

THE ECLOGUES TO PERFORM & READ

FIRST – MELIBŒUS & TITYRUS {NEW GOD AT ROME}

CHARACTERS [SPEAKING / Named Only or Background]

MELIBŒUS, *cued by V[irgil] as emotive & eloquent – outspoken – pushed from fatherland, farm, & leisurely interludes of watching goats graze while he lay & sang in a green bower.*

STORY: saw oaks struck by lightning but failed to understand the sign, now forced to flee & leave his home farm to Godless barbarian soldier.

CRAFT: singer but silenced & seer-bard (old Latin vates, p. 61) that failed to understand new signs– hence in V's mind representing end of potential for Roman epos as traditionally framed.

CLUES: name rooted in Greek 'honey-song-cry', not in bucolic epos of Th[eocritus] but linked by old commentary to tragic myth as farmer (georgos) who reared Oedipous.

TITYRUS, *elderly slave (freedman?), grazer of sheep & cattle – lying in shade to sing of happy love for Amarýllis.*

STORY: in old age freed of wrong love; wanting to get free of slavery too set out for Rome where saw a new GOD & heard his oracle that ordered return to work 'as before' with more output.

CRAFT: player on pan pipe, singer, interprets oracle, so successful seer-bard (old Latin vates, p. 61) – hence in V's mind representing ambition to adapt old Greek bucolic for new myth at Rome – program implied by the oracle, 'as before but more'.

CLUES: name in Greek a nickname translatable as 'Buck, Satyr, Dick'; a figure promoted to foreground from Th's background – one Tityros left to herd while Goatherd courted Amarýllis (id. 3); another Tityros to sing about oxherd's (Daphnis') fatal love & about goatherd lying in shade (id. 7).

GOD AT ROME, *framed by V as power securing a bucolic range imagined as owing Roman religious duty – monthly payback by sacrificing tender (vulnerable/delectable) home grown lamb.*

CLUES: puts positive spin on Caesar Octavian & gives V new mythic frame for epos with hint of cost – no similar deity & no obligation to pay out sacrifice in Th.

Godless Soldier, Barbarian, *taking over carefully cultivated farm property of citizen MELIBŒUS & framed by V as extreme other – opposite of GOD AT ROME & Roman citizenry.*

CLUES: troops blamed but not their leader, Caesar Octavian, who took property to pay his army after 42 BCE – in Th no such disruptive military force & loss of social order & economic base.

Amarýllis, *current – affectionate – lady love of TITYRUS.*

CLUES: name in Greek means 'sparkling'; figure portrayed by Th as dead (id. 4) or hidden in cave & rejecting courtship from Goatherd while Tityros watched goats (id. 3) – further clue that V's new bucolic improves on situations in Th.

Galatéa, *former – rejecting & greedy – lady love of TITYRUS.*

CLUES: name in Greek means 'milky', sea nymph flirting (id. 6) or elusive (id. 11) – emblematic of Th's version of bucolic now put behind.

SCENE

Lone, broad-spreading beech hemmed in by flowering sonorous hedge & rocky pasture ranged by cows with room for sheep folds: edged by lofty crag with view across a valley with farm dwellings to far horizon of blue hills.

CUES

MELIBŒUS *enters right, spots TITYRUS on stage laid back: abruptly stops & points with gestures cued by 'you' / 'we' – pronouns marking contrast between the two in dialogue on-stage. TITYRUS in reply takes cue from 'that one, his, he' – pronouns that point upwards to a third person, the figure of the GOD posted on the upper platform & crowned to suggest divinity (or, if circumstances dictate, gesture can point to Caesar Octavian in front row).*

ME ¹⁴⁷	Tityrus, you – lying back beneath a broad beech lid – ¹⁴⁸ are working up a wildwood muse with a meager oat. ¹⁴⁹ We are leaving our fathers' borders – lands once sweet to plow: ¹⁵⁰ our fatherland we flee. You, Tityrus, limber in shade ¹⁵¹ are teaching woods to echo “well-formed Amaryllis.” ¹⁵²	1 5
TI	O Melibœus, a god it was who made us this repose, ¹⁵³ for that one always will be a god to me – his altar often stained by our own sheep folds' tender lamb. He let my cows range round, as you discern, & me myself, whatever I wanted, play with farmfield reed. ¹⁵⁴	6 10
ME ¹⁵⁵	Not I to envy; staring more – there's distress so far ¹⁵⁶ all over fields entire. Myself, look, nanny-goats ¹⁵⁷ I'm pushing, anxious. This one, Tityrus, scarcely draw, ¹⁵⁸ for just now here among thick hazels, straining hard to give them birth, she left twin kids – troop's hope – on naked flint. ¹⁵⁹ This evil, if my mind had not been jinxed, I see that often – struck by bolts from heaven – oaks foretold. ¹⁶⁰ But still, what sort of god you've got, do, Tityrus, tell.	11 18
TI ¹⁶¹	The city Rome they declare, Melibœus, I used to reckon ¹⁶² like to ours (the more fool I), for which we grazers ¹⁶³ often do wean tender nurslings from our sheep. ¹⁶⁴ As pups alike to dogs I'd known, as kids alike ¹⁶⁵ to mothers, so I did put together with little great. But Rome mid other cities has raised its head as high as cypresses raise theirs mid limber flowering shrubs. ¹⁶⁶	19 25
ME	What so great cause was there for you to be seeing Rome? ¹⁶⁷	26
TI	Freedom, if rather late, since art I'd lacked, looked back, ¹⁶⁸ after my beard was falling whiter when I sheared, yet did look back at last & came a long time after – once Amaryllis has me – left by Galathea. ¹⁶⁹ In fact, for I'll confess, while Galathea kept me, no hope was there of freedom nor care about my stash. ¹⁷⁰ However many a fattened victim left my pens for sale & cheese got pressed in molds for a thankless city, never heavy with cash did my right hand get home.	27 35
ME	I stared at why, Amaryllis, gloomy, you called gods, for whom left fruit to dangle each from its own tree. Hence Tityrus was gone. Themselves, you, Tityrus, pines,	36

	themselves the springs, themselves these trees kept calling. ¹⁷¹	39
<i>Ti</i>	How was I to make out? For nowhere else could I ¹⁷² get out of slavery or get to know such powerful gods. Here I saw that youth, Melibœus, for whom each year ¹⁷³ on twice six days our offerings send up smoke. Here to me seeking he first gave prophetic echo: ¹⁷⁴	40 44
<i>GO</i> ¹⁷⁵	“Graze your cows, boys, as before. Send up your bulls.”	45
<i>ME</i> ¹⁷⁶	Lucky oldster, therefore yours your countryside ¹⁷⁷ will stay & great enough for you: though naked rock ¹⁷⁸ & marsh with muddy rush draw shut your pasture all: ¹⁷⁹ no foreign feed will trouble ewes – for nursing heavy ¹⁸⁰ – nor evil contact from a neighboring stock do hurt.	46 50
	Lucky oldster, here among the streams you know ¹⁸¹ & holy springs you’ll seek to take the darkling cold. Hence, as always, from its nearby hedge your croft ¹⁸² – its willow flower grazed down by Hyblan bees – will often with light whispering soothe in sleep. Hence under lofty crag will leafer sing to breeze ¹⁸³ nor all the while will throaty pigeons, your concern, nor doves let up their moaning from the soaring elm.	51 58
<i>Ti</i>	Sooner thus will deer – grown light – graze upper air, ¹⁸⁴ & straits abandon fishes – naked – on the shores; sooner as exiles – ranged beyond each other’s bounds – will Parthian drink Saone or German drink of Tigris, ¹⁸⁵ than from our heart will that one’s visage slip away.	59 63
<i>ME</i> ¹⁸⁶	But we from here will go – some part to thirsty Africa, some to Scythia & Oáxes snatching silt & Britain deeply from the globe entire cut off. ¹⁸⁷ Look, ever – a long time after – will I stare at fatherland bounds & paltry roof lid’s peak with turf piled up – my kingdoms seeing after some summers’ ears. ¹⁸⁸ Will godless soldier get these fallows so well cared, ¹⁸⁹ barbarian these crop-lands? Look, to what point discord’s drawn ¹⁹⁰ us citizens wretched forth. For these did we sow fields? Graft now your pears, Melibœus; put on row your vines. ¹⁹¹ Get on, once nursing herd, my nanny goats, get on. ¹⁹² Not after this will I – relaxed in a verdant bower – see you far off there dangle down from a shrubby crag. No more will I sing songs. Not with me as grazer, ¹⁹³ nannies, will you pluck clover flower & bitter willow.	64 69 70 73 74 78
<i>Ti</i> ¹⁹⁴	Here, however, you with me at least this night ¹⁹⁵ could rest on verdant leafage. We have ripened fruit & chestnuts soft & milk stored up compact in molds; & now far off the topmost peaks of farmsteads smoke ¹⁹⁶	79

& greater – down from lofty hills – the shadows fall.

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SECOND — FRAMER {CORYDON'S VAIN (EROTIC-VATIC) REACH}

CHARACTERS [SPEAKING / Named Only or Background]

FRAMER, *cued by V as reporting with urbane detachment a full rural scene where farmers perform their regular georgic work but grazer CORYDON roams & burns with love for his master's pet slave boy.*

STORY: *in this blended bucolic-georgic range (cf.¹⁹⁷ peaceful close, [ecl. 1]) action will get caused here again by force though not of Rome but love.*

CLUES: *V puts this frame together (composes) with motifs drawn & varied from the previous eclogue (cf. ecl. 1). Th too framed songs by others in his own voice (idd. 6, 11).*

CORYDON, *cued by V as emotive slave, grazer of sheep & goats, neglecting work of pasture & farm for love of Aléxis – a recent obsession, since once loved Amaráyllis [2.14].*

STORY: *singing fails to charm desired boy, so singer finally turns mind back to winter farm chores left neglected because of love.*

CRAFT: *honored with legacy of well-made pipe, also represented as a singer as eloquent in reach for distant love as was MELIBÉUS protesting loss of georgic & civic home.*

CLUES: *frustrated love for 'well-formed' boy contrasts with satisfied love for 'well-formed' Amaráyllis [1.5] & with various love of monster shepherd Polyphémus for Galateía (idd. 6, 11), that offered prequel to Homer (Od. 9) – also comparisons with bucolic-tragic & bucolic-heroic figures..*

DAMÉTAS, *old master who bequeathed precious pipe to CORYDON.*

CLUES: *represented as bucolic authority for V's version of bucolic range, thus complements Roman authority from god [1.45] – legacy a hint of challenge, cf. song by Damoitas (id. 6) challenging Homer (Od. 9).*

Aléxis, *owner's pet boy whom CORYDON fails to charm with song – object desired beyond bucolic reach, so provoking stretch for higher & more distant range.*

Amaráyllis, *neighbor girl – ill-tempered so unlike the beloved of Ti (ecl. 1) but more available than Aléxis, so still more valuable than the unavailable female in Th (idd. 3 & 4).*

Amýntas, *neighbor boy who courts CORYDON in vain.*

Daphnis, *grazer whose good-looks CORYDON thinks he can match.*

CLUES: *Daphnis leading oxherd & singer (idd. 1, 6) so boast hints that V's bucolic may even surpass Th.*

Ióllas, *rivals CORYDON for Aléxis' love (so meant as master & owner of both slaves?).*

Menálcas, *neighbor boy, more homely & dark – from sun while working outside? – than house slave Aléxis.*

Nymph, *Spring-nymph (Naïs, Naiad), local divinity of pools & springs.*

Pallas, *Athena, cited as founder of cities that the bucolic lover scorns.*

Pan, *god here identified as first to invent panpipe from reeds.*

Théstylis, *neighbor girl, courts CORYDON & makes farm-workers salad.*

SCENE

Bucolic-georgic range like the peaceful blend at close of eclogue one – not one broad beech but many – close together, spindly, tall – near sunny fields where farmers plow. Time span from hot midday to cooling dusk.

CUES

After brief musical interlude, actor that played the God still in place above doffs divine regalia & like a tragic prologue sets scene & describes dilemma & style about to unfold on stage below that represents the blended bucolic-georgic range. Then player of Melibœus dons mask of youth, strips to slave tunic, & performs on cues for gesture & footing signaled by shifts between ‘oh’ & ‘ah’ & apostrophes pointing the finger by abrupt & exaggerated turns now to the absent boy & now to himself.

¹⁹⁸ FR	Grazer Córydon burned with love for well-formed Aléxis, ¹⁹⁹	1
	darling of their owner, nor had anything to hope.	
	Only through a thick beech grove with shady tops ²⁰⁰	
	he kept on coming. There alone he used to flaunt	
	these unsettled songs with futile zeal to hills & woods. ²⁰¹	5
FR{CO ²⁰²	O cruel Aléxis, nothing care you for my songs? ²⁰³	6
	For us no pity feel? Do you push me, then, to die? ²⁰⁴	
	Now even stock is seeking to take the shade & cold.	
	Now verdant lizards too hide out in thorny brakes	
	& Théstylis is crushing thyme & garlic – tangy	
	herbs – for reapers wearied by the snatching heat. ²⁰⁵	
	But woods along with me with throaty locusts echo	
	while I beneath the burning sun your traces scour.	13
	Wouldn’t it rather have been enough to bear Amarýllis’ ²⁰⁶	14
	gloomy wrath & haughty scorn? Or bear Menálcas –	
	dark however he is, you how gleaming white?	
	O well-formed boy, don’t place your trust too much in hue.	
	White privet flowers drop off, dark hyacinths get picked. ²⁰⁷	18
	Yet I’m despised by you. You don’t search out my sort –	19
	how rich in sheep or how awash in snowy milk.	
	A thousand lambs of mine are ranging Sicily’s hills;	
	milk I’ve got in summer fresh & winter too. ²⁰⁸	
	I chant ²⁰⁹ what Amphiôn would, whenever he called livestock, ²¹⁰	
	Amphiôn styled Dircéan on Actæon’s Aracýnthus; ²¹¹	
	& I’m not so ill-formed, I saw myself just now at the shore, ²¹²	
	when calm from winds the sea stood still. Not I would Daphnis	
	fear (though you were judge), if copies never trick. ²¹³	27

O, might it only please you in paltry countryside 28
 to dwell with me in groundling huts & go shoot deer²¹⁴
 & push with verdant mallow twig my troop of kids!²¹⁵
 Along with me in woods you'll mimic Pan in singing²¹⁶
 (Pan first to join together several reeds with wax²¹⁷
 arranged. Pan cares for sheep & for sheep's masters)
 nor should it shame you with reed to rub your little lip. 34
 These same things to know, what didn't Amýntas do? 35
 I own – composed of seven unequal hemlock stalks –
 a pan-pipe, which in gift Damóetas gave me once
 while dying & declared: "Now this one has you next."²¹⁸
 Declared Damóetas. Foolish with envy Amýntas looked. 39
 Besides, a duo that I found in a tricky valley – 40
 little wild bucks, hides still sprinkled now with white –
 that dry two ewe's teats daily: them I keep for you.
 To get them from me Théstylis long since appeals;
 & she will yet, since paltry you find gifts from us. 44
²¹⁹ Down here come, well-formed boy. For you, look, nymphs bring lilies²²⁰ 45
 in basketfuls. A spring-nymph gleaming bright, while plucking
 you pale violets & poppies' topmost heads,
 narcissus yokes with flower of sweetly tangy dill.²²¹
 Then weaving in wild cinnamon & other soothing herbs
 she paints soft hyacinths with yellow marigolds.
 Myself will pick out peaches hoary with tender down²²²
 & chestnut kernels that my Amarállis loved.
 I'll add on waxy plums – for this fruit honor too –²²³
 & laurels, you I'll pluck & you beside them, myrtle,
 since set in this way you will mingle soothing scents. 55
 Córydon, you're country. Aléxis doesn't care for gifts,²²⁴ 56
 nor, if with gifts you'd challenge, would Íollas concede.²²⁵
 Woe! Woe! What have I wished me, wretched? Lost, I've sent
 hot southern wind to flowers & boars to limpid springs. 59
 Whom do you flee, ah, mindless? Gods as well have dwelt²²⁶ 60
 in woods & Trojan Paris.²²⁷ Pallas herself let care
 for citadels she set. Let woods before all else please us!²²⁸
 Grim lioness after wolf; himself wolf after nanny;

	gamy nanny chases after flowering clover,	
	Córydon after you. Their own pleasure pulls each one. ²²⁹	65
	Look how bullocks bring back plows hung down from yokes	66
	& sun the growing shadows doubles as it goes. ²³⁰	
231	Yet me love burns: what measure would there be for love?	68
	A Córydon, Córydon, what mindlessness has taken you off? ²³²	69
	Your vine's half-reckoned with, leafy, not yet pruned on its elm. ²³³	
	Why don't you rather at least prepare to finish weaving	
	something use requires from withies & soft rush? ²³⁴	
	You will find, if this one scorns you, another Aléxis.	73

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THIRD – MENALCAS & DAMĒTAS {PALĒMON <MUTUAL EROTIC-VATIC BUILD-UP>}

CHARACTERS [SPEAKING / Named Only or Background]

MENÁLCAS, young owner of cattle, sheep, kids, but not in charge.

STORY: gossipy lover of boy & girl & song, nosy neighbor.

*CRAFT: via Conon & Phœbus (aka Apollo, one of gods used in propaganda by Caesar Octavian) –
astronomic & prophetic – competes in riddling contest like old seer-bards (vates, p. 61).*

*CLUES: name recalls herder rated less attractive than the desired boy (ecl. 2), hence prompts us to try to
discern similarity & difference; also used by one of the bucolic poets who followed Th.*

DAMĒTAS, hired hand (slave?) looks after others' cattle, sheep, goats.

STORY: gossipy lover of girls – rustles livestock, gets into singing matches.

*CRAFT: claims goat as prize for singing contest (hint of origin of tragedy); competes in riddling contest
like old seer-bards (vates, p. 61); linked too with powerful singing via Orpheus & Jove (i.e.
Jupiter, ruler of gods & used in propaganda of Caesar Octavian).*

*CLUES: name recalls dead master & metaphor of inheritance in poetic tradition (ecl. 2), thus provokes
more queries about similarity & difference – does V imagine a time prior to previous eclogue, a
prequel, in manner of Th who imagined the Cyclops as youthful at a time before that recounted by
Hom? But would such a retreat in time harmonize with hint of maturing in figure of MENALCAS?*

PALĒMON, neighbor with Greek name but familiar with old Latin Muses (Camenæ).

STORY: happens onto squabble, gets warned to pay close heed.

*CRAFT: attuned to Caménæ (Latin Muses, p. 61), so rooted in Italian countryside & claims to demand the
kind of song they love – shifting back & forth between singers – a form however that recalls the
exchanges of speech in Greek epos – both bucolic (Th) & heroic (Hom).*

Ægon, off making nice with Neáira, so she won't prefer MENÁLCAS, left his sheep for DAMĒTAS to keep.

CLUES: in Th was owner who left flock to another's care while off to get glory in Olympic games (id. 4).

*Alcímedon, craftsman of cups divinely carved from beech wood that depict Conon – astronomer in court of
Alexandria (c3 BCE) – & Orpheus – mythic poet of power to move nature.*

Amýntas, boy loved by MENÁLCAS, though was name of would-be lover scorned by CORYDON (ecl. 2).

Amarýllis, one of the flirts of DAMĒTAS (cf. ecll. 2 & 1).

Bávius & Máevius, *city poets deserving scorn.*
 Caménae, *nymphs of a spring just outside Rome – invoked in first Roman literature as native Latin powers in place of Greek Muses (cf. p. 61). Invoking them here, V claims to recover old poetics for new myth.*
 Damon, *lost goat in contest with DAMÉTAS but would not pay.*
 Daphnis, *hunter with reeds made into arrows not pipe (cf. beauty, ecl. 2).*
 Galatéa, *flirts with DAMÉTAS – prior, wasteful love to TÍTYRUS [1.30, 31].*
 Íollas, *rival for love of Phyllis – owner? (ecl. 2).*
 Melibéus, *known to speakers yet not owner of this flock: hint of time prior – prequel – to the first eclogue?*
 Micon, *owner? keeper? of vineyard (georgic range) vandalized by DAMÉTAS.*
 Phyllis, *girl loved by Íollas & DAMÉTAS.*
 Póllio, *city poet – lover of bucolic muse & maker of tragedies (cf. goat song of DAMÉTAS).*
 Tityrus, *just a grazer of goats, not sheep & cattle – another hint of a prequel to first eclogue?*

SCENE

Spring countryside blending georgic fields & bucolic woods.
Grassy plot for sitting close to ancient beech trees & vineyard of Micon.

CUES

Short musical riff as Framer, who reacted to Corydon's restless shifts with sweeps of arms & pointing hands, withdraws. Meanwhile the player of Tityrus – donning the mask of a middle aged man – advances to play DAMÉTAS. His approach provokes the figure still on stage: reflective Córydon suddenly turns into inquisitive & possessive MENÁLCAS, sparks insults that build until the ruckus attracts the former Framer now dressed in a farmer's broad hat who ushers all to sit on grass for orderly & symmetrical but still snappy trade in songs.

<i>MN</i> ²³⁵	Declare me, Damcétas, whom's herd? Melibéus's? ²³⁶	1
<i>DA</i>	No, really Ægon's; Ægon handed me it just now.	
<i>MN</i>	You sheep, as always, malnursed herd: while he himself ²³⁷ feels up Neaira, fearing she'll like me not him, right here an outcast keeper twice an hour milks ewes – its sap from the herd gets drawn below, their life from lambs.	6
<i>DA</i>	A bit more sparely (mind!) toss manly men that talk. We know who did it to you,(while billy-goats crossed their eyes) & in what shrine (but – making it happen – Nymphs just laughed).	7
<i>MN</i>	That was then, I suppose, when me they saw hack down with an evil hook poor Micon's trees with fresh-grown vines. ²³⁸	
<i>DA</i>	Or here beside the ancient beeches when you shattered ²³⁹ Daphnis' bow & arrow reeds, which, mean Menálcas, ²⁴⁰ you when seeing given the boy, not only grieved but, if you had not somehow harmed, you would have died.	15
<i>MN</i>	What should owners do, when thieves dare try for such? Did I not see you, rascal, plot to steal his buck away from Damon, even though Wolfie barked & barked? & when I shouted, 'Where's that fellow sneaking to? Tityrus, push your troop!', you lurked behind the sedge.	16 20
<i>DA</i>	Though I beat him in chanting, he wasn't going to pay ²⁴¹	21

	the billygoat my pan-pipe earned by making songs. ²⁴²	
	If you don't know, that goat was mine: as much to me did Damon himself confess, but said he couldn't pay.	
<i>MN</i>	You beat him with music? When ever did you possess a pipe well-yoked with beeswax? Didn't you used to strew ²⁴³ your wretched song in sleazy streets with shrieking straw. ²⁴⁴	27
<i>DA</i>	So don't you want us then to try in turns what each can do? So you will not beg off, I stake this youngish cow – she fills the milk pail twice, her udder feeds two calves. Declare with what pledge though you'd challenge me. ²⁴⁵	28 31
<i>MN</i>	Nothing from the troop would I dare stake with you. At home there's father, there's his fresh & nasty wife: two times a day both count the herd, he even kids. But that which you'll yourself confess by much the greater (since this craze amuses you), I will stake cups of beechwood made, divine Alcimedon's chiseled work, ²⁴⁶ where a limber vine – inscribed above by making lathe – with ivy growing green its stragglng clusters garbs: mid-point two figures: Conon & who was the other – ²⁴⁷ that with his measuring rod for peoples marked the globe ²⁴⁸ entire – what times the reapers, what bent plowmen have. ²⁴⁹	32 34 35
	Nor yet have I set lips to them, but keep them stored.	42
<i>DA</i>	Two cups the same Alcimedon likewise made for me & folded all their handles round with soft bearsbreech ²⁵⁰ & Orpheus set mid-point & woods going after him, ²⁵¹ nor yet have I set lips to them, but keep them stored. Yet if you still look to the cow, no use that you praise cups.	43 48
<i>MN</i>	Not today will you get off; I'll come wherever you call. Let hear this only ... Well?... Who's coming? Look, Palémon. I'll make it so that you bait no one else with talk.	49
<i>DA</i>	So push, if you've got anything. Delay from me there's none. ²⁵² I flee from no one. Only, neighbor Palémon, put these things – no little matter – back in your deepest mind.	54
<i>PA</i> ²⁵³	Declare since we've sat down together on forage soft. ²⁵⁴ & now all fields, now all the trees are giving birth, ²⁵⁵ now woods are leafing out, the year's now most well-formed. ²⁵⁶ Take up, Damóetas; you from there, Menálcas, go. ²⁵⁷ In shifts declare: in shifts Caménæ love their songs. ²⁵⁸	55 59
<i>DA</i> ²⁵⁹	From Jove our Muse first took: all are full of Jove. ²⁶⁰ He takes care of lands. My songs are his concern. ²⁶¹	[4] 60
<i>MN</i>	But me Phœbus loves; for Phœbus always I've his gifts on hand of laurel & hyacinth's soothing blush. ²⁶²	63
<i>DA</i> ²⁶³	With an apple Galatéa seeks me – gamy girl – ²⁶⁴	[12] 64

- & flees to willows, yet desires getting seen before.
- MN* Amýntas, my fire, volunteers himself to me,
so Délia soon to our dogs will not get better known.
- DA* For my Venus I've got gifts, since I myself marked out
the place where soaring pigeons heaped together a nest.
- MN* Whatever I could, I sent the boy – picked from a wildwood
tree, ten apples, golden: others tomorrow I will.²⁶⁵
- DA* O how often & what to me has Galatéea uttered!
Winds, some part to the ears of the gods may you bear back!²⁶⁶
- MN* What good that you at heart, Amýntas, don't spurn me,
if, while you go after boars, I tend the nets?²⁶⁷ 75
- DA*²⁶⁸ To me send Phyllis; the birthday party's mine, Ióllas. [8] 76
When I kill a youngish cow for harvest, come yourself.
- MN* "Phyllis I love before others; for when I left she wept
& long said, 'Well-formed Ióllas, fare you well! Fare well!'"
- DA* Gloomy is wolf for stalls, for ripened harvests rains,²⁶⁹
for trees the winds, for us the wrath of Amarýllis.
- MN* Sweet for plantings moisture, arbutus for kids when weaned,
limber willow for nursing herd, for me Amýntas. 83
- DA*²⁷⁰ Póllio loves our Muse, however countrified; [8] 84
Píerian Muses graze your reader a youngish cow.²⁷¹
- MN* Póllio makes fresh songs himself too; graze a bull
that soon would seek with his horn & scatter sand with his feet.²⁷²
- DA* Where he delights you've come, let who loves you, Póllio, come!²⁷³
for him let honey flow, harsh bramble bear sweet balm.²⁷⁴
- MN* Who hates not Bávius, let him, Máevius, love your songs;
& foxes let him likewise yoke & milk he-goats. 91
- DA*²⁷⁵ Boys that pick the flowers & berries near ground growing,²⁷⁶ [12] 92
oh!, flee from here where cold in the forage lurks a snake.
- MN* Spare, sheep, to march too far: the river bank's not rightly
trusted; even your ram himself now dries his fleece.
- DA* Tityrus, fling your grazing nannies back from the stream;²⁷⁷
myself, when it comes time, I'll wash them in the springs.
- MN* Push, boys, your ewes: if heat has taken away their milk,
as just now happened, vainly we'll mold teats with hands.
- DA* Woe, woe, how thin a bull I've got in vetch that's fat!
The same love ruins both the stock & the master of stock.
- MN* These sure – nor love the cause – can scarcely stick to bones;
some evil eye bewitches me my tender lambs. 103
- DA*²⁷⁸ Declare in what lands – & you'll my great Apollo be –²⁷⁹ [4] 104
the span of sky no ampler than three ells would spread.²⁸⁰
- MN* Declare in what lands do flowers get born inscribed with names
of kings & Phyllis just for yourself alone you'll get.²⁸¹ 107

<i>PA</i> ²⁸²	Not ours to settle between you two disputes so great: both you & he are worthy the cow & whosoever ²⁸³ either fears loves – even when sweet – or tries though bitter. Close at last the rills, boys. Meadows have drunk enough. ²⁸⁴	108 111
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FOURTH – FRAMER-SEER-BARD {VATIC VOICE ≈ FATES}

CHARACTERS [SPEAKING / Named Only or Background]

FRAMER, *looks back & down on bucolic woods – unlike PALÆMON (ecl. 3), who found bucolic singers worthy & more like the urbanely disdainful FRAMER [2.1-5].*

STORY: excited by birth envisioned as heroic catalyst for universal change, tries to persuade infant boy to take hold in right way.

CRAFT: eloquent & pushy seer-singer – bard (old Latin vatic voice renewed).

PARCAE, (*'Sparing Ones'*) – Latin for Fates – goddesses that set fate (*'spoken destiny'* for a life) for an infant (*'not-yet-speaking'*) when first it speaks (*fatur*).

CLUES: imagined singing at wedding of Peleus & Thetis about their son Achilles & his brutality in war at Troy & then decline from Heroic to Iron Age (Catullus 64, p. 63: radical new blend of heroic legends into continuous causal chain linking Homer, Hesiod, Apollonius of Rhodes).

Boy, *infant sent from heaven as increase of Jove, sc. Jupiter – father & ruler of gods & men [linked in propaganda with Caesar Octavian, p. 9] yet born of mortal mother.*

Apollo, *a.k.a. [also known as] Phœbus, god of seers [a patron god of Caesar Octavian, cf. 3.62] & father of legendary first poet Linus.*

Calliope, *muse of heroic epos, a daughter of Memory by Jove, & mother of powerful singer Orpheus.*

Linus, *a son of Apollo, inventor of verse & music, teacher of Hercules & Orpheus.*

Lucina, *goddess of childbirth, because she brings to light [luc-] – a.k.a. Diana, sister of Phœbus Apollo.*

Pan, *Arcadian god – power in bucolic range (ecl. 1; id. 1; Phaedrus), invented pipe (ecl. 2, id. 1).*

Póllio, *fan of bucolic song & tragic poet (ecl.3) but here hailed as Roman magistrate – consul, office he held in 40 BCE – & negotiator of peace between factions of Caesar Octavian & Marc Antony.*

Sicilian Muses, *sc. Theocritean – reductive summary of first three eclogues, ignoring how V has upstaged Th & pushed far beyond even his most generous & rich bucolic-georgic blend (id. 7).*

SCENE

Rome (?), since BARD wants woods worthy of a Roman consul, hails a consul, & seeks to charm a boy imagined as freshly born & destined to rule the whole world.

CUES

Martial music as the two singers withdraw. Palæmon tosses farmer hat to the wings, strides forward & with grandiloquent gestures belts out urgent pleas cued by pronoun shifts.

<i>FR</i> ²⁸⁵	Sicilian Muses, let us sing a bit greater songs. ²⁸⁶ Trees & groundling tamarisks do not please all. ²⁸⁷	1
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If we are singing woods, let woods get consul worthy. ²⁸⁸	3
Now at last the final age of Cumæ's song has come. ²⁸⁹	4
The centuries' great row is being born afresh. ²⁹⁰	
Now comes back too the Maiden, back come Saturn's kingdoms. ²⁹¹	
Now fresh offspring gets sent down from lofty sky. ²⁹²	7
You at least this boy being born, by whom iron people	8
first will cease & golden rise through the world entire,	
help, chaste Lucina – your Apollo at last now reigns. ²⁹³	10
With you then consul, Póllio, will this worthy time ²⁹⁴	11
go in & great months will take up their forward march. ²⁹⁵	
With you then leading, if some traces stay from our crime, ²⁹⁶	
erased they'll set lands loose from nagging forms of fear. ²⁹⁷	14
He will take up the life of gods & see the gods ²⁹⁸	15
with heroes mingled & himself get seen by them	
& rule a globe by fathers manhood forced to peace. ²⁹⁹	17
³⁰⁰ But earth will – care free – pour you, boy, first little gifts ³⁰¹	18
of ivy ranging everywhere with cyclamen	
& smiling bearsbreech mingled with Egyptian beans. ³⁰²	
Themselves will nanny goats bring home their teats with milk ³⁰³	
full-stretched & livestock will not need to fear great lions.	
Cradles by themselves will pour you soothing flowers.	
The serpent perish & deceptive poison forage	
perish, sweet Assyrian balm get common born. ³⁰⁴	25
³⁰⁵ But soon as you can pick & read of heroes' praise	26
& parents' deeds & get to know what manhood is,	
the field will yellow bit-by-bit with ears grown soft	
& grapes blush dangling down from carefree briars;	
& hardened oaks will sweat out honey like the dew.	30
Some few, though, traces will survive of ancient fraud – ³⁰⁶	31
the sort to bid with boats insulting Thetis, girdling ³⁰⁷	
towns with walls & splitting furrows into earth.	33
Another Tiphys then there'll be & other Argo ³⁰⁸	34
that transports picked heroes, likewise other wars ³⁰⁹	
& still again to Troy a great Achilles sent. ³¹⁰	36
³¹¹ Hence, when age firmed up at last makes you a man,	37
transport will concede its war with sea nor sailor	
pine exchange trade goods: all earth will bear all things. ³¹²	
No ground will suffer hoes, no vineyard reckoning hook,	
the oak-like plowman, too, at last loose yokes from bulls, ³¹³	
nor wool still learn to fake a various reach of hues,	
but ram himself exchange his fleece in meadows – saffron	
yellow now & now with purple's soothing blush.	
Vermilion of its own accord will clothe the grazing lambs.	45
³¹⁴ “Run centuries such,” the Parcae to their spindles have declared – ³¹⁵	46

concordant in their fateful statements' staying rule.	
Step up to, oh, great honors, (soon will be the time), ³¹⁶	
dear offshoot from the gods, of Jupiter great growth. ³¹⁷	49
Look how the world keeps nodding with its incurved mass –	
both lands & tracts of sea & sky poured forth.	
Look how all enjoy the century that's to come. ³¹⁸	52
O then for me may a long life's final part still stay	53
& breath as much as will be enough to declare your deeds! ³¹⁹	
Not me with songs will Orpheus from Thrace defeat ³²⁰	
not Linus, though one his father, one his mother help – ³²¹	
Orpheus Calliope, Linus well-formed Phœbus.	
Pan even, if he challenge me (Arcadia as judge), ³²²	
Pan (even Arcadia judging) would declare his own defeat. ³²³	59
³²⁴ Take up with a laugh, little boy, to get to know your mother. ³²⁵	60
to your mother long discomforts these ten months have brought.	
Take up little boy: whoever for his parent has not laughed, ³²⁶	
him no god deems worthy of board nor goddess of bed. ³²⁷	63

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FIFTH – MENALCAS & MOPSUS {DAPHNIS NEW GOD FOR ROME}

CHARACTERS [SPEAKING / Named Only or Background]

MENALCAS, *elderly & authoritative.*

STORY: loved by DAPHNIS & now hails him as new god protecting countryside.

CRAFT: singer-seer – bard (vates) – producer of a long praised song.

CLUES: name alerts us to discern similarity & difference within book, e.g., here not young & scrappy as in ecl. 3: does aging by a character (metaphor of maturation) hint that ecl. 5 a sequel to ecl. 3?

MOPSUS, *a goatherd youthfully innovative, ambitious, thin-skinned & contentious.*

STORY: in fresh grief mourns DAPHNIS as lost protector of countryside & inventor of Bacchic rites.

CRAFT: singer-seer – bard (vates) – has just now freshly written songs on green beech bark (sc. the book).

CLUES: name prompts discovery or memory that after the war at Troy (hence as a sequel to Homer) one Mopsus was said to have defeated the Homeric seer Chalcas in a divining contest: told in a short epos that may have revised & challenged an earlier version – Hellenistic Greek by Euphorion of Chalcis, brought over into Latin by Virgil's friend C. Cornelius Gallus.

DAPHNIS, *dead singer-seer – bard here amplified into culture hero with powers to enrich the bucolic & georgic ranges, resembling Bacchus, the god of wine & theater – used in propaganda by Marc Antony, who rivaled for power Caesar Octavian.*

STORY: ox-herd carried off by Fates, requires epitaph inscribed on tomb but becomes fructifying god demanding regular sacrifice.

CRAFT: singer-seer – bard.

CLUES: lament for dead DAPHNIS & praise of his elevation to divine state form a sequel to Th, who reported his dying words & death (id. 1) – a sequel amplified & Romanized by hint of death &

divinization of Julius Caesar (for similar shift from mortal to divine, cf. Alexandrian queen's hair transformed into constellation, ecl. 3.39-40).

Ægon (ecl. 3), Alphisibœus (ecl. 8), Damœtas (ecl. 3 & ecl. 2) – drawn together into bucolic cohort to celebrate Daphnis as new god.

Amýntas, faulted as foolish enough to match himself with Phœbus like the satyr Máršyas, whose challenge to Phœbus got him skinned alive.

CLUES: cf. ecl. 3 – beloved – & ecl. 2 – unloved.

Antígenes, failed suitor of MOPSUS.

Tityrus, assigned to keep goats while others sing (cf. ecl. 3) hence this scene imagined as somehow apart from or prior (prequel) to time & place of the old oxherd & singer Tityrus authorized by a God at Rome (ecl. 1).

SCENE

Familiar shade (cf. ecl. 2 & 1) declared shifty by ambitious MOPSUS in push to get to vine-wreathed bower (cf. lost bower of MELIBŒUS, ecl. 1).

CUES

Solemn music as FRAMER from stage left moves toward MENÁLCAS – in mask now of old age – who has entered & taken a stand front & center, from which hesitantly he queries the other, provoking MOPSUS to reply & draw them both back & up stage to – center back – to the bower.

<i>MN</i> ³²⁸	Why haven't we, Mopsus, since we've come together – both good, ³²⁹ you at puffing light reed pipes, I at declaring verses –, ³³⁰ why not sat down right here where hazels mingle with elms? ³³¹	1
<i>MO</i>	You're the greater; to you, Menálcas, it's fair I hearken, ³³² whether beneath these shadows from restless zephyrs shifty ³³³ or up to the bower we rather get – look where the wildwood ³³⁴ vine has sprinkled clusters sparse around the bower. ³³⁵	7
<i>MN</i>	Amidst our hills, alone Amýntas challenges you.	8
<i>MO</i>	So what, if he himself with song would challenge Phœbus?	
<i>MN</i>	Take up first, Mopsus, if you've got some <i>Fires of Phyllis</i> ³³⁶ or any <i>Alcon's Praises</i> or <i>Disputes of Codrus</i> . ³³⁷ Take up, while Tityrus safely keeps your grazing kids. ³³⁸	12
<i>MO</i>	Indeed these songs, which I just now wrote out on verdant bark of beech & marked in measuring shifts, ³³⁹ I'm going to try out: you then bid that Amýntas challenge. ³⁴⁰	13
<i>MN</i>	As much as limber willow cedes to pale green olive, as much as lowly nard to beds of scarlet rose, by so much, in our judgment, Amýntas cedes to you. But, boy, cease now from more: we've made it up to the bower.	19
<i>MO</i> ³⁴¹	Daphnis by cruel death snuffed out the Nymphs bewept (you, streams & hazels, bearing witness to the Nymphs) while having closely hugged her own child's wretched corpse his mother calls the gods & stars of heaven cruel. ³⁴²	20 (a) 23
	Not in those days, Daphnis, did anyone push their cows well-fed ³⁴³ to the cold of streams, nor did any four-footer even so much	24 (b)

	as take a sip from a brook or touch the forage turf.	
	Daphnis, even Punic lions gave a groan	
	at your departing – echoed by wild hills & woods. ³⁴⁴	28
	Daphnis even arranged to yoke for charioteers	29
	Armenian tigers & to draw up Bacchus' troupes	(c)
	& weave soft leaves around the limber thyrsis shafts.	
	As vines to arbors grant their worth, as grapes to vines, ³⁴⁵	
	as bulls to troops, as growing crops to fat plowed lands,	
	so you all worth to yours. When fates had taken you off, ³⁴⁶	
	Pales left the fields herself & likewise Phœbus left. ³⁴⁷	35
	In furrows, where full grown barley seeds we'd often set,	36
	unnurturing darnel & barren oats are getting born. ³⁴⁸	(d)
	Instead of violets soft, instead of purple narcissus,	
	thistles rise & thorn bush with its pointed spikes.	39
	Sprinkle ground with leaves, draw shadows over springs,	40
	you grazers (Daphnis sets such things on his behalf),	(e)
	& make a mound, & on the mound inscribe a song:	
	DAPHNIS·I·IN·WOODS·KNOWN·HENCE·TO·HEAVEN'S·SIGNS	
	KEEPER·OF·WELL-FORMED·TROOP·MORE WELL-FORMED·MYSELF. ³⁴⁹	44
<i>MN</i>	Such is your song for us, o poet like a god,	45
	as sleep on turf for the weary, as to put out thirst	
	through seething summers by sweet water's leaping rill.	
	Not only with reeds you match your master, but with voice, ³⁵⁰	
	Lucky boy, you'll now be another after him. ³⁵¹	
	Yet we'll declare in turn for you these songs of ours	
	whatsoever way & lift to the stars your Daphnis –	
	up to the stars bear Daphnis. Us, too, Daphnis loved.	52
<i>MO</i>	For us could anything be more great than such a gift?	53
	Himself the boy was worthy of chanting & those songs ³⁵²	
	of yours a long while now had Stímichon praised to us. ³⁵³	55
<i>MN</i> ³⁵⁴	Bright Daphnis stares at Mount Olympus' foreign sill ³⁵⁵	56
	& sees beneath his feet the clouds & heaven's signs. ³⁵⁶	(A)
	Therefore brisk pleasure grips the woods & rest of country – ³⁵⁷	
	Pan & grazers & the nymphs that haunt the oaks.	59
	No wolves work up against stock their plots, nor any nets ³⁵⁸	60
	work up against deer their guile: good Daphnis loves repose. ³⁵⁹	(B)
	Themselves with joy the unshorn hills their voices fling ³⁶⁰	
	to heaven's signs. Themselves now crags, now trees themselves ³⁶¹	
	sing out the songs: "A god, Menálcas, he's a god!" ³⁶²	64
	Be good & prospering (Oh!) for yours! Aha! Four altars. ³⁶³	65
	look, for you two, Daphnis, two for Phœbus: offerings ³⁶⁴	(C)
	I will stand for you each year – two cups of fresh ³⁶⁵	
	milk foaming & of fatty olive two big bowls –	
	& I'll from vessels pour fresh nectar – island wines –	

	& first off cheer with copious Bacchus banquet feasts,	
	when cold, before the hearth, when harvest time, in shade.	71
	For me will chant Damóetas, Ægon, too, from Crete;	72
	Alphesibóeus mimic satyrs' tireless leap.	(D)
	These yours will always be, when we pay again to Nymphs ³⁶⁶	
	their yearly vows & when with rites we scour farm fields. ³⁶⁷	75
	While boars love hilly yokes & fish love running streams, ³⁶⁸	76
	while bees get grazed on thyme, while locusts graze on dew,	(E)
	always will your honor & name & praises stay. ³⁶⁹	
	As to Bacchus & Ceres, so to you each year	
	will field hands vow: you, too, will bind with vows fulfilled.	80
MO	What shall I give to you, what gifts for such a song?	81
	For not so much please me the hiss of coming southern ³⁷⁰	
	wind or shorelines harshly struck by surf or streams	
	that run full out their course down valleys strewn with stones.	84
MN	We confer on you before this brittle hemlock pipe:	85
	this taught us "Grazer Córydon burned for well-formed Aléxis,"	
	this same one taught "Whom's herd? Melibóeus's?" ³⁷¹	
MO	But you take up the staff Antígenes did not get,	
	when often he used to ask (& then he was worthy of love) –	
	well-formed with even-matching knots & bronze, Menálcas. ³⁷²	90

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SIXTH – TITYRUS {VATIC SILENUS ≈ PHŒBUS}

CHARACTERS [SPEAKING / Named Only or Background]

TITYRUS, *grazer of sheep.*

STORY INVOLVES CRAFT: speaker tells that he first found bucolic range worthwhile but then tried singing in the heroic range, only to get drawn down by an oracular order from CYNTHIUS, [sc. APOLLO as worshiped on the island of Cynthos]; so now will leave high themes to others & sing in the middle range.

CLUES: name TITYRUS & oracle from a god recall how V opened & first authorized his book: that first oracle ordered return to bucolic past compounded by future growth, this one orders withdrawal from the highest ranges & limits growth to a middle range; that god was new & political, Roman (sc. Caesar Octavian) / this one traditional & poetic (though linked with Caesar Octavian); that grazer was assigned cattle & sheep (highest & middle bucolic values) / this one only sheep but fat.

PIERIAN MUSES, *invoked to honor tragic poet (ecl. 3) & now to tell story of song performed by ...*

SILÉNUS, *seer-singer – bard – hung over from overdose of Bacchus (sc. wine, by metonymy) & forced to cough up song that represents vividly as present the voices of ...*

PASÍPHAË, *queen in plea for help to hunt white bull she longs for &*

LINUS, *old poetic inventor & mentor newly instructing Gallus to write epos about a wood sacred to*

APOLLO – *the god revealed at end as the originator of all the singing heard by ...*

Eurótas, *river flowing down from Arcadia, who bade that all Apollo sang get remembered by ...*

	To them – still fearful – Aegle allies herself & strikes: ³⁹⁰	20
	Aegle loveliest of spring-nymphs paints him – seeing ³⁹¹	
	at last – his brow & temples with berries red as blood.	
	He at the guile, though laughing, “Shackles for what do you plait?	
	Unloose me, boys. Enough as it is to seem you could. ³⁹²	
	The songs you wish for, get to know; for you, the songs,	
	for her other goods in trade.” Right off he takes up himself. ³⁹³	26
394	Then truly you’d see fauns & wild beasts play in counted ³⁹⁵	27
	cadence, then hardheaded oak trees shake their tops.	
	Nor does Parnássus’ crag delight so much in Phœbus, ³⁹⁶	
	nor Rhodópe & Ísmarus stare so much at Orpheus. ³⁹⁷	30
398	For he was singing that throughout the great void pushed	31
	would have been the seeds of lands & air & sea ³⁹⁹	
	along with fluid fire; that out of these first thread-rows ⁴⁰⁰	
	all & itself world’s tender globe would together grow – ⁴⁰¹	34
	then lead with hardening soil & closing Nereus off ⁴⁰²	35
	from Sea & taking bit by bit the forms of things, ⁴⁰³	
	& lands now stand amazed as freshly sunshine starts	
	& deeper fall the rains from clouds moved ever up,	
	when woodlands undertake at first to rise & when	
	sparse creatures range through hills not knowing yet nor known. ⁴⁰⁴	40
405	Hence pebbles flung of Pyrrha, Saturn’s kingdoms (he ⁴⁰⁶	41
	relays) & birds of Caúcasus & how Prométheus stole.	
	To these he yokes at what spring sailors shouted “Hylas’s ⁴⁰⁷	
	got left,” so all the shore would echo, “Hylas! Alas!”	
	Also lucky if livestock never had there been, ⁴⁰⁸	
	Pasíphaë he soothes for a snow-white bullock’s love.	
409	46	
	<i>Tl{Pl{St⁴¹⁰</i> Ah! maid malnursed, what mindlessness has taken you? ⁴¹¹	47
	With bogus mooing Prœteus’ daughters filled farm fields, ⁴¹²	
	yet not a one went after bedding down so base	
	with beasts, however much for her neck she feared the plow	
	& often searched her brow, though smooth, in dread of horns.	51
	Ah! maid malnursed, now you are ranging over hills ⁴¹³	52
	while he – his snowy flank on hyacinth softly propped –	
	on pale green forage chews beneath a dark holm-oak ⁴¹⁴	
	or goes for one of the great troop’s cows.	
	<i>Tl{Pl{Sl{PA</i> “Close off, o Nymphs, ⁴¹⁵	55
	o Nymphs of Netting, close now at last the glens of groves: ⁴¹⁶	
	if by chance some heifer’s ranging tracks should bring	
	themselves before our eyes; or if it chance that him – ⁴¹⁷	
	taken by verdant forage or going after stock – ⁴¹⁸	
	down through to Gortyn’s stables any bossies draw.” ⁴¹⁹	60
	<i>Tl{Pl</i> Then he sings of her who stared at apples from Evening’s girls, ⁴²⁰	61

	then Pháëthon's sobbing sisters round with mossy bitter bark he wraps & rears from the soil as alders tall. ⁴²¹	63
	Then next sings Gallus ranging near Perméssus' streams ⁴²²	64
	how one of the sisters drew him up Aónia's hills ⁴²³ & how to him – a man – rose Phœbus' chorus all, how grazer Linus – hair with flowers & bitter parsley graced – ⁴²⁴ declared to him with godlike song what he should sing: "To you these reeds (look, take them up) the Muses give, ⁴²⁵ that they to Ascra's oldster gave before, with which ⁴²⁶ enchancing he would draw stiff ashes down from hills: with these by you let Grýnia's grove's rise get declared, ⁴²⁷ so there's no glade where more Apollo flaunts himself."	73
<i>Ti</i>	What next should I place? That Nisus' Scylla that fame went after – ⁴²⁸	74
	how, her gleaming loins bound up by barking frights, she baited Ulysses' boats & on the engulfing deep, with (ah!) her sea-born dogs at fearful sailors tore? ⁴²⁹ or how he spun the yarn of Tereus' limbs exchanged. ⁴³⁰ what meals him Philomela fed, what gifts prepared, with what haste he sought sites unwreathed & on what wings ⁴³¹ before – malnurtured – hovered over roofs once his? ⁴³²	81
⁴³³	All that once, while Phœbus worked them up, Eurotas ⁴³⁴ heard – enriched – & bade that laurels learn outright, ⁴³⁵ he sings (the valleys struck relay to heaven's signs), ⁴³⁶ till Evening's star bade pushing sheep to folds & relaying ⁴³⁷ counts & marched forth (though Olympus pined for more). ⁴³⁸	82 86

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SEVENTH — MELIBŒUS {DAPHNIS & ARCADIAN: CORYDON UP, VATIC THYRSIS DOWN}

CHARACTERS [SPEAKING / Named Only or Background]

MELIBŒUS, *grazer of goats, sheep, & cattle & also a farmer with seasonal work, cf. [1.3-4, 2; 3.1].*

STORY: remembers once when his buck strayed, which led him to hear a great match between Arcadians in shifts of verse [‘verses’ meaning turns – like furrows or rows from a plow turning back].

CRAFT: familiar with Muses' wish to recall verses in shifts, cf. shifts, but songs Camenae love (ecl. 3.59).

DAPHNIS, *authoritative & focal figure to which others come to perform.*

STORY: had already sat down to hear contest, welcomes MELIBŒUS as neighbor to listen.

CRAFT: facilitates recall of verses in shifts.

CORYDON ARCADIAN, *grazer of goats, youthful – modest & measured.*

STORY: mixed goats with sheep but kept own style – lover of boy & girl.

CRAFT: responsive to Muses, but drawn down, modest, refined.

THYRSIS ARCADIAN, *grazer of sheep, youthful – immodest & expansive.*

STORY: mixed sheep with goats, but kept own style – lover of girl & boy.

CRAFT: ambitious – growing poet & would-be seer – bard (vates).

Alcíppe, Aléxis, Codrus, Galatéa, Lúcidas, Micon, Phyllis, *here variously helper, competitor, lover.*

Buck, *chief male goat or billy (one meaning of tityros in Greek) – imagined as drawing MELIBÉUS down from greater work at home to absorb & relay Arcadian play in verse.*

Muses, *Greek goddesses of poetry – (ecll. 6 & 3) – expressed wish to remember verses back & forth in shifts between singers: cf. Caménae (ecl. 3) – Latin Muses said to ‘love shifts’, but songs not ‘verses’.*

SCENE

Lone evergreen oak by reed-woven bank of Mincius – river near Virgil’s Mantua in northern Italy – shown as peaceful, unlike the real countryside described by MELIBÉUS (ecl. 1.3-4, 11-22) – in cold season towards winter.

CUES

Bacchic tamborines & buzzing pipes modulate to flowing flutes while singer TÍTYRUS² moves down stage right to meet figure that played CORÝDON (ecl.2). Meanwhile from left enters – peering left & right like anxious herder & guiding steps with staff – the figure left at the fifth eclogue’s close as MENÁLCAS with the staff of MOPSUS.

ME ⁴³⁹	By chance beneath a rustling holm had Daphnis sat ⁴⁴⁰ & Córydon & Thyrsis pushed together their troops into one, ⁴⁴¹ Thyrsis sheep & Córydon nannies stretched with milk, ⁴⁴² both flowering in their times of life, Arcadians both, ⁴⁴³ a pair well matched to chant & ready to echo back.	1 5
444	Down here, while tender myrtles I defend from cold, my buck – troop’s man himself – had ranged. But I at Daphnis ⁴⁴⁵ look. He back at me – when he sees – “More quickly,” says, “come down here, Melibéus, your buck & kids are safe; ⁴⁴⁶ & if you can any way let go, take a rest in shade. ⁴⁴⁷ Down here through meadows bullocks come themselves to drink; ⁴⁴⁸ & here its verdant banksides Mincius weaves with tender ⁴⁴⁹ reeds & bees swarm echoing out from holy oaks.” ⁴⁵⁰	6 13
451	How was I to make out? I’d no Alcíppe or Phyllis, ⁴⁵² who at home would close off weanling lambs from milk ⁴⁵³ & it was a challenge – Córydon versus Thyrsis – great. ⁴⁵⁴ Yet I put my serious matters after those two’s play. ⁴⁵⁵ At which point then they both led off to strive by shifts ⁴⁵⁶ of verse (verse shifts the Muses to remember wished): ⁴⁵⁷ these verses Córydon, Thyrsis those relayed in row. ⁴⁵⁸	14 20
CO ⁴⁵⁹	Nymphs, our love, Libétrides, concede me either ⁴⁶⁰ such a song as to my Codrus (songs he makes to Phœbus near in verse), or, if we can’t do all, my rustling pipe from holy pine will dangle here.	21 (i) 24
Th	Grazers, with ivy grace your poet as he grows, ⁴⁶¹ Arcadians, so that Codrus’ guts with envy burst. Or, if he praise beyond what please you, bind my brow with cyclamen, lest evil tongue harm bard to be.	25 (I) 28
CO ⁴⁶²	This head of bristly boar to her of Delos little ⁴⁶³	29

	Micon gives & branchy horns of long-lived stag.	(ii)
	If suited this will be, from polished marble whole you'll stand – your calves with tragic stage boots scarlet laced.	32
<i>TH</i>	A bowl of milk, Priápus, & this cake each year's ⁴⁶⁴ enough to look for: you a paltry garden's keeper.	33 (II)
	Now for a time we've made you up in marble; but, if nurture further fill the troop, may you get golden!	36
<i>CO</i> ⁴⁶⁵	Sea-born Galatéa, sweeter to me than Hyblan thyme, ⁴⁶⁶ brighter than swans, more finely than white ivy formed, when bulls well-grazed first seek again their pens, if any care for your Córydon has you, may you come.	37 (iii) 40
<i>TH</i>	To you may I seem more bitter than Sardinian herbs, ⁴⁶⁷ more rough than broom, more cheap than seaweed flung on shore, if this day now's not more for me than a year entire. Get home, grazed full, if there's any shame, get, bullocks, get.	41 (III) 44
<i>CO</i> ⁴⁶⁸	Moss enveloped springs & forage softer than sleep ⁴⁶⁹ & verdant arbutus roofing you with sprinkled shade, fend off the solstice from the herd, soon now comes summer scorching, now the buds swell out on limber stalks.	45 (iv) 48
<i>TH</i>	Here's a hearth & torches fat, here always fire's ⁴⁷⁰ the most & columns blackened by incessant soot; here we care as much about the north wind's cold as wolves for counting care or raging streams for banks.	49 (IV) 52
<i>CO</i> ⁴⁷¹	Junipers & chestnuts – shaggy – take their stand; ⁴⁷² & apples sprawl spread freely each beneath its tree. All things are laughing now: but if well-formed Aléxis from these hills should go, you'd see dry even streams. ⁴⁷³	53 (v) 56
<i>TH</i>	The field dries: forage thirsts & dies – the weather's fault. ⁴⁷⁴ The god of wine begrudges slopes their vine-shoot shade. Whenever Phyllis comes the grove grows verdant all & Jove comes down his very most with joyful rain.	57 (V) 60
<i>CO</i> ⁴⁷⁵	The poplar's dearest to Hércules, the vine to Bacchus, ⁴⁷⁶ myrtle to well-formed Venus, laurels of his to Phœbus Phyllis loves hazels; them while Phyllis loves, not myrtle, not Phœbus' laurels are going to defeat hazels.	61 (vi): 64
<i>TH</i>	Ash in woods most lovely, pine in garden court, ⁴⁷⁷ poplar alongside streams, fir on lofty hills: but should you, well-formed Lýcidas, visit me more often, ash would cede to you in woods & pine in gardens. ⁴⁷⁸	65 (VI) 68
<i>ME</i> ⁴⁷⁹	These I remember & Thyriss – defeated – striving in vain. From that time on it's Córydon, Córydon's for us.	70

EIGHTH – FRAMER (MAKER OF BOOK) {DAMON DOWN, VATIC ALPHESIBŒUS UP}

CHARACTERS [SPEAKING / Named Only or Background]

FRAMER, *looks in, down & back on the bucolic range, like Melibœus (ecll. 7 & 1) & like prior framers (ecll. 6, 4 & 2), but if anything even more detached – since now imagined as looking back to a first moment & forward to a definitive departure from the bucolic range to reach for the highest range.*

STORY: work in the bucolic range was started by the authority of a distant figure, whose heroic deeds he hopes some day to tell (cf. the ambitions framer in ecl. 4) – ambition that will make him abandon the bucolic range.

CRAFT: singer with sense of beginning & ending the present book & aim to move beyond it to the highest range identified as heroic & tragic.

DAMON, *young goatherd & keeper of orchard.*

STORY: tragic – suicide for love of Nysa as she marries Mopsus.

CRAFT: Arcadian verses, traced to Pan as making music in Arcadia & first maker of the pipe from reeds (cf. ecl. 2, where also “first” in time but no mention of Arcadia as the place).

ALPHESIBŒUS, *reporter of powerful singing by Pierians, like Tityrus (ecl. 6).*

STORY REPORTED: woman employs magic to draw down her beloved from city.

CRAFT: songs like a seer’s (vates) – spells with power to enchant & charm.

PIERIANS, *Muses called to enable report of powerful singing (cf. ecll. 6 & 3).*

Amarýllis, *maid-servant called to aid erotic magic (cf. ecll. 3, 2 & 1).*

Barkin, *the dog that signals the return from the city of Daphnis [dog’s name in Greek Hylax means ‘one that barks’]: a bark of recognition, like old hound Argos recognizing his long absent master, Odysseus.*

Daphnis, *beloved drawn by powerful songs back from city.*

Evening, *aka Greek Hesperus & Latin Vesper, also by metonymy, Evening Star (cf. ecl. 6 close).*

Mad Mountain, *translating Greek Mênalus, which contains root meaning ‘mad’ – a main landmark of Arcadia.*

Morning Star, *sc. Lucifer, ‘Bringer of Light’.*

Mœris, *seer-singer – bard – here with songs as spells practicing black-magical powers.*

SCENE

From Rome (?) FRAMER reports on bucolic scenes – vast nature, then focused on early morning with dewy grass & on night enclosed in house – all the while himself looking beyond & planning to move to higher range.

CUES

Urgent, brief repeated rhythms in music & while player of Melibœus declares the frame. Then player of Córydon becomes DAMON & defeated vatic Thyrsis relays the magical spells of ALPHESIBŒUS.

FR ⁴⁸⁰	The muse of grazers – Damon & Alphésibœus, ⁴⁸¹ at whose challenge match a young cow quite forgetting forage stared & by whose song were lynxes stunned while streams themselves, changed, put their rushing course to rest: the muse we’re going to declare of Damon & Alphésibœus. You for me – if now you pass Timavo’s rocks ⁴⁸² or skim the shore beside Illyria’s plain – oh, ever ⁴⁸³ will it be that day when I declare your deeds? ⁴⁸⁴	1 5 6
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	Oh, ever, that I'd relay throughout the globe entire ⁴⁸⁵	
	those songs of you though worthy only tragic boots? ⁴⁸⁶	
	From you these present songs first took, for you they'll cease. ⁴⁸⁷	
	Take in what your bidding led to & let this ivy creep ⁴⁸⁸	
	around your brow among the laurel victory wreaths. ⁴⁸⁹	13
490	Cold shade of night had scarcely left the sky	14
	when dew on tender forage is dearest to the herd:	
	Thus Damon led – inclining on a polished olive staff:	16
FR{DA ⁴⁹¹	Morning Star, be born & come, push day to help, ⁴⁹²	17
	while I complain – by unworthy love of yoke-mate Nysa	(a)
	caught – & still to gods in my last hour I speak,	
	although with them as witness I have nothing gained.	20
	Take up Mad Mountain verses, my bone flute, take up. ⁴⁹³	
	Mad Mountain always has its rustling grove & talking ⁴⁹⁴	22
	pinetrees: it always listens to the grazers' loves	(b)
	& Pan, who first forced suffered art on artless reeds.	24
	Take up Mad Mountain verses, my bone flute, take up.	
	To Mopsus Nysa's given: lovers, what should we hope? ⁴⁹⁵	26
	Let gryphon now be yoked with horse & bashful doe	(c)
	arrive in after time at cups to drink with dogs.	
	Fresh torches, Mopsus, cut; for you a wife is drawn.	
	As married sprinkle nuts: Evening for you leaves Ceta.	30
	Take up Mad Mountain verses, my bone flute, take up.	
	O yoked with a worthy man, while you look down on all ⁴⁹⁶	32
	& while in hate you hold my pipe & nanny goats	(d)
	& shaggy eyebrows & my freshly sprouting beard,	
	nor trust that any god gives care to mortal things.	35
	Take up Mad Mountain verses, my bone flute, take up.	
	Inside our croft I saw you (I it was that drew you) – ⁴⁹⁷	37
	little girl with mother – picking dewy apples.	(e)
	One year after eleven then at last had got me –	
	I at last could really touch from earth the brittle boughs:	
	I saw, I perished – luckless ranging took me off.	41
	Take up Mad Mountain verses, my bone flute, take up.	
	What sort Love is I now know: birth to him on flinty ⁴⁹⁸	43
	whetstones dole out either Tmaros or Rhodópe	(f)
	or last Garamántes – a boy of not our kind or blood.	45
	Take up Mad Mountain verses, my bone flute, take up.	
	Savage Love a mother taught with her own children's ⁴⁹⁹	47
	blood to smear her hands. You, mother, too, were cruel.	(g)
	Cruel was mother more? Or more uncurbed that boy?	
	That boy was uncurbed; you, mother, too, were cruel.	50
	Take up Mad Mountain verses, my bone flute, take up.	
	Now let wolf flee willingly even sheep, let hardened ⁵⁰⁰	52

Country road stretches across flat land past tomb towards city from low hills left behind where skeletal beeches loom on property lost to new squatter who has taken the land & threatened even life.

CUES

Plodding rhythm & lugubrious voicing, skirl of bagpipes, while the actor that played DAMON approaches from off-stage in the role of LÝCIDAS, sizes up the situation with evident astonishment, & sharply queries the actor who has just finished the energetic songs drawing Daphnis from the city but now appears headed for the city himself. Their dialogue unfolds in fits & starts, now moving left & back, now halting to remember bits of song.

<i>LYC</i> ⁵¹⁶	Where do your feet draw, Mæris? Where the road does, to the city? ⁵¹⁷	1
<i>MÆ</i> ⁵¹⁸	O Lýcidas, alive we've come to what we never feared, ⁵¹⁹	2
	that some new-comer – squatter on our little field – ⁵²⁰	
	declare: “This countryside is mine. Old farmers, out.” ⁵²¹	
	To him these kids (may it turn out not well!) we send – ⁵²²	6
	defeated, gloomy now, since chance turns over all. ⁵²³	
<i>LYC</i> ⁵²⁴	For sure I'd heard, that where the slopes themselves take on ⁵²⁵	7
	to draw downhill & send a yoke with soft incline ⁵²⁶	
	as far as water & beeches – old, their tops now broken – ⁵²⁷	
	all of it your Menálcas had kept safe with songs. ⁵²⁸	10
<i>MÆ</i>	You'd heard & rumor was. But, Lýcidas, our songs have strength	11
	amidst Mars' arms as much as at Dodóna (they	
	declare) do doves of Jove, whenever his eagles come. ⁵²⁹	
	In fact, had not a raven leftwards from a hollow ⁵³⁰ ~	
	holm warned me to cut any sort of fresh quarrel short,	
	not this your Mæris would be alive nor Menálcas himself.	16
<i>LYC</i> ⁵³¹	Oh! Does crime that great fall on anyone? Oh! From us ⁵³²	17
	was your kind soothing nearly snatched with you, Menálcas?	
	Who would sing the Nymphs? Who would sprinkle ground ⁵³³	
	with flowering forage, draw shade verdant over springs?	
	Or songs that I picked up on the sly from you just now,	
	when you to our darling Amarýllis took yourself: ⁵³⁴	22
< <i>MN</i>	“Tityrus, graze my goats till I'm back (the road is short)	23>
<	& push them, Tityrus, when they've grazed, to drink & pushing	>
<	don't run up against the buck – with his horn he strikes.”	25>
<i>MÆ</i>	Likewise these – not quite yet made – that he sang for Varus. ⁵³⁵	26
< <i>MN</i>	“Varus, your name, if only Mantua survive for us – ⁵³⁶	27>
<	Mantua, woe!, too close a neighbor to wretched Cremona –	>
<	chanting swans will bear aloft to heaven's signs.”	29>
<i>LYC</i> ⁵³⁷	So that your swarms of bees may flee from bitter yews, ⁵³⁸	30
	so that your cows well-grazed with clover stretch their teats,	
	take up, if you've anything. Me like you the Piérians made ⁵³⁹	
	a poet. Songs I, too, have. Me like you a bard	
	declare the grazers, though to them I don't give trust;	
	for I don't seem so far to declare songs worthy of Cinna ⁵⁴⁰	

	or Varius, only to squawk like a goose mid rustling swans. ⁵⁴¹	36
<i>MÆ</i> ⁵⁴²	This I push by myself &, Lúcidas, slyly unroll, ⁵⁴³	37
	if I've got strength to remember – not unknown's the song: ⁵⁴⁴	38
< <i>MÆ</i>	“In here, Galatéa, come: what play is there in waves? ⁵⁴⁵	39>
<	Here spring is purple, varying here the ground pours flowers ^{546~}	>
<	around the streams, here gleaming poplar looms above ⁵⁴⁷	>
<	a bower & limber vines weave shade as parasols.	>
<	Come in here: let the surf gone crazy strike the shores.” ⁵⁴⁸	43>
<i>LYC</i>	What as to those I'd heard you singing one clear night? ⁵⁴⁹	44
	The counting I remember, if I could keep the words:	45
< <i>MÆ</i>	“Daphnis, why gaze up for signs that rose before? ⁵⁵⁰	46
	Look the star of Dione's Caesar forth has marched, ⁵⁵¹	
	the star by which lands take delight in crops & from ⁵⁵²	
	which over slopes that bask in sun grapes draw their hues. ⁵⁵³	
	Graft your pear trees, Daphnis: heirs will pluck your fruit.” ⁵⁵⁴	50
<i>MÆ</i> ⁵⁵⁵	All things age bears off, mind also. Often I'd ⁵⁵⁶	51
	as a boy, I remember, chanting long set down the suns:	
	forgotten now so many songs & voice itself	
	at last flees Mæris: wolves got to look at Mæris first.	
	But yet those things enough will tell you often Menálcas.	55
<i>LYC</i> ⁵⁵⁷	By pleading causes you draw out too long our loves ⁵⁵⁸	56
	& now all flat the plain lies still for you, & all, ⁵⁵⁹	
	just look, the breezes from their windy noise have dropped. ⁵⁶⁰	
	From right here on's mid-road for us, because Biánor's ⁵⁶¹	
	sepulcher takes up appearing. Here, where field hands ⁵⁶²	
	strip thick leafage off, here, Mæris, let us sing.	
	Here put down your kids; yet we will come to the city. ⁵⁶³	62
	Or, if we fear that night may tie in rain before, ⁵⁶⁴	63
	we may a while go chanting along (the road hurts less):	
	so we can go while chanting, I'll lighten you your load. ⁵⁶⁵	
<i>MÆ</i>	Boy, cease from more & what now stands ahead, let's push: ⁵⁶⁶	
	songs better then, when Menálcas comes himself, we'll sing. ⁵⁶⁷	67

~ ~ ~

TENTH – FRAMER (BOOK WEAVER) {MENALCAS ARCADIAN, BUCOLIC-TRAGIC GALLUS ≈ DAPHNIS}

CHARACTERS [SPEAKING / Named Only or Background]

FRAMER – SINGER-WEAVER OF BOOK, *goatherd* – as also *Mæris*, *Damon*, *Melibæus*^{1 & 2}, *Córydon*^{1 & 2}, *Mopsus*,
Menálcas.

STORY: having toiled on entire book, now gets the closure earlier foreshadowed [8.12].

CRAFT: singer of songs for GALLUS & weaver of book as a whole.

from winter's acorn harvest wet Menálcas came.⁵⁸⁹
 All ask, "Where from that love of yours?" Apollo came:⁵⁹⁰
 "Gallus, why get crazy? Your concern, Lycóris,⁵⁹¹
 through snows & bristling camps goes after someone else." 23
 There too Silvánus came with his head's farmfield honor –⁵⁹² 24
 brandishing big lilies & flowering fennel stalks.
 Pan – Arcadia's god – came, whom we saw ourselves⁵⁹³
 blushing with bloodlike elder berries & reddening lead:
 Says he, "Will you know no measure? For such things Love cares not,
 cruel Love can't get enough of tears, nor turf of rills,
 nor bees of clover, nor can nannies enough of leaves." 30
⁵⁹⁴But – gloomy – Gallus: "Yet, Arcadians, you will chant,"⁵⁹⁵ 31
 he says, "these songs to your hills, alone well skilled to chant,⁵⁹⁶
 Arcadians. O how softly then my bones would rest,⁵⁹⁷
 if your pan-pipe at some time hence my loves declared⁵⁹⁸. 34
 But really would that I'd been one of you to either⁵⁹⁹ 35
 keep your troop safe or make wine of your ripened grape!⁶⁰⁰
 Surely, whether for me Amýntas it were or Phyllis⁶⁰¹
 or whatever rage (so what if Amýntas swarthy?⁶⁰²
 Violets as well are dark, & hyacinths are dark),
 they'd lie with me among willows, beneath a limber vine:⁶⁰³
 wreathes for me would Phyllis pick, Amýntas chant.⁶⁰⁴ 41
 Here springs are chilly; here, Lycóris, meadows soft,⁶⁰⁵ 42
 a grove's here: just by time with you here I'd get spent. 43
 Now, though, crazy love for you keeps me in arms⁶⁰⁶ 44
 of hard Mars amid his spears & marshalled foes,
 where you – far from our fatherland (may I not believe so far!),⁶⁰⁷
 alone! without me! Ah hard! – are seeing Alpine snows⁶⁰⁸
 & cold of river Rhine. Ah! may cold not hurt you!⁶⁰⁹
 Ah! may jagged ice not cut your tender soles!⁶¹⁰ 49
 I'm going to go & measure songs that I've set down⁶¹¹ 50
 in verse of Chalcis with the Sicilian grazer's oat.⁶¹²
 it's been decided to prefer to suffer in woods⁶¹³
 among the wild beasts' lairs & cut on tender trees⁶¹⁴
 my loves: the trees will grow; you also, loves, will grow.⁶¹⁵ 54
 With mingling Nymphs I'll meanwhile go to scour Mount Mad⁶¹⁶ 55
 or hunt fierce boars. Not me will any cold forbid⁶¹⁷
 from circling round with dogs the glens of Virgins Mount.⁶¹⁸ 57
 Already now to myself I seem to go mid crags⁶¹⁹ 58
 & echoing glades – amused by thirling Parthian points⁶²⁰
 with a Cretan bow: as if this would be our rage's cure⁶²¹
 or that god toward men's evils learn to get more mild. 61
 Already again now neither nymphs of oaks nor songs 62
 themselves please us: you, woods, yourselves again concede!⁶²²

Not any chores of ours can ever change that god,⁶²³
 not if we should drink of Hebrus while it's cold⁶²⁴
 & go on up to a watery winter's Thracian snows,
 nor if, when – dying on lofty elms – bark book-like dries,⁶²⁵
 we'd turn Ethiopians' sheep down under Cancer's sign.⁶²⁶
 Love defeats all things. Let us, too, concede to Love."⁶²⁷ 69
⁶²⁸ These songs it will be enough for your poet to have sung⁶²⁹ 70
 while he sits & weaves with slender mallow a wicker form,⁶³⁰
 Piérian goddesses: these you'll make most great for Gallus,⁶³¹
 Gallus, for whom my love grows hour-by-hour as much⁶³²
 as alder in fresh spring verdant upwards thrusts itself.⁶³³
 Let's rise: the shade for those who chant does get to be heavy –⁶³⁴
 juniper shade gets heavy; shadows harm also harvests.⁶³⁵
 Goats go home with enough, the Evening's coming, go.⁶³⁶ 77