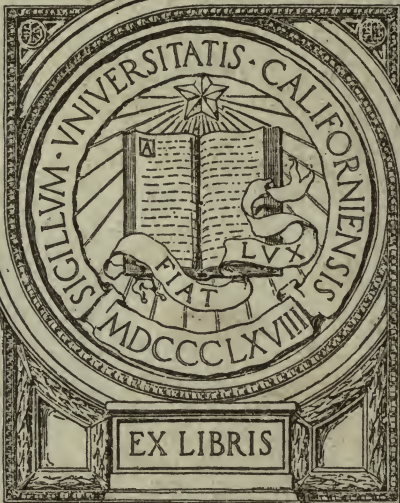


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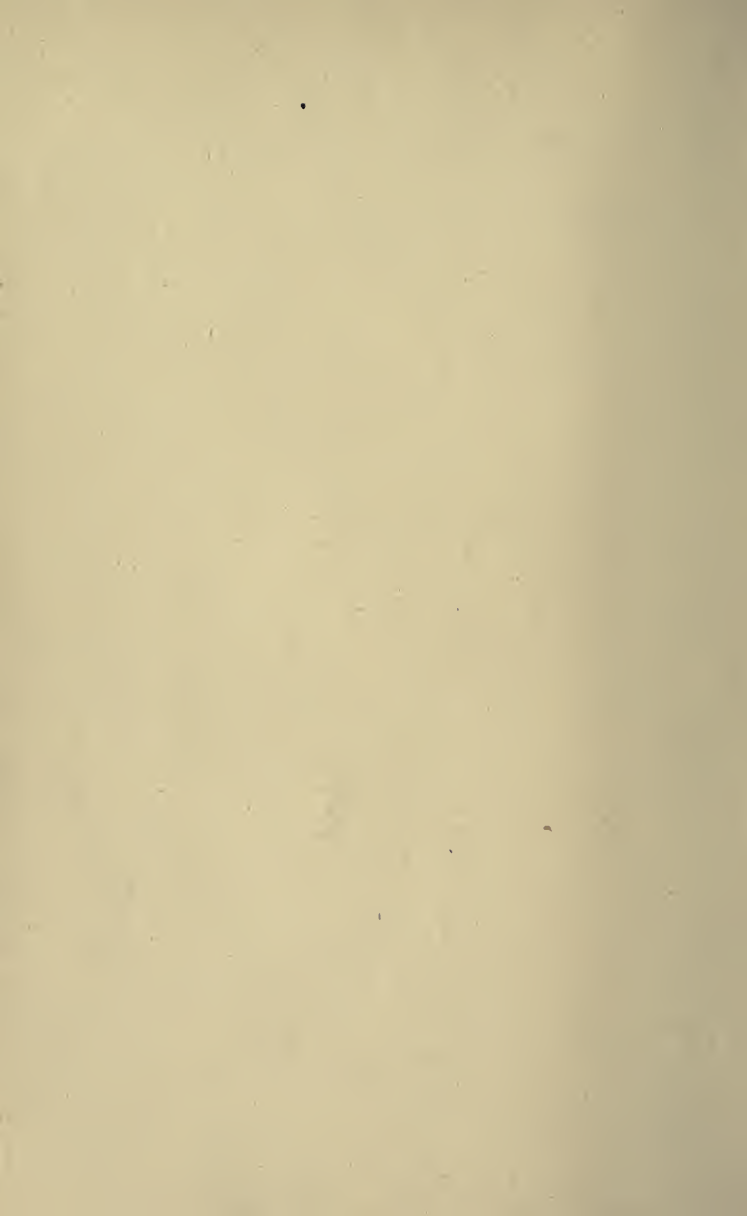
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CALPVRNIUS



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THE ECLOGUES OF CALPURNIUS.



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THE ECLOGUES OF CALPURNIUS

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY

EDWARD J. L. SCOTT, M.A., OXON.,

KEEPER OF MSS., AND EGERTON LIBRARIAN, BRITISH MUSEUM.



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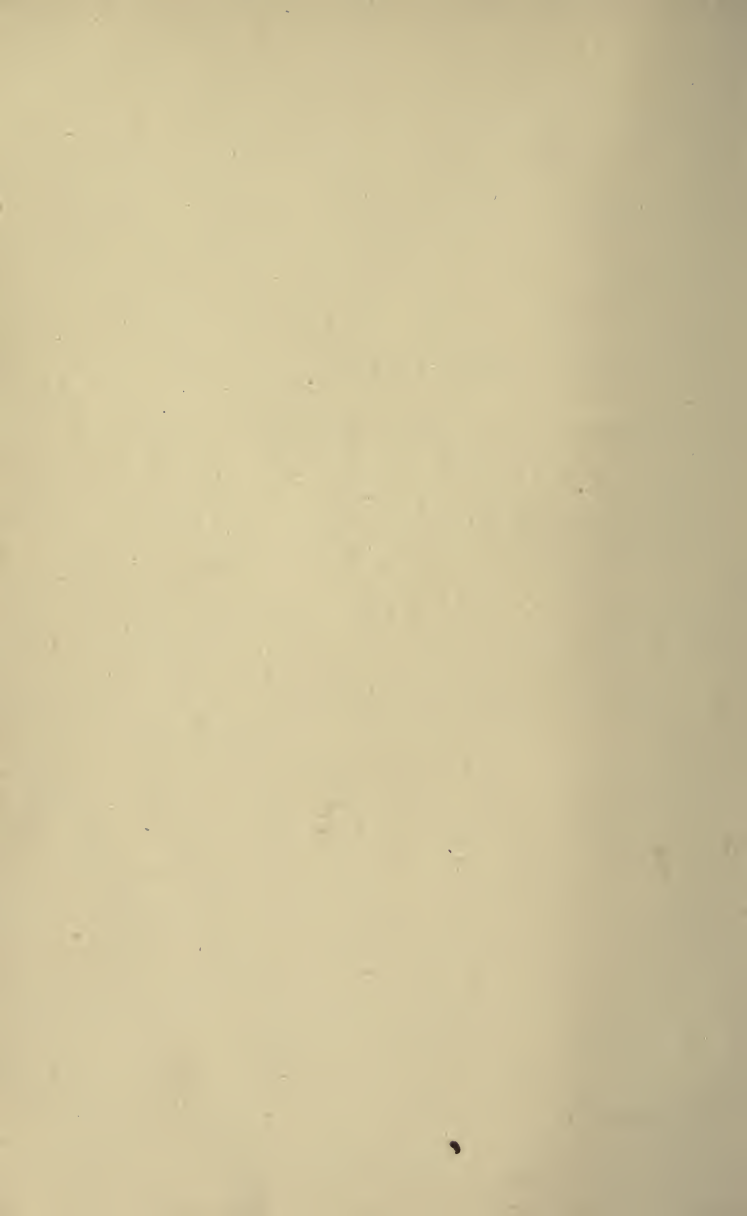
CHISWICK PRESS :—C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO., TOOKS COURT,
CHANCERY LANE.

PREFACE.

IF any merit may be claimed for this rendering of Calpurnius into English (the first which has ever appeared either in prose or verse), it is due in great part to Prof. Robinson Ellis, Latin Reader in the University of Oxford. At his urgent request it was first undertaken, and it has had throughout the benefit of his careful revision.

E. J. L. S.

British Museum,
1st Oct., 1890.



CALPURNIUS SICULUS.

CALPURNIUS SICULUS.

ECLOGA PRIMA.

CORYDON, ORNITUS.

CORYDON.

Nondum solis equos declivis mitigat aestas,
Quamvis et madidis incumbant praela racemis,
Et spument rauco ferventia musta susurro.
Cernis ut, ecce ! pater quas tradidit, Ornite, vaccae
Molliter hirsuta latus explicuere genista ? 5
Nos quoque vicinis cur non succedimus umbris ?
Torrida cur solo defendimus ora galero ?

CALPURNIUS SICULUS.

ECLOGUE I.

CORYDON, ORNITUS.

CORYDON.

Not yet the swooning summer breeds
Abate of heat in Phoebus' steeds,
Although beneath the vineyard's press
Each cluster yield ripe juiciness,
And with hoarse murmurs in the fume 5
Of boiling vats the new wine spume.
Look, Ornitus, my friend, these cows,
Our father bade us lead to browse,
Their flanks luxuriously spread
Where'er the rough broom forms a bed, 10
Why do not we too seek the shade
Here furnished by the neighbouring glade?
Why should our faces fiercely tanned
By simple bonnet thus be fanned?

ORNITUS.

Hoc potius, frater Corydon, nemus, antra petamus
Ista patris Fauni, graciles ubi pinea denset
Silva comas, rapidoque caput levat obvia soli, 10
Bullantes ubi fagus aquas radice sub ipsa
Protegit, et ramis errantibus implicat umbras.

CORYDON.

Quo me cumque voces, sequar, Ornite ; nam mea
Leuce,
Dum negat amplexus nocturnaue gaudia, nobis
Pervia cornigeri fecit sacraria Fauni. 15

ORNITUS.

Prome igitur calamos, et, si qua recondita servas :
Nec tibi defuerit mea fistula, quam mihi nuper

ORNITUS.

Nay, Corydon, but towards this grove 15
With better judgment let us rove.
Yon grot our father Faunus likes,
Where the pine-wood its slender spikes
Masses right upwards, till it raise
Its head to screen the burning blaze, 20
Where the beech roofs the bubbling waves
Of yonder fountain as it laves
The very roots, and casts a shade
Confused, by moving branches made.

CORYDON.

I follow wheresoe'er you choose ; 25
For while my Leuce doth refuse
Her fond embrace and kisses sweet
And joys for nightly season meet,
I thus unchallenged entrance gain
To horned Faunus' inmost fane. 30

ORNITUS.

If that be so, your reeds produce,
And any lay you store for use :
Nor shall you find my own pipe's aid
To you is wanting, for me made

Lacons
 Matura docilis compegit arundine Lygdon.

Et iam captatae pariter successimus umbrae.

Sed quanam sacra descripta est pagina fago, 20

Quam modo nescio quis properanti falce notavit? 389

Aspicias, ut virides etiam nunc littera rimas 389

Servet, et arenti nondum se laxet hiatu?

CORYDON.

Ornite, fer propius tua lumina : tu potes alto

Cortice descriptos citius percurrere versus, 25

Nam tibi longa satis pater internodia largus,

Procerumque dedit mater non invida corpus.

ORNITUS.

Non pastor, non haec triviali more viator,

Of late by Ladon's skilful heed 35
Out of a ripely-seasoned reed.
And we too in our turn the shade
That caught our fancy now invade.
Yet stay, what means this page I find
Writ on the sacred beech's rind, 40
Which lately some one in his haste,
I know not who, with sickle traced ?
How well preserved e'en yet and green
The letters here incised are seen,
Nor is their outline yet destroyed, 45
Where the slits parching show a void ?

CORYDON.

Bring nearer, Ornitus, your gaze :
The verses that this trunk displays
Carved at so great a height you can
With quicker apprehension scan, 50
Your sire was tall, and you from him
Inherit length enough of limb,
Your mother too, no grudging dame,
Bequeathed to you her stalwart frame.

ORNITUS.

No traveller, no shepherd here, 55
His wayside leisure seeks to cheer,

Sed deus ipse canit : nihil armentale resultant,
 Nec montana sacros distinguunt iubila versus. 30 391

CORYDON.

Mira refers : sed rumpe moras, oculoque sequaci
 Quam primum nobis divinum perlege carmen.

ORNITUS.

Qui iuga, qui silvas tueor, satus aethere, Faunus
 Haec populis ventura cano : iuvat arbore sacra
 Laeta patefactis incidere carmina fatis. 35

Vos o praecipue nemorum gaudete coloni, J, 390
 Vos populi gaudete mei : licet omne vagetur
 Securo custode pecus, nocturnaue pastor
 Claudere fraxinea nolit praesepia crate.

The style a very God betrays :
No ring here of bucolic lays,
Nor alpine jodels intersperse
Their pauses through the sacred verse. 60

CORYDON.

Your words are strange : yet prithee waste
No time, but read me o'er in haste
This song divine, and let your eye
Your rapid tongue accompany.

ORNITUS.

I Faunus, sprung from Heaven's domain, 65
Who o'er the hills and forests reign,
Foretell the nations what shall be
In time to come : this sacred tree,
The spreading beech on which my Muse
May carve her gladsome strains, I choose. 70
Rejoice each forest denizen,
Rejoice above thy fellow-men,
And ye my subjects too rejoice :
All herds to pastures new at choice
May wander, while their guardians sleep, 75
Nor need the shepherd seek to keep
His folds secure from panic fright
By ashen hurdles closed at night.

Non tamen insidias praedator ovilibus ullas
 Afferet, aut laxis abiget iumenta capistris. I, 389⁴⁰

[Aurea secura cum pace renascitur aetas,] PLAC J, 395, 28

Et redit ad terras tandem squalore situque
 Alma Themis posito, iuvenemque beata sequuntur
 Saecula, maternis causam qui vicit in ulnis. 45

Dum populos deus ipse reget, dabit impia victas
 Post tergum Bellona manus, spoliataque telis
 In sua vesanos torquebit viscera morsus,
 Et modo quae toto civilia distulit orbe,
 Secum bella geret. Nullos iam Roma Philippos 50
 Deflebit, nullos ducet captiva triumphos.
 Omnia Tartareo subigentur carcere bella,

Yet shall no reiving cataran
Against the sheep-cotes dare to plan 80
His ambush, nor shall steal by craft,
Their halters loosed, the beasts of draught.
The golden age revives once more,
And Peace returns with open door,
All filth and squalor put aside 85
Comes smiling Themis to abide
At length as whilom on the Earth,
And happy cycles waked to birth
Attend the youth, who held in sport
Within a mother's arms his court. 90
While He as God mankind commands,
Accurst Bellona shall her hands
Deliver bound behind her back,
And with invenomed teeth for lack
Of weapons wrested from her grip 95
Her own intestines madly rip,
And those domestic wars which o'er
The whole wide world she spread before
Henceforward with herself shall wage.
Rome shall not in a future age 100
A new Philippi weep to see,
Nor triumph in captivity.
Immured within the prison bars
Of Tartarus shall languish wars,

Immergentque caput tenebris, lucemque timebunt.
Candida pax aderit, nec solum candida vultu,
Qualis saepe fuit, quae, libera Marte professo, 55
Quae, domito procul hoste, tamen grassantibus
 armis,
Publica diffudit tacito discordia ferro.
Omne procul vitium simulatae cedere pacis
Iussit, et insanos Clementia contudit enses.
Nulla catenati feralis pompa senatus 60
Carnificum lassabit opus, nec carcere pleno 391
Infelix raros numerabit curia patres.
Plena quies aderit, quae, stricti nescia ferri,
Altera Saturni referet Latialia regna,
Altera regna Numae, qui primus ovantia caede 65

And, plunging in the murky night 105
Their heads, shall shun the realms of light.
Peace, guileless maid, shall there be seen,
Nor guileless merely in her mien,
As oft, in days now distant far,
Whene'er set free from open war, 110
And every foreign foe subdued,
She suffered treason to intrude,
And far and wide with secret steel
Spread discords through the commonweal.
To distant climes let all false art 115
That counterfeits fair Peace depart ;
Such were the orders Mercy gave,
And buried every maddened glaive.
No more like some funereal show
The senate fettered row by row 120
Shall tire the headsman's practised strokes,
Nor, while the gaol its victims chokes,
A Council Hall with hapless fate
Few senators enumerate.
Rest, perfect rest, be present there, 125
Who, guiltless of a weapon bare,
That ancient kingdom shall replace
Of Saturn o'er the Latin race ;
She Numa's empire shall recall,
Numa who warriors first of all 130

Agmina, Romuleis et adhuc ardentia castris,
Pacis opus docuit, iussitque silentibus armis
Inter sacra tubas, non inter bella sonare.
Iam nec adumbrati faciem mercatus honoris,
Nec vacuos tacitus fasces et inane tribunal 70
Accipiet consul, sed legibus omne reductis 390
Ius aderit, moremque fori vultumque priorem
Reddet, et afflictum melior deus auferet aevum.
Exsultet, quaecumque Notum gens ima iacentem
Erectumque colit Boream, quaecumque vel ortu 75
Vel patet occasu, mediove sub aethere fervit.
Cernitis, ut puro nox iam vicesima coelo
Fulgeat, et placida radiantem luce cometem

Taught works of peace (while o'er the slain
Triumphant rang the victors' strain,
And hearts still panted for the fray,
Where Romulus' entrenchments lay),
And trumpets bade 'mid hush of arms 135
To temples call, not sound alarms.
Henceforward shall no Consul buy
The shadowy form of dignity,
Nor the tribunal empty kept
And worthless fasces mute accept, 140
But now the laws once more in force,
Right takes anew her perfect course,
And to the Forum doth restore
The features which of old it bore,
The manner of its bygone past ; 145
For this down-trodden age at last
Shall happier destinies displace.
Joy, joy to all, to every race
From where the southern lowlands lie
To where the north wind takes the sky, 150
Nor less from where the sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Or in meridian splendour burns.
Look how the twentieth night returns,
How heaven with liquid lustre gleams 155
Refulgent, how the radiant streams

Proferat ? ut liquidum nutet sine vulnere plenus ?
Numquid utrumque polum, sicut solet, igne cruento 80
Spargit, et ardenti scintillat sanguine lampas ?
At quondam non talis erat, cum, Caesare raptō,
Indixit miseris fatalia civibus arma.
Scilicet ipse deus Romanae pondera molis
Fortibus excipiet sic inconcussa lacertis, 85
Ut neque translati sonitu fragor intonet orbis,
Nec prius ex meritis defunctos Roma penates
Censeat, occasus nisi quum respexerit ortus.

From yonder harmless comet fly,
In bright relief against the sky ;
Look how its lustrous brilliance shows
No presage of impending blows. 160
Doth anywhere the heavenly torch
Now either pole as whilom scorch
With bloody fires, or kindling rays
Flicker with sanguinary blaze ?
Yet such was not its aspect then, 165
When Cæsar passed from mortal ken,
And hapless citizens afar
Saw signs of devastating war.
Doubt not our Prince himself the weight
So massive of the Roman state 170
Shall take up with a God-like grace
So firmly in his strong embrace,
As neither shall the crash be heard
Of ruin from the power transferred,
Nor judged upon their merits past 175
Shall the dead rulers e'er be classed,
By virtue of the State's decrees,
'Mid Rome's protecting deities,
Until the rising Prince's name
Illume the dead's fast waning fame. 180

CORYDON.

Ornite, iamdudum velut ipso numine plenus
Me quatit, et mixtus subit inter gaudia terror. 90
Sed bona facundi veneremur numina Fauni.

ORNITUS.

Carmina, quae nobis deus obtulit ipse canenda,
Dicamus, teretique sonum modulemur avena :
Forsitan Augustas feret haec Meliboeus ad aures.

CORYDON.

'Tis long since, Ornitus, a thrill
Of terror doth my being fill
Born of the God himself ; I feel
Fear mixed with gladness o'er me steal.
But let us praise with reverend sense 185
Good Faunus' Godlike eloquence.

ORNITUS.

What God hath offered us in verse
Unasked, let us in song rehearse,
And let us set his lines to suit
The music of our rounded flute : 190
Perchance these strains Augustus' ear,
From Meliboeus' lips will hear.

ECLOGA SECUNDA.

IDAS, ASTACUS, THYRSIS.

Intactam Crotalen puer Astacus et puer Idas,
Idas lanigeri dominus gregis, Astacus horti,
Dilexere diu, formosus uterque, nec impar
Voce sonans. Hi cum terras gravis ureret aestas,
Ad gelidos fontes et easdem forte sub umbras
Conveniunt, dulcique simul contendere cantu
Pignoribusque parant : placet, hic ut vellera septem,
Ille sui victus ne messem vindicet horti :
Et magnum certamen erat sub iudice Thyrsi.

ECLOGUE II.

IDAS, ASTACUS, THYRSIS.

Maid Crotale yet unsubdued
 Young Astacus and Idas wooed ;
 Idas possessed a fleecy herd,
 His garden Astacus preferred.
 Their passion grew through many an hour, 5
 Both graced alike with Beauty's dower,
 Nor less well matched in shepherd's glees.
 They, when with blighting heat the leas
 Were withering, together met
 By chance near one cool rivulet 10
 And the same elms. Each youth prepares
 To match his rival in soft airs,
 And wagered forfeits ; seven sheep
 Idas, the other will not keep
 His garden's harvest if he lose, 15
 And both as arbitrator choose
 Thyrsis, for 'twas a contest rare.
 Of cattle every kind was there,

Adfuit omne genus pecudum, genus omne ferarum, 10

Et quaecumque vagis altum ferit aera pennis.

Convenit umbrosa quicumque sub ilice lentas

Pascit oves, Faunusque pater, Satyrique bicornes.

Adfuerunt sicco Dryades pede, Naiades udo,

Et tenuere suos properantia flumina cursus. 15.

Desistunt tremulis incurrere frondibus Euri,

Altaque per totos fecere silentia montes.

Omnia cessabant, neglectaque pascua tauri

Calcabant : illis etiam certantibus ausa est

Daedala nectareos apis intermittere flores. 20

Iamque sub annosa medius consederat umbra

Thyrsis, et, O pueri me iudice pignora, dixit,

Wild beasts, and whatsoe'er on high
With roving pinions cleaves the sky. 20
There all, who sheep slow-pacing lead
Beneath the ilex green to feed,
Bear Father Faunus company ;
And thither twi-horned Satyrs hie.
Nymphs of the woods and waters meet, 25
Dry-sandalled, or with dewy feet,
And rivers, hastening from their source,
Stayed for awhile their wonted course.
The Eastern breeze, that rides at play
On quivering leaves, now dies away, 30
And all the vast expanse of hills
With penetrating silence fills.
All nature now to rest was laid,
And bulls were trampling o'er the glade,
Careless of pasture ; e'en the bee, 35
That cunningest of workers, she,
While these debate their mutual powers,
Dared leave awhile her nectared flowers.
And now beneath an elm's deep shade
Thyrsis between the pair had made 40
His resting-place. "Ye boys" quoth he,
"Your stakes, while judgment lies with me,
I warn ye, will not count for much ;
Nay, let your full reward be such,

Irrita sint, moneo : satis hinc mercedis habeto,
Si laudem victor, si fert opprobria victus.
Et nunc alternos magis ut distinguere cantus 25
Possitis, ter quisque manus iactate micantes.
Nec mora ; decernunt digitis ; prior incipit Idas.

IDAS.

Me Silvanus amat, dociles mihi donat avenas,
Et mea frondenti circumdat tempora taeda.
Ille etiam parvo dixit mihi non leve carmen : 30
Iam levis obliqua crescit tibi fistula canna.

ASTACUS.

At mihi Flora comas pallenti gramine cingit,
Et mihi matura Pomona sub arbore plaudit.
Accipe, dixerunt Nymphae, puer, accipe fontes :

That he who wins shall reap the fame, 45
And he who loses bear the shame.
And now, that ye the clearer may
Mark your alternate roundelay,
Each make quick motions with his hand,
And finger-signals thrice expand." 50
Straightway they score defeats and wins
On fingers. Idas first begins.

IDAS.

Silvanus loves me, and he feeds
His flame with gifts of well-made reeds,
Wreaths of the ever-verdant pine— 55
His gift—around my temples twine.
To me, ere ceased my boyhood's hour,
His voice rehearsed a song of power ;
"A slender pipe there grows," quoth he,
"Already on curved reeds for thee." 60

ASTACUS.

But Flora round my locks doth make
Wreaths of pale grasses for my sake,
For me, where spread the orchard's roots,
Pomona plays with dancing fruits.
"Take then," so ran the Nymphs' decree, 65
"Take, Boy, this spring we tender thee,

Iam potes irriguos nutrire canalibus hortos. 35

IDAS.

Me docet ipsa Pales cultum gregis, ut niger albae
Terga maritus ovis nascenti mutet in agna,
Quae neque diversi speciem servare parentis
Possit, et ambiguo testetur utrumque colore.

ASTACUS.

Non minus arte mea mutabilis induit arbos 40
Ignotas frondes et non gentilia poma.
Ars mea nunc malo pira temperat, et modo cogit
Insita praecoquibus subrepere Persica prunis.

IDAS.

Me teneras salices iuvat aut oleastra putare

So, where its runnels trickle by,
Thy garden's needs thou shalt supply."

IDAS.

Pales herself to rear my flock
Instructs me, how in raising stock 70
The white ewes' husbands, black-fleeced rams,
Change colours in the growing lambs,
And cannot show their race renewed
In sires' or dams' similitude ;
Yet, as a witness to the pair, 75
Their parti-coloured fleeces wear.

ASTACUS.

And my art in no less degree
Can force by grafts the changing tree
To bear two natures thus combined,
Strange leaves and fruit of alien kind. 80
Now by my skill yon apple bears,
Blent with its own, a crop of pears,
Now, forced upon an early plum,
These grafted quinces shyly come.

IDAS.

I love the willow's tender top, 85
Or oleaster shoots, to lop,

Et gregibus portare novis, ut carpere frondes 45
Condiscant, primoque recidere gramina morsu,
Ne depulsa vagas quaerat foetura parentes.

ASTACUS.

Et mihi cum fulvis radicibus arida tellus
Pangitur, irriguo perfunditur area fonte,
Et satiatur aqua, succos ne forte priores 50
Languida mutata quaerant plantaria terra.

IDAS.

O si quis Crotalen deus afferat, hunc ego terris,
Hunc ego sideribus solum regnare fatebor.
Decernamque nemus, dicamque : sub arbore numen
Hoc erit ; ite procul, sacer est locus, ite profani. 55

And carry to the flocks in sheaves,
 That early nibbling at the leaves
 May train them still in opening youth
 To crop the grass with new grown tooth, 90
 Lest, weaning time well over, lambs
 Pursue too far their wandering dams.

ASTACUS.

When for each yellow root I toil
 To open out the dusty soil,
 Myself the flower-bed duly drench 95
 With runnels trickling through the trench,
 And fill with water, lest some hap
 Should rob the seedlings of their sap
 Indigenous, and drooping heads
 Bear witness to their change of beds. 100

IDAS.

Oh! were it so that Crotale
 Some Deity should bring to me!
 His reign alone will I approve
 On earth or 'mid the stars above,
 And more, a copse I will decree 105
 And say, "God dwells beneath this tree,
 Ye uninitiated, fly
 This temple of the Deity."

ASTACUS.

Urimur in Crotalen : si quis mea vota deorum
Audiat, huic soli, virides qua gemmeus undas
Fons agit et tremulo percurrit lilia rivo,
Inter pampineas ponetur faginus ulmos.

IDAS.

Ne contemne casas et pastoralia tecta : 60
Rusticus est, fateor, sed non et barbarus Idas.
Saepe vaporato mihi cespite palpitat agnus,
Saepe cadit festis devota Palilibus agna.

ASTACUS.

Nos quoque pomiferi Laribus consuevimus horti
Mittere primitias et fingere liba Priapo, 65

ASTACUS.

For Crotale I longing burn ;
If any God his ear shall turn 110
To catch my vows, alone to Him,
Where emerald wavelets kiss the brim
Of yonder fount begemmed with spray,
And o'er the beds of lilies play
In rippling streams, will I set up 115
'Mid vine-clad elms a beechen cup.

IDAS.

From lowly hut and shepherd's roof
Stand not so scornfully aloof ;
Idas is clownish, I confess,
But bears no taint of savageness. 120
Oft, where my turf-built altar steams,
A struggling he-lamb's lifeblood gleams,
And oft on Pales' festivals
A ewe-lamb in her honour falls.

ASTACUS.

We too have hesitated not 125
To offer from our orchard plot
Its first-fruits for the Lares' sake,
And cheese-cakes for Priapus make ;

Rorantesque favos dāmus et liquentia mella :
Nec fore grata minus, quam si caper imbuat aras.

IDAS.

Mille sub uberibus balantes pascimus agnas,
Totque Tarentinae praestant mihi vellera matres.
Per totum niveus premitur mihi caseus annum : 70
Si venias, Crotale, totus tibi serviet hornus.

ASTACUS.

Qui numerare velit, quam multa sub arbore nostra
Poma legam, citius tenues numerabit arenas.
Semper olus metimus, nec bruma nec impedit aestas ;
Si venias, Crotale, totus tibi serviet hortus. 75

Both dripping honeycombs we give,
And honey trickling from the hive ; 130
Nor will they less acceptance gain,
Than if a goat the altar stain.

IDAS.

My flock—a thousand ewe-lambs bleat
Still tugging at the mother's teat ;
For me in rich Tarentum's field 135
As many dams their fleeces yield ;
In my unfailing press is found
A snow-white cheese the whole year round.
Come, and this produce Crotale,
Shall wholly at your service be. 140

ASTACUS.

How many apples fallen thick
Beneath our tree my fingers pick
Would any count, 'twere easier feat
To count a field of straggling wheat.
Nor Winter's reign nor Summer's sway 145
Forbid fresh salad every day.
Come, and this garden, Crotale,
Shall wholly at your service be.

IDAS.

Quamvis siccus ager languentes excoquat herbas,
Sume tamen calathos nutanti lacte coactos.
Vellera tunc dabimus, quum primum tempus apricum
Surget, et a tepidis fiet tonsura Kalendis.

ASTACUS.

Et nos, quos etiam praetorrida munerat aestas, 80
Mille renidenti dabimus tibi cortice Chias,
Castaneasque nuces totidem, cum sole Decembri
Maturis nucibus virides rumpentur echini.

IDAS.

Num, precor, informis videor tibi? num gravis
 annis?
Decipiorque miser, quoties mollissima tango 85

IDAS.

Although the moisture-lacking ground
Parch up the drooping herbage round, 150
Yet take these milking-pails that swim
With creamy riches to the brim.
Our gift of fleeces shall begin,
When open weather first sets in,
And, when the tepid Kalends cool 155
The air, our sheep shall lose their wool.

ASTACUS.

We too, to whom a summer's heat,
However scorching, brings its treat,
For you a thousand figs will find
Of Chian growth with glossy rind ; 160
Of chestnuts too a like display,
When, in the sun's December ray
Maturing, the green husks have burst
Wherein the ripening nuts were nurst.

IDAS.

Pray tell me, if my form appears 165
So foul to you ? so bowed with years ?
Must I with shame the cheat confess
Each time my hands these features press

Ora manu, primique sequor vestigia floris
Nescius, et gracili digitos lanugine fallo ?

ASTACUS.

Fontibus in liquidis quoties me conspicio, ipse
Admiror toties : etenim sic flore iuventae
Induimur vultus, ut in arbore saepe notavi 90
Cerea sub tenui lucere Cydonia lana.

IDAS.

Carmina poscit amor, nec fistula cedit amor ;
Sed fugit, ecce ! dies, revocatque crepuscula vesper.
Hinc tu, Daphni, greges, illinc agat Alphisiboeus.

ASTACUS.

Iam resonant frondes, iam cantibus obstrepat arbos, 95

So wholly smooth, or when I trace
A beard's first outlines on my face, 170
And with an unsuspecting grasp
The tender down my fingers clasp ?

ASTACUS.

Each time I see my figure set
In some clear-watered rivulet,
So often gazing I admire ; 175
For youth's fair bloom doth so attire
My cheeks with down, as I have seen
Erewhile on trees a lucent sheen
Within Cydonian quinces glow
Their woolly nap of down below. 180

IDAS.

Love at our hands a sonnet asks,
Nor doth our pipe refuse Love's tasks ;
But see ! the day is wellnigh gone
And Vesper brings the twilight on.
Daphnis, on this side, drive the sheep 185
And those Alphasiboëus keep.

ASTACUS.

Now stirs a breeze the leaves among,
And rustling trees o'erwhelm our song.

I procul, i Doryla, plenumque reclude canalem,
Et sine iamdudum sitientes irriget hortos.

Vix ea finierant, senior cum talia Thyrsis :

THYRSIS.

Este pares, et ob hoc concordēs vivite, nam vos
Et decor et cantus et amor sociavit et aetas. 100

Go, Dorylas, to yonder side,
Set the chief runnel open wide, 190
And let the gardens quaff their fill
That long have thirsted for its rill.

Scarce had their song's last echoes died,
When aged Thyrsis thus replied ;

THYRSIS.

“ Be equals, and, inspired thereby, 195
Together live in harmony.
For you by songs, and beauty's pride,
And love, and age, are close allied.”

ECLOGA TERTIA.

IOLLAS, LYCIDAS.

IOLLAS.

Numquid in hac, Lycida, vidisti forte iuvencam
 Valle meam? solet ista tuis occurrere tauris,
 Et iam paene duas, dum quaeritur, eximit horas;
 Nec tamen apparet. Duris ego perdita ruscis
 Iamdudum nullis dubitavi crura rubetis 5
 Scindere, nec quidquam post tantum sanguinis egi.

LYCIDAS.

Non satis attendi nec enim vacat. Uror, Iolla;
 Uror, et immodice: Lycidan ingrata reliquit

ECLOGUE III.

IOLLAS, LYCIDAS.

IOLLAS.

Say, Lycidas, has any chance
 Directed in this vale your glance
 Towards my heifer? fain is she
 To meet your bulls perpetually.
 And now, since on her track I went, 5
 Two fruitless hours are wellnigh spent,
 And yet she comes not into view;
 Long time the valley ranging through,
 I grazed 'gainst bush and briar my shins,
 Sore damaged by the prickly whins 10
 That met me, natheless all this blood
 Has brought but small return of good.

LYCIDAS.

I kept scant watch, no time had I,
 Iollas, fiercest jealousy
 Consumed me, jealousy past aid, 15
 Phyllis has left me, thankless jade,

Phyllis, amatque novum post tot mea munera
Mopsum.

IOLLAS.

Mobilior ventis o ! femina : sic tua Phyllis ? 10
Quae sibi, nam memini, si quando solus abesses,
Mella etiam sine te iurabat amara videri.

LYCIDAS.

Altius ista querar, si forte vacabit, Iolla :
Has pete nunc salices, et laevas flecte sub ulmos.
Nam cum prata calent, illic requiescere noster 15
Taurus amat, gelidaque iacet spatiosus in umbra,
Et matutinas revocat palearibus herbas.

IOLLAS.

Non equidem, Lycida, quamvis contemptus abibo :

And, spite of gifts I rain on her,
The upstart Mopsus can prefer.

IOLLAS.

So true your Phyllis to her kind ?
So fickle more than fickle wind ? 20
Yet she, if memory serve me right,
When you were missing from her sight,
Would swear, that honey's cloying sweet,
You absent, seemed a bitter treat.

LYCIDAS.

Whene'er, Iollas, you've the time, 25
My griefs shall find an ample rhyme ;
Now towards the left your heifer through
These willow beds and elms pursue,
For, when the meadows glow with heat,
Our bull delights for his retreat 30
To choose that nook, and stalking there
'Mid the cool shadows makes his lair,
And to his dewlap bids repass
His matin meal of half-chewed grass.

IOLLAS.

No, Lycidas, 'tis here I stay, 35
Howe'er your pride wish me away.

Tityre, quas dixit, salices pete laevus, et illinc,
Si tamen invenies, deprensam verbere multo 20
Huc age ; sed fractum referas hastile memento.
Nunc age dic, Lycida : quae vos tam magna tulere
Iurgia ? quis vestro deus intervenit amori ?

LYCIDAS.

Phyllide contentus sola, tu testis, Iolla, es,
Calliroen sprevi, quamvis cum dote rogaret. 25
En sibi cum Mopso calamos intexere cera
Incipit, et puero comitata sub ilice cantat.
Haec ego cum vidi, fateor, sic intimus arsi,
Ut nihil ulterius tulerim : nam protinus ambas
Diduxi tunicas, et pectora nuda cecidi. 30

Search, Tityrus, these willows through,
Search leftward as he said to you,
And, if you chance to find her there,
Bring here your captive, never spare 40
The unrestricted lash, but mind,
Leave not your broken crook behind.
Now tell me, Lycidas, what high
Contention crossed your amity,
Who was the power malign, that came 45
Betwixt you and your whilom flame?

LYCIDAS.

Content with Phyllis' love was I,
You can, Iollas, testify,
And therefore to Callirrhoe mute,
Albeit a dower backed her suit ; 50
When suddenly the wanton maid
Joins her with wax by Mopsus' aid
New reeds, and with her boyish swain
Beneath the ilex lifts her strain.
This sight, scarce seen for very shame, 55
Set all my inmost heart aflame,
Nor further insult might I brook,
For in a sudden heat I took
And downward rent her double vest
To beat her unprotected breast ; 60

Alcippen irata petit, dixitque : relicto
Improbe, te, Lycida, Mopsum tua Phyllis amabit.
Nunc penes Alcippen manet, ac ne forte vagetur,
Ah vereor : nec tam nobis ego Phyllida reddi
Exopto, quam quod Mopso iurgetur anhelò. 35

IOLLAS.

A te coeperunt tua iurgia. Tu prior illi
Victas tende manus ; decet indulgere puellae,
Vel cum prima nocet. Si quid mandare iuvabit,
Sedulus iratae contingam nuntius aures.

LYCIDAS.

Iamdudum meditor, quo Phyllida carmine placem. 40
Forsitan audito poterit mitescere cantu ;

Alcippe sought the wrathful maid,
 And, as she left my presence, said,
 "From you your Phyllis' love shall pass
 To Mopsus, spiteful Lycidas."
 Just now she shares Alcippe's home, 65
 But, lest from door to door she roam
 Hereafter, much I fear, nor strain
 To win my Phyllis back again
 So hotly, as I pant to see
 Mopsus and her at enmity. 70

IOLLAS.

It was from you the quarrel burst
 To flame ; yourself be therefore first
 To stretch to her a suppliant hand ;
 Maidens our pardon may command,
 E'en though their fault bear earlier date, 75
 And if you trust me with your fate,—
 A zealous go-between,—I'll preach
 To ears incensed a humble speech.

LYCIDAS.

Long since to charm her back I try,
 And muse what song shall pacify ; 80
 It may be, when she hears my strain,
 Her heart may soften once again ;

Et solet illa meas ad sidera ferre Camoenas.

IOLLAS.

Dic age, nam cerasi tua cortice verba notabo,
Et decisa feram rutilanti carmina libro.

LYCIDAS.

Hastibi, Phylli, preces iam pallidus, hos tibi cantus 45
Dat Lycidas, quos nocte miser modulator acerba,
Dum flet, et excluso disperdit lumina somno.
Non sic dstricta marcescit turdus oliva,
Non lepus, extremas legulus cum sustulit uvas,
Ut Lycidas domina sine Phyllide tabidus erro. 50
Te sine, vae misero, mihi lilia nigra videntur,
Nec sapiunt fontes, et acescunt vina bibenti.

Know you her wont is to exalt
My verses to the starry vault ?

IOLLAS.

Speak then, for on this cherry bark 85
Your graven phrases will I mark,
And so your verses, shorn away
From the red rind, to her convey.

LYCIDAS.

To you these prayers, these lines to you
Doth Lycidas, now wan of hue, 90
Fair Phyllis, send ; ah ! woful wight !
He tunes them through the dismal night,
When drenched in tears he exiles sleep,
And wasted eyes sad vigils keep.
No thrush so dwindles on lean fare 95
When olive trees are stript and bare,
No hare so shrinks to meagre shape
When gleaners pick the latest grape,
As barred my queen's, my Phyllis' love
I, Lycidas, all wasted rove. 100
For when you are not by, alack !
Then lilies change from white to black,
Each pleasant runnel tasteless grows,
And sour each draught of Bacchus flows.

At si tu venias, et candida lila fient,
Et sapient fontes, et dulcia vina bibentur.
Ille ego sum Lycidas, quo te cantante solebas 55
Dicere felicem, cui dulcia saepe dedisti
Oscula, nec medios dubitasti rumpere cantus,
Atque inter calamos errantia labra petisti.
Ah dolor, et post haec placuit tibi torrida Mopsi
Vox, et carmen iners, et acerbae stridor avenae? 60
Quem sequeris? quem, Phylli, fugis? formosior illo
Dicor, et hoc ipsum mihi tu iurare solebas.
Sum quoque divitior: certaverit ille tot haedos
Pascere, quot nostri numerantur vespere tauri.
Quid tibi, quae nosti, referam? scis, optima Phylli, 65

But should your presence grace us, then 105
The lilies will be white again :
No longer runnels tasteless pour,
And Bacchus' draughts be sweet once more.
I am that Lycidas, whose voice,
You vowed, could make you oft rejoice 110
To hear its tones, on whom you rained
Delicious kisses unrestrained
Full many a time ; nay, thought not wrong
To interrupt my half-heard song,
Seeking once more to kiss in play 115
My lips, as o'er the reeds they stray.
Ah grief! and could you in the end
To love of Mopsus condescend !
His feeble Muse, his rough-toned speech,
His scrannel straw's ill-grating screech ! 120
Whom follow you, whom, Phyllis, fly ?
Far goodlier man, they say, am I,
Than e'er was he ; that this is so,
Your own lips told me long ago.
His means too cannot match with mine, 125
Let him but try to feed as fine
A flock of kids, as I can call
My herd of bulls at evening fall.
Yet needs not, gentle maid, that I
Refresh your untired memory. 130

Quam numerosa meis siccetur bucula mulctris,
Et quam multa suos suspendat ad ubera natos.
Sed mihi nec gracilis sine te fiscella salicto
Texitur, et nullo tremuere coagula lacte.
Quod si dura times etiam nunc verbera, Phylli, 70
Tradimus ecce manus : licet illae et vimine torto
Scilicet et lenta post tergum vite domentur,
Ut mala nocturni religavit brachia Mopsi
Tityrus, et furem medio suspendit ovili.
Accipe, ne dubites, meruit manus utraque poenas. 75
His tamen, his isdem manibus tibi saepe palumbes,
Saepe etiam leporem, decepta matra, paventem
Misimus in gremium ; per me tibi lilia prima

How many heifers drain their teat
Into our dairy-pails you weet ;
How large the milky mothers' ring,
When round their dugs the younglings cling.
But I've no skill, bereft of thee, 135
To weave me from the willow tree
A slender strainer, nor to make
Each pan of milk with rennet shake.
But if you may not even yet,
Sweet Phyllis, those ill blows forget, 140
See I surrender here my hands,
Bid them be bound with firmest bands
Of withes behind my back, and tough
Vine saplings add correction rough.
As Tityrus late to the side 145
Of nightly-prowling Mopsus tied
His thievish arms, and high among
The folded sheep that robber hung.
Seize, seize them, do not hesitate,
Each hand alike deserves its fate ; 150
And yet 'twas oft their lucky hap
To fill with turtle doves your lap ;
Oft too a trembling leveret
Snared with its mother in my net
These self-same hands to you conveyed ; 155
The earliest lilies by my aid,

Contigerunt, primaeque rosae ; vixdum bene florem
Degustabat apis, tu cingebare coronis. 80
Aurea sed forsán mendax tibi munera iactat,
Qui metere occidua ferales nocte lupinos
Dicitur, et cocto pensare legumine panem :
Qui sibi tunc felix, tunc fortunatus habetur,
Vilia cum subigit manualibus hordea saxis. 85
Quod si turpis amor precibus, quod abominor, istis
Obstiterit, laqueum miseri nectemus ab illa
Ilice, quae nostros primum violavit amores.
Hi tamen ante mala figentur in arbore versus :
Credere, pastores, levibus nolite puellis ; 90
Phyllida Mopsus amat, Lycidan habet ultima rerum.

The earliest roses, you possess'd,
Scarce had the bee some floweret, press'd
For honey, sipped, a garland bound
Your brow with circling blooms around. 160
But yet this liar may perchance
His glittering gifts to you enhance,
Who oft at hush of night, 'tis said,
Plucks lupines—offerings of the dead,—
And many a while his lack of cates 165
With sodden pottage compensates ;
Who deems himself then blessed by Fate,
Then to be hailed as fortunate,
When his own hands his handmill turn,
Grinding cheap barley in his quern. 170
But if (forbid it Powers Divine !)
Still rise to crush these prayers of mine
Some base affection, from yon tree
I'll hang to end this misery
A knotted cord—yon ilex there, 175
Which first profaned a love so fair.
Yet ere I die, this verse shall be
Engraven on th' ill-omened tree,
“Ye shepherd swains, be disinclined
To trust young maids of fickle mind, 180
Mopsus finds love in Phyllis' eyes,
And death claims Lycidas his prize.”

Nunc age, si quidquam miseris succurris, Iolla,
Perfer, et exora modulato Phyllida cantu.

Ipse procul stabo, vel acuta carice tectus,

Vel propius latitans vicina saepe sub horti.

95

IOLLAS.

Ibimus : et veniet, nisi me praesagia fallunt.

Nam bonus a dextra fecit mihi Tityrus omen,

Qui venit inventa non irritus ecce iuvenca.

Come now, Iollas, if you can
Succour a miserable man,
Convey to Phyllis these my prayers, 185
But set them first to plaintive airs.
I will betake me far afield,
Or crouch in prickly sedge concealed,
Or 'neath this neighbouring altar lie,
As oft in its vicinity. 190

IOLLAS.

We'll onward, she will soon appear,
If I can read these portents clear,
For see! an omen on the right!
Here's honest Tityrus in sight,
Bringing (nor was his search in vain) 195
My long-lost heifer in his train.

ECLOGA QUARTA.

MELIBOEUS, CORYDON, AMYNTAS.

MELIBOEUS.

Quid tacitus, Corydon, vultuque subinde minaci,
 Quidve sub hac platano, quam garrulus adstrepit
 humor,

Infesta statione sedes ? iuvat humida forsan
 Ripa, levatque diem vicini spiritus amnis ?

CORYDON.

Carmina iamdudum, non quae nemorale resultent, 5
 Volvimus, o Meliboe, sed haec, quibus aurea possint
 Saecula cantari, quibus et deus ipse canatur,
 Qui p̄pulos urbemque regit pacemque togatam.

ECLOGUE IV.

MELIBOEUS, CORYDON, AMYNTAS.

MELIBOEUS. *Seneca*

Say, Corydon, why speech subdued,
 And with a fitful boding mood,
 Or why beneath this plane, whose feet
 The streamlet's brawling waters beat,
 Do you thus strangely posted stay? 5
 Perhaps the bank, bedewed with spray,
 Delights you, or from yonder pool
 The day is fanned by breezes cool.

CORYDON.

O Meliboeus, for some time
 My thoughts are weaving into rhyme. 10
 No woodland joys my Muse engage,
 My song is of the Golden Age
 If I may sing it, yes, my theme
 Is of that self-same Power supreme,
 Who rules the peoples, rules the town 15
 And Peace robed in her civic gown.

MELIBOEUS.

Dulce quidem resonas, nec te diversus Apollo
Despicit, o iuvenis, sed magnae numina Romae 10
Non ita cantari debent, ut ovile Menalcae.

CORYDON.

Quidquid id est, silvestre licet videatur acutis
Auribus, et nostro tantum memorabile pago :
Dum mea rusticitas, si non valet arte polita
Carminis, at certe valeat pietate probari. 15
Rupe sub hac eadem, quam proxima pinus obumbrat,
Haec eadem nobis frater meditatur Amyntas,
Quem vicina meis natalibus admovet aetas.

MELIBOEUS.

Harmonious are your songs in sooth,
Nor doth Apollo, happy youth,
Look on you with averted eyes ;
But Rome's majestic deities 20
Demand a higher flight of wing,
Than when Menalcas' fold you sing.

CORYDON.

I care not if my song appears,
How slight soever, rude to ears
Acutely strung, and only meet 25
To mention in our village street :
This my uncourtliness of speech,
Although its rhythm fail to reach
A style urbane, deserves, you'll own,
Praise for its reverential tone. 30
With kindred thoughts beneath the shade,
Which o'er this rock yon pine has made,
With kindred thoughts to mine his Muse
My brother, young Amyntas, woos,
Whose age and mine so equal run 35
Our natal days are blent in one.

MELIBOEUS.

Iam puerum calamos et odoraе vincula cerae
Iungere non cohibes, levibus quem saepe cicutis 20
Ludere conantem vetuisti fronte paterna?
Dicentem, Corydon, te non semel ista notavi:
Frange, puer, calamos, et inanes desere Musas;
I, potius glandes rubicundaque collige corna,
Duc ad mulctra greges, et lac venale per urbem 25
Non tacitus porta. Quid' enim tibi fistula reddet
Quo tutere famem? certe mea carmina nemo
Praeter ab his scopulis ventosa remurmurat Echo.

CORYDON.

Haec ego, confiteor, dixi, Meliboee, sed olim:

MELIBOEUS.

What ? can the lad (and you consent)
With bands of fragrant wax cement
His joints of sounding reedstems now ?
Yet oft with right paternal brow, 40
If e'er on hemlock slight he tried
An air, your license you denied.
Yes, Corydon, not once nor twice
I marked you giving this advice ;
“ Break, boy, thy vocal reeds to bits, 45
And cry the thankless Muses quits ;
Go, better far to stack up rows
Of acorns and plum-coloured sloes,
Lead cattle to the milking-pail,
And through the City hawk for sale 50
Thy milk, nor voice, nor cry be mute.
For where's the harvest of thy flute
To stay withal thy hunger pains ?
For past a doubt not one my strains
Repeats, except the Echo's sough, 55
Reverberating from yon bluff.”

CORYDON.

I own, I used such words before,
But, Meliboeus, 'twas of yore ;

Non eadem nobis sunt tempora, non deus idem. 30
Spes magis arridet : certe ne fraga rubosque
Colligerem, viridique famem solarer hibisco,
Tu facis, et tua nos alit indulgentia farre.
Tu nostras miseratus opes docilemque iuventam,
Hiberna prohibes ieiunia solvere fago. 35
Ecce nihil querulum per te, Meliboee, sonamus ;
Per te segura saturi recubamus in umbra,
Et fruimur silvis Amaryllidos, ultima nuper
Littora terrarum, nisi tu, Meliboee, fuisses,
Ultima visuri, trucibusque obnoxia Mauris 40
Pascua Geryonis, liquidis ubi cursibus ingens
Dicitur occiduas impellere Baetis arenas.
Scilicet extremo nunc vilis in orbe iacerem,

Our times are altered now, I deem,
And altered too our God supreme. 60
Hope brighter smiles : if certes I
The bramble's fruit or strawberry
Collect not, nor my hunger-pain
With green marsh-mallows yet restrain,
'Tis all your doing, and with bread 65
By your indulgence we are fed.
Compassionating in kind ruth
Our slender means and quick-schooled youth,
You will not let us break our fast
On winter stores of beechen mast, 70
Through thee alone no plaintive note
Wakes, Meliboeus, from our oat ;
Through thee full-fed in careless ease
We lounge beneath these leafy trees,
Or Amaryllis' woodland lair, 75
Who, save for Meliboeus' care,
Were destined lately to explore
Earth's farthest, aye, her farthest shore,
And Geryon's meads, a wealthy prize
To tempt the fierce Moor's avarice, 80
Where Baetis huge, so legends say,
Rolls downward on his western way
To find the shore. Good sooth should I
At the world's end an outcast lie,

Ah dolor, et pecudes inter conductus Iberas
Irrita septena modularer sibila canna : 45
Nec quisquam nostras inter dumeta Camoenas
Respiceret: non ipse daret mihi forsitan aurem,
Ipse deus vacuum, longeque sonantia vota
Scilicet extremo non exaudiret in orbe.
Sed nisi forte tuas melior sonus avocat aures, 50
Et nostris aliena magis tibi carmina rident,
Vis, hodierna tua subigatur pagina lima ?
Nam tibi non tantum venturos discere nimbos,
Agricolis qualemque ferat sol aureus ortum,
Attribuere dei, sed dulcia carmina saepe 55
Concinis, et modo te Baccheis Musa corymbis
Munerat, et lauro modo pulcher obumbrat Apollo.

Or hired, ah well a day! to keep 85
Iberian herds and flocks of sheep,
Or pour an ineffectual strain,
And to my sevenfold pipe complain.
No mortal wight should condescend
My bushborn Muses to befriend 90
With kindly look; no listening ear
Our sovran lord should lend to hear,
Nor catch the far, far echoing sound
Of prayers from earth's remotest bound.
But if no more aspiring lay 95
Shall chance your ears to steal away,
Nor verse that falls from other lips
Your pleasure in my songs eclipse,
That verse (why not?) this day I writ
Your critic file shall polish it. 100
For not alone you recognize
The coming tempests ere they rise
On husbandmen, or how the morn
Will prove from ruddy sunset born
(From Heaven to you this knowledge grows), 105
But sweetest melodies compose
Full often; now the Tragic Muse
With bunches due to Bacchus woos
Your gifts, and with his laurel now
Beauteous Apollo shades your brow. 110

Quod si tu faveas trepido mihi, forsitan illos
Experiar calamos, here quos mihi doctus Iollas
Donavit, dixitque : Truces haec fistula tauros 60
Conciliat, nostroque sonat dulcissima Fauno.
Tityrus hanc habuit, cecinit qui primus in istis
Montibus Hyblaea modulabile carmen avena.

MELIBOEUS.

Magna petis, Corydon, si Tityrus esse laboras :
Ille fuit vates sacer, et qui posset avena 65
Praesonuisse chelym, blandae cui saepe canenti
Allusere ferae, cui substitit advena quercus,
Quem modo cantantem rutilo spargebat acantho
Nais, et implicitos comebat pectine crines.

But oh! if you would gratify
My longing, haply I might try
Those reeds, which yesterday to me
Iollas, skilled in melody,
Presented with a simple word, 115
“ This pipe doth tame the fiercest herd
Of bulls, and on our Faunus’ ear
Its music strikes most dulcet clear.
’Twas Tityrus that owned it erst,
Who in these mountains was the first 120
To carol ditties, that might suit
The tones of Hybla’s sweetest flute.”

MELIBOEUS.

Your aims, my Corydon, are high,
If to be Tityrus you try;
A bard inspired with heaven-born fire, 125
His pipe might well outsing that lyre
Whose tone could draw to frolic game
Wild beasts, and bade the oaks, that came
To listen, halt; when he did sing,
The Naiad oft a wreath would bring 130
Of red Acanthus blooms, and try
His tangled locks to comb and tie.

CORYDON.

Est fateor, Meliboee, deus, sed nec mihi Phoebus 70
Forsitan abnuerit ; tu tantum commodus audi :
Scimus enim, quam te non aspernetur Apollo.

MELIBOEUS.

Incipe, nam faveo, sed prospice, ne tibi forte
Tinnula tam fragili respiret fistula buxo,
Quam resonare solet, si quando laudat Alexim. 75
Hos potius calamos, magis hos sectare canales,
Et preme, qui dignas cecinerunt consule silvas.
Incipe, ne dubita. Venit en et frater Amyntas :
Cantibus iste tuis alterno succinet ore.
Dicite, ne mora sit, vicibusque reducite carmen : 80

CORYDON.

Inspired he is, I must confess ;
Yet, Meliboeus, none the less
Phoebus may deign myself to hear, 135
So you but lend a kindly ear :
For well I weet Apollo ne'er
Can slight you, or despise your prayer.

MELIBOEUS.

Proceed, for I'm a critic kind,
Yet warily, or you may find 140
The fragile boxwood prove too weak,
Forcing your tinkling pipe to squeak
A note so slight as that, whene'er
Alexis' praises are its care.
Rather, far rather set your mind 145
Those reeds, those well-joined pipes, to find
Which whilom sung, when I besought
" Woods worthy of a consul's thought."
Begin, and have no thought of me.
Your brother, too, Amyntas, see, 150
Alternate to your every strain
His lips shall echo a refrain.
Begin, ye must not dally long,
And each by turns take up the song :

Tuque prior, Corydon, tu proximus ibis, Amynta.

CORYDON.

Ab Iove principium, si quis canit aethera, sumat,
Si quis Atlantiaci molitur pondus Olympi :
At mihi, qui nostras praesenti numine terras
Perpetuamque regit iuvenili robore pacem, 85
Laetus et Augusto felix arrideat ore.

AMYNTAS.

Me quoque facundo comitatus Apolline Caesar
Respiciat, montes neu dedignetur adire,
Quos et Phoebus amat, quos Iuppiter ipse tuetur :
In quibus augustos visuraque saepe triumphos 90
Laurus fructificat, vicinaque nascitur arbos.

You, Corydon, lead off, and then, 155
Amyntas, you reply again.

CORYDON.

Let every bard prelude with Jove,
Who would extol the realms above,
Whoso Olympus' weight would bear,
By Atlas balanced in mid air. 160
And he, th' incarnate God, whose sway
All lands of this our earth obey,
By whose young prowess ne'er shall cease
The blessings of eternal peace,
Let him, a bright propitious friend, 165
Imperial patronage extend.

AMYNTAS.

Me too shall Caesar, in whose train
Moves eloquent Apollo, deign
To have respect unto, nor fear
Among these mountains to appear, 170
Sharers alike of Phoebus' love,
And of the guardian care of Jove :
Mountains, where bays fair-fruited blow,
And oaks companionably grow,
Destined through many a coming day 175
Imperial triumphs to survey.

CORYDON.

Ipse polos etiam qui temperat igne geluque,
Iuppiter ipse parens, cui tu iam proximus ipse,
Caesar, abes, posito paulisper fulmine saepe
Cressia rura petit, viridique reclinis in antro 95
Carmina Dictaeis audit Curetica silvis.

AMYNTAS.

Aspicias, ut virides audito Caesare silvae
Conticeant ? memini, quamvis urgente procella,
Sic nemus immotis subito requiescere ramis,
Et dixi : deus hinc, certe deus expulit Euros : 100
Nec mora ; Pharsalae solverunt sibila cannae.

CORYDON.

He even, who doth ever mould
Heaven's climes by change of heat and cold,
Great Jove, the universal sire,
(From whom thou, Caesar, may'st aspire, 180
Thyself to hold the second place),
Dropping his thunderbolts a space,
Oft wends to Cretan meads his way,
And lists to some Curetic lay,
Reclined at ease in verdant cave, 185
O'er which Dictæan forests wave.

AMYNTAS.

Mark you, how at the very sound
Of Caesar's name the greenwood round
Grows wholly still? my thought recalls,
How when the air was thick with squalls, 190
Yon leafy copse stood all at rest,
And not a breeze the boughs possessed;
"A God," I cried, "'tis sure a God,
Drive hence the east winds with his nod,"
And forthwith each Pharsalian reed 195
Their piping notes from dumbness freed.

CORYDON.

Aspicias, ut teneros subitus vigor excitet agnos?
Utque superfuso magis ubera lacte graventur,
Et nuper tonsis exundent vellera foetis?
Hoc ego iam, memini, semel hac in valle notavi, 105
Et, venisse Palen, pecoris dixisse magistros.

AMYNTAS.

Scilicet omnis eum tellus, gens omnis adorat,
Diligiturque deis : quem sic taciturna verentur
Arbuta, cuius iners audito nomine tellus
Incaluit, floremque dedit, cui silva vocato 110
Densat odore comas, stupefacta regerminat arbos.

CORYDON.

Yon tender lambkins, do but mark,
Thrill with a sudden vigorous spark,
And see! the ewes' teats weightier show,
Flushed with the milk's o'erpouring flow, 200
And fuller fleeces do adorn
Those dams that were so lately shorn.
This scene (so runs my memory)
Once in this valley met my eye
Before; then spake the shepherds thus, 205
"Pales is come to visit us."

AMYNTAS.

Yea, every country, every tribe,
Worship and praise to Him ascribe,
And He is by all gods beloved
To whom yon arbutes thus unmoved 210
Do reverence: from the sluggish Earth,
Warmed to new life, fresh flowers had birth,
When she had only heard his name;
The forest, stirred by his acclaim,
Her boskage lavishly perfumes, 215
And awe-charmed trees renew their blooms.

CORYDON.

Illius ut primum senserunt numina terrae,
Coepit et uberior, sulcis fallentibus olim,
Luxuriare seges, tandemque legumina plenis
Vix resonant siliquis, nec praefocata malignum 115
Messis habet lolium, nec inertibus albet avenis.

AMYNTAS.

Iam neque damnatos metuit iactare ligones
Fossor, et inuento, si fors dedit, utitur auro.
Nec timet, ut nuper, dum iugera versat arator,
Ne sonet offenso contraria vomere massa, 120
Iamque palam presso magis et magis instat aratro.

CORYDON.

Ille dat, ut primas Cereri dare cultor aristas

CORYDON.

Soon as the lands began to feel
 His godlike influence o'er them steal,
 Furrows, which we had seen belie
 Our hopes, in new fertility 220
 Luxuriate ; beans full-podded yield
 No vacuous rattling, and the field
 Chokes not with darnel, weed malign,
 Nor fears the oats' unfruitful shine.

AMYNTAS.

Our swains need fear no more to ply 225
 Their spades as under penalty,
 But, if Dame Fortune's gifts are kind,
 May freely spend the gold they find ;
 Nor need the ploughman, as of yore,
 Upturning loosened clods, deplore, 230
 Lest his share's jarring note betray
 Some obstacle that blocks his way,
 For openly he leans him now
 More and more firmly on his plough.

CORYDON.

Through His boon Ceres can command 235
 Her firstfruits at each tiller's hand,

Possit, et intacto Bromium perfundere vino,
Ut nudus ruptas saliat calcator in uvas,
Utque bono plaudat paganica turba magistro, 125
Qui facit egregios ad pervia compita ludos.

AMYNTAS.

Ille meis pacem dat montibus : ecce per illum
Seu cantare iuvat, seu ter pede lenta ferire
Gramina, nullus obest : licet et cantare choreis,
Et cantus viridante licet mihi condere libro, 130
Turbida nec calamos iam surdant classica nostros.

CORYDON.

Numine Caesareo securior ipse Lycaeus
Pan recolit silvas, et amoena Faunus in umbra

And Bromius quaffs from many a vine,
 Libations now of unbroached wine,
 Through Him our bursting clusters greet
 The vintagers' bare-treading feet, 240
 Through Him the peasants shout acclaim
 To the kind Master of their game,
 Whene'er at crossings of the way
 He celebrates high holiday.

AMYNTAS.

He on our mountains Peace bestows : 245
 No obstacles, I trow, oppose
 (To Him be thanks) our wish to beat
 In triple measure with swift feet
 The sluggish grass, or rouse a glee ;
 To us both song and dance are free. 250
 Nay more, my Muse unfettered graves
 On yon green bark her rhythmic staves.
 Nor are our reedpipes henceforth drowned
 By the loud-braying trumpet's sound.

CORYDON.

Under this charm of Caesar's reign, 255
 Pan lighter-hearted doth again
 Visit each cool Lycaean glade,
 And Faunus in the pleasant shade

Securus recubat, placido quin fonte lavatur
Nais, et humanum non calcatura cruorem 135
Per iuga siccato velox pede currit Oreas.

AMYNTAS.

Di, precor, hunc iuvenem, quem vos, neque fallet, ab
 ipso
Aethere misistis, post longa reducite vitae
Tempora, vel potius mortale resolvite pensum,
Et date perpetuo coelestia fila metallo : 140
Sit deus, et nolit pensare Palatia coelo.

CORYDON.

Tu commutata seu Iuppiter ipse figura,
Caesar, ades, seu quis superum sub imagine falsa
Mortalique lates (es enim deus): hunc, precor,
 orbem,

Lies at his ease; the Naiads lave
In yonder Fount's unruffled wave 260
Their beauties; and, afraid no more
Of trampling in fresh human gore,
O'er hilltops the Oreads, fleet
Of limb, scour with unmoistened feet.

AMYNTAS.

O gods, I pray ye, this same youth 265
(For ye yourselves, in very sooth,
Did send Him down from Heaven to man),
After a life's far-lengthened span,
Recall to you, or else instead
Untwine for Him our mortal thread, 270
And grant Him a celestial skein
Of metal, that shall aye remain:
Let Him be God, yet not incline
For Heaven to change His Palatine.

CORYDON.

Thou Caesar (whether thou dost dare 275
Jove's form commuted thus to wear,
Or some supernal power lies
Hidden in counterfeited guise
Of mortal mould, yet God), I pray
Still may'st thou o'er this orb bear sway 280

Hos, precor, aeternus populos rege : sit tibi coeli 145
Vilis amor, coeptamque, pater, ne desere pacem.

MELIBOEUS.

Rustica credebam nemorales carmina vobis
Concessisse deos, et obesis auribus apta :
Verum, quae paribus modo concinuistis arenis,
Tam liquidum, tam dulce sonant, ut non ego malim,
Quod Peligna legunt examina, lambere nectar. 151

CORYDON.

O mihi quam tereti decurrens carmine versus
Tum, Meliboe, sonet, si quando in montibus istis
Dicar habere Larem, si quando nostra videre
Pascua contingat ; vellit nam saepius aurem 155

And these wide populaces prove
Thine empire endless : let thy love,
Great Father, slight its Heaven, nor cease
Thy new-inaugurated Peace.

MELIBOEUS.

My fancy used to whisper me, 285
That clownish was the melody
Bestowed on you by sylvan gods,
And fit for ears of dullard clods ;
But all your late concerted notes,
Proceeding from your well-matched oats, 290
Are melodies so clear, so sweet,
It were to me no dearer treat
To sip of that nectareous prize
Bees gather 'neath Pelignian skies.

CORYDON.

O Meliboeus, think but how 295
My verses' unimpassioned flow
Would sound at last a loftier chime,
If on these mountains any time
Some homestead I might call my own,
Or a small pasture ground be shown 300
Belonging by good hap to me ;
But whispered carping Poverty

Invida paupertas, et dixit : ovilia cura.

At tu, si qua tamen non aspernanda putabis,

Fer, Meliboee, deo mea carmina : nam tibi fas est
Sacra Palatini penetralia visere Phoebi.

Tu mihi talis eris, qualis qui dulce sonantem 160

Tityron e silvis dominam deduxit in urbem,

Ostenditque deos, et spreto, dixit, ovili,

Tityre, rura prius, sed post cantabimus arma.

AMYNTAS.

Respiciat nostros utinam fortuna labores

Pulchrior, et meritae faveat deus ipse iuventae : 165

Non tamen interea tenerum mactabimus haedum,

Et pariter subitae peragemus fercula coenae.

Too often, twitching at my ear,
 "Sheepfolds—thy one sole care is here."
 But then if these my songs perchance 305
 Win, any one, thy countenance,
 Bear them, O Meliboeus, bear
 Unto the god, for thou may'st dare
 Enter that consecrated shrine
 Of Phoebus on his Palatine. 310
 To me thou shalt extend such aid
 As did that friend, who whilom bade
 The sweet-voiced Tityrus remove
 To our royal city from his grove,
 Showed him the Powers, and thus advised, 315
 "O Tityrus, the fold despised,
 We first will sing the praise of meads,
 And afterwards of doughty deeds."

AMYNTAS.

Oh would that Fortune might beguile
 Our toil with more auspicious smile, 320
 And well deserving youth might find
 At God's own hands reception kind!
 We notwithstanding, while we wait,
 A tender kid will immolate,
 And homely dishes will prepare 325
 For a rough meal—our common care.

MELIBOEUS.

Nunc ad flumen oves deducite : iam fremit aestas,
Iam sol contractas pedibus magis admovet umbras.

MELIBOEUS.

Now marshal to the river side
Our flock ; for 'tis the hot noontide,
And to our feet with lessening sweep
The sun-chased shadows nearer creep. 330

ECLOGA QUINTA.

MYCON.

Forte Mycon senior, Canthusque, Myconis alumnus,
 Torrentem patula vitabant ilice solem,
 Cum iuveni senior praecepta daturus alumno
 Talia verba refert tremulis titubantia labris :

MYCON.

Quas errare vides inter dumeta capellas, 5
 Canaque lascivo concidere gramina morsu,
 Canthe puer, quos ecce greges a monte remotos
 Cernis in aprico decerpere gramina campo,
 Hos tibi do senior iuveni pater, ipse tuendos
 Accipe, iam certe potes insudare labori, 10

ECLOGUE V.

MYCON.

The aged Mycon on a day
 Beneath a spreading holmoak lay
 With Canthus, Mycon's foster son,
 Intent the blazing heat to shun,
 The while his sire, alert to store 5
 His youthful mind with garnered lore,
 In corresponding measures sang
 With trembling lips and quavering twang.

MYCON.

Yon herd of she-goats which you may
 See there among the thickets stray, 10
 And with a playful nibbling bite
 The grasses yet from hoarfrost white,
 And, Canthus lad, yon flock of sheep,
 Which you can see the mountain steep
 Desert for yonder sunny mead, 15
 And busy on its pastures feed,
 These, Boy, your aged sire I make
 My gift to you, yourself must take
 And tend them well, for you can moil,
 I doubt not, lad, can sweat and toil, 20

Iam pro me gnavam potes exercere iuventam.
Aspicias, ut nobis aetas iam mille querelas
Afferat et baculum premat inclinata senectus ?
Sed qua lege regas et amantes lustra capellas,
Et melius pratis errantes mollibus agnas, 15
Percipe. Vere novo, quum iam tinnire volucres
Incipient, nidosque reversa lutabit hirundo,
Protinus hiberno pecus omne movebis ovili.
Tunc etenim melior vernanti gramine silva
Pullat, et aestivas reparabilis inchoat umbras, 20
Tunc florent silvae, viridisque renascitur annus,
Tunc Venus et calidi scintillat fervor amoris,
Lascivumque pecus salientes accipit hircos.

And in my stead need never shirk
Your young intelligence to work.
Mark you, how now advancing years
Bring in their train a thousand cares
To me, how Age with stooping gait 25
Leans on a trusty staff his weight?
But by what law to rule the goats—
A tribe that on the bushes doats,
And lambs—a flock that better feeds
While wandering through the grassy meads, 30
Learn now and know. In early spring,
When birds their busy twittering
Begin, and with fresh clay is drest
The home-returning swallow's nest,
Let the whole flock without delay 35
From winter folds be moved away;
Then do the budding woods afford
A freer range of fresh greensward,
And once again in every glade
Re-introduce the summer shade, 40
Then woods put on their leafy train,
And the green year is born again;
Then Venus reigns, and in all eyne
Love's fervid passions sparkling shine;
And in their wanton sport the flock 45
Receives the he-goats' covering shock.

Sed non ante greges in pascua mitte reclusos,
Quam fuerit placata Pales. Tum cespite vivo 25
Pone focum, Geniumque loci Faunumque Laresque
Salso farre voca : tepidos tunc hostia cultros
Imbuat ; hac etiam, dum vivit, ovilia lustra.
Nec mora, tunc campos ovibus, dumeta capellis,
Orto sole dabis, simul hunc transcendere montem 30
Coeperit et primae spatium tepefecerit horae.
At si forte vaces, dum matutina relaxat
Frigora sol, tumidis spumantia mulctra papillis
Implebit, quod mane fluet, rursusque premetur
Mane, quod occiduae mulsura redegerit horae. 35
Parce tamen foetis, nec sint compendia tanti,

But when the sheep have left the pen
Set them not free to browse again
Till Pales be propitiate
With sacrifice. An altar straight 50
Build thou of freshly springing sods ;
Invoke with salted meal the gods,
The guardian genius of the spot
The Lars and Faunus. Then the hot
Life-blood must from a victim steep 55
Your ploughshares ; and the folds for sheep
Purge with his blood ere life be gone.
Then stay no longer, but lead on
Your goats to thickets, browsing sheep
To plains, when first o'er yonder steep 60
The sun begins his early climb,
And warms the hour of matin prime.
But if mayhap you're free to wait
Until the sun's rays dissipate
The early frosts, your morning store 65
Shall brim the milk-pails foaming o'er
From full-swoln udders, and beside
Whate'er the evening's milking tide
Shall reproduce you must again
For cheeses in the morning strain. 70
But spare the newly-weaned, nor let
Your thrift at such high rate be set,

Destruat ut niveos venalis caseus agnos :
Nam tibi praecipuo foetura coletur amore.
Te quoque non pudeat, quum serus ovilia vises,
Si qua iacebit ovis partu resoluta recenti, 40
Hanc humeris portare tuis, natosque tepenti
Ferre sinu tremulos et nondum stare paratos.
Nec tu longinquas procul a praesepibus herbas,
Nec nimis amotae sectabere pabula silvae,
Dum peragit vernum Iovis inconstantia tempus. 45
Veris enim dubitanda fides : modo fronte serena
Blandius arrisit, modo cum caligine nimbos
Intulit, et miseris torrentibus abstulit agnas.
At cum longa dies sitientes afferet aestus,

That snow-white lambs find cause to rue
Each gainful cheese to market due ;
For dams at yeaning-tide shall prove 75
The foremost objects of your love.
But if your sheepfolds ever claim
A midnight visit, let not shame
Forbid you, where some sick ewe lies
Spent with her fresh birth-agonies, 80
Such on your shoulder to upheave,
And to your bosom's warmth receive
Her new-dropt shivering progeny,
Unused as yet young feet to try.
But grassy pastures, that lie far 85
From where your stalled inclosures are,
Choose not, nor let your stores of food
Be sought in too remote a wood,
Whilst Jove with his unsettled sky
Doth balk the Spring continually. 90
For Spring's good faith is marred by guile :
Sometimes she wears a genial smile
On her clear face, and then again
Clouds it with darkening storms of rain,
And down the torrent's rushing way 95
Hurries your lambs, a hapless prey.
But when the thirst-creating blaze
Of summer grows with lengthening days,

Nec fuerit variante deo mutabile coelum, 50
Iam silvis committe greges, iam longius herbas
Quaere, sed ante diem pecus exeat : humida dulces
Efficit aura cibos, quoties fugientibus Euris
Frigida nocturno tinguntur pascua rore,
Et matutinae lucent in gramine guttae. 55
At simul argutae nemus increpuere cicadae,
Ad fontem compelle greges, nec protinus herbas
Et campos permitte sequi : sine protegat illos
Interea veteres quae porrigit esculus umbras.
Verum ubi declivi iam nona tepescere sole 60
Incipiet, seraeque videbitur hora merendae,
Rursus pasce greges et opacos desere lucos.

Nor with the shifting mood of Jove
The sky is changeable above, 100
Then to the woods your flocks confide,
And seek for pastures far and wide,
But let the cattle forward fare
Ere peep of day ; the dewy air
Sweetens their banquet on the crops, 105
Oft as at eve the east wind drops,
And dews, that coming nightfall yields,
Drench all the frozen pasture fields,
And with their drops, as morning beams,
Each blade of grass translucent gleams. 110
But when shrill crickets chirruping
Have made the woodland echoes ring,
Straight to the fountain drive your sheep,
Nor suffer them unchanged to keep
Their station in the grassy glade ; 115
See them protected by the shade
Of aged oaks, which far and wide
Fold them in shadow where they bide.
But when the ninth hour has begun
Beneath a downward sloping sun 120
To cool apace, and you shall feel
'Tis time for afternoon's late meal,
Let the flocks o'er the pastures rove
Once more, and quit the shaded grove.

Nec prius aestivo pecus includatur ovili,
Quam levibus nidis somnos captare volucris
Cogitet, ac tremuli dent mulctra coagula lactis. 65
Cum iam tempus erit maternas demere lanas,
Hircorumque iubas et olentes caedere barbas.
Ante tamen secerne pecus, gregibusque notatis
Consimiles include comas, ne longa minutis,
Mollia ne duris coeant, ne candida fuscis. 70
Succida iam tereti constringito vellera iunco,
Sed tibi cum vacuas posito velamine costas
Denudabit ovis, circumspice, ne sit acuta
Forfice laesa cutis, tacitum ne pustula virus
Texerit occulto sub vulnere, quae nisi ferro 75

Nor on the cattle shut the door 125
 That bars the summer fold, before
 Each bird within her fragile nest
 Thinks to compose herself to rest
 Before coagulates in cream
 Each milk-pan's undulating stream. 130
 But when comes round the time of year
 Fleece-laden dams to closely shear,
 And he-goats' rank malodorous crop
 Of hairs on neck and chin to lop ;
 Yet, ere you start, divide the stock, 135
 And, when you've branded all the flock,
 Like qualities of fleeces sort
 Together, lest or long with short,
 Or smooth should mingle with the rough,
 Or light with those of darker stuff. 140
 Now where the greasy fleeces lie
 With wisps of reeds in bundles tie.
 But when, his woolly wrappings laid
 Aside, the sheep has once displayed
 His naked haunches to your gaze, 145
 Then lest the sharp shears chance to graze
 His skin, look heedfully around,
 Lest underneath the hidden wound
 Some blister its slow poison hide,
 Which, should the lancet not divide 150

Rumpitur, ah miserum fragili rubigine corpus
Arrodet sanies, et putrida contrahet ossa.
Providus (hoc moneo) viventia sulphura tecum,
Et scillae caput, et virosa bitumina porta,
Ulceribus laturus opem ; nec Brutia desit 80
Dura tibi ; liquido picis unguine terga, memento,
Si sint rasa, linas : vivi quoque pondera melle
Argenti coquito, lentumque bitumen aheno,
Impressurus ovi tua nomina, nam tibi lites
Auferet ingentes lectus possessor in armo. 85
Nunc etiam, dum siccus ager, dum fervida tellus,
Dum rimosa palus et multo torrida limo
Aestuat, et fragiles nimium sol pulverat herbas,

Alas! the bloody pus, that flows
 From sloughing sores, may decompose
 His carcase, crumbling all the bulk
 Of bones into a shrivelled hulk.
 Forearmed (this warning comes from me) 155
 Fresh sulphur, leek's head from the sea
 Bear in your hand ; nor less import
 Bitumen of the rankest sort,
 Relief for every ulcerous scar.
 Then also let stiff Bruttian tar 160
 Stand ready by you : should the hide
 (Mark well my words) be scarified,
 That unctuous liquid smear on it,
 In honey steep a massy bit
 Of quicksilver ; bitumen, too, 165
 Your pot shall melt to slimiest glue ;
 These serve to stamp your name withal,
 And stave off many a legal brawl,
 If on its shoulder clearly placed
 The owner's brand-mark can be traced. 170
 Now, too, while drought attacks the field,
 While parched is every wold and weald,
 And seamed with cracks the marshes lie,
 Bare sludge heaps reeking to the sky,
 Baked to the centre ; while soft blooms 175
 Of grass the sun to dust consumes,

Lurida conveniet succendere galbana septis,
Et tua cervino lustrare mapalia fumo. 90
Obfuit ille malis odor anguibus ; ipse videbis
Serpentum cecidisse minas ; non stringere dentes
Ulla potest uncos, sed inani debilis ore
Marcet, et obtuso iacet exarmata veneno.
Nunc age vicinae, circumspice, tempora brumae 95
Qua ratione geras. Aperit cum vinea sepes,
Et portat lectas securus circitor uvas,
Incipe falce nemus vivasque recidere frondes.
Nunc opus est teneras summatim stringere virgas,
Nunc hiemi servare comas, dum permanet humor, 100
Dum viret, et tremulas non excutit Africus umbras.

Within the folds 'twill serve your turn
Pale yellow galbanums to burn,
And with the hartshorn's subtle fumes
Deodorize your herdsmen's rooms. 180
Deadly that scent is found to be
To noxious snakes ; yourself may see
The darting reptiles' threatened air
Subside ; not one thenceforth may bare
His crooked poison-fangs, but draws 185
Nerveless with ineffectual jaws
His shrivelled bulk, and lays him low
His venom'd darts a pointless show.
Now list, and while the season brings
Midwinter, cast about for things 190
It soon will need, your plans dispose.
Soon as the vineyard clears its rows,
And your vine-dresser, free of cares,
The grapes fresh-gathered homeward bears,
Begin with knife your underwood 195
And sprouting saplings to denude.
Now is your time and task to lop
Its tender branches from the top ;
Now while the sap remains, to heap
Your brushwood up for winter-keep, 200
While yet 'tis green, nor Afric's blast
Earthward the dancing shade hath cast.

Has tibi conveniet tepidis foenilibus olim
Promere, cum pecudes extremus clausurit annus.
Hac tibi nitendum est : labor hic in tempore noster,
Gnavaque sedulitas redit et pastoria virtus. 105
Nec pigeat ramos siccis miscere recentes,
Et succos adhibere novos, ne torrida nimbis
Instet hiems, nimioque gelu nivibusque coactis
Incurvare vetet nemus et constringere frondes.
Tu tamen aut leves hederas aut molle salictum 110
Valle premes media : sitis est pensanda tuorum,
Canthe, gregum viridante cibo : nihil aridus illis,
Ingenti positus quamvis strue, prosit acervus,
Virgea si desunt liquido turgentio succo,

These you shall find it worth your while
Within the hayloft's warmth to pile,
But later, when the year grown old 205
Has penned your kine within the fold.
For this one purpose you must moil ;
To this still turns your annual toil,
A ceaseless round of active strife,
Joined with the manly shepherd life. 210
Nor deem it trouble lost to mix
Fresh branches with the withered sticks,
And 'introduce a new supply
Of sap, lest winter drawing nigh
Benumbing with his storm-clouds yield 215
O'erwhelming ice and snows congealed,
And thus your saplings stay unbent,
And stripping of their leaves prevent.
Yet ever in the midmost vale
You shall not ivies smooth-leaved fail 220
Nor limber willow grounds to shave
And prune ; that thirst your cattle have
For fresh green food must be appeased,
Nor, Canthus, let their wants be eased
From fodder heaps that moisture lack, 225
Though piled upon an ample stack.
But should you fail for lack of food
With sappy succulence endued,

Et quibus est aliquid plenae vitale medullae. 115
Praecipue gelidum stipula cum fronde caduca
Sterne solum, ne forte rigor penetrabile corpus
Urat, et interno vastet pecuaria morbo.

Plura quidem meminisse velim, nam plura super-
sunt :

Sed iam sera dies cadit, et iam sole fugato 120
Frigidus aestas impellit Noctifer horas.

Whose inmost pith abundant grows,
And with vitality o'erflows, 230
Be it your chiefest care to spread
Fresh stubble o'er their frozen bed
With fallen leaves, for fear a chill
Should nip them open to each ill
The winter brings, and decimate 235
Your cattle with a deep-set fate.
More would I fain recall to mind,
Since more, far more remains behind ;
But now the day belated dies,
Now is the sun expelled the skies, 240
While night's chill Marshal in his train
Drives forth the sunny hours amain.

ECLOGA SEXTA.

ASTILUS, LYCIDAS, MNASYLLUS.

ASTILUS.

Serus ades, Lycida : modo Nyctilus et puer Alcon
 Certavere sub his alterno carmine ramis,
 Iudice me, sed non sine pignore. Nyctilus haedos
 Iuncta matre dedit : catulum dedit ille leaenae,
 Iuravitque genus : sed sustulit omnia victor. 5

LYCIDAS.

Nyctilon ut cantu rudis exsuperaverit Alcon,
 Astile, credibile est, si vincat acanthida cornix,
 Vocalem superet si dirus aedona bubo.

ECLOGUE VI.

ASTILUS, LYCIDAS, MNASYLLUS.

ASTILUS.

Too late my Lycidas arrives,
 Awhile ago young Alcon strives
 With Nyctilus beneath this tree,
 In measures sung alternately,
 Myself the judge; the stakes stood thus, 5
 Two kids were pledged by Nyctilus,
 Who joined with them their dam to help,
 The other staked a lion-whelp,
 Swearing its pedigree on oath,
 And there as victor won them both. 10

LYCIDAS.

That Nyctilus could e'er be beat
 By untrained Alcon were a feat,
 Which, Astilus, I might suppose,
 If goldfinches succumb to crows,
 Or if the screech-owl, hoarse of throat, 15
 Surpassed the nightingale's sweet note.

ASTILUS.

Non potiar Petale, qua nunc ego maceror una,
Si magis aut docili calamorum Nyctilus arte, 10
Aut cantu magis est, quam vultu, proximus illi.

LYCIDAS.

Iam non decipior ; te iudice pallidus alter
Venit, et hirsuta spinosior histrice barba ;
Candidus alter erat, levique decentior ovo.
Et ridens oculis crinemque simillimus auro, 15
Qui posset dici, si non cantaret, Apollo.

ASTILUS.

O Lycida, si quis tibi carminis usus inesset,
Tu quoque laudatum posses Alcona probare.

ASTILUS.

Never be Petale mine own
 (For whom I waste for whom alone,)
 If any closer likeness be
 'Twixt him and Nyctilus to see, 20
 Than in their singing you shall note,
 Or piping on the tuneful oat.

LYCIDAS.

No longer can you gull me now ;
 Since Nyctilus as pale of brow
 Your judgment damned, his bristly beard 25
 As porcupine's rough quills upreared ;
 But fair was Alcon, with a cheek
 No smoothest egg was e'er so sleek,
 His eyes with laughter met your own,
 And hair that rivalled gold in tone ; 30
 In sooth he might Apollo be,
 Save only for his minstrelsy.

ASTILUS.

Ah ! Lycidas, if only song
 By practice did to you belong,
 You too might learn to recognize 35
 Alcon's true merit for the prize.

LYCIDAS.

Vis igitur, quoniam nec nobis, improbe, par es,
Ipse tuos iudex calamos committere nostris? 20
Vis conferre manus? veniat licet arbiter Alcon.

ASTILUS.

Vincere tu quemquam? vel te certamine quisquam
Dignetur, qui vix stillantes, aride, voces
Rumpis et expellis male singultantia verba?

LYCIDAS.

Fingas plura licet; nec enim potes, improbe, vera 25
Exprobrare mihi, sicut tibi multa Lycotas.
Sed quid opus vana consumere tempora lite?
Ecce venit Mnasyllus: erit, nisi forte recusas,

LYCIDAS.

Come, losel, since you may not be
Upon a par with even me,
Judge that you were, can you incline
Your reedpipe now to match with mine? 40
Will you strike hands? If you prefer,
Alcon may be the arbiter.

ASTILUS.

Vanquished by you was ever swain?
Could ever any contest deign
To wage with you, who, dry of throat, 45
Jerk out each harsh spasmodic note,
And drop by drop with stammering tongue
Your halting words abroad are flung?

LYCIDAS.

Lies you may tell and plenty too:
For you shall never cast those true 50
Reproaches, rogue, against my fame,
With which Lycotas brands your name.
But what avails us so to spend
Our time in wrangling without end?
See here's Mnasyllus: if, may be, 55
You raise no chance objections, he

Arbiter inflatis non credulus, improbe, verbis.

ASTILUS.

Malueram, fateor, vel praedamnatus abire, 30
Quam tibi certanti partem committere vocis.
Ne tamen hoc impune feras : en aspicias illum,
Candida qui medius cubat inter lilia cervum ?
Quamvis hunc Petale mea diligat, accipe victor.
Scit frenos et ferre iugum, sequiturque vocantem 35
Credulus, et mensae non improba porrigit ora.
Aspicias, ut fructicat late caput, utque sub ipsis
Cornibus et tereti pendent redimicula collo ?
Aspicias, ut niveo frons irretita capistro
Lucet, et a dorso, quae totam circuit alvum, 40

Shall prove the judge, that sets no heed,
 Losel, by all your bragging screed.

ASTILUS.

I must confess, I had preferred
 To quit you, though condemned unheard, 60
 Than I should match one rival note
 Of mine against your tuneless throat.
 However, that you may not brag
 Without a challenge, yonder stag
 Centred among the lilies fair 65
 That couches down, d' you mark him there?
 Though he be Petale's fond love,
 Yet take him, should you victor prove. X
 Both reins and yoke he's trained to bear,
 And follows unsuspecting, where 70
 You bid him come, and towards your food
 Stretches a mouth nor bold nor rude.
 Mark you, how wide and far they spread
 Those branching honours of his head?
 How pendent from the very horns 75
 A necklet his smooth throat adorns?
 And mark you, how his forehead, bound
 With snow-white frontlet fretted round,
 Glistens, and stretching from his back
 The lateral girth, whose wavy track 80

Alternat vitreas lateralis cingula bullas ?
Cornua subtiles ramosaque tempora molles
Implicuere rosae, rutiloque monilia torque
Extrema cervice natant, ubi pendulus apri
Dens sedet, et nivea distinguit pectora luna. 45
Hunc ego, qualemcunque vides, Mnasyllē, paciscor
Pendere, dum sciat hic se non sine pignore vinci.

LYCIDAS.

Terreri, Mnasyllē, suo me munere credit :
Aspice, quam timeam. Genus est, ut scitis, equarum
Non vulgare mihi, quarum de sanguine ponam 50
Velocem Petason, qui gramina matre relicta
Nunc primum teneris libavit dentibus. Illi

Embraces all the belly, shows
 Glass beads in alternating rows?
 The roses deftly intertwined
 Among his antlers softly wind
 His branching temples round about, 85
 And from beneath his neck swings out
 A collaret with golden chain,
 Wherein a pendent tusk is lain
 Of some wild boar, a mark to rest
 Like snow-white crescent on his breast. 90
 This stag, Mnasyllus, as you see,
 So mild, so tame, do I agree
 To stake, that Lycidas may wot
 Without some pledge he loses not.

LYCIDAS.

Frightened, Mnasyllus, do I seem 95
 At his grand stake? is such his dream?
 — Just mark the cowardice I show.
 A breed is mine, as well you know,
 Of choicest mares, no common breed,
 And of their stock am I agreed 100
 Swift-footed Pegasus to stake,
 Who left his mother for the sake
 Of pastures, which he now assays
 With tender teeth. My beast displays

Terga sedent, micat acre caput, sine pondere cervix,
Pes levis, adductum latus, excelsissima frons est,
Et tornata brevi substringitur ungula cornu, 55
Ungula, qua viridi sic exsultavit in arvo,
Tangeret ut fragiles, sed non curvaret, aristas :
Hunc dare, si vincar, silvestria numina iuro.

MNASYLLUS.

Et vacat, et vestros cantus audire iuvabit.
Iudice me sane contendite, si libet : istic 60
Protinus, ecce, torum fecere sub ilice Musae.

ASTILUS.

Sed ne vicini nobis sonus obstrepat annis,
Gramina linquamus ripamque volubilis undae.

A deepset back, a head and neck 105
 That tossing proudly feel no check
 From overbulk, feet fashioned slight,
 Thin flanks, and brow of massive height,
 While in its narrow horny sheath
 A well-turned hoof is bound beneath,— 110
 A hoof,—whose habit is to fly
 O'er green cornlands so rapidly,
 That e'en the slender ears of grain
 Unbent beneath its touch remain :
 Him swear I, by the gods that live 115
 In woodland, if I lose, to give.

MNASYLLUS.

Leisure and pleasure both agree
 To make me test your minstrelsy.
 While I the part of umpire play,
 An 't please ye, here contend, I pray, 120
 Forthwith ; a couch the Muses, see,
 Have spread beneath the ilex-tree.

ASTILUS.

But to escape the deafening din,
 That rises from the neighbouring linn,
 Be grassy meads by us forsook 125
 And margent of the babbling brook.

Namque sub exeso raucum mihi pumice lymphae
Respondent, et obest arguti glarea rivi. 65

LYCIDAS.

Si placet, antra magis vicinaque saxa petamus,
Saxa, quibus viridis stillanti vellere muscus
Dependet, scopulisque cavum sinuantibus arcum
Imminet exesa veluti testudine concha.

MNASYLLUS.

Venimus, et tacito sonitum mutabimus antro, 70
Seu residere libet, dabit, ecce, sedilia tophus,
Ponere seu cubitum, melior viret herba tapetis.
Nunc mihi seposita reddantur carmina lite,
Nam vicibus teneros malim cantetis amores :

For I encounter from the spray
 That eats yon pumice cliff away
 Hoarse echoes, and the whispering wave
 Against the gravel drowns my stave. 130

LYCIDAS.

If you object not, let our feet λ
 To caves and neighbouring cliffs retreat,
 Yon cliffs I mean, where pendent droops
 The verdant moss in fleecelike loops
 Distilling dew, while, threatening low, 135
 The curving rocks, like hollow bow,
 Resemble in their vaulted space
 A turtle's scooped-out carapace.

MNASYLLUS.

The quiet cave and noisy hum
 Shall be exchanged now we are come, 140
 And if to sit your wishes meets,
 The tufa, see, shall furnish seats,
 If to recline, the verdant grass
 All covered couches will surpass.
 Now that ye've put aside your wrongs 145
 Pay me the tribute of your songs,
 For interchangeably mine ear
 Would rather your soft love-songs hear :

Astile, tu Petalen, Lycida, tu Phyllida lauda. 75

LYCIDAS.

Tu modo nos illis iam nunc, Mnasyllæ, precamur,
Auribus excipias, quibus hunc et Acanthida nuper
Diceris in silva iudex audisse Thalea.

ASTILUS.

Non equidem possum, cum provocet iste, tacere.
Rumpor enim merito : nihil hic, nisi iurgia, quaerit. 80
Audiat aut dicat, quoniam cupit ; hoc mihi certe
Dulce satis fuerit, Lycidam spectare trementem,
Dum te stante palam sua crimina pallidus audit.

LYCIDAS.

Me, puto, vicinus Stimicon, me proximus Aegon

Praise Phyllis, Lycidas, to me,
And, Astilus, praise Petale. 150

LYCIDAS.

Meanwhile, Mnasyllus, you shall hear
Our contest with the self-same ear
(Thus we anticipating pray)
Which heard, 'tis said, the other day
Him and Acanthis in the wood,— 155
A judge Thalia-like in mood.

ASTILUS.

I vow I cannot hold my tongue,
When taunts like his abroad are flung.
My righteous anger needs a vent ;
For quarrels are his sole intent. 160
Let him give ear, or else recite,
Since he thus wills it ; 'twill be quite
Enough of joy, I know, to spear
At Lycidas unmanned by fear,
When in your presence unconcealed 165
He hears aghast his faults revealed.

LYCIDAS.

'Twas *me*, of course, friend Stimicon,
Me neighbour Ægon railed upon

Hos inter fructices tacite risere volentem 85
Oscula cum tenero simulare virilia Mopso.

ASTILUS.

Fortior o utinam nondum Mnasyllus adesset :
Efficerem, ne te quisquam tibi turpior esset.

MNASYLLUS.

Quid furitis ? quo vos insania tendere iussit ?
Si vicibus certare placet—sed non ego vobis 90
Arbiter : hoc alius possit discernere iudex.
Et venit, ecce, Mycon, venit et vicinus Iollas :
Litibus hi vestris poterunt imponere finem.

With secret glee amid these bays
 When *my* wish was by coaxing ways 170
 To hint to Mopsus' youthful mind
 In *me* a grown-up friend he'd find.

ASTILUS.

I wish a stronger man than I—
 Mnasyllus—had not yet come by :
 I'd take good care you ne'er were shown 175
 An uglier visage than your own. X

MNASYLLUS.

Why rage thus blindly? To what ends
 Does this your madness lead, my friends,
 If in alternate strains ye choose
 To match your powers—but I refuse 180
 To be your umpire: this debate ~
 Some other may adjudicate.
 See, friend Iollas' face I spy,
 And Mycon in his company ;
 They will be able to impose 185
 On this your strife a fitting close.

ECLOGA SEPTIMA.

LYCOTAS, CORYDON.

LYCOTAS.

Lentus ab urbe venis, Corydon ; vicesima certe
 Nox fuit, ut nostrae cupiunt te cernere silvae,
 Ut tua moerentes exspectant iubila tauri.

CORYDON.

O piger et duro non mollior axe, Lycota,
 Qui veteres fagos, nova quam spectacula, mavis 5
 Cernere, quae patula iuvenis deus edit arena.

LYCOTAS.

Mirabar, quae tanta foret tibi causa morandi,
 Cur tua cessaret taciturnis fistula silvis,

ECLOGUE VII.

LYCOTAS, CORYDON.

LYCOTAS.

Late from the city, Corydon,
You come ; the nights are close upon
A score, since this our woodland belt
A longing for your presence felt,
And since the bulls complaining all 5
Have listened for your well-known call.

CORYDON.

O dull and of no softer stuff,
Lycotas, you than axle tough !
On whom this beech-grove old bestows
More pleasure than those recent shows, 10
Which in th' arena's level space
Are held by our young Ruler's grace.

LYCOTAS.

Indeed I marvelled at your stay,
What cause there could be for delay,
Why in the silent woods around 15
Your pipe withheld its wonted sound ;

Et solus Stimicon caneret pallente corymbo ;
Quem sine te moesti tenero donavimus haedo. 10
Nam dum lentus abes, lustravit ovilia Thyrsis,
Iussit et arguta iuvenes certare cicuta.

CORYDON.

Scilicet invictus Stimicon et praemia dives
Auferat, accepto non solum gaudeat haedo,
Verum tota ferat, quae lustrat ovilia Thyrsis, 15
Non tamen aequabit mea gaudia, nec mihi, si quis
Omnia Lucanae donet pecuaria silvae,
Grata magis fuerint, quam quae spectamus in urbe.

LYCOTAS.

Dic age dic, Corydon, nec nostras invidus aures

Why Stimicon would sing alone,
 Pale ivy round his temples thrown ;
 To whom, distressed for loss of you,
 We gave the tender kid—your due. 20
 While loitering far from home you bide,
 Thyrsis the sheepfolds purified,
 And on the shrill-toned hemlock reed
 Bade youths contend for victory's meed.

CORYDON.

Well, be it so ! let Stimicon, 25
 Flushed with the wealth of trophies won,
 Bear off his prize, and not alone
 In one poor kid enjoyment own,
 But take whole sheepfolds, yea, whate'er
 Is purified by Thyrsis' care. 30
 He will not rise, when all is done,
 To joys like mine : let any one
 Make me this offer, " All the kine
 Within Lucania's woods be thine," λ
 Such gift could not more welcome be, 35
 Than what the city shows to me.

LYCOTAS.

Tell me, come tell me, Corydon,
 And cast not churlish looks upon

Despice : non aliter certe mihi dulce loquere, 20
Quam cantare soles, quoties ad sacra vocantur
Aut fecunda Pales aut pastoralis Apollo.

CORYDON.

Vidimus in coelum trabibus spectacula textis
Surgere, Tarpeium prope despectantia culmen,
Immensosque gradus, et clivos lene iacentes. 25
Venimus ad sedes, ubi pulla sordida veste
Inter femineas spectabat turba cathedras.
Nam quaecumque patent sub aperto libera coelo,
Aut eques aut nivei loca densavere tribuni.
Qualiter haec patulum concedit vallis in orbem, 30
Et sinuata latus, resupinis undique silvis,

Your listener, sooth as fain would I
List to your dulcet melody, 40
As when you charm us with your lay,
If, on some rural holiday,
Apollo as a shepherd dight
Or fruitful Pales we invite.

CORYDON.

I saw a theatre, which, hung 45
With interlacing rafters, sprung
To heaven, and seemed aloft to frown
Above the high Tarpeian crown,
And tiers in number without end,
And slopes that gently upward tend. 50
Then onward to the seats I press,
Where, meanly clad in sombre dress,
The vulgar crowd beside the chairs
Reserved for women sits and stares.
For all the seats that open lie 55
Beneath the Heaven's free canopy,
To these in robes of purest white
Had crowded tribune, crowded knight.
E'en as thou seest this lowly ground
Expand into a spacious round, 60
Whose sides pursue a sinuous track,
While forests everywhere fall back,

Inter continuos curvatur concava montes :
Sic ibi planitiem curvae sinus ambit arenae,
Et geminis medium se molibus alligat ovum.
Quid tibi nunc referam, quae vix suffecimus ipsi 35
Per partes spectare suas ? sic undique fulgor
Percussit : stabam defixus et ore patenti,
Cunctaque mirabar, necdum bona singula noram.
Tum mihi, tum senior lateri qui forte sinistro
Iunctus erat, Quid te stupefactum, rustice, dixit, 40
Ad tantas miraris opes ? qui, nescius auri,
Sordida tecta, casas, et sola mapalia nosti.
En ego tam tremulus, tam vertice canus, et ista
Factus in urbe senex, stupeo tamen omnia : certe

And 'mid the hills' unbroken chain
It winds along—a well-like plain—;
So there th' arena sweeping round 65
Girdles a ring of even ground,
And to tall piles on either side
The centre, oval-shaped, is tied.
How should I dare relate to you,
What mine own eyes might hardly view, 70
As still they roamed from part to part,
So much its glitter struck the heart
From every quarter; mazed in mood X
And with a gaping mouth I stood,
At the huge pile in wonder gazed, 75
Nor yet its several gems appraised.
Just then a greybeard (who, it chanced,
Had to my left side close advanced
His person,) thus did me accost,
“My country friend, if you are lost 80
In wonder at such wealth untold
What marvel? Ignorant of gold,
Dim homes and dark are all you wot,
A cabin or sequestered cot.
Mark me so weak with age, my crown 85
Of hairs so hoary, in this town
Grown to a veteran old in years,
Yet wondrous all to me appears.

Vilia sunt nobis, quaecumque prioribus annis 45
Vidimus, et sordet, quidquid spectavimus olim.
Balteus en gemmis, en illita porticus auro
Certatim radiant ; nec non, ubi finis arenae
Proxima marmoreo praebet spectacula muro,
Sternitur adiunctis ebur admirabile truncis, 50
Et coit in rotulum, tereti qui lubricus axe
Impositos subita vertigine falleret ungues,
Excuteretque feras. Auro quoque torta refulgent
Retia, quae totis in arenam dentibus exstant,
Dentibus aequatis ; et erat, mihi crede, Lycota, 55
Si qua fides, nostro dens longior omnis aratro.
Ordine quid referam ? vidi genus omne ferarum,

Certes whatever met our gaze
Whate'er we viewed in former days 90
Was little worth ; to this each show
Of by-past time was mean enow.
See ! faced with gold the top arcade,
See too ! with gems the belt inlaid,
In sheeny rivalry contend, 95
And where th' arena at its end
Brings up the show's decreasing space,
Close to the wall with marble face,
There ivory of the choicest sort
On bars close-welded is inwrought ; 100
Both in one cylinder cohere
To form a smooth and slippery sphere,
Whose sudden revolutions cheat
The climbing monsters' claws and feet,
Hurling them backwards ; wires of gold 105
Broad nets of vivid flame uphold,
Which, forwards to th' arena flung,
On massy tusks projecting hung,
Tusks matched with tusks in even size ;
Trust me, if ought of credit lies 110
In me, each tusk, Lycotas, there
Was more in length than our ploughshare.
But why each sight by turns report ?
Creatures I saw of every sort

Hic niveos lepores, et non sine cornibus apros,
Hic raram silvis etiam, quibus editur, Alcen.
Vidimus et tauros, quibus aut cervice levata 60
Deformis scapulis torus eminent, aut quibus hirtae
Iactantur per colla iubae, quibus aspera mento
Barba iacet, tremulisque rigent palearia setis.
Non solum nobis silvestria cernere monstra
Contigit: aequoreos ego cum certantibus ursis 65
Spectavi vitulos, et equorum nomine dictum,
Sed deforme pecus, quod in illo nascitur amni,
Qui sata riparum vernantibus irrigat undis.
Ah trepidi quoties nos discedentis arenae
Vidimus in partes, ruptaque voragine terrae 70

Hares with white furry snow adorned 115
And boars unnaturally horned,
And that strange elk, a creature rare
E'en in the woods that make its lair.
Bulls, too, I saw of either shape,
Or those, upon whose heightened nape 120
From shoulder-blades protruding grows
Upward a shapeless hump, or those
Over whose necks are wildly tossed
Their shaggy manes, their chins are mossed
With rugged beards, their dewlaps wear 125
A wavy mass of bristling hair.
Nor was it my good hap alone
To sight each uncouth monster known
To the wild woodland. Sea calves I
With bears in conflict might descry, 130
And those unsightly brutes, that claim
To borrow from the horse their name,
Bred by that stream whose rising spate
The springing crops doth irrigate.
How oft I, inly terrified, 135
Witnessed, as side withdrew from side,
The arena's level scene dispart,
And grisly monsters upward start

Emersisse feras ; et ab isdem saepe cavernis
Aurea cum croceo creverunt arbuta nimbo.

LYCOTAS.

O felix Corydon, quem non tremebunda senectus
Impedit, o felix, quod in haec tibi saecula primos,
Indulgente deo, demittere contigit annos. 75
Nunc tibi si propius venerandum cernere numen
Sors dedit, et praesens vultumque habitumque
notasti,
Dic age dic, Corydon, quae sit mihi forma deorum.

CORYDON.

O utinam nobis non rustica vestis inesset !
Vidissem propius mea numina : sed mihi sordes, 80
Pullaque paupertas, et adunco fibula morsu

From bursting refts of deep-sunk ground.
 How often from that gulf profound 140
 Gold-branching arbutes sprang to view,
 With fountain spray of saffron hue.

LYCOTAS.

Most happy, Corydon, your star !
 Not yet for you his jealous bar
 Age interposes, feeble age ! 145
 And fortunate, whose life's first stage
 Kind Heaven reserves in its fair prime
 To witness our auspicious time.
 But come now, tell me, if by right
 Of luck you won a clearer sight 150
 Of that dread Power, and noted there
 With your own eyes, his face, his air,
 Tell me, dear Corydon, I pray,
 What features do the gods display ?

CORYDON.

Oh would that then I had been dressed 155
 In other than a clownish vest !
 For closer thus to me had been
 My Deity, but struggles mean
 And dingy poverty stepped in,
 And brooch secured by crooked pin ; 160

Obfuerunt ; utcunque tamen conspeximus ipsum
Longius, ac, nisi me visus decepit, in uno
Et Martis vultus et Apollinis esse putavi.

FINIS.

Yet did I manage in a way,
Too far to please me, to survey
The very hero, and unless
My sight betrayed me, I should guess,
That in his lineaments you'd find 165
Mars and Apollo both combined.

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FINIS.



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