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THE
ECLOGUES, BUCOLICS, *or*
PASTORALS OF VIRGIL
A REVISED TRANSLATION, WITH
INTRODUCTION, TEXT, AND NOTES
By THOMAS FLETCHER ROYDS, M.A., B.D.
Author of "The Beasts, Birds, and Bees of Virgil," etc.

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DEDICAT
T. F. R.
MARLBURIENSIS

‘ Let the classic page thy fancy lead
Through rural scenes : such as the Mantuan swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song.’

THOMSON.

PREFACE

IN 1907 I published a translation of the *Eclogues* and *Georgics* in Messrs. Dent's Everyman's Library. It is now out of print, and the present translation is a revised version, brought into line with Sir F. A. Hirtzel's Oxford text, which is printed together with it. Blank verse has been used throughout, except in parts of *Eclogues* iii., v., and vii., where rhyme seemed to me more suitable. The elegiacs with rhymed pentameters in the third *Eclogue* were a metrical experiment, since making which I have seen some lines by Captain A. G. Cowie in the same metre, quoted in the *Classical Review* for June, 1917. Swinburne's *Evening on the Broads* has double rhymes. In my *Virgil and Isaiah* (1918) I attempted a hexameter version of the fourth *Eclogue*, as well as a paraphrase in Biblical English; but it seemed unnecessary to reprint them in this book. I have nothing new to say on the problem of that *Eclogue*, but have revised my footnotes on it, adding some new matter, and recording a change of view on the text of the last line but one. This is the only place where I have departed from the Oxford text, and then only in one word. The notes are based on many years of miscellaneous reading, in the course of which I have made extracts from books of all kinds. In these notes I have dealt very

Preface

briefly with grammatical difficulties and mythological allusions, partly because other commentators have said so much, and partly because I believe the average reader is bored by them. I have done my best to make things easy for people who are either too busy or too lazy to consult dictionaries and other books, but I have provided plenty of references for those who are diligent enough to use them.

My debt to my predecessors is of course immense. I have quoted Martyn more fully than the others, for the sake of his antique flavour, and also because he is out of print and not easy to obtain. Most of his work has been rendered out of date for scientific students by Mr. Sargeaunt's *Trees, Shrubs, and Plants of Virgil* (1920). As the author of the *Beasts, Birds, and Bees of Virgil* (1914), and the originator of the now famous light green binding, I count it an honour to appear beside so excellent a book, and rejoice that it was published in time for me to use it.¹

This book has been read for me before publication by my friend and former teacher, Mr. L. E. Upcott. To his wide knowledge and accurate scholarship I owe not only many corrections and improvements, but also some interesting additions, which are enclosed in square brackets with his initials. I thank him for once more placing his time and trouble unsparingly at my disposal.

A *Times* reviewer recently suggested that 'another great edition of Virgil, interpreted in the light of new

¹ Mr. Sargeaunt died on March 20th, 1922, shortly after this was written.

Preface

knowledge and handled in a really humanistic spirit, is due and overdue.' While heartily agreeing with him, I need hardly remark that this little book does not aim nearly so high. It is an appeal, not indeed to the man in the street, or the average Englishman—for they will never hear of its existence—but to the man in the armchair, who is revolving memories of a wasted youth, and contemplating a Latinless education for his eldest son.

'Lorde God ! howe many gode and clene wittes of children be now a days perrished by ignorant schole-maisters !' So says a sixteenth-century writer, Sir Thomas Elyot, in *The Boke of the Governour*. If this book helps to make the Virgil lesson less painful in some schools it will have served one purpose of its existence. But here and there perhaps 'the Governour' himself, no longer now with a hard bench beneath the seat of correction, and an inky desk before him concealing a tattered *Key to the Classics* under its friendly shadow, but with his feet on the fender and a pipe in his mouth, will accept this as his 'boke,' and,

' When the young Augustus Edward
Has reluctantly gone bedward,'

will enjoy half an hour with Virgil made easy, and astonish the unsuspecting youth on the morrow with some long-buried fragment of classical learning.

T. F. R.

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INTRODUCTION

‘LITERATURE is so personal a thing that you cannot understand it without some personal understanding of the men who wrote it.’

So says Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in *The Art of Reading*, and it is pre-eminently true of Virgil. We can read the *Idylls of Theocritus* for their own sake, and find them superior to the *Eclogues*. Theocritus the man does not count. But in the *Eclogues* we are ‘reading Virgil,’ a greater man than Theocritus. Their subject-matter, except in the case of the fourth, may have little interest for the modern reader, but their *ethos* is imperishable, because they are the work of a great poet. It is true that Virgil borrowed freely from Theocritus, but Greek was to him, as to all his Latin predecessors and contemporaries, the one true model of form and expression; and what he borrowed he knew how to make his own. As Dryden said of Shakespeare, what would be theft in other men is victory in him.

Virgil was born on the 15th of October, 70 B.C., at Andes, near Mantua, where his father had a small farm and kept bees. His parents, instead of putting obstacles in his way, recognized his genius and gave him an excellent education, and he ultimately became ‘learned in the most recondite wisdom of the Greeks.’

Introduction

He illustrates the saying of Ecclesiasticus (xxxviii. 24): 'The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure: and he that hath little business shall become wise.' He had weak health and never served as a soldier. Through the munificence of his friends he became the possessor of three houses, one at Rome, another at Naples, and another in Campania. He died on the 22nd of September, 19 B.C., in his fifty-first year, leaving a fortune worth about £90,000.

Suetonius in his *Life of Virgil* tells us that the *Eclogues* were often recited by actors on the stage, and that Virgil excelled at reading his own poems aloud. Tacitus (*De Oratoribus* xiii.) says that the people, on hearing Virgil's verses in the theatre, rose in a body, and showed the same respect for his presence there as for that of Augustus. He was therefore not without honour in his lifetime, and after his death he was almost canonized.

The question which of the great poets is the greatest must always be partly a matter of taste. Something depends on the language which we admire most; and the object of both the poet and his reader has to be taken into account. To judge or appreciate any poet fairly we must have some affinity with him, and we must be able to read him with enjoyment. We do not, if we are wise, stop in the middle of Swinburne's most jubilant outpourings of melody to enquire what on earth he has to teach us; and we do not read the *Eclogues* for their subject-matter, or to prove their inferiority to the *Idylls of Theocritus*. Let those who can read both enjoy both without comparing them too

Introduction

nicely. The *Eclogues* are a reaction against the prevalent luxury of Roman society. They are indeed conventional in form, but they are a protest against artificial life, and express a longing for an ideal pastoral simplicity. In them Virgil's object is not to instruct, but to soothe and charm. They are, as Sellar says, a glorification of the *dolce far niente* of Italian life. Macaulay, a city man, preferred them even to the *Georgics*. Milton's admiration is proved by his *Lycidas*. For Wordsworth's we have the testimony of Coleridge: 'I am much pleased to see how highly Mr. Wordsworth speaks of Virgil's style, and of his *Bucolics*, which I have ever thought most graceful and tender. They are quite another thing from Theocritus, however they may be based on Theocritus' (*Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 411).

If therefore study brings us no enjoyment, let us, as Burke advised, rather believe that we are dull than that the rest of the world has been imposed upon.

Come then, reader, not to a *post-mortem* but to a banquet, and let me bring you posies from other fragrant gardens old and new. My only fear is lest so many flowerets should distract your worship of the master, and my own poor verse reflect too pale an image of 'the chastest poet and the royalest that to the memory of man is known.'

P. VERGILI MARONIS BVCOLICA

ECLOGA I

MELIBOEVS. TITYRVS.

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

T. O Meliboe, deus nobis haec otia fecit.
namque erit ille mihi semper deus, illius aram
saepe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.
ille meas errare boves, ut cernis, et ipsum

1. The characters are imaginary and the scenery conventional, but Tityrus mainly represents Virgil himself.

2. 'The musical instruments used by shepherds were at first made of oat and wheat straw, then of reeds and hollow pipes of box; afterwards, of the leg bones of cranes, horns of animals, metals, etc.' (Ruæus).

'When shepherds pipe on oaten straws' (*Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii.).

3. Meliboeus represents a farmer evicted by Octavian after his victory over Brutus and Cassius at Philippi in 42 B.C. Virgil's farm had also been seized and given to a soldier, but was restored to him by Octavian, in gratitude to whom he

THE ECLOGUES OF VIRGIL

ECLOGUE I

MELIBŌEUS. TITYRUS.

M. THOU, Tityrus, 'neath the leafy beeches lying,
Drawest wild wood-notes from thine oaten straw.
We to the sweet farm say a long farewell,
To home and country : thou in shady ease
Teachest the woods 'fair Amaryll' their song.

T. O Meliboeus, 'twas a very god
That granted me this peace, for he a god
Will ever be to me; from my own folds
A tender lamb his altar oft shall stain.
'Twas he allowed my kine to stray afield—

writes this poem (see line 6). Octavian was afterwards deified as Augustus in 29 B.C. *Cf. Geo. i. 34.*

5. 'One evening my Father took down his Virgil from an upper shelf, and his thoughts wandered away from surrounding things; he travelled in the past again. The book was a Delphin edition of 1798, which had followed him in all his wanderings; there was a great scratch on the sheepskin cover that a thorn had made in a forest of Alabama. And then, in the twilight, as he shut the volume at last, oblivious of my presence, he began to murmur and to chant the adorable verses by memory :

“Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi,” he

The Eclogues of Virgil

ludere quae vellem calamo permisit agresti. 10

M. Non equidem invideo, miror magis; undique totis
usque adeo turbatur agris. en, ipse capellas
protinus aeger ago; hanc etiam vix, Tityre, duco.
hic inter densas corylos modo namque gemellos,
spem gregis, a, silice in nuda conixa reliquit. 15
saepe malum hoc nobis, si mens non laeva fuisset,
de caelo tactas memini praedicere quercus.
sed tamen iste deus qui sit, da, Tityre, nobis.

T. Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Meliboeae, putavi
stultus ego huic nostrae similem, quo saepe solemus 20
pastores ovium teneros depellere fetus.
sic canibus catulos similis, sic matribus haedos
noram, sic parvis componere magna solebam.

warbled; and I stopped my play and listened as if to a nightingale, till he reached "tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas."

'I persuaded my father, who was a little astonished at my insistence, to repeat the lines over and over again. At last my brain caught them, and as I walked in Benny's garden, or as I hung over the tidal pools at the edge of the sea, all my inner being used to ring out with the sound of "Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas"' (Gosse, *Father and Son*, p. 187). Dr. Johnson thought this last line the most melodious in all literature.

12. The countryside was suffering from the brutality of Octavian's soldiers.

Eclogue I

See, there they go!—and me to work my will
Upon a rustic pipe.

M. I envy not,
Nay, I admire: such foul disorder reigns
O'er all the countryside. Lo! sick at heart
I lead the little she-goats on, scarce dragging
This one; for lately in the hazel-copse
She travailed hard: on the bare flint, alas!
Twin-kids, the hope of all the flock, she bare.
Often, I know, but for my crooked mind,
The heaven-struck oak had warned me of this woe.
But nathless tell me, Tityrus, who he is,
This god of thine.

T. The city men call Rome
I in my simpleness thought like to ours,
Whither we shepherds often use to bring
Our tender weanling lambs. For so I knew
The pup to match his sire, the kid her dam,
So loved I to compare small things with great.
But verily this city o'er the rest

15. Keightley says that in Italy sheep and goats frequently
yeau on the roads as they are being driven along them!

17. 'Oak-cleaving thunderbolts' (*King Lear*, III. ii.).
'Observations taken in the forests of Lippe-Detmold be-
tween 1874 and 1890 showed that for one beech-tree struck
by lightning there were six spruces, thirty-seven Scotch firs,
and sixty oaks' (W. Fowler, *Kingham*, p. 165). Was the
sanctity of the oak among ancient peoples due to the fact
that it is more often 'touched by Heaven' than any other
tree?

20. 'Our city' is Mantua, in Cis-Alpine Gaul, about 300
miles from Rome.

The Eclogues of Virgil

verum haec tantum alias inter caput extulit urbes
quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi. 25

M. Et quae tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi?

T. Libertas, quae sera tamen respexit inertem,
candidior postquam tondenti barba cadebat,
respexit tamen et longo post tempore venit,
postquam nos Amaryllis habet, Galatea reliquit. 30
namque, fatebor enim, dum me Galatea tenebat,
nec spes libertatis erat nec cura peculi.

quamvis multa meis exiret victima saeptis,
pinguis et ingratae premeretur caseus urbi, 34
non umquam gravis aere domum mihi dextra redibat.

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

T. Quid facerem? neque servitio me exire licebat 40
nec tam praesentis alibi cognoscere divos.
hic illum vidi iuvenem, Meliboee, quotannis

25. *Viburnum* is, according to Mr. Sargeaunt, not the wayfaring tree, but the wild guelder-rose (*Viburnum Opulus*). The cypress (*Cupressus sempervirens*) is common throughout southern Europe.

32. 'Galatea being probably of a vain, extravagant temper, all Tityrus' savings and earnings went in buying her dresses and ornaments' (Keightley). Amaryllis had

Eclogue I

Hath so upraised her head, as cypress-trees
Do lord it o'er the yielding guelder-rose.

M. And wherefore this great longing to see Rome?

T. For Freedom, blessed Freedom, which, though
late,

Looked on my slothfulness, when now my beard
Fell hoarier to the steel; yea, looked on me
And came belated, now that Amaryll
Had called me hers, and Galaté was gone.
For, I will own it, while I was a slave
To Galaté, nor hope of liberty

Nor thrift of wage was mine. Though from my pens
Full many a victim met the knife, and though
I pressed rich cheeses for the ungrateful town,
No heavy price e'er filled my homeward hand.

M. I wondered why fair Amaryll was crying
So sadly to the gods; I wondered why
She left ripe apples on their tree: 'twas this—
Her Tityrus was gone. The very pines,
The watersprings and these thine orchard trees
Were calling 'Tityrus!'

T. What could I do?

Nor otherwise could I cast off my bonds,
Nor elsewhere find heaven so strong to save.
There, Meliboeus, did I see that youth

enabled him to save enough to go to Rome and buy his freedom, as slaves were allowed to do. On the emancipation of slaves see Lecky's *Morals*, i., p. 236.

41. For *praesentes*, cf. Ps. xlv. 1: 'A very present help in trouble.'

42. The 'youth' Octavian was born in 63 B.C. Servius says the senate had forbidden anyone to call him a boy.

The Eclogues of Virgil

bis senos cui nostra dies altaria fumant.
hic mihi responsum primus dedit ille petenti :
'pascite ut ante boves, pueri ; summittite tauros.' 45
M. Fortunate senex, ergo tua rura manebunt.
et tibi magna satis, quamvis lapis omnia nudus
limosoque palus obducat pascua iunco :
non insueta gravis temptabunt pabula fetas,
nec mala vicini pecoris contagia laedent. 50
fortunate senex, hic inter flumina nota
et fontis sacros frigus captabis opacum.
hinc tibi quae semper vicino ab limite saepes
Hyblaeis apibus florem depasta salicti
saepe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro : 55
hinc alta sub rupe canet frondator ad auras ;
nec tamen interea raucae, tua cura, palumbes,
nec gemere aëria cessabit turtur ab ulmo.

T. Ante leves ergo pascentur in aethere cervi,

45. In this line the personality of the slave buying his freedom is merged in that of Virgil himself receiving back his farm from Octavian.

51. The streams are the Mincio and the Po. The scenery is here local.

54. Mount Hybla in Sicily was famous for bees, and 'Hyblaeian' is therefore a literary or ornamental epithet. Willow provides bees with nectar. But wax is made from honey consumed by the bees, and not from the 'yellow dust' of willow-catkins, as Martyn supposes. See *Beasts, Birds, and Bees*, p. 76.

55. The 'whisper' means the humming of the bees.

56. The leaf-dresser, says Martyn, is a vine-dresser only, 'for the other fruit-trees stand in no need of pruning, unless anyone would fancy Tityrus to have wall-fruit or espaliers.'

Eclogue I

For whom twelve days each year mine altars smoke.

There gave he speedy answer to my prayer :

'Feed still, my boys, your kine; still rear your bulls.'

M. Happy old man! Thy farm is still thine own,
And shall be aye, and great enough for thee.

Though barren stone and muddy bog-rush creep

O'er wasted pastures, yet no fodder strange

Shall tempt thy lambing ewes, nor neighbour's flock

Infect them with disease. O happy old man!

Here 'mid loved streams and god-frequented founts

Thou'lt court the cooling shade. Here, as of old,

The willow boundary-fence, that paradise

Of Hybla's honey-bee, shall whisper dreams

O'er drowsy heads; here 'neath a beetling rock

The leaf-dresser shall waft his song to heaven.

The while thou'lt hear thy deep-voiced wood-doves coo,

And turtles purring in the topmost elm.

T. Therefore shall stags browse buoyant in the sky,

But the elms that supported the vine also needed pruning, as we learn from ii. 70 and *Geo.* ii. 400 and 410. Moreover, leaves were used as fodder for cattle and as bedding for either beast or man. *Cf.* i. 80 and ix. 60. Columella recommends elm, ash, and poplar leaves as fodder for oxen.

57-58. Here is Tennyson's 'moan of doves in immemorial elms.' Either the woodpigeon or the stockdove may be meant by *palumbes*. The English turtle-dove is found in Italy; and another species, the Italian collared turtle-dove, is well known as a cage-bird in this country. Varro (*R.R.* iii. 7 and 8) gives elaborate directions for rearing pigeons (*columbae*) and turtle-doves for the table. See Dresser's *Birds of Europe*; and W. Fowler, *A Year with the Birds*, pp. 218-223.

59. *Leves* should be taken predicatively, 'on the wing'

The Eclogues of Virgil

et freta destituent nudos in litore piscis, 60
ante pererratis amborum finibus exsul
aut Ararim Parthus bibet aut Germania Tigrim,
quam nostro illius labatur pectore vultus.

M. At nos hinc alii sitientis ibimus Afros,
pars Scythiam et rapidum cretae veniemus Oaxen 65
et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.
en umquam patrios longo post tempore finis,
pauperis et tuguri congestum caespite culmen,
post aliquot, mea regna, videns mirabor aristas?
) impius haec tam culta novalia miles habebit, 70
barbarus has segetes: en quo discordia civis
produxit miseros: his nos consevimus agros!
insere nunc, Meliboe, piros, pone ordine vitis.
ite meae, quondam felix pecus, ite capellae.
non ego vos posthac viridi proiectus in antro 75

(like *nudos* in the next line), and not as a perpetual epithet of stags.

62. Which they could not do, says Heyne, without first conquering the Romans. The Arar is the Saône, which does duty here for a German river.

63. The features are Octavian's.

65. It is doubtful whether we should read *cretae* or *Cretae* here; and the geography is uncertain. But a reference to Crete seems out of place, and Oaxes probably means Oxus, a Scythian river. Huxley (*The Aryan Question*) says it was formerly one of the great rivers of Asia.

66. 'The Northern Island sundered once from all the

Eclogue I

And seas leave all their fish stark on the strand;
Therefore shall nations stray o'er alien soil,
And Arar slake the exile Parthian's thirst,
And Germans quaff the Tigris: sooner this
Than from my memory shall those features fade.

M. But we depart, to thirsty Africa,
Chalk-rolling Oxus, and the Scythian wolds,
Or Britons wholly sundered from the world.
Ah! shall I ever long years hence behold
My own dear home—a wretched bothy then
With turf-piled roof—and marvel as I gaze
At a few ears of corn, my realm of old?
Shall brutal soldiery possess my tilth
So newly ploughed? shall aliens hold these crops?
See to what depths of misery we are come
Through civil strife! For these my fields are sown!
Now, Meliboeus, graft thy sapling pears,
And set thy vines arow. Go hence, my goats,
Go, little flock once happy. Nevermore
In grotto green reclining shall I watch

human race' (Tennyson, *To Virgil*). 'This precious stone
set in the silver sea' (*Richard II.*, II. i.).

69. Another interpretation of this difficult line, dismissed
by Conington in his first edition, may be right after all. A
cottage 'standing behind (*post*) a few ears of corn' is true
to modern Italian life. *Cf.* iii. 20, *post carecta*.

70. *Novalia* means land fallow the year before, or newly
brought into cultivation. *Cf.* *Geo.* i. 71. It was idle last
year, and he hoped for a good crop this year. Hence the
bitterness of his complaint.

73. 'Now' is ironical. Meliboeus is addressing himself.
'Arow,' as Virgil directs in *Geo.* ii. 277-287.

The Eclogues of Virgil

dumosa pendere procul de rupe videbo;
carmina nulla canam; non me pascente, capellae,
florentem cytisum et salices carpetis amaras.

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

78. The cytisus is the arborescent lucerne, a flowering shrub frequently mentioned by Virgil as loved by cows, goats, and bees. The 'pressed milk' may be either cheese or curds. Columella describes both hard and soft cheeses. Varro (II. xi. 4) alludes to rennet (*coagulum*) taken from hare, goat, or lamb, but not from the calf.

Eclogue I

You dangle from a bosky crag afar.
No carols shall I sing, and nevermore
With this my crook to lead you shall ye browse
The bitter willow and sweet lucerne-bloom.

T. Yet this one night thou mightest rest with me
On fresh-plucked leaves. Ripe apples shalt thou have,
And mealy chestnuts, and no lack of cheese.
E'en now the distant farms send up their smoke,
And shadows lengthen from the lofty hills.

81. ' Amongst all kindes of wilde fruites the Chestnut is best and meetest for to be eaten ' (Lyte, 1578). Canon Ellacombe (*Plant-lore of Shakespeare*) mentions a Spanish chestnut-tree on Mount Etna, the famous Castagno du Centu Cavalli, said to be the oldest and largest in Europe, and measuring 160 feet round the trunk near the roots.

ECLOGA II

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

‘O crudelis Alexi, nihil mea carmina curas?
nil nostri miserere? mori me denique cogis?
nunc etiam pecudes umbras et frigora captant;
nunc viridis etiam occultant spineta lacertos,
Thestylis et rapido fessis messoribus aestu 10
alia serpyllumque herbas contundit olentis.
at mecum raucis, tua dum vestigia lustro,

This *Eclogue* is modelled on the very beautiful eleventh idyll of Theocritus, in which the giant Polyphemus addresses the sea-nymph Galatea. Alexis is a beautiful youth; and whether Corydon represents Virgil or not, the *Eclogue* reflects the low moral standard of the ancient Greeks and Italians.

10. Thestylis is a slave-girl.

11. This was a mess of flour, cheese, salt, oil, and herbs, called *moretum*. Garlic was the daily food of Roman labourers. Thousands of people like it, but Horace was an exception (*Epod.* iii.). Gerarde says: ‘It yieldeth to the body no nourishment at all; it ingendreth naughty and sharp bloud.’ Wild thyme was a favourite bee-plant, and

ECLOGUE II

THE shepherd Corydon all vainly burned
With passion for the favourite of his lord,
Beauteous Alexis. Nought his love availed,
Save that beneath the dark-tressed beechwood deep
To the lone wilderness his careful tongue
Trilled forth this unpremeditated strain :

Cruel Alexis, carest thou no whit
For all my lays, nor pitiest at all ?
Thou'lt be my death at last ! Now kine and sheep
Seek shade and coolness, now the lizard lurks
In thorny brakes, and Thestylis compounds
For reapers weary with the scorching heat
A savoury mess of garlic and wild thyme.
But as I track thee 'neath the blazing sun—
A grating cricket-choir in every bush
Makes symphony with me. Rather would I

grows all over Europe. Theophrastus (vi. 7. 5) speaks of two kinds—'one like savory and very pungent, the other fragrant and more delicate.' Bacon alludes to the fragrance of wild thyme when crushed by the foot (*Essay xlv., Of Gardens*).

'Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savoury dinner set,
Of herbs and other country messes
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses.'
(Milton, *L'Allegro*.)

The Eclogues of Virgil

sole sub ardenti resonant arbusta cicadis.
nonne fuit satius tristis Amaryllidis iras
atque superba pati fastidia? nonne Menalcan, 15
quamvis ille niger, quamvis tu candidus esses?
o formose puer, nimium ne crede colori!
alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.
despectus tibi sum, nec qui sim quaeris, Alexi,
quam dives pecoris, nivei quam lactis abundans. 20
mille meae Siculis errant in montibus agnae,
lac mihi non aestate novum, non frigore deficit.
canto quae solitus, si quando armenta vocabat,
Amphion Dircaeus in Actaeo Aracyntho.
nec sum adeo informis: nuper me in litore vidi, 25

13. For crickets *cf. Geo. iii. 328*, and *Beasts, Birds, and Bees*, p. 31. In Theocritus v. 11 they weary the mowers by chirping during the midday siesta.

18. 'Fall'—*i.e.*, are not worth gathering. Probably *ligustrum* is privet, and *vaccinium* not a berry but a flower. Compare x. 39 with Theoc. x. 28, which suggests that *vaccinium* is the hyacinth of Theocritus. See Sargeant's *Trees, Shrubs, and Plants of Virgil*.

22. The allusion is to sheep's milk. Roquefort cheese is made from it, and sheep are still milked regularly in Roumania and other countries. *Cf. Deut. xxxii. 14*: 'Butter of kine, and milk of sheep.' St. Paul alludes to sheep's milk in 1 Cor. ix. 7.

23. 'Called' either with the voice or by music, as in a beautiful passage in Apollonius Rhodius (i. 575). On the Wiltshire downs and roads sheep may be seen following

Eclogue II

Bear with the sullen ire and high disdain
Of Amaryllis, rather would I choose
Menalcas, though he wears a swarthy skin.
O fair white youth, confide not overmuch
In colour. For the privet-blossoms fall,
But gathered are the dusky hyacinths.
Thou spurnest me, nor askest what I am,
How great my flocks, how deep my foaming
pails.

New milk ne'er failed me yet in summer's heat
Or winter's frost. A thousand lambs of mine
Roam the Sicilian hills. I know the songs
Wherewith Amphion called his cattle home
On Acte's Aracynthus. Nor am I
Ill-favoured, for I saw myself yestreen
In the sea's marge, when all the waves were laid
By sleeping winds. Can the glassed image lie?

their shepherd, as in the East. Martyn piously observes :
' We have frequent allusions to this custom in Holy Scrip-
ture.'

'Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.'
(Burns.)

24. Amphion, the builder of Thebes, was said to have charmed the stones into place by the music of his lyre (Horace, *Od.* III. xi. 2, and *A.P.* 394). He is called *Dircaeus* from *Dirce*, a fountain near Thebes. Acte is an old name for Attica, but Aracynthus is a mountain in Aetolia, not Attica. The geography is vague.

25. The sea is not a good looking-glass, except perhaps for Polyphemus (*Theoc.* vi. 35), who 'had an eye of vast bigness,' and was, moreover, the son of Neptune.

The Eclogues of Virgil

cum placidum ventis staret mare. non ego Daphnim
iudice te metuam, si numquam fallit imago.
o tantum libeat mecum tibi sordida rura
atque humilis habitare casas et figere cervos,
haedorumque gregem viridi compellere hibisco! 30
mecum una in silvis imitabere Pana canendo
(Pan primum calamos cera coniungere pluris
instituit, Pan curat ovis oviumque magistros),
nec te paeniteat calamo trivisse labellum:
haec eadem ut sciret, quid non faciebat Amyntas? 35
est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis
fistula, Damoetas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
et dixit moriens: "te nunc habet ista secundum":
dixit Damoetas, invidit stultus Amyntas.
praeterea duo nec tuta mihi valle reperti 40

26. Daphnis was an ideal shepherd. His death and deification are celebrated in the fifth *Eclogue*.

28. 'Come, live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.'
(Marlowe, *The Passionate Shepherd
to his Love*.)

29. Here Virgil appears as a sportsman, as in *Geo.* i. 307-8 and iii. 409-13. See *Beasts*, etc., p. 21. Heyne, like a good German, thinks it unseemly for a shepherd to be keen on hunting, and takes *cervos* to mean antler-shaped props for his cottage. But in iii. 12 a shepherd has a bow and arrows, and in x. 56 Gallus is actually for hunting in a frost.

30. It is impossible to say with certainty what the *hibiscus* was, and whether the kids were to be driven *to* it or *with* it; but Mr. Sargeaunt says the stem is sometimes

Eclogue II

Judge thou and see if Daphnis be more fair.
O deign to haunt rough field and lowly cot
With me, to shoot the stag, and with green wand
To gather flocks of kids! Then thou and I
Will mimic Pan with woodland melodies.
Pan taught to join with wax a row of reeds;
The shepherd and the sheep are dear to Pan.
Prithee, scorn not to chafe thy gentle lip
Along the reeds. To understand this art
What pains Amyntas took! I have a pipe
Of seven unequal hemlock-stems compacted.
Damoetas gave it me, and dying said:
'Now serve thy second master.' Thus he said,
And fool Amyntas burned with jealousy.
Two fawns have I beside; I found them laid
Deep in a perilous glen; their hides are flecked

4 feet high, and could be used for driving kids. In x. 71 it is used for basket-making.

32. The number of reeds varied. Ovid (*Met.* xiii. 784) gives the Cyclops a Pan-pipe of a hundred reeds. Cf. Mrs. Browning's poem, *A Musical Instrument*: 'What was he doing, the great god Pan?'

36. Hemlock-stalks would not be very suitable, and *cicutis* may be used here, as in Lucretius v. 1383, for stalks of other kinds. Lucretius characteristically traces the invention of wind-instruments to the whistling of the wind through reeds, while Virgil ascribes it to Pan. 'For youth and all ductile and congenial minds, Pan is not dead, but of all the classic hierarchy alone survives in triumph; goat-footed, with a gleeful and an angry look, the type of the shaggy world; and in every wood, if you go with a spirit properly prepared, you shall hear the note of his pipe' (R. L. Stevenson, *Pan's Pipes*).

The Eclogues of Virgil

capreoli, sparsis etiam nunc pellibus albo;
bina die siccant ovis ubera: quos tibi servo.
iam pridem a me illos abducere Thestylis orat;
et faciet, quoniam sordent tibi munera nostra.
huc ades, o formose puer: tibi lilia plenis 45
ecce ferunt Nymphae calathis; tibi candida Nais,
pallentis violas et summa papavera carpens,
narcissum et florem iungit bene olentis anethi;
tum casia atque aliis intexens suavis herbis
mollia luteola pingit vaccinia calta. 50
ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala

41. Fawns of the roe-deer. They have several longitudinal rows of whitish spots, which disappear after six months. Reversion to a spotted ancestor may be observed in the young of many creatures—*e.g.*, blackbirds and robins.

46. The Naiad is a water-nymph. In Theocritus (end of *Idyll viii.*) Daphnis wins a Naiad for his bride.

47. About *pallens viola* there is still great argument. Mr. Sargeant thinks it is the hoary stock (*Matthiola incana*). Mr. Pickard Cambridge, correcting him in the *Journal of Roman Studies* (vol. viii., pt. 2, 1918), says it is the wild heartsease (*Viola tricolor*, esp. variety *alpestris*), which forms a golden undergrowth in sub-Alpine pastures. But perhaps Virgil means a yellow iris. See Kynaston's note on the Greek equivalent, λευκόιον, in Theocritus vii. 64, and Liddell and Scott on ἴον, χλωρός, and ὥχρος. Pindar (*Ol.* 91) speaks of 'golden and deep-purple gleams of iris flowers (ἴων).' When a dark-skinned Roman turned pale, he turned yellow or green rather than white. Hence he called olive, ivy, box, and even gold 'pale.' The λευκόιον of Theophrastus was either the snowdrop or the spring snowflake (*Leucoium vernalis*). Pliny literally translated it *Viola alba*. Hence much confusion. Even as late as 1693 Samuel

Eclogue II

E'en yet with white, and twice a day they drain
A ewe's full udder. Lo! they wait for thee.
Thestylis long has asked them for her own,
Yea, and shall take them, since thou countest cheap
My choicest gifts. Come to me, beauteous boy!
See, the Nymphs bring thee basketfuls of lilies,
See, the bright Naiad plucks gold irises
And poppy-heads, to blend with scented dill
And sweet narcissus blooms: then weaving in
Cassia and many a fragrant herb, she sets
Dusk hyacinths in yellow marigold.
Myself will gather quinces silvered o'er

Gilbert, a botanist, wrote of 'the lesser early bulbous violet, called Snowflower or Snowdrop.'

48. *Anethum* is probably dill, a plant akin to fennel. It is mentioned in Matt. xxiii. 23, and in the famous *Lament for Bion* of Moschus. Dill-fruit was used during the Great War as a substitute for carraway.

'He that has two cakes of bread, let him sell one of them for some flower of the Narcissus, for bread is the food of the body, but Narcissus is the food of the soul' (Mahomet).

49. This is not the cassia of the Bible and *Geo.* ii. 466, but, according to Mr. Sargeaunt, a spurge-laurel (*Daphne Gnidium*).

50. For *vaccinium*, see note on 18.

51. Martyn thinks raw quinces too austere a present, and suggests peaches or 'apricocks': 'We are told indeed by Plutarch, that it was an institution of Solon that the bride should eat a quince before she went to bed; but whether this was for some secret reason; or that a married woman should be accustomed from the beginning to some sort of austerity, I will not take upon me to determine.'

'Quince' is a corruption of 'coines' or 'coynes,' which, again, is a corruption of Cydonia (Crete), where the quince

The Eclogues of Virgil

castaneasque nuces, mea quas Amaryllis amabat.
addam cerea pruna (honus erit huic quoque pomo);
et vos, o lauri, carpam, et te, proxima myrte :
sic positae quoniam suavis miscetis odores. 55
rusticus es, Corydon ; nec munera curat Alexis,
nec, si muneribus certes, concedat Iollas.
heu heu, quid volui misero mihi ? floribus Austrum
perditus et liquidis immisi fontibus apros.
quem fugis, a, demens ? habitarunt di quoque silvas 60
Dardaniusque Paris. Pallas quas condidit arces
ipsa colat ; nobis placeant ante omnia silvae.
torva leaena lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam,

is indigenous. It was sacred to Venus, who is often represented with a quince in her right hand, a gift from Paris, as a symbol of fertility. In Eastern countries and tropical America, Canon Ellacombe says, quinces can be eaten raw. In any case, they make a most acceptable present, as every housewife knows. Mr. H. P. Cholmeley has seen in Persia 'quinces of exquisite colour and fragrance, which were covered with a curious silvery flocculent network, which would have made a gift worthy of any lover' (*Classical Review*, August-September, 1921).

53. The plums are either waxen in colour or soft, says Servius, who compares Horace's 'waxen arms of Telephus' (*Od.* I. xiii. 2). Pliny contrasts waxen with black plums. New honeycomb when *empty* is usually greyish-white, but probably Virgil means yellow plums.

57. Iollas is a rival lover, possibly the *dominus* of line 2.

58. The sirocco. Horace calls it 'leaden' (*Sat.* II. vi. 18). It is the hot wind of the Bible. Cf. Jer. iv. 11.

Eclogue II

With downy fleece, chestnuts, my Amaryll's joy,
And waxen plums: to plums be honour too;
Bays will I add, with you, ye sister myrtles:
So shall ye mingle your delicious breath.

Corydon, thou'rt a boor! Alexis cares
Nought for thy gifts, and if with gifts thou strive
Iollas would out-gift thee. Out! alack!
What has my folly wrought? I have let loose
The southern gale upon my flowers, wild boars
Into my running rills. Whom dost thou fear,
Infatuate boy? For woods have been the haunt
Of Trojan Paris and the holy gods.
Let Pallas dwell within the wallèd towns
Herself hath planted, but the woods 'fore all
Shall be my joy. The grisly lioness

-
59. 'The wretched bloody and usurping boar
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines.'
(*Richard III.*, V. ii.)

Boars love wallowing (*cf. Geo.* iii. 411). In 1914, as in 1870, boars from the German Black Forest and the Belgian Ardennes were driven by the fighting into France, and did great damage among the crops. 'In a single night a party of wild boars will uproot a whole field and destroy the husbandman's hopes for the year' (*Tristram, Nat. Hist. of Bible*). *Cf. Ps.* lxxx. 13: 'The wild boar out of the wood doth root it up.'

60-62. For Virgil's love of country life, compare *Geo.* ii. 485 and *Virgil and Isaiah*, p. 56.

61. Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy, was exposed as a babe, and brought up by shepherds on Mount Ida. Pallas Athene, founder of Athens, was the city-goddess.

63. An imitation of Theocritus x. 30, where the wolf-hunting lion gives place to a crane following the plough like a rook. Lions do not hunt wolves.

The Eclogues of Virgil

florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella,
te Corydon, o Alexi : trahit sua quemque voluptas. 65
aspice, aratra iugo referunt suspensa iuveni,
et sol crescentis decedens duplicat umbras :
me tamen urit amor : quis enim modus adsit amori ?
a, Corydon, Corydon, quae te dementia cepit !
semiputata tibi frondosa vitis in ulmo est : 70
quin tu aliquid saltem potius, quorum indiget usus,
viminibus mollique paras detexere iunco ?
invenies alium, si te hic fastidit, Alexim.'

64. For lucerne, see note on i. 78.

66. The plough is not hung on the yoke, but turned or tilted in such a way that the share is dragged lightly and does not enter the ground. The Chinaman is said to carry home his plough and harrow at either end of his hoe. But Virgil's plough was too big for this.

Eclogue II

Follows the wolf, the wolf in turn the goat,
The playful goat follows the lucerne-bloom,
And Corydon thee, Alexis : each is 'drawn
By his peculiar joy. See, now the steers
Drag home the ploughshares trailing from the yoke,
And shadows deepen with departing 'day.
But me Love burns : how should Love cease to burn ?
Ah Corydon, Corydon, what frenzy now
Hath seized thee ? To thy leaf-dark elm-tree clings
Thy half-pruned vine. Why dost not rather strive
At least to finish out some common task,
Plaiting soft rush and withy ? Another love,
If this disdaineth thee, will soon be thine.

70. A case of double negligence, for both elm and vine needed pruning. Pliny says it was considered a disgrace if the returning cuckoo found the pruner still at work. *Cf.* Horace, *Sat.* I. vii. 31.

ECLOGA III

MENALCAS. DAMOETAS. PALAEMON.

M. DIC mihi, Damoeta, cuium pecus? an Meliboei?

D. Non, verum Aegonis; nuper mihi tradidit Aegon.

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

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

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

D. Aut hic ad veteres fagos cum Daphnidis arcum
fregisti et calamos: quae tu, perverse Menalca,

In this *Eclogue* alone Virgil tries rustic banter. It is a singing match between two shepherds, modelled on Theocritus. Italian shepherds still sing at their work. 'From the vineyards and orchards came the voices of the peasants, singing as they worked the mournful Romanesco songs, with their pathetic minor cadences suggestive of Eastern origin' (Richard Bagot, *Casting of Nets*). A modern traveller writes: 'Always some invisible shepherd was singing his passionate loves from under the grey-green olives, or

ECLOGUE III

MENALCAS. DAMOETAS. PALAEMON.

M. Who owns this flock, Damoetas? answer me.
Meliboëus?

D. Nay, 'tis Aegon's: lately he
Entrusted it to me.

M. Poor wretched sheep!
While he courts his Neaera, full of fear
Lest she prefer me to himself, the sheep
Are by this hireling knave milked twice an hour,
And ewes are drained and milk stolen from the lambs.

D. Mind thou what taunts thou castest at a man.
We know whom thou—and in what shrine it was—
When he-goats leered and Nymphs laughed naughtily.

M. Doubtless 'twas then what time they saw me
hack
Micon's young vineyard with my dastard knife.

D. Or by these olden beeches when thou brakest
The bow and reeds of Daphnis: moved with grief,

unseen vineyard-dressers were calling to each other from
slope to slope.'

7-8. Keightley paraphrases thus: 'If I am a thief, as you say, I am at least a man, and not an effeminate like you. I know who was with you the other day.'

10-11. Ironical. Menalcas retaliates by accusing Damoetas of wanton damage.

13. The reeds are arrows. Cf. Horace, *Od.* I. xv. 17.
Cretan reeds made excellent arrows.

The Eclogues of Virgil

et cum vidisti puero donata, dolebas,
et si non aliqua nocuisses, mortuus esses. 15

M. Quid domini faciant, audent cum talia fures?
non ego te vidi Damonis, pessime, caprum
excipere insidiis multum latrante Lycisca?
et cum clamarem 'quo nunc se proripit ille?
Tityre, coge pecus,' tu post carecta latebas. 20

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

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

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

18. *Lycisca* (cf. *lyciscus*) means wolf-dog, and is probably the bitch's name. Hybrids between wolves and dogs, and also between foxes and dogs, were well-known to the ancients. Some editors incorrectly translate 'mongrel.' General Hutchinson says the Esquimaux occasionally cross their dogs with wolves to increase their strength and hardness (*Dog-Breaking*, § 137).

26-27. *Triviis*, a place where three roads met and where people gathered. Hence *trivialis*, commonplace or 'trivial.' Milton's echo of this passage in *Lycidas* (123) is well known. Dryden says: 'Virgil could have written

Eclogue III

Spiteful Menalcas, when thou sawest them
Given to the lad; yea, and hadst grieved to death,
But for this mischief.

M. What can masters do
When villains make so bold? Saw I not thee,
Thou scoundrel, stalk and capture Damon's goat,
Though loud Lycisca barked? And when I cried:
'Ho! gone away! Tityrus, call the flock!'
Thou didst lie hidden in the sedges near.

D. Should he not pay me, since my music won,
The goat my pipe had earned? For—knowst thou
this?

The goat was mine: Damon confessed the same
Himself, and yet denied his power to pay.

M. Thou conquer him in song? Didst ever own
A wax-joined Pan-pipe? Was it not thy wont,
Thou dunce, at cross-roads with thy scrannel straw
To mince and maul a miserable song?

D. Well, shall we try in turn what each can do?
I stake this cow: twice daily milketh she,
Feedeth twin calves; what better canst desire?
Now do thou name thy pledge.

sharper satire than either Horace or Juvenal, if he would have employed his talent that way. I will produce a verse and a half of his, in one of his *Eclogues*, to justify my opinion. . . . *Non tu in triviis*, etc.' (*Discourse of the Original and Progress of Satire*).

30. An extraordinary cow certainly; but twin calves are not so rare as most commentators suppose, and even Keightley is far from the truth when he says they are always females and always barren. The writer knows of several instances to the contrary. Virgil, however, has copied Theocritus (i. 26), substituting cows for goats.

The Eclogues of Virgil

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

D. Et nobis idem Alcimedon duo pocula fecit,
et molli circum est ansas amplexus acantho, 45

33.

‘ As false
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer’s calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son.’
(*Troilus and Cressida*, III. ii. 200.)

37-40. Alcimedon is unknown. Conon was a Greek astronomer of the third century B.C. The other one is probably Eudoxus of Cnidus, who flourished a century earlier.

39. Cf. vii. 38, where *white* ivy is mentioned. Some editors take ‘pale’ to mean ‘variegated.’ But the colour would not appear in a carving, whereas the form of the clusters would. Theophrastus (III. xviii. 6) speaks of a white-berried ivy, which has its clusters compact like a ball, and is by some called *corymbias*. Mr. Sargeaunt says

Eclogue III

M.

I would not dare

To wager thee one lambkin from the flock :
A cruel stepmother have I at home,
A father too; and twice a day the twain
Number the flock, and one of them the kids.
But what will in thine eyes be better far,
Since folly pleases thee, two beechwood cups
Carved by the inspired Alcimedon I'll stake.
A limber vine graved by his cunning tool
Winds o'er them, tangled with the wandering fruit
Of ivy pale. Two figures central stand :
Conon, and who was he whose pencil drew
The whole round of the sun, and shewed the world
What time to reap, and when to lean on plough ?
Ne'er have I lipped them yet, but keep them stored.

D. That same Alcimedon carved me two cups,
And wreathed lithe bear's-breech round the handles
twain,

Hedera chrysocarpa, a rare variety, has yellow berries, and according to Pliny these were preferred for a poet's crown.
Cf. pallentes in ii. 47.

41. The pencil was a rod used for drawing figures in sand or dust on a table.

45. This acanthus is the bear's-breech, bear's-foot, or brank ursine (*Acanthus mollis*). 'The engravers of old time were wont to carve the leaves of this Branke Ursine in pillers, and other workes, and also upon the eares of pots, as among others Virgill testifieth in the third Eclog of his Bucolicks' (Gerarde).

45. [The best illustration is the silver cup in the famous Hildersheim Treasure, which has ivy and vine sprays in relief, and handles formed by the tendrils.—L. E. U.]

The Eclogues of Virgil

Orpheaque in medio posuit silvasque sequentis.
necdum illis labra admovi, sed condita servo.
si ad vitulam spectas, nihil est quod pocula laudes.

M. Numquam hodie effugies; veniam quocumque
vocarís.

audiat haec tantum—vel qui venit ecce Palaemon. 50
efficiam posthac ne quemquam voce lacesas.

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

P. Dicite, quandoquidem in molli consedimus
herba. 55

et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbor,
nunc frondent silvae, nunc formosissimus annus.
incipi, Damoeta; tu deinde sequere, Menalca.
alternis dicetis; amant alterna Camenae.

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

46. *Cf.* iv. 55. The story of Orpheus appears in *Geo.* iv. 454 *et sqq.*

57. 'It is to an Italian spring, more than to any season in any other European country, that the words of the third *Eclogue*, "*nunc formosissimus annus*," are applicable' (Sellar's *Virgil*, p. 269).

59. Perhaps this is why Calvin thought the practice of antiphonal chanting superstitious.

Eclogue III

And Orpheus with the charmed woods behind
Set midmost. Never have I lipped them yet,
But keep them stored. If yon cow holds thine eyes,
What vaunt is this of cups?

M. Thou'lt not to-day

Escape me; wheresoe'er thy challenge lead,
There will I come; only let one be judge,
Even—lo! Palaemon, who approacheth now.
I'll make thy challenges for ever cease.

D. Say on, if aught thou canst : I'll not be slow,
I fear no judge—but lay it well to heart,
Neighbour Palaemon, 'tis no trivial game.

P. Sing both, for on the soft grass we are set,
And field and tree are with new verdure clad,
And woods are leafy, and the golden year
Is fairest now. Damoetas, lead the song,
Then follow thou, Menalcas. Sing in turn :
Respond and antiphon the Muses love.

D. Jove's the beginning of song : all earth is full of
his glory,
Valleys are blessed by him : yea, and he loveth my
lays.

60. *Ab Iove principium* is a translation from Aratus, quoted in Acts xvii. 28: 'We also are his offspring.' Cf. Theoc. xvii. 1; Lucan, *Phars.* ix. 580; and *Paradise Lost*, v. 165: 'Him first, Him last, Him midst and without end.' *Iovis omnia plena* is a favourite quotation with St. Augustine. *Musae* may also be taken as the vocative plural: 'Ye Muses.' On the metre used in the translation of lines 60-107, see Preface, p. vii.

The Eclogues of Virgil

M. Et me Phoebus amat; Phoebus sua semper apud
me

munera sunt, lauri et suave rubens hyacinthus.

D. Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,

et fugit ad salices et se cupit ante videri. 65

M. At mihi sese offert ultro, meus ignis, Amyntas,

notior ut iam sit canibus non Delia nostris.

D. Parta meae Veneri sunt munera: namque notavi

ipse locum, aëriae quo conguessere palumbes.

M. Quod potui, puero silvestri ex arbore lecta 70

aurea mala decem misi; cras altera mittam.

D. O quotiens et quae nobis Galatea locuta est!

partem aliquam, venti, divum referatis ad auris!

M. Quid prodest quod me ipse animo non spernis,
Amynta,

si, dum tu sectaris apros, ego retia servo? 75

63. For *hyacinthus*, see note on ii. 18.

64. *Mala*—i.e., apples and other fruits that contain pips—were sacred to Venus; and pelting with apples is said to have been a correct mode of flirtation. Cf. ii. 51. [In Elizabethan days unlucky actors were 'pippin-pelted.'—L. E. U.]

69. For *palumbes*, see note on i. 57.

71. Cf. Prov. xxv. 11: 'A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver.'

Eclogue III

M. I am beloved by Phoebus : he knoweth I render
his bounties

Ever to him, hyacinths blushing so sweetly and bays.

D. My Galatea's a frolicsome lass : she pelts me
with apples,

Then in the withy-bed hides, carefully showing the
place.

M. My flame cometh unbidden to me, my beloved
Amyntas ;

Soothly my dogs know his better than Delia's face.

D. Gifts have I won for mine, for of late I remem-
bered an elm-tree

Whither a wood-dove's mate built her aërial nest.

M. What I was able, I did : sent mine ten beautiful
apples

Plucked from a wild wood tree ; ten other wait his
behest.

D. O how many and sweet are the sayings of my
Galatea !

Up to the ears of the gods help them, ye breezes, to
soar.

M. That thou despisest me not in thy heart what
boots it, Amyntas,

If I watch at the nets whilst thou art hunting the boar ?

75. Cf. *Geo.* iii. 413, and *Beasts, Birds, and Bees*, p. 21. The object of ancient hunting was to drive the quarry into a net, which someone had to watch while the others enjoyed the sport. When Pliny was thus employed he used to take his pen and writing-tablets with him instead of a hunting-spear (*Ep.* i. 6). On netting deer in Savernake Forest, see Mr. Upcott's note in *Beasts, Birds, and Bees*, Appendix B, § 8.

The Eclogues of Virgil

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

77. This was at the festival of the *Ambarvalia*. Cf. *Geo.* i. 343-350.

80. Readers of *Tom Brown* will recognize his 'sorrowful wolf' here.

82. The arbutus or 'strawberry-tree' is well known in this country, and will grow to a height of 10 feet. [It is a

Eclogue III

D. Send me thy Phyllis, I pray, for 'tis my birth-day, Iollas;

Follow thyself when I slay heifers to prosper my wheat.

M. Phyllis I love before others, her dear eyes mourned my departing :

'Farewell, sweet one, a long farewell,' I heard her repeat.

D. Wolves are a pest to the folds, rains trample the ripening harvest,

Winds to the trees bring woe : Amaryll's anger to me.

M. Moisture is sweet to the seeds, to the weaned kids strawberry bushes,

Willow to pregnant flock : I, O Amyntas, to thee.

D. Pollio loves my muse, although she was nursed in the country :

Fatten a calf for a new votary, Pierides.

M. Nay, but a well-grown bull—for Pollio too is a poet—

Bold with his horn, with his hoof scattering dust to the breeze.

D. Pollio, who loves thee, let him fly to thy paradise with thee;

Bear for him balm, ye thorns : rivers, with honey o'erflow.

feature of the Killarney Lakes, and furnishes Irish songs with many pretty images.—L. E. U.]

83. Probably goats and not sheep are meant here. Goats and willows are mentioned in i. 78. See *Beasts*, etc., p. 16.

84. The fourth *Eclogue* is addressed to Pollio.

85. *Pierides* is a Greek name for the Muses.

89. As in the Golden Age. For 'balm,' see note on iv. 25.

The Eclogues of Virgil

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

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

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

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

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

D. Heu heu, quam pingui macer est mihi taurus in
ervo ! 100
idem amor exitium pecori pecorisque magistro.

M. Hi certe—neque amor causa est—vix ossibus
haerent.

90. Bavius and Maevius were two bad poets. Horace wishes shipwreck to 'stinking Maevius' (*Epod.* x. 2). The Rev. Dr. Trapp thinks Virgil too good a Christian to have vilified these poets unless they had first vilified him. Nevertheless, the same Dr. Trapp is human enough to write : 'It is pleasant to see the poet dashing two dunces against one another, to make sport for himself and the reader.'

91. 'Here Menalcas says, that such as can like the poetry of Maevius, are capable of employing themselves in the

Eclogue III

M. Maeuius, he may adore thy songs whom Bavius
pleases;

He-goats, give him your milk; foxes, be yoked to his
plough.

D. Ye boys gathering flowers and the ground-
loving strawberry culling,

Run away quick, chilly snakes skulk where the grasses
are high.

M. Warily walk, ye sheep, for the bank gives
treacherous holding;

See! the big ram his wool seeks in the meadow to dry.

D. Tityrus, frighten the grazing goats far away
from the river:

They shall be washed in the spring all, when the
season is meet.

M. Ho! lads, fetch up the sheep: if the milk be
stolen by the noonday,

(Lately it was, ye know), vainly we tug at the teat.

D. Ah! how lean is my bull in the midst of the
fattening vetches!

Love o'er master and herd, Love ever ringeth a knell.

M. Love is no tempter of these, whose bones scarce
hold them together:

grossest absurdities' (Martyn). Or perhaps, as Conington thinks, this is 'a sort of comic purgatory, opposed to the paradise of line 89.'

92. Not the arbutus, but real wild strawberries, common in Italy.

98. *I.e.*, dried up by the heat. Compare Virgil's precepts in *Geo.* iii. 327-334.

100. This vetch (*Vicia ervilia*) is akin to the lentil, and is used as a cattle-food in Italy.

The Eclogues of Virgil

nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos.

D. Dic quibus in terris—et eris mihi magnus
Apollo—

tris pateat Caeli spatium non amplius ulnas. 105

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

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

103. Belief in 'fascination' by the evil eye still survives in Italy. For the Greek equivalent, *cf.* Theoc. vi. 39, and St. Paul in Gal. iii. 1. The scarecrow in a garden of cucumbers mentioned in Baruch vi. 70 is really a charm against witchcraft (*προβασκάνιον*).

105. Possibly this riddle refers to the sky seen from the bottom of a well. Or possibly to a man named Caelius.

106. A flower, perhaps the martagon lily or the cornflag, which was supposed to be marked with the letters AI for

Eclogue III

Over my tender lambs some eye is casting a spell.

D. Tell me, O tell me, the land—and I'll make
thee my Phoebus Apollo—

Where three yards and a half measure the arch of the
sky.

M. Tell me, O tell me, the land where flowers grow,
bearing engraven

Names of kings, and at last thou shalt have Phyllis
for aye.

P. 'Tis not for us to judge so great a strife
Betwixt you. Thou hast earned the cow, and thou;
And whoso shrinks not from the sweets of Love
His bitterness shall taste not. Come, my lads,
Close now the sluice: the meads have drunk their fill.

Aias (Ajax), or Y for Hyacinthus, who were both sons of kings.

III. The last line refers literally to irrigation (*cf. Geo. i. 106*), and figuratively to the stream of song.

The third and seventh *Eclogues* should be compared with *August* in Spenser's *Shepheards Calender*. He says in the *Argument*: 'In this Aeglogue is set forth a delectable controversie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgile fashioned his third and seventh Aeglogue.'

ECLOGA IV

SICELIDES Musae, paulo maiora canamus !
 non omnis arbusta iuvant humilesque myricae
 si canimus silvas, silvae sint consule dignae.

Ultima Cumaei venit iam carminis aetas ;
 magnus ab integro saeculorum nascitur ordo. 5
 iam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,
 iam nova progenies caelo demittitur alto.
 tu modo nascenti puero, quo ferrea primum
 desinet ac toto surget gens aurea mundo,
 casta fave Lucina : tuus iam regnat Apollo. 10

1-3. The Muses are called Sicilian because Theocritus, whom they inspired, was a Sicilian, and Virgil has been imitating him freely. But this *Eclogue* is a new departure, and not Theocritean. Shrubs, tamarisks, and woods all symbolize pastoral or bucolic poetry. The consul is Pollio, and the poem was written in 40 B.C., when he was in office.

4-5. Hesiod mentions five ages : (1) Golden, (2) Silver, (3) Copper or Bronze, (4) the age of demi-gods or heroes, (5) Iron. After the Iron Age the Golden Age was expected to return. Cf. lines 8-9, and Shelley's *Hellas* :

‘ The world’s great age begins anew,
 The golden years return.’

‘ I may just throw out the suggestion that this charming myth of a Golden Age represents ideally the earliest experiments in agriculture of a still pastoral people, in virgin soils teeming with productive power, which afterwards became

ECLOGUE IV

MUSES of Sicily, lift a nobler strain !
Some love not shrubs and lowly tamarisks.
If woods we sing, let woods be worth a prince.
The last age told by Cumae's seer¹ is come,
A mighty roll of generations new
Is now arising. Justice now returns
And Saturn's realm, and from high heaven descends
A worthier race of men. Only do thou
Smile, chaste Lucina, on the infant boy,
With whom the iron age will pass away,
The golden age in all the earth be born ;
For thine Apollo reigns. Under thy rule,

¹ The Sibyl.

weakened by a natural process of decay ' (W. Fowler, *Aeneas at the Site of Rome*, p. 70). For the Sibyl of Cumae, see *Aen.* iii. 441 and vi. 10; and *Virgil and Isaiah*, Appendix B.

6. The *Virgo* is Justice, who left the earth when the Golden Age and the reign of Saturn came to an end. *Cf. Geo.* ii. 474 and 538.

8. The expected child is the ' Messiah,' from whom this poem takes its name of ' The Messianic Eclogue.' Who was he? For a full discussion of the problem, see *Virgil and Isaiah*, § 1.

10. Lucina is the goddess that brings to light, and hence the goddess of birth. In *Geo.* iii. 60 she presides over cows. She was identified with Diana, the Moon-goddess. Hence her brother, the Sun-god, is called ' thine Apollo.'

The Eclogues of Virgil

teque adeo decus hoc aevi, te consule, inibit,
Pollio, et incipient magni procedere menses;
te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
inrita perpetua solvent formidine terras.
ille deum vitam accipiet divisque videbit 15
permixtos heroas et ipse videbitur illis,
pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu
errantis hederas passim cum baccare tellus
mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho. 20
ipsae lacte domum referent distenta capellae
ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones;
ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.
occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
occidet; Assyrium vulgo nascetur amomum. 25

13-17. The guilt of the civil wars will be done away by a reign of righteousness and peace, when human life will be divine.

18-25. Cf. the Book of Isaiah, especially chapters xi. and xxxv.

19. Ivy was used in the chaplets of poets. Cf. vii. 25, where *baccar* is mentioned with it. *Baccar* is generally taken to be either the foxglove or the asarabacca; but Mr. Sargeaunt says it is the cyclamen, the Italian 'baccare.' The asarabacca (*Asarum europaeum*) is a plant with ivy-like leaves, rare in England, but common in Italy. Mediaeval ecclesiastics used the ear-shaped leaves of this plant as a remedy for deafness.

'Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,
Laburnums dropping wells of fire.'
(Tennyson, *In Mem.*, lxxxiii.)

Eclogue IV

Thine, Pollio, shall this glorious era spring,
And the great progress of the months begin.
Under thy rule all footprints of our guilt
Shall perish, and the peaceful earth be freed
From everlasting fear. Thou, child, shalt know
The life of gods, and see commingled choirs
Of gods and heroes, and be seen of them,
And rule a world by righteous father tamed.

Then Earth shall haste to bring thee birthday-gifts,
Uncultured Earth: the ivy's gadding curls
And cyclamen and arum lily twined
With laughing bear's-breech. Uncompelled thy goats
Shall bring their udders heavy-laden home,
And monstrous lions frighten herds no more.
Thy very cot shall bloom delightful flowers,
Serpents shall cease, the treacherous poison-plant
Shall fail, Assyrian balm o'erspread the land.

20. *Colocasia* are either the Egyptian bean, then a recently imported luxury, which was to be common in the Golden Age, or a kind of arum lily. A flower seems to suit the context better than a food-plant. Mr. Sargeaunt says it is a *caladium*, the Indian taro, and akin to the arum or 'lords and ladies' of our woodlands. For *acanthus*, see on iii. 45.

22. Lions were very real to Isaiah (*cf.* xxxv. 9), but unknown in Italy. Redemption is to be world-wide.

24. The poison-plant is probably 'the pale yellow monk's-hood' (*Aconitum anthora*), a near relative of our own blue and poisonous monk's-hood, which is sometimes mistaken for horse-radish' (Sargeaunt). *Cf.* *Geo.* ii. 152.

25. *Amomum* is a native of Armenia and Media, and is used to express the vast extent of the Assyrian empire (Martyn). It was in great demand as a perfume, and in the new age would grow everywhere. In *Rev.* xviii. 13 it

The Eclogues of Virgil

at simul heroum laudes et facta parentis
iam legere et quae sit poteris cognoscere virtus,
molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,
incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
et durae quercus sudabunt roscida mella. 30
pauca tamen suberunt priscae vestigia fraudis,
quae temptare Thetim ratibus, quae cingere muris
oppida, quae iubeant telluri infindere sulcos.
alter erit tum Tiphys, et altera quae vehat Argo
delectos heroas; erunt etiam altera bella 35
atque iterum ad Troiam magnus mittetur Achilles.
hinc, ubi iam firmata virum te fecerit aetas,
cedet et ipse mari vector, nec nautica pinus
mutabit merces: omnis feret omnia tellus.

appears as 'odours' or 'spices.' Mr. Sargeant identifies it as cardamum (*Amomum cardamomum*).

30. Cf. *Geo.* i. 131 and iv. 1. But *durae* suggests that here the trunk and not the leaves are thought of as exuding honey. Bees often hive in hollow trees. In Hesiod oaks bear acorns at the top and bees in the middle (*Works*, 232).

32. (Cf. 38.) Thetis, the sea-goddess, was the mythical mother of Achilles. The ancients did not love the sea. Aristotle (*N.E.* III. vii. 7) says a man who fears neither earthquakes nor waves must be either mad or devoid of all sense of pain. Cf. Horace, *Odes*, I. iii., and Rev. xxi. 1: 'There shall be no more sea'—a thought common in Apocalyptic literature. 'To the Apostolic age the ocean spoke of separation and isolation, rather than of a highway linking shore to shore. For this element of unrest, this fruitful cause of destruction and death, this divider of nations and Churches, there could be no place in a world of

Eclogue IV

But when thou'lt read the praise of famous men
And thy sire's deeds, and know true excellence,
The plain shall softly teem with yellowing corn,
And grapes shall blush upon the unkempt briar,
And the hard oak-tree bole ooze honeydew.

Nathless some taint of old iniquity
Shall stay, to bid men tempt with ships the sea
And build them city-walls and furrow earth
With ploughshares. A new Tiphys shall arise,
A second Argo fraught with chosen knights;
And other wars shall rage, and once again
Shall valorous Achilles fare to Troy.

And when strong time hath wrought thee into man,
The seafarer shall roam the wave no more,
Nor ships make merchandise: for all the earth
Shall be all-fruitful. Neither shall the vine

social intercourse, deathless life, and unbroken peace' (Swete).

33. In the age of peace and plenty, fortifying towns and ploughing the earth would be an impertinence.

34. Tiphys was the pilot of Jason's ship, the *Argo*, the first long ship with sails to cross the sea. The Greeks always kept within sight of land when they could. Kinglake says of the Greek mariners of less than a century ago: 'They still hug their shores as fondly as the Argonauts of old' (*Eothen*, ch. vi.).

35. 'Nothing is more just than the prophecy of Virgil. A bloody war at last reduced Sextus Pompey to quit Sicily, and to meet his death in Asia by Anthony' (Catrou).

36. In this line, according to Constantine, Virgil 'describes our Saviour as proceeding to the war against Troy, understanding by Troy the world itself' (*Assembly of Saints*, ch. xx.).

39. Contrast *Geo.* ii. 109.

The Eclogues of Virgil

non rastros patietur humus, non vinea falcem; 40
robustus quoque iam tauris iuga solvet arator;
nec varios discet mentiri lana colores,
ipse sed in pratis aries iam suave rubenti
murice, iam croceo mutabit vellera luto;
sponte sua sandyx pascentis vestiet agnos. 45
‘Talia saecula’ suis dixerunt ‘currite’ fuis
concordes stabili fatorum numine Parcae.
adgredero o magnos (aderit iam tempus) honores,
cara deum suboles, magnum Iovis incrementum!
aspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum, 50
terrasque tractusque maris caelumque profundum:
aspice venturo laetentur ut omnia saeclo!
o mihi tum longae maneat pars ultima vitae,
spiritus et quantum sat erit tua dicere facta:
non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius Orpheus, 55
nec Linus, huic mater quamvis atque huic pater adsit,
Orphei Calliopea, Lino formosus Apollo.
Pan etiam, Arcadia mecum si iudice certet,
Pan etiam Arcadia dicat se iudice victum.

43. ‘Nor are authors wanting who tell us of such fine sheep being to be seen in distant countries’ (Martyn).

44. *Murex* is a sea-snail, from which a purple dye was obtained by the Tyrians. *Lutum* is not the saffron-crocus of *Geo.* i. 56, but wild woad or dyer’s weed (*Reseda luteola*).

45. *Sandyx* is not a plant, but probably red arsenic.

47. The Parcae, or Fates, are Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. ‘The Fates rule the world, and all is established by fixed law’ (Manilius, *Astron.* 4, 14).

49. See *Virgil and Isaiah*, pp. 10-12.

Eclogue IV

Suffer the pruning-hook, nor fields the hoe.
And lusty husbandmen from ox's neck
Shall loose the yoke; and wool with divers hues
Need not to cheat, for lo! the living ram
Shall softly blush with purple fleece, or glow
With saffron yellow; grazing lambs shall wear
Vestments of scarlet in the bounteous meads.
'So run, fair ages,' to their spindles sang
The Fates that weave the stedfast web of God.

Take thy great heritage, thine hour is come,
Blest offspring of the gods, great seed of Jove.
See how Creation bows her massy dome,
Oceans and continents and æry deeps:
All nature gladdens at the coming age.
O may a long life's evening then be mine,
And breath to tell thy deeds! Not Linus then
Nor Thracian Orpheus shall surpass my song,
E'en though the beautiful Apollo help
Linus, his son, and Orpheus call to aid
Calliopé that bare him. Nay, though Pan
Before Arcadian judges with me strive,
Before Arcadia would he yield the palm.

55. 'Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.'
(*Merchant of Venice*, V. i. 80.)

56. Linus, a beautiful youth, son of Apollo and a Muse,
was worshipped as a singer on Mount Helicon. Cf. vi. 67.

57. Calliope was one of the nine Muses.

58. Pan being the god of Arcadia, the Arcadians would
be biassed in his favour.

The Eclogues of Virgil

incipie, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem 60
(matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses)
incipie, parve puer : qui non risere parentes,
nec deus hunc mensa, dea nec dignata cubili est.

60-63. See *Virgil and Isaiah*, p. 84 and Appendix A. Warde Fowler (*Classical Review*, May, 1919) quotes the following passage from H. C. Romanoff's *Sketches of the Rites and Customs of the Greco-Russian Church*: 'Román throve beautifully; his first smile and first tear, which are considered by the Russians as harbingers of reason in an infant, were quite epochs in the family history, so much was said about them.'

61. Roman law recognized ten months as the period of gestation. Cf. *Wisdom* vii. 2: 'And in the womb of a mother was I moulded into flesh in the time of ten months.' Ten lunar months are nearly equal to nine calendar months.

62. Since writing the appendix to my *Virgil and Isaiah* (1918), in which I defended the 'cui . . . parentes' of the MSS., I have been led to a change of view. In a letter to me dated September 5th, 1917, Mr. Warde Fowler wrote: 'I much regret your conclusion here. Quintilian is better authority than even the oldest MSS.; and as to the meaning, I think Catullus [*Dulce rideat ad patrem*] is conclusive.' To my great loss and sorrow, Mr. Warde Fowler passed away before this book was written; but I am glad to find that Professor Conway is also now a convert to his views, which are stated in *Virgil's Messianic Eclogue* (1907), pp. 71-74, and had the pleasure of telling him so before his death.

Professor Conway has sent me the following references for the use of *rideo* with the accusative in the sense of 'smile at.' Horace, *Odes* i. 10, 12,¹ and *Epistles* i. 14, 39;² Statius,

¹ Te, boves olim nisi reddidisses
. . . Risit Apollo.

² Rident vicini glebas et saxa moventem.

Eclogue IV

Learn, babe, to laugh when mother calls thee now,
Thy mother weary with her ten long months.
Learn, baby, now : who answers not the smile
Of mother's eyes, he is not meet to share
Goddess's bed, or table of a god.

Silvae iii. 1, 151.³ Ruæus quotes Plautus, *Captivi*, iii. 1, 21.⁴ Sophocles, whose works Virgil must have known, has ὄστις followed by οὔτοι, and ἄνδρες followed by τοῦτον (*Antigone*, 707 and 1166). On the latter passage Jebb remarks (Appendix, p. 264) that the plural ἄνδρες is quite admissible. Holdsworth, who published his *Remarks on Virgil* in 1768, is a wholehearted supporter of Quintilian's reading, and observes that 'risere parentes' is the same as 'adriserø parentibus.' I have quoted him fully in *Virgil and Isaiah*, p. 84. Professor H. E. Butler, of London, tells me he has long been convinced that 'qui . . . parentes' is the true reading. To him I owe the suggestion that this use of *rideo* is quite regular, but not often found, owing to the existence of *arrideo* and the fact that grown-up people smile, and only children habitually laugh at others in approval. The grammar was evidently no shock to Quintilian, nor yet to Scaliger, whose words are these : 'Virgilius sine praepositione—qui non risere parentes. Manifesto enim hortatur puerum ut ad matrem rideat, non contra, ut illi parentes. . . . Nam risere parentes pro ad parentes dictum; ut Catullus loquitur' (*Castigationes in Catullum*, 1577).

When I supported the MSS. reading *cui*, I am afraid I was guilty of special pleading. In order to make sense of it many commentators have gone to the length of understanding *risu* in line 60 of the mother's smile. Parents smile on their children as a matter of course; but the first smile of a baby is a family event of the first importance, as many of us know from personal experience. One of my

³ Ridetque benigna Parthenope gentile sacrum nudosque virorum Certatus et parva suae simulacra colonae.

⁴ Quasi muti silent, neque me rident.

The Eclogues of Virgil

correspondents writes to me: 'All parents watch for it whether they are superstitious or not, and are properly indignant if the nurse assures them that it is merely a grimace due to wind in the stomach!' For the great importance attached by the ancients to a baby's first smile, Professor Conway refers me to J. H. Moulton's *Early Religions of Persia*, p. 51.¹

The conjecture 'parenti' is unnecessary. The reading 'qui non risere parentes' is so well supported that I believe it will ultimately be accepted by all scholars.

63. Tertullian (*De Anima*, 39) speaks of 'the cries to Lucina, the table spread for Juno, the horoscope,' etc. The boy is dedicated to a *genius* from the first (T. R. Glover, *Conflict of Religions*, p. 308).

¹ Dr. Moulton thinks Virgil is using Eastern imagery. Zoroaster was the only man who smiled on the day of his birth (*Pliny*, vii. 15). 'Virgil's child should share that unique distinction.'

ECLOGA V

MENALCAS. MOPSVS.

Me. CVR non, Mopse, boni quoniam convenimus
ambo,

tu calamos inflare levis, ego dicere versus,
hic corylis mixtas inter consedimus ulmos?

Mo. Tu maior; tibi me est aequum parere, Menalca,
sive sub incertas Zephyris motantibus umbras, 5
sive antro potius succedimus. aspice, ut antrum
silvestris raris sparsit labrusca racemis.

Me. Montibus in nostris solus tibi certat Amyntas.

Mo. Quid, si idem certet Phoebum superare
canendo?

Me. Incipe, Mopse, prior, si quos aut Phyllidis
ignis 10

aut Alconis habes laudes aut iurgia Codri.
incipe: pascentis servabit Tityrus haedos.

1. Two shepherds in friendly rivalry celebrate the death and deification of Daphnis. The death is an imitation of Theocritus (*Idyll* i.), but the deification is original. It is possible that Menalcas represents Virgil, and Daphnis Julius Caesar, whose birthday was first celebrated in 42 B.C. Ludovicus Vives regarded this *Eclogue* as a prophecy of the death and ascension of Christ.

ECLOGUE V

MENALCAS. MOPSUS.

Me. O Mopsus, since we're met here, good men both,
Thou skilled to tune the slender reeds, and I
To utter verses, prithee, sit we down
Amid these elms and hazel underwood.

Mo. Thou art the elder; I must yield to thee,
Whether where west winds fan the flickering shade
Or 'neath the cave we go. Mark how the cave
Is fretted with the wild-vine's clusters rare.

Me. Only Amyntas hopes to rival thee
On our hills.

Mo. Yea, and haply would essay
To outsing Phoebus!

Me. Mopsus, lead the song,
If aught of love for Phyllis thou canst tell,
Or praise for Alcon, or for Codrus hate,
Sing on—let Tityrus tend the browsing kids.

-
5. 'Witch-elms that counterchange the floor
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright.'
(Tennyson, *In Mem.*, lxxxix.)

11. Servius says Alcon was a Cretan archer and a companion of Hercules. 'He could shoot through a ring placed on a man's head, split a hair with the point of his dart, and cleave an arrow without a head on the point of a sword or spear.'

But there is no need to identify him or Codrus with anybody.

The Eclogues of Virgil

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

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

Mo. Exstinctum Nymphae crudeli funere Daph-
nim 20
flebant (vos coryli testes et flumina Nymphis),
cum complexa sui corpus miserabile nati,
atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia mater.
non ulli pastos illis egere diebus 24
frigida, Daphni, boves ad flumina ; nulla neque amnem
libavit quadripes nec graminis attigit herbam.
Daphni, tuum Poenos etiam gemuisse leones
interitum montesque feri silvaeque loquuntur.
Daphnis et Armenias curru subiungere tigris
instituit, Daphnis thiasos inducere Bacchi 30
et foliis lentas intexere mollibus hastas.

13. For writing on the bark of a living tree, *cf.* x. 53. Pliny says spies used to write their information for generals on the bark of trees.

16. The olive was superior to the willow, not in colour but in value.

17. The Celtic nard' (*Valeriana celtica*) had a most noble smell, says Pliny, and was used for laying between clothes, and was also good to stop vomitings, but could not be woven into garlands.

26. Suetonius says that just before Caesar's death the herds of horses which he had consecrated to the gods and set free at his passage of the Rubicon 'obstinately abstained from food and wept copiously.'

Eclogue V

Mo. Well, I will try what songs I wrote yestreen
On a green beechwood bole, and marked the tune
Betwixt the lines. Then bid Amyntas sing.

Me. As yield lithe willows to the olive pale,
Or to the crimson rose-bed lowly nard,
So doth Amyntas yield, I trow, to thee.

Mo. But cease thy talking: we have raught the
cave.

'The Nymphs for Daphnis by a hard fate slain
Wept, and ye woods and rivers shared their pain.
His mother praying clasped his wretched corse
And strove to move the cold stars to remorse.
No neatherd, Daphnis, for that death of thine
Drove to the cooling stream his pastured kine.
No beast to taste the water-spring had heart,
And from sweet meadow-grasses stood apart.
Daphnis, I learned from woods and mountains lone
How Libyan lions for thy death made moan.
Tigers were yoked to cars at thy command,
And pageants of the Bacchic dancers planned,
And soft leaves woven round the supple wand.

27. Martyn elaborately calculates that to reach Sicily 'the roaring of the Carthaginian lions must have been heard above 170 of our measured miles.' To be heard at less than half that distance 'the lions must have roared as loud as so many pieces of artillery.' He rightly concludes that *Poenos* is an ornamental epithet. To Virgil all lions were African or 'Libyan,' and all tigers Armenian (29).

29-31. The worship of Bacchus came from the East. His devotees carried the thyrsus—a wand or staff wreathed with ivy and vine-leaves.

The Eclogues of Virgil

vitis ut arboribus decori est, ut vitibus uvae,
ut gregibus tauri, segetes ut pinguibus arvis,
tu decus omne tuis. postquam te fata tulerunt
ipsa Pales agros atque ipse reliquit Apollo. 35
grandia saepe quibus mandavimus hordea sulcis,
infelix lolium et steriles nascuntur avenae;
pro molli viola, pro purpureo narcisso
carduus et spinis surgit paliurus acutis.
spargite humum foliis, inducite fontibus umbras, 40
pastores (mandat fieri sibi talia Daphnis),
et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen :
'Daphnis ego in silvis, hinc usque ad sidera notus,
formosi pecoris custos, formosior ipse.'

35. A mixture of Greek and Roman religion. The festival of Pales, the goddess of flocks and herds, was kept on April 21st, the day of the foundation of Rome. She is invoked in *Geo.* iii. 1, where Apollo appears again with her as a pastoral deity.

37. Cf. *Geo.* i. 154.

'Darnel and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.'
(*King Lear*, IV. iv. 5.)

The 'drunken' darnel (*Lolium temulentum*) is the tare of the New Testament. It not only chokes the corn, but its seeds get mixed with wheat. Hence its Dorset name of 'cheat.' 'Darnell or Juray is a vitious graine that combereth or anoyeth corne, especially Wheate, and in his knotten straw, blades, or leaves is like unto Wheate' (Lyte's *Herball*, 1578). 'Among the hurtful weedes darnell is the first. . . . New bread wherein darnell is, eaten hot, causeth drunkenness' (Gerarde's *Herbal*, 1597).

The seeds may have narcotic properties, but the foliage is

Eclogue V

The vine her tree, the grapes their vine adorn,
Herds worship bulls, and fields are crowned with
corn;

So dost thou grace all thine. Of thee bereft
By Pales and by Phoebus fields were left.
In furrows where we sowed big barley-seeds
Now spring wild oats and worthless darnel-weeds.
For bright narcissus and soft violet-flowers
The thistle and the sharp Christ-thorn are ours.
Sprinkle the ground with leaves, o'ershade the rills
With trees, ye shepherds, for so Daphnis wills.
And build a tomb and carve thereon this rhyme :
"Here, famed from greenwood to the stars sublime,
Lies Daphnis, tender of a flock most fair,
Himself the shepherd e'en more debonair."

harmless. Professor Henslow says the Maltese cabmen give it to their horses.

Atavism or reversion to type is a well-known phenomenon (*cf. Geo. i. 198*), and it was commonly believed that cultivated oats degenerated into wild oats; but they are distinct species. *Cf. Isa. v. 2* : 'He looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes.'

38. This narcissus is probably *Narcissus poeticus*, the pheasant's-eye. Kynaston (*Theoc. i. 133*) understands *purpureus* of 'the dark purple or crimson edge to its central cup or nectary.' For *viola*, see on *x. 39*. *Molli* probably refers to its appearance, and is in contrast with *purpureo*, which simply means 'bright.' *Cf. the 'glowing violet' of Milton's Lycidas*. The same epithet is applied to *vaccinium* in *ii. 50*.

39. The thistle appears in *Geo. i. 152* as the farmer's providential thorn in the flesh. The Christ-thorn (*Paliurus aculeatus*) is said to have supplied the crown of thorns at the Crucifixion. Columella recommends it for quickset hedges. 'Few plants are more masterful in occupying land' (Sargeaunt).

The Eclogues of Virgil

Me. Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta, 45
quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per aestum
dulcis aquae saliente sitim restinguere rivo.
nec calamis solum aequiperas, sed voce magistrum :
fortunate puer, tu nunc eris alter ab illo. 49
nos tamen haec quocumque modo tibi nostra vicissim
dicemus, Daphnimque tuum tollemus ad astra ;
Daphnim ad astra feremus : amavit nos quoque
Daphnis.

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

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

56. ' Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.'
(*Merchant of Venice*, V. i. 58.)

Eclogue V

Me. Singer divine, such is thy song to me
As sleep on grassy lawns to weary heads,
Or grateful draughts from leaping water-springs
In summer's heat. Nor on the reeds alone,
But in the song thou equallest thy lord.
O happy youth, thou'lt soon be famed as he.
Yet I in turn will sing thee this of mine
As best I can; thy Daphnis will I praise
To starland, yea, to starland will I praise
Daphnis, for this thy Daphnis loved me too.

Mo. Thou couldst ne'er grant to me a greater boon.
The youth was worthy of it, and long since
Stimichon praised to me that song of thine.

Me. 'Now glistening Daphnis marvels at Heaven's
door,
And clouds and stars beneath the awful floor.
Then buxom Pleasure rules the woods and glades,
Pan and the shepherds and the Dryad maids.
Net against deer, wolf against sheepfold cease
To plot deceit: good Daphnis loveth peace.
The unkempt mountains pass the glad voice round,
"He is a god" the reboant rocks resound,
"He is a god indeed" echoes the bushy ground.

Be favourable and gracious to thine own!
Behold four altars: two for thee alone,
Daphnis, and two for Phoebus. On his twain
Yearly shall great burnt-offerings be slain;
Two foaming milk-pails shall crown each of thine,

'And they saw the God of Israel; and there was under his feet as it were a paved work of sapphire stone, and as it were the very heaven for clearness' (Exod. xxiv. 10).

The Eclogues of Virgil

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

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

71. The wine of Ariusia in Chios was of peculiar excellence.

73. 'Several authors of credit make mention of satyrs having been seen in various places; but we may venture to affirm that these satyrs, if really seen, were only great monkies. . . . In the second book of Samuel we find that David danced before the Lord. The royal Psalmist calls upon the people to praise the Lord in the dance, and to praise him with the timbrel and dance. These solemn dances were perverted by the heathen, and made use of to excite impure

Eclogue V

And two bowls of the olive's unctuous wine.
Joy for the banquet shall the grape afford
With nectar rare from sparkling flagons poured.
Before hearth-fires shall winter's feast be laid,
At harvest-season underneath the shade.
Damoete and Aegon shall enchant the meal,
Alphesiboeus dance a satyr-reel.
This shall be thine whene'er to Nymphs we yield
Our yearly vows, or sanctify the field.
Long as rivers hold fish and boars love hills,
Long as the bee his bag with thyme fulfills
And crickets drink the dew, so long thy name
Shall live all-glorious on the lips of Fame.
Henceforth the swains shall pay thee every year
The vows that Ceres and that Bacchus hear.
Grant thou their prayers, and they the broken vow
shall fear.'

Mo. Ah! what reward is worth so good a song?
For not the South wind whispering through the reeds,
Nor league-long rollers thundering on the strand,
Nor tumbling streams in rocky watercourses
Adown a valley, ever charmed me so.

thoughts; for which reason they were justly laid aside by the Christians' (Martyn).

75. A reference to the Ambarvalia. Cf. iii. 77.

77. For 'the bees-alluring tyme' (Spenser), see on ii. 11. The belief that crickets lived on dew is found also in Hesiod, Theocritus, and Anacreon.

79. Bacchus and Ceres, representing wine and 'cereals,' were the chief patrons of the husbandman.

81-84. These four lines stand at the head of Palgrave's preface to his edition of Keats.

The Eclogues of Virgil

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

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

85. For hemlock, see on ii. 36.

Eclogue V

Me. Yet first accept thou this frail hemlock-pipe,
It taught me 'Corydon for Alexis burned.'
Aye, taught me 'Who, Damoetas, owns this flock?'

Mo. Then do thou take this crook: Antigenes
Oft asked and ne'er received it, though e'en then
He was a loveable youth: 'tis shod with brass
And knotted evenly—a perfect crook.

ECLOGA VI

PRIMA Syracosio dignata est ludere versu
nostra neque erubuit silvas habitare Thalia.
cum canerem reges et proelia, Cynthius aurem
vellit et admonuit : ' pastorem, Tityre, pinguis
pascere oportet ovis, deductum dicere carmen.' 5
nunc ego (namque super tibi erunt qui dicere laudes,
Vare, tuas cupiant et tristia condere bella)
agrestem tenui meditabor harundine Musam.
non iniussa cano. si quis tamen haec quoque, si quis
captus amore leget, te nostrae, Vare, myricae, 10
te nemus omne canet ; nec Phoebus gratior ulla est
quam sibi quae Vari praescripsit pagina nomen.
Pergite, Pierides. Chromis et Mnasyllus in antro

The song of Silenus is a blend of science and mythology, addressed to Varus, who gives his name to the *Eclogue* (12). Silenus, the chief friend of Bacchus, was represented as a jolly old man with a bald head and puck nose, fat and round like his own wine-skin, which he always carried. As he could not trust his own legs, he rode a donkey. He was an inspired prophet, and when in a drunken sleep could be compelled to prophesy by being chained with flowers.

1. In this *Eclogue* Virgil leaves Theocritus and imitates

ECLOGUE VI

THE rhymes of Sicily were the first toy
Of my Thalia, and the humble woods
Her early habitation. When I sang
Of kings and battles, Phoebus plucked my ear
And warning said: 'A shepherd, Tityrus,
Should feed fat sheep and sing a thin-spun song.'
Thou'lt soon see many who will long to tell
Thy praises, Varus, and recount sad wars,
So I upon a slender reed will court
The rustic Muse. At thy command I sing.
And if one raptured reader shall be found,
Varus, our tamarisks and all the grove
Shall hymn thy glory; Phoebus loves no scroll
Better than that prescribed with thy name.

Begin, ye Muses.

Once upon a time
Two yokels, Chromis and Mnasyllus, saw

Lucretius. [It was probably this *Eclogue*, with its philosophical note, that suggested to Spenser the religious purport of some of his Aeglogues.—L. E. U.]

2. Thalia was the Muse of pastoral poetry. There is a fine Graeco-Roman statue of her in the British Museum.

4. Tityrus stands for Virgil himself, as in the first *Eclogue*.

7. To Virgil war was an 'impious' and 'tearful' thing.
Cf. *Virgil and Isaiah*, pp. 47-54.

The Eclogues of Virgil

Silenum pueri somno videre iacentem,
inflatum hesterno venas, ut semper, Iaccho; 15
serta procul tantum capiti delapsa iacebant,
et gravis attrita pendebat cantharus ansa.
adgressi (nam saepe senex spe carminis ambo
luserat) iniciunt ipsis ex vincula sertis.
addit se sociam timidisque supervenit Aegle, 20
Aegle Naiadum pulcherrima, iamque videnti
sanguineis frontem moris et tempora pingit.
ille dolum ridens 'quo vincula nectitis?' inquit.
'solvite me, pueri; satis est potuisse videri.
carmina quae vultis cognoscite; carmina vobis, 25
huic aliud mercedis erit.' simul incipit ipse.
tum vero in numerum Faunosque ferasque videres
ludere, tum rigidas motare cacumina quercus;
nec tantum Phoebos gaudet Parnasia rupes,
nec tantum Rhodope miratur et Ismarus Orphea. 30
Namque canebat uti magnum per inane coacta

22. It was not unusual to paint gods red, so this was not necessarily a practical joke. Cf. x. 27, and Wisd. xiii. 14: 'Smearing it with vermilion, and with paint colouring it red' (an idol). [This would be a *wooden* idol, called *βέρας* by the Greeks. Such was Priapus. For marble the Greeks used wax, and pigments prepared in a way not known.—L. E. U.]

27. Faunus was identified with Pan; and Fauns, from which we get 'fauna,' were half man, half goat. Cf. Milton:

'Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long.'

(*Lycidas*, 34.)

Eclogue VI

Silenus lying in a cave asleep.

His veins were puffed with wine of yesterday,
As ever; near his head the slipped wreath lay,
And from worn handle trailed his massy jar.
Him they assail, for oft the ancient rogue
Had falsely promised them a song, and bind
Fetters upon him wov'n of his own wreaths.
Then Aegle comes and cheers their dubious hands,
Aegle, most beautiful of all the Naiads,
And stains with crimson mulberry-juice his brows
Wide-wakened now. He, laughing at the trick,
Cries: 'Wherefore are ye plaiting on these gyves?
Boys, loose me: 'tis enough to shew your power.
I'll sing whate'er ye list; your meed shall be
Songs, and hers somewhat else.' Then straight he
sang.

And as he sang, Fauns and wild things were seen
To romp his measures, and staid oaks to nod
Their haughty crests: not the Parnassian rock
Joys so in Phoebus, not by Rhodope
And Ismarus is Orpheus worshipped more.

He sang how through the vasty void concurred

29. There was a famous temple of Phoebus Apollo at Delphi, on Mount Parnassus.

30. Rhodope and Ismarus are mountains in Thrace, the land of Orpheus. Cf. iv. 55.

31. Cf. Gen. i. 2: 'The earth was without form and void.' The whole passage is an imitation of Lucretius (who borrowed from Epicurus the theory of atoms 'ruining along the illimitable inane'), and is a remarkable anticipation of evolutionary science. For a full and highly entertaining account of primitive creation and flood myths, see Sir J. G. Frazer's *Folk-lore in the Old Testament*, vol. i.

The Eclogues of Virgil

semina terrarumque animaeque marisque fuissent
et liquidi simul ignis; ut his exordia primis
omnia et ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis;
tum durare solum et discludere Nerea ponto 35
coeperit et rerum paulatim sumere formas;
iamque novum terrae stupeant lucescere solem,
altius atque cadant summotis nubibus imbres;
incipiant silvae cum primum surgere, cumque
rara per ignaros errent animalia montis. 40
hinc lapides Pyrrhae iactos, Saturnia regna,
Caucasiasque refert volucris furtumque Promethei.
His adiungit, Hylan nautae quo fonte relictum
clamassent, ut litus 'Hyla, Hyla' omne sonaret;
et fortunatam, si numquam armenta fuissent, 45
Pasiphaen nivei solatur amore iuveni.
a, virgo infelix, quae te dementia cepit!
Proetides implerunt falsis mugitibus agros,

35. Nereus was 'the old man of the sea,' the father of fifty Nereids, and the husband of Doris (x. 5).

41. When Zeus destroyed the world by a flood, Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha were saved, and repopled the earth by casting stones behind them. These became men and women, 'a hardy race' (*Geo.* i. 62-63). For the reign of Saturn, see iv. 6. Plutarch (*De Sollertia Animalium*, 13) says that Deucalion sent forth a dove from the ark to see if the flood had abated.

42. Prometheus stole fire from heaven, and was chained by Zeus to the Caucasus, where a vulture devoured his liver. Aeschylus in the *Prometheus Vincit* (436-471) makes Prometheus the benefactor of mankind, defying his tormentor. Cf. Shelley, *Prometheus Unbound*, II. iv.

Eclogue VI

The seeds of earth, air, sea and liquid fire;
And how from these originals was born
The sum of things, and into order rolled
The amorphous universe itself, and earth
Hardened her crust and sundered Nereus off
In seas, and slowly terrene forms assumed.
Then the first sunrise greets the wondering earth,
And clouds rise higher and the rains descend.
Meantime the forests spring, and fourfoot beasts
Prowl sparsely o'er the unaccustomed hills.
And next told he of stones by Pyrrha cast,
Of Saturn's realm, of vultured Caucasus
And thief Prometheus; how the Argonauts
Lost Hylas at the fount, and called him loud
Till 'Hylas! Hylas!' filled the vocal shore.
Next of Pasiphaë consoled with love
Of snowy bull, but happier far had bulls
Been never born. Ah! miserable maid,
What frenzy seized thee then? The Proetides
Befooled the fields with bellowings of kine,

43. The story of Hylas is told by Theocritus in *Idyll* xiii. He was a beautiful youth who sailed with Hercules and the Argonauts. As he was drawing water from a spring the Nymphs dragged him down, and Hercules called long and loud for him in vain.

46. Pasiphaë, wife of Minos, King of Crete, fell in love with a bull, and gave birth to the Minotaur, half man, half bull. Cf. *Aen.* vi. 24-26. [Recent excavations of the Cretan 'labyrinth,' which was a great palace, have thrown new light on this curious myth.—L. E. U.]

48. The daughters of Proetus, King of Argos, were driven mad and thought they were cows.

The Eclogues of Virgil

at non tam turpis pecudum tamen ulla secuta
 concubitus, quamvis collo timuisset aratrum, 50
 et saepe in levi quaesisset cornua fronte.
 a, virgo infelix, tu nunc in montibus erras :
 ille latus niveum molli fultus hyacintho
 ilice sub nigra pallentis ruminat herbas
 aut aliquam in magno sequitur grege. 'claudite,
 Nymphae, 55
 Dictaeae Nymphae, nemorum iam claudite saltus,
 si qua forte ferant oculis sese obvia nostris
 errabunda bovis vestigia; forsitan illum
 aut herba captum viridi aut armenta secutum
 perducant aliquae stabula ad Gortynia vaccae.' 60
 tum canit Hesperidum miratam mala puellam;
 tum Phaethontiadas musco circumdat amarae
 corticis atque solo proceras erigit alnos.

50. Cows as well as oxen were used for ploughing. Cf. Judg. xiv. 18: 'If ye had not ploughed with my heifer.'

53. 'Sheets of hyacinth
That seem'd the heavens upbreking thro' the earth.'
(Tennyson, *Guinevere*.)

54. *Ruminat* means 'chews the cud.' Cattle do not lie down to graze. Most modern commentators take *pallentes* to mean bright or light green in contrast to the dark green *ilex* (cf. Wagner's *Hellgrün*). But the bull is lying on hyacinths; and Servius, who is followed by Ruæus, Martyn, and Keightley, understood it of the colour of the cud when returned from the stomach. Conington dismisses Servius with scorn; but he is probably right, however unacceptable to modern taste. Virgil speaks of *green*—i.e., growing—

Eclogue VI

But none of them such loathly wedlock sought
With beasts, though she had learned to fear the
plough

And often searched her smooth brow for the horns.

Ah! miserable maiden, o'er the hills

Thou wanderest now. He with his snowy side

Cradled in softly-flowering hyacinths

Beneath dark holm-oak champeth the wan grass,

Or followeth some favourite in the herd.

'Close, Nymphs, Dictaeon Nymphs, close now the
glades:

Haply the wandering footprints of the bull

Will meet our eyes: haply by pasture green

Allured, or following the herd, some cows

Will lead him safely to the Cretan stalls.'

Then hymns he Atalanta marvelling

At golden apples; then he tells the tale

Of Phaëthon's sisters mossy-kirtled now

With bitter bark, and springing from the soil

grass only five lines farther on, and he was a better observer than some of his expositors.

55-60. These lines are put in the mouth of Pasiphaë herself. 'Dictaeon' and 'Gortynian' are both synonyms for 'Cretan.'

61. Atalanta was swift of foot and raced with her suitors. She always beat them until one of them threw three golden apples in front of her, and she stopped to pick them up. [The story forms one of the best of the series in William Morris' *Earthly Paradise*.—L. E. U.]

62. Phaëthon, who gives his name to our 'phaeton,' tried to drive the chariot of the sun, but Zeus killed him with a thunderbolt. His sisters wept for him till they were changed into alder-trees.

The Eclogues of Virgil

tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum
Aonas in montis ut duxerit una sororum, 65
utque viro Phoebi chorus adsurrexerit omnis;
ut Linus haec illi divino carmine pastor
floribus atque apio crinis ornatus amaro
dixerit: 'hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musae,
Ascraeo quos ante seni, quibus ille solebat 70
cantando rigidas deducere montibus ornos.
his tibi Grynei nemoris dicatur origo,
ne quis sit lucus quo se plus iactet Apollo.'
quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, quam fama secuta est
candida succinctam latrantibus inguina monstris 75
Dulichias vexasse rates et gurgite in alto,
a, timidos nautas canibus lacerasse marinis,

64-65. 'The poet, having represented the evil effects of unruly passions, in these several examples, now represents the more happy condition of a wise man, who devotes himself to the quiet studies of literature' (Martyn). Gallus was a poet, orator, and soldier, and a friend of Virgil, who pays him here an extravagant compliment. The Permessus rose in Mount Helicon, which is in Boeotia and sacred to the Muses. Aonian means Boeotian.

67. For Linus, see on iv. 56.

68. *Apium* (cf. *Geo.* iv. 121) is not parsley, as most translators render it, but wild celery or smallage, the *σέλινον* of Theocritus iii. 23. The leaves were used in the crowns of victors in the games. In Homer horses eat it (*Iliad*, ii. 776).

70. Hesiod, the oldest Greek poet after Homer, was born

Eclogue VI

As lofty alder-trees. And then he sings
How Gallus by the stream Permessus straying
Was guided by a gracious Muse to hills
Aonian, how Apollo's choir all stood
And did obeisance, how that bard divine,
The shepherd Linus, beautifully crowned
With braided flowers and bitter smallage, cried :
'Lo! take these reeds: the Muses give them thee,
The same erst given to Ascra's Hesiod,
Who playing on them lured the mountain-ash
Down from her stablished citadel. On these
Tell thou the birthday of the Grynean grove,
Until no wood delight Apollo more.'

What need to speak of Scylla's glistening loins
Girdled with barking monsters; how she scathed
Ulysses and his fleet, so legend runs,
And in deep whirlpool with her fell sea-hounds
Tore limb from limb his terror-stricken crews?

at Ascra, in Boeotia, and wrote the *Works and Days*. Here Virgil credits him with the powers of Orpheus.

72. At Gryneum, on the coast of Mysia, were a temple and grove of Apollo, who is called *Grynaeus* in *Aen.* iv. 345.

74. Virgil is alluding here to Homer's story of Scylla and Charybdis in *Odyssey*, xii.

'When lo! fierce Scylla stoop'd to seize her prey,
Stretch'd her dire jaws, and swept six men away;
Chiefs of renown! loud echoing shrieks arise;
I turn, and view them quivering in the skies.'
(Pope.)

Nisus is introduced irrelevantly from another story, told in *Geo.* i. 404 *et sqq.*

The Eclogues of Virgil

aut ut mutatos Terei narraverit artus,
quas illi Philomela dapes, quae dona pararit,
quo cursu deserta petiverit et quibus ante 80
infelix sua tecta super volitaverit alis?
omnia, quae Phoebus quondam meditante beatus
audiit Eurotas iussitque ediscere lauros,
ille canit (pulsae referunt ad sidera valles),
cogere donec ovis stabulis numerumque referre 85
iussit et invito processit Vesper Olympo.

78. 'This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape.'
(*Titus Andronicus*, IV. i. 47.)

'Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
That blessed byrd, that spends her time of sleepe
In songs and plaintive pleas, the more taugment
The memory of hys misdeede, that bred her woe.'
(Spenser.)

Tereus married Procne, and then raped her sister Philomela and cut out her tongue. She murdered his son Itys in revenge and served him up at a feast. According to the Latin form of the legend, Tereus was changed into a hoopoe, Procne into a swallow (*Geo.* iv. 15), and Philomela into a nightingale (*Geo.* iv. 511). [The contrast between swallow and nightingale suggested to Swinburne the exquisite poem,

Eclogue VI

Known is the tale how Tereus changed his form,
And known the gruesome gift, the horrid feast,
By Philomel prepared; how swiftly she
Fled to the wilderness, how pinion-borne
She poised disconsolate o'er her ancient home.

What things from Phoebus musing long ago
Happy Eurotas learned and taught his trees,
All these our poet sings; the smitten vales
Echo to Heaven, till now the gloaming star
Bids fold the flock and duly tell their tale,
And moves unwelcome o'er the wistful sky.

' Itylus ' : ' O sweet stray sister, O shifting swallow,' etc.—
L. E. U.]

83. ' Thames heard the numbers as he flowed along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.'
(Pope, *Pastoral* iv. 13.)

' Blossom by blossom Greece itself opened its myriad lovelinesses, even as the scarlet anemone made flame in the thickets, and the nightingales "turned the heart of the night to fire" in the oleanders by the Eurotas' (E. F. Benson, *Our Family Affairs*, p. 296). Mr. Benson has adapted Swinburne's 'feed the heart of the night with fire.' The Eurotas was a river of Sparta haunted by Phoebus Apollo.

86. ' Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.'
(Collins, *Ode to Evening*.)

ECLOGA VII

MELIBOEVS. CORYDON. THYRSIS.

M. FORTE sub arguta consederat ilice Daphnis,
compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrsis in unum,
Thyrsis ovis, Corydon distentas lacte capellas,
ambo florentes aetatibus, Arcades ambo,
et cantare pares et respondere parati. 5
huc mihi, dum teneras defendo a frigore myrtos,
vir gregis ipse caper deerraverat; atque ego Daphnim
aspicio. ille ubi me contra videt, 'ocius' inquit
'huc ades, o Meliboe; caper tibi salvus et haedi;
et, si quid cessare potes, requiesce sub umbra. 10
huc ipsi potum venient per prata iuveni,
hic viridis tenera praetexit harundine ripas
Mincius, eque sacra resonant examina quercu.'

In this *Eclogue* Meliboeus tells the story of a singing-match between Corydon and Thyrsis.

6. The myrtles were clothed with straw to protect them from the night frosts. The reedy Mincio, Mantua's river, is mentioned again in *Geo.* iii. 15. 'Smooth-sliding Mincius,

ECLOGUE VII

MELIBOEUS. CORYDON. THYRSIS.

BENEATH a whispering holm-oak chanced to sit
Daphnis. Their flocks Thyrsis and Corydon
Had gathered there : Thyrsis was lord of sheep,
Corydon of she-goats full-bagged with milk,
Both in the flower of youth, Arcadians both,
And skilled to match the amoebaeon song.
Hither, while my young myrtles for the frost
I clothed, my he-goat, king of all the flock,
Had strayed away, and so Daphnis I found.
He in turn spying me cried : ' Hither, quick !
O Meliboeus ; goats and kids are safe ;
If thou hast holiday, rest 'neath the shade.
Hither the steers self-guided o'er the leas
Will come to drink, here Mincio with lush reeds
Broiders his grassy banks, and sacred oaks
Hum with innumerable bees.' What could I do ?

crown'd with vocal reeds ' (*Lycidas*). ' The Roman ambassadors were introduced to the tent of Attila, as he lay encamped at the place where the slow-winding Mincius is lost in the foaming waves of the lake Benacus, and trampled with his Scythian cavalry the farms of Catullus and Virgil ' (Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, ch. xxxv.).

The Eclogues of Virgil

quid facerem? neque ego Alcippen nec Phyllida
habebam

depulsos a lacte domi quae clauderet agnos, 15
et certamen erat, Corydon cum Thyrside, magnum.
posthabui tamen illorum mea seria ludo.
alternis igitur contendere versibus ambo
coepere, alternos Musae meminisse volebant.
hos Corydon, illos referebat in ordine Thyrsis. 20

C. Nymphae, noster amor, Libethrides, aut mihi
carmen,
quale meo Codro, concedite (proxima Phoebi

versibus ille facit) aut, si non possumus omnes,
hic arguta sacra pendebit fistula pinu.

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

C. Saetosi caput hoc apri tibi, Delia, parvus
et ramosa Micon vivacis cornua cervi. 30

19. Prometheus calls Memory 'mother of the Muses' (Aesch., *P.V.* 461).

For '*amoebaeon*' singing, cf. iii. 59.

21. Libethrus was a fountain on Helicon.

24. A thing which was no longer to be used was hung up as an offering to a god. The pine was sacred to Pan, who gave his name to the Pan-pipe. Cf. viii. 22-24, and Theocritus, *Epigram* ii. [In the Greek Anthology, Daphnis, the pipe-player, offers to Pan his pierced reeds, hare-club, javelin, fawn-skin, and scrip for carrying apples (*Anth. Pal.* vi. 177).—L. E. U.]

Eclogue VII

I had nor Phyllis nor Alcippe then
To put my weanling lambs in fold at home,
And 'twas a mighty war betwixt these twain.
Nathless their sport before my task I set,
And so the twain began to match their songs
Antiphonal, for thus the inspiring Muse,
Daughter of Memory, willed. These Corydon,
Those Thyrsis, each in order meet, rehearsed.

C. Dear Nymphs of Libethrus, vouchsafe me the
boon

Of the sweet tongue ye granted my Codrus of
yore :

Like Apollo he sings; if I match not his tune,
This pipe shall hang mute on the pine evermore.

T. Ye shepherds, adorn your new poet with bays,
That Codrus's withers with envy be wrung;
Or with cyclamen crown me, if fulsome his praise,
Lest my talent be marred by his poisonous tongue.

C. To Diana this boar's head so bristly supplies
Little Micon, with antlers of hart many-tined.

25-28. See note on iv. 19. Servius says *baccar* was used as a charm against witchcraft. The words '*Baccare frontem . . . futuro*' are printed on the title-page of the 1645 edition of Milton's Poems. Excessive praise excited the jealousy of the gods.

30. The number of points on a stag's antlers increases with age. Plutarch alludes to a belief that the crow lived nine times as long as a man, and a stag four times as long as a crow. 'As old as a stag' was proverbial. Cf. Juvenal, xiv. 251.

The Eclogues of Virgil

si proprium hoc fuerit, levi de marmore tota
puniceo stabis suras evincta coturno.

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

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

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

32. The buskin was a high Greek hunting-boot, laced up the shin, and worn by tragic actors. It would be coloured red or purple even in a marble statue.

33. Priapus was the god of fertility and the keeper of gardens, as in *Geo.* iv. 111. 'This deity was represented to be of a very deformed and most obscene figure, with a scythe in his hand, to affright thieves and birds, and served for the same purpose as our scarecrows' (Martyn). Cf. Horace, *Sat.* I. viii. 1-7. Martial (viii. 40) threatens to burn the image of Priapus if he does not protect his wood from thieves. The meaning here is that Priapus must not expect much from a poor man ; but his statue is already marble instead of wood, and it shall be gold if the sheep prosper. 'As a scarecrow in a garden of cucumbers that keepeth nothing, so are their gods of wood, and overlaid with gold and with silver' (Baruch vi. 70). See note on vi. 22.

37. The allusion to the sea-nymph Galatea, beloved by Polyphemus the giant, is Theocritean. Cf. *Idyll* xi. 19 (Calverley) :

Eclogue VII

If my luck shall endure, large as life shall she rise,
Smooth marble; red buskin her ankle shall bind.

T. Priapus, this milk and these cakes once a year
For guarding so poor a demesne are full meed.
We have wrought thee in marble, but golden, I swear,
Thou shalt stand if the heavy ewes fruitfully breed.

C. O daughter of Nereus, than sweet thyme more
sweet,

Snowy-white as the swan, as the pale ivy fair,
When thou hearest my fed cattle's home-coming feet,
O hither, if Corydon still is thy care.

T. Nay, call me more bitter than crowfoot, my dear,
Rough as broom, as abandoned as weed of the sea,
If without thee I count not each day a full year.
Shame, kine, that ye linger so long on the lea !

' White Galatea, why disdain thy love?
White as a pressed cheese, delicate as the lamb,
Wild as the heifer, soft as summer grapes.'

Cf. also the song of Polyphemus in Gay's *Acis and Galatea*,
which has been set to music by Handel :

' O ruddier than the cherry,
O sweeter than the berry,
O nymph more bright than moonshine night,
Than kidlings blithe and merry.'

38. For *pale* ivy, see note on iii. 39. Chaucer has ' the
pallid Iwie building his own bowre.'

41. The crowfoot (*Ranunculus sceleratus*) is so acrid that,
according to Keightley, beggars use it to produce artificial
sores.

42. The butcher's broom (*Ruscus aculeatus*) has sharp
spines. Mr. Sargeaunt says it is still used for making
brooms in Italy, as it was in Martyn's time. In *Geo.* ii. 413
it seems to be used for tying up vines. Seaweed is twice
used by Horace as a type of what is cheap or worthless. It
is now used for manure.

The Eclogues of Virgil

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

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

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

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

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

45. ' Softer than sleep ' is copied from Theocritus (v. 51), who applies it to fleeces. Cf. Tennyson, *Palace of Art* :

' And one, an English home—gray twilight pour'd
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient peace.'

46. For the arbutus, see note on iii. 82.

50. If a cottage had no hole in the roof, the smoke had to escape through the door or the window. ' We have many such in England ' (Martyn).

52. ' Nay, number itself in armies importeth not much, where the people are of weak courage ; for, as Virgil saith, It

Eclogue VII

C. O moss-pillowed fountains, grass softer than sleep,
Green arbutus netting the shimmering shade,

Lo! summer is here: bid him scorch not the sheep;
And the soft vine with burgeoning shoots is arrayed.

T. Here are fires never-failing and pine-faggots good
Under soot-blackened rafters we laugh at the cold,
As high banks are laughed at by rivers in flood,
Or as one wolf derideth the numberless fold.

C. Bearded chestnuts and junipers tower to the sky,
And apples lie strewn under every tree.

All Nature is smiling; but streams will be dry
If beauteous Alexis depart from the lea.

T. Parched meadows distempered and dying are seen,
And the leafy vine-shade is denied to the hills;

But at Phyllis's coming the forest is green,
And bountiful rains shall replenish the rills.

C. Bacchus joys in the vine, poplar charms Hercules,
To fair Venus her myrtle, to Phoebus his bay.

My Phyllis loves hazels: while Phyllis love these,
Bay and myrtle to hazel must ever give way.

never troubles the wolf how many the sheep be' (Bacon,
Essay xxix., Of the Greatness of Kingdoms).

' As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In huddled cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold.'

(*Paradise Lost*, iv, 183.)

In the valley of the Adige district the last wolf was killed
as late as 1864.

58. Liber, the patron of the vine, was afterwards identified with Bacchus.

61-64. Every god has his favourite tree, but the hazel is mine, for Phyllis loves it best.

The Eclogues of Virgil

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

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

65-68. Every place has its favourite tree, but Lycidas is fairer than all the trees. *Pinus* is the stone pine (*Pinus*

Eclogue VII

T. Give me pines in the garden and ashes afield,
Give me poplar by rivers and fir on the braes :
But the ash and the pine to thy beauty must yield,
If thou comest, O Lycidas, oft to my gaze.

M. These I remember. Vainly Thyrsis strove,

Thenceforth 'twas 'Corydon, Corydon' for me.

Pinea). [It is beloved of Turner and very characteristic of Italy.—L. E. U.]

ECLOGA VIII

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

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

Frigida vix caelo noctis decesserat umbra,

This *Eclogue* consists of the songs of two shepherds. Damon sings of his despair at Nysa's faithlessness; Alphesiboeus tells how a nameless maiden seeks to win back by charms the love of Daphnis. The second song is modelled on the second *Idyll* of Theocritus, and gives the *Eclogue* its old name of 'Pharmaceutria.'

3. The lynx was unknown in Italy, but is, as Martyn says, 'an animal of exceeding fierceness,' and was doubtless chosen here for that reason.

ECLOGUE VIII

THE Muse of Damon and Alphesiboeus,
Two swains, to whom forgetful of their grass,
Marvelling heifers listened as they strove;
Whose song held lynxes charmèd, and constrained
Rivers to pause and backward turn their streams,
Sing we of Damon and Alphesiboeus.

Thou, Pollio, whether now thou traversest
The rocks of great Timavus, or the marge
Of waves Illyrian skirtest—when will come
The day when I may tell thy glorious deeds?
O grant me leave to blazon through the world
Thy songs: of Sophoclean buskin thine
Alone are worthy. In thy name I sing,
In thine I cease. List thou to songs begun
At thy command, and let this ivy-spray
'Mid victory's laurels round thy temples climb.

The chill night-shadows scarce had left the sky,

6. The *Eclogue* is addressed to Pollio, who was on his way to Rome to celebrate his victory over an Illyrian tribe in 39 B.C. The Timavus flows through caverns at the head of the Adriatic near Trieste. *Cf. Aen. i. 244.*

10. Pollio wrote tragedies. For the buskin, see note on vii. 32.

13. The poet's ivy (*cf. iv. 19 and vii. 25*) is to be entwined with the victor's crown of bay.

The Eclogues of Virgil

cum ros in tenera pecori gratissimus herba : 15
incumbens tereti Damon sic coepit olivae.

D. Nascere praeque diem veniens age, Lucifer,
almum,

coniugis indigno Nysae deceptus amore
dum queror et divos, quamquam nil testibus illis
profeci, extrema moriens tamen adloquor hora. 20

incipi Maenaios mecum, mea tibia, versus.

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

incipi Maenaios mecum, mea tibia, versus. 25

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

incipi Maenaios mecum, mea tibia, versus.

Mopse, novas incide faces : tibi ducitur uxor. 30
sparge, marite, nuces : tibi deserit Hesperus Oetam.

incipi Maenaios mecum, mea tibia, versus
o digno coniuncta viro, dum despicias omnis,

21. The refrain, which is modelled on Theocritus, i. 64, indicates that Damon plays and sings alternately. Maenalus was a mountain in Arcadia, sacred to Pan.

24. Pan was the inventor of the Pan-pipe. Cf. ii. 32.

27. The griffin, half eagle and half lion, is described by Herodotus and Pliny. It is of Hittite origin.

30-31. Torches were carried by boys in wedding processions, and walnuts were thrown among them by the bridegroom. [The best representation of a Roman marriage is

Eclogue VIII

What time the dewdrop on the gentle grass
Is sweetest to the flock, when Damon thus
Leaning upon smooth olive-staff began :

‘ Rise, Morning Star, lead on the kindly day,
While o’er unloving Nysa I make moan,
Nysa too truly loved. Nothing availed
Gods witnessing my troth, yet on the gods
In this last agony ere death I call.

Sing with me, flute, a song of Maenalus.
Maenalus ever keepeth soughing grove
And whispering pines, e’er heareth shepherd-loves,
And Pan who first awoke the silent reeds.

Sing with me, flute, a song of Maenalus.
Nysa weds Mopsus now ! Where Love is Love
All things are possible. Horses will mate
With griffins soon, and in our grandsons’ time
Wild deer come fearlessly with hounds to drink.

Sing with me, flute, a song of Maenalus.
Mopsus, behold thy bride ! cut torches new,
Shower wedding nuts : Hesper brings night for thee.

Sing with me, flute, a song of Maenalus.
A worthy husband thine ! Scorn, if thou must,

the famous ‘ Aldobrandini ’ fresco, now preserved in the Vatican Library.—L. E. U.]

31. Virgil’s astronomy is at fault here. Venus is never a morning and evening star the same day, as line 17 compared with line 31 implies.

‘ Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.’
(Scott, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, iii. 24.)

The Eclogues of Virgil

dumque tibi est odio mea fistula, dumque capellae
hirsutumque supercilium promissaque barba, 35
nec curare deum credis mortalia quemquam—

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

incipi Maenaios mecum, mea tibia, versus.
nunc scio quid sit Amor : duris in cotibus illum
aut Tmaros aut Rhodope aut extremi Garamantes 45
nec generis nostri puerum nec sanguinis edunt.

incipi Maenaios mecum, mea tibia, versus.
saevus Amor docuit natorum sanguine matrem
commaculare manus ; crudelis tu quoque, mater :
crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille ? 50
improbus ille puer ; crudelis tu quoque, mater.

incipi Maenaios mecum, mea tibia, versus.
nunc et ovis ultro fugiat lupus, aurea durae

34. ' La Cerda is of opinion that Damon, by this expression, declares to Nysa that his love for her has made him neglect his person. But surely love usually inclines a man to be more exact in his dress. Besides, I do not apprehend that the hairiness of the eyebrow is caused by negligence. Ruaeus agrees with La Cerda ; though he suggests another interpretation : that the shepherd describes the hairiness of his body to denote his strength ' (Martyn).

38-42. Voltaire thought these lines the finest in Virgil, and Macaulay the finest in all Latin literature. They are

Eclogue VIII

All others, loathe my Panpipe and my goats,
My shaggy eyebrows and my beard unshorn,
And doubt if any god heeds mundane things.

Sing with me, flute, a song of Maenalus.

Once in our orchards—thou wast tiny then—
I watched thee culling apples dewy-fresh—
I shewed them—with thy mother. The twelfth year's
kiss

Had touched my brow, and standing on tiptoe
I just could reach the brittle branches. There
I saw and fell: my heart was mine no more!

Sing with me, flute, a song of Maenalus.

I know what love is now: on Tmaros born
Or Rhodope or utmost Garamanth
On flinty rocks: no kith nor kin of ours.

Sing with me, flute, a song of Maenalus.

Taught by fierce Love, a mother stained her hands
With blood of sons. O cruel cruel mother!

Yea, cruel she, but Love far crueller.

O heartless Love! O cruel cruel mother!

Sing with me, flute, a song of Maenalus.

Now let the scared wolf flee the sheep, hard oaks

modelled on Theocritus, and should be compared with Sappho's 'sweet apple that reddens upon the topmost bough'—'those exquisite lines, the best known, I suppose, of all her work' (Mackail).

45. The names are chosen as a type of all that is wild and remote.

48. The mother is Medea, who, when her husband transferred his affections to another woman, murdered her own children.

53-59. Let all Nature be turned upside down.

The Eclogues of Virgil

mala ferant quercus, narcisso floreat alnus,
pinguia corticibus sudent electra myricae, 55
certent et cynnis ululae, sit Tityrus Orpheus,
Orpheus in silvis, inter delphinas Arion—

incipi Maenalios mecum, mea tibia, versus—
omnia vel medium fiat mare. vivite silvae :
praeceps aërii specula de montis in undas 60
deferar ; extremum hos munus morientis habeto.

desine Maenalios, iam desine, tibia, versus.

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

A. Effer aquam et molli cinge haec altaria vitta, 65

55. Amber is not a natural exudation, but the fossilized resin of extinct pine-trees.

56. 'The swans, when they find that they have to die, sing more loudly than they ever sang before, for joy that they are about to depart into the presence of God, whose servants they are. . . . I believe that they have a prophetic power and fore-knowledge of the good things in the next world, for they are Apollo's birds ; and so they sing and rejoice on the day of their death more than in all their life' (Plato, *Phaedo* 84 E. [Church]).

'The silver swanne doth sing before her dying day
As shee that feeles the deepe delight that is in death.'
(Spenser.)

The song of the dying swan is not wholly mythical. In a very interesting note in *Country Life* of December 6th, 1919, Bewick's swan is said to sing a full octave. The Whooper's song is described as 'wonderful dirges and

Eclogue VIII

Bear golden apples, daffodillies bloom
On alders, and the bark of tamarisks
Sweat richest amber, owl put swan to shame
And Tityrus be Orpheus in the woods
And match Arion 'mid the dolphin-shoals.

Sing with me, flute, a song of Maenalus.

Let earth become mid-seas. Forests, farewell!
Down from some heaven-girt mountain will I plunge
Into the waves precipitate. Take, dear,
This gift, my latest ere I pass away.

Cease, flute, cease now the song of Maenalus.'

Thus Damon. What replied Alpheisiboeus,
Ye Muses, tell. For us too great the task.

A. 'Bring water, and with woolly fillet wreathe

laments, more beautiful and sorrowful than any I have
heard played upon the pipes.'

'But anon her awful jubilant voice,
With a music strange and manifold,
Flow'd forth on a carol, free and bold,
As when a mighty people rejoice
With shawms and with cymbals and harps of gold.'
(Tennyson, *The Dying Swan*.)

57. Arion, a famous musician, when sailing home to Corinth from Italy, was in danger of being robbed of his wealth by the sailors. He obtained leave to play a last tune, which charmed the dolphins; then dived into the sea and was carried into safety on a dolphin's back.

65. Signor Brunialti (*L'Alto Adige*) says that Italians in the valley of the Adige still sprinkle their fires with holy water at night to guard against conflagrations, and still insist on calling in the priest instead of the doctor when the cow is sick.

The Eclogues of Virgil

verbenasque adole pinguis et mascula tura,
coniugis ut magicis sanos avertere sacris
experiar sensus; nihil hic nisi carmina desunt.

ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.
carmina vel caelo possunt deducere Lunam, 70
carminibus Circe socios mutavit Vlixi,
frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis.

ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.
terna tibi haec primum triplici diversa colore
licia circumdo, terque haec altaria circum 75
effigiem duco; numero deus impare gaudet.

ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.
necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores;
necte, Amarylli, modo et 'Veneris' dic 'vincula necto.'

ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite
Daphnim. 80
limus ut hic durescit, et haec ut cera liquescit
uno eodemque igni, sic nostro Daphnis amore.
sparge molam et fragilis incende bitumine lauros.

-
66. 'Trefoil, vervain, John's wort dill
Hinder witches of their will.'
(Guy Mannering.)

'Vervain cureth the Ague,' says Sir Thomas More. But probably *vervena* stands here for several plants used in religious rites.

70. 'The magical fallacy is far older than Christianity, almost as old as the mind of man. Everywhere in primitive religion we come upon the belief that supernatural powers can be forced into the service of man by a knowledge and use of the right form or words or of the right ceremonial. The god is bound to grant the desires of the worshipper who knows the secret. Not faith, but exact ritual, can

Eclogue VIII

These altars, kindle choicest frankincense
And richest vervain, that through mystic rites
Some heaven-sent folly warp my lover's mind.
Nought for this purpose lacketh save a song.

Lead from the town, my songs, lead Daphnis home.
Songs can draw down the very moon from heaven,
Circe transformed with songs Ulysses' crew,
The cold snake in the meads is split with songs.

Lead from the town, my songs, lead Daphnis home.
Bound with these three threads of three several hues
Thine image round these altars, lo! I bear
Three times; uneven numbers please the god.

Lead from the town, my songs, lead Daphnis home.
Twine, Amaryll, three colours in three knots;
Twine them and say but this: "Love-bonds I twine."

Lead from the town, my songs, lead Daphnis home.
As clay doth harden in the self-same fire
That melteth wax, even so may my love
Make Daphnis hard to others, soft to me.

move mountains: "*carmina vel caelo possunt deducere Lunam*" (J. H. F. Peile, *Bampton Lectures*, p. 69). Cf. Plato, *Rep.* 364; Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, ch. xxv.; and Lecky, *Morals*, ch. iii.

71. How Circe transformed the companions of Ulysses into swine is told in the tenth book of the *Odyssey* (203 et sqq.).

76. Servius says odd numbers were regarded as immortal because they could not be evenly divided.

83. Pliny discovered that bay-leaves and the skin of a sea-calf were a preservative against lightning. The bay-leaf by its angry crackling, which the reader may test for himself, proved its antipathy to fire. Salted barley-meal was used in sacrifices.

The Eclogues of Virgil

Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide laurum.

ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite

Daphnim.

85

talis amor Daphnim qualis cum fessa iuvenum

per nemora atque altos quaerendo bucula lucos

propter aquae rivum viridi procumbit in ulva

perdita, nec serae meminit decedere nocti,

talis amor teneat, nec sit mihi cura mederi.

90

ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.

has olim exuvias mihi perfidus ille reliquit,

pignora cara sui : quae nunc ego limine in ipso,

terra, tibi mando ; debent haec pignora Daphnim.

ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite

Daphnim.

95

has herbas atque haec Ponto mihi lecta venena

ipse dedit Moeris (nascuntur plurima Ponto);

his ego saepe lupum fieri et se condere silvis

Moerim, saepe animas imis excire sepulcris,

atque satas alio vidi traducere messis.

100

ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.

86. *Iuventus* cannot mean 'steer' here, but must be either a calf, as in a beautiful passage of Lucretius (ii. 360), which is truer to nature, or a bull, which suits the context better.

93. The burying of the clothes evidently had some magic power of attracting the owner of them to the place.

96. Pontus is probably a loose equivalent of Colchis, the land of Medea, who was famous as a sorceress.

98. There are well-authenticated stories in India of children stolen and brought up by she-wolves, and perhaps

Eclogue VIII

Strew barley-meal, burn crackling bays in pitch.

Daphnis burns me; I burn these bays o'er him.

Lead from the town, my songs, lead Daphnis home.

As when a heifer seeketh her lost mate

Through copse and lofty grove, and finds him not;

Weary and lorn on couches of green sedge

Beside a stream she sinks, nor recks to yield

To gathering night: may such a love possess

Daphnis, and be it far from me to heal.

Lead from the town, my songs, lead Daphnis home.

This well-worn coat the recreant left with me,

Dear pledge of his return. Into thy lap,

Earth, I entrust it buried at my door.

Such pledge demands my Daphnis for its due.

Lead from the town, my songs, lead Daphnis home.

Moeris himself gave me these poison-plants

Gathered in Pontus: Pontus hath great store.

By them he oft turned wolf before mine eyes

And lurked in underwoods, oft raised the dead

Out of abysmal tombs, oft charmed away

The embattled corn to wave in other fields.

Lead from the town, my songs, lead Daphnis home.

this has something to do with the legend of Romulus and Remus. But lycanthropy is a form of lunacy. 'In 1600 multitudes were attacked with the disease in the Jura, emulated the destructive habits of the wolf, murdered and devoured children; howled, walked, or attempted progression on all-fours, so that the palms of the hands became hard and horny' (*Chambers's Encyclopaedia*).

100. The charming away of crops was forbidden by the Twelve Tables (449 B.C.) Cf. Addison, *Spectator*, No. 117: 'If the dairy-maid does not make her butter come so soon

The Eclogues of Virgil

fer cineres, Amarylli, foras rivoque fluenti
transque caput iace, nec respexeris. his ego Daphnim
adgrediar; nihil ille deos, nil carmina curat.

ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite
Daphnim. 105

aspice: corripuit tremulis altaria flammis
sponte sua, dum ferre moror, cinis ipse. bonum sit!
nescio quid certe est, et Hylax in limine latrat.

credimus? an, qui amant, ipsi sibi somnia fingunt?
parcite, ab urbe venit, iam parcite carmina,
Daphnis. 110

as she would have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, Moll White has been upon his back,' etc.

102-3. The spirits were to carry off the ashes, but it was dangerous to watch them doing it. Cf. x. 26.

Eclogue VIII

Bring, Amaryll, bring cinders out and cast
Over thy head into a running stream,
And look not back. With these will I assail
Daphnis, for Daphnis fears nor god nor song.

Lead from the town, my songs, lead Daphnis home.
Lo! on the altar, while we linger here,
The unlighted cinder flickers into flame.
Good may it bode! Something it bodes for sure.
Hylax barks on the threshold. Is it true?
Or is 't that lovers weave them empty dreams?

*Cease: from the town comes Daphnis: cease, my
songs.'*

106. Cf. *Geo.* iv. 385-6. For a smouldering fire as a bad omen, see *Antigone*, 1006, and Jebb's note.

108. Hylax, the dog's name, means 'barker.'

110. The charms succeed and Daphnis appears.

ECLOGA IX

LYCIDAS. MOERIS.

L. QVO te, Moeri, pedes? an, quo via ducit, in
urbem?

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

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

M. Audieras, et fama fuit; sed carmina tantum
nostra valent, Lycida, tela inter Martia quantum

This *Eclogue* is a dialogue between two shepherds, Lycidas and Moeris. Menalcas represents Virgil himself, and Moeris is his bailiff. The historical background is the same as that of the first *Eclogue*, and it is just possible that the ninth is earlier than the first. See Nettleship's excursus in Conington's commentary (fourth edition).

ECLOGUE IX

LYCIDAS. MOERIS.

L. PRAY, Moeris, whither wendest? To the town?

M. O Lycidas, this have we lived to see,
Unfeared before: strange holders of our farm
Say 'This is mine: begone, ye farmers old!'
Now, for so turns the o'ermastering wheel of Chance,
To such we sorrowing bear these kids and pray
A murrain with them.

L. I had heard, methought,
From where the climbing mountains first begin
To fall in gentle slopes adown the vale,
Even to the water and the ancient grove
Of windworn beeches, all the country side
Was saved from harm by your Menalcas' songs.

M. Yea, thou hadst heard: 'twas thus that rumour
ran.
But, Lycidas, amid this clash of arms
Our songs avail no more than, as men say,

3. See note on i. 3.

11-13. The doves of literature do not flourish under the eagle of militarism. The Chaonian doves spoke with a human voice, and founded the oracle of Dodona in Epirus. See Herodotus, ii. 55. But *Chaonias* is here merely a literary epithet.

The Eclogues of Virgil

Chaonias dicunt aquila veniente columbas.
quod nisi me quacumque novas incidere lites
ante sinistra cava monuisset ab ilice cornix, 15
nec tuus hic Moeris nec viveret ipse Menalcas.

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

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

L. Sic tua Cyrneas fugiant examina taxos, 30

27-28. An appeal to Varus for help. Mantua was forty miles from Cremona, but too near to be safe from the soldiers when Cremona's fields proved too small for them.

29. For singing swans, see note on viii. 56.

30. Cf. *Geo.* ii. 257 and iv. 47. Corsican honey had a bad reputation among the ancients, but it is doubtful whether the yew is injurious to bees. Dead branches are dangerous to horses and cattle, but not the living shoots.

Eclogue IX

Doves of Dodona when the eagle stoops.
Had not from hollow holm-oak on my left
A raven warned me to leave argument
Unsaid and yield, neither thy Moeris here
Nor great Menalcas had been living now.

L. Ah! can such evil fall on any man?
Ah me! so nearly had we lost thy charms,
So nearly thee, Menalcas! Who then else
Should hymn the Nymphs? Who strew the ground
with flowers?

Who shade the founts with curtain green? Who sing
The melodies I caught from thee of late
Silently, when to 'darling Amaryll
Thy journey led? 'Tityrus, short the way;
Till I return feed thou my milking goats,
And lead them fed to drink, and on the road
See thou cross not the billy-goat—he butts.'

M. Nay these, which yet unfinished he sang
To Varus: 'If but Mantua be saved,
Mantua to lost Cremona, ah! too near,
Varus, thy name shall tuneful-throated swans
Bear upward to the stars.'

L.

So may thy bees

Dioscorides, Pliny, Theophrastus, Caesar, and other ancient writers say the yew is poisonous, some of them even asserting that it was death to lie beneath a yew-tree, or drink from vessels of yew-wood; but the Emperor Claudius published an edict stating that the sap would cure snake-bites. Plutarch says it is poisonous when in flower.

'Wheresoever it grows it is dangerous and deadly both to man and beast, according to most authors; how much

The Eclogues of Virgil

sic cytiso pastae distendant ubera vaccae,
incipi, si quid habes. et me fecere poetam
Pierides, sunt et mihi carmina, me quoque dicunt
vatem pastores; sed non ego credulus illis.
nam neque adhuc Vario videor nec dicere Cinna 35
digna, sed argutos inter strepere anser olores.

M. Id quidem ago et tacitus, Lycida, mecum ipse
voluto,
si valeam meminisse; neque est ignobile carmen.
'huc ades, o Galatea; quis est nam ludus in undis?
hic ver purpureum, varios hic flumina circum 40
fundit humus flores, hic candida populus antro
imminet et lentae texunt umbracula vites.
huc ades; insani feriant sine litora fluctus.'

L. Quid, quae te pura solum sub nocte canentem
audieram? numeros memini, si verba tenerem: 45

more than if it be encompassed with graves, into which the lesser Roots will run and suck nourishment (poisonous man's flesh being the rankest poison that can be), yet a certain Vicar, unwilling to own the effect on his Cows, would fain deny it to be so. Other Creatures as Rabbits have been poisoned with it, and the very lying under the shadow hath been found hurtful; yet the growing of it in a church-yard is useful, and therefore it ought not to be cut down upon what pittiful pretence soever' (Robert Turner, *Botanologia*, 1663).

35. Varius and Cinna were well-known poets of the day.

36. Here, says Servius, Virgil is attacking a poet named Anser, who is mentioned by Ovid and Cicero. To Martyn,

Eclogue IX

Shun yews of Corsica, so may thy kine
Pastured on good lucerne their udders fill.
If aught thou hast, begin. The Muses made
Me too a singer; yea, I too have songs
And shepherds call me bard. I trust them not.
For I, methinketh, utter nought as yet
Worthy of Varius' or of Cinna's muse;
I gabble gooselike 'mid those swans of song.

M. E'en now the silent broodings of my heart,
Lycidas, are hot therewith, if memory
May call it back, for 'tis a noble song.
'Hither, O Galatea; sad sea-waves
Make sorry playground. Here is shining spring,
Here amid streams blow many-coloured flowers,
Here poplars hoary-tressed droop o'er the cave,
And lo! the limber vine plaits leafy bowers.
Hither! and let mad billows beat the strand.'

L. What of those songs I heard thee sing alone
One cloudless night? Well do I know the tune
If but the words would come.

however, 'Virgil does not seem to have a genius capable of stooping so low as a pun; whence I conclude that he meant no more by *anser* than a real goose, without designing any reflection on the poet of that name.'

41. For the white poplar (*Populus alba*), cf. Horace, *Odes*, ii. 3, 9. 'The young shoots are very white and cottony, and the leaves are green above and white beneath' (Sargeaunt). The leaves of the olive, as Tennyson knew, are also 'hoary to the wind.' [So are those of the whitebeam:

'Flashing as in gusts the sudden-lighted whitebeam.'
(G. Meredith, *Love in a Valley*.)—L. E. U.]

The Eclogues of Virgil

'Daphni, quid antiquos signorum suspicis ortus?
ecce Dionaei processit Caesaris astrum,
astrum quo segetes gauderent frugibus et quo
duceret apricis in collibus uva colorem.
insere, Daphni, piros : carpent tua poma nepotes.' 50

M. Omnia fert aetas, animum quoque; saepe ego
longos

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

L. Causando nostros in longum ducis amores.
et nunc omne tibi stratum silet aequor, et omnes,
aspice, ventosi ceciderunt murmuris aerae.
hinc adeo media est nobis via; namque sepulcrum
incipit apparere Bianoris. hic, ubi densas 60
agricolae stringunt frondes, hic, Moeri, canamus :

47. This star was a comet that appeared shortly after Caesar's death, and was taken as a sign that he was numbered among the gods. Dione was the mother of Venus, the traditional ancestress of the Julian family. [There is a fine antique gem with a portrait of Caesar and a star above his forehead.—L. E. U.]

48-49. Julius Caesar is claimed as the patron of agriculture, like Augustus after him. *Cf. Geo. i. 27.*

52. 'I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down
the sky.'

(William Johnson-Cory, *Heraclitus.*)

Eclogue IX

M.

'O Daphnis, why

Scannest the risings of the ancient stars?

Now peereth Dionaeon Caesar's star,

The star that comes to bless the field with fruits

And flush on sunny hills the reddening grape.

Daphnis, engraft thy pears, for thee, thy sons,

And their seed after them.'

Time bears away

All things, even the mind : oft in my youth

I sang a livelong summer's day to sleep.

But now my songs are all forgot, and Moeris

Mourns for his very voice : some leering wolf

Hath eyed incautious Moeris. But nathless

Menalcas oft enough will sing thee those.

L. Thy pleas prolong my eagerness. Behold,

The dreaming sea hath lulled her tide for thee,

And stilled is every moan of murmuring winds.

Here half the way is done : Bianor's grave

Is seen afar : here where the husbandmen

Harvest the leafy trees, here let us sing.

Lay down the kids ; 'tis near enough to town.

54. A reference to the superstition that if a wolf saw a man before he saw the wolf, the man would be struck dumb.

60. According to Servius, Bianor was the founder of Mantua ; but support for this statement is lacking. There is a reference to the tomb of a child named Bianor in Mackail's *Greek Anthology*, Epitaph No. xli.

61. Leaves were used for bedding or fodder. Cf. i. 56 and x. 30.

The Eclogues of Virgil

hic haedos depone, tamen veniemus in urbem.
aut si nox pluviam ne colligat ante veremur,
cantantes licet usque (minus via laedit) eamus;
cantantes ut eamus, ego hoc te fasce levabo. 65

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

Eclogue IX

But if we fear lest darkness gather rain,
Let us sing carols all the way : 'twill be
Less tedious ; I will ease thee of thy load,
So shall our song be light.

M.

Boy, say no more.

Let us perform the present task : these songs
We shall sing better when Menalcas comes.

ECLOGA X

GALLVS.

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

Quae nemora aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellae
Naides, indigno cum Gallus amore peribat ? 10
nam neque Parnasi vobis iuga, nam neque Pin̄di
ulla moram fecere, neque Aonie Aganippe.
illum etiam lauri, etiam flevēre myricae,

This *Eclogue* represents the soldier-poet Gallus (see note on vi. 64) as a shepherd in Arcadia bewailing a lost love, Lycoris, who is said to have been a famous actress

1. Arethusa was a Sicilian nymph, who gave her name to fountains in Arcadia and in the island of Ortygia; the Ortygian fountain is still to be seen. Milton invokes her in *Lycidas*: 'O fountain Arethuse,' etc. Shelley tells the story of her pursuit by the River Alpheus. [Her head appears on the beautiful Syracusan coins; the most elaborate

ECLOGUE X

GALLUS.

O GRANT me this last labour, Arethuse.
A few songs for my Gallus must be sung,
A few, yet worthy of Lycoris' ears.
Who would grudge songs to Gallus? So from thee,
When thou shalt underglide Sicilian waves,
May bitter Doris fend her brine. Begin:
Let love-lorn Gallus be the theme of song,
While the blunt-muzzled goats soft boscage browse.
Not sole are we: the listening woods reply.
What woods or glades hid you, ye Naiad maidens,
When Gallus lay a-dying of a love
That none requited? For ye lingered not
On Pindus or Parnassus, or beside
Aonian Aganippe then. Him lying
'Neath a lone rock e'en bays and tamarisks

in design being the series issued after the Syracusan expedition, with the trophy in the exergue.—L. E. U.]

5. Doris, the wife of Nereus, means the sea.

'And under the water the Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam;
Behind her descended her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream.'

(Shelley, *Arethusa*.)

9-12. Cf. Milton's well-known imitation in *Lycidas*:
'Where were ye, nymphs,' etc.

The Eclogues of Virgil

pinifer illum etiam sola sub rupe iacentem
Maenalus, et gelidi fleverunt saxa Lycae. 15
stant et oves circum (nostri nec paenitet illas,
nec te paeniteat pecoris, divine poeta ;
et formosus ovis ad flumina pavit Adonis),
venit et opilio, tardi venere subulci,
uvidus hiberna venit de glande Menalcas. 20
omnes 'unde amor iste' rogant 'tibi?' venit Apollo,
'Galle, quid insanis?' inquit 'tua cura Lycoris
perque nives alium perque horrida castra secuta est.'
venit et agresti capitis Silvanus honore,
floreantis ferulas et grandia lilia quassans. 25
Pan deus Arcadiae venit, quem vidimus ipsi
sanguineis ebuli bacis minioque rubentem.
'ecquis erit modus?' inquit 'Amor non talia curat,

11-15. The names are all those of Greek mountains, except Aganippe, which is a fountain.

18. Adonis is an ideal shepherd in Theocritus (i. 109), and appears in mythology as the favourite of Venus.

20. The acorns were either for pigs, as in *Geo.* ii. 520, or for cattle. In this country they are a dangerous food for cattle, but Cato says they were soaked in water and given as a winter food.

23. Lycoris is running after a soldier. Cf. 46 *et sqq.*

'Thy darling mistress will a soldiering go,
And follow any fool thro' rain or snow.'

(The Earl of Lauderdale's translation.)

24. Silvanus was a Roman forest-god. In *Geo.* i. 20 he carries a cypress-tree, and is thus represented in sculpture.

25. The giant fennel (*Ferula communis*) is said to reach a

Eclogue X

Bewept; yea, e'en pine-crested Maenalus,
Even the crags of cold Lycaeus mourned.
Around us stand the sheep. They scorn us not;
And think no scorn of them, thou bard divine:
E'en lovely Adonis pastured sheep by streams.
The shepherd and slow-footed swineherd came,
And from the winter acorns dripping came
Menalcas. 'Whence that love of thine?' they cry.
Apollo came: 'Gallus, ah, why so mad?
Thy loved Lycoris through the inclement camp
And wintry snows follows another flame.'
So spake Apollo. Came Silvanus too,
With rural glory crowned, the fennel blooms
And giant lilies waving in his hand.
Came Pan the god of Arcady: our eyes
Saw him, his cheeks incarnadined with blood
Of elder-berries and vermilion dye.
'Shall there not be an end?' he said, 'for this

height of 15 feet. Roman schoolmasters used the stems for canes. Daubeny (*Roman Husbandry*) says light and strong walking-sticks are still made from it in Apulia.

26. To see Pan and not suffer from 'panic' was something worth boasting of. It was dangerous to see a god face to face. Cf. viii. 102. The same belief is frequent in the O.T.—e.g., Gen. xxxii. 30; Exod. xxxii. 20; Judg. vi. 22.

27. See note on vi. 22. Pliny says the bodies of triumphing generals were painted red. The dwarf elder (*Sambucus ebulus*) 'has obtained the name of danewort among us, because it is fabled to have sprung from the blood of the Danes when those people were massacred in England. It is found chiefly in churchyards' (Martyn). Vermilion, or cinnabar, is a mineral dye. It is used in making sealing-wax.

The Eclogues of Virgil

nec lacrimis crudelis Amor nec gramina rivis
nec cytiso saturantur apes nec fronde capellae.' 30
tristis at ille 'tamen cantabitis, Arcades' inquit
'montibus haec vestris, soli cantare periti
Arcades. o mihi tum quam molliter ossa quiescant,
vestra meos olim si fistula dicat amores!
atque utinam ex vobis unus vestrique fuisset 35
aut custos gregis aut maturae vinitor uvae!
certe sive mihi Phyllis sive esset Amyntas,
seu quicumque furor (quid tum, si fuscus Amyntas?
et nigrae violae sunt et vaccinia nigra),
mecum inter salices lenta sub vite iaceret; 40
serta mihi Phyllis legeret, cantaret Amyntas.
hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,
hic nemus; hic ipso tecum consumerer aevo.
nunc insanus amor duri me Martis in armis
tela inter media atque adversos detinet hostis. 45
tu procul a patria (nec sit mihi credere tantum)
Alpinas a, dura, nives et frigora Rheni

39. For *vaccinium*, see note on ii. 18. *Viola nigra* is identified by Mr. Sargeaunt with the sweet violet (*Viola odorata*). Cf. v. 38. It is obviously not the *pallens viola* of ii. 47.

40. Vines are still sometimes trained on willows in Italy.

43. Cf. Keats's last sonnet: 'And so live ever, or else swoon to death.'

47. The scenery of the Rhine and the Alps did not appeal to the Romans.

'It is worth observing that, of what is now called *pic-*

Eclogue X

Love cares not : grass is sated not with rills,
Nor goats with leaves, nor bees with sweet lucerne,
Nor cruel Love with tears.' But sadly he :
'Yet this, Arcadians, ye shall ever sing
Unto your mountains ; none are skilled as ye.
O then how calm will be my last long sleep,
If but your flute e'er celebrate my loves !
O that I had been counted one of you,
To keep your flock or cull your mellow grapes ;
Whether 'twere Phyllis or Amyntas or
Whoe'er my flame—Amyntas, art thou dark ?
Yet dark are violets and hyacinths—
'Mid willow-trees and limber vines with me
I trow my love would lie. Garlands for me
Would Phyllis pluck, Amyntas sing me songs.
Here are cool founts, Lycoris, here soft meads,
And copses : here fain would I swoon with thee
Till time bring death. But maddening lust of war
Holds me in arms amid the hurtling spears
And brunt of battle. Thou far from thy home,
Lone and without me, yet unsorrowing
(Ah ! 'tis too true), beholdest Alpine snows
And frozen Rhine. May the frost harm thee not !

turesque beauty, the ancients seem to have had no perception. A modern reader does indeed find in their writings descriptions which in *his* mind excite ideas of that kind of beauty. But the writers themselves seem to have felt delight only in the *refreshing* coolness of streams and shady trees—in the *softness* of a grassy couch—and in the gay *colours and odours* of flowers. And as for rocky mountains and everything that *we* admire as sublime scenery, this they seem to have regarded merely with aversion and horror ; as

The Eclogues of Virgil

me sine sola vides. a, te ne frigora laedant !
 a, tibi ne teneras glacies secet aspera plantas !
 ibo et Chalcidico quae sunt mihi condita versu 50
 carmina pastoris Siculi modulabor avena.
 certum est in silvis inter spelaea ferarum
 malle pati tenerisque meos incidere amores
 arboribus : crescent illae, crescetis, amores.
 interea mixtis lustrabo Maenala Nymphis, 55
 aut acris venabor apros. non me ulla vetabunt
 frigora Parthenios canibus circumdare saltus.
 iam mihi per rupes videor lucosque sonantis
 ire, libet Partho torquere Cydonia cornu
 spicula—tamquam haec sit nostri medicina furoris, 60
 aut deus ille malis hominum mitescere discat.
 iam neque Hamadryades rursus neque carmina nobis

the generality of the uneducated do now, and as our ancestors did not many years ago. Cotton, for instance, the contemporary and friend of Isaac Walton, and an author of some repute in his day, speaks of his own residence on the romantic river Dove, which tourists now visit on account of its surpassing beauty, as

“ A place
 Where Nature only suffers in disgrace,
 Environ'd round with Nature's shames and ills,
 Black heaths, wild crags, black rocks, and naked hills.”
 (Whately : note on Bacon, Essay xlv., *Of Gardens*.)

For a still more curious passage, see Macaulay's *History*, ch. xiii., 'State of the Highlands.' He gives many interesting quotations, and traces aversion for scenery to the dangers and discomforts of travel in old times.

50-51. Gallus had translated some of the poems of Euphron of Chalcis in Euboea, and is apparently going to turn them into imitations of Theocritus.

56. 'The wild boar is a very fierce and dangerous animal.

Eclogue X

May the rough ice cut not thy delicate feet!
I will away, and my Euboean rhymes
Will tune to the Sicilian shepherd's reed.
My purpose holds to suffer in the woods
And dens of savage beasts, to grave my loves
On sapling trees, so shall grow tree and love
Together. Meantime with a rout of Nymphs
I will range Maenalus, or hunt fierce boars.
No frost shall e'er forbid me to beset
Arcadian glades with hounds. I seem e'en now
To fare through rocks and bellowing groves, with joy
Speeding the Cretan shaft from Parthian bow.
As though such physic could my fever cool,
As though that god could melt at human pain!
Now neither Hamadryads, nay, nor songs

Aristotle, in the fourth chapter of his second book concerning the parts of animals, ascribes the fierceness, rage, and fury of such animals, as bulls and boars, to the thickness of their blood, which is found to be very fibrous, and soon coagulates' (Martyn).

Cf. *Geo.* iii. 248 and 255. (*Beasts, Birds, and Bees*, p. 14.) The method of hunting is alluded to in iii. 75. In the great boar-hunt of the *Odyssey* (xix. 428), Ulysses spears the boar, but the boar charges him first and gives him a scar by which his old nurse Eurycleia recognizes him years afterwards.

57. Hunting men were not always so particular as they are now, and our forefathers sometimes killed a fox in the snow; but evidently Gallus is singular in refusing to be stopped by frost.

59. Parthian bows and Cretan arrows were famous. The epithets are ornamental.

62. Hamadryads were Greek wood-nymphs, which were supposed to live and die with the tree in which they dwelt.

The Eclogues of Virgil

ipsa placent ; ipsae rursus concedite silvae.
non illum nostri possunt mutare labores,
nec si frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus, 65
Sithoniasque nives hiemis subeamus aquosae,
nec si, cum moriens alta liber aret in ulmo,
Aethiopum versemus ovis sub sidere Cancrī.
omnia vincit Amor : et nos cedamus Amori.'

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

65-66. The geography is Thracian here. Horace (*Ep.* I. iii. 3) describes the Hebrus as 'bound with a snowy fetter.' It was one of the first ice-bound rivers that the Romans encountered.

68. The sun enters the Tropic of Cancer, 'The Crab,' in mid-June.

69. Love and Labour share the honour of omnipotence. Cf. *Geo.* iii. 66.

71. For mallow, see note on ii. 30. Mr. Pickard Cambridge has seen peasants weaving baskets of mallow (*Althaea cannabina*) near Orvieto.

Eclogue X

Please us : ye very woods, once more begone !
No pains of ours have power to change his mind,
Nor if we drink the icy Hebrus or
Suffer Sithona's snows and wintry rains,
Nor if we tend beneath the scorching Crab
The flocks of Ethiopia, where the bark
Shrivels and perishes on lofty elms.
Love conquers all : we too must yield to Love.'

This will suffice your poet to have sung,
O divine Muses, while he sat and wove
A basket of thin mallow : ye will add
New grace for Gallus, him for whom my love
Groweth from hour to hour as alders green
Upshoot in early spring. Arise : 'tis late.
Baneful is shade to singers, baneful is
The shade of junipers : earth's kindly fruits
Are marred by shade. Go home, my full-fed goats :
Cometh the Evening Star : my goats, go home.

75-76. This is probably a reference to the damp chill of the hour after sunset. There seems to be nothing noxious about junipers. Shade injures corn (*Geo.* i. 121 and 157), and English farmers too often cut down the most beautiful trees when they have the power to do so.

' But see, the Welkin thicks apace,
And stouping *Phebus* steepes his face :
Yts time to hast us homeward.'
(Spenser.)

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