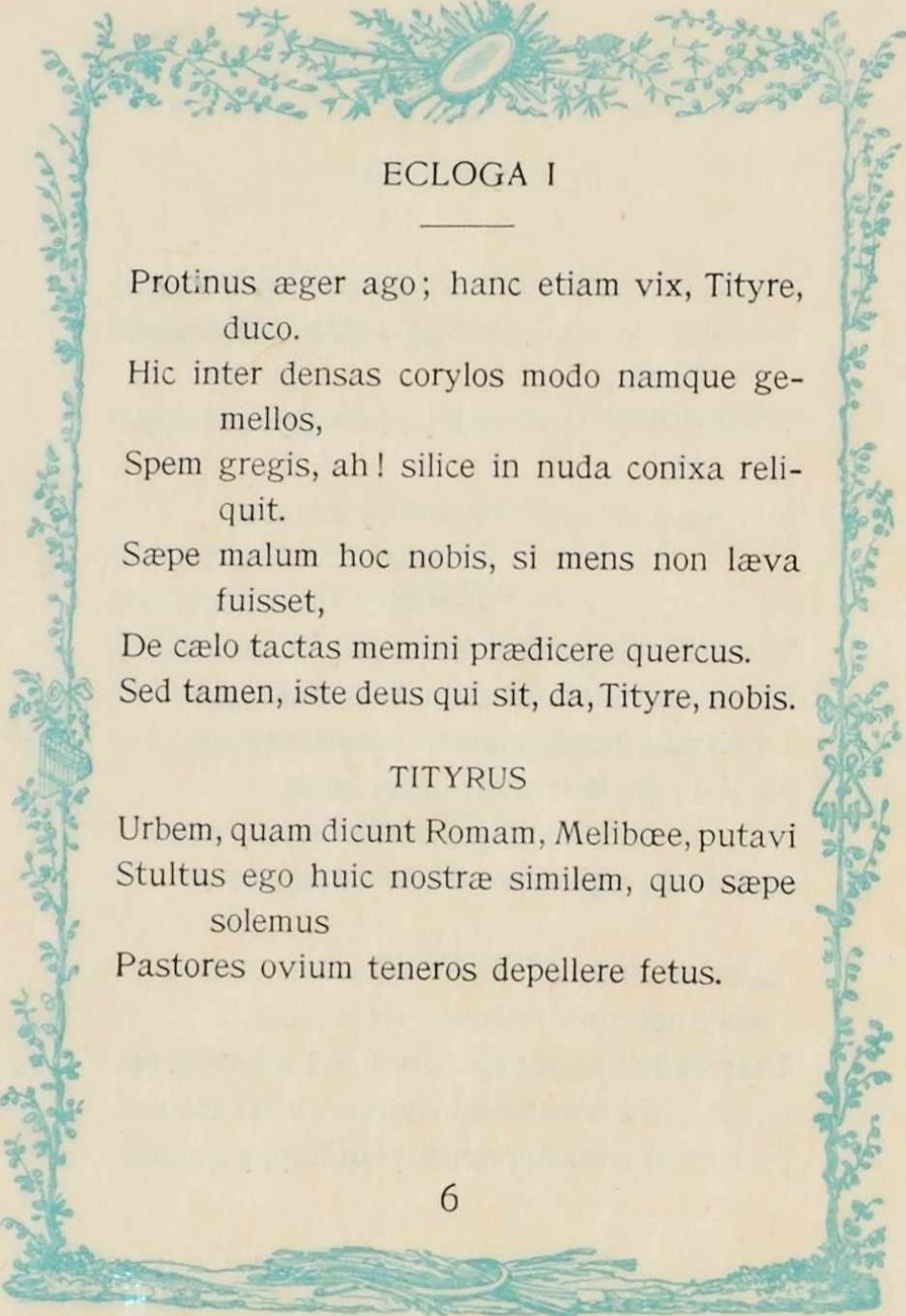
Round the wide world in banishment we roam,
Forc'd from our pleasing fields and native
home ;
While stretch'd at ease you sing your happy
loves,
And Amaryllis fills the shady groves.

TITYRUS

These blessings, friend, a deity bestow'd ;
For never can I deem him less than god.
The tender firstlings of my woolly breed
Shall on his holy altar often bleed.
He gave my kine to graze the flowery plain ;
And to my pipe renew'd the rural strain.

MELIBOEUS

I envy not your fortune, but admire,
That while the raging sword and wasteful fire
Destroy the wretched neighbourhood around,
No hostile arms approach your happy ground.



ECLOGA I

Protinus æger ago; hanc etiam vix, Tityre,
duco.

Hic inter densas corylos modo namque gemellos,

Spem gregis, ah! silice in nuda conixa reliquit.

Sæpe malum hoc nobis, si mens non læva fuisset,

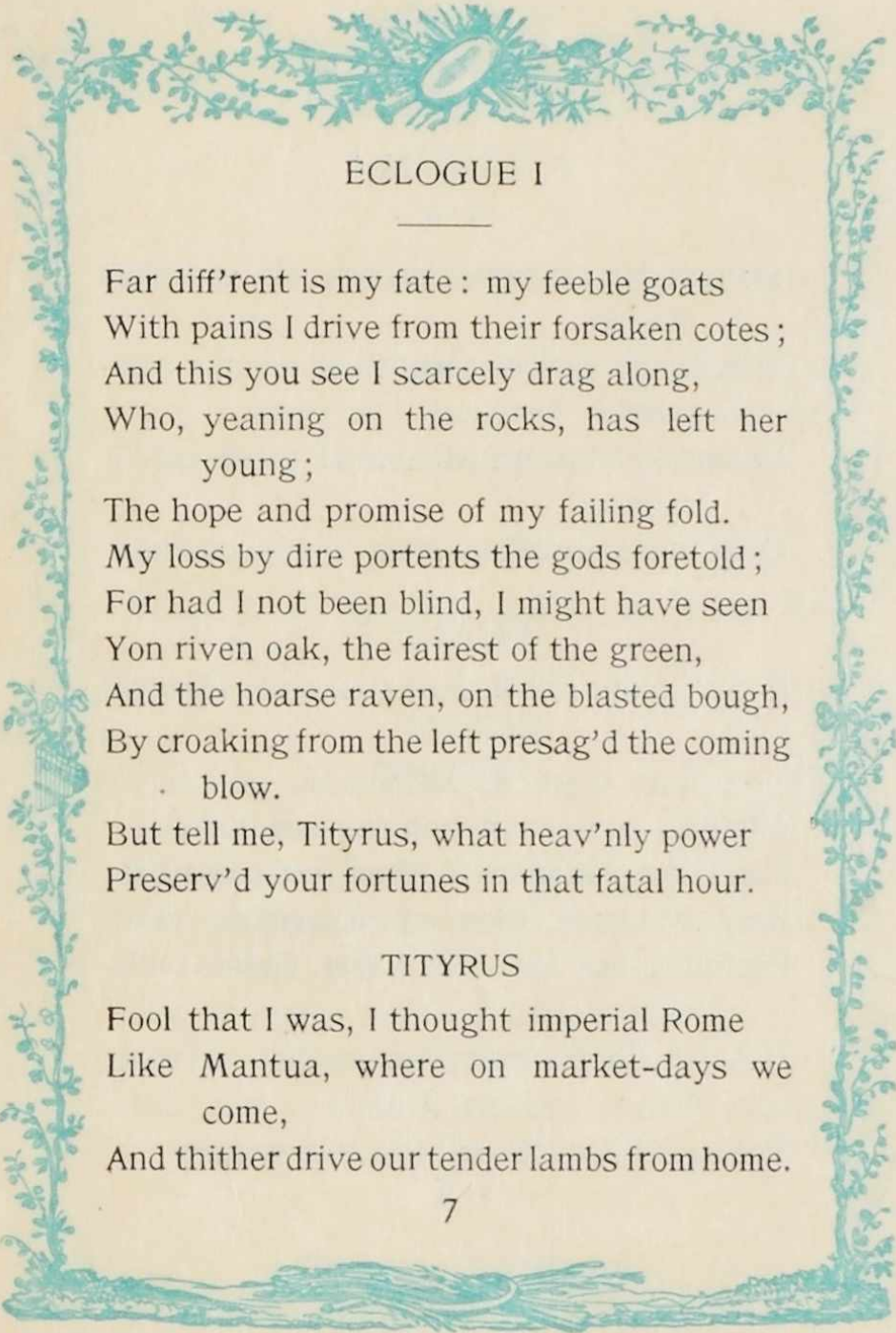
De cælo tactas memini prædicere quercus.

Sed tamen, iste deus qui sit, da, Tityre, nobis.

TITYRUS

Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Melibæe, putavi
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem, quo sæpe solemus

Pastores ovium teneros depellere fetus.



ECLOGUE I


Far diff'rent is my fate : my feeble goats
With pains I drive from their forsaken cotes ;
And this you see I scarcely drag along,
Who, yearning on the rocks, has left her
 young ;

The hope and promise of my failing fold.
My loss by dire portents the gods foretold ;
For had I not been blind, I might have seen
Yon riven oak, the fairest of the green,
And the hoarse raven, on the blasted bough,
By croaking from the left presag'd the coming
 blow.

But tell me, Tityrus, what heav'nly power
Preserv'd your fortunes in that fatal hour.

TITYRUS

Fool that I was, I thought imperial Rome
Like Mantua, where on market-days we
 come,
And thither drive our tender lambs from home.



ECLOGA I

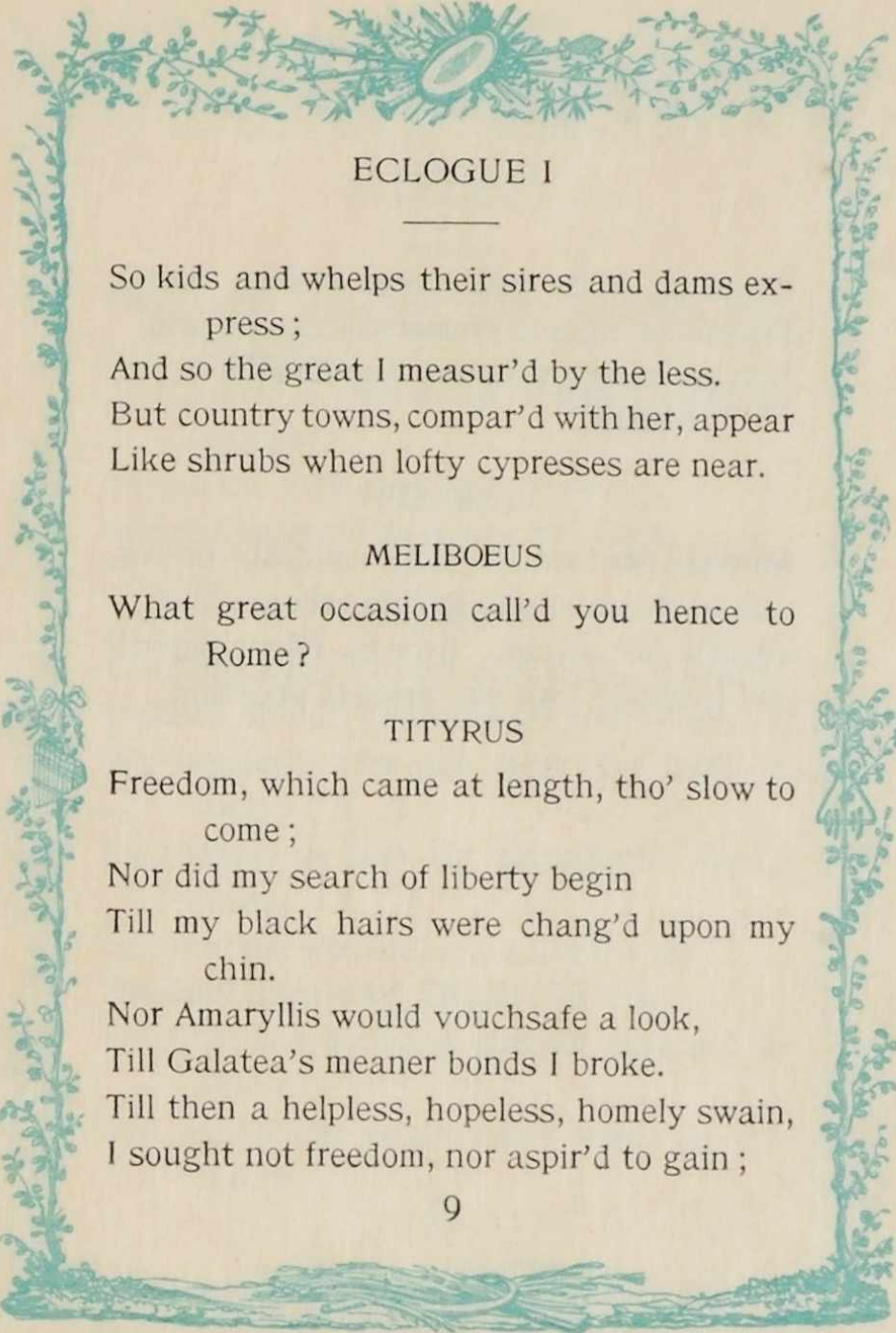
Sic canibus catulos similes, sic matribus
hædos
Noram, sic parvis componere magna sole-
bam.
Verum hæc tantum alias inter caput extulit
urbes,
Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

MELIBOEUS

Et quæ tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi?

TITYRUS

Libertas, quæ sera tamen respexit inertem,
Candidior postquam tondenti barba cadebat;
Respexit tamen et longo post tempore venit,
Postquam nos Amaryllis habet, Galatea reli-
quit
Namque, fatebor enim, dum me Galatea tene-
bat,
Nec spes libertatis erat nec cura peculi.



ECLOGUE I

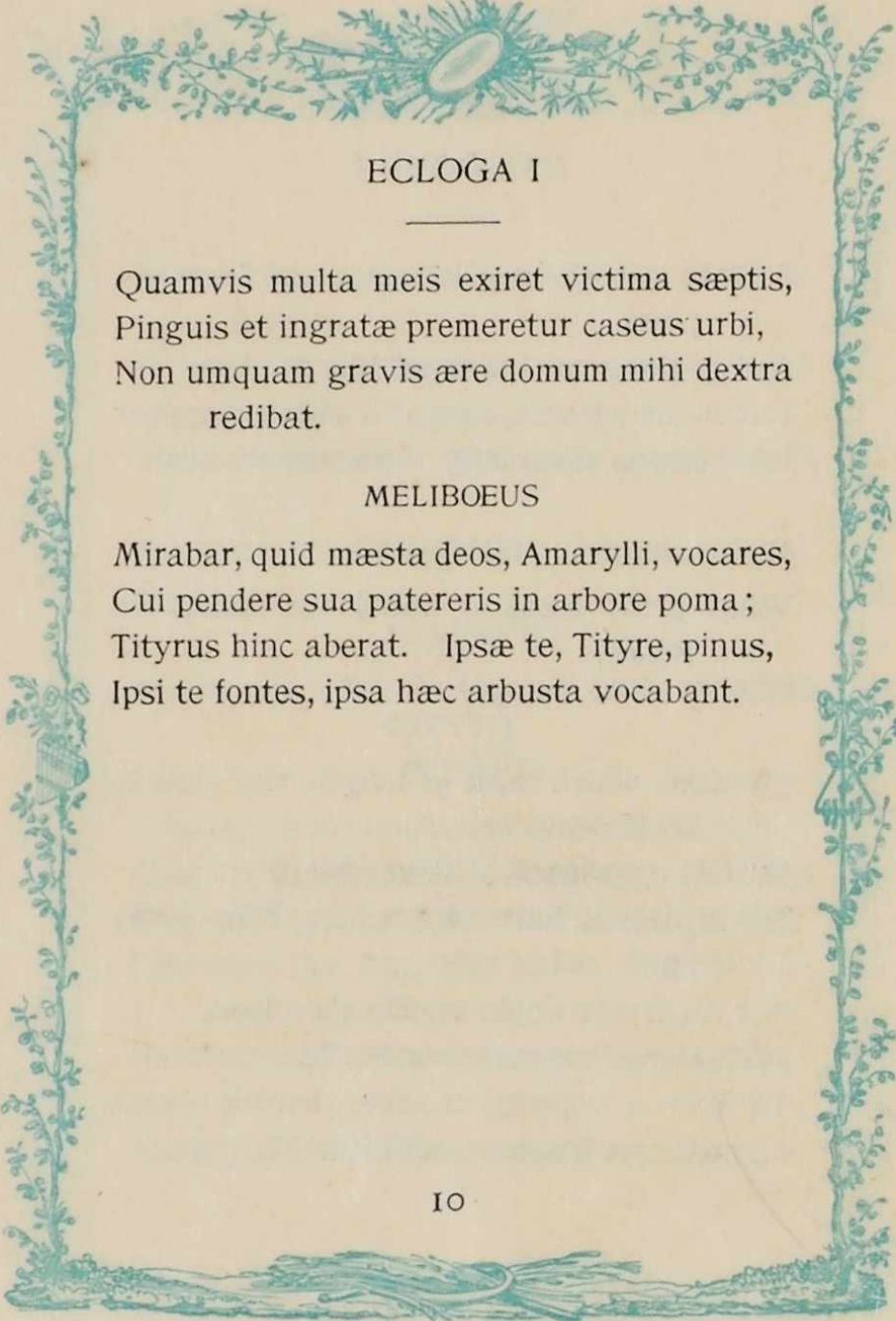
So kids and whelps their sires and dams express ;
And so the great I measur'd by the less.
But country towns, compar'd with her, appear
Like shrubs when lofty cypresses are near.

MELIBOEUS

What great occasion call'd you hence to
Rome ?

TITYRUS

Freedom, which came at length, tho' slow to
come ;
Nor did my search of liberty begin
Till my black hairs were chang'd upon my
chin.
Nor Amaryllis would vouchsafe a look,
Till Galatea's meaner bonds I broke.
Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely swain,
I sought not freedom, nor aspir'd to gain ;

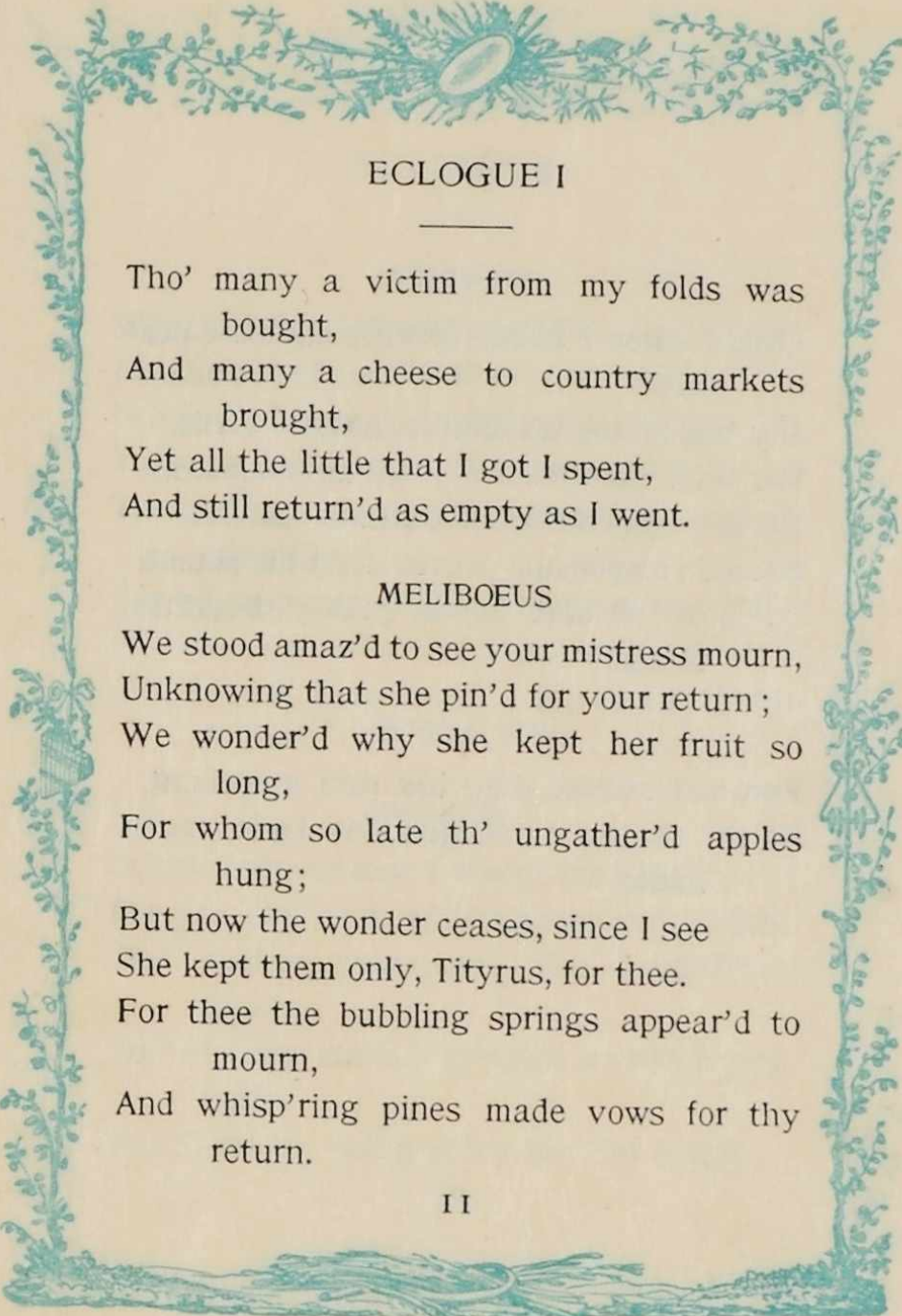


ECLOGA I

Quamvis multa meis exiret victima sæptis,
Pinguis et ingratae premeretur caseus urbi,
Non umquam gravis ære domum mihi dextra
redibat.

MELIBOEUS

Mirabar, quid mæsta deos, Amarylli, vocares,
Cui pendere sua patereris in arbore poma;
Tityrus hinc aberat. Ipsæ te, Tityre, pinus,
Ipsi te fontes, ipsa hæc arbusta vocabant.

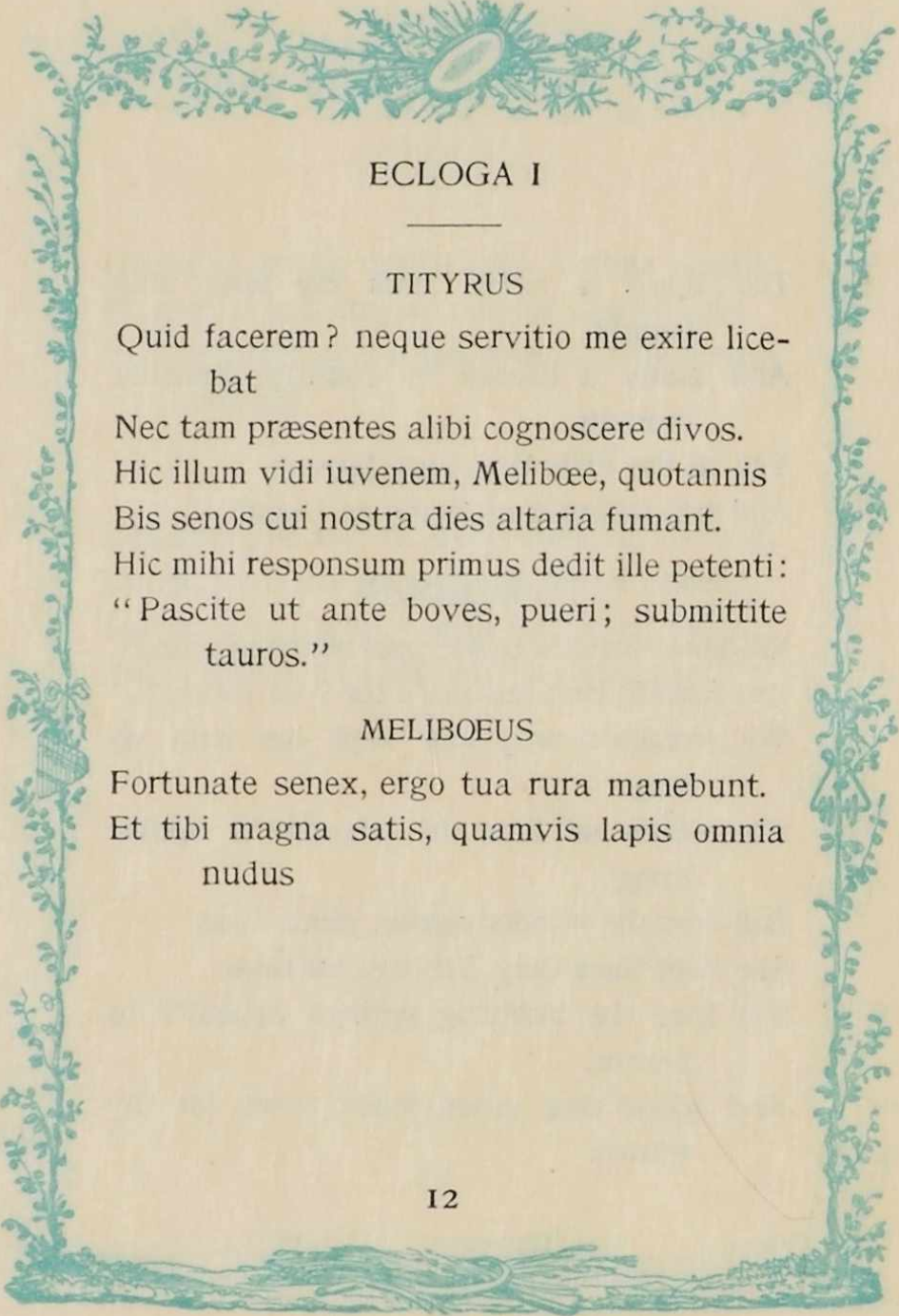


ECLOGUE I

Tho' many a victim from my folds was
bought,
And many a cheese to country markets
brought,
Yet all the little that I got I spent,
And still return'd as empty as I went.

MELIBOEUS

We stood amaz'd to see your mistress mourn,
Unknowing that she pin'd for your return ;
We wonder'd why she kept her fruit so
long,
For whom so late th' ungather'd apples
hung ;
But now the wonder ceases, since I see
She kept them only, Tityrus, for thee.
For thee the bubbling springs appear'd to
mourn,
And whisp'ring pines made vows for thy
return.



ECLOGA I

TITYRUS

Quid facerem? neque servitio me exire lice-
bat

Nec tam præsentem alibi cognoscere divos.

Hic illum vidi iuvenem, Melibœe, quotannis

Bis senos cui nostra dies altaria fumant.

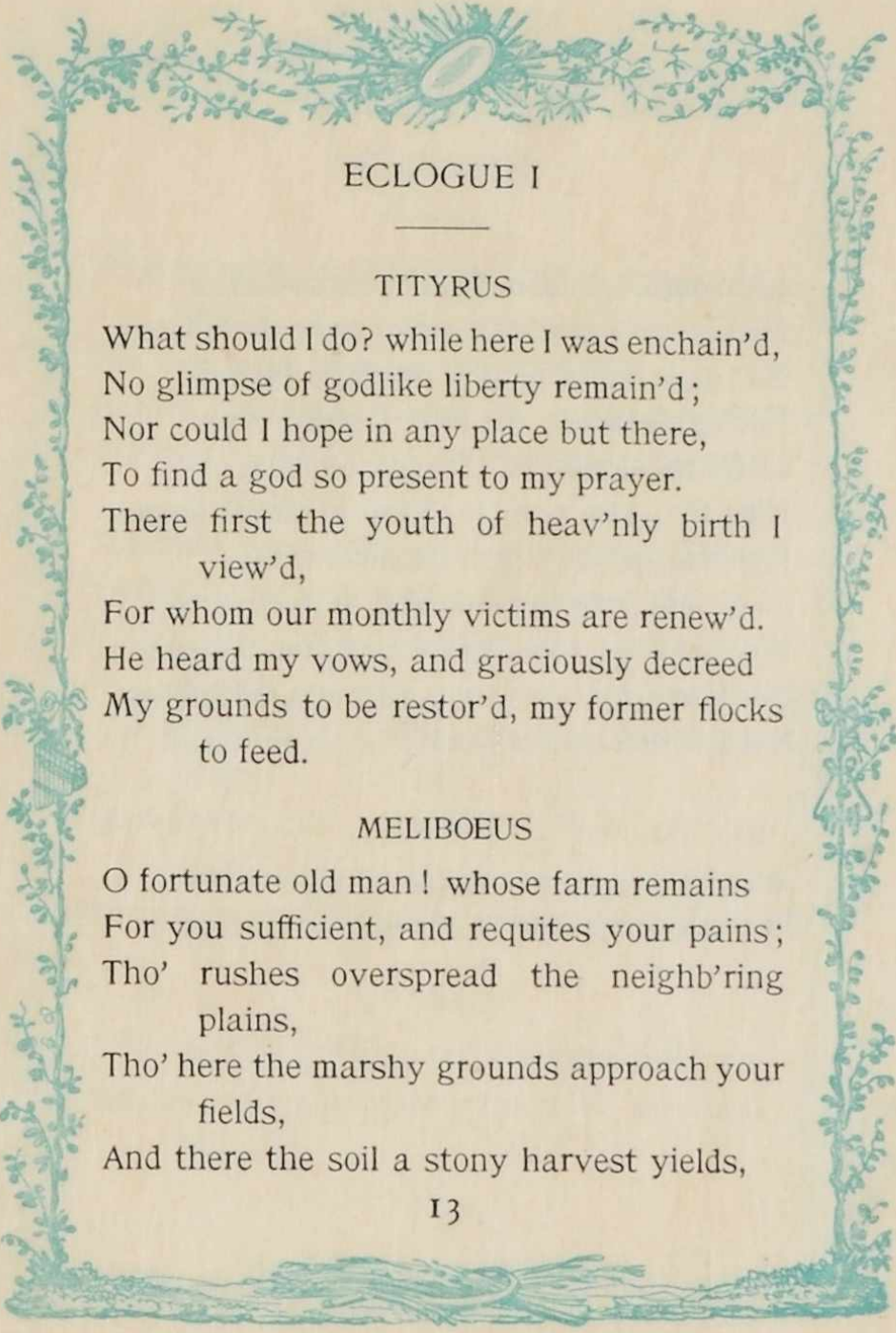
Hic mihi responsum primus dedit ille petenti:

“Pascite ut ante boves, pueri; submitte
tauros.”

MELIBOEUS

Fortunate senex, ergo tua rura manebunt.

Et tibi magna satis, quamvis lapis omnia
nudus



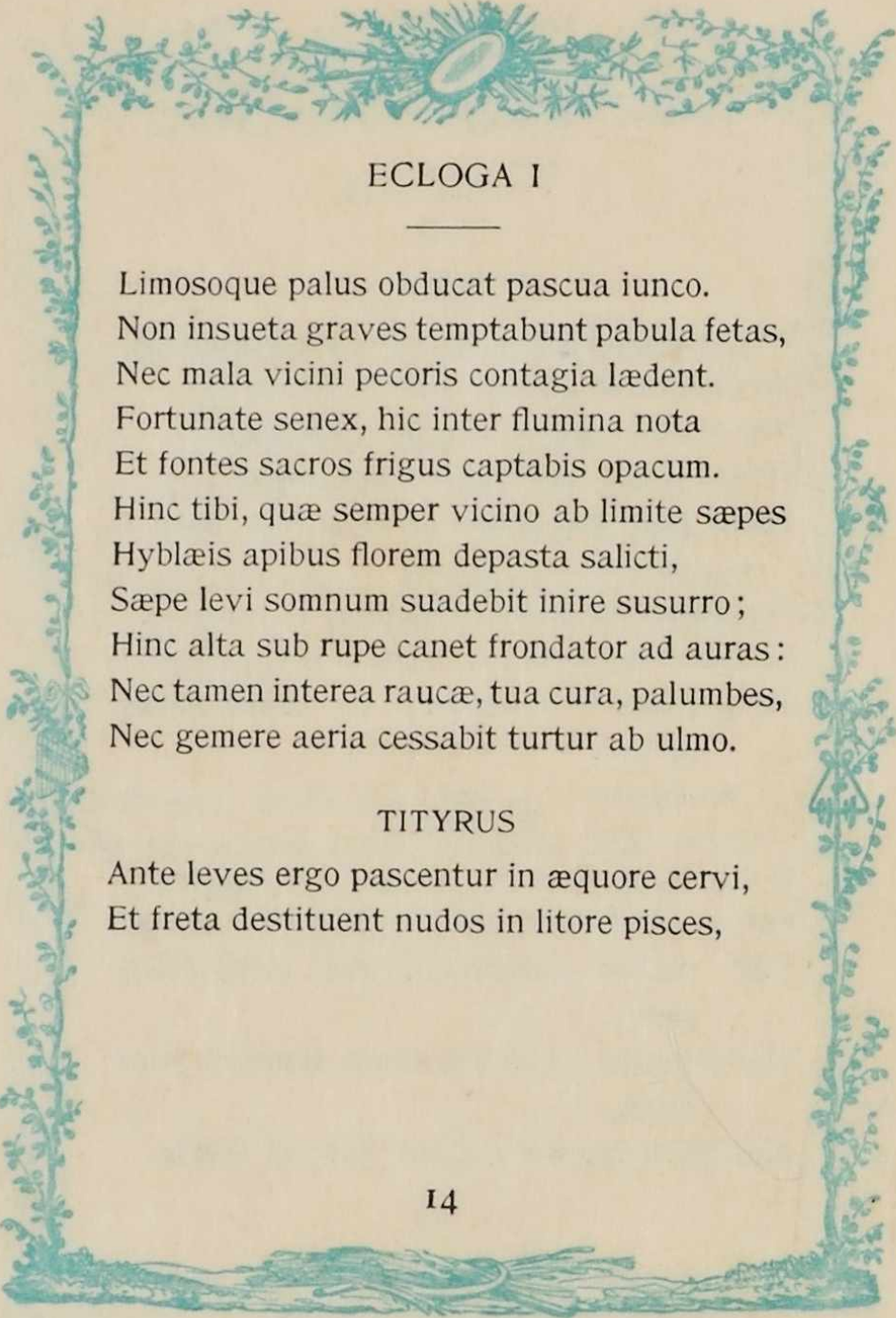
ECLOGUE I

TITYRUS

What should I do? while here I was enchain'd,
No glimpse of godlike liberty remain'd;
Nor could I hope in any place but there,
To find a god so present to my prayer.
There first the youth of heav'nly birth I
view'd,
For whom our monthly victims are renew'd.
He heard my vows, and graciously decreed
My grounds to be restor'd, my former flocks
to feed.

MELIBOEUS

O fortunate old man! whose farm remains
For you sufficient, and requites your pains;
Tho' rushes overspread the neighb'ring
plains,
Tho' here the marshy grounds approach your
fields,
And there the soil a stony harvest yields,

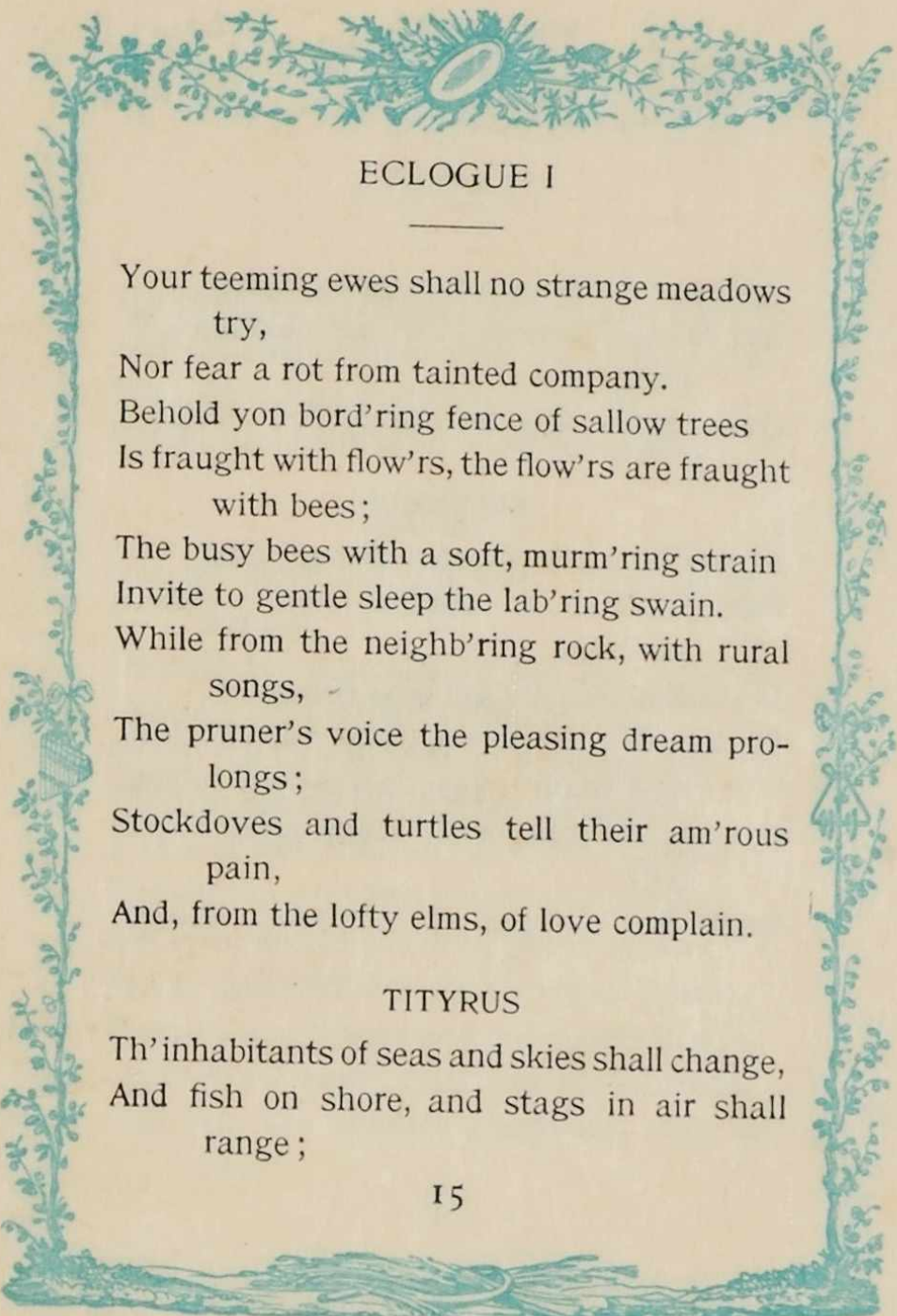


ECLOGA I

Limosoque palus obducat pascua iunco.
Non insueta graves temptabunt pabula fetas,
Nec mala vicini pecoris contagia lædent.
Fortunate senex, hic inter flumina nota
Et fontes sacros frigus captabis opacum.
Hinc tibi, quæ semper vicino ab limite sæpes
Hyblæis apibus florem depasta salicti,
Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro;
Hinc alta sub rupe canet frondator ad auras:
Nec tamen interea raucæ, tua cura, palumbes,
Nec gemere aëria cessabit turtur ab ulmo.

TITYRUS

Ante leves ergo pascentur in æquore cervi,
Et freta destituent nudos in litore pisces,

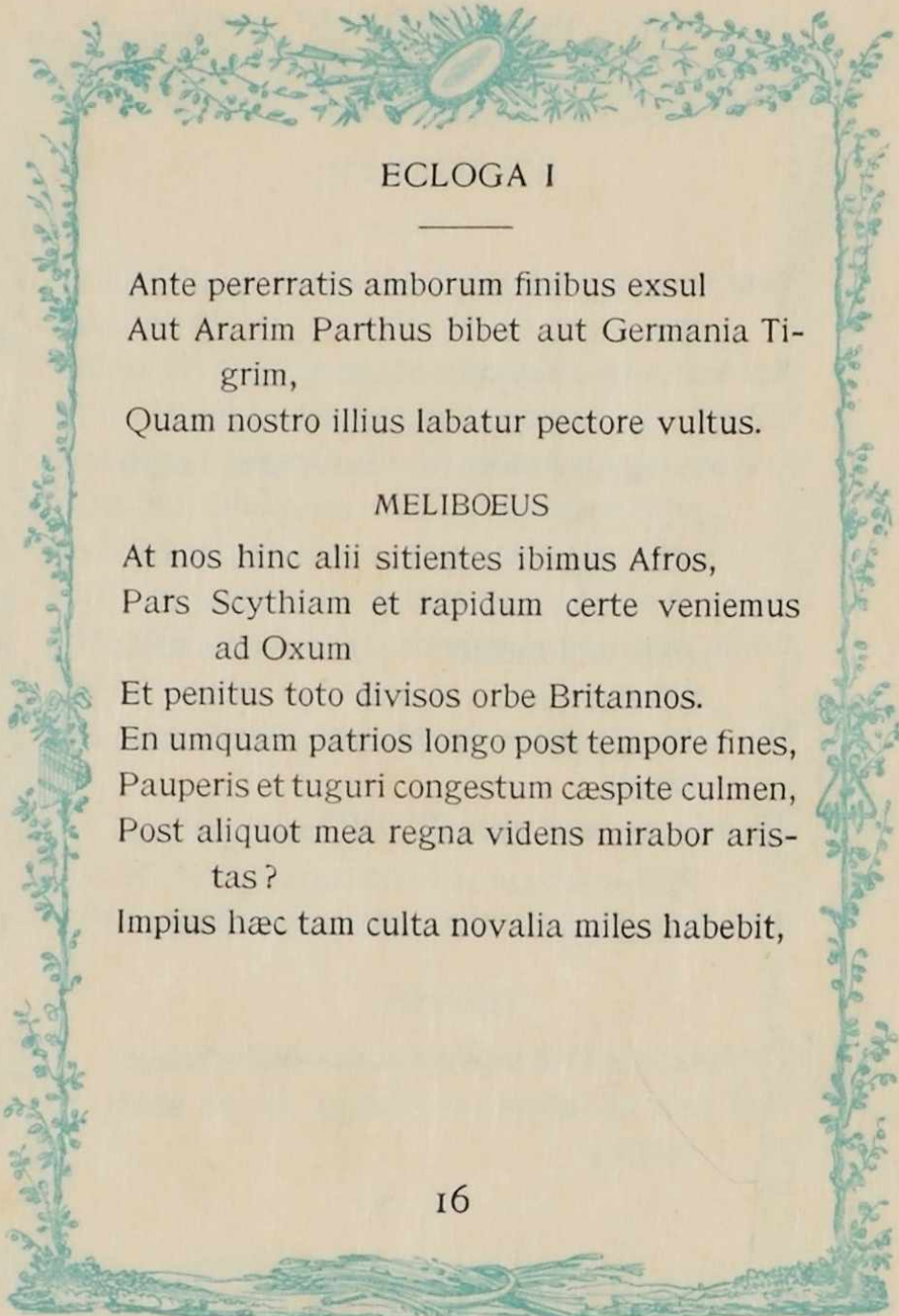


ECLOGUE I

Your teeming ewes shall no strange meadows
try,
Nor fear a rot from tainted company.
Behold yon bord'ring fence of sallow trees
Is fraught with flow'rs, the flow'rs are fraught
with bees ;
The busy bees with a soft, murm'ring strain
Invite to gentle sleep the lab'ring swain.
While from the neighb'ring rock, with rural
songs,
The pruner's voice the pleasing dream pro-
longs ;
Stockdoves and turtles tell their am'rous
pain,
And, from the lofty elms, of love complain.

TITYRUS

Th' inhabitants of seas and skies shall change,
And fish on shore, and stags in air shall
range ;

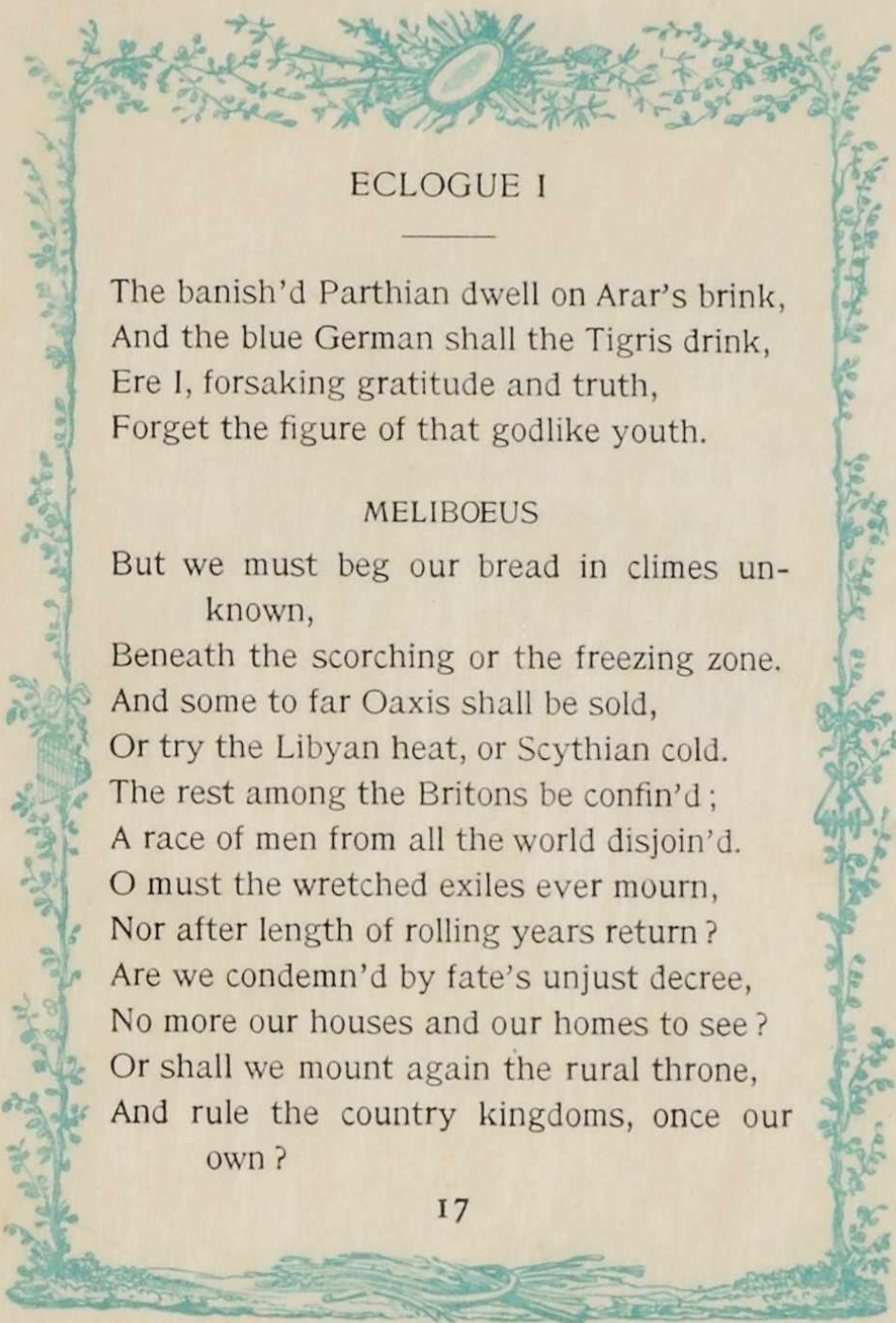


ECLOGA I

Ante pererratis amborum finibus exsul
Aut Ararim Parthus bibet aut Germania Ti-
grim,
Quam nostro illius labatur pectore vultus.

MELIBOEUS

At nos hinc alii sitientes ibimus Afros,
Pars Scythiam et rapidum certe veniemus
ad Oxum
Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.
En umquam patrios longo post tempore fines,
Pauperis et tuguri congestum cæspite culmen,
Post aliquot mea regna videns mirabor aris-
tas?
Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit,

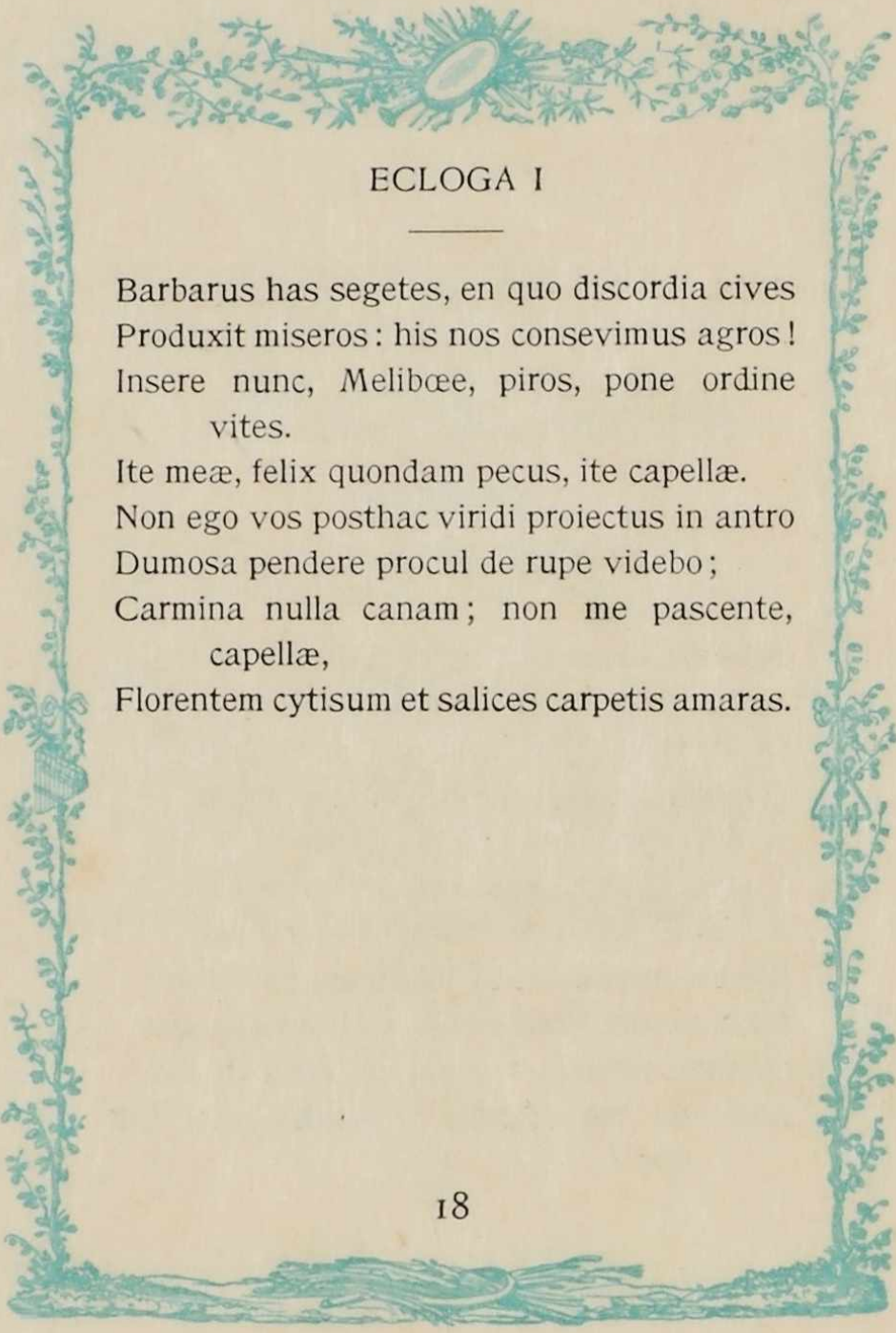


ECLOGUE I

The banish'd Parthian dwell on Arar's brink,
And the blue German shall the Tigris drink,
Ere I, forsaking gratitude and truth,
Forget the figure of that godlike youth.

MELIBOEUS

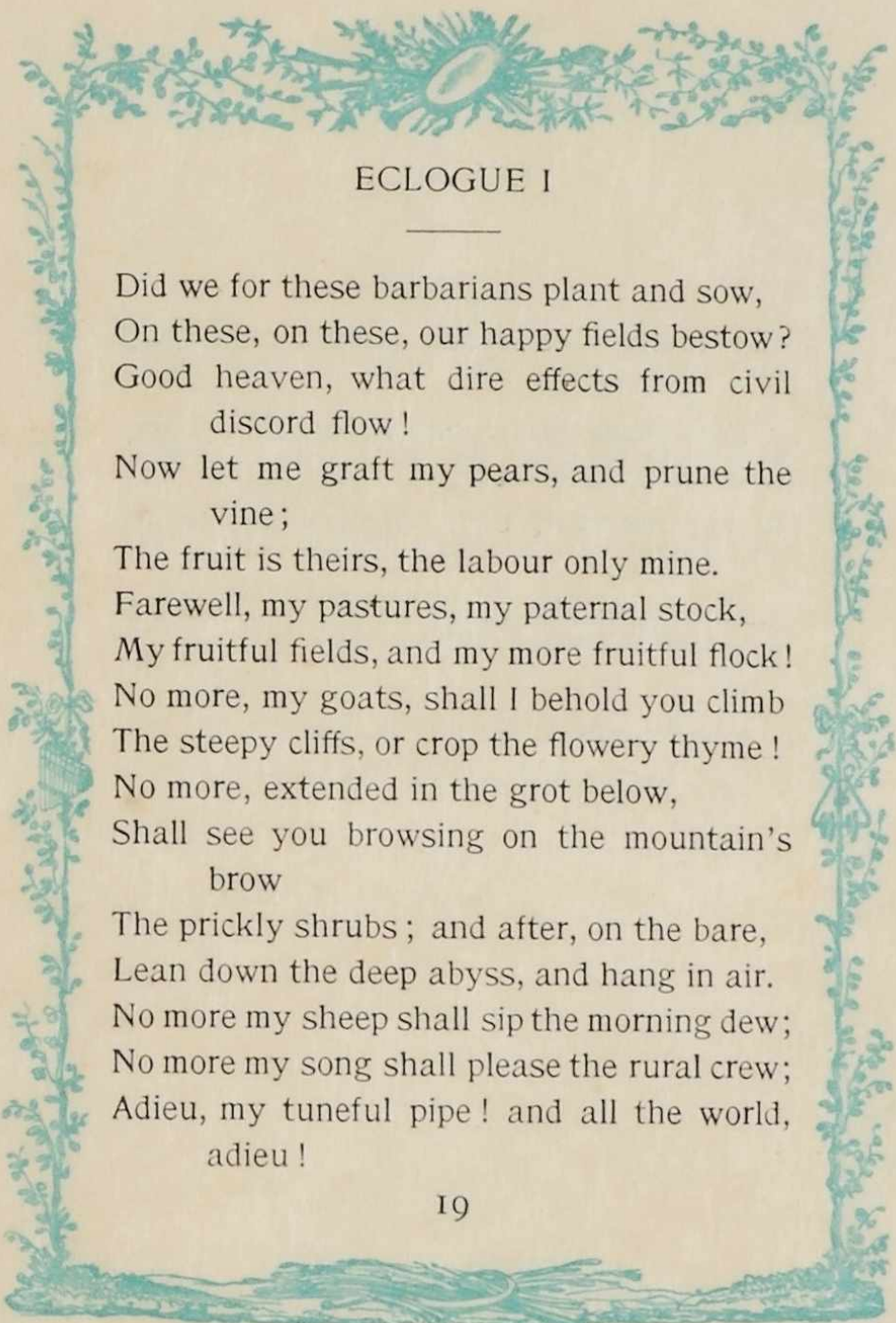
But we must beg our bread in climes un-
known,
Beneath the scorching or the freezing zone.
And some to far Oaxis shall be sold,
Or try the Libyan heat, or Scythian cold.
The rest among the Britons be confin'd ;
A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.
O must the wretched exiles ever mourn,
Nor after length of rolling years return ?
Are we condemn'd by fate's unjust decree,
No more our houses and our homes to see ?
Or shall we mount again the rural throne,
And rule the country kingdoms, once our
own ?



ECLOGA I

Barbarus has segetes, en quo discordia cives
Produxit miseros : his nos consevimus agros !
Insere nunc, Melibœe, piros, pone ordine
vites.

Ite meæ, felix quondam pecus, ite capellæ.
Non ego vos posthac viridi proiectus in antro
Dumosa pendere procul de rupe videbo ;
Carmina nulla canam ; non me pascente,
capellæ,
Florentem cytisum et salices carpetis amaras.



ECLOGUE I

Did we for these barbarians plant and sow,
On these, on these, our happy fields bestow?
Good heaven, what dire effects from civil
discord flow!

Now let me graft my pears, and prune the
vine;

The fruit is theirs, the labour only mine.

Farewell, my pastures, my paternal stock,
My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock!

No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb
The steepy cliffs, or crop the flowery thyme!

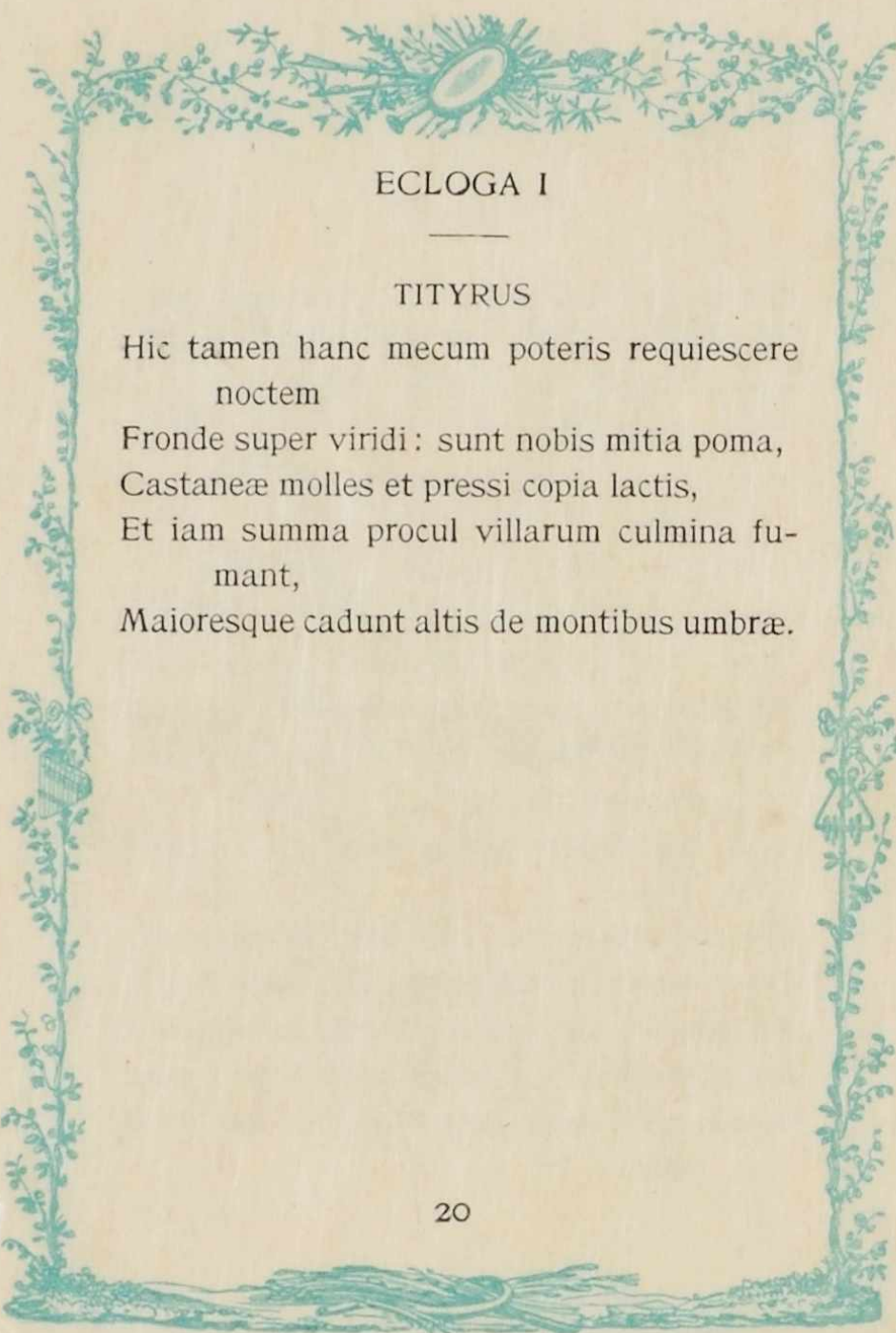
No more, extended in the grot below,
Shall see you browsing on the mountain's
brow

The prickly shrubs; and after, on the bare,
Lean down the deep abyss, and hang in air.

No more my sheep shall sip the morning dew;

No more my song shall please the rural crew;

Adieu, my tuneful pipe! and all the world,
adieu!



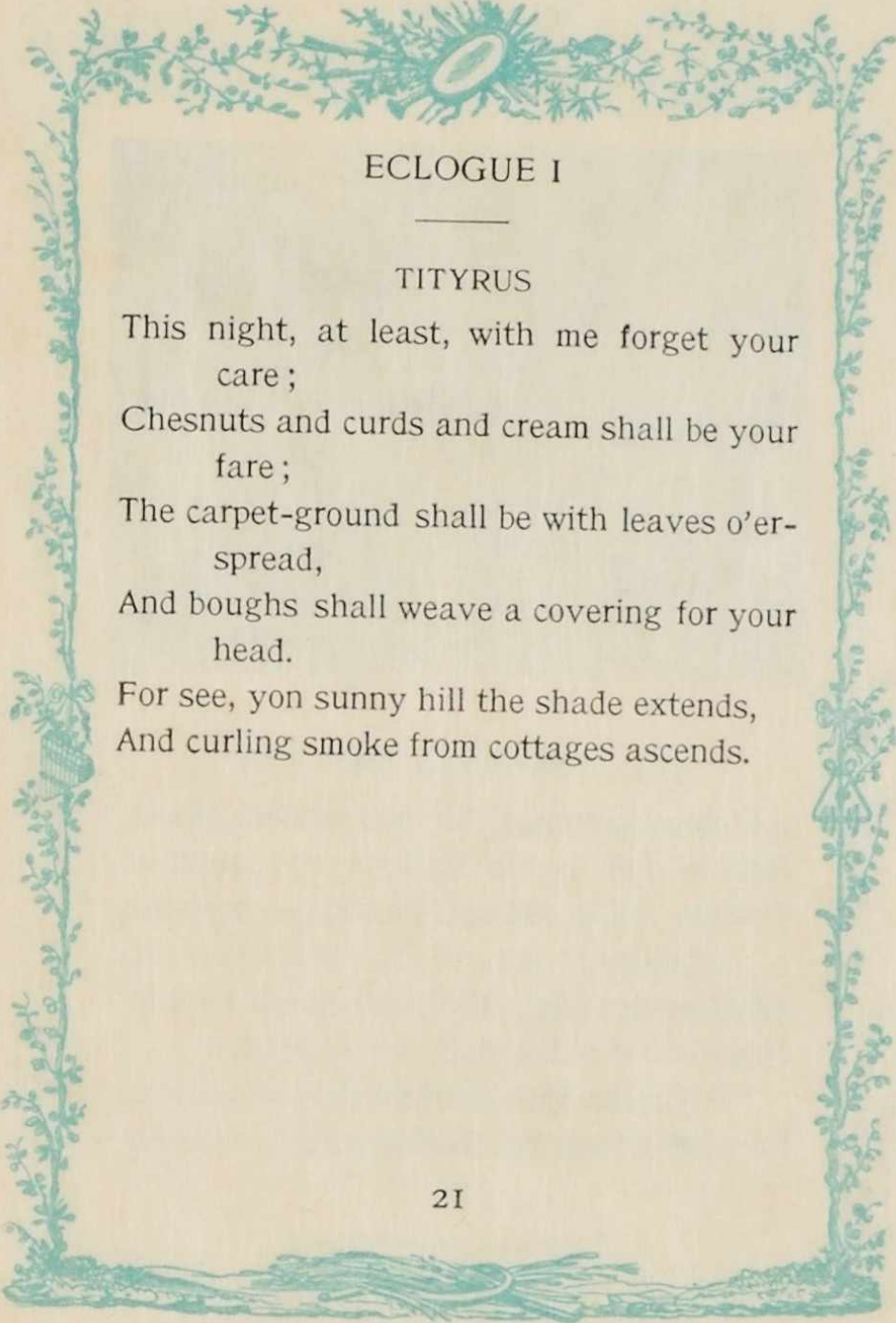
ECLOGA I

TITYRUS

Hic tamen hanc mecum poteris requiescere
noctem

Fronde super viridi: sunt nobis mitia poma,
Castaneæ molles et pressi copia lactis,
Et iam summa procul villarum culmina fu-
mant,

Maioresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ.



ECLOGUE I

TITYRUS

This night, at least, with me forget your
care ;
Chesnuts and curds and cream shall be your
fare ;
The carpet-ground shall be with leaves o'er-
spread,
And boughs shall weave a covering for your
head.
For see, yon sunny hill the shade extends,
And curling smoke from cottages ascends.



ECLOGA II.—ALEXIS

Formosum pastor Corydon ardebat Alexim,
Delicias domini, nec, quid speraret, habebat.
Tantum inter densas, umbrosa cacumina,
fagos

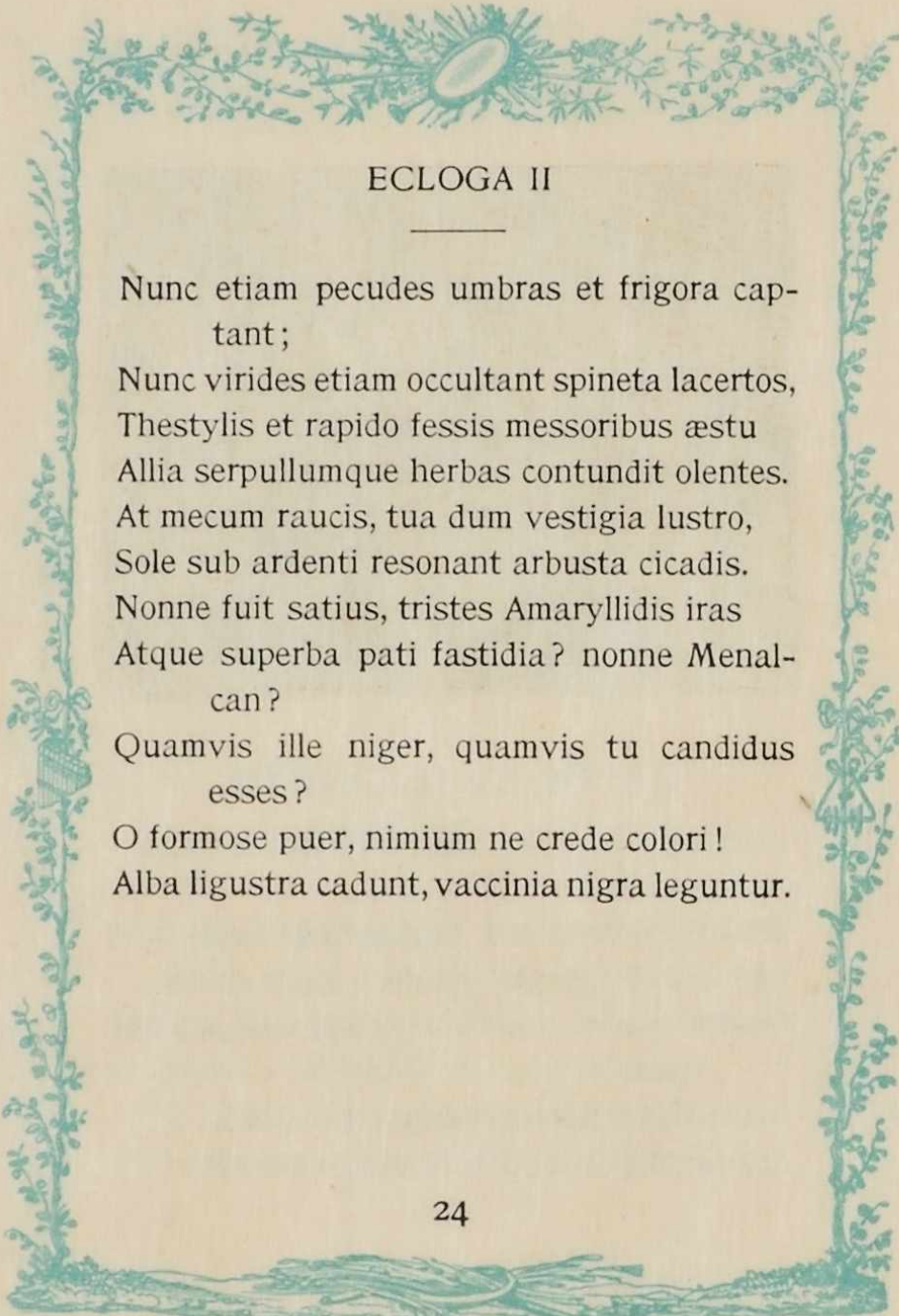
Adsidue veniebat. Ibi hæc incondita solus
Montibus et silvis studio iactabat inani :

“O crudelis Alexi, nihil mea carmina curas?
Nil nostri miserere? mori me denique coges.



ECLOGUE II.—ALEXIS

Young Corydon, th' unhappy shepherd
swain,
The fair Alexis lov'd, but lov'd in vain ;
And underneath the beechen shade, alone,
Thus to the woods and mountains made his
moan :
“ Is this, unkind Alexis, my reward,
And must I die unpitied, and unheard ?



ECLOGA II

Nunc etiam pecudes umbras et frigora cap-
tant;


Nunc virides etiam occultant spineta lacertos,
Thestylis et rapido fessis messoribus æstu
Allia serpullumque herbas contundit olentes.

At mecum raucis, tua dum vestigia lustrò,
Sole sub ardenti resonant arbusta cicadis.

Nonne fuit satius, tristes Amaryllidis iras
Atque superba pati fastidia? nonne Menal-
can?

Quamvis ille niger, quamvis tu candidus
esses?

O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori!
Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.



ECLOGUE II

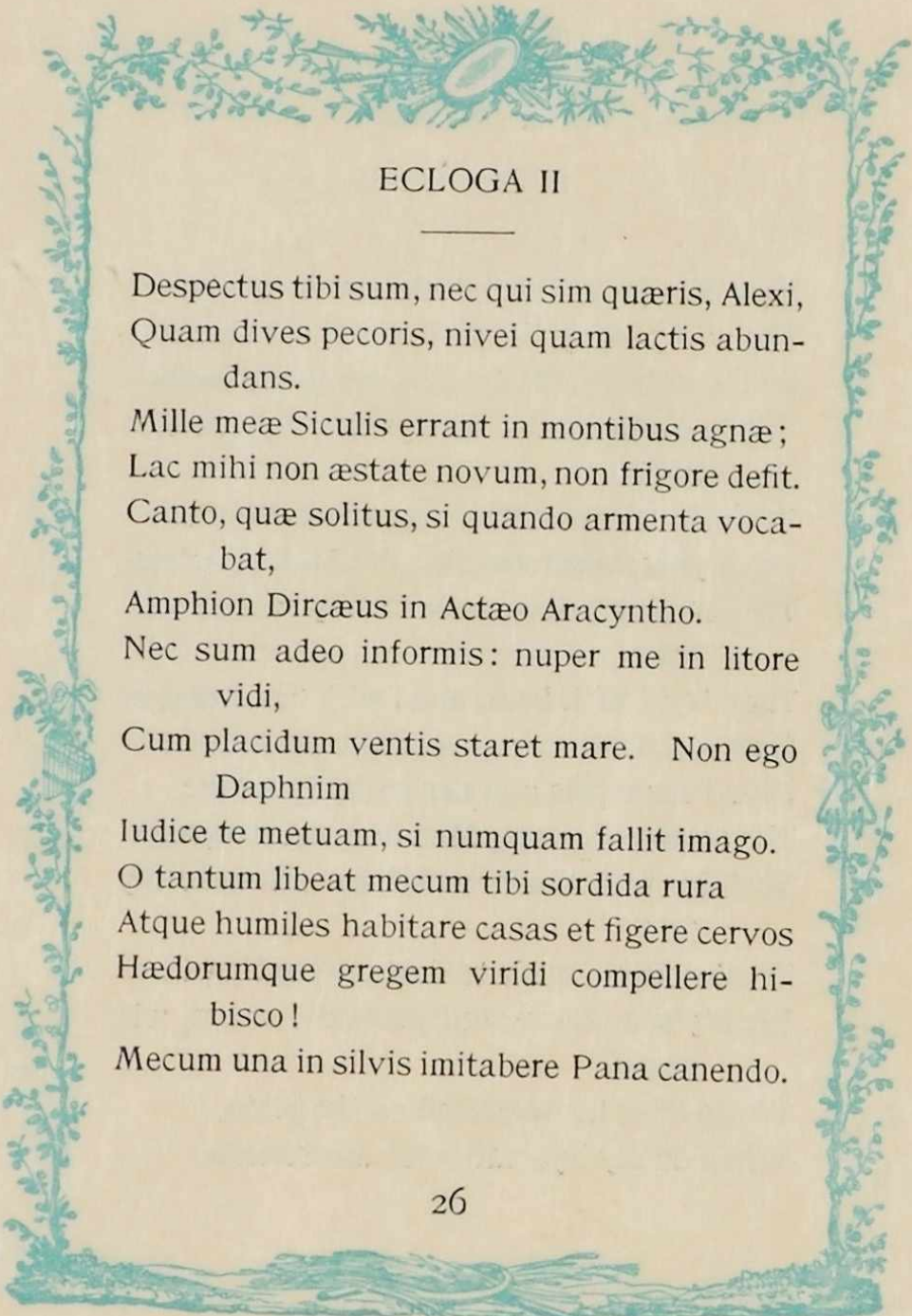
Now the green lizard in the grove is laid,
The sheep enjoy the coolness of the shade ;
And Thestylis wild thyme and garlic beats
For harvest hinds, o'erspent with toil and
heats.

While in the scorching sun I trace in vain
Thy flying footsteps o'er the burning plain,
The creaking locusts with my voice con-
spire,

They fry'd with heat, and I with fierce desire.
How much more easy was it to sustain
Proud Amaryllis and her haughty reign ;
The scorns of young Menalcas, once my care,
Tho' he was black, and thou art heav'nly
fair.

Trust not too much to that enchanting face ;
Beauty's a charm, but soon the charm will
pass ;

White lilies lie neglected on the plain,
While dusky hyacinths for use remain.



ECLOGA II

Despectus tibi sum, nec qui sim quæris, Alexi,
Quam dives pecoris, nivei quam lactis abundans.

Mille meæ Siculis errant in montibus agnæ;
Lac mihi non æstate novum, non frigore defit.
Canto, quæ solitus, si quando armenta vocabat,

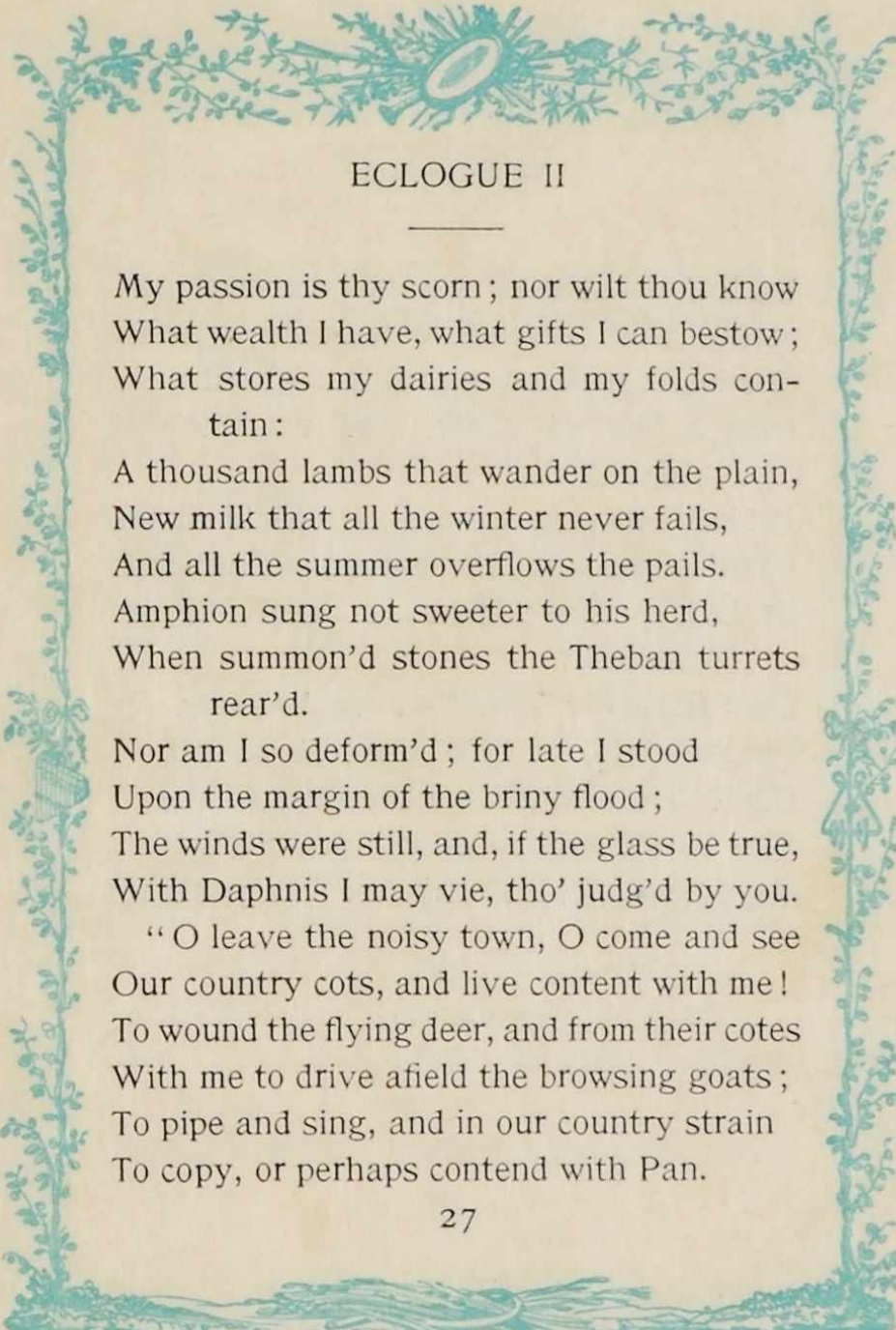
Amphion Dircaeus in Actæo Aracyntho.

Nec sum adeo informis: nuper me in litore vidi,

Cum placidum ventis staret mare. Non ego
Daphnim

Iudice te metuam, si numquam fallit imago.
O tantum libeat mecum tibi sordida rura
Atque humiles habitare casas et figere cervos
Hædorumque gregem viridi compellere hibisco!

Mecum una in silvis imitabere Pana canendo.



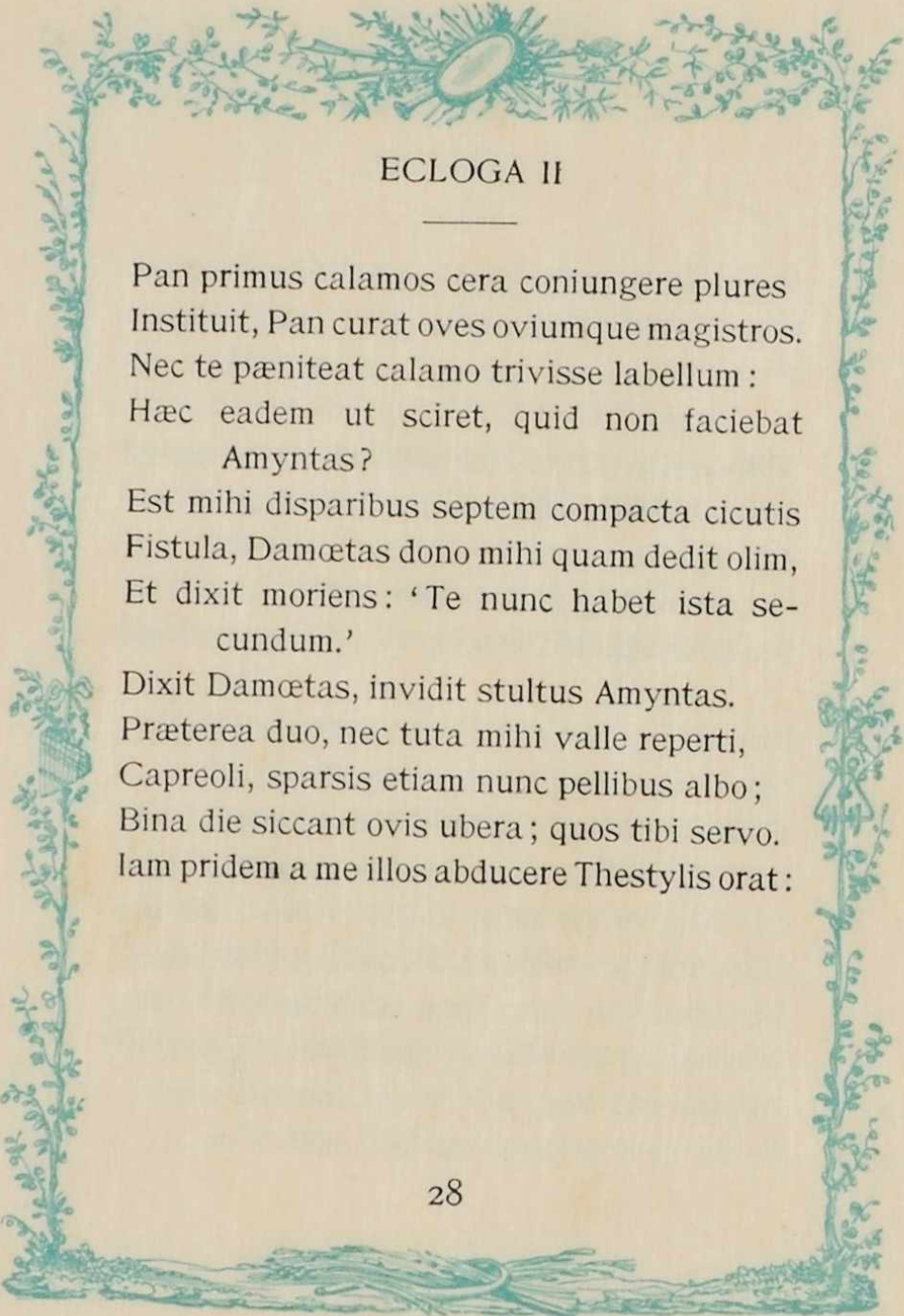
ECLOGUE II

My passion is thy scorn ; nor wilt thou know
What wealth I have, what gifts I can bestow ;
What stores my dairies and my folds contain :

A thousand lambs that wander on the plain,
New milk that all the winter never fails,
And all the summer overflows the pails.
Amphion sung not sweeter to his herd,
When summon'd stones the Theban turrets
rear'd.

Nor am I so deform'd ; for late I stood
Upon the margin of the briny flood ;
The winds were still, and, if the glass be true,
With Daphnis I may vie, tho' judg'd by you.

“ O leave the noisy town, O come and see
Our country cots, and live content with me !
To wound the flying deer, and from their cotes
With me to drive afield the browsing goats ;
To pipe and sing, and in our country strain
To copy, or perhaps contend with Pan.

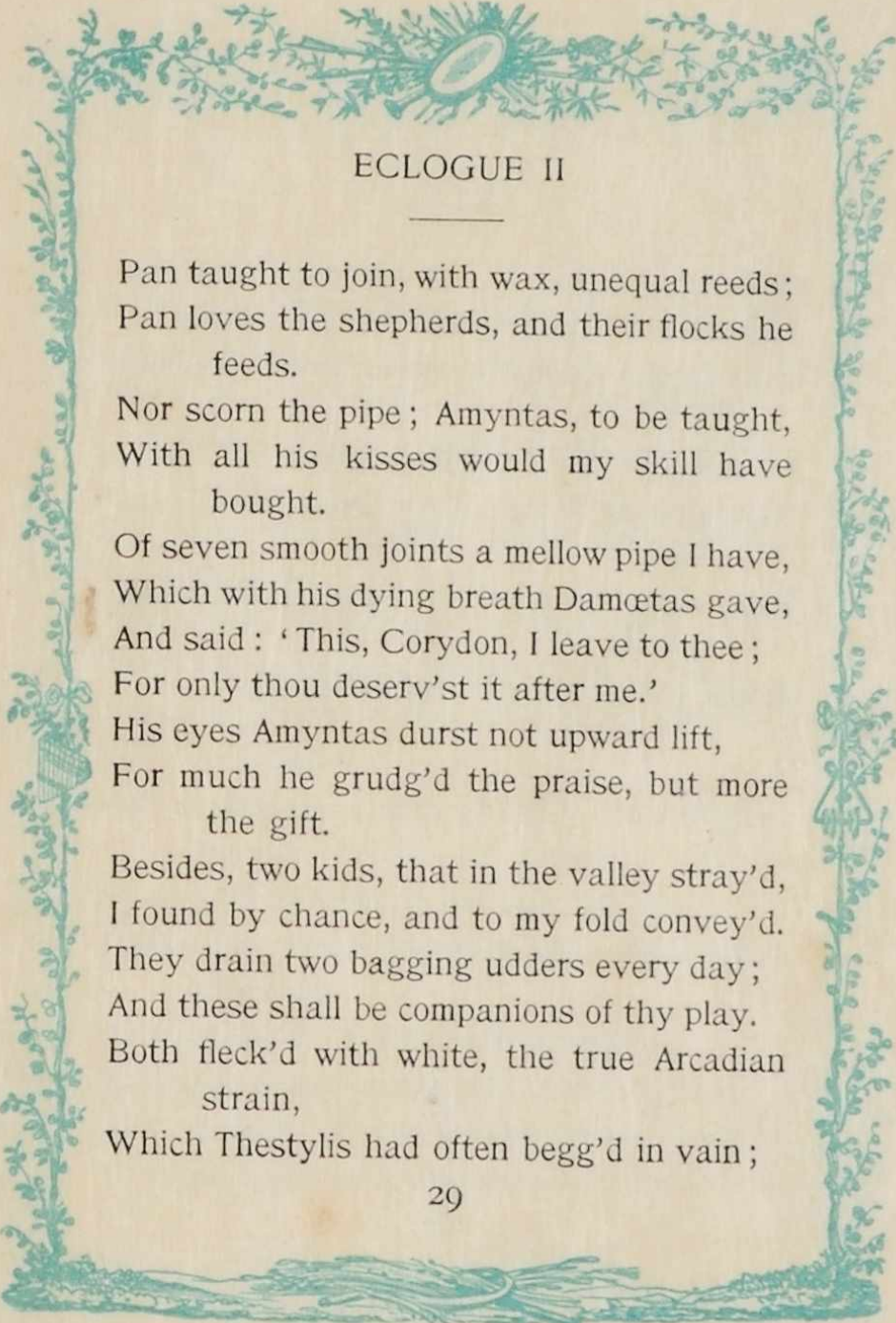


ECLOGA II

Pan primus calamos cera coniungere plures
Instituit, Pan curat oves oviumque magistros.
Nec te pæniteat calamo trivisse labellum :
Hæc eadem ut sciret, quid non faciebat
Amyntas?

Est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis
Fistula, Damœtas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
Et dixit moriens : 'Te nunc habet ista se-
cundum.'

Dixit Damœtas, invidit stultus Amyntas.
Præterea duo, nec tuta mihi valle reperti,
Capreoli, sparsis etiam nunc pellibus albo ;
Bina die siccant ovis ubera ; quos tibi servo.
Iam pridem a me illos abducere Thestylis orat :



ECLOGUE II

Pan taught to join, with wax, unequal reeds ;
Pan loves the shepherds, and their flocks he
feeds.

Nor scorn the pipe ; Amyntas, to be taught,
With all his kisses would my skill have
bought.

Of seven smooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
Which with his dying breath Damœtas gave,
And said : ' This, Corydon, I leave to thee ;
For only thou deserv'st it after me.'

His eyes Amyntas durst not upward lift,
For much he grudg'd the praise, but more
the gift.

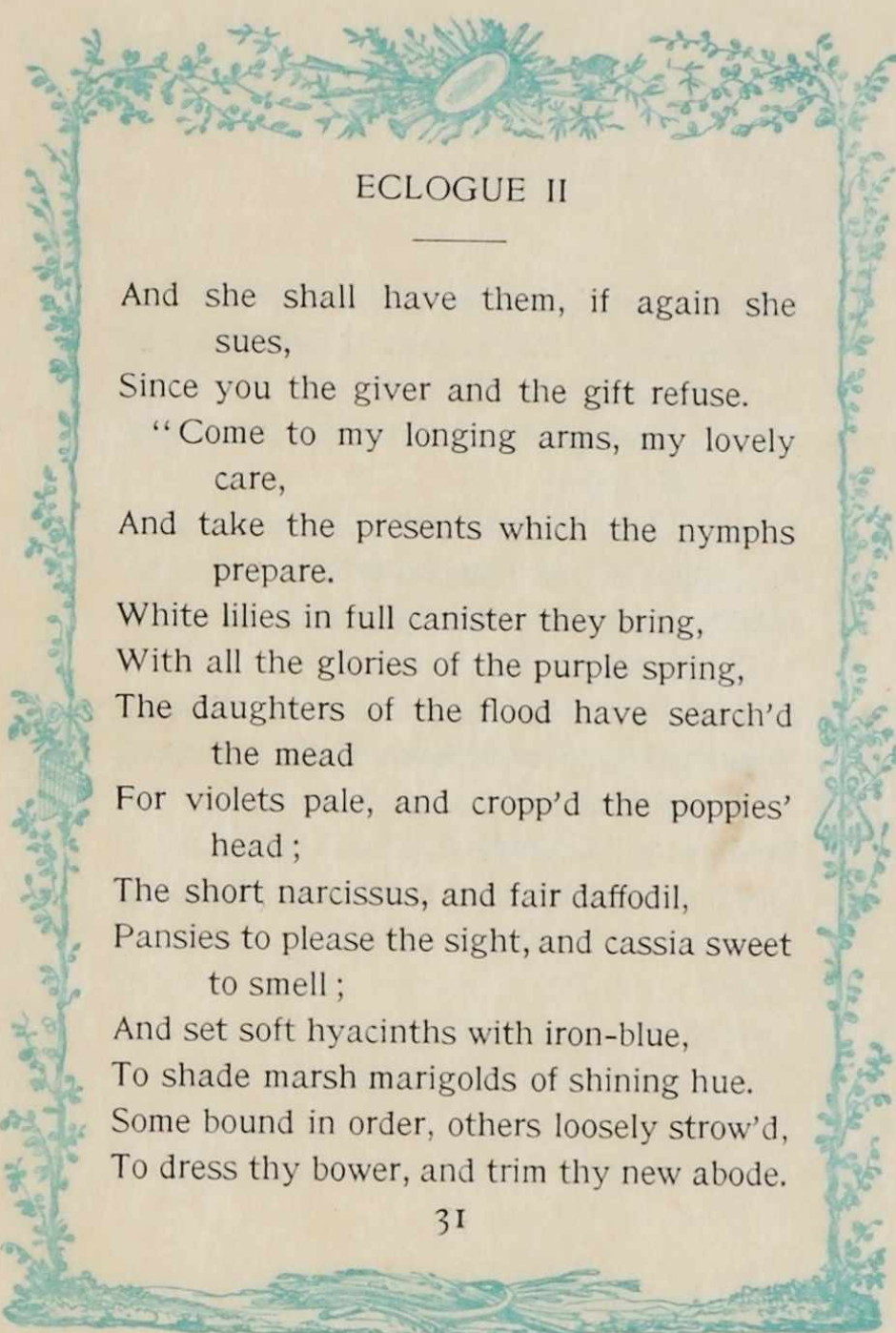
Besides, two kids, that in the valley stray'd,
I found by chance, and to my fold convey'd.
They drain two bagging udders every day ;
And these shall be companions of thy play.
Both fleck'd with white, the true Arcadian
strain,

Which Thestylis had often begg'd in vain ;



ECLOGA II

Et faciet, quoniam sordent tibi munera nostra.
Huc ades, o formose puer: tibi lilia plenis
Ecce ferunt Nymphæ calathis; tibi candida
 Nais,
Pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens,
Narcissum et florem iungit bene olentis ane-
 thi;
Tum, casia atque aliis intexens suavibus
 herbis,
Mollia luteola pingit vaccinia caltha.



ECLOGUE II

And she shall have them, if again she
sues,

Since you the giver and the gift refuse.

“Come to my longing arms, my lovely
care,

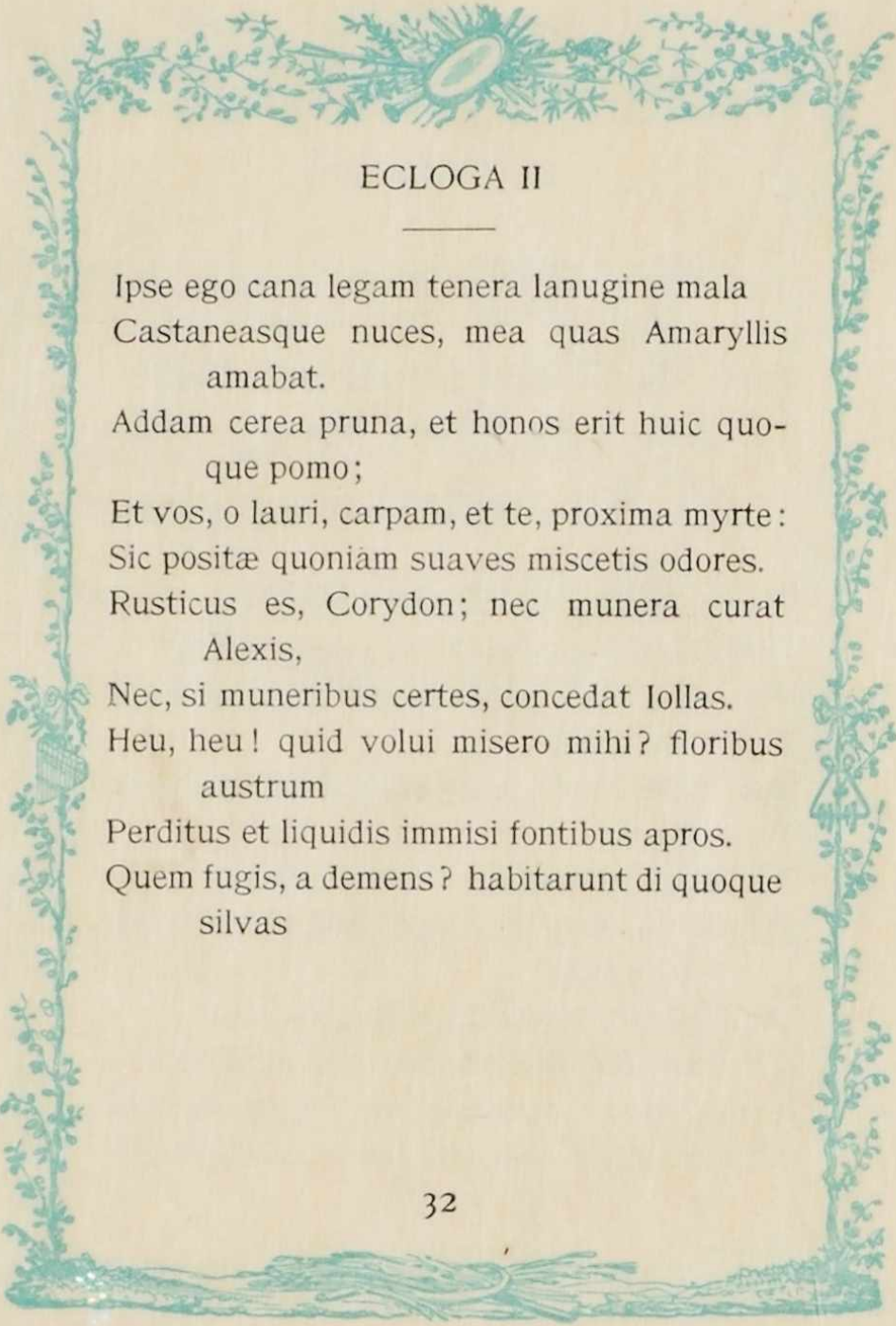
And take the presents which the nymphs
prepare.

White lilies in full canister they bring,
With all the glories of the purple spring,
The daughters of the flood have search'd
the mead

For violets pale, and cropp'd the poppies'
head;

The short narcissus, and fair daffodil,
Pansies to please the sight, and cassia sweet
to smell;

And set soft hyacinths with iron-blue,
To shade marsh marigolds of shining hue.
Some bound in order, others loosely strow'd,
To dress thy bower, and trim thy new abode.



ECLOGA II

Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala
Castaneasque nuces, mea quas Amaryllis
amabat.

Addam cerea pruna, et honos erit huic quo-
que pomo;

Et vos, o lauri, carpam, et te, proxima myrte:
Sic positæ quoniã suaves miscetis odores.

Rusticus es, Corydon; nec munera curat
Alexis,

Nec, si muneribus certes, concedat Iollas.

Heu, heu! quid volui misero mihi? floribus
austrum

Perditus et liquidis immisi fontibus apros.

Quem fugis, a demens? habitarunt di quoque
silvas



ECLOGUE II

Myself will search our planted grounds at
home,

For downy peaches and the glossy plum ;
And thrash the chesnuts in the neighb'ring
grove,

Such as my Amaryllis used to love.

The laurel and the myrtle sweets agree,
And both in nosegays shall be bound for thee.

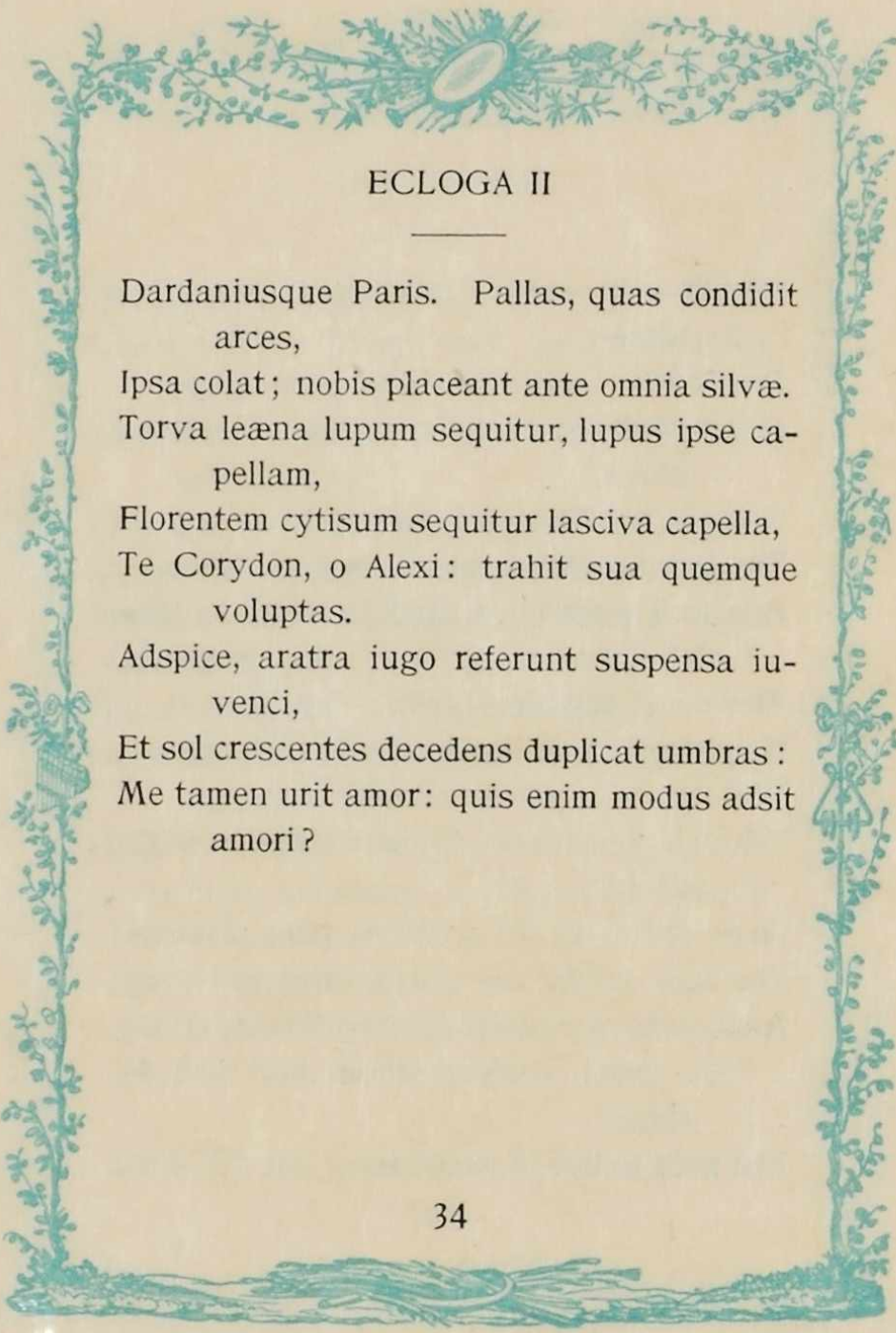
“Ah ! Corydon, ah ! poor, unhappy swain !
Alexis will thy homely gifts disdain ;
Nor, shouldst thou offer all thy little store,
Will rich Iolas yield, but offer more.

What have I done, to name that wealthy
swain,

So powerful are his presents, mine so mean !
The boar amidst my crystal streams I bring ;
And southern winds to blast my flowery spring.

“Ah ! cruel creature, whom dost thou de-
spise ?

The gods to live in woods have left the skies.



ECLOGA II

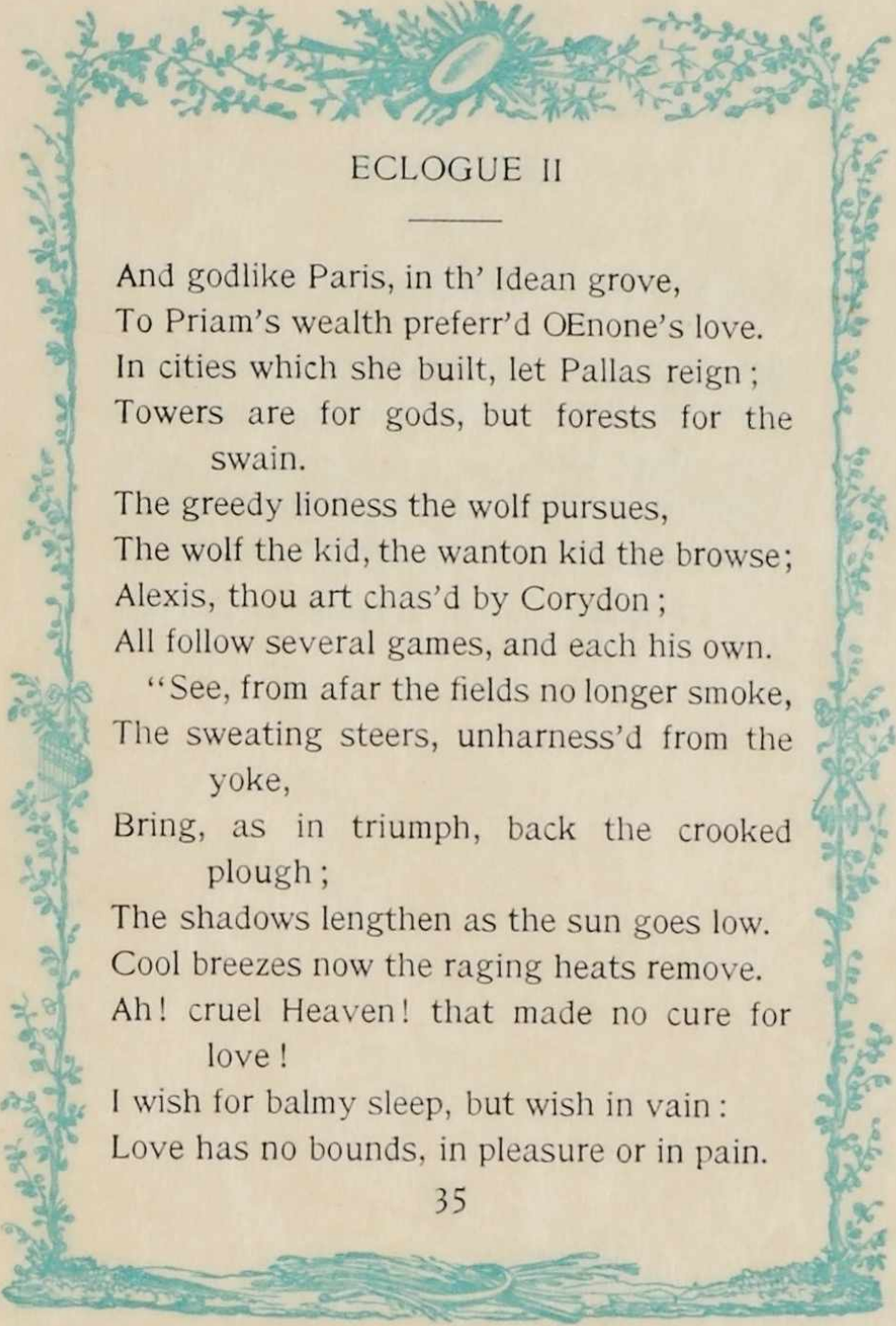
Dardaniusque Paris. Pallas, quas condidit
arces,

Ipsa colat; nobis placeant ante omnia silvæ.
Torva læna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse ca-
pellam,

Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella,
Te Corydon, o Alexi: trahit sua quemque
voluptas.

Adspice, aratra iugo referunt suspensa iu-
venci,

Et sol crescentes decedens duplicat umbras:
Me tamen urit amor: quis enim modus adsit
amori?



ECLOGUE II

And godlike Paris, in th' Idean grove,
To Priam's wealth preferr'd OEnone's love.
In cities which she built, let Pallas reign ;
Towers are for gods, but forests for the
swain.

The greedy lioness the wolf pursues,
The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browse ;
Alexis, thou art chas'd by Corydon ;
All follow several games, and each his own.

"See, from afar the fields no longer smoke,
The sweating steers, unharness'd from the
yoke,

Bring, as in triumph, back the crooked
plough ;

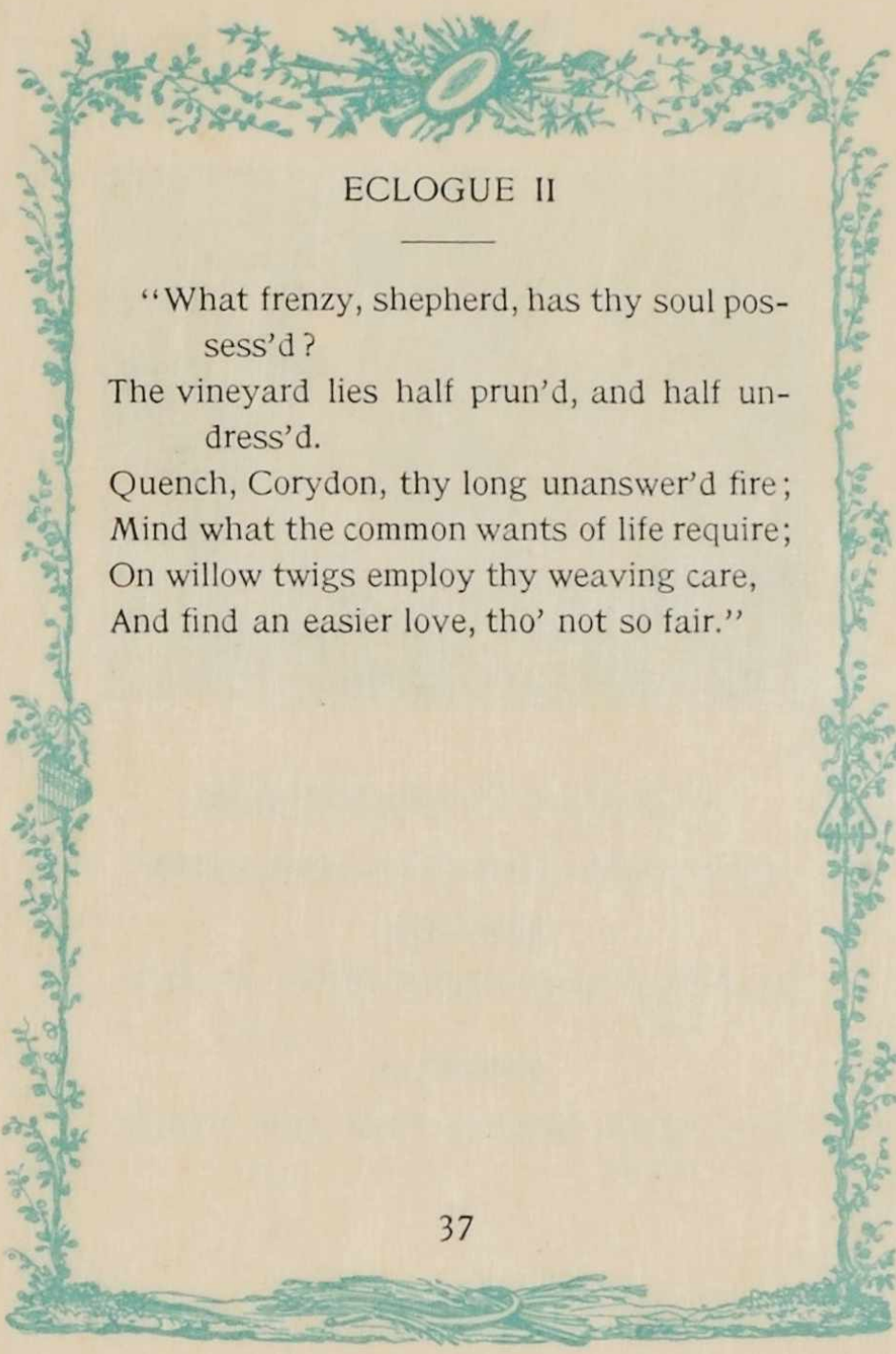
The shadows lengthen as the sun goes low.
Cool breezes now the raging heats remove.
Ah! cruel Heaven! that made no cure for
love!

I wish for balmy sleep, but wish in vain :
Love has no bounds, in pleasure or in pain.



ECLOGA II

Ah, Corydon, Corydon, quæ te dementia
cepit !
Semiputata tibi frondosa vitis in ulmo est.
Quin tu aliquid saltem potius, quorum in-
diget usus,
Viminibus mollique paras detexere iunco ?
Invenies alium, si te hic fastidit, Alexim."



ECLOGUE II

“What frenzy, shepherd, has thy soul possess’d?
The vineyard lies half prun’d, and half undress’d.
Quench, Corydon, thy long unanswer’d fire;
Mind what the common wants of life require;
On willow twigs employ thy weaving care,
And find an easier love, tho’ not so fair.”



ECLOGA III.—PALÆMON
MENALCAS—DAMOETAS—PALÆMON

MENALCAS

Dic mihi, Damœta, cuium pecus? an Meli-
bœi?

DAMOETAS

Non, verum Ægonis; nuper mihi tradidit
Ægon.



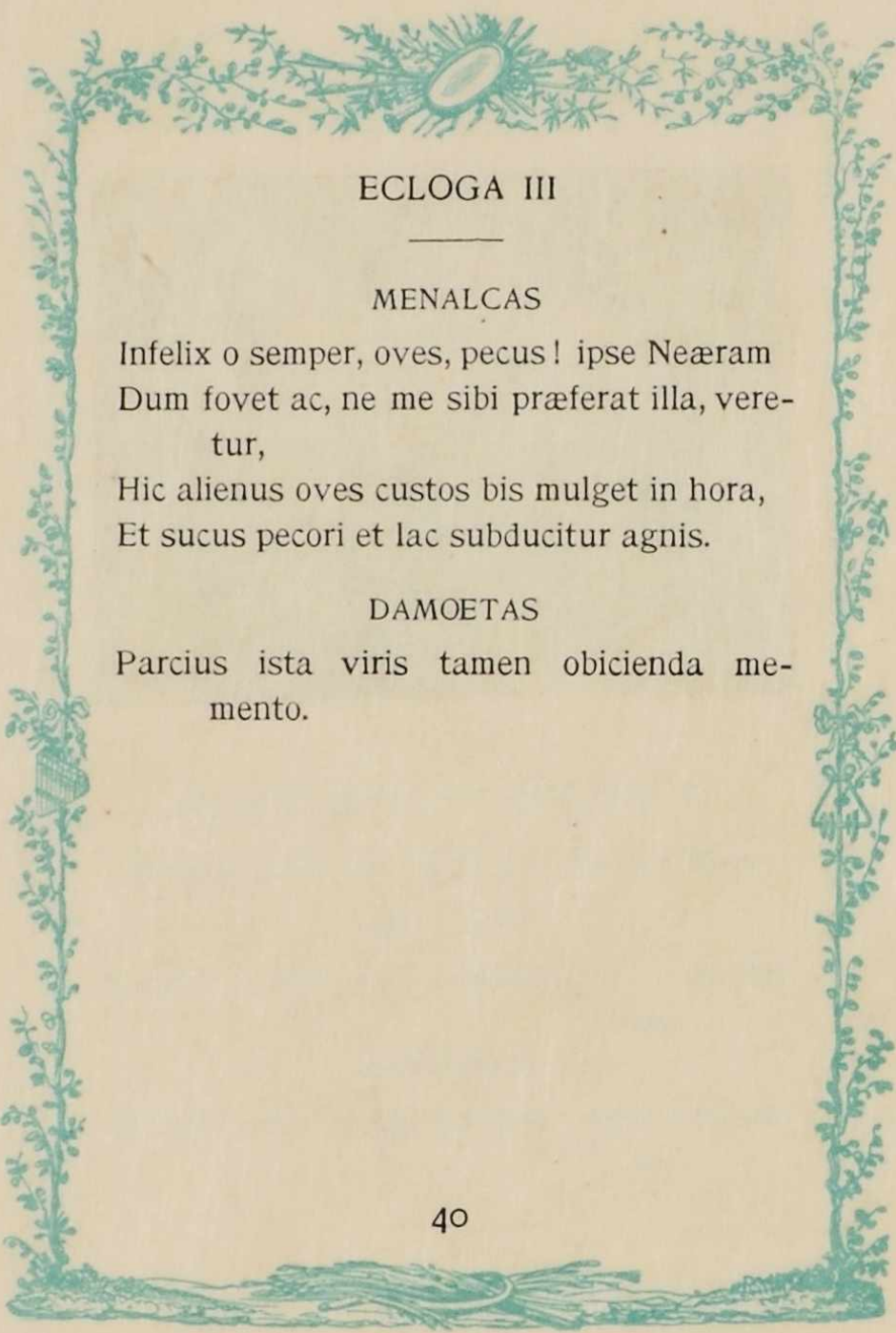
ECLOGUE III.—PALÆMON
MENALCAS—DAMOETAS—PALÆMON

MENALCAS

Ho! swain, what shepherd owns those ragged
sheep?

DAMOETAS

Ægon's they are, he gave them me to
keep.



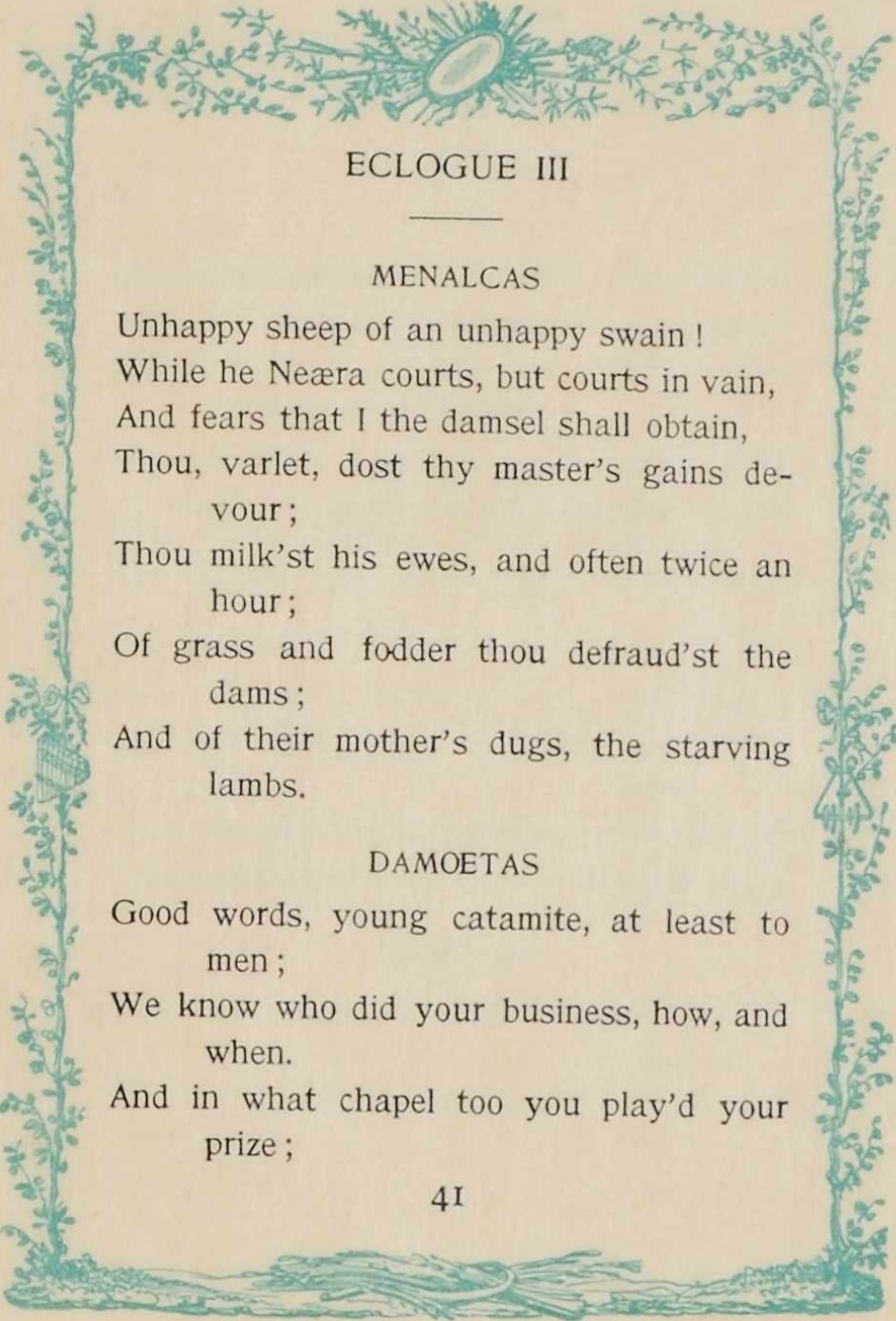
ECLOGA III

MENALCAS

Infelix o semper, oves, pecus ! ipse Neæram
Dum fovet ac, ne me sibi præferat illa, vere-
tur,
Hic alienus oves custos bis mulget in hora,
Et succus pecori et lac subducitur agnis.

DAMOETAS

Parcius ista viris tamen obicienda me-
mento.



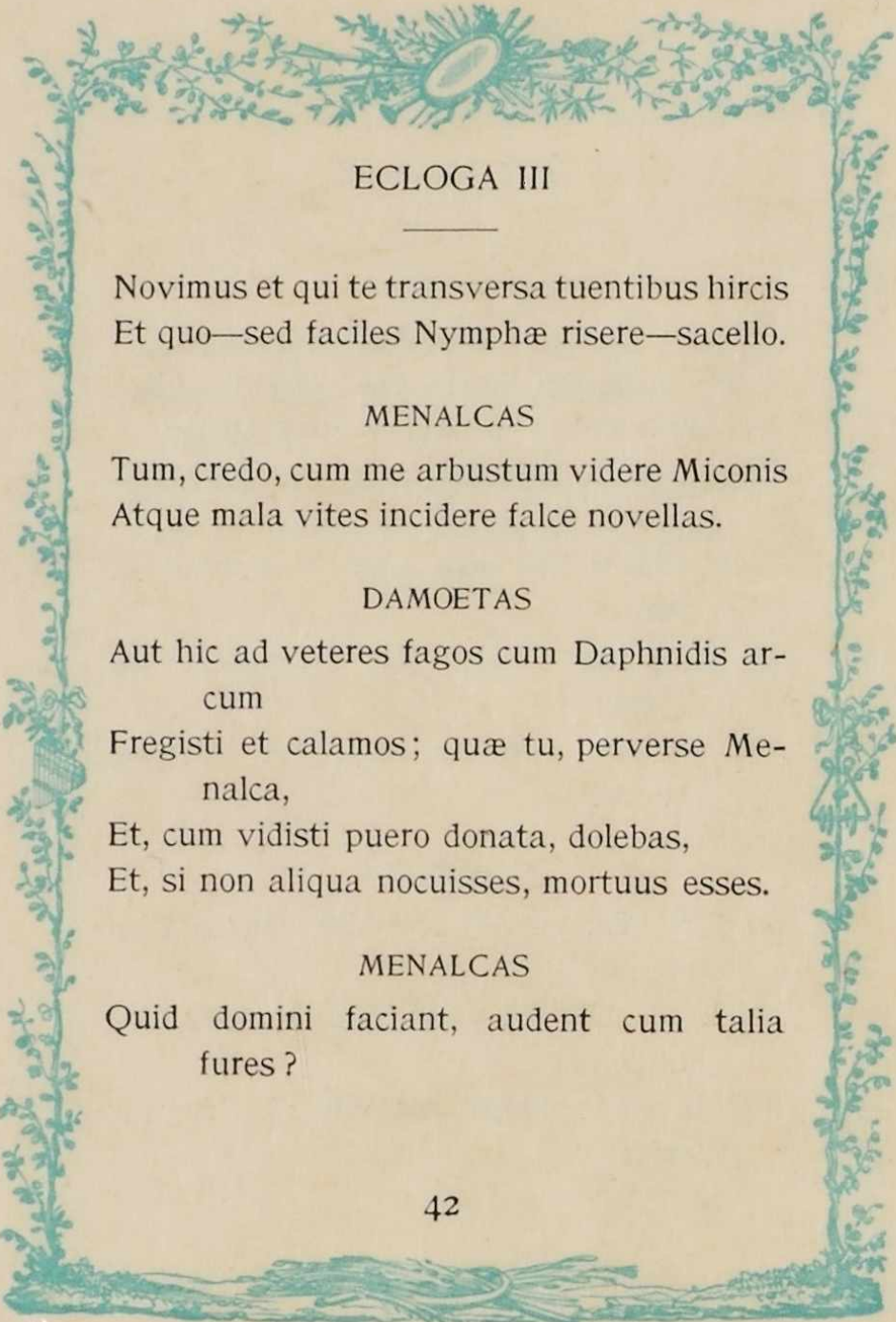
ECLOGUE III

MENALCAS

Unhappy sheep of an unhappy swain !
While he Næara courts, but courts in vain,
And fears that I the damsel shall obtain,
Thou, varlet, dost thy master's gains de-
vour ;
Thou milk'st his ewes, and often twice an
hour ;
Of grass and fodder thou defraud'st the
dams ;
And of their mother's dugs, the starving
lambs.

DAMOETAS

Good words, young catamite, at least to
men ;
We know who did your business, how, and
when.
And in what chapel too you play'd your
prize ;



ECLOGA III

Novimus et qui te transversa tuentibus hircis
Et quo—sed faciles Nymphæ risere—sacello.

MENALCAS

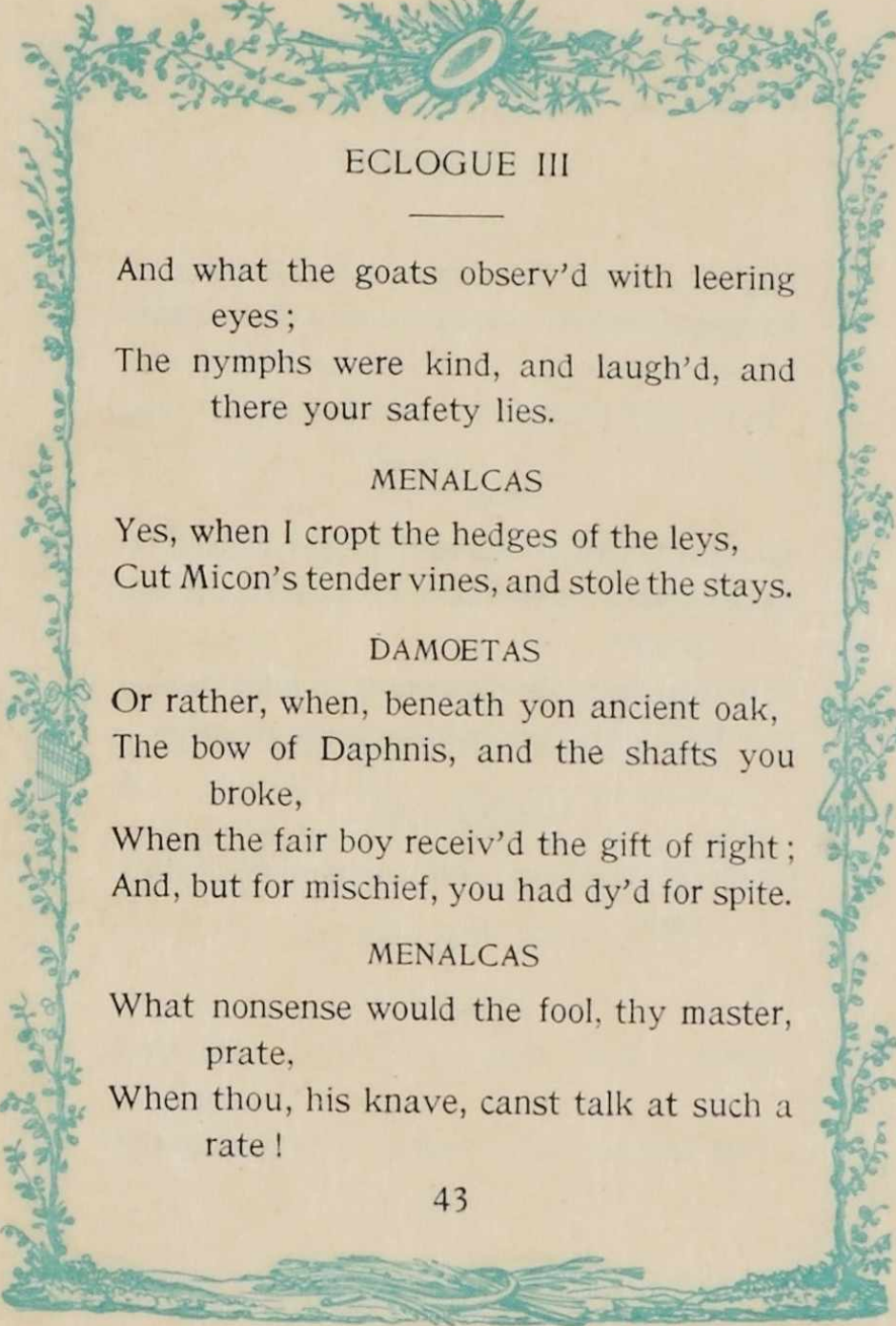
Tum, credo, cum me arbustum videre Miconis
Atque mala vites incidere falce novellas.

DAMOETAS

Aut hic ad veteres fagos cum Daphnidis ar-
cum
Fregisti et calamos; quæ tu, perverse Me-
nalca,
Et, cum vidisti puero donata, dolebas,
Et, si non aliqua nocuisses, mortuus esses.

MENALCAS

Quid domini faciant, audent cum talia
fures?



ECLOGUE III

And what the goats observ'd with leering
eyes;
The nymphs were kind, and laugh'd, and
there your safety lies.

MENALCAS

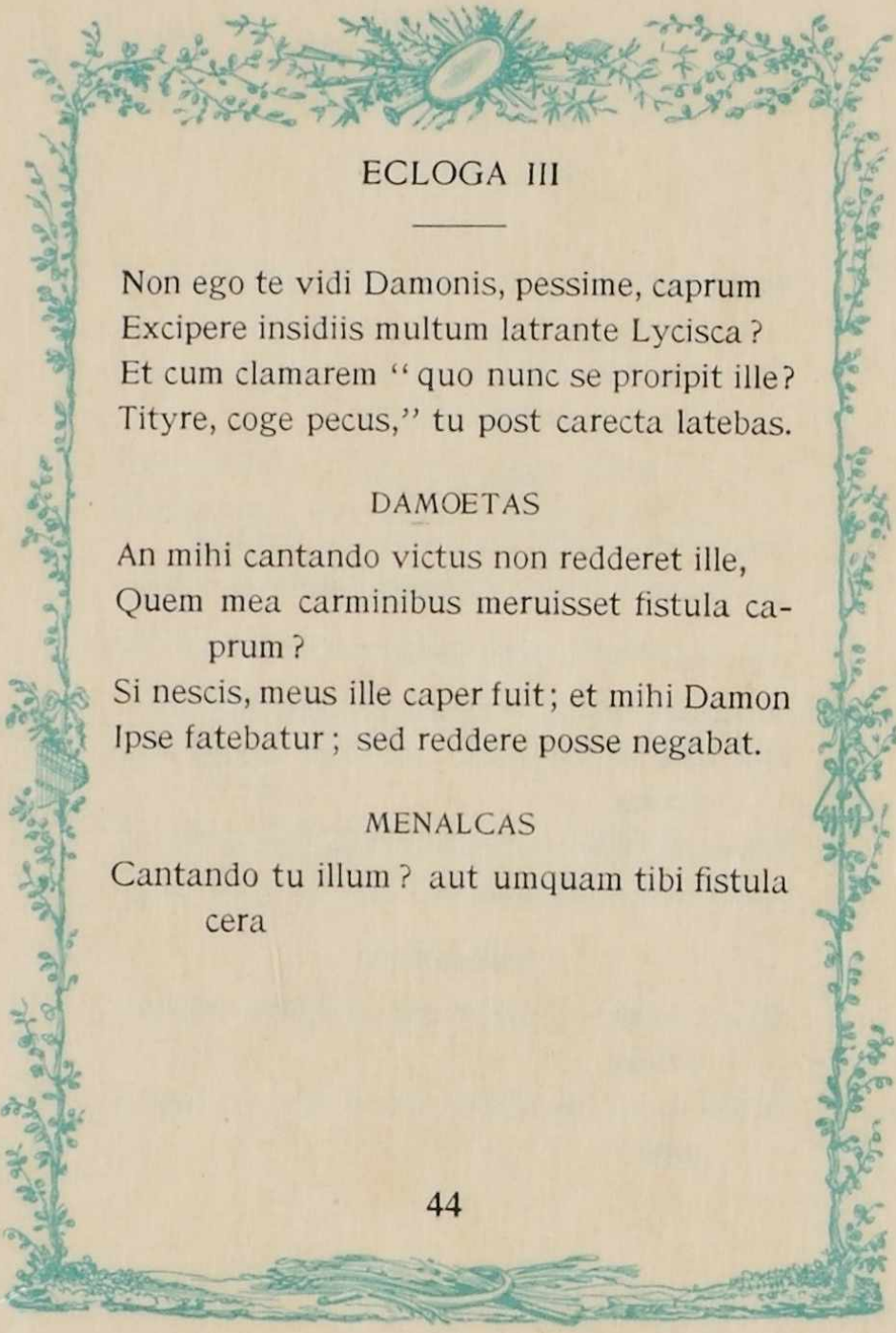
Yes, when I cropt the hedges of the leys,
Cut Micon's tender vines, and stole the stays.

DAMOETAS

Or rather, when, beneath yon ancient oak,
The bow of Daphnis, and the shafts you
broke,
When the fair boy receiv'd the gift of right;
And, but for mischief, you had dy'd for spite.

MENALCAS

What nonsense would the fool, thy master,
prate,
When thou, his knave, canst talk at such a
rate!



ECLOGA III

Non ego te vidi Damonis, pessime, caprum
Excipere insidiis multum latrante Lycisca?
Et cum clamarem "quo nunc se proripit ille?
Tityre, coge pecus," tu post carecta latebas.

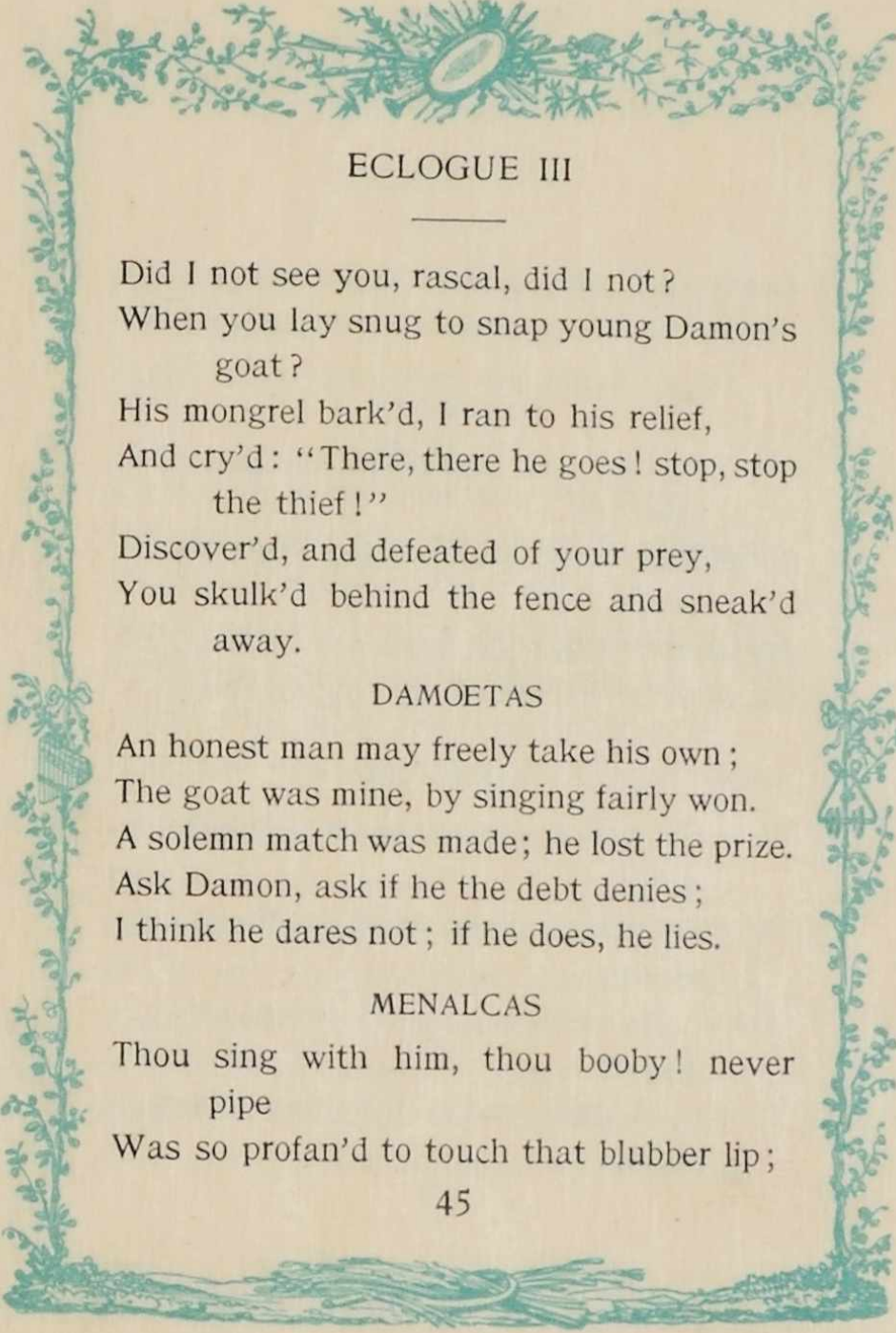
DAMOETAS

An mihi cantando victus non redderet ille,
Quem mea carminibus meruisset fistula ca-
prum?

Si nescis, meus ille caper fuit; et mihi Damon
Ipse fatebatur; sed reddere posse negabat.

MENALCAS

Cantando tu illum? aut umquam tibi fistula
cera



ECLOGUE III

Did I not see you, rascal, did I not?
When you lay snug to snap young Damon's
goat?

His mongrel bark'd, I ran to his relief,
And cry'd: "There, there he goes! stop, stop
the thief!"

Discover'd, and defeated of your prey,
You skulk'd behind the fence and sneak'd
away.

DAMOETAS

An honest man may freely take his own;
The goat was mine, by singing fairly won.
A solemn match was made; he lost the prize.
Ask Damon, ask if he the debt denies;
I think he dares not; if he does, he lies.

MENALCAS

Thou sing with him, thou booby! never
pipe
Was so profan'd to touch that blubber lip;



ECLOGA III

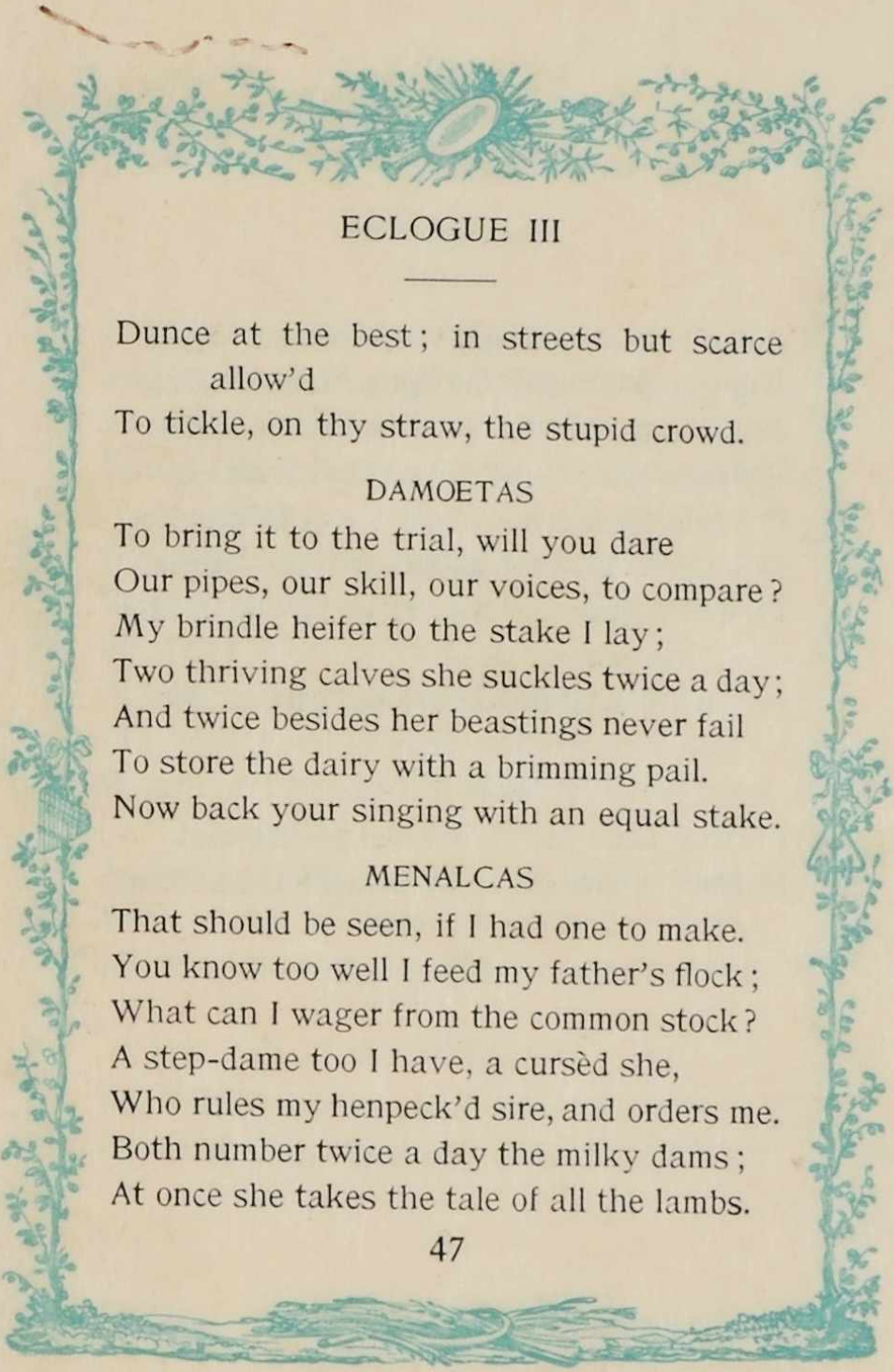
Iuncta fuit? non tu in triviis, indocte, solebas
Stridenti miserum stipula disperdere carmen?

DAMOETAS

Vis ergo, inter nos, quid possit uterque, vicis-
sim
Experiamur? ego hanc vitulam—ne forte re-
cuses,
Bis venit ad mulctram, binos alit ubere fetus—
Depono: tu dic, mecum quo pignore certes.

MENALCAS

De grege non ausim quicquam deponere te-
cum:
Est mihi namque domi pater, est iniusta no-
verca:
Bisque die numerant ambo pecus, alter et
hædos.
Verum, id quod multo tute ipse fatebere
maius,—



ECLOGUE III

Dunce at the best; in streets but scarce
allow'd

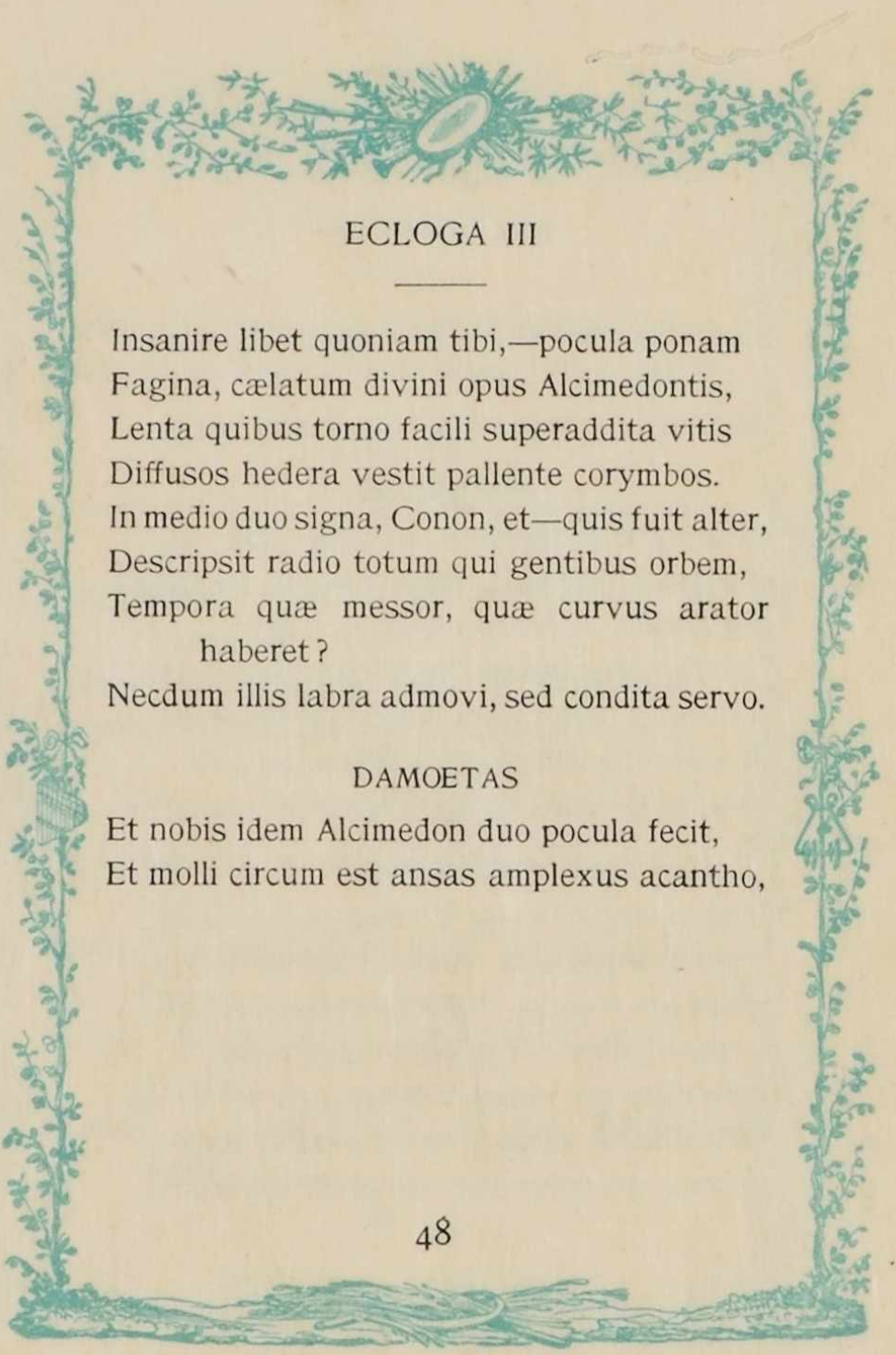
To tickle, on thy straw, the stupid crowd.

DAMOETAS

To bring it to the trial, will you dare
Our pipes, our skill, our voices, to compare?
My brindle heifer to the stake I lay;
Two thriving calves she suckles twice a day;
And twice besides her beastings never fail
To store the dairy with a brimming pail.
Now back your singing with an equal stake.

MENALCAS

That should be seen, if I had one to make.
You know too well I feed my father's flock;
What can I wager from the common stock?
A step-dame too I have, a cursèd she,
Who rules my henpeck'd sire, and orders me.
Both number twice a day the milky dams;
At once she takes the tale of all the lambs.



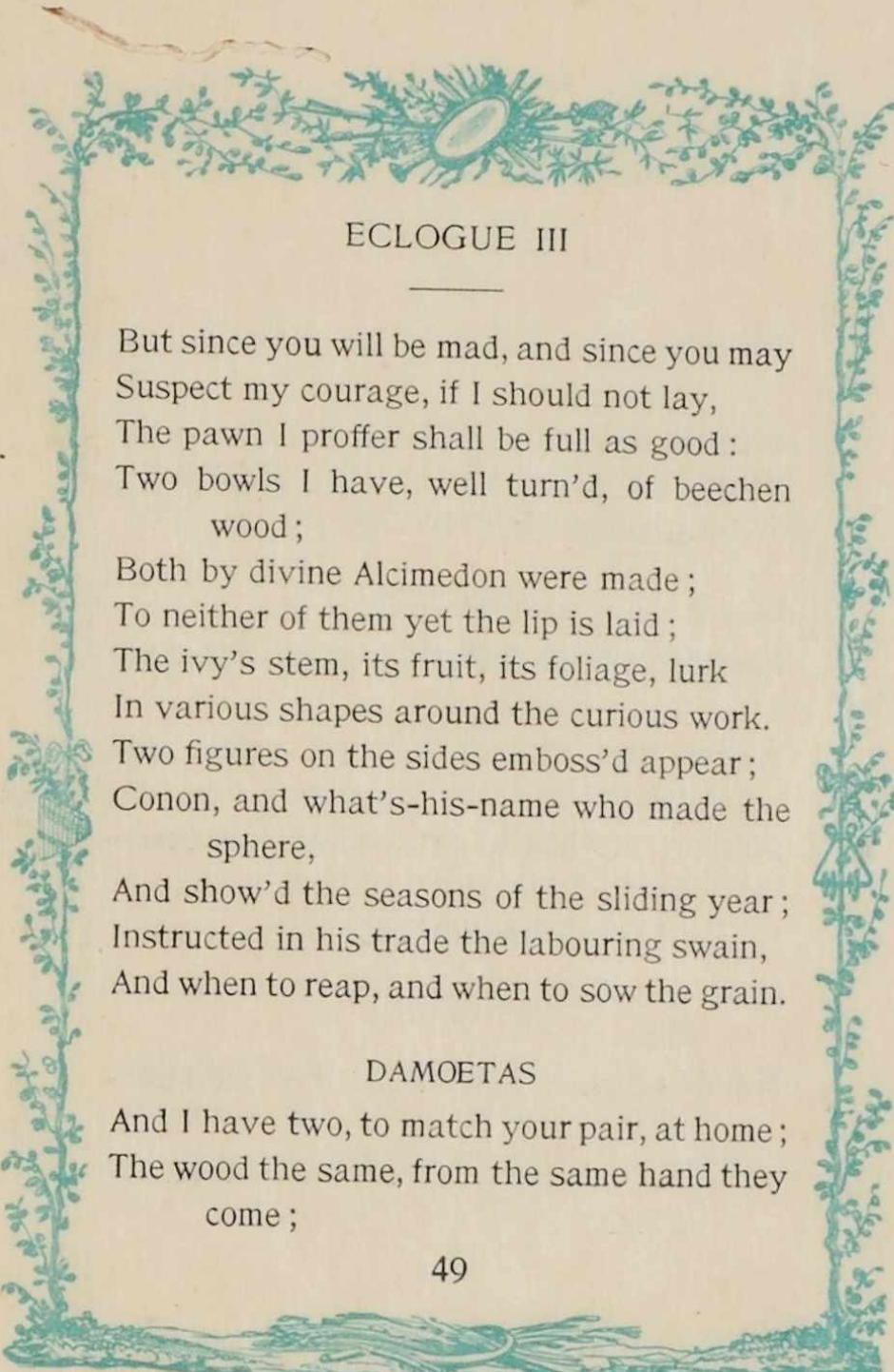
ECLOGA III

Insanire libet quoniam tibi,—pocula ponam
Fagina, cælatum divini opus Alcimedontis,
Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis
Diffusos hedera vestit pallente corymbos.
In medio duo signa, Conon, et—quis fuit alter,
Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem,
Tempora quæ messor, quæ curvus arator
haberet?

Necdum illis labra admovi, sed condita servo.

DAMOETAS

Et nobis idem Alcimedon duo pocula fecit,
Et molli circum est ansas amplexus acantho,

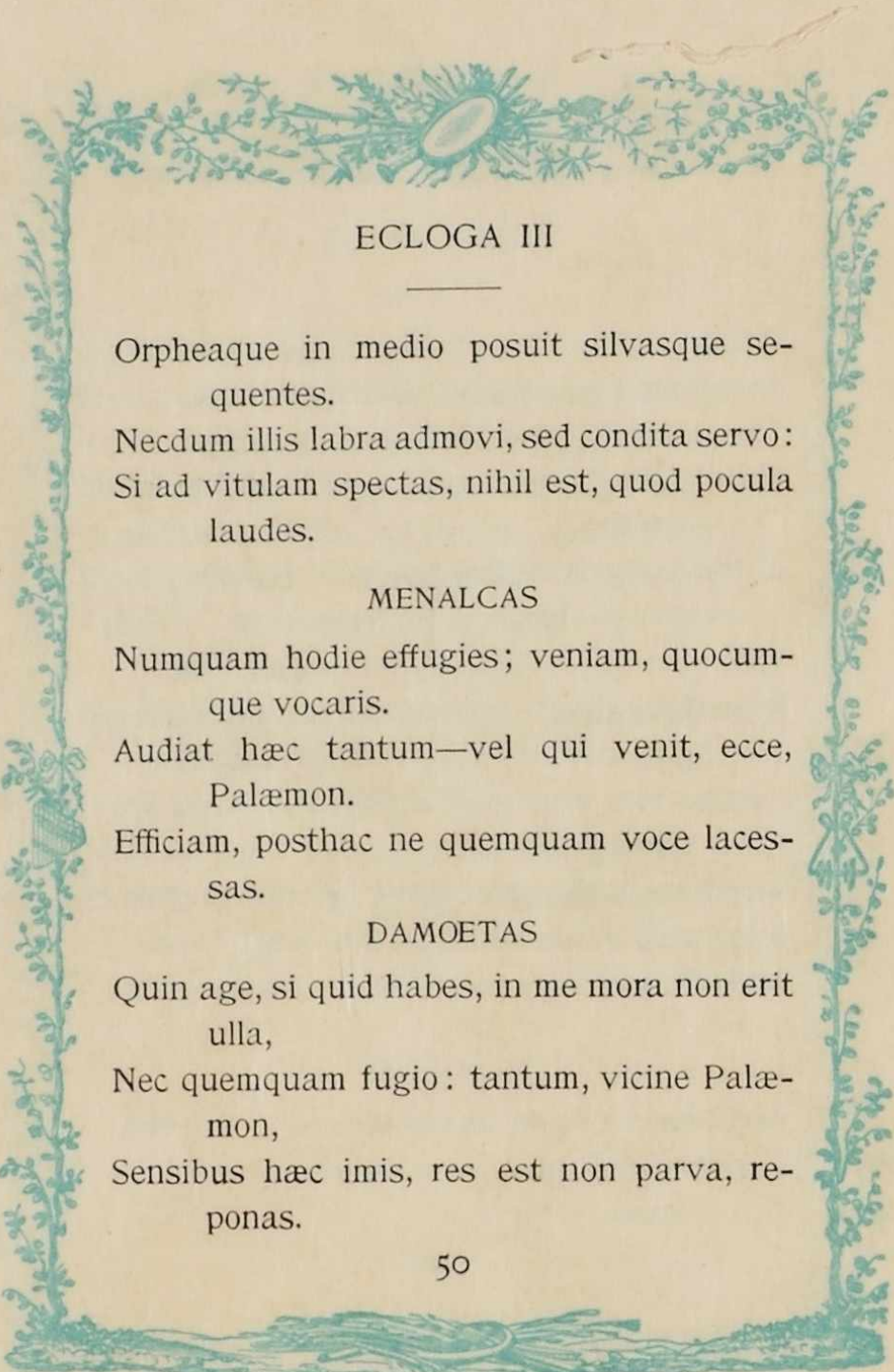


ECLOGUE III

But since you will be mad, and since you may
Suspect my courage, if I should not lay,
The pawn I proffer shall be full as good :
Two bowls I have, well turn'd, of beechen
wood ;
Both by divine Alcimedon were made ;
To neither of them yet the lip is laid ;
The ivy's stem, its fruit, its foliage, lurk
In various shapes around the curious work.
Two figures on the sides emboss'd appear ;
Conon, and what's-his-name who made the
sphere,
And show'd the seasons of the sliding year ;
Instructed in his trade the labouring swain,
And when to reap, and when to sow the grain.

DAMOETAS

And I have two, to match your pair, at home ;
The wood the same, from the same hand they
come ;



ECLOGA III

Orpheaque in medio posuit silvasque sequentes.

Necdum illis labra admovi, sed condita servo:
Si ad vitulam spectas, nihil est, quod pocula laudes.

MENALCAS

Numquam hodie effugies; veniam, quocumque vocaris.

Audiat hæc tantum—vel qui venit, ecce, Palæmon.

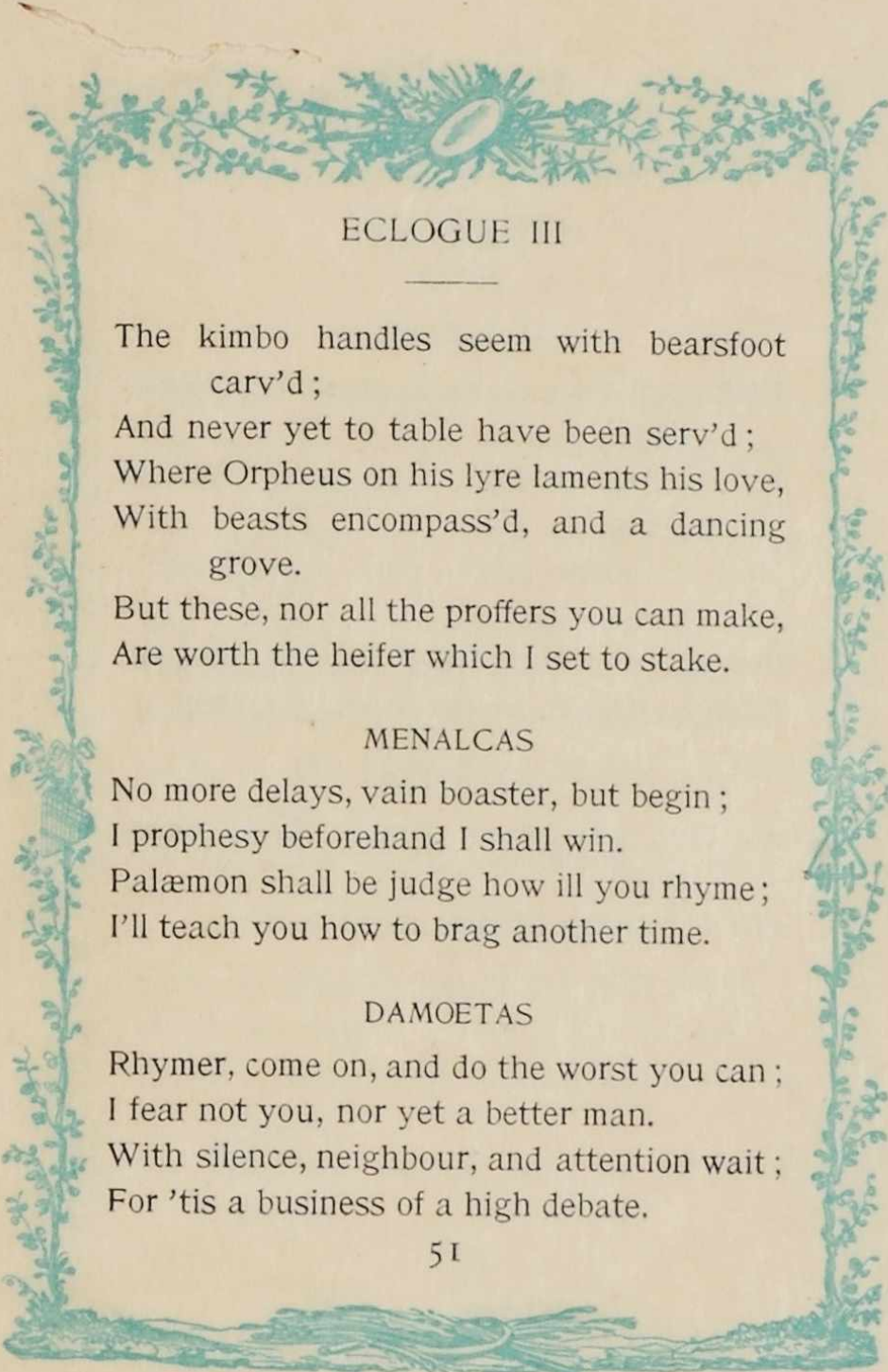
Efficiam, posthac ne quemquam voce lacesas.

DAMOETAS

Quin age, si quid habes, in me mora non erit ulla,

Nec quemquam fugio: tantum, vicine Palæmon,

Sensibus hæc imis, res est non parva, reponas.



ECLOGUE III

The kimbo handles seem with bearsfoot
carv'd ;

And never yet to table have been serv'd ;
Where Orpheus on his lyre laments his love,
With beasts encompass'd, and a dancing
grove.

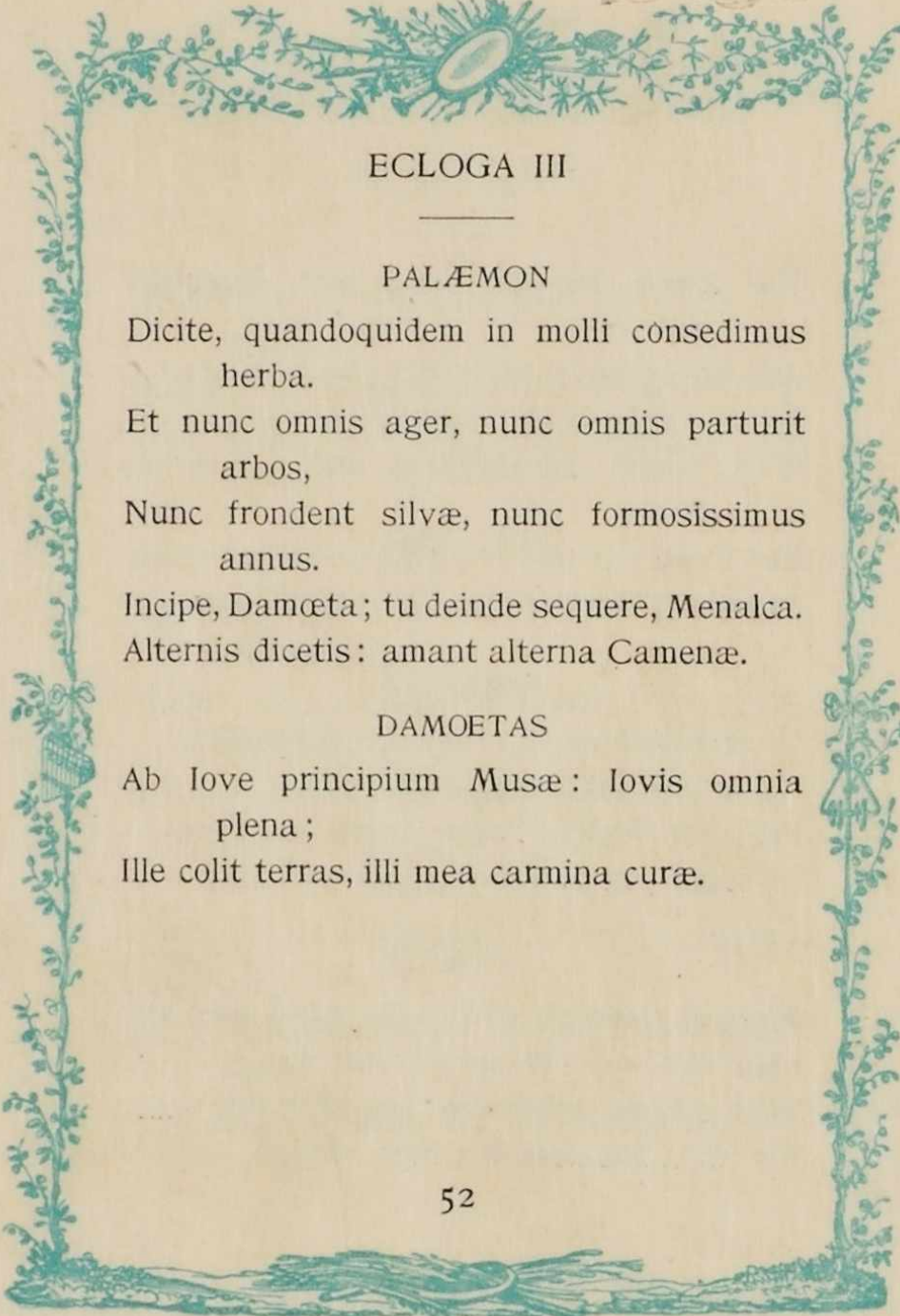
But these, nor all the proffers you can make,
Are worth the heifer which I set to stake.

MENALCAS

No more delays, vain boaster, but begin ;
I prophesy beforehand I shall win.
Palæmon shall be judge how ill you rhyme ;
I'll teach you how to brag another time.

DAMOETAS

Rhymer, come on, and do the worst you can ;
I fear not you, nor yet a better man.
With silence, neighbour, and attention wait ;
For 'tis a business of a high debate.



ECLOGA III

PALÆMON

Dicite, quandoquidem in molli consedimus
herba.

Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit
arbos,

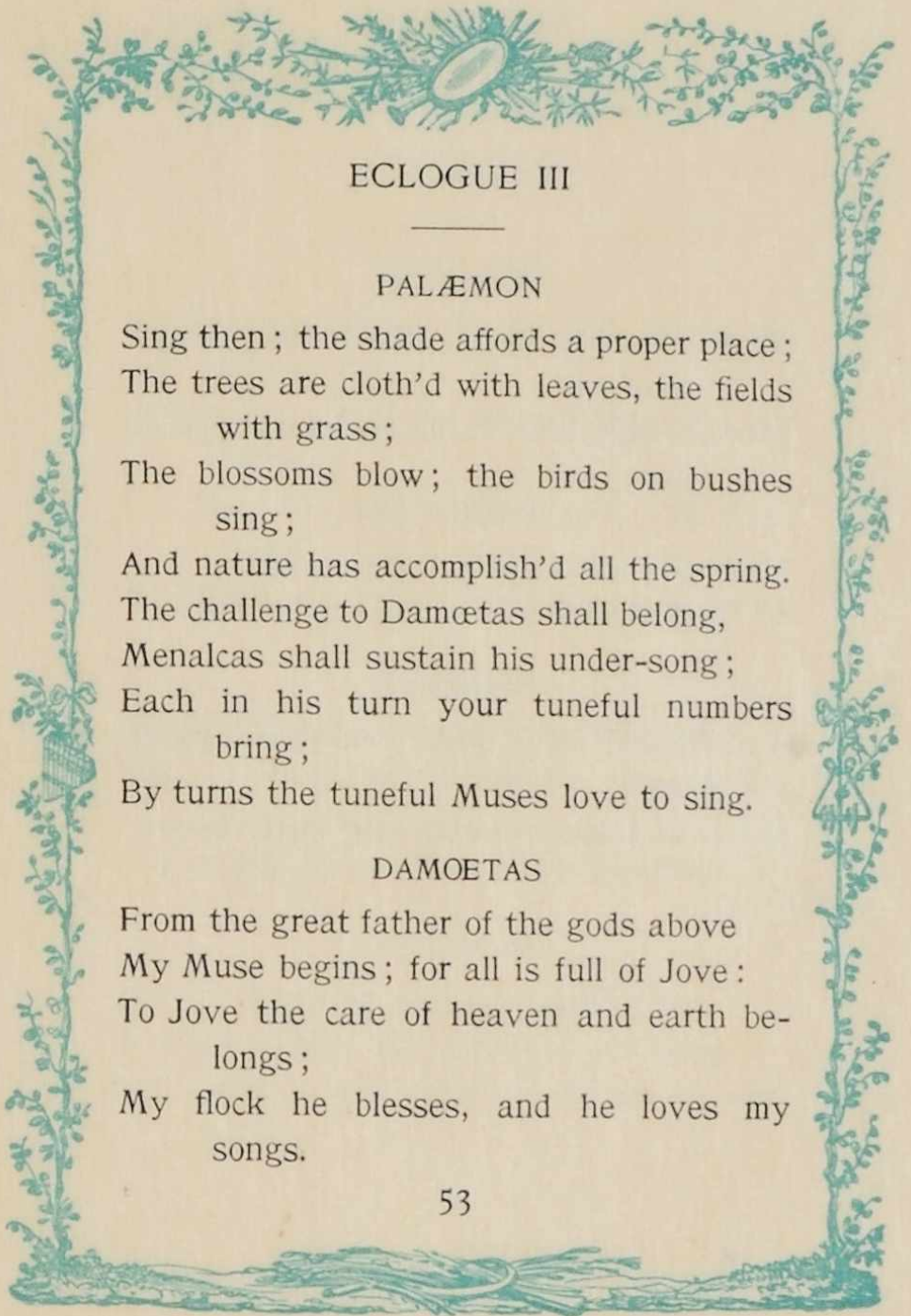
Nunc frudent silvæ, nunc formosissimus
annus.

Incipe, Damœta; tu deinde sequere, Menalca.
Alternis dicetis: amant alterna Camenæ.

DAMOETAS

Ab Iove principium Musæ: Iovis omnia
plena;

Ille colit terras, illi mea carmina curæ.



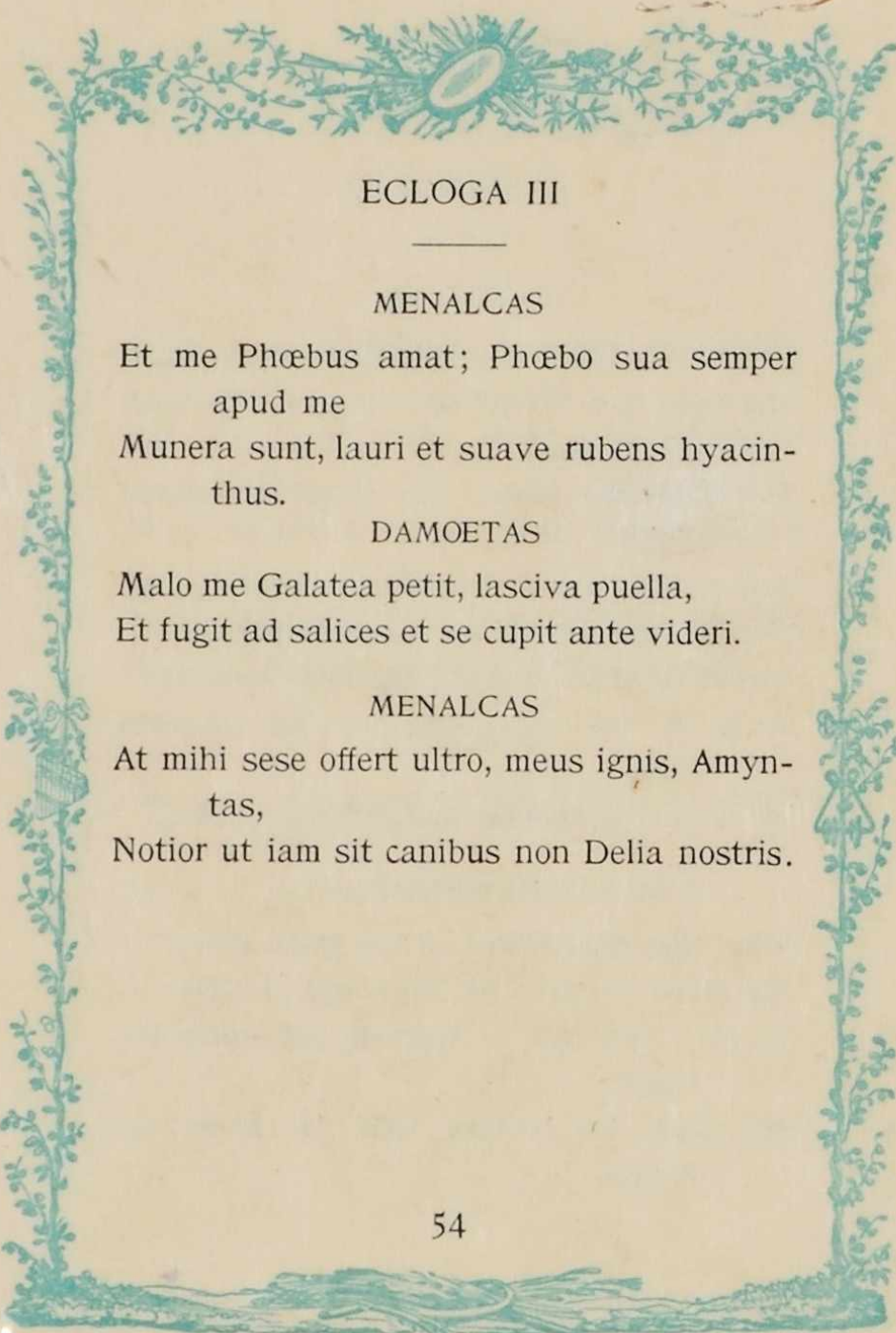
ECLOGUE III

PALÆMON

Sing then ; the shade affords a proper place ;
The trees are cloth'd with leaves, the fields
with grass ;
The blossoms blow ; the birds on bushes
sing ;
And nature has accomplish'd all the spring.
The challenge to Damœtas shall belong,
Menalcas shall sustain his under-song ;
Each in his turn your tuneful numbers
bring ;
By turns the tuneful Muses love to sing.

DAMOETAS

From the great father of the gods above
My Muse begins ; for all is full of Jove :
To Jove the care of heaven and earth be-
longs ;
My flock he blesses, and he loves my
songs.



ECLOGA III

MENALCAS

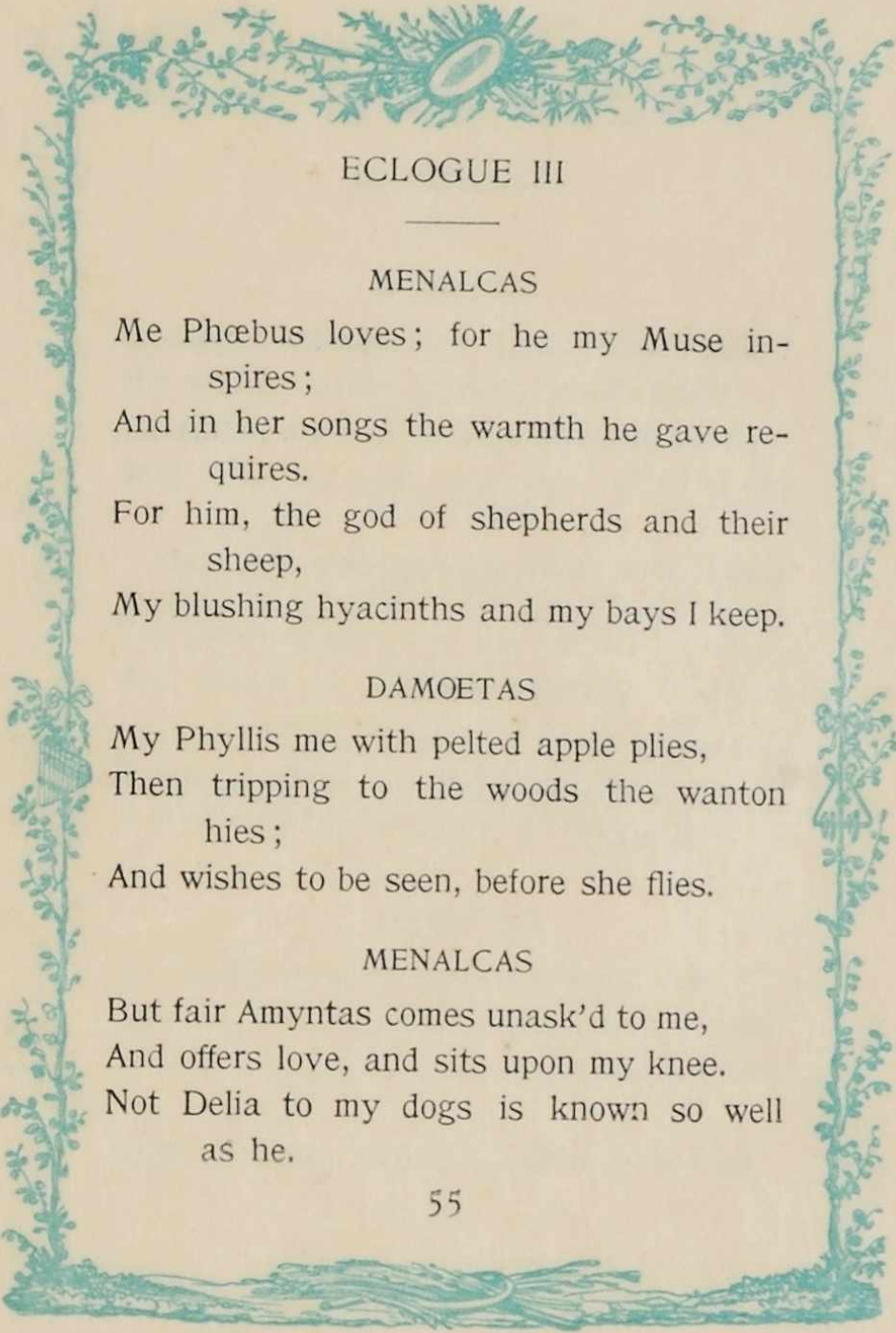
Et me Phœbus amat; Phœbo sua semper
apud me
Munera sunt, lauri et suave rubens hyacin-
thus.

DAMOETAS

Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,
Et fugit ad salices et se cupit ante videri.

MENALCAS

At mihi sese offert ultro, meus ignis, Amyn-
tas,
Notior ut iam sit canibus non Delia nostris.



ECLOGUE III

MENALCAS

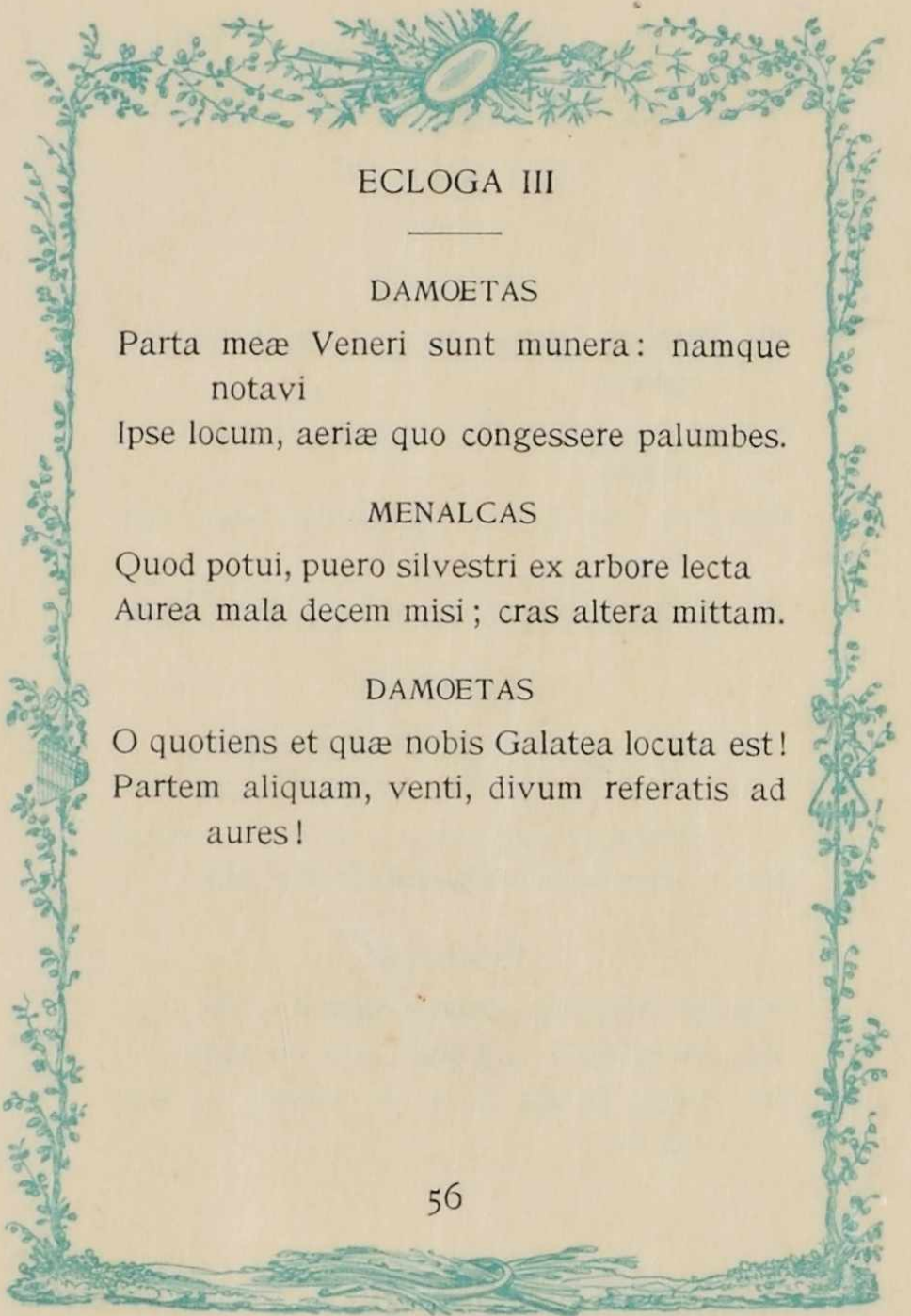
Me Phœbus loves; for he my Muse in-
spires;
And in her songs the warmth he gave re-
quires.
For him, the god of shepherds and their
sheep,
My blushing hyacinths and my bays I keep.

DAMOETAS

My Phyllis me with pelted apple plies,
Then tripping to the woods the wanton
hies;
And wishes to be seen, before she flies.

MENALCAS

But fair Amyntas comes unask'd to me,
And offers love, and sits upon my knee.
Not Delia to my dogs is known so well
as he.



ECLOGA III

DAMOETAS

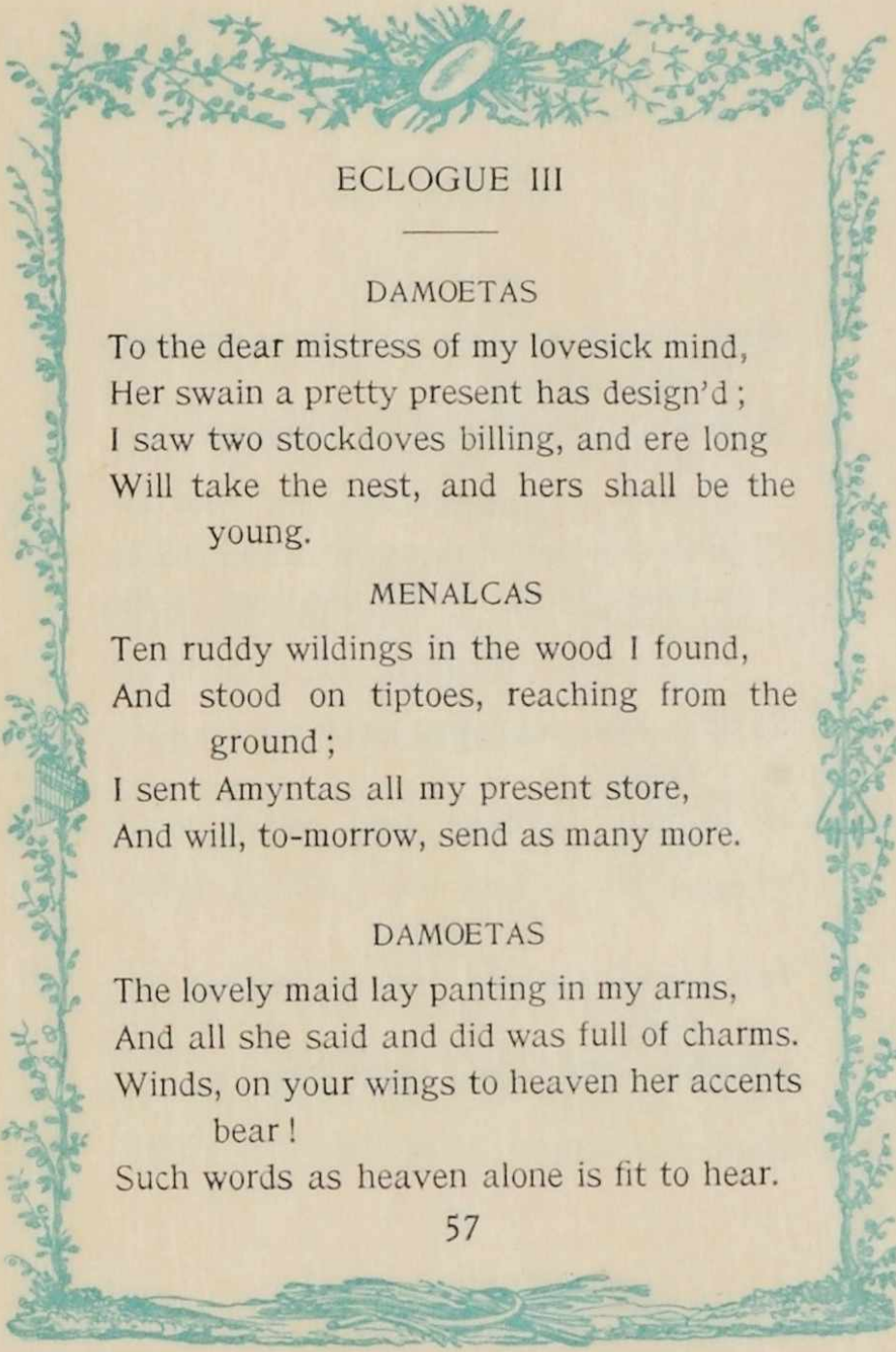
Parta meæ Veneri sunt munera: namque
notavi
Ipse locum, aeriae quo conguessere palumbes.

MENALCAS

Quod potui, puero silvestri ex arbore lecta
Aurea mala decem misi; cras altera mittam.

DAMOETAS

O quotiens et quæ nobis Galatea locuta est!
Partem aliquam, venti, divum referatis ad
aures!



ECLOGUE III

DAMOETAS


To the dear mistress of my lovesick mind,
Her swain a pretty present has design'd ;
I saw two stockdoves billing, and ere long
Will take the nest, and hers shall be the
young.

MENALCAS

Ten ruddy wildings in the wood I found,
And stood on tiptoes, reaching from the
ground ;
I sent Amyntas all my present store,
And will, to-morrow, send as many more.

DAMOETAS

The lovely maid lay panting in my arms,
And all she said and did was full of charms.
Winds, on your wings to heaven her accents
bear !
Such words as heaven alone is fit to hear.



ECLOGA III

MENALCAS

Quid prodest, quod me ipse animo non sper-
nis, Amynta,
Si, dum tu sectaris apros, ego retia servo?

DAMOETAS

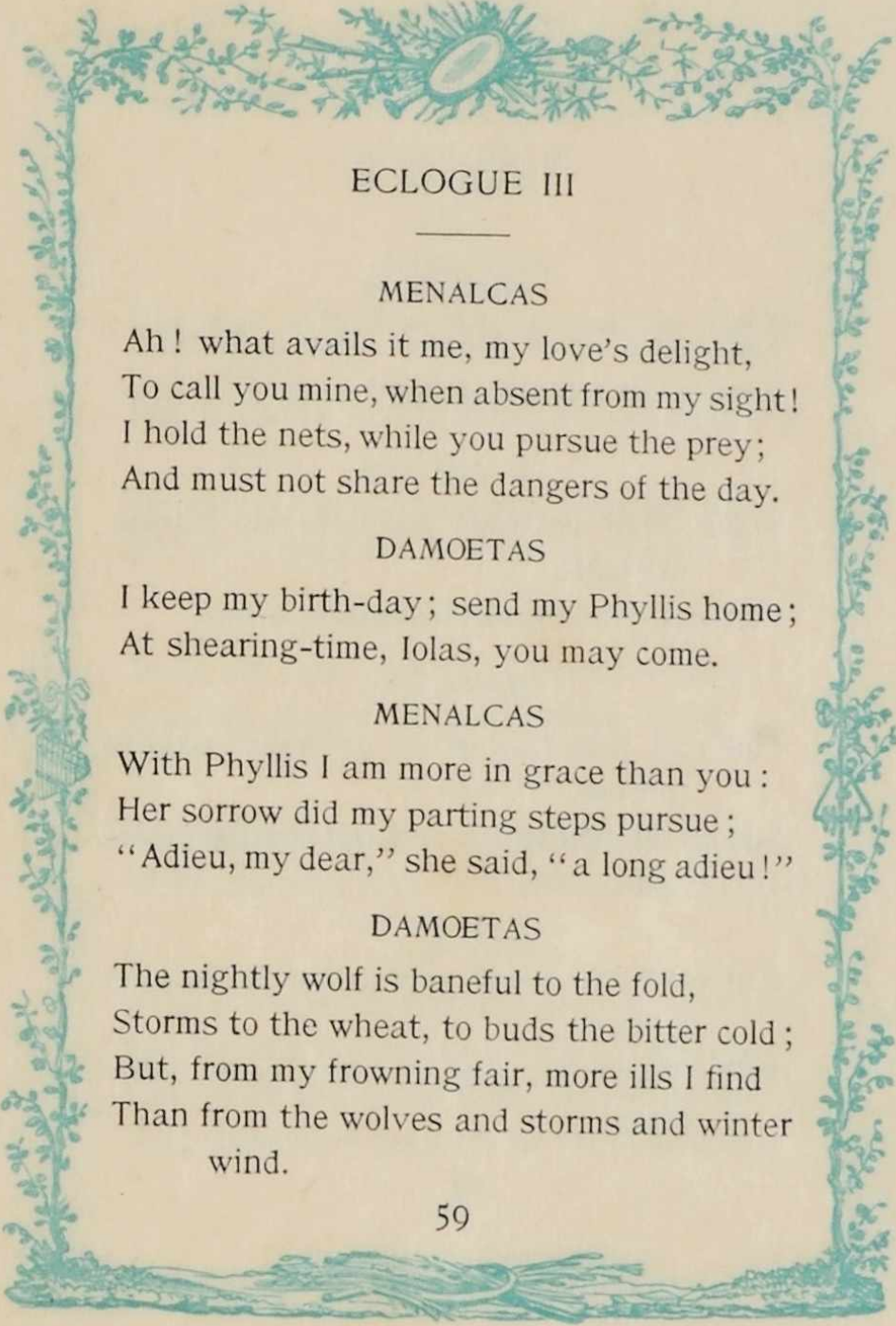
Phyllida mitte mihi: meus est natalis, Iolla:
Cum faciam vitula pro frugibus, ipse venito.

MENALCAS

Phyllida amo ante alias; nam me discedere
flevit
Et longum "formose vale, vale" inquit
"Iolla."

DAMOETAS

Triste lupus stabulis, maturis frugibus im-
bres,
Arboribus venti, nobis Amaryllidis iræ.



ECLOGUE III

MENALCAS

Ah! what avails it me, my love's delight,
To call you mine, when absent from my sight!
I hold the nets, while you pursue the prey;
And must not share the dangers of the day.

DAMOETAS

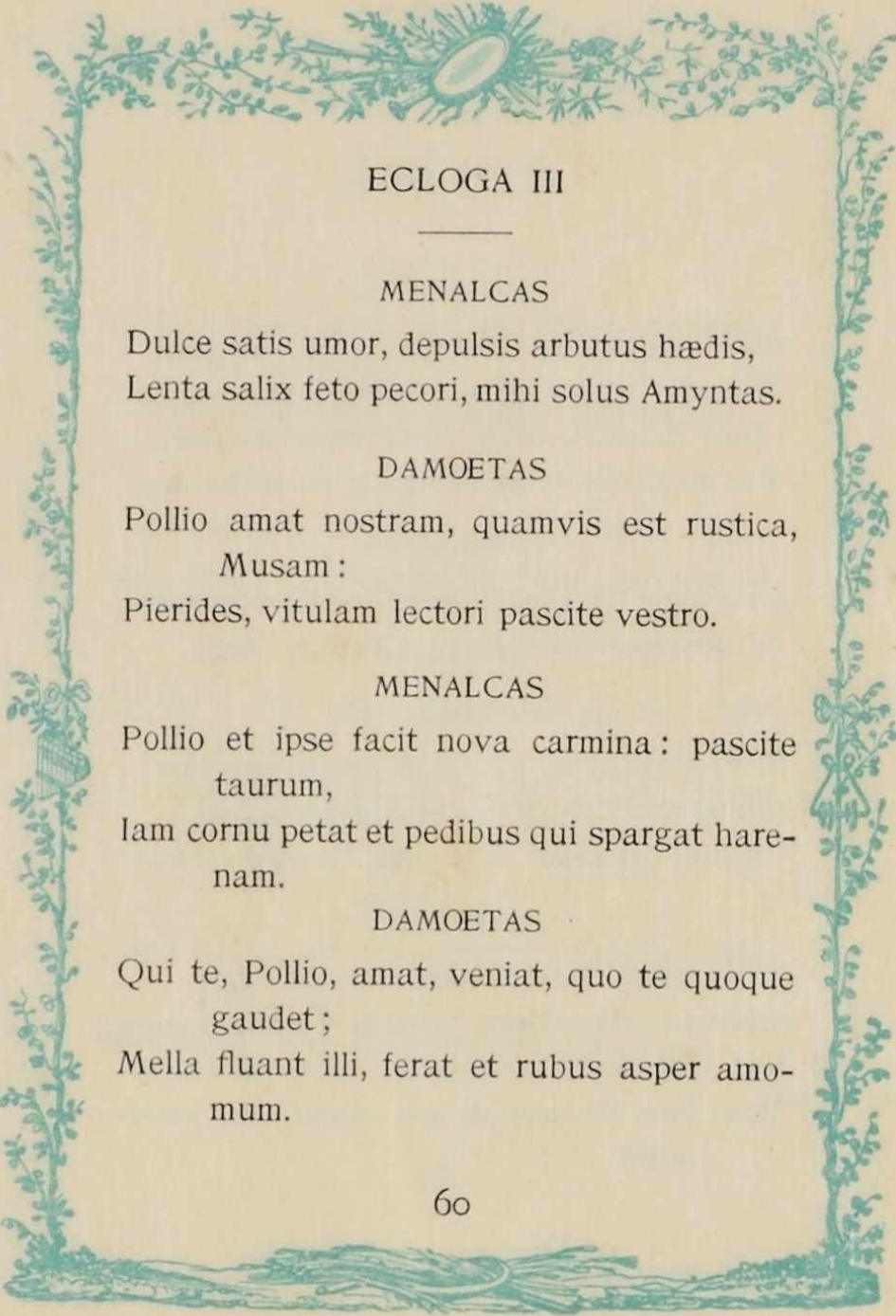
I keep my birth-day; send my Phyllis home;
At shearing-time, Iolas, you may come.

MENALCAS

With Phyllis I am more in grace than you:
Her sorrow did my parting steps pursue;
"Adieu, my dear," she said, "a long adieu!"

DAMOETAS

The nightly wolf is baneful to the fold,
Storms to the wheat, to buds the bitter cold;
But, from my frowning fair, more ills I find
Than from the wolves and storms and winter
wind.



ECLOGA III

MENALCAS

Dulce satis umor, depulsis arbutus hædis,
Lenta salix feto pecori, mihi solus Amyntas.

DAMOETAS

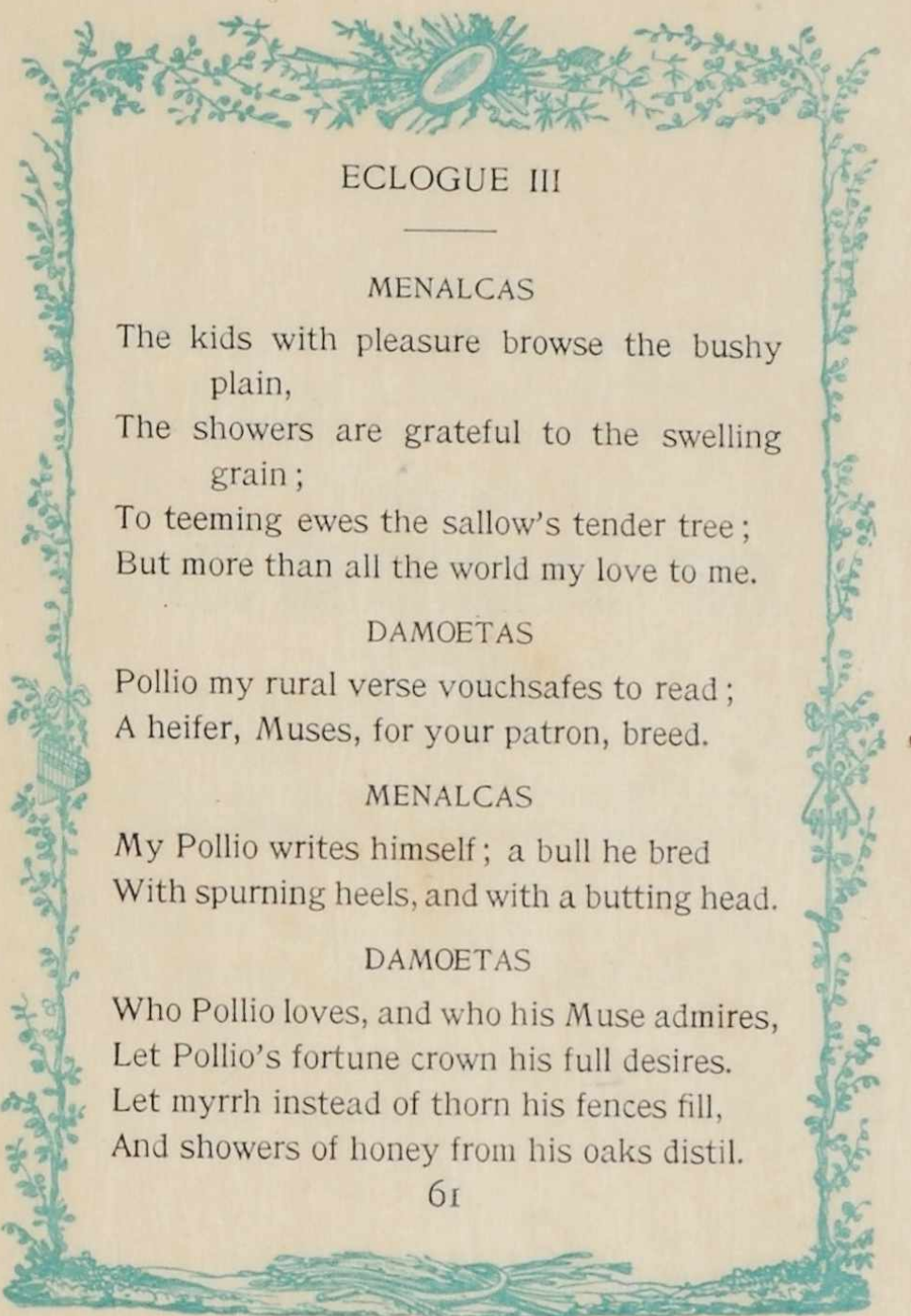
Pollio amat nostram, quamvis est rustica,
Musam :
Pierides, vitulam lectori pascite vestro.

MENALCAS

Pollio et ipse facit nova carmina : pascite
taurum,
Iam cornu petat et pedibus qui spargat hare-
nam.

DAMOETAS

Qui te, Pollio, amat, veniat, quo te quoque
gaudet ;
Mella fluant illi, ferat et rubus asper amo-
mum.



ECLOGUE III

MENALCAS

The kids with pleasure browse the bushy
plain,
The showers are grateful to the swelling
grain ;
To teeming ewes the sallow's tender tree ;
But more than all the world my love to me.

DAMOETAS

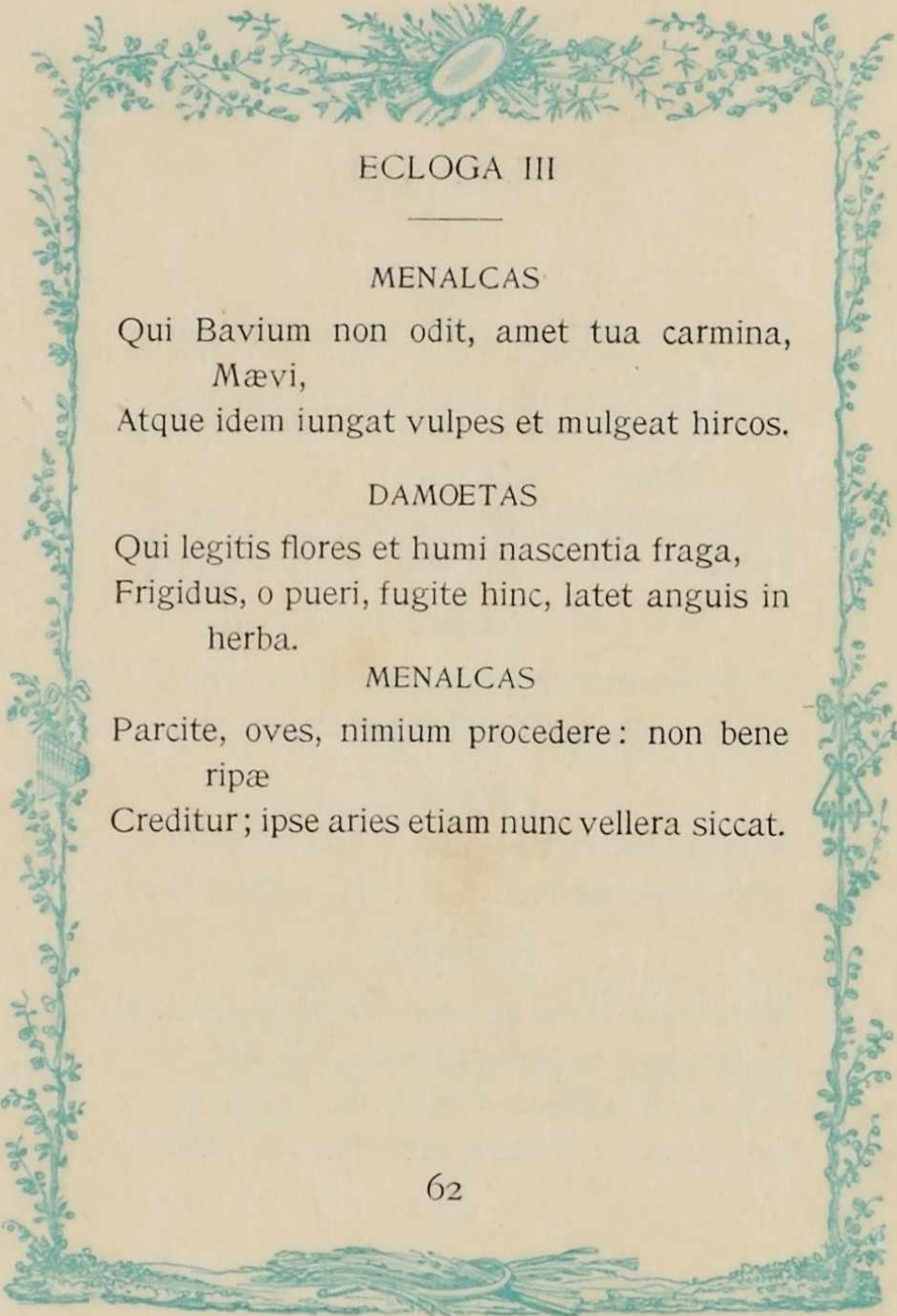
Pollio my rural verse vouchsafes to read ;
A heifer, Muses, for your patron, breed.

MENALCAS

My Pollio writes himself ; a bull he bred
With spurning heels, and with a butting head.

DAMOETAS

Who Pollio loves, and who his Muse admires,
Let Pollio's fortune crown his full desires.
Let myrrh instead of thorn his fences fill,
And showers of honey from his oaks distil.



ECLOGA III

MENALCAS

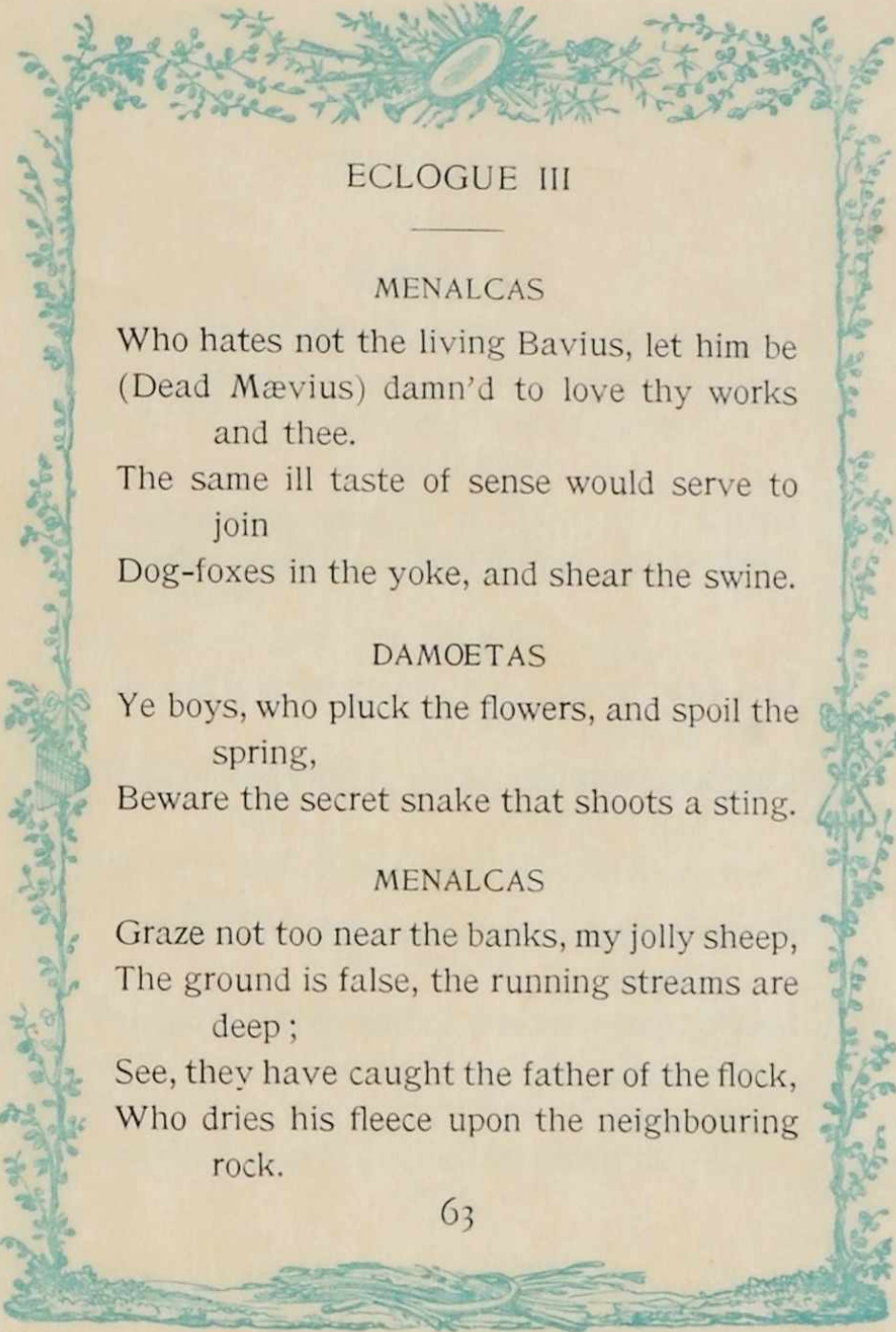
Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina,
Mævi,
Atque idem iungat vulpes et mulgeat hircos.

DAMOETAS

Qui legitis flores et humi nascentia fraga,
Frigidus, o pueri, fugite hinc, latet anguis in
herba.

MENALCAS

Parcite, oves, nimium procedere: non bene
ripæ
Creditur; ipse aries etiam nunc vellera siccet.



ECLOGUE III

MENALCAS

Who hates not the living Bavius, let him be
(Dead Mævius) damn'd to love thy works
and thee.

The same ill taste of sense would serve to
join

Dog-foxes in the yoke, and shear the swine.

DAMOETAS

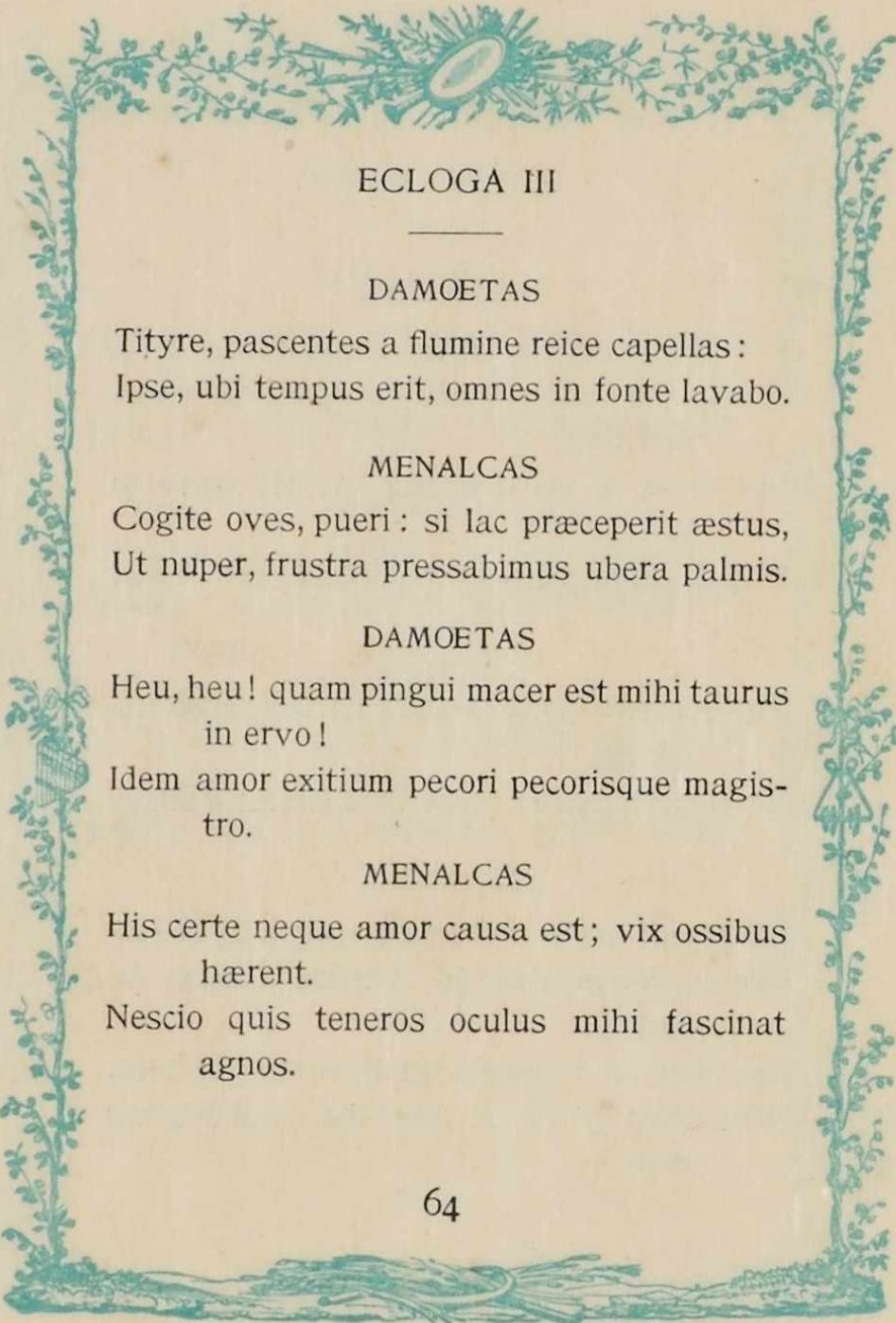
Ye boys, who pluck the flowers, and spoil the
spring,

Beware the secret snake that shoots a sting.

MENALCAS

Graze not too near the banks, my jolly sheep,
The ground is false, the running streams are
deep ;

See, they have caught the father of the flock,
Who dries his fleece upon the neighbouring
rock.



ECLOGA III

DAMOETAS

Tityre, pascentes a flumine reice capellas :
Ipse, ubi tempus erit, omnes in fonte lavabo.

MENALCAS

Cogite oves, pueri : si lac præceperit æstus,
Ut nuper, frustra pressabimus ubera palmis.

DAMOETAS

Heu, heu! quam pingui macer est mihi taurus
in ervo!
Idem amor exitium pecori pecorisque magis-
tro.

MENALCAS

His certe neque amor causa est; vix ossibus
hærent.
Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat
agnos.



ECLOGUE III

DAMOETAS

From rivers drive the kids, and sling your
hook ;
Anon I'll wash them in the shallow brook.

MENALCAS

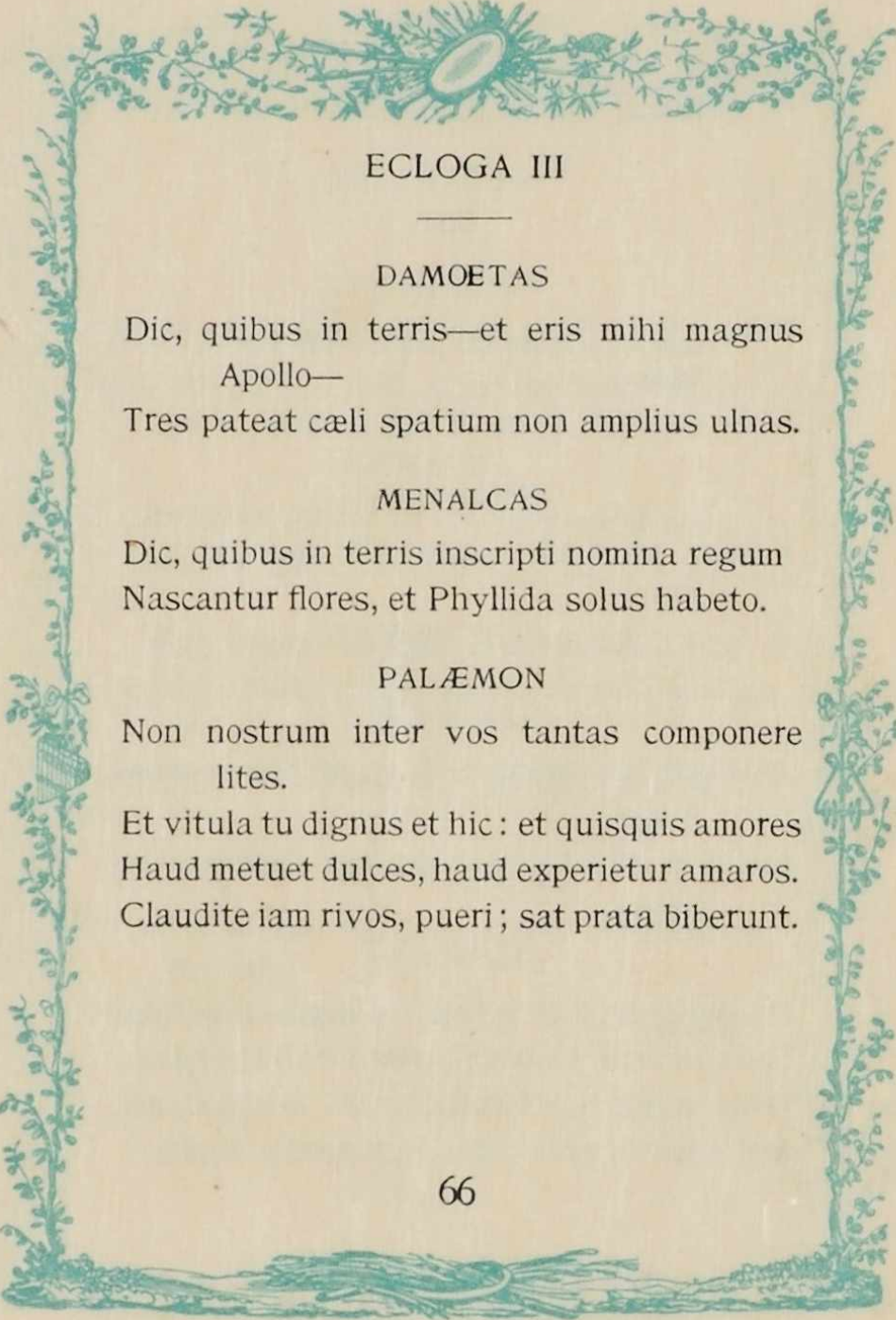
To fold, my flock ; when milk is dry'd with
heat,
In vain the milkmaid tugs an empty teat.

DAMOETAS

How lank my bulls from plenteous pasture
come !
But love, that drains the herd, destroys the
groom.

MENALCAS

My flocks are free from love ; yet look so thin,
Their bones are barely cover'd with their skin.
What magic has bewitch'd the woolly dams,
And what ill eyes beheld the tender lambs ?



ECLOGA III

DAMOETAS

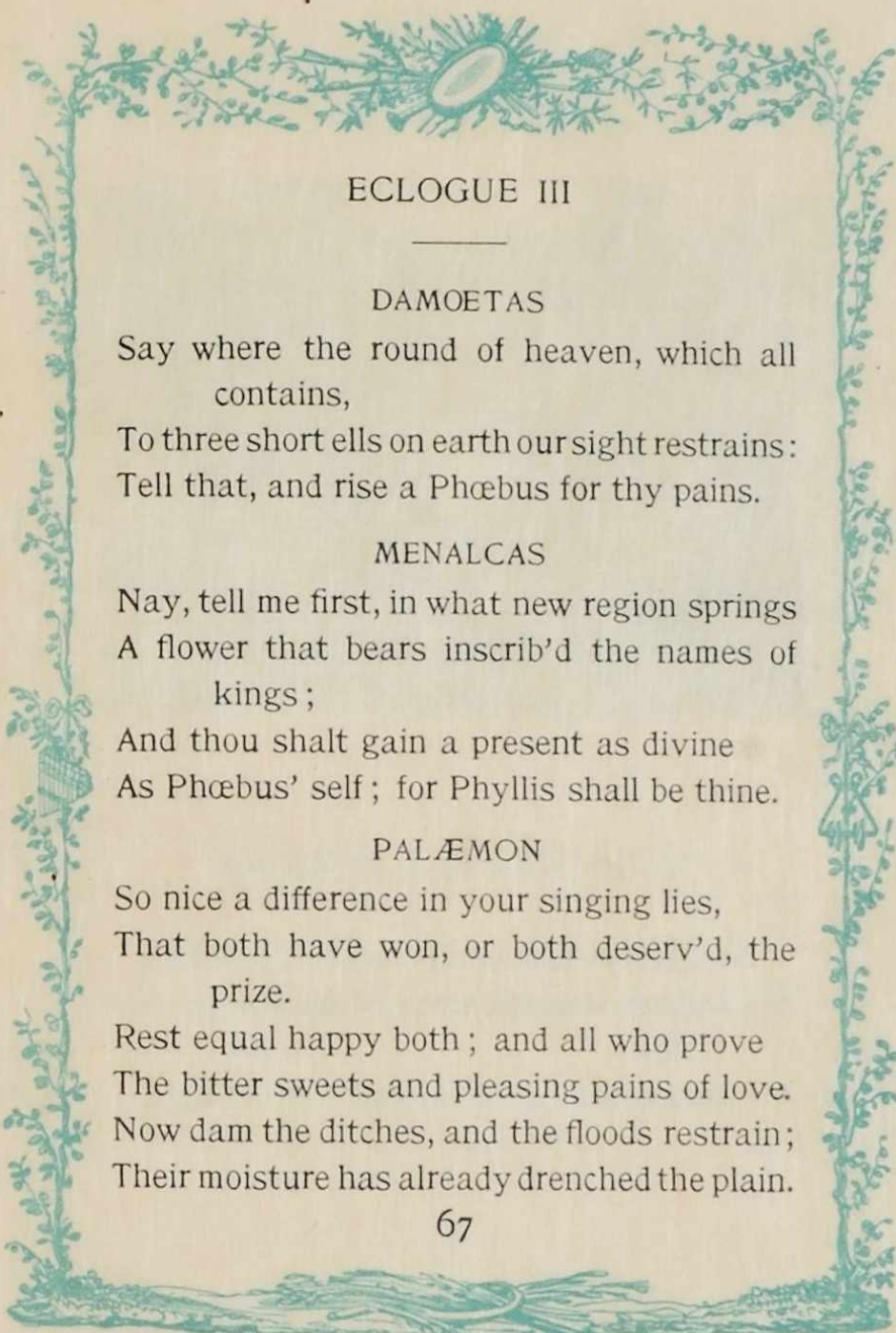
Dic, quibus in terris—et eris mihi magnus
Apollo—
Tres pateat cæli spatium non amplius ulnas.

MENALCAS

Dic, quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum
Nascantur flores, et Phyllida solus habeto.

PALÆMON

Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere
lites.
Et vitula tu dignus et hic : et quisquis amores
Haud metuet dulces, haud experietur amarus.
Claudite iam rivos, pueri ; sat prata biberunt.



ECLOGUE III

DAMOETAS

Say where the round of heaven, which all
contains,
To three short ells on earth our sight restrains:
Tell that, and rise a Phœbus for thy pains.

MENALCAS

Nay, tell me first, in what new region springs
A flower that bears inscrib'd the names of
kings;
And thou shalt gain a present as divine
As Phœbus' self; for Phyllis shall be thine.

PALÆMON

So nice a difference in your singing lies,
That both have won, or both deserv'd, the
prize.
Rest equal happy both; and all who prove
The bitter sweets and pleasing pains of love.
Now dam the ditches, and the floods restrain;
Their moisture has already drenched the plain.



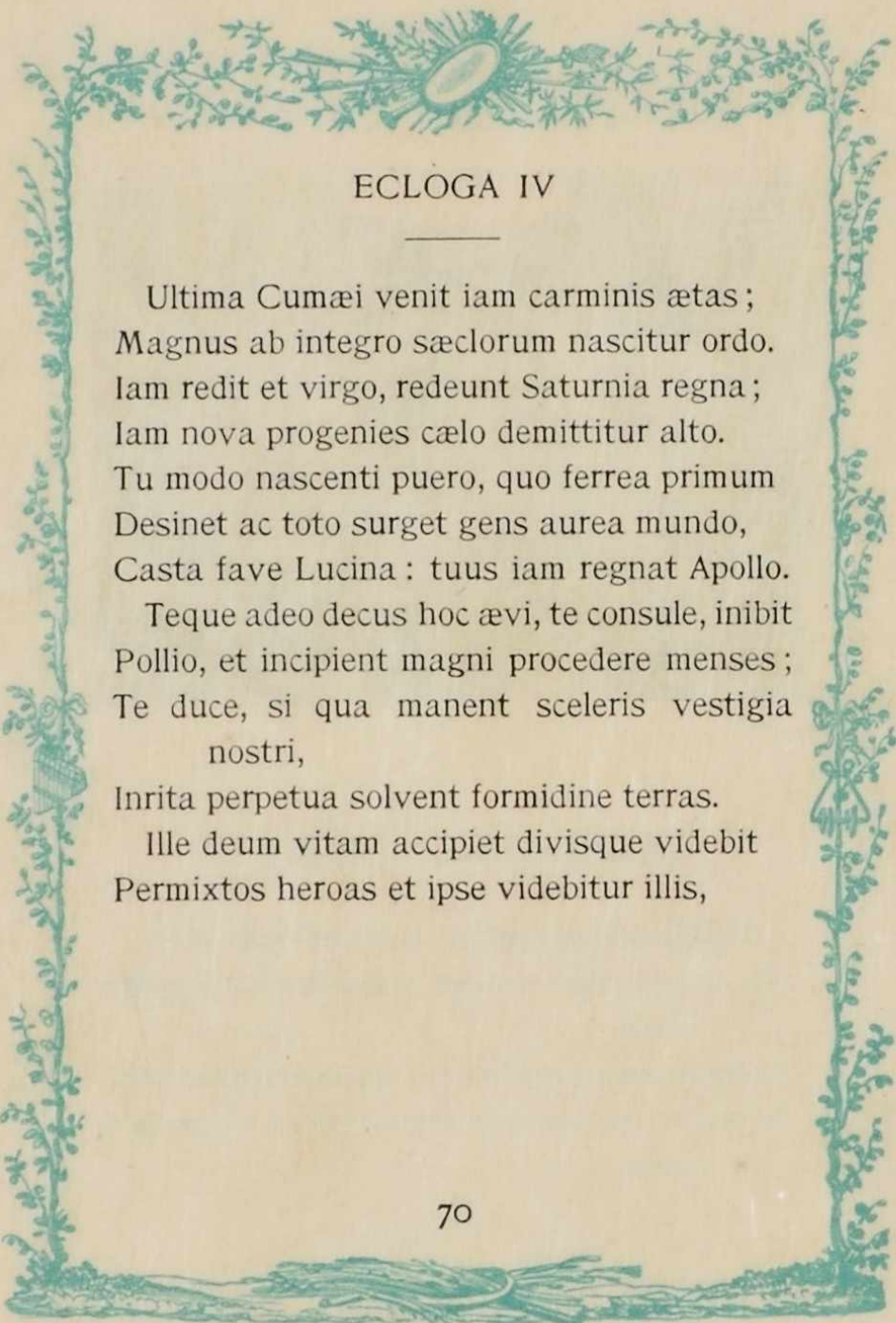
ECLOGA IV.—POLLIO

Sicelides Musæ, paulo maiora canamus!
Non omnes arbusta iuvant humilesque my-
ricæ;
Si canimus silvas, silvæ sint consule dignæ.



ECLOGUE IV.—POLLIO

Sicilian Muse, begin a loftier strain!
Tho' lowly shrubs and trees that shade the
plain
Delight not all; Sicilian Muse, prepare
To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's
care.



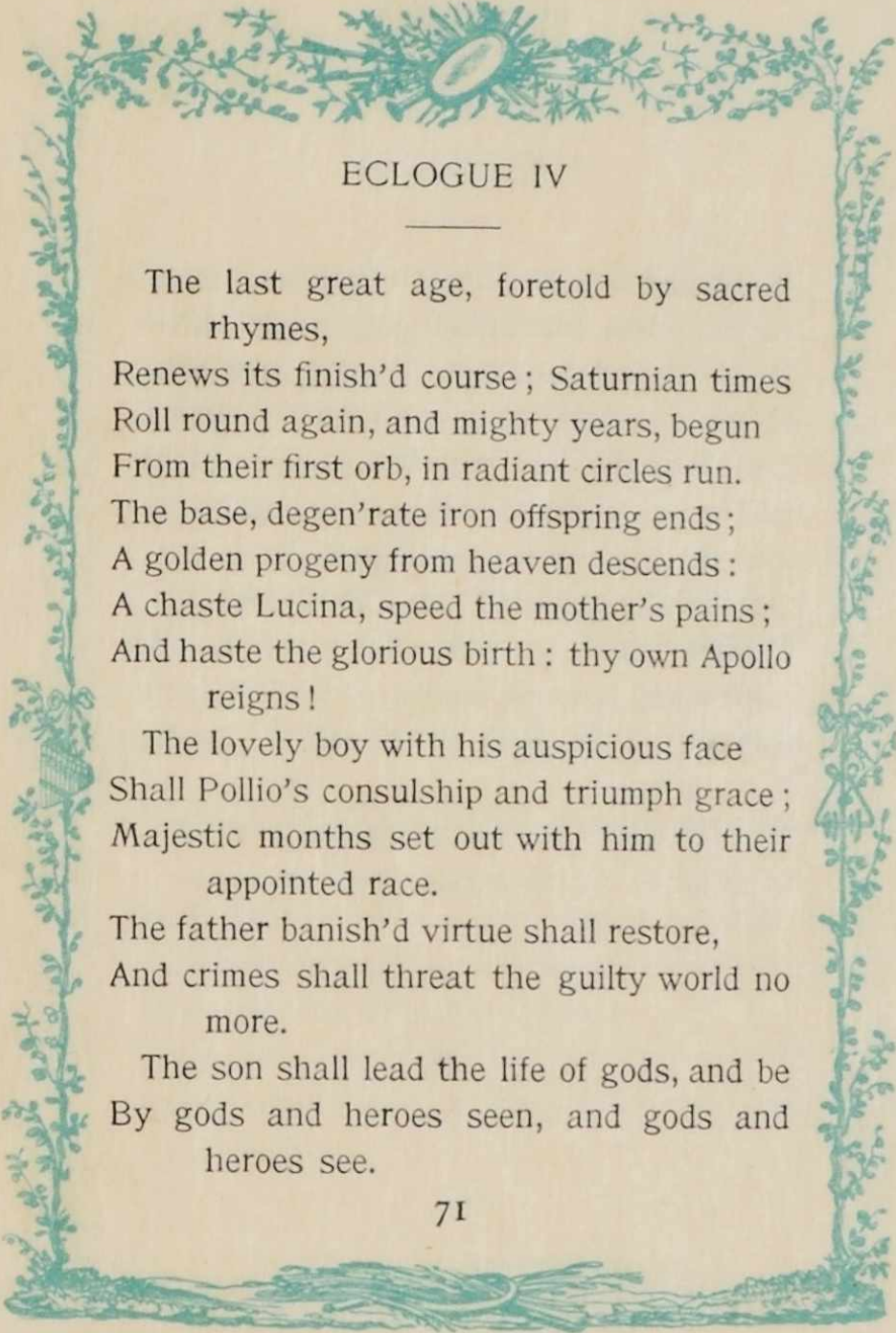
ECLOGA IV

Ultima Cumæi venit iam carminis ætas ;
Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.
Iam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna ;
Iam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto.
Tu modo nascenti puero, quo ferrea primum
Desinet ac toto surget gens aurea mundo,
Casta fave Lucina : tuus iam regnat Apollo.

Teque adeo decus hoc ævi, te consule, inibit
Pollio, et incipient magni procedere menses ;
Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia
nostri,

Inrita perpetua solvent formidine terras.

Ille deum vitam accipiet divisque videbit
Permixtos heroas et ipse videbitur illis,



ECLOGUE IV

The last great age, foretold by sacred
rhymes,
Renews its finish'd course ; Saturnian times
Roll round again, and mighty years, begun
From their first orb, in radiant circles run.
The base, degen'rate iron offspring ends ;
A golden progeny from heaven descends :
A chaste Lucina, speed the mother's pains ;
And haste the glorious birth : thy own Apollo
reigns !

The lovely boy with his auspicious face
Shall Pollio's consulship and triumph grace ;
Majestic months set out with him to their
appointed race.

The father banish'd virtue shall restore,
And crimes shall threat the guilty world no
more.

The son shall lead the life of gods, and be
By gods and heroes seen, and gods and
heroes see.

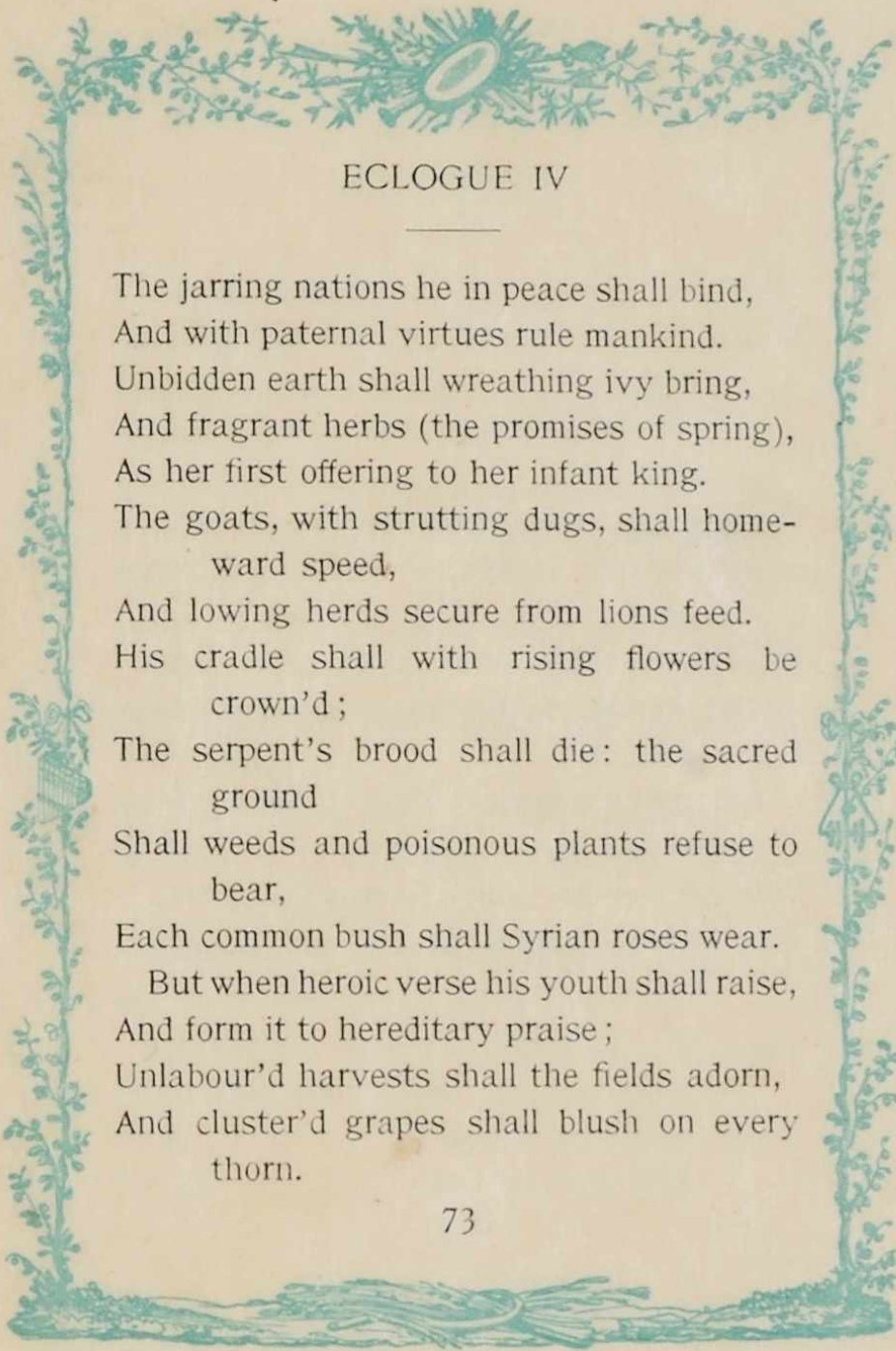


ECLOGA IV

Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.
Ac tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus
Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho.
Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones.
Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.
Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet; Assyrium vulgo nascetur amomum.


At simul heroum laudes et facta parentis
Iam legere et quæ sit poteris cognoscere
virtus :

Molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,
Incultisque rubens pendeat sentibus uva,



ECLOGUE IV

The jarring nations he in peace shall bind,
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
Unbidden earth shall wreathing ivy bring,
And fragrant herbs (the promises of spring),
As her first offering to her infant king.
The goats, with strutting dugs, shall home-
ward speed,
And lowing herds secure from lions feed.
His cradle shall with rising flowers be
crown'd ;
The serpent's brood shall die: the sacred
ground
Shall weeds and poisonous plants refuse to
bear,
Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear.
But when heroic verse his youth shall raise,
And form it to hereditary praise ;
Unlabour'd harvests shall the fields adorn,
And cluster'd grapes shall blush on every
thorn.



ECLOGA IV


Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.
Pauca tamen suberunt priscae vestigia frau-
dis,

Quæ temptare Thetim ratibus, quæ cingere
muris

Oppida quæ iubeant telluri infindere sulcos.
Alter erit tum Tiphys, et altera quæ vehat
Argo

Delectos heroas; erunt etiam altera bella
Atque iterum ad Troiam magnus mittetur
Achilles.

Hinc, ubi iam firmata virum te fecerit ætas,
Cedet et ipse mari vector, nec nautica pinus
Mutabit merces: omnis feret omnia tellus.
Non rastros patietur humus, non vinea fal-
cem;



ECLOGUE IV

The knotted oaks shall showers of honey
weep,

And thro' the matted grass the liquid gold
shall creep.

Yet of old fraud some footsteps shall remain,
The merchant still shall plough the deep for
gain :

Great cities shall with walls be compass'd
round ;

And sharpen'd shares shall vex the fruitful
ground ;

Another Tiphys shall new seas explore,
Another Argos land the chiefs upon th' Ibe-
rian shore.

Another Helen other wars create,
And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.

But when to ripen'd manhood he shall grow,
The greedy sailor shall the seas forego ;
No keel shall cut the waves for foreign ware,
For ev'ry soil shall ev'ry product bear.



ECLOGA IV

Robustus quoque iam tauris iuga solvet
arator;

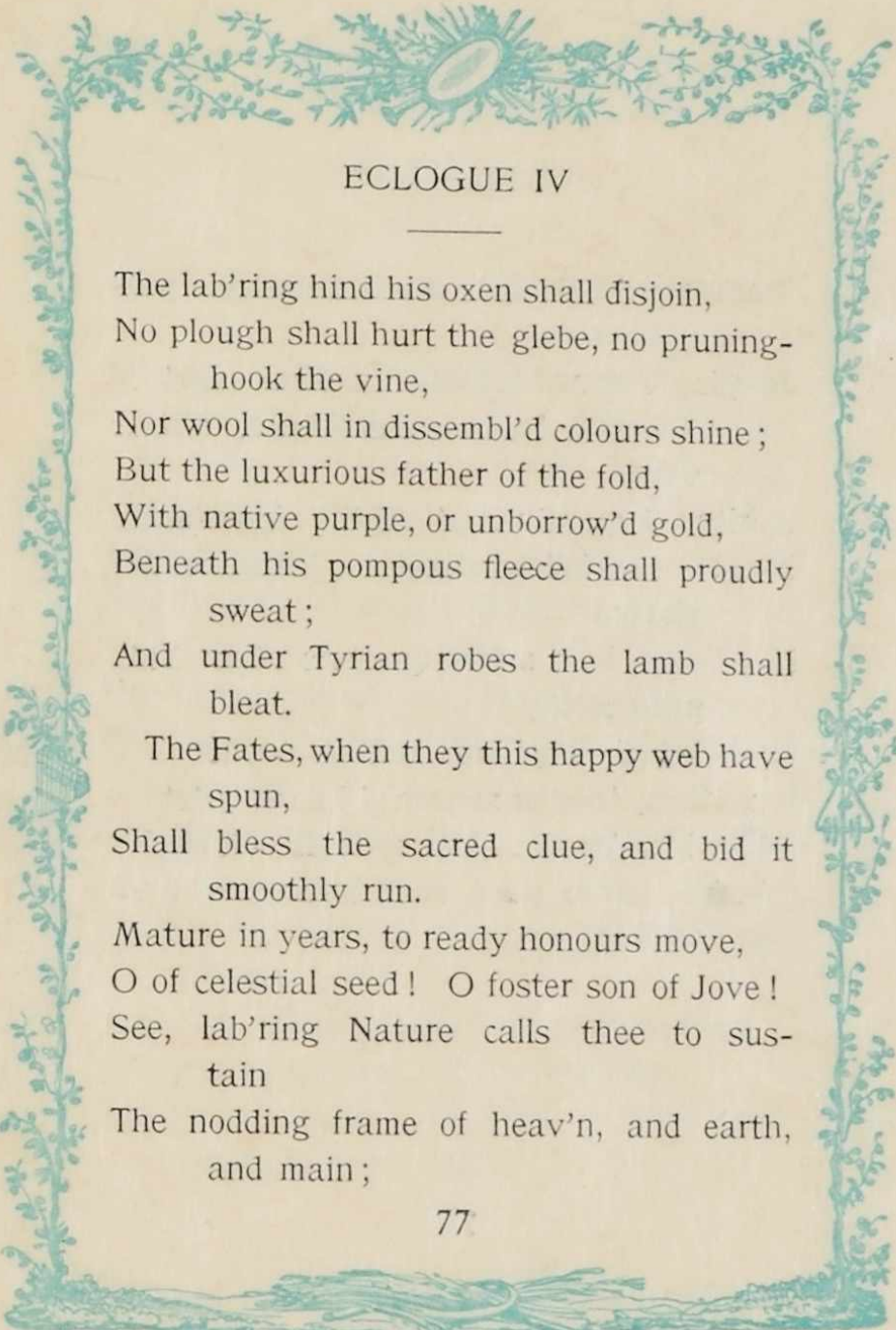
Nec varios discet mentiri lana colores,
Ipse sed in pratis aries iam suave rubenti
Murice, iam croceo mutabit vellera luto;
Sponte sua sandyx pascentes vestiet agnos.

“Talia sæcla,” suis dixerunt “currite”
fuis

Concordes stabili fatorum numine Parcæ.
Adgredere o magnos—aderit iam tempus—
honores,

Cara deum suboles, magnum Iovis incre-
mentum!

Adspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum,



ECLOGUE IV

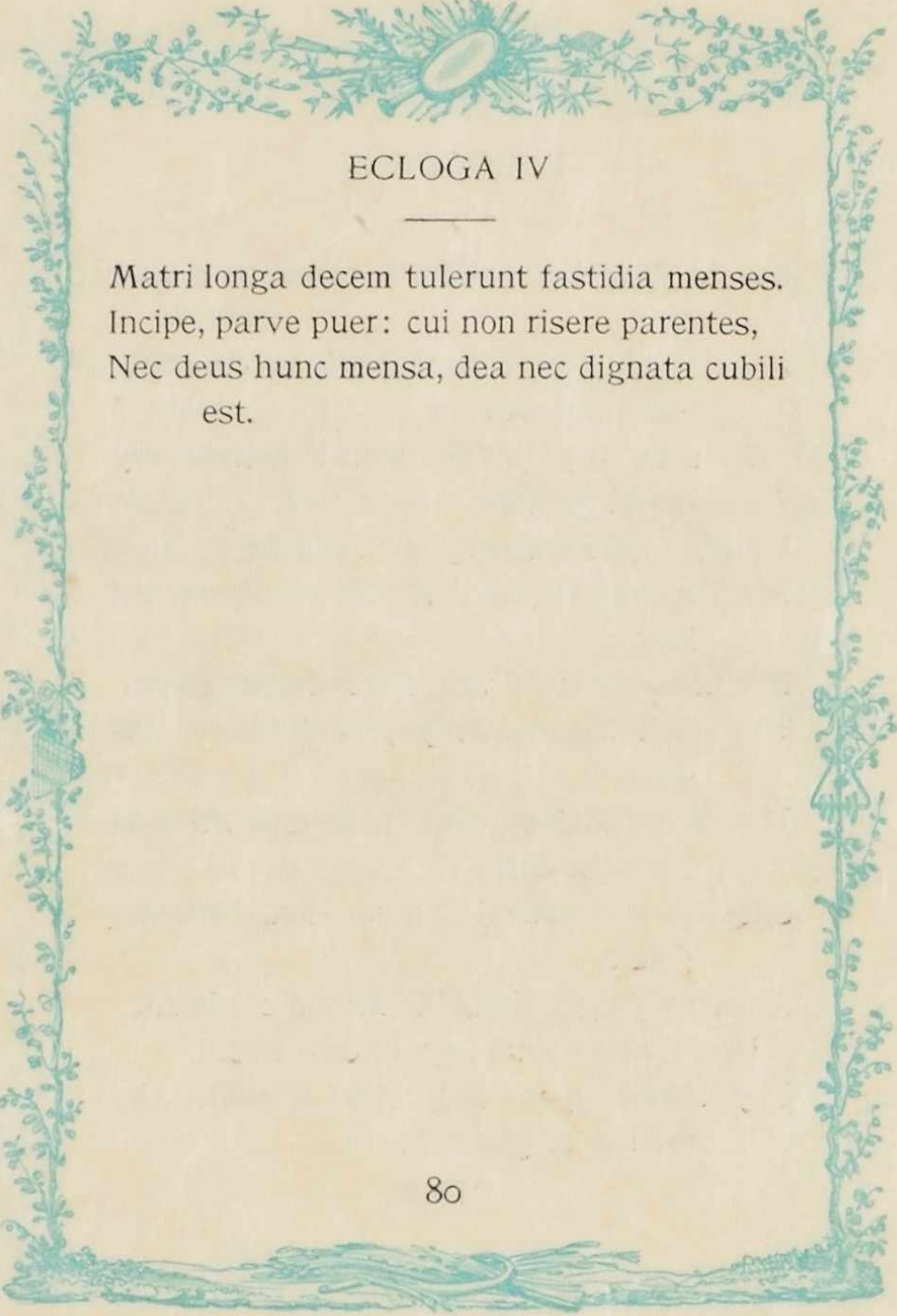
The lab'ring hind his oxen shall disjoin,
No plough shall hurt the glebe, no pruning-
hook the vine,
Nor wool shall in dissembl'd colours shine ;
But the luxurious father of the fold,
With native purple, or unborrow'd gold,
Beneath his pompous fleece shall proudly
sweat ;

And under Tyrian robes the lamb shall
bleat.

The Fates, when they this happy web have
spun,
Shall bless the sacred clue, and bid it
smoothly run.

Mature in years, to ready honours move,
O of celestial seed ! O foster son of Jove !
See, lab'ring Nature calls thee to sus-
tain

The nodding frame of heav'n, and earth,
and main ;



ECLOGA IV

Matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses.
Incipe, parve puer: cui non risere parentes,
Nec deus hunc mensa, dea nec dignata cubili
est.



ECLOGUE IV

Thy mother well deserves that short delight,
The nauseous qualms of ten long months and
travail to requite.

Then smile; the frowning infant's doom is
read,

No god shall crown the board, nor goddess
bless the bed.



ECLOGA V.—DAPHNIS

MENALCAS—MOPSUS

MENALCAS

Cur non, Mopse, boni quoniam convenimus
ambo,
Tu calamos inflare leves, ego dicere versus,
Hic corylis mixtas inter consedimus ulmos?

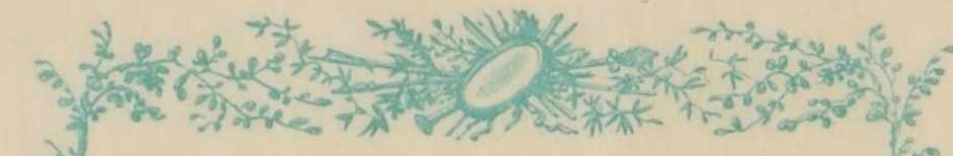


ECLOGUE V.—DAPHNIS
MENALCAS—MOPSUS

MENALCAS

Since on the downs our flocks together feed,
And since my voice can match your tuneful
reed,

Why sit we not beneath the grateful shade
Which hazels, intermix'd with elms, have
made?



ECLOGA V

MOPSUS

Tu maior; tibi me est æquum parere, Menalca,
Sive sub incertas zephyris motantibus umbras,
Sive antro potius succedimus. Adspice, ut antrum
Silvestris raris sparsit labrusca racemis.

MENALCAS

Montibus in nostris solus tibi certat Amyntas.

MOPSUS

Quid, si idem certet Phœbum superare canendo?

MENALCAS

Incipe, Mopse, prior, si quos aut Phyllidis ignes,



ECLOGUE V

MOPSUS

Whether you please that sylvan scene to take,
Where whistling winds uncertain shadows
make :

Or will you to the cooler cave succeed,
Whose mouth the curling vines have over-
spread ?

MENALCAS

Your merit and your years command the
choice :

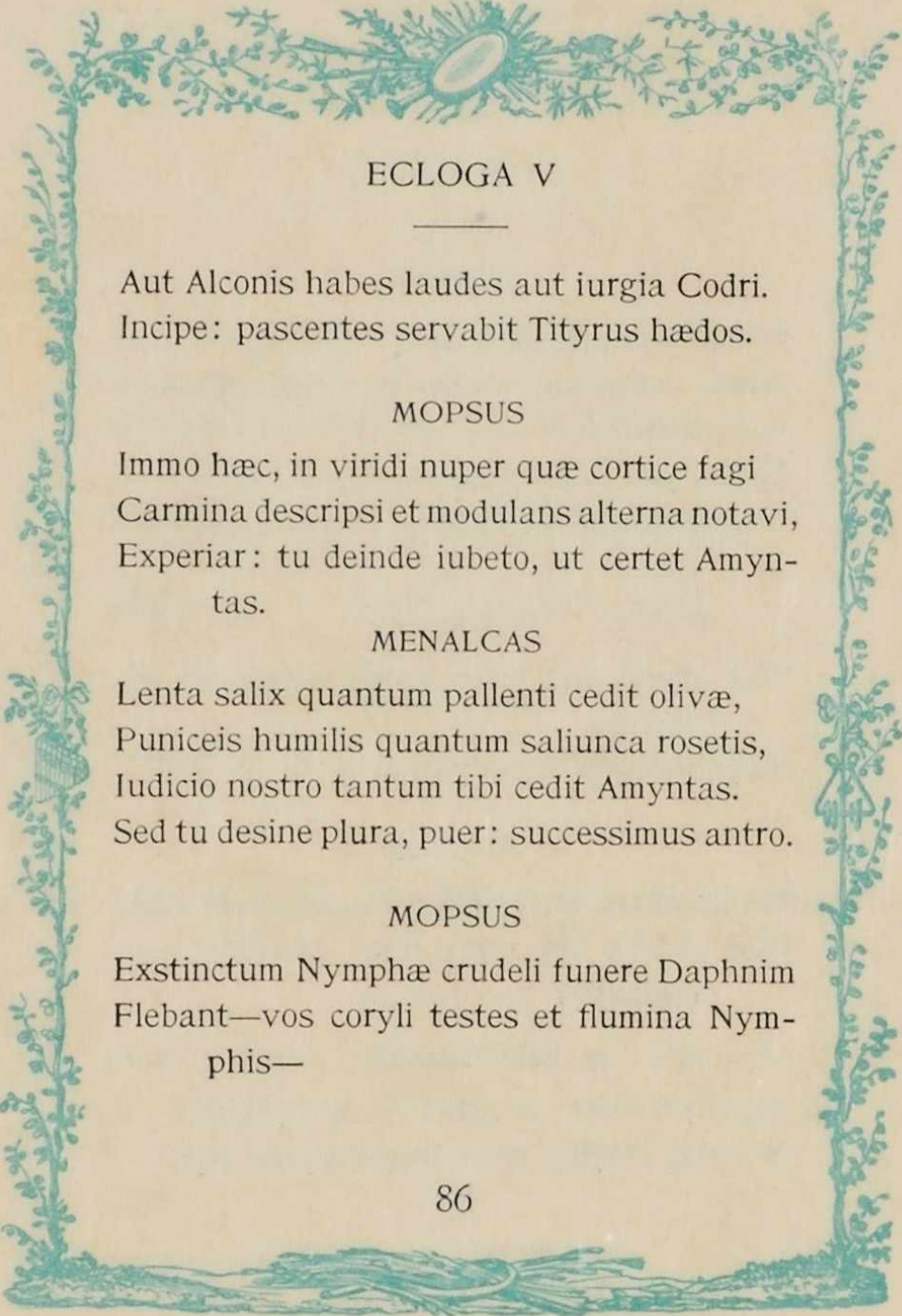
Amyntas only rivals you in voice.

MOPSUS

What will not that presuming shepherd dare,
Who thinks his voice with Phœbus may
compare ?

MENALCAS

Begin you first ; if either Alcon's praise,
Or dying Phyllis, have inspir'd your lays :



ECLOGA V

Aut Alconis habes laudes aut iurgia Codri.
Incipe: pascentes servabit Tityrus hædos.

MOPSUS

Immo hæc, in viridi nuper quæ cortice fagi
Carmina descripsi et modulans alterna notavi,
Experiar: tu deinde iubeto, ut certet Amyn-
tas.

MENALCAS

Lenta salix quantum pallenti cedit olivæ,
Puniceis humilis quantum saliuunca rosetis,
Iudicio nostro tantum tibi cedit Amyntas.
Sed tu desine plura, puer: successimus antro.

MOPSUS

Exstinctum Nymphæ crudeli funere Daphnim
Flebant—vos coryli testes et flumina Nym-
phis—



ECLOGUE V

If her you mourn, or Codrus you commend,
Begin, and Tityrus your flock shall tend.

MOPSUS

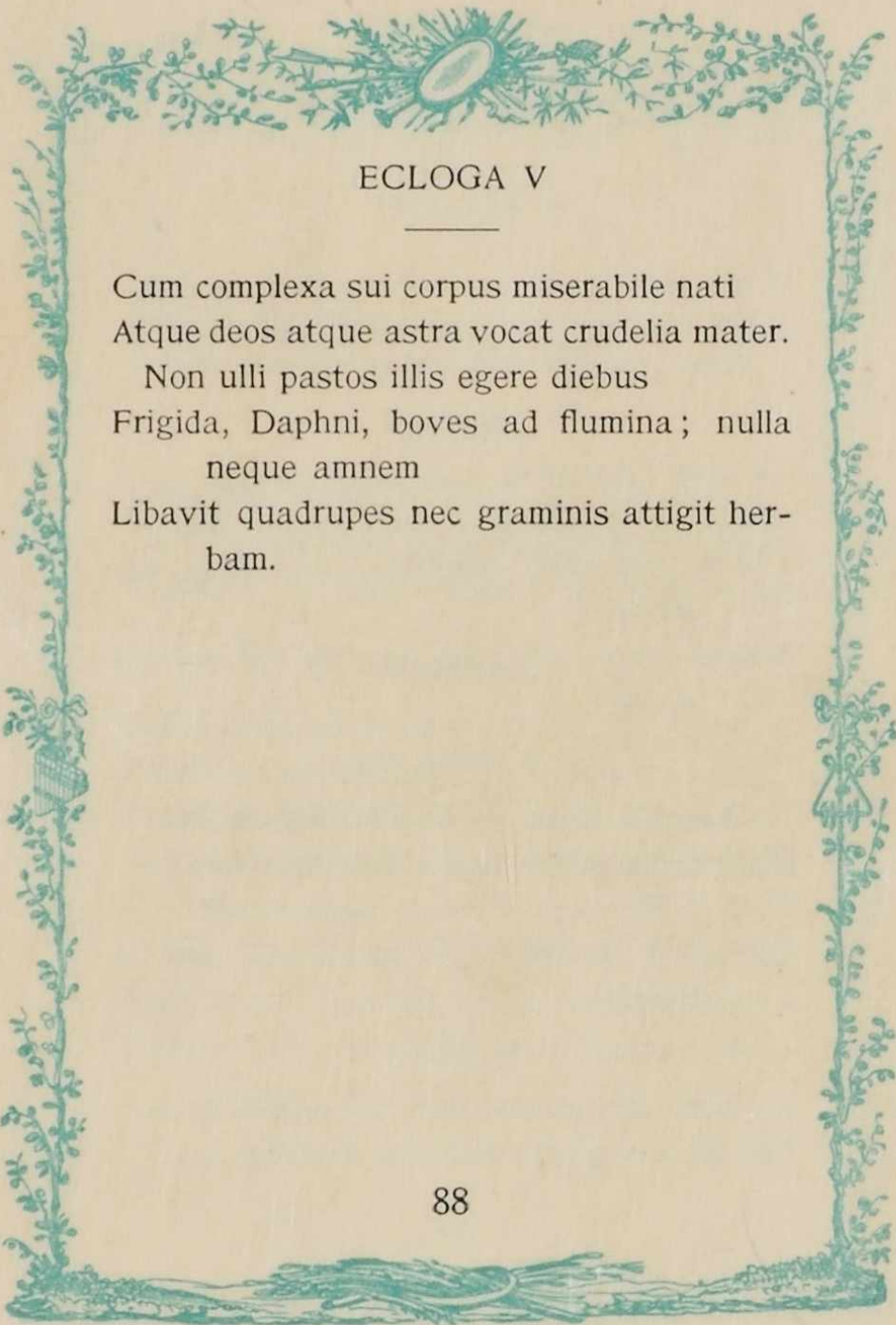
Or shall I rather the sad verse repeat,
Which on the beeches' bark I lately writ?
I writ, and sung betwixt; now bring the
swain
Whose voice you boast, and let him try the
strain.

MENALCAS

Such as the shrub to the tall olive shows,
Or the pale sallow to the blushing rose;
Such is his voice, if I can judge aright,
Compar'd to thine, in sweetness and in
height.

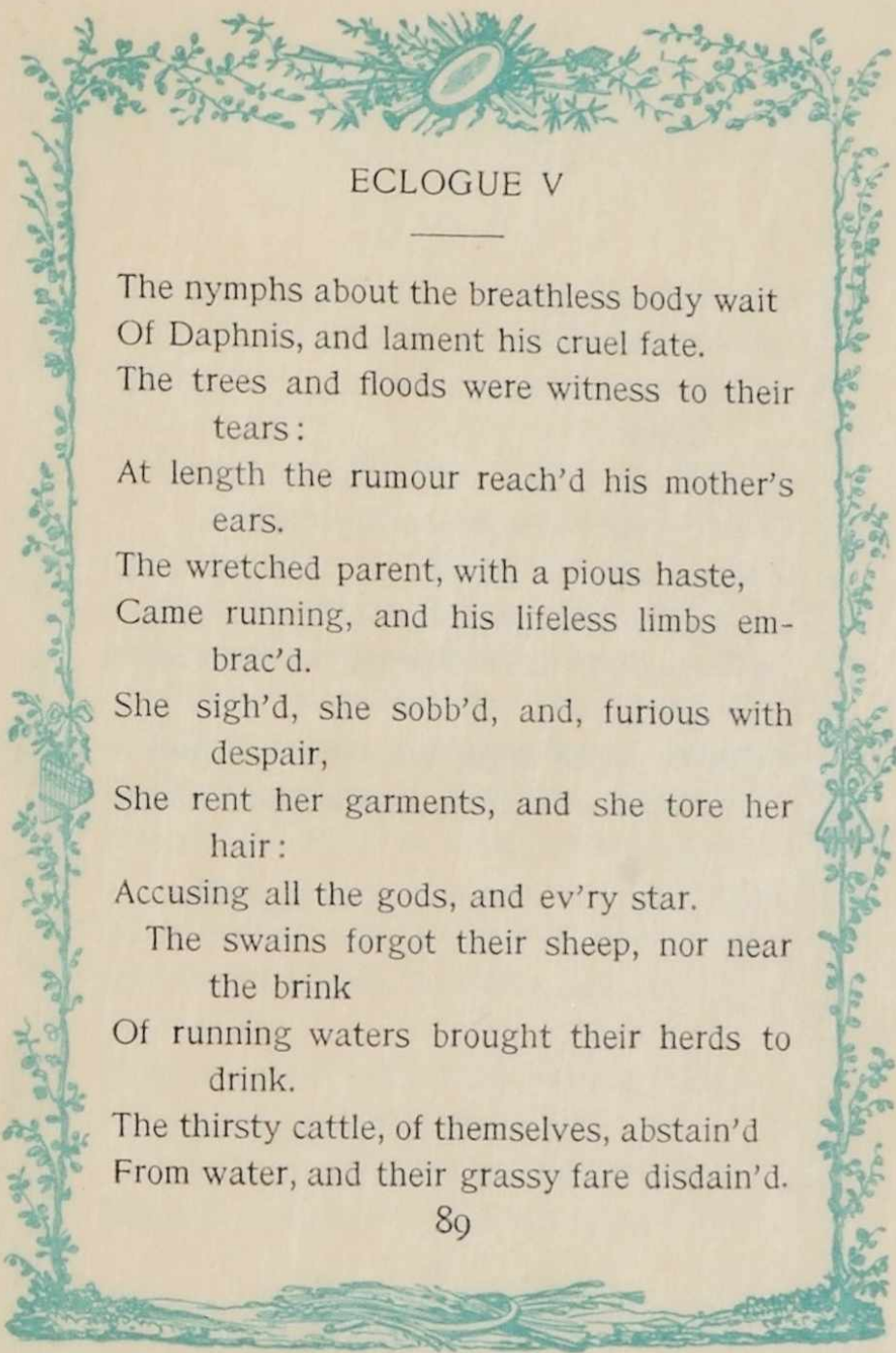
MOPSUS

No more, but sit and hear the promis'd lay,
The gloomy grotto makes a doubtful day.



ECLOGA V

Cum complexa sui corpus miserabile nati
Atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia mater.
Non ulli pastos illis egere diebus
Frigida, Daphni, boves ad flumina; nulla
neque amnem
Libavit quadrupes nec graminis attigit her-
bam.



ECLOGUE V

The nymphs about the breathless body wait
Of Daphnis, and lament his cruel fate.
The trees and floods were witness to their
tears:

At length the rumour reach'd his mother's
ears.

The wretched parent, with a pious haste,
Came running, and his lifeless limbs em-
brac'd.

She sigh'd, she sobb'd, and, furious with
despair,

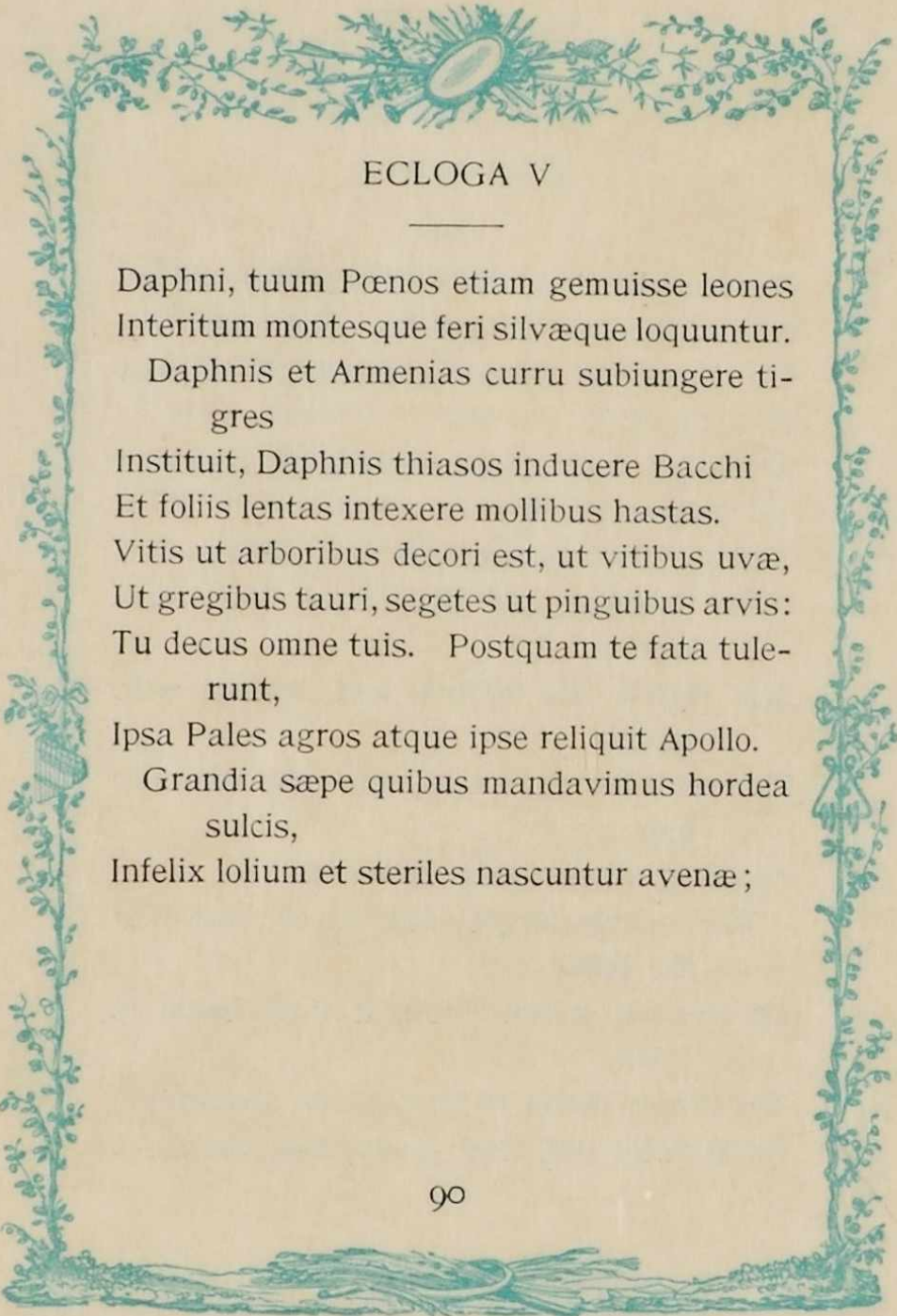
She rent her garments, and she tore her
hair:

Accusing all the gods, and ev'ry star.

The swains forgot their sheep, nor near
the brink

Of running waters brought their herds to
drink.

The thirsty cattle, of themselves, abstain'd
From water, and their grassy fare disdain'd.



ECLOGA V

Daphni, tuum Pænos etiam gemuisse leones
Interitum montesque feri silvæque loquuntur.

Daphnis et Armenias curru subiungere ti-
gres

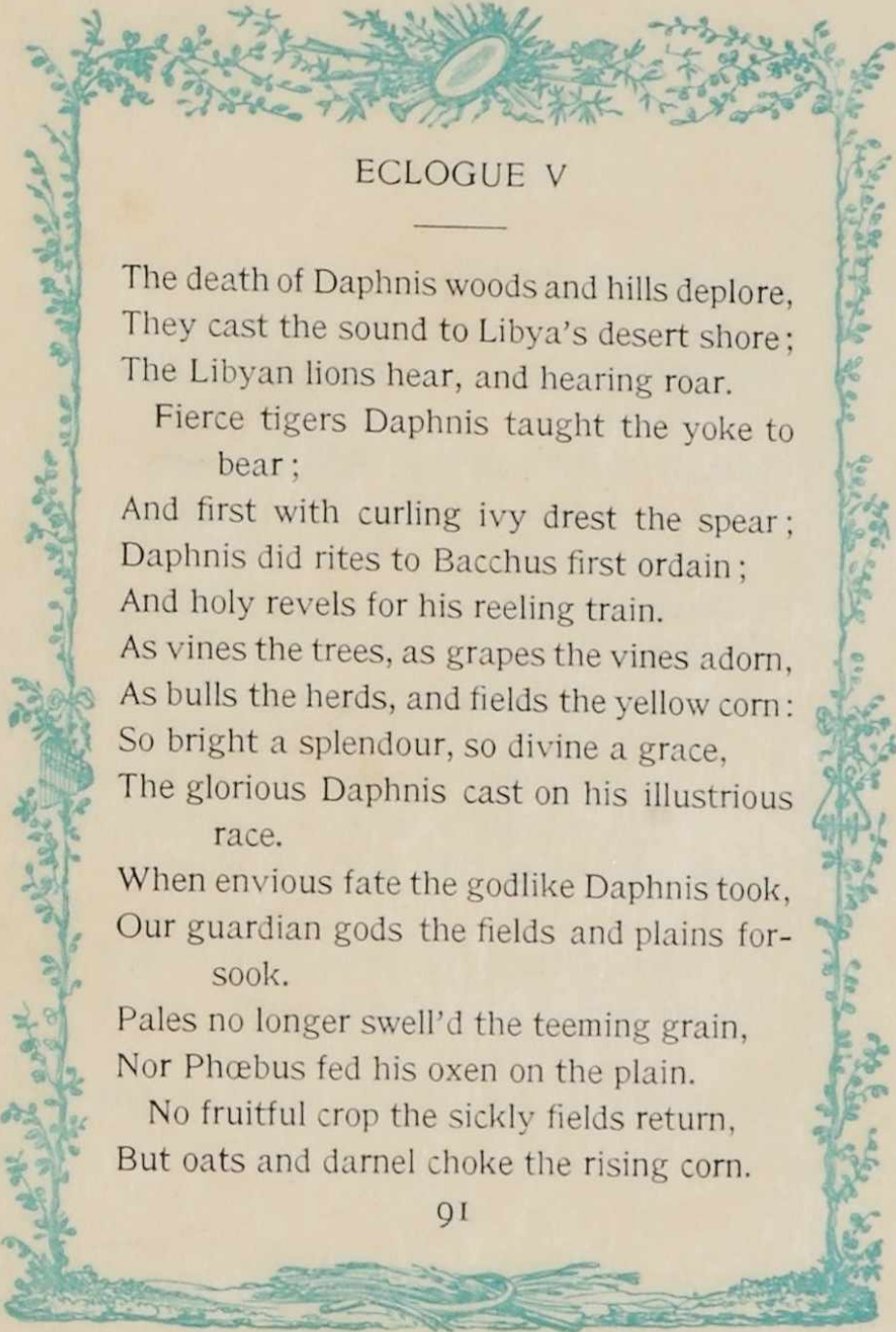
Instituit, Daphnis thiasos inducere Bacchi
Et foliis lentas intexere mollibus hastas.

Vitis ut arboribus decori est, ut vitibus uvæ,
Ut gregibus tauri, segetes ut pinguibus arvis:
Tu decus omne tuis. Postquam te fata tule-
runt,

Ipsa Pales agros atque ipse reliquit Apollo.

Grandia sæpe quibus mandavimus hordea
sulcis,

Infelix lolium et steriles nascuntur avenæ;



ECLOGUE V

The death of Daphnis woods and hills deplore,
They cast the sound to Libya's desert shore;
The Libyan lions hear, and hearing roar.

Fierce tigers Daphnis taught the yoke to
bear;

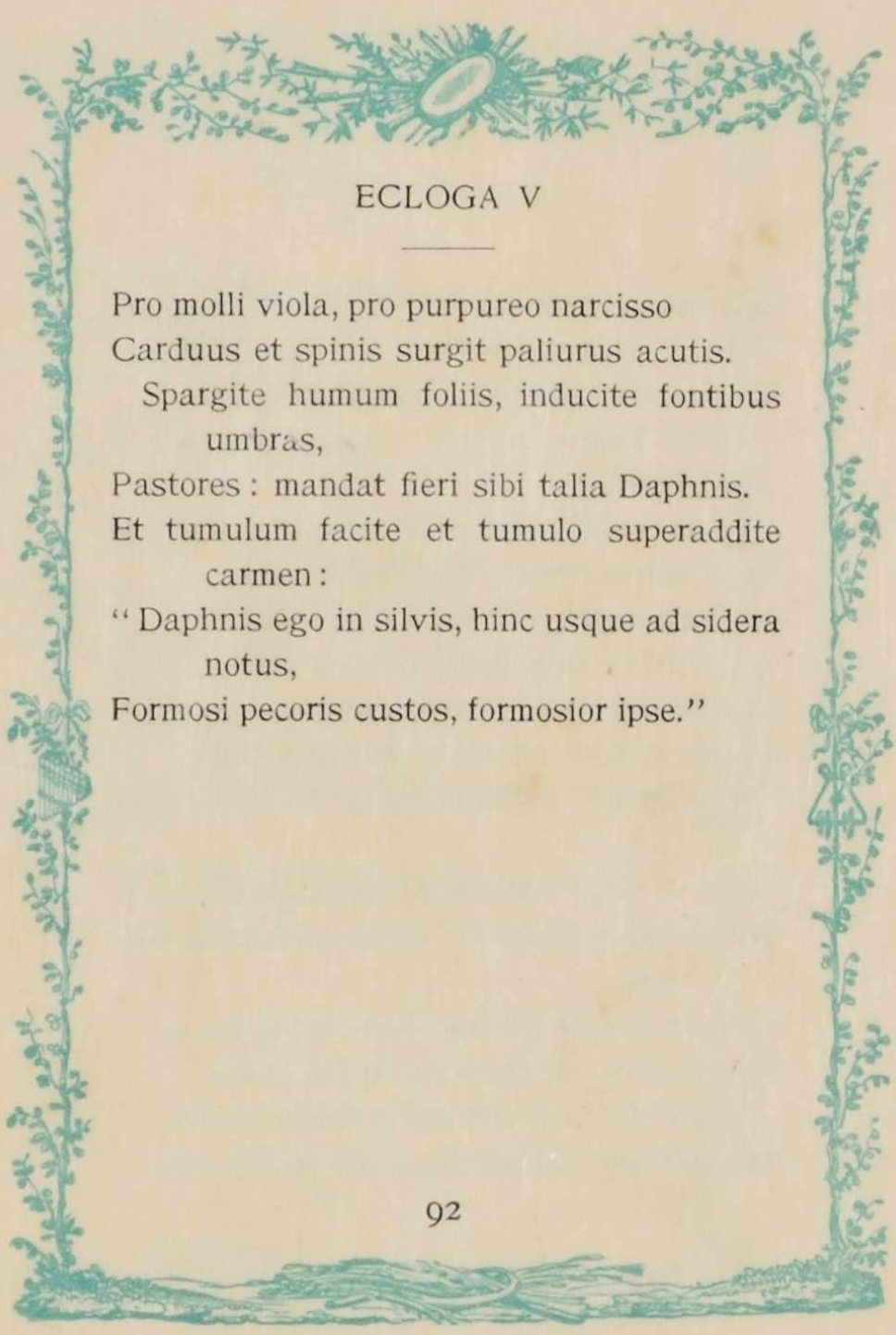
And first with curling ivy drest the spear;
Daphnis did rites to Bacchus first ordain;
And holy revels for his reeling train.

As vines the trees, as grapes the vines adorn,
As bulls the herds, and fields the yellow corn:
So bright a splendour, so divine a grace,
The glorious Daphnis cast on his illustrious
race.

When envious fate the godlike Daphnis took,
Our guardian gods the fields and plains for-
sook.

Pales no longer swell'd the teeming grain,
Nor Phœbus fed his oxen on the plain.

No fruitful crop the sickly fields return,
But oats and darnel choke the rising corn.



ECLOGA V

Pro molli viola, pro purpureo narcisso
Carduus et spinis surgit paliurus acutis.
Spargite humum foliis, inducite fontibus
umbras,
Pastores : mandat fieri sibi talia Daphnis.
Et tumulum facite et tumulo superaddite
carmen :
“ Daphnis ego in silvis, hinc usque ad sidera
notus,
Formosi pecoris custos, formosior ipse.”



ECLOGUE V

And where the vales with violets once were
crown'd,
Now knotty burrs and thorns disgrace the
ground.

Come, shepherds, come, and strow with
leaves the plain ;
Such fun'ral rites your Daphnis did or-
dain.

With cypress boughs the crystal fountains
hide,

And softly let the running waters glide,
A lasting monument to Daphnis raise,
With this inscription to record his praise :
"Daphnis, the field's delight, the shepherd's
love,

Renown'd on earth, and deify'd above,
Whose flock excell'd the fairest on the
plains,

But less than he himself surpass'd the
swains."



ECLOGA V

MENALCAS

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per
æstum

Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.
Nec calamis solum æquiperas, sed voce ma-
gistrum.

Fortunate puer, tu nunc eris alter ab illo.
Nos tamen hæc quocumque modo tibi nostra
vicissim

Dicemus Daphnimque tuum tollemus ad
astra ;

Daphnin ad astra feremus : amavit nos quo-
que Daphnis.

MOPSUS

An quicquam nobis tali sit munere maius ?
Et puer ipse fuit cantari dignus, et ista



ECLOGUE V

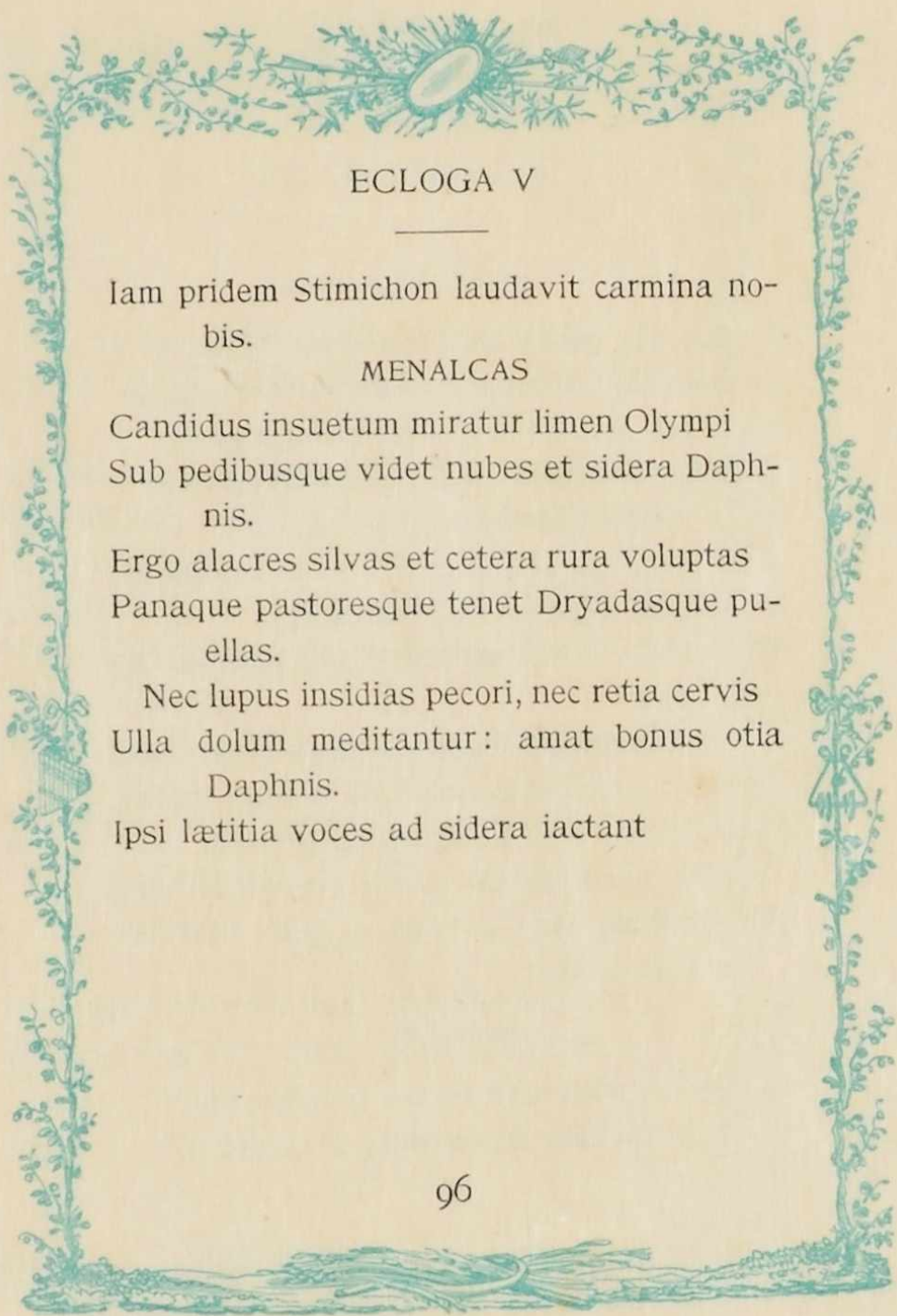
MENALCAS

O heav'nly poet ! such thy verse appears,
So sweet, so charming, to my ravish'd ears,
As to the weary swain with cares opprest,
Beneath the sylvan shade, refreshing rest :
As to the fev'rish traveller, when first
He finds a crystal stream to quench his thirst.
In singing as in piping you excel ;
And scarce your master could perform so
well.

O fortunate young man ! at least your lays
Are next to his, and claim the second praise.
Such as they are, my rural songs I join,
To raise our Daphnis to the pow'rs divine ;
For Daphnis was so good to love whate'er
was mine.

MOPSUS

How is my soul with such a promise rais'd !
For both the boy was worthy to be prais'd,



ECLOGA V

Iam pridem Stimichon laudavit carmina nobis.

MENALCAS

Candidus insuetum miratur limen Olympi
Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnis.

Ergo alacres silvas et cetera rura voluptas
Panaque pastoresque tenet Dryadasque puellas.

Nec lupo insidias pecori, nec retia cervis
Ulla dolum meditantur: amat bonus otia Daphnis.

Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera iactant



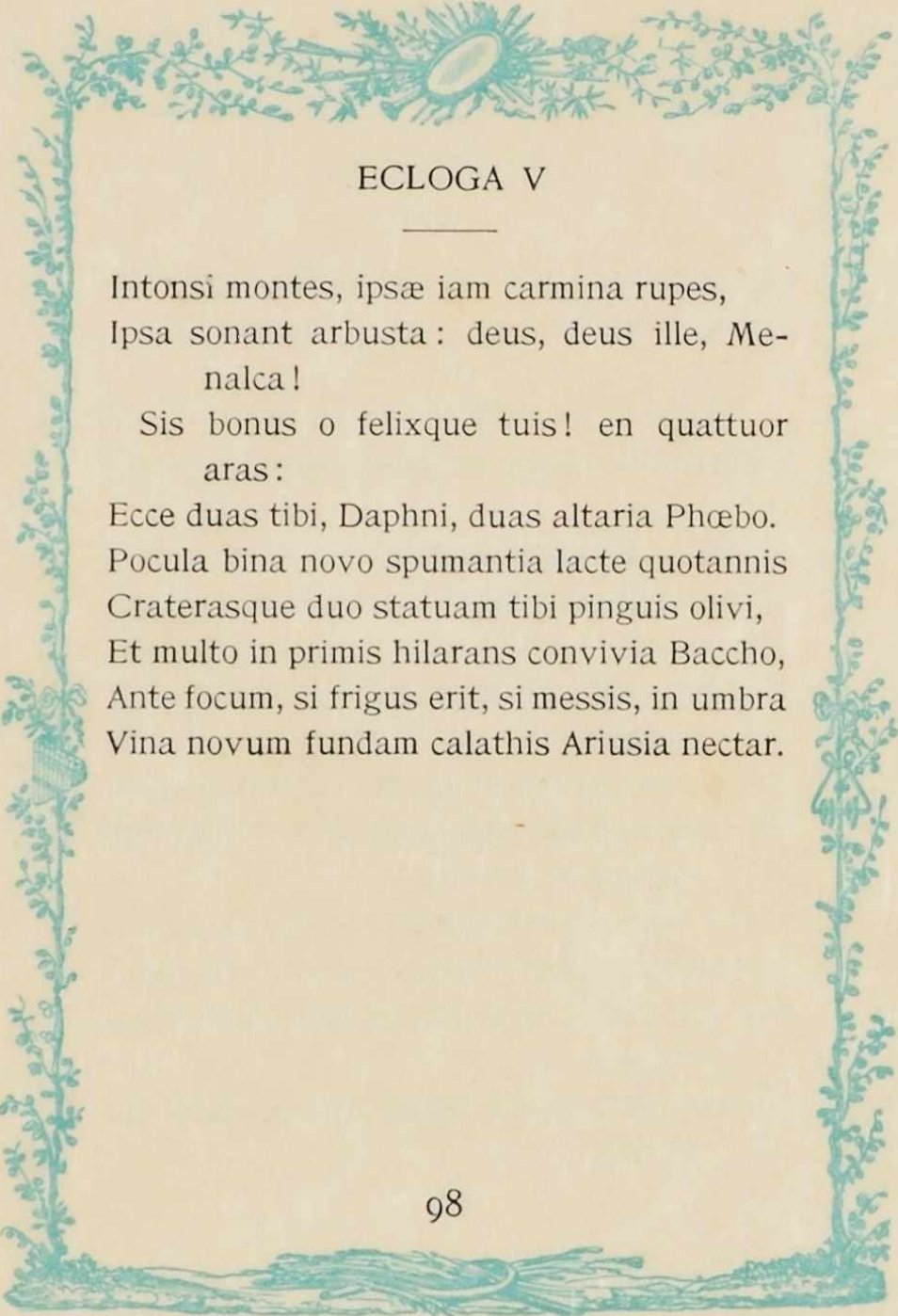
ECLOGUE V

And Stimichon has often made me long
To hear, like him, so soft, so sweet a song.

MENALCAS

Daphnis, the guest of heav'n, with wond'ring
eyes,
Views in the milky way the starry skies.
And far beneath him, from the shining sphere,
Beholds the moving clouds, the rolling year.
For this, with cheerful cries the woods re-
sound ;
The purple spring arrays the various ground ;
The nymphs and shepherds dance ; and Pan
himself is crown'd.

The wolf no longer prowls for nightly spoils,
Nor birds the springes fear, nor stags the toils :
For Daphnis reigns above, and deals from
thence
His mother's milder beams and peaceful in-
fluence.

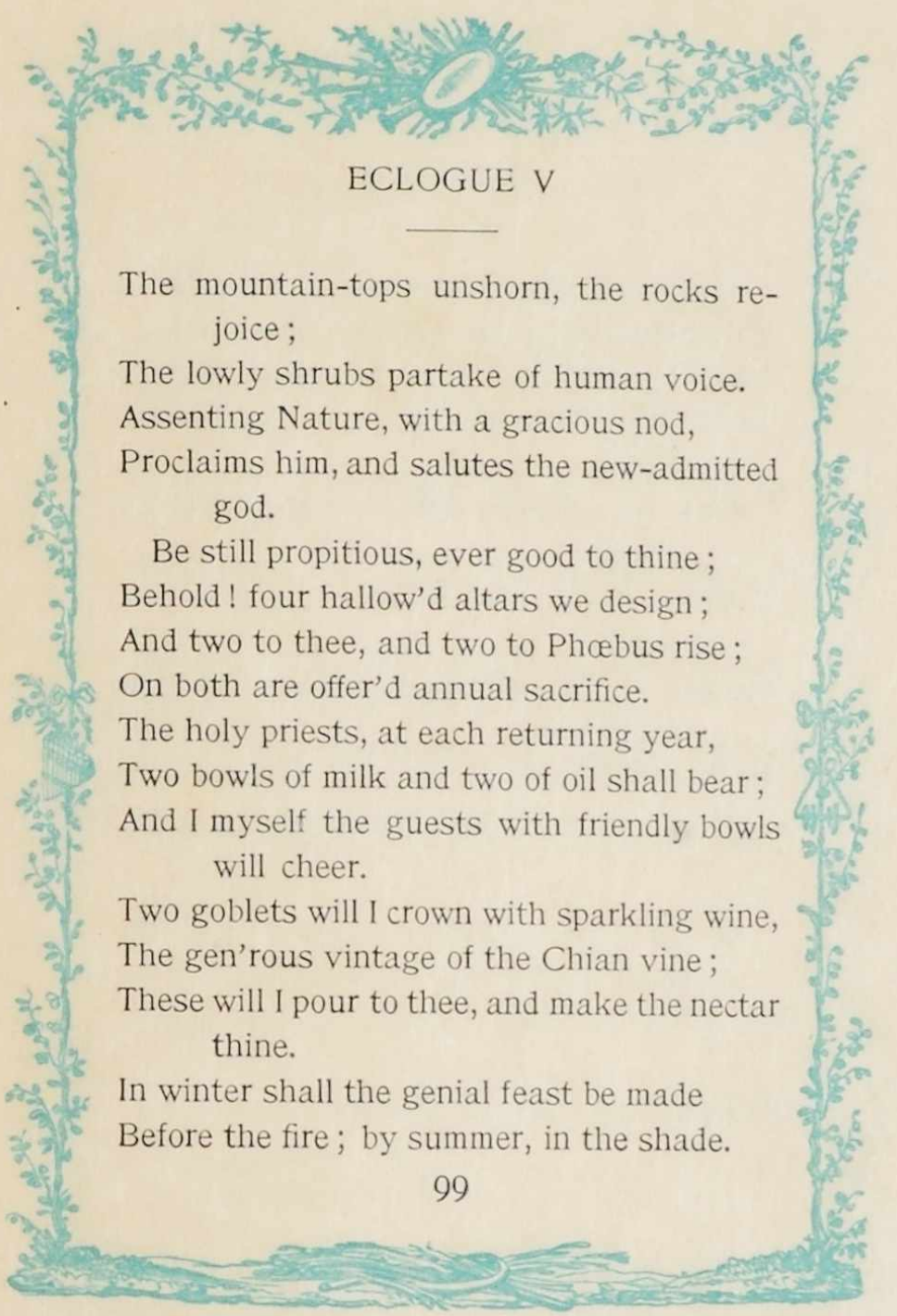


ECLOGA V

Intonsi montes, ipsæ iam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta: deus, deus ille, Me-
nalca!

Sis bonus o felixque tuis! en quattuor
aras:

Ecce duas tibi, Daphni, duas altaria Phœbo.
Pocula bina novo spumantia lacte quotannis
Craterasque duo statuum tibi pinguis olivi,
Et multo in primis hilarans convivium Baccho,
Ante focum, si frigus erit, si messis, in umbra
Vina novum fundam calathis Ariusia nectar.



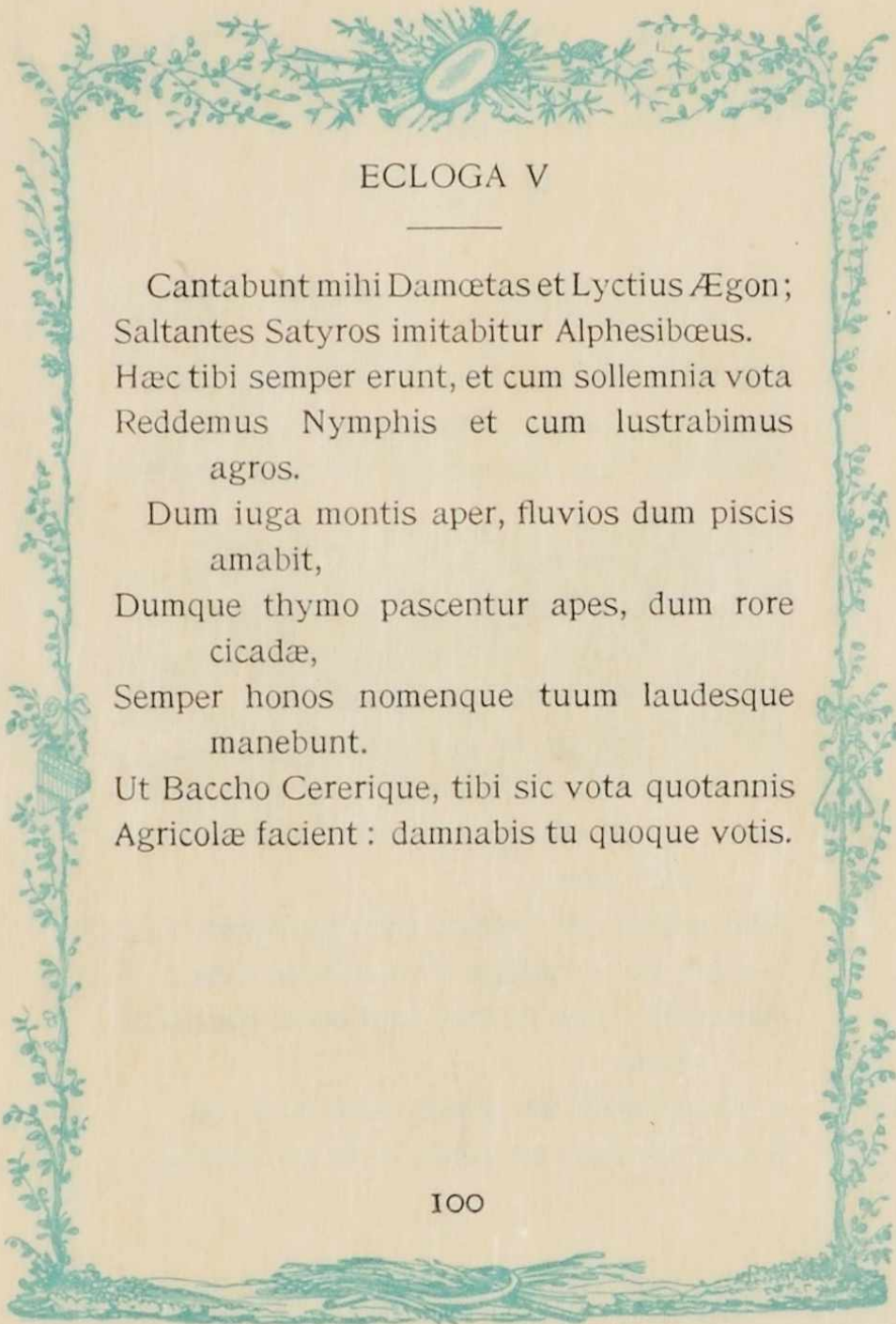
ECLOGUE V

The mountain-tops unshorn, the rocks re-
joice ;
The lowly shrubs partake of human voice.
Assenting Nature, with a gracious nod,
Proclaims him, and salutes the new-admitted
god.

Be still propitious, ever good to thine ;
Behold ! four hallow'd altars we design ;
And two to thee, and two to Phœbus rise ;
On both are offer'd annual sacrifice.
The holy priests, at each returning year,
Two bowls of milk and two of oil shall bear ;
And I myself the guests with friendly bowls
will cheer.

Two goblets will I crown with sparkling wine,
The gen'rous vintage of the Chian vine ;
These will I pour to thee, and make the nectar
thine.

In winter shall the genial feast be made
Before the fire ; by summer, in the shade.

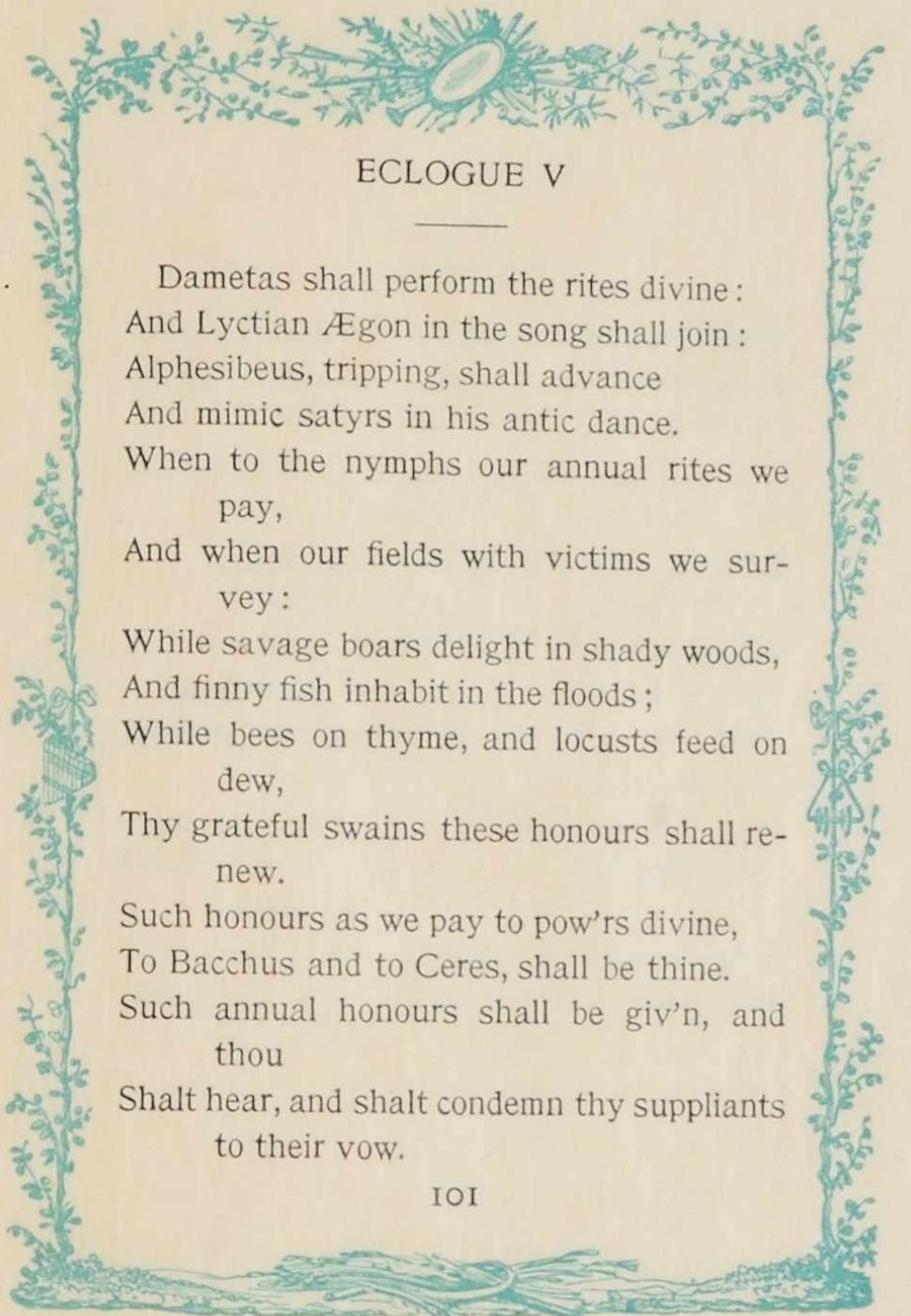


ECLOGA V

Cantabunt mihi Damœtas et Lyctius Ægon;
Saltantes Satyros imitabitur Alphesibœus.
Hæc tibi semper erunt, et cum sollemnia vota
Reddemus Nymphis et cum lustrabimus
agros.

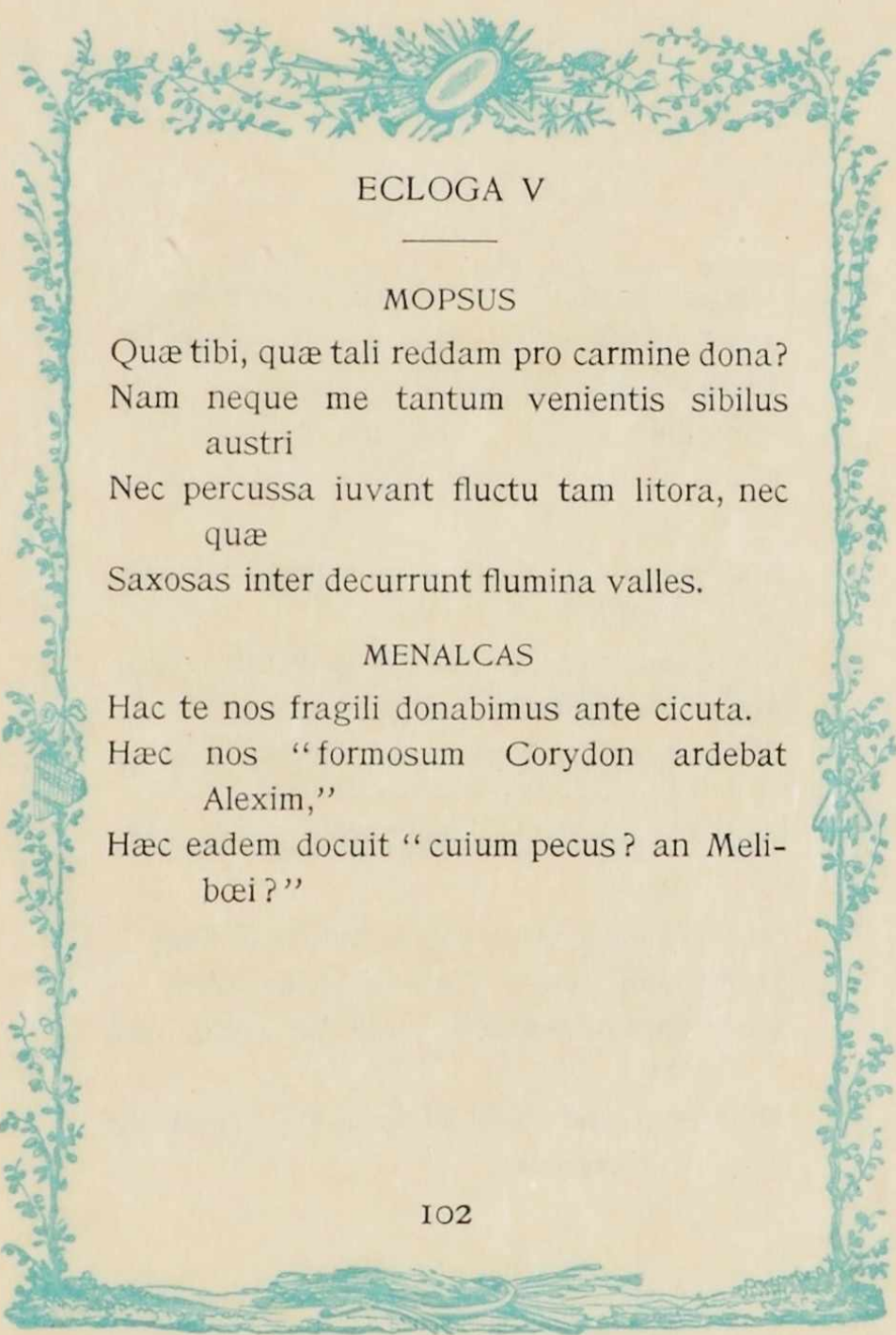
Dum iuga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis
amabit,
Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore
cicadæ,
Semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque
manebunt.

Ut Baccho Cererique, tibi sic vota quotannis
Agricolæ facient : damnabis tu quoque votis.



ECLOGUE V

Dametas shall perform the rites divine :
And Lyctian Ægon in the song shall join :
Alphesibeus, tripping, shall advance
And mimic satyrs in his antic dance.
When to the nymphs our annual rites we
 pay,
And when our fields with victims we sur-
 vey :
While savage boars delight in shady woods,
And finny fish inhabit in the floods ;
While bees on thyme, and locusts feed on
 dew,
Thy grateful swains these honours shall re-
 new.
Such honours as we pay to pow'rs divine,
To Bacchus and to Ceres, shall be thine.
Such annual honours shall be giv'n, and
 thou
Shalt hear, and shalt condemn thy suppliants
 to their vow.



ECLOGA V

MOPSUS

Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?
Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus
austri
Nec percussa iuvant fluctu tam litora, nec
quæ
Saxosas inter decurrunt flumina valles.

MENALCAS

Hac te nos fragili donabimus ante cicuta.
Hæc nos "formosum Corydon ardebat
Alexim,"
Hæc eadem docuit "cuium pecus? an Meli-
bœi?"



ECLOGUE V

MOPSUS

What present worth thy verse can Mopsus
find?

Not the soft whispers of a southern wind,
That play thro' trembling trees, delight me
more ;

Nor murmuring billows on the sounding
shore ;

Nor winding streams, that thro' the valley
glide,

And the scarce-cover'd pebbles gently chide.

MENALCAS

Receive you first this tuneful pipe ; the
same

That play'd my Corydon's unhappy flame.

The same that sung Neæra's conqu'ring
eyes ;

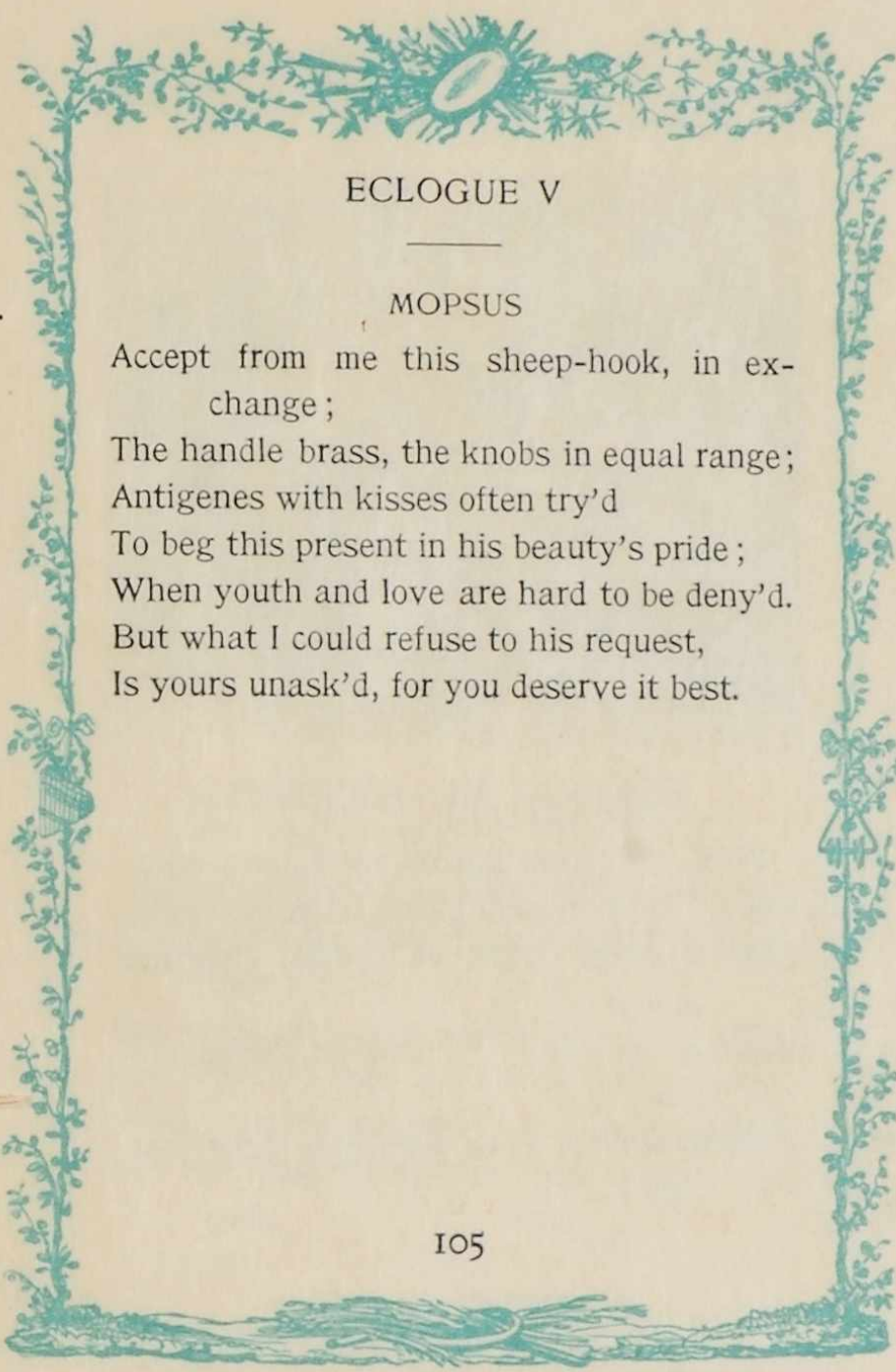
And, had the judge been just, had won the
prize.



ECLOGA V

—
MOPSUS

At tu sume pedum, quod, me cum sæpe ro-
garet,
Non tulit Antigenes—et erat tum dignus
amari—
Formosum paribus nodis atque ære, Monalca.



ECLOGUE V

—
MOPSUS

Accept from me this sheep-hook, in ex-
change ;
The handle brass, the knobs in equal range ;
Antigenes with kisses often try'd
To beg this present in his beauty's pride ;
When youth and love are hard to be deny'd.
But what I could refuse to his request,
Is yours unask'd, for you deserve it best.



ECLOGA VI.—SILENUS

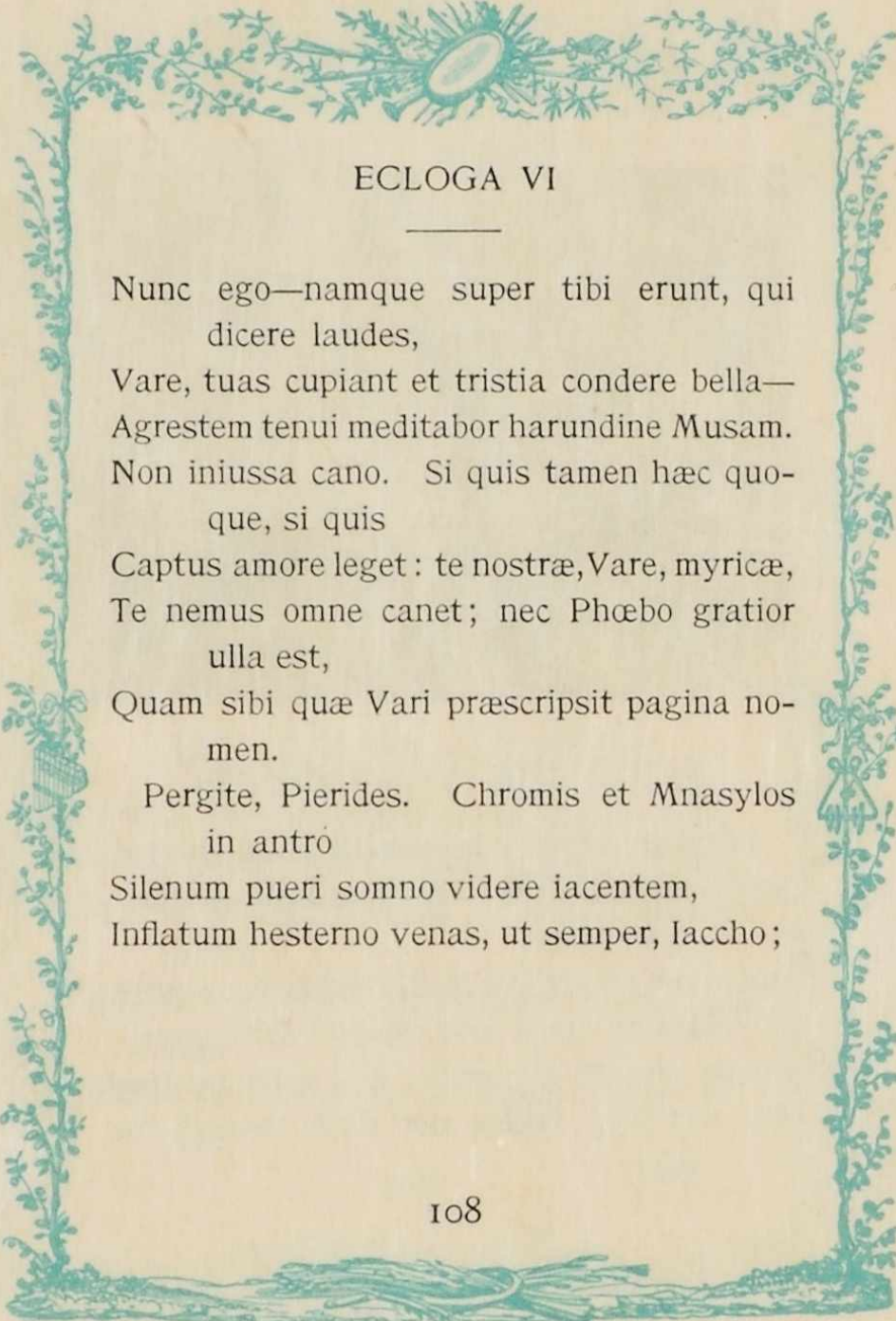
Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu
Nostra neque erubuit silvas habitare Thalia.
Cum canerem reges et prœlia, Cynthius
aurem
Vellit et admonuit: "Pastorem, Tityre, pin-
gues
Pascere oportet oves, deductum dicere car-
men."



ECLOGUE VI.—SILENUS

I first transferr'd to Rome Sicilian strains :
Nor blush'd the Doric Muse to dwell on Man-
tuan plains.

But when I try'd her tender voice, too young,
And fighting kings and bloody battles sung ;
Apollo check'd my pride : and bade me feed
My fatt'ning flocks, nor dare beyond the
reed.



ECLOGA VI

Nunc ego—namque super tibi erunt, qui
dicere laudes,

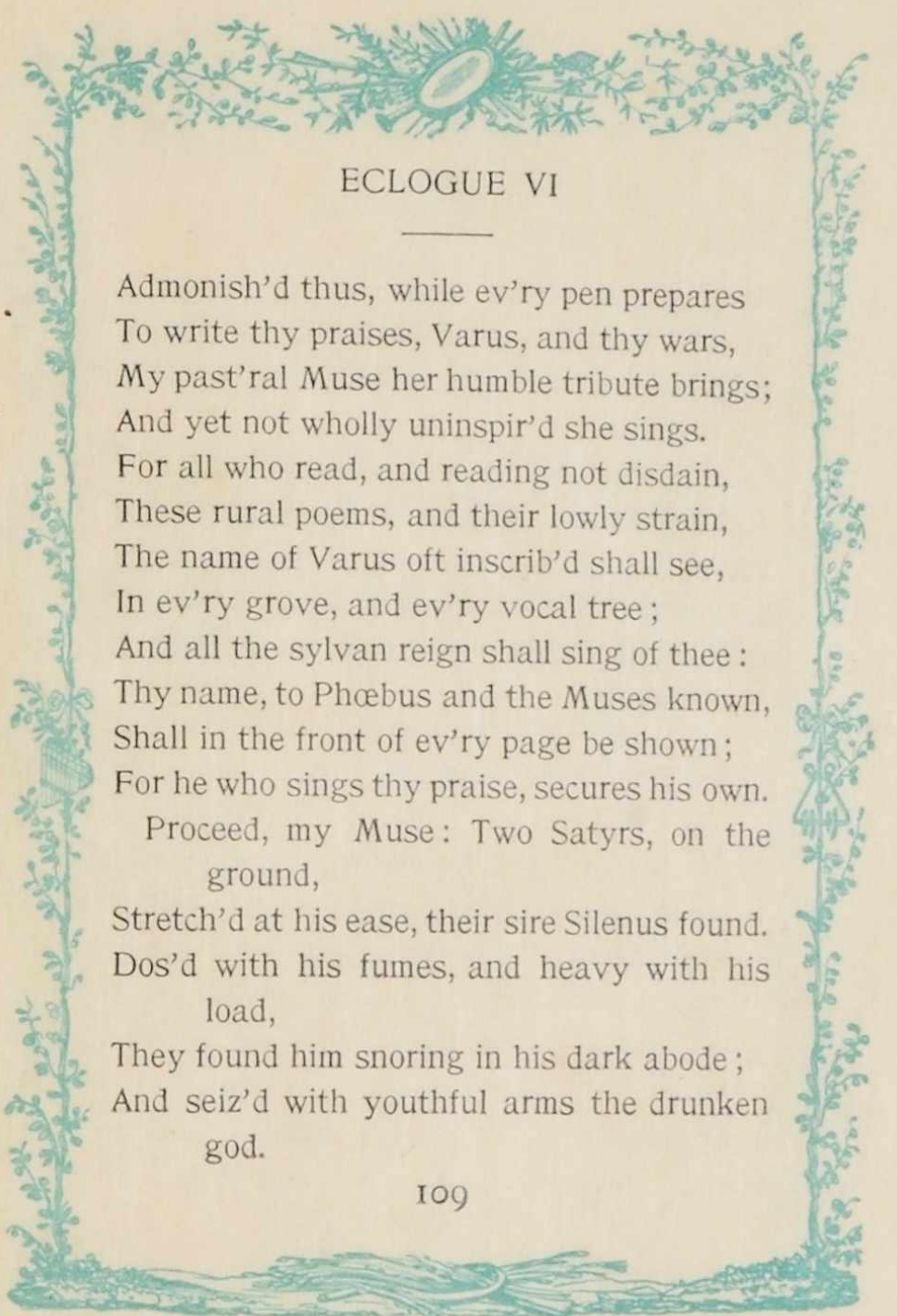
Vare, tuas cupiant et tristia condere bella—
Agrestem tenui meditabor harundine Musam.
Non iniussa cano. Si quis tamen hæc quo-
que, si quis

Captus amore leget: te nostræ, Vare, myricæ,
Te nemus omne canet; nec Phæbo gratior
ulla est,

Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina no-
men.

Pergite, Pierides. Chromis et Mnasylos
in antrō

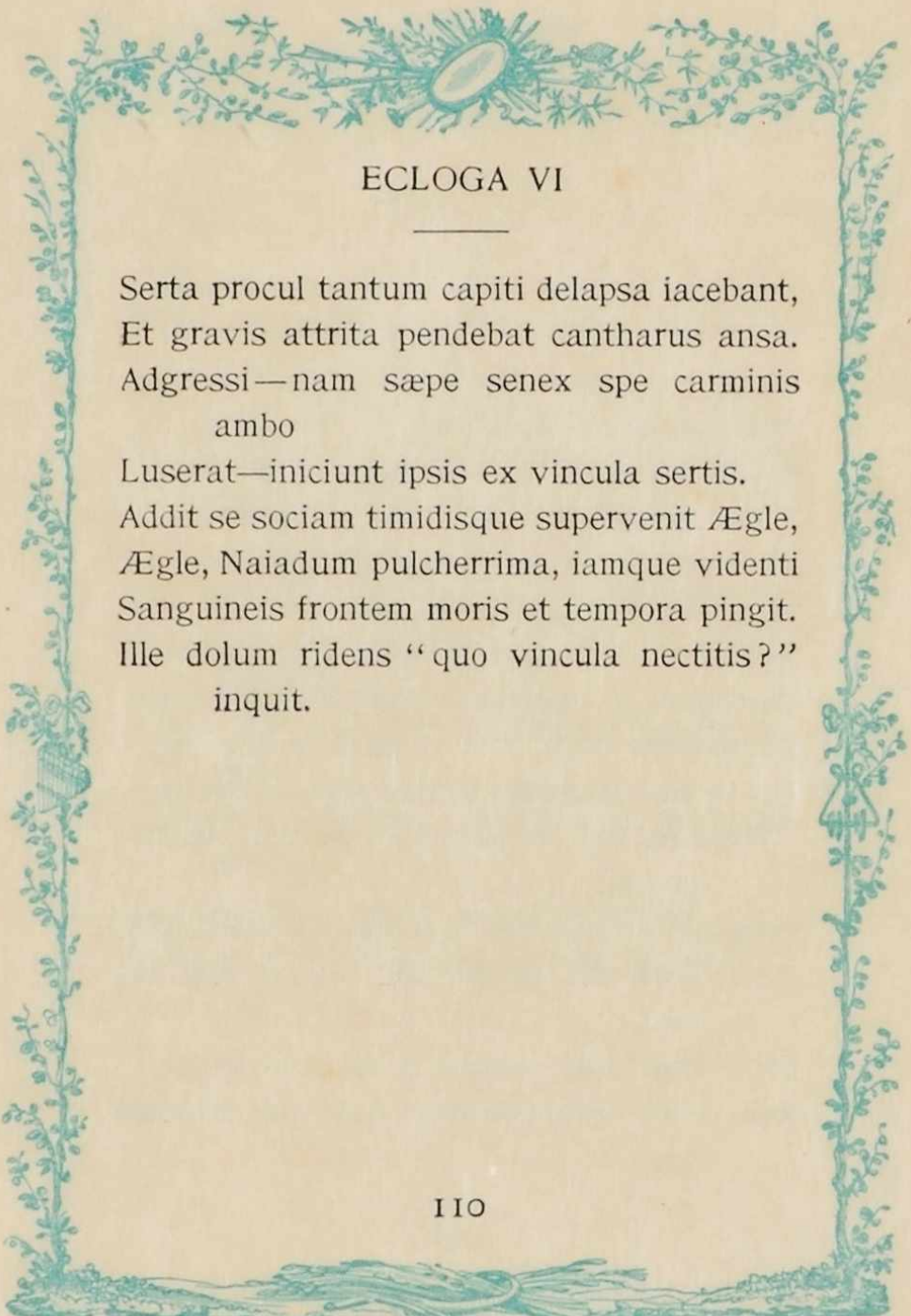
Silenum pueri somno videre iacentem,
Inflatum hesterno venas, ut semper, Iaccho;



ECLOGUE VI

Admonish'd thus, while ev'ry pen prepares
To write thy praises, Varus, and thy wars,
My past'ral Muse her humble tribute brings;
And yet not wholly uninspir'd she sings.
For all who read, and reading not disdain,
These rural poems, and their lowly strain,
The name of Varus oft inscrib'd shall see,
In ev'ry grove, and ev'ry vocal tree ;
And all the sylvan reign shall sing of thee :
Thy name, to Phœbus and the Muses known,
Shall in the front of ev'ry page be shown ;
For he who sings thy praise, secures his own.


Proceed, my Muse : Two Satyrs, on the
ground,
Stretch'd at his ease, their sire Silenus found.
Dost'd with his fumes, and heavy with his
load,
They found him snoring in his dark abode ;
And seiz'd with youthful arms the drunken
god.



ECLOGA VI

Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa iacebant,
Et gravis attrita pendebat cantharus ansa.
Adgressi—nam sæpe senex spe carminis
ambo

Luserat—iniciunt ipsis ex vincula sertis.
Addit se sociam timidisque supervenit Ægle,
Ægle, Naiadum pulcherrima, iamque videnti
Sanguineis frontem moris et tempora pingit.
Ille dolum ridens “quo vincula nectitis?”
inquit.



ECLOGUE VI

His rosy wreath was dropt not long before,
Borne by the tide of wine, and floating on
the floor.


His empty can with ears half worn away,
Was hung on high, to boast the triumph of
the day.

Invaded thus, for want of better bands,
His garland they unstring, and bind his
hands:

For by the fraudulent god deluded long,
They now resolve to have their promis'd
song.

Ægle came in, to make their party good,
The fairest Naïs of the neighb'ring flood;
And, while he stares around, with stupid eyes,
His brows with berries, and his temples, dyes,
He finds the fraud and, with a smile, de-
mands

On what design the boys had bound his
hands.



ECLOGA VI

“Solvite me, pueri; satis est potuisse videri.
Carmina, quæ vultis, cognoscite; carmina
vobis,

Huic aliud mercedis erit.” Simul incipit ipse.
Tum vero in numerum Faunosque ferasque
videres

Ludere, tum rigidas motare cacumina quer-
cus;

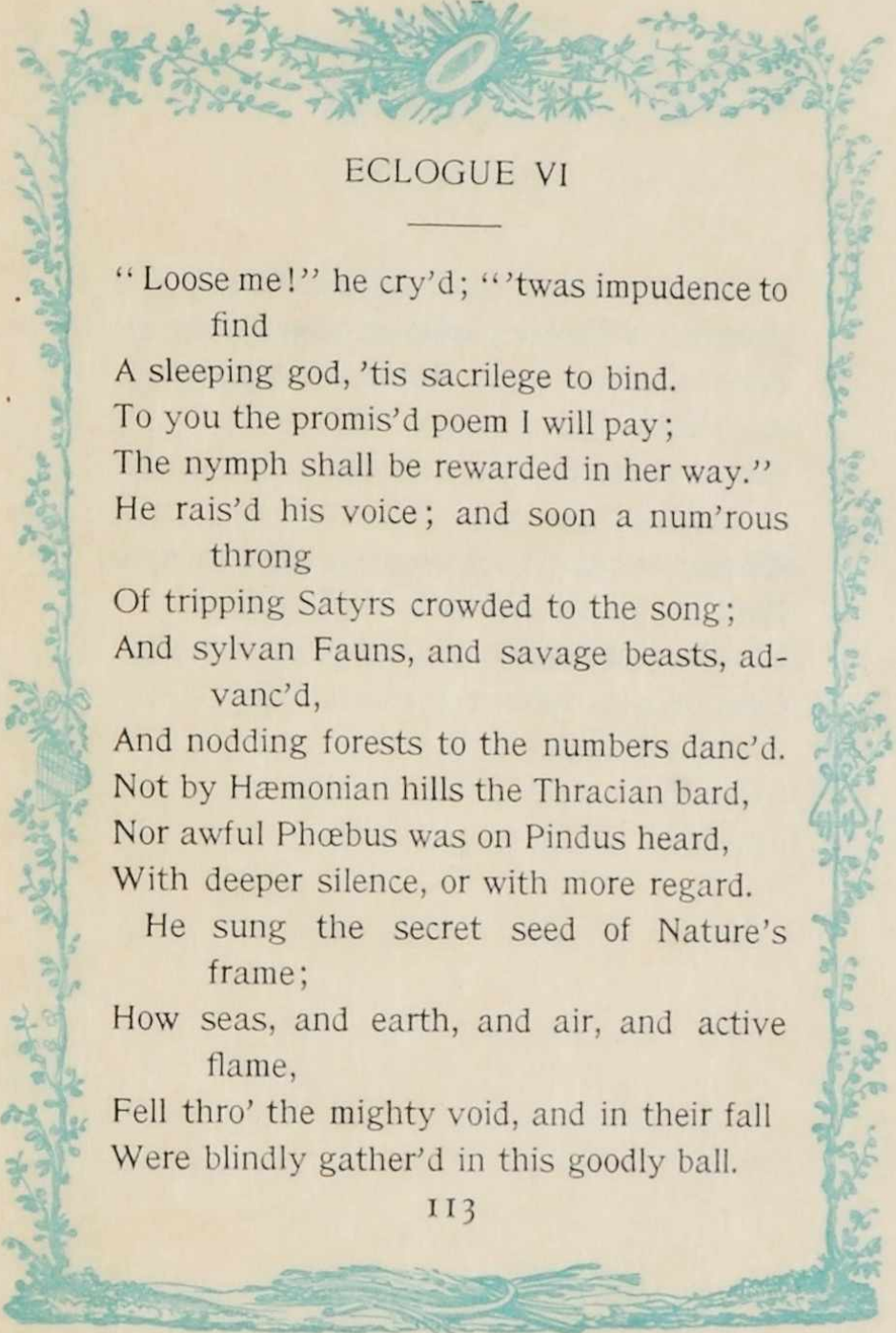
Nec tantum Phœbo gaudet Parnasia rupes,
Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur et Ismarus
Orphea.

Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane
coacta

Semina terrarumque animæque marisque
fuissent

Et liquidi simul ignis; ut his ex omnia pri-
mis,

Omnia, et ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis;



ECLOGUE VI

“Loose me!” he cry’d; “’twas impudence to
find

A sleeping god, ’tis sacrilege to bind.

To you the promis’d poem I will pay;

The nymph shall be rewarded in her way.”

He rais’d his voice; and soon a num’rous
throng

Of tripping Satyrs crowded to the song;

And sylvan Fauns, and savage beasts, ad-
vanc’d,

And nodding forests to the numbers danc’d.

Not by Hæmonian hills the Thracian bard,

Nor awful Phœbus was on Pindus heard,

With deeper silence, or with more regard.

He sung the secret seed of Nature’s
frame;

How seas, and earth, and air, and active
flame,

Fell thro’ the mighty void, and in their fall

Were blindly gather’d in this goodly ball.



ECLOGA VI

His adiungit, Hylan nautæ quo fonte relictum
Clamassent, ut litus "Hyla, Hyla" omne
sonaret;

Et fortunatam, si numquam armenta fuis-
sent,

Pasiphæn nivei solatur amore iuveni.

Ah, virgo infelix, quæ te dementia cepit !

Prætides implerunt falsis mugitibus agros :

At non tam turpes pecudum tamen ulla se-
cuta est

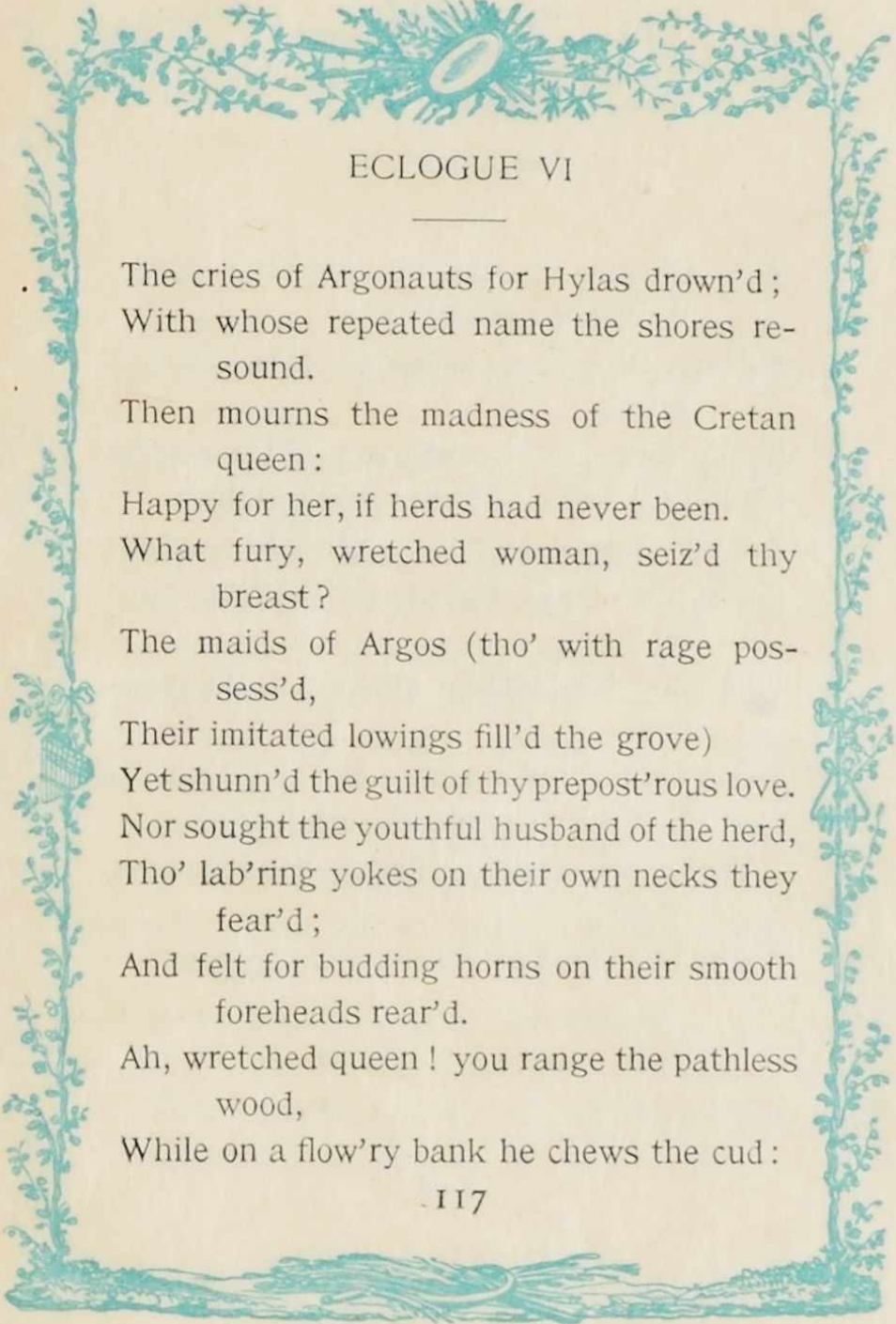
Concubitus, quamvis collo timuisset aratrum,

Et sæpe in levi quæsissent cornua fronte.

Ah, virgo infelix, tu nunc in montibus erras :

Ille latus niveum molli fultus hyacintho,

Illice sub nigra pallentes ruminat herbas



ECLOGUE VI

The cries of Argonauts for Hylas drown'd ;
With whose repeated name the shores re-
sound.

Then mourns the madness of the Cretan
queen :

Happy for her, if herds had never been.

What fury, wretched woman, seiz'd thy
breast ?

The maids of Argos (tho' with rage pos-
sess'd,

Their imitated lowings fill'd the grove)

Yet shunn'd the guilt of thy prepost'rous love.


Nor sought the youthful husband of the herd,

Tho' lab'ring yokes on their own necks they
fear'd ;

And felt for budding horns on their smooth
foreheads rear'd.

Ah, wretched queen ! you range the pathless
wood,

While on a flow'ry bank he chews the cud :



ECLOGA VI

Aut aliquam in magno sequitur grege.

“Claudite, Nymphæ,
Dictææ Nymphæ, nemorum iam claudite
saltus,

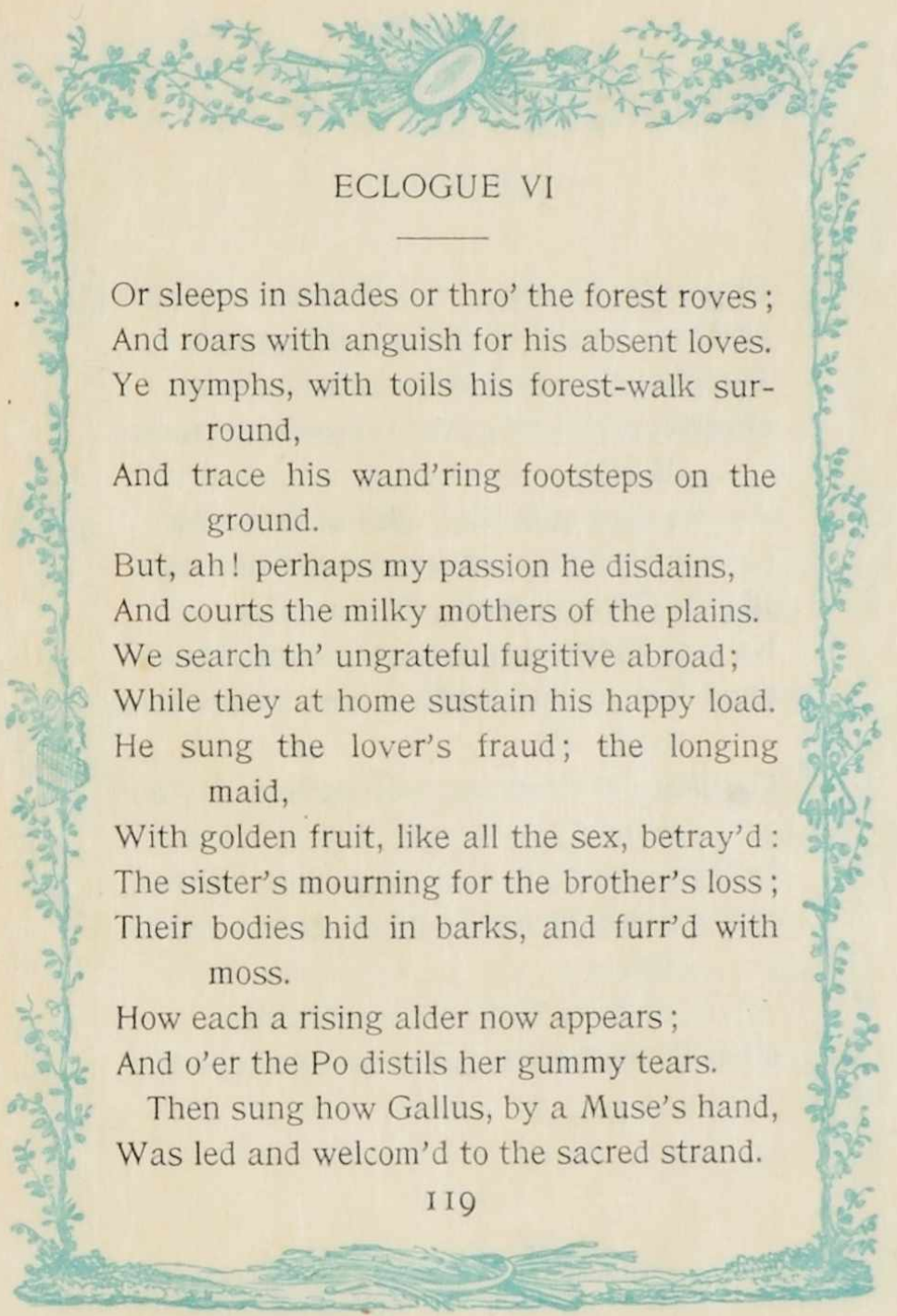
Si qua forte ferant oculis sese obvia nostris
Errabunda bovis vestigia; forsitan illum
Aut herba captum viridi aut armenta secutum
Perducant aliquæ stabula ad Gortynia vac-
cæ.”

Tum canit Hesperidum miratam mala puel-
lam;

Tum Phæthontiadæ musco circumdat amaræ
Corticis atque solo proceras erigit alnos.

Tum canit, errantem Permessi ad flumina
Gallum

Aonas in montes ut duxerit una sororum,



ECLOGUE VI

Or sleeps in shades or thro' the forest roves ;
And roars with anguish for his absent loves.
Ye nymphs, with toils his forest-walk sur-
round,

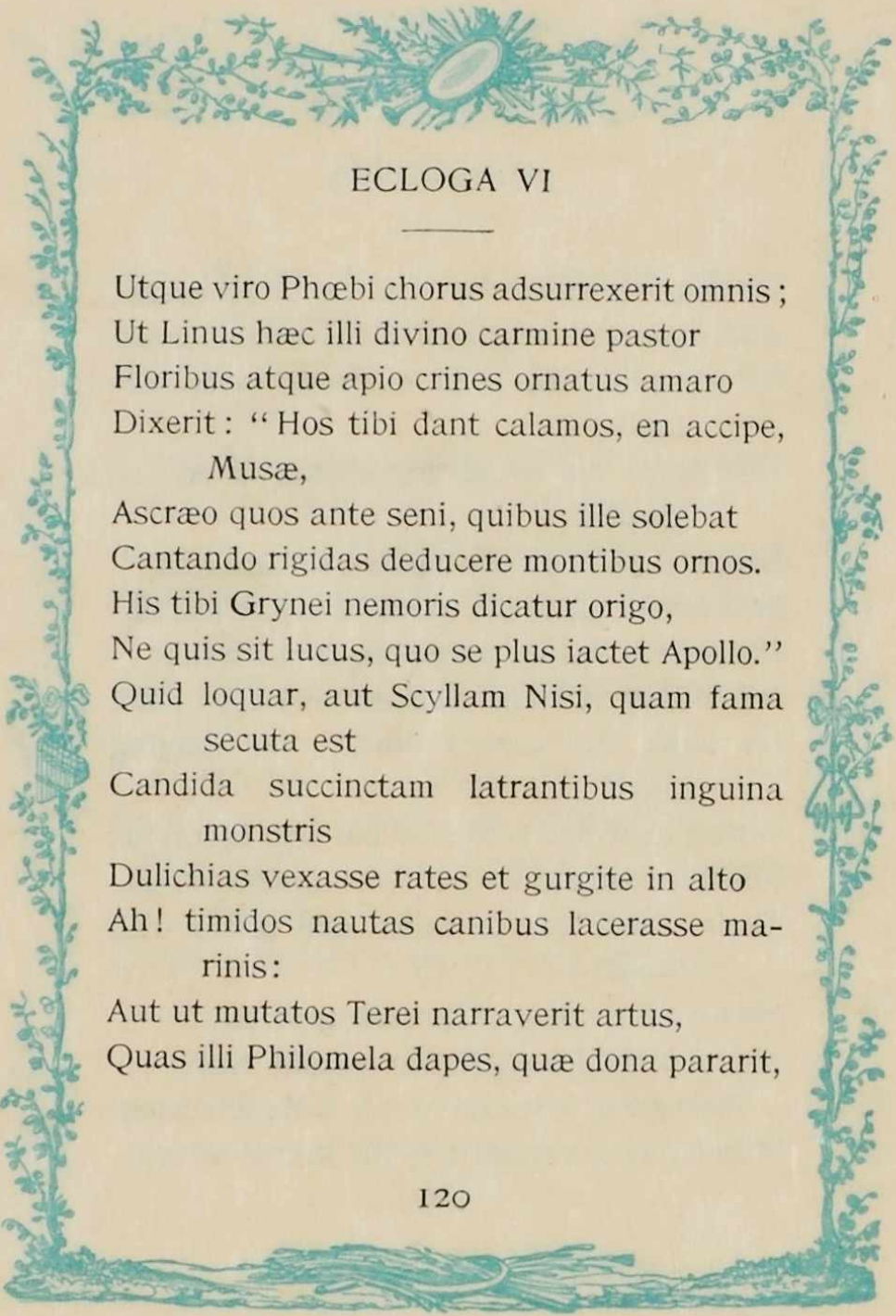
And trace his wand'ring footsteps on the
ground.

But, ah! perhaps my passion he disdains,
And courts the milky mothers of the plains.
We search th' ungrateful fugitive abroad ;
While they at home sustain his happy load.
He sung the lover's fraud ; the longing
maid,

With golden fruit, like all the sex, betray'd :
The sister's mourning for the brother's loss ;
Their bodies hid in barks, and furr'd with
moss.

How each a rising alder now appears ;
And o'er the Po distils her gummy tears.

Then sung how Gallus, by a Muse's hand,
Was led and welcom'd to the sacred strand.



ECLOGA VI

Utque viro Phœbi chorus adsurrexerit omnis ;
Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine pastor
Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro
Dixerit : “ Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe,
Musæ,

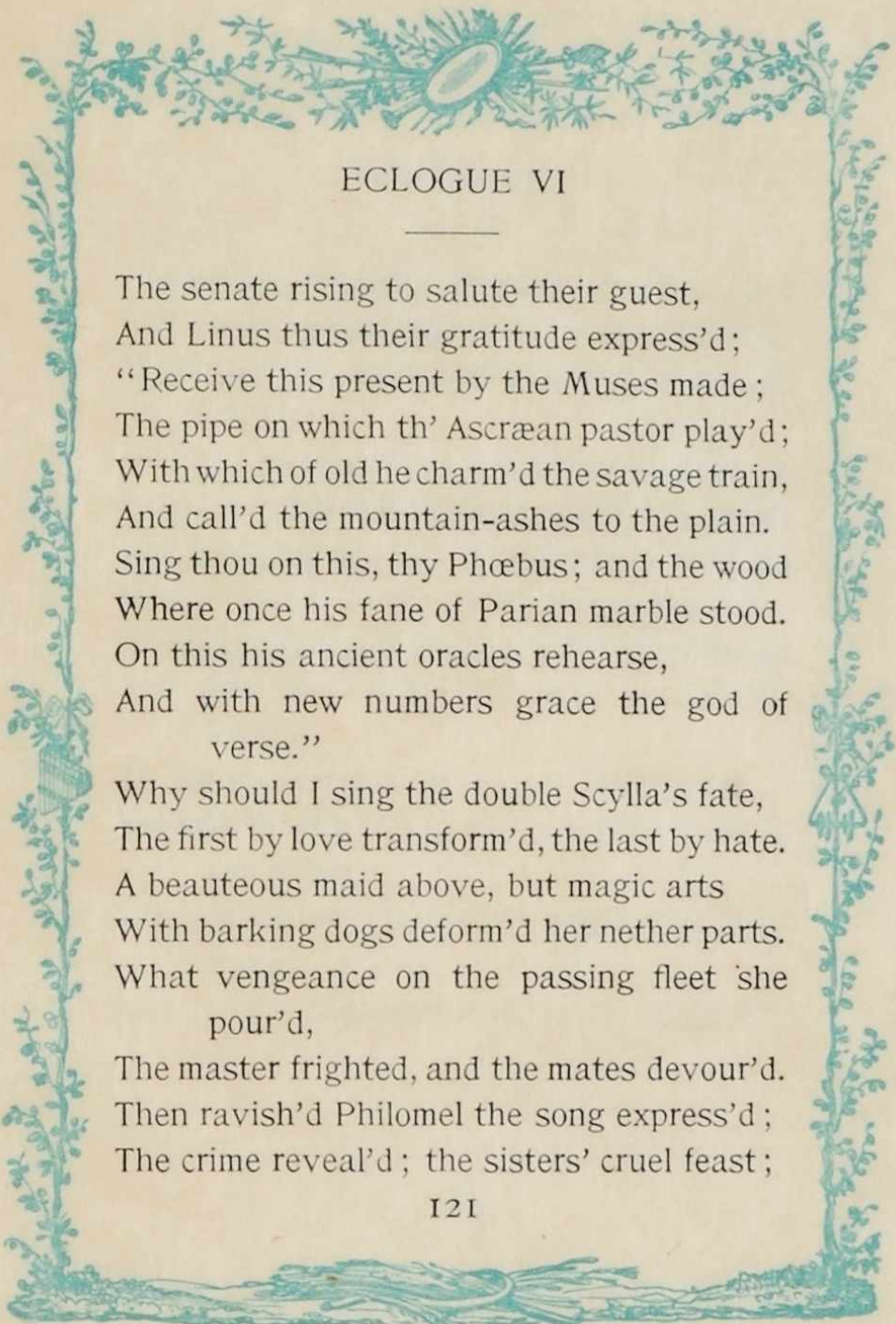
Ascræo quos ante seni, quibus ille solebat
Cantando rigidas deducere montibus ornos.

His tibi Grynei nemoris dicatur origo,
Ne quis sit lucus, quo se plus iactet Apollo.”
Quid loquar, aut Scyllam Nisi, quam fama
secuta est

Candida succinctam latrantibus inguina
monstris

Dulichias vexasse rates et gurgite in alto
Ah! timidos nautas canibus lacerasse ma-
rinis :

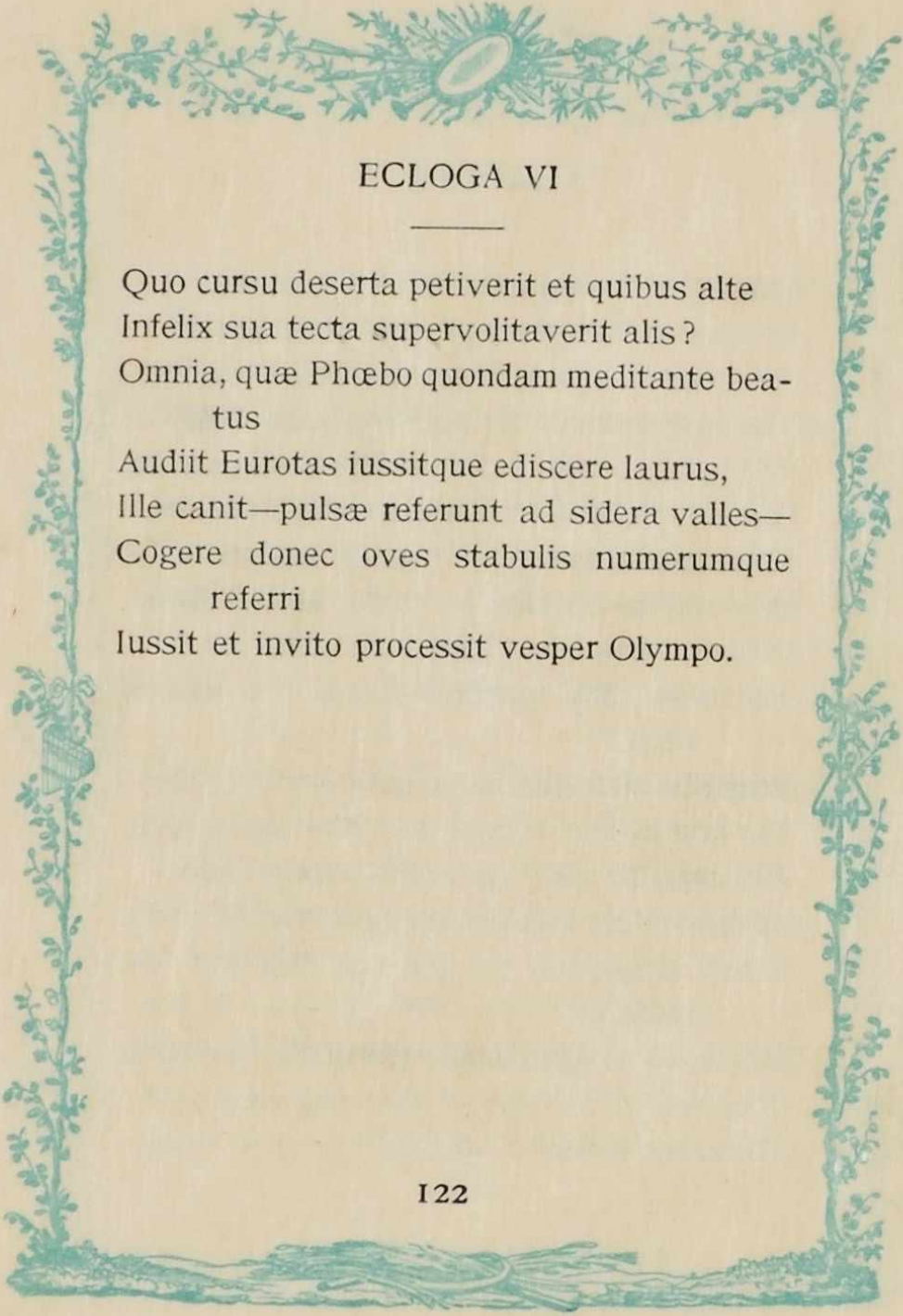
Aut ut mutatos Terei narraverit artus,
Quas illi Philomela dapes, quæ dona pararit,



ECLOGUE VI

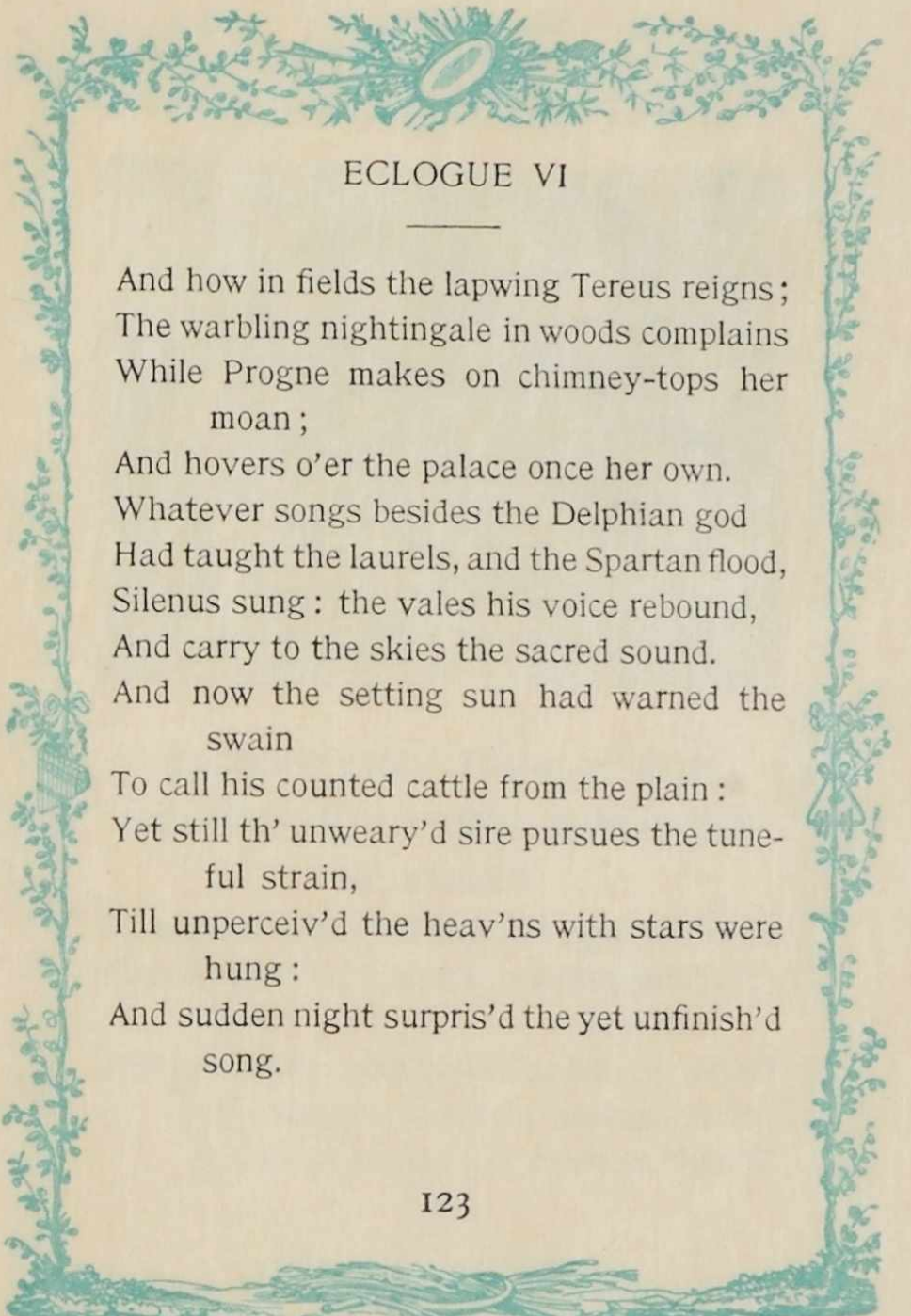
The senate rising to salute their guest,
And Linus thus their gratitude express'd;
"Receive this present by the Muses made;
The pipe on which th' Ascræan pastor play'd;
With which of old he charm'd the savage train,
And call'd the mountain-ashes to the plain.
Sing thou on this, thy Phœbus; and the wood
Where once his fane of Parian marble stood.
On this his ancient oracles rehearse,
And with new numbers grace the god of
verse."

Why should I sing the double Scylla's fate,
The first by love transform'd, the last by hate.
A beauteous maid above, but magic arts
With barking dogs deform'd her nether parts.
What vengeance on the passing fleet she
pour'd,
The master frighted, and the mates devour'd.
Then ravish'd Philomel the song express'd;
The crime reveal'd; the sisters' cruel feast;



ECLOGA VI

Quo cursu deserta petiverit et quibus alte
Infelix sua tecta supervolitaverit alis?
Omnia, quæ Phœbo quondam meditante beatus
Audiit Eurotas iussitque ediscere laurus,
Ille canit—pulsæ referunt ad sidera valles—
Cogere donec oves stabulis numerumque
referri
Iussit et invito processit vesper Olympo.



ECLOGUE VI

And how in fields the lapwing Tereus reigns ;
The warbling nightingale in woods complains
While Progne makes on chimney-tops her
moan ;

And hovers o'er the palace once her own.
Whatever songs besides the Delphian god
Had taught the laurels, and the Spartan flood,
Silenus sung : the vales his voice rebound,
And carry to the skies the sacred sound.

And now the setting sun had warned the
swain

To call his counted cattle from the plain :
Yet still th' unweary'd sire pursues the tune-
ful strain,

Till unperceiv'd the heav'ns with stars were
hung :

And sudden night surpris'd the yet unfinish'd
song.



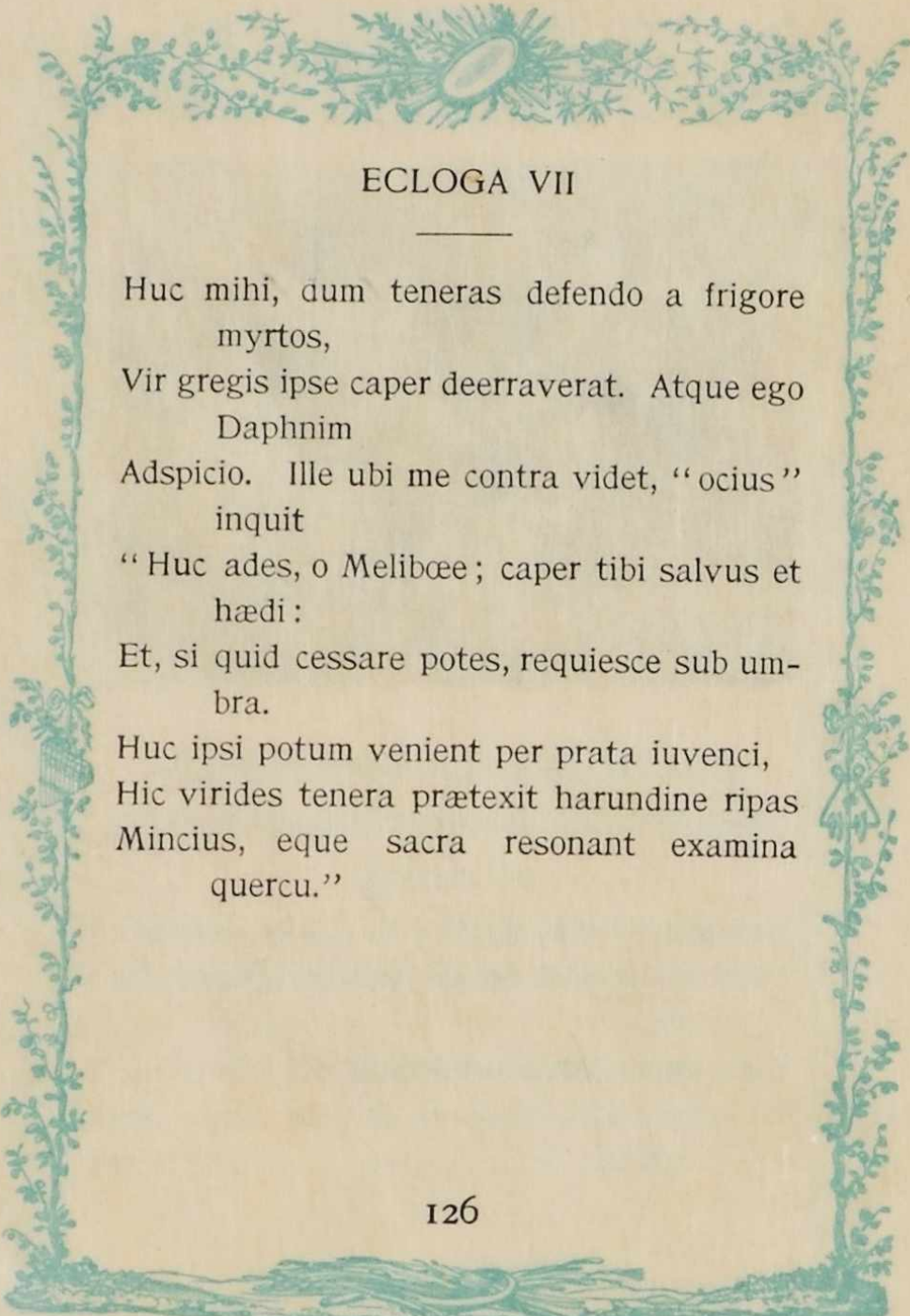
ECLOGA VII.—MELIBŌEUS
MELIBŌEUS—CORYDON—THYRSIS
MELIBŌEUS

Forte sub arguta consederat ilice Daphnis,
Compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrsis
in unum,
Thyrsis oves, Corydon distentas lacte capellas.
Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares et respondere parati.



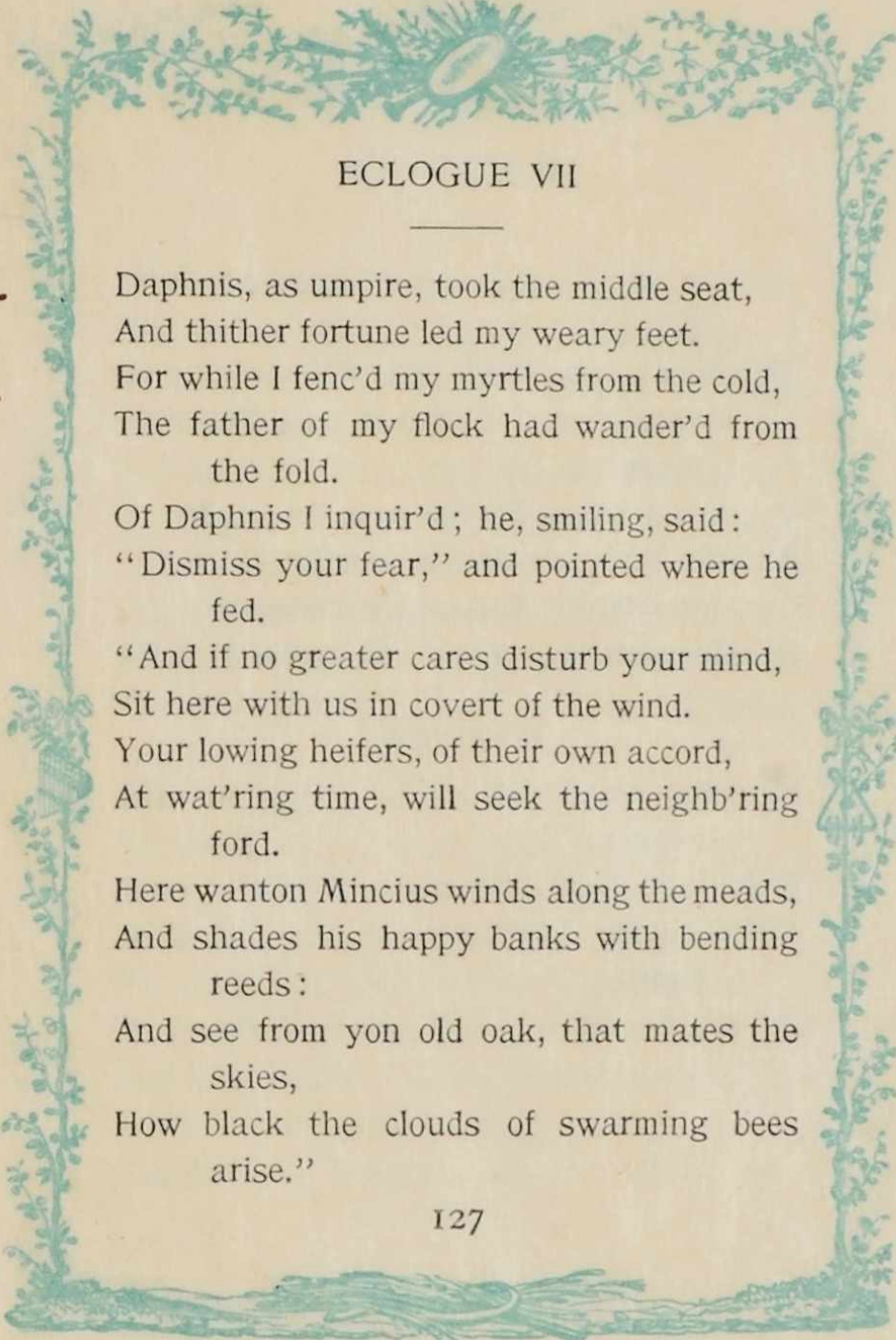
ECLOGUE VII.—MELIBŌEUS
MELIBŌEUS—CORYDON—THYRSIS
MELIBŌEUS

Beneath a holm, repair'd two jolly swains ;
Their sheep and goats together graz'd the
plains ;
Both young Arcadians, both alike inspir'd
To sing, and answer as the song re-
quir'd.



ECLOGA VII

Huc mihi, dum teneras defendo a frigore
myrtos,
Vir gregis ipse caper deerraverat. Atque ego
Daphnim
Adspicio. Ille ubi me contra videt, "ocius"
inquit
"Huc ades, o Melibœe; caper tibi salvus et
hædi:
Et, si quid cessare potes, requiesce sub um-
bra.
Huc ipsi potum venient per prata iuvenci,
Hic virides tenera prætexit harundine ripas
Mincius, eque sacra resonant examina
querçu."



ECLOGUE VII

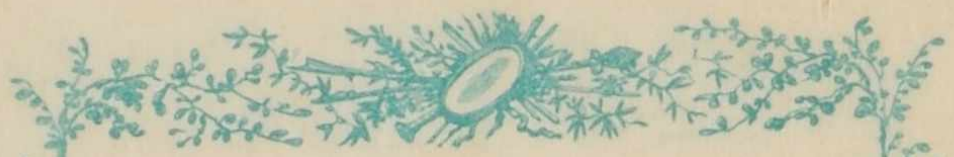
Daphnis, as umpire, took the middle seat,
And thither fortune led my weary feet.
For while I fenc'd my myrtles from the cold,
The father of my flock had wander'd from
the fold.

Of Daphnis I inquir'd ; he, smiling, said :
"Dismiss your fear," and pointed where he
fed.

"And if no greater cares disturb your mind,
Sit here with us in covert of the wind.
Your lowing heifers, of their own accord,
At wat'ring time, will seek the neighb'ring
ford.

Here wanton Mincius winds along the meads,
And shades his happy banks with bending
reeds :

And see from yon old oak, that mates the
skies,
How black the clouds of swarming bees
arise."



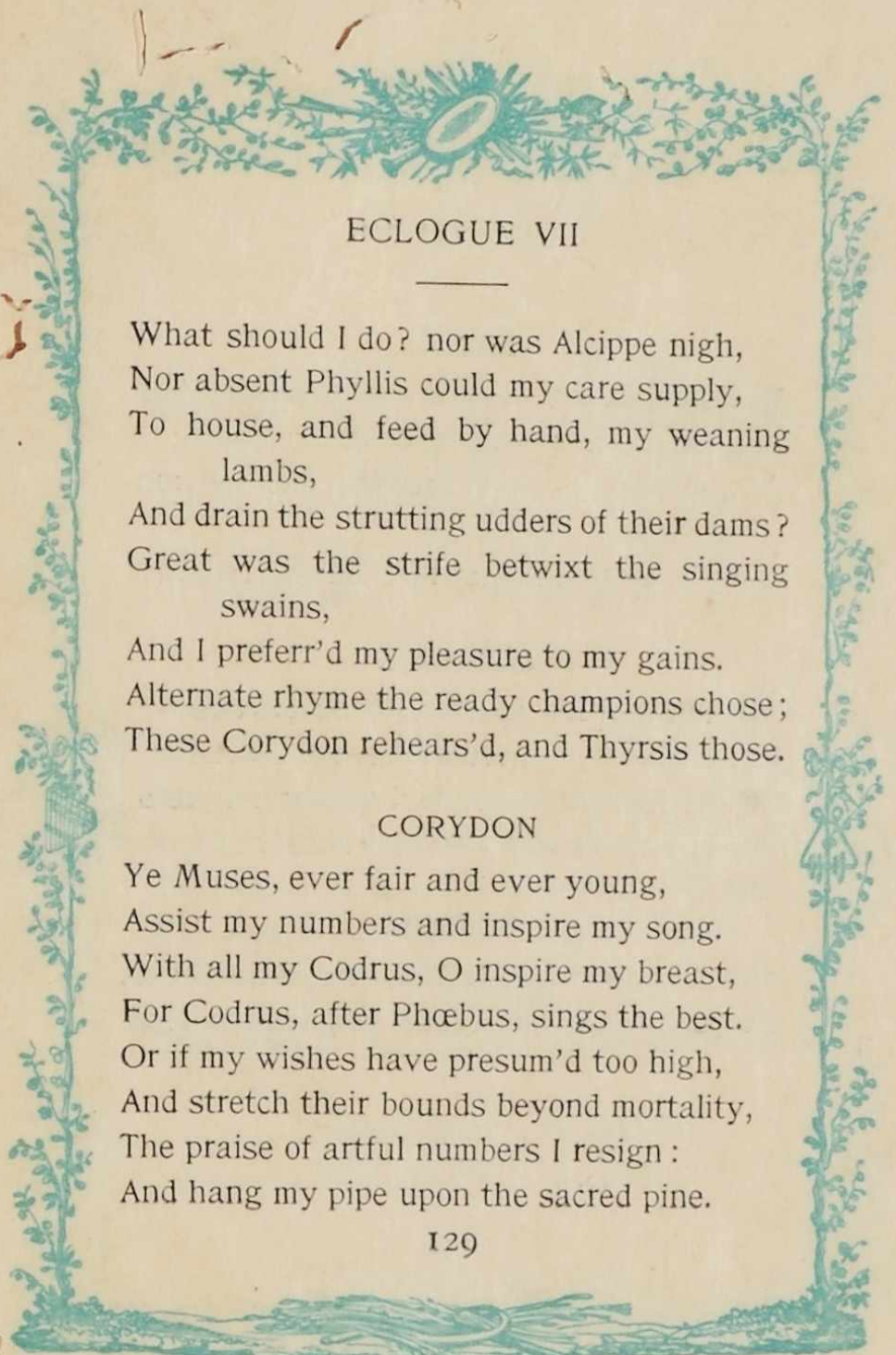
ECLOGA VII

Quid facerem? neque ego Alcippen nec Phyl-
lida habebam,
Depulsos a lacte domi quæ clauderet agnos;
Et certamen erat, Corydon cum Thyrside,
magnum.

Posthabui tamen illorum mea seria ludo.
Alternis igitur contendere versibus ambo
Cœpere, alternos Musæ meminisse volebant.
Hos Corydon, illos referebat in ordine Thyrsis.

CORYDON

Nymphæ, noster amor, Libethrides, aut mihi
carmen,
Quale meo Codro, concedite—proxima Phœbi
Versibus ille facit—aut, si non possumus
omnes,
Hic arguta sacra pendebit fistula pinu.



ECLOGUE VII

What should I do? nor was Alcippe nigh,
Nor absent Phyllis could my care supply,
To house, and feed by hand, my weaning
 lambs,
And drain the strutting udders of their dams?
Great was the strife betwixt the singing
 swains,
And I preferr'd my pleasure to my gains.
Alternate rhyme the ready champions chose;
These Corydon rehears'd, and Thyrsis those.

CORYDON

Ye Muses, ever fair and ever young,
Assist my numbers and inspire my song.
With all my Codrus, O inspire my breast,
For Codrus, after Phœbus, sings the best.
Or if my wishes have presum'd too high,
And stretch their bounds beyond mortality,
The praise of artful numbers I resign:
And hang my pipe upon the sacred pine.



ECLOGA VII

THYRSIS

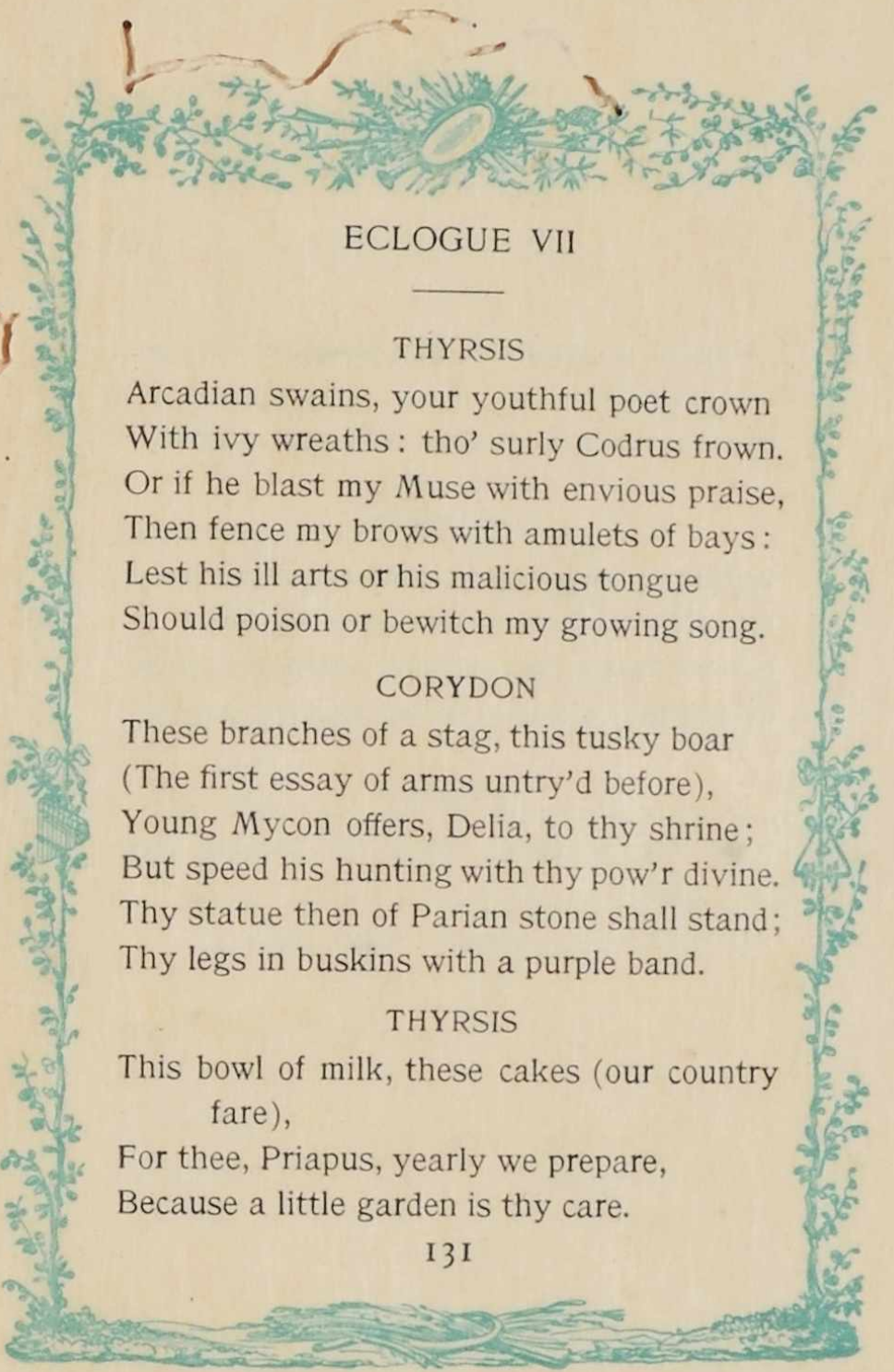
Pastores, hedera crescentem ornate poetam,
Arcades, invidia rumpantur ut ilia Codro;
Aut, si ultra placitum laudarit, baccare fron-
tem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

CORYDON

Sætosi caput hoc apri tibi, Delia, parvus
Et ramosa Mycon vivacis cornua cervi.
Si proprium hoc fuerit, levi de marmore tota
Puniceo stabis suras evincta cothurno.

THYRSIS

Sinum lactis et hæc te liba, Priape, quotannis
Expectare sat est: custos es pauperis horti.



ECLOGUE VII

THYRSIS

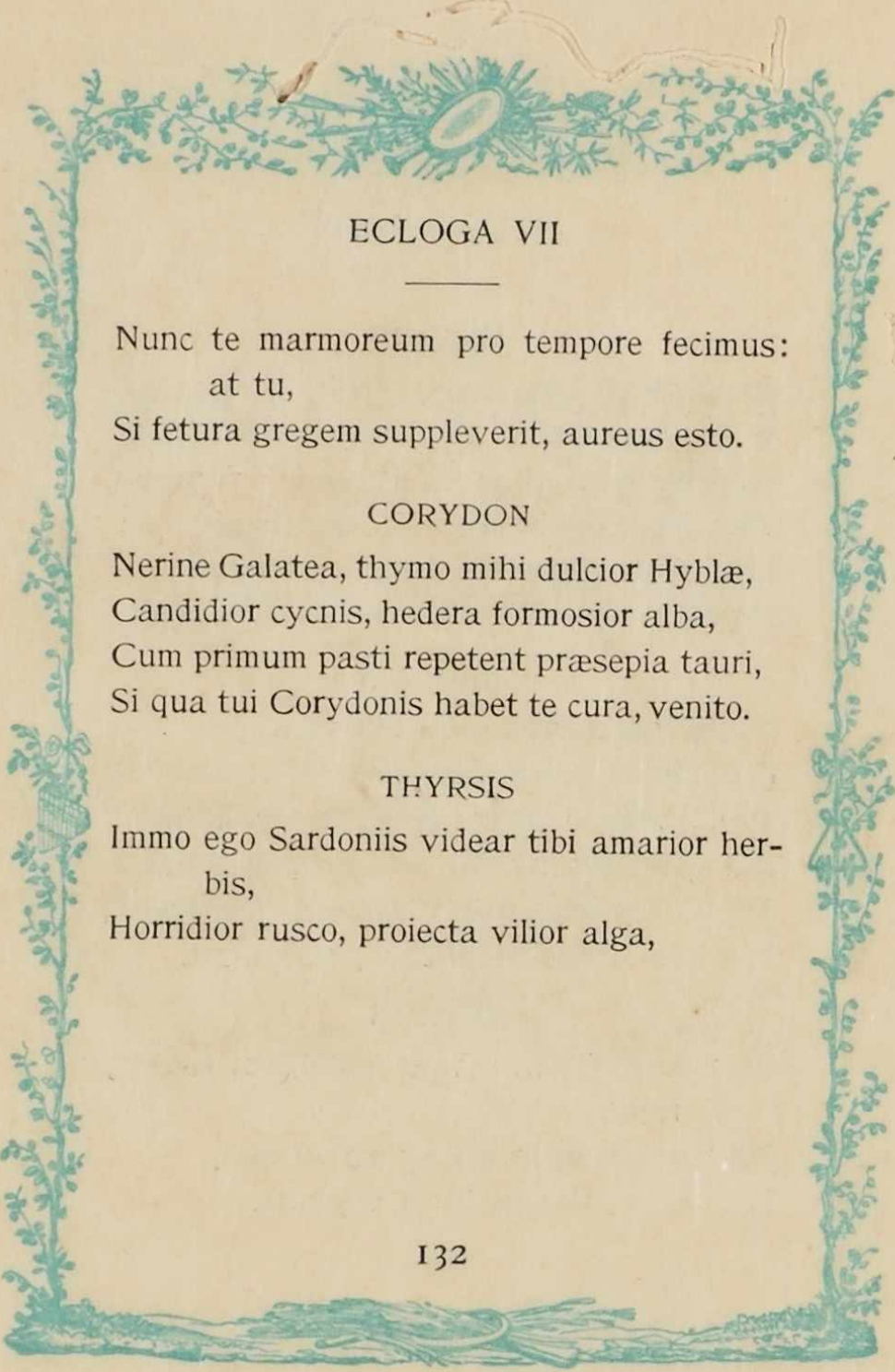
Arcadian swains, your youthful poet crown
With ivy wreaths: tho' surly Codrus frown.
Or if he blast my Muse with envious praise,
Then fence my brows with amulets of bays:
Lest his ill arts or his malicious tongue
Should poison or bewitch my growing song.

CORYDON

These branches of a stag, this tusky boar
(The first essay of arms untry'd before),
Young Mycon offers, Delia, to thy shrine;
But speed his hunting with thy pow'r divine.
Thy statue then of Parian stone shall stand;
Thy legs in buskins with a purple band.

THYRSIS

This bowl of milk, these cakes (our country
fare),
For thee, Priapus, yearly we prepare,
Because a little garden is thy care.



ECLOGA VII

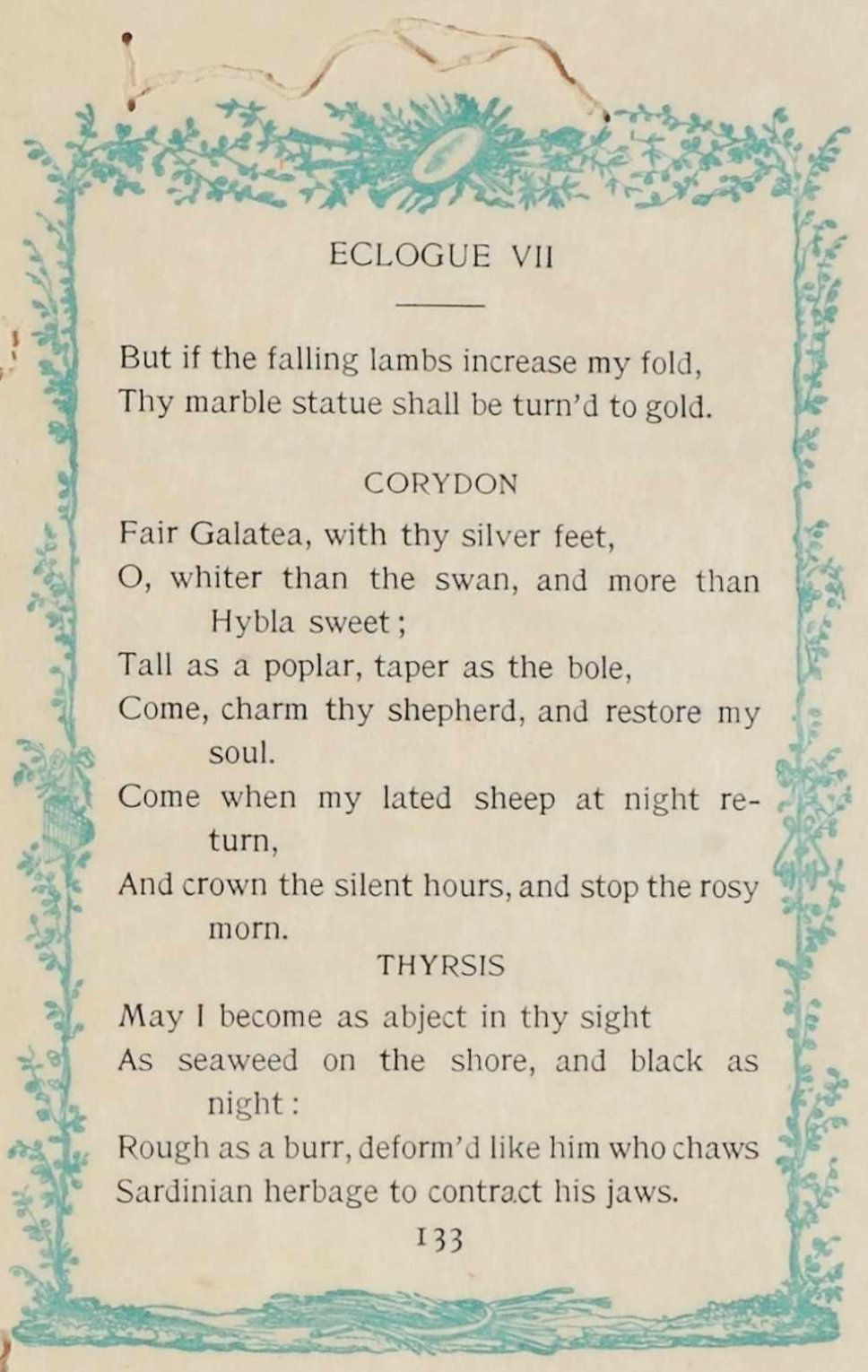
Nunc te marmoreum pro tempore fecimus:
at tu,
Si fetura gregem suppleverit, aureus esto.

CORYDON

Nerine Galatea, thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ,
Candidior cygnis, hedera formosior alba,
Cum primum pasti repetent præsepia tauri,
Si qua tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito.

THYRSIS

Immo ego Sardoniis videar tibi amarior her-
bis,
Horridior rusco, proiecta vilior alga,



ECLOGUE VII

But if the falling lambs increase my fold,
Thy marble statue shall be turn'd to gold.

CORYDON

Fair Galatea, with thy silver feet,
O, whiter than the swan, and more than
Hybla sweet ;
Tall as a poplar, taper as the bole,
Come, charm thy shepherd, and restore my
soul.

Come when my lated sheep at night re-
turn,
And crown the silent hours, and stop the rosy
morn.

THYRSIS

May I become as abject in thy sight
As seaweed on the shore, and black as
night :
Rough as a burr, deform'd like him who chaws
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws.



ECLOGA VII

Si mihi non hæc lux toto iam longior anno
est.

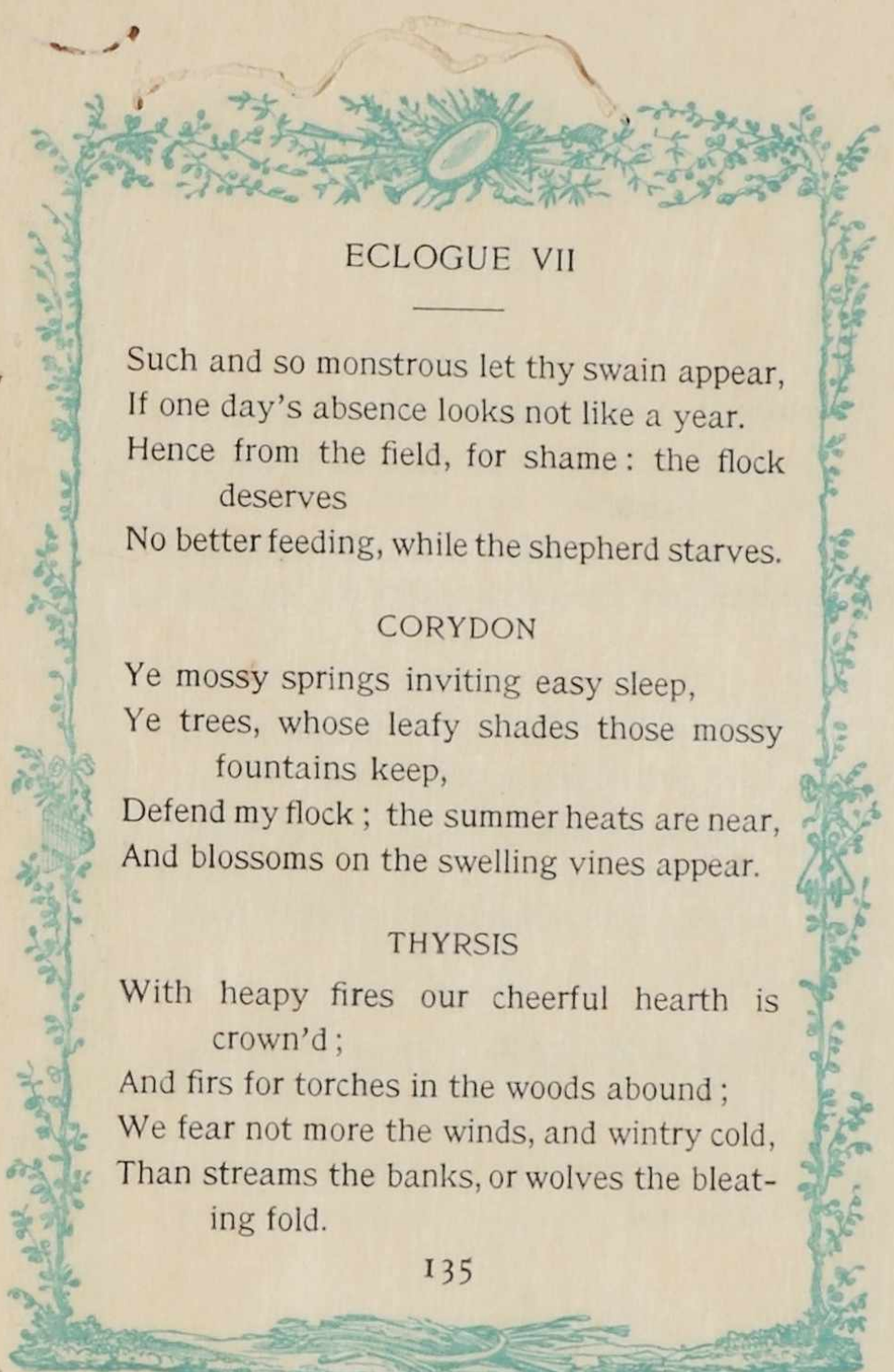
Ite domum pasti, si quis pudor, ite iuveni.

CORYDON

Muscosi fontes et somno mollior herba,
Et quæ vos rara viridis tegit arbutus umbra,
Solstitium pecori defendite: iam venit æstas
Torrída, iam lento turgent in palmite gemmæ.

THYRSIS

Hic focus et tædæ pingues, hic plurimus ignis
Semper, et adsidua postes fuligine nigri.
Hic tantum boreæ curamus frigora, quantum
Aut numerum lupus aut torrentia flumina
ripas.



ECLOGUE VII

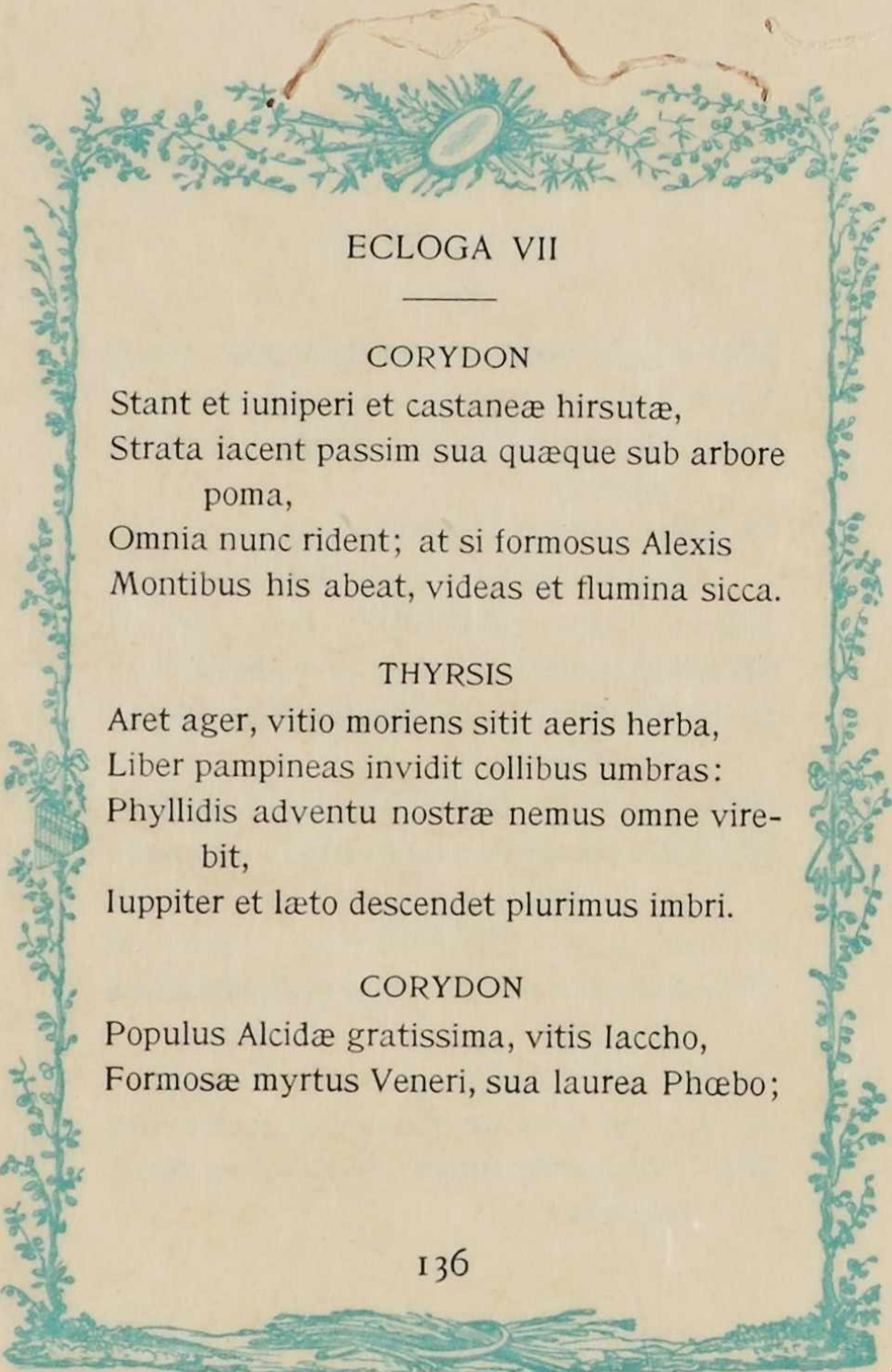
Such and so monstrous let thy swain appear,
If one day's absence looks not like a year.
Hence from the field, for shame: the flock
deserves
No better feeding, while the shepherd starves.

CORYDON

Ye mossy springs inviting easy sleep,
Ye trees, whose leafy shades those mossy
fountains keep,
Defend my flock; the summer heats are near,
And blossoms on the swelling vines appear.

THYRSIS

With heapy fires our cheerful hearth is
crown'd;
And firs for torches in the woods abound;
We fear not more the winds, and wintry cold,
Than streams the banks, or wolves the bleat-
ing fold.



ECLOGA VII

CORYDON

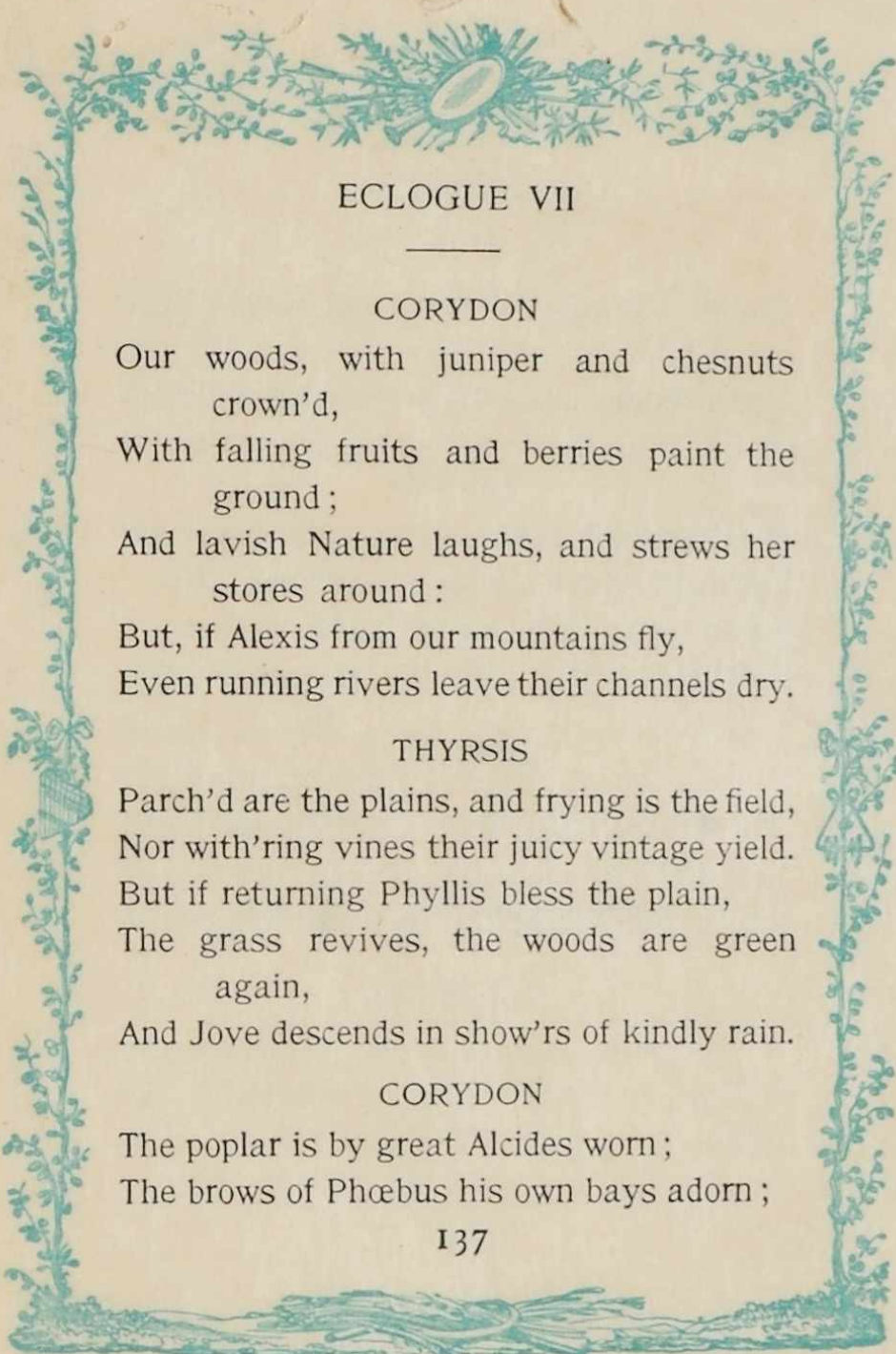
Stant et iuniperi et castaneæ hirsutæ,
Strata iacent passim sua quæque sub arbore
poma,
Omnia nunc rident; at si formosus Alexis
Montibus his abeat, videas et flumina sicca.

THYRSIS

Aret ager, vitio moriens sitit aeris herba,
Liber pampineas invidit collibus umbras:
Phyllidis adventu nostræ nemus omne vire-
bit,
Iuppiter et læto descendet plurimus imbri.

CORYDON

Populus Alcidæ gratissima, vitis Iaccho,
Formosæ myrtus Veneri, sua laurea Phæbo;



ECLOGUE VII

CORYDON

Our woods, with juniper and chesnuts
crown'd,
With falling fruits and berries paint the
ground ;
And lavish Nature laughs, and strews her
stores around :
But, if Alexis from our mountains fly,
Even running rivers leave their channels dry.

THYRSIS

Parch'd are the plains, and frying is the field,
Nor with'ring vines their juicy vintage yield.
But if returning Phyllis bless the plain,
The grass revives, the woods are green
again,
And Jove descends in show'rs of kindly rain.

CORYDON

The poplar is by great Alcides worn ;
The brows of Phœbus his own bays adorn ;



ECLOGA VII

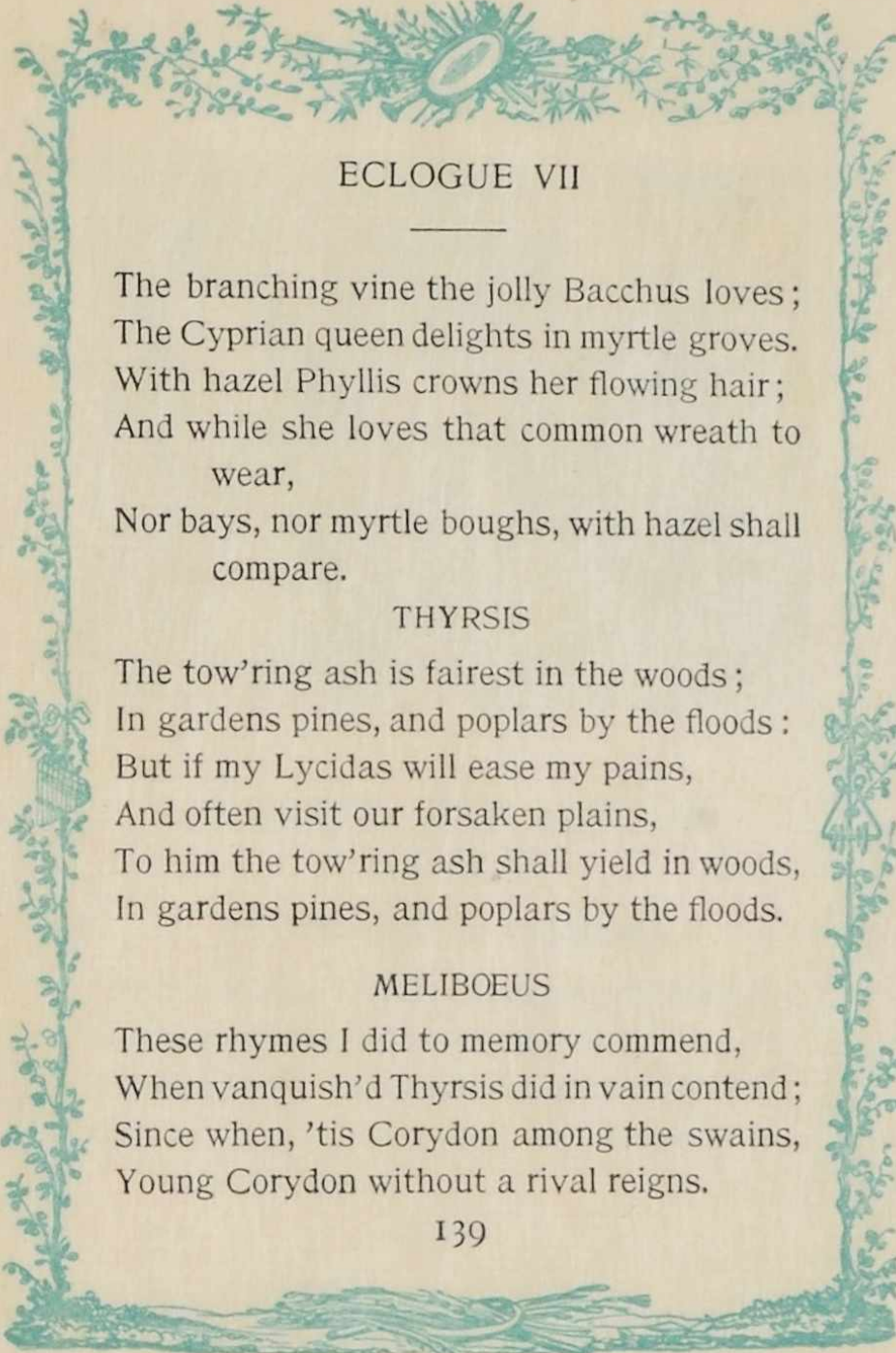
Phyllis amat corylos; illas dum Phyllis ama-
bit,
Nec myrtus vincet corylos, nec laurea Phœbi.

THYRSIS

Fraxinus in silvis pulcherrima, pinus in hortis,
Populus in fluviis, abies in montibus altis;
Sæpius at si me, Lycida formose, revisas,
Fraxinus in silvis cedat tibi, pinus in hortis.

MELIBŒUS

Hæc memini, et victum frustra contendere
Thyrsim.
Ex illo Corydon Corydon est tempore nobis.



ECLOGUE VII

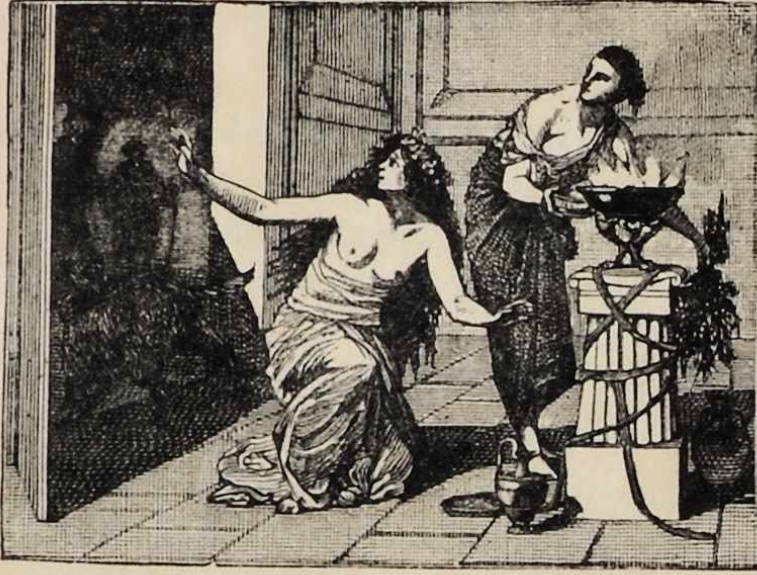
The branching vine the jolly Bacchus loves ;
The Cyprian queen delights in myrtle groves.
With hazel Phyllis crowns her flowing hair ;
And while she loves that common wreath to
wear,
Nor bays, nor myrtle boughs, with hazel shall
compare.

THYRSIS

The tow'ring ash is fairest in the woods ;
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods :
But if my Lycidas will ease my pains,
And often visit our forsaken plains,
To him the tow'ring ash shall yield in woods,
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods.

MELIBOEUS

These rhymes I did to memory commend,
When vanquish'd Thyrsis did in vain contend ;
Since when, 'tis Corydon among the swains,
Young Corydon without a rival reigns.



ECLOGA VIII.—PHARMA-
CEUTRIA

DAMON—ALPHESIBOEUS

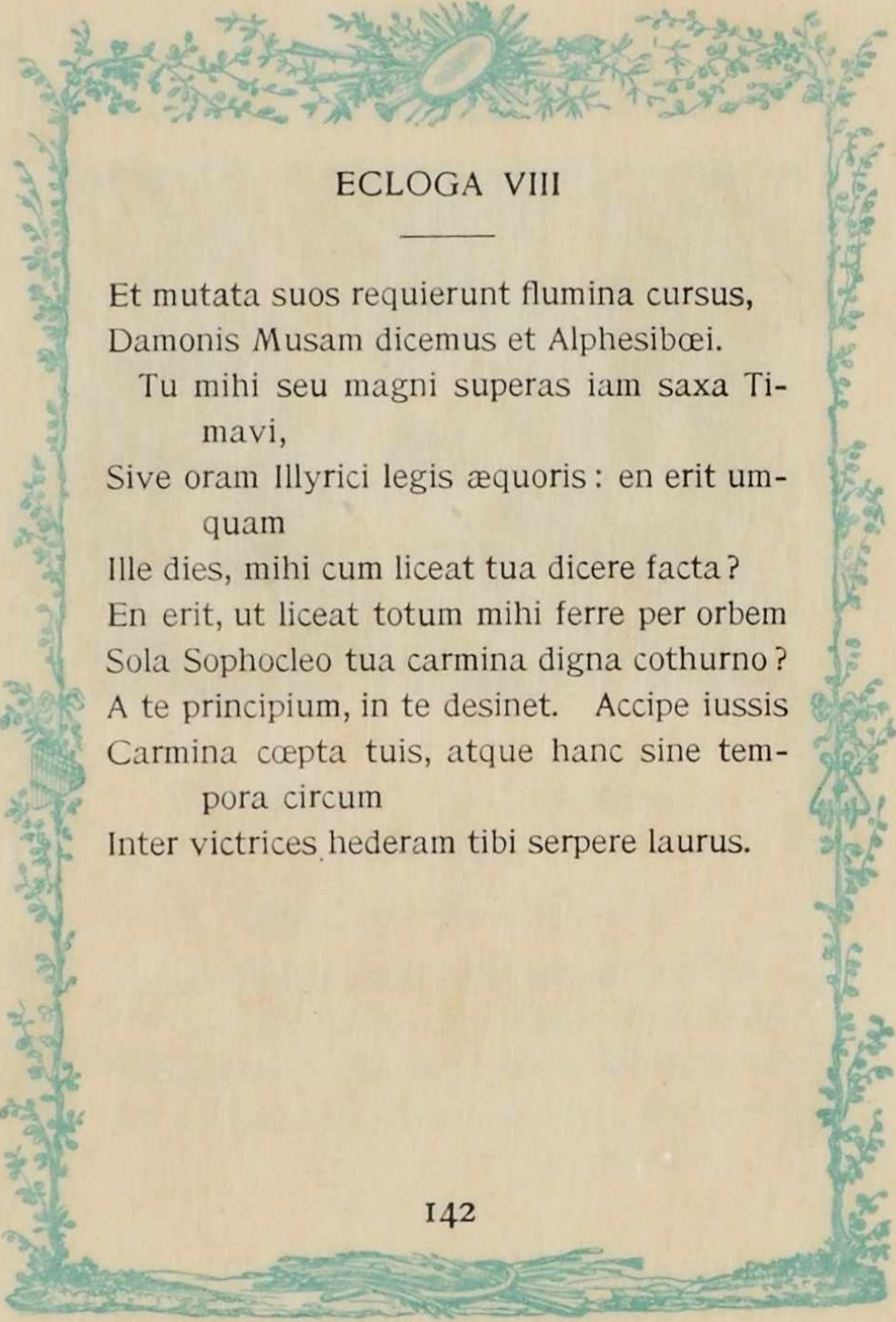
Pastorum Musam Damonis et Alphisibœi,
Immemor herbarum quos est mirata iuvenca
Certantes, quorum stupefactæ carmine lyn-
ces,



ECLOGUE VIII.—PHARMA-
CEUTRIA

DAMON—ALPHESIBOEUS

The mournful Muse of two despairing swains
The love rejected, and the lover's pains,
To which the savage lynxes list'ning stood,
The rivers stood on heaps, and stopp'd the
running flood :

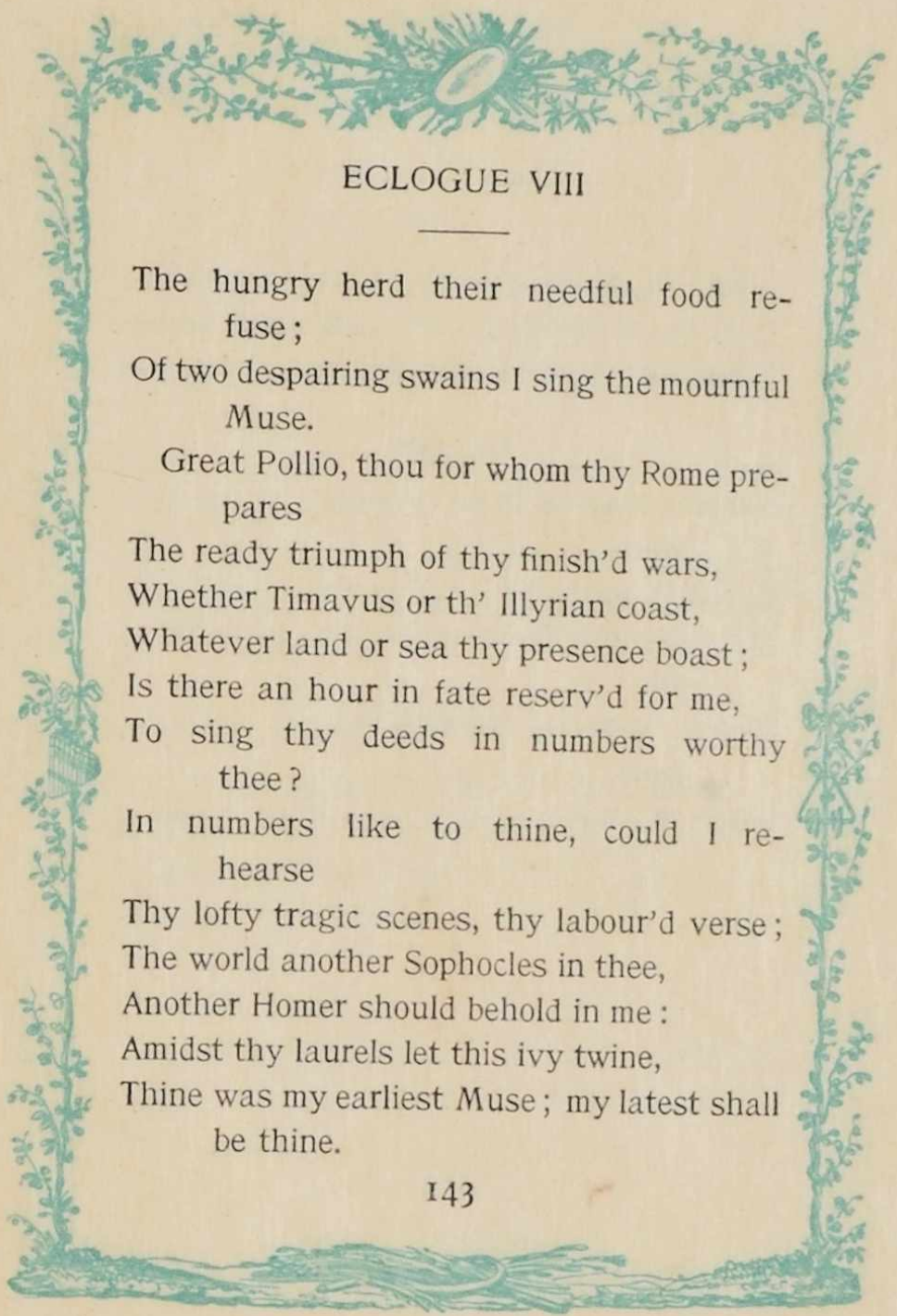


ECLOGA VIII

Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus,
Damonis Musam dicemus et Alphesibœi.

Tu mihi seu magni superas iam saxa Ti-
mavi,
Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris: en erit um-
quam

Ille dies, mihi cum liceat tua dicere facta?
En erit, ut liceat totum mihi ferre per orbem
Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno?
A te principium, in te desinet. Accipe iussis
Carmina cœpta tuis, atque hanc sine tem-
pora circum
Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere laurus.



ECLOGUE VIII

The hungry herd their needful food re-
fuse ;

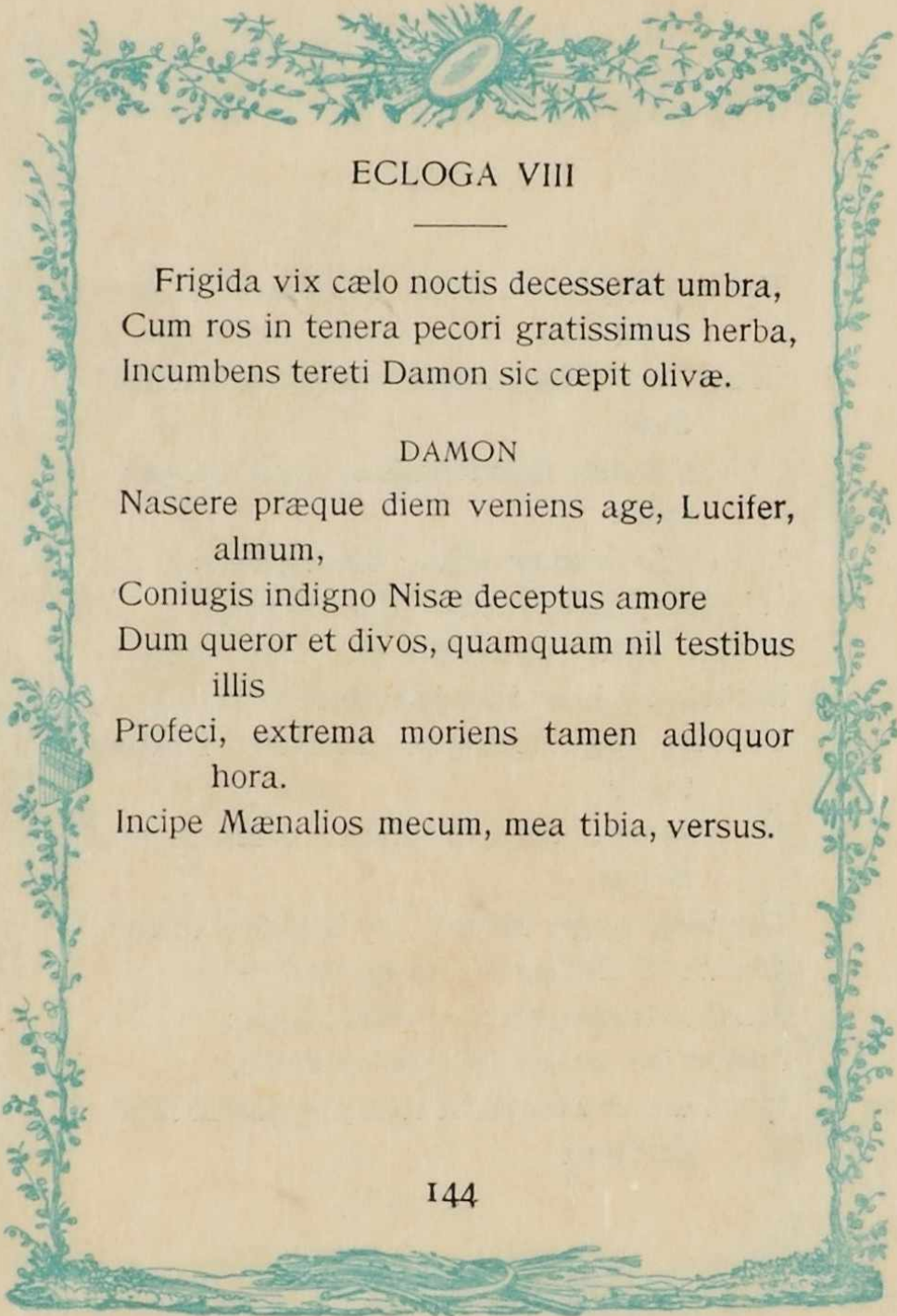
Of two despairing swains I sing the mournful
Muse.

Great Pollio, thou for whom thy Rome pre-
pares

The ready triumph of thy finish'd wars,
Whether Timavus or th' Illyrian coast,
Whatever land or sea thy presence boast ;
Is there an hour in fate reserv'd for me,
To sing thy deeds in numbers worthy
thee ?

In numbers like to thine, could I re-
hearse

Thy lofty tragic scenes, thy labour'd verse ;
The world another Sophocles in thee,
Another Homer should behold in me :
Amidst thy laurels let this ivy twine,
Thine was my earliest Muse ; my latest shall
be thine.

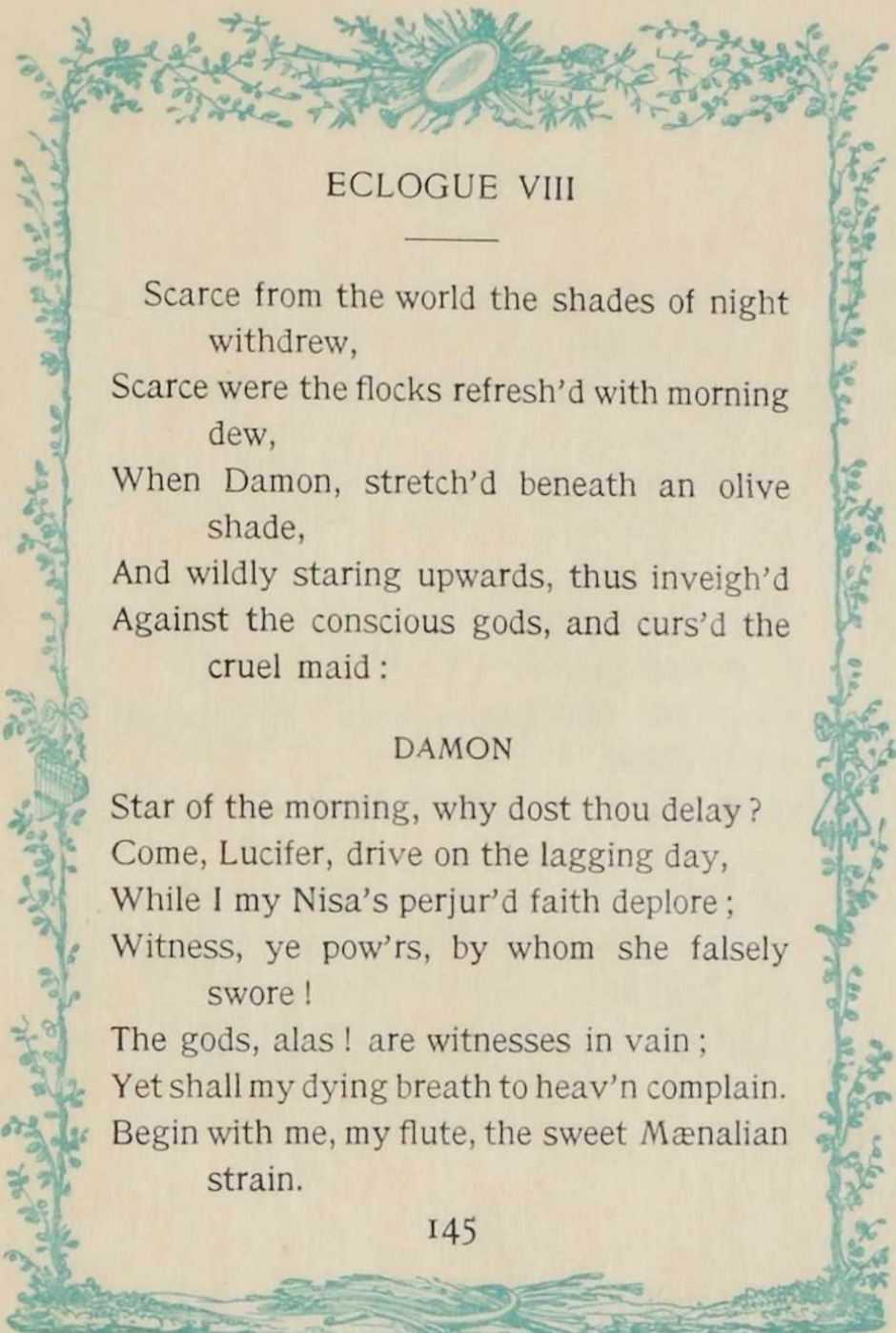


ECLOGA VIII

Frigida vix cælo noctis decesserat umbra,
Cum ros in tenera pecori gratissimus herba,
Incumbens tereti Damon sic cœpit olivæ.

DAMON

Nascere præque diem veniens age, Lucifer,
almum,
Coniugis indigno Nisæ deceptus amore
Dum queror et divos, quamquam nil testibus
illis
Profeci, extrema moriens tamen adloquor
hora.
Incipe Mænalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.

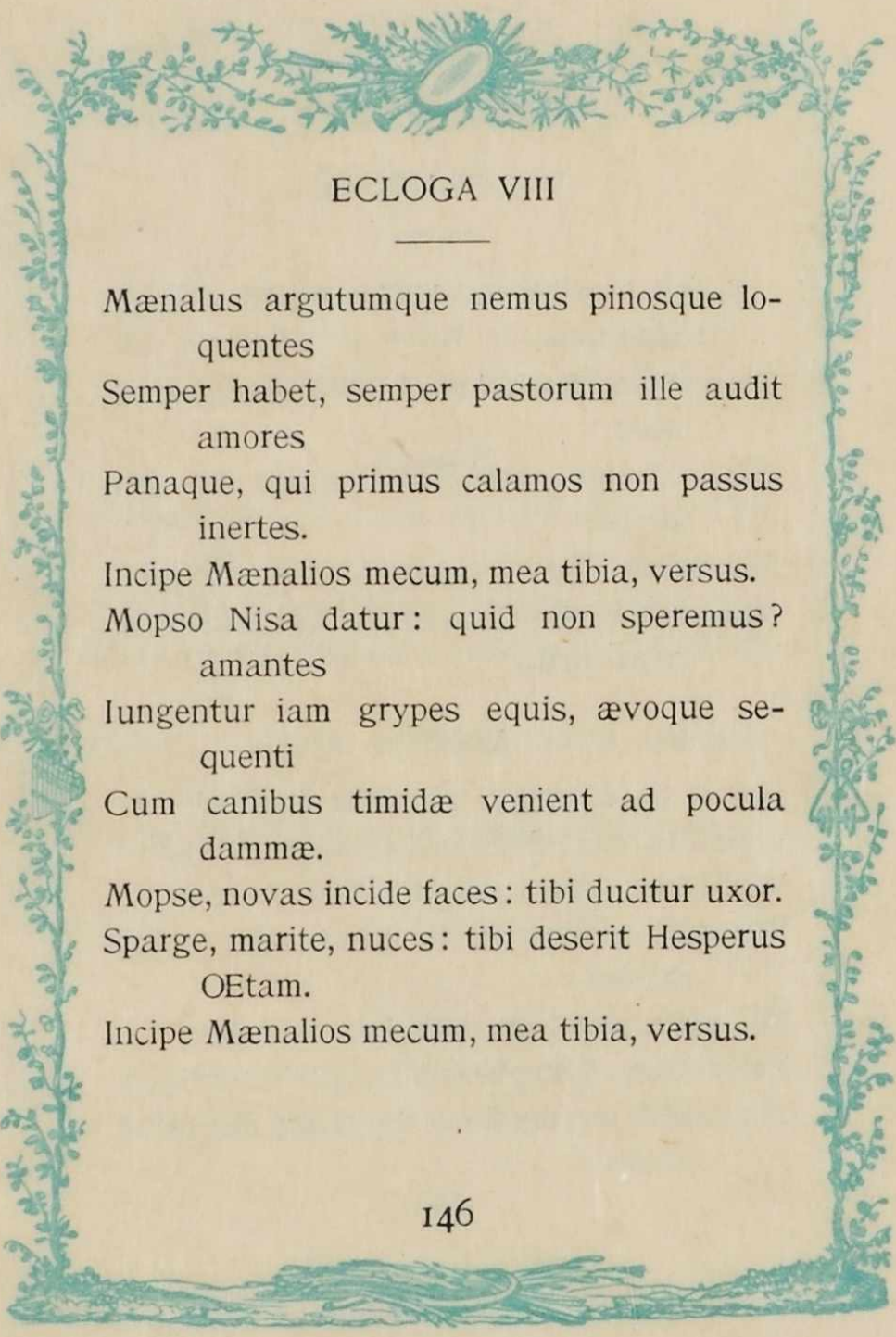


ECLOGUE VIII

Scarce from the world the shades of night
withdrew,
Scarce were the flocks refresh'd with morning
dew,
When Damon, stretch'd beneath an olive
shade,
And wildly staring upwards, thus inveigh'd
Against the conscious gods, and curs'd the
cruel maid :

DAMON

Star of the morning, why dost thou delay ?
Come, Lucifer, drive on the lagging day,
While I my Nisa's perjur'd faith deplore ;
Witness, ye pow'rs, by whom she falsely
swore !
The gods, alas ! are witnesses in vain ;
Yet shall my dying breath to heav'n complain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian
strain.



ECLOGA VIII

Mænalus argutumque nemus pinosque lo-
quentes

Semper habet, semper pastorum ille audit
amores

Panaque, qui primus calamos non passus
inertes.

Incipe Mænalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.

Mopso Nisa datur: quid non speremus?
amantes

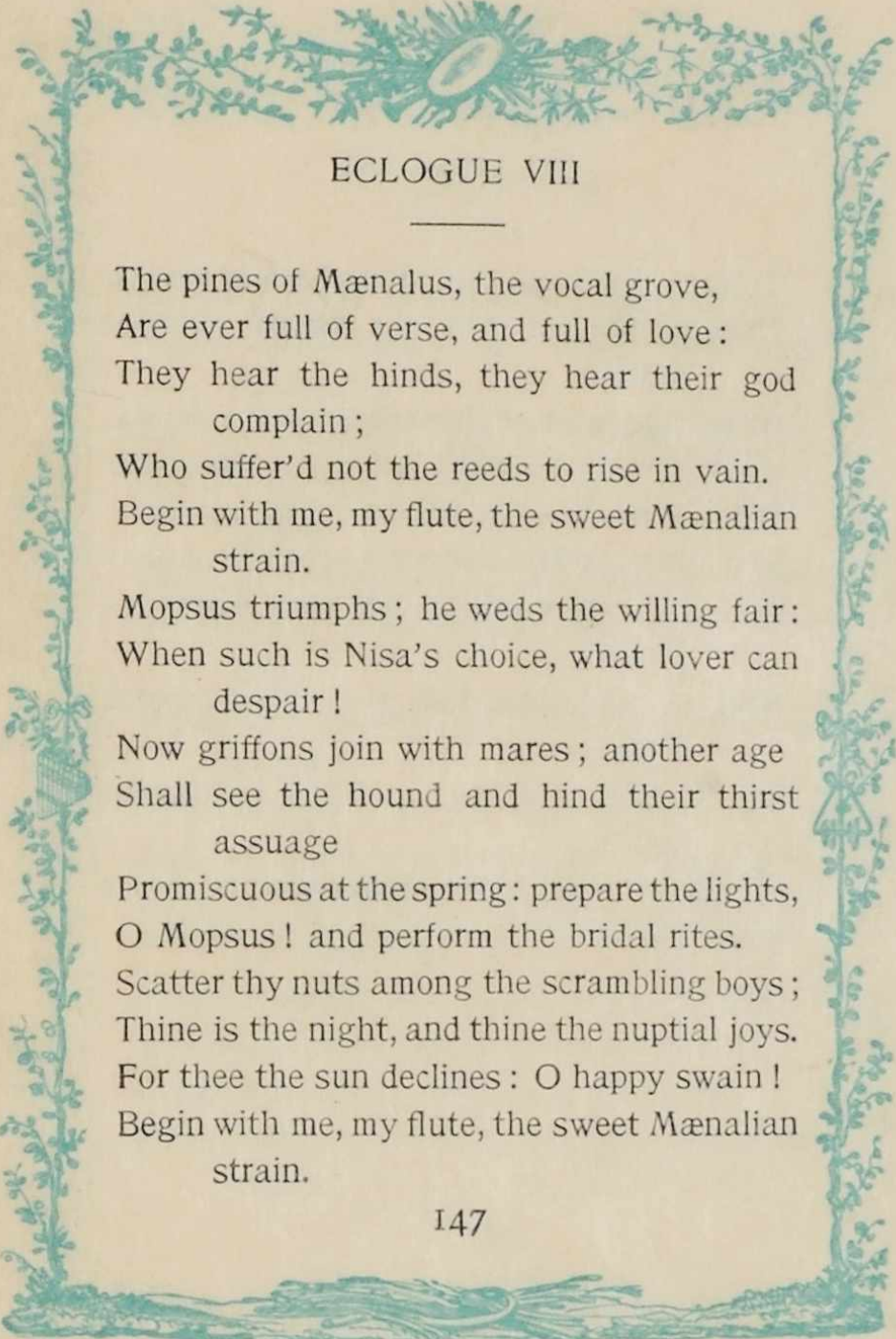
Iungentur iam grypes equis, ævoque se-
quenti

Cum canibus timidæ venient ad pocula
dammæ.

Mopse, novas incide faces: tibi ducitur uxor.

Sparge, marite, nuces: tibi deserit Hesperus
OËtam.

Incipe Mænalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.



ECLOGUE VIII

The pines of Mænalus, the vocal grove,
Are ever full of verse, and full of love :
They hear the hinds, they hear their god
complain ;

Who suffer'd not the reeds to rise in vain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian
strain.

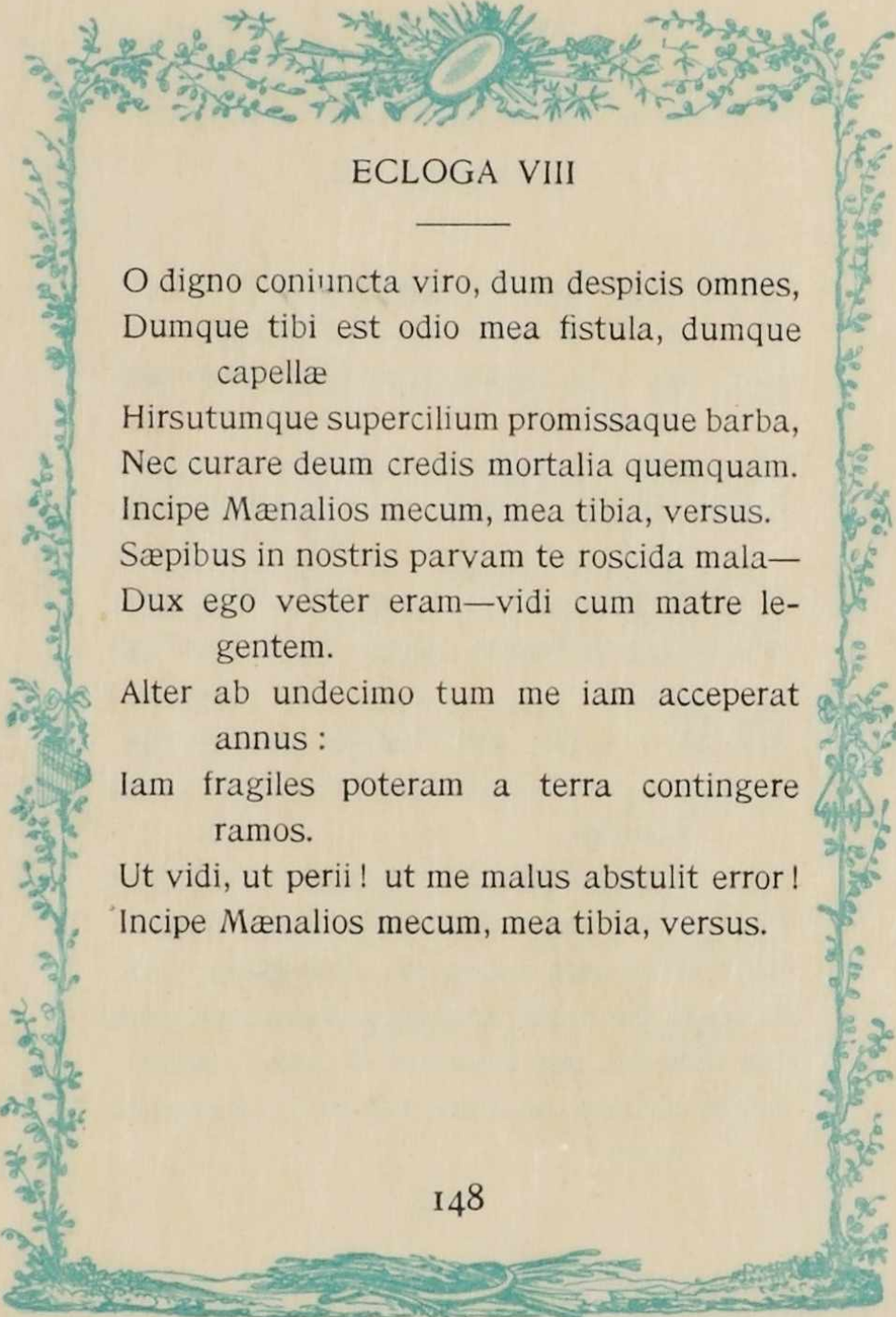
Mopsus triumphs ; he weds the willing fair :
When such is Nisa's choice, what lover can
despair !

Now griffons join with mares ; another age
Shall see the hound and hind their thirst
assuage

Promiscuous at the spring : prepare the lights,
O Mopsus ! and perform the bridal rites.

Scatter thy nuts among the scrambling boys ;
Thine is the night, and thine the nuptial joys.

For thee the sun declines : O happy swain !
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian
strain.



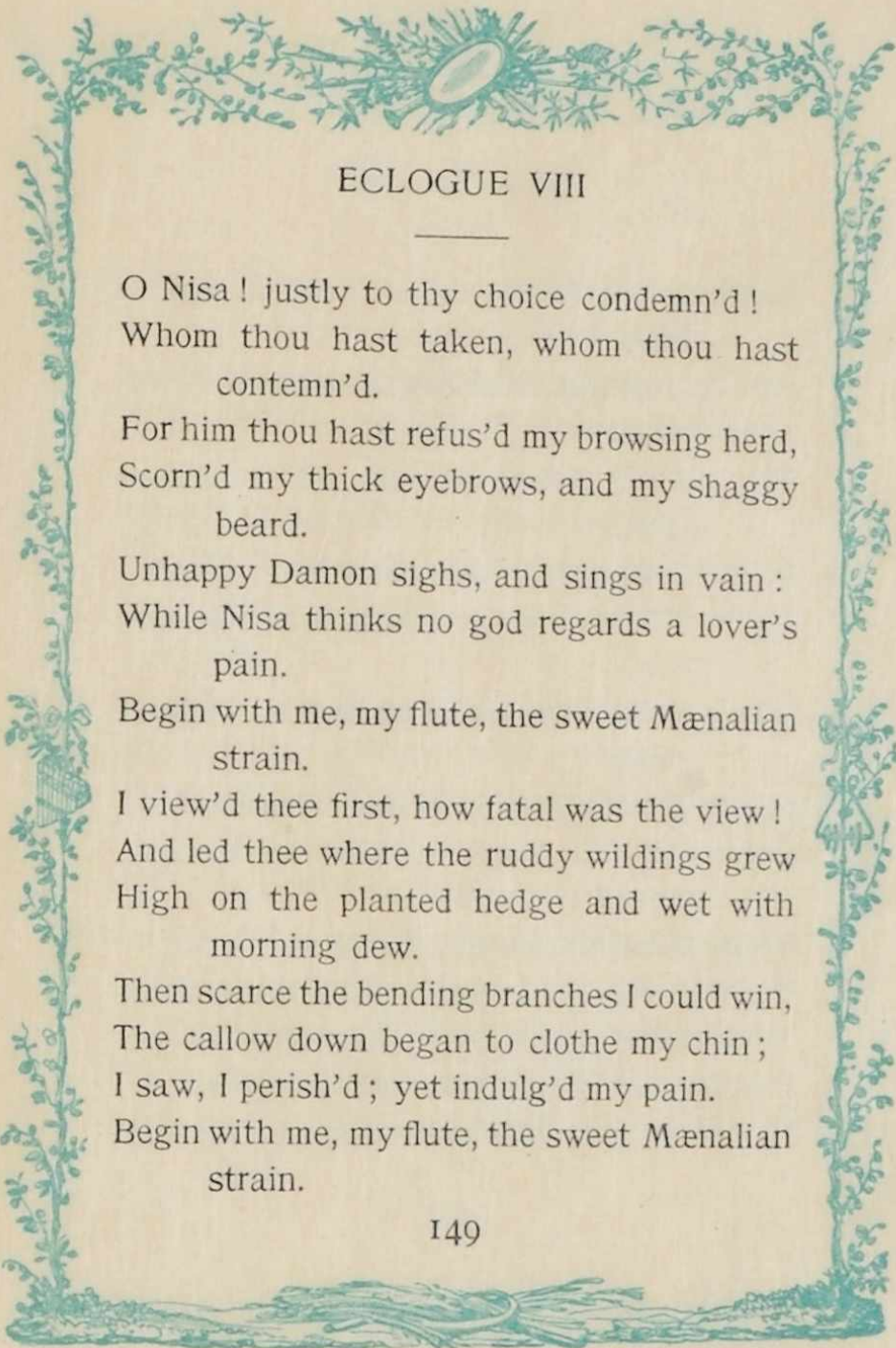
ECLOGA VIII

O digno coniuncta viro, dum despicias omnes,
Dumque tibi est odio mea fistula, dumque
capellæ

Hirsutumque supercilium promissaque barba,
Nec curare deum credis mortalia quemquam.
Incipe Mænalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.
Sæpibus in nostris parvam te roscida mala—
Dux ego vester eram—vidi cum matre le-
gentem.

Alter ab undecimo tum me iam acceperat
annus :
Iam fragiles poteram a terra contingere
ramos.

Ut vidi, ut perii ! ut me malus abstulit error !
Incipe Mænalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.



ECLOGUE VIII

O Nisa ! justly to thy choice condemn'd !
Whom thou hast taken, whom thou hast
contemn'd.

For him thou hast refus'd my browsing herd,
Scorn'd my thick eyebrows, and my shaggy
beard.

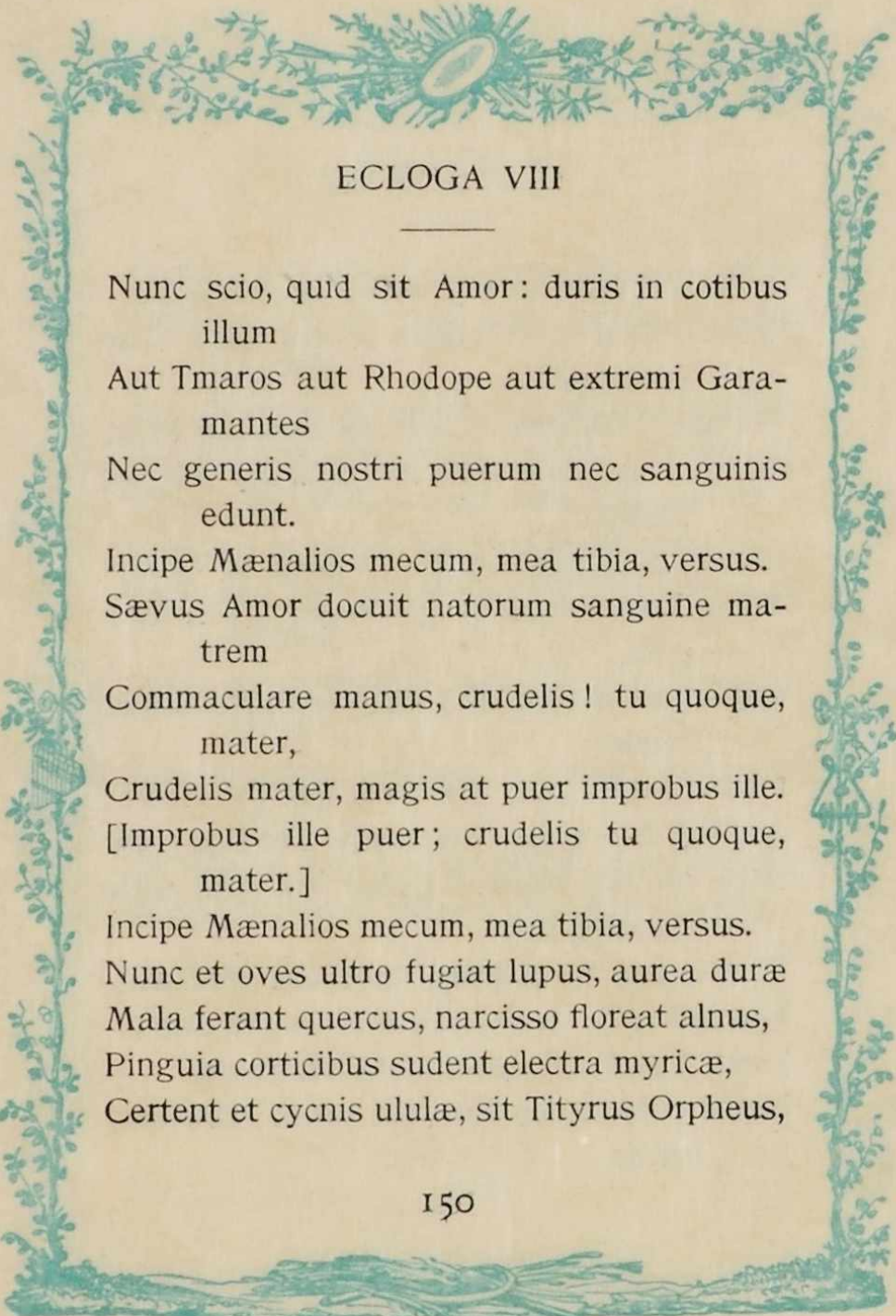
Unhappy Damon sighs, and sings in vain :
While Nisa thinks no god regards a lover's
pain.

Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian
strain.

I view'd thee first, how fatal was the view !
And led thee where the ruddy wildings grew
High on the planted hedge and wet with
morning dew.

Then scarce the bending branches I could win,
The callow down began to clothe my chin ;
I saw, I perish'd ; yet indulg'd my pain.

Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian
strain.



ECLOGA VIII

Nunc scio, quid sit Amor: duris in cotibus
illum

Aut Tmaros aut Rhodope aut extremi Gara-
mantes

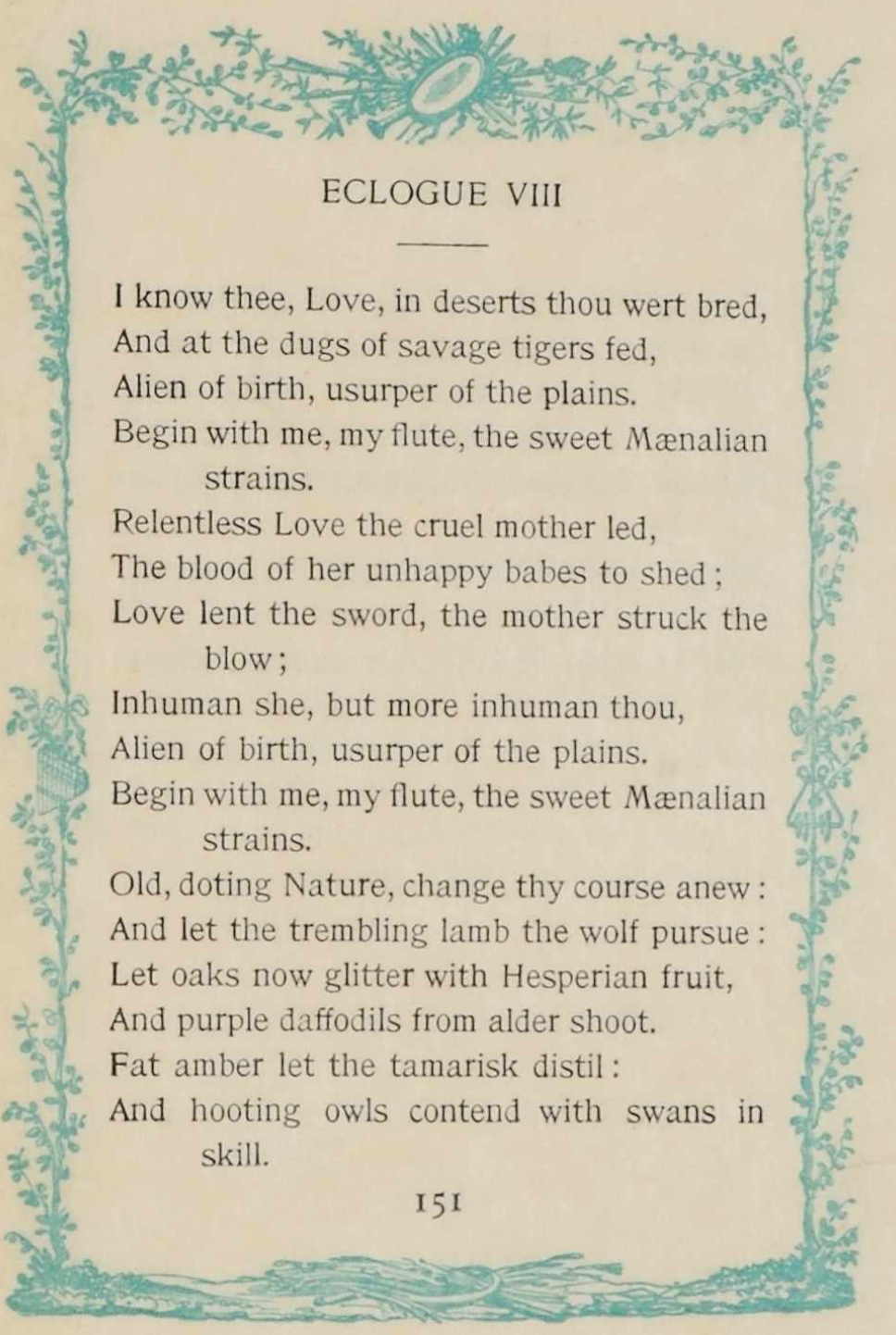
Nec generis nostri puerum nec sanguinis
edunt.

Incipe Mænalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.
Sævus Amor docuit natorum sanguine ma-
trem

Commaculare manus, crudelis! tu quoque,
mater,

Crudelis mater, magis at puer improbus ille.
[Improbus ille puer; crudelis tu quoque,
mater.]

Incipe Mænalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.
Nunc et oves ultro fugiat lupus, aurea duræ
Mala ferant quercus, narcisso floreat alnus,
Pinguia corticibus sudent electra myricæ,
Certent et cyncis ululæ, sit Tityrus Orpheus,



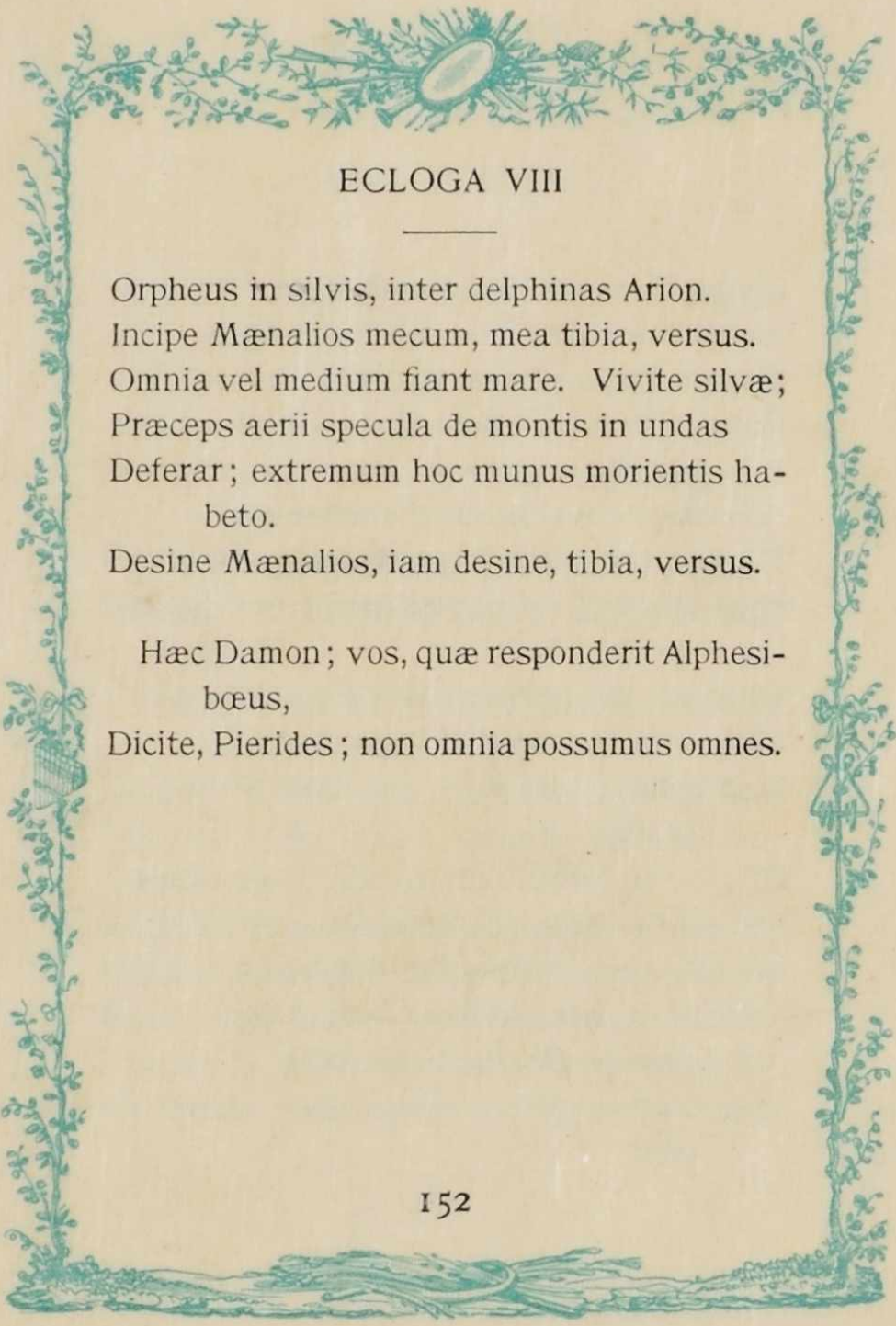
ECLOGUE VIII

I know thee, Love, in deserts thou wert bred,
And at the dugs of savage tigers fed,
Alien of birth, usurper of the plains.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian
strains.

Relentless Love the cruel mother led,
The blood of her unhappy babes to shed ;
Love lent the sword, the mother struck the
blow ;

Inhuman she, but more inhuman thou,
Alien of birth, usurper of the plains.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian
strains.

Old, doting Nature, change thy course anew :
And let the trembling lamb the wolf pursue :
Let oaks now glitter with Hesperian fruit,
And purple daffodils from alder shoot.
Fat amber let the tamarisk distil :
And hooting owls contend with swans in
skill.




ECLOGA VIII

Orpheus in silvis, inter delphinas Arion.
Incipe Mænalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.
Omnia vel medium fiant mare. Vivite silvæ;
Præceps aerii specula de montis in undas
Deferar; extremum hoc munus morientis ha-
beto.

Desine Mænalios, iam desine, tibia, versus.

Hæc Damon; vos, quæ responderit Alphesi-
bæus,
Dicite, Pierides; non omnia possumus omnes.



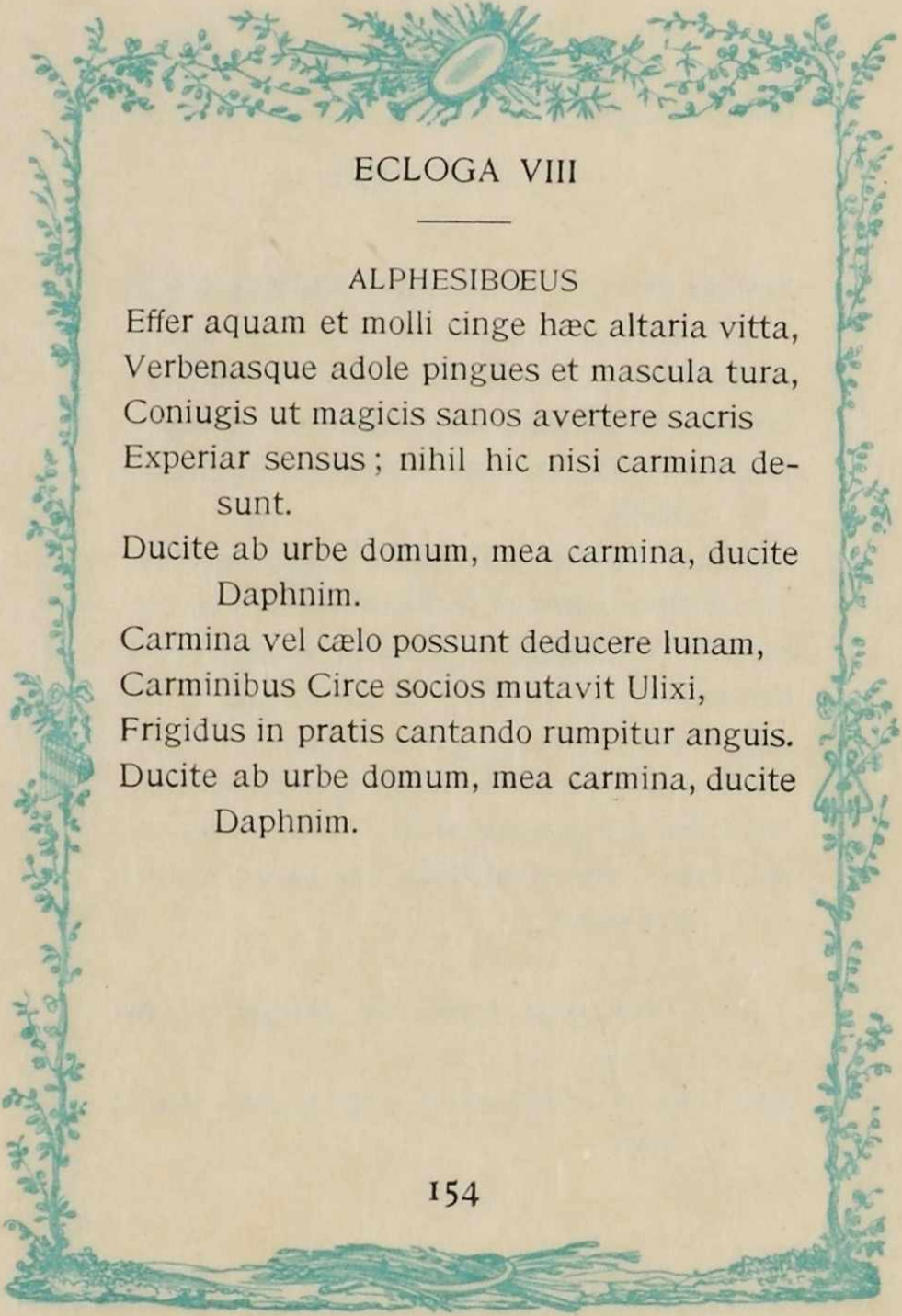
ECLOGUE VIII

Hoarse Tityrus strive with Orpheus in the
woods ;
And challenge fam'd Arion on the floods.
Or, oh ! let Nature cease, and chaos reign :
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian
strain.

Let earth be sea, and let the whelming tide
The lifeless limbs of luckless Damon hide :
Farewell, ye sacred woods and shady groves,
Haunts of my youth, and conscious of my
loves !

From yon high cliff I plunge into the main ;
Take the last present of the dying swain :
And cease, my silent flute, the sweet Mæna-
lian strain.

Now take your turns, ye Muses, to re-
hearse
His friend's complaints ; and mighty magic
verse.



ECLOGA VIII

ALPHESIBOEUS

Effer aquam et molli cinge hæc altaria vitta,
Verbenasque adole pingues et mascula tura,
Coniugis ut magicis sanos avertere sacris
Experiar sensus; nihil hic nisi carmina de-
sunt.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite
Daphnim.

Carmina vel cælo possunt deducere lunam,
Carminibus Circe socios mutavit Ulixi,
Frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite
Daphnim.



ECLOGUE VIII

ALPHESIBOEUS

Bring running water; bind those altars
round

With fillets; and with vervain strow the
ground:

Make fat with frankincense the sacred fires,
To re-inflame my Daphnis with desires:

'Tis done, we want but verse. Restore, my
charms,

My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

Pale Phœbe, drawn by verse, from heav'n
descends;

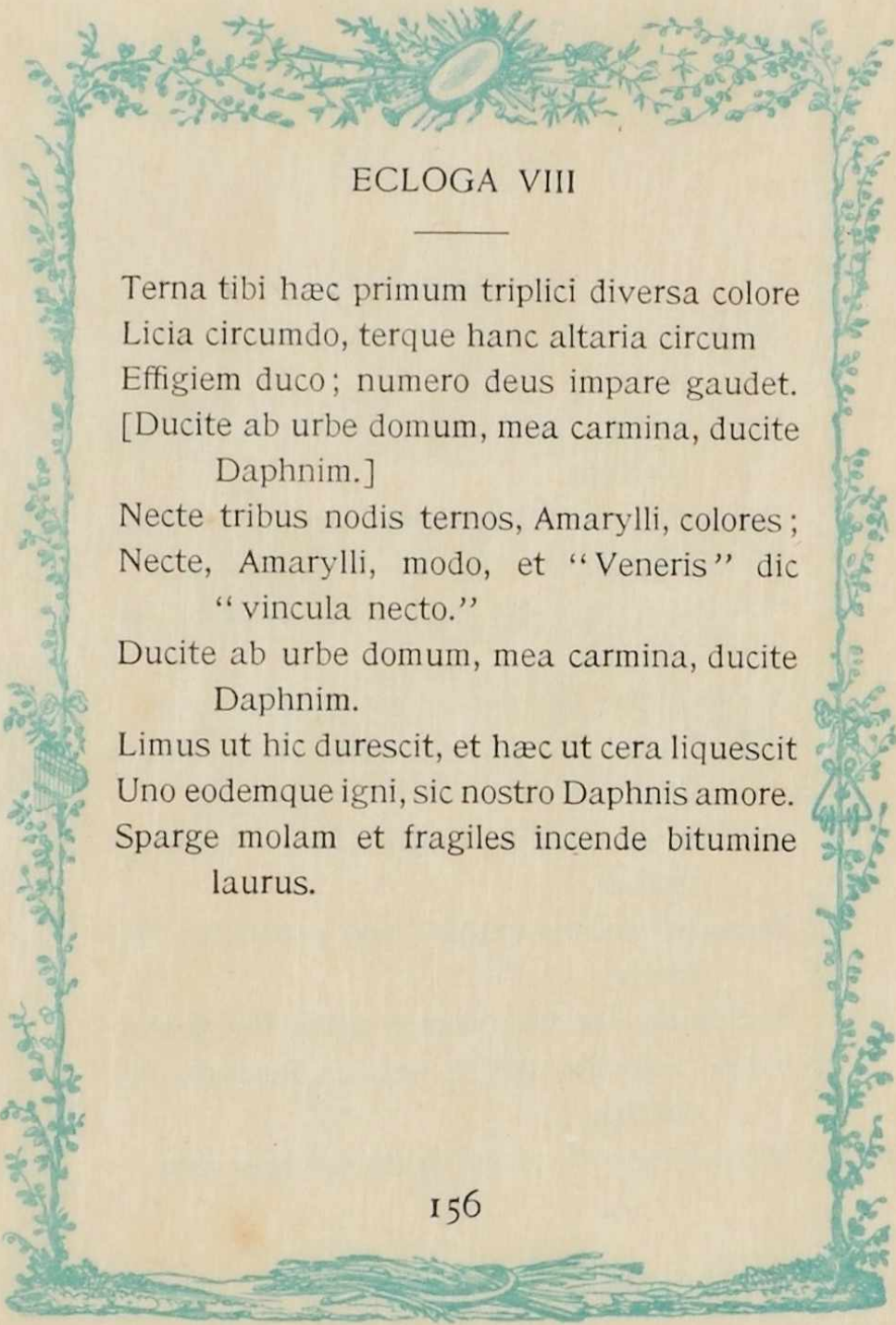
And Circe chang'd with charms Ulysses'
friends.

Verse breaks the ground, and penetrates the
brake,

And in the winding cavern splits the snake,

Verse fires the frozen veins. Restore, my
charms,

My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.



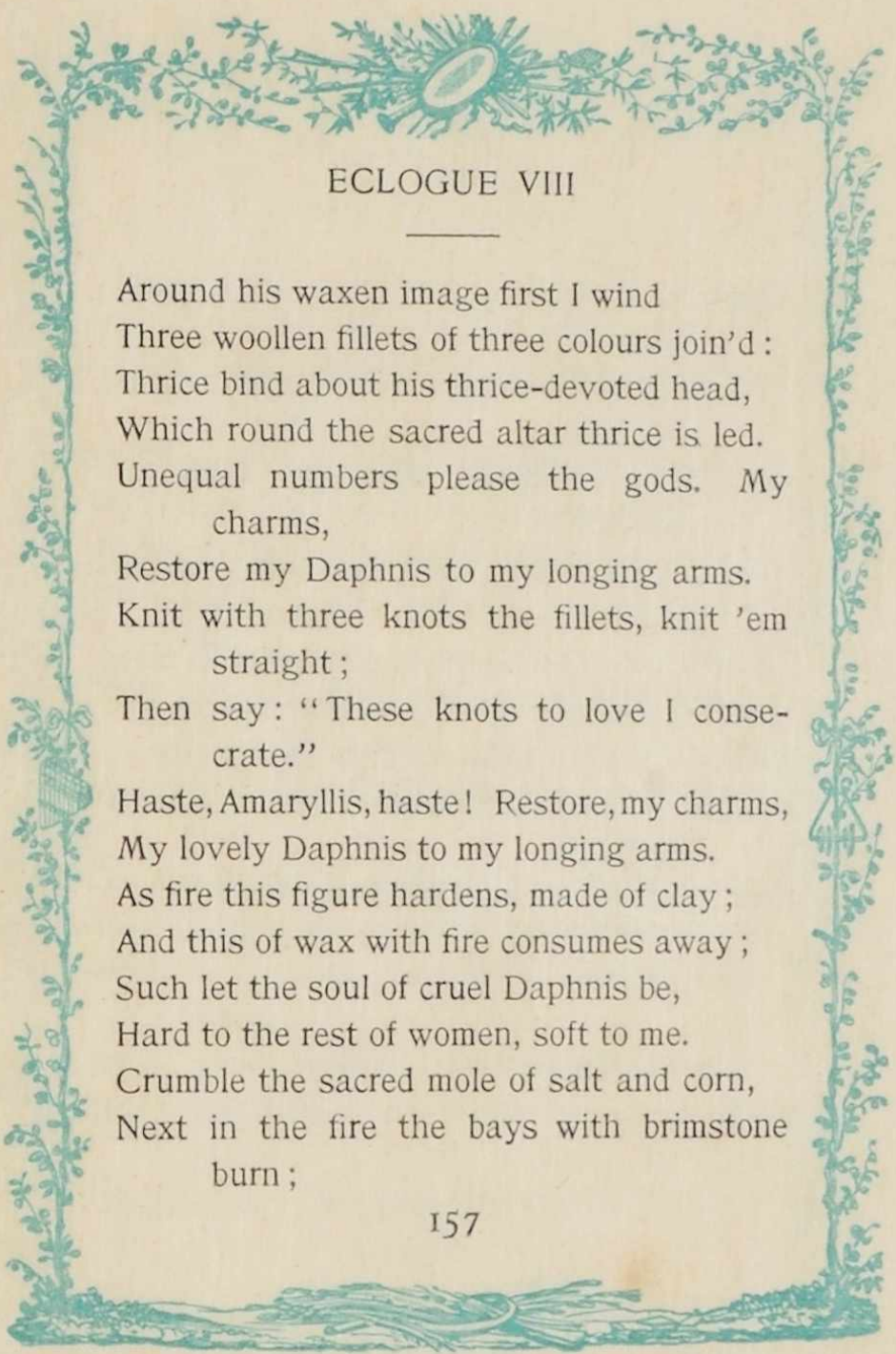
ECLOGA VIII

Terna tibi hæc primum triplici diversa colore
Licia circumdo, terque hanc altaria circum
Effigiem duco; numero deus impare gaudet.
[Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite
Daphnim.]

Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores;
Necte, Amarylli, modo, et "Veneris" dic
"vincula necto."

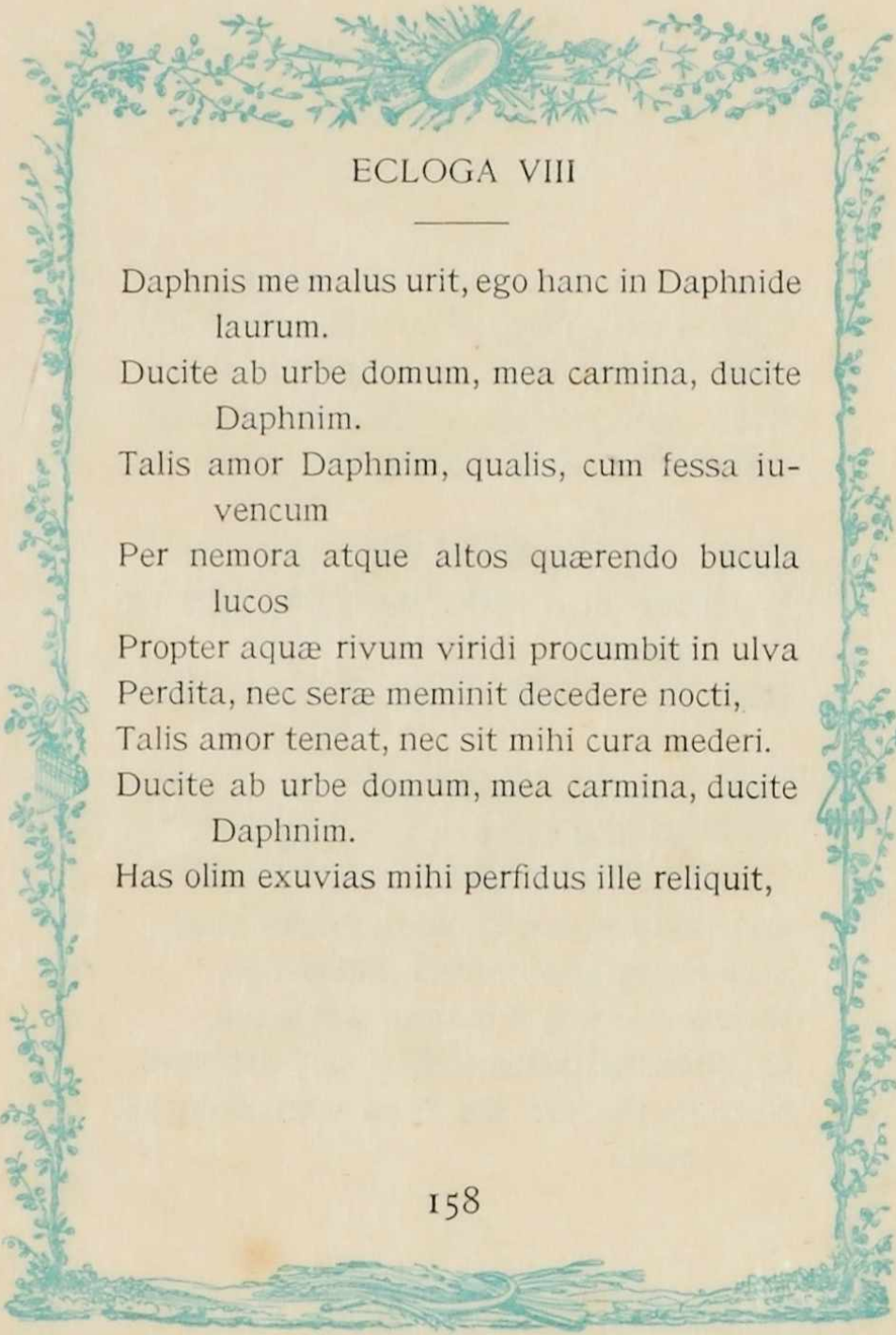
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite
Daphnim.

Limus ut hic durescit, et hæc ut cera liquescit
Uno eodemque igni, sic nostro Daphnis amore.
Sparge molam et fragiles incende bitumine
laurus.



ECLOGUE VIII

Around his waxen image first I wind
Three woollen fillets of three colours join'd :
Thrice bind about his thrice-devoted head,
Which round the sacred altar thrice is led.
Unequal numbers please the gods. My
 charms,
Restore my Daphnis to my longing arms.
Knit with three knots the fillets, knit 'em
 straight ;
Then say : "These knots to love I conse-
 crate."
Haste, Amaryllis, haste! Restore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.
As fire this figure hardens, made of clay ;
And this of wax with fire consumes away ;
Such let the soul of cruel Daphnis be,
Hard to the rest of women, soft to me.
Crumble the sacred mole of salt and corn,
Next in the fire the bays with brimstone
 burn ;



ECLOGA VIII

Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide
laurum.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite
Daphnim.

Talis amor Daphnim, qualis, cum fessa iu-
vencum

Per nemora atque altos quærendo bucula
lucos

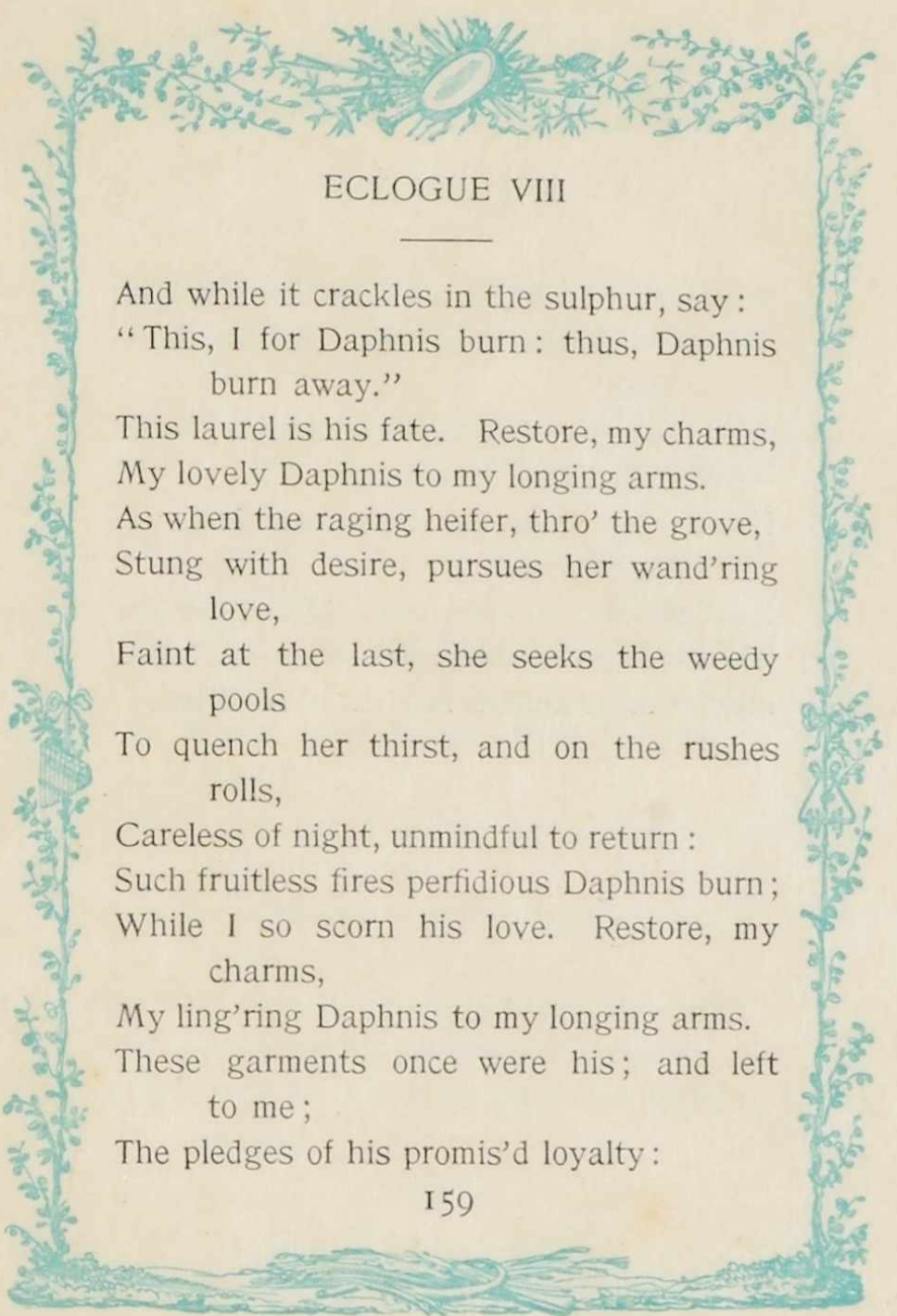
Propter aquæ rivum viridi procumbit in ulva

Perdita, nec seræ meminit decedere nocti,

Talis amor teneat, nec sit mihi cura mederi.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite
Daphnim.

Has olim exuvias mihi perfidus ille reliquit,



ECLOGUE VIII

And while it crackles in the sulphur, say :
"This, I for Daphnis burn : thus, Daphnis
burn away."

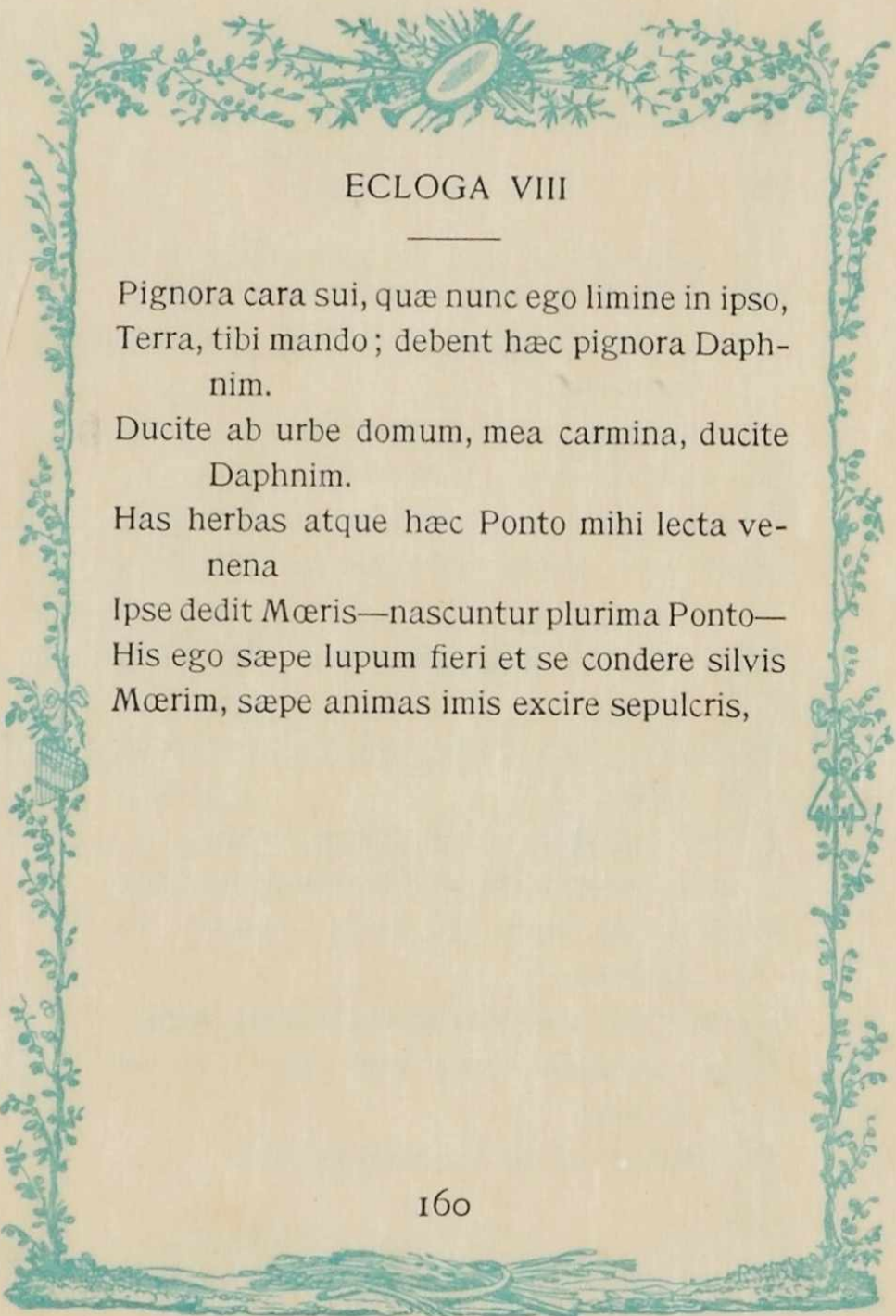
This laurel is his fate. Restore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.
As when the raging heifer, thro' the grove,
Stung with desire, pursues her wand'ring
love,

Faint at the last, she seeks the weedy
pools
To quench her thirst, and on the rushes
rolls,

Careless of night, unmindful to return :
Such fruitless fires perfidious Daphnis burn ;
While I so scorn his love. Restore, my
charms,

My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.
These garments once were his ; and left
to me ;

The pledges of his promis'd loyalty :



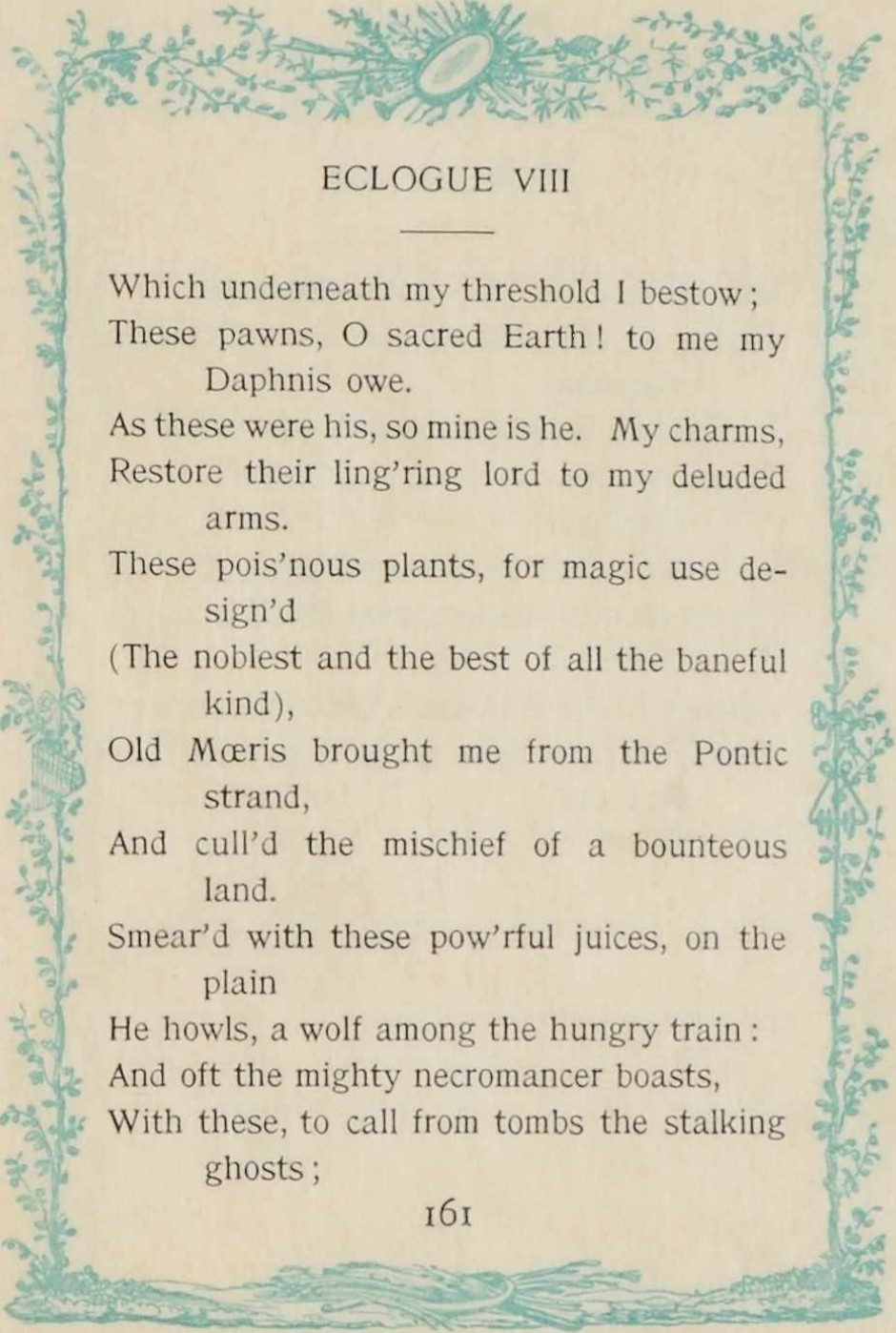
ECLOGA VIII

Pignora cara sui, quæ nunc ego limine in ipso,
Terra, tibi mando; debent hæc pignora Daph-
nim.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite
Daphnim.

Has herbas atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta ve-
nena

Ipsæ dedit Mæris—nascuntur plurima Ponto—
His ego sæpe lupum fieri et se condere silvis
Mærim, sæpe animas imis excire sepulcris,



ECLOGUE VIII

Which underneath my threshold I bestow ;
These pawns, O sacred Earth ! to me my
Daphnis owe.

As these were his, so mine is he. My charms,
Restore their ling'ring lord to my deluded
arms.

These pois'nous plants, for magic use de-
sign'd

(The noblest and the best of all the baneful
kind),

Old Mæris brought me from the Pontic
strand,

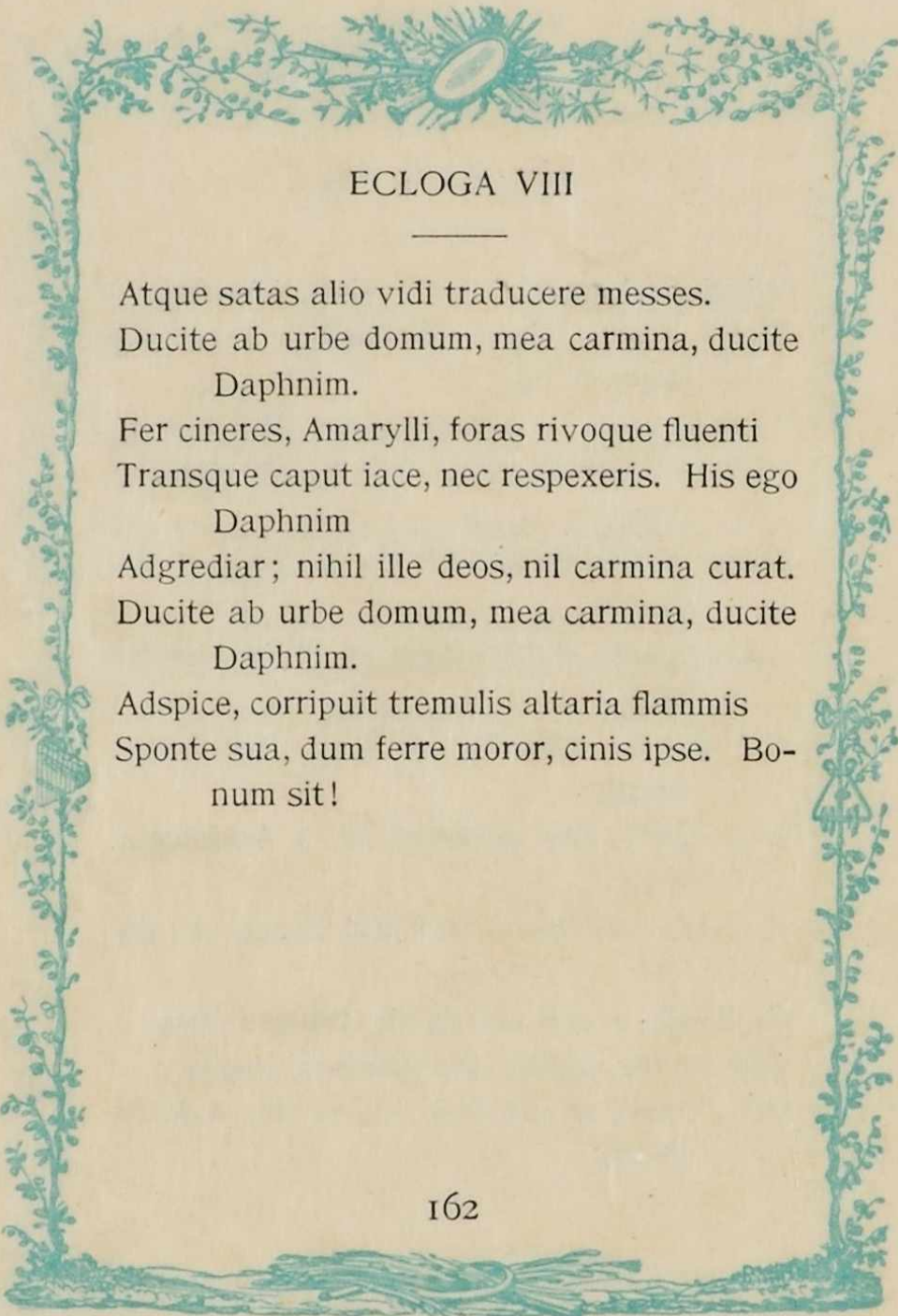
And cull'd the mischief of a bounteous
land.

Smear'd with these pow'rful juices, on the
plain

He howls, a wolf among the hungry train :

And oft the mighty necromancer boasts,

With these, to call from tombs the stalking
ghosts ;



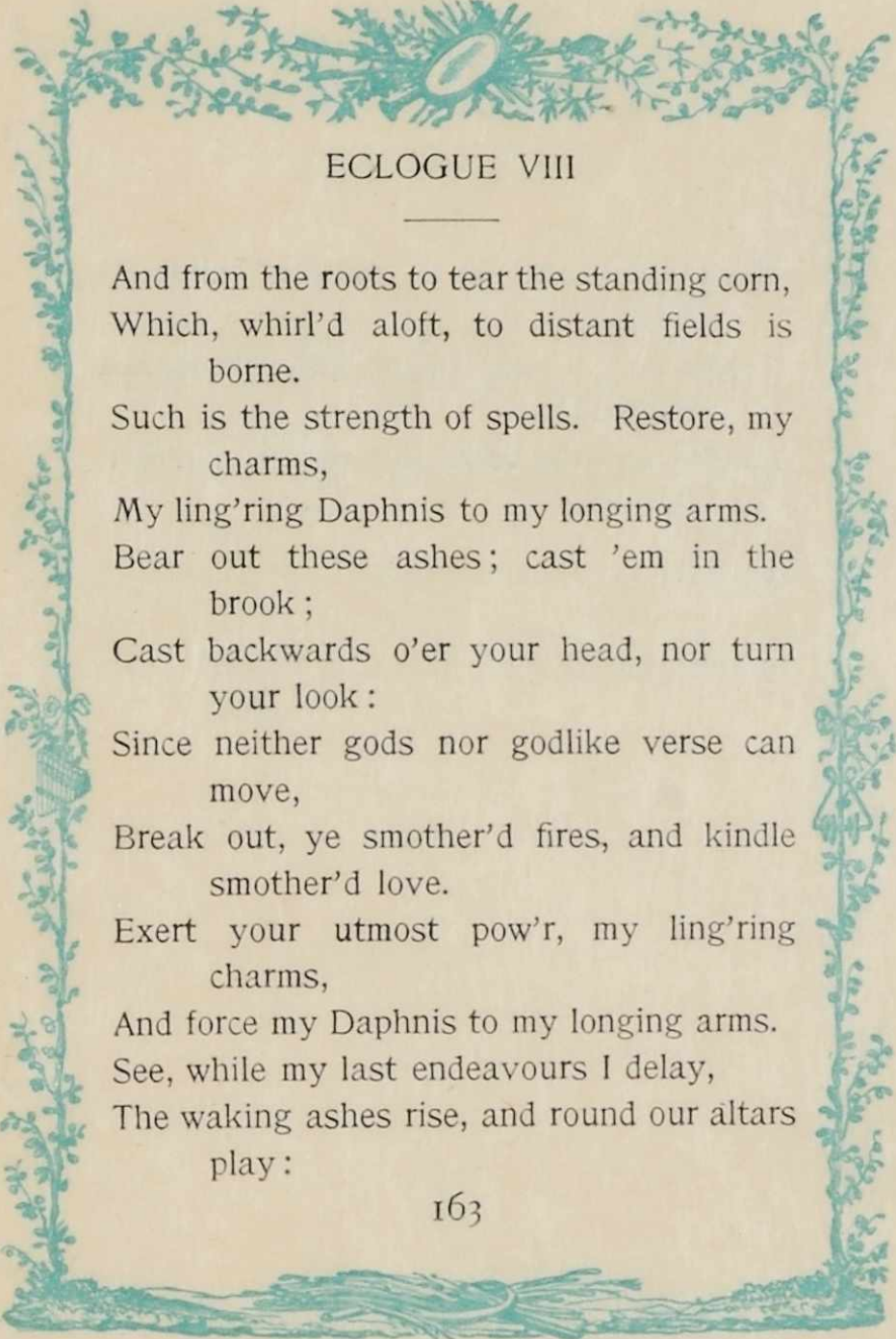
ECLOGA VIII

Atque satas alio vidi traducere messes.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite
Daphnim.

Fer cineres, Amarylli, foras rivoque fluenti
Transque caput iace, nec respexeris. His ego
Daphnim

Adgrediar; nihil ille deos, nil carmina curat.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite
Daphnim.

Adspice, corripuit tremulis altaria flammis
Sponte sua, dum ferre moror, cinis ipse. Bo-
num sit!



ECLOGUE VIII

And from the roots to tear the standing corn,
Which, whirl'd aloft, to distant fields is
borne.

Such is the strength of spells. Restore, my
charms,

My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

Bear out these ashes; cast 'em in the
brook;

Cast backwards o'er your head, nor turn
your look:

Since neither gods nor godlike verse can
move,

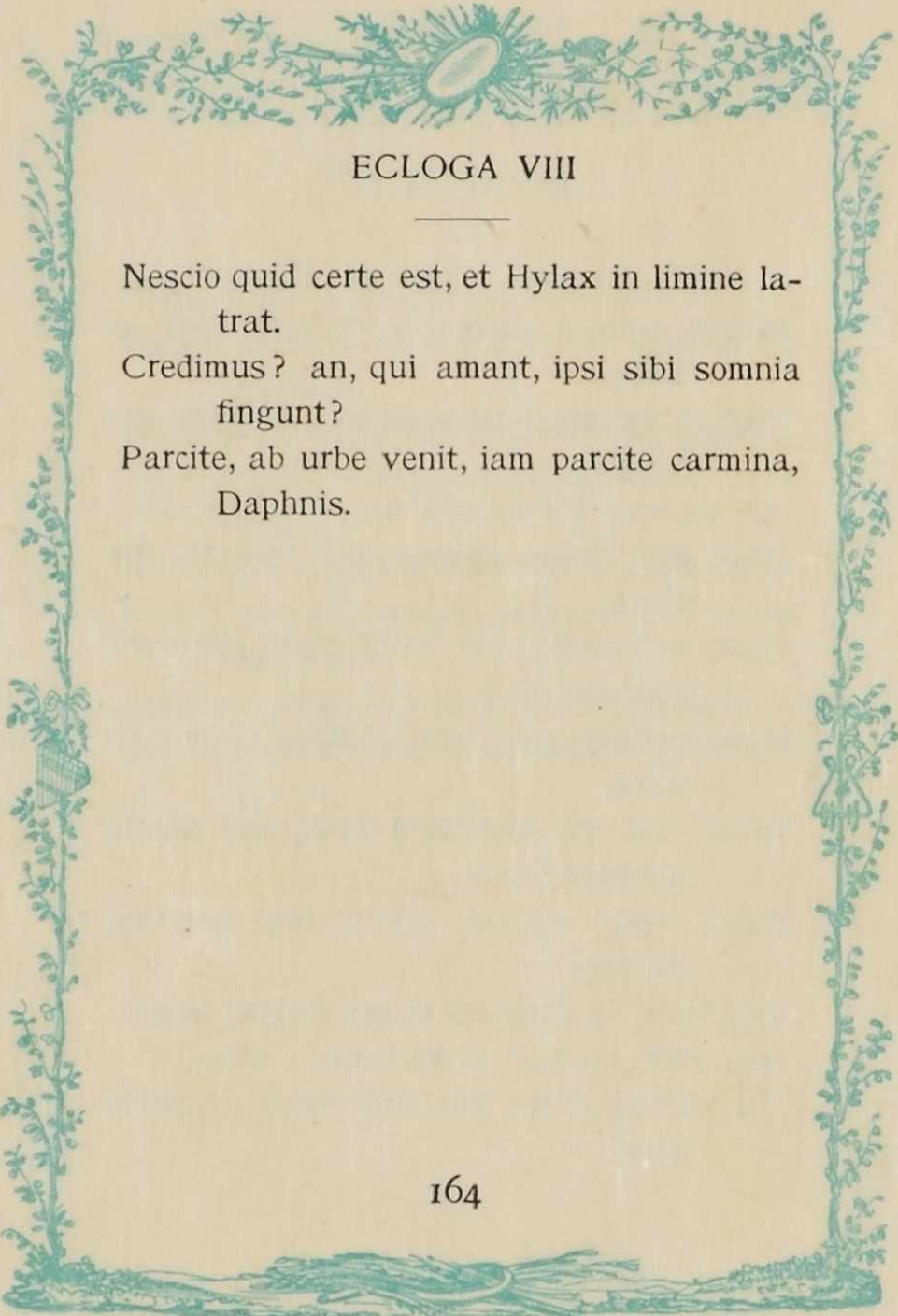
Break out, ye smother'd fires, and kindle
smother'd love.

Exert your utmost pow'r, my ling'ring
charms,

And force my Daphnis to my longing arms.

See, while my last endeavours I delay,

The waking ashes rise, and round our altars
play:

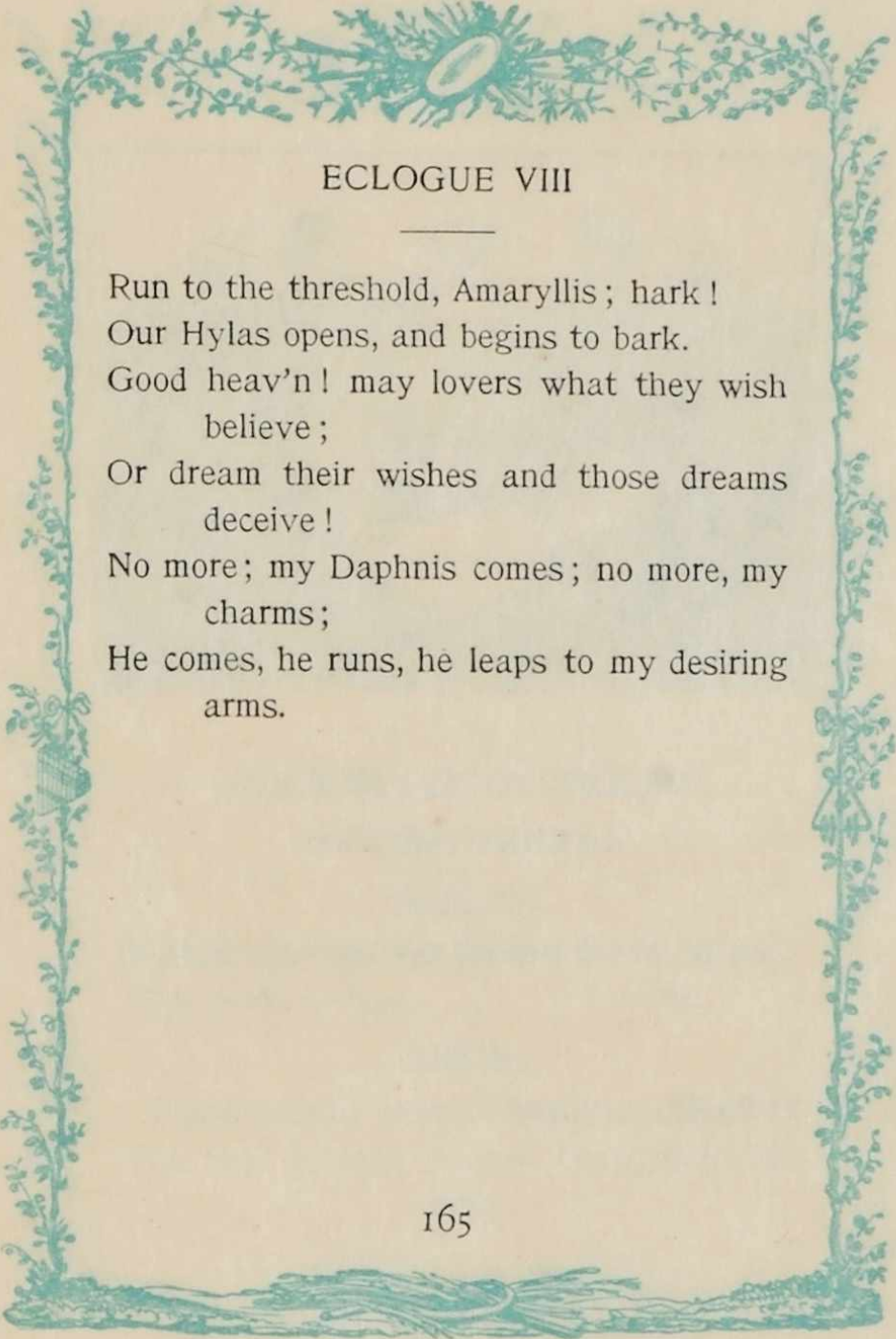


ECLOGA VIII

Nescio quid certe est, et Hylax in limine la-
trat.

Credimus? an, qui amant, ipsi sibi somnia
fingunt?

Parcite, ab urbe venit, iam parcite carmina,
Daphnis.



ECLOGUE VIII

Run to the threshold, Amaryllis ; hark !
Our Hylas opens, and begins to bark.
Good heav'n ! may lovers what they wish
believe ;
Or dream their wishes and those dreams
deceive !
No more ; my Daphnis comes ; no more, my
charms ;
He comes, he runs, he leaps to my desiring
arms.



ECLOGA IX.—MOERIS

LYCIDAS—MOERIS

LYCIDAS

Quo te, Mœri, pedes? an, quo via ducit, in
urbem?

MOERIS

O Lycida, vivi pervenimus, advena nostri,



ECLOGUE IX.—MOERIS

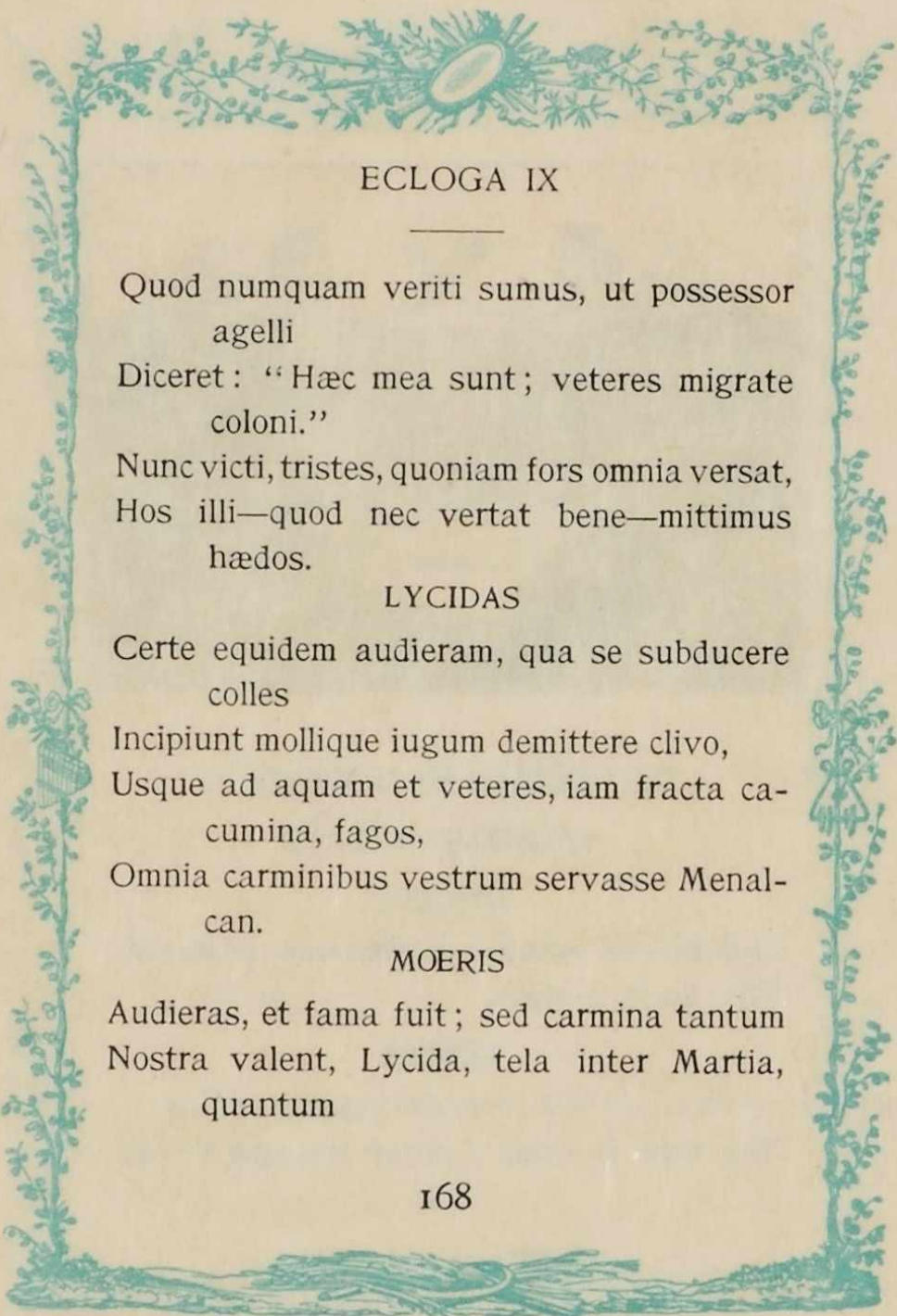
LYCIDAS—MOERIS

LYCIDAS

Ho, Mœris! whither on thy way so fast?
This leads to town.

MOERIS

O Lycidas, at last
The time is come I never thought to see



ECLOGA IX

Quod numquam veriti sumus, ut possessor
agelli

Diceret: "Hæc mea sunt; veteres migrate
coloni."

Nunc victi, tristes, quoniam fors omnia versat,
Hos illi—quod nec vertat bene—mittimus
hædos.

LYCIDAS

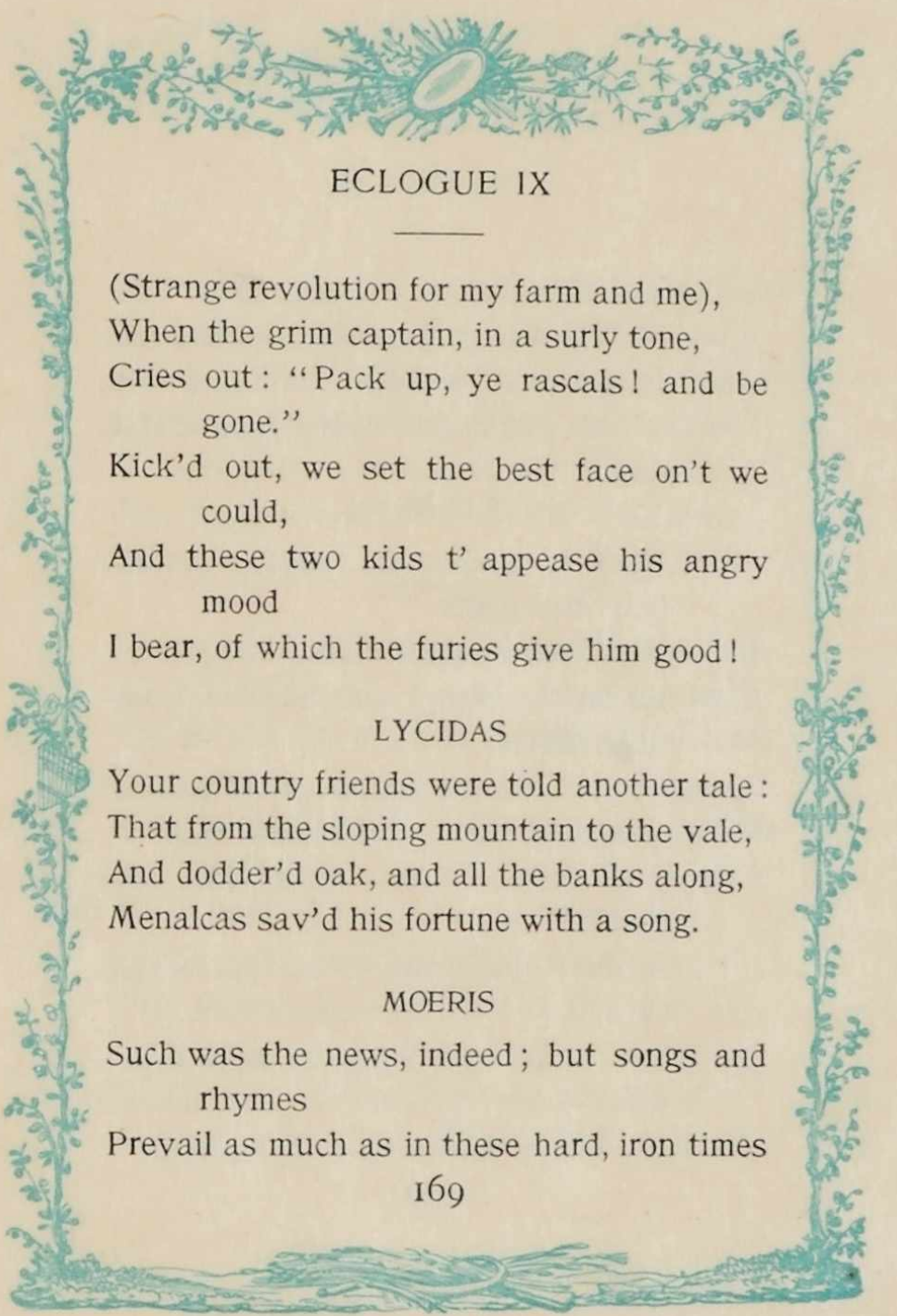
Certe equidem audieram, qua se subducere
colles

Incipiunt mollique iugum demittere clivo,
Usque ad aquam et veteres, iam fracta ca-
cumina, fagos,

Omnia carminibus vestrum servasse Menal-
can.

MOERIS

Audieras, et fama fuit; sed carmina tantum
Nostra valent, Lycida, tela inter Martia,
quantum



ECLOGUE IX

(Strange revolution for my farm and me),
When the grim captain, in a surly tone,
Cries out: "Pack up, ye rascals! and be
gone."

Kick'd out, we set the best face on't we
could,

And these two kids t' appease his angry
mood

I bear, of which the furies give him good!

LYCIDAS

Your country friends were told another tale:
That from the sloping mountain to the vale,
And dodder'd oak, and all the banks along,
Menalcas sav'd his fortune with a song.

MOERIS

Such was the news, indeed; but songs and
rhymes

Prevail as much as in these hard, iron times



ECLOGA IX

Chaonias dicunt aquila veniente columbas.
Quod nisi me quacumque novas incidere lites
Ante sinistra cava monuisset ab ilice cornix,
Nec tuus hic Mœris nec viveret ipse Menal-
cas.

LYCIDAS

Heu! cadit in quemquam tantum scelus?
heu! tua nobis

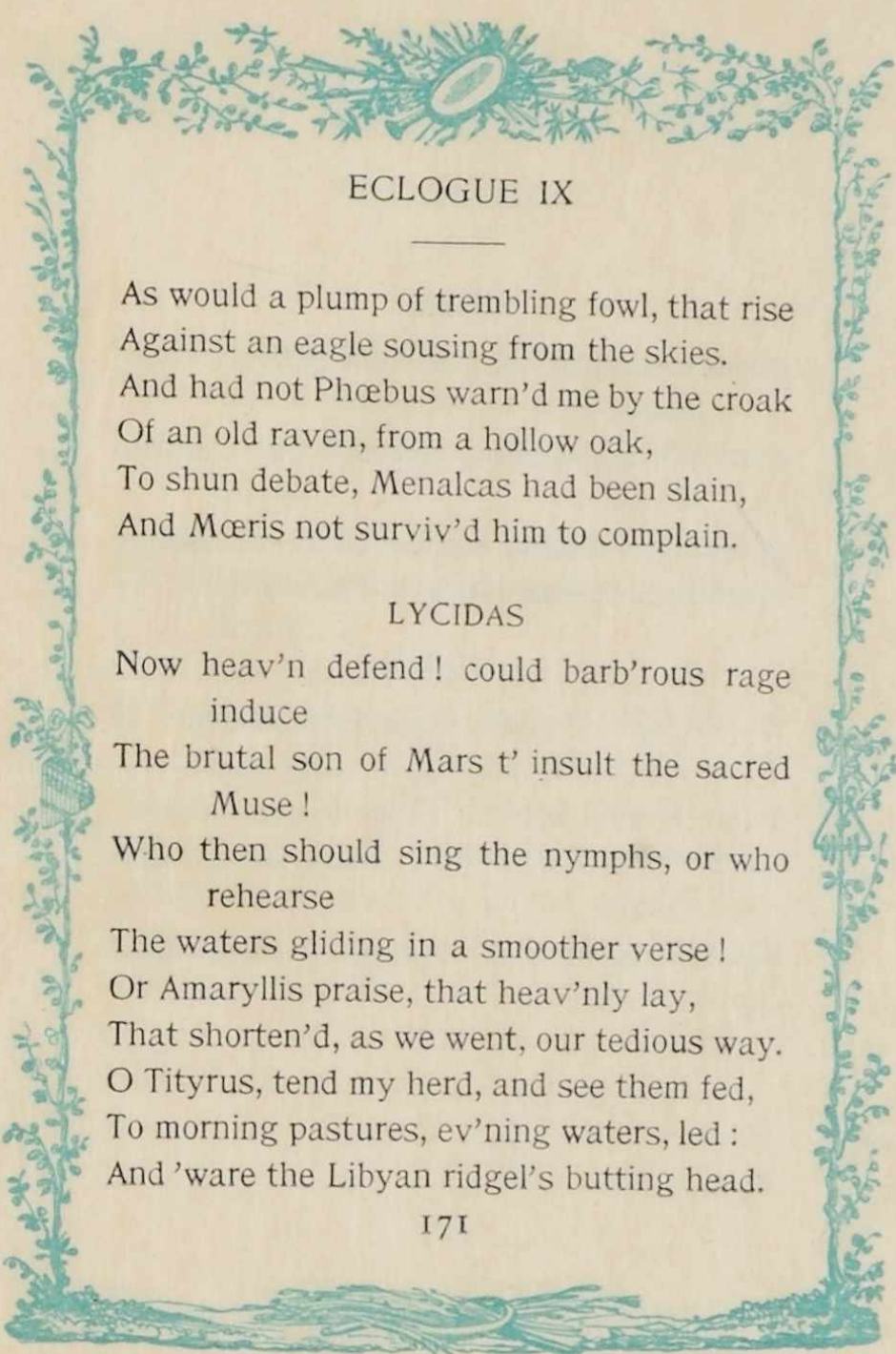
Pæne simul tecum solacia rapta, Menalca?
Quis caneret Nymphas? quis humum floren-
tibus herbis

Spargeret aut viridi fontes induceret umbra?
Vel quæ sublegi tacitus tibi carmina nuper,
Cum te ad delicias ferres, Amaryllida, nos-
tras?

“Tityre, dum redeo—brevis est via—pasce
capellas,

Et potum pastas age, Tityre, et inter agen-
dum

Occursare capro—cornu ferit ille—caveto.”

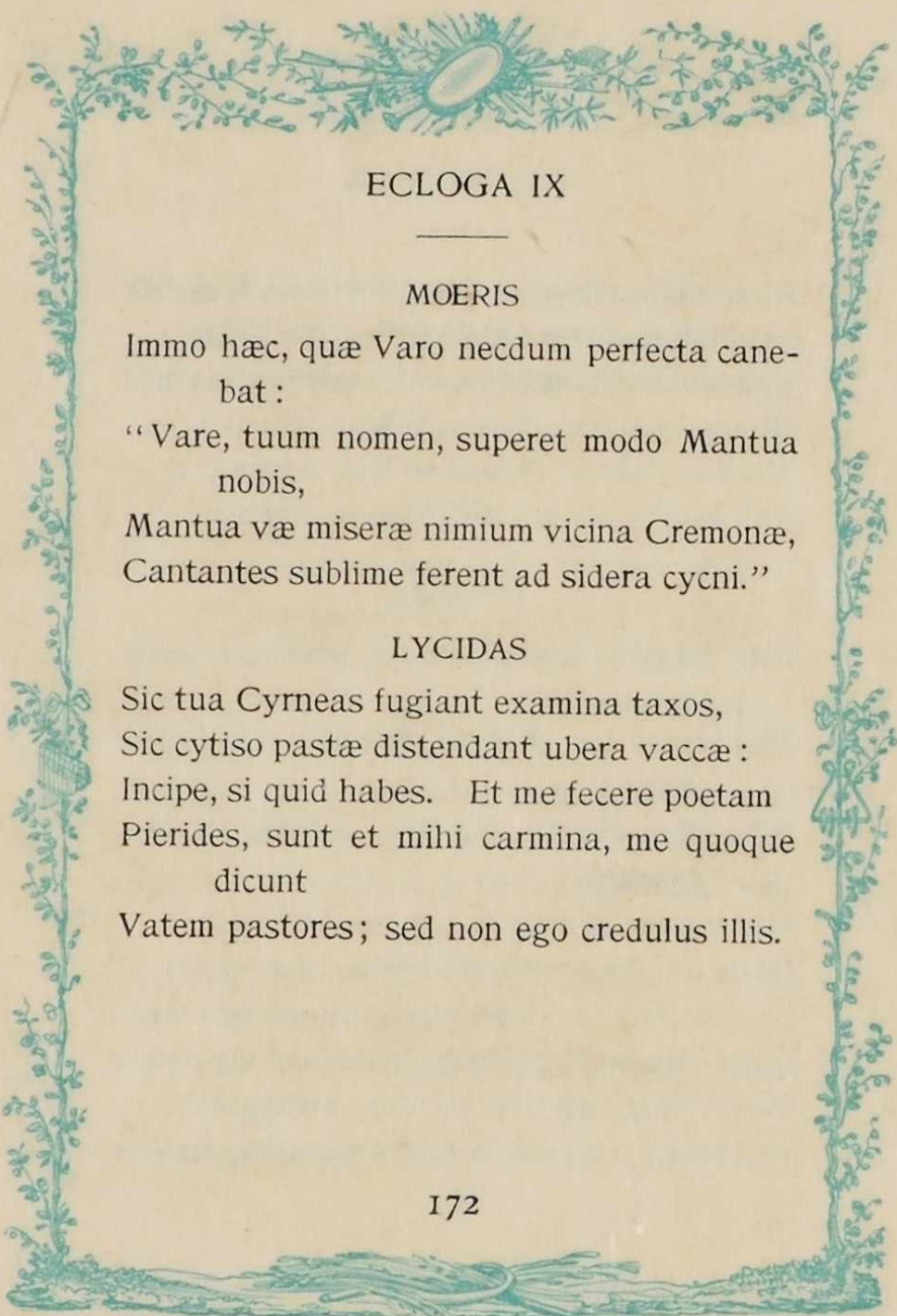


ECLOGUE IX

As would a plump of trembling fowl, that rise
Against an eagle sousing from the skies.
And had not Phœbus warn'd me by the croak
Of an old raven, from a hollow oak,
To shun debate, Menalcas had been slain,
And Mœris not surviv'd him to complain.

LYCIDAS

Now heav'n defend! could barb'rous rage
induce
The brutal son of Mars t' insult the sacred
Muse!
Who then should sing the nymphs, or who
rehearse
The waters gliding in a smoother verse!
Or Amaryllis praise, that heav'nly lay,
That shorten'd, as we went, our tedious way.
O Tityrus, tend my herd, and see them fed,
To morning pastures, ev'ning waters, led:
And 'ware the Libyan ridgel's butting head.



ECLOGA IX

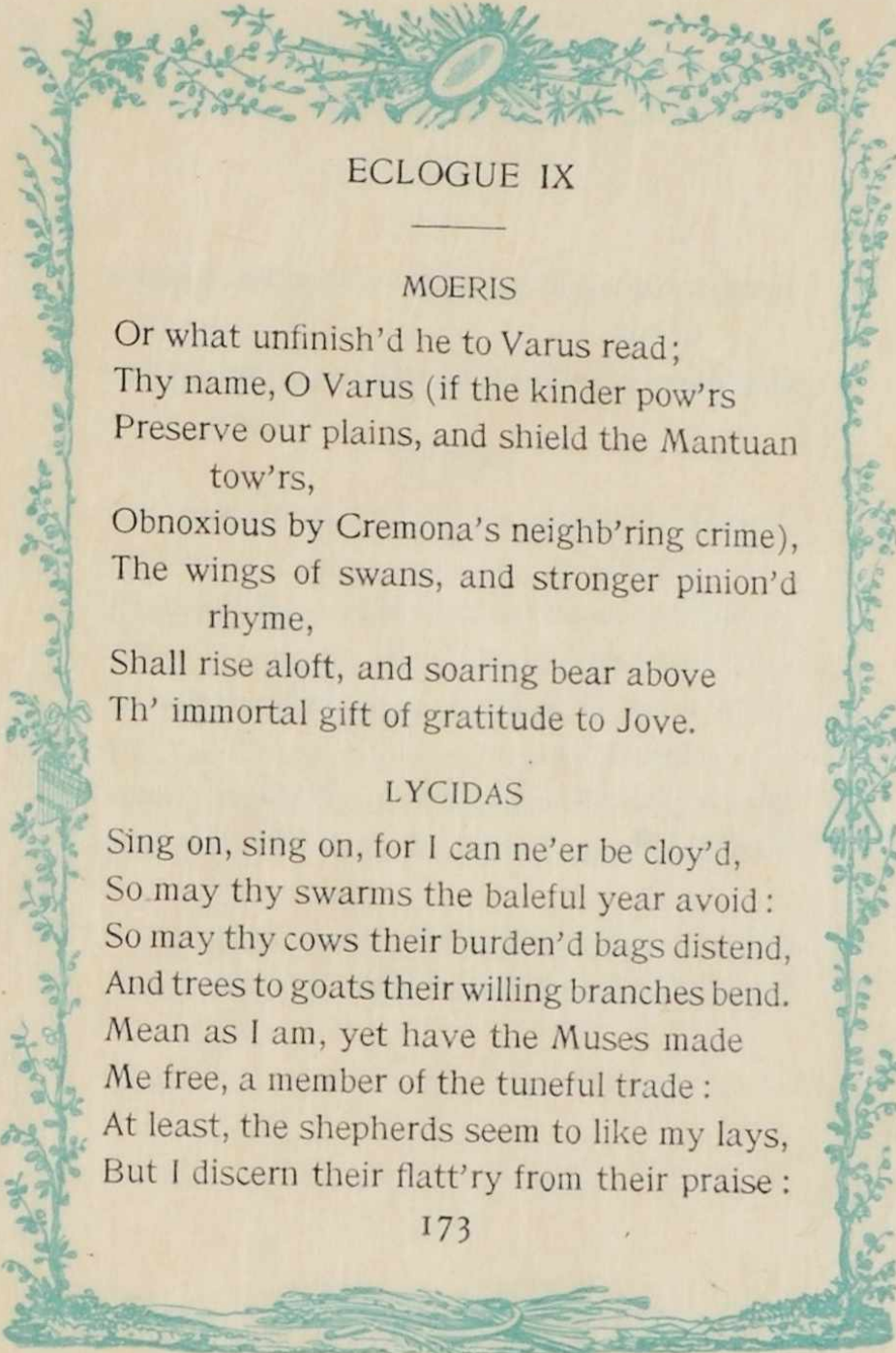
MOERIS

Immo hæc, quæ Varo necdum perfecta canebat :

“Vare, tuum nomen, superet modo Mantua nobis,
Mantua væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ,
Cantantes sublime ferent ad sidera cycni.”

LYCIDAS

Sic tua Cyrneas fugiant examina taxos,
Sic cytiso pastæ distendant ubera vaccæ :
Incipe, si quid habes. Et me fecere poetam
Pierides, sunt et mihi carmina, me quoque
dicunt
Vatem pastores; sed non ego credulus illis.



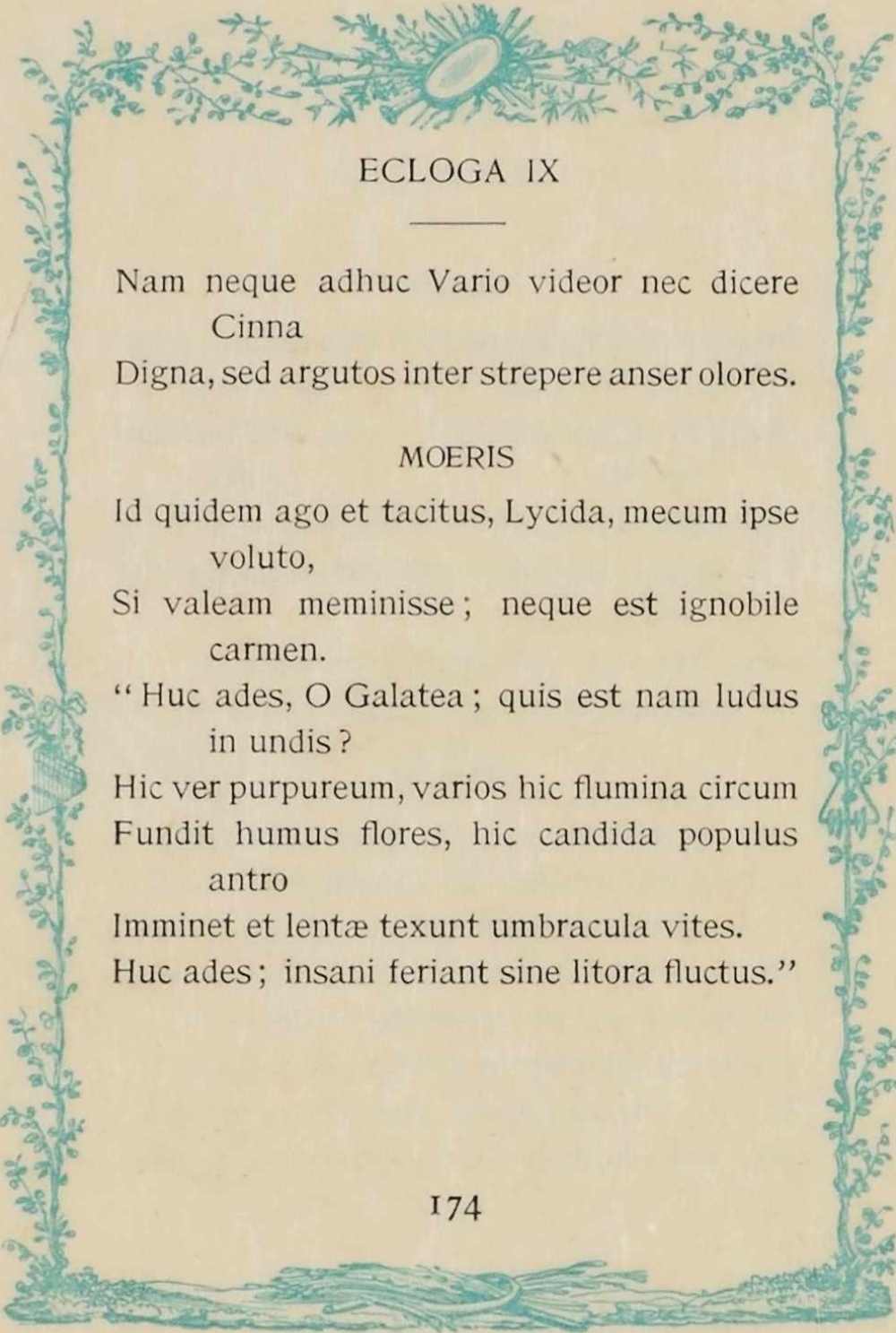
ECLOGUE IX

MOERIS

Or what unfinish'd he to Varus read;
Thy name, O Varus (if the kinder pow'rs
Preserve our plains, and shield the Mantuan
tow'rs,
Obnoxious by Cremona's neighb'ring crime),
The wings of swans, and stronger pinion'd
rhyme,
Shall rise aloft, and soaring bear above
Th' immortal gift of gratitude to Jove.

LYCIDAS

Sing on, sing on, for I can ne'er be cloy'd,
So may thy swarms the baleful year avoid:
So may thy cows their burden'd bags distend,
And trees to goats their willing branches bend.
Mean as I am, yet have the Muses made
Me free, a member of the tuneful trade:
At least, the shepherds seem to like my lays,
But I discern their flatt'ry from their praise:



ECLOGA IX

Nam neque adhuc Vario videor nec dicere
Cinna
Digna, sed argutos inter strepere anser olores.

MOERIS

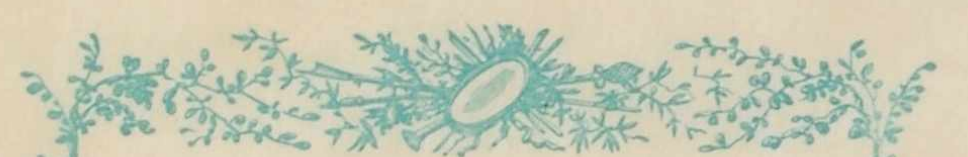
Id quidem ago et tacitus, Lycida, mecum ipse
voluto,

Si valeam meminisse; neque est ignobile
carmen.

“Huc ades, O Galatea; quis est nam ludus
in undis?”

Hic ver purpureum, varios hic flumina circum
Fundit humus flores, hic candida populus
antro

Imminet et lentæ texunt umbracula vites.
Huc ades; insani feriant sine litora fluctus.”




ECLOGUE IX

I nor to Cinna's ears, nor Varus dare as-
pire ;
But gabble like a goose amidst the swan-like
quire.

MOERIS

'Tis what I have been conning in my mind,
Nor are the verses of a vulgar kind.
Come, Galatea, come, the seas forsake.
What pleasures can the tides with their
hoarse murmurs make ?
See, on the shore inhabits purple spring,
Where nightingales their lovesick ditty sing ;
See, meads with purling streams, with flow'rs
the ground,
The grottoes cool, with shady poplars crown'd,
And creeping vines on arbours weav'd
around.
Come then, and leave the waves' tumultuous
roar,
Let the wild surges vainly beat the shore.



ECLOGA IX

LYCIDAS

Quid, quæ te pura solum sub nocte canentem
Audieram? numeros memini, si verba tene-
rem.

MOERIS

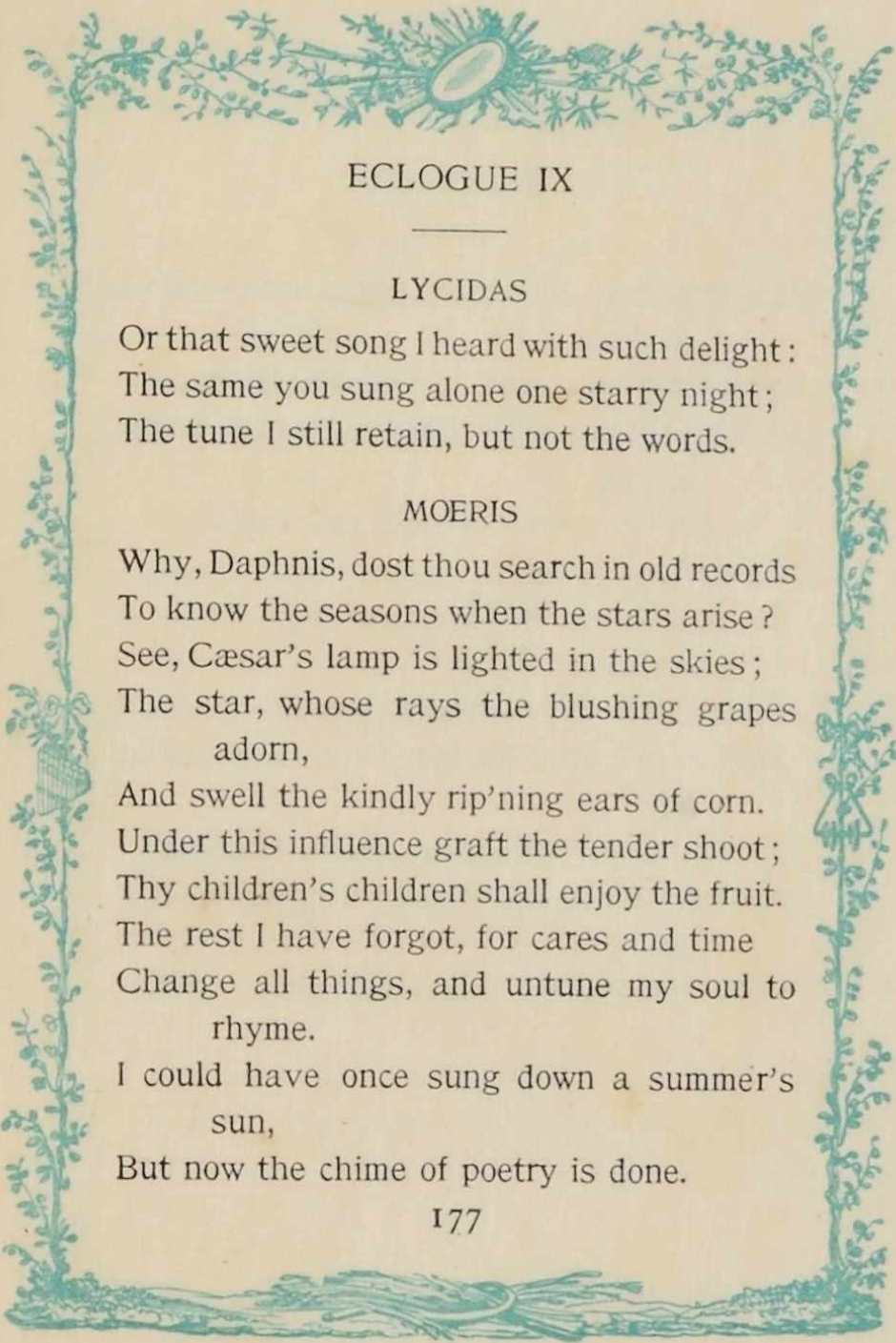
“Daphni, quid antiquos signorum suspicis
ortus?

Ecce Dionæi processit Cæsaris astrum,
Astrum, quo segetes gauderent frugibus, et
quo

Duceret apricis in collibus uva colorem.
Insere, Daphni, piros: carpent tua poma
nepotes.”

Omnia fert ætas, animum quoque; sæpe ego
longos

Cantando puerum memini me condere soles:



ECLOGUE IX

LYCIDAS

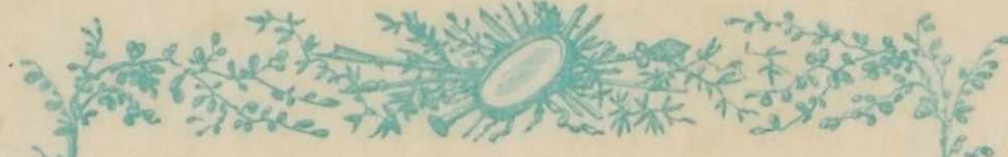
Or that sweet song I heard with such delight:
The same you sung alone one starry night;
The tune I still retain, but not the words.

MOERIS

Why, Daphnis, dost thou search in old records
To know the seasons when the stars arise?
See, Cæsar's lamp is lighted in the skies;
The star, whose rays the blushing grapes
adorn,

And swell the kindly rip'ning ears of corn.
Under this influence graft the tender shoot;
Thy children's children shall enjoy the fruit.
The rest I have forgot, for cares and time
Change all things, and untune my soul to
rhyme.

I could have once sung down a summer's
sun,
But now the chime of poetry is done.



ECLOGA IX

Nunc oblita mihi tot carmina, vox quoque
Mærim

Iam fugit ipsa : lupi Mærim videre priores.
Sed tamen ista satis referet tibi sæpe Me-
nalcas.

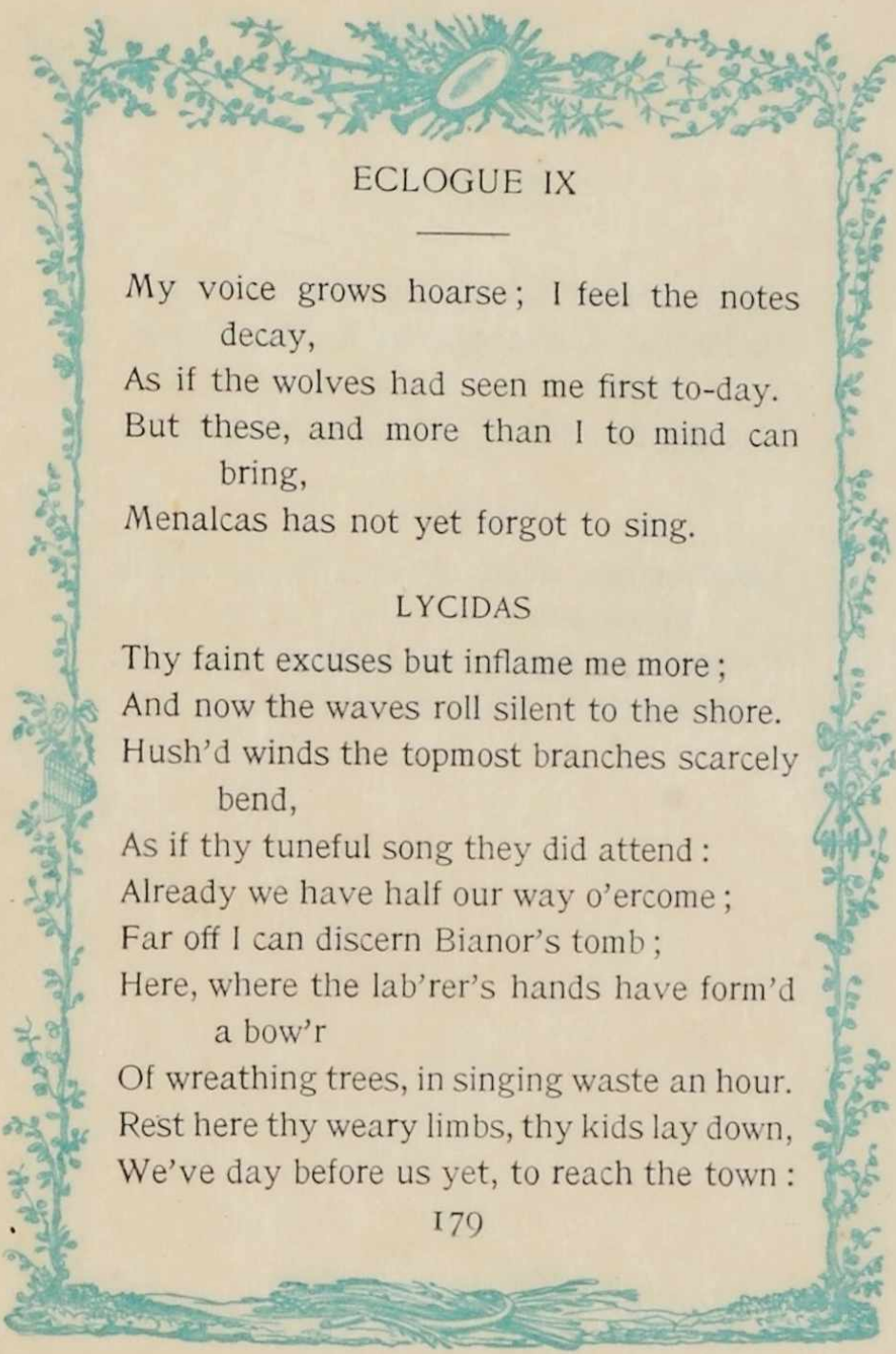
LYCIDAS

Causando nostros in longum ducis amores.
Et nunc omne tibi stratum silet æquor, et
omnes,

Adspice, ventosi ceciderunt murmuris auræ.
Hinc adeo media est nobis via : namque se-
pulcrum

Incipit adparere Bianoris. Hic, ubi densas
Agricolæ stringunt frondes, hic, Mæri, cana-
mus :

Hic hædos depone, tamen veniemus in urbem.

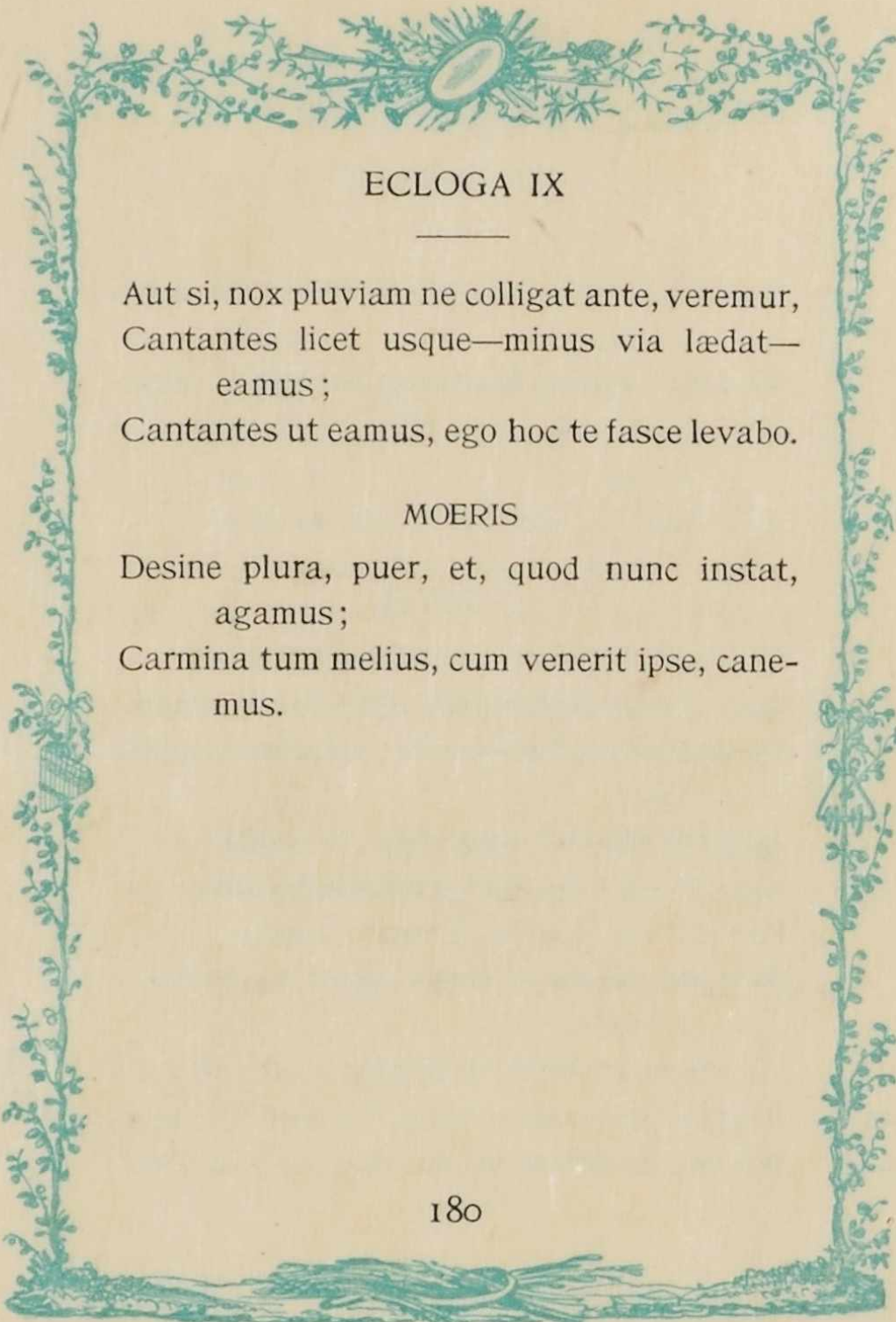


ECLOGUE IX

My voice grows hoarse ; I feel the notes
decay,
As if the wolves had seen me first to-day.
But these, and more than I to mind can
bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to sing.

LYCIDAS

Thy faint excuses but inflame me more ;
And now the waves roll silent to the shore.
Hush'd winds the topmost branches scarcely
bend,
As if thy tuneful song they did attend :
Already we have half our way o'ercome ;
Far off I can discern Bianor's tomb ;
Here, where the lab'rer's hands have form'd
a bow'r
Of wreathing trees, in singing waste an hour.
Rest here thy weary limbs, thy kids lay down,
We've day before us yet, to reach the town :

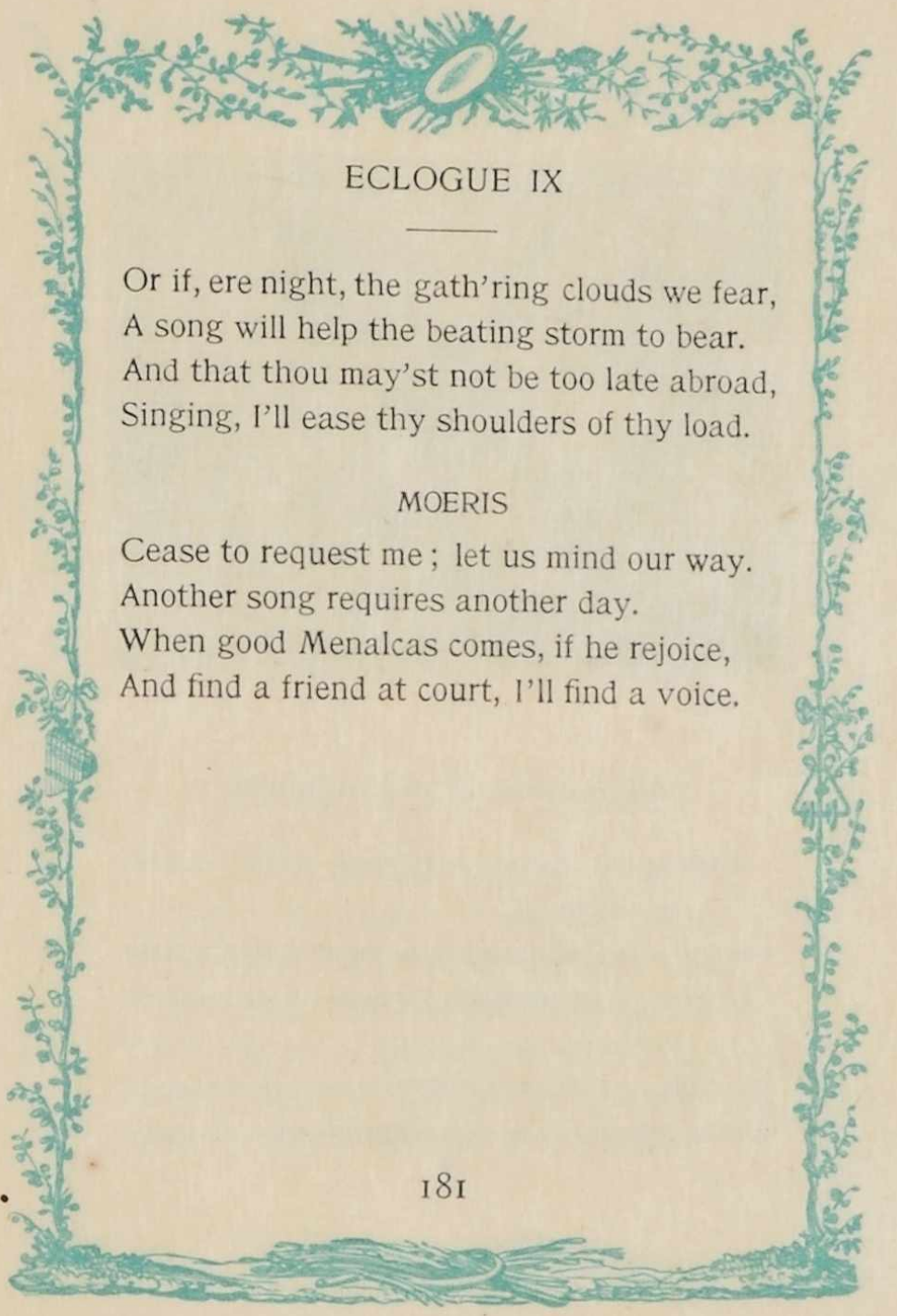


ECLOGA IX

Aut si, nox pluviam ne colligat ante, veremur,
Cantantes licet usque—minus via lædat—
eamus ;
Cantantes ut eamus, ego hoc te fasce levabo.

MOERIS

Desine plura, puer, et, quod nunc instat,
agamus ;
Carmina tum melius, cum venerit ipse, canemus.



ECLOGUE IX

Or if, ere night, the gath'ring clouds we fear,
A song will help the beating storm to bear.
And that thou may'st not be too late abroad,
Singing, I'll ease thy shoulders of thy load.

MOERIS

Cease to request me ; let us mind our way.
Another song requires another day.
When good Menalcas comes, if he rejoice,
And find a friend at court, I'll find a voice.



ECLOGA X.—GALLUS

Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede
laborem :

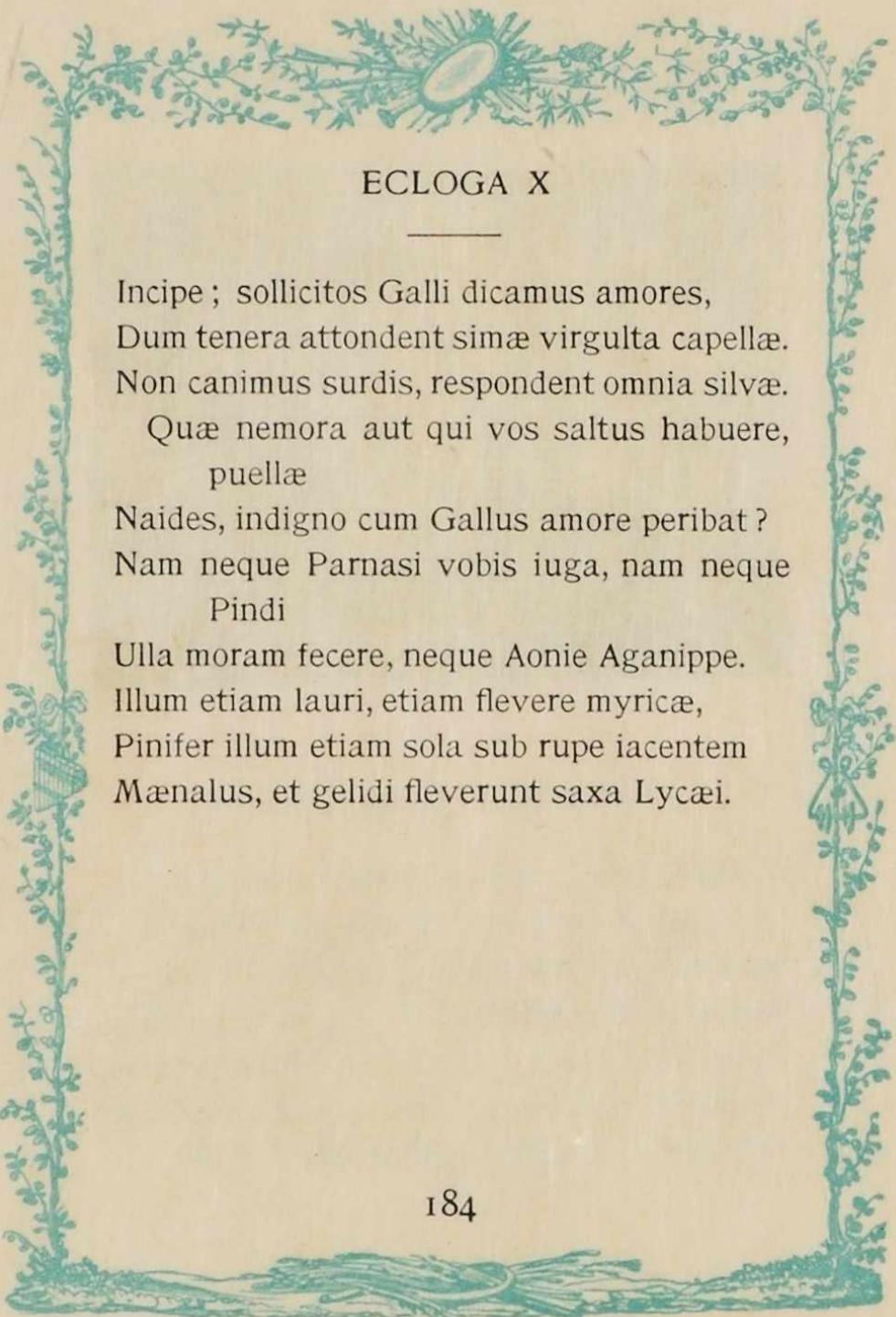
Pauca meo Gallo, sed quæ legat ipsa Lycoris,
Carmina sunt dicenda: neget quis carmina
Gallo?

Sic tibi, cum fluctus subterlabere Sicanos,
Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam.



ECLOGUE X.—GALLUS

Thy sacred succour, Arethusa, bring,
To crown my labour: 'tis the last I sing.
Which proud Lycoris may with pity view;
The Muse is mournful, tho' the numbers few.
Refuse me not a verse, to grief and Gallus due.
So may thy silver streams beneath the tide,
Unmix'd with briny seas, securely glide.



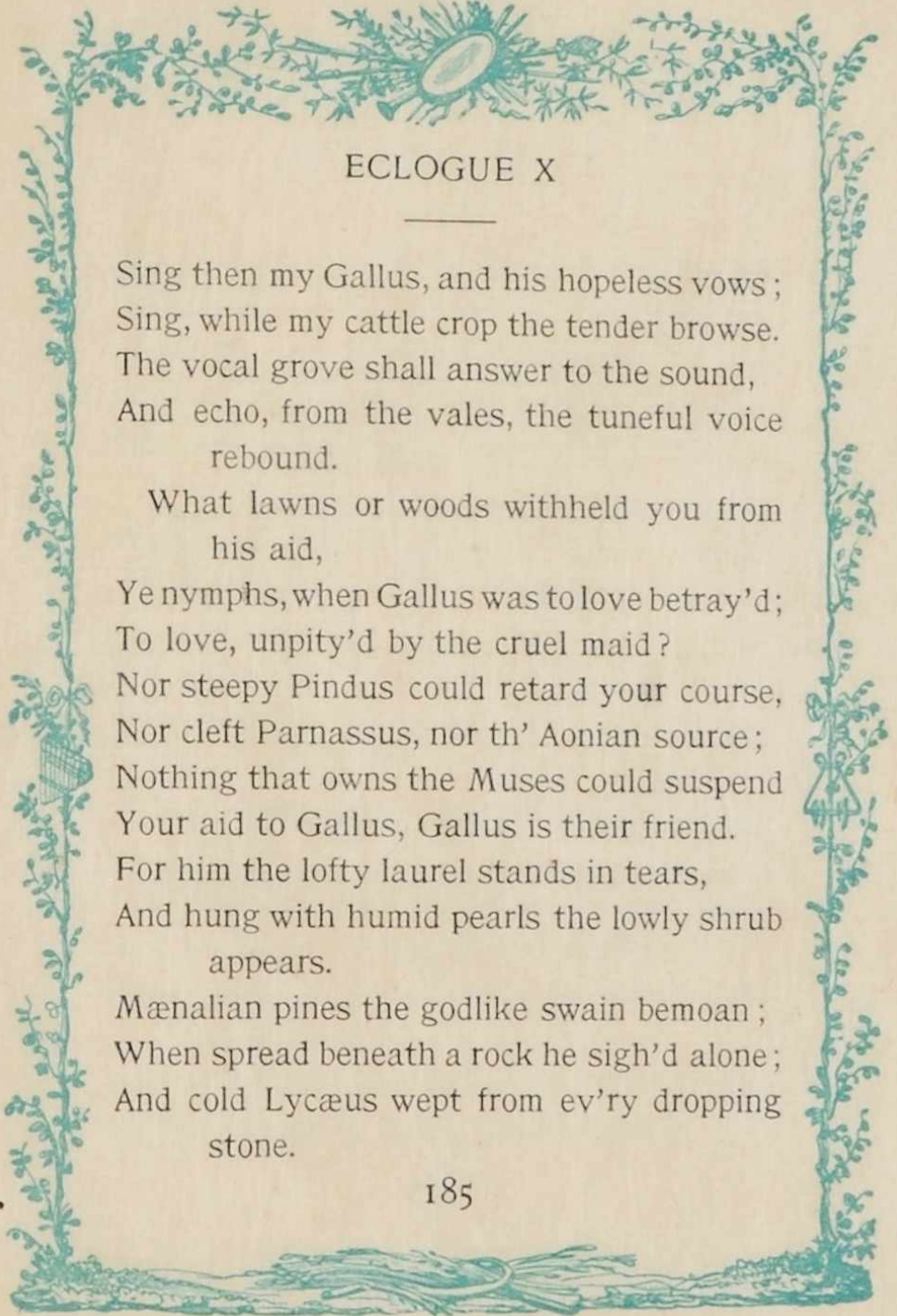
ECLOGA X

Incipe ; sollicitos Galli dicamus amores,
Dum tenera attendent simæ virgulta capellæ.
Non canimus surdis, respondent omnia silvæ.

Quæ nemora aut qui vos saltus habuere,
puellæ

Naides, indigno cum Gallus amore peribat ?
Nam neque Parnasi vobis iuga, nam neque
Pindi

Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonie Aganippe.
Illum etiam lauri, etiam flevere myricæ,
Pinifer illum etiam sola sub rupe iacentem
Mænalus, et gelidi fleverunt saxa Lycæi.




ECLOGUE X

Sing then my Gallus, and his hopeless vows ;
Sing, while my cattle crop the tender browse.
The vocal grove shall answer to the sound,
And echo, from the vales, the tuneful voice
rebound.

What lawns or woods withheld you from
his aid,
Ye nymphs, when Gallus was to love betray'd ;
To love, unpity'd by the cruel maid ?
Nor steepy Pindus could retard your course,
Nor cleft Parnassus, nor th' Aonian source ;
Nothing that owns the Muses could suspend
Your aid to Gallus, Gallus is their friend.
For him the lofty laurel stands in tears,
And hung with humid pearls the lowly shrub
appears.

Mænalian pines the godlike swain bemoan ;
When spread beneath a rock he sigh'd alone ;
And cold Lycaeus wept from ev'ry dropping
stone.



ECLOGA X

Stant et oves circum,—nostri nec pænitet
illas;

Nec te pæniteat pecoris, divine poeta :
Et formosus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis—
Venit et upilio, tardi venere subulci,
Uvidus hiberna venit de glande Menalcas.
Omnes “unde amor iste” rogant “tibi?”
venit Apollo.

“Quid, Galle, insanis?” inquit, “tua cura
Lycoris
Perque nives alium perque horrida castra
secuta est.”

Venit et agresti capitis Silvanus honore,
Florentes ferulas et grandia lilia quassans.



ECLOGUE X

The sheep surround the shepherd, as he lies:
Blush not, sweet poet, nor the name despise:
Along the streams his flock Adonis fed,
And yet the queen of beauty blest his bed.
The swains and tardy neat-herds came, and
last


Menalcas, wet with beating winter mast.
Wond'ring, they ask'd from whence arose thy
flame;

Yet more amaz'd, thy own Apollo came.
Flush'd were his cheeks and glowing were
his eyes,

"Is she thy care? is she thy care?" he
cries.

"Thy false Lycoris flies thy love and thee:
And for thy rival tempts the raging sea,
The forms of horrid war, and heav'n's in-
clemency."

Sylvanus came: his brows a country crown
Of fennel, and of nodding lilies, down.



ECLOGA X

Pan deus Arcadiæ venit, quem vidimus ipsi
Sanguineis ebuli bacis minioque rubentem.

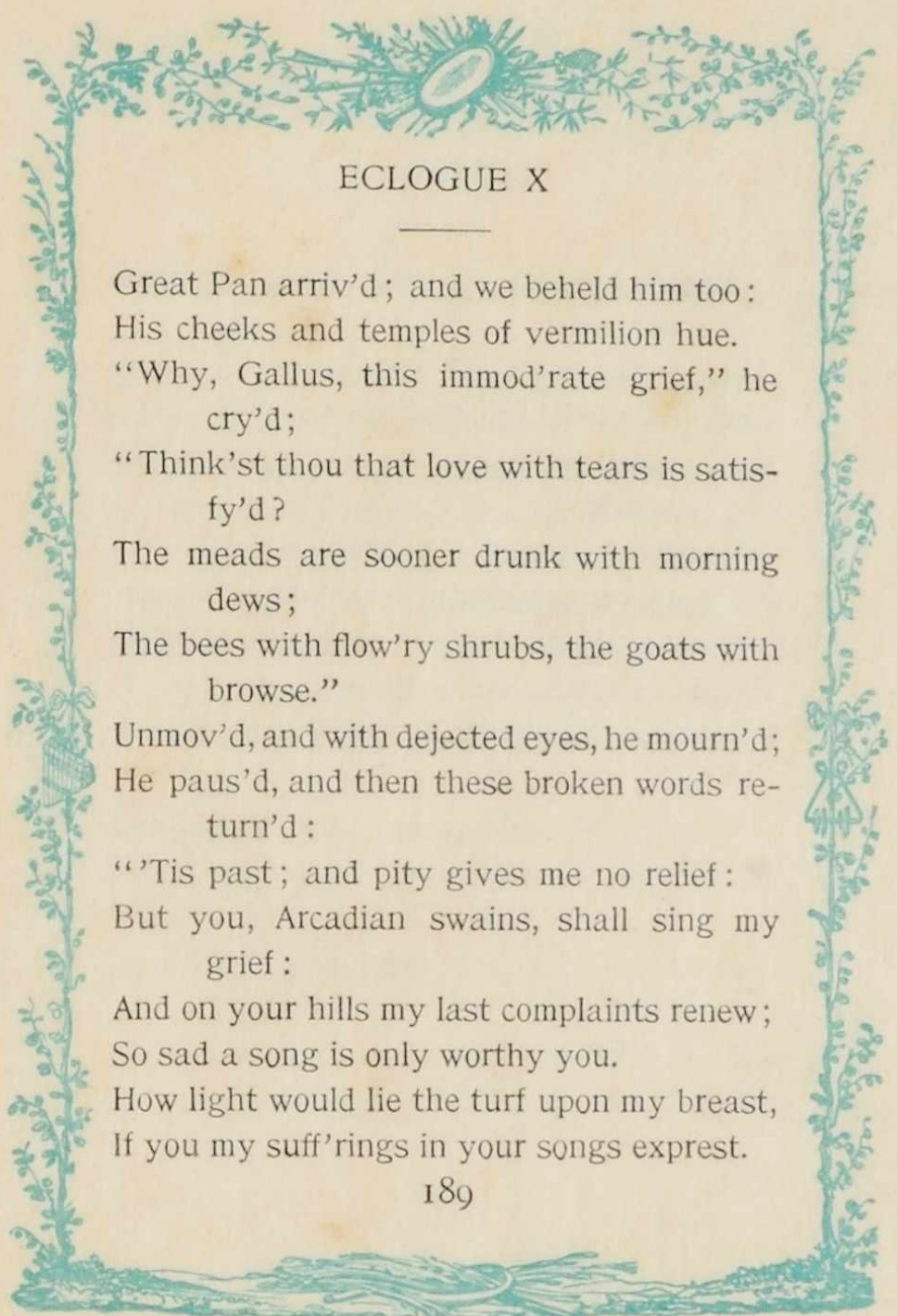
“Ecquis erit modus?” inquit “Amor non
talia curat,

Nec lacrimis crudelis Amor nec gramina rivis
Nec cytiso saturantur apes nec fronde ca-
pellæ.”

Tristis at ille “tamen cantabitis, Arcades”
inquit,

“Montibus hæc vestris : soli cantare periti
Arcades. O mihi tum quam molliter ossa
quiescant,

Vestra meos olim si fistula dicat amores !



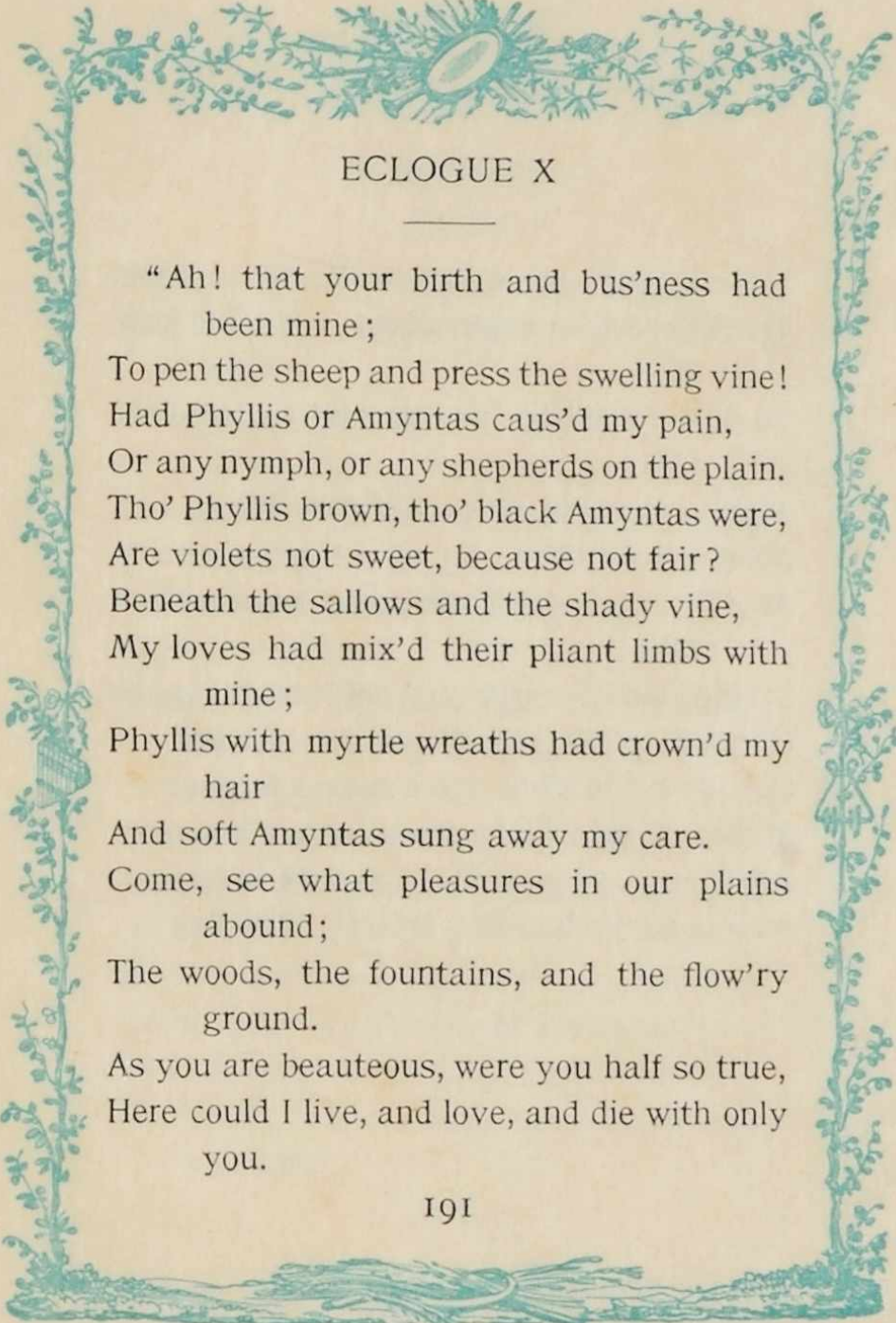
ECLOGUE X

Great Pan arriv'd; and we beheld him too:
His cheeks and temples of vermilion hue.
"Why, Gallus, this immod'rate grief," he
cry'd;
"Think'st thou that love with tears is satis-
fy'd?
The meads are sooner drunk with morning
dews;
The bees with flow'ry shrubs, the goats with
browse."
Unmov'd, and with dejected eyes, he mourn'd;
He paus'd, and then these broken words re-
turn'd:
"'Tis past; and pity gives me no relief:
But you, Arcadian swains, shall sing my
grief:
And on your hills my last complaints renew;
So sad a song is only worthy you.
How light would lie the turf upon my breast,
If you my suff'rings in your songs exprest.




ECLOGA X

“Atque utinam ex vobis unus vestrique
fuissem
Aut custos gregis aut maturæ vinitor uvæ!
Certe sive mihi Phyllis sive esset Amyntas,
Seu quicumque furor,—quid tum, si fuscus
Amyntas?
Et nigræ violæ sunt et vaccinia nigra—
Mecum inter salices, lenta sub vite iaceret;
Serta mihi Phyllis legeret, cantaret Amyntas.
Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,
Hic nemus; hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.



ECLOGUE X

“Ah! that your birth and bus’ness had
been mine ;
To pen the sheep and press the swelling vine!
Had Phyllis or Amyntas caus’d my pain,
Or any nymph, or any shepherds on the plain.
Tho’ Phyllis brown, tho’ black Amyntas were,
Are violets not sweet, because not fair?
Beneath the sallows and the shady vine,
My loves had mix’d their pliant limbs with
mine ;
Phyllis with myrtle wreaths had crown’d my
hair
And soft Amyntas sung away my care.
Come, see what pleasures in our plains
abound ;
The woods, the fountains, and the flow’ry
ground.
As you are beauteous, were you half so true,
Here could I live, and love, and die with only
you.



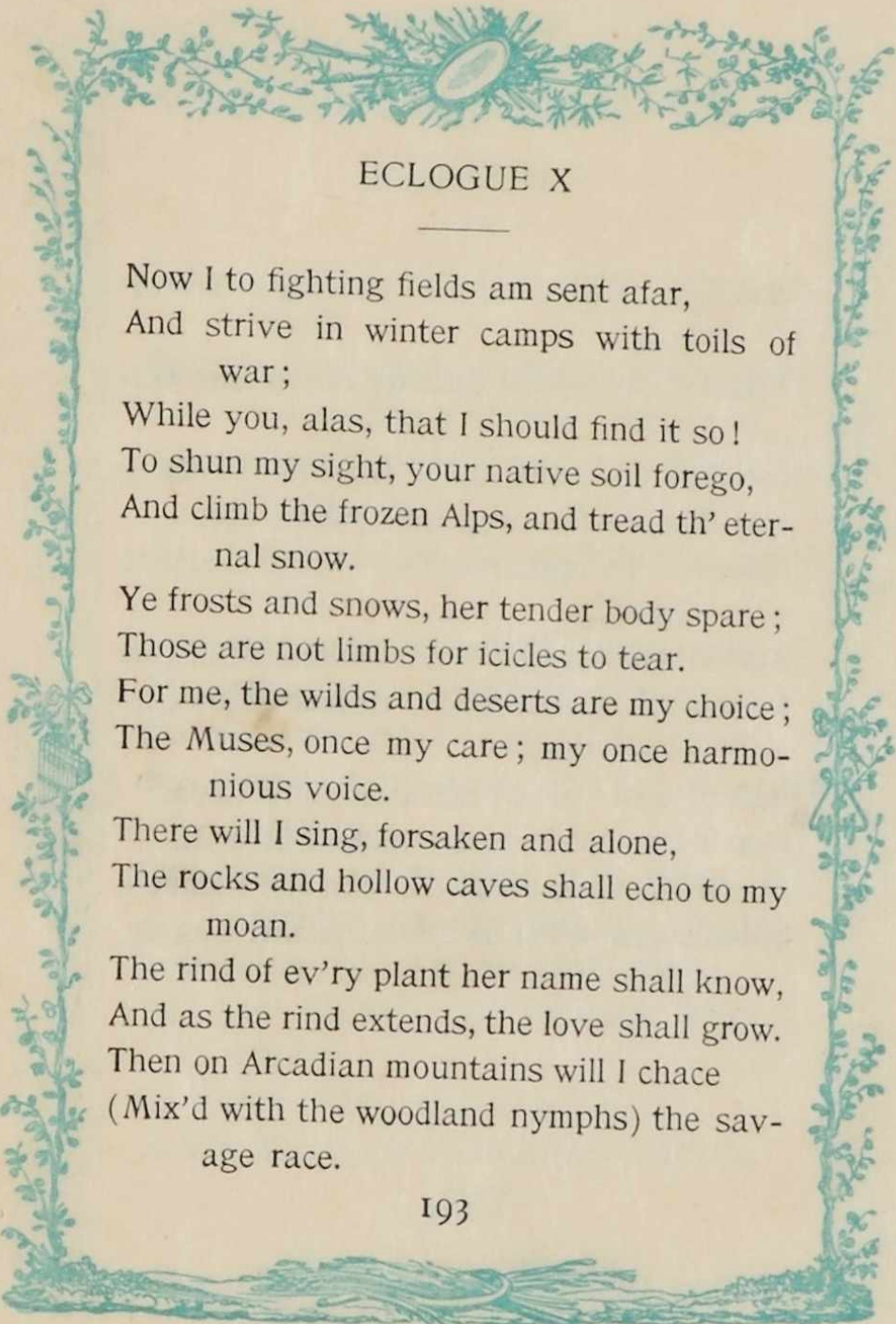
ECLOGA X

Nunc insanus amor duri me Martis in armis
Tela inter media atque adversos detinet hos-
tes.

Tu procul a patria—nec sit mihi credere tan-
tum—

Alpinas ah, dura, nives et frigora Rheni
Me sine sola vides. Ah, te ne frigora lædant!
Ah, tibi ne teneras glacies secet aspera plan-
tas!

Ibo et Chalcidico quæ sunt mihi condita versu
Carmina pastoris Siculi modulabor avena.
Certum est in silvis, inter spelæa ferarum
Malle pati tenerisque meos incidere amores
Arboribus: crescent illæ, crescetis, amores.
Interea mixtis lustrabo Mænala Nymphis,



ECLOGUE X

Now I to fighting fields am sent afar,
And strive in winter camps with toils of
war;

While you, alas, that I should find it so!
To shun my sight, your native soil forego,
And climb the frozen Alps, and tread th' eter-
nal snow.


Ye frosts and snows, her tender body spare;
Those are not limbs for icicles to tear.

For me, the wilds and deserts are my choice;
The Muses, once my care; my once harmo-
nious voice.

There will I sing, forsaken and alone,
The rocks and hollow caves shall echo to my
moan.

The rind of ev'ry plant her name shall know,
And as the rind extends, the love shall grow.

Then on Arcadian mountains will I chace
(Mix'd with the woodland nymphs) the sav-
age race.



ECLOGA X

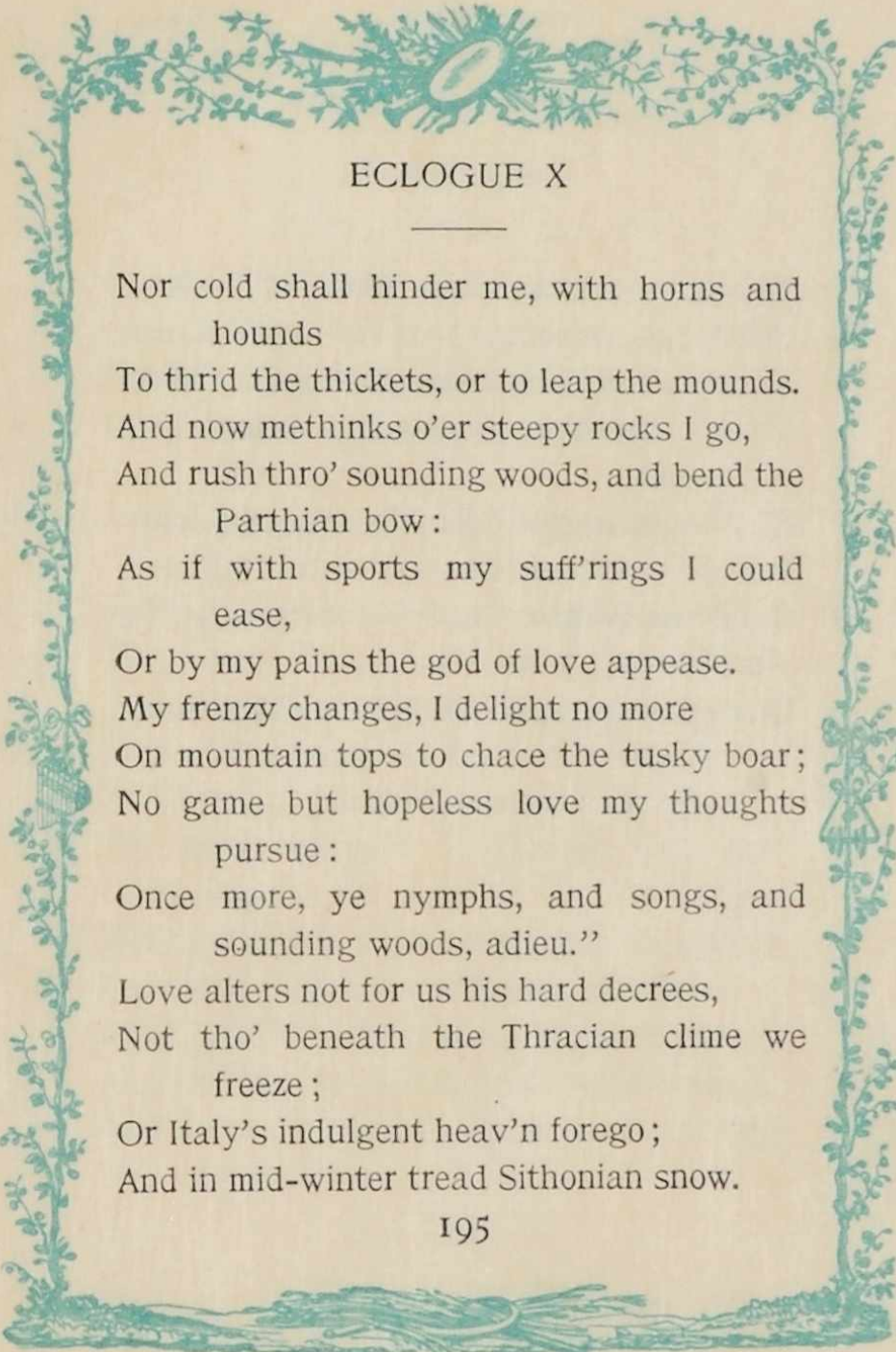
Aut acres venabor apros. Non me ulla veta-
bunt

Frigora Parthenios canibus circumdare sal-
tus.

Iam mihi per rupes videor lucosque sonantes
Ire; libet Partho torquere Cydonia cornu
Spicula. Tamquam hæc sint nostri medicina
furoris,

Aut deus ille malis hominum mitescere discat.
Iam neque Hamadryades rursus neque car-
mina nobis

Ipsa placent; ipsæ rursus concedite silvæ.”
Non illum nostri possunt mutare labores,
Nec si frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus,
Sithoniasque nives hiemis subeamus aquosæ,



ECLOGUE X

Nor cold shall hinder me, with horns and
hounds

To thrid the thickets, or to leap the mounds.
And now methinks o'er steepy rocks I go,
And rush thro' sounding woods, and bend the
Parthian bow :

As if with sports my suff'rings I could
ease,


Or by my pains the god of love appease.

My frenzy changes, I delight no more
On mountain tops to chace the tusky boar ;
No game but hopeless love my thoughts
pursue :

Once more, ye nymphs, and songs, and
sounding woods, adieu."

Love alters not for us his hard decrees,
Not tho' beneath the Thracian clime we
freeze ;

Or Italy's indulgent heav'n forego ;
And in mid-winter tread Sithonian snow.



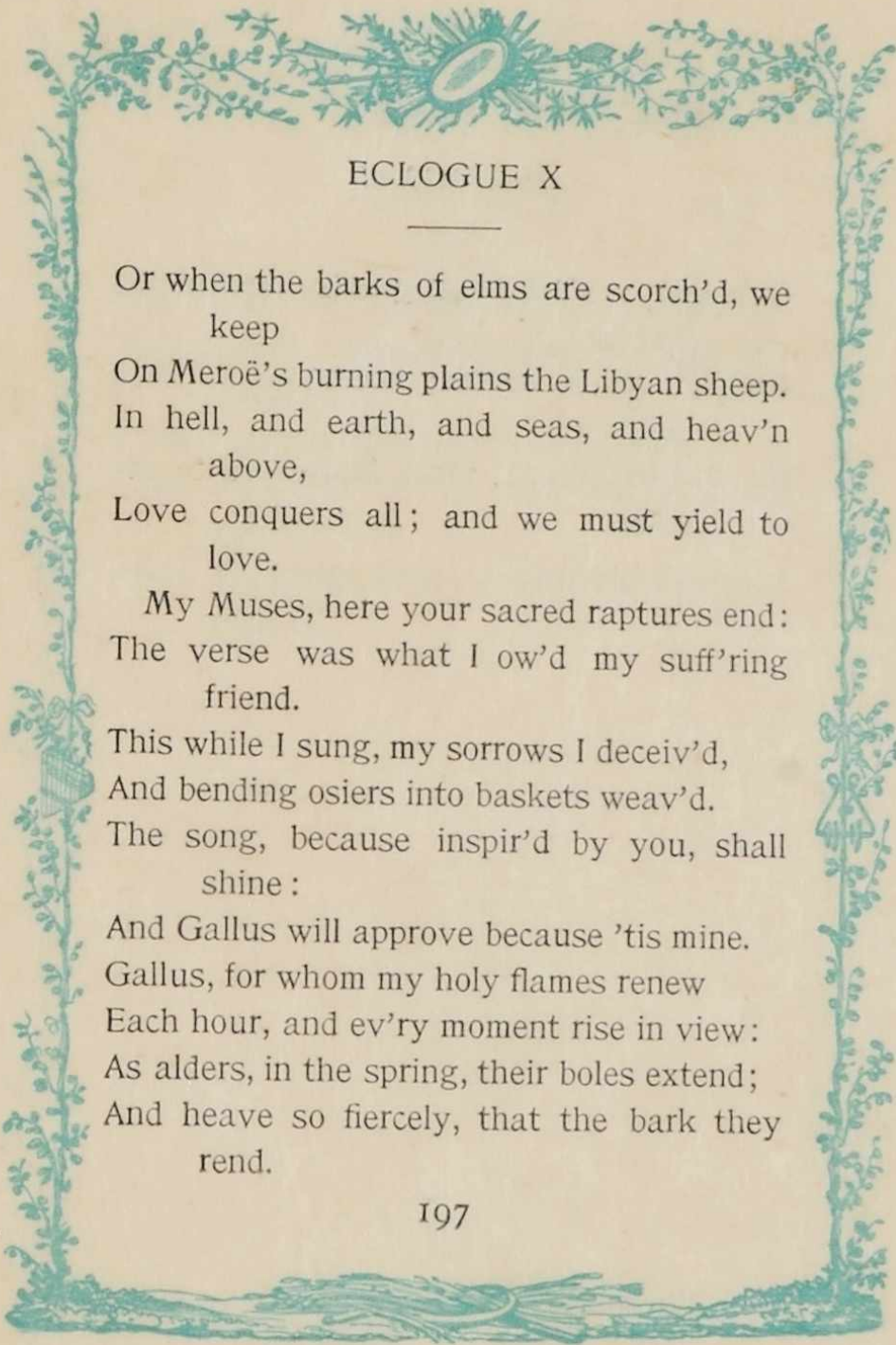
ECLOGA X

Nec si, cum moriens alta liber aret in ulmo,
Æthiopum versemus oves sub sidere Cancri.
Omnia vincit Amor: et nos cedamus Amori.

Hæc sat erit, divæ, vestrum cecinisse poetam,

Dum sedet et gracili fiscellam texit hibisco,
Pierides; vos hæc facietis maxima Gallo,
Gallo, cuius amor tantum mihi crescit in
horas,

Quantum vere novo viridis se subrigit alnus.



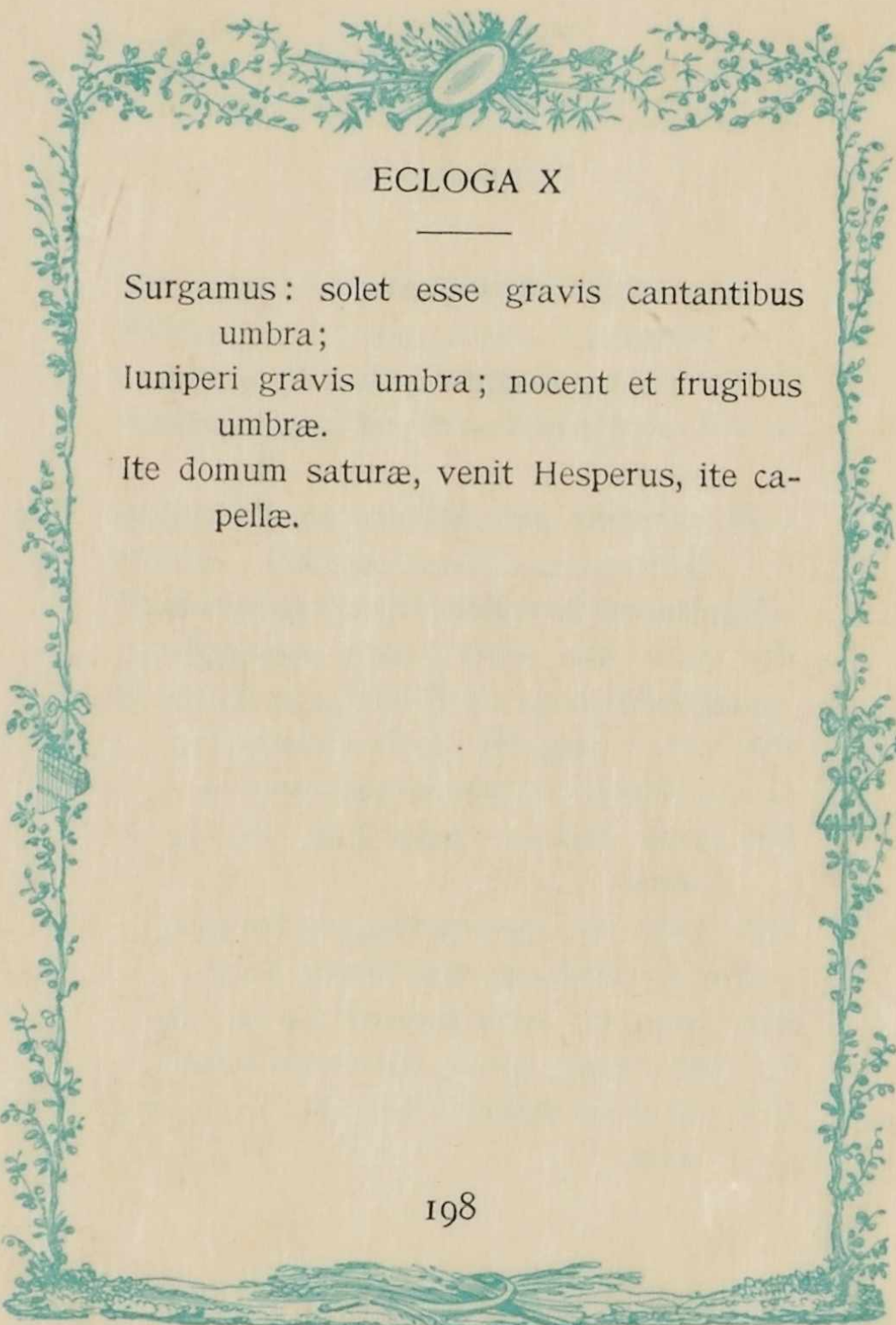
ECLOGUE X

Or when the barks of elms are scorch'd, we
keep
On Meroë's burning plains the Libyan sheep.
In hell, and earth, and seas, and heav'n
above,
Love conquers all; and we must yield to
love.

My Muses, here your sacred raptures end:
The verse was what I ow'd my suff'ring
friend.

This while I sung, my sorrows I deceiv'd,
And bending osiers into baskets weav'd.
The song, because inspir'd by you, shall
shine:

And Gallus will approve because 'tis mine.
Gallus, for whom my holy flames renew
Each hour, and ev'ry moment rise in view:
As alders, in the spring, their boles extend;
And heave so fiercely, that the bark they
rend.



ECLOGA X

Surgamus: solet esse gravis cantantibus
umbra;

Iuniperi gravis umbra; nocent et frugibus
umbrae.

Ite domum saturae, venit Hesperus, ite ca-
pellae.

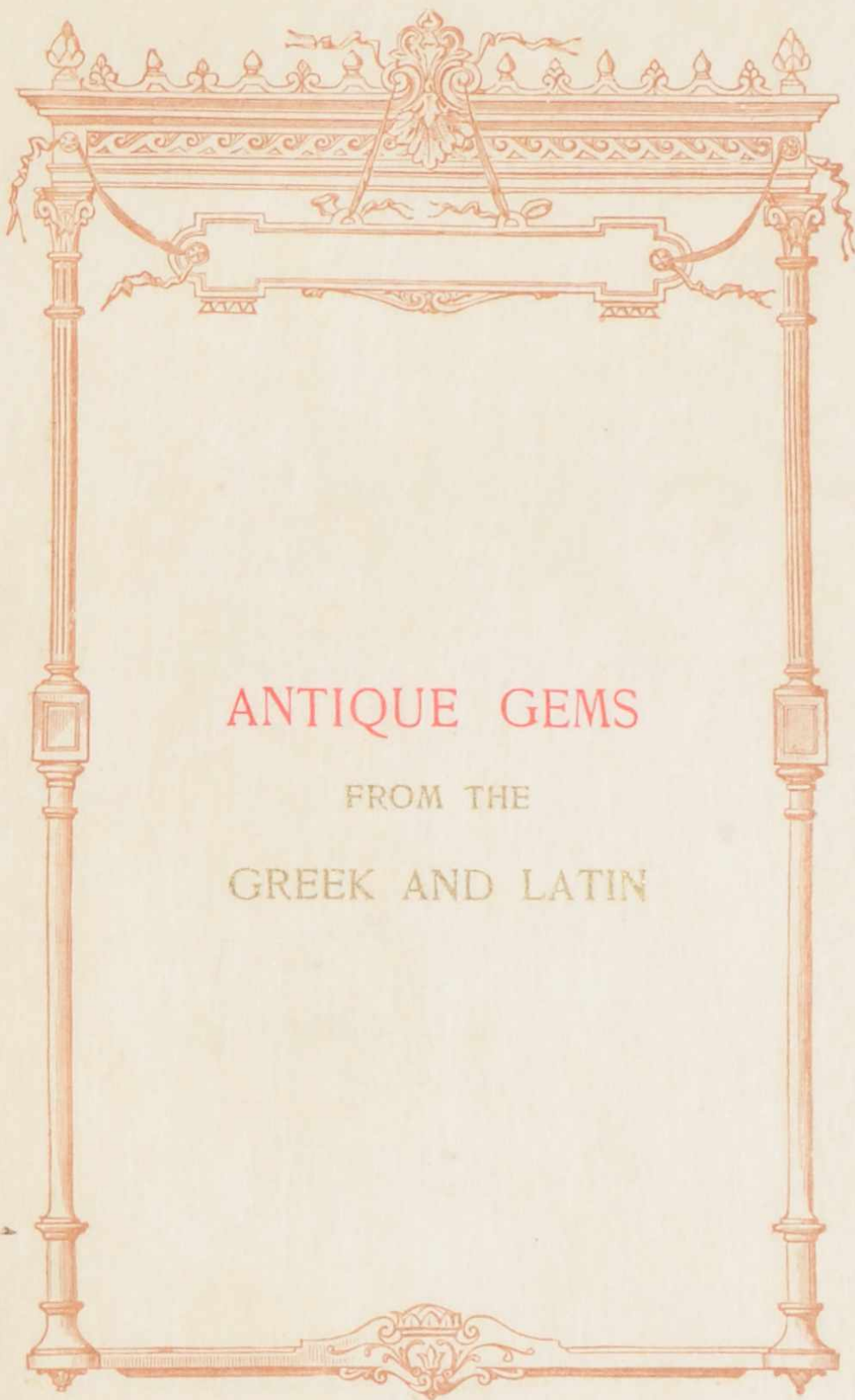


ECLOGUE X

Now let us rise, for hoarseness oft invades
The singer's voice who sings beneath the
shades.

From juniper unwholesome dews distil,
That blast the sooty corn, the with'ring
herbage kill;

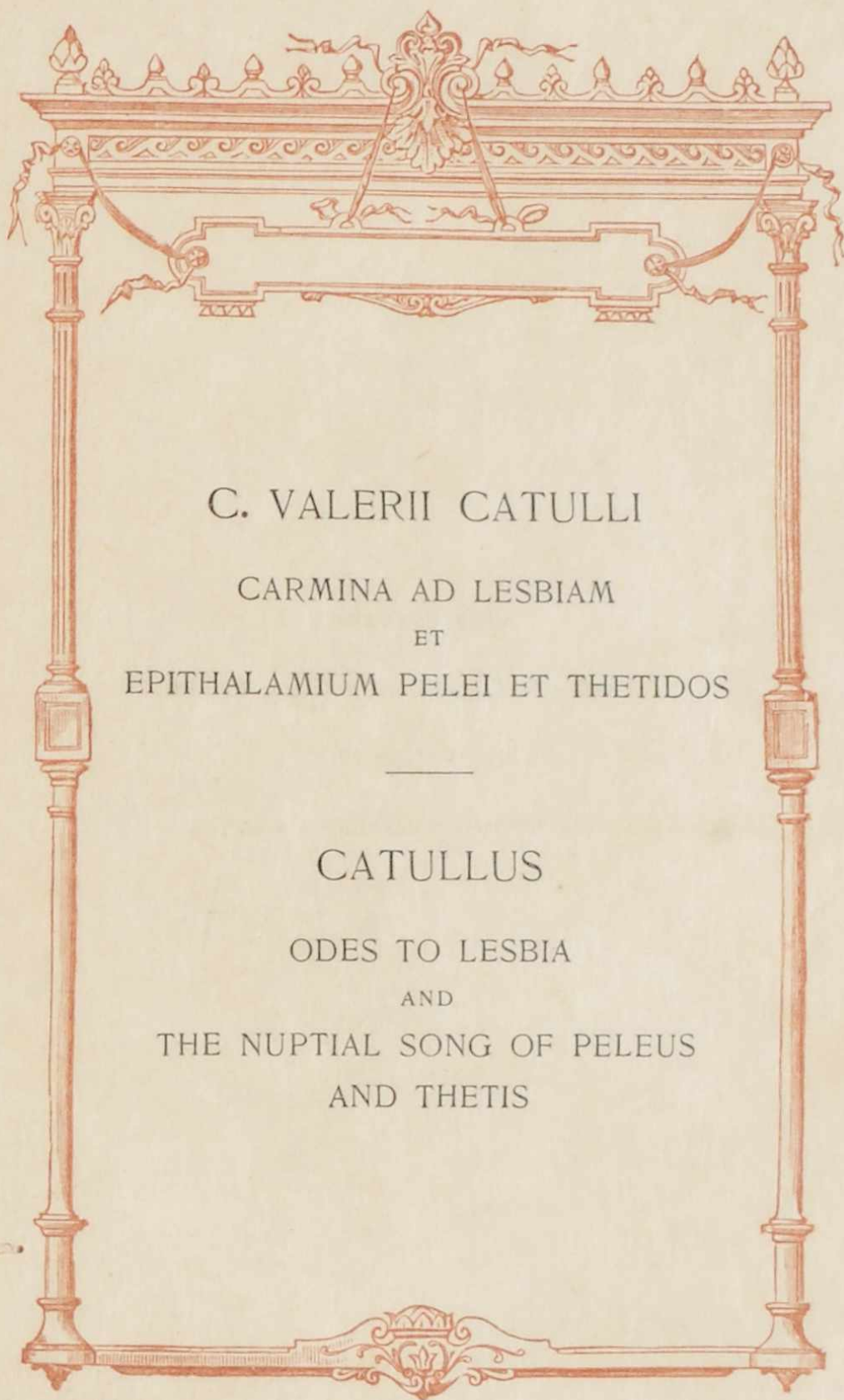
Away, my goats, away: for you have brows'd
your fill.



ANTIQUÉ GEMS

FROM THE

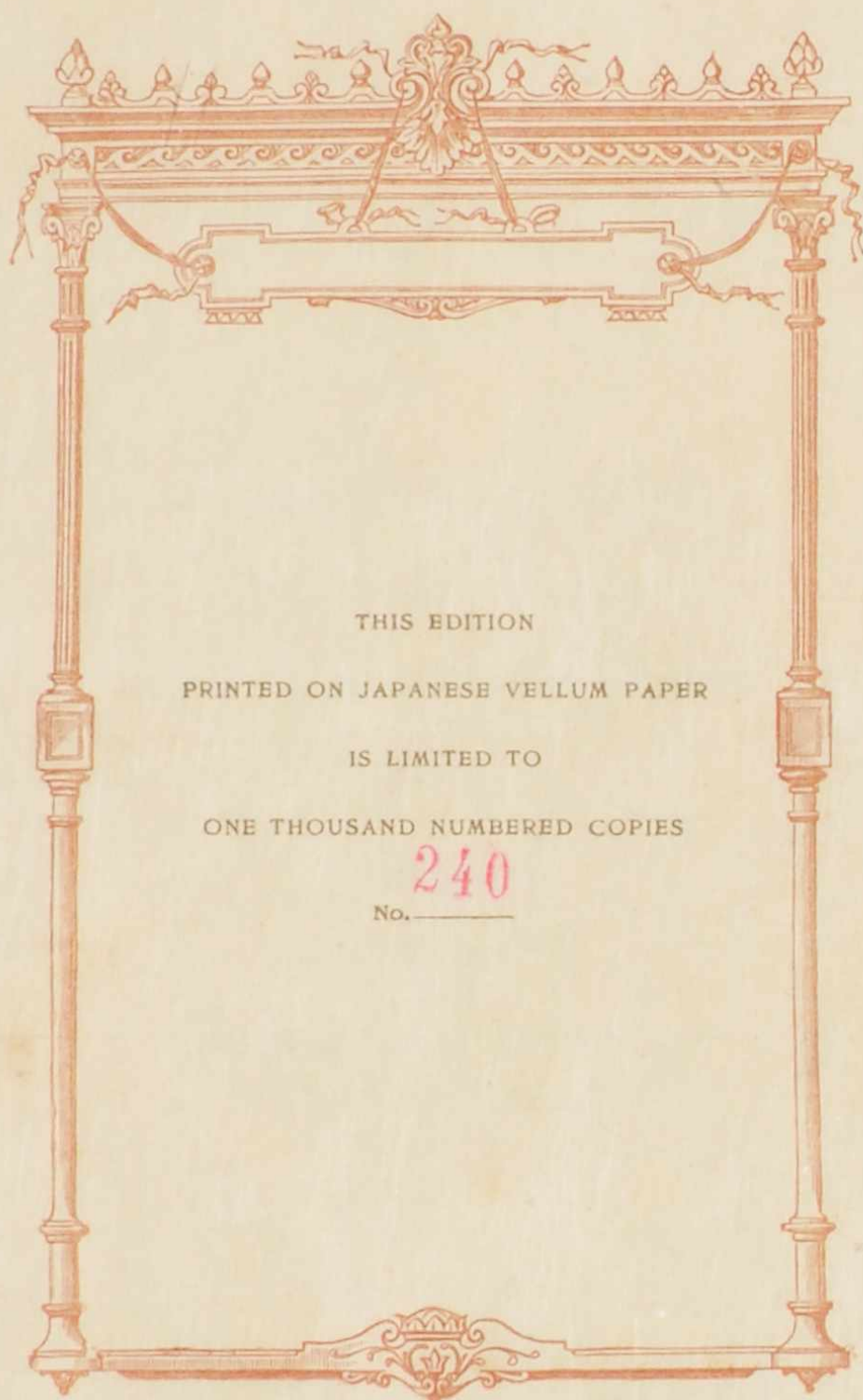
GREEK AND LATIN



C. VALERII CATULLI

CARMINA AD LESBIAM
ET
EPITHALAMIUM PELEI ET THETIDOS

CATULLUS
ODES TO LESBIA
AND
THE NUPTIAL SONG OF PELEUS
AND THETIS



THIS EDITION
PRINTED ON JAPANESE VELLUM PAPER
IS LIMITED TO
ONE THOUSAND NUMBERED COPIES

240

No. _____



C. VALERII CATULLI

CARMINA AD LESBIAM

ET

EPITHALAMIUM PELEI ET THETIDOS

PICTURIS ILLUSTRATA

PHILADELPHIÆ

PROSTAT SOLIS SUBSCRIBENTIBUS APUD

GEORGIUM BARRIE ET FILIUM



CATULLUS

ODES TO LESBIA

AND

THE NUPTIAL SONG OF PELEUS
AND THETIS

TRANSLATIONS BY

GLADSTONE, MARTIN, MOORE,
SWIFT, ETC.

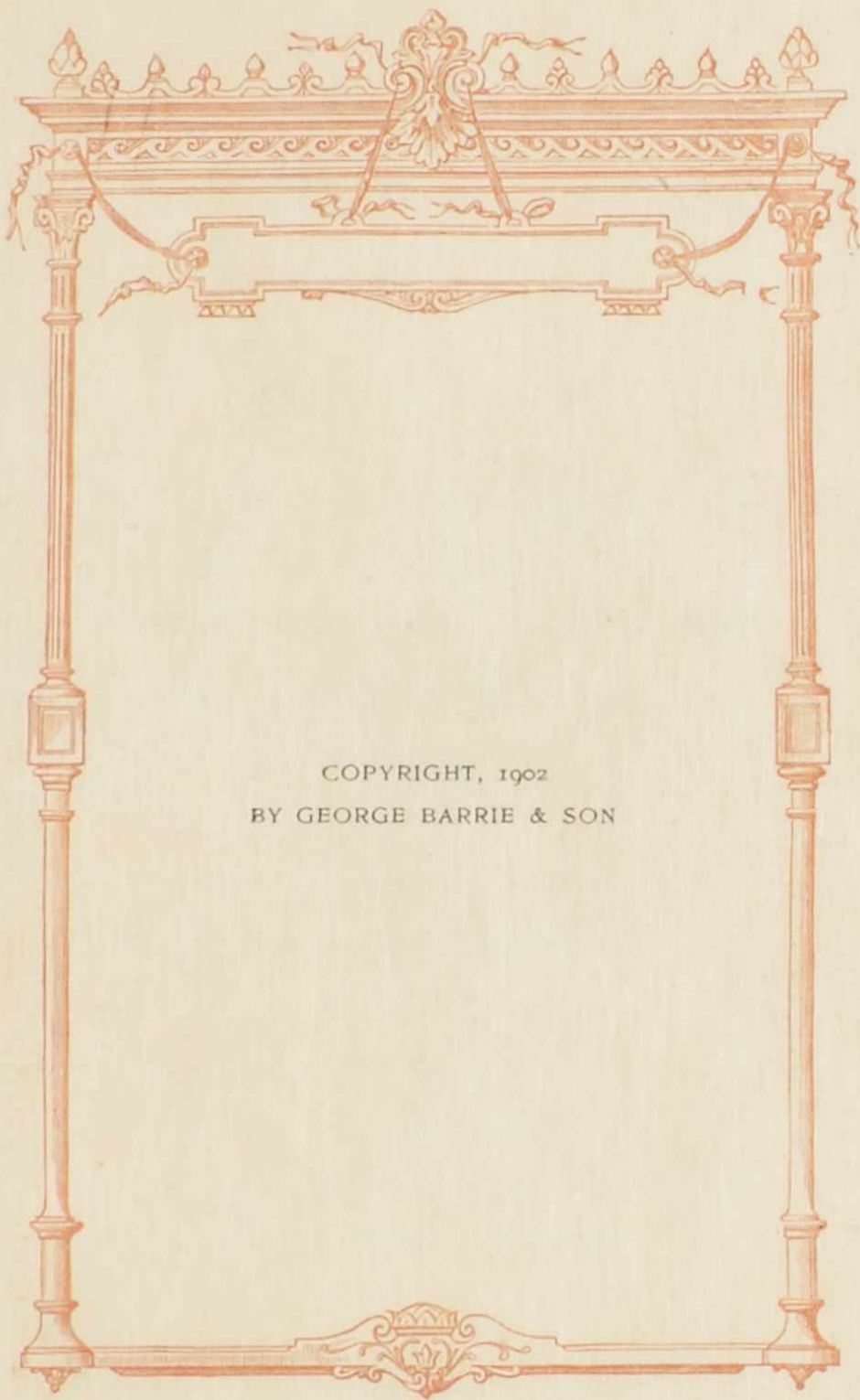
AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY

M. POIRSON

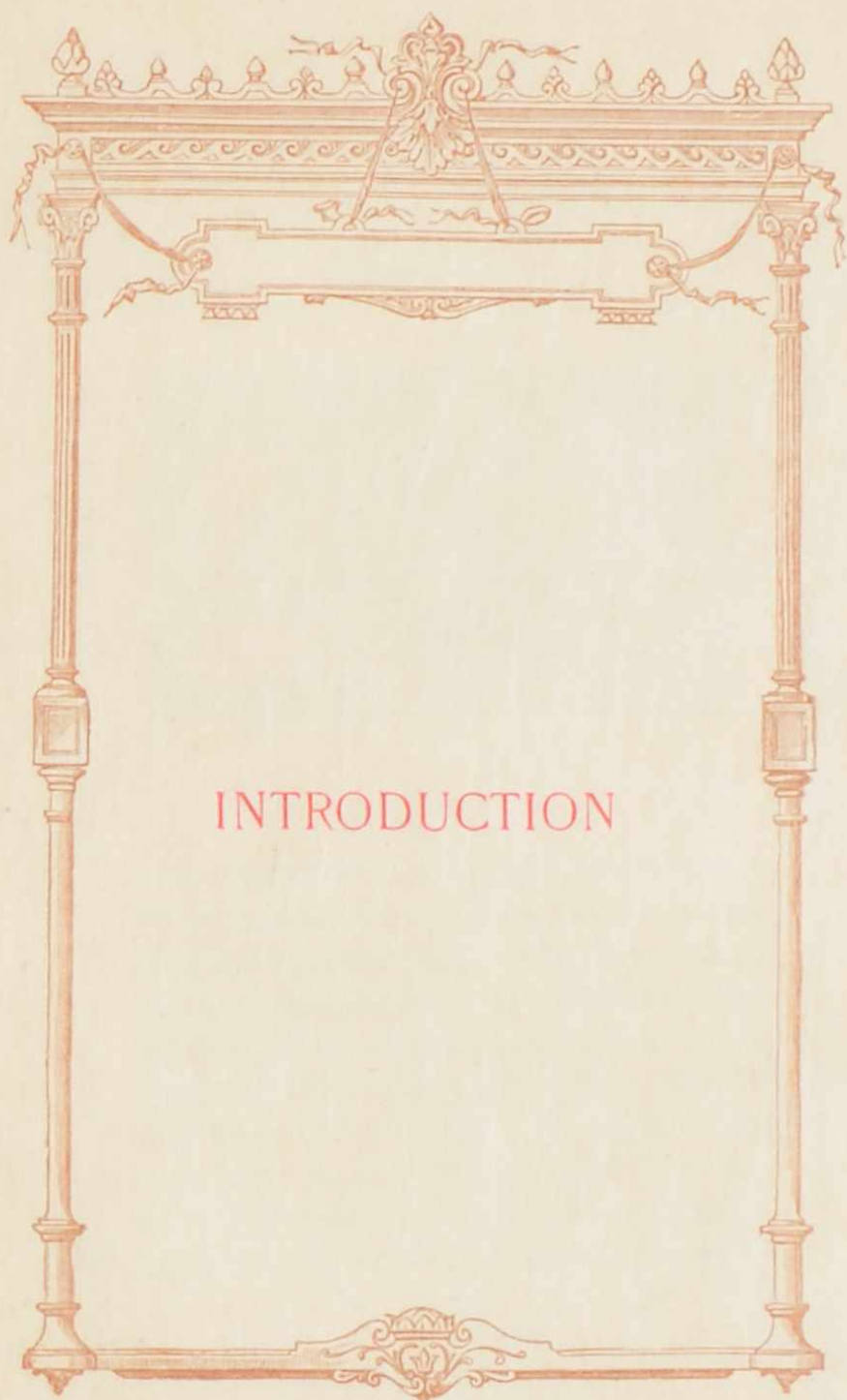
PHILADELPHIA

PRINTED FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY BY

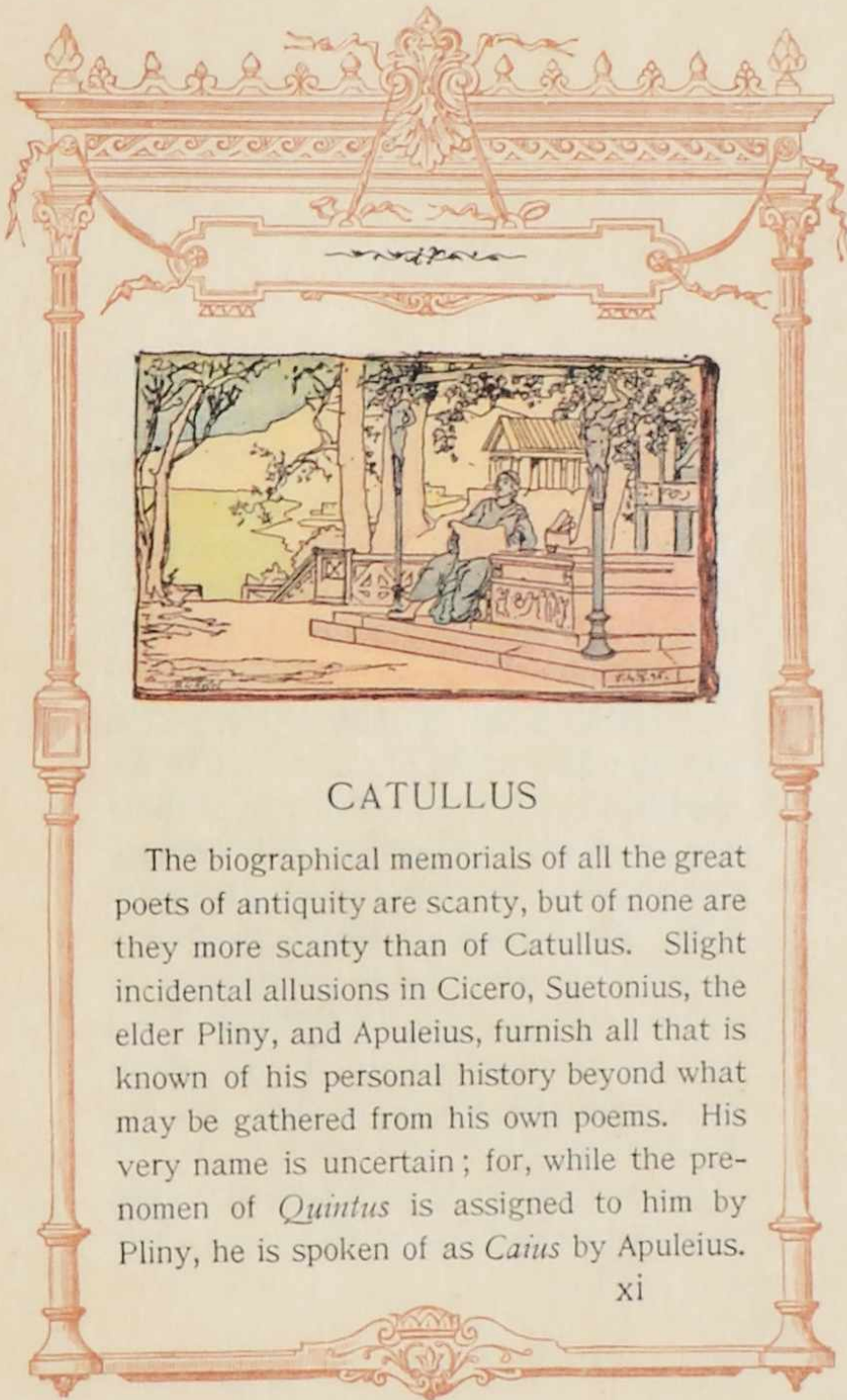
GEORGE BARRIE & SON



COPYRIGHT, 1902
BY GEORGE BARRIE & SON

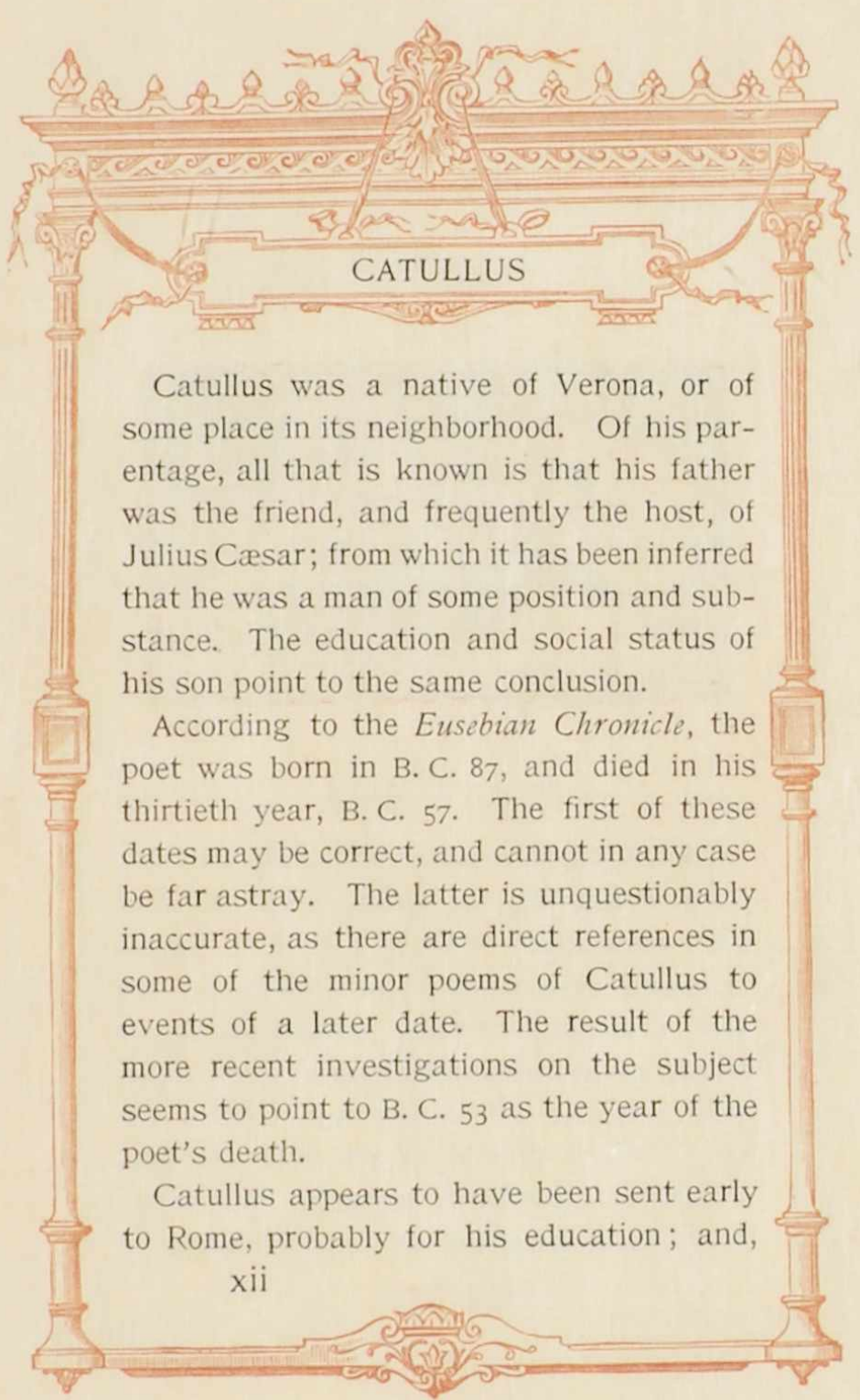


INTRODUCTION



CATULLUS

The biographical memorials of all the great poets of antiquity are scanty, but of none are they more scanty than of Catullus. Slight incidental allusions in Cicero, Suetonius, the elder Pliny, and Apuleius, furnish all that is known of his personal history beyond what may be gathered from his own poems. His very name is uncertain; for, while the pre-nomen of *Quintus* is assigned to him by Pliny, he is spoken of as *Caius* by Apuleius.

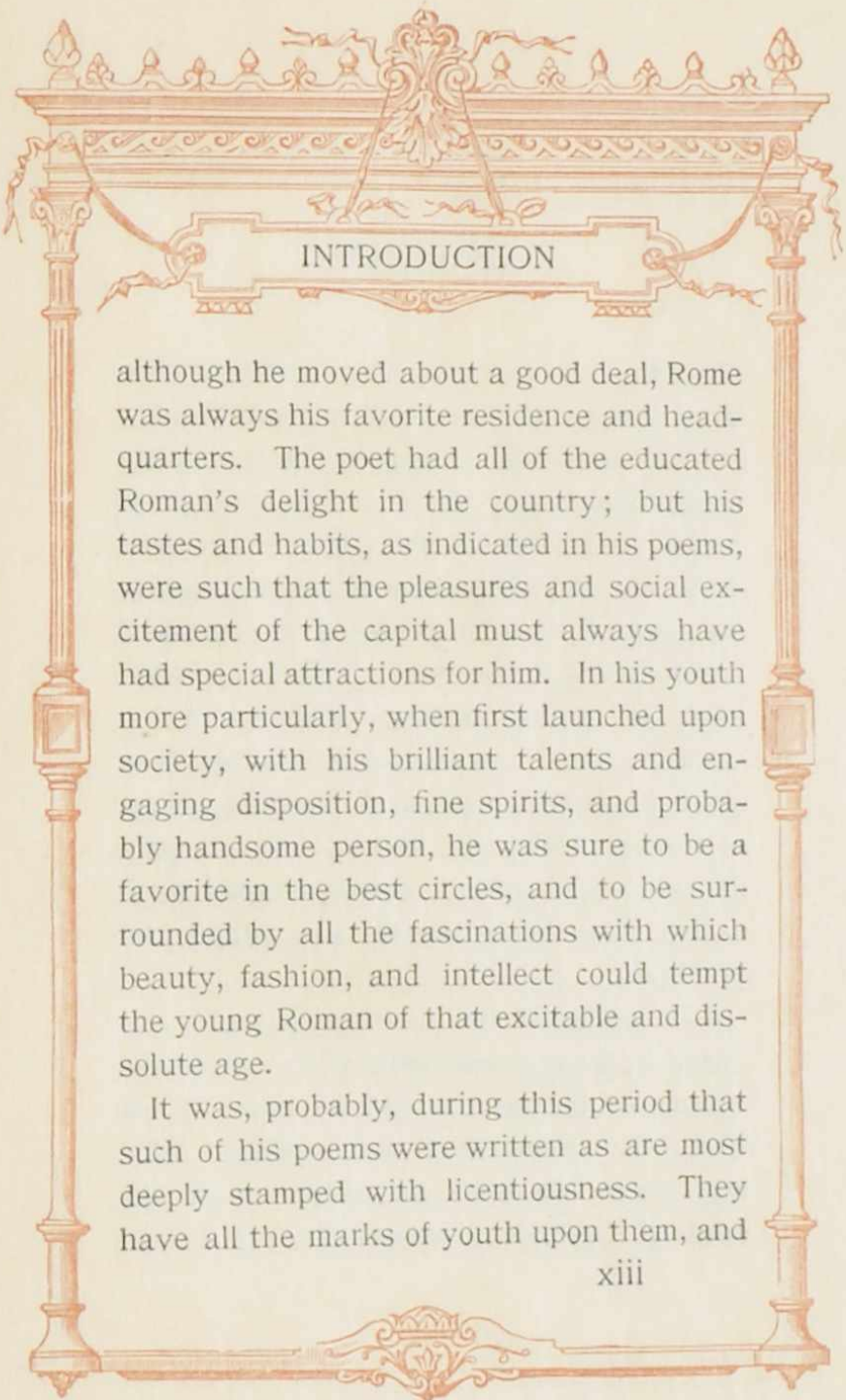


CATULLUS

Catullus was a native of Verona, or of some place in its neighborhood. Of his parentage, all that is known is that his father was the friend, and frequently the host, of Julius Cæsar; from which it has been inferred that he was a man of some position and substance. The education and social status of his son point to the same conclusion.

According to the *Eusebian Chronicle*, the poet was born in B. C. 87, and died in his thirtieth year, B. C. 57. The first of these dates may be correct, and cannot in any case be far astray. The latter is unquestionably inaccurate, as there are direct references in some of the minor poems of Catullus to events of a later date. The result of the more recent investigations on the subject seems to point to B. C. 53 as the year of the poet's death.

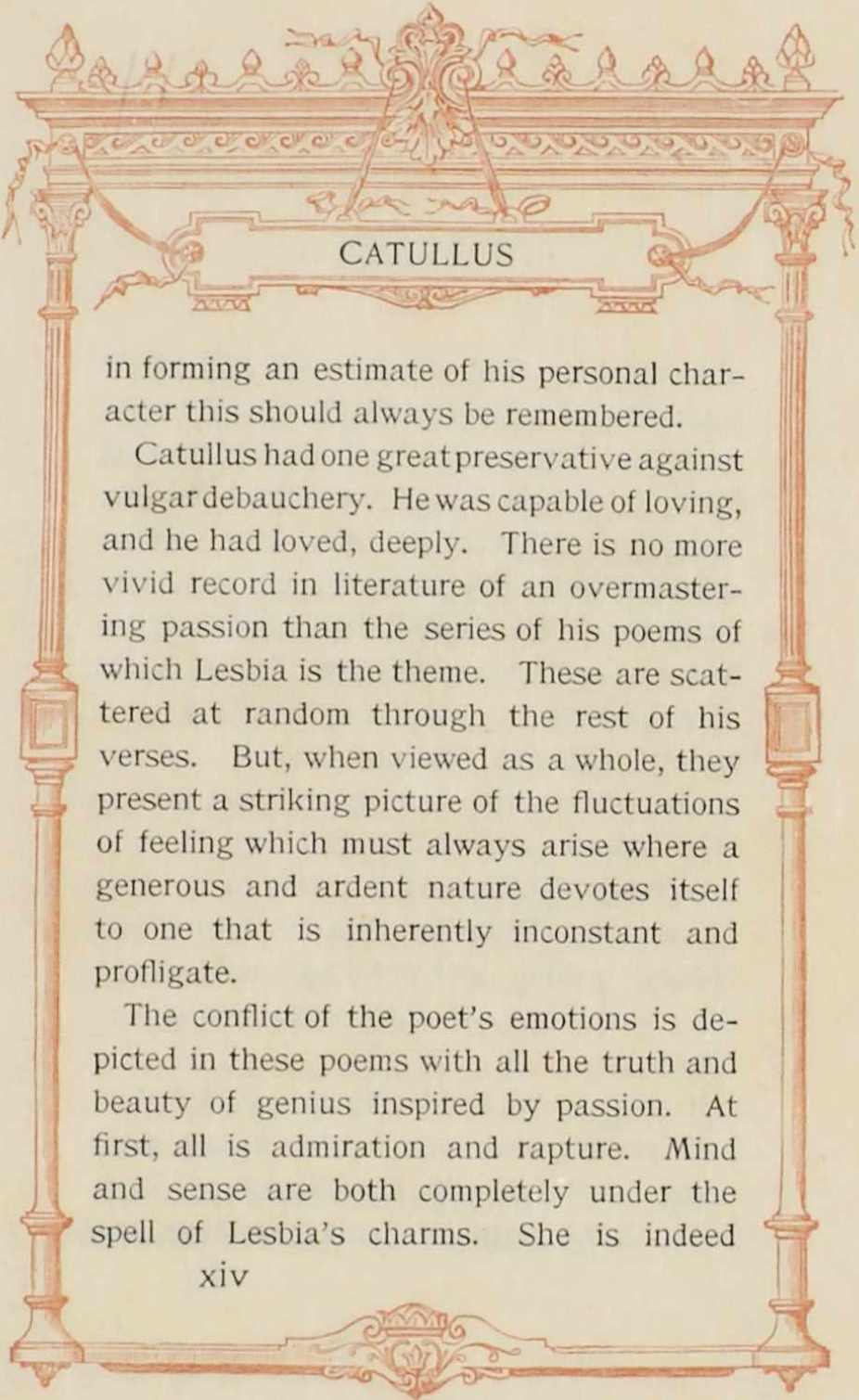
Catullus appears to have been sent early to Rome, probably for his education; and,



INTRODUCTION

although he moved about a good deal, Rome was always his favorite residence and headquarters. The poet had all of the educated Roman's delight in the country; but his tastes and habits, as indicated in his poems, were such that the pleasures and social excitement of the capital must always have had special attractions for him. In his youth more particularly, when first launched upon society, with his brilliant talents and engaging disposition, fine spirits, and probably handsome person, he was sure to be a favorite in the best circles, and to be surrounded by all the fascinations with which beauty, fashion, and intellect could tempt the young Roman of that excitable and dissolute age.

It was, probably, during this period that such of his poems were written as are most deeply stamped with licentiousness. They have all the marks of youth upon them, and

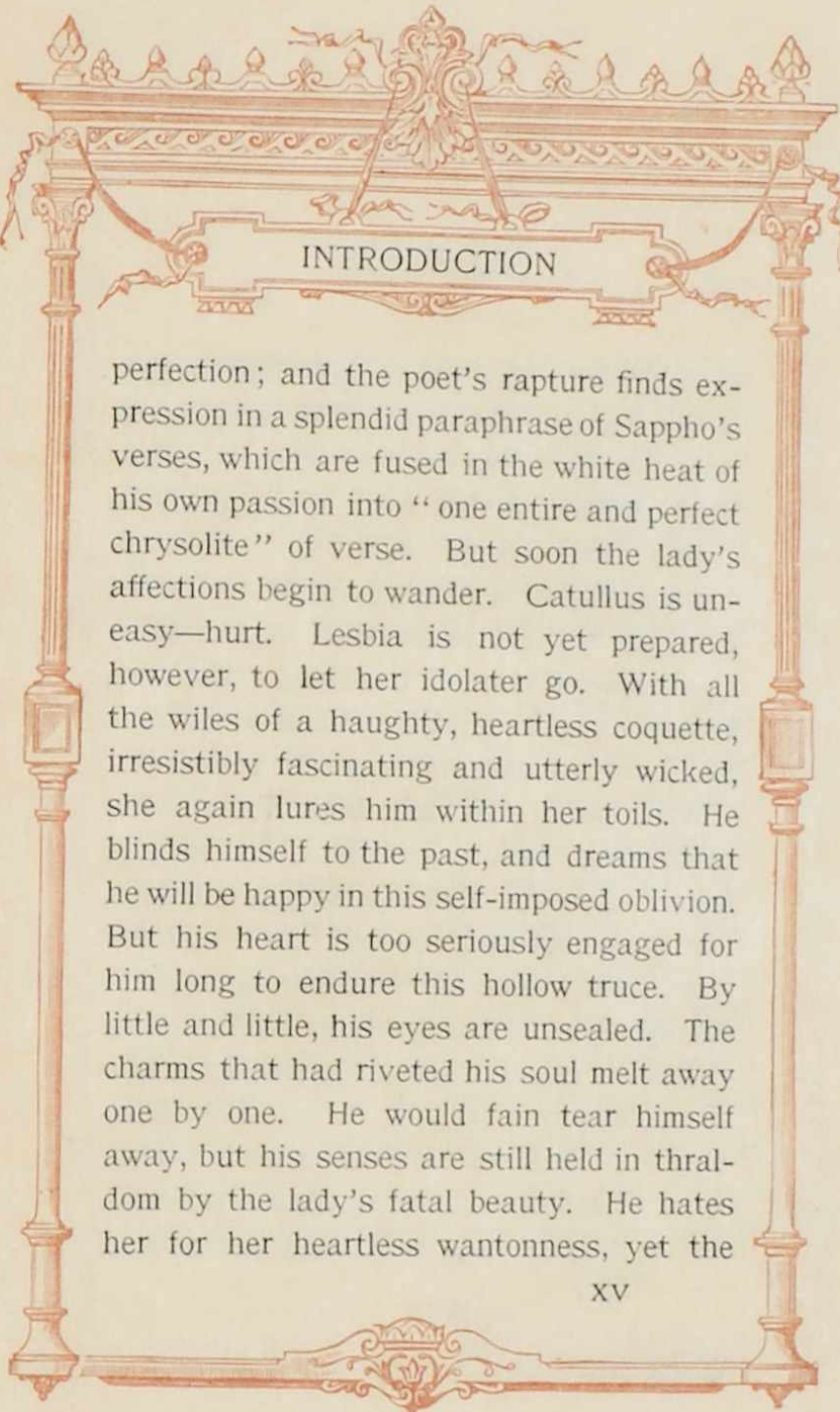


CATULLUS

in forming an estimate of his personal character this should always be remembered.

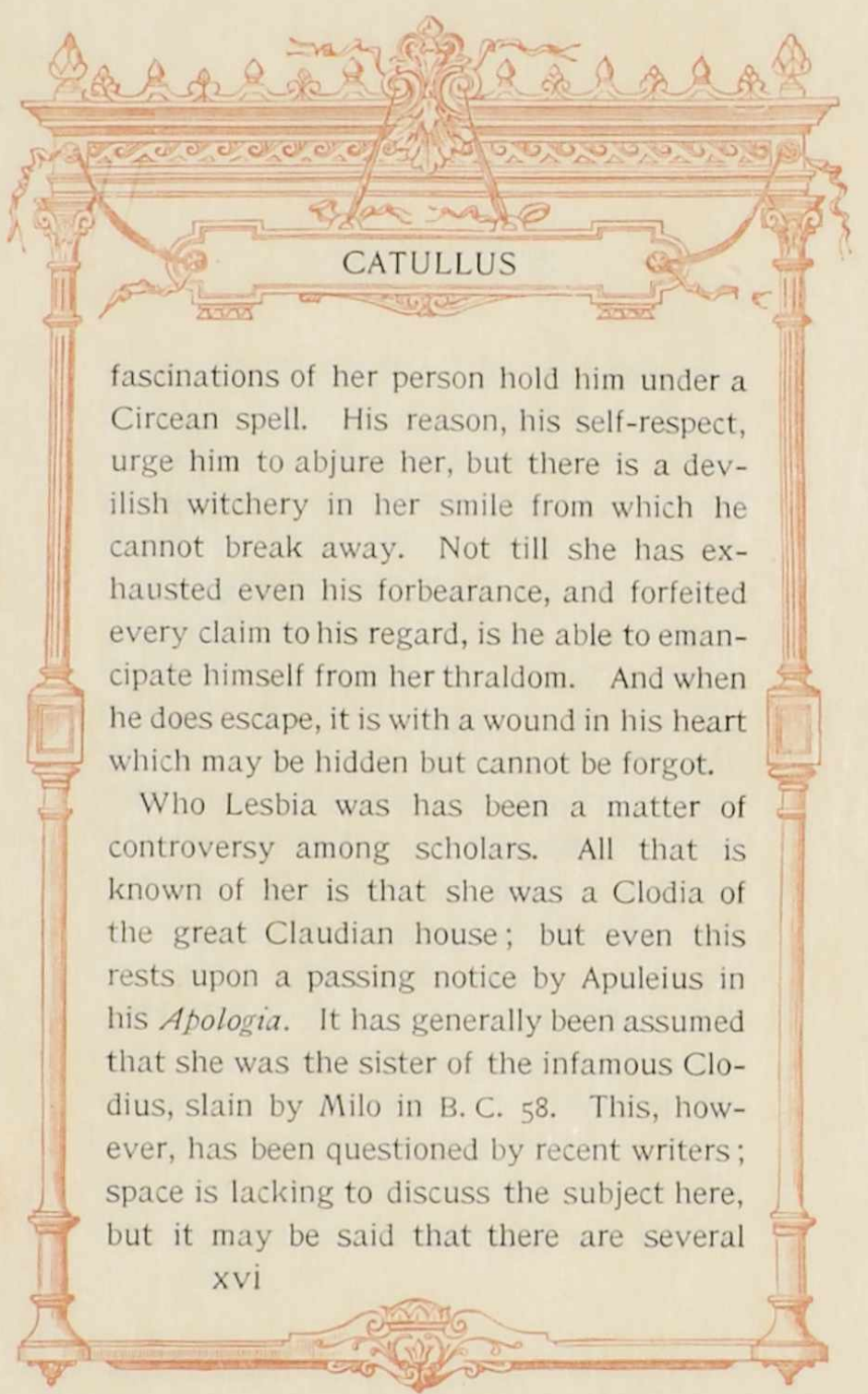
Catullus had one great preservative against vulgar debauchery. He was capable of loving, and he had loved, deeply. There is no more vivid record in literature of an overmastering passion than the series of his poems of which Lesbia is the theme. These are scattered at random through the rest of his verses. But, when viewed as a whole, they present a striking picture of the fluctuations of feeling which must always arise where a generous and ardent nature devotes itself to one that is inherently inconstant and profligate.

The conflict of the poet's emotions is depicted in these poems with all the truth and beauty of genius inspired by passion. At first, all is admiration and rapture. Mind and sense are both completely under the spell of Lesbia's charms. She is indeed



INTRODUCTION

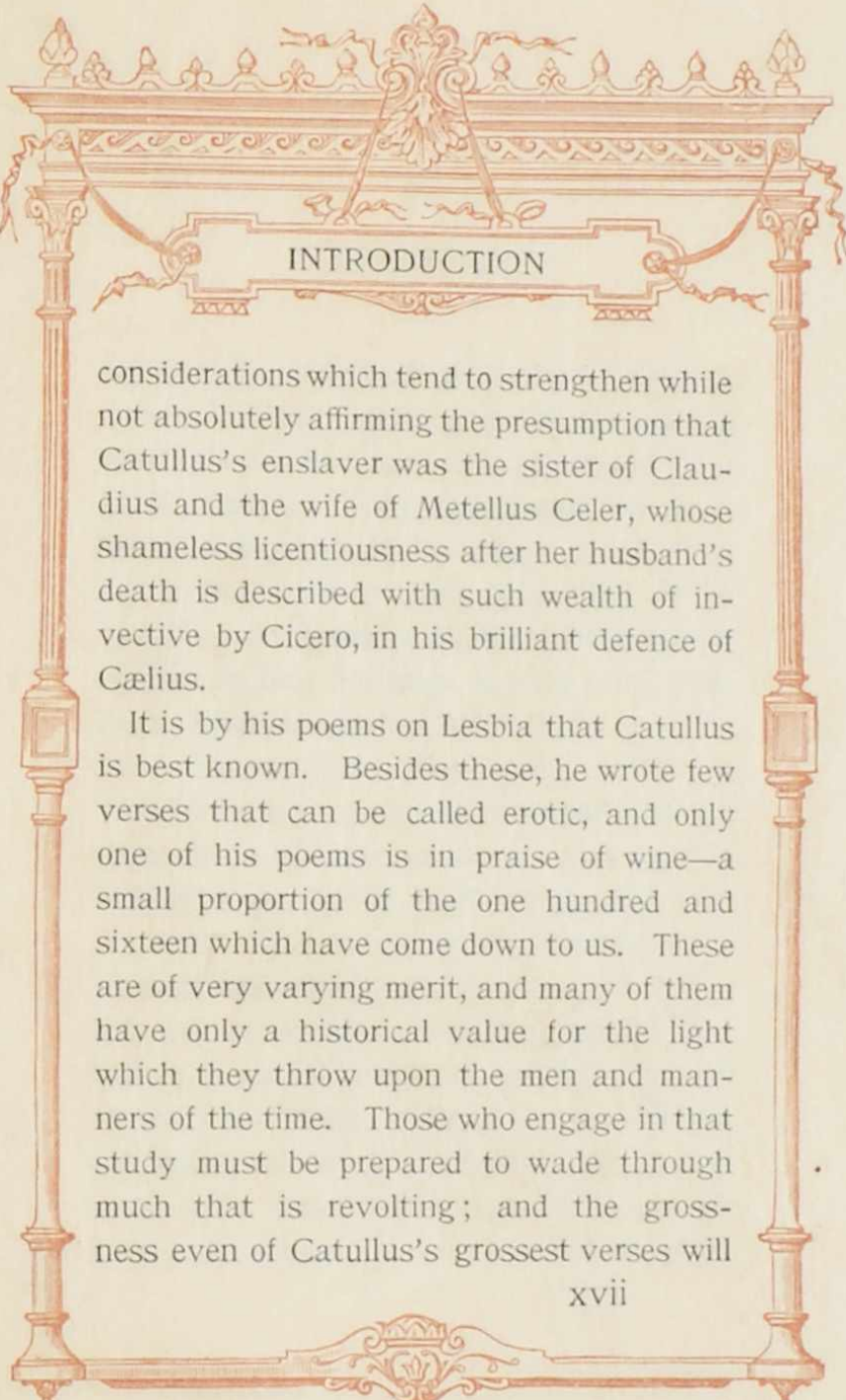
perfection; and the poet's rapture finds expression in a splendid paraphrase of Sappho's verses, which are fused in the white heat of his own passion into "one entire and perfect chrysolite" of verse. But soon the lady's affections begin to wander. Catullus is uneasy—hurt. Lesbia is not yet prepared, however, to let her idolater go. With all the wiles of a haughty, heartless coquette, irresistibly fascinating and utterly wicked, she again lures him within her toils. He blinds himself to the past, and dreams that he will be happy in this self-imposed oblivion. But his heart is too seriously engaged for him long to endure this hollow truce. By little and little, his eyes are unsealed. The charms that had riveted his soul melt away one by one. He would fain tear himself away, but his senses are still held in thralldom by the lady's fatal beauty. He hates her for her heartless wantonness, yet the



CATULLUS

fascinations of her person hold him under a Circean spell. His reason, his self-respect, urge him to abjure her, but there is a devilish witchery in her smile from which he cannot break away. Not till she has exhausted even his forbearance, and forfeited every claim to his regard, is he able to emancipate himself from her thralldom. And when he does escape, it is with a wound in his heart which may be hidden but cannot be forgot.

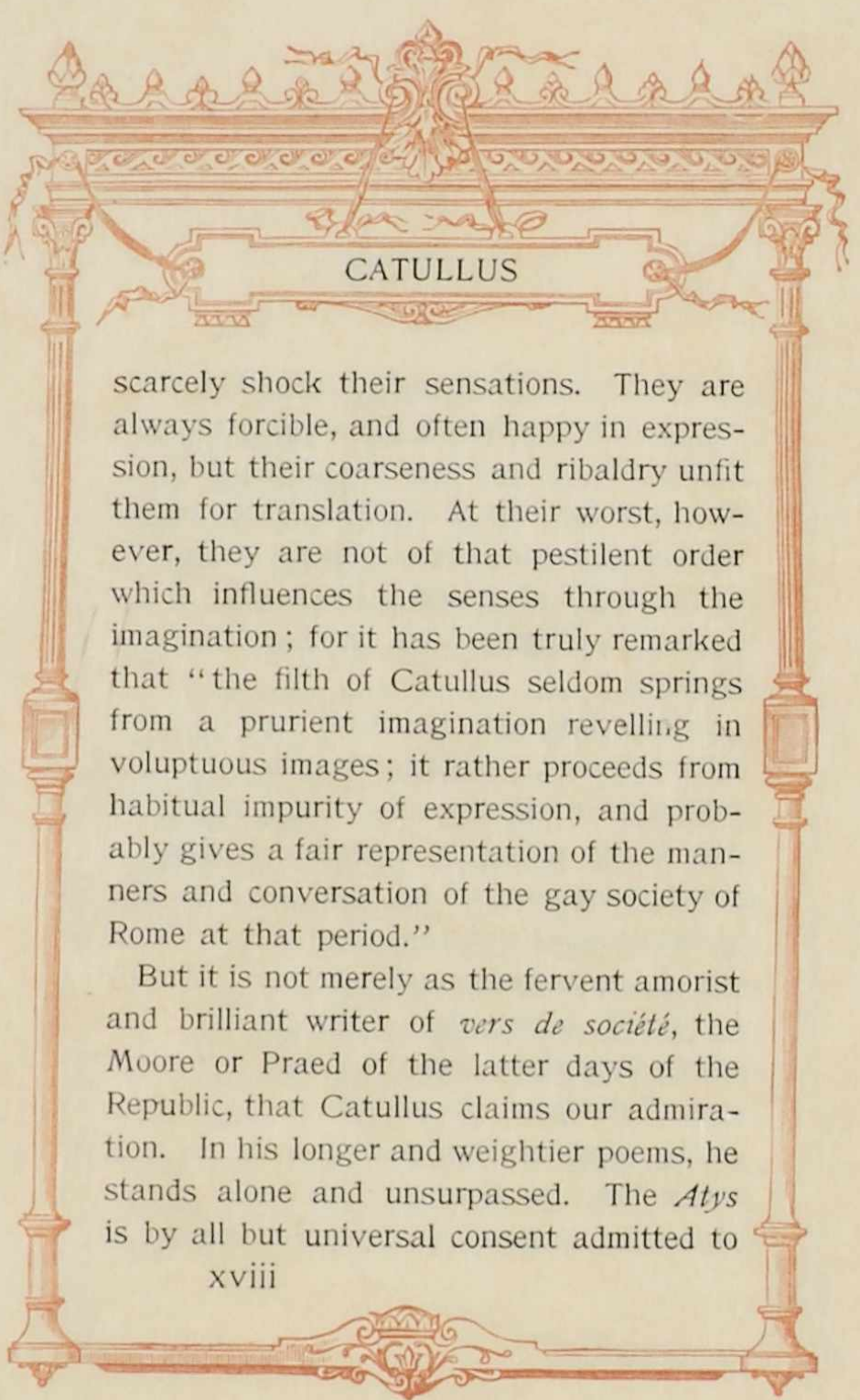
Who Lesbia was has been a matter of controversy among scholars. All that is known of her is that she was a Clodia of the great Claudian house; but even this rests upon a passing notice by Apuleius in his *Apologia*. It has generally been assumed that she was the sister of the infamous Clodius, slain by Milo in B. C. 58. This, however, has been questioned by recent writers; space is lacking to discuss the subject here, but it may be said that there are several



INTRODUCTION

considerations which tend to strengthen while not absolutely affirming the presumption that Catullus's enslaver was the sister of Claudius and the wife of Metellus Celer, whose shameless licentiousness after her husband's death is described with such wealth of invective by Cicero, in his brilliant defence of Cælius.

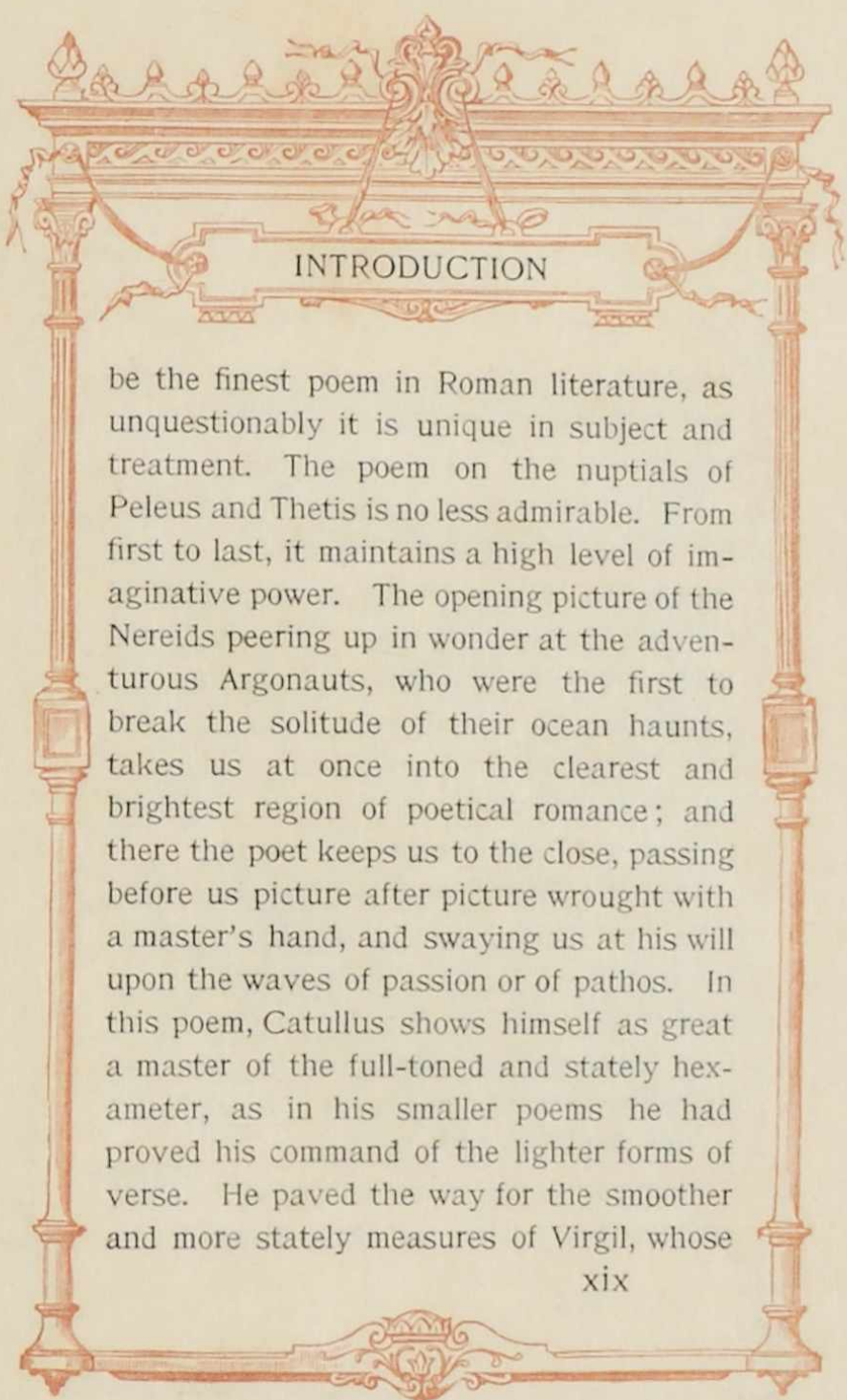
It is by his poems on Lesbia that Catullus is best known. Besides these, he wrote few verses that can be called erotic, and only one of his poems is in praise of wine—a small proportion of the one hundred and sixteen which have come down to us. These are of very varying merit, and many of them have only a historical value for the light which they throw upon the men and manners of the time. Those who engage in that study must be prepared to wade through much that is revolting; and the grossness even of Catullus's grossest verses will



CATULLUS

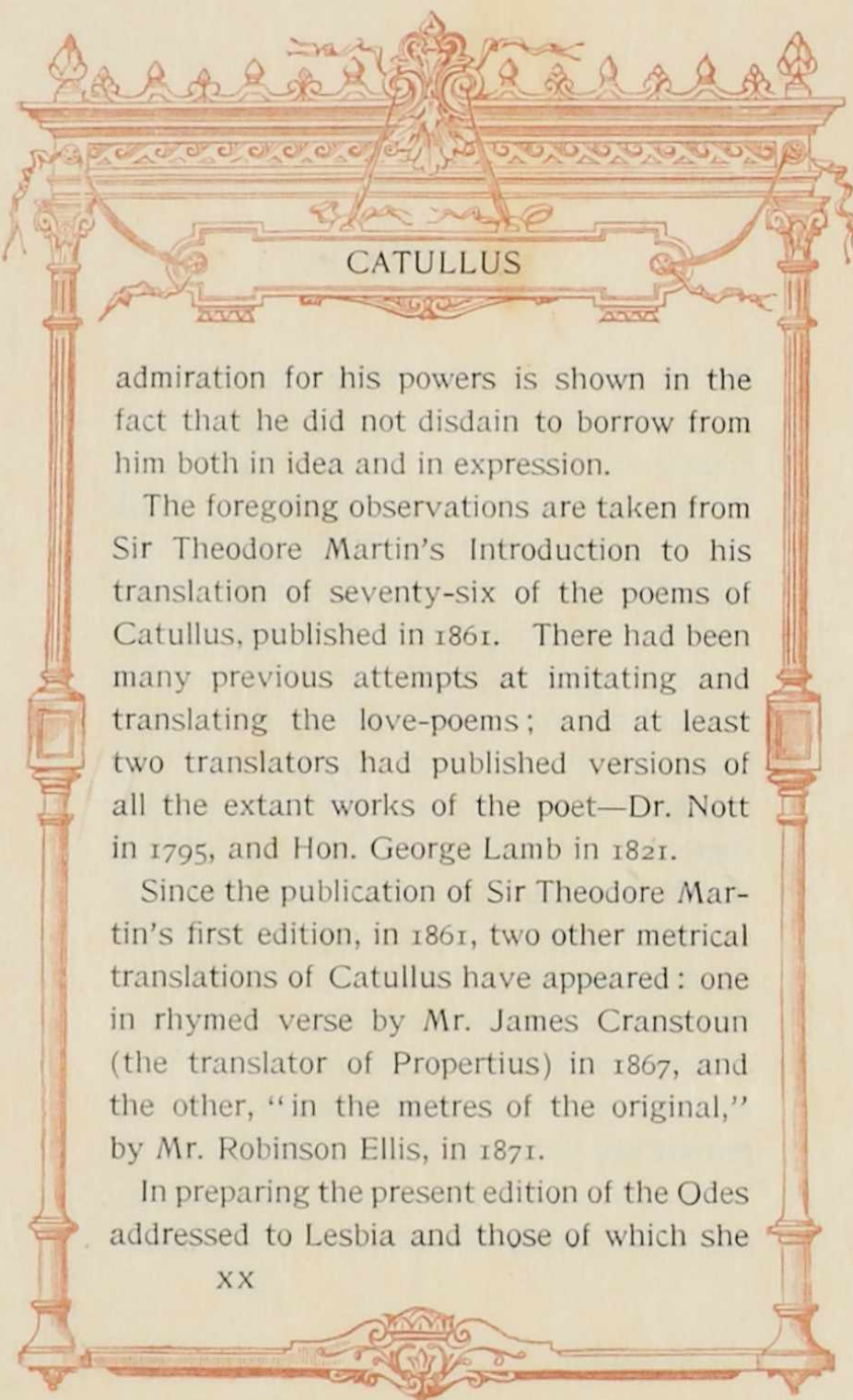
scarcely shock their sensations. They are always forcible, and often happy in expression, but their coarseness and ribaldry unfit them for translation. At their worst, however, they are not of that pestilent order which influences the senses through the imagination; for it has been truly remarked that "the filth of Catullus seldom springs from a prurient imagination revelling in voluptuous images; it rather proceeds from habitual impurity of expression, and probably gives a fair representation of the manners and conversation of the gay society of Rome at that period."

But it is not merely as the fervent amorist and brilliant writer of *vers de société*, the Moore or Praed of the latter days of the Republic, that Catullus claims our admiration. In his longer and weightier poems, he stands alone and unsurpassed. The *Atys* is by all but universal consent admitted to



INTRODUCTION

be the finest poem in Roman literature, as unquestionably it is unique in subject and treatment. The poem on the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis is no less admirable. From first to last, it maintains a high level of imaginative power. The opening picture of the Nereids peering up in wonder at the adventurous Argonauts, who were the first to break the solitude of their ocean haunts, takes us at once into the clearest and brightest region of poetical romance; and there the poet keeps us to the close, passing before us picture after picture wrought with a master's hand, and swaying us at his will upon the waves of passion or of pathos. In this poem, Catullus shows himself as great a master of the full-toned and stately hexameter, as in his smaller poems he had proved his command of the lighter forms of verse. He paved the way for the smoother and more stately measures of Virgil, whose



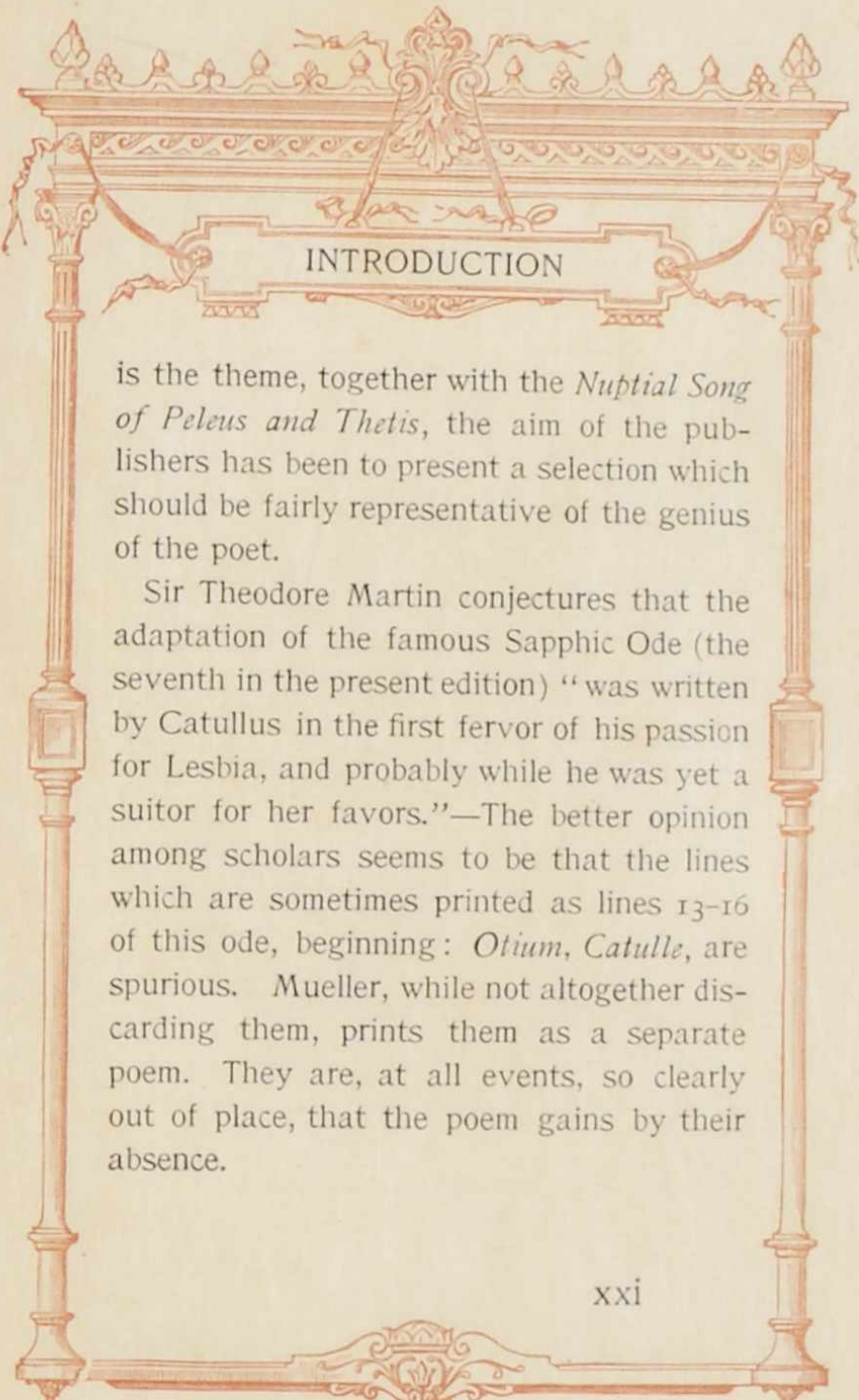
CATULLUS

admiration for his powers is shown in the fact that he did not disdain to borrow from him both in idea and in expression.

The foregoing observations are taken from Sir Theodore Martin's Introduction to his translation of seventy-six of the poems of Catullus, published in 1861. There had been many previous attempts at imitating and translating the love-poems; and at least two translators had published versions of all the extant works of the poet—Dr. Nott in 1795, and Hon. George Lamb in 1821.

Since the publication of Sir Theodore Martin's first edition, in 1861, two other metrical translations of Catullus have appeared: one in rhymed verse by Mr. James Cranstoun (the translator of Propertius) in 1867, and the other, "in the metres of the original," by Mr. Robinson Ellis, in 1871.

In preparing the present edition of the Odes addressed to Lesbia and those of which she



INTRODUCTION

is the theme, together with the *Nuptial Song of Peleus and Thetis*, the aim of the publishers has been to present a selection which should be fairly representative of the genius of the poet.

Sir Theodore Martin conjectures that the adaptation of the famous Sapphic Ode (the seventh in the present edition) "was written by Catullus in the first fervor of his passion for Lesbia, and probably while he was yet a suitor for her favors."—The better opinion among scholars seems to be that the lines which are sometimes printed as lines 13-16 of this ode, beginning: *Otium, Catulle*, are spurious. Mueller, while not altogether discarding them, prints them as a separate poem. They are, at all events, so clearly out of place, that the poem gains by their absence.



CARMINA AD LESBIAM

I

Passer, deliciæ meæ puellæ,
Quicum ludere, quem in sinu tenere,
Quoi primum digitum dare adpetenti
Et acris solet incitare morsus,
Cum desiderio meo nitenti
Carum nescioquid libet iocari

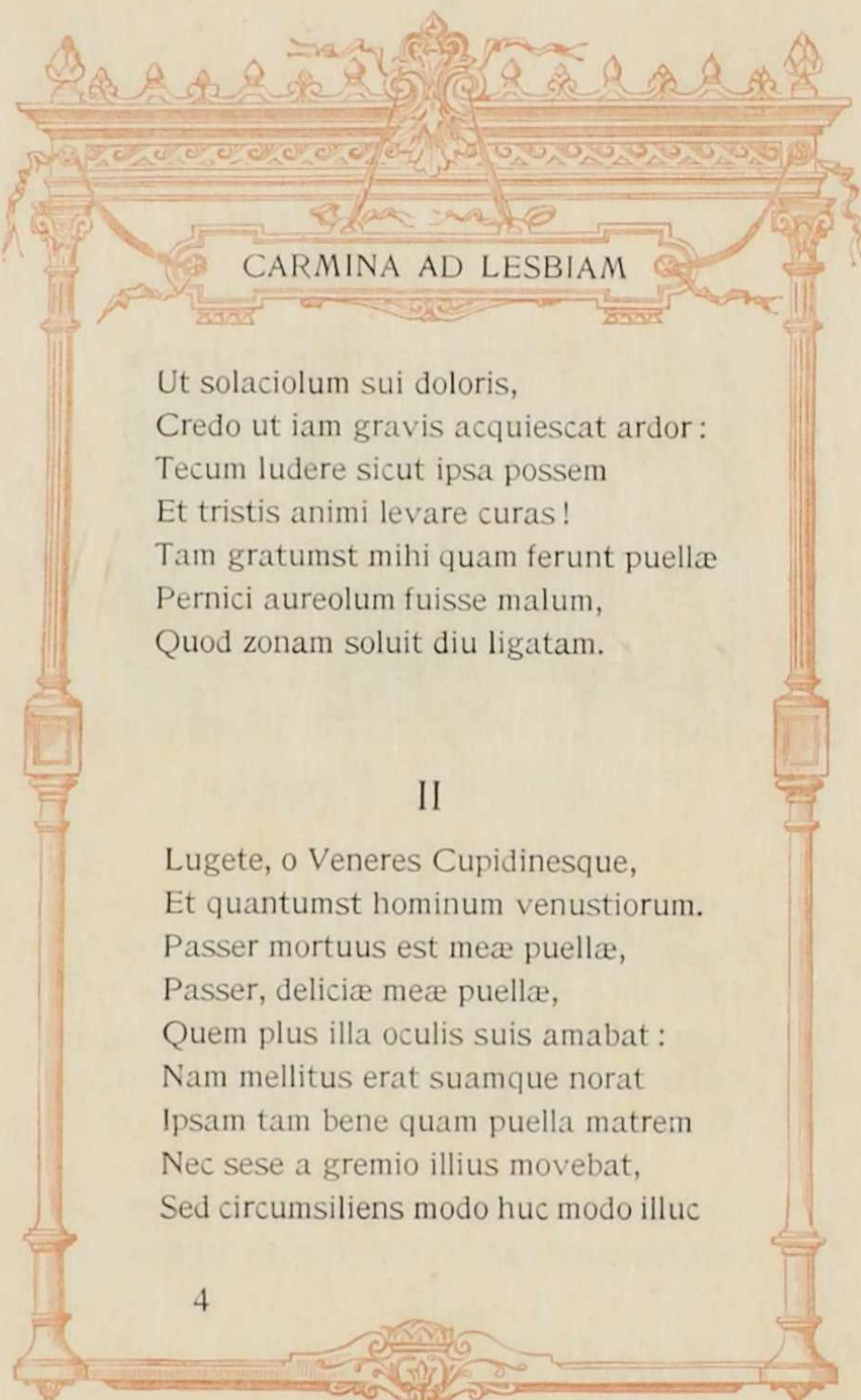


ODES TO LESBIA

I

Sparrow, that art my darling's pet,—
My darling's, who'll frolic with thee and let
Thee nestle within her bosom, and when
Thou peck'st her forefinger will give it again,
And provoke thee to bite with a sharper smart,
When that glorious creature who rules my
heart

Enchants it the more with her playful wiles,
And her own heart, too, of its pain beguiles ;

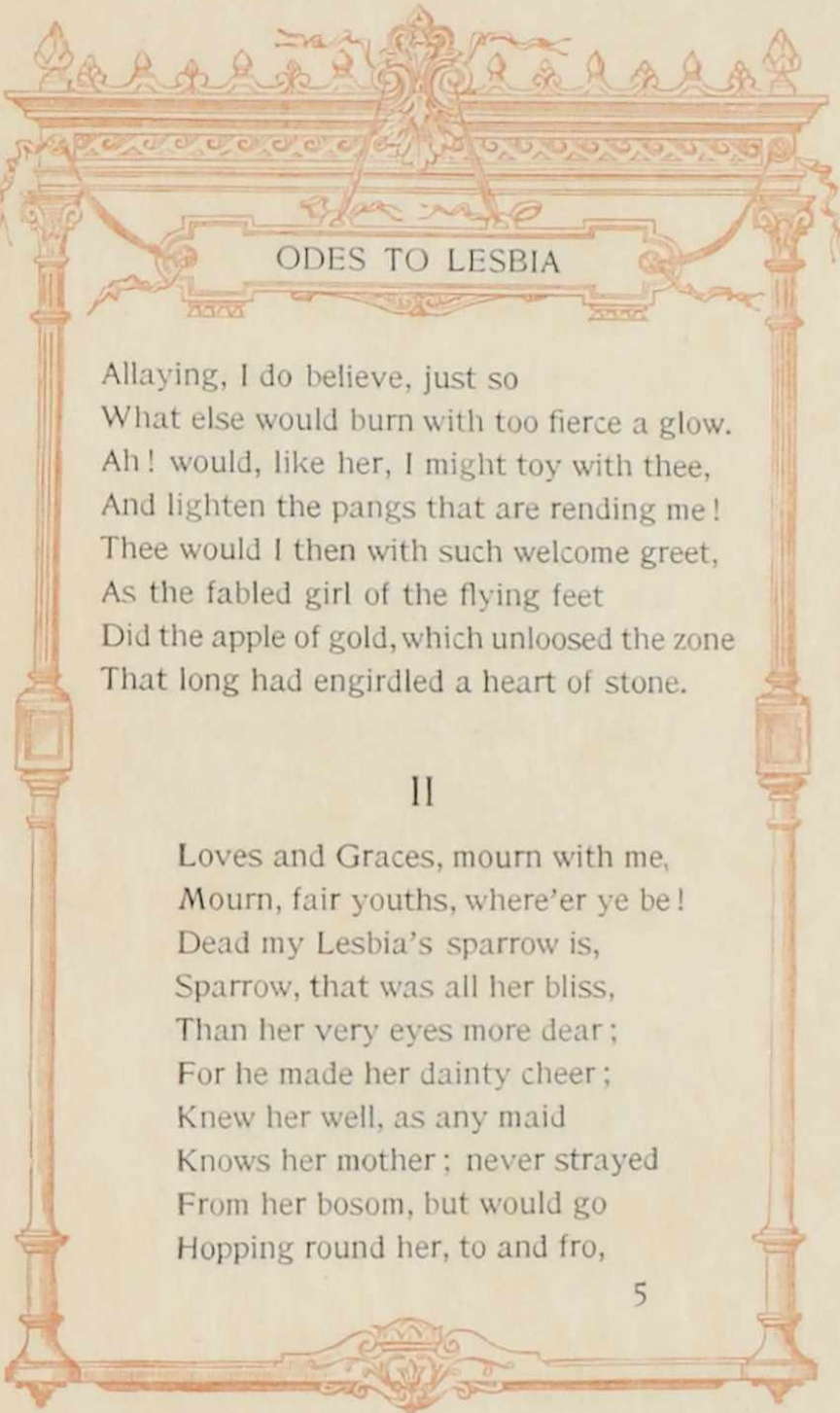


CARMINA AD LESBIAM

Ut solaciolum sui doloris,
Credo ut iam gravis acquiescat ardor :
Tecum ludere sicut ipsa possem
Et tristis animi levare curas !
Tam gratumst mihi quam ferunt puellæ
Pernici aureolum fuisse malum,
Quod zonam soluit diu ligatam.

II

Lugete, o Veneres Cupidinesque,
Et quantumst hominum venustiorum.
Passer mortuus est meæ puellæ,
Passer, deliciæ meæ puellæ,
Quem plus illa oculis suis amabat :
Nam mellitus erat suamque norat
Ipsam tam bene quam puella matrem
Nec sese a gremio illius movebat,
Sed circumsiliens modo huc modo illuc

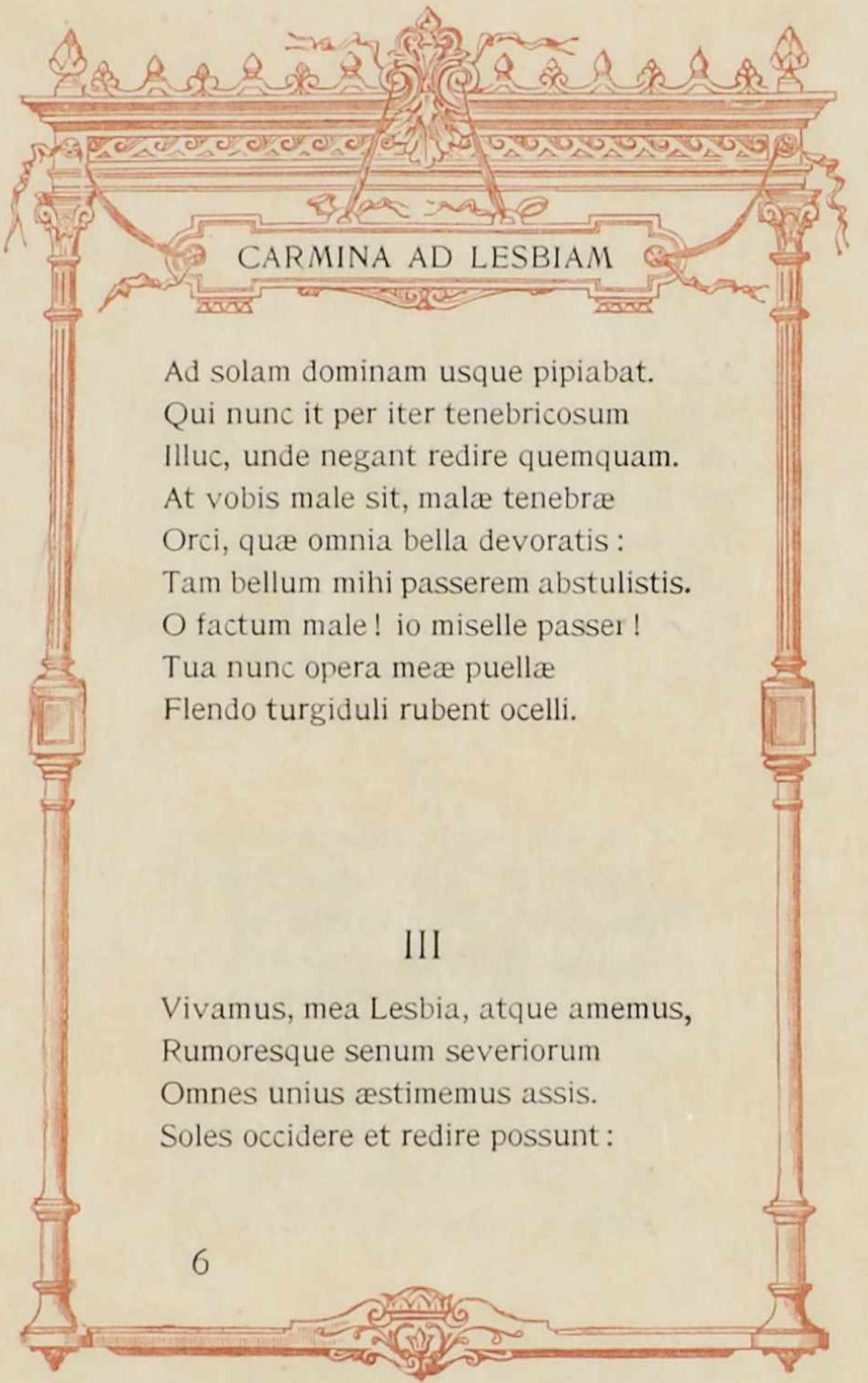


ODES TO LESBIA

Allaying, I do believe, just so
What else would burn with too fierce a glow.
Ah! would, like her, I might toy with thee,
And lighten the pangs that are rending me!
Thee would I then with such welcome greet,
As the fabled girl of the flying feet
Did the apple of gold, which unloosed the zone
That long had engirdled a heart of stone.

II

Loves and Graces, mourn with me,
Mourn, fair youths, where'er ye be!
Dead my Lesbia's sparrow is,
Sparrow, that was all her bliss,
Than her very eyes more dear;
For he made her dainty cheer;
Knew her well, as any maid
Knows her mother; never strayed
From her bosom, but would go
Hopping round her, to and fro,

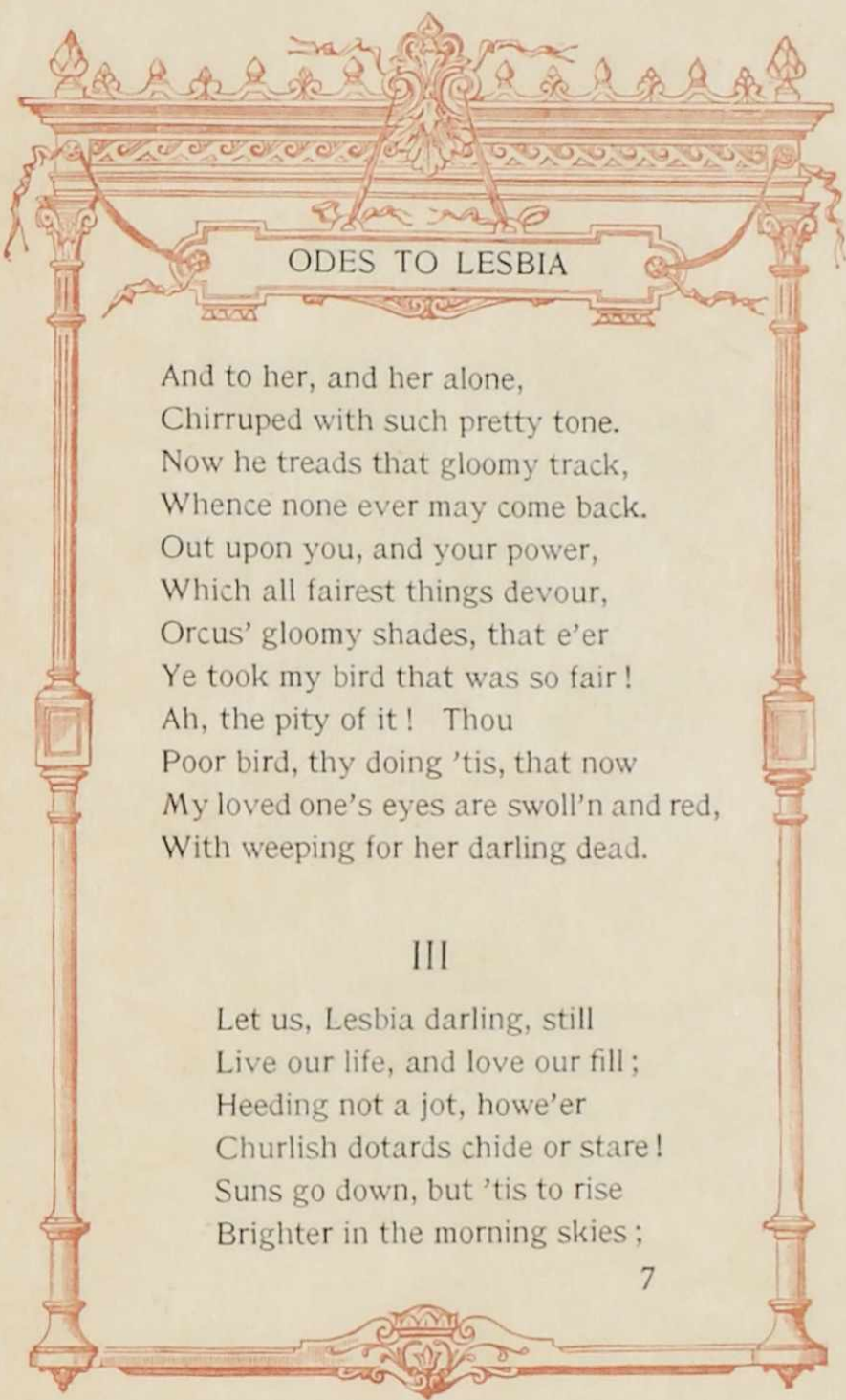


CARMINA AD LESBIAM

Ad solam dominam usque pipiabat.
Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
Illuc, unde negant redire quemquam.
At vobis male sit, malæ tenebræ
Orci, quæ omnia bella devoratis :
Tam bellum mihi passerem abstulistis.
O factum male ! io miselle passer !
Tua nunc opera meæ puellæ
Flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

III

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
Rumoresque senum severiorum
Omnes unius æstimemus assis.
Soles occidere et redire possunt :

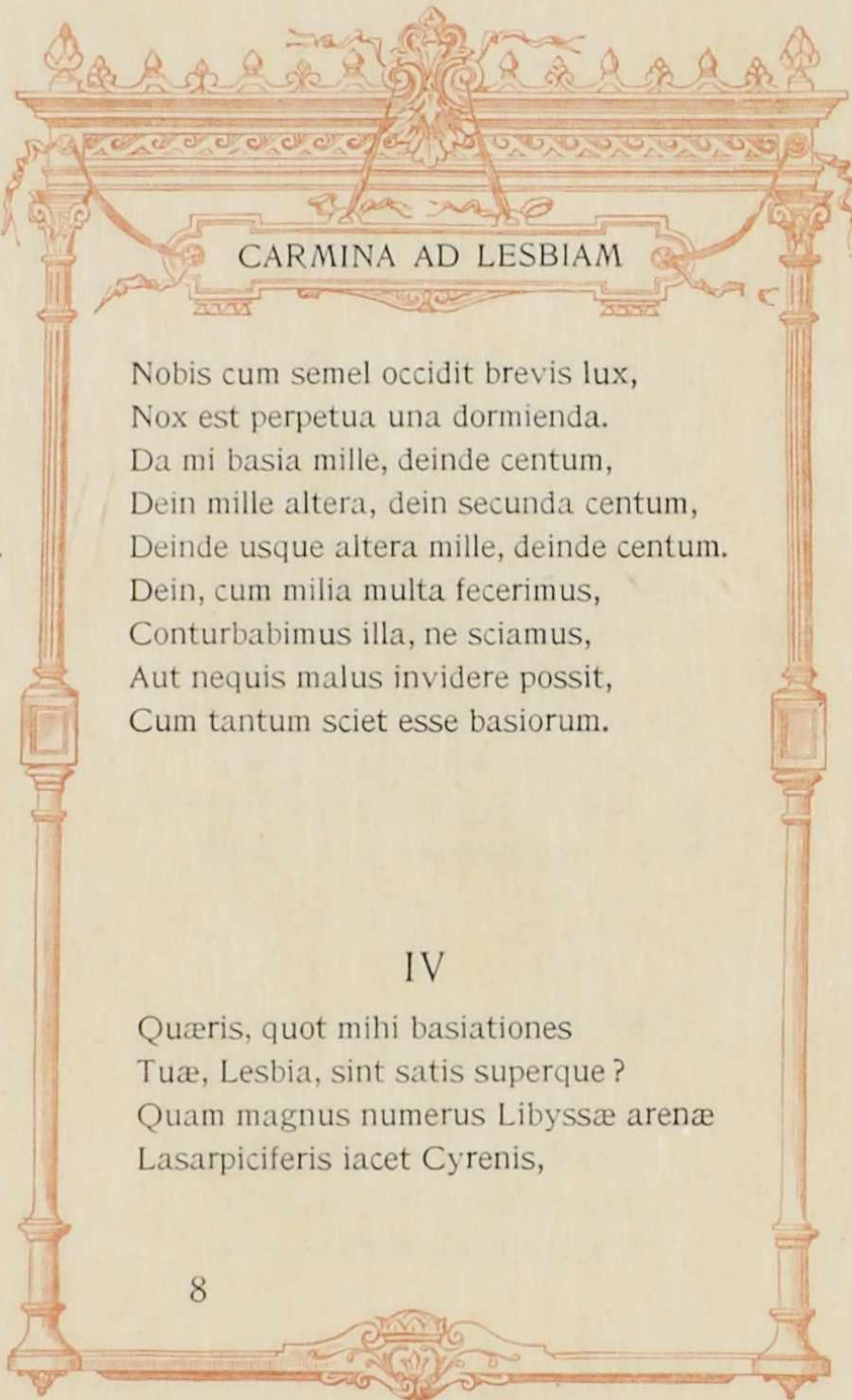


ODES TO LESBIA

And to her, and her alone,
Chirruped with such pretty tone.
Now he treads that gloomy track,
Whence none ever may come back.
Out upon you, and your power,
Which all fairest things devour,
Orcus' gloomy shades, that e'er
Ye took my bird that was so fair!
Ah, the pity of it! Thou
Poor bird, thy doing 'tis, that now
My loved one's eyes are swoll'n and red,
With weeping for her darling dead.

III

Let us, Lesbia darling, still
Live our life, and love our fill;
Heeding not a jot, howe'er
Churlish dotards chide or stare!
Suns go down, but 'tis to rise
Brighter in the morning skies;

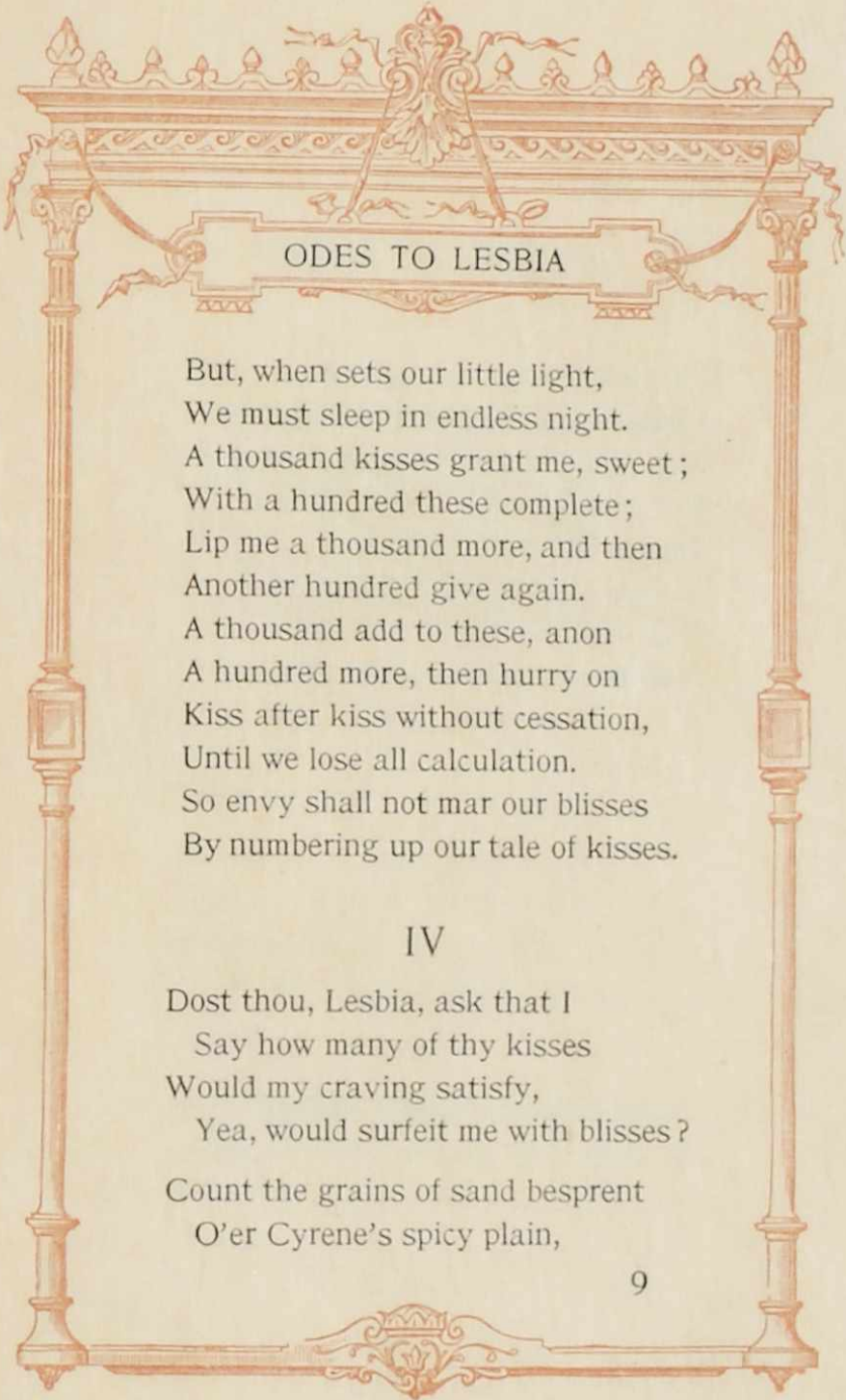


CARMINA AD LESBIAM

Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.
Da mi basia mille, deinde centum,
Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,
Deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum.
Dein, cum milia multa fecerimus,
Conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,
Aut nequis malus invidere possit,
Cum tantum sciet esse basiorum.

IV

Quæris, quot mihi basiationes
Tuæ, Lesbia, sint satis superque?
Quam magnus numerus Libyssæ arenæ
Lasarpiciferis iacet Cyrenis,

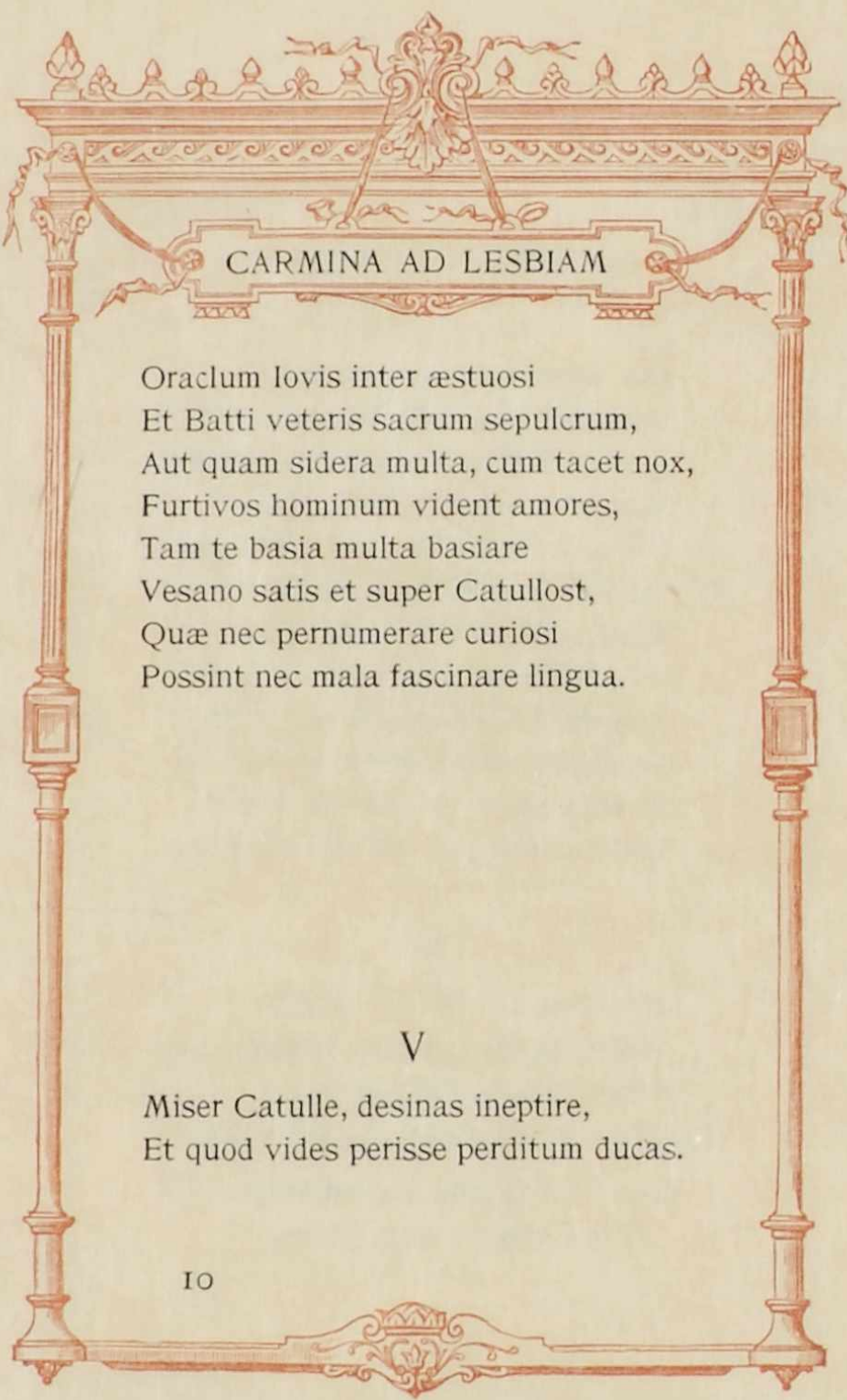


ODES TO LESBIA

But, when sets our little light,
We must sleep in endless night.
A thousand kisses grant me, sweet ;
With a hundred these complete ;
Lip me a thousand more, and then
Another hundred give again.
A thousand add to these, anon
A hundred more, then hurry on
Kiss after kiss without cessation,
Until we lose all calculation.
So envy shall not mar our blisses
By numbering up our tale of kisses.

IV

Dost thou, Lesbia, ask that I
Say how many of thy kisses
Would my craving satisfy,
Yea, would surfeit me with blisses ?
Count the grains of sand besprent
O'er Cyrene's spicy plain,

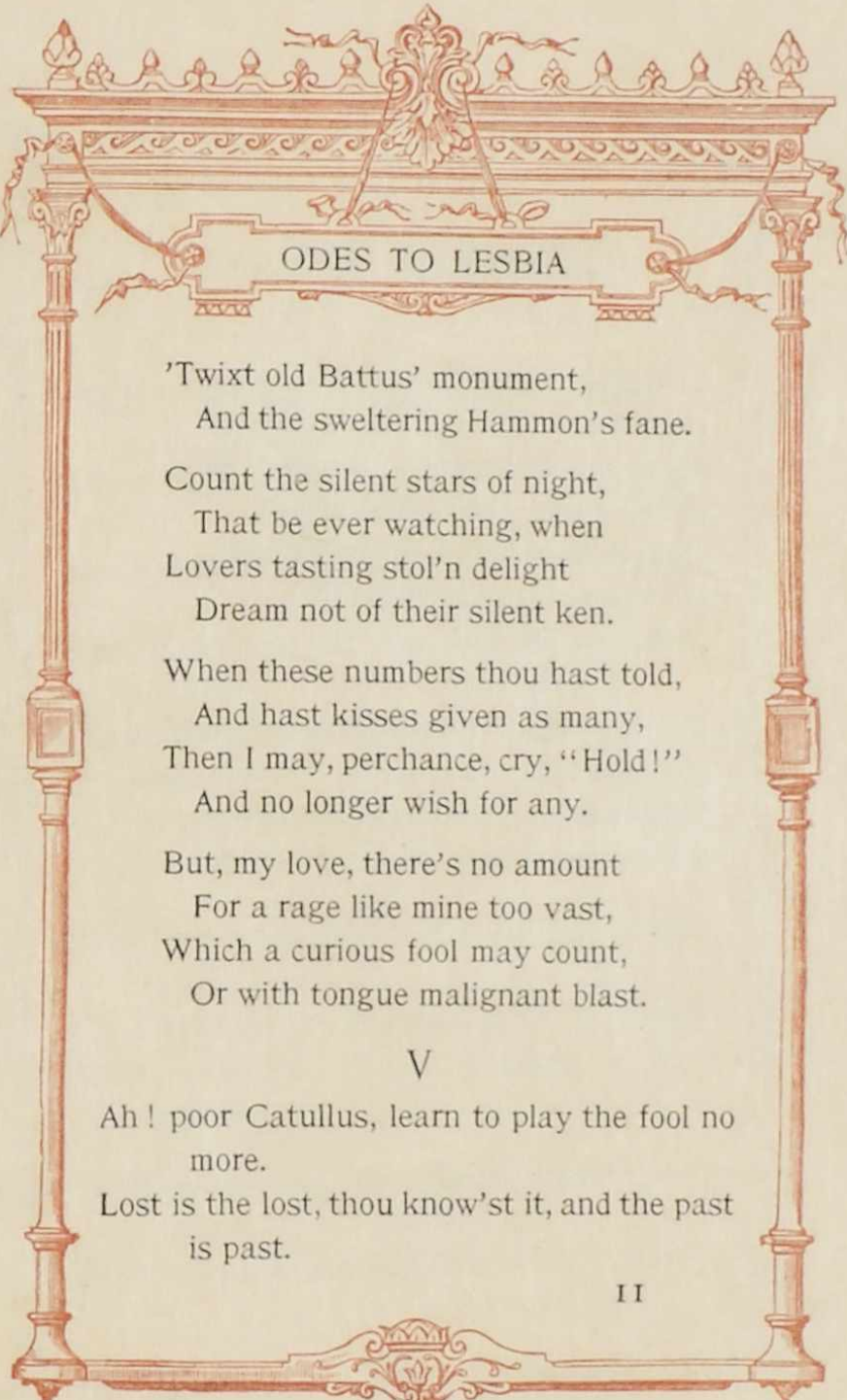


CARMINA AD LESBIAM

Oraclum Iovis inter æstuosi
Et Batti veteris sacrum sepulcrum,
Aut quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,
Furtivos hominum vident amores,
Tam te basia multa basiare
Vesano satis et super Catullost,
Quæ nec pernumerare curiosi
Possint nec mala fascinare lingua.

V

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire,
Et quod vides perisse perditum ducas.



ODES TO LESBIA

'Twixt old Battus' monument,
And the sweltering Hammon's fane.

Count the silent stars of night,
That be ever watching, when
Lovers tasting stol'n delight
Dream not of their silent ken.

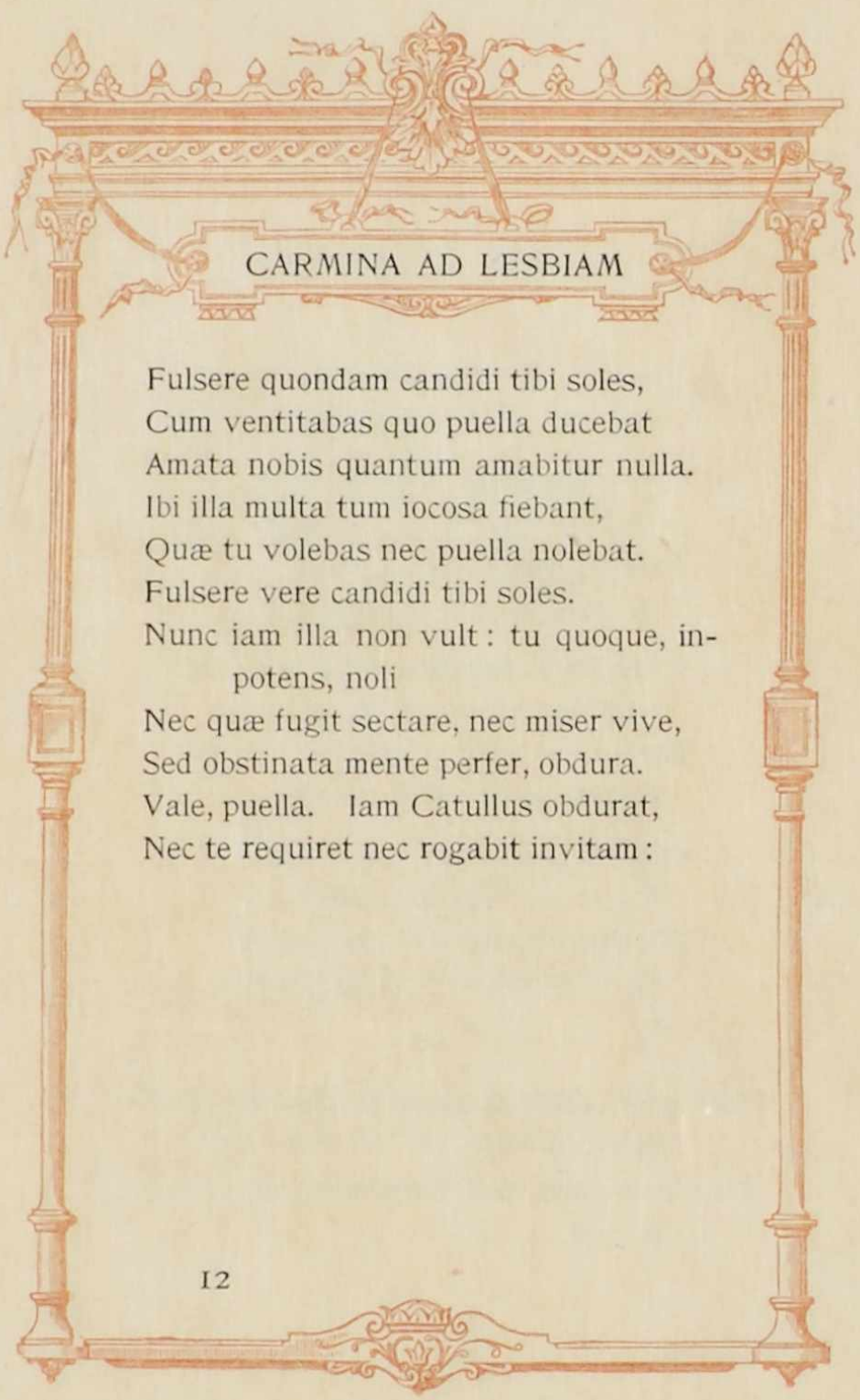
When these numbers thou hast told,
And hast kisses given as many,
Then I may, perchance, cry, "Hold!"
And no longer wish for any.

But, my love, there's no amount
For a rage like mine too vast,
Which a curious fool may count,
Or with tongue malignant blast.

V

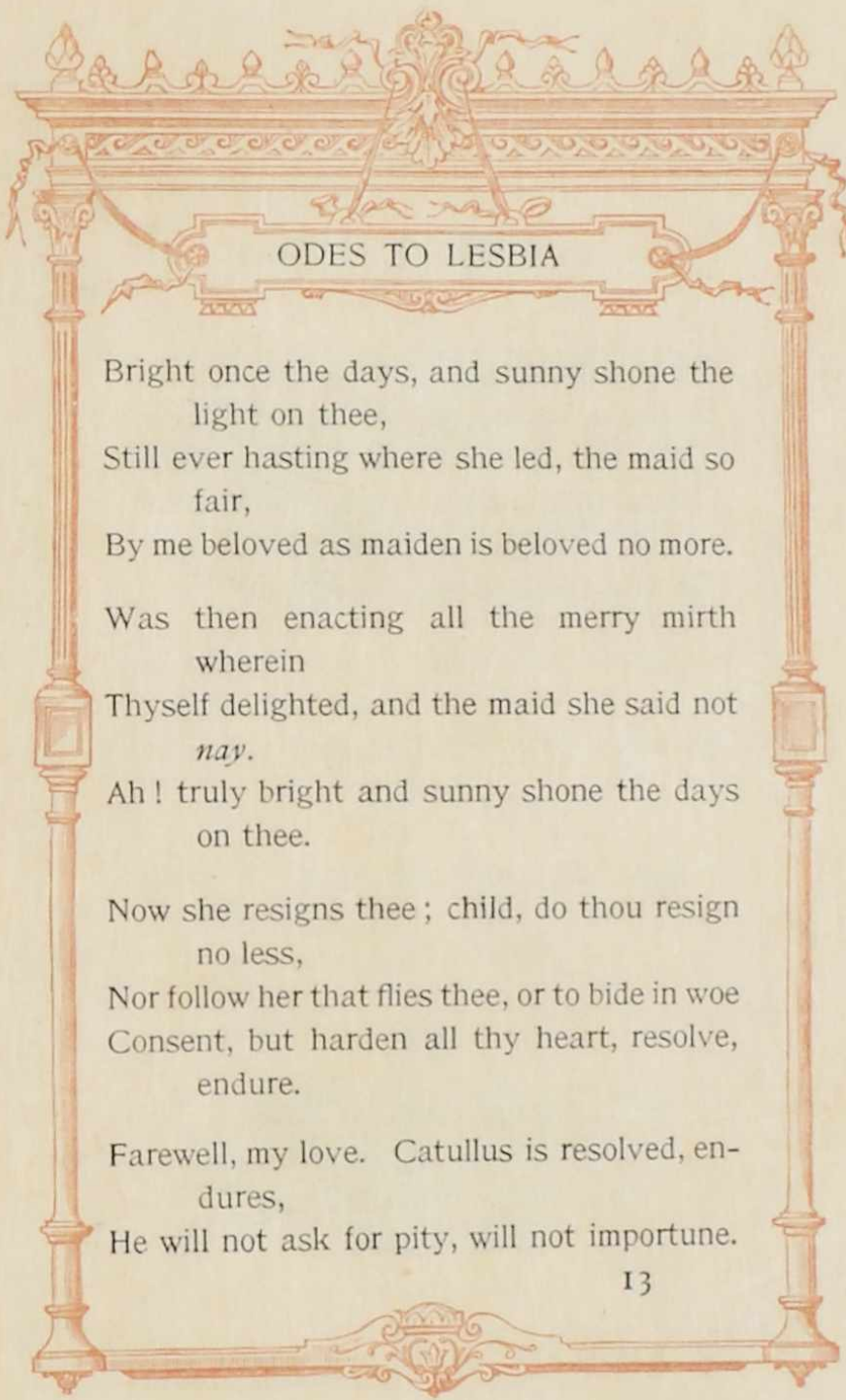
Ah! poor Catullus, learn to play the fool no
more.

Lost is the lost, thou know'st it, and the past
is past.



CARMINA AD LESBIAM

Fulsere quondam candidi tibi soles,
Cum ventitabas quo puella ducebat
Amata nobis quantum amabitur nulla.
Ibi illa multa tum iocosa fiebant,
Quæ tu volebas nec puella nolebat.
Fulsere vere candidi tibi soles.
Nunc iam illa non vult: tu quoque, in-
potens, noli
Nec quæ fugit sectare, nec miser vive,
Sed obstinata mente perfer, obdura.
Vale, puella. Iam Catullus obdurat,
Nec te requiret nec rogabit invitam:



ODES TO LESBIA

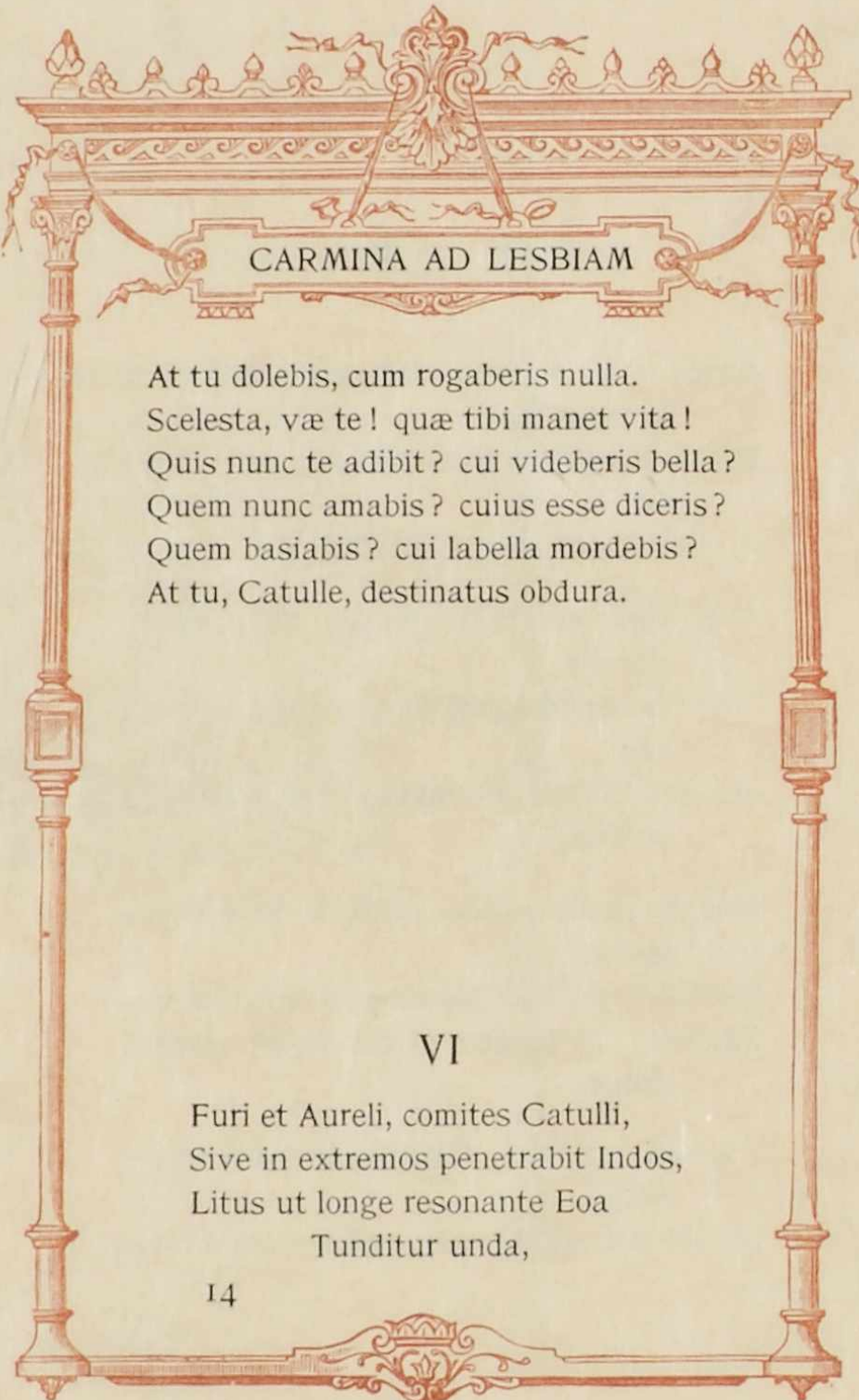
Bright once the days, and sunny shone the
light on thee,
Still ever hasting where she led, the maid so
fair,
By me beloved as maiden is beloved no more.

Was then enacting all the merry mirth
wherein
Thyself delighted, and the maid she said not
nay.

Ah! truly bright and sunny shone the days
on thee.

Now she resigns thee; child, do thou resign
no less,
Nor follow her that flies thee, or to bide in woe
Consent, but harden all thy heart, resolve,
endure.

Farewell, my love. Catullus is resolved, en-
dures,
He will not ask for pity, will not importune.

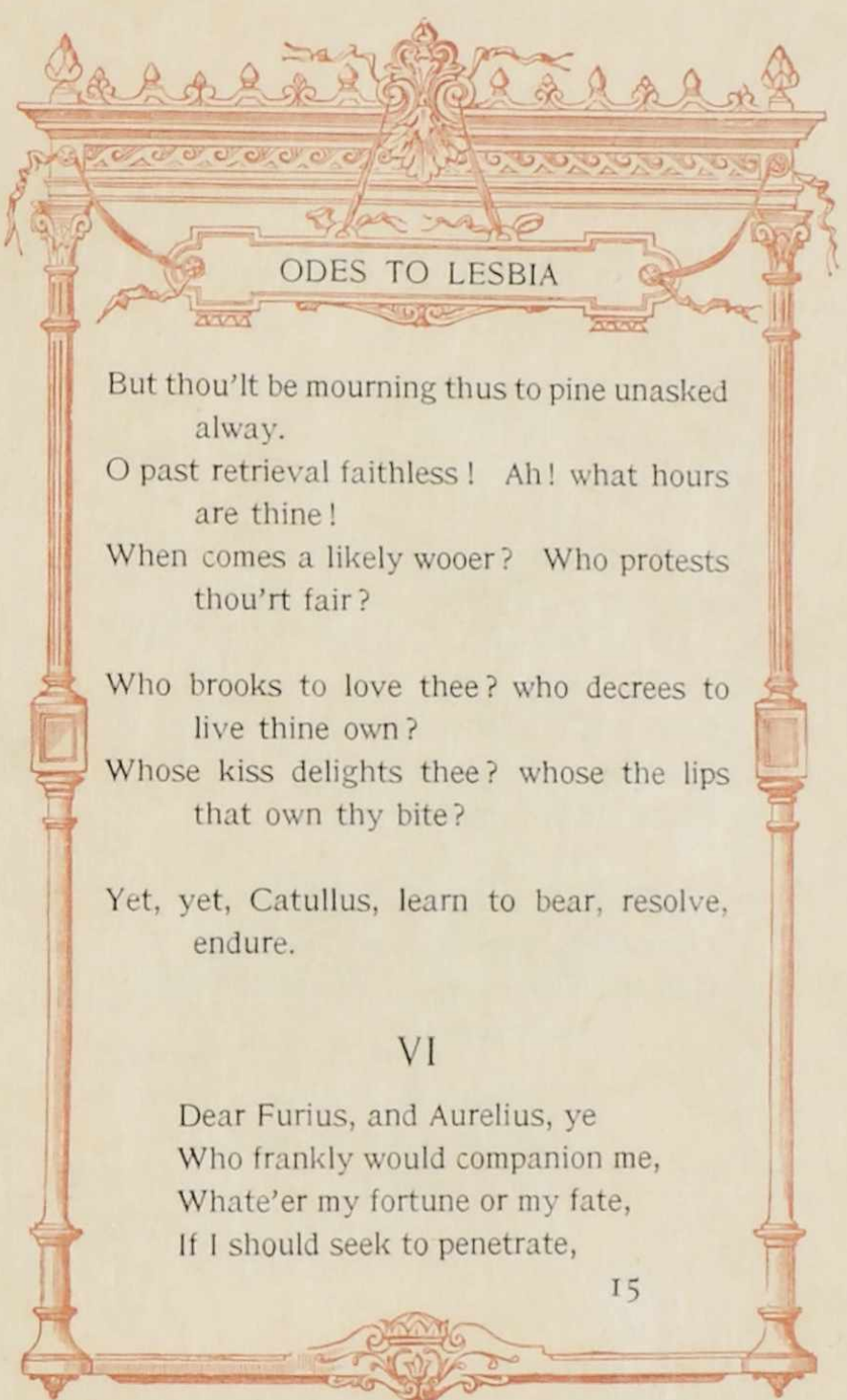


CARMINA AD LESBIAM

At tu dolebis, cum rogaberis nulla.
Scelestā, vae te! quae tibi manet vita!
Quis nunc te adibit? cui videberis bella?
Quem nunc amabis? cuius esse diceris?
Quem basiabis? cui labella mordebis?
At tu, Catulle, destinatus obdura.

VI

Furi et Aureli, comites Catulli,
Sive in extremos penetrabit Indos,
Litus ut longe resonante Eoa
Tunditur unda,



ODES TO LESBIA

But thou'lt be mourning thus to pine unasked
always.

O past retrieval faithless! Ah! what hours
are thine!

When comes a likely wooer? Who protests
thou'rt fair?

Who brooks to love thee? who decrees to
live thine own?

Whose kiss delights thee? whose the lips
that own thy bite?

Yet, yet, Catullus, learn to bear, resolve,
endure.

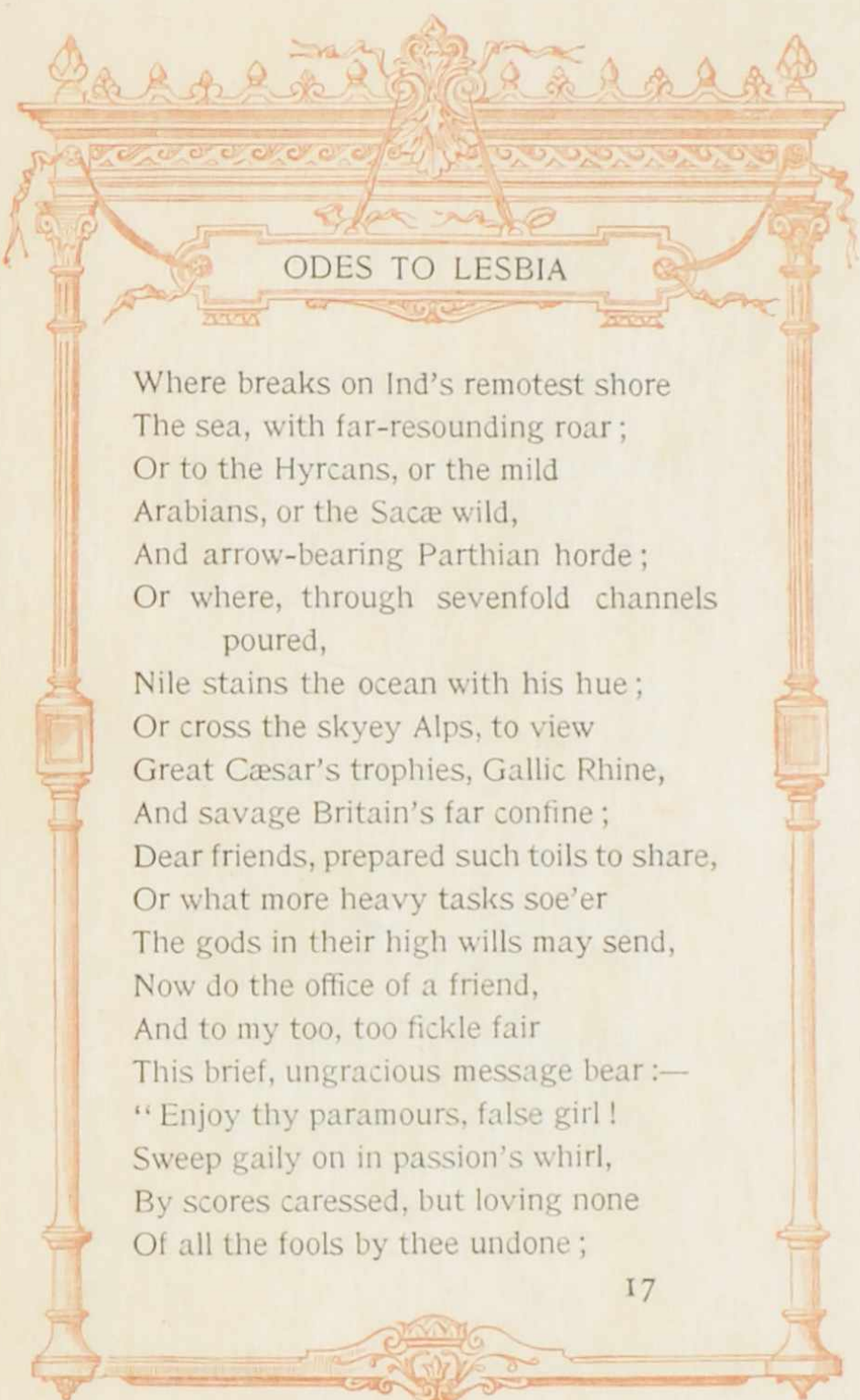
VI

Dear Furius, and Aurelius, ye
Who frankly would companion me,
Whate'er my fortune or my fate,
If I should seek to penetrate,



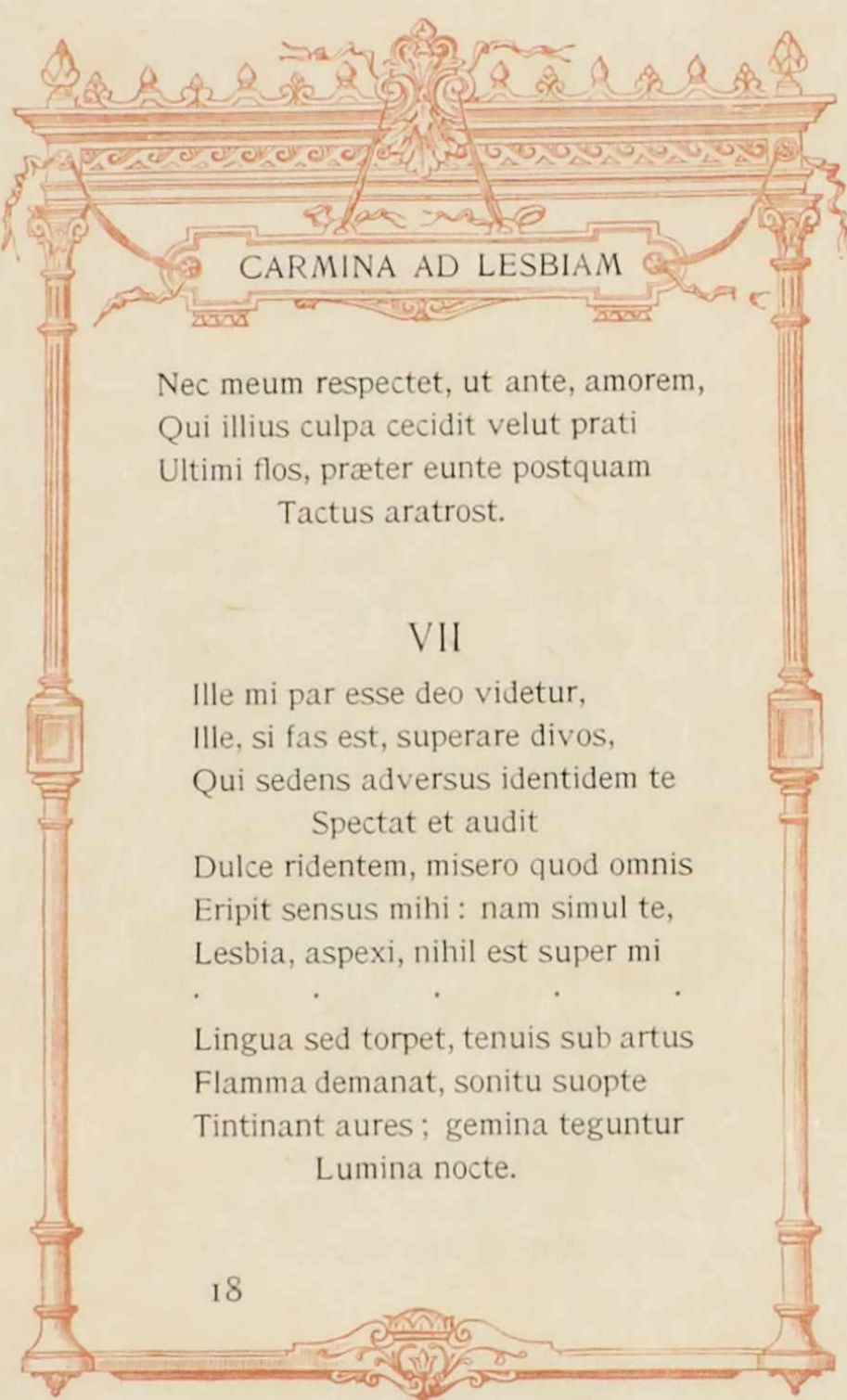
CARMINA AD LESBIAM

Sive in Hyrcanos Arabesve molles,
Seu Sacas sagittiferosve Parthos,
Sive qua septemgeminus colorat
Æquora Nilus,
Sive trans altas gradietur Alpes,
Cæsaris visens monimenta magni,
Gallicum Rhenum, horrible æquor ulti-
mosque Britannos,
Omnia hæc, quæcumque feret voluntas
Cælitum, temptare simul parati,
Pauca nuntiate meæ puellæ
Non bona dicta.
Cum suis vivat valeatque mœchis,
Quos simul complexa tenet trecentos,
Nullum amans vere, sed identidem omnium
Ilia rumpens :



ODES TO LESBIA

Where breaks on Ind's remotest shore
The sea, with far-resounding roar ;
Or to the Hyrcans, or the mild
Arabians, or the Sacæ wild,
And arrow-bearing Parthian horde ;
Or where, through sevenfold channels
 poured,
Nile stains the ocean with his hue ;
Or cross the skyey Alps, to view
Great Cæsar's trophies, Gallic Rhine,
And savage Britain's far confine ;
Dear friends, prepared such toils to share,
Or what more heavy tasks soe'er
The gods in their high wills may send,
Now do the office of a friend,
And to my too, too fickle fair
This brief, ungracious message bear :—
“ Enjoy thy paramours, false girl !
Sweep gaily on in passion's whirl,
By scores caressed, but loving none
Of all the fools by thee undone ;

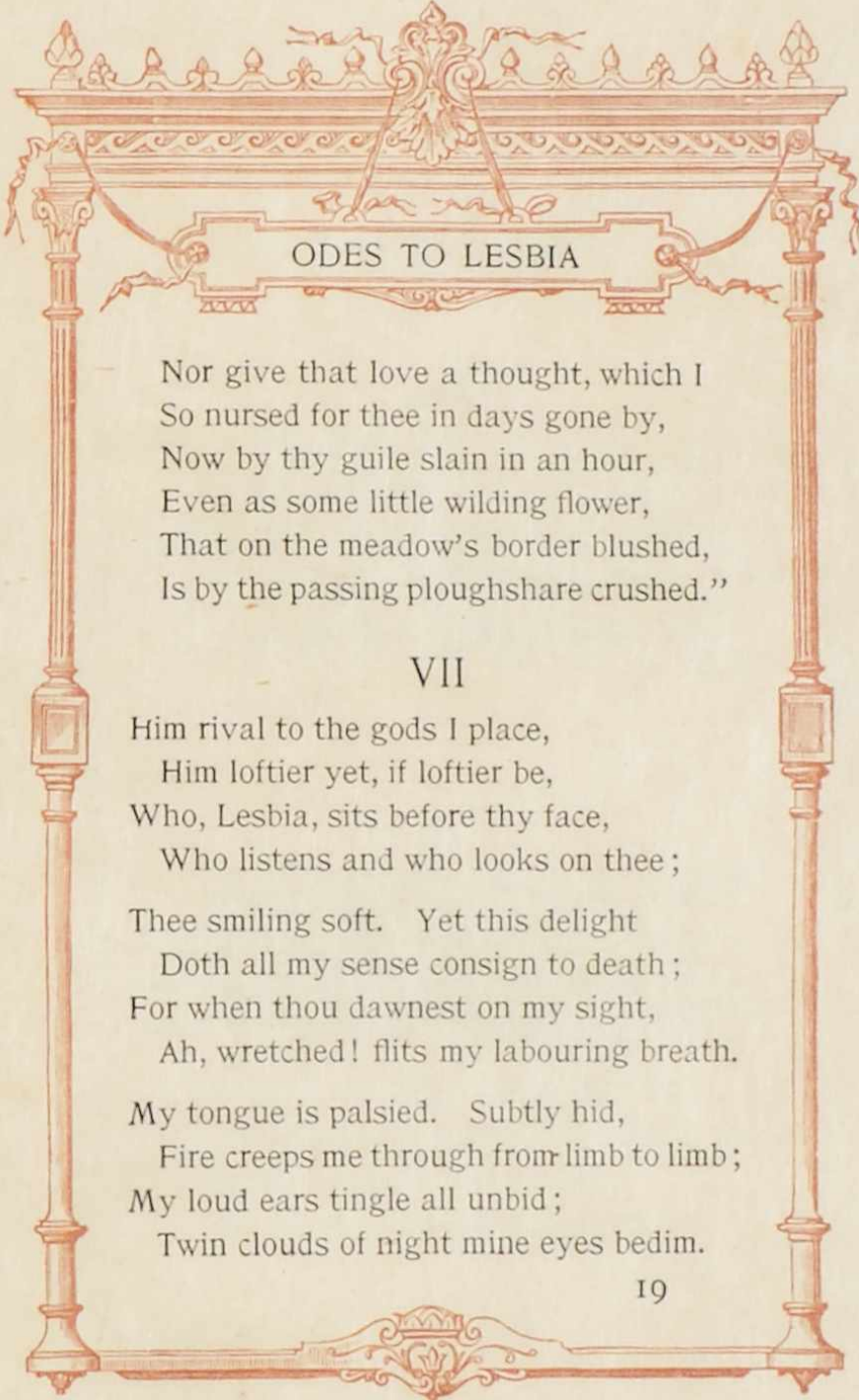


CARMINA AD LESBIAM

Nec meum respectet, ut ante, amorem,
Qui illius culpa cecidit velut prati
Ultimi flos, præter eunte postquam
Tactus aratrost.

VII

Ille mi par esse deo videtur,
Ille, si fas est, superare divos,
Qui sedens adversus identidem te
Spectat et audit
Dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis
Eripit sensus mihi : nam simul te,
Lesbia, aspexi, nihil est super mi
Lingua sed torpet, tenuis sub artus
Flamma demanat, sonitu suopte
Tintinant aures ; gemina teguntur
Lumina nocte.

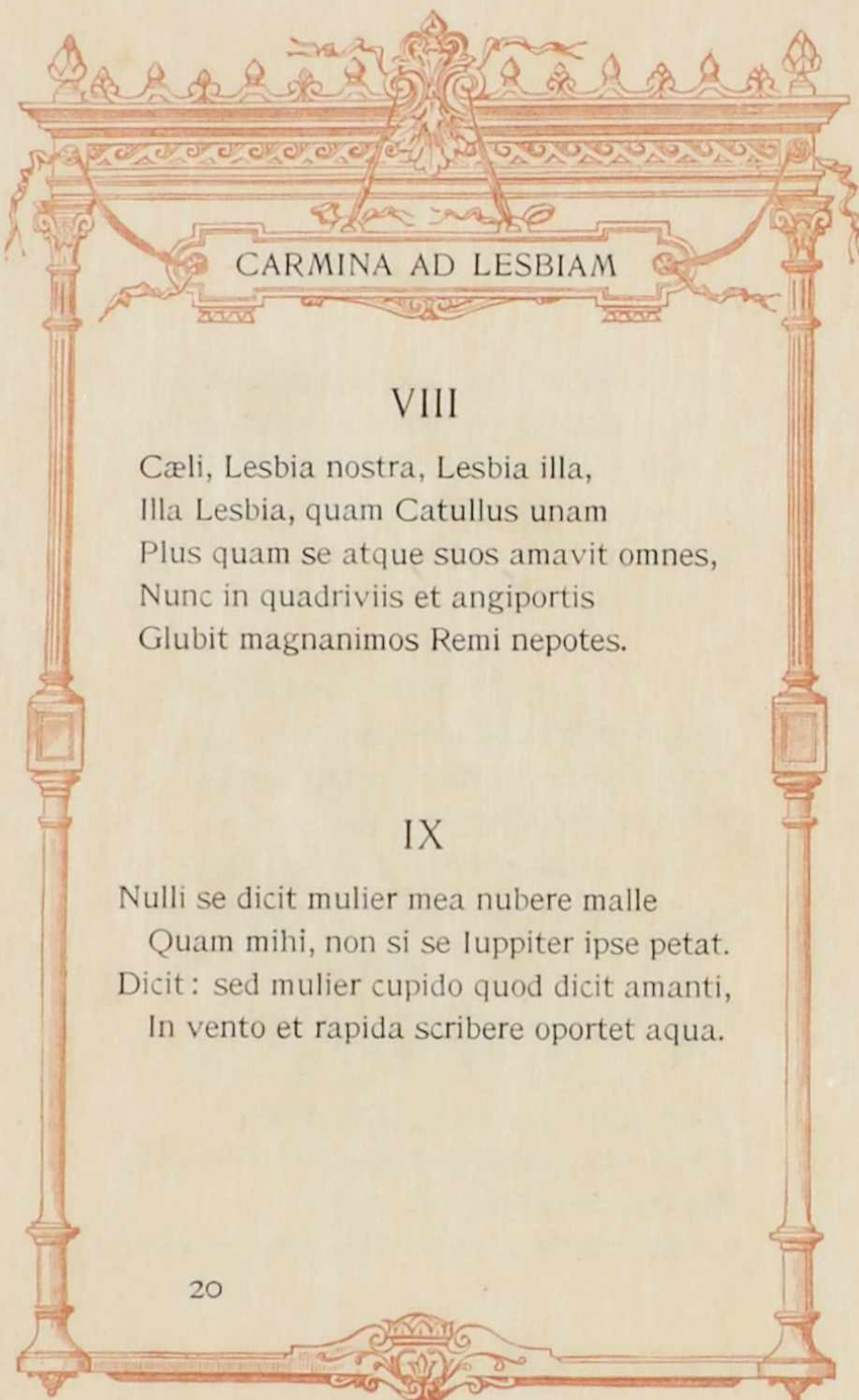


ODES TO LESBIA

Nor give that love a thought, which I
So nursed for thee in days gone by,
Now by thy guile slain in an hour,
Even as some little wilding flower,
That on the meadow's border blushed,
Is by the passing ploughshare crushed."

VII

Him rival to the gods I place,
Him loftier yet, if loftier be,
Who, Lesbia, sits before thy face,
Who listens and who looks on thee ;
Thee smiling soft. Yet this delight
Doth all my sense consign to death ;
For when thou dawnest on my sight,
Ah, wretched! flits my labouring breath.
My tongue is palsied. Subtly hid,
Fire creeps me through from limb to limb ;
My loud ears tingle all unbid ;
Twin clouds of night mine eyes bedim.



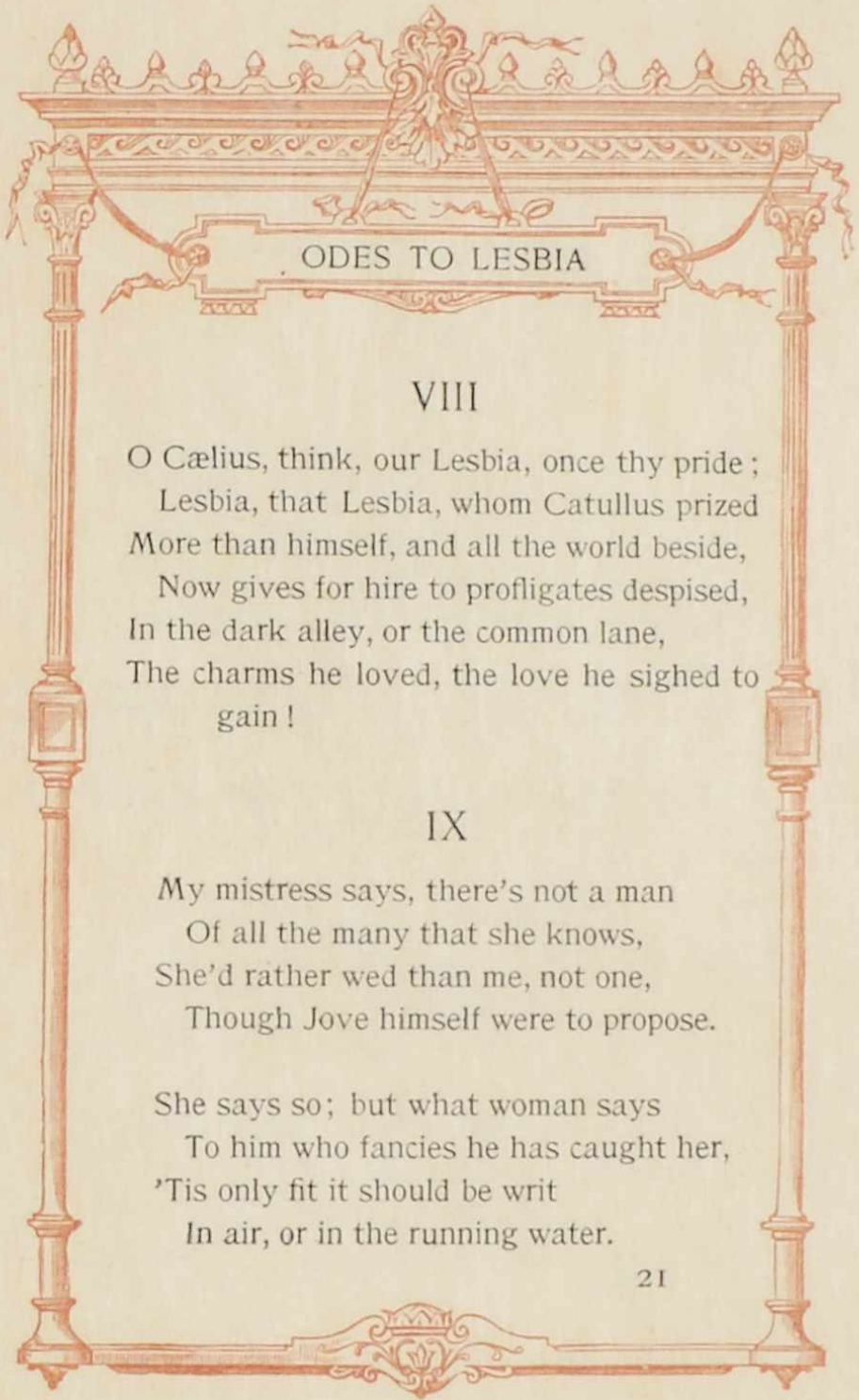
CARMINA AD LESBIAM

VIII

Cæli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa,
Illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam
Plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes,
Nunc in quadriviis et angiportis
Glubit magnanimos Remi nepotes.

IX

Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle
Quam mihi, non si se Iuppiter ipse petat.
Dicit: sed mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,
In vento et rapida scribere oportet aqua.



ODES TO LESBIA

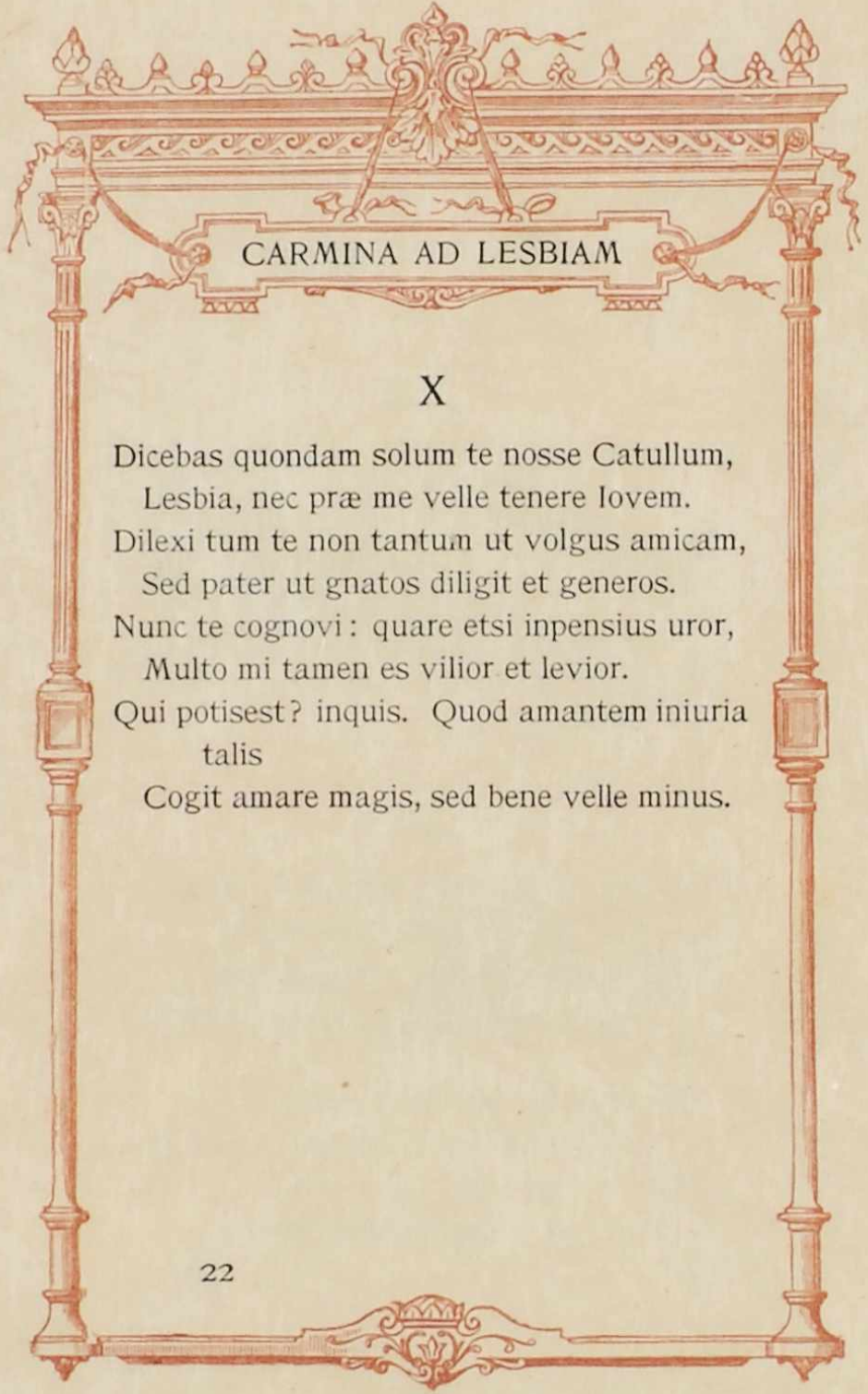
VIII

O Cælius, think, our Lesbia, once thy pride ;
Lesbia, that Lesbia, whom Catullus prized
More than himself, and all the world beside,
Now gives for hire to profligates despised,
In the dark alley, or the common lane,
The charms he loved, the love he sighed to
gain !

IX

My mistress says, there's not a man
Of all the many that she knows,
She'd rather wed than me, not one,
Though Jove himself were to propose.

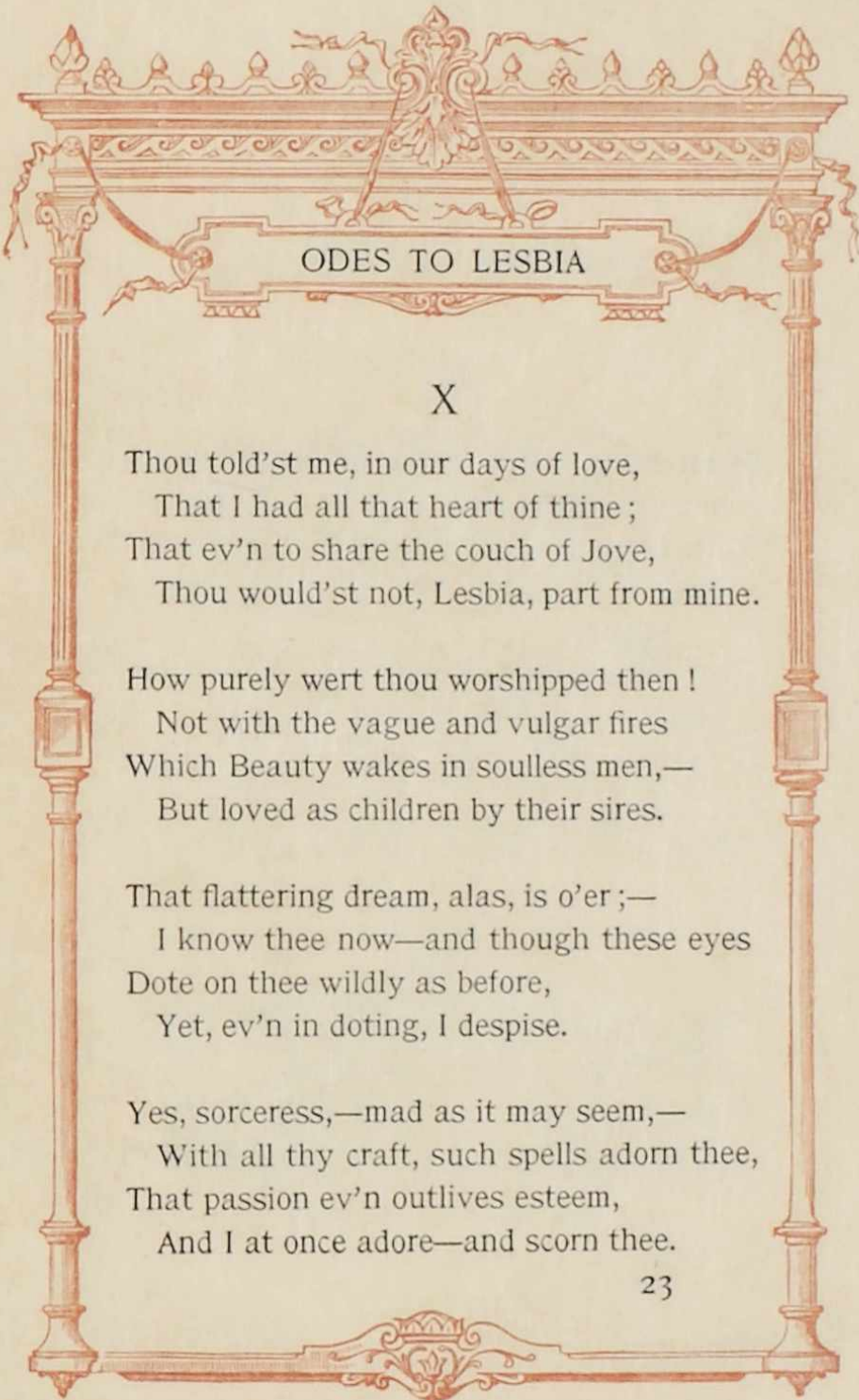
She says so; but what woman says
To him who fancies he has caught her,
'Tis only fit it should be writ
In air, or in the running water.



CARMINA AD LESBIAM

X

Dicebas quondam solum te nosse Catullum,
Lesbia, nec præ me velle tenere Iovem.
Dilexi tum te non tantum ut volgus amicam,
Sed pater ut gnatos diligit et generos.
Nunc te cognovi: quare etsi inpensius uror,
Multo mi tamen es vilior et levior.
Qui potisest? inquis. Quod amantem iniuria
talis
Cogit amare magis, sed bene velle minus.



ODES TO LESBIA

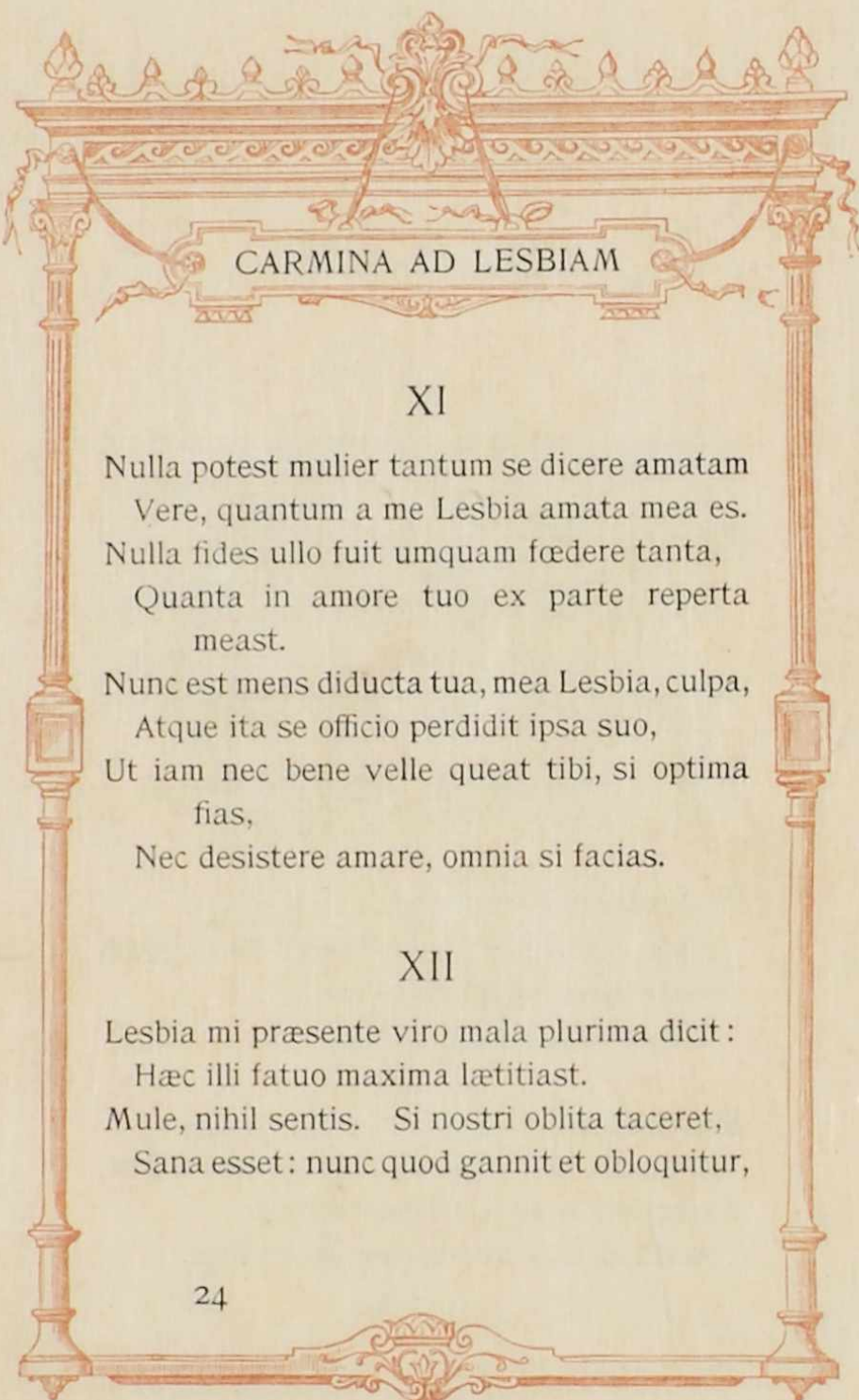
X

Thou told'st me, in our days of love,
That I had all that heart of thine ;
That ev'n to share the couch of Jove,
Thou would'st not, Lesbia, part from mine.

How purely wert thou worshipped then !
Not with the vague and vulgar fires
Which Beauty wakes in soulless men,—
But loved as children by their sires.

That flattering dream, alas, is o'er ;—
I know thee now—and though these eyes
Dote on thee wildly as before,
Yet, ev'n in doting, I despise.

Yes, sorceress,—mad as it may seem,—
With all thy craft, such spells adorn thee,
That passion ev'n outlives esteem,
And I at once adore—and scorn thee.



CARMINA AD LESBIAM

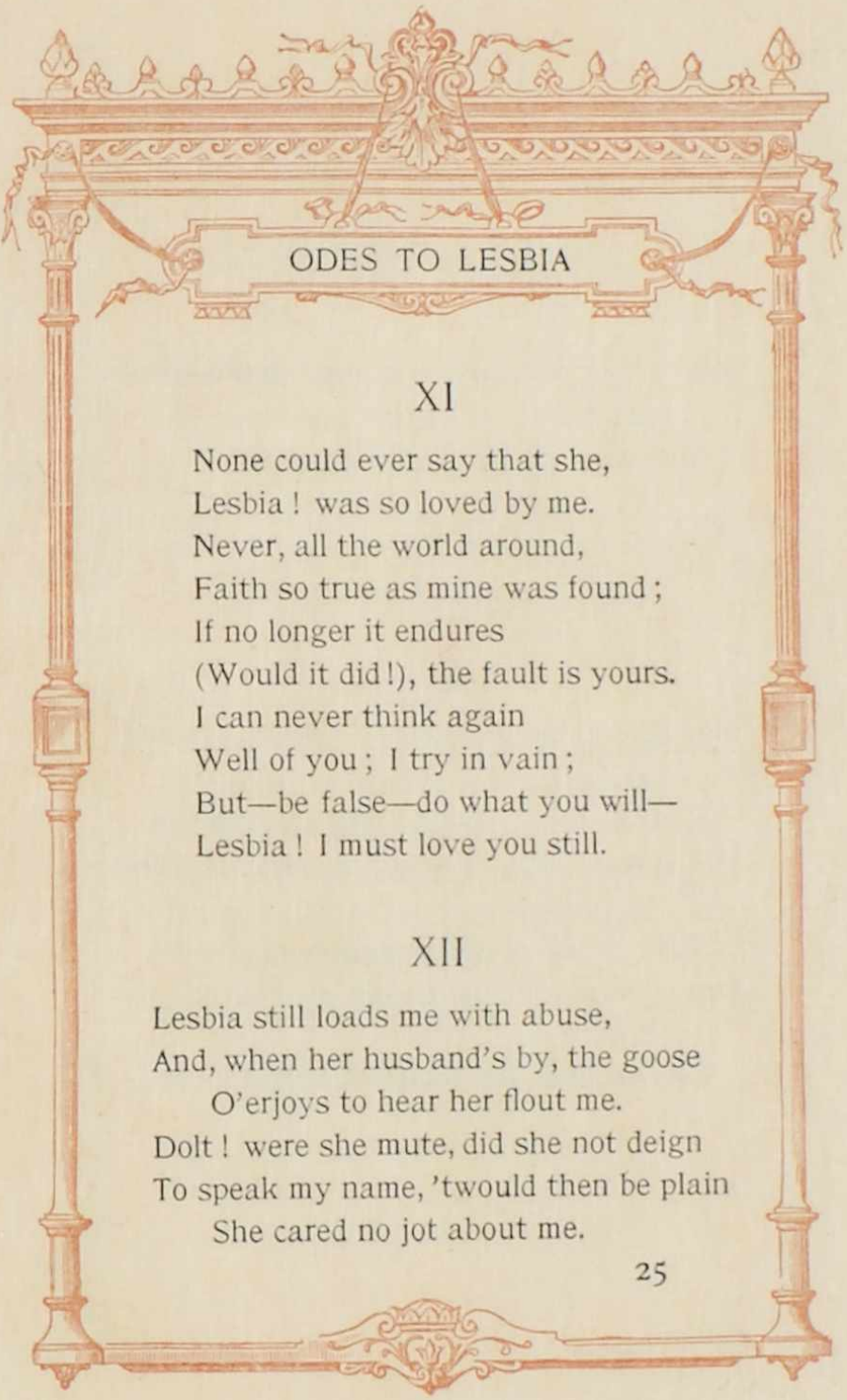
XI

Nulla potest mulier tantum se dicere amatam
Vere, quantum a me Lesbia amata mea es.
Nulla fides ullo fuit umquam fœdere tanta,
Quanta in amore tuo ex parte reperta
meast.

Nunc est mens diducta tua, mea Lesbia, culpa,
Atque ita se officio perdidit ipsa suo,
Ut iam nec bene velle queat tibi, si optima
fias,
Nec desistere amare, omnia si facias.

XII

Lesbia mi præsentē viro mala plurima dicit :
Hæc illi fatuo maxima lætitiast.
Mule, nihil sentis. Si nostri oblita taceret,
Sana esset : nunc quod gannit et obloquitur,



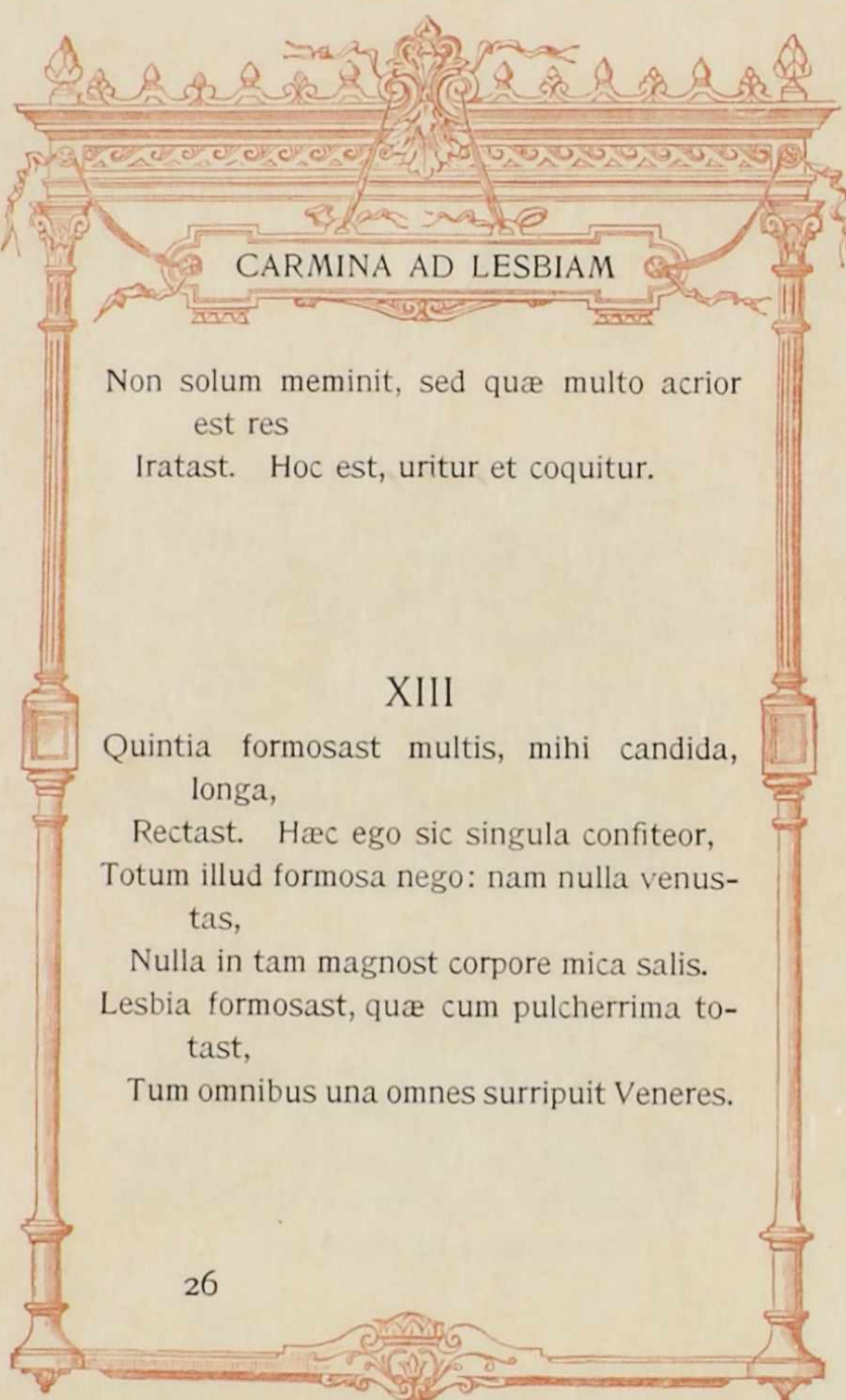
ODES TO LESBIA

XI

None could ever say that she,
Lesbia ! was so loved by me.
Never, all the world around,
Faith so true as mine was found ;
If no longer it endures
(Would it did!), the fault is yours.
I can never think again
Well of you ; I try in vain ;
But—be false—do what you will—
Lesbia ! I must love you still.

XII

Lesbia still loads me with abuse,
And, when her husband's by, the goose
O'erjoys to hear her flout me.
Dolt ! were she mute, did she not deign
To speak my name, 'twould then be plain
She cared no jot about me.

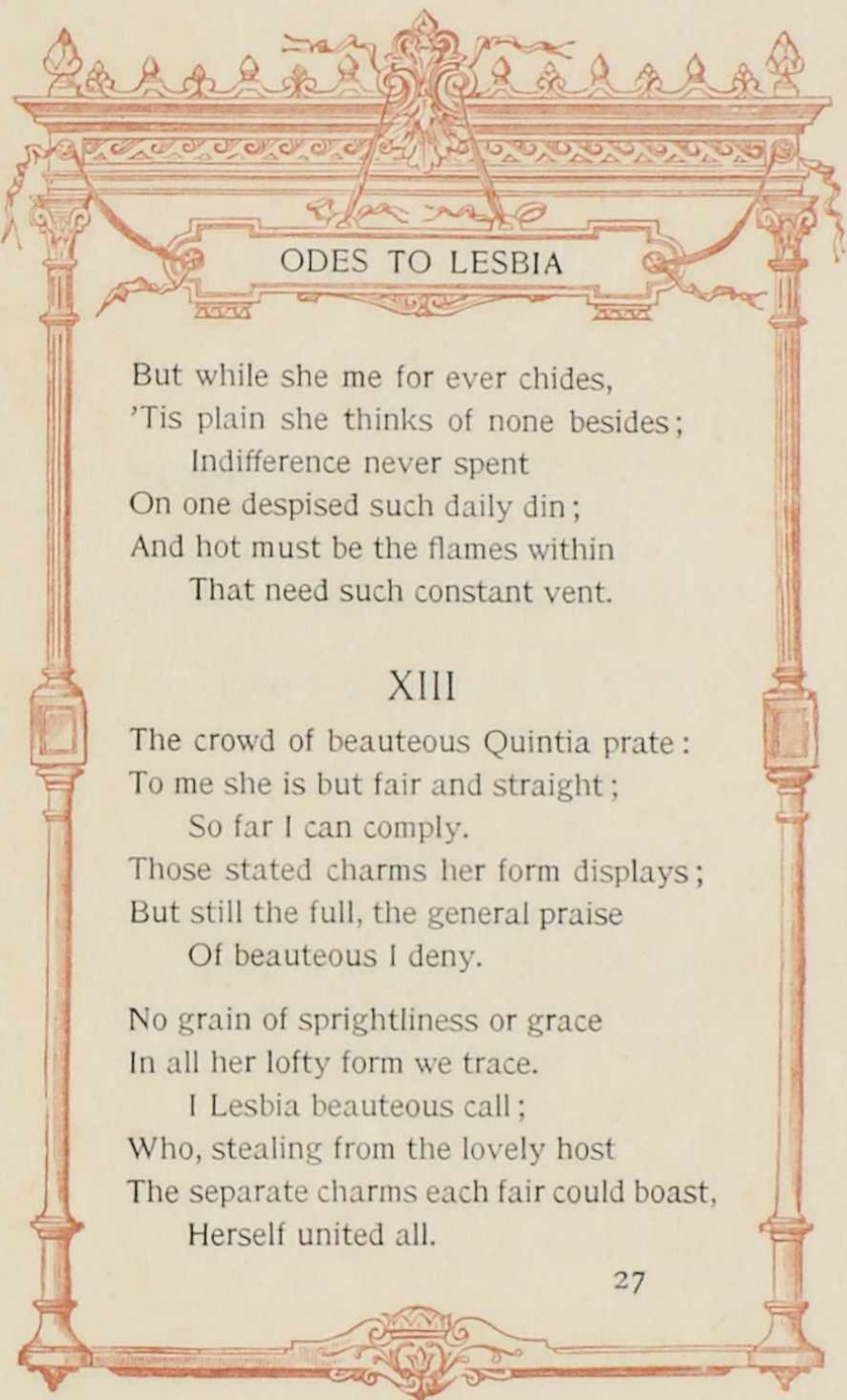


CARMINA AD LESBIAM

Non solum meminit, sed quæ multo acrior
est res
Iratast. Hoc est, uritur et coquitur.

XIII

Quintia formosast multis, mihi candida,
longa,
Rectast. Hæc ego sic singula confiteor,
Totum illud formosa nego: nam nulla venus-
tas,
Nulla in tam magnost corpore mica salis.
Lesbia formosast, quæ cum pulcherrima to-
tast,
Tum omnibus una omnes surripuit Veneres.



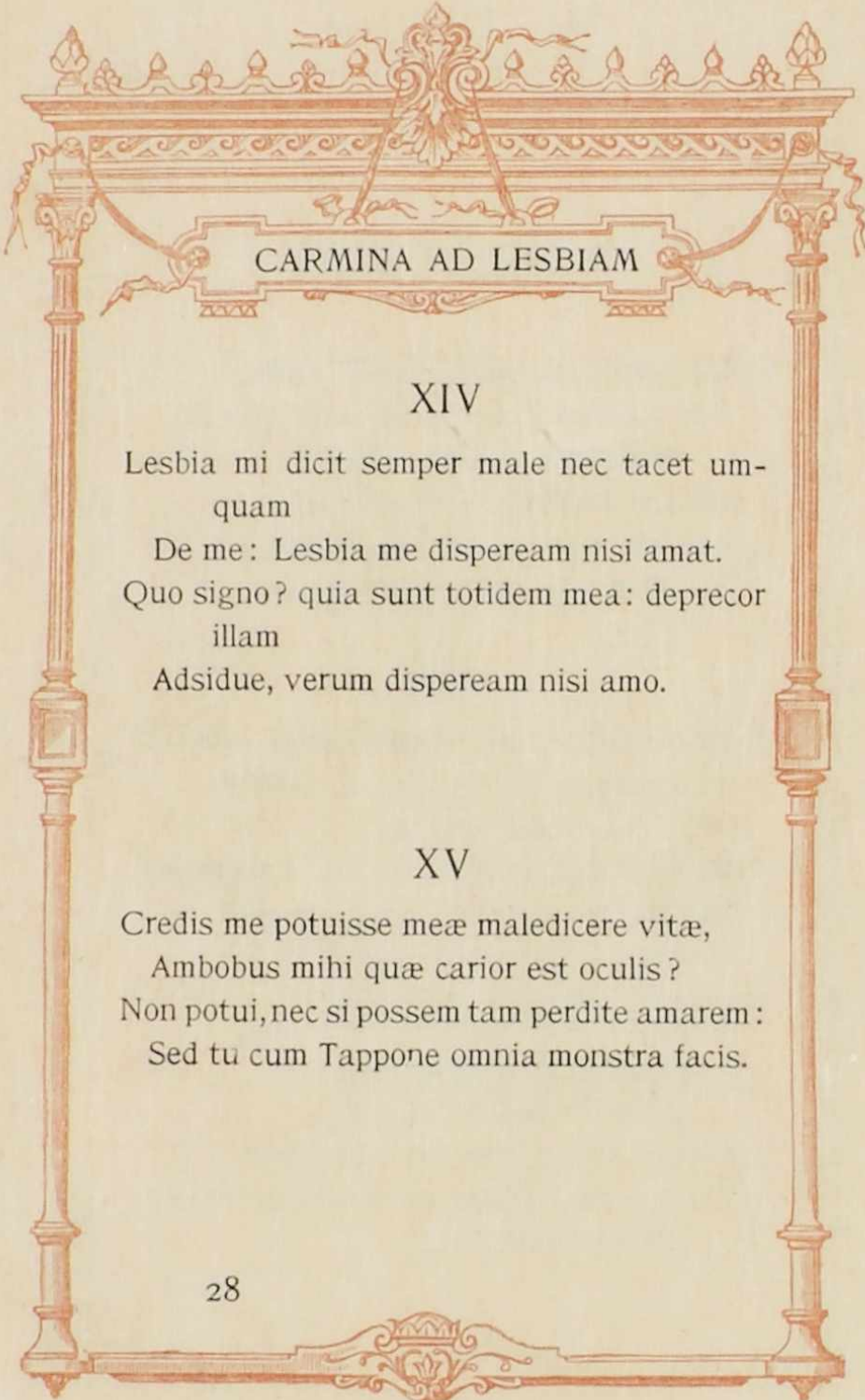
ODES TO LESBIA

But while she me for ever chides,
'Tis plain she thinks of none besides;
Indifference never spent
On one despised such daily din;
And hot must be the flames within
That need such constant vent.

XIII

The crowd of beauteous Quintia prate :
To me she is but fair and straight ;
So far I can comply.
Those stated charms her form displays ;
But still the full, the general praise
Of beauteous I deny.

No grain of sprightliness or grace
In all her lofty form we trace.
I Lesbia beauteous call ;
Who, stealing from the lovely host
The separate charms each fair could boast,
Herself united all.



CARMINA AD LESBIAM

XIV

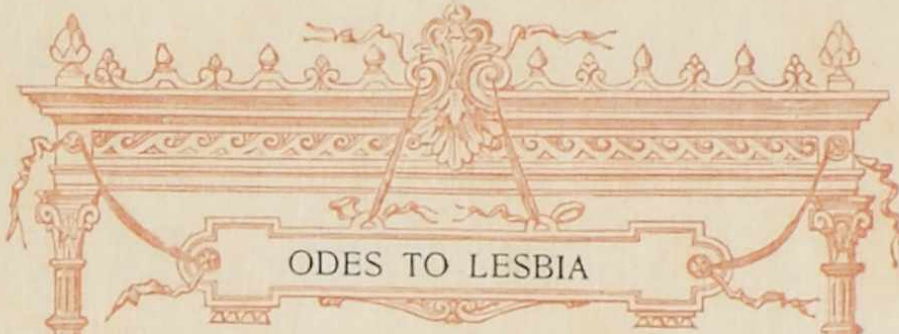
Lesbia mi dicit semper male nec tacet unquam

De me: Lesbia me dispeream nisi amat.
Quo signo? quia sunt totidem mea: deprecor
illam

Adsidue, verum dispeream nisi amo.

XV

Credis me potuisse meæ maledicere vitæ,
Ambobus mihi quæ carior est oculis?
Non potui, nec si possem tam perditæ amarem:
Sed tu cum Tappone omnia monstra facis.




ODES TO LESBIA

XIV

Lesbia for ever on me rails,
To talk of me she never fails.
Now, hang me, but for all her art,
I find that I have gained her heart.
My proof is this : I plainly see
The case is just the same with me ;
I curse her every hour sincerely,
Yet, hang me, but I love her dearly.

XV

What ! Her revile, who is my life,
More precious than my eyes to me ?
Howe'er the slander may be rife,
Such thing could never, never be.
Could I so madly love, and yet
Profane her name I hold so dear ?
Pshaw ! You with any libels let
Your pot-house gossips cram your ear !



CARMINA AD LESBIAM

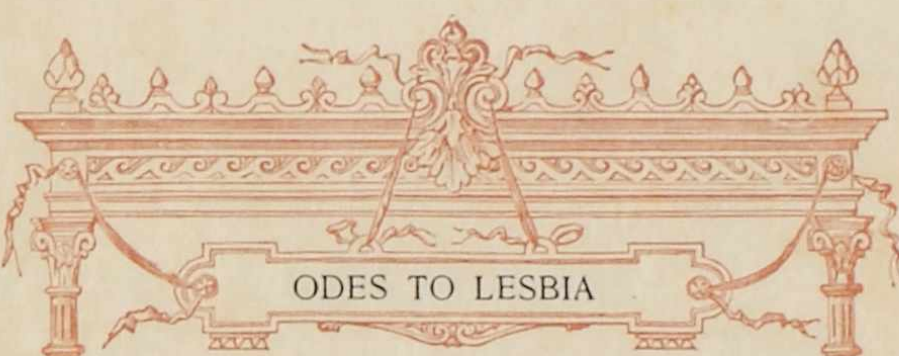
XVI

Siquoi quid cupido optantique obtigit un-
quam

Insuperanti, hoc est gratum animo proprie.
Quare hoc est gratum nobisque est carius
auro,

Quod te restituis, Lesbia, mi cupido,
Restituis cupido atque insuperanti ipsa re-
fers te

Nobis. O lucem candidiore nota!
Quis me uno vivit felicior, aut magis hac res
Optandas vita dicere quis poterit?



ODES TO LESBIA

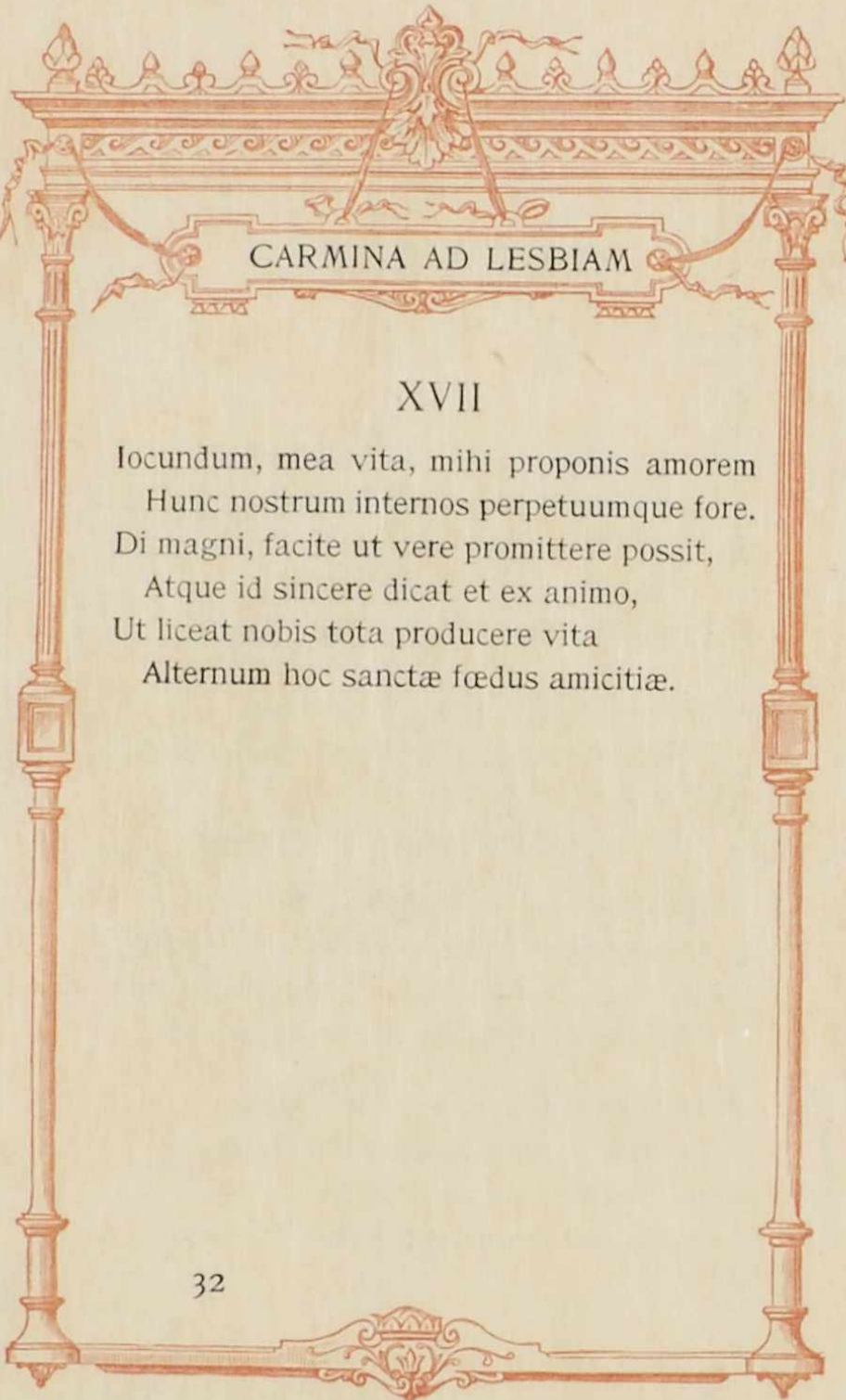
XVI

There's not a joy we have so strong,
As when some wish by chance is granted,
For which, though hugged and cherished
long,
Without a hope we long had panted.

Such was my joy, my glad surprise,
When gloom around my head was closing,
To find thee, with thy ardent eyes,
Once more within my arms reposing.

You came to me—unbidden came—
And brought with you delight the rarest,
When Hope had left Love's drooping flame;
Oh! day of days the brightest, fairest!

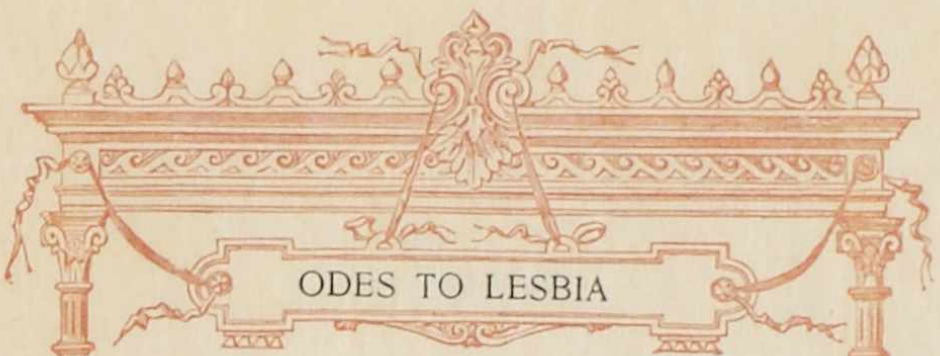
What living man more blest can be,
Or blest in more abundant measure!
Or who is to compare with me,
Possessed of such a priceless treasure!



CARMINA AD LESBIAM

XVII

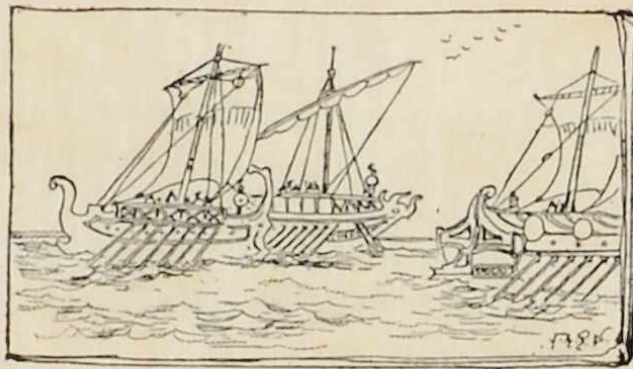
Iocundum, mea vita, mihi proponis amorem
Hunc nostrum internos perpetuumque fore.
Di magni, facite ut vere promittere possit,
Atque id sincere dicat et ex animo,
Ut liceat nobis tota producere vita
Alternum hoc sanctæ fœdus amicitiae.



ODES TO LESBIA

XVII

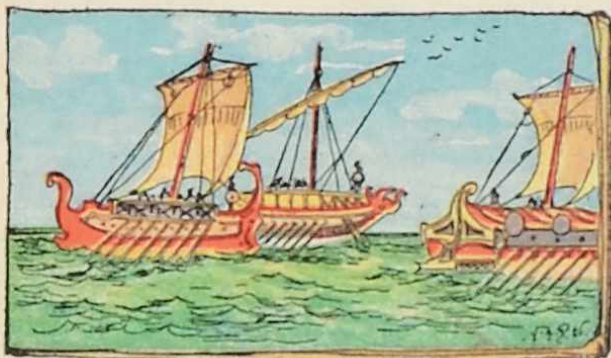
Say you, my life, that we shall ever love?
Oh! may no time the pleasing words dis-
prove!
Heav'n to these words eternal truth impart;
Let her have breathed them from her inmost
heart;
And through our lives to Lesbia's spirit grant
Firmness to keep this holy covenant.



XVIII

EPITHALAMIUM PELEI
ET THETIDOS

Peliaco quondam prognatæ vertice pinus
Dicuntur liquidas Neptuni nasse per undas
Phasidos ad fluctus et fines Æetæos,
Cum lecti iuvenes, Argivæ robora pubis,
Auratam optantes Colchis avertere pellem

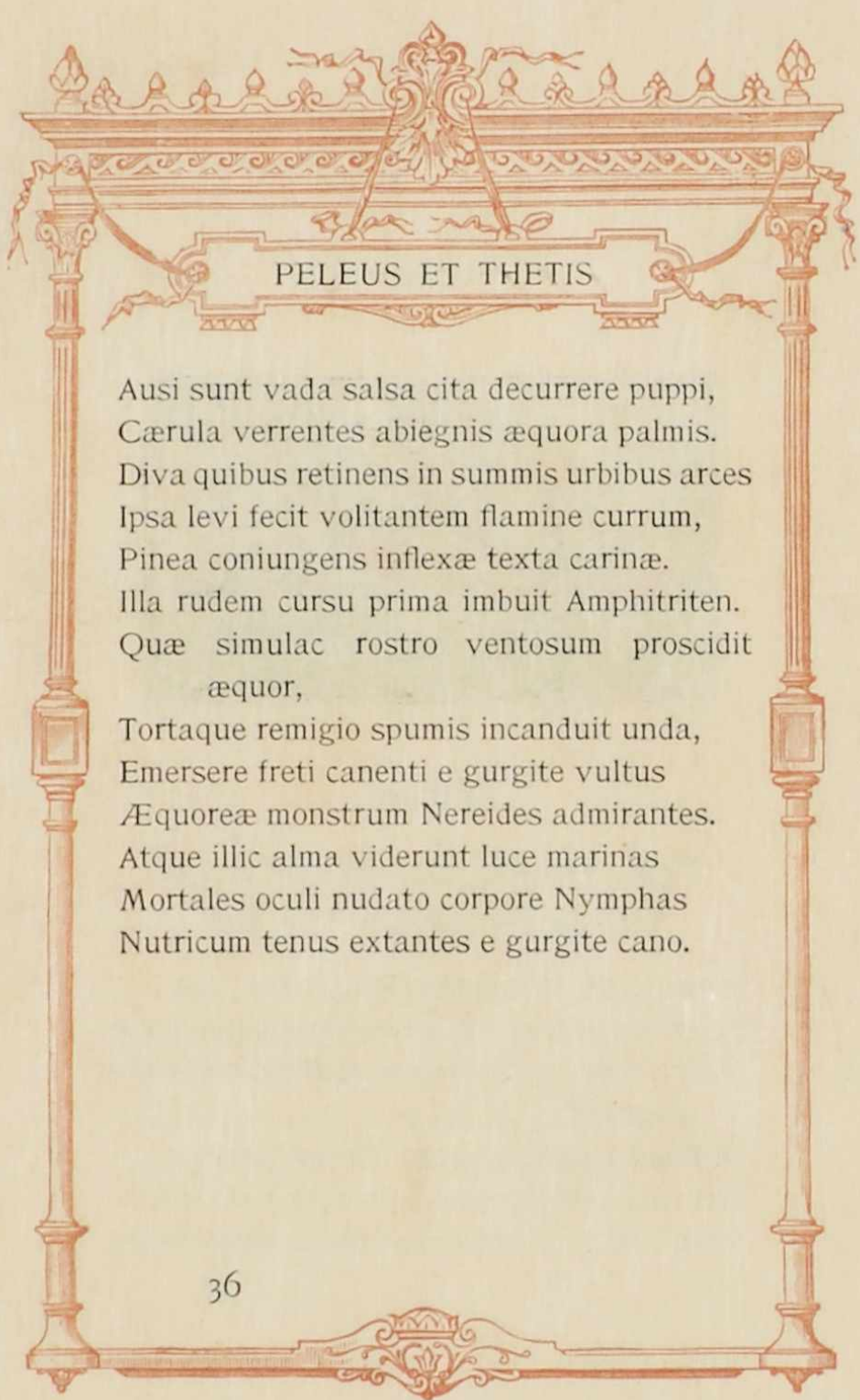


XVIII

THE NUPTIAL SONG OF PELEUS AND THETIS

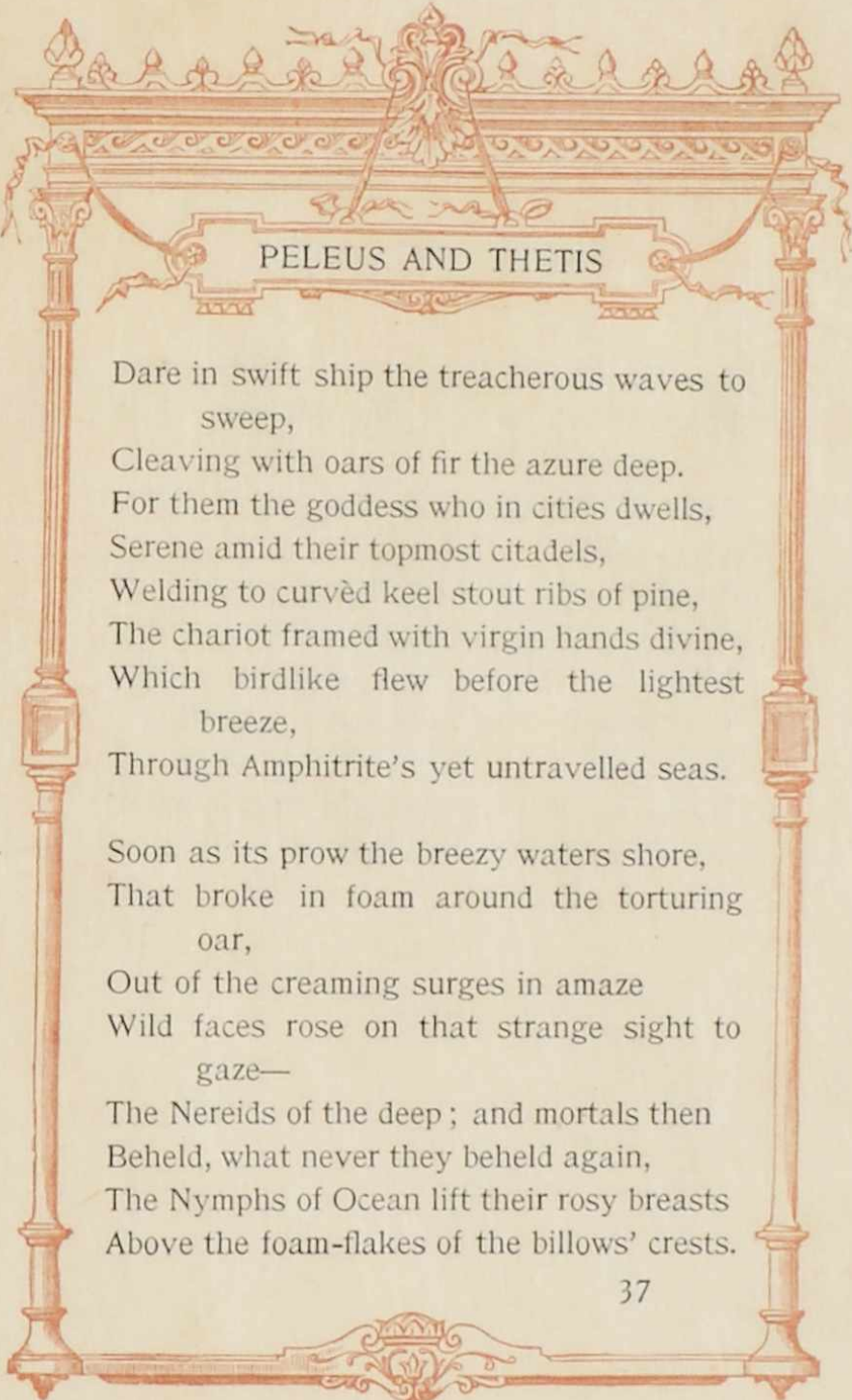
Come, list with me a legend old and true,
When pines that erst on Pelion's ridges grew
Swam through the waves of Neptune to the
strand

Of Phasis, and the stern Æetes' land!
Then did a chosen band, the flower of Greece,
From Colchis bent to wrest the Golden Fleece,



PELEUS ET THETIS

Ausi sunt vada salsa cita decurrere puppi,
Cærula verrentes abiegnis æquora palmis.
Diva quibus retinens in summis urbibus arces
Ipsa levi fecit volitantem flamine currum,
Pinea coniungens inflexæ texta carinæ.
Illa rudem cursu prima imbuit Amphitriten.
Quæ simulac rostro ventosum proscidit
æquor,
Tortaque remigio spumis incanduit unda,
Emergere freti canenti e gurgite vultus
Æquoreæ monstrum Nereides admirantes.
Atque illic alma viderunt luce marinas
Mortales oculi nudato corpore Nymphas
Nutricum tenus extantes e gurgite cano.

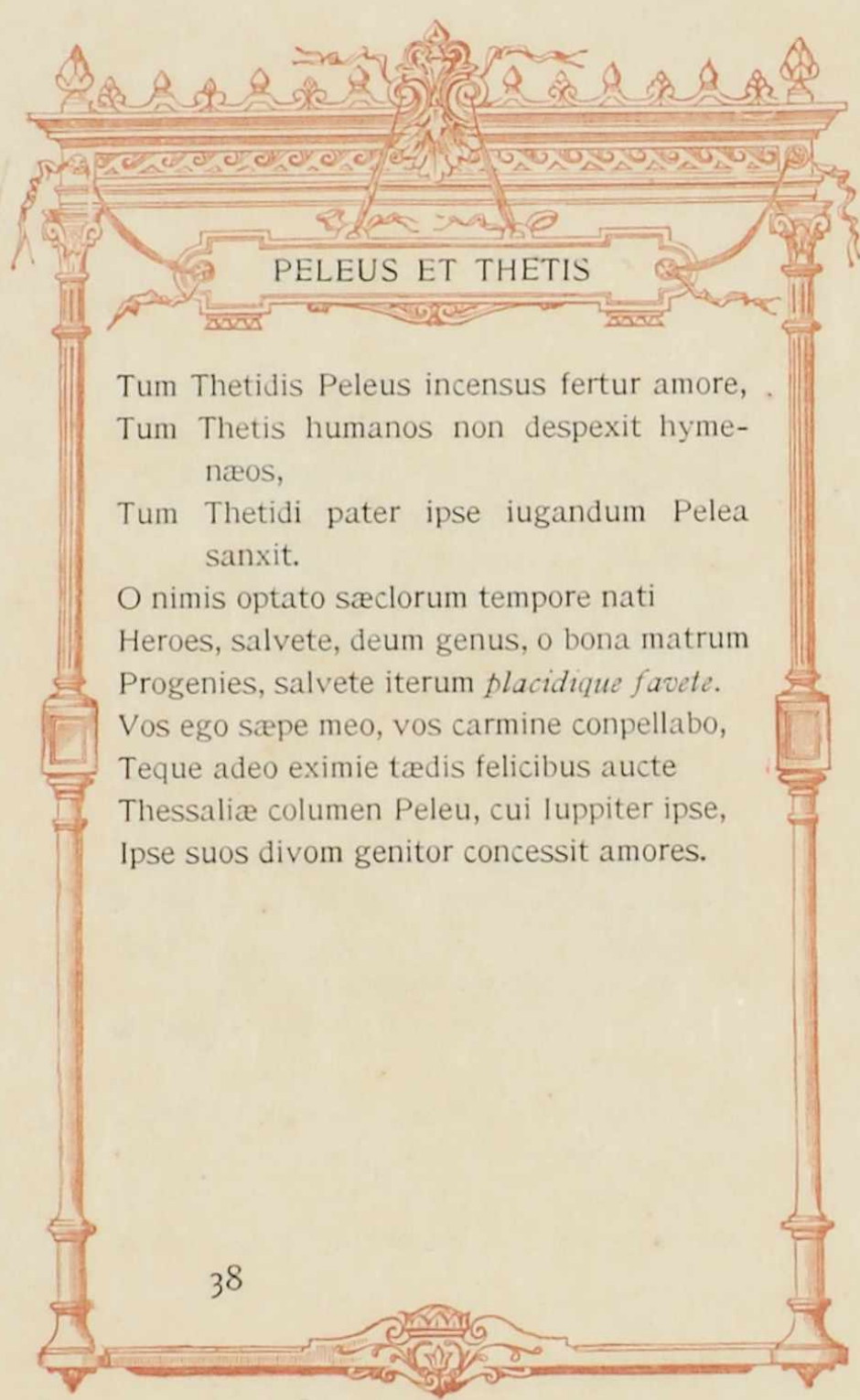


PELEUS AND THETIS

Dare in swift ship the treacherous waves to
sweep,
Cleaving with oars of fir the azure deep.
For them the goddess who in cities dwells,
Serene amid their topmost citadels,
Welding to curvèd keel stout ribs of pine,
The chariot framed with virgin hands divine,
Which birdlike flew before the lightest
breeze,
Through Amphitrite's yet untravelled seas.

Soon as its prow the breezy waters shore,
That broke in foam around the torturing
oar,
Out of the creaming surges in amaze
Wild faces rose on that strange sight to
gaze—

The Nereids of the deep ; and mortals then
Beheld, what never they beheld again,
The Nymphs of Ocean lift their rosy breasts
Above the foam-flakes of the billows' crests.



PELEUS ET THETIS

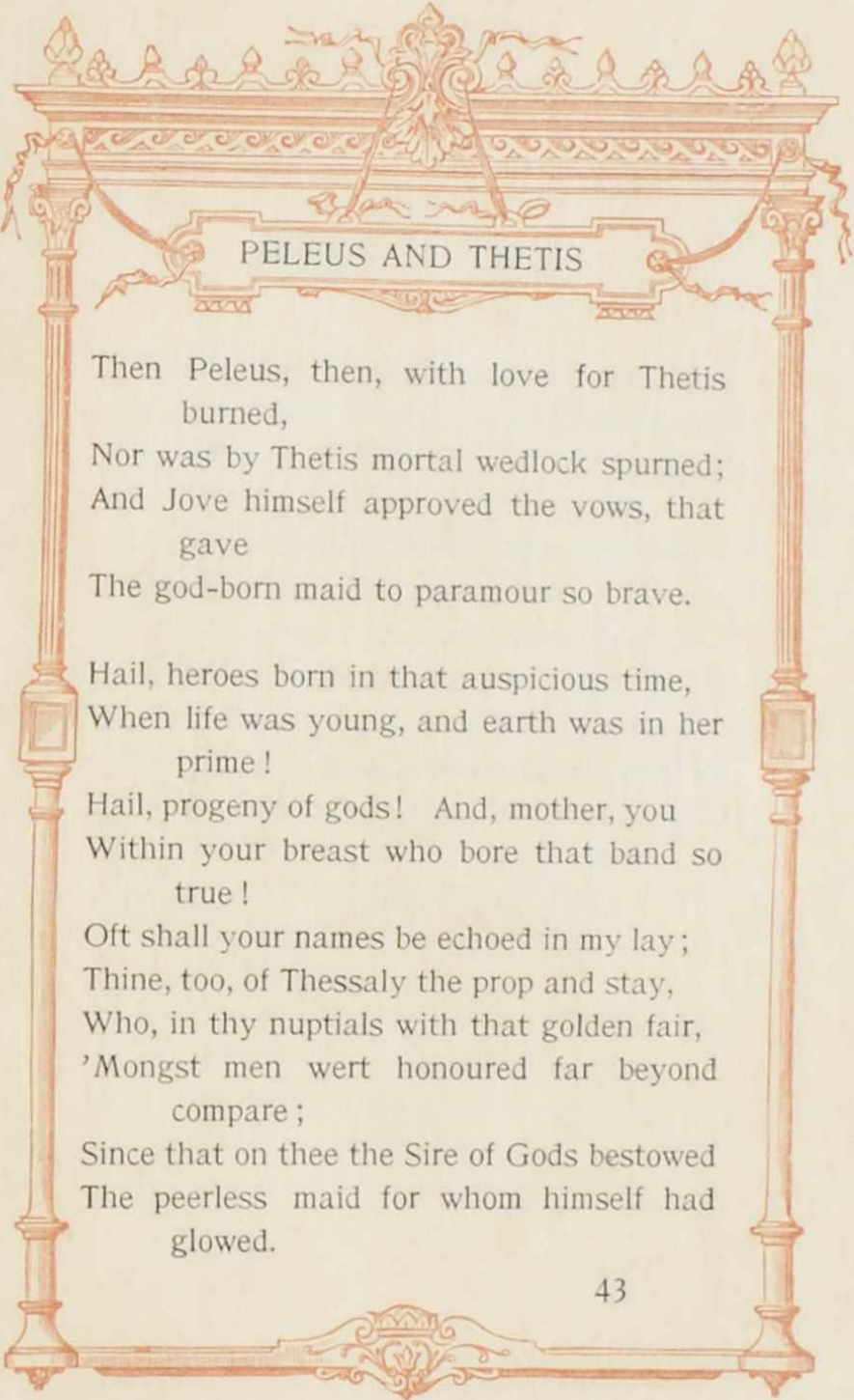
Tum Thetidis Peleus incensus fertur amore,
Tum Thetis humanos non despexit hyme-
næos,
Tum Thetidi pater ipse iugandum Pelea
sanxit.

O nimis optato sæclorum tempore nati
Heroes, salvete, deum genus, o bona matrum
Progenies, salvete iterum *placidique favete.*
Vos ego sæpe meo, vos carmine compellabo,
Teque adeo eximie tædis felicibus aucte
Thessaliæ column Peleu, cui Iuppiter ipse,
Ipse suos divom genitor concessit amores.

PELEUS ET THETIS







PELEUS AND THETIS

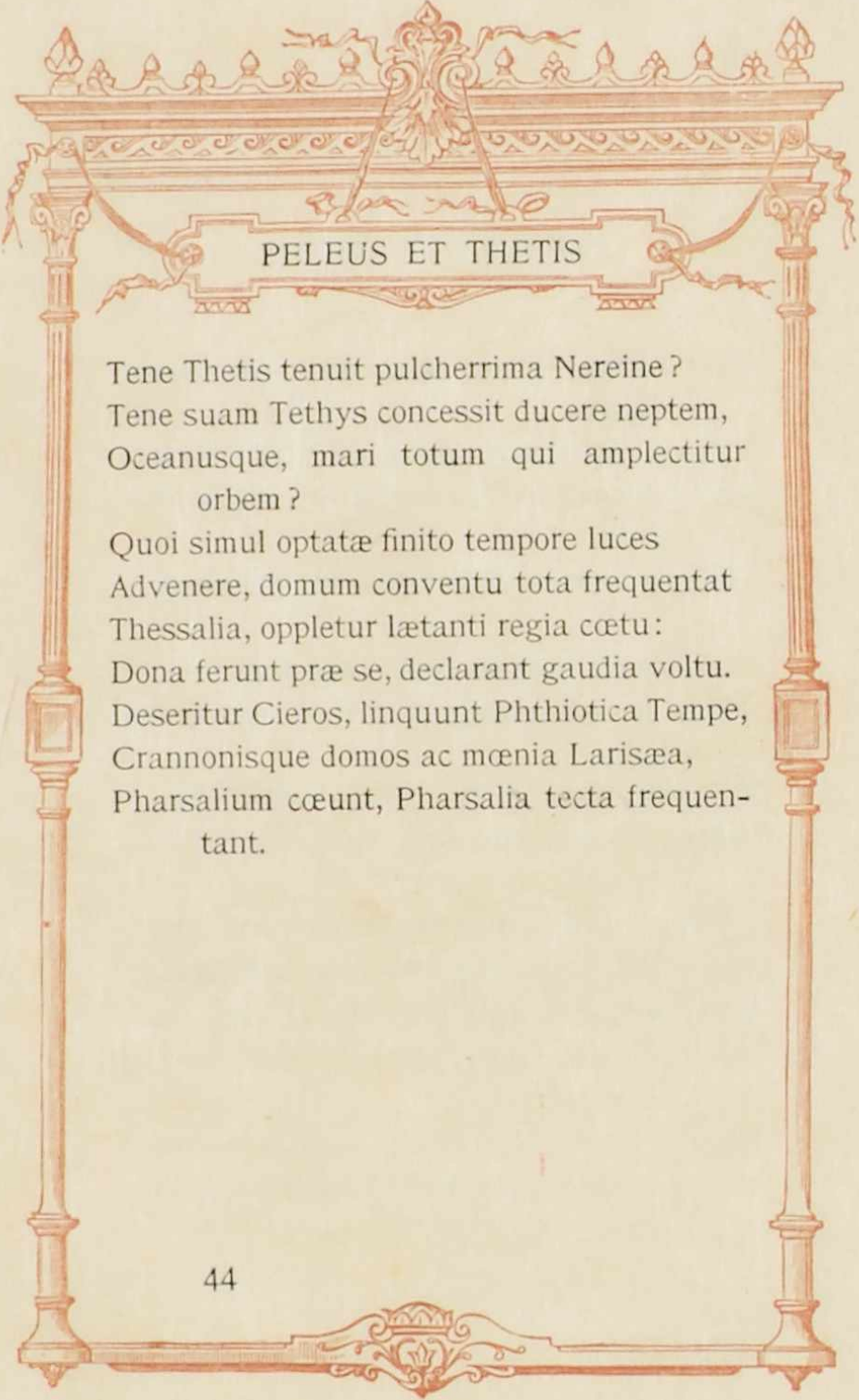
Then Peleus, then, with love for Thetis
burned,
Nor was by Thetis mortal wedlock spurned;
And Jove himself approved the vows, that
gave
The god-born maid to paramour so brave.

Hail, heroes born in that auspicious time,
When life was young, and earth was in her
prime!

Hail, progeny of gods! And, mother, you
Within your breast who bore that band so
true!

Oft shall your names be echoed in my lay;
Thine, too, of Thessaly the prop and stay,
Who, in thy nuptials with that golden fair,
'Mongst men wert honoured far beyond
compare;

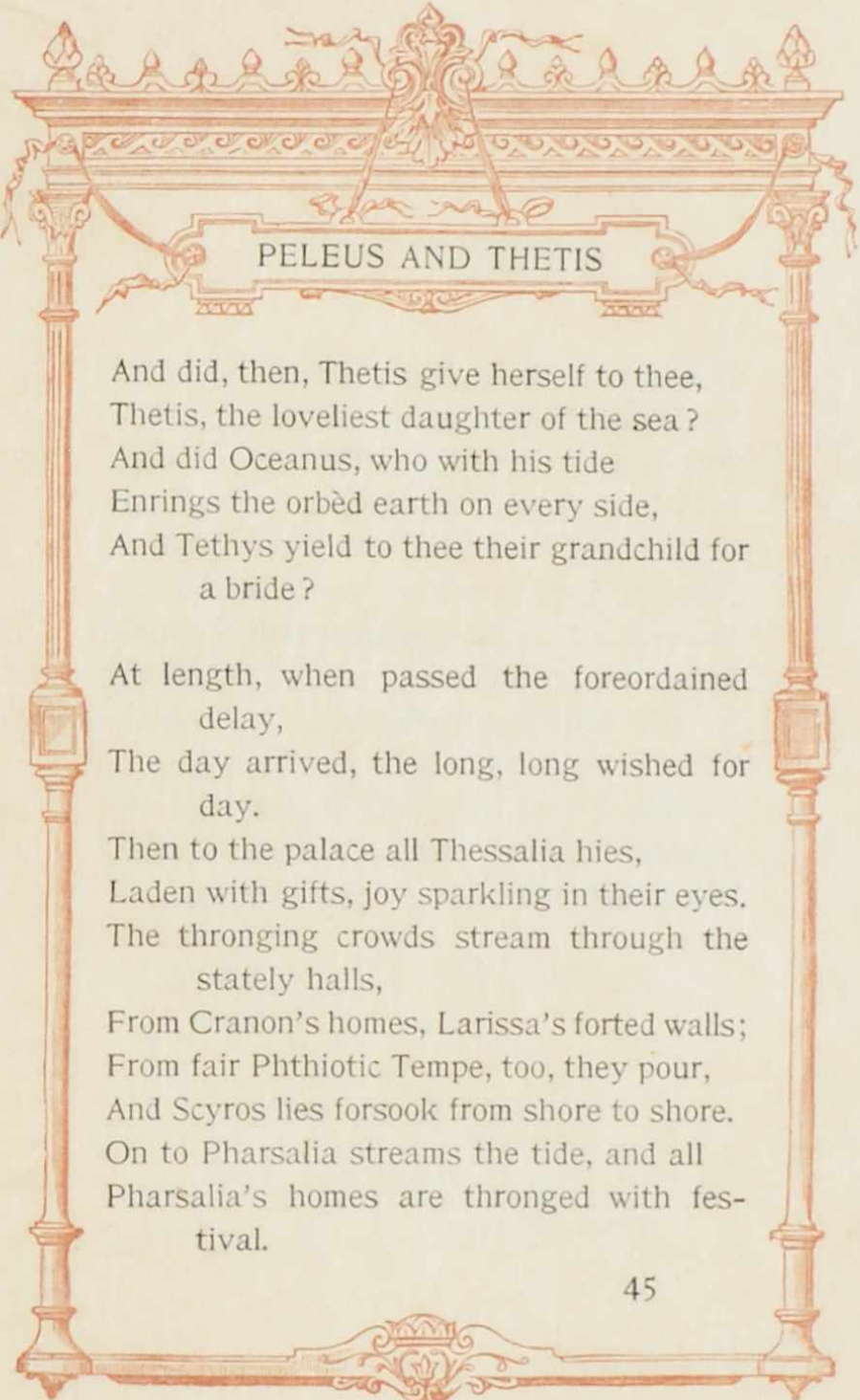
Since that on thee the Sire of Gods bestowed
The peerless maid for whom himself had
glowed.



PELEUS ET THETIS

Tene Thetis tenuit pulcherrima Nereine?
Tene suam Tethys concessit ducere neptem,
Oceanusque, mari totum qui amplectitur
orbem?

Quoi simul optatæ finito tempore luces
Advenere, domum conventu tota frequentat
Thessalia, opletur lætanti regia cœtu:
Dona ferunt præ se, declarant gaudia voltu.
Deseritur Cieros, linquunt Phthiotica Tempe,
Crannonisque domos ac mœnia Larisæa,
Pharsalium cœunt, Pharsalia tecta frequen-
tant.

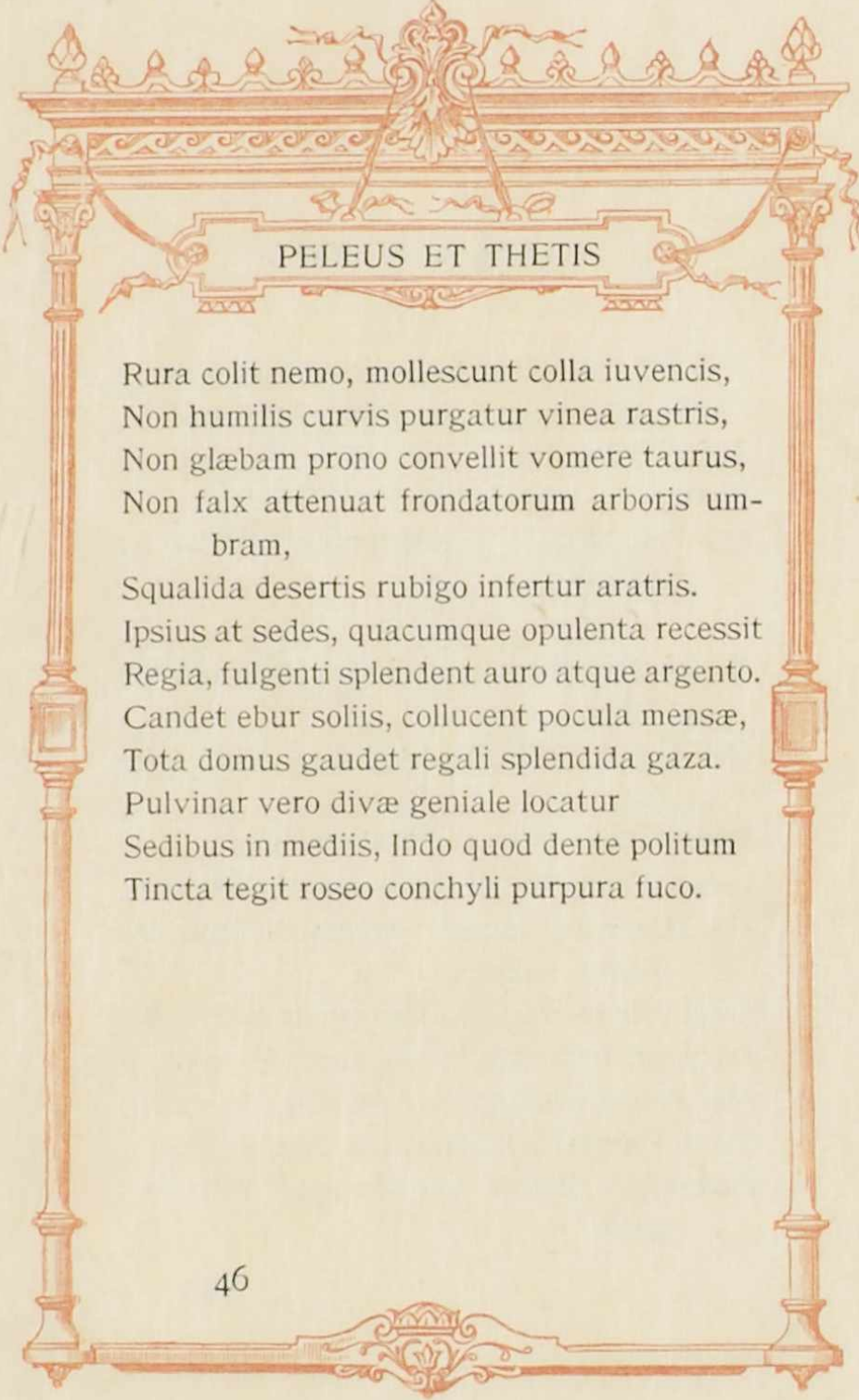


PELEUS AND THETIS

And did, then, Thetis give herself to thee,
Thetis, the loveliest daughter of the sea?
And did Oceanus, who with his tide
Enrings the orbèd earth on every side,
And Tethys yield to thee their grandchild for
a bride?

At length, when passed the foreordained
delay,
The day arrived, the long, long wished for
day.

Then to the palace all Thessalia hies,
Laden with gifts, joy sparkling in their eyes.
The thronging crowds stream through the
stately halls,
From Cranon's homes, Larissa's fortified walls;
From fair Phthiotic Tempe, too, they pour,
And Scyros lies forsook from shore to shore.
On to Pharsalia streams the tide, and all
Pharsalia's homes are thronged with fes-
tival.



PELEUS ET THETIS

Rura colit nemo, mollescunt colla iuencis,
Non humilis curvis purgatur vinea rastris,
Non glæbam prono convellit vomere taurus,
Non falx attenuat frondatorum arboris um-
bram,

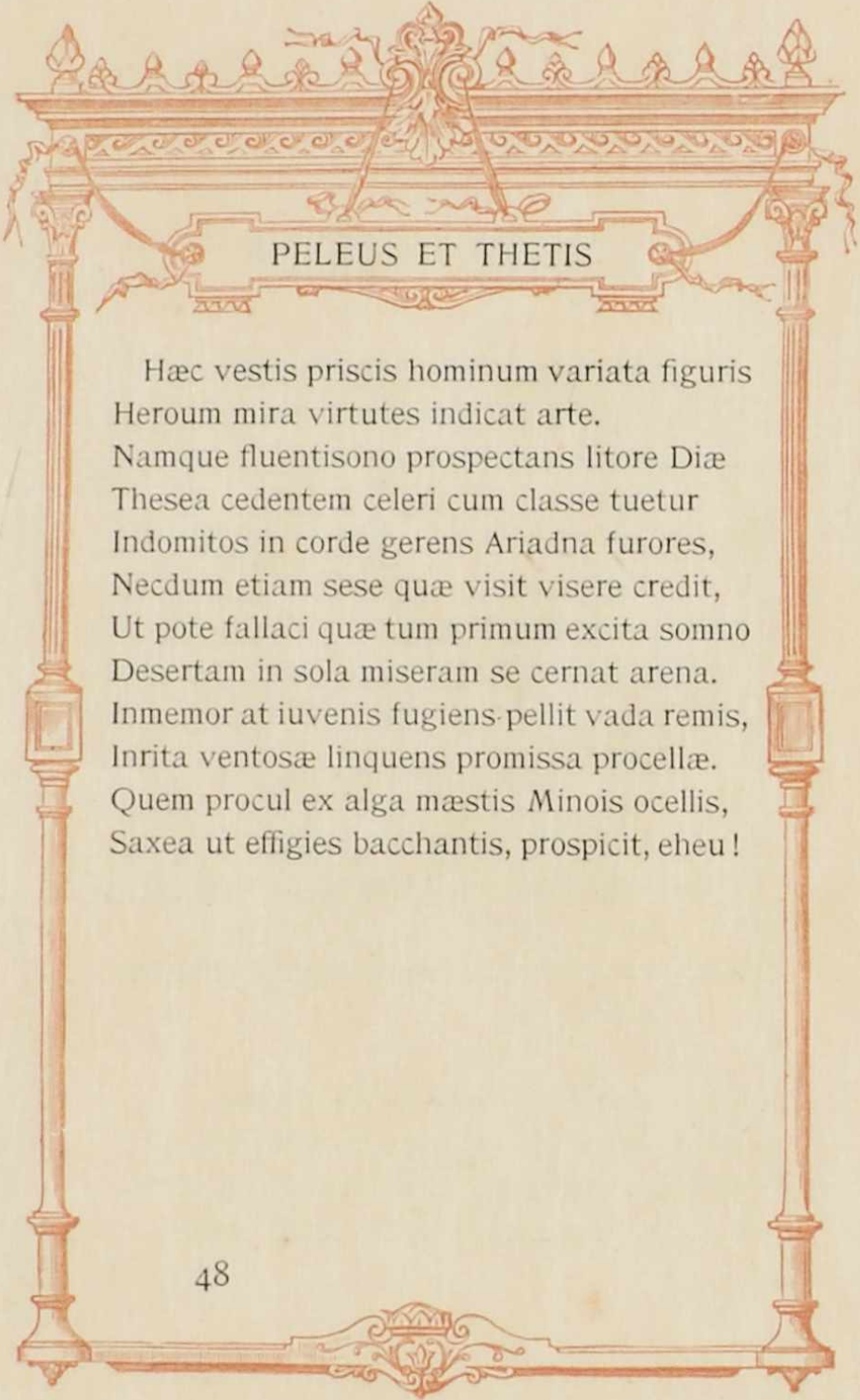
Squalida desertis rubigo infertur aratris.
Ipsius at sedes, quacumque opulenta recessit
Regia, fulgenti splendent auro atque argento.
Candet ebur solis, collucent pocula mensæ,
Tota domus gaudet regali splendida gaza.
Pulvinar vero divæ geniale locatur
Sedibus in mediis, Indo quod dente politum
Tincta tegit roseo conchyli purpura fuco.



PELEUS AND THETIS

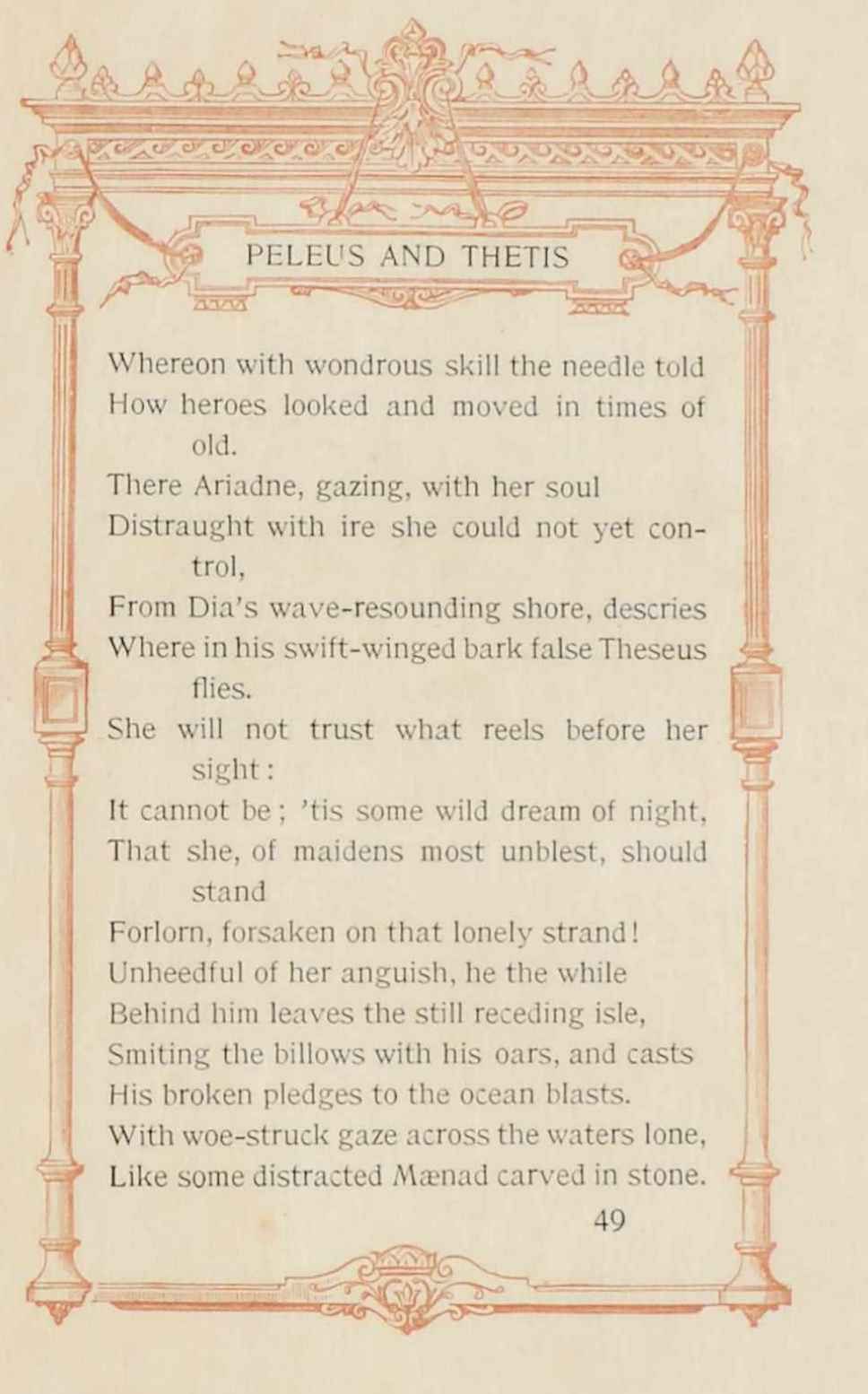
No man his acres tills ; the bullock's throat,
From toil released, assumes a softer coat ;
The creeping vine knows not the weeder's
care,
No steers with gliding plough the furrows
tear ;
No billhook thins the shade of leafy boughs,
And, red with rust, neglected lie the ploughs.
But Peleus' halls through all their length
unfold
The gorgeous sheen of silver and of gold ;
Of ivory are the seats, the tables blaze
With bowl and chalice, all that meets the
gaze
A royal wealth and starred magnificence dis-
plays.

Deep in an inner room the genial bed
Of the celestial bride stands, richly spread ;
Of Indian tooth the frame, whilst o'er it fell
A cover crimsoned from the costly shell,



PELEUS ET THETIS

Hæc vestis priscis hominum variata figuris
Heroum mira virtutes indicat arte.
Namque fluentisono prospectans litore Diæ
Thesea cedentem celeri cum classe tuetur
Indomitos in corde gerens Ariadna furores,
Necdum etiam sese quæ visit visere credit,
Ut pote fallaci quæ tum primum excita somno
Desertam in sola miseram se cernat arena.
Inmemor at iuvenis fugiens pellit vada remis,
Inrita ventosæ relinquens promissa procellæ.
Quem procul ex alga mæstis Minois ocellis,
Saxea ut effigies bacchantis, prospicit, eheu!



PELEUS AND THETIS

Whereon with wondrous skill the needle told
How heroes looked and moved in times of
old.

There Ariadne, gazing, with her soul
Distraught with ire she could not yet con-
trol,

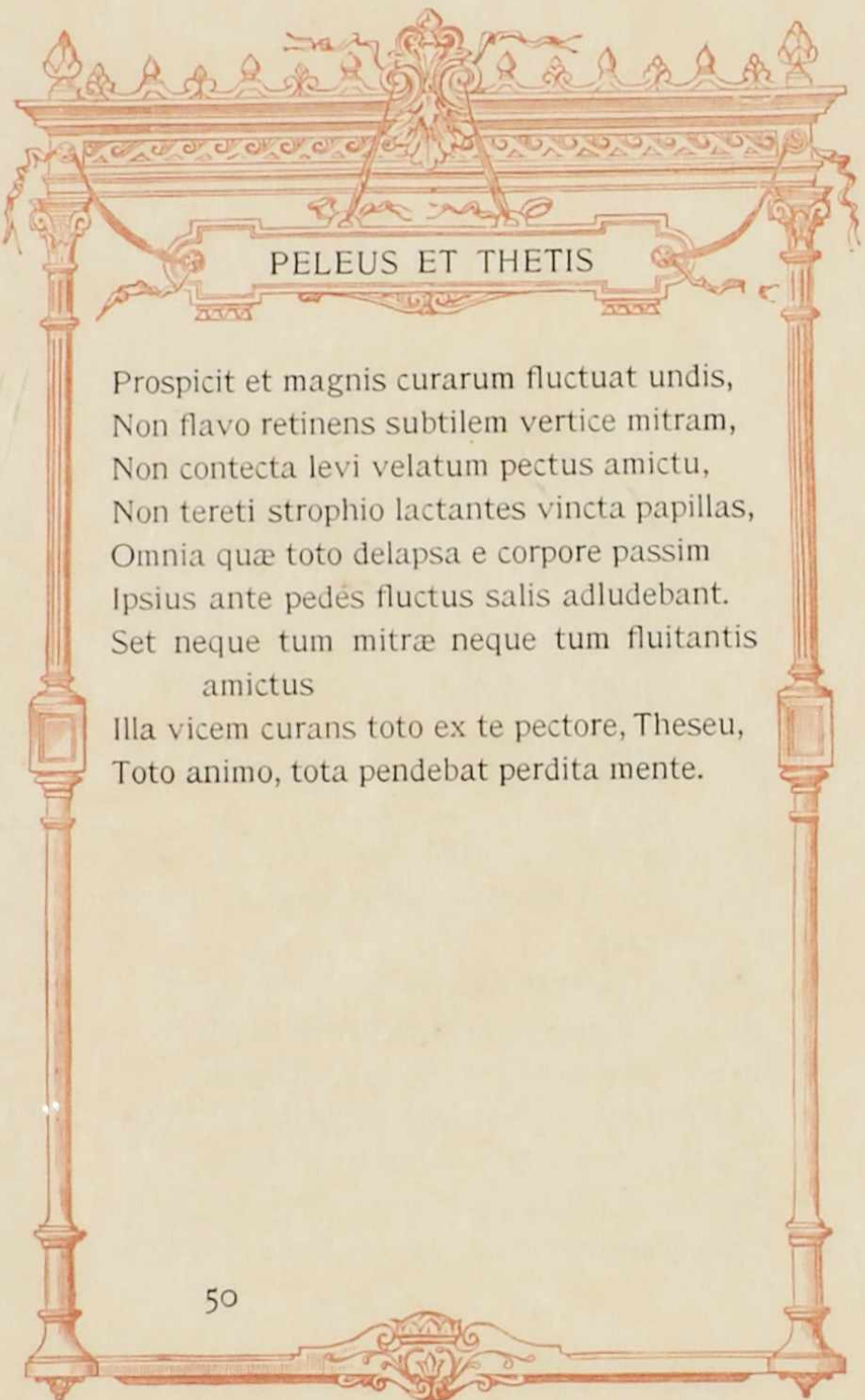
From Dia's wave-resounding shore, descries
Where in his swift-winged bark false Theseus
flies.

She will not trust what reels before her
sight :

It cannot be ; 'tis some wild dream of night,
That she, of maidens most unblest, should
stand

Forlorn, forsaken on that lonely strand !
Unheedful of her anguish, he the while
Behind him leaves the still receding isle,
Smiting the billows with his oars, and casts
His broken pledges to the ocean blasts.

With woe-struck gaze across the waters lone,
Like some distracted Mænad carved in stone.



PELEUS ET THETIS

Prospicit et magnis curarum fluctuat undis,
Non flavo retinens subtilem vertice mitram,
Non contacta levi velatum pectus amictu,
Non tereti strophio lactantes vincta papillas,
Omnia quæ toto delapsa e corpore passim
Ipsius ante pedês fluctus salis adludebant.
Set neque tum mitræ neque tum fluitantis
amictus

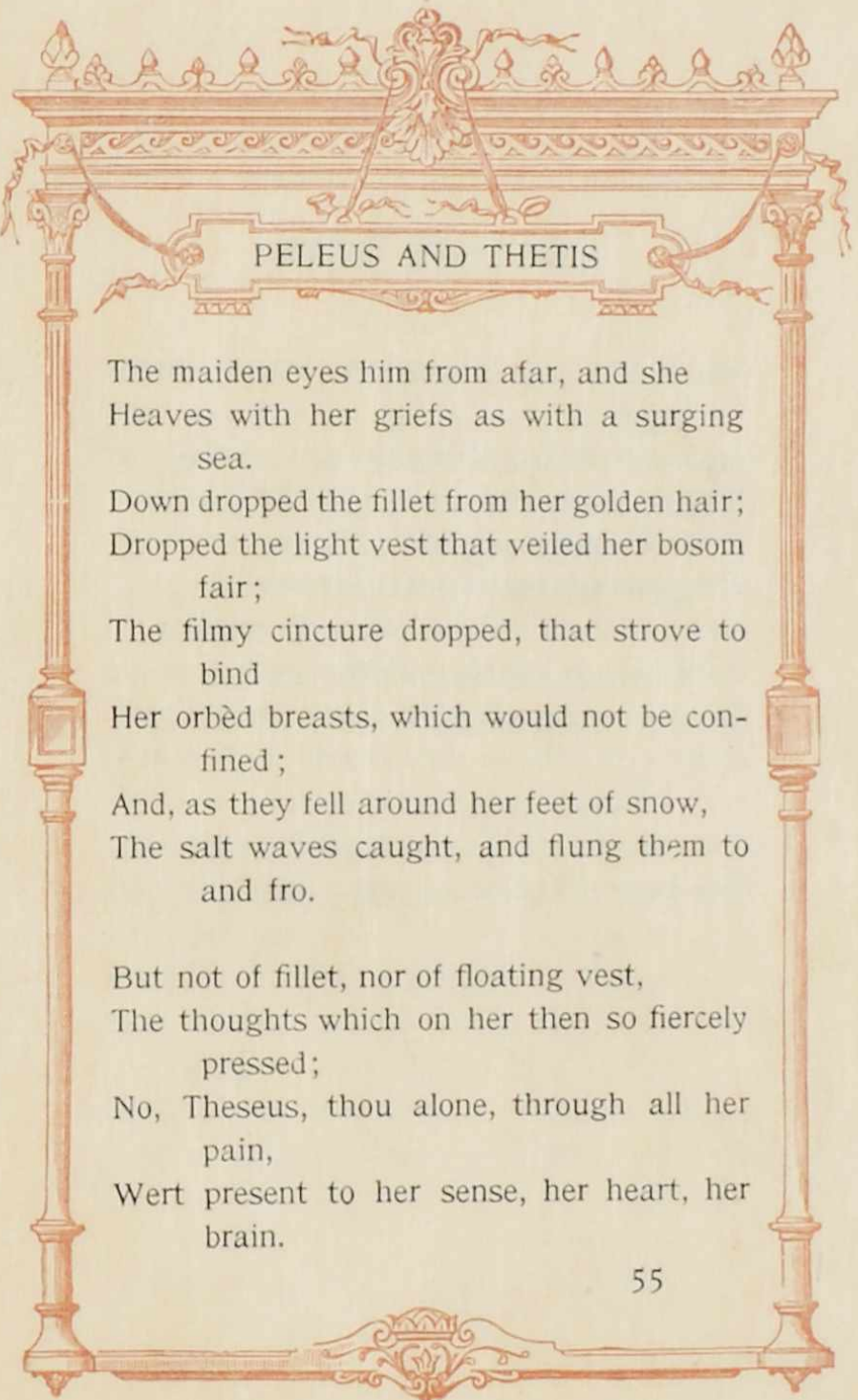
Illa vicem curans toto ex te pectore, Theseu,
Toto animo, tota pendebat perdita mente.

PELEUS ET THETIS



PELEUS AND THETIS





PELEUS AND THETIS

The maiden eyes him from afar, and she
Heaves with her griefs as with a surging
sea.

Down dropped the fillet from her golden hair;
Dropped the light vest that veiled her bosom
fair;

The filmy cincture dropped, that strove to
bind

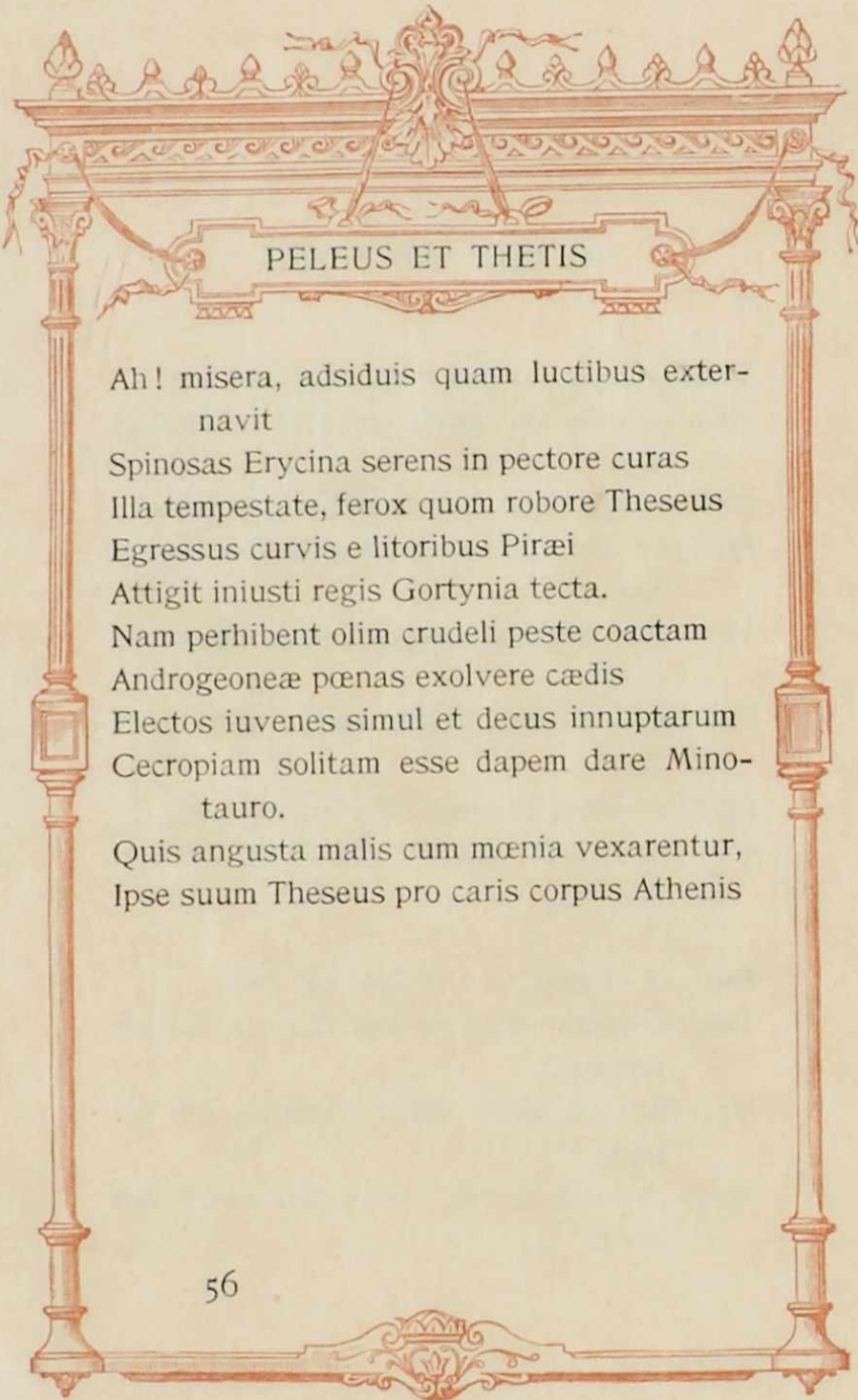
Her orbèd breasts, which would not be con-
fined;

And, as they fell around her feet of snow,
The salt waves caught, and flung them to
and fro.

But not of fillet, nor of floating vest,
The thoughts which on her then so fiercely
pressed;

No, Theseus, thou alone, through all her
pain,

Wert present to her sense, her heart, her
brain.

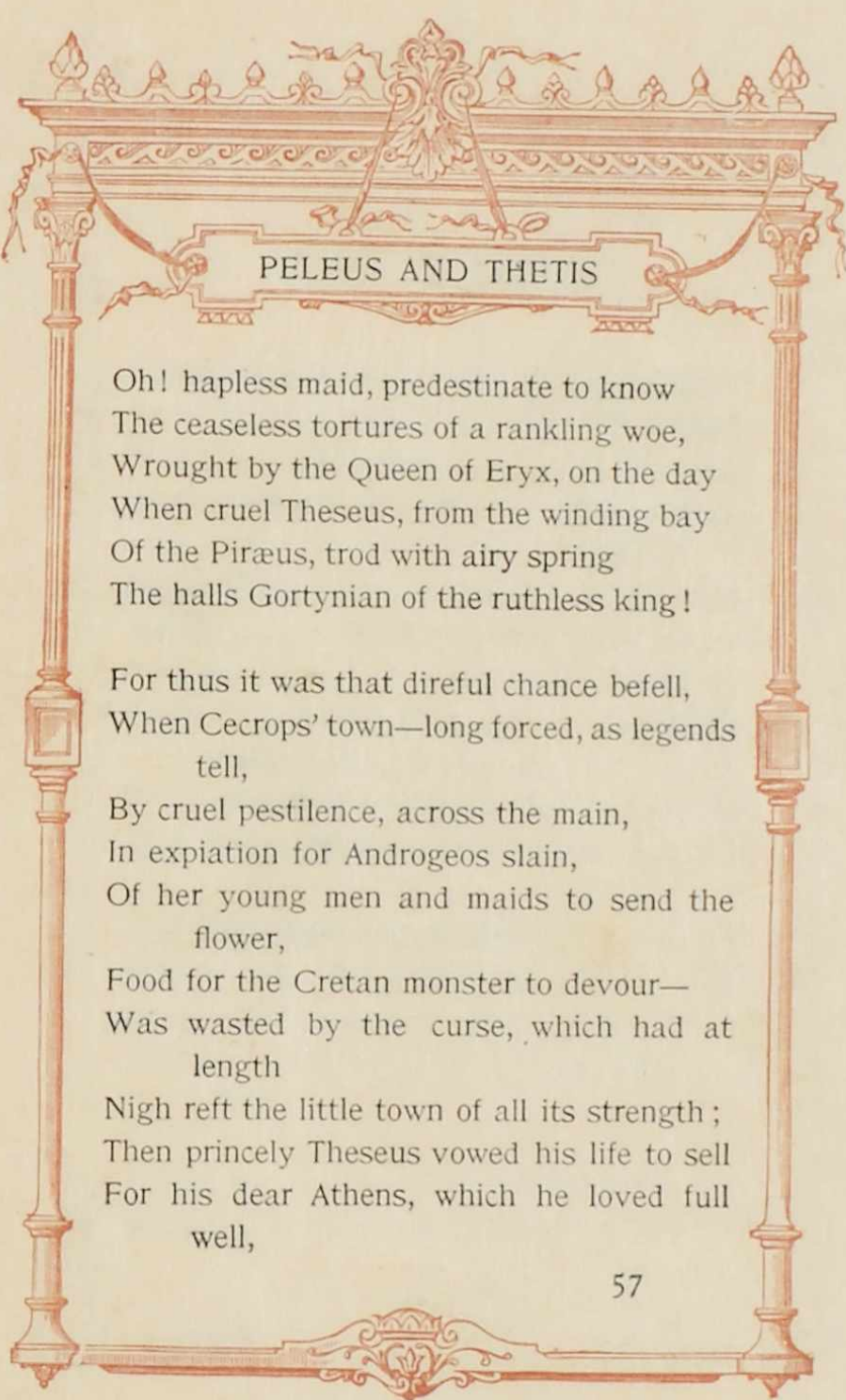


PELEUS ET THETIS

Ah! misera, adsiduis quam luctibus exter-
navit

Spinosas Erycina serens in pectore curas
Illa tempestate, ferox quom robore Theseus
Egressus curvis e litoribus Piræi
Attigit iniusti regis Gortynia tecta.
Nam perhibent olim crudeli peste coactam
Androgeoneæ pœnas exolvere cædis
Electos iuvenes simul et decus innuptarum
Cecropiam solitam esse dapem dare Mino-
tauro.

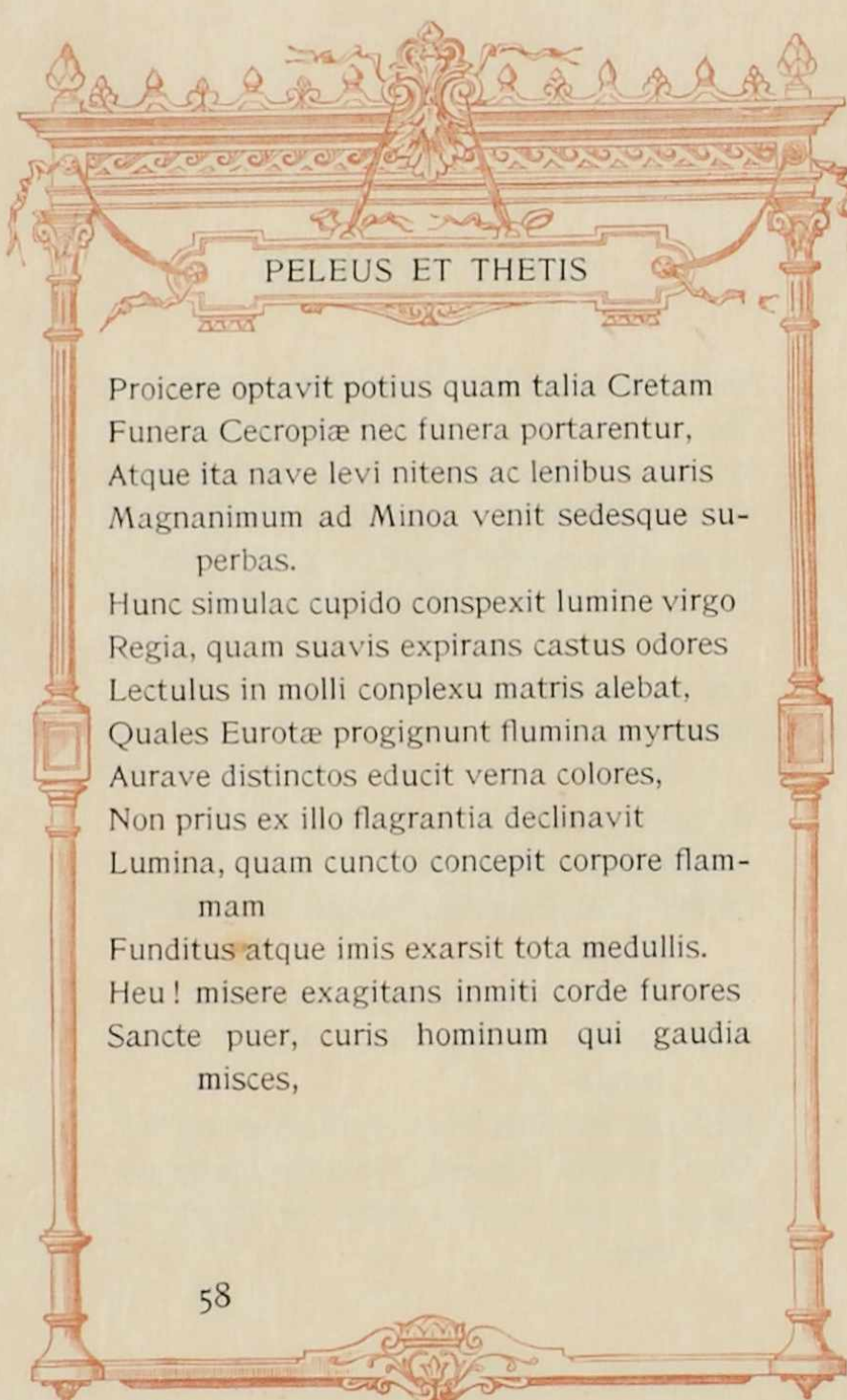
Quis angusta malis cum mœnia vexarentur,
Ipse suum Theseus pro caris corpus Athenis



PELEUS AND THETIS

Oh! hapless maid, predestinate to know
The ceaseless tortures of a rankling woe,
Wrought by the Queen of Eryx, on the day
When cruel Theseus, from the winding bay
Of the Piræus, trod with airy spring
The halls Gortynian of the ruthless king!

For thus it was that direful chance befell,
When Cecrops' town—long forced, as legends
tell,
By cruel pestilence, across the main,
In expiation for Androgeos slain,
Of her young men and maids to send the
flower,
Food for the Cretan monster to devour—
Was wasted by the curse, which had at
length
Nigh reft the little town of all its strength;
Then princely Theseus vowed his life to sell
For his dear Athens, which he loved full
well,

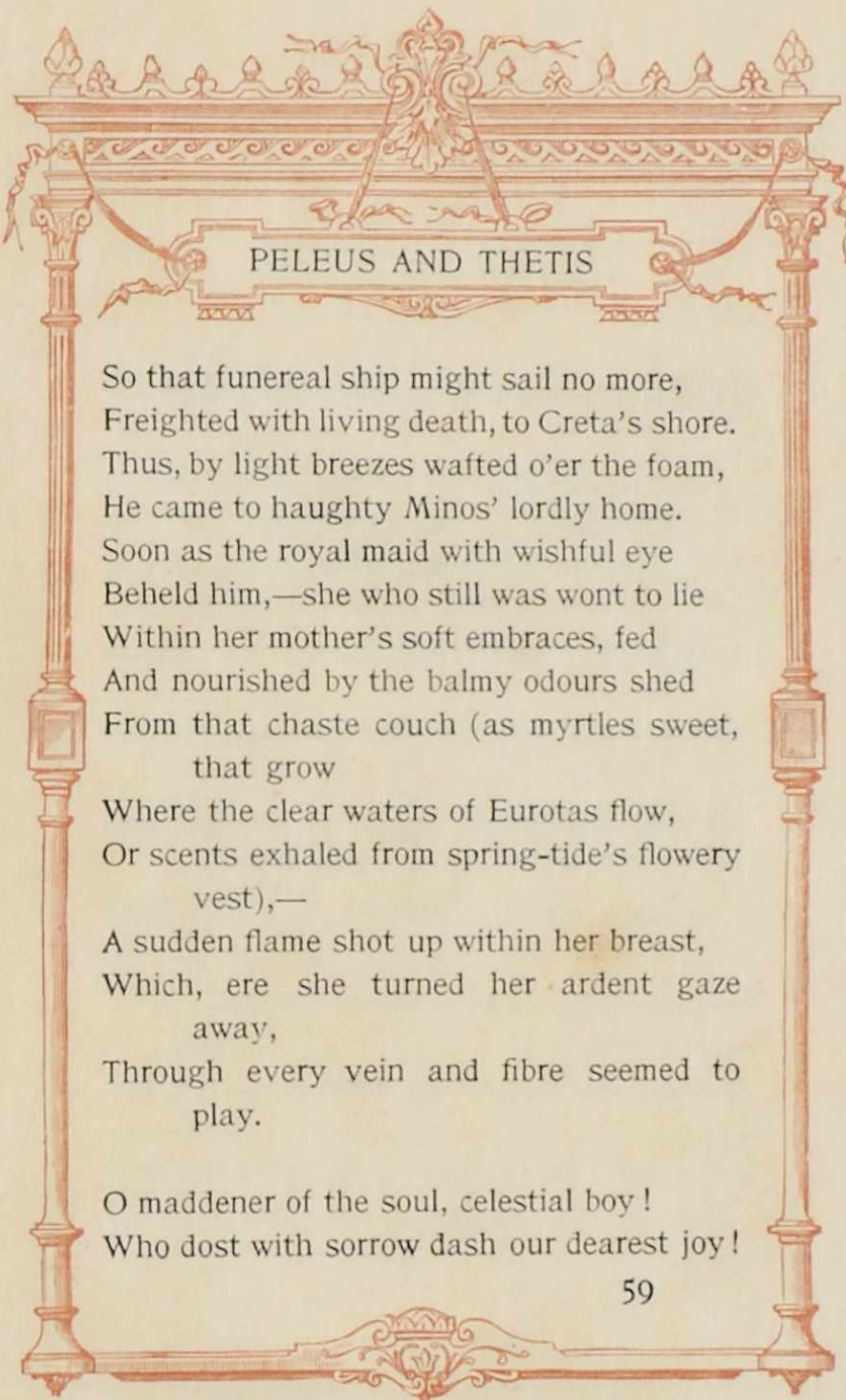


PELEUS ET THETIS

Proicere optavit potius quam talia Cretam
Funera Cecropiæ nec funera portarentur,
Atque ita nave levi nitens ac lenibus auris
Magnanimum ad Minoa venit sedesque su-
perbas.

Hunc simulac cupido conspexit lumine virgo
Regia, quam suavis expirans castus odores
Lectulus in molli complexu matris alebat,
Quales Eurotæ progignunt flumina myrtus
Aurave distinctos educit verna colores,
Non prius ex illo flagrantia declinavit
Lumina, quam cuncto concepit corpore flam-
mam

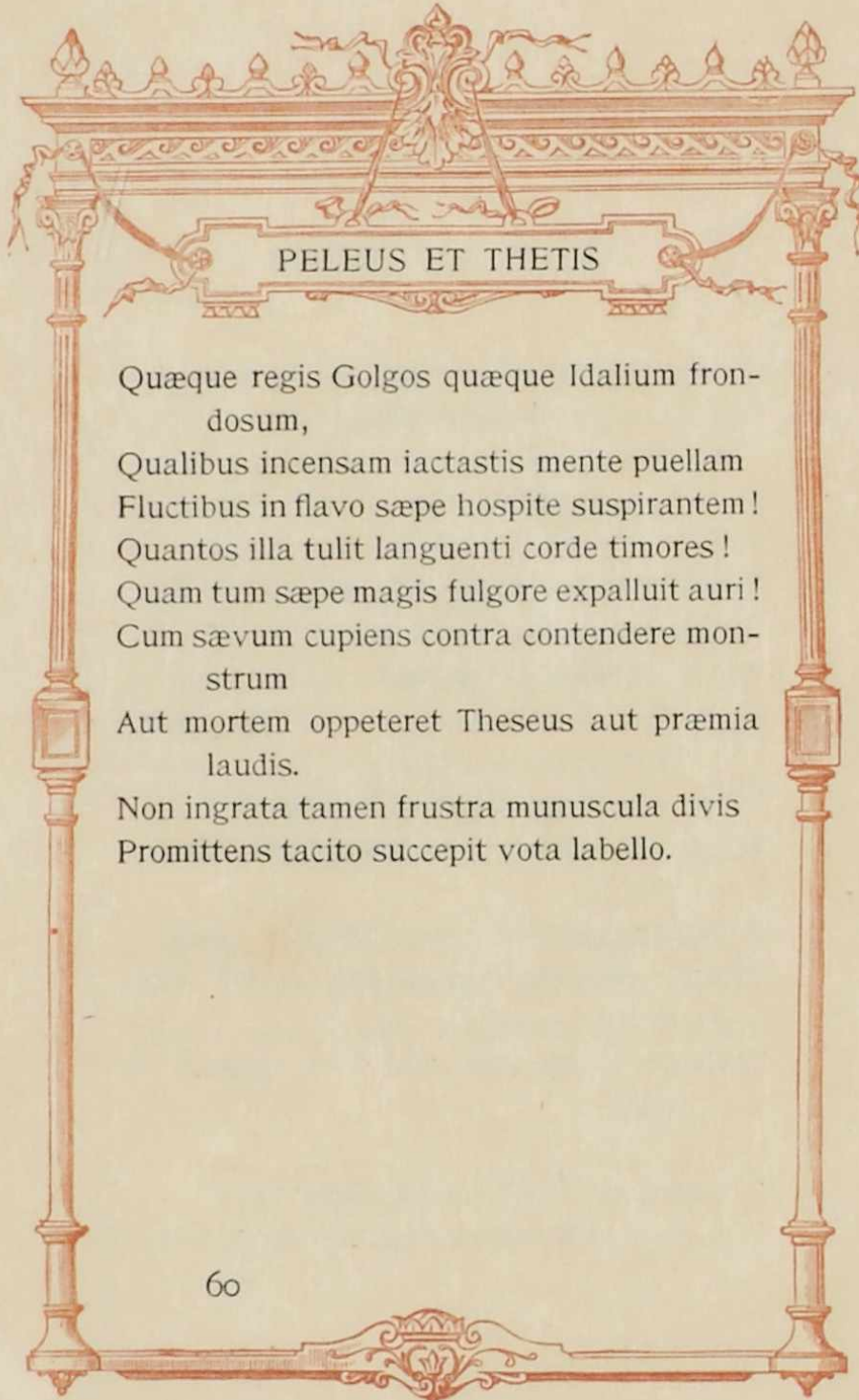
Funditus atque imis exarsit tota medullis.
Heu! misere exagitans inmiti corde furores
Sancte puer, curis hominum qui gaudia
misces,



PELEUS AND THETIS

So that funereal ship might sail no more,
Freighted with living death, to Creta's shore.
Thus, by light breezes wafted o'er the foam,
He came to haughty Minos' lordly home.
Soon as the royal maid with wishful eye
Beheld him,—she who still was wont to lie
Within her mother's soft embraces, fed
And nourished by the balmy odours shed
From that chaste couch (as myrtles sweet,
that grow
Where the clear waters of Eurotas flow,
Or scents exhaled from spring-tide's flowery
vest),—
A sudden flame shot up within her breast,
Which, ere she turned her ardent gaze
away,
Through every vein and fibre seemed to
play.

O maddener of the soul, celestial boy!
Who dost with sorrow dash our dearest joy!



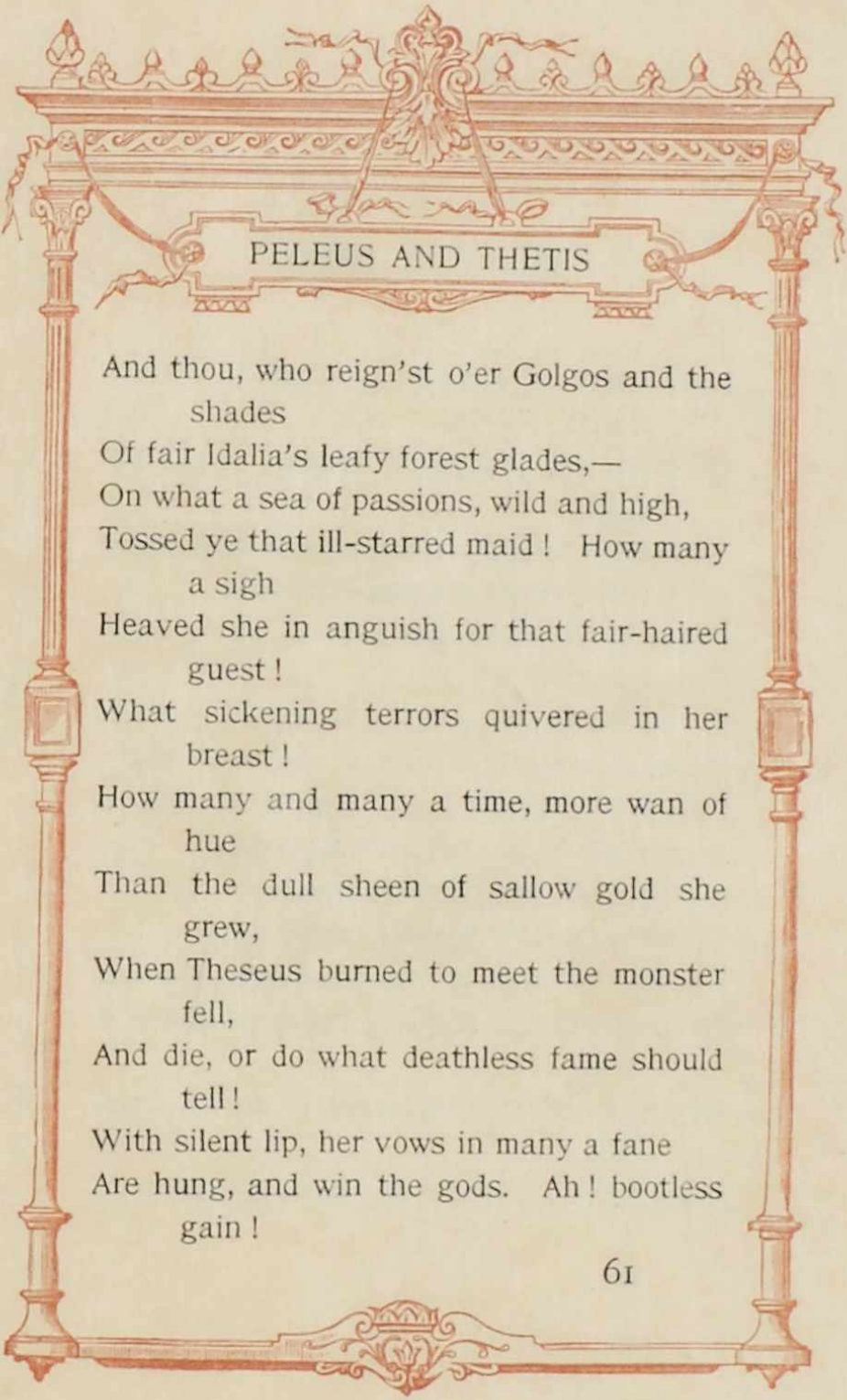
PELEUS ET THETIS

Quæque regis Golgos quæque Idalium fron-
dosum,

Qualibus incensam iactastis mente puellam
Fluctibus in flavo sæpe hospite suspirantem!
Quantos illa tulit languenti corde timores!
Quam tum sæpe magis fulgore expalluit auri!
Cum sævum cupiens contra contendere mon-
strum

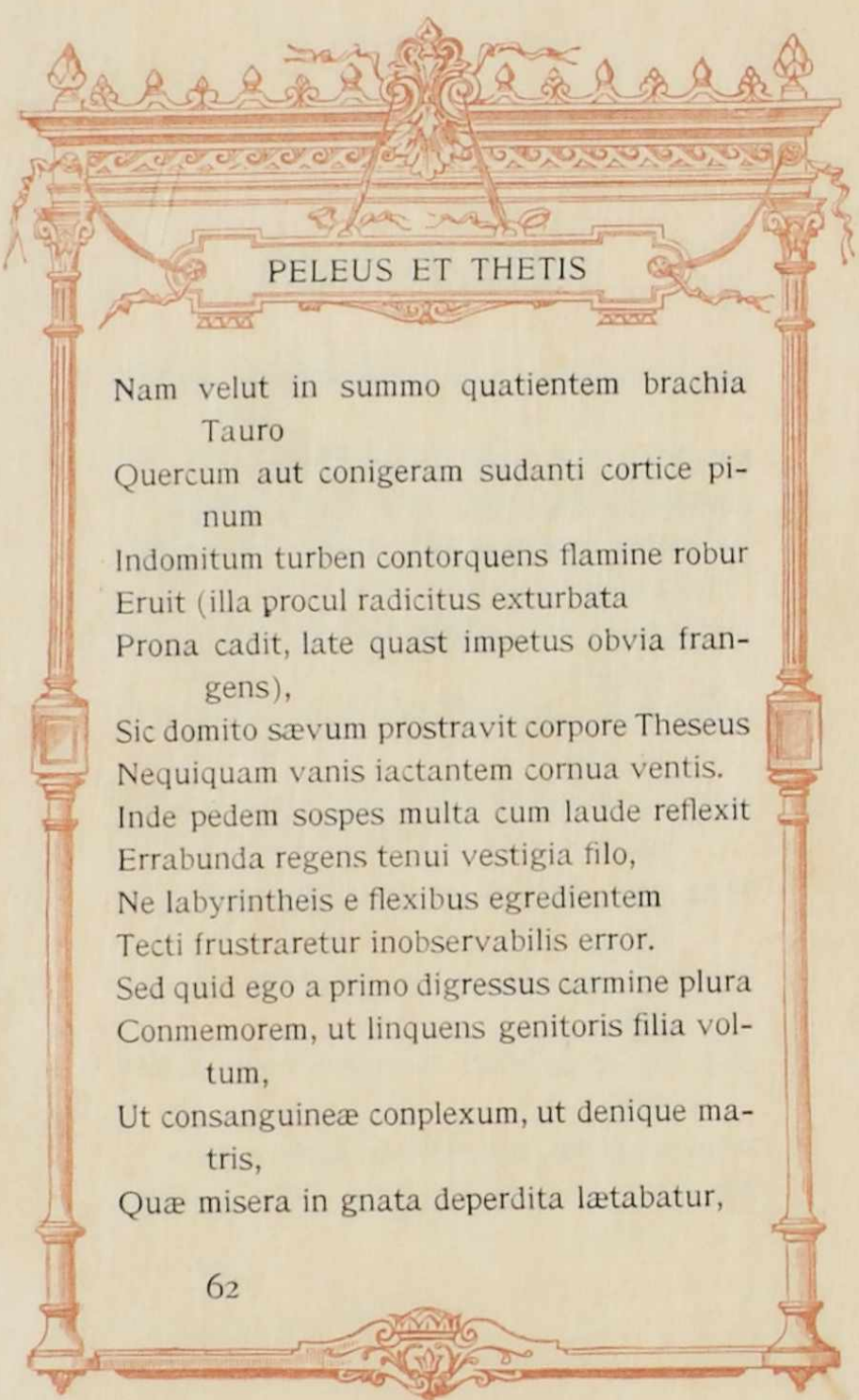
Aut mortem oppeteret Theseus aut præmia
laudis.

Non ingrata tamen frustra munuscula divis
Promittens tacito suscepit vota labello.



PELEUS AND THETIS

And thou, who reign'st o'er Golgos and the
shades
Of fair Idalia's leafy forest glades,—
On what a sea of passions, wild and high,
Tossed ye that ill-starred maid! How many
a sigh
Heaved she in anguish for that fair-haired
guest!
What sickening terrors quivered in her
breast!
How many and many a time, more wan of
hue
Than the dull sheen of sallow gold she
grew,
When Theseus burned to meet the monster
fell,
And die, or do what deathless fame should
tell!
With silent lip, her vows in many a fane
Are hung, and win the gods. Ah! bootless
gain!



PELEUS ET THETIS

Nam velut in summo quatientem brachia
Tauro

Quercum aut conigeram sudanti cortice pi-
num

Indomitum turben contorquens flamine robur
Eruit (illa procul radicibus exturbata
Prona cadit, late quast impetus obvia fran-
gens),

Sic domito sævum prostravit corpore Theseus
Nequiquam vanis iactantem cornua ventis.

Inde pedem sospes multa cum laude reflexit
Errabunda regens tenui vestigia filo,

Ne labyrinthis e flexibus egredientem

Tecti frustraretur inobservabilis error.

Sed quid ego a primo digressus carmine plura
Conmemorem, ut linquens genitoris filia vol-
tum,

Ut consanguineæ complexum, ut denique ma-
tris,

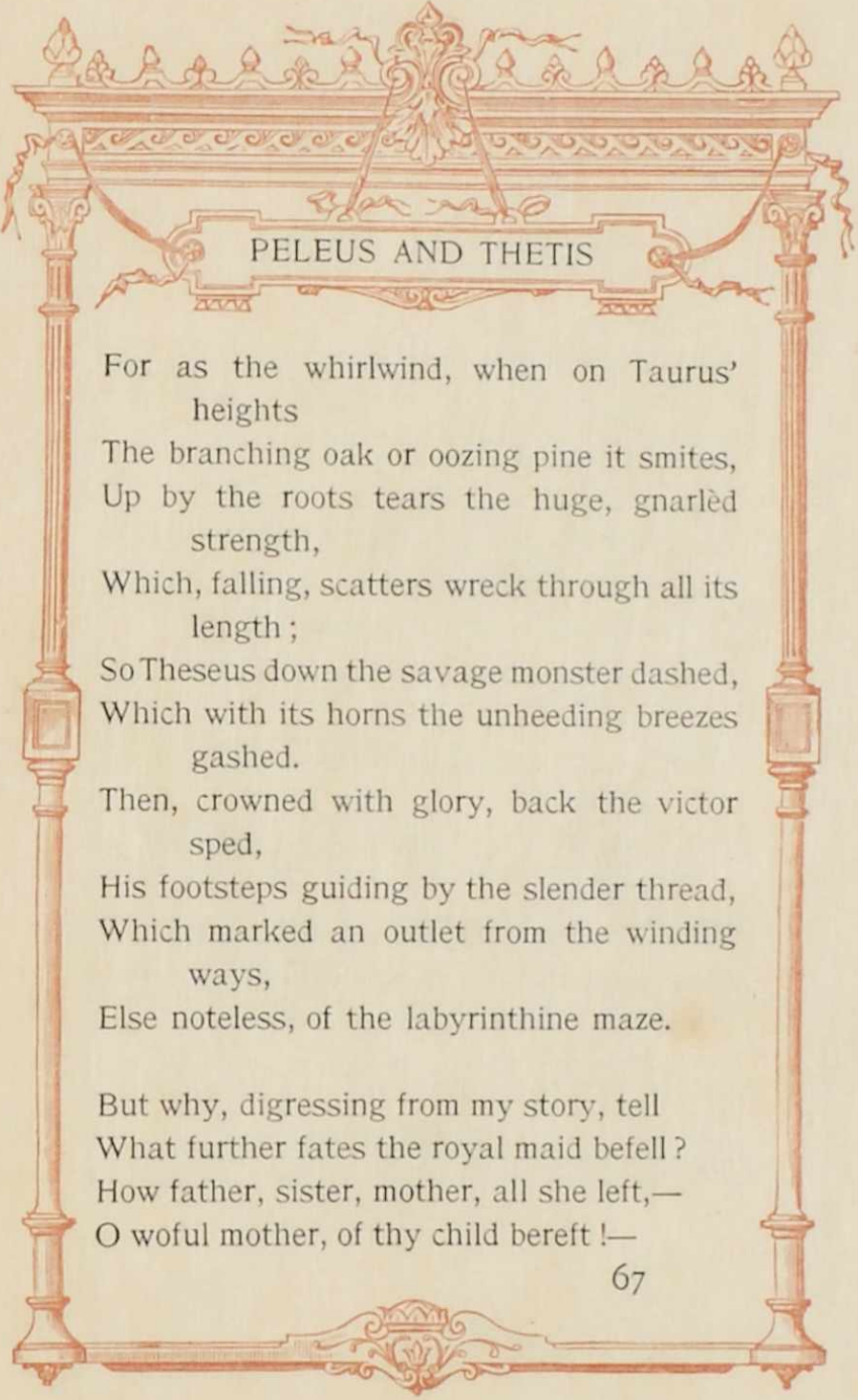
Quæ misera in gnata deperdita lætabatur,

PELEUS ET THETIS



PELEUS AND THETIS

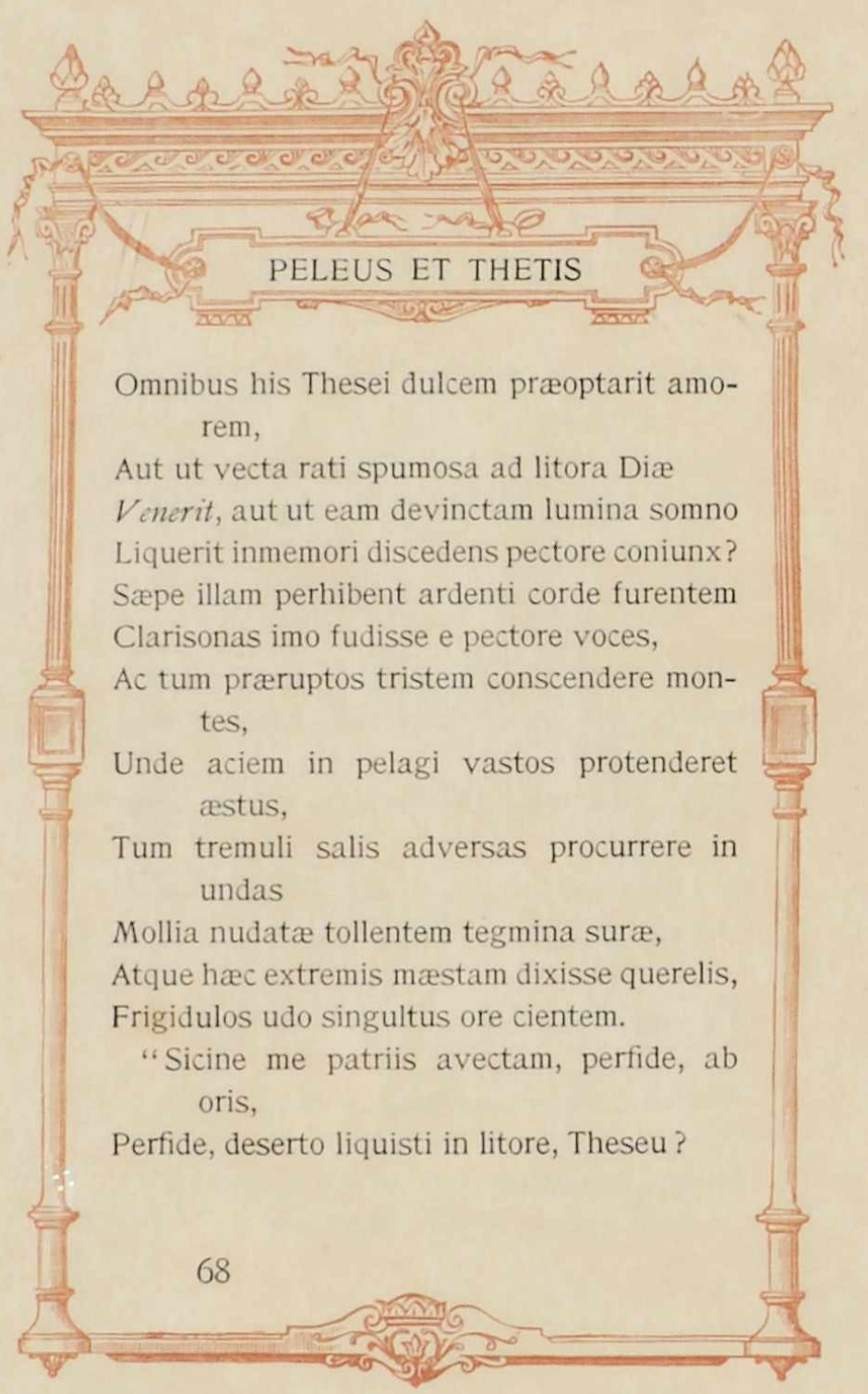




PELEUS AND THETIS

For as the whirlwind, when on Taurus'
heights
The branching oak or oozing pine it smites,
Up by the roots tears the huge, gnarled
strength,
Which, falling, scatters wreck through all its
length ;
So Theseus down the savage monster dashed,
Which with its horns the unheeding breezes
gashed.
Then, crowned with glory, back the victor
sped,
His footsteps guiding by the slender thread,
Which marked an outlet from the winding
ways,
Else noteless, of the labyrinthine maze.

But why, digressing from my story, tell
What further fates the royal maid befell ?
How father, sister, mother, all she left,—
O woful mother, of thy child bereft !—



PELEUS ET THETIS

Omnibus his Thesei dulcem præoptarit amo-
rem,

Aut ut vecta rati spumosa ad litora Diæ
Venerit, aut ut eam devinctam lumina somno
Liquerit inmemori discedens pectore coniunx?
Sæpe illam perhibent ardenti corde furentem
Clarisonas imo fudisse e pectore voces,
Ac tum præruptos tristem conscendere mon-
tes,

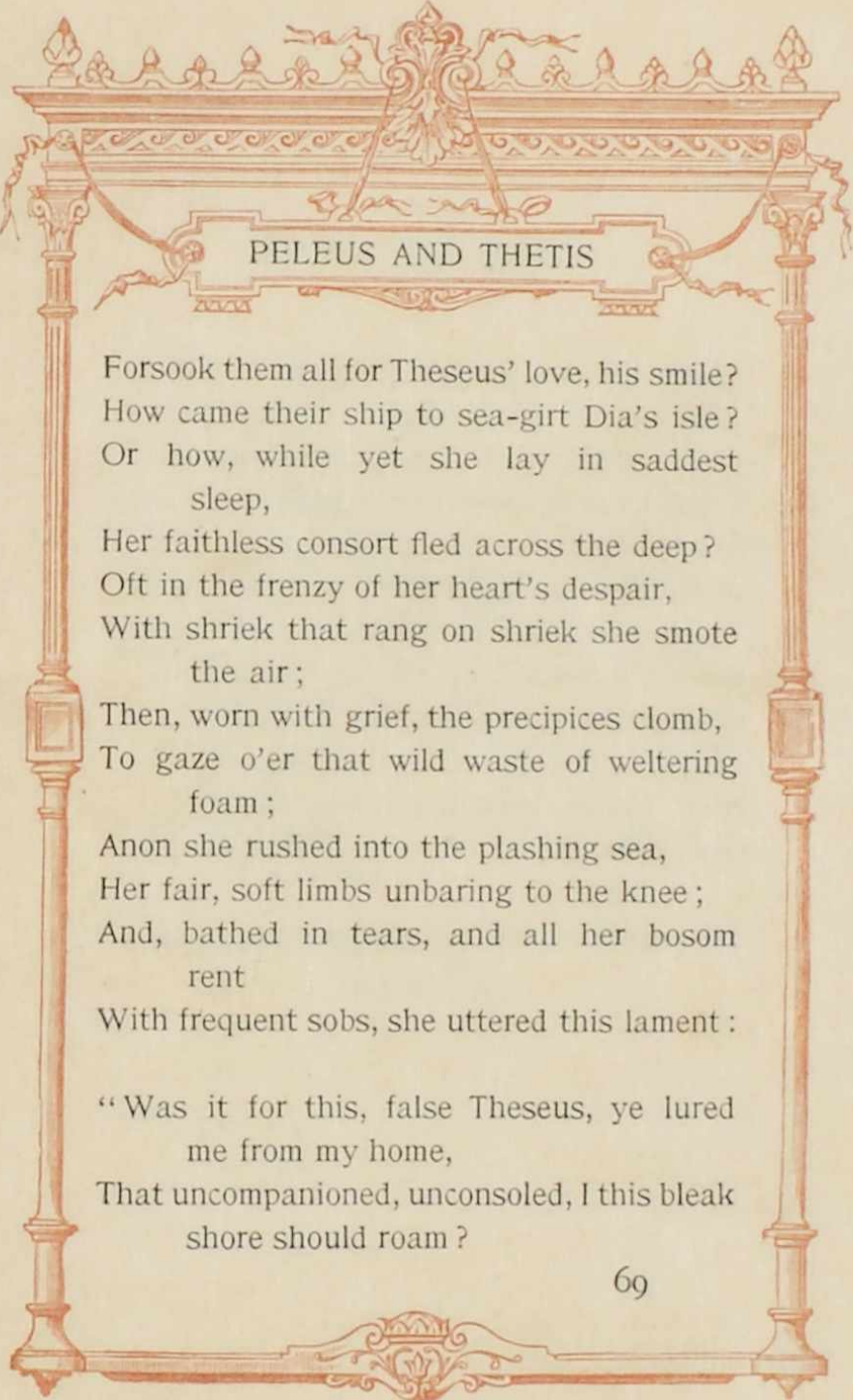
Unde aciem in pelagi vastos protenderet
æstus,

Tum tremuli salis adversas procurrere in
undas

Mollia nudatæ tollentem tegmina suræ,
Atque hæc extremis mæstam dixisse querelis,
Frigidulos udo singultus ore cientem.

“Sicine me patriis avectam, perfide, ab
oris,

Perfide, deserto liquisti in litore, Theseu?



PELEUS AND THETIS

Forsook them all for Theseus' love, his smile?
How came their ship to sea-girt Dia's isle?
Or how, while yet she lay in saddest
sleep,

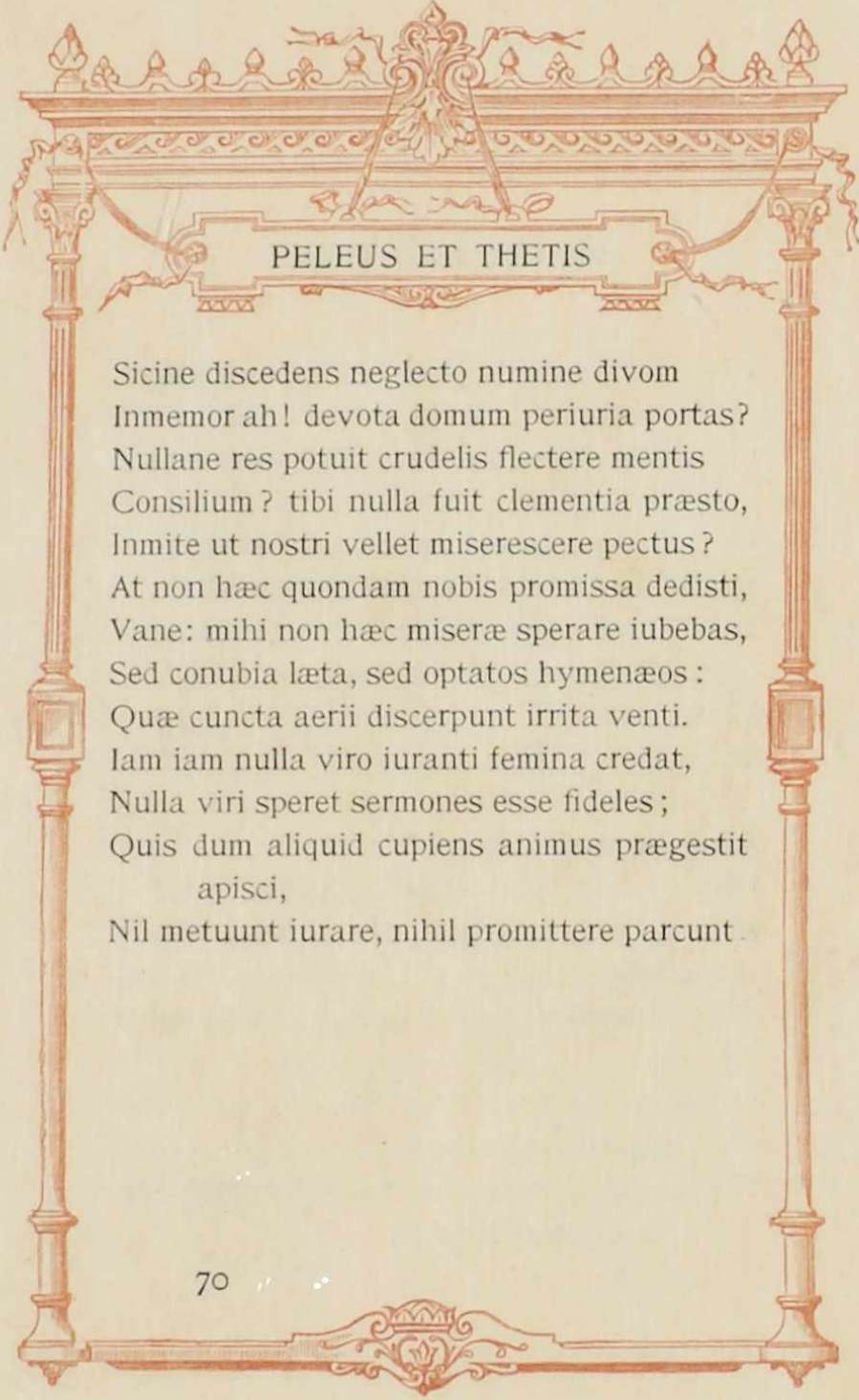
Her faithless consort fled across the deep?
Off in the frenzy of her heart's despair,
With shriek that rang on shriek she smote
the air;

Then, worn with grief, the precipices clomb,
To gaze o'er that wild waste of weltering
foam;

Anon she rushed into the plashing sea,
Her fair, soft limbs unbaring to the knee;
And, bathed in tears, and all her bosom
rent

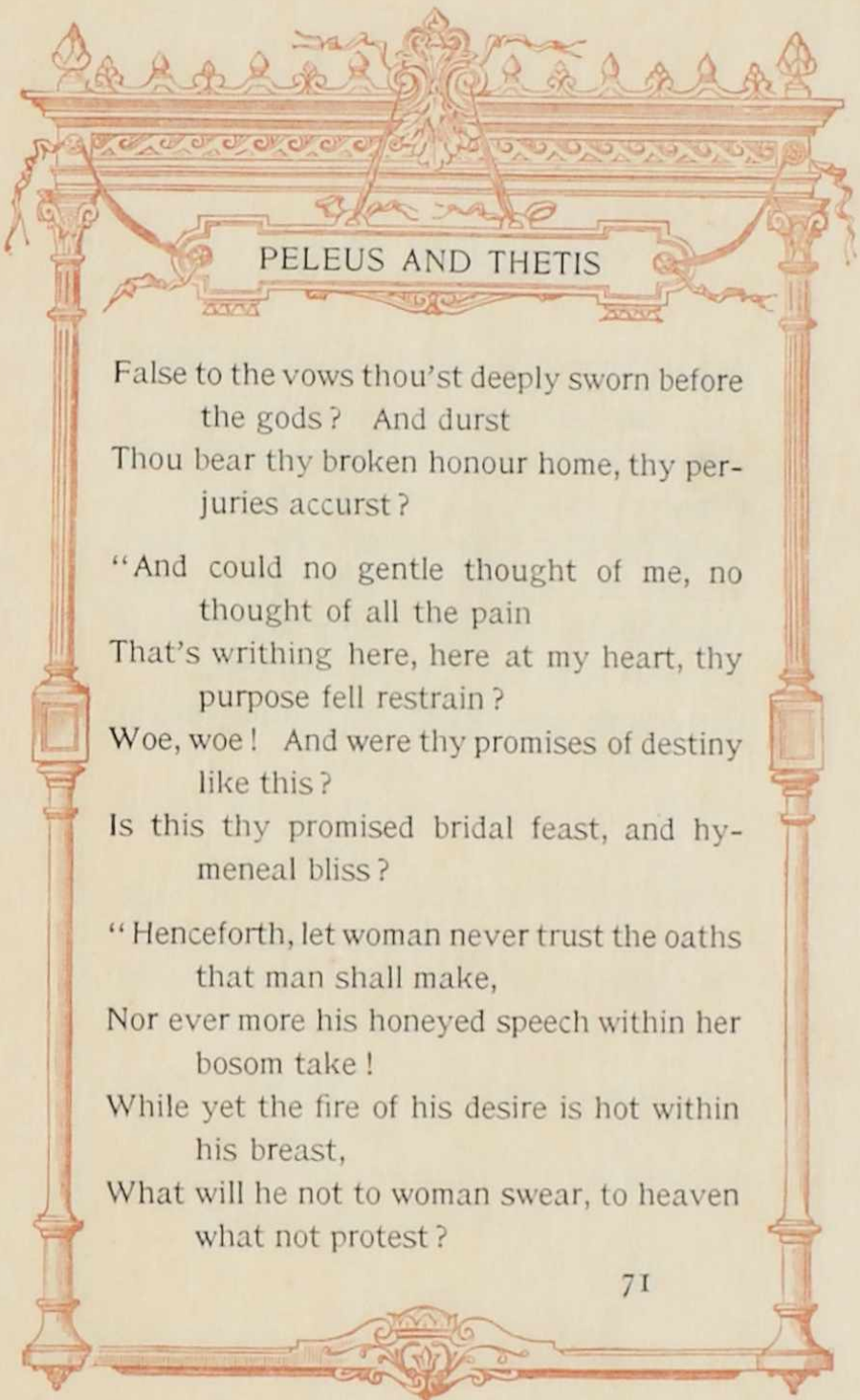
With frequent sobs, she uttered this lament :

“Was it for this, false Theseus, ye lured
me from my home,
That uncompanions, unconsol'd, I this bleak
shore should roam ?



PELEUS ET THETIS

Sicine discedens neglecto numine divom
Inmemor ah! devota domum periuria portas?
Nullane res potuit crudelis flectere mentis
Consilium? tibi nulla fuit clementia præsto,
Inmite ut nostri vellet miserescere pectus?
At non hæc quondam nobis promissa dedisti,
Vane: mihi non hæc miseræ sperare iubebas,
Sed conubia læta, sed optatos hymenæos:
Quæ cuncta aerii discernunt irrita venti.
Iam iam nulla viro iuranti femina credat,
Nulla viri speret sermones esse fideles;
Quis dum aliquid cupiens animus prægestit
apisci,
Nil metuunt iurare, nihil promittere parcunt.



PELEUS AND THETIS

False to the vows thou'st deeply sworn before
the gods? And durst
Thou bear thy broken honour home, thy per-
juries accurst?

“And could no gentle thought of me, no
thought of all the pain
That's writhing here, here at my heart, thy
purpose fell restrain?

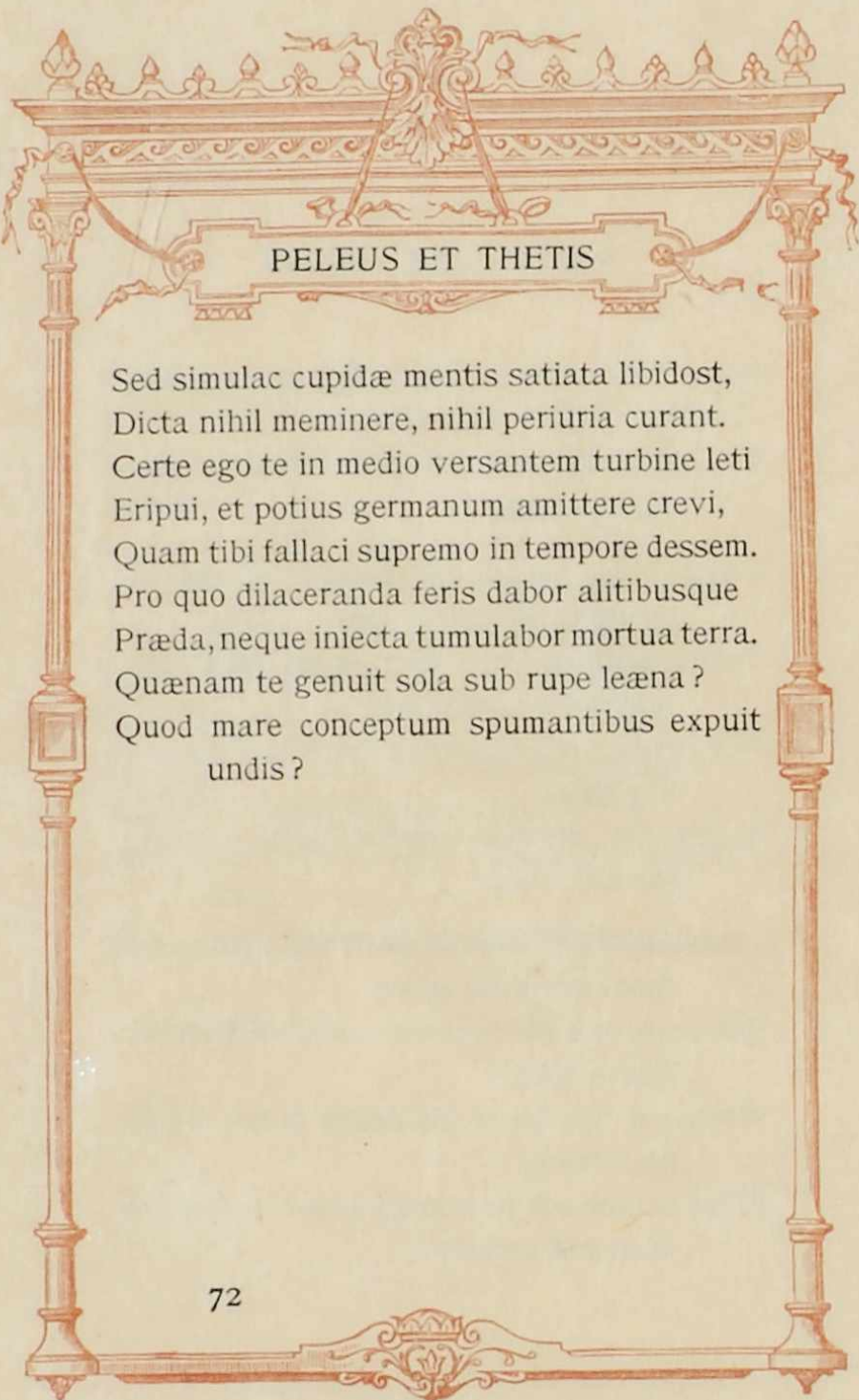
Woe, woe! And were thy promises of destiny
like this?

Is this thy promised bridal feast, and hy-
meneal bliss?

“Henceforth, let woman never trust the oaths
that man shall make,
Nor ever more his honeyed speech within her
bosom take!

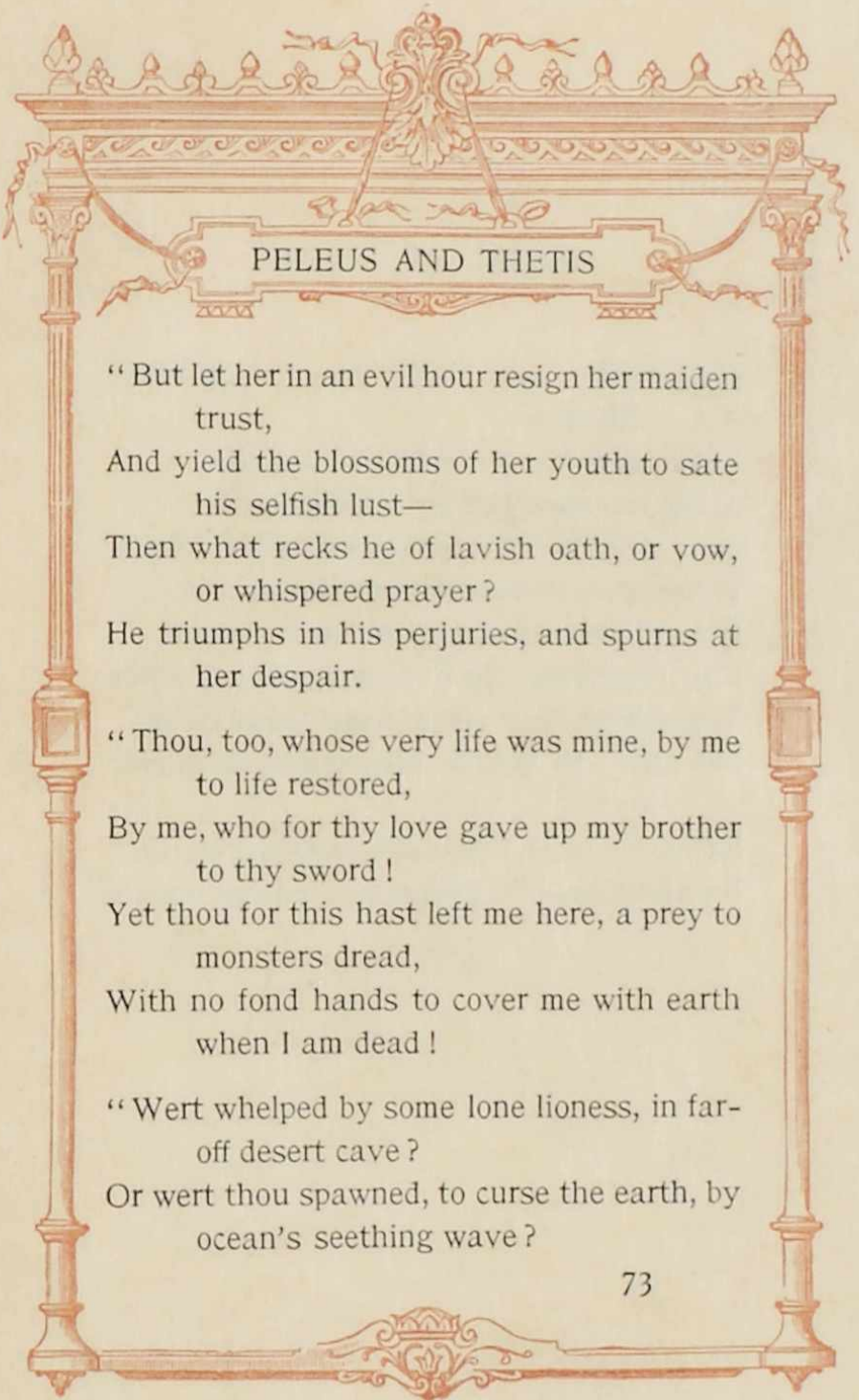
While yet the fire of his desire is hot within
his breast,

What will he not to woman swear, to heaven
what not protest?



PELEUS ET THETIS

Sed simulac cupidæ mentis satiata libidost,
Dicta nihil meminere, nihil periuria curant.
Certe ego te in medio versantem turbine leti
Eripui, et potius germanum amittere crevi,
Quam tibi fallaci supremo in tempore dessem.
Pro quo dilaceranda feris dabor alitibusque
Præda, neque iniecta tumulabor mortua terra.
Quænam te genuit sola sub rupe læna?
Quod mare conceptum spumantibus expuit
undis?

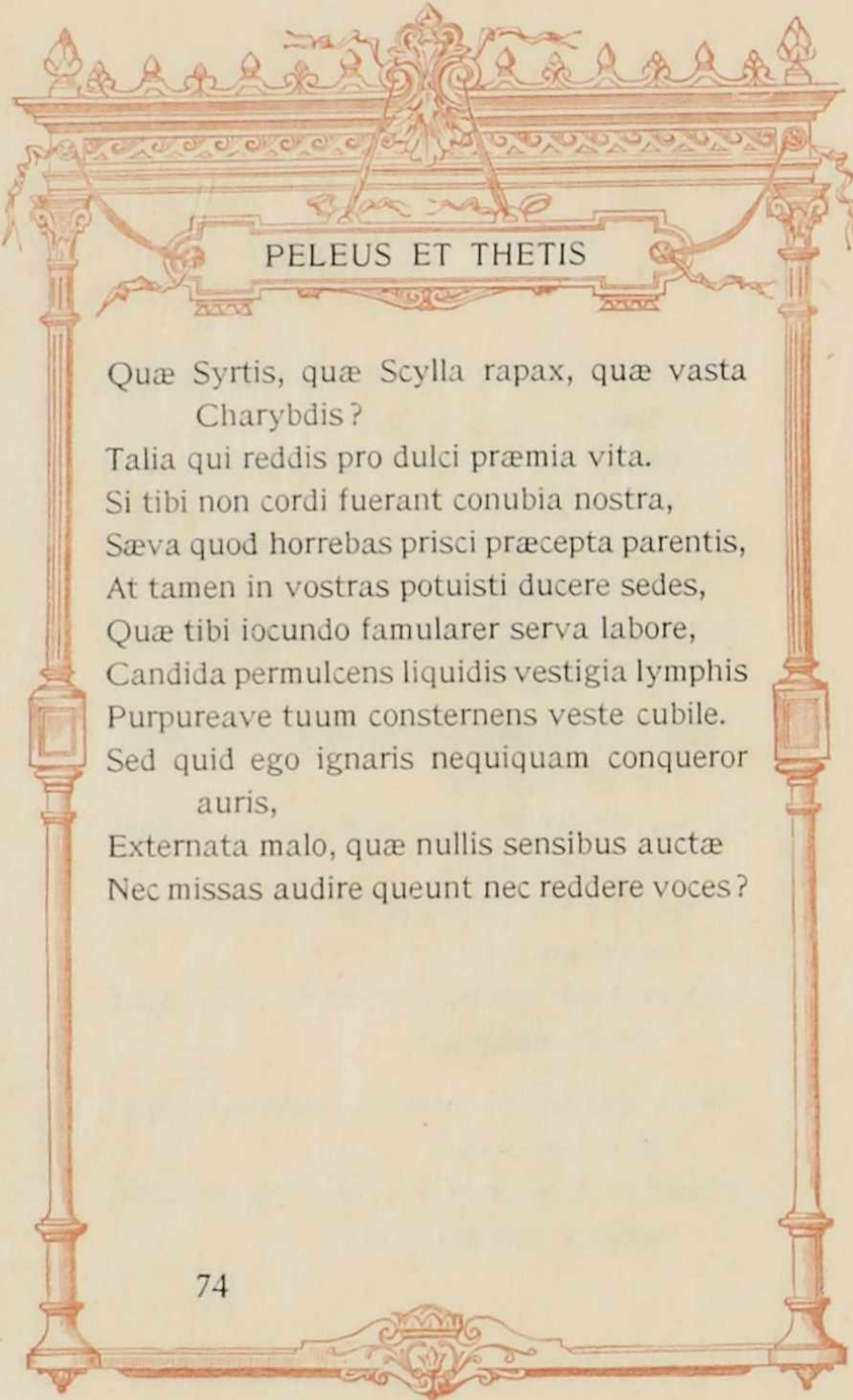


PELEUS AND THETIS

“ But let her in an evil hour resign her maiden
trust,
And yield the blossoms of her youth to sate
his selfish lust—
Then what recks he of lavish oath, or vow,
or whispered prayer?
He triumphs in his perjuries, and spurns at
her despair.

“ Thou, too, whose very life was mine, by me
to life restored,
By me, who for thy love gave up my brother
to thy sword!
Yet thou for this hast left me here, a prey to
monsters dread,
With no fond hands to cover me with earth
when I am dead!

“ Wert whelped by some lone lioness, in far-
off desert cave?
Or wert thou spawned, to curse the earth, by
ocean’s seething wave?



PELEUS ET THETIS

Quæ Syrtis, quæ Scylla rapax, quæ vasta
Charybdis?

Talia qui reddis pro dulci præmia vita.
Si tibi non cordi fuerant conubia nostra,
Sæva quod horrebas prisce præcepta parentis,
At tamen in vostras potuisti ducere sedes,
Quæ tibi iocundo famularer serva labore,
Candida permulcens liquidis vestigia lymphis
Purpureave tuum consternens veste cubile.
Sed quid ego ignaris nequiquam conqueror
auris,

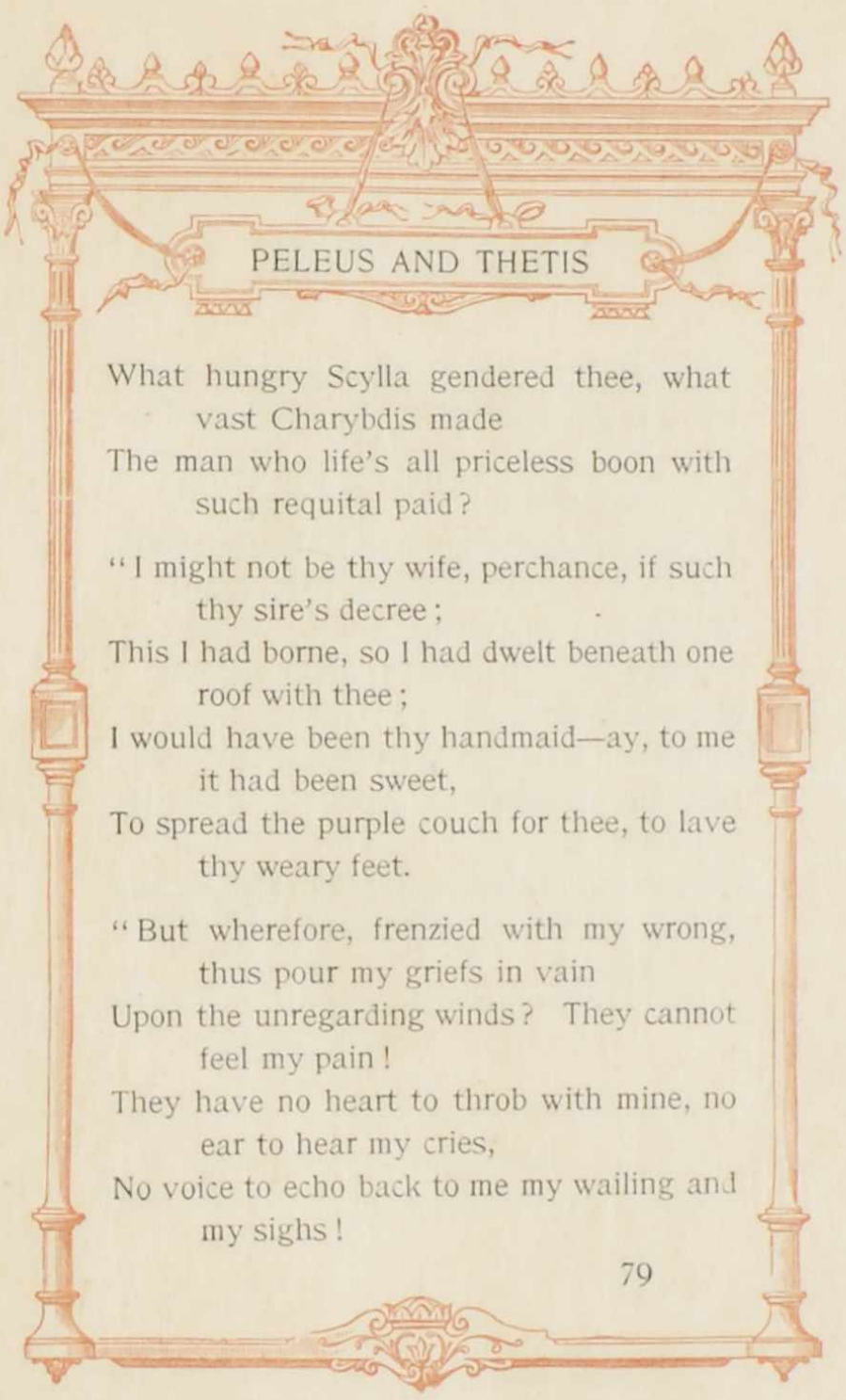
Externata malo, quæ nullis sensibus auctæ
Nec missas audire queunt nec reddere voces?

PELEUS ET THETIS



PELEUS AND THETIS



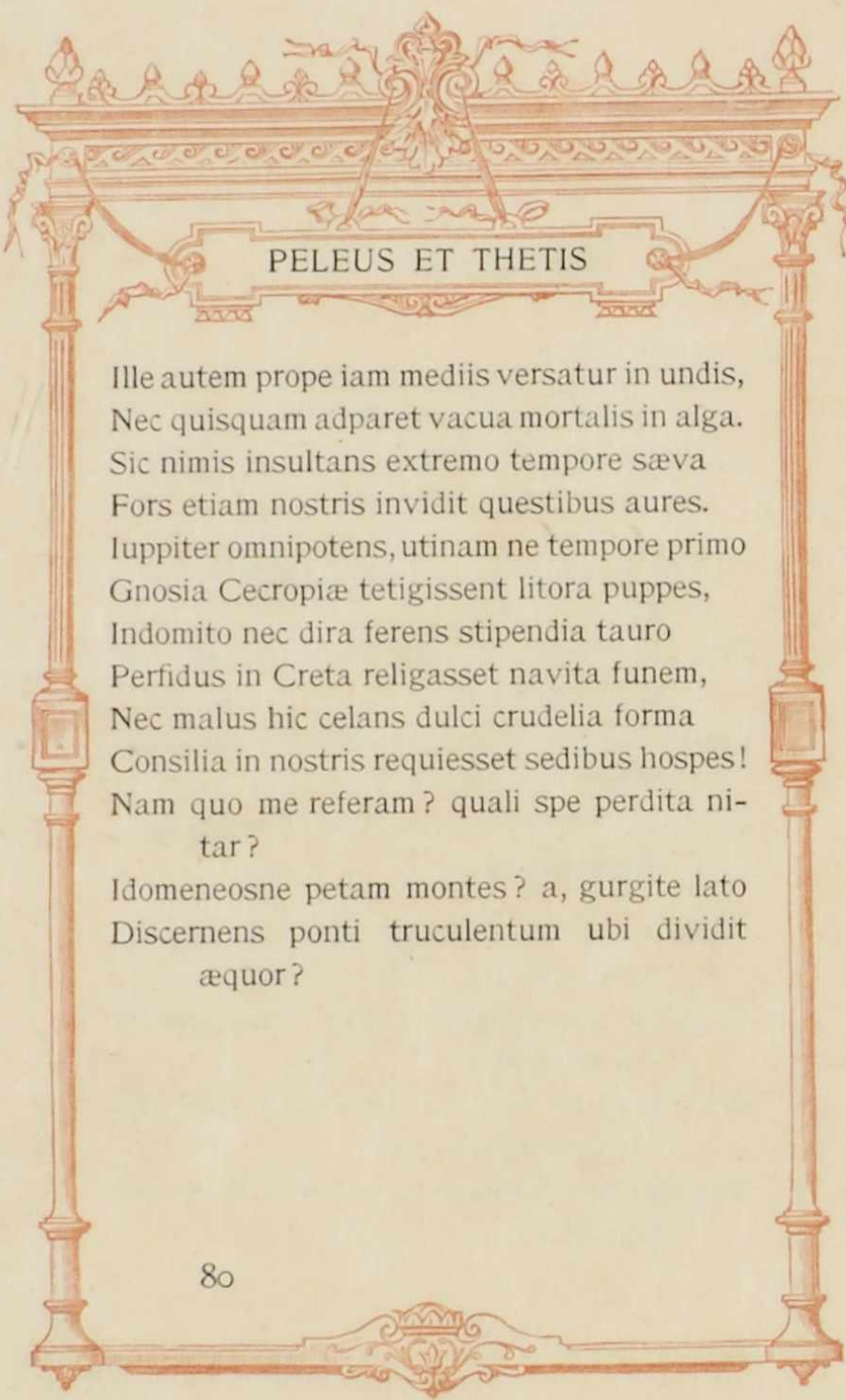


PELEUS AND THETIS

What hungry Scylla gendered thee, what
vast Charybdis made
The man who life's all priceless boon with
such requital paid?

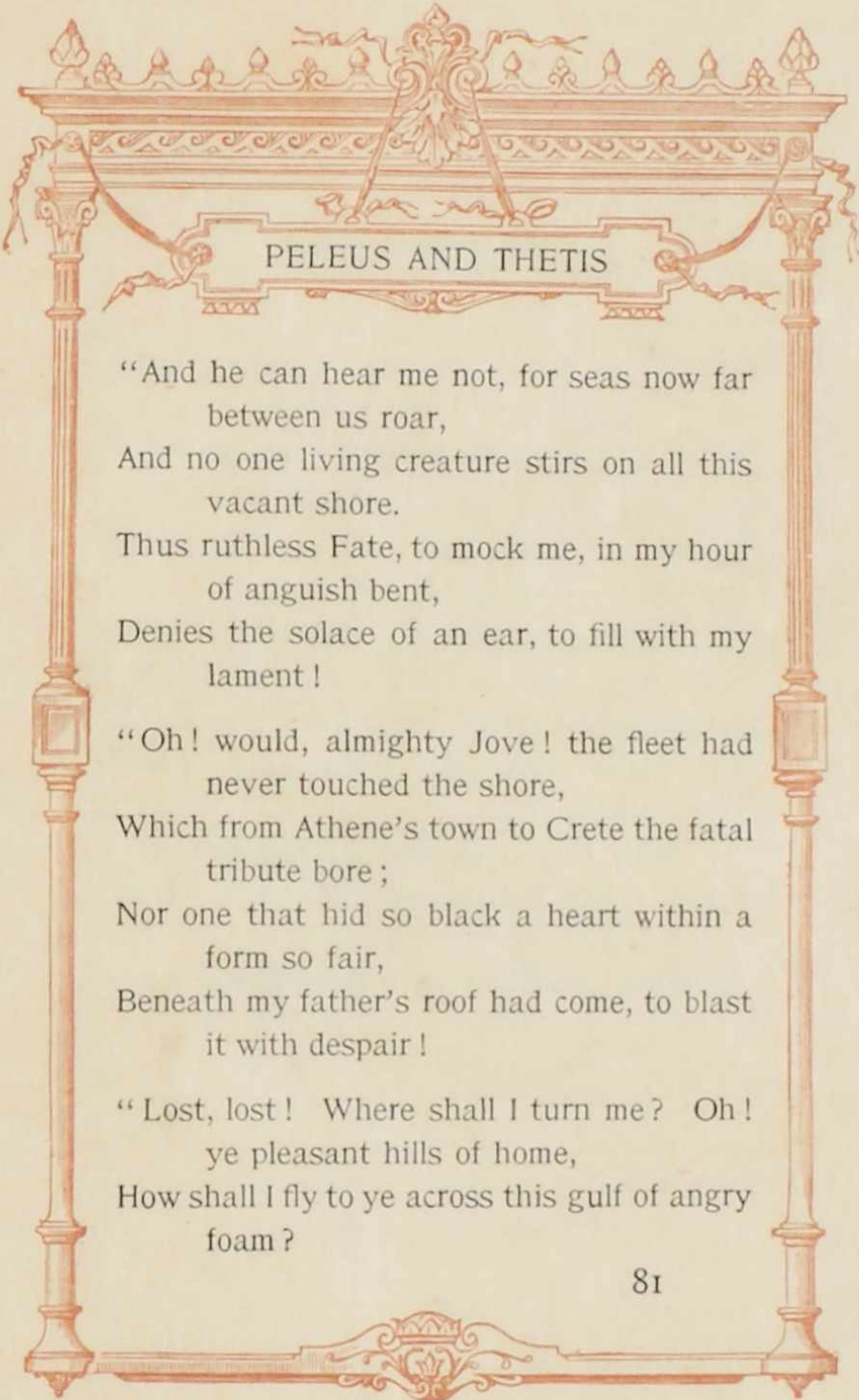
"I might not be thy wife, perchance, if such
thy sire's decree ;
This I had borne, so I had dwelt beneath one
roof with thee ;
I would have been thy handmaid—ay, to me
it had been sweet,
To spread the purple couch for thee, to lave
thy weary feet.

"But wherefore, frenzied with my wrong,
thus pour my griefs in vain
Upon the unregarding winds? They cannot
feel my pain !
They have no heart to throb with mine, no
ear to hear my cries,
No voice to echo back to me my wailing and
my sighs !



PELEUS ET THETIS

Ille autem prope iam mediis versatur in undis,
Nec quisquam adparet vacua mortalis in alga.
Sic nimis insultans extremo tempore sæva
Fors etiam nostris invidit questibus aures.
Iuppiter omnipotens, utinam ne tempore primo
Gnosia Cecropiæ tetigissent litora puppes,
Indomito nec dira ferens stipendia tauro
Perfidus in Creta religasset navita funem,
Nec malus hic celans dulci crudelia forma
Consilia in nostris requiesset sedibus hospes!
Nam quo me referam? quali spe perdita ni-
tar?
Idomeneosne petam montes? a, gurgite lato
Discernens ponti truculentum ubi dividit
æquor?



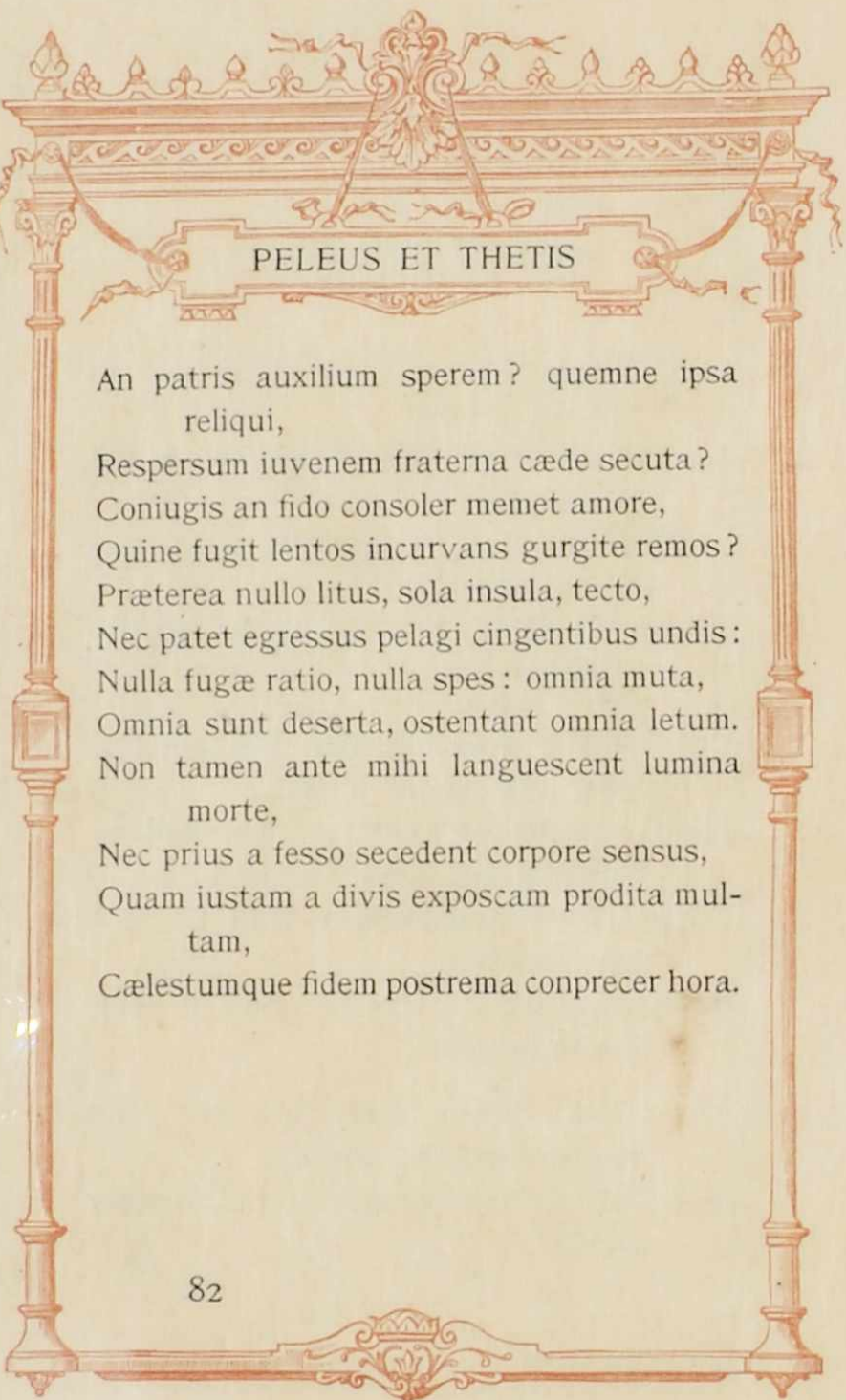
PELEUS AND THETIS

“And he can hear me not, for seas now far
between us roar,
And no one living creature stirs on all this
vacant shore.

Thus ruthless Fate, to mock me, in my hour
of anguish bent,
Denies the solace of an ear, to fill with my
lament!

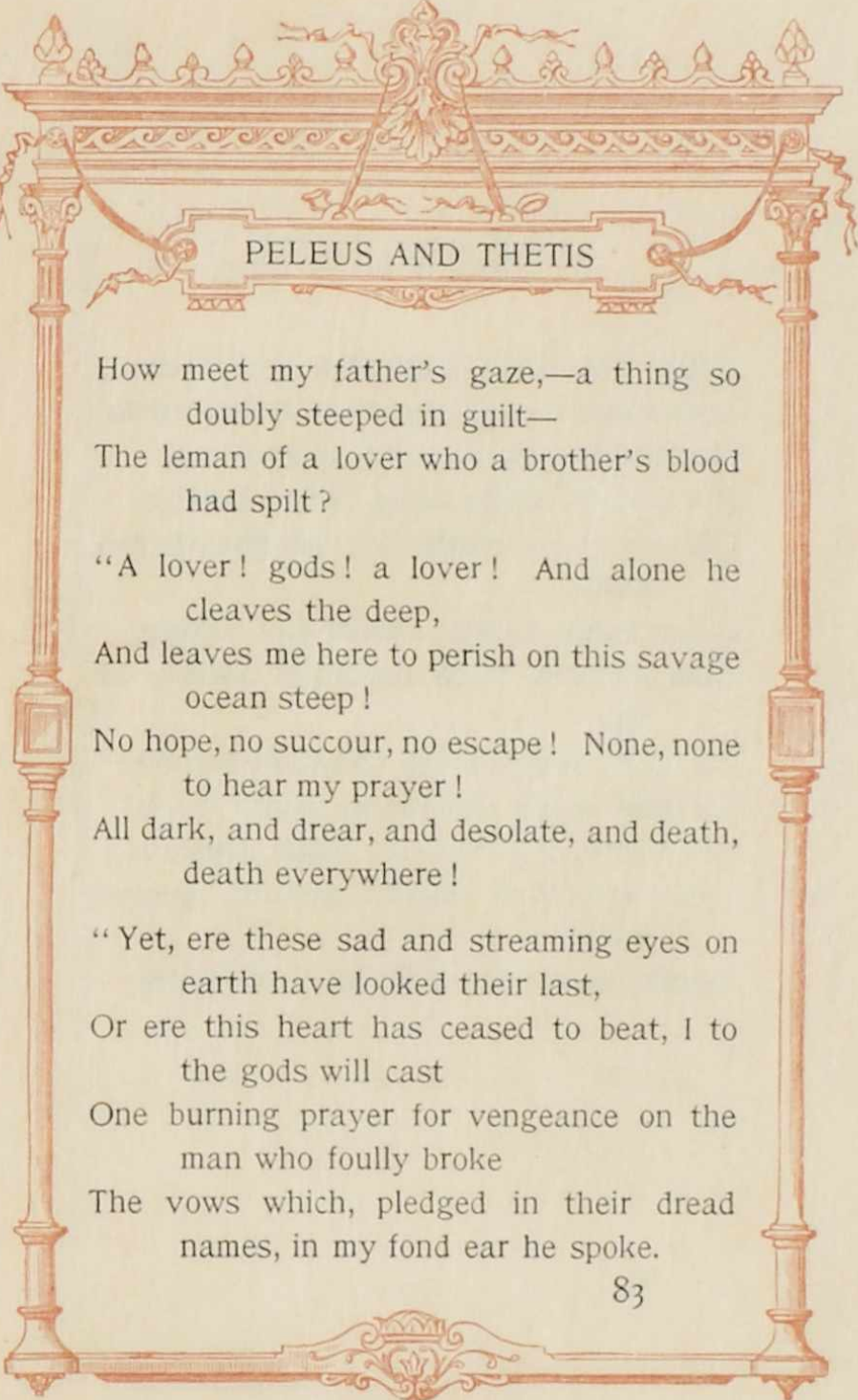
“Oh! would, almighty Jove! the fleet had
never touched the shore,
Which from Athene’s town to Crete the fatal
tribute bore;
Nor one that hid so black a heart within a
form so fair,
Beneath my father’s roof had come, to blast
it with despair!

“Lost, lost! Where shall I turn me? Oh!
ye pleasant hills of home,
How shall I fly to ye across this gulf of angry
foam?



PELEUS ET THETIS

An patris auxilium sperem? quemne ipsa
reliqui,
Respersum iuvenem fraterna cæde secuta?
Coniugis an fido consoler memet amore,
Quine fugit lentos incurvans gurgite remos?
Præterea nullo litus, sola insula, tecto,
Nec patet egressus pelagi cingentibus undis:
Nulla fugæ ratio, nulla spes: omnia muta,
Omnia sunt deserta, ostentant omnia letum.
Non tamen ante mihi languescent lumina
morte,
Nec prius a fesso secedent corpore sensus,
Quam iustam a divis exposcam prodita mul-
tam,
Cælestumque fidem postrema conprecer hora.

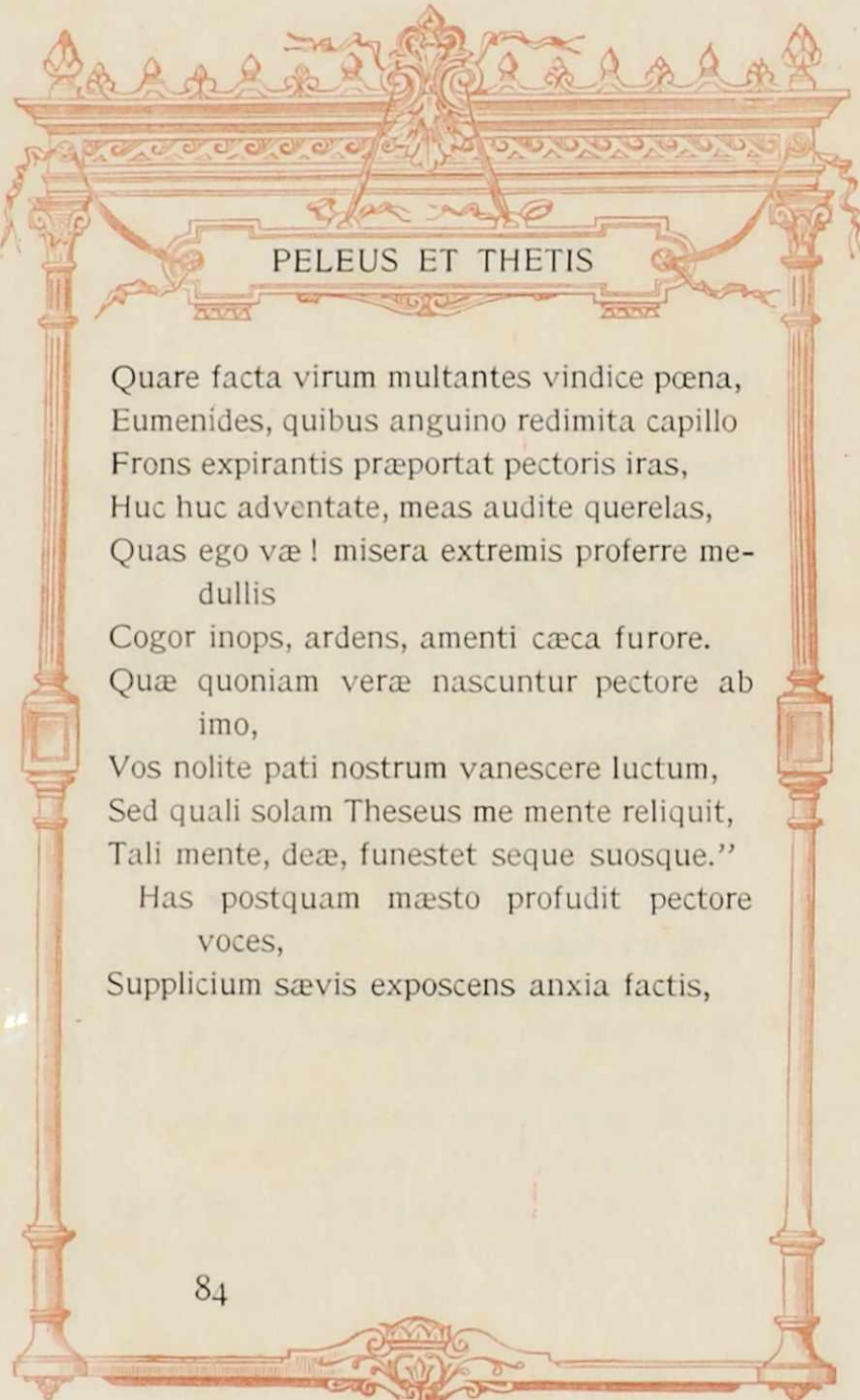


PELEUS AND THETIS

How meet my father's gaze,—a thing so
doubly steeped in guilt—
The leman of a lover who a brother's blood
had spilt?

“A lover! gods! a lover! And alone he
cleaves the deep,
And leaves me here to perish on this savage
ocean steep!
No hope, no succour, no escape! None, none
to hear my prayer!
All dark, and drear, and desolate, and death,
death everywhere!

“Yet, ere these sad and streaming eyes on
earth have looked their last,
Or ere this heart has ceased to beat, I to
the gods will cast
One burning prayer for vengeance on the
man who foully broke
The vows which, pledged in their dread
names, in my fond ear he spoke.



PELEUS ET THETIS

Quare facta virum multantes vindice pœna,
Eumenides, quibus anguino redimita capillo
Frons expirantis præportat pectoris iras,
Huc huc adventate, meas audite querelas,
Quas ego vœ! misera extremis proferre medullis

Cogor inops, ardens, amenti cæca furore.
Quæ quoniam veræ nascuntur pectore ab imo,

Vos nolite pati nostrum vanescere luctum,
Sed quali solam Theseus me mente reliquit,
Tali mente, deæ, funestet seque suosque.”

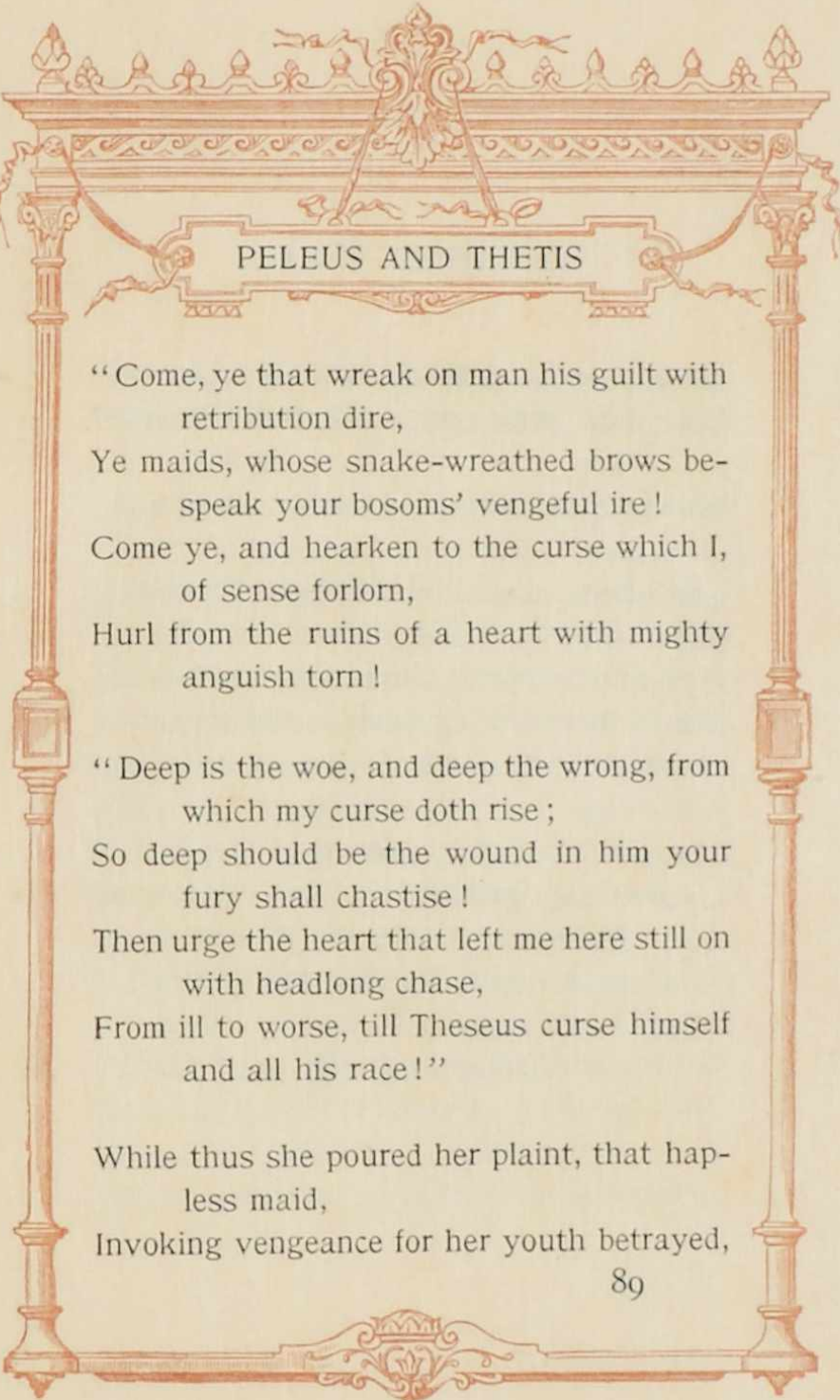
Has postquam mæsto profudit pectore voces,
Supplicium sævis exposcens anxia factis,

PELEUS ET THETIS



PELEUS AND THETIS



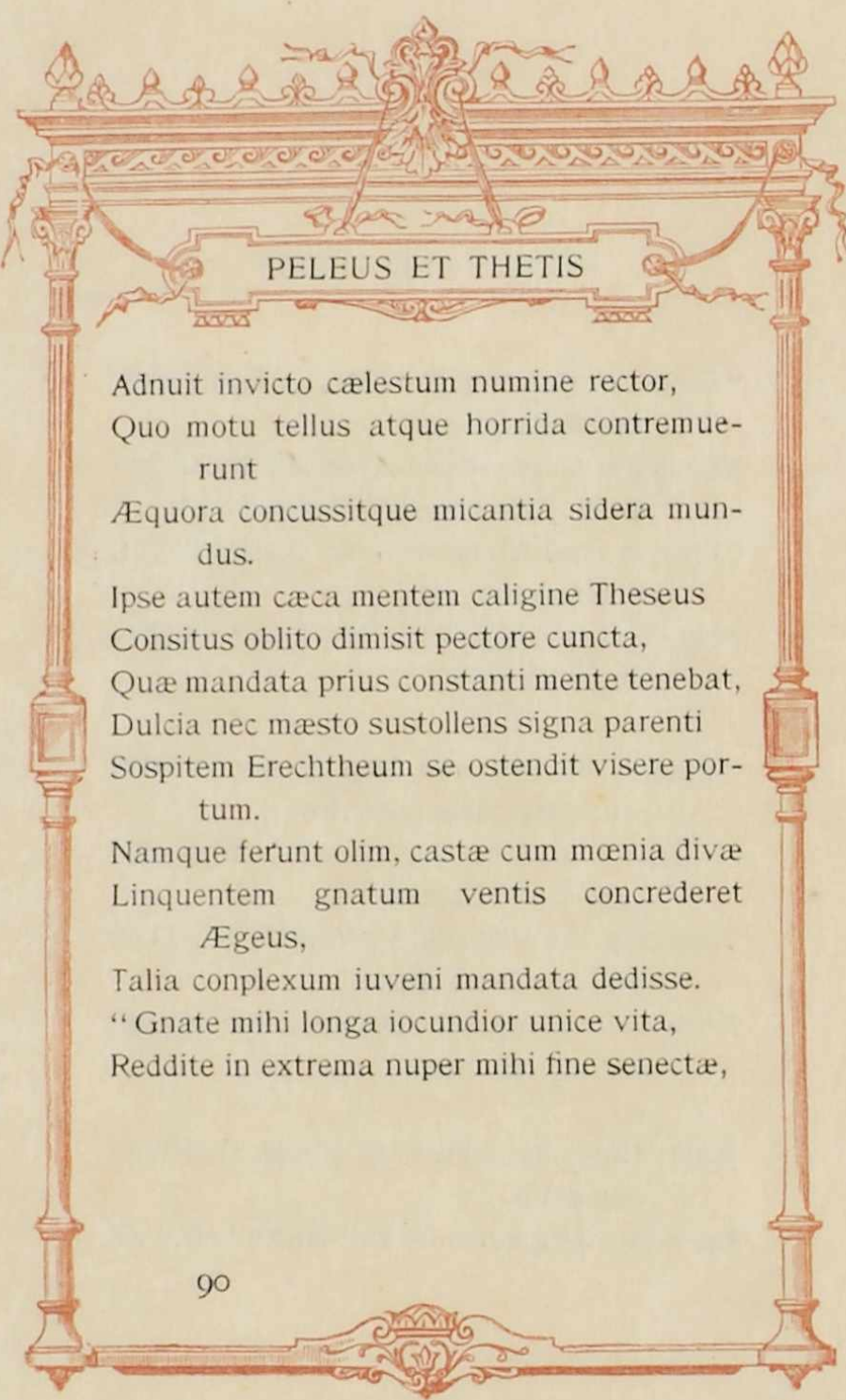


PELEUS AND THETIS

“Come, ye that wreak on man his guilt with
retribution dire,
Ye maids, whose snake-wreathed brows be-
speak your bosoms’ vengeful ire !
Come ye, and hearken to the curse which I,
of sense forlorn,
Hurl from the ruins of a heart with mighty
anguish torn !

“Deep is the woe, and deep the wrong, from
which my curse doth rise ;
So deep should be the wound in him your
fury shall chastise !
Then urge the heart that left me here still on
with headlong chase,
From ill to worse, till Theseus curse himself
and all his race !”

While thus she poured her plaint, that hap-
less maid,
Invoking vengeance for her youth betrayed,



PELEUS ET THETIS

Adnuit invicto cælestum numine rector,
Quo motu tellus atque horrida contremue-
runt

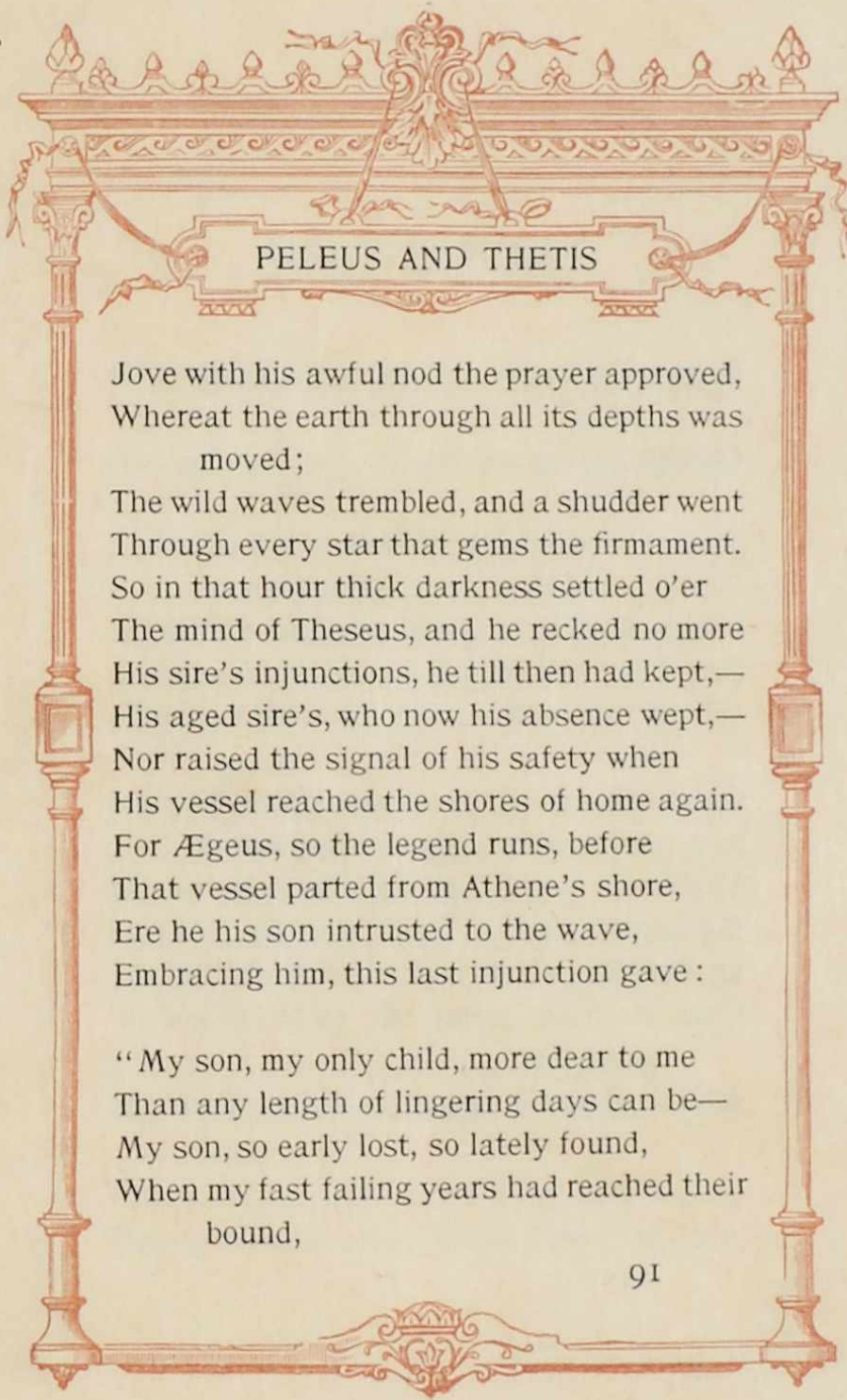
Æquora concussitque micantia sidera mun-
dus.

Ipsæ autem cæca mentem caligine Theseus
Consitus oblito dimisit pectore cuncta,
Quæ mandata prius constanti mente tenebat,
Dulcia nec mæsto sustollens signa parenti
Sospitem Erechtheum se ostendit visere por-
tum.

Namque ferunt olim, castæ cum mœnia divæ
Linquentem gnatum ventis concrederet
Ægeus,

Talia complexum iuveni mandata dedisse.

“Gnate mihi longa iocundior unice vita,
Reddite in extrema nuper mihi fine senectæ,

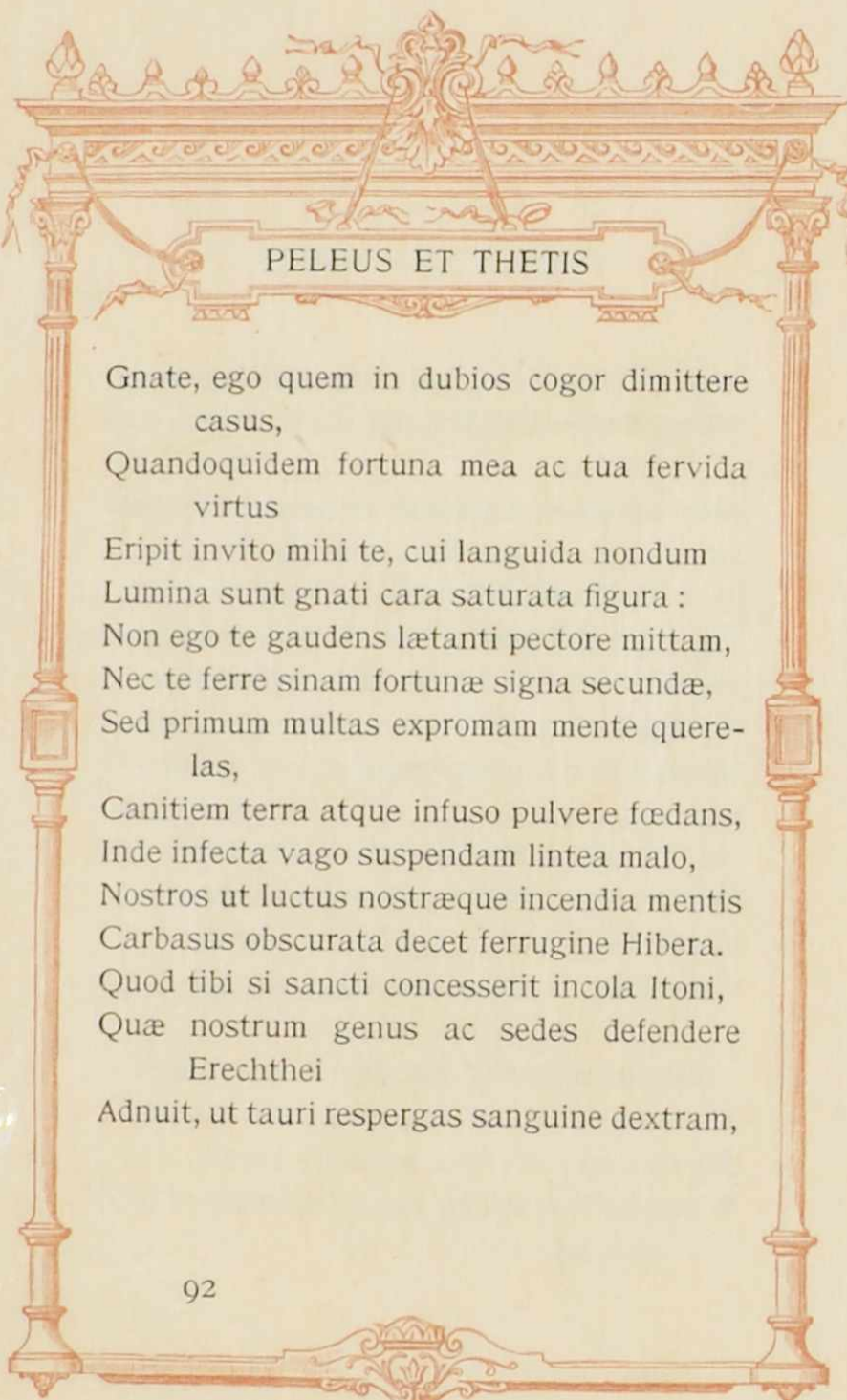


PELEUS AND THETIS

Jove with his awful nod the prayer approved,
Whereat the earth through all its depths was
moved;

The wild waves trembled, and a shudder went
Through every star that gems the firmament.
So in that hour thick darkness settled o'er
The mind of Theseus, and he recked no more
His sire's injunctions, he till then had kept,—
His aged sire's, who now his absence wept,—
Nor raised the signal of his safety when
His vessel reached the shores of home again.
For Ægeus, so the legend runs, before
That vessel parted from Athene's shore,
Ere he his son intrusted to the wave,
Embracing him, this last injunction gave :

“My son, my only child, more dear to me
Than any length of lingering days can be—
My son, so early lost, so lately found,
When my fast failing years had reached their
bound,



PELEUS ET THETIS

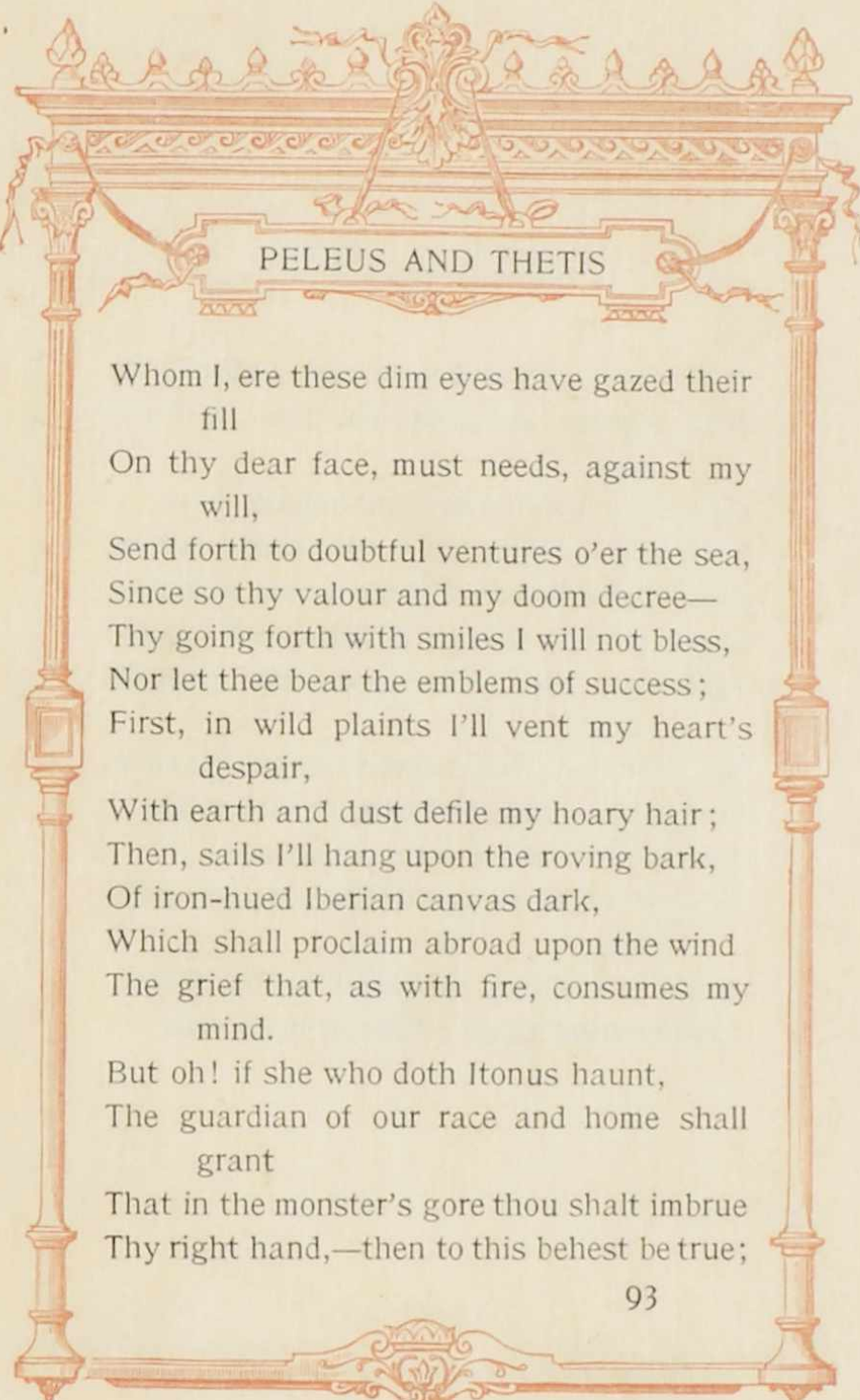
Gnate, ego quem in dubios cogor dimittere
casus,

Quandoquidem fortuna mea ac tua fervida
virtus

Eripit invito mihi te, cui languida nondum
Lumina sunt gnati cara saturata figura :
Non ego te gaudens lætanti pectore mittam,
Nec te ferre sinam fortunæ signa secundæ,
Sed primum multas expromam mente quere-
las,

Canitiem terra atque infuso pulvere fœdans,
Inde infecta vago suspendam lintea malo,
Nostros ut luctus nostræque incendia mentis
Carbasus obscurata decet ferrugine Hibera.
Quod tibi si sancti concesserit incola Itoni,
Quæ nostrum genus ac sedes defendere
Erechthei

Adnuit, ut tauri respergas sanguine dextram,



PELEUS AND THETIS

Whom I, ere these dim eyes have gazed their
fill

On thy dear face, must needs, against my
will,

Send forth to doubtful ventures o'er the sea,
Since so thy valour and my doom decree—

Thy going forth with smiles I will not bless,

Nor let thee bear the emblems of success ;

First, in wild plaints I'll vent my heart's
despair,

With earth and dust defile my hoary hair ;

Then, sails I'll hang upon the roving bark,

Of iron-hued Iberian canvas dark,

Which shall proclaim abroad upon the wind

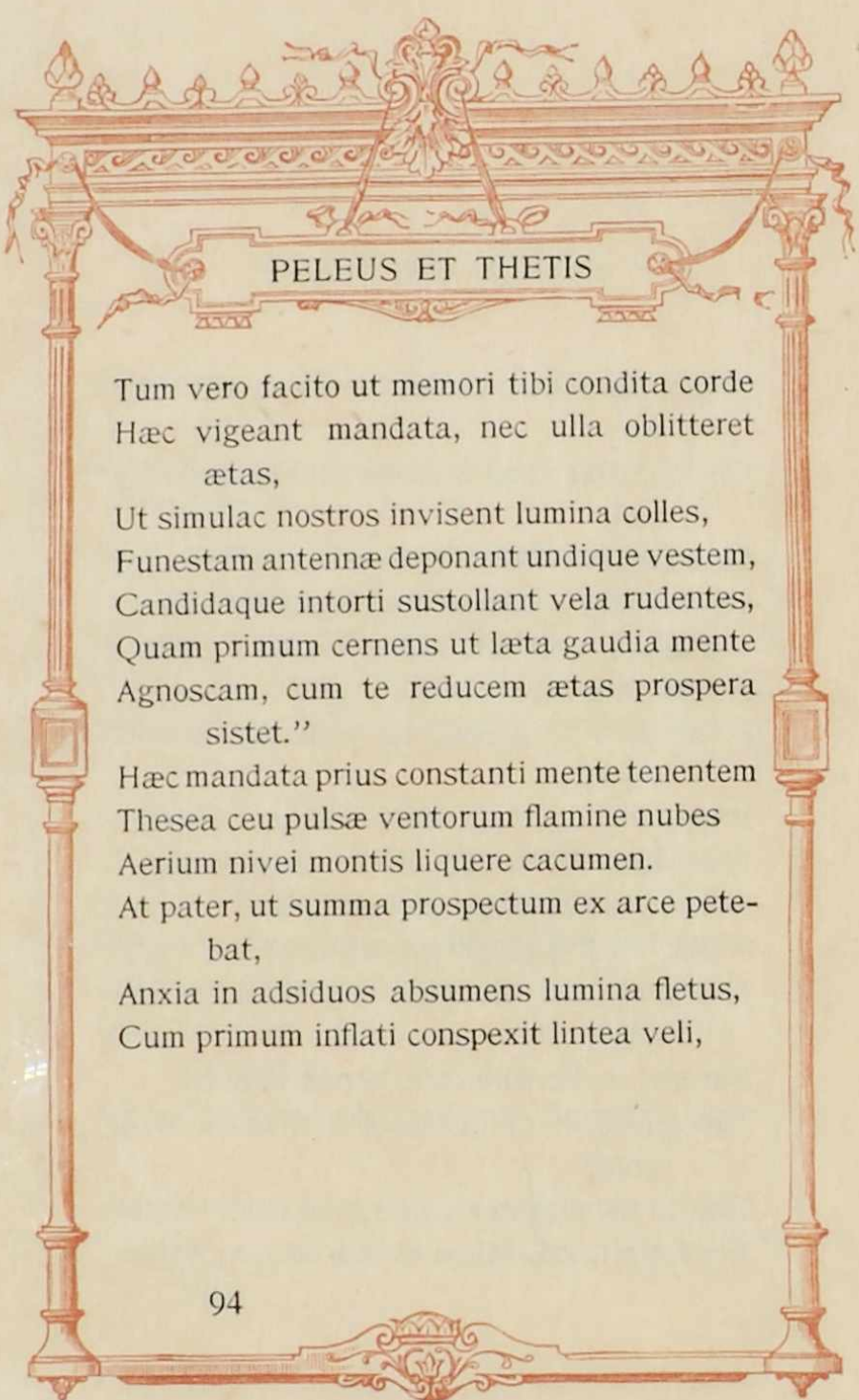
The grief that, as with fire, consumes my
mind.

But oh! if she who doth Itonus haunt,

The guardian of our race and home shall
grant

That in the monster's gore thou shalt imbrue

Thy right hand,—then to this behest be true;



PELEUS ET THETIS

Tum vero facito ut memori tibi condita corde
Hæc vigeant mandata, nec ulla oblitteret
ætas,

Ut simulac nostros invisent lumina colles,
Funestam antennæ deponant undique vestem,
Candidaque intorti sustollant vela rudentes,
Quam primum cernens ut læta gaudia mente
Agnoscam, cum te reducem ætas prospera
sistet.”

Hæc mandata prius constanti mente tenentem
Thesea ceu pulsæ ventorum flamine nubes
Aerium nivei montis liquere cacumen.

At pater, ut summa prospectum ex arce pete-
bat,

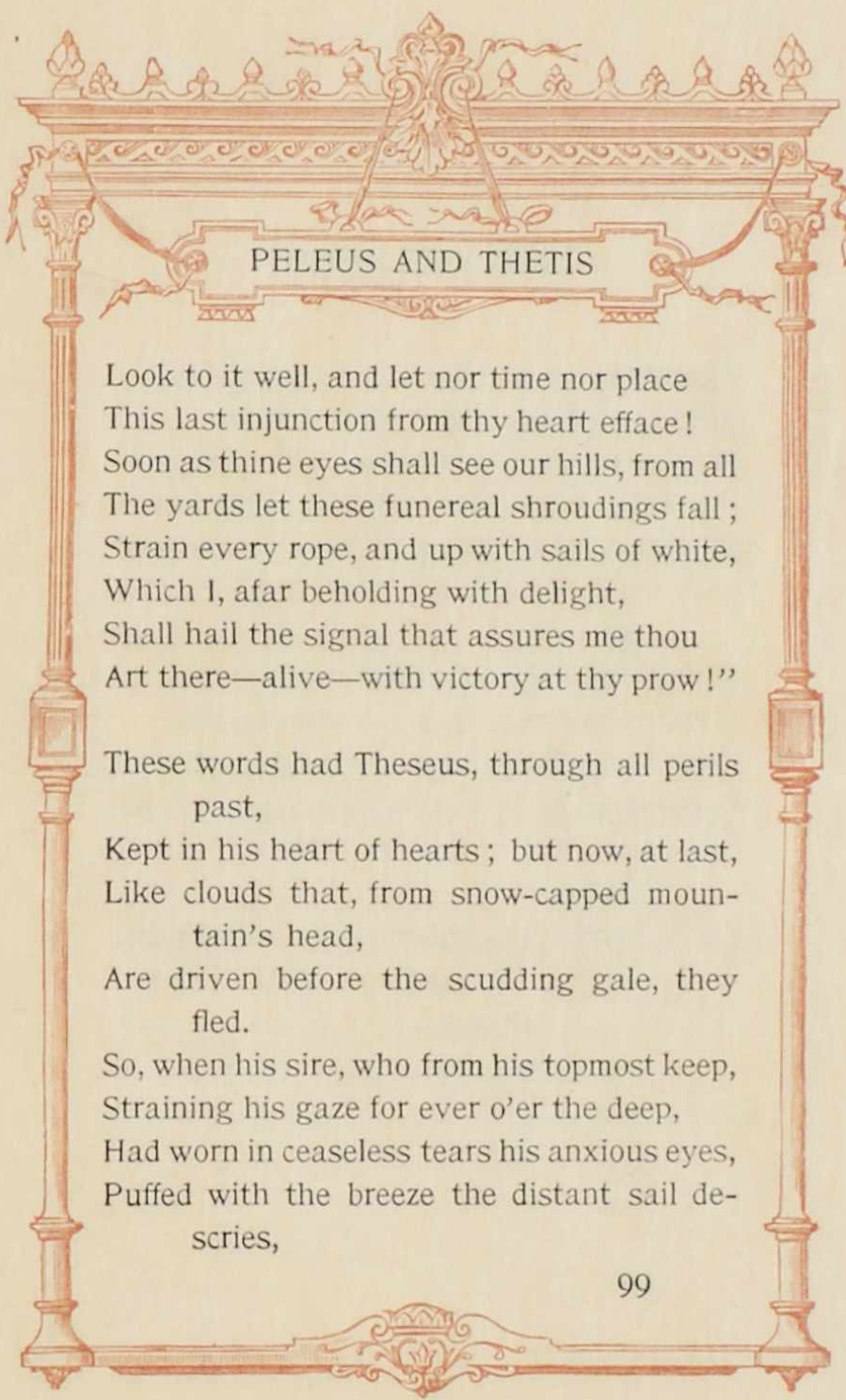
Anxia in adsiduos absumens lumina fletus,
Cum primum inflati conspexit lintea veli,

PELEUS ET THETIS



PELEUS AND THETIS



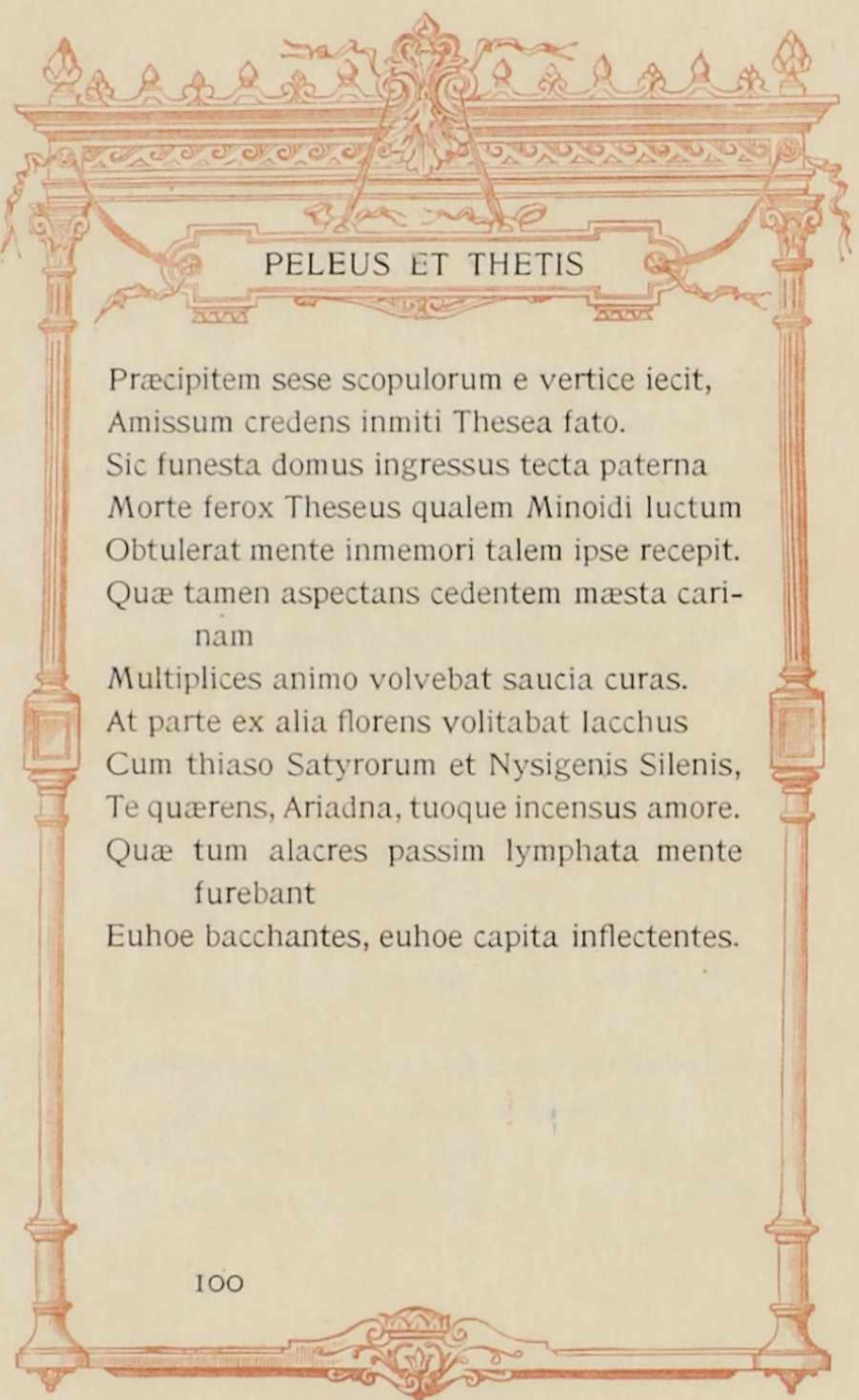


PELEUS AND THETIS

Look to it well, and let nor time nor place
This last injunction from thy heart efface !
Soon as thine eyes shall see our hills, from all
The yards let these funereal shroudings fall ;
Strain every rope, and up with sails of white,
Which I, afar beholding with delight,
Shall hail the signal that assures me thou
Art there—alive—with victory at thy prow !”

These words had Theseus, through all perils
past,
Kept in his heart of hearts ; but now, at last,
Like clouds that, from snow-capped moun-
tain’s head,
Are driven before the scudding gale, they
fled.

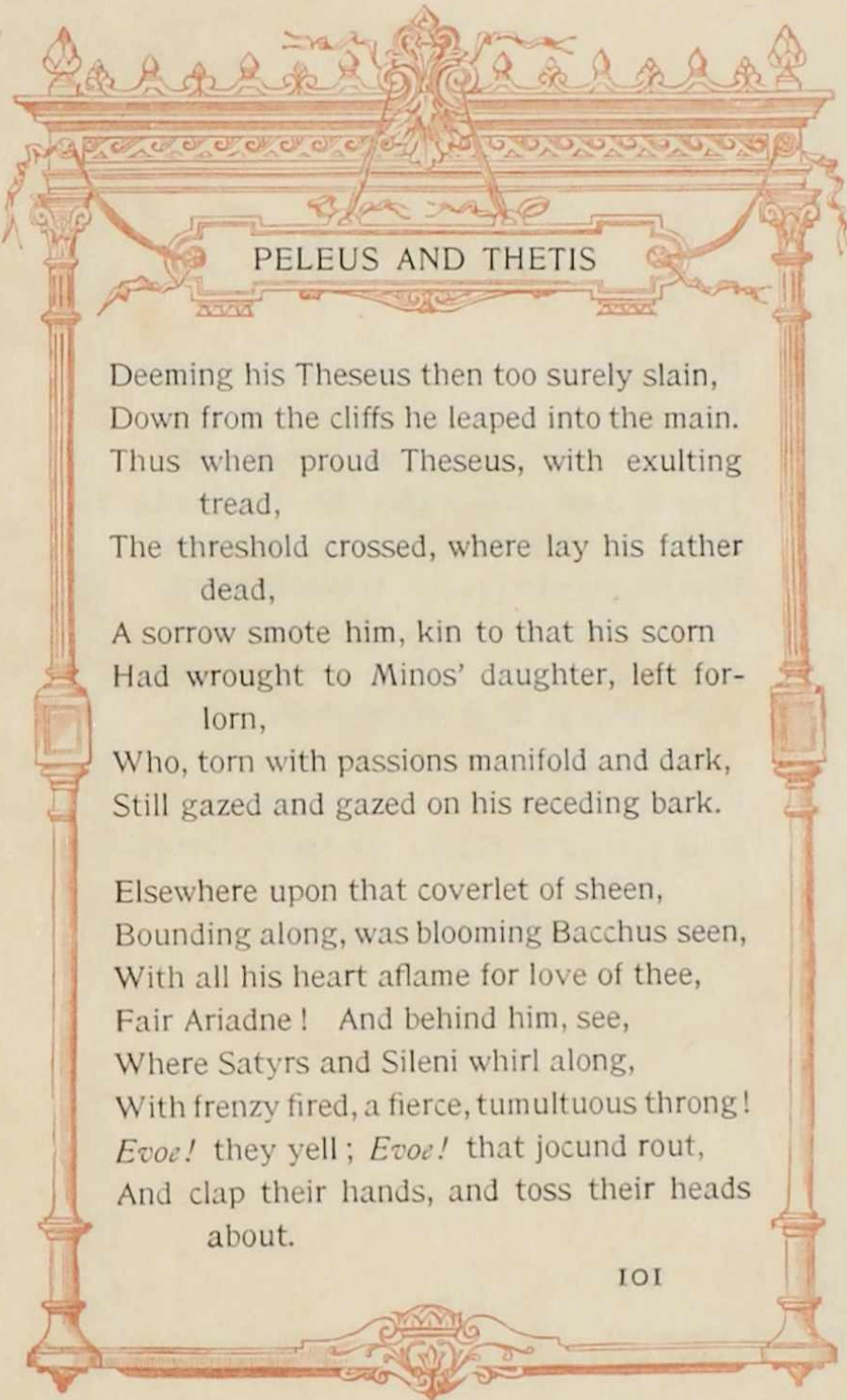
So, when his sire, who from his topmost keep,
Straining his gaze for ever o’er the deep,
Had worn in ceaseless tears his anxious eyes,
Puffed with the breeze the distant sail de-
scries,



PELEUS ET THETIS

Præcipitem sese scopulorum e vertice iecit,
Amissum credens inimiti Thesea fato.
Sic funesta domus ingressus tecta paterna
Morte ferox Theseus qualem Minoidi luctum
Obtulerat mente inmemori talem ipse recepit.
Quæ tamen aspectans cedentem mæsta cari-
nam

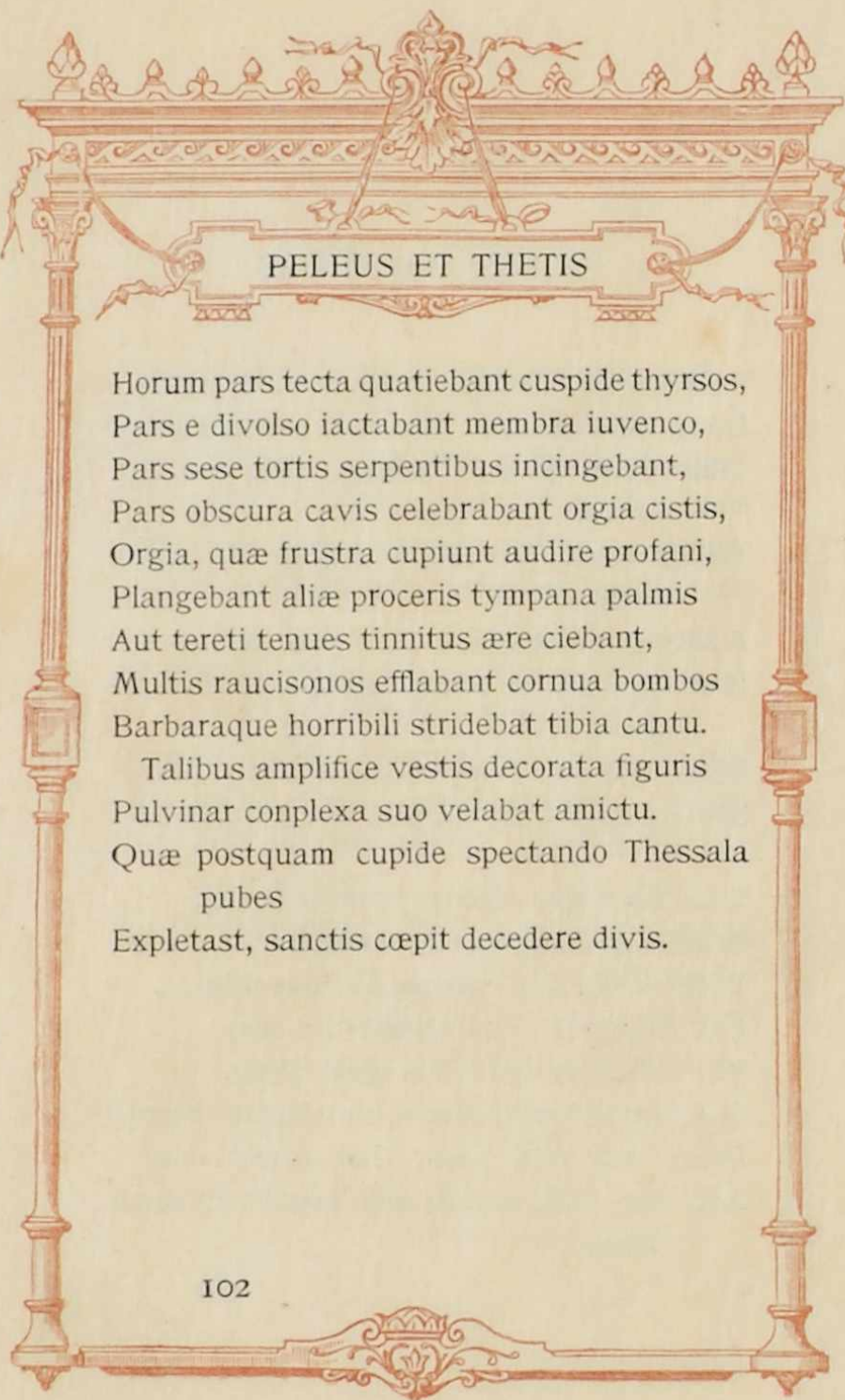
Multiplices animo volvebat saucia curas.
At parte ex alia florens volitabat Iacchus
Cum thiaso Satyrorum et Nysigenis Silenis,
Te quærens, Ariadna, tuoque incensus amore.
Quæ tum alacres passim lymphata mente
furebant
Euhoe bacchantes, euhoe capita inflectentes.



PELEUS AND THETIS

Deeming his Theseus then too surely slain,
Down from the cliffs he leaped into the main.
Thus when proud Theseus, with exulting
tread,
The threshold crossed, where lay his father
dead,
A sorrow smote him, kin to that his scorn
Had wrought to Minos' daughter, left for-
lorn,
Who, torn with passions manifold and dark,
Still gazed and gazed on his receding bark.

Elsewhere upon that coverlet of sheen,
Bounding along, was blooming Bacchus seen,
With all his heart aflame for love of thee,
Fair Ariadne! And behind him, see,
Where Satyrs and Sileni whirl along,
With frenzy fired, a fierce, tumultuous throng!
Evoe! they yell; *Evoe!* that jocund rout,
And clap their hands, and toss their heads
about.



PELEUS ET THETIS

Horum pars tecta quatiebant cuspidè thyrsos,
Pars e divolso iactabant membra iuenco,
Pars sese tortis serpentibus inungebant,
Pars obscura cavis celebrabant orgia cistis,
Orgia, quæ frustra cupiunt audire profani,
Plangebant aliæ proceris tympana palmis
Aut tereti tenues tinnitus ære ciebant,
Multis raucisonos efflabant cornua bombos
Barbaraque horribili stridebat tibia cantu.

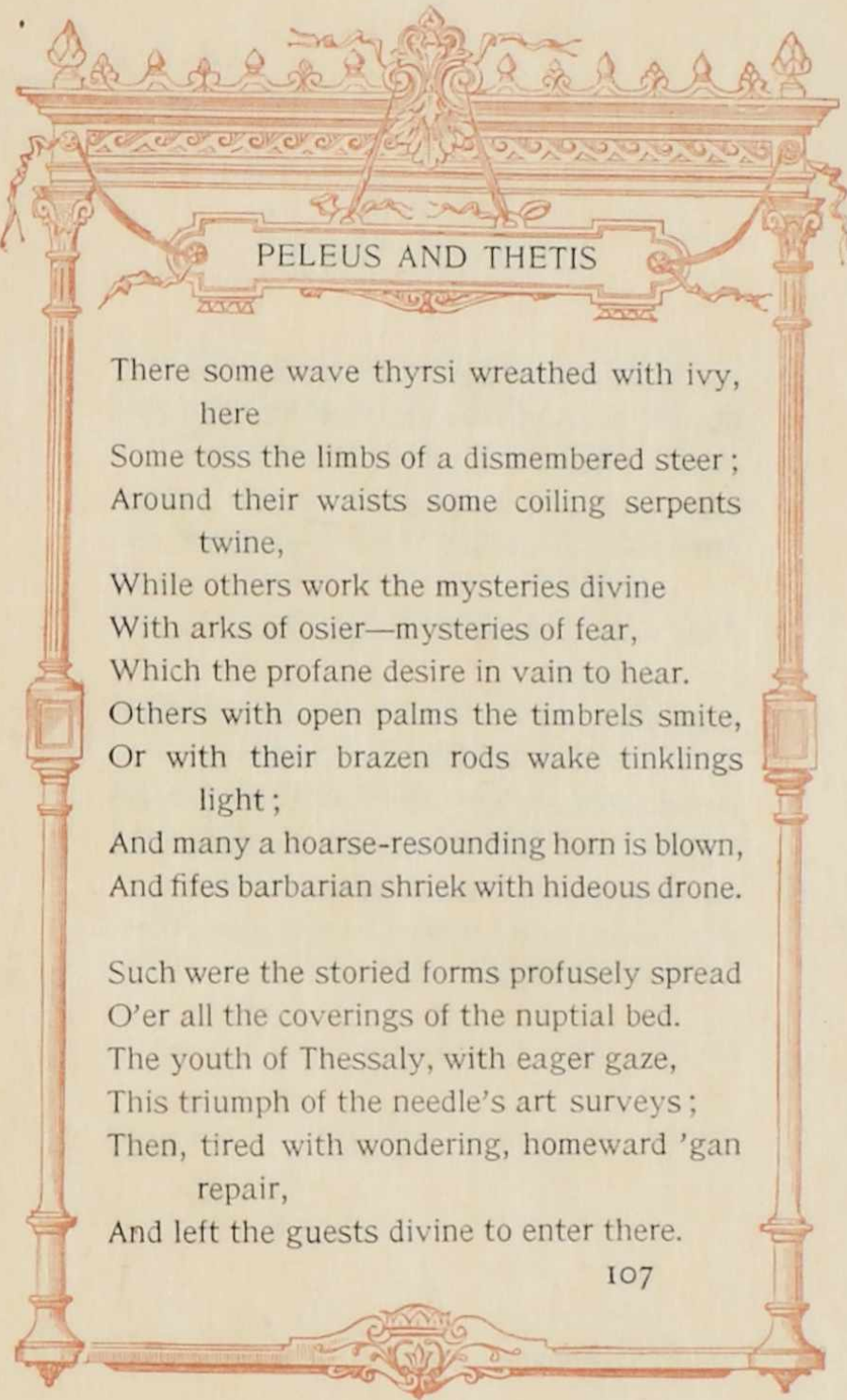
Talibus amplifice vestis decorata figuris
Pulvinar complexa suo velabat amictu.
Quæ postquam cupide spectando Thessala
pubes
Expletast, sanctis cœpit decedere divis.

PELEUS ET THETIS



PELEUS AND THETIS

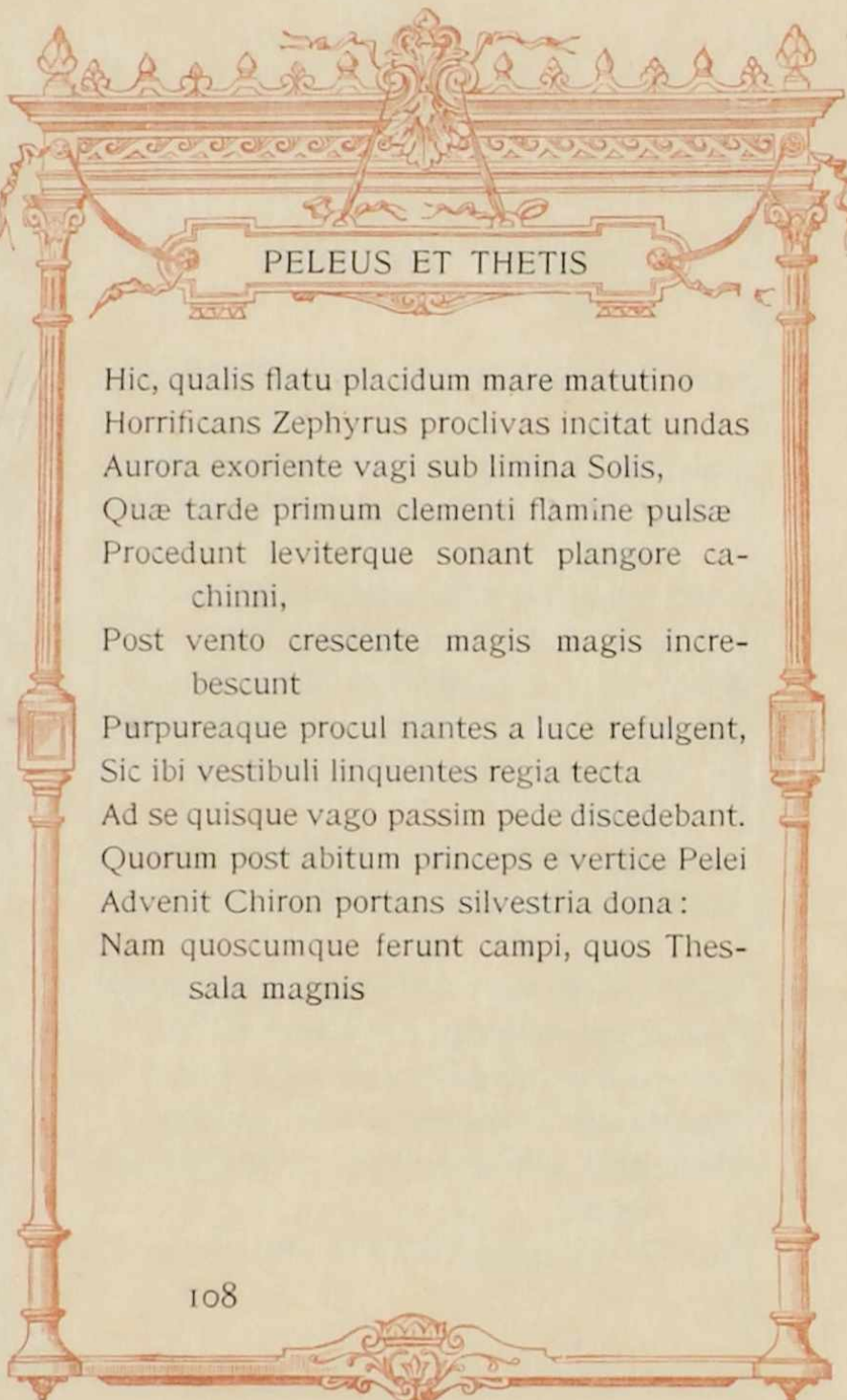




PELEUS AND THETIS

There some wave thyrsi wreathed with ivy,
here
Some toss the limbs of a dismembered steer ;
Around their waists some coiling serpents
twine,
While others work the mysteries divine
With arks of osier—mysteries of fear,
Which the profane desire in vain to hear.
Others with open palms the timbrels smite,
Or with their brazen rods wake tinklings
light ;
And many a hoarse-resounding horn is blown,
And fifes barbarian shriek with hideous drone.

Such were the storied forms profusely spread
O'er all the coverings of the nuptial bed.
The youth of Thessaly, with eager gaze,
This triumph of the needle's art surveys ;
Then, tired with wondering, homeward 'gan
repair,
And left the guests divine to enter there.



PELEUS ET THETIS

Hic, qualis flatu placidum mare matutino
Horrificans Zephyrus proclivas incitat undas
Aurora exoriente vagi sub limina Solis,
Quæ tarde primum clementi flamine pulsæ
Procedunt leviterque sonant plangore cac-
chinni,
Post vento crescente magis magis incre-
bescunt
Purpureaque procul nantes a luce refulgent,
Sic ibi vestibuli linquentes regia tecta
Ad se quisque vago passim pede discedebant.
Quorum post abitum princeps e vertice Pelei
Advenit Chiron portans silvestria dona:
Nam quoscumque ferunt campi, quos Thes-
sala magnis



PELEUS AND THETIS

As when at early dawn the western breeze
Into a ripple breaks the slumbering seas,
Which, gently stirred, move slowly on at
first,

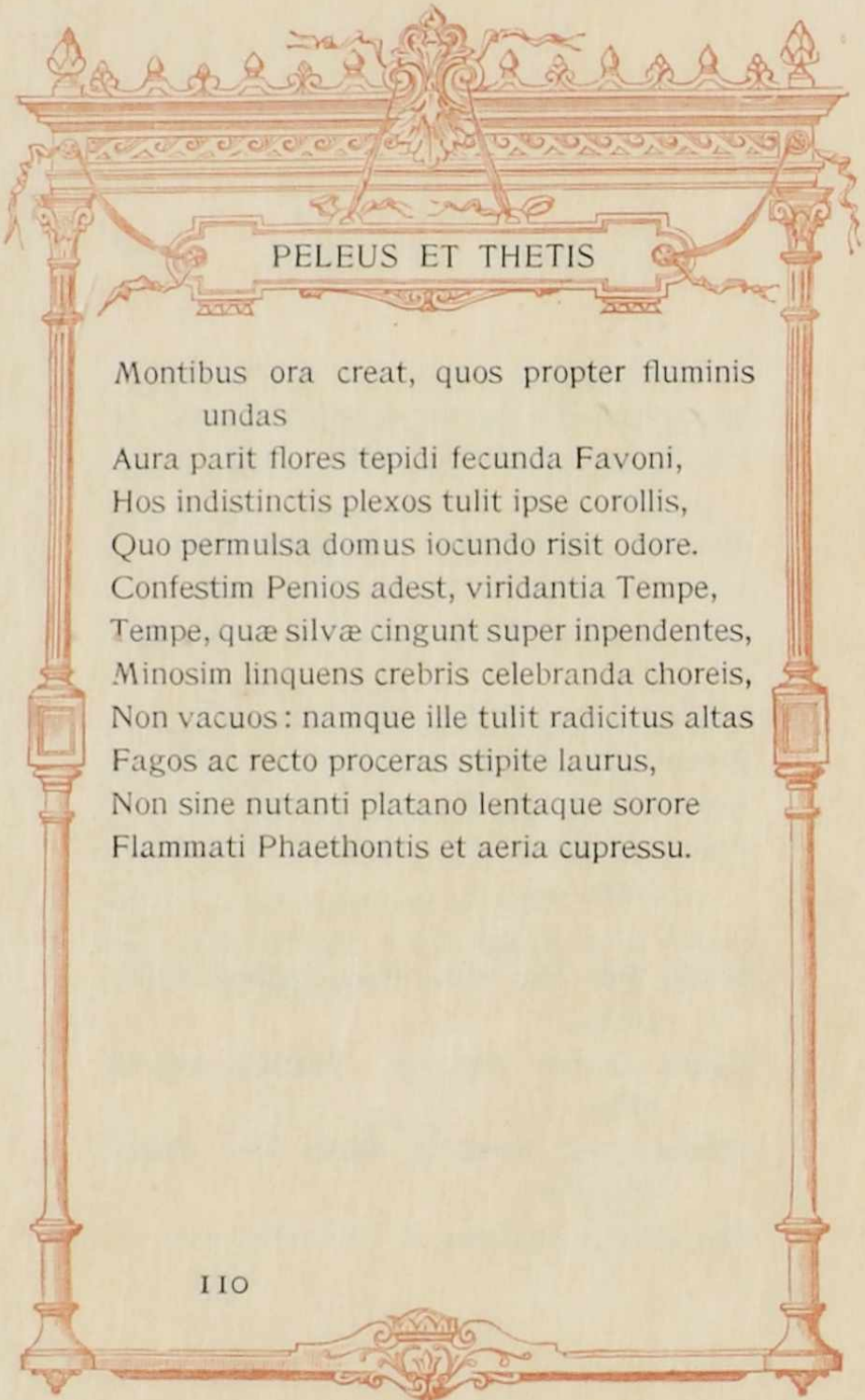
And into gurglings low of laughter burst;
Anon, as fresher blows the rising blast,
The waves crowd onwards faster and more
fast,

Floating away till they are lost to sight
Beneath the glow of the empurpled light—
So from the royal hills, and far from view,
Each to his home with wandering steps with-
drew.

When they had gone, from Pelion's rocky
clefts,
Came Chiron foremost, bearing sylvan
gifts.

Whate'er of loveliest decks the plains,
whate'er

The giant mountains of Thessalia bear,



PELEUS ET THETIS

Montibus ora creat, quos propter fluminis
undas

Aura parit flores tepidi fecunda Favoni,
Hos indistinctis plexos tulit ipse corollis,
Quo permulsa domus iocundo risit odore.
Confestim Penios adest, viridantia Tempe,
Tempe, quæ silvæ cingunt super inpendentes,
Minosim relinquens crebris celebranda choreis,
Non vacuos : namque ille tulit radicitus altas
Fagos ac recto proceras stipite laurus,
Non sine nutanti platano lentaque sorore
Flammati Phaethontis et aëria cupressu.

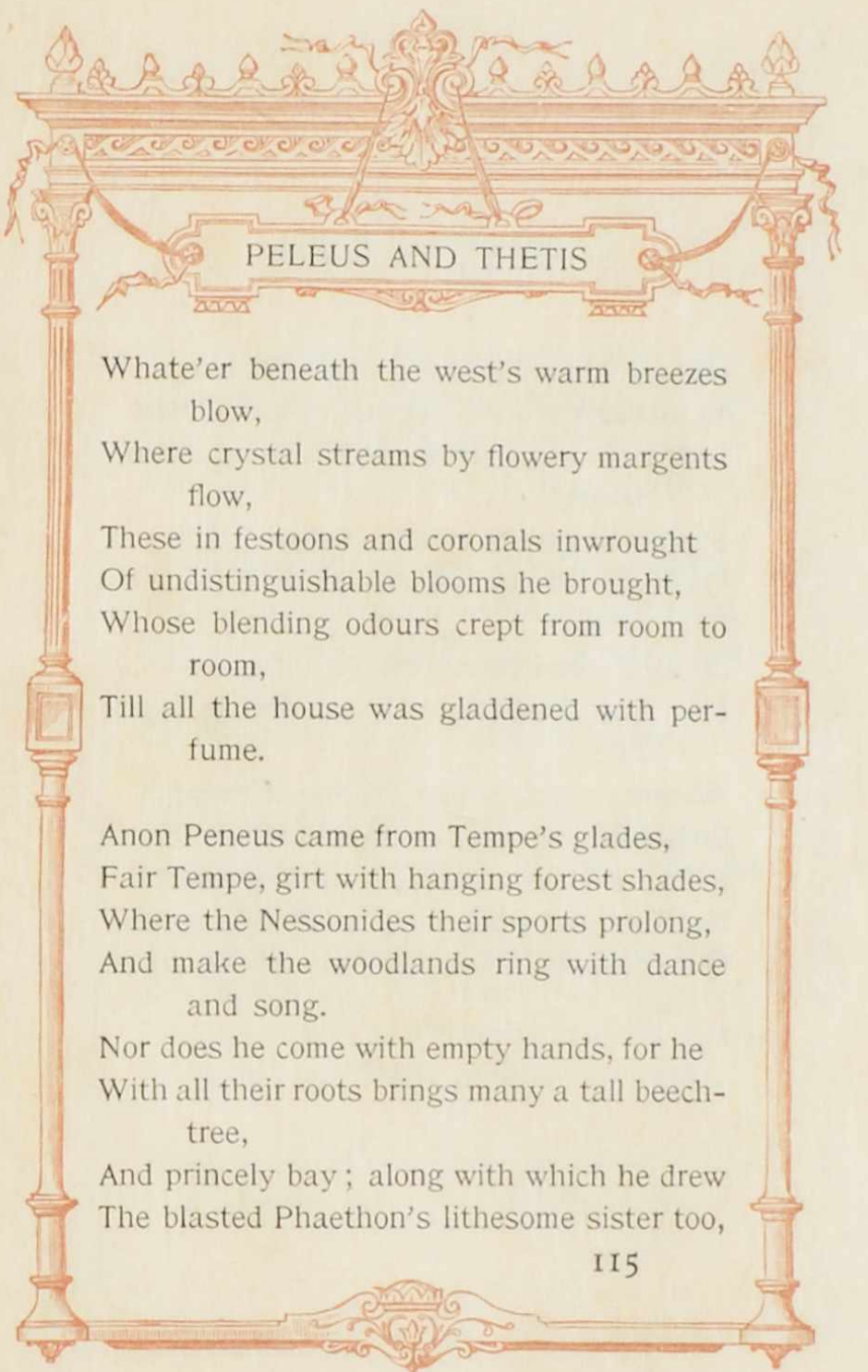


PELEUS ET THETIS



PELEUS AND THETIS



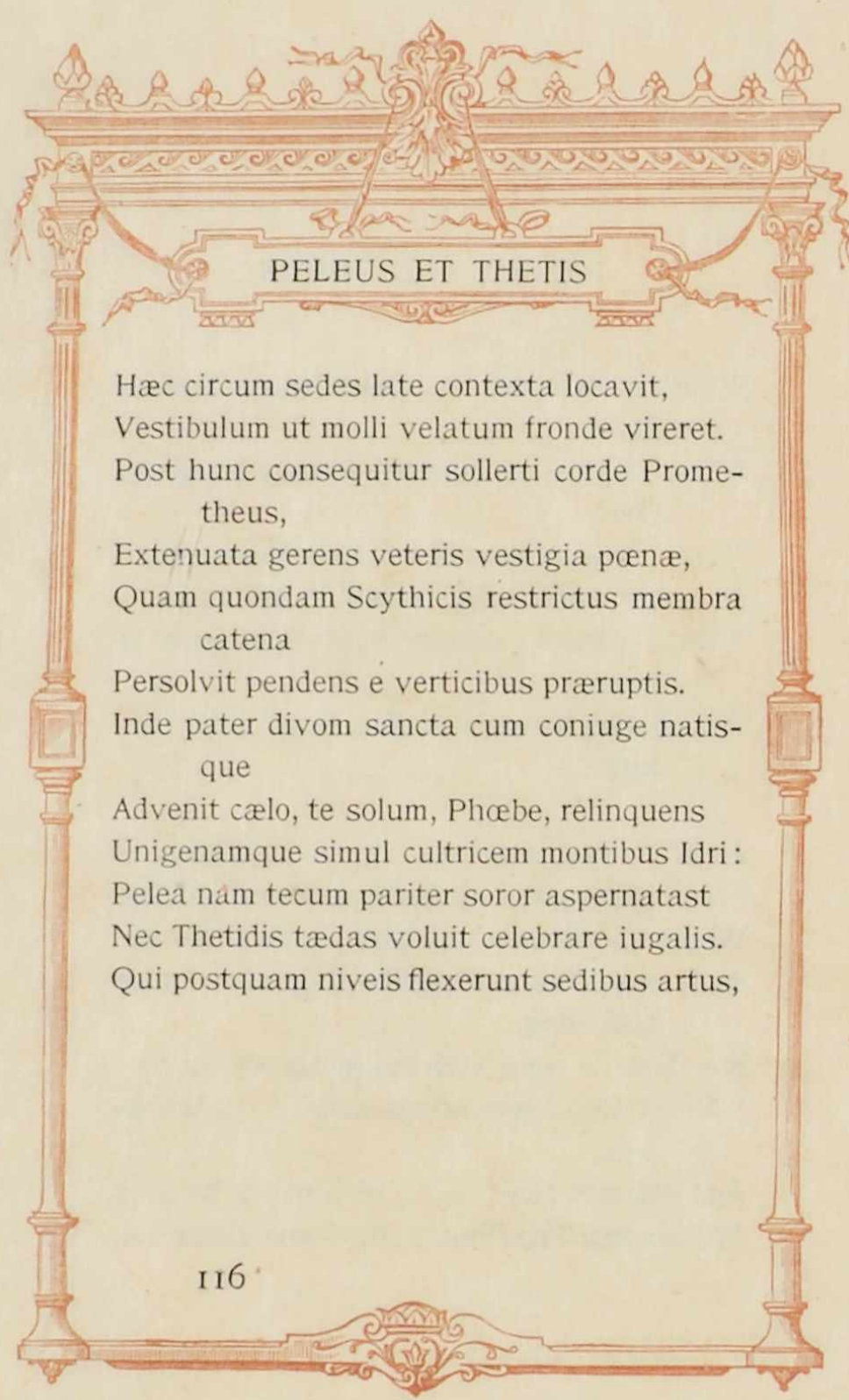


PELEUS AND THETIS

Whate'er beneath the west's warm breezes
 blow,
Where crystal streams by flowery margents
 flow,
These in festoons and coronals inwrought
Of undistinguishable blooms he brought,
Whose blending odours crept from room to
 room,
Till all the house was gladdened with per-
 fume.

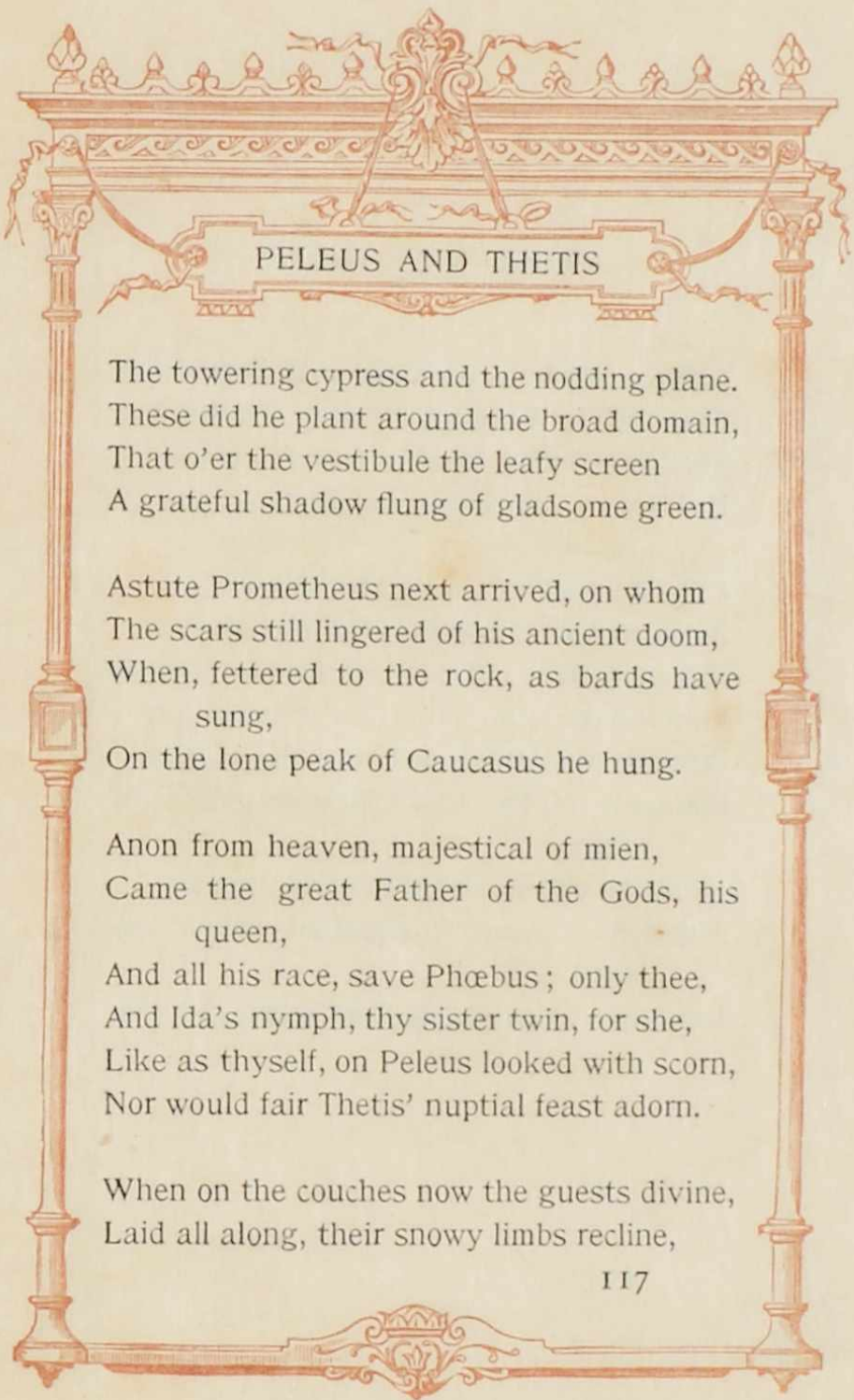
Anon Peneus came from Tempe's glades,
Fair Tempe, girt with hanging forest shades,
Where the Nessonides their sports prolong,
And make the woodlands ring with dance
 and song.

Nor does he come with empty hands, for he
With all their roots brings many a tall beech-
 tree,
And princely bay; along with which he drew
The blasted Phaethon's lithesome sister too,



PELEUS ET THETIS

Hæc circum sedes late contexta locavit,
Vestibulum ut molli velatum fronde vireret.
Post hunc consequitur sollerti corde Prometheus,
Extenuata gerens veteris vestigia pœnæ,
Quam quondam Scythicis restrictus membra
catena
Persolvit pendens e verticibus præruptis.
Inde pater divom sancta cum coniuge natisque
Advenit cælo, te solum, Phœbe, relinquens
Unigenamque simul cultricem montibus Idri:
Pelea nam tecum pariter soror aspernatat
Nec Thetidis tædas voluit celebrare iugalis.
Qui postquam niveis flexerunt sedibus artus,



PELEUS AND THETIS

The towering cypress and the nodding plane.
These did he plant around the broad domain,
That o'er the vestibule the leafy screen
A grateful shadow flung of gladsome green.

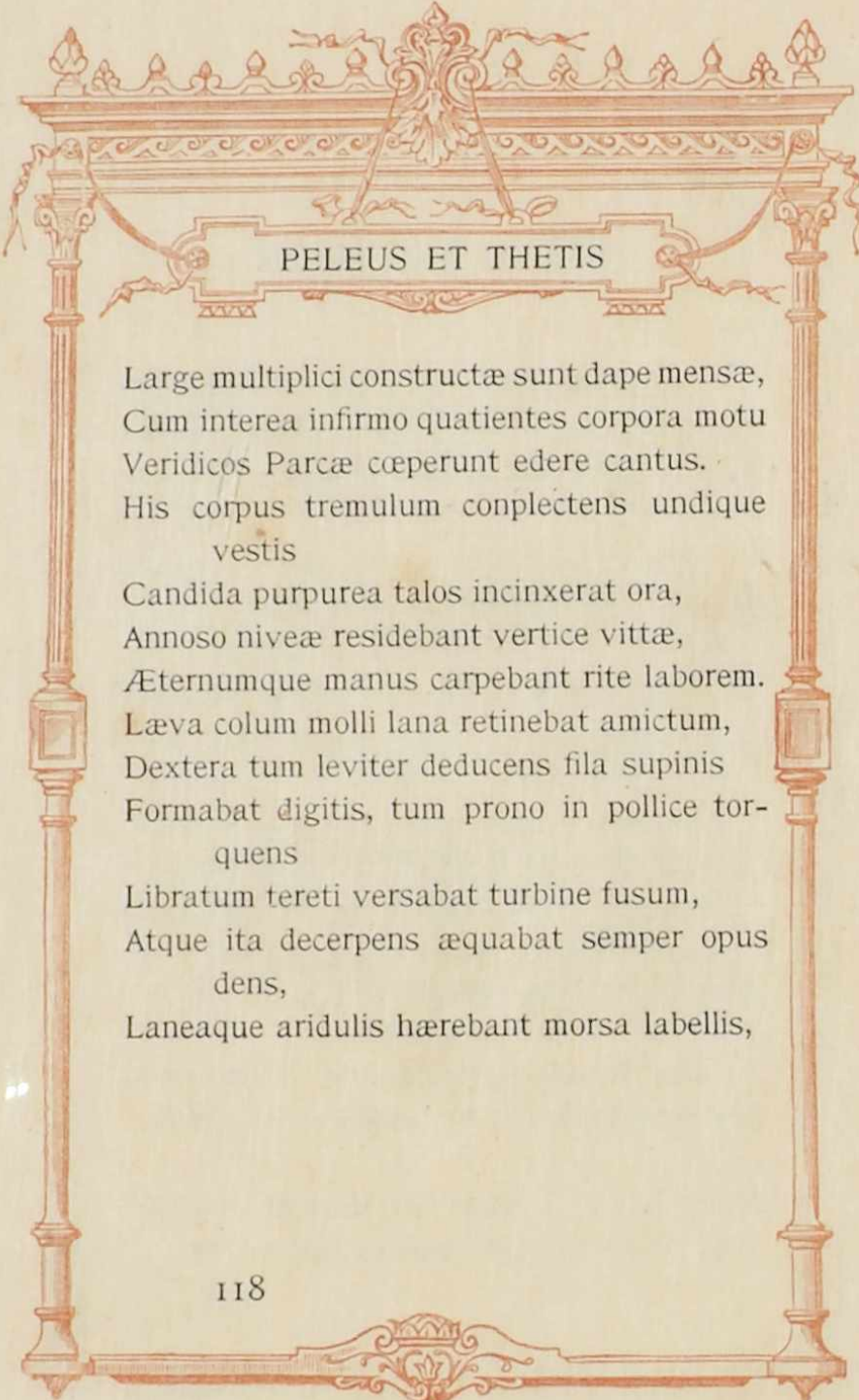
Astute Prometheus next arrived, on whom
The scars still lingered of his ancient doom,
When, fettered to the rock, as bards have
sung,

On the lone peak of Caucasus he hung.

Anon from heaven, majestic of mien,
Came the great Father of the Gods, his
queen,

And all his race, save Phœbus; only thee,
And Ida's nymph, thy sister twin, for she,
Like as thyself, on Peleus looked with scorn,
Nor would fair Thetis' nuptial feast adorn.

When on the couches now the guests divine,
Laid all along, their snowy limbs recline,



PELEUS ET THETIS

Large multiplici constructæ sunt dape mensæ,
Cum interea infirmo quatientes corpora motu
Veridicos Parcæ cœperunt edere cantus.
His corpus tremulum complectens undique
vestis

Candida purpurea talos incinxerat ora,
Annoso niveæ residebant vertice vittæ,
Æternumque manus carpebant rite laborem.
Læva colum molli lana retinebat amictum,
Dextera tum leviter deducens fila supinis
Formabat digitis, tum prono in pollice tor-
quens

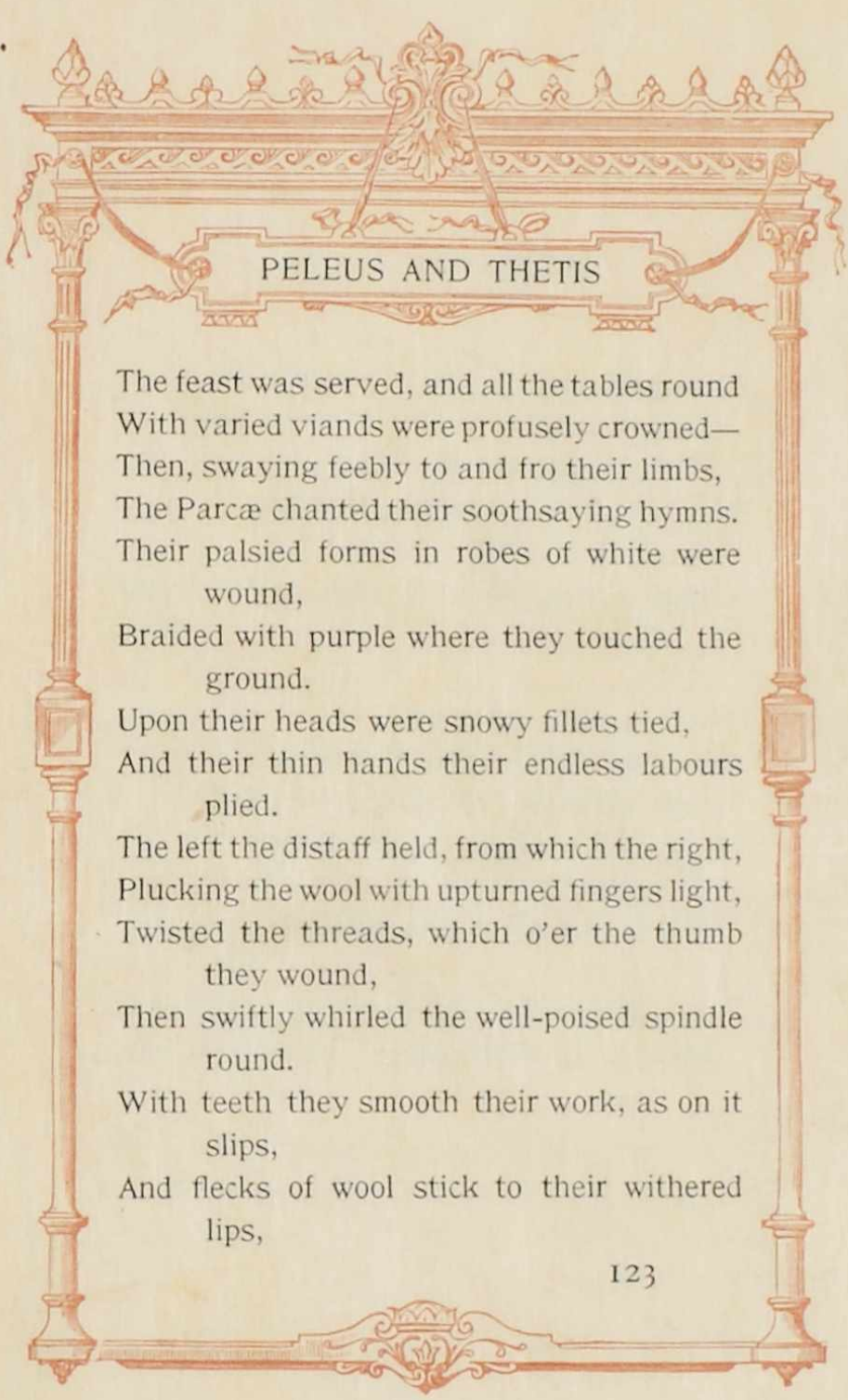
Libratum tereti versabat turbine fusum,
Atque ita decerpens æquabat semper opus
dens,
Laneaque aridulis hærebant morsa labellis,

PELEUS ET THETIS



PELEUS AND THETIS





PELEUS AND THETIS

The feast was served, and all the tables round
With varied viands were profusely crowned—
Then, swaying feebly to and fro their limbs,
The Parcæ chanted their soothsaying hymns.
Their palsied forms in robes of white were
wound,

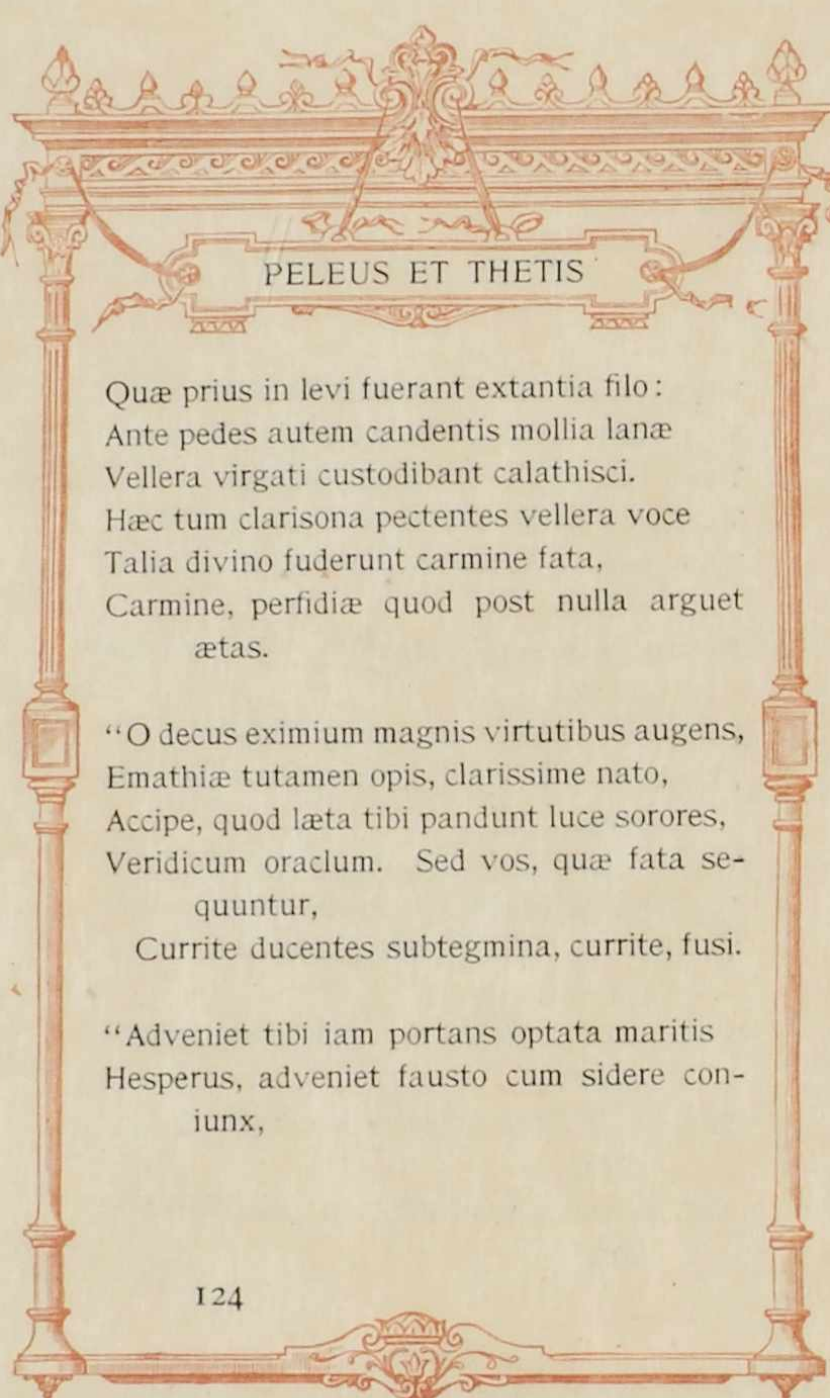
Braided with purple where they touched the
ground.

Upon their heads were snowy fillets tied,
And their thin hands their endless labours
plied.

The left the distaff held, from which the right,
Plucking the wool with upturned fingers light,
Twisted the threads, which o'er the thumb
they wound,

Then swiftly whirled the well-poised spindle
round.

With teeth they smooth their work, as on it
slips,
And flecks of wool stick to their withered
lips,

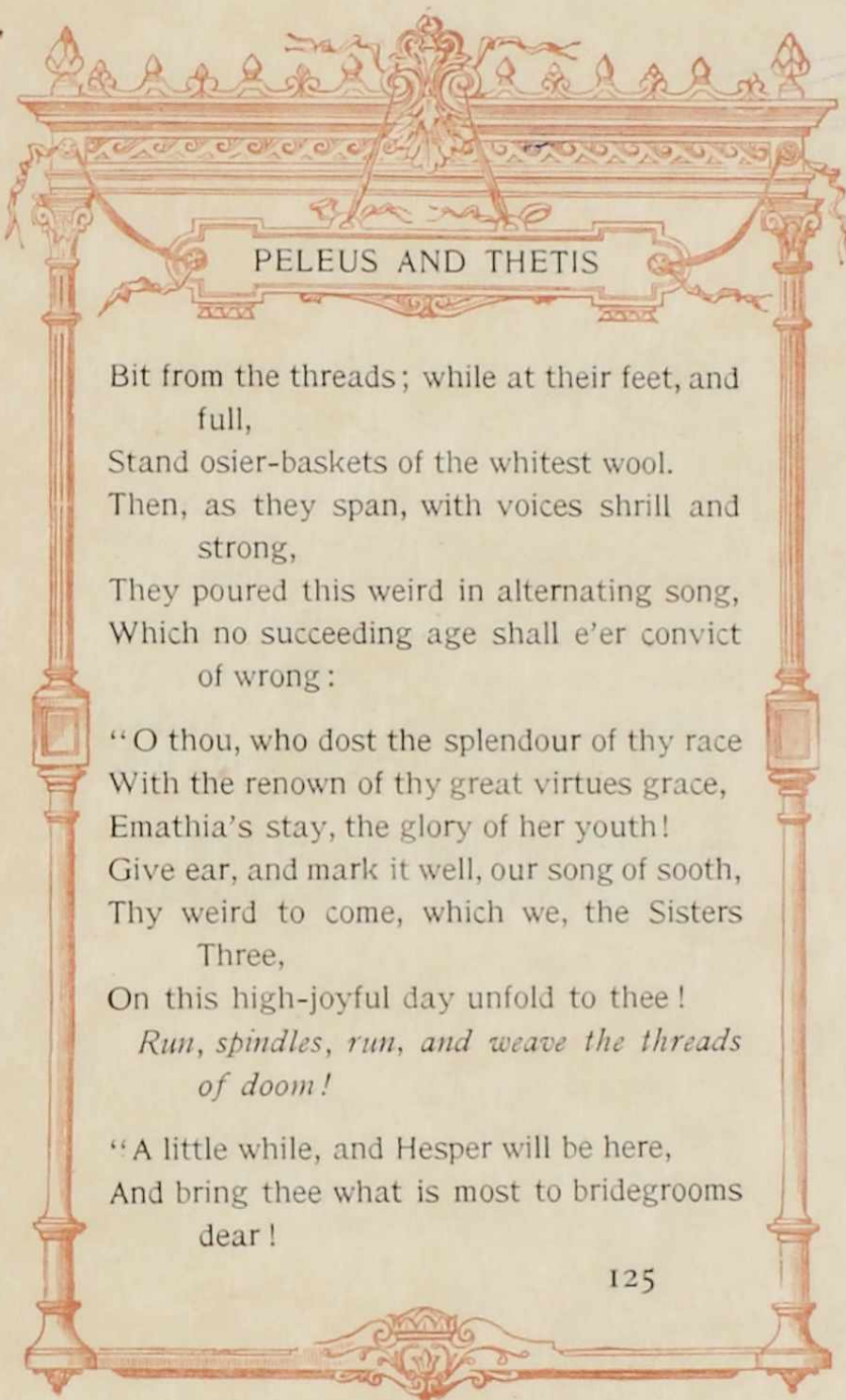


PELEUS ET THETIS

Quæ prius in levi fuerant extantia filo :
Ante pedes autem candentis mollia lanæ
Vellera virgati custodibant calathisci.
Hæc tum clarisona pectentes vellera voce
Talia divino fuderunt carmine fata,
Carmine, perfidiæ quod post nulla arguet
ætas.

“O decus eximium magnis virtutibus augens,
Emathiæ tutamen opis, clarissime nato,
Accipe, quod læta tibi pandunt luce sorores,
Veridicum oraculum. Sed vos, quæ fata se-
quuntur,
Currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.

“Adveniet tibi iam portans optata maritis
Hesperus, adveniet fausto cum sidere con-
iunx,

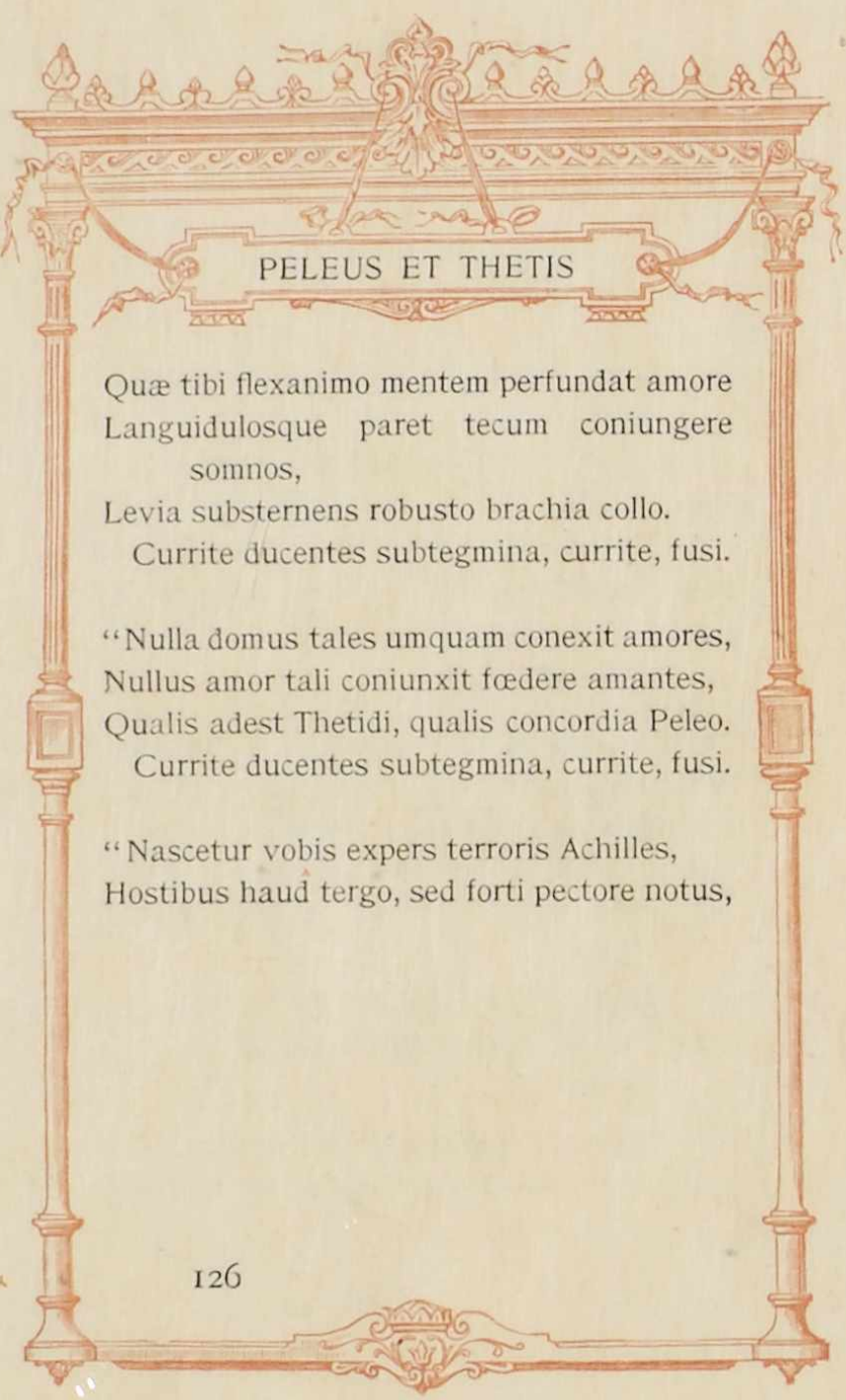


PELEUS AND THETIS

Bit from the threads; while at their feet, and
full,
Stand osier-baskets of the whitest wool.
Then, as they span, with voices shrill and
strong,
They poured this weird in alternating song,
Which no succeeding age shall e'er convict
of wrong:

“O thou, who dost the splendour of thy race
With the renown of thy great virtues grace,
Emathia's stay, the glory of her youth!
Give ear, and mark it well, our song of sooth,
Thy weird to come, which we, the Sisters
Three,
On this high-joyful day unfold to thee!
*Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads
of doom!*

“A little while, and Hesper will be here,
And bring thee what is most to bridegrooms
dear!



PELEUS ET THETIS

Quæ tibi flexanimo mentem perfundat amore
Languidulosque paret tecum coniungere
somnos,

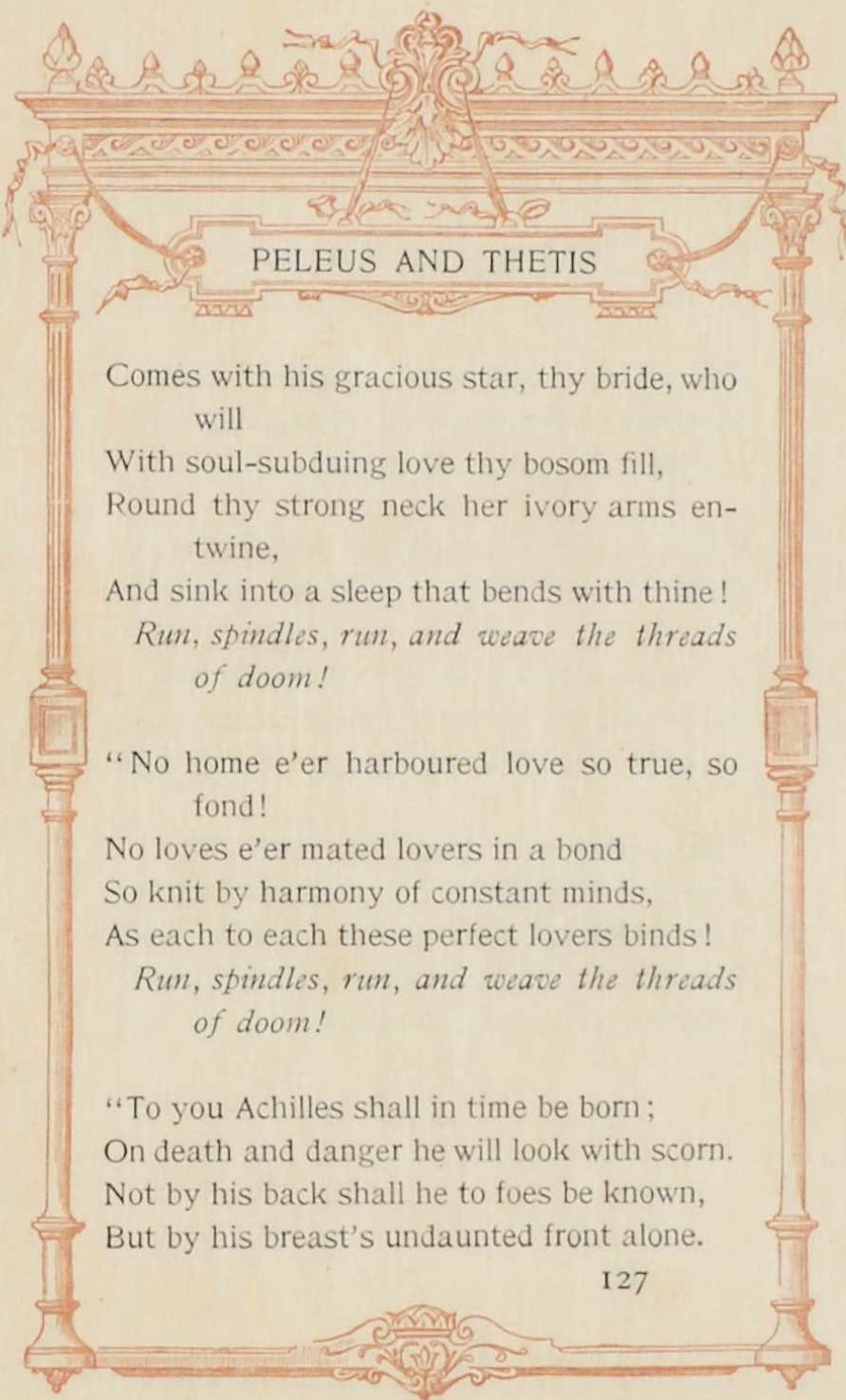
Levia substernens robusto brachia collo.

Currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.

“Nulla domus tales umquam conexit amores,
Nullus amor tali coniunxit fœdere amantes,
Qualis adest Thetidi, qualis concordia Peleo.

Currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.

“Nascetur vobis expers terroris Achilles,
Hostibus haud tergo, sed forti pectore notus,



PELEUS AND THETIS

Comes with his gracious star, thy bride, who
will

With soul-subduing love thy bosom fill,
Round thy strong neck her ivory arms en-
twine,

And sink into a sleep that bends with thine!

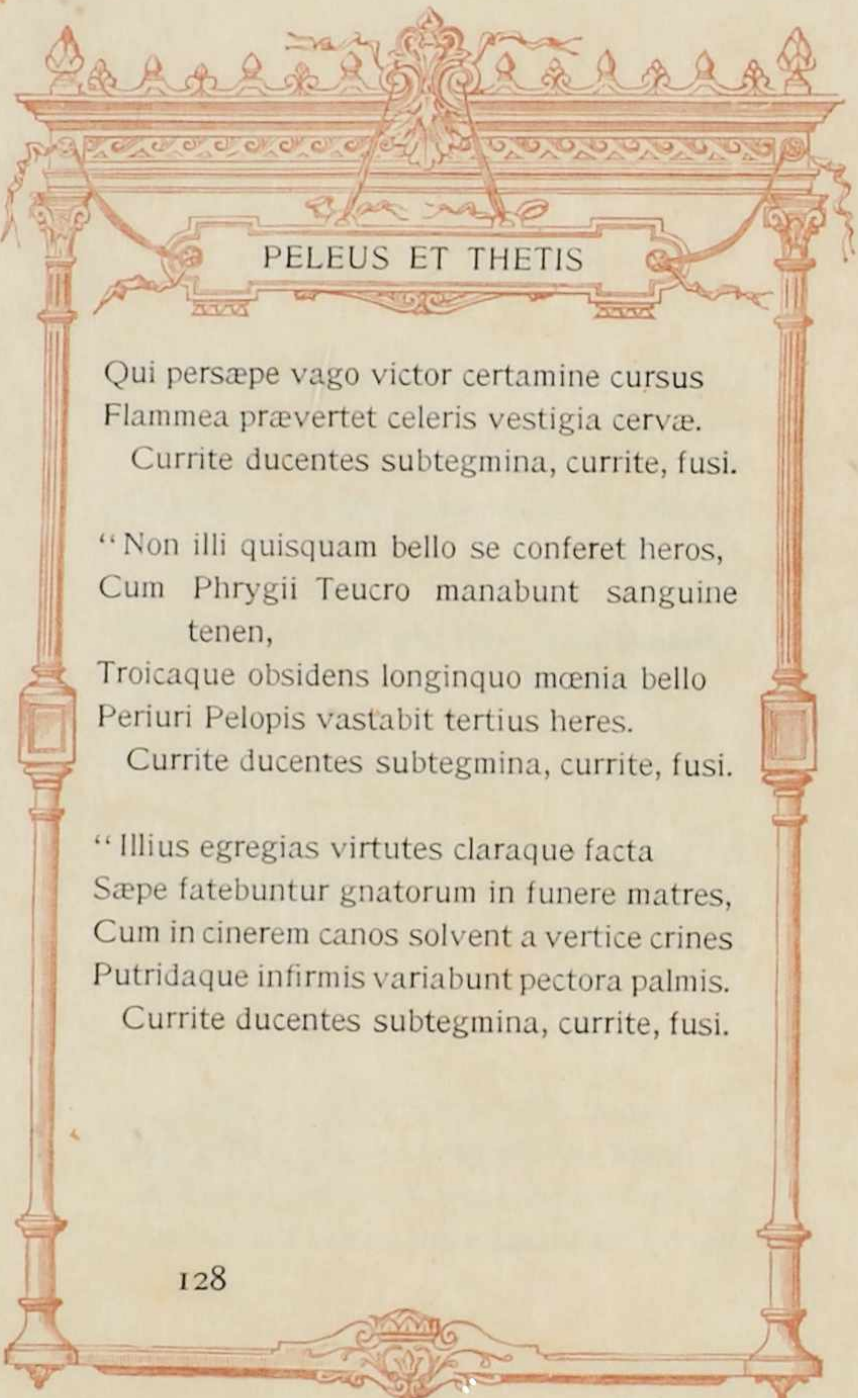
*Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads
of doom!*

“No home e'er harboured love so true, so
fond!

No loves e'er mated lovers in a bond
So knit by harmony of constant minds,
As each to each these perfect lovers binds!

*Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads
of doom!*

“To you Achilles shall in time be born;
On death and danger he will look with scorn.
Not by his back shall he to foes be known,
But by his breast's undaunted front alone.



PELEUS ET THETIS

Qui persæpe vago victor certamine cursus
Flammea prævertet celeris vestigia cervæ.
Currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.

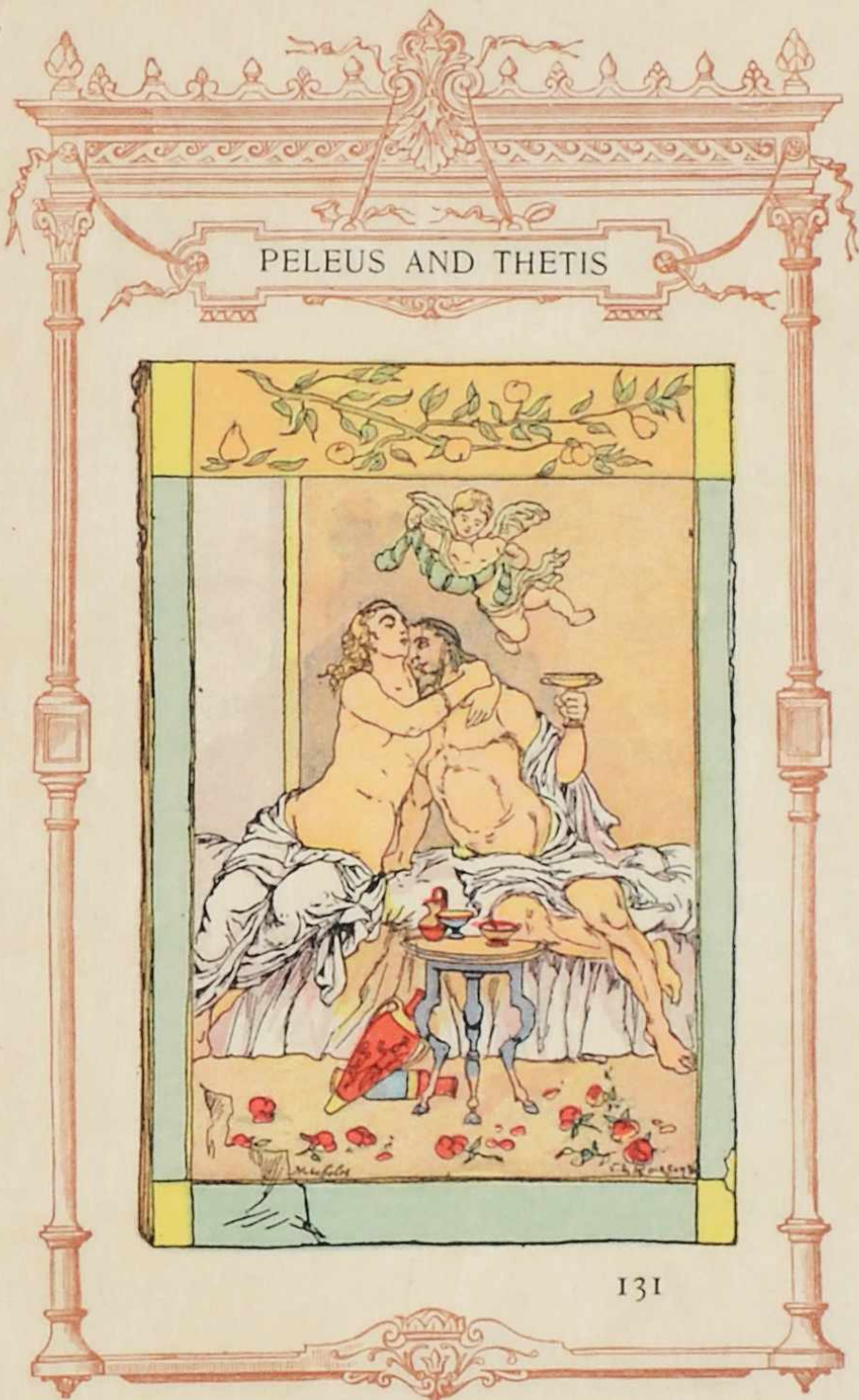
“Non illi quisquam bello se conferet heros,
Cum Phrygii Teucro manabunt sanguine
tenen,

Troicaque obsidens longinquo mœnia bello
Periuri Pelopis vastabit tertius heres.
Currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.

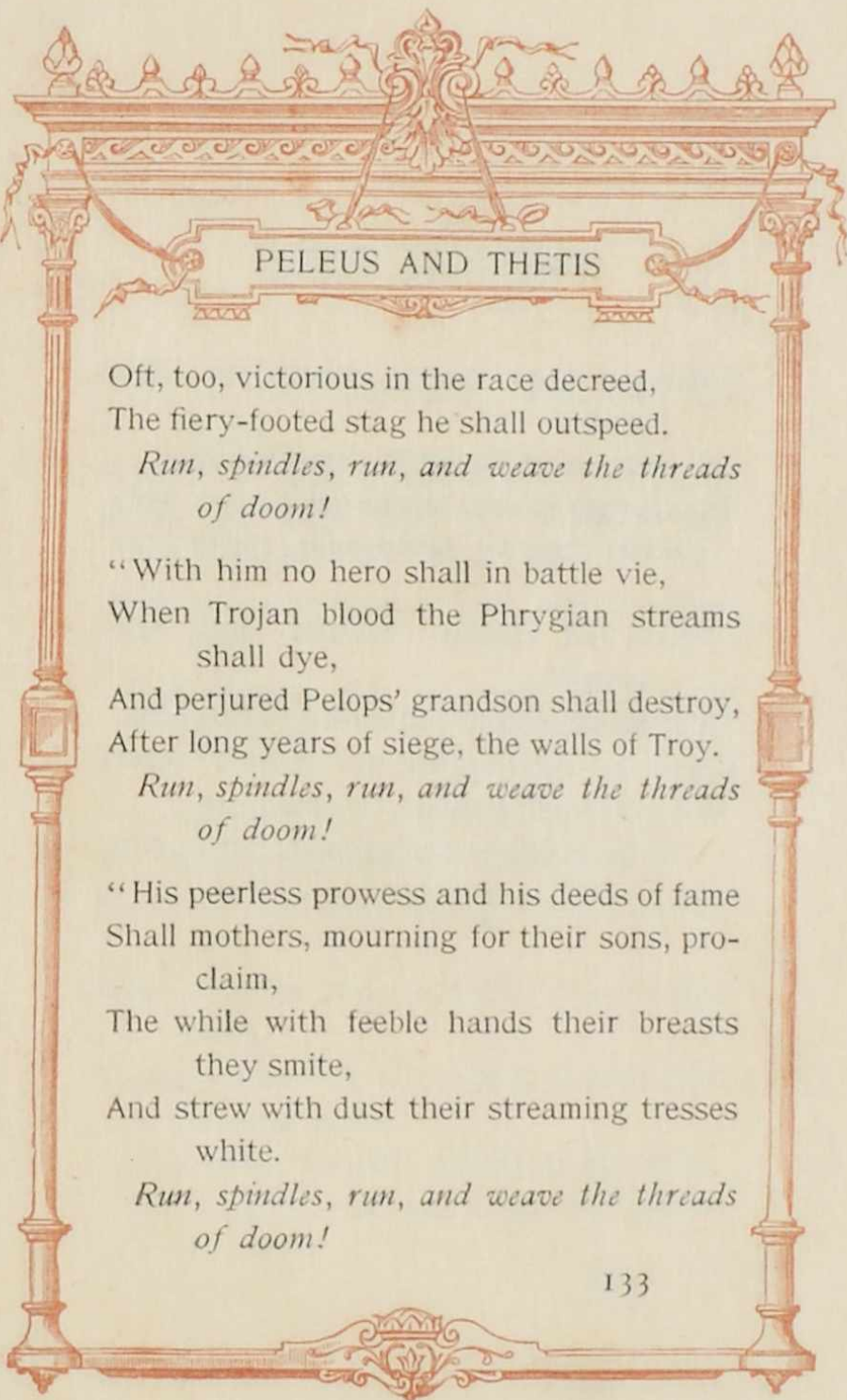
“Illius egregias virtutes claraque facta
Sæpe fatebuntur gnatorum in funere matres,
Cum in cinerem canos solvent a vertice crines
Putridaque infirmis variabunt pectora palmis.
Currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.

PELEUS ET THETIS





PELEUS AND THETIS



PELEUS AND THETIS

Off, too, victorious in the race decreed,
The fiery-footed stag he shall outspeed.

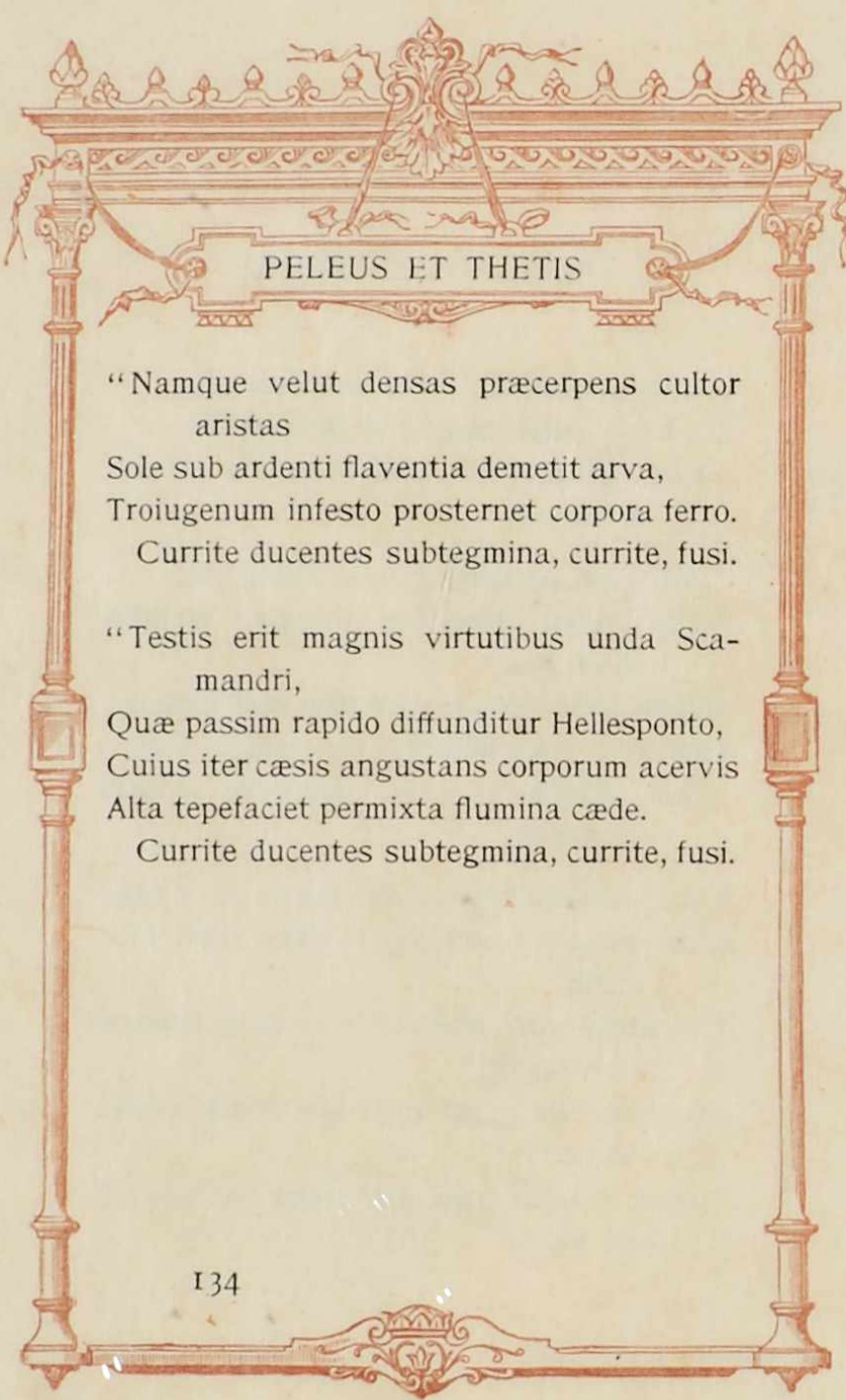
*Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads
of doom!*

“With him no hero shall in battle vie,
When Trojan blood the Phrygian streams
shall dye,
And perjured Pelops’ grandson shall destroy,
After long years of siege, the walls of Troy.

*Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads
of doom!*

“His peerless prowess and his deeds of fame
Shall mothers, mourning for their sons, pro-
claim,
The while with feeble hands their breasts
they smite,
And strew with dust their streaming tresses
white.

*Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads
of doom!*

A decorative frame in reddish-brown ink, featuring a central title label. The frame consists of two vertical columns and a horizontal base, all adorned with intricate scrollwork and floral motifs. The title label is a small, ornate rectangle with a decorative border, containing the text "PELEUS ET THETIS".

PELEUS ET THETIS

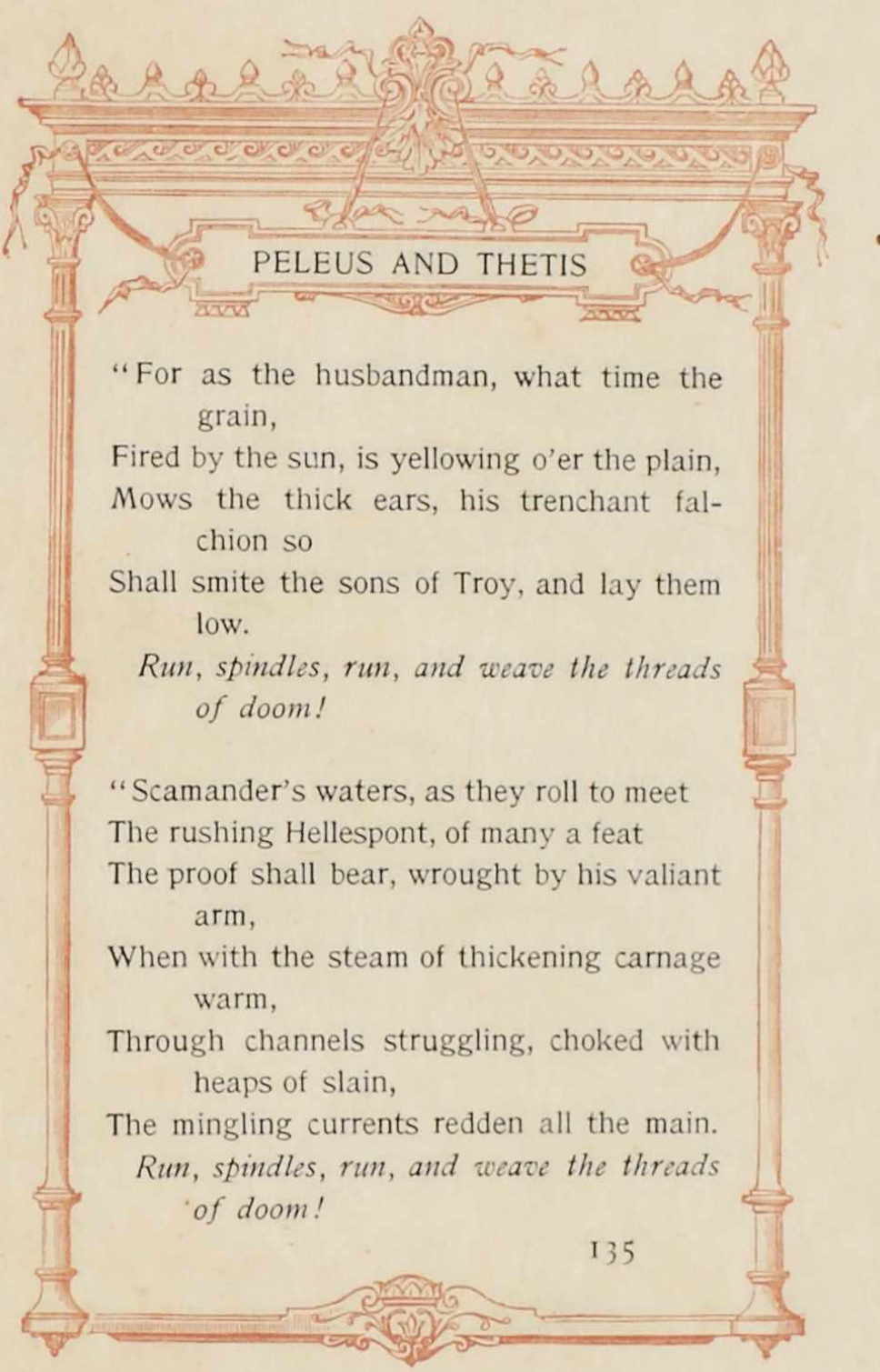
“Namque velut densas præcerpens cultor
aristas

Sole sub ardenti flaventia demetit arva,
Troiuenum infesto prosternet corpora ferro.
Currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.

“Testis erit magnis virtutibus unda Sca-
mandri,

Quæ passim rapido diffunditur Hellesponto,
Cuius iter cæsis angustans corporum acervis
Alta tepefaciet permixta flumina cæde.

Currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.



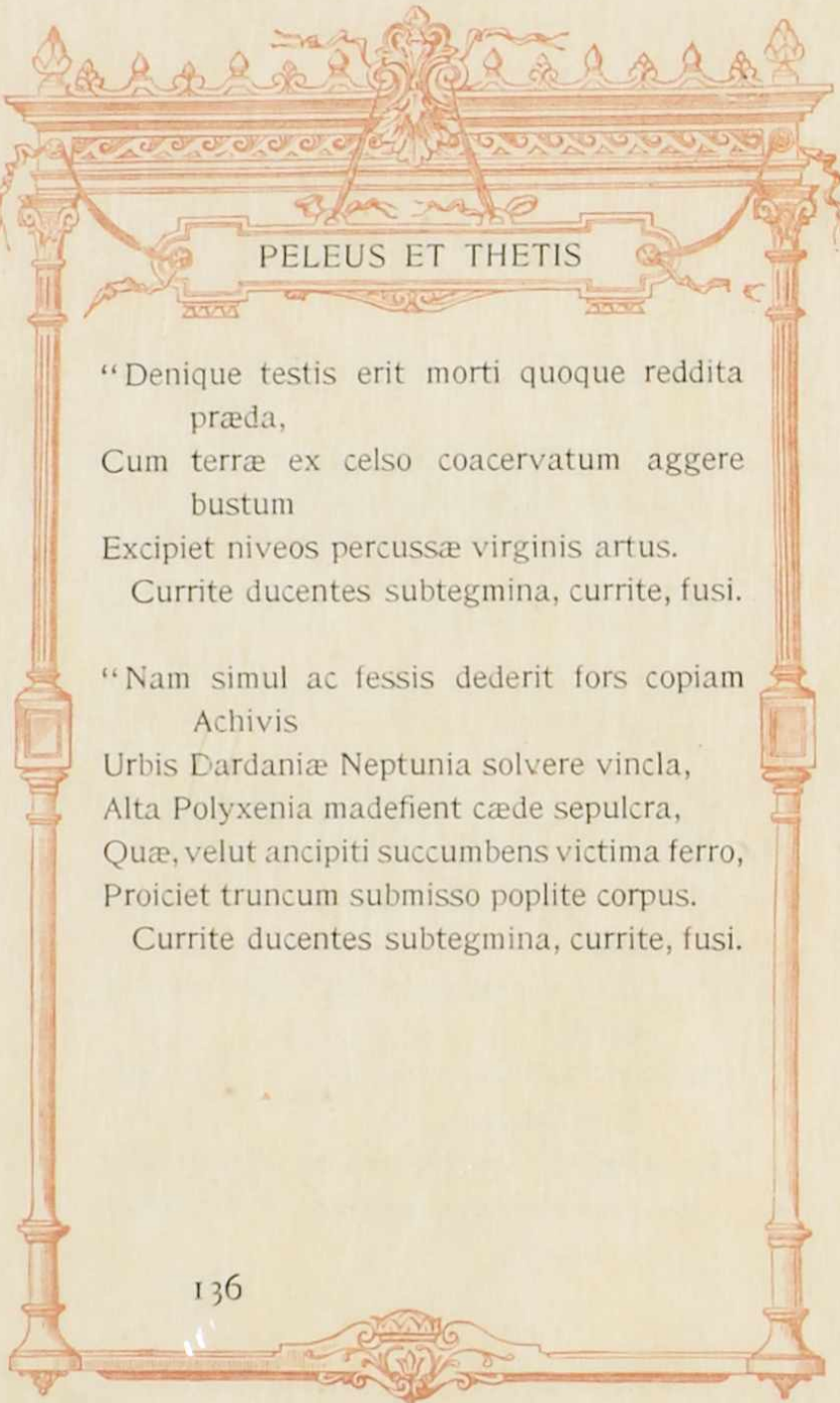
PELEUS AND THETIS

“For as the husbandman, what time the
grain,
Fired by the sun, is yellowing o’er the plain,
Mows the thick ears, his trenchant fal-
chion so
Shall smite the sons of Troy, and lay them
low.

*Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads
of doom!*

“Scamander’s waters, as they roll to meet
The rushing Hellespont, of many a feat
The proof shall bear, wrought by his valiant
arm,
When with the steam of thickening carnage
warm,
Through channels struggling, choked with
heaps of slain,
The mingling currents redden all the main.

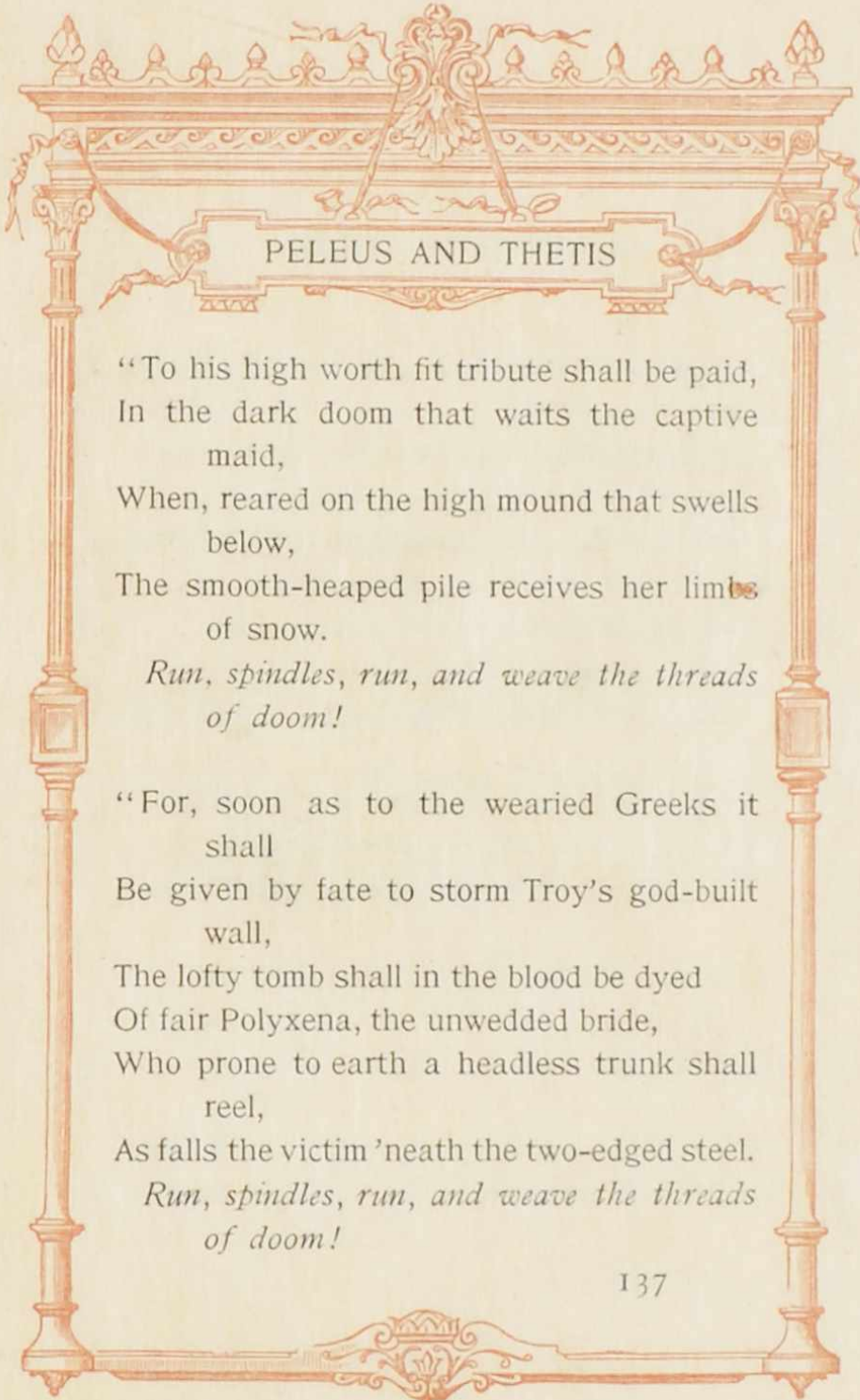
*Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads
of doom!*



PELEUS ET THETIS

“Denique testis erit morti quoque reddita
præda,
Cum terræ ex celso coacervatum aggere
bustum
Excipiet niveos percussæ virginis artus.
Currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.

“Nam simul ac fessis dederit fors copiam
Achivis
Urbis Dardaniæ Neptunia solvere vincla,
Alta Polyxenia madefient cæde sepulcra,
Quæ, velut ancipiti succumbens victima ferro,
Proiciet truncum submisso poplite corpus.
Currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.



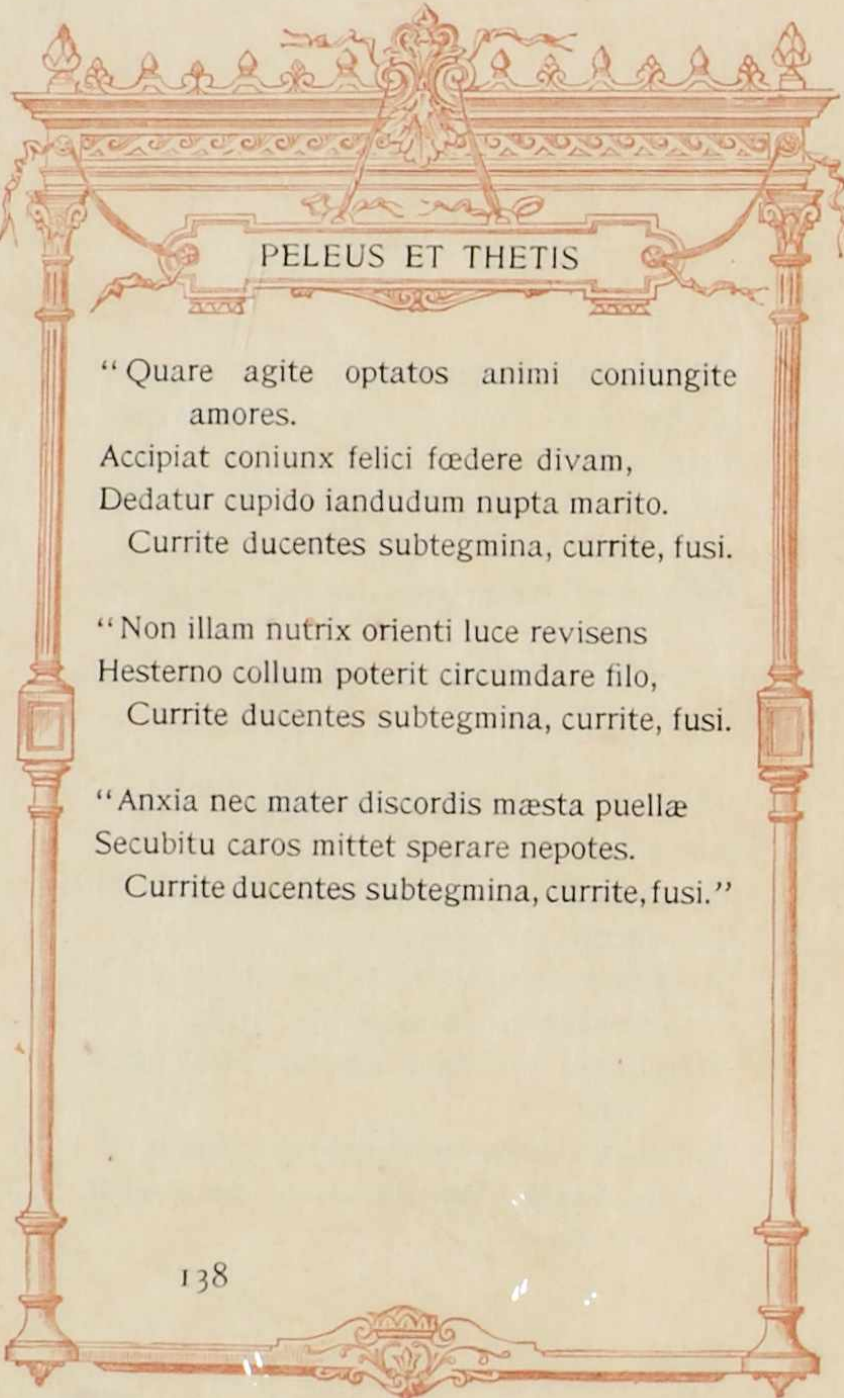
PELEUS AND THETIS

“To his high worth fit tribute shall be paid,
In the dark doom that waits the captive
 maid,
When, reared on the high mound that swells
 below,
The smooth-heaped pile receives her limbs
 of snow.

*Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads
of doom!*

“For, soon as to the wearied Greeks it
 shall
Be given by fate to storm Troy’s god-built
 wall,
The lofty tomb shall in the blood be dyed
Of fair Polyxena, the unwedded bride,
Who prone to earth a headless trunk shall
 reel,
As falls the victim ’neath the two-edged steel.

*Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads
of doom!*



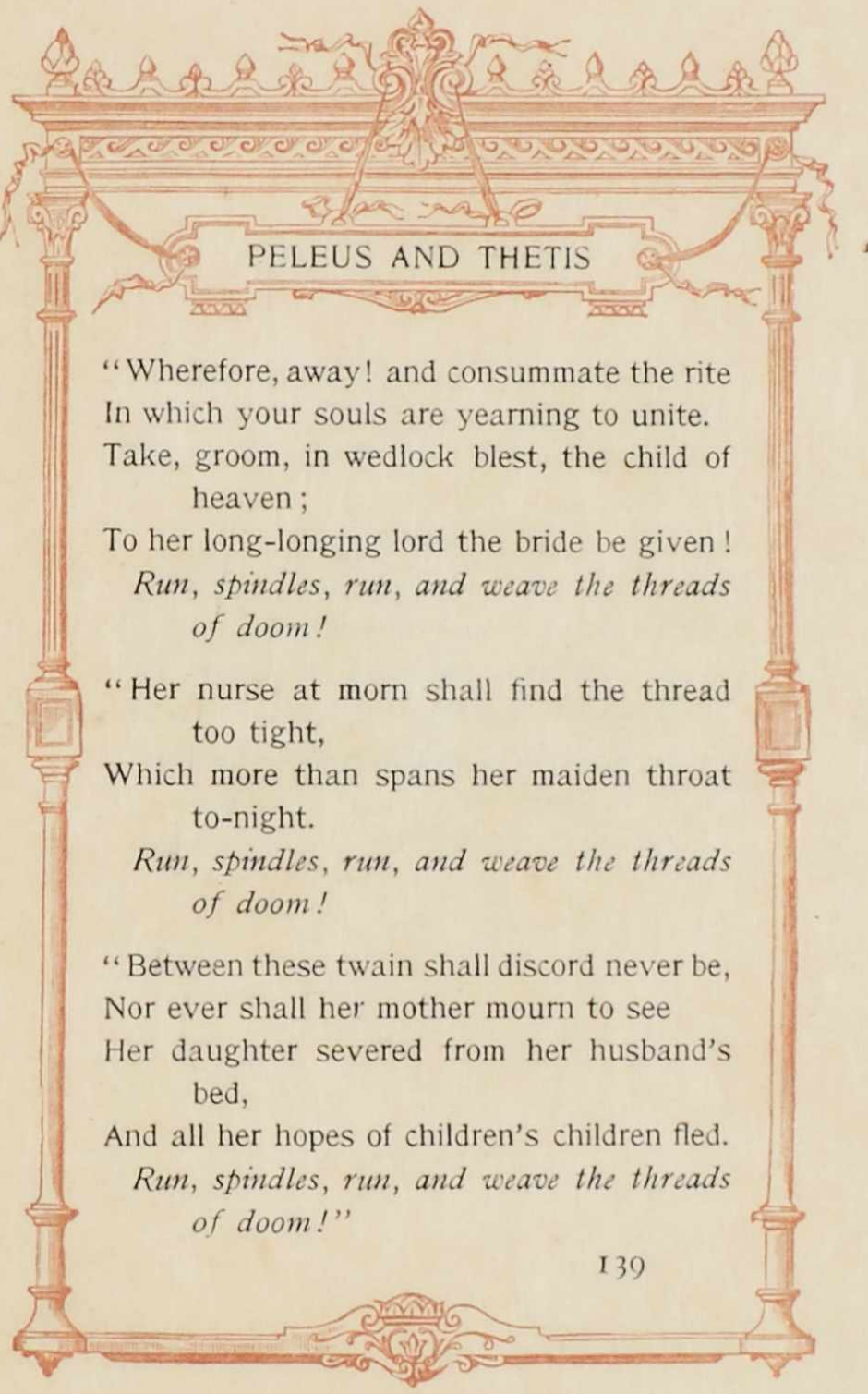
PELEUS ET THETIS

“Quare agite optatos animi coniungite
amores.

Accipiat coniunx felici fœdere divam,
Dedatur cupido iandudum nupta marito.
Currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.

“Non illam nutrix orienti luce revisens
Hesterno collum poterit circumdare filo,
Currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.

“Anxia nec mater discordis mæsta puellæ
Secubitu caros mittet sperare nepotes.
Currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.”

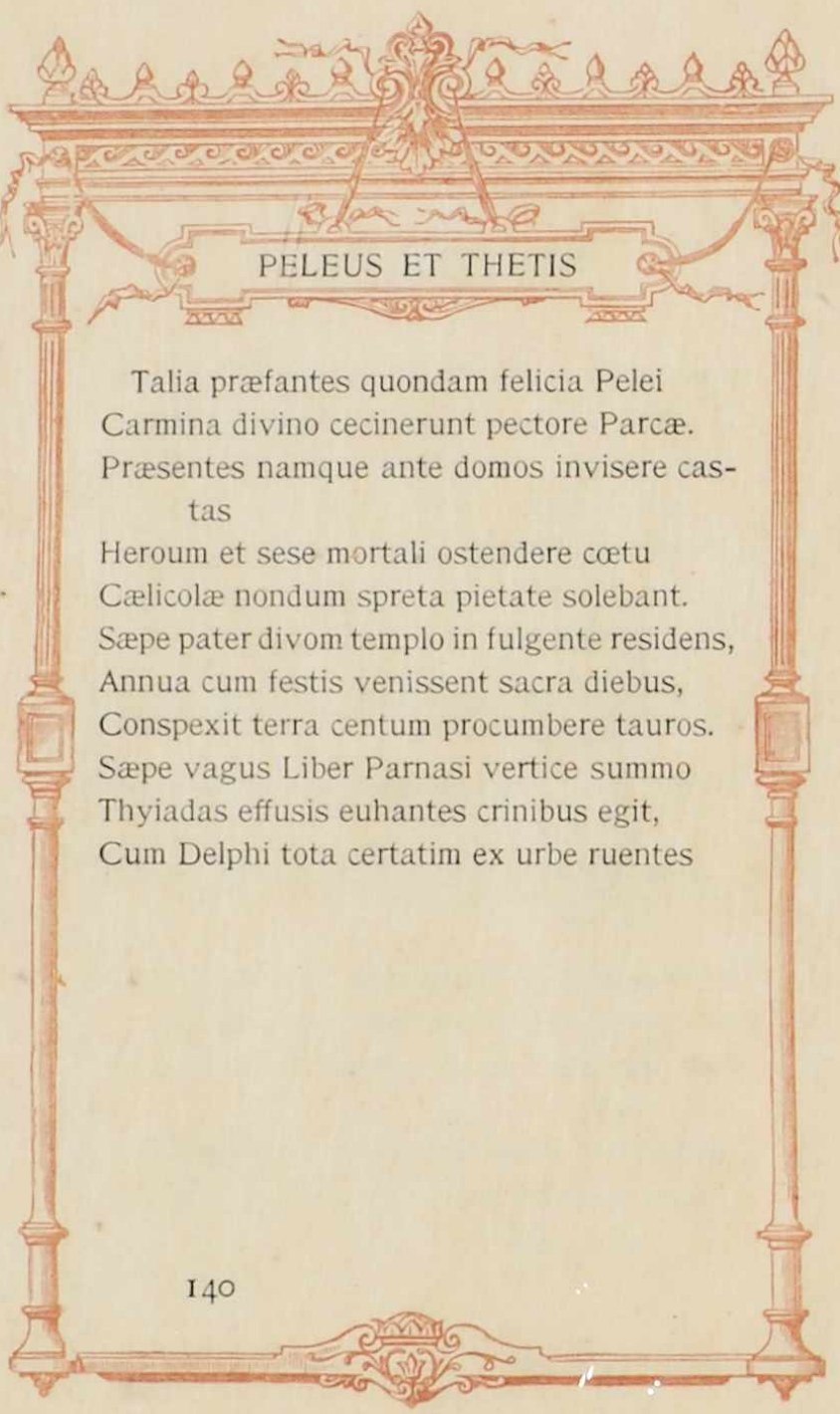


PELEUS AND THETIS

“Wherefore, away! and consummate the rite
In which your souls are yearning to unite.
Take, groom, in wedlock blest, the child of
heaven;
To her long-longing lord the bride be given!
*Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads
of doom!*

“Her nurse at morn shall find the thread
too tight,
Which more than spans her maiden throat
to-night.
*Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads
of doom!*

“Between these twain shall discord never be,
Nor ever shall her mother mourn to see
Her daughter severed from her husband’s
bed,
And all her hopes of children’s children fled.
*Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads
of doom!”*



PELEUS ET THETIS

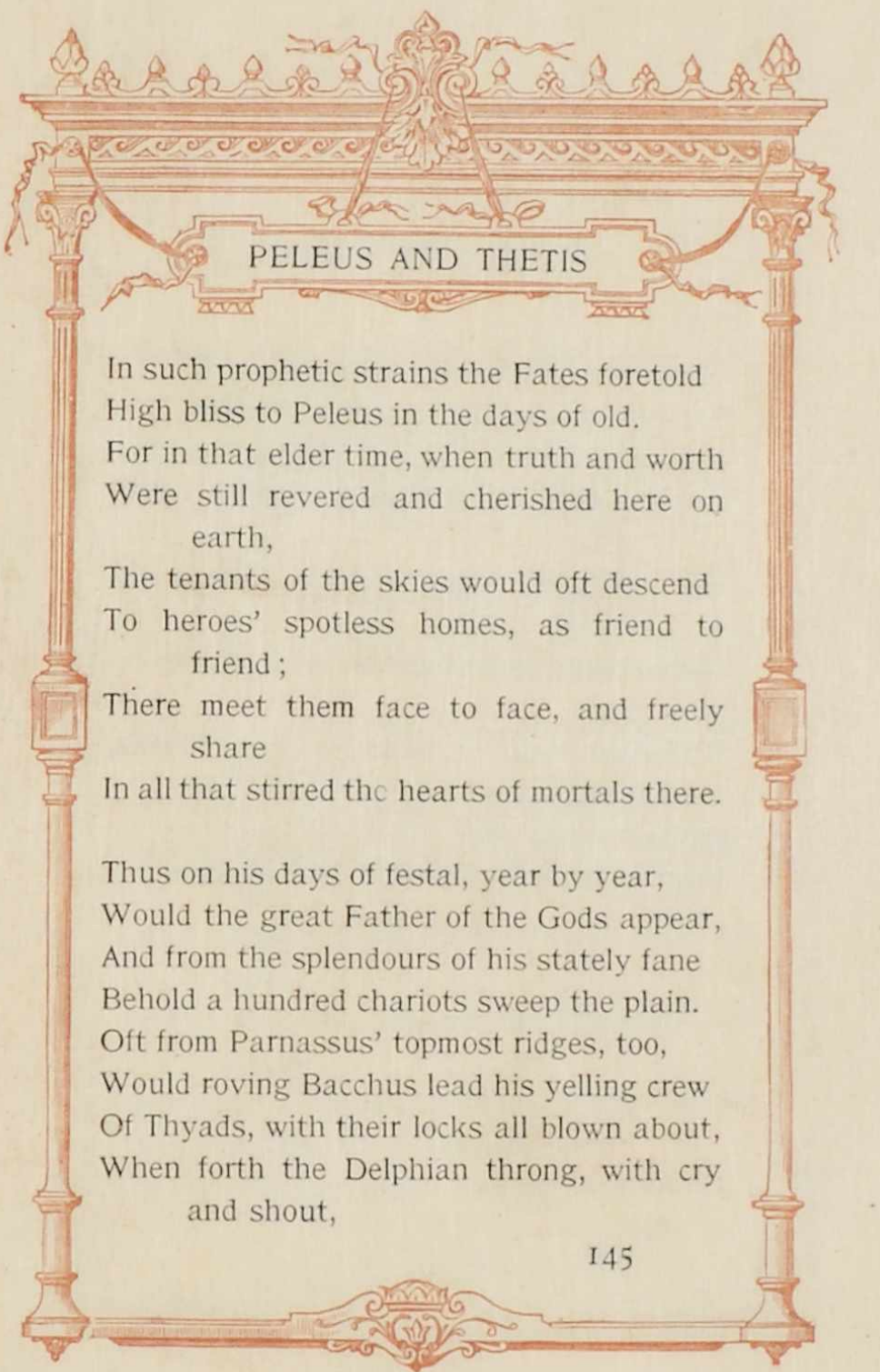
Talia præfantes quondam felicia Pelei
Carmina divino cecinerunt pectore Parcæ.
Præsentes namque ante domos invisere cas-
tas
Heroum et sese mortali ostendere cœtu
Cælicolæ nondum spreta pietate solebant.
Sæpe pater divom templo in fulgente residens,
Annua cum festis venissent sacra diebus,
Conspexit terra centum procumbere tauros.
Sæpe vagus Liber Parnasi vertice summo
Thyiadas effusis euhantes crinibus egit,
Cum Delphi tota certatim ex urbe ruentes

PELEUS ET THETIS



PELEUS AND THETIS

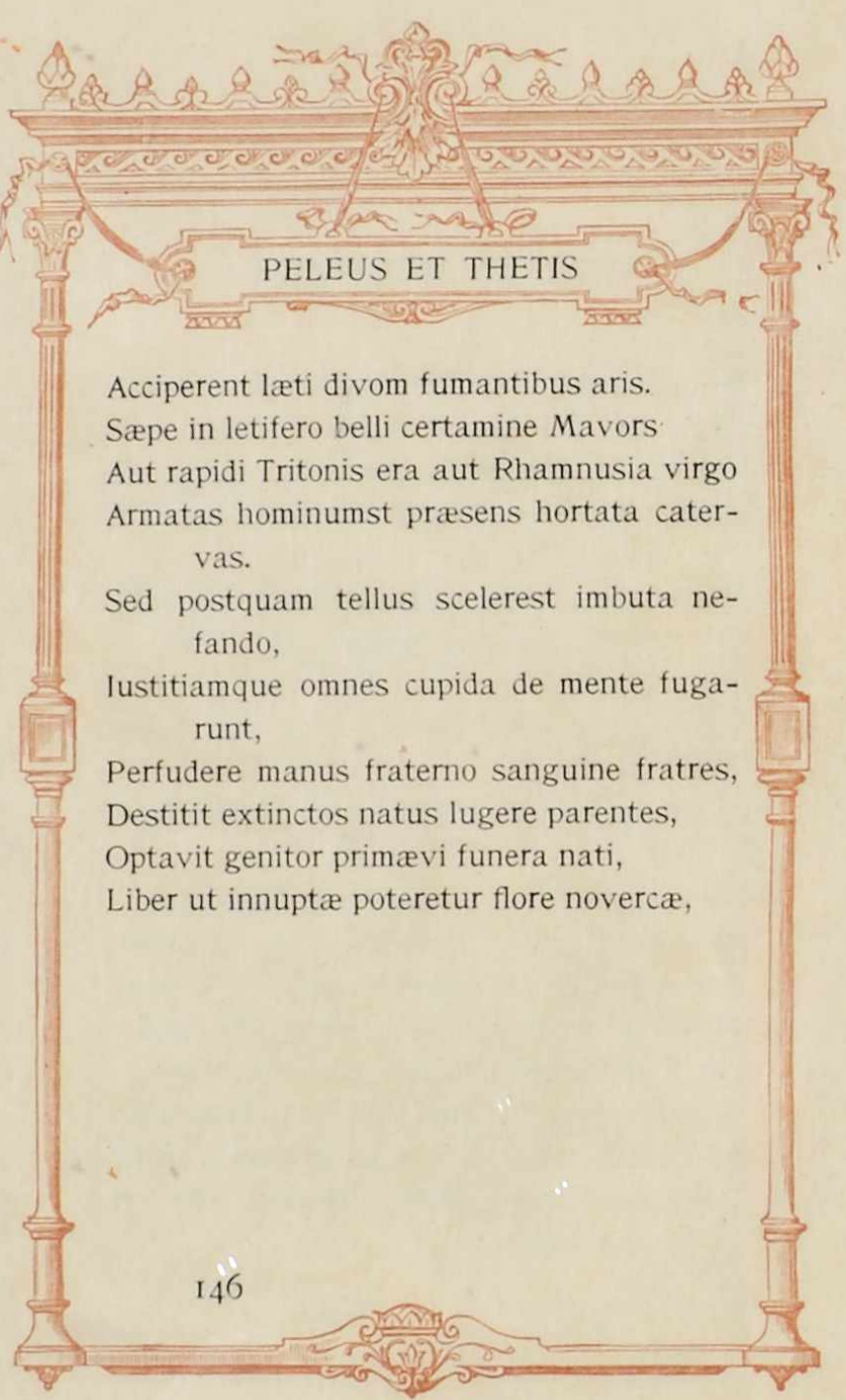




PELEUS AND THETIS

In such prophetic strains the Fates foretold
High bliss to Peleus in the days of old.
For in that elder time, when truth and worth
Were still revered and cherished here on
earth,
The tenants of the skies would oft descend
To heroes' spotless homes, as friend to
friend ;
There meet them face to face, and freely
share
In all that stirred the hearts of mortals there.

Thus on his days of festal, year by year,
Would the great Father of the Gods appear,
And from the splendours of his stately fane
Behold a hundred chariots sweep the plain.
Off from Parnassus' topmost ridges, too,
Would roving Bacchus lead his yelling crew
Of Thyads, with their locks all blown about,
When forth the Delphian throng, with cry
and shout,

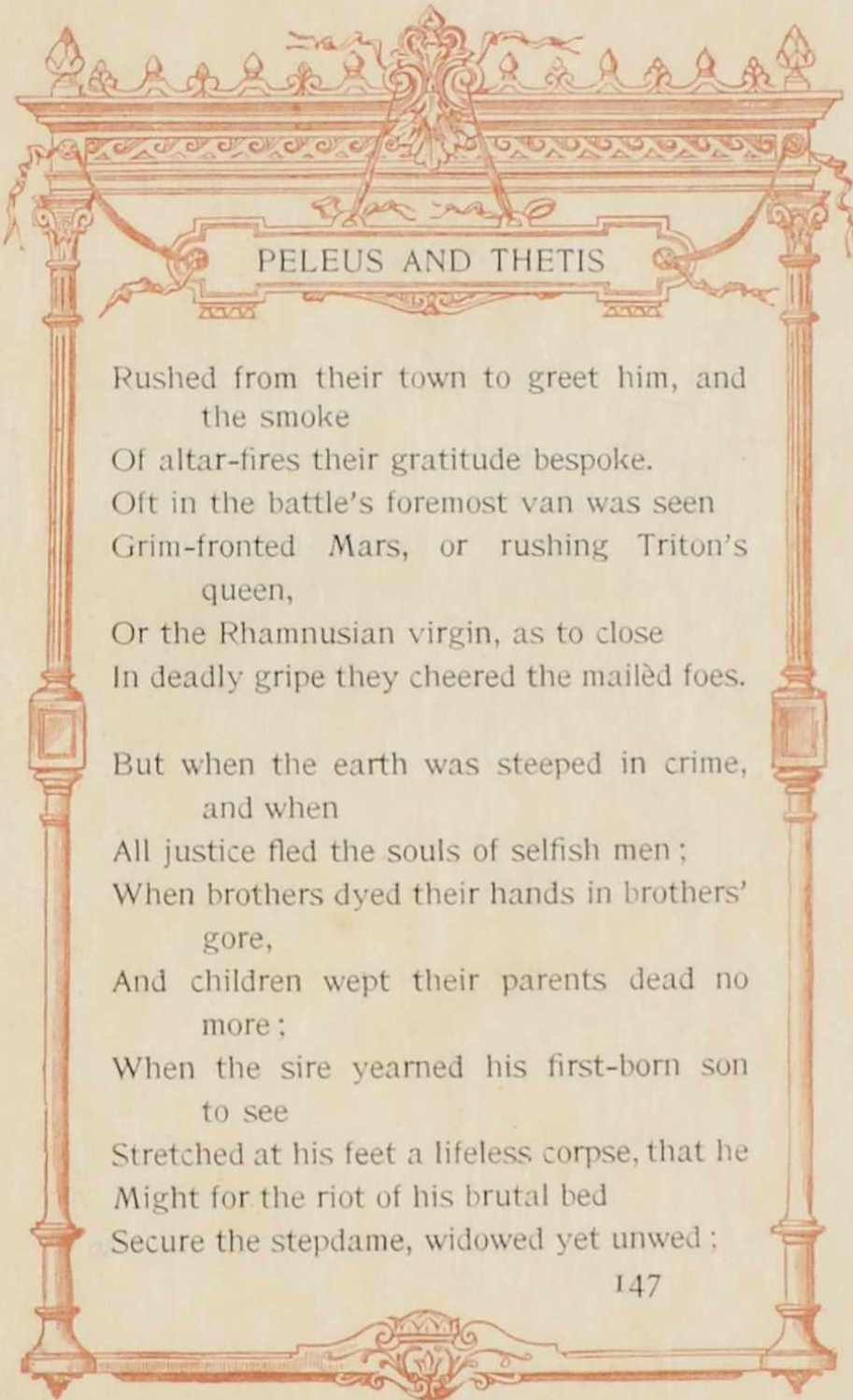


PELEUS ET THETIS

Acciperent læti divom fumantibus aris.
Sæpe in letifero belli certamine Mavors
Aut rapidi Tritonis era aut Rhamnusia virgo
Armatas hominumst præsens hortata cater-
vas.

Sed postquam tellus scelerest imbuta ne-
fando,
Iustitiamque omnes cupida de mente fuga-
runt,

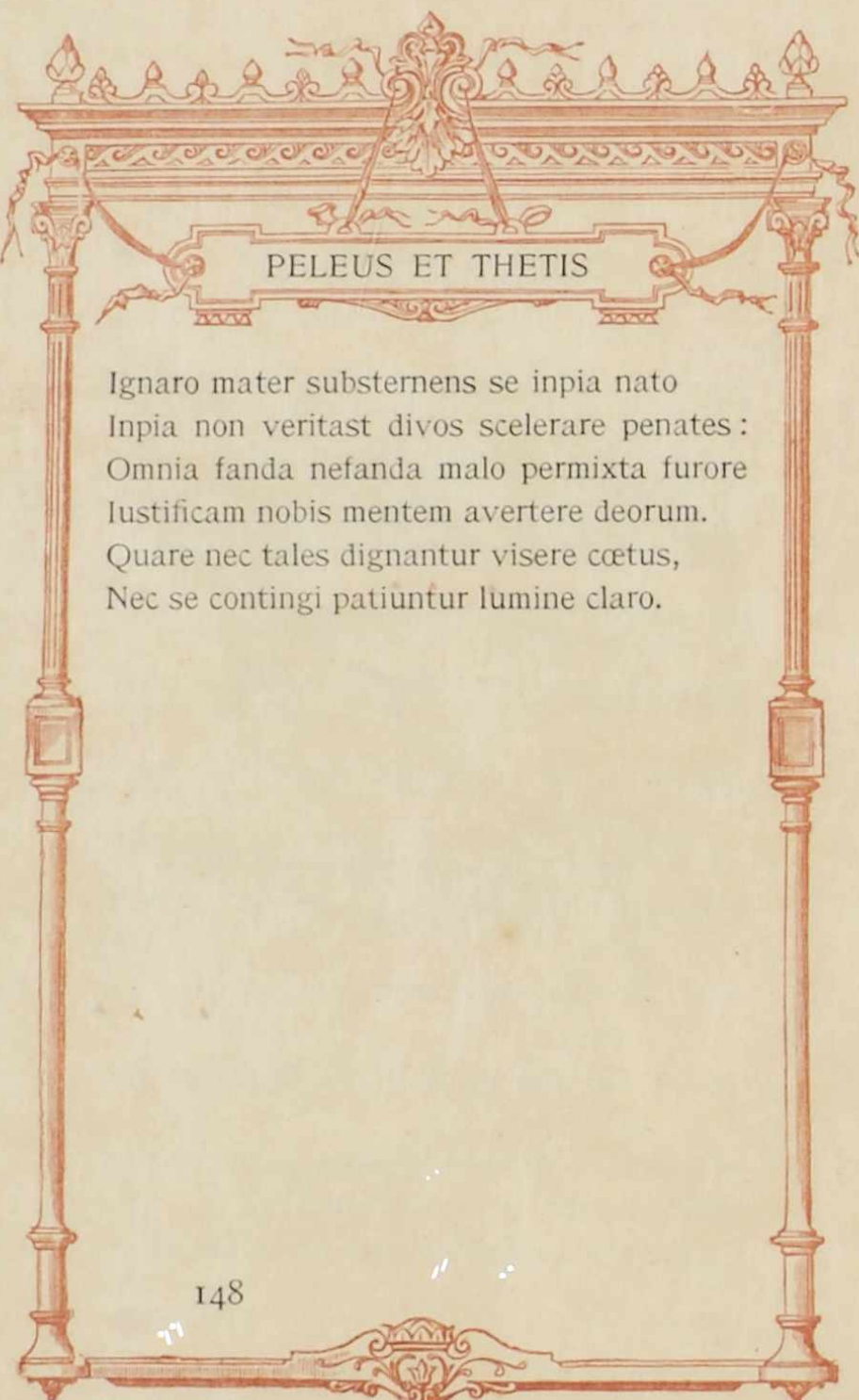
Perfudere manus fraterno sanguine fratres,
Destitit extinctos natus lugere parentes,
Optavit genitor primævi funera nati,
Liber ut innuptæ poteretur flore novercæ,



PELEUS AND THETIS

Rushed from their town to greet him, and
the smoke
Of altar-fires their gratitude bespoke.
Oft in the battle's foremost van was seen
Grim-fronted Mars, or rushing Triton's
queen,
Or the Rhamnusian virgin, as to close
In deadly gripe they cheered the mailèd foes.

But when the earth was steeped in crime,
and when
All justice fled the souls of selfish men ;
When brothers dyed their hands in brothers'
gore,
And children wept their parents dead no
more ;
When the sire yearned his first-born son
to see
Stretched at his feet a lifeless corpse, that he
Might for the riot of his brutal bed
Secure the stepdame, widowed yet unwed ;

A decorative frame in reddish-brown ink, featuring a central title box with the text 'PELEUS ET THETIS'. The frame is composed of two vertical columns and a horizontal base, all adorned with intricate scrollwork and floral motifs. The top of the frame is particularly ornate, with a central crest and symmetrical flourishes on either side.

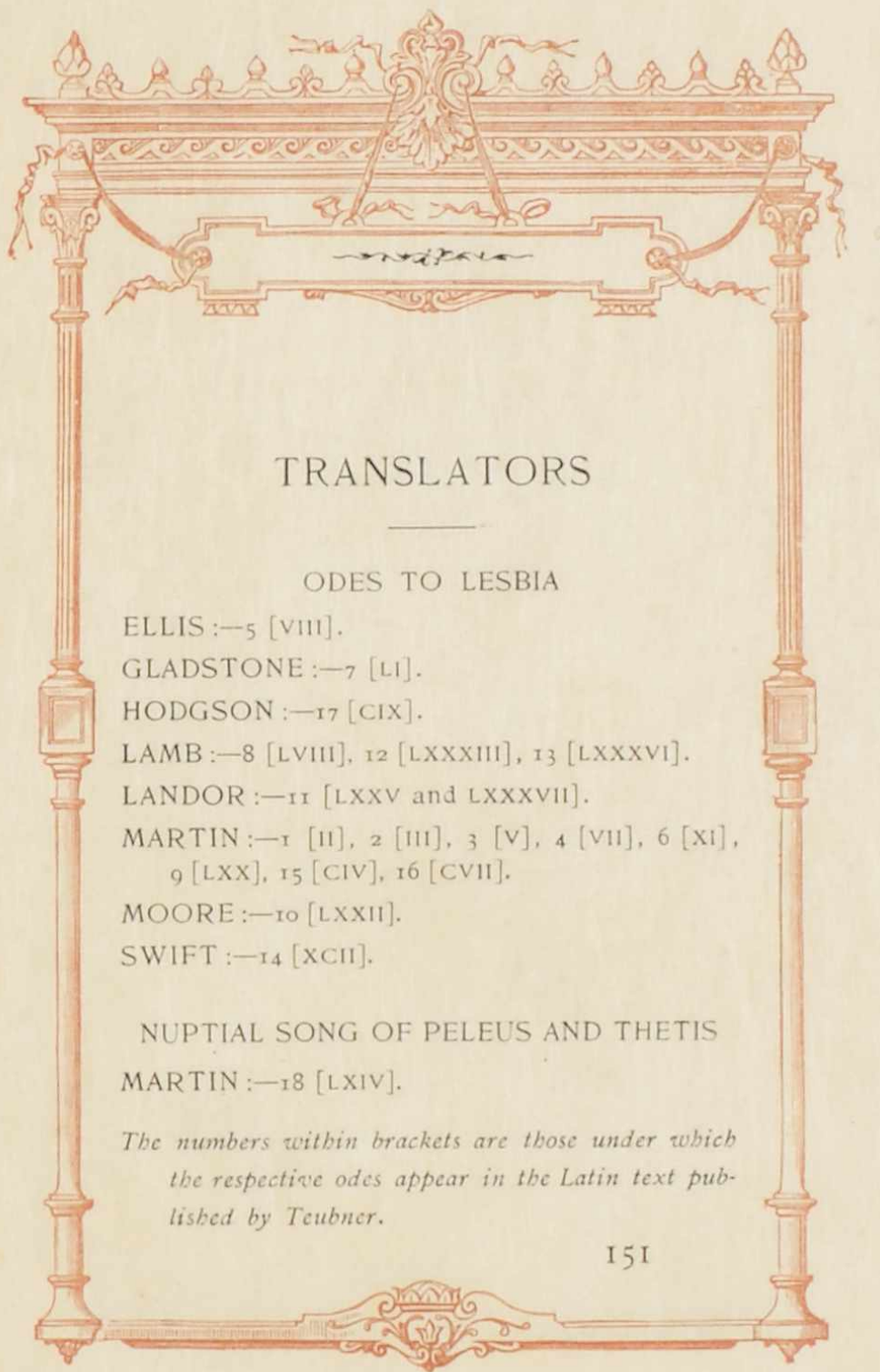
PELEUS ET THETIS

Ignaro mater substernens se in pia nato
In pia non veritast divos scelerare penates :
Omnia fanda nefanda malo permixta furore
Iustificam nobis mentem avertere deorum.
Quare nec tales dignantur visere cœtus,
Nec se contingi patiuntur lumine claro.



PELEUS AND THETIS

When, lost to all remorse, a mother vile
Her household gods could impiously defile,
And yield herself, by no endearments won,
To the embrace of her unconscious son ;
Then right and wrong, impiety and crime,
Confounded by the madness of the time,
Unto the just Immortals struck dismay,
And from the chaos drear they turned away.
Wherefore no more would they be seen of
men,
Beneath the light of common day again.



TRANSLATORS

ODES TO LESBIA

ELLIS :—5 [VIII].

GLADSTONE :—7 [LI].

HODGSON :—17 [CIX].

LAMB :—8 [LVIII], 12 [LXXXIII], 13 [LXXXVI].

LANDOR :—11 [LXXV and LXXXVII].

MARTIN :—1 [II], 2 [III], 3 [V], 4 [VII], 6 [XI],
9 [LXX], 15 [CIV], 16 [CVII].

MOORE :—10 [LXXII].

SWIFT :—14 [XCII].

NUPTIAL SONG OF PELEUS AND THETIS

MARTIN :—18 [LXIV].

*The numbers within brackets are those under which
the respective odes appear in the Latin text pub-
lished by Teubner.*