
ECLOGA I

MELIBOEVVS TITYRVVS

- 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 Meliboee, 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
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, Meliboee, 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.
verum haec tantum alias inter caput extulit urbes
quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi. 25
- M. Et quae tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi?

ECLOGUE I

MELIBEE TITYRVS

- M. You, Tityrus, under the spreading, sheltering beech,
Tune woodland musings on a delicate reed;
We flee our country's borders, our sweet fields,
Abandon home; you, lazing in the shade,
Make woods resound with lovely Amaryllis.
- T. O Melibee, a god grants us this peace—
A god to me forever, upon whose altar
A young lamb from our folds will often bleed.
He has allowed, you see, my herds to wander
And me to play as I will on shepherd's pipes.
- M. Not jealous, but amazed am I—our fields
Are everywhere in turmoil: look at me,
Sick, driving my goats, scarcely leading this one.
Here in thick hazels, laboring on bare rock,
She left the flock's one hope, her twins just born:
A curse well augured, had our wits not been
Blind to the oaks struck down by heaven above.
But that god, Tityrus—tell us who he is.
- T. The city they call Rome, my Melibee,
I like a fool thought like our own, where shepherds
Drive down the new-weaned offspring of their sheep.
Pups are like dogs, kids are like mother goats
I knew, and thus compared great things and small.
But she, among cities, holds her head aloft
As cypresses among the creeping shrubs.
- M. And what so made you want to visit Rome?

- 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,
non umquam gravis aere domum mihi dextra redibat. 35
- 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, Meliboeae, quotannis
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
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.

- T. Freedom, though late, looked kindly on this sluggard,
After my beard hung whitened for the shears;
Looked kind at last and came, long overdue.
This was when Amaryllis took me over
From Galatea, under whom I had
No care of property nor hope of freedom.
Though many a victim went forth from my folds
And rich cheese for the thankless town was pressed,
Never did hands come home heavy with coins.
- M. I wondered, maiden, why you called the gods,
Grieved and left apples hanging on the tree;
Tityrus was away. The pines, O Tityrus,
The streams, these very orchards called for you.
- T. What could I do? not leave my servitude
Nor meet such favorable gods elsewhere.
Here, Melibee, I saw that noble youth
For whom our altars smoke twelve times a year.
He gave his suppliant this oracle:
"Graze cattle as before, lads, breed your bulls."
- M. Lucky old man! your lands will then remain
Yours and enough for you, although bare rock
And slimy marsh reeds overspread the fields.
Strange forage won't invade your heavy ewes,
Nor foul diseases from a neighbor's flock.
Lucky old man! here by familiar streams
And hallowed springs you'll seek out cooling shade.
Here for you always, bees from the neighboring hedge,
Feeding on willow blossoms, will allure
To slumber soft with their sweet murmurings.
The hillside pruner will serenade the air;
Nor will the throaty pigeons, your dear care,
Nor turtledoves cease moaning in the elms.
- T. Sooner light-footed stags will graze in air,
The waves will strand their fish bare on the shore;
Sooner in exile, roaming frontiers unknown,
Will Gauls and Persians drink each other's streams,
Than shall *his* features slip out of our hearts.

- M. At nos hinc alii sitientis ibimus Afros,
 pars Scythiam et rapidum cretae veniemus Oaxen 65
 et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.
 en unquam 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, Meliboee, piros, pone ordine vitis.
 ite meae, felix quondam pecus, ite capellae.
 non ego vos posthac viridi proiectus in antro 75
 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
 castanae molles et pressi copia lactis;
 et iam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,
 maioresque cadunt altis de montibus umbrae.

 ECLOGA II

FORMOSVM pastor Corydon ardebat Alexin,
 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

- M. Ah, but we others leave for thirsty lands—
 Africa, Scythia, or Oxus' chalky waves,
 Or Britain, wholly cut off from the world.
 Shall I ever again, within my country's borders,
 With wonder see a turf-heaped cottage roof,
 My realm, at last, some modest ears of grain?
 Think of these fields in a soldier's cruel hands!
 These crops for foreigners! See how discord leaves
 Countrymen wretched: for *them* we've tilled and sown!
 Go graft your pear trees, Melibee, plant your vines!
 Go now, my goats; once happy flock, move on.
 No more shall I, stretched out in a cavern green,
 Watch you, far off, on brambly hillsides hang.
 I'll sing no songs, nor shepherd you when you
 Browse on the flowering shrubs and bitter willows.
- T. Still, you could take your rest with me tonight,
 Couched on green leaves: there will be apples ripe,
 Soft roasted chestnuts, plenty of pressed cheese.
 Already rooftops in the distance smoke,
 And lofty hills let fall their lengthening shade.

 ECLOGUE II

Corydon the shepherd burned for fair Alexis,
 His master's darling, and he hadn't a hope.
 The thick-set beeches, with their shady tops,
 Were his resort. There, by himself, with pointless
 Passion he rambled on to hills and woods.

"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 lustris,
 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
 cum placidum ventis staret mare. non ego Daphnin
 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
 capreoli, sparsis etiam nunc pellibus albo,
 bina die siccant ovis ubera; quos tibi servo.

"Cruel Alexis, don't you like my songs?
 Don't you pity me? Will you make me die at last?
 Now even cattle seek out shade and coolness,
 Green lizards hunt for shelter in a thornbush;
 Thestylis pounds thyme, garlic, and pungent herbs
 For reapers weary in the consuming heat.
 But with me shrill crickets, as I trace your steps
 Under the burning sun, sound through the trees.
 Better put up with Phyllis' moody rages
 Or haughty whims—better Menalcas,
 Tanned though he was and you all gleaming white.
 Don't, lovely boy, stake too much on complexion:
 White privets fade, dark blueberries are picked.
 You scorn me, never asking who I am—
 How rich in flocks, or flowing with snowy milk.
 A thousand lambs of mine roam Sicily's hills;
 Summer or winter, I'm never out of milk.
 I sing such songs as, when he called his herds,
 Amphion of Thebes on Attic Aracynthus.
 Nor am I ugly: once by the shore I saw
 Myself in the wind-calmed sea. I would not fear to
 Compete for you with Daphnis: mirrors don't lie.
 If only paltry woods and fields could please you!
 We would dwell in lowly cottages, shoot deer,
 Drive herds of goats with switches cut from greenwood.
 In the woods with me you'd learn to pipe like Pan—
 Pan taught us how to bind close-fitting reeds,
 Pan watches over sheep and shepherds both—
 And don't begrudge chafing your lips on reeds:
 Amyntas would do anything to learn.
 I have a well-joined pipe of hemlock stalks
 Of different lengths; Damoetas gave it to me
 Saying, as he died, 'Now you're its second master.'
 He spoke; that fool Amyntas writhed with envy.
 Also, a pair of wild kids which I found
 Deep in a valley, their skins still spotted white;
 They suck my she-goat dry; and they're for you.

THE SINGER OF THE *ECLOGUES*

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 suavibus herbis
 mollia luteola pingit vaccinia calta. 50
 ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala
 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,
 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?
 inuenies alium, si te hic fastidit, Alexin."

VIRGIL'S *ECLOGUES*

Thestylis often begs to take them from me—
 And so she shall, since all my gifts disgust you.
 Come hither, lovely boy: the Nymphs bring baskets
 Brimming with lilies; for you fair Naiads,
 Plucking bright poppy heads and violets dim,
 Will bind narcissus and flowers of fragrant dill;
 Then twining cinnamon and pleasant herbs,
 Brighten soft blueberries with marigolds.
 Myself, I'll gather quinces, young and downy,
 And chestnuts, which my Phyllis used to love;
 I'll toss in waxy plums and honor them too;
 And oh you laurels and you myrtles, I'll
 Pluck you together, to mingle sweetest smells.
 Corydon, you country boy! Alexis scorns
 Your gifts—nor could they match Iollas'.
 How could I, desperate wretch, want to unleash
 Tempests on flowers and boars on crystal springs?
 Who do you flee from, madman? Trojan Paris
 And gods too dwelt in woods. Let Pallas have
 Her citadels, and woods be our delight.
 Fierce lions hunt the wolf, the wolf the goat,
 The sportive goat seeks out the flowering shrub:
 So Corydon you: our pleasures draw us on.
 See bullocks drag home ploughshares hanging free;
 The shadows double as the sun declines;
 But love burns me: for how can love know bounds?
 Ah Corydon, what madness seizes you?
 Your elm tree's leafy, and its vine half-pruned.
 At least do something useful: supple twigs
 Are ready to be woven with soft rushes.
 You'll find another lad, if this one's cold."

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 Neeram
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,
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

ECLOGUE III

MENALCAS DAMOETAS PALAEMON

- M. Say, whose flock's that, Damoetas? Melibee's?
D. No, Aegon's—he's put me in charge of it.
M. Poor sheep, unlucky all the time! While he
Cuddles Neara and fears she favors me,
This hireling drains the ewes twice every hour,
Steals the lambs' milk and dries up the whole flock.
D. Watch what you say, when you're accusing men!
I know what you (the he-goats looked askance)
Did in the shrine—but the merry nymphs all laughed.
M. No doubt when they saw *me* hack Micon's trees
And take a wicked scythe to his young vines.
D. Or here, by the aged beeches, when you broke
Daphnis' bow and arrows—gifts to the lad
Which, when you saw, you pervert, broke your heart:
You'd have rather died than let them go unharmed.
M. What can lords do, when thieves so greatly dare?
Did I not see you, scum, sneak up to catch
Damon's best goat, while Lowder barked his head off?
And when I shouted, "Where's he dashing off?
Tityrus, gather the flock!" you skulked in the reeds.
D. Oughtn't he, bested in song, have handed over
The goat, which my melodious pipe had won?
In case you don't know, that goat was mine, and Damon
Admitted it, but said he couldn't pay.
M. You beat him singing? Whenever did panpipes
Belong to you?—street-corner bard, whose skill's to

- 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.
- M. De grege non ausim quicquam deponere tecum: est mihi namque domi pater, est iniusta noverca, bisque die numerant ambo pecus, alter et haedos. 35
verum, id quod multo tute ipse fatebere maius (insanire libet quoniam tibi), pocula ponam fagina, caelatum divini opus Alcimedontis, lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis diffusos hedera vestit pallente corymbos. 40
in medio duo signa, Conon et—quis fuit alter, 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
Orpheaue 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 vocaris. audiat haec tantum—vel qui venit ecce Palaemon. 50
efficiam posthac ne quemquam voce lacessas.
- 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 arbos, nunc frondent silvae, nunc formosissimus annus. incipe, 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.
- M. Et me Phoebus amat; Phoebo sua semper apud me munera sunt, lauri et suave rubens hyacinthus.

- Murder on scrannel straw a wretched song.
- D. Then how about trying what we two can do Singing by turns? This heifer, with udder full Enough for double milkings plus two calves, Is my stake. What will you put on the line?
- M. I daren't wager any of my herd: Father and my mean step-mother at home Count the flock twice a day and check the kids. I'll stake what you'll admit is greater far (Since you're so mad to compete), two beechwood cups; The carving's Alcimede's inspired work: A creeping vine, tooled with a master's ease, Cloaks in pale ivy clusters richly spread. In the midst are Conon and—who was that other? His rod marked out the heavens for mankind, What seasons reapers and bowed ploughmen keep. They're stored away—my lips have not yet touched them.
- D. For me too Alcimede made a pair of cups. The handles he entwined with soft acanthus, In the midst set Orpheus and obedient trees. They're stored away—my lips have not yet touched them. Look at the heifer and you won't praise the cups.
- M. No wriggling out of this: you call, I'll come. Now for a judge . . . why, here's Palaemon coming. I'll see you challenge no one after this.
- D. Go on then, if you've something: I avoid No one, nor drag my feet; but, friend Palaemon, Hear this—no trifle—with your inner ear.
- P. Speak out, since we are couched on yielding grass. Now burgeons every field and every tree; Woods show their leaves this loveliest time of year. Begin, Damoetas, follow then, Menalcas: Recite that answering verse the Muses love.
- D. Muses, begin with Jove, the omnipresent: Lands he sustains; my songs are his concern.
- M. Phoebus loves me, I've always gifts for him— Laurel and sweetly blushing hyacinth.

THE SINGER OF THE ECLOGUES

- 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 congersere 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
- 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 vestro. 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.
- M. Qui Bavium 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

VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES

- D. My Galatea's sexy: throws an apple,
Runs to the willows, hopes I've seen her first.
- M. My flame Amyntas comes to me unsought;
Not even Delia do my hounds know better.
- D. My Venus' gifts are ready, for I've marked
The spot, high up, where nesting pigeons flock.
- M. I've sent my lad what I could—ten golden apples
Picked in the woods; I'll send ten more tomorrow.
- D. What words! how oft! has Galatea spoken!
Some part, you winds, convey to ears divine!
- M. What matter that you scorn me not, Amyntas,
If I tend nets, while you pursue the boar?
- D. Send Phyllis: it's my birthday, Iollas.
When I slay a calf at harvest, come yourself.
- M. Phyllis I love: she wept to see me go,
Said, Iollas, "Adieu, adieu, fair lad."
- D. A bane are wolves to folds, rain to ripe crops,
Winds to the trees, to me Alcippe's wrath.
- M. To seedlings moisture's sweet, shrubs to weaned kids,
Willows to pregnant goats, to me Amyntas.
- D. Pollio loves my simple country muse:
Pierides, feed a heifer for your reader.
- M. And Pollio writes new poems: feed a bull,
Already butting and kicking up the sand.
- D. Who loves you, Pollio, may he enjoy like fame;
For him let honey flow, wild thorns bear spice.
- M. Who loathes not Bavius, Maevius, loves your poems:
He'd harness foxes and milk billy-goats.
- D. Who gather flowers and berries sprung from the soil,
Flee, lads, a cold—flee!—snake hides in the grass.
- M. Don't go too far, you sheep: the banks cannot
Be trusted: the ram's still drying out his fleece.
- D. Tityrus, keep browsing goats away from streams:
When the time is right, I'll wash them in a spring.
- M. Fold the sheep, lads: if sun gets to their milk,
The way it did, we'll stroke their dugs in vain.
- D. Alas, my bull is thin amidst thick vetch!

THE SINGER OF THE *ECLOGUES*

- idem amor exitium pecori pecorisque magistro.
M. His certe neque amor causa est; vix ossibus haerent.
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
aut metuet dulcis aut experietur amaros. 110
claudite iam rivos, pueri; sat prata biberunt.

ECLOGA IV

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

VIRGIL'S *ECLOGUES*

- Love is the death of herd and herdsman both.
M. Love's not the cause why these are skin and bones:
Some evil eye has bewitched my tender lambs.
D. Say in what lands—you'll be my great Apollo—
The heavenly vault extends not three arms' length.
M. Say in what lands bloom flowers inscribed with woe
And names of kings; then Phyllis will be yours.
P. It's not for me to settle such a contest.
You each deserve a heifer—as do all
Who fear love's sweets or taste its bitter woes.
Shut off the streams; the fields have drunk enough.

ECLOGUE IV

Sicilian muse, let's sing a nobler song:
Low shrubs and orchards do not always please;
Let us sing woods to dignify a consul.
The last great age the Sibyl's song foretold
Rolls round: the centuries are born anew!
The Maid returns, old Saturn's reign returns,
Offspring of heaven, a hero's race descends.
Now as the babe is born, with whom iron men
Shall cease, and golden men spread through the world,
Bless him, chaste goddess: now your Apollo reigns.
This age's glory and the mighty months
Begin their courses, Pollio, with you
As consul, and all traces of our crimes
Annulled release earth from continual fear.