

21ST LATIN SUMMER SCHOOL

19th-23rd JANUARY 2015 Education Building, University of Sydney

LEVEL 4.Y

Vergil Eclogues

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Vergil is best known for his epic *Aeneid*. His *Eclogues* are an earlier work (?42-37BCE), much less well-known, and in a quite different genre. *Eclogae* means 'selections' or 'drafts'; this is a collection of 10 short, varied vignettes. The alternate ancient title, *Bucolica*, points to their unifying theme: the pastoral world.

To understand Vergil's *Eclogues*, we must understand something of the *Greek* tradition of pastoral poetry. Theocritus (3rd c BCE) is credited with 'inventing' the genre. His *Idylls* include a number of poems featuring shepherds singing while they tend their flocks. On the surface, these poems offer simple, nostalgic portraits of a world far removed from the urbane environment of Hellenistic Alexandria. In fact, this simplicity is deceptive: these are refined, allusive, often witty compositions. They promote a new, small-scale poetic aesthetic, quite different from that of epic. The songs of shepherds, then, are a vehicle for talking about many other things.

Vergil's *Eclogues* are the best extant example of Latin pastoral. Vergil is continually harking back to his Hellenistic predecessor: he invokes Theocritus' idealised pastoral universe by using characters with the same names, singing about similar things. Some of the *Eclogues* (e.g. 3) overtly rework particular *Idylls*. But others use the pastoral framework in quite new, and distinctively Roman, ways. As with the *Aeneid*, we can see that the realities of contemporary Rome are never far from Vergil's mind.

Over the week, we will read five *Eclogues*, selected to display the diversity of pastoral. We will see how Vergil takes up an established Greek genre and bends it to his own needs. We will see that, as with Greek pastoral, poems ostensibly about lovelorn shepherds tending goats are in fact excuses to talk about everything under the sun.

To prepare for this course:

The *Eclogues* contain some quite unusual vocabulary and mythological allusions; you will need to consult a good commentary as part of your preparations:

Colman, R. (ed.) *Vergil, Eclogues*. CUP: 1977.

Williams, R.D. (ed.) *Virgil, The Eclogues and Georgics*. Bristol Classical Press: 1996

You should also read Theocritus' *Idylls* 1, 4, 5, and 11 in translation. These were among the most famous passages of Greek pastoral poetry, and were a model for Vergil.

Secondary reading:

There is a good overview of the Greco-Roman pastoral genre in:

Allan, W. *Classical literature: a very short introduction*. OUP: 2014.

More substantial essays can be found in:

Volk, K. (ed.) *Vergil's Eclogues*. OUP: 2008.

I look forward to seeing you all in January for a week of Latin, and goats. If you need to contact me, email is best: greta.hawes@anu.edu.au

Readings

NB. Lines in smaller type, accompanied by translations (C. Day Lewis) will not be read in class, but are included for completeness.

Monday

Eclogue 1:

Meliboeus:

Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi
silvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena:
nos patriae finis et dulcia linquimus arva.
nos patriam fugimus: tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra
formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas. 5

Tityrus:

O Meliboee, deus nobis haec otia fecit.
namque erit ille mihi semper deus, illius aram
saepe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.
ille meas errare boves, ut cernis, et ipsum
ludere quae vellem calamo permisit agresti. 10

Meliboeus:

Non equidem invideo; miror magis; undique totis
usque adeo turbatur agris. en, ipse capellas
protinus aeger ago; hanc etiam vix, Tityre, duco.
hic inter densas corylos modo namque gemellos,
spem gregis, a! silice in nuda conixa reliquit. 15
saepe malum hoc nobis, si mens non laeva fuisset,
de caelo tactas memini praedicere quercus.
sed tamen, iste deus qui sit, da, Tityre, nobis.

Tityrus:

Vrbem, quam dicunt Romam, Meliboee, putavi
stultus ego huic nostrae similem, quo saepe solemus 20
pastores ovium teneros depellere fetus.
sic canibus catulos similes, sic matribus haedos
noram, sic parvis componere magna solebam.
verum haec tantum alias inter caput extulit urbes
quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi. 25

Meliboeus:

Et quae tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi?

Tityrus:

Libertas, quae sera tamen respexit inertem,
candidior postquam tondenti barba cadebat,
respexit tamen et longo post tempore venit,

postquam nos Amaryllis habet, Galatea reliquit. 30
namque, fatebor enim, dum me Galatea tenebat,
nec spes libertatis erat, nec cura peculi.
quamvis multa meis exiret victima saeptis,
pinguis et ingratae premeretur caseus urbi,
non umquam gravis aere domum mihi dextra redibat. 35

Meliboeus:

Mirabar, quid maesta deos, Amarylli, vocares,
cui pendere sua patereris in arbore poma;
Tityrus hinc aberat. ipsae te, Tityre, pinus,
ipsi te fontes, ipsa haec arbusta vocabant.

Tityrus:

Quid facerem? neque servitio me exire licebat 40
nec tam praesentis alibi cognoscere divos.
hic illum vidi iuvenem, Meliboe, quotannis
bis senos cui nostra dies altaria fumant;
hic mihi responsum primus dedit ille petenti:
‘pascite, ut ante boves, pueri, submitte tauros.’ 45

Meliboeus:

Fortunate senex, ergo tua rura manebunt,
et tibi magna satis, quamvis lapis omnia nudus
limosoque palus obducatur pascua iunco: 50
Non insueta gravis temptabunt pabula fetas,
nec mala vicini pecoris contagia laedent.
Fortunate senex, hic, inter flumina nota
et fontis sacros, frigus captabis opacum.
hinc tibi quae semper vicino ab limite, saepes
Hyblaeis apibus florem depasta salicti
saepe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro: 55
hinc alta sub rupe canet frondator ad auras;
nec tamen interea raucae, tua cura, palumbes,
nec gemere aerea cessabit turtur ab ulmo.

Fortunate old man! so your acres will be yours still.
They're broad enough for you. Never mind if it's stony soil
Or the marsh films over your pastureland with mud and rushes.
At least no queer vegetation will tempt your breeding ewes,
And there's no risk of their catching disease from a neighbour's flock.
Ah, fortunate old man, here among hallowed springs
And familiar streams you'll enjoy the long-ed for shade, the cool shade
Here, as of old, where your neighbour's land marches with yours,
The sally hedge, with bees of Hybla sipping its blossom,
Shall often hum you gently to sleep. On the other side
Vine-dressers will sing to the breezes at the crag's foot;
And all the time your favourites, the husky-voiced wood pigeons
Shall coo away, and turtle doves make moan in the elm tops.

Tityrus:

Ante leves ergo pascentur in aethere cervi,
et freta destituent nudos in litore piscis, 60
ante pererratis amborum finibus exsul
aut Ararim Parthus bibet, aut Germania Tigrim,
quam nostro illius labatur pectore voltus.

Sooner shall lightfoot stags go grazing on this air,
Or the sea contract, leaving its fishes high and dry;
Sooner the Germans and the Parthians, migrating
Across each other's frontiers, drink of each other's broad
Rivers, than I'll forget the look that young prince gave me.

Meliboeus:

At nos hinc alii sitientis ibimus Afros,
pars Scythiam et rapidum cretae veniemus Oaxen 65
et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.
en umquam patrios longo post tempore finis,
pauperis et tuguri congestum caespite culmen,
post aliquot, mea regna, videns mirabor aristas?
impius haec tam culta novalia miles habebit, 70

barbarus has segetes? en, quo discordia civis
 produxit miseros: his nos consevimus agros!
 insere nunc, Meliboee, puros, pone ordine vitis.
 ite meae, quondam felix pecus, ite capellae.
 non ego vos posthac, viridi proiectus in antro, 75
 dumosa pendere procul de rupe videbo;
 carmina nulla canam; non me pascente, capellae,
 florentem cytisum et salices carpetis amaras.

Tityrus

Hic tamen hanc mecum poteras requiescere noctem	80	Yet surely you could rest with me tonight and sleep
fronde super viridi: sunt nobis mitia poma,		On a bed of green leaves here? You're welcome to taste my mellow
castaneae molles et pressi copia lactis,		Apples, my floury chestnuts, my ample stock of cheese.
et iam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,		Look over there – smoke rises already from the rooftops
maioresque cadunt altis de montibus umbrae.		And longer fall the shadows cast by the mountain heights.

Tuesday

Eclogue 3:

Menalcas

Dic mihi, Damoeta, cuium pecus, an Meliboei?

Damoetas

Non, verum Aegonis; nuper mihi tradidit Aegon.

Menalcas

Infelix o semper, oves, pecus! ipse Neaeram dum fovet, ac ne me sibi praeferat illa veretur, hic alienus ovis custos bis mulget in hora, et sucus pecori et lac subducitur agnis.	5
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Damoetas

Parcius ista viris tamen obicienda memento.
novimus et qui te transversa tuentibus hircis,
et quo—sed faciles Nymphae risere—sacello.

Menalcas

Tum, credo, cum me arbustum videre Miconis atque mala vitis incidere falce novellas.	10
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Damoetas

Aut hic ad veteres fagos cum Daphnidis arcum fregisti et calamos: quae tu, perverse Menalca, et cum vidisti puero donata, dolebas, et si non aliqua nocuisses, mortuus esses.	15
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Menalcas
Quid domini faciant, audent cum talia fures?
non ego te vidi Damonis, pessime, caprum
excipere insidiis, multum latrante Lycisca?
et cum clamarem: 'Quo nunc se proripit ille?
Tityre, coge pecus,' tu post carecta latebas. 20

Damoetas
An mihi cantando victus non redderet ille,
quem mea carminibus meruisset fistula caprum?
Si nescis, meus ille caper fuit; et mihi Damon
ipse fatebatur, sed reddere posse negabat.

Menalcas
Cantando tu illum? aut umquam tibi fistula cera 25
iuncta fuit? Non tu in triviis, indocte, solebas
stridenti miserum stipula disperdere carmen?

Damoetas
Vis ergo inter nos quid possit uterque vicissim
experiamur?

Menalcas and Damoetas settle on a prize for the winner in their singing competition, and appoint Palaemon as judge

Damoetas
Ab Iove principium, Musae: Iovis omnia plena; 60
ille colit terras, illi mea carmina curae.

Menalcas
Et me Phoebus amat; Phoebos sua semper apud me
munera sunt, lauri et suave rubens hyacinthus.

Damoetas
Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,
et fugit ad salices, et se cupit ante videri. 65

Menalcas
At mihi sese offert ultro, meus ignis, Amyntas,
notior ut iam sit canibus non Delia nostris.

Damoetas
Parta meae Veneri sunt munera: namque notavi
ipse locum, aeriae quo congressere palumbes.

Menalcas
Quod potui, puero silvestri ex arbore lecta 70
aurea mala decem misi; cras altera mittam.

Damoetas

O quotiens et quae nobis Galatea locuta est!
partem aliquam, venti, divum referatis ad auris!

The singing competition ends, and Palaemon must decide a winner:

Palaemon

Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites.
Et vitula tu dignus, et hic, et quisquis amores
aut metuet dulcis, aut experietur amaros. 110
claudite iam rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt.

Wednesday:

Eclogue 4:

Sicelides Musae, paulo maiora canamus!
non omnis arbusta iuvant humilesque myricae;
si canimus silvas, silvae sint consule dignae.

Vltima Cumaei venit iam carminis aetas;
magnus ab integro saeculorum nascitur ordo. 5
iam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,
iam nova progenies caelo demittitur alto.
tu modo nascenti puero, quo ferrea primum
desinet ac toto surget gens aurea mundo,
casta fave Lucina: tuus iam regnat Apollo. 10
teque adeo decus hoc aevi, te consule, inibit,
Pollio, et incipient magni procedere menses;
te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
inrita perpetua solvent formidine terras.
ille deum vitam accipiet, divisque videbit 15
permixtos heroas, et ipse videbitur illis,
pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu
errantis hederas passim cum baccare tellus
mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho. 20
ipsae lacte domum referent distenta capellae
ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones;
ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.
occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
occidet; Assyrium vulgo nascetur amomum. 25
at simul heroum laudes et facta parentis

iam legere et quae sit poteris cognoscere virtus,
molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,
incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
et durae quercus sudabunt roscida mella 30
pauca tamen suberunt priscae vestigia fraudis,
quae temptare Thetim ratibus, quae cingere muris
oppida, quae iubeant telluri infindere sulcos.
alter erit tum Tiphys, et altera quae vehat Argo
delectos heroas; erunt etiam altera bella 35
atque iterum ad Troiam magnus mittetur Achilles.
hinc, ubi iam firmata virum te fecerit aetas,
cedet et ipse mari vector, nec nautica pinus
mutabit merces: omnis feret omnia tellus.
non rastros patietur humus, non vinea falcem; 40
robustus quoque iam tauris iuga solvet arator;
nec varios discet mentiri lana colores,
ipse sed in pratis aries iam suave rubenti
murice, iam croceo mutabit vellera luto;
sponte sua sandyx pascentis vestiet agnos. 45

'Talia saecla' suis dixerunt 'currite' fusis
concordes stabili fatorum numine Parcae.

Adgredere o magnos (aderit iam tempus) honores,
cara deum suboles, magnum Iovis incrementum!
aspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum, 50
terrasque tractusque maris caelumque profundum;
aspice venturo laetentur ut omnia saeclo!
o mihi tam longae maneat pars ultima vitae,
spiritus et quantum sat erit tua dicere facta!
non me carminibus vincat nec Thracius Orpheus, 55
nec Linus, huic mater quamvis atque huic pater adsit,
Orphei Calliopea, Lino formosus Apollo.
Pan etiam, Arcadia mecum si iudice certet,
Pan etiam Arcadia dicat se iudice victum.

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem 60
(matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses)
incipere, parve puer: qui non risere parenti,
nec deus hunc mensa, dea nec dignata cubili est.

Thursday:

Eclogue 6

Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu,
nostra nec erubuit silvas habitare Thalea.
cum canerem reges et proelia, Cynthius aurem
vellit, et admonuit: 'pastorem, Tityre, pinguis
pascere oportet ovis, deductum dicere carmen.' 5
nunc ego (namque super tibi erunt, qui dicere laudes,
Vare, tuas cupiant, et tristia condere bella)
agrestem tenui meditabor harundine Musam.
Non iniussa cano. si quis tamen haec quoque, si quis
captus amore leget, te nostrae, Vare, myricae, 10
te nemus omne canet; nec Phoebo gratior ulla est
quam sibi quae Vari praescipsit pagina nomen.

Pergite, Pierides!

Chromis et Mnasyllus in antro
Silenum pueri somno videre iacentem,
inflatum hesterno venas, ut semper, Iaccho; 15
serta procul tantum capiti delapsa iacebant,
et gravis attrita pendebat cantharus ansa.
adgressi (nam saepe senex spe carminis ambo
luserat) iniciunt ipsis ex vincula sertis.
addit se sociam, timidisque supervenit Aegle, 20
Aegle Naiadum pulcherrima, iamque videnti
sanguineis frontem moris et tempora pingit.
ille dolum ridens, 'quo vincula nectitis?' inquit;
'solvite me, pueri; satis est potuisse videri.
carmina, quae vultis, cognoscite; carmina vobis, 25
huic aliud mercedis erit.' simul incipit ipse.
tum vero in numerum Faunosque ferasque videres
ludere, tum rigidas motare cacumina quercus;
nec tantum Phoebo gaudet Parnasia rupes,
nec tantum Rhodope miratur et Ismarus Orphea. 30

Two boys, called Chromis and Mnasyllus,
Came upon old Silenus lying asleep in a cave,
His veins – as usual – swollen thick with yesterday's drinking:
The garlands had slid from his head to the floor, and a weighty wine-jar
Dangled from the fingers that had worn its handle thin.
Creeping close – for Silenus had often teased them both
With the hope of a song – they tied him up in his own garlands.
Then, as they shrank at their daring, Aegle, fairest of all
The Naiads, joined in and led them on, rougeing his brow
And temples with mulberry juice. But his eyes by now were open.
He smiled at their trick. 'Fetters?' he said, 'why fetter me?
You've shown you can capture me. Enough. Now let me loose, lads.
I'll sing to you, as you want: the song is for you – a different
Treat is in store for Aegle.' Straight off, he began singing.
You could have seen the fawns and every wild thing caper
In time to his music then, and the stiff oaks bow their heads –
Truly you could. Apollo gives not such joy in Parnassus.
Ismarus nor Rhodope are so enchanted by Orpheus.

Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane coacta
semina terrarumque animaeque marisque fuissent,
et liquidi simul ignis; ut his exordia primis
omnia et ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis; 35
tum durare solum et discludere Nerea ponto
coeperit et rerum paulatim sumere formas;
iamque novum terrae stupeant lucescere solem
altius, atque cadant submotis nubibus imbres,
incipiant silvae cum primum surgere, cumque
rara per ignaros errent animalia montis. 40
hinc lapides Pyrrhae iactos, Saturnia regna,
Caucasiasque refert volucris, furtumque Promethei.
his adiungit, Hylan nautae quo fonte relictum

clamassent, ut litus 'Hyla, Hyla!' omne sonaret;
 et fortunatam, si numquam armenta fuissent, 45
 Pasiphaen nivei solatur amore iuvenci.
 a, virgo infelix, quae te dementia cepit!
 Proetides inplerunt falsis mugitibus agros,
 at non tam turpis pecudum tamen ulla secuta est
 concubitus, quamvis collo timuisset aratrum 50
 et saepe in levi quaesisset cornua fronte.
 a, virgo infelix, tu nunc in montibus erras:
 ille latus niveum molli fultus hyacintho
 ilice sub nigra pallentis ruminat herbas
 aut aliquam in magno sequitur grege. 'claudite, Nymphae, 55
 Dictaeae Nymphae, nemorum iam claudite saltus,
 si qua forte ferant oculis sese obvia nostris
 errabunda bovis vestigia; forsitan illum
 aut herba captum viridi aut armenta secutum
 perducant aliquae stabula ad Gortynia vaccae.' 60
 tum canit Hesperidum miratam mala puellam;
 tum Phaethontidas musco circumdat amarae
 corticis atque solo proceras erigit alnos.
 tum canit, errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum
 Aonas in montis ut duxerit una sororum, 65
 utque viro Phoebi chorus adsurrexerit omnis;
 ut Linus haec illi, divino carmine pastor
 floribus atque apio crinis ornatus amaro,
 dixerit: 'hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musae,
 Ascraeo quos ante seni, quibus ille solebat 70
 cantando rigidas deducere montibus ornos.
 his tibi Grynei nemoris dicatur origo,
 ne quis sit lucus, quo se plus iactet Apollo.'

Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, quam fama secuta est
 candida succinctam latrantibus inguina monstris 75
 Dulichias vexasse rates, et gurgite in alto,
 a, timidos nautas canibus lacerasse marinis;
 aut ut mutatos Terei narraverit artus,
 quas illi Philomela dapes, quae dona pararit,
 quo cursu deserta petiverit, et quibus ante 80
 infelix sua tecta super volitaverit alis?

Omnia, quae Phoebus quondam meditante beatus
 audiit Eurotas, iussitque ediscere lauros,
 ille canit (pulsae referunt ad sidera valles),
 cogere donec ovis stabulis numerumque referri 85
 iussit, et invito processit Vesper Olympo.

All the songs of old time his favoured river, Eurotas,
 Heard Apollo compose and made its laurels learn,
 Silenus sang. The valleys caught this music and tossed it
 Skywards. At last the Evening Star, unwelcome, rose
 In heaven, bidding the boys drive home their sheep and count them.

Friday

Eclogue 10

Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem:
pauca meo Gallo, sed quae legat ipsa Lycoris,
carmina sunt dicenda; neget quis carmina Gallo?
sic tibi, cum fluctus subterlabere Sicanos,
Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam. 5
incipere; sollicitos Galli dicamus amores,
dum tenera attendent simae virgulta capellae.
non canimus surdis; respondent omnia silvae.

One task, my last, I pray you to favour me in, Arethusa –
A little poem for Gallus, my friend: no one could grudge him
A poem; and may it be read by Lycoris too, his love.
Arethusa, when you stream beneath the Sicilian waters,
I wish your purity be not sullied with bitter brine:
And so I begin. While snub-nosed she-goats browse upon
Soft shoots I'll tell of Gallus and the anguish of his heart.
Not to deaf ears I sing, for the woods echo my singing.

Quae nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellae
Naides, indigno cum Gallus amore peribat? 10
nam neque Parnasi vobis iuga, nam neque Pindi
ulla moram fecere, neque Aoniae Aganippe.
illum etiam lauri, etiam flevere myricae.
pinifer illum etiam sola sub rupe iacentem
Maenalus, et gelidi fleverunt saxa Lycaei. 15
stant et oves circum; nostri nec paenitet illas,
nec te poeniteat pecoris, divine poeta:
et formosus ovis ad flumina pavit Adonis.
venit et upilio, tardi venere subulci,
uvidus hiberna venit de glande Menalcas. 20
omnes 'unde amor iste' rogant 'tibi?' venit Apollo:
'Galle, quid insanis?' inquit; 'tua cura Lycoris
perque nives alium perque horrida castra secuta est.'
venit et agresti capitis Silvanus honore,
florentis ferulas et grandia lilia quassans. 25
Pan deus Arcadiae venit, quem vidimus ipsi
sanguineis ebuli bacis minioque rubentem.
'ecquis erit modus?' inquit; 'Amor non talia curat,
nec lacrimis crudelis Amor, nec gramina rivis,
nec cytiso saturantur apes, nec fronde capellae.' 30
tristis at ille 'tamen cantabitis, Arcades,' inquit
'montibus haec vestris, soli cantare periti
Arcades. o mihi tum quam molliter ossa quiescant,
vestra meos olim si fistula dicat amores!
atque utinam ex vobis unus, vestrique fuissem 35
aut custos gregis, aut maturae vinitor uvae!
certe sive mihi Phyllis sive esset Amyntas,
seu quicumque furor (quid tum, si fuscus Amyntas?
et nigrae violae sunt et vaccinia nigra),
mecum inter salices lenta sub vite iaceret; 40
serta mihi Phyllis legeret, cantaret Amyntas.
Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,
hic nemus; hic ipso tecum consumerer aevo.
nunc insanus amor duri me Martis in armis
tela inter media atque adversos detinet hostis. 45

tu procul a patria (nec sit mihi credere tantum)
 Alpinas, a! dura, nives et frigora Rheni
 me sine sola vides. a, te ne frigora laedant!
 a, tibi ne teneras glacies secet aspera plantas!
 ibo, et, Chalcidico quae sunt mihi condita versu 50
 carmina, pastoris Siculi modulabor avena.
 certum est in silvis, inter spelaea ferarum
 malle pati, tenerisque meos incidere amores
 arboribus: crescent illae, crescetis, amores.
 interea mixtis lustrabo Maenala nymphis, 55
 aut acris venabor apros: non me ulla vetabunt
 frigora Parthenios canibus circumdare saltus.
 iam mihi per rupes videor lucosque sonantis
 ire; libet Partho torquere Cydonia cornu
 spicula—tamquam haec sit nostri medicina furoris, 60
 aut deus ille malis hominum mitescere discat.
 iam neque Hamadryades rursus nec carmina nobis
 ipsa placent; ipsae rursus concedite silvae.
 non illum nostri possunt mutare labores,
 nec si frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus, 65
 Sithoniasque nives hiemis subeamus aquosae,
 nec si, cum moriens alta liber aret in ulmo,
 Aethiopum versemus ovis sub sidere Cancri.
 omnia vincit Amor; et nos cedamus Amori.'

Haec sat erit, divae, vestrum cecinisse poetam, 70
 dum sedet et gracili fiscellam texit hibisco,
 Pierides: vos haec facietis maxima Gallo,
 Gallo, cuius amor tantum mihi crescit in horas,
 quantum vere novo viridis se subicit alnus.
 surgamus: solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra; 75
 iuniperi gravis umbra; nocent et frugibus umbrae.
 ite domum saturae, venit Hesperus, ite capellae.