

# Eclogues

May 8, 2019

## Ecloga II

1. *Formonsum pastor Corydon ardebat Alexin, delicias domini, nec quid speraret habebat. Tantum inter densas, umbrosa cacumina, fagos adsidue ueniebat. Ibi haec incondita solus montibus et soluis studio iactabat inani*

The shepard Corydon was burning for the fair Alexis, the favorite of the master, nor did he have anything to hope for. So all he could do was continually come among the dense beech trees, topped with shadows. There alone he was throwing away these crude things with inane enthusiasm to the mountains and forests.

2. *O crudelis Alexi, nihil mea carmina curas? nil nostri miserere? mori me denique cogis? nunc etiam pecudes umbras et frigora captant, nunc uirides etiam occultant spineta lacertos, Thestylis et rapido fessis messoribus aestu alia serpullumque herbas contundit olentis. at mecum raucis, tua dum uestigia lustris, sole sub ardenti resonant arbusta cicadis.*

O cruel Alexis, do you regard my songs as nothing? Do you not pity us? At last you compel me to die? Now even sheeps desire shadows and cold, now even green thickets hide lizards, and Thestylis pounds fragrant cloves of garlic and herbs for the tired harvesters of the consuming heat.

3. *nonne fuit satius tristis Amaryllidos iras atque superba pati fastidia? nonne Menalcan, quamuis ille niger, quamuis tu candidus esses? o formonse puer, nimium ne crede colori; alba ligustra cadunt, uaccinia nigra leguntur.*

Wasn't it more preferable to endure the gloomy anger and the arrogant disgust of Amaryllis? Wasn't it be preferable to endure Menalcas, although that man was dark, and although you are fair? O beautiful boy, do not excessively trust with reference to color; The white privets fall, the dark blueberries are being gathered.

## Ecloga VI

### Lines 1-12

1. *Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu nostra, neque erubuit silvas habitare, Thalia.*

Our Thalia first considered to play with Syracusian verse, nor did she blush to inhabit the forests.

2. *Cum canerem reges et proelia, Cynthia aurem vellit, et admonuit: "Pastorem, Tityre, pingues pascere oportet oves, deductum dicere carmen."*

When I sang of kings and battles, Cynthia tweaked my ear, and admonished: "O Tityrus, it is required that the shepherd feeds the fat sheep, that the the shepard says the fine (having been lead) poem."

3. *Nunc ego (namque super tibi erunt, qui dicere laudes, Vare, tuas cupiant, et tristia condere bella) agrestem tenui meditabor harundine Musam.*

Now I (for in fact you will have, those who might wish to sing your praises, O Varus, and to put together your gloomy wars) will consider the rustic Muse by means of fine reed.

4. *Non injussa cano:*

Voluntarily I do not sing:

5. *si quis tamen haec quoque, si quis captus amore leget, te nostrae, Vare, myrietae, te nemus omne canet:*

Yet if who will also read these songs, if who is seized with love will read them, every forest of our tamarisks will sing with you, Vare.

6. *nec Phoebus gratior ulla est, quam sibi quae Vari praescripsit pagina nomen.*

Nor is any thing more pleasing to Pheobe, than the page which has written the name of Varus.

## Lines 13-30

1. *Pergite, Pierides.*

Go on Muses.

2. *“Chromis et Mnasyllus in antro Silenum pueri somno videre jacentem, inflatum hesternis venas, ut semper, Iaccho”;*

“The boys Chromis and Mnasyllus saw Silenus lying with sleep in a cave, veins having been puffed out with yesterday’s wine, as always.”;

3. *Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant;*

The wreath having fallen from his head was lying only at a distance;

4. *et gravis attrita pendebat cantharus ansa.*

and his heavy tankard was weighing out by the worn handle.

5. *adgressi – nam saepe senex spe carminis ambo luserat – iniciunt ipsis ex uincula sertis.*