

TIBULLUS
TRANSLATED BY
J. P. POSTGATE

INTRODUCTION

THE poems which have come down to us under the name of Tibullus consist of three books, the first two of which, published before his death in 19 B.C., were known to antiquity under the titles of *Delia* and *Nemesis*, the mistresses whom they celebrated. The third book (divided by the Renaissance scholars into two), which may be called the Messalla collection, and consisting of pieces by different hands, was added at some later time. Among its contents may be distinguished six elegies by one Lygdamus dedicated to a "Neaera," a panegyric of Messalla in hexameter verse, five short and graceful poems on the love of Sulpicia, a kinswoman of Messalla, for a certain Cerinthus, and possibly written by Tibullus, followed by six very brief pieces by the lady herself, upon which they appear to have been founded, and, lastly, two poems of doubtful authorship, though the first (III. xix.) claims to be by Tibullus. On these questions, and on that of the name of the poet, generally said to be Albius Tibullus, see Postgate, *Selections from Tibullus* (ed. 2, 1910), pp. xxxiv-li and 179-184.

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The best of the complete extant MSS. is the Ambrosianus (A.), the only one cited in this edition. For the others and the lost or imperfect sources of the text and their values reference should be made to the *praefationes* of the critical editions, or to the Critical Appendix in *Selections from Tibullus*, pp. 200 *sqq.*

The first two editions of Tibullus are that with Catullus, Propertius, and the *Silvae* of Statius by Vindelino de Spira (Venice, 1472), and one of Tibullus alone by Florentius de Argentina, probably published in the same year.

The chief commentaries on Tibullus still of value are Heyne's (4th ed., 1819), Huschke's (1819), and Dissen's (1835), all in Latin. So also Némethy's (1905-6). There is no complete English commentary. Postgate's *Selections* contain the larger half. Modern critical editions are those of Baehrens (1878), Hiller (1885, with Index Verborum, a later recension in the new *Corpus Poetarum Latinorum*), Postgate (Oxford Classical Texts, 1905), Cartault's *Tibulli*, &c. (Paris, 1909). Cartault's *À propos du Corpus Tibullianum* (1906) gives a valuable account of recent contributions. The articles on the poet in Schanz's *Geschichte der römischen Litteratur* (1911) and Teuffel's corresponding history (1910), and Marx's article "Albius" in Pauly-Wissowa's *Realencyclopädie*, may be recommended.

The Latin text here translated is based upon the text and *apparatus criticus* already published in the

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Oxford Classical Texts, and is printed with the permission of the Delegates of the Clarendon Press. Only such notes are appended as are needful to save the reader from misunderstanding.

Square brackets in the translation are used to enclose matter which is not from Tibullus, whether it is a translation of a corrupt original or a conjectural supplement for a gap in the text. In the textual notes ψ indicates a reading found in the inferior manuscripts and probably due to conjecture.

J. P. POSTGATE

June 12, 1912

SINCE the above was written there has appeared *The Elegies of Albius Tibullus*, by Kirby Flower Smith (American Book Co., 1913), containing the *Corpus Tibullianum*, Latin text with Introduction and an ample commentary on Books I., II., and IV. II.-XIV. (= III. VIII.-end).

May 17, 1914

J. P. POSTGATE

BOOK I

TIBULLI

LIBER PRIMVS

1

DIVITIAs alius fulvo sibi congerat auro
et teneat culti iugera multa soli,
quem labor adsiduus vicino terreat hoste,
Martia cui somnos classica pulsa fugent :
me mea paupertas vita traducat inertī,
dum meus adsiduo luceat igne focus. 6
iam mihi, iam possim contentus vivere parvo 25
nec semper longae deditus esse viae,
sed Canis aestivos ortus vitare sub umbra
arboris ad rivos praetereuntis aquae.
nec tamen interdum pudeat tenuisse bidentem
aut stimulo tardos increpuisse boves ; 30
non agnamve sinu pigeat fetumve capellae
desertum oblita matre referre domum. 32
ipse seram teneras maturo tempore vites 7
rusticus et facili grandia poma manu :
nec Spes destituat sed frugum semper acervos
praebat et pleno pingua musta lacu. 10
nam veneror, seu stipes habet desertus in agris
seu vetus in trivio florida sarta lapis ;

TIBULLUS

THE FIRST BOOK

I

The Poet's Ideal

LET others heap up their treasure of yellow gold ; let theirs be many acres of well-tilled ground ; let them live in constant fighting and alarms with the foeman at their gates, their slumbers routed by the outburst of the signal for the fray. But let the humble fortune that is mine lead me along a quiet path of life, so my hearth but shine with an unfailing fire.

²⁵ May it now be mine to live for myself, to live contented with my little, and no more be ever vowed to distant marchings ; but when the Dog-star rises, to escape its heat beneath some tree's shade with a rill of water fleeting past, nor think it shame to grasp the hoe at times or chide the laggard oxen with the goad, nor a trouble to carry homewards in my arms a ewe lamb or youngling goat forgotten by its dam and left alone.

⁷ When the time is ripe, let me plant the tender vines and the stout orchard trees with my own deft hands, a countryman indeed. Nor let Hope disappoint me, but ever vouchsafe the heaped-up corn and rich new wine to fill my vat. For I bend in worship wherever flowery garlands lie on deserted tree-stock in the fields or old stone at a crossway, and

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et quodcumque mihi pomum novus educat annus,
 libatum agricolae ponitur ante deo.
 flava Ceres, tibi sit nostro de rure corona
 spicea, quae templi pendeat ante fores ;
 pomosisque ruber custos ponatur in hortis
 terreat ut saeva falce Priapus aves.
 vos quoque, felicis quondam, nunc pauperis agri
 custodes, fertis munera vestra, Lares. 20
 tunc vitula innumeros lustrabat caesa iuencos :
 nunc agna exigui est hostia parva soli.
 agna cadet vobis, quam circum rustica pubes
 clamet "io, messes et bona vina date." 24
 at vos exiguo pecori, furesque lupique, 33
 parcite : de magno praeda petenda grege.
 hinc ego pastoremque meum lustrare quot annis
 et placidam soleo spargere lacte Palem.
 adsitis, divi, neu vos e paupere mensa
 dona nec e puris spernite fictilibus.—
 fictilia antiquus primum sibi fecit agrestis
 pocula, de facili composuitque luto.— 40
 non ego divitias patrum fructusque requiro,
 quos tulit antiquo condita messis avo :
 parva seges satis est ; satis est, requiescere lecto
 si licet et solito membra levare toro.
 quam iuvat immites ventos audire cubantem
 et dominam tenero continuisse sinu
 aut, gelidas hibernus aquas cum fuderit Auster,
 securum somnos imbre ¹ iuvante sequi !
 hoc mihi contingat : sit dives iure, furorem
 qui maris et tristes ferre potest pluvias. 50
 o quantum est auri pereat potiusque smaragdi,
 quam fleat ob nostras ulla puella vias.

¹ igne A., which is possible.

TIBULLUS I. I.

of all my fruit that the fresh season ripens I set the first before the country's guardian god. Ceres of the yellow hair, let my farm produce the spiky wreath to hang before thy temple doors. And in the fruit-laden garden be red Priapus set as watch, to scare the birds with cruel billhook.

¹⁹ Ye too, my Lares, who watch over an estate, now poor though thriving once, receive your gifts. Then a slain heifer was peace-offering for uncounted beeves; a lamb is now the humble victim for my narrow plot of ground. A lamb shall fall for you, and round it the country youth shall shout: "Huzza! Send us good crops and wine!"

³³ But ye, ye thieves and wolves, have mercy on my scanty flocks; from great herds must ye take your spoil. Here is all I have to make the yearly expiation for my herdsman, and to sprinkle over Pales the milk that makes her kind. Be with me, Gods: nor scorn gifts from a humble board and on clean earthenware. Earthen were the drinking-cups which the ancient yokel made himself, modelling them from pliant clay.

⁴¹ I ask not for the riches of my sires or the gains which garnered harvests brought to my ancestors of yore. A small field's produce is enough—enough if I may sleep upon my bed and the mattress ease my limbs as heretofore. What delight to hear the winds rage as I lie and hold my love safe in my gentle clasp; or, when the stormy South Wind sheds the chilling showers, to follow the road of untroubled sleep, the rain my lullaby! This be my lot; let him be rightly rich who can bear the rage of the sea and the dreary rain. Ah, sooner let all the gold and all the emeralds perish from the world than any maiden weep for my departings.

TIBVLLVS

te bellare decet terra, Messalla, marique,
 ut domus hostiles praeferat exuvias :
 me retinent vinctum¹ formosae vincla puellae,
 et sedeo duras ianitor ante fores.
 non ego laudari curo, mea Delia ; tecum
 dum modo sim, quaeso segnis inersque vocer.
 te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
 et teneam moriens deficiente manu.

60

flebis et arsuro positum me, Delia, lecto,
 tristibus et lacrimis oscula mixta dabis.
 flebis : non tua sunt duro praecordia ferro
 vincta, nec in tenero stat tibi corde silex.
 illo non iuvenis poterit de funere quisquam
 lumina, non virgo sicca referre domum.

tu manes ne laede meos, sed parce solutis
 crinibus et teneris, Delia, parce genis.
 interea, dum fata sinunt, iungamus amores :
 iam veniet tenebris Mors adoperta caput ;
 iam subrepet iners aetas, nec amare decebit,
 dicere nec cano blanditias capite.

70

nunc levis est tractanda venus, dum frangere postes
 non pudet et rixas inseruisse iuvat.
 hic ego dux milesque bonus : vos, signa tubaeque,
 ite procul, cupidis vulnera ferte viris,
 ferte et opes : ego composito securus acervo
 dites despiciam despiciamque famem.

¹ vinctum ψ, "defeated," and captive may be right.

TIBULLUS I. 1.

⁵⁸ 'Tis right for thee, Messalla, to campaign on land and sea that on thy house's front may show the spoils of foemen: I am a captive fast bound in the bonds of a lovely girl; I sit a janitor before her stubborn doors. I care not for glory, Delia dear; let me only be with thee, and I will pray folk call me sluggard and idler.

⁵⁹ May I look on thee when my last hour comes; may I hold thy hand, as I sink, in my dying clasp. Thou wilt weep for me, Delia, when I am laid on the bed that is to burn; thou wilt give me kisses mingled with bitter tears. Thou wilt weep: thy breast is not cased in iron mail; in thy soft heart there is no stubborn flint. From that burial none, neither youth nor maiden, will return with dry eyes home. Do thou hurt not my spirit; but spare thy loosened hair and spare thy soft cheeks, Delia.

⁶⁹ Meantime, while Fate allows, let us be one in love. Soon will Death be here with his head cowed in dark. Soon will steal on us the inactive age, nor will it be seemly to play the lover or utter soft speeches when the head is hoar. Now let gay love be my pursuit while it is no shame to break a door down and a joy to plunge into a brawl. 'Tis here I am brave captain and private. Begone, ye trumpets and ensigns! take wounds to the men of greed, and take their wealth. I, safe on my garnered heap, will look down on hunger as I look down on wealth.

TIBVLLVS

II

ADDE merum vinoque novos compesce dolores,
 occupet ut fessi lumina victa sopor ;
 neu quisquam multo percussum tempora baccho
 excitet, infelix dum requiescit amor.
 nam posita est nostrae custodia saeva puellae,
 clauditur et dura ianua firma sera.
 ianua difficilis domini te verberet imber,
 te Iovis imperio fulmina missa petant.
 ianua, iam pateas uni mihi victa querellis,
 neu furtim verso cardine aperta sones. 10
 et mala si qua tibi dixit dementia nostra,
 ignoscas ; capiti sint precor illa meo.
 te meminisse decet quae plurima voce peregi
 supplice cum posti florida sarta darem.
 tu quoque ne timide custodes, Delia, falle.
 audendum est : fortes adiuvat ipsa Venus.
 illa favet seu quis iuvenis nova limina temptat
 seu reserat fixo dente puella fores ;
 illa docet molli furtim derepere lecto,
 illa pedem nullo ponere posse sono, 20
 illa viro coram nutus conferre loquaces
 blandaque compositis abdere verba notis.
 nec docet hoc omnes, sed quos nec inertia
 tardat
 nec vetat obscura surgere nocte timor.
 en ego cum tenebris tota vagor anxius urbe, 25

 nec sinit occurrat quisquam qui corpora ferro 25a
 vulneret aut rapta praemia veste petat.

TIBULLUS I. II.

II

To Delia

MORE wine; let the liquor master these unwonted pains, that on my wearied eyes may fall triumphant sleep; and when the wine god's copious fumes have mounted to my brain, let none awake me from unhappy love's repose. For a cruel watch has been set upon my girl, and the door is shut and bolted hard against me. Door of a stubborn master, may the rain lash thee, and bolts flying at Jupiter's command make thee their mark. Door, now yield to my complaining and open only unto me, and make no sound as thy hinge turns stealthily to let me in. And if my frenzy has ever called ill upon thee, have pardon; let that fall, I pray, on my own head. 'Tis right thou shouldst remember all that I rehearsed in suppliant tones when on thy posts I laid my flowery garlands.

¹⁵ Do thou too, Delia, trick the guard with no faint spirit. Be bold: Venus herself aids the stout-hearted. She helps when a lad tries a strange threshold or a lass pushes in the prong to lift the bar from the door. She shows how to creep down stealthily from the pillowed bed; how so to set the foot that it makes no sound; how in the husband's presence to exchange the speaking nods and hide love's language under a code of signs. Nor shows she this to all, but to them whom neither indolence delays nor fear forbids to rise in the murk of night.

²⁵ Lo, I in my wanderings in distress through all the city in the dark [meet with no harm. The goddess shields me] and lets no one cross my path to wound my body with his steel or seize my garments for his

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quisquis amore tenetur, eat tutusque sacerque
 qualibet; insidias non timuisse decet.
 non mihi pigra nocent hibernae frigora noctis,
 non mihi cum multa decidit imber aqua. 30
 non labor hic laedit, reseret modo Delia postes
 et vocet ad digiti me taciturna sonum.
 parcite luminibus, seu vir seu femina fias
 obvia: celari vult sua furta Venus.
 neu strepitu terrete pedum neu quaerite nomen
 neu prope fulgenti lumina ferte face.
 si quis et imprudens aspexerit, occulat ille
 perque deos omnes se meminisse neget:
 nam fuerit quicumque loquax, is sanguine natam,
 is Venerem e rapido sentiet esse mari. 40
 nec tamen huic credet coniunx tuus, ut mihi verax
 pollicita est magico saga ministerio.
 hanc ego de caelo ducentem sidera vidi;
 fluminis haec rapidi carmine vertit iter.
 haec cantu finditque solum manesque sepulcris
 elicit et tepido devocat ossa rogo;
 iam tenet infernas magico stridore catervas,
 iam iubet aspersas lacte referre pedem.
 cum libet, haec tristi depellit nubila caelo:
 cum libet, aestivo convocat orbe nives. 50
 sola tenere malas Medae dicitur herbas,
 sola feros Hecatae perdomuisse canes.
 haec mihi composuit cantus, quis fallere posses:
 ter cane, ter dictis despue carminibus.
 ille nihil poterit de nobis credere cuiquam,
 non sibi, si in molli viderit ipse toro.

TIBULLUS I. II.

prize. Whosoe'er hath love in his heart may pass in heaven's keeping where he will; no ambush should he fear. The numbing cold of winter's night brings me no hurt, no hurt the heavy downpour of the rain. My sufferings here will harm me not, if Delia but unbar the door and summon me silently with a finger's snap.

³³ Be not busy with your eyes, be you man or woman that we meet. Love's goddess wills her thefts should not be seen. Nor frighten us with noisy feet nor seek our names, nor bring the flashing torch-lights near us. And if any have beheld us unawares, let him hide the knowledge and aver by all the gods that he remembers not. For if any man turn prater, he shall find that Venus is the child of blood and whirling seas.

⁴¹ And yet none such will thy spouse believe, as the honest witch has promised me from her magic rites. I have seen her drawing stars from the sky. Her spells turn the course of the hurrying stream. Her chaunting cleaves the ground, lures the spirit from its tomb, and down from the warm pyre summons the bony frame. Now with magic shrillings she keeps the troops of the grave before her; now she sprinkles them with milk and commands them to retreat. At will she chases the clouds from the frowning heavens; at will she musters the snow in the summer skies. Only she, men say, holds the secret of Medea's deadly herbs, only she has tamed the wild hounds of Hecate.

⁵³ She framed me a charm to enable thee to deceive: chaunt it thrice and spit thrice when the spell is done. Then will he never trust any one in aught that is said about us, nay, not even his own eyes if he see us on the pillowed bed. Yet from

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tu tamen abstineas aliis : nam cetera cernet
 omnia : de me uno sentiet ille nihil.
 "quid credam?"¹ nempe haec eadem se dixit
 amores

60

cantibus aut herbis solvere posse meos,
 et me lustravit taedis, et nocte serena
 concidit ad magicos hostia pulla deos.
 non ego totus abesset amor, sed mutuus esset,
 orabam, nec te posse carere velim.
 ferreus ille fuit qui, te cum posset habere,
 maluerit praedas stultus et arma sequi.
 ille licet Cilicum victas agat ante catervas,
 ponat et in capto Martia castra solo,
 totus et argento contextus, totus et auro,
 insideat celeri conspiciendus equo ;
 ipse boves mea si tecum modo Delia possim
 iungere et in solito pascere monte pecus,
 et te dum liceat teneris retinere lacertis,
 mollis et inculta sit mihi somnus humo.
 quid Tyrio recubare toro sine amore secundo
 prodest cum fletu nox vigilanda venit ?
 nam neque tunc plumae nec stragula picta soporem
 nec sonitus placidae ducere possit aquae.
 num Veneris magnae violavi numina verbo,
 et mea nunc poenas impia lingua luit ?
 num feror incestus sedes adiisse deorum
 sertaque de sanctis deripuisse focis ?
 non ego, si merui, dubitem procumbere templis
 et dare sacratis oscula liminibus,
 non ego tellurem genibus perrepere supplex
 et miserum sancto tundere poste caput.
 at tu, qui laetus rides mala nostra, caveto
 mox tibi : non uni saeviet usque deus.

80

¹ quin credam? *Bachrens*, which is not necessary if the text is punctuated as above.

TIBULLUS I. II.

others thou must keep away; since all else will he perceive; only to me will he be blind.

⁵⁹ "Why should I trust her?" Surely it was she, none other, said that by spells or herbs she could unbind my love. She cleansed me with the torch rite, and in the clear night a dusky victim fell to the gods of sorcery. But my prayer was not that my love might pass entirely, but that it might be shared. I would not choose to be without thee if I could. That man was iron who, when thou mightest have been his, chose rather to follow war and plunder. Let him chase Cilicia's routed troops before him, and pitch his martial camp upon captured ground; let folk gaze upon him as he sits his swift charger, from head to foot a tissue of silver and gold, if only with thee, my Delia, I may put the oxen in the yoke and feed my flock on the familiar hill; and, so my young arms may hold thee fast, I shall find soft slumber even on the rugged earth.

⁷⁵ What gain is it to lie on Tyrian cushions with Love untoward, when night must pass in waking and weeping? For then can neither pillows of feathers nor brodered coverlets nor the sound of purling waters bring us sleep.

⁷⁹ Have I wronged the godhead of Venus by aught that I have said, and does my tongue now pay the penalty of sin? Can they say of me that I have wickedly invaded an abode of gods and plucked the garland from the sacred altar? Am I guilty, then I will not shrink to fall prone before her temple and to press kisses on its hallowed threshold, nor to crawl on suppliant knees along the earth and strike my head against the sacred door-posts.

⁸⁷ Yet thou who dost now rejoice and laugh at my woes must look to thyself ere long; the god will

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vidi ego qui iuvenum miseros lusisset amores
post Veneris vinclis subdere colla senem 90
et sibi blanditias tremula componere voce
et manibus canas fingere velle comas ;
stare nec ante fores puduit caraeve puellae
ancillam medio detinuisse foro.
hunc puer, hunc iuvenis turba circumterit arta,
despuit in molles et sibi quisque sinus.
at mihi parce, Venus : semper tibi dedita servit
mens mea : quid messes uris acerba tuas ?

III

IBITIS Aegaeas sine me, Messalla, per undas,
o utinam memores ipse cohorsque mei !
me tenet ignotis aegrum Phaeacia terris :
abstineas avidas Mors modo nigra manus.
abstineas, Mors atra, precor : non hic mihi mater
quae legat in maestos ossa perusta sinus,
non soror, Assyrios cineri quae dedat odores
et fleat effusis ante sepulcra comis,
Delia non usquam quae, me quam mitteret urbe,
dicitur ante omnes consuluisse deos. 10
illa sacras pueri sortes ter sustulit : illi
rettulit e trinis omnia certa puer.
cuncta dabant reditus : tamen est deterrita
numquam
quin fleret nostras respiceretque vias.
ipse ego solator, cum iam mandata dedissem,
quaerebam tardas anxius usque moras.

TIBULLUS I. III.

not always persecute but one. I have seen the man that had mocked the hapless loves of the young, in later time put his aged neck in the halter of Venus and make soft speeches for himself in quavering tones and turn his hands to dressing his hoary hair: nor did he blush to stand before the doors of the beloved or to stop her maid in the middle of the forum. Round him boys and young men pressed in a jostling crowd, and spat each into his own soft bosom.

⁹⁷ Be gentle with me, Venus: my soul is ever thy loyal slave. Why burn thine own corn in thy passion?

III

The Poet Sick—To Messalla

WITHOUT me will ye go, Messalla, across the Aegean wave, yet thinking, oh, I pray, both chief and staff of me. Phaeacia holds me back, sick in a foreign land. Keep off thy greedy hands, I pray, black Death.¹ Black Death, I pray thee keep them off. No mother have I here to gather the burned bones to her grieving bosom; no sister to lavish Assyrian perfumes on my ashes and weep with hair dishevelled by my tomb. Nor any Delia, who, ere from the city she let me go, inquired, they say, of every god. From the boy's hands thrice did she lift a sacred lot, and from the three did the boy make answer to her that all was sure.

¹³ All promised a return; yet did nothing stay her from looking back in tears and terror on my journey. Yea, even I her comforter, after I had given my parting charge, sought still in my disquiet

¹ The general sense is given. The Latin is corrupt.

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aut ego sum causatus aves aut omina dira
 Saturnive sacram me tenuisse diem.
 o quotiens ingressus iter mihi tristia dixi
 offensum in porta signa dedisse pedem ¹ 20
 audeat invito ne quis discedere Amore,
 aut sciet ¹ egressum se prohibente deo.
 quid tua nunc Isis mihi, Delia, quid mihi prosunt
 illa tua totiens aera repulsa manu,
 quidve, pie dum sacra colis, pureque lavari
 te, memini, et puro secubuisse toro?
 nunc, dea, nunc succurre mihi (nam posse mederi
 pieta docet templis multa tabella tuis)
 ut mea votivas persolvens Delia noctes ²
 ante sacras lino tecta fores sedeat 30
 bisque die resoluta comas tibi dicere laudes
 insignis turba debeat in Pharia.
 at mihi contingat patrios celebrare Penates
 reddereque antiquo menstrua tura Lari.
 quam bene Saturno vivebant rege, priusquam
 tellus in longas est patefacta vias!
 nondum caeruleas pinus contempserat undas,
 effusum ventis praebueratque sinum,
 nec vagus ignotis repetens compendia terris
 presserat externa navita merce ratem. 40
 illo non validus subiit iuga tempore taurus,
 non domito frenos ore momordit equus,
 non domus ulla fores habuit, non fixus in agris,
 qui regeret certis finibus arva, lapis.
 ipsae mella dabant quereus, utroque ferebant
 obvia securis ubera lactis oves.

¹ sciet *Doering* : sciat *A.*

² noctes *Scaliger* : voces *A.*

TIBULLUS I. III.

for reasons to linger and delay. Either birds or words of evil omen were my pretexts, or there was the holy day of Saturn to detain me. How often, when my foot was on the road, said I that, stumbling at the gate, it had warned me of disaster! Let no man venture to depart when Love says nay; else shall he learn that a god forbade his going.

²³ What help is there now for me in thy Isis, Delia? what help in the bronze that was clashed so often in thy hands? Or what avails it that in thy dutiful observance of her rites, as I remember well, thou didst bathe in clean water and sleep apart in a clean bed?

²⁷ Now aid me, goddess, now—that thou canst heal saith a crowd of painted panels¹ in thy temples—that my Delia may pay the nightly vigils of her vow, sitting all swathed in linen before thy holy door, and twice in the day be bound to chaunt thy praise with loosened tresses for all to mark amid the Pharian throng. And be it mine many times to stand before the shrine of my sires' Penates and offer incense, as the months come round, to the old Lar of my home.

³⁵ How well lived folk in olden days when Saturn was the king, before the earth was opened out for distant travel! Not as yet had the pine-tree learned to swim the blue sea wave or surrendered the spreading sail to belly before the wind; nor, seeking gain in unknown lands, had the vagrant seaman loaded his bark with foreign wares. That was a time when the sturdy bull had not bent his neck to the yoke, nor the tamed horse champed the bit. No house had doors; no stone was planted on the land to set fixed boundaries to men's estates. The very oaks gave honey; and with milky udders came the ewes unbidden to meet the careless swain. Then were no

¹ Pictures on slabs of wood, representing the cures.

TIBVLLVS

non acies, non ira fuit, non bella, nec ensem
 immiti saevus duxerat arte faber.
 nunc Iove sub domino caedes et vulnera semper,
 nunc mare, nunc leti mille repente viae. 50
 parce, pater. timidum non me periuria terrent,
 non dicta in sanctos impia verba deos.
 quod si fatales iam nunc explevimus annos,
 fac lapis inscriptis stet super ossa notis :
 HIC IACET IMMITI CONSUMPTVS MORTE TIBVLLVS,
 MESSALLAM TERRA DVM SEQVITVRQVE MARI.
 sed me, quod facilis tenero sum semper Amori,
 ipsa Venus campos ducet in Elysios.
 hic choreae cantusque vigent, passimque vagantes
 dulce sonant tenui gutture carmen aves ; 60
 fert casiam non culta seges, totosque per agros
 floret odoratis terra benigna rosis ;
 ac iuvenum series teneris immixta puellis
 ludit, et adsidue proelia miscet amor.
 illic est, cuicumque rapax Mors venit amanti,
 et gerit insigni myrtea sarta coma.
 at scelerata iacet sedes in nocte profunda
 abdita, quam circum flumina nigra sonant :
 Tisiphoneque impexa feros pro crinibus angues
 saevit et huc illuc impia turba fugit ; 70
 tum niger in porta serpentum Cerberus ore
 stridet et aeratas excubat ante fores.
 illic Iunonem temptare Ixionis ausi
 versantur celeri noxia membra rota ;
 porrectusque novem Tityos per iugera terrae
 adsidas atro viscere pascit aves.
 Tantalus est illic, et circum stagna : sed acrem
 iam iam poturi deserit unda sitim ;

TIBULLUS I. III.

marshalled hosts, no lust of blood, no battles; no swords had been forged by the cruel armourer's ruthless skill. But now that Jupiter is lord, there are wounds and carnage without cease; now the sea slays, and a thousand ways of sudden death.

⁵¹ Spare me, Sire. No broken oaths make me to fear and tremble, no wicked speech against the holy gods. But if even now I have fulfilled my destined span, let a stone be set above my bones, graven with this legend:

HERE LIES TIBULLUS, RAVISHED BY DEATH'S HAND,
MESSALLA COMRADING O'ER SEA AND LAND.

⁵⁷ But me, for I have been ever pliable to gentle Love, shall Venus' self escort to the Elysian fields. There never flags the dance. The birds fly here and there, fluting sweet carols from their slender throats. Untilled the field bears cassia, and through all the land with scented roses blooms the kindly earth. Troops of young men meet in sport with gentle maidens, and Love never lets his warfare cease. There are all, on whom Death swooped because of love; on their hair are myrtle garlands for all to see.

⁶⁷ But the Wicked Place lies buried in the gulf of night; and round it black rivers roar. There storms Tisiphone, wild snakes her unkempt hair; and this way and that way flees the godless crowd. Then at the gate upon black Cerberus hiss his wide-mouthed snakes as he keeps his sentry-watch before the doors of bronze. There is Ixion, who dared to offer force to Juno: on the swift wheel whirl his guilty limbs. And there is Tityos stretched over nine roods of land; on his black vitals feed the birds that never tire. There too is Tantalus, and pools around him; but on the instant, ere he drinks, the wave flies from his raging

TIBVLLVS

et Danai proles, Veneris quod numina laesit,
in cava Lethaeas dolia portat aquas. 80
illic sit quicumque meos violavit amores,
optavit lentas et mihi militias.
at tu casta precor maneas, sanctique pudoris
adsideat custos sedula semper anus.
haec tibi fabellas referat positaque lucerna
deducat plena stamina longa colu ;
at circa gravibus pensis adfixa puella
paulatim somno fessa remittat opus.
tunc veniam subito, nec quisquam nuntiet ante,
sed videar caelo missus adesse tibi. 90
tunc mihi, qualis eris longos turbata capillos,
obvia nudato, Delia, curre pede.
hoc precor, hunc illum nobis Aurora nitentem
Luciferum roseis candida portet equis.

IV

“ Sic umbrosa tibi contingant tecta, Priape,
ne capiti soles, ne noceantque nives :
quae tua formosos cepit sollertia? certe
non tibi barba nitet, non tibi culta coma est ;
nudus et hibernae producis frigora brumae,
nudus et aestivi tempora sicca Canis.”
sic ego : tum Bacchi respondit rustica proles
armatus curva sic mihi falce deus.
“ o fuge te tenerae puerorum credere turbae :
nam causam iusti semper amoris habent. 10

TIBULLUS I. iv.

thirst. And the offspring of Danaus for slighting the godhead of Venus carry the waters of Lethe¹ into leaking butts. There let all be who have profaned my love and who have wished me lingering campaigns.

⁸³ But thou, I pray, continue chaste. Let the aged dame sit ever by thy side to keep thy honour true. She shall tell thee stories when the lamp is in its place, as she draws the long yarn from the loaded distaff, while all around the maids bend over the toilsome task till sleep steals upon them and the work drops from the tired hand. Then of a sudden let me come, and no one bring the news of me; but may I seem to have come from heaven to thy side. Then, just as thou art, with long hair all disordered and feet unsandalled, run to meet me, Delia. For this I pray; thus may that radiant Day-star bless my sight, borne by the rosy horses of the shining Dawn.

IV

To Priapus

“PRIAPUS, tell me—so may the sheltering shade be thine, nor thy head be harmed by sun or snows—what cunning of thine captures the handsome lads? Sure thou hast no glossy beard nor well-kept hair. Naked thou art all through the cold of stormy winter, naked through the parching season of the Dog-star’s heats.”

⁷ Thus I; and thus to me replied the country child of Bacchus, the god armed with the curving billhook:

⁹ “O beware of trusting thyself to the gentle band of boys; for they furnish always some valid ground for love. One pleases, for he keeps a

¹ Here, and elsewhere, a general term for the world below.

TIBVLLVS

hic placet, angustis quod equum compescit habenis ;

hic placidam niveo pectore pellit aquam ;
 hic, quia fortis adest audacia, cepit ; at illi

virgineus teneras stat pudor ante genas.
 sed ne te capiant, primo si forte negabit,

taedia ; paulatim sub iuga colla dabit.
 longa dies homini docuit parere leones,

longa dies molli saxa peredit aqua ;
 annus in apricis maturat collibus uvas,

annus agit certa lucida signa vice. 20
 nec iurare time : veneris periuria venti

inrita per terras et freta summa ferunt.
 gratia magna Iovi : vetuit Pater ipse valere,

iurasset cupide quidquid ineptus amor ;
 perque suas impune sinit Dictynna sagittas

adfirmes, crines perque Minerva suos.
 at si tardus eris errabis. transiit¹ aetas

quam cito ! non segnis stat remeate dies.
 quam cito purpureos deperdit terra colores,

quam cito formosas populus alta comas. 30
 quam iacet, infirmae venere ubi fata senectae,

qui prior Eleo est carcere missus equus.
 vidi iam iuvenem premeret cum senior aetas

maerentem stultos praeteriisse dies.
 crudeles divi ! serpens novus exiit annos :

formae non ullam fata dedere moram.
 solis aeterna est Baccho Phoeboque iuventus :

nam decet intonsus crinis utrumque deum.
 tu, puero quodcumque tuo temptare libebit,

cedas : obsequio plurima vincit amor. 40
 neu comes ire neges, quamvis via longa paretur

et Canis arenti torreat arva siti,

¹ transiet *A.*, a doubtful form.

TIBULLUS I. iv.

tight hand on his horse's rein; another drives the calm water before a breast of snow. This one takes you with his brave assurance, that one by the maiden shame that guards his cheeks.

15 "Perchance at first he will refuse thee; but let not this dishearten thee. Little by little his neck will pass beneath the yoke. Length of time teaches lions to submit to man; with length of time weak water eats through rock. The year's flight ripens the grapes on the sunny hillside; the year's flight carries the radiant signs along their round of change.

21 "Be not afraid to swear. Null and void are the perjuries of love; the winds bear them over land and the face of the sea. Great thanks to Jove! The Sire himself has decreed no oath should stand that love has taken in the folly of desire. Dictynna too allows thee to assever by her arrows, and Minerva by her hair.

27 "But if thou art slow, thou wilt be lost. Youth fleets how quickly! Time stands not idle, nor returns. How quickly does the earth lose its purple hues! how quickly the tall poplar its beauteous leaves! How neglected is the horse, when the lot of weak age overtakes him, that once ¹ shot free from the barriers of Elis! I have seen a young man on whom later years were closing round mourning for his folly in the days that had fled. Cruel gods! The snake sheds his years, and is young: but the Fates grant no respite to beauty. Only Bacchus and Phoebus have youth everlasting; of either god are unshorn tresses the glory.

39 "Do thou yield to thy lad in aught that he is minded to attempt: love wins most by compliance. Nor refuse to go with him, though far be his purposed journey and the Dog-star bake the land with parching

¹ *prior* seems to be adverbial, rather than adjectival, "conquering."

TIBVLLVS

quamvis praetexat ¹ picta ferrugine caelum
 venturam minitans imbrifer ¹ arcus aquam.
 vel si caeruleas puppi volet ire per undas,
 ipse levem remo per freta pelle ratem.
 nec te paeniteat duros subiisse labores
 aut opera insuetas atteruisse manus ;
 nec, velit insidiis altas si claudere valles,
 dum placeas, umeri retia ferre negent. 50
 si volet arma, levi temptabis ludere dextra ;
 saepe dabis nudum, vincat ut ille, latus.
 tunc tibi mitis erit, rapias tum cara liccbit
 oscula : pugnabit, sed tibi rapta ² dabit.
 rapta dabit primo, post adferet ipse roganti,
 post etiam collo se implicuisse velit.
 heu male nunc artes miseras haec saecula tractant :
 iam tener adsuevit munera velle puer.
 at tua, qui venerem docuisti vendere primus,
 quisquis es, infelix urgeat ossa lapis. 60
 Pieridas, pueri, doctos et amate poetas,
 aurea nec superent munera Pieridas.
 carmine purpurea est Nisi coma ; carmina ni sint,
 ex umero Pelopis non nituisset ebur.
 quem referent Musae, vivet, dum robora tellus,
 dum caelum stellas, dum vehet amnis aquas.
 at qui non audit Musas, qui vendit amorem,
 Idaeae currus ille sequatur Opis,
 et tercentenas erroribus expleat urbes
 et secet ad Phrygios vilia membra modos. 70
 blanditiis vult esse locum Venus ipsa : querellis
 supplicibus, miseris fletibus illa favet."

¹ praetexens . . . amiciat imbrifer *A.* *The correction, Rigler's is uncertain.*

² sed tamen apta *A.*

TIBULLUS I. iv.

drought, though, fringing the sky with hues of purple, the rain-charged bow threaten the coming storm. Should he wish to fly over the blue waves in a boat, take the oar thyself and drive the light bark through the sea. Nor grieve to undergo rough labour or if thy hands are chafed by tasks to which they are strange. If round the deep glen he would place the ambush, then, so thou canst pleasure him, let thy shoulders not refuse to bear the hunting nets. If he would fence, thou wilt try thy light hand at the sport, and often leave thy side unguarded, that he may win.

⁵³ "Then will he be gentle with thee; then thou mayst snatch the precious kiss: he will struggle, but let thee snatch it. He will let thee snatch at first; but later will he bring it for the asking, and presently even he will be fain to hang upon thy neck.

⁵⁷ "But now, alas! our perverse age plies wretched crafts. Now gentle lads have learned to look for gifts. Whoever thou art that first didst teach the sale of love, may an unhallowed stone weigh heavy on thy bones.

⁶¹ "Love the Pierid maidens, lads, and gifted poets; to no golden presents let the Pierian maids succumb. Verse keeps the lock of Nisus¹ purple. Were verses not, no ivory would have shone on Pelops' shoulder. He whom the Muses tell of shall live, while earth bears oaks, sky stars, and rivers water. But he who has no ear for the Muses, who sells his love—let him follow the car of Ops of Ida and traverse, a vagabond, three hundred towns and slash the parts he slights to Phrygian measures. Venus herself allows love's blandishments their play. She sides with piteous weeping and suppliant complaints."

¹ The father of Scylla, whom she betrayed to Minos by severing his purple lock.

TIBVLLVS

haec mihi, quae canerem Titio, deus edidit ore :
 sed Titium coniunx haec meminisse vetat.
 pareat ille suae : vos me celebrate magistrum,
 quos male habet multa callidus arte puer.
 gloria cuique sua est ; me, qui spernentur, amantes
 consultant ; cunctis ianua nostra patet.
 tempus erit, cum me Veneris praecepta ferentem
 deducat iuvenum sedula turba senem. 80
 Eheu quam Marathus lento me torquet amore !
 deficient artes, deficientque doli.
 parce, puer, quaeso, ne turpis fabula fiam,
 cum mea ridebunt vana magisteria.

V

ASPER eram et bene discidium me ferre loquebar :
 at mihi nunc longe gloria fortis abest.
 namque agor ut per plana citus sola verbere turben
 quem celer adsueta versat ab arte puer.
 ure ferum et torque, libeat ne dicere quicquam
 magnificum post haec ; horrida verba doma.
 parce tamen, per te furtivi foedera lecti,
 per venerem quaeso compositumque caput.
 ille ego cum tristi morbo defessa iaceres
 te dicor votis eripuisse meis ; 10
 ipseque te circum lustravi sulphure puro,
 carmine cum magico praecinisset anus ;
 ipse procuravi, ne possent saeva nocere,
 somnia, ter sancta deveneranda mola ;

TIBULLUS I. v.

⁷³ These things did the god's voice utter for me to sing to Titius ; but them doth Titius' wife forbid him to remember. So let *him* listen to his dear ; but do ye throng to my school whom some crafty lad with many wiles treats ill. Each of us has his proper glory. Let slighted lovers seek advice from me ; to all my doors are open. A time shall come when round the master of the lore of Venus shall crowd the attentive young and take the old man home.

⁸¹ Alas ! what lingering torture is this love for Marathus : helpless is my skill, and helpless all my cunning. Spare me, I pray thee, boy, lest I become a byword, when folk shall laugh at my useless teaching:

V

To Delia

I was angry. I vowed I could bear our severance well. But now my proud vaunting has left me far and far away. For I am driven as a top that springs before the lash over the level ground, whirled by a quick boy's practised art.

⁵ Bring brands and tortures for the untamed creature, that he may have no love of talking loud hereafter : quell his wild utterances.

⁷ Yet spare me, by the bonds of our stealthy union, I entreat thee, by our love and the head that has lain by mine. It was I, they say, whose vows snatched thee from peril when thou layest exhausted in sickness' gloomy hold. It was I that scattered all about thee the cleansing sulphur, the beldame first chaunting her magic spell. I appeased the cruel Dreams that had thrice to be honoured with offering of holy meal, that they might work no harm.

TIBVLLVS

ipse ego velatus filo tunicisque solutis
 vota novem Triviae nocte silente dedi.
 omnia persolvi : fruitur nunc alter amore,
 et precibus felix utitur ille meis.
 at mihi felicem vitam, si salva fuisses,
 fingebam, demens, et renuente deo. 20
 “ rura colam, frugumque aderit mea Delia custos,
 area dum messes sole calente teret,
 aut mihi servabit plenis in lintribus uvas
 pressaque veloci candida musta pede.
 consuescet numerare pecus ; consuescet amantis
 garrulus in dominae ludere verna sinu.
 illa deo sciet agricolae pro vitibus uvam,
 . pro segete spicas, pro grege ferre dapem.
 illa regat cunctos, illi sint omnia curae :
 at iuuet in tota me nihil esse domo. 30
 huc veniet Messalla meus, cui dulcia poma
 Delia selectis detrahat arboribus ;
 et, tantum venerata decus,¹ hunc sedula curet,
 huic paret atque epulas ipsa ministra gerat.”
 haec mihi fingebam quae nunc Eurusque Notusque
 iactat odoratos vota per Armenios.
 saepe ego temptavi curas depellere vino :
 at dolor in lacrimas verterat omne merum.
 saepe aliam tenui : sed iam cum gaudia adirem,
 admonuit dominae deseruitque Venus. 40
 tunc me discedens devotum femina dixit,
 a pudet, et narrat scire nefanda meam.
 non facit hoc verbis, facie tenerisque lacertis
 devovet et flavis nostra puella comis.

¹ decus *editor* : virum *A.* against the metre ; see “ *Classical Quarterly*,” VI, 40.

TIBULLUS I. v.

In woollen headdress and ungirdled tunic I made nine vows to Trivia in the stilly night. All have I paid; but another hath now my love. He is the fortunate one, and reaps the fruit of all my prayers. Yet I used to dream that, if thou wert spared, there would be a happy life for me. Madman! a god said No.

²¹ "In the country," I said, "I will live. My Delia shall be there to keep watch upon the grain, while the threshing-floor winnows the harvest in the blazing sun; or she shall watch the grapes in the brimming trough when the quick feet tread the gleaming must. She shall learn to count the flock; she shall teach the prattling serf-child to play on a loving mistress' lap. To the god that tends the country she will know what gifts to offer—for vines a cluster, spiked ears for cornfield, drink offering for flock. All folk shall she direct, and all things be her care. I shall love to be but a cipher in the house. Hither shall come my own Messalla. From chosen trees shall Delia pull him down sweet fruit. In homage to his greatness she shall give him zealous tendance, and prepare and carry him the repast, herself his waiting-maid."

³⁵ Such were my dreams and prayers, now tost from East Wind unto South over all Armenia's scented land.

³⁷ Often have I sought to banish love's troubles with strong drink; but pain turned all the wine to tears. Often have I held another in my arms; but on the very brink of delight Love bade me think of my mistress and forsook me. Then the woman, departing, declared me bewitched, and spread the tale (oh, shame!) that my love was versed in unholy arts. Not by charms does my lass do this. 'Tis her beauty, soft arms and golden hair bewitch me. Such was

TIBVLLVS

talis ad Haemonium Nereis Pelea quondam
 vecta est frenato caerulea pisce Thetis.
 haec nocuere mihi. quod adest huic dives amator,
 venit in exitium callida lena meum.
 sanguineas edat illa dapes atque ore cruento
 tristia cum multo pocula felle bibat; 50
 hanc volitent animae circum sua fata querentes
 semper, et e tectis strix violenta canat;
 ipsa fame stimulante furens herbasque sepulcris
 quaerat et a saevis ossa relicta lupis;
 currat et inguinibus nudis ululetque per urbes,
 post agat e triviis aspera turba canum.
 eveniet; dat signa deus: sunt numina amanti,
 saevit et iniusta lege relicta Venus.
 at tu quam primum sagae praecepta rapacis
 desere: nam donis vincitur omnis amor. 60
 pauper erit praesto tibi semper; pauper adibit
 primus et in tenero fixus erit latere;
 pauper in angusto fidus comes agmine turbae
 subicietque manus efficietque viam;
 pauper † ad occultos furtim deducet amicos, †¹
 vinclaque de niveo detrahet ipse pede.
 heu canimus frustra nec verbis victa patescit
 ianua sed plena est percutienda manu.
 at tu, qui potior nunc es, mea fata² timeto:
 versatur celeri Fors levis orbe rotae. 70
 non frustra quidam iam nunc in limine perstat
 sedulus ac crebro prospicit ac refugit

¹ *Corrupt.* adhuc luteos suris deducet amictus editor—i.e., "will draw the still muddy coverings ["fasciae quibus crura vestiuntur," Quint. XI. 3, 143] from thy calves."

² furta A., which means "intriguing on my part." Then quidam 71 would mean "I."

TIBULLUS I. v.

Thetis, the sea-blue Nereid, when in old days she rode on her bridled fish to Peleus of Haemonia.

⁴⁷ These charms have been my bane. A rich lover waits for the lass. So the crafty bawd is bent on my undoing. May the hag's food be mixed with blood. May the cup she puts to her gory lips be bitterly charged with gall. May ghosts flit round her always, bemoaning their fate, and the fierce vampire bird shrill from her roof; and she herself, frantic from hunger's goad, hunt for weeds upon the graves and for bones which the wild wolves have left, and with middle bare run and shriek through the towns, and a savage troop of dogs from the crossways chase her from behind.

⁵⁷ Thus shall it be. A god gives the sign. There are powers to guard the lover, and Love shows no ruth, when left for a lawless tie.

⁵⁹ But do thou, Delia, with all speed leave the school of the grasping witch. There is no love that gifts will not master. The poor man will ever be at hand for thy service; he will come to thee first and cleave to thy tender side. The poor man, a trusty companion in the trooping crowds, will push below with his hands and make thee a way. The poor man [will take thee privately to the abodes of his friends] and himself unlace the boots from thy snowy feet.

⁶⁷ Alas! in vain do I sing; no words will win her door to open. Nay, the hand that knocks upon it must be filled.

⁶⁹ But thou who art victor now must fear that my fate awaits thee. Chance turns lightly on her swift-rolling wheel. Not without reason even now some one stands patient on the threshold, looks oft in front, retreats, feigns to pass by the house, but

TIBVLLVS

et simulat transire domum, mox deinde recurrit
 solus et ante ipsas exscreat usque fores.
 nescio quid furtivus amor parat. utere, quaeso,
 dum licet: in liquida nam¹ tibi linter aqua.

VI

SEMPER ut inducar blandos offers mihi vultus,
 post tamen es misero tristis et asper, Amor.
 quid tibi, saeve, rei mecum est? an gloria magna
 est
 insidias homini composuisse deum?
 nam mihi tenduntur casses; iam Delia furtim
 nescio quem tacita callida nocte fovet.
 illa quidem iurata negat, sed credere durum est:
 sic etiam de me pernegat usque viro.
 ipse miser docui, quo posset ludere pacto
 custodes: heu heu nunc premor arte mea. 10
 fingere tunc didicit causas ut sola cubaret,
 cardine tunc tacito vertere posse fores;
 tunc sucos herbasque dedi quis livor abiret
 quem facit impresso mutua dente venus.
 at tu, fallacis coniunx incaute puellae,
 me quoque servato, peccet ut illa nihil,
 neu iuvenes celebret multo sermone caveto
 neve cubet laxo pectus aperta sinu,
 neu te decipiat nutu, digitoque liquorem
 ne trahat et mensae ducat in orbe notas. 20
 exhibit cum² saepe, time, seu visere dicet
 sacra Bonae maribus non adeunda Deae.

¹ nam *A.*, nat ψ *vulg.*

² cum *corrected MSS.*: quam Δ .

TIBULLUS I. vi.

soon runs back again alone, and hawks without cease before the very door. Stealthy Love has some scheme afoot. Take thy good, I beg, while thou mayst; for in calm ¹ waters is thy shallop.

VI

To Delia

LOVE, thou dost always meet me with smiling visage to draw me on; but after that, poor wretch, I find thee frowning and angry. What hast thou to do with me, cruel boy? Is there great glory to a god in laying snares for a man?

⁵ For the net is spread to take me; now cunning Delia clasps a gallant covertly in the hush of night. She denies it, indeed, and on oath; but 'tis hard to believe her. Thus touching me, too, she denies every hour to her husband. Poor wretch, it was I who taught her the ways of tricking her watchers, and now alas! by my own craft am I sore bestead. Then learned she how to frame excuses for lying alone, and then how to turn the door without a sound from the hinges. Then I gave her juices and herbs to efface the dark signs which the teeth in love's communion imprint upon the flesh.

¹⁵ And thou, the unwary mate of a faithless wife, watching me with the rest that she may never sin, take care that she talk not much or oft with young men, nor use nods to deceive thee, or recline with loose robe and bosom bare; and see she take not wine on her fingers and trace signs on the table's round. Have thy fears when she goes out often, or if she say that she would witness the rites of the Good Goddess which no male must go nigh.

¹ *liquida*, literally "clear," "transparent."

TIBVLLVS

at mihi si credas, illam sequar unus ad aras ;
 tunc mihi non oculis sit timuisse meis.
 saepe, velut gemmas eius signumque probarem,
 per causam memini me tetigisse manum ;
 saepe mero somnum peperit tibi, at ipse bibebam
 sobria supposita pocula victor aqua.
 non ego te laesi prudens : ignosce fatenti :
 iussit Amor. contra quis ferat arma deos ? 30
 ille ego sum, nec me iam dicere vera pudebit,
 instabat tota cui tua nocte canis.
 quid tenera tibi coniuge opus ? tua si bona nescis
 servare, frustra clavis inest foribus.
 te tenet, absentes alios suspirat amores
 et simulat subito condoluisse caput.
 at mihi servandam credas : non saeva recuso
 verbera, detrecto non ego vincla pedum.
 tum procul absitis, quisquis colit arte capillos,
 et fluit effuso cui toga laxa sinu ; 40
 quisquis et occurret, ne possit crimen habere,
 † stet procul aut alia stet procul ante via. †
 sic fieri iubet ipse deus, sic magna sacerdos
 est mihi divino vaticinata sono.
 haec, ubi Bellonae motu est agitata, nec acrem
 flammam, non amens verbera torta timet ;
 ipsa bipenne suos caedit violenta læertos
 sanguineque effuso spargit inulta deam,
 statque latus praefixa veru, stat saucia pectus,
 et canit eventus quos dea magna monet. 50

TIBULLUS I. vi.

²³ But trust her to my keeping; and I, I only, will attend her to that altar. Then for my eyes need I have no fear.¹

²⁵ Many a time on the plea of judging her gem and its image can I remember how I touched her hand. Many a time my neat wine has put thee to sleep whilst I drank in triumph the sober cup of substituted water. I did not wrong thee of purpose—forgive me, now I own it—'twas at Love's bidding. And who may fight against a god? It was I—nor will I blush to speak the truth—whom thy dog was menacing the whole night through!

³³ What good is a gentle wife to thee? If thine own treasures thou canst not guard, the key is vainly turned in the door. Her arms are round thee; but her sighs are for another, an absent love. And of a sudden she feigns the throes of headache.

³⁷ Thou shouldst trust her to *my* keeping. Then I recoil not from torturing stripes, nor shrink from shackles on my feet. Then far, be ye all who dress your hair with art and whose togas fall slack with copious folds. And let whosoever meets us, that no sin may be his, [stand aloof or pass by another road.]

⁴³ That this be done doth God himself command; and this hath the great priestess revealed to me with voice inspired. She, when Bellona's impulse drives her, fears in that frenzy neither searching flames nor twisted scourge. Fiercely with axe in hand she hacks at her own arms. With the gushing blood is the goddess sprinkled; but she goes without scathe. Erect with wounds on her breast, erect with the spit standing out from her side, she chaunts the words of fate that the great goddess prompts. "See to it that

¹ "It will be no profanation"—the penalty for which was blindness.

TIBVLLVS

"parcite quam custodit Amor violare puellam,
 ne pigeat magno post didi cisse malo
 attigerit, labentur opes, ut vulnere nostro
 sanguis, ut hic ventis diripiturque cinis."¹
 et tibi nescio quas dixit, mea Delia, poenas :¹
 si tamen admittas, sit precor illa levis.
 non ego te propter parco tibi, sed tua mater
 me movet atque iras aurea vincit anus.
 haec mihi te adducit tenebris multoque timore
 coniungit nostras clam taciturna manus ; 60
 haec foribusque manet noctu me adfixa proculque
 cognoscit strepitus me veniente pedam.
 vive diu mihi, dulcis anus : proprios ego tecum,
 sit modo fas, annos contribuuisse velim.
 te semper natamque tuam te propter amabo :
 quidquid agit, sanguis est tamen illa tuus.
 sit modo casta, doce, quamvis non vitta ligatos
 impediatur crines nec stola longa pedes.
 et mihi sint durae leges, laudare nec ullam
 possim ego quin oculos appetat illa meos ; 70
 et si quid peccasse putet, ducarque capillis
 immerito pronas proripiarque vias.
 non ego te pulsare velim, sed, venerit iste
 si furor, optarim non habuisse manus.
 nec saevo sis casta metu, sed mente fideli ;
 mutuus absenti te mihi servet amor.

at quae fida fuit nulli, post victa senecta
 ducit inops tremula stamina torta manu
 firmaque conductis adnectit licia telis
 tractaque de niveo vellere ducta putat. 80
 hanc animo gaudente vident iuvenumque catervae
 commemorant merito tot mala ferre senem ;

¹ nescio quam . . . poenam *Bachrens*, which is *casier*.

TIBULLUS I. VI.

ye do no despite to the maid whom love doth guard; lest hereafter a great mischief lesson you to your woe. If any touch her, his fortune shall waste as the blood doth from my wound, and as these ashes are scattered by the wind."

⁵⁵ And for thee, my Delia, she named a punishment. If notwithstanding thou shouldst sin, I pray let her be merciful. Not for thyself do I spare thee. It is thy aged mother moves me; before her golden nature sinks my wrath. She brings me to thee in the dark, and in fear and trembling secretly and silently she joins our hands. Long life to thee still, dear dame. Did but heaven allow, to thy stock of years would I add my own. I will love thee always, and thy daughter for thy sake; whatever she does, she is of thy blood after all. Only teach her to be chaste, though no band of the matrons' fillets confines her hair, nor their long robe her feet.

⁶⁹ And for me let there be hard terms; let me never praise a woman without *her* flying at my eyes, and if she should think I have done her wrong, let me be taken by the hair, though I be guiltless, and pitched forward down the steep. I would not wish to strike thee, Delia, but if such madness come to me, I would pray to have no hands. Yet be not chaste through cruel fear, but by loyal heart; and when absent, let love on thy side keep thee safe for me. . . .

⁷⁷ [The faithful have their reward.] But she whom no one has found true, thereafter poor and bowed with age draws out the twisted yarn with shaking hand and for hire fastens firm the leashes to the loom and pulls and cleans the handfuls of snowy wool. The troops of young are glad at heart to see her plight, and declare that she deserves to suffer so many woes in

TIBVLLVS

hanc Venus ex alto flentem sublimis Olympo
 spectat et infidis quam sit acerba monet.
 haec aliis maledicta cadant : nos, Delia, amoris
 exemplum cana simus uterque coma.

VII

HVNC cecinere diem Parcae fatalia nentes
 stamina, non ulli dissoluenda deo :
 hunc fore,¹ Aquitanas posset qui fundere gentes,
 quem tremeret forti milite victus Atax.²
 evenere : novos pubes Romana triumphos
 vidit et evinctos bracchia capta duces :
 at te victrices lauros, Messalla, gerentem
 portabat nitidis currus eburnus equis.
 non sine me est tibi³ partus honos : Tarbella Pyrene
 testis et Oceani litora Santonici, 10
 testis Arar Rhodanusque celer magnusque Garunna,
 Carnutis et flavi caerulea lympha Liger.
 an te, Cydne, canam, tacitis qui leniter undis
 caeruleus placidis per vada serpis aquis,
 quantus et aetherio contingens vertice nubes
 frigidus intonsos Taurus alat Cilicas ?
 quid referam ut volitet crebras intacta per urbes
 alba Palaestino sancta columba Syro,
 utque maris vastum prospectet turibus aequor
 prima ratem ventis credere docta Tyros, 20
 qualis et, arentes cum findit Sirius agros,
 fertilis aestiva Nilus abundet aqua ?

¹ Or hoc fore.

² As *Atax* is a river of the Roman Province, probably either quom [cum] tremeret (*ed.*) should be read, or else *Atur* (a river of Aquitania, modern Adour) with Scaliger. See "Classical Review," xxii. pp. 112 seq.

³ non sine marte ibi *Bachrens* ; cf. "Pan." 107.

TIBULLUS I. VII.

age. Venus from her throne on high Olympus looks upon her weeping, and bids us mark how sharp she is with the faithless. Upon others, Delia, let these curses fall: but let us twain still be pattern lovers when our hair is white.

VII

The Triumph of Messalla

OF this day sang the Parcae as they span the thread of doom which no god can untwist—that this should be the day to put the folk of Aquitaine to rout, to make the Aude to tremble, by a valiant soldiery overpowered. So hath it come about. The men of Rome have seen new triumphs, and chiefs with shackles on their captive arms, whilst thou, Messalla, wearing the conqueror's bays, wast borne in ivory car by steeds of shining white.

⁹ Not without me was thy glory won: witness Tarbellian Pyrenees and the shores of Ocean by Saintonge; witness Saône and swift-running Rhône and great Garonne, with Loire, blue stream of the blonde tribes of Chartres.

¹³ Or, Cydnus, shall I sing of thee whose silent wave steals bluely through the waters of the still lagoon? Or how with head that reaches to the clouds extends chill Taurus, the feeder of Cilicia's long-haired sons? Why should I recount how from town to town unharmed flies the white dove that the Syrians of Palestine revere? How Tyre, first town that learned to trust the ship to the mercy of the wind, looks out from her towers across the vast sea-plain? Or how, when Sirius splits the parching fields, through all the heats life-giving Nile is full in flood?

TIBVLLVS

Nile pater, quam possim te dicere causa
 aut quibus in terris occuluisse caput?
 te propter nullos tellus tua postulat imbres,
 arida nec pluvio supplicat herba Iovi.
 te canit atque suum pubes miratur Osirim
 barbara, Memphiten plangere docta bovem.
 primus aratra manu sollerti fecit Osiris
 et teneram ferro sollicitavit humum, 30
 primus inexpertae commisit semina terrae
 pomaque non notis legit ab arboribus.
 hic docuit teneram palis adiungere vitem,
 hic viridem dura caedere falce comam;
 illi iucundos primum matura sapores
 expressa incultis uva dedit pedibus.
 ille liquor docuit voces inflectere cantu,
 movit et ad certos nescia membra modos:
 Bacchus et agricolae magno confecta labore
 pectora laetitiae ¹ dissoluenda dedit; 40
 Bacchus et adflictis requiem mortalibus adfert,
 crura licet dura compede pulsa sonent.
 non tibi sunt tristes curae nec luctus, Osiri,
 sed chorus et cantus et levis aptus amor,
 sed varii flores et frons redimita corymbis,
 fusa sed ad teneros lutea palla pedes
 et Tyriae vestes et dulcis tibia cantu
 et levis occultis conscia cista sacris.
 huc ades et Genium ludis centumque choreis
 concelebra et multo tempora funde mero; 50
 illius et nitido stillent unguenta capillo,
 et capite et collo mollia sarta gerat.

¹ laetitiae *Muretus*: tristitiae *A. vulg.*

TIBULLUS I. VII.

²³ For what cause, Father Nile, or in what lands may I declare that thou hast hid thy head? Because of thee thy Egypt never sues for showers, nor does the parched blade bow to Jove the Rain-giver. Thou art sung and worshipped, as their own Osiris, by the barbarous folk brought up to wail the ox of Memphis.

²⁹ It was Osiris' cunning hand that first made ploughs and vexed the young earth with the iron share. He first entrusted seed to the untried earth, and gathered fruits from unknown trees. He showed how to join the young vine and the pole, he how to lop its green leaves with the stern pruning-hook. For him the ripe grape-clusters, which rugged feet had crushed, first yielded up their pleasant tastes; their juice taught men to guide the voice through changing strains, and bade untutored limbs move to a measure true.

³⁹ When the breast of the countryman is crushed with his heavy toil, it is the wine-god makes it over to gladness to be loosened from its bonds; 'tis the wine-god brings relief to mortals in distress, though cruel shackles clank upon their legs.

⁴³ Harsh cares and grief are not for thee, Osiris, but dance and songs and lightsome love. Yea, flowers of many hues and brows with the berried ivy circled, and robe of saffron flowing over youthful feet, raiment of Tyre and sweet-singing pipe and the light basket with its mystery of holy things.

⁴⁹ Then hither come, and with a hundred sports and dances do honour to the Birth-sprite, and let wine in plenty bathe his temples. From his glistening hair let the ointment drip, and on his head and neck let soft garlands hang. Thus come to us to-day, Birth-spirit; and I will bring thee offering

TIBULLVS

sic venias hodiernæ Geni ;¹ tibi turis honores,
liba et Mopsopio dulcia melle feram.
at tibi succrescat proles quæ facta parentis
augeat et circa stet veneranda senem.
nec taceat monumenta viae, quem Tuscula tellus
candidaque antiquo detinet Alba Lare.
namque opibus congesta tuis hic glarea dura
sternitur, hic apta iungitur arte silex. 60
te canet agricola, a magna cum venerit urbe
serus, inoffensum rettuleritque pedem.
at tu, Natalis multos celebrande per annos,
candidior semper candidiorque veni.

VIII

Non ego celari possum, quid nutus amantis
quidve ferant miti lenia verba sono.
nec mihi sunt sortes nec conscia fibra deorum,
præcinit eventus nec mihi cantus avis :
ipsa Venus magico religatum brachia nodo
perdocuit multis non sine verberibus.
desine dissimulare ; deus crudelius urit,
quos videt invitos succubuisse sibi.
quid tibi nunc molles prodest coluisse capillos
saepeque mutatas disposuisse comas, 10
quid fuco splendente genas ornare, quid unguis
artificis docta subsecuisse manu ?
frustra iam vestes, frustra mutantur amictus
ansaque compressos colligit arta pedes.

¹ hodiernæ Geni ; tibi *editor* : hodiernæ tibi ; dem *A. vulg.*

TIBULLUS I. VIII.

of incense and cakes sweetened with honey from the land of Mopsopus.¹

⁵⁵ But for thee, my friend, let a progeny spring up to add fresh exploits to their sire's, and stand in their distinctions about the old man's chair.

⁵⁷ And let *him* not be silent on the great work of thy road² whom the fields of Tusculum or white Alba's ancient homesteads keep from the city. For, heaped up through thy bounty, here is laid hard gravel, and there are flint blocks featly joined. The dweller in the country shall sing thy praise when he has come at night from the great city and brought his foot home without tripping.

⁶³ But thou, Birth-spirit, come to thy honours for many a year—come ever brighter and brighter still.

VIII

To Pholoe on Marathus

No one can hide from me the meaning of a lover's nod, nor the message of gentle tones and whispered words. Yet no lots help me, no liver with heaven's will acquainted, nor do birds' notes tell me of the things to come. 'Twas Venus' self that tied my arms with magic knots and taught me all with many stripes.

⁷ Have done with concealments. The god has fiercer fires for those that he sees have fallen to him against their will.

⁹ What advantage hast thou now in dressing the soft hair or shifting continually the arrangement of the tresses, what in beautifying cheeks with lustrous pigment, in having the nails pared by an artist's cunning hand? In vain thy gowns, thy shawls are changed, and the tight loop squeezes the feet

¹ An old king of Attica.

² A section of the *Via Latina*.

TIBVLLVS

illa placet, quamvis inculto venerit ore
 nec nitidum tarda compserit arte caput.
 num te carminibus, num te pallentibus herbis
 devovit tacito tempore noctis anus?
 cantus vicinis fruges traducit ab agris,
 cantus et iratae detinet anguis iter, 20
 cantus et e curru Lunam deducere temptat,
 et faceret, si non aera repulsa sonent.
 quid queror heu misero carmen nocuisse, quid
 herbas?
 forma nihil magicis utitur auxiliis:
 sed corpus tetigisse nocet, sed longa dedisse
 oscula, sed femori conseruisse femur.
 nec tu difficilis puero tamen esse memento:
 persequitur poenis tristia facta Venus.
 munera ne poscas: det munera canus amator,
 ut foveat molli frigida membra sinu. 30
 carior est auro iuvenis, cui levia fulgent
 ora nec amplexus aspera barba terit.
 huic tu candentes umero suppose lacertos,
 et regum magnae despiciantur opes.
 at Venus inveniet puero concumbere furtim,
 dum timet et teneros conserit usque sinus,
 et dare anhelanti pugnantibus umida linguis
 oscula et in collo figere dente notas.
 non lapis hanc gemmaeque iuvant, quae frigore
 sola
 dormiat et nulli sit cupienda viro. 40
 heu sero revocatur amor seroque iuventas
 cum vetus infecit cana senecta caput.
 tum studium formae est; coma tum mutatur, ut
 annos
 dissimulet viridi cortice tincta nucis;
 tollere tum cura est albos a stirpe capillos
 et faciem dempta pelle referre novam.

TIBULLUS I. VIII.

together. 'Tis the other charms, though she come with face untended and has spent no lingering skill on dressing her sheeny hair.

¹⁷ Has some hag bewitched thee with her spells, or with blanching herbs, in the silent night hours? Incantation draws the crops from the neighbour's field; incantation checks the course of the angry snake; incantation seeks to draw the moon down from her car, and would do it but for the blows on the echoing bronze.

²³ Why do I complain, alas! that spells or herbs have worked me woe? Beauty needs no aid from sorcery. 'Tis touching the body does the harm, giving the long kiss, resting thigh by thigh. Yet do thou for thy part see thou art not uncompliant to the lad; Venus visits harsh deeds with punishment.

²⁹ Ask for no presents: these should a hoary lover give, that soft arms may warm his chilly limbs. Gold is less precious than a lad whose face is bright and smooth, with no rough beard to rasp caresses. Under his shoulder place thy radiant arms, and thus look down on all the treasures of a king. Venus will find a way for stealthy commerce with the lad while he quivers, and would draw your tender bosoms ever closer, for giving wet kisses with quickened breath and struggling tongue and printing the teeth's marks on the neck. No stone or pearls will give her joy who sleeps alone and chill, and to no man is desirable.

⁴¹ Ah, too late we call back love and youth when hoary eld has bleached the aged head. Then looks are studied. The hair is stained to disguise our years with dye from the nut's green husk. Then we task ourselves to pluck up the white hairs by the root and to carry home a face transformed, with the old skin gone. But do thou while thy life is

TIBVLLVS

at tu dum primi floret tibi temporis aetas
 utere : non tardo labitur illa pede.
 neu Marathum torque : puero quae gloria victo est ?
 in veteres esto dura, puella, senes. 50
 parce precor tenero : non illi sontica causa est,
 sed nimius luto corpora tingit amor.
 vel miser absentī maestas quam saepe querellas
 conicit et lacrimis omnia plena madent !
 “quid me spernis ?” ait. “poterat custodia vinci :
 ipse dedit cupidis fallere posse deus.
 nota venus furtiva mihi est, ut lenis agatur
 spiritus, ut nec dent oscula rapta sonum ;
 et possum media quamvis obrepere nocte
 et strepitu nullo clam reserare fores. 60
 quid prosunt artes, miserum si spernit amantem
 et fugit ex ipso saeva puella toro ?
 vel cum promittit, subito sed perfida fallit,
 est mihi nox multis evigilanda malis.
 dum mihi venturam fingo, quodcumque movetur,
 illius credo tunc sonuisse pedes.”
 desistas lacrimare, puer : non frangitur illa,
 et tua iam fletu lumina fessa tument.
 oderunt, Pholoe, moneo, fastidia divi,
 nec prodest sanctis tura dedisse focis. 70
 hic Marathus quondam miseros ludebat amantes,
 nescius ultorem post caput esse deum ;
 saepe etiam lacrimas fertur risisse dolentis
 et cupidum ficta detinuisse mora :
 nunc omnes odit fastus, nunc displicet illi
 quaecumque opposita est ianua dura sera.
 at te poena manet, ni desinis esse superba.
 quam cupies votis hunc revocare diem !

TIBULLUS I. VIII.

still in its flowering springtide see that thou use it.
Not slow are its feet as it glides away.

⁴⁹ Nor torture Marathus. What glory is there in discomfiting a boy? Be hard, my lass, to the effete old. Spare the tender shoot, I pray. Naught ails him gravely; 'tis from excess of passion comes the yellow stain upon his skin. See again, poor wretch, how often he heaps his piteous reproaches on the absent and all around is flooded with his tears.

⁵⁵ "Why dost thou slight me?" he complains. "The watch might have been baffled. Heaven itself gives the lovesick skill to cozen. I know the secret ways of love, how the breath may be taken gently, and how kisses may be snatched and make no sound. I can steal up e'en in the dead of night, and unseen unbar the door without a sound. But what do arts avail if the girl spurn the hapless swain and, cruel, fly from the very couch of love? Then again when she promises and suddenly plays false, I must wake through a night of many woes. While I fondly think that she will come to me, in every stir I hear her footfall sounding."

⁶⁷ Shed tears no more, lad. Her heart is stone, and thy eyes are already worn and swelled with weeping. The gods, I warn thee, Pholoe, abhor disdain. 'Twill be vain to offer incense to their holy fires. This is the Marathus that once made mock of wretched lovers, unwitting that behind him stood the god of vengeance. Often, too, we have heard, he laughed at the tears of anguish and kept a lover waiting with pretences for delay. Now he abhors all coyness; now he hates every door that is bolted fast against him. But for thee, girl, unless thou cease to be proud, there is punishment in store. Then how wilt thou long that prayers might bring thee back to-day!

TIBVLLVS

IX

Quid mihi, si fueras miseros laesurus amores,
 foedera per divos, clam violanda, dabas ?
 a miser, et si quis primo periuria celat,
 sera tamen tacitis Poena venit pedibus.
 parcite, caelestes : aequum est impune licere
 numina formosis laedere vestra semel.
 lucra petens habili tauros adiungit aratro
 et durum terrae rusticus urget opus ;
 lucra petituras freta per parentia ventis
 ducunt instabiles sidera certa rates. 10
 muneribus meus est captus puer. at deus illa
 in cinerem et liquidas munera vertat aquas.
 iam mihi persolvat poenas, pulvisque decorem
 detrahet et ventis horrida facta coma ;
 ureter facies, urentur sole capilli,
 deteret invalidos et via longa pedes.
 admonui quotiens “ auro ne pollue formam :
 saepe solent auro multa subesse mala.
 divitiis captus si quis violavit amorem,
 asperaque est illi difficilisque Venus. 20
 ure meum potius flamma caput et pete ferro
 corpus et intorto verberare terga seca.
 nec tibi celandi spes sit peccare paranti :
 scit deus, occultos qui vetat esse dolos.
 ipse deus tacito permisit †lene†¹ ministro
 ederet ut multo libera verba mero ;

¹ *Corrupt.* vina (editor) is taken for the version

TIBULLUS I. IX.

IX

To Marathus

WHY, if thou wast to wrong my helpless love, didst thou pledge thy faith to me before the gods but to break it privily? Unhappy! even if at first we hide the perjury, yet in the end comes Punishment on noiseless feet. Still spare him, powers above. 'Tis not unjust if for *one* sin against your godhead beauty should pay no forfeit.

⁷ 'Tis in quest of gain the countryman yokes his bulls to his good plough and plies his hard work on the land; it is gain that the swaying ships pursue when the sure stars guide them through seas that the winds control. And by gifts has my lad been captured. But may God turn them to ashes and running water.

¹³ Ere long he will make me full amends; his comeliness will be lost amid the dust and the winds that roughen his hair; his face, his curls will be burned by the sun, and long travel will disable his tender feet.

¹⁷ How many times have I warned him: "Let not gold sully beauty; under gold there often lurks a multitude of ills. Whosoever has let wealth tempt him to outrage love, with him is Venus fierce and obdurate. Rather burn my head with fire, stab my body with steel, and cut my back with the twisted scourge. And have no hope of concealment when thou art planning wrong. God knows of it, and lets no treachery stay hid. God himself has set [wine] within the reach of a tongue-tied servant, that with much strong drink his speech might flow free.

TIBVLLVS

ipse deus somno domitos emittere vocem
 iussit et invitos facta tegenda loqui.”
 haec ego dicebam : nunc me flevisse loquentem,
 nunc pudet ad teneros procubuisse pedes. 30
 tunc mihi iurabas nullo te divitis auri
 pondere, non gemmis vendere velle fidem,
 non tibi si pretium Campania terra daretur,
 non tibi si Bacchi cura Falernus ager.
 illis eriperes verbis mihi sidera caeli
 lucere et pronas fluminis esse vias.
 quin etiam flebas : at non ego fallere doctus
 tergebam umentes credulus usque genas.
 quid faciam, nisi et ipse fores in amore puellae ?
 sit precor, exemplo sit levis illa tuo. 40
 o quotiens, verbis ne quisquam conscius esset, .
 ipse comes multa lumina nocte tuli !
 saepe insperanti venit tibi munere nostro
 et latuit clausas post adoperta fores.
 tum miser interii, stulte confisus amori :¹
 nam poteram ad laqueos cautior esse tuos.
 quin etiam attonita laudes tibi mente canebam :
 at me nunc nostri Pieridumque pudet.
 illa velim rapida Vulcanus carmina flamma
 torreat et liquida deleat amnis aqua. 50
 tu procul hinc absis, cui formam vendere cura
 est
 et pretium plena grande referre manu.
 at te qui puerum donis corrumpere es ausus
 rideat adsiduis uxor inulta dolis,
 et cum furtivo iuvenem lassaverit usu,
 tecum interposita languida veste cubet.

¹ amori *the corrected MSS.* : amari A.

TIBULLUS I. IX.

Heaven itself has bidden the lips that slumber had sealed to open and to speak unwillingly of deeds that should have lain in the dark."

²⁹ So used I to say to thee. Now I am ashamed that I wept as I spoke, that I fell at thy tender feet. Then thou wouldst swear to me that for no weight of precious gold or for pearls wouldst thou sell thy faith, nay, not if Campania's land were given thee as the price, or Falernum's fields that Bacchus tends. Such words could have robbed me of my certainty that stars shine in skies and that rivers run downward. Nay, more, thou wouldst weep; but I unversed in deceit would ever fondly wipe the water from thy cheeks.

³⁹ What should I have done hadst thou not thyself been in love with a maid? May she be fickle—fickle, I pray, taking pattern by thee. Oh, how oft in the late night, that none should be privy to thy wooing, did I myself attend thee with the light in my hand! Often, when thou didst not hope for her, she came through my good offices, and stood hid, a veiled figure, behind the fast shut door. Then, poor wretch, was my undoing; I fondly trusted to Love: I might have been warier of thy snares. Nay, in my craze of mind I made verses in thy honour; but now I am ashamed for myself and the Muses. May the Fire-god shrivel those verses with devouring flame, or the river wash them out in its running waters. Go thou far hence whose aim is to sell thy beauty and to return with a great wage filling thy hand.

⁵³ And thou who durst corrupt the boy with thy gifts, may thy wife unpunished make a constant jest of thee by her intrigues; and when the gallant is spent with her furtive dalliance, let her lie by thee lax

TIBVLLVS

semper sint externa tuo vestigia lecto
 et pateat cupidis semper aperta domus;
 nec lasciva soror dicatur plura bibisse
 pocula vel plures emeruisse viros. 60

illam saepe ferunt convivia ducere baccho,
 dum rota Luciferi provocet orta diem;
 illa nulla queat melius consumere noctem
 aut operum varias disposuisse vices.
 at tua perdidicit; nec tu, stultissime, sentis,
 cum tibi non solita corpus ab arte movet.
 tune putas illam pro te disponere crines
 aut tenues denso pectere dente comas?
 istane persuadet facies, auroque lacertos
 vinciat et Tyrio prodeat apta sinu? 70

non tibi sed iuveni cuidam vult bella videri,
 devoveat pro quo remque domumque tuam.
 nec facit hoc vitio, sed corpora foeda podagra
 et senis amplexus culta puella fugit.
 huic tamen accubuit noster puer: hunc ego credam
 cum trucibus vencrem iungere posse feris.
 blanditiasne meas aliis tū vendere es ausus,
 tune aliis demens oscula ferre mea?
 tum flebis, cum me vinctum puer alter habeat
 et geret in regno regna superba tuo. 80

at tua tum me poena iuuet, Venerique merenti
 fixa notet casus aurea palma meos:
 HANC TIBI FALLACI RESOLVTVS AMORE TIBVLLVS
 DEDICAT ET GRATA SIS DEA MENTE ROGAT.

TIBULLUS I. IX.

with the coverlet between. Let there be always stranger tracks upon thy bed, and thy house be always free and open to the amorous. Nor let it be said that her wanton sister can drain more cups or exhaust more gallants. She, folk say, prolongs her wine-bibbing revels till the wheels of the Light-bringer rise to summon forth the day. Than she could none lay out the night hours better, or arrange the different modes of love.

⁶⁵ But thy spouse has learned it all, and yet thou, poor fool, dost notice naught when she moves her limbs with an unaccustomed art. Dost thou think that it is for thee that she arranges her hair and through her fine tresses passes the close-toothed comb? Is it *thy* beauty prompts her to clasp gold on her arms and come forth arrayed in Tyrian drapery? Not thee, but a certain youth would she have find her charming. For him she would consign to ruin thee and all thy house. Nor does she this out of depravity; but the dainty girl shrinks from limbs that gout disfigures and an old man's arms.

⁷⁵ Yet by him has my own lad lain. I could believe that he would mate with a savage beast. Didst thou dare, mad youth, to sell caresses that belonged to me and to take to others the kisses that were mine? Thou wilt weep, then, when another lad has made me his captive and shall proudly reign in thy realm.

⁸¹ In that hour of thy punishment I shall rejoice, and a golden palm-branch shall be put up to Venus for her goodness, with this record of my fortunes:

TIBULLUS WHOM FROM TREACHEROUS LOVE, GODDESS,
THOU DIDST UNBIND
OFFERS THEE THIS AND BEGS THEE KEEP FOR HIM A
THANKFUL MIND.

TIBVLLVS

X

Qvis fuit, horrendos primus qui protulit enses ?
 quam ferus et vere ferreus ille fuit !
 tum caedes hominum generi, tum proelia nata,
 tum brevior dirae mortis aperta via est.
 an nihil ille miser meruit, nos ad mala nostra
 verlimus, in saevas quod dedit ille feras ?
 divitis hoc vitium est auri, nec bella fuerunt,
 faginus astabat cum scyphus ante dapes.
 non arces, non vallus erat, somnumque petebat
 securus varias dux gregis inter oves. 10
 tunc mihi vita foret † vulgi † nec tristia nossem
 arma nec audissem corde micante tubam.
 nunc ad bella trahor, et iam quis forsitan hostis
 haesura in nostro tela gerit latere.
 sed patrii servate Lares : aluistis et idem,
 cursarem vestros cum tener ante pedes.
 neu pudeat prisco vos esse e stipite factos :
 sic veteris sedes incoluistis avi.
 tunc melius tenuere fidem, cum paupere cultu
 stabat in exigua ligneus aede deus. 20
 hic placatus erat, seu quis libaverat uvam
 seu dederat sanctae spicea sarta comae ;
 atque aliquis voti compos liba ipse ferebat
 postque comes purum filia parva favum.
 at nobis aerata, Lares, depellite tela,

 hostiaque e plena rustica porcus hara.

TIBULLUS I. x.

X

Against War

Who was the first discoverer of the horrible sword? How savage was he and literally iron! Then slaughter and battles were born into the world of men: then to grisly death a shorter road was opened.

⁵ But perhaps, poor wretch, he is to blame in nothing, but we turn to our mischief what he gave us to use against the savage wild beast. This is the curse of precious gold; nor were there wars when the cup of beechwood stood beside men's food. There were no citadels, no palisades, and void of care the flock's commander courted sleep with his sheep of divers hue around him.

¹¹ In that age would I have lived nor known grim warfare or heard the trumpet-call with beating heart. Now am I dragged to war; and some foeman, maybe, already bears the weapon that is to be buried in my side.

¹⁵ Yet save me, Lares of my fathers! Ye too did rear me when I ran, a little child, before your feet. And feel it not a shame that ye are made of but an ancient tree-stock. Such were ye when ye dwelt in the home of my grandsire long ago. Then faith was better kept, when a wooden god stood poorly garbed in a narrow shrine. His favour was won when a man had offered a bunch of grapes as first fruits, or laid the spiky garland on the holy hair. And one who had gained his prayer would with his own hands bring the honey-cake, his little daughter following with the pure honeycomb in hers.

²⁵ O Lares, turn the bronze javelins away from me [and as thankoffering for my safe return shall

TIBVLLVS

hanc pura cum veste sequar myrtoque canistra
 vincta geram, myrto vinctus et ipse caput.
 sic placeam vobis : alius sit fortis in armis,
 sternat et adversos Marte favente duces, 30
 ut mihi potanti possit sua dicere facta
 miles et in mensa pingere castra mero.
 quis furor est atram bellis accersere Mortem ?
 imminet et tacito clam venit illa pede.
 non seges est infra, non vinea culta, sed audax
 Cerberus et Stygiae navita turpis aquae ;
 illic pertussisque ¹ genis ustoque capillo
 errat ad obscuros pallida turba lacus.
 quin potius laudandus hic est quem prole parata
 occupat in parva pigra senecta casa ! 40
 ipse suas sectatur oves, at filius agnos,
 et calidam fesso comparat uxor aquam.
 sic ego sim, liceatque caput candescere canis
 temporis et prisci facta referre senem.
 interea pax arva colat. pax candida primum
 duxit araturos sub iuga curva boves ;
 pax aluit vites et sucos condidit uvae,
 funderet ut nato testa paterna merum ;
 pace bidens vomerque nitent, at tristia duri
 militis in tenebris occupat arma situs.—² 50
 rusticus e lucoque vehit, male sobrius ipse,
 uxorem plaustro progeniemque domum.—
 sed veneris tunc bella calent, scissosque capillos
 femina, perfractas conqueriturque fores ;
 flet teneras subtusa genas : sed victor et ipse
 flet sibi dementes tam valuisse manus.
 at lascivus Amor rixae mala verba ministrat,
 inter et iratum lentus utrumque sedet.

¹ pertussisque *Livincius* : percussisque **A**.

² *Something appears to be lost here.*

TIBULLUS I. x.

fall . . .] and a hog from the full sty, a farmer's victim. With it will I follow in clean apparel, and bear the basket bound with myrtle, even as the myrtle binds my hair. Thus may I find favour in your eyes. Let another be stout in war and, Mars to aid him, lay the hostile chieftains low, that, while I drink, he may tell me of his feats in fighting and draw the camp in wine upon the table.

³³ What madness is it to call black Death to us by warfare! It is ever close upon us: it comes unseen on silent feet. Below there are neither cornlands nor well-kept vineyards; only wild Cerberus and the ill-favoured mariner of the stream of Styx. There wanders a sallow throng beside the dusky pools with eyeless sockets and fire-ravaged hair.

³⁹ Nay, the hero is he whom, when his children are begotten, old age's torpor overtakes in his humble cottage. He follows his sheep, his son the lambs, while the good wife heats the water for his weary limbs. So let me live till the white hairs glisten on my head and I tell in old man's fashion of the days gone by. Let Peace in the meantime tend our fields. Bright Peace first led the oxen under curved yoke to plough. Peace made the vine plants grow and stored the grape juice that from the father's jars might pour wine for the son. In peace shine hoe and ploughshare; but the grisly arms of the rugged soldier rust preys on in the dark.

⁵¹ Then the yeoman drives back from the grove, himself half sober, with wife and offspring in his wain.

⁵³ Then love's war rages hotly; and women lament that hair is torn and doors are broken. The fair weeps for the buffets on her tender cheek; but the conqueror weeps too that his mad hands were so strong; while freakish Love feeds the feud with

TIBVLLVS

a lapis est ferrumque, suam quicumque puellam
verberat : e caelo deripit ille deos. 60
sit satis e membris tenuem rescindere vestem,
sit satis ornatus dissoluisse comae,
sit lacrimas movisse satis ; quater ille beatus
quo tenera irato flere puella potest.
sed manibus qui saevus erit, scutumque sudemque
is gerat et miti sit procul a Venere.
at nobis, Pax alma, veni spicamque teneto,
profluat et pomis candidus ante sinus.

TIBULLUS I. x.

bitter speeches, and sits in unconcern between the angry pair. Ah, he is stone and iron who would beat his lass : this is to drag the gods down from the sky. Be it enough to tear the light robe from her limbs, and to disorder the fair arrangement of her hair : enough to cause her tears to flow. Thrice happy he whose anger can make a soft lass weep ! But he whose hands are cruel should carry shield and stake and keep afar from gentle Venus.

⁶⁷ Then come to us, gracious Peace ; grasp the cornspike in thy hand, and from the bosom of thy white robe let fruits pour out before thee.

BOOK II

LIBER SECVNDVS

I

Qvisqvis adest, faveat : fruges lustramus et agros,
ritus ut a prisco traditus extat avo.

Bacche, veni, dulcisque tuis e cornibus uva
pendeat, et spicis tempora cinge, Ceres.

luce sacra requiescat humus, requiescat arator,
et grave suspenso vomere cesset opus.

solvite vincla iugis ; nunc ad praesepia debent
plena coronato stare boves capite.

omnia sint operata deo ; non audeat ulla

lanificam pensis imposuisse manum.

10

vos quoque abesse procul iubeo, discedat ab aris,
cui tulit hesterna gaudia nocte Venus.

casta placent superis : pura cum veste venite
et manibus puris sumite fontis aquam.

cernite, fulgentes ut eat sacer agnus ad aras
vinctaque post olea candida turba comas.

di patrii, purgamus agros, purgamus agrestes :
vos mala de nostris pellite limitibus,

THE SECOND BOOK

I

*The Country Festival*¹

ALL present hush. We purify the crops and lands in the fashion handed down from our ancestors of old. Come to us, Bacchus, with the sweet grape cluster hanging from thy horns, and, Ceres, wreath thy temples with the corn-ears.

⁵ Upon this holy day let earth, let ploughman rest. Hang up the share and let the heavy labour cease. Loose from the yokes their straps; now by the well-filled manger must the oxen stand with garlands round their heads. Let all things be at the service of the god; let no spinner choose to set her hand to the task of wool. Ye too I bid stand far away—let none be nigh the altar to whom Love's goddess gave her pleasures yesternight. The powers above ask purity. Clean be the raiment that ye come in, and clean the hands to take the waters from the spring. Mark how to the shining altar goes the holy lamb, and behind the white procession; the olive binds their hair.

¹⁷ Gods of our sires, we cleanse the farms, we cleanse the farming folk. Do ye outside our boundaries drive all evil things. Let not our sown fields

¹ The *Ambarvalia*, celebrated in late spring or early summer, at different times in different places. See *Classical Quarterly*, III. (1909), pp. 127 sqq.

TIBVLLVS

neu seges eludat messem fallacibus herbis,
 neu timeat celeres tardior agna lupos. 20
 tunc nitidus plenis confisus rusticus agris
 ingeret ardenti grandia ligna foco,
 turbaque vernarum, saturi bona signa coloni,
 ludet et ex virgis extruet ante casas.
 eventura precor : viden ut felicibus extis
 significet placidos nuntia fibra deos ?
 nunc mihi fumosos veteris proferte Falernos
 consulis et Chio solvite vincla cado.
 vina diem celebrent ; non festa luce madere
 est rubor, errantes et male ferre pedes. 30
 sed "bene Messallam" sua quisque ad pocula dicat,
 nomen et absentis singula verba sonent.
 gentis Aquitanae celebrer Messalla triumphis
 et magna intonsis gloria victor avis,
 huc ades aspira que mihi, dum carmine nostro
 redditur agricolis gratia caelitibus.
 rura cano rurisque deos. his vita magistris
 desuevit querna pellere glande famen ;
 illi compositis primum docuere tigillis
 exiguam viridi fronde operire domum ; 40
 illi etiam tauros primi docuisse feruntur
 servitium et plaustro supposuisse rotam.
 tum victus abiere feri, tum consita pomus,
 tum bibit inriguas fertilis hortus aquas,
 aurea tum pressos pedibus dedit uva liquores
 mixtaque securo est sobria lympha mero.

TIBULLUS II. 1.

mock the reaping with defaulting blade. Let not our slow lambs fear the swifter wolves. Then¹ the sleek rustic, full of trust in his teeming fields, will heap huge logs upon his blazing hearth; and a young troop of home-born slaves, fair signs that show a lusty yeoman, will play about and build them huts of sticks before the fire. My prayers are heard. See in the favouring entrails how the liver-markings bear a message that the gods are gracious.

²⁷ Now from the old bin bring me out the smoked Falernians and loose the bands of the Chian jar.² Let drinking be the order of the day. Now we keep holiday, and to be tipsy is no shame, nor to carry ill our unsteady feet. But let each one, as he drinks, cry, "Health to Messalla!" and in every utterance be the name of the absent heard.

³³ Messalla, now the talk of all for thy triumph over the race of Aquitaine, whose victories cover thy unshorn ancestors with glory, hither come and breathe upon me while with my song I pay thanksgiving to the powers that tend the fields.

³⁷ I sing the country and the country's gods. They were the guides when man first ceased to chase his hunger with the acorns from the oak. They taught him first to put the planks together and cover his humble dwelling with green leaves. They too, 'tis told, trained bulls to be his slaves, and placed the wheel beneath the wain. Then savage habits passed away; then was the fruit-tree planted, and the thriving garden drank the water from the rills. Then the golden grapes gave up their juices to the trampling feet, and sober water was mixed with cheering wine.

¹ In the cold weather, after the autumn sowing.

² The heady Falernian and the light Chian were a favourite blend. The consul's name on the label showed the year. *Falernos* sc. *cados*.

TIBVLLVS

rura ferunt messes, calidi cum sideris aestu
 deponit flavas annua terra comas.
 rure levis verno flores apis ingerit alveo,
 compleat ut dulci sedula melle favos. 50
 agricola adsiduo primum satiatu aratro
 cantavit certo rustica verba pede,
 et satur arenti primum est modulatus avena
 carmen, ut ornatos diceret ante deos;
 agricola et minio suffusus, Bacche, rubenti
 primus inexperta duxit ab arte choros.
 huic datus a pleno memorabile munus ovili
 dux pecoris curtas auxerat hircus opes.
 rure puer verno primum de flore coronam
 fecit et antiquis imposuit Laribus. 60
 rure etiam teneris curam exhibitura puellis
 molle gerit tergo lucida vellus ovis.
 hinc et femineus labor est, hinc pensa colusque,
 fusus et adposito pollice versat opus;
 atque aliqua adsiduae texitrix operata minervae¹
 cantat, et a pulso² tela sonat latere.
 ipse quoque inter agros interque armenta Cupido
 natus et indomitas dicitur inter equas.
 illic indocto primum se exercuit arcu :
 ei mihi, quam doctas nunc habet ille manus ! 70
 nec pecudes, velut ante, petit : fixisse puellas
 gestit et audaces perdomuisse viros.
 hic iuveni detraxit opes, hic dicere iussit
 limen ad iratae verba pudenda senem ;
 hoc duce custodes furtim transgressa iacentes
 ad iuvenem tenebris sola puella venit,

¹ assidue minervam . . . A., which requires the change of texitrix to textis.

² a pulso *Muretus* : appulso A.

TIBULLUS II. 1.

From the country comes our harvest, when in heaven's glowing heat the earth is yearly shorn of her shock of yellow hair. Through the country flits the bee in spring-time, heaping the hive with flowers in her zeal to fill the combs with the honey sweet.

⁵¹ Then first the countryman, sated with ploughing without cease, sang rustic words in time and tune; and, full of meat, first composed a song on the dry oat-pipes to chaunt before the gods that his hands had dressed. And, Bacchus, it was a countryman that first dyed his skin with red vermilion and wound through the dance with unpractised art. It was he too that, offering from all his fold a gift to tell about, the he-goat, leader of the flock, gained increase for his scanty wealth.

⁵⁹ In the country the lad first made a circlet from the flowers of spring and placed it on the ancient Lares' head. Of the country too is the sheep that will ere long make trouble for gentle girls with the soft fleece it wears upon its glistening back. Thence comes the toil of women's hands, the weighed wool and the distaff, and the spindle that twists its work 'twixt thumb and finger; and weaving women in unremitting service to Minerva sing while the loom clatters as the clay weights swing.

⁶⁷ Desire too himself, they say, was born amid the fields, amid the cattle and the unbridled mares. There first he practised with prentice bow. Ah, me! what expert hands has he now! Nor are beasts his mark as heretofore. His joy is to pierce maids' hearts and make the bold man bite the dust. He strips the young of their wealth; the old he forces to shameful speech at the threshold of an angry fair. He guides the girl who stealthily steps by prostrate watchers and comes alone to her lover in

TIBVLLVS

et pedibus praetemptat iter suspensa timore,
explorat caecas cui manus ante vias.
a miseri, quos hic graviter deus urget ! at ille
felix, cui placidus leniter adflat Amor. 80
sancte, veni dapibus festis ; sed pone sagittas
et procul ardentem hinc precor abde faces.
vos celebrem cantate deum pecorique vocate
voce ; palam pecori, clam sibi quisque vocet.
aut etiam sibi quisque palam : nam turba iocosa
obstrepit et Phrygio tibia curva sono.
ludite : iam Nox iungit equos, currumque sequuntur
matris lascivo sidera fulva choro,
postque venit tacitus furvis circumdatus alis
Somnus et incerto Somnia nigra pede. 90

II

√ DICAMVS bona verba : venit Natalis ad aras :
quisquis ades, lingua, vir mulierque, fave.
urantur pia tura focis, urantur odores
quos tener e terra divite mittit Arabs.
ipse suos Genius adsit visurus honores,
cui decorent sanctas mollia sarta comas.
illius puro destillent tempora nardo,
atque satur libo sit madeatque mero,
adnuat et, Cornute, tibi, quodcumque rogabis.
en age (quid cessas ? adnuat ille) roga. 10

TIBULLUS II. II.

the night, high strung with fear, her feet feeling her path before her while her hand is advanced to find passage through the dark.

⁷⁹ Ah, wretched they upon whom our god bears hardly; and happy is he on whom Love in his graciousness breathes gently. Come to our festal cheer, holy lord. But, prithee, lay aside thy arrows, and far from us put away thy burning torch.

⁸³ Do ye chaunt the god whom all adore, and loudly call him for your herd. Let each one call him for the herd aloud, but in a whisper for himself. Or aloud too for himself: for the merriment of the throng and the bent pipe's Phrygian note will drown the prayer. So take your sport. Now Night is yoking her team; and on their mother's car follow the golden Stars, a capering troupe, while behind comes Sleep the silent, enwrapped in dusky wings, and black Visions of the night with wavering steps.

II

To Cornutus on his Birthday

LET naught but good words pass our lips: the Birth-sprite cometh to the altar. Whoso art with us, man or woman, peace! Let its fire burn the holy incense, burn the spices which the soft Arabian sends us from his wealthy land. Let the Genius come to view the offering to himself. Soft garlands must deck his hallowed locks; his temples must drop with spikenard pure; he must be filled with honey-cake and tipsy with neat wine. And to whatsoever thou askest, Cornutus, must he bow assent. See, quick! Why laggest thou? He bows, and thou must ask. I

TIBVLLVS

auguror, uxoris fidos optabis amores ;
 iam reor hoc ipsos edidicisse deos.
 nec tibi malueris, totum quaecumque per orbem
 fortis arat valido rusticus arva bove,
 nec tibi, gemmarum quidquid felicibus Indis
 nascitur, Eoi qua maris unda rubet.
 vota cadunt : viden ut ¹ strepitantibus advolet alis
 flavaque coniugio vincula portet Amor,
 vincula quae maneant semper dum tarda senectus
 inducat rugas inficiatque comas. 20
 eveniat,² Natalis, avis prolemque ministret,
 ludat et ante tuos turba novella pedes.

III

RVRA meam, Cornute, tenent villaeque puellam :
 ferreus est, heu heu, quisquis in urbe manet.
 ipsa Venus latos iam nunc migravit in agros,
 verbaque aratoris rustica discit Amor.
 o ego, cum ³ aspicerem dominam, quam fortiter illic
 versarem valido pingue bidente solum
 agricolaeque modo curvum sectarer aratrum,
 dum subigunt steriles arva serenda boves !
 nec querer quod sol graciles exureret artus,
 laederet et teneras pussula rupta manus. 10
 pavit et Admeti tauros formosus Apollo ;
 nec cithara intonsae profueruntve comae,
 nec potuit curas sanare salubribus herbis :
 quidquid erat medicae vicerat artis amor. 14

¹ viden ut *the corrected MSS.* : utinam *A.* *The correction is uncertain.*

² eveniat *Housman* : hic veniat *A.*

³ dum, "*provided that,*" *Heyne*, is not improbable.

TIBULLUS II. III.

divine that thou wilt pray for thy wife's true love :
by now methinks the gods have learnt this well.
Thou wouldst not have rather for thine own all the
fields in the whole world that stout yeomen plough
with sturdy steers, nor for thine own all pearls soever
that grow for India the blest by the red waters of the
Eastern sea.

¹⁷ 'Tis done as thou dost pray.¹ See, on rustling
wings Love flies to thy side with yellow bands to
bind thy spouse—bands never to be loosed till
dragging age bring wrinkles to her brow and bleach
her hair. May the sign come true, Birth-spirit, and
bring them offspring, and may a troop of younglings
play before thy feet.

III

Nemesis is taken to the Country

IN country and farmhouse bides my girl, Cornutus.
Ah, me! he is iron who can stay in town. Venus
herself has moved into the spreading fields and Love is
learning the rustic speech of ploughmen. Oh, when I
looked upon my mistress, how stoutly there with my
sturdy hoe would I turn the fertile soil and follow
the curved plough as a tiller of the fields, while the
barren oxen forced the clods up for the sowing! Nor
would I murmur that the sun burned my slender
limbs or that broken blisters hurt my delicate
hands.

¹¹ Apollo, too, the beautiful, fed the bulls of
Admetus; nor did his lute and hair unshorn avail
him aught, nor could he cure his trouble by health-
giving herbs. Love had triumphed o'er all resources

¹ *cadunt*, "fall," "happen," a metaphor from dice.

TIBVLLVS

ipse deus solitus stabulis expellere vaccas 14a
 dicitur
 et miscere novo docuisse coagula lacte, 14b
 lacteus et mixtis obriguisse liquor. 14c
 tunc fiscella levi detexta est vimine iunci,
 raraque per nexus est via facta sero.
 o quotiens illo vitulum gestante per agros
 dicitur occurrens erubuisse soror !
 o quotiens ausae, caneret dum valle sub alta,
 rumpere mugitu carmina docta boves ! 20
 saepe duces trepidis petiere oracula rebus,
 venit et a templis inrita turba donum ;
 saepe horrere sacros doluit Latona capillos,
 quos admirata est ipsa noverca prius.
 quisquis inornatumque caput crinesque solutos
 aspiceret, Phoebi quaereret ille comam.
 Delos ubi nunc, Phoebæ, tua est, ubi Delphica Pytho ?
 nempe Amor in parva te iubet esse casa.
 felices olim, Veneri cum fertur aperte
 servire aeternos non puduisse deos. 30
 fabula nunc ille est : sed cui sua cura puella est,
 fabula sit mavult quam sine amore deus.
 at tu, quisquis is es, cui tristi fronte Cupido
 imperat ut nostra sint tua castra domo

 ferrea non venerem sed praedam saecula laudant :
 praeda tamen multis est operata malis.
 praeda feras acies cinxit discordibus armis ;
 hinc cruor, hinc caedes mors propiorque venit.

TIBULLUS II. III.

of the healer's art. The god became accustomed to drive the kine from the byre, ['tis said] . . . and taught the way of mixing rennet with new milk, and the milky stream curdled at its touch. Then was the cheese-basket woven from the bulrushes' light stems, and hereand there through their interlacings a passage left for the whey. Oh, how often as he went through the fields, a calf in his arms, do they say, his sister met him and blushed! Oh, how often, while he was singing deep in the valley, did the kine with their lowings rudely break in on the artistic verse! Often did chiefs seek oracles from him in times of trouble and the company go home in disappointment from his temple. Often did Latona grieve for the unkemptness of the sacred hair which before had been a marvel to his stepmother herself. Whoever had seen his head undecked and hair all loose would have asked indeed where were the locks of Phoebus. Where, Phoebus, is thy Delos now, and where thy Delphian Pytho? Why, Love bids thee house in a humble cot.

²⁹ Happy the men of olden days, when they tell that gods eternal were not ashamed to be the open slaves of passion. Now is he the talk of all. But one that loves his girl would liefer be the talk of all than a god without a love.

³² And thou, whosoever thou art, whom frowning Love now bids make warfare in my house . . .¹

³⁵ It is not love but booty that this iron age applauds. Yet booty is concerned in a multitude of ills. Booty buckles the armour of strife on the raging hosts; hence bloodshed comes, hence slaughter, and death approaches nigher than before. Booty bade

¹ The sense of the lost lines was probably, "Beware, my successful rival, of reverses in your turn. A richer lover may supplant you."

TIBVLLVS

praeda vago iussit geminare pericula ponto,
 bellica cum dubiis rostra dedit ratibus. 40
 praedator cupit immensos obsidere campos,
 ut multa innumera iugera pascat ove ;
 cui lapis externus curae est, urbisque tumultu
 portatur validis mille columna iugis,
 claudit et indomitum moles mare, lentus ut intra
 neglegat hibernas piscis adesse minas.
 at mihi laeta trahant Samiae convivia testae
 fictaque Cumana lubrica terra rota.
 heu heu divitibus video gaudere puellas :
 iam veniant praedae, si Venus optat opes : 50
 ut mea luxuria Nemesis fluat utque per urbem
 incedat donis conspicienda meis.
 illa gerat vestes tenues, quas femina Coa
 texuit, auratas disposuitque vias ;
 illi sint comites fusci, quos India torret
 Solis et admotis inficit ignis equis ;
 illi selectos certent praebere colores
 Africa puniceum purpureumque Tyros.
 nota loquor. regnum ipse tenet, quem saepe coegit
 barbara gypsatos ferre catasta pedes. 60
 at tibi, dura seges, Nemesis quae abducis ab urbe,
 persolvat nulla semina Terra fide.
 et tu, Bacche tener, iucundae consitor uvae,
 tu quoque devotos, Bacche, relinque lacus.
 haud impune licet formosas tristibus agris
 abdere ; non tanti sunt tua musta, pater.

TIBULLUS II. III.

men double the perils on the surging deep when it fitted the beaks of war to the rocking ships. 'Tis the freebooter who longs to seize upon the measureless plains, that on many an acre he may graze his countless sheep. His fancy turns to foreign marbles, and through the quaking city his column is carried by a thousand sturdy teams. For him the mole confines the tameless sea, that unconcerned inside the fish may reckon naught of the storm that blusters near. But in *my* feast's happy course let there be only the pottery of Samos or the slippery clay that Cumae's wheels have shaped.

⁴⁹ Alas! I see that maidens' hearts are set upon the rich. Then come booty, if Love desires wealth, that my Nemesis may float in finery and step it through the city, in bravery a gift from me! Let her wear the gossamer robe which some woman of Cos has woven and laid it out in golden tracks.¹ Let hers be the dusky pages that India scorches and the Sun's fire tans as he drives so near. Let the lands vie to give her their choicest dyes, Afric the crimson and Tyre the purple.

⁵⁹ What I say all know. That very man has now a kingdom who on the barbarians' platform has oft been forced to move his gypsumed feet.²

⁶¹ For thee, cruel field, that drawest Nemesis away from town, may Earth fail utterly to pay the grain she owes thee. And thou, soft Bacchus, planter of the pleasant grape-vine, do thou too, Bacchus, leave the vats that we have cursed. No one may bury fair maids 'mid dreary fields without a punishment. Thy new wine, Sire, is not worth this price. Oh, let

¹ The *viae* are the stripes or bands woven into the cloth.

² Slaves were exposed for sale on a platform (*catasta*) with their feet smeared with gypsum.

TIBVLLVS

o valeant fruges, ne sint modo rure puellae ;
glans alat et prisco more bibantur aquae.
glans aluit veteres, et passim semper amarunt ;
quid nocuit sulcos non habuisse satos ? 70
tunc, quibus aspirabat Amor, praebebat aperte
mitis in umbrosa gaudia valle Venus.
nullus erat custos, nulla exclusura dolentes
ianua. si fas est, mos precor ille redi.

horrida villosa corpora veste tegant.
nunc si clausa mea est, si copia rara videndi,
heu miserum, laxam quid iuvat esse togam ?
ducite : ad imperium dominae sulcabimus agros ;
non ego me vinclis verberibusque nego. 80

IV

Hic mihi servitium video dominamque paratam :
iam mihi, libertas illa paterna, vale.
servitium sed triste datur, teneorque catenis,
et numquam misero vincla remittit Amor,
et seu quid merui seu nil peccavimus, urit.
uror, io, remove, saeva puella, faces.
o ego, ne possem tales sentire dolores,
quam mallet in gelidis montibus esse lapis,
stare vel insanis cautes obnoxia ventis,
naufraga quam vasti tunderet unda maris ! 10
nunc et amara dies et noctis amarior umbra est ;
omnia nam tristi tempora felle madent.

TIBULLUS II. iv.

the corn go, so there are no lasses in the country; let acorns be our fare and water our drink in the olden way. Acorns were the food of the ancients, and they had love always wherever they were. What hurt to them if they had no furrows sown with seed?

⁷¹ Then to those on whom Love's god breathed kindly did gentle Venus bring open pleasures in the shady vales. No watchers were there, nor door to close against the anguished. If it be not wrong, old custom, I pray thee to return. [Then . . . and let] rough limbs be clad in shaggy raiment. Now, if my love is under bolt and bar, if but seldom I can see her, poor wretch, what comfort is there in a flowing toga? Take me away; I will plough the fields at a mistress's command. From chains and stripes my body shall not shrink.

IV

Female Covetousness. To Nemesis

HERE see I slavery and mistress waiting for me. Now, ancient freedom of my fathers, fare thee well. Yea, harsh slavery is my lot—chains to hold me and Love that never slackens the wretched prisoner's bonds, and burns me whether I have deserved to suffer or have done no wrong. Ah, how I burn! Take the torch away, thou cruel girl.

⁷ Oh, not to feel such pangs as these, would I were rather a stone on the bleak hills or cliff exposed to the frenzy of the winds on which beats the shipwrecking wave of the desolate sea. Now bitter is the day and bitterer still the shades of night, for every moment is steeped in acid gall.

TIBVLLVS

nec prosunt elegi nec carminis auctor Apollo ;
illa cava pretium flagitat usque manu.
ite procul, Musae, si non prodestis amanti ;
non ego vos, ut sint bella canenda, colo,
nec refero Solisque vias et qualis, ubi orbem
complevit, versis Luna recurrit equis.
ad dominam faciles aditus per carmina quaero ;
ite procul, Musae, si nihil ista valent. 20
at mihi per caedem et facinus sunt dona paranda,
ne iaceam clausam flebilis ante domum ;
aut rapiam suspensa sacris insignia fanis ;
sed Venus ante alios est violanda mihi.
illa malum facinus suadet dominamque rapacem
dat mihi ; sacrilegas sentiat illa manus.
o pereat quicumque legit viridesque smaragdos
et niveam Tyrio murice tingit ovem.
addit avaritiae causas et Coa puellis
vestis et e rubro lucida concha mari. 30
haec fecere malas ; hinc clavim ianua sensit
et coepit custos liminis esse canis.
sed pretium si grande feras, custodia victa est
nec prohibent claves et canis ipse tacet.
heu quicumque dedit formam caelestis avarae,
quale bonum multis attulit ille malis !
hinc fletus rixaeque sonant, haec denique causa
fecit ut infamis nunc deus erret Amor.
at tibi, quae pretio victos excludis amantes,
eripiant partas ventus et ignis opes. 40
quin tua tunc iuvenes spectent incendia laeti,
nec quisquam flammae sedulus addat aquam.
seu veniet tibi mors, nec erit qui lugeat ullus
nec qui det maestas munus in exsequias

TIBULLUS II. iv.

¹³ Nor doth elegy help or Apollo, inspirer of my song. Her hollowed palm is ever stretched out for gold. Away, ye Muses, if ye have no aid for the lover; I court you not that I may sing of wars. Nor tell I of the goings of the Sun, nor how when she has accomplished her circuit the Moon wheels her horses and returns. Easy access to my lady is all I seek by song. Off with ye, Muses, if the song is of no avail.

²¹ Yet by crime and slaughter must I get gifts, that I may not lie lamenting before closed doors. Or I must seize the ornaments that hang in holy temples. But Venus must I pillage first. 'Tis she that prompts the evil deed, 'tis she that gives me a grasping mistress; so let her feel my sacrilegious hands.

²⁷ Ah, ruin to all who gather the emeralds green or with Tyrian purple dye the snowy sheepskin. The stuffs of Cos and the bright pearl from out of the red seas sow greed in lasses. 'Tis these have made them evil. From these hath the door learned to feel the key, and the dog been set to guard the threshold. But if thou comest with a great fee, keys are no hindrance, and the very dog is mute. Ah, that god who gave beauty to the covetous girl, what a pearl did he bring to a herd of mischiefs! From this comes the noise of weeping and of bickering. This, in brief, is the cause that Love now roams the earth dishonoured.

³⁹ But thou, that dost shut out lovers whom gold has vanquished, may wind and fire sweep off the wealth that thou hast gained. Nay, may the young then see thy house ablaze, and none bestir himself to put water on the fire. Or, if 'tis death that comes to thee, let there be none to mourn thee or come with offering to

TIBVLLVS

at bona quae nec avara fuit, centum licet annos
 vixerit, ardentem flebitur ante rogam ;
 atque aliquis senior veteres veneratus amores
 annua constructoserta dabit tumulo,
 et "bene" discedens dicet "placideque quiescas,
 terraque securae sit super ossa levis." 50
 vera quidem moneo, sed prosunt quid mihi vera ?
 illius est nobis lege colendus amor.
 quin etiam, sedes iubeat si vendere avitas,
 ite sub imperium sub titulumque, Lares.
 quidquid habet Circe, quidquid Medea veneni,
 quidquid et herbarum Thessala terra gerit,
 et quod, ubi indomitis gregibus Venus adflat amores,
 hippomanes cupidae stillat ab inguine equae,
 si modo me placido videat Nemesis mea vultu,
 mille alias herbas misceat illa, bibam. 60

V

PHOEBE, fave ; novus ingreditur tua templa sacerdos ;
 huc age cum cithara carminibusque veni.
 nunc te vocales impellere pollice chordas,
 nunc precor ad laudes flectere verba pias.
 ipse triumphali devinctus tempora lauro,
 dum cumulant aras, ad tua sacra veni.
 sed nitidus pulcherque veni ; nunc indue vestem
 sepositam, longas nunc bene pecte comas,

TIBULLUS II. v.

thy woful burial. But she that has been kind and free from greed, though she live a hundred years, shall be wept by the burning pyre. And some aged man in homage to his ancient love will yearly place a garland on her mounded tomb, and, as he goes, will say: "Sleep well and peacefully, and above thy untroubled ashes let the earth be light."

⁵¹ 'Tis a true warning; but of what help is the truth to me? I must ply my love as she ordains. Yea, if she bid me sell the home of my forefathers, then, gods of the household, ye must stoop to be labelled at her word.¹ All Circe's, all Medea's potions, all the herbs that the land of Thessaly bears, even the hippomanes which drips from the yearning mare when Venus breathes passion into unbridled herds, yea, a thousand herbs beside may my Nemesis mingle in the draught, and, so she look kindly on me, I will drink.

V

*The Installation of Messalinus*²

BE gracious, Phoebus; a new priest sets foot within thy temple. Hither I bid thee come with lyre and song. Now, I prithee, let thy fingers sweep the singing strings; now tune thy song to a loyal paean. And while they heap the altar, come to thy rites thyself, thy brows encircled with triumphal bay. Come bright and beautiful; now don thy treasured raiment; now duly comb thy flowing locks. Be as

¹ The *titulus* was the label affixed to objects for sale by auction.

² As one of the *quindecimviri sacris faciundis*, who had the custody of the Sibylline books.

TIBVLLVS

qualem te memorant Saturno rege fugato
 victori laudes concinuisse Iovi. 10
 tu procul eventura vides, tibi deditus augur
 scit bene quid fati provida cantet avis ;
 tuque regis sortes, per te praesentit haruspex,
 lubrica signavit cum deus exta notis ;
 te duce Romanos numquam frustrata Sibylla,
 abdita quae senis fata canit pedibus
 Phoebæ, sacras Messalinum sine tangere chartas
 vatis, et ipse precor quid canat illa doce.
 haec dedit Aeneae sortes, postquam ille parentem
 dicitur et raptos sustinuisse Lares 20
 nec fore credebat Romam, cum maestus ab alto
 Ilion arduentes respiceretque deos.
 (Romulus aeternae nondum formaverat urbis
 moenia, consorti non habitanda Remo ;
 sed tunc pascebant herbosa Palatia vaccae
 et stabant humiles in Iovis arce casae.
 lacte madens illic suberat Pan ilicis umbrae
 et facta agresti lignea falce Pales,
 pendebatque vagi pastoris in arbore votum,
 garrula silvestri fistula sacra deo, 30
 fistula cui semper decrescit harundinis ordo ;
 nam calamus cera iungitur usque minor.
 at qua Velabri regio patet, ire solebat
 exiguus pulsa per vada linter aqua.
 illa saepe gregis diti placitura magistro
 ad iuvenem festa est vecta puella die,
 cum qua fecundi redierunt munera ruris,
 casens et niveae candidus agnus ovis.)

TIBULLUS II. v.

men tell thou wast when, Saturn driven from his throne, thou sangest a paeon for victorious Jove.

¹¹ Thou seest from afar the things to come. The augur whose soul is given up to thee knows well what means the note of the bird that foresees what is to be. 'Tis thou dost guide the lots; through thee divines the reader of the inward parts, whensoever a god has set his marks on the glistening entrails.

¹⁵ With thee her guide, the Sibyl who sings Fate's hidden will in six-foot measure hath never played the Romans false. Phoebus, grant leave to Messalinus to touch the seeress' holy scroll, and teach him thyself the meaning of her strains.

¹⁹ 'Twas she that gave responses to Aeneas after the hour when, as story tells, he bore away in his arms his sire and household gods, never dreaming that a Rome would be, when from the deep he turned his eyes in sorrow on Ilion and its gods ablaze.

²³ (Not yet had Romulus traced the walls of the Eternal City wherein was no abiding for his brother Remus. But still on a grassy Palatine browsed the kine, and lowly cabins stood upon the heights of Jove. There, drenched with milk, was Pan beneath the holm-oak's shade, and Pales shaped from wood by rustic knife; and on the tree, in quittance of the roving shepherd's vow, the prattling pipe hung sacred to the woodland god—the pipe with its ever-dwindling rows of reeds, whose wax joins stalks each lesser than the last. But where now spreads the quarter of Velabrum, a small skiff stirred the waters as it plied across the shallows. There oft a lass who would please some rich keeper of a herd was ferried on holidays to her swain, and with her came back the gifts of a thriving farm, cheese and the white lamb of a snowy ewe.)

TIBVLLVS

" Impiger Aenea, volitantis frater Amoris,
 Troica qui profugis sacra vehis ratibus, 40
 iam tibi Laurentes adsignat Iuppiter agros,
 iam vocat errantes hospita terra Lares.
 illic sanctus eris cum te veneranda Numici
 unda deum caelo miserit indigetem.
 ecce super fessas volitat Victoria puppes;
 tandem ad Troianos diva superba venit.
 ecce mihi lucent Rutulis¹ incendia castris;
 iam tibi praedico, barbare Turne, necem.
 ante oculos Laurens castrum murusque Lavini est
 Albaque ab Ascanio condita Longa duce. 50
 te quoque iam video, Marti placitura sacerdos
 Ilia, Vestales deseruisse focos,
 concubitusque tuos furtim vittasque iacentes
 et cupidi ad ripas arma relicta dei.
 carpite nunc, tauri, de septem montibus herbas
 dum licet; hic magnae iam locus urbis erit.
 Roma, tuum nomen terris fatale regendis,
 qua sua de caelo prospicit arva Ceres,
 quaque patent ortus et qua fluitantibus undis
 Solis anhelantes abluit amnis equos. 60
 Troia quidem tunc se mirabitur et sibi dicet
 vos bene tam longa consuluisse via.
 vera cano: sic usque sacras innoxia laurus
 vescar, et aeternum sit mihi virginitas."
 haec cecinit vates et te sibi, Phoebe, vocavit,
 iactavit fusas et caput ante comas.—
 quidquid Amalthea, quidquid Marpesia dixit
 Herophile, Phyto Graia quod admonuit,
 quaeque Aniena sacras Tiburs per flumina sortes
 portarat sicco pertuleratque sinu— 70

¹ Rutulis *the corrected MSS.*: rutilis A., "*flery red.*"

TIBULLUS II. v.

39 " Aeneas never-resting, brother of Cupid ever on the wing, whose exiled barks carry the holy things of Troy, now doth Jove allot to thee the fields of Laurentum, now doth a hospitable land invite thy wandering gods. There shall divinity be thine when Numicius' ever-worshipped waters pass thee to heaven, a god of the native-born. See, o'er the weary ships is Victory hovering. At last the haughty goddess comes to the men of Troy. Lo, I see the fire blaze from the Rutule camp.¹ Now, savage Turnus, I foretell thy fall. Before my eyes is Laurentum's fortress and Lavinium's wall, and Long Alba, which Ascanius leads his host to found. Now thee too, Ilia, priestess whom Mars is to find fair, I see departed from the Vestal hearth. I see thy secret bridal, thy snood cast upon the ground, and, left upon the banks, the arms of the eager god. Now, while ye may, bulls, crop the grass of the Seven Hills. Ere long this will be a great city's site. Thy nation, Rome, is fated to rule the earth wherever Ceres looks from heaven upon the fields she tends, both where the gates of dawn are opened and where in tossing waters the Ocean river bathes the Sun-god's panting team. Then shall old Troy be a marvel to herself, and own that in this far journey ye did well for her. 'Tis truth I sing; so may I ever eat the holy bay unharmed and everlasting maidenhood be mine."

65 So sang the seeress, and called thee to her, Phoebus, and tossed before her face her streaming hair.

67 All that Amalthea,² all that Herophile² of Marpeessos foretold, all the warnings of Grecian Phyto² and hers of Tibur who carried her holy scrolls of destiny through the stream of Anio and in dry bosom

¹ The allusion is obscure.

² Names of various Sibyls. The Sibyl of Tibur was Albunea.

TIBVLLVS

haec fore dixerunt belli mala signa cometen,
 multus ut in terras deplueretque lapis.
 atque tubas atque arma ferunt strepitantia caelo
 audita et lucos praecinuisse fugam :
 et simulacra deum lacrimas fudisse tepentes 77
 fataque vocales praemonuisse boves. 78
 ipsum etiam Solem defectum lumine vidit 75
 iungere pallentes nubilus annus equos. 76
 haec fuerant olim : sed tu iam mitis, Apollo,
 prodigia indomitis merge sub aequoribus, 80
 et succensa sacris crepitet bene laurea flammis,
 omine quo felix et sacer¹ annus erit.
 laurus ubi bona signa dedit, gaudete coloni ;
 distendet spicis horrea plena Ceres,
 oblitus et musto feriet pede rusticus uvas,
 dolia dum magni deficientque lacus ;
 ac madidus baccho sua festa Palilia pastor
 concinet : a stabulis tunc procul este lupi.
 ille levis stipulae sollempnis potus acervos
 accendet, flammis transilietque sacras. 90
 et fetus matrona dabit, natusque parenti
 oscula comprehensis auribus eripiet ;
 nec taedebit avum parvo advigilare nepoti
 balbaque cum puero dicere verba senem.
 tunc operata deo pubes discumbet in herba,
 arboris antiquae qua levis umbra cadit,
 aut e veste sua tendent umbracula sertis
 vineta, coronatus stabit et ipse calix.
 at sibi quisque dapes et festas extruet alte
 caespitibus mensas caespitibusque torum. 100

¹ satur (*Cornelissen*), "rich," "fruitful," would give a better sense.

TIBULLUS II. v.

bore them home. . . . These told that a comet should appear, the evil sign of war, and how that thick on earth should fall the stony shower. And they say that trumpets and the clash of arms were heard in heaven, and sacred groves rang with the coming rout. From the images of the gods poured the warm tears; and kine found tongue and spake of the coming doom. Yea, from the very Sun ebb'd the light, and the clouded year saw him yoke dim horses to his car.

⁷⁹ So was it once; but thou, Apollo, kind at last, whelm monstrous things beneath the savage deep. Let the bay crackle loud as it kindles in the holy flames, an omen telling that the season shall be blest and holy. When the bay has given propitious sign, rejoice, ye farmers: Ceres will fill with ears your straining barns. And smeared with must the countryman will stamp above the grapes till the great tanks and butts can hold no more. And drenched in wine the shepherd will chaunt the feast of Pales, the shepherd's holiday. Ye wolves, be ye then far from the fold. Full of drink, he will fire the light straw heaps in the appointed way, and leap across the sacred flames. Then shall his dame bear offspring, and the child take hold of his father's ears to snatch the kiss; nor shall the grandsire find it irksome to watch by his little grandson's side, nor, for all his years, to lisp in prattle with the child.

⁹⁵ Then in the god's service the folk shall recline upon the grass where fall the flickering shadows of some ancient tree, or of their garments spread out canopies and tie them up with garlands, wreaths also round the goblets where they stand. Then each for himself will pile high the feast and festal board, cut sods the table and cut sods the couch. Here the

TIBVLLVS

ingeret hic potus iuvenis maledicta puellae,
postmodo quae votis inrita facta velit;
nam ferus ille suae plorabit sobrius idem
et se iurabit mente fuisse mala.
pace tua pereant arcus pereantque sagittae,
Phoebe, modo in terris erret inermis Amor.
ars bona : sed postquam sumpsit sibi tela Cupido,
heu heu quam multis ars dedit ista malum !
et mihi praecipue, iaceo cum saucius annum
et (faveo morbo cum iuvat ipse dolor) 110
usque cano Nemesim, sine qua versus mihi nullus
verba potest iustos aut reperire pedes.
at tu, nam divum servat tutela poetas,
praemoneo, vati parce, puella, sacro,
ut Messalinum celebrem, cum praemia belli
ante suos currus oppida victa feret,
ipse gerens laurus : lauro devinctus agresti
miles "io" magna voce "trumphe" canet.
tunc Messalla meus pia det spectacula turbae
et plaudat curru praetereunte pater. 120
adnue : sic tibi sint intonsi, Phoebe, capilli,
sic tua perpetuo sit tibi casta soror.

VI

CASTRA Macer sequitur : tenero quid fiet Amori ?
sit comes et collo fortiter arma gerat ?
et seu longa virum terrae via seu vaga ducent
aequora, cum telis ad latus ire volet ?
ure. puer, quaeso, tua qui ferus otia liquit
atque iterum erronem sub tua signa voca.

TIBULLUS II. VI.

tipsy lad will heap curses on his lass, such as ere long he will hope and pray may turn to naught. Aye, he who is now so savage with his dear will weep when he is sober, and swear that his wits had gone astray.

¹⁰⁵ Phoebus, by thy good leave, let bows and arrows perish, so Love may rove unarmed upon the earth. 'Tis an honest craft; but since Cupid took to carrying arrows, how many, ah me, has that honest craft made smart! And me beyond the rest. For a year have I been afflicted from his stroke, and, siding with my malady (for the pain itself is pleasure), I sing unceasingly of Nemesis, apart from whom no verse of mine can find its words or proper feet.

¹¹³ But do thou, damsel (for guardian gods watch over poets), be warned in time, and spare thy sacred bard, that I may tell of Messalinus when before *his* chariot he shall bear the conquered towns, the prize of war, wearing the bay wreath, while his soldiery, with wild bay round their brows, loudly chaunt the cry of triumph. Then let my dear Messalla afford the throng the sight of a father's love, and clap his hands as his son's car passes by. Phoebus, grant this; and so be thy locks for aye unshorn, and thy sister ever a maiden pure.

VI

To Macer

FOR the camp is Macer bound. What shall become of gentle Love? Must he go with him and stoutly bear his arms about his neck? And, weapons in hand, will he be at the gallant's side whether his path lie over the distant mainland or the tossing seas? Young sir, I prithee, brand the rebel that has left thy haunts of peace: call back the truant to thy banners.

TIBVLLVS

quod si militibus parces, erit hic quoque miles,
 ipse levem galea qui sibi portet aquam.
 castra peto, valeatque Venus valeantque puellae ;
 et mihi sunt vires et mihi laeta tuba est. 10
 magna loquor, sed magnifice mihi magna locuto
 excutiunt clausae fortia verba fores.
 iuravi quotiens rediturum ad limina numquam !
 cum bene iuravi, pes tamen ipse redit.
 acer Amor, fractas utinam tua tela sagittas,
 si licet, extinctas aspiciamque faces !
 tu miserum torques, tu me mihi dira precari
 cogis et insana mente nefanda loqui.
 iam mala finissem leto, sed credula vitam
 spes fovet et fore cras semper ait melius. 20
 spes alit agricolas, spes sulcis credit aratis
 semina quae magno faenore reddat ager ;
 haec laqueo volucres, haec captat harundine pisces,
 cum tenues hamos abdidit ante cibus ;
 spes etiam valida solatur compede vinctum :
 crura sonant ferro, sed canit inter opus ;
 spes facilem Nemesim spondet mihi, sed negat illa.
 ei mihi, ne vincas, dura puella, deam.
 parce, per immatura tuae precor ossa sororis :
 sic bene sub tenera parva quiescat humo. 30
 illa mihi sancta est ; illius dona sepulcro
 et madefacta meis sarta feram lacrimis ;
 illius ad tumulum fugiam supplexque sedebo
 et mea cum muto fata querar cinere.
 non feret usque suum te propter flere clientem :
 illius ut verbis, sis mihi lenta veto,

TIBULLUS II. VI.

⁷ But if thou art merciful to soldiers, here is one will be a soldier too, and bring himself refreshing water in his helm. I am off to the camp. Farewell to Love, farewell to lasses. I too am stout of limb; in my ears too the trumpet's note is sweet.

¹¹ Brave is my speech; but when I have uttered the brave bravado, the shutting of a door strikes the bold words from my lips. How often have I sworn that to its threshold I would return no more! For all my valiant swearing, my foot comes back itself. Fierce Love, oh, if this could be, I would see thine arms destroyed, the arrows broken and the torches quenched. Thou rackest me with anguish: thou forcest me to curse myself and in impious speech to vent the frenzy of my soul. Ere now I would have ended my miseries in death; but fond Hope keeps the spark alive, whispering ever that to-morrow things will mend.

²¹ 'Tis Hope sustains the farmer; to ploughed furrows Hope entrusts the seed for fields to render back with heavy usury. She takes the fowl in noose, the fish with rod, the slender hook first hidden by the bait. Hope comforts, too, the slave whom stout fetters bind. The iron clanks upon his legs, but still he sings at his task. Hope promises me that Nemesis shall be kind; but she says Nay. Ah me! worst not the goddess, cruel girl.

²⁹ Mercy, I pray thee, by the bones of thy sister, dead before her time; so may the child sleep well beneath the gentle earth. For me she is divine; to her tomb I will bring offerings and garlands wetted with my tears. To her grave will I fly and, sitting suppliant there, bewail my fate to her silent dust. Not forever will she bear with thee for making her votary weep. In her name I bid thee, be not cold

TIBVLLVS

ne tibi neglecti mittant mala somnia manes,
maestaque sopitae stet soror ante torum,
qualis ab excelsa praeceps delapsa fenestra
venit ad infernos sanguinolenta lacus. 40
desino, ne dominae luctus renoventur acerbi :
non ego sum tanti, ploret ut illa semel.
nec lacrimis oculos digna est foedare loquaces :
lena nocet nobis, ipsa puella bona est.
lena necat miserum Phryne furtimque tabellas
oculto portans itque reditque sinu.
saepe, ego cum dominae dulces a limine duro
agnosco voces, haec negat esse domi ;
saepe, ubi nox mihi promissa est, languere puellam
nuntiat aut aliquas extimuisse minas. 50
tunc morior curis, tunc mens mihi perdita fingit,
quisve meam teneat, quot teneatve modis ;
tunc tibi, lena, precor diras : satis anxia vivas,
moverit e votis pars quotacumque deos.

TIBULLUS II. VI.

to me, lest the slighted spirit send thee evil dreams and in thy slumbers thy mournful sister stand before thy bed, such as she was, when from the high casement she fell headlong down and passed blood-spattered to the lakes below. I cease, lest I stir again my lady's bitter woe. I am not worth one cry of grief from her.

⁴³ Nor is it well that tears should mar those speaking eyes. 'Tis the bawd that is my bane; the girl herself is good. Phryne, the bawd, is killing me, alas, as stealthily she passes to and fro with tablets hidden in her bosom. Many times, when from the hard threshold I recognise my mistress's sweet voice, Phryne denies she is at home. Often, when the night has been pledged to me, she brings message that the girl is sick or has been affrighted by some warning. Then I die with distress, and desperate fancy figures to itself in what and whose embraces my love is held. Then I call curses on thee, bawd. Thy life should be full enough of fears, if any part of what I pray is heard in heaven.

BOOK III

LIBER TERTIVS
(LYGDAMI ALIORVMQVE)

LYGDAMI ELEGIAE

I

MARTIS Romani festae venere kalendae
(exoriens nostris hic fuit annus avis),
et vaga nunc certa discurrunt undique pompa
perque vias urbis munera perque domos.
dicite, Pierides, quonam donetur honore
seu mea, seu fallor, cara Neaera tamen.
“carmine formosae, pretio capiuntur avarae :
gaudeat, ut digna est, versibus illa novis.
lutea sed niveum involvat membrana libellum,
pumex et canas tondeat ante comas,
summaque praetexat tenuis fastigia chartae
indicet ut nomen littera facta tuum,
atque inter geminas pingantur cornua frontes :
sic etenim comptum mittere oportet opus.”
per vos, auctores huius mihi carminis, oro
Castalianque umbram Pieriosque lacus,
ite domum cultumque illi donate libellum,
sicut erit ; nullus defluat inde color.
illa mihi referet, si nostri mutua cura est,
an minor, an toto pectore deciderim.

10

20

THE THIRD BOOK

ELEGIES OF LYGDAMUS

I

Dedication to Neaera

THE festal Calends of Mars of Rome are come. This for our ancestors was the year's dawning. And on all sides, travelling in order due, presents are speeding this way and that along the city's streets and houses. Tell me, Pierian maids, with what tribute shall I present Neaera, whether mine or, if she plays me false, dear to me still.

⁷ "Poetry is the lure for the beautiful, gold for the greedy: so let there be new verses to gladden her as she deserves. But first let yellow parchment wrap the snow-white roll and pumice shear its hoary locks, and letters traced to show thy name border the high top of the fine papyrus, and let the horned knobs' mid both its fronts be painted. For in such trim guise must thy work be sent."

¹⁵ Inspirers of this my song, I entreat ye by the shade of Castaly and the Pierian springs go to the house, and give her the dainty book just as it is; let none of its bloom be lost. She will send me answer if her love is still as mine, or if it is less, or if I have fallen wholly out of her heart. And first (she

LYGDAMVS

sed primum meritam larga donate salute
atque haec submisso dicite verba sono :
“ haec tibi vir quondam, nunc frater, casta Neaera,
mittit et accipias munera parva rogat,
teque suis iurat caram magis esse medullis,
sive sibi coniunx sive futura soror :
sed potius coniunx : huius spem nominis illi
auferet extincto pallida Ditis aqua.”

II

QVI primus caram iuveni carumque puellae
eripuit iuvenem, ferreus ille fuit.
durus et ille fuit, qui tantum ferre dolorem,
vivere et erepta coniuge qui potuit.
non ego firmus in hoc, non haec patientia nostro
ingenio : frangit fortia corda dolor.
nec mihi vera loqui pudor est vitaeque fateri,
tot mala perpressae, taedia nata meae.
ergo cum tenuem fuero mutatus in umbram
candidaque ossa supra nigra favilla teget, 10
ante meum veniat longos incompta capillos
et fleat ante meum maesta Neaera rogam.
sed veniat carae matris comitata dolore :
maereat haec genero, maereat illa viro.
praefatae ante meos manes animamque recentem¹
perfusaeque pias ante liquore manus,
pars quae sola mei superabit corporis, ossa
incinctae nigra candida veste legent,

¹ recentem *editor* : rogare *A.* : precatae *vulg.*

[TIBULLUS] III. II.

has deserved it) bestow on her an ample greeting and in subdued accents speak these words :

²³ "Thy husband once, thy brother now, sends these lines to thee, chaste Neaera, and prays thee to accept the humble gift. He swears that thou art dearer to him than his very marrow, whether thou wilt be his sister or his wife. Better his wife : hope of this title shall only Dis's wan waters take from him when his life is quenched."

II

Lygdamus Deprived of Neaera

HE who first robbed a swain of his dear and a girl of the youth she loved was a man of iron. And *he* was hard too who could bear a grief so great and live when his mate was taken. I am not stout in this : in my strain is no such endurance. Pain makes the brave heart break. I think it no shame to speak the truth or to own that within me there is risen loathing of a life that has suffered so much sorrow.

⁹ So then when I am changed to a phantom shade and above my white bones lies the black ashes' covering, let Neaera come to my pyre with her long hair disordered and sadly weep beside it. Let her come with her dear mother to share her grief, to mourn, one for a husband, the other for a son.

¹⁵ First of all let them address my shade and fresh departed spirit and in lustral water bathe their hands. Then with black robes ungirdled shall they gather the white bones, sole part remaining of my body, and when they are gathered together sprinkle them

LYGDAMVS

et primum annoso spargent collecta lyaeo,
mox etiam niveo fundere lacte parent, 20
post haec carbaseis umorem tollere velis
atque in marmorea ponere sicca domo.
illic quas mittit dives¹ Panchaia merces
Eoique Arabes, dives¹ et Assyria,
et nostri memores lacrimae fundantur eodem :
sic ego componi versus in ossa velim.
sed tristem mortis demonstrat littera causam
atque haec in celebri carmina fronte notet :
LYGDAMVS HIC SITVS EST. DOLOR HVIC ET CVRA NEAERAE
CONIVGIS EREPTAE CAVSA PERIRE FVIT. 30

III

QVID prodest caelum votis implesse, Neaera,
blandaue cum multa tura dedisse prece,
non ut marmorei prodirem e limine tecti,
insignis clara conspicuusque domo,
aut ut multa mei renovarent iugera tauri
et magnas messes terra benigna daret,
sed tecum ut longae sociarem gaudia vitae
inque tuo caderet nostra senecta sinu,
tum cum permenso defunctus tempore lucis
nudus Lethaea cogerer ire rate ? 10
nam grave quid prodest pondus mihi divitis auri,
arvaue si findant pingua mille boves ?
quidve domus prodest Phrygiis innixa columnis,
Taenare sive tuis, sive Caryste tuis,

¹ *In one of these lines dives is corrupt and should probably be pinguis.*

[TIBULLUS] III. III.

with old wine first and next proceed to drench them with snowy milk likewise, and after this to remove the moisture with linen cloths and place them dry in a chamber of marble. There¹ let the merchandise which rich Panchaia, Eastern Araby, and rich Assyria send, and tears to my memory withal, be shed on the same spot. Thus, when naught is left of me but bones, would I be laid to rest.

²⁷ But the sad cause of my death let a legend show, and on the stone's face which all may see let it set out these lines :

HERE LYGDAMUS IS LAID, BY GRIEVOUS PAIN
AND LONGING FOR HIS LOST NEAERA SLAIN.

III

What is Wealth to Lygdamus without Love ?

WHAT gain is it to have filled the heavens with vows, Neaera, and offered bland incense with constant prayer, not that I might step out from the threshold of a marble dwelling, observed and noted for a glorious house, or that bulls of mine might turn the clods o'er many a rood and earth in her bounty give me great harvests, but that through long years of life I might share my joys with thee, and that in thine arms might drop my aged frame in the hour when my course of light was fully run and stripped of all I was forced to voyage on the barque of Lethe ?

¹¹ What good to me were heavy weight of precious gold or a thousand oxen cleaving my rich fields ? what good a house that rests on pillars from Phrygian quarries, or, Taenaros, from thine, or thine, Carystos,

¹ Or "Thereupon."

LYGDAMVS

et nemora in domibus sacros imitantia lucos
aurataeque trabes marmoreumque solum ?
quidve in Erythraeo legitur quae litore concha
tinctaque Sidonio murice lana iuvat,
et quae praeterca populus miratur ? in illis
invidia est ; falso plurima vulgus amat. 20
non opibus mentes hominum curaeque levantur ;
nam Fortuna sua tempora lege regit.
sit mihi paupertas tecum iucunda, Neaera :
at sine te regum munera nulla volo.
o niveam quae te poterit mihi reddere lucem !
o mihi felicem terque quaterque diem !
at si, pro dulci reditu quaecumque voventur,
audiat aversa non meus aure deus,
nec me regna iuvant nec Lydius aurifer amnis
nec quas terrarum sustinet orbis opes. 30
haec alii cupiant ; liceat mihi paupere cultu
seculo cara coniuge posse frui.
adsis et timidis faveas, Saturnia, votis,
et faveas concha, Cypria, vecta tua.
aut si fata negant reditum tristesque sorores,
stamina quae ducunt quaeque futura neunt,¹
me vocet in vastos amnes nigramque paludem
dives in ignava luridus Orcus aqua.

IV

DI meliora ferant, nec sicut mihi somnia vera,
quae tulit hesternam pessima nocte quies.
ite procul, vani, falsumque avertite visum :
desinite in nobis quaerere velle fidem.

¹ canunt, "sing," Heinsius, is a probable conjecture.

[TIBULLUS] III. iv.

woods within mansions mimicking the sacred groves, or gilded cross-beams and a floor of marble? Or what the pearl shell gathered on Erythraean shores, or wool dipped in the purple dye of Sidon, and all besides that the world admires? Here envy lodges: the crowd is misguided in most that it adores. Wealth lightens not the hearts and cares of men. For Fortune rules their circumstances by ordinances of her own.

²³ With thee, Neaera, would I welcome poverty without thee I want nothing that the kings can give. O snow-bright morn that shall give thee back to me! O day that will bring me three- and four-fold bliss!

²⁷ But if the unfriendly god should turn his ears away from all that I vow for that dear return, then no kingdoms please me, nor river of Lydia charged with gold, nor all the wealth that the earth's round bears. Let others long for these; but let me live in humble style, if without misgivings I may have my dear wife for my own.

³³ Be with me, daughter of Saturn, and listen to my timid prayers, and thou too listen, goddess of Cyprus whose chariot is thy shell. But if Fate and the dour sisters who draw the yarn and spin the future deny returning, then let the voice of sallow Orcus, the lord of treasures amidst sluggish waters, call me to his desolate rivers and his black morass.

IV

Lygdamus' Dream

MAY the gods send better fortune, nor may the dream prove true which an evil sleep brought me yesternight. Depart from me, vain visions, take your false show away; cease to seek credit at my cost.

LYGDAMVS

divi vera monent, venturae nuntia sortis
 vera monent Tuscis exta probata viris :
 somnia fallaci ludunt temeraria nocte
 et pavidas mentes falsa timere iubent ?
 et vanum metuens hominum genus omnia noctis
 farre pio placant et saliente sale ? 10
 et tamen, utcumque est, sive illi vera moneri,
 mendaci somno credere sive solent,
 efficiat vanos noctis Lucina timores
 et frustra immeritum pertimuisse velit,
 si mea nec turpi mens est obnoxia facto
 nec laesit magnos impia lingua deos.
 iam Nox aetherium nigris emensa quadrigis
 mundum caeruleo laverat amne rotas,
 nec me sopierat menti deus utilis aegrae :
 Somnus sollicitas deficit ante domos. 20
 tandem, cum summo Phoebus prospexit ab ortu,
 pressit languentis lumina sera quies.
 hic iuvenis casta redimitus tempora lauro
 est visus nostra ponere sede pedem.
 non illo quicquam formosius ulla priorum
 aetas, humanum ¹ nec videt ulla domus.
 intonsi crines longa cervice fluebant,
 stillabat Syrio myrrhea rore coma.
 candor erat qualem praefert Latonia Luna,
 et color in niveo corpore purpureus, 30
 ut iuveni primum virgo deducta marito
 inficitur teneras ore rubente genas,
 et cum contexit amarantis alba puellae
 lilia et autumno candida mala rubent.
 ima videbatur talis includere palla ;
 namque haec in nitido corpore vestis erat.

¹ heroum *Lachmann* ; but humanum is the gen. plur. of humanus, "man." See "*Classical Quarterly*," VI. 41.

[TIBULLUS] III. iv.

The warnings gods send are true, and true the warnings of the inward parts, approved by seers of Tuscany, announcing the fate to come. But dreams—do they sport at random in a deceiving night, filling affrighted souls with false alarms, and, vainly fearing, do mankind seek to propitiate the menaces of the night with offering of spelt and sputtering salt? And yet, howsoever it be, whether they are wont to receive true warnings or to give ear to lies of sleep, may Lucina frustrate the terrors of this night and ordain that the innocent shall have been alarmed in vain, if neither my soul be chargeable with ugly sin nor my tongue have wickedly profaned the holy gods.

¹⁷ Night's car of four black steeds had already traversed the firmament of ether and bathed its wheels in the dark blue stream. Yet on me the god who aids the sick spirit had laid no spell: Sleep vanishes before the house of care. At last, when Phoebus looked out above the dawn, late slumber closed the tired sufferer's eyes. Thereon a youth with holy bay encircling his brow, methought, set foot within my dwelling. Nothing more lovely than him did any age of our forerunners see, or any house of mortal folk. Down his long neck his unshorn hair was streaming. From his myrrh-laden tresses trickled dews of Syria. His radiance was such as the moon, daughter of Latona, spreads before her, and over his body's snow was a crimson flush, such as dyes the fair cheeks and blushing face of a maid when she is first escorted to her young husband's home, or like white lilies which flower-girls interweave with amaranths, or argent apples touched with autumn red. The hem of his palla seemed to play about his ankles. For this was the garment that

LYGDAMVS

artis opus raræ, fulgens testudine et auro
 pendebat laeva garrula parte lyra.
 hanc primum veniens plectro modulatus eburno
 felices cantus ore sonante dedit : 40
 sed postquam fuerant digiti cum voce locuti,
 edidit haec dulci tristia verba modo :
 “salue, cura deum : casto nam rite poetae
 Phoebusque et Bacchus Pieridesque favent :
 sed proles Semelæ Bocchus doctæque sorores
 dicere non norunt quid ferat hora sequens :
 at mihi fatorum leges aevique futuri
 eventura pater posse videre dedit.
 quare ego quæ dico non fallax accipe vates
 quamque ¹ deus vero Cynthius ore ferar.¹ 50
 tantum cara tibi quantum nec filia matri,
 quantum nec cupido bella puella viro,
 pro qua sollicitas caelestia numina votis,
 quæ tibi securos non sinit ire dies
 et, cum te fusco Somnus velavit amictu,
 vanum nocturnis fallit imaginibus,
 carminibus celebrata tuis formosa Neæra
 alterius mavult esse puella viri,
 diversasque suas ² agit mens impia curas,
 nec gaudet casta nupta Neæra domo. 60
 a crudele genus nec fidum femina nomen !
 a pereat, didicit fallere si qua virum.
 sed flecti poterit ; mens est mutabilis illis :
 tu modo cum multa bracchia tende prece.
 saevus Amor docuit validos temptare labores,
 saevus Amor docuit verbera posse pati.
 me quondam Admeti niveas pavisse iuvenças
 non est in vanum fabula ficta iocum.

¹ quamque, ferar *editor* : quique, ferat *A.* : quodque, feram *vulg.* *The Latin might also mean “how truly the Cynthian is called a god.”*

² tuis *Lipsius*, which may be right.

[TIBULLUS] III. iv.

covered his gleaming limbs. On his left side hung his babbling lyre, wrought with rare skill, shining with tortoise-shell and gold. On this, when first he came, he played with ivory quill, and cheering music sounded from his lips. But when fingers and voice had spoken together, then to the tune of a sweet measure he uttered these bitter words:

⁴³ "Hail to thee, favourite of the gods—for to a holy poet Phoebus, Bacchus, and the Pierid maids are fitly friends. But Bacchus, offspring of Semele, and the lettered sisters have no skill to say what future hours shall bring. But to me my Sire has granted the power to see the laws of Fate and what shall issue in the time to come. Wherefore hearken to what I say, no seer untrustworthy, and learn how true are accounted the utterances of Cynthus' god. She who is as precious to thee as is no daughter to her mother nor maiden fair to her yearning husband, for whom thy prayers give the powers of heaven no rest, who never lets thy day pass without misgiving, and when Sleep has wrapped thee in his dusky robe baffles and mocks thee with her semblances in the night, the beautiful Neaera whom thy songs have made renowned, prefers to be the girl of another man. Her unnatural heart pursues an alien fancy of its own, and Neaera delights not to be a wife in a virtuous home. O cruel sex! Woman a treacherous race! Away with her who has learned to play her husband false!

⁶³ "But she may be turned: their minds are changeable: but thou must stretch thy hands to her with much beseeching. Tyrant Love has schooled us to engage in stubborn labours, tyrant Love to endure the lash. It is no story made for idle merriment that once I fed the snow-white kine of Admetus. Then could

[TIBULLUS] III. iv.

I take no pleasure in the lyre's loud tones nor my voice sing back in accord to its strings, but on the unstopped reeds I practised, I, Latona's son and Jove's. Young sir, thou knowest not what is love if thou dost shrink to bear with a cruel mistress and ungentle wife. So doubt not to use the gentle arts of complaining: soft pleadings make the hard heart melt. If oracles in holy temples utter truth, then give her this message in my name: This is the mate that the Delian himself awards to thee. Happy in him, cease to desire another man."

⁸¹ He said, and from my limbs slipped off the lethargy of sleep. Ah, may I never live to see such woe! I could not think that thou hast hopes thus crossing hopes, or that sin so great is harboured in thy breast. For thou wast not sprung from the waste sea's fields, or from Chimaera rolling flames from savage jaws, or from the dog with three tongues and a triple head and back by a snaky troop encircled, or Scylla with a girdle of hounds about her woman's body. No cruel lioness conceived and bore thee, nor the barbarous land of Scythia or the fearful Syrtis, but a humane home where the ungentle might not dwell and a mother far kinder than all her sex, and a sire than whom is none more lovable.

⁹⁵ May a god turn this cruel dream to good, or bid the hot South Wind carry it away without fulfilment!

LYGDAMVS

V

Vos tenet, Etruscis manat quae fontibus unda,
 unda sub aestivum non adeunda Canem,
 nunc autem sacris Baiarum proxima lymphis,
 cum se purpureo vere remittit humus.

at mihi Persephone nigram denuntiat horam.

immerito iuveni parce nocere, dea.
 non ego temptavi nulli temeranda virorum

audax laudandae sacra docere deae,
 nec mea mortiferis infecit pocula sucis

dextera nec cuiquam trita venena dedit, 10

nec nos sacrilegos templis admovimus ignes,

nec cor sollicitant facta nefanda meum,
 nec nos insane meditantes iurgia mentis
 impia in adversos solvimus ora deos.

et nondum cani nigros laesere capillos,

nec venit tardo curva senecta pede.

natalem primo nostrum videre parentes,

cum cecidit fato consul uterque pari.

quid fraudare iuvat vitem crescentibus uvis

et modo nata mala vellere poma manu? 20

parcite, pallentes undas quicumque tenetis

duraque sortiti tertia regna dei.

Elysios olim liceat cognoscere campos

Lethaeamque ratem Cimmeriosque lacus,

cum mea rugosa pallebunt ora senecta

et referam pueris tempora prisca senex.

[TIBULLUS] III. v.

V

Lygdamus Sick to his Friends

YE, my friends, stay by the stream that flows from Etruscan source, stream not to be approached in the Dog-star's heat, but now second only to the holy waters of Baiae when the ground loosens in bright-hued spring. But *I* have warning from Persephone that the black hour is nigh.

⁶ Harm me not, goddess; I am young and have done no wrong. I have not sought in recklessness to make known the rites of the goddess whom folk call Good, which no male must profane. My hand has infused no deadly juices in men's cups or pounded poison for the lips of any one. Nor have I sacrilegiously set fire to temples, nor is my conscience vexed by horrid crime, nor from the pent-up bitterness of a frantic soul have I let my blaspheming tongue wag in the very face of heaven.

¹⁵ Neither as yet has my black hair been harmed by grey, nor bowed age come to me on halting feet. My parents first beheld my birthday when both the consuls fell by the self-same fate.¹ What gain is it to rob a vine of growing grapes or to pluck the fruit just formed with brutal hand? Spare me, ye gods in whose sway are the wan waters and the stern realms, allotted to you third.² Let the hour be far off when my eyes shall see the Elysian plains, the barque of Lethe, and the Cimmerian pools, when my cheeks are sallow with wrinkled age and the old man tells the boys of the days gone by.

¹ Hirtius and Pansa, in B.C. 43.

² An allusion to the casting of lots by which Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto determined their spheres of influence, the lower world being the third.

LYGDAMVS

atque utinam vano nequiquam terrear aestu!
languent ter quinos sed mea membra dies.
at vobis Tuscae celebrantur numina lymphae
et facilis lenta pellitur unda manu. 30
vivite felices, memores et vivite nostri,
sive erimus seu nos fata fuisse velint.
interea nigras pecudes promittite Diti
et nivei lactis pocula mixta mero.

VI

CANDIDE Liber ades: sic sit tibi mystica vitis
semper, sic hedera tempora vincta feras;
aufer et ipse meum patera medicante dolorem:
saepe tuo cecidit munere victus Amor.
care puer, madeant generoso pocula baccho,
et nobis prona funde Falerna manu.
ite procul durum curae genus, ite labores;
fulserit hic niveis Delius alitibus.
vos modo proposito dulces faveatis amici,
neve neget quisquam me duce se comitem; 10
aut si quis vini certamen mite recusat,
fallat eum tecto cara puella dolo.
ille facit mites¹ animos deus, ille ferocem
contudit et dominae misit in arbitrium;
Armenias tigres et fulvas ille leaenas
vicit et indomitis mollia corda dedit.

¹ mites *the corrected MSS.*: dites A.

[TIBULLUS] III. vi.

²⁷ And would it were no real fever, but some vain alarm! But for thrice five days their strength has left my limbs.

²⁹ But ye, my friends, resort to the haunts of Tuscan water sprites, and the stream parts lightly to the strokes of your leisurely arms. May ye live happy and with thoughts of me, whether I am here or destiny choose that I be no more. Meantime do ye promise black sheep to Dis and cups of snow-white milk mingled with wine

VI

Lygdamus at the Feast

FAIR Liber, come to me; so mayst thou ever have thy mystic vine, so bear the ivy bound about thy brows. And do thou take away my pain with healing chalice. Oft has Love fallen, vanquished by thy bounty. Dear lad, let the cups be flooded with noble wine; slant the hand that pours out our Falernian.

⁷ Go, far away go, toils and troubles, heartless tribe. Here let the Delian shine with his birds of snow. Only, dear friends, ye must approve my project, and none refuse his company if I lead the way. Or if any shrinks from wine's gentle bouts, let his dear lass play him false with covert treachery. Our god softens the heart, he crushes the proud spirits and sends them under the strict yoke of a mistress. He vanquishes the Armenian tiger and the tawny lioness and puts a tame heart in the tameless. These things,

LYGDAMVS

haec Amor et maiora valet. sed poscite Bacchi
 munera : quem vestrum pocula sicca iuvant ?
 convenit ex aequo nec torvus Liber in illis
 qui se quique una vina iocosa colunt : 20
 nam ¹ venit iratus nimium nimiumque severis : ²
 qui timet irati numina magna, bibat.
 quales his poenas qualis quantusque minetur,
 Cadmeae matris praeda cruenta docet.
 sed procul a nobis hic sit timor, illaque, si qua est,
 quid valeat laesi sentiat ira dei.
 quid precor a demens ? venti temeraria vota,
 aerae et nubes diripienda ferant.
 quamvis nulla mei superest tibi cura, Neaera,
 sis felix et sint candida fata tua. 30
 at nos securae reddamus tempora mensae :
 venit post multas una serena dies.
 ei mihi, difficile est imitari gaudia falsa,
 difficile est tristi fingere mente iocum,
 nec bene mendaci risus componitur ore,
 nec bene sollicitis ebria verba sonant.
 quid queror infelix ? turpes discedite curae :
 odit Lenaeus tristia verba pater.
 Gnosia, Theseae quondam periuria linguae 40
 flevisti ignoto sola relicta mari :
 sic cecinit pro te doctus, Minoi, Catullus
 ingrati referens impia facta viri.
 vos ego nunc moneo : felix, quicumque dolore
 alterius disces posse cavere tuom.
 nec vos aut capiant pendentia bracchia collo
 aut fallat blanda sordida lingua prece.

¹ nam *editor* : non *A.*

² severis *Livincius* : severus *A.*

and greater, can Love do. But do ye call for the gifts of Bacchus. For which of you have chill¹ draughts charms?

¹⁹ A mate and equal, with no front of menace, doth Liber show himself to such as pay their court to him and joyous wine at once; while without bound or measure runs his wrath against the austere. Whoso fears a mighty god in anger, let him drink. For such what chastisement he threatens, what and how great the threatener, the bloody quarry² of the Theban mother shows us well. But far from us be this terror; let *her* feel all the anger of an outraged god. Ah, what is this mad prayer? May the winds and clouds of heaven bear off and scatter all ways the reckless wish! And, Nææra, though no thought of me survives in thy breast, mayst thou be happy and thy lot be bright. But let us devote these moments to the cheering board. After many days a cloudless one has come.

³³ Ah me! mock joys are hard to make; 'tis hard to feign merriment when the heart is sad. Ill is it to force a false smile to the face; ill is it when tipsy accents are heard from the distressed. Unhappy, what is this complaining? Away, ye ugly cares! Father Lenæus loathes the language of sorrow. In old times, maid of Cnossos, thou wast left alone to mourn the perjuries of Theseus' tongue to an alien sea. So for thee, daughter of Minos, did accomplished Catullus sing, recounting the wicked doings of thy ingrate husband. And so I now warn you, friends. Fortunate wilt thou be who art taught by another's suffering to avoid thy own. Be not ye deceived by arms flung round your necks, or cheated by a knavish tongue with wheedling prayers. Though the beguiler

¹ Those of water-drinkers (*sicci*).

² Pentheus.

PANEGYRICVS MESSALLAE

etsi perque suos fallax iuravit ocellos
Iunonemque suam perque suam Venerem,
nulla fides inerit : periuria ridet amantum
Iuppiter et ventos inrita ferre iubet. 50
ergo quid totiens fallacis verba puellae
conqueror ? ite a me, seria verba, precor.
quam vellem tecum longas requiescere noctes
et tecum longos pervigilare dies,
perfida nec merito nobis †inimica merenti †
perfida, sed, quamvis perfida, cara tamen !
Naida Bacchus amat : cessas, o lente minister ?
temperet annosum Marcia lympha merum.
non ego, si fugit nostrae convivia mensae
ignotum cupiens vana puella torum, 60
sollicitus repetam tota suspiria nocte.
tu, puer, i, liquidum fortius adde merum.
iam dudum Syrio madefactus tempora nardo
debueram sertis implicuisse comas.

PANEGYRICVS MESSALLAE

(TERTII LIBRI VII. = QVARTI I.)

Te, Messalla, canam, quamquam tua cognita virtus
terret. ut infirmæ nequeant subsistere vires,
incipiam tamen ac, meritas si carmina laudes
deficiant, humilis tantis sim conditor actis,
nec tua praeter te chartis intexere quisquam
facta queat, dictis ut non maiora supersint,
est nobis voluisse satis. nec munera parva
respueris. etiam Phoebæ gratissima dona
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[TIBULLUS] III. VII. (IV. 1.)

swear by her eyes, by her Juno, by her Venus, there will be no truth in her words. Jupiter laughs at the false oaths of lovers, and bids the winds carry them off without fulfilment. Then why do I complain so oft of the words of a faithless girl? Away from me, I pray, all serious talk! How I could wish to pass with thee long nights of rest and spend with thee long waking days, maid faithless, and for no fault of mine—faithless, but, though faithless, beloved still.

⁵⁷ Bacchus loves the Naiad. Dost thou lag, my slow attendant? Let Marcian water temper our ancient wine. If a trustless girl, in her yearning for a stranger's arms, has fled the entertainment of my table, shall I be sighing in distress the whole night through? Not I. Come, boy, and without faltering pour in the bright wine. Long ago should I have drenched my brows with nard of Syria and twined a garland in my hair.

EULOGY OF MESSALLA

MESSALLA, I will sing of thee albeit the knowledge of thy worth affrights me. Though my feeble powers may not bear the strain, still will I make beginning: and, if my verse fall short of thy meed of praise and I am but a poor chronicler for deeds so great, and if none but thyself can so embroider the page with thy achievements that what is left is not greater than what is recounted, it is enough for me to have shown the will. And do not thou reject the humble offering. Even to Phoebus did the Cretan bring gifts

PANEGYRICVS MESSALLAE

Cres tulit, et cunctis Baccho iucundior hospes
 Icarus, ut puro testantur sidera caelo 10
 Erigoneque Canisque, neget ne longior aetas.
 quin etiam Alcides, deus ascensurus Olympum,
 laeta Molorcheis posuit vestigia tectis,
 parvaque caelestis placavit mica, nec illis
 semper inaurato taurus cadit hostia cornu.
 hic quoque sit gratus parvus labor, ut tibi possim
 inde alios aliosque memor componere versus.

alter dicat opus magni mirabile mundi,
 qualis in immenso desederit aere tellus,
 qualis et in curvum pontus confluerit orbem, 20
 et, vagus e terris qua surgere nititur aer,
 huic ut ¹ contextus passim fluat igneus aether,
 pendentique super claudantur ut omnia caelo :
 at quodcumque meae poterunt audere camenae,
 seu tibi par poterunt seu, quod spes abnuat, ultra
 sive minus (certeque canent minus), omne vovemus
 hoc tibi, nec tanto careat mihi nomine charta.
 nam quamquam antiquae gentis superant tibi laudes,
 non tua maiorum contenta est gloria fama,
 nec quaeris quid quaque index sub imagine dicat, 30

¹ ut *the corrected MSS.* : et *A.*

[TIBULLUS] III. VII. (IV. 1.)

most welcome, and to Bacchus was Icarus¹ a host more pleasing than all besides, as stars in the clear sky witness, Erigone and the Hound, lest a distant age deny the tale. Nay, more: Alcides, who was to mount a god to Olympus, gladly set foot in the dwelling of Molochus.² A few grains [of salt] appease the powers above; nor do they always claim as their victim a bull with gilded horns. So may this humble effort prove welcome also, that thereafter the memory may give me strength to make yet other and yet other verses in thy honour.

¹⁸ Let another tell of the great world's wondrous fabric, how the Earth sank down in the measureless Air and how the Sea streamed over the round globe; and how, where the shifting Air strives to rise from the Earth, conjoined to it closely far and wide undulates the fiery Ether, and how all is shut in above by the hanging Firmament. All efforts of my muses' daring, whether they can reach thy level or whether (but this Hope grants not) they rise above it or they fall below (and below it surely will they fall), I dedicate to thee; nor must a name so great be wanting to my page. For though thou hast distinctions abundant in thy ancient family, *thy* thirst for fame is not to be sated with the renown of ancestors, nor dost thou ask what saith the scroll beneath each mask;

¹ Icarus (Icarus), an Athenian, and his daughter Erigone entertained Dionysus when he visited Attica. In return Dionysus presented him with a skin of wine. The shepherds whom Icarus regaled with the liquor, thinking that they were poisoned, killed him. His corpse was discovered by his dog Maera, who led Erigone to the spot. She hanged herself there, and the three were transformed by Dionysus into constellations.

² A poor vine-dresser of Cleonae who entertained Heracles when he went to kill the Nemean lion.

PANEGYRICVS MESSALLAE

sed generis priscos contendis vincere honores,
 quam tibi maiores maius decus ipse futuris :
 at tua non titulus capiet sub nomine facta,
 aeterno sed erunt tibi magna volumina versu,
 convenientque tuas cupidi componere laudes
 undique quique canent vincto pede quique soluto.
 quis potior, certamen erit : sim victor in illis,
 ut nostrum tantis inscribam nomen in actis.

nam quis te maiora gerit castrisve forove ?
 nec tamen hic aut hic tibi laus maiorve minorve, 40
 iusta pari premitur veluti cum pondere libra, 41
 qualis, inaequatum si quando onus urget utrimque, 43
 instabilis natat alterno depressior orbe, 44
 prona nec hac plus parte sedet nec surgit ab illa. 42
 nam seu diversi fremat inconstantia vulgi, 45
 non alius sedare queat ; seu iudicis ira
 sit placanda, tuis poterit mitescere verbis.
 non Pylos aut Ithace tantos genuisse feruntur
 Nestora vel parvae magnum decus urbis Vlixem,
 vixerit ille senex quamvis, dum terna per orbem 50
 saecula fertilibus Titan decurreret horis,
 ille per ignotas audax erraverit urbes,
 qua maris extremis tellus includitur undis.
 nam Ciconumque manus adversis reppulit armis ;
 nec valuit lotos captos avertere cursus ;
 cessit et Aetnaeae Neptunius incola rupis .

but thou strivest to surpass the olden honours of thy line, thyself a greater lustre to posterity than ancestry to thee. For thy exploits no legend underneath a name has room. Thou shalt have great rolls of immortal verse; and, in eagerness to write thy praises, all will assemble who compose in rhythm, whether bound or free.¹ They will strive who shall be first. May I be the conqueror among them all, that I may write my name above the great story of those deeds.

³⁹ For who doth greater things than thou, whether in camp or forum? Yet neither here nor there hast thou either greater or lesser praise. Just as when a true pair of scales is loaded with equal weights—one that, so often as it has to carry a balancing load on either side, wavers unsteadily with each pan lower in turn—it sinks no more on this side than it rises on that.

⁴⁵ For whether it be the fickle populace roaring in division, there will be none to appease it like thee; or be it an angry juror to be soothed, thy words will avail to make him mild. Neither Pylos nor Ithaca can claim to have had sons as great in Nestor or in Ulysses, high ornament of a humble town, though the old man lived on while Titan ran for three lifetimes² through his cycle of fruit-bringing seasons, and the other roved fearlessly through unknown cities where Earth is shut in by Ocean's bounding waves. He faced the bands of Cicones in fight and drave them back. The Lotus could not ensnare and turn aside his course. No match for him was Neptune's son that dwelt on the cliffs of Aetna

¹ *I.e.*, whether in verse or prose.

² It is not clear whether here and in 112 Nestor is supposed to live through three *generations* (= 100 years) or three *centuries*, *sacculum* having both meanings.

PANEGYRICVS MESSALLAE

victa Maroneo foedatus lumina baccho ;
 vexit et Aeolios placidum per Nerea ventos ;
 incultos adiit Laestrygonas Antiphatenque,
 nobilis Artacie gelida quos inrigat unda ; 60
 solum nec doctae verterunt pocula Circes,
 quamvis illa foret Solis genus, apta vel herbis
 †aptaque† vel cantu veteres mutare figuras ;
 Cimmericum etiam obscuras accessit ad arces,
 quis numquam candente dies apparuit ortu,
 seu supra terras Phoebus seu curreret infra ;
 vidit ut inferno Plutonis subdita regno
 magna deum proles levibus ius diceret umbris ;
 praeteriitque cita Sirenium litora puppi.
 illum inter geminae nantem confinia mortis 70
 nec Scyllae seno ¹ conterruit impetus ore,
 cum canibus rabidas inter fera serperet undas,
 nec violenta suo consumpsit more Charybdis,
 vel si sublimis fluctu consurgeret imo,
 vel si interrupto nudaret gurgite pontum.
 non violata vagi sileantur pascua Solis,
 non amor et fecunda Atlantidos arva Calypsus,
 finis et erroris miseri Phaeacia tellus.
 atque haec seu nostras inter sunt cognita terras,
 fabula sive novum dedit his erroribus orbem, 80
 sit labor illius, tua dum facundia, maior.

nam te non alius belli tenet aptius artes,
 qua deceat tutam castris praeducere fossam,
 qualiter adversos hosti defigere cervos,
 quemve locum ducto melius sit claudere vallo,
 fontis ubi dulces erumpat terra liquores,

¹ seno *editor*: sevo (*i.e.*, saevo) A.

[TIBULLUS] III. vii. (IV. 1.)

whose eye was ravaged when the wine of Maron made it close. He bore the winds of Aeolus o'er the calmed realm of Nereus. He visited the savage Laestrygonians and Antiphates, whose lands the cool waters of renowned Artacie lave. Him only could the cup of cunning Circe not transform, though she was the offspring of the Sun and skilled to change man's proper shape by herbs and spells. He came also to the dark fastnesses of the Cimmerians, whose eyes never saw the day dawn brightly, whether Phoebus ran above or underneath the Earth. He saw how, subjected to the nether rule of Pluto, the gods' great sons laid down the law for flitting shades; and in swift-rowed ship he passed the Sirens' coast. He sailed a strait bordered by death on either hand; yet neither did the swoop of Scylla's six mouths dismay him when the monster stole out amid the waves that her wild dogs infested, nor did raging Charybdis destroy him after her wont, whether rising aloft in surge from the abyss or baring the sea-bed with the breach in her waters. I should not be mute on the profaning of the pastures of the far-travelling Sun, nor the passion and rich fields of Atlas' daughter Calypso, nor Phaeacia's land, the term of his woful wandering. And whether these adventures were encountered amid the lands we know or report has placed his wanderings in some new world, in suffering he may be first, but thou must be first in eloquence.

⁸² Again, than thou there is none with a surer mastery of the arts of war: where should be drawn a protecting fosse before a camp, after what fashion chevaux de frise be driven in to stop the foe, round what spots 'tis best to draw the enclosing earthwork where the earth throws up a gush of sweet spring

PANEGYRICVS MESSALLAE

ut facilisque tuis aditus sit et arduus hosti,
 laudis ut adsiduo vigeat certamine miles
 quis tardamve sudem melius celeremve sagittam
 iecerit aut lento perfregerit obvia pilo, 90
 aut quis equum celeremque arto compescere freno
 possit et effusas tardo permittere habenas
 inque vicem modo directo contendere passu,
 seu libeat, curvo brevius convertere gyro,
 quis parma, seu dextra velit seu laeva, tueri,
 sive hac sive illac veniat gravis impetus hastae,
 amplior,¹ aut signata cita loca tangere funda.
 iam simul audacis veniant certamina Martis
 adversisque parent acies concurrere signis,
 tum tibi non desit faciem componere pugnae, 100
 seu sit opus quadratum acies consistat in agmen,
 rectus ut aequatis decurrat frontibus ordo,
 seu libeat duplicem seiunctim cernere martem,
 dexter uti laevum teneat dextrumque sinister
 miles sitque duplex gemini victoria casus.

at non per dubias errant mea carmina laudes :
 nam bellis experta cano. testis mihi victae
 fortis Iapydiae miles, testis quoque fallax
 Pannonius, gelidas passim disiectus in Alpes, 110
 testis Arupinis et pauper natus in arvis,
 quem si quis videat vetus ut non fregerit aetas,
 terna minus Pyliae miretur saecula famae.
 namque senex longae peragit dum tempora
 vitae, 112a
 centum fecundos Titan renovaverit annos,
 ipse tamen velox celerem super edere corpus
 audet equum validisque sedet moderator habenis.

¹ aptior *Francken* is probable.

[TIBULLUS] III. vii. (IV. i.)

water, so that approach thereto may be easy for thy men and uphill for the enemy. How the soldiery may be kept robust by unceasing struggles for distinction, to prove whose hand discharges best the slow stake or the speedy arrow or the obstinate pilum breaking all down before it; whose hand has skill to hold in the swift horse with bridle tightened and let the reins fly free for the slow, and, changing about, now gallop on a straight course or at pleasure make him wheel in the circle's narrow round; who excels in the shield-guard on right or left side as he will, as on the one or the other quarter comes the spear's heavy rush, or in getting the swift sling home upon the mark. Next, as soon as the struggle of venturous battle comes, and under confronting standards the lines prepare to close, then thou wilt not fail in forming the order of the fight, whether it be needful for the troops to draw into a square, so that the dressed line runs with level front, or it be desired to sunder the battle into two several parts, so that the army's right may hold the left and its left the right and the twofold hazard yield a double victory.

¹⁰⁶ But my verses do not stray among unproved distinctions. I sing what wars have shown. I have a witness in the gallant soldiery of vanquished Iapydia; a witness also in the cunning Pannonian, scattered far and wide over the icy Alps; a witness too in the poor son of Arupium's fields, whom whoso sees unbroken by advanced old age will wonder less at the three lifetimes of the Pylian legend. For while the old man accomplishes his long life's period Titan will have brought round a hundred fruitful years. Yet unaided he scruples not to fling his nimble limbs above the fleet steed's back and sit there its master, with a strong grasp on the reins.

PANEGYRICVS MESSALLAE

te duce non alias conversus terga Domator ¹
libera Romanae subiecit colla catenae.

nec tamen his contentus eris : maiora peractis
instant, compertum est veracibus ut mihi signis,
quis Amythaonius nequeat certare Melampus. 120
nam modo fulgentem Tyrio subtemine vestem
indueras oriente die duce fertilis anni,
splendidior liquidis cum Soli caput extulit undis
et fera discordes tenuerunt flamina venti,
curva nec adsuetos egerunt flumina cursus ;
quin rapidum placidis etiam mare constitit undis,
ulla nec aerias volucris perlabitur auras
nec quadrupes densas depascitur aspera silvas,
quin largita tuis sit multa silentia votis.

Iuppiter ipse levi vectus per inania curru 130
adfuit et caelo vicinum liquit Olympum
intentaque tuis precibus se praebuit aure
cunctaque veraci capite adnuit : additus aris
laetior eluxit structos super ignis acervos.

quin hortante deo magnis insistere rebus
incipi : non idem tibi sint aliisque triumphis.
non te vicino remorabitur obvia marte
Gallia nec latis audax Hispania terris
nec fera Theraeo tellus obsessa colono,

¹ *I now, with some hesitation, keep Domator A., following a suggestion of Professor L. Havet that it is the name of a native chief. Salassus Bachrens, "the Salassian."*

[TIBULLUS] III. VII. (IV. I.)

Thou wast commander when Domator that never turned his back before stooped his free neck to take the Roman chains.

¹¹⁸ Nor wilt thou rest content with this. What is coming is greater than what has come to pass, as I have ascertained from signs that tell the truth, which Amythaon's Melampus could not match. Thou hadst just donned the garb of flaming Tyrian tissue,¹ as the day dawned that ushers in the fruitful year, when, brighter than before, the Sun lifted his head from the clear waves and the warring winds held their wild gusts in check, nor did the winding rivers pursue their wonted courses. Nay, even the whirling sea stood still, its waves at peace. And no bird is there that glides across the airs of heaven or savage four-footed beast that grazes in woodland thickets but gave lavish silence to thy prayers. Jupiter himself rode in airy chariot through the void unto thy side, and left Olympus, neighbour of the sky. He gave himself with ear attentive to thy prayers, and granted all, bowing the head that never lies; and when fire touched the altar, its glad flare rose on high above the piled-up incense.

¹³⁵ Now at the god's call press thou on to great achievements. Not the same triumphs should there be for thee as others. Confronting Gaul shall not detain thee in combat close at hand, nor the wide territory of martial Spain, nor the wild land whereon the settlers of Thera lodged,² nor that where flows the

¹ *I.e.*, the *toga praetexta* of the consul. Messalla was consul with Octavianus in 31.

² *I.e.*, Cyrene. In this reference and those that follow to rivers in the East—Choaspes, near Susa, Gyndes (for its connection with Cyrus see Herod., XI.189), in Babylonia, Oroatis, in Susiana, &c.—the war with Antony and Cleopatra is alluded to.

PANEGYRICVS MESSALLAE

nec qua vel Nilus¹ vel regia lympha Choaspes 140
 profluit aut rapidus, Cyri dementia, Gyndes
 aret Araccaeis aut unda Oroatia² campis.
 nec qua regna vago Tamyris finivit Araxe,
 impia nec saevis celebrans convivia mensis
 ultima vicinus Phoebō tenet arva Padaeus,
 quaque Hebrus Tanaisque Getas rigat atque Magynos.
 quid moror? Oceanus ponto qua continet orbem,
 nulla tibi adversis regio sese offeret armis.
 te manet invictus Romano marte Britannus
 teque interiecto mundi pars altera sole.³ 150
 nam circumfuso consistit in aere tellus
 et quinque in partes toto disponitur orbe.
 atque duae gelido vastantur frigore semper:
 illic et densa tellus absconditur umbra,
 et nulla incepto perlabitur unda liquore,
 sed durata riget densam in glaciemque nivemque,
 quippe ubi non umquam Titan super egerit ortus.
 at media est Phoebi semper subiecta calori.
 seu propior terris aestivum fertur in orbem
 seu celer hibernas properat decurrere luces. 160
 non igitur presso tellus exurgit aratro,
 nec frugem segetes praebent neque pabula terrae;
 non illic colit arva deus, Bacchusve Ceresve,
 ulla nec exustas habitant animalia partes.
 fertilis hanc inter posita est interque rigentes
 nostraque et huic adversa solo pars altera nostro,
 quas similis utrimque tenens vicinia caeli
 temperat, alter et alterius vires necat aer:

¹ aut Eulaeus (*a river of Susiana*) S. Allen.

² Oroatia editor (see "*Classical Review*," XIX. p. 214): caristia MSS. Or perhaps Copratia (*fr. Coprates, another river in S.*).

³ I keep the text with Mr. Housman, who explains sole as in Stat. "*S.*" IV. 3, 156, of the "*ecliptic*," as interposed between the north and south temperate zones.

Nile or the king's stream Choaspes, or where the rushing Gyndes which maddened Cyrus lies parched, or the waters of Oroatis in the plains of Aracca, nor where is the wild Araxes which Tamyris made the boundary of her kingdom, or where the Padaean, on whose savage tables is often spread a cannibal repast,¹ dwells in remotest lands, the neighbour of Phoebus, and where the Hebrus and the Tanais water the Getae and the Magyni.¹

¹⁴⁷ Why do I trifle thus? Wherever the Ocean's deep encompasses the earth, no land will meet thee with opposing force. The Briton whom Roman prowess has not vanquished is reserved for thee, and the other portion of the world, with the Sun's path set between. For the Earth rests on circumambient air, and into five parts is its whole sphere distributed. And two are always ravaged by icy cold. There the earth is buried in thick shade and no waters slip to the end of their liquid course, but are frozen hard to thick ice and snow, since Titan there never shows his rising orb on high. But the middle is always underneath the heat of Phoebus, whether he moves nearer to the earth on his summer orbit or whether swiftly he hastes to conclude the winter day. So there the earth does not rise in ridges before the deep-driven plough, nor do the cornfields yield grain or the lands pasture. No god tends the fields, whether Bacchus or Ceres, nor do any animals live in those parched regions. Between it and both the frozen zones is set a fruitful one, ours and the region that is opposite this land of ours, attempered to likeness by the neighbouring climes that hold them in on either side, one air destroying all the other's

¹ The *Padaei*, a cannibal tribe in India: Herod. III., 99. The *Magyni* (*infra*) are unknown.

PANEGYRICVS MESSALLAE

hinc placidus nobis per tempora vertitur annus;
 hinc et colla iugo didicit submittere taurus 170
 et lenta excelsos vitis conscendere ramos,
 tondeturque seges maturos annua partus,
 et ferro tellus, pontus † confunditur †¹ aere,
 quin etiam structis exsurgunt oppida muris.
 ergo ubi praeclaros poscent tua facta triumphos,
 solus utroque idem diceris magnus in orbe.

non ego sum satis ad tantae praeconia laudis,
 ipse mihi non si praescribat carmina Phoebus.
 est tibi, qui possit magnis se accingere rebus,
 Valgius: aeterno propior non alter Homero. 180

languida non² noster peragit labor otia, quamvis
 Fortuna, ut mos est illi, me adversa fatiget.
 nam mihi, cum magnis opibus domus alta niteret,
 cui fuerant flavi ditantes ordine sulci
 horrea fecundas ad deficientia messis,
 cuique pecus denso pascabant agmine colles,
 et domino satis et nimium furique lupoque,
 nunc desiderium superest: nam cura novatur,
 cum memor ante actos semper dolor admonet annos.

sed licet asperiora cadant spolierque relictis, 190
 non te deficient nostrae memorare camenae.
 nec solum tibi Pierii tribuentur honores:
 pro te vel rapidas ausim maris ire per undas,
 adversis hiberna licet tumeant freta ventis,
 pro te vel densis solus subsistere turmis
 vel parvum Aetnaeae corpus committere flammae.
 sum quodcumque, tuum est. nostri si parvula cura
 sit tibi, quanta libet, si sit modo, non mihi regna
 Lydia, non magni potior sit fama Gylippi,³

¹ For the corrupt confunditur Némethy reads proscinditur, which (or neptunus finditur ed.) gives the required sense.

² non is abrupt and nec has been conjectured.

³ Philippi has been conjectured.

power. Hence comes it that our year turns kindly through its seasons; hence that the bull has learned to bow his neck to the yoke and the limber vine to climb the lofty bough, and year by year the cornfield yields its ripe fruit to its shearer, and iron ploughs the earth and bronze the sea; yea, and towns rise high with their pile of walls. So, then, when thy deeds shall claim their glorious triumph, thou only shalt have the name of great in either world.

¹⁷⁷ I am not strong enough to advertise such glory, no, not if Phoebus himself dictate my song. Thou hast in Valgius one that can gird himself for these great achievements: none other comes nearer to immortal Homer. 'Tis not that toil with me leaves leisure to be passed in indolence, albeit Fortune, as is her wont, harasses me with her enmity. For though once I had a lofty mansion glittering with wealth, and rows of yellow furrows, pouring treasure into barns that could not cope with the plenteous harvests, and serried lines of cattle browsing on the hills, enough for owner and overmuch for thief and wolf, now naught but the sense of loss remains. For pain springs up again as Grief remembers and reminds me ever of the bygone years.

¹⁹⁰ But though harder times befall and I be stripped of what is left me, my Muse will not fail to tell of thee. Nor shall Pierian homage only be accorded thee. For thee I would venture over the rushing billows of the sea, though the stormy friths swelled with hostile winds; for thee I would await alone the serried squadrons' charge or commit this poor body to the flames of Aetna. All that I am is thine. If thou have but a little thought of me, however small it is, if thou do but have it, neither Lydia's monarchy nor the renown of

DE SVLPICIA

posse Meleteas nec mallem vincere chartas. 200
quod tibi si versus noster, totusve minusve,
vel bene sit notus, summo vel ineret in ore,
nulla mihi statuent finem te fata canendi.
quin etiam mea tunc tumulus cum texerit ossa,
seu matura dies celerem properat mihi mortem,
longa manet seu vita, tamen, mutata figura
seu me finget equum rigidos percurrere campos
doctum seu tardi pecoris sim gloria taurus
sive ego per liquidum volucris vehar aera pennis,
quandocumque hominem me longa receperit
aetas, 210
inceptis de te subtexam carmina chartis.

DE SVLPICIA

INCERTI AVCTORIS ELEGIAE

[TIBVLLI LIB. III. VIII. = IV. II.]

SVLPICIA est tibi culta tuis, Mars magne, kalendis ;
spectatum e caelo, si sapis, ipse veni.
hoc Venus ignoscet : at tu, violente, caveto
ne tibi miranti turpiter arma cadant.
illius ex oculis, cum vult exurere divos,
accendit geminas lampadas acer Amor.
illam, quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia movit,
componit furtim subsequiturque Decor.
seu solvit crines, fuis decet esse capillis ;
seu compsit, comptis est veneranda comis. 10
urit, seu Tyria voluit procedere palla ;
urit, seu nivea candida veste venit.

[TIBULLUS] III. VIII. (IV. II.)

great Gylippus would be more to me, nor would I choose rather to surpass the writings of the son of Meles. But if my verse, whether all of it or less, shall be well known to thee or else but cross thy lips, the Fates shall set no bounds to my singing of thee. Nay, more even then when the grave has covered my bones, whether the appointed day haste betimes to bring me a speedy end or a long life awaits me, whether a change of shape shall make me a horse that is trained to scour the unyielding plains or I am a bull, the pride of the slow herd, or a bird, borne on wings through the flowing air, none the less, when lapse of ages receives me back among mankind, will I weave verse to append to the pages I had begun to write on thee.

SULPICIA'S GARLAND

VIII

To Sulpicia on the First of March

GREAT Mars, it is thy Calends, and Sulpicia is dressed for thee. Come thyself, if thou hast wit, from heaven to see her. Venus will pardon this; but thou, rough god, have a care lest to thy shame thy arms drop from thy wondering hold. From her eyes, when he would burn the gods amain, doth fierce Love kindle his torches twin. Whatsoever she does, whithersoever she turns her steps, Grace follows her unseen to order all aright. Hath she loosed her hair? Then flowing locks become her. Hath she dressed it? With dressed hair she is divine. She fires the heart if she chooses to appear in gown of Tyrian hue; she fires it if she

DE SVLPICIA

talis in aeterno felix Vertumnus Olympo
mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.
sola puellarum digna est cui mollia caris
vellera det sucis bis madefacta Tyros,
possideatque, metit quidquid bene olentibus arvis
cultor odoratae dives Arabs segetis,
et quascumque niger rubro de litore gemmas
proximus Eois colligit Indus aquis. 20
hanc vos, Pierides, festis cantate kalendis,
et testudinea Phoebe superbe lyra.
hoc sollemne sacrum multos haec sumet in annos ;
dignior est vestro nulla puella choro.

[TIBVLLI LIB. III. IX. = IV. III.]

PARCE meo iuveni, seu quis bona pascua campi
seu colis umbrosi devia montis aper,
nec tibi sit duros acuisse in proelia dentes ;
incolumem custos hunc mihi servet Amor.

sed procul abducit venandi Delia cura.
o pereant silvae deficientque canes !
quis furor est, quae mens densos indagine colles
claudentem teneras laedere velle manus ?
quidve iuvat furtim latebras intrare ferarum
candidaque hamatis crura notare rubis ? 10
sed tamen, ut tecum liceat, Cerinthe, vagari,
ipsa ego per montes retia torta feram,

[TIBULLUS] III. IX. (IV. III.)

comes in the sheen of snowy robes. Like her, on everlasting Olympus, bounteous Vertumnus wears a thousand garbs, and wears with grace the thousand. Of all maids only she deserves to receive from Tyre soft wool twice drenched in costly juice, that hers should be all that the rich Arab, tiller of the perfumed field, reaps from his fragrant lands; yea, all the pearls that the swart Indian, hard by the waters of the Dawn, picks from the red seas' shores. Sing of her on the festal Calends, ye Pierian nymphs, and thou too, Phoebus, proud of thy tortoise lyre. This rite recurring shall be hers for many a year. No maid is worthier of the favours of your quire.

IX

To Cerinthus at the Chase

BOAR, spare the youth I love, whether thy haunt is the plain's fair pastures or the deep woodland of the hills, nor think it thy part to whet thy hard tusks for the fray. Let Love be his guard and keep him safe for me. . . . But the dame of Delos draws him far away with love of venery. Oh that woods might wither and dogs be extinct! How mad, how senseless is this whim to hurt soft hands, setting the tinchel¹ round the thick-clad hills! What pleasure is it to steal into the lairs of wild beasts and to score thy white legs with the bramble's barbs? Yet still, Cerinthus, so I may share thy roamings, I will myself carry the twisted nets across the fells, myself

¹ This word, used by Scott, *Waverley*, ch. xxiv., is the only equivalent of *indago*, the circle which hunters draw round their game.

DE SVLPICIA

ipsa ego velocis quaeram vestigia cervi
 et demam celeri ferrea vincla cani.
 tunc mihi, tunc placeant silvae, si, lux mea, tecum
 arguar ante ipsas concubuisse plagas ;
 tunc veniat licet ad casses, inlaesus abibit,
 ne veneris cupidae gaudia turbet, aper.
 nunc sine me sit nulla venus, sed lege Dianae,
 caste puer, casta retia tange manu ; 20
 et quaecumque meo furtim subrepat amori,
 incidat in saevas diripienda feras.
 at tu venandi studium concede parenti,
 et celer in nostros ipse recurre sinus.

[TIBVLLI LIB. III. X. = IV. IV.]

Hvc ades et tenerae morbos expelle puellae,
 huc ades, intonsa Phoebe superbe coma.
 crede mihi, propera : nec te iam, Phoebe, pigebit
 formosae medicas applicuisse manus.
 effice ne macies pallentes occupet artus,
 neu notet informis languida¹ membra color,
 et quodcumque mali est et quidquid triste timemus,
 in pelagus rapidis evehat amnis aquis.
 sancte, veni, tecumque feras, quicumque sapes,
 quicumque et cantus corpora fessa levant ; 10
 neu iuvenem torque, metuit qui fata puellae
 votaue pro domina vix numeranda facit.
 interdum vovet, interdum, quod langueat illa,
 dicit in aeternos aspera verba deos.
 pone metum, Cerinthe ; deus non laedit amantes.
 tu modo semper ama ; salva puella tibi est. 16

¹ languida *Rigler* : pallida *A.* : candida *vulg.*

[TIBULLUS] III. x. (IV. iv.)

follow the tracks of the fleet deer and undo the iron collar of the rushing hound. Then, then would forests please me when it can be shown I have been in thy arms, my love, beside the very toils. Then, though the wild boar come up to the nets, he shall depart unharmed lest he break the joys of eager love. But now without me let there be no loving; but, lad, be chaste, and lay chaste hands upon the nets as Diana's rule enjoins, and let any she that creeps by stealth into my place of love fall among savage wild beasts and be torn piecemeal. But do thou leave the love of hunting to thy sire and haste back quickly to my arms.

X

Sulpicia Sick

COME hither and drive out the tender maid's disease, come hither, Phoebus, with thy pride of unshorn hair. Hear me and hasten; and henceforth, Phoebus, thou shalt ne'er regret to have laid thy healing hands upon the fair. See to it that no wasting blight fall on the pallid form, nor disfiguring hue mark the feeble limbs. Yea, all the mischief, all the dread things we fear, let the rushing river-waters carry out into the main. Come, holy one, and bring with thee all essences, all chants that ease the body's sickness. And torture not the youth who fears that the maid will die, and offers prayers, past counting, for his mistress. Sometimes he prays, sometimes in grief that she is sick he utters fierce words against the eternal gods. Put fear aside, Cerinthus. God harms not lovers. Do thou love ever, and thy girl is safe.

DE SVLPICIA

nil opus est fletu ; lacrimis erit aptius uti,	21
si quando fuerit tristior illa tibi.	22
at nunc tota tua est, te solum candida secum	17
cogitat, et frustra credula turba sedet.	
Phoebe, fave. laus magna tibi tribuetur in uno	
corpore servato restituuisse duos.	20
iam ceber, iam laetus eris, cum debita reddet	23
certatim sanctis gratus uterque focus.	
tunc te felicem dicet pia turba deorum,	
optabunt artes et sibi quisque tuas.	

[TIBVLLI LIB. III. XI. = IV. V.]

QVI mihi te, Cerinthe, dies dedit, hic mihi sanctus
 atque inter festos semper habendus erit.
 te nascente novum Parcae cecinere puellis
 servitium et dederunt regna superba tibi.
 uror ego ante alias. iuvat hoc, Cerinthe, quod uror,
 si tibi de nobis mutuus ignis adest.
 mutuus adsit amor, per te dulcissima furta
 perque tuos oculos per Geniumque rogo.
 magne Geni, cape tura libens votisque faveto,
 si modo, cum de me cogitat, ille calet. 10
 quod si forte alios iam nunc suspirat¹ amores,
 tum precor infidos, sancte, relinque focos.
 nec tu sis iniusta, Venus; vel serviat aequae
 vinctus uterque tibi vel mea vincla leva.
 sed potius valida teneamur uterque catena,
 nulla queat posthac quam soluisse dies.

¹ suspirat *the corrected MSS.* : suspiret *A.*

[TIBULLUS] III. XI. (IV. v.)

No need for weeping. Then fitlier will thy tears flow if ever she is angered with thee. But now she is wholly thine. In the kind maid's breast are only thoughts of thee, and a credulous company waits in vain upon her. Phoebus, be gracious. Great praise will be thy portion when by saving one life thou restorest two. Then famous and jubilant wilt thou be when in grateful rivalry both pay the debt they owe to thy holy altar. Then the company of good gods will call thee fortunate, and each desire thy own craft for himself.

XI

Cerintus' Birthday

THIS day that made thee live for me, Cerintus, shall be for me one to be hallowed always and set among the festivals. When thou wast born, the voices of the Fates proclaimed that now there was new slavery for woman, and bestowed proud sovereignty on thee. I burn more fiercely than them all, but joy, Cerintus, in the burning, if within thy breast live fires caught from mine. May love like mine be thine, I pray thee, by our stolen raptures, by thine eyes and thy Birth-spirit. Great Genius, take this incense with a will, and smile upon my prayer, if only when he thinks on me his pulse beats high. But if perchance even now he sighs for another love, then, holy one, depart thou from that faithless altar. And, Venus, be not thou unjust; either let both alike be bound thy slaves or lift my shackles off. But rather let us both be bound, with a strong chain that no coming

DE SVLPICIA

optat idem iuvenis quod nos, sed tectius optat ;
 nam pudet haec illum dicere verba palam.
 at tu, Natalis, quoniam deus omnia sentis,
 adnue : quid refert, clamne palamne roget ? 20

[TIBVLLI LIB. III. XII. = IV. VI.]

NATALIS Iuno, sanctos cape turis acervos,
 quos tibi dat tenera docta puella manu.
 tota ¹ tibi est hodie, tibi se laetissima compsit,
 staret ut ante tuos conspicienda focos.
 illa quidem ornandi causas tibi, diva, relegat ;
 est tamen, occulte cui placuisse velit.
 at tu, sancta, fave, neu quis divellat amantes,
 sed iuveni quaeso mutua vincla para.
 sic bene compones : ullae non ille puellae
 servire aut cuiquam dignior illa viro. 10
 nec possit cupidus vigilans deprendere custos
 fallendique vias mille ministret Amor.
 adnue purpureaque veni perlucida palla :
 ter tibi fit libo, ter, dea casta, mero,
 praecipit et natae mater studiosa quod optet :
 illa aliud tacita iam sua mente rogat.
 uritur ut celeres urunt altaria flammae,
 nec, liceat quamvis, sana fuisse velit.
 sis Iuno, grata, ut veniet cum proximus annus,
 hic idem votis iam vetus adsit amor. 20

¹ tota the corrected MSS., perhaps rightly, of the ceremonial bath.

[TIBULLUS] III. XII. (IV. VI.)

day can loose. The lad desires the same as I, but conceals his longing more; he is ashamed to say the words aloud. But thou, Birth-spirit, a god and knowing all things, grant the prayer. What matter if his suit be uttered or unspoken?

XII

Sulpicia's Birthday

JUNO of the birthday, receive the holy piles of incense which the accomplished maid's soft hand now offers thee. To-day she is thine wholly; most joyfully she has decked herself for thee, to stand before thy altar a sight for all to see. 'Tis in thee, goddess, she bids us find the reason for this apparelling. Yet there is one that in secret she desires to please. Then, hallowed one, be kind, and let none pluck apart the lovers: but forge, I prithee, like fetters for the youth. Thus shalt thou match them well. To no maid he, to no man she might fitlier be thrall. And may no watchful guard surprise their wooings, but Love suggest a thousand ways for his outwitting. Bow assent and come in all the sheen of purple palla. They are making offering to thee, holy goddess, thrice with cake and thrice with wine, and the mother eagerly enjoins upon her child what she must pray for. But she, now mistress of herself, sues for another thing in the silence of her heart. She burns as the altar burns with the darting flames, nor, even though she might, would she be whole. Be grateful, Juno, so that, when the next year comes, this love, now of long standing, may be there unchanged to meet their prayers.

SVLPICIAE ELEGIDIA

• [TIBVLLI LIB. III. XIII. = IV. VII.]

TANDEM venit amor, qualem texisse pudori
quam nudasse alicui sit mihi, Fama,¹ magis.
exorata meis illum Cytherea Camenis
attulit in nostrum deposuitque sinum.
exoluit promissa Venus : mea gaudia narret,
dicetur si quis non habuisse sua.
non ego signatis quicquam mandare tabellis,
me legat ut nemo quam meus ante, velim,
sed peccasse iuvat, vultus componere famae
taedet : cum digno digna fuisse ferar.

10

[TIBVLLI LIB. III. XIV. = IV. VIII.]

INVISVS natalis adest, qui rure molesto
et sine Cerintho tristis agendus erit.
dulcius urbe quid est ? an villa sit apta puellae
atque Arretino frigidus amnis agro ?
iam, nimium Messalla mei studiose, quiescas :
non tempestivae saepe, propinque, viae.
hic animum sensusque meos abducta relinquo,
arbitrio quam vis non sinit esse meo.

¹ Fama printed as a vocative with *Némethy*

SULPICIA

XIII

On her Love

AT last has come a love which, Rumour, it would shame me more to hide than to disclose to any one. Won over by my Muse's prayers, Cythera's queen has brought and placed him in my arms. What Venus promised she hath fulfilled. Let my joys be told by all of whom 'tis said that they have missed their own. Never would I choose to entrust my messages to tablets under seal, that none might read my thoughts before my lover. Nay, I love my fault, and loathe to wear a mask for rumour. Let all hear that we have met, each worthy of the other.

XIV

Before her Birthday

My hated birthday is at hand, to be kept all joylessly in the odious country and without Cerinthus. What is more pleasant than the town? Would a grange be fit place for a girl, or the chill river of Arretium and its fields? Rest now, Messalla, from thy excessive zeal for me. Journeys, my kinsman, are oft ill-timed. They take me away, but here I leave my soul and heart, since force forbids my living mistress of myself.

SVLPICIAE ELEGIDIA

[TIBVLLI LIB. III. XV. = IV. IX.]

Scis iter ex animo sublatum triste puellae?
natali Romae iam licet esse suo.
omnibus ille dies nobis natalis¹ agatur,
qui nec opinanti nunc tibi forte venit.

[TIBVLLI LIB. III. XVI. = IV. X.]

GRATVM est, securus multum quod iam tibi de me
permittis, subito ne male inepta cadam.
sit tibi cura togae potior pressuinque quasillo
scortum quam Servi filia Sulpicia:
solliciti sunt pro nobis, quibus illa doloris
ne cedam ignoto maxima causa toro.

[TIBVLLI LIB. III. XVII. = IV. XI.]

ESTNE tibi, Cerinthe, tuae pia cura puellae,
quod mea nunc vexat corpora fessa calor?
a ego non aliter tristes evincere morbos
optarim, quam te si quoque velle putem.
at mihi quid prosit morbos evincere, si tu
nostra potes lento pectore^e ferre mala?

¹ natalis and probably other words in this couplet are corrupt.
The general sense is given in the version.

XV

The Journey Abandoned

Dost thou know that the burden of that journey is lifted from thy girl's heart? Now she can be at Rome upon her birthday. Let us all, then, keep that day [with gladness], which comes to thee this time by unexpected chance.

XVI

Cerinthus Unfaithful

IT is a pleasant thought that now in thy unconcern thou dost allow thyself so much at my expense,¹ that I may not trip in some unhappy fit of folly. For thee toga and strumpet loaded with wool-basket may be worthier of thy preference than Sulpicia, Servius' daughter. But they are distressed in my behalf, to whom this is the greatest cause of pain, that I may yield my place to an ignoble rival.

XVII

From her Sick-bed

CERINTHUS, hast thou any tender thought for thine own girl, now that fever racks her feeble frame? Ah, I would not pray to triumph over the drear disease if I thought not that thou wouldst wish it too. How should it profit me to master sickness if thou canst bear my troubles with a heart unmoved?

¹ Or, possibly, "I am obliged for what thou dost allow thyself, troubling little about me."

SVLPICIAE ELEGIDIA

[TIBVLLI LIB. III. XVIII. = IV. XII.]

NE tibi sim, mea lux, aequae iam fervida cura
ac videor paucos ante fuisse dies,
si quicquam tota commisi stulta iuventa
cuius me fatear paenituisse magis,
hesterna quam te solum quod nocte reliqui,
ardorem cupiens dissimulare meum.

INCERTI AVCTORIS

[TIBVLLI LIB. III. XIX. = IV. XIII.]

NVLLA tuum nobis subducet femina lectum;
hoc primum iuncta est foedere nostra venus.
tu mihi sola places, nec iam te praeter in urbe
formosa est oculis ulla puella meis.
atque utinam posses uni mihi bella videri!
displiceas aliis; sic ego tutus ero.
nil opus invidia est; procul absit gloria vulgi:
qui sapit, in tacito gaudeat ipse sinu.
sic ego secretis possum bene vivere silvis,
qua nulla humano sit via trita pede. 10
tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atra
lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.
nunc licet e caelo mittatur amica Tibullo,
mittetur frustra deficientque venus.
hoc tibi sancta tuae Iunonis numina iuro,
quae sola ante alios est mihi magna deos.
quid facio demens? heu heu mea pignora cedo.
iuravi stulte; proderat iste timor.

XVIII

An Apology

My life, let me be no more to thee so hot a passion as few days ago methinks I was, if in my whole youth I have done any deed of folly of which I would own I have repented more, than leaving thee yesternight alone, through desire to hide the fire within me.

XIX

To his Mistress

No woman shall filch thy place of love with me. such our covenant when first the love-tie joined us: Only thou dost please me; save thee no girl in the city is beauteous to my eyes. And, oh, might I be the only one to think thee fair! Mayst thou be unpleasing to all besides. So shall I be safe. No need for envy here; far from me be the vaunts of the common herd; let the wise man keep his joy hushed up within his bosom. Thus shall I live happily in forest depths where foot of man has never worn a path. For me thou art repose from cares, light even in night's darkness, a throng amid the solitudes. Now, though a mistress be sent to Tibullus from the skies, she will be sent in vain, and desire be extinguished. This I swear to thee by thy Juno's holy power; for to me is she great above all gods beside. What mad thing am I doing? Alas! surrendering my hostages. That was an oath of folly. Thy fears were my gain.

TIBVLLVS

nunc tu fortis eris, nunc tu me audacius ures ;
hoc peperit misero garrula lingua malum. 20
iam, facias quodcumque uoles, tuus usque manebo,
nec fugiam notae seruitium dominae,
sed Veneris sanctae considam vinctus ad aras :
haec notat iniustos supplicibusque favet.

[TIBVLLI LIB. III. XX. = IV. XIV.]

RVMOR ait crebro nostram peccare puellam :
nunc ego me surdis auribus esse velim.
crimina non haec sunt nostro sine facta dolore :
quid miserum torques, rumor acerbe ? tace.

DOMITI MARSI

TE quoque Vergilio comitem non aequa, Tibulle,
Mors iuvenem campos misit ad Elysios,
ne foret aut elegis molles qui fleret amores
aut caneret forti regia bella pede.

[TIBULLUS] III. xx. (IV. xiv.)

Now wilt thou take heart, now fan my flames more boldly. This, alas! is the mischief brought me by my chattering tongue. Now, do what thou wilt, I will remain thine always, nor flee from bondage to a mistress that I know, but will sit in my chains at the altar of holy Venus. She brands law-breakers and befriends the suppliant.

XX

Unkind Rumour

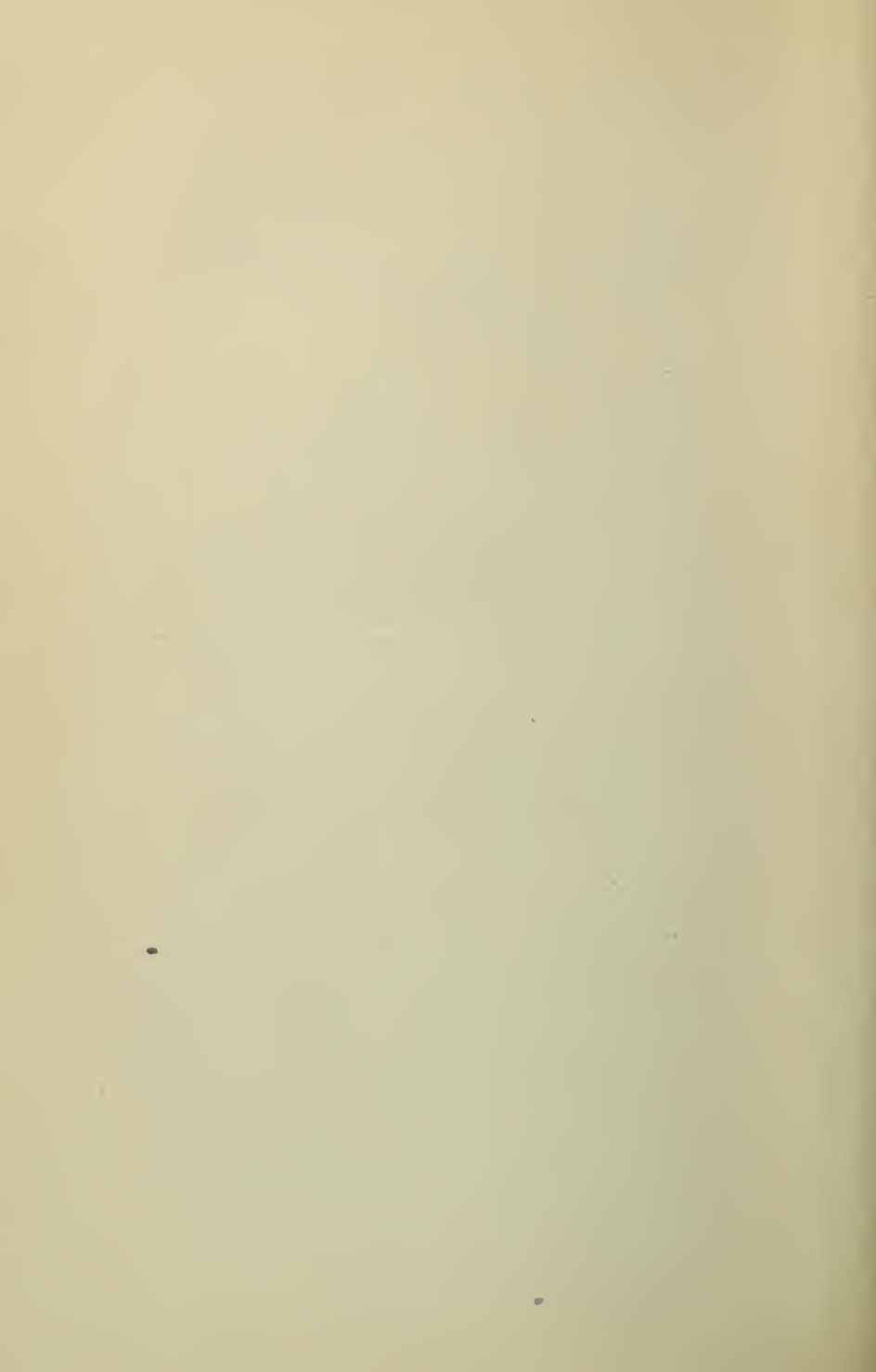
RUMOUR says that my girl is oft unfaithful. Now could I wish my ears were deaf. These charges are not made without suffering for me. Why dost thou torture thus thy victim, bitter Rumour? Peace!

DOMITIUS MARSUS

On the Death of Tibullus

THEE too, Tibullus, ere thy time hath Death's unfeeling hand
Despatched to fare by Vergil's side to dim Elysium's
land,
That none should be to plain of love in elegy's soft
lay
Or in heroic numbers sweep with princes to the
fray.

PERVIGILIUM VENERIS
TRANSLATED BY J. W. MACKAIL
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INTRODUCTION

THE little poem which has come down to us under the title of the *Pervigilium Veneris* is remarkable not only for its poetical merit—a delicate and bewitching beauty of phrasing and melody which survives the confusion of a corrupt and disordered text—but also as the first clear note of the new romanticism which transformed classical into mediaeval literature. It is the earliest known poem belonging in spirit to the Middle Ages.

Its date, authorship, and provenance are all unknown. It is extant in two MSS. of what is known as the *Anthologia Latina*, a collection of short Latin poems of the post-classical period. The collection may have been formed in the fourth century. Both MSS. are in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. The earlier and more important, the Codex Salmasianus, or Parisiensis 10318, probably belonged to the great Cistercian library at Cluny, which was dispersed at the sack of the monastery in 1562. It was given by a friend to Salmasius early in the seventeenth century; he annotated but did not edit it. The handwriting dates it as written at the end of the seventh or beginning of the eighth century. The other MS., the Codex Pithoeanus, or Parisiensis 8071, is about 200 years later in date. It belonged to Pierre Pithou, who from it printed the poem for the first time at Paris in 1577. Modern scholars regard

INTRODUCTION

both MSS. as traceable to a common archetype, probably of the sixth century, in which the text had already become very corrupt.

Theories as to the date of the poem may be classed under two heads. The one attributes it to the second century, either in the principate of Hadrian (who revived the worship of Venus on a scale of great magnificence), or a generation later, in the principate of Marcus Aurelius. The other assigns it to some period between the end of the third and the middle of the fourth century, and to the African school which flourished in that period. It has a certain affinity in style and spirit with the Eclogues of Nemesianus of Carthage (*circ.* A.D. 285), and one still more striking with the few surviving fragments of Tiberianus (*circ.* A.D. 350), in language, versification, and a delicate feeling for nature. This latter date is now generally accepted. It is supported by traces in the *Pervigilium* (though these are not very certain) of the substitution of accentual for quantitative prosody, which was then beginning, and by its marked tendency towards discarding the case-inflexions of classical Latin.

As it stands in the MSS., the poem consists of ninety-two or ninety-three lines. Many of these are obviously disordered, and the refrain appears to be inserted or omitted capriciously. A note attached to the title in Codex S, "Sunt vero versus xxii," has no relevance to its length, but refers to the contents of a section of the anthology at the beginning of which it stands. Nor is it possible to rearrange with any confidence a poem which consists of loosely strung stanzas capable of being set in various patterns, and which in any case is full of studied inter-lacements and repetitions. The text here given is

INTRODUCTION

largely conjectural, not only in its free rearrangement and in the insertion of the refrain at regular intervals, but also in the addition, to fill up gaps, of several lines which have no MS. authority.

Many scholars from Pithou and Salmasius onwards have worked at the fascinating and in great part insoluble problems presented by the poem. In modern times there are critical texts by Bücheler (1858), Riese (1869), and Baehrens (1882), and more recently by Clementi (Oxford, 1911). Many attempts have likewise been made—none of them with much success—to render in English verse the ringing melody and fragile exquisiteness which make it unique in poetry. Among these, it is only necessary to mention the two most recent, those by Mr. Clementi (*op. cit.*) and by Sir A. Quiller-Couch (1912). Both print the Latin text used by them opposite their English. The remarkable study and appreciation of the poem, and the imaginative reconstitution of the circumstances of its origin, in Pater's *Marius the Epicurean* are widely known.

The *trinoctium* of Venus, for which the piece was written, or, rather, by which it was suggested, was in its origin a popular festival, and became under the Empire an organised observance in the established State religion. In this poem we see it as neither one nor the other, but as a motive of fantasy, a summons which evokes imaginative associations, and sets the rhythm of poetry in movement round nature and history, love and life. Nothing could be less like either a folk-song or an official ode. It touches the last refinement of simplicity. In the delicately running, softly swaying verses, that ring and glitter and return on themselves in interlacing patterns, there is germinally the essence and inner spirit of

INTRODUCTION

the whole romantic movement. All the motives of the old classical poetry survive, yet all have undergone a new birth.

The fairy fancies range
And, lightly stirr'd,
Ring little bells of change
From word to word.

Poetry has gone back to childhood; and has recovered, as though for one fleeting moment and by the spell of a capricious enchanter, the key of spring, the freshness of morning, the innocence of youth.

THE EVE OF ST. VENUS

PERVIGILIVM VENERIS

I

CRAS amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet :

ver novum, ver iam canorum, ver renatus orbis est ;
vere concordant amores, vere nubunt alites,
et nemus comam resolvit de maritis imbribus.

cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet.

II

cras amorum copulatrix inter umbras arborum
implicat casas virentes de flagello myrteo :
cras canoris feriatos ducit in silvis choros ;
cras Dione iura dicit fulta sublimi throno.

cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet.

III

cras erit cum primus aether copulavit nuptias :
tunc cruore de superno spumeo et ponti globo,

THE EVE OF ST. VENUS

I

TO-MORROW shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love. Spring is young, spring now is singing, spring is the world reborn. In spring the loves make accord, in spring the birds mate, and the woodland loosens her tresses under nuptial showers.

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love.

II

To-morrow the marriage-maker of the loves amid shadows of trees weaves her verdurous bowers of myrtle-spray; to-morrow she leads her bands on festival in the singing forests: to-morrow Dione declares her laws high enthroned aloft.

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love.

III

To-morrow will be the day when the primal ether joined wedlock: then from the moisture overhead

PERVIGILIVM VENERIS

caerulas inter catervas, inter et bipedes equos,
fecit undantem Dionem de maritis imbribus.

cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet.

IV

ipsa gemmis purpurantem pingit annum floridis ;
ipsa turgentes papillas de favoni spiritu
urget in nodos tepentes ; ipsa roris lucidi,
noctis aura quem relinquit, spargit umentes aquas.

cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet.

V

emicant lacrimae trementes de caduco pondere,
gutta praeceps orbe parvo sustinet casus suos :
umor ille quem serenis astra rorant noctibus
mane virgines papillas solvit umentis peplo.

cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet.

VI

en pudorem florulentae prodiderunt purpurae
et rosarum flamma nodis emicat tepentibus.
ipsa iussit diva vestem de papillis solvere,
at recenti mane nuda virgines nubant rosae.

cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet.

THE EVE OF ST. VENUS

and the orb'd sea-foam, amid green multitudes and finned horses, sprang Dione wave-born under nuptial showers.

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love.

IV

She herself paints the crimsoning year with flowery jewels; herself coaxes swelling buds into warm clusters under the West Wind's breath; herself sprinkles dripping wetness of the glittering dew that the night-air leaves as it passes.

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love.

V

Sparkling tears quiver in a heavy drip, the little splashing dew-bead holds together in its fall: the moisture that the stars distil on cloudless nights unfolds the maiden buds from their wet sheaths at daybreak.

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love.

VI

Lo, the petal'd crimsons have unveiled their blush, and a flame of roses breaks from the warm clusters: the Goddess herself has bidden the roses loosen the raiment from their maiden buds, to be naked virgin brides in the fresh daybreak.

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love.

PERVIGILIVM VENERIS

VII

facta Cypridis de cruore deque Amoris osculo,
deque gemmis deque flammis deque solis purpuris,
cras ruborem qui latebat veste tectus ignea
uvido marita nodo non pudebit solvere.

cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet.

VIII

ipsa nymphas diva luco iussit ire myrteo :
it puer comes puellis ; nec tamen credi potest
esse Amorem feriatum, si sagittas vexerit :
ite nymphae, posuit arma, feriatum est Amor.

cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet.

IX

iussus est inermis ire, nudus ire iussus est,
neu quid arcu neu sagitta neu quid igne laederet :
sed tamen cavete nymphae, quod Cupido pulcher est :
totus est inermis idem quando nudus est Amor.

cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet.

THE EVE OF ST. VENUS

VII

Compounded of Venus' blood and of Love's kiss and of jewels and of flames and of flushes of the sun, to-morrow the bride unashamed will unfold from the wet cluster the crimson that lurked hid in its taper sheath.

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love.

VIII

Herself the Goddess has bidden the nymphs go forth in the myrtle thicket: with the girls a boy goes in company; and yet it may not be deemed that Love is gone on festival if he carries his shafts. Go forth, nymphs; Love has laid by his weapons, he keeps festival.

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love.

IX

He has been bidden go forth unarmed, has been bidden go forth naked, that he might do no injury with bow nor shaft nor torch. But yet take heed, nymphs, because Cupid is fair; Love naked is complete, Love unarmed is the same.

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love.

PERVIGILIVM VENERIS

X

conpari Venus pudore mittit ad te virgines :
una res est quam rogamus, cede virgo Delia,
ut nemus sit incruentum de ferinis stragibus
et recentibus virentes ducat umbras floribus.

cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet.

XI

ipsa vellet te rogare, si pudicam flecteret ;
ipsa vellet ut venires, si deceret virginem :
iam tribus choros videres feriatos noctibus
congreges inter catervas ire per saltus tuos.

cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet.

XII

floreas inter coronas, myrteas inter casas,
nec Ceres nec Bacchus absunt nec poetarum deus.
de tenente tota nox est perviglanda canticis :
regnet in silvis Dione, tu recede Delia.

cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet.

THE EVE OF ST. VENUS

X

Venus sends thee maidens as virginal as thou: "One thing it is we ask: retire, maid of Delos, that the woodland be unstained by wild creatures' slaughter, and trace her verdurous shadows over the fresh flowers."

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love.

XI

Herself she would ask thee, if she might bend thy virginity; thyself she would thou camest, if that were meet for a maiden: now for three nights wouldst thou see the bands pass along thy glades amid assembled multitudes making festival.

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love.

XII

Among flowery garlands, among myrtle bowers, Ceres and Bacchus are not absent, nor the god of the poets. All the night shall be kept awake with songs unceasingly; Dione shall be queen in the woods: do thou retire, maid of Delos.

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love.

PERVIGILIVM VENERIS

XIII

iussit Hyblaeis tribunal stare diva floribus ;
praeses ipsa iura dicet, adsidebunt Gratiae :
Hybla totos funde flores, quicquid annus adtulit ;
Hybla florum sume vestem, quantus Ennae campus
est.

cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet.

XIV

ruris hic erunt puellae vel puellae montium
quaeque silvas quaeque lucos quaeque fontes
incolunt :

iussit omnes adsidere mater alitis dei,
iussit et nudo puellas nil Amori credere.

cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet.

XV

ut pater totum crearet veris annum nubibus
in sinum maritimus imber fluxit almae coniugis,
unde fetus perque pontum perque caelum pergeret
perque terras mixtus omnes alere magno corpore.

cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet.

THE EVE OF ST. VENUS

XIII

The Goddess, has bidden her judgment-seat be set amid flowers of Hybla; herself will preside and declare her laws, the Graces will sit beside her. Pour forth all thy flowerage, O Hybla, the whole foison of the year; put on thy garment of flowers, O Hybla, over all the plain of Enna.

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love.

XIV

Here will be the country-maidens or the hill-maidens, and they who haunt forests and groves and springs: the mother of the winged god has bidden them all sit beside her, has bidden maids put no affiancement even in naked love.

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love.

XV

To quicken the whole year from the clouds of spring, the bridegroom-shower has flowed into the lap of his fair bride, that so mingling with the vast frame he might pass through sea and through sky and through all the lands to nourish their offspring.

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love.

PERVIGILIVM VENERIS

XVI

ipsa venas atque mentem permeanti spiritu
intus occultis gubernat procreatrix viribus.
ipsa Troianos nepotes in Latinos transtulit,
Romuleas ipsa fecit cum Sabinis nuptias.

cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet.

XVII

pervium sui tenorem seminali tramite
perque caelum perque terras perque pontum
subditum
ipsa duxit, ipsa venis procreantem spiritum
inbuit, iussitque mundum nosse nascendi vias.

cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet.

XVIII

ipsa Laurentem puellam coniugem nato dedit,
moxque Marti de sacello dat pudicam virginem,
unde Ramnes et Quirites proque prole posterum
Romulum patrem crearet et nepotem Caesarem.

cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet.

THE EVE OF ST. VENUS

XVI

Herself the Creatress in hidden might sways flesh and spirit from within with her enkindling life. Herself she engrafted her Trojan offspring on the Latins, herself made the wedding of the Sabines with the sons of Romulus.

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love.

XVII

Herself along the passage of the seed drew the flooding tide of herself through sky and through the lands and through the sea beneath, herself poured the quickening life through their veins, and bade the universe know the ways of birth.

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love.

XVIII

Herself she gave her son the Laurentine maid for bride, and gives thereafter to Mars the shy cloistered virgin, from these to beget Ramnes and Quirites, and for issue of posterity Romulus the sire and Caesar the grandchild of her line.

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love.

PERVIGILIVM VENERIS

XIX

rura fecundat voluptas : rura Venerem sentiunt :
ipse Amor puer Dionae rure natus creditur :
hunc ager cum parturiret ipsa suscepit sinu,
ipsa florum delicatis educavit osculis.

cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet.

XX

ecce iam super genestas explicant tauri latus,
quisque coetus continetur coniugali foedere :
subter umbras cum maritis ecce balantum gregem,
et canoras non tacere diva iussit alites.

cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet.

XXI

iam loquaces ore rauco stagna cycni perstrepunt :
adsonat Terei puella subter umbram populi,
ut, putes motus amoris ore dici musicos,
et neges queri sororem de marito barbaro.

cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet.

THE EVE OF ST. VENUS

XIX

The country quickens with love's delight, the country feels Venus' touch: Love himself, the child of Dione, is deemed country-born. Him, while the field broke to birth, herself she took up into her bosom, herself nursed with the dainty kisses of flowers.

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love.

XX

Lo, now the bulls lay a broad flank upon the broom; each community is held together in wedlock-band. Lo, beneath the shade the bleating flock with their lords, and tuneful birds that the Goddess has bidden not be mute.

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love.

XXI

Now hoarse-mouthed swans crash trumpeting over the pools; the maid of Tereus makes descant under the poplar shade, that you would think tunes of love issued trilling from her mouth, and not a sister's complaint of a barbarous lord.

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love.

PERVIGILIVM VENERIS

XXII

illa cantat, nos tacemus : quando ver venit meum ?
quando fiam uti chelidon ut tacere desinam ?
perdidi musam tacendo, nec me Apollo respicit :
sic Amyclas, cum tacerent, perdidit silentium.

cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet.

XXII

She sings, we are mute : when is my spring coming ?
when shall I be as the swallow, that I may cease to
be voiceless ? I have lost the Muse in silence, nor
does Apollo regard me : so Amyclae, being mute,
perished by silence.

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for
the lover to-morrow shall be love.

APPENDIX

PERVIGILIVM VENERIS

This text is printed as close to the MSS. as possible. Conjectural changes have been noted, but not corrections of spelling, or where the text depends on one MS. only.

CRAS amet qui numquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet!

ver novum : ver iam canorum : ver renactus orbis est !

vere concordant amores, vere nubunt alites

et nemus comam resolvit de maritis imbribus :

cras amorum copulatrix inter umbras arborum 5

implicat casas virentis de flagello myrteo,

cras Dione iura dicit fulta sublimi throno.

Cras amet qui numquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet !

tunc cruore de superbo spumeo pontus globo

caerulas inter catervas, inter et bipedes equos 10

fecit undantem Dionen de marinis imbribus.

Cras amet qui numquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet !

ipsa gemmis purpurantem pingit annum floridis,

ipsa surgentes papillas de Favoni spiritu

urget in nodos feraces, ipsa roris lucidi, 15

² ver renactus orbis est *Bährens* : ver natus orbis est *T* : vere natus iovis est *S*.

⁶ casas *Pithoeus* : gazas *T* : gaza *S*.

¹¹ marinis *Rivinus* : maritis *codd.*

¹³ floridis *Rigler* : floribus *codd.*

¹⁵ nodos *amicus Scriverii* : notos *S* : totos *T* : toros *Pithoeus*.
feraces *Bährens* : penates *S* : pentes *T*.

APPENDIX

congreges inter catervas ire per saltus tuos
 floreas inter coronas, myrteas inter casas.
 nec Ceres nec Bacchus absunt nec poetarum deus. 45
 detinenter tota nox est perviclanda canticis :
 regnet in silvis Dione : tu recede, Delia.”

Cras amet qui numquam amavit quique amavit cras
 amet!

iussit Hyblaeis tribunal stare diva floribus :
 Praeses ipsa iura dicit, adsidebunt Gratiae. 50
 Hybla, totos funde flores, quidquid annus adtulit ;
 Hybla, florum subde vestem, quantus Ennae campus
 ruris hic erunt puellae vel puellae montium [est !
 quaeque silvas quaeque lucos quaeque montes in-
 iussit omnes adsidere pueri mater alitis, [colunt.
 iussit et nudo puellas nil Amori credere. 55
 Cras amet qui numquam amavit quique amavit cras
 amet!

et recentibus virentes ducat umbras floribus . . .
 Cras erit quom primus aether copulavit nuptias,
 ut pater totum creavit vernis annum nubibus : 60
 in sinum maritus imber fluxit almae coniugis,
 unde fetus mixtus omnis aleret magno corpore.
 ipsa venas atque mentem permeanti spiritu
 intus occultis gubernat procreatrix viribus, 64
 perque caelum perque terras perque pontum sub-
 pervium sui tenorem seminali tramite [ditum

⁴⁶ detinenter *Schenkel* : detinente *S* : detinent et *T*.

⁵⁰ praesens *codd.*, *corr.* *Dousa*. dicit adsederunt *codd.*, *corr.* *Dousa*.

⁵² subde *Scriverius*, vestem *Salm.* : superestem *S* : rumper-
 este *T*. Ennae *Lipsius* : ethne *T* : et nec *S* : Aetnae *Pithoeus*.

⁵⁴ locos *T*, *corr.* *Pithoeus*.

⁵⁸ rigentibus *codd.*, *corr.* *Pithocus*.

⁵⁹ quom *Buecheler* : quo *S* : qui *T*.

⁶⁰ totum *Salm.* : totis *codd.*

PERVIGILIVM VENERIS

inbuit iussitque mundum nosse nascendi vias.
 Cras amet qui numquam amavit quique amavit cras
 amet!

ipsa Troianos nepotes in Latinos transtulit,
 ipsa Laurentem puellam coniugem nato dedit, 70
 mcxque Marti de sacello dat pudicam virginem,
 Romuleas ipsa fecit cum Sabinis nuptias,
 unde Ramnes et Quirites proque prole posterum
 Romuli matrem crearet et nepotem Caesarem; 74
 Cras amet qui numquam amavit quique amavit cras
 amet!

rura fecundat voluptas, rura Venerem sentiunt;
 ipse Amor puer Dionae rure natus dicitur.
 hunc ager cum parturiret, ipsa suscepit sinu,
 ipsa florum delicatis educavit osculis. 79
 Cras amet qui numquam amavit quique amavit cras
 amet!

ecce iam super genestas explicant apri latus,
 quisque laetus quo tenetur coniugali foedere.
 subter umbras cum maritis ecce balantum greges;
 et canoras non tacere diva iussit alites:
 iam loquaces ore rauco stagna cygni perstrepunt. 85
 adsonat Terei puella subter umbram populi,
 ut putes motus amoris ore dici musico
 et neges queri sororem de marito barbaro.
 illa cantat: nos tacemus? quando ver venit meum?
 quando faciam uti chelidon vel tacere desinam? 90
 perdidit Musam tacendo nec me Phoebus respicit.
 sic Amyclas cum tacerent perdidit silentium.
 Cras amet qui numquam amavit quique amavit cras
 amet!

⁸¹ aonii *codd.*: apri *Bährens suggests.*

⁸² laetus *Bährens*: tutus *S*: tuus *T.*

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D.M. = the "Epitaph" by Domitius Marsus.*

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