

## EDITIONS AND COMMENTARIES

THE *editio princeps* appeared in Rome (probably 1469). Of subsequent editions the most important are those of Heinsius (1664-88), Heyne (1767-75, 4th ed. by Wagner, 1830-41), Ribbeck (1859-68), Forbiger (1872-75), Benoist (1876), Thilo (1886), Hirtzel (Clarendon Press, 1900). Complete annotated editions in English are by Kennedy (1879), Conington (completed and revised by Nettleship, 1st vol. re-edited by Haverfield, 1881-83), Papillon (1882), Sidgwick (1890), Page (1900-2), and, in America, Greenough and Kittredge (with a complete vocabulary, 1899). Partial editions in various languages are very numerous, the most conspicuous of recent years being E. Norden's *Aeneid*, Book vi, with German commentary and translation, (1903).<sup>1</sup>

The ancient commentary of Servius (fourth century) was printed as early as 1471, and is given in several editions of Virgil.<sup>2</sup> It is edited separately by Lion (1826) and by Thilo and Hagen (1878 *sqq.*).

<sup>1</sup> Certain disputed passages are discussed by the translator in the Fairclough-Brown edition of the *Aeneid*, Books I-VI (Sanborn and Co., Boston: latest reprint 1913), and in the *Transactions and Proceedings of the American Philological Association* for 1907, vol. 38, pp. xxxvi ff.

<sup>2</sup> Besides Servius, occasional references are made in the notes to the grammarians, Nonius, Charisius, Donatus, and Philargyrius.

# ECLOGAE

## I

### MELIBOEUS

TITYRE, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi PR  
silvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena :  
nos patriae finis et dulcia linquimus arva ;  
nos patriam fugimus : tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra  
formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas. 5

### TITYRUS

O Meliboee, deus nobis haec otia fecit.  
namque erit ille mihi semper deus, illius aram  
saepe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.  
ille meas errare boves, ut cernis, et ipsum  
ludere quae vellem calamo permisit agresti. 10

### MELIBOEUS

Non equidem invideo ; miror magis : undique totis  
usque adeo turbatur agri<sup>s</sup>. en, ipse capellas  
protinus aeger ago ; hanc etiam vix, Tityre, duco.  
hic inter densas corylos modo namque gemellos,  
spem gregis, a ! silice in nuda conixa reliquit. 15

<sup>12</sup> turbamur PR : turbatur read by Quintilian, I. IV. 28, and preferred by Servius.

# ECLOGUES

## I

### MELIBOEUS

You, Tityrus, lie under your spreading beech's covert, wooing the woodland Muse on slender reed, but we are leaving our country's bounds and sweet fields. We are outcasts from our country; you, Tityrus, at ease beneath the shade, teach the woods to re-echo "fair Amaryllis."

### TITYRUS

O Meliboeus, it is a god who wrought for us this peace—for a god he shall ever be to me; often shall a tender lamb from our folds stain his altar. Of his grace my kine roam, as you see, and I, their master, play what I will on my rustic pipe.<sup>1</sup>

### MELIBOEUS

Well, I grudge you not—rather I marvel; such unrest is there on all sides in the land. See, heart-sick, I myself am driving my goats along, and here, Tityrus, is one I scarce can lead. For here just now amid the thick hazels, after hard travail, she dropped twins, the hope of the flock, alas! on the naked flint.

<sup>1</sup> In this pastoral allegory Tityrus represents Virgil, who went to Rome and appealed successfully to Octavian (afterwards Augustus) against the confiscation of his farm.

## VIRGIL

saepe malum hoc nobis, si mens non laeva fuisset,  
de caelo tactas memini praedicere quercus.  
sed tamen, iste deus qui sit, da, Tityre, nobis.

### TITYRUS

Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Meliboeae, putavi  
stultus ego huic nostrae similem, quo saepe solemus  
pastores ovium teneros depellere fetus. 21  
sic canibus catulos similis, sic matribus haedos  
noram, sic parvis componere magna solebam.  
verum haec tantum alias inter caput extulit urbem,  
quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi. 25

### MELIBOEUS

Et quae tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi?

### TITYRUS

Libertas, quae sera tamen respexit inertem,  
candidior postquam tondenti barba cadebat,  
respexit tamen et longo post tempore venit,  
postquam nos Amaryllis habet, Galatea reliquit. 30  
namque, fatebor enim, dum me Galatea tenebat,  
nec spes libertatis erat, nec cura peculi.  
quamvis multa meis exiret victima saeptis,  
pinguis et ingratae premeretur caseus urbi,  
non umquam gravis aere domum mihi dextra redibat.

### MELIBOEUS

Mirabar, quid maesta deos, Amarylli, vocares, 36  
cui pendere sua patereris in arbore poma:  
Tityrus hinc aberat. ipsae te, Tityre, pinus,  
ipsi te fontes, ipsa haec arbusta vocabant.

<sup>37</sup> *R. originally had mala for poma.*

## ECLOGUE I

Often, I mind, this mishap was foretold me, had not my wits been dull, by the oaks struck from heaven. But still tell me, Tityrus, who is this god of yours?

TITYRUS

The city which they call Rome, Meliboeus, I, foolish one! thought was like this of ours, whither we shepherds are wont to drive the tender younglings of our flocks. Thus I knew puppies were like dogs, and kids like their dams; thus I used to compare great things with small. But this one has reared her head as high among all other cities as cypresses oft do among the bending osiers.

MELIBOEUS

And what was the great occasion of your seeing Rome?

TITYRUS

Freedom, who, though late, yet cast her eyes upon me in my sloth, when my beard began to whiten as it fell beneath the scissors. Yet she did cast her eyes on me, and came after a long time—after Amaryllis began her sway and Galatea left me. For—yes, I must confess—while Galatea ruled me, I had neither hope of freedom nor thought of savings. Though many a victim left my stalls, and many a rich cheese was pressed for the thankless town, never would my hand come home money-laden.

MELIBOEUS

I used to wonder, Amaryllis, why so sadly you called on the gods, and for whom you let the apples hang on their native trees. Tityrus was gone from home. The very pines, Tityrus, the very springs, the very orchards here were calling for you!

## VIRGIL

### TITYRUS

Quid facerem? neque servitio me exire licebat 40  
nec tam praesentis alibi cognoscere divos.  
hic illum vidi iuvenem, Meliboee, quotannis  
bis senos cui nostra dies altaria fumant.  
hic mihi responsum primus dedit ille petenti:  
"pascite, ut ante, boves, pueri; submittite tauros."

### MELIBOEUS

Fortunate senex, ergo tua rura manebunt. 46  
et tibi magna satis, quamvis lapis omnia nudus  
limosoque palus obducat pascua iunco.  
non insueta gravis temptabunt pabula fetas,  
nec mala vicini pecoris contagia laedent. 50  
fortunate senex, hic inter flumina nota  
et fontis sacros frigus captabis opacum.  
hinc tibi, quae semper, vicino ab limite saepes  
Hyblaeis apibus florem depasta salicti  
saepe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro; 55  
hinc alta sub rupe canet frondator ad auras:  
nec tamen interea raucae, tua cura, palumbes,  
nec gemere aëria cessabit turtur ab ulmo.

### TITYRUS

Ante leves ergo pascentur in aethere cervi,  
et freta destituent nudos in litore piscis, 60  
ante pererratis amborum fluviis exsul  
aut Ararim Parthus bibit aut Germania Tigrim,  
quam nostro illius labatur pectore voltus.

63 labatur *P*<sup>1</sup>: labantur *P*<sup>2</sup>.

## ECLOGUE I

TITYRUS

What was I to do? I could not quit my slavery nor elsewhere find gods so ready to aid. Here, Meliboeus, I saw that youth for whom our altars smoke twice six days a year. Here he was the first to give my plea an answer: "Feed, swains, your oxen as of old; rear your bulls."

MELIBOEUS

Happy old man! So these lands will still be yours, and large enough for you, though bare stones cover all, and the marsh chokes your pastures with slimy rushes. Still, no strange herbage shall try your breeding ewes, no baneful infection from a neighbour's flock shall harm them. Happy old man! Here, amid familiar streams and sacred springs, you shall court the cooling shade. On this side, as aforetime, on your neighbour's border, the hedge whose willow blossoms are sipped by Hybla's bees shall often with its gentle hum soothe you to slumber; on that, under the towering rock, the woodman's song shall fill the air; while still the cooing wood-pigeons, your pets, and the turtle-dove shall cease not their moaning from the skyey elm.

TITYRUS

Sooner, then, shall the nimble stag graze in air, and the seas leave their fish bare on the strand—sooner, each wandering over the other's frontiers, shall the Parthian in exile drink the Arar, and Germany the Tigris, than that look of his shall fade from my heart.

## VIRGIL

### MELIBOÆUS

At nos hinc alii sitientis ibimus Afros,  
pars Scythiam et rapidum Cretae veniemus Oaxen  
et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos. 66  
en umquam patrios longo post tempore finis,  
pauperis et tuguri congestum caespite culmen  
post aliquot, mea regna videns, mirabor aristas ?  
impius haec tam culta novalia miles habebit, 70  
bārbārū̄s hās sēgētēs. ēn̄ quō discōrdiā civis  
produxit miseros : his nos consevimus agros.  
insere nunc, Meliboee, piros, pone ordine vitis.  
ite meae, quondam felix pecus, ite capellae.  
non ego vos posthac viridi proiectus in antro 75  
dūmosā pēndere p̄ocūl̄ dē rūpē videbo ;  
cārminā nūllā canā̄m ; non̄ mē pascēntē, capellae,  
florentem cytisum et salices carpetis amaras.

### TITYRUS

Hic tamen hanc mecum poteras requiescere noctem  
fronde super viridi : sunt nobis mitia poma, 80  
castaneae molles et pressi copia lactis ;  
et iam summa procul villarum culmina fumant  
maioresque cadunt altis de montibus umbrae.

<sup>66</sup> *Serrius* read *cretae, governed by rapidum, "chalk-rolling."*

<sup>74</sup> *felix* quondam *R.*

<sup>83</sup> de *P*<sup>2</sup> : a *P*<sup>1</sup>.

## ECLOGUE I

### MELIBOEUS

But we must go hence—some to the thirsty Africans, some to reach Scythia and Crete's swift Oaxes, and the Britons, wholly sundered from all the world. Ah, shall I ever, long years hence, look again on my country's bounds, on my humble cottage with its turf-clad roof—shall I, long years hence, look amazed on a few ears of corn, once my kingdom? Is a godless soldier to hold these well-tilled fallows? a barbarian these crops? See to what strife has brought our unhappy citizens! For these have we sown our fields! Now, Meliboeus, graft your pears, plant your vines in rows! Away, my goats! Away, once happy flock! No more, stretched in some mossy grot, shall I watch you in the distance hanging from a bushy crag; no more songs shall I sing; no more, my goats, under my tending, shall you crop flowering lucerne and bitter willows!

### TITYRUS

Yet this night you might have rested here with me on the green leafage. We have ripe apples, mealy chestnuts, and a wealth of pressed cheeses. Even now the house-tops yonder are smoking and longer shadows fall from the mountain-heights.

VIRGIL

II

FORMOSUM pastor Corydōn ardebat Alexim, PR  
 delicias domini, nec, quid speraret, habebat.  
 tantum inter densas, umbrosa cacumina, fagos  
 adsidue veniebat. ibi haec incondita solus  
 montibus et silvis studio iactabat inani. 5

“ O crudelis Alexi, nihil meā carmina cūras ?  
 nil nostri miserere ? mori me denique coges.  
 nūc etiā pecudes umbras et frigora captant,  
 nunc viridis etiam occultant spineta lacertos,  
 Thestylis et rapido fessis messoribus aestu 10  
 alia serpullumque herbas contundit olentis.  
 at mecum raucis, tua dum vestigia lustrō,  
 sole sub ardenti resonant arbusta cicadis.  
 nonne fuit satius, tristis Amaryllidis iras  
 atque superba pati fastidia ? nonne Menalcan, 15  
 quamvis ille niger, quamvis tu candidus esses ?  
 o formose puer, nimium ne crede colori :  
 alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.  
 despectus tibi sum nec, qui sim, quaeris, Alexi,  
 quam dives pecoris, nivei quam lactis abundans : 20  
 mille meae Siculo errant in montibus agnae ;  
 lac mihi non aestate novum, non frigore deficit.  
 canto, quae solitus, si quando armenta vocabat,  
 Amphion Dircaeus in Actaeo Aracyntho.  
 nec sum adeo informis : nuper me in litore vidi, 25  
 cum placidum ventis staret mare ; non ego Daphnim  
 iudice te metuam, si numquam fallit imago.

<sup>7</sup> cogis *P.*

<sup>12</sup> ac *R.*

<sup>27</sup> fallat *P<sup>2</sup>R.*

## ECLOGUE II

II<sup>1</sup>

CORYDON, the shepherd, was aflame for the fair Alexis, his master's pet, nor knew he what to hope. As his one solace, he would day by day come among the thick beeches with their shady summits, and there alone in fruitless passion fling these artless strains to the hills and woods :

<sup>6</sup> " O cruel Alexis, care you naught for my songs ? Have you no pity for me ? You will drive me at last to death. Now even the cattle court the cool shade ; now even the green lizards hide in the brakes, and Thestylis pounds for the reapers, spent with the scorching heat, her savoury herbs of garlic and thyme. But as I scan your footprints, the copses under the burning sun ring with the shrill cicala's voice along with mine. Was it not better to brook Amaryllis' sullen rage and scornful disdain ? or Menalcas, though he was swart and you are fair ? Ah, lovely boy, trust not too much to your bloom ! The white privets fall, the dark hyacinths are culled !

<sup>19</sup> " You scorn me, Alexis, and ask not what I am—how rich in cattle, how wealthy in snow-white milk ! A thousand lambs of mine roam over the Sicilian hills ; new milk fails me not, summer or winter. I sing as Amphion of Dirce used to sing, when calling home the herds on Attic Aracynthus. Nor am I so unsightly ; on the shore the other day I looked at myself, when, by grace of the winds, the sea was at peace and still. With you for judge, I should fear not Daphnis, if the mirror never lies !

<sup>1</sup> This Eclogue, probably the earliest in the collection, is largely an imitation of two Idylls of Theocritus, viz. the third, in which a slighted lover pours forth his complaint, and the eleventh, in which the Cyclops Polyphemus bewails the cruelty of Galatea.

## VIRGIL

o tantum libeat mecum tibi sordida rura  
 atque humilis habitare casas et figere cervos  
 haedorumque gregem viridi compellere hibisco ! 30  
 mecum una in silvis imitabere Pana canendo.  
 Pan primum calamos cera coniungere pluris  
 instituit, Pan curat ovis oviumque magistros.  
 nec te paeniteat calamo trivisse labellum :  
 haec eadem ut sciret, quid non faciebat Amyntas ? 36  
 est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis  
 fistula, Damoetas dono mihi quam dedit olim  
 et dixit moriens ' te nunc habet ista secundum.'  
 dixit Damoetas, invidit stultus Amyntas.  
 praeterea duo, nec tuta mihi valle reperti, 40  
 capreoli, sparsis etiam nunc pellibus albo ;  
 bina die siccant ovis ubera ; quos tibi servo.  
 iam pridem a me illos abducere Thestylis orat ;  
 et faciet, quoniam sordent tibi munera nostra.  
 huc ades, o formose puer : tibi lilia plenis 45  
 ecce ferunt Nymphae calathis, tibi candida Nais,  
 pallentis violas et summa papavera carpens,  
 narcissum et florem iungit bene olentis anethi ;  
 tum, casia atque aliis intexens suavibus herbis,  
 mollia luteola pingit vaccinia caltha. 50  
 ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala  
 castaneasque nuces, mea quas Amaryllis amabat ;  
 addam cerea pruna : honos erit huic quoque pomo ;

\*1 albo] ambo R.

## ECLOGUE II

<sup>28</sup> "O if you would but live with me in our rude fields and lowly cots, shooting the deer and driving the flock of kids to the green mallows!<sup>1</sup> With me in the woods you shall rival Pan in song. Pan it was who first taught man to make many reeds one with wax; Pan cares for the sheep and the shepherds of the sheep. Nor would you be sorry to have chafed your lip with a reed; to learn this same art, what did not Amyntas do? I have a pipe formed of seven uneven hemlock-stalks, a gift Damoetas once gave me, and said on his death-bed, 'Now it claims thee as second master.' So said Damoetas; Amyntas, foolish one, felt envious. Nay more, two roes—I found them in a dangerous valley—their hides still sprinkled with white, drain a ewe's udders twice a day. These I keep for you. Thestylis has long been begging to get them from me—and so she shall, as in your eyes my gifts are mean.

<sup>45</sup> "Come hither, lovely boy! See, for you the Nymphs bring lilies in heaped-up baskets; for you the fair Naiad, plucking pale violets and poppy-heads, blends narcissus and sweet-scented fennel-flower; then, twining them with cassia and other sweet herbs, sets off the delicate hyacinth with the golden marigold. My own hands will gather quinces, pale with tender down, and chestnuts, which my Amaryllis loved. Waxen plums I will add—this fruit, too, shall have its honour. You too, O laurels, I will

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps, "with a green hibiscus switch" (Page). What the *hibiscus* was is uncertain. Dioscorides and Palladius identify it with the marsh-mallow, but Pliny says it is like a parsnip. In x. 71 it is used for making baskets. Keightley is therefore inclined to suspect that it was some kind of willow. The common interpretation is that of Servius, who takes *hibisco* for *ad hibiscum*, comparing it *clamor caelo* (*Aen.* v. 451).

## VIRGIL

et vos, o lauri, carpam et te, proxima myrte,  
 sic positae quoniam suavis miscetis odores. 55  
 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  
 Dardaniusque Paris. Pallas, quas condidit arces, 61  
 ipsa colat: nobis placeant ante omnia silvae.  
 torva leaena lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam,  
 florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella,  
 te Corydon, o Alexi: trahit sua quemque voluptas.  
 aspice, aratra iugo referunt suspensa iuveni, 66  
 et sol crescentis decedens duplicat umbras:  
 me tamen urit amor; quis enim modus adsit amori?  
 ah, Corydon, Corydon, quae te dementia cepit?  
 semiputata tibi frondosa vitis in ulmo est. 70  
 quin tu aliquid saltem potius, quorum indiget usus,  
 viminibus mollique paras detexere iunco?  
 invenies alium, si te hic fastidit, Alexim."

### III

#### MENALCAS

Dic mihi, Damoeta, cuium pecus? an Meliboei? PR

#### DAMOETAS

Non, verum Aegonis; nuper mihi tradidit Aegon.

<sup>56</sup> es] est *P<sup>1</sup>R.*

<sup>57</sup> certet *R.*

### ECLOGUE III

pluck, and you, their neighbour myrtle, for so placed you blend sweet fragrance.

<sup>56</sup> "Corydon, you are a clown! Alexis cares naught for gifts, nor if with gifts you were to vie, would lollas yield. Alas, alas! what wish, poor wretch, has been mine? Madman, I have let in the south wind to my flowers, and boars to my crystal springs! Ah, fool, whom do you flee? Even the gods have dwelt in the woods, and Dardan Paris. Let Pallas dwell by herself in the cities she has built; but let my chief delight be the woods! The grim lioness follows the wolf, the wolf himself the goat, the wanton goat the flowering clover, and Corydon follows you, Alexis. Each is led by his liking. See, the bullocks drag home by the yoke the hanging plough, and the retiring sun doubles the lengthening shadows. Yet me love still burns; for what bound can be set to love? Ah, Corydon, Corydon, what madness has gripped you? Your vine is but half-pruned on the leafy elm. Nay, why not at least set about plaiting some thing your need calls for, with twigs and pliant rushes? You will find another Alexis, if this one scorns you."

#### III<sup>1</sup>

MENALCAS

TELL me, Damoetas, who owns the flock? Is it Meliboeus?

DAMOETAS

No, but Aegon. Aegon the other day turned it over to me.

<sup>1</sup> This *amoebaeon* pastoral, in which two swains contend in alternate song (see l. 59), is largely imitative of the fourth and fifth Idylls of Theocritus.

## VIRGIL

### MENALCAS

Infelix o semper, ovis, pecus ! ipse Neaeram  
dum fovet ac, ne me sibi praeferat illa, veretur,  
hic alienus ovis custos bis mulget in hora, 5  
et sucus pecori et lac subducitur agnis.

### DAMOETAS

Parcius ista viris tamen obicienda memento.  
novimus et qui te, transversa tuentibus hircis,  
et quo (sed faciles Nymphae risere) sacello.

### MENALCAS

Tum, credo, cum me arbustum videre Miconis 10  
atque mala vitis incidere falce novellas.

### DAMOETAS

Aut hic ad veteres fagos cum Daphnidis arcum  
fregisti et calamos : quae tu, perverse Menalca,  
et cum vidisti puero donata, dolebas,  
et si non aliqua nocuisses, mortuus esses. 15

### MENALCAS

Quid domini faciant, audent cum talia fures ?  
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. 20

## ECLOGUE III

MENALCAS

Poor sheep, ever luckless flock! While your master courts Neaera, and fears lest she prefer me to him, this hireling keeper milks his ewes twice an hour, and the flock are robbed of strength and the lambs of milk.

DAMOETAS

Yet have a care to fling these taunts more sparingly at men. We know who was with you while the goats looked askance, and in what chapel—but the easy Nymphs laughed.

MENALCAS

The day, of course, when they saw me hacking Micon's plantation and his young vines with malicious knife.

DAMOETAS

Or it was here, by the old beeches, when you broke Daphnis' bow and arrows; for you were sore, you spiteful Menalcas, when you saw them given to the boy, and could you not have harmed him in some way, you would have died.

MENALCAS

What are masters like to do, if their knaves<sup>1</sup> are so bold? Did I not see you, rascal, snaring Damon's goat, while his mongrel barked madly? And when I cried: "Where is yon fellow running? Tityrus, round up the flock!" you were skulking beyond the sedge.

<sup>1</sup> Servius says: "*pro servo furem posuit.*" An alternative rendering is: "What can owners do when thieves are so daring?" So Page and Waltz.

## VIRGIL

### DAMOETAS

An mihi cantando victus non redderet ille,  
quem mea carminibus meruisset fistula caprum ?  
si nescis, meus ille caper fuit ; et mihi Damon  
ipse fatebatur ; sed reddere posse negabat.

### MENALCAS

Cantando tu illum ? aut umquam tibi fistula cera 25  
iuncta fuit ? non tu in triviis, indocte, solebas  
stridenti miserum stipula disperdere carmen ? PRV

### DAMOETAS

Vis ergo inter nos, quid possit uterque, vicissim  
experiamur ? ego hanc vitulam (ne forte recuses,  
bis venit ad mulctram, binos alit ubere fetus) 30  
depono : tu dic, mecum quo pignore certes.

### MENALCAS

De grege non ausim quicquam deponere tecum :  
est mihi namque domi pater, est iniusta noverca,  
bisque die numerant ambo pecus, alter et haedos.  
verum, id quod multo tute ipse fatebere maius, 35  
(insanire libet quoniam tibi) pocula ponam  
fagina, caelatum divini opus Alcimedontis ;  
lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis  
diffusos hedera vestit pallente corymbos.  
in medio duo signa, Conon et—quis fuit alter, 40  
descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem,  
tempora quae messor, quae curvus arator haberet ?  
necdum illis labra admovi, sed condita servo.

<sup>36</sup> vincta R.

<sup>38</sup> facili γ, known to Servius : facti P<sup>1</sup> : facilis Y, Domatus,  
Berne Scholia : fragilis R.

## ECLOGUE III

DAMOETAS

Did I not beat him in singing, and was he not to pay me the goat my pipe had won by its songs? If you must know, that goat was mine; Damon himself owned to it, but said he could not pay.

MENALCAS

You beat him in singing? Why, did you ever own a wax-jointed pipe? Was it not you, Master Dunce, who at the cross-roads used to murder a sorry tune on a scrannel straw?

DAMOETAS

Well, would you have us try together, turn about, what each can do? I'll stake this cow. Now, don't draw back! She comes twice a day to the milking-pail, and suckles two calves. Now tell me, for what stake you will match me.

MENALCAS

From the herd I'd dare not stake anything with you. I have at home a harsh father and stepmother; and twice a day both count the flock, and one of them the kids as well. But—and you will yourself own it for a far greater wager—since you are on folly bent, I will stake two beechen cups, the embossed work of divine Alcimedon. On these a pliant vine, laid on by the graver's skill, is entwined with spreading clusters of pale ivy. In the midst are two figures, Conon and—who was the other,<sup>1</sup> who marked out with his rod the whole heavens for man, what seasons the reaper should claim, what the stooping ploughman? Nor have I yet put my lips to them, but keep them in store.

<sup>1</sup> The other astronomer was probably Eudoxus of Cnidus whose *Phaenomena* was versified by Aratus.

## VIRGIL

### DAMOETAS

Et nobis idem Alcinedon duo pocula fecit,  
et molli circum est ansas amplexus acantho, 45  
Orpheaque in medio posuit silvasque sequentis ;  
necdum illis labra admovi, sed condita servo :  
si ad vitulam spectas, nihil est, quod pocula laudes.

### MENALCAS

Numquam hodie effugies; veniam, quocumque vocaris.  
audiat haec tantum--vel qui venit ecce Palaemon. 50  
efficiam, posthac ne quemquam voce lacessas.

### DAMOETAS

Quin age, si quid habes ; in me mora non erit ulla,  
nec quemquam fugio : tantum, vicine Palaemon, PR  
sensibus haec imis (res est non parva) reponas.

### PALAEEMON

Dicite, quandoquidem in molli consedimus herba. 55  
et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,  
nunc frondent silvae, nunc formosissimus annus.  
incipere, Damoeta ; tu deinde sequere, Menalca :  
alternis dicetis ; amant alterna Camenae.

### DAMOETAS

Ab Iove principium, Musae : Iovis omnia plena ; 60  
ille colit terras, illi mea carmina curae.

## ECLOGUE III

DAMOETAS

I also have two cups, made for me by the same Alcimedon, and he has clasped their handles with twining acanthus, and in the centre placed Orpheus with the woods that follow him. Nor have I yet put my lips to them, but keep them in store. If you but look at the cow, you will have no praise for the cups.

MENALCAS

You shall never, never get off! Wherever you call me, I will meet you. Only let the one to hear us be—or take the man coming yonder, Palaemon. I will see that hereafter you challenge nobody to sing.

DAMOETAS

Nay come, if you have any song; with me there shall be no delay. No umpire do I shun. Only, neighbour Palaemon, give this your closest heed; it is no trifling matter.

PALAEMON

Sing on, now that we are seated on the soft grass. Even now every field, every tree is budding; now the woods are green, and the year is at its fairest. Begin, Damoetas; then you, Menalcas, must follow. Turn about you shall sing; singing by turns the Muses love.

DAMOETAS

With Jove I begin, ye Muses; of Jove all things are full. He makes the earth fruitful; he pays heed to my songs.

## VIRGIL

MENALCAS

Et me Phoebus amat ; Phoebo sua semper apud me  
munera sunt, lauri et suave rubens hyacinthus.

DAMOETAS

Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,  
et fugit ad salices, et se cupit ante videri. 65

MENALCAS

At mihi sese offert ultro, meus ignis, Amyntas,  
notior ut iam sit canibus non Delia nostris.

DAMOETAS

Parta meae Veneri sunt munera : namque notavi  
ipse locum, aëriæ quo congressere palumbes.

MENALCAS

Quod potui, puero silvestri ex arbore lecta 70  
auræ mala decem misi : cras altera mittam.

DAMOETAS

O quotiens et quæ nobis Galatea locuta est ! R  
partem aliquam, venti, divom referatis ad auris.

MENALCAS

Quid prodest, quod me ipse animo non spernis,  
Amynta,  
si, dum tu sectaris apros, ego retia servo ? 75

DAMOETAS

Phyllida mitte mihi : meus est natalis, lolla ;  
cum faciam vitula pro frugibus, ipse venito.

<sup>77</sup> vitula *Servius, Macrobius* : vitulam MSS.

## ECLOGUE III

MENALCAS

And me Phoebus loves ; Phoebus ever finds with me the offerings he loves, laurels and sweet-blushing hyacinths.

DAMOETAS

Galatea, saucy girl, pelts me with an apple, then runs off to the willows—and hopes to be seen first.

MENALCAS

But my flame Amyntas comes to me unsought, so that now Delia is not better known to my dogs.

DAMOETAS

Gifts I have found for my love ; for I have myself marked where the wood-pigeons have been building high in the air.

MENALCAS

I have sent my boy—'twas all I could do—ten golden apples, culled from a tree in the wood. Tomorrow I will send a second ten.

DAMOETAS

O the times and the things Galatea has spoken to me ! Waft some part, ye winds, to the ears of the gods.

MENALCAS

What boots it, Amyntas, that you yourself scorn me not in heart, if, while you follow the boars, I watch the nets ?

DAMOETAS

Send Phyllis to me ; it is my birthday, Iollas. When I sacrifice a heifer for the harvest, come yourself.

## VIRGIL

MENALCAS

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

DAMOETAS

Triste lupus stabulis, maturis frugibus imbres,      80  
arboribus venti, nobis Amaryllidis irae.

MENALCAS

Dulce satis umor, depulsis arbutus haedis,  
lenta salix feto pecori, mihi solus Amyntas.

DAMOETAS

Pollio amat nostram, quamvis est rustica, Musam :  
Pierides, vitulam lectori pascite vestro.      85

MENALCAS

Pollio et ipse facit nova carmina : pascite taurum,  
iam cornu petat et pedibus qui spargat harenam.

DAMOETAS

Qui te, Pollio, amat, veniat, quo te quoque gaudet ;  
mella fluant illi, ferat et rubus asper amomum.

MENALCAS

Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Maevi,      90  
atque idem iungat vulpes et mulgeat hircos.

## ECLOGUE III

MENALCAS

Phyllis I love beyond all ; for she wept at my leaving, and in lingering tones cried : " Farewell, farewell, my lovely Iollas ! "

DAMOETAS

Baneful to the folds is the wolf, to the ripe crop the rains, to trees the gales, and to me the anger of Amaryllis !

MENALCAS

Sweet to the corn is a shower, to the new-weaned kids the arbute, to the breeding flock the bending willow, and to me Amyntas alone !

DAMOETAS

Pollio loves my Muse, homely though she be ; Pierian sisters, feed a calf for your reader !

MENALCAS

Pollio himself, too, makes new songs. Feed ye a bull, able even now to butt with the horn and to spurn the sand with his hoofs.

DAMOETAS

May he who loves you, Pollio, come <sup>1</sup> where he joys that you, too, have come ! For him may honey flow, and the rough bramble bear spices !

MENALCAS

Let him who hates not Bavius love your songs, Maevius ; and let him also yoke foxes and milk he-goats !

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* into a state of happiness, such as was enjoyed in the golden age.

## VIRGIL

DAMOETAS

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

MENALCAS

Parcite, oves, nimium procedere : non bene ripae  
creditur ; ipse aries etiam nunc vellera siccatur. 95

DAMOETAS

Tityre, pascentis a flumine reice capellas :  
ipse, ubi tempus erit, omnis in fonte lavabo.

MENALCAS

Cogite ovis, pueri : si lac praeceperit aestus,  
ut nuper, frustra pressabimus ubera palmis.

DAMOETAS

Heu heu ! quam pingui macer est mihi taurus in ervo !  
idem amor exitium pecori pecorisque magistro. 101

MENALCAS

His certe—neque amor causa est—vix ossibus haerent.  
nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos.

DAMOETAS

Dic, quibus in terris (et eris mihi magnus Apollo)  
tris pateat Caeli spatium non amplius ulnas. 105

<sup>100</sup> arvo R.

<sup>101</sup> exitium pecori c: exitium est pecori R<sup>γ</sup>2a: exitium  
pecori est γ<sup>1</sup>b.

### ECLOGUE III

DAMOETAS

Ye who cull flowers and low-growing strawberries,  
away from here, lads; a chill snake lurks in the  
grass.

MENALCAS

Forbear, my sheep, to go too far; 'tis ill to trust  
the bank. The ram himself is even now drying his  
fleece.

DAMOETAS

Tityrus, turn back from the stream the grazing  
goats; when the time comes, I'll wash them all in  
the spring myself.

MENALCAS

Round up the sheep, my lads; if the heat fore-  
stalls the milk, as it did of late, in vain shall our  
palms press the teats.

DAMOETAS

Alas, alas! how lean is my bull amid the fattening  
tares! The same love is the bane of the herd and  
the herd's master.

MENALCAS

As to mine at least—and love is not to blame—  
their skin scarce clings to the bones. Some evil eye  
bewitches my tender lambs.

DAMOETAS

Tell me in what land—and you shall be my great  
Apollo—Heaven's space is but three ells broad.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The solution of this riddle is uncertain. One explanation refers it to a spendthrift Mantuan named Caelius, who was left with only enough ground to be buried in. More probably it refers to one looking up at the sky from the bottom of a well or cavern.

## VIRGIL

### MENALCAS

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

### PALAEEMON

Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites :  
et vitula tu dignus et hic—et quisquis amores  
aut metuet dulcis aut experietur amaros. 110  
claudite iam rivos, pueri : sat prata biberunt.

## IV

SICELIDES Musae, paulo maiora canamus. R  
non omnis arbusta iuvant humilesque myricae ;  
si canimus silvas, silvae sint consule dignae.  
Ultima Cumaei venit iam carminis aetas ;  
magnus ab integro saeculorum nascitur ordo. 5  
iam redit et Virgō, redeunt Saturnia regna ;  
iam nova progenies caelo demittitur alto.  
tu modo nascenti puero, quo ferrea primum  
desinet ac toto surget gens aurea mundo,  
casta fave Lucina : tuus iam regnat Apollo. 10

<sup>7</sup> dimittitur R.

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<sup>1</sup> The flower referred to is the hyacinth, marked with AI, the first letters of *Alas*, or with Y, the initial letter of *Ἰακινθός*. Ajax and Hyacinthus, favourite of Apollo, were both sons of kings.

<sup>2</sup> This poem is "a vision of the new golden age under Augustus," which Virgil connects with the birth of a certain child (ll. 8–10). Who this child was is unknown, but most scholars incline to the view that it was the infant son of  
28

## ECLOGUE IV

MENALCAS

Tell me in what land spring up flowers with royal names written thereon<sup>1</sup>—and have Phyllis to yourself!

PALAEEMON

It is not for me to settle so high a contest between you. You deserve the heifer, and he also—and whoever shall fear the sweets or taste the bitters of love. Shut off the rills now, my lads; the meadows have drunk enough.

### IV<sup>2</sup>

SICILIAN<sup>3</sup> Muses, let us sing a somewhat loftier strain. Not all do the orchards please and the lowly tamarisks. If our song is of the woodland, let the woodland be worthy of a consul.

<sup>4</sup> Now is come the last age of the song of Cumae; the great line of the centuries begins anew.<sup>4</sup> Now the Virgin<sup>5</sup> returns, the reign of Saturn returns; now a new generation descends from heaven on high. Only do thou, pure Lucina, smile on the birth of the child, under whom the iron brood shall first cease, and a golden race spring up throughout the world! Thine own Apollo now is king!

C. Asinius Pollio, in whose consulship, 40 B.C., the poem was written (l. 11).

<sup>3</sup> Called Sicilian because Virgil's model in pastoral poetry, Theocritus, was a Sicilian.

<sup>4</sup> The Sibylline books, supposed to record the utterances of the famous Sibyl of Cumae, contained the prophecy of a new circuit of the ages after the Age of Iron had passed.

<sup>5</sup> *i.e.* Astraea or Justice, last of the immortals to leave the earth.

## VIRGIL

teque adeo decus hoc aevi, te consule, inibit,  
 Pollio, et incipient magni procedere menses ;  
 te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,  
 inrita perpetua solvent formidine terras. 15  
 ille deum vitam accipiet divisque videbit  
 permixtos heroas et ipse videbitur illis,  
 pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.  
 At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu  
 errantis hederas passim cum baccare tellus  
 mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho. 20  
 ipsae lacte domum referent distenta capellae  
 ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones ;  
 ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.  
 occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni  
 occidet ; Assyrium volgo nascetur amomum. 25  
 at simul heroum laudes et facta parentis  
 iam legere et quae sit poteris cognoscere virtus,  
 molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,  
 incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva  
 et durae quercus sudabunt roscida mella. 30  
 pauca tamen suberunt priscae vestigia fraudis,  
 quae temptare Thetim ratibus, quae cingere muris  
 oppida, quae iubeant telluri infindere sulcos.  
 alter erit tum Tiphys, et altera quae vehat Argo  
 delectos heroas ; erunt etiam altera bella 35  
 atque iterum ad Troiam magnus mittetur Achilles.  
 hinc ubi iam firmata virum te fecerit aetas,  
 cedit et ipse mari vector, nec nautica pinus  
 mutabit merces ; omnis feret omnia tellus.  
 non rastros patietur humus, non vinea falcem ; 40

<sup>18</sup> ac R.

<sup>26</sup> ac R. parentis *Servius*: parentum R.

<sup>28</sup> flavescit R.

<sup>33</sup> tellurem infindere sulco R.

## ECLOGUE IV

<sup>11</sup> And in thy consulship, Pollio, yea in thine, shall this glorious age begin, and the mighty months commence their march; under thy sway, any lingering traces of our guilt shall become void, and release the earth from its continual dread. He shall have the gift of divine life, shall see heroes mingled with gods, and shall himself be seen of them, and shall sway a world to which his father's virtues have brought peace.

<sup>18</sup> But for thee, child, shall the earth untilled pour forth, as her first pretty gifts, straggling ivy with foxglove everywhere, and the Egyptian bean blended with the smiling acanthus. Uncalled, the goats shall bring home their udders swollen with milk, and the herds shall fear not huge lions; unasked, thy cradle shall pour forth flowers for thy delight. The serpent, too, shall perish, and the false poison-plant shall perish; Assyrian spice shall spring up on every soil.

<sup>26</sup> But soon as thou canst read of the glories of heroes and thy father's deeds, and canst know what valour is, slowly shall the plain yellow with the waving corn, on wild brambles shall hang the purple grape, and the stubborn oak shall distil dewy honey. Yet shall some few traces of olden sin lurk behind, to call men to essay the sea in ships, to gird towns with walls, and to cleave the earth with furrows. A second Tiphys shall then arise, and a second Argo to carry chosen heroes; a second warfare, too, shall there be, and again shall a great Achilles be sent to Troy.

<sup>37</sup> Next, when now the strength of years has made thee man, even the trader shall quit the sea, nor shall the ship of pine exchange wares; every land shall bear all fruits. The earth shall not feel the harrow, nor the vine the pruning-hook; the sturdy ploughman, too,

## VIRGIL

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 pascentis vestiet agnos. 45

“ Talia saecula ” suis dixerunt “ currite ” fusis  
 concordēs stabili fatorum numine Parcae.

Adgredere o magnos (aderit iam tempus) honores,  
 cara deum suboles, magnum Iovis incrementum !  
 aspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum 50

terrasque tractusque maris caelumque profundum ;  
 aspice venturo laetentur ut omnia saeclo ! PR

o mihi tum longae maneat pars ultima vitae,  
 spiritus et, quantum sat erit tua dicere facta :  
 non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius Orpheus, 55  
 nec Linus, huic mater quamvis atque huic pater adsit,  
 Orphei Calliopea, Lino formosus Apollo.

Pan etiam, Arcadia mecum si iudice certet,

Pan etiam Arcadia dicat se iudice victum.

incipē, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem : 60

matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses.

incipē, parve puer : cui non risere parentes,  
 nec deus hunc mensa, dea nec dignata cubili est.

<sup>52</sup> laetentur *P* : laetantur *R*.

<sup>53</sup> longe *P*.

<sup>55</sup> vincat *P*<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>63</sup> qui non risere parenti *Quintilian*.

## ECLOGUE IV

shall now loose his oxen from the yoke. Wool shall no more learn to counterfeit varied hues, but of himself the ram in the meadows shall change his fleece, now to sweetly blushing purple, now to a saffron yellow; of its own will shall scarlet clothe the grazing lambs.

<sup>46</sup> "Ages such as these, glide on!" cried to their spindles the Fates, voicing in unison the fixed will of Destiny!

<sup>48</sup> Enter on thy high honours—the hour will soon be here—O thou dear offspring of the gods, mighty seed of a Jupiter to be!<sup>1</sup> Behold the world bowing with its massive dome—earth and expanse of sea and heaven's depth! Behold, how all things exult in the age that is at hand! O that then the last days of a long life may still linger for me, with inspiration enough to tell of thy deeds! Not Thracian Orpheus, not Linus shall vanquish me in song, though his mother be helpful to the one, and his father to the other, Calliope to Orpheus, and fair Apollo to Linus. Even Pan, were he to contend with me and Arcady be judge, even Pan, with Arcady for judge, would own himself defeated.

<sup>60</sup> Begin, baby boy, to know thy mother with a smile—to thy mother ten months have brought the weariness of travail. Begin, baby boy! Him on whom his parents have not smiled, no god honours with his table, no goddess with her bed!<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The phrase properly means "that from which a Jupiter, or lord of the world, shall grow." As Jupiter rules in heaven, so the child is to rule on earth.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* such a child can never win the rewards bestowed on a hero, such as Hercules (*cf.* Homer, *Odyssey*, XI. 601).

# VIRGIL

## V

### MENALCAS

Cur non, Mopse, boni quoniam convenimus ambo, PR  
tu calamos inflare levis, ego dicere versus,  
hic corylis mixtas inter consedimus ulmos ?

### MOPSUS

Tu maior ; tibi me est aequum parere, Menalca,  
sive sub incertas Zephyris motantibus umbras,  
sive antro potius succedimus. aspice, ut antrum  
silvestris raris sparsit labrusca racemis.

### MENALCAS

Montibus in nostris solus tibi certat Amyntas.

### MOPSUS

Quid, si idem certet Phoebum superare canendo ?

### MENALCAS

Incipe, Mopse, prior, si quos aut Phyllidis ignis 10  
aut Alconis habes laudes aut iurgia Codri.  
incipe ; pascentis servabit Tityrus haedos.

### MOPSUS

Immo haec, in viridi nuper quae cortice fagi  
carmina descripsi et modulans alterna notavi,  
experiar : tu deinde iubeto ut certet Amyntas. 15

<sup>8</sup> certet *P.*

<sup>15</sup> iubeto certet *P.*

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<sup>1</sup> In this poem two shepherds engage in a friendly song-contest, the one relating the death of Daphnis, the other his

## ECLOGUE V

### V 1

MENALCAS

MOPSUS, now that we have met, good men both,  
you at breathing in slender reeds, I at singing verses  
—why not seat us among these elms, with hazels  
interspersed ?

MOPSUS

You are the elder, Menalcas : it is fitting that I  
obey you, whether we pass beneath the shades that  
shift at the Zephyrs' stirring, or rather into the cave.  
See, how the wild vine with its stray clusters has  
overrun the cave.

MENALCAS

Among our hills your only rival is Amyntas.

MOPSUS

What if he should rival Phoebus, too, for the prize  
of song ?

MENALCAS

Begin first, Mopsus, if you have any strains on  
your flute Phyllis, or in praise of Alcon, or in raillery  
at Codrus. Begin. Tityrus will tend the grazing  
kids.

MOPSUS

Nay, I will try these verses, which the other day  
I carved on the green beech-bark, and set to music,  
marking words and tune in turn. Then do you bid  
Amyntas rival me !

deification. The death of Daphnis is also bewailed in the first  
Idyll of Theocritus ; his deification, which is original with  
Virgil, probably has an allegorical reference to Julius Caesar.

# VIRGIL

## MENALCAS

Lenta salix quantum pallenti cedit olivae,  
 puniceis humilis quantum salionca rosetis,  
 iudicio nostro tantum tibi cedit Amyntas.  
 sed tu desine plura, puer : successimus antro.

## MOPSUS

“ Exstinctum Nymphae crudeli funere Daphnim 20  
 flebant (vos coryli testes et flumina Nymphis),  
 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  
 annem 25

libavit quadrupes nec graminis attigit herbam.  
 Daphni, tuum Poenos etiam ingemuisse leones  
 interitum montesque feri silvaeque loquuntur.  
 Daphnis et Armenias curru subiungere tigris  
 instituit, Daphnis thiasos inducere Bacchi 30  
 et foliis lentas intexere mollibus hastas.  
 vitis ut arboribus decori est, ut vitibus uvae,  
 ut gregibus tauri, segetes ut pinguibus arvis,  
 tu decus omne tuis. postquam te Fata tulerunt,  
 ipsa Pales agros atque ipse reliquit Apollo. 35  
 grandia saepe quibus mandavimus hordea sulcis,  
 infelix lolium et steriles nascuntur avenae ;  
 pro molli viola, pro purpureo narcisso  
 carduus et spinis surgit paliurus acutis.  
 spargite humum foliis, inducite fontibus umbras, 40  
 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.’ ”

<sup>27</sup> gemuisse *R.* <sup>38</sup> violae *P<sup>1</sup>* : viola et *R.* <sup>40</sup> umbras] aras *R.*

36

## ECLOGUE V

### MENALCAS

As far as the lithe willow yields to the pale olive,  
as far as the lowly Celtic reed yields to crimson rose-  
beds, so far, to my mind, does Amyntas yield to you.  
Nay, say no more, lad ; we have passed into the cave.

### MOPSUS

“ For Daphnis, cut off by a cruel death, the Nymphs wept—ye hazels and rivers bear witness to the Nymphs—when, clasping her son’s piteous corpse, his mother cried out on the cruelty of both gods and stars. On those days, Daphnis, none drove the pastured kine to the cool streams ; no four-footed beast tasted the brook or touched a blade of grass. Daphnis, the wild mountains and woods tell us that even African lions moaned over thy death.

<sup>29</sup> “ Daphnis it was that taught men to yoke Armenian tigers beneath the car, to lead on the dances of Bacchus and entwine in soft leaves the tough spears. As the vine gives glory to its trees, as the grape to the vines, as the bull to the herd, as the corn to rich fields, thou alone givest glory to thy people. Since the Fates bore thee off, even Pales has left our fields, and even Apollo. Often in the furrows, to which we entrusted the big barley-grains, luckless darnel springs up and barren oat-straws. Instead of the soft violet, instead of the gleaming narcissus, the thistle rises up and the sharp-spiked thorn. Strew the turf with leaves, ye shepherds, curtain the springs with shade—such honours Daphnis charges you to pay him. And build a tomb, and on the tomb place, too, this verse : ‘ Daphnis was I amid the woods, known from here even to the stars. Fair was the flock I guarded, but fairer was I, the master.’ ”

## VIRGIL

### MENALCAS

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,<sup>46</sup> 45  
quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per aestum  
dulcis aquae saliente sitim restinguere rivo.  
nec calamis solum aequiperas, sed voce magistrum.  
fortunate puer, tu nunc eris alter ab illo.  
nos tamen haec quocumque modo tibi nostra vicissim  
dicemus, Daphnimque tuum tollemus ad astra; 51  
Daphnim ad astra feremus: amavit nos quoque  
Daphnis.

### MOPSUS

An quicquam nobis tali sit munere maius?  
et puer ipse fuit cantari dignus, et ista  
iam pridem Stimichon laudavit carmina nobis. 55

### MENALCAS

“Candidus insuetum miratur limen Olympi  
sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnis.  
ergo alacris silvas et cetera rura voluptas  
Panaque pastoresque tenet Dryadasque puellas. 60  
nec lupus insidias pecori nec retia cervis  
ulla dolum meditantur; amat bonus otia Daphnis.  
ipsi laetitia voces ad sidera iactant  
intonsi montes; ipsae iam carmina rupes,  
ipsa sonant arbusta: ‘deus, deus ille, Menalca!’  
sis bonus o felixque tuis! en quattuor aras: 65  
ecce duas tibi, Daphni, duas altaria Phoebo.  
pocula bina novo spumantia lacte quotannis  
craterasque duo statuam tibi pinguis olivi,

<sup>46</sup> lassis *R.*

<sup>51</sup> Daphnin *R.*

<sup>49</sup> ab illo] Apollo *R.*

<sup>52</sup> Daphnin *R.*

## ECLOGUE V

### MENALCAS

Your lay, heavenly bard, is to me even as sleep on the grass to the weary, as in summer-heat the slaking of thirst in a dancing rill of sweet water. Not with the pipe alone, but in voice do you match your master. Happy lad! now you will be next after him. Still I will sing you in turn, poorly it may be, this strain of mine, and exalt your Daphnis to the stars. Daphnis I will exalt to the stars; me, too, Daphnis loved.

### MOPSUS

Could any boon be greater in my eyes than this? Not only was the boy himself worthy to be sung, but long ago Stimichon praised to me those strains of yours.

### MENALCAS

“Daphnis, in radiant beauty, marvels at Heaven’s unfamiliar threshold, and beneath his feet beholds the clouds and the stars. Therefore frolic glee seizes the woods and all the countryside, and Pan, and the shepherds, and the Dryad maids. The wolf plans no ambush for the flock, and nets no snare for the stag; kindly Daphnis loves peace. The very mountains, with woods unshorn, joyously fling their voices starward; the very rocks, the very groves ring out the song: ‘A god is he, a god, Menalcas!’ Be kind and gracious to thine own! Lo here are four altars<sup>1</sup>—two, see, for thee, Daphnis; two for Phoebus! Two cups, foaming with fresh milk, will I year by year set up for thee, and two bowls of rich olive oil; and, for

<sup>1</sup> The *ludi Apollinares* were celebrated on July 6; the birthday of Caesar on July 4.

## VIRGIL

et multo in primis hilarans convivium Baccho,  
ante focum, si frigus erit, si messis, in umbra 70  
vina novum fundam calathis Ariusia nectar.  
cantabunt mihi Damoetas et Lyctius Aegon,  
saltantis Satyros imitabitur Alpheisiboeus.  
haec tibi semper erunt, et cum sollemnia vota  
reddemus Nymphis, et cum lustrabimus agros. 75  
dum iuga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,  
dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadae,  
semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt.  
ut Baccho Cererique, tibi sic vota quotannis  
agricolae facient; damnabis tu quoque votis." 80

### MOPSUS

Quae tibi, quae tali reddam pro carmine dona?  
nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus Austri  
nec percussa iuvant fluctu tam litora, nec quae  
saxosas inter decurrunt flumina vallis.

### MENALCAS

Hac te nos fragili donabimus ante cicuta. 85  
haec nos "formosum Corydon ardebat Alexim," PRV  
haec eadem docuit "cuium pecus? an Meliboei?"

### MOPSUS

At tu sume pedum, quod, me cum saepe rogaret,  
non tulit Antigenes (et erat tum dignus amari),  
formosum paribus nodis atque aere, Menalca. 90

<sup>80</sup> voti *R*<sup>1</sup>: votis *R*<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>89</sup> tum] nunc *P*<sup>1</sup>: tunc *P*<sup>2</sup>.

## ECLOGUE V

my chief care, making the feast merry with wine—in winter, before the hearth; in harvest-time, in the shade—I will pour from goblets the fresh nectar of Chian wine. Damoetas and Lyctian Aegon shall sing for me, and Alpheisiboeus mimic the dancing Satyrs.

<sup>74</sup> “ These rites shall be thine for ever, both when we pay our yearly vows to the Nymphs, and when we purify our fields. Long as the boar loves the mountain ridges, as the fish the streams; long as the bees feed on thyme and the cicadas on dew, so long shall thy honour and name and glories abide. As to Bacchus and Ceres, so to thee, year by year, shall the husbandmen pay their vows; thou, too, shalt bind them to their vows.”

### MOPSUS

What gifts, pray, can I give you for such a song? For no such charm for me has the rustle of the rising South, nor the beach lashed by surge, nor streams tumbling down amid rocky glens.

### MENALCAS

This frail reed I will give you first. This taught me “Corydon was aflame for the fair Alexis”; this too: “Who owns the flock? Is it Meliboeus?”

### MOPSUS

But do you, Menalcas, take this crook, which Antigenes won not, often as he begged it of me—and in those days he was worthy of my love—a goodly crook, with even knots and ring of bronze.

# VIRGIL

## VI

**PRIMA** Syracosio dignata est ludere versu PRV  
 nostra nec erubuit silvas habitare Thalia.  
 cum canerem reges et proelia, Cynthius aurem  
 vellit et admonuit: "pastorem, Tityre, pinguis  
 pascere oportet ovis, deductum dicere carmen." 5  
 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 haec quoque, si quis  
 captus amore leget, te nostrae, Vare, myricae, 10  
 te nemus omne canet; nec Phoebus gratior ulla est,  
 quam sibi quae Vari praescripsit pagina nomen.  
 Pergite, Pierides. Chromis et Mnasyllus in antro  
 Silenum pueri somno videre iacentem,  
 inflatum hesterno venas, ut semper, Iaccho; 15  
 serta procul, tantum capiti delapsa, iacebant  
 et gravis attrita pendebat cantharus ansa.  
 adgressi (nam saepe senex spe carminis anibo  
 luserat) iniciunt ipsis ex vincula sertis.  
 addit se sociam timidisque supervenit Aegle, 20  
 Aegle, Naiadum pulcherrima, iamque videnti  
 sanguineis frontem moris et tempora pingit. PR  
 ille dolum ridens "quo vincula nectitis?" inquit.  
 "solvite me, pueri: satis est potuisse videri.  
 carmina, quae voltis, cognoscite; carmina vobis, 25  
 huic aliud mercedis erit." simul incipit ipse.  
 tum vero in numerum Faunosque ferasque videres

<sup>2</sup> silvis *R.*

<sup>5</sup> diductum *PV.*

## ECLOGUE VI

### VI

My Muse first deigned to sport in Sicilian strains, and blushed not to dwell in the woods. When I was fain to sing of kings and battles,<sup>1</sup> the Cynthian plucked my ear and warned me: "A shepherd, Tityrus, should feed sheep that are fat, but sing a lay fine-spun." And now—for enough, and more, wilt thou find eager to sing thy praises, Varus, and build the story of grim war—now will I woo the rustic<sup>2</sup> Muse on slender reed. Unbidden strains I sing not; still if any there be to read even these my lays—any whom love of the theme has won, 'tis of thee, Varus, our tamarisks shall sing, of thee all our groves. To Phoebus no page is more welcome than that which bears on its front the name of Varus.

<sup>13</sup> Proceed, Pierian maids! The lads Chromis and Mnasyllus saw Silenus lying asleep in a cave, his veins swollen, as ever, with the wine of yesterday. Hard by lay the garlands, just fallen from his head, and his heavy tankard was hanging by its well-worn handle. Falling on him—for oft the aged one had cheated both of a promised song—they cast him into fetters made from his own garlands. Aegle joins their company and seconds the timid pair—Aegle, fairest of the Naiads—and, as now his eyes open, paints his face and brows with crimson mulberries. Smiling at the trick, he cries: "Why fetter me? Loose me, lads; enough that you have shown your power. Hear the songs you crave; you shall have your songs, she another kind of reward." Therewith the sage begins. Then indeed you might see Fauns

<sup>1</sup> Referring to epic poetry.

<sup>2</sup> The present poem, though called *agrestis*, is rather mythological and philosophic (in the ancient sense of the word).

## VIRGIL

ludere, tum rigidas motare cacumina quercus ;  
 nec tantum Phoebō gaudet Parnasia rupes,  
 nec tantum Rhodope miratur et Ismarus Orphea. 30

Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane coacta  
 semina terrarumque animaeque marisque fuissent  
 et liquidi simul ignis ; ut his exordia primis,  
 omnia et ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis ;  
 tum durare solum et discludere Nerea ponto 35  
 coeperit et rerum paulatim sumere formas ;  
 iamque novum terrae stupeant lucescere solem,  
 altius atque cadant submotis nubibus imbres ;  
 incipiant silvae cum primum surgere, cumque  
 rara per ignaros errent animalia montis. 40

Hinc lapides Pyrrhae iactos, Saturnia regna,  
 Caucasiasque refert volucres furtumque Promethei.  
 his adiungit, Hylan nautae quo fonte relictum  
 clamassent, ut litus "Hyla, Hyla" omne sonaret.  
 et fortunatam, si numquam armenta fuissent, 45  
 Pasiphaen nivei solatur amore iuveni.

a! virgo infelix, quae te dementia cepit !  
 Proetides implerunt falsis mugitibus agros : MPR  
 at non tam turpis pecudum tamen ulla secuta  
 concubitus, quamvis collo timuisset aratrum 50  
 et saepe in levi quaesisset cornua fronte.

a! virgo infelix, tu nunc in montibus erras :  
 ille, latus niveum molli fultus hyacintho,  
 ilice sub nigra pallentis ruminat herbas,  
 aut aliquam in magno sequitur grege. "claudite,  
 Nymphae, 55

Dictaeae Nymphae, nemorum iam claudite saltus,  
 si qua forte ferant oculis sese obvia nostris  
 errabunda bovis vestigia ; forsitan illum

<sup>30</sup> mirantur *R.*

<sup>33</sup> exordia] ex omnia *P.*

<sup>34</sup> omnisa *P*<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>38</sup> utque *R.*

<sup>40</sup> ignotos *P.*

<sup>41</sup> Hic *P.*

<sup>49</sup> secuta est *R.*

<sup>51</sup> quaesissent *P.*

## ECLOGUE VI

and fierce beasts sport in measured time, then stiff oaks nod their tops. No such joy has the rock of Parnassus in Phoebus ; no such a marvel to Rhodope and Ismarus is Orpheus.

<sup>31</sup> For he sang how, through the great void, were brought together the seeds of earth, and air, and sea, and streaming fire withal ; how from these elements came all beginnings and even the young globe of the world grew into a mass ; how then it began to harden the ground, to shut Nereus apart in the deep, and, little by little, to assume the forms of things ; how next the earth is awed at the new sun shining and from the uplifted clouds fall showers ; when first woods begin to arise, and living things roam here and there over mountains that know them not.

<sup>41</sup> Then he tells of the stones that Pyrrha threw, of Saturn's reign, of the birds of Caucasus, and the theft of Prometheus. To these he adds the tale of the spring where Hylas was left, and how the seamen called on him, till all the shore rang "Hylas! Hylas!" Now he solaces Pasiphaë—happy one, if herds had never been!—with her passion for the snowy bull. Ah, unhappy girl, what madness seized thee? The daughters of Proetus filled the fields with unreal lowings, yet not one was led by so foul a love for beasts, albeit each had feared the yoke for her neck, and often looked for horns on her smooth brow. Ah! unhappy girl, thou art now roaming on the hills: he, pillowing his snowy side on soft hyacinths, under a dark ilex chews the pale grass, or courts some heifer in the great herd. "Close, Nymphs, Nymphs of Dicte, close ye now the forest glades, if so, perchance, the bull's truant footsteps may meet my eyes; it may be that, tempted by a green meadow

VIRGIL

aut herba captum viridi aut armenta secutum  
perducant aliquae stabula ad Gortynia vaccae." 60

tum canit Hesperidum miratam mala puellam ;  
tum Phaethontidas musco circumdat amarae  
corticis atque solo proceras erigit alnos.

tum canit, errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum  
Aonas in montis ut duxerit una sororum, 65

utque viro Phoebi chorus adsurrexerit omnis ;  
ut Linus haec illi divino carmine pastor,  
floribus atque apio crinis ornatus amaro,  
dixerit: "hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musae,  
Ascraeo quos ante seni, quibus ille solebat 70  
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 75

Dulichias vexasse rates et gurgite in alto  
a! timidos nautas canibus lacerasse marinis ;  
aut ut mutatos Terei narraverit artus,  
quas illi Philomela dapes, quae dona pararit,  
quo cursu deserta petiverit et quibus ante 80  
infelix sua tecta super volitaverit alis ?

omnia quae Phoebō quondam meditante beatus  
audiit Eurotas iussitque ediscere laurus,  
ille canit (pulsae referunt ad sidera valles),  
cogere donec ovis stabulis numerumque referre 85  
iussit et invito processit Vesper Olympo.

<sup>74</sup> ut R.

<sup>85</sup> referri M<sup>2</sup>P<sup>2</sup>γ.

## ECLOGUE VI

or following the herd, he will be led home by some cows to our Cretan stalls."

<sup>61</sup> Then he sings of the maid who marvelled at the apples of the Hesperides; then he encircles Phaëthon's sisters in moss of bitter bark, and raises them from the ground as lofty alders. Then he sings of Gallus, wandering by the streams of Permessus—how one of the sisterhood led him to the Aonian hills, and how all the choir of Phoebus rose to do him honour; how Linus, a shepherd of immortal song, his locks crowned with flowers and bitter parsley, cried to him thus: "These reeds—see, take them—the Muses give thee—even those they once gave the old Ascrean,<sup>1</sup> wherewith, as he sang, he would draw the unyielding ash-trees down the mountain-sides. With these do thou tell of the birth of the Grynean wood, that there may be no grove wherein Apollo glories more."

<sup>74</sup> Why tell how he sang of Scylla, daughter of Nisus, of whom is still told the story that, with howling monsters girt about her white waist, she harried the Ithacan barques, and in the swirling depths, alas! tore asunder the trembling sailors with her sea-dogs? Or how he told of Tereus' changed form, what feast, what gifts Philomela made ready for him, on what wise she sped to the desert, and with what wings, luckless one! she first<sup>2</sup> hovered above her home?

<sup>82</sup> All the songs that of old Phoebus rehearsed, while happy Eurotas listened and bade his laurels learn by heart—these Silenus sings. The re-echoing valleys fling them again to the stars, till Vesper gave the word to fold the flocks and tell their tale, as he set forth over an unwilling sky.

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* Hesiod, poet of the *Works and Days*, born at Ascrea, in Boeotia.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* before she sped to the desert.

# VIRGIL

## VII

### MELIBOEUS

FORTE sub arguta consederat ilice Daphnis, MP<sup>7</sup>  
 compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrsis in unum,  
 Thyrsis ovis, Corydon distentas lacte capellas,  
 ambo florentes aetatibus, Arcades ambo,  
 et cantare pares et respondere parati. 5  
 huc mihi, dum teneras defendo a frigore myrtos,  
 vir gregis ipse caper deerraverat, atque ego Daphnim  
 aspicio. ille ubi me contra videt, "ocius" inquit  
 "huc ades, o Meliboe: caper tibi salvus et haedi:  
 et si quid cessare potes, requiesce sub umbra. 10  
 huc ipsi potum venient per prata iuvenci,  
 hic viridis tenera praetexit harundine ripas MPV  
 Mincius, eque sacra resonant examina quercu."  
 quid facerem? neque ego Alcippen nec Phyllida  
 habebam,  
 depulsos a lacte domi quae clauderet agnos; 15  
 et certamen erat, Corydon cum Thyrside magnum.  
 posthabui tamen illorum mea seria ludo.  
 alternis igitur contendere versibus ambo  
 coepere, alternos Musae meminisse volebant.  
 hos Corydon, illos referebat in ordine Thyrsis. 20

### CORYDON

Nymphae, noster amor, Libethrides, aut mihi carmen,  
 quale meo Codro, concedite (proxima Phoebi  
 versibus ille facit); aut, si non possumus omne  
 hic arguta sacra pendebit fistula pinu.

<sup>6</sup> hic *P*.

<sup>19</sup> volebam *known to Servius*.

<sup>23</sup> possumus *M<sup>1</sup>P<sup>1</sup>*.

## ECLOGUE VII

### VII<sup>1</sup>

#### MELIBOEUS

DAPHNIS, it chanced, had made his seat beneath a whispering ilex, while Corydon and Thyrsis had driven their flocks together — Thyrsis his sheep, Corydon his goats swollen with milk—both in the bloom of life, Arcadians both, ready in a match to sing, as well as to make reply. To this place, while I sheltered my tender myrtles from the cold, my he-goat, the lord of the flock himself, had strayed; and lo! I catch sight of Daphnis. As he in turn saw me, “Quick,” he cries, “come hither, Meliboeus; your goat and kids are safe, and if you can idle awhile, pray rest beneath the shade. Hither your steers will of themselves come over the meadows to drink; here Mincius fringes his green banks with waving reeds, and from the hallowed oak swarm humming bees.”

<sup>14</sup> What could I do? I had no Alcippe or Phyllis to pen my new-weaned lambs at home; and the match—Corydon against Thyrsis—was a mighty one. Still, I counted their sport above my work. So in alternate verses the pair began to compete; alternate verses the Muses were fain to recall.<sup>2</sup> These Corydon, those Thyrsis repeated in turn.

#### CORYDON

Ye Nymphs of Libethra, my delight, either grant me such a strain as ye gave my Codrus—the lays he makes come nearest to Apollo’s—or, if such power is not for us all, here on the hallowed pine shall hang my tuneful pipe.

<sup>1</sup> This is a purely pastoral, amoebaeon poem, imitative of Theocritus.

<sup>2</sup> The Muses are the daughters of Mnemosyne, “Memory.”

## VIRGIL

### THYRSIS

Pastores, hedera nascentem ornate poetam, 25  
Arcades, invidia rumpantur ut ilia Codro ;  
aut, si ultra placitum laudarit, baccare frontem  
cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

### CORYDON

Saetoſi caput hoc apri tibi, Delia, parvus 30  
et ramosa Micon vivacis cornua cervi.  
si proprium hoc fuerit, levi de marmore tota  
puniceo stabis suras evincta coturno.

### THYRSIS

Sinum lactis et haec te liba, Priape, quotannis  
exspectare sat est : custos es pauperis horti.  
nunc te marmoreum pro tempore fecimus ; at tu, 35  
si fetura gregem suppleverit, aureus esto.

### CORYDON

Nerine Galatea, thymo mihi dulcior Hyblae,  
candidior cyncis, hedera formosior alba, MP  
cum primum pasti repetent praesepia tauri,  
si qua tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito. 40

### THYRSIS

Immo ego Sardoniis videar tibi amarior herbis,  
horridior rusco, proiecta vilior alga,  
si mihi non haec lux toto iam longior anno est.  
ite domum pasti, si quis pudor, ite iuveni.

<sup>25</sup> crescentem *P.*

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<sup>1</sup> It was thought that an evil tongue could, by extravagant  
50

## ECLOGUE VII

### THYRSIS

Shepherds of Arcady, crown with ivy your rising bard, that Codrus' sides may burst with envy; or, should he praise me unduly, wreath my brow with foxglove, lest his evil tongue harm the bard that is to be.<sup>1</sup>

### CORYDON

To thee, Delia, young Micon offers this head of a bristling boar and the branching antlers of a long-lived stag. If this fortune still abides, thou shalt stand full length in polished marble, thy ankles bound high with purple buskins.

### THYRSIS

A bowl of milk, Priapus, and these cakes, are all thou canst expect year by year; the garden thou watchest is poor. Now we have made thee of marble for the time; but if births make full the flock, then be thou of gold.

### CORYDON

Galatea, child of Nereus, sweeter to me than Hybla's thyme, whiter than swans, lovelier than pale ivy, soon as the bulls come back from pasture to the stalls, if thou hast any love for thy Corydon, come hither!

### THYRSIS

Nay, let me seem to thee more bitter than Sardinian herbs, more rough than gorse, more worthless than upcast seaweed, if even now I find not this day longer than a whole year. Go home, my well-fed steers, if ye have any shame, go home!

praise, provoke the jealousy of the gods. Foxglove was a charm against such bewitchment.

## VIRGIL

### CORYDON

Mucosi fontes et somno mollior herba, 45  
et quae vos rara viridis tegit arbutus umbra,  
solstitium pecori defendite: iam venit aestas  
torrida, iam laeto turgent in palmite gemmae.

### THYRSIS

Hic focus et taedae pingues, hic plurimus ignis 50  
semper et adsidua postes fuligine nigri:  
hic tantum Boreae curamus frigora, quantum  
aut numerum lupus aut torrentia flumina ripas.

### CORYDON

Stant et iuniperi et castaneae hirsutae,  
strata iacent passim sua quaeque sub arbore poma,  
omnia nunc rident: at si formosus Alexis 55  
montibus his abeat, videas et flumina sicca.

### THYRSIS

Aret ager, vitio moriens sitit aëris herba,  
Liber pampineas invidit collibus umbras:  
Phyllidis adventu nostrae nemus omne virebit,  
Iuppiter et laeto descendet plurimus imbi. 60

### CORYDON

Populus Alcidae gratissima, vitis Iaccho,  
formosae myrtus Veneri, sua laurea Phoebos:  
Phyllis amat corylos; illas dum Phyllis amabit,  
nec myrtus vincet corylos nec laurea Phoebi.

<sup>48</sup> lento *PM*<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>56</sup> aberit *P*.

## ECLOGUE VII

CORYDON

Ye mossy springs, and grass softer than sleep, and the green arbutus that shields you with its scant shade, ward the noontide heat from my flock. Now comes the summer's parching, now the buds swell on the gladsome tendril.

THYRSIS

Here we have a hearth and pitchy brands; here, a good fire ever blazing and door-posts black with never-failing soot. Here we reckon as much of the chill blasts of Boreas as the wolf of the number of sheep, or rushing torrents of their banks.

CORYDON

Here stand junipers and shaggy chestnuts; strewn about under the trees lie their own divers fruits; now all nature smiles; but if fair Alexis should quit these hills you would see the very rivers dry.

THYRSIS

The field is parched; the grass is athirst, dying in the tainted air; Bacchus has grudged the hills the shade of his vines: but at the coming of my Phyllis all the woodland will be green, and Jupiter, in his fullness, shall descend in gladsome showers.

CORYDON

The poplar is most dear to Alcides, the vine to Bacchus, the myrtle to lovely Venus, and his own laurel to Phoebus. Phyllis loves hazels, and while Phyllis loves them, neither the myrtle nor laurel of Phoebus shall outvie the hazels.

## VIRGIL

### THYRSIS

Fraxinus in silvis pulcherrima, pinus in hortis, 65  
populus in fluviis, abies in montibus altis :  
saepius at si me, Lycida formose, revisas,  
fraxinus in silvis cedat tibi, pinus in hortis.

### MELIBOEUS

Haec memini, et victum frustra contendere Thyrsim.  
ex illo Corydon Corydon est tempore nobis. 70

## VIII

PASTORUM Musam Damonis et Alpheisiboei, MP  
immemor herbarum quos est mirata iuvenca  
certantis, quorum stupefactae carmine lynces,  
et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus,  
Damonis Musam dicemus et Alpheisiboei. 5

Tu mihi, seu magni superas iam saxa Timavi,  
sive oram Illyrici legis aequoris,—en erit umquam  
ille dies, mihi cum liceat tua dicere facta ?  
en erit, ut liceat totum mihi ferre per orbem  
sola Sophocleō tua carmina digna cōturno ? 10  
a te principium, tibi desinam. accipe iussis  
carmīna coepta fuis atque hanc sine tempora circum  
inter victrices hederam tibi serpere laurus.

<sup>68</sup> cedet *P*, *Servius*, *Berne Scholia*.

<sup>11</sup> desinet *M*, *Berne Scholia* : desinit *b*.

<sup>1</sup> Others take it thus : "Corydon is Corydon to us," *i.e.* Corydon, in our judgment, is the best of poets.

<sup>2</sup> This is an amoebaeon poem, in which one shepherd sings of the despair of a jilted lover, and the other of the charms

## ECLOGUE VIII

### THYRSIS

Fairest is the ash in the woods, the pine in the gardens, the poplar by rivers, the fir on mountain-tops; but, if thou, lovely Lycidas, shouldst often visit me, the ash in the woods and the pine in the gardens would yield to thee.

### MELIBOEUS

This I remember, and how Thyrsis, vanquished, strove in vain. From that day it is Corydon, Corydon with us.<sup>1</sup>

### VIII<sup>2</sup>

THE pastoral Muse of Damon and Alpheisiboeus, at whose rivalry the heifer marvelled and forgot to graze, at whose song lynxes stood spell-bound, and rivers were changed and stayed their course—the Muse of Damon and Alpheisiboeus I will sing.

<sup>6</sup> But thou, my friend,<sup>3</sup> whether even now thou art passing the crags of great Timavus, or skirting the coast of the Illyrian main—O will that day ever come when I shall be free to tell thy deeds? O shall I ever be free to spread through all the world those songs of thine, alone worthy of the buskin of Sophocles? From thee is my beginning; in thy honour shall I end. Accept the songs essayed at thy bidding, and grant that about thy brows this ivy may creep among the victor's laurels,

used by a deserted maiden to bring back her fickle Daphnis. The latter song is copied from the second Idyll of Theocritus.

<sup>3</sup> This Eclogue is dedicated to Pollio, now returning from his successful campaign against the Parthini in Illyricum. The date is 39 B.C.



## VIRGIL

Frigida vix caelo noctis decesserat umbra,  
cum ros in tenera pecori gratissimus herba,  
incumbens tereti Damon sic coepit olivae. 15

### DAMON

“Nascere, praeque diem veniens age, Lucifer,  
almum,  
coniugis indigno Nysae deceptus amore  
dum queror et divos, quamquam nil testibus illis **MPV**  
profeci, extrema moriens tamen adloquor hora. 20

incipi Maenalius mecum, mea tibia, versus.

Maenalus argutumque nemus pinosque loquentis  
semper habet, semper pastorum ille audit amores  
Panaque, qui primus calamos non passus inertis.

incipi Maenalius mecum, mea tibia, versus. 25

Mopso Nysa datur : quid non speremus amantes ?  
iungentur iam grypes equis, aevoque sequenti  
cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula dammae.

incipi Maenalius mecum, mea tibia, versus. 28<sup>a</sup>

Mopse, novas incide faces : tibi ducitur uxor ;  
sparge, marite, nuces : tibi deserit Hesperus Oetam.

incipi Maenalius mecum, mea tibia, versus. 31

o digno coniuncta viro, dum despicias omnis  
dumque tibi est odio mea fistula, dumque capellae  
hirsutumque supercilium promissaque barba  
nec curare deum credis mortalia quemquam. 35

incipi Maenalius mecum, mea tibia, versus.

<sup>20</sup> adloquar *M*<sup>1</sup>*P*<sup>2</sup>*V*.

<sup>24</sup> primum *M*.

<sup>28</sup> timidae *M*: timide *P*<sup>1</sup>: timidi *V*γ, *Servius*, *Berne Scholia*.

<sup>28a</sup> *This verse is given only by γ.*

<sup>24</sup> demissaque *P*.

## ECLOGUE VIII

Scarce had night's cool shade left the sky, what time the dew on the tender grass is sweetest to the flock, when, leaning on his shapely olive-staff, Damon thus began :

DAMON

“ Rise, O morning star, heralding genial day, while I, cheated in the love which my promised Nysa spurned, make lament, and, though their witnessing has availed me naught, yet, as I die, I call on the gods in this my latest hour.

*Begin with me, my flute, a song of Maenalus !*

Maenalus hath ever tuneful groves and speaking pines ; ever does he listen to shepherds' loves and to Pan, who first awoke the idle reeds.

*Begin with me, my flute, a song of Maenalus !*

To Mopsus is Nysa given ! For what may we lovers not look ? Griffins now shall mate with mares, and, in the age to come, the timid deer shall come with hounds to drink.

*Begin with me, my flute, a song of Maenalus !*

Mopsus, cut new torches ! For thee they bring the bride ! Scatter, bridegroom, the nuts ! For thee the Evening-star quits Oeta !

*Begin with me, my flute, a song of Maenalus !*

O wedded to a worthy lord ! even while thou scornest all men, and while thou hatest my pipe and my goats, my shaggy eyebrows and unkempt beard, and thinkest that no god recks aught of the deeds of men !

*Begin with me, my flute, a song of Maenalus !*

## VIRGIL

saepibus in nostris parvam te roscida mala  
 (dux ego vester eram) vidi cum matre legentem.  
 alter ab undecimo tum me iam acceperat annus,  
 iam fragilis poteram ab terra contingere ramos. 40  
 ut vidi, ut perii ! ut me malus abstulit error !

incipi Maenaios mecum, mea tibia, versus.

nunc scio, quid sit Amor. duris in cotibus illum  
 aut Tmaros aut Rhodope aut extremi Garamantes  
 nec generis nostri puerum nec sanguinis edunt. MP

incipi Maenaios mecum, mea tibia, versus. 46

saevus Amor docuit natorum sanguine matrem  
 commaculare manus : crudelis tu quoque, mater.  
 crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille ?  
 improbus ille puer : crudelis tu quoque, mater. 50

incipi Maenaios mecum, mea tibia, versus.

nunc et ovis ultro fugiat lupus, aurea durae  
 mala ferant quercus, narcisso floreat alnus,  
 pinguia corticibus sudent electra myricae,  
 certent et cycnis ululae, sit Tityrus Orpheus, 55  
 Orpheus in silvis, inter delphinas Arion.

incipi Maenaios mecum, mea tibia, versus.

omnia vel medium fiat mare. vivite silvae ;  
 praeceps aërii specula de montis in undas  
 deferar ; extremum hoc munus morientis habeto. 60

desine Maenaios, iam desine, tibia, versus."

<sup>43</sup> duris] nudis P<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>58</sup> fiant γαβ<sup>2</sup>c.

## ECLOGUE VIII

Within our garden-close I saw thee—I was guide for both—a little child, along with my mother, plucking dewy apples. My eleventh year finished, the next had just greeted me ; from the ground I could now reach the frail boughs. As I saw, how was I lost ! How a fatal frenzy swept me away !

*Begin with me, my flute, a song of Maenalus !*

Now know I what Love is ; on flinty crags Tmarus bare him—or Rhodope, or the farthest Garamantes, a child not of our race or blood !

*Begin with me, my flute, a song of Maenalus !*

Ruthless Love taught a mother<sup>1</sup> to stain her hands in her children's blood ; cruel, too, wast thou, O mother. Was the mother more cruel, or that boy more heartless ? Heartless was he ; cruel, too, wast thou, O mother !

*Begin with me, my flute, a song of Maenalus !*

Now let the wolf even flee before the sheep, let rugged oaks bear golden apples, let the alder bloom with narcissus, let tamarisks distil rich amber from their bark, let owls, too, vie with swans, let Tityrus be an Orpheus—an Orpheus in the woods, an Arion among the dolphins !

*Begin with me, my flute, a son of Maenalus !*

Nay, let all become mid-ocean ! Farewell, ye woods ! Headlong from some towering mountain-crag I will plunge into the waves ; this take thou as my last dying gift !

*Cease, my flute, now cease the song of  
Maenalus !*"

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Medea.

## VIRGIL

Haec Damon : vos, quae responderit Alphesiboeus,  
dicite, Pierides ; non omnia possumus omnes.

### ALPHESIBOEUS

“ Effer aquam et molli cinge haec altaria vitta  
verbenasque adole pinguis et mascula tura,                    65  
coniugis ut magicis sanos avertere sacris  
experiar sensus ; nihil hic nisi carmina desunt.

ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite  
Daphnim.

carmina vel caelo possunt deducere lunam,  
carminibus Circe socios mutavit Ulixi,                    70  
frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis.

ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite  
Daphnim.

terna tibi haec primum triplici diversa colore  
licia circumdo, terque haec altaria circum  
effigiem duco ; numero deus impare gaudet.                    75

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 haec ut cera liquescit                    80  
uno eodemque igni, sic nostro Daphnis amore.  
sparge molam et fragilis incende bitumine laurus.  
60

## ECLOGUE VIII

Thus Damon. Tell ye, Pierian maids, the answer  
of Alphisiboeus. Not all things can we all do.

### ALPHESIBOEUS

“Bring out water, and wreath these shrines with  
soft wool; and burn rich herbs and male frankin-  
cense, that I may try with magic rites to turn to fire  
my lover’s coldness of mood. Naught is lacking here  
save songs.

*Bring Daphnis home from town, bring him, my  
songs!*

Songs can even draw the moon down from heaven;  
by songs Circe changed the comrades of Ulysses;  
with song the cold snake in the meadows is burst  
asunder.

*Bring Daphnis home from town, bring him, my  
songs!*

Three threads here I first tie round thee, marked  
with three different hues, and three times round  
these shrines I draw thy image. In an uneven  
number heaven delights.

*Bring Daphnis home from town, bring him, my  
songs!*

Weave, Amaryllis, three hues in three knots; weave  
them, Amaryllis, I beg, and say, ‘Chains of love I  
weave!’

*Bring Daphnis home from town, bring him, my  
songs!*

As this clay hardens, and as this wax melts in one  
and the same flame, so may Daphnis melt with love  
for me! Sprinkle meal, and kindle the crackling

## VIRGIL

Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide  
laurum.

ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite  
Daphnim.

talis amor Daphnim, qualis cum fessa iuvenum 85  
per nemora atque altos quaerendo bucula lucos  
propter aquae rivum viridi procumbit in ulva,  
perdita, nec serae meminit decedere nocti,  
talis amor teneat, nec sit mihi cura mederi.

ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite  
Daphnim. 90

has olim exuvias mihi perfidus ille reliquit,  
pignora cara sui : quae nunc ego limine in ipso,  
terra, tibi mando ; debent haec pignora Daphnim.

ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite  
Daphnim.

has herbas atque haec Ponto mihi lecta venena 95  
ipse dedit Moeris (nascuntur plurima Ponto),  
his ego saepe lupum fieri et se condere silvis  
Moerim, saepe animas imis excire sepulchris  
atque satas alio vidi traducere messis.

ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite  
Daphnim. 100

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.

<sup>87</sup> concumbit *P*<sup>1</sup>.

## ECLOGUE VIII

bays with pitch. Me cruel Daphnis burns; for  
Daphnis burn I this laurel.

*Bring Daphnis home from town, bring him, my  
songs!*

May such longing seize Daphnis as when a heifer,  
jaded with the search for her mate amid woods and  
deep groves, sinks down by a water-brook in the  
green sedge, all forlorn, nor thinks to withdraw  
before night's late hour—may such longing seize  
him, and may I care not to heal it!

*Bring Daphnis home from town, bring him, my  
songs!*

These relics that traitor once left me, dear pledges  
for himself. Now, on my very threshold, I commit  
them, O Earth, to thee. These pledges make  
Daphnis my due.

*Bring Daphnis home from town, bring him, my  
songs!*

These herbs and these poisons, culled in Pontus,  
Moeris himself gave me—they grow plenteously in  
Pontus. By their aid I have oft seen Moeris turn  
wolf and hide in the woods, oft call spirits from the  
depth of the grave, and charm sown corn away to  
other fields.

*Bring Daphnis home from town, bring him, my  
songs!*

Carry forth the embers, Amaryllis, and toss them over  
your head into a running brook; and look not back.  
With these I will assail Daphnis; he recks naught  
of gods or songs.

*Bring Daphnis home from town, bring him, my  
songs!*

## VIRGIL

aspice, corripuit tremulis altaria flammis 105  
sponte sua, dum ferre moror, cinis ipse. bonum sit!  
nescio quid certe est, et Hylax in limine latrat.  
credimus? an qui amant, ipsi sibi somnia fingunt?

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

## IX

LYCIDAS

Quo te, Moeri, pedes? an, quo via ducit, in urbem? *MP*

MOERIS

O Lycida, vivi pervenimus, advena nostri  
(quod numquam veriti sumus) ut possessor agelli  
diceret: "haec mea sunt; veteres migrate coloni."  
nunc victi, tristes, quoniam fors omnia versat, 5  
hos illi (quod nec vertat bene) mittimus haedos.

LYCIDAS

Certe equidem audieram, qua se subducere colles  
incipiunt mollique iugum demittere clivo,  
usque ad aquam et veteres, iam fracta cacumina,  
fagos  
omnia carminibus vestrum servasse Menalcan. 10

<sup>107</sup> Hylax *MSS.*

<sup>109</sup> carmina parcite *M.*

<sup>9</sup> veteris *P, Berne Scholia*: fagi *P.*

## ECLOGUE IX

Look! the ash itself, while I delay to carry it forth,  
has of its own accord caught the shrines with quivering  
flames. Be the omen good! 'Tis something surely,  
and Hylax is barking at the gate. Can I trust my  
eyes? Or do lovers fashion their own dreams?

*Cease! Daphnis comes home from town;  
cease now, my songs!*"

### IX<sup>1</sup>

LYCIDAS

Whither afoot, Moeris? Is it, as the path leads, to  
town?

MOERIS

O Lycidas, we have lived to see the day—an evil  
never dreamed—when a stranger, holder of our little  
farm, could say: "This is mine; begone, ye old  
tenants!" Now, beaten and cowed, since chance  
rules all, we send him these kids—our curse go with  
them!

LYCIDAS

Yet surely I had heard that, from where the hills  
begin to rise, then sink their ridge in a gentle slope,  
down to the water and the old beeches with their  
now shattered tops, your Menalcas had with his songs  
saved all.

<sup>1</sup> The ninth Eclogue is purely personal, and has to do with  
the same subject as the first. Perhaps it is a poetical appeal  
to Varus for assistance. Under the person of Menalcas Virgil  
himself is concealed. Moeris is the poet's *vilicus* or bailiff.

## VIRGIL

### MOERIS

Audieras, et fama fuit; sed carmina tantum  
nostra valent, Lycida, tela inter Martia, quantum  
Chaonias dicunt aquila veniente columbas.  
quod nisi me quacumque novas incidere lites  
ante sinistra cava monuisset ab ilice cornix, 15  
nec tuus hic Moeris, nec viveret ipse Menalcas.

### LYCIDAS

Heu, cadit in quemquam tantum scelus? heu, tua  
nobis  
paene simul tecum solacia rapta, Menalca?  
quis caneret Nymphas? quis humum florentibus  
herbis  
spargeret aut viridi fontis induceret umbra? 20  
vel quae sublegi tacitus tibi carmina nuper,  
cum te ad delicias ferres, Amaryllida, nostras?  
“Tityre, dum redeo (brevis est via) pasce capellas,  
et potum pastas age, Tityre, et inter agendum  
occursare capro (cornu ferit ille) caveto.” 25

### MOERIS

Immo haec, quae Varo necdum perfecta canebat:  
“Vare, tuum nomen, superet modo Mantua nobis,  
Mantua vae miserae nimium vicina Cremonae,  
cantantes sublime ferent ad sidera cycni.”

### LYCIDAS

Sic tua Cyrneas fugiant examina taxos, 30  
sic cytiso pastae distendant ubera vaccae:  
incipere, si quid habes. et me fecere poetam  
Pierides, sunt et mihi carmina, me quoque dicunt

<sup>17</sup> cadet *P.*

<sup>29</sup> ferant *P<sup>2</sup>.*

<sup>30</sup> Grynæas *M<sup>2</sup>P.*, *Berne Scholia.*

## ECLOGUE IX

MOERIS

You had heard, and so the story ran. But amid the weapons of war, Lycidas, our songs avail as much as, they say, the doves of Chaonia when the eagle comes. So, had not a raven on the left first warned me from the hollow oak to cut short, as best I might, this new dispute, neither your Moeris here nor Menalcas himself would be alive.

LYCIDAS

Alas! can any man be guilty of such a crime? Alas! was the solace of thy songs, Menalcas, almost torn from us, along with thyself? Who would sing the Nymphs? Who would strew the turf with flowery herbage, or curtain the springs with green shade? Or those songs I slyly caught from thee the other day, when thou wert faring to our darling Amaryllis? "Tityrus, till I return—the way is short—feed my goats; and when fed, drive them, Tityrus, to water, and in driving, have a care not to get in the he-goat's way—he butts with his horn."

MOERIS

Nay, these lines, not yet finished, which he sang to Varus: "Varus, thy name, let but Mantua be spared us—Mantua, alas! too near ill-fated Cremona—singing swans shall bear aloft to the stars."

LYCIDAS

As you would have your swarms shun the yews of Corsica, and your heifers browse on clover and swell their udders, begin, if you have aught to sing. Me, too, the Pierian maids have made a poet; I, too, have songs; me also the shepherds call a bard, but I

## VIRGIL

vatem pastores ; sed non ego credulus illis.  
nam neque adhuc Vario videor nec dicere Cinna 35  
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 40  
fundit humus flores, hic candida populus antro  
imminet et lentae texunt umbracula vites :  
huc ades ; insani feriant sine litora fluctus.”

### LYCIDAS

Quid, quae te pura solum sub nocte canentem  
audieram ? numeros memini, si verba tenerem. 45  
“ Daphni, quid antiquos signorum suspicis ortus ?  
ecce Dionaei processit Caesaris astrum,  
astrum, quo segetes gauderent frugibus et quo  
duceret apricis in collibus uva colorem. 49  
insere, Daphni, piros ; carpent tua poma nepotes.”

### MOERIS

Omnia fert aetas, animum quoque ; saepe ego longos  
cantando puerum memini me condere soles :  
nunc oblita mihi tot carmina : vox quoque Moerim  
iam fugit ipsa ; lupi Moerim videre priores.  
sed tamen ista satis referet tibi saepe Menalcas. 55

<sup>35</sup> Varo *M*, Berne Scholia, known to Servius.  
<sup>46-50</sup> assigned to Moeris by MSS., except *Mγ*.

## ECLOGUE IX

trust them not. For as yet, methinks, I sing nothing worthy of a Varius or a Cinna, but cackle as a goose among melodious swans.

MOERIS

That's what I am about, Lycidas, silently turning it over in my mind, in case I can recall it. And no mean song it is.

<sup>39</sup> "Come to me, Galatea! What sport can there be in the waves? Here is rosy spring; here, by the streams, Earth scatters her varied flowers; here the white poplar bends over the cave, and the clinging vines weave shady bowers. Come to me; let the wild waves lash the shore."

LYCIDAS

What of the lines I heard you singing alone beneath the cloudless night? The measure I remember, could I but keep the words.

<sup>46</sup> "Daphnis, why art thou gazing at the old constellations rising? See! the star<sup>1</sup> of Caesar, seed of Dione, has gone forth—the star to make the fields glad with corn, and the grape deepen its hue on the sunny hills. Graft thy pears, Daphnis; thy children's children shall gather fruits of thine."

MOERIS

Time robs us of all, even of memory; oft as a boy I recall that with song I would lay the long summer days to rest. Now I have forgotten all my songs. Even voice itself now fails Moeris; wolves have seen Moeris first. Still Menalcas will repeat you your songs, often as you will.

<sup>1</sup> This is Horace's *Iulium sidus* (*Carm.* I. XII. 47), the comet which appeared just after the death of Julius Caesar, and was commonly supposed to be Caesar's deified soul.

## VIRGIL

### LYCIDAS

Causando nostros in longum ducis amores.  
et nunc omne tibi stratum silet aequor, et omnes,  
aspice, ventosi ceciderunt murmuris aurae.  
hinc adeo media est nobis via ; namque sepulchrum  
incipit apparere Bianoris : hic, ubi densas 60  
agricolae stringunt frondes, hic, Moeri, canamus ;  
hic haedos depone, tamen veniemus in urbem.  
aut si, nox pluviam ne colligat ante, veremur,  
cantantes licet usque (minus via laedit) eamus ;  
cantantes ut eamus, ego hoc te fasce levabo. 65

### MOERIS

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

## X

EXTREMUM hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem : *MP*  
pauca meo Gallo, sed quae legat ipsa Lycoris,  
carmina sunt dicenda : neget quis carmina Gallo ?  
sic tibi, cum fluctus subterlabere Sicanos,  
Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam, 5  
incipi ; sollicitos Galli dicamus amores,  
dum tenera attendent simae virgulta capellae.  
non canimus surdis, respondent omnia silvae.

<sup>59</sup> hic *P.*

<sup>1</sup> laborum *P*<sup>1</sup>.

## ECLOGUE X

LYCIDAS

By your pleas you put off my longing. Now the whole sea-plain lies still and silent, and lo! every breath of the murmuring breeze is dead. Just from here lies half our journey, for Bianor's tomb is coming into view. Here, where husbandmen are lopping the thick leaves—here, Moeris, let us sing. Here put down the kids—we shall reach the town all the same. Or if we fear that night may first bring on rain, we may yet go singing on our way—it makes the road less irksome. That we may go singing on our way, I will relieve you of this burden.

MOERIS

Say no more, lad; let us to the task in hand. Our songs we shall sing the better, when the master himself is come.

X<sup>1</sup>

My last task this—vouchsafe me it, Arethusa<sup>2</sup>! A few verses I must sing for my Gallus, yet such as Lycoris herself may read! Who would refuse verses to Gallus? If, when thou glidest beneath Sicilian waves, thou wouldst not have briny Doris blend her stream with thine, begin! Let us tell of Gallus' anxious loves, while the blunt-nosed goats crop the tender brakes. We sing to no deaf ears; the woods echo every note.

<sup>1</sup> In this tenth Eclogue the poet sings the love of his friend C. Cornelius Gallus for a mistress who had deserted him. The scene is laid in Arcadia.

<sup>2</sup> Invoked as a Sicilian Muse and inspirer of Theocritus.

## VIRGIL

Quae nemora aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellae  
 Naïdes, indigno cum Gallus amore peribat? MPR  
 nam neque Parnasi vobis iuga, nam neque Pindi 11  
 ulla moram fecere, neque Aonie Aganippe.  
 illum etiam lauri, etiam flevere myricae,  
 pinifer illum etiam sola sub rupe iacentem  
 Maenalus, et gelidi fleverunt saxa Lycaei. 15  
 stant et oves circum (nostri nec paenitet illas,  
 nec te paeniteat pecoris, divine poeta :  
 et formosus ovis ad flumina pavit Adonis);  
 venit et upilio, tardi venere subulci,  
 uvidus hiberna venit de glande Menalcas. 20  
 omnes "unde amor iste" rogant "tibi?" venit Apollo:  
 "Galle, quid insanis?" inquit. "tua cura Lycoris  
 perque nives alium perque horrida castra secuta est."  
 venit et agresti capitis Silvanus honore,  
 florentis ferulas et grandia lilia quassans. 25  
 Pan deus Arcadiae venit, quem vidimus ipsi  
 sanguineis ebuli bacis minioque rubentem :  
 "ecquis erit modus?" inquit. "Amor non talia curat:  
 nec lacrimis crudelis Amor nec gramina rivis<sup>24</sup>  
 nec cytiso saturantur apes nec fronde capellae." 30  
 tristis at ille "tamen cantabitis, Arcades" inquit,  
 "montibus haec vestris, soli cantare periti  
 Arcades. o mihi tum quam molliter ossa quiescant,  
 vestra meos olim si fistula dicat amores  
 atque utinam ex vobis unus vestrique fuissem 35  
 aut custos gregis aut maturae vinitor uvae.  
 certe sive mihi Phyllis sive esset Amyntas  
 seu quicumque furor (quid tum, si fuscus Amyntas?  
 et nigrae violae sunt et vaccinia nigra),

<sup>10</sup> periret *M*<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>19</sup> opilio *Berne Scholia*.

<sup>23</sup> castra] saxa *P*<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>29</sup> ripis *M*<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>12</sup> Aoniae *MR*: Aoinie *P*.

<sup>20</sup> umidus *R*.

<sup>28</sup> et quis *P*<sup>1</sup>*R*.

<sup>32</sup> nostris *P*<sup>1</sup>.

## ECLOGUE X

<sup>9</sup> What groves, what glades were your abode, ye virgin Naiads, when Gallus was pining with a love unrequited? For no heights of Parnassus or of Pindus, no Aonian Aganippe made you tarry. For him even the laurels, even the tamarisks wept. For him, as he lay beneath a lonely rock, even pine-crowned Maenalus wept, and the crags of cold Lycæus. The sheep, too, are standing around—they think no shame of us, and think thou no shame of the flock, heavenly poet; even fair Adonis fed sheep beside the streams.

<sup>19</sup> The shepherd came, too; slowly the swineherds came; Menalcas came, dripping, from the winter's mast.<sup>1</sup> All ask: "Whence this love of thine?" Apollo came. "Gallus," he said, "what madness this? Thy sweetheart Lycoris hath followed another amid snows and amid rugged camps." Silvanus came, with rustic glories on his brow, waving his fennel flowers and tall lilies. Pan came, Arcady's god, and we ourselves saw him, crimsoned with vermilion and blood-red elderberries. "Will there be no end?" he cried. "Love recks naught of this: neither is cruel Love sated with tears, nor the grass with the rills, nor bees with the clover, nor goats with leaves."

<sup>31</sup> But sadly Gallus replied: "Yet ye, O Arcadians, will sing this tale to your mountains; Arcadians only know how to sing. O how softly then would my bones repose, if in other days your pipes should tell my love! And O that I had been one of you, the shepherd of a flock of yours, or the dresser of your ripened grapes! Surely, my darling, whether it were Phyllis or Amyntas, or whoever it were—and what if Amyntas be dark? violets, too, are black and black are hyacinths—my darling would be lying at

<sup>1</sup> Acorns, steeped in water, were food for cattle in winter.

## VIRGIL

mecum inter salices lenta sub vite iaceret ; 40  
 serta mihi Phyllis legeret, cantaret Amyntas.  
 hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,  
 hic nemus ; hic ipso tecum consumerer aëvo.  
 nunc insanus amor duri me Martis in armis  
 tela inter media atque adversos detinet hostis : 45  
 tu procul a patria (nec sit mihi credere tantum)  
 Alpinas a ! dura, nives et frigora Rheni  
 me sine sola vides. a ! te ne frigora laedant !  
 a ! tibi ne teneras glacies secet aspera plantas !  
 ibo et Chalcidico quae sunt mihi condita versu 50  
 carmina pastoris Siculi modulabor avena.  
 certum est in silvis, inter spelaea ferarum  
 malle pati tenerisque meos incidere amores  
 arboribus : crescent illae, crescetis, amores.  
 interea mixtis lustrabo Maenala Nymphis, 55  
 aut acris venabor apros. non me ulla vetabunt  
 frigora Parthenios canibus circumdare saltus.  
 iam mihi per rupes videor lucosque sonantis  
 ire ; libet Partho torquere Cydonia cornu  
 spicula—tamquam haec sit nostri medicina furoris, 60  
 aut deus ille malis hominum mitescere discat.  
 iam neque Hamadryades rursus neque carmina nobis  
 ipsa placent ; ipsae rursus concedite silvae.  
 non illum nostri possunt mutare labores,  
 nec si frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus 65  
 Sithoniasque nives hiemis subeamus aquosae,  
 nec si, cum moriens alta liber aret in ulmo,  
 Aethiopum versemus ovis sub sidere Cancri.  
 omnia vincit Amor : et nos cedamus Amori.”

<sup>40</sup> iaceres *MP*<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>60</sup> sint *M*.

<sup>59</sup> Rhodonea *M*<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>69</sup> vincet *M* : viciit *R*.

## ECLOGUE X

my side among the willows, under the creeping vine—  
Phyllis culling me garlands, Amyntas singing songs.  
Here are cold springs, Lycoris, here soft meadows,  
here woodland; here, with thee, time alone would  
wear me away. But now a mad passion for the stern  
god of war keeps me in arms, in the midst of weapons  
and opposing foes; while thou, far from thy native soil  
—O that it were not for me to believe such a tale!—  
art gazing, ah, heartless one! on Alpine snows and  
the frost-bound Rhine, apart from me, all alone. Ah,  
may the frosts not harm thee! Ah, may not the  
jagged ice cut thy tender feet!

<sup>50</sup> “I will be gone, and the strains I composed in  
Chalcidian verse<sup>1</sup> I will play on a Sicilian shepherd’s  
pipe. Well I know that in the woods, amid wild beasts’  
dens, it is better to suffer and carve my love on the  
young trees. They will grow; thou, too, my love,  
wilt grow. Meanwhile, with the Nymphs I will roam  
o’er Maenalus, or hunt fierce boars. No frosts will  
stay me from girdling with my hounds the glades of  
Parthenius. Even now, methinks, I pass over rocks  
and echoing groves; ’tis a joy to wing Cydonian  
shafts from my Parthian bow! As if this could heal  
my frenzy, or as if that god could learn pity for  
human sorrows! Now once more, nor Hamadryads  
nor even songs have charms for me; once more  
adieu, even ye woods! No toils of ours can change  
that god, not though in the heart of winter we  
drink the Hebrus and brave the Thracian snows and  
their wintry sleet, not though, when the bark dies  
and withers on the lofty elm, we drive to and fro  
the Aethiopians’ sheep beneath the star of Cancer!  
Love conquers all; let us, too, yield to Love!”

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* Gallus’ imitations of Euphorion of Chalcis.

## VIRGIL

Haec sat erit, divae, vestrum cecinisse poetam, 70  
dum sedet et gracili fiscellam textit hibisco,  
Pierides; vos haec facietis maxima Gallo,  
Gallo, cuius amor tantum mihi crescit in horas,  
quantum vere novo viridis se subicit alnus.  
surgamus: solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra, 75  
iuniperi gravis umbra, nocent et frugibus umbrae.  
ite domum saturae, venit Hesperus, ite capellae.

74 subducit *R.*

## ECLOGUE X

<sup>70</sup> These strains, Muses divine, it will be enough,  
for your poet to have sung, while he sits idle and  
twines a basket of slender hibiscus. These ye shall  
make of highest worth in Gallus' eyes—Gallus, for  
whom my love grows hour by hour as fast as in the  
dawn of spring shoots up the green alder. Let us rise;  
the shade oft brings peril to singers. The juniper's  
shade brings peril; hurtful to the corn, too, is the  
shade. Get ye home, my full-fed goats—the  
Evening-star comes—get ye home!