CHARACTERS [SPEAKING / Named Only]

MELIBŒUS, citizen, farmer, grazer of goats watched as he lay in a green bower.

STORY: failed to read warning signs from gods, now forced by Godless Soldier to go into exile with goats only; will sing no more.

CRAFT: singer (silenced) & seer (failed).

TITYRUS, elderly slave (freedman?), grazer of sheep & cattle while lying back in shade & singing about love.

STORY: changed from bad to better love & made way to Rome where oracle from GOD authorized return to old with growth.

CRAFT: singer & piper.

GOD, at Rome secured TITYRUS in countryside & in return gets sacrifice each month of lamb [allegory praising Caesar Octavian].

Godless Soldier, “barbarian” seized property of MELIBŒUS [troops blamed but not their leader, Caesar Octavian, who ordered seizure of citizens’ property to pay his army after 42 BCE: allegory mystifying facts].

Amaryllis, current – responsive & forthcoming – lady love of TITYRUS.

Galatéa, former – fickle & greedy – lady love of TITYRUS.

SCENE

Lone, broad-spreading beech hemmed in by flowering hedge & beyond a rocky pasture roamed by cows & views to lofty crags & prospect out across a valley’s curls of evening farmhouse smoke to far horizon of blue hills.

ME. Tityrus, you reclining under roof of broad-spread beech
work up a wildwood muse with scrawny oat:
we are leaving homeland’s bounds & sweet plowed lands;
we our homeland flee. You, Tityrus, limber in shade
are teaching woods to echo ‘Amaryllis well-shaped’.

Tl. O Melibœus, a god it was that made us this repose,
for god he’ll always be to me, his altar often
will a tender lamb from our own sheepfolds stain.
He let my cattle range, as you discern, & me
myself, whatever I wanted, play with fieldland reed.

ME. I don’t feel envy, wonder more: fields everywhere
entire are so far shaken. Look, myself, my nanny-goats
I’m driving, anxious – this one, Tityrus, scarcely draw;
for just now here among thick hazels struggling
to give them birth she left twin kids, troop’s hope, on naked flint.
Often this trouble, if my mind had not been luckless,
now I see that oaks – by bolts from heaven struck – foretold.
Yet still that god, what sort he is, do, Tityrus, declare.

Tl. The city that they Rome declare, Melibœus, I once thought
(more fool I was) like ours, to which we grazers
often use to drive the tender sucklings of our sheep.
As pups alike to dogs, alike to nannies kids
I’d known, so I would put alongside little great.
But this among other cities has raised its head as high
as among limber viburnums cypresses do theirs.

Me. And what so great cause made you go see Rome?

Tl. Freedom, which though tardy, looked out for lazy me, after whiter, when I sheared, my beard began to fall, yet did look out & a long time after came, after Amaryllis has us, Galatéa has let go. In fact, for I'll confess, while Galatéa kept me, no hope there was of freedom nor care about my stash. However many a victim got to market from my pens & fat cheese molded for the thankless city, not ever heavy with cash did my right hand get home.

Me. I wondered why, gloomy, you called to gods, Amaryllis, for whom left apples hanging each on its own tree. Hence Tityrus was away. Themselves, you, Tityrus, pines, themselves the springs, themselves these woods kept calling.

Tl. What was I to do? For nowhere else could I get out of slavery or get to know such powerful gods. Here I saw that youth, Melibœus, for whom each year on twice six days our altars send up smoke. Here first to me petitioning he gave oracular response: “Graze cattle as before, boys. Bring up bulls.”

Me. Lucky oldster, therefore yours your countryside will stay & great enough for you: though naked rock & marsh with muddy rush hem in your pasture, all: no unfamiliar feed will trouble suckling ewes nor harmful contact from a neighbor herd do hurt. Lucky oldster, here among familiar streams & holy springs you’ll try to get the darkened chill. Hence, as ever, from your nearby bourn your croft – its willow flower grazed down by Hyblan bees – will oft with subtle rustling soothe in sleep; hence under lofty crag will trimmer sing to breeze, nor all the while will throaty pigeons, your concern, nor doves let up their moaning from the airy elm.

Tl. Sooner, then, will deer be pastured, light, in upper air, & straits abandon fishes – naked – on the shores, sooner exiled – strayed beyond each other’s bounds – will Parthian drink Saone or German drink of Tigris, than will from our heart that one’s visage slip away.

Me. But we from here some few to thirsty Africans will go, another part to Scythia & Óixes snatching silt & Britons deeply from the globe entire cut off. Look, ever – after a long time – at homeland bounds & peak of paltry roodlet heaped with turf –
my kingdom – will I wonder after some few ears?
Will godless soldier get these fallows so well-kept,
barbarian these croplands? Look, to what point discord’s drawn
us citizens wretched forth. For these did we sow fields?
Now graft pears, Melibœus, put in ordered rank your vines.
Get on my nanny goats, once lucky herd, get on.
Not after this will I stretched out in a green bower
see you apart hang down from a bushy crag.
No more songs I’ll sing. Not, goats, with me as grazer
will you pluck clover flower & bitter willow.
Tl. Here, however, you could rest this night with me
upon green leafage. Apples we have ripened,
chestnuts soft & milk – a store compressed in molds;
& now apart the topmost peaks of farmsteads smoke
& down from lofty hills the shadows greater fall.
SECOND BUCOLIC

CHARACTERS [SPEAKING / Named Only]

NARRATOR, observes with urbane detachment country scene where farmers perform regular day's work but grazer CORYDON roams & burns with love for Aléxis — his master’s pet boy not charmed by singer & songs.

CORYDON, youthful slave, grazer of sheep & goats, neglects farm work for love.

STORY: singing fails to charm beloved boy, so turns back to farm work.

CRAFT: when not singer trying to charm beloved, then pruner of vines or weaver; owner of prestigious pipe handed down to him by...

DAMETAS, old master bequeathed pipe made of hemlock stalks to CORYDON.

Aléxis, master’s pet boy whom CORYDON fails to charm with song.

Amarýllis, neighbor girl — ill-tempered but more available than Aléxis.

Amýntas, neighbor boy who courts CORYDON in vain.

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

Iólías, rivals CORYDON for Aléxis’ love (master of both slaves?).

Menálcas, neighbor boy, more homely than Aléxis.

Pan, god that invented first pipe made of reeds.

Théstylis, neighbor farm girl.

SCENE

Beech grove, close grown, with leafy tops, but also sunny fields where farmers plow. Time span from hot day to cooling twilight.

NA. Grazer Córydon burned with fire for shapely Aléxis, darling of their owner, nor had anything to hope.

Only through a thick beech grove with shady tops he endlessly kept coming. There alone he used to fling these awkward songs with futile zeal to hills & woods:

CO. O cruel Aléxis, nothing care you for my songs?

No pity take on us? You drive me, then, to die?

Now even cattle are seeking out cool shadows.

Now green lizards, even, thorny brakes protect & Théstylis for reapers — wearied by the snatching heat — is pounding thyme & garlic — scented herbs.

But with me, while I survey your tracks beneath the burning sun, the woods with throaty locusts echo.

Wouldn't it have been enough to suffer baleful wrath & haughty scorn of Amarýllis? Or Menálcas, however much he's dark, however much you're white?

O shapely boy, trust not too much in color.

White privet flowers drop off, dark hyacinths get picked.

Looked down upon by you am I, what sort you don’t hunt out, how rich in heads of sheep, how in white milk awash.

A thousand lambs of mine are ranging Sicily’s hills; fresh milk I have in summer & in winter too.
I chant what Amphión did, whenever he called kine,  
Amphión the Dircéan on Attic Ará cynthus.  
Nor am I so unshapely. Newly at the shore myself I saw,  
when calm from winds the sea stood still. Not Daphnis I would fear (with you as judge), if copy never tricks. 27  
O, only might it please you in paltry countryside to dwell  
& lowly cottages with me & go shoot deer  
& drive with green hibiscus twig my troop of kids!  
Along with me in woods you’ll mimic Pan in singing  
(Pan first to join together several reeds with wax arranged. Pan cares for sheep & for sheep’s masters)  
nor should to rub your little lip with reed shame you. 34  
These same things to know, what didn’t Amýntas do?  
A pipe composed of seven unequal hemlock stalks  
I own, which once Damétas gave to me in gift  
& spoke while dying: “You this now gets as second.”  
Damétas spoke, Amýntas, foolish, envied. 39  
Besides two roebucks found in a dangerous valley —  
their pelts still sprinkled now with white — twice daily  
milk me dry a ewe’s teats: them I keep for you.  
To get them from me Théstylis long since prayed;  
& she will yet, since you find paltry all our gifts. 44  
This way come, shapely boy. For you with baskets filled. 45  
look, Nymphs bring lilies; Nais gleaming white for you,  
plucking pale-colored violets & poppy heads,  
joins narcissus & the flower of sweetly scented dill.  
Then weaving in wild cinnamon & other soothing herbs  
she paints soft hyacinths with yellow marigolds.  
Myself will I pick apples hoary with tender down  
& chestnut kernels, which my Amaryllis loved;  
I'll add waxy plums — honor this fruit too —  
& you, o laurels, pluck & you, next to them, myrtle,  
since soothing scents you'll mingle set this way. 55  
Córydon, you’re pure country. Aléxis doesn’t care for gifts,  
nor, if you should match with gifts, would Ióllas allow. 56  
Woe, what have I wished for wretched me: lost, sent  
hot wind to flowers & boars to limpid springs. 59  
Whom are you fleeing madly? Gods, too, dwelt in woods  
& so did Trojan Paris. Pallas cultivate herself  
the keeps she founded! Us before all else please woods!  
Glowering lioness goes after wolf; itself wolf after nanny;  
gamy nanny goat goes after flowering clover,  
Córydon after you. Own pleasure pulls each one. 65  
Look how bullocks bring back plows from yokes hung down  

& sun the growing shadows doubles as it goes.
Yet me love burns: what measure truly would there be for love? 68
A Córydon, Córydon, what mindlessness has caught you? 69
There is for you a half-pruned vine on leafy elm.
Why don’t you rather at least some thing utility requires
prepare to finish weaving with osier & soft rush.
You'll find another Aléxis, if you this one scorns. 73

○ ○ ○
THIRD BUCOLIC

CHARACTERS [SPEAKING / Named Only]

MENALCAS, young owner of cattle, sheep, kids, but not in charge.
STORY: lover, provokes singing match.
CRAFT: singer linked with craft & number in song via Conon & Apollo.— god of poetry & prophecy [linked with Caesar Octavian].

DAMETAS, hired hand (slave?) looks after others’ cattle, sheep, goats.
STORY: lover, provokes matches & rustles livestock.
CRAFT: singer linked with power of song via Orpheus & Jove [linked with Caesar Octavian on coins].

PALEMON, neighbor.
STORY: called to judge
CRAFT: dictates alternating songs loved by Caménae, Latin Muses.

Ægon, while off making nice with Neaira, so she won’t prefer MENALCAS, left his sheep in the care of DAMETAS.

Alcímedon, craftsman of cups divinely carved from wood of beech.

Amýntas, boy loved by MENALCAS.

Bavius & Mævius, city poets deserving to be despised.

Damon, singer who lost to DAMETAS but would not pay his bet.

Daphnis, hunter with reeds made into not pipe but arrows.

Galatéa, girl that flirts with DAMETAS.

Melibœus, not owner of present flock.

Phyllis, girl loved by Ióllas & DAMETAS.

Póllio, city poet – lover of bucolic muse & maker of new songs.

Títyrus, here just a grazier of goats.

SCENE
Peaceful countryside with farm fields & bucolic woods in full spring growth. Grassy spot to sit near ancient beech trees & vineyard of Micon.

MN. Declare me, Damëtæs, whom’s flock? Melibœus ‘is? 1
DA. No, really Ægon’s; newly Ægon handed me it.

MN. You sheep, as always, luckless flock, the while Hisself warms up Neaira fearing she likes me not him,
here foreign keeper twice each hour strips ewes:
both juice from flock gets drained & milk from lambs. 6

DA. Less talk like that should (mind you!) get thrown at real men. 7
You (we know) both who (while he-goats crossed their eyes) & in what little shrine (but easy Nymphs just laughed).

MN. Then, I trust that was when me with harmful hook they saw cut into Micon’s arbor & young vines.

DA. Or here by ancient beeches when you broke Daphnis’ bow & reeds, which you, ill-turned Menálcas,
seeing given the boy, both grieved & if you hadn’t somehow hurt, you would have died. 15
MN. What should owners do, when rascals dare such things?
Did I not see you, scum, purloin with ruses
Damon’s buck, though Wolfie barked & barked?
& when I shouted, 'Where's that fellow sneaking?
Tityrus, drive the herd!', you lurked behind the sedge.

DA. Though beaten by me in chanting, he was not going to pay
the billygoat my pipe had earned with songs.
If you don’t know, that goat was mine; to me himself
Damon confessed, but said he couldn’t pay.

MN. You chanting him? when ever did you own a pipe
well-joined with wax? Were you not used to strew
in common streets with squeaky straw your wretched song.

DA. So don’t you want us then to try what each can do
in turn? I stake this young cow, so you’ll not beg off:
twice comes to milkpail, two calf-sucklings feeds with teat.
You declare what pledge you’d match with me.

MN. Nothing from the troop would I dare stake with you.
At home there’s father, there’s his new, deceitful wife:
two times a day both count the herd, he even kids.
But that which you yourself will call far greater,
since you this madness pleases, cups I’ll stake
of beech, divine Alcímedon’s chiseled work,
where limber vine contrived on easy lathe
with pallid ivy straggling clusters decks:
two figures centered – Conon & the other, who,
that with his rod described for folks the globe entire,
what times the reaper, what the plowman bent.
Nor yet have I set lips to them, but keep them stored.

DA. Two cups the same Alcímedon made us, too,
& hugged with bearsfoot soft around their handles
& centered Orpheus & the hearkening woods;
nor yet have I set lips to them, but keep them stored.
If you still eye the yearling, no use that you praise cups.

MN. Not today will you get off; I’ll come where you may call.
Only let hear this ... who’s coming: look, Palémon.
I’ll make it so that you with talk bait no one else.

DA. Get on, if anything you’ve got. Delay from me there’s none:
I flee from no one. Only, neighbor Palémon, put
these things – no little matter – into deepest mind.

PA. Declare, since we’ve sate down on soft green growth
& now each field, now every tree gives birth,
now woods leaf out, now shapeliest the year.
Begin, Damêtas; you then next, Menálcas, go.
In turns you’ll declare: Caménæ love their songs in turns.
DA. From Jove our Muse's start. Of Jove all things are full.
He takes care of lands. My songs are his concern. 60

MN. Me also Phœbus loves; for Phœbus gifts of his on hand
I always keep: laurels & hyacinth's soothing blush. 63

DA. Galatea aims at me an apple, gamy girl, both flees to willows & herself wants seen before.

MN. But volunteers himself to me, my fire, Amýntas, so Delia to our dogs won't soon get better known.

DA. I got my Venus gifts, for I remarked the place myself where airy pigeons gathered in their nest.

MN. That which I could, I sent the boy – picked from a woodland tree – ten apples, golden: others will tomorrow.

DA. O how often & what to me has Galatea uttered! Winds, some part to the ears of the gods may you report!

MN. What good that me, Amyntas, you at heart don't spurn if, while you go after boars, I watch the nets? 75

DA. Phyllis send to me; the birthday's mine, Iollas. 76 When I for harvest heifer offer, come yourself.

MN. “Phyllis I love before others; for when I left she wept & said at length, 'Well, shapely Iollas, fare, fare well’.”

DA. Gloomy wolf for stalls, for ripened harvests rains, for trees the winds, for us the wrath of Amarýllis.

MN. Sweet for plantings moisture, arbute for weaned kids, limber willow for suckling flock, for me Amýntas only. 83

DA. Pollio loves our Muse, however countrified; Pierians, graze a heifer for your reader.

MN. Pollio makes new songs himself, too; graze a bull, with horn about to lunge & scatter sand with feet.

DA. Who loves you, Pollio, should come where he enjoys you, too, let honey flow for him, harsh bramble bear sweet nard.

MN. Who does not Bavius hate, let love, Mævius, your songs; & let the same yoke foxes & milk billy-goats. 91

DA. You who are picking flowers & berries growing near the ground, a chilly snake – boys flee from here – is lurking in the grass.

MN. Spare, sheep, to go too far: the river bank's not rightly trusted; even your ram himself now dries his fleece.

DA. Títyrus, from the stream throw back your grazing goats; myself, when it comes time, them in the spring I'll wash.

MN. Drive, boys, your ewes; if heat has stopped their milk, as newly happened, we'll in vain mold teats with palms.

DA. Woe, woe, how thin a bull in vetch that's fat I've got! One same love spells ruin for herd & master of herd.

MN. These sure – nor love the cause – barely stick to bones; some evil eye bewitches me my tender lambs.
DA. Declare in what lands – & you will be my great Apollo –
the span of sky spreads out no ampler than three ells.

MN. Declare in what lands do flowers inscribed with names of kings
get born & you get Phyllis for yourself alone.

PA. Not ours between you to put down such great dissent:
both you are worthy of the cow & he & anyone
who'll fear loves when they're sweet or try though bitter.

Close now runlets, boys. Enough have meadows drunk.
FOURTH BUCOLIC

CHARACTERS [ SPEAKING / Named Only ]

SINGER–SEER looks down on bucolic woods, unlike PALEMON of B. III, who found both singers worthy, but like urbane NARRAT—
orator of B. II.

STORY: envisions return of Golden Age & reform of world if only this song can charm a newborn boy to make a heroic start.

CRAFT: ambitious seer & singer.


Boy, infant sent from heaven as increase of Jove, [linked in propaganda with Caesar Octavian] yet born of mortal mother...

Apollo, god of seers & father of first poet Linus [patron god of Caesar Octavian].

Calliope, muse of heroic epic & mother of powerful singer Orpheus.

Linus, inventor of verse & music, teacher of Hercules & Orpheus.

Lucina, goddess of childbirth – otherwise Diana, sister of Apollo.

Pan, Arcadian god & inventor of bucolic pipe (B. II).

Pollio, singer & reader (B. III) but here Roman magistrate & general – consul, office be held in 40 BCE.

Sicilian Muses, representing the preceding eclogues as linked with Theocritus.

SCENE

Rome (?), since seer wants woods worthy of Roman consul & addresses a consul & seeks to charm a boy imagined as newly born & destined to rule the world.

SR Sicilian Muses, songs a bit greater let us sing. 1
Trees & groundling tamarisks do not please all.

If we sing woods, let woods be worthy of a consul. 3

The final age of Cumae’s song at last has come. 4

The centuries’ great rank is being born afresh.

At last returns the Maiden, Saturn’s kingdoms, too,

At last new lineage gets sent down from lofty sky. 7

You at least this boy being born, by whom will first

iron folk let go & golden rise the whole world through,

help, chaste Lucina – your Apollo reigns at last. 10

With you as consul will this grace of time come on, 11

& Pollio, great months begin to march ahead.

You as leader, if some traces of our crime remain
negated they will set lands loose from endless fear. 14

He will take up the life of gods & see with gods
the heroes mingled & himself by them be seen

& rule a globe to peace by father manhood forced. 17

But earth will – carefree – pour you, boy, first little gifts

of ivy ranging everywhere with cyclamen

& Egypt’s bean as well with smiling bearsfoot mixed.

Themselves will nannies bring home teats full-stretched
with milk & herds of kine not fear great lions;

The snake will die out & deceptive poison grass
die out, Assyrian cardamom be commonly born.

But as soon as you can read at last of heroes' praise
& parents' deeds & come to know what manhood is,
the field will yellow bit-by-bit with ears grown soft
& grapes hang blushing down from carefree briars
& hardened oaks will sweat out honey like the dew.

Yet a few traces will survive of ancient fraud, 31
such as would bid with boats to trouble Thetis, towns

with walls bind round & into earth make furrows split. 33
Another Tiphys there'll be then & other Argo 34
that transports picked heroes, likewise other wars
& still again to Troy sent out a great Achille. 36

Hence, when age firmed up at last makes you a man,
the transport will itself give in to sea nor sailing
pine exchange its goods; all earth will bear all things.

Nor ground will suffer hoes, nor vines the pruning blade,
the oak-like plowman, too, at last loose yokes from bulls,

nor wool still learn to feign a various reach of hues,
but ram himself in meadows change his fleece
with saffron yellow now or now with purple's soothing blush.

Vermilion of its own accord will cloth the grazing lambs.

“Run centuries such as these,” their spindles Parcae told –
concordant in their fateful sayings' founding power.

Approach oh honors great (the time will soon be here),
dear offshoot of the gods, of Jupiter great increase. 49

Look at the cosmos nodding with its bending mass –
both lands & stretches of sea & sky poured deep.
Look how all rejoice in the century to come. 52

O for me then may a long life's final part remain
& breath as much as will be enough to declare your deeds!

Not me with songs will Thracian Orpheus defeat
nor Linus, how-so-much his mother or his father aid,
Orpheus Calliope & Linus shapely Apollo.

Pan even, if with me he'd match (Arcadia as judge),

Pan (even Arcadia as judge) would declare his own defeat. 59

Begin, little boy, to know your mother with a smile:
ten months have brought your mother long discomfords;

begin, little boy: whoever has not smiled on parents,
him worthy no god deems of board nor goddess of her bed.
FIFTH BUCOLIC

CHARACTERS [SPEAKING / Named Only]

MENALCAS, elderly & authoritative (drawn & amplified, from B. III & II).
   STORY: hails beloved singer Daphnis as new god protecting countryside.
   CRAFT: singer-seer.

MOPSUS, youthfully innovative, ambitious, & thin-skinned.
   STORY: grieves for beloved singer Daphnis as lost protector of countryside.
   CRAFT: singer-seer.

Ægon, Alphesibæus, Damætas, cohort to celebrate Daphnis as new god.

Amýntas, singer cited as sole match for MOPSUS.

Antigones, failed suitor of MOPSUS.

Daphnis, dead & deified singer-seer [allegory for Julius Caesar, adoptive father of Octavian, assassinated 44 BCE & deified 42 BCE].

Tityrus, assigned to keep goats while others sing.

SCENE

Usual shade (cf. B. II & I) declared shifty in push by MOPSUS to get to vine-wreathed bower (cf. lost bower of MELIBŒUS, B. I).

MN. Why have we, Mopsus, not, since good we both have come – you at puffing light reed pipes, I at declaring verse – here among elms mixed with hazels sate us down? 1

MO. You’re greater; to you it’s fair, Menálcas, I give way, whether under shade with shaking breezes shifty or we rather reach the bower. Look to where a wild wood vine has sprinkled sparse its bunches round the bower. 7

MN. Among our hills alone Amýntas matches you. 8

MO. So what, if he would match himself in singing over Phœbus? Begin first, Mopsus, if you’ve any “Fires of Phyllis” or “Alcon’s Praises” or “Disputes of Codrus.”

MN. As much as limber willow to unripe olive yields, as much as lowly nard gives way to punic rosebeds, so much, we judge, gives way to you Amýntas. But you let go, boy, any more: we’ve reached the bower. 19

MO. Daphnis, by cruel death snuffed out, the Nymphs bewept (you, streams & hazels, bearing witness to the Nymphs) while having closely hugged her offspring’s wretched corpse his mother calls the gods & stars of heaven cruel. 20
Not any in those days drove well-fed cattle, Daphnis, to chilly streams, nor any four-footed creature sipped the brook nor touched green growth of grass.

Daphnis, at your passing even punic lions roared, both untamed hills & woods report. Daphnis arranged for yoking Armenian tigers to chariots, Daphnis for starting Bacchus’ rites & weaving onto limber staves soft leaves.

As vines their arbors grace, as grapes their vines, as bulls their troops, as crops their fat plowed lands, are you all grace to yours. After you the fates bore off, herself farm fields did Pales & himself Apollo leave.

In furrows where big barley seeds we often set, unfruitful darnel & infertile oats get born; instead of violets soft, instead of dark narcissus thistles rise & thornbush with its pointed spikes.

Sprinkle ground with leaves, start shadows over springs, you grazers (Daphnis sets such things on his behalf), & make a mound, & add upon the mound a song: “Daphnis was I in woods, from here to heaven’s signs renowned, keeper of a shapely flock, more shapely still myself.”

Such your song for us, o godlike poet, as sleep for weary men on grass, as when weather’s hot to quench with rushing runlets of sweet water thirst.

Not with reeds alone you match your master, but with voice; Lucky boy, you now will be another after him.

Yet we’ll declare these songs of ours whatever way in turn for you, we’ll lift your Daphnis to the stars: Daphnis to the stars we’ll bear; us, also, Daphnis loved.

Could anything be more great for us than such a gift? The boy himself was worthy to be chanted & those songs of yours a long while since to us had Stimichon acclaimed.

Bright Daphnis wonders at Olympus’ unfamiliar sill & looks at clouds & constellations under foot.

At which quick pleasure seizes other countryside & woods & Pan & grazers & the girls who spring from oaks. Nor does the wolf work ruses on the flock, nor any nets deceit for deer: good Daphnis loves repose.

Themselves with joy the unshorn hills fling voices to the stars; themselves the crags, the trees themselves sing out the songs: "A god, Menálcas, he's a god!"

May you be good & prospering for yours! Eh! four shrines: see, Daphnis, altars – two for you & two for Phoebus.
You each year two cups with new milk foaming
I will offer & two mixing bowls of fatty olive
& above all banquets festive with much Bacchus,
before the hearth, when cold, when harvest, in the shade,
Cretan wines – new nectar – I will pour from bowls.
For me will chant Damœtas & Lyctian Ægon
Alphesibœus imitate the prancing Satyrs.
These will be yours always, when we render Nymphs
their yearly vows & when we purify farm fields.
So long as boar loves yokes of hills, so long as fish loves streams,
so long as bees are grazed on thyme & locusts grazed on dew,
always will your honor, name & praise remain.
As to Bacchus & to Ceres, so to you each year
will fieldhands vow: you, too, fulfilling vows will bind.

MO. What shall I give, what gifts to you for such a song?
For not as much do hiss of coming southern wind or surf
drummed shorelines please nor streams
that rush down gorges strewn with stones.

MN. Before you we confer this brittle hemlock pipe:
this taught us “Córydon burned for shapely Aléxis,”
this same one taught “flock’s whom’s? Melibœus ‘is?’.”

MO. But you take up the staff, which Antigenes did not get
when often he used to ask (& then he was worth love),
shapely with its even knots & bronze, Menálcas.
SIXTH BUCOLIC

CHARACTERS [SPEAKING / Named Only]

TITYRUS, grazer of sheep.

STORY OF CRAFT: at first found woods worthwhile but then tried to sing of greater things, only to get drawn back by oracular order from APOLLO; so now will leave Roman themes to others & sing in range of...

PIERIANS – Muses of Hesiod – invoked to tell story of song performed by...

SILENUS, seer-singer hung over & made to cough up song including voices of...

PASIPHAE, queen in passionate plea for help to get beloved bull, &

LINUS, traditional poetic mentor instructing Gallus to write epic about grove sacred to APOLLO: all heard & remembered by river...

Eurótas, from Arcadia & laurels, from attempted rape of Daphne by...

APOLLO – drew Tityrus down from ambition; still challenged by SILENUS’ singing; yet identified finally as original maker of the whole song.

SCENE

Not spelled out for TITYRUS, but SILENUS lies down in a bower & his singing shuts off only with dusk & work of driving home & counting at day’s end.

T. At first with verse of Syracuse our Thália deemed 1

play worthy, neither did she blush to dwell in woods.

When I would sing of kings & combats, Cýnthius tugged my ear & warned, “A grazer, Tityrus, it behooves to graze sheep fat, declare song drawn-down fine.” 5

Now I (for you'll have plenty, Varus, who'll desire to declare your praise & set down gloomy wars) will work up farmland muse with scrawny reed.

I don't sing songs forbidden. Yet if anyone these, too, if someone caught by love will read, you our tamarisks, Varus, you the grove entire will sing; nor dearer page to Phœbus than inscribed on top with Varus’ name. 12

Get on, Pierians. Chromis & Mnasylus in a bower – boys – saw Silenus lying there asleep, his veins as always puffed with wine of yesterday.

Wreathes a bit apart were lying, slipped from off his head & heavy bowl hung down by its handle worn with use.

Stepping to (for often both with hope of song the oldster had beguiled) they throw the very wreathes as chains.

Adds herself as ally Αégle & outdoes their bashful way, Αégle, loveliest of Naiads, & for him, as now he sees, brow & temples using blood-red berries paints.

He, laughing at the trick, “For what do you weave chains?

Unloose me, boys. Enough to have seemed able.

Songs you wish for get to know; songs for you,
for her there'll be another trade.” He himself at once begins.
Then truly you would see in rhythm Fauns & wild beasts
play, then stiff oaks start to shake their tops.
Nor does Parnassus' crag so much delight in Phoebus,
nor Rhodope & Ismarus wonder at Orpheus so much.
For he was singing that through the great void seeds
were driven of the lands & air & sea
along with fluid fire; that all things from these firstlings,
all & itself the cosmos’ tender globe together grew.
Then soil commenced to harden & wall off Nereus
in the sea & bit by bit take on the forms of things;
& now lands stand astonished as the sun begins to shine
& rains fall farther as clouds get moved up,
when woods first begin to rise & when
sparse living creatures range through innocent hills.
Hence the stones for Pyrrha thrown, Saturnian realms,
Caucasian birds & theft of Prometheus he relates.
To these he joins at what spring Hylas left behind
the sailors shouted, so the shore entire would echo, “Hylas, alas.”
Also lucky if livestock never had there been,
Pasiphaë he comforts for a snow-white bullock’s love.
O luckless maid, what mindlessness caught hold of you?
Prêteus' daughters with fake mooing filled farm fields,
yet not one ever sought such monstrous lying down
with beasts, however much for her neck she feared the plow
& often groped on her smooth brow for horns.
O luckless maid, you now range the hills
while he – his snowy flank on hyacinth soft upholding –
munches pale green growth beneath a dark holm-oak
or seeks in the great troop some heifer. “Close off, Nymphs,
o Nymphs of Netting, close off now the glens of groves,
if by chance before our eyes should bring themselves
some deranged cattle tracks; or if it chance that him –
by green growth caught or seeking after livestock –
right through to Gortyn’s stables certain kine draw on.”
Then he sings of her who wondered at the apples of the West;
then he envelopes Phaëthon’s sisters using moss
of bitter bark & raises alders gangly from the ground.
Then he sings of Gallus ranging by Permessus’ streams
how up into Aonia’s hills one of the sisters drew him
& how to greet the man the choir of Phoebus rose entire,
how grazer Linus, hair adorned with flowers & bitter parsley,
told with godlike song to him these things:
“To you the Muses give (look take) these reeds,
which before they gave to Ascra's oldster, with which he used to draw stiff ashes down by chanting from the hills.

With these by you be told the rise of the Grynean grove, so there be no glade in which Apollo shows off more.”

What should I place next, either Nisus’ daughter Scylla, famed for loins bound round by barking brutes that harassed Ulysses' boats & on the lofty gulf, ah, tore at fearful sailors with her sea-born dogs, or how he told the story of Tereus’ limbs exchanged, what meals him Philomela fed, what gifts prepared, by what route he sought deserts & on what wings before unlucky flew above what had been roofs of his? 

All this, which once, with Phœbus working up, enriched Eurotas heard & bade that laurels learn, he sings (the valleys struck relay to heaven’s signs), till Evening Star bade driving sheep to pens besides relating numbers &. despite Olympus' will, marched forth.
SEVENTH BUCOLIC

CHARACTERS [SPEAKING / Named Only]

MELIBŒUS, grazer of goats, sheep, & cattle, farmer with seasonal work.

STORY: remembers once when buck strayed, which led him to great match of Arcadians in verse.

CRAFT: familiar with Muses’ wish to recall alternate verses.

DAPHNIS, authoritative & focal figure to which others come.

STORY: seated to hear contest, welcomes listener.

CRAFT: facilitates recall of alternate verses.

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

STORY: mixed goats with another’s sheep but kept own art.

CRAFT: responsive to Muses, but humble.

THYRSIS ARCADIAN, grazer of sheep, youthful – immodest & boastful.

STORY: mixed sheep with another’s goats, but kept own art.

CRAFT: responsive to Muses, but ambitious, would-be seer.

Alcíppe, Aléxis, Codrus, Galatéa, Lycidas, Micon, Phyllis, here variously a helper, competitor, or lover.

Buck, lead goat or billy (one meaning of tityrus in Greek) that led MELIBŒUS to site of musical match.

Muses, expressed wish to remember alternate verses, unlike Camenae (B. 3) that love alternate songs.

SCENE

Lone evergreen oak by reed-woven bank of Mincius – river near Mantua, from which Virgil came.

Mr.: By chance beneath a rustling holm-oak Daphnis had sat down
& Corydon & Thyrsis driven together their troops in one,
Thyrsis sheep & Corydon nannies swollen with milk,
both flowering in their ages of life, Arcadians both,
a pair well matched to chant & ready to reply. 5
This way, while tender myrtles I was fending off from cold,
himself – the troop’s man – buck had ranged. But I
at Daphnis look. He, when me in turn he sees, says “Quicker,
come here, Melibœus, your buck & kids are safe;
& if let up a bit you can, take a rest in shade.
Here themselves through meadows bullocks come to drink;
here with tender reed its banksides Mincius weaves
in green & out from holy oak reecho swarming bees.” 13
What was I to do? Not I Alcíppe had nor Phyllis 14
who would close off lambs removed from milk at home
& match it was – Corydon with Thyrsis – great.
Yet I my serious things put second to their play.
Whereupon to strive in turn with verse they both
led off (in turns the Muses to remember wished):
these Córydon relayed in order, Thyrsis those.  

CO. Nymphs, our love, Libéthrides, allow me either
such a song as to my Codrus (songs to Phœbus
near he makes with verses), or, if we all can’t,
here my rustling pipe from holy pine will hang.  

TH. Grazers, with ivy grace your poet as he grows,
Arcadians, so that Codrus' guts with envy burst.
Or, if he praise beyond what please you, bind my brow
with cyclamen, lest wicked tongue harm bard to be.  

CO. This head of bristly boar to you of Delos little
Micon gives & branchy horns of long-lived stag.
If fitting this will be, from polished marble whole
you’ll stand with purple boots around your calves.  

TH. A bowl of milk, Priapus, & this cake each year
enough to look for: paltry garden’s keeper that you are.
Now in marble momentarily we've made you; but,
if foison have filled out the troop, may you golden be.  

CO. Sea-born Galatéa, sweeter to me than Hyblan thyme,
brighter than swans, more shapely than white ivy,
when bulls well-grazed first seek again their pens,
if any care for your Córydon grips you, may you come.  

TH. Rather may I seem to you more bitter than Sardinian herbs,
more rough than broom, than seaweed tossed on shore more cheap,
if for me this day’s not already longer than a year.
Go home, well-grazed, if there's any shame, go, bullocks, go.  

CO. Mossy springs & grass more soft than sleep
& green arbute that covers you with sprinkled shade,
solstice from the flock fend off: now comes scorching
summer, now are swelling buds on limber stalk.  

TH. Here's hearth & torches fat, here's fire the most
always & columns blackened by incessant soot;
here about the northwind's chills we care as much
as wolves for number care or raging streams for banks.  

CO. Junipers & shaggy chestnuts take their stand;
apples lie spread freely each beneath its tree:
all now smile: but if shapely Algæs
leave these hills, even rivers dry you'd see. 56

Th. The farmfield dries; the grass thirsts dying from a fault of air;
Liber to our slopes begrudges shade from vines.
Upon our Phyllis’ coming will the grove entire grow green
& Jove come down his very most with joyful rain. 60

Co. Poplar to Hercules is dearest, vine to Bacchus,
myrtle to shapely Venus, his laurel to Phœbus:
Phyllis loves hazels; them so long as Phyllis loves,
neither myrtle will beat hazel, nor will Phœbus' laurel. 64

Th. Ash in woods is loveliest, in gardens pine,
poplar along streams, fir in lofty hills:
but me if you would visit, shapely Lycidas, more often,
ash in woods would yield to you, in gardens pine.

Me. These I remember &, though beaten, Thyris, vainly strive.
From that time Córydon, Córydon, is for us.

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EIGHTH BUCOLIC

CHARACTERS [SPEAKING / Named Only]

NARRATOR, looks in on bucolic scene, like Melibœus (B. 7) & urbane Narrator (B. 2), but more detached – looking back to beginning & beyond to end.

STORY: began by authority of distant figure, whose heroic deeds he hopes some day to sing & for whose sake he must end the present run.

CRAFT: singer with higher ambition identified as heroic & tragic.

DAMON, lover.

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

CRAFT: Arcadian verses, citing Pan as inventing pipe of reeds.

ALPHESIBŒUS, reporter of powerful singing, like Tityrus in sixth eclogue.

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

CRAFT: her songs like seer’s – spells with power to enchant & charm.

PIERIANS, Muses called to enable report of powerful singing, as in sixth eclogue.

Amaryllis, maid-servant called to aid magic rites.

Daphnis, beloved drawn by powerful songs back from city.

Moeris, seer-singer with magical powers.

SCENE

From Rome (?) reports on early morning with dewy grass & night enclosed in house.

NA. The muse of grazers – Damon & Alphesibœus – 1

at whom the heifer quite forgetting grasses wondered as they matched, by whose song lynxes were amazed and rivers changed to put to rest their rush,

the muse we'll declare of Damon & Alphesibœus. 5

You for me if now you reach beyond Timavo's rocks or read the shore beside Illyria's plain – oh, ever will it be that day when I may declare your deeds?

Oh, will it be I relate throughout the globe entire your songs though worthy only Sophoclean boots?

From you my start, for you will I let go: accept songs by your bidding led & let this ivy creep among victorious laurels on your head. 13

Chilly shade of night had scarcely left the sky 14
when dew on tender grass is dearest to the flock,
Damon thus led off inclining on a polished olive staff:

DA. Lucifer, be born & coming forth herd day as help,
while I – by unworthy love of yoke-mate Nysa caught –
complain & gods (though nothing have I gained with them
as witnesses) in my last hour I dying yet address.

Begin Mænalian verses, my bone pipe, begin.

Mænalus a rustling grove & speaking pines
has always, always hears the grazers' loves
& Pan, who first did not as artless suffer reeds.

Begin Mænalian verses, my bone pipe, begin.

To Mopsus Nysa’s given: lovers, what should we not hope?
Now yoked with horses gryphons be & in the ensuing age
with dogs at cups will bashful does arrive.
Mopsus, carve new torches: for you is drawn a wife.
Scatter, husband, nuts: for you the Evening Star M’nt Œta leaves.

Begin Mænalian verses, my bone pipe, begin.

O yoked with worthy man, while you look down on all
& while you hate my pipe & nanny goats
& shaggy forehead & just sprouting beard,
nor trust that any god gives care to mortal things.

Begin Mænalian verses, my bone pipe, begin.
In our pens I saw you – little girl with mother –
picking dewy apples (it was I who led you)
One year beyond eleven had then already got me;
already I could touch from earth the brittle boughs;
as I saw, I perished – harmful ranging took me off.

Begin Mænalian verses, my bone pipe, begin.
Now I know what sort is Love: on harsh cliffs him
either Tmaros or Rhódope or last Garamántes –
a boy not of our kind nor blood – give birth.

Begin Mænalian verses, my bone pipe, begin.
Fierce Love taught mother with her children’s blood
to spot her hands. Cruel are you, too, mother.
Cruel is mother more? Or evil more that boy?

Begin Mænalian verses, my bone pipe, begin.
Now let wolf flee willing even sheep, hard oaks
bear golden apples, alder with narcissus flower, (h)
tamarisks from their bark fat amber sweat,
& let owls match with swans, let Tityrus be Órpheus,
Órpheus in woods, Arion among dolphins. 56

Begin Mænalian verses, my bone pipe, begin.
Let all turn even to mid-sea. Fare well you woods: 58
headlong from lookout of an airy hill down into waves (i)
let me be borne! have this last gift of one that dies. 60

Let go, my pipe of bone, from verse of Mænalus, let go.

NA. These Damon. You, what Alphesibœus would reply,
declare, Piérian Muses: not all can we all. 63

P{A. Bring water out & with soft cloth these altars bind, 64
& fatty boughs & manly incense set on fire, (a)
so I with magic rites can try to turn askew
yoke-mate’s sound senses: nothing missing here but songs.67

Draw from city home, my songs, draw Daphnis home.

Songs can even from the sky draw down the moon; 69
with songs the comrades of Ulysses Circe changed; (b)
by chanting gets the chilly snake in meadows burst. 71

Draw from city home, my songs, draw Daphnis home.

Three each for you these threads in threefold hue 73
diverse I first put round & thrice your image round
these altars draw: number the god enjoys unmatched.
Plait with three knots, Amaryllis, three colors each;
plait, Amaryllis, now & say, “Venus’ chains I plait.” 78

Draw from city home, my songs, draw Daphnis home.

As this mud grows hard & as this wax melts down 80
by one & the same fire, thus Daphnis by our love. (d)
Sprinkle meal & brittle laurels fire with pitch.
Daphnis harmful burns me, I this laurel at Daphnis. 83

Draw from city home, my songs, draw Daphnis home.

Let Daphnis love as much as when a young cow tired 85
through groves & lofty glades her bullock hunting (e)
crumples near a water’s runlet on green marram, lost,
& not to tardy night remembers to give in –
such love get him & I not care that it be cured. 89

Draw from city home, my songs, draw Daphnis home.

These spoils he faithless left me once-upon-a-time,
dear tokens of himself, which now upon the very doorsill, (f)
Earth, for you I set: these tokens Daphnis owe. 93

Draw from city home, my songs, draw Daphnis home.
These grasses & these venoms picked from Pontus 95
Mœris gave to me: at Pontus most they grow.  (g)
With these change often to a wolf & hide himself in woods
I’ve sighted Mœris, often souls from depths of tombs excite,
besides across from another field draw planted crops. 99

Draw from city home, my songs, draw Daphnis home.
Bear embers, Amarýllis, out & cast them in a running stream 101
beyond your head & don’t look back! With these I’ll get  (h)
at Daphnis. He for gods cares nothing, nothing cares for songs. 103

Draw from city home, my songs, draw Daphnis home.
“Look: on its own, while I delay to bear it out,  105
the ember’s rapt the altar round. Be the omen good!”  (i)
Something’s there for sure & Hylax barks on the sill.
Do we trust? Or, they who love, do they themselves feign dreams?108

Spare my songs, now Daphnis comes from city, spare.

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CHARACTERS [SPEAKING / Named Only]

LYCIDAS, young singer, also called seer, although he demures from the honor.
MŒRIS, elderly & forgetful singer-seer – cohort of...
MENÁLCAS, once powerful singer, but now defeated & displaced by...
NEW OWNER, allegory for the same force that was called, with greater polemical force, Godless Soldier in B. 1.
Caesar, Julius – here openly named, after allegorical disguise (B. 5) as...
Daphnis, here reduced from that allegorical role as new god (B. 5) to simple rustic.
Galatéa, nymph not charmed by singer & songs.
Varus, general who might have power to ward off seizure of property.
Varius & Cinna, singer-seers – a rank that LYCIDAS does not claim.

LY. Where to, Mœris, your feet? where the road draws, to the city? 1
MŒ. O Lýcidas, alive we’ve come to what we never feared,
that some new-coming owner of our little field
declare: “These things are mine. Old farmers, get along.”
Now beaten, gloomy, seeing that chance turns over all,
these kids to him (well may it not turn out!) we send. 6
LY. For sure I’d heard, that where the heights begin to draw
themselves below & send a yoke with soft incline
as far as water & beeches – old, now broken tops –
all of it your Menálcas safe had kept by songs. 10
MŒ. You’d heard & rumor was. But, Lýcidas, our songs so much
amidst Mars’ gear prevail, as do (they declare) prophetic
doves of Jove at Dodona, when his eagle comes.
In fact, had not a raven leftwards from a hollow
holm-oak warned me to cut short new quarrels – whatever –,
not your Mœris here & not Menálcas’ self would live. 16
LY. Alas! On anyone falls such great crime? Alas, from us
were your consolings nearly rapt with you, Menálcas?
Who would sing the Nymphs? Who would sprinkle ground
with flowering grasses or with green shade draw in springs.
Or songs that I in quiet newly picked up from you,
when you to our darling, Amaryllis, bore yourself: 22
[MN.] “Tityrus, graze my goats till I get back (the road is short)
& drive them, Tityrus, having grazed to drink & driving
don’t run up against the buck: with his horn he strikes.” 23
MŒ. Indeed these songs which, not yet done, he sang for Varus:
[MN.] “Varus, your name, if Mantua but survive for us,
Mantua, o woe, too near to wretched Cremona,
chanting swans will bear aloft to heaven’s signs.” 25
LY. So that your swarming bees may flee from bitter boxwood,
so that your cows well-grazed with clover swell their teats, begin, if you have something: me like you the Muses made a poet; I, like you, have songs; me, like you, a seer grazers call, though credit them I don’t, for so far songs of Varius or Cinna worthy I seem not to declare but shriek – a goose midst rustling swans.

_MÆ. _This I drive & quietly, Lýcidas, turn myself, if I could but remember; nor is the song unknown: [MÆ.] “Come hither, o Galatéa: for what play is there in waves? Here spring is purple, here the ground pours flowers around the rivers, here bright poplar over-looks the bower & limber vines weave means of shade. Come hither: let mad surf strike shores.”

_LYC. _What of the songs that under one clear night I’d heard you singing? Rhythms I remember, if keep words: [MÆ.] “Daphnis, why do you seek prior risings of signs? Look the star of Caesar of Dione’s line has come, the star by which the croplands would enjoy their yields & grapes draw color over heights that bask in sun. Graft your pear trees, Daphnis: heirs will pluck your fruit.”

_MÆ. _All things age bears off, mind also. Often as a boy, I remember, chanting I would set the long suns down, forgotten now so many songs & voice itself at last flees Mœris: wolves got to look at Mœris first. But yet those things Menálcas will tell you often enough.

_LYC. _By pleading excuses you draw out our loves at length & now all flat the plain lies still for you, & all, just look, the breezes from their windy noise have dropped. From right here on’s mid-road for us, because Bianor’s sepulchre begins appearing. Here, where fieldhands strip thick leafage off, here, Mœris, let us sing. Here put down your kids; yet we will come to the city. Or, if we fear lest night assemble rain before, singing ever we may go (the road harms less): so singing we can go, I'll lighten you this load.

_MÆ. _Let go from more, boy, & let's drive what presses now, songs better then, when Menálcas himself has come, we'll sing.

…”
TENTH BUCOLIC

CHARACTERS [SPEAKING / Named Only]
SINGER-WEAVER OF BOOK, goatherd, like Melibœus.

-story: having tailed on entire book, now seeks closure.

craft: singer of songs for Gallus & weaver of book as a whole.

Arcadians – Shepherde, Swineherds, Menalcas, Silvanus – along with Apollo & Pan, drawn by suffering of...

Gallus, lover & poet, surrounded by sheep.

-story: dying for love of Lycur & seeking cure in bucolic woods

craft: epic on Apollo’s grove modulated into Theocrito-virgilian mode.

Arethusa, nymph imagined at home in Arcadia before attempted rape by river Alpheus forced her to become a pure spring & escape to Sicilian Syracuse.

Pierians, Muses already invoked for sixth eclogue & second part of eighth, now their reach extended in retrospect to the whole book.

SCENE
Arcadia imagined sometime before Arethusa fled to Sicily where she got addressed by the cowherd Daphnis dying in Theocritus’ first idyll.

SR  Allow me this, Arethusa, one last chore:
a few for my Gallus, but such as Lycur herself would read,
songs must be declared: who would deny Gallus songs?
Thus to you, when you will glide beneath Sicanian surge,
may bitter Doris not mix in her wave,
begin: let us Gallus’ troubled loves declare
while snub-nosed nannies shear the tender shrubs.
We don’t sing to deaf ears: to all reply the woods.
What groves or what glens held you, Naiad
girls, when Gallus perished of unworthy love?
For no yokes of Parnassus, nor of Pindus any
made you delay & not Aonia’s Aganippe spring.
Him even laurels, even tamarisks bewept,
him even – lying sprawled beneath a lonely crag –
pine-bearing Menalus & rocks of chill Lyceus wept.
Around him sheep, too, stand: not we of them ashamed,
nor should you, godlike poet, be ashamed of sheep.
Even shapely Adonis grazed his sheep by streams.

There came, too, the shepheard; swineherds slowly came,
wet from winter’s acorn cache Menalcas came.
All ask, “Whence that love of yours?” Apollo came:
“Gallus, why go mad?” he says. “Your concern Lycur
after someone else has gone through snows & bristling camps.”
There came, as well, Silvanus – farmland honor on his head –
flowering fennel stalks besides big lilies brandishing.
Pan – Arcadia’s god – there came, whom we saw ourselves
flushed with bloody elder berries & red lead:
“Will be no measure?” he says, “For such things Love cares not,
nor of tears does cruel Love get enough, nor of runlets grass,
nor do bees of clover, nor of leaves do nanny goats.”
But gloomy he says, “Yet, Arcadians, you will chant
these things amid your hills, to chant uniquely skilled
Arcadians. O how softly then my bones would rest,
if your pipe at sometime should my loves declare.
But really would that I’d been one of you & either
keeper of your troop or vintner of your ripened grape!
Surely, whether for me Amýntas it were or Phyllis
or whatever rage (so what then if Amýntas swarthy?
Violets, too, are dark, & hyacinths are dark),
they’d lie with me among willows, beneath a limber vine:
Phyllis would pick wreathes for me, Amýntas chant.
Here springs are cool, here meadows soft, Lycóris.
Here’s a grove. Here I’d with you be spent by time itself.
Now mad love is keeping me in gear
of hard Mars amid spears & marshalled foes;
you far from fatherland (may I not believe so far!)
without me, alone – Ah! hard! – are seeing Alpine snows
& chills of river Rhine. Ah! you may chills not harm!
Ah! may jagged ice not tear your tender soles!
I shall go & songs, that I’ve set down in verse of Chalcis
I will tune with the Sicilian grazer’s oat:
it’s decided to prefer to suffer in woods
among wild beasts’ dens & to cut my loves
on tender trees – they will grow: you, loves, will grow.
Meantimes I’ll range Mænalus with mingling Nymphs
or hunt brute boars. Not any chill will hold me back
from laying siege with dogs to Virgin Mountain’s glens.
Already now to myself I seem to go through crags
and echoing bosks, delight in shooting Parthian points
with Cretan bow: as if this would be our rage’s cure
or that god learn with ills of men to gentle grow.
Already now neither Hamadrýads nor again do songs
themselves please us: yourselves again give way you woods!
Not change that god can any chores of ours
not if we should drink of Hebrus while it’s chill
& go on up to a watery winter’s Thracian snows,
nor if, when dying booklike bark dries on tall elm,
we’d drive Ethiopians’ sheep down under Cancer’s sign.
Love defeats all. Let us, too, give way to Love.”

These songs will be enough for your poet to have sung
while sitting & weaving with slender mallow a wicker form,
Pierian goddesses: these you'll make very great for Gallus,
Gallus, for whom my love grows hour-by-hour as much
as in new spring an alder thrusts itself up green.

Let's rise: usually heavy for those who chant is shade,
juniper shade is heavy; crops, too, the shadows harm.

Go with enough home, Evening Star comes, nannies, go.