The Gift of
Professor
Jared Sparks,
of Harvard College.

Rev. Oct. 18,
1847.
THE

ECLOGUES OF VIRGIL,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,

Line for line.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MACKIE, D.D.

Quebec:
PRINTED BY GILBERT STANLEY, 4, ST. ANNE STREET.
1847.
THE

ECLOGUES OF VIRGIL,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,

Line for line.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MACKIE, B. A.

Quebec:
PRINTED BY GILBERT STANLEY, 4, ST. ANNE STREET.
1847.
ECLOGUE I.

MELIBŒUS, TITYRUS.

MELIBŒUS.

'Neath spreading beech, you, Tityrus, laid along,
Tune to the slender reed a woodland song:
We bounds of home, sweet fields we leave behind,
Fly country: Tityrus, you, in bower reclin'd,
"Fair Amaryllis" teach the echoing glade.

TITYRUS.

A God this quiet, Melibœus, made:
For aye a God I'll deem him: on his shrine,
Full many a lamb shall bleed, from folds of mine.
My cows, as you behold, to range, and me
He gave rude pipe to wake, with fancies free.

MELIBŒUS.

I envy not, but wonder: to and fro,
Such stir, the country round! These she goats lo!
I faint press on; this, Tityrus, drag with pain:
For here, 'mid hazel clumps, her yearlings twain,
ECLOGUE I.

The flock's last hope, she left on flint so keen!
This evil oft, if right my mind had been,
Did oaks by lightning seared, presage, I trow:
And oft from withered holm, the boding crow.
But, Tityrus, who is he?—this God, explain.

TITYRUS.

That city, Rome, I, Melibœus, sain
Would rate by this of ours, where oft with stock
Of weanlings we resort, who tend the flock.
Thus dogs in whelps, in kids their mothers' race
I've marked, and great by smaller things could trace.
But she all cities else beneath her sees,
Far as the cypress dwarf way-faring trees.

MELIBŒUS.

What cause so grave to visit Rome constrained?

TITYRUS.

'Twas freedom, which, though slow, to see me deigned,
What time, when clipt, all silvery fell my beard:
To see me deigned, and there at length appear'd.
Fled Galatea, Anmaryllis reigns.
For bound, I own, by Galatea's chains,
I nor for freedom hoped, nor cared for gold.
And what though many a victim left my fold,
And richest cheese the thankless town supplied;
Home, empty-handed, as before, I hied.
ECLOGUE I.

MELIBŒUS.

Sad Amaryllis! why, methought, those vows?
For whom the fruits, yet hanging on thy boughs?
Far hence was Tityrus: Tityrus! every tree
And every rill and coppice called on thee.

TITYRUS.

What should I do? Nor respite could I find,
Nor elsewhere might I hope for Gods so kind.
There, Melibœus, th’youth I saw, each year
To whom, for twice six days, our shrines their incense
rear;
’Twas there, my suit preventing, thus he spoke:
“Feed swains, as erst, your cows; your oxen yoke.”

MELIBŒUS.

Happy old man! whose lands remain thy own;
And large enough: what though the naked stone
And fen with slimy reeds, o’erspread the farm;
Nor change of food thy teeming dams shall harm,
Nor neighbour’s flock infect with sores unclean.
Happy old man! who here, known streams between,
And sacred rills, shalt taste refreshing gloom.
Here shall from bordering hedge, the sallow bloom
Which aye to Hybla’s bees it’s sprays disclose,
Oft with saint humming woo thee to repose.
ECLOGUE I.

Here, 'neath tall cliff, shall pruner trill his air:
Nor stock-doves hoarse the while, thy darling care,
Nor turtle cease from breezy elm to mourn.

TITYRUS.

Fleet stags shall sooner feed in air upborne,
And seas leave bare their fishes on the shore;
In exile sooner, mutual bounds traced o'er,
Shall Parthian Saone, or German Tigris drink,
Than his fond image to oblivion sink.

MELIBŒUS.

But we, to thirsty Afric some must flee;
Part Scythia and Crete's swift Oaxes see,
And Britons from the world itself away.
Shall I the bounds of home, some distant day,
And this poor cottage-roof of turf heaped high,
Scant ſcorn behind, my realm, with pride descry?
Must all this tillage be a soldier's spoil?
These crops the stranger's? Mark, where civil broil
Has drawn us? Mark, for whom we sowed our grain!
Pears, Melibœus, graft: the vineyard train:
Hence, hence, my goats, the happy flock of yore:
Stretch'd in green arbour, I may you no more
From shrubby cliff far up while hanging, see.
Ne'er shall I sing: ne'er tended goats by me,
Shall ye fresh sallow browse, and withes austere.
ECLOGUE I.

TITYRUS.

Yet you this night, with me can rest you here,
On leafy boughs; ripe apples I have stored,
Soft chesnuts, and of curds an ample hoard.
Already smoke the distant village halls,
And from the heights, a lengthening shadow falls.
Swain Corydon for fair Alexis burned,
His lord's delight: nor hoped for love returned.
Yet he 'mid glades, by darkling beech o'ergrown,
Oft roamed; and there, these artless strains alone
Breathed fondly, to the hills and woodlands borne:
O harsh Alexis, thus my plaint to scorn!
You heed me not, and will at last destroy.
E'en cattle now the shades and cool enjoy;
Green lizards e'en to sheltering brakes retreat;
And Thestylis, for reapers faint with heat
Her savoury herbs, wild thyme and garlic brays:
But shrubs ring round, the while I track your ways,
In noon's fierce glow, with locusts hoarse and me.
'Twere better sure, Am'ryllis' enmity
Or proud whims suffer! and Menalcas too,
Though he is swarthy, and so fair are you.
O beauteous boy, not charms too fondly prize.
White privets fall, we glean dark bilberries,
But you, Alexis, ask not of my state;
How large my flock, my stores of milk how great.
My thousand lambs Sicilian mountains graze,
Nor fails my milk in cold or summer days.
I trill, as erst, when herds he led with song,
Dirce’s Amphion, Attic Aracynthus ’long.
Nor I so plain! I viewed me late from shore,
While slept th’unruffled main, nor Daphnis more
Fear, judged by you, if true that likeness be.
Then deign in these poor fields of mine with me,
And in rude cots to dwell; the stag to chase,
And with green switch to drive the kids apace,
Pan’s strain with me in woodlands you shall try.
’Twas Pan the reeds with waxen bands to tie
First taught; Pan sheep and shepherds makes his care.
And blush not if the reed your lip should wear;
Such lore how gladly had Amyntas claimed!
Mine is, of seven unequal hemlocks framed,
A pipe, the present which Damætas made,
Who dying: “Be its second master” said
Damætas thus: vexed weak Amyntas pined.
I chanced besides in no safe pass to find
Young he goats twain, their skins with white yet fleck’d
Two ewes each day they drain: these I for you select.
Long time does Thestyris to win them sue;
And let her have what you with loathing view.
Come, beauteous boy! For you, see lilies there
Nymphs bring in baskets full! the Naiad fair,
Pale violets gleaning sly, and poppy's bloom,
Narcissus groups with dill of rich perfume.
Then cassia twining, and sweet herbs in braids,
With saffron marigold, soft bilberries shades.
Myself will call boar peach with downy cheek,
And chestnuts, my Am'ryliss wont to seek,
And plums will add, this fruit like meed shall grace.
You bays, and next, thee myrtle will I place:
Since thus disposed, ye choicest sweets unite.
Dolt Corydon! Alexis gifts will slight,
Nor would Iolas be in gifts surpassed:
That thought! me wretched! I to flowr's the blast
Undone, and bears to crystal springs have sent.
Whom shun you, senseless? Woods could Gods frequent.
And Dardan Paris. Her own citadel
Claim Pallas' self. Woods love we passing well.
Grim lioness seeks wolf, the she-goat he,
Brisk she-goat seeks the blooming willow tree;
I Corydon Alexis; choice our law:
See home their trailing shares the oxen draw;
A two-fold shade the sun at parting throws:
Yet me love burns. How bounds to love impose?
What madness, Corydon, ah Corydon!
Thy vine half-pruned droops leafy elm upon,
Why not thy mind to useful labours turn,
And crates to weave off rush or osier learn?
Another thou wilt find, if this Alexis spurn.
ECLOGUE III.

MENALCAS, DAMOETAS, PALEMON.

MENALCAS.

Say whose, Damoetas—Melibæus' sheep?

DAMOETAS.

No, Ægon's; these late Ægon bade me keep.

MENALCAS.

O sheep, a luckless flock! Neæra whiles
He courts, and dreads lest I obtain her smiles;
Twice by the hour, yon hireling drains the dams,
And juice from flock is filched, and milk from lambs.

DAMOETAS.

Less freely charges against men advance.
We know by whom—the he-goats looked askance,
And in what sene—though Nymphs to smile might please.
ECLOGUE III.

MENALCAS.

They saw, methinks, the while on Mycon's trees,
And vines, with jagged hook I dealt the blow.

DAMETAS.

Or when by those old beeches, Daphnis' bow
You brake, and shafts; which you, Menalcas mean,
Presented to that boy with grief had seen;
And you had died, but that you wreaked your spite.

MENALCAS.

When varlets thus, what may not lords of right?
Did I not see you, graceless, Damon's goat
With snares beset? the mongrel strained his throat,
And while I cried: "Where slinks he now away?
"Tityrus, the flock collect:" behind the sedge you lay.

DAMETES.

And what if fairly worsted he retained
A goat, the prize which my good pipe had gained?
Know that same goat was mine: and this to me
Owned Damon's self: but pleaded poverty.

MENALCAS.

Worsted by you! are you perchance possess'd
Of any pipe? in by-ways skilled at best
ECLOGUE III.

With squeaking straw some wretched air to maim!

DAMOETAS.

Shall we, by turns, what each of skill may claim, Give proof? This heifer, which (lest you gainsay) Twice seeks the pail, and feeds two calves a day, I pledge: now name the wager you can make.

MENALCAS.

Nought could I venture from the stock to take: A sire with me, and eke a step-dame dwells; Both twice the herd, the kids one daily tells. But (better far as you yourself will say) Since you must needs be mad, the bowls I lay Of beech, heav’n-born Alcimedon designed: Around their rims a vine, with skill entwined, Flings o’er pale ivy wreaths its drapery. There’s Conon on the sides—and—who was he That taught how far the bounds of earth extend, And when the swain should reap, when o’er the plough-share bend? By lip unsoiled, they yet in store are laid.

DAMOETAS.

Like bowls for me Alcimedon has made: Has with their handles bears-foot interlaced; And Orpheus on the sides, the woods his suite,
ECLOGUE III.

By lip unsoiled, they yet in store are laid,
But these the heifer throws into the shade.

MENALCAS.

You 'scape not thus; such arts are lost on me,
Let who first comes be judge: Palaemon see!
I'll teach you now from boasting to refrain.

DAMÆTAS.

On, do your best; I ask not time to gain;
And fear no judge. Palaemon, worthy friend,
Your closest heed, 'tis no small matter, lend.

Palaemon.

Sing then, this sward a seat convenient seems;
And now each field, each tree with promise teems:
The woods are green, the year is in its prime.
Damætas first, Menalcas next in time,
Alternate sing: the Muses love th'alternate rhyme.

DAMÆTAS.

Jove first; ye Muses! Jove is every where:
He decks the earth, he makes my songs his care.
ECLOGUE III.

MENALCAS.

Me Phoebus loves: with me, to Phoebus due,
Are bays and hyacinth of tender hue.

DAMOETAS.

Me Galatea pelts with fruit, the queen;
Flies to the cope, nor hopes to fly unseen.

MENALCAS.

My flame Amyntas aye to me has flown:
Nor to my dogs is Deja better known.

DAMOETAS.

A keepsake for my love! I've marked with care
The spot, where doves aloft their nest prepare.

MENALCAS.

I've to my boy from wood-tree gleaned with pain,
Ten quinces sent; to-morrow what remain.

DAMOETAS.

How oft breathed Galatea strains so sweet!
Wail, gales, some accents, ears divine to greet.
ECLOGUE III.

MENALCAS.

What boots it that Amyntas you are kind,
If, while the boar you chase, the toils I mind?

DAMÆTAS.

My birthday this, Iolas! Phyllis send:
When th' harvest calf I slay, thyself attend.

MENALCAS.

Most love I Phyllis, tears she parting shed,
And: "Beauteous, fare thee well," Iolas, said.

DAMÆTAS.

Wolves rend the folds; and showers the ripening corn:
And winds the trees; me Amaryllis' scorn.

MENALCAS.

Spring wheat rain cheers; and weanlings th'arbute tree;
Withe teeming kine; Amyntas only me.

DAMÆTAS.

Our strain so homely Pollio loves to hear:
A heifer, Muses, for your patron rear.
ECLOGUE III.

MENALCAS.

Aye, Pollio's self writes verse: A bull be found,
That threatens with budding brow, and spurns the ground.

DAMOETAS.

Who loves thee, Pollio, those thine honours share!
For him flow honey, spice the bramble bear!

MENALCAS.

Who Bavius hates not, Mævius, love thy notes!
Yoke foxes he, that same, and milk he-goats!

DAMOETAS.

Ye swains, who search for flowers and strawberries
make,
Fly hence, chill lurks beneath the grass a snake.

MENALCAS.

Less freely range my ewes, yon bank 'twere wise
To shun; the ram's own self his fleece yet dries.

DAMOETAS.

My she-goats, Tityrus, from that river bring:
All in good time, I'll wash them at the spring.
ECLOGUE III.

MENALCAS.

Swains, pen the ewes: if heat the milk should dry
As erst, our hands in vain the teats will ply.

DAMOETAS.

Alas! my bull how lank, in grassy plain!
One love of herd and herdsman is the bane.

MENALCAS.

Here love is not to blame—and yet they pine!
Some spell destroys these tender lambs of mine.

DAMOETAS.

Say where, and great Apollo thou shalt be,
One scarce three ells of heaven's expanse can see.

MENALCAS.

Say where, inscribed with many a kingly name,
Spring flowers; and Phyllis without rival claim.

PALEMON.

'Tis not for me such contests to decide
The heifer each deserves, and all beside
Who know love's fearful joys, or anxious thrill.
Swains close the dikes; the meads have drunk their fill.
ECLOGUE IV.

POLLIO.

Sicilian Muses, yet a loftier theme!
Not shrubs, and lowly tamarisks, all be seem:
What groves we sing, should claim a Consul's ear.
Dawns that last time foretold by Cumæ's seer;
Of ages springs afresh the long array:
The Virgin now returns, and Saturn's sway,
And a new race descends from heaven on high.
Thou, but his birth, when th' iron progeny
Shall cease, the golden rise o'er earth's domains,
Speed chaste Lucina! thine Apollo reigns.
This glory shall thy consulship enhance
Pollio: and thence the mighty months advance:
Our leader thou, whate'er remains of crime
Shall harmless prove for all succeeding time.
He shall with Gods consort, and, Gods among,
Observe, himself observed, the heroes throng;
And o'er glad earth, his sway paternal wield.
But first for thee, O babe, th' uncultured field
Shall, twined with lady's glove, the ivy spray,
And bears-foot, wreathed with fragrant bean, display.
Unbidden home the goats distent shall bear
Their dugs, nor herds for mighty lions care.
Thy very cradle shall with flow'rets bloom,
Its doom the snake, the treacherous bane its doom
Shall meet: spontaneous, balm Assyrian rise.
But when of heroes, and thy sire's emprise,
'Tis thine to read, and what is Worth to know:
All yellow with soft corn the field shall grow,
The blushing grape shall hang on brambles rude,
And dewy honey from hard oaks exude.
Yet shall enough of olden guile be found
To tempt the sea in ships, to wall around
The cities, and with furrows earth to tear.
A Tiphys shall arise, an Argo bear
Her chosen heroes; wars anew prevail;
And great Achilles Troy once more assail.
But when thy riper age the man shall mark,
Seas trader's self shall leave; nor sea-borne bark
Change wares, each country shall all fruits combine.
No harrows earth shall feel, no hook the vine:
Stout ploughman too shall eke his steers untie,
Nor wool shall learn to wear a foreign dye:
But the ram's self in meads, shall now of bloom
Empurpled, now of saffron fleece assume.
And scarlet clothe the lambkins as they feed.

"Our spindles these so happy ages speed?"
The Parcae said, whom Fate's firm bond unites.

Then come, expected long, assert thy rights,
Bright offspring of the Gods, of Jove create,
See the great globe intent thy rule await.
The lands, the sea's expanse, the heavens sublime—
See how all welcome on th' approaching time!
O let me yet obtain such length of days,
With just enough of breath to sing thy praise!

And me nor Thracian Orpheus shall transcend,
Nor Linus; though their parents aid extend,
And this Calliope, Apollo that befriend.

Copes Pan, the umpire Arcady, with me?
Pan's self shall yield, the umpire Arcady.
Begin sweet babe to know thy mother's smile;
And of ten tedious months the qualms beguile.
Begin sweet babe; by parents' smile unsped,
Nor God the board, nor Goddess crowns the bed.
ECLOGUE V.

MENALCAS, MOPSUS.

MENALCAS.

Why since we've met, both, Mopsus, famed for skill
Thou reeds to tune, and I the verse to trill,
Sit we not here, 'mid elms with hazels blent?

MOPSUS.

The elder thou, Menalcas, I consent;
If shades by Zephyrs wafted to and fro,
Or if yon cavern please:—the cavern lo!
A wild vine mantles o'er with clusters rare.

MENALCAS.

Thee but Amyntas on our hills would dare.

MOPSUS.

And what if he in song with Phœbus vie!
ECLOGUE V.

MENALCAS.

On, Mopsus first: if Phyllis' loves to try
Or Alcon's praise thou know'st, or Codrus' fray;
On; Tityrus here to watch the kids shall stay.

MOPSUS.

Nay, songs which late on verdant bark of beech,
I graved, (each verse I trilled and noted each)
I'll try: his part then bid Amyntas bear.

MENALCAS.

As limber willow yields to olive fair,
Or lowly spike to rose of crimson glow,
So yields Amyntas, matched with thee, I trow.

MOPSUS.

But shepherd, now no more: the cave we gain,
That Nymphs the cruel fate of Daphnis slain
Wept sore, ye hazels and ye streams could tell.
When, as on her own son's sad corse she fell,
That mother raved at Gods, and stars malign.
None, Daphnis, in those days, the full-fed kine
To cooling rivers drove; no beast of brook
Or tasted, or of grassy blade partook.
That Afric's lions, Daphnis, e'en could feel
Thy loss, the mountains rude and woods reveal.
ECLOGUE V.

To yoke Armenian tigers in the wain
Taught Daphnis, Daphnis Bacchic choirs to train,
And round the spears the wavy leaves to twine.
As trees the vine can grace, its grapes the vine,
As herds the bulls, rich fields their crops of corn:
So thine could'st thou!—Since thou from hence art torn,
These lands both Pales and Apollo leave;
O'er furrows, wont rich barley to receive,
Vile tare, and barren oats now lord at will;
For violet soft, and purple daffodil,
The bur or bramble rears a prickly head.
Earth strew with leaves, the rills with bowers o'erspread
Ye swains; such honours Daphnis bade prepare.
And raise a tomb, and grave this record there:
"I Daphnis of the woods, was famed on high,
"A comely flock I fed, more comely I."

MENALCAS.

Thy song, O bard divine, to me is sweet
As rest on grassy couch; or as, in heat
Thirst slaked by draught fresh sparkling from the spring.
Thy master's peer, 'tis thine to play or sing,
O happy swain, thou next to him shalt be.
But we, as best we may, our strains for thee;
Would frame, and to the stars thy Daphnis bear.
Raise Daphnis to the stars, we Daphnis' love did share.
ECLOGUE V.

MOPSUS.

Than such a boon, what is there more could please
A song the swain’s own self deserves; and these
Thy strains to me oft Stimicon hath praised.

MENALCAS.

Olympus’ court bright Daphnis sees amazed,
And clouds desc ries, and stars beneath his feet.
Hence woods, and all the country Mirth so fleet,
And Pan, and shepherds plies, and Dryads fair.
No more to flocks the wolf, to stags the snare
Plots death; good Daphnis covets peaceful days.
Their voices to the stars exulting raise
The unshorn heights; now very rocks the song
And shrubs: “Menalcas, ’tis a God, a God,” prolong.
O bless thine own! Four altars rise to view!
Lo! Daphnis two for thee, for Phæbus two.
Each year, of milk fresh foaming goblets twain,
And of rich oil, thine I two howls ordain;
But chief of Bacchus’ cheer shall draughts be made,
By winter’s hearth, at harvest, in the shade.
Arvisian wines, rare nectar, will I bring,
Damea: shall with Lyctian Ægon sing,
Brisk Satyrs Alphes’bœus counterfeit.
These shall be thine, both when our offerings meet
To Nymphs we tender, and our bounds survey.
While boar on slopes, while fish in streams shall play,
ECLOGUE V.

Bees feed on thyme, and grasshoppers on dew,
Thy rites and name and praise shall aye be new.
Vows Bacchus Ceres claimed, thee too each year,
Shall rustics pay; and thou the vows shalt hear.

MOPSUS.

O how requite thee for such strains as these?
Not the faint whisper of the rising breeze,
Not shores by surges lashed, so charm, nor so
The streams, as down the rocky dells they flow.

MENALCAS.

First claim this slender pipe thyself hast earned,
Us: "Corydon for fair Alexis burned"
And eke: "Whose—Meliboeus' sheep?" it taught.

MOPSUS.

And thou this crook; which oft from me had sought
Antigenes, nor gained, though loved of right,
Menalcas take, with brass and matched studs bright.
EGLOGUE VI.

SILENUS.

First deigned in Syracusian verse to sport
My Muse, nor blushed, the woodlands her resort:
But Cynthius, kings and wars the theme, my ear
Twitched, and thus warned: "Swain Tityrus, sheep to rear
"Be rather thine, and home-spun lay to frame."
Now, since there lack not who to sound thy fame
Seek, Varus, and to note thy dread campaigns,
I the shrill pipe will tune to rural strains:
Strains not denied: yet these, if one there be
Who charmed shall read, our tamarisks, Varus, thee,
Thee each grove sings: nor Phoebus more delights
Than in the page which Varus' name recites.

On Muses! Chromis and Mnasylus spied
Silenus in a cave with slumbers plied;
His veins yestre'en's accustomed cheer betray;
Just fall'n, his chaplets at a distance lay,
And his huge cup hung by its well worn ear.
They prompt (for oft with promised song the seer
Had mocked) fling round him chains his chaplets made
To join them, Ægle comes with timely aid,
Ægle, of Naiads chief; scarce oped his eyes,
With mulberries she his brow and temples dies.
He, smiling at the trick: "Why bind these chains?
"Loose me, the sight may well content you, swains,
"Yet hear the songs ye claim; be songs your pay,
"Her's other coin," nor did he more delay.
Then Fauns you saw and beasts in measured tread
Disport, then stout old oak trees bow the head.
In Phæbus, crag Parnassian joys not thus,
Not Orpheus, Rhodope so vaunts, nor Ismarus.
He sung, how pent the bounds of space between,
The germs of earth, and air, and sea had been,
And eke of liquid fire; from these how came,
All else, and this young world grew up a frame.
How earth to settle, and confine the seas,
Began, and things to fashion by degrees.
How lands the sun's new beams beheld amazed,
And rains distilled from clouds in air upraised:
When first the woods began to rise, and when
Lone beasts were ranging heights untrod of men.
Stones Pyrrha cast, thence notes he, Saturn's reign,
Caucasian birds, Prometheus' lawless gain;
Of Hylas adds, whom missing from that spring
The seamen wept: how shores with "Hylas," "Hylas''
ring.
Then soothes, if herds had never been how blest!
Pasiphae, for a snow white steer distrest.
What frenzy thee, ah, hapless virgin! thrilled?
Fields with mock lowings Prætus' daughters filled:
Yet none of them for cattle lust so vile
Conceived; though each had feared the plough the while,
And felt, for budding horns, her polished brow.
Thou roam'st the heights, ah hapless virgin thou!
Propt on soft hyacinth, his snowy side,
He chews the cud, by dark holm canopied,
Or wantons with the herd. "Dictæan maids
"Surround, surround each opening in the glades:
"If haply we may catch with passing glance
"Some traces of the steer. Him now perchance,
"Charmed by fresh meads, or drawn with herds to stray,
"On to Gortyna's stalls cows lure away."
He sings the maid Hesperian fruits have won:
Then wraps, the sisters round of Phaeton
Bark-moss, and rears tall alders from the ground;
Next sings of Gallus, by Permessus found,
How the Muse led him to th' Aonian seat,
And Phæbus' choir uprose the bard to greet;
And Linus, he the swain, of song divine,
Flow'rs with whose hair, and bitter parsley twine,
Addressed him: "Take, the Muses give the reed
"They gave th' Ascræan sage, thus wont to lead
"Adown the heights stout ashes by his verse:
"On this whence sprung Grynean trees rehearse,
"Till grove Apollo none more proudly claim."
Why tell how Nisus’ Scylla, doomed to fame
That she, with howling fiends her fair loins bound
Whelmed ships Dulichian; and, in gulf profound
The crews ah! trembling, to her sea-dogs flung?
Or Tereus’ how in limbs transformed, he sung?
Feasts Philomel had made, and offerings?
How swift the wilds she sought? and with what wings
Domes, once her own, she luckless fluttered o’er?
All that, so blest as Phoebus mused of yore,
Eurotas heard, and bade his bays retain,
He sings; the vales to heaven repeat the strain.
Till Vesper, home to drive, and count the sheep
Has warned, and climbed full loth Olympus’ steep.
ECLOGUE VII.

MELIBŒUS, CORYDON, THYRISIS.

MELIBŒUS.

Beneath shrill holm had Daphnis chanced recline,
And Corydon and Thyris flocks combine,
Sheep Thyris, Corydon goats milk-distent:
Both comely, both Arcadians by descent:
Well match'd in song, and prompt to test their skill.
Here, while I myrtles fence, lest frosts should kill,
My buck th' herd's lord had wandered; Daphnis nigh
I mark: he thus, nor waited to reply:
"Come Melibœus, safe thy goat and kids,
"Here rest thee in the shade, if naught forbids.
"The steers to drink will hither cross the mead;
"Here Minicius verdant banks with tender reed,
"Has fringed, and swarms from out hoar oak resound."
What choose? Alcippe I nor Phyllis found,
Who might at home to pen my weanlings care.
But Corydon with Thyris—a great match was there!
For sport like theirs I e'en forsook my gains
So they the contest, in alternate strains,
'Gan wage; alternate strains the Muses chose:
And these sung Corydon, and Thyrsis those.

CORYDON.

Libethrian Nymphs, my joy, such skill to me
As claims my Codrus, grant, (next Phœbus he
In song may rank,) if not for us the suit;
Here from this sacred pine, shall hang my flute.

THYRSIS.

With ivy crown your rising bard requite,
Arcadian swains, till Codrus burst with spite;
Or if he gloze, this forehead with a charm
Shield, lest ill tongue the future poet harm.

CORYDON.

Rough boar's head, Delia, see young Mycon bring
And antlers of brave stag, his offering.
This sped, 'thou whole of polished marble plann'd,
Thy legs with purple buskin graced, shalt stand.

THYRSIS.

Priapus, milk and cakes, our yearly vow,
Suffice thee; of rude plot the guardian thou.
ECLOGUE VII.

We've made thee now of marble; but 'tis thine
If flocks with increase teem, of gold to shine.

CORYDON.

Nymph Galaty, than Hybla's thyme more gay,
Than swans more fair, more bright than ivy spray:
Soon as fed bullocks to their stalls repair,
O come, if thou for Corydon dost care.

THYRSIS.

Ay deem me than Sardonic herbs more keen,
More rough than furze, than refuse sea-weed mean;
If a whole year drags long as this one day.
Hence home, my full-fed steers, for shame! away.

CORYDON.

Rills clothed with moss, and grass than sleep more soft,
And verdant arbute's scanty screen aloft,
From flocks the solstice ward; lo! Summer near
Fierce glowing; on glad vine the buds appear.

THYRSIS.

Here hearth, and unctuous brand; here cheerful blaze
Is aye; each lintel constant smoke betrays.
Of pinching Boreas here, as much we deem,  
As wolf of flocks, of banks the turbid stream.

CORYDON.

Here junipers, and chesnuts hoar abound;  
Fruits, each its tree beneath, lie scattered round.  
All wears a smile: but if Alexis bright  
These mountains leave, dry brooks e'en meet your sight.

THYRSIS.

The field is parched, and shrunk the thirsty blade;  
These hills has Liber grudged a vine-leaf's shade:  
Our Phyllis come, each grove shall bloom again;  
And Jove descend, confess in genial rain.

CORYDON.

Alcide deems poplar, Bacchus vine most fair,  
Sweet Venus myrtle, Phœbus bays, his care;  
Phyllis doth hazel praise: let Phyllis praise,  
Not hazel myrtle worsts, not Phœbus' bays.

THYRSIS.

Ash most in woods, in gardens pine invites,  
By rivers poplar, fir on mountain heights:
Fair Lycidas, more oft be guest of mine;
And woodland ash excel, and garden pine.

MELIBŒUS.

I mind they strove, but Thyrsis vainly, thus;
Henceforth 'twas Corydon, 'twas Corydon for us!
ECLOGUE VIII.

DAMON, ALPHESIBŒUS.

Swains Damon how and Alphes’bœus play’d,
Whom the rapt heifer heard, nor cropped the blade
What time they strove; with wonder lynxes thrilled,
And streams entranced their wonted currents stilled;
How Damon play’d and Alphes’bœus, sing.
Thou who o’er broad Timavus’ rocks dost spring,
Or sweeps’th Illyrian coast; say, shall it be,
That seats of thine may find a bard in me?
Say, shall I e’er to the wide world impart
Thy strains, sole meet for Sophocean art?
My first, last patron, thou; the verse receive
Thyself didst claim, and round thy temples leave
’Mid conquering bays to creep, this ivy spray.
’Twas when the night’s dank shade had passed away,
And sweetest seems to herds the dewy blade,
Thus Damon, ’gainst a tapering olive stay’d:
Rise, Lucifer, lead on th’ auspicious morn;
While I, the sport of perjured Nisa’s scorn,
ECLOGUE VIII.

Still weep; and to the Gods, though conscious they
Have reck’d not, dying this last plaint convey.
Mænalian strains with me, my pipe, essay,
Shrill forest Mænalus and whispering pines
Has aye; aye lists he am’rous swains’ designs,
And Pan, from silent reeds who waked the lay.
Mænalian strains with me, my pipe, essay.
To Mopsus Nisa given! Swains, hope why bound?
With steeds now griffons mate; as years roll round,
Shall tim’rous does to drink with hounds repair.
Fresh torches, Mopsus, cut: the bride is there,
Strew nuts: from Æta Vesper hastes away.
Mænalian strains with me, my pipe, essay.
O, such your lord, while you all else deride,
Nor can that flute those goats of mine abide,
And shaggy brows, and tangled beard beside;
And deem no God heeds creatures of a day.
Mænalian strains with me, my pipe, essay.
You, in our crofts, a wee lass fruits bedew’d
A-gathering with your mother (I was guide) I view’d.
Then my twelfth year did first its hold maintain,
And I the branches from the ground could gain.
How view’d, how perished I, so fond the sway!
Mænalian strains, with me, my pipe, essay.
Now know I Love; him, on rude height of stone,
Tmaros or Rhodope or Nomads lone
Produce, of alien birth and other clay,
Mænalian strains, with me, my pipe, essay.
ECLOGUE VIII.

In children's blood, fell Love the mother drew
To stain her hands: yet mother, fierce were you:
Did she more rage, or he more guile betray?
The boy was base, you, mother, fierce were aye!
Mænalian strains, with me, my pipe, essay.
From sheep fly wolf; with golden fruitage glow
Hard oaks; on alder tree Narcissus blow;
Rich amber tamarisk rinds drop tearfully;
Owls vie with swains; an Orpheus Tityrus be
In woods, 'mid dolphins an Arion play.
Mænalian, strains with me, my pipe, essay.
All be one boundless sea! Ye woods, farewell!
Prone from yon beacon height, the billows swell,
I seek: his gift receive whose days are o'er.
No more Mænalian strains, my pipe, no more.
Thus Damon: Alphes'æus' answering strain
Pieri ans sing, we all, not all attain.
Bring water; fillets round the altars wind,
Rich vervains burn and frankincense refin'd,
While of my loved one 1, to turn the mind
With spells essay; now naught but charms we need.
From town, my charms, lead Daphnis, homeward lead
Charms can from heaven itself the moon estrange:
By charms Ulysses' band did Circe change:
Cold snake is burst by charmer in the mead.
From town, my charms, lead Daphnis, homeward lead.
About thee first, three threads of triple dye
I twist; then round these shrines, thine effigy.
Thrice draw; odd numbers with the God succeed.
From town, my charms, lead Daphnis, homeward lead.
Tints Amaryllis three thrice blent combine;
And say the while: "for Venus bands I twine."
From town, my charms, lead Daphnis, homeward lead.
As harder clay, and melting wax proceed
From one same fire; so Daphnis feel my sway!
Strew salt cake, burn in pitch this crackling bay.
Thus Daphnis I who burns me, burn indeed.
From town, my charms, lead Daphnis, homeward lead.
So Daphnis pine, as when of steer in quest
Faint heifer, that through wood and grove has pressed,
Sinks down on the green sedge, the stream beside,
And recks not of fast waning eventide:
So pine: nor I with balm of healing speed.
From town, my charms, lead Daphnis, homeward lead.
With me the false one left these spoils of yore,
Dear pledges! these I here, at entrance-door,
Yield Earth to thee; and Daphnis claim instead.
From town, my charms, lead Daphnis, homeward lead.
These herbs to me, and banes in Pontus chose,
Gave Mæris' self: much bane in Pontus grows.
Changed to a wolf by these, oft forests thread
I've Mæris seen, oft rouse from tombs the dead,
And bear to other soil the springing seed.
From town, my charms, lead Daphnis, homeward lead.
Coals Amaryllis forth, and in yon rill
Behind thee fling, nor turn; I Daphnis still
Shall reach; he naught or Gods or charms will heed.
From town, my charms, lead Daphnis, homeward lead.
See, how the altar grasps with fitful blaze
Coal self-lit (bode it good!) 'mid these delays!
There's something—Hylax too at th' entrance bays!
Heard we? or sooth to dream are lovers sain?
Daphnis from town is come, refrain, my charms, refrain.
ECLOGUE IX.

LYCIDAS, MÆRIS.

LYCIDAS.

Whither now, Mæris? To the town, this way?

MÆRIS.

O Lycidas, we've lived, with alien sway,
Till one (what ne'er we feared) our homestead's lord
Can say: "Mine these! old settlers, place afford."
We, with poor grace, but all to Chance must bend,
These kids to him, (bad luck go with them!) send.

LYCIDAS.

Sure, I had heard, from where yon hills to wane
Begin, and with faint slope to seek the plain,
Far as the stream, and beech with time-shorn head,
All thy Menalcas' lay to save had sped.
ECLOGUE IX.

MÆRIS.

Thou heard'st—the rumour this; yet so our lay
Speeds, Lycidas, mid war's alarms, as may
Chaonian doves, they deem, the eagle nigh.
And, but that all fresh contests to decry,
The hoding crow had warried, from holm oak sere.
Nor had thy Mœris, nor Menalcas' self been here.

LYCIDAS.

Breathes one so vile? What! do we scarce retain
Thyself, Menalcas, and thy soothing strain?
Who then would praise the Nymphs? the ground with
flow'rs
Bedeck? or clothe the rills with leafy bow'rs?
Who tune the lay, by stealth I heard thee sing,
When to my loved Am'ryllis journeying?
"These she-goats, Tityrus, short my absence, feed,
"And lead to drink, and, Tityrus, while you lead,
"Lest you the he-goat meet, he butts, beware."

MÆRIS.

Nay, that to Varus, an unfinished air:
"Thy name, O Varus, ours if Mantua be,
"So near Cremona, Mantua, woe is thee!
"The tuneful swans shall raise to heaven on high."
ECLOGUE IX.

LYCIDAS.

So may thy swarms Cyrnean yew trees fly;
So teem with milk, thy kine, onallows fed!
But do thy best: e'en me their vot'ry, bred
The Muses; songs are mine, and me too name
A bard, our shepherds, though I doubt my claim:
Nor mine for Varus yet or Cinna deem
Meet strains; 'mid shrill-toned swans, a goose I scream.

MÆRIS.

Such, Lycidas, my aim; I muse thus long
If to recall it—'twas no vulgar song:
"Come Galaty, can sport 'mid waves be found?
"Here blooms the spring, here, blent the streams around
"Earth strews her flowers: here, aspen white th' alcove
"O'erhangs; and vines weave shadows as they rove;
"Come; let mad surges lash the shores at will."

LYCIDAS.

What wasn't, as lone that clear night thou didst trill,
I heard? the words if caught, the air I mind.

MÆRIS.

"Why, Daphnis, olden signs to trace inclined?
"Wends Dionæan Cæsar's star its way'
"That star, 'neath which ripe crops shall dance; and aye
On sunny knolls the grape fresh tints assume.
"Graft, Daphnis, pears, which for thy sons unborn shall bloom."—
Age spares not reason's self! Oft I, when long,
Whole days yet mind a youth I charmed with song.
Now all those strains are lost. Voice Mæris too
Is failing; Mæris wolves were first to view;
But these full oft Menalças shall recite.

LYCIDAS.

Such fond excuses but desire invite.
Now rests for thee yon smooth expanse, and all
Of fitful breeze mark how the whispers fall.
Just midway we are come: Bianor's mound
Looms into view; here, where thick leaves around
Hinds strew, here, Mæris, let us trill the strain:
Here lay thy kids, we yet the town shall gain.
Or, if we fear lest night-fall rain forebode,
We'll onward, singing aye to cheer the road,
That singing we may go, I'll ease thee of thy load.

MÆRIS.

Cease, swain; of bus'ness heed we now the claim,
We better songs when he is come, shall frame.
ECLOGUE X.

GALLUS.

This my last labour, Arethusa, speed.
Brief strains, but which Lycoris' self may read,
My Gallus, (strains how grudge to Gallus?) craves.
So, when thou glid'st beneath Sicilian waves,
No briny Doris blend with thine, her stream!
Begin, our Gallus' loves the mournful theme,
The while these flat-nosed goats the saplings browse,
Nor sing we to the deaf; the woods each echo rouse.
What groves detained you, or what devious glade,
Ye Nymphs, when Gallus pined by love betray'd?
Nor did Parnassus' hence, nor Pindus' steep,
Nor did Aonian Aganippe keep.
Him e'en the bays, him tamarisks e'en bemoan;
Him, stretch'd beneath lorn cliff, the pine-clad cone
Of Mænalus, and chill Lycaeus' heights of stone.
The sheep stand round, nor view they us with shame,
Nor blush thou, bard divine, the flock to claim;
Adonis tended sheep, and he so fair!
ECLOGUE X.

The swain, and eke the tardy neatherds there,
And drench'd with wintry mast Menalcas hie:
All "whence this love?" demand; Apollo nigh:
"Why, Gallus, rave? Lycoris she who charms,
"Another seeks, 'mid snows and war's alarms."
Sylvanus came, with rustic honours crown'd,
Gay fennel waving, and tall lilies round.
And Pan, Arcadia's God: whom we descried,
With elder's blood-red juice, and vermil dyed:
"Why all this grief?" he said. "Love does not heed,
"Nor tears fell Love, nor rills the grassy mead,
"Nor sallow bees, nor sprouts the she-goats fill."
He said: "Yet this, Arcadians, ye shall trill,
Your heights among, of matchless lore possest
Arcadians! how my bones at peace might rest,
If but your flute sometime my loves would tell!
Would I had been of you, for you that fell
Of flock to me, or ripening grape the care.
Then mine if Phyllis or Amyntas were—
Whoe'er my flame (though dusk Amyntas' hue
The violets are black and bilberries too)
With me had lain on withes by vine o'erhung,
And Phyllis wreaths had twined, Amyntas sung.
Cool streams are here, Lycoris, meadows gay,
A grove: here I with thee could wile my life away.
Now thee mad love in ruthless War's domains,
'Mid gathering darts, and hostile ranks detains.
Thou far from home (would that to doubt were mine!
Ah cruel, Alpine snows, and frozen Rhine,
Without me view'st: ye frosts, to hurt forbear!
Those tender feet, ye icy causeways spare!
I'll hence, and songs erst tuned to Calchian strain,
Breathe through shrill pipe of the Sicilian swain;
Full sure, in woods, of beasts the resting place,
'Twere best to pine, and there my loves to trace
On saplings; ye with them, my loves, shall grow.
Meanwhile, with Nymphs to Mænalus I go,
Or hunt fierce boars; no frosts my course shall stay
When I with hounds Parthenian glades survey.
Now rocks, meseems, and crackling woods among,
I roam; the Parthian bow delights me strung:
For Cretan shafts, as if such balms could heal,
As if that God would learn for woes of man to feel!
Nor Dryads now, nor songs with wonted spell
Can charm, ye woodlands yet once more, farewell.
Not all our pains his fell resolve can shake;
Not if, 'mid frosts, at Hebrus thirst we slake,
Or dare Sithonian snows, from wintry skies:
Not if, where parched its rind on tall elm dies,
The Æthiop's flock we tend, 'neath Cancer's ray.
Love conquers all; then let us love obey."
This shall suffice your vot'ry to have sung,
As twining osiers, o'er the work he hung,
Ye Nine; ye Gallus will to heed dispose:
Gallus, for whom my love each hour so grows,
ECLOGUE X.

As sprouts the alder green in early spring.
Up! evening’s shadow suits not those who sing:
Now junipers grow rank, and crops decay:
Hence, sated goats, lo! Vesper, hence away.
Errata.

6th page 14th line for "scorn" read "corn."
37th do. 10th do. for "timrous" read "tim'rous."
— 20th line for "A gathering" read "A—gathering."
— 25th line for "height" read "heights"
38th do. 9th do. for "swains" read "swans"
— 13th do. for "billows" read "billows"
This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.