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## **Translation and transgression in William Morris's Aeneids of Vergil (1875)**

Sean David de Vega  
*University of Iowa*

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TRANSLATION AND TRANSGRESSION  
IN WILLIAM MORRIS'S  
*AENEIDS OF VERGIL* (1875)

by

Sean David de Vega

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment  
of the requirements for the  
Doctor of Philosophy degree in English  
in the Graduate College of  
The University of Iowa

August 2016

Thesis Supervisor: Professor Florence Boos

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The Graduate College  
The University of Iowa  
Iowa City, Iowa

CERTIFICATE OF APPROVAL

PH.D. THESIS

This is to certify that the Ph.D. thesis of

Sean de Vega

has been approved by the Examining Committee  
for the thesis requirement for the Doctor of Philosophy  
degree in English at the August 2016 graduation.

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I am a part of all that I have met;  
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'  
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades  
For ever and for ever when I move.  
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!

Alfred Tennyson, "Ulysses" ll. 18-23

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## SCHOLARLY ABSTRACT

The purpose of this study of William Morris's 1875 translation of Vergil's *Aeneid* is to rehabilitate this translation after more than a century of almost total critical neglect. Following an introductory chapter that situates Morris within the context of emerging theories that seek to characterise the problems unique to classical translation activity and the nature of "retranslation" as promulgated by Lawrence Venuti and others, I examine Morris's preparation for this massive classical *Aufgabe*, interrogating the extent and character of his classical education at Marlborough College and Oxford University in the 1850s. I then pause to consider his "two *Aeneids*" – an illumination on vellum of Vergil's epic in Latin, begun in 1874 with Edward Burne-Jones but never completed, and his subsequent (and unadorned) translation of the *Aeneid* into English, completed in 1875 and published by the end of that same year – in a third chapter that engages what little criticism is available on the illuminations, before describing and interpreting them (plates are also provided as an Appendix.) My fourth chapter, the centrepiece of the dissertation, showcases a close reading of Morris's translation alongside the Latin original, and the final chapter rounds out the discussion by way of addressing the spotty critical treatment of this lengthy work of classical translation, after which I situate Morris within the history of English translations of the Roman epic by means of theory: namely, Antoine Berman's "retranslation hypothesis", Lawrence Venuti's concept of "doubly-abusive fidelity", and Siobhan Brownlie's proposal for a post-structuralist retranslation theory. I conclude that any just interpretation of Morris's achievement will begin with an understanding of his aesthetic, ethnic, and political motivations, and that his translation constitutes a unique contribution to emerging practices of late-Victorian classical translation praxis.

## PUBLIC ABSTRACT

Take a given work of literary art that has been widely panned. Does it seem to merit such dismissal and neglect – and precisely what circumstances would serve to mitigate this neglect? What *would* it take for you to see the value in an modern verse translation that unapologetically uses very antiquated language, sometimes even imagining what English would look like if our language's history had been different, with a much less French and much more Viking flavour? How far can one go, in translating epic poetry from Greek and Latin originals, before one trespasses upon creative writing, before one becomes untethered to the source text, now more a poet in flight than a scholar on earth? What is the relationship of the activity of translation to scholarship – and what is its relationship to artistic creation?

Also – how should we react as critical readers, when works *we* esteem very highly seem so unworthy to so many? It happens to us all from time to time. Are we wrong to enjoy these works, which (it would seem) we are not allowed to love – or should we perhaps doubt such smug condescensions, which often seek to assure us of the supremacy of the wider opinion that there is much better literature that awaits us out there than *this*, and that we just don't know what to *like*?

This doctoral dissertation attempts to answer these questions, in doing so addressing the following topics, just about in order: exactly what equipment it would take, in terms of artistic skill and breadth of reading, to translate “classic” works that have already been translated many times into English; what one does and does not need to know in order to translate a specifically *ancient* text, and how the *fact* of its being ancient can come to influence the craft of its translation; the relationship of visual to literary artworks in the context of certain Victorian aesthetic and cultural

movements; the most effective and illuminating way to interpret translations of ancient works which have, frequently throughout history, evolved in popularity to such a degree that they can now be seen as canonical *English* literature; the ideal relationship between sound and sense in good poetry, and the extent to which a classical translation of quality and genius can exhibit the power of *English* verse (not Greek or Latin or French or whatever). The end will involve a close consideration of how important and elusive a quality is translatorly fidelity to original source text: what does it really mean to be *faithful*? Is it always possible? And do the stream of retranslations of ancient works tend to improve upon those translations that preceded them on the timeline? What would it mean if they *did*? How can we best understand how retranslations of the same source text “haunt” one another through time?

My conclusion is that a specific translation, William Morris’s translation of Vergil’s classical Latin epic *The Aeneid*, which was published in 1875, can be read today by a certain kind of reader with pleasure and edification, as a meaningful contribution to the craft of classical translation, and that one can see this if one looks at it on its own terms, rather than simply leaving the matter to those modernist experts on taste who would shush us for delighting in rhyming, metrical versecraft in the grand old English tradition of rhyming, metrical versecraft.

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CHAPTER 1:

*FIDUS INTERPRES*: CREATIVE FIDELITY  
AND THE TASK OF THE RETRANSLATOR

**An Introduction to Morris's Translation of Vergil's *Aeneid***

On 4 November 1875, a man known for his involvement in a variety of visual and poetic productions, an array of projects that strikes us today as staggeringly vast and perhaps even impossible for one person alone to have undertaken, consented to have Ellis & White publish twenty-five copies of his own translation of what is still regarded as the apex of Latinity and of golden-age Roman epic verse. A demanding task for even a rigorously trained classical philologist, translating Vergil then as now is no small feat. The challenges of this notoriously dense and complex poem, subdivided into twelve books that narrate the mythological foundation of the city of Rome, include the heavy task of carrying over into some kind of English not only the ancient singer's famously precise diction, but also a metre that no less poetically qualified a figure than Alfred Tennyson had deemed “the stateliest measure / ever moulded by the hands of man”.

Furthermore, no less weighty was the work of avoiding the excesses and deficiencies of a long list of prior translators of the poem, of learning from their errors and emulating

such strengths as one William Morris, Englishman, would have considered advisable and attractive, according to the criteria of his own poetics, aesthetics and politics. If the author of the *Aeneid* had stated with stonefaced certainty that the founding of Rome was sure to be quite a burden on young Aeneas – that *tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem*, a line Morris Englishes as “Lo, what there was to heave aloft in fashioning of Rome!” (I.33) – then it is easily conceded that we too are entitled to say the same of any translator of Vergil in Morris's day or our own.

The darksome path that leads even now to the goal of a finished and acceptable translation of Vergil, to say nothing of an exemplary one, is always paved with the many bleached bones of those hardy souls both dead and recently dead who essayed such a demanding ascent. Translating the *Aeneid* is not for the faint of heart, and the most cursory survey of the chronology of such attempts yields a sobering picture of an old poem that is so encrusted with felicities of apt phrasing and elegant diction, and (if we agree with Lord Tennyson – for my part, *I do*) so standard-setting in its epic rhythms, as to allow any thoughtful person to consider its faithful translation, let alone one that delivers much of the aesthetic pleasure of its original, an almost impossible goal: one to be Whiggishly aspired to, certainly, but one that cannot ever quite be attained. Nor are the many translators of the *Aeneid* coy about the enormity of the task they have undertaken, such that it is difficult to find a preface to an English translation from Morris's age unto this last, which neglects to communicate to its reader the necessity of sober expectations, of the recognition of its many flaws, and of the wisdom of a certain poetic humility in the presence of such an obviously

immortal and daedal artwork. (This is, naturally, in counterpoint to its inevitable genuflection to Vergil's original, exploding everywhere with superlatives.)

As will be shown, Morris is characteristically attentive and faithful to his original, even as he no less characteristically Germanicises the *Aeneid* in order to make a specific kind of appeal to his Victorian readership. Morris adds creative art to attentive reading to create his translation of the *Aeneid*, and it can be read as a great success. We shall see that it is not difficult to recognise the subtlety and artistic skill with which he deliberately reshapes Vergil's language into an English retelling of the same narrative content, but (and this is crucial) by as homogeneously English a means as possible, under the aegis of a very specific moment in the course of the development of England's creative crafts, which of course included classical translation. A specifically Victorian cultural moment saw the publication of his translation of Vergil, as Morris rode the tsunami of public enthusiasm that ten years later yet raised to heaven the twin achievements of his earlier English epics of the late 1860s (these are *The Life and Death of Jason*, 1867, and *The Earthly Paradise*, 1868-1870, as will be seen in Chapter 2.) And yet, at odds with the expectations of one in possession of this fact stands the obstinate reality of its reception, as an initial critical murmur of qualified appreciation which still seemed very much to see William Morris as the bard of the *Earthly Paradise* gave way to an eventually near-total silence on what to make of his archaising, barbarising classical productions in English, at once so far from Graeco-Roman myth, so far from modern England. It was as if the application of a consistently archaising Germanicist diction was just fine in something like *Sigurd the Volsung*, but cut too unseemly and outré a figure in the

*Aeneid*. (Sometimes, as in the case of one critic, the “swains” would indeed prove to be too much, and the claim made that Morris had unduly “barbarised” the *Aeneid*.)

In his recent essay on the subject of Morris’s Vergilian activities, both of which date to the period 1874-1875 (vid. Chapter 3), Miles Tittle provides a handy sketch of the history of critical responses to Morris’s translation of Vergil: “Morris’s use of archaic English language in his original verse and translations has been given critical attention since his lifetime, much of it dismissive or hostile. The sharp division of opinion over the quality and suitability of Morris’s *Aeneid* translation continued for decades. In one 1909 textbook (Holst, *The Teachers’ and Pupils’ Cyclopaedia*), it is confidently claimed that ‘there are many translations from Vergil, the best in the English being by William Morris and the best in the German being by Richard Wagner.’ By contrast, the preface for a 1907 translation of the classic (Maine and Taylor’s *The Aeneid of Vergil*) sneers: ‘Nor is William Morris’s attempt to devise a new metre anything but disappointing. It is surprising that so delightfully endowed a poet should have so often missed the music of Vergil’s verse as he has done in his translation, and the archaisms with which his work abounds, though they might be suitable in a translation of Homer, are only a source of irritation in the case of Vergil.’” (Tittle 305, n.38)

The sharp contrast of these two reactions to Morris’s translation of Vergil’s *magnum opus* displays to us how expecting the translation of some esteemed grammarian, and then getting an artwork that is both fidelity and fancy, one in which the very heavy and heady emphasis on fancy somehow, miraculously, does not threaten to displace *verbum-pro-verbo / sensum-pro-sensu* fidelity, how all this can be very bad medicine for equanimity – particularly when its poet is on the record as indulging a hearty love of verbal experimental archaeology

in modernised Early Middle English, and sees the field of classical translation as a new acre in which he may make his crafty mark. If you're expecting a prim and literal Oxford Englishing, you're going to be in for a much more original interpretation than you were expecting, even if this be, in Morris's case, at admirably meagre cost to fidelity. Reading a palimpsest can, in such moments, be complicated; both voices are heard in the admixture of echoes. What are you likely to think, having been promised one epic voice, and hearing two?

Instead of getting what was supposed to be a literal, tasteful translation of perhaps the most aureate work of an aureate age in poetry penned by a lettered mandarin sensitive to the closest nuances of Vergil's painfully aureate Latin, by a translator who knows to stay out of the way like a good lad, the reader of Morris's *Aeneids of Vergil* receives in lump sum what Will Abberley calls elsewhere in Morris's oeuvre a legible "reverence for an organic past, (which) figured the literary, industrial present as corrupt" cast in "radically unfamiliar English". (400) If it sounds to you as if it is at partially on account, not of any perceived failure on Morris's part to have made a translatorly contribution, but instead on account of certain subjective differences such as motivation, vogue and taste, that Morris's major epic translation projects have been neglected since the modernist turn in art at the beginning of the twentieth century, you're not alone. Upon concluding this dissertation I shall have shown how such critical scorn, a reaction in which one is, of course, ever free to indulge, has largely rested more upon subjective opinions about the kind of translation Morris was attempting – a *radically mediaevalised, Englished, classical epic*, in a manner that uniquely attempts to reimagine the very history of the English language – than upon any critical consensus as to that translation's failure to contribute to emerging practices of classical

translators in Victorian England. By this dissertation’s conclusion, it will be clear that Morris definitely makes a contribution to the craft of classical translation in Victorian England, one that manages fidelity and beauty at once.

In this chapter, I approach Morris's translation of the *Aeneid* by surveying the views of 19<sup>th</sup>- and 20<sup>th</sup>-century critics on this translation specifically and on the conventions of epic (such as diction) more generally. Throughout his translation of the *Aeneid* Morris, while stubbornly dedicated to as Anglo-Saxon and Germanic a diction and as faithful or at least as “appropriate” a meter as possible, while deeply committed to his own poetic and aesthetic predilections, still valued fidelity to the original text, and to such a degree that even certain critics among those who disparaged his translation for various reasons (as mentioned above) still found space in their often curt dismissals of his project within which to praise his fidelity to Vergil’s sense. This is, of course, hardly to assert that Morris’s translation is always what can be called “culturally faithful” – his fidelity to the sense is often astonishing precisely because of its transposition into a more mediaeval idiom, as Morris reimagines Vergil’s narrative by subtly transmuting its mythic Trojan heroes into dukes, its swarthy Phoenician noblewomen into fey “stunners”. It has been asserted that “retranslation in the field of literature is usually regarded as a positive phenomenon, leading to diversity and a broadening of the available interpretations of the source text,” and, as will be demonstrated, Morris’s *Aeneids of Vergil* decisively performs this action of amplifying the field of

hermeneutic possibilities, thus enriching that body of Vergilian translations in English available to his anticipated public.<sup>1</sup>

Morris's translation was clearly a creative enterprise, one in which he could feel free to assert his own favoured hues and melodies, now emphasising the punchy power of archaisms, now toning down some of the most overtly rhetorical speeches in order to elevate them to the level of riveting drama (which he far preferred to oratory, in any case). Indeed, at the level of the image, the finished 1875 translation is every bit as much of a "Pre-Raphaelite Aeneid" as is the illuminated *Aeneid* he had, in 1874, begun with Edward Burne-Jones, but which neither he nor "Ned" would ever complete. Morris creates a translation that is very fine, provided one sees the world from a perspective sufficiently inclusive as to allow for a fair and accurate assessment of the work. As I will demonstrate, Morris admirably refused, in case after case after curious case, to depart from the sense of the original Latin, even whilst freely colouring his *Aeneids* with all the vividness and mediaeval life that had hitherto leavened such poetic narratives as *Jason* with such peculiarly, such unmistakeably, Morrisian charms. And yet consistently does Morris (to use the word of more than one of his critics) "barbarise" his source without ever really double-crossing the sense and intentions of the ancient Mantuan. My reader's apparatus (Appendix A) compiles a catalogue of such moments of Anglo-Saxonising fidelity with some thoroughness, and Chapters 4 and 5 discuss some of their ramifications.

<sup>1</sup> Mona Baker, Gabriela Saldanha, eds. *The Routledge Encyclopedia of Translation Studies*. London: Routledge, 2009. p. 233.

Critics like the 20<sup>th</sup>-century Argentine polymath Jorge Luís Borges make it clear that Morris has seemed to merit a certain reputation among *cognoscenti* for the celebration of those Scandinavian and Saxon elements that lie in wait as “live options” for the classical translator of the late Victorian era; each one of these “options” can be invoked into currency, the dust shaken from its tired and ancient bones, and bidden to dance again in song, holding the place of another, often more modern word, but holding its own under the impinging vectors of new contexts. Such is the way of Morris as translator: to resuscitate forgotten lore and the words that mediated old cultural knowledge; to make the old walk, breathe, and dance again in strange new worlds of sense.

Also of interest to efforts (such as this) to describe and to defend Morris’s contributions as a classical translator will naturally be the recently expounded theoretical category of “retranslation” penned into being by Lawrence Venuti, a scholar whose insightful and provocative observations about certain issues peculiar to the rerendering of canonical works like the *Aeneid*, of which translations often number in the many hundreds and are distributed across vast historical and geographical distances, are here as elsewhere powerful and thought-provoking. I will conclude this chapter on theories of classical retranslation by briefly discussing the crucial importance of the *Aeneid*’s specifically classical or hypercanonical character to the creative freedom accorded its retranslator, a discussion Josephine Balmer’s work uniquely equips me to facilitate, and for the publication of which I have been especially grateful.

No less relevant is the work of translator and theorist of retranslation Siobhan Brownlie, whose attempt to combine the abstracting power of poststructuralist models such

as narrative theory with close studies of arrays of literary prose retranslated from the French manages to bring about new critical possibilities for the reader of Morris's translation of Vergil. As will be seen, Morris is always keen to reimagine his source text in novel ways, and consistently deploys archaising diction in the service of his larger imaginative project of making the common patrimony of the Western epic tradition available to whom *he* sees as being the modern Briton (the descendant of Angles, Picts, Mercians, Vikings.) This is why Brownlie's more capacious assessments of the wide continuum of translation practices makes available to the contemporary critical reader of English classical translations of the late Victorian period an interpretation of Morris's work that manages, in the view of this reader, to be both more kind and more just to the poet: it is Brownlie's model for retranslation that makes a space for specific kinds of expansions of hermeneutic possibility latent in the original text. One of these is historical reconstruction, however completely or satisfactorily philological such a reconstruction may happen to be in each particular case.

By definition, scholars working in translation studies theorise about, describe, and practice acts of translation from one language into another. While this dissertation project is, to be sure, primarily descriptive and analytical in method, as it seeks to model a commitment to the priority of close reading as critical praxis, its argument, as will be seen in Chapter 5, has both theoretical and historical implications. Morris's translation of the *Aeneid*, which is by turns both odd and oddly beautiful, is an interesting specimen for scholars who wish to pursue investigations into the phaenomena of canon renegotiation and retranslation, as will be seen, and the diachronic nature of the study of retranslation as a phaenomenon requires absolutely an explicit engagement with change: changing canons,

changing strategies of representation, and a mutability the reader had surely never expected of the original text. Morris's *Aeneid* presents us with an opportunity to critically examine what happens when imaginative innovation meets literary tradition head-on: the result is a mingling reconfiguration that is no less an act of art than it is an act of adherence or fidelity. His contribution is the child of the marriage of old lore to new dream. The history of its initial acceptance by Victorian readers as a valuable contribution to the craft of classical translation, and of its subsequent rejection at the hands of critics influenced by modernism, has led to a present situation in which its importance and value as a potential site for research has been unduly diminished, a situation this project in part seeks to redress.

### Some Reflections on Translation Methods: Borges, Denham, Mackail

In his influential and witty essay on the subject of the translators of that Arabic text we today have come to know as *The Arabian Nights*, *The Thousand and One Nights* or, more faithfully to the Arabic syntax, *The Thousand Nights and a Night* (كتاب ألف ليلة وليلة), Jorge Luís Borges discusses the work of a translator with the imposing appellation of Captain Richard Francis Burton, a body of work that, like Morris's *Aeneid*, was widely criticised on account of its perceived barbarism. This last is a charge Borges is in the midst of attacking,

and his defence of Burton against it passes through a phase of operation in which he finds himself embroiled in a discussion as to whether or not a critic should approve of Burton's substitutions, found everywhere throughout the Nights, of various situationally appropriate English synonyms, in spite of the fact that the Arabic consistently and drolly repeats the same word, "لَقَالَ" (it's pronounced *qaala*), which simply means "said". Now, a glance at the man's biography conveys the decided impression that Borges cannot have known that this "لَقَالَ" business, this tendency to repeat words without any compunctions as to the necessity of artifice, is much more a feature "baked into" the Arabic language's discursive norms than it can be said to represent some deficiency in the *Nights'* tales it is the translator's task to forklift over into the target language (TL). But this is not what is interesting for our purposes; Borges cannot have perceived that his criticisms have little teeth in this particular case, due to the particular domestic grooming habits of Semitic languages.

What *is* of importance to this chapter are his comments that follow. He is praising Burton again, and here his voice is much more certain of itself: "His vocabulary is as unparalleled as his notes. Archaic words coexist with slang, the lingo of prisoners or sailors with technical terms. He does not shy away from the glorious hybridisation of English: *neither Morris's Scandinavian repertory nor Johnson's Latin has his blessing, but rather the contact and reverberation of the two.*"<sup>2</sup> (tr. Esther Allen, 2012:99, emphasis mine)<sup>3</sup> That

<sup>2</sup> "Su vocabulario no es menos dispar que sus notas. El arcaísmo convive con el argot, la jerga carcelaria o marinero con el término técnico. No se abochorna de la gloriosa hibridación del inglés: ni el *repertorio escandinavo de Morris* ni el latino de Johnson tienen su beneplácito, sino el contacto y la repercusión de los dos." (énfasis mío) Borges, *La Historia de la Eternidad*. En *Obras Completas I*. Barcelona: Editores Emecé, 1996.

<sup>3</sup> Allen's very fine English translation of this seminal and endlessly entertaining essay appears in Lawrence Venuti, ed., *The Translation Studies Reader*. London: Routledge, 2004. pp. 92-106.

Borges considers Morris to have cherished a “repertorio”, a kind of thesaurus of verbal “options” that is just about homogeneously Scandinavian, on the one hand, and sees Johnson as hoarding a trove of Latinisms on the other, is hardly to be contested; both of these statements seem defensible enough. What is more surprising is that he finds the synthesis, the resolution between these two limited and therefore inferior lexica, in a writer as relatively uncelebrated (in his own age, in our own) as Captain Burton. (It is implied, of course, that in the view of Borges, Morris, by contrast, “se abochorna de la hibridación del inglés”; that is, he blushes at such acts of linguistic intermarriage as Burton seems to celebrate.)

Now, Borges's criticism of a foreign and limited diction that is the province of a specific aesthetic movement is of very old coinage. Sir John Denham, in the “Preface” to his 1656 *Destruction of Troy*, essentially an early and rather extreme domestication of *Aeneid* II, anticipates Borges's argument in certain respects. For his part, Borges would likely consider him an amusing Galland (one of the many domesticators of the *Nights* discussed in Borges's piece), a figure who, mainly by means of choices in his diction, had imported his source (here, Vergil) into an urbane world of continental neoclassicism that the old bard would hardly recognise, save perchance for the whiff of the latter-day quasi-Augustan zeitgeist of literary coterie and parlour-fancy: Galland's “Orientalism”, Borges humorously submits, “was bedazzling to men who took snuff and composed tragedies in five acts.” (93)

Borges was always humorous and witty like this, but the jest covers a thorny criticism, since Denham *was* a domesticator of foreign verses, and to the core. Denham aims to translate received song, not intermediate sense: “I conceive it a vulgar error in translating Poets, to affect being *fidus interpres*; let that care be with them who deal in matters of Fact,

or in matters of Faith: but whosoever aims at it in Poetry, as he attempts what is not required, so he shall never perform what he attempts. For it is not his busines alone to translate Language into Language, but Poesie into Poesie. & Poesie is of so subtile a spirit, that in pouring out of one Language into another, it will all evaporate.” (Denham 1656: A2v) Such translations as those Denham enjoins translators today to produce will ring truly and euphoniously in English, but they will have but a tenuous connexion to their genetic memory as original texts from an outland world and, possibly, from an alien time. Whether such a work of translation be sufficient for the needs of a reader should be left to each to determine for himself, and predicated upon a thousand individual parameters and priorities.

In any case, such a domesticating lexical programme is, to be sure, far from Morris's mind. His diction is famously, and as consistently as possible, Anglo-Saxon; after all, his stated intention was that of “doing (Vergil) in English verse” and he wished to translate him “as a poet, not as a pedant”.<sup>4</sup> This can be understood to mean that his intentions were set upon a translation which told a tale that would resonate with Morris's various audiences: he was far more “anxious for to shine in the high Aesthetic line”, to take a line from Gilbert and Sullivan, than he expected (or for that matter even hoped) to have his Vergil brandished as a new summit in Latin philological scholarship by the cloaked dons of late-Victorian Balliol or Peterhouse.

His biographer and friend John William Mackail, himself an established Vergilian scholar, would have his own translation of the *Aeneid* published in 1885. His appreciative

<sup>4</sup> Quoted in a pamphlet “produced to accompany an exhibition at The Fitzwilliam Museum, 14 May to 1 September 1996.” The exhibition was entitled *Burne-Jones and William Morris: Designs for the Aeneid and the Kelmscott Chaucer*.

and affable review of Morris's effort as a classical translator, which appeared in his then official and now canonical biography of Morris published in 1899, he prefaced with the following remarks, which offer a qualified but earnest praise for his achievement: "Morris himself was not, in the proper sense of the word, a trained scholar. He had only taken a pass degree at Oxford, and had passed practically on the amount of scholarship with which he went up to Exeter. Since then, while his reading in mediaeval Latin had been immense, he had hardly touched the classical authors. Of all the classical authors, Virgil is the one who demands the greatest knowledge from any one who would really understand him; and it cannot be said that Morris brought to this task any adequate equipment. Yet for his purposes the attempt was not only legitimate but successful". (321f., emphasis mine)<sup>5</sup> Just what Morris's "purposes" were is evident upon the briefest glance at his decisions at the level of the word.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> J.W. Mackail, *A Life of William Morris*. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1901.

<sup>6</sup> Mackail himself specifically answers this question, however, and in doing so clarifies what he sees as the significance of the plural number of the main noun of the title: "Morris took all the pains he could, short of writing a preface, which was a thing he scorned to do, to emphasize the fact that he approached Virgil from this romantic or mediaeval side. The very title of "*The Aeneids*" which he gave to the volume was a plain notice of the aim and end of his work. Still, it need not cause surprise that this view of the *Aeneid*, though it represents a substantial element, not only of its true original value, but of that which has since accrued to it through the associations of many centuries, was only received with partial approval by an age more familiar, through habit and education, with the other side of Virgil's art." Nor would we, I am helpfully reminded, be able to avail ourselves of such a critical comprehension of the part played by all "that which has ... accrued to (*the Aeneid*)" without Walter Benjamin's concept of the "afterlife" of a literary work, a notion without which Laurence Venuti, who does not always explicitly acknowledge it, would not be able to write about the troubled afterlives of classical texts with such decisive certainty as he does.

## Morris's Creation: Some Theoretical Perspectives

One is not at all surprised to find Morris's "re-translation" richly encrusted with the many elements of his characteristic style: the patterns of speech in direct discourse, to take one phaenomenon, are as periodically expansive and heroic as any from his widely fêted, *Argonautica*-inspired 1867 epic *The Life and Death of Jason*, even if his heptameters are longer by two metra in his translation of Vergil. His word choices had found a much more Anglo-Saxon idiom, during the course of the eight years that had elapsed since that poem's publication. In appendices and ensuing discussions I have attempted to convey to my reader some sense of the various ways in which the 1875 *Aeneids of Vergil* is as typically Morrisian as the words and sense of Vergil's epic poem will allow. The archaisms in Morris's *Aeneid*, and its relocation of the classical locus of the poem's action to as mediaeval a setting as possible while still qualifying as translation (which it in fact was) and not, as Josephine Balmer would have it, "transgressing" into creative writing (which *Jason* had been), will hardly surprise the reader even of his early Malorian poems of the mid-1850s.

Yet this absence of surprise need not make it uninteresting to us today; it can serve as a point of departure for honest enquiry. For it sometimes happens, it is true, that the style of a given retranslation (such as this one) can seem somehow quintessentially representative of its author's literary values, and therefore less stunning to us for its having been a little less conscious or deliberate on the part of the translator. I concede it freely: it cannot be imagined

or seriously proposed that William Morris agonised over the decision whether or not to write in that same foreignising and mediaevalising idiom that had mediated the quest unto the ends of the earth for the Golden Fleece, or the vivid description of the dire circumstances of a Gascon knight named Sir Peter Harpdon. His *Aeneids* serve up in liberal heaps precisely that saga-aureate register and singsong sway which the diligent reader of Morris's works in chronological order had been led to expect. If you enjoyed Morris's *The Earthly Paradise*, you'll love his translation of the *Aeneid*.

It is Morris's carefully orchestrated remix of a classic (and unsurprisingly taut and elegant) Vergilian record: both men are heard in the mingling din. But we know *by what means* Vergil sounds Vergilian when he manages to sound “like himself” – a certain heroic brevity and force, felt at once, all of which can be more or less systematically described, using a common technical lexicon – and, for that matter, we know by what moves Morris gets to sounding the way *he* sounds – reworking concepts so that they emerge as native Saxon words, working out of time; a prosodic mastery of the canter, the trot and the epic gallop; again, see Appendix A. What is it, though, that motivates and overdetermines these distinct poetic sonorities? What factors go into a poet like Morris sounding just like himself at moments when he most does?

It is at this point that the work of Lawrence Venuti proves of some assistance. For Venuti, a very influential, even canonical, translator/theorist who works primarily in Italian, has established that *undeniable ideological drives*, locable within the context of the translating culture, motivate the translator-poet, the (re)creator of the (re)translation. Understood in this sense, these hitherto invisible values – assumptions, preferences, fixations, subtle taboos

– are seen to contribute to the peculiar characteristics of a retranslation in culturally specific ways, which are therefore opened up to both theoretical and historical inquiry:

“Translators do in fact make many decisions automatically, without any critical reflection on the norms that constrain their work. Even when an experienced translator is capable of articulating these norms wholly or in part, the translating will proceed amid conditions that remain preconscious or subliminal, even entirely unconscious. These conditions may include pertinent information about the foreign culture, author, or text, the canon of the foreign literature in translation, translation traditions in the receiving culture, the interpretation that the translator inscribes in the foreign text, and the ways in which the publisher plans to print, market, and promote the translation. Such unacknowledged conditions subtly overdetermine the translating, which can therefore result in consequences that the translator did not anticipate, especially consequences for reception.” (Venuti 2004:29)

Furthermore, the fact that a given retranslation is not immediately celebrated by the literary establishment upon its publication attests more to the exegetical preferences and literary values of its detractors than it assists us today in evaluating the retranslation's literary merits: “A translation may be judged unacceptable by readerships who possess the information that the translator lacked, who value the literary canon or translation tradition that the translator unwittingly challenged, who interpret the foreign text differently from the translator, or who are alienated by the publisher's practices. If the translator succeeds in appealing to an intended audience, the translation may nonetheless be read by a different audience who finds it unacceptable.” (*ibid.*) In other words, Morris's work will appeal far more to a readerly community that is more interested in judging him on the merits of what he creatively crafts out of the raw material Vergil has left us (more accurately, which has been left to us against the Roman poet's own express orders that the poem be destroyed), rather

than on the dismissal of his work on account of some perceived mimetic ineptitude of his diction or meter, or unhappy or inaccurate transpositions of various kinds.

Retranslation, then, is motivated not only by explicitly premeditated and planned, but also by subconscious, drives that are invisible to the retranslator, which have in the vast and intricate translating culture their causal loam, and which overdetermine the parameters of the retranslation. Also not immaterial is the observation that one man's trash is another man's treasure: aesthetic criteria, being as fluid as any other set of ideologically motivated commitments, vary – more importantly still, they inflect, enable, or forestall certain interpretations, evaluations, and judgments.

This line of reasoning potentiates a certain sort of defence of Morris's *Aeneids* in terms of what it manages to create for the reader on its own, regardless of historical traditions and the highbrow opinions of the petty victors of intellectual history. Venuti's argument encourages more descriptive, less prescriptive, and far more generous readings of such retranslations as Morris's *Aeneids*, readings which would have the reader grapple perhaps less with the various vexed questions that have bestrewn the path trod by translation history, than with the no less rigorous task of historicising the retranslation, of describing and understanding it on its own terms. In affirming the poetic and therefore destabilising<sup>7</sup> potential offered by the work of translating classical texts afresh, Venuti goes on to remind us of the fact that “retranslations typically highlight the translator's intentionality because

<sup>7</sup> “Destabilising” in terms of the high order of likelihood with which new translations of canonical works, insofar as they arise from an historical wake that is often millenia in length, habitually interrogate and threaten the accepted, “industry standard” menu of interpretations of these works available for “serious scholarly criticism”, interpretations that frequently bear esteemed institutional imprimaturs. Canons are, of course, no more absent from bodies of secondary criticism than they are from the anthologies of primary works such criticism attempts to engage.

they are designed to make an appreciable difference. The retranslator's intention is to select and interpret the foreign text according to a different set of values so as to bring about a new and different reception for that text in the translating culture. The retranslator is likely to be aware, then, not only of the competing interpretations inscribed in the foreign text by a previous version and by the retranslation, but the linguistic and cultural norms that give rise to these interpretations, such as literary canons and translation traditions. A retranslator may aim to maintain, revise, or displace norms and the institutions in which they are housed.” A translator of Menander when first the *Dyskolos* was published in its *editio princeps* – a translator of the hitherto untranslated undiscovered country – makes Menander English. Any translator of Dante must go further: he (or, say, Dorothy Sayers) must make it new. Morris must make Vergil new, and in this he can be said to have succeeded.

Not wholly new, of course: Morris has been formed within and inculcated by a literary culture, dense with such competing varieties of interpretation as would have been in currency in England in the mid-1870s. Naturally, Shakespeareanisms and Keatseanisms and Chaucerianisms abound. But did someone order surprise? Lo a Miltonism – conspicuous, this, in the work of Morris the Pre-Raphaelite aesthete – at *Aeneid* V.125: our idle singer's “what time the stormy North-west hides the stars in heaven aloft” (cf. *Paradise Lost* I.36 “what time his pride”) elegantly condenses and Latinises the syntax of the temporal clause, deferring to Milton's peculiar and pedantic kinks, just as Vergil himself had deferred to the eccentricities of his Lucretius (vid. *De Rerum Natura* VI.148f.<sup>8</sup>), as if English had as little

<sup>8</sup> “ut calidis candens ferrum e fornacibus *olim / stridit, ubi* in gelidum propter demersimus imbre” – a more straightforward and standard phrasing would be *olim … cum*, of course (“ubi” is usually local, not temporal) but Lucretius here defamiliarises his idiom. His decision would be seen as conspicuous to readers

need for prepositions, and as much liberty instead to take recourse to the ablative absolute, as Latin once had felt. (What's more? There are five more such acts of Miltonesque syntactical collapse in Morris's *Aeneid*.<sup>9</sup>) If the retranslation of a classical poem like Vergil's *Aeneid* required Morris "to select and interpret the foreign text according to a different set of values, so as to bring about a new and different reception for that text in the translating culture" it is equally clear that he did so while fully inculcated by and steeped in the "linguistic and cultural norms" of his own national culture, "such as literary canons and translation traditions", to use Venuti's language.

In a clear and engrossing chapter Josephine Balmer<sup>10</sup>, a poet and translator whose voice has been very active in discussions about the joys and travails of classical translation specifically, begins by briefly touching on the reasons for which classical translations seem particularly to encourage "participation" in the translation of the work as a creative act. Essentially her argument to this end is that translators of the classics may feel freer to reinterpret, reframe and recolour the sense of the original text, on account of the utter absence not only of their ancient authors but also, often, even of any "information at all to be had about the author, let alone about the circumstances of the work's composition". (185) This authorial and contextual absence effects the possibility of the reapplication of imaginative

like Vergil who wrote a century later. "As glowing iron, fresh from the furnaces, / seethes, when we hastily immersed its ember in icy water" is my retranslation of this vivid image so characteristic of *De Rerum Natura*, with its many examples drawn from common experience and mined for ready lessons in the deity-free, forward-thinking natural philosophy available to the intellectual classes of republican Rome.

<sup>9</sup> VI.603, VI.661, IX.79, X.567, and XII.415.

<sup>10</sup> Balmer, Josephine, "What comes Next? Reconstructing the Classics" in Bassnett and Bush, eds., *The Translator as Writer*, London: Continuum, 2006. Cap. XV.

genius: this genius is to be provided out of such reserves of poetic inspiration as may be possessed by the translator, who for his or her part is unhindered by the preferences and demands of the author, as is often the case in contemporary translation, this latter fact mordantly illustrated by Balmer by means of two humorous and relevant anecdotes concerning the “drawbacks” of a certain more hawkish style of authorial presence. Thus, as in Shelley's “Ozymandias” and Keats's “Ode to a Grecian Urn”, as in Dante Gabriel Rossetti's “Burden of Nineveh” and William Carlos Williams's “The Dance”, the *objet d'art* is elevated to immortality, as a sort of raw ore that, in its capacity as a “stimulus” to poetic creation no different from any other, makes possible future imaginative innovations.<sup>11</sup>

Citing Catullus's vituperations of Julius Caesar, she points out that those who translate classical works into modern languages like English are presented with precious little in the way of the sort of social and historical information, upon which we would rely for the calibration of language with respect to social register and the shock value of various sorts of obscenities, were we dealing in the works of the living or even of the recently deceased. Balmer shows how even the notion of a text can rapidly become problematic when you're a classical translator, invoking the example of Sappho 1 and that fragment's notoriously mischievous lacunae. For his part, as I will discuss later, Morris matches even the catalectic lines in Vergil's unfinished epic with English that similarly appears “under construction” in a fidelity that is amusing to catalogue and document. “Old Faithful is at it again,” one can

<sup>11</sup> The classics can, of course, be harnessed with this very motivation in mind, one which Balmer considers “frivolous”: “the monolithic nature of classical translations, the timelessness and immortality they confer, has always proved a very attractive proposition not just for translators but also for poets who, like all writers, are of course concerned about the longevity of their work.” (184)

be heard to mutter, as one writes another checkmark in the margin of Morris's retranslation after consulting a Teubner edition of the original text. On this point neurotically faithful, Morris compulsively fills Vergil's Latin lacunae with the Englished lacunae that are their due correspondences. Balmer's argument is less applicable here when it treats radically fragmentary texts like Erinna's *Distaff*, which she handles with a creative élan that for all its poetic liberties sincerely attempts to consult papyrology and to translate rather than innovate, whenever possible. Vergil may have expressed his wish that his magnum opus be burned on account of his conviction that it was crucially incomplete, but he held in his hands a poem far more whole than many of the vacuole-besprent fragments of Semonides of Amorgos or Hipponax.

Balmer shows how another creative liberty enjoyed by the translator of classical texts is recontextualisation: the alteration in the occasion informing the utterance-qua-reüttterance inherent in a poem. Just as Stanley Lombardo's translation of the *Aeneid* asks its readers as profoundly, persistently and provocatively as is defensible to consider the nature of military conflict, and foregrounds one main theme – martial violence and the nightmare of history – at a unique moment both in the history of both publishing and warfighting, Michael Longley's recontextualisation of Homer *Iliad* XIV hails, in the middle of Balmer's chapter, a moment of deep humanity at the end of a difficult time by moving only the occasion of the reconciliation while preserving its internals as if in amber. (It is, after all, a “translation” rather than a work of wholly creative craft.) Balmer's own very moving recontextualisation of Claudian's *De Raptu Proserpinae* is likewise faithful in its fashion, as Morris's translation of the *Aeneid* is faithful in its own.

A failure to recognise recontextualisation as a deliberate artistic programme that is capable of contributing a successful innovation to the stock and trade of art is an act of critical malpractice (and of supreme arrogance) that tends to confess itself in subtle ways. There is, for example, a moment in Alberto Mira's witty and amusing piece ("Being Wildean, a Dialogue on the Importance of Style in Translation"), a quasi-Renaissance dialogue between a crabby editor who wishes for little more than the translator's invisibility, and an earnest translator who is, like so many of us seem to be these days, intent upon infusing his translation with more original art than would customarily have been seen in earlier epochs of the development of that craft. In discussing issues surrounding the translation of Wilde's "camp" palare into Spanish, Mira has his editor take a swipe at the flamboyant anachronism found in the plays of Wilde as rendered by early twentieth-century Spanish translator Jacinto Benavente, and has the editor betray in the process that he believes that the fact of an author's neglect as a translator (in this case, Benavente's perceived neglect as a translator of Wilde into Spanish) is itself evidence for the justice of that very neglect: "In Spanish *benaventino* means 'slightly elegant' and 'very dull', even 'old-fashioned'. At most, it is a criticism of style. Benavente has not been reinterpreted afresh over the years and his impact on language is dubious at best." See, just like that!

I bring this up with what I hope to be Laconic brevity because it is precisely *people like this* who are Morris's problem, and not any intrinsic failure on Morris's part to make a meaningful contribution that was authentically his own. I don't need to address the many claims Mira has his translator make as to the putative suitability of *el castellano benaventino* as a vehicle whereby one makes Wilde into a lisping Spaniard accoutred in motley court garb,

in order to make use of this one telling moment: there really are readers out there who believe, or seem to believe, that neglect is pretty much always merited. Once the market of ideas has had its run with your weird project and declared it “weird” *ex cathedra*, you merit no rematch with destiny.

Finally, Siobhan Brownlie has written<sup>12</sup> on what to do about the problem of translations that interpose a reinterpretation of the ST along more radical lines, such as is the case with Morris, and her contribution offers powerful possibilities for a reinvigorated theoretical interest in Morris as a translator of classical verse. At first glance it seems strange in this context to mention a figure like Brownlie, a contemporary critic of Francophone translation praxis and a practitioner of translation theory known for her post-structuralist fusion of narrative theory and retranslation theory. Further scrutiny, however, confirms this project of marrying off our retranslation troubles to narratology to be highly specific in its applicability, since in her words “a reinterpretation may be based on allusions, ambiguity or obscurity of the text or passage in question. Ancient texts pose a particular challenge: reinterpretations/retranslations of such texts involve new understandings of an ancient language and culture. A reinterpretation may be undertaken within a specific framework or approach, for example a psychoanalytic reading or a Christian interpretation. Different interpretations immediately imply intertextuality, for a new interpretation/translation demarcates itself and justifies itself in comparison with previous versions. The intertextual and intratextual network is dense” – ah, so there *are* many *Aeneids* inside the *Aeneid* after all,

<sup>12</sup> Brownlie, Siobhan. “Narrative Theory and Retranslation Theory.” *Across Languages and Cultures* 7:2 (2006): 145-170.

according to her model! – “since reinterpretations not only position themselves in contrast to former interpretations/translations, but they draw on support from other parts of the text in question, and from other texts such as scholars’ work.” (7)

Consistent with the practices of her theoretical collegium, Brownlie is keen to consider the various strands of narratology, grouping together theories from (both) under the following sub-headings: Essence, Social Conditioning, Interpretation, Post-Structuralism.” Consistent with the fascinations of her community of fellow translators, she insists on the descriptive analysis of specifics: “After the theoretical discussion I shall report briefly on a case study in which I investigated the relevance of the theoretical ideas to studying a corpus consisting of an original text [Zola’s *Nana*] and its retranslations.” Despite her often fascinating lateral morphological and syntactical analyses, it is her theoretical discussions that are most relevant for our purposes.

Let us have a brief look at those aspects of her theoretical exposition which most intimately pertain to this dissertation. In the midst of the discussion of her ninth example of translatorly variora, excerpted from Émile Zola’s 1880 novel (and heady conversation piece) *Nana*, she pauses to comment that “translators may not conform to the modernising trend, and may deliberately archaise in translating a source text from an earlier period, in order to evoke a flavour of the period”. (16) This seems to describe Morris’s translation perfectly, only until one reaches the “in order to...” bit, since it is not Morris’s intention to “evoke a flavour of” the same (earlier) historical “period” as that which saw the Vergil’s *floruit*, instead seeking to radically reimagine the timeline and the language’s history entirely. The formal recognition of archaism in the poetics of translation and the appreciation such

recognition makes available to readers, however, is decisively our topic, and this moment in Brownlie's interlinear considerations of retranslations of *Nana* sparkles with interest for the reader of any of Morris's translations, so consistently and predictably archaising is he, from his 1870 "Hafbur and Signy" to his 1887 *Odyssey* and, to an even more growing extent, to his 1895 *Beowulf*.

Brownlie cites Isabelle Vanderschelden's "metaphor [of] 'hot' and 'cold' translations" in order to show how it is possible "to distinguish a first translation (hot) undertaken soon after publication of a source text, and retranslations (cold) with the distance afforded by passed time". By this reckoning, Morris's retranslation of Vergil's hypercanonical epic, has got to be considered fairly "cold". (This is why Morris, in Josephine Balmer's terms, *must* innovate – there is no room in retranslation for mediocrity, for going the easy road – this translation being but the most recent echo of a frequently-echoed narrative, it must step out and distinguish itself in some way, not in spite of but *because* of the fact of its "coldness".) Morris's Victorian mediaevalist lexicon, as handled by someone interpreting late Victorian retranslations into English in the wake of Brownlie's essay, is not only an anachronism, but an anachorism as well – in a catachresis of both place and time, it consciously, consistently transposes for the English people an idiom that is analogous to that original "folk-Latin" ST that is emplotted by Morris's interpretation of the original text. Brownlie accounts for this in her retranslation theory, though she is much more interested in the temporal hijinks played on the reader by Morris's translation, than in the fact of their geographical transposition: "There is not always a neat and homologous relationship between time period and norms/ideology. Norms typically associated with one time period may appear occasionally

in another time period. Within one translation there may be evidence of heterogeneity of norms. Earlier and later translations may haunt the present one. We can take these phenomena to be due to the operation of unbounded textuality, and/or they may be explained by the translator's role of deliberation with regard to various options." (11) All of these critics' theoretical discussions – of the highly individual and overdetermined character of retranslations, of the creativity they make necessary by virtue of their old age, of what can seem at times to be the uncanny transhistorical weirdness of their usages, coinages, and archaisms – make available a new kind of critical appraisal of Morris's *Aeneids of Vergil, Done into English Verse*.

As I hope I have already begun to suggest to you, Morris can frequently be seen creatively reinterpreting the *Aeneid* by shifting its context: rather than a poem primarily interested in celebrating national origins even as it mythologises them, in Morris's steady, diligent, crafty hands the poem becomes a piece of English lore that attempts to recreate the oneiric pleasures offered up by the original Latin, even as it abjures its grand narrative of the nation in favour of what is waxen, by the last quarter of the nineteenth century, an overtly fictional mythos. This recontextualisation Morris negotiates and carries out while staying outside the effective firing range of those who would cavil at it, deeming it unfaithful. As to the claim (by early 20<sup>th</sup>-century critic Geoffrey Riddehough, of whom more will be said in Chapter 5) that Morris barbarises the "stately" forms of its original's language, all that can be said is that one man's barbarism is another's recontextualisation, as Venuti would have it: all understandings of the sense of the original being historically locable and arbitrary in

evaluative terms, none is more true or accurate than any other. In Chapter 5, this theoretical introduction will return, in a much more lively fashion, to the very center of our discussion: as will be seen, an extended close reading of this unique, late Victorian translation of Vergil alongside the contributions of translation theorists of retranslation operating in Venuti's wake (and in ways explicitly encouraged and anticipated by that scholar) reveals new opportunities for reassessing the character of Morris's translation, and its value to the field not just of Victorian poetry but also of translation studies. First, however, it is important to survey the biographical and historical context that is the proper point of departure if one is to critically situate the work in a manner that can be called systematic, before charging into the close reading and examining the data thus collected by experience.

Here I allow Morris to have the last word on the matter of just what sort of Vergilian-comes-to-England recontextualisation he envisions, addressed to one Fred Henderson his junior, and dated 6 November 1885. His words throw much more light upon his intentions and perspectives than my own, or for that matter those of any of his readers, ever could:

You see things have very much changed since the early days of language: once everybody who could express himself at all did so beautifully, was a poet for that occasion, because all language was beautiful. But now language is utterly degraded in our daily lives, and poets have to make a new tongue each for himself: before he can even begin his story he must elevate his means of expression from the daily jabber to which centuries of degradation have reduced it. And this is given to few to be able to do, since amongst other things it implies an enthusiastic appreciation of mere language, which I think few people feel now-a-days. Study early literature, Homer, Beowulf, and the Anglo-Saxon fragments; the edda and other Old Norse poetry and I think you will understand what I mean, and how rare the gifts must be which make a man a poet now-a-days.<sup>13</sup>

<sup>13</sup> William Morris, *The Collected Letters of William Morris*, ed. Norman Kelvin, 4 vols (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1987), IIb, p. 483.

## CHAPTER 2:

### “A VERY FAIR CLASSICAL SCHOLAR”: MORRIS'S PHILOLOGICAL EDUCATION

“Even the most cursory reading of publishers’ catalogues confirms that the foreign-language texts we call ‘classics’ do not merely attract translation, but eventually, when their copyright expires, become subject to multiple *retranslations*, as publishers scramble to transform the cultural capital those texts have acquired into economic capital. Nonetheless, it can be argued that translation functions as one cultural practice through which a foreign text attains the status of a classic: the very fact of translation not only implies that the text has been judged valuable enough to bring into another culture, but also increases this value by generating such promotional devices as jacket copy, endorsements, and advertisements and by enabling such diverse modes of reception as reviews, course adoptions, and scholarly research...”

Lawrence Venuti, “Translation, Interpretation, Canon Formation” (2008)

In view of the fact that Morris's translation of Vergil's epic, like his own life, was so unconventional, it may perhaps be surprising that his classical education was rather typical for an Oxford-educated English gentleman of the middle of the nineteenth century: a smattering of experiences with classical letters that lay atop a more general effort to acculturate the more genteel members of an envisioned future Albion, by the best bred and read to be led. An Oxford or a Cambridge man had at least experienced an anthology of classical learning, not necessarily descending into the isolating necromancies of scholarship actual – though of course many did choose such a demanding ascent into the tower, so to speak, Morris cannot be said in truth to have been among them.

Still, the evidence we have on what Morris had read, when he had read it, and why is substantial, notwithstanding the relative absence of work on the precise character of

Morris's share in the muscular mid-Victorian preoccupation with, and consequent foundational training in, classical subjects. As a successful translator of Greek and Latin epics, among other things, Morris is barely mentioned at all in most surveys of Victorian classicism and neoclassicism; as we shall later observe directly, Norman Vance, in an exception to what seems this conspiracy of silence, mentions Morris's *Aeneid* only to disparage its "whimsical archaisms." More recently, Herbert F. Tucker<sup>14</sup> has added his own distinctive critical voice to this almost silent susurrus, this near-utter absence of serious assessments of Morris's contributions to the art of classical translation, but the conspiracy has been nearly total.

This chapter shall serve as a summary of most of what is knowable pertaining to Morris's exposure to classical learning of various kinds and in various educational contexts, with a view to drawing out what must have been the priorities of coverage that a person so educated would reasonably have brought to bear on a project of this scope. A picture begins quickly to emerge of Morris as a hungry – even arguably an insatiable – consumer of literary art, whose tastes were formed not only by what Dr. Johnson would call "his inclinations", but also by his duties as a pupil at college, later in life as a plausible if probationary scholar at Oxford, and as a beloved father whose literary recommendations were not necessarily abjured by his wife and intellectually lively daughter. After a review of two catalogues of works – the first, consisting of books with which Morris would plausibly have been enamoured, on the one hand, and those to which he would have been merely incidentally exposed, on the other – I will consider both conspicuous exclusions and remarkable inclusions in an attempt to

<sup>14</sup> Tucker, Herbert F. *Epic: Britain's Heroic Muse, 1790-1910*. Oxford: Oxford UP, 2008. 512f.

situate these within a putative, reconstructed Morrisian canon, whence one can extract something like a genealogy of the Morrisian aesthetic, a literary imaginary unique to Morris's uniquely oneiric inner space, fired by his experiences with different kinds of poetry, drama, and fiction. These inclusions and exclusions allow us to suss out and analyse Morris's situation as a poet, his influences and nostalgias and antipathies. But first it would do to review some of the sources available to a practitioner of such extrapolative literary-historical forensics today.

One begins with Mackail, in part of course because he came first.<sup>15</sup> Along with many members of what can today usefully be called his interpretive community, Mackail shares a bourgeois discomfort with Morris's politics, a discomfort hardly notable for rarity among the reading publics to which many of Morris's less overtly political works were marketed around the turn of the century; this discomfort the Grub Street establishment seemed confidently to expect from Morris's encomiasts, and it is an attitude at radical odds with Morris's own commitments. In spite of this fact, Mackail is singularly useful for my project: after all, he was a Vergilian scholar whose (naturally) muffled, polite, muted approbation for Morris's translation of Vergil now reads as a rather impressive imprimatur, even if he avoids addressing aspects of Morris's translation he would necessarily have found deviant or even decadent. Possession of Mackail's lively translation of Homer's *Odyssey* always betrays a golden gleam of taste even today, among those who enjoy remembering such tales with friends, in the darkened parlours in which readers of tales, like mediums, still haunt our world with verse thought dead and past, the sincerity of their enthusiasms quite uncowed by injunctions about

<sup>15</sup> Mackail, J.W. *The Life of William Morris*. London: Longman's, Green & Co., 1901.

the relative necessities of ambition and the studied emulation of the pumice-honed, rhetorical, soulless lifestyles of the more famous academic careerists of our future-oriented milieu.

Among Morris's latter-day biographers, E.P. Thompson seems far more interested in Morris's literary output than in his input, and in any case his quite successful account<sup>16</sup> of Morris's sprawling political activities cordons off Morris's political affairs as its especial province.<sup>17</sup> Of his more recent biographers, Fiona MacCarthy emphasises the lived experience of Morris in her penetrating if not seldom conjectural history, and to this end she pauses and reflects upon the effects upon a young writer of the experience of having read, say, Scott's historical novels from a startlingly young age. I consult her mammoth biography<sup>18</sup> of Morris for its far greater treatment of quotidian psychological detail than that of Thompson.

I am grateful for the generosity of William Whitla, whose patiently painstaking investigations<sup>19</sup> on Morris's own considerable reading have here been deployed in the service of an attempt to characterise just what sort of translator took up the staff and scrip and essayed, in 1875, lofty Mount Vergil. Nicholas Salmon's timeline<sup>20</sup> of Morris's life and

<sup>16</sup> Thompson, Edward Palmer. *William Morris: Romantic to Revolutionary*. London: Lawrence & Wishart, 1955.

<sup>17</sup> Thompson's narrative is a *tour de force* and a catalyst for a revived interest in Morris's life and work, and it paints a delicate, huge landscape, a very continent of tiny details and intrigues, alliances and strife; Thompson at any rate is clearly not the biographer of Morris most interested in the man's reading (and translating) habits, at least not as they pertained to classical epics.

<sup>18</sup> MacCarthy, Fiona. *William Morris: A Life for Our Time*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1995.

<sup>19</sup> Whitla, William. "Morris's Huge Mass of Reading" (paper presented at the thirteenth annual meeting of the Victorian Studies Association of Ontario, Glendon College, Toronto, 1980).

<sup>20</sup> Salmon, Nicholas. *The William Morris Chronology*. Bristol: Thoemmes Press, 1996.

activities has also been useful<sup>21</sup>, and Miles Tittle's essay<sup>22</sup> on the political insurgency alive and bright beneath the surface of Morris's translation, as well as that translation's relationship to the illuminated Latin *Aeneid* of the previous year, has also proven insightful. Florence Boos's edition of Morris's *Juvenilia*<sup>23</sup> sheds light upon Morris's aesthetic imagination during what were, as we shall observe, the densest years of his intellectual formation, and the first volume of Norman Kelvin's edition of *The Collected Letters of William Morris*<sup>24</sup> grants us some access to the inner workings of a politically committed artist's mind as he celebrates, suffers, imagines, learns, and grows, just as we all must do.

### *Si je puis: Woodford Hall, Water House, Epping (1834 - 1848)*

As most of my readers know, on 24 March 1834, William Morris was born at Elm House, Walthamstow to one William Morris, gentleman, who was a fiscally-inclined partner

<sup>21</sup> His work was cited repeatedly in my critical introduction for my master's thesis; this tightly-bound blue volume has been handy in my work as an independent Morrisian on a few occasions now, and my left hand knows the volume well; if I may say so I find it an ideal vademecum for readers of Morris's works.

<sup>22</sup> Tittle, Miles. "Illuminating Divergences: Morris, Burne-Jones, and the Two *Aeneids*." In *To Build a Shadowy Isle of Bliss: William Morris's Radicalism and the Embodiment of Dreams*, edited by Michelle Weinroth and Paul Leduc Browne, 56-84. Montréal: McGill-Queen's University Press, 2015.

<sup>23</sup> Boos, Florence. *The Juvenilia of William Morris, with a Checklist and Unpublished Early Poems*. New York, London: The William Morris Society, 1983.

<sup>24</sup> *The Collected Letters of William Morris*, Vol. I (1848-1880), edited by Norman Kelvin. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1984.

at a bill broker's firm, and his wife Emma Shelton, an affectionate mother. The third of nine children, and the eldest male, Morris very early demonstrated a conspicuously muscular imagination and a temperamental precocity that anticipated the later man whose father this child so clearly was: in 1840, a year during which the fledgling family had relocated, for the second time in a decade, to Woodford Hall, Essex, Morris encountered Edward Lane's *Arabian Nights*, a title Morris's first major biographer Mackail files decisively away among Morris's first literary explorations. (Speak of Iblis, and he shall make his appearance! Still, who *hadn't* read at least gobbets of the *Arabian Nights* in 1840?)

I think it appropriate to pause here before considering all of Morris's lifelong literary experiences with "classical" or "world" literatures in the years leading up to the publication of his *Aeneids* in November of 1875, in order to allow this fact to sink in: as far as we know, the very first work of literary merit that Morris ever read was a *translation* of a classical Arabic collection of manifestly fantastical folktales. Mackail says nothing less than that Morris "found and revelled in" the work of a translator, of whom Borges later, and with a beloved and typical panache, remarks "his probity makes no pact with silence: (Lane) prefers an alarmed chorus of notes in a crammed appendix, that murmur things like this: 'I pass over an episode of the most reprehensible sort. ... I here suppress a repugnant explication. ... and here, a line too crude for translation. ... I needs must suppress the other anecdote ... Hence, a few omissions ... Here is the story of the slave Bujait which is completely inappropriate for translation.'"<sup>25</sup> The point here is that the first book that Morris's biographers ever mention

<sup>25</sup> Borges: "Su probidad no pacta con el silencio: prefiere un alarmado coro de notas en un apretado cuerpo menor, que murmuran cosas como éstas: 'Paso por alto un episodio de lo más reprobable. ... Suprimo una explicación repugnante. ... Aquí una línea demasiado grosera para la traducción. ... Suprimo

is this edition of Lane's translations of the *Thousand Nights and a Night*, a sanitised parlour-reader rife with a Latinate syntax sufficiently powerful as to later induce an Argentine wit to chuckle a bit at its expense. It strikes this reader as ironic that a writer like William Morris cut his infant<sup>26</sup> literary chompers on a bowdlerised *Arabian Nights* that had been fashioned for a decorously orientalising audience of English gentles. In any case, Morris, in 1851 (so at the energetic young age of seventeen) refused to see the Great Exhibition, which Florence Boos interprets as "an early sign of his lifelong resistance to 'civilised' art."

In the meantime, the cultural productions of the 1840s had begun to anticipate and at times even to encourage just those enthusiasms that would later claim the poet's attentions: by 1841 Morris had read all of Walter Scott's *Waverley* novels – a titanic feat at that age, a *Hexapla* in our own – and in 1842 Tennyson published his "Morte d'Arthur." A press run of Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, which would later exert a powerful, even cardinal, force upon the energetic young Oxonian's values, would follow the next year. The time was ripe for a budding artist-cum-armchair-mediaevalist infected with a stabbing curiosity about the aesthetic disparities between the world of industrial progress, and the world as fair as once it must have been, and the worship of past beauty hurriedly became a central thematic among Morris's literary fascinations. He would return to this disparity much later, armed with revolutionary fire. What about this early phase of Morris's formation as a reader is most remarkable for our purposes, is the fact that during these early years he had already well begun

necesariamente otra anécdota. ... Desde aquí doy curso a las omisiones. ... Aquí la historia del esclavo Bujait, del todo inapta para ser traducida." Borges, Jorge Luis. "Los Traductores de los 1001 Noches." *Obras Completas I.* Barcelona, Editores Emecé, 1936.

<sup>26</sup> Infant indeed, as his *Juvenilia* doesn't even cover the early 1850s, to say nothing of his early childhood years. Some tiny hunks of brilliant but crudely-shapen poetic amber remain from the minds of other baby bards; not so, with our Morris.

that uptake of a wide variety of literary classics which would later enable him to add his own uniquely eclectic interpretations of classical texts to the literary activities of the much vaster literary and cultural community of educated Britons.

*Deus dat incrementum: Marlborough College and the Rev. Guy at Alphington*

(1848 - 1851)

In 1848, the same year that saw the publication of the *Manifesto* of Marx and Engels, later a favourite of his, Morris went up to Marlborough College. While at Marlborough, he had no entirely pleasant go of it: it was, he recalls, “a very rough school. As far as my school instruction went, I think I may fairly say I learned next to nothing there, for indeed next to nothing was taught.” In discussing the precise character of what classical training Morris would have undergone there, William Whitla quotes R.L. Archer: “the task of these preparatory schools was to teach ‘the three R’s, the counties of England, the dates of the English monarchs, and the Latin declensions’ as well as the principles of piety and Christian morality.” (Whitla 4) The stuffier aspects of this process cannot be said to have fascinated the young Morris, a big boy who copped a certain image of scruffy Welsh hardihood. Even as a boy, he had already grown to be quite the new Romantic, with his explorations of local

churches and his worship of chivalry, who like Coleridge liked his experiential learning *en plein air*.

However, one is well-advised to search out silver linings, and Morris did manage to detail in notes what use he made of his experience at the place: Marlborough College, he conceded, was located “in very beautiful country, thickly scattered over with prehistoric monuments, and I set myself eagerly to studying these and everything else that had any history in it, and so perhaps learnt a good deal.” (Salmon, Feb. 1848.) Engagement with the past is again seen to rescue the young Morris from the ennui of the incessant stream of rote learning and paradigms that constituted the school day's activities, and from the stern preceptors' and headmaster's invincible and centrally-administered civilising mission. Morris saw the study of history as a way to give meaning to present experience, to allow modern life to be run through by systems of signification that transcend its petty and often meaningless customs – customs that have grown the more meaningless, the farther they travel in time and consciousness from their origins in lived experience.<sup>27</sup>

In any case, he successfully passed his form examinations; Whitla informs us that according to W.S. Blunt (no unimpeachable authority on such matters, to be sure) Morris later in his life “told ... Blunt that he placed in the middle of his form, ‘but always last in arithmetic; hated Cicero and Latin generally, but anything in the way of history had attracted him’”. Whitla concludes that “(Morris) certainly must have more than mastered the

<sup>27</sup> Upon further scrutiny we find that, around 1851, Morris had somehow acquired the nickname “Crab”, a detail evocative of *Tom Brown's School Days!* Only a few short years later (yes, short, since such always are the years of early youth) Marlborough erupted in bouts of violent student unrest; the situation grew so bad that Morris was withdrawn from the school's chaotic environment. We have record of his having successfully left the fifth form late that same year.

fundamentals of Greek and Latin, and was exposed to the staples of Virgil, Horace and Homer, two of whom he subsequently translated ... doubtless he spent his formal school time construing and *translating* tediously from and into small Latin and less Greek—in both prose and verse.” (Whitla 6, emphasis mine.) Moreover, we have from this period Morris's copy, dated 21 March 1851, of the *Odes of Horace*, which Salmon tells us was decorated, if its sense be any clue, by that singular student with “a one-legged man holding a placard on which is written, W. MORRIS. HIS HORACE.” This is another fact one should at least consider allowing to sink in for a space: at the age of sixteen going on seventeen, then, and just a few days after the ides of March, William Morris was somewhere decorating a volume of Horace.

After leaving Marlborough, Morris began in 1852 to study the classics under the young Reverend F. B. Guy, a typical move for a young university aspirant who sought admission to one of England's ancient universities. After passing his matriculation examinations, he entered Exeter College Oxford in June of that same year, with which college Marlborough nursed an institutional and cultural bond. In the summer of 1852, on holiday with Rev. Guy in Alphington, Devon, he continued his preparations for the rigours of Oxford, during a period of intellectual formation Whitla characterises as deep. Commenting upon Morris's competencies at this time, Whitla explains how, in spite of the fact that “Morris's lack of “exact scholarship” had to be remedied before he could entertain hope for Exeter College, Oxford, with which Marlborough had a connection”, his command of the classical languages was steadily advancing: “We know that they worked on Euripides's *Medea* together. Mackail comments that under Mr. Guy's tuition ‘Morris had developed into a very

fair classical scholar, high praise from one of the leading classical translators of his day””, particularly when referring to a person so young that he is not yet even yet an undergraduate.

(6) (Incidentally, as a comparison, today the *Medea* is more commonly taught sometime in the second or third year of an undergraduate classicist-in-training's formal study of Greek, and, then as now, one encounters the unrulier sections or “gobbets” extracted with an eye to testing your command of the subtle mechanics at work in Euripides.) For all his efforts, the reading lists Morris faced were a good deal longer than his own classical travelogue would have included at this time in his life; any future Oxbridge student wanted, upon exit from the primary educational forms, a variety of exposure to prose, verse and history, to philosophy and hymnody, all of which was of course to be overseen by Rev. Guy in the original classical languages. Oxford promised the individual a serious educational experience, and prestige as well as social and political connexions for the less earnest; to Britain she promised a class of gentlemen whose experiences with the great classical foundations of her civilisation had been both broad and deep. Morris had a daunting *cursus honorum* to follow at Oxford, let there be no doubt. There beckoned new experiences with classical literature, and they were not optional.

The day came for Morris to sit Oxford's general entrance examinations. We have, from amid the reminiscences of Morris's lifelong friend Edward Coley Burne-Jones, access to a singularly moving datum: Morris quickly dispatched the tasks of the examination, Burne-Jones recalls years later, finishing his paper perhaps not entirely unostentatiously early. He folded up this exam which he had slain, signing his name “WILLIAM MORRIS” in a hand that was easily legible from Burne-Jones's distance. The examination paper's subject?

The verses of Quintus Horatius Flaccus. Again, Morris's life intersects with the works of a Roman poet. His experiences with classical literature would today strike us, who are accustomed to educational models far less centralised and retrospective in temperament, as far more numerous and more intimate than we would have expected, from such a mediaevalising artisan of tale and tapestry as he who made Chair and *Chaucer*.

#### *Floreat exon:* Exeter College, Oxford (1853 – 1856)

In January 1853, Morris went up to Oxford and took up residence in college, quickly falling in with the so-called 'Birmingham set', of which Burne-Jones was a principal member. By 1 May 1853, Burne-Jones had already, with all the fervour and enthusiasm youth can so ebulliently precipitate, written to Cormell Price<sup>28</sup>, "I have set my heart on our founding a Brotherhood. Learn Sir Galahad by heart. He is to be the patron of our Order. I have enlisted one in the project up here [Morris], heart and soul." Nicholas Salmon remarks that "this is the first reference to Morris and Burne-Jones's plan to found a 'monastic brotherhood' and launch a 'crusade and Holy Warfare against the age'" and it anticipates Morris's later proclamation, so uniformly quoted among his biographers, that "apart from

<sup>28</sup> Price would later be a contributor to Morris's *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*.

the desire to produce beautiful things, ... the leading passion of (his) life has been and is hated of modern civilisation.” Pre-modern cultures seem to have loomed before him as alternatives to industrial devastation, excess, and crudeness, with olden lore enabling Morris, even from an early age, to imagine (and later to articulate) lovelier and healthier potential futures.

It was a historical peculiarity that Morris and Burne-Jones, within the very first month of their having entered into residence as Exeter undergraduates, sat the new “Responsions” examinations, and it was a good thing they had had decent tutors. Whitla usefully details this academic hurdle: “The examination, in five sections plus translations from authors, indicates clearly what had to be known: besides the usual translations into and from Latin and Greek, there were questions on classical grammar, arithmetic, algebra, Euclid, and selections from Homer (*Iliad* I-V, *Odyssey* I-VII), Sophocles, Euripides, Xenophon, Cicero, Caesar (*Gallic Wars*, I-IV), Horace, Virgil (*Georgics*, *Aeneid*), Juvenal and Livy.” A year later a student took “Classical Moderations”: in reading for this tougher gauntlet of scrutiny, “the classical poets and orators were prepared ... while the philosophers and historians were left for the Final examinations. ... Morris was examined on twelve books of Homer (probably the *Odyssey* was his choice), Demosthenes, all of Virgil, and eight orations of Cicero, all required; as well as one Greek dramatist—very likely Aeschylus, whom Burne-Jones was reading, plus Herodotus and Lucretius (very likely); and very probably Horace and Tacitus. He was also responsible for the four gospels in Greek. Throughout the emphasis was restricted to matters of language, grammar, and syntax, with little concern for subject matter or ‘criticism.’”

In another humorous, pointillistic detail from this period of the poet's life, we find Morris complaining that, for his Final Examinations of 1855, he was having to read "for six hours a day at Livy, Ethics, etc.", a sentence he closes with a petition: "please pity me." Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics* is a deeply rationalist work of great abstraction and sophistication. Thucydides, with whose *Historiae* Morris would have had to be at least plausibly familiar, and Tacitus, whose *Annales* would have formed (as mentioned above) a major portion of the study of Roman history as practiced in 1850s Oxford, today loom before classicists as complicated tapestries of Greek and Latin, prime exempla of a densely wrought, pithy prose style whose strengths are maximum nuance and the optimisation of form to function. They are not merely difficult; they have in moments seemed, at least to this former classics undergraduate, to be veritable paens to difficulty. It cannot have hurt that within Morris burned a love of history, as he would have had to master their Gordian syntax, their prolixities, mannerisms, parallelisms and mimetic pyrotechnics, before taking even a pass degree, which he did in 1856. This intensely *classical* curriculum clearly made its mark on Morris – there is no plausible way it could not have done, administered with such academic probity as it was, with such rites of sacred proving as barred the door to each new subsequent Latinate rank. Perhaps tellingly, Morris, after taking his degree, grew a moustache and long hair. The intellectual regimentation of such a training pipeline must have been intense; his exhalations of relief at having taken the degree are audible to us today through space and time.

*Ars Longa, Vita Brevis: Red Lion Square, Red House, Queen Square*

(1857-1868)

At this point, the traceable history of Morris's activities as a trained classical scholar vanishes somewhat beneath the domestic carpets of married life, as he takes up the task first of an architect, then of a painter, and later of a poet, and as his friendship with Rossetti blossoms and then begins to fade and wilt under the weight of enmity. The reader of Morris's life even today is impressed by how much activity Morris generated in an attempt to establish, with some degree of certainty, in what court of human affairs he was to make his mark. So today, too, are the lives of those university leavers whose books for a space sit patiently on their shelves. A marriage is recorded: Morris married Jane Burden in 1859, a year and a half after having been introduced to the working-class young woman through his friend and mentor Rossetti. The late 1850s and early 1860s must, to the chronicler of Morris's classical pastimes, seem a markedly domestic time: their first child, Jane Alice Morris, whom they called "Jenny", was born, followed by a second, Mary, whom they called "May". For all the mediaeval content of 1857's *The Defence of Guenevere*, Morris's first (few) readers were treated to something like an early glimpse of his pro-Dardan sympathies as he has his Sir Peter affirm with confidence that "almost all men, reading that sad siege, / Hold for the

Trojans; as I did at least, / Thought Hector the best knight a long way.” Morris will continually return to the theme of doomed (Trojan) resistance throughout his life, and his consistently subversive allegiances will become much more legible in later works.

Also, in 1857, Morris had begun *Scenes from the Fall of Troy*, a consciously fragmentary work which mines classical mythology for striking psychological and narrative effect à la Robert Browning's early blank-verse monologues, which Morris had deeply admired. The *Scenes* incorporate classical motifs into Romantic themes in a way one can call eclectic, but Morris does more with them than merely imitate the treatment of men and women in Browning's monologues: A.P.M. Wright tells us that “some of the more private *Scenes* read as though the imaginary audience which is implied in many of Browning's monologues has been allowed to intervene,” a striking departure in monologue technique for Morris to have endeavoured. Wright here stresses questions of narrative and character, leaving the classical background of the *Scenes* in lieu of a more attentive reading of Morris's poetic development in the wake of the publication of such poems as “Sir Peter Harpdon's End” and “Concerning Geffray Teste Noire” that same year: the responses in the *Scenes*, Wright observes, “affect or divert the development of what is often for the original main speaker a train of reflective meditation on their situation rather than a dramatically interacting dialogue”, adding that, “in his few battle scenes … Morris shows some recollection of the rapidly moving ones that end Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*.” Clearly, although the classical myth that serves as the foundation of Morris's *Scenes* does seem to hang like a cultural backdrop, against which the responses seek to contest or efface one another, it is hardly arbitrary: Morris wishes to preserve a very specific version of these olden tales, one

that casts them in a uniquely Romantic and tragic mode. With this interpretation Wright seems decisively to agree, arguing that “for the Middle Ages the example of Virgil, tracing the ancestry of the Romans to the Trojan refugee Aeneas, was … influential; … many medieval peoples were proud to claim, as with Brutus for the British, a … mythical Trojan descent”, a reference that recalls the first lines of no less ubiquitously anthologised a bloom from the English canon as *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*.

Wright goes on: “Accordingly, for the main incidents in his *Scenes*, before the climactic descent from the Wooden Horse, Morris has discarded both Homer and the Greek tragedians, and chosen events that were prominent in the pseudo-history of Troy current in the Middle Ages; the unchivalrous killing of Hector by Achilles taking him at a disadvantage, and the treacherous killing of Achilles in retaliation by Paris at his intended marriage to Priam’s daughter Polyxena.” Morris’s classical training, then, allows him to interpret the classics, even as his Romantic sensibilities consistently move him to repurpose and reimagine them. Fiona MacCarthy says of the *Scenes* that “they are strange and intense poems” that represent a tragic end in literature, the fall of a legendary civilisation, a theme itself necessarily “melancholy in atmosphere and picturesque in detail.” (190) The resulting commingling of classical *topos* with post-Romantic psychological mimetic technique would, by 1870, be a well-established (and even proprietary) blend in Morris’s treatments of classical tales.

Also of interest is the fact that, many years after his early experiences in Devon reading Livy with the lettered vicar, Morris kept in touch with his former tutor F. B. Guy, writing to him on separate occasions on 19 April 1861, in a letter advertising the establishment of the nascent Firm, and later on 1 March 1863, in which he details the

progress of his art projects. Later that year he would design and begin to stain an array of delicately-wrought glass panels illuminating classical narratives that he had read under Guy's tutelage some years before. Morris had also shown an interest in the classical subjects of his adolescence by working up a grand plan to do up the oxblood-coloured dining room at Red House with three-foot-high figure embroidered panels of Chaucer's *Legend of Good Women*, a move that is typical for Morris, insofar as it uses the mediaeval as a kind of container for classical lore. Jan Marsh informs us that these panels were to represent "a varied mix of classical, Christian and mediaeval" illustrious women, among whom Venus and Penelope were to appear alongside Helen and Hippolyta; by 1865, the year that saw Morris's move from Red House, only seven of the figures were completed, one of which depicted Dido and Cleopatra.<sup>29</sup>

On 18 August 1866, the Irish poet William Allingham's diary recorded that Burne-Jones (and, of course, Morris) were working on a new *Big Book of Stories and Verse*, in which the myth of Cupid and Psyche was to be featured. (The Cupid and Psyche myth would briefly reappear in Morris's work in the form of a classical tale within the epic-length, unapologetically Chaucerian *Earthly Paradise* of 1868-1870, as well as in the form of a certain abortive 1874 illuminated manuscript, as we shall soon learn.) Morris's attentiveness to professional and domestic affairs notwithstanding, 1866 is an important year for our purposes, for during it Morris begins work on what is perhaps his finest self-contained epic on a classical theme: *The Life and Death of Jason*, which he finished in January of 1867 and

<sup>29</sup> Marsh, Jan. "Red House, Past and Future." In Bennett, Philippa and Miles, Rosie, eds., *William Morris in the Twenty-First Century*. Oxford: Peter Lang, 2010.

which would be published and favourably reviewed by midsummer of that same year.

### ***Jason and The Earthly Paradise: Queen Square and Horrington House (1868-1874)***

*The Life and Death of Jason* had initially been blessed for final inclusion in the *Earthly Paradise* as one of the twelve classical tales, but by late 1866 Morris found the project to be ballooning to Brobdingnagian proportions, as that tale which had been told in only about six thousand lines by its most renowned singer, Apollonius of Rhodes (in his famous Hellenistic poem *Argonautica*<sup>30</sup>) in his own hands had sprawled out to over ten. Nor did Morris's titanic stamina for tale-telling (Mackail would prefer the Latinity of “fluent copiousness of narration” which is almost so erudite that it sounds vaguely pathologising) go unnoticed by his readership: everywhere in the reviews one reads, to take the characterisation of one reviewer, of Morris’s “mellifluous garrulity in simple narration” – it is a trait of Morris’s that everyone seems to recognise, and that *The Life and Death of Jason* is the longest poetic treatment of the myth of the Argonautica in our language would not surprise many of

<sup>30</sup> Itself something of an odd duck, as it were: the *Argonautica*, neither a Homeric epic nor a Callimachean epyllion, is of a length that places it between these two poetic forms. It fails to be short enough to imitate Homer's wine-dark seas of narrative detail and copiousness of coverage with any satisfaction, even as it is too lapidary and long on the lung to be an example of Greek neoteric epyllia. It is, in other words, too long-winded to be formally avant-garde, too laconic to be formally conservative.

its readers. Morris wrote *long* poems, he wrote them breathtakingly fast, and he also wrote them rather often, so that there are quite a few of them. Lovers of long narrative poetry should never be permitted to remain long ignorant of his work.

In *Jason*, Morris continues to practice those same habits of representation we have already begun to trace in his work and thought: the narrative of the epic journey into the deep unknown is here, as is the relatively sympathetic treatment of a wronged woman, here named Medea – in Euripides her guilt is a far simpler chunk of ethical calculus than it is in the hands of the Defender of Guenevere, who for his part prefers to portray the classical *femme fatale* as deeply injured by the ridiculous Jason, in spite of her initial intentions of helping him surmount his obstacles. (In the virtuous character of Philonoë in “Bellerophon in Lycia”, the last classical tale in the *Earthly Paradise*, he would again take recourse to the character of the outland princess tasked with aiding a questing hero.)

Also visible in the seventeen books of rhyming epic pentameters that comprise *Jason* is the same employment of an ostensibly mediaeval poetic vehicle in the service of the domestic conveyance of classically-themed tales as has been commented upon before. That idiosyncratic fusion of the Romantic with the classical that is found perhaps only in Morris is on full display, as in Book III Hylas is lured to his death with a song that communicates a dreamlike image of a blissful, amorous garden scene. This song, elsewhere and often anthologised, will not be unfamiliar to most readers of Morris, and begins: “I know a little garden-close / Set thick with lily and red rose, / Where I would wander if I might / From dewy dawn to dewy night, / And have one with me wandering.” (III.577ff.) Such is the marriage of Romantic and classical, that the reader is often struck by the psychological

intensity of the frequently ecphrastic passages that interpenetrate the main epic plotline, as often as the reader is reminded – in Morris's favour – of what a stuffier and less luxuriant treatment such myths had suffered in the hands of more orthodox classical translators, interpreters, and reframers of old tales. John Dryden's and Jacob Tonson's 1717 Ovid is a particular example of just this sort of neoclassical refinement that Romanticism, and Morris, sought so studiously to avoid.

Morris succeeds at leavening the dough of classical lore with the germ of feeling; this Romantic commitment to the emotional dimension of consciousness he has inherited from his own experiences with art in the years immediately following an age of reaction against artistic orthodoxies of all kinds, not only those which had been promulgated so unsatisfactorily by Sir “Sloshua” Reynolds. His classical heroes are always only possible after the advent of the Romantic worldview, and there is precious little rococo “decorum” to be found in *Jason*. For all this, as mentioned above, in 1867 his epic was published to decisive critical acclaim, the same year during which Augusta Webster published her translation of Euripides' *Medea*, and four years before Webster's “Medea at Athens” would give the classical spellcrafter a voice much more authentic and emotionally realistic than that to which she had grown accustomed in literary representations.

One of the principal virtues, in the view of this writer, of Elisabeth Luther Cary's 1902 biography of Morris<sup>31</sup> is the admirable facility with which its author manages to condense narratives into quick summaries that are oddly quite comprehensive. In late 1866, Morris had begun work on a grand project that was to feature an intricate narrative design

<sup>31</sup> Cary, Elisabeth Luther. *William Morris: Poet, Craftsman, Socialist*. New York: G.B. Putnam's Sons, 1902.

within which, à la Chaucer or Boccaccio, he would have twenty-four individual tales told.

Let be – Cary does, as I said, a better job at this sort of summary than I ever could:

A little band of Greeks, 'the seed of the Ionian race,' are found living upon a nameless island in a distant sea. Hither at the end of the fourteenth century – the time of Chaucer – come certain wanderers of Germanic, Norse, and Celtic blood who have set out on a voyage in search of a land that is free from death, driven from their homes by the pestilence sweeping over them. Hospitably received, the wanderers spend their time upon the island entertaining their hosts with the legends current in their day throughout Western Europe, and in turn are entertained with the Hellenic legends which have followed the line of living Greek tradition and are told by the fourteenth-century islanders in the mediaeval form and manner proper to them at that time. Among the wanderers are a Breton and a Suabian, and the sources from which the stories are drawn have a wide range. (Cary 115f.)

One need not concur with all her rather general comments on the great poem itself in order to be able to appreciate her ability succinctly to communicate the narrative content of the poem, although it is impossible to communicate anything like the nuance and readerly experience of Morris's poetic cadences in a short account of this kind, penned only for summary's sake.

*The Earthly Paradise*, then, is modelled on Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, to the extent that it begins with a prologue that brings the reader into a situation in which a variety of tales are told with more or less pomp and circumstance; Morris's narrative predella, however, individuates the tellers of his tales far less sharply than his "Master Chaucer" had done. The sombre mood of the lyric interludes which separate the twelve classical from the twelve mediaeval tales seems a uniquely Morrisian specialty, with these intercalary lyrics mediated through a voice that is explicitly oneiric, that of a "dreamer of dreams": for this "idle singer of an empty day" so profound is the umbra of death, even in May's sunshine, that he shivers

to think of Eld and Death.

These acts of lyric poetry are more important in discerning Morris's purposes as a reteller of classical tales than their short length may communicate to the unsuspecting. The Romantic tenor of these lyrics, incorporating as it does a heightened sensitivity to the flux whereby all beauty is lost to the ravages of time, is enough to make one think of Walter Pater's "hard, gemlike flame": if the twelve old tales recount marriages and deaths, the intercalary lyrics embody the present, with the vivid effect of heightening the reader's sense of psychological tensions that climb steadily as the narrative progresses (the year, after all, is ever churning on as we delight in old stories with the wanderers and their island hosts – *our* year no less). Morris is so interested in psychology that he successfully commandeers for poetry what can be called a proto-existentialist purpose, or at very least one which anticipates some of the concerns of that 20<sup>th</sup>-century philosophical school: in Morris's handling of classical literature, art is how we while away the hours as we approach death: toward the end of *Jason*, Morris had expressed a desire for "but some portion of that mastery / That from the rose-hung lanes of woody Kent / Through these five hundred years such songs have sent / To us, who, meshed within this smoky net, / of unrejoicing labour, love them yet." (XVII.5ff.) So too, the monthly lyrics of the *Earthly Paradise* persistently and stridently impress upon the reader that art is how we thole the pain incurred by the human knowledge and anticipation of death, even as it serves as the path to immortality for the classical heroes the tales of whom we have so long been told... and even if it at times can *hurt* to hear the old matter retold, from time to time. Take for example the following passage that introduces the classical tale for February:

... But on this chill dank tide  
Still are the old men by the fireside,  
... less pensive now they were,  
And meeter for that cause old tales to hear  
Of stirring deeds long dead:

So, as it fell,  
Preluding nought, an elder 'gan to tell  
The story promised in mid-winter days  
Of all that latter end of bliss and praise  
That erst befell Bellerophon the bright,  
Ere all except his name sank into night.

ll. 21-23, 29-36

“All except his name”, the poet sings; as in Tennyson's *Idylls*, another Victorian poem which similarly foregrounds the passage of the seasons, his “name” cannot die. In the narrative interlude that introduces the mediaeval tale for January, the lyric voice proclaims that literary art possesses the power to exorcise one's old demons, as it were: “with the old tale o'er their souls did pass / Shades of their own dead hopes, and buried pain / By measured words drawn from its grave again” but then in the same poem their lives are identified as “tales” “told” (l. 14-16, 20.) For Morris, the purpose of retelling ancient stories, by 1868, is at least in part psychological. I say more: it is cauterising and cathartic.<sup>32</sup>

With great sensitivity do Morris's best classical tales manage this balancing act between realistic and sophisticated representations of affect, on the one hand, and the classical topoi which serve as the backdrop for half the tales in the *Earthly Paradise*, on the other, for nowhere does the combination seem as anachronistic as it is. In “Bellerophon at Argos” and

<sup>32</sup> I assert this in full view of the fact that Morris conspicuously describes the “name” of King Edward III as “empty” in “Prologue: The Wanderers” 460-468, since that passage clearly addresses the extent to which renown that is arbitrarily conferred by virtue of high birth is actually merited, in a dismissal that is thoroughly in keeping with Morris's attitudes about the state of the Peerage in his own day.

“Bellerophon at Lycia”, the only narrative diptych in the *Earthly Paradise*, the title character, who has unwittingly slain his brother and been ejected from the community of his kin, is forced to undergo a number of tribulations in order to seek reincorporation into civilisation. Among these trials: an attempted seduction and subsequent libel at the hands of Queen Sthenoboea of Argos, followed by further vicissitudes in Lycia prompted by a death order signed, unbeknownst to the hero, by Sthenoboea's husband King Proetus, and delivered to Jobates, the king of Lycia. In a specifically Morrisian intensification of the rising action – in his classical sources, Bellerophon first dispatches what in Morris's tale is to be his final foe – successful forays against the Solymi, the Amazons, and Tyrrhenian pirates prepare the hero for his final task: the defeat of the amorphous Chimaera, who has weaponised fear and aimed it at all threats (“dead, without a wound” do many lie, a detail which allows the narrator tentatively to conclude “belike it was of fear they died”) (2685, 2690). The tale is a tale of two princesses: the deceptive and cruel Sthenoboea in the first tale is a foil to the second tale's noble and benevolent princess Philonoe, whom Bellerophon marries after he conquers his fear and slays the Chimaera. It is also a tale of reconciliation; crucial for our purposes is the recognition that the two poems read together constitute a reanimation of classical material in a context of imaginative post-Romantic renewal. (In fact, one could make the case that the Romantic side of Morris's creative genius is giving way in places to acts of generic fidelity, and to this end J.W. Mackail comments that “the treatment of the Bellerophon legend clealy shows the epic manner rising beside and partially overmastering the romantic.”) (I.207) If Arnold's *Merope* had been an attempt to clothe the English tongue in the precise and studied locutions of the City Dionysia, Morris's “Bellerophon” tales make shift to tell to Albion's

folk at least the pith of that dead knight's tale. It is nothing less than a creative reimagining of his sources, which include Homer and Apollodorus, if of course also Lemprière. Morris's imagination is positively beelike – all the cells and walls of the vast tale he diligently constructs are spun from fairly small substance: this, a boast of Glaucus about his ancestry as he answers Diomedes in *Iliad* VI, which subsequently grows into a short narrative about Bellerophontes.

Morris's handling of the classical materials beneath his verse tales is as Romantic in its freedom of diction and form, as it is eclectic in the multiplicity and amplitude of its sources. In any discussion of the role of classical texts in all this business it is helpful to discuss the tributary of scholarly tradition regarding source-hunting in Morris's *Earthly Paradise*. This tradition begins with an obscure dissertation, defended toward the end of Morris's life, by Julius Riegel, entitled “Die Quellen von William Morris' Dichtung *The Earthly Paradise*” (PhD diss., Erlangen, 1890). However, it is with Ralph Bellas's much later dissertation “William Morris's Treatment of Sources in *The Earthly Paradise*” (PhD diss., Kansas, 1960) that I feel this tiny yet discernible trickle of interest in Morris's use of the Graeco-Roman classics most arguably begins.<sup>33</sup> Bellas's study is to be founded upon a much more attentive for Morris's antecedents as well as extended close analyses of his uses of his classical sources.

Largely, I feel he succeeds. From Bellas we learn much about the major and minor works from which his mosaic images derive their energy and impetus. Evidently a completist

<sup>33</sup> Bellas, in a universally recognisable critical move, begins by stating the necessity for a new study of Morris's sources in terms of the insufficiencies presented by Riegel: this former study is, in Bellas's view and in my own, “restricted in scope, consisting only of sixty-nine pages and allowing in some cases less than a page to a tale.” (Bellas 17.) He goes on: “Riegel largely confines himself to a mere noting of primary literary antecedents for the tales and to pointing out a few of Morris's narrative changes, but to the extent that he deals with these changes at all, he offers no interpretation of them. Furthermore, Riegel is not always accurate” and so on.

at heart, Bellas's own study undertakes as its province a far ampler share of material, and weighs in at nearly four hundred pages. Bellas yields up an extensive section for each and every tale, and each is crammed with detailed annotations on authors whose names (such as, for example, that of Aristaenetus, whose *Epistolae* served as a major source for the classical tale for October, "Acontius and Cydippe") would perchance be unfamiliar even to trained classicists. His study repeatedly and concretely attests to Morris's breadth of classical reading. The critical reviews both of *The Life and Death of Jason* and of its erstwhile frame *The Earthly Paradise* were largely very positive, to the extent that, well into his characteristically active maturity, Morris was still generally identified among readers and even on the title pages of his books as the author of these two works.

Nor did Morris have long to wait for fame: *Jason* was something like an instant smash hit upon its 1867 publication, which success is today legible in Morris's reserve, in a letter dated 25 November 1867 to his former classics tutor, F.B. Guy, in which he stated, "it makes me laugh to be in the position of nuisance to schoolboys." In Nicholas Salmon's amplifying remarks, we learn that "Guy had introduced *Jason* to the school curriculum at the Forest School." (Salmon, 39) We have epistolary evidence of the admiration *Jason* earned from no less weighty figures than Charles Eliot Norton (22 Aug 1867) and Henry James (Oct 1867); we learn from F.T. Palgrave (in a 25 Oct 1867 letter to William Michael Rossetti) that he has "heard very favourable things about [*Jason*] from A. Tennyson" and that Thomas Woolner "knew it"; on 13 Feb 1868, William Michael Rossetti records in his diary that "[Robert] Browning expresses (as I have before been told) a very high opinion of Morris's *Jason*." On 7 June of that same year, Browning writes to Morris, praising the *Earthly*

*Paradise*: “it is a double delight to me,” Browning enthusiastically writes, “to read such poetry, and to know that you, of all the world, wrote it.” (Nor had Browning missed a single opportunity to praise Morris during this phase in his poetic career: on 25 May 1867, a year before, he had written his fellow bay-crowned singer to express his opinion just as forcefully: “What a noble, melodious, and most beautiful poem you have written!”) (Salmon 38ff.)

Still, the praise was not uniform, and some of his more fractious critics chafed against the material Morris had had published, initially at least at his own expense. Bellas comments upon this: “In reading over criticism of *The Earthly Paradise*, we soon realise that the poem and Morris have both suffered from misdirected criticism … Morris has been criticised for not doing what he never had any intention of doing. Critics have objected to *The Earthly Paradise* for lacking qualities that are alien to the romance. If *The Earthly Paradise* did possess these qualities, the poem would be something other than what it was meant to be.” (Bellas 15)<sup>34</sup> He goes on to survey what he feels are the unfair criticisms lobbed at Morris's romantic and oneiric visions by such 20<sup>th</sup>-century scholars as Henry Beers and Vida D. Scudder, before settling into Douglas Bush's chapter on Morris in his 1937 monograph *Mythology and the Romantic Tradition in English Poetry*, which he singles out as singularly marked by “a critical tone of disdain aimed … at the type of romance Morris wrote.” More damningly, Bellas remarks that in Bush's hands “no qualitative evaluation of Morris's treatment of the type (of romance) (that Morris actually attempted to revive) is made.” What is almost certainly more important to this project, than the carpings of Morris's more indolent reviewers, is the

<sup>34</sup> I aver that the same, of course, can be said about Morris's *Aeneids*: if his translation of Vergil *lacked* those qualities deemed most objectionable by his critics, the translation would be something other than what it was meant to be.

universal acclaim these long classical narrative poems earned him: Karl Litzenberg, in his survey of Morris's critics from the decade beginning with the publication of *Jason* and ending with the publication of 1876's *Sigurd the Volsung*, remarks that "Morris was as well-known as any literary figure of his day, including Browning and Tennyson."<sup>35</sup>

These criticisms hardly vanish as the *Earthly Paradise* fades into the past of Morris's progress as a poet; in fact, we will deal with them by way of introduction, as soon as our sights turn in Chapter 5 to the reception of his *Aeneids* and the need emerges to describe Morris's public image as a poet in the early 1870s. What is important is that Morris's classical training allowed him to execute the task of a latter-day teller of Greek and Latin tales in a way that merited the approbation of most of the literary luminaries of his day, and in a way that has since led scholars to remark on the complexity (and, in fact, in some cases, on the erudition) of his inclusions of classical mythologies within the dreamland of his *Earthly Paradise*, whether one appreciates the Romantic spin on versecraft Morris attempts.

Versecraft and visual craft were, it seems today, wellnigh as one to the diligent, versatile artist, and between 1869 and 1875, Morris worked away at a series of 18 illuminated texts, seeking to return English bookmaking to its pre-industrial state, before the ascendancy of those modern printing methods he so intensely resented throughout his life. The first of these two Roman works was a small, delicately decorated manuscript of *The Odes of Horace* in Latin, possibly intended as a gift for his dear friend (and dear friend's wife) Georgiana Burne-Jones. After the publication of these two enormously popular poems of 1867-1870,

<sup>35</sup> Litzenberg, Karl. "William Morris and the Reviews: A Study in the Fame of the Poet." *Review of English Studies* 12, no. 48 (Oct.): 413-28.

and this tiny, ornate Horace, the next classical work he will take up and actually complete is the subject of this dissertation.

CHAPTER 3:  
MORRIS'S TWO *AENEIDS*:  
ILLUMINATION AND TRANSLATION

**The Two *Aeneids* (1874-1875)**

For the purposes of tracing Morris's interest in and treatment of the matter of Greek and Roman narrative poetry, the years that immediately followed the 1870 publication of *The Earthly Paradise* in its final form constitute a fruitful period for study. Of principal interest are two projects, only the second of which was brought through to completion, and which stands as the object of this dissertation's core act of criticism, as found in Chapter 4: this is important to bear in mind. For before the translation comes the illuminated *Aeneid*, which Morris began in the winter of 1874 in collaboration with his old friend from Oxford, Edward Burne-Jones, and which the two men would never finish. Only upon being clear about this order of events may we speak of the *Aeneids of Vergil, Done into English*, which in 1875 Morris began alone, and which he completed and had published later that same year (though the colophon reads 1876).

The first of these two Vergilian projects was to be a richly illuminated vellum folio of the *Aeneid* in Latin; what resulted has earned fame unto itself, even if it has been relatively

inaccessible to the reading public, whose welfare would have been foremost in the mind of its co-creator, as it passed from collector to private collector, pitched to the highest bidder as “The Pre-Raphaelite *Aeneid*”. For the sake of economy and clarity, I advocate, in describing this first Morris *Aeneid*, the term “the illuminated *Aeneid*”; this term aptly describes what this work is and disambiguates it from its near-twin on the timeline. Though the 1874 illuminated *Aeneid* in Latin is not the object of this study, I feel it best briefly to introduce it here, before performing in the next my close reading of Morris’s 1875 translation from the Latin.

That the illuminated *Aeneid*’s occasional failure to sell can hardly be interpreted as an indicator of the work’s aesthetic virtues I leave it to my learned friend the reader to recognise. Indeed this illumination, which has been the object of an intricate series of manumissions and “reappreciations”, has been described<sup>36</sup> by Miles Tittle as truly a miracle to behold: “its place as the crowning achievement of Morris’s calligraphic quill, the shadowy handwritten counterpart to the Kelmscott *Chaucer*, has never been seriously questioned.” Tittle cites May Morris’s effusive descriptions of the work as further evidence to support his own independently superlative assessments of the 1874 *Aeneid* manuscript: “the first time a single page of the illumination was printed, as a plate to accompany her father’s *Collected Works* of 1911, May Morris tried fervently to compensate in highly detailed words for the illustration’s failure to do justice to the original page.” (57) In spite of its artistic value, the illuminated *Aeneid* was never completed.

<sup>36</sup> Tittle, Miles. “Illuminating Divergences: Morris, Burne-Jones, and the Two *Aeneids*.” In *To Build a Shadowy Isle of Bliss: William Morris’s Radicalism and the Embodiment of Dreams*, edited by Michelle Weinroth and Paul Leduc Browne, 56-84. Montréal: McGill-Queen’s University Press, 2015.

Now, the reasons were many and complex, some of which Tittle details in the chapter mentioned above, with the dissolution of the Firm that same year, a cultural and ideological chasm that had been steadily widening between the aesthetic Burne-Jones and the increasingly radical Morris, and the impact on Morris's imagination of his first Icelandic sojourns being chief among those reasons more likely to be cited without compunction. Four brief entries from Nicholas Salmon's excellent *William Morris Chronology* show that the friendship had already been somewhat strained a few years before:

**Late January 1869:** Mary Zambaco, with whom Burne-Jones was having an affair, tried to drown herself in the Paddington Canal outside (Robert) Browning's house.

**23 January 1869:** Rossetti recorded that Morris and Burne-Jones – 'after the most dreadful to-do' – had started from Rome in an attempt to escape Mary Zambaco. Before he left Morris asked Jane to promise to cease her sittings for Rossetti while he was away. She agreed. However, Burne-Jones became so ill that they got no further than Dover before returning to London a few days later. The affair between Mary Zambaco and Burne-Jones continued until 1872.

**24 May 1869:** Morris had dinner with Burne-Jones and Charles Fairfax Murray. During this meeting there was an argument which may have related to Burne-Jones's affair with Mary Zambaco.

**25 May 1869:** Morris apologised to Burne-Jones for his behaviour the previous evening: 'we seem to quarrel in speech now sometimes, and sometimes I think you find it hard to stand me, and no great wonder for I am like a hedgehog with nastiness.'<sup>37</sup>

For the more cynical and forever-out-of-love triumphalists among you, do be advised that Fiona MacCarthy (hardly a prude, if her at times candid biographies of Morris, Burne-

<sup>37</sup> In the performance of my duties as the author of this dissertation I have been fortunate enough, thanks to the kind assistance of the staff of the Harry Ransom Centre for the Humanities at the University of Texas, to view this letter in person. (HRC MS 1412. Morris, William. Letter to Edward Burne-Jones, May 1869.) Morris's hand rushes forward tenderly to crave the forgiveness of his friend for what, to one who knows Morris's temperament, were sure to have been words of decidedly Gothic origin from Morris's word-hoard, bellowed in the baritone that we know boomed vigorously from the man. In the letter Morris clearly feels the smart of the failure of his own attempt at happy matrimony, his own wife having already been unfaithful to him (as is so succinctly demonstrated by Salmon's date-entries.)

Jones, and Eric Gill are to be believed) has maintained with some credibility that “it is most unlikely that Morris and Georgi[ana Burne-Jones] ever became lovers. But this was the beginning of a deep and constant friendship that from time to time was to break out into longing. Morris was a man of strictest honour. If he was a ‘hedgehog with nastiness’, this may have been a sign of fear that his feelings for Georgie were threatening his old ideals of brotherhood.”<sup>38</sup> Tittle considers Morris’s estrangement from Burne-Jones around this time to have been more intellectual than emotional, and his article performs a “close (visual) reading of the illuminated *Aeneid*, underscoring signs of divergence between the two artists.”

(61) For Tittle, the “divergence” (such an abstract, passionless word) consists in the increasing distance between the “subversive, politically charged” Morris and the refinement and politesse of “Burne-Jonesian aesthetics”. Tittle would have us believe, to some degree, that in 1875 Morris wishes to “free” his art of the *trecento*-ward influence of his friend, the men’s brains, in the main, driving their increasing estrangement, their hearts (mostly) along for the ride.

It is fortunate that one need not agree with Tittle that Vergil, for a Victorian reading public, would somehow have been received as an anti-imperialist or subversive figure, or indeed as anything short of the stalwart figure of Augustan latinity he cut in schoolrooms, then as often now, list as many ecphrastic dreams from his *Aeneid* as you like – it is indeed fortunate that one need not follow Tittle in confusing Vergil’s purposes with Morris’s own, in order to agree with him that “a perennial question in Morris’s public life” was “how to

<sup>38</sup> MacCarthy, Fiona. *The Last Pre-Raphaelite: Edward Burne-Jones and the Victorian Imagination*. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2012. p. 216.

integrate decorative beauty with radical politics". Though Tittle in my view overstates the visibility of the radical agenda lurking at the heart of Morris's Vergilian projects, he drives home salient points in his very well-written chapter, points that will not be flippantly brushed aside: "While Burne-Jones, as nouveau-antiquarian miniaturist, was eagerly reviving and transmuting Botticelli, Michaelangelo, and Mantegna, Morris the antiquarian-cum-activist scribe was watching the rebellions of Herzegovina, Bosnia, and Bulgaria against the Ottoman Empire and vocally condemning their suppression. The (illuminated) *Aeneid*'s vellum is inscribed with the preoccupations of both men."

It cannot be otherwise – after all, in only two years' time Morris will embark upon his maiden voyage as a political agitator, an 11 May 1877 manifesto entitled *Unjust War: To the Working Men of England*, issued as a cheap pamphlet. One must also concede, in expressing some reasonable modicum of doubt that in his Englished Vergil one somehow finds the first flight of Morris the Marxist, that another model seems more plausible, one which paints Morris as impatient with the bourgeois decorations that populate Burne-Jones's paintings, seeing them in terms of their political value and utility as "mere embellishments", an "ambiguity" that "would have prompted Morris to abandon the Renaissance beauty of Burne-Jones's quill and reframe Vergil's epic anew, this time in verse form." (74) Tittle isn't wrong on this point, and the only latitude one has to disagree with him here is to question whether or not the growing intellectual distance between the two men is best accounted for by outlining what we can discern about their interpersonal feelings toward one another (their once-hale mutual admiration was no doubt increasingly complex in nature, but also increasingly profound in other ways) or by discussing what sincere temperamental differences

had begun, quite independently of men and their ways with women, to emerge. *Post hoc ergo propter hoc* is an equal-opportunity fallacy.

Tittle argues that “Morris’s efforts to reconcile the seemingly contrary drives of his creative and activist agendas could not be immediately or easily realised ... in words of classical art, whether visual or literary. (Morris) would travel a tortuous path before he could fuse these competing drives: he would move from mediaevalist illumination to a focus on translation, and would finally turn to his lectures of the 1870s. In these ... he would offer the public the clearest insight into the dialectical convergence of ornate design and political radicalism.” (61) Of course, any critical model which, upon encountering Morris’s work as a classical translator, thrusts forward this idea, this *telos*, of Morris the Socialist, is a model which must be at least somewhat tidier than reality will admit, since the dates on Morris’s translations of Homer’s *Odyssey* (1887) and of *Beowulf* (1895) show us that Morris was commandeering translation as an expedient artistic means right up to death’s door. Tittle means, of course, that the “focus on translation” was a phase slowly overpowered by his presence as a socialist agitator, and I don’t mean to mischaracterise his very seductive argument as to the legibility of that gradual ascendancy of Marxian consciousness which he perceives to be taking place, within Morris’s inner *Bildung*, alongside his work as an illuminator and a translator. Even so, Morris had been Englishing old things from the moment he found he could do good work in the house of translation, work that constituted a real contribution to the art – something both very old and very new. His Marxism certainly began to adumbrate his work as a classical translator during parts of his life during the late 1870s-1890s, but it is equally certain that his translation work was never wholly displaced by

his political activities; what looked like a bearded agitator at the energetic meetings of the Hammersmith Socialist Society was really an armchair *scop* who happened at the moment to be employed in other kinds of useful work than turning *Beowulf* into (some dreamed-up variety of) Modern English.

In spite of these important prolegomena to critical discussions of Morris's work as a translator, it should again be made pointedly clear in my own project that it is Morris's second great Vergilian artwork, begun on 14 December 1874, which furnishes the principal scope of this dissertation – and not the illuminated *Aeneid*. The fact that these two artworks, begun within a single year of one another, each distinct in vice and virtue, share the same name, has made rugged (the sunnier would say “challenging”) the “always-already-”steep cliffs of academic research! Partially on account of this ambiguity, the ground before the feet of the critic of either of Morris's two *Aeneids* is littered with confusions, minor errata and superfluities of all kinds in works about Morris's life written from non-literary perspectives (usually with a view to discussing, say, his tapestries or printing work).

Two *Aeneids*: one illumination and one translation.

On the relationship of the one to the other there is a certain amount of disagreement, since Tittle sees them as exemplifying subsequent foci that emerge during various ages of Morris's intellectual development, as standing evidence for the existence of a thematic and modal pivot in Morris's activities as a politicised artisan, while Elizabeth Helsingher sees their (near-)simultaneity as evidence itself of artistic renewal and innovation in Victorian

England.<sup>39</sup> What is clear is that Morris wished increasingly to foreground his own capacity as a co-creator of narrative meaning (alongside Vergil, whose Latin he begins, in early 1875, to translate) and that he must have sensed that his most effective gambit to make this timeless epic poem what Balmer would call radically “new” would be to translate the language itself – that presenting the text, in a manner that was as new as he as an artist quite insisted that it be, required not only a renovation of its context, but a textual reordering along radically different lines. I grant it freely to Tittle that this affords Morris ampler opportunity to superscribe or even to circumscribe Vergil’s text (an assertion to which the likes of Venuti will readily assent) and that, however we feel about *Vergil’s* politics, we know we’re bound to get some of Morris’s in his translation of the *Aeneid*.

For all Morris's interest in the techniques of English verse, however, all his concerns, be they aesthetic or political or, often, both, seem to have served one overarching priority: that of the telling of the tale itself. Morris clearly “must have the story” – had not these been his words to Magnússon when that learned Northman had counselled grammatical revision first? – and it is clear that in his translation of the *Aeneid* the at-least-reasonably inspiring, - reasonably faithful, -reasonably artful conveyance of the narrative content of the epic is paramount.

Oscar Maurer, who shares with Riegel and Bellas the rare distinction of having published an academic work on Morris's classical sources in *The Earthly Paradise*, attests that Morris's “classical legend was valuable to him for its wealth of narrative material” and that

<sup>39</sup> Helsinger, Elizabeth K. *Poetry and the Pre-Raphaelite Arts: Dante Gabriel Rossetti and William Morris*. Yale University Press, 2008.

his poem evinces a “preoccupation with the stories and indifference to the historical backgrounds and ethical overtones usually associated with them”.<sup>40</sup> Though Morris (following Mazzini<sup>41</sup>) does not include the *Aeneid* in his list of cultural “bibles” – that lofty pedestal both men reserve for works that constitute in themselves a communal and spontaneous organic patrimony, such as Homer, the *Mahabharata*, the *Havamál* and so on – it is clear that he is pursuing the telling of the *tale* of Troy, that he and the people of England must have the *story*, above all other concerns and priorities. With the notion that Morris was staunchly anti-imperialist I have not the slightest quarrel. His *Aeneid* cannot perhaps be very fully liberatory, ensconced as it is (here Venuti urges caution: “only to *some* degree ‘ensconced’?”) within the durable nutshell of Vergil’s literal sense, pace Putnam and friends; it is palimpsest enough with all its uniquenesses and complexities of form, of character, of diction. To some readers of Vergil, the evidence will always seem overwhelming that Vergil is at very least flattering a martial tradition with florid praise, whatever one believes about Morris’s Marxian motives.

<sup>40</sup> Maurer, Oscar. “Morris’s Treatment of Greek Legend in *The Earthly Paradise*.” *The University of Texas Studies in English*, Vol. 33 (1954): 108.

<sup>41</sup> Mazzini: “By Epopees, I mean not those epic poems which are purely works of art, like the *Eneid*, ... and which have generally been the work of poets writing towards the decay of an epoch, and inspired by I know not what unconscious but generous desire to perpetuate, by a sublime sepulchral monument, the memory of a great idea expiring. I mean rather those poems which I would fain denominate national Bibles, springing up – the cathedrals of art – from the *collective* genius of a people in the primary epochs of their existence, and containing, more or less clearly sketched forth, their traditions and the germs of their future and innate mission.” (*Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini*, Vol. II., Critical and Literary, tr. Emilie Ashurst Venturi. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1890.)

## Morris's Illuminated *Aeneid*: A Very Short Critical Tradition

Morris's last illuminated manuscript has not received what could reasonably be called an imposing amount of critical attention, a dearth which is one of the reasons for which Tittle's intervention is so singularly welcome in Morris studies. He reverses this glaring trend of critical neglect, one which is nearly total. I say "nearly" because the publication history regarding Morris's and Burne-Jones's Dardan illuminations begins with what amounts to little more than an exhibition pamphlet<sup>42</sup>. It is, to be sure, one gussied up as a tasteful and aesthetic celebration of the local taste for Pre-Raphaelite finery felt among Californians in 1934, one of the severest years of the Great Depression. I hold that it can hardly be considered more than a haute-couture advert, though it is itself very stylish, if not the *thauma idesthai* it celebrates. It is, an any rate, something to go on.

The story is this: on the occasion of the Morris centenary, one Mrs. Edward Laurence Doheny included "her sumptuous *Vergil* among the Morris bibliographical items to be exhibited in the art gallery of Mills College, California." (37) Ward Ritchie, the Los Angeles-area bookmaker and printer closely identified with the efflorescence in fine art associated

<sup>42</sup> Cox-Brinton, Anna. "A Pre-Raphaelite *Aeneid of Vergil* in the Collection of Mrs. Edward Laurence Doheny of Los Angeles, Being an Essay in the Honor of the William Morris Centenary, 1934". Private Printing (Commissioned by Mrs. Doheny) by Ward Ritchie, 1934.

with the Arroyo Seco community of the early 20<sup>th</sup> century, an art scene described by Ritchie himself as “a Southland bohemia”, printed it, apparently having spared no opportunity to signal his own aesthetic debts to Morris and Burne-Jones, what with its Pre-Raphaelite patterns and flowering Morrisian whirligigs everywhere. It must have been quite the gala event, for those who were able to make it.

Anna Cox-Brinton, the author of this chic little briefing in print, provides us with effusive descriptions of the *objet d'art* which, for its part, seems always to lie just beyond the velvet rope, outside our gaze. Asserting with the pleasant confidence of experience that “the greatest of (Morris's) handpenned volumes is his folio *Aeneid*, while the crown of his printer's art is the Kelmscott *Chaucer*”, Cox-Brinton peddles her product with cool superlatives: “the line of descent is unmistakeable from the illuminated *Aeneid* of the eighteen seventies to the decorated *Canterbury Tales* of the middle nineties”, graciously refraining from champing at the bit of her somewhat menial, if at least rhetorical, rôle as orientation facilitator. Morris always insisted upon materials of the very highest quality, his characteristic design is inimitable, and so on. It cannot be called criticism, but instead is explicitly descriptive (while not always subtly epideictic) in purpose, scope and execution.

This is not to say it doesn't have its critical moments: Cox-Brinton, in an obedience to contemporary modernist vogue that is so predictable it verges on irony apparent, compares the precious illumination unfavourably with Morris's 1875 translation of the *Aeneid*, wielding the V-word somewhat like a cudgel: “It is unlikely that William Morris's *Victorian* version of the *Aeneid* in English heptameters will become or remain a favourite of Vergil's epic. But his manuscript will always remain a distinguished member of a long line of

illustrated *Aeneids* which began a millennium and a half ago with the ‘capital manuscripts’ of Rome.” (37, emphasis mine.) Details and observations (which rarely achieve more than description) are evenly distributed throughout her piece, and Cox-Brinton flits from illustration to illustration in her mission to raise a certain kind of public awareness about the merits of Morris’s and Burne-Jones’s achievement in English illumination, however “Victorian” that achievement is deemed to be by the children of the early twentieth-century rebellion against good craft and order, whose victory has today been almost total. The Cox-Brinton piece, however, has apparently no quarrel with Victorian visual art.

Ulla Mickelsson picks up this neglected thread in 1979, with her contribution<sup>43</sup> from the field of art history, a piece Tittle has elegantly characterised as “a short descriptive article” (302, n.3). Still, the four plates she reproduces as an addendum to the paper had never been published before 1979, and Mickelsson does bring an art historian’s eye, if not to the process of interpretation itself, then at least to the process of staging that must take place before interpretation can be realised. She is both more systematic and more coherent a writer than Cox-Brinton, who is for her part more interested in distilling something like a public abstract out of her experiences with the illuminated *Aeneid* than in taking a look at that artwork which is anywhere near long enough to be halfway to criticism, which Mickelsson often manages to be.

Mickelsson’s article helpfully catalogues for us what is before us in this esteemed manuscript in a manner that is much more satisfyingly systematic than Cox-Brinton’s

<sup>43</sup> Mickelsson, Ulla. “*Virgil’s Aeneid*: The Culminating Achievement of William Morris’s Illumination Work” *Libri* 29.1 (1979): 260-270.

daisychain of enthusiastic observations: “The twelve miniatures are the following: Venus appearing to Aeneas before Carthage, Aeneas flying from Troy, Aeneas and the Harpies, The death of Dido, the burning of the ships, Aeneas and the Sibyl in the Underworld, Lavinia in the Palace of Latinus, Venus bringing armour to Aeneas, Iris and Turnus, Aeneas slaying Mezentius (unfinished), Aeneas at the tomb of Mezentius, and the death of Turnus. The seventeen initial letters and illustrations are: Juno, Letter H: Cassandra amid the flames of Troy, Letter H: The Golden Bough, Letter I: Helen hidden, Neptune, Letter D: Troy burning, Tartarus with the punishments of the damned, Letter D: The passing of Dido, Letter E: The ruin of Priam, Letter P: Dido’s wedding, Letter I: Rumour blowing horn, Letter Q: Love and Dido, Letter E: The wooden horse, Letter T: Neptune and the winds, Letter I: Scylla, Letter T: Andromache, and Letter P: Polyphemus.” (262) She praises these Burne-Jones initials for their “sureness and delicacy of hand” and recounts the story, familiar to attentive readers of Morris’s biographers, that “in November (1875) the translation of the *Aeneid* was published, but the pictures for the (illuminated) manuscript were still unfinished, and Morris never resumed work on them. Some fifteen years later (Mackail) remembers seeing Morris turn over the sheets of the Vergil manuscript and hearing him talk of finishing it, but he never did so”, she tells us, before detailing how Graily Hewitt eventually began to write out the six books of the *Aeneid* which had remained untouched by Morris before his death. (An interesting detail for the scholar not trained in palaeography or codicology: both she and Cox-Brinton prefer the “G” of Morris, who was in the view of both women the less technically trained, and artistically superior, calligrapher.)

Having duly given my reader some sense of the content and context of what little discussion there has been on these twin Vergils, I will henceforth turn to description of my own, taking up for closer examination a handful of the illustration miniatures and pencil studies for these miniatures and reading them as Pre-Raphaelite Art, constituent parts of that manuscript which has rightly in my view been called a “Pre-Raphaelite *Aeneid*.” It seems astoundingly unfair that I do so in the company of Cox-Brinton, Mickelsson and Tittle alone, as the art of this tenderly crafted volume is indeed impressive (even squinted at in the appendix of a dissertation such as this one, see Appendix C), and it is nothing if not typically Pre-Raphaelite. One meets the Pre-Raphaelite aesthetic very fully in these plates, and in fact they are exemplary set texts for undergraduate students who have never before encountered Pre-Raphaelite calligraphy and bookmaking. Whether or not one agrees with Tittle that “Morris’s calligraphic *Aeneid* is in part a celebration of Vergil’s courage in using epic art to question the ethics of empire building and bloody conquest” (60), we can easily agree with him that “with the (illuminated) *Aeneid*, Morris reached the end of his direct explorations of calligraphy and illumination” and, from this, can see how he is able to conclude that “the timing and nature of the event suggest that it was intimately connected to the arc of his personal development.” (79) Nor does Mickelsson claim without justice that this artwork constitutes “the culminating achievement of Morris’s illumination work.” Let us examine some of the more impressive, less incipient, moments of artistic completion in this radically incomplete work.

## The 1874 Illuminated *Aeneid* as Pre-Raphaelite Art

For this reader it has always been easy to love Morris's visual productions. The seemingly effortlessness natural mimesis of his strawberry thieves and thorny tangles of spiral patterns have always impressed and transported me. As a lover of art, I can state with certainty that I feel Morris's art is easy to love; that it is accessible, and means to be; that it feels natural and real and earthy to me, much closer to the crafts we ought to be issuing into the world than the often unabashedly degenerate art we tend so unfortunately to champion today. Morris always seems to want to wade forward, to progress by way of returning, in some perhaps momentarily uncomfortable<sup>44</sup> sense, to a *status quo ante*.

As a critic, I must do more than state such subjectivities. I must, for example, do things like claim that the value of Morris's art is met, in part, in its persistent exhumation and "reoperationalisation" of old craft on behalf of art's constant renewal, in other words, in its attention to the possibility that the way forward toward a more beautiful future on earth is through the deep, even the immemorial, past. But the two expressions amount to the same

<sup>44</sup> For some; not for this reader. Here I seek not to persecute modern art, only to enjoin a renewed openness to older techniques and modes of representation that precede such radical tinkering with fundamental principles as characterised the early 20<sup>th</sup> century and its rigid implementation of an apparently mandatory collective fever for modernist experimentation.

claim: Morris makes dead art live again, and in so doing makes possible, even ushers in, new art.

Nor am I not alone in this suspicion. Elizabeth Helsinger, in the preface to her ambitious and exemplary 2008 monograph on the subject of Victorian art *chez* Rossetti and Morris and herself no impeachable authority on the matter, claims that these two artists, “stimulated by the challenges of making art under conditions they experienced as modern, devised strategies for making poetry new in their poetic experiments of the 1850s and 1860s.”

(1) She resolves to “take seriously the fact that both Rossetti and Morris were poets who made their livings in the visual arts”, showing how “many Pre-Raphaelite literary experiments arose from an immersion in the materials, forms, techniques, economic realities, and imaginative acts of a different medium.” Her book “seeks ways to describe, with as much precision as possible, how Rossetti and Morris sought to renew poetry by estranging it: in acts of translation across media and — since the Pre-Raphaelites often studied models from the non-British past — across differences in history and culture.”

Translation *across media* seems precisely what is afoot in the *rara avis* we have before us, that of a twin-text, one visual, the other literary. These two *Aeneids* engage the past as a means whereby an artist can beautify the present by channeling its usable past, and at times by subtly challenging certain aspects of that past, or by modulating past practices, but always with an eye to promoting the renewal of art in *Victorian* England. Balmer would seem to agree, too, since the past being “translated” (to use Helsinger’s word, itself a conspicuously imperfect fit) is a specifically *classical* past – the fact that no-one is alive to pester the artist from beyond his own “bourne of time and place”, the fact that the specifically classical text

seems here positively to beckon the artist to innovate, and that it is filled with holes that seem to yearn to be filled, all recommend the recognition of what amounts to a critical confluence between Helsingher and Balmer here.

The opening panel of the *Aeneid*<sup>45</sup> is a tour de force, and I tend to be among those who avoid hackneyed praise (see Appendix C, Plate 2; the drawing is the first plate). It is clearly a feat demonstrating a very great power of artistic expression. Cox-Brinton breathlessly describes, or tries (even as May Morris had done) to describe what she has experienced, and I could not here do better myself than simply to repeat her words: “The magnificent opening page of Book One with its superbly gilded border and burnished capitals on a purple ground contains the only illustration that exhibits the actual handiwork of William Morris himself. This is the picture over which he struggled and in which the result was not neat enough to win approval of his exacting judgment. The face of Aeneas is the only part of the design not retouched by Mr Murray. All in all, this is the most beautiful and finished of the miniatures and worthily heads the series of twelve major episodes.” (26) In what emerges as a bit of a critical microconversation across disciplines as to the precise interpretation of this particular visual text, Tittle comments on the face and its relationship with the rest of the image, part of a lavish opening to what was to be a grand work, confirming that it was “first copied onto the vellum page by Morris, from a drawing Burne-Jones had done under his watchful eye, and eventually reworked by Murray until only the face remained of Morris’s work”. (62) (Incidentally, he also thinks it “odd” that Morris’s über-Roman

<sup>45</sup> William Morris, Edward Burne-Jones, *Venus and Aeneas Before Carthage*. Illumination plate for Morris’s *Aeneid*, 1874-1875.

Aeneas wears a Gothic beard and “a mixture of Roman and mediaeval armour” – more “duke” than *dux*.)

In 1979, the customarily neutral and unbiased Mickelsson momentarily had authorised herself a touch of art-inspired enthusiasm, in so doing unwittingly touching off what today seems a bit of a little row as to just who this Aeneas is (subliminally, as in paintings of the *quattrocento*) supposed to represent: “The opening page of the Aeneid is superb. The page is surrounded by a broad border, adapting the grape vine pattern of the Kelmscott Chaucer. The border was drawn by Louise Powell and gilded by (Morris’s apprentice calligrapher Graily) Hewitt with raised gold for the pattern and mat gold for the background. There is a half-page miniature of Venus appearing to Aeneas before Carthage, corresponding to Burne-Jones’s original drawing. Morris,” she tells us with authority in her voice, “settled the colour of this and painted it in, but he was not pleased with the result and asked Murray to go over it all, which Murray did, except the head of Aeneas which remains of Morris’s original work. The head of Aeneas bears resemblance to that of Burne-Jones”. (263) We know she had read Cox-Brinton (she cites her in the ninth footnote of her paper), who for her part had opined in the midst of describing how, in the work, “a blue mist tinged with gold is about to encompass the hero while his ageless mother who has just revealed herself no forest maiden but a goddess indeed, treads with graceful step upon a similar gold-encircled cloud” and how the work manifests certain methodical resemblances to certain techniques of Titian, that she wished to stake a claim: “I venture,” she says, stepping out rather, “the suggestion that this Aeneas” – wait for it – “is a portrait of William Morris.” For my part, I think it’s unmistakeably Burne-Jones, but that’s just me. (My field is literature, not visual

art, and yet I, no less than Miss Cox-Brinton, venture when I do happen to be confident in venturing.)

Taking in such playful repartée as to just who *did* model Aeneas in this delicate illustration of the initial epiphany that sets the *Aeneid* into motion gives us opportunities to reflect upon its artistic features, and to admire what others, more experienced than we are in the criticism of visual art, have observed: there is much going on in this image, and Venus here can be illuminatingly compared with other Pre-Raphaelite *Veneres*; the undine hair in motion, the downcast eyes, outstretched hand, the living emotion of the scene all hearten such comparative readings. The densely thicketed, fruiting vines gilded in the margins are lovely and specifically Morrisian, demonstrative of that ever-radiating, ever-pregnant affection for repeating patterns that beats out from the core of the Pre-Raphaelite programme as commented upon by Helsinger (2008, *passim*). “ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO TROIÆ QUI PRIMUS AB ORIS”, et cetera, words which many have set to heart, are figured in noble, tiny acts of epigraphy fitting in their dignity to the subject of arms and of a man. If Cox-Brinton is right to call the Dido that this Aeneas so balefully meets along his path toward *wyrd* a “Pre-Raphaelite Dido”, then we may allow ourselves to see this Aeneas as every bit Pre-Raphaelite, every whit Pre-“Enlightenment”, as the conspicuous plural number of the word *Aeneids* that Morris chose, amid homogeneous throngs of Victorian and Romantic singulars, as the title for his translation of 1875. (Cox-Brinton, 31)

By the end of *Aeneid* IV, of course, Dido is dead. Morris and Burne-Jones did not neglect to include an image of this famous scene, so rich with pathos, and their miniature<sup>46</sup>,

<sup>46</sup> William Morris and Edward Burne-Jones, *The Death of Dido*. Illumination plate for Morris’s *Aeneid*.

surrounded by a full page of repeating acanthus whorls, draws the viewer's attention to the strong Roman capitals that communicate the scene in Vergil's original song. (See plates 7, 8.) Notably, Cox-Brinton is not ignorant of the manifest Pre-Raphaelitism of the plate when she comments that "the brooding mystery of Rossetti's best canvases is approached in this portrayal of the queen's agony." (31) Mickelsson here quotes Cox-Brinton, signalling her agreement on the boldly Victorian mediaeval character that is observed in this illustration, adding her theory (as the critic who always seems to be calling for an inquest) that "Dido may be a portrait of Jane Morris." (264) The image teeters in time on the very edge of death, drawing the viewer's eye to the middle of the doomed queen's thickly-robed body, that the mind may be the more attentive to what is about to come to pass, and that the heart take heed of its beating, which shall be quelled anon. With its emboldened vermillion and ultramarine colours, which heighten the emotional intensity of the scene and protract its hesitancy of action, this illustration is a characteristically Pre-Raphaelite *memento mori*. The viewer shudders, newly cognisant of his own mortality.

*Infelix Dido? Infelices omnes.*

The remainder of the plates offer up similar opportunities for viewerly introspection. In Burne-Jones's coloured miniature<sup>47</sup> illustrating the burning of the ships as incited by the Trojan women at *Aeneid* V.604-663, the viewer is invited to guess at, but cannot know,

<sup>47</sup> William Morris, Edward Burne-Jones, *The Trojan Women Burning the Fleet*. Illumination plate for Morris's *Aeneid*, 1874-1875.

which of the Trojan women depicted is Iris disguised as Beroë (see plates 5, 6), a move that puts all viewers in the same position of incertitude as the individual Trojan women, “stupefactaque corda”<sup>48</sup> as to which woman it is who is the divine ringleader of the dramatic action. The tumult and movement of the many feet in motion at the bottom of the miniature is very expertly realised, and we get but one flame that suggests many more, in a move that is admirably economical in terms of space, of which, this being a “miniature”, there isn’t precisely plenty. Throughout the image, the colour Burne-Jones employs is vivid and lively, and the multiple himatia are detailed and animated, alive with motion and fury. The Dionysiac frenzy of the collected limbs and heads, the pivots and angles and turns that are frozen in this frame, altogether seem dramatically to enact the narrative here in a way that would have eluded less competent workmanship.

In the pencil sketch<sup>49</sup> depicting the omen (*Aeneid* VII.45-80) of Lavinia’s hair catching fire at the altar of Latinus’s palace, a moment that portends personal glory for her, but dire conflict for her people, Burne-Jones’s altar fire surrounds and frames her august figure, and the leaves symbolise the future of the Roman state that her (miraculously harmless) immolation foretells (see plate 12). The image displays Burne-Jones’s complete command of mathematical perspective, as the architectural details and Doric columns’ bases are very finished for a pencil drawing. Still, he does manage to leave one to wonder why she is standing quite *that* close to the altar fire!

<sup>48</sup> “Their hearts bewildered” would be Morris’s Englishing of this bit from *Aeneid* V.643.

<sup>49</sup> William Morris, Edward Burne-Jones, *Lavinia Aflame*. Illumination plate for Morris’s *Aeneid*, 1874-1875.

Sometimes Morris's and Burne-Jones's initiative is bold enough to allow them to substitute artistic genius and fancy for strict (some would say "rigid") fidelity. In plate 14, it is important to take notice of the fact that in the provisional sketch for *Venus Bringing Armour to Aeneas*, the artists perpetrate a remarkable, if concessionable, departure from Vergil's literal sense. The divine radiance of the armour Vulcan has wrought is directly and explicitly detailed in Vergil in *Aeneid* VIII<sup>50</sup>:

|  |                          |
|--|--------------------------|
| At Venus aetherios inter dea candida nimbos<br>dona ferens aderat; natumque in valle reducta<br>ut procul egelido secretum flumine vidit,<br>talibus adfata est dictis seque obtulit ultro:<br>'en perfecta mei promissa coniugis arte<br>munera. ne mox aut Laurentis, nate, superbos<br>aut acrem dubites in proelia poscere Turnum.'dixit, et amplexus nati Cytherea petivit,<br>arma sub adversa posuit radiantia queru.<br>ille deae donis et tanto laetus honore<br>expleri nequit atque oculos per singula voluit,<br>miraturque interque manus et bracchia versat<br>terribilem cristis galeam flamasque vomentem,<br>fatiferumque ensem, loricam ex aere rigentem,<br>sanguineam, ingentem, qualis cum caerula nubes<br>solis inardescit radiis longeque refulget;<br>tum levis ocreas electro auroque recocito,<br>hastamque et clipei non enarrabile textum.<br>illuc res Italas Romanorumque triumphos<br>haud vatum ignarus venturique inscius aevi<br>fecerat ignipotens, illuc genus omne futurae<br>stirpis ab Ascanio pugnataque in ordine bella. | 610<br>615<br>620<br>625 |
|--|--------------------------|

Morris's translation of this passage, completed only a year and a half later, would end up being: (emphasis mine)

<sup>50</sup> William Morris, Edward Burne-Jones, *Venus Bringing Armour to Aeneas*. Illumination plate for Morris's *Aeneid*, 1874-1875.

But through the clouds of heavenly way doth fair white Venus wend,  
Bearing the gift; who when she saw in hidden valley there  
Her son afar, apart from men by river cool and fair,  
Then kind she came before his eyes, and in such words she spake:  
“These promised gifts, my husband's work, O son, I bid thee take:  
So shalt thou be all void of doubt, O son, when presently  
Laurentines proud and Turnus fierce thou bidst the battle try.”  
So spake the Cytherean one and sought her son's embrace,  
And hung the *beaming* arms upon an oak that stood in face.  
But he, made glad by godhead's gift, and such a glory great,  
Marvelleth and rolleth o'er it all his eyes insatiate,  
And turns the pieces o'er and o'er his hands and arms between;  
The helm *that flasheth flames abroad* with crest so dread beseen:  
The sword to do the deeds of Fate; the hard-wrought plates of brass,  
Blood-red and huge; yea, *e'en as when the bright sun brings to pass*  
*Its burning through the coal-blue clouds and shines o'er field and fold:*  
The light greaves forged and forged again of silver-blend and gold:  
The spear, and, thing most hard to tell, the plating of the shield.  
For there the tale of Italy and Roman joy afield  
That Master of the Fire had wrought, not unlearned of the seers,  
Or blind to see the days before. The men of coming years,  
Ascanius stem, all foughten fields, were wrought in due array.

Burne-Jones relocates the divine characteristic of radiance to another divine characteristic: that of an impossibly close anatomical fit with the male body, as the muscular and lipid textures of the human abdomen are painstakingly emphasised in the surface of the god-wrought armour. Though the mail in Burne-Jones's miniature clearly does not glow like the sun smiling above acres of land, it does manifest other imaginatively invented miracula. The Goddess is, here as elsewhere, featured as a kind of fey cloudwalker, who emerges from distance into the narrative frame. And Aeneas has found a disposable razor!

Plate 4, depicting the epiphany of Iris to Turnus at *Aeneid* IX.1-24, is my personal favourite<sup>51</sup>: the caerulean glow of the entire image is positively magisterial, and the goddess

<sup>51</sup> William Morris, Edward Burne-Jones, *Iris and Turnus*. Illumination plate for Morris's *Aeneid*, 1874-1875.

Iris glows gloriously (unlike the armour from plate 14) and seems thoroughly abstract and supernatural. The varied blues in the foreshortened tracts of distance behind Iris are very finely executed and sharply contrast with the mundane sedges and reeds. Turnus kneels in plate-mail armour of lacquered black; his shield is very delicately wrought, and his hand is extended in welcome or in petition, or perhaps both at once, one is left to wonder. A brief note on the blooming, woven vines and petals: they are easily the most finished in appearance in the entire illuminated *Aeneid*.

In approaching the pencil sketch of the scene in which Aeneas administers Mezentius the coup de grâce at *Aeneid* X.881-909, it is useful to recall A.P.M. Wright's words, earlier cited (p. 36) in this dissertation, about Morris's early poetry: "in his few battle scenes ... Morris shows some recollection of the rapidly moving ones that end Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*", high praise indeed. This rapidity and vivacity of motion is here everywhere apparent, and the scene is likewise vividly alive with emotional intensity, as the grimacing Aeneas savagely penetrates Mezentius's gorge with his blade, as the vanquished Etruscan cries out in almost audible grief before the viewer. The "war-famous steed" is depicted as lighter in relief than the rest of the image and therefore more distant, in an artistic move that is at very least a competent one and, curiously, he isn't bleeding profusely from the head, having had a "shaft ... [sped] through (his) hollow brow" (X.889f.)

There is indeed much to admire in the visual artistry on offer in these various images. They are exemplary of the Pre-Raphaelite tendency in art, to be sure, but it is only upon closer scrutiny that this applation begins to acquire anything like useful, concrete meaning:

their dedication to representing emotional turmoil, an attention to “truth to nature” that results in a sort of emotional and luxuriant realism in which life is charged with meaning and feeling, their willingness to represent the agonies of war and change as agonies that are hardly confined to the experience of mythological personae but in fact afflict us all, and perhaps most dramatically their unflinching recognition of the precarious situation of mortals kneeling before divine power manifested on earth, all commend them to greater – *much* greater – recognition than they have hitherto attained.

But duty calls forth our piety, and the destiny of this project is the close examination of an English transmutation of a Latin poem, not an extensive agenda of artistic descriptions and critical appraisals of visual images, no matter how their lavish Carthaginian pleasures may threaten to distract us from the gloaming offing and the wave. For it was his *translation*, and not the incomplete illuminations, which was the apex of his ambitions as an artist working within the context of Vergil’s long umbra and influence; the second *Aeneid* was finished, while the first was only partially realised, as we have seen. Before proceeding to this translation, which Morris began in 1875, it is important to pause for a moment and reflect upon the fact that the illuminated *Aeneid* amounts to more than would be suggested by an assertion, say, that Morris’s translation builds upon the Latin of Vergil’s epic and superimposes its own alien periphrasis, whereas Topsy’s and Ned’s artisanal 1874 embellishment of the Latin spoken forth in its native tongue, (since it is, after all, still in Latin) is an unloaded hand-me-down from antiquity with nothing of the Victorian about it. It is more, of course; it is much more – this is but very lightly conceded. But it seems a bit trivial to reflect in any lengthy way upon the fact of the illuminated *Aeneid* as an

unmistakeably Victorian monument in the book arts, until the mind of the enquirer is filled with the collected differences that separate the Latin as illuminated by the twin Englishmen, and the Latin alone. The Pre-Raphaelite *Aeneid* is at once Latinity and more-than-Laternity; its visual delights speak a florid English that boasts of its scorn for “modern” art as a point of pride. Even so, for us at present, his translated *Aeneid* is our Rome, and it is thither we wend.

CHAPTER 4:

A CLOSE READING OF  
MORRIS'S *AENEIDS OF VERGIL*

“...literary and religious texts, are open-ended, and thus readily lend themselves to multiple interpretations. At a fundamental level every translation can be considered to be an interpretation, and every translator an interpreter. Thus reinterpretation has been given as an important reason for a retranslation, particularly of religious and literary works. Reinterpretations may occur on an even smaller scale within translations: odd phrases and sentences may be interpreted differently from one translation to the next. Reinterpretation thus occurs at all textual levels. ... Ancient texts pose a particular challenge: reinterpretations/ retranslations of such texts involve new understandings of an ancient language and culture. A reinterpretation may be undertaken within a specific framework or approach. ... Different interpretations immediately imply intertextuality, for a new interpretation/translation demarcates itself [from] ... previous versions.”

Siobhan Brownlie, “Narrative Theory and Retranslation Theory” (2006)

**Morris's *Aeneids of Vergil* (1875): Latin Epic and Englished Epic**

The content of Vergil's *Aeneid* has been written on perhaps more than any other work of Latin verse, but a brief narrative redux will perhaps be a helpful reminder. The first three books of the epic concern themselves with the arrival of Aeneas and his Dardan people at Carthage upon the conclusion of the great war on Troy narrated in Homer's *Iliad*, the narrative of their tribulations at the hands of the victorious Achaeans and their subsequent wanderings, and their magnanimous reception by the Phoenician queen Dido of Carthage,

who in Book IV will be fatally abandoned by the very vagabond to whom she has been so generous, a scene which sounds a kind of echo of the Jason/Medea plot in Apollonius of Rhodes. Thereafter the mood quickly improves (many would, hopefully, refrain from carping at such a phrase as “with callous precipitousness”), as Aeneas holds funeral games for his dead father Anchises and is portrayed in Book V as a just and clement leader, absolutely dedicated to the realisation of his potential in the founding of the Roman state. Meeting his father again in the next book, as the Cumaeian sibyl shows him the way to the pagan Roman underworld in frequently anthologised passages that anticipate Dante’s voyage to a Christianised hell, Aeneas is granted a glimpse at the bright Roman future, for Vergil’s audience a reversed image of that historical “usable past” in which Roman triumphalists like Octavian would at least have feigned a certain pride. At this point we are precisely halfway through the plot, as Aeneas wends his way out of the land of the dead, and the six books modelled on the Homeric sea-voyage home give way to arrival and to military conflict.

With Book VII a much more Iliadic narrative commences: Aeneas makes landfall in Latium and the daughter of King Latinus, a local monarch, is confirmed by the oracle of Faunus to be the future wife not of Turnus, to whom she is betrothed, but instead the wife of an unnamed foreigner – the auditor/reader is entitled to a few glib guesses as to who *this* is to be. Juno and Alecto antagonise the various parties and an epic catalogue of Italian heroes ensues. Having enlisted the assistance of Evander and the Etruscans, Aeneas, newly arrayed in armour that Venus has had her husband, the smithy-god Vulcan, design and handcraft for him, leads a military campaign against the local Latin forces. A divine conclave, another epic catalogue, and a whole lot of vivid battlefield slaughter follow: Turnus butchers Pallas, is

then saved from a furious Aeneas by Juno (that implacable enemy of Troy), who for his turn slays the Rutulian champion Mezentius. In a passage that everywhere not only echoes but indeed mimics moments in the *Iliad*, Pallas is buried with full honours.

Thereafter the Trojans assert their claims on the field of war, once again pushing their lines forward, and Camilla, a Volscian warrior-virgin and votary of Diana known for her unbelievable dexterity, is slain by Arruns, an ally of Aeneas. Diana has Arruns slain by Opis, having provided her devoted vassal with a specific arrow for the task even before the commencement of active hostilities. The end of Book XII narrates how Juno is ordered by Jupiter to cease her meddling in the affairs of the Trojan sojourners, and sees Aeneas's craving for vengeance for Pallas slaked, with final and decisive victory over the Rutuli delivered to Aeneas and his men. The first foundations of the Roman senate and people have been laid.

Atop this plotline, Morris reinscribes a vision of Roman foundations that feels very much like an ancient narrative remembered through other eyes – in his translation, this lofty tale of loss and gain stands as a perennial fount of rapt enjoyment and heroic remembrance for audiences to enjoy and to be edified by, even over vast distances in space and time. The meter of Vergil's *Aeneid* is of course that of all classical epics: the dactylic hexameter line, and so a few words about the meter of Morris's *Aeneids* here seem meet, since one can scarcely discuss the reasons why Morris had enough space within his English verse line for such nominal, adjectival, verbal, and adverbial chintzes as he hangs up for our perusal, unless we pause to consider his numbers, not only as a kind of Victorian answer to the lofty Latin hexameter, but as a metric of Morris's own independent achievements and flaws as a crafter of English verse. We are always free to choose to observe, in individual, aesthetic decisions of

this nature, a “reinterpretation” of original forms, in agreement with Brownlie’s suggestion that “the conditions [of translation] comprise broad social forces: changing ideologies and changing linguistic, literary, and translational norms, as well as more specific situational conditions; [to include] the translator’s preferences, idiosyncrasies, and choices.” (19f.) But, before we make such sweeping and abstract judgments, we should duly pause to consider phenomena and collect data.

*The Aeneids of Virgil Done into English Verse* employs a single line of iambic heptameter, paired with a second line of the same meter into rhymed couplets, an arrangement known popularly as the “fourteener”, if one counts syllables rather than metra. George Chapman’s *Odyssey*, published in 1616 in a definitive edition together with his by-then already complete and serialised *Iliad*, had seen fit to avail itself of the shorter (and far more popular) iambic pentameter line for the nautical poem, and the fourteener line for his translation of the tale of the decade-long siege of Troy. Arthur Golding’s 1567 translation of Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* had also employed this largely 16th- and 17th-century cadence.<sup>52</sup> Morris’s decision to use the heptameter line, while controversial upon the publication of his translation in 1875, was clearly anything but orphaned, the names of Chapman and Golding having been relatively *recent* additions to the list of its many progenitors, names no less indicative of high literary taste than that of Philip Sidney, that walking paragon of

<sup>52</sup> Of course, this is not to suggest that there have been few or no poems throughout the centuries since Golding written in iambic heptameter: an example that comes to mind is J.R.R. Tolkien’s “Galadriel’s Song of Eldamar”, first published in 1954, a third or so of which is set forth in the same metrical weed that garbs Morris’s Dardan epic.

Renaissance English aesthetic discernment, whose 1591 *Astrophel and Stella* had included a song composed in this meter.

Now, in discussing meter, the hot question is always this: in the final analysis, what effect does the meter have upon the poem as a finished literary artwork? Morris is a deliberate and meticulous craftsman – this we know from his biographers, from his chairs, from his tapestries, and from his typefaces – but his artisan's pride in quality work is also evident when he says things like “as to my illumination, it don't get on just now, not because I shouldn't like to be at it, but because I am doing something else with Vergil”.<sup>53</sup> It is clear enough that his decision was made deliberately. What is its effect?

One of the attested tribulations of the fourteener line is its monotony and its length on the lung; one of its major benisons, its spaciousness and the freedom for which that spaciousness allows. The reader is struck, after half of even one of his *Aeneids*, by moments of ornamentation that seem at once too Victorian and too Morrisian to be in the Latin, and at times his suspicions are confirmed by resort to that Latin. I shall italicise the portions of a few lines that contain “gifts” of Morris, to use the snide euphemism with which T. S. Eliot, in his occasionally dyspeptic 1920 essay on “Euripides and Professor Murray”, cuts away at his critical quarry by any implements presently at hand; in other words, no semantic equivalent or approximation of these portions of the line are to be found in Vergil. I supply here but a handful of instances of such free “gifts” from among my marginalia, along with the corresponding original Latin lines:

<sup>53</sup> Once again, quoted from “Burne-Jones and William Morris: Designs for the *Aeneid* and the Kelmscott *Chaucer*” (2).

|        |  |   |
|--------|--|---|
| I.119  | arma virum, tabulaeque, et Troia gaza per undas. | The arms of men, and <i>painted</i> boards, and Trojan treasures.                     |
| I.494  | haec dum Dardanio Aeneae miranda videntur,       | But while <i>Æneas</i> , Dardan <i>lord</i> , beholds the marvels there,              |
| I.560  | Dardanidae.                                      | The Dardan-folk <i>with murmuring mouth</i> .   |
| I.669  | nota tibi, et nostro doluisti saepe dolore.      | <i>Thou knowest</i> <sup>54</sup> ; oft upon my grief with sorrow wouldest thou wait. |
| I.736  | Dixit, et in mensam laticum libavit honorem,     | She spake, and on the table poured <i>the glorious wave of wine</i> ,                 |
| I.737  | primaque, libato, summo tenus attigit ore,       | Then touched the topmost of the bowl <i>with dainty lip and fine</i> ,                |
| I.744  | Arcturum pluviasque Hyadas geminosque Triones;   | Arcturus, the wet Hyades, and twin-wrought <i>Northern Bears</i> :                    |
| II.720 | abluero.   | <i>I made a shift to wash me clean.</i>   |

Two lines, I.560 and II.720, immediately stand out on account of the conspicuous brevity of their Latin relative to their English. These lines are among many of Vergil's catalectic lines, lines that are metrically incomplete, sometimes seriously so, of which there are exactly fifty in Vergil; in the second instance Morris (while still obediently making his own English line catalectic) relies upon a mediaeval circumlocution familiar to any reader of his earlier works, and in the first we see a classic example of what can be called a Romantic or a post-Romantic flourish. (Perhaps Morris had read Gerald Massey's 1864 poem "Wooed and Won": "And all the spirit stood in your face athirst! / And from the rose-cup of your

<sup>54</sup> A repetition of the first two words of his previous translated line, which repetition is wholly absent in the original; such repetitions are common in the Pre-Raphaelite poetry of Morris, the Rossettis and Swinburne and Elizabeth Helsinger has critically engaged with their purposes and artistic effects.

murmuring mouth / Sweetness o'erflow'd, as from a fragrant fount.”<sup>55</sup> – or perhaps a minor poem of Coleridge<sup>56</sup> had lodged itself somewhere in his subconscious: “Like Milk that coming comes & in its easy stream / flows ever in, upon the mingling milk / in the babe's murmuring mouth / or mirrors each reflecting each” – we can never know and it is fruitless to protract such mere speculations into error. What is important is that Morris is using the meter of his poem in part to provide himself with *schreibensraum*, sometimes as is visible in the above list of images not found in the Latin in the interest of mediaevalising a line (the Dardan “lord” in I.494 is just a son of Dardanus in Vergil and there is no “glorious wave of wine” being poured in I.736, only a humdrum “latex”, a fluid), sometimes with an eye to making less of an eyesore out of an extremely short line in Vergil's unfinished masterpiece (I.560 and II.720). For all this kind of minor expansive infidelity, however, it is only fair also to observe that out of Vergil's fifty catalectic or defective lines in the *Aeneid*, Morris has preserved exactly fifty, a fidelity score of one hundred percent! If he felt at liberty to expand a bit upon Vergil's terse and elegant syntax in an “outland” tongue like English, it cannot be said with any degree of persuasive force that this expansive agenda was on account of any flippant attitude toward his source text!

<sup>55</sup> Lines 11-13.

<sup>56</sup> “Lines from a Notebook – July 1807”, ll. 14-17.

## The Individual Word: Teutonisms, Translations, Transgressions

It is probable that, among all of the features of Morris's *Aeneids*, the likeliest to be observed first by the reader is its persistent reliance upon Germanic diction; this some would call "Wardour Street English". Some comments need to be made as to the genealogy of this term, as it was found in the works of those contemporaries who critiqued that archaïsing tendency within late-Victorian verse that is on full display before any reader of Morris.

Then as now a term of mockery and derision, the phrase "Wardour Street English" was coined in October 1888 by Archibald Ballantyne in an article in *Longman's Magazine* bearing that title.<sup>57</sup> His central criticism: that authors who indulged in what he perceived to be excessive archaïsm in fact attempt to pass as ancient English a wholly artificial idiom that "is not literary English of any date; this is Wardour-Street Early English – a perfectly modern article with a sham appearance of the real antique about it." Now, Wardour Street was famous for its antique shops. The nature and character of Ballantyne's offensive is generally discernible from these details alone: that attractive item in your hands may look like a real Plantagenet-era seal, tapestry, or illumination, but it is nothing but a Victorian knock-off. It would do, at this point, not to fail to note that Morris himself was at the receptive end of this critic's attacks, his translation of Homer's *Odyssey* still wet and dun with ink (so to speak), only a year having transpired since its publication.

<sup>57</sup> October 1888 number 72, pp. 589ff.

Fortunately for Morris and his legacy, his critic is guilty of the most egregious cherry-picking: he picks out most of that translation's weakest lines and suggests that to read one of Morris's classical tomes is to endure thousands upon thousands of more of the same. His paper is as rhetorically disingenuous as it is unkind: among its only saving graces is its insistence on detailing what are at times reasonable historical and philological substantiations of its unreasonable vitriol. Yet that body of data does exist, without which Ballantyne's mockery could amount to no more than critical vandalism – it amounts instead in my view to mere critical malpractice, as well as a boorish and cynical opus of artistic dismissal, a lower genre than most. It is true that Morris uses archaisms that would certainly have sounded strange, unfamiliar, poetic, even otherworldly – *especially* otherworldly – to his readers. The language is above all *different*, and the spell it casts on the reader (either of confusion or of transportation) is almost instantaneous.

Not that his serial readers would have had it any other way. Morris had been writing of thanes, mays, ernes, fair damsels, swains, and most fierce drakes and fell – in short, of the whole sweep of that tract of weal and woe that is the lot of every wight – in other words, *Morris had been writing like this* since his days as the editor of the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* and the author of the “Defence of Guinevere”. All of life was his matter: the life of the middle ages, not merely *imagined* by some oneirically inclined *flâneur* influenced by William Holman Hunt or Dante Gabriel Rossetti, but *depicted* as it must have been at that time by a man whose knowledge of mediaeval history, literature, and culture was characterised as encyclopaedic by many who crossed his path. As discussed in the previous chapter, his biographer Mackail tells us that he spent his days as a boy at Marlborough

College and in Epping Forest hard at lore, a-roving about what lave of the ancient kirks yet stood hard by his homestead, his school, and the family home remained unto him. So do his other biographers. The language finds itself in him no less than Morris seems to find himself in it.

Indeed, I have said “almost instantaneous” is the effect of this altered English on the reader, who finds many archaïsms used throughout *The Aeneids of Vergil*: harbours are everywhere “havens,” towns and cities “burgs,” duces “dukes,” one’s just desserts is one’s “guerdon” (I.253), and Phoenician judges in northern Africa are “lords of doom” (I.426). Out of the mouth of Tyrian Dido come two lines that could have come from Chaucer: “Safe, holpen will I send you forth, and speed you with my store: / Yea and moreover, have ye will in this my land to bide.” (I.571f.) “Nova consilia” and “novas artis” furnish us with Latinate grandchildren at good need, but Morris eschews “new counsel” and “new art” in favour of their Germanic equivalents: “But Cytherea in her heart turned over new-wrought rede / New craft” (I.657f., emphasis mine) To believe throughout the poem is to “trow”, reminiscent of the Modern High German verb “vertrauen”. The past participle of “to light” is “litten” at II.312, introducing an insistence upon Germanicised historical past participles throughout the translation<sup>58</sup>; at II.402 the gnomic narrator asks rhetorically, “Alas! What skills it man to

<sup>58</sup> cf. II.461: a move like this (using the form of a past participle that has by 1875 been almost wholly superseded, politely discarded as “literary” or “historic” – knowing that this is so, and using the form anyway) can be seen as characteristically Morrisian. cf. II.496 “bursten”, V.330 “bepuddled”, V.364 “begirded”, V.453 and VII.291 “smit”, VI.138 “consecrate”, VI.220 “bewept”, VII.524 “fire-behardened”, XII.428 “holpen” for M using superseded participial forms. M repeats this specific “alternate-timeline participle” in IV.200, XI.462. VI.267 “blent” is right on the line: it at any rate *OED* attests as a literary form. cf. qq. Blake, “And Did Those Feet in Ancient Time”: “And was Jerusalem *builided* here / Among these dark Satanic mills”? (emphasis mine)

trust in Gods compelled to good?"<sup>59</sup> Troy's wealth, we are certain, "skills" not, for "the doorways proud with outland gold and war-got bravery / sunk into ash" before the Achaeans host.<sup>60</sup> Perhaps nowhere in the first few books is Anglo-Saxon diction more resplendently and convincingly mediaeval than at II.535-543:

'Ah, for such wickedness,' he cried, 'for daring such a deed,  
If aught abide in heaven as yet such things as this to heed,  
May the Gods give thee worthy thanks, and pay thee well-earned prize,  
That thou hast set the death of sons before my father's eyes,  
That thou thy murder's fouling thus in father's face hast flung.  
Not he, Achilles, whence indeed thou liar hast never sprung,  
Was such a foe to Priam erst; for shamfast meed he gave  
To law and troth of suppliant men, and rendered to the grave  
The bloodless Hector dead, and me sent to mine own again.'

The response of Priam to seeing the death of his own son is fit material for communication by means of monosyllabic sonic thunderbolts, revivified into modern English from their old roots in Anglo-Saxon. Nobody does this particular kind of retrospective poetry better than Morris; whether or not you prefer an ideologically loaded term like "barbarising", "Germanicising", or "Wardour Street English" says a lot about your attitude to what can

<sup>59</sup> Vergil directly states that it is not "fas" to do so; Morris asks a rhetorical question which is absent from the Latin original. His choice of "skills it" is best interpreted as a recognised tic of Wardour Street English; an anonymous reviewer of M's *House of the Wolfings* (*Saturday Review* 26 Jan 1889, lxviii, 101-2) uses it mockingly at the outset of what amounts to a dismissive review: "The tale tells that in times, whether long past or near at hand it skilleth not, there was found in the land of the Beefings..." and so on. It certainly seems the case that by the late 1880s Morris's reputation had begun to decline in the minds of those most opposed to such acts of lexical necromancy, and on at least these grounds. cf. IX.806.

<sup>60</sup> II.504. The word "outland" is a representative sample of the powers of which Morris's Germanic lexical palette is capable at its most attentive and loyal to Vergil's literal sense. The word "foreign" appears in *The Aeneids of Vergil* zero times; the word "outland", sixteen: at II.504, III.364, III.377, IV.350, V.795, VII.124, VII.167, VII.255, VII.424, VIII.503, VIII.685, X.78, X.156, XI.772, and XI.777. Even Riddehough (1937:339), who can hardly be called an indulgent pushover, positively loves this move, and for sound reasons: "indeed one cannot read (Morris's translation of Vergil) without admiring many a happy rendering. ... 'outland gold' for 'barbarico auro' (op. cit.) avoids the connotation of savagery attached to our English 'barbarian,' 'barbaric.'"

also, more neutrally, be called a consistently applied programme of studied, consistent Anglo-Saxon/Scandinavian poetic archaïsm.

At *Aeneid* III.470, Morris translates Vergil's homely and simple word "equos" as "steeds"; on this move the originator of the term "Wardour Street English" himself casts aspersions<sup>61</sup>, for "steeds" also appears (for "ἵππους") in Morris's 1887 translation of *Odyssey* IV.35. Ballantyne sets his sights on Morris's mock-“Teutonic nosegay” and sneers at his “exclusively English garden”, by which he can only be taken to mean that putative store of words which is available to a writer given to bouts of what in Ballantyne's view amounts to bad writing: “go, loose the Guest-folks' steeds” as a translation of Homer's eminently plain “ἀλλὰ λύ' ἵππους / ξείνων” does not exactly meet with that critic's approbation. For all this, in Morris's defence, he is very close to Homer's sense at this moment in *Odyssey* IV, and for this reason Ballantyne's criticism that this kind of poetic English is an ugly and ridiculous choice cannot carry anything more than the weight of subjective opinion, at least with respect to a straightforward line like this. Morris attempts simultaneously to tell the truth about what Homer says, and to reimagine what the English language is capable of being in 1887.

Some of the effects of this Morrisian archaïsm include its tendency to introduce a certain specifically English element of the mediaeval fantastical imaginary to Morris's translation; that such an element is foreign to Vergil's *Aeneid* it is only sometimes true. At VI.420 Morris translates “medicatis frugibus”<sup>62</sup> into “blent of wizard's corn”, an act that is

<sup>61</sup> Ballantyne 589.

<sup>62</sup> Literally, “the seer lobbed a hunk of grain commingled with honey (which had been) medicated (with a sedative)”.

tidily Anglo-Saxonising, of course, but which heightens the otherworldly colour of the experience of reading the epic. At VI.5, Morris handles the Latin word “Hesperium” in an interesting way. He calls this place the “Westland”, which is obviously a boldly Anglo-Saxonising move, and yet one would be at pains to decisively show that this line is *inaccurate*. That it “barbarises” or “Germanicises”, there is no doubt; however, semantically, the pair of words do manage to betray a certain satisfactorily plausible connection, barring questions of ethnic diction or aetymological colour. If anything, this particular choice can also even be seen as domesticating! After all, Morris clearly intends that the word “Westland” does roughly the service of the proper name “Hesperium”, but no less clearly he does so, crucially, in the *English* tongue – this is the *Aeneids of Vergil, Done into English*, he seems keen to remind us here.

The poet provides in the place of the word “Hesperium” a geographically and culturally specific remanagement of an identical concept, one that blushes not when its mask slips before the eyes of others, but that above all seems to seek, at this fleeting instant in the poem, to duplicate for English letters that “*Aeneid* experience” which had once been offered up to ancient Latinity *au naturel*. My point is that it is difficult to imagine what could conceivably be seen as more “domesticating” than such manoeuvres as these, *chez* Venuti and friends! Besides, Morris *could* have chosen “Vinland” or somesuch, a more radical transposition still. For similar attempts at imaginative reconstruction from within the house of Germanistics, only glance at VI.845’s “Greatest” (“Maximus”) or IX.524’s “Song-Maids” (as a stand-in for the Musae who are implicit in the Latin line). Such overt Germanicisms perform the action both of Englishing the Latin epic more radically by means of rebuilding

fit raiment for Vergil's ideas only from among those flora native to Albion, and of infusing them with a certain flavour of fantasy.

Even the building blocks of meaning are at times allowed to grow over with native English moss, as prefixes for words, too, tend to assume explicitly Germanic forms in Morris's translation. These the translator consistently uses even in the obvious presence of more conventional prescriptions. A frequent example is “twi-”, a prefix one would be counselled to replace with “bi-” or “di-” (both of which are standard Greek forms) by the more circumspect. It occurs 13 times in Morris's translation of Vergil<sup>63</sup>. Such phenomena are telling: Morris is keen to reconnect the English language with its own genetic Germanic memory. In a recent short article<sup>64</sup> on the subject of “William Morris's Translation of *Völuspá*”, Paul Acker says that “much has been said about Morris's style as a translator of saga *prose*, in particular his archaic vocabulary, supplying direct but sometimes semantically imprecise cognates of Norse words, often on the basis of Middle English terms from Chaucer and Malory, or Scots dialect words.” (2016:20) This is a rather fair assessment of Morris's choices, and it underscores Morris's *poetics* of translation in a way that more helpfully, and no less justly, focalises our attention on the idiosyncrasies of Morris's decisions at the level of the word than images of faux “mediaeval” furniture ever could.

Still another strategy, whereby Morris attempts to reintegrate poetic English in the Victorian age with its genealogy in the deep past, is by recalling ancient patterns of speech

<sup>63</sup> at I.182, III.180, V.145, VI.25, VI.286, VIII.79, IX.617, X.575, XI.645, XI.651, XII.164, XII.198, and XII.927.

<sup>64</sup> Acker, Paul. “William Morris's Translation of *Völuspá*”. *Useful and Beautiful* Winter 2016.1, 18-22.

and poetic expression; such include experiments (the less indulgent would call them “anachronisms”) such as the revival of strong stress patterns and the strongly alliterative verse-line, and a heavy reliance upon blend words (in more correctly “mediaeval” contexts, these can be called kennings). At *Aeneid* I.163, Morris turns Vergil’s “aequora tuta silent” into “hushed are the harmless waters”, managing a quasi-Anglo-Saxon alliteration that achieves much the same effect as is seen in Vergil: Morris manages a contrast between fury and silence that is decisive in Vergil.

It is an image of natural sublimity and juxtaposition and M renders it well by sublimating the English that mediates it. At II.368, Vergil’s “cru delis … luctus” becomes “grim grief” in a similar move, and at IV.135, Vergil’s stately line “stat sonipes ac frena ferox spumantia mandit”<sup>65</sup> in Morris’s hands enters English as “the mettled courser stands, and champs the bit that bids him bide.” Here, Morris answers the sibilant alliteration in Vergil’s *Aeneid* with a labial alliteration of his own design. The relative clause “that bids her bide”, another “gift”, effects both a filling out of the heptameter line and an attempt at the approximate recreation of the sonic effects of the original Latin, in which no relative clause is observed.

The pronounced alliteration of aspirates at VI.112-114 (“My yoke-fellow upon the road o'er every sea he went, / 'Gainst every threat of sea and sky a hardy heart he held, / Though worn and feeble past decay and feebleness of eld”) is strongly reminiscent of some of the alliterative verse one finds in the volumes of the Early English Text Society. While

<sup>65</sup> Literally, “(her) (noisy-hoofed=horse) stands, and violently gnaws at the foaming bit.” For “sonipes” cf. Catullus 63:41.

King Alfred may not be on the cover of this translation of the *Aeneid*, moments like this can be seen as attempting to restore to the English tongue something like the quality of force it still possessed in the capable hands of the now-lost authors of *Havelok the Dane* or *The Alliterative Morte Arthure* – this is to say, to reassert English’s authentic identity as a West Germanic language. Nor is the alliteration of Morris’s translation of *Aeneid* VII for the faint of heart (“so troubled by this tokening dread forth fareth now the king / To Faunus’ fane, his father-seer”)! Such consonant stampedes powerfully evoke the sounds heard when reading mediaeval English verse.

Alliterative verses of this nature abound throughout Morris’s *Aeneid*, and I could easily go on; for further examples, see VII.99, VII.631-633, VIII.140, VIII.260f., and IX.486. Of particular power and interest in this respect is *Aeneid* VIII.302: Morris’s “fail not thy feast with friendly foot, nor us, thy lovers, fail” renders Vergil’s line “et nos et tua dexter adi pede sacra secundo” in such a way that might lead one to judge Morris by pointing out that all the alliteration on “f” is no more than a Morrisian decoration lain atop the bare metal of the literal sense, and a move which betrays Morris’s essentially creative priorities as a translator. Still, for all this appearance of fancy, it is hardly impossible to point out at least as many reasons to believe that Morris is faithful here, and to point out that Morris is even attentive enough to follow Vergil’s rather weird synecdoche. Save for the unhappy selection of “lovers”, so different in connotation from Vergil, here he largely succeeds in rendering the essential meaning of the Latin.

At IV.696, Morris translates “morte”, which means “death”, as “death-doom”, which employs an alliteration on a dental stop that, while not occurring in Vergil, manages to work

twin purposes for Morris. For “death-doom” evokes not only the sonic effects of earlier forms of poetic English, but also that taste for compound forms of this nature so amply evidenced in the extant corpus of English texts written during the first centuries of that language’s history as a literary medium. “Death-doom” expands on Vergil’s simple word in such a way that he effects a yoking of two words which, together, sound like some kind of pre-Norman survival. Again in this moment, the reader cannot help but feel as if he is reading early Middle English verse.

For similar moments of compound nouns being used in explicitly mediaevalising, Germanicising ways, see VIII.211 (“stonydark” for “saxo opaco”), VIII.528 (“sky-land” for “regio[ne] serena”), X.225 (“speech-lore” for “fandi”), X.809 (“shaft-storm” for “nubem belli”, literally a “war-cloud”), XI.339 (“make-bate” for “seditio potens”, literally “one capable in matters of sedition”), XII.453 (“field-folks” for “agricolis”), XII.577 (“out-guards” for “primosque”), and XII.614 (“war-Turnus” for “bellator Turnus”). Perhaps most striking of all of Morris’s blend words is VI.374, which sees “Eumenidum” become “Well-Willers”, a rendering which forms a compound blend-word that approximates that union of notions which by Vergil’s time had long been pronounced licit by the Greek language ( $\varepsilon\upsilon+\mu\eta\nu\varsigma$ ), as well as a refashioning of the term seen in Vergil’s poem in native English words. The adjective “hot-heart” appears no fewer than six times in Morris’s translation, at I.423, VI.5, X.278, X.788, XI.762, and XI.895.<sup>66</sup>

<sup>66</sup> vid. Appendix B for a detailed list of word frequencies and a roster of the more commonly used Morrisian coinages and the more characteristically mannered words that appear in his translation of the *Aeneid*.

“Had … off-shred” is Morris’s “Englished” version of Vergil’s one-word pluperfect “abstulerat” at IV.698 – this, in an age (like our own) during which prescriptivist pulpit-pounders preached adherence to what amount to prestige dialects of Modern English have consistently preached fidelity to the “weak” verbal paradigm when a verb is weak, and to accordingly “weak” forms for the third principal part. Like all performative acts, this conservative practice of spoken and written English comes attached to a *dramatis personae*; this particular one features “to shred” as the infinitive, with “shredded” playing a double-rôle as both praeterite and past participle. By this reasoning, all three of the following utterances would be seen as grammatical: 1) “He ‘had shredded’ the carrots”; 2) “the metal guitarists ‘have shredded’ all night long on their varied cacophonous instruments”; 3) “that girl who rooms with Pluto every winter term hadn’t yet ‘off-shredded’ her lovely hair out of exasperation and despondency at the stark nonconsensuality of the arrangement.”<sup>67</sup>

A past participle like “off-shred” provides a ready specimen both of Morris’s hyphenation tactic and of his tactic of compressing his participles into pithy Teutoniform knots. Morris subtly imagines into being, for those with eyes to see and ears to hear, a modern English tongue in which weak verbs are strong ones, and strong verbs are so strong they practically wear horned helms: for this last, only gaze for a quick space upon “litten” at

<sup>67</sup> To be sure, German and Dutch may form past participles in this way, by prefixing praepositions to the verb radix (think Modern High German “zurückgebracht” = “zurück-ge-bracht” with “ge” being an infix signifying participial function, equivalent in form if not entirely in lexical domain to the Modern Dutch “teruggebracht” = “terug-ge-bracht”). English, however, having undergone a certain genetic and syntactical estrangement from its fellow Germanic tongues, anent which, centuries ago, it hybridly stumbled into being, but which now betrays only trace resemblances, no longer performs such gymnastics with its participles. It is a deliberate, and certainly a deliberately heterodox, manner of Morris’s, and one would be at pains to read nothing at all of ideology or superstructure into its ubiquity. For a more extensive and systematic commentary on the Morris’s foreignising language as ideological strategy, vid. Abberley 2012.

V.03 and “waxen” at V.06, two Old English strong-paradigm participles that under Morris’s sway have gone fully native<sup>68</sup>, complete with Gothic terminations in “-en”, sounding every bit as German as draconian austerity programmes for Greece.

Morris at times can wander far from the sense in Vergil’s Latin, but such errant braveries occur far less frequently than one might anticipate, given the highly fanciful nature of his translation. Morris uses the name “Elissa”, an alternate name for Queen Dido of Carthage, only twice in his *Aeneids* (IV.335, IV.610); Vergil, thrice in his own (IV.335, IV.610, V.3). Here Michael Paschalis’s comments upon Vergil’s Latin-language *Wortspiel* remind the reader of the *Aeneid* that “Dido voices her prayers and imprecations as Elissa. The cluster ‘Elissae … preces’ (IV.610-612) suggests an etymological association with λίσσομαι (‘pray’); ‘precor’ recurs in IV.621 and Dido’s speech is concluded with ‘imprecor’ (629). Aeneas addresses Dido as ‘Elissa’ in IV.335, in response to the queen’s ‘entreaties’ to relinquish the idea of departing (319 ‘… oro si quis adhuc precibus locus exue mentem’) and not to abandon her alone and unprotected. Dido’s ‘preces’ are later borne by Anna to Aeneas (413 ‘iterum temptare precando’); they reappear as ‘prayers’ to gods who care for lovers joined in an unequal relationship (521 ‘precatur’); and eventually they are turned into

<sup>68</sup> Their “correct” past participial forms in the hands of any schoolboy in 1875 would have been “lit” and “waxed.” “To wax” would eventually merge politely into the weak conjugation of English verbs, forming both second and third principal parts in “waxed”, just as any other obedient weak verb would do. It is telling that *OED* records only one Victorian writer who uses “waxen” as a past participle; this is Morris. And who is the only other nineteenth-century citation of that participle at all? Well, look who shows up, but Walter Scott, in whose 1820 romance *The Monastery* one reads “the river, which I observed to be somewhat *waxen*.” On this form, before the Romantic novel, there is only silence, until one goes back far enough to see “waxen” rear its mediaeval head in the *King James Bible* (1625) and in Shakespeare’s *Henry VI, Part 2* (1623). Before this one’s search is thronged with a bestiary (a taper?) of waxens.

curses.” (*Virgil’s Aeneid: Semantic Relations and Proper Names*) (Oxford: Oxford UP, 1997:170). Ovid (in *Heroides* VII) has Dido open with an *imprecatio* that ends in her own name: “Accipe Dardanide moriturae carmen Elissae”.

My point here is that Morris, for reasons discussed in Chapter Two, (predictably) misses the point of all this wordplay on Dido’s name as commentary on her prayer life; this is visible at V.3, a line in which Vergil calls the jilted Phoenician queen “Elissa” where Morris calls her “Dido”. In choosing not to follow Vergil’s charming little classical witticism here, Morris lets slip his relative lack of interest in such arcana; what can be disapproved of as a deficiency in philology, however, must also be interpreted as the cost of Morris’s keen attention to the main action of the narrative and the psychological realism of its *agonistai*. He is completely focussed on the tale, and not on its aetiological subtleties and besides, as I have suggested above, one man’s obstinacy is another’s innovation.

Sometimes one perceives this lack of interest in philological nuance limit Morris’s project, where he fails to recognise a golden opportunity to prosecute his Germanicising programme. At *Aeneid* I.149, Morris translates Vergil’s sudden dip into Old Latin, “ignobile volgus”, as “low-born herd”, which is curious, since Vergil here uses an antiquated form, but Morris an ordinary word! The word “volgus” shows up twice in Vergil’s *Aeneid*: I.149 and I.190. Ironically, in translating the latter, M *again* fails to perceive the *carte blanche* he is being given (twice, and in rapid succession) to be archaic, a chance that promises an inoculation against the threat of fractious reviewers quibbling with his executive decisions, using instead “common sort” (itself a far commoner and more general word even than

“herd”). Thus Morris can, at times, be seen to fail to notice such obvious opportunities to indulge his heavy yen for mannerism.

The view of this reader is that, had he recognised the Old Latin forms, he would certainly have availed himself of the opportunity to use some obscure Old Norse word here. My tentative conclusion is that these two moments shed light, more than anything, on the limits of Morris’s command of the classical languages, a command which, as I hope to have shown, was while respectable and plausible hardly comprehensive. Old Latin would likely not have been extensively covered as a linguistic or philological subject in Morris’s classical training, whatever his exposure would have been to the stylistic shenanigans of such authors as Ennius and Plautus. Again, it bears repeating: the various strengths, weaknesses, and experiences which Morris brought to his *Aufgabe* made him a unique figure in the history of the classical tradition, one who championed a certain judicious insistence upon lexical or at least pictorial fidelity, even as he marched in step not to the drums of scholarship but to the pipes of his own archaising fancies.

Once one’s mind fixes its attentive lens upon the densely accoutred surface of Morris’s word choices in the aggregate and one begins really to examine the total effect of these choices upon the reader as they are observed alongside one another, patterns begin to emerge very starkly, very quickly. The standard-issue stockpile of Morrisian fancies we all signed up for is seen to include such Scandinavian nosegays as “the holy beaker” for “sacer scyphus” at VIII.278, a choice which checks in with English’s ancient roots in Old Icelandic (in which its nominative had been “bikarr”). For once, this is a Scandinavianism not completely unique to Morris, whose diction can be strikingly leftfield, often stunningly, even

impractically, purist (cf. “erne” for “aquila” at XI.751.) In fact, one finds a “beaker” in the hot hands of no usual suspect (and a “pupil of Dryden” no less): Alexander Pope, at Odyssey XV.117, lifts “the prince a silver beaker chose” out of Homer’s description of a krater in “νιὸν δὲ κρητῆρα φέρειν … ἀργύρεον”; today the word “beaker” recalls only dull afternoons in study hall beneath the watchful eyes of the high school chemistry teacher, and perhaps (for children of the 1980s in the Anglosphere) the erstwhile laboratory assistant of the eminent Dr. Bunsen Honeydew. Today one chooses such a grail poorly, for a beaker is no longer a grail.

Other examples of forceful Germanic diction include “troth” and “dukes”, each of which crop up 39 times throughout the *Aeneids of Vergil*, “doom”, which shows up in no fewer than 59 lines, and which *OED* attests is an archaism in the neutral sense in which Morris is clearly using it at times, and “burg”, which appears 21 times. There are 20 “wains” in *The Aeneids of Vergil* (of which three are “war-wains” and two are “wains of war”); on 15 separate occasions armour (or clothing) is referred to as “weed” (seven times as “weed of war” but once as “war-weed”); one is entitled to recall first-semester German greetings like “Ich heiße Klaus” when encountering a word like “hight”, which stands in the place of the more commonly heard word “named” no fewer than nine times.

Clearly, this is deliberate. So is this: at IX.264, Morris translates “et … talenta” as “eke … gold”, which will confuse those not aware of the origins of this word (think of Modern Dutch “ook”, Modern High German “auch”, and you’ve got the basic idea). It would certainly not have been in common use very long after the age of Chaucer, but Morris apparently considers “eke”, a synonym for “also”, a quasi-Jamesian “live option.” No less

deliberate is the choice of “marish” instead of “marsh” at II.135: interestingly, Morris’s childhood readings announce themselves at once, the very moment one commissions the most cursory inquest into what’s going on here<sup>69</sup>. Also of note here is the use, *à la* “fernsehen”, of “upstand” instead of the conventional “stand up” at IV.183 and X.116. Finally, and perhaps most conspicuous among Morris’s Germanicising acts of wordsmithing, is the exhumation and repurposing of the word “lift”, which is thrice<sup>70</sup> used *as a noun* to signify the air or sky, following Old English “lyft” Modern Dutch “lucht”, Modern High German “luft”, Old Norse “loft” and Old High Gothic “luftus”. Such spoonfuls of suet in the reader’s broth are evidence of a deliberate and consistently Germanic flavour, quietly and unassumingly stirred into the cauldron by an eager kitchen-chemist.

<sup>69</sup> When one begins to ask questions about “marish” (which occurs four times in Morris’s translation, at VII.702, VII.763, and VII.801) one begins again to encounter Morris’s reading habits, front and center: id. Froissart, “marestz” (1523 tr. Berners = “marysshe”); 1596 Spenser *The Faerie Queene* V.x “marishes”; 1667 Milton *Paradise Lost* XII.630 “the marish glides”; 1830 Tennyson *Dying Swan* “far through the marish green”; 1858 Morris “Sir Peter Harpdon’s End” “we struggled in a marish half the day.” Morris’s reasoning cannot be said to be motivated by metre here, since “marsh’s side” would have been as natural-sounding in English, with the added benefit that it satisfies the need for a trochaïc metron. Also cf. 1955 Tolkien, *Return of the King*: “the folk of the Marish” (per *OED*).

<sup>70</sup> At I.223, III.520, V.228, and V.658.

## The Writing on the Image: Expansive Fidelities

Another characteristic trait of Morris's translation of Vergil is a tendency toward ornamentation: this can appear whenever the reader encounters evidence of a certain knack for and enthusiasm for embellishment, in keeping with the Pre-Raphaelite mediaevalising fetish that animates Morris's Germanicising translation strategy. The resulting tactics are illuminating for one who wishes to acquire a taste of the kind of English verse any "Pre-Raphaelite" school of translation would have us read; to the great credit of such a school, sometimes the degree to which Morris is working very hard to preserve an association "baked into" one of the Latin words he translates shows him to be a very diligent worker, one whose heart is seriously committed to the task of Englishing as much of the Latin word's lexical domain as possible. At other times, Morris is faithful though expansive – he often supplies through artifice in English a sense merely suggested or hinted at in Vergil.

In *Aeneid* V, Morris performs just this sort of imaginative modification, which is key for readers who seek to appreciate the unique character of his contribution to the craft of Englishing classical epics:

V.680 Sed non idcirco flamma atque incendia viris

But none the less the flaming rage for  
ever holdeth fast

V.681 indomitas posuere; udo sub robore vivit

With might untamed; the fire lives on  
within the timbers wet,

V.682 stuppa vomens tardum fumum, lentusque carinas

The caulking sends forth sluggish  
smoke, the slow heat teeth doth set

|       |   |   |
|-------|---|---|
| V.683 | est vapor et toto descendit corpore pestis, | Upon the keel; to inmost heart down<br>creeps the fiery bale;       |
| V.684 | nec vires heroum infusaque flumina prosunt. | Nor all the might of mighty men nor<br>rivers poured avail.         |
| V.685 | tum pius Aeneas umeris abscindere vestem    | Then good Æneas from his back the<br>raiment off him tore,          |
| V.686 | auxilioque vocare deos et tendere palmas:   | And called the Gods to aid, and high his<br>palms to heaven upbore: |

On the one hand, Morris maintains the semantic sense of “lentusque” in the dependent clause at V.682, while also introducing, in the same line and at the level of the main clause, a second adjective (one may say a “redundant” second adjective, really): this is the word “slow”. Fine; it isn’t as if Morris is somehow horribly missing the sense. On the other hand, he confects a new image out of whole cloth: this *dental* business (“slow heat teeth doth set”) is nowhere at all in V.

Still, this reader is of sufficiently fanciful parts as to be able to accept the novel image as an apt one, since who can fail to own its propriety and felicity? It is undeniable that the action of fire on wet pine is in fact quite like this, like *teeth*. It is not only a vivid image, but also manages a quantum of precision, since the action of fire on wet wood is indeed the action of persistent gnawing. The wood’s xylem and phloem are under a kind of siege by the trenchant flames that hungrily crack and bite at them, consuming them. The image is quite conscious: Morris keeps the *zahnärztlich* image up at V.752 in which he Englishes the Latin participle “ambesa” as “gnawed” (the word literally means “consumed”). The image can be said to be constitutive of embellishment, but it is not unfaithful to the sense of the original. If anything, the manner in which Morris translates Vergil’s sense shows that, à la Balmer, the

task of the translator for Morris is an *aesthetic* one, consisting not merely in a series of acts of *philological* fidelity, but in a varied and challenging itinerary of *artistic* adventures, emerging from an underlying and essential philological awareness of basic elements at first of Latin, then of “English”, meaning. It is art crafted not of horn or wood, but of the bones of old lore, reanimated with blood and currency.

Three examples from Morris’s handling of *Aeneid* III, and one from *Aeneid* IV, will allow us to trace further techniques of Morris’s hand. The “woody deeps” of III.258 amplify the natural imagery in the line, resulting in a more vivid line; such subtle acts of expansion encrust Morris’s translation throughout, and for this reason this example should be seen as representative of the vaster experience of reading Morris’s *Aeneids* in their entirety. He takes an adjective here, an adverb here, and adds it in, as at III.285: Vergil has “et glacialis hiems Aquilonibus asperat undas”, which Morris translates as “and frosty winter with his north the sea’s face rough doth wear”, of which we may say at least that it exemplifies a translatorly programme of expansive fidelity, at once Romantic and Victorian, its heights of feeling amplified, *ma non troppo*. At III.642, Morris translates Vergil’s “ubera pressat” as “draws the udder’s wave”: now, in V the udders are plural, so in any case it should be “udders” and not “udder’s”; also, the word “wave” here constitutes an expansion of the original idea, as Vergil does not name the product of the draught-action, only the action itself. It’s quite close, but not exactly the same idea. Literally, Vergil’s sense here is a straightforward “pinches (the) teats (of the animals).” Morris is, here as before, liberally imaginative and dramatically pictorial where Vergil is direct and plain. And yet he cannot be said to be unfaithful – liquids *do* flow in undine patterns, and one must petition the teat for milk by means of torsion. He

studiously remains just this side of infidelity, but refuses absolutely to abjure such divagations as are inspired by his powerful and irresistible creative genius.

These sorts of imaginative, decorative, Romantic fidelities that tread the hinterlands between interpretation and creation abound and represent the general tone of Morris's translation: at *Aeneid* IV.617, Vergil's "auxilium imploret videatque indigna suorum" becomes, in the hands of Morris, "beseeching help mid wretched death of many and many a friend". This moment can be interpreted as an expansion, to be sure, but it is also as an intensification of the emotion of desperation, which is white-hot by the end of the line – for not only is there in Vergil's Latin no such repetition as "many ... many", the exceedingly vanilla word "auxilium" is used, in contrast to Morris's heightened state of feeling.

Morris's *Aeneids* convey both Vergil's intentions and his own, and a similar effect as that described above is achieved very consistently in his translation. At V.821: Vergil has "fugient vasto aethere nimbi", a direct and elegant way of saying, in the Latin language, that "thunderheads flee from the wide sky"; Morris opts for "from heaven all cloud-flecks fail", which could be either Shelley or Hopkins, and is decidedly not plain speech. Vergil's simple and direct "astris" at VIII.59 becomes "star-world": of course, Morris does need an extra syllable here for meter, but the pictorial character of the expansion of "-world" is, by the point at which a reader of his translation pushes in battle against the forces of the Rutili, to be expected, considering our translator's fondness for image.

## The Phrase and The Clause: Syntax and Repetition

In his efforts to synthesise a new folk-tongue for the English reader Morris consistently reduplicates even repetitions found in Vergil. Even though his interest in ornament is so keen, his so often expansive and imaginative treatment of Vergil's epic carefully deploys attentive microfidelities at the level of the word and phrase, sometimes expanding artfully on his source as it loyally renders Vergil's original meanings. Some of these, to be sure, are straightforward forklift-jobs which transfer a unit of meaning into an equivalent English word or phrase; they illustrate Morris's commitment to quite a good bit more than a mere modicum of fidelity:

|            |                                      |   |
|------------|--------------------------------------|---|
| I.177      | <i>Cererem ... Cerealiaque</i>       | <i>Ceres'body ... Ceres' arms</i>                     |
| II.354     | <i>una salus ... salutem</i>         | <i>one hope ... to hope no more</i>                   |
| III.412    | <i>laeva ... laeva</i>               | <i>leftward ... leftward</i>                          |
| III.608    | <i>genua ... genibusque</i>          | <i>about our knees ... knees</i>                      |
| VII.460    | <i>arma ... arma</i>                 | <i>arms ... arms</i>                                  |
| VII.586    | <i>pelago rupes ... pelagi rupes</i> | <i>as crag amid the sea; ... as crag amid the sea</i> |
| VIII.271f. | <i>Maxima ... maxima</i>             | <i>Mightiest ... mightiest</i>                        |
| XII.839    | <i>supra ... supra</i>               | <i>outgo ... outgo</i>                                |

However, one also readily finds examples that see Morris expand or interpret the original sense in noticeable ways:

|      |                                   |  |
|------|-----------------------------------|--|
| X.43 | <i>vincant quos vincere magis</i> | let them be <i>lords</i> , whom thou wilt doom<br>for <i>lords</i> |
|------|-----------------------------------|--|

Now, this is an expansive and Anglo-Saxonising tactic, but it can be said to be fairly attentive to Vergil's sense, since in spite of the fact that, in "vincere" Vergil has the grammatical subject of the sentence "win" or "conquer" things, while Morris makes them "lords". The repetition of "vincant ... vincere" Morris carefully maintains in the repetition of this new noun, acting as as a kind of semantic placeholder: "lords ... lords". In this moment, Morris's rendering is more transfiguration, than translation. Likewise:

|   |   |
|---|---|
| XII.367f. <i>quacumque</i> ... <i>sequiturque</i> ... <i>conversaeque</i> | <i>wheresoe'er</i> ... / ... <i>wheresoe'er</i> |
|---|---|

Morris clearly detects in Vergil's "-que ... -que ... -que" hint enough of repetition to employ an English convention that seeks to duplicate the effect of correlative suffixes, even as it must by virtue of the English language do violence to the precise order of the ideas as presented in the Latin; still, such a moment can be seen at least as a token of Morris's commitment to preserving at least something of Vergil's ancient music. Also relevant to this discussion of the Englishing of correlatives is *Aeneid* IV.170, where Morris elegantly demonstrates his grasp of the sense of Latin correlatives by finding a single rendering for all three. The repetition can be said merely to be suggested in Vergil, even if this repetition is not quite so starkly tripartite as in Morris's translation. In the view, at least, of this author, it is a rather clever solution:

|          |   |  |
|----------|---|--|
| IV.170f. | <i>neque</i> ... <i>famave</i> ... <i>nec</i> | <i>no more</i> ... <i>no more</i> ... <i>no more</i> |
|----------|---|--|

As I hope to have underscored, however briefly, these microfidelities of repetition do more than merely dutifully duplicate the original echo; they seek to champion a vigilant attention to the original text, it is true, but what is important to notice is how they expand or modulate an echo, how they are built not on textual rendering alone, but also upon *inventio*, in a translation praxis that Josephine Balmer would readily recognise as a hybridity – half-creative, half-mimetic, poetry and scholarship locked tightly together in a zeugmatic unity of purpose.

Sometimes, Morris's attempts to replicate Vergilian echoes of particularly poignant or glistening images show his reader just how much attention to Vergil's Latin he is paying, as the ancient Roman subtly registers echoes across vast tracts of verse, the original sound at a distant remove from the other, the echo and the origin sometimes located at near-opposite ends of the *Aeneid*: for example, at VIII.539f., Vergil repeats the clause “scuta virum galeasque et fortia corpora volvit” from I.110. Now, the effects of such repetitions are well-known; like a *leitmotiv*, their functions are diverse and highly context-dependent. Morris, of course, tends to seek out opportunities to reflect these echoes, and this is no exception, for his rendering repeats as much of Vergil's motif from I.101 as Morris is able to squeeze in, since one can readily admit that “strong” is a rather inconvenient monosyllable for the purposes of one who seeks to obey the imperatives of his metrical numbers. And he comes admirably close:

I.110 scuta virum galeasque et fortia corpora volvit

the shields of men, and helms of men,  
and bodies of the strong

VIII.539 scuta virum galeasque et fortia corpora volves

... the shields and helms of men,

and bodies of the mighty ones!

The same is true of *Aeneid* VI.700-702, where Morris again seems to do his utmost to get as close as the English language will let him to the repetition in Vergil from II.792-794, save for the gift of “beloved” at VI.700:

|        |  |  |
|--------|--|--|
| II.792 | ter conatus ibi collo dare bracchia circum;    | And there three times about her neck I strove mine arms to cast, |
| II.793 | ter frustra compresa manus effugit imago,      | And thrice away from out my hands the gathered image streams,    |
| II.794 | par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno. | E'en as the breathing of the wind or wingèd thing of dreams.     |
| VI.700 | ter conatus ibi collo dare bracchia circum;    | And thrice the neck of him beloved he strove in arms to take;    |
| VI.701 | ter frustra compresa manus effugit imago,      | And thrice away from out his hands the gathered image streams,   |
| VI.702 | par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno. | E'en as the breathing of the wind or wingèd thing of dreams.     |

Morris can often be observed following Latin's syntax with meticulous attention. Keith MacLennan, when confronted in his critical apparatus<sup>71</sup> of Vergil's *Aeneid* with the rigours of translating I.229's “o qui ... regis”, intones that “Modern English does not allow a second-person verb to follow a relative pronoun ('O thou who rulest'). One must find one's own way of rendering the solemnity and pathos of the expression.” Morris translates

<sup>71</sup> Vergil, *Aeneid*. edited by Keith MacLennan. London, UK: Bristol Classical Press: 2010.

this thorny line thus: “O thou who rulest”, indicating that he cares not tuppence for such politenesses, sticking more closely than most would ever dare to Vergil’s syntax.

### The Manuscript and Morris’s Revisions: Some Evidence for a Morrisian Praxis

I wish here to comment upon a few of his revisions from *Aeneid* I. A fact for which the Morrisian scholar is constantly grateful, the legibility, neatness, and downright beauty of Morris’s handwriting, is everywhere on display in the Huntington Library manuscript (HM 6439) of his translation of the *Aeneid* that is left to us. Having studied the evolution of other of his works such as the *Earthly Paradise* we feel confident in claiming that Morris was a diligent, conscientious, even meticulous reviser, and here the same judiciousness seems to prevail in his revisions of the *Aeneids of Vergil*. I encourage my reader to follow along in Appendix D with my discussion of six moments in these revisions that beckon for attention.

The first of these moments (f. 1, p. 183) is the title of the work. Now, it is not exactly commonplace that one ends up commenting in any meaningful way upon an author’s revision of a title, so static can titles be, but here we have a glistening exception to the rule: Morris has crossed out the “P. ---ius Maro” in “The *Æneids* of P.-Virgilius Maro,” leaving only his intended title: “The *Æneids* of Virgil”, to which he later had his publishers add “Done into English (Verse) by William Morris”, a convention to which he returns in his translations from the Homer (1887) and from Old French prose romance (1894). Though this brief recognition doesn’t necessarily potentiate any earth-shattering conclusions that

would surprise anyone, it does serve to highlight Morris's attention to audience; here he indeed seems to scorn the task of translating Vergil "as a pedant", choosing instead to foreground the simple folk source, unfestooned with all the fussy classical Roman formalities. He sees the simpler "*The Aeneids of Virgil*" as being more representative of how he wants his translation to appear to newcomers: a good old tale for the noones, not an exposure to a body of classical scholarship. One need not obediently, automatically, rattle off one's fourth nominal paradigms in this space in order to genuflect to a great artwork when one sees it, enjoying the tale as edification and repose rather than as an exercise in one's command of the formal details of grammar and style.

Morris at times errs in his revisions. One such moment, at *Aeneid* I.293 (f. 10, p. 192), he translates correctly the first time and then abducts his more faithful initial rendering, carrying it away from the original text: "iura dabunt ipsi" Vergil's Jove speaks – "they themselves shall deliver judgments", referring to Romulus/Quirinus and his twin brother (Remus). Morris's first swipe at this simple sentence is "Quirinus and his twin / shall judge the world", a rendering that recognises the future tense of the verb *dare*. Quite unaccountably, Morris alters this to "Quirinus and his twin / now judge the world"! It is enough to make one's inner pedant more than a bit cantankerous. Still, the sums constituted by the addition of such moments are easily overwhelmed by the sums of his often shrewd improvements. Revising highly crafty verse is tough work, tougher if you place a high premium on some more-than-perfunctory degree of fidelity to the original. Managing to improve the original verse one has written in even one iota, one triumphs for a moment, so

steep are the odds of actually finding oneself able to do so. And it is specifically *verse*, with its constellation of rigid exigencies, that is so tough to revise in this way.

Morris often succeeds at finding tiny opportunities for improvement. At *Aeneid* I.343 (f. 11, p. 193), Morris seems to upbraid himself for having got the literal sense of the ST so incorrect by correcting his initial translation of “*huic coniunx Sychaeus erat, ditissimus agri / Phoenicum*”, “Her husband was Sychaeus hight, *the man* most rich he was / of all Phoenicians”, to the much more accurate “Her husband was Sychaeus hight, *of land* most rich he was / of all Phoenicians”. (emphasis mine) His rendering of *Aeneid* I.72 (f.3, p. 185), “*quarum quae forma pulcherrima Deiopea*” begins life as “of whom Deiopea sure the prize doth bear” but matures into a much subtler, and much more faithful, line of English verse: “of whom indeed Deiopea is fairest fashioned there”. Morris fills in vacuums hollowed out by Vergil’s famously elegant phrasing of ideas, for he needs no fewer than fourteen syllables per line of Englished verse, such that such metrical packing peanuts as “indeed” and “fashioned” become necessary, but let us be clear – no-one is bearing any “prizes” in Vergil’s Latin, and Morris is right to improve this line by any means at hand, a task he diligently and insightfully executes.

At other times Morris shows that he cares very much for the struggle toward perfection, as he corrects triple-rhymes with the attentive fixity of a traffic enforcer: see *Aeneid* I.365-368 (f. 12, p. 194), where Morris first translates Vergil’s “*devenere locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernis / moenia surgentemque novae Karthaginis arcem, / mercatique solum, facti de nomine Byrsam, / taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo*” as “And so they come unto the place where ye may see begin / The towers of Carthage, and the walls new built that

mighty grow, / And bought the Byrsa-field good cheap, as still the name shall show, / So much of land as round about a bull-neat's hide might go". The problem here is that Morris must now, in revising the poem, correct this treble rhyme. But he is quite attracted to this golden opportunity to use this nativist, "alternate-timeline" English word, "nēat", which simply meant "a cow" in Anglo-Saxon. He attempts a first revision of this line: "So much of land as might a hide of bull-neat go about" satisfies the requirement that it rhyme with the next line's final word "out", but Morris's hackles are up – he isn't satisfied. We end up with "so much of land as one bull's hide might scantily go about", a final version which demonstrates his commitment to sonic consistency even as it goes to show that, upon being confronted by the choice between cashing in each and every opportunity to use Anglo-Saxon diction, on the one hand, and making plain the sense of his original, on the other, Morris is going to choose the latter, *pace* his critics. Morris is in love with Germanicised lexical palette, this is true, but this love for erne and wain is moderated by his devotion, everywhere evident, to the forward, arresting development of a lucid narrative.

## Morris's Reconstructionist Idiom as Ideological Strategy

In her thought-provoking monograph<sup>72</sup> on the precise character of Morris's communitarian ideology and the tensions such commitments caused with the bourgeois institutions he sought to change, Anna Vaninskaya observes that "the model of socialist administration that Morris presented in *News from Nowhere*, and in the historical lectures and essays upon which it drew, owed as much to the conjectured primitive communism of the Germanic 'theoths', with their folk-motes and collective ownership of land, as to any contemporary example of co-operative organisation – whether the Russian *obschina* or the English trade-union. Of all places that played a part in shaping Morris's worldview, the most intriguing was an imaginary construct: Germania." Vaninskaya goes on to provide a brief cultural history of Germania, featuring many of the names one would reasonable expect to find in such a narrative: Tacitus, of course, appears as the great inaugurator of this cultural mythos, but then Carlyle appears in her survey of the history of the term. Carlyle, she informs us, "spoke of the Norsemen as 'our fathers; the men whose blood still runs in our veins, whom doubtless we still resemble in so many ways'". Carlyle goes on: "Spiritually as well as bodily these men are our progenitors." (89) Also namechecked in tracing this vein of what Vaninskaya humorously calls "Teutomania" is that muscular Christian Charles

<sup>72</sup> Vaninskaya, Anna. *William Morris and the Idea of Community: Romance, History, and Propaganda, 1880-1914*. Edinburgh, Scotland, UK: Edinburgh University Press, 2010.

Kingsley, who she informs us had “argued in a series of lectures tellingly entitled *The Roman and the Teuton* that the English had kept ‘unbroken the old Teutonic laws, unstained the old Teutonic faith and virtue’, which ‘form the groundwork of our English laws and constitution.’” Kingsley goes so far as to make the claim that “God ha[s] ‘appointed for this race’ a ‘strange and complicated education,’ ‘by which he has fitted it to become, at least for many centuries henceforth, the ruling race of the world’, fulfilling ‘a glorious destiny’”. Morris, of course, saw the Germanic mark as a site not of quasi-Fichtean dreams of a folk unified and empowered by destiny, but of the potential for primitive communism; in the mark of northwestern European antiquity Morris sought evidence for a specifically socialist historiography, and that he goes *back* in time to find it will not surprise a reader familiar with his *News from Nowhere*, a narrative about a future indistinguishable from a perfected ecocommunist past which had, until a 1962 Revolution, always eluded the best-laid plans of workers. Though Morris’s communist commitments had as yet not fully developed in 1875, we can already catch significant glimpses of those Venutian “ideological drives” that must inform all translation. Morris’s language is very specifically disobedient to the conventions of its age; what can we make of this fact?

In his essay<sup>73</sup> “‘To Make a New Tongue’: Natural and Manufactured Language in the Late Fiction of William Morris”, Will Abberley asks the question of “why Morris saw modern language as degraded, and how his late fiction strove to resist it.” (Abberley 2012:397) He locates Morris’s philosophy of language and his fixation with the liberatory

<sup>73</sup> Abberley, Will. “‘To Make a New Tongue’: Natural and Manufactured Language in the Late Fiction of William Morris.” *Journal of Victorian Culture* 17, no. 4 (2012): 397-412.

powers of etymology within the philological school led by Morris's fellow Oxonian, Friedrich Max Müller. This school posited an organicist view of the primordial unity of all language in a static, Romantic state of nature. Abberley shows how Morris's interest and participation in the effort to resuscitate old forms is rooted in this mid-nineteenth philology of organic descent, one which was being steadily overtaken by the conventionalist position championed by philologists like W. D. Whitney, arguing that "through his translations, Morris sought increasingly to admit the 'strangeness' of different languages into English." (398) He goes on to show how "the contradictions in Morris's late linguistic experiments reflect wider contradictions in Victorian philology", as Morris's "reverence for an organic past figured the literary, industrial present as corrupt" with such consistency as to make his language an unavoidable target for reviewers. In such a model of the historical development of Morris's "ideological drives" *The Earthly Paradise* had featured as but a protean, imperfect, less sophisticated iteration of the "Morrisean archaic" on offer in all its anachronistic glory in later works of the 1870s, 1880s and 1890s. As I hope to have shown, Morris is clearly concerned, in the 1875 *Aeneids of Vergil*, with the business of reorienting English toward its historical origins in Anglo-Saxon and Middle English, among others.

These "others" must include Old Norse as well, as a glance at Appendix A will rapidly reveal. Abberley is interested to show how Morris's commitment to "organic" English has the effect of moving it closer to its linguistic grandparent, Old Icelandic: "etymology emerged as the thread through which Morris hoped to reconnect with ... ancient oral culture. He began learning ancient Icelandic ... and later translated its sagas into radically unfamiliar English, attempting to narrow the gap between the two languages." (Abberley 400) Though

Morris seems to have been thoroughly uninterested in philology for its own sake, he became increasingly savvy and daring in resuscitating archaisms during the 1870s and 1880s. He had been out of Oxford for 12 years when he met Eiríkr Magnusson in 1868. The ensuing reorientation with textual criticism, to say nothing of the sustained effect of the close study of a highly inflected language like Old West Norse, would alone have led to such increases in historical linguistic sophistication as would be evident in Morris's later wordcraft.

The sentiment Abberley everywhere ascribes to Morris, namely, that history's forward motion can be described as decadent, laced with fatal entropy, declining by degrees, would clearly be seen as heterodox by a "scientific" Marxist, whose march toward the great sunrise of communism treads a path called progress. This Abberley, later in his essay, openly admits: "Morris's emphasis on pure Teutonic origins clashed with his socialist internationalism." (402) This particular heresy of Morris is the more pardonable for its interpretive power in Marxist terms, according to Abberley: "Morris's Icelandic translations had inspired him to look beyond Middle English for the organic roots of words. Hence, *A Dream of John Ball* sometimes associates Romance-derived words with the imposition of feudalism and capitalism." If this isn't a creative and transactional meeting of classical text and modern translator *à la* Balmer, and if this isn't an indication of the powerful ramifications and reinterpreting character of a "translator's preferences, idiosyncrasies, and choices" *à la* Brownlie, I suppose I don't know what either one is.

Any reader of Morris's late fiction notices the tale-teller's association of progress with looking backward, and the lexicographical heterogeneity borne of the Norman Invasion with

liberation from decadence and dissipation and into social justice, characterised by a return to good Anglo-Saxon and Nordic diction. This partly explains why the political and cultural stakes of Middle English as it was commingled with the polite French of the courts seem to have been so high for Morris. In his enlightening piece Abberley illustrates these high stakes, quoting *A Dream of John Ball* in order to defend his thesis that “Middle English became a site of conflict between organic and artificial forces. Morris’s rebelling peasants protect their Germanic vocabulary and oral community against encroaching, artificial Latinisms and writing culture. … Teutonisms seem to encode natural instincts for cooperation and solidarity.” (401) This shows how the study of Morris’s language must accompany any discussion of his politics, so singularly prickly is the issue of his mannered English.

## CHAPTER 5:

### *QUOT SUNT QUOTQUE FUERE: MORRIS'S VERGILIAN LEGACY AND VERGIL'S MORRISIAN LEGACY*

“Cet ouvrage, que l'auteur avait condamné aux flammes, est encore, avec ses défauts, le plus beau monument qui nous reste de toute l'antiquité. *Virgile tira le sujet de son poème des traditions fabuleuses que la superstition populaire avait transmises jusqu'à lui*, à peu près comme Homère avait fondé son *Iliade* sur la tradition du siège de Troie.”<sup>74</sup>

Voltaire. From “Essaie de la poésie épique,” cap. III. *Oeuvres Complètes de Voltaire. Avec des remarques et des notes historiques, scientifiques, et littéraires.* Vol. 2. Paris: Chez Dalibon, 1824: p. 361. Emphasis mine.

“Entre autres le doux Virgile, celui que les pions surnomment le cygne de Mantoue, sans doute parce qu'il n'est pas né dans cette ville, *lui apparaissait, ainsi que l'un des plus terribles cuistres*, l'un des plus sinistres raseurs que l'antiquité ait jamais produits; ses bergers lavés et pomponnés, se déchargeant, à tour de rôle, sur la tête de pleins pots de vers sentencieux et glacés, son Orphée qu'il compare à un rossignol en larmes, son Aristée qui pleurniche à propos d'abeilles, son Énée, ce personnage indécis et fluent qui se promène, pareil à une ombre chinoise, avec des gestes en bois, derrière le transparent mal assujetti et mal huilé du poème, l'exaspéraient. Il eût bien accepté les fastidieuses balivernes que ces marionnettes échangent entre elles, à la cantonade; il eût accepté encore les impudents emprunts faits à Homère, à Théocrite, à Ennius, à Lucrèce, le simple vol que nous a révélé Macrobre du 2<sup>e</sup> chant de l'éneïde presque copié, mots pour mots, dans un poème de Pisandre, enfin toute l'inénarrable vacuité de ce tas de chants; mais ce qui l'horripilait davantage c'était la facture de ces hexamètres, sonnant le fer blanc, le bidon creux, *allongeant leurs quantités de mots pesés au litre selon l'immuable ordonnance d'une prosodie pédante et sèche*; c'était la contexture de ces vers râpeux et gourmés, dans leur tenue officielle, dans leur basse révérence à la grammaire, de ces vers coupés, à la mécanique, par une imperturbable césure, tamponnés en queue, toujours de la même façon, par le choc d'un dactyle contre un spondée.”<sup>75</sup>

<sup>74</sup> “This work, whose author would have had it condemned to the flames, is yet, even with its defects, the most beautiful monument that remains to us of all antiquity. *Vergil drew the subject of his own poem from tradition and fable, which popular superstition had transmitted down to him*, much as Homer had founded his *Iliad* on the tradition of the siege of Troy.” (tr. de Vega, 2016)

<sup>75</sup> “Among other authors, the gentle Vergil, he to whom the tutors refer as the Swan of Mantua, no doubt because he was not actually born in that village, *seemed to Des Esseintes one of the most terrible pedants*, one of the most dreadful bores that antiquity had ever produced. His well-bathed, well-primped shepherds whirling round again and again to deliver over one's head many pots' worth of tedious, chilly verses – his Orpheus, whom he compares to a nightingale in tears – his Aristaeus, who blabbers on about bees – his Aeneas, that fickle and silver-tongued protagonist taking his constitutional, his wooden gestures those of some Chinese shadowpuppet, behind the badly-placed, ill-oiled screen of his epic – all of these exasperated Des Esseintes. He would possibly have pardoned such ornate foolishnesses as marionnettes tended to exchange out loud, apparently to no-one at all; possibly, indeed, he would have pardoned the impudent plagiarisms of Homer, of Theocritus, of Ennius, and of Lucretius – the simple theft, which Macrobius has shown us, that one finds in *Aeneid* II, copied just about word for word from a poem of Pisander, all this he would have forgiven in the end, even the

Huysmans, J.K. *À Rebours*. Paris: Éditions Gallimard, 1977. p. 110. Emphasis mine.

### Scope and Purpose: Translation and Transgression

The two Vergils introduced to the reader above, the former by an eighteenth-century French wit counted among the most venerated saints of that thoroughly modern religion we today call Enlightenment rationalism, the latter by one of the most notorious demons of the Decadent movement of the end of the nineteenth century, have probably existed all the way back to antiquity. There is the Vergil who seizes upon popular myth in order, if not to subvert its purported message of the triumph of Roman imperialism, at least to attenuate that message somewhat within organic lines of descent from its original folk-songs and tall tales, and there is the Vergil who comes off as the Great Exemplum of Epic Manner. If there is one simple way of putting the tension in the history of Morris's legacy as a Vergilian translator, it is possibly this: as a reader of translations of the *Aeneid*, the Vergil you want –

emptiness of this heap of songs, of which no tongue can tell. But what disgusted him even more was the fabric of the hexameters itself, which sounded like a hollow bucket made of tin, *their length parcelled out in obeisance to the deathless law of a pedantic and dryasdust prosody*; it was the interweaving of these grating and stiff verses; it was their dapper comportment, their staid reverence for good grammar, each line mechanically bisected by an obedient caesura then, each exactly alike, blunted at the end by the smack of dactyl on spondee." (tr. de Vega, 2016)

or the Vergil you expect to get – in your translation of the *Aeneid*, had better be the Vergil you get. There are those who want a richly musical and vivid tale of misty folkish Roman origins, and there are those who wish to hail the Mantovano as the “wielder of the stateliest measure ever crafted by the hands of man”. Most want the “classic” Vergil, and are understandably disappointed when presented with a series of rustic, organic *Aeneids*. It is a difference in taste and in expectation for which no-one can reasonably be carped at, and which sort of translation one prefers tells more about what kind of taste the reader possesses, than whether or not one possesses taste to begin with.

As I hope by now to have shown, Morris is clear, for his part, as to which *he* prefers: “I wish,” he tells us, “to translate Vergil as a poet, not as a pedant”, “to do him in English verse.” (cf. p. 8) This is the argument of this chapter and the conclusion of this dissertation: Morris wished to make Vergil new by connecting him to his origins in folk tradition and, furthermore and more radically still, by subtly highlighting Vergil’s relationship to the *populus Romanus* by stressing Morris’s relationship to his own English folk. This he does both by innovating and transgressing somewhat upon the boundaries of that classical text he has selected for “Englishing”, as well as by faithfully “bringing Vergil over” into his own folk-tongue (sometimes word-for-word, at other times sense-for-sense, as seen in Chapter 4), an act that is rightly described by the word “translation.” But Morris goes further: he historicises his English idiom in a new way, seeing the occasion as an opportunity to reimagine the language in artful ways, in doing so casting light on the reinterpretation of Vergil that beats at the heart of his translation and that few critics have noticed. Some comments upon how the case of Morris’s *Aeneids of Vergil* can possibly be useful either to proving or disproving

theories of translation, such as Antoine Berman’s “retranslation hypothesis”, Siobhan Brownlie’s poststructuralist retranslation theory, and Lawrence Venuti’s “doubly abusive” fidelity, shall follow, before rounding out the chapter with a few exemplary passages that bear out my argument that Morris crafts a unique contribution to classical translation in the latter half of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, a contribution of original poetic power that has not been fully realised by critics for some of the reasons discussed above.

### The Victorian Reception of Morris’s *Aeneids of Vergil* and its Afterlife

I have commented in previous chapters on the neglect to which Morris’s translation of Vergil’s *Aeneid* has long suffered since the beginning of the twentieth century, such that most critics and anthologists of that era eschewed even mentioning it in their lists of the better translations of the poem throughout the ages. But this state of affairs wasn’t always so: Morris’s contemporary reviewers seemed to like, even somewhat to revel in, Morris’s achievement. An anonymous reviewer<sup>76</sup> in the 13 November 1875 number of the *Athenaeum* praised Morris’s translation of Vergil in terms that can only be called superlative: “Mr.

<sup>76</sup> Unsigned Review. *Athenaeum* no. 2507, 635ff. (13 November 1875.) In Faulkner, Peter, ed. *William Morris: The Critical Heritage*. London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1973.

Morris's *Aeneids of Vergil* ... must be pronounced the most satisfactory attempt that has yet been made to present the greatest of Roman poets to English readers." Quoting *Aeneid* I.159-169, he positively enthuses: "We are at once struck by the exceeding literalness which Mr Morris has been able to attain. With the exception of the 'horns of cliff,' there is hardly a word in this whole passage which has not its corresponding word in the Latin. 'The flickering wood' gives no less than the *silvis coruscis* of the original, the play of the sunlight through the boughs on the top of the cliff, contrasting with the *atrum nemus* in the shaded part below the edge." (*William Morris: The Critical Heritage*, p. 218)<sup>77</sup> Still, Morris, for this reviewer, is not entirely perfect: "Morris seems to us to surpass, both in fidelity and accuracy, all Vergilian translators, 'quot sunt quotque fuere,' but even he slips now and then," and a few unhappy translations of individual passages follow, such as "sea" for "unda" at *Aeneid* VII.467. It is a roundly positive review.

Nor had this review been a lucky strike, a fluke, the only positive review by which Morris would have been cheered: a classical scholar weighed in<sup>78</sup> during the same month of the translation's publication, with just about the same degree of breathless approbation. Henry Nettleship was a classical scholar, one who was at any rate of such sound intellect as

<sup>77</sup> This same reviewer goes on to compare Morris's fidelity quite favourably to that found in Jacques Delille's 1804 translation of I.163-165, presenting this French translation as "a good specimen of the translation which aims at elegance, somewhat to the neglect of accuracy: 'Balancés par les vents, de bois aigrent [ed. *ceignant*] son front; / A ses pieds le flot dort dans un calme profond; / Et des arbres touffus l'amphithéâtre sombre / Prolonge sur les flots la noirceur de son ombre.' M. Delille has, indeed, rendered, though he has transposed it, the *scena* which Mr Morris has rather shirked: but the last line, lovely as it is, introduces an idea of which there is no trace in the original." (218, n.1)

<sup>78</sup> Nettleship, Henry. Review of William Morris, *The Aeneids of Vergil, Done into English* (1876). Academy (Nov 1875), x, 493-4. In Faulkner, Peter, ed. *William Morris: The Critical Heritage*. London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1973.

would warrant a living as professor of Latin at Oxford, which position he accepted in 1878.

His review proceeds encouragingly for the modern bard:

“(Morris) has studied the language of Vergil in all its uncommon and original turns with the care of a scholar; the number of lines in each book is ... accurately reproduced; the periods are ended as Vergil ended them, and his unfinished lines never finished. Mr Morris’s metre, the long ballad verse, sets the whole poem ... to a national and popular music and thus suggests a main characteristic of the *Aeneid* – a work ... which has been so mercilessly dissected for scholastic purposes and (perhaps partly in consequence) has met with so much unreasonable and piecemeal criticism that it has almost come to be forgotten how genuinely Vergil was accepted, not merely by men of letters, but by the people of Rome, as the true poetical representative of his time. And this ballad character of the *Aeneid* is not merely suggested by Mr Morris’s metre, but by his constant and most Vergilian choice (sometimes amounting to mannerism) of antiquarian language, as well as by the general liveliness and flavour of his diction ... no Englishman has translated Vergil with such insight and sympathy.” (222f.)

Nettleship clearly perceives Morris’s “insight” – Vergil can be originally and poetically interpreted along lines that radically contest the central claims of neoclassical poetics, reclaiming him along genetic lines – and credits him his innovation.<sup>79</sup>

Naturally, even more fanciful and sympathetic modern Victorianists can hardly sit still for such a roundly positive assessment without indulging the temptation to draw blood, and Herbert F. Tucker<sup>80</sup> dismisses Nettleship’s appreciation as the fictions of so many wild-

<sup>79</sup> Still, like the first reviewer, Nettleship makes clear that he is no pushover: “In one or two places in the last passage something is lost by inaccurate translation. *Unhappy fate* is too modern and vague to be an equivalent for the distinct Roman conception of *auspiciū infaustum*, which rather means *unhappy forecasting or foresight*, and so *unhappy leadership*; and surely *lumina ducum* does not mean *the days or lives of leaders*, but the idea which they shed; this, at least, would seem the more poetical idea.” Even so, Nettleship ends his review on a positive note, whatever the perceived infelicity of these few peccadilloes he perceives in Morris’s verses: “We mention these small points only after some consideration, and because we have found Mr Morris, as a rule, as careful in his renderings as he is scrupulous and delicate in his handling of metre and rhythm. More than once, indeed, we have found that an expression apparently inaccurate was, on second thoughts, justified by a consideration of the whole poetical conditions of the passage.” (225)

<sup>80</sup> Tucker, Herbert F. “All for the Tale: The Epic Macropoetics of *Sigurd the Volsung*”. *Victorian Poetry* 34.3 (Autumn, 1996), pp. 392f, n.28.

eyed *völkisch* "hypotheses" with that breathtaking rapidity of dismissal that seems the especial province of the academic who does not himself practice the art of translation, but in so doing he illustrates a core element of Morris's ideological programme, as discussed in my last chapter: "In an Academy review of *The Aeneids*, the Oxford classicist Henry Nettleship identified the meter of Morris's translation as 'the long ballad verse,' whose 'national and popular music' bears out to the English reader Virgil's folk roots among 'the people of Rome'. The learned reviewer evidently shares Morris' enthusiasm for Niebuhrian hypotheses, to which Thomas Arnold and T. B. Macaulay had given Victorian currency, concerning a Virgil who wrote of and for a Roman people - and thus became ideologically available as the exponent of an organic, therefore noncoercive imperium. (On Morris' deliberately "barbaric" Virgil see Geoffrey B. Riddehough, "William Morris's Translation of the *Aeneid*," JEGP 36 [1937]: 338- 346.) It is hard to believe, however, that Professor Nettleship lent more than half an ear to the actual verse of the *Aeneids*, which read like Chapman minus the charm." (392f., note 28) It is important to notice that, with the two positive reviews of November 1875, the praise for Morris's great labour just about halts.

It is promptly replaced by its opposite. The slide into unfavourable criticism begins with a little-cited and thematically freewheeling 1877 article by one Linda Gordon<sup>81</sup>, which veers quickly away from Morris's translation of the *Aeneid* into the main subject of her piece, which seems to this reader to be the social and literary culture of translators<sup>82</sup> as an isolated

<sup>81</sup> Gordon, L. "Among the Translators." *Catholic World* XXV.150 (September 1877), pp. 722ff.

<sup>82</sup> A characteristically salty takeaway is the following passage: "Every translator, of course, buys the publications of every other translator to chuckle over his failures or — let us do them justice — to applaud heartily and generously the happy dexterity which conquers a difficult passage." (723) She thinks we are all addicted to *schadenfreude*, a suspicion that, while (sorry to say) is easy to believe for translation workshoppers, cannot be true of everyone; of this I at any rate can be empirically certain, having cheered lustily on for fellow translators

coterie: “The fact is,” she assures us, that “we (Americans) do not care in the least for Homer or Vergil, and we care a great deal for Morris and Bryant — that is to say, while they are topics of talk; and it is one of the social duties, which persons of culture would die almost sooner than fail in, to have something, or even nothing, to say about the ordained subjects of fashionable gossip. But in England it is otherwise. There is in that country a large class always to be counted on to buy any translation of a favorite classic which has successfully run the gauntlet of the reviews.”<sup>83</sup>

But this oblique dismissal of his achievement as a classical translator is only a taste of the criticism to come. Geoffrey B. Riddehough, in 1937 – we need not puzzle long to glean the sort of art that was in the air in that rebellious hour of man – publishes a damning review of Morris’s *Aeneids of Vergil* in a journal whose name, *The Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, would seem to have furnished a likely hospitable hearth for Morris’s unique achievement, festooned as it is with Anglo-Saxon palaeologisms bold with old England’s sound and thunder, but no such luck is forthcoming for Morris, who for his part has by now been dead for four decades. The closest Riddehough comes to really grasping Morris’s motivations, and thus to issuing something like a just assessment of that which Morris *had* in fact tried to accomplish, comes on the heels of his dismissal of Mackail’s praise, earlier cited in this dissertation, of which he says only that “such words surely come from Mackail the biographer of Morris rather than from Mackail the eminent Virgilian scholar. For

whose successes have overshadowed their failures.

<sup>83</sup> Gordon seems everywhere to imply that Morris’s translation isn’t that great – I mean, it’s *Morris* and all, so one may want to read it – but it’s not that remarkable. She is, however, sympathetic enough to Morris’s translation to join with Nettleship in commending him for his attention to detail: “The half-lines respond to the imperfect verses in Vergil, which, in the fashion of the Chinese tailor, both Mr Morris and his forerunner (Thomas Phaer) conscientiously copy.” (730)

sweetness and romantic melancholy we may go to *The Earthly Paradise*, but we shall scarcely find them in Morris's *Aeneids of Virgil*. What merits our poet may possess as a translator are of an entirely different kind.”<sup>84</sup>

Such criticisms, at any rate, inaugurate his essay, which is consistently unflinching: “the *Aeneid* requires from a translator greater subtlety than Morris possessed”, he states, doubling down on error, adding that “throughout his version we find him reproducing not so much Virgil as the *barbaric* old materials that Virgil's art transmuted.” (Riddehough 338, emphasis mine.) He claims that the effect of Morris's fourteener line is a clunky and unwarranted emphasis on end-words, and concludes his reading of Morris's translation with the following proviso, in what seems a mathematical inverse of the 1875 reviewers: “In spite of the occasional happy rendering, the work is too strongly colored by the translator's own temperament and tendencies to be of much assistance to anyone who wishes to arrive at a better understanding of Virgil.” He expands upon this statement with the suggestion that the work “should not ... be left unread by the reader interested in Morris's poetical development.” (346)<sup>85</sup>

<sup>84</sup> If only he had elaborated upon this difference, he could at least have appreciated the effort for what it was, rather than mistaking the *cuisitre* for the translator of the folk-Vergil!

<sup>85</sup> Throughout his review, Riddehough (to be fair) does due diligence in his descriptions of Morris's effects, noting with smug assurance the various heterodoxies against modernist *fatwa* Morris commits throughout the twelve books of his Englished epic. In his quip that “mist and darkness and the midnight fires of the polar sky were all too frequently to replace the luminous atmosphere of the Mediterranean”, Riddehough rather baldly declaims against the alleged deviancy of the Nordicism of Morris's translation without citing even a single instance of such handling of Vergil's original Latin, and what it *does* manage to add – recall that Nettleship's review had been kind enough, and capacious enough of mind, to do just that (“we have found that an expression apparently inaccurate was, on second thoughts, justified”). Still, even Riddehough's criticism is never too sustained to admit of what he sees that is lovely in Morris's Vergil, and indeed “outland gold” does seem an elegant and beautiful rending of “barbarico auro.” (339) I agree with Riddehough in a number of places, as where he hesitates not to unrepentantly pluck the low-hanging fruit of Morris's less felicitous Wardour Street tics: “some of the defective rhymes in the *Aeneids of Virgil* are in the Pre-Raphaelite manner: ‘her’ and ‘Earth-Mother’ (vi.783f.)” and so on. He claims that Morris, ever the Pre-Raphaelite, is “often guilty of the romantic

Nor does Riddehough approve of the English language as spoken by Morris's Dardan dukes and Rutulian princes: "when we turn to Morris's use of archaisms, we encounter worse things still. ... Scattered throughout the whole production are numerous Teutonic phrases which make it read like a primitive Germanic battle-poem: they are veritable kennings." Riddehough notices a phaenomenon that many readers have noticed, and he counts it against his translator, perpetuating the error with which he began in deeming Morris such as would prefer to translate Vergil more obediently, as he had been taught at Marlborough and Oxford: "One might perhaps on etymological grounds justify 'acre-biders' for *agricolae* (II.628), and even 'fruit of furrows' for *fruges* (I.178), but who can defend the turning of *sic ore locutus* (IX.319) into 'such word from tooth-hedge sent'? 'Chalyb bane-master' for *vulnificus chalybs* (VIII.446) is not much better."<sup>86</sup>

My reader will pardon a needful repetition from the secondary body of criticism that Morris's poetical oeuvre produced, already cited earlier in this dissertation, which bears remembering here: "Morris has been criticised for not doing what he never had any intention of doing. Critics have objected to *The Earthly Paradise* for lacking qualities that are alien to the romance. If *The Earthly Paradise* did possess these qualities, the poem would be something other than what it was meant to be." (Bellas 15) One may substitute "The *Aeneids* of Vergil Done into English Verse" for "*The Earthly Paradise*" and "translation of the Latin

tendency to heighten unwarrantably the emotional intensity or the pictorial effect," a habit I have already examined in Chapter 4.

<sup>86</sup> Riddehough, by this point in his jeremiad apparently quite certain of the justice of his cause, continues in this vein, repeating his earlier claim that "Morris shows a peculiarly Teutonic fondness for kennings that deal with battle and warriors. So the simple *venit* of his original (VII.750) he expands into 'went on the battle-way' and *acies* (X.543) into 'the hedge of battle.'" (344) All this, he claims, gives "a decidedly barbaric note to the whole work," "too savage a ring."

epic” for “romance” and the argument is much the same. Morris, throughout his career, suffered from critical malpractice, from a sort of critical catachresis which seeks to judge a work of literary art according to standards and expectations which the creator of that work has hardly ever entertained as his actual aims.

Strangely, for all this, Riddehough and I share, in Morris’s Englishing of *Aeneid* I. 89-91, a favourite passage, of which he enthuses, “there are few finer versions in English of the lines describing the storm that in the First Book bursts upon the Trojan fleet, ‘ponto nox incubat atra; intonuere / poli et crebris micat ignibus aether, / viris intentant omnia mortem / praesentemque’ than Morris’s lines: ‘night on the ocean lies, / Pole thunders unto pole, and still with wildfire glare the skies, / And all things hold the face of death before the seamen’s eyes.’ ” (340) Reading the passage aloud reveals its power, particularly for anyone who has experienced a storm at sea. It is clear that Morris, ever the poet, the transmuter of experience into art, had done.

Still, the oblivion into which Morris’s *Aeneids* has fallen, for the best efforts of its detractors, has not been complete: in Colin Burrow’s chapter<sup>87</sup> on the English translators of Vergil, he cites Morris’s *Aeneids* with a critical voice that seems fascinated by the very distinctiveness and uniqueness of Morris’s achievement as a classical translator: “Most Victorian Vergils are influenced by the prevalent belief that the ‘primary’ epic of Homer was superior to the ‘secondary’, literary, epic of Vergil. There were attempts to turn Vergil into a folk epic by rendering him in ballad measure (John Conington in 1885), in rhyming

<sup>87</sup> Burrow, Colin. “Vergil in English Translation.” In Charles Martindale, ed., *The Cambridge Companion to Vergil*. Cantab., UK: Cambridge University Press, 1997.

hexameters (Charles Bowen in 1887), and in the omni-purpose Germanic-heroic style of William Morris (1876), whose Aeneas sounds as ruggedly Anglo-Saxon as Beowulf.” Burrow cites Morris’s Englishing of *Aeneid* XII.745 (“Nor less Aeneas, howsoe’er, hampered by arrow-hurt”) as evidence for his claim that Morris’s translation of Vergil is at such times “deliberately reminiscent of alliterative English heroic narrative.” Echoing this sentiment of interest in Morris’s contribution to the craft, Susanna Braund, in her insightful but typically chronological survey<sup>88</sup> of the more foreignising English translators of Vergil, tells us that “William Morris (1876) combines the fourteener with archaising Anglo-Saxon vocabulary to produce the most alien effect since, perhaps, Gavin Douglas.” (“Alien” to *whom*, of course, is a question we may ask, and which is not immaterial.) (461) Once again, the comment is many things, but it cannot be said to be dismissive; if anything it singles Morris’s work out for its hallmark characteristic of *difference*, that fecund mother of innovation, never itself sufficient, but always essential to the renewal of craft in any era.

<sup>88</sup> Braund, Susanna. “Mind the Gap: Foreignising Translations of the *Aeneid*.” In *A Companion to Vergil’s Aeneid and its Tradition*. Farrell, Joseph and Putnam, Michael, eds. London: Wiley Blackwell, 2010.

## **Antoine Berman, Siobhan Brownlie, and Lawrence Venuti’s “Doubly Abusive Fidelity”:**

### **The Curious Case of William Morris**

In 1990, Antoine Berman published an article that provided a novel approach to understanding the behaviour of retranslators over time. Berman claims that the initial batch of translations generated by the discovery of a given text by a given (foreign) culture is necessarily “an incomplete act”, that the first generation of translations is bound to evolve. His model is in imperfect fit for one who wishes to use the case of Morris’s *Aeneids* to test theories of retranslation and supplementarity.

The theory goes something like this: later translations, he argues, tend to pay closer attention to the ST (source text) precisely as an attempt to address failures perceived in the first batch of translations, since these early translations will tend to domesticate the original with an eye to making room for it in the target language’s culture. These later translations, Berman suggests, tend to return to a more rigorous attention to the style and sense of the ST, foregrounding its otherness in subsequent waves of increasingly foreignising translations. In the beginning, you see, there was a first great act of domestication; as time passed, later retranslations of established classics tended to strive to correct what their executors perceived (the theory suggests) as the original “timeless” translation’s oversights and infidelities to the alien character of the original text. If this is true, then it helps to clarify somewhat the

relationship of Morris's *Aeneids* to other Englished *Aeneids*: it is an attempt at *correction*.<sup>89</sup>

In this context, while the story of the *Aeneid* as a tale translated into English over subsequent generations is itself far too long for a project of this size and inappropriate to its scope, even if it were to be this project's sole *casus intellecti*, some history won't take us too far off course. It leads to a much sharper picture of Morris as translator, and of theory's ability at present to describe the precise character of his original poetic innovation.

At first glance, the story of the English translators of the *Aeneid* of Vergil seems to conform to Berman's expectations, and a necessary divagation from our chronology into the 16<sup>th</sup> through 19<sup>th</sup> centuries here becomes necessary, in order to discuss the extent of this conformity. Gavin Douglas translated Vergil's *Aeneid* into Scots English (the Germanic language, not the Q-Celtic) in 1513, another reason Braund's statement "the most alien effect ... since Gavin Douglas" is such a sweeping claim, encompassing as it does much of

<sup>89</sup> On the other hand, research (Robinson 1999, Koskinen & Paloposki 2010, Dastjerdi & Mohammadi 2013) has suggested that this model is often too simplistic to hold true, though modulations of various kinds have been suggested to bolster its descriptive power as a theoretical model (among these: Robinson's additions of "temporal, quantitative, and qualitative supplementarity", which Dasjerdi and Mohammadi helpfully unpack as corresponding to "updating and modernising previous translations, (and) getting more of the original's semantics, style, and beauty, respectively.")<sup>89</sup> Beginning with the observation that "contrary to the existence of many cases that conform to the underlying assumptions of the 'Retranslation Hypothesis', there are still several other cases which stand in the opposite direction", Dastjerdi and Mohammadi deduce, in the case of subsequent generational Medisings of the tale of Mr Darcy and Miss Elizabeth Bennet, first, that "the findings demonstrated a qualitatively supplemented retranslation: the retranslation in this study was source-oriented rather than target-oriented", and that "although the findings of the present study showed supplementarity in terms of style in retranslation, (such supplementarity) does not guarantee a better (Berman: more "completed") translation." They find that their study ultimately "does not give support to the idea that supplementarity occurred due to the increased knowledge of the re-translator of the source text through the course of time compared to the first translator," and finally conclude that "retranslations got nearer to the stylistic properties of the source text for all the three stylistic markers, while the first translation kept more distance from the source text's style to ensure the positive reception of the translated text in the target context." The verdict, then? In some ways, Berman's hypothesis seems to hold true in this study of Persian translations of Austen's novel; it is the issue of causality that seems to be the rub, since Dasjerdi and Mohammadi were unable to connect the increasing gravity of the source text as time has passed, on the one hand, with the knowledge and intention of the retranslator, on the other.

English literary history. (We may now, by the by, answer the question “Alien to whom?” with the answer “Alien to the Romans; alien in fact to anyone not Scottish in the 16<sup>th</sup> century.”) Sixty years after this initial flight of Vergil into (something like) English, Thomas Phaer and Thomas Twyne produced a translation that reflected their affection for plain speech; Phaer liked fourteeners, whereas Twyne seems to have enjoyed experimenting with quantitative metre. (Their language is often quite close to Vergil, indeed so much more so than is seen in anyone like Fagles or Mandelbaum today as to cause one to wonder whither translation, a question Berman was certainly keen to answer.) A Civil War royalist, Richard Fanshawe, seeming to deploy Vergil’s prestige against the lawlessness of his own age, dedicated his 1644 translation to Charles I, and printed it along with his translation in 1648 while Charles was imprisoned by Parliament. John Ogilby (1649-50) seems similarly to have used the *Aeneid* as a platform for political agitation.

John Conington says of Dryden’s magisterial *Aeneid* that “standing as it does nearly midway in the history of Virgilian translations, it throws into the shade not only all that preceded, but all that have followed it”.<sup>90</sup> John Dryden, in the case of the English tradition of Vergil’s *Aeneid* very decidedly our own Bermanian “timeless translator”, appropriated in 1696 this new political Vergil for his own radically domesticating ends, and his “translation” is better called, in the view of this reader, very artful transgression, on account of its purchase of honeyed words at the cost of fidelity to sense, but he is consistent with his own programme, which maintained that domestication strategies hold up the most hope for what he himself

<sup>90</sup> Conington, John. “The English Translators of Vergil.” *Quarterly Review*, volume 110, p.88.

would have called, without apology, a translation. His was by far the most popular and widely used translation in the 18<sup>th</sup> century and much of the 19<sup>th</sup>; a peer with the *King James Bible*, it is considered to be as much a classic work of English literature as it is a translation, perhaps rather like Chapman's Homer, if you ask certain Romantics. Dryden, like some of his predecessors, seems to have used his translation of the *Aeneid* to thrust his recently marginalised royalist politics into the limelight, and indeed the issues of the Glorious Revolution, the end of dynasties, and fate appear to have crept into his choices as a Vergilian translator. (Later translators would react against Dryden's pronounced politicisation of Vergil, a move they thought inappropriate, as well as against such inaccuracies as are the natural fruit of domestication as a translatorly regimen.)<sup>91</sup>

Generally, seventeenth and eighteenth century translators tended to create translations that were beautiful English poems, not ones that tended to choose truth over beauty under a regime of relative scholarly totalitarianism, in just the sort of troublesome departure from Berman's hypothesis the wise expect from contact between theoretical models and the jagged world. Joseph Trapp, in the preface to his 1718 *Aeneis*, confirms this allegiance to domestication, by closely monitoring the peanut gallery of scholarly annotators

<sup>91</sup> The three works I introduce in this note are not translations of the *Aeneid*, but they are relevant to an understanding of the evolving woodwright's shop of tools that would have been available to classical translators of the Victorian age. Of course to say anything brief about Milton's *Paradise Lost* is almost impossible, but it serves here to mention that this 1667 work, the acme of erudition and complexity, had a major impact upon the currents of English verse; Milton of course drew liberally from classical sources, including the *Aeneid*, as is seen in his beehive episode (*PL* I.767-776) with its echoes of Homer and Vergil. Milton's example encouraged classical translators to ditch rhyming couplets (such as are often seen in Morris's work, though not in his translation of Vergil) in favour of blank verse. Alexander Pope's *Iliad* (1715) and *Odyssey* (1726) likewise sought to revolutionise the art of translation by emphasising the scholarly rigour that art requires; Pope translated more literally, adding notes where desirable, and his work as a translator can be understood as a slight turn toward a domestication regime kept honest by the consistent picking of scholarly nits, steering away from the more strongly domesticating course for English classical translation that had been charted by his master Dryden.

by whom he seems fearful of being assailed: “a less litteral Translation,” he affirms, “is very frequently beautiful; but nothing can justify an ill Verse. In This Case, one departs from the Original by adhering to it,”<sup>92</sup> in a remarkable act of rhetorical aikido perpetrated, it would seem, in the interest of self-justification. (For its part, Morris’s translation would combine, a century and a half later, a fidelity to the original text with a novel idiom that is the visible tip of a deeper commitment to reinterpreting the *Aeneid* along folk lines, in his own way “departing from the Original by adhering to it.”)

For Trapp, as for Dryden, for a translation to be acceptable, it must be a good English poem. This breaks ranks with Berman’s model in significant ways – we have already by now had an ostensibly “foreignising” phase in the history of English translations of the *Aeneid* (since Pope’s marginalia<sup>93</sup>, for all his domestications elsewhere, can hardly themselves be seen as evidence of a tactically active domestication programme, and his disciples were many) , a phase which was thereafter followed by this reaction to inevitable “progress”. It is not until 1743 that we find the first prose translation of Vergil, that of Joseph Davidson; in translating the magisterial epic into prose English he would be followed by John Conington more than a century later, and by far too many 20<sup>th</sup>- and 21<sup>st</sup> century interlopers upon Pierian ground since.

Now, to see Morris as anything but a foreignising – and a strongly foreignising –

<sup>92</sup> Trapp, Joseph. *Aeneis*. London: 1718.

<sup>93</sup> Christopher Pitt and Joseph Warton’s *Vergil* (1740) consciously follows Pope’s example, with half of every page consisting of the translated text and the other half of lengthy footnotes, a fact which describes for us today the long shadow of Dryden and Pope.

translator of Vergil is to err, for the reasons I have painstakingly arrayed before my reader ere now. His connexion to the scholarly “pedantry” surrounding Matthew Arnold’s very public quarrel with F.W. Newman need not be overly close, for one to be at liberty to read Morris as a sign of his times. For 19<sup>th</sup>-century classical translators seem (once again) to have been much more interested in achieving some species of literary fidelity than in winning their readers’ praises on account of a reputation for domestic sonority, and the debates circle not so much around which is the superior strategy (domestication or foreignisation) as around the identification of superior tactics: to wit, the pragmatic and technical questions that pester even the best efforts to tell outland tales in that tongue we speak at home.

Morris is, as I have shown, a foreignising translator, he translates in an age of foreignising translators, and his tactically-minded, foreignising age follows an age of domestication and strategy. Furthermore, Victorian translators strive consistently (and writers of Victorian poetry and fiction not seldom yearn) for veracity, for that final arrival at the Key to All Mythologies to be unlocked upon increased critical attention to barely-scrutinisable prehistorical and historical truths. Although the way toward more “completed” foreignising translations as realised in the Victorian age is altogether too sinuous to allow us to grant full credit to Berman for having prognosticated its exact career in theoretical terms, his model does manage to describe a vague but discernible arc of motion (away from an initial domestication tradition and toward more radical reinterpretations resulting from increased critical engagement with the source text) in English translations of Vergil’s epic.

Siobhan Brownlie does not have much patience for Berman’s ideas on retranslation,

whose origins she locates in “German Romanticism, notably Goethe, who speaks of a retranslation cycle”. (3) She ends her 2006 piece on retranslation (op. cit.) by concluding, from her gobbets of Zola, that

“with regard to the case study data, certain theories regarding narrative versions and retranslation do not have explanatory force: these are the idea of the transfer of a basic structure underpinning a set of narrative versions; the notion of improvement over time towards the eventual production of great (canonical) translation; and the retranslation hypothesis according to which there is a natural progression from target-oriented toward source-oriented translations. ... the retranslations [of Zola’s novel] are narrative versions which are elicited and constrained by specific conditions. It is those conditions which can explain the similarities and differences among the different translations.”

Immediately following her conclusions about Berman’s model – it has been perforated pretty thoroughly by her patient application of materialist analysis – she expands upon this argument a bit, in ways that will be interesting to readers of Morris’s retranslation of the *Aeneid*:

“The conditions comprise broad social forces: changing ideologies and changing linguistic, literary, and translational norms, as well as more specific situational conditions; the particular context of production and *the translator’s preferences, idiosyncrasies, and choices*. Specific contexts of production may result in very different translations being produced during one time period ... This is a source of heterogeneity within the same time period, *as are individual translators’ styles and inconsistencies*. Individual translators (possibly influenced by social mores) may interpret sections of the source text differently, and these different interpretations affect the translation. *The issue of interpretation brings together the role of the literary text as an open-ended text, and the role of the translator as interpreter*. ... Narrative marks are related to all other narrative marks, such that they haunt each other. Thus a retranslation may be permeated by aspects of other (re)translations, including norms and expressions prevailing at another time period or in another context, and this is another factor that creates heterogeneity.” (19f.,

emphasis mine)

It is clear that, even if Berman's model doesn't really describe the history of retranslation in this particular case, the question that model asks us to pose – (very well, then, if the heterogeneity on display in subsequent generations of retranslations *isn't* explained away by an idealist theory inspired by Goethe, how *can* we explain it?) – makes an interesting observation about the specificity of translatorly conditions, one that acts as a force multiplier in collaboration with Venuti's retranslation theory, both zeroing in on those “undeniable ideological drives” which motivate each translator toward unique “idiosyncrasies”.<sup>94</sup>

The case of William Morris's translation of the *Aeneid* manages to satisfy other theoretical yearnings with more satisfying specificity. Lawrence Venuti has commented<sup>95</sup> upon what he calls “doubly abusive” fidelity: “In the effort to recreate a stylistic innovation in a source text, the translator may produce a ‘fidelity’ that is, as Philip Lewis (1985) has argued, doubly ‘abusive’: innovative translating may not only challenge the structures and discourses of the translating language and culture, but also criticise the source text by pointing towards interpretations and effects that its author did not anticipate.” (104) And Morris very clearly supports this model: his contribution to the state of the art of classical translation in the 1870s consistently and systematically attempts to “challenge the structures and discourses” of English's handling of Vergil, and the critics I have marshalled in support of this claim bear it out. Morris's “abusive fidelity” is, after all, “abusive” insofar as it insists on fidelity to the

<sup>94</sup> I am here grateful to John Petrila for his thoughts on the character of Brownlie's critique of Berman, since it was only after our conversations about this topic that my conclusions on the subject began to crystallise.

<sup>95</sup> Venuti, Lawrence. “Retranslations: The Creation of Value.” *Bucknell Review* 47.1 (2006): 25-38.

sense of the Latin even as it recasts that sense into a radically defamiliarised idiom of English-as-it-could-have-been; this is certain. A central contribution of this dissertation is the recognition that Morris's artisanal originality, the produce of his poetic genius, constitutes a unique kind of abusive fidelity, his *Aeneids* a translation of an old tale once told by tongue alone, worked into a vivid, aesthetic, highly dramatic language by a dreamer-activist-poet, a language that has never been.

In addition, what is encountered by the reader of Morris's *Aeneids* is more than a retranslator “challenging interpretive norms” or somesuch: this is nothing less than an artist working to overturn an entire narrative of English history (and of the English language) by means of art: the art of translation, fated (by Morris's personal election) to fall within the province of Calliope, the Epic Muse. Morris's translation tells the story of the mythic genesis of the Roman state in a language that can be called a kind of alternate-timeline English: the English language as it could perhaps have looked and sounded had Norman speech not been merged with Early Middle English.

It is also quite reasonable, as it turns out, to argue that Morris is working to overturn or (better yet) *boldly to overwrite* certain sacred features of canonical Latinity as well, since – do recall – his folk Vergil is the one who stridently works against the requirements of his narrative matter against its telos of *imperium sine fine* and advocates, furtively and wherever possible, the alternative of a noncoercive imperium (and that is only if we believe this “Niebuhrian hypothesis”). But Morris rewrites English history no less, and his contribution to English letters, English lore, English craft is here my aim and end. Morris's *Aeneid*, then,

while not conclusively described by Berman's retranslation hypothesis, does admirably exemplify Venuti's and Lewis's model of "doubly abusive fidelity", but with a crucial difference: he adds his own dream of English history to his retelling of Vergil's epic tale, the language in which he tells this tale no longer hegemonic but radically reimagined, and refashioned as the poetic expression of the English folk, in a way that is anticipated and accounted for by both Josephine Balmer's work in classical translation and Siobhan Brownlie's poststructuralist retranslation theory.

### Transgression and Translation

The conclusion of this dissertation, then, is that Morris's contribution to the art of classical translation as practiced in the late nineteenth century is on full display in his original, unique, folk-oriented, deeply imaginative reinterpretation of Vergil's *Aeneid*, written as it is in artful verses that at times exemplify the very cream of a certain literary and cultural milieu, that of the Pre-Raphaelite movement in art and its followers. In subtly imagining a hypothetical English past (one which, "living not, can ne'er be dead," as he says in the opening lines of the *Earthly Paradise*) and by availing himself of its linguistic possibilities as a live option, Morris reinscribes a uniquely palimpsestic work of great beauty, literary

innovation, and aesthetic merit. Furthermore, this work has been consistently undervalued by the most recent critical trends of the past century, partly as a result of an insistence upon reading intentions and priorities into the work that are in fact quite alien to its author's actual purposes, and partly on account of that century's allegiance to "progress" and "modernity". In studying Morris's translation of the *Aeneid* we draw nearer to a complex and fascinating aspect of his identity and praxis as an artist, the means whereby he practices the craft of translation, and what these phaenomena reveal about his gifts and temperament, an aspect of his thought and work that is too seldom acknowledged, let alone discussed with any earnestness or steadfastness of attention. We do well, indeed, to insist upon noticing the *Aeneids* not one singular whit less than we gaze with inculcated (and merited) reverence upon the aura of the finest of the productions of the Kelmscott Press, or upon the tiny, loving details of his wallpaper designs; the same ghost lurks in all, the same interpretation, the same perspective, albeit arrested at different frames of Morris's aesthetic and political development.

One meets Morris when encountering his *Aeneids* no less than when one reads his "Golden Wings", his *Odyssey*, or his *Beowulf*, nor less than when one sees one of his tapestries. He manages a few moments of poetic power and individual boldness that I found so potent that I thought to reserve them, like a delicious confection, for last. They can be seen as representative of his accomplishment: a barbarised Vergil is a powerful Vergil, one that wears the lung down, so much of its reserves of spirit are required. Morris cannot touch Vergil without leaving a bit of himself, his thought, behind, as is everywhere visible upon close perusal.

It is just possible, for example, at *Aeneid* VI.86 (Vergil: "bella horrida bella"; Morris:

“Lo war, war, dreadful war!”) to read in Morris’ treble repetition a subtle jab, anticipating his later anti-war agitprop (vid. “Sending to the War” in 1887’s *The Pilgrims of Hope* for a handy exemplum). It is just possible – this presents a possibility which is tantalising, perhaps even critically irresistible, for a reader. There is a Morris – and a specific sort of reader of this same Morris – who would never overlook the political overtones of such an opportunity, in what can amount to a pair of participatory, subversive actions (one clandestine operation executed by the poet, who seeks to circumvent the rigid bounds of Augustan ideology; the other by the translator, who wishes to send one more round downrange, as it were, at the target “bellum”, here abstracted as the object of moral revulsion and horror.) The possibility admittedly presents temptations to this reader no less than, I imagine, to others whose ears are pricked up for the slightest and subtlest susurrations of tone.

When at his most epic, Morris seems every bit as ambiguous in his war-frenzy as does the poet whose work he brings anew to England. At *Aeneid* VII.647ff., in telling of the epic catalogue that begins with Mezentius, the Etruscan champion, Morris’s invocation is stirring and one grows excited with anticipation – and dread – at reading his martial rosters. Morris excels at this sort of rousing escalation in tone, and the epic voice here is very boldly his own:

O Muses, open Helicon, and let your song awake  
To tell what kings awoke to war, what armies for whose sake  
Filled up the meads; what men of war sweet mother Italy  
Bore unto flower and fruit as then; what flame of fight ran high:  
For ye remember, Holy Ones, and ye may tell the tale;  
But we—a slender breath of fame scarce by our ears may sail.  
Mezentius first, the foe of Gods, fierce from the Tuscan shore  
Unto the battle wends his way, and armeth host of war:  
Lausus, his son, anigh him wends;—no lovelier man than he,  
Save Turnus, the Laurentine-born, the crown of all to see.—  
Lausus, the tamer of the horse, the wood-deer's following bane,

Who led from Agyllina's wall a thousand men in vain.  
Worthy was he to have more mirth than 'neath Mezentius' sway;  
Worthy that other sire than he had given him unto day.  
The goodly Aventinus next, glorious with palm of prize,  
Along the grass his chariot shows and steeds of victories,  
Sprung from the goodly Hercules, marked by his father's shield,  
Where Hydra girded hundred-fold with adders fills the field:  
Him Rhea the priestess on a day gave to the sun-lit earth, [Pg 210]  
On wooded bent of Aventine, in secret stolen birth; 660  
The woman mingled with a God, what time that, Geryon slain,  
The conquering man of Tiryns touched the fair Laurentian plain,  
And washed amidst the Tuscan stream the bulls Iberia bred.  
These bear in war the bitter glaive and darts with pilèd head:  
With slender sword and Sabine staff the battle they abide;  
But he afoot and swinging round a monstrous lion's hide,  
Whose bristly brow and terrible with sharp white teeth a-row  
Hooded his head, beneath the roof where dwelt the king did go  
All shaggy rough, his shoulders clad with Herculean cloak. 670

Morris's voice is everywhere at once his own, but it is a duplex action, since Vergilian metanarratives, which are mostly to do with heroic living and represent that deep epic generic memory that is one thread of the warp of Morris's text, commingled, as in a lively Arras thronged with figures, with Morris's own original, poetic insights. And thus, this "barbarising" transgression, lain so daintily atop what in other hands would have been the product of a much more conventional semantic palette, so far from being an unfortunate aspect of his translation, is indeed that which Morris adds to the craft. Morris is a poet who can at once be true to himself and to his own worldview, perspective, and heritage, and hold true, too, to the literal sense of the ancient tale one bends to English word and phrase. At no point does Morris's English translation of this martial passage stray very far from the sense of Vergil's Latin verses, for all the Morrisian fancies that adorn it. And yet, such brave English

verses as these could not have been, had the names of Malory and Albion not first graced their thought.

At *Aeneid* X.57, Morris translates Vergil's "totque maris vastaeque exhausta pericula terrae" as "to wear down perils of wide lands, and perils of the main", a line that seems typical of Morris's style, and bespeaks something as well of his indomitable and diligent personality. Though transgressing in its repetition of "pericula", he translates the epic mode into its native raiment of plosive alliteration, in a moment that grants us insight into Conington's comment that, often, one reads Morris and wishes to censure him for a transgression, only later to realise that what he is doing is translating! The line effects a notably emboldened and amplified English heroic voice, and here if anywhere his Englishing of this great Roman tale can justly be called "epic". It feels epic, that is to say, not only for the Roman auditor, but also for the English, but which falls well short of what can be called domestication since its sense is strictly policed for literal parity. The aim of Morris's transgressive repetition here is not to make the *Aeneid* easier for his English reader, but to force his reader into a small space with the history of his own language. The translator here arguably improves upon his original, whatever else one wishes to say about it: the Latin line is nowhere near as inspiring and memorable as its English translation in Morris's hands.<sup>96</sup> The verse positively crackles with poetic energy, the fourteener beat trustily propelling the reader along over whatever shoals threaten the hull at this particular moment in one's life.

<sup>96</sup> This reader has seen tattoos of lines from W.E. Henley's "Invictus" – could this line be too far away from the ink-smith's snapping tool? It could alone be taken as a succinct statement of Morris's pagan ethics – one must, come what may, simply push on.

In summary, Morris's contribution to the craft of classical verse translation is unique, should be read and interpreted within the proper context of its stated aims, and fits in well with the current of what classical translators were up to in the late 19<sup>th</sup> century. It is beautiful, it is faithful and it is boldly innovative and imaginative, recasting the Roman epic in a radically defamiliarised poetic idiom fashioned out of an alternate history of linguistic development. It is the second, I conclude, of the two great Pre-Raphaelite *Aeneids* of the mid-1870s, and that which first and most merges his gifts as a translator, a maker, and a poet.

## APPENDIX A: A READER'S APPARATUS OF MORRIS'S TRANSLATION OF THE *AENEID*

Abbreviations: **A-S** = Anglo-Saxon or Scandinavian; **Lat** = Latin(ate);  
**defect** = this is a defective line in V (of which there are 50 in V and 50 in M.)  
**sim** = simplification of an image or phrase; **exp** = expansion of an image or phrase; **fidel** = faithful; **X** = divergent  
**WSE** = instances of so-called “Wardour Street English”

Citations: **M** = Morris; **V** = Vergil  
**A** = Vergil, *Aeneid*. edited by R.G. Austin. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1971.  
**F** = Vergil, *Aeneid*: H. Rushton Fairclough, translator. Loeb Classical Library: Harvard University Press, 2000. Ed. G.P. Goold.  
**G** = Vergil, *Aeneid*. edited by Randall T. Ganiban. Newburyport, MA: Focus Publishing, 2009.  
**Mac** = Vergil, *Aeneid*. edited by Keith MacLennan. London, UK: Bristol Classical Press: 2010.  
**R** = Riddehough, Geoffrey. “William Morris’s Translation of the *Aeneid*.” *The Journal of English and Germanic Philology* 36, no. 3 (1937): 338–346.  
**OED** = *The Oxford English Dictionary*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed.

All other citations and references will be spelled out entirely.

n.b. Only more remarkable or unique features of the text have been commented upon; the selection of that body of passages on which I have taken the time to comment has often been whimsical, always subjective. Readerly moments of difficulty, of admiration, of censoriousness, of exasperation, and of enjoyment were counted among such experiences as were given expression in these marginalia.

| Line/lemma        | Vergil             | Morris               | Remarks  |
|-------------------|--------------------|----------------------|--|
| <u>AENEID ONE</u> |                    |                      |  |
| I.33              | condere            | fashioning           |  |
| I.35              | spumas salis       | the sea              | Lat: here M chooses a Lat word when many A-S words are available<br>sim: no adj! |
| I.38              | Teucrorum          | Teucer's son         | A-S  |
| I.52              | x                  | hight                | A-S, sim   |
| I.58              | ni faciat          | yea but for that     | fidel: R loves this, and it is admirably compact and economical to boot          |
| I.64              | Iuno supplex       | suppliant Juno       | Lat, fidel   |
| I.71              | praestanti corpore | of body passing fair | A-S, fidel   |

|         |                           |                                      |  |
|---------|---------------------------|--------------------------------------|--|
| I.87-91 | -que, -que correlatives   | & heaven & day                       | <b>fidel:</b> the rep. of –que via the English “and” – also the assonance (day, away) cf. “clamorque stridorque” (M transposes the correlatives though) also see R 340 on this passage   |
| I.92    | solvuntur frigore membra  | grow weak with chilly dread          | X: M misses an opportunity here to repeat this phrase cf. XII.951  |
| I.101   | scuta ... volvit          | The shields ... bodies of the strong | <b>fidel</b>   |
| I.107   | terram ... aestus harenis | Three keels ... that lie             | A-S, <b>fidel</b> except for, once again, he misses an opportunity to repeat where V repeats “harena” (cf. I.112 “harenac”). Still, this line showcases the power of M’s deployment of A-S monosyllables   |
| I.123   | inimicum imbrem           | the baneful stream                   | A-S, <b>fidel:</b> M’s syntax renders a Lat ablative absolute as a prepositional phrase but this is a common manoeuvre in the English translation of classical syntax  |
| I.130   | nec latus ... et irae     | Juno’s guile and wrathful heart      | A-S, <b>exp</b> but also in a sense <b>fidel</b> because Morris maintains the repetition of “Iunonis ob iram / Iunonis et irae” = “Juno’s wrath / Juno’s wrathful ... heart”   |
| I.149   | ignobile volgus           | low-born herd                        | in I.4 (with some slight formal modulations dictated by morphology)<br>Curious – here V uses an Old Latin form, but M an ordinary word! The word “volgus” shows up twice in V – both citations are in <i>Aeneid</i> I (at I.149 and I.190.) Ironically, in translating the latter, M <i>again</i> fails to perceive the <i>carte blanche</i> he is being given to be archaic, using instead “common sort” a far commoner word even than “herd”! When it is licit to do so, M avoids opportunities to be mannered. (n.b. The view of this reader is that had he recognised the Old Latin forms, he would certainly have availed himself of the opportunity to use some Old Norse word here; his conclusion, that these two moments more than anything shed light on the limits of M’s command of the classical languages, which was respectable but as seen here hardly comprehensive. Old Latin would likely not have been deeply covered as a linguistic or philological subject in M’s classical training, whatever his exposure would have been to such authors as Ennius and Plautus. vid. cap. 2 of this dissertation.) Still, M is not utterly incompetent: his command of aetymology at times surprises the reader, as in VIII.690. |
| I.162f. | minantur / in caelum      | cast dread / on very heaven          | WSE this isn’t exactly literal but the sense is clearly faithful   |
| I.163f. | late / aquora tuta silent | hushed are the harmless waters       | A-S, <b>fidel</b> the Anglo-Saxon alliteration achieves much the same effect as is seen in V: M manages a similar contrast between sound/fury vs. silence (this is an image of natural sublimity and juxtaposition and M renders it well)  |
| I.177   | Cererem ... Cerealiaque   | Ceres’ body ... Ceres’ arms          | <b>fidel:</b> M repeats Ceres, as in V   |

|       |                         |                                     |   |
|-------|-------------------------|-------------------------------------|---|
| I.229 | o qui res hominumque... | O thou who rulest...                | A-S, <b>fidel</b> : M follows the Lat syntax with meticulous fidelity here<br>cf. Mac 101: "Modern English does not allow a second person verb to follow a relative pronoun ('O thou who rulest'). One must find one's own way of rendering the solemnity and pathos of the expression." M does exactly what Mac prohibits! |
| I.253 | honos                   | guerdon                             | A-S, <b>fidel</b> , WSE   |
| I.264 | moenia                  | walled steads                       | A-S, WSE: while "cities" is implied in this synecdoche, M uses this as an opportunity both to use a Germanic word and to fill in the last iamb of his fourteener line   |
| I.279 | imperium sine fine dedi | I give them empire without end      | <b>fidel</b> to the core. M very clearly here resists the impulse to torture the sense of the Lat line in the interest of moderating its political overtones  |
| I.283 | sic placitum            | Such is the doom.                   | A-S, <b>fidel</b> both in maintaining the laconic finality of the short Lat clause, and in terms of the sense, which again M has managed to Scandinavianise without unduly diverging from literal/implied meaning.  |
| I.306 | ut primum lux alma      | at first of holy day                | X, WSE: here M excessively mediaevalises – "holy day" carries undeniable Christian overtones  |
| I.313 | lato ... ferro          | with broad-beat iron done           | <b>fidel</b> , and furthermore, what could be a more Morrisian solution to this qualitative ablative than "done"? cf. "Done into English Verse" – a crafty "maker's" choice!  |
| I.320 | nuda genu ... fluentis  | naked-kneed ... gathered in a lap   | A-S, <b>fidel</b> , WSE   |
| I.364 | dux femina facti        | a woman first therein               | this translation of dux = "first" improves vastly upon "duke" – for an extended discussion of why this is a departure from the original sense, cf. R 535 on M II.261, III.402, V.249  |
| I.367 | mercatique ... Byrsam   | and bought the Byrsa-field ... show | A-S, <b>fidel</b> and what a quintessentially Morrisian line of verse, at that!   |
| I.378 | pius Aeneas             | Aeneas, God-lover                   | A-S, <b>fidel</b> in its fashion. No quibbling that it Christianises the line will do here. cf. I.545, V.26 for "pius"/"pietas."  |
| I.381 | Phrygium aequor         | the Phrygian brine                  | exp in that M uses a denser noun than simply "sea" – the image is pictorial, vivid where V is straightforward. cf. IV.313.  |
| I.383 | convulsae               | riven                               | A-S, <b>fidel</b> : this is a perfect rhyme with "given" & it is faithful to the original "convello" = fem.nom.pl. perf.pass.ppl. ("naves" being implicit)  |
| I.409 | et reddere voces        | that come from Earth and heaven     | X: M's relative syntax is wholly absent in the Latin; entirely metrical in function?  |
| I.413 | -                       | happed                              | X, WSE: M loves this word, perhaps on account of its mediaeval character and easy rhyming. The only problem is that the sense of the Latin literally has to do with seeing and touching, not with the idea of a chance encounter.   |
| I.420 | urbi                    | burg                                | A-S, <b>fidel</b> , WSE: M manages to pick a word that is both faithful and,  |

|         |                             |                                       |  |
|---------|-----------------------------|---------------------------------------|--|
| I.421   | magalia quondam             | once a peasants' place                | well, Morrisian!<br>X: lit. "(which) once (had been) a tent-city" – there is no imputation of poverty, only of paucity that has grown great, in V; the contrast is greatness from smallness, not lucre from poverty. |
| I.423   | ardentes                    | Hot-heart                             | fidel  |
| I.426   | iura magistratisque         | the laws, and lords of doom           | A-S, fidel but see A on this line, which some have considered spurious   |
| I.427   | portus                      | havens                                | A-S, fidel   |
| I.436   | thymo                       | thymy                                 | fidel, WSE: M positively loves this word; cf. <i>Jason</i> III.555, IV.246, 314, XII.364, XIV.39, 555, XVI.422 – and that's just in one poem!  |
| I.489   | Eoas acies                  | Eastland hosts                        | A-S, fidel, WSE; cf II.504 "outland gold"; vid qq. VII.124, VII.255.   |
| I.494   | Dardanio Aeneae             | Aeneas, Dardan lord                   | A-S, fidel: this is arguably too mediaevalising but I maintain that the sense of "lord" is implicit in the Lat demonym   |
| I.526   | pio generi                  | pious folk                            | Lat, fidel: here M uses the conventional "pious" in rendering Lat "pius"   |
| I.534   | hic cursus fuit...          | thitherward our course was turned     | defect, fidel: M reproduces V's unfinished line (the gentle would call it catalectic)  |
| I.542   | si genus ... arma           | if menfolk ... set at nought          | A-S, fidel. This line exemplifies how M is able to remain faithful to sense while also adulterating V's poem with a radically different, much more Germanic kind of monosyllabic force                               |
| I.551f. | quassatam ... remos         | now ... anew                          | A-S, fidel, WSE, if it is a little bit expansive ("suffer" and "timber")   |
| I.560   | Dardanidae ...              | The Dardan-folk ... mouth             | A-S, defect, exp, X: M loses the sense of the original here and his choice of "murmuring" is a bit odd, considering V's very point is that they are loudly shouting their assent.                                    |
| I.571f. | auxilio ... regnis          | Safe ... to bide                      | A-S, fidel, WSE  |
| I.615f. | insequitur                  | dogs                                  | A-S, fidel, a characteristic specimen of the powers of which M's unique diction is capable when not in its cups.   |
| I.625   | hostis                      | foeman                                | A-S, fidel   |
| I.633   | nec minus ... litora mittit | nor yet ... the sea-beat place        | A-S, fidel   |
| I.636   | munera laetitiamque dei     | and gifts and gladness of the God     | defect, fidel  |
| I.657   | nova ... consilia           | new-wrought rede                      | A-S, fidel, WSE  |
| I.658   | novas artis                 | new craft                             | A-S, fidel   |
| I.660   | ossibus implicet ignem      | make her ... yoke-fellows of flame    | A-S, X, WSE: "yoke-fellows" subjects M to just criticism IMO   |
| I.686   | regalis inter mensas        | 'twixt queenly board                  | A-S, fidel, WSE. cf. IV.193, IV.256, V.91, V.154.  |
| I.706   | dapibus mensas onerent      | set on the meat upon the board        | A-S, fidel, WSE  |
| I.736f. | laticum ... ore             | glorious wave ... dainty lip and fine | A-S, exp, WSE: M is aestheticising what amounts in V to a toast  |
| I.744   | geminosque Triones          | twin-wrought Northern Bears           | A-S, exp: M specifies their septentrional character where in V they are just bears.  |

## AENEID TWO

|        |                            |                                       |   |
|--------|----------------------------|---------------------------------------|---|
| II.12  | luctuque refugit           | shrunk up in grief                    | A-S, <b>fidel</b>   |
| II.22  | Priami ... manebant        | before ... fall                       | A-S, X: V simply states that Tenedos was rich in wealth during the reign of Priam; one supposes that Morris needed a rhyme for “all” and supplied this reframing of time to such an end   |
| II.39  | scinditur ... vulgus       | so cleft ... in doubt                 | A-S, X: V, lit: “the uncertain throng is torn into opposing parties/factions.” M here commits two misdemeanours: firstly, he adds an “abiding” action where none exists in the original, and secondly, he translates “studia” as “rede” which seems imprecise (even to the reader whose familiarity with Morris’s poetic language normally allows him to appreciate as mediaevalising a word as “rede.” The word “studia” here, as “faction,” is used by Cicero and Tacitus in this legal or political sense, wholly unreflected in M’s choice of “rede” which is merely a Germanicism for counsel).  |
| II.41  | Laocoön ardens             | Laocoön the fiery man                 | A-S, <b>fidel</b>   |
| II.66  | disce omnis...             | learn ye what all are like to be      | <b>defect, fidel</b>  |
| II.135 | limosoque lacu ... delitui | night-long ... muddy marsh side       | PRB, <b>fidel</b> : cf Froissart, “marestz” (1523 tr. Berners = “maryssh”); 1596 Spenser <i>FQ</i> V.x “marshes”; 1667 Milton <i>PL</i> XII.630 “the marish glides”; 1830 Tennyson <i>Dying Swan</i> “far through the marish green”; 1858 M “Sir Peter Harpdon’s End” “we struggled in a marish half the day.” M’s reasoning cannot be said to be motivated by metre here, since “marsh’s side” would have been as natural-sounding in English, with the added benefit that it satisfies the need for a trochaïc metron. Also cf 1955 Tolkien, <i>Return of the King</i> : “the folk of the Marish” (like <i>mirkwood</i> )<br>vid. qq. VII.702, VII.801. |
| II.204 | horresco referens          | (I tremble in the tale)               | <b>fidel</b>  |
| II.233 | numina conclamat...        | they cry ...                          | <b>defect, fidel</b>  |
| II.256 | flammas ... extulerat      | when ... breaks the bale-fire’s blaze | A-S, <b>fidel</b>   |
| II.261 | Thessandrus ... Ulixes     | Thessandrus ... pass                  | <b>fidel</b> : M introduces the proper names in this line into the heptameter whereas they are satisfactorily dactylic in V, yet maintains the order of their appearance. This fidelity of order is maintained all the way until 264; this refusal to alter the order of names in an epic catalogue is typical of M. <i>Jason</i> , <i>passim</i> .   |
| II.261 | duces                      | dukes                                 | A-S, X: for critical discussion vid. R 535; cf. M I.364, III.402, IV.224, V.249   |

|          |                                |                                       |   |
|----------|--------------------------------|---------------------------------------|---|
| II.269   | tempus erat ... serpit         | It was the time ... to creep          | very powerfully A-S, mostly <b>fidel</b> . X: The capital “God” is a bit Christian, perhaps, for <i>divum</i> , and a criticism of this shift in connotation could plausibly be mounted.  |
| II.274   | ei mihi, qualis erat           | Woe ... was                           | X: This line is a bad one and this reader is unable to express his approbation of the unhappy prolixity Morris here so curiously selects; his line is as insubstantial and opaque as the belchings of a chimney, where V is as clear and plain as a blue day.   |
| II.311   | reluent                        | litten                                | <b>fidel</b> in that “to light” is the English equivalent of “(re)lucere”; X in that the syntax is altered in M so as to make the verb a past participle instead of the finite form in which it is conjugated in V. It is, of course, an A-Sonising move, praise or blame.<br><b>defect, fidel</b>  |
| II.346   | non ... / audierit             | He might not ... on that day          | A-S, very <b>fidel</b> : M even repeats “hope” alongside V: “una salus victis nullam sperare salutem”   |
| II.354   | una salus ... salutem          | one hope ... to hope no more          | A-S, <b>fidel</b> : This is both technically correct and very elegant.  |
| II.368f. | crudelis ... / luctus          | grim grief                            | A-S, X: there is no road in V, only “meet (with) us”; on the praepositionalisation of “nobis” into “of us” (rather than its potential inflection as “our”) cf. Ballantyne 590 and II.492 also.  |
| II.371   | offert nobis                   | falleth on the roads of us            |   |
| II.402   | nihil invitis ... fidere divis | What skills it man to trust ... good? | A-S, WSE, X: V directly states that it is not <i>fas</i> to do so; M asks a rhetorical question which is absent from the Latin original. His choice of “skills it” is best interpreted as a recognised tic of WSE; an anonymous reviewer of M’s <i>House of the Wolfings</i> ( <i>Saturday Review</i> 26 Jan 1889, lxviii, 101-2) uses it mockingly at the outset of what amounts to a dismissive review: “The tale tells that in times, whether long past or near at hand it skilleth not, there was found in the land of the Beefings...” and so on. It certainly seems the case that by the late 1880s M’s reputation had begun to decline in the minds of those most opposed to such acts of lexical necromancy, and on at least these grounds. cf. IX.V807-M806. |
| II.428   | dis aliter visum               | The gods deemed otherwise             | A-S, <b>fidel</b> : M manages this famous line with ease, even with a certain pithy Germanic grace quite his own.   |
| II.461   | eductam                        | buildest                              | a move like this (using the form of a past participle that has by 1875 been almost wholly superseded, politely discarded as “literary” or “historic” – knowing that this is so, and using the form anyway) can be seen as quintessentially Morrisian. cf. II.496 “bursten”, V.330 “bepuddled”, V.364 “begirded”, V.453 and VII.291 “smit”, VI.138 “consecrate”, VI.220 “bewept”, VII.524 “fire-behardened”, XII.428   |

|            |                            |                                    |   |
|------------|----------------------------|------------------------------------|---|
|            |                            |                                    | "holpen" for M using superseded participial forms. M repeats this specific "alternate-timeline participle" in IV.200, XI.462. VI.267 "blent" is right on the line: it OED attests as a literary form. cf. Blake, "And Did Those Feet in Ancient Time": "And was Jerusalem <i>builded</i> here / Among these dark Satanic mills" (emphasis mine)   |
| II.504     | barbarico auro             | outland gold                       | A-S, <b>fidel</b> : Here R and I agree: this option "avoids the connotation of savagery attached to our English 'barbarian.'"   |
| II.507f.   | c'que limina tectorum      | house-door stormed                 | A-S, exp, X: there is no "storming" in V, whose "casum" is much simpler than that which M's expansive imagination for visual images weaves for the reader, a power for images no doubt honed in the course of writing major works of lapidary narrative verse in the English tongue. Praise or blame, the image is a divagation.  |
| II.535-543 |                            |                                    | A-S, <b>fidel</b> throughout. The response of Priam to seeing the death of his own son is fit material for communication by means of monosyllabic sonic thunderbolts, revivified into modern English from their deep old roots in Anglo-Saxon. Nobody does it better than M.  |
| II.545f.   | rauco                      | griding                            | A-S, <b>fidel</b> : cf. 1850: Tennyson <i>In Memoriam</i> CVII.11 "the wood which grides and clangs / its leafless ribs and iron horns / together" and also 1830: <i>Poems</i> 113 "heavy thunder's griding might" as well as 1820 Shelley <i>Prometheus Unbound</i> III.i.98 and 1667 Milton <i>PL</i> VI.329.   |
| II.614     | a navibus ... vocat...     | calls up her fellows from the ship | defect, <b>fidel</b>  |
| II.623     | numina magna deum...       | The very haters of our Troy        | defect, <b>fidel</b>  |
| II.640     | vos agitate fugam...       | See ye to flight while yet ye may! | defect, <b>fidel</b>  |
| II.658     | tantumque ... ore          | Woe ... I find!                    | A-S, sim, X: M twists V here, reframing an inability to believe that such a "wicked thing" (tantumque nefas) could "fall from the mouth of a father" (V "patrio excidit ore") as mere moral denunciation- <i>qua</i> -interjection. M's version just isn't very good in any case, and one pauses to reflect on what could have induced M to opt for such a violent reshaping of syntax, when the reading being chosen is uglier than sin to begin with (M "Woe worth the word that in thy mouth I find"). One is indeed hardly free to imagine that M is sacrificing fidelity here in the pursuit of a decidedly mellifluous English verse, of an apt turn of phrase! |
| II.703     | vestrum hoc augurium       | This is your doom                  | A-S, <b>fidel</b>   |
| II.708     | nec me labor isti gravabit | nor of the labour reck             | A-S, X: V has a certain sense of the burden weighing Aeneas down; this M transforms into a mediaevalising colloquial idiom, to the effect that Aeneas will not perceive the added onus. Because of the discrepancy between M and V in this particular circumstance, in M's translation a  |

|        |                  |                                    |  |
|--------|------------------|------------------------------------|--|
|        |                  |                                    | paradox emerges that in V does not weigh us down as readers: M's Aeneas claims that he will not perceive or notice added weight, but at II.729 he cites "onerique" (M "burden that I bore") – how has he "recked" this burden? In V Aeneas only claims that his task will not weigh him down ("nec me gravabit"), not that he will be altogether ignorant of it. |
| II.720 | abluero          | I make a shift to wash me clean.   | A-S, <b>defect, fidel, exp:</b> the entire passage leading up to this reproduction of a defective line in V is particularly admirable in its proximity to the sense of the original. The wisdom and beauty of "making a shift" to do something, of course, I leave it to the individual taste to litigate; to be sure, some would call it WSE.                   |
| II.751 | periclis         | peril                              | Lat, <b>fidel</b>  |
| II.767 | stant circum ... | Stand trembling round ... the heap | <b>defect, fidel</b>   |
| II.772 | oculos           | eyen                               | A-S, <b>fidel, WSE.</b> cf. IV.372, IV.648, V.853  |
| II.774 | faucibus         | jaws                               | A-S, X: Lat "faux" is not a "jaw" but a throat, a gullet. cf. III.48, VI.240.  |
| II.784 |                  | lorn                               | A-S, X: V has only "dilectae ... Creusae." One senses M needed to complete a seventh metron.   |

### AENEID THREE

|        |                             |                                |  |
|--------|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|--|
| III.10 | portusque                   | haven                          | A-S, <b>fidel</b> , perhaps some would see this as a mild example of WSE; though M's word is indeed used in the English language, it has survived in everyday use mainly as an element in compound toponyms (New Haven, Connecticut springs to mind.) cf. I.427, III.72, III.219, III.254, III.300, III.382, III.688, IV.87, V.32, V.243, V.588, V.813, VI.900 and <i>passim</i> .   |
| III.26 | horrendum ... monstrum      | when lo ... to tell            | A-S, <b>fidel:</b> here M does an expert job of Englishing V's daedal compression of ideas   |
| III.29 | mihi frigidus horror        | sudden horror chill            | Lat, <b>fidel</b>  |
| III.43 | aut cruor ... stipite manat | from ... floweth no alien gore | M's selection of "alien": conspicuously Lat  |
| III.48 | vox faucibus haesit         | within ... was stayed          | A-S, X: M misses the entire point of V's description, namely, the inability to speak, or to answer Polydorus in some noble and just manner, perhaps, but not this: this is M inventing a new detail from whole cloth, namely, that Aeneas's "breath" is "cold" (this peculiar intelligence perhaps owing to III.29, where it is in any case not ambient detail but metaphor for the immobility of deep dread.) Another problem |

|             |                            |                                       |   |
|-------------|----------------------------|---------------------------------------|---|
|             |                            |                                       | with M's strategy of making this all about how cold Aeneas's breath is, rather than portraying that inability to speak which is so quickly described in V, is that he repeats the error of rendering "faux" as "jaw"; in this manner M can reasonably be seen as practising a curious religion on insisting on what arguably amounts to a mistranslation. Fortunately, the detail comes and goes, marring the text but little.  |
|             |                            |                                       | But it has been twice now thus far in his <i>Aeneid</i> that Morris has demonstrated a self-manifesting faith that Aeneas lived somewhere suddenly and unaccountably cold – indeed, so cold that he is unable to exhale! – and that Aeneas has very low jawbones, either for a Viking leader or for a Roman, seeing as they somehow surround his Adam's apple! (cf. II.774, VI.240.)  |
| III.V75=M76 | Arquitenens                | Bow-Lord                              | A-S, <b>fidel</b> , with elements of X: M sheds any pretence that this is a divine attributive, focussing instead on the image itself, a move which effects a certain degree of erasure: in V this is a specific god in the Olympian pantheon, but in M the image of a great god holding up a mighty bow overpowers this aetiology. M also inverts the order of "Mycono ... Gyaroque": "good to Gyaros and high Myconos bound". cf. ClasGrk Τοξοφόρος = Apollo or Diana ('-η), vid. Lewis & Short |
| III.122     | Ideomenea ducem            | Duke Idomeneus                        | A-S, X: for critical discussion vid. R 535; cf. M I.364, II.261, IV.224, V.249  |
| III.127     | crebris ... consita terris | we skim the straits besprent ... folk | A-S, <b>fidel</b> , for "besprent" cf. IV.643, IV.665   |
| III.129     | hortantur                  | eggs                                  | A-S, <b>fidel</b> and novel, if a touch colloquial. In terms of sound and sense alike it works.   |
| III.163     | Hesperiam                  | Westland                              | A-S, X: M's attempts here to domesticate the ancient Greek name into ... what language, exactly? His neo-Scandinavianising poetic English, that's what. A fascinating moment worthy of commentary/discussion.   |
| III.171     | arva                       | mead                                  | A-S, <b>fidel</b> , would work if only most readers would not fall prey to the impression that this must be some sort of reference to Dictaeon honey-wine. It doesn't work precisely because of this ambiguity between mead(-bench) and mead(ow). Adding kindling to the fire is the fact that M is just the sort of poet to bring up a drink as unabashedly Vikingar-fancult-couture as is that beverage we call mead. And yet it's just a simple meadow, in the original Lat. cf. III.400.      |
| III.198     | nox umida                  | wet mirk                              | A-S, <b>fidel</b> , a great example of the effect M's Germanicising renderings can have. cf. III.424, III.586, III.619, IV.123, IV.249, IV.303, VI.100, VI.107.   |

|           |                          |                                  |   |
|-----------|--------------------------|----------------------------------|---|
| III.226   | clangoribus              | clanging                         | <p><b>Lat, fidel</b> and to a fault: the sense of the original Lat is not identical to the more restricted lexical domain of the modern English word “clang”, the latter a distinctly metallic sound, more recently an onomatopoeic word. The Lat describes a general loudness that M unhappily specifies as specifically metallic in character. (cf. <i>OED</i>, entry for “clang”)</p> <p><b>A-S, exp, fidel, PRB</b> in that it amplifies the natural imagery of the line, making it much more vivid</p>     |
| III.258   | in silvam                | through the woody deeps          | <p><b>A-S, fidel</b>: perhaps M’s choices for a nautical lexicon are, happily for him, much broader than that which was available to V, who is at any rate famous for unostentatious diction. M has taken in the speech of the sailors of Albion and it shows here. Of course, he had been on sea voyages before 1875, the most ambitious and lengthy of which would have been his formative visits to Iceland, since you certainly can’t get <i>there</i> over land! It takes sea legs; these M possesses.</p> |
| III.266f. | tum litore ... rudentis  | Then bade he ... strain          | <p>cf. III.277 for a similar example of M using sailor-talk accurately, as if it were his own cant.</p> <p><b>fidel</b>: M maintains the order in V</p> <p><b>A-S, fidel, exp</b>: a quintessentially Morrisian expansion of imagery, most of which is in V: cf. Lewis &amp; Short, entry for “<i>aquilo, -onis</i>”, 1.a. cf. “<i>boreas</i>”</p>  |
| III.271   | Dulichiumque ... Neritos | Dulichium ... Neritos            | <p><b>A-S, fidel, fidel</b>, cf. High German “<i>vertrauen</i>”, A-S “<i>treowian</i>”, cf. IV.97, V.870</p>  |
| III.285   | glacialis ... undas      | frosty ... wear                  | <p><b>A-S, defect, fidel</b></p> <p>this is that Neoptolemus by whom Andromache is initially taken as a prize in Euripides <i>Troades</i>; she remains a single widow in <i>Iliad</i> XXII, concerned for the future of Astyanax in a world without Hector. cf. III.333.</p>  |
| III.294   | incredibilis             | hard for us to trow              | <p><b>defect, fidel</b></p>   |
| III.316   | ne dubita ... vides      | Doubt not ... sooth              | <p><b>A-S, fidel, WSE</b></p>   |
| III.319   | Pyrrhin                  | Pyrrhus                          | <p><b>A-S, fidel</b>: of course M is going to avail himself of this opportunity to use an ancient English word for “holly” (<i>quercus ilex</i>) – “holm-oaks” are evergreen oaks. In spite of its longevity as a word, it is still widely used for this tree. vid. qq. VI.180, VI.208.</p>   |
| III.340   | quem tibi iam Troia –    | when unto thee when Troy yet was | <p><b>A-S, fidel</b>: M preserves a repetition.</p>   |
| III.379   | scire                    | wot                              | <p><b>Lat, fidel</b>: M here rejects one Latinate pedigree, only to choose another.</p>   |
| III.390   | ilicibus                 | holm-oaks                        | <p><b>A-S, defect, fidel, WSE</b>: “steeds” for “equos” cf. Ballantyne 589, who</p>   |
| III.412   | laeva ... laeva          | leftward ... leftward            |   |
| III.420   | implacata                | insatiate                        |   |
| III.470   | addit equos ... duces    | and steeds he gives ... gives    |   |

|         |                      |                                      |   |
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|         |                      |                                      | cites M's 1887 <i>Odyssey</i> IV.35 as an element in the mock-“Teutonic nosegay” of “this exclusively English garden”, by which garden he can only be taken to mean that putative store of words which is available to a writer given to bouts of WSE in Ballantyne's view: “go, loose the Guest-folks' steeds” cf. Homer <i>Odyssey</i> IV.35f. “ἀλλὰ λύ’ ἵππους / ξείνων” (quick verdict: M is very, very close to Homer here and if Ballantyne does not like M's Germanic diction, well, <i>à chacun son goût</i> . B's criticism cannot carry anything like objective rigour, at least with respect to a line like this, which tells the truth about what the original poetry says, whilst also reimagining what the English language is capable of being at this moment of its history. Finally to commit to disliking such acts of linguistic reimagining is a personal preference, hardly a scholarly conclusion.) |
| III.505 | maneat ... nepotes   | let our sons of son's sons see to it | X: this unfortunate and cacophonous repetition is nowhere in V.; while we're on the topic of home-baked repetitions, cf. III.595, IV.83, IV.101 (see also IV.170f.)   |
| III.516 | geminosque Triones   | either Northern Bear                 | A-S, exp, X: M here again, as in I.744, specifies their septentrional character where in V they are just Ursa Major and Ursa Minor. Granted, they are constellations of the northern hemisphere, but as this “northern” attribute is not attested in V it hardly warrants one whit more mention than any other of the twin stellar bears celestial traits, selected at random.  |
| III.527 | stans celsa in puppi | High standing on the lofty deck      | A-S, fidel except for the added “lofty” – there is but one such adjective (“celsa”) in V  |
| III.540 | bello armantur equi  | for war are horses dight             | A-S, fidel: “dight” as essentially an exhumed Middle English past participle, hence this is what Ballantyne would call WSE. Correspondence with JP: “the word is Morris's metrical panacea – it is both easily rimed and prosodically economical”.  |
| III.550 | Graiugenumque domos  | the houses of the Greeks             | fidel, slightly sim.  |
| III.574 | lambit               | licks                                | fidel: there it is, in V! A most odd image.   |
| III.595 | in armis             | Greekish weed of war                 | X, WSE: so, two problems here. First, M has already translated the “Graius” of III.594, and now unaccountably repeats its sense in “Greekish” where it is not repeated in V; second, M's choice of “weed” would certainly have been excessively obscure even for many casual readers of English literature in the 1870s, which entitles one to dare perhaps to imagine the difficulties such a word would present readers of books today. cf. Ballantyne.   |

|                        |                                   |   |  |
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| III.608<br>III.620-633 | genua ... genibusque              | about our knees ... knees                             | <b>fidel:</b> M, following V very closely here, repeats “knees”.<br>M puts his poetical talents to admirable use here in rendering a horrifying prospect just about as grisly as that on offer in V.   |
| III.640                | rumpite ...                       | pluck / ...   | <b>defect, X:</b> My only quarrel here is that one doesn't exactly “pluck” a mooring line; it is unfastened and then spilled out bight by bight, as would have been no less the case during the age of sail power. The word “pluck” denotes too rapid a motion and too short a duration of action for it to accurately portray an unmooring evolution at sea, even if the lines are simply cut (not usual procedure, of course.) That said, the sailors are afraid, so perhaps “pay out all mooring lines” or even “now cut all hawsers from the shore” followed by “be quick” would be closer to V. M is <b>fidel</b> on the length of the line, but reorders the syntax. |
| III.642                | ubera pressat                     | draws the udder's wave                                | <b>exp:</b> in V the udders are plural, so in any case it should be “udders” and not “udder's”; also, the word “wave” here constitutes an expansion of the original idea, as V does not name the product of the draught-action, only the action itself. It's quite close, but not exactly the same idea. lit. “pinches (the) teats (of the animals).” M is, here as before, imaginative and pictorial where V is direct and plain.   |
| III.661<br>III.717     | solamenque mali<br>fata ... divum | the only solace of his ill<br>the fateful ways of God | <b>defect, fidel</b><br>Monotheistic overtones? cf. I.306, I.378, II.269.  |

#### AENEID FOUR

|                |  |  |  |
|----------------|--|--|--|
| IV.51          | indulge hospitio                         | guest-serving                                | <b>PRB:</b> this is exactly the kind of metrical heterodoxy critics of this kind of literature attacked; it must of course be owned that “serving” cannot be read as iambic.   |
| IV.64          | spirantia consult exta                   | for answering rede must try                  | V lit: “consults the throbbing entrails”. M is rather extravagant here. Matthew Arnold would not have called this solution “plain” even if it is quite “rapid”. One senses that M's decisions may plausibly have been driven by the constraints of metre and end-rime. cf. II.39, IV.297, V.728, VII.86. |
| IV.71          | volatile ferrum                          | swift steel                                  | <b>A-S, fidel</b> though it could be more conspicuously accurate, since steel is an alloyed mixture of iron and carbon (cf. V ferrum).   |
| IV.83<br>IV.94 | sola ... relictis<br>mangum et ... numen | she apart ... apart<br>long to tell the toil | <b>X:</b> This repetition is nowhere in V.<br><b>A-S, exp, X:</b> a boon: alliteration! Too bad there's nothing like it in V. M craves alliteration here, and by George he's going to have it. He expands on the simple idea of V's text (the great and glorious divine                                  |

|       |                            |                     |
|-------|----------------------------|---------------------|
| IV.96 | nec me adeo fallit veritam | But well I wot...   |
| IV.97 | suspectas ... altae        | In welcome ... trow |

agency) by inserting a lengthy narrative for its alliterative and metrical utility and aesthetic enhancement. This is definitely M choosing musicality over fidelity.

A-S, **fidel**, WSE

A-S, WSE: I can neither conclude that M is terribly close to V here, nor that M perpetrates a semantic divergence of sufficient gravity to merit comment. V's language is idiomatic, and if expressed literally in English translation would sound cacophonous, circuitous, unfocussed. Drastic measures must be taken, of which M avails himself, reordering the sentence and reframing its central content into a plausible English idiom of his own manufacture. That in so doing he again insists upon "trow", a curious Chaucerian bauble, is characteristic of his style, a move which certainly earned him much disapprobation among the less fanciful and "aesthetic" of M's own age and place. cf. III.294. By the same token, "wend", 98.

X: M repeats the sense of "ossa" where it is not repeated in V.

X: I must again here quite insist that iron and steel are different materials.

|        |                         |                            |
|--------|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| IV.101 | ardet amans ... furorem | bone of her bone ... today |
| IV.131 | ferro                   | steel                      |

|        |                         |                      |
|--------|-------------------------|----------------------|
| IV.135 | stat sonipes ... mandit | the mettled ... bide |
|--------|-------------------------|----------------------|

A-S, reasonably **fidel**: this is an excellent specimen. Morris answers the sibilant alliteration in V with a labial alliteration of his own design ("bit that bids her bide"). Lit. "(her) (noisy-hoofed=horse) stands, and violently gnaws at the foaming bit." The relative clause "that bids her bide" effects both a filling out of the heptameter line and an attempt at the approximate recreation of the sonic effects of the original Lat, in which no relative clause is observed.

|          |                   |                              |
|----------|-------------------|------------------------------|
| IV.138f. | ex auro ... aurea | of fashioned gold ... buckle |
|----------|-------------------|------------------------------|

A-S, **fidel**, PRB: it is hardly a surprise that M will choose to be conspicuously faithful at a moment of such sumptuous visual charms: we get three instances of "gold" in V and three in M. Whatever one says of his translation, we cannot conclude that he was either slavishly emulating or heedlessly recasting V.

|          |                          |                                 |
|----------|--------------------------|---------------------------------|
| IV.170f. | neque ... famave ... nec | no more ... no more ... no more |
|----------|--------------------------|---------------------------------|

**fidel, exp**: M demonstrates his understanding of these correlatives by finding a single rendering for all three. The repetition can be said to be suggested in V, if not quite so explicitly and expansively tripartite as in M. It is a clever solution.

|          |               |                   |
|----------|---------------|-------------------|
| IV.173f. | fama ... Fama | Rumour ... Rumour |
|----------|---------------|-------------------|

**Lat, fidel**: The reader of this translation is by now forgiven for expecting something like "scathe-lore" or "scoff-talk". But M here chooses truth!

|        |                             |                              |   |
|--------|-----------------------------|------------------------------|---|
|        |                             |                              | The word “fame” just doesn’t work any longer as an English rendering of Lat “fama”; “rumour” is clearly the correct “schoolhouse answer”. One can claim that this instance shows M being moderate in his willingness to entertain coinages, kennings, etc. And so what, if “Rumour” is a personification? When did such scruples ever keep M from indulging his taste for hyphenated Germanic noun-clusters (as one sees in his choice of “Hall-Sun” in his later novel <i>The House of the Wolfings</i> )? cf. IV.203, IV.298.   |
| IV.193 | inter se                    | betwixt                      | A-S, <b>fidel</b> , WSE, definitely. This word was just not in casual use in Britain in 1875 and belonged to that species of aureate diction used by poets; case closed. This is not to say that it is unwarranted, of course, but it can reasonably be called WSE if you’re that sort of reader. cf. I.686, IV.256, V.91, V.154.   |
| IV.200 | posuit                      | bullded                      | WSE. cf. II.461.  |
| IV.203 | rumore                      | fame                         | Interesting – M has just translated “fama” as “Rumour” at IV.173; here he does just the opposite. It is <b>fidel</b> as the sense of the Lat is just about the same. cf. IV.173, IV.298   |
| IV.229 | gravidam                    | big                          | <b>fidel</b> . Though on first glance it may seem that M is yielding to the same humdrum (or as Arnold would have it “ignoble”) diction as that which exposed F.W. Newman’s 1856 translation of the <i>Iliad</i> to that critic’s needling eye, this sense of M’s thoroughbred English adjective is distinct, vid. OED entry for “big”, 6.a. (attested in sources as venerable and varied as Donne, Shakespeare, Addison and even James Joyce) insofar as it signifies not general spatial magnitude but pregnancy specifically, so that the gestating body possesses the trait of being “big.” |
| IV.231 | proderet ... orbem          | that folk ... to lay         | A-S, <b>fidel</b> , but decisively not so gauchely mediaevalising as to be WSE, relative to the everyday English of M as well as to our own. In a similar way is IV.237 wonderfully wrought: M chooses insistently domestic words to great effect here. Truly, such an obedient milquetoast rendering as “let him navigate on; this is the verdict” is not half so thunderous as “let him to ship; this is the doom”, and it is breathtakingly close to V’s sense.  |
| IV.244 | dat ... adimit ... resignat | giveth ... takes ... openeth | One of these third-person singular present active indicative verbs is not like the other in M. If a person were to insist that life be a mediaeval festival at the level of the word, such a person ought also to wear cloaks and tunics without interruption – there shall be no breaks for Hawaiian   |

|            |                           |                                       |   |
|------------|---------------------------|---------------------------------------|---|
| IV.265     | x                         | Forsooth                              |   |
| IV.277     | mortalis                  | men that die from day                 | <b>exp, X, WSE</b><br>exp, X: a clever and mellifluous expansion of the original substantive adjective in V.  |
| IV.280     | vox faucibus haesit       | amidst ... clave                      | strongly, joyously, even heedlessly X: "Jaws" strikes again. For the record, Lewis and Short attest for <i>Lat vox</i> "voice, sound, tone, cry, call." And among M's fancies, this one is particularly inspired, "cleaving" as it does, where in V, the IIIsin. pres.act.ind. of <i>haereo</i> narrates only a "voice [that] (is) stuck in my throat." This can hardly be seen as M's most faithful line.<br>cf. IV.173, IV.203. |
| IV.298     | Fama                      | Rumour                                | <b>exp.</b> cf. I.381. Another expansion of visual imagery.   |
| IV.313     | aequor                    | brine                                 | <b>A-S, fidel.</b> M's metre serves his purposes well here.   |
| IV.331f.   | dixerat ... premebat      | She spake ... swelled                 | <b>defect, fidel</b>  |
| IV.361     | Italiam non sponte sequor | Perforce I follow Italy               | M renders this famous vituperation by means of his heaviest grade of monosyllabic thunderbolts; the effect is that of a scornful Saxon curse most severely delivered.   |
| IV.365-387 |                           |                                       |   |
| IV.400     | infabricata fugae studio  | unwrought, so fain of flight they are | <b>A-S, defect, fidel.</b>  |

shirt day. My point? This sudden and unexpected variation of "takes" is unsupportable; it draws attention to itself; it feels like an eyesore to those for whom the observation of consistency is accompanied by the sensation of pleasure. So, "taketh" would introduce another anapaest into the rising metre of the line – but such an alteration would only induce the steed of Morris's iambic line suddenly to accelerate, which would hardly ruin any of the surrounding furniture, though it may well provide cheap, wholesome thrills! (There would just be two trisyllabic (anapaestic) metra in the iambic line rather than one. But there are two spondees in V's dactylic line at IV.244, "dat-somn" and "mit-que't", hence prosodic fidelity is of no reasonable concern.) cf. qq. 242 for "takes". This forces the issue: what is, in fact, the third person singular present active indicative termination *chez* M? (For there *would* have been variation in Lydgate or Chaucer, as standardised prescription had not yet been incorporated into the educational institutions of the 14<sup>th</sup> century to the extent to which we today can trust in a relatively steady body of prescriptivist forms. Of course, third person terminations in -s were alien to Anglo-Saxon grammar, and are generally identified today as a characteristic of early modern English verb tense formation.) vid. qq. VI.183, VI.197.

|               |                          |                                       |   |
|---------------|--------------------------|---------------------------------------|---|
| IV.440        | fata obstant             | fate in the way abode                 | A-S, fidel.   |
| IV.441-446    | ac velut ... Tartara     | As when ... hell                      | A-S, fidel and very vividly poetic matter here, save for the unfelicitous and Christianising choice of “hell” (446); Venuti would likely urge a foreignised “Tartarus” and so would this reader.  |
| IV.459        | fronde                   | leafage                               | A-S, fidel: M chooses this over the more ubiquitous “foliage”. An unambiguous example of M tending to choose the A-S word over the Lat, when given the choice at null cost.   |
| IV.503        | ergo iussa parat         | Wherfore ... in hand.                 | defect, fidel.  |
| IV.511        | Dianae                   | Dian's                                | I'm not sure what to say about this phenomenon. M has referred to Polydorus as “Polydore” four times (III.45, III.49, III.55, III.62), to Polyphemus as “Polypheme” twice (III.641, III.656), and will first refer to Palinurus as “Palinure” (V.12, qq. V.840, V.844, V.847). The truncation of proper nouns for prosodic gain is evidently a card trick M can get behind. Let's face it, “Diana” (a true English amphibrach) would deface beyond recognition the metre of the line's end. |
| IV.515        | et matri praereptus amor | Ere yet the mother snatcheth it       | defect, fidel   |
| IV. V520=M521 | curae numen ... precatur | Mindful and just to care / ... prayer | fidel. An elegant fix.  |
| IV.539        | gratia                   | thank                                 | A-S, fidel, WSE. (as a noun in the singular number)   |
| IV.582        |                          |                                       | M is absolutely symphonic here: the distribution of consonantal sounds in this line is very even, and it lends the line a certain lapidary lustre   |
| IV.599        | aetate                   | eld                                   | A-S, fidel, deep WSE: this word, a common noun, is an institution in M's lexicon.   |
| IV.601        | ferro                    | steel                                 | X: cf. notes on IV.71, IV.141, IV.663.  |
| IV.617        | auxilium ... funera      | beseeching ... many a friend          | exp, PRB: this can be interpreted as an expansion, but also as an intensification: namely, of the emotion of desperation, which is white-hot by the end of the line. Not only is there in V no such repetition as “many ... many”, the exceedingly vanilla word “auxilium” is used, as if in contrast to M's heightened state of feeling.   |
| IV.624        | nullus ... sunto         | No love ... anything                  | A-S, fidel: M “troth” for “foedera” (lit. ‘pacts’) is reasonably close.   |
| IV.626        | ferro                    | sword                                 | A-S, fidel: at last M chooses a translation for “ferrum” that is recognised by professors Lewis and Short (vid “ferrum”, entry II), to say nothing of students of what today we call “materials science.”   |
| IV.628        | litora ... / ... armis   | the shore ... / ... sword             | A-S, exp: M turns V's two repetitions into three in his rendering: V repeats “litora litoribus” and “arma armis”, but there is no repetition of a third pair in Lat, hence M expands to three the number of repetitions by rendering “fluctibus undas” as “sea against the sea”.  |
| IV.653        | vixi ... peregi          | I, I have lived ...                   | A-S, exp: two verbs conjugated in the first person singular here  |

|              |            |                   |   |
|--------------|------------|-------------------|---|
|              |            |                   | admittedly manifest a certain parallelism that can be seen to authorise such an emphatic repetition as M “I, I”. This repetition can even be understood to be a flourish that effects a certain species of dramatic intensification of psychological realism. One could do worse than conclude that such shenanigans betray a Pre-Raphaelite focus purring, as it were, just beneath the hood of the translation.   |
| IV.663       | ferro      | steel             | X. cf. discussion at I.313, IV.131, IV.601, IV.626,   |
| IV.666       | fama       | Rumour            | Lat, fidel. cf. discussion at IV.173, IV.298.   |
| IV.696       | morte      | death-doom        | A-S, exp: M expands on V's simple “death” by means of monosyllabic Saxon Alliteration. The effect? A yoke of two words which sound together like some sort of pre-Norman construction. He is really heightening the Germanic character of the English language here.<br>WSE? cf. VIII.140.  |
| IV.V699=M698 | abstulerat | had ... off-shred | Boldly A-S and WSE – <i>particularly</i> in its function as a past participle. German and Dutch may form past participles in this way, by prefixing praepositions to the verb radix (think Modern High German “zurückgebracht” = “zurück-ge-bracht” with “ge” being an infix signifying participial function, equivalent in form if not entirely in lexical domain to the Modern Dutch “teruggebracht” = “terug-ge-bracht”) but English performs no such gymnastics with its participles. (Anymore.) cf. “litten” V.03, “waxen” V.06. |

### AENEID FIVE

|     |         |      |  |
|-----|---------|------|--|
| V.3 | Elissae | Dido | X: M uses the name “Elissa” only twice in his <i>Aeneid</i> (IV.335, IV.610); V, thrice (IV.335, IV.610, V.3). Michael Paschalis on V's Lat <i>Wortspiel</i> here: “Dido voices her prayers and imprecations as Elissa. The cluster ‘Elissae ... preces’ (IV.610-612) suggests an etymological association with λίσσωμαι (‘pray’); ‘precor’ recurs in IV.621 and Dido’s speech is concluded with ‘imprecor’ (629). Aeneas addresses Dido as ‘Elissa’ in IV.335, in response to the queen’s ‘entreaties’ to relinquish the idea of departing (319 ‘... oro si quis adhuc precibus locus exue mentem’) and not to abandon her alone and unprotected. Dido’s ‘preces’ are later borne by Anna to Aeneas (413 ‘iterum temptare precando’); they reappear as ‘prayers’ to gods who care for lovers joined in an unequal relationship (521 ‘precatur’); and eventually they are turned into curses.” ( <i>Virgil’s Aeneid: Semantic Relations and Proper Names</i> . Oxford: |
|-----|---------|------|--|

|                  |  |   |   |
|------------------|--|---|---|
|                  |  |   | Oxford UP, 1997:170). Ovid (in <i>Heroides</i> VII) has Dido open with an <i>imprecatio</i> that ends in her own name: “Accipe Dardanide morituae carmen Elissae”. My point here is that M, for reasons discussed in Chapter Two, (predictably) misses the point of all this wordplay on Dido’s name as commentary on her prayer life. M arguably demonstrates this lack of concern here, in choosing not to follow V’s charming little classical witticisms; what can be disapproved of as a deficiency in philology, however, must also be interpreted as the cost of M’s keen attention to the main action of the narrative and the psychological realism of its <i>agonistai</i> . He is completely focussed on the tale, not on its aetiological subtleties. |
| V.9<br>V.19f.    | undique ... undique<br>mutati ... / ... venti    | around ... around<br>the changed winds ... course | <b>fidel.</b><br>fidel and very artful here: “roared athwart” is a happy accident. It is a rare and auspicious occasion when such a faithful forklift-job of the original text results in such decisively apt and potently sonic language in the target translation.  |
| V.70             | meritaeque                                       | guerdon   | <b>fidel</b> if very mediaevalising; “guerdon” appears twice in M: here and at I.253.V.109. A general comment: it is breathtaking, how reminiscent of the pagan rustic procession of Keats’s <i>Endymion</i> a translation of this moment in V’s <i>Aeneid</i> can be, dressed in such Cockney “weed” as M crafts for the tale. Anna Cox-Brinton indeed cannot be thought utterly wrong when she calls this a “Pre-Raphaelite Aeneid”!  |
| V.132-238        |  |   | The four ships are the Whale of Mnestheus, the Chimaera of Gyas, the Centaur of Sergestus, and the Scylla of Cloanthus. The blow-by-blow narrative that follows seeks in V and in M alike to arouse readerly interest in the games by modulating the fortunes of each contestant; it is a famous scene reminiscent of the funeral games held to honour Patroclus in <i>Iliad</i> XXIII.   |
| V.182            | salsos ... fluctus                               | brine   | <b>A-S, sim, fidel:</b> For once M is not translating “aequor” as “brine”. cf. qq. V.237, V.778.  |
| V.208            | trudes   | sprits  | <b>A-S, fidel:</b> in the nautical English lexicon M found a vast treasure of words mostly Germanic in origin; that he eagerly avails himself of such a tool-chest is no wonder.  |
| V.228            | resonatque ... aether                            | their ... lift doth fill                          | strongly A-S, but also <b>fidel:</b> as a noun, “lift” is a decisive Germanicism (cf. MHG “luft”, Dutch “lucht”).   |
| V.231<br>V.233f. | hos ... videntur<br>ni ... fudisset ... vocasset | those ... may<br>But if ...                       | M here smacks strongly of WSE.<br>The English syntax fails on account of an idiosyncrasy on M’s part: V is  |

|           |                           |                                |  |
|-----------|---------------------------|--------------------------------|--|
|           |                           |                                | crystal-clear that what follows is the protasis of a past counterfactual condition, whose apodosis has just concluded; the reversed syntax (apodosis-to-protasis) is clear in V, unclear in M.   |
| V.267     | aspera                    | utter pain                     | X: M misreads V here: the “aspera” are the rough reliefs that have been graven into the dish.  |
| V.284     | Minervae                  | Pallas                         | X: M uses a Greek epithet instead of the name “Minerva”, an amphibrach.  |
| V.288     | in … theatri              | theatre-wise                   | A-S (“-wise”), <b>fidel</b>  |
| V.294     | Nisus … primi             | Euryalus and Nisus first       | defect, <b>fidel</b> , in spite of the fact that M reorders the proper names in the line.  |
| V.322     | tertius Euryalus          | And then Euryalus is third     | defect, <b>fidel</b>   |
| V.451     | Acestes                   | King Acestes                   | <b>exp</b>   |
| V.559     | flexilis … auri           | limber gold                    | A-S, exemplarily <b>fidel</b> , with “limber” a striking and aesthetic choice.   |
| V.574     | fertur equis              | horses … / … are borne         | defect, <b>fidel</b>   |
| V.646     |                           | Cried                          | <b>exp</b> , X: M supplies a finite verb where none appears in V.  |
| V.652     | haec effata               | Such … words she spake to them | defect, <b>fidel</b>   |
| V.680-686 | sed non idcirco … prosunt | But none … avail               | <b>exp</b> , X. M here performs an imaginative modification that is key for readers who seek to appreciate the unique character of his contribution to the craft of Englishing classical epics: on the one hand, M maintains the semantic sense of “lentusque” in the dependent clause at V.682, while also superadding, in the same line and at the level of the main clause, a second adjective (one may say a “redundant” second adjective, really) (this is the word “slow”). Fine; M isn’t horribly missing the sense or something. On the other hand, he confects a new image out of whole cloth: this dental business is nowhere at all in V. Still, this reader is of sufficiently fanciful parts as to be able to accept the novel image as an apt one, since who can fail to own its propriety and felicity? It is undeniable that the action of fire on wet pine is actually like this: it is not only a vivid image, but also manages a quantum of precision, since the action of fire on wet wood is indeed the action of persistent gnawing. The wood’s xylem and phloem are under a kind of siege by the trenchant flames that crack and bite at them hungrily – but I grow prolix. My point is that the image is an apt flourish and an exemplum of M’s poetical gifts. cf. V.752 in which M keeps his doggedly <i>zahnärztlich</i> image up, Englishing “ambesa” as “gnawed” (the word literally means “consumed”). |
| V.718     | urbem … Acestam           | And they … name.               | In V this line is what one can politely call prosodically heterodox – it’s   |

|       |                             |                                   |
|-------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| V.720 | bigis                       | wain                              |
| V.722 |                             | the high                          |
| V.731 | cultu                       | nurture                           |
| V.792 | in regnis hoc ausa tuis     | This in thy very realm she dared  |
| V.815 | unum ... caput              | One head ... rest.                |
| V.821 | fugient vasto aethere nimbi | from heaven all cloud-flecks fail |
| V.867 | pater                       | Father                            |

all over the place, with one spondee following another in a thunderous sequence. In M it is a perfectly behaved line of iambic heptameter.

A-S, *fidel*

*exp, X*

a conspicuously Lat choice, *fidel*

A-S, *defect, fidel*

*defect, fidel*

nearly thoroughly A-S (save for the verb, which is Lat), *exp*, alliterative. Aesthetic. Here M anticipates the sudden bursts and swayings of Hopkins – or, if you like, practises a Swinburnean attention to sound and effect.

M capitalises the word! Interesting, if a touch deceptive in effect: one cannot purge associations with the ON word “Alföðr” or “Allfather”, an epithet of Odin, any more easily than one can act as though the fact that the word appears here capitalised is somehow not reminiscent of such tactics of linguistic representation as would be convenient for those who accept a Christian conception of a fatherly God who is also omnipotent.

## AENEID SIX

|          |           |              |
|----------|-----------|--------------|
| VI.V6=M5 | Hesperium | Westland(’s) |
|----------|-----------|--------------|

Boldly A-S, but one would also be at pains decisively to show that this line is inaccurate. That it barbarises, there is no doubt; however, semantically, the pair of words do manage to betray a certain satisfactorily plausible connection, barring questions of ethnic diction or aetymological colour. The choice can even arguably be seen as domesticating! After all, M clearly intends that the word “Westland” does roughly the service of the proper name “Hesperium”, but no less clearly he does so, crucially, in the *English* tongue – this is the *Aeneids of Vergil, Done into English*, he seems keen to remind us here. M provides in the place of the Lat “Hesperium” a geographically and culturally specific remangement of an identical concept, one that blushes not to see its aetymological kinks slip before the eyes of men, but that above all seeks, at this fleeting instant in the poem, to duplicate for English letters that “Aeneid experience” which had once been offered up to ancient Latinity *au naturel*. My point is that it is difficult to imagine what could conceivably be seen as more “domesticating” than such manoeuvres as these, *chez Venuti and friends!*

|                    |                           |                               |  |
|--------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------------|--|
|                    |                           |                               | Besides, M <i>could</i> have chosen “Vinland” or somesuch, a more radical transposition still! cf. qq. VI.374 “Well-Willers” and IX.524 “Song-Maid” for similar attempts at imaginative reconstruction from within the house of Germanistics. cf. VI.845 “Greatest”.   |
| VI.25              | biformis                  | twiformed                     | This transformation of Lat “bi-” into “twi-” is an explicit Germanicism: A-S, <b>fidel</b> . cf. VI.286.   |
| VI.86              | bella horrida bella       | Lo, war, war, dreadful war!   | It is just possible that this treble repetition (V says “bella” twice) is a subtle jab, anticipating M’s later anti-war agitprop (vid. “Sending to the War” in 1887’s <i>The Pilgrims of Hope</i> for a handy exemplum). It is just possible – this presents a possibility which is tantalising, perhaps even critically irresistible, for a reader. There is a M – and a reader of this same M – who would never overlook the political overtones of such an opportunity, in what can amount to a pair of participatory, subversive actions (one clandestine operation perpetrated by the poet, who seeks to circumvent the rigid bounds of Augustan ideology; the other by the translator, who wishes to send one more round downrange, as it were, at the target “bellum”, here abstracted as the object of moral revulsion and horror.) The possibility admittedly presents temptations to this reader no less than, I imagine, to others whose ears are pricked up for the slightest and subtlest susurrations of tone. cf. qq. VII.615; M is perhaps just a shade harsher than V? Coincidence? |
| VI.94<br>VI.98-100 | externique iterum thalami | Once more the wedding ... foe | <b>defect, fidel</b><br>This is M at the top of his game. I could be blind; a mere hearing of this read aloud would instantly disclose its Morrisian provenance. These lines could simply be the work of no other poet.  |
| VI.112-114         | ille ... senectae         | My yoke-fellow ... eld.       | A-S, <b>fidel</b> , and quite aesthetic. The alliteration of aspirates in VI.113 is strongly reminiscent of some of the alliterative mediaeval verse one finds in the volumes of the Early English Text Society. While King Alfred may not be on the cover of this translation of the <i>Aeneid</i> , moments like this can be seen as attempting to restore to the English tongue something like the alliterative force it still possessed in the hands of the authors of <i>Havelok the Dane</i> or <i>The Alliterative Morte Arthure</i> – this is to say, to reassert English’s authentic identity as a West Germanic language.  |
| VI.229             | pura ... unda             | stainless ... water           | A-S. Whether one considers this <b>fidel</b> or X is bound to be a function of   |

|                |                         |                                    |   |
|----------------|-------------------------|------------------------------------|---|
|                |                         |                                    | the extent to which one deems appropriate the translation of one of the most straightforward words in Lat into an English word ending in the termination “-less”.   |
| VI.240         | faucibus                | jaws                               | A-S, X. cf. discussion on “jaws” at II.774, III.48.   |
| VI.277         | labos(que)              | Toil of Men                        | A-S, exp, fidel. That M chooses “toil” is telling – vid. “Useful Work vs. Useless Toil”: “worthy work carries with it the hope of pleasure in rest, the hope of pleasure in our using what it makes, and the hope of pleasure in our daily creative skill. All other work but this is worthless; it is slaves' work – mere toiling to live, that we may live to toil.” This shows us that by the 1880s, M would come to view the signal products of capitalist society as being waste and senseless toil. This fact weighs upon our interpretation of this choice considerably! (Here it is instructive to remember that the productive capacity of human suffering is <i>the central difference</i> between Dante's inferno, in which the damned suffer pointlessly and endlessly, and his purgatory, in which the merely sinful suffer through a process with gain in mind if not always in sight.) |
| VI.366         | portusque ... Velinos   | the Veline firth                   | A-S, fidel.   |
| VI.374         | sev'um Eumenidum ripam  | the grim Well-Willers' stream      | very potently A-Sing. cf. VI.V6=M5 re: M's imaginative, Germanicising reconstructionist translation praxis. M's translation of “Well-Willers” for “Eumenides”, albeit interestingly reconstructionistic and fanciful, is utterly mystifying to one familiar with the sense of the original ClasGrk/Lat word. cf qq “Song-Maid” at IX.524.   |
| VI.420         | medicatis frugibus      | blent of wizards' corn             | very tidily A-S, of course, but M adds a certain fantasy element to the experience of reading the epic. Lit. “the seer lobbed a hunk of grain commingled with honey (which had been) medicated with a sedative”; to M's credit, this is no easy line!   |
| VI.453f.       |                         |                                    | This shorter epic simile stands in M in a very fine and consistently A-S passage.   |
| VI.592         | at pater omnipotens ... | Him the Almighty Father smote      | cf. Milton <i>PL</i> I.44ff.: “Him the Almighty Power / hurled headlong flaming from th'ethereal sky, / withhideous ruin and combustion, down / to bottomless perdition” &c.  |
| VI.V651=M651f. | arma ... currusque      | wains of war / and war-weed...     | strongly A-S.   |
| VI.700-702     | ter .../ ... somno      | there three times ... / ... dreams | cf. II.792-794: the takeaway is that M does his utmost to get as close as the English language will let him to the repetition in V, save for “beloved” at VI.700:   |

|            |  |   |
|------------|--|---|
| II.792-794 | ter conatus ibi collo dare bracchia circum;<br>ter frustra compresa manus effugit imago,<br>par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno. | And there three times about her neck I strove mine arms to cast,<br>And thrice away from out my hands the gathered image streams,<br>E'en as the breathing of the wind or wingèd thing of dreams.   |
| VI.700-702 | ter conatus ibi collo dare bracchia circum;<br>ter frustra compresa manus effugit imago,<br>par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno. | And thrice the neck of him beloved he strove in arms to take;<br>And thrice away from out his hands the gathered image streams,<br>E'en as the breathing of the wind or wingèd thing of dreams.   |
| VI.835     | proice ... sanguis meus  | Cast thou ... from thine hand   |
| VI.845     | Maximus  | Greatest  |
| VI.893ff.  |  | A-S, defect, fidel<br>A-S: it isn't exactly clear if M is a) unaware that V here refers to a specific figure named Quintus Fabius Maximus <i>Cunctator</i> or b) knows this and yet fully intends to reconstruct this name along A-S lines, as discussed above at VI.V6=M5, VI.374, and IX.524.<br>This ivory gate turns up unexpectedly in the "Apology" to M's own 1868 epic poem <i>The Earthly Paradise</i> : "Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme / beats with light wing against the ivory gate" (25). cf. qq. Homer <i>Odyssey</i> XIX, 562-567. |

### AENEID SEVEN

|          |                            |                                  |   |
|----------|----------------------------|----------------------------------|---|
| VII.20   | potentibus herbis          | herbs of might                   | Potently A-Sing here; M here studiously avoids a Lat word like "potent"   |
| VII.26   | bigis                      | wain                             | A-S, fidel. vid VI.184  |
| VII.41   | tu vatem ... horrida bella | O Goddess ... saith              | this line is conspicuously A-S, even for M  |
| VII.81f. |                            |                                  | The thunderous alliteration of this line is not for the faint of heart! A-S, also boldly mediaevalising. For a sibilant variation cf qq. VII.99.  |
| VII.120  | salve                      | Hail                             | A-S, fidel, mediaevalising.   |
| VII.129  | exitii positura modum      | Our wasting evils ... last.      | A-S, defect, fidel.   |
| VII.248  | Iliadumque labor vestes    | And weed the work of Ilian wives | A-S, defect, fidel.   |
| VII.302  |                            |                                  | This is hardly M's finest hour, this line.  |
| VII.407  | consiliumque ... Latini    | And that ... undone              | Here M perpetrates a syntactical misdemeanour   |
| VII.431  | duces                      | dukes of men                     | M here does something interesting: it is as if he knew in advance about the criticism that his choice of "dukes" in such cases as this reasonably elicits, and sought to forestall, or at least to mitigate the force of, such a criticism by means of appealing to the original verbal meaning of the Lat "ducere". (He could make answer with "look, they're <i>leading</i> men; are you happy now?") The Lat has no mention of "hominum", a Morrisian provision. |

|             |                              |                                  |  |
|-------------|------------------------------|----------------------------------|--|
| VII.439     | immemor est nostri           | belike she minds me yet          | A-S, defect, fidel.  |
| VII.455     | bella manu letumq. gero      | and war and death I have in hand | A-S, defect, fidel.  |
| VII.460     | arma ... arma                | arms ... arms                    | M repeats V's repetition faithfully.   |
| VII.463     | virgea                       | twiggen                          | A-S, fidel. M registers the most recent use of this strange Gothic adjective attested in OED.  |
| VII.520     | undique                      | from everywhither                | X. M never was a magisterial grammarian and his word here is a failure, since "from" and the suffix "-whither" counteract one another unaccountably.   |
| VII.586     | pelago rupes ... pel'i rupes | as crag ... amid the sea         | A-S, fidel. M maintains V's repetition.  |
| VII.588     | latrantibus undis            | waves bark                       | fidel. This is another odd image in V which M dutifully maintains.   |
| VII.613     | limina stridentia            | creaking door-leaves             | A-S, fidel. This reader benefits from such frequent interaction with the various experiences of the translator: here, for his part, M has chosen a word that is architectural, teaching this decidedly nonarchitectural reader a new word! vid. qq. VII.622.   |
| VII.631-633 |                              |                                  | M again here indulges his honest, sweet tooth for strongly alliterative strains of verse. vid. VII.688, VII.700, VII.717-719.  |
| VII.647ff.  |                              |                                  | M really shines here with this epic catalogue that begins with Mezentius, the Etruscan champion. His invocation is stirring and one grows excited with anticipation – and dread – at reading his martial rosters. M excels at this sort of rousing escalation in tone, and the epic voice here is very boldly his own.   |
| VII.702     | pulsa palus                  | beat with song                   | A-S, defect, fidel.  |
| VII.741     | Teutonico                    | Teuton                           | above all else, this is fidel. M obeys V very closely here, as V employs a gentilic proper name found <i>passim</i> in Caesar <i>De Bello Gallico</i> ; it is to M's credit that he manages to eschew such funhouse eccentricities as those of which one can be forgiven for imagining him capable at less judicious moments, and that he simply sticks to the script here. All sorts of complications could abound; perhaps he perceived this. The demonym is nowhere attested in Tacitus <i>Germania</i> . |
| VII.760     | te liquidi ... lacus         | the thin wan waters ... thee     | A-S, defect, fidel.  |
| VII.798     | Rutulosque ... collis        | Rutulian holt and hill           | very emphatically A-S and mediaevalising. On "holt" OED is cautious: "Old English only, and doubtful. ... now poet. and dial." One recalls Chaucer's <i>GP</i> "inspired hath in every holt and heeth / the tendre croppes". The verdict? exp but usltimately fidel.   |
| VII.802     | vallis                       | dales                            | A-S, fidel. This is, unsurprisingly, followed immediately with "folk" at VII.803.  |

## AENEID EIGHT

|            |                              |                                       |   |
|------------|------------------------------|---------------------------------------|---|
| VIII.41    | concessere deum...           | The swelling storm ... wrath.         | A-S, <b>fidel</b> .   |
| VIII.59    | astris                       | star-world                            | A-S, <b>exp</b> : of course, M does need an extra syllable here, but the pictorial character of the expansion of “-world” is to be expected, considering our translator’s fondness for image.<br>slightly <b>exp</b> : V has simply “whence (it) is”; M here thought fidelity too humdrum?  |
| VIII.71    | genus amnibus unde est       | from whence the race ... springs      | again, slightly, ever-so-slightly <b>exp</b> , and for the same reason (“fall” being M’s gift)  |
| VIII.91    | mirantur et undae            | the waves fall wondering then         | A-S, <b>fidel</b> , with the subtle exception that M has “of Troy” for V’s “Dardaniae”  |
| VIII.119f. | ferte haec ... / rogantis    | go ye forth ... / to pray             | A-S and potently alliterative! M idiomatics V’s present condition into English with a fidelity that quite insists upon syntactical pliability and sonority in the TL.   |
| VIII.140   | at Maiam ... Atlas           | but Atlas ... trow tale told,         | A-S, <b>fidel</b> , and aesthetic. The resultant blend word differs from V’s conventional usage in the Lat, of course, but this is hardly a violation of reasonable expectations.   |
| VIII.211   | saxo ... opaco               | stonydark                             | A-S, and strongly alliterative, as well as arguably quite <b>fidel</b> .  |
| VIII.260f. | corripit ... oculos          | knitteth him ... the starting eyes    | A-S, <b>fidel</b> : M follows V’s repetition.   |
| VIII.271f. | Maxima ... maxima            | Mightiest ... mightiest               | A-S, <b>fidel</b> : “beaker” is a sort of Scandinavianism (cf. ON ‘bikarr’); for its use in “Englished epics” vid. Pope <i>Odyssey of Homer</i> XV.117 “the prince a silver beaker chose” (cf. Homer <i>Odyssey</i> =XV.103: “νιὸν δὲ κρητῆρα φέρειν Μεγαπένθε” etc.)   |
| VIII.278   | sacer ... scyphus            | the holy beaker                       | boldly, to some no doubt unsavourably, A-S: cf. OE “wyrm”. <b>fidel</b> .<br>One might think that all the alliteration on “f” were a Morrisian chintz lain atop the bare metal of the literal sense, but which belies Morris’s creative priorities as a translator, but M is faithful elsewhere in following V’s synecdoche. <b>fidel</b> , save for the unhappy selection of “lovers”, so different in connotation from V. |
| VIII.300   | Lernaeus ... anguis          | the Worm of Lerna                     | this is remarkably direct and <b>fidel</b> .  |
| VIII.302   | et nos ... sacra secundo     | fail not ... fail!                    | Again, one might sense in such a denunciation of material acquisition the hand of the socialist M, but his “lust of gain” is a direct and literal rendering of the Lat “amor habendi.” <b>fidel</b> .   |
| VIII.321f. | is genus ... / ... dedit     | he laid in peace ... / ... them laws  | <b>exp</b> , re: syntax, as M invents a second infinitive where V is characteristically pithy.  |
| VIII.327   | amor successit habendi       | and lust of gain outbreake            | A-S, <b>fidel</b> .   |
| VIII.364f. | aude hospes ... / ... egenis | Have heart to scorn ... / ... estate. |   |
| VIII.392   | ignea rima                   | fiery rent                            |   |

|                    |  |                                   |   |
|--------------------|--|-----------------------------------|---|
| VIII.433f.         | currumque ... / ... urbes                      | the wain ... / ... wars           | A-S and strongly alliterative; <b>exp</b> in that he specifies “to wars”, a specification from which V refrains. Otherwise, <b>fidel</b> .<br><b>exp</b> : V only suggests the “strokes” that M makes explicit.<br><b>defect, fidel</b> .   |
| VIII.451           | gemit ... antrum                               | and all ... / ... anvil laid      | A-S, <b>fidel</b> . A picture-perfect exemplum of the kind of English of which M seems so fond, “outland” satisfies both V’s and M’s own criteria. The word “foreign” appears in M’s <i>Aeneids of Vergil</i> zero times; the word “outland”, sixteen: II.504, III.364, III.377, IV.350, V.795, VII.124, VII.167, VII.255, VII.424, VIII.503, VIII.685, X.78, X.156, XI.772, XI.777. For once, M refrains from translating “dux” as duke, a convention to which he soon returns: cf. X.156. |
| VIII.469           | rex prior haec                                 | Thuswise speaks Evander first     | A-S, <b>fidel</b> . M’s hyphenated blend words feel like kennings, what with all the alliteration and consciously Germanic diction wafting through the ambience.<br><b>defect, fidel</b> .  |
| VIII.503           | externos optate duces                          | seek outland captains             | A-S, <b>fidel</b> : the sense of this reader is that M repeats as much of V’s motif from I.101 as he is able, since “strong” one can admit is a rather inconvenient monosyllable for the purposes of metrical numbers. And he comes admirably close:  |
| VIII.528           | in regione serena                              | amid the sky-land clear           | the shields of men, and helms of men, and bodies of the strong  |
| VIII.536           | laturam auxilio                                | Arms Vulcan-fashioned for my need | the shields and helms of men, / And bodies of the mighty ones!  |
| VIII.539f.         | scuta ... / ... volves                         | the shields ... / ... mighty ones | Lat, smashingly <b>fidel</b> here. M reaches into the noun “trident”’s origins as an adjective from “tri-dens” and, having probed its aetymology (hardly a keen interest of M’s), is able subsequently to refashion it as a fully “Englished” word.   |
| I.110              | scuta virum galeasque et fortia corpora volvit |                                   |   |
| VIII.539-540       | scuta virum galeasque et fortia corpora volves |                                   |   |
| VIII.690           | tridentibus                                    | three-tynèd                       |   |
| <b>AENEID NINE</b> |  |                                   |   |
| IX.V61=M60         | agni   | lamb-folk                         | <b>exp</b> : M makes explicit what in V is implicit   |
| IX.152             | certum est                                     | is the doom                       | X: M doesn’t translate the meaning quite perfectly here.  |
| IX.V161=M160       | bis septem ... servent                         | twice seven ... inleaguering      | <b>fidel</b> : M maintains a repetition found in V (cf I.71)  |
| IX.166             | noctem ... / ... ludo                          | their warding ... away            | <b>defect, fidel</b> .  |
| IX.257             | cui sola ... reducto                           | is all my heal                    | A-S, <b>fidel</b> . For the nominalisation of ‘heal’ cf. XII.637, XII.746.  |
| IX.264             | et ... talenta                                 | eke ... gold                      | A-S, <b>fidel</b> . This “eke” (cf. Modern Dutch “ook”, Modern High   |

|              |                         |                              |  |
|--------------|-------------------------|------------------------------|--|
| IX.294       | tum sic effatur ...     | and therewithal ... word     |  |
| IX.307       | armati                  | in weed of war               | A-S, more or less <b>fidel</b> to the sense of V.                                    |
| IX.313       | fossas                  | ditch                        | A-S, <b>fidel</b> . cf. IX.469, IX.505.  |
| IX.V381=M380 | ilice                   | holm-oaks                    | A-S, <b>fidel</b> . cf. III.390, VI.180, VI.208                                      |
| IX.V467=M466 | Euryali et Nisi ...     | Euryalus and Nisus dead      | defect, <b>fidel</b> .   |
| IX.486       | vulnera lavi            | wash ... well won            | exp, alliterative and aesthetic.   |
| IX.V520=M519 | missilibus certant ...  | with ... shot                | defect, <b>exp</b> .   |
| IX.V625=M624 | adnue                   | nod yea                      | A-S, <b>fidel</b> , and colloquial.  |
| IX.631       | fatifer                 | deadful                      | A-S, <b>fidel</b> .  |
| IX.690       | Ductori Turno           | duke Turnus                  | X: whatever one thinks of “duke” for “dux”, this is “ductor”, a leader, a chieftain. |
| IX.V721=M720 | bellatorque ... incidit | and in ... wakes             | defect, <b>fidel</b> .   |
| IX.V761=M760 | egit in adversos ...    | drave him ... foe            | defect, <b>fidel</b> .   |
| IX.V765=M764 | confixa ... parma       | with targe smit through      | A-S, <b>fidel</b> .  |
| IX.V807=M806 | nec dextra valet        | nought skills his right hand | A-S, <b>fidel</b> , WSE. cf. II.402  |

#### AENEID TEN

|           |                           |                            |  |
|-----------|---------------------------|----------------------------|--|
| X.17      | pauca refert ...          | gave golden ... back again | defect, <b>fidel</b> .   |
| X.26      | obsidione sines?          | from bond of leaguer?      | A-S. F's reliably wooden, <i>verbum pro verbo</i> rendering: “Will you never suffer the siege to be raised?” – and I leave the reader to derive her or his own conclusions therefrom.  |
| X.43      | vincant q's vincere magis | let them ... for lords     | A-S, exp, but essentially <b>fidel</b> , since although in “vincere” V has them “win” or “conquer”; M makes them “lords”. The repetition of “vincant ... vincere” M carefully maintains in “lords ... lords”.  |
| X.V45-M44 | dura                      | hard-heart                 | A-S, <b>exp</b> .  |
| X.51      | est celsa ... / ... domus | Paphus ... abide           | M reorders the names of these three Mediterranean strongholds of Venus.  |
| X.57      | totque ... terrae         | To wear ... main           | This line seems so typical of M’s style and personality; his translation of this line effects a notably emboldened and amplified heroic voice, and here if anywhere his Englishing of this great Roman tale can justly be called “epic”. It’s just a quality epic line. This reader has seen tattoos of lines from W.E. Henley’s “Invictus” – could this be too far away from the ink-smith’s snapping tool? |

|           |                        |                               |  |
|-----------|------------------------|-------------------------------|--|
| X.78      | arva aliena            | outland yoke                  | The adjective “outland” is a characteristic Germanicism in M’s hands; it occurs 13 times in his translation.   |
| X.92      | me duce ... adulter    | did I ... reft?               | A-S, <b>fidel</b> .  |
| X.116     | surgit                 | upstand                       | Strongly, glaringly A-Sising. Only in lampoons of Wagner is “upstand(en)” a Modern English verb. This is M attempting to return English to its primordial roots – or, as Will Abberley has argued, what he and Victorian philologists had imagined English’s primordial roots to have been – by means of wordcraft that must to his audience have been some spectacle of mannerism. To bolder, more transgressive forms of art one must bring an open mind. M seems to know that “upstand” makes for a harder reading – and yet he persists. It’s quite deliberate. cf. I.483. |
| X.154     | foedusque ferit        | plighteth troth               | A-S, <b>fidel</b> , WSE. “Troth” appears 39 times in M.  |
| X.163     | pandite                | ope                           | A-S, <b>fidel</b> , aesthetic, even aureate. Smacks suddenly of 17 <sup>th</sup> century diction.  |
| X.163-184 |                        |                               | Again M demonstrates, in a highly representative and descriptive passage, the suitability of his archaïsing idiom to the task of the epic catalogue.   |
| X.185     | ductor ... bello       | war-duke                      | For other “dukes” cf. X.213, X.267, X.602, X.814, XI.12, XI.171, XI.465, XII.126, XII.456, XII.501, XII.562  |
| X.225     | fandi                  | speech-lore                   | A-S, <b>fidel</b> . Quite elegant, in the view of at least one reader, and pure Anglo-Saxon (speech-lore being just a modernisation of “spræc” → “spæc” + “lar”) in origin.  |
| X.239     | loca iussa tenent      | to tryst                      | A-S, <b>fidel</b> .  |
| X.310     | signa tenent           | the war-horns sing            | fidel: M follows V here in being suddenly and noticeably laconic.  |
| X.490     | quem ... adsistens:    | Whom Turnus ... says          | defect, <b>fidel</b> .   |
| X.529     | dabit discrimina tanta | such mighty matter make       | M follows V’s alliteration, choosing labials for dentals!  |
| X.580     | cui Liger ...          | then Liger cast ... him:      | defect, <b>fidel</b> .   |
| X.609f.   | -                      | they lack ... / ... they lack | X: this repetition is only in M  |
| X.700     | poplite ... succiso    | ham-strung                    | fidel. M here deftly translates a Lat ablative absolute. The effect is that of studied brevity, an effect that while not identical to that observed in V shares its spirit (or at least its vigorous forward gait.)  |
| X.728     | ora cruor...           | washes ... his mouth          | defect, <b>fidel</b> .   |
| X.809     | nubem bellī            | shaft-storm                   | A-S, <b>fidel</b> . Another Germanicising blend-word; I will refrain from calling it a “kenning” as its sense is too plain for that, but it is not insignificant that I thought to do just that, before my better judgment took the con. It isn’t a kenning, but it <i>feels</i> like one.   |

|       |          |                          |   |
|-------|----------|--------------------------|---|
| X.852 | pulsus   | thrust ... Fate          | X: cf. I.2, which in M shares “thrust forth” whereas in V “profugus” vs. “pulsus”   |
| X.892 | incumbit | and ’neath his cumbering | fidel, if according to some, no doubt, somewhat misguided, since the etymological relationship between “encumbered” and “cumbersome” isn’t quite enough to make his choice of “cumbersome” one whose sense would hardly be clear to most readers. |

### AENEID ELEVEN

|              |                         |                            |  |
|--------------|-------------------------|----------------------------|--|
| XI.59        | deflevit                | he wept him                | <b>fidel.</b>  |
| XI.87f.      | terrae ... / ... Rutulo | lie / ... Rutuli           | No such assonance (to say nothing, of course, of rime) appears in V.   |
| XI.105       | hospitibus              | his whileome hosts         | <b>exp:</b> “his hosts” suffices in the Lat.   |
| XI.128       | Fortuna                 | good-hap                   | X: for a similar instance of M deleting the agency of a personified Fortuna, cf. XII.637.  |
| XI.138       | nec plaustris ... ornos | on the wains ... lament    | <b>A-S, fidel.</b>   |
| XI.140       | Evandrum Evandrique     | filleth Evander’s ... ears | X: (vid. notes 280 for this field)   |
| XI.315       | paucis ... docebo       | the rede that is in me     | cf. XI.470, XI.551, XI.704, XI.821   |
| XI.339       | consiliis ... auctor    | Held for ... enow          | On “make-bate”: OED has “a person who or (occas.) thing which creates contention or discord; a fomenter of strife. Now archaic.” Hence, very boldly A-S, fidel. If you are looking for a line to test your command of M’s remediaevalised, regermanicised idiom, this one will do for a goblet. If you can readily make out its sense, you’re accustomed to M’s twist on English (and English verse) by now. If it still makes no sense to you, it’s back for more practice. |
| XI.345       | se scire                | they wot                   | <b>A-S, fidel.</b>   |
| XI.370       | fer pectus              | breast the enemy           | Remarkably here, M insists upon a closeness to the original sense, in a breathtakingly foreignising manoeuvre. V has “bear your breast/heart/courage unto the enemy”; even the conservative F handles it idiomatically: “fearlessly advance to meet the foe”. <b>fidel.</b>  |
| XI.375       | qui vocat.’             | who calleth ... afield.”   | <b>defect, fidel.</b>  |
| XI.391       | semper erit?            | the same ... yesterday?    | <b>defect, fidel.</b>  |
| XI.V407=M406 | artificis scelus        | this guile-smith fains     | <b>A-S, fidel.</b>   |
| XI.445       | agebant / certantes     | the ball ... they tost     | A domesticating move! M reworks the sense into a colloquial English idiom.   |
| XI.462       | tectis ... altis        | high-builded               | <b>Archaic, fidel.</b>   |
| XI.481       | vaporant                | becloud                    | <b>A-S, fidel:</b> an admirably aesthetic decision.  |
| XI.544f.     | ipse sinu ... / nemorum | He ... / ... about,        | One cannot here help recalling M’s retelling of “The Fostering of  |

|                  |                              |                               |
|------------------|------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| XI.579           | fundam tereti                | the sling ... thong           |
| XI.591           | (implicit: "huius virginis") | may                           |
| XI.593           | miserandae                   | bewept                        |
| XI.667           | longa transverberat          | smit through and through      |
| XI.772, 777      | peregrina ... / ... barbara  | outland ... / ... -wrought    |
| XI.V795ff.=M'7f. | dedit ... / non dedit        | He granted this ... / ... not |
| XI.800           | oculosque                    | eyen                          |
| XI.804           | virgineumque ... cruorem     | drinking her virgin blood     |
| XI.V811=M809     | lupus                        | murder-wolf                   |

Aslaug" in *The Earthly Paradise*.

A-S, **fidel**.

exp but also **fidel** due to the character of the Lat syntax.

A-S, **fidel**.

A-S, exp. M repeats "through" where there is no such repetition in V.

A-S, exp. M repeats "outland" where there is no such repetition in V.

**fidel**.

**fidel**.

**Lat, fidel**.

exp. There is nary a whisper of "murder" on V's ancient lips.

### AENEID TWELVE

|               |                        |                            |
|---------------|------------------------|----------------------------|
| XII.21        | casus                  | haps                       |
| XII.43        | longaevi               | eld                        |
| XII.62        | invisa ... / lumina    | will leave the ... light   |
| XII.64-71     |                        |                            |
| XII.73        | euntem                 | wend                       |
| XII.155       | honestum               | well beseen                |
| XII.164       | quadriugo              | twiyoked                   |
| XII.198       | duplex                 | twi-faced                  |
| XII.264       | densete                | serry                      |
| XII.271       | - (implicit in syntax) | whilom                     |
| XII.304       | sic ... ferit          | and drave ... his side     |
| XII.V333=M332 | bella movens           | rouseth fightful mood      |
| XII.340       | sanguineos ... harena  | the gore ... / ... plain   |
| XII.367f.     | quacumque              | wheresoe'er ... / ... wh'r |

At the level of this word, A-S, **fidel**, but the syntax and sense are wholly domesticated, and M here errs in adhering only loosely to the Lat.

A-S, **fidel**.

A-S, **fidel**.

An exemplary passage that showcases the power of M's rhythms and their fitness for epic matter.

A-S, **fidel**.

A-S, **fidel**.

A-S, **fidel**, elegant and aesthetic. Exemplary M.

This feels a little forced so soon after the last time the reader has been asked to accept the use of "twi"-something or other. **Lat, fidel**.

A-S, exp. A mediaevalising choice: a word imbued with martial colour.

A-S, exp. V has the contemporaneity of the verbal action syntactically mediated.

**defect, fidel**.

A-S, **fidel**.

A-S, **fidel**, very aesthetic.

M detects in V's "-que ... -que ... -que" (XII.366, 368, 369):

"sequiturque ... quacumque ... conversaeque") correlatives enough of a hint of repetition to employ an English repetitive convention that seeks to duplicate the effect of V's correlatives, even as it must by virtue of the English language do violence to the precise order of the ideas as

|               |                        |                           |   |
|---------------|------------------------|---------------------------|---|
| XII.V372=M373 | spumantia frenis / ora | bit-befoaming ... of them | presented in the Lat; still, such a moment can be seen as a token of M's commitment to preserving at least something of V's ancient music.  |
| XII.381       | oras                   | haubert's upper lip       | A-S, <b>fidel</b> . Aesthetic and "epic" in effect: a detail frozen in crucial action.  |
| XII.384       | fidus Achates          | Achates leal              | A-S, <b>fidel, exp.</b> Demonstrates the intimacy of M's knowledge of armour. No translator, perhaps, but him would have taken the time to clarify exactly what plate of the helm is being described here in V. Thus, this can bee seen as aesthetic, as pictorial. |
| XII.419       | panaceam               | heal-all                  | vid. I.120 (" <i>fortis Achati</i> "), VIII.586 ("fidus Achates"). cf. I.581 (M "the leal Achates", V "Achates"), VIII.521 (M "Achates <i>true</i> " V "fidus Achates").  |
| XII.428       | servat                 | holpen                    | A stark, dogged A-Sism. M would rather a "heal-all" than a "panacea".   |
| XII.453       | agricolis              | field-folks               | A-S, <b>fidel</b> . A characteristically Morrisian blend-word.  |
| XII.577       | primosque              | out-guards                | A-S, but a mild domestication. Another characteristically Morrisian blend-word.   |
| XII.614       | bellator ... Turnus    | war-Turnus                | A-S, <b>fidel</b> . A characteristically Morrisian blend-word.  |
| XII.631       | Turnus ad haec ...     | But Turnus ... thereunto: | defect, <b>fidel</b> .  |
| XII.637       | quae                   | What heal                 | A-S, <b>exp.</b> cf. IX.257, XII.746. Again, M makes explicit that which is implicit in V.<br>(cf. EP)  |
| XII.687       | mons                   | that world of stone       | A-S, <b>fidel</b> .   |
| XII.V736=M735 | conscendebat           | clomb                     | A-S, <b>fidel</b> .   |
| XII.825       | viros                  | manfolk                   | A-S, <b>fidel</b> .   |
| XII.839       | supra ... supra        | outgo ... outgo           | A-S, <b>fidel</b> . M maintains a repetition in V.  |
| XII.851       | - (implicit in syntax) | whenso                    | A-S, <b>fidel</b> .   |
| XII.890       | - (implicit in syntax) | betwixt us twain          | A-S, <b>fidel</b> .   |
| XII.927       | duplicato              | twifolded                 | A-S, <b>fidel</b> .   |
| XII.931       | nec deprecor           | ruth                      | A-S. This is a little bit idiomatic, but it's pretty <b>fidel</b> .   |
| XII.936       | Vicisti                | Thou, thou hast conquered | exp: M repeats "thou" where there is no such repetition in V.   |

APPENDIX B: CHARACTERISTICALLY MORRISIAN WORDS IN *THE AENEIDS OF VERGIL*

Characteristically Morrisian Words, listed Alphabetically

| <i>word</i>             | <i>part of speech</i> | <i>number of times used in the Aeneids of Vergil</i> | <i>frequency rank (among these)</i> |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|--|-------------------------------------|
| amid                    | preposition           | 206  | 3                                   |
| bane                    | noun                  | 54   | 7                                   |
| betwixt (or 'twixt)     | preposition           | 40   | 9                                   |
| bewept                  | past participle       | 3  | 32                                  |
| bide                    | verb                  | 42   | 8                                   |
| blent                   | past participle       | 24   | 15                                  |
| breast                  | verb                  | 1  | 34                                  |
| burg                    | noun                  | 21   | 17                                  |
| chid                    | praeterite verb       | 1  | 34                                  |
| clomb                   | praeterite verb       | 2  | 33                                  |
| duke                    | noun                  | 39   | 10                                  |
| eld                     | noun                  | 28   | 13                                  |
| eke                     | adverb                | 11   | 24                                  |
| enow                    | adjective/adverb      | 17   | 20                                  |
| erne                    | noun                  | 11   | 24                                  |
| eyen                    | noun                  | 7  | 28                                  |
| fain                    | adjective             | 59   | 6                                   |
| firth                   | noun                  | 3  | 32                                  |
| foeman                  | noun                  | 25   | 14                                  |
| forsooth                | adverb                | 341  | 2                                   |
| folk                    | noun                  | 344  | 1                                   |
| gan (with "to" omitted) | praeterite verb       | 6  | 29                                  |
| garth                   | noun                  | 6  | 29                                  |
| good-hap                | noun                  | 4  | 31                                  |
| guerdon                 | noun                  | 2  | 33                                  |
| hap                     | noun                  | 30   | 12                                  |
| hap                     | verb                  | 12   | 23                                  |
| haven                   | noun                  | 22   | 16                                  |

**Characteristically Morrisian Words, listed Alphabetically (cont'd)**

| <i>word</i>     | <i>part of speech</i>    | <i>number of times used in the Aeneids of Vergil</i> | frequency rank (among these) |
|-----------------|--------------------------|--|------------------------------|
| heal            | noun                     | 2  | 33                           |
| holpen          | past participle          | 3  | 32                           |
| leal            | adjective                | 5  | 30                           |
| lorn            | past participle          | 7  | 28                           |
| meat            | noun (denoting all food) | 16   | 21                           |
| midmost         | preposition              | 34   | 11                           |
| outland         | adjective                | 15   | 22                           |
| rede            | noun                     | 18   | 19                           |
| riven           | past participle          | 8  | 27                           |
| ruth            | noun                     | 10   | 25                           |
| serry           | verb                     | 6  | 29                           |
| skills          | verb                     | 2  | 33                           |
| smit            | past participle          | 8  | 27                           |
| speech-lore     | noun                     | 11   | 24                           |
| thuswise        | adverb                   | 5  | 30                           |
| thymy           | adjective                | 11   | 24                           |
| troth           | noun                     | 39   | 10                           |
| twi-            | prefix, adv., adj.       | 12   | 23                           |
| wain            | noun                     | 20   | 18                           |
| wax             | verb                     | 161  | 4                            |
| weed            | noun                     | 15   | 22                           |
| wend            | verb                     | 88   | 5                            |
| whenso          | conjunction              | 1  | 34                           |
| whilom/whileome | conjunction              | 4  | 31                           |
| wot             | verb                     | 9  | 26                           |

**Characteristically Morrisian Words, listed in Descending Order of Frequency Rank**

| <i>word</i>         | <i>part of speech</i>    | <i>number of times used in the Aeneids of Vergil</i> | <i>frequency rank (among these)</i> |
|---------------------|--------------------------|--|-------------------------------------|
| folk                | noun                     | 344  | 1                                   |
| forsooth            | adverb                   | 341  | 2                                   |
| amid                | preposition              | 206  | 3                                   |
| wax                 | verb                     | 161  | 4                                   |
| wend                | verb                     | 88   | 5                                   |
| fain                | adjective                | 59   | 6                                   |
| bane                | noun                     | 54   | 7                                   |
| bide                | verb                     | 42   | 8                                   |
| betwixt (or 'twixt) | preposition              | 40   | 9                                   |
| duke                | noun                     | 39   | 10                                  |
| troth               | noun                     | 39   | 10                                  |
| midmost             | preposition              | 34   | 11                                  |
| hap                 | noun                     | 30   | 12                                  |
| eld                 | noun                     | 28   | 13                                  |
| foeman              | noun                     | 25   | 14                                  |
| blent               | past participle          | 24   | 15                                  |
| haven               | noun                     | 22   | 16                                  |
| burg                | noun                     | 21   | 17                                  |
| wain                | noun                     | 20   | 18                                  |
| rede                | noun                     | 18   | 19                                  |
| enow                | adjective/adverb         | 17   | 20                                  |
| meat                | noun (denoting all food) | 16   | 21                                  |
| outland             | adjective                | 15   | 22                                  |
| weed                | noun                     | 15   | 22                                  |
| hap                 | verb                     | 12   | 23                                  |
| twi-                | prefix, adv., adj.       | 12   | 23                                  |
| eke                 | adverb                   | 11   | 24                                  |
| erne                | noun                     | 11   | 24                                  |
| thymy               | adjective                | 11   | 24                                  |
| speech-lore         | noun                     | 11   | 24                                  |
| ruth                | noun                     | 10   | 25                                  |

Characteristically Morrisian Words, listed in Descending Order of Frequency Rank (cont'd)

| <i>word</i>             | <i>part of speech</i> | <i>number of times used in the Aeneids of Vergil</i> | <i>frequency rank (among these)</i> |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|--|-------------------------------------|
| wot                     | verb                  | 9  | 26                                  |
| riven                   | past participle       | 8  | 27                                  |
| smit                    | past participle       | 8  | 27                                  |
| eyen                    | noun                  | 7  | 28                                  |
| lorn                    | past participle       | 7  | 28                                  |
| gan (with "to" omitted) | praeterite verb       | 6  | 29                                  |
| garth                   | noun                  | 6  | 29                                  |
| serry                   | verb                  | 6  | 29                                  |
| leal                    | adjective             | 5  | 30                                  |
| thuswise                | adverb                | 5  | 30                                  |
| good-hap                | noun                  | 4  | 31                                  |
| whilom/whileome         | conjunction           | 4  | 31                                  |
| bewept                  | past participle       | 3  | 32                                  |
| firth                   | noun                  | 3  | 32                                  |
| holpen                  | past participle       | 3  | 32                                  |
| clomb                   | praeterite verb       | 2  | 33                                  |
| guerdon                 | noun                  | 2  | 33                                  |
| heal                    | noun                  | 2  | 33                                  |
| skills                  | verb                  | 2  | 33                                  |
| chid                    | praeterite verb       | 1  | 34                                  |
| breast                  | verb                  | 1  | 34                                  |
| whenso                  | conjunction           | 1  | 34                                  |

APPENDIX C: PLATES FROM THE 1874 ILLUMINATED *AENEID*

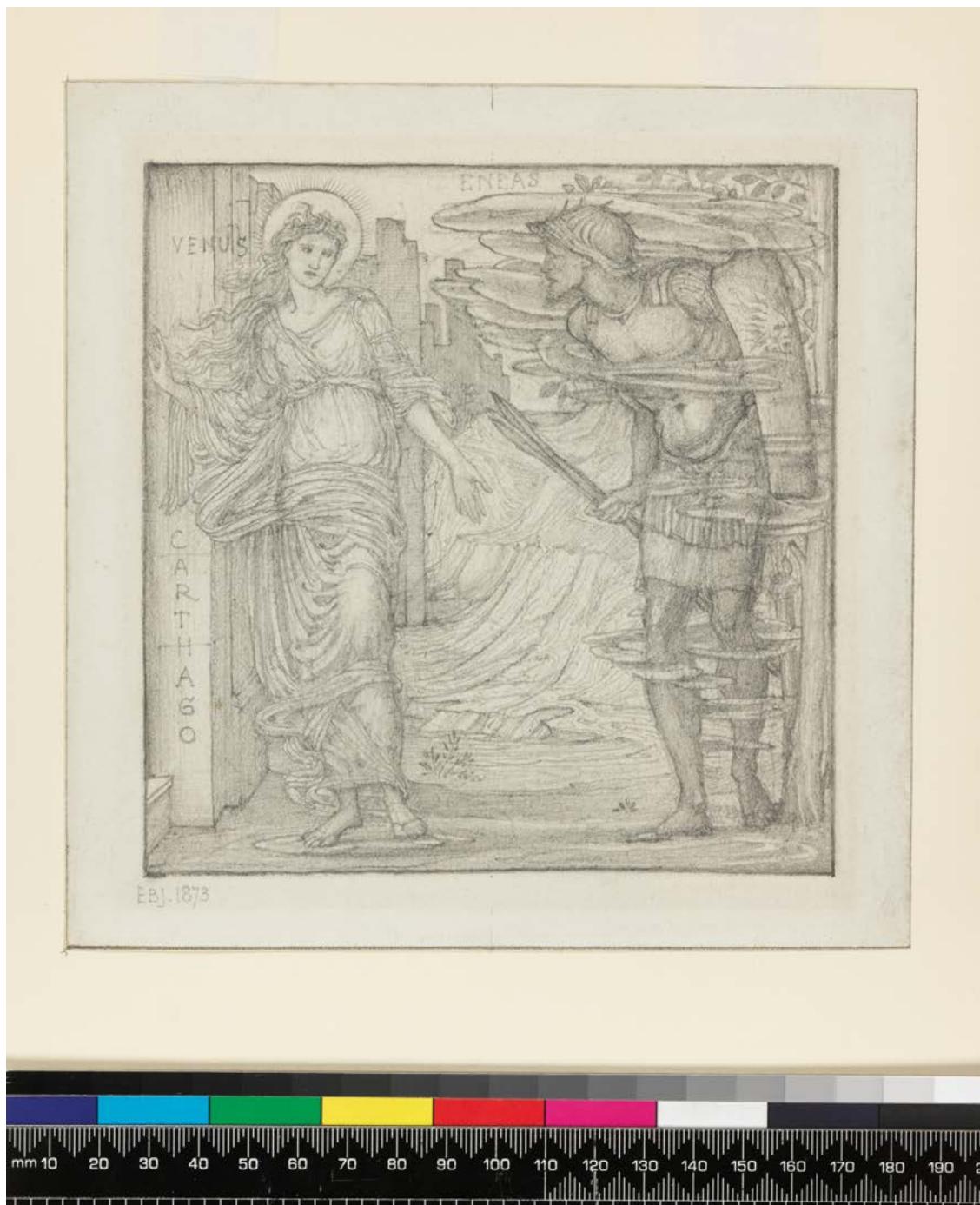


Plate 1: Edward Burne-Jones, Pencil drawing for *Venus and Aeneas Before Carthage*.



Plate 2: Edward Burne-Jones, *Venus and Aeneas Before Carthage*. Illumination plate for Morris's *Aeneid*, 1874-1875.



Plate 3: Edward Burne-Jones, Pencil drawing for *Iris before Turnus*.



Plate 4: Edward Burne-Jones, *Iris Before Turnus*. Illumination plate for Morris's *Aeneid*.



E.B.J. 1874

Plate 5: Edward Burne-Jones, Pencil drawing for *The Trojan Women Burning the Fleet*.



Plate 6: Edward Burne-Jones, *The Trojan Women Burning the Fleet*.  
Illumination plate for Morris's *Aeneid*.



EBJ 18/3.

Plate 7: Edward Burne-Jones, Pencil drawing for *The Death of Dido*.



Plate 8: Edward Burne-Jones, *The Death of Dido*. Illumination plate for Morris's *Aeneid*.

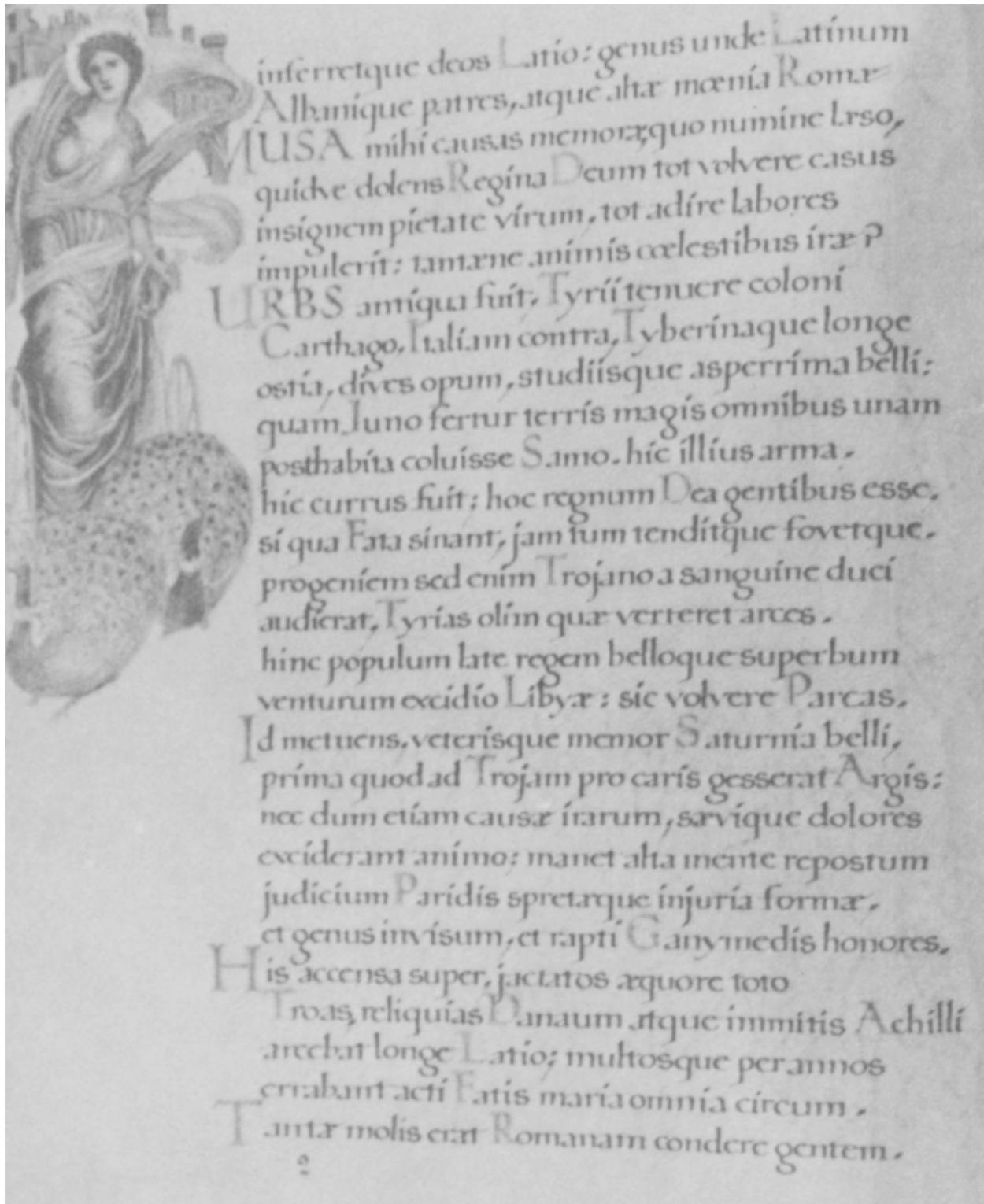


Plate 9: William Morris, C.F. Murray, with illustration design by Edward Burne-Jones.  
Illumination plate for Morris's *Aeneid* I.

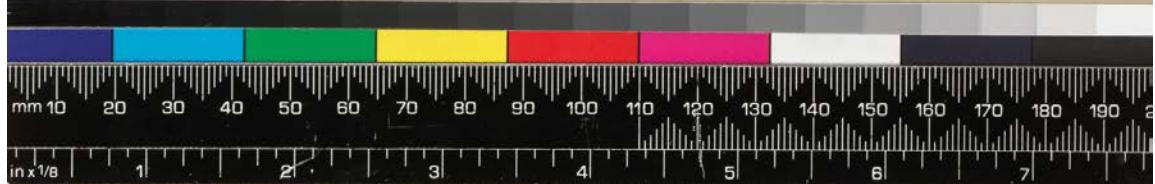


Plate 10: Edward Burne-Jones, Pencil drawing for *Aeneas, Anchises and Ascanius Led Onward by Venus*.



Plate 11: Edward Burne-Jones, Pencil drawing for *The Curse of Celaeno*.

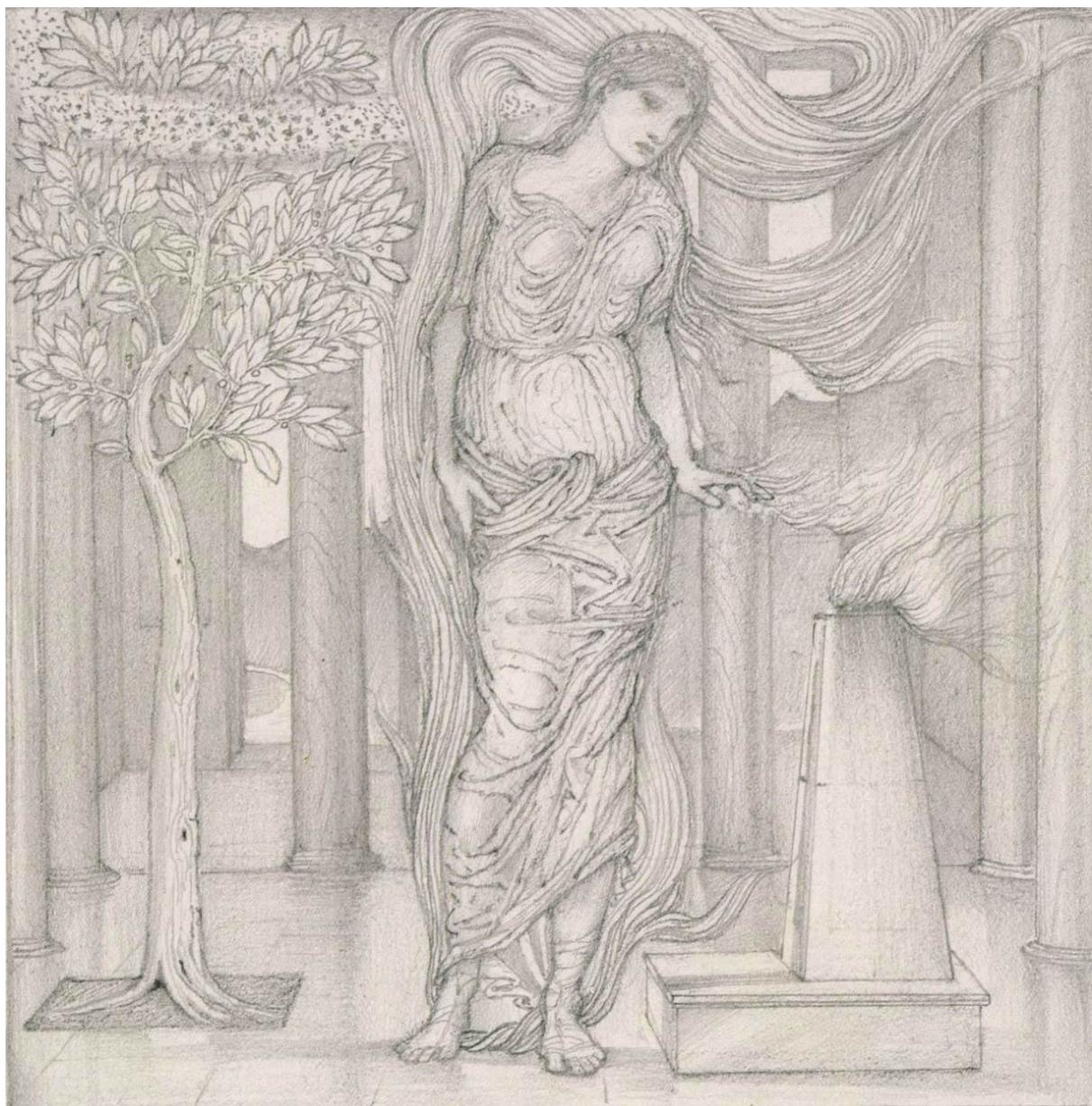


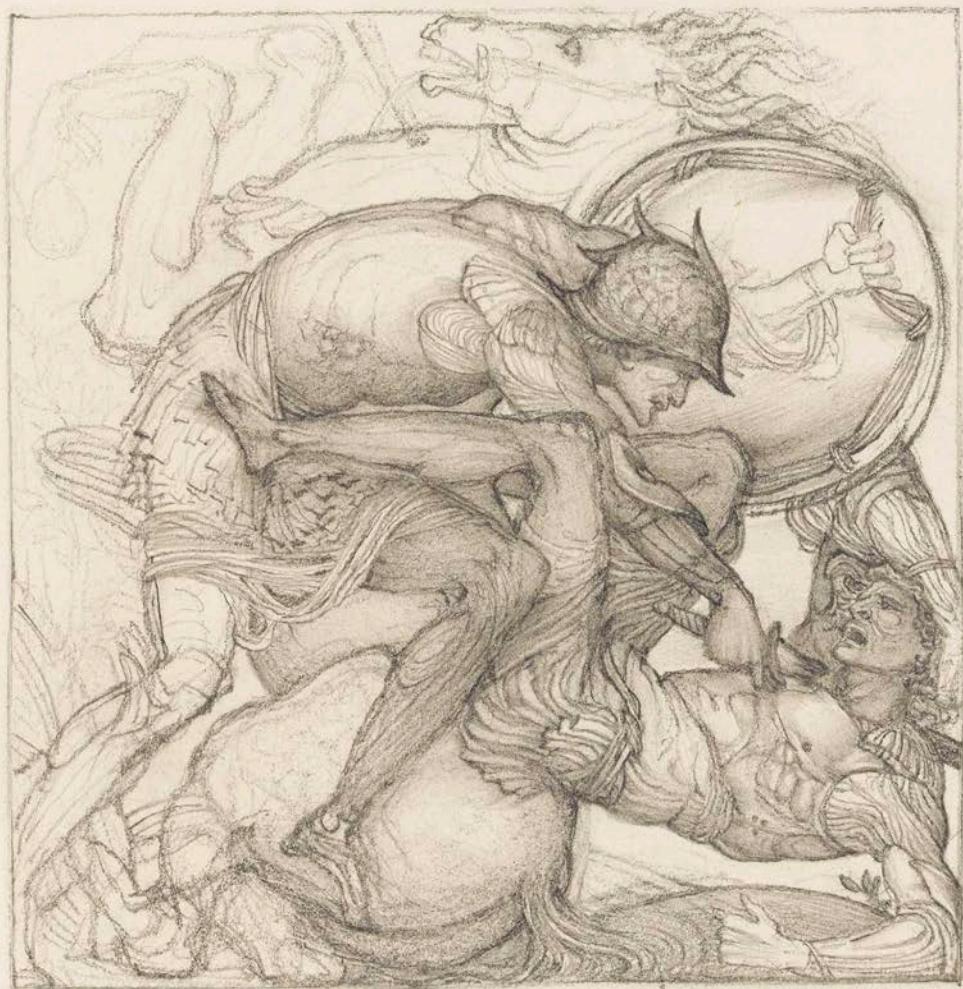
Plate 12: Edward Burne-Jones, Pencil drawing for *Lavinia Aflame*.



Plate 13: Edward Burne-Jones, Pencil drawing for Morris's *Aeneid*.



Plate 14: Edward Burne-Jones, Pencil drawing for *Venus Bringing Armour to Aeneas*.



E.B.J. - 1873

Plate 15: Edward Burne-Jones, Pencil drawing for *Aeneas Slaying Mezentius*.

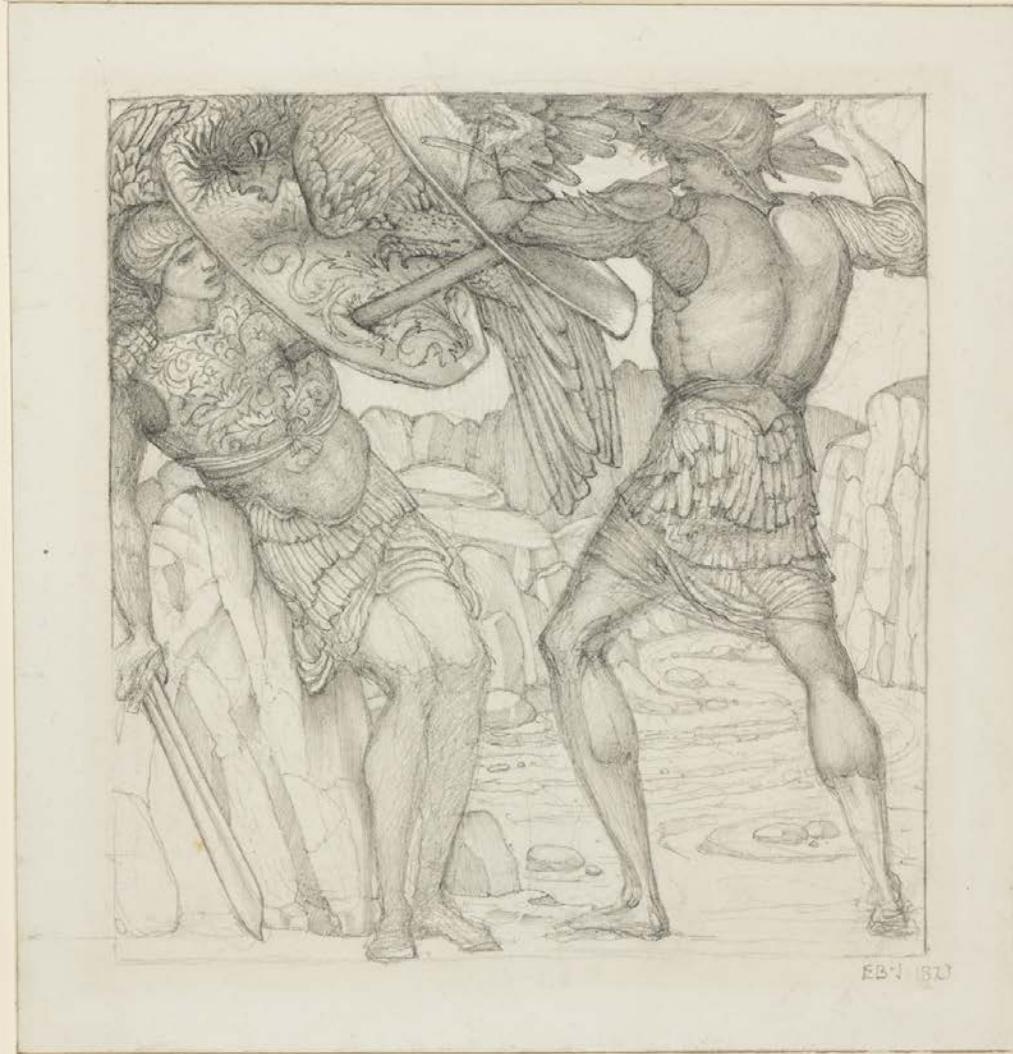
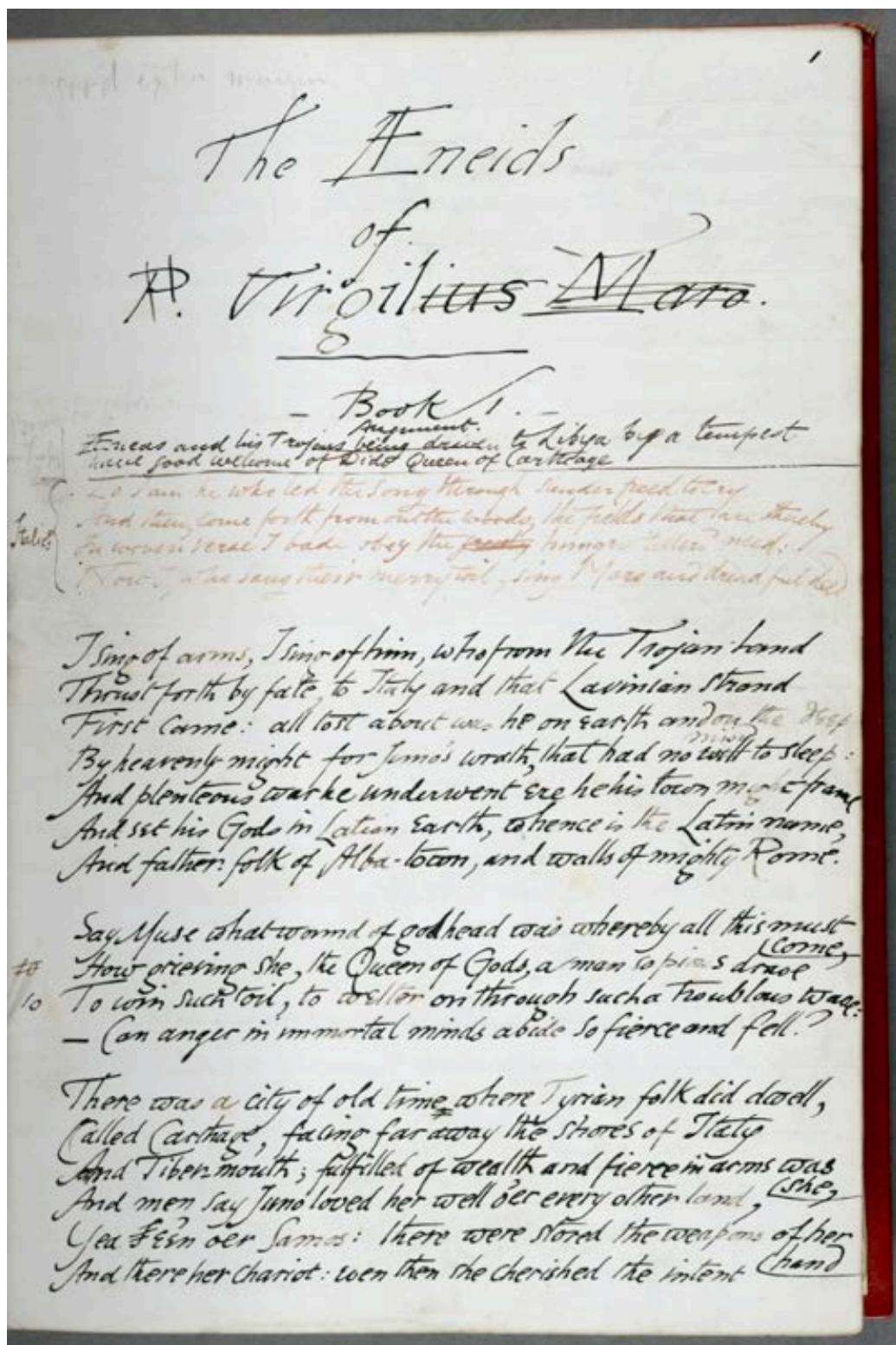


Plate 16: Edward Burne-Jones, Pencil drawing for Morris's *Aeneid*.



Plate 17: Edward Burne-Jones, Pencil drawing for Morris's *Aeneid*.



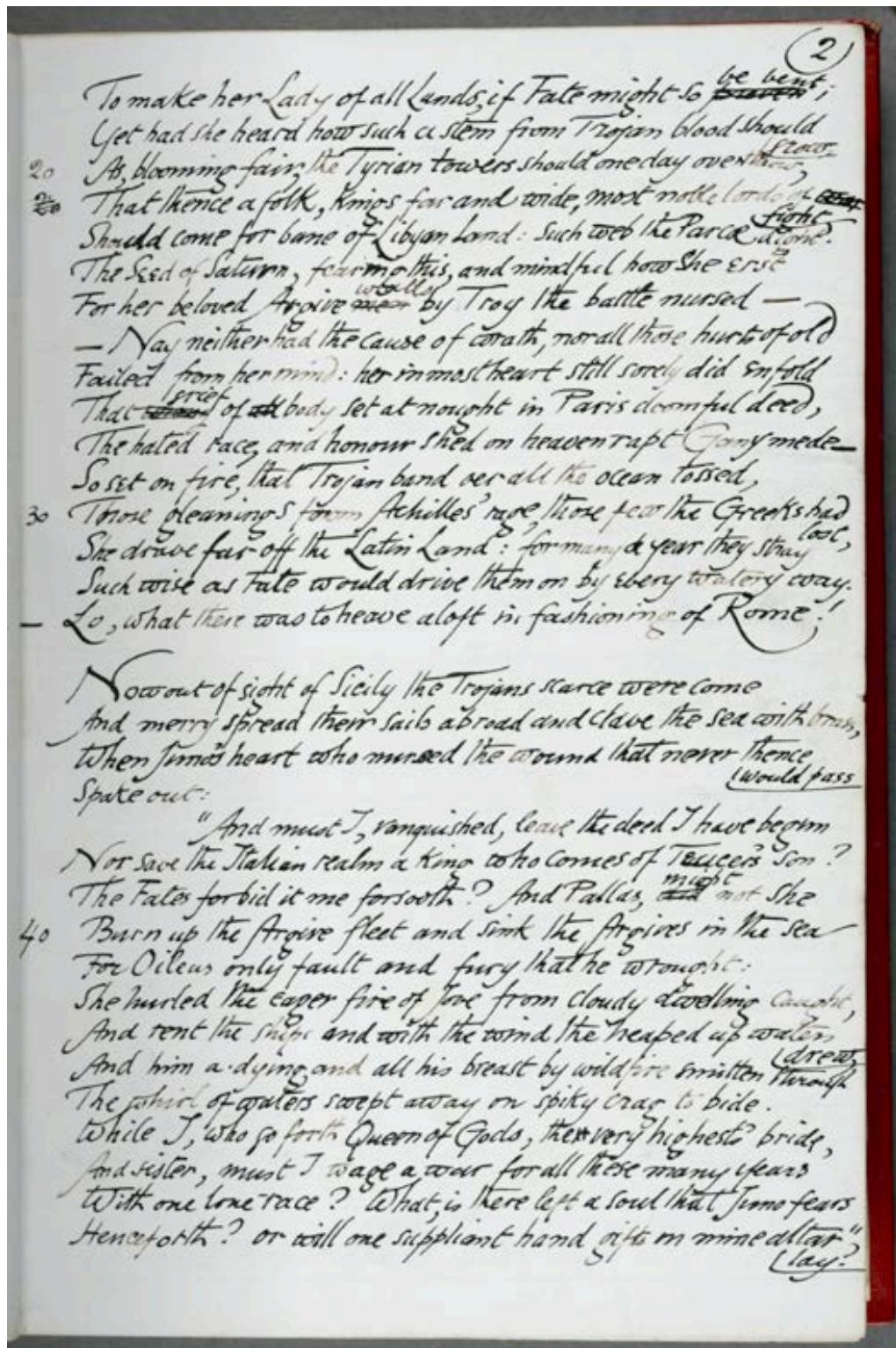
Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.1: William Morris, Aeneid I.1-17.

(2)

To make her Lady of all Lands; if Fate might so ~~be bent~~:  
Yet had she heard how such a stem from Trojan blood should  
20. ~~grow~~ As blooming fair, the Tyrian towers should one day overthrew,  
20. That thence a folk, Kings far and wide, most noble lords,  
Should come for bane of Libyan Land: Such web the Parc<sup>l</sup> ~~did~~ <sup>l</sup> Light.  
The Seed of Saturn, fearing this, and mindful how she erst  
For her beloved Argive ~~were~~ by Troy the battle nursed —  
— Nay neither had the cause of wrath, nor all those hurts of old  
Failed from her mind: her inmost heart still sorely did enfold  
That ~~grief~~ of all body, set at nought in Paris doomful deed,  
The hated race, and honour shed on heaven rapt Geryme —  
So set on fire, that Trojan band over all the ocean tossed,  
30. Those gleamings from Achilles' rage, those for the Greeks had  
She drove far off the Latin Land: for many a year they strayed <sup>lost</sup>,  
Such wise as Fate would drive them on by every watery way.  
— Lo, what there was to heave aloft in fashioning of Rome!

Now out of sight of Sicily the Trojans scarce were come  
And merry spread their sails abroad and cleave the sea with ~~trou~~,  
When Jove's heart who minded the omen that never thence <sup>(would pass)</sup>  
Spake out:

"And must I, vanquished, leave the deed I have begun?  
Nor save the Italian realm a King who comes of Teucer's Son?  
The Fates forbade it me forsooth? And Pallas, <sup>might</sup> not she  
40. Burn up the Argive fleet and sink the Argives in the sea —  
For Oileus, only fault and fury hat he to night.  
She hurled the eager fire of love from cloudy dwelling Cancri,  
And rent the ships and with the wind the heaped up waves,  
And him a-dying and all his breast by wild fire smitten <sup>(creep)</sup> through.  
The whirl of waters swept away on spiky crag to bide.  
While I, who go forth Queen of Gods, the very highest bride,  
And sister, must I wage a war for all these many years  
With one lone race? What is there left a soul that Jove fears  
Henceforth? or will one suppliant hand gift in mine altar?"  
<sup>(lag.)</sup>



Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.2: William Morris, Aeneid I.18-49.

50 So brooding in her very heart the Goddess went her way  
 Unto the fatherland of storm, full fruitful of the gale,  
 Aeolia high, where Aeolus is King of all ayeil,  
 And far adown a cavern vast the bickering of the winds  
 And roaring tempests of the world with bolt and feller-birds.  
~~The~~ <sup>They say</sup> the mountains murmuring much a growling angry  
 About their base, while Aeolus sits in his bower on high,  
 And sceptre holding, softens them and straiten <sup>(doth keep)</sup> their wrath.  
 Yet but for that the earth and sea, and vault of heaven <sup>the day</sup>  
 These eager swift would roll away and sweep adown <sup>the gale</sup>.  
 60 For fear whereof the Father <sup>high</sup> in dark and hollow place,  
 Hid them <sup>hid</sup> high above a world of mountains thirteen,  
 And given them there <sup>to</sup> a King <sup>who</sup> taught by law well  
 Draweth <sup>and now</sup> Casteth loose at <sup>where</sup>, the rims that hold them <sup>known</sup>:  
 To whom did suppliant Jomo now in <sup>in</sup> such words begin.

'The Father of the Gods & men hath given thee might now,  
 O Aeolus, to smooth the sea, and make the storm-wind blow;  
 Hearken! a folk my very foes sail eth the Tyrrhene main  
 Bearing their Troy to Italy, & Gods that were but men:  
 Set on thy winds, and overwhelm their sunken ships at sea,  
 70 Or pristine scattered cast them forth, thine drown'd distrest.  
 Two score nymphs are in my house of <sup>bond</sup> ~~bond~~ <sup>bond</sup> fair,  
 Of who <sup>one</sup> Diopis ~~is fairest~~ <sup>is fairest</sup> ~~the fairest~~ <sup>the fairest</sup> ~~of all~~ <sup>of all</sup> ~~the fairest~~ <sup>the fairest</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup>,  
 I give her thee in wedlock here, and call her all time over  
~~the~~ <sup>we</sup> away the years with thee, for thy deserving  
 Torn this day, of offspring fair she too shall make thee  
<sup>shown</sup> <sub>(one)</sub>.

To whom spake Aeolus: "O Queen, to search out the  
 Is all thou needest tol' herem: from me the deed <sup>desire</sup>  
~~thou makest what I have of night, thou makest~~ <sup>I word</sup>  
 Thou makest my <sup>calm</sup> ~~night~~, the <sup>rest</sup> ~~all~~ and free from malice  
 Thou givest me to lie with Gods when heavenly <sup>my true</sup> ~~rest~~ <sup>rest</sup> ~~is~~  
 ; And over the tempest & the cloud thou makest me of night?"

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.3: William Morris, Aeneid I.50-80.

Therewith against the hollow hill he turned him spear in hand  
 And hurled it on the flank thereof, and as an ordered band  
 By whals<sup>o</sup> loor the winds rush out over earth in whirling blast  
 And drumme down upon the sea its lowest doots upcast  
 The East the West together here, the Afric, that doth hold  
 A heart fulfilled of stormy rain, huge billows shogeward rolled.  
 Therewith came clamour of the men and whistling through the <sup>Heavens</sup>  
 And heaven and dae all suddenly were swallowed by the clouds  
 Away from eyes of Trojan men; night on the ocean lies,  
 Pole thunders unto pole, and still forth wild fire glare the skies,  
 And in all things ~~the sense of men~~ deathes very face beheld.

Now herewithal Aeneas ~~sore~~ weak with challe  
 He croaned, and lifting up both his palms aloft to heaven. <sup>and said</sup>  
 "O Thrice and four times happy ye that had me fate <sup>to fall</sup> to fall  
 Before your fathers faces here by Troys beloued wall!  
 Tydides, thou of Danann folke the mortier under shield  
 Why might I never lie me down upon the plain field,  
 Why was my soul for bid release at the most mortgag'd  
 Where eager Hector strooped and lay before Achille's wond  
 100 Were huge Sarpedon his at rest, where braves roll along  
 The shields of men, and helms of men, and bodies of the strong

Thus as he cried the whistling north fell on with sudden gale  
 And drew the seas up <sup>to</sup> the stars, and <sup>thrust</sup> aback the sky  
 Then break the oars, the bows fall off and beam on in the <sup>air</sup>  
 The leath, and the sea compon <sup>wave</sup> a mountain huge and towering  
 These hang upon the topmost, and those may well discern  
 The seas broomed mid the gaping whirl: with sand the gulf,  
 These keel the south wind cast away on hidden reefs <sup>shorn</sup> that lie  
 Midmost the sea, the place called bay men of Italy,  
 10 A huge bark bursting through the tide three others from the <sup>deep</sup>  
 The East on wards, and swallowing sands did miserably sweep  
 And dashed them on the shoals and heaped the sand around in <sup>ring</sup>  
 And one, a keel the Lycians named <sup>with him</sup>, the buoys King

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.4: William Morris, *Aeneid* I.81-113.

Oantes, in Eneas' boat a toppling wave, <sup>overhang</sup>  
 And smote the poop, and headlong rolled adown the <sup>Caligae man longi</sup>  
 Then thrice about the driving flood hath hurried her as the calf,  
 The hungry mo eddy swept above & swallowed her, <sup>sea</sup>  
 And lo, Joves swimming here and there, stand in the unmeasur'd  
 The arms of men, and painted boards & Trojan treasures. <sup>sea</sup>  
 20 And now Nereus doth ship, her that Achates keel  
 And has fended over the main, and old Aletes keel  
 The storm hath overcome; and all must drink the <sup>benefit</sup> <sup>bottom</sup>  
 Through opening leaky sides of her that gapest every <sup>bottom</sup> <sup>tear</sup>.

But meanwhile Neptune's fury moved hath, left his storm  
 And all the <sup>turneill</sup> <sup>tempest</sup> of the main with murmur <sup>let go</sup>  
 The deep <sup>propeare</sup> from pale <sup>the greatest that</sup> <sup>had</sup> <sup>depth</sup> <sup>bottom</sup>  
 So - or th' he put his placid face over topmost of the sea,  
 And there he saw Eneas' ships over all the a main <sup>prospere</sup>  
 The Trojans beaten by the flood and wins from heaven <sup>out</sup>  
 30 But Joves' gentle doings and her wrath he knew full <sup>well</sup>  
 So East and West he called to him, and spake such words  
<sup>to tell.</sup>

30 What mighty pride of race of yours hath hold upon you  
 That earth and sea yet turneill so without my <sup>troublous</sup> <sup>troublous</sup>  
 That such upheaval and so great ye dare without me? <sup>my self</sup>  
 Whom I - But first it loves to have the troubled flood to tell  
 For such like fault henceforward throw with no other light <sup>say</sup>  
 Go get you gone, and look to it this to your king <sup>to say</sup>  
 That Ocean's realm and triple spear of dread <sup>fate</sup> are given  
 To him but unto me: he holds the cliffs <sup>over</sup>great,  
 Thine houses Eurus; in that hall I bid him then be told  
 Thine Eolis, and lord it over his winds in baned hold."

37 So saying and swiften that his word he layed the troubled main  
 And bid to flight the gathered clouds and brought the sun again  
 And with him Triton fell to work, and fair Cymothoe  
 And honest the ships from spiky rocks; with triple spear  
 To life, and opened swallowing sands, & laid the waves <sup>wave</sup>  
<sup>brought he</sup> <sup>down</sup>.

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.5: William Morris, Aeneid I.114-146.

6

Then on light wheels o'er ocean's face soft gliding did he go.  
And, like as mid a people peat full often will arise  
Huge riot, and all the low-born herd to utter anger flies  
50 And sticks and stones are in the air, and fury arms doth (in)  
Them, setting eyes perchance on one of weight for noble arms,  
And noble deeds, they rush them then & stand with pride (and)  
And he with words becomes their lord, & smooth they're on (Ears)  
- In such wise fell all Clash of sea when that Sea-father ~~wake~~  
And looked abroad, who turned his steeds, and, giving rein to (those)  
Flew forth in happy gliding car through heaven's all open way.

Eneas' sore forewarned host the shores that nearest lay  
Stretch out for o'er the sea, and turn to Lillian land the while.  
There goes a long forth of the sea made known by an isle,  
60 Against whose sides burst out abroad each wave the main  
Is broken, and must cleave itself through hollow blocks to ~~and~~ (left)  
Huge rocks on this hand and on that, twin towers of cliff cast down  
on very beam far and wide beneath each morty leath  
Stung are the harmless waters; to the flickering wood above  
And wavering shadow cast adown by darksome hanging stone  
In face herof a cave there is of rocks overhanging, made meet  
With benches of the living stone and springs of water sweet;  
The house of Nymphs: a riding here may way-worn ships  
To lie without the hausers strain or anchors hooked hold.  
70 That bight with crew of all his tale of ships Eneas fained,  
And there by mighty love of land the Trojans sore constrained,  
Leap off board straight, & gain the gift of that so longed-for land,  
And lay their hands with salt sea-spoiled adown upon the ~~the~~ (edge)  
And first Achates smote alibie spark from out the flint, (strand).  
And caught the fire in tinder-leaves, & never gift did flint  
Off feelin' dry; and flame now in kindled stuff he wote,  
Then Ceres' body spoilt with sea, and Ceres' arms they took,  
And sped the maller spent with toil, and quiet of famous (part)  
They set about to parch with fire and twist of stones to (pounds)

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.6: William Morris, Aeneid I.147-179.

7

Meanwhile It neas staled the cliff & far and wide he  
The main, if anywhere perchance <sup>(swept)</sup> The sea his Artheus kept,  
Tossed by the wind, if he might see the tur-banted Phrygian  
If Capys, or Caicus arms in lofty deck more show.  
For any ship there was in sight, but on the strand he saw  
Three stags a wandering at their will and after them they drew  
The whole herd following down the dale long strong out  
So still he stood, and caughtin hand his bow and shafts of speed  
The weapons that Pheatus stamp'd was bearing then and oft;  
And first the very lord of those, that bore their heads aloft  
With branching horns he felled, and then the common too &c.  
Their army drove he with his darts through leafy woods to go,  
Nor hold his hand till on the earth were stomp'd bodies three  
And each of all his ships ~~to~~ <sup>might</sup> have one head of deer heron  
To once to the heaven get he one with all his folk to share,  
And that good wile which snot the Cacks' <sup>host</sup> castles made  
And gave them as they went away on that <sup>"beam"</sup> Trinacrian beach  
He shared about, <sup>they fell to</sup> sooth their fueling hearts  
*with spark*

O follow, we are used <sup>in now</sup> by evil ways to wend;  
O ye who erst bore heavier loads, this too the Gods shall say  
Ye, ye have drawn nigh Scylla's rage & rocks that inly roar,  
And run the risk of storm of stones upon the Cyclops' shore.  
(Come, call aback your ancient hearts & put your fears away!  
This too shall be for joy to you remembered on a day.  
Through diverse ways, through many risks where with our  
We get us on to Latium, the land the falls have <sup>way is shown</sup> known  
To be for peaceful seats for us: there may we raise up  
Abide, endure, and keep yourselves for coming day of joy."

So spake his voice: but his sick heart did mighty trouble ray  
As pale of countenance, he thrust the heavy anguish back.  
But they fell to upon the prey, and <sup>(doubt)</sup> fear that was to  
And flay the shankides from off the ribs, and bare the flesh to sight  
Whiles some cut quivering into steaks which on the spits  
*They ring*

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.7: William Morris, Aeneid I.180-212.

Some feed the fire upon the shore, & set the grass theron.  
 And so meat himself might again, and on the grass he lay,  
 Fulfilled with fat of forest deer and ancient wine they lie.  
 But when all hunger was appeased, and tables set aside  
 Of misimo fellows how they fared the talk did long abide:  
 Whom, with wise hope and weighing fear, either alive they traun,  
 Or that the last and worst has come, that called they hear not know.  
 20 And chief of all the pious king he had moaned the press  
 Of brisk Drones, Amyleus, and cruel fate that was  
 Of Lycus, and of Bias strong and strong (now thus gone)

But now and end of all here was, when far a looker down  
 From highest lift on sail-stemmed Isle, and lands that bound it  
 And shores and men folk about, in to remot burg of the ~~the~~  
 Stood still and fixed the eyes of God on Libya's realm last:  
 To whom, as through his breast and mind such was <sup>the</sup> godhead  
 Spake Venus, sadder than her due with bright eyes gathering <sup>(back)</sup> ears.

"O thou who rulest with a realm that hath no days nor years,  
 30 Both Gods and men, and makst them fear thy thunders let  
 What then hath mine <sup>fit</sup> ~~it~~ done so great a brine to call  
 What might have Trojan men to sin? so many deaths they bre  
 Gainst whom because of Italy is shut the wide world over.  
 Was it not surely promised me that, as the years rolled round,  
 The blood of Teucer come again should storm from out the  
 The Roman folk, such very lords, that all the earth and <sup>round</sup> sea  
 Their way should compass? Faster doth the counsel shift in <sup>they</sup>  
 This time indeed atoned to me for Troy in ashes laid,  
 And all the miserable end, as fate gainst fate I weighed.  
 40 But now the selfsame fortune doth men by such troubles driven,  
 So oft and oft. What end of toil then giost thou King of heaven?  
 Minotaur was of night now to scape the Achean host,  
 And safe to reach the Ilyrian gulf and pierce Liburnias' coast,  
 And through the innermost realms thereof to pass Tenedos' head,  
 Thence with great mountain murmuring is that wild water <sup>(to)</sup>

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.8: William Morris, Aeneid I.213-245.

(9)

To cast itself on fields below with all its sounding sea:  
And here he made Patavium town and ~~Troy~~<sup>Troy</sup> to be  
And gave the folk their <sup>new</sup> name and Trojan arms did give,  
Now settled in all peace and rest he passeth quiet days.  
*50* But we, thy children, unto whom thou giest with bounteous hand  
The nights of heaven, our ships are lost, and we, O shame!  
Are driven away from Italy for anger but of me. <sup>beloved,</sup>  
~~Beloved,~~ <sup>Beloved,</sup> the good mans question then? is this the promised time?

The sower of the Gods and men a little smiled on her  
With such a countenance as calms the storms & upper air;  
He kissed his daughter on the lips, and spake such words to her:  
"O <sup>Ch</sup>erean, spare this dread! unmoved the fates shall dwell  
Of thee and thine, and thou shalt see the promised city yet,  
<sup>Even</sup> that Lavinia's walls, and high amidst the stars shalt set  
Great soiled <sup>It</sup> now: nor in me doth aught of comical shift.  
*60* Now since this care gnaws on thine heart, the hidden things I life  
of Fate, and roll on time for thee, and tell of latter day.  
Great war he wroth in Italy, and folk full wild he wroth  
He wroth down, and <sup>brought</sup> to men both lures and wiles  
Till the third summer sett him King o'er the Latin heads. <sup>Italy</sup>  
And the third winter, wearing brings the fierce Rutukians' bro.  
Thereon he had Alcimus, Tulus byname now,  
(And Tulus was he once of old, when Thym's City ~~she~~ was.)  
<sup>Fulfildest</sup> ~~Shall~~ <sup>fulfildest</sup> hold thirty of his tribe with rolling mons' <sup>that</sup> ~~was~~  
*70* And from the town Lavinium shifts the abode now of this race,  
And maketh Alba town the Long a mighty fenced place.  
Here when for thence an hundred years intruded the land  
Beneath the rule of Ixetus' folk, to <sup>the</sup> priestess Queen <sup>Latona</sup>  
Goes heavy with the curse of Mars, and brings to towns to birth.  
Neath hollow hide of ~~hostile~~ wolf hence, mighty in his might  
Comes Romulus to bear the folk, and <sup>the</sup> Taur's walls to frame;  
And by the word himself was called the Roman folk to name.  
In them I lay no bonds of time, no bonds of earth they part;  
I give them anspire without end! yea Jove, hard of heart,

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.9: William Morris, Aeneid I.246-279.

80 Who wearyeth now with fear of her the heavens & earth & sea  
 Shall rather better counsel yet, and cherish them with me,;  
 The Romans Folk, the togued men, lords of all worldly ways.  
 Such is the doom. As weareth time there come those other days  
 Wherem Ascaracus shall bind Typhon of renown,  
 And Phidias, and shall lord it o'er the Argive beaten down.  
 Then shall a Trojan Caesar come from out a lonely name,  
 The Ocean stream shall bound his rule, the stars of heaven his host,  
 Julius his name from him of old, the great Teucer sent.  
 I him too in house of heaven one day neath spoils of Earth made  
 Thou happy shalt receiv; he too shall have the ~~prayer~~<sup>heat</sup> of men.  
 The wars of old all laid aside, the hard look'd bellers to than,  
 And Vesta and the hoary Faith, Quirinus and his twin  
<sup>Now</sup> shall judge the world. The dread ful doors of war & ~~hell~~<sup>now</sup> shall shut  
 Their iron bolts and strait embrace the odless Rage of <sup>within</sup> folk,  
 Who, pitiless on weapons set, and bound in dragon yoke  
 Of hundred knots aback of him frames fell from bloody mouth.

Such words he spake, and from a loth he sent down. Maia's youth  
 To cause the lands and Carthage towers neobuilt to open gate,  
 And welcome in the Teucrian men, lest Dido, fool'd of fate  
 Should drive them from her country side. The immeasured amble  
 With flap of wings, and speedily in Libya set his feet:  
 And strayed straight here his bidding to sought, and from the Trojan  
 God witting, their hearts of war, and Dido first of all <sup>call'd</sup>  
 Took peace for Teucrians to her soul, and quiet least and key.

Now good Aneas through the night had many things in  
 And set himself to fare abroad at first of holy day, <sup>Sunday</sup>  
 To search the new land what it was, and on what shore he lay  
 Driven by the wind, if manfolk there abode, or nought but deer,  
 For wile it seemed, and tidings true back to his folk to bear.  
 So in that hollow bight of groves beneath the cavern cleft  
 All hidden by the leasy trees and quavering shades he left  
 His ships: and he himself afoot <sup>went</sup> with Achates lone-

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.10: William Morris, *Aeneid* I.280-312.

Shaking in hand two slender spears with broad beat iron heads.  
 But as he reached the thickets' midst his mother stood before,  
 Who virgin face, and virgin arms, and virgin habit bore,  
 A Spartan maid; or like to her who tames the Thracian horse  
 Harpalice, and flies before the towering Hebrus' course.  
 For hundred eyes on shoulder she had from the handy tow,  
 And given all her hair abroad for any wind to blow,  
 370 And naked knuck her kirtle long hid gathered in a lap.  
 She spake the first:

"Ho youth," she said, "lett me by any hap  
 If of my sisters any one ye saw a wandering wife  
 With quiver girt, and done about with nymphs? Spotted hide  
 Or following of the foaming bear with shouts & eager feet?"

So Venus; and so Venus' son beseach her toards to meet;  
 "I have not seen, nor have I heard thy sisters nigh this place  
 O maid:— and how to call thee then? For neither is thy face  
 Of mortals, nor thy voice of men: O very address thou!  
 What Phœbus' sister? Or of nymphs to whom shall I call thee?  
 380 But whoe'er thou be, be kind and lighten us our tal,  
 And teach us to here beneath the heaven, <sup>What</sup> shot the  
 We are cast forth, unlearned of men, unlearned <sup>earthy soul</sup> of land & weather,  
 By night of wind and billows huge here drawn, from out where,  
 Our right hands by time all the horns shall fell full many a here.

Spake Venus: "Nowise am I worth so much of honour cost:  
 The Tyrian maids we went to bear the quiver even as I,  
 And e'en so far upon the lea the purple shoe thong tie.  
 The Panic realm thou stas here, Agenor's town and folk,  
 But set amidst of Libyan land mused to bear the yoke.  
 430 Dido is Lady of the land, who fled from Tyre the old,  
 And from her brother. Many long were all the ill used old,  
 And long its winding ways, but I light fast will overpass.  
 Her husband was Sychaeus bright, ~~the land~~ most rich, he  
 Fall Phoenicians. The poor wretch loved him with mighty  
<sup>we</sup>  
<sup>glove</sup>

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.11: William Morris, *Aeneid* I.313-344.

12

Whose father gave her, maid, to him, and first he ite  
of toedlock: but as king of Tyre her brother did abide  
Pygmalion, more swollen up in sin than any man beside.  
Mad hatred yoked the terror of them, he ~~did~~ <sup>had</sup> woldonluct,  
Godless with stroke of iron laid Sychaeus in the dust  
350 Unawares before the altar horns; nor of the love did reck  
His sister had, but with vain hope played on the lover sick,  
And made a host of feignings false, and hid the malerlong.  
Till in her sleep the mare came of that unburied wrong,  
Her husband dead; in wondrous wise his face was waffen  
His breast with iron smitten through, the altar of his bate,  
The hooded sin at evil house, to her he open laid,  
And speedily to flee away from father land he bade.  
And for the help of travel showed earth, hidden wealth of  
A mighty mass that none might tell of silver and of gold.  
60 Sore moved hereby did Dido straight her flight and friends,  
They met together, such as are or drawn by ~~bitter~~ <sup>prepare</sup> fear  
Or bitter hatred of the wretch: such ships as hap had light  
They fall upon and lade with gold: forth fare the treasures  
Of wretch Pygmalion o'er the sea, a woman first therem  
And so they come unto the place where ye may see begin  
The borg of Carthage, and the walls neocbuilt that mighty  
And bought the Byrsa field good cheap, as still he now <sup>hab</sup>  
So much of land as ~~would~~ <sup>about</sup> a bull <sup>35</sup> hide <sup>shall</sup> ~~wold~~ to  
- But ye forsooth what news from what land run <sup>the</sup> out,  
And whither go ye now your ways.

### Her questioning in speech

He answered, and a heavy sigh from the moist heart did  
"O goddess, where I tread again the first footsteps of our way,  
And if the annals of our toil since leave him ears moist,  
Yet Vesper first to fallen day should shut Olympus down.  
From Troy the old, if yet perchance, have felt the morning  
That name go by, <sup>As the Conqueror & the</sup> many a water past?  
A chance come storm hath drifted us on Lili-an shores,  
I am ~~Eneas~~, god-lover, I snatched forth from the ~~sea~~ <sup>at last</sup>

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.12: William Morris, *Aeneid* I.345-378.

time for heroes to know  
381 My gods to bear aboard with me, a deed the high-heaven  
task the Italian fatherland, and <sup>the</sup> ~~host~~ descended <sup>3</sup>  
To see <sup>in</sup> the ships were that I manned upon the Phrygian.  
My goddess mother led the way, we followed fate god <sup>born</sup> <sup>Di Caeus</sup>  
And now scarce seven are left me by road & east wind <sup>ruin</sup>,  
And I through Libyan deserts stray, a man unknown <sup>and</sup> <sup>poor</sup>  
From Asia East from Europe East."

She might abide no more  
To hear his moan: she turns to a word <sup>turns</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>her</sup> priest & saith:  
"Nay thou art not God's castaway, who drawest mortal breath,  
And farest to the Tyrian town, if aught thereof I know.  
Seton to Dido's threshold then <sup>even</sup> as the way doth show.  
390 For take the tidings of thy ships and folk brought back again  
By shifting of the northern wind all safe from off the main:  
Unless my parents learned me erst of sooth say me to wot  
But idly! So here twice soon swoons disjoin'd in a knot,  
Whom falling from the plain of air drew down the bird of <sup>Joie</sup>  
From open heaven. Strung out at length they hang <sup>earth</sup> <sup>at</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>air</sup>  
And now seem choosing where to pitch, now in the void to  
At wheeling round with whistling wings they sport in <sup>page</sup> <sup>foam</sup>  
And with their bending round the pole & cast abroad their wing,  
Nought otherwise the ships & youth that me there belong  
Hold haven now or else full sail to harbour mouth are come.  
Set forth, set forth and to the way <sup>even</sup> as it leadeth home!"

She spoke, she turned, from <sup>her</sup> neck the lion of heaven she cast,  
And from her hair an odorial the seal of Gods went past,  
Upon the wind, and over her feet her skirts <sup>fell</sup> ~~were~~ shimmering  
And over God she wove her ways. Therewith his mother <sup>led him</sup> <sup>know</sup>  
With such a word he followed up a fleeing from his eyes:

"An cruel as a God! and to us with images and lies  
(Dost thou depile me? wherefore then is hand to hand not given  
And we to give and take in words that come from earth & <sup>heaven?</sup>"

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.13: William Morris, *Aeneid* I.379-409.

410 Such voice he chid her and then his footsteps toward her went.  
 But Venus with a dusky ~~hood~~<sup>veil</sup> did hedge them so they went,  
 And wide spread cloak of cloudy the goddess round them wrapped  
 Lest any man had seen them there, or bodily had hopped  
 Across their road their steps to stay, and cost their dealing less.  
 But she to Paphos and her home went glad amidst the air.  
 There is her temple, there they stand in hundred all too near  
 Warm with Sabean incense-smoke, with new-pulled blossoms  
 Sweet

15 But therewithal they sped their way as led the road along;  
 And now they came a spreading hill that ver the town is high.  
 20 And looking downward thereupon hath all the burghin face?  
 It was marvels how that world was once a peasant's place.  
 He marvels at the gates, the roar, and rattle of the towns?  
 Hot heat the Tyrians speed the work, and some the rapping  
 Some pile the towers high, some with hand rollions up <sup>take</sup> ~~the~~  
 Some choose a place for dwelling house and draw a hemith around  
 Some choose the laws and <sup>lords of</sup> ~~soom~~ the holy stonle choose.  
 These theraway the heavens do, and deep adown sink them  
 Theounding of the theatre walls, or leave the living one  
 In yon huge one day to show full fair he ride upon.  
 25 As in new-mowne, neath the sun the bees <sup>face propit</sup> ~~bees~~ labour.  
 Their labour in the flowery fields, whenever now they lead  
 The wylfoun offspring of their race, or when the cells they  
 With flowing honkey, till fulfilled of sweet they hold no more.  
 Or like No-londs of newcomers, or as a watch well set  
 Drive of the bay head of drones that they no dwelling get  
 Well speed the work and tyrny sweet the honkey noise.

\* Well favoured of the gods are we whose walls arise in blis! 10  
 It was cries, a lookin down the house tops I read below,  
 Then wonderfud to let in tale hedged rooms with broad bays  
 20 Amid the thickest tree of men, and yett none is seen.

A grove amid the town there is, a pleasant place of green

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.14: William Morris, *Aeneid* I.410-441.

Where ~~sat~~<sup>sat</sup> the Tyrants beat by waves & whirlwind of the land  
 Dug out the token Jimo east had bidden them hope to find,  
 An eager horses head went: for thus their folk should prove  
 Far famed in war for man, an acre, of metal rich snow.  
 There did Sidonian Dido now appear a mighty faire  
 To Jimo, rich in gifts, and rich in presents godheads gain:  
 On dragon steps its threshold rose, and brass its hinged tied  
 And on the hinges thereof that the brazen door leaves cried.

450 And now within that grove again a new thing throning  
 Gan lighter fear. for here to hope Friends deemed it worth,  
 And trust his fortune beaten down that yet it might arise.  
 For there while he abode the Queen and wandered with his eyes  
 Over all the temple, pondering on the cities fate to be,  
 And over the diverse handcraft and works of mastery,  
 Lo, there sat out before his face the battles that were Troy's  
 And wars, ~~whereof~~ <sup>whereof</sup> scarce folk on earth had heard the fame  
 King Priam, the Atreid warri, and Achilles dire to bane.  
 He stood, and weeping spake withal:

"Achilles, lo! forsooth  
 60 That place, what land in all the earth but with our grief is  
<sup>the</sup> <sup>and who</sup> <sup>whose</sup> <sup>deep</sup> <sup>dark</sup> <sup>now</sup> <sup>now</sup>  
 To here are tears for pitious times that touch men's hearts.  
 Cast off thy fear! this fame today shall yet thy safety bring."

And with the empty painted thing he feeds his mind continual,  
 Sore groaning, and a very flood down his face did fall.  
 For there he saw, as war around of Pergamus they cast,  
 Here fled the Greeks, the Trojan youth for ever following fast.  
 There fled the Phrygians, in their heels high helmed Achille,  
 Not far off, fast with snowy cloths the tents of Rhesus <sup>(are)</sup>  
 70 He knew them weeping. Men of old in first of sleep strayed  
 75 Tyndered with many a death, a waste of nothing made!  
 And led those fiery steeds to camp ere e'er they might have  
 One mouthful of the Trojan griss, or drunk the <sup>On</sup> <sup>two</sup> two  
 And so again, where Troilus a fleeing weaponless,  
 Unhappy youth, and all too weak to bear Achille's spear

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.15: William Morris, *Aeneid* I.442-475.

By his own horses, fallen aback, at snapt chariot borne,  
Yet holding on the reins thereof, his neck, his tresses torn  
O'er face of earth, his crested spear a-witing in the dust.  
Meanwhile were farms to the lane of Pallae little past

- 180 The bodies of Troy with scattered hair bearing the gown reply  
Sad they and hapless! whose own hands didst thy bosom's  
While fixed, averse, the Goddess kept her eyes upon the ground.  
Then had Achilles Hector drayed around the walls of Troy  
~~and~~ now his body left of ~~gold~~ was cheaping ~~thereby~~  
Departed ~~Frances~~ from his heart in such wise to behold  
The car, the spoils, the very Corpse of him his fellow dead,  
And into the hands of Priam there all weaponless outspread.  
Yea thrust amidst Achalan hounds his very self he knew,  
The ~~cattle~~ Eastland hosts he saw, and Mennon black <sup>arm'd</sup>  
20 There mad Penthesilea lead ~~the~~ the maids of moony shield,  
The Amazons, and bums amidot the thousands of the field,  
And with her naked breast thrust out above the golden spike  
The warrior mad hath leath to meet the warriors of ~~the~~ <sup>the cars</sup>.

But while Dardan lord beholds the marvels there,  
And all amazed stands moving nought with eye in one  
Lo comest Dido very queen of fairies fashion wrought,  
By yonnes close thronging all about unto the temple brought  
Yea, even as on Eurus' rim or Cytharus ridge high  
Diana leadeth dance about, a thousand ~~falling~~ <sup>dancing</sup> nigh  
The following Oreads gather round, with shoulder quiver  
She overbears the Goddesses her swift feet fast among  
And close Latona's silent breast the joys of godhead touch.  
Such was Dido joyously she bore herself on each  
Amidst them, eager for the work and ordered rule to come,  
Then through the Goddess's door she passed, & midmost met her <sup>hand</sup>  
High raised upon a throne she sat with sceptres hedged about  
And doored and sifted law for men, and fairly sifted out  
And dealt their share of toil to them, or drove the lot ashay.  
Then suddenly ~~it~~ neas seas amidst a concourse wrapped.

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.16: William Morris, Aeneid I.476-509.

- 570 Anthus, Serpens, and the strong Cleanthus draw swift  
And other Teuans whom the whirl-wild, black <sup>water</sup>, ~~black~~  
Had scattered unto other lands afar across the sea.  
Amazed he stood, nor stricken was he dexterous than he  
By joy, by fear: they homed sore hand unto hand to set,  
But doubt of destiny that might be stined in their hearts <sup>yet</sup>,  
So lurking, cloaked in hollow cloud they note what things betide  
Their felaw here, and on what shore the ships they marred may  
And whence they come; for chosen out of all the ships they bear  
Bidding of peace, and crying out thus tempe ward they fore
- 580 But now when they were entered in, and gained the place of  
From placid heart Ilorenus the Elder gan <sup>gash</sup> to seach.  
"O Queen to whom hath Jove here given a city near to raise,  
And with thy justice to draw nigh on men of wilful toays,  
We wretched Trojans, tossed about by winds deroyous man,  
Pray thee for bid it from our ships, the dreadfiul fiery bane  
Spare piere folk and look on us with favouring kindly eyes!  
We are not come with sword to waste the Lycyan families,  
Nor arise adown unto the <sup>shores</sup> the blunder of the strong:  
No such high hearts, such might of mind to vanquished folk  
30 There is a place Hesperia cal'd offspak in days <sup>that are</sup> ~~that are~~  
An ancient land, a fruitful soil, and mighty land in war.  
Anotian folk first telleth the land, whose long <sup>improves with</sup> ~~land~~ <sup>comes</sup>  
Now call it nought but Italy from him who led them on,  
And thitherward our course to asturned,  
When sudden, stormy, tumbling seas Orion rose on us  
And wholly flattend abroad with fierce blasts from the <sup>coastly</sup>  
Drove us, that swept by shallow kind, to Straits with waves  
Bore to they shores we few have turned, & so belate we <sup>were</sup> here.  
What men among men are ye then, what countrys soil may bear  
70 Such savage toays, ye grudge us then the welcome of your land,  
And fall to arms, and fain say was a tide washed <sup>thence</sup> ~~thence~~  
But if menfolk and toerself men ye wholly set at nought  
Yet deem the Gods bear memory still of good & evil wrongs,

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.17: William Morris, Aeneid I.510-543.

Aeneas was the King of us; no sister was there one,  
 No better lover of the Gods, none more in battle thone.  
 And if the fates have saved that man, if earthly air he  
 'Vrneath the cruel deadly shades his fallen body <sup>Arms,</sup>  
 Nought need we fear - nor ye repent to strive in kindly deed  
 With us: we have in Sicily fair cities to reward,  
 50 And fields we have, Aeneas high of Trojan blood is come.  
 Now suffers our shattered ships in haven to bring home,  
 To cut us timber in Mycænæ, and have us oars anew.  
 Then if the Italian cruise to us, if friends & King are due  
 To Italy and Latium then, full mercy wend we on.  
 But if dear father of our folk, hope of my health <sup>be</sup> gone,  
 And thou the Libyan to ales have, nor hope Tulus give,  
 Then the Sicaman shores at least, and seas wherein to lie,  
 Whene bitter cause we, and the King Aeneas let us sit.

So spake he, and the others made as they <sup>the same</sup> <sub>would speak</sub>  
 50 The Dardan folk with murmuring mouth.

But Dido with her head hung down in few words <sup>made</sup>  
 Let fear fall from you, Teucrian men, & beth your care <sup>make</sup>  
 Hard fortune yet constraineth me & has my realm <sup>united</sup>  
 To hold such head, with guard to watch my marches up <sup>and down</sup>  
 Who knowest not Aeneas' folk? who knowest not Troy town?  
 The valour, and the men, and all the flame of rest, a woe?  
 Nay surely nought so dull couldst the soul within us all  
 Not doth the sun from Tyrian bourn so far off <sup>bring back</sup> <sub>have us led</sub>.  
 So whether ye Hesperia great, or Saturnus' acres needs,  
 Or rather unto Egypt turn, and King Psedis' shore,  
 Safe, holpen will I send you forth, & back you with my care.  
 Yea and moreover, have ye will in misery land to bide,  
 This city that I build is yours: here leave your ships to ride:  
 Trojan and Tyrian no two wise at hand I'll meet shall fare.  
 And would indeed the King himself Aeneas with us <sup>were</sup>  
 Driven by that selfsame Southern <sup>you</sup> <sub>bore</sub>: but fare  
 even with these

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.18: William Morris, Aeneid I.544-576.

And bid Num ~~diligently~~ <sup>to</sup> seach through Libya <sup>forward to</sup>  
Leot East anywhere he stray by town or great part.

Father Aneas hereupon high lifted up his heart,  
Nor went Achates less, and both were from the cloud to <sup>the</sup> ~~cloud~~  
And to Aneas first of all the lead Achates spake:  
"O Golden-born, what thought hereof ariseth in thy mind?  
As safe thou seest <sup>to</sup> ~~that~~ ships; they folk fair welcomed doth  
One is away, when we ourselves saw smitten in the <sup>land</sup> Deep,  
But all things else the promised word they neither ~~sacred~~ keep."

Lo, even as he spake the word the cloud that wrapped them cleav'd  
And in the open space of heaven no dusk behind it leaves,  
And here Aneas stood and shone amid the day light clear,  
With face and shoulder of a God: for louchness of hair  
His mother beathed upon her son, and purple light afflamed  
And joyful glory of the eyes: even as in very sooth  
The hand joins ivory goodliness, or when the Parian Stone,  
Or silver with the handicraft of yellow gold is done,  
And therewithal into the Queen doth he begin to speak  
~~smoothed out of anger~~: "Lo I am here the very man ye seek,  
Troy in Aneas, ~~and~~ caught away from Libyan seas of late;  
Thou who alone of toils of Troy hast been compassionate,  
Who takest us the leavings <sup>of</sup> Dardan sword, our worn  
With every hap of earth and sea, of every good follow,  
To city and to house of time: to thank thee <sup>for</sup> thy worth,  
Dile, my might may compass ~~not~~ <sup>gathered poor & the</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>gathered poor & the</sup> task  
The Dardan folk for what thou ~~doest~~ may never give thy  
But if somewhere a god head is the righteous man to heed, <sup>meed</sup>  
If justice is, or any soul to note the right it wrought,  
May the Gods give thee due reward. What joyful ages bring  
This day to birth? what mighty ones gave birth on one to day,  
Now while the rivers Leonard run, and while the shadows stay  
On hollow hills, and while the sole the stars is passing wide,  
Sith shall time honour and thy name, still shall thy fame abide.

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.19: William Morris, *Aeneid* I.577-609.

610 "What land never calleth me."

Therewith his right hand caught  
His few friend Nireus, his left Serestus ~~soe~~ caught,  
And then the others, Eyes strong, Closer than strong in fight.

Sidonian Dido marvelled much, first at the ~~harts~~ he had  
Then marvelled at the harts he had, and so, such word doth  
"O golden-born, what fate is this that ever doth thy way  
With such great perils? What hath yoked thy life to ~~the~~ field  
And art thou ~~that~~ Areas then whom holy Venus bore  
Unto Anchises, Dardan lord, by Phrygian Simois' wave?

20 Who driven from out his fatherland, art seeking new <sup>forr's</sup> sight  
By Belus' help: but Belus' son, my father, over-rode  
Cyprius the rich, and held the same as <sup>say</sup> my conquering lord.  
So from that bale I knew of Troy and bitter fates record,  
I knew of these Pelasgian times - Yea and I knew thy name.  
He then a solemn added praise to well the Teucrian fame,  
And oft was glad to deem himself of ancient Teucers' line.  
So hasten now to enter in health roofs of mine and mine.  
Me too a fortune such as yours, me tossed by many a toil,  
Hath pleased to bid give abiding place at last upon <sup>loc'd</sup> them  
Learned in ill hap, full wise am I in happy men to aid."

Such tale she told, and therewith led to house full kings,  
Aeneas bidding therewithal the Gods with gifts to make  
Nor yet their follows the front upon the sea-beat place,  
But sent them ~~twene~~ a twenty bulls, on hundred breathing  
Often, an hundred fatted lambs, whereof his love more lack,  
And gifts and gladness of the God.  
Meanwhile the gleaming house within with knighly forms  
And in the midmost of the hall a banquet they prepare <sup>to delight</sup>,  
Both laboured o'er with handicraft, and purple broad is there;  
Great is the silver on the board, and carven out of gold  
The mighty deeds of father-folk, a long drawn tale, is told

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.20: William Morris, *Aeneid* I.610-641.

Brought down through many and many a <sup>one</sup> from a hen  
From their mabegs.

Aheas, through whose father's heart unquiet longings ran,  
Sent on the swift Achilles now unto the ships to speed,  
To bear Ascanius all these gifts, & toward him to lead;  
For on Ascanius well beloved was all his fathers thought.  
And knew that gifts good to give from Thymus' regions caught  
He bade him bring: a cope all stiff with golden emery,  
With saffron soft a canthus turn'd a veil made fair to see;  
The figure Helen's braveries, brought from Mycenae erst,  
When she was setting Pergamos and wading alle accursed.  
Her mother Jeda gave her these and marvellous they were:  
A sapphire too heat flint in days gone did bear,  
The eldest she of Priam's maids; a neck chain pearl besown,  
And, doubly wrought with gold and gems a kindly fastin.  
So to the ships, Achilles went these matter forth to sped.

But Clytemnestra in her heart turned over new wrought reply,  
New craft, ~~for~~ how, face and fashion changed, her son to bury  
For sweet Ascanius should come forth, and gift giving <sup>Loft!</sup> ~~should~~  
60 The Queen to mad ness, make her bones like yoke fellowes of flame.  
For so to the doubtful house she dreads, the two tongued Tyrian  
And bitter flame burneth her, and care the night doth waste.  
No therefore to the wood lone ash wood as this the pale  
O Son, my night, my only might, who feared nought at all  
How his he hooke! Tatten's bolts, Typhoeus bone, may fall,  
To thee I flee, and suppliant so thy god heads' power beseech.  
Thy brother, an Ennas, tossed on loamy sea-side beach  
Thou knowst; ~~and~~ all the fashioning of wrongeful Juno's hate  
Thou knowest: oft upon my grief with sorrow wouldst <sup>these wait</sup>  
Him now Phoenician Didohold, and with kind too dauber.  
Delay him there, but unto what Jononian toelcomes grow  
I fear me: will she hold her hand when the huge is lifted?  
Now therefore am I compassio to catch their craft in flight  
To ring the Queen about with flame that her no power  
<sup>(may turn)</sup>

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.21: William Morris, Aeneid I.642-674.

That she may cling to me and love for mine ~~threescore~~ years.  
Now hearken how I counsel thee to bring about the thing:  
The Kingly boy ~~his better~~ calls, my care ~~over~~ above all thing,  
To that Sidonian city now is ready flight to fare,

And gifts, the offerings of the sea and flames of Troy, both  
Whom soothed in sleep forsooth will I in high Cythere abide,  
Or in Idalium's holy place where I am wont to bide,  
Lest anyone the noble should know and thrust ~~him~~ <sup>between</sup> globe

But thou with craft his fashion feign, and with his face be  
Well known of all, for no more space than one night's bearing,  
And so, when Dido's adder power shall take hue up to lie  
Upon her breast twixt queenly board and peat ~~she~~ <sup>was</sup> to wane,  
And then the windmote of her arms and kites sweet shall have  
Then breath the hidden flame in her and forget her wronged <sup>rule</sup>.

His lonesome mother Love obey'd & doffed his wings awhile  
~~lest if us July bright now reviling on his~~  
~~the lonesome mother Love obey'd him doffed his wings awhile~~  
But Venus all Acamus' limbs ~~had~~ in quiet rest did lay,  
And cherished in her golden breast unto Idalian groves  
She beareth him, where the Marjoram still soft about him may  
And breatheth sweet from scented shade and blossomoun ~~air~~  
Love wrought her will, and bearing now those royal gifts ~~fair~~ bare,  
Unto the Tyrians joyous went, even as Achates led.

But when he came into the house, there on her ~~golden~~ bed  
With hangings proud Queen Dido lay a midmost of the place.  
The father then Eneas, then the youth of Trojan race  
There father, and their bodies cast on purple spread abroad.  
Folk drew them water for their hands, and sped the baskets stored  
With Ceres, and the towels soft of close-clipped nap they bear.  
Within were fifty serving maids, whose longarray had Cene  
To furnish forth the meat & drink & feed the house gods ~~hence~~  
An hundred more, and youths both of age and tale the same  
Set on the meat upon the board and lay the cups about.  
And now through that wide joyous door come throning  
<sup>from without</sup>

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.22: William Morris, *Aeneid* I.675-707.

55

The Tyrians, and so bidden, they lie on benches painted fair  
They wonder at Theseus' gifts, and at Julius there,  
10 The flaming countenance of God, and speech so feigned & fine,  
They wonder at the Cape & Neil with that Acavthus town.  
And the fly that unhappy one doomed to the coming ill,  
<sup>Then</sup> the hungry hollow of her heart nor burning eyes may  
With all beholding: gifts and child alike her heart to move.

But he, when he had satisfied his feigned father's love  
And clipp'd Theseus all about, and bound his neck hard by,  
Went to the Queen, who with her eyes and heart about him,  
And whilsts would have him in her breast - poor Didot <sup>longing</sup> known  
What God upon her bosom sat. Whoe'er had in thought  
20 His scidalian Mother's word, and howly did begin  
To end hypothes quite, and with a living love to win  
Her empty soul at last, and heart madd a weary tide.

But when the fearing first was stayed, and boards were set  
Great breakers there ~~were~~ <sup>set</sup> afoot, and straight the wind <sup>rose</sup> ~~went~~  
A bowl full up <sup>within the queen</sup> ~~to the roof~~, great noise <sup>creamed</sup> roll around  
The mighty halls. The candles hang adown from golden <sup>done</sup> roofs  
All lighted, and the torches' flame keeps dusky night aloof.  
And now a heavy bowl of gold and glass the Queen bade bring  
And fill with all unwatered wine, which East used Belus <sup>king</sup> to  
30 And all from Belus come. therewith through the hushed <sup>house</sup> ~~the air~~.

"O Jupiter, they say by thee the greeting laws were made,  
Make known this day to Tyrian folk, and folk lone forth  
A happy day, and may our sons remember ~~this~~ <sup>it</sup> our joy!  
Mirth-pier Bacchus fail thou not from midst our mirth;  
O Juno. and ye Tyrian folk be glad this bond <sup>be bind</sup> to bind!"

She spake, and on the latte poured the glorious wine of wine,  
Then touched the topmost of the bowl with dainty lip & nail,  
And, saying on, to Belus gave: nought slothful to be told

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.23: William Morris, Aeneid I.708-738.

The draught he drained, who bathed himself within the frame  
 Then drank the other lords of hem: long-haired <sup>gold</sup> Tropas then  
 Maketh the golden harp to sing, whom other morte men  
 First taught: he sings the wandering moon and to bring the <sup>lemon</sup>  
 And whence the kind of men and beasts, how rain and fire by,  
 Achurus, the wet Styades, and turn-wrought northern bears.  
 And why so swift the winter eve unto his sea bath fares,  
 And what delays the night so long upon the day lightes hem.  
 Then praise on praise the Tyrians shout, the Trojans follow <sup>them</sup>.

¶ Meanwhile unhappy Dido wore the night tide abit sauk  
 In diverse talk, and evermore long draughts of lace she drak  
 And many a thing of Priam asked, of Hector <sup>many a</sup>  
 With what like arms Aurora's son had come unto the King,  
 What were the steeds of Diomed, how great Achilles was.  
 At last she said:

But come, o guest, tell all that came to ban  
 From earliest tide, <sup>I</sup> the Dardan Craft and how they land  
 And thence our wandering, for as now the <sup>was borne</sup> seas to farre  
 That thru a straying wide away, or earth & sea <sup>were</sup>  
~~hath borne~~

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.24: William Morris, *Aeneid* I.739-756.

Book II.

*Prymne.*

Aeneas talketh to Dido and the Tyrians the story  
of Troys overthrow—

All brackened hushed, and fixed on him was every face of man.  
As from his couch high set aloft Aeneas then began:

"Unutterable grief, O Queen, thou biddest me renew  
The falling of the Trojan weal and woe that all shall now  
Neath Danaan might; which thing myself unhappy did behold,  
Yea and ~~was~~ <sup>no</sup> ~~weakly~~ part thereof. What man might bear it  
Of Dolours of Myrmidons or hard Misses band <sup>(old)</sup>  
And keep the tears back: dovy night now falleth from Heaven  
Of Heaven and all the setting stars are bidding us to sleep:  
But if to know our woe has thy longing so deep,  
If ~~sheathy~~ thou wilt hear a little word of Troy's last agony,  
Though memory shuddereth, and my heart burneth up in <sup>grief</sup> ~~pain~~  
I will begin.

By battle broke, and thrust aback by fate  
Through all the wearing of the years, the Danaan lord <sup>yea</sup>  
And build a horse up mountain huge by Pallas' art divine,  
Fair fashioning the ribs thereof with timbers of the pine,  
And frown it vowed for safe return, and let the flame fly forth.  
Herein by stealth a sort of men chosen for bodies <sup>to</sup> ~~bodies~~ <sup>wait</sup>  
Amid its darkness do they shut the caverns <sup>only</sup> lost  
Deep in the belly of the thing they fill with armed host

In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an island known of all

And rich in wealth before the leathm of Priam had it's fall,  
Which now but a bay and roadstead poor to here <sup>scarce</sup>  
So thither now they sail away in desert place to hide.  
We thought them gone, and that they sought <sup>ships may like</sup> to <sup>land</sup> gene  
Whered the long drawn grief of Troy fell off from every man.

The gates are opened; sore it is the Dorian camp to see,  
The dwellings waste, the shore all void where they to see went.  
Here dwelt the band of Dolops, here was Achilus;  
And this was where their ships were beached, here edge to edge  
Bore full a wonderous arm'd <sup>weare</sup> Mervae's gift of death,  
That baneful mountain of a horse; and first Thymoles' sake  
Twere good in toiles to lead the thing, on top most burro to stan  
Whether such word the fate of Troy or evil reason planned  
I know not: Capys and the rest who better counseil have  
Bid take the fashioned quide of Grays, the doubtful gift they  
To tumble it adown to sea, with piled up fire to burn,  
Or bore the belly of the beast its hidden holes to burn,  
So cloven a town is rede of men abiding there in doubt.

But first before all others now with much folk all about  
Laeson the fiery man runs from the burg adown,  
And shouts from far; "O wretched men, how hath such <sup>madness come</sup>?  
Dost ye the fire have fared away? Dost ye that Damare <sup>lips</sup>  
May ever lack due share of pride? Are these Uppre <sup>Uppre</sup> Tryls?  
How bitter the Achans look within their fashioned tree,  
Or 'tis an eggine wrought with craft bane four to do to be,  
To look into our very homes, and scale the town perforce.  
Some while at least there is abides: Traurians trust not thy <sup>house</sup>  
Shaded is the Danaan folk, yea gift bearing <sup>fair</sup> <sup>house</sup>!"

Thus having said with valiant might he hurled a huge wrath  
Against the belly of the beast scuttled out with rib and <sup>the</sup> <sup>rib</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>face</sup>  
It stood a trembling therewithal; its hollow caverns gave  
From womb all shaken with the stroke a mighty sounding

Roar

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.26: William Morris, Aeneid II.22-53.

And but for God's heart turned from us, for God's sake  
He would have led us on with rest to find the Argive steen,  
And then O Troy were standing now ~~as~~ with Priam's buri-

But to where Dardan Shepherds led with hands behind him  
A young man unto Priams place with hands before him bound,  
Who proudly had thrust himself before their eyes as now  
The work to ~~know~~<sup>crown</sup>, and into Troy an open way to throw  
Unto the Greeks; a steadfast soul, prepared for either end  
Or utterly to work his craft, or into death to bend.  
Eager to see him as he went around the Trojans flock  
On every side, and each with each contred the man to meet  
So now, behold the Danaan exile, and from me wrong they wrangle  
Learn ye what all are like to be.  
For as he stood in front of all, browbeared, weaponless,  
And let his eyes so all around the gazing Phrygian press,  
He spake:

"What land shall have me now? What sea my head,  
That then is left to heed to do that yet I must <sup>call him?</sup>  
To place I have among the Greeks, and Dardan folk in Asia,  
My former are, and bloody end, due soon, upon me call?"

And with that wail our hearts were turned, and somewh<sup>t</sup>  
The press of men: we bade him say from whence his blood was strewed  
And what he did, and if indeed a captive we might trust;  
So thus he spake when now all fear from off his heart was  
<sup>laid</sup> <sup>trust</sup> <sup>thrust</sup>

"What so beside, to thee O King the matter's <sup>Verity</sup>  
will I ~~say~~, not <sup>so far as</sup> yet myself of saying <sup>good</sup> ~~say~~ done.  
This firsty; for if fate indeed Shap'd Sion for all sake  
To make him last and empty fool her worst night not <sup>now</sup>  
Perchance a rumour of men's talk about your ears hath <sup>done</sup>  
Telling of Palamedes fame and glory that he won,  
The Son of Bslus. Traitors' word undid him innocent;  
By my just doom for burning ~~to death~~ <sup>the</sup> Phoenix  
the way of heat he went.

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.27: William Morris, *Aeneid* II.54-84.

Slain by Pelasgian men, that now lie ~~are~~ explore

~~Tessman~~ ~~whose~~ quenched light & ~~the day was made~~ ~~now were~~

Follow to him, and wish a Son. I went unto the ~~war~~

Sent ~~sooth~~ by my father from me earliest ~~year~~

Now while he reigned in health a time fair & blooming mid his

In council of the Kings, I too had ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~now~~ <sup>now</sup> ~~the year~~

But after he had gone his way from ~~Stiles of Upper east~~

Thrust down by Sly ~~Messiah~~ hate, (I tell all men's belief)

Then beaten down I drayed me life through shadowy way,

And heavily I took the death of ~~you~~ & ~~greatest friend~~

~~For help~~ ~~and~~ ~~now~~ ~~in~~ ~~brace~~ ~~of foot~~

A happy tide if I should come to Troye any more,

& victor hem. So with my words I drew down hatred

This was the first flock of my ill, Ulysses ~~now~~ <sup>now</sup> ~~hatred~~ <sup>ever</sup> ~~wore~~

For threaten with a new mind guilt, and scattered far

Dark sayings <sup>knowing nothing</sup> ~~sayings~~ <sup>sought</sup> weapons new ~~with~~

Nor wearied he ~~with~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~Calchas~~ <sup>now</sup> ~~hatred~~ <sup>now</sup>

— But why upturn these ugly things, or spin out trial for wrong?

For if I deem off Greekish men of the same mould are.

It is enough. Come make me end Ulysses hope <sup>wrong at</sup> full rest!

With great price would the Atridae buy such working of <sup>with</sup>

Then verily to know the thing & seal it deep let be burned,

So little in Pelasgian rule & evil were the learners.

He takes his tale up; fluttering voiced from living heart.

The speaker.

The longing to be gone from Troy fell oft upon the Grecs,

And oft they fain had turned ~~back~~ <sup>back</sup> on their way without

I would they had), and oft to them at Troy point to weare

A tempest would forbid the sea, or southern gale would

And chiefly when with maple leaves his horse <sup>Scare</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~the~~

They fashioned, mighty arm of storm did all the heavens put fill.

So held aback, Euryalus the sent to learn the toll

Of Phobus: from the Shrine he brought such heavy tools as

With blood & with a Virgin's teeth did ye the winds array

When first ye came, O Danaan forth unto the plain there.

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.28: William Morris, *Aeneid* II.85-116.

With blood and with an Alpine soul the Gods shall ye adore  
For your return.

"Now when that word men ear had of  
Their hearts stood still, and tremors cold took all their ~~bodies~~<sup>babies</sup>,  
~~that man the falsehood done~~<sup>the death</sup> ~~had~~<sup>would</sup> ~~done~~<sup>done</sup>.  
To whom a wretched fate, what man Apollo could.  
Amidst us then the Thracian drags in with clamour rude  
Calchas he sees and to assist him the Gods' will to declare.  
Of that crafts masters' cruel quite ~~had~~<sup>had</sup> many bade before  
In words, and many ~~it~~<sup>itself</sup> fore saw the coming death.  
~~For twice five days he told his peace and hidden ~~complaints~~~~  
~~To speak the ~~he~~<sup>any man's</sup> ~~death~~<sup>to every person's</sup> ~~complaints~~~~  
To ~~and among~~<sup>and</sup> with us ~~to~~<sup>it</sup> ~~from~~<sup>to</sup> ~~a man to death cast,~~  
Till hardly by Ulysses' noise we driven, at the last  
He brake out with the speech agreed, and me laid the doom,  
All cried asent, and what each man feared on himself might  
Gainst one poor wretched end of days with ready hands they bear.  
Now come the evil day for me the ~~rest~~<sup>rest</sup> to men prepare  
The salted lakes, the hilly strings to do my bones about.  
I needs must say I broke my bonds, from death's house set me  
And night long ~~lately~~<sup>again</sup> ~~hid~~<sup>hid</sup> ~~the~~<sup>the</sup> ~~body~~<sup>body</sup> ~~threw off~~<sup>threw off</sup> ~~my~~<sup>my</sup> ~~marrow~~<sup>marrow</sup> ~~out~~<sup>out</sup>  
Till they should I spread abroad ~~there~~<sup>there</sup> ~~in~~<sup>in</sup> ~~the~~<sup>the</sup> ~~long~~<sup>long</sup> ~~complaints~~<sup>complaints</sup>.  
Never have those to see again my fatherland of old,  
Nor my sweet sons nor further dear ~~friends~~<sup>friends</sup> ~~friends~~<sup>friends</sup> ~~to be well~~<sup>to be well</sup>,  
On whom the guilt of that long flight may happen men will say,  
And with their death for fault of me The Apelles ones shall pay.  
But by the Gods, and by their might, all teeth that knoweth, will  
By all the unstained faith that yet mid mortal men doth live  
It aught is left, I pray you now to pity such distress!  
Pity a heart by trouble tried beyond its worthiness!"

~~His weeping won his~~ <sup>Spes,</sup> ~~tears to give him life~~ <sup>lamento</sup> ~~and honest by law~~ <sup>ad nos</sup> ~~And Priam was the first who bade his~~ <sup>sons</sup> ~~brother to come~~ <sup>to me</sup> ~~And hand-bonds, and in friendly words unto the man he spake.~~  
~~Whoso thou art henceforward now forget thy missing Greeks,~~  
~~And bid them be true ours: but learn one more to faintie laste,~~  
~~Therefore they built this world of stone, what care to men now~~ <sup>could wey</sup>  
~~(begot,~~

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.29: William Morris, *Aeneid* II.117-150.

And what to do? What gift for God; what gift to warlike?

He spoke. The other, wise in guile and Greekish speech here,  
From palms of his from bonds new freed raised upon the earth,  
And, "O eternal fires," cried, O might that none may have  
Bear witness now! ye altars <sup>were</sup> ~~were~~ ye wicked swords I had,  
That I all hallowed Greekish gods may break and do a right,  
That I may hate the men and bring all hidden things to light.  
It ought lie hid, nor am I held by laws my country gave!  
But thou O Troy abide by truth, and will thy sacrifice save,  
If truth I war then, if great things for great I pay thereafter!

"I hope Ned Damacus had all trust ~~in~~ <sup>for</sup> speeding of the war  
On Pallas' aid ~~was set~~ <sup>was set</sup> ~~title~~ <sup>for sake of a day</sup>  
~~new~~ <sup>old</sup> ~~Godless~~ <sup>old</sup> ~~Warder~~ <sup>old</sup> ~~Golden~~ <sup>old</sup> ~~Tidings~~ <sup>old</sup> ~~Ulysses~~ <sup>old</sup> ~~Leapt~~ <sup>old</sup> ~~Warder~~ <sup>old</sup> ~~of all men~~,  
Ulysses, ~~leapt~~ <sup>leapt</sup> the holy place that they by teeth might ~~tear~~ <sup>tear</sup>  
The fate fulfilled Palladium, when the burgards slain,  
They caught the holy image up and ~~held~~ <sup>held</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> bloody hands  
Takes hold upon the Golden knee & touch her holy bands,  
The flood tide of the Danian hope rebuked from that very day;  
Night failed them, and the Golden maid turned all her  
~~portent~~ <sup>portent</sup> whereof Tritonia gave by portent none might doubt.  
Scarce was the image set in camp to her suddenly flashed out  
Fierce fire from steel feet like other and salt tears ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> ~~fall~~ <sup>fall</sup>  
over all her limbs, and she ~~cried~~ <sup>cried</sup> ~~wonderful to tell~~ <sup>wonderful to tell</sup>  
Leapt twice, still holding in her hand ~~the large and quiver~~ <sup>the large and quiver</sup>  
~~Then forth with Calchas~~ <sup>Then with Calchas</sup> ~~from earth~~ <sup>from earth</sup> ~~flight~~ <sup>flight</sup> ~~across the land~~ <sup>across the land</sup>  
~~ringing rings~~ <sup>ringing rings</sup> ~~of Perseus~~ <sup>of Perseus</sup> ~~the tragic?~~ <sup>the tragic?</sup> Not shall lack,  
Till we again in Aspidon ~~the bright~~ <sup>the bright</sup> and ~~return~~ <sup>return</sup> back  
The God that sent in Curved Keel to Perseus <sup>across the maine</sup>  
— So ~~now~~ <sup>now</sup> ~~they~~ <sup>they</sup> have sought their home / Tyre's land, again  
These ~~followed~~ <sup>followed</sup> ~~right~~ <sup>right</sup> times & Gods, and presently intone  
Will be on you across the sea — Calchas such doom declare.  
So warned hereby for Godheads' hurt, in ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Golden Palladium's ~~stone~~ <sup>stone</sup>  
Monument for their heavy guilt this ~~temple~~ <sup>temple</sup> ~~they~~ <sup>they</sup> fashioned.  
But him indeed did Calchas bid to pile so huge and high

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.30: William Morris, Aeneid II.151-185.

With such a night of ~~mis~~<sup>mine</sup> beans, and lead up to the sky  
 Let it within the gates should come, or with the walls & less,  
 Beneath their ancient Pallas, faith the people ~~saf~~ should rest.  
 For if upon Minerva's gift ye lay a godless hand,

Then mighty ruin (and would to God before his face mine  
 That man instead) on Priamus' might, and Phrygian folk ~~fall~~<sup>fall</sup>.  
 But if your hands shall lead it up within the City walls,  
 Then Asia free and willing it to Pelops' house shall come  
 With mighty war; and that same fate our sons shall follow <sup>come</sup>.

Caught by such snare<sup>s</sup> and crafty guile of Simon the forsworn,  
 By lies and lies, and tears forced forth here were we overborne;  
 We, whom Tyndarus might not tame, nor Laristan king,  
 Achilles; nor the thousand ships, and ten years to carrying.

But now another, greater time, a very birth of fear  
 Was thrust before us wretched ones, our thoughts heart<sup>s</sup> to  
~~hospes~~ <sup>hostis</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>to</sup> the galling lot <sup>to</sup> Neptune's price <sup>that</sup> he did  
 Would sacrifice a mighty bull at <sup>the</sup> wounding <sup>stake</sup> <sup>of the</sup> <sup>sea</sup>,  
 Then lo, away from Tenedos across the quiet <sup>of the</sup> <sup>main</sup> <sup>main</sup>  
 (Tremble in the tale) we see huge coils of serpents loom  
 Breasting the sea, and ride by side swift making for the shore,  
 Those first amidst the flood to be stranded, and high their  
 Bloodred above the waves, the rest swept over the sea <sup>destroyed</sup>  
 And all the unmeasured backs of them coil upon coil they lie,  
 While casts the sea <sup>re</sup> <sup>the</sup> foam. And now the  
 The lividst burning eyes of them with blood & fire are flamed,  
 Their quivering tongues play round about the <sup>teeth</sup> <sup>teeth</sup> <sup>teeth</sup> <sup>teeth</sup>  
 Mouths with bristles all full filled are licked by flickering <sup>teeth</sup>  
 Bloodless we flee the bright effulgence so farre to the fixed walls  
 Unto Laocoon; and first each serpent round doth reach  
 One little body of his sons, and <sup>knitting</sup> <sup>knitting</sup> each to each  
 And winding round and round about the <sup>limbs</sup> <sup>limbs</sup> <sup>limbs</sup> <sup>limbs</sup> <sup>limbs</sup> <sup>limbs</sup>  
 And then him selfe as sword in hand anigh for help he drew  
 They sing and bind about in coils most huge, and presently

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.31: William Morris, *Aeneid* II.186-217.

Are folded twice about his midst, twice round his neck they tie  
 Their scaly backs, and hang above with head and toppling <sup>way</sup>  
 While he both triveth with his hands to rend their folds <sup>asunder</sup>,  
 His fillets covered over with blood and venom black & fell,  
 And starward underneath forth withal a cry most horrid,  
 The roaring of a wounded bull who flees the <sup>unholy town</sup> after <sup>the</sup> horn  
 And shaketh from his crest away the axe <sup>unholy town</sup> aimed at him.

Hearing to the voices on high do  
 But those two serpents <sup>more</sup> ~~make~~ away unto the linked part  
 And hard Triton <sup>was</sup> ~~had~~ hatched house <sup>here upthrusting them</sup> ~~there~~ <sup>upthrusting them</sup> ~~up~~  
 And health the Goddess <sup>very</sup> ~~of~~ orb'd the <sup>earth</sup> ~~and~~ health her foot to  
 Then <sup>through</sup> ~~over~~ quaking hearts indeed afresh the terror <sup>close</sup> ~~great~~  
 And all men say Laeron hath paid but <sup>soothed</sup> ~~soothed~~  
 For guilt of his, and hurt of steel upon the holy tree, <sup>lay</sup> ~~to~~  
 When <sup>was</sup> ~~not~~ unhappy wicked spear against the <sup>holy</sup> ~~tree~~  
 They cry to lead the mage on to <sup>the</sup> ~~holy~~ house & <sup>the</sup> ~~deceit~~,  
 And Pallas godhead to adore.  
 We break down our <sup>and</sup> ~~walls~~ <sup>base</sup> ~~base~~ <sup>every town</sup>.  
 All bind themselves unto the work, set wheel for gliding, <sup>are</sup>  
 Procur'd his feet and from his neck the Warping Stream  
 Of hempen bond: up o'er the walls so climbs the fateful thing  
 fruitful of arms, and boughs about and unwe'd maiden  
 The holy songs, and deem it joy hand on the ropes to day.  
 It enters; through the city's midst it winds its evil way.  
 - O land! O Ilium, house of Gods! O glorious walls of war!  
 O Dardan walls! — four times amidst the threshold of our door  
 It stood: four times, to the sound of arms the belly of it <sup>swung</sup>  
 Paul he left, with all <sup>his</sup> ~~maiden~~ <sup>hearts</sup> blind, hand on the ropes weeping  
 Not but amidst the holy burg the monster, feet we saw.  
<sup>And when</sup> Cassandra oped her moseath to let the fateful day  
 Her mouth that by the Gods own doom the <sup>never</sup> ~~tearless~~ <sup>night</sup> ~~tears~~  
 Then on this day that was our last we bear the <sup>night</sup> ~~bough~~  
 Poor wretches! through the town to deck each godhead's <sup>holyspace</sup>

Meanwhile the seasons are faring round, night fallen over  
<sup>ocean's face</sup>.

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.32: William Morris, Aeneid II.218-250.

Snarapping in her mighty shade all earthly things erst,  
And all the guile of Pyramids: silent the Taurian hill  
Through all the town, and Stephen arms over him fruorised  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

And now the Argive host come forth upon its ordered Ships  
From Tenedos, all hushed amid the kind noon; silent ways,  
Serkio the well known strand, when now forth ~~to the~~<sup>near the</sup> Vale  
On the King's deck: and Simon kept by God unequal ~~face~~<sup>featibus</sup>  
For Danaans hidde ~~in the~~<sup>with</sup> womb midoe the piny gate  
In stealthy wise: them now the horse laid open to the air  
Gives forth again, and glad from out the hollow wood they fare;  
Thessandras, Stenelus, the dukes, and dire Ulysses pass  
Slipped down along a hanging rope Thoas and Aramas,  
Pelias Neoptolemus, and Nachon the first,  
And Menelaus and the man who forged the guile accused,  
Epros. Through the city bank in neck and some they break  
Slain are the guards, ~~through the~~<sup>at</sup> open gate their followers may take  
Till all their bands confederate are met at last in one.

It was the time when that first peace of sick men ~~had~~ brown  
By very gift of God o'er all <sup>the</sup> world ~~men~~<sup>to</sup> creep  
When Hector ~~to~~<sup>had</sup> before mine eyes amid the dreams of sleep.  
Most sorrowful to see he was, and weeping blentous flood,  
~~and~~ <sup>had</sup> torn behind the ear, ~~and~~<sup>and</sup> black with dust & blood  
His feet all swollen with the thong that pierced them through & through.  
Woe worth the while for what he was! How changed from him ~~the~~<sup>had</sup>  
The Hector come from out the fight manus, ~~had~~ lost  
The Hector that on Danaan decks the Phrygian fire brantlet  
Foul was his bairn, and all his hair was matted up with gore,  
And on his body were the wounds, the many wounds he bore  
Around his Troy. Issmed in sleep, I weeping ten aske  
To speak unto the hero first in voice of misery:

"O light of Troy, most faithful hope of all the Taurian men,  
what stay hath held thee back so long? from what shore comest  
thou then?

long looked for Hector? That at last so many of us ~~have~~<sup>had away</sup> to leave such tail of ~~men~~<sup>city</sup> and city, ~~as~~<sup>of men</sup> we see they face ~~now~~<sup>to day</sup>. We so forwardied? What hath foul'd in such an ~~soil~~<sup>soil</sup> voice thy cheerful face? What mean these hearts more ~~shone~~<sup>in the eyes</sup>?

Nought: ~~forbade~~, nor my questions hid and I am one moment ~~come to you~~, who from the innermost of his heart a heavy groan'd ~~came to you~~: "O golden-born, flee forth," he said; and snatched these from her. The foeman hath the walls, and Troy is down from top to base. For Priam and for Country now enough. If any had might have kept Perseus, ~~but he know'd not~~ it yet should ~~the~~ her holy things and household Gods Troy's erst charge to thee, Take these as fellows of thy fate: go forth the walls to see, The great walls thou shall build, when thou ~~see~~ hast ~~wandered~~.

He spoke, and from the inner Shrine forth in his hands to me Great Vista, and the Holy bands, and fire that never dies.

Meanwhile the city's tormented woe was wrought in ~~dark~~<sup>dark</sup>, And though my fallen house aback, apart from all, wroste, And hedged about with many trees, clearer and clearer yet. The sounds grew on us, ever storcked the weapons dead ~~dead~~<sup>dead</sup>. I shake off sleep and forthwith climb up aloft and him To topmost roof: with ears pricked up stand to hearken at. At when before the furious south the driven flame doth fall Among the torn: or like as when the hill flood rolls in haste To waste the fields, and acres glad, the oxen's toil to waste, Tearing the headlong ~~ways~~<sup>ways</sup> along, while high upon a tree ~~that wears the~~ the bold ~~stands~~<sup>comes</sup> and hears ~~the~~ the sound ~~come on~~.

Then was their failte made manifest, then Danoangile ~~fall~~<sup>fall</sup>, Drikkibus wide house ~~is~~ now, ~~er~~ stopped by Julian's place Shows forth its fall; Ucagoonis is burning by its side. The narrow seas Sycam guards gleam bitter far and wide. The shout of men arises now, and blaring of the horn,

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.34: William Morris, *Aeneid* II.283-312.

And mad, I catch my weapons up though illly they be borne;  
But burned my heart to gather folk for battle, & ~~set~~ <sup>set</sup> the  
Worn the bury in fellowship; for fury and great woe.  
Thrust on my heart: to die in arms, it seemed a good reward.

~~But to no Panthus need be slipped from me the life Achæan born,~~  
~~Brutus' <sup>He cometh to us, pluck off your hats,</sup> high <sup>high</sup> the sky~~  
To ~~Brutus' <sup>He cometh to us, pluck off your hats,</sup> high~~ <sup>high</sup> the sky  
# He drags, and as a madman runs, to gain over to my set.  
Panthus, how fares it at the worst? what thought I keep myself?  
Scarce had I said, when from his mouth a groan and answer rose,

"Troy's latest day has come on us, & <sup>de</sup>not no struggling tears.  
Time was the Trojans to be; time was and them stand, time won  
And glory of the Teucrian folk! I love biddeth all to pass,  
To Troy <sup>now:</sup> in the blazon <sup>Troy's</sup> town the Damns now achor,  
The horse high set amid the town pours forth a flood of blood,  
And Simon, of the Victor's name, the <sup>able</sup> living home,  
High mocking: by the open gates another set is come.  
# It many thousands are flocked from great Mycenæ <sup>etc.</sup>  
Others with weapons ready fight the narrow ways beset,  
And ban all passage; point and edge are glittering drawn &  
Ready for death: and scarcely now the first few <sup>at</sup> <sup>are</sup> come  
The battle, and blind <sup>grief</sup> of Troy a little while <sup>date</sup> debate."

Spurred by such speech of Othrys' son, and force of godhead gone,  
Mid fire and ~~STEEL~~ I follow on as from Erimy Shows,  
Where call the cries, where calls the shout that even heaven can  
Rhipeus thereunto, and Eryx the mighty under shield <sup>etc.</sup>  
Dymas and Hypanis withal their fellowship <sup>the field;</sup>  
Met by the shore they join my side with young Corobus; he,  
The son of Tydion, set that tide in Troy-town chanced to be;  
Drawn hither by Cassandra's love that turned within his heart  
The unto Pyram Service gave, and helped the Phrygian <sup>bar.</sup>  
Unhappy! that the warming word of his god-maddened love  
He might not hearken in that day.

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.35: William Morris, Aeneid II.313-346.

Now when I see them gathered so to dare the battle, <sup>36</sup>  
Thus I begin: "O followers fair, O hardy hearts in vain!

If now ye long to follow me who dares the utterance—  
And certain end ye see indeed to that wise our master chose.  
The Gods, who in the other days over our lordship mighty made,  
Are gone from altar and from shrine: a town of flames yeah!  
Fall on a very midst the fire and die amidst of war,  
~~One health there is for vanquished men, to cheer hope~~  
~~to cheer hope~~  
~~for healths~~  
~~one~~

Therewith the fury of their minds I fed, and thence away,  
As ravining wolves by night and cloud their baleful lustre bely,  
That bitter sharp is drumming on, the while their whelps at last  
Dry blood await them, so by steel by crowd of foes welcome  
Hath the very death; we hold the city's midmost street  
Black night-tides wings with hollow shade about us going <sup>37</sup>

— Or min and death of that ill night what tongue may set it forth!  
Or who may pay the debt of tears that agony was worth?  
The ancient city overthrown lorn for so many a year,  
The many bodies of the slain, that, moodely, everywhere  
Lie in the street, in houses lie, ~~and lie the round the holiest~~  
Of Gods. But not alone that night the blood of Teucra <sup>38</sup>  
For whiles the valour come again in ~~conqueror~~ <sup>39</sup> hearts to bid  
And conquering Danaans fall & die: grim grief on every side  
And fear on every side there is, and many-faced is death.

Androgous whom a mighty band of Danaans followeth  
First falleth on the road of us, and, deeming us to be  
His fellow-folk, in friendly words he speaketh presently:  
"Haste on, O men! what sloth is this delayeth? So your ways?  
While others hand and haul away in Pergamos abaze;  
What follows, from the lofty ships come ye between now?  
But with his word, no answer had wherein at all to trou,

50

He felt him fallen amid his foes, and taken in the snare;  
Then foot and voice aback he drew, and stood amazed there:  
As one who through the thicket creast, and marvored at to see  
Upon a snake, and starts aback with sudden rush of dread  
From out the nose of the thing, and swelling neck of blue;  
So, quaking at the sight of us, Androgeus backward drew.  
But we fell on with snared arms and round their road we crowded,  
And smote them, howling wrought the place, & with all terror covered  
~~aynt the brayg the grympe was~~  
But so deep ~~calme~~ <sup>calme</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> a break on our first handy drift.

But with a good hap and hard hood Coroebus' spirit laughed;  
"Come fellows, follow up," he cries, "the way that Fortune shuns  
This first of times, and where belike a little hind she grows.  
Charge to our shields, and do on us the ~~blows~~ <sup>blows</sup> of the Greeks,  
Whether with fraud or force he play what man of bairns lets,  
Yea these themselves shall give us arms."

~~He shake & took alarum~~

Androgeus high-crested helm and shield sublazored fair,  
And did it on, and strove sword he girt unto his thigh,  
So Rhipeus did, and Dymas did, & all did joyously  
And each man wholly armed himself with plunder neath yon.  
Then mingled with the Greeks to fare, and no God keeps noon,  
And many a battle here we join and the eyeless night,  
And many a Danaan bold adourn to drew from the light.  
And some fled ~~down~~ <sup>down</sup> into the ships, come to the safe sea shore,  
Or smitten with the coward's dread climbed the great horse <sup>(one)</sup> ~~one~~  
And here they're all close within the well known comb of wood.

Alas, what skills it man to trust in Gods compassed to goad,  
For lo, Cassandra Priam's maid with hair cast about  
From Pallas' house and innermost of holy place dragged out  
And straining with her burning eyes in vain to heaven aloft.  
Her eyes, for they in bonds had bound her tender palms & kept  
Would bore Coroebus' maddened mind to see that show go by,  
And in the middle of their rout he flung himself to die

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.37: William Morris, *Aeneid* II.377-408.

And all are fallen and fallen on with points together set.

210 And first from that high temple to great overthrow were  
From weapons of our friends, and thence doth hapless death  
From errors of the Greekish crests and armours Greekish <sup>error</sup>  
Then crying out for taken mead, fulfilled Mars with wrath  
The gathered Greeks fall in ones; comes kearest Ajax forth;  
The sons of Atreus, all the host of Dolons are there:

As whiles, the knit whirl broken up, the winds together bear  
And strive the West wind and the South, the East wind glad & free  
With Eastland Steele; sore groan the woods & Nereus stirs the sea  
From lowest deeps; and Trident shakes, and foam out on the land.

220 They <sup>too</sup> to whom by night and cloud creatures <sup>lions</sup> we gave,  
~~through craft of men, and dangers about them half the town had to do,~~  
Know shod themselves, and know our shields & weapons <sup>come</sup> to us  
The first of all; our mouths immixt for Greekish speech they  
Then over us sweeps the multitude; and first Corin busily  
~~in fight~~ before the <sup>in fight</sup> laid to be over all ~~parties~~  
~~Prusias' house~~; all Rhipeas there, the head full of right  
Of all among the Teucrian folk, the justest man of men;  
The Gods deemed otherwise. Dymas & Hypanis ~~had these~~  
Shot through by friends, and not a whit availed to cover the  
230 Panther, thine Apollos bands or plenteous pity.

240 Also of Ilium, ye last flames to here my beloved ones burned,  
Bear witness mid your overthrow my face was never turned  
From Danaen steel and Danaan deed! if fate had willed it  
That I should fall, I earned my wage.

Born hence away he

Pelias & Iphitus and I; but Iphitus was spent  
By old, and by Ulysses' hurt half halftwo Relais to sat.  
So unto Prusias' house too come called by the clamour  
There such a mighty battle was as though none otherwhere  
Yet burned: as though no others fell in all the town beside.

250 There all mordred Mars to saw, the Danaans driving wide  
Against the house, with shield-roof's rush tufts over them  
The ladders clinging to the walls, men by the doorposts get  
Some foothold up; with shielded lefts they meet the weapons  
*L. 2000*

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.38: William Morris, *Aeneid* II.409-443.

While on the battlements above ~~the~~ night a ~~the~~ they com  
 The Dardans on the other side pluck roof & bimble  
 From off the house, with such like that now, now, be holding, all  
 The said arish, all death at hand, make ready ~~for~~ to play.  
 And oiled tennis, the pomp and joy offalter, bared ~~at~~ off  
 They roll adown, and other some with ~~bare~~ <sup>prated</sup> feet went & do  
 50 The nether doorways of the place in close arrayment hedge.  
 Blamed up our hearts again to aid this palace of a king  
 To sted their tel, & vanquished men a little help to bring.

A door there was, a secret pass into the common way  
 Of all King Priam's house there, that at the backward lay,  
 So one ~~said~~ <sup>said</sup> on: ~~that~~ <sup>in</sup> that day, while yet the lordship too  
 Harless Andromache thereby into ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> world pass  
 Alone, or leading to the king Hespanax her boy.  
 And there by now I gain the tower whence hapless men of Troy  
 In helpless wise from out their hands took cast darts alow,  
 60 There was a tower, a sheer light down, builded from hicles  
 Up toward the stars; whence we were sent on trave to take down  
 And hence away the Dardan ships, the Achæan tented town.  
 Against the highest stage hereof the steel about we bear  
 Just where the joints do somewhat give: this from its roots we  
 And have it up and over to all, ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> last ~~time~~  
 Break and ruin, and wide away the Dardan ~~rank~~ <sup>rank</sup> and  
 Break its tall: but now come on: nor cast of stone stoneth set  
 Not ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> the end of weapon shot at say while grow & slant.

Lo Perithous in the very porch <sup>forty</sup> to the door doth pass  
 To gaiting, bright with glittering points and flashing of the brass:  
 So as a snake to daylight come on soil herbage fed  
 Who swollen, neath the sully soil he th had his toil to be?  
 And now his ancient armour ~~off~~ <sup>off</sup> and neck with ~~out~~ <sup>recompt</sup>  
 With front upraised his shaggy back he coilete <sup>be</sup> the crown  
 As reach the arm, his breecleft tongue within his mouth gleams <sup>her</sup>  
 And with him ~~the~~ Perithous the huge, Achilles Charister

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.39: William Morris, *Aeneid* II.444-476.

The shield bearer Automedon) and all the Scyrian host  
 Cured on the walls and on the roof the blinding firebrands hot.  
 Pyrrhus in front of them all catches a mighty bill,  
 180 Batters in the hardened door, and bars his force from hinged side  
 The brassy broad leaves; a stream beats through wide cracks the  
 Into a great mouthed window-hole, and through the ~~wide~~ <sup>great</sup> ~~bold~~ <sup>bold</sup> fire  
~~may men inside~~ <sup>inset</sup> of the house, ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> long halls open lie,  
 Presently the ~~inner~~ <sup>inner</sup> of the house, ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> place of times gone by  
 Burned is the heart of Priam's ~~house~~ <sup>house</sup> the place of times gone by  
 And close against his very door all armed men they see.

That inner house indeed was mazed with wail & misery  
 The innermost chambers of the place an echoing hubbub held  
 Of women's cries, whose clamour smites the ear of man & horse,  
 And through the house so mighty, great the fearful noise & tray,  
 And wind their arms about the doors, and kiss on them lay.

But Pyrrhus with his lather's might comeson; no bolt to avail,  
 No man against the might of him; the door all battered fails,  
 The door leaves torn from off of knoe turne & lie a loath.  
 Night maketh road; through brave forced the entering ~~Danes~~  
 And slay the first and fill the place with armours ~~their~~ <sup>of</sup> pack.  
 Nay wrought so great is foaming flood that through its bursten  
 Breaks forth, and conquereth the moles that gird it <sup>the</sup> banks <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~  
 And falls a fierce leap, on the plain & over all the land,  
 Drags off the herds & herd houses.

There saw Pyrrhus <sup>wile</sup>  
 20 With deathly men, amidst the door, and either ~~Priam~~ <sup>Priam</sup> child;  
 And Hecuba and hundred wives her sons ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> See I there  
 And Priam foaming with his blood the Myrmidons fair  
 Those fires he hallored: fifty beds the hope of ~~house~~ <sup>house</sup> to be.  
 The doors broad witht cuttied gold & wrought brawery  
 Went into ash; where fire hath failed the ~~Danaes~~ <sup>are</sup> <sub>burnt</sub>.

Belike what fate in Priam fell now as last me to know:  
 For when he saw the city lost and his own house down <sup>burnt</sup>

Huntington Library MS., HM6439, f.40: William Morris, *Aeneid* II.477-507.

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