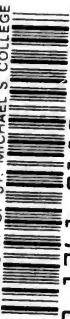


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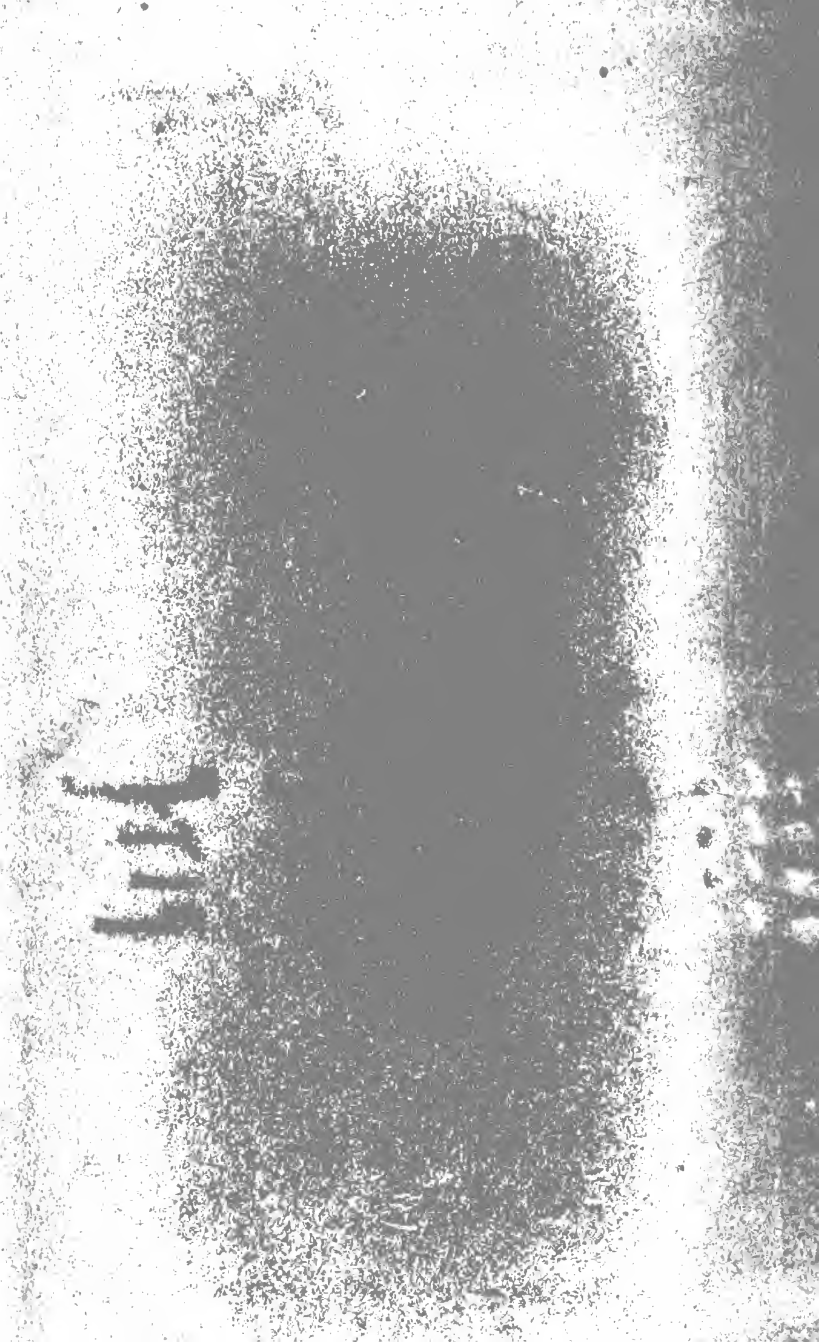


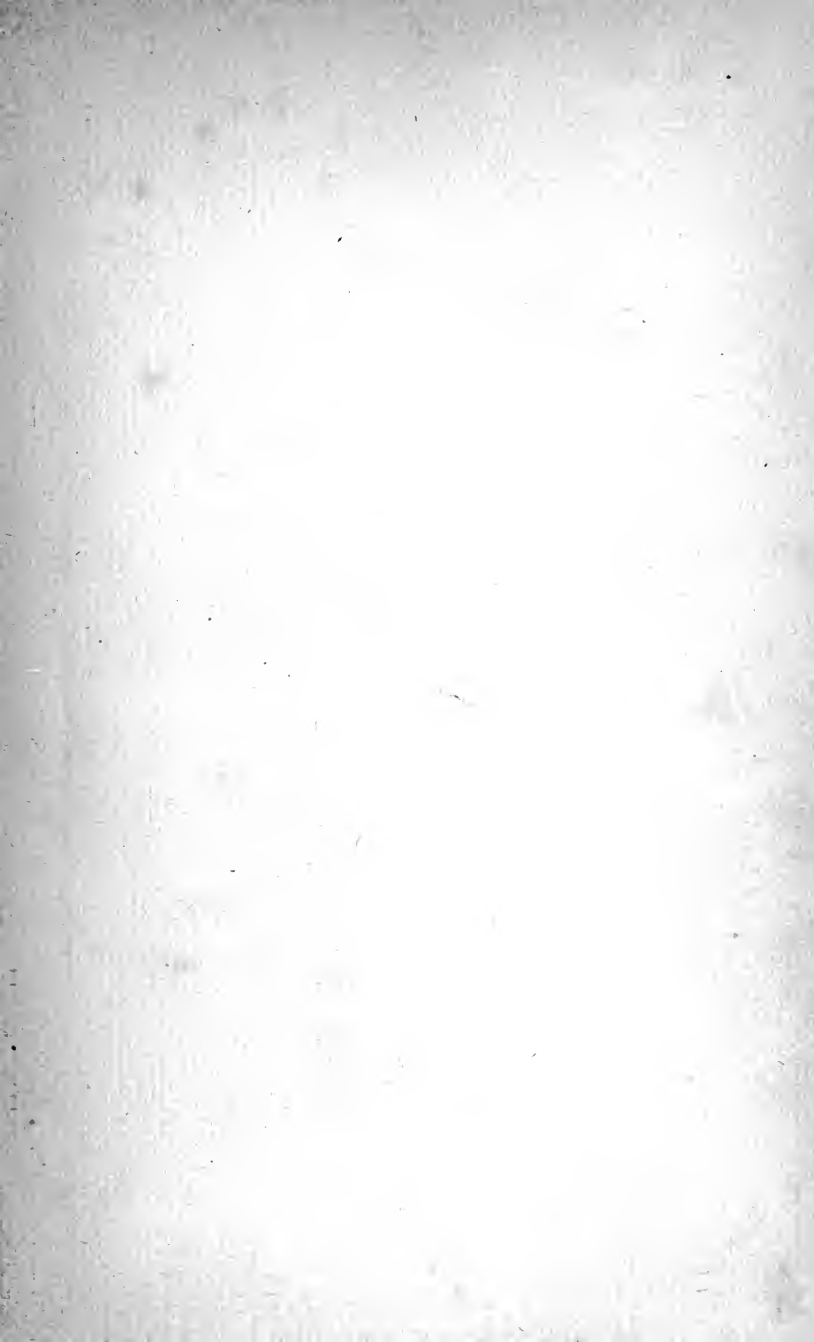
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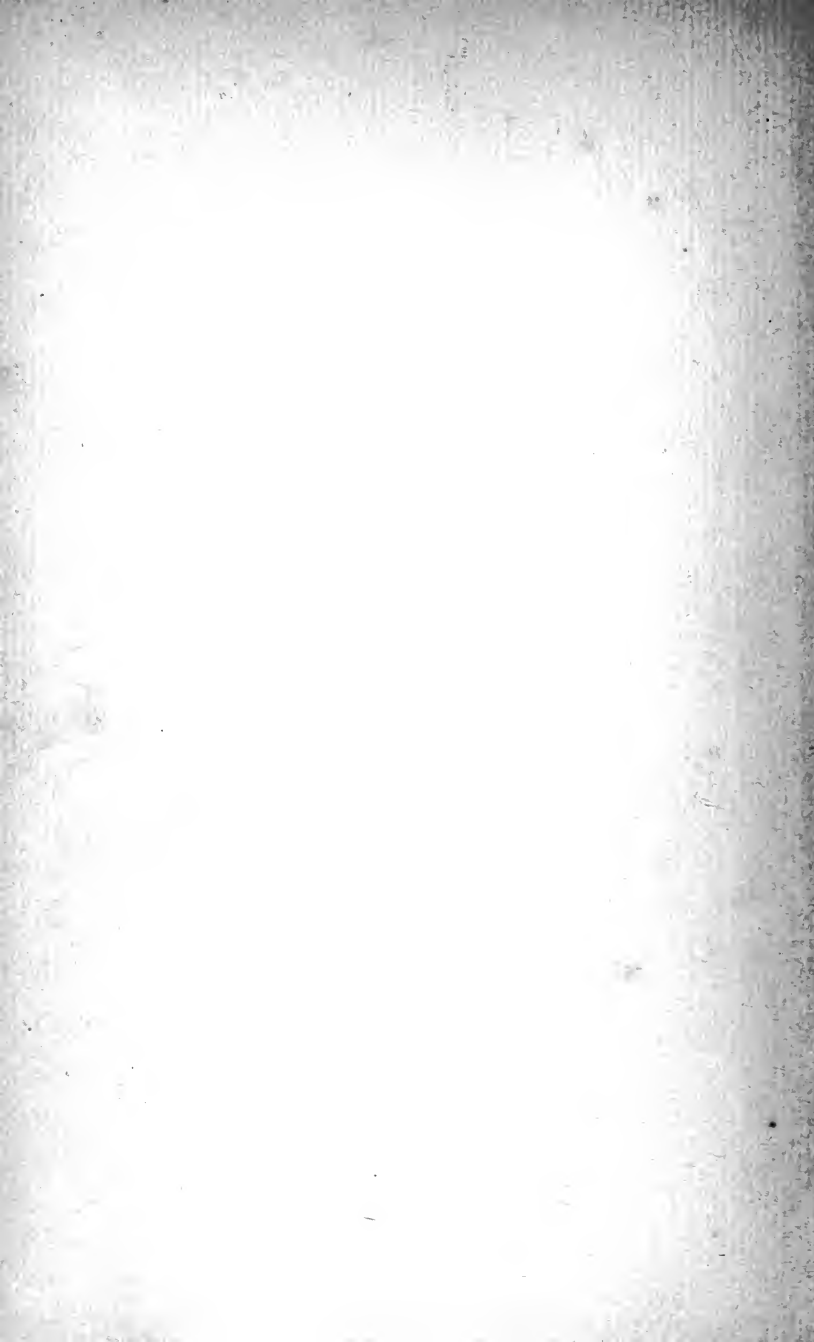
CYNTHIA OF PROPERTIUS

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THE CYNTHIA

OF

PROPERTIUS

Errata

p. 9. l. 12.	for	Vicegerant	read	Vicegerent.
p. 57. l. 14	"	Love's	"	Jove's.
p. 75. l. 16	"	is	"	was.
p. 87. l. 1	"	Phocis	"	Phasis.



THE *G. M. Currie.*
CYNTHIA
OF
PROPERTIUS

BEING THE FIRST BOOK OF HIS ELEGIES

DONE INTO ENGLISH VERSE
BY
SEYMOUR GREIG TREMENHEERE
ONE OF H.M. INSPECTORS OF SCHOOLS

London
MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
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1899

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MAY 17 1954

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

SCHOLARS will pardon an attempt, however bald, to render into English these exquisite love-poems. The difficulty of the task, sufficiently great in itself, is much increased by the disturbed condition of the text, which has often been worse confounded by the "emendations" of editors more ready to "correct" than patient to understand. I have followed as nearly as possible the version of the Naples MS. (kindly consulted for me by Mr. A. J. C. Dowding, late Scholar of New College, Oxford), the copy which seems on the whole to deserve more respect than any other. Even when the text is not in doubt, its interpretation is often

extremely obscure. Propertius writes with a Shakesperian freedom, nay audacity, of expression which often staggers the mere grammarian, while his abrupt transitions demand the most intimate sympathy as well as the most patient study. The path of his thoughts is like the path of a lightning flash. They travel in one general direction easy enough to determine, but with unexpected turns and acute deflexions which it is hard to follow. Such an author must needs be open to variety of interpretation, and I make no apology, therefore, for venturing in several passages to differ from the views of even such a scholar as Paley, to whom the English student of Propertius owes so much.

Then come the difficulties of versification. The metre I have chosen appears to me the nearest in genius to that of the original. Distichs we must have if the elegiac character is to be preserved, but to my ear the ten-syllable line has too heroic a ring. The shorter couplets have the disadvantage of necessitating

great compression, for into their sixteen syllables has to be packed the sense which in the Latin occupies some twenty-eight. Only twice have I felt compelled to expand a Latin couplet into four lines. Yet I hope I have not often missed out any material element of the poet's thought. In the distichs of Propertius, as in the Psalms of David, there is frequently to be observed an antiphonal character; the ideas of the hexameter being repeated in a more or less varied form in the pentameter. This feature not only aids the process of compression, but often supplies a valuable key to correct interpretation. I shall be satisfied if the reader considers that, supposing my lines were the original, the Latin of Propertius is a just rendering of them. That is the criterion which I have applied to myself. Of the beauty and variety of his cadences I lament my inability to convey any idea.

A few notes, in explanation or justification of readings or renderings, will be found at the

end of the volume. The references there given apply to the arrangement of the poems as given in Paley's 2nd edition, 1872.

An asterisk in the margin indicates the existence of a note.

INTRODUCTION

SEXTUS AURELIUS PROPERTIUS was born at Asisi in Umbria about the year 50 B.C. He came of a good, though not distinguished, family which had at one time been well-to-do. But that incident in the struggle between Octavius and Antony known as the Perusian War (B.C. 41) robbed him at once of his father and his paternal estate, and he was still quite a young man when he lost his mother also.

Most of the MSS. call him "The Sailor." Such may conceivably have been his occupation, and some faint colour is lent to the supposition both by the inferences which one or two passages in his writings suggest, and by the frequency with which he employs

nautical similes and metaphors. It seems more probable, however, that he was intended for the law. But he did not practise. Averse to a military life, he was essentially a *viveur*, a man-about-town, who, as he naïvely confesses, was unable to resist a pretty face in street or theatre, and he had hardly emerged from boyhood ere he contracted with one Lycinna an intimacy which, however, appealed only to the lower elements of his nature.

Beyond these meagre facts, all that we know of his biography may be summed up in name of the woman who inspired him. Cynthia was indeed his "life," as he frequently calls her. Her real name is said to have been Hostia, and it has been conjectured that she was the grand-daughter of the poet Hostius. Her lover describes her as a woman of taste and refinement, who could sing, play the lyre, and embroider, and who was herself a poetess. She was tall and graceful, and possessed a fine figure, pretty hands with taper

fingers, a fair complexion, auburn hair, and dark eyes. But she had a temper, and was extravagantly fond of dress and finery. Propertius had not much to offer her beyond his devotion and his verses. These she accepted and occasionally rewarded, but she could not live on them. Indeed, it would seem that during the greater part of the five years that their connexion lasted, Cynthia was living under the protection of a succession of wealthy men, and that her meetings with Propertius were more or less clandestine. The shifts and restraints which these conditions imposed galled him far more than any feeling of jealousy. Her infidelities to him he constantly expresses himself as ready to condone, and it is certain that he himself did not remain constant to her, although his affections were much more deeply engaged than hers:—*Il aimait, elle se laissait aimer.*

Such conditions were not conducive to a life of serenity for him, and in fact the winds

of passion played upon his sensitive soul from every quarter of the compass. The man suffered, but the poet gained, as he himself admits (i. 7. 9):—

Hic mihi conteritur vitae modus, haec mea fama est.

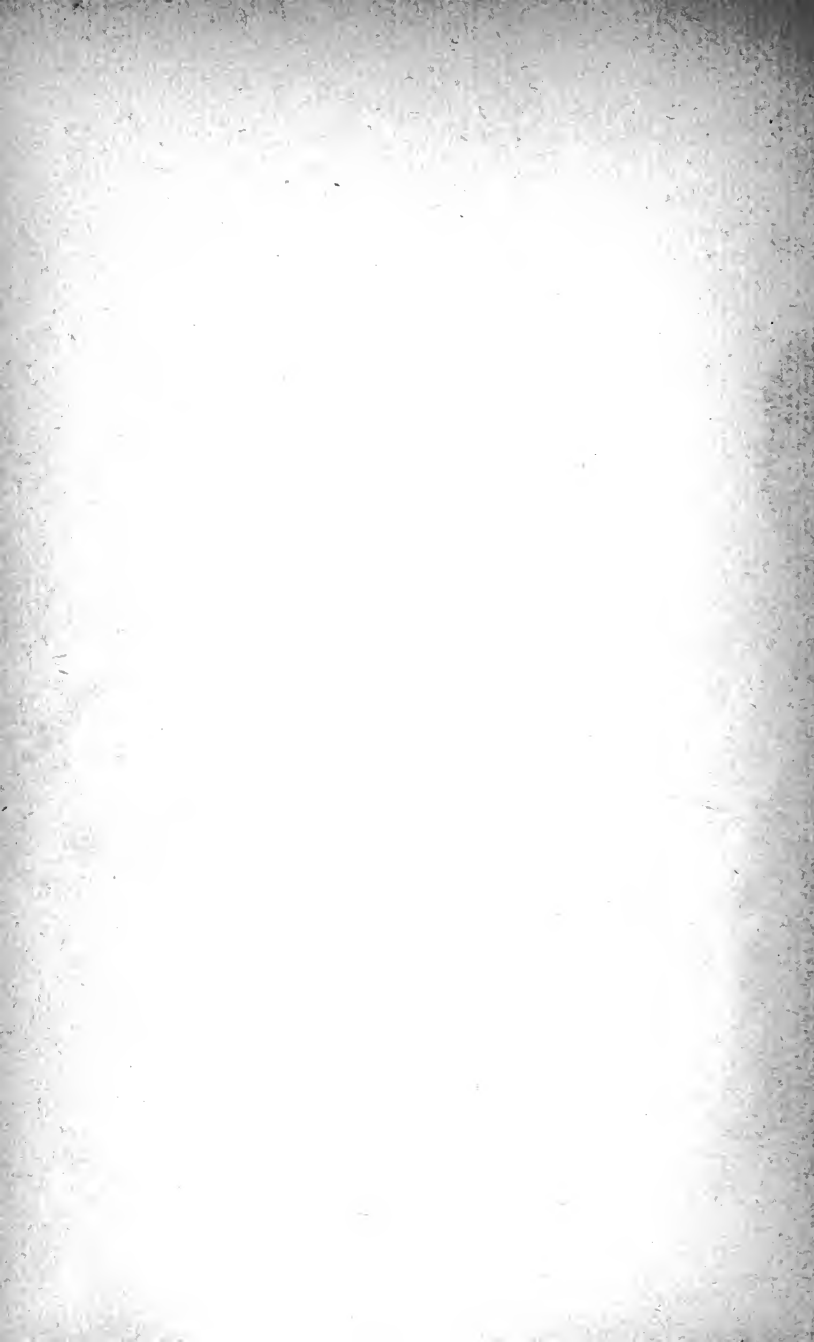
Hence the wide range of feeling and the degree of self-revelation which his poems exhibit.

There is much to attract us in the character of the man—he was so gentle under provocation, so tender in appeal, so delicate in compliment, and so genial in humour. But one gathers that neither Cynthia nor Lycinna found him open-handed, nor can one admire the vanity which persuaded him that Cynthia was sufficiently rewarded by being made the subject of his verse. The final rupture of their relations, never continuous for long, seems to have been due much more to injured vanity than to outraged love.

Such are the impressions left by a study of his poems as a whole. Here, however, we have

only his First Book, to which in most of the MSS. the title "Cynthia" is prefixed. In his later writings there mingles with his music a tone of bitterness which dies away only to swell out again into a strain of indignant reproach, and, finally, of contemptuous malediction of the woman he had once so tenderly worshipped :—

Quantus in exiguo tempore fugit amor !



CYNTHIA

B

ELEGIA I

CYNTHIA prima suis miserum me cepit ocellis,
Contactum nullis ante cupidinibus.
Tum mihi constantis deiecit lumina fastus,
Et caput impositis pressit Amor pedibus,
Donec me docuit castas odisse puellas 5
Improbus, et nullo vivere consilio.
Et mihi iam toto furor hic non deficit anno,
Quum tamen adversos cogor habere deos.
Milanion nullos fugiendo, Tulle, labores
Saevitiam durae contudit Iasidos. 10
Nam modo Partheniis amens errabat in antris,
Ibāt et hirsutas ille videre feras ;
Ille etiam Hylaei percussus vulnere rami
Saucius Arcadiis rupibus ingemuit.
Ergo velocem potuit domuisse puellam ; 15
Tantum in amore preces et benefacta valent.

ELEGY I

UNSCATHED was I by Cupid's dart
Till Cynthia's eyes enslaved my heart ;
Then staring down my brave conceit,
Love trampled me beneath his feet,
And taught me in his naughty school
To hate a prude and play the fool.
Now, spite a whole delirious year,
Still, Tullus, are the gods austere !
Milanion task on task went through
Wild Atalanta to subdue :—
'Mid wildering caverns groped his way,
Made bristling monsters stand at bay,
And, by Hylæus bludgeoned well,
Lay groaning on the Arcadian fell.
'T was thus he tamed that girl of speed
By wooing word and doughty deed.

In me tardus Amor non ullas cogitat artes,
Nec meminit notas, ut prius, ire vias.
At vos, deductae quibus est fallacia Lunae,
Et labor in magicis sacra piare focis, 20
En agedum, dominae mentem convertite nostrae,
Et facite illa meo palleat ore magis.
Tunc ego crediderim vobis, et sidera et amnes
Posse Cytainis ducere carminibus.
Et vos, qui sero lapsum revocatis, amici, 25
Quaerite non sani pectoris auxilia.
Fortiter et ferrum, saevos patiemur et ignes ;
Sit modo libertas, quae velit ira, loqui.
Ferte per extremas gentes, et ferte per undas,
Qua non ulla meum femina norit iter. 30
Vos remanete, quibus facili deus adnuit aure,
Sitis et in tuto semper amore pares.
In me nostra Venus noctes exercet amaras,
Et nullo vacuus tempore deficit amor.
*Hoc, moneo, vitate malum. Sua quemque moretur
Cura, neque adsueto mutet amore locum. 36
Quod si quis monitis tardas adverterit aures,
Heu referet quanto verba dolore mea !

On me dull Love no antics plays,
And quite forgets his good old ways.
Ye hags, who charm to earth the moon,
*And o'er Medean cauldrons croon,
Come, beldams, make my mistress meek
And turn her paler than my cheek !
You and your spells I'll then esteem
And own your power o'er star and stream.
Ye friends, whose warning comes too late,
Find my sick heart some opiate.
Let cautery burn, let scalpel flay,
If but my wrath may have its say !
Send me o'er leagues of land or sea
Where woman cannot follow me !
Bide as ye are, ye happy pairs !
Love on in peace ! Heaven hears your prayers.
My goddess works me ceaseless spites,
And idle love leads galling nights.
Beware my fate ! To one be true,
Nor change the old love for a new.
To this advice lend timely ears,
Or ye shall reck my rede with tears !

ELEGIA II

QUID iuvat ornato procedere, vita, capillo,
Et tenues Coâ veste movere sinus?
Aut quid Orontea crines perfundere myrrha,
Teque peregrinis vendere muneribus,
Naturaeque decus mercato perdere cultu, 5
Nec sinere in propriis membra nitere bonis?
Crede mihi, non ulla tuae est medicina figurae:
Nudus Amor formae non amat artificem.
Adspice, quos submittat humus formosa colores,
*Et veniant hederæ sponte sua melius, 10
Surgat et in solis formosius arbutus antris,
Et sciat indociles currere lympha vias.
*Litora nativis per se ardent picta lapillis,
Et volucres nulla dulcius arte canunt.
Non sic Leucippis succendit Castora Phoebe, 15
Pollucem cultu non Hilara soror,

ELEGY II

LIFE of my life, why court applause
In fluttering folds of Coan gauze,
With Syrian scent on plaits and curls
And all the gauds of foreign girls?
Why mar the charms your person bears
And dazzle by a huckster's wares?
Your looks, believe me, need no spice :
Love, nude himself, hates artifice.
*What beauties e'er with Nature's vied?—
Wild ivy, meadows gaily pied,
Lone dells with beauteous berries fraught,
Clear streams that find their way untaught,
Bright shores with native gems self-strewn,
And birds that never learnt a tune !
'T was not their toilets that did win
Leucippus' daughters each her Twin :

Non, Idae et cupido quondam discordia Phoebo,
Eueni patriis filia litoribus,
Nec Phrygium falso traxit candore maritum
Aucta externis Hippodamia rotis : 20
Sed facies aderat nullis obnoxia gemmis,
Qualis Apelleis est color in tabulis.
Non illis studium vulgo conquirere amantes ;
Illis ampla satis forma pudicitia.
Non ego nunc vereor, ne sim tibi vilior istis ; 25
Uni si qua placet, culta puella sat est ;
Quum tibi praesertim Phoebus sua carmina
donet,
Aoniamque libens Calliopea lyram :
Unica nec desit iucundis gratia verbis,
Omnia quaeque Venus, quaeque Minerva
probat. 30
His tu semper eris nostrae gratissima vitae,
Taedia dum miserae sint tibi luxuriae.

It was not for a powdered face
That Pelops came so far to race ;
Nor Idas with Apollo vied
To bear Marpessa off a bride.
These beauties, innocent of gem,
Fresh as Apelles painted them,
Drew lovers by their modest air,
Not sought them in the public square.
You've many beaux (who pleases one
Is spruce enough), but I fear none.
For you are chief of Phœbus' choir,
Vicegerant of the epic lyre,
Mistress of Poesy's graceful art
And all that charms both mind and heart.
Hence my life's idol must you be,
Would you but tire of finery.

ELEGIA III

QUALIS Theseâ iacuit cedente carinâ
 Languida desertis Gnosia litoribus,
Qualis et accubuit primo Cephēa somno,
 Libera iam duris cotibus Andromede,
Nec minus assiduis Edonis fessa choreis 5
 Qualis in herboso concidit Apidano,
Talis visa mihi mollem spirare quietem
 Cynthia, non certis nixa caput manibus,
Ebria quum multo traherem vestigia Baccho,
 Et quaterent serâ nocte facem pueri. 10
Hanc ego, nondum etiam sensus deperditus
 omnes,
 Molliter impresso conor adire toro.
Et, quamvis duplici correptum ardore iuberent
 Hac Amor, hac Liber, durus uterque deus,
Subiecto leviter positam tentare lacerto, 15
 Osculaque admotâ sumere et arma manu :

ELEGY III

As Crete's princess unconscious lay
When truant Theseus sailed away ;
As, freed at last from rock and chain,
Andromede slept once again ;
Or as some Thracian Mænad sank
Spent on Enipeus' grassy bank ;
Such calm did Cynthia breathe, I wist,
With head unstably poised on wrist,
When home I staggered late at night
Behind the link-boy's flickering light.
I with what sense I still possessed
Make for her couch so lightly pressed,
Inflamed alike by love and wine—
Hard masters both—with rash design
My arm beneath her waist to slip
And open fire with hand and lip.

Non tamen ausus eram dominae turbare quietem,
 Expertae metuens iurgia saevitiae :
 Sed sic intentis haerebam fixus ocellis,
 Argus ut ignotis cornibus Inachidos. 20
 Et modo solvebam nostrâ de fronte corollas,
 Ponebamque tuis, Cynthia, temporibus :
 Et modo gaudebam lapsos formare capillos,
 Nunc furtiva cavis poma dabam manibus,
 Omniaque ingrato largibar munera somno, 25
 Munera de prono saepe voluta sinu.
 Et quoties raro duxti suspiria motu,
 Obstupui vano credulus auspicio,
 Ne qua tibi insolitos portarent visa timores,
 Neve quis invitam cogeret esse suam : 30
 Donec diversas percurrens luna fenestras,
 *Luna moraturis sedula luminibus,
 Compositos levibus radiis patefecit ocellos.
 Sic ait, in molli fixa toro cubitum :
 " Tandem te nostro referens iniuria lecto 35
 *Alterius clausis expulit e foribus ?
 Namque ubilonga meae consumsti tempora noctis,
 Languidus exactis, hei mihi, sideribus ?

But, of her temper wisely ware,
Disturb her rest I did not dare :
But stood and stared, as Argus gazed
At Io's startling horns amazed.
My garlands now 'gan I untwine
And decked your temples, Cynthia mine :
Now fondly smoothed a tress that strayed,
Fruits in your palms now slyly laid.
Ungrateful sleep! Give all I could,
Roll from your lap my presents would !
And when a little sigh you heaved,
I gasped by groundless dread deceived—
Your dreams did some strange terror fill ?
Or did some villain force your will ?
Anon through the crossed lattice shone
A moonbeam, loth to hurry on ;
At whose light touch her lids unclosed
And, arm on dinted pillow posed,
"At last!" quoth she. "What! shown the street
By some girl else whom you ill-treat?
Where did you thus the stars outstay,
And yawn, alas ! my night away ?

O utinam tales perducas, improbe, noctes,
Me miseram quales semper habere iubes! 40
Nam modo purpureo fallebam stamine somnum,
Rursus et Orpheae carmine, fessa, lyrae ;
Interdum leviter mecum deserta querebar
Externo longas saepe in amore moras,
Dum me iucundis lapsam sopor impulit alis. 45
Illa fuit lacrimis ultima cura meis."

Wretch! May such evenings weary you
As 't is your wont to doom me to!
With broidery now I cheated sleep,
Now played my lyre, awake to keep;
Now dumbly mourned my lonely lot,
For stranger arms so oft forgot.
That was the burden of my woe
Till downy slumber laid me low!"

ELEGIA IV

QUID mihi tam multas laudando, Basse, puellas
Mutatum dominâ cogis abire meâ ?
Quid me non pateris, vitae quodcunque sequetur,
Hoc magis adsueto ducere servitio ?
Tu licet Antiopae formam Nyctēidos, et tu 5
Spartanam referas laudibus Hermionen,
Et quascunque tulit formosi temporis aetas :
Cynthia non illas nomen habere sinet ;
Nedum, si levibus fuerit collata figuris,
Inferior duro iudice turpis eat. 10
Haec sed forma mei pars est extrema furoris ;
Sunt maiora, quibus, Basse, perire iuvat :
*Ingenuus color, et multis decus artibus, et quae
Gaudia sub tacitâ ducere veste libet :
Quo magis et nostros contendis solvere amores,
Hoc magis acceptâ fallit uterque fide. 16

ELEGY IV

NOT all your belles, for all you say,
Can make me from my mistress stray !
Then let me, friend, what life remains
Pass in these more familiar chains.
Were Nycteus' shapely girl your toast,
Or rare Hermione, Sparta's boast,
The choicest flowers of Beauty's reign
With Cynthia must compete in vain !
What common rival then to her
Could the austerest judge prefer ?
But, witching as her outlines are,
She's weapons, Bassus, deadlier far.
What natural bloom ! What talents rare !
What passions make her robe their lair !
To part us labour as you will,
Our mutual pledges foil you still.

Non impune feres : sciet hoc insana puella,
Et tibi non tacitis vocibus hostis erit :
Nec tibi me post haec committet Cynthia, nec te
Quaeret : erit tanti criminis illa memor ; 20
Et te circum omnes alias irata puellas
Differet : heu nullo limine carus eris.
Nullas illa suis contemnet fletibus aras,
Et quicumque sacer, qualis, ubique, lapis.
Non ullo gravius tentatur Cynthia damno, 25
Quam sibi quum raptō cessat amore deus :
Praecipue nostri. Maneat sic semper, adoro :
Nec quidquam ex illâ, quod querar, inveniam.

Beware! Your conduct soon she'll learn,
And with loud taunts upon you turn,
With lasting wrath the offence beshrew,
Cut you, and make me cut you too,
Your name in every boudoir jeer—
Then who'll rejoice your knock to hear?
At every shrine she'll make her plaint,
To every little wayside saint.
No graver wound can Cynthia prove
Than passion's pause or loss of love,
Mine above all. God grant that she
Change never, nor displeasure me!

ELEGIA V

INVIDE, tu tandem voces compesce molestas,
Et sine nos cursu, quo sumus, ire pares.
Quid tibi vis, insane? meos sentire furores?
Infelix, properas ultima nosse mala,
Et miser ignotos vestigia ferre per ignes, 5
Et bibere e totâ toxica Thessaliâ.
*Non est illa vagis similis collata puellis:
Molliter irasci non solet illa tibi.
Quod si forte tuis non est contraria votis,
At tibi curarum millia quanta dabit! 10
Non tibi iam somnos, non illa relinquet ocellos:
*Illa feros animis adligat una viros.
Ah mea contemptus quoties ad limina cures,
Quum tibi singultu fortia verba cadent,
Et tremulus moestis orietur fletibus horror, 15
Et timor informem ducet in ore notam,

ELEGY V

PEACE, envious babbler ! By your will
I'll run in double harness still.
Poor fool ! What would you ? Rave like me,
And rush on abject misery ?
Tread the volcano's hidden brink,
And all Thessalia's poisons drink ?
She's not like fickle wenches, vexed
One moment and benign the next.
Say that she not resents your prayers,
Yet will she cause you countless cares.
Nor sleep nor sight she'll leave you then :
Her temper cows the wildest men.
How oft her flouts will drive you here,
Your features all distort with fear,
While weeping fits bring ghastly throbs
And brave words sink away in sobs !

Et quaecunque voles fugient tibi verba querenti,

Nec poteris, qui sis aut ubi, nosse miser.

Tum grave servitium nostrae cogere puellae

Discere, et exclusum quid sit abire domum: 20

Nec iam pallorem toties mirabere nostrum,

Aut cur sim toto corpore nullus ego.

Nec tibi nobilitas poterit succurrere amanti:

Nescit Amor priscis cedere imaginibus.

*Quod si parva tuae dederis vestigia culpae, 25

Quam cito de tanto nomine rumor eris!

Non ego tum potero solatia ferre roganti,

Quum mihi nulla mei sit medicina mali:

Sed pariter miseri socio cogemur amore

Alter in alterius mutua flere sinu. 30

Quare, quid possit mea Cynthia, desine, Galle,

Quaerere: non impune illa rogata venit.

You 'll strive to speak and lose the clue
And know not where you are, nor who !
Then you 'll be taught by thraldom hard
What 't is to find her wicket barred,
And cease to wonder why I 'm wan
And all my body's substance gone.
Nor will high birth your courtship speed :
Love bow to pedigree indeed !
Let your presumption be but guessed
And your great name is scandal's jest !
Then, Gallus, bid not me appease
Who cannot cure my own disease.
We by one common love distressed
Must weep upon each other's breast.
Cease then my Cynthia's power to try :—
None woos her with impunity !

ELEGIA VI

NON ego nunc Hadriae vereor mare noscere
tecum,

Tulle, neque Aegaeo ducere vela salo :
Cum quo Rhipaeos possim conscendere montes,
Ulteriusque domos vadere Memnonias :

Sed me complexae remorantur verba puellae, 5
Mutatoque graves saepe colore preces.

Illa mihi totis argutat noctibus ignes,
Et queritur nullos esse relicta deos ;

Illa meam mihi se iam denegat ; illa minatur,
*Quae solet irato tristis amica viro. 10

His ego non horam possum durare querelis.

Ah pereat, si quis lentus amare potest !
An mihi sit tanti, doctas cognoscere Athenas,
Atque Asiae veteres cernere divitias,

Ut mihi deductâ faciat convicia puppi 15
*Cynthia, et insanis ora notet manibus,

ELEGY VI

NAY, think not, Tullus, that I fear
With you o'er neighbouring seas to steer.
With you I'd scale Rhipæan steeps,
Or tramp to Memnon's far-off keeps.
A girl her arms around me throws,
Pleads while her colour comes and goes,
Whole nights makes shrill with passionate cry,—
“Deserted!” “Are there gods on high?”—
Withholds her favours; breathes her ban
As women will to sting a man.
Ah! one such hour for me's enough:
Perish the heart of sterner stuff!
To view the seat of Grecian lore
And Asia's rich old towns explore
Would cost too dear, if Cynthia rail
And scratch my face before I sail,

*Osculaque opposito dicat sibi debita vento,
Et nihil infido durius esse viro?
Tu patruī meritas conare anteire secures,
Et vetera oblitis iura refer sociis: 20
Nam tua non aetas unquam cessavit Amori,
Semper at armatae cura fuit patriae.
Et tibi non unquam nostros puer iste labores
Adferat, et lacrimis omnia nota meis.
Me sine, quem semper voluit fortuna iacere, 25
Hanc animam extremae reddere nequitiae.
Multi longinquo periere in amore libenter,
In quorum numero me quoque terra tegat.
Non ego sum laudi, non natus idoneus armis:
Hanc me militiam fata subire volunt. 30
At tu, seu mollis quā tendit Ionia, seu quā
Lydia Pactoli tingit arata liquor,
Seu pedibus terras, seu pontum carpere remis
Ibis, et accepti pars eris imperii:
Tum tibi si qua mei veniet non immemor hora, 35
Vivere me duro sidere certus eris.

And say, if we by calms be pinned,
" Defaulters cannot raise the wind :
Unpaid is still her kisses' loan,
And faithless men have hearts of stone !"
Do you, whose youth our country's foes
Claimed, and for love left no repose,
To eclipse your honoured uncle strive,
And law in lawless towns revive.
You may that urchin Cupid spare
My hardships and my secret care !
For humbler parts by nature cast,
I'll live an idler to the last ;
And be it said my dust above
" He was of those who live to love."
For court or camp unfitted quite,
I'm born to be a carpet knight.
But you must speed o'er field and firth
And help to rule a grateful earth,
Be it where soft Ionia lies
Or Lydian lands Pactolus dyes.
Should thought of me then cross your mind,
Be sure my stars are still unkind !

ELEGIA VII

DUM tibi Cadmeae dicuntur, Pontice, Thebae,
Armaque fraternae tristia militiae,
Atque, ita sim felix, primo contendis Homero,—
Sint modo fata tuis mollia carminibus,—
Nos, ut consuemus, nostros agitamus amores, 5
Atque aliquid duram quaerimus in dominam.
Nec tantum ingenio, quantum servire dolori
Cogor, et aetatis tempora dura queri.
Hic mihi conteritur vitae modus, haec mea
fama est,
Hinc cupio nomen carminis ire mei. 10
Me laudent doctae solum placuisse puellae,
Pontice, et iniustas saepe tulisse minas.
Me legat assidue post haec neglectus amator,
Et prosint illi cognita nostra mala.
Te quoque si certo puer hic concusserit arcu, 15
*(Quod nolim nostros eviolasse deos!)

ELEGY VII

YOU, Ponticus, Thebes' legend tell,
The brothers' feud, the battles fell—
Old Homer's rival, bless my soul,
Should Time deal kindly with your scroll!
I still on love themes ply my art
And seek to melt my mistress' heart.
Thrall more to grief than nature's bent,
Youth's sorrows I perforce lament,
These mar my life, these make my name,
These promise me a poet's fame,
As sole delight of Learning's queen,
As butt in many a stormy scene,
As text conned o'er by love-lorn swains:—
Ah! may they profit by my pains!
Should you be mark for Love's sure bow—
(May friendly gods forbid that blow)—

Longe castra tibi, longe miser agmina septem

*Flebis in aeterno surda iacere situ ;

Et frustra cupies mollem componere versum,

Nec tibi subiiciet carmina serus Amor. 20

Tum me non humilem mirabere saepe poetam ;

Tunc ego Romanis praeferar ingeniis ;

Nec poterunt iuvenes nostro reticere sepulcro :

ARDORIS NOSTRI MAGNE POETA, IACES.

Tu cave nostra tuo contempnas carmina fastu. 25

Saepe venit magno foenore tardus Amor.

Your camps and captains seven, alas !
Will into silent limbo pass.
In vain you'll tune the softer lyre ;
Love long despised will not inspire.
This " lesser poet " then you'll rate
As Rome's sublimest laureate.
Youth at my tomb shall sigh unmanned,
" Ah ! Heart of hearts ! Ah ! Poet grand !"
Then, haughty sir, scorn not my lay,
The last to love has most to pay !

ELEGIA* VIII

TUNE igitur demens, nec te mea cura moratur ?

An tibi sum gelidâ vilior Illyriâ ?

Et tibi iam tanti, quicumque est, iste videtur,

Ut sine me vento quolibet ire velis ?

Tune audire potes vesani murmura ponti 5

Fortis, et in durâ nave iacere potes ?

Tu pedibus teneris positas fulcire pruinas ?

Tu potes insolitas, Cynthia, ferre nives ?

O utinam hibernae duplicentur tempora brumae,

Et sit iners tardis navita Vergiliis ! 10

Nec tibi Tyrrhenâ solvatur funis arenâ,

*Neve inimica meas elevet aura preces :

Atque ego non videam tales subsidere ventos,

Quum tibi propectas auferet unda rates,

Et me defixum vacuâ patiatur in orâ 15

Crudelem infestâ saepe vocare manu.

ELEGY VIII

So, madcap, all my love you prize
Cheaper than cold Illyria's skies?
Fair wind or foul, you'll sail from me
With your new flame—who'er he be?
Is yours the spirit that can brave
The hard bunk and the howling wave?
Your delicate feet tread fields of hoar
And snows they never felt before?
Oh! twice its term may winter drag,
And seamen lounge while Pleiads lag!
Kind storms, keep Cynthia moored in bay,
Nor lull and waft my prayers away!
Rage on, when out her bark shall stand,
That, rooted on the desolate strand,
I long may scowl upon her track
And wave the heartless creature back!

Sed quocunque modo de me, periura, mereris,
 Sit Galatea tuae non aliena viae :
 Ut te felici praevecta Ceraunia remo
 Accipiat placidis Oricos aequoribus. 20
 Nam me non ullae poterunt corrumpere taedae,
 Quin ego, vita, tuo limine vera querar.
 Nec me deficiet nautas rogitare citatos :
 Dicite, quo portu clausa puella mea est ?
 Et dicam, licet Atraciis considat in oris, 25
 Et licet Eleis, illa futura mea est.
 *Hic erit ! hic iurata manet ! Rumpantur iniqui !
 Vicimus ! Assiduas non tulit illa preces.
 Falsa licet cupidus deponat gaudia livor :
 Destitit ire novas Cynthia nostra vias. 30
 Illi carus ego, et per me carissima Roma
 Dicitur, et sine me dulcia regna negat.
 Illa vel angusto mecum requiescere lecto,
 Et quocunque modo maluit esse mea,
 Quam sibi dotatae regnum vetus Hippodamiae,
 Et quas Elis opes ante pararat equis. 36
 Quamvis magna daret, quamvis maiora daturus,
 Non tamen illa meos fugit avara sinûs.

But no ! Whate'er your falsehood's meed,
May mermaid hands your oarage speed,
And hie you where Ceraunian ness
Guards Oricos from storm and stress !
Constant and spotless, I'll tell o'er
My just plaints, darling, at your door.
I'll pester every bustling tar
To tell me in what port you are.
I'll say, though she to Atrax roam
Or Elis, here shall be her home :—
Nay, is ! For traitor is she none.
Down with my foes ! I've wooed and won !
Lewd Envy's hopes must be resigned :
Strange lands are not to Cynthia's mind,
She loves me, and, for my sake, Rome
More than fair countries far from home.
A truckle bed she'd liefer share
And be mine own, come foul, come fair,
Than take for dower the wealth that erst
From Pisa's royal stud was pursed.
Rich fee, nor pledge of richer fee,
Has bribed her from my arms to flee.

Hanc ego non auro, non Indis flectere conchis,
Sed potui blandi carminis obsequio. 40
Sunt igitur Musae, neque amanti tardus Apollo,
Quis ego fretus amo : Cynthia rara mea est.
Nunc mihi summa licet contingere sidera plantis :
Sive dies seu nox venerit, illa mea est ;
Nec mihi rivalis certos subducet amores. 45
Ista meam norit gloria canitiem.

The heart that pearls nor gold could sway
Bends to the homage of my lay !
The Muses myths? Apollo slow
To aid the love that trusts him? No!
She's mine! My joy no bounds confine.
By day, by night, rare Cynthia's mine!
And none shall steal her love away,
Be this my boast till I grow grey!

ELEGIA IX

DICEBAM tibi venturos, irrisor, amores,
Nec tibi perpetuo libera verba fore.
Ecce iaces, supplexque venis ad iura puellae,
Et tibi nunc quovis imperat empta modo.
Non me Chaoniae vincant in amore columbae 5
Dicere, quos iuvenes quaeque puella domet.
Me dolor et lacrimae merito fecere peritum :
Atque utinam posito dicar amore rudis !
Quid tibi nunc misero prodest grave ducere
carmen,
Aut Amphioniae moenia flere lyrae ? 10
Plus in amore valet Mimnermi versus Homero :
Carmina mansuetus lenia quaerit Amor.
I, quaeso, et tristes istos compone libellos,
Et cane, quod quaevis nosse puella velit.
*Quid si non esset facilis tibi copia ? Nunc tu 15
Insanus medio flumine quaeris aquam.

ELEGY IX

I TOLD you Love would come and gag
Your mocking tongue so prone to brag!
Lo! you are down, and quarter crave,
A woman's spoil, a slave girl's slave!
Dodona's doves have not more sooth
To tell what maid will tame what youth
Than I, so sorely schooled—Ah me!
Would I were ignorant and heartfree!
What vails you now in solemn tones
To sing Amphion's conjured stones?
Not Homer, but Mimnermus reigns
When gentle Love craves tender strains.
Come, pigeon-hole your epic drear,
And sing what every lass would hear!
What if your heart were parched? Immersed
In passion's flood you know not thirst.

Necdum etiam palles, vero nec tangeris igni ;

Haec est venturi prima favilla mali.

Tunc magis Armenias cupies accedere tigres,

Et magis infernae vincula nosse rotae, 20

Quam pueri toties arcum sentire medullis,

Et nihil iratae posse negare tuae.

Nullus Amor cuiquam faciles ita praebuit alas,

Ut non alterna presserit ille manu.

Nec te decipiat, quod sit satis illa parata ; 25

*Acrius illa subit, Pontice, si qua tua est.

Quippe ubi non liceat vacuos seducere ocellos,

Nec vigilare alio nomine, cedat Amor ?

Qui non ante patet, donec manus attigit ossa.

Quisquis es, assiduas ah fuge blanditias. 30

Illis et silices et possunt cedere quercus :

Nedum tu possis, spiritus iste levis.

*Quare, si pudor est, quam primum errata fatere :

Dicere, quo pereas, saepe in amore levat.

You've colour yet, your blood's lukewarm,
Your fever's still in latent form.
Ere long a tigress you would track
Or gladlier roll Ixion's rack,
Than, pricked by Cupid through and through,
A froward damsel's bidding do.
Love flies the heart with slackened skein
Only to pluck it back again.
Nor blindly trust in her good-will :
At home a wench is deadlier still.
Will love, that fills your gaze all day
And haunts your sleepless nights, give way?—
Love that strikes home ere it be guessed?
From subtle powers that never rest
Flee! They of stocks and stones make grist.
Can a mere breath like man resist?
Then shrive you quick, if shame endure,
A love confessed is oft Love's cure!

ELEGIA X

O IUCUNDA quies, primo quum testis amori
Adfueram vestris conscius in lacrimis !
O noctem meminisse mihi iucunda voluptas !
O quoties votis illa vocanda meis !
Quum te complexa morientem, Galle, puella 5
Vidimus, et longa ducere verba mora.
Quamvis labentes premeret mihi somnus ocellos,
Et mediis coelo Luna ruberet equis,
Non tamen a vestro potui secedere lusu :
Tantus in alternis vocibus ardor erat. 10
Sed quoniam non es veritus concedere nobis,
Accipe commissae munera laetitiae.
Non solum vestros didici reticere dolores :
Est quiddam in nobis maius, amice, fide.
Possum ego diversos iterum coniungere amantes,
Et dominae tardas possum aperire fores : 16

ELEGY X

SWEET night, when I your callow love,
Your maudlin tears stood witness of!
O night, how sweet to ponder o'er!
How welcome, could it come once more!
When, Gallus, stuttering and agasp,
You languished in the damsel's clasp!
Though sleep upon my eyelids weighed,
And Luna blushed in mid parade,
Yet could I not your dalliance miss,
Your warm exchange of murmured bliss.
But since you dared confide to me
Your rapturous moments, here's your fee.
Your love-throes, friend, could I betray?
I've learnt to keep a secret : nay,
Estranged affections to restore,
To ope the lady's stubborn door,

Et possum alterius curas sanare recentes,
Nec levis in verbis est medicina meis.
Cynthia me docuit semper quaecunque petenda
Quaeque cavenda forent: non nihil egit Amor.
Tu cave, ne tristi cupias pugnare puellae, 21
Neve superba loqui, neve tacere diu:
Neu, si quid petiit, ingrata fronte negaris,
Neu tibi pro vano verba benigna cadant.
Irritata venit, quando contemnitur illa; 25
Nec meminit iustas ponere laesa minas.
At quo sis humilis magis et subiectus Amori,
Hoc magis effecto saepe fruire bono.
Is poterit felix una remanere puella,
Qui nunquam vacuo pectore liber erit. 30

And staunch the lover's bleeding heart
With potent words of healing art.
I too have loved ! 'T was Cynthia taught
What should be shunned, what might be sought.
When woman sulks, be slow to wig ;
Talk not too little—nor too big.
Ne'er say her nay with knitted brows,
Nor treat as feigned her tender vows.
Slights madden, and when justly stung
A woman never curbs her tongue.
The humbler slave you are to Love,
The sweeter will your guerdon prove.
One woman's love will keep him blest
Whose heart no freedom knows, no rest !

ELEGIA XI

ECQUID te mediis cessantem, Cynthia, Baiis,
Qua iacet Herculeis semita litoribus,
Et modo Thesproti mirantem subdita regno,
Proxima Misenis aequora nobilibus,
Nostri cura subit memores ah ducere noctes? 5
Ecquis in extremo restat amore locus?
An te nescio quis simulatis ignibus hostis
Sustulit e nostris, Cynthia, carminibus?
Atque utinam mage te remis confisa minutis
Parvula Lucrina cymba moretur aqua: 10
Aut teneat clausam tenui Teuthrantis in unda
Alternae facilis cedere lympa manu:
Quam vacet alterius blandos audire susurros
Molliter in tacito litore compositam;
Ut solet amoto labi custode puella 15
Perfida, communes nec meminisse deos;

ELEGY XI

AT Baiaë, Cynthia, while at ease,
Where runs the dyke of Hercules :—
Grand wave-washed bluffs on either hand,
Misenum and Thesprotus' land—
Does thought of me e'er banish sleep?
Your heart for me one corner keep?
Or have some villain's glowing lies
Outlawed you from my elegies?
Better in tiny skiff to play
With tiny oars on Lucrine bay,
Or, penned in Teuthras' bath, to scud
With rhythmic stroke through yielding flood;
Than, idly couched in quiet cove,
Hear whispered tale of rival love!
Thus many a lass whose lad's away
Forgets her home and goes astray.

Non quia perspecta non es mihi cognita fama,
Sed quod in hac omnis parte timetur amor.

Ignosces igitur, si quid tibi triste libelli

Attulerint nostri : culpa timoris erit. 20

*An mihi non maior carae custodia matris,

Aut sine te vitae cura sit ulla meae?

Tu mihi sola domus, tu, Cynthia, sola parentes,

Omnia tu nostrae tempora laetitiae.

Seu tristis veniam, seu contra laetus amicis, 25

Quidquid ero, dicam, Cynthia causa fuit.

Tu modo quamprimum corruptas desere Baias :

Multis ista dabunt litora discidium.

Litora, quae fuerant castis inimica puellis.

Ah pereant Baiae, crimen amoris, aquae ! 30

You're well reputed. True, but *there*
The least flirtation well may scare.
If ought offensive, then, I've writ,
You'll blame my fears and pardon it.
Must I a mother dear forsake,
Or lose you and my life's whole stake?
To me you're home and parents too,
All seasons of delight are you!
Gay let friends find me or subdued,
I'll say 't is Cynthia rules my mood.
But speed from Baiæ's taint, Oh! speed!
Those shores will many a quarrel breed.
The chaste have ever been their prey:
Oh! bane of love! Oh! cursed bay!

ELEGIA XII

QUID mihi desidia non cessas fingere crimen,
 Quod faciat nobis conscia Roma moram ?
Tam multa illa meo divisa est millia lecto,
 Quanta Hypanis Veneto dissidet Eridano ;
Nec mihi consuetos amplexu nutrit amores 5
 Cynthia, nec nostra dulcis in aure sonat.
Olim gratus eram ; non illo tempore cuiquam
 Contigit, ut simili posset amare fide.
Invidiae fuimus. Num me deus obruit? an quae
 Lecta Prometheis dividit herba iugis? 10
Non sum ego, qui fueram : mutat via longa puellas.
 Quantus in exiguo tempore fugit amor !
Nunc primum longas solus cognoscere noctes
 Cogor, et ipse meis auribus esse gravis.
Felix, qui potuit praesenti flere puellae ; 15
 Non nihil adpersis gaudet Amor lacrimis :

ELEGY XII

STILL branding me as "stay-at-home,"
Tied by a girl to guilty Rome?
Her bed from mine divided is
As far as Po from Hypanis.
Love feeds not now in Cynthia's arms,
Not now my ear her whisper charms.
She loved me once—Oh! lot divine!
Was ever trustful heart like mine?
Is't Nemesis has damned me thus,
Or love-bane culled on Caucasus?
New scenes, new whims! How changed is she!
How quick that passionate love to flee!
Now, newly doomed to spend alone
Long nights, with none to hear me groan,
I envy him who weeps beside
His lady—tears are Cupid's pride—

Aut si despectus potuit mutare calores ;
Sunt quoque translato gaudia servitio.
Mî neque amare aliam neque ab hac desistere
fas est :
Cynthia prima fuit, Cynthia finis erit. 20

Or takes his wrongs to warmer arms :
For changed allegiance, too, has charms.
Nor solace nor escape for me !
First Cynthia was, and last must be !

ELEGIA XIII

TU, quod saepe soles, nostro laetabere casu,
Galle, quod abrepto solus amore vacem.
At non ipse tuas imitabor, perfide, voces :
Fallere te nunquam, Galle, puella velit !
Dum tibi deceptis augetur fama puellis, 5
Certus et in nullo quaeris amore moram,
Perditus in quadam tardis pallescere curis
*Incipis, et primo lapsus adire gradu.
Haec erit illarum contemti poena doloris :
Multarum miseram exiget una vices. 10
Haec tibi vulgares istos compescet amores :
Nec nova quaerendo semper amicus eris.
Haec ego non rumore malo, non augure doctus ;
Vidi ego : me, quaeso, teste negare potes ?
Vidi ego te toto vinctum languescere collo, 15
Et flere iniectis, Galle, diu manibus ;

ELEGY XIII

My lonely plight, my ravished love,
Gallus, your wonted mirth will move.
Unkindness shall not be my cue ;
May never girl prove false to you !
'Mid growing fame for girls betrayed
And scorn of all affection staid,
At last you blanch with love of one !
You stagger ere the first bout's done !
To her the avenging shall belong
Of many a victim's ruthless wrong.
She will those roving fancies check,
Or fresh adventures be your wreck.
No gossip this, no guess astute :
What I have seen can you dispute ?
Clasping and clasped, half-strangled, I
Have seen you, Gallus, weep and sigh,

*Et cupere optatis animam deponere verbis,
Et quae deinde meus celat, amice, pudor.
Non ego complexus potui diducere vestros :
Tantus erat demens inter utrosque furor. 20
Non sic Haemonio Salmonida mixtus Enipeo
Taenarius facili pressit amore deus :
Nec sic coelestem flagrans amor Herculis Heben
Sensit in Oetaeis gaudia prima iugis.
Una dies omnes potuit praecurrere amantes : 25
Nam tibi non tepidas subdidit illa faces :
Nec tibi praeteritos passa est succedere fastus,
Nec sinet abduci : te tuus ardor aget.
Nec mirum, quum sit Iove digna et proxima
Ledae,
Et Ledae partu, gratior una tribus. 30
Illa sit Inachiis et blandior heroinis,
Illa suis verbis cogat amare Iovem.
Tu vero, quoniam semel es periturus amore,
Utere : non alio limine dignus eras.
Quae tibi sit felix, quoniam novus incidit error ; 35
Et quodcunque voles, una sit ista tibi.

And strive for words to tell your tale,
And then—but let us draw the veil !
I could not tear your arms apart,
So mad a passion fired each heart !
Not Neptune in Enipeus' guise
Clasped Salmonis in readier wise ;
Nor Hercules on Æta's crest
A happier Hebe first possessed !
Champion of lovers in one stride !
The flames she's lit have thawed your pride.
Her will shall curb, your passion spur :
'T were strange indeed to stray from her !
" Next Leda and her progeny,
Love's fittest mate !—more winsome she !
No heroine of Greece more sweet !
She'd coax the devil to her feet !"
Hard hit for once, in earnest woo !
Here is a chamber worthy you !
And, since a new intrigue inspires,
May she prove all your heart desires !

ELEGIA XIV

TU licet abiectus Tiberina molliter unda
Lesbia Mentoreo vina bibas opere,
Et modo tam celeres mireris currere lintres,
Et modo tam tardas funibus ire rates ;
Et nemus omne satas intendat vertice silvas, 5
Urgetur quantis Caucasus arboribus :
Non tamen ista meo valeant contendere amor ;
Nescit Amor magnis cedere divitiis.
Nam sive optatam mecum trahit illa quietem,
Seu facili totum ducit amore diem : 10
Tum mihi Pactoli veniunt sub tecta liquores,
Et legitur rubris gemma sub aequoribus :
Tum mihi cessuros spondent mea gaudia reges :
Quae maneant, dum me fata perire volent !
Nam quis divitiis adverso gaudet Amore? 15
Nulla mihi tristi praemia sint Venere.

ELEGY XIV

YOU, Tullus, in your cosy bower,
'Mid parklands set with trees that tower
Like Asian jungles—you may sup
Your Lesbian from your Mentor cup,
And watch in turn from Tiber's marge
The scudding skiff, the crawling barge ;
Yet is your lot no match for mine ;
Wealth must to Love the palm resign.
For when with me she dreams away
Sweet nights, or toys the livelong day,
My home with gold Pactolus laves
And gems are gleaned from Indian waves !
Then, happy heart, o'er kings you reign.
Reign on, till fate my death ordain !
Who cares for Wealth, with Love at strife ?
If Venus frown, I prize not life.

Illa potest magnas heroum infringere vires ;
 Illa etiam duris mentibus esse dolor :
Illa neque Arabium metuit transcendere limen,
 Nec timet ostrino, Tulle, subire toro, 20
Et miserum toto iuvenem versare cubili :
 Quid relevant variis serica textilibus ?
Quae mihi dum placata aderit, non ulla verebor
 Regna, nec Alcinoi munera despicerè.

She can o'erpower the stalwart prince,
She makes the hardiest peasant wince ;
She dares to scale with stealthy tread
The onyx stair, the inlaid bed,
And make young Dives toss and fret
Despite his damask coverlet.
Let her but smile, and I'll not care
One jot for king or millionaire !

ELEGIA XV

SAEPE ego multa tuae levitatis dura timebam,
Hac tamen excepta, Cynthia, perfidia.
Adspice me quanto rapiat Fortuna periclo :
Tu tamen in nostro lenta timore venis ;
Et potes hesternos manibus componere crines, 5
Et longa faciem quaerere desidia,
Nec minus eois pectus variare lapillis,
Ut formosa novo quae parat ire viro.
At non sic Ithaci digressu mota Calypso
Desertis olim fleverat aequoribus. 10
Multos illa dies incomtis moesta capillis
Sederat, iniusto multa locuta salo ;
Et, quamvis nunquam posthac visura, dolebat
Illa tamen, longae conscia laetitiae.
Alphesiboea suos ultra est pro coniuge fratres, 15
Sanguinis et cari vincula rupit Amor.

ELEGY XV

MUCH have I feared your giddy flights,
But, Cynthia, not this slight of slights !
Fate thrusts me into jeopardy,
Yet come you not to comfort me,
But dally at your glass and preen
The tangled locks of yestere'en :
Nay, prank your breast with jewels too
Like beauty bent on conquest new !
Far other, when Ulysses sailed,
By the lone wave Calypso wailed.
Day after day unkempt sat she
And communed with the cruel sea,
While memory fond again lived o'er
Those happy years to come no more.
Alcmæon's widow, breaking through
The ties of blood, her brothers slew.

Nec sic Aesoniden rapientibus anxia ventis
Hypsipyle vacuo constitit in thalamo :
Hypsipyle nullos post illos sensit amores,
Ut semel Haemonio tabuit hospitio. 20
Coniugis Euadne miseros elata per ignes
Occidit, Argivae fama pudicitiae.
Quarum nulla tuos potuit convertere mores,
Tu quoque uti fieres nobilis historia.
Desine iam revocare tuis periuria verbis, 25
Cynthia, et oblitos parce movere deos ;
Audax, ah nimium nostro dolitura periclo,
Si quid forte tibi durius inciderit !
Multa prius vasto labentur flumina ponto,
Annus et inversas duxerit ante vices, 30
Quam tua sub nostro mutetur pectore cura ;
Sis quodcunque voles, non aliena tamen.
*Quam tibi ne viles isti videantur ocelli,
Per quos saepe mihi credita perfidia est !
Hos tu iurabas, si quid mentita fuisses, 35
Ut tibi suppositis exciderent manibus :
Et contra magnum potes hos attollere Solem,
Nec tremis admissae conscia nequitiae ?

Hypsipyle, when Jason fled,
Hung brooding o'er the vacant bed.
Her heart the Æmonian guest had slain :
Hypsipyle ne'er loved again !
Evadne, type of modest pride,
Lay on her husband's pyre and died !
Your heart these veiled not to reclaim
Nor add you to the scroll of fame.
Hush, Cynthia, hush ! No more protest ;
Give the forgiving Gods some rest !
Rash girl ! Should trouble fall on you,
My parlous plight you 'd dearly rue.
Up from the deep shall rivers glide,
Backward the year its changes guide,
Ere love of you my heart resign :
Be what you will, you must be mine !
How cheap must you account those eyes,
Sponsors to all your perfidies,—
Eyes that you prayed, to seal your oath,
Might drop out, had you broken troth !
These dare you raise to heaven's bright vault
Without a tremor for your fault ?

Quis te cogebat multos pallere colores,
Et fletum invitis ducere luminibus? 40
Queis ego nunc pereo, similes moniturus amantes,
O nullis tutum credere blanditiis!

Who made you pale all deathly hues,
Or weep with eyes that did not choose?
Eyes fatal still! Oh! foolish hearts,
Beware coquettes and all their arts!

ELEGIA XVI

QUAE fueram magnis olim patefacta triumphis,
Ianua Tarpeiae nota pudicitiae,
Cuius inaurati celebrarunt limina currus,
Captorum lacrimis humida supplicibus ;
Nunc ego, nocturnis potorum saucia rixis, 5
Pulsata indignis saepe queror manibus ;
Et mihi non desunt turpes pendere corollae
Semper, et, exclusi signa, iacere faces.
Nec possum infames dominae defendere noctes,
Nobilis obscoenis tradita carminibus. 10
Nec tamen illa suae revocatur parcere famae,
Turpior et secli vivere luxuria.
Has inter gravibus cogor deflere querelis
Supplicis ah longis tristior excubiis.
Ille meos nunquam patitur requiescere postes 15
Arguta referens carmina blanditia :

ELEGY XVI

VESTAL Tarpeia's far-famed door,
Flung wide when pageants passed of yore,
Whose steps, with captives' tears bedewed,
Long lines of gilded chariots viewed,
I now am thumped by scurvy hands
And drunken brawls of midnight bands,
While barred-out suitors strew my porch
With faded wreath and dying torch!
Can I, by ribald rhymes disgraced,
My mistress shield from nights debased,
When, heedless of decorum, she
Outdoes the age in laxity?
I can but mourn with sadder air
Than that belated gallant there
Who squalls away my lintel's peace
With serenades that never cease:—

" Ianua, vel domina penitus crudelior ipsa,
 Quid mihi tam duris clausa taces foribus?
 Cur nunquam reserata meos admittis amores,
 Nescia furtivas reddere mota preces? 20
 Nullane finis erit nostro concessa dolori?
 Tristis et in tepido limine somnus erit?
 Me mediae noctes, me sidera prona iacentem,
 Frigidaque eoo me dolet aura gelu.
 Tu sola humanos nunquam miserata dolores 25
 Respondes tacitis mutua cardinibus.
 O utinam traiecta cava mea vocula rima
 Percussas dominae vertat in auriculas!
 Sit licet et saxo patientior illa Sicano,
 Sit licet et ferro durior et chalybe: 30
 Non tamen illa suos poterit compescere ocellos
 Surget et invitis spiritus in lacrimis.
 Nunc iacet alterius felici nixa lacerto;
 At mea nocturno verba cadunt Zephyro.
 Sed tu sola mei, tu maxima causa doloris, 35
 Victa meis nunquam, ianua, muneribus.
 Te non ulla meae laesit petulantia linguae,
 *Quae solet irato dicere turba ioco:



“ More cruel far than she you guard,
Oh ! door morose and mutely barred,
Why have you ne'er unlocked, and been
My confidential go-between ?
Must I for ever fare thus ill
And mope the night on this cold sill ?
Midnight, prone stars, and dawn's frore air
Compassionate me as I lie there.
You only, strange to pity's twinge,
Respond with irresponsive hinge !
Oh ! that some chink my voice would steer
Through to my lady's startled ear !
Firm though she be as *Ætna's* rock,
Harder than steel or iron block,
Yet an o'ermastering sigh will rise
'Mid tears that dim rebellious eyes.
In happier arms she's nestling there,
While I waste words on midnight air !
Yours is the fault, and only yours,
Most incorruptible of doors !
Why keep me, hoarse with tales of wrong,
Tramping the pavement all night long ?

Ut me tam longa raucum patiare querela
Sollicitas trivio pervigilare moras. 40
At tibi saepe novo deduxi carmina versu,
Osculaque impressis nixa dedi gradibus.
Ante tuos quoties verti me, perfida, postes,
Debitaque occultis vota tuli manibus!"
Haec ille, et si quae miseri novistis amantes, 45
Et matutinis obstrepit alitibus.
*Sic ego nunc dominae vitiis, et semper amantis
Fletibus, aeterna differor invidia.

I never breathed one hasty word
Of banter, like the common herd,
But rhymed you many a quaint conceit
And kissed obeisance at your feet,
Before your jamps the sentry played,
And promised fees discreetly paid."
With all your lore, ye Romeos,
The morning cock he thus outcrows,
And puling buck and peccant dame
Now put me to perpetual shame !

ELEGIA XVII

ET merito, quoniam potui fugisse puellam,
Nunc ego desertas adloquor alcyonas.
*Nec mihi Cassiope solito visura carinam est,
Omniaque ingrato litore vota cadunt.
Quin etiam absenti prosunt tibi, Cynthia, venti; 5
Adspice, quam saevas increpet aura minas.
Nullane placatae veniet Fortuna procellae?
Haecceine parva meum funus arena teget?
Tu tamen in melius saevas converte querelas;
Sat tibi sit poenae nox et iniqua vada. 10
An poteris siccis mea fata reponere ocellis?
Ossaque nulla tuo nostra tenere sinu?
Ah pereat, quicumque rates et vela paravit
Primus, et invito gurgite fecit iter.
Nonne fuit levius dominae pervincere mores, 15
(Quamvis dura, tamen rara puella fuit)

ELEGY XVII

AND richly served! From her I broke,
And the lone halcyons now invoke!
Corfu my custom'd keel will miss:
All prayer is vain on coasts like this.
E'en the fierce blast that howls its ban
Is absent Cynthia's partisan!
Will no kind spirit lull the storm?
Must yonder sand-spit shroud my form?
Oh! soften, Cynthia! Let this night,
These cruel reefs content thy spite.
What! not a tear? My death forget?
And next thy heart no relic set?
A plague on him who first o'erpass'd
The unwilling flood with sail and mast!
'T were better Cynthia's moods to dare
(Unkind she ^{was} ~~is~~, but Oh! how rare!)

Quam sic ignotis circumdata litora silvis
Cernere, et optatos quaerere Tyndaridas?
Illic si qua meum sepelissent fata dolorem,
Ultimus et posito staret amore lapis, 20
Illa meo caros donasset funere crines,
Molliter et tenera poneret ossa rosa :
Illa meum extremo clamasset pulvere nomen,
Tum mihi non ullo pondere terra foret.
At vos aequoreae formosa Doride natae, 25
Candida felici solvite vela choro.
Si quando vestras labens Amor attigit undas,
Mansuetis socio parcite litoribus.

Than scan strange forests fringed with froth
And long to see the Twins flash forth.
Had buried love and sorrow found
Memorial stone on native ground,
Her cherished locks my grave had dowered,
Her hand soft rose-leaves on me showered,
Her lips, when dust and dust unite,
Had sobbed my name, and earth lain light !
Ye sea-maids, of fair Doris bred,
Come, happy band, my canvas spread !
If Love e'er glided down to you,
Oh ! land me safe, who serve him too !

ELEGIA XVIII

HAEC certe deserta loca, et taciturna querenti,
Et vacuum Zephyri possidet aura nemus.
Hic licet occultos proferre impune dolores,
Si modo sola queant saxa tenere fidem.
Unde tuos primum repetam, mea Cynthia, fastus?
Quod mihi das flendi, Cynthia, principium? 6
Qui modo felices inter numerabar amantes,
Nunc in amore tuo cogor habere notam.
Quid tantum merui? quae te mihi crimina
mutant?
An nova tristitiae causa puella tuae? 10
Sic mihi te referas levis, ut non altera nostro
Limine formosos intulit ulla pedes.
Quamvis multa tibi dolor hic meus aspera debet,
Non ita saeva tamen venerit ira mea,
Ut tibi sim merito semper furor, et tua flendo 15
Lumina deiectis turpia sint lacrimis.

ELEGY XVIII

IN this discreet and leafy spot,
Where Zephyr reigns and man is not,
If rocks can keep a secret, here
To ease my heart I need not fear.
How, Cynthia, did your scorn begin?
Whence have my woes their origin?
Once amid happy lovers placed,
I in your heart am now disgraced!
What crime so heavy a sentence draws?
Another girl? Is that the cause?
Back to me, then! Trip back! Save yours
No pretty foot has passed my doors.
I owe you grudge for this rebuff,
Yet is my wrath not mad enough
Your fury to deserve for years
And spoil your eyes with floods of tears.

An quia parva damus mutato signa colore,
Et non ulla meo clamat in ore fides?
Vos eritis testes, si quos habet arbor amores,
Fagus, et Arcadio pinus amica deo. 20
Ah quoties teneras resonant mea verba sub
umbras,
Scribitur et vestris Cynthia corticibus!
An tua quod peperit nobis iniuria curas,
Quae solum tacitis cognita sunt foribus?
Omnia consuevi timidus perferre superbae 25
Iussa, neque arguto facta dolore queri.
Pro quo, divini fontes, et frigida rupes,
Et datur inculto tramite dura quies,
Et quodcunque meae possunt narrare querelae,
Cogor ad argutas dicere solus aves. 30
Sed qualiscunque es, resonent mihi *Cynthia* silvae,
Nec deserta tuo nomine saxa vacent.

Or is't that love is not avowed
By pallid cheek and protest loud?
Witness, if tree can feel like man,
O beech, O pine beloved of Pan,
How oft your mossy shades acclaim,
Your carven boles bear Cynthia's name!
Or may I not my wrongs deplore—
Things I but whisper to your door?
Humbly I've done your bidding proud,
Nor dared to blame your deeds aloud.
And my reward? The haunted well,
The wayside couch, the frozen fell;
And, would I on my woes descant,
Some twittering bird for confidant!
But—kind or curst—let forests cry
"Cynthia!" and lonesome crags reply!

ELEGIA XIX

NON ego nunc tristes vereor, mea Cynthia, Manes,
Nec moror extremo debita fata rogo ;
Sed, ne forte tuo careat mihi funus amore,
Hic timor est ipsis durior exsequiis.
Non adeo leviter nostris puer haesit ocellis, 5
Ut meus oblito pulvis amore vacet.
Illic Phylacides iucundae coniugis heros
Non potuit caecis immemor esse locis ;
Sed cupidus falsis attingere gaudia palmis
Thessalis antiquam venerat umbra domum. 10
Illic, quidquid ero, semper tua dicar imago :
Traiicit et fati litora magnus amor.
Illic formosae veniant chorus heroinae,
Quas dedit Argivis Dardana praeda viris :
Quarum nulla tua fuerit mihi, Cynthia, forma 15
*Gratior. Et Tellus hoc ita iusta sinat ;

ELEGY XIX

DEATH, Cynthia, I no longer heed,
Nor grudge the final pyre its meed ;
But lest thou cease to love me dead,
That more than death itself I dread.
Mine eyes have Cupid limed so fast,
Love's memory in my dust shall last.
Phylacides, 'mid realms of night
Still yearning for his heart's delight,
In phantom arms to clasp her clomb
Back to his old Thessalian home.
Since love so mighty travelleth
Even across the gulf of death,
There, hap what may, as Cynthia's own
My spirit ever shall be known.
Though Troy's princesses gather there,
Of Grecian swords the booty fair,
None, Cynthia, shall my heart enchant
As thou : and nether Justice grant

Quamvis te longae remorentur fata senectae,

Cara tamen lacrimis ossa futura meis :

Quae tu viva mea possis sentire favilla !

Tum mihi non ullo mors sit amara loco. 20

Quam vereor, ne te contemto, Cynthia, busto

Abstrahat heu ! nostro pulvere iniquus Amor,

Cogat et invitam lacrimas siccare cadentes !

Flectitur assiduis certa puella minis.

Quare, dum licet, inter nos laetemur amantes : 25

Non satis est ullo tempore longus amor.

That as—(God keep thee long, long years!)—
Thy darling dust would draw my tears,
My memory so thy heart may wring :
Where then, O Death, would be thy sting ?
God grant no tyrant force thee, dear,—
(The truest girl may yield to fear)—
To slight my tomb, my memory shun,
And dry the tears that fain would run !
Then join we now in loving sport,
For Love is long and Time is short !

ELEGIA XX

HOC pro continuo te, Galle, monemus amore,

Id tibi ne vacuo defluat ex animo :

Saepe imprudenti fortuna occurrit amanti.

*Crudelis Minyis dixerit Ascanius.

Est tibi non infra speciem, non nomine dispar 5

Thiodamanteo proximus ardor Hylae.

*Hunc tu, sive leges umbrosae flumina Silae,

Sive Aniena tuos tinxerit unda pedes,

Sive Gigantea spatia litoris ora,

Sive ubicunque vago fluminis hospitio, 10

Nympharum semper cupidas defende rapinas :

(Non minor Ausoniis est amor Adryasin,)

*Ne tibi sit, duros montes et frigida saxa,

Galle, neque expertos semper adire lacus,

Quae miser ignotis error perpessus in oris 15

Herculis indomito fleverat Ascanio.

ELEGY XX

LONG friendship, Gallus, bids me say,
Lest the hard lesson leak away,
*That Minyans learnt at Ascan's pool,
"Unwary Love is Fortune's fool!"
You have a Hylas you adore
Fair as his namesake was of yore.
Whether the Giant's Shore you pace,
Or wooded Sila's streamlets trace,
Or spray your feet by Anio's rill—
Guest of what mazy burn you will—
Guard him from brigand Nymphs' caress:
Italian Dryads love no less.
Else, Gallus, may you evermore
Search fell and tarn and freezing tor,
Sad as Alcides' wanderings drear
And bootless moans by Ascan's mere!

Namque ferunt olim Pagasae navalibus Argo
Egressam longe Phasidos isse viam :
Et iam praeteritis labentem Athamantidos undis
Mysorum scopulis adplicuisse ratem. 20
Hic manus heroum, placidis ut constitit oris,
Mollia composita litora fronde tegit.
At comes invicti iuvenis processerat ultra,
Raram sepositi quaerere fontis aquam.
Hunc duo sectati fratres, Aquilonia proles, 25
Hunc super et Zetes, hunc super et Calais,
*Oscula suspensis instabant carpere palmis,
Oscula et alterna ferre supina fuga.
Ille sub extrema pendens secluditur ala,
Et volucres ramo submovet insidias. 30
Iam Pandioniae cessit genus Orithyiae :
*Ah dolor ! ibat Hylas, ibat Hamadryasin.
Hic erat Arganthe Pegae sub vertice montis
Grata domus Nymphis humida Thyniasin,
Quam supra nullae pendebant debita curae 35
Roscida desertis poma sub arboribus,
Et circum irriguo surgebant lilia prato
Candida purpureis mixta papaveribus ;

For Argo, Ph~~o~~^{as}is bound, they say,
From Pagasæ had made good way,
And, Hellespont now glided past,
By Mysian cliffs the boat made fast.
Here, safe ashore, the hero crew
With beds of leaves the shingle strew,
While fared the Conqueror's page to bring
Scarce water from some distant spring.
Him Calais followed hard upon,
And Zetes, Boreas' other son,
Now poised, now flitting to and fro
To snatch a kiss or one bestow.
Cowering at wing's length, staggering back
He cudgels off their fleet attack.
Then fled Pandion's kin. The boy
Went on, alack! to Dryads' joy.
Here Pegæ neath Arganthus' dome
Was Thynian Naiads' favourite home,
Roofed by sequestered trees festooned
With dewy fruits though all unpruned,
And gardened with lush meadows bright
With poppies red and lilies white.

Quae modo decerpens tenero pueriliter ungui,
 Proposito florem praetulit officio ; 40
Et modo formosis incumbens nescius undis
 Errorem blandis tardat imaginibus.
Tandem haurire parat demissis flumina palmis
 Innixus dextro plena trahens humero :
Cuius ut accensae Dryades candore puellae 45
 Miratae solitos destituere choros,
Prolapsum leviter facili traxere liquore :
 Tum sonitum raptu corpore fecit Hylas.
Cui procul Alcides iterat responsa : sed illi
 Nomen ab extremis fontibus aura refert. 50
His, o Galle, tuos monitis servabis amores,
 Formosum Nymphis credere visus Hylan.

Now culling these ('t is boyhood's way)
He shirked his errand for his play ;
Now o'er the watery mirror leans
And idles o'er its fairy scenes.
At length full draughts 'gan he to draw
With lowered hands. The Dryads saw
The snow-white arm on which he leant.
Their dance stopped ; hot their pulses went.
He slips. Beneath the yielding wave
They drag him. Then a cry he gave.
Alcides calls and calls. Far springs
Return the name on Echo's wings !
Gallus, be warned. Of Nymphs beware,
Or lose your love, your Hylas fair !

ELEGIA XXI

TU, qui consortem properas evadere casum,
Miles, ab Etruscis saucius aggeribus,
Quid nostro gemitu turgentia lumina torques?
Pars ego sum vestrae proxima militiae.
*Sic te servato ut possint gaudere parentes, 5
Nec soror acta tuis sentiat e lacrimis,
Gallum, per medios ereptum Caesaris enses,
Effugere ignotas non potuisse manus,
Et quaecunque super dispersa invenerit ossa
Montibus Etruscis, haec sciat esse mea. 10

ELEGY XXI

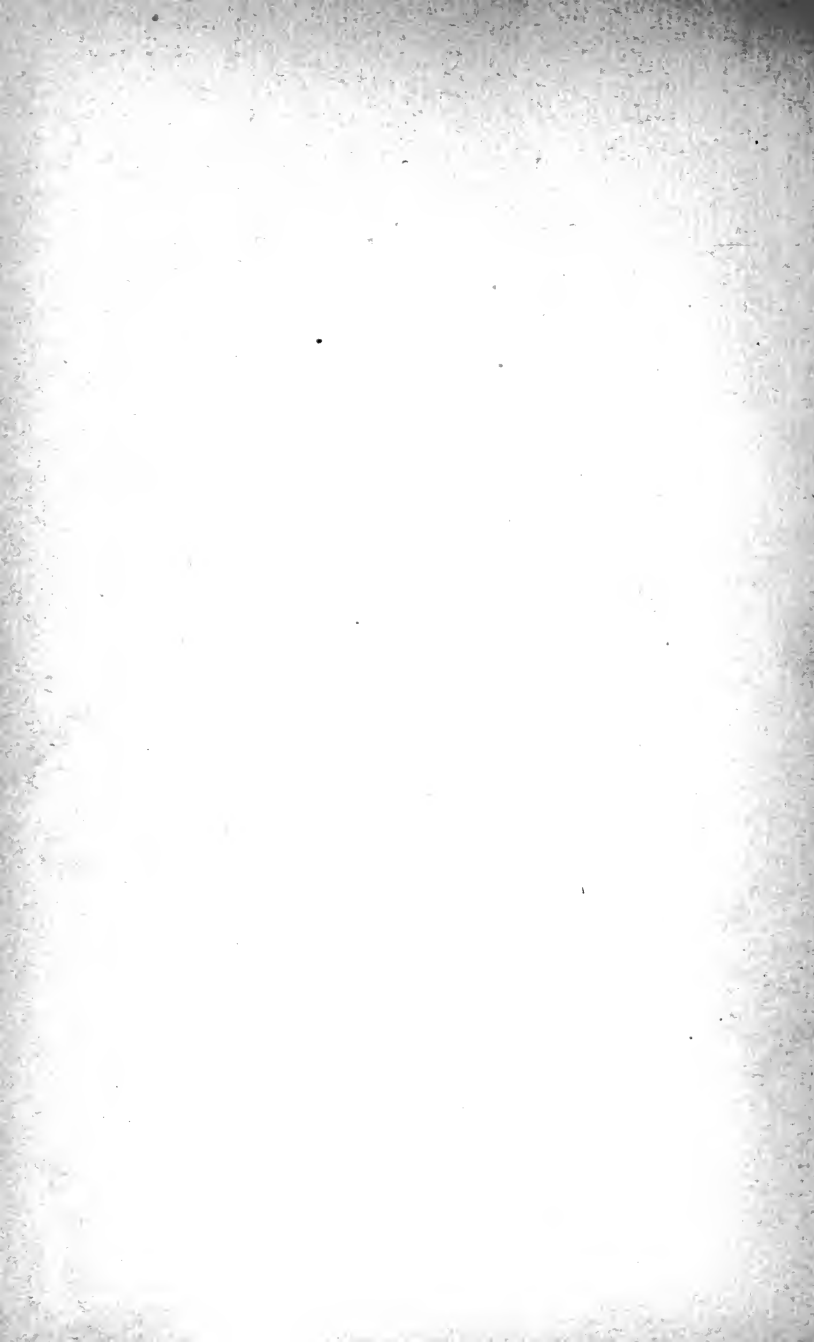
YOU, who to shun your comrades' fate
Fly bleeding from Perugia's gate,
Why roll aside eyes big with fear?
Your brother in arms lies groaning here!
Must parents blush at your return?
Must sister from your tears discern
That Gallus 'scaped Imperial swords
Only to fall by nameless hordes,
And, should she on lone Apennine
Some bones find scattered, know them mine?

ELEGIA XXII

QUALIS, et unde genus, qui sint mihi, Tulle, penates,
 Quaeris pro nostra semper amicitia.
Si Perusina tibi patriae sunt nota sepulcra,
 Italiae duris funera temporibus,
Quum Romana suos egit discordia cives :— 5
 Sit mihi praecipue, pulvis Etrusca, dolor.
Tu proiecta mei perpressa es membra propinqui,
 Tu nullo miseri contegis ossa solo :—
Proxima supposito contingens Umbria campo
 Me genuit, terris fertilis uberibus. 10

ELEGY XXII

YOUR friendship, Tullus, asks anent
My home, my station, my descent.
Know you the graves Perugia filled
With Roman kith by Romans killed,
In those sad days of civil broil—?
(What grief like mine, thou Tuscan soil,
That saw'st my mangled kinsman thrown
To rot unburied limb and bone!)—
Where Umbria lifts her fertile earth
O'er bordering plain, I had my birth.



NOTES

ELEGY I

20. 'Medean' I get from verse 24.

35, 36. **hoc . . . malum**, 'the misery I am now suffering.' **cura**, 'the object of affection.' He is thinking of Lycinna, who was not so *difficile*; cf. iv. 15. 6.

ELEGY II

9. I have gathered into this line all the comparatives which follow.

10. Some read *ut* without authority. A relative adverb is easily supplied from *quos*. This is quite Propertian.

13. The Naples MS. gives *persuadent*. Scaliger's correction *per se dent* would be acceptable, did it not necessitate the change of *nativis lapillis* into *nativos lapillos*, and that of *canunt* into *canant*. *Picta*, too, seems rather nerveless when bereft of its adverbial

adjunct *nativis lapillis*. Hence I have ventured (for once) upon a conjecture of my own. The reading of the Groningen MS. *collucent* supports by its sense *per se ardent*, and may have been substituted for the latter by some one who considered the rhythm harsh. The objection that *per se* and *nativis* are tautological appears to me to have little force. The poet intends to convey that neither the beach nor the pebbles on it owe any of their beauty to art. But even if some slight redundancy be detected in the expression, many similar instances might be quoted, such as *notas* and *ut prius* (i. 1. 18), *docto* and *nota* (iii. 24. 20), *fracto* and *rumpere* (iv. 11. 4), etc. I may add, in further support of my conjecture, that I think there is some reason to suppose that parts, at least, of the Naples MS. were written *from dictation* and not transcribed, and that in corrupt passages the source of errors must often be sought in deceptions of the ear, not in failures of the eye. If so, *per se ardent* may easily have been mistaken for *persuadent*.

ELEGY III

32. Paley's interpretation, 'lighting upon eyes that would have slept on,' appears to me unsatisfactory. The repetition of the word *luna* shows, I think, that in this line the poet's thoughts are

for the moment diverted from Cynthia to dwell upon the moon. I understand *luminibus* therefore of the moon's rays; cf. iv. 20. 14 *longius in primo, Luna, morare toro*. In iv. 20. 12 *moraturae* is used as it is here, 'that want to linger on.'

36. **alterius**, taken objectively, gives, I think, the stronger and more appropriate sense. 'You seem to treat all women badly,' says Cynthia, 'and your conduct has roused one of them to turn you out of her house. Otherwise you would not have returned to me even at this late hour.'

ELEGY IV

13. **multis decus artibus**, 'the distinction she has gained in many accomplishments'; cf. i. 2. 27-30 and iv. 20. 7.

ELEGY V

7. **vagis**: the difference between Cynthia and *vagae puellae* is explained, I think, by the next line, and therefore I understand *vagis* in a moral not a physical sense.

12. **animis** should be connected with *adligat*, 'by her passionate outbreaks.' To construe it with *feros* introduces a tautology and leaves *viros* rather otiose.

25. **tuae . . . culpae**: not 'your evil practices' generally, which would not have repelled Cynthia, but 'your presumption in venturing to pay your addresses to her.'

ELEGY VI

10. **irato** I take proleptically.

16. **ora**: not *sua ora*, but *mea ora*; cf. v. 8. 64 and iv. 16. 10.

17. **opposito** has a double sense, as in Catullus xxvi. 2, 'contrary' and 'in pawn.' Paley has missed the pun, and renders *sibi debita* as if it were *a se debita*. The wind being contrary, Cynthia declares that kisses are due to her, and that is why the wind has had to be pawned. Her lover, she hints, is out of credit both with her and with the clerk of the weather.

ELEGY VII

16. **nostros**, 'our allies.' The context naturally suggests military language. The substitution of *evoluisse* for the MSS. reading *eviolasse* appears to me perfectly wanton. *Nostros deos* cannot be understood as referring to the Fates, who, moreover, were not gods. After the previous line what could be more appropriate than the idea of violent injury?

18. **surda** in a passive sense, 'no one will listen to your epic' while *me legat assidue* (verse 13).

ELEGY VIII

12-15. **aura**, wind light enough to allow ships to proceed, not too strong—not *tales venti*, which would cause the ship to labour along slowly and so give him an opportunity of expostulating with her.

27. A striking example of Propertius' abrupt transitions of thought. His imagination carries him away. First he pictures Cynthia as gone (*quo portu clausa puella mea est*); then as returning (*futura mea est, hic erit*); lastly he finds it impossible to believe she will go at all (*hic manet, vicimus*).

ELEGY IX

15. Hertzberg, followed by Paley, strangely misinterprets this passage. **copia** is 'the means of satisfying your desires'; cf. iii. 11. 24 and iii. 25. 44. *Facilis copia* and *medio flumine quaeris aquam* explain each other.

26. **si qua tua est**, 'if she is one of your own household.'

33. **si pudor est**, 'if you have any sense of decency left'; cf. iii. 3. 18.

ELEGY XI

21. I have restored the reading of the best MSS., from which I see no reason to depart. *Non* is to be taken with *maior* in the sense of *multo minor*, just as *non nunquam* means 'very often.' 'Is this,' says Propertius, 'the alternative before me, either to cease watching over my dear mother in order to watch over you, or, if I continue to guard my mother, to lose you? In the latter case, what should I care for life?'

ELEGY XIII

8. I can see no justification for altering *adire*, which all the good MSS. give. 'Hitherto,' says the poet, 'you have never felt a wound. Now you have an opponent who has brought you to your knees at the very first assault.' *lapsus adis*, 'you attack and are defeated,' as *elata occidit*, 'she died and was buried,' i. 15. 21.

17. **verbis**: the text of the MSS. is supported and explained by i. 10. 6, which refers to the same incident. *labris* has no respectable authority, and gives to the verse a hackneyed turn quite foreign to Propertius' genius.

ELEGY XV

33. The MSS. give *quam tibi ne* (= *val*), which makes excellent sense, though possibly *ne* may be an error for *vae*.

ELEGY XVI

38. The MSS. have *quae solet irato dicere tota loco*. The reading in the text is that adopted by Hertzberg from the emendations of Pucci and Kuinoel. On the occasion of a real marriage the guests sang ribald songs outside the bridal-chamber door; cf. Claud. *Fesc.* iv. 30:—

Ducant pervigiles carmina tibiae
Permissisque iocis turba licentior
Exsultet tetricis libera legibus.

In the present case it was a favoured lover who was in the house, and the badinage of his rivals on the wrong side of the door would naturally be spiteful (*irato ioco*).

47. I cannot help suspecting that Propertius means to connect, by an intentional Græcism, *semper* with *fletibus*, τοῖς ἀὲ δακρύοις. Similar expressions are, *pro nostra semper amicitia*, i. 22. 2; *parvo saepe liquore*, iii. 17. 16; and *longas saepe in amore moras*, i. 3. 44.

ELEGY XVII

3. **Cassiope** : not the star, but a port in the NE. of Corcyra. The southern extremity of the island was supposed to be a favourite resort of the Nereids referred to in verse 25. See Wordsworth's *Greece*, p. 346 (ed. 1859).

ELEGY XIX

16-20. The ordinary interpretation of this very obscure passage, 'may the nether powers be just enough to allow me to prefer you to any other beauty,' seems to me extremely feeble. I understand *hoc* to mean 'what follows.' The justice he asks for is that, should he die before Cynthia, he may be lamented by her as sincerely as he would lament Cynthia, should he survive her. But, in his present mood, he is too delicate to allude to Cynthia's death more distinctly than by expressing a hope that she may live to a good old age. 'Although I pray you may enjoy long life, yet (in the contrary event) I should ever weep over your ashes. If you, in case of your surviving me, can feel the same tender regard for my memory, then the state of death will have no bitterness for me.'

ELEGY XX

4. I have ventured to Anglicise *Ascanius* on the model of *Tarquin*, *Vergil*, etc.

7-11. Hertzberg makes unnecessary difficulties about this passage. I do not believe that Propertius is making any reference to boating or swimming. He simply means, 'Be on your guard whenever you go near water.' *tinxerit pedes* refers to the falls of the Anio. Hertzberg objects to *Silae* on the ground that 'the mention of such an out-of-the-way place would be little to the purpose,' but it is precisely because it was an out-of-the-way place that it would be likely to be haunted by nymphs.

The vast preponderance of MSS. authority is in favour of *hunc . . . cupidus rapinas*. They are so far separated that the anacoluthon is almost natural. Critics too precise to excuse such slips would doubtless insist on correcting Byron's famous solecism 'There let him lay' into 'There let him stay'!

13, 14. Hertzberg, followed by Paley, reads:—

Ne tibi sit—durum!—montes et frigida saxa,
Galle, neque experto semper adire lacus.

This is *durum* indeed, and robs the couplet of the pretty trick to which Propertius is so partial of decking each noun with an appropriate adjective. Is it probable that a poet, who wrote i. 16. 23-24 and

i. 18. 27-28, would here name three physical features and endow only one of them with an epithet? All the MSS. agree in *expertos* (*neque expertos = et non-expertos*, cf. ii. 3. 6 and iii. 20. 52), and therefore an attribute for *montes* seems inevitable. The Naples MS. has *ne tibi sint duri montes*, etc. Hence the correction of Lipsius given in the text seems scarcely doubtful.

As to *quae* (line 15) a general antecedent in apposition with the foregoing idea is to be supplied as in i. 16. 38 and i. 18. 24.

27-30. In this extremely difficult passage the poet seems to be describing a picture. If so, there can be no movement, no succession of images, but a momentary situation. The two brothers are, I think, said to be both doing what in reality they did between them, i.e. the one hovered overhead while the other flitted to and fro, skimming the ground, and, as he passed Hylas, twisting his head and neck upwards so as to reach the boy from below (*oscula supina*), much in the attitude of the birds on a willow-pattern plate. The lad bends backwards till almost ready to fall (*pendens*) in his effort to avoid the danger, which is so near him that the tip of his assailant's wing overshadows him. All the MSS. agree in *palmis*, which I understand as *remigio alarum*. The poet may have thought the word peculiarly appropriate, as he is speaking of a winged being *in human form*. *oscula ferre can*, I

think, only mean 'to bestow kisses,' as it certainly does in iii. 9. 18, especially as it seems contrasted here with *oscula carpere*. For the sense I have given to *alterna* cf. i. 9. 24, i. 11. 12, iii. 3. 7, and iv. 12. 28. *sub extrema ala* I cannot believe means 'under his very arm-pit,' both because the attitude would be extremely inartistic, and because the context renders the use of *ala* in this sense forced and unnatural.

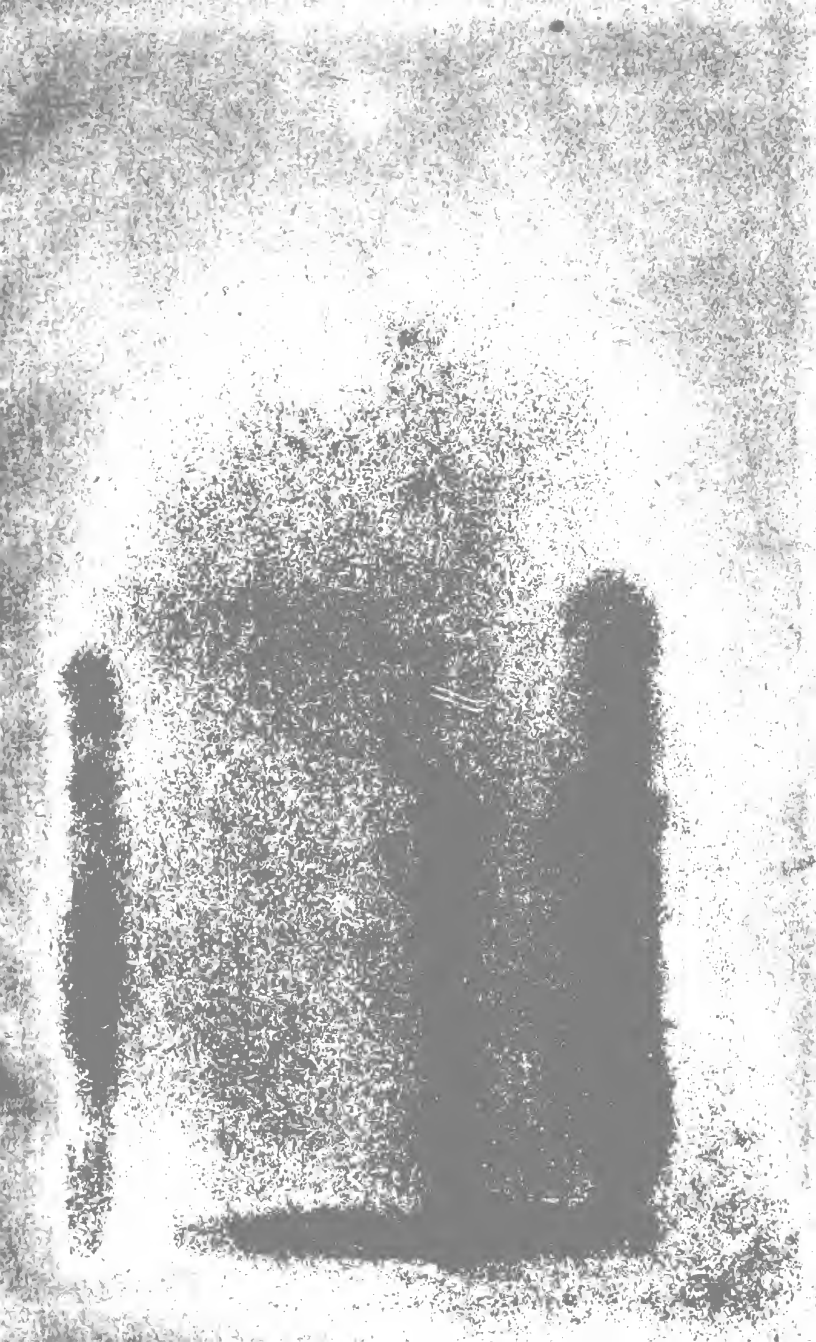
32. The reading given in the text is Scaliger's conjecture from the MSS. *amadrias hinc*. One feels inclined to suggest *amor Dryasin*, 'to be the Dryads' darling.' The line seems to require something of the sort to balance its first half, but I can find nothing else to support the suggestion.

ELEGY XXI

5, 6. A striking instance of the havoc which hasty 'emendators' have wrought. They have cut out *ut* and altered *nec* into *haec*, completely perverting the sense. According to them the elegy represents a mortally wounded partisan of Antony imploring a comrade to save—himself! And they are obliged to understand *parentes* of the fugitives' parents and *soror* of the dying man's sister! The reading of the MSS. enshrines quite a pathetic little story. 'What!' says the helpless soldier, 'are you so panic-stricken as to

think only of your own safety and to leave me, one of your own comrades, to die here without an effort to rescue me? Do not purchase your own safety by conduct which will make it impossible for your parents to welcome you with joy.' *sic . . . ut*, 'only on such conditions that,' cf. i. 18. 11. If we compare this passage with i. 22. 6-8 and v. 1. 127-28, there can, I think, be little doubt that Propertius is here referring to the actual circumstances under which his own father met his death in the Perusian war. The use of the pseudonym 'Gallus,' and the general vagueness of the allusions to the event, are explained by his fear of giving offence to the triumphant faction which his family had opposed.

THE END





PROPERTIUS, SEXTUS.

Cynthia. (Tremenheere tr.)

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G7

