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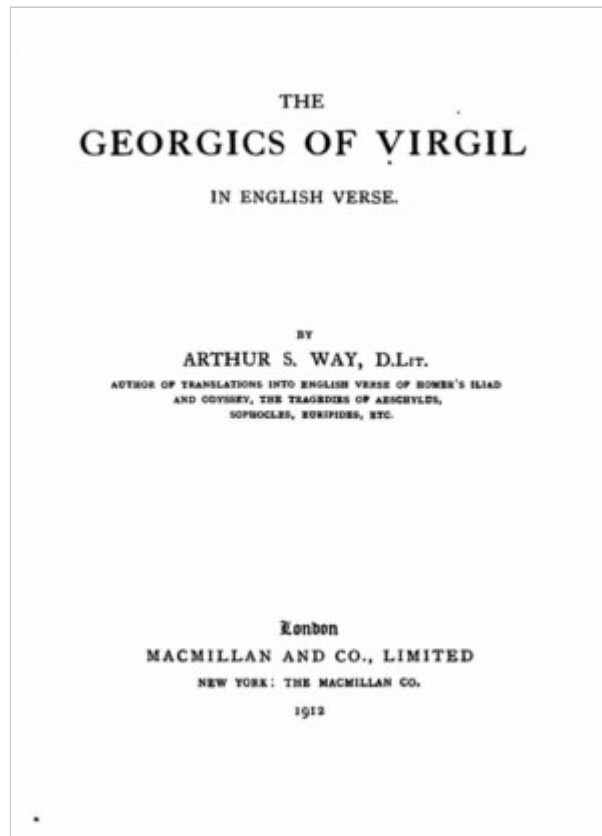
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Edition Used:

The Georgics of Virgil, by Arthur S. Way (London: Macmillan and Co., 1912).

Author: [Virgil](#)

Translator: [Arthur S. Way](#)

About This Title:

A bi-lingual edition with facing Latin and English pages.

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P. VERGILI MARONIS	
GEORGICON	
LIBER PRIMUS.	
QUID faciat laetas segetes, quo sidere terram Vertere, Maecenas, ulmisque adiungere vites Conveniat, quae cura boum, qui cultus habendo Sit pecori, apibus quanta experientia parcis, Hinc canere incipiam. Vos, o clarissima mundi Lumina, labentem caelo quae ducitis annum ;	5
Liber et alma Ceres, vestro si munere tellus Chaoniam pingui glandem mutavit aristas, Poculaque inventis Achelœia miscuit uvis ; Et vos, agrestum praesentia numina, Fauni,	10
Ferte simul Faunique pedem Dryadesque puellae : Munera vestra cano. Tuque o, cui prima frementem Fudit equum magno tellus percussa tridenti, Neptune ; et cultor nemorum, cui pinguis Caeae	15
Ter centum nivei tondent dumeta Iuvençii ; Ipse nemus liqueens patrium saltusque Lycaei Pan, ovium custos, tua si tibi Maenala curae, Adsis, o Tegeaeae, favens, oleaeque Minerva Inventrix, uncique puer monstrator aratri,	20
Et teneram ab radice ferens, Silvane, cupressum ; Dique deaeque omnes, studium quibus arva tueri, Quique novas alitis non ullo semine fruges, Quique satis largum caelo demittitis imbrem ; Tuque adeo, quem mox quae sint habitura deorum Concilia, incertum est—urbesne invisere, Caesar,	25
Terrarumque velis curam, et te maximus orbis Auctorem frugum tempestatumque potentem Accipiat, cingens materna tempora myrto, An deus immensi venias maris ac tua nautae Numina sola colant, tibi serviat ultima Thule,	30

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The Latin text is based on a collation of Conington's edition with that of the Pitt Press. The spelling of the former has been generally preferred; but in punctuation the translator has used his own judgment.

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P. VERGILI MARONIS GEORGICON

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Accipiat, cingens materna tempora myrto,
An deus immensi venias maris ac tua nautae
Numina sola colant, tibi serviat ultima Thule,³⁰
Teque sibi generum Tethys emat omnibus undis;
Anne novum tardis sidus te mensibus addas,
Qua locus Erigonen inter chelasque sequentes
Panditur; ipse tibi iam brachia contrahit ardens
Scorpius, et caeli iusta plus parte reliquit;³⁵
Quidquid eris—nam te nec sperant Tartara regem,
Nec tibi regnandi veniat tam dira cupido;
Quamvis Elysios miretur Graecia campos
Nec repetita sequi curet Proserpina matrem—
Da facilem cursum, atque audacibus adnue coeptis,⁴⁰
Ignarosque viae mecum miseratus agrestes

Ingredere et votis iam nunc adsuesce vocari.
 Vere novo, gelidus canis cum montibus humor
 Liquitur, et Zephyro putris se glaeba resolvit,
 Depresso incipiat iam tum mihi taurus aratro⁴⁵
 Ingemere, et sulco attritus splendescere vomer.
 Illa seges demum votis respondet avari
 Agricolae, bis quae solem, bis frigora sensit;
 Illius immensae ruperunt horrea messes.
 At prius ignotum ferro quam scindimus aequor,⁵⁰
 Ventos et varium caeli praediscere morem
 Cura sit, ac patrios cultusque habitusque locorum,
 Et quid quaeque ferat regio, et quid quaeque recuset.
 Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvae;
 Arborei fetus alibi, atque iniussa virescunt⁵⁵
 Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,
 India mittit ebur, molles sua tura Sabaei,
 At Chalybes nudi ferrum, virosaque Pontus
 Castorea, Eliadum palmas Epiros equarum?
 Continuo has leges aeternaque foedera certis⁶⁰
 Imposuit natura locis, quo tempore primum
 Deucalion vacuum lapides iactavit in orbem,
 Unde homines nati, durum genus. Ergo age, terrae
 Pingue solum primis extemplo a mensibus anni
 Fortes invertant tauri, glaebasque iacentes⁶⁵
 Pulverulenta coquat maturis solibus aestas;
 At si non fuerit tellus fecunda, sub ipsum
 Arcturum tenui sat erit suspendere sulco:
 Illic, officiant laetis ne frugibus herbae,
 Hic, sterilem exiguus ne deserat humor arenam.⁷⁰
 Alternis idem tonsas cessare novales,
 Et segnem patiere situ durescere campum;
 Aut ibi flava seres mutato sidere farra,
 Unde prius laetum siliqua quassante legumen
 Aut tenuis fetus viciae tristisque lupini⁷⁵
 Sustuleris fragiles calamos silvamque sonantem.
 Urit enim lini campum seges, urit avenae,
 Urunt Lethaeo perfusa papavera somno:
 Sed tamen alternis facilis labor; arida tantum
 Ne saturare fimo pingui pudeat sola, neve⁸⁰
 Effetos cinerem immundum iactare per agros.
 Sic quoque mutatis requiescunt fetibus arva;
 Nec nulla interea est inaratae gratia terrae.
 Saepe etiam steriles incendere profuit agros,
 Atque levem stipulam crepitantibus urere flammis:⁸⁵
 Sive inde occultas vires et pabula terrae
 Pinguia concipiunt, sive illis omne per ignem
 Excoquitur vitium, atque exsudat inutilis humor,
 Seu plures calor ille vias et caeca relaxat

Spiramenta, novas veniat qua sucus in herbas;90
 Seu durat magis, et venas adstringit hiantes,
 Ne tenues pluviae, rapidive potentia solis
 Acrior, aut Boreae penetrabile frigus adurat.
 Multum adeo, rastris glaebas qui frangit inertes
 Vimineasque trahit crates, iuvat arva, neque illum95
 Flava Ceres alto nequiquam spectat Olympo;
 Et qui, proscisso quae suscitatur aequore terga,
 Rursus in obliquum verso perrumpit aratro,
 Exercetque frequens tellurem, atque imperat arvis.
 Humida solstitia atque hiemes orate serenas,100
 Agricolae: hiberno laetissima pulvere farra,
 Laetus ager; nullo tantum se Mysia cultu
 Iactat, et ipsa suas mirantur Gargara messes.
 Quid dicam, iacto qui semine comminus arva
 Insequitur, cumulosque ruit male pinguis arenae,105
 Deinde satis fluvium inducit rivosque sequentes,
 Et, cum exustus ager morientibus aestuat herbis,
 Ecce supercilio clivosi tramitis undam
 Elicit? Illa cadens raucum per levia murmur
 Saxa ciet, scatebrisque arentia temperat arva.110
 Quid qui, ne gravidis procumbat culmus aristis,
 Luxuriam segetum tenera depascit in herba,
 Cum primum sulcos aequant sata, quique paludis
 Collectum humorem bibula deducit arena,
 Praesertim incertis si mensibus amnis abundans115
 Exit, et obducto late tenet omnia limo,
 Unde cavae tepido sudant humore lacunae?
 Nec tamen, haec cum sint hominumque boumque labores
 Versando terram experti, nihil improbus anser
 Strymoniaeque grues et amaris intuba fibris120
 Officiunt aut umbra nocet. Pater ipse colendi
 Haud facilem esse viam voluit, primusque per artem
 Movit agros, curis acuens mortalia corda,
 Nec torpere gravi passus sua regna veterno.
 Ante Iovem nulli subigebant arva coloni;125
 Ne signare quidem aut partiri limite campum
 Fas erat: in medium quaerebant, ipsaque tellus
 Omnia liberius nullo poscente ferebat.
 Ille malum virus serpentibus addidit atris,
 Praedarique lupos iussit, pontumque moveri,130
 Mellaque decussit foliis, ignemque removit,
 Et passim rivis currentia vina repressit,
 Ut varias usus meditando extunderet artes
 Paullatim, et sulcis frumenti quaereret herbam,
 Ut silicis venis abstrusum excuderet ignem.135
 Tunc alnos primum fluvii sensere cavatas;
 Navita tum stellis numeros et nomina fecit,

Pleiadas, Hyadas, claramque Lycaonis Arcton;
 Tum laqueis captare feras, et fallere visco
 Inventum, et magnos canibus circumdare saltus; 140
 Atque alius latum funda iam verberat amnem,
 Alta petens, pelagoque alius trahit humida lina;
 Tum ferri rigor atque argutae lamina serrae,
 (Nam primi cuneis scindebant fissile lignum)
 Tum variae venere artes. Labor omnia vicit 145
 Improbus, et duris urguens in rebus egestas.
 Prima Ceres ferro mortales vertere terram
 Instituit, cum iam glandes atque arbuta sacrae
 Deficerent silvae et victum Dodona negaret.
 Mox et frumentis labor additus, ut mala culmos 150
 Esset robigo, segnisque horreret in arvis
 Carduus: intereunt segetes, subit aspera silva,
 Lappaeque tribolique, interque nitentia culta
 Infelix lolium et steriles dominantur avenae.
 Quod nisi et adsiduis herbam insectabere rastris, 155
 Et sonitu terrebis aves, et ruris opaci
 Falce premes umbras, votisque vocaveris imbrem,
 Heu magnum alterius frustra spectabis acervum,
 Concussaque famem in silvis solabere quercu.
 Dicendum et, quae sint duris agrestibus arma, 160
 Quis sine nec potuere seri nec surgere messes:
 Vomis et inflexi primum grave robur aratri,
 Tardaue Eleusinae matris volventia plaustra,
 Tribulaque traheaeque, et iniquo pondere rastris;
 Virgea praeterea Celei vilisque supellex, 165
 Arbuteae crates et mystica vannus Iacchi.
 Omnia quae multo ante memor provisa repones,
 Si te digna manet divini gloria ruris.
 Continuo in silvis magna vi flexa domatur
 In burim, et curvi formam accipit ulmus aratri. 170
 Huic a stirpe pedes temo protentus in octo,
 Binae aures, duplici aptantur dentalia dorso.
 Caeditur et tilia ante iugo levis altaque fagus,
 Stivaque, quae currus a tergo torqueat imos.
 Et suspensa focis explorat robora fumus. 174
 Possum multa tibi veterum praecepta referre,
 Ni refugis tenuesque piget cognoscere curas.
 Area cum primis ingenti aequanda cylindro
 Et vertenda manu et creta solidanda tenaci,
 Ne subeant herbae, neu pulvere victa fatiscat, 180
 Tum variae inludant pestes: saepe exiguus mus
 Sub terris posuitque domos atque horrea fecit,
 Aut oculis capti fodere cubilia talpae,
 Inventusque cavis bufo, et quae plurima terrae
 Monstra ferunt, populatque ingentem farris acervum 185

Curculio, atque inopi metuens formica senectae.
 Contemplator item, cum se nux plurima silvis
 Induet in florem et ramos curvabit olentes:
 Si superant fetus, pariter frumenta sequentur,
 Magnaque cum magno veniet tritura calore;190
 At si luxuria foliorum exuberat umbra,
 Nequiquam pingues palea teret area culmos.
 Semina vidi equidem multos medicare serentes,
 Et nitro prius et nigra perfundere amurca,
 Grandior ut fetus siliquis fallacibus esset,195
 Et, quamvis igni exiguo, properata maderent.
 Vidi lecta diu et multo spectata labore
 Degenerare tamen, ni vis humana quotannis
 Maxima quaeque manu legeret. Sic omnia fatis
 In peius ruere ac retro sublapsa referri,200
 Non aliter quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum
 Remigiis subigit, si brachia forte remisit,
 Atque illum in praeceps prono rapit alveus amni.
 Praeterea tam sunt Arcturi sidera nobis
 Haedorumque dies servandi et lucidus Anguis,205
 Quam quibus in patriam ventosa per aequora vectis
 Pontus et ostriferi fauces tentantur Abydi.
 Libra die somnique pares ubi fecerit horas,
 Et medium luci atque umbris iam dividit orbem,
 Exercete, viri, tauros, serite hordea campis210
 Usque sub extremum brumae intractabilis imbrem;
 Nec non et lini segetem et Cereale papaver
 Tempus humo tegere et iamdudum incumbere aratris
 Dum sicca tellure licet, dum nubila pendent.
 Vere fabis satio; tum te quoque, medica, putres215
 Accipiunt sulci, et milio venit annua cura,
 Candidus auratis aperit cum cornibus annum
 Taurus, et adverso cedens Canis occidit astro.
 At si triticeam in messem robustaque farra
 Exercebis humum, solisque instabis aristis,220
 Ante tibi Eoae Atlantides abscondantur,
 Cnosiaque ardentis decedat stella Coronae,
 Debita quam sulcis committas semina, quamque
 Invitae properes anni spem credere terrae.
 Multi ante occasum Maiiae coepere; sed illos225
 Expectata seges vanis elusit aristis.
 Si vero viciamque seres vilemque phaselum,
 Nec Pelusiacae curam aspernabere lentis,
 Haud obscura cadens mittet tibi signa Bootes:
 Incipe et ad medias sementem extende pruinas.230
 Idcirco certis dimensum partibus orbem
 Per duodena regit mundi sol aureus astra.
 Quinque tenent caelum zonae: quarum una corusco

Semper sole rubens et torrida semper ab igni;
Quam circum extremae dextra laevaue trahuntur²³⁵
Caerulea glacie concretae atque imbribus atris;
Has inter mediamque duae mortalibus aegris
Munere concessae divom, et via secta per ambas,
Obliquus qua se signorum verteret ordo.
Mundus, ut ad Scythiam Rhipaeasque arduus arces²⁴⁰
Consurgit, premitur Libyae devexus in austros.
Hic vertex nobis semper sublimis; at illum
Sub pedibus Styx atra videt Manesque profundi.
Maximus hic flexu sinuoso elabitur Anguis
Circum perque duas in morem fluminis Arctos,²⁴⁵
Arctos Oceani metuentes aequore tingui.
Illic, ut perhibent, aut intempesta silet nox
Semper et obtenta densentur nocte tenebrae;
Aut redit a nobis Aurora diemque reducit,
Nosque ubi primus equis Oriens adflavit anhelis,²⁵⁰
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.
Hinc tempestates dubio praediscere caelo
Possumus, hinc messisque diem tempusque serendi,
Et quando infidum remis impellere marmor
Conveniat, quando armatas deducere classes,²⁵⁵
Aut tempestivam silvis evertere pinum:
Nec frustra signorum obitus speculamur et ortus
Temporibusque parem diversis quattuor annum.
Frigidus agricolam si quando continet imber,
Multa, forent quae mox caelo properanda sereno,²⁶⁰
Maturare datur: durum procutit arator
Vomeris obtunsi dentem, cavat arbore lintres,
Aut pecori signum aut numeros impressit acervis.
Exacuunt alii vallos furcasque bicornes,
Atque Amerina parant lentae retinacula viti.²⁶⁵
Nunc facilis rubea texatur fiscina virga;
Nunc torrete igni fruges, nunc frangite saxo.
Quippe etiam festis quaedam exercere diebus
Fas et iura sinunt: rivos deducere nulla
Relligio vetuit, segeti praetendere saepem,²⁷⁰
Insidias avibus moliri, incendere vepres,
Balantumque gregem fluvio mersare salubri.
Saepe oleo tardi costas agitator aselli
Vilibus aut onerat pomis, lapidemque revertens
Incusum aut atrae massam picis urbe reportat.²⁷⁵
Ipsa dies alios alio dedit ordine Luna
Felices operum. Quintam fuge: pallidus Orcus
Eumenidesque satae; tum partu Terra nefando
Coelumque Iapetumque creat saevumque Typhoea
Et coniuratos caelum rescindere fratres.²⁸⁰
Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam

Scilicet, atque Ossae frondosum involvere Olympum;
Ter pater exstructos disiecit fulmine montes.
Septima post decimam felix et ponere vitem
Et prensos domitare boves et licia telae²⁸⁵
Addere. Nona fugae melior, contraria furtis.
Multa adeo gelida melius se nocte dedere,
Aut cum sole novo terras irrorat Eous.
Nocte leves melius stipulae, nocte arida prata
Tondentur, noctes lentus non deficit humor.²⁹⁰
Et quidam seros hiberni ad luminis ignes
Pervigilat, ferroque faces inspiciat acuto;
Interea longum cantu solata laborem
Arguto coniunx percurrit pectine telas,
Aut dulcis musti Volcano decoquit humorem²⁹⁵
Et foliis undam trepidi despumat aheni.
At rubicunda Ceres medio succiditur aestu,
Et medio tostas aestu terit area fruges.
Nudus ara, sere nudus; hiemps ignava colono.
Frigoribus parto agricolae plerumque fruuntur,³⁰⁰
Mutuaque inter se laeti convivia curant.
Invitat genialis hiemps curasque resolvit,
Ceum pressae cum iam portum tetigere carinae,
Puppibus et laeti nautae imposuere coronas.
Sed tamen et quernas glandes tum stringere tempus³⁰⁵
Et lauri bacas oleamque cruentaque myrta;
Tum gruibus pedicas et retia ponere cervis,
Auritusque sequi lepores; tum figere dammas
Stuppea torquentem Balearis verbera fundae,
Cum nix alta iacet, glaciem cum flumina trudunt.³¹⁰
Quid tempestates autumnus et sidera dicam,
Atque, ubi iam breviorque dies et mollior aestas,
Quae vigilanda viris? vel cum ruit imbriferum ver,
Spicea iam campis cum messis inhorruit, et cum
Frumenta in viridi stipula lactentia turgent?³¹⁵
Saepe ego, cum flavis messorum induceret arvis
Agricola et fragili iam stringeret hordea culmo,
Omnia ventorum concurrere proelia vidi,
Quae gravidam late segetem ab radicibus imis
Sublimem expulsam eruerent, ita turbine nigro³²⁰
Ferret hiemps culmumque levem stipulasque volantes.
Saepe etiam immensum caelo venit agmen aquarum,
Et foedam glomerant tempestatem imbribus atris
Collectae ex alto nubes; ruit arduus aether,
Et pluvia ingenti sata laeta boumque labores³²⁵
Diluit; implentur fossae et cava flumina crescunt
Cum sonitu, fervetque fretis spirantibus aequor.
Ipse Pater media nimborum in nocte corusca
Fulmina molitur dextra; quo maxima motu

Terra tremit, fugere ferae, et mortalia corda³³⁰
 Per gentes humilis stravit pavor: ille flagranti
 Aut Athon aut Rhodopen aut alta Ceraunia telo
 Deiicit; ingeminant Austri et densissimus imber:
 Nunc nemora ingenti vento, nunc litora plangunt.
 Hoc metuens, caeli menses et sidera serva,³³⁵
 Frigida Saturni sese quo stella receptet,
 Quos ignis caelo Cyllenius erret in orbes.
 In primis venerare deos, atque annua magnae
 Sacra refer Cereri laetis operatus in herbis,
 Extremae sub casum hiemis, iam vere sereno.³⁴⁰
 Tum pingues agni et tum mollissima vina,
 Tum somni dulces densaeque in montibus umbrae.
 Cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agrestis adoret;
 Cui tu lacte favos et miti dilue Baccho,
 Terque novas circum felix eat hostia fruges,³⁴⁵
 Omnis quam chorus et socii comitentur ovantes,
 Et Cererem clamore vocent in tecta; neque ante
 Falcem maturis quisquam supponat aristas,
 Quam Cereri torta redimitus tempora quercu
 Det motus incompositos et carmina dicat.³⁵⁰
 Atque haec ut certis possemus discere signis,
 Aestusque pluviasque et agentes frigora ventos,
 Ipse Pater statuit, quid menstrua luna moneret,
 Quo signo caderent Austri, quid saepe videntes
 Agricolae propius stabulis armenta tenerent.³⁵⁵
 Continuo ventis surgentibus aut freta ponti
 Incipiunt agitata tumescere et aridus altis
 Montibus audiri fragor, aut resonantia longe
 Litora misceri et nemorum increbrescere murmur.
 Iam sibi tum curvis male temperat unda carinis,³⁶⁰
 Cum medio celeres revolant ex aequore mergi
 Clamoremque ferunt ad litora, cumque marinae
 In sicco ludunt fulicae, notasque paludes
 Deserit atque altam supra volat ardea nubem.
 Saepe etiam stellas, vento impendente, videbis³⁶⁵
 Praecipites caelo labi, noctisque per umbram
 Flammarum longos a tergo albescere tractus;
 Saepe levem paleam et frondes volitare caducas,
 Aut summa nantes in aqua colludere plumas.
 At Boreae de parte trucis cum fulminat, et cum³⁷⁰
 Eurique Zephyrique tonat domus, omnia plenis
 Rura natant fossis, atque omnis navita ponto
 Humida vela legit. Numquam imprudentibus imber
 Obfuit: aut illum surgentem vallibus imis
 Aëriae fugere grues, aut bucula caelum³⁷⁵
 Suspiciens patulis captavit naribus auras,
 Aut arguta lacus circumvolitavit hirundo,

Et veterem in limo ranae cecinere querellam.
 Saepius et tectis penetralibus extulit ova
 Angustum formica terens iter, et bibit ingens380
 Arcus, et e pastu decedens agmine magno
 Corvorum increpuit densis exercitus alis.
 Iam variae pelagi volucres, et quae Asia circum
 Dulcibus in stagnis rimantur prata Caystri,
 Certatim largos humeris infundere rores,385
 Nunc caput obiectare fretis, nunc currere in undas
 Et studio incassum videas gestire lavandi.
 Tum cornix plena pluviam vocat improba voce
 Et sola in sicca secum spatatur arena.
 Ne nocturna quidem carpentes pensa puellae390
 Nescivere hiemem, testa cum ardente viderent
 Scintillare oleum et putres concrescere fungos.
 Nec minus ex imbri soles et aperta serena
 Prospicere et certis poteris cognoscere signis:
 Nam neque tum stellis acies obtunsa videtur,395
 Nec fratris radiis obnoxia surgere Luna,
 Tenuia nec lanae per caelum vellera ferri;
 Non tepidum ad solem pennas in litore pandunt
 Dilectae Thetidi alcyones, non ore solutos
 Immundi meminere sues iactare maniplos.400
 At nebulae magis ima petunt campoque recumbunt,
 Solis et occasum servans de culmine summo
 Nequiquam seros exercet noctua cantus.
 Apparet liquido sublimis in aëre Nisus,
 Et pro purpureo poenas dat Scylla capillo:405
 Quacumque illa levem fugiens secat aethera pennis,
 Ecce inimicus atrox magno stridore per auras
 Insequitur Nisus; qua se fert Nisus ad auras,
 Illa levem fugiens raptim secat aethera pennis.
 Tum liquidas corvi presso ter gutture voces410
 Aut quater ingeminant, et saepe cubilibus altis,
 Nescio qua praeter solitum dulcedine laeti,
 Inter se in foliis strepitant; iuvat imbribus actis
 Progeniem parvam dulcesque revisere nidos:
 Haud equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis415
 Ingenium aut rerum fato prudentia maior;
 Verum ubi tempestas et caeli mobilis humor
 Mutavere vias et Iuppiter uvidus Austris
 Denset erant quae rara modo, et quae densa relaxat,
 Vertuntur species animorum, et pectora motus420
 Nunc alios, alios dum nubila ventus agebat,
 Concipiunt: hinc ille avium concentus in agris,
 Et laetae pecudes et ovantes gutture corvi.
 Si vero solem ad rapidum lunasque sequentes
 Ordine respicies, numquam te crastina fallat425

Hora, neque insidiis noctis capiere serенаe.
 Luna, revertentes cum primum colligit ignes,
 Si nigrum obscuro comprehenderit aëra cornu,
 Maximus agricolis pelagoque parabitur imber:
 At si virgineum suffuderit ore ruborem,430
 Ventus erit; vento semper rubet aurea Phoebe.
 Sin ortu quarto—namque is certissimus auctor—
 Pura neque obtunsis per caelum cornibus ibit,
 Totus et ille dies, et qui nascentur ab illo
 Exactum ad mensem, pluvia ventisque carebunt,435
 Votaque servati solvent in litore nautae
 Glauco et Panopeae et Inoo Melicertae.
 Sol quoque et exoriens et cum se condet in undas,
 Signa dabit; solem certissima signa sequuntur,
 Et quae mane refert et quae surgentibus astris.440
 Ille ubi nascentem maculis variaverit ortum
 Conditus in nubem, medioque refugerit orbe,
 Suspecti tibi sint imbres; namque urguet ab alto
 Arboribusque satisque Notus pecorique sinister.
 Aut ubi sub lucem densa inter nubila sese445
 Diversi rumpent radii, aut ubi pallida surget
 Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile,
 Heu male tum mites defendet pampinus uvas;
 Tam multa in tectis crepitans salit horrida grando.
 Hoc etiam, emenso cum iam decedit Olympo,450
 Profuerit meminisse magis; nam saepe videmus
 Ipsius in vultu varios errare colores,
 Caeruleus pluviam denuntiat, igneus Euros.
 Sin maculae incipient rutilo immiscerier igni,
 Omnia tum pariter vento nimisque videbis455
 Fervere. Non illa quisquam me nocte per altum
 Ire, neque a terra moneat convellere funem.
 At si, cum referetque diem condetque relatum,
 Lucidus orbis erit, frustra terreberet nimbis,
 Et claro silvas cernes Aquilone moveri.460
 Denique, quid vesper serus vehat, unde serenas
 Ventus agat nubes, quid cogitet humidus Auster,
 Sol tibi signa dabit. Solem quis dicere falsum
 Audeat? Ille etiam caecos instare tumultus
 Saepe monet, fraudemque et operta tumescere bella.465
 Ille etiam extincto miseratus Caesare Romam,
 Cum caput obscura nitidum ferrugine textit,
 Impiaque aeternam timuerunt saecula noctem.
 Tempore quamquam illo tellus quoque et aequora ponti,
 Obscenaque canes importunaeque volucres470
 Signa dabant. Quotiens Cyclopum effervere in agros
 Vidimus undantem ruptis fornacibus Aetnam,
 Flammarumque globos liquefactaque volvere saxa!

Armorum sonitum toto Germania caelo
Audiit; insolitis tremuerunt motibus Alpes.475
Vox quoque per lucos volgo exaudita silentes
Ingens, et simulacra modis pallentia miris
Visa sub obscurum noctis, pecudesque locutae,
Infandum! sistunt amnes terraeque dehiscunt,
Et maestum illacrimat templis ebur, aeraque sudant.480
Proluit insano contorquens vertice silvas
Fluviorum rex Eridanus, camposque per omnes
Cum stabulis armenta tulit. Nec tempore eodem
Tristibus aut extis fibrae apparere minaces
Aut puteis manare cruor cessavit, et altae485
Per noctem resonare lupis ululantibus urbes.
Non alias caelo ceciderunt plura sereno
Fulgura, nec diri totiens arsere cometae.
Ergo inter sese paribus concurrere telis
Romanas acies iterum videre Philippi;490
Nec fuit indignum superis, bis sanguine nostro
Emathiam et latos Haemi pinguescere campos.
Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabra robigine pila,495
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.
Di patrii, indigetes, et Romule Vestaque mater,
Quae Tuscum Tiberim et Romana Palatia servas,
Hunc saltem everso iuvenem succurrere saeclo500
Ne prohibete. Satis iam pridem sanguine nostro
Laomedontaeae luimus periuria Troiae:
Iam pridem nobis caeli te regia, Caesar,
Invidet, atque hominum queritur curare triumphos,
Quippe ubi fas versum atque nefas: tot bella per orbem,505
Tam multae scelerum facies: non ullus aratro
Dignus honos; squalent abductis arva colonis,
Et curvae rigidum falces conflantur in ense.
Hinc movet Euphrates, illinc Germania bellum;
Vicinae ruptis inter se legibus urbes510
Arma ferunt; saevit toto Mars impius orbe;
Ut cum carceribus sese effudere quadrigae,
Addunt in spatia, et frustra retinacula tendens
Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.

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THE GEORGICS OF VIRGIL.

BOOK I.

What maketh the harvests' golden laughter, what star-clusters guide
 The yeoman for turning the furrow, for wedding the elm to his bride,
 All rearing of cattle, all tending of flocks, all mysteries
 By old experience taught of the treasure-hoarding bees—
 These shall be theme of my song. O ye bright stars of the sphere,⁵
 Who pilot, as softly it glides o'er the sea of the heavens, the year;
 Bacchus and fostering Ceres, if earth, through your kindness, in scorn
 Turned from the acorns wild to the glory and gold of the corn,
 And mingled her water-chalice with grapes of your bounty born;
 And ye, Fauns, Gods of the country-folk, ever mighty to aid,¹⁰
 Draw nigh, O Fauns, and with you draw nigh each Dryad-maid;
 For yours are the gifts that I chant; and thou, at whose trident-stroke
 Snorting the first of steeds from the earth like a fountain broke,
 Neptune; and Orchard-haunter, for whom by the Cyclad Sea
 Steers snow-white are browsing the fertile copses by hundreds three;¹⁵
 Thou too from thy forest-cradle, from glades of Lycaeus, draw near
 Pan, Tegea's Lord, O Guardian of sheep—if thou holdest dear
 Maenala, graciously come! Minerva, creator thou
 Of the olive; and thou, young hero, sire of the curvèd plough;
 And, Wood-king, thou, with a slim young cypress uptorn in thine hand.²⁰
 Come, Gods and Goddesses all who are zealous to ward tilth-land;
 Come, ye who nurture the new-born crops that no hands sow;
 Come, ye who cause from the heavens the plenteous showers to flow!
 And thou—O thou!—none knows what place in the courts of the sky
 Thou, Caesar, wilt choose. To our cities wilt thou descend from on high,²⁵
 And watch o'er the weal of the world?—shall the lands' vast circle adore
 Thee, as the Giver of Increase, the Lord of the Seasons Four,
 A monarch whose head is wreathed with his Mother's myrtle-spray?
 Wilt thou come to be god of the limitless main, and shall seafarers pray
 To thy godhead alone, and uttermost Thule be thrall to thy power,³⁰
 And the Sea-queen give thee her daughter with all her waves for dower?
 Or a new star, guiding the slowly-rolling months, wilt thou be,
 Where 'twixt the Virgin and Claws a wide space opens for thee:—
 Lo, now the Scorpion is drawing aside his arms of flame,
 And hath left thee more than the space that a single Sign doth claim!³⁵
 Whichsoe'er thou wilt be—not Tartarus hopes thee to sit on her throne;
 And God forbid thou shouldst covet that awful crown for thine own!
 Though Greece may dream of a Paradise there, an Elysian Plain,
 Though oft-sought Proserpine care not to follow her mother again;—
 O speed my course, O smile upon this my bold emprise!⁴⁰
 Look on the peasant who knows not the way with compassionate eyes!

Come! Hear and answer prayer even now, ere thou mount to the skies!
 In the birth-tide of spring, when melt from the mountains the ice and the
 snow,
 And the crumbling clods are breaking down as the west-winds blow,
 Then let the bull begin to groan, at the plough deep-thrust⁴⁵
 As he strains, let the share gleam bright as the furrows scour it of rust.
 That field will grant to the prayers of the greediest husbandman more
 Than all, which twice to the sunglare, and twice to the winter frore
 Hath been bared: his barns ever burst with their measureless golden store.
 But, or ever we cleave with the share this chartless sea of good,⁵⁰
 The winds let us heedfully learn, and the sky's ever-changing mood,
 The inherited needs for nurture and dressing of soil and soil,
 What fruits each region will yield, and what deny to our toil.
 Here corn-crops, yonder grapes in richer abundance glow,
 Otherwhere offspring of trees, or unbidden the green tides flow⁵⁵
 Of the grass. Mark Tmolus—the odours of saffron are streaming thence:
 Her ivory India sends, Sabaeans their frankincense,
 The bare-armed Chalybes iron, and Pontus the beaver's balm,
 And Epirus the mares that win in the race the Olympian palm.
 Such laws and abiding covenant-pledges did Nature lay⁶⁰
 On the several lands ordained, yea, since that far-off day
 When Deucalion first cast stones o'er a world unpeopled yet,
 Whence sprang this flint-heart race of men. O come then, set
 Thy sturdy steers with the year's first months to upturn with the share
 The mould of a rich soil: then, when the clods are so laid bare,⁶⁵
 Let summer scorch them to dust with her ripening suns' hot glare.
 But if fertile the soil be not, will a shallow furrow suffice
 For throwing it up in ridges light ere Arcturus rise:—
 Treat rich soils so, lest choking weeds mid the glad corn stand,
 And poor, lest the moisture fail, and leave them a waste of sand.⁷⁰
 In years alternate withal shalt thou let thy reaped field bide
 Fallow: the face of the sleeping plain let a hard crust hide.
 Else, sow 'neath the stars of a diverse season the golden corn
 Where erst the pods of the glad pulse danced in the wind of morn,
 Or where the progeny slender-limbed of the weak vetch climbed,⁷⁵
 Or the frail stalks stood and the bells of the bitter lupine chimed:
 Not flax or oats!—for their harvest burns out the sap of the plain,
 So likewise do poppies drenched with oblivion's slumber-rain.
 Yet thy toil by rotation is made more light: but forbear not of pride
 From mulching with fattening dung parched soil, nor from scattering wide
 The ash-grime over the fields whence the nature and strength has died.
 So also by change of crop land gains the rest that is sought,
 Nor left untilled the while is the soil, and thankful for naught.
 Oft, too, hath it much availed to fire the barren lands,
 And to smite with the sword of flame the stubble's light-armed bands:⁸⁵
 Whether mysterious strength and nourishment be given
 To the soil thereby, or whether all evil and poisonous leaven
 Be scorched therefrom, and useless moisture be steamed away,

Or that many a channel and pore long hidden from light of day
 Is unsealed by the heat, wherethrough to the young blades sap may rise;90
 Or that rather it hardens, and closes the clefts that gape to the skies,
 Lest the searching rains or a scorching sun's too vehement stress,
 Or the north-wind's piercing cold may blast it to barrenness.
 And greatly he helpeth his land, who shatters the torpid clods
 With the mattock, and drags with-harrows across;—from the home of the
 Gods95

Looks golden Ceres down upon him with favouring brow;—
 He too, who, after his field's first furrowing, turneth the plough
 Athwart, and breaks through the sides of the ridges, with ceaseless toil
 Laboureth ever the earth, and is despot over the soil.

For drizzling summers and sunny winters, husbandmen, pray;100
 For a winter of dust with a glorious robe of corn will array
 Thy glorying field: this, more than all tillage of man, makes proud
 Mysia, makes Gargara marvel bedraped with her golden cloud.
 Can I praise him enough, who casteth his seed, then hand to hand
 Charges the field, and levels its hillocks of barren sand,105

Then leads a brimming brook and its following rills o'er the land?
 When fevered the parched land lies, and the corn-blades dying sink,
 Lo, he is luring the wave from its hillside-channel's brink—
 O see it, where falling it wakes amid pebbles smooth and round
 Hoarse murmurs, and cools with its gushings the burning lips of the
 ground!110

He is wise who, lest 'neath the ears' weight earthward the stalks be flung,
 Grazes the lush growth down while green is the blade and young,
 Soon as the crops to the furrows' level have risen; and he
 Who drains and cleanses through filtering sand the wet-clogged lea;
 Then most, if a river swelling in months of unsettled skies115
 Overflows, and a veil of slime over all the lowland lies,
 And from pools in every hollow upsteaming the vapours rise.

Yet, yet, when the labours of men and of oxen have done all this
 For the land, much mischief is wrought by the goose with her shameless hiss,
 By norland cranes, by the bitter-rooted succory killed120

Is the corn, or by shade is stunted. Allfather himself hath willed
 That the pathway of tillage be thorny. He first by man's art broke
 Earth's crust, and by care for the morrow made keen the wits of her folk,
 Nor suffered his kingdom to drowse 'neath lethargy's crushing chain.
 No husbandman tamed the savage fields before Jove's reign.125

To mark for one's own a plot of land, to divide the plain
 By a boundary-line, was a sin: all winnings in common were won.
 Earth of herself bare all things freely, and bidden of none.

It was Jove who bestowed their deadly venom on serpents fell,
 Who bade wolves ravin for prey, and the sea in tempest swell,130
 Who dashed from the leaves their honey, who made fire flee away,
 Who stilled the brooks that with wine were wont to hurry and stray,
 That Thought on experience' anvil might shape arts manifold,
 And might seek in the furrow the blade that is pledge of the harvest's gold,

And smite from the veins of flint the fire-soul hidden there. 135
 Then first of the hollowed alder-shell were the rivers ware:
 Then shipmen numbered the stars, and gave unto each his name,
 As the Pleiads, the Hyads, the Huntress-bear's bright points of flame.
 Then how wild things are snared, and with birdlime how betrayed
 Men found, and how with the hounds to compass the forest-glade. 140
 And now one lashes a broad stream's face with a casting-net,
 Searching the depths, one drags from the sea seines dripping-wet.
 Then came the unyielding iron, the saw-blade's hissing scream—
 For with wedges the first men cleft from the tree the rough-hewn beam:—
 Then followed manifold arts: unflinching toil ever won 145
 Triumphs: in hardship's school stern need still drave men on.
 By Ceres were men first taught with iron to upheave the ground,
 When acorns now and arbute-berries were no more found,
 And Dodona denied the food erst scattered freely round.
 But trouble and travail soon fell on the corn: by noisome rust 150
 Were the stalks devoured: the lazy thistle his dense spears thrust
 Mid the wheat-ranks: perish the crops; uprises a thicket of thorn,
 Of caltrops, of burrs, and over the gleaming gold of the corn
 The fruitless darnel lords it, the barren oat is king.
 Then unless thou assail the weeds with the mattock's tireless swing, 155
 And scare with clangour the birds, and thin with thine hook the shade
 Of thy farm overgloomed, and with vows call down the rain to thine aid,
 Alas for thee! thou wilt eye thy neighbour's pile in vain,
 And wilt shake the oak in the woods to allay thine hunger's pain.
 Now named be the weapons meet for the sturdy yeoman's toil, 160
 Without which never could harvests be sown nor spring from the soil.
 The share and the ponderous strength of the curved plough first do I name,
 And the wains slow-rolling, the gift of Eleusis' Goddess-dame,
 The sledge and the drag withal, and the mattock of grievous weight,
 And old King Celeus' invention, the costless wattled crate, 165
 Hurdles of arbute, Iacchus' fan, the mystic sign.
 Forget not betimes to provide all these, and to store, if thine
 Is to be at the last a glory worthy the land divine.
 The elm in the woods from the first is by main force made to bow
 To the plough-stock's arch, and receives the shape of the curved plough. 170
 Eight feet forward the pole from the stock thereof must run:
 Two mould-boards and share-beams of twofold ridge are fitted thereon.
 For the yoke hath a linden light been felled, a towering beech
 For the handle, the which to thy car her earth-hidden course shall teach.
 O'er the hearth hang all, that the smoke may search through the fibres of
 each. 175
 Many a maxim could I recount of the men of old,
 If thou start not back, and begrudge of lowly cares to be told.
 With the giant roller levelled must be thy threshing-floor,
 Firm-paved with clay, by handwork kneaded and oft turned o'er,
 Lest weeds spring up, lest it crack in the hot dust's triumphing-hour, 180
 And manifold vermin mock thy toil. Her barn and her bower

Oft hath the pigmy mouse built under the earth's smooth face,
 Or the eyeless mole hath scooped thereunder a slumber-place,
 And in crannies the toad is found, and all things hideous and vile
 Earth spawns: of thy corn will the weevil ravage a mighty pile, 185
 And the ant, by dread of an age of want spurred on to toil.
 Mark, too, when the wide-spreading walnut amidst of the woods in a cloud
 Of blossoms arrays her, and earthward her odorous arms are bowed,
 If the most of them set into fruit, even so shall thine harvest be;
 Great shall be summer's heat, great labour of threshing for thee. 190
 But if leaves in lavish greenness and broad shade gloom around,
 In vain shall thy floor bruise haulms that in naught but chaff abound.
 Many men have I known drug seeds ere they trusted them to the soil;
 In natron they wont to steep them, and dark thick lees of oil,
 That fuller the fruit might swell in the pod that so oft is a liar, 195
 And quickly might seethe and soften, how scant soever the fire.
 I have seen seeds chosen through years, and with infinite labour scanned,
 Degenerate notwithstanding, unless each season by hand
 Men picked out ever the finest. So, by the law of Fate
 Haste all things from good to worse, slip downhill soon or late. 200
 It is even as when against the stream with might and main
 One roweth a boat; if he haply relax his arms' strong strain,
 Headlong adown the river the current sweeps him again.
 We yeomen, moreover, must watch Arcturus' star, and the rise
 Of the Kids, and the gleaming Serpent, with no less heedful eyes 205
 Than do they who over the wind-scourged waters homeward-bound
 On Pontus venture their lives, and Abydos' oyster-ground.
 When the hours of day and of slumber the Balance hath equal made,
 And now hath parted the world in twain 'twixt light and shade,
 Goad, yeomen, your steers to their toil, wide sow with barley the plain 210
 To the very verge of baffling winter's stormy rain.
 Then too is the time when the flax and the poppy of Ceres should lie
 Earth-veiled, and ere then, while thou canst, while yet the ground is dry,
 Bend over the plough, while the clouds burst not, but still hang high.
 For beans is the sowing-time spring; then, child of the East, lucerne, 215
 Soft furrows receive thee, and care for the millet must yearly return
 When gleaming-white the Bull with his golden horns thrusts wide
 The gates of the year, and the Dogstar backward sinks in the tide.
 But if for a harvest of wheat and of sturdy spelt thou wilt till
 The ground, and on naught but the golden ears hast fixed thy will, 220
 Let the morning setting of Atlas' Daughters be seen of thee,
 And the eventide plunge of the stars of the flaming Crown in the sea,
 Or ever thou yield to the furrows their debt of seed, and ere
 Thou haste to entrust to the grudging earth the hope of the year.
 Many before the setting of Maia begin, but they 225
 See their dream of a harvest vanish in empty ears away.
 But and if it be vetch thou wilt sow, and the bean of little price,
 And the care of the Nile-born lentil be not contemned in thine eyes,
 Boötes' setting will flash unto thee no doubtful token:

Begin, and till frost's mid-season thy sowing may stretch unbroken.230
 For our guidance the sun directeth his golden car's career
 In portions fixed, measured out through the twelve great Signs of the sphere.
 Five Zones span all the heaven, whereof one flusheth aye
 Red in the flame of the sun, and is scorched by his fire alway;
 And around this far to the right and far to the left sweep twain235
 Stiff-frozen with pale-blue ice, and dark with stormy rain.
 'Twixt these and the midmost are twain bestowed by the bounty of Heaven
 On afflicted mortals, and through them a highway celestial is driven
 Where slantwise wheels the procession of Signs for seasons given.
 High as the world towers up toward norland hills of snow,240
 So low doth it slope and sink toward Libya's torrid glow.
 This pole hangeth over our heads evermore: that other, 'tis told,
 Dark Styx and the netherworld Ghosts far under their feet behold.
 With sinuous coiling here doth the giant Serpent glide,
 And around and between the Bears in river-fashion slide—245
 The Bears that fearfully shrink from plunging in Ocean's tide.
 There, as they tell—we know not—is hush of the dead of night
 Ever, and gloom made thicker by darkness palling the light;
 Or haply from us returning Aurora to them brings day,
 And on us when the breath of the panting steeds of Dawn doth play,250
 The Evening-star in the gloaming is kindling there her ray.
 Hence storms, whereunto the face of the heavens gives no clue,
 Are foreknown, and the day of harvest, the time unto sowing due,
 And when with the oar to smite the smooth bright treacherous main
 Shall be safe, and when to launch on the deep armadas again,255
 Or to lay the forest-pine in its season low on the plain.
 Nor for naught do we watch the Signs as they rise or sink from the sky,
 And note the Seasons that quarter the year so evenly.
 Whensoever by sleety rain the yeoman is prisoned fast,
 Much work that, when skies are fair, must needs be wrought in haste,260
 May be done betimes; for then the ploughman sharpens and shapes
 His blunted share's hard fang, from the tree carves troughs for the grapes,
 He sets his mark on his flock, his tallies on grain-heaps lays;
 Some point vine-stakes the while, and double-horned vine-stays,
 And prepare for the vine-shoots bands of pliant willow-sprays.265
 Now is the flexible basket woven of briar or rush;
 Now parch o'er the fire your grain, and now with the millstone crush.
 Nay, even on holy-days the laws of God and man
 Permit some works to be done: no scruple hath laid its ban
 On leading the runnels over the crops, on fencing the corn,270
 On laying snares for birds, on burning briar and thorn,
 On plunging into the health-giving river the bleating sheep.
 And the ass's driver often with oil or with apples cheap
 Then ladeth the slow beast's sides, and returning bringeth back
 From the town an indented millstone or pitch-mass glossy-black.275
 The Moon herself hath allotted days of blessing and bale
 For thy diverse works. The fifth shun thou; then Orcus the pale

And the Furies were born; then Earth brought forth that spawn of hell,
 Coeus, Iapetus bare she, the giant Typhoeus the fell,
 And the brethren leagued to raze the shining walls of Heaven.280
 Thrice upon Pelion to pile up Ossa these had striven,
 And on Ossa to roll Olympus up with his forest-crown:
 Thrice by Allfather's bolts was their mountain-pile dashed down.
 For planting the vine the seventeenth day good fortune gives,
 And for tying the loops to the warp, and for catching and breaking beeves.285
 Propitious to runaway slaves is the ninth, but adverse to thieves.
 Many a task, in sooth, is fitlier done in the night,
 Or when the Daystar bedeweth the earth, ere the sun is bright.
 Better by night light stubble is cut, parched meads better mown
 By night, when with plenteous night-dews springy the grass hath grown.290
 By his winter-fire's red glow one keeps late vigil, with knife
 Keen-whetted pointing him torchwood slivers, the while his wife
 Brightens the long monotonous household-toil with singing,
 While racing athwart her web is the shuttle shrilly ringing,
 Or over the Fire-king's flame she boils down thick sweet must,295
 And skims with leaves the quivering caldron's white foam-crust.
 But the ruddy corn with the sickle is cut in the midnight heat,
 And the chaff from the grain in the midnight glare doth the threshing-floor
 beat.
 All cloakless plough, sow cloakless: in winter the yeoman may rest;
 Mid its cold do the husbandmen ever enjoy their storehouses' best.300
 They make merry together, and neighbours for neighbours the feast prepare.
 It is hospitality's high-tide, it loosens the fetters of care;
 As when keels deep-laden have won to the haven for which they yearn,
 And the gladsome mariners wreath with garlands every stern.
 Yet then is the season for stripping of acorns the oak in the wood,305
 The berries of laurel and olive and myrtle red as blood,
 The season to snare the cranes, the nets for the stag to spread,
 To course the long-eared hare, to whirl around the head
 The sling of the Western Isles, and to smite the deer with the stone,
 When the snow lies deep, when the rivers are driving the ice-pack on.310
 What of the stormy stars of autumn-tide shall I say,
 How watchful men must be, when shorter now is the day,
 And tempered the heat?—or when Spring pours down in torrents of rain,
 When the harvest of spears bristles over the fields, when every grain
 Is swelling, milky yet, in the green stalks thronging the plain?315
 Oft I, when the yeoman was bringing his reapers into the field
 Of gold, was in act to strip the frail-stalked barley's yield,
 Have seen the embattled hosts of the winds all clash in the fray,
 Tearing the heavy-eared crop from its hold on the earth away,
 Whirling it up through the air, till the stubble and stalk of the corn320
 Are flying like birds on the tempest's black tornado borne.
 A Titan battalion of waters oft sweeps from the welkin down,
 And the huddled clouds roll up on the storm's malignant frown
 Black deluge of rain: the firmament crashes to earth from the height,

And floods with its measureless downpour the crops late smiling bright,325
 And the toil of the steers: brim trenches, the swelling rivers roar
 In their gorges; the sea is boiling o'er leagues of steaming shore.
 In the midst of the night of clouds Allfather himself is shaking
 His bolts in his gleaming hand: the earth's huge mass is quaking
 At the rush of them: fled have the beasts; men's hearts through every land330
 By grovelling panic are cowed, while He with his blazing brand
 Hurls Athos or Rhodope down, or the Cape of the Thunder-strand.
 Ever louder the south-wind howls, the rain pours thick and fast;
 Now shrieketh the forest, now wailleth the shore in the mighty blast.
 In fear of this, mark well heaven's stars and the months that they light;335
 Note whither the shivering planet of Saturn shrinks from sight,
 What orbits in heaven Mercury's wandering fire makes bright.
 Before all things worship the Gods: thy yearly sacrifice bring
 Unto Ceres; on glad green grass pay thou thine offering
 When the last sun of winter has set, when calm is the smile of Spring.340
 Fat are the lambkins then, then wines are mellowest,
 Then slumber is sweet, and thick is the shade on the mountain's breast.
 Thou shalt see all lads of the country-side Queen Ceres adore.
 Milk blended with honey and mellow wine unto her do thou pour:
 Around the young crops thrice let the victim propitious pace,345
 And let all the array of the neighbours attend it with gladsome face,
 And call upon Ceres with outcry loud—"To our homes draw near!"
 And let no man lay the sickle unto the ripened ear
 Or ever to Ceres, with temples wreathed with the twined oak-bough,
 He present the uncouth dance, and chant the Hymn of the Plough.350
 That by tokens sure these things may still be of us foretold—
 The sultry heat and the rain, and the winds that waft the cold,—
 Allfather appointed what warnings the monthly moon should bring,
 What sign should betoken the south-wind's lulling, what oft-seen thing
 Bid husbandmen gather their flocks more nigh to the fold from the lea.355
 Soon as the winds are rising, begins on the gulfs of the sea
 A tossing and surging; rings from the high hills suddenly
 A crash as of dry wood snapping; or far-resounding the shore
 Is a turmoil of echoes: more loud is the moan of the woods evermore.
 No longer the breakers forbear to buffet the keels, when fly360
 Swiftly the sea-mews back from the outsea, bearing the cry
 Of the troubled deep to the land, and when the sea-coots play
 On the wave-forsaken strand, when the heron afar doth stray
 From her home in the fens, and over the high clouds soareth away.
 When wind is imminent, oft shalt thou see a sudden star365
 Slip headlong down from the sky, and behind it a long white bar
 Lies on the blackness of night, a splendour trailing afar.
 Light straws and fallen leaves oft flutter in fairy race,
 Or feathers cling together, and sport on the water's face.
 But when from the realm of the fierce North-wind it lightens, and when370
 The East and the West-wind's cloudy halls are thundering, then
 All trenches are brimming, the land is flooded, all seafaring men

Furl streaming sails. Never cometh a storm unheralded:
 Sometimes, as it rolls through the mountain-gorges, the cranes have fled
 High-soaring before it: the heifer, her eyes upturned to the sky,375
 With wide-spread nostrils hath snuffed the breeze rushing gustily by:
 Shrill-crying around the pools the swallow her flight hath been winging:
 Their immemorial plaint the frogs in the fen have been singing:
 Tunnelling oft a strait path, forth from her earth-roofed shrines
 The ant hath borne her eggs: the bow, on the cloud as it shines,380
 Drinks vapour up: the battalion of rooks, from their feeding-ground flying,
 With clashing of wings come thronging, with sound of a multitude crying.
 All manner of deep-sea birds, and the marish-fowl that feed
 Through many a pleasant pool in Cayster's Asian mead—
 Thou shalt see them with showers of spray their shoulders eagerly
 splashing,385
 Now meeting the surf with their heads, now into the billows dashing,
 And aimlessly revelling on, as it were in a passion of washing.
 The trumpet-tongued rogue raven shouts to the rain his command,
 And stalks, sole sentinel he of the sea-forsaken sand.
 Yea, even the handmaids, carding the wool in nightlong toil,390
 Foresee the storm, when they mark in the burning lamp the oil
 Sputter and flash, and a shroud around the lamp-wick coil.
 Yea, sunshine too after rain, and the cloudless sky's return
 Canst thou foresee, and by sure and certain tokens discern.
 For the sharp spear-points of the stars seem then not dulled to thine eyes,395
 Nor appeareth the moon to her brother's rays beholden to rise,
 Nor delicate fleeces of cloud drift over the heaven's face,
 Nor halcyons dear to the Sea-queen expand to the sun's warm rays
 Their wings on the shore; and swine, the unclean beasts, in their jaws
 Forget to toss to and fro loose wisps of hay and straws.400
 But the clouds sink down to the hollows, and lie as asleep on the plain.
 Keeping time with the sunset, the owl from her watchtower's height in vain
 Calls through the gloaming, repeating her one monotonous strain.
 High up, a speck in the limpid air, doth Nisus soar,
 And Scylla suffers vengeance for that bright lock that she shore.405
 Wheresoever she cleaves with her pinions in flight the impalpable air,
 Lo, vengeful, relentless, with hiss of the rushing of wings is he there,
 Nisus, hard on her tracks: when he for his swoop towers high,
 Cleaving impalpable air with wings terror-blown doth she fly.
 Then, as with voices suppressed, do the rooks three times repeat,410
 Yea, four, their low clear notes: with some strange rapture sweet
 Exulting, again and again amidst their high-built bowers
 They clamour through screens of leaves: they rejoice, now that past are the
 showers,
 To return to their tiny fledglings again and their happy nests.
 It is not, I trow, that heaven hath implanted within their breasts415
 Wit more than man's, or Fate foreknowledge of things to be.
 No, but when storm and the sky's ever varying vapour-sea
 Have shifted their channels, and heaven, with the south-wind's burden wet,

Closes the pores late open, and loosens the erst close-set,
 Then the form of their minds is altered, their breasts with emotions are
 stirred⁴²⁰
 Far other than when the blast drave onward the black cloud-herd.
 Hence cometh the chorus of birds that make meads ring with their notes,
 Hence cometh the joy of the cattle, the rooks' exultant throats.
 But and if thou wilt mark the sun's swift race, and the moons that go
 In procession one after other, thou never shalt fail to foreknow⁴²⁵
 The morrow, shalt never be duped by a fair night's treacherous show.
 If the moon, as she gathers her fires when anew they return to the sky,
 Have enclosed 'twixt her horns bedimmed a space black utterly,
 For the husbandman and for the seaman are torrents of rain in store:
 But if with a maiden blush her face be mantled o'er,⁴³⁰
 Wind cometh: Phoebe the golden for wind glows red evermore.
 But if on her fourth night's rising—for this is the sign most sure—
 Through the heaven with horns unblunted she rides in radiance pure,
 Then all that day, and its offspring that follow in its train
 On to the end of the month, shall be free from wind and from rain:⁴³⁵
 And the shipmen, from peril delivered, shall pay their vows by the sea
 Unto Glaucus, to Ino's son Melicerta, and Panope.
 The sun too—at rising, and when mid the billows his course is run—
 Shall give to thee tokens; the surest of tokens attend the sun,
 Alike at morning-tide and when stars rise over the earth.⁴⁴⁰
 When he blurreth his splendour with fleck and stain at its very birth,
 Cloud-hidden, and out from the midst of his disc his glory flees,
 Then fear thou rain; for the south-wind, mischief-boding to trees
 And to harvest-fields and to flocks, presseth onward fast from the deep.
 Or when on the verge of daybreak his rays wide-parted leap⁴⁴⁵
 Forth through rifts in the clouds, or when from Tithonus' bed
 Pale riseth the Dawn, from the couch with saffron petals spread,
 Ah then for the mellowing grapes will the tendril's shield be frail,
 So thick and fast on the house-roof crackles the arrowy hail.
 This too shall it profit yet more to remember—when now from the sky⁴⁵⁰
 He sinks, having traversed his course, full oftentimes then we espy
 Over the face of the sun the changeful colours trail.
 Sea-green giveth warning of rain, flame-red of an easterly gale:
 But if on his ruddy fire dark spots shall begin to lie,
 One seething fury of wind and cloud shall be earth and sky.⁴⁵⁵
 Let no man counsel me on a night like that from the land
 To launch on the deep, nor to pluck from the shore the hawser-band!
 But if, when at morn he brings and at eventide buries the day,
 His disc shall be clear and bright, thee let no clouds dismay,
 For against the blue shalt thou see the trees in a north-wind sway.⁴⁶⁰
 What evening brings at the waning of day, from whence drive fast
 The fairweather clouds on the wind, what plotteth the rain-laden blast,
 Hereof shall the sun give tokens. Who dares arraign the Sun
 For a liar? Oft, when rebellion's foot moves stealthily on,
 He warns, and when treason and veiled war onward-surgings come.⁴⁶⁵

He too, when Caesar was murdered, had pity on orphaned Rome.
 In lurid gloom did he shroud his face's glory-light,
 Till shuddered a godless world with dread of eternal night.
 Nor he alone—earth too and the sea-plains in that hour,
 Yea, hounds unclean and birds whose shriek hath ominous power,470
 Gave token. How oft have we seen the forges where Cyclopes toil
 Burst, and o'er plains 'neath Etna the waves of lava boil
 Whirling up fire-balls and molten rocks like flaming oil!
 Germany heard o'er her skies a thunder of battle roar:
 Shuddered the Alps with earthquake, and shook as never before:475
 Dim, utter-silent woods heard suddenly far-ringing cries
 As of multitudes: phantoms haggard and pale in wondrous wise
 In the darkness appeared: from the throats of brutes did a man's voice
 sound—
 'Twas awful!—the earth yawned wide, swift rivers stopped spell-bound:
 In temples ivory wept, and bronzes in sweat were drowned.480
 Poured over his banks Eridanus, monarch of rivers, and whirled
 Whole woods on his madding crest, and o'er all the lowlands hurled
 Herds with their steadings. Nor ceased through all those days of fear
 Dark doom-denouncing threads in the victims' flesh to appear,
 Nor the wells to flow with blood, nor the cities builded on high485
 To ring through the shuddering night with the howling wolves' long cry.
 Never before from heavens of cloudless blue fell more
 Thunderbolts, never blazed dread comets so oft before.
 No marvel that ranks of Rome by Philippi were seen again
 Clashing with brother-arms in the grapple of battle-strain.490
 This horror the Gods endured, that our blood should fertilize
 Emathia-land and the far-stretching fields of Haemus twice.
 Ay, and a day shall come, when the yeoman, plying his toil,
 As on those far borders with curved ploughshare he upheaveth the soil,
 Shall light upon pikes by rust made one red honeycomb:495
 His ponderous mattock shall clang upon helms filled only with loam;
 He shall marvelling stare at the giant bones in their rifted tomb.
 Gods of our sires, of our birth-land, Romulus, Mother divine,
 Vesta, who wardest Tiber and Rome's own Palatine,
 That in any wise this our Hero should succour a world laid low500
 Forbid not ye! Our blood hath expiated enow
 Troy's broken troth and Laomedon's perjury long ago.
 Long have the halls of the skies, O Caesar, been jealous that we
 Possess thee, and murmur that triumphs of earth should be dear unto thee,
 In a world where right and wrong are reversed, in a world of war,505
 Of multitudinous forms of crime, whence banished afar
 Is respect for the plough: the yeomen are marched from a mourning land,
 The sickle's gracious curve is reforged to the grim straight brand.
 Here doth Euphrates waken the war, Germania there:
 Treaties are broken by neighbour cities: arms these bear510
 Against those: unnatural strife is raging the whole world o'er.
 'Tis as when through the wide-flung barriers racing chariots pour:

Lap by lap do they quicken, the driver vainly strains
At the curb, hurried on by his steeds, neither hearkens the car to the reins.

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P. VERGILI MARONIS GEORGICON

LIBER SECUNDUS.

Hactenus arborum cultus et sidera caeli;
Nunc te, Bacche, canam, nec non silvestria tecum
Virgulta et prolem tarde crescentis olivae.
Huc, pater o Linae; tuis hic omnia plena
Muneribus, tibi pampineo gravidus autumnos
Floret ager, spumat plenis vindemia labris;
Huc, pater o Linae, veni, nudataque musto
Tingue novo mecum direptis crura cothurnis.
Principio arboribus varia est natura creandis.
Namque aliae, nullis hominum cogentibus, ipsae
Sponte sua veniunt camposque et flumina late
Curva tenent, ut molle siler, lentaeque genistae,
Populus et glauca canentia fronde salicta;
Pars autem posito surgunt de semine, ut altae
Castaneae, nemorumque Iovi quae maxima frondet
Aesculus, atque habitae Graiis oracula quercus.
Pullulat ab radice aliis densissima silva,
Ut cerasis ulmisque; etiam Parnasia laurus
Parva sub ingenti matris se subiicit umbra.
Hos natura modos primum dedit; his genus omne
Silvarum fruticumque viret nemorumque sacrorum.
Sunt alii, quos ipse via sibi repperit usus.
Hic plantas tenero abscindens de corpore matrum
Deposuit sulcis; hic stirpes obruit arvo,
Quadrifidasque sudes, et acuto robore vallos;
Silvarumque aliae pressos propaginis arcus
Expectant et viva sua plantaria terra;
Nil radice egent aliae, summumque putator
Haud dubitat terrae referens mandare cacumen.
Quin et caudicibus sectis—mirabile dictu—
Truditur e sicco radix oleagina ligno.
Et saepe alterius ramos impune videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutatamque insita mala
Ferre pirum, et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna.
Quare agite o, proprios generatim discite cultus,
Agricolae, fructusque feros mollite colendo,
Neu segnes iaceant terrae. Iuvat Ismara Baccho
Conserere, atque olea magnum vestire Taburnum.
Tuque ades, inceptumque una decurre laborem,
O decus, o famae merito pars maxima nostrae,
Maecenas, pelagoque volans da vela patenti.

Non ego cuncta meis amplecti versibus opto,
 Non, mihi si linguae centum sint oraque centum,
 Ferrea vox; ades et primi lege litoris oram;
 In manibus terrae: non hic te carmine ficto⁴⁵
 Atque per ambages et longa exorsa tenebo.
 Sponte sua quae se tollunt in luminis oras,
 Infecunda quidem, sed laeta et fortia surgunt;
 Quippe solo natura subest. Tamen haec quoque, si quis
 Inserat, aut scrobibus mandet mutata subactis,⁵⁰
 Exuerint silvestrem animum, cultuque frequenti
 In quascumque voles artes haud tarda sequentur.
 Nec non et sterilis quae stirpibus exit ab imis,
 Hoc faciet, vacuos si sit digesta per agros:
 Nunc altae frondes et rami matris opacant⁵⁵
 Crescentique adimunt fetus, uruntque ferentem.
 Iam, quae seminibus iactis se sustulit arbos,
 Tarda venit, seris factura nepotibus umbram,
 Pomaque degenerant sucos oblita priores,
 Et turpes avibus praedam fert uva racemos.⁶⁰
 Scilicet omnibus est labor impendendus, et omnes
 Cogendae in sulcum ac multa mercede domandae.
 Sed truncis oleae melius, propagine vites
 Respondent, solido Paphiae de robore myrtus;
 Plantis et durae coryli nascuntur, et ingens⁶⁵
 Fraxinus, Herculeaeque arbos umbrosa coronae,
 Chaoniique Patris glandes; etiam ardua palma
 Nascitur et casus abies visura marinos.
 Inseritur vero et fetu nucis arbutus horrida,
 Et steriles platani malos gessere valentes;⁷⁰
 Castanae fagus, ornusque incanuit albo
 Flore piri, glandemque sues fregere sub ulmis.
 Nec modus inserere atque oculos imponere simplex:
 Nam qua se medio trudunt de cortice gemmae
 Et tenues rumpunt tunicas, angustus in ipso⁷⁵
 Fit nodo sinus: huc aliena ex arbore germen
 Includunt, udoque docent inolescere libro:
 Aut rursus enodes trunci resecantur, et alte
 Finditur in solidum cuneis via, deinde feraces
 Plantae immittuntur: nec longum tempus, et ingens⁸⁰
 Exiit ad caelum ramis felicibus arbos,
 Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.
 Praeterea genus haud unum, nec fortibus ulmis,
 Nec salici lotoque, neque Idaeis cyparissis,
 Nec pingues unam in faciem nascuntur olivae,⁸⁵
 Orchades et radii et amara pausia baca,
 Pomaque et Alcinoi silvae, nec surculus idem
 Crustumii Syriisque piris gravibusque volemis.
 Non eadem arboribus pendet vindemia nostris,

Quam Methymnaeo carpit de palmite Lesbos;90
 Sunt Thasiae vites, sunt et Mareotides albae,
 Pinguibus hae terris habiles, levioribus illae;
 Et passo Psithia utilior, tenuisque Lageos
 Tentatura pedes olim vincturaque linguam;
 Purpureae preciaeque; et quo te carmine dicam,95
 Rhaetica? Nec cellis ideo contende Falernis.
 Sunt et Aminaee vites, firmissima vina,
 Tmolius assurgit quibus et rex ipse Phanaeus;
 Argitisque minor, cui non certaverit ulla
 Aut tantum fluere aut totidem durare per annos.100
 Non ego te, dis et mensis accepta secundis,
 Transierim, Rhodia, et tumidis, Bumaste, racemis.
 Sed neque quam multae species, nec nomina quae sint,
 Est numerus: neque enim numero comprehendere refert;
 Quem qui scire velit, Libyci velit aequoris idem105
 Discere quam multae Zephyro turbentur arenae,
 Aut ubi navigiis violentior incidit Eurus,
 Nosse quot Ionii veniant ad litora fluctus.
 Nec vero terrae ferre omnes omnia possunt.
 Fluminibus salices crassisque paludibus alni110
 Nascuntur, steriles saxosis montibus orni;
 Litora myrtetis laetissima; denique apertos
 Bacchus amat colles, Aquilonem et frigora taxi.
 Aspice et extremis domitum cultoribus orbem
 Eoasque domos Arabum pictosque Gelonos:115
 Divisae arboribus patriae. Sola India nigrum
 Fert ebum, solis est turea virga Sabaeis.
 Quid tibi odorato referam sudantia ligno
 Balsamaque et bacas semper frondentis acanthi?
 Quid nemora Aethiopum molli canentia lana,120
 Velleraque ut foliis depectant tenuia Seres;
 Aut quos Oceano propior gerit India lucos,
 Extremi sinus orbis, ubi aëra vincere summum
 Arboris haud ullae iactu potuere sagittae?
 Et gens illa quidem sumptis non tarda pharetris.125
 Media fert tristes sucos tardumque saporem
 Felicis mali, quo non praesentius ullum,
 Pocula si quando saevae infecere novercae,
 Miscueruntque herbas et non innoxia verba,
 Auxilium venit ac membris agit atra venena.130
 Ipsa ingens arbos faciemque simillima lauro;
 Et, si non alium late iactaret odorem,
 Laurus erat: folia haud ullis labentia ventis;
 Flos ad prima tenax; animas et olentia Medi
 Ora fovent illo et senibus medicantur anhelis.135
 Sed neque Medorum silvae, ditissima terra,
 Nec pulcher Ganges atque auro turbidus Hermus

Laudibus Italiae certent, non Bactra, neque Indi,
 Totaque turiferis Panchaia pinguis arenis.
 Haec loca non tauri spirantes naribus ignem 140
 Invertere satis immanis dentibus hydri,
 Nec galeis densisque virum seges horruit hastis;
 Sed gravidae fruges et Bacchi Massicus humor
 Implevere; tenent oleae armentaque laeta.
 Hinc bellator equus campo sese arduus infert; 145
 Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges et maxima taurus
 Victima, saepe tuo perfusi flumine sacro,
 Romanos ad templa deum duxere triumphos.
 Hic ver adsiduum atque alienis mensibus aestas:
 Bis gravidae pecudes, bis pomis utilis arbor. 150
 At rabidae tigres absunt et saeva leonum
 Semina, nec miseros fallunt aconita legentes,
 Nec rapit immensos orbis per humum, neque tanto
 Squameus in spiram tractu se colligit anguis.
 Adde tot egregias urbes operumque laborem, 155
 Tot congesta manu praeruptis oppida saxis,
 Fluminaque antiquos subter labentia muros.
 An mare quod supra memorem, quodque adluit infra?
 Anne lacus tantos?—te, Lari maxime, teque,
 Fluctibus et fremitu adsurgens Benace marino? 160
 An memorem portus Lucrinoque addita claustra
 Atque indignatum magnis stridoribus aequor,
 Iulia qua ponto longe sonat unda refuso,
 Tyrrhenusque fretis immittitur aestus Avernis?
 Haec eadem argenti rivos aerisque metalla 165
 Ostendit venis atque auro plurima fluxit.
 Haec genus acre virum, Marsos pubemque Sabellam,
 Adsuetumque malo Ligurem, Volscosque verutos
 Extulit; haec Decios, Marios, magnosque Camillos,
 Scipiadas duos bello, et te, maxime Caesar, 170
 Qui nunc extremis Asiae iam victor in oris
 Inbellem avertis Romanis arcibus Indum.
 Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
 Magna virum: tibi res antiquae laudis et artis
 Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes, 175
 Ascraeumque cano Romana per oppida carmen.
 Nunc locus arborum ingeniis, quae robora cuique,
 Quis color, et quae sit rebus natura ferendis.
 Difficiles primum terrae collesque maligni,
 Tenuis ubi argilla et dumosis calculus arvis, 180
 Palladia gaudent silva vivacis olivae.
 Indicio est tractu surgens oleaster eodem
 Plurimus et strati bacis silvestribus agri.
 At quae pinguis humus dulcique uligine laeta,
 Quique frequens herbis et fertilis ubere campus—185

Qualem saepe cava montis convalle solemus
 Despicere; huc summis liquuntur rupibus amnes
 Felicemque trahunt limum—quique editus Austro
 Et filicem curvis invisam pascit aratris:
 Hic tibi praevalidas olim multoque fluentes¹⁹⁰
 Sufficiet Baccho vites, hic fertilis uvae,
 Hic laticis, qualem pateris libamus et auro,
 Inflavit cum pinguis ebur Tyrrhenus ad aras,
 Lancibus et pandis fumantia reddimus exta.
 Sin armenta magis studium vitulosque tueri,¹⁹⁵
 Aut ovium fetum, aut urentes culta capellas,
 Saltus et saturi petito longinqua Tarenti,
 Et qualem infelix amisit Mantua campum,
 Pascentem niveos herboso flumine cygnos:
 Non liquidi gregibus fontes, non gramina deerunt;²⁰⁰
 Et quantum longis carpent armenta diebus,
 Exigua tantum gelidus ros nocte reponet.
 Nigra fere et presso pinguis sub vomere terra,
 Et cui putre solum,—namque hoc imitamur arando—
 Optima frumentis: non ullo ex aequare cernes²⁰⁵
 Plura domum tardis decedere plaustra iuvcis;
 Aut unde iratus silvam devexit arator
 Et nemora evertit multos ignava per annos,
 Antiquasque domos avium cum stirpibus imis
 Eruit: illae altum nidis petiere relictis,²¹⁰
 At rudis enituit impulso vomere campus.
 Nam ieiuna quidem clivosi glarea ruris
 Vix humiles apibus casias roremque ministrat;
 Et tofus scaber et nigris exesa chelydris
 Creta negant alios aequae serpentibus agros²¹⁵
 Dulcem ferre cibum et curvas praeberere latebras.
 Quae tenuem exhalat nebulam fumosque volucres,
 Et bibit humorem et, cum vult, ex se ipsa remittit,
 Quaeque suo semper viridis se gramine vestit,
 Nec scabie et salsa laedit robigine ferrum,²²⁰
 Illa tibi laetis intexet vitibus ulmos,
 Illa ferax oleo est, illam experiere colendo
 Et facilem pecori et patientem vomeris unci.
 Talem dives arat Capua et vicina Vesevo
 Ora iugo et vacuis Clanius non aequus Acerris.²²⁵
 Nunc quo quamque modo possis cognoscere dicam.
 Rara sit an supra morem si densa requires,—
 Altera frumentis quoniam favet, altera Baccho,
 Densa magis Cereri, rarissima quaeque Lyaeo,—
 Ante locum capies oculis, alteque iubebis²³⁰
 In solido puteum demitti, omnemque repones
 Rursus humum, et pedibus summas aequabis arenas.
 Si deerunt, rarum, pecorique et vitibus almis

Aptius uber erit; sin in sua posse negabunt
 Ire loca et scrobibus superabit terra repletis,235
 Spissus ager: glaebas cunctantes crassaque terga
 Expecta, et validis terram proscinde iuencis.
 Salsa autem tellus et quae perhibetur amara,
 Frugibus infelix—ea nec mansuescit arando,
 Nec Baccho genus aut pomis sua nomina servat—240
 Tale dabit specimen: tu spisso vimine qualos
 Colaue prelorum fumosis deripe tectis;
 Huc ager ille malus dulcesque a fontibus undae
 Ad plenum calcentur: aqua eluctabitur omnis
 Scilicet, et grandes ibunt per vimina guttae;245
 At sapor indicium faciet manifestus, et ora
 Tristia temptantum senso torquebit amaror.
 Pinguis item quae sit tellus, hoc denique pacto
 Discimus: haud umquam manibus iactata fatiscit,
 Sed picis in morem ad digitos lentescit habendo.250
 Humida maiores herbas alit, ipsaque iusto
 Laetior. Ah, nimium ne sit mihi fertilis illa,
 Nec se praevalidam primis ostendat aristis!
 Quae gravis est ipso tacitam se pondere prodit,
 Quaeque levis. Promptum est oculis praediscere nigram,255
 Et quis cui color. At sceleratum exquirere frigus
 Difficile est: piceae tantum taxique nocentes
 Interdum aut hederæ pandunt vestigia nigrae.
 His animadversis, terram multo ante memento
 Excoquere et magnos scrobibus concidere montes,260
 Ante supinatas Aquiloni ostendere glaebas,
 Quam laetum infodias vitis genus. Optima putri
 Arva solo: id venti curant gelidæque pruinae
 Et labefacta movens robustus iugera fossor.
 Ac si quos haud ulla viros vigilantia fugit,265
 Ante locum similem exquirunt, ubi prima paretur
 Arboribus seges, et quo mox digesta feratur,
 Mutatam ignorent subito ne semina matrem.
 Quin etiam caeli regionem in cortice signant,
 Ut quo quaeque modo steterit, qua parte calores270
 Austrinos tulerit, quae terga obverterit axi,
 Restituant: adeo in teneris consuescere multum est.
 Collibus an plano melius sit ponere vitem,
 Quaere prius. Si pinguis agros metabere campi.
 Densa sere; in denso non segnior ubere Bacchus;275
 Sin tumulis adclive solum collesque supinos,
 Indulge ordinibus; nec setius omnis in unguem
 Arboribus positis secto via limite quadret.
 Ut saepe ingenti bello cum longa cohortes
 Explicuit legio, et campo stetit agmen aperto,280
 Directæque acies, ac late fluctuat omnis

Aere reudenti tellus, necdum horrida miscent
 Proelia, sed dubius mediis Mars errat in armis:
 Omnia sint paribus numeris dimensa viarum;
 Non animum modo uti pascat prospectus inanem,285
 Sed quia non aliter vires dabit omnibus aequas
 Terra, nec in vacuum poterunt se extendere rami.
 Forsitan et scrobibus quae sint fastigia quaeras:
 Ausim vel tenui vitem committere sulco.
 Altior ac penitus terrae defigitur arbor,290
 Aesculus in primis, quae quantum vertice ad auras
 Aetherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit;
 Ergo non hiemes illam, non flabra neque imbres
 Convellunt: immota manet, multosque nepotes,
 Multa virum volvens durando saecula vincit.295
 Tum fortis late ramos et brachia pandens
 Huc illuc, media ipsa ingentem sustinet umbram.
 Neve tibi ad solem vergant vineta cadentem;
 Neve inter vites corylum sere; neve flagella
 Summa pete, aut summa defringe ex arbore plantas,—300
 Tantus amor terrae—neu ferro laede retunso
 Semina; neve oleae silvestres insere truncos:
 Nam saepe incautis pastoribus excidit ignis,
 Qui, furtim pingui primum sub cortice tectus,
 Robora comprehendit, frondesque elapsus in altas305
 Ingentem caelo sonitum dedit; inde secutus
 Per ramos victor perque alta cacumina regnat,
 Et totum involvit flammis nemus, et ruit atram
 Ad caelum picea crassus caligine nubem,
 Praesertim si tempestas a vertice silvis310
 Incubuit, glomeratque ferens incendia ventus.
 Hoc ubi, non a stirpe valent caesaeque reverti
 Possunt atque ima similes revirescere terra:
 Infelix superat foliis oleaster amaris.
 Nec tibi tam prudens quisquam persuadeat auctor315
 Tellurem Borea rigidam spirante moveri.
 Rura gelu tum claudit hiemps; nec semine iacto
 Concretam patitur radicem affigere terrae.
 Optima vinetis satio, cum vere rubenti
 Candida venit avis longis invisita colubris,320
 Prima vel autumnus sub frigora, cum rapidus Sol
 Nondum hiemem contingit equis, iam praeterit aestas.
 Ver adeo frondi nemorum, ver utile silvis;
 Vere tument terrae et genitalia semina poscunt.
 Tum pater omnipotens fecundis imbribus Aether325
 Coniugis in gremium laetae descendit, et omnes
 Magnus alit magno commixtus corpore fetus.
 Avia tum resonant avibus virgulta canoris,
 Et Venerem certis repetunt armenta diebus;

Parturit almus ager, Zephyrique tepentibus auris³³⁰
 Laxant arva sinus; superat tener omnibus humor;
 Inque novos soles audent se germina tuto
 Credere, nec metuit surgentes pampinus Austros
 Aut actum caelo magnis Aquilonibus imbrem,
 Sed trudit gemmas et frondes explicat omnes.³³⁵
 Non alios prima crescentis origine mundi
 Inluxisse dies aliumve habuisse tenorem
 Crediderim: ver illud erat, ver magnus agebat
 Orbis, et hibernis parcebant flatibus Euri,
 Cum primae lucem pecudes hausere, virumque³⁴⁰
 Ferrea progenies duris caput extulit arvis,
 Immissaeque ferae silvis et sidera caelo.
 Nec res hunc tenerae possent perferre laborem,
 Si non tanta quies iret frigusque caloremque
 Inter, et exciperet caeli indulgentia terras.³⁴⁵
 Quod superest, quaecumque premes virgulta per agros
 Sparge fimo pingui, et multa memor occule terra,
 Aut lapidem bibulum aut squalentes infode conchas:
 Inter enim labentur aquae, tenuisque subibit
 Halitus, atque animos tollent sata. Iamque reperti,³⁵⁰
 Qui saxo super atque ingentis pondere testae
 Urguerent: hoc effusos munimen ad imbres,
 Hoc, ubi hiulca siti findit Canis aestifer arva.
 Seminibus positis, superest diducere terram
 Saepius ad capita, et duros iactare bidentes,³⁵⁵
 Aut presso exercere solum sub vomere, et ipsa
 Flectere luctantes inter vineta iuencos;
 Tum leves calamos et rasae hastilia virgae
 Fraxineasque aptare sudes furcasque valentes,
 Viribus eniti quarum et contemnere ventos³⁶⁰
 Adsuescant, summasque sequi tabulata per ulmos.
 Ac dum prima novis adolescit frondibus aetas,
 Parcendum teneris, et dum se laetus ad auras
 Palmes agit laxis per purum immissus habenis,
 Ipsa acie nondum falcis temptanda, sed uncis³⁶⁵
 Carpendae manibus frondes, interque legendae.
 Inde ubi iam validis amplexae stirpibus ulmos
 Exierint, tum stringe comas, tum bracchia tonde:
 Ante reformidant ferrum; tum denique dura
 Exerce imperia, et ramos compesce fluentes.³⁷⁰
 Texendae saepes etiam et pecus omne tenendum,
 Praecipue dum frons tenera imprudensque laborum;
 Cui super indignas hiemes solemque potentem
 Silvestres uri adsidue capraeque sequaces
 Inludunt, pascuntur oves avidaeque iuvencae.³⁷⁵
 Frigora nec tantum cana concreta pruina
 Aut gravis incumbens scopulis arentibus aestas,

Quantum illi nocuere greges durique venenum
 Dentis et admorso signata in stirpe cicatrix.
 Non aliam ob culpam Baccho caper omnibus aris380
 Caeditur, et veteres ineunt proscaenia ludi,
 Praemiaque ingeniis pagos et compita circum
 Thesidae posuere, atque inter pocula laeti
 Mollibus in pratis unctos saluere per utres.
 Nec non Ausonii, Troia gens missa, coloni385
 Versibus incomptis ludunt risuque soluto,
 Oraque corticibus sumunt horrenda cavatis,
 Et te, Bacche, vocant per carmina laeta, tibi
 Oscilla ex alta suspendunt mollia pinu.
 Hinc omnis largo pubescit vinea fetu,390
 Complentur vallesque cavae saltusque profundi,
 Et quocumque deus circum caput egit honestum.
 Ergo rite suum Baccho dicemus honorem
 Carminibus patriis, lancesque et liba feremus,
 Et ductus cornu stabit sacer hircus ad aram,395
 Pinguiaque in veribus torrebimus exta columnis.
 Est etiam ille labor curandis vitibus alter,
 Cui numquam exhausti satis est; namque omne quotannis
 Terque quaterque solum scindendum, glaebaque versis
 Aeternum frangenda bidentibus, omne levandum400
 Fronde nemus. Redit agricolis labor actus in orbem,
 Atque in se sua per vestigia volvitur annus.
 Ac iam olim, seras posuit cum vinea frondes,
 Frigidus et silvis Aquilo decussit honorem,
 Iam tum acer curas venientem extendit in annum405
 Rusticus, et curvo Saturni dente relictam
 Persequitur vitem attondens fingitque putando.
 Primus humum fodito, primus devecta cremato
 Sarmenta, et vallos primus sub tecta referto;
 Postremus metito. Bis vitibus ingruit umbra,410
 Bis segetem densis obducunt sentibus herbae;
 Durus uterque labor: laudato ingentia rura,
 Exiguum colito. Nec non etiam aspera rusci
 Vimina per silvam et ripis fluvialis arundo
 Caeditur, incultique exercet cura salicti.415
 Iam vincetae vites, iam falcem arbusta reponunt,
 Iam canit effectos extremus vinitor antes:
 Sollicitanda tamen tellus, pulvisque movendus,
 Et iam maturis metuendus Iuppiter uvis.
 Contra non ulla est oleis cultura; neque illae420
 Procurvam exspectant falcem rastrosque tenaces,
 Cum semel haeserunt arvis aurasque tulerunt;
 Ipsa satis tellus, cum dente recluditur unco,
 Sufficit humorem et gravidas cum vomere fruges.
 Hoc pinguem et placitam Paci nutritor olivam.425

Poma quoque, ut primum truncos sensere valentes
 Et vires habuere suas, ad sidera raptim
 Vi propria nituntur opisque haud indiga nostrae.
 Nec minus interea fetu nemus omne gravescit,
 Sanguineisque inculta rubent aviaria bacis.430
 Tondentur cytisi, taedas silva alta ministrat,
 Pascunturque ignes nocturni et lumina fundunt.
 Et dubitant homines serere atque impendere curam?
 Quid maiora sequar? Salices humilesque genistae
 Aut illae pecori frondem aut pastoribus umbram435
 Sufficiunt, saepemque satis et pabula melli.
 Et iuvat undantem buxo spectare Cytorum
 Naryciaeque picis lucos, iuvat arva videre
 Non rastris, hominum non ulli obnoxia curae.
 Ipsae Caucaseo steriles in vertice silvae,440
 Quas animosi Euri adsidue franguntque feruntque,
 Dant alios aliae fetus, dant utile lignum
 Navigiis pinos, domibus cedrumque cupressosque.
 Hinc radios trivere rotis, hinc tympana plaustis
 Agricolae, et pandas ratibus posuere carinas.445
 Viminibus salices, fecundae frondibus ulmi,
 At myrtus validis hastilibus et bona bello
 Cornus; Ituraeos taxi torquentur in arcus.
 Nec tiliae leves aut torno rasile buxum
 Non formam accipiunt ferroque cavantur acuto.450
 Nec non et torrentem undam levis innatat alnus
 Missa Pado; nec non et apes examina condunt
 Corticibusque cavis vitiosaeque ilicis alvo.
 Quid memorandum aeque Baccheia dona tulerunt?
 Bacchus et ad culpam causas dedit; ille furentes455
 Centauros leto domuit, Rhoecumque Pholumque
 Et magno Hylaeum Lapithis cratera minantem.
 O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
 Agricolas, quibus ipsa procul discordibus armis
 Fundit humo facilem victum iustissima tellus!460
 Si non ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
 Mane salutantum totis vomit aedibus undam,
 Nec varios inhiant pulchra testudine postes,
 Inlusasque auro vestes Ephyreiaque aera,
 Alba neque Assyrio fucatur lana veneno,465
 Nec casia liquidi corrumpitur usus olivi;
 At secura quies et nescia fallere vita,
 Dives opum variarum, at latis otia fundis,
 Speluncae, vivique lacus, at frigida Tempe,
 Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni470
 Non absunt; illic saltus ac lustra ferarum,
 Et patiens operum exiguoque adsueta iuventus,
 Sacra deum, sanctique patres: extrema per illos

Iustitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.
 Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musae,475
 Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,
 Accipiant, caelique vias et sidera monstrent,
 Defectus solis varios, lunaeque labores;
 Unde tremor terris, qua vi maria alta tumescant
 Obicibus ruptis rursusque in se ipsa residant,480
 Quid tantum Oceano properent se tinguere soles
 Hiberni, vel quae tardis mora noctibus obstet.
 Sin, has ne possim naturae accedere partes,
 Frigidus obstiterit circum praecordia sanguis,
 Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes;485
 Flumina amem silvasque inglorius. O ubi campi
 Spercheosque et virginibus bacchata Lacaenis
 Taygeta! o qui me gelidis convallibus Haemi
 Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra?
 Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,490
 Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
 Subiecit pedibus strepitumque Acherontis avari!
 Fortunatus et ille, deos qui novit agrestes,
 Panaque Silvanumque senem Nymphasque sorores.
 Illum non populi fascas, non purpura regum495
 Flexit et infidos agitans discordia fratres,
 Aut coniurato descendens Dacus ab Histro,
 Non res Romanae perituraque regna: neque ille
 Aut doluit miserans inopem aut invidit habenti.
 Quos rami fructus, quos ipsa volentia rura500
 Sponte tulere sua, carpsit, nec ferrea iura
 Insanumque forum aut populi tabularia vidit.
 Sollicitant alii remis freta caeca, ruuntque
 In ferrum, penetrant aulas et limina regum;
 Hic petit exeediis urbem miserosque penates,505
 Ut gemma bibat et Sarrano dormiat ostro;
 Condit opes alius, defossoque incubat auro;
 Hic stupet attonitus Rostris; hunc plausus hiantem
 Per cuneos geminatus enim plebisque patrumque
 Corripuit; gaudent perfusi sanguine fratrum,510
 Exsilioque domos et dulcia limina mutant,
 Atque alio patriam quaerunt sub sole iacentem.
 Agricola incurvo terram dimovit aratro:
 Hinc anni labor, hinc patriam parvosque penates
 Sustinet, hinc armenta boum meritosque iuencos.515
 Nec requies, quin aut pomis exuberet annus
 Aut fetu pecorum aut Cerealis mergite culmi,
 Proventuque oneret sulcos atque horrea vincat.
 Venit hiemps: teritur Sicyonia baca trapetis,
 Glande sues laeti redeunt, dant arbuta silvae:520
 Et varios ponit fetus autumnus, et alte

Mitis in apricis coquitur vindemia saxis.
Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati,
Casta pudicitiam servat domus, ubera vaccae
Lactea dimittunt, pinguesque in gramine laeto⁵²⁵
Inter se adversis luctantur cornibus haedi.
Ipse dies agitat festos, fususque per herbam,
Ignis ubi in medio et socii cratera coronant,
Te libans, Lenaee, vocat, pecorisque magistris
Velocis iaculi certamina ponit in ulmo,⁵³⁰
Corporaque agresti nudant praedura palaestrae.
Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini,
Hanc Remus et frater, sic fortis Etruria crevit
Scilicet, et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma,
Septemque una sibi muro circumdedit arces.⁵³⁵
Ante etiam sceptrum Dictaei regis, et ante
Impia quam caesis gens est epulata iuencis,
Aureis hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat;
Necdum etiam audierant inflari classica, necdum
Impositos duris crepitare incudibus enses.⁵⁴⁰
Sed nos immensum spatii confecimus aequor,
Et iam tempus equum fumantia solvere colla.

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THE GEORGICS OF VIRGIL.

BOOK II.

Thus far of the culture of fields and the stars of the sky have I sung:
Now sing I, Bacchus, of thee, of the copses thou movest among,
Of the offspring born of the slowly-growing olive-tree.
Hither, O Lord of the Winepress!—of bounty lavished by thee
Here all things are full: heavy-laden the land is in greenness blowing⁵
With autumn tendrils: the winefat foams with lips overflowing—
Hither, O Lord of the Winepress, come: cast thou aside
Thy buskins; with me in the new-spilt juice be thy white limbs dyed!
Manifold be the ways of Nature in bringing her trees to birth:
There be some that by no compulsion of any man from the earth¹⁰
Of their own will spring, wide-thronging the plain and the river that strays
Far-winding, as gently-curving osiers, the broom's lithe sprays,
The poplar, the willow whose grey shows white in the wind as it sways.
From seed in the earth dropped some rise up, as the chestnut's tower,
As Jove's tree, king of the woods where spreadeth its broad green bower,¹⁵
And the oak, which of Greeks was accounted an oracle of Jove.
There sprouts from the roots of others a crowded under-grove,
As the cherry, the elm; so likewise the bay in Parnassian glade
Shelters itself like a child 'neath its mother's ample shade.
In such mould from the beginning did Nature cast them; the brood²⁰
Of the forest and copse so burgeon, and every hallowed wood.
There be methods on which by her own path man's experience came:
One severeth cuttings of trees from the mother's tender frame,
And setteth in furrows: another grower will earth up a line
Of root-stocks, stakes four-cleft, or pales to a point cut fine.²⁵
While some plantations await green arches of layered shoots
And living nurseries clinging to earth with unsevered roots,
There be others that need no root, nor the pruner doubts to restore
To the earth her own, and to trust to her lap top-shoots that he shore.
Nay more, men cleave into truncheons an olive-stem—wondrous to say—³⁰
And an oil-bearing root from the dry wood soon is pushing its way.
And we oft see one tree's branches—and none the less will they bear—
Transferred to another, see grafted apples borne on a pear
Transformed, see stony cornels with red plums flushing fair.
Come then, learn, yeomen, the training to each tree due from its birth;³⁵
Make mellow by culture meet the wilding fruits of the earth.
Let the land lie not idle! O joy to plant with the vine's green pride
Ismara, clothe with the olive Taburnus' mighty side!
Come thou, on the steep path speed whereon I have set my feet,
O thou my glory, O more than the half of my fame, as is meet,⁴⁰
Maecenas! O spread thy flying sails o'er the far sea-line.

I look not to compass all this theme in verses of mine:
 Ah no, though a hundred tongues I had, and mouths five-score,
 And an iron voice! Come, sail by the verge of the uttermost shore,
 With the land close by. I will hold thee not here with fabulous song,⁴⁵
 I will not in mazes of words detain thee, nor prelude long.
 Such plants as uplift themselves unbidden to borders of day,
 Fruitless indeed, but lusty and strong in their springing are they:
 For under the soil stirs nature's strength. Yet even these,
 If ye graft, or transplant into spade-worked trenches the natural trees,⁵⁰
 Cast off their wildwood spirit: by tillage untiring controlled
 Will they follow thee unreluctant, reshaped as thy will may mould.
 Nay, barren suckers withal, at the parent's base which stand,
 Will do this, so they be planted wide upon clear clean land:
 But now tall frondage and boughs of the mother-tree overgloom⁵⁵
 And rob it of fruit as it grows, and blast it in act to bloom.
 Moreover, the tree that springs from seed in the earth's lap laid
 Groweth slowly: thy far-off children's children perchance shall it shade:
 Its fruits degenerate, wholly forgetting the savour they bare,
 And the vine bears clusters unsightly, fit spoil for birds of the air.⁶⁰
 In sooth upon all must labour be spent, their characters framed
 In the school of the trench, at uncounted cost must their wildness be tamed.
 But better in truncheons do olives answer, and vines in layers:
 For the myrtle of Paphos stakes of the heart-wood the grower prepares.
 From slips tough-fibred hazels spring, and the huge ash-trees,⁶⁵
 And the trunks broad-shaded whose leaves are the garland of Hercules:
 The Chaonian Father's acorns, the palm-tree's stately daughters
 Are thus born, yea, and the fir that shall look upon perils of waters.
 Nay more, the shaggy arbuté is grafted with babe-slips ta'en
 From the walnut; vigorous apples are grown on the barren plane.⁷⁰
 A beech bears chestnuts, a mountain-ash the silver-shine
 Of pear-blossom; under an elm have acorns been crushed by swine.
 Not one and the same are the methods of grafting and insetting "eyes:"
 For where, pushing forth from the midst of the bark, the soft buds rise,
 And burst their filmy coats, even here in the knot's mid-wood⁷⁵
 Is a slit made: deeply in this from an alien tree is a bud
 Enclosed, and the life of the bark and its sap is it taught to share:
 Or again, cut open are knotless stems, and a path cleft there
 With wedges into the heart-wood; therein doth the gardener place
 Slips of a fruit-bearing tree: thereafter in no long space⁸⁰
 With fertile branches a noble tree hath skyward grown,
 And marvels at stranger boughs and fruits that seem not her own.
 Moreover, of no one kind all sturdy elm-trees are,
 Nor willow, nor lotus, nor cypresses born upon Ida afar;
 Nor do olives in all their fatness after one pattern grow:⁸⁵
 There be round-berried, spindle-berried, and Pausians bitter enow.
 Nor Alcinous' orchards have apples alike, nor the same shoot bears
 Crustumian pears and Syrian, and heavy warden-pears.
 Nor hangs from our nursing-trees the selfsame vintage-fruit

As Lesbos plucketh away from Methymna's green vine-shoot.90
 There be vines of Thasos, and vines Mareotic whose grapes are white,
 These for a rich loam meet, and those for a soil more light.
 The Psithian is fitter for raisin-wine, the Lagean is thin,
 Yet nets for the feet and snares for the babbling tongue are therein.
 There be purple grapes and the early:—O Rhaetian, in what high strain95
 Shall I hymn thee? Yet vie not with wines that Falernian vaults contain.
 Aminaeon vines are there also, whose wines be the soundest of all;
 Before them the Tmolian and royal Phanaean in reverence fall;
 And the lesser Argitis: none with the flowing abundance may vie
 Of its juice, nor in strength to last while years on years go by.100
 O Rhodian, dear to the Gods and to banqueters merry with wine,
 Let me pass thee not by, nor Bumastus the heavy-clustered vine.
 But of all the manifold kinds, nay, even of the names they bear,
 No number there is; yea, even to count them none need care.
 Let who wishes to know them inquire how many grains of sand105
 Are tossed and whirled by the west-wind over the Libyan land:
 Let him learn, when the east-wind swoops on the ships with maddened roar,
 How many waves on Ionia's sea roll up to the shore.
 Nor in sooth can all lands bear all manner of trees for men.
 By the river the willow is born, and amidst of the miry fen110
 The alder; the barren ashes on rock-strewn mountains grow;
 Sea-shores are with myrtles gay; hills bare to the sun's warm glow
 The vine loves; dear to the yew is the north with its ice and snow.
 Mark how the world to her uttermost bounds is by tillers subdued,
 Unto Araby's morningland homes, to the painted Gelonians rude.115
 Each several land hath its trees. Black ebony groweth alone
 In India; only Sabaeans the wand of frankincense own.
 Why should I tell thee the story of balms from an odorous stem
 That ooze?—of the evergreen thorn which shining berries begem?
 Why tell of the Aethiop woods all silvered with gossamer wool?—120
 What filmy fleeces from leaves the Serians comb and cull?—
 Of the forests that nigher than all unto Ocean in India grow
 By the uttermost gulf of the world, where no shaft shot from a bow
 Can speed through the highways of air its flight over any tree?
 Yet deft are the folk of the land in the quiver's mastery.125
 The citron's sharp sour juice, whose taste long lingereth,
 Media bears. There is naught more potent to save thee from death,
 Whensoever the cup hath been drugged by a ruthless stepdame's spite,
 And poison-herbs have been mingled with spells of deadly might;
 Then it comes to thine help, and the baleful venom it drives from thy
 frame.130
 Like a giant laurel the tree is, in outward show the same;
 And, but for the strange sweet scent wide-flung on the air all round,
 A laurel it were: its leaves can no wind cast to the ground:
 Its flower cleaves close: with its essences Medes are wont to scent
 Rank breath, and relief to the asthma of age thereby is lent.135
 But neither the Median forests, how rich soever their land,

Neither Ganges the lovely, nor Hermus cloudy with golden sand,
 With Italy's glories may vie, nor Bactria, no, nor Ind,
 Nor Eldorado, whose incense-dust breathes rich on the wind.
 This land no bulls outsnorting flame ever furrowed, when¹⁴⁰
 Therein had been sown the teeth of the monster Worm of the Fen,
 Nor a harvest hath bristled with helmets and serried spears of men.
 But her burden is heavy fruitage, with blood of the Massic vine
 Is she filled; she is thronged with olives, she laugheth with herds of kine.
 Here proudly paceth and pranceth the war-steed over the plain:¹⁴⁵
 Thy milk-white cattle, Clitumnus, thy stately bull, to be slain
 On the altar, oft-times bathed in thine hallowing waters, come
 To lead to the high Gods' temples the triumph-processions of Rome.
 Here is eternal spring, and in strange months summer's glow:
 Twice yearly the cattle breed, and the trees with fruit bend low.¹⁵⁰
 No ravening tigers be there, no ruthless lion-brood;
 No aconite cheateth the hapless who gather them herbs for food.
 No scale-clad python's measureless coils like lightning sweep
 O'er the earth, nor he gathers his trailing spires for the deadly leap.
 O think of all those goodly cities uppled by the hand¹⁵⁵
 Of toiling man, of the burls on her scarpéd cliffs that stand,
 Of the rivers that side 'neath their walls, the streams of a storied land!
 Shall I tell of her wave-washed coasts, of her western, her eastern sea,
 Of her far-spread lakes?—of thee, O mighty Larius, thee,
 Benacus, whose waves heave sea-like, and roar in stormy glee?¹⁶⁰
 Shall I tell of thine havens, the barriers set to the Lucrine mere,
 Of the sea with indignant crash of his waters clamouring near,
 Where echoes the Julian wave to the back-recoiling sweep
 Of the main, and through straits of Avernus flow tides of the Tyrrhene deep?
 Streamlets of silver and ores of copper hath this land showed¹⁶⁵
 In gleaming veins, yea, also with gold hath abundantly flowed.
 She hath reared her a race of heroes, of Marsians, Sabines strong,
 Of the hardship-inured Ligurians, the Volscian spearman-throng,
 Reared many a Decius, Marius, Camillus great in war,
 Reared Scipios battle-steadfast, and thee, her mightiest far,¹⁷⁰
 Conqueror Caesar, who now, where on Asia's far verge foam
 The seas, dost beat back craven Indians from ramparts of Rome.
 Hail, mighty mother of harvests! Hail, Saturnian soil,
 Mother of Heroes! Thy story of old renown and of toil
 I begin. I have dared to unseal the Muses' holy spring,¹⁷⁵
 And the song that Hesiod sang through Roman towns do I sing.
 Now of the characters of diverse soils, of their power,
 Will we speak, of their colours, the fruits they can bear by nature's dower.
 First, then, ground unresponsive, and hill-slopes evil-willed,
 Where lean marl lies, and with pebbles the thorny copses are filled,¹⁸⁰
 Yet joy in plantations of long-lived olives to Pallas dear.
 'Tis a sign thereof when on that same tract groweth far and near
 The oleaster, and fields with its wilding berries are strown.
 But where there is rich soil, gladdened with moisture sweet, overgrown

With herbage, levels fat with fertility—such as we spy¹⁸⁵
 Oft, where far down 'twixt the mountains cup-like hollows lie,
 And whither from crag-crests streams trickle down, and the drift-mud silted
 Cometh fertility-laden;—and land to the south uptilted,
 Which nourisheth wiry ferns that trammel the curved ploughshare,
 Vigorous vines that shall stream with wine enough and to spare¹⁹⁰
 This soil shall hereafter yield thee: of grapes shall it bear good store,
 Good store of the juice that from golden chalices forth we pour
 When the full-fed Tuscan blows by the altar his ivory horn,
 And on trenchers broad is the steaming flesh of our offerings borne.
 But and if thy desire be rather to kine, and their calves thou wouldst keep,¹⁹⁵
 Or goats which ruin the vineyard, or fain wouldst breed thee sheep,
 Hie thee to glades by Tarentum the fertile stretching afar,
 And to meads such as Mantua lost to her sorrow after the war,
 Which feed the snow-white swans with the grasses that trail in the river.
 There limpid fountains shall fail not thy flocks, nor pasture-grass ever;²⁰⁰
 And how much soever the cattle may crop in a long day's space,
 All this shall the cool dewfall of one short night replace.
 Earth black and seeming-greasy beneath the ploughshare's weight,
 And whose soil is crumbly—for this by ploughing we imitate,—
 Is for corn-crops best,—from no manner of tilth-land shalt thou see²⁰⁵
 Thy steers to the homestead draw more wains heaped heavily—
 Or the land which the wrathful ploughman hath swept of timber clear,
 And hath felled the trees that have idly stood through many a year,
 And ancient homes of birds by the roots from the earth doth he tear:
 Forsaking their ruined nests they have fled to the heights of the air,²¹⁰
 But the plain untilled ere this is gleaming bright 'neath the share.
 But the hungry gravel-soils on the slope of a hill that lie,
 Dwarf-spurge and rosemary for thy bees shall scarce supply.
 And the rugged tufa and chalk, where the viper hath gnawed her a nest,
 Defy all other lands to furnish the food loved best²¹⁵
 Of serpents, and labyrinthine dens for the venomous pest.
 A soil that breathes out phantom mists and a fume light-flying,
 That drinks in rain and restores it untrenched, of its own will drying,
 Which arrayeth itself in a mantle of grass that is green evermore,
 Nor marreth iron with a scurf of salt rust scaling it o'er,²²⁰
 That land shall garland thine elms with the gems of the jubilant vine,
 Of oil shall be prodigal: thou shalt prove it by tillage of thine
 Kindly unto thy flock; it shall welcome the tusk of the plough.
 Such land rich Capua tills, and the shore 'neath Vesuvius' brow,
 And Clanius ever unkind to Acerrae dispeopled now.²²⁵
 Now will I tell how the nature of diverse soils may be known,
 Be it light or unwontedly stiff that thou seekest for needs of thine own.
 For corn-crops meet is the one, the other shall flow with wine:
 The stiff is for Ceres, the lightest be all for the Lord of the Vine.
 Choose thou a spot with thine eyes, bid sink thee a pit down deep²³⁰
 In ground unbroken; thereafter throw back all that heap
 Of mould thereinto, and trample the surface down of the pit.

If it sink below the brim, for the gracious vine is it fit
 And for pasture; but if it refuse to return to its place again,
 And when thou hast filled thy trench a mound of earth remain,²³⁵
 For a stiff soil's stubborn clods and for massive ridges prepare,
 And strong be the steers that shall cleave that tilth-land with the share.
 But land that is salt—"sour land" the yeoman accounteth the same—
 Is for crops unmeet; no ploughing its evil nature may tame,
 Nor grapes grown there nor fruits will answer true to their name.²⁴⁰
 Now this is the sign thereof: pluck down from thy smoke-grimed roof
 Baskets and straining-sieves of the plaited osier tough;
 These fill with the evil soil, and with fountain-water sweet
 Soak it, and tread down. All that water from 'neath thy feet
 Shall struggle in great drops forth, and out through the wickerwork press:²⁴⁵
 And its savour shall give clear token, shall warp with loathing's stress
 The mouths of such as essay to taste its bitterness.
 What soil moreover is fat by this device do we know:
 It breaks not apart when tossed from hand to hand to and fro,
 But in fashion of pitch to the fingers it cleaves when they deal with it so.²⁵⁰
 On damp soil taller the weeds are, and all too rankly grow.
 Ah, not by excess of fertility thus be my land betrayed,
 Nor with over-lusty life may it quicken the new-born blade!
 By the silent test of weight what soil is heavy is learned,
 Or what is light. By thine eyes black soil at a glance is discerned,²⁵⁵
 Yea, the colours of all. But of blasting cold the traces be few
 In a soil: yet sometimes there pitch-pines and the baleful yew,
 Or the dark-leaved ivy's spreading fingers shall lend thee a clue.
 Note all these things, and bethink thee betimes in the sun to dry
 Thy land, with trenches and furrows to score the hill-slopes high,²⁶⁰
 And to lay the upturned clods all bare to the north-wind cold,
 Ere thou plant the vine's glad children. Fields of crumbling mould
 Be the best: the wind and the chill frost work to render them so
 With the brawny delver who tosseth and stirreth the earth to and fro.
 Nay, men who will let slip no device of watchful care²⁶⁵
 Choose out betimes a place, and prepare them a nursery there
 Of soil like that where the vines shall soon be orderly ranged,
 Lest the babe-trees recognise not the mother suddenly changed.
 Nay, even the quarters of heaven do men on the young bark score,
 That, according as each tree faced, which side soever bore²⁷⁰
 The heat of the south, and turned its back to the northern pole,
 So they might plant it, so potent is early habit's control.
 If on hills or on level ground thy vine-rows better shall stand
 Ask thyself first. For a fertile plain if thy vineyard be planned,
 Plant closely; from vines set thick no scantier harvests we reap.²⁷⁵
 But on sloping ground of knolls and on hillsides couched as in sleep
 Give ample space to the ranks: yet still each alley of vines
 Must be planned with angles squared, must be drawn with straight-ruled
 lines.
 As often in strife Titanic when legions in long array

Deploy their cohorts, and columns are ranged in the plain for the fray,280
 Drawn out is the battle-line; like a billowy sea earth shows
 As the bronze flashes back to the sun, nor as yet do the grim fronts close
 In the grapple, but wavers the War-god as doubtful between two foes.
 Let alleys in equal measurement meted to all be assigned,
 Not merely to pleasure the eye, nor for joy of a vacant mind;285
 But only thus impartially earth upon all will bestow
 Of her strength, and through clear air-space their branches the vines will
 throw.
 Thou wouldst haply inquire what depth and dip to a trench we grant.
 A vine in never so shallow a furrow I fearlessly plant;
 But deeper-set is the tree, is rooted in earth far down,290
 The oak above all: as high to the heaven as it lifteth its crown
 Through the air, so deeply its roots through the darkness Hadesward go;
 And so no wintry storms, no rains, no blasts that blow
 Can upwrench it: unmoved it abides, sees children's children die
 Through long generations of men as the victor years roll by.295
 He spreadeth his arms in his strength and his boughs on every side,
 And his central tower upbears a forest of shade flung wide.
 See that thou let not thy vineyards slope to the dying day,
 Nor plant thou the hazel between the vines, neither prune away
 The highest shoots, nor break from the tree any topmost spray,—300
 So strong is their love of earth,—neither bruise the tender bud
 With a blunt knife: plant not between them truncheons of wild olive-wood;
 For oftentimes by the heedless shepherd is dropped a spark
 Which, stealthily hiding at first beneath the oily bark,
 Layeth hold on the heart-wood: forth over leaf and spray doth it glide,305
 Till loudly it crackles skyward: along the boughs doth it ride
 Victorious, and stretcheth from tree-top to tree-top its sceptre of fire,
 Wraps all the plantation in flames, and streams ever thicker and higher
 Uptossing an eddy cloud of pitchy gloom to the sky;
 Then chiefly, if on the forest a tempest have swooped from on high,310
 And a great wind rolleth and sweepeth the conflagration on.
 Thereafter the tree-stocks have no strength; their power is gone,
 Though ye cut them back, of reviving, of springing green from the ground
 As before: oleaster barren and bitter reigns all round.
 Hold no man so wise that his counsel should move thee to break with the
 share315
 The frost-stiffened earth when the north-wind is breathing death through the
 air.
 Then winter prisons the land in ice; yea, seed may ye fling,
 But he suffereth not the frost-numbered root to the earth to cling.
 'Tis the vine's best planting-season, when cometh in spring's blush-glow
 The radiant snow-white bird, the long-backed viper's foe;320
 Or hard on the Fall's first chill, when the fiery-footed team
 Of the sun not yet touch winter, when summer fleets as a dream.
 With blessing to woodland-frondage and forest Spring returns.
 In spring earth heaves with desire, for the seed life-laden she yearns:

Then Heaven, the Father almighty, in quickening showers descends³²⁵
 Into the lap of his gladsome bride: in his might he blends
 With her mighty frame, and to all her offspring life doth he bring;
 Then pathless corses with music of birds re-echoing ring;
 And the beasts are rekindled with love in the days ordained of the Spring.
 The land with her boons is in travail, to west-winds warmly blowing³³⁰
 Fields open their arms; all things are with delicate sap overflowing.
 In the suns new-born all seedlings safely and fearlessly trust.
 No vine-shoot dreadeth the south-wind's suddenly rising gust,
 Or the rain-storm that over the sky the mighty north-wind hurls:
 But each pushes gem-buds forth, and her green leaf-banners unfurls.³³⁵
 None other, I fain would believe, were the sunlit days that began
 In the dawn of the infant creation, nor other the course that they ran.
 Ah, that was a spring indeed! Spring's festival-tide was kept
 By the whole world's round: all wintry blasts of the east-wind slept
 When the first-born cattle drank in like wine the sunlight, and stood³⁴⁰
 With heads erect on the earth's firm floor man's iron brood.
 Wild things were let loose in the forests, stars blossomed in fields of the sky.
 Those soft young lives 'neath their burden of toil would faint and die,
 Had not so blessèd a restful space 'twixt cold been given
 And heat, and earth been embraced by the grace and the mercy of
 Heaven.³⁴⁵
 For the rest, whatsoever plantations throughout thy lands thou wilt set,
 To spread rich dung and to bury it deeply thou shalt not forget,
 Nor to dig in porous stone or the sea-shell rugged of scale;
 For the rains will sink between them, and phantom vapours exhale,
 And so shall the slips take courage: and ere now men have I known³⁵⁰
 To press them down 'neath the weight of a massy tile or a stone.
 This they devised for a screen against wide-streaming rain,
 Or the Dogstar's heat, when gapeth with thirsty lips the plain.
 When the seedlings are set, it remaineth again and again to throw
 The mounded earth to their crowns, and to swing the stubborn hoe,³⁵⁵
 Or to labour the ground with the deep-driven share, and to wheel to and fro
 Thy straining steers between thy vines, through row after row,
 And, again, to fit smooth reeds together, and wand-shafts peeled,
 And ashwood staves, and props whose forked heads will not yield,
 By the strength whereof they shall upward strain, and shall learn to
 despise³⁶⁰
 The winds, and from story to story of those elm-towers shall rise.
 In the growing-time of the early youth of the young green things,
 Be to their tenderness gentle, and while the glad shoot springs
 Upward, as though sped on loose-reined through cloudless air,
 Not yet with the edge of the pruning-hook be it touched, but with care³⁶⁵
 Pluck away with thy fingers the shoots, and thin the foliage there.
 Then, when they have clasped the elm with wiry trailer and stem,
 And have shot up, strip their tresses, and lop the arms of them.
 Till then do they dread the steel, but now at the last do thou raise
 Authority's standard, and crush the rebellion of trailing sprays.³⁷⁰

Thou must weave for thee hurdles, and barriers of these against all sheep set.
 While the tender leaf of the labours awaiting it dreams not yet,
 Nor how worse than unmerited storms or than tyrannous suns are the roes
 Persistently trespassing: out of the woods come buffaloes
 To mock its endeavours: sheep will make it their grazing-ground,375
 And greedy heifers. Nor winter with hoary frost hard-bound,
 Nor summer, on scorched rocks heavily brooding, do such despite
 To the vine, as the flocks, for their poisonous teeth with a pestilence smite
 The plants: there is death in the scar that is left on the stem by their bite.
 For none other crime on the Wine-god's altar the goat do they slay,380
 What time on the stage steps forth the immemorial play,
 And through village and hamlet the sons of Theseus ordain the prize
 For the contest of wits, and blithe of heart from the wine-cup rise
 To dance on the wine-skin oiled, on the mead's soft grass which lies.
 And Ausonia's yeomen, whose sires were the remnant from Troy that
 remained,
 With uncouth verses sport and with laughter unrestrained.
 They don misfeatured masks of the hollowed bark of the tree,
 And in pauses of jubilant song, O Bacchus, they call upon thee;
 And soft babe-faces of thee do they hang from the lofty pine.
 Herefrom with abundant increase bloometh ever the vine;390
 And filled is the cup-like valley, the mountain-cradled dell,
 Wheresoever the God's sweet face turns, casting fertility's spell.
 Meetly therefore the honour to Bacchus due will we sing
 In hymns ancestral, the platters of cakes unto him will we bring:
 And led by the horns shall the doomed he-goat by the altar stand,395
 And on hazelwood spits fat inwards shall broil o'er the blazing brand.
 For the care of thy vines remaineth withal that other toil
 Whereon no labour expended sufficeth; for all the soil
 Must thrice and four times yearly be ploughed, and ever and aye
 With the swinging mattock the clods must be broken, and stripped away400
 The leaves' excess. The husbandman's toil is an endless round
 Ever renewed as the feet of the year are on old tracks found.
 Ay, even when vines have cast late-lingering leaves to the ground,
 And the chill North strippeth the woods of their crown of glory bare;
 Even then is the tireless yeoman onward stretching his care405
 To the coming year, presses onward with Saturn's curving bill
 To lop the leafless vine, and by pruning shape to his will.
 Be the first to dig the soil, be the first on the balefire to cast
 Waste loppings, and first to house vine-props when the vintage is past;
 But be latest to gather the grapes. Twice yearly the shade thickens close,
 Twice yearly with thistle and thorn the weed-growth smothers the rows:
 Sore toil both lay upon thee. Ay, dream broad acres be good,
 But few do thou till! Moreover, the rough broom-sprays in the wood
 Must be cut, and the reed on the bank beside the river's flow:
 And the osier-bed, albeit untilled, needs care enow.415
 At last are the vines tied up, the pruning-knife drops from the hand,
 The last vinedresser sings o'er the rows that finished stand—

Yet rest cometh not; the soil must be humoured, the mould must be stirred,
 And in fancy the rush of the rain on the ripened clusters is heard.
 Contrariwise, no need have olives of culture; they⁴²⁰
 Nor look for the pruning-hook's sweep, nor the mattock's unyielding sway,
 When once they are rooted in earth, and have stood the rush of the air.
 The earth herself, when her breast is laid by the curved plough bare,
 Giveth moisture in plenty, the touch of the share breeds heavy increase.
 So shalt thou nurture the olive whose fatness is dear unto Peace.⁴²⁵
 Orchard-trees too, so soon as they feel through their stems strength rise,
 And have gotten them vigour, upward swiftly, as seeking the skies,
 By their own power climb, and they have no need of human aid.
 Nor less with fruit are the boughs of all woods earthward weighed;
 Wild haunts of birds are flushing with berries red as blood:⁴³⁰
 Mown is the cytusus, torches are given by the tall pine-wood,
 And the nightlong fires are fed; far streams their ruddy glare.
 And hesitate men to plant and to lavish on trees all care?
 Why dwell on the great trees only?—the osier, the lowly broom
 Yield leaves for the flock and the shepherd with cool shade overgloom:⁴³⁵
 Hedges for crops they supply, and they pasture the honey-bees.
 Fain would I gaze on Cytorus' billows of dark box-trees,
 On groves of Narycian pine: full fain over fields would I gaze
 That owe no debt to the mattock, nor any of mortal race!
 Yea, even the fruitless forests high upon Caucasus' crest,⁴⁴⁰
 Which the furious east-winds shatter and toss to and fro without rest,
 Give each what he beareth; wood for the service of man they bestow,
 Give pines for the ships, and for dwellings the cedar and cypress they grow.
 From one do the husbandmen turn wheel-spokes, from one solid wheels
 For wains, from another they lay for the ships long curving keels.⁴⁴⁵
 Withs spring from the hazels, in leafage the elm-trees fruitful are,
 In strong spear-shafts the myrtle and cornel trusty in war.
 Bent are the limbs of the yew into Ituraean bows:
 On the linden smooth and on lathe-turned box such form we impose
 As we will, and the steel of the chisel hollows the yielding wood.⁴⁵⁰
 Yea, also the alder-trunk swims light on the rushing flood
 Sped down the Po; yea, also the bees hide swarm and comb
 Deep in the caverned bark or the heart of a mouldering holm.
 What boons more worthy of praise doth Bacchus' bounty bestow?
 Nay, Bacchus hath given occasion for blame: it was he laid low⁴⁵⁵
 The Centaurs in death, and Rhoecus, to hell sped Pholus' soul,
 Slew Hylaeus in act to hurl at the Lapiths the huge wine-bowl.
 Ah, knew they their happiness, all too favoured the yeomen are,
 They for whom earth most righteous, from clash of arms afar,
 From the soil doth outlavish ungrudged for all life's needs of her store!⁴⁶⁰
 What though no stately mansion through lordly portals pour
 Morning by morning a sea of clients from court and hall,
 Nor with parted lips on the cloudy shell upon door-posts tall
 Men gaze, nor on vests gold-broidered, nor bronzes from Ephyre's strand,
 Nor on white wool dyed with the poison-drug of Morning-land,⁴⁶⁵

Nor by casia spoiled oil-olive from lawful service is banned.
 But theirs is the peace unharassed, the life that has nothing to hide,
 That has manifold store, the restfulness of landscapes wide,
 Dim caverns and spring-fed meres, cool Tempe's whispering glade,
 Slumbrous lowing of cattle, and balmy sleep 'neath the shade,470
 All, all are there—wood-lawns and coverts where wild things lie,
 Men that are strong to labour, are hardened to poverty.
 There Gods are worshipped, there age is revered. Or ever she passed
 From earth, amid these folk Justice imprinted her footfalls last.
 But chiefly me may the Muses, to me above all things dear,475
 Who have thrilled me with deep strong love, whose sacred things I bear,
 Receive, show the highways of heaven, the stars, tell wherefore at noon
 The sun dies, wherefore in travail is darkened the face of the moon,
 Whence cometh the quaking of earth, by what force heave deep seas
 Dashing their barriers down, and thereafter sink to peace,480
 Why hasten so swiftly the suns of winter to quench their heat
 In ocean, what hindrance trammels the night's slow-trailing feet.
 But and if I may not draw near great Nature's mysteries,
 For that clogged is mine heart with the blood whose channels around it
 freeze,
 Dear to me then be the fields, be the streams through the valleys that flow,485
 My fameless love upon rivers be set, and on forests:—and oh
 For the low-lying meads by Spercheius, for revels of Spartan maids
 On Taygetus! Oh were I standing mid Haemus' cool green glades,
 That he covered mine head with the Titan shield of his forest-shades!
 Oh happy, whose heart hath attained Creation's secret to know,490
 Who hath trampled all haunting fears underfoot, nor dreadeth the blow
 Of Fate the relentless, the roar of insatiate Acheron's flow!
 Oh favoured is he who knoweth the Gods of the green wild land,
 The Lords of the Forest and Grove, and the Nymphs, their sister-band!
 He stoops not to consuls' axes, he bows not to purple of kings,495
 He recks not of hate that the hearts of faithless brethren wrings,
 Nor of leagues by the Danube, or Dacians that down from their mountains
 descend,
 Nor hath trembled for Rome's dark fortune, for empires nigh to their end.
 No poverty sees he to pity, no rich men to envy for aught.
 He hath gathered the fruits of the tree-bough, the willing tribute brought500
 By the fields, he hath seen no statutes as iron unyielding-wrought,
 Nor hath looked on the madding Forum, the archives destiny-fraught.
 Others may tempt with oars the printless sea, may fling
 Their lives to the sword, may press through portals and halls of a king.
 This traitor hath ruined his country, hath blasted her homes, thereby505
 To drink from a jewelled chalice, on Orient purple to lie:
 That fool hoards up his wealth, and broods o'er his buried gold:
 That simple-one gazes rapt on the rostra: the loud cheers rolled
 Down the theatre-seats, as Fathers and people acclaiming stood,
 Have entranced yon man: men drench them with joy in their brethren's
 blood:510

Into exile from home and its sweet, sweet threshold some have gone
Seeking a country that lieth beneath an alien sun.
But the husbandman furrows the land with his curved ploughshare; herefrom
Comes the toil of his year; 'tis the stay of his country and lowly home;
It feedeth the herds of his kine and the steers that earn their keep;515
And her fruits without surcease doth the year in his bosom heap.
With offspring of flocks she dowers him, with sheaves from Ceres' store;
With increase she loadeth the furrows, till barns can hold no more.
Cometh winter—the berry of Sicyon crushed in the oil-press streams;
Swine troop home fat from the acorns, in woods the arbuté gleams.520
Fruits manifold autumn lays at his feet: on the rock sun-glowing
High up is the vintage hanging, to mellow ripeness growing.
His sweet little children the while around him for kisses cling.
The home is a stronghold of modesty chaste. To the byre kine bring
Udders that heavily droop: fat kids on the lush grass play,525
As one with another they wrestle with horns in mimic fray.
Himself upon feast-days resteth: outstretched on the grass-grown ground,
Where crackles the fire in the midst, and the bowl by his comrades is
crowned,
With libations he calleth on thee, O Winefat-lord. On the bark
Of the elm for the swift dart-throwing of shepherds he scoreth a mark;530
And they bare their iron limbs for the rustic wrestlers' strife.
In far-off days did the olden Sabines live such life;
So Remus lived, and his brother; Etruria thus waxed strong
Of a surety, and Rome became a glory the nations among.
Of cities alone with a rampart she girdled citadels seven.535
Yea, ere the King Dictæan had grasped the sceptre of Heaven,
Ere an impious race for their banquets of blood the oxen slew,
Such life as this upon earth King Saturn the Golden knew.
Nor yet had they heard war-clarions blown, nor hearkened the clang
Of the forging, when laid on the stubborn anvils the sword-blades rang.540
But now in the course have we covered a boundless breadth of plain:
Time is it from reeking necks of the horses to loosen the rein.

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P. VERGILI MARONIS GEORGICON

LIBER TERTIUS.

Te quoque, magna Pales, et te memorande canemus
Pastor ab Amphryso, vos, silvae amnesque Lycaei.
Cetera, quae vacuas tenuissent carmine mentes,
Omnia iam volgata: quis aut Eurysthea durum,
Aut inlaudati nescit Busiridis aras?⁵
Cui non dictus Hylas puer, et Latonia Delos,
Hippodameque, humeroque Pelops insignis eburno,
Acer equis? temptanda via est, qua me quoque possim
Tollere humo victorque virum volitare per ora.
Primus ego in patriam mecum, modo vita supersit,¹⁰
Aonio rediens deducam vertice Musas;
Primus Idumaeas referam tibi, Mantua, palmas,
Et viridi in campo templum de marmore ponam
Propter aquam, tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Mincius, et tenera praetexit harundine ripas.¹⁵
In medio mihi Caesar erit templumque tenebit.
Illi victor ego et Tyrio conspectus in ostro
Centum quadriugos agitabo ad flumina currus.
Cuncta mihi, Alpheum linquens lucosque Molorchi,
Cursibus et crudo decernet Graecia caestu.²⁰
Ipsae caput tonsae foliis ornatus olivae
Dona feram. Iam nunc sollemnes ducere pompas
Ad delubra iuvat caesosque videre iuencos;
Vel scaena ut versis discedat frontibus, utque
Purpurea intexti tollant aulaea Britanni.²⁵
In foribus pugnam ex auro solidoque elephanto
Gangaridum faciam victorisque arma Quirini,
Atque hic undantem bello magnumque fluentem
Nilum, ac navali surgentes aere columnas.
Addam urbes Asiae domitas pulsumque Niphaten³⁰
Fidentemque fuga Parthum versisque sagittis,
Et duo rapta manu diverso ex hoste tropaea
Bisque triumphatas utroque ab litore gentes.
Stabunt et Parii lapides, spirantia signa,
Assaraci proles demissaeque ab Iove gentis³⁵
Nomina, Trosque parens et Troiae Cynthus auctor.
Invidia infelix Furias amnemque severum
Cocyti metuet, tortosque Ixionis angues
Immanemque rotam, et non exsuperabile saxum.
Interea Dryadum silvas saltusque sequamur⁴⁰
Intactos, tua, Maecenas, haud mollia iussa.

Te sine nil altum mens incohat; en age segnes
 Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Cithaeron
 Taygetique canes domitrixque Epidaurus equorum,
 Et vox adsensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.45
 Mox tamen ardentem accingar dicere pugnas
 Caesaris, et nomen fama tot ferre per annos,
 Tithoni prima quot abest ab origine Caesar.
 Seu quis, Olympiacae miratus praemia palmae,
 Pascit equos, seu quis fortes ad aratra iuencos,50
 Corpora praecipue matrum legat. Optima torvae
 Forma bovis, cui turpe caput, cui plurima cervix,
 Et crurum tenuis a mento palearia pendent;
 Tum longo nullus lateri modus; omnia magna,
 Pes etiam; et camuris hirtae sub cornibus aures.55
 Nec mihi displiceat maculis insignis et albo,
 Aut iuga detractans interdumque aspera cornu,
 Et faciem tauro propior, quaeque ardua tota,
 Et gradiens ima verrit vestigia cauda.
 Aetas Lucinam iustosque pati hymenaeos60
 Desinit ante decem, post quattuor incipit annos:
 Cetera nec feturae habilis nec fortis aratris.
 Interea, superat gregibus dum laeta iuventas,
 Solve mares; mitte in Venerem pecuaria primus,
 Atque aliam ex alia generando suffice prolem.65
 Optima quaeque dies miseris mortalibus aevi
 Prima fugit; subeunt morbi tristisque senectus
 Et labor, et durae rapit inclementia mortis.
 Semper erunt, quarum mutari corpora malis:
 Semper enim refice ac, ne post amissa requiras,70
 Anteveni, et subolem armento sortire quotannis.
 Nec non et pecori est idem delectus equino.
 Tu modo, quos in spem statuas submittere gentis,
 Praecipuum iam inde a teneris impende laborem.
 Continuo pecoris generosi pullus in arvis75
 Altius ingreditur et mollia crura reponit;
 Primus et ire viam et fluvios temptare minantes
 Audet, et ignoto sese committere ponti,
 Nec vanos horret strepitus. Illi ardua cervix
 Argutumque caput, brevis alvus obesaque terga,80
 Luxuriatque toris animosum pectus. Honesti
 Spadices glaucique, color deterrimus albis
 Et gilvo. Tum, si qua sonum procul arma dedere,
 Stare loco nescit, micat auribus et tremit artus,
 Collectumque fremens volvit sub naribus ignem.85
 Densa iuba, et dextro iactata recumbit in armo;
 At duplex agitur per lumbos spina, cavatque
 Tellurem et solido graviter sonat ungula cornu.
 Talis Amyclaei domitus Pollucis habenis

Cyllarus et, quorum Graii meminere poetae,90
 Martis equi biiuges et magni currus Achilli.
 Talis et ipse iubam cervice effudit equina
 Coniugis adventu pernix Saturnus, et altum
 Pelion hinnitu fugiens implevit acuto.
 Hunc quoque, ubi aut morbo gravis aut iam segnior annis95
 Deficit, abde domo, nec turpi ignosce senectae.
 Frigidus in Venerem senior, frustra que laborem
 Ingratum trahit, et, si quando ad proelia ventum est,
 Ut quondam in stipulis magnus sine viribus ignis,
 Incassum furit. Ergo animos aevumque notabis100
 Praecipue; hinc alias artes, prolemque parentum,
 Et quis cuique dolor victo, quae gloria palmae.
 Nonne vides, cum praecipiti certamine campum
 Corripuere, ruuntque effusi carcere currus,
 Cum spes arrectae iuvenum, exultantiaque haurit105
 Corda pavor pulsans? illi instant verbera torto
 Et proni dant lora, volat vi fervidus axis;
 Iamque humiles, iamque elati sublime videntur
 Aëra per vacuum ferri atque adsurgere in auras;
 Nec mora nec requies; at fulvae nimbus arenae110
 Tollitur, humescunt spumis flatuque sequentum:
 Tantus amor laudum, tantae est victoria curae.
 Primus Erichthonius currus et quattuor ausus
 Iungere equos, rapidusque rotis insistere victor.
 Frena Pelethronii Lapithae gyrosque dedere115
 Impositi dorso, atque equitem docuere sub armis
 Insultare solo et gressus glomerare superbos.
 Aequus uterque labor, aequae iuvenemque magistri
 Exquirunt calidumque animis et cursibus acrem,
 Quamvis saepe fuga versos ille egerit hostes,120
 Et patriam Epirum referat fortesque Mycenae,
 Neptunique ipsa deducat origine gentem.
 His animadversis instant sub tempus, et omnes
 Impendunt curas denso distendere pingui,
 Quem legere ducem et pecori dixere maritum;125
 Florentesque secant herbas fluviosque ministrant
 Farraque, ne blando nequeat superesse labori,
 Invalidique patrum referant ieiunia nati.
 Ipsa autem macie tenuant armenta volentes,
 Atque, ubi concubitus primos iam nota voluptas130
 Sollicitat, frondesque negant et fontibus arcent.
 Saepe etiam cursu quatiunt et sole fatigant,
 Cum graviter tunsis gemit area frugibus, et cum
 Surgentem ad Zephyrum paleae iactantur inanes.
 Hoc faciunt, nimio ne luxu obtunsior usus135
 Sit genitali arvo et sulcos oblimet inertes,
 Sed rapiat sitiens Venerem interiusque recondat.

Rursus cura patrum cadere et succedere matrum
Incipit. Exactis gravidae cum mensibus errant,
Non illas gravibus quisquam iuga ducere plaustris, 140
Non saltu superare viam sit passus et acri
Carpere prata fuga fluviosque innare rapaces.
Saltibus in vacuis pascunt et plena secundum
Flumina, muscus ubi et viridissima gramine ripa,
Speluncaequae tegant et saxea procubet umbra. 145
Est lucos Silari circa ilicibusque virentem
Plurimus Alburnum volitans, cui nomen asilo
Romanum est, oestrum Graii vertere vocantes,
Asper, acerba sonans, quo tota exterrita silvis
Diffugiunt armenta; furit mugitibus aether 150
Concussus silvaeque et sicci ripa Tanagri.
Hoc quondam monstro horribiles exercuit iras
Inachiae Iuno pestem meditata iuvencae.
Hunc quoque, nam mediis fervoribus acrior instat,
Arcebis gravido pecori, armentaue pasces 155
Sole recens orto aut noctem ducentibus astris.
Post partum cura in vitulos traducitur omnis;
Continuoque notas et nomina gentis inurunt,
Et quos aut pecori malint submittere habendo,
Aut aris servare sacros, aut scindere terram 160
Et campum horrentem fractis invertere glaebis.
Cetera pascuntur virides armenta per herbas.
Tu quos ad studium atque usum formabis agrestem,
Iam vitulos hortare, viamque insiste domandi,
Dum faciles animi iuvenum, dum mobilis aetas. 165
Ac primum laxos tenui de vimine circlos
Cervici subnecte; dehinc, ubi libera colla
Servitio adsuerint, ipsis e torquibus aptos
Iunge pares, et coge gradum conferre iuencos;
Atque illis iam saepe rotae ducantur inanes 170
Per terram, et summo vestigia pulvere signent;
Post valido nitens sub pondere faginus axis
Instrepat, et iunctos temo trahat aereus orbes.
Interea pubi indomitae non gramina tantum
Nec vescas salicum frondes ulvamque palustrem, 175
Sed frumenta manu carpes sata; nec tibi fetae
More patrum nivea implebunt mulctraria vaccae,
Sed tota in dulces consument ubera natos.
Sin ad bella magis studium turmasque feroces,
Aut Alpheae rotis praelabi flumina Pisae, 180
Et Iovis in luco currus agitare volantes,
Primus equi labor est, animos atque arma videre
Bellantum, lituosque pati, tractuque gementem
Ferre rotam, et stabulo frenos audire sonantes;
Tum magis atque magis blandis gaudere magistris 185

Laudibus et plausae sonitum cervicis amare.
 Atque haec iam primo depulsus ab ubere matris
 Audeat, inque vicem det mollibus ora capistris
 Invalidus etiamque tremens, etiam inscius aevi.
 At tribus exactis ubi quarta accesserit aestas, 190
 Carpere mox gyrum incipiat gradibusque sonare
 Compositis, sinuetque alterna volumina crurum,
 Sitque laboranti similis; tum cursibus auras,
 Tum vocet, ac per aperta volans ceu liber habenis
 Aequora vix summa vestigia ponat arena; 195
 Qualis Hyperboreis Aquilo cum densus ab oris
 Incubuit, Scythiaeque hiemes atque arida differt
 Nubila: tum segetes altae campique natantes
 Lenibus horrescunt flabris, summaeque sonorem
 Dant silvae, longique urgent ad litora fluctus; 200
 Ille volat simul arva fuga, simul aequora verrens.
 Hinc vel ad Elei metas et maxima campi
 Sudabit spatia, et spumas aget ore cruentas,
 Belgica vel molli melius feret esseda collo.
 Tum demum crassa magnum farragine corpus 205
 Crescere iam domitis sinito: namque ante domandum
 Ingentes tollent animos, prensique negabunt
 Verbera lenta pati et duris parere lupatis.
 Sed non ulla magis vires industria firmat,
 Quam Venerem et caeci stimulos avertere amoris, 210
 Sive boum sive est cui gratior usus equorum.
 Atque ideo tauros procul atque in sola relegant
 Pascua post montem oppositum et trans flumina lata,
 Aut intus clausos satura ad praesepia servant.
 Carpit enim vires paulatim uritque videndo 215
 Femina, nec nemorum patitur meminisse nec herbae—
 Dulcibus illa quidem inlecebris,—et saepe superbos
 Cornibus inter se subigit decernere amantes.
 Pascitur in magna Sila formosa iuvenca:
 Illi alternantes multa vi proelia miscent 220
 Volneribus crebris; lavit ater corpora sanguis,
 Versaque in obnixos urgentur cornua vasto
 Cum gemitu; reboant silvaeque et longus Olympus.
 Nec mos bellantes una stabulare, sed alter
 Victus abit, longaeque ignotis exsulat oris, 225
 Multa gemens ignominiam plagasque superbi
 Victoris, tum, quos amisit inultus, amores;
 Et stabula aspectans regnis excessit avitis.
 Ergo omni cura vires exercet, et inter
 Dura iacet pernox instrato saxa cubili, 230
 Frondibus hirsutis et carice pastus acuta,
 Et temptat sese, atque irasci in cornua discit
 Arboris obnixus trunco, ventosque lacessit

Ictibus, et sparsa ad pugnam proludit arena.
 Post, ubi collectum robur viresque relectae,235
 Signa movet, praecepsque oblitum fertur in hostem;
 Fluctus uti, medio coepit cum albescere ponto,
 Longius ex altoque sinum trahit, utque volutus
 Ad terras immane sonat per saxa, neque ipso
 Monte minor procumbit, at ima exaestuat unda240
 Vorticibus nigramque alte subiectat arenam.
 Omne adeo genus in terris hominumque ferarumque,
 Et genus aequoreum, pecudes pictaeque volucres,
 In furias ignemque ruunt: amor omnibus idem.
 Tempore non alio catulorum oblita leaena245
 Saevior erravit campis, nec funera volgo
 Tam multa informes ursi stragemque dedere
 Per silvas; tum saevus aper, tum pessima tigris;
 Heu male tum Libyae solis erratur in agris.
 Nonne vides, ut tota tremor, pertemptet equorum250
 Corpora, si tantum notas odor attulit auras?
 Ac neque eos iam frena virum, neque verbera saeva,
 Non scopuli rupesque cavae atque obiecta retardant
 Flumina correptosque unda torquentia montes.
 Ipse ruit dentesque Sabellicus exacuit sus,255
 Et pede prosubigit terram, fricat arbore costas,
 Atque hinc atque illinc humeros ad volnera durat.
 Quid iuvenis, magnum cui versat in ossibus ignem
 Durus amor? nempe abruptis turbata procellis
 Nocte natat caeca serus freta; quem super ingens260
 Porta tonat caeli, et scopulis inlisa reclamant
 Aequora; nec miseri possunt revocare parentes,
 Nec moritura super crudeli funere virgo.
 Quid lynces Bacchi variae et genus acre luporum
 Atque canum? quid, quae inbelles dant proelia cervi?265
 Scilicet ante omnes furor est insignis equarum;
 Et mentem Venus ipsa dedit, quo tempore Glauci
 Potniades malis membra absumpsere quadrigae.
 Illas ducit amor trans Gargara transque sonantem
 Ascanium; superant montes et flumina tranant.270
 Continuoque avidis ubi subdita flamma medullis,—
 Vere magis, quia vere calor redit ossibus—illae
 Ore omnes versae in Zephyrum stant rupibus altis,
 Exceptantque leves auras, et saepe sine ullis
 Coniugiis vento gravidae—mirabile dictu—275
 Saxa per et scopulos et depressas convalles
 Diffugiunt, non, Eure, tuos, neque solis ad ortus,
 In Borean Caurumque, aut unde nigerrimus Auster
 Nascitur et pluvio contristat frigore caelum.
 Hic demum, hippomanes vero quod nomine dicunt280
 Pastores, lentum destillat ab inguine virus,

Hippomanes, quod saepe malae legere novercae,
 Miscueruntque herbas et non innoxia verba.
 Sed fugit interea, fugit inreparabile tempus,
 Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore.285
 Hoc satis armentis: superat pars altera curae,
 Lanigeros agitare greges hirtasque capellas.
 Hic labor, hinc laudem fortes sperate coloni.
 Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
 Quam sit, et angustis hunc addere rebus honorem;290
 Sed me Parnasi deserta per ardua dulcis
 Raptat amor; iuvat ire iugis, qua nulla priorum
 Castaliam molli devertitur orbita clivo.
 Nunc, veneranda Pales, magno nunc ore sonandum.
 Incipiens stabulis edico in mollibus herbam295
 Carpere oves, dum mox frondosa reducitur aestas,
 Et multa duram stipula felicumque manipulis
 Sternere subter humum, glacies ne frigida laedat
 Molle pecus, scabiemque ferat turpesque podagras.
 Post hinc digressus iubeo frondentia capris300
 Arbuta sufficere et fluvios praebere recentes,
 Et stabula a ventis hiberno opponere soli
 Ad medium conversa diem, cum frigidus olim
 Iam cadit extremoque inrorat Aquarius anno.
 Hae quoque non cura nobis levioere tuendae,305
 Nec minor usus erit, quamvis Milesia magno
 Vellera mutantur Tyrios incocta rubores:
 Densior hinc suboles, hinc largi copia lactis;
 Quam magis exhausto spumaverit ubere mulctra,
 Laeta magis pressis manabunt flumina mammis.310
 Nec minus interea barbas incanaque menta
 Cinyphii tondent hirci saetasque comantes
 Usus in castrorum et miseris velamina nautis.
 Pascuntur vero silvas et summa Lycae
 Horrentesque rubos et amantes ardua dumos:315
 Atque ipsae memores redeunt in tecta, suosque
 Ducunt, et gravido superant vix ubere limen.
 Ergo omni studio glaciem ventosque nivales,
 Quo minor est illis curae mortalis egestas,
 Avertes, victumque feres et virgea laetus320
 Pabula, nec tota claudes faenilia bruma.
 At vero Zephyris cum laeta vocantibus aestas
 In saltus utrumque gregem atque in pascua mittet,
 Luciferi primo cum sidere frigida rura
 Carpamus, dum mane novum, dum gramina canent,325
 Et ros in tenera pecori gratissimus herba.
 Inde ubi quarta sitim caeli collegerit hora
 Et cantu querulae rumpent arbusta cicadae,
 Ad puteos aut alta greges ad stagna iubebo

Currentem ilignis potare canalibus undam;330
 Aestibus at mediis umbrosam exquirere vallem,
 Sicubi magna Iovis antiquo robore quercus
 Ingentes tendat ramos, aut sicubi nigrum
 Illicibus crebris sacra nemus accubet umbra;
 Tum tenues dare rursus aquas et pascere rursus335
 Solis ad occasum, cum frigidus aëra vesper
 Temperat, et saltus reficit iam roscida luna,
 Litora que alcyonem resonant, acalanthida dumi.
 Quid tibi pastores Libyae, quid pascua versu
 Prosequar et raris habitata mapalia tectis?340
 Saepe diem noctemque et totum ex ordine mensem
 Pascitur itque pecus longa in deserta sine ullis
 Hospitiis: tantum campi iacet. omnia secum
 Armentarius Afer agit, tectumque laremque
 Armaque Amyclaeumque canem Cressamque pharetram;345
 Non secus ac patriis acer Romanus in armis
 Iniusto sub fasce viam cum carpit, et hosti
 Ante expectatum positus stat in agmine castris.
 At non, qua Scythiae gentes Maeotiaque unda,
 Turbidus et torquens flaventes Hister arenas,350
 Quaque redit medium Rhodope porrecta sub axem.
 Illic clausa tenent stabulis armenta, neque ullae
 Aut herbae campo apparent aut arbore frondes;
 Sed iacet aggeribus niveis informis et alto
 Terra gelu late, septemque adsurgit in ulnas.355
 Semper hiemps, semper spirantes frigora Cauri.
 Tum Sol pallentes haud umquam discutit umbras,
 Nec cum invectus equis altum petit aethera, nec cum
 Praecipitem Oceani rubro lavit aequore currum.
 Concresecunt subitae currenti in flumine crustae360
 Undaque iam tergo ferratos sustinet orbes,
 Puppibus illa prius, patulis nunc hospita plaustris;
 Aeraeque dissiliunt ultro, vestesque rigescunt
 Indutae, caeduntque securibus humida vina,
 Et totae solidam in glaciem vertere lacunae,365
 Stiriaque inpexis induruit horrida barbis.
 Interea toto non setius aëre ninguit:
 Intereunt pecudes, stant circumfusa pruinis
 Corpora magna boum, confertoque agmine cervi
 Torpent mole nova et summis vix cornibus extant.370
 Hos non immissis canibus, non cassibus ullis
 Puniceaeve agitant pavidos formidine pennae,
 Sed frustra oppositum trudentes pectore montem
 Comminus obtruncant ferro, graviterque rudentes
 Caedunt, et magno laeti clamore reportant.375
 Ipsi in defossis specubus secreta sub alta
 Otia agunt terra, congestaque robora totasque

Advolvere focis ulmos ignique dedere.
Hic noctem ludo ducunt, et pocula laeti
Fermento atque acidis imitantur vitea sorbis.380
Talis Hyperboreo septem subiecta trioni
Gens effrena virum Rhipaeo tunditur Euro,
Et pecudum fulvis velatur corpora saetis.
Si tibi lanitium curae, primum aspera silva
Lappaeque tribolique absint; fuge pabula laeta;385
Continuoque greges villis lege mollibus albos.
Illum autem, quamvis aries sit candidus ipse,
Nigra subest udo tantum cui lingua palato,
Reiice, ne maculis infuscet vellera pullis
Nascentum, plenoque alium circumspice campo.390
Munere sic niveo lanae, si credere dignum est,
Pan deus Arcadiae captam te, Luna, fefellit
In nemora alta vocans; nec tu aspernata vocantem.
At cui lactis amor, cytisum lotosque frequentes
Ipse manu salsasque ferat praesepibus herbas.395
Hinc et amant fluvios magis, et magis ubera tendunt,
Et salis occultum referunt in lacte saporem.
Multi iam excretos prohibent a matribus haedos,
Primaque ferratis praefigunt ora capistris.
Quod surgente die mulsero horisque diurnis,400
Nocte premunt; quod iam tenebris et sole cadente,
Sub lucem; exportans calathis adit oppida pastor,
Aut parco sale contingunt hiemique reponunt.
Nec tibi cura canum fuerit postrema, sed una
Velocis Spartae catulos acremque Molossum405
Pasce sero pingui. Numquam custodibus illis
Nocturnum stabulis furem incursusque luporum
Aut inpacatos a tergo horrebis Hiberos.
Saepe etiam cursu timidos agitabis onagros,
Et canibus leporem, canibus venabere dammas;410
Saepe volutabis pulsos silvestribus apros
Latratu turbabis agens, montesque per altos
Ingentem clamore premes ad retia cervum.
Disce et odoratam stabulis accendere cedrum,
Galbaneoque agitare graves nidore chelydros.415
Saepe sub immotis praesepibus aut mala tactu
Vipera delituit caelumque exterrita fugit,
Aut tecto adsuetus coluber succedere et umbrae,
Pestis acerba boum, pecorique aspergere virus,
Fovit humum. Cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor,420
Tollentemque minas et sibila colla tumentem
Deiice. Iamque fuga timidum caput abdidit alte,
Cum medii nexus extremaeque agmina caudae
Solvuntur, tardosque trahit sinus ultimus orbes.
Est etiam ille malus Calabris in saltibus anguis,425

Squamea convolvens sublato pectore terga
Atque notis longam maculosus grandibus alvum,
Qui, dum amnes ulli rumpuntur fontibus et dum
Vere madent udo terrae ac pluvialibus austris,
Stagna colit, ripisque habitans hic piscibus atram⁴³⁰
Improbis ingluviem ranisque loquacibus explet;
Postquam exusta palus, terraeque ardore dehiscunt,
Exsilit in siccum, et flammantia lumina torquens
Saevit agris, asperque siti atque exterritus aestu.
Ne mihi tum molles sub divo carpere somnos⁴³⁵
Neu dorso nemoris libeat iacuisse per herbas,
Cum positis novus exuviis nitidusque iuventa
Volvitur, aut catulos tectis aut ova relinquens
Arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis.
Morborum quoque te causas et signa docebo.⁴⁴⁰
Turpis oves temptat scabies, ubi frigidus imber
Altius ad vivum persedit et horrida cano
Bruma gelu, vel cum tonsis inlotus adhaesit
Sudor, et hirsuti secuerunt corpora vepres.
Dulcibus idcirco fluviis pecus omne magistri⁴⁴⁵
Perfundunt, udisque aries in gurgite villis
Mersatur, missusque secundo defluit amni;
Aut tonsum tristi contingunt corpus amurca,
Et spumas miscent argenti vivaque sulfura
Idaeasque pices et pingues unguine ceras⁴⁵⁰
Scillamque elleborosque graves nigrumque bitumen.
Non tamen ulla magis praesens fortuna laborum est,
Quam si quis ferro potuit rescindere summum
Ulceris os: alitur vitium vivitque tegendo,
Dum medicas adhibere manus ad volnera pastor⁴⁵⁵
Abnegat, et meliora deos sedet omina poscens.
Quin etiam, ima dolor balantum lapsus ad ossa
Cum furit atque artus depascitur arida febris,
Profuit incensos aestus avertere et inter
Ima ferire pedis salientem sanguine venam,⁴⁶⁰
Bisaltae quo more solent acerque Gelonus;
Cum fugit in Rhodopen atque in deserta Getarum
Et lac concretum cum sanguine potat equino.
Quam procul aut molli succedere saepius umbrae
Videris, aut summas carpentem ignavius herbas,⁴⁶⁵
Extremamque sequi, aut medio procumbere campo
Pascentem, et serae solam decedere nocti;
Continuo culpam ferro compesce, priusquam
Dira per incautum serpant contagia volgus.
Non tam creber agens hiemem ruit aequore turbo,⁴⁷⁰
Quam multae pecudum pestes. Nec singula morbi
Corpora corripiunt, sed tota aestiva repente,
Spemque gregemque simul cunctamque ab origine gentem.

Tum sciat, aërias Alpes et Norica si quis
 Castella in tumulis et Iapydis arva Timavi⁴⁷⁵
 Nunc quoque post tanto videat desertaque regna
 Pastorum et longe saltus lateque vacantes.
 Hic quondam morbo caeli miseranda coorta est
 Tempestas, totoque autumnu incanduit aestu,
 Et genus omne neci pecudum dedit, omne ferarum,⁴⁸⁰
 Corruptique lacus, infecit pabula tabo.
 Nec via mortis erat simplex, sed ubi ignea venis
 Omnibus acta sitis miseris adduxerat artus,
 Rursus abundabat fluidus liquor omniaque in se
 Ossa minutatim morbo conlapsa trahebat.⁴⁸⁵
 Saepe in honore deum medio stans hostia ad aram,
 Lanae dum nivea circumdatur infula vitta,
 Inter cunctantes cecidit moribunda ministros.
 Aut si quam ferro mactaverat ante sacerdos,
 Inde neque impositis ardent altaria fibris⁴⁹⁰
 Nec responsa potest consultus reddere vates,
 Ac vix suppositi tinguntur sanguine cultri
 Summaque ieiuna sanie infuscatur arena.
 Hinc laetis vituli volgo moriuntur in herbis,
 Et dulces animas plena ad praesepia reddunt;⁴⁹⁵
 Hinc canibus blandis rabies venit, et quatit aegros
 Tussis anhela sues ac faucibus angit obesis.
 Labitur infelix studiorum atque immemor herbae
 Victor equus fontesque avertitur et pede terram
 Crebra ferit; demissae aures, incertus ibidem⁵⁰⁰
 Sudor et ille quidem morituris frigidus, aet
 Pellis et ad tactum tractanti dura resistit.
 Haec ante exitium primis dant signa diebus;
 Sin in processu coepit crudescere morbus,
 Tum vero ardentes oculi atque attractus ab alto⁵⁰⁵
 Spiritus, interdum gemitu gravis, imaque longo
 Ilia singultu tendunt, it naribus ater
 Sanguis et obsessas fauces premit aspera lingua.
 Profuit inserto latices infundere cornu
 Lenaeos; ea visa salus morientibus una;⁵¹⁰
 Mox erat hoc ipsum exitio, furiisque relecti
 Ardebant, ipsique suos iam morte sub aegra—
 Di meliora piis erroremque hostibus illum!—
 Discissos nudis laniabant dentibus artus.
 Ecce autem duro fumans sub vomere taurus⁵¹⁵
 Concidit et mixtum spumis vomit ore cruorem
 Extremosque ciet gemitus. It tristis arator
 Maerentem abiungens fraterna morte iuvenum,
 Atque opere in medio defixa relinquit aratra.
 Non umbrae aliorum nemorum, non mollia possunt⁵²⁰
 Prata movere animum, non qui per saxa volutus

Purior electro campum petit amnis; at ima
Solvuntur latera, atque oculos stupor urguet inertes,
Ad terramque fluit devexo pondere cervix.
Quid labor aut benefacta iuvant? quid vomere terras⁵²⁵
Invertisse graves? atqui non Massica Bacchi
Munera, non illis epulae nocuere repostae:
Frondebis et victu pascuntur simplicis herbae,
Pocula sunt fontes liquidi atque exercita cursu
Flumina, nec somnos abrumpit cura salubres.⁵³⁰
Tempore non alio dicunt regionibus illis
Quaesitas ad sacra boves Iunonis, et uris
Imparibus ductos alta ad donaria currus.
Ergo aegre rastris terram rimantur, et ipsis
Unguibus infodiunt fruges, montesque per altos⁵³⁵
Contenta cervice trahunt stridentia plaustra.
Non lupo insidias explorat ovilia circum,
Nec gregibus nocturnus obambulat; acrior illum
Cura domat; timidi dammae cervique fugaces
Nunc interque canes et circum tecta vagantur.⁵⁴⁰
Iam maris immensi prolem et genus omne natantum
Litore in extremo, ceu naufraga corpora, fluctus
Proluit; insolitae fugiunt in flumina phocae.
Interit et curvis frustra defensa latebris
Vipera, et attoniti squamis adstantibus hydri.⁵⁴⁵
Ipsis est aër avibus non aequus, et illae
Praecipites alta vitam sub nube relinquunt.
Praeterea iam nec mutari pabula refert,
Quaesitaeque nocent artes; cessere magistri,
Phillyrides Chiron Amythaoniusque Melampus.⁵⁵⁰
Saevit et in lucem Stygiis emissa tenebris
Pallida Tisiphone Morbos agit ante Metumque,
Inque dies avidum surgens caput altius effert.
Balatu pecorum et crebris mugitibus amnes
Arentesque sonant ripae collesque supini.⁵⁵⁵
Iamque catervatim dat stragem atque aggerat ipsis
In stabulis turpi dilapsa cadavera tabo,
Donec humo tegere ac foveis abscondere discunt.
Nam neque erat coriis usus nec viscera quisquam
Aut undis abolere potest aut vincere flamma;⁵⁶⁰
Ne tondere quidem morbo inlueque peresa
Vellera nec telas possunt attingere putres;
Verum etiam invisos si quis temptarat amictus,
Ardentes papulae atque immundus olentia sudor
Membra sequebatur, nec longo deinde moranti⁵⁶⁵
Tempore contactos artus sacer ignis edebat.

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THE GEORGICS OF VIRGIL.

BOOK III.

Thee too, great Pales, and Shepherd Amphrysian, worthy our praise,
You, forests and rivers Lycaean, of you our song will we raise.
Other themes that had held mere vacant minds with the spell of the bard
Are by this outworn. Who knows not Eurystheus the taskmaster hard?
Who knows not Busiris' altars damned to eternal shame?⁵
Who hath heard not of Hylas the Boy?—of Latonian Delos' fame?—
Of Hippodame?—Pelops in splendour of ivory shoulder who drove
Furiously? A path will I try that shall lift me above
This earth, and from lip to lip of men my triumphant flight
Will I wing. I first to my fatherland—if I behold life's light¹⁰
So long—from the Mount Aonian returning, the Muses with me
Will I lead; I will bring to thee, Mantua, palms of Araby;
And a temple of solid marble on that green plain will I raise
By the water, where Mincius broad with lazy winding strays,
And hath fringed with the softly-bending reed his rippling lane.¹⁵
In the midst thereof shall be Caesar; his presence shall fill thy fane.
In his honour arrayed in the conqueror's Tyrian purple-gleam
Will I lead a procession of five-score four-horsed cars to thy stream.
All Greece shall forsake Alpheius' lists and Molorchus' grove
At my summons, shall strive in the race, and with raw-hide fighting-glove.²⁰
Even I, my brows entwined with the olive, the conqueror's meed,
Will bring him my gifts. Even now with exultation I lead
To his shrine the solemn procession, at altars will see steers bleed,
See the stage dispart as the scenes swing round, and inwoven there
See painted Britons the purple tapestry-folds upbear.²⁵
At the portals in gold and in solid ivory carved shall be found
The fight with the sons of the Ganges, and Rome's arms victory-crowned.
And here, upsurging to war, and with vast flood battleward roaring,
Nile, and the columns of triumph with prows of bronze upsoaring,
And cities of Asia subdued, and Niphates, from fight as he fled,³⁰
And the Parthian who trusteth in flight and the arrows backward sped;
And, wrested from diverse enemies, victory-trophies twain,
And foes twice led in triumph from either side of the main.
There Parian marbles, statues that verily breathe, shall shine;
The sons of Assaracus, names of a Jove-descended line,³⁵
And our forefather Tros, and the Founder of Troy, the Cynthian King,
And accursèd Disloyalty's form at the Furies shuddering,
At relentless Cocytus, Ixion's wild wheel horribly twined
With serpents, and Sisyphus' stone that never the summit shall find.
Till that day comes, will we track the Dryad-haunted glade⁴⁰
And wood, hard task upon me by thee, Maecenas, laid.

Without thee no high emprise my spirit essays:—fling aside
 All dull delay! With challenging shouts hath Cithaeron cried,
 Taygetus' hounds, Epidaurus who quelleth steeds with the rein,
 And echo-redoubled the forest's acclaiming rings again.⁴⁵
 Yet soon will I gird me of Caesar's fiery fights to sing,
 And through years no fewer to bear his renown upon fame's strong wing
 Than divide from Tithonus Caesar, the winter of earth from her spring.
 Whether, ambitious of palms of Olympia, ye fain would rear
 Horses, or oxen strong through tilthland-furrows to shear,⁵⁰
 The dams with good heed to their points must ye choose. The best brood-cow
 Hath a lowering look, coarse head, and a neck that is massive enow,
 And down below her knees from her throat doth the dewlap fall.
 No limit there is to the length of her side, she is huge-framed all,
 Even her feet. She hath horns incurved, ears shaggy with hair.⁵⁵
 For her colour—though she be dappled with white flecks—nothing I care,
 Nor care though she spurn the yoke, with her horns push viciously,
 Have a head more like to a bull, and a frame throughout built high,
 While her tail as she paces is sweeping the dust behind her feet.
 The season for service to wedlock, the age for the Travail-queen meet,⁶⁰
 Before the tenth year endeth, and entereth in at the fourth.
 Younger or older for calving or ploughing be nothing-worth.
 In the mid-space, while unspent is the lusty youth of the herd,
 Restrain not the males, nay, to Venus's sport be thy cattle upstirred.
 So by breeding replace thou ever the first by a second and third.⁶⁵
 Ah me, life's fairest days be ever the first to fly
 From hapless mortals! Diseases and dreary eld draw nigh;
 Toil wastes them, and stern death's ruthlessness hurries them hence in a day!
 There will ever be some in thine herd with whose form thou canst not away:
 Then still be recruiting thy stock, lest losses too late thou rue:⁷⁰
 Prevent all such; young lives for thine herd choose yearly anew.
 For thine horse-stud too must thy choice be made with no less heed.
 Yea, such as thou shalt determine to rear as the hope of the breed,
 Upon these from their tenderest youth shalt thou lavish especial pains.
 From the first doth the foal of a high-bred stock, as he paceth the plains,⁷⁵
 Lift high his feet, and he planteth on earth a springy limb.
 Ever he leadeth the way for the rest: no terrors for him
 Hath the threatening torrent; he trusteth himself to the untried bridge:
 He is scared not at meaningless noises. His neck is a high-arched ridge:
 Clean-cut is his head, full-fleshed is his back, and his barrel short;⁸⁰
 His high-mettled chest is billowy with muscle. The comelier sort
 Be the bay and the grey: of all coats worst be the dun and the white.
 Once more, if from far away arms clash as in grapple of fight,
 He cannot be still, pricks ears, his limbs are quivering,
 From his nostrils the volumed breath like smoke from a fire doth he fling.⁸⁵
 He tosseth a dense mane back o'er his rightward shoulder to sweep.
 His spine is a valley between two ridges: his hoofs dint deep
 The earth, and the solid horn wakes thunder at every leap.
 Such Cyllarus was, who was tamed by the curb of Amyclae's king

Pollux, and they of whom the Grecian poets sing,90
 The chariot-pair of Mars, and mighty Achilles' team.
 So likewise seemed fleet Saturn, when over his neck to stream
 He tossed his mane as his queen drew near, and, fleeing away,
 Filled sky-encountering Pelion's glens with his clarion neigh.
 Him also, when bowed by disease, or by years made sluggish now,95
 He fails, pen up; his inglorious eld indulge not thou.
 Age chills him for Venus's service; o'er labour vainly wrought
 And thankless, he lingers: if e'er he essay the encounter, for naught
 He rages, as sometimes rushes through stubble a wide-spread fire
 That is strengthless. Note thou therefore the spirit and age of a sire100
 First, other qualities then, and the strain of his sires, the shame
 Each showed in the hour of defeat, the pride in victory's fame.
 Hast marked not, in headlong-reckless contention tearing o'er
 The plain, the torrent of chariots that forth of the barriers pour,
 With the hopes of their drivers at highest, with throbbing eagerness
 draining105
 The hearts exultant? Onward with circling lash are they straining:
 Forward they lean loose-reined: hot axles stormily fly,
 And now low-skimming they glide, now seem they, bounding high,
 To shoot through the empty air, to soar mid the winds on-rolled.
 No stint, no stay!—uptossed is a cloud as of dust of gold.110
 They are wet with the foam and the breath of pursuers following near;
 So hot is the passion for victory, fame to their hearts so dear.
 Erichthonius first o'er a fourfold team dared cast the band
 Of the yoke, and in speed triumphant above the wheels to stand.
 The Lapiths of Pelethron mounted the back of the charger, and swayed115
 His course to and fro with the reins, taught riders armour-arrayed
 To bound o'er the earth, curvetting with proudly arching knees.
 Over car-steed and saddle-horse pains alike must be taken; for these
 The trainers alike seek youth, high mettle, and speed in the race,
 Though the veteran oft may have held a flying foe in chase,120
 For his birth-land Epirus may boast, or Mycenae strong under shield,
 Though his lineage he trace to the charger that Neptune's trident revealed.
 These things men note, and when near is the time, they bestir them: the steed
 With their utmost endeavour they seek into firm-fleshed fatness to feed,
 The stallion chosen for chieftain, and named for the mate of the stud.125
 They mow for him flowering grass, give him drink from the fresh-flowing
 flood,
 And corn, that he fail not of aught that his labour of love requires,
 And that weakling sons prove not starved copies of starveling sires.
 But the brood-mares of purpose by stinting their food unto leanness they
 bring,
 And so soon as of union's delightful instinct they feel the sting,130
 They deny to them foliage fresh, they drive them back from the spring,
 Oft shake their frames in the gallop, and tire them in midnight heat
 When the threshing-floor groans as the flails are heavily lashing the wheat,
 And the chaff is tossed to the west-wind's freshening blast therethrough.

This do they for fear high living should dull the service due¹³⁵
Of the field of generation, should smother its furrows asleep
Which should thirstily swallow the procreant rain, and should hide it deep.
Now waneth our care for the sires, our care for the dams hath begun.
When at last they wander in foal, when the tale of the months hath run,
These let none suffer to pull at the yoke of the ponderous wain,¹⁴⁰
Nor to clear at a bound the highway, in fiery race to strain
Far over the meadow-land, nor in rushing floods to be swimming.
Upon treeless lawns let them graze, and beside slow brooks full-brimming,
Where the moss billows softly, the bank is in deepest greenness arrayed.
By caves be they sheltered, and overscreened by the rocks' cool shade.¹⁴⁵
By Silarus' groves and Alburnus green with his holm-oaks tall
A winged thing swarms, which the sons of Rome the "asilus" call,
But the Greeks to the selfsame pest a new name, "oestrus," have given,
It is fierce, harsh-buzzing; before it whole herds panic-driven
Flee wide through the forests; with bellowings maddened and stunned is the
air,¹⁵⁰
And the woods, and the banks of waterless Tanager everywhere.
With this horror did Juno wreak her hideous vengeance of yore,
When for Inachus' daughter, the Heifer-maid, she had ruin in store.
From this, which attacks most fiercely when noonday heat is at height,
Thou wilt shield the teeming herd, wilt let them graze when the light
Of the sun is but newly risen, or stars usher in the night.
When the calves have come to the birth, all care is to them transferred.
Men brand them with ownership's mark, with the name of their strain, from
the herd
Choose which they will rear for breeding the hope of a coming day,
Or for sacrifice consecrate, or set to cleave the clay¹⁶⁰
Till the furrowed field shows like to a roughly ridging sea:
The rest in great herds pasture along the grassy lea.
Such as for work thou wilt fashion, to bring forth labour's fruit,
While yet they are calves, do thou school, and on discipline's path set foot,
While docile their young minds are in the first year's pliant days.¹⁶⁵
At the first with loose light rings of the osier's slender sprays
Do thou loop their necks; thereafter, when shoulders aforetime free
Are to thralldom used, let well-matched couples be yoked of thee
With those same collars, and trained to step on side by side.
In drawing of wains unladen now let them oft be tried,¹⁷⁰
When but lightly marked is the track o'er the surface-dust of the plain.
Ere long 'neath a mighty load may the beechen axle strain
And shriek, and the brass-bound shaft shall drag the twinned wheels on.
Ere then, for their untamed youth thou shalt mow not grass alone,
Nor starveling sprays of willow, nor bladed sedge of the fen,¹⁷⁵
But green corn plucked with thine hand. Nor the mothers shalt thou cause
then
In olden fashion to brim the milk-pails white as snow:
But all their udders' wealth on their dear babes let them bestow.
But if thy desire be to fiery squadrons and grapple of war,

Or to glide by Alpheius' Pisan streams on the wheels of the car, 180
 And the flying chariot in Jupiter's hallowed grove to speed,
 In beholding the fury of fight the training begins of the steed,
 In enduring the clarion's peal, and in bearing the rushing din
 Of wheels, and in hearing the jingling of harness his stall within;
 Then, more and more to delight in kindly tones and praise 185
 Of his lord, and to love the caressing hand on his neck that plays.
 Thus far let him venture when first he is weaned from the mother's teat:
 In due course then with his mouth the halter soft shall he meet,
 While short of his full strength, starting with all youth's ignorant fear.
 But when summers three shall be past, when now the fourth is here, 190
 In the ring let him learn to curvet, beat time with measured pace,
 And one after other to curve his limbs in arches of grace,
 And to show like a worker indeed. Then, then let him challenge the blast
 Of the wind to the race; as uncurbed by the rein, o'er the plain flying fast,
 Scarce let him print with his footfalls the face of the level sand; 195
 As when Aquilo dark with the cloud-pack comes from the far north-land
 Down-swooping, and Scythia's storms and rainless clouds are hurled
 Before him; the tall corn-crops, the billowy water-world
 Are with light gusts rippled and ruffled, the crests of the forest sigh,
 And shoreward the long sea-rollers are crowding tumultuously; 200
 Over field, over flood wide-sweeping his pinions onward strain.
 Hereafter to goals of Olympia, o'er limitless reaches of plain,
 Sweat-bathed shall the steed race, fling from his mouth the foam blood-
 flecked,
 Or the Belgian chariot the better shall speed on docile-necked.
 Then at the last with fattening mash do thou suffer his frame 205
 To wax great, now he is broken in; for, ere one tame
 Their spirit, their mettle is high, they will scorn, when the task ye essay,
 To submit to the pliant lash, and the merciless curb to obey.
 Howbeit no tendance will stablish more surely his strength and his fire
 Than to shield him from Venus's frenzy, from stings of blind desire, 210
 Whether one's heart be set on the training of cattle or steeds.
 Therefore men banish the bull unto far lone pasture-meads,
 Beyond some mountain-barrier, some broad-flowing river's sweep,
 Or they pen him within four walls, and his manger abundantly heap.
 By the sight of the female slowly his strength is consumed and decayed, 215
 And he cannot endure to think of the grass nor the woodland glade—
 So winsome is her allurements—and oft will jealousy drive
 Those haughty lovers with clashing horns in contention to strive.
 The beauteous heifer is grazing on Sila's mountain-height;
 But the bulls in alternate onset crash with giant might, 220
 And with wound upon wound: their frames are bathed in the dark blood's
 flow:
 With levelled horns each thrusteth against his struggling foe
 With thunderous bellowing; echo the woods and the broad-arched sky.
 Nor together the rivals are wont to stall them: the vanquished will fly
 From the field, and will pass into exile afar amid scenes unknown, 225

And for shame and the blows of the haughty victor shall oft-times groan,
 Yea, more for his loss unavenged, and for anguish of thwarted desire.
 Old realms hath he left, oft backward gazing at stall and byre.
 Therefore with ceaseless training he disciplines his powers:
 On a hard rock-couch uncushioned he lies through the long night-hours:230
 Upon prickly leaves he feedeth, he croppeth the sword-like sedge:
 He testeth his strength, he learneth to set his fury's edge
 On his horns, as he thrusts at a tree, and assails the air with blows,
 And the sand, as in prelude to battle, his spurning hoof up-throws.
 At last, when his powers are upgathered, at last, when his strength is reborn
 He breaks camp; headlong he swoops on the foe that forgot him in scorn.
 Like a billow he comes, that upheaves in the outsea a crest white-flashing,
 Drags broader-swelling a curve from the deep, and on-rolling and crashing
 Shoreward, through reefs it roars terrific, and down on the land
 Topples huge as a mountain, while whirlpool-abysses boil over the strand240
 Up-belching out of the depths of darkness the swart sea-sand.
 Yea, all—all tribes of earth, all men, all cattle-herds,
 Wild beasts of the forest, the brood of the sea, plume-painted birds,
 Into flames of passion rush; all hearts are in one net taken.
 At none other time doth the lioness, even her whelps forsaken,245
 More savagely prowl o'er the plains, nor shag-haired formless bears
 Spread death and destruction more widely around their forest-lairs.
 Most fierce is the boar, most fell is the tigress in those mad days.
 Ah, it is ill for him then who in Libya's solitudes strays!
 Hast marked not with what wild thrill the steed's whole frame will shake,250
 At the first gust wafted to him of the odour he cannot mistake?
 Then him no curbs of men nor merciless whips may delay,
 Neither rocks nor cliffs overarching, nor rivers that bar his way
 Though they tear up mountains and whirl them adown in their waves' wild
 play.
 On charges the Sabine boar, and he whets his tusks for the fray,255
 Ploughs up with his feet the ground, and chafes against a tree
 His sides, and either shoulder against wounds hardeneth he.
 What of the youth, when Love the relentless fans in his breast
 A great flame? He, though the tempest burst, though in wild unrest
 Waves toss, through the starless night belated he swims, while crash260
 Thunders from heaven's huge gate: great seas, on the rocks as they dash,
 Shout, warning him thence: yea, his wretched parents in vain to him cry
 "Return!" and the maiden doomed on his woeful pyre to die.
 What of the Wine-god's dappled lynx?—of the scourge of the wold,
 The wolf?—of the hound?—of the battles of stags unwarlike-souled?265
 But pre-eminent surely beyond the rest is the rage of the mare.
 'Twas the frenzy inspired by a Goddess, when Potniae's car-team tare
 And devoured the limbs of Glaucus in Venus's vengeance-day.
 Over Gargara's steep, over roaring Ascanius hurried are they
 By passion; they scale the mountain, they swim the rushing river.270
 Soon as their eager fibres with thrills of its wildfire quiver,—
 Chiefly in spring, when their inward flame is to new life fanned,—

On the brow of a towering cliff all westward-facing stand,
 And they snuff the unsubstantial breeze, and it oft doth betide
 That unmated—a marvel to tell!—by the wind are they fructified.275
 Then over crag, over scaur, over deep-dipping valleys they fly
 Scattering, not to the east-wind's birth, nor the dayspring-sky,
 But to north or to north-west bound, or thither where utter-black
 Uprises the south overglooming the sky with his chill cloud-rack.
 Then, then that viscid slime trickles down from the groins of these280
 Which only is rightly named of the shepherds *hippomanes*—
 Hippomanes, gathered oft by stepdames on mischief bent,
 And with baleful herbs and with muttered spells most deadly blent.
 But the time meanwhile is fleeting, is fleeting past recall,
 While we hover around each flower of the field that holds us in thrall.285
 For the herds let this suffice; remaineth my second care
 To deal with the fleece-laden sheep, with the goats of shaggy hair.
 Here truly is toil; yet hence, stout yeomen, look for renown.
 I mistake not how hard is the task to set triumphantly down
 My precepts in verse, and so lowly a theme with honour to crown.290
 But o'er steeps of Parnassus untrod in a rapture I speed afar:
 It is joy to traverse the heights where no forerunner's car
 Hath followed the track down the smooth-falling slope unto Castaly's spring.
 Now, Pales worship-worthy, in stately strain must I sing.
 I ordain at the outset that sheep in sheltered pens should feed295
 Till leafy summer—'twill not be long—come back to the mead.
 With abundance of straw and with handfuls of fern be the hard ground spread
 Beneath, that the icy cold may strike not up through their bed
 To the tender flock, bringing scab and the foot-rot foul to see.
 Now pass I on, and I bid thee cast from the arbute-tree300
 Leaves to thy goats in plenty, and water fresh from the brook.
 Turn from the wind their pens, to the winter sun let them look
 Facing the midnight sky, when Aquarius cold and drear
 At last is setting, and sprinkles the skirts of the flying year.
 With no less care must we shield these too in the stormy tide;305
 Nor our profit of these shall be less—yea, fleeces Milesian dyed
 In purple of Tyre be exchanged for a princely price, I know;
 Yet from goats more abundant increase, of milk a stintless flow
 Is won; and the fuller the milk-pails foam, when their udders ye drain,
 The richer the flood shall stream when ye press the teats again.310
 Moreover, the shepherds shear the beard and the reverend chin
 Of the goat of Cinyphian breed; of his long coarse hair they spin
 Tents for the camp, and storm-scourged mariners cloak them therein.
 Through forests, o'er heights Arcadian they pasture, and not as the sheep,
 But the thorny bramble they crop, and the thickets that love the steep,315
 And undriven forget not home to return, and their kids they bring,
 And their burdened udders over the threshold scarce can they swing.
 Little of man's care need they, but this let them fail not to find:
 Thou with all diligence screen them from frost and the snow-laden wind.
 Be bounteous in bringing them fodder, be leaf-laden branches supplied,320

And bar not against them thy hayloft through all the winter-tide.
 But when at the call of the west-wind jubilant summer shall speed
 Forth to the woodland-glade the goats, the sheep to the mead,
 With the morning-star's first gleam to the pastures cool let us pass,
 Let us range them, while young is the morning, while overpearled is the
 grass,325
 When the dew on the tender herb is unto the flock most sweet.
 Thereafter, when heaven's fourth hour hath gathered thirst from the heat,
 And cicadas are rending the copse as their song's wild wail they repeat,
 Then will I bid that thy flock by the well or the deep clear pool
 Drink from the hollowed ilex the running water cool.330
 But in midnight heat seek out some leaf-shadowed dell for them,
 Where Jove's huge oak from the immemorial strength of his stem
 Outstretcheth giant arms, or where, with the thronging holm
 Darkened, the grove like a sleeper lieth in hallowed gloom.
 Then give them again of the thin-threaded stream, and again let them
 graze335
 Till set of the sun, when the gloaming-tide's cool breath allays
 The feverous air, when the dew-dripping moon requickens the glade,
 When the shores with the halcyon ring, with the warbler the copse's shade.
 What need of the shepherds of Libya, what need of their pastures to tell
 In song?—of the widely-scattered hamlets wherein they dwell?340
 Oft nightlong, daylong, yea, through a whole month, day after day
 Pasture their flocks, far-roaming the waste land's trackless way
 Never folded; before them lie such limitless plains. His all
 That Afric herdman carries with him—the sheltering wall
 Of his home, his wolf-hound warder of sheep, his quiver and bow.345
 The valiant Roman, arrayed in ancestral arms, even so
 Plods on and on 'neath his tyrannous knapsack-burden; and lo,
 Ere they look for him, pitched is his camp, and his columns face the foe.
 Far other it is, where Scythian hordes by Maeotis shiver,
 Where whirled are the tawny sands down Danube the turbid river,350
 Where right beneath the pole far-stretched bends Rhodope round.
 There pent in the stalls men keep their herds; for nowhere is found
 Any grass in the fields, and nowhere a leaf do the tree-boughs show,
 But far and wide is the landscape blurred with the mounded snow
 And with thick-ribbed ice, a crust whose depth is in seven ells told.355
 'Tis eternal winter; the blasts evermore blow icy-cold.
 Never the grey cloud-pall by a shaft of the sun is riven,
 Neither when borne on his chariot he climbs to the height of the heaven,
 Nor yet when he plunges it headlong in ocean ruddy-glowing.
 There sudden ice-films curdle on streams in the midst of their flowing,360
 And iron-bound wheels on its frozen face the water sustains;
 Erewhile it gave welcome to ships, but now unto broad-beamed wains.
 Vessels of brass unsmitten are rifted, on wearers' backs
 Stiffens the raiment; the wines men drink must be cleft with the axe.
 In a solid mass from floor to surface freezes the lake:365
 Bright daggers that hang from the unkempt beard doth the hard ice make.

Meanwhile without ceasing it snows, that the air is all one cloud:
 The sheep are dying, the huge-framed steers in a cold white shroud
 Stand wrapped: the forest-deer crouch numbed, a huddled rout,
 'Neath the 'wilderer avalanche; scarce do the tips of their horns peep
 out.370
 Upon these men slip not the hounds from the leash, nor with nets do they
 snare,
 Nor drive them into the toils with the crimson feather-scare;
 But, as vainly their breasts against that mountain-barrier strain,
 They close on them, hew with the steel, while they bell in their terror and
 pain,
 And with clamour loud and exultant homeward they bear the slain.375
 That people in caves deep-delved under earth fleet carelessly
 A holiday-time: heaped logs and many a whole elm-tree
 Are rolled to their broad hearth-stones, and high on the flames up-piled.
 Here while they away the night in sport, and in revelry wild
 With ale and with cider sour do they mimic the southland wines.380
 In the land at the North-wind's back, where the Bear in the zenith shines,
 So liveth a savage race, by the east-wind buffeted aye,
 And in shaggy fells of their dun-hued goats their frames they array.
 But if thy desire be for wool, each thorny brake do thou clear,
 All caltrops and burrs; unto rank-growing pasturage draw not near.385
 From the first let white sheep silky-fleeced be chosen of thee:
 But the ram, how white soever his outward form may be,
 Reject, if but under his mouth's moist roof a black tongue lie,
 Lest he blur with dark-hued spots each fleece of his progeny:
 Look round in the teeming plain for another hornèd chief.390
 With wool so snowy for gift—if the tale be worthy belief—
 Thee, Moon-goddess, Pan, Arcadia's God, did beguile and enthrall,
 To the deep woods summoning thee, nor didst thou despise his call.
 But who coveteth milk, lucerne and lotus-bloom let him bear
 With his own hands unto the pens, and salt-strewn grass lay there:395
 Thus more they desire to drink of the flood, and their udders swell
 The more, and a half-veiled savour of salt in the milk shall dwell.
 Some men from the very birth the mother's teat forbid,
 With iron muzzle arming the yeanning mouth of the kid.
 Of the milk that was drawn when the sunrise wakened the day, that night400
 Are they wringing the curds, that milked in the sunset's failing light
 At dawn do they press: the shepherd in crates to the town bears this,
 Or lightly besprinkled with salt stored up for the winter it is.
 Nor last in thy thoughts be the care of thy dogs, but alike do thou breed
 Swift wolf-hounds of Sparta and fierce Molossian mastiffs, and feed405
 On the fattening whey. When thou hast such warders of kine and sheep,
 Thou shalt dread not the thief in the night, nor the wolf's swift stealthy leap,
 Nor the Spanish outlaw who darts unforeseen from his lurking-place.
 Often withal shalt thou hold the shy wild ass in chase,
 And with hounds shalt thou hunt the hare, and with hounds the fallow-
 deer.410

Oft too from his forest-wallows with sound of their baying anear
 Shalt thou rouse and drive the boar, and oft through the mountains high
 From their clamour full on thy nets the stately stag shall fly.
 Learn also to burn in thy stalls the cedar's scented wood,
 And to banish with galbanum-fumes the noisome water-snake's brood.415
 Oft under sheds long undisturbed close-hidden doth lie
 A viper deadly to touch, shrinking scared from the light of the sky;
 Or an adder,—that pestilent scourge of the kine,—that is wont to creep
 'Neath the shadowing thatch, and bespatter with venom oxen and sheep,
 Hath his nest in the ground. Snatch stones and staves, O shepherd thou!420
 As he rears a threatening crest, as his hissing throat swells now,
 Down dash him!—he flees!—hidden deep is his head, no longer bold,
 While his back's mid-wreaths and the train of his tail's last joints are
 unrolled,
 And the last of his coils drags out a slowly-trailing fold.
 In Calabrian glens withal is a snake, that most fell pest,425
 Who rolleth and writheth a scale-armed back, who upreareth a breast
 And a belly exceeding long with great spots closely set,
 Who, while yet there are streams overbrimming from full well-heads, while
 yet
 With the dewy spring and the south-wind's rains the meadows are wet,
 Haunteth the pools; on their banks he dwelleth; he gorgeth here430
 His ravening maw with fish and with babbling frogs of the mere.
 But, when scorched dry is the fen, and rifted with heat earth lies,
 Forth darts to the waterless land, and, rolling blazing eyes,
 Goes ranging over the fields, thirst-fevered and frenzied with heat.
 Not then be I tempted to woo 'neath the blue sky slumber sweet,435
 Nor to lie outstretched on the grass of the wood's ridge careless-dreaming,
 When, reborn from his cast-off slough, in youth's renewal gleaming,
 Coiling he comes, and hath left in his lair his eggs or his young,
 And sunward uprears him, and darts from his mouth a three-forked tongue!
 Diseases, their causes and tokens, will I unto thee make plain.440
 Our sheep by a noisome scab are assailed, when the chilling rain
 And the frost, with its daggers of gleaming ice, have pierced down deep
 To the seat of life, or when the sweat to the late-sheared sheep
 Hath cloven unwashed, and prickly brambles have torn the flesh.
 Therefore do flockmasters bathe in running water fresh445
 The whole flock: plunged is the ram in a swirling river-pool,
 And sent down-stream slow-sailing, freighted with drenchèd wool.
 Or their new-shorn bodies the shepherd anointeth with oil-lees sour
 Mingled with silver-scum and with virgin sulphur-flour,
 And with pitch from Ida's pines and with wax oil-softened blent,450
 And with squills and bitumen black, and with hellebore heavy of scent.
 Yea, for healing of their affliction there comes no happier chance
 Than this, if one hath the wit and the strength with the steel to lance
 The ulcer's head: the mischief is fostered and lives by concealing,
 While the shepherd refuses to lay on the sore the hand of healing,455
 And idly sitting prays to the Gods for hopefuller signs.

Nay more, when the pain with the very bones of the bleater twines,
 When it rages, and parching fever on joint and on limb doth prey,
 Much hath it availed by bleeding that fiery heat to allay,
 And to pierce in the cleft of the hoof the vein hard-throbbing with blood,460
 As use the Bisaltae to do, and Gelonians fierce of mood,
 When to Rhodope's ridge and the wastes of the Getan folk they have fled,
 And with curdled milk, with the steed's blood mingled, their cups brim red.
 What sheep soever thou markest that languidly steals to the shade,
 Or that bites not close, but listlessly crops but the tip of the blade,465
 Or that lies down tired in the mead as she pastures, and last of all
 Ever lags, and alone and late comes home at the evenfall,
 Then help there is none, but with steel thou must stamp out the plague, ere the
 dread,
 The cureless taint through the unsuspecting flock shall have spread.
 For not so thick with disaster a whirlwind sweeps from the seas470
 Bringing storm, as the manifold murrains. Not single victims disease
 Clutcheth: whole summer-pastures are suddenly swept away—
 The flock and the hope of the flock, a whole race gone in a day!
 Let him be my witness, who gazes on Alps that float on the sky,
 On Noric towers crag-built, on meads by Timavus that lie,475
 And sees now, long, long after the ruin, desolate made
 The realms of the shepherds, and leagues on leagues of unpeopled glade.
 Here, dropped from a tainted sky, a season of misery came
 On a land that fainted and drooped under autumn's fever-flame,
 Dealing death to all manner of cattle, to every beast of the wild.480
 It poisoned the pools, with its venom the very grass was defiled.
 Nor plain was the pathway to death, but when through every vein
 Coursing, the fiery thirst had cramped each limb with pain,
 Once more did a watery humour flood the frame; each bone,
 By disease to a pulp broken down, it absorbed and made its own.485
 In mid-sacrifice oft the victim brought to the altar-side,
 While its brows were wreathed with the woollen fillet with white bands tied,
 Midst the faltering ministers fell to the earth in the last death-throe;
 Or, if haply the priest had dealt with the axe ere then the blow,
 When the entrails were laid on the altar, the fat refused to burn,490
 Nor, when asked of the will of the Gods, could the seer any answer return.
 The pale blood scarce can redden the knife at the throat that gleams,
 And the sand's mere surface is darkly flushed with the thin life-streams.
 Here mid lush pastures the calves are dying on every hand,
 And render up sweet life by the full-heaped cribs as they stand.495
 Man's lover, the dog, goeth mad; and racked are the sickening swine
 With a gasping cough; half-strangled with swollen throats they pine.
 In his strivings baffled staggers the once victorious steed,
 Forgetting to graze, from the fountain shrinking, and spurning the mead
 Oft with his hoof: his ears droop, sweat breaks out thereby500
 Fitful and chill, a forerunner of death: his coat is dry;
 Touch it, and tense and unyielding beneath thine hand doth it lie.
 Such death-signs are given in early days of the malady;

But when, in its onward course, the disease grows virulent,
 Then are his eyes ablaze, and laboured, as though deep-pent,505
 Is his breathing, and laden with moans sometimes: the flanks from below
 Are straining with long-drawn sobs: from the nostrils a dark blood-flow
 Oozes: the rough tongue's tip to the choked throat seems to grow.
 Relief hath been given by thrusting a horn 'twixt the teeth, wherethrough
 They poured wine—such was the only help for the dying they knew.510
 But this soon proved their destruction: with madness's energy burning,
 With false strength even in the faintness of imminent death returning,—
 God save from such frenzy the good, and visit it on Rome's foes!—
 Their bared teeth mangled and tore their limbs in the last death-throes.
 Lo, where the ox, as he reeketh upturning the stubborn loam,515
 Drops in his tracks; from his mouth blood spurteth mingled with foam,
 As he heaveth his dying groans. The hind sore sorroweth,
 And unyokes the steer that stands and grieves for his brother's death:
 And there in the half-finished furrow buried he leaves the plough.
 No shades of the woodland-towers, no soft-grassed meadows now520
 Shall avail to requicken his heart, nor the hill-stream amber-brown
 That over his rock-shelves combing plainward hurrieth down.
 But unstrung are his flanks, his languid eyes 'neath a stupor droop:
 By its own weight downward borne doth his faint neck earthward stoop.
 What avail him his labours, his services?—what, that he toiled so hard525
 Turning the furrows? Yet never the strength of his frame was marred
 By the Massic gifts of the Wine-god, by course after course at the feast;
 But on leaves and on grass unadulterate feedeth the pure-lived beast:
 The limpid spring and the racing brook his chalices are,
 Nor by cares are his healthful slumbers broken and banished afar.530
 Never before, men say, were oxen sought in vain
 In that country for sacrifice unto Juno; never the wain
 Was by ill-matched buffaloes drawn to her high-built treasury-fane.
 Therefore with mattocks they painfully scratch the earth, with their nails
 Bury the seed in the soil: the yeoman straining hales,535
 The yoke on his own neck, waggons across the mountain's brow.
 No wolf about the sheepfold lurketh in ambush now,
 Nor stalketh the flock in the darkness: a keener terror daunts
 The spoiler. Shy fallow-deer and timorous stags from their haunts
 Come down, and mid hounds and around men's homes are they
 wandering.540
 Yea, the brood of the limitless sea, and every swimming thing
 On the verge of the strand, like corpses from shipwreck, are washed up high
 By the surf: to the rivers strangely the seals for refuge fly.
 Even the viper in vain doth his winding lair protect,
 But he dies, and the water-snake, his scales in terror erect.545
 To the very birds is the air unkind, for headlong they fall
 Down, leaving their life high up beneath the clouds' dark pall.
 No change of diet availeth: remedies have but recoiled
 In ruin on them that have sought them; the masters of healing are foiled,
 Melampus of Amythaon, and Chiron, Philyra's son.550

Unkennelled from Stygian gloom to the light rusheth raging on
Ghastly Tisiphone, herding before her Disease and Dread,
And higher day by day uplifts her insatiate head.
With bleating of sheep and with multitudinous lowing the rivers
And parched banks echo; the moaning along the hill-slopes shivers.⁵⁵⁵
To whole herds now is she dealing destruction, their corpses are piled
In the very stalls; they are rotting, with putrid horrors defiled,
Till in pits men learn to hide them, and veil their corruption with soil;
For utterly useless the skins were: it was but wasted toil
With water to wash the flesh, or its purging with fire to essay.⁵⁶⁰
Nay, they could shear not the fleeces, so eaten through were they
By the plague and its foul discharge; nor the rotting web could they wear:
Yea, if to don that deadly vesture any should dare,
O'er the limbs spread burning pustules and sweat unclean and sour:
And short was the respite granted before that awful hour⁵⁶⁵
Of the Fire Accurst, of the fangs that the living flesh devour.

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P. VERGILI MARONIS GEORGICON

LIBER QUARTUS.

Protinus aërii mellis caelestia dona
Exsequar. Hanc etiam, Maecenas, aspice partem.
Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum,
Magnanimosque duces totiusque ordine gentis
Mores et studia et populos et proelia dicam.⁵
In tenui labor; at tenuis non gloria, si quem
Numina laeva sinunt auditque vocatus Apollo.
Principio sedes apibus statioque petenda,
Quo neque sit ventis aditus —nam pabula venti
Ferre domum prohibent—neque oves haedique petulci¹⁰
Floribus insultent, aut errans bucula campo
Decutiat rorem et surgentes atterat herbas.
Absint et picti squalentia terga lacerti
Pinguibus a stabulis, meropesque, aliaeque volucres,
Et manibus Procne pectus signata cruentis;¹⁵
Omnia nam late vastant ipsasque volantes
Ore ferunt dulcem nidis inmitibus escam.
At liquidi fontes et stagna virentia musco
Adsint, et tenuis fugiens per gramina rivus,
Palmaque vestibulum aut ingens oleaster inumbret,²⁰
Ut, cum prima novi ducent examina reges
Vere suo, ludetque favis emissa iuventus,
Vicina invitet decedere ripa calori,
Obviaque hospitibus teneat frondentibus arbos.
In medium, seu stabit iners seu profluet humor,²⁵
Transversas salices et grandia coniice saxa,
Pontibus ut crebris possint consistere et alas
Pandere ad aestivum solem, si forte morantes
Sparsarit aut praeceps Neptuno inmerserit Eurus.
Haec circum casiae virides et olentia late³⁰
Serpylla et graviter spirantis copia thymbrae
Floreant, inriguumque bibant violaria fontem.
Ipsa autem, seu corticibus tibi suta cavatis,
Seu lento fuerint alvaria vimine texta,
Angustos habeant aditus; nam frigore mella³⁵
Cogit hiemps, eademque calor liquefacta remittit.
Utraque vis apibus pariter metuenda; neque illae
Nequiquam in tectis certatim tenuia cera
Spiramenta linunt, fucoque et floribus oras
Explent, collectumque haec ipsa ad munera gluten⁴⁰
Et visco et Phrygiae servant pice lentius Idae.

Saepe etiam effossis, si vera est fama, latebris
 Sub terra fovere larem, penitusque repertae
 Pumicibusque cavis exesaeque arboris antro.
 Tu tamen et levi rimosa cubilia limo⁴⁵
 Ungue fovens circum et raras superiniice frondes.
 Neu propius tectis taxum sine, neve rubentes
 Ure foco caneros, altae neu crede paludi,
 Aut ubi odor caeni gravis, aut ubi concava pulsu
 Saxa sonant vocisque offensa resultat imago.⁵⁰
 Quod superest, ubi pulsam hiemem sol aureus egit
 Sub terras caelumque aestiva luce reclusit,
 Illae continuo saltus silvasque peragrant
 Purpureosque metunt flores et flumina libant
 Summa leves. Hinc nescio qua dulcedine laetae⁵⁵
 Progeniem nidosque foveant, hinc arte recentes
 Excudunt ceras et mella tenacia fingunt.
 Hinc ubi iam emissum caveis ad sidera caeli
 Nare per aestatem liquidam suspexeris agmen
 Obscuramque trahi vento mirabere nubem,⁶⁰
 Contemplator: aquas dulces et frondea semper
 Tecta petunt. Huc tu iussos adsperge saporis,
 Trita melisphylla et cerinthae ignobile gramen,
 Tinnitusque cie et Matris quate cymbala circum:
 Ipsae consistunt medicatis sedibus, ipsae⁶⁵
 Intima more suo sese in cunabula condent
 Sin autem ad pugnam exierint—nam saepe duobus
 Regibus incessit magno discordia motu;
 Continuoque animos volgi et trepidantia bello
 Corda licet longe praesciscere; namque morantes⁷⁰
 Martius ille aeris rauci canor increpat, et vox
 Auditur fractos sonitus imitata tubarum;
 Tum trepidae inter se coeunt, pennisque coruscant,
 Spiculaque exacuunt rostris aptantque lacertos,
 Et circa regem atque ipsa ad praetoria densae⁷⁵
 Miscentur, magnisque vocant clamoribus hostem.
 Ergo ubi ver nactae sudum camposque patentes,
 Erumpunt portis: concurritur, aethere in alto
 Fit sonitus, magnum mixtae glomerantur in orbem
 Praecipitesque cadunt; non densior aëre grando,⁸⁰
 Nec de concussa tantum pluit ilice glandis.
 Ipsi per medias acies insignibus alis
 Ingentes animos angusto in pectore versant,
 Usque adeo obnixa non cedere, dum gravis aut hos
 Aut hos versa fuga victor dare terga subegit.⁸⁵
 Hi motus animorum atque haec certamina tanta
 Pulveris exigui iactu compressa quiescunt.
 Verum ubi ductores acie revocaveris ambo,
 Deterior qui visus, eum, ne prodigus obsit,

Dede neci; melior vacua sine regnet in aula.90
 Alter erit maculis auro squalentibus ardens;
 Nam duo sunt genera: hic melior, insignis et ore
 Et rutilus clarus squamis; ille horridus alter
 Desidia, latamque trahens inglorius alvum.
 Ut binae regum facies, ita corpora plebis.95
 Namque aliae turpes horrent, ceu pulvere ab alto
 Cum venit et sicco terram spuit ore viator
 Aridus; elucent aliae et fulgore coruscant,
 Ardentes auro et paribus lita corpora guttis.
 Haec potior suboles; hinc caeli tempore certo100
 Dulcia mella premes, nec tantum dulcia, quantum
 Et liquida et durum Bacchi domitura saporem.
 At cum incerta volant caeloque examina ludunt
 Contemnuntque favos et frigida tecta relinquunt,
 Instabiles animos ludo prohibebis inani.105
 Nec magnus prohibere labor: tu regibus alas
 Eripe; non illis quisquam cunctantibus altum
 Ire iter aut castris audebit vellere signa.
 Invitent croceis halantes floribus horti
 Et custos furum atque avium cum falce saligna110
 Hellespontiaci servet tutela Priapi.
 Ipse thymum pinosque ferens de montibus altis
 Tecta serat late circum, cui talia curae;
 Ipse labore manum duro terat, ipse feraces
 Figat humo plantas et amicos inriget imbres.115
 Atque equidem, extremo ni iam sub fine laborum
 Vela traham et terris festinem advertere proram,
 Forsitan et, pingues hortos quae cura colendi
 Ornaret, canerem, biferique rosaria Paesti,
 Quoque modo potis gauderent intiba rivis120
 Et virides apio ripae, tortusque per herbam
 Cresceret in ventrem cucumis; nec sera comantem
 Narcissum aut flexi tacuissem vimen acanthi,
 Pallentesque hederas et amantes litora myrtos.
 Namque sub Oebaliae memini me turribus altis,125
 Qua niger humectat flaventia culta Galaesus,
 Corycium vidisse senem, cui pauca relict
 Iugera ruris erant, nec fertilis illa iuvcncis,
 Nec pecori opportuna seges, nec commoda Baccho;
 Hic rarum tamen in dumis olus albaque circum130
 Lilia verbenasque premens vescuque papaver,
 Regum aequabat opes animis, seraque revertens
 Nocte domum dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis.
 Primus vere rosam atque autumnno carpere poma,
 Et cum tristis hiemps etiamnum frigore saxa135
 Rumperet et glacie cursus frenaret aquarum,
 Ille comam mollis iam tondebat hyacinthi

Aestatem increpitans seram zephyrosque morantes.
 Ergo apibus fetis idem atque examine multo
 Primus abundare et spumantia cogere pressis¹⁴⁰
 Mella favis; illi tiliae atque uberrima pinus;
 Quotque in flore novo pomis se fertilis arbor
 Induerat, totidem autumno matura tenebat.
 Ille etiam seras in versum distulit ulmos
 Eduramque pirum et spinos iam pruna ferentes,¹⁴⁵
 Iamque ministrantem platanum potantibus umbras.
 Verum haec ipse equidem spatiis exclusus iniquis
 Praetereo atque aliis post me memoranda relinquo.
 Nunc age, naturas apibus quas Iuppiter ipse
 Addidit, expediam, pro qua mercede canoros¹⁵⁰
 Curetum sonitus crepitantiaque aera secutae
 Dictae caeli regem pavere sub antro.
 Solae communes natos, consortia tecta
 Urbis habent, magnisque agitant sub legibus aevum,
 Et patriam solae et certos noverere penates;¹⁵⁵
 Venturaeque hiemis memores aestate laborem
 Experiuntur et in medium quaesita reponunt.
 Namque aliae victu invigilant et foedere pacto
 Exercentur agris; pars intra saepta domorum
 Narcissi lacrimam et lentum de cortice gluten¹⁶⁰
 Prima favis ponunt fundamina, deinde tenaces
 Suspendunt ceras; aliae spem gentis adultos
 Educunt fetus; aliae purissima mella
 Stipant, et liquido distendunt nectare cellas.
 Sunt, quibus ad portas cecidit custodia sorti,¹⁶⁵
 Inque vicem speculantur aquas et nubila caeli,
 Aut onera accipiunt venientum, aut agmine facto
 Ignavum fucos pecus a praesepibus arcent.
 Fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.
 Ac veluti lentis Cyclopes fulmina massis¹⁷⁰
 Cum properant, alii taurinis follibus auras
 Accipiunt redduntque, alii stridentia tingunt
 Aera lacu; gemit inpositis incudibus Aetna;
 Illi inter sese magna vi bracchia tollunt
 In numerum, versantque tenaci forcipe ferrum:¹⁷⁵
 Non aliter, si parva licet componere magnis,
 Cecropias innatus apes amor urguet habendi,
 Munere quamque suo. Grandaevis oppida curae
 Et munire favos et daedala fingere tecta.
 At fessae multa referunt se nocte minores,¹⁸⁰
 Crura thymo plenae; pascuntur et arbuta passim
 Et glaucas salices casiamque crocumque rubentem
 Et pinguem tiliam et ferrugineos hyacinthos.
 Omnibus una quies operum, labor omnibus unus.
 Mane ruunt portis; nusquam mora; rursus easdem¹⁸⁵

Vesper ubi e pastu tandem decedere campis
 Admonuit, tum tecta petunt, tum corpora curant;
 Fit sonitus, mussantque oras et limina circum.
 Post, ubi iam thalamis se composuere, siletur
 In noctem, fessosque sopor suus occupat artus.190
 Nec vero a stabulis pluvia impendente recedunt
 Longius, aut credunt caelo adventantibus euris;
 Sed circum tutae sub moenibus urbis aquantur,
 Excursusque breves temptant, et saepe lapillos,
 Ut cymbae instabiles fluctu iactante saburram,195
 Tollunt; his sese per inania nubila librant.
 Illum adeo placuisse apibus mirabere morem,
 Quod neque concubitu indulgent, nec corpora segnes
 In Venerem solvunt, aut fetus nixibus edunt;
 Verum ipsae e foliis natos, e suavibus herbis200
 Ore legunt, ipsae regem parvosque Quirites
 Sufficiunt, aulasque et cerea regna refigunt.
 Saepe etiam duris errando in cotibus alas
 Attrivere, ultroque animam sub fasce dedere:
 Tantus amor florum et generandi gloria mellis.205
 Ergo ipsas quamvis angusti terminus aevi
 Excipiat—neque enim plus septima ducitur aestas—
 At genus immortale manet, multosque per annos
 Stat fortuna domus, et avi numerantur avorum.
 Praeterea regem non sic Aegyptos et ingens210
 Lydia nec populi Parthorum aut Medus Hydaspes
 Observant. Rege incolumi mens omnibus una est;
 Amisso rupere fidem, constructaque mella
 Diripuere ipsae et crates solvere favorum.
 Ille operum custos, illum admirantur, et omnes215
 Circumstant fremitu denso stipantque frequentes;
 Et saepe attollunt umeris et corpora bello
 Obiectant, pulchramque petunt per volnera mortem.
 His quidam signis atque haec exempla secuti
 Esse apibus partem divinae mentis et haustus220
 Aetherios dixere; deum namque ire per omnes
 Terrasque tractusque maris caelumque profundum;
 Hinc pecudes, armenta, viros, genus omne ferarum,
 Quemque sibi tenues nascentem arcessere vitas;
 Scilicet huc reddi deinde ac resoluta referri225
 Omnia, nec morti esse locum, sed viva volare
 Sideris in numerum atque alto succedere caelo.
 Si quando sedem angustam servataque mella
 Thesauris relines, prius haustu sparsus aquarum
 Ora fove, fumosque manu praetende sequaces.230
 Bis gravidos cogunt fetus, duo tempora messis,
 Taygete simul os terris ostendit honestum
 Plias, et Oceani spretos pede reppulit amnes,

Aut eadem sidus fugiens ubi Piscis aquosi
 Tristior hibernas caelo descendit in undas.235
 Illis ira modum supra est, laesaeque venenum
 Morsibus inspirant, et spicula caeca relinquunt
 Adfixae venis, animasque in volnere ponunt.
 Sin duram metues hiemem parcesque futuro,
 Contunosque animos et res miserabere fractas,240
 At suffire thymo cerasque recidere inanes
 Quis dubitet? nam saepe favos ignotus adedit
 Stellio, et lucifugis congesta cubilia blattis,
 Immunisque sedens aliena ad pabula fucus;
 Aut asper crabro inparibus se inmiscuit armis,245
 Aut dirum tiniae genus, aut invisae Minervae
 Laxos in foribus suspendit aranea casses.
 Quo magis exhaustae fuerint, hoc acrius omnes
 Incumbent generis lapsi sarcire ruinas,
 Complebuntque foros et floribus horrea texent.250
 Si vero, quoniam casus apibus quoque nostros
 Vita tulit, tristi languebunt corpora morbo—
 Quod fam non dubiis poteris cognoscere signis:
 Continuo est aegris alius color; horrida voltum
 Deformat macies; tum corpora luce carentum255
 Exportant tectis et tristia funera ducunt;
 Aut illae pedibus connexae ad limina pendent,
 Aut intus clausis cunctantur in aedibus, omnes
 Ignavaeque fame et contracto frigore pigrae;
 Tum sonus auditur gravior, tractimque susurrant,260
 Frigidus ut quondam silvis inmurmurat Auster,
 Ut mare sollicitum stridit refluentibus undis,
 Aestuat ut clausis rapidus fornacibus ignis:—
 Hic iam galbaneos suadebo incendere odores
 Mellaque harundineis inferre canalibus, ultro265
 Hortantem et fessas ad pabula nota vocantem.
 Proderit et tunsum gallae admiscere saporem
 Arentesque rosas, aut igni pingua multo
 Defruta, vel psithia passos de vite racemos,
 Cecropiumque thymum et grave olentia centaurea.270
 Est etiam flos in pratis, cui nomen amello
 Fecere agricolae, facilis quaerentibus herba;
 Namque uno ingentem tollit de caespite silvam,
 Aureus ipse, sed in foliis, quae plurima circum
 Funduntur, violae subluceat purpura nigrae;275
 Saepe deum nexis ornatae torquibus arae;
 Asper in ore sapor; tonsis in vallibus illum
 Pastores et curva legunt prope flumina Mellae.
 Huius odorato radices incoque Baccho,
 Pabulaque in foribus plenis adpone canistris.280
 Sed si quem proles subito defecerit omnis,

Nec, genus unde novae stirpis revocetur, habebit,
 Tempus et Arcadii memoranda inventa magistri
 Pandere, quoque modo caesis iam saepe iuvcnis
 Insincerus apes tulerit cruor. Altius omnem²⁸⁵
 Expediam prima repetens ab origine famam.
 Nam qua Pellaei gens fortunata Canopi
 Accolit effuso stagnantem flumine Nilum,
 Et circum pictis vehitur sua rura phaselis,
 Quaque pharetratae vicinia Persidis urguet,²⁹⁰
 Et diversa ruens septem discurrit in ora
 Usque coloratis amnis devexus ab Indis,
 Et viridem Aegyptum nigra fecundat harena;
 Omnis in hac certam regio iacit arte salutem.
 Exiguus primum atque ipsos contractus in usus²⁹⁵
 Eligitur locus; hunc angustique imbrice tecti
 Parietibusque premunt artis, et quattuor addunt,
 Quattuor a ventis obliqua luce fenestras.
 Tum vitulus bima curvans iam cornua fronte
 Quaeritur; huic geminae nares et spiritus oris³⁰⁰
 Multa reluctanti obstruitur, plagisque perempto
 Tunsae per integram solvuntur viscera pellem.
 Sic positum in clauso linqunt, et ramea costis
 Subiiciunt fragmenta, thymum casiasque recentes.
 Hoc geritur Zephyris primum inpellentibus undas,³⁰⁵
 Ante novis rubeant quam prata coloribus, ante
 Garrula quam tignis nidum suspendat hirundo.
 Interea teneris tepefactus in ossibus humor
 Aestuat, et visenda modis animalia miris
 Trunca pedum primo, mox et stridentia pennis,³¹⁰
 Miscentur, tenuemque magis magis aëra carpunt,
 Donec, ut aestivis effusus nubibus imber,
 Erupere, aut ut, nervo pulsante, sagittae,
 Prima leves ineunt si quando proelia Parthi.
 Quis deus hanc, Musae, quis nobis extudit artem?³¹⁵
 Unde nova ingressus hominum experientia cepit?
 Pastor Aristaeus fugiens Peneia Tempe,
 Amissis, ut fama, apibus morboque fameque,
 Tristis ad extremi sacrum caput adstitit amnis,
 Multa querens, atque hac adfatus voce parentem:³²⁰
 “Mater, Cyrene mater, quae gurgitis huius
 Ima tenes, quid me praeclara stirpe deorum—
 Si modo, quem perhibes, pater est Thymbraeus Apollo—
 Invisum fati genuisti? aut quo tibi nostri
 Pulsus amor? quid me caelum sperare iubebas?³²⁵
 En etiam hunc ipsum vitae mortalis honorem,
 Quem mihi vix frugum et pecudum custodia sollers
 Omnia temptanti extuderat, te matre relinquo.
 Quin age et ipsa manu felices erue silvas,

Fer stabulis inimicum ignem atque interfice messes,330
 Ure sata, et duram in vites molire bipennem,
 Tanta meae si te ceperunt taedia laudis.”
 At mater sonitum thalamo sub fluminis alti
 Sensit. Eam circum Milesia vellera Nymphae
 Carpebant hyali saturo fucata colore,335
 Drymoque Xanthoque Ligeaque Phyllodoceque,
 Caesariem effusae nitidam per candida colla,
 Nesae Spioque Thaliaque Cymodoceque,
 Cydippeque et flava Lycorias, altera virgo,
 Altera tum primos Lucinae experta labores,340
 Clioque et Beroe soror, Oceanitides ambae,
 Ambae auro, pictis incinctae pellibus ambae,
 Atque Ephyre atque Opis et Asia Deiopea,
 Et tandem positis velox Arethusa sagittis,
 Inter quas curam Clymene narrabat inanem345
 Volcani, Martisque dolos et dulcia furta,
 Aque Chao densos divom numerabat amores.
 Carmine quo captae dum fuis mollia pensa
 Devolvunt, iterum maternas impulit aures
 Luctus Aristaei, vitreisque sedilibus omnes350
 Obstipuere; sed ante alias Arethusa sorores
 Prospiciens summa flavum caput extulit unda,
 Et procul: “O gemitu non frustra exterrita tanto,
 Cyrene soror, ipse tibi, tua maxuma cura,
 Tristis Aristaeus Penei genitoris ad undam355
 Stat lacrimans, et te crudelem nomine dicit.”
 Huic percussa nova mentem formidine mater,
 “Duc, age, duc ad nos; fas illi limina divom
 Tangere” ait. Simul alta iubet discedere late
 Flumina, qua iuvenis gressus inferret. At illum360
 Curvata in montis faciem circumstetit unda,
 Accepitque sinu vasto misitque sub amnem.
 Iamque domum mirans genetricis et humida regna
 Speluncisque lacus clausos lucosque sonantes
 Ibat, et ingenti motu stupefactus aquarum365
 Omnia sub magna labentia flumina terra
 Spectabat diversa locis, Phasimque Lycumque,
 Et caput, unde altus primum se erumpit Enipeus,
 Saxosusque sonans Hypanis, Mysusque Caicus,
 Unde pater Tiberinus, et unde Aniena fluente,370
 Et gemina auratus taurino cornua voltu
 Eridanus, quo non alius per pingua culta
 In mare purpureum violentior effluit amnis.
 Postquam est in thalami pendentia pumice tecta
 Perventum, et nati fletus cognovit inanes375
 Cyrene, manibus liquidos dant ordine fontes
 Germanae, tonsisque ferunt mantelia villis;

Pars epulis onerant mensas, et plena reponunt
 Pocula, Panchaeis adolescent ignibus arae,
 Et mater, "Cape Maeonii carchesia Bacchi:380
 Oceano libemus" ait. Simul ipsa precatur
 Oceanumque patrem rerum Nymphasque sorores,
 Centum quae silvas, centum quae flumina servant,
 Ter liquido ardentem perfudit nectare Vestam,
 Ter flamma ad summum tecti subiecta reluxit.385
 Omine quo firmans animum sic incipit ipsa:
 "Est in Carpathio Neptuni gurgite vates,
 Caeruleus Proteus, magnum qui piscibus aequor
 Et iuncto bipedum curru metitur equorum.
 Hic nunc Emathiae portus patriamque revisit390
 Pallenen; hunc et Nymphae veneramur et ipse
 Grandaevus Nereus; novit namque omnia vates,
 Quae sint, quae fuerint, quae mox ventura trahantur;
 Quippe ita Neptuno visum est, immania cuius
 Armenta et turpes pascit sub gurgite phocas.395
 Hic tibi, nate, prius vinclis capiendus, ut omnem
 Expediat morbi causam eventusque secundet.
 Nam sine vi non ulla dabit praecepta, neque illum
 Orando flectes; vim duram et vincula capto
 Tende; doli circum haec demum frangentur inanes.400
 Ipsa ego te, medios cum sol accenderit aestus,
 Cum sitiunt herbae, et pecori iam gratior umbra est,
 In secreta senis ducam, quo fessus ab undis
 Se recipit, facile ut somno adgrediare iacentem.
 Verum ubi correptum manibus vinclisque tenebis,405
 Tum variae eludent species atque ora ferarum.
 Fiet enim subito sus horridus, atraque tigris,
 Squamosusque draco, et fulva cervice leaena,
 Aut acrem flammae sonitum dabit atque ita vinclis
 Excidet, aut in aquas tenues dilapsus abibit.410
 Sed quanto ille magis formas se vertet in omnes,
 Tanto, nate, magis contende tenacia vincla,
 Donec talis erit mutato corpore, qualem
 Videris, incepto tegeter cum lumina somno."
 Haec ait, et liquidum ambrosiae diffundit odorem,415
 Quo totum nati corpus perduxit; at illi
 Dulcis compositis spiravit crinibus aura,
 Atque habilis membris venit vigor. Est specus ingens
 Exesi latere in montis, quo plurima vento
 Cogitur inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos,420
 Deprensus olim statio tutissima nautis;
 Intus se vasti Proteus tegit obiice saxi.
 Hic iuvenem in latebris aversum a lumine Nympha
 Collocat; ipsa procul nebulis obscura resistit.
 Iam rapidus torrens sitientes Sirius Indos425

Ardebat caelo, et medium sol igneus orbem
 Hauserat; arebant herbae, et cava flumina siccis
 Faucibus ad limum radii tepefacta coquebant:
 Cum Proteus consueta petens e fluctibus antra
 Ibat; eum vasti circum gens humida ponti⁴³⁰
 Exultans rorem late dispergit amarum;
 Sternunt se somno diversae in litore phocae:
 Ipse, velut stabuli custos in montibus olim,
 Vesper ubi e pastu vitulos ad tecta reducit,
 Auditisque lupos acuunt balatibus agni,⁴³⁵
 Considit scopulo medius, numerumque recenset.
 Cuius Aristaeo quoniam est oblata facultas,
 Vix defessa senem passus componere membra,
 Cum clamore ruit magno, manicisque iacentem
 Occupat. Ille suae contra non immemor artis⁴⁴⁰
 Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum,
 Ignemque horribilemque feram fluviumque liquentem.
 Verum ubi nulla fugam reperit fallacia, victus
 In sese redit atque hominis tandem ore locutus:
 “Nam quis te, iuvenum confidentissime, nostras⁴⁴⁵
 Iussit adire domos? quidve hinc petis?” inquit. At ille:
 “Scis, Proteu; scis ipse; neque est te fallere quicquam;
 Sed tu desine velle. Deum praecepta secuti
 Venimus, hinc lassis quaesitum oracula rebus.”
 Tantum effatus. Ad haec vates vi denique multa⁴⁵⁰
 Ardentes oculos intorsit lumine glauco,
 Et graviter frendens sic fatis ora resolvit:
 “Non te nullius exercent numinis irae;
 Magna luis commissa: tibi has miserabilis Orpheus
 Haudquaquam ob meritum poenas, ni fata resistant,⁴⁵⁵
 Suscitatur, et rapta graviter pro coniuge saevit.
 Illa quidem, dum te fugeret per flumina praeceps,
 Immanem ante pedes hydrum moritura puella
 Servantem ripas alta non vidit in herba.
 At chorus aequalis Dryadum clamore supremos⁴⁶⁰
 Implent montes; flerunt Rhodopeiae arces,
 Altaque Pangaea, et Rhesi Mavortia tellus,
 Atque Getae atque Hebrus et Actias Orithyia.
 Ipse cava solans aegrum testudine amorem
 Te, dulcis coniunx, te solo in litore secum,⁴⁶⁵
 Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.
 Taenarias etiam fauces, alta ostia Ditis,
 Et caligantem nigra formidine lucum
 Ingressus, manesque adiit regemque tremendum,
 Nesciaque humanis precibus mansuescere corda.⁴⁷⁰
 At cantu commotae Erebi de sedibus imis
 Umbrae ibant tenues simulacraque luce carentum,
 Quam multa in foliis avium se milia condunt,

Vesper ubi aut hibernus agit de montibus imber,
 Matres atque viri defunctaque corpora vita⁴⁷⁵
 Magnanimum heroum, pueri innuptaeque puellae,
 Impositique rogis iuvenes ante ora parentum;
 Quos circum limus niger et deformis harundo
 Cocyti tardaue palus inamabilis unda
 Alligat, et noviens Styx interfusa coerces.⁴⁸⁰
 Quin ipsae stupere domus atque intima Leti
 Tartara caeruleosque implexae crinibus angues
 Eumenides, tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora,
 Atque Ixionii vento rota constitit orbis.
 Iamque pedem referens casus evaserat omnes,⁴⁸⁵
 Redditaue Eurydice superas veniebat ad auras
 Pone sequens,—namque hanc dederat Proserpina legem—
 Cum subita incautum dementia cepit amantem,
 Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere Manes:
 Restitit, Eurydicenque suam iam luce sub ipsa⁴⁹⁰
 Immemor heu! victusque animi respexit. Ibi omnis
 Effusus labor, atque immitis rupta tyranni
 Foedera, terque fragor stagnis auditus Avernis.
 Illa ‘Quis et me,’ inquit, ‘miseram et te perdidit, Orpheu,
 Quis tantus furor? En iterum crudelia retro⁴⁹⁵
 Fata vocant, conditque natantia lumina somnus.
 Iamque vale: feror ingenti circumdata nocte
 Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu non tua, palmas!’
 Dixit, et ex oculis subito, ceu fumus in auras
 Commixtus tenues, fugit diversa, neque illum,⁵⁰⁰
 Prensantem nequiquam umbras et multa volentem
 Dicere, praeterea vidit, nec portitor Orci
 Amplius obiectam passus transire paludem.
 Quid faceret? quo se rapta bis coniuge ferret?
 Quo fletu Manes, qua numina voce moveret?⁵⁰⁵
 Illa quidem Stygia nabat iam frigida cumba.
 Septem illum totos perhibent ex ordine menses
 Rupe sub aëria deserti ad Strymonis undam
 Flevisse, et gelidis haec evolvisse sub antris,
 Mulcentem tigris et agentem carmine quercus;⁵¹⁰
 Qualis populea maerens philomela sub umbra
 Amissos queritur fetus, quos durus arator
 Observans nido implumes detraxit; at illa
 Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
 Integrat, et maestis late loca questibus implet.⁵¹⁵
 Nulla Venus, non ulli animum flexere hymenaei.
 Solus Hyperboreas glacies Tanaimque nivalem
 Arvaque Rhipaeis numquam viduata pruinis
 Lustrabat, raptam Eurydicen atque inrita Ditis
 Dona querens; spretae Ciconum quo munere matres⁵²⁰
 Inter sacra deum nocturnique orgia Bacchi

Discerptum latos iuvenem sparsere per agros.
Tum quoque marmorea caput a cervice revolsum
Gurgite cum medio portans Oeagrius Hebrus
Volveret, Eurydicen vox ipsa et frigida lingua⁵²⁵
‘Ah miseram Eurydicen!’ anima fugiente vocabat;
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripae.”
Haec Proteus, et se iactu dedit aequor in altum,
Quaque dedit, spumantem undam sub vertice torsit.
At non Cyrene; namque ultro adfata timentem:⁵³⁰
“Nate, licet tristes animo deponere curas.
Haec omnis morbi causa, hinc miserabile Nymphae,
Cum quibus illa choros lucis agitabat in altis,
Exitium misere apibus. Tu munera supplex
Tende, petens pacem, et faciles venerare Napaeas;⁵³⁵
Namque dabunt veniam votis, irasque remittent.
Sed modus orandi qui sit, prius ordine dicam.
Quattuor eximios praestanti corpore tauros,
Qui tibi nunc viridis depascunt summa Lycae,
Delige, et intacta totidem cervice iuencas.⁵⁴⁰
Quattuor his aras alta ad delubra dearum
Constitu, et sacrum iugulis demitte cruorem,
Corporaque ipsa boum frondoso desere luco.
Post, ubi nona suos Aurora ostenderit ortus,
Inferias Orphei Lethaea papavera mittes,⁵⁴⁵
Et nigram mactabis ovem, lucumque revisens
Placatam Eurydicen vitula venerabere caesa.”
Haud mora; continuo matris praecepta facessit;
Ad delubra venit, monstratas excitat aras;
Quattuor eximios praestanti corpore tauros⁵⁵⁰
 Ducit, et intacta totidem cervice iuencas.
 Post, ubi nona suos Aurora induxerat ortus,
 Inferias Orphei mittit, lucumque revisit.
 Hic vero subitum ac dictu mirabile monstrum
 Aspiciunt, liquefacta boum per viscera toto⁵⁵⁵
 Stridere apes utero et ruptis effervere costis
 Immensasque trahi nubes, iamque arbore summa
 Confluere et lentis uvam demittere ramis.
 Haec super arborum cultu pecorumque canebam
 Et super arboribus, Caesar dum magnus ad altum⁵⁶⁰
 Fulminat Euphraten bello, victorque volentes
 Per populos dat iura, viamque adfectat Olympo.
 Illo Vergilium me tempore dulcis alebat
 Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilis oti,
 Carmina qui lusi pastorum, audaxque iuventa,⁵⁶⁵
 Tityre, te patulae cecini sub tegmine fagi.

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THE GEORGICS OF VIRGIL.

BOOK IV.

Next will I tell of the air-borne honey, a gift from the skies.
Unto this part too of my song, Maecenas, turn thine eyes.
A world in miniature thine admiration claims:
Its chiefs heroic-hearted, its people's life, their aims,
Their tribes, their wars—in order will I unfold to thee all.⁵
Slight is the theme—not slight the glory, if but no wall
Of hindrance by Gods be raised, if Apollo hearken my call.
First, for thy bees a home of an aspect meet must thou find
Access whereunto the winds win not—for against the wind
Can they sail not home with their spoils—nor where kids, ever butting in
play,¹⁰
Nor sheep tread down the flowers, nor kine, o'er the meads as they stray,
Brush away dew, and trample down the herbs as they spring.
Banished be spangled lizards with backs scale-glistening
From the full-fraught hives, all bee-eating birds through the woods that flit,
And the swallow, with murder's tale on her breast by her own hands writ;¹⁵
For they spread on all sides havoc, they pounce on the bees in mid-air,
And their beaks to their ruthless nestlings that delicate morsel bear.
But limpid springs, and pools that mirror the green-cushioned moss
Be there hard by, and a lawn with a thin stream fleeting across.
O'er their porch let a huge wild olive or palm stretch shadowing arms,²⁰
That, when in the dear spring new kings lead forth first-born swarms,
And their youth, from the combs unprisoned, are dancing to and fro,
The near stream's bank may woo them away from the sun's hot glow,
And its green hospitality full in their path that tree may bestow.
Mid the water—or standing pool, or racing brooklet's flow—²⁵
Branches of willow to span it, and island-stones do thou lay,
That on many a bridge they may settle, and spread to the summer-sun's ray
Their wings, if the east-wind haply, as slowly they won their way,
May have whelmed them in this their ocean, or splashed at the least with its
spray.
All round let casia green, and the thyme that afar doth fling³⁰
Its odours, and savory heavy of scent be blossoming
In abundance, and clumps of the violet drink of the rippling spring.
Let the hives—whether curving sheets of bark have been sewn to thy mind
Together, or be they of pliant sprays of the osier twined—
Have doorways narrow; for frozen solid by winter's cold³⁵
Is the honey; by heat is it melted and spilt from the honeycomb-mould.
By thy bees is either extreme alike to be feared; nor for naught
Do they labour to smear thin rifts in their roofs with plaster wrought
Of wax, and with pollen of flowers fill chinks and crevices:

And for this same service they gather and store in their treasuries⁴⁰
 Gum closer-cleaving than birdlime or pitch from Ida brought.
 Oft, too, do they tunnel them lairs underground, if report lieth not,
 And make them a warm home there, and their nests have been found deep-
 sunk
 In sandstone-clefts or the cavernous heart of an old tree-trunk.
 Thou help them—with smooth clay oversmeared do thou warmly cover⁴⁵
 Their crannied sleeping-bowers, and straw leaves thinly thereover.
 Suffer no yew-tree nigh to their house, nor crab-shells red
 Burn there on a hearth, and a deep-mired marsh for their sake do thou dread,
 And the fetid odour of slime, or where ring from shocks of sound
 Arched rocks, where phantom voices from cliffs cry-smitten rebound.⁵⁰
 For the rest, when winter in rout by the golden sun is driven
 'Neath the earth, and by summer's light unbarred are the gates of heaven,
 Straightway through woodland-glade and forest they wing their flight,
 They harvest the splendour of flowers; from the stream's face, hovering light,
 They sip, and thereafter, with some strange rapture joyful-souled,
 Nestlings and nest they cherish, and then do they cunningly mould
 Fresh wax, and fashion the cleaving honey's molten gold.
 This done, when, pouring forth from their crypts to the stars of the sky,
 Through the clear summer air thou beholdest their army floating on high,
 And the marvellous dusky cloud trailed down the wind afar,⁶⁰
 Mark well—by fresh-flowing waters ever attracted they are,
 And by leaf-laden bowers: the scents that I bid thee spread thou for them,
 Even these—bruised balm and the honeywort's lightly accounted stem.
 Let the tinkling of brass, let the clash of the Great Mother's cymbals upleap.
 Down on the odorous resting-place of themselves will they sweep;
 Into the cradling hive's depths after their wont will they creep.
 But if they go forth to war—for jealousy 'twixt two kings
 Oft-times with turmoil vast her apple of discord flings—
 Thou shalt straightway discern from afar how their folk in their fury share,
 How their hearts are thrilling with war; for the strident clarion's blare,⁷⁰
 The voice of the War-god, cheereth the laggards on, and a cry
 Is heard like the shattering trumpet's note shrilling wild and high.
 In hot haste then they muster: flicker and flash their wings;
 They make ready for action their arms, they whet on their beaks their stings:
 And around their lord by the royal pavilion the dense-thronged rout⁷⁵
 Rallies: they challenge the foe with multitudinous shout.
 They but wait for a bright spring day, for an open battle-field fair,
 Then pour through their gates. They meet in the battle-shock: high in air
 Clangour awakes: in a huge orb'd cloud are they mingled and massed,
 Wherefrom ever headlong they fall; never hail more thick and fast⁸⁰
 Descends, nor the acorns down from the shaken oak-tree cast.
 Through the heart of the clashing squadrons on wings resplendent fleet
 Their kings, for the hearts of giants in those small bosoms beat.
 So sternly straining, unflinching they bide, till the crushing might
 Of the victor constrain his foes to turn their backs in flight.⁸⁵
 These tempests of passion, yea, such conflicts Titanic as these,

By a handful of dust cast o'er them are quelled and hushed to peace.
 But when thou hast from the battle recalled those chieftains twain,
 Whichsoever seemeth the worse, lest he prove but a waster and bane,
 Slay; in an undisputed court let the better reign.90
 That one will be all aglow with spots like spangles of gold—
 For two kinds are there: this is noble of mien to behold,
 And bright with red-glowing scales; that seems as the sluggard in rags
 To be clothed, and an overgrown paunch like a very plebeian he drags.
 As king is diverse from king, even so is the follower's frame:95
 Ungainly and ragged are these; 'tis as though some wayfarer came
 Parched from the track's deep dust, and spat its powder of clay
 From his dry lips: those gleam bright, and flash in resplendent array,
 Ablaze with gold, and their backs do symmetrical blots overstrew.
 Ay, this is the better brood; from these in the season due100
 Thou shalt strain sweet honey; nor yet is its sweetness all, so fine
 Is its limpid clearness, so well doth it mellow the roughness of wine.
 But when aimlessly fly the swarms, and sport through the sky at their will,
 Setting their combs at naught, and leaving their dwellings to chill,
 Their fickle spirits shalt thou restrain from their profitless play.105
 No hard task this, to restrain them; tear thou the pinions away
 From their kings: while they tarry, not one of the rest will dare to stray
 Through cloudland; to pluck up the marching-standard none will essay.
 Let gardens breathing with blossoms of saffron woo them to stay,
 And let him who against the thief and the bird stands sentinel110
 With willow-wood scythe, Priapus of Hellespont, ward them well.
 Let him whose heart is indeed in the work bring thyme and pines
 From the mountains, and plant them around their abodes in broad green lines.
 Let him chafe with labour his hand himself, himself in the ground
 Set fruit-bearing shoots, and sprinkle the grateful showers around.115
 Yea, I, were I not drawn near to the goal of my toils by now,
 And were striking sail, and were hasting to turn to the land my prow,
 Peradventure would sing by what careful tillage the garden grows
 To a thing of beauty, of Paestum where blooms twice yearly the rose,
 And how the endive rejoices in drinking the brook as it flows,120
 How the green banks joy in the parsley, how melons to full orbs swell
 As they wind through the grass; of the tardily blooming narcissus to tell
 Had I spared not; acanthus-sprays soft-curved like an infant's hand
 Had I sung, and the ivy pale, and the myrtles that love the strand.
 For I call to mind how I saw a Corycian gardener old,125
 Where Galaesus the dark-flowing laveth the tilth-land's rippling gold,
 'Neath Oebalia's high-built towers. Some roods of unclaimed soil
 Had he taken: too barren they were to be worth the ploughman's toil,
 Too bare for the grazing of sheep, too stony for growing of vines;
 Yet garden-herbs had he sown mid its thickets in wide-set lines,130
 And silver lilies he planted and slim-stemmed poppies around,
 And, returning home in the gloaming, the wealth of kings he found
 In contentment of heart, and his board with unbought banquets heaped.
 First in the spring the rose, and in autumn the apple he reaped;

And, while scowling winter was cleaving the rocks with his frost-wedge
 still,135
 And was setting his curb of ice on the onward-racing rill,
 He, he was already cropping the hyacinth silken-tressed,
 Was challenging laggard summer and loitering winds of the west.
 He first in the year had armies of breeding bees, for whom
 They swarmed multitudinous, harvested first from the down-pressed
 comb140
 The frothing honey: lindens and pines thick-growing had he.
 All blooms that in blossoming hours of the spring overmantled the tree,
 All these were ripened fruit in the autumn, there failed of them none.
 He too could transplant into ordered rows elm-trees full-grown
 And pears age-hardened, and sloes already in fruitage arrayed,145
 And planes of size to shelter a banqueting group 'neath their shade.
 But myself from all these themes do my narrow limits withhold:
 I must pass them by, and leave them by future bards to be told.
 Lo, now what nature on bees was by Jove himself conferred
 Will I tell, and what guerdon they won when they followed the sound that
 they heard
 Of the music Curetes made when the cymbals' clash rang high,
 And in Dicte's cavern they fed with their honey the King of the Sky.
 They only have children in common: all homes of their city are one:
 To the majesty of Law subjected their life-days run.
 A fatherland and a settled home they only know.155
 They bethink them of coming winter, they toil through the summer-glow,
 And all that they win for the general use lay by in store.
 Some watch for the nation's subsistence, by covenant bound, evermore:
 In the field some labour; within the home's seclusion some
 Lay down the narcissus' tears and the tree-bark's viscid gum160
 For their honeycombs' first foundations, then hang therefrom in their place
 The close-clinging wax of the cells. Some rear the hope of the race
 To full growth: honey, of sweet things purest, do others store
 Till with liquid nectar the straining cells are brimming o'er.
 Some are there, to whom 'tis allotted to ward the gates of the town:165
 In turn do they watch for the rain and the heaven's cloud-knit frown:
 They receive the harvesters' burdens, they close in phalanx of war,
 And they chase that thriftless rabble, the drones, from their precincts afar.
 'Tis a fever of toil; thyme-scented the odorous honey-drops are.
 'Tis as when the Cyclopes in haste from ingots tough red-glowing170
 Forge thunderbolts: some are indrawing the blast and anon outblowing
 From the bellows of bull-hide: others are plunging the hissing brass
 In the tank. Even Etna groans 'neath the anvil's ponderous mass.
 Mightily swing they alternately up for the rhythmical blow
 Their arms; in the grip of the pincers the metal they turn to and fro.175
 Even so—if by giants' work we may set things small as these—
 The gain-getter's passion inborn spurs on the Cecropian bees,
 Each in his office. Their city's ward is in charge of the old:

They must build its combs, and its mansions cunningly fashioned must
mould.
But the young stream wearily home late, late in the gloaming-tide—180
Their thighs from the thyme full-fraught—from pasturing far and wide
On arbute, on silvery willow, on casia, on saffron in hue
Like the rose, on the linden rich, on the hyacinth's dusky blue.
Unto all cometh one repose from toil, one labour to all.
At morn from the gates they pour—no laggards! When evenfall185
From their pasturing beckons them, warns them to quit their fields at length,
Then homeward they hie them; with food and with rest they requicken their
strength.
Low humming and murmuring mutter their borders and thresholds around.
Soon, when they have hushed them to rest in their bowers, there is heard no
sound
Nightlong, and in well-earned peace are their bodies slumber-bound.
Not far from their steadings they stray when rain is threatening,
Nor, when winds from the east draw near, do they trust to the welkin their
wing;
But in safety the water they draw 'neath their city's ramparts found,
And essay short flights; and pebbles they oft take up from the ground,
Even as sea-rocked boats take ballast when waves toss high: 195
And with these self-balanced through unsubstantial clouds they fly.
Nay more, thou wilt marvel that bees of this strange custom approve,
That they will not cohabit, nor languidly couched in the bed of love
Unbend their vigour, and bring forth young with travail-throe;
But their own mouths gather from leaves and from all sweet herbs that
blow200
Babes: dead kings thus do they still replace and burghers small,
And are ever renewing the waxen realm and its palace-hall.
Oft, too, against jagged rocks do they fray, as they wander wide,
Their wings, and they yield up their life ere they cast their burden aside;
So love they the flowers, in begetting the honey such is their pride.205
Therefore, though each one life be but for a little span,—
That brief existence never its seventh summer outran,—
Yet immortal abideth the race, and through years on years on-rolled
The fortune stands of the house, and grandsires of grandsires are told.
Moreover, they honour the king: nor Egypt nor Lydia the vast,210
Nor the tribes of the Parthians, nor Medes by Hydaspes that dwell have
surpassed
The homage they render. While lives their king, one heart, one will
Have all; when they lose him, they break their fealty, spoil and spill
Their hoarded honey; their netted combs into fragments fall.
He is their work's overseer, him reverence they, and all215
Close round him with multitudinous clamour, a thronged array:
On their shoulders they bear him, their bodies shield him in battle's day;
Yea, wounds and a glorious death for him do they court in the fray.
Some, taking for guide herein such multiplied token and sign,
Have declared that on bees is bestowed some share in the soul divine,220

Some draughts of the airs of heaven, for that God moves everywhere
 Through earth, the expanses of sea, and the limitless depths of air:
 From Him sheep, cattle, men, and all wild broods of the earth
 Drank in the ethereal draught of life in the hour of their birth:
 Yea, and to Him they return, for not unto Him do they die²²⁵
 At dissolution: there is no death; but they live, and they fly
 To the ranks of starland, and enter the high-reared halls of the sky.
 If thou wilt unseal their narrow abode, wilt rifle thence
 The treasure-hoards of their honey, with water besprinkle thee, cleanse
 Thy mouth therewith: be searching smoke thy forerunner and shield.²³⁰
 Twice yearly men gather their harvest, and take two seasons' yield;
 First, when the Pleiad Taygete lifts o'er the earth at morn
 Her fair face, spurning the Ocean-stream with her heel as in scorn,
 And again, when fast from the rain-laden Fish doth the same star flee,
 And sinks down saddened from heaven mid waves of a wintry sea.²³⁵
 Their wrath then knows no bounds; molested thus, through their sting
 Venom they breathe; in thy veins their darts invisible cling,
 And they leave them there, even life unto vengeance surrendering.
 If thou fear for them winter's rigour, wouldst spare the hope of the state,
 Bruised hearts and shattered fortunes if thou wilt compassionate,²⁴⁰
 Yet to smoke them with thyme and to shear off empty cells at the least
 Who scruples?—for oft hath the newt consumed in secret feast
 The combs, and the light-loathing cockroach's crowded bowers are there,
 And the work-hating drone sits down in the toiler's banquet to share;
 Or the hornet grim on the bees by his might overmatched hath warred:²⁴⁵
 Or the moths' fell tribe swarm there; or she by Minerva abhorred,
 The spider, hath hung her nets loose-woven afront of their door
 Yet, the more their hoards have been drained, with energy so much the more
 On will they press to repair the wreck of a race brought low,
 Will refill cell-rows, and from flowers fresh-woven shall granaries grow.²⁵⁰
 But if, seeing life cometh laden with sore mischances to bees
 As to men, their frames shall droop and pine with woeful disease,—
 And this shalt thou straightway discern by no uncertain signs:
 When they sicken, their colour changeth, with leanness's haggard lines
 Are their visages marred: the forms of friends that will see not again²⁵⁵
 Life's light, from their homes they bear in mournful funeral-train:
 Or in clusters they hang at their portal with clinging feet entwined,
 Or loiter within behind closed doors, all hunger-pined
 Unto utter listlessness, and with cramping cold made numb.
 Then is a dull sound heard, a low continuous hum,²⁶⁰
 As when the bleak South moans through shivering forest-trees,
 As when with recoiling surges snarl the troubled seas,
 As when ravening flames are raging in close-shut furnaces.
 Forthwith, I counsel thee, burn there odorous incense-gum,
 And through channels of reed pour honey in, and cry to them "Come,²⁶⁵
 O weary souls, to the food that ye know!"—in encouragement call.
 'Twill be good to mingle therewith the savour of bruised oak-gall
 And rose-leaves dried, or, boiled o'er a slow fire, must of wine

Till it thickens to syrup, or raisin-pulp of the Psithian vine;
 And thyme therewithal, and strong-smelling centaury see thou combine.270
 There is also a flower in the meads, our yeomen have named its name
 Starwort, and easily found by them that seek is the same;
 For a forest of dense-growing stalks it uprears from its turfy bed.
 Golden its flower is, the leaves that around it abundantly spread
 Are aglow with a dusky violet shot through with a crimson sheen.275
 The altars of Gods are oft festooned with its gold and green.
 In the mouth is its savour bitter; in close-cropped meads doth the hind
 Cull it, and where the curving streams of Mella wind.
 The roots of this in the Wine-god's odorous nectar seethe,
 And in piled maunds lay at their doors, a food from which health shall
 breathe.280
 If one's whole stock shall have suddenly perished, nor any seed
 Remaineth, wherefrom the life of a new generation may breed,
 It is time to unfold the device of the Master of all bee-lore,
 The Arcadian, in what wise oft ere now from the putrid gore
 Of a slain steer bees have been gendered. A legend of days of yore285
 Will I trace far back to its primal birth as I tell it o'er.
 For where by Canopus the favoured race of Pellaeon blood
 Dwell, by the lake-like overflow of the great Nile-flood,
 And in painted shallops around and above their farm-lands ride
 Where the marches of quivered Persia lie close on their eastern side,290
 And where into branches seven the rushing waters divide
 Of the river that sweepeth down from the swarthy Indians' land,
 And fertilizeth Egypt the green with its black slime-sand,
 On this never-failing device doth the whole tract's safety stand.
 First choose they a narrow space, and for this end straitened yet more:295
 With the tiling-stones of a low-pitched ceiling they roof it o'er:
 With narrowing walls they cramp that chamber; in these they place
 Four windows of slanting light, to the heaven's four winds that face.
 A young steer two years old, whose brow is with curved horns crowned,
 Already is chosen; his nostrils and mouth are closely bound[300
 From breathing, despite his furious struggles: by blows is he slain
 So that pounded and mashed is his flesh, though unbroken the hide must
 remain.
 So stretched on the earth in his prison they leave him: beneath him they lay
 Fragments of boughs, and thyme, and the fresh-plucked casia-spray.
 This do they when first the west-winds drive the waves to the shore,305
 Before the meadows are flushing with flower-colours, before
 The twittering swallow is hanging her nest 'neath the rafter-beam.
 Meanwhile in the softened bones those humours heat, and steam
 And ferment; and lo, living creatures of aspect weird to behold—
 Footless at first, but wings loud-buzzing soon they unfold—310
 Swarm out: through impalpable air ever faster and faster they leap,
 Until, like rain from the summer-clouds falling in cataract-sweep,
 All burst forth, swift as the arrow that bounds from the pulsing string,
 Fleet as the Parthian riders battleward hurrying.

What God, O Muses, was he who forged for us this device?315
 Whence did such new adventure of man's experience rise?
 Aristaeus the shepherd, fleeing from Tempe's Peneian dells,
 When his bees by disease and famine were lost, as the legend tells,
 By the sacred head where Peneius had birth stood mournfully,
 And there on his mother he cried with a great and bitter cry:320
 "O mother, who hauntest the swirling deeps of the flood, mother mine,
 Cyrene, why didst thou bear me, a child of the high Gods' line,—
 If indeed, as thou sayest, my sire is Thymbraean Apollo,—to be
 But Fortune's fool? Oh whither is banished thy love for me?
 Ah why didst thou bid me hope to ascend at the last to the sky?325
 Lo now, of this the crown of my days of mortality,—
 Which my skilful wardship of corn-land and cattle had scarcely achieved
 With all mine endeavour,—though thou art my mother, am I bereaved!
 Ah come, and my fruitful plantations disroot with thine own hand;
 Lay to my stalls fell flame, and blast my corn-clothed land;330
 My seedlings burn, on my vines swing up the pitiless bill,
 If such deep loathing of my renown thine heart doth fill!"
 Far down in her bower 'neath the flood was heard that woeful sound
 By his mother. Combing Milesian fleeces her Nymphs sat round,
 Fleeces with deep rich hues of the sea's own emerald dyed.335
 For Phylloce, Drymo, Ligeia, and Xantho were there at her side:
 Over their snowy necks did the shining tresses fall.
 Cymodoce, Spio, Nesaia were there, Thalia withal;
 Cydippe, Lycorias golden-haired, a maiden one;
 Of the other Lucina's travail of late had been undergone:340
 Clio, her sister Beroe; daughters of Ocean were these,
 Vestured in fawnskins, gleaming with golden braveries;
 Ephyre, Opis, and Deïopeia of Asian race,
 And swift Arethusa, whose arrows at last had rest from the chase.
 Amidst them was Clymene singing of Vulcan's heart-ache vain,345
 And the wiles and the stolen delights of Mars, and rang through the strain
 The roll of the countless loves of the Gods since Chaos' reign.
 As, entranced by the song, from their spindles the fleecy coils they unrolled,
 Thrilled through the mother's ears the wail of the sorrowful-souled
 Aristaeus; and all on their hyaline thrones sat terror-amazed.350
 But before her sisters her golden head Arethusa upraised
 Above the face of the waters, and shoreward afar she gazed,
 And she cried far down: "Not causelessly scared by such woeful moan,
 Cyrene my sister, art thou. Thy best-belovèd, thy son,
 Aristaeus, mournfully stands by Father Peneius' stream;355
 And he weepeth, and nameth thy name, and calleth thee cruel to him?"
 At her words the heart of the mother was thrilled with unwonted dread:
 "O lead him, lead him to me! The thresholds of Gods may he tread!"
 She cried. Then bade she the deep floods cleave asunder wide
 For a path to her young son's feet; and lo, upon either side360
 Overbowed like a mountain-cliff the wave encompassing stood,
 And received 'neath its mighty arch, and ushered him in 'neath the flood.

And now, in amaze at the realm of waters, his mother's abode,
 At the pools cavern-pent, at the whispering river-groves, onward he strode.
 At the mighty march of the waters he gazed in wondering awe.365
 All rivers beneath the vast earth onward-gliding he saw
 To their several lands departed: Phasis and Lycus were there,
 And the well-head whence deep Enipeus bursts to the upper air,
 And Hypanis crashing through crags, and Caïcus through Mysia that flows:
 There Father Tiber had birth, thence Anio's swift rush rose,370
 And he, with the horns on his bull-brows overlaid with gold,
 Eridanus: none other stream through teeming tilth-lands rolled
 Into the violet sea with wilder sweep doth pour.
 When he came to the chamber with hanging lava raftered o'er,
 And the cause of the helpless tears of her son Cyrene knew,375
 For the washing of hands clear fountain-streams in order due
 Her sisters bear to him, napkins of pile close-shorn bring they:
 Some heap for the feast the board, and the brimming cups they array,
 And with incense of Araby they cause the altars to blaze.
 Then spake his mother: "A chalice of wine Maeonian upraise,380
 Let us pour a libation to Ocean." Therewith she also prays
 Unto Ocean the father of all, to the Sisterhood of the Sea,
 In whose keeping forests a hundred and rivers a hundred be.
 Thrice down upon Vesta's hearth the nectar clear did she dash,
 Thrice to the roof's top-ridge did the flame updarting flash.385
 Then spake she, and strengthened his heart with the omen, and bade be of
 cheer:
 "In the Sea-god's gulf Carpathian dwelleth a certain seer,
 Proteus the sea-azure-hued, who measures the far-stretching main
 With dolphins and twy-hoofed horses yoked to his swift sea-wain.
 Even now he revisits Pallene the land of his birth, and the shore390
 Of Emathia. Him we Maids of the Sea with worship adore,
 Yea, that doth Nereus the Ancient; for all things are known to the Seer,
 Things that are now, that have been, things swiftly drawing near:
 For so hath Neptune ordained, whose monster ocean-kine
 And seals misshapen he pastures beneath the swirling brine.395
 He first must be seized, must be bound, my son, till to thee he make known
 The cause of the curse on thy bees, and a prosperous issue have shown.
 For, except enforced, will he give no counsels, nor ever by prayer
 Shalt thou bend him: with violence stern must thou seize him, and fetter him
 there.
 On thy bonds will his wiles be broken at last, will to emptiness fleet.400
 Lo, I myself, when the sun hath enkindled the noontide heat,
 Will guide thee, when herbs are athirst, when shade to the flock is sweet,
 To the place of his hiding, whither the Ancient is wont to retreat
 Wave-wearied: thou lightly mayst steal on him stretched asleep on the sands.
 But when in thy grip thou hast seized him, hast lapped him in compassing
 bands,405
 Then shapes ever-shifting shall baffle thee, fierce things' forms shall repel.
 To a bristly boar will he suddenly turn, to a tigress fell,

To a scale-clad serpent, a lioness tawny-necked anon,
 Or crackling and roaring in flames be at point from thy bonds to have gone,
 Or dissolved to impalpable water between thy fingers shall pour.410
 But, still as he turneth himself into shape after shape evermore,
 Ever tighter and tighter, my son, those close-clinging bonds do thou strain
 Till he change for the last time of all his shape, and appear again
 As at first thou didst see him, when dropped on his eyes the slumber-rain.”
 So speaking, she bade the limpid scent of ambrosia flow415
 Overstreaming the form of her son from head to foot, and lo,
 Its ravishing perfume breathed through his smooth-sleeked hair; each limb
 With sinewy vigour was thrilled. A cavern vast and dim
 Yawns in the tide-tunnelled cliff, whither many a wave, by the wind
 Thither herded, through rock-clefts far-withdrawn is parted and thinned.420
 There mariners storm-overtaken safe anchorage found of old.
 Within hides Proteus, a huge rock-barrier before him rolled.
 Here did the Sea-nymph ambush her son withdrawn from the light:
 Herself stood far aloof in a cloud-haze veiled from sight.
 The flashings of Sirius by this, as he blazed in the sky, ’gan parch425
 The Indians with thirst, and the sun had climbed unto heaven’s mid-arch:
 Scorched was the grass; with sun-chapped lips lay the deep-channelled
 streams
 Glowing with heat, while slowly baked their mud in his beams.
 Then, seeking his cavern-haunt, rose up from the billowy blue
 Proteus, around him the folk of the vast sea, wet with its dew,430
 Gambolling leapt, and were flinging afar the briny spray.
 Soon, scattered along the shore, the seal-herd slumbering lay.
 Himself—like a sheepfold’s warder amidst of the hills on a day,
 When the evening star bringeth homeward the calves from the pasture away,
 And keen grows the hunger of wolves hearing bleating of lambs in the fold,
 On a rock in their midst sat down, and their number he told and retold.
 Aristaeus, now that he saw so near the goal of his quest,
 Scarce suffered the Ancient to lay his weary limbs to rest,
 Ere he rushed with a shout on him: ere he could rise, round his limbs had he
 thrown
 His manacles. Proteus forgot not the craft so wholly his own,440
 But in change after change all marvellous creatures of earth did he seem;
 He was fire, was a hideous brute, was a swiftly-fleeting stream.
 But when no illusion availed him the net of the hunter to break,
 To his own true shape he returned, and at last with a man’s voice spake:
 “Now who, most presumptuous of youths, hath bidden thee trespass thus445
 On these our abodes?” he said. “What seekest thou here of us?”
 “Thou knowest, O Proteus, thou knowest: evasion can baffle not thee;
 Cease then to essay evasion. Gods’ counsels have guided me
 To come, for my stricken fortunes to seek thine oracles here.”
 No more he said: then in stormily vehement mood the Seer450
 Rolled on him sea-green eyes that blazed as with impotent hate,
 And grimly gnashing his teeth unlocked the lips of fate:
 “No mean power is it whose anger smites thee with these stern strokes.

Heavy offence dost thou expiate. Orpheus the hapless invokes
 This vengeance—not half thy deserts!—and if Fate withstand not his will,⁴⁵⁵
 His wrath for the wife that was snatched from his arms shall be hard on thee
 still.

She, fleeing in blind haste over the river from thy pursuit—
 Doomed girl!—saw not in the rank-grown grass afront of her foot
 The monster water-snake that haunted the banks of the stream.
 But the band of her age-mates the Dryads filled with scream on scream⁴⁶⁰
 All mountain-peaks: then wept crag-towers that on Rhodope stand,
 All heights Pangaean, and Rhesus' domain, the War-god's land,
 The Getans and Hebrus, and Oreithyia the Maid of the Strand.
 To lull with the hollow lyre love's anguish Orpheus tried,
 And thee alone on the lonely beach, thee, darling bride,⁴⁶⁵
 Thee in the dayspring he sang, sang thee in the eventide.
 Yea, and through Taenarus' gorge, the abysmal portal of Dis,
 Through the grove of the horror of darkness, the shrouded mysteries,
 He passed: to the Shadow-land, to the King of Terrors, he came,
 To the hearts that know not relenting, whom no man's prayers can tame.⁴⁷⁰
 But thrilled by his song rose up from Erebus' depths of night
 Bodiless shades, and phantoms of folk bereft of the light,
 Multitudinous they as the birds that under the leaf-screens hide
 From the hills down-driven by evening or rains of the winter-tide;
 Came matrons and husbands, and mighty-hearted heroes' shades⁴⁷⁵
 Who had lived their span of life; came lads and unwedded maids;
 Came youths, on the death-pyre laid before their parents' eyes.
 The pitchy ooze, the loathly sedge of Cocytus lies
 About them; the sluggish wave of the Fen of Horror is sleeping
 Round the fettered ones held by the ninefold coils of Styx in keeping.⁴⁸⁰
 Yea, the halls and the innermost Hell of Death by his song spell-bound
 Were still, and the Furies whose hair is with livid snakes enwound.
 Cerberus bayed not; his triple jaws were agape, as rung
 The harp, and Ixion's wheel on the wind all moveless hung.
 And now, retracing his steps, had he won of all risks clear,⁴⁸⁵
 And regiven Eurydice now to the upper air drew near
 As she followed behind,—that one condition had Proserpine made,—
 When a sudden frenzy of doubt the unwary lover betrayed.
 Forgiven it well might have been, if forgiveness to Hades were known.
 He stopped: upon daylight's verge was Eurydice, almost his own!⁴⁹⁰
 Forgetting, and heart-overmastered he looked back! Ah, in that hour
 As water spilt was his toil, and the bond of the pitiless Power
 Cancelled. Thrice was a thunder-crash heard from Avernus' fen!
 'What, oh, what utter madness hath ruined,' she cried to him then,
 'Both me the all-hapless and thee, O Orpheus? Back am I called⁴⁹⁵
 By the ruthless Fates, and with slumber my swimming eyes are palled.
 Farewell now! Compassed with limitless night am I swept away
 As I stretch to thee strengthless hands—ah, thine never more for aye!
 So cried she, and lo, from his sight, as smoke with impalpable air
 Blent, far-fleeting she sped; nor, albeit he clutched in despair⁵⁰⁰

At the shadows, albeit he yearned to pour out his soul in pleading,
 Did he see her thereafter. Orcus' ferryman heard unheeding
 His prayer to cross that barrier-fen of Lethe's flow.
 What should he do? Twice robbed of his wife, whitherward should he go?
 What tears could prevail with the Shades, what cry touch Hades' King?505
 Ah, she in the Stygian barge even now swam shivering!
 Month after month, for seven whole months, as telleth the tale,
 'Neath a cloud-capt rock by Strymon's lonely stream did he wail,
 And deep in the ice-cold caverns unfolded all his pain,
 Taming the tigresses, making the oak-trees follow his strain:510
 As under a poplar's shade doth the nightingale mourn and mourn,
 Bemoaning her nestlings lost, which a ruthless churl hath torn
 From the nest where his eye had marked them yet unfledged; but she
 Weeps nightlong. Crouched on a bough, her woeful melody
 Still she renews, and all through the land is her sad plaint heard.515
 No waking of love, no dream of a bridal, his spirit stirred.
 Alone through the norland ice, over Tanais veiled with snow,
 Over fields aye wedded to frosts Rhipaeon, he roamed to and fro
 Bewailing the cancelled boon of Dis, and Eurydice torn
 From his arms, till the women Ciconian, who held love's tribute for scorn520
 Of themselves, mid their rites and the revels of Bacchus through darkness that
 reeled
 Tore him in pieces, and strewed with his young limbs many a field.
 Yet then, even then, when his head, from the neck's white marble shorn,
 On the swirling mid-stream rolled down Oeagrian Hebrus was borne,
 The masterless voice ever shrieked 'Eurydice!' Cold in death525
 The tongue crieth 'Woe for Eurydice, woe!' with fleeting breath:
 All down the stream each echoing bank 'Eurydice!' saith."
 Thus Proteus; and lo, mid the deep with one swift bound had he sprung,
 And where he had vanished was foam on an eddy that swirled and swung.
 But Cyrene vanished not: straightway she spake to her trembling son:530
 "Son, bid thy sorrow and care from thine heart disburdened be gone.
 Herein is the one sole cause of thy plague. The Forest-maids,
 With whom she went to glide in the dance 'neath wildwood shades,
 On thy bees sent this sore havoc. Bring gifts, and for pardon pray
 To the Wood-nymphs humbly, for easy to be entreated are they.535
 They will grant to thy prayers forgiveness, their wrath will they then forbear.
 But first will I tell thee in order the fashion of this thy prayer:—
 Four bulls, the choice of the herd, of peerless form, choose thou,
 Which on green Lycaeus' heights for thy need are pasturing now;
 Choose also heifers as many, whose necks no yoke ever bore;540
 And for these by the Wood-nymphs' high-built shrines rear altars four.
 There cause thou to stream the hallowed blood from the throats of the kine,
 And the victims' carcasses leave in the grove that embowers the shrine.
 When the Dawn, at her ninth uprising thereafter, to earth shall return,
 For death-dues to Orpheus, poppies, the flowers of oblivion, burn,545
 And a black ewe slay; and then to the grove returning again,
 Eurydice worship, appeased at last, with a young calf slain."

He tarried not: straightway he set him to do as his mother bade.
He came to the shrine; the altars, as counselled of her, he arrayed;
Choice bulls, of form unrivalled, thither he led down four,550
 And heifers as many withal, whose necks no yoke ever bore.
When the ninth uprising of Dawn thereafter in splendour burned,
The death-dues to Orpheus he paid, and again to the grove returned.
But here do they look on a portent sudden and strange to be told—
Through the putrefied flesh of the kine, even all that the hides
 enfold,555
Bees buzzing come, from the rifted ribs like steam-clouds rolled,
Clouds trailing on measureless clouds! They swarm to the tree-top
now,
And a cluster huge hangs down from every bending bough.
Such strains of the tillage of fields, of the rearing of beasts, I sang,
And of trees, while mighty Caesar's thunder of battle rang560
By Euphrates the deep, and laws by the conqueror's right he gave
Unto willing nations—yea, and his path unto Heaven did he pave.
Through those great days was I cradled on pleasant Parthenope's
knees,
I Virgil, embowered in the strenuous toils of inglorious peace,
Who have chanted the Shepherds' Songs, who with youth's
presumption have sung,
Tityrus, thee 'neath the covert by broad beech-boughs overhung.