

VIRGIL (70-19 BCE), LATIN POET. For a brief biography of Virgil and John Dryden's 1697 translation of 'Eclogue 2,' see the print anthology, pp. 198-203. Like the biography of Virgil that prefaces Joseph Trapp's 1731 translation of this ancient poet's works, Dryden's refutes any suggestion that Virgil engaged in 'sodomitical relations' with his beloved slave, Alexander (see print anthology, pp. 199-200). Alexander was traditionally believed the real-life 'original' of the male beloved Alexis in 'Eclogue 2,' with Virgil figuring himself as that poem's love-sick shepherd, Corydon.

ESSAYS AND CONTEXTS:

For selected early modern and modern translations of Virgil's verse, as well as an account of his reception, reputation, and translation in early modern England, see the essay 'Virgil' in "Classical Writers, their Early Modern Reputations and Translations" (*Online Companion*).

SELECTIONS FROM VIRGIL'S *ECLOGUES*

ABRAHAM FLEMING (c. 1552-1607), WRITER, TRANSLATOR, AND CHURCH OF ENGLAND MINISTER. Graduate of Cambridge, Fleming's first works were produced while he was still technically a student: his translation of Virgil's *Bucolics* [i.e., *Eclogues*] (1575) and John Caius' *Of English Dogs* (1576). Before becoming a minister in 1588, he worked in English publishing, as an editor, translator, writer, and indexer; most famously, he served as the general editor of the second edition of Holinshed's *Chronicles* (1587), a work for which he wrote a substantial amount of new material. During his career in the Church, he still found time for the classics, translating Virgil's *Georgics* in 1589, a volume that also included a completely new translation of *Bucolics* (excerpted below)

THE BUCOLICS OF PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO (1575)¹

THE ARGUMENT OR CONTENTS OF THE SECOND ECLOGUE

Corydon a shepherd, being entangled with the love of the lad Alexis, doth let nothing pass without trial which might belong to the winning of the lad's will and the getting of his love. But when he perceiveth that he prevaieth never a whit, neither by complaint, neither by fair and smooth talk, neither yet with bribes nor gifts, remembering himself and acknowledging his madness, he purposeth with himself to go to his home, and to look better to his household, which he had left for a while, that by daily labour he might shake off the wearisomeness of his unlucky love, which commonly breedeth of idleness. By Corydon (if we give credit to Donat) is meant Virgil, by Alexis is understood Alexander, the lad of Pollio, whom he gave to Corydon afterward for a gift.²

¹ The title continues: "with alphabetical annotations upon proper names of gods, goddesses, men, women, hills, floods, cities, towns, and villages, etc. orderly placed [...] Drawn into plain and familiar English, verse for verse by Abraham Fleming, Student."

² By *Corydon ... for a gift* Donat Aelius Donatus (fl. 350 CE), Latin teacher, rhetorician, and grammarian. In his influential and widely known 'Life of Virgil,' Donatus notes the poet's erotic preference for boys, his love for his two young male slaves Alexander and Cebes, his education of them, and his shadowing of himself and Alexander as (respectively) the lovesick shepherd Corydon and the scornful boy Alexis. *Pollio* See n5.

ALEXIS.

The shepherd Corydon³ dearly loved the boy Alexis brave,
 His master's joy, yet had he not that he did hope to have.
 Unto the hills most high, among the beeches thick which grow
 Continually he came alone these verses rude in row⁴
 In mountains and in woods with vain desire he did out throw:
 "O cruel lad, Alexis,⁵ thou my songs dost not regard;
 Thou hast no pity on my case, my death thou hast prepared.
 Now herds do harbour in the shade, and cattle covet cold,
 Now bushy banks the lizards green do hide from harm in hold,
 And Thestylis,⁶ in smothering heat, for weary mowers' meat
 Stamps garlic heads and savoury, strong-smelling herbs to eat,
 But whiles I seek thy steps to find, the groves a sound do yield
 With me and with hoarse grasshoppers in sun which fries the field.
 Ah, was it not much better to bear Amaryllis' checks,⁷
 To suffer proud, disdainful taunts and Menalc's angry becks,⁸
 Though black was he, though colour white thy face and favour decks?⁹
 O lovely lad, trust not too much thy beauty nor thy hue,
 White daisies lie when gathered be the violets, purple blue.
 Thou dost, Alexis, me despise, not asking who I am,
 How rich in cattle, whence my milk snow-white, my flock to cram,¹⁰
 A thousand lambs in Sicil¹¹ hills, which feed at large I have,
 New milk in summer, and in winter plenty still I save.
 I sing the songs which I was wont, if any time my herd
 Amphion¹² Dircens¹³ called to Acteus' hill high reared.

³ FLEMING'S NOTE: The Poet alone [i.e., Virgil].

⁴ *rude in row* unsophisticated in their style?

⁵ FLEMING'S NOTE: The servant of Asinius Pollio so-called because he made no answer to demands, he was so proud. [Editor's notes: *he was so proud* This servant was named, presumably, after Alexander the Great, the famous conqueror and general. *Asinus Pollio* Gaius Asinius Pollio (76 BCE-7 CE), Roman politician and writer; as a legate he saved Virgil's land from being confiscated in 41 BCE, and was later a famous patron of both Virgil and Horace].

⁶ FLEMING'S NOTE: A woman's name of whom mention is made also in Theocritus. [Editor's note: *Theocritus* (c. 300-c. 260 BCE), Greek poet, whose *Idylls* arguably founded the genre of the pastoral eclogue, influencing all subsequent poets, including Virgil. For selections from *Idylls*, see 'Theocritus,' *Online Companion*.]

⁷ *checks* rebukes.

⁸ *becks* gestures.

⁹ *favour* appearance.

¹⁰ *whence ... to cram* i.e., his flock is rich (crammed full of) in milk.

¹¹ FLEMING'S NOTE: Sicily, sometimes called [*illegible*], because it is formed three-cornered-wise, with the promontories. Piny, Book 3, chapter 8.

¹² FLEMING'S NOTE: The son of Jupiter and Antiopa, he was a right cunning musician. [Editor's note: *Amphion* is referred to here because he is traditionally credited as the inventor of music; exposed at birth, he and his brother Zethus were adopted and raised by a shepherd, thus explaining Amphion's power over his foster-father's flocks, his ability to herd them together with his music. Later, Amphion is said to have raised the walls of Thebes solely through the power of his music].

¹³ FLEMING'S NOTE: Dirce, the wife of Lycus, the king of Thebes, whom he took to wife, forsaking Antiopa, the mother of Amphion, whereof [*illegible*] Deceus. [Editor's note: After giving birth to her twins by Jupiter, Antiope married Lycus, but when she was displaced in favour of Dirce, Lycus allowed the jealous Dirce to imprison and torture Antiope. Finally escaping, Antiope sought out her abandoned sons; they avenged their mother's treatment by killing both Lycus and Dirce.]

I am not so misshaped: of late I viewed me on the shore
 Whenas the sea was calm and winds provoked it not to roar.
 I fear not Daphnis, thou as judge, if favour fail no more.
 Oh, that it would thee please with me in mirey country soil,
 In homely cottage for to dwell, in hunting deer to toil,
 And flocks of kids to drive before, that mallows eat on land,
 With me like Pan¹⁴ in woods to play thou shalt with pipe in hand.
 Pan first devised more pipes to join and fasten to with wax,
 Pan cares for sheep and shepherds: he delighteth in such knacks¹⁵
 Repent thee not that thou hast worn thy little lips with pipe;
 The same to know, Amyntas¹⁶ what did not by labour gripe?¹⁷
 A pipe of seven reeds or canes, some small, some great, I have,
 Which for a gift (though base) to me long since Dametas gave,
 And dying, said he, 'Thou of this pipe the second owner art,'
 So Dame't said, the fool Amyntas, hated this in heart.
 Beside, two kids in dangerous dale were found of me by luck,
 Their skins be speckled here and there with white, they both do suck
 (Which I do keep for thee) two teats each day clean dry they pluck.
 Of late desired Thestylis¹⁸ to have them both of me,
 And so she shall because our gifts do stink in sight of thee.
 Come hither boy, most beautiful, lo, lilies white as wool
 The nymphs do bring and offer thee by baskets filled full!
 Fair Nais for thee white violets and pepper crops doth pull,¹⁹
 The flow'r deluce, the daffodil, in savour nothing dull
 And bindingan of cinnamon, with sweet herbs manifold²⁰
 The violets soft she decketh with the yellow marigold.
 I gather will the fruit myself, most ripe with hoary moss,
 The chestnuts and such like increase to Amaryllis²¹ loss.
 The red plums and the damsons ripe, this apple praised shall be,²²
 And you, O bay trees, pluck will I, and next the myrtle tree,²³
 Since pleasant smells and savours sweet, so planted mingle ye.
 A clown thou art, O Corydon, Alexis scorns thy gifts.²⁴
 Iolas²⁵ would give not thee place, although thou strive with shifts.²⁶
 Alas, what would I, wretch? Among the flowers the southern wind,²⁷
 Forlorn, to watery springs I have let in boars fierce by kind!
 Mad man, whom dost thou shun? the gods in woods also do dwell,
 And Dardan Paris²⁸ in towers built up by Pallas²⁹ which excel

¹⁴ FLEMING'S NOTE: Pan the god of the country.

¹⁵ *knacks* toys, delightful objects that give pleasure.

¹⁶ FLEMING'S NOTE: The name of a shepherd [*illegible*] in Theocritus. See n6.

¹⁷ *gripe* grasp at.

¹⁸ FLEMING'S NOTE: This is spoken of before.

¹⁹ *pepper crops* the tops or heads of any of a number of plants, such as the water pepper.

²⁰ *bindingan* i.e., a binding together; bunch.

²¹ FLEMING'S NOTE: Of this we have spoken before.

²² *damson* small black plum.

²³ *myrtle* traditionally, a plant sacred to Venus, goddess of love.

²⁴ *clown* rural bumpkin, unsophisticated and foolish.

²⁵ FLEMING'S NOTE: This is to say 'Menalcas' for he was called 'Iolas.'

²⁶ *shifts* stratagems, schemes.

²⁷ *what would I?* what am I doing?

Their harbour she above all things the woods do like us well.
 The ugly lion hunts the wolf, the wolf doth chase the goat,
 The wanton goat green tetrifoll³⁰ devours with open throat,
 And Corydon Alexis thee, in joy each man doth dote.
 The oxen on their yokes the plough hanged fast bring home and rest,
 Th'increasing shadows doubleth, the sun going down at west.
 Yet love doth burn me still, for what mean can there be in love?³¹
 Ah Corydon, Corydon, tell me this: what madness thee doth move?
 Thy vines half lopped and full of leaves thine elms, go see and prove.
 Then rather yet at length prepare to do what need constrain,
 Something to weave of osier twigs and rushes soft and plain,³²
 Another shalt thou find, if this Alexis thee disdain.

THE BUCOLICS OF PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO, PRINCE OF ALL LATIN POETS (1589)³³

THE SECOND ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL ENTITLED CORYDON

THE ARGUMENT

Corydon a shepherd unreasonably in love with a passing³⁴ fair youth named Alexis and seeking him up and down in wayless woods and places void of passage rehearseth all things that might or could obtain love and liking; wherewithal when he saw he could do no good nor any whit prevail, at length he falleth to persuasion, giving counsel and advice, to keep a measure in love, lest it grow into foolish outrage.³⁵

By Alexis is meant a youth named Alexander, and by Corydon is understood Virgil.

The shepherd Corydon loved sore Alexis fair [that youth]³⁶
 His lord's delight, and yet he had not that which he did hope.
 He came full oft the beeches thick unto with shady tops;³⁷
 There all alone he cast unto the mountains and the woods
 These words rude and disordered [with labour spent in vain]:
 "O cruel Alexis, for my songs thou dost not care [a straw],

²⁸ FLEMING'S NOTE: Paris the son of Priamus, who is called Dardanus, son of [*illegible*] and [*illegible*], which Dardanus first built Troy. [*Editor's note*: For 'Paris,' see Glossary, print anthology.]

²⁹ FLEMING'S NOTE: The daughter of Jupiter, born [*illegible*]. Ovid. 3. [*Editor's note*: Pallas Athena or Minerva is the goddess of wisdom and war; she was born full-grown, springing from the forehead of her father, Zeus (Jupiter).]

³⁰ *tetrifoll* i.e., tree-trefoil, a shrub.

³¹ *mean* reasonable equanimity and balance.

³² *osier* willow.

³³ The subtitle continues: "Otherwise Called His Pastorals, or Shepherds' Meetings. Together with His Georgics or Rurals, Otherwise Called His Husbandry, Containing Four Books. All newly translated into English verse by A[braham]. F[leming]."

³⁴ *passingly* i.e., surpassingly.

³⁵ *outrage* passionate behaviour.

³⁶ The square brackets around various words and phrases are part of the original printing of the eclogue.

³⁷ FLEMING'S NOTE: Casting shadows by means of their height.

Of us thou dost no pity take, yea more, thou mak'st me die.
 Now do the cattle also take the shadows and the cool
 Now do the thorny thickets hide the lizards green also,
 And Thestylis [that woman] stamps wild thyme and garlic too,
 Strong smelling herbs, for mowers' [meat] wearied in scorching sun;
 But yet the groves do sound³⁸ again with grasshops hoarse and me,³⁹
 Whilst I go all about to seek the treadings of thy feet
 In hot and burning sun [alack]: had it not better been
 T' avoid the heavy anger and the proud disdain and spite
 Of Amaryl [that wench]? And had it not far better been
 T' abide Menalca, black though he and [lovely] white were she?
 O fair well-favoured youth, trust not too much thy gallant hue.⁴⁰
 White privet [flowers] fall [to the ground], black violets gathered up.⁴¹
 O Alex, I am scorned of thee, ne ask'st thou what I am,
 How rich in cattle white as snow, how greatly stored with milk.
 A thousand lambs of mine do stray upon Sicilia hills;
 New milk in summer fails me not, ne yet in winter[time].
 I sing the songs that Amphron Dircey was wont [to sing]
 Upon the hill of Aracynth butting upon the shore,
 If any time he called his herd [and cattle him about].⁴²
 Ne am I so ill-favoured; I saw myself of late
 Standing on shore, whenas the sea stood calm and still from winds.
 I will not fear Daphnis [that man] thou being judge [between],
 If so be that⁴³ my counterfeit do never me deceive.
 Oh, that thou wouldst dwell with me in sluttish⁴⁴ country soil,
 In cottages both low and small,⁴⁵ and stick the stags with darts,
 And drive the flock of kids to mallows and to rushes green;
 Thou shalt resemble Pan in singing in the woods with me.
 Pan first devised to join with wax, pipes many a one together.
 Pan cares for sheep and [shepherds too] of sheep [which] masters [be],
 Ne let it thee repent with pipe thy little lip t'have worn.
 What thing did not Amyntas do that he this same might know?
 A pipe made up of seven reeds, and diverse all in sound
 I have, which Damet once bestowed upon me for a gift,
 And dying said, 'This pipe hath thee, next owner of the same.'
 Thus said Dameta, howbeit Amyntas [busy] fool
 Did envy me therefore. Beside, two little goats were found
 Of me in valley dangerous,⁴⁶ their skins with speckled white
 Two teats of sheep they dry a day⁴⁷ [with sucking] which I keep
 For thee: [yet] Thestylis desired me long ago that she

³⁸ FLEMING'S NOTE: Give an echo or ring, as we say in English.

³⁹ *grasshops* i.e., grasshoppers.

⁴⁰ FLEMING'S NOTE: Thy beauty.

⁴¹ FLEMING'S NOTE: Pliny, Book 24 and Book 16. Of *Ligustium* and *Vaecinium Ligustium* is taken of some for a kind of withi weed or bindweed. *Vaccinium* is taken for the March violet.

⁴² *I sing ... about* See nn12-13.

⁴³ FLEMING'S NOTE: My likeness in the water.

⁴⁴ FLEMING'S NOTE: Homely, untrimmed, not gay. [*Editor's note: sluttish* dirty.]

⁴⁵ FLEMING'S NOTE: To fasten stakes or forked pieces of wood and timber to under-prop houses, etc.

⁴⁶ FLEMING'S NOTE: Not safe.

⁴⁷ FLEMING'S NOTE: In one day, or everyday.

Might have them hence, and so she will, because thou scorn'st our gifts.
 O fair well-favoured youth, come here, behold the nymphs do bring
 Lilies for thee by baskets full, white Nais [the nymph also]
 Cropping for thee pale violets, and poppy flow'rs⁴⁸ likewise
 Doth join the flow'r *delice* and flow'r of fennel savouring well,⁴⁹
 And making [garlands] also of sweet casia, and other
 Most sweet and pleasant herbs, she decks black violets soft [of leaf]
 With yellow flow'rs of marigold [which followeth the sun];
 Myself will gather peaches gray,⁵⁰ with tender cotton [coats]
 And chestnuts too which Amaryll [my sweetheart] loved well,
 And I will put plums [unto these] plums red and soft as wax,
 And honour also to this plum [or apple] shall be [done];⁵¹
 And you, O bay trees, I will crop, and hirtle berry trees⁵²
 So set and placed for because sweet savours you do mingle.
 O Corydon, thou art a clown! Alex regards no gifts,
 Ne if by gifts thou strive and strain may Iol⁵³ give thee place.
 Alack, what might I [do] unto myself, poor silly man?
 Lost and undone, I have let in south-winds among the flow'rs,
 And boars into the wat'ry springs [my pleasures I have spoiled].
 Ah mad-head, from whom fliest thou? The gods have dwelt in woods
 And Paris too, King Dardan's son. What castles, forts, and towns
 Pallas hath built, in them let her inhabit [keep and dwell];
 Above all other places let the woods content us best.
 The stern and low'ring lion she doth follow [in chase] the wolf,
 The wolf doth follow [in chase] the goat, the wanton goat likewise
 Doth covet after cithysus⁵⁴ that blooming shrub [for life];
 And, O Alexis, after thee poor Corydon doth hunt.
 Their own peculiar pleasure draws [and conquers] everyway.
 Behold, the bullocks home do bear their ploughs hanged on the yoke,
 The sun also in going down th'increasing shades doth double.
 Yet love torments me still, what measure⁵⁵ can there be for love?
 Ah Corydon, ah Corydon! what madness hath thee caught?
 Thou hast a vine half cut and lopped [growing] upon an elm
 All full of leaves. Why dost thou not yet rather now at last
 Settle thyself some thing to make, which needful is to use,
 [Some wicker work], of ivy rods or else of rushes soft:
 Thou shalt find out another⁵⁶ if this Alex thee disdain.

⁴⁸ FLEMING'S NOTE: The tops or heads of poppy.

⁴⁹ FLEMING'S NOTES: *the flow'r delice*: The white daffodil, or primrose peerless. *the flow'r of fennel*: Or rather dill and (as some say) anise.

⁵⁰ FLEMING'S NOTE: quinces hoary. [Editor's note: *quince*: a pear-shaped apple, edible only when over-ripe; *hoary*: grey.]

⁵¹ FLEMING'S NOTE: This apple shall be set by [i.e., esteemed, valued highly] for his fairness (Pliny Book 16).

⁵² FLEMING'S NOTE: Myrtle. See after in *Georgics*. [Editor's note: *myrtle* a plant sacred to Venus, goddess of love.]

⁵³ FLEMING'S NOTE: A shepherd that loved Alexis in spite of Corydon.

⁵⁴ *cithysus* i.e., *cytisus*: a shrub or plant that the ancients say was good as animal fodder.

⁵⁵ FLEMING'S NOTE: Mean or end of it.

⁵⁶ FLEMING'S NOTE: Friend or lover.

WILLIAM LATHUM (fl. 1628-1634). We know nothing about William Lathum except what can be gathered from his other publication, *Phyala Lachrymarum* (1634): he was probably a student of Cambridge University, possibly at Emmanuel College, and he was a dear friend of the young man whom that volume mourns, Nathaniel Weld.

From VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES (1628)⁵⁷

TO THE WORTHY READER

[...]

I will not deny that they⁵⁸ had long since adventured abroad but that I still looked, and as much desired, that some good, able poet would have taken this task in hand, much wondering that many of the other Latin authors, both in prose and poetry, had found so much courtesy amongst sundry of our ingenious countrymen to be taught to express their minds very happily in our English tongue, and this author (so much honoured in all times as the prince and paragon of all Latin poesy), should yet stand still as *noli me tangere*,⁵⁹ whom no man either durst or would undertake, only Master Spenser long since translated 'The Gnat' (a little fragment of Virgil's excellence),⁶⁰ giving the world peradventure⁶¹ to conceive that he would at one time or other have gone through the rest of this poet's works; and it is not improbable that this very cause was it that made every man else very nice⁶² to meddle with any part of the building which he had begun, for fear to come short (with disgrace) of the pattern which he had set before them, as none would adventure (for the same reason) to finish the portrait of Venus which Apelles left behind him imperfect at his death.⁶³ [...]

[T]his small endeavour of mine, being at first undertaken only for my own private delight, my homely Muse dressed⁶⁴ the whole feast according as she knew it would best please my own taste and diet [...], and I used the freedom of a translator, not tying myself to the tyranny of a grammatical construction, but, breaking the shell into many pieces, [I] was only careful to preserve the kernel safe and whole from the violence of a wrong or wrested⁶⁵ interpretation [...]

Every line of this poet in his own language deserves the acceptance of the very best reader, but the language which I have taught him—not daring to stand upon justification by merit, and therefore needing rather pardon than acceptance—appeals unto your courtesies with that limitation wherewith the good Theodosius bespake the Romans on his death-bed, in

⁵⁷ The title continues: "translated into English by W. L., Gentleman."

⁵⁸ *they* i.e., these translations of Virgil's *Eclogues*.

⁵⁹ *noli me tangere* Latin, "Touch me not," the words of Jesus to Mary Magdalene on the occasion of their first meeting after his resurrection (Vulgate, John 20:17).

⁶⁰ *only Master Spenser ... 'The Gnat' ... excellence* Edmund Spenser (c. 1552-1599), poet, published *Virgil's Gnat* (1591), a paraphrase of the *Culex*, a poem attributed to Virgil in the early modern period.

⁶¹ *peradventure* perhaps.

⁶² *nice* hesitant, reluctant.

⁶³ *portrait of Venus ... which Apelles ... death* The work of the ancient Greek painter Apelles (4th century BCE) was widely celebrated, and his unfinished portrait of Venus (Aphrodite of Cos) was widely held the most perfect unfinished painting ever produced.

⁶⁴ *dressed* prepared.

⁶⁵ *wrested* forced, perverted (with the sense of having been done dishonestly or out of bias and self-interest).

the behalf of his two young sons [...],⁶⁶ or if I should use any other insinuation, it should be that which Shemi (as bad a man as I can be a poet) used to King David,⁶⁷ because I am the first that have met my countrymen with these dainty eclogues in our English tongue: which being like riddles, wrapped up in a mask, and under a cloud of reserved sense,⁶⁸ and a double meaning, I have sent abroad with a gloss⁶⁹ borrowed from divers⁷⁰ learned authors, as strangers with a guide to direct them in an unknown way, not doubting but some can be very well content to delight their tastes with the pleasant juice, as their eye with the outward rind of these golden pastorals.

To tender⁷¹ either the text or the gloss, the garment or the embroidery, (as they are mine,) to the learned sort were to offer to light up a taper before the sun, or to bring farthings⁷² (though a current coin⁷³) in payment unto the Exchequer, but amongst those of my own growth, and last of knowledge and understanding, perhaps (for my author's sake) the one may be acceptable, and the other welcome, (as a hand to draw aside the curtains from delicate pictures) that so they may discover the face at least, though not the whole body of the poet's meaning. But lest I may draw an imputation of having my wings broader than my nest, or my porch larger than my house, with equal respect to all according to the rank and quality of every several⁷⁴ reader, I rest

W. L.

THE PREFACE OF LODOVICUS VIVES⁷⁵ TO HIS GLOSS UPON VIRGIL'S *ECLOGUES*.

[Vives begins by noting that the Latin poets were less esteemed than their Greek counterparts in antiquity, the Latins counting philosophy more important than poetry, and goes on to discuss his allegorical interpretation of Virgil's *Eclogues*].

[...] out of which⁷⁶ I have picked a deeper sense in many places than the vulgar,⁷⁷ common grammarians can conceive. For, did these eclogues contain in them no farther hidden matter than the very bare bark of the words makes show of, I cannot think that the author had needed to have taken three years' time to have brought them to perfection, especially borrowing the

⁶⁶ *that limitation ... young sons* The Roman emperor Theodosius I (347-395 CE) made Christianity into the empire's state religion. His sons were Arcadius and Honorius, and each became emperor of one half of the empire.

⁶⁷ *it should ... David* King David fled Jerusalem during the insurrection of his son, Absalom. However, when David returned to Jerusalem after Absalom's death, Shimei, who had earlier cursed the fleeing David, surrendered to the king along with Shimei's force of over a thousand Benjaminite warriors. Shimei offered no excuse for his actions, acknowledging simply that he had sinned and offering his repentance as a sign of his sincerity (2 Samuel 19:16-23). David accepted Shimei's apology and promised he would not be executed.

⁶⁸ *reserved sense* secret meaning.

⁶⁹ *gloss* explanatory notes, prefaces, introductions, etc.

⁷⁰ *divers* several, various.

⁷¹ *tender* offer.

⁷² *farthing* an English coin of a very small denomination.

⁷³ *current coin* one in present circulation, and thus having accepted and genuine value.

⁷⁴ *several* individual.

⁷⁵ *Lodovicus Vives* Juan Luis Vives (1492-1540), Spanish humanist, teacher, and writer.

⁷⁶ i.e., out of Virgil's *Eclogues*.

⁷⁷ *vulgar* either grammarians whose expertise is in the vulgar tongues (i.e., neither Latin nor Greek, but a vernacular such as French, English, Spanish, etc.) OR grammarians who crudely consider texts like the *Eclogues* only in terms of the technical matters of grammar, not concerning themselves with Virgil's loftier, allegorical meaning.

greatest part of the whole subject out of Theocritus⁷⁸ the Sicilian poet; add hereunto, that he undertook this task to present the greatest wits of Rome withal, namely Cornelius Gallus, Asinius Pollio, Varus, Tucca, yea the prince himself, Augustus;⁷⁹ all which (excellently learned men themselves, and much conversant and accustomed in the best and chiefest writers, both in Greek and Latin) would doubtless never have been so taken, and infinitely delighted, with such kinds of light matter as pastorals, had they not afforded some hidden meaning and sense of a higher nature. Again, when he once set himself to insinuate into their favour and grace by this work, it is to be thought that Virgil, under these sporting passages of pastoral verse, did finely and neatly, as it were, inlay and couch many things tending to their praise and commendation, and sundry other matters befitting them to take notice of; which being understood rightly, might affect the readers' minds, like the elegant and artificial pictures which lay secretly hidden under the statue of the Sileni.⁸⁰

Hereunto may likewise further be added, that the matter itself and subject of this work doth plainly witness in sundry places, that it is not simply but figuratively spoken, under a shadow, which makes me admire⁸¹ more at Servius Honoratus, who will in this book admit of no allegories, but only in that passage of Virgil's grounds, which were lost,⁸² whenas many other matters are therein manifestly and merely⁸³ allegorical and dark.⁸⁴ Wherefore, I have thought good to signify to the world that I have trimmed up⁸⁵ these allegories for their use and behoof⁸⁶ who are delighted with the reading of Virgil, (as who is it that is not?) to the end that the finest wits might have a certain repast and delicate food fitting their taste, and might be drawn to mount higher than the simple sense of the very bare letter.⁸⁷

Moreover, I shall hereby restore the poet to the true scope and aim of his meaning, and show that his purpose was not to consume so much precious time and exquisite verses in trivial light matters of no moment;⁸⁸ and that those things which Theocritus in a ruder barbarous age did sing in a pastoral plain sense, Virgil here doth apply to the Romans, making them his own, under a mystical understanding,⁸⁹ worthy the cares of the most learned. Notwithstanding, I make no doubt but I have fitted some of his verses with such an allegory and explication as the author himself never dreamed of, as likewise many other I have as aptly applied according to his scope and meaning in the writing: wherein yet I know I have done a thing neither unacceptable nor unprofitable to the reader. Greek writers have done the like before my time in expounding of Homer, and Donatus⁹⁰ in our language⁹¹ hath

⁷⁸ *Theocritus* See n6.

⁷⁹ *Cornelius Gallus* Gaius Cornelius Gallus (c. 69-26 BCE), poet and friend of Virgil; he attained high political office as prefect of Egypt; of his four books of love poetry, highly lauded in his time, only fragments now remain. *Asinius Pollio* See n5. *Varus* Marcus Terentius Varro (116-27 BCE), writer, scholar, and widely considered by his contemporaries to be the epitome of the learned Roman gentleman; of his more than 600 works, only two survive, and those in fragments, one on linguistics and another on agriculture. *Tucca* Plotius Tucca (fl. 35 BCE), poet, a close friend of Virgil. *Augustus* the emperor, and Virgil's patron.

⁸⁰ *like . . . Sileni* In the ancient world, there was a type of grotesque statue depicting the Sileni, satyr-like followers of Bacchus or Dionysus, the god of wine and revelry. These statues were created so that valuables could be hidden away inside.

⁸¹ *admire* wonder (with the sense of 'contemplating with disbelief').

⁸² *Servius Honoratus ... lost* the 4th c. CE grammarian and scholar wrote an influential commentary on Virgil, which does indeed reject the dominant modes of allegorical criticism popular among his colleagues and readers.

⁸³ *merely* purely, exclusively, entirely.

⁸⁴ *dark* concealed or hidden from view or knowledge; difficult to understand.

⁸⁵ *trimmed up* prepared

⁸⁶ *behoof* benefit, profit.

⁸⁷ *bare letter* i.e., the literal meaning.

⁸⁸ *no moment* no deep or lasting significance.

⁸⁹ *mystical understanding* i.e., deeper or allegorical meaning.

⁹⁰ *Donatus* See n2.

⁹¹ *our language* i.e., Latin (in which this preface was originally composed).

attempted and performed as much in his comment upon Terence⁹² and this poet, where he undertakes by his glosses to bewray⁹³ their sense and meaning. [...]

[...]

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND ECLOGUE.

Cornelius Gallus was in his time an excellent poet, and advanced by Augustus Caesar to chief place in government of the commonweal⁹⁴ as also in his wars. This man's favour and near acquaintance above all other Virgil entirely affected (as may appear by the verses in his tenth Eclogue), but (by his continual employments, and the especial grace wherein he stood with Augustus, who carried him ever with him wheresoever he went) Virgil was still disappointed;⁹⁵ another rub⁹⁶ in his way may seem to be the small esteem which Gallus at first did make of Virgil (which the poet in some passages doth seem to intimate), himself considered as the great general of the Emperor's provinces and armies, and Virgil a homely,⁹⁷ country fellow, and a poet, which art, being in former ages of no great account, in Augustus' days began to be accepted, like as versifying in the native tongue began under John II, king of Castile, to be esteemed.⁹⁸ Concerning this his love and desire⁹⁹ (which he could by no means enjoy), he composed this plaintive eclogue.

ALEXIS.

AEGLOGA SECUNDA.

THE POET.

The shepherd Corydon er'st dearly loved¹⁰⁰
 His master's darling, young Alexis fair;
 But in pursuit thereof he still improved,¹⁰¹
 Not having what he hoped, but reaped despair,
 Though every day alone he did repair,
 And 'mongst the cacuminous thick beeches' shade,¹⁰²
 In vain, this idle stuff to hills and woods bewrayed.¹⁰³

CORYDON'S COMPLAINT.

Cruel Alexis, thou hast no regard

⁹² *Terence* (c. 185-after 160 BCE), Roman comic dramatist. Donatus' commentary on Terence exists in an incomplete form, gathered from other commentaries.

⁹³ *bewray* reveal.

⁹⁴ *commonweal* commonwealth, state.

⁹⁵ *disappointed* i.e., the grace and favour he desired from Gallus he could not achieve.

⁹⁶ *rub* obstacle.

⁹⁷ *homely* unsophisticated.

⁹⁸ *began ... esteemed* John II (1405-1454), king of Castile (reigned 1406-1454), a kingdom that was finally absorbed into Spain.

⁹⁹ *This his love and desire* i.e., his love and desire for the friendship and patronage of Gallus.

¹⁰⁰ *er'st* first; not long ago.

¹⁰¹ *improved* either, 'grew more adept or dedicated to' OR 'grew worse' [OED dates this last usage to 1615].

¹⁰² *cacuminous* shaped like a pyramid.

¹⁰³ *bewrayed* revealed, disclosed (usually that which is secret or hidden).

Of my sad songs, no pity of my pain!
 Yea, thou doest do me die with usage hard,
 For now the herds for shadow leave the plain,
 And lizards green close hid in moss remain,
 And Thestylis, beony and garlic beats,¹⁰⁴
 Rank herbs for harvesters, all faint with scorching heats,

Whilst I sore sunburnt in sad quest of thee,
 Together with the grasshoppers' hoarse cry,
 The very shrubs make mourn. Far bet' for me¹⁰⁵
 Proud Amaryllis' 'sdainful surquedry¹⁰⁶
 And peevish angry humour to abye¹⁰⁷;
 Yea, much'il better were Menalcas' scorn,
 (Albe, he not so fair as ye) t'have borne.¹⁰⁸

Ah my fair boy, trust not thy hue¹⁰⁹ too much!¹¹⁰
 Hurtles,¹¹¹ though black, by every handsome hand
 Are plucked, whilst daisies none vouchsafe to touch;
 Albe they white, yet shed they as they stand.
 My love thou scorn'st, ne deignest to demand
 Once after me, or of my state to know,¹¹²
 How rich in milk, and cattle white as snow.

My lambs by thousands in the mountains stray,
 Ne want I milk in winter, ne in prime;¹¹³
 And with his droves, in Aracynthia,¹¹⁴
 When self Amphion called, at any time¹¹⁵
 Did I forbear to sing my wonted rhyme.¹¹⁶

¹⁰⁴ LATHUM'S NOTE: *And Thestylis doth garlic beat, etc.*] This Thestylis was the name of a country wench, who (according to the fashion of hot countries) did pound leeks, garlic, and other strong herbs together, for the workmen to allay their heat, in extreme hot weather. For, as Pliny sayeth in his *Natural History* [...] 'all remedies are fetched either from contraries, or from things of like quality.' Whence it comes that extreme heat is abated either by cold, which is his direct opposite, or by heat. According to which principle the poet in the last eclogue brings in the lover, resolving to find remedy to his vehement heat of love, either by travelling into Scythia or into Egypt, two countries different in disposition; the one extreme cold, the other extreme hot.

¹⁰⁵ *bet'* i.e., better.

¹⁰⁶ *'sdainful surquedry* disdainful or contemptuous arrogance, pride.

¹⁰⁷ *abye* suffer, endure.

¹⁰⁸ *albe* although, even though. LATHUM'S NOTE: *Far bet for me, etc.*] It had been much better for me to have made choice of some friend of meaner condition, with whom I might have conversed and discoursed, and delighted my mind with his acquaintance, unto my own heart's desire, there being in this life nothing more sweet than a parity in friendship.

¹⁰⁹ *hue* complexion (more generally, 'beauty').

¹¹⁰ LATHUM'S NOTE: *Ah, my fair boy, etc.*] Trust not too much to the gifts of Fortune, whereof the greatest often fall away, and the meanest are preserved. As also, amongst great persons often friendship is dissolved, when amongst mean folk it is charily [i.e., carefully] maintained. For who would willingly affect his acquaintance which by reason of his greatness he can never conveniently enjoy? In friendship there must be every way an equality, that so friends may enjoy each other the more freely.

¹¹¹ LATHUM'S NOTE: The *hurtle* is a wild berry, black as jet.

¹¹² *state* material condition in the world; here, Corydon's wealth and prosperity.

¹¹³ *prime* spring.

¹¹⁴ *droves* herds.

¹¹⁵ *self Amphion* i.e., Amphion himself.

Nor am I so deformed; self-saw I, as I stood,¹¹⁷
On shore right now, when wind-free was the flood.¹¹⁸

Ne, but my shadow me deceive, iwis,¹¹⁹
Needs me, (though thou be judge) self Daphnis fear.¹²⁰
Oh, mote it please thee, grant me only this:¹²¹
With me, in my poor simple cottage here,
Living a country life, to strike the deer,
And chase the stag, and my big-bellied goats,
With mallows green, to gather to their cotes,¹²²

Amongst these woods, together here with me,
To Pan thou may'st in singing thee adapt.
Pan first devised, with skilful symmetry,¹²³
Of tempered wax, a composition apt
Of many reeds, each one in other lopt;¹²⁴
Yea, Pan, with tender care, regards the sheep,
Ilke as he doth the shepherds, who them keep.¹²⁵

Ne, e'er repent, thy lip to wear away¹²⁶
Upon a pipe. Herein his skill to breed,

¹¹⁶ LATHUM'S NOTE: *Did I forbear to sing my wonted rhyme, etc.*] I do not only understand and am skilled in human arts, but I make verses like the ancient poets, and so near imitate them, that there is hardly any difference to be found between them: for amongst the later writers, it is held a great honour to be compared to those of former ages, when yet oft times the later far exceed the former.

¹¹⁷ *self-saw I* i.e., I saw myself. LATHUM'S NOTE: *Self-saw I as I stood; on shore, etc.*] For I have conversed with Octavian himself, with Maecenas, with Tuccas, and Varus: so that I learn to set a true value upon myself, by their judgement of me. [Editor's note: *Octavian* the emperor Augustus. *Maecenas* Virgil's patron. *Tuccas* [i.e., Tucca] and *Varus* See n79.

¹¹⁸ LATHUM'S NOTE: *When wind-free was the flood, etc.*] In the time of the last peace, when in cessation of wars every man betook him to his own home, laying by their arms and all tumults removed, that so it may appear that they were at leisure to make a true estimate of me; for as a quiet still water doth receive the resemblance of the face and so presents it back again, so when the mind is quiet, it gives right judgement, which being troubled, and full of agitation, it is not able to perform. The poet here very fitly names Italy the "sea" and the winds "the troubles of war."

¹¹⁹ *Ne* nor. *but* unless, except. *iwis* assuredly, certainly, without doubt.

¹²⁰ *self Daphnis* i.e. Daphnis himself.

¹²¹ *mote* might.

¹²² *cotes* shelters, pens.

¹²³ LATHUM'S NOTE: *Pan first devised, etc.*] This Pan by the poets feigned to be the country god; his shape they have made, as it were the counterfeit of Nature, from whence he hath his denomination of 'Pan,' which signifies 'all,' as resembling every part and member of Nature: for he hath horns, in resemblance of the beams of the sun and the horns of the moon; his complexion and face is ruddy in resemblance of the sky; he hath in his breast the spotted skin of the fallow deer, representing the stars; his inferior members rough and shagged, resembling thereby the trees, shrubs, and wild beasts; he hath goats' feet, signifying thereby the solidity and fast compacture of the earth; he hath a pipe of seven joints, intimating thereby the harmony of the heaven, in which there are seven several [i.e., individual] sounds, seven distinct ayres or kinds of voices; lastly, he hath his sheep-hook or staff with a crook at one end, resembling the year which runs his course, till it return into itself where it began. Now, because he is the general god of all Nature, the poets have feigned that on a time he and Love contended together, and Pan was overcome, according to that principle which the poet holds: *Omnia vincit amor* [Editor's note: Latin proverb, 'Love conquers all'].

¹²⁴ *lopt* cut [and inserted side by side].

¹²⁵ *Ilke* in the same way.

¹²⁶ LATHUM'S NOTE: *Ne e'er repent, etc.*] Hereby he plainly shows that Cornelius Gallus was the first composer of pastoral verse; having indeed made trial of rustic rhymes, but not of the rustic life. [...]

What pains took not Amyntas night and day?¹²⁷
 Self-have I a pipe, of seven-fold jointed reed,¹²⁸
 Which once Dametas left me by his deed,¹²⁹
 'This pipe,' quoth he, as he his last did breathe,
 'To thee, (the second owner) I bequeath.'

Hereat, the fool Menalcas much repined.¹³⁰
 Besides, two milk-white spotted kids I have,¹³¹
 Which in a perilous dale I chanced to find.
 Two dugs they daily suck, whilst they can crave,¹³²
 And these I purposely for thee do save,
 Though Thestylis full fain would have them both,¹³³
 And so she shall, sith thou my gifts dost loath.¹³⁴

Come hither, my fair boy! With bowls brim-full
 Of silver lilies, see where the nymphs do come!
 And lovely Nais, violets pale doth pull,¹³⁵
 And poppy tops, and precious cynamum,¹³⁶
 Sweet-savoury dill and daffodilies some,
 With hurtles soft, decking the marigold,¹³⁷
 And other sweet flow'rs mingled manifold.

And I'll thee pluck the down-soft hoary quince,¹³⁸
 Chestnuts, (which m'Amaryllis did affect)¹³⁹
 And mellow plums, (a present for a prince).
 Ye laurels also (still with verdure decked)¹⁴⁰
 And next ye myrtles, I will you collect,¹⁴¹

¹²⁷ LATHUM'S NOTE: *Herein his skill to breed, etc. / What pains took not Amyntas?* Some poet, as it should seem, both famous and witty, who did greatly affect this kind of pastoral vein, but could never attain any facility therein.

¹²⁸ *Self-have I* i.e., I myself have.

¹²⁹ LATHUM'S NOTE: *Which once Dametas, etc.* Theocritus is this Dametas (or whosoever else, most skilful in this kind of verse), [...] master to Virgil. [*Editor's note: On Theocritus, see n6.*]

¹³⁰ LATHUM'S NOTE: *Hereat the fool Menalcas, etc.* Amyntas did envy this succession of skill and excellence in Virgil, worthy therefore to be taxed with the opprobrious term of 'fool,' in affecting that which Nature had denied him, or his own negligence; and envying those to whom Nature had been more bountiful therein; or who by their own industry had attained thereunto. *repined* was unhappy or dissatisfied.

¹³¹ LATHUM'S NOTE: *Besides, two milk-white, etc.* Two poems, his *Bucolics* and his *Georgics*, which with great study and hard labour he had composed, both which he was minded to dedicate to Cornelius Gallus; with which gift when he perceived him not much delighted, he intends to translate the dedication thereof to Pollio or Maecenas, who entreated this courtesy of him.

¹³² LATHUM'S NOTE: *Two dugs they daily suck, etc.* Hereby he signifies the elaborate pains [i.e., toil or labour] of the works, as they did even suck from their parent, a double study both of night and day.

¹³³ *full fain* most eagerly.

¹³⁴ *sith* since, seeing that.

¹³⁵ LATHUM'S NOTE: *And lovely Nais, violets pale, etc.* The delight is in the colour and sweet smell of the flowers, but the fruit is in apples, chestnuts, plums, and the like. The flowers have relation to his pastoral poem, and the fruit to his *Georgics*. [...]

¹³⁶ *cynamum* cinnamon.

¹³⁷ *hurtles* See n111.

¹³⁸ *quince* See n50.

¹³⁹ *m'Amaryllis* i.e., my Amaryllis.

¹⁴⁰ *verdure* leaves.

¹⁴¹ *myrtles* a plant sacred to Venus, goddess of love.

And by your leave your bonny berries take,
For precious perfume, ye together make.

But, Corydon, thou'st but a sorry swain,
Nor doth thy gifts Alexis ought regard.¹⁴²
Ne thou Iolas' free consent canst gain,
Albee thou should'st him tempt with rich reward.¹⁴³
Ah, how have I mine own fair market marred!¹⁴⁴
My flow'rs' keeper, I the south have made,¹⁴⁵
And to the boar my crystal streams betrayed.

Ah, foolish fon, whom dost thou seek to shun?¹⁴⁶
Why, Dardan Paris (that same shepherd knight),¹⁴⁷
Yea, e'en the gods themselves, the woods did won.¹⁴⁸
Let Pallas praise her tow'rs' goodly height,
And in her pompous palaces delight,
Which she hath builded, but of all the rest
(In my conceit) the forest-life is best.

The cruel grim-faced lioness pursues¹⁴⁹
The bloody wolf; the wolf, the kid so free.
The wanton cap'ring kid doth chiefly choose
Amongst the flow'ring cithysus to be,¹⁵⁰
And Corydon (Alexis) follows thee:
So each thing as it likes, and all affect
According as their nature doth direct.¹⁵¹

¹⁴² *ought* anything, in any way.

¹⁴³ LATHUM'S NOTE: *Albee thou shouldst him tempt*] What canst thou with all thy best endeavour bring to entice Alexis to thy love? which he cannot more plentifully and of better stuff furnish himself withal at Rome, yea, e'en in Caesar's self? Yea, though thou shouldst set thyself to sing of wars and of the mighty deeds of worthy men, for Augustus wrote diverse poems, amongst the rest, 'The Tragedy of Ajax.'

¹⁴⁴ LATHUM'S NOTE: *Ah, how have I mine own fair market marred! etc.*] I labour in vain; I rehearse my verses where there is no ear open to entertain them. 'I strew my flowers before the southern wind, which scatters them abroad': I lose my time unprofitably, and whilst I adapt myself to win him, I omit many fair occasions and opportunities of other acquaintances.

¹⁴⁵ *My ... made* i.e., I have made the south wind my flowers' keepers (with the sense that he has delivered something that he should have protected into the hands of an unruly power).

¹⁴⁶ *fon* fool.

¹⁴⁷ LATHUM'S NOTE: *Why Dardan Paris, etc.*] A great prince in manner equal to the gods, being the son (yea and the most lovely) of so great a king; to whose judgement, three goddesses did once submit their trial; if you cannot imitate the example of the gods, yet let the example of men move you. [*Editor's note*: On 'Paris,' see n28 and Glossary, print anthology].

¹⁴⁸ *won* dwell, live (in a place).

¹⁴⁹ LATHUM'S NOTE: *The cruel grim-faced lioness, etc.*] This is a general sentence [i.e. piece of wisdom], drawn from examples (which the logicians term 'induction'); and by the addition of a gradation is made so much the more fitting to the purpose. The meaning is: 'Cornelius Gallus, deal with me as you think good—avoid my company, disdain me—; nevertheless I know not by what propensity of inclination I am (will I, nill I [i.e., whether I wish it or not]) haled on [i.e., compelled] to affect your love. Neither will I alter my desire herein, howsoever you demean [i.e., behave] yourself towards me; for I must confess, I am led by the instinct of my nature thereunto, as prone [i.e., naturally, eagerly] as the wolf is to the kid, or the kid to the bushy shrubs; and as everything in their kind is drawn by sense to follow that which they find to be agreeing and most fitting to their natures.'

¹⁵⁰ *cithysus* See n54.

But now from plough the yoked oxen creep,¹⁵²
 And Sol, his eeking shades doth double kest:¹⁵³
 Yet, love burns me; (for love no mean can keep)¹⁵⁴
 Ah Corydon, Corydon! what chance unblessed¹⁵⁵
 Or madness hath (at mischief) thee possessed,
 Unfinish'd thus to leave thy half-pruned vine,¹⁵⁶
 Which on these leafy elms doth here incline?

Whilst thou dost rather choose some other way¹⁵⁷
 Of lesser pains, to set on work thy wit;
 (At least, which may thy present need defray)
 Some homely ask of osiers, woven, fit,¹⁵⁸
 With rushes round and soft; however yet
 If still Alexis do disdain thy love,¹⁵⁹
 Thou shalt some other find will kinder prove.

JOSEPH TRAPP (1679-1747), CHURCH OF ENGLAND CLERGYMAN AND WRITER. Graduate of Oxford University (BA, 1699; MA, 1702), Joseph Trapp became a fellow of Wadham College (Oxford) in 1703. His early works include Latin poetry, commendatory verse, and a tragedy, *Abramulè, or, Love and Empire* (1703). The first to be named professor of poetry at Oxford (1708), Trapp translated Virgil's complete works into blank verse in 1731, but the volume met with very mixed reactions, since it was generally judged accurate but lacking in poetic fire; Trapp's deep knowledge of the classics, however, meant that its explanatory notes were highly praised. He was better known in his time for his engagement in religious and political polemic, with most of his works aimed at supporting the Church of England, its doctrines, and the Tory political party whom Trapp viewed as the Church's natural supporter.

¹⁵¹ LATHUM'S NOTE: *So each thing as it likes, etc.*] Pleasure in everything being propounded (as the end aimed at) doth persuade the mind. For the end is the impulsive instrument to each action; and is first in the intent, though last in execution; for there it rests.

¹⁵² LATHUM'S NOTE: *But now from plough, etc.*] All things have their time of rest, both things living and without life, yea, even the heaven itself; speaking after the capacity of shepherds, who think that (like as all other mortal creatures), so it at night betakes it also to a quiet ease. Only the desire in love knows no rest, until the full enjoying of the thing desired. Such is man's life, till such time as it be conjoined and made one with God.

¹⁵³ *eeeking* i.e., eking: lengthening, growing. *kest* cast.

¹⁵⁴ *mean* moderation.

¹⁵⁵ LATHUM'S NOTE: *Ah Corydon, Corydon, etc.*] He calleth the greatness of his love by the name of madness, forasmuch as he did forget and neglect himself, and was, as it were, out of his own power, which kind of posture is of the philosophers termed 'fury.' [Editor's note: Lathum refers here to the *furor poeticus* or 'poetic frenzy,' where a poet's excellence in composition is such that he is believed to be possessed by a god or divine spirit.]

¹⁵⁶ LATHUM'S NOTE: *Unfinished thus to leave thy, etc.*] Turn thee to thy first begun works, and out of these fetch comfort and ease to thy desire; that is, finish thy *Georgics* and thy *Aeneiads*, which works thou hast commenced and left unperfected.

¹⁵⁷ LATHUM'S NOTE: *Whilst thou dost rather choose, etc.*] Thou dost take in hand some subject of less moment or such matter as thou knowest are more acceptable or gainful until the present time.

¹⁵⁸ *hask* basket. *osiers* willow branches.

¹⁵⁹ LATHUM'S NOTE: *If still Alexis, etc.*] You will still persist in your love to Cornelius Gallus, according as your affection unto him doth persuade you; but by finishing those two more serious works, they will draw the love and respect of some other worthy, able friend, though Gallus do reject you.

From THE WORKS OF VIRGIL TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE (1731)¹⁶⁰

PREFACE TO THE ECLOGUES AND GEORGICS

[...] I hope I have not altogether misemployed some of my leisure time (which has never been overmuch) in a closer application to the writings and a more minute research into the beauties of this incomparable poet, of whom I have, even from a child, been always a passionate admirer; and who is so virtuous, chaste, and pious, as well as ingenious and judicious an author, being in truth not only a poet but a philosopher and a divine, so far as that name last-mentioned can be given to a heathen. [...]

PASTORAL THE SECOND: COYRDON

It is plain Virgil was thoroughly sensible of the mighty power and vast extent of that tyrannical passion, love, since, besides the whole fourth book of his *Aeneid*, and part of the first, as also a noble digression in his third Georgic he has given us three of his ten eclogues upon the same subject: the eighth, the tenth, and this [the] second, which includes the various turns and traverses of this passion in the compass of a few lines, expressed with wonderful force and elegancy. To produce the several¹⁶¹ instances would be to transcribe the whole pastoral. I shall in my notes remark upon some of them. As for the poet's being thus enamoured with one of his own sex, we have no reason to accuse him, upon this account, of that detestable and unnatural vice, which cannot be named or thought of without horror. See Mr. Dryden's 'Life of Virgil',¹⁶² and Mr. Barnes' 'Life of Anacreon',¹⁶³ §. XIX, etc. It is true, some of the heathen, who were "given up to vile affections,"¹⁶⁴ were guilty of that abomination; and perhaps it was not even so scandalous and infamous among them as it ought to have been. But it is not to be conceived that so grave, chaste, and religious a writer as Virgil should be tainted with it; or, if he were, that so wise and prudent a man should publicly have owned it.¹⁶⁵ Most certainly, therefore, he neither meant so himself, nor was so understood by others. There is no hint of that horrid appetite nor one immodest expression in the whole poem, which means no more than either the Platonic love of the beauties both of body and mind, or excess of friendship, or rather both. Experience gives us many instances of persons of the same sex, especially in childhood and youth, one of whom is loved by the other, or both by each other, to an extremity of fondness and almost dotage,¹⁶⁶ without having the least idea or giving the least suspicion of what is here objected. That the same was charged upon the excellent and almost divine Socrates, because he delighted to converse with beautiful young men, and what he answered to it, is well known. I dare say, no person, unless monstrously debauched beforehand, and so being a tempter to himself (which he may be in reading not only innocent but sacred things) had ever an ill thought suggested to him by the reading of this eclogue.

¹⁶⁰ The subtitle continues: "With large explanatory notes and critical observations." Volume 1 (London).

¹⁶¹ *several* separate, individual.

¹⁶² Mr. Dryden's 'Life of Virgil' See print anthology, pp. 198-200.

¹⁶³ Mr. Barnes' 'Life of Anacreon' Joshua Barnes (1654-1712), minister and classical scholar, whose 1705 Greek edition of Anacreon contains a life of the poet (in Latin).

¹⁶⁴ *given up to vile affections* See Romans 1.26.

¹⁶⁵ *owned it* confessed or admitted to it.

¹⁶⁶ *dotage* the state of being unreasonably or foolishly infatuated with.

[...]

SELECTIONS FROM VIRGIL'S *AENEID*, BOOKS 5 AND 9

JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700), WRITER. For a brief biography of Dryden and his translation of 'Eclogue 2,' see the entry on Virgil in the print anthology, p 198.

FROM THE WORKS OF VIRGIL CONTAINING HIS PASTORALS, GEORGICS AND AENEID (1697)

BOOK 5

THE ARGUMENT

Aeneas, setting sail from Africa, is driven by a storm on the coasts of Sicily, where he is hospitably received by his friend Acestes, king of part of the island, and born of Trojan parentage. He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his father with divine honours, and accordingly institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for those who should conquer in them. While the ceremonies were performing, Juno sends Iris to persuade the Trojan women to burn the ships, who upon her instigation set fire to them, which burnt four, and would have consumed the rest, had not Jupiter by a miraculous shower extinguished it. Upon this, Aeneas by the advice of one of his generals, and a vision of his father, builds a city for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war or weary of the voyage, and sails for Italy. Venus procures of Neptune a safe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately lost.

[...]

The herald summons all, and then proclaims
 Cloanthus conqu'ror of the naval games.
 The Prince with laurel crowns the victor's head,¹⁶⁷
 And three fat steers are to his vessel led;
 The ships reward with gen'rous wine beside,
 And sums of silver, which the crew divide.
 The leaders are distinguish'd from the rest;
 The victor honour'd with a nobler vest,
 Where gold and purple strive in equal rows,
 And needle-work its happy cost bestows.
 There, Ganymede is wrought with living art,
 Chasing through Ida's groves the trembling hart.¹⁶⁸
 Breathless he seems, yet eager to pursue,
 When from aloft descends in open view

¹⁶⁷ *the Prince* Aeneas; later he is referred to as 'the Hero,' 'the Trojan Hero,' 'the Leader,' 'the Father of the People,' and 'the General.' *laurel* in the ancient world, its branches were used to fashion the crowns of conquering generals, as well as victorious poets and athletes.

¹⁶⁸ *Ida's groves* i.e., on Mount Ida in Phrygia.

The bird of Jove, and sousing on his prey,¹⁶⁹
 With crooked talons bears the boy away.
 In vain, with lifted hands and gazing eyes,
 His guards behold him soaring through the skies,
 And dogs pursue his flight, with imitated cries.

Mnestheus the second victor was declared,
 And summoned there, the second prize he shared.
 A coat of mail, which brave Demoleus bore,
 More brave Aeneas from his shoulders tore,
 In single combat on the Trojan shore:
 This was ordained for Mnestheus to possess,
 In war for his defence, for ornament in peace.
 Rich was the gift, and glorious to behold,
 But yet so pond'rous with its plates of gold
 That scarce two servants could the weight sustain;
 Yet, loaded thus, Demoleus o'er the plain
 Pursued and lightly seized the Trojan train.

The third succeeding to the last reward,
 Two goodly bowls of massy silver shared,
 With figures prominent and richly wrought,
 And two brass cauldrons from Dodona brought.

Thus, all rewarded by the Hero's hands,
 Their conqu'ring temples bound with purple bands.

[...]

From thence his way the Trojan Hero bent
 Into the neighb'ring plain with mountains pent,
 Whose sides were shaded with surrounding wood.
 Full in the midst of this fair valley stood
 A native theatre, which rising slow,
 By just degrees, o'er-looked the ground below.
 High on a sylvan throne the Leader sate;¹⁷⁰
 A num'rous train attend in solemn state.¹⁷¹
 Here those that in the rapid course delight,
 Desire of honour, and the prize invite.
 The rival runners, without order stand,
 The Trojans, mixed with the Sicilian Band.
 First Nisus, with Euryalus, appears:
 Euryalus a boy of blooming years,
 With sprightly grace and equal beauty crowned;
 Nisus, for friendship to the youth, renowned.
 Diores, next, of Priam's royal race,¹⁷²
 Then Salius join'd with Patron took their place,
 But Patron in Arcadia had his birth,

¹⁶⁹ *sousing* swooping down.

¹⁷⁰ *sylvan* one associated with a wood or grove; perhaps, simply, 'wooden.'

¹⁷¹ *train* group of attendants or retainers (here, his senior warriors and advisers).

¹⁷² *Priam's royal race* i.e., he was a member of the family of King Priam of Troy, destroyed along with his city, when it was overrun by the Greeks at the beginning of the *Aeneid*.

And Salius his, from Acarnanian earth.
 Then two Sicilian youths, the names of these
 Swift Helymus and lovely Panopes,
 Both jolly huntsmen, both in forests bred,
 And owning old Acestes for their head.
 With sev'ral others of ignobler name,
 Whom time has not delivered o'er to fame.
 To these the Hero thus his thoughts explained,
 In words which gen'ral approbation gained:
 "One common largess is for all designed.
 The vanquished and the victor shall be joined.
 Two darts of polished steel and Gnosian wood,
 A silvered studded ax alike bestowed.
 The foremost three have olive wreaths decreed;
 The first of these obtains a stately steed
 Adorned with trappings; and the next in fame,
 The quiver of an Amazonian dame,¹⁷³
 With feathered Thracian arrows well-supplied.
 A golden belt shall gird his manly side,
 Which with a sparkling diamond shall be tied.
 The third this Grecian helmet shall content."
 He said; to their appointed base they went,
 With beating hearts th' expected sign receive,
 And, starting all at once, the barrier leave.
 Spread out, as on the wingéd winds, they flew,
 And seized the distant goal with greedy view.
 Shot from the crowd, swift Nisus all o'er-passed;
 Nor storms, nor thunder, equal half his haste.
 The next, but though the next, yet far dis-joined,
 Came Salius, and Euryalus behind;
 Then Helymus, whom young Diores plied,¹⁷⁴
 Step after step, and almost side by side,
 His shoulders pressing, and in longer space,
 Had won, or left at least a dubious race.¹⁷⁵
 Now spent, the goal they almost reach at last,
 When eager Nisus, hapless in his haste,¹⁷⁶
 Slipped first, and slipping, fell upon the plain,
 Soaked with the blood of oxen, newly slain.
 The careless victor had not marked his way,
 But treading where the treach'rous puddle lay,
 His heels flew up, and on the grassy floor
 He fell, besmeared with filth and holy gore.
 Not mindless then, Euryalus, of thee,
 Nor of the sacred bonds of amity,¹⁷⁷
 He strove th' immediate rival's hope to cross,

¹⁷³ *Amazonian dame* A female warrior of the race known as the Amazons.

¹⁷⁴ *plied* assailed, put pressure on (by being close on Helymus' heels).

¹⁷⁵ *dubious race* i.e., a race the outcome of which was uncertain.

¹⁷⁶ *hapless* luckless.

¹⁷⁷ *amity* friendship.

And caught the foot of Salius as he rose,
 So Salius lay extended on the plain;
 Euryalus springs out, the prize to gain,
 And leaves the crowd; applauding peals attend
 The victor to the goal, who vanquished by his friend.¹⁷⁸
 Next Helymus and then Diores came,
 By two misfortunes made the third in fame.
 But Salius enters, and exclaiming loud
 For justice, deafens and disturbs the crowd,
 Urges his cause may in the court be heard,
 And pleads the prize is wrongfully conferred.
 But favour for Euryalus appears;
 His blooming beauty, with his tender tears,¹⁷⁹
 Had bribed the judges to protect his claim;
 Besides, Diores does as loud exclaim,
 Who vainly reaches at the last reward,
 If the first palm on Salius be conferred.

Then thus the Prince: "Let no disputes arise.
 Where Fortune placed it, I award the prize.
 But Fortune's errors give me leave to mend,
 At least to pity my deserving friend."

He said; and from among the spoils he draws
 (Pond'rous with shaggy mane and golden paws)
 A lion's hide; to Salius this he gives.
 Nisus, with envy sees the gift, and grieves.

"If such rewards to vanquished men are due,"
 He said, "and falling is to rise by you,
 What prize may Nisus from your bounty claim,
 Who merited the first rewards and fame?
 In falling, both an equal fortune tried;
 Would Fortune for my fall so well provide!"

With this he pointed to his face, and showed
 His hands, and all his habit smeared with blood.
 Th' indulgent Father of the People smiled,
 And caused to be produced an ample shield,
 Of wond'rous art by Didymaon wrought,
 Long since from Neptune's bars in triumph brought.¹⁸⁰
 This giv'n to Nisus, he divides the rest,
 And equal justice in his gifts expressed.

[...]

¹⁷⁸ *who vanquished by his friend* i.e., who won the race through the intervention of his friend.

¹⁷⁹ At this point there is an engraving inserted, dedicated to Anthony Hammond of Somersham in the County of Huntingdon, Esquire.

¹⁸⁰ *Neptune's bars* Although Didymaon is unidentified, the shield is referred to in the original Latin as one that the Trojans had taken from the Greeks who had in turn taken it down from the entrance to one of Neptune's temples. *bars* gates.

From BOOK 9

THE ARGUMENT. Turnus takes advantage of Aeneas' absence, fires some of his ships, (which are transformed into sea nymphs) and assaults his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the last extremities, send Nisus and Euryalus to recall Aeneas, which furnishes the poet with that admirable episode of their friendship, generosity, and the conclusion of their adventures.

[...]

The post of honour to Messapus falls,
 To keep the nightly guard, to watch the walls,
 To pitch the fires at distances around,
 And close the Trojans in their scanty ground.¹⁸¹
 Twice seven Rutulian captains ready stand,
 And twice seven hundred horse these chiefs command,
 All clad in shining arms the works invest,¹⁸²
 Each with a radiant helm and waving crest.
 Stretched at their length, they press the grassy ground;
 They laugh, they sing, the jolly bowls go round,
 With lights and cheerful fires renew the day,
 And pass the wakeful night in feasts and play.
 The Trojans, from above, their foes beheld,
 And with armed legions all the rampires filled.¹⁸³
 Seized with affright, their gates they first explore,
 Join works to works with bridges, tow'r to tow'r;
 Thus all things needful for defence abound;
 Mnestheus and brave Seresthus walk the round,
 Commissioned by their absent Prince to share
 The common danger and divide the care.
 The soldiers draw their lots, and as they fall,
 By turns relieve each other on the wall.
 Nigh where the foes their utmost guards advance,¹⁸⁴
 To watch the gate was warlike Nisus' chance.
 His father Hyrtacus of noble blood,
 His mother was a hunt'ress of the wood,¹⁸⁵
 And sent him to the wars; well could he bear
 His lance in fight and dart the flying spear,
 But better skilled unerring shafts to send.
 Beside him stood Euryalus, his friend,
 Euryalus, than whom the Trojan host
 No fairer face or sweeter air could boast.
 Scarce had the down to shade his cheeks begun;
 One was their care, and their delight was one.
 One common hazard in the war they shared,
 And now were both by choice upon the guard.

¹⁸¹ *close* enclose.

¹⁸² *works* fortress, fortification, or defensive structure.

¹⁸³ *rampires* i.e., ramparts, a broad defensive wall or mound of earth, with a walkway on the top.

¹⁸⁴ *Nigh* Near.

¹⁸⁵ *hunt'ress of the wood* She is named in the original Latin: *Ida*.

Then Nisus, thus: "Or do the gods inspire
 This warmth, or make we gods of our desire?
 A gen'rous ardour boils within my breast,
 Eager of action, enemy to rest.
 This urges me to fight, and fires my mind,
 To leave a memorable name behind.
 Thou see'st the foe secure. How faintly shine
 Their scattered fires! The most, in sleep supine
 Along the ground, an easy conquest lie;
 The wakeful few, the fuming flagon ply.¹⁸⁶
 All hushed around. Now hear what I revolve,
 A thought unripe, and scarcely yet resolve:
 Our absent Prince both camp and council mourn;
 By message both would hasten his return.
 If they confer what I demand on thee,
 (For fame is recompense enough for me),
 Methinks beneath yon hill I have espied
 A way that safely will my passage guide."

Euryalus stood list'ning while he spoke,
 With love of praise and noble envy struck;
 Then to his ardent friend exposed his mind:

"All this alone, and leaving me behind?
 Am I unworthy, Nisus, to be joined?
 Think'st thou I can my share of glory yield,
 Or send thee unassisted to the field?
 Not so my father taught my childhood arms,
 Born in a siege and bred among alarms!
 Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,
 Nor of the heav'n-born Hero I attend.¹⁸⁷
 The thing called life with ease I can disclaim,
 And think it over-sold to purchase fame."

Then Nisus, thus: "Alas! thy tender years
 Would minister new matter to my fears!
 So may the gods, who view this friendly strife,
 Restore me to thy loved embrace with life,
 Condemned to pay my vows (as sure I trust,)
 This thy request is cruel and unjust.
 But if some chance, as many chances are
 And doubtful hazards in the deeds of war,
 If one should reach my head, there let it fall,
 And spare thy life, I would not perish all.
 Thy bloomy youth deserves a longer date;
 Live thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate,
 To bear my mangled body from the foe,
 Or buy it back and fun'ral rites bestow.
 Or if hard Fortune shall those dues deny,
 Thou canst at least an empty tomb supply.

¹⁸⁶ *ply* handle or wield vigorously (they are actively engaged in getting drunk).

¹⁸⁷ *heav'n-born Hero* Aeneas.

Oh, let not me the widow's tears renew,
 Nor let a mother's curse my name pursue,
 Thy pious parent, who, for love of thee
 Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily,
 Her age committing to the seas and wind,
 When ev'ry weary matron stayed behind.

To this, Euryalus: "You plead in vain,¹⁸⁸
 And but protract the cause you cannot gain.
 No more delays, but haste." With that he wakes
 The nodding watch; each to his office takes.
 The guard relieved, the gen'rous couple went¹⁸⁹
 To find the council at the royal tent.
 All creatures else forgot their daily care,
 And sleep, the common gift of nature, share,
 Except the Trojan peers, who wakeful sate
 In nightly council for th' endangered state.
 They vote a message to their absent chief,
 Show their distress, and beg a swift relief.
 Amid the camp a silent seat they chose,
 Remote from clamour and secure from foes.
 On their left arms their ample shields they bear,
 The right reclined upon the bending spear.

Now Nisus and his friend approach the guard
 And beg admission, eager to be heard,
 Th' affair important, not to be deferred.
 Ascanius bids 'em be conducted in,
 Ord'ring the more experienced to begin.

Then Nisus, thus: "Ye fathers, lend your ears;
 Nor judge our bold attempt beyond our years.
 The foe securely drenched in sleep and wine
 Neglect their watch; the fires but thinly shine;
 And where the smoke, in cloudy vapours flies,
 Cov'ring the plain, and curling to the skies,
 Betwixt two paths, which at the gate divide,
 Close by the sea, a passage we have spied,
 Which will our way to great Aeneas guide.
 Expect each hour to see him safe again,
 Loaded with spoils of foes in battle slain.
 Snatch we the lucky minute while we may,
 Nor can we be mistaken in the way,
 For hunting in the vale we both have seen
 The rising turrets and the stream between,
 And know the winding course, with ev'ry ford."

He ceased: And old Alethes took the word:
 "Our country gods, in whom our trust we place,
 Will yet from ruin save the Trojan race,
 While we behold such dauntless worth appear

¹⁸⁸ *To this, Euryalus* i.e., Euryalus responds here to Nisus' objections and wins the right to accompany him on his mission.

¹⁸⁹ *couple* pair.

In dawning youth, and souls so void of fear.”

Then, into tears of joy the father broke;
Each in his longing arms by turns he took,
Panted and paused, and thus again he spoke:
“Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we
In recompence of such desert decree?
The greatest, sure, and best you can receive
The gods and your own conscious worth will give.
The rest our grateful Gen’ral will bestow,
And young Ascanius ’till his manhood owe.”¹⁹⁰

“And I, whose welfare in my father lies,”
Ascanius adds, “by the great deities,
By my dear country, by my household gods,
By hoary Vesta’s rites, and dark abodes,¹⁹¹
Adjure you both; on you my fortune stands,¹⁹²
That and my faith I plight into your hands.¹⁹³
Make me but happy in his safe return,
Whose wanted presence I can only mourn,
Your common gift shall two large goblets be,
Of silver, wrought with curious imagery,¹⁹⁴
And high embossed, which, when old Priam reigned,
My conqu’ring sire at sacked Arisba gained;
And more, two tripods cast in antick mould,¹⁹⁵
With two great talents of the finest gold;¹⁹⁶
Beside, a costly bowl, engraved with art,
Which Dido gave, when first she gave her heart.¹⁹⁷
But if in conquered Italy we reign,
When spoils by lot the victor shall obtain,
Thou saw’st the courser by proud Turnus pressed,¹⁹⁸
That, Nisus, and his arms, and nodding crest,
And shield, from chance exempt, shall be thy share;
Twelve lab’ring slaves, twelve handmaids young and fair,
All clad in rich attire, and trained with care;
And last, a Latian field with fruitful plains,
And a large portion of the King’s domains.
But thou, whose years are more to mine allied,¹⁹⁹
No fate my vowed affection shall divide

¹⁹⁰ *Ascanius* Aeneas’ young son.

¹⁹¹ *hoary Vesta’s rites, and dark abodes* Vesta, the virgin goddess of the hearth, is called ‘hoary’ or ‘grey-haired’ out of reverence for her antiquity; as the deity who was longest-worshipped by the Romans, she came to be an emblem of the national religion of Rome.

¹⁹² *adjure* solemnly promise, vow or swear [to].

¹⁹³ *plight* pledge.

¹⁹⁴ *curious* artful; elaborate.

¹⁹⁵ *two tripods cast in antick mould* When awarded as a prize, the tripod was generally a three-footed stand meant to hold a large bowl. *antick mould* ancient shape.

¹⁹⁶ *talents* A ‘talent’ was an ancient denomination of weight, that varied from approximately 56 lbs to 88 lbs.

¹⁹⁷ *Which Dido ... heart* Dido, queen of Carthage, loved Aeneas, but he abandoned her in order to fulfil his destiny to found the empire of Rome; she killed herself in despair.

¹⁹⁸ *courser* a powerful horse, used in battle or tournaments. *Turnus* king of the Rutuli, Aeneas’ sworn enemy.

¹⁹⁹ *thou* Ascanius turns to address Euryalus.

From thee, heroic youth; be wholly mine:
 Take full possession; all my soul is thine.
 One faith, one fame, one fate shall both attend,
 My life's companion and my bosom friend.
 My peace shall be committed to thy care,
 And to thy conduct, my concerns in war."

Then thus the young Euryalus replied:
 "Whatever fortune, good or bad betide,
 The same shall be my age, as now my youth;
 No time shall find me wanting to my truth.
 This only from your goodness let me gain,
 (And this ungranted, all rewards are vain):
 Of Priam's royal race my mother came,
 And sure the best that ever bore the name,
 Whom neither Troy nor Sicily could hold
 From me departing, but, o'erspent and old,
 My fate she followed; ignorant of this,
 Whatever danger, neither parting kiss,
 Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave,
 And, in this only act of all my life deceive.
 By this right hand and conscious night I swear,
 My soul so sad a farewell could not bear.
 Be you her comfort; fill my vacant place,
 (Permit me to presume so great a grace)
 Support her age, forsaken and distressed.
 That hope alone will fortify my breast
 Against the worst of fortunes and of fears."

He said: The moved assistants melt in tears.²⁰⁰
 Then thus Ascanius, (wonder-struck to see
 That image of his filial piety):

"So great beginnings, in so green an age,²⁰¹
 Exact the faith, which I again engage.
 Thy mother all the dues shall justly claim
 Creusa had, and only want the name.²⁰²
 Whate'er event thy bold attempt shall have,²⁰³
 'Tis merit to have born a son so brave.
 Now by my head, a sacred oath, I swear,
 (My father used it) what, returning here
 Crowned with success, I for thyself prepare,
 That, if thou fail, shall thy loved mother share."

He said, and weeping while he spoke the word,
 From his broad belt he drew a shining sword
 Magnificent with gold, Lycaon made,
 And in an iv'ry scabbard sheathed the blade.
 This was his gift. Great Mnestheus gave his friend
 A lion's hide his body to defend,

²⁰⁰ *assistants* i.e., the Trojans present.

²⁰¹ *so green an age* i.e., in such youth.

²⁰² *Creusa* Ascanius' mother, Aeneas' first wife. *want* lack.

²⁰³ *event* outcome.

And good Alethes furnished him beside,
 With his own trusty helm, of temper tried.
 Thus armed they went. The noble Trojans wait
 Their issuing forth, and follow to the gate.
 With prayers and vows, above the rest appears
 Ascanius, manly far beyond his years.
 And messages committed to their care,
 Which all in winds were lost, and flitting air.

[After slaughtering many of the drunken Rutulians, Nisus sees the approaching day and persuades Euryalus to return to their camp.]

Now where Messapus quartered they arrive;
 The fires were fainting there, and just alive.
 The warrior-horses tied in order fed;
 Nisus observed the discipline, and said,
 “Our eager thirst of blood may both betray;
 And see the scattered streaks of dawning day,
 Foe to nocturnal thefts. No more, my friend.
 Here let our gluttonous execution end;
 A lane through slaughtered bodies we have made.”

 The bold Euryalus, though loath, obeyed.
 Of arms, and arras, and of plate they find
 A precious load, but these they leave behind.
 Yet fond of gaudy spoils the boy would stay
 To make the rich caparison his prey,²⁰⁴
 Which on the steed of conquered Rhamnes lay.
 Nor did his eyes less longingly behold
 The girdle-belt, with nails of burnished gold.
 This present Cedricus the Rich bestowed
 On Remulus, when friendship first they vowed,
 And absent, joined in hospitable ties;
 He dying, to his heir bequeathed the prize,
 Till by the conqu’ring Ardean troops oppressed
 He fell; and they the glorious gift possessed.
 These glitt’ring spoils (now made the victor’s gain)
 He to his body suits, but suits in vain.
 Messapus’ helm he finds among the rest,
 And laces on, and wears the waving crest.
 Proud of their conquest, prouder of their prey,
 They leave the camp, and take the ready way.
 But far they had not passed, before they spied
 Three hundred horse with Volscens for their guide.²⁰⁵
 The queen a legion to King Turnus sent,
 But the swift horse the slower foot outwent,²⁰⁶
 And now advancing, sought the leader’s tent.
 They saw the pair, for through the doubtful shade

²⁰⁴ *caparison* the tack (bridle, saddle, etc.), here with costly decoration.

²⁰⁵ *Volscens* a Latin chief.

²⁰⁶ *foot* footsoldiers.

His shining helm Euryalus betrayed,
On which the moon with full reflection played.

“’Tis not for nought,” cried Volscens, from the crowd,
These men go there;” then raised his voice aloud:
“Stand, stand: why thus in arms, and whither bent?
From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent?”

Silent they scud away, and haste their flight,²⁰⁷
To neighb’ring woods, and trust themselves to night.
The speedy horse all passages belay,²⁰⁸
And spur their smoking steeds to cross their way,²⁰⁹
And watch each entrance of the winding wood.
Black was the forest, thick with beech it stood,
Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn,
Few paths of human feet or tracks of beasts were worn;
The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,
And fear, misled the younger from his way.
But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste,
And thoughtless of his friend, the forest passed,
And Alban Plains, from Alba’s name so called,
Where King Latinus then his oxen stalled.
Till turning at the length, he stood his ground,
And missed his friend, and cast his eyes around:

“Ah, wretch,” he cried, “where have I left behind
Th’ unhappy youth, where shall I hope to find?
Or what way take?” Again he ventures back,
And treads the mazes of his former track.
He winds the wood, and list’ning hears the noise
Of trampling coursers, and the riders’ voice.
The sound approached, and suddenly he viewed
The foes enclosing, and his friend pursued,
Forelayed and taken, while he strove in vain²¹⁰
The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.
What should he next attempt? What arms employ?
What fruitless force to free the captive boy?
Or desperate should he rush and lose his life,
With odds oppressed, in such unequal strife?
Resolved at length, his pointed spear he shook,
And casting on the moon a mournful look:

“Guardian of groves, and goddess of the night;
Fair Queen,” he said, “direct my dart aright!²¹¹
If e’er my pious father for my sake
Did grateful off’rings on thy altars make,
Or I increased them with my sylvan toils,²¹²
And hung thy holy roofs with salvage spoils,²¹³

²⁰⁷ *scud* run nimbly or hurriedly.

²⁰⁸ *belay* i.e., the enemy begin to surround the fleeing pair so as to intercept them.

²⁰⁹ *cross* bar, block.

²¹⁰ *Forelayed* waylaid, ambushed.

²¹¹ Nisus calls here upon Diana (Artemis), goddess of the moon and the hunt.

²¹² *sylvan toils* hunting expeditions.

Give me to scatter these." Then from his ear
 He poised, and aimed, and launched the trembling spear.²¹⁴
 The deadly weapon, hissing from the grove,
 Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove,
 Pierced his thin armour, drank his vital blood,
 And in his body left the broken wood.
 He staggers round, his eyeballs roll in death,
 And with short sobs he gasps away his breath.
 All stand amazed; a second jav'lin flies,
 With equal strength, and quivers through the skies;
 This through thy temples, Tagus, forced the way,
 And in the brain-pan warmly buried lay.
 Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and gazing round,
 Descried not him who gave the fatal wound,²¹⁵
 Nor knew to fix revenge: "But thou," he cries,
 "Shalt pay for both," and at the pris'ner flies,
 With his drawn sword. Then struck with deep despair,
 That cruel sight the lover could not bear,
 But from his covert rushed in open view,
 And sent his voice before him as he flew:

"Me, me," he cried, "turn all your swords alone
 On me! The fact confessed, the fault my own;²¹⁶
 He neither could nor durst, the guiltless youth.
 Ye moon and stars, bear witness to the truth!
 His only crime, (if friendship can offend),
 Is too much love to his unhappy friend."

Too late he speaks; the sword, which fury guides,
 Driv'n with full force, had pierced his tender sides.
 Down fell the beauteous youth; the yawning wound
 Gushed out a purple stream, and stained the ground.
 His snowy neck reclines upon his breast,
 Like a fair flow'r by the keen share oppressed,²¹⁷
 Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,
 Whose heavy head is overcharged with rain.
 Despair, and rage, and vengeance justly vowed
 Drove Nisus headlong on the hostile crowd.
 Volscens he seeks; on him alone he bends;
 Born back and bor'd by his surrounding friends,²¹⁸
 Onward he pressed, and kept him still in sight,
 Then whirled aloft his sword, with all his might.
 Th' unerring steel descended while he spoke,
 Pierced his wide mouth, and through his weazon broke.²¹⁹
 Dying, he slew; and stagg'ring on the plain,

²¹³ *salvage spoils* savage prizes: game (deer, bear, boar, etc.).

²¹⁴ *poized* balanced.

²¹⁵ *descried* detected, perceived.

²¹⁶ *fact* deed.

²¹⁷ *share* ploughshare.

²¹⁸ *bor'd* pierced, stabbed.

²¹⁹ *weazon* throat.

With swimming eyes he sought his lover slain,
 Then quiet on his bleeding bosom fell,
 Content in death to be revenged so well.
 O happy friends! for if my verse can give
 Immortal life, your fame shall ever live
 Fixed as the Capitol's foundation lies,²²⁰
 And spread where e'er the Roman Eagle flies!²²¹

The conqu'ring party first divide the prey,
 Then their slain general to the camp convey.
 With wonder, as they went, the troops were filled,
 To see such numbers whom so few had killed.
 Serranus, Rhamnes, and the rest they found;
 Vast crowds the dying and the dead surround,
 And the yet reeking blood o'erflows the ground.
 All knew the helmet which Messapus lost,
 But mourned a purchase that so dear had cost.

Now rose the ruddy Morn from Tithon's bed,²²²
 And with the dawns of day the skies o'erspread.
 Nor long the sun his daily course withheld,
 But added colours to the world revealed.
 When early Turnus wak'ning with the light,
 All clad in armour calls his troops to fight.
 His martial men with fierce harangues he fired,
 And his own ardour in their souls inspired.
 This done, to give new terror to his foes,
 The heads of Nisus and his friend he shows,
 Raised high on pointed spears, a ghastly sight;
 Loud peals of shouts ensue and barbarous delight.
 Mean time the Trojans run where danger calls;
 They line their trenches, and they man their walls.
 In front extended to the left they stood;
 Safe was the right surrounded by the flood.
 But casting from their tow'rs a frightful view,
 They saw the faces, which too well they knew,
 Though then disguised in death, and smeared all o'er
 With filth obscene and dropping putrid gore.
 Soon hasty Fame through the sad city bears
 The mournful message to the mother's ears.
 An icy cold benumbs her limbs: she shakes,
 Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forsakes.²²³
 She runs the rampires round amidst the war,
 Nor fears the flying darts. She rends her hair,
 And fills with loud laments the liquid air.

²²⁰ *Capitol's foundation* referring to the temple of Jupiter, a site of enormous national importance, located on the Capitoline Hill in Rome.

²²¹ *the Roman Eagle* the emblem of the Roman Empire, appearing on the ensigns or flags of the Roman army.

²²² *the ruddy Morn from Tithon's bed* Aurora, goddess of the dawn, loved the mortal Tithonus.

²²³ *web* a piece of cloth, so-called while it is being woven on a loom. Weaving was often an emblem of the virtuous woman's dedication to her family and household; Euryalus' mother's activity here reinforces her character as the exemplary widow and mother.

“Thus, then, my loved Euryalus appears;
 Thus looks the prop of my declining years!
 Was’t on this face my famished eyes I fed?
 Ah, how unlike the living is the dead!
 And could’st thou leave me, cruel, thus alone,
 Not one kind kiss from a departing son!
 No look, no last adieu, before he went
 In an ill-boding hour to slaughter sent!
 Cold on the ground, and pressing foreign clay,
 To Latian dogs and fowls he lies a prey!
 Nor was I near to close his dying eyes,
 To wash his wounds, to weep his obsequies,
 To call about his corpse his crying friends,
 Or spread the mantle (made for other ends)
 On his dear body, which I wove with care,
 Nor did my daily pains or nightly labour spare.
 Where shall I find his corpse, what earth sustains
 His trunk dismembered and his cold remains?
 For this, alas, I left my needful ease,
 Exposed my life to winds and winter seas!
 If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,
 Here empty all your quivers, all your darts!
 Or if they fail, thou Jove conclude my woe,
 And send me thunder-struck to shades below!”

Her shrieks and clamours pierce the Trojans ears,
 Unman their courage and augment their fears.
 Nor young Ascanius could the sight sustain,
 Nor old Ilioneus his tears restrain,
 But Actor and Idoeus, jointly sent,
 To bear the madding mother to her tent.²²⁴

[...]

²²⁴ *madding* driven mad [by grief].