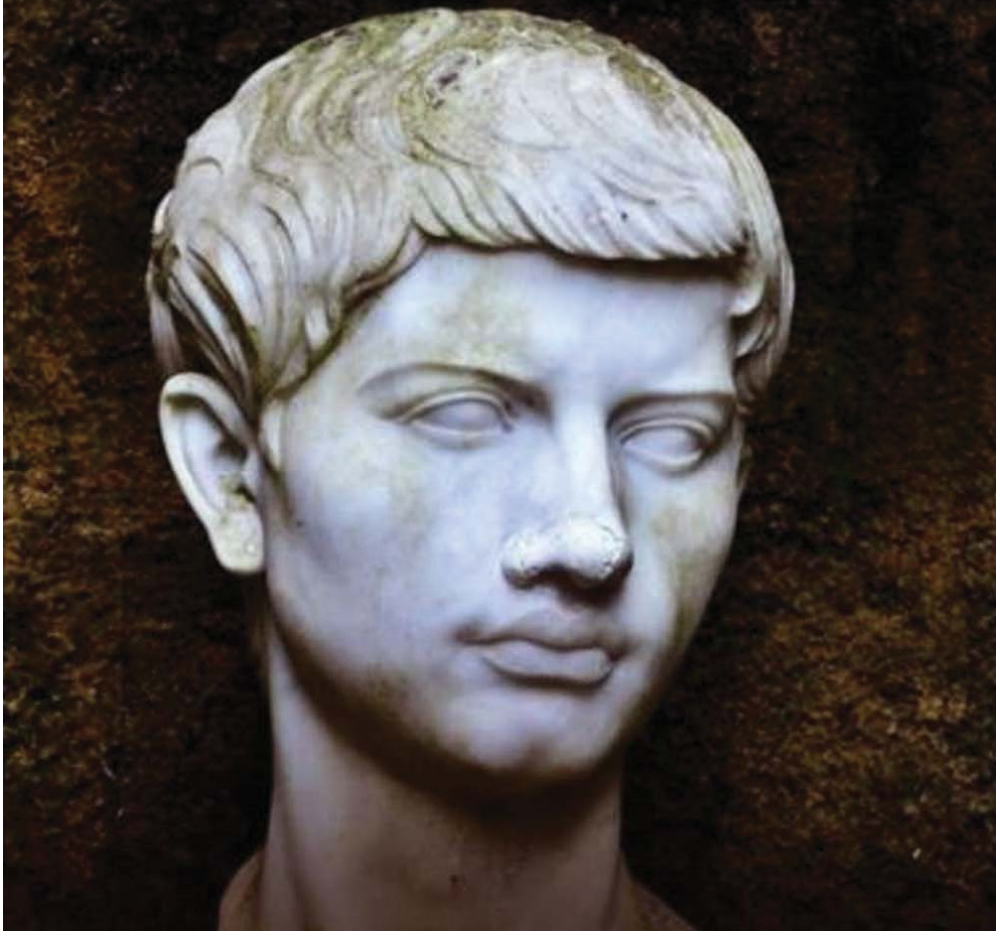
The ECLOGUES of VIRGIL



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BOOKS

THE

ECLOGUES OF VIRGIL

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH HEXAMETER VERSE

BY THE

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

WHO

THROUGHOUT HIS LONG AND ILLUSTRIOUS LIFE

HAS KNOWN HOW TO LIGHTEN THE CARES OF A STATESMAN

BY THE RECREATIONS OF A SCHOLAR

THIS WORK IS BY PERMISSION

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PREFACE

In committing this little volume to the press, I have undertaken a task which, as far as I know, has never been attempted before—that of translating Virgil into his own metre.

Of course a writer who ventures on so novel and bold an experiment can expect but scant mercy from the critics, especially as the hexameter has from time immemorial been branded as 'un-English'—the late Lord Derby having even gone so far as to denounce it as 'a pestilent heresy.' Whether, in the face of the popularity acquired both in England and America by Longfellow's *Evangeline* and Clough's *Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich*, so sweeping a condemnation can be sustained, is perhaps questionable—indeed we have the authority of the late Lord Bowen for saying that:

> 'with his usual delicate perception Mr. Matthew Arnold observed many years ago that the English Hexameter contained in itself resources that might yet be fruitfully developed.'

But be this as it may, it is difficult to see how Virgil, if he cannot be translated into hexameters, can be translated at all. Take away from the

> 'Wielder of the stateliest measure
> ever moulded by the lips of man'

the metre in which the whole of his works, with a few doubtful or

trifling exceptions, are clothed, and you do as much violence to the poet as if you took away the Spenserian stanza from Spenser or the octosyllabic rhyme from Scott. But, if this be true of Virgil's works generally, it is pre-eminently true of his Pastorals. Perhaps it is for this reason that the most successful of the numerous translators of Virgil—notably Professor Conington and Mr. Rhoades and, more recently, Sir Theodore Martin—have omitted the Eclogues from their collection.

Exactly two centuries have elapsed since Dryden gave to the world his complete version of the poems of Virgil, rendered into English decasyllabic rhyme—a work which for many years enjoyed a reputation second only to that of Pope's *Homer*. But Dryden's *Virgil*, full of *verve* and vigour as it is, is not a translation at all; indeed it can hardly be called a paraphrase. Take for example the address to Pollio in the eighth Eclogue:

> 'In numbers like to thine could I rehearse,
> Thy lofty tragic scenes, thy labored verse;
> The world another Sophocles in thee,
> Another Homer should behold in me.'

Not only is there not a word about Homer in the original, but the whole allusion in the last line is altogether foreign to the mind of Virgil, who would as soon have thought of likening his Pastorals to the *Iliad*, as Thomson would have thought of comparing his *Seasons* to *Paradise Lost*.

The only other complete translation of Virgil into English decasyllabic rhyme, with which I am acquainted, is one published in 1762 by the Rev. Joseph Warton; but, as his work is little more than a watered reproduction of Dryden, it is unnecessary to discuss its merits. Fifty years ago the Rev. Rann Kennedy, who with his father Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy translated the poet into blank verse, discovered that

> 'justice could not be done to Virgil by the English rhyming couplet, wherein the sentence could rarely be extended beyond two lines, and that it was impossible for a translator thus fettered to imitate Virgil in the variety of his pauses.'

That a translation proceeding from two members of so gifted a family should bear marks of the most finished scholarship was, of course, to be expected. But I have no hesitation in saying that by far the least satisfactory part of the Kennedys' work was their version of the Eclogues. The same remark applies to the translation of Mr. J. A. Wilstach—an American work of no small merit—and to that of the Rev. R. C. Singleton, Warden of Radley College. Indeed it is impossible to conceive a vehicle less suited to the rollicking fun of the third, the rhapsodical ecstasy of the fifth, or the dithyrambic frenzy of the tenth Eclogue, than the comparatively inelastic rhythm of English blank verse.

Of recent metrical versions of Virgil, undoubtedly the most successful is that which was published some ten years ago by the late Lord Bowen—one of the most accomplished Latinists as well as one of the most gifted and many-sided men whom it was ever my privilege to know. Rejecting both the decasyllabic rhyme and blank verse, mainly because the Virgilian line was too long to be reproduced or represented in either, and the English hexameter on the ground that the cadence of the final foot of two syllables required rhyme to prevent it from being tedious, Lord Bowen hit upon an entirely new measure of his own. Adopting the hexameter for the beginning of his line, he shortened the final dissyllabic foot of Virgil into a foot of a single syllable, with which the last syllable of the succeeding verse was made to rhyme. The result is a kind of truncated hexameter, which breaks off short in the middle of the final spondee, upon which the whole weight of the Greek and Latin verse is made to rest, while a new element entirely foreign to classical poetry is imported into the translation in the shape of the modern rhyme. That out of such materials he should have produced a work which is still deservedly popular, is a striking proof both of the literary genius and of the scholarly skill of the author. But Lord Bowen did one thing. He proved that it was possible to construct an English metre upon the lines of the

Latin Hexameter. Perhaps such a rendering as that of the Virgilian verse

'Mantua, vae! miserae nimium vicina Cremonae'

into the following English hexameter:

'Mantua, near—too near, ah me! to unhappy Cremona'

may seem to show that the two measures are susceptible of a still closer interchange.

The present work was commenced and nearly completed many years ago. Indeed a small portion of it actually appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*. It was originally my intention to have included the whole of Virgil's poems in my translation, but the project has had to be sacrificed to the exigencies of a busy political life, and as I see no chance of carrying it out within the span of life which may be left me, I now venture to offer to the public what, though in form merely a fragment, possesses a certain character and completeness of its own. For the Pastorals of Virgil are divided from his *Aeneid* and *Georgics* by as sharp a line of demarcation as that which separates Theocritus, his model in the one, from Homer and Hesiod, his models in the others. In the structure of the lines I have tried to follow the *Andromeda* of Kingsley, which seems to avoid at once the rugged inequalities of Clough's inimitable Idyll and the somewhat sing-song sameness of Longfellow's *Evangeline*. I may add that I have endeavoured, as far as possible, to translate the original, not only thought for thought, but line for line, and above all to avoid the temptation of modernizing Virgil. Of course a translator who does this necessarily places himself at a disadvantage with non-classical readers. Many a play of fancy, many a turn of expression, which to a Roman of the first century before Christ would have appeared perfectly just and natural, is apt to grate on the modern ear as harsh, repulsive, and perhaps altogether

incomprehensible. To most of such readers a close metrical version of Virgil must always be little more than an unmeaning jingle. But it may be that, even in this Philistine age, there are some who, having in their school or college days themselves felt the difficulty of preserving in transfusion the subtle fragrance of the Virgilian verse, will look with a more charitable eye upon a literary effort, to the imperfections of which no one is more painfully alive than its author.

ATHENAEUM CLUB,
January, 1897.

ECLOGUES

ARGUMENT

AFTER the battle of Philippi the Triumvirs proceeded to distribute among their victorious legionaries the lands of North Italy, including the patrimony of Virgil in the neighbourhood of Mantua his birthplace.

To avert this calamity the poet made his way to Rome, where he obtained an audience of Octavius Caesar, who promised to restore him his property. That an attempt was made by the intruders forcibly to resist the re-occupation of his farm, appears from the ninth Eclogue, but the first Eclogue was apparently written before this episode had taken place.

The story is told in the form of a dialogue between two shepherds, Tityrus and Meliboeus: Tityrus—presumably the poet himself—is described as lying under a beech-tree, piping to his flocks, while Meliboeus is driven out from his home and condemned to hopeless and cheerless exile. By a curious complication Tityrus is represented as a farm slave who, having grown old in servitude, has at last succeeded in purchasing his freedom, and having found his way to Rome, there meets with Octavius, to whom in return for the benefits conferred upon him he declares himself ready to pay divine honours. The verses put into the mouth of Meliboeus are made up partly of lamentations over his own misfortune and partly of rejoicings over the happier lot of his friend. At the end of the Eclogue, Tityrus proposes that, as the shades of evening are drawing in, Meliboeus should pass the night under his roof.

The descriptions of the scenery are somewhat confused. The mountains and beech-woods of Sicily, the scene of Theocritus's Idylls, are mixed up with the marshes of Mantua and its neighbourhood. In other respects the poem appears to be quite original.

ECLOGUE I

TITYRUS

MELIBOEUS. TITYRUS

Mel. Tityrus, Thou, reclining beneath the wide-spreading beech-tree,
Tunest thy slender reed to the songs of the sylvan muses,
We the delights of our home and our own sweet corn-fields are leaving.
Far from our fatherland flying:—and thou at thine ease in the greenshade
Teachest the woods to resound with the name of the fair Amaryllis!

Tit. Oh Meliboeus! A god hath brought this peace to our homestead:
For I will always hold him a god, and oft on his altar
Duly shall flow the blood of the tender lamb from my sheepcote.
He hath bidden my kine roam at large and myself as thou seest
Sport, as I list, on the pipe—the pipe the delight of the rustic.

Mel. Nay, I envy you not, I admire rather! Everywhere round us
All in the fields is dismay and confusion. Onward the she-goats
Fainting before me I drive. This one I can scarcely drag with me.
Two fair kids she bore—even now—where the hazels are thickest,
Leaving the hope of the flock—ah me! on the desolate flintstone!
Surely this evil to me, but my mind was blind to the omen,
Oft did the oaks foretell by the heaven-sent thunderbolts riven;

Oft from the hollow holm-oak the sinister raven foretold it!
Yet would I know thy god, oh Tityrus, tell me who is he?

Tit. Oh Meliboeus! The city called Rome I fondly imagined
Like to this Mantua of ours I should find, where oft to the market
Shepherds are wont to drive the tender lambs from the sheepfold.
Even thus the whelp to the hound, the kid to her mother
Like had I known, thus great things with small I delighted to measure,
But she uplifts her head as much above all other cities
As does the tall cypress-tree by the side of the sinewy saplings.

Mel. And what then was the cause which drew you to visit the city?

Tit. Liberty! Late she looked on me although I toiled not to win her,
After my beard had grown gray, as it fell at the touch of the scissors;
Yet she looked on me at last and, though long delaying, she sought me,
Since Amaryllis has won and since Galatea has left me.
For—I will own it—while yet in her bonds Galatea enthralled me,
Neither for liberty hoped I, nor cared for the making of money;
And although many a victim was led from my fold to the altar,
And for the thankless city I pressed the fattest of cheeses,
Home every day I returned, as poor and light-handed as ever.

Mel. Oft have I wondered why sadly you called on the gods, Amaryllis,
Whose were the apples you left on the parent apple-tree hanging!
Tityrus' self was away! On thee, oh shepherd, the pine-woods,
Thee the fountains themselves and the vines in the vineyard were calling.

Tit. What could I do? I could not, alas! from slavery free me
Nor from the gods elsewhere on such present favour could reckon.
Here, Meliboeus, I first beheld him—the youth, in whose honour
Twice six days in the year the smoke rises up from my altar.
Here did he first give heed to my prayer, and made answer: 'Oh
Shepherds,
Feed as of old your kine, as of old lead the bull to the heifers.'

Mel. Happy old man! and so the fields that were thine shall remain so!
And they are ample enough, although the desolate limestone
And the o'erspreading marsh cover all with its mantle of sedges.
Here no unwonted herb shall tempt the travailing cattle,
Here from the neighbouring flock no rank contagion harm them!
Happy old man! Here amid your old familiar rivers,
Or by some hallowed fount, you woo the cool of the dark woods;
While hard by, of your fields the limit, the neighbouring hedgerow,
Feeding Hyblaean bees on the bloom of its odorous willows,
Gently with light-winged whisper invites sweet sleep to your eyelids;
While under towering crag, his song the hedger is singing;
While from afar—your delight—comes the hollow note of the ring-dove,
And the turtle-dove moans from her airy home in the elm-tree.

Tit. Sooner the light-footed roe shall graze on the heaven above us,
Sooner the sea receding abandon the fish on the seashore,
Sooner their homes exchanging for exile, the one with the other,
Parthians shall Araris drink and far Germania the Tigris,
Than from my breast shall fade the face of my hero forgotten.

Mel. Vagabonds we! Some fly to the thirsty regions of Afric,
Some to Scythia, and some to the rushing Cretan Oaxes,
Some to the Britons, from us by the whole of the Universe severed.
And shall I ever again in the far-off years of the future
Gaze on the turf-crowned roof of yonder poor little cabin?
Gaze on the straggling corn, the remains of what once was my kingdom?
Fallow-lands trim, such as these, shall a godless soldier inherit?
Barbarous hands reap these crops? Ah! where has disunion hurled you?
Citizens, children of woe! see for whom we have planted our acres!
Graft, Meliboeus, the pears, set in order the vines in the vineyard;
Haste, get you on, my goats, ah! once happy flock, get you onward.
Never again full length in the grass-grown grotto reclining

Shall I behold you afar from the briar-crowned precipice hanging;
Never again shall I sing, nor led by me to the pastures
Cytisus bloom will ye cull or the bitter leaves of the willow!

Tit. Here yet this night with me you may rest on a carpet of green leaves,
Stored with cheese is our larder, and mellow our chestnuts and apples;
And already afar the smoke of the hamlets is curling.
And from the tall mountain tops the lengthening shadows are falling.

[The second Eclogue, for reasons which will be understood by those who are acquainted with the story told by Apuleius and alluded to by Martial (8. 56), is not included in this translation.]

ARGUMENT

In this poem, much of which is taken almost *verbatim* from the fourth and fifth Idylls of Theocritus, two herdsmen, Menalcas and Damoetas, are represented as singing for a wager against each other.

After some rather coarse preliminary banter, they agree to make Palaemon, another herdsman, their umpire. The verses consist chiefly of praises of their respective mistresses, and each boasts of his own prowess in singing. In the end each competitor asks the other a conundrum, and finally Palaemon declares himself unable to decide between such a well-matched pair. Singularly enough at verse 89 the names of two contemporary poetasters, Bavius and Maevius (who seem to have affected Virgil and Horace very much as Colley Cibber and Settle affected Pope), are introduced apparently without rhyme or reason into the Eclogue.

The poem is a specimen of the kind known as 'Amoebaean' singing, which consisted in the second competitor answering the first in the same number of lines and on the same or a corresponding subject. The custom is said to be still in vogue among the *Improvisatori* of Tuscany. Those who have been present at a Welsh Eisteddfod and are sufficiently acquainted with the vernacular to follow its proceedings, will find a parallel nearer home in the 'Pennillion' singing, which is a distinctive feature of that national festival.

ECLOGUE III

PALAEMON

MENALCAS. DAMOETAS. PALAEMON

Men. Tell me, Damoetas, who owns yon flock? Is it not Meliboeus?

Dam. No, it is Aegon; but lately has Aegon entrusted it to me.

Men. Ah me! Ill-fated flock! While your master Neaera is wooing—
Jealous that she should prefer me to him—you are milked by a hireling
Twice in the hour—and the ewes lose their strength and the lambs lose their supper.

Dam. Tell not thou tales about others! Remember it little befits thee!
For we all know who it was—while the goats looked askance at your doings,
And in what shrine—But the nymphs were too easy—they laughed and forgave it!

Men. Then I suppose when they saw me with mischievous pruning-hook hacking
Micon's shrubs and his vines that he so lately had planted.

Dam. Or when you seized and broke the bow and arrows of Daphnis
Here by the old beech-trees, for you, unworthy Menalcas,
Wept when you saw they were given the lad; and had you not managed
Somehow or other to harm them, I do believe it had killed you.

Men. What will not masters do, when knaves so audacious are growing!

Did I not see you, you wretch, while loud the wolf-dog was baying,
Watch for and try to catch in your toils a he-goat of Damon?
And when I cried: 'Look out! See where the villain is running!
Tityrus, muster your flock!' you behind the sedges were hiding.

Dam. Well, and was he not beaten in singing, and yet would not yield me
Him—my he-goat—the prize which my pipe and my melody won me?
Yes, if you know not, I'll tell you—The goat was my own; even Damon
Owned it himself, and yet he would not deliver it to me.

Men. You in singing beat him? Why, the wax-jointed flute you ne'er handled;
Have we not heard you, illiterate clown, in the highways and byways,
Murder your wretched songs on a squeaking whistle of oat straw?

Dam. Would you then try man for man what either of us can accomplish?
Here then I wager a heifer—lest haply you chance to refuse her—
Twice to the pail she comes, two calves are fed from her udders.
Tell me, Menalcas, what stake you are willing to wager against me.

Men. Nothing out of the flock could I dare to wager against thee.
I have a father at home and a jealous stepmother also,
Twice they count over the flock and alternately number the kidlings.
But what you yourself will confess is a much better offer,
Since in such frenzy you fain would indulge, I will wager a goblet,
Work embossed of the godlike Alcimedon, carved out of beechwood,
Over whose side the vine, by a touch of the graving tool added,
Mantles its clustering grapes in the paler leaves of the ivy.
Figures he set, in the midst, of Conon and—who was the other?
He who first with his wand mapped out the world to the nations,
Gave to the reaper his season, the stooping ploughman his season;
Ne'er with my lips have I touched it, but jealously guarded I keep it.

Dam. Yes, for me also two cups the same Alcimedon fashioned,
And round the handles he wove the leaves of the tender acanthus;
Orpheus he set in the midst and the forests following after.
Ne'er with my lips have I touched them, but jealously guarded I keep them.
If to the heifer you look, you waste your praise on the goblet.

Men. No! you shall not escape, I will follow wherever you call me,
Only let him who comes here be our judge, the shepherd Palaemon.
I will make sure that never to sing will you challenge another.

Dam. Come, if you aught have to say, I will not tarry an instant,
Nor do I fly any man. Only you, good neighbour Palaemon,
Ponder deep what you hear, for 'tis no little matter, I warrant.

Pal. Sing then, oh swains, since here on the tender sward we are seated.
Now with new life every tree—with new life every corn-field is teeming.
Now all in leaf are the woods, and the year is looking its fairest!
You, Damoetas, begin; then after him follow, Menalcas.
Sing in alternate strains—such strains to the Muses are dearest.

Dam. Jove is the father of all; with Jove all nature is teeming;
He makes the earth to bring forth; he loves my songs above all things.

Men. I too of Phoebus am loved; a gift from the god in my garden
Ever the bay-tree blooms and the sweetest of hyacinth blushes.

Dam. Me with an apple she pelts—Galatea—the wantonest maiden—
Then to the willows she flies, but takes care to be seen, ere she gets there.

Men. Ah! but to me unsought for he comes, my beloved Amyntas,
So that not Delia herself is better known to my watchdogs.

Dam. I have a gift for my love—the spot I carefully noted—
Where to the sky upsoaring, her nest the ring-dove was building.

Men. Culled from the greenwood tree, ten golden apples I sent him,
More I could not, alas! To-morrow I send him as many.

Dam. Oh! how often she spoke, and what things she managed to tell me;
Only a part to the ears of the Gods waft upward, ye breezes!

Men. Ah! what boots it to say that your heart does not spurn me, Amyntas,
If, when you follow the boar, forsaken the nets I am watching.
Dam. Send me my Phyllis again, for it is my birthday, Iollas,
When for the harvest a heifer I slay, come yourself to the banquet.
Men. Phyllis of maids I love best; she wept when she saw me departing.
'Fairest,' she cried, 'farewell, a long farewell, my Iollas!'
Dam. Deadly the wolf to the fold, to the mellow corn-field the deluge;
Deadly the blast to the tree, to me Amaryllis's anger.
Men. Sweet is the shower to the blade, to the newly weaned kid the arbutus;
Sweet to the ewes is the willow, but sweeter to me, my Amyntas.
Dam. Pollio loves my muse, though she be but a rustic, he loves her.
Maids of Pieria, feed the fatted calf for your patron.
Men. Pollio too writes songs, such songs as were ne'er before written.
Feed me a bull that will butt and scatter the sand with his hind hoofs.
Dam. He who Pollio loves, let him Pollio's fortunes follow!
Gather his honey in streams and frankincense pluck from the bramble.
Men. Do you not Bavius hate? Then love the sonnets of Maevius;
Yoke the fox to the plough and try to get milk from the he-goats!
Dam. Lads, who the flowers of the field and the lowly strawberry gather,
Fly, oh fly from the spot—in the grass the cold adder is lurking.
Men. Go not too far, my flock, trust not to the slippery footing;
See how the ram on the bank e'en now his fleeces is drying.
Dam. Tityrus, drive back the goats, that too near to the river are straying;
I, when the hour shall have struck, will bathe the whole flock in the fountain.

Men. Gather the sheep to the fold! If the milk in the noonday should curdle,
Vainly, as happened just now, we press the obstinate udders.
Dam. Ah, how lean he has grown—my bull on the fattest of clover—
Love is the cause of it all—the bane of the herd and the herdsmen.
Men. Surely it cannot be love, for scarcely their bones hang together—
Somebody's evil eye my tender lambs is bewitching.
Dam. Say in what region of earth—and you will be my great god Apollo—
Scarcely the width of three ells outstretcheth the span of the Heavens?
Men. Say in what region of earth, with the names of princes enamelled,
Springs the wild flower from the sod—and Phyllis is yours for the asking!
Pal. No; it is not for me so grave a contention to settle;
You, Menalcas, the heifer have won, and he and whoever
Fears that love may be sweet or awakes to find it grown bitter!
Close the streams, oh ye swains, the meadows are drunk with the moisture.

ARGUMENT

THIS poem differs greatly from the other Eclogues of Virgil.

We are reminded in reading the Pastorals that Virgil was frequently importuned by his patrons, Caius Asinius Pollio and Alfenus Varus, to write a heroic poem descriptive of the Civil War, which had just come to an end, and of the part which those generals played in it, and that he resisted the pressure on the ground that his genius was better suited to idyllic poetry. In the present Eclogue, Virgil takes leave of the pastoral muse and essays a loftier flight.

Starting with the well-known prophecy of the Cumean Sibyl that the iron ages, through which the world had just passed, were to be followed by a golden age, he connects the advent of this happier era, supposed to be inaugurated by the peace of Brundisium (B.C. 38), with the birth of a child, as to whose identity considerable doubt still exists. By most commentators the boy, whose birth is celebrated in the Eclogue, is supposed to have been one of the two sons of Pollio, of whom the elder died in infancy and the younger was starved to death by order of Tiberius; while Professor Conington goes so far as to question whether the child was ever born at all! Upon the whole, I am inclined to think that the child referred to in the poem was the nephew and adopted son of Augustus, known as the 'Young Marcellus,' whose death is so pathetically alluded to in the sixth book of the Aeneid, and who was probably born during the consulship of Pollio.

The Eclogue was for a long time popularly supposed to be a prophecy of the birth of Christ. The fact that some of the verses bear a certain resemblance to the book of Isaiah, the expectation, prevalent at the time, of the advent of a reign of universal peace, and the curious halo of veneration with which the name of Virgil was during the middle ages surrounded, sufficiently account for the belief.

ECLOGUE IV

POLLIO

Muses of Sicily, wake to a somewhat loftier measure!
Since there be those who the vines and the lowly tamarisk heed not.
If, of the woods we would sing, let the woods of a consul be worthy.
Now, to the earth has come round the last of the Sibylline aeons;
Now beginneth anew the mighty roll of the ages;
Now is the Virgin returned and the ancient kingdom of Saturn,
And from the sky descends a new generation of heroes.
Only watch over his birth, Lucina, the boy at whose coming
Golden days shall arise and drive out the ages of iron;
Only watch over his birth, for your own Apollo is reigning.
Pollio, under thy rule, he comes, the Light of the Ages,
While their appointed course the mighty months are unrolling.
Under thy rule shall fade the lingering footprints of evil,
Fade far away and the earth shall be free from the fear of the spoiler.
He shall live the life of a god and shall gaze on his fellows,
Heroes mingled with gods, and heroes and gods shall behold him,
Ruling a world set at rest by the valorous deeds of his father.
Child! its first fruits for thee the earth untended is yielding—
Ivy that everywhere roves with the spikenard's growth interwoven,

Flowers of lotus entwined with the leaf of the laughing acanthus!
Home of themselves the goats shall bring their bountiful udders
Nor the affrighted herd be scared by the might of the lion.
Then, of its own sweet will, the gentle flower from your cradle
Gaily shall spring and the serpent shall die and the treacherous hemlock,
And like a weed o'er the earth the myrrh of Assyria blossom!
Soon, when with years advancing you read of the feats of your father,
Read of heroic deeds, and learn the might that was in him,
Then with the delicate grain the golden fields shall grow yellow,
Then on the rugged thorn the grape's rosy bunches shall cluster,
And from the gnarled old oak shall distil the dew of the honey.
Yet shall abide some trace of the ancient sin of our fathers,
Prompting to tempt the sea and to girdle the city with ramparts,
Prompting again to cleave the earth's fair face with the ploughshare.
Then shall another Tiphys arise and another ship Argo
Carry her chosen chiefs, and again shall the war note awaken,
And to Ilion again shall be borne the mighty Achilles.
But when to man's estate the fullness of time shall have brought him,
Sailors will shrink from the sea and no more will the pinnace of pinewood
Barter her wealth at the mart, for the earth will yield all things to all men.
Then shall the soil no harrow, the vine no pruning-hook harass,
Then from the bull's strong neck his yoke the ploughman shall loosen.
Never again shall the wool assume its counterfeit colours!
See in the fields the ram to the fairest of crimson is blushing,
Changing anon his fleece to the golden hue of the saffron,
And as he feeds the lamb is arrayed in a raiment of purple.
Hark! 'tis the Parcae's voice, as bending they sing to their spindles,
Strong in the order of Fate: 'So ever roll onward, ye Ages,
Enter—the hour is at hand—on the mighty rôle of thine honours,
Offspring beloved of the gods—great son of Jupiter—enter!'

See! how the massive world with the convex burden is nodding,
Earth and Ocean's wide waste and the azure depths of the heavens.
See! how all things rejoice at the dawn of a happier era!
Oh! that the gods till then but a span of my lifetime would spare me,
Spirit and strength to sing of the mighty deeds that thou doest!
Fairer songs would not Linus sing nor the Thracian Orpheus,
Not though the one a mother inspired and a father the other—
Calliopaea the one, the beautiful Sun-god the other.
Nay, though Pan should compete with his own Arcadia to judge us,
Pan would own himself matched and Arcadia judge me the victor.
Smile, thou tiny one, smile! look up with a smile to thy mother—
Smile away ten long months—ten months of wearisome waiting;
Smile, thou tiny one, smile! Who knows not the smile of a parent,
Neither the board of a god nor the bed of a goddess is worthy.

ARGUMENT

THIS Eclogue, like the third, belongs to the Amoebaean order of poetry (described *ante*, p. 8), but it differs from the latter in being preceded by an interchange of courteous compliments instead of coarse raillery.

Menalcas and Mopsus, a younger shepherd, repair to a shady grotto, where Mopsus at the request of his friend breaks out into a dirge over the death of Daphnis, the darling of the nymphs and the patron of the shepherds, which Menalcas caps by relating his apotheosis. The poem, which is mainly taken from the first Idyll of Theocritus, ends in an exchange of compliments and gifts between the shepherds.

Many commentators have supposed that under the pseudonym of Daphnis, Virgil intended to refer to Julius Caesar, who was assassinated shortly before the Eclogue was written, and was worshipped as a god by the Romans. Apart from the extravagance involved in paying divine honours to a shepherd, there does not seem to be any solid ground for this hypothesis.

ECLOGUE V

DAPHNIS

MENALCAS. MOPSUS

Men. Mopsus, since we are met, both good the one as the other,
You to fill the light pipe and I to sing to your piping,
Why not sit down where the elm its shade with the hazel is mingling?
Mop. You are the elder; 'tis right that I should obey you, Menalcas,
Whether we seek the shade blown about by the breath of the West wind
Or to the cavern we fly. See you not how over the cavern
Yonder wild vine has flung its scanty mantle of berries?
Men. Here on the whole hillside you have but one rival—Amyntas.
Mop. What if Amyntas should seek in singing to rival Apollo?
Men. Come now, begin. If aught perchance of the praises of Alcon,
Phyllis's fiery loves, you would sing, or the quarrels of Codrus;
Heed not the kids, they are safe, for Tityrus watches them browsing.
Mop. Well! I will try my hand at a song—but lately I sang it,
And, as I sang, by turns on the soft green bark of the beech-tree
Scored I each verse. Now bid him come forward and match me—Amyntas.
Men. As to the pale olive-tree is the pliant growth of the osier,
As to the crimson rose is the lowly lavender blossom,

So is Amyntas to thee; if to us you look for a verdict.

Mop. Soft! I pray you be still—for see, we have come to the cavern.

DAPHNIS was dead! The nymphs his cruel doom were bewailing.
Daphnis was dead! Bear witness, ye streams and ye copses of hazel!
Clasping the corpse of her son she sits—that desolate mother;
Now on the gods she calls, and now on the pitiless planets.
Not in those days to the stream's cool bank did the sorrowing shepherds
Drive as of old their flocks; the steer in the grass-grown meadows
Stopped and forgot to graze, nor sipped the neighbouring river.
Daphnis, they say that over thy shroud the lions of Afric
Wailed their wild wail—the story the hills and the wild woods are telling.
For it was Daphnis who taught how to yoke Armenia's tigers,
Daphnis who taught how to weave the wanton dances of Bacchus,
Daphnis who twined the stout spear with a wreath of delicate ivy.
Pride of the trees is the vine, the grape is the pride of the vineyard;
Pride of the herd is the bull, the grain of the bountiful corn-field;
Pride of thy fellows wert thou! When of thee the fates had bereft us,
Pales herself abandoned the fields and Apollo forsook us;
And in the furrows, where oft the biggest of barley we scattered,
Nought but the barren wild oat and the worthless darnel is growing;
Where the soft violet grew and the purple daffodil blossomed,
Thistles and thorns uprear their prickly barrier of brambles.
Shepherds, carpet the ground with leaves, weave a shade for the fountain!
Such be the honours that Daphnis ordains to be paid to his spirit.
Build up a tomb for the boy, and pour out a melody o'er it,
'Daphnis I am—far famed from the woods to the star-spangled heavens,
Guardian of ev'ry fair flock—myself the fairest among them.'

Men. Sweet, most sweet is thy song to our ears, divinest of minstrels,
Sweet as sleep on the grass to the weary, or when in the dog-days

Stooping we quench our thirst in the dancing rivulet's ripple.
Not on the pipe alone, but in voice you rival your master.
Happy, thrice happy swain! now only to him you are second.
Yet would we sing you our songs and your Daphnis raise to the heavens,
Daphnis raise to the stars—we too were beloved of Daphnis.

Mop. Where is the boon that may match with the precious boon that you offer?

Worthy your songs too is he. Long ago did Stimico praise them.

Men. Beautiful Daphnis admires the threshold strange of Olympus;
Clouds at his feet he sees and the starry zone underneath them.
See! a wild joy through the woods and all the strange landscape is thrilling;
Pan and the shepherds it fills and the virgin nymphs of the forests.
Now no longer the wolf for the fold or the nets for the wild roe
Harbour their plots; for Daphnis is good and loves peace before all things.
Mountains unshorn for joy uplift their voice to the welkin,
Forests break out into singing—a god—yes, a god, oh Menalcas.
Daphnis, be good to thine own! Behold four altars arising,
|| Two, oh Daphnis to thee—two altars I raise to Apollo.
Year after year of new milk two foaming goblets I offer,
Year after year two bowls I fill with the juice of the olive,
And making merry the hearts of my guests with the flow of the wine-cup,
If it be cold by the hearth—in the harvest time out in the greenshade
Chian wine from the goblet I pour, the newest of nectar.
Then too for me Damoetas shall sing and the Lyctian Aegon,
And, like a satyr, shall dance the antic Alphesiboeus.
These things shall ever be thine; or when to the nymphs of the forest
Duly our vows we pay, or sprinkle the fields with our offerings.
While the wild boar to the mountain-top cleaves, and the fish to the river,
While upon thyme shall revel the bee, and on dew the cicala,

Ever among us shall dwell thy name and thy fame and thine honours:
Like as to Ceres and Bacchus, to thee with the change of the seasons
Rustics their vows shall pay, and woe be to him who forgets them.

Mop. Tell me, Menalcas, what gifts for so sweet a song shall I offer?
Sweeter to me that song than the rising breath of the South wind,
Sweeter than music made by the wave-beaten shores of the ocean,
Sweeter than pebbly streams through rock-built valleys descending.

Men. First would I give thee this slender pipe; many tunes has it taught me,
Taught me how Corydon sighed for the beautiful shepherd Alexis,
Taught me to sing 'Who owns yon flock? Is it not Meliboeus?'

Mop. Take from my hands this crook; though often Antigenes begged it,
Ne'er could he woo me to give it, and yet to be loved he was worthy.
See how even the knots and how fair the brass binding, Menalcas!

ARGUMENT

In this Eclogue Virgil begins by apologizing to Varus for his inability to write an epic poem, as he had been requested to do, having been warned by Cynthius (Apollo) to confine himself to pastoral poetry.

Having excused himself to his patron, the poet proceeds with his rustic theme. Two youths, and Aegle, a beautiful naiad, have come upon the god Silenus asleep, still overcome by the debauch of the preceding day. Binding him with fetters made out of the garlands which had fallen from his head, they extract from him a song as the price of his liberty. At the sound of his voice, the Fauns, the wild beasts of the forest, and the forests themselves, are represented as dancing to the music. Silenus commences with an account of the creation of the Universe, borrowed from the Lucretian Cosmogony, after which he branches off into a variety of digressions, covering nearly the whole field of classical mythology. The stories of Deucalion and Pyrrha, of Prometheus, of Hylas, of Pasiphaë (whose love for the Cretan bull may be compared to Titania's passion for Bottom), of Atalanta, and the metamorphosis of the daughters of Phaethon, are all worked into the Eclogue. A beautiful picture is then drawn of Gallus—a friend of the poet, and a poet himself, led by one of the muses into the presence of her sisters, who all rise up to do him honour, and presented by Linus himself with a pipe which in old times had been given to Hesiod the bard of Ascra. After another excursion into the realms of mythology, Silenus concludes his song, just as the evening star warns the shepherds to fold their sheep. Olympus is represented as 'unwilling' to let the star proceed in its course, as its advent puts an end to the singing of Silenus. At the same time the river Eurotas is made 'happy' by his songs, and he bids the laurels on his banks learn them by heart. This kind of imagery, which occurs so frequently in the Eclogues, illustrates the tendency of Virgil and the Greek pastoral poets whom he imitated, to personify nature in all her forms—a tendency happily described by the poet Gray in his *Progress of Poesy* :—

'Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around;
Every shade and hallowed fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound.'

The same idea is somewhat differently expressed in Tennyson's beautiful ode to Virgil :—

'Thou that seëst Universal
Nature moved by Universal Mind.'

ECLOGUE VI

SILENUS

First of the Nine she deigned with Sicilian numbers to dally;
First of the Nine, my Thalia, nor blushed to dwell in the greenwoods.
When of great kings I would sing and frays and battles of heroes,
Cynthius plucked my ear, and 'Shepherds,' he whispered, 'should ever
Feed the fattest of flocks and weave the thinnest of verses.'
Leave me—for many there be who fain would sing of thy praises,
Varus, and love to build up the gruesome battlefield's horrors;
Leave me my slender reed and the songs of the sylvan muses.
Not unbidden I sing. Yet, if there be one who my ditties
Smitten with love shall scan, for thee every tamarisk thicket,
Varus, for thee, makes music, and ever to Phoebus Apollo
|| Dear is the page on whose front the name of Varus is written.

|| Muses, proceed with your song. The boys Mnasylos and Chromis
Spied in a cave asleep the old Silenus reposing.
Yesterday's wine, as usual, the veins of the god had inflated.
Far, from his head downdropt, his flowery garlands were lying,
And, by its well-worn ear, his big, heavy bottle was hanging.
Setting upon him—for oft with the hope of a song he had mocked them—
Bonds they bind of his garlands, and hastily cast them upon him;

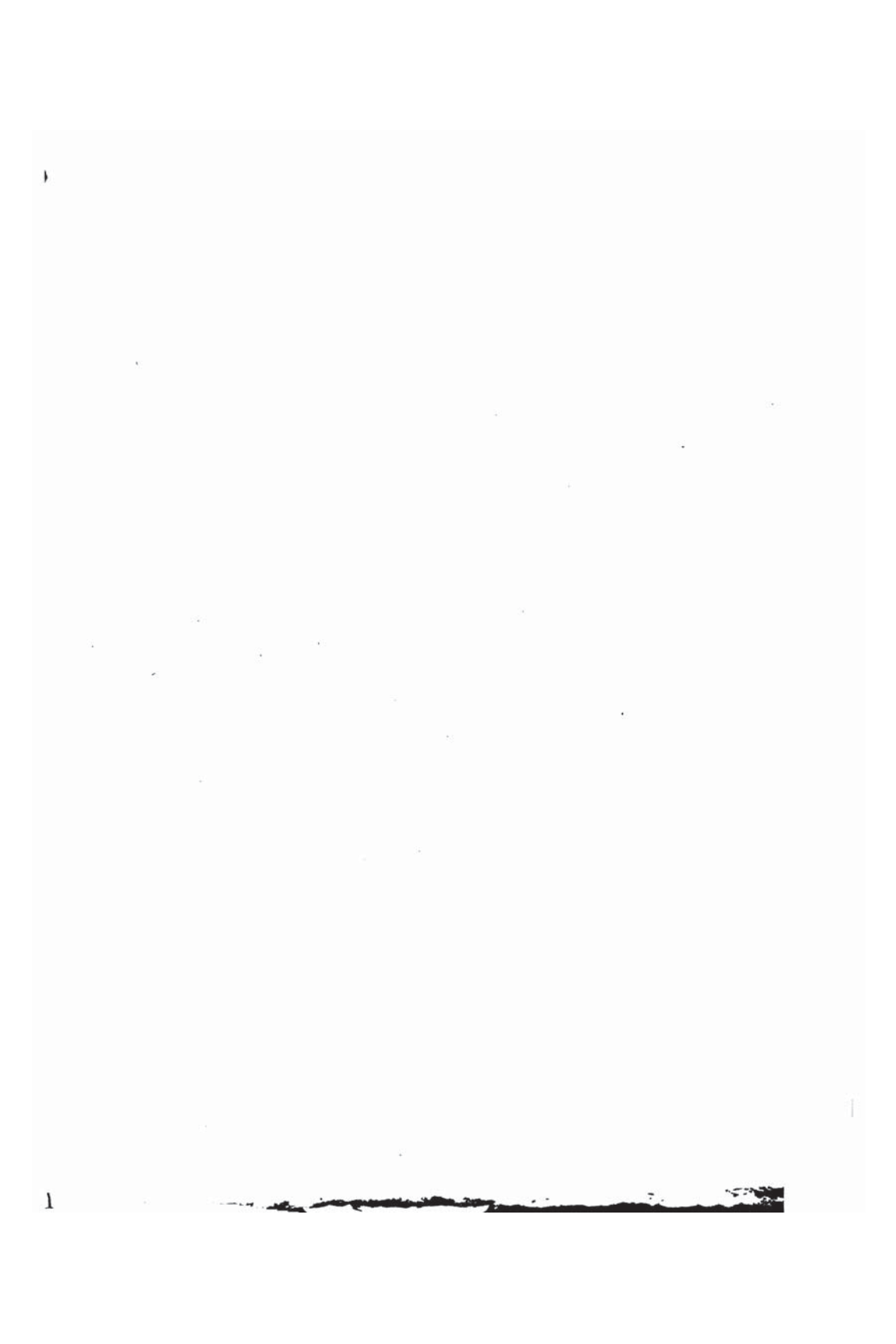
And, as they pause half afraid, up comes to join in the frolic
Aegle, the fairest of Naiads, and, just as he opens his eyelids,
Daubs his temples and brow with the blood-red mulberry's juices.
Waking, he laughs at the trick: 'Why bind these bonds for your victim?
Loose me, ye boys,' he cries, ''tis enough to appear to have caught me,
List to the songs that ye seek; accept a song for your ransom.
She in another coin shall be paid!' His voice he uplifted;
Straightway the Fauns you might see and all the wild life of the forest
Dance to the tune, and the oaks bow their stubborn heads to the music.
Boundless their joy as the joy which Helicon joys for Apollo—
Joy such as Rhodope's peaks and Ismarus joys for his Orpheus;
For he sang how of old through the mighty void of creation
Germs of earth and of sea and of air came rushing together,
Mingled with liquid fire, and how from such a beginning
Sprang the upheaval of all and the tender world grew together.
Harder anon grew the soil, and back to the limits of ocean
Nereus withdrew and form was slowly evolved out of matter—
Sang how the earth stood amazed at the new-born glow of the sunrise;
Sang how from clouds uplifted came down the plentiful rainfall;
How the first woods uprose, and how, a rare apparition,
Dotting the strange mountain-tops the animals wandered at pleasure;
Sang of the stones which Pyrrha threw and the kingdom of Saturn;
Sang of Caucasian birds and the thefts of the wily Prometheus:
Adding how—leaving sweet Hylas beside the fountain—the sailors
Called on his name, till 'Hylas!' 'Hylas!' the whole seashore re-echoed,
Or with the love of the snow-white bull Pasiphaë solaced.
Happy, thrice happy she! if the herds had ne'er been created.
Hapless maiden, alas! what strange illusion held thee!
Proetus's daughters filled the fields with hysterical lowings,
Yet did not any of them to such shameful love fall a victim,

Though at the sight of the plough for their necks they needlessly trembled,
And for the budding horns felt in vain on their ivory foreheads.
Hapless maiden, alas! As alone in the mountains you wander,
Pillowing his [illegible]-white flank on the downy hyacinth blossom,
Heedless he [illegible]le herb in the darkling shade of the ilex,
Or in the fa[illegible]e favoured one follows. 'Oh! hasten,
Hasten ye [illegible] fast the glades of the forest!
Have yo[illegible]rail of the wandering bullock?'
Him by [illegible] or close in the wake of the cattle,
Haply [illegible] away to Gortynian stables.
Then [illegible]guiled by Hesperian apples,
Or [illegible]s enshrines old Phaethon's daughters,
A[illegible] up a lofty thicket of alders;
[illegible]e by the wizard stream of Permessus,
[illegible]d to the far Aonian mountains.
[illegible]greet him uprose the whole band of Apollo,
swain, the godlike minstrel addressed him—
locks with flowers and the bitter leaves of the

[illegible] this pipe; 'tis to you the gift of the Muses.
Ascra's bard they gave, who of old to its music
[illegible]ard rowan-trees drew down from the tops of the mountains.
pipe which will tell you the growth of the Grynian forest,
[illegible]ere be not a grove more worthy the pride of Apollo.'
ould I tell how he sang of Scylla, the daughter of Nisus,
-her waist girt about with a yelping legion of monsters—
of Dulichian ships, who deep in the swirl of the ocean
[illegible]e with their sea-dogs' fangs the trembling limbs of the sailors?—
Sang how a sudden change came over the body of Tereus,
What were the feasts Philomela prepared or the gifts that she gave him,

Or by what track to the desert she flew, and poised on what pinions
Fluttered unhappy alas! o'er her home, ere she left it for ever?

Such were the godlike strains, which of old, inspired of Apollo,
Happy Eurotas heard and bade the laurel-trees learn them.
And, as he sang his song the glens to the welkin re-echoed;
Nor did he pause till to muster the flocks and tell over their numbers
Hesperus warned and wended his way through unwilling Olympus.



ARGUMENT

THE subject of this Eclogue is a singing-match between two shepherds—Corydon and Thyrsis—in which Daphnis is supposed to act as umpire.

Meliboeus, who tells the story, happens to be passing at the time in search of a he-goat which has strayed from his flock, and he is asked by Daphnis to listen to the songs of the two competitors. As usual, they sing in alternate snatches, with the result that Corydon is pronounced the victor. The character and merit of the verses attributed to each seem to bear out the justice of the umpire's award.

This Eclogue, like the third and fifth, is 'Amoebaean,' and is imitated from Theocritus. There is the same confusion in the description of the scenery as occurs in the first Eclogue, the woods of Arcadia being mixed up with the marshy country through which the Mincius flows.

ECLOGUE VII

MELIBOEUS

MELIBOEUS. CORYDON. THYRSIS

Mel. Daphnis it chanced had sat down in the shade of the murmuring ilex,
Thyrsis and Corydon too their flocks had driven together,
Thyrsis his sheep—his goats, with milk distended, the other;
Each in the flower of his youth, true son of Arcadia either,
Each in singing a match and ready to answer the other.
While from the chill winter blast my tender myrtles I sheltered,
Hither had strayed the he-goat—the lord of my flock. As I followed,
Daphnis I spied, and Daphnis, as soon as he saw me approaching,
'Haste, Meliboeus,' he cried, 'safe and sound are your kids and your he-goat.
If you can dally awhile, come here and sit down in the greenshade.
Hither the steers, undriven, to drink through the meadow are coming,
Here with the tender reed his banks old Mincius is fringing,
Hither the bees' soft hum is borne, as they swarm in the oak-tree.'
What could I do? I had not at home Alcippe or Phyllis,—
Phyllis who knows how to fold the lambs driven home from their mothers.

Mighty too is the strife when Thyrsis with Corydon striveth;
So in their sport I forgot the serious work of the evening.
Then in alternate strains—for such was the will of the Muses—
Strove they; Corydon first, then Thyrsis followed in order.

Cor. Nymphs, sweet nymphs, my delight, Libethrides, grant me, I pray you,
Songs like my Codrus to sing; for second only to Phoebus
Minstrel is he; or, if such gifts be not given to all men,
Say but the word and I hang my tuneful pipe on the pine-tree.

Thyrs. Shepherds, adorn the brow of your rising poet with ivy,
Shepherds of Arcady, crown me, till Codrus with envy is bursting;
Or, if unduly he praise me, with foxglove encircle my forehead,
Lest with his evil tongue he harm the bard of the future.

Cor. Delia, take the gifts, which poor young Micon has brought you—
Head of a bristly boar and the branching horns of a roe-buck;
But, if such luck is to last, full-sized, of the smoothest of marble,
Here you shall stand, your legs girt around with a buskin of purple.

Thyrs. Yearly, Priapus, to you these pancakes and milk-bowl I offer,
More you cannot expect, for you watch o'er a poor little garden.
Now for the nonce we have made you of marble, but oh! if the lambing
Fill but the gaps in the fold, why then into gold we will turn you.

Cor. Daughter of Nereus, to me more sweet than the honey of Hybla,
White as the swan's white breast, more fair than the palest of ivy,
Soon, when their way to the stall the full-fed bullocks are wending,
Come, Galatea, to me, if a thought of your Corydon haunt you.

Thyrs. Sour as sardonic herbs may I seem in thy sight, my beloved,
Rough as the gorse, more vile than the weed cast up by the ocean.
If to thy Thyrsis this day seem not long as the year put together.
Home! you have grazed long enough; for shame!—get you home, oh my bullocks!

Cor. Mossgrown fountains and sward more soft than the softest of slumbers,
Arbutus-tree that flings over both its flickering shadows,
Shelter my flock from the sun. Already the summer is on us,
Summer that scorches up all! See, the bud on the glad vine is swelling.
Thyrs. Blazing torches are here, and the fire heaped up on the hearthstone
Burneth for ever; the doorposts are black with continuous smoke-wreaths.
Here as little we care for the biting blast of the north wind,
As for the full pen the wolf, or the streams for their banks in the flood-time.
Cor. Juniper-trees rise up and the prickly fruit bearing chestnuts,
Apples are scattered about, each under its apple-tree lying;
Everything smiles on us now. But oh! if the gentle Alexis
Once from the mountains should fly, the rivers would shrink to their sources.
Thyrs. Scorched is the field; in the poisonous air the parched grass is dying,
Liber himself to the hills the shade of his vine-leaves is grudging.
Let but my Phyllis return and the woods will grow green at her coming,
And in a joyous shower descend the bountiful rainfall.
Cor. Dear to Alcides the poplar—most dear the vine to Iacchus,
Dear to fair Venus the myrtle—his own loved laurel to Phoebus;
Phyllis the hazel-tree loves—while to Phyllis the hazel is dearest,
Not with the hazel the myrtle may vie, nor the laurel of Phoebus.
Thyrs. Fairest of trees in the forest the rowan—the pine in the garden,
Poplars where rivers abound, the fir on the loftiest mountains.
Wouldst thou but oftener this home, my beautiful Lycid, revisit,
Neither the rowan with thee could compare nor the pine in the garden.
Mcl. So, I remember, they strove; but in vain, for Thyrsis is vanquished.
Corydon, Corydon wins, let him be our hero for ever!

ARGUMENT

In this Eclogue, Virgil, after lamenting his inability to do justice either to the martial exploits or the poetic genius of Pollio, asks his patron to accept a more humble offering in the shape of an Idyll, said to be composed by his order.

After this preamble, we are introduced to two shepherds—Damon and Alphesiboeus. Damon pours forth a lament over the faithless Nisa, the love of his childhood, who has forsaken him for Mopsus, a less worthy swain ; and after a passionate invective against the God of Love, declares his intention of casting himself headlong into the sea from the top of an overhanging rock. Alphesiboeus, on the other hand, assumes the character of a woman, also forsaken by her lover, who, however, instead of giving way to despair, sets to work in a more businesslike fashion to bring back her lord by means of incantations, which she ultimately succeeds in doing.

ECLOGUE VIII

PHARMACEUTRIA

DAMON. ALPHESIBOEUS

Sing we the song of the shepherds—of Damon and Alphesiboeus—
When with each other they strove, of the grass unmindful, the heifer
Listened admiring, and even the lynx stood amazed at their singing:
Rivers forgot to flow and paused in their devious courses.
Sing we the song of Damon—of Damon and Alphesiboeus.

Pollio, whether you scale the crags of the mighty Timavus,
Or by Illyrian shores wend your way, shall it ever be given
Me of your deeds heroic to sing, and the fame of your verses,
Worthy of Sophocles' sock, trumpet-tongued thro' the universe echo?
Oh of my song the beginning, the end—composed at your bidding,
Take, I beseech you, my lays, and, twined with the conqueror's laurel,
Suffer to creep round your brow this wreath of homelier ivy.

Scarcely the night's cold shade had fled from the face of the heavens
And, on the tender blade, the dew to the cattle was sweetest,
When thus Damon began, on his staff of smooth olive-wood leaning:

Dam. Lucifer rise, and coming the kindly light drive before you.
Duped by the love unworthy of Nisa, my cruel betrothed one,
Vainly I cry to the gods—for what boots it to call them to witness?
Vainly I cry and my soul in death's last agony outpour.
Wake, my flute, and, with me, give forth Maenalian numbers!
Maenalus, home of the murmuring woods and the whispering pine-trees!
Maenalus, ever awake to the lovelorn songs of the shepherds—
Songs of the great god Pan—who willed not the reed to lie idle.
Wake, my flute, and, with me, give forth Maenalian numbers!
Nisa to Mopsus is wed! Oh what may we lovers not hope for!
Griffins with horses already are yoked, and the next generation
Timorous does will behold with the hound to the waterside flocking.
Mopsus, hew wood for the torches—a wife is brought home to your bosom!
Scatter the nuts! 'Tis for you that Hesperus Oeta is leaving!
Wake, my flute, and, with me, give forth Maenalian numbers!
Worthy the wife of the spouse! while you look down with scorn upon all men,
Hating my pipe and my goats and my long beard and rough shaggy eyebrows,
Think you that none of the gods give heed to the sorrows of mortals?
Wake, my flute, and, with me, give forth Maenalian numbers!
Gathering the dew-gemmed apples, a child by the side of your mother,
(I was your guide at the time) I saw you first in our orchard—
Scarce, I remember, the second year of my teens had I entered,
Scarce could I reach the frail boughs from the ground with the tips of my fingers—
Saw you—and seeing I fell—oh what dire illusion held me!
Wake, my flute, and, with me, give forth Maenalian numbers!
Now I know what is Love. For him on the desolate mountains
Either did Tmaros or Rhodope bear or the far Garamantes.

No such boy could be born of fair Italian lineage!
Wake, my flute, and, with me, give forth Maenalian numbers!
Barbarous Love! who of old in the blood of her children the mother
Taught to embrue her hands—but thou too art cruel, oh mother!
Cruel, more cruel is she—but the boy is a pestilent urchin,
Pestilent urchin the boy—but thou too art cruel, oh mother!
Wake, my flute, and, with me, give forth Maenalian numbers!
Now from the sheep let the wolf fly scared and the crabbed old oak-trees
Golden apples bring forth and the daffodil flower on the alder,
And from the tamarisk's bark distil the luminous amber,
Screech-owls with cygnets compete and Tityrus turn into Orpheus,
Orpheus in the woods and amid the dolphins Arion.
Wake, my flute, and, with me, give forth Maenalian numbers!
Whelmed be the earth and the air in mid ocean! Adieu, oh, ye forests!
Into the deep sea waves from the beetling brow of a mountain
Headlong I cast myself down. Take the gift that, dying, I offer.
Still, my flute, be still, and give o'er Maenalian numbers!'

So sang Damon; and now what answer made Alphesiboeus?
Maids of Pieria, say—all things are not given to all men.

Alph. Bring forth water, and wind round the altar a soft woollen fillet;
Richest of vervain and strongest of frankincense burn on the altar.
These be the magic rights whereby the cold heart of a husband
Fain would I seek to entrance! 'Tis but the charm that is wanting.
Back to his home from the city, my charms, draw the wandering Daphnis.
Charms have power to draw down the truant moon from the heavens;
Circe by charms transformed the trusty band of Ulysses;
Crushed by the force of charms, the snake lies cold in the meadow.
Back to his home from the city, my charms, draw the wandering Daphnis!
These three threads round your head with triple colours resplendent
First I will twine, and then three several times round the altar

Carry your image; the god delights in numbers unequal.
Back to his home from the city, my charms, draw the wandering Daphnis!
Bind, Amaryllis, three true lover's knots of three several colours,
Bind, Amaryllis, and say, 'I bind the fetters of Venus.'
Back to his home from the city, my charms, draw the wandering Daphnis!
Like as this image of clay grows hard and the waxen one liquid,
Under the self-same fire; so let my love work upon Daphnis!
Sprinkle the cakes and light up the crackling laurel with sulphur,
Daphnis burns me and I burn this laurel and wish it were Daphnis.
Back to his home from the city, my charms, draw the wandering Daphnis!
Daphnis, be such thy desire, as when weary with seeking the bullock,
Far through the distant groves and the mountain forests the heifer
Lost near the water's edge falls flat on the verdurous rushes,
Falls and forgets that the night is far spent and 'tis time to hie homeward.
Daphnis, be such thy desire, while I lift not a finger to heal thee.
Back to his home from the city, my charms, draw the wandering Daphnis!
These are the garments he left of old—the faithless one—with me,
Pledges dear of himself, which now in front of my threshold,
Earth, I deliver to thee—such pledges should bring me my Daphnis.
Back to his home from the city, my charms, draw the wandering Daphnis!
These are the herbs and these are the poisons gathered in Pontus,
Giv'n me by Moeris himself—they grow quite common in Pontus—
Moeris I've seen by their aid the dead from the charnel-house summon,
Turn himself into a wolf and lie hid for days in the forest,
Or to some far distant land transport the obedient harvest.
Back to his home from the city, my charms, draw the wandering Daphnis!
Bring, Amaryllis, the ashes and into the fast-flowing river
Scatter them over your head, but be sure you look not behind you,
So will I Daphnis assail, though of gods and of charms he be heedless.
Back to his home from the city, my charms, draw the wandering Daphnis!

See how the quivering flame has laid hold of the horns of the altar.
Now, while I dally, it bursts forth unbid—be the sign of good omen!
Something is certainly there, and Hylax barks on the threshold—
Shall we believe it?—Or is it a dream from the brain of a lover?
Cease, my charms! From the city he comes—the wandering Daphnis.

ARGUMENT

We have already seen from the argument prefixed to the first Eclogue that Virgil's restoration to his patrimony was not acquiesced in without a struggle by the soldier to whom it had been assigned. Tradition, indeed, says that he was attacked by the infuriated legionary with a drawn sword, and only saved his life by swimming across the Mincius. The misfortunes of the poet are described in this Eclogue in a dialogue between two shepherds, Lycidas and Moeris, the latter of whom is supposed to have been the slave of Virgil himself, who is represented under the pseudonym of Menalcas.

After the story has been told, the two swains proceed on their journey, relieving the tedium of the road by singing alternate songs, such as we have had so frequently introduced into former Eclogues.

The scenery of this Eclogue, as Professor Conington points out in a note to his Virgil (vol. i. p. 112), is more like that of the neighbourhood of Mantua than the scenery of any other pastoral.

ECLOGUE IX

MOERIS

LYCIDAS. MOERIS

Lyc. Moeris, whither away? To where the road leads? To the city?
Moer. Lycidas, yes! We have lived to hear what we never yet dreaded,
Hear from our croft's new lord, 'This is mine! Get ye gone, ye old tenants!'
Conquered now and cast down, since fate makes shipwreck of all things,
These fair kids alas!—and a curse be upon them—we send him.
Lyc. Surely I thought I had heard the tale, how your master, Menalcas,
All of the lands from the height where the hills with gentle depression
Steal away into the plain to the river and aged beech-trees—
Those with the battered crests—by his own sweet singing had ransomed.
Moer. Yes, you had heard and 'twas told, but when once the sword of the war-god
Leaps from its sheath, my Lycid, as little our singing avails us
As when the eagle swoops down avail the Chaonian ring-doves.
But that in time from the hollow holm-oak the sinister raven
Warned me, whatever the cost, to cut short the impotent struggle,
Neither your Moeris would now be alive, nor even Menalcas.
Lyc. Ah me! can man to such crime lend a hand? How nearly, Menalcas,

Snatched from among us wert thou, and with thee the balm of our sorrows.
Who of the nymphs would have sung, or the earth with flowery blossoms
Who would have strewed, or shrouded the fount with a mantle of green-
shade?
Who would have sung us the songs, which I caught when you thought not
I listened,
When you were wending your way to woo our delight, Amaryllis:
'Tityrus, while I return—the way is but short—feed my she-goats;
Tityrus, when they have fed, drive them down to the stream, and while
driving,
See that you face not yon goat—he butts with his horn! oh beware him.'
Moer. These were the songs which he sang, as yet unfinished, to Varus:
'Varus,' he sang, 'thy name, if Mantua only be left us—
Mantua near—too near, ah me! to unhappy Cremona,
Borne on the wild swan's voice far aloft to the stars shall be wafted.'
Lyc. So may your swarms fly safe from the deadly Corsican yew-trees;
So may your clover-fed kine bring home their full-swollen udders!
Come then, if aught you would sing. I too am a child of the muses,
I too have songs that I sing. The shepherds call me a poet—
Call me a poet; and yet I find it hard to believe them,
For I never yet found that I sang what was worthy of Cinna,
No, nor of Varus—a cackling goose in a chorus of cygnets.
Moer. Yes! I am bent on it now, within me I silent revolve it;
Could I but call it to mind, for it is not a song to be slighted,
'Come, Galatea, to me! What sport do you find in the billows?
Golden springtide is here, and the earth by the side of the rivers
Pours forth enamelled flowers, and the white poplar hangs o'er the
grotto,
And with their sinewy arms the vines weave a shade to the sunshine.
Hither, come hither to me! Let the mad waves beat on the seashore.'

Lyc. What were the songs that I heard you alone in the silvery moonlight
Singing? The music I know, if I only the words could remember.
Moer. 'Daphnis, why do you watch the ancient birth of the planets?
See, there arises a star—of Caesar, son of Dione,
Star, at whose coming the fields are made glad with a bountiful harvest.
And on the hill the grape to a deeper purple is flushing.
Graft, oh Daphnis, the pears—the fruit let posterity gather.'
Age has bereft me of all—my mind too. How oft I remember
When, as a lad, I whiled away livelong days with my singing.
Songs I have ceased to remember—so many—and now too to Moeris
Lost is his voice. The wolves, ere he spied them, have looked upon Moeris.
Ask, if you will, he will tell you enough of the story, Menalcas.
Lyc. Talking, you only put off my dèsire, and lo! at your bidding,
Stilled is the ocean's fair face and hushed are the murmuring breezes.
Half of our way we have come; for see! the tomb of Bianor
Gleams through the distance. Oh! here, where the pruning hand of the rustic
Thickest the leaves has strewn, let us sing while resting, oh Moeris!
Suffer the kids to lie down, betimes we will come to the city;
Or if we fear that the night may gather the rain ere we get there,
Onward we'll go and sing—and to lighten the way, on our journey,
That we may sing as we go I will of this burden relieve you.
Moer. Press me no more, oh boy! Let us now to the business before us;
Songs we will better sing when the master himself shall have joined us.

ARGUMENT

In this Eclogue, Gallus, a poet and friend of Virgil already commemorated in the sixth Eclogue, is represented as dying for love of Lycoris, who, like more than one heroine of British naval and military romance, has braved the terrors of a winter campaign in order to accompany her soldier lover to the wars.

According to some commentators Lycoris was a freed woman, and the mistress of Mark Antony, who may have been the rival for whom Gallus was forsaken.

The scene of the Eclogue is laid in Arcadia, and it is closely imitated from the first Idyll of Theocritus. The description of Arethusa gliding under the Sicilian Ocean without intermingling with its waters, will recall to most readers the beautiful lines in which Shelley tells the story of the nymph's flight from the pursuit of the river-god Alpheus.

ECLOGUE X

GALLUS

Grant, Arethusa, to me this last of my labours to finish—
Few be the songs that I sing, but Lycoris herself will behold them—
Sing to my Gallus, alas! Oh, who would deny them to Gallus?
So, when you glide underneath the blue Sicanian billows,
Pure be your stream and unmixed with the brackish Dorian waters!
Goddess, awake! Let us tell the tale of the love-stricken Gallus,
While on the tender twigs the snub-nosed she-goat is browsing.
Not to the deaf do we sing, to each note the woodlands make answer.

Naiads! what were the glades or what were the forests that held you,
When, of unworthy love, the gentle swain lay a-dying?
Surely not Helicon's heights, nor yet the ridges of Pindus,
Hindered your onward flight, nor Aonia's fount Aganippe.
Him too the laurel wept, and the lowly tamarisk also;
Him, as he lay forlorn in the jaws of the desolate mountain,
Pine-crowned Maenalus wept, and the rocks of the icy Lycaeus.
Round him his sheep stand still; they turn not away from their shepherd.

Turn not away from thy flock, O minstrel favoured of heaven!
(He too fed his flocks by the streams—the lovely Adonis.)
Thither the goatherd came and the weary tramp of the cowherd;
He too was there, all damp from the acorns of winter, Menalcas.
'Tell us,' they ask, 'what ails you?' And now in the midst is Apollo.
'Gallus, wherefore this frenzy?' he cries. 'Your darling Lycoris
Follows another, alas! through the snows and the terrible camp-fires.'
And Silvanus was there, in the glory of rustic head-gear,
Brandishing wands of willow, flower-crowned, and the largest of lilies.
Pan too was there, of Arcadia the God—as ourselves we beheld him,
Steeped in vermilion was he, and the blood-red juice of the elder.
'When will the end be?' he cries. 'Will Love with such offerings be sated?
Cruel He gloats upon tears, as the parched grass gloats on the river,
As on the clover the bee or the goat on the leaves of the forest!'
Sadly then Gallus: 'Ah well! though it be so, yet you to your mountains,
Sons of Arcadia, will tell the tale—oh, where is the music
That with Arcadia's may match? How softly my spirit would slumber
Could I but dream that your pipe were telling the tale of my sorrows!
Would that I were one of you! Oh, would that to me it were given
Either your flocks to tend or reap your mellowing vintage!
Surely, whether my Phyllis were here, or whether Amyntas,
Which of my loves, I care not—(oh, what of the dusky Amyntas?
Is not the violet dark, and dark the hyacinth also?)
Lying with me in the shade of the sinewy vine by the willows;
Phyllis would gather me flowers, and Amyntas a melody chant me.
Cool is the fountain's wave and soft is the meadow, Lycoris!
Shady the grove! Here with thee I would die of old age in the greenwood.
Mad is the lust of war, that now in the heart of the battle

Chains me, where darts fall fast and the charge of the foeman is fiercest.
Far, far away from your home—oh, would that I might not believe it!
Lost amid Alpine snows or the frozen desolate Rhineland,
Lonely without me you wander! Oh, let not the frozen air harm you!
Let not the keen ice-blocks those tender feet cut to pieces!
Yes! I will go—and the songs of the old Chalcidian minstrel
Set to my pipe's sweet notes—the delight of Sicilian shepherds—
Deep in the wild wood's glen, by the side of the lair of the lion,
Patient my griefs will I hide, and the tender trees of the forest
Score with the tale of my loves—they will grow, and my loves will grow with them!
Free, meanwhile, over Maenalus' heights with the nymphs let me wander,
Hunting the fierce wild boar, and, with fleet Parthenian boar-hounds,
Heedless of winter's cold, encircle the skirts of the forest.
Now over rocks, methinks, I fly, and o'er echoing woodlands,
Hurling from Parthian bow the swift Cidonian arrow.
Madman! as if such freaks could heal such terrible frenzy,
Or such a god could learn to melt at the sorrows of mortals!
Me not the Dryads' dance, nor yet the songs of the minstrel
Ever again may woo! Oh, strive not to woo me, ye woodlands!
He will not change—not He, though sorely we labour to change him,
Not though in winter's depth we drink the waters of Hebrus,
And in Sithonian snows crouch before the watery tempest;
Or when the dying sap shrivels up in the towering elm-tree
Fold Ethiopian flocks in the desolate tropic of Cancer—
Love overmastereth all; then we too will bow down before him.'

Goddess, I go! These things are enough for your poet to sing you—
Sing, while he sits and weaves his basket of slender rushes.
Surely they are the best, which you can give to my Gallus,—

Gallus, for whom my love each hour as quickly is growing
As in the young springtide upshoots the green of the alder.
Rise, let us fly from the place! for deadly the shade to the minstrel—
Deadly the juniper shade—the shade is the bane of the corn-fields.
Home! O my goats, full-fed,—see! the even-star comes—get you homeward!

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