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# MASTER VERGIL

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## NITCHIE





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TITYRVS AND  
MELIBOEVS  
*BY*  
WILLIAM BLAKE





# MASTER VERGIL

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AN ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS  
IN ENGLISH ON VERGIL  
AND VERGILIAN THEMES

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*Compiled and Edited by*  
ELIZABETH NITCHIE



*Tu se'lo mio maestro e il  
mio autore.—DANTE*



D. C. HEATH AND COMPANY

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## VIRGIL

*As when the gracious moon climbs up the sky,  
Drenching parched fields with dew on summer eves,  
The murmuring brook, 'twixt low banks rippling by,  
Of her white beams a silvery network weaves;*

*The secret nightingale among the leaves  
Fills the vast calm with throbbing melody,  
So sweet th' entranced wayfarer half believes  
Time is not, and his fair-haired love seems nigh;*

*And the bereaved mother who wept in vain  
Beside a grave is soothed and comforted,  
When the gray dawn doth over heaven shine:*

*Mountains and distant sea smile out again,  
A fresh breeze stirs the branches overhead:  
Such is thy verse to me, O poet divine.*

— GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI





## PREFACE

Because in the year 70 B.C. a boy was born near Mantua who was destined to be the greatest of Roman poets, the last twenty centuries have been the richer. Although schoolboys, forced to scan and to construe, may, as Byron says, be glad when they no longer need "to groan o'er Virgil's devilish verses," lovers of poetry would rather agree with Harvey, who, again according to Byron, "used to fling away Virgil in his ecstasy of admiration and say, 'the book had a devil.'" Vergil, the magician, has conjured with his verses, and holds bound with a spell his willing victims. No *maleficium* here, no black art, although the Middle Ages credited Vergil with a knowledge of "nigromancy," but the white art of a great teller of tales, a great poet, and a great philosopher. It seems fitting, therefore, at this time of the celebration of the Bimillennium Vergilianum, to bring together the poems or the parts of poems which his English-speaking followers have written under his spell, paying direct tribute to the poet or to his work. The very numerous translations, imitations, and paraphrases of his poetry have been omitted, as well as the still more numerous echoes of Vergilian thought and imagery and diction. I have discussed and listed these elsewhere;\* the inclusion of them here would have made far too bulky a volume.

The poems have been grouped under five main headings: Vergil the poet, Vergil the magician, the *Æneid*, the *Georgics*, and the *Eclogues*. Thus comparisons and contrasts may be made between those who have so variously expressed their admiration of Vergil, and between those who have, as Chaucer says, "followed his lantern," in retelling the story of the *Æneid*, in whole or in part, or in taking a suggestion for a poem from an incident, a character, a line, or a phrase in the *Æneid*, the *Georgics*, or the *Eclogues*. Strange comrades

\* *Vergil and the English Poets*, N. Y., Columbia University Press, 1919. The Appendix contains a list of translations, imitations, parodies, and burlesques, chronologically arranged.

in laudation they are, some of them,—Tennyson with his understanding of the full significance of Vergil's poetry, Thomson with his cold welcome to the Mantuan swain, old Gavin Douglas with his winsome extravagance in praise of the peerless pearl, the chosen carbuncle of poetry; or Chaucer with his romantic tale of "sely Dido" rashly trusting to man's faith, and Virginia McCormick with her mixture of classic tale and modern instance accompanied by the blowing of mediæval trumpets. But every one of them, including the journalist who puts the *Æneid* in a nutshell for modern readers, is saying, "Glory and honour, Virgil Mantuan!"

If the material in this anthology were arranged chronologically, several interesting points in connection with the history of Vergilian influence and tradition would be manifest. The Middle Ages were quite uncritical in their attitude toward Vergil. He was to them mainly two things: a mighty magician and a great romancer. Dido is the type of the deserted woman, the martyr of Love; Æneas, of the false lover. This conception of the character of Dido is maintained to some degree in the period of the English Renaissance, when the Carthaginian queen, whose other name, Elissa, becomes Eliza in honor of England's queen, is made the heroine of several plays. But at this time the dramatic appeal of the rest of the story of the *Æneid* is also very strong, especially that of the last hours of Troy and of the death of Priam. Particularly interesting is the emphasis, born of the mighty patriotism of the age of Elizabeth and the defeat of the Spanish Armada, placed by poets like Spenser and Drayton upon the story of Æneas, the ancestor of Brute, the founder of the British people. In the main, the neoclassic interest in Vergil rather naturally narrows to an admiration of the perfection of the form of his poetry. The *Æneid* is the model for epic poetry, the *Eclogues* for the pastoral. Pope pays tribute to "the patient touches of unwearied art." This anthology does not, however, represent fairly the importance of Vergilian influence in the neoclassic period, for it was shown largely in the transla-

tions, paraphrases, and imitations of the *Æneid* and the *Eclogues*. There was scarcely a poet of that period who did not evince a debt to Vergil. In the eighteenth century, the love of didactic poetry and the renewed interest in nature both turned the attention of the forerunners of the Romantic Movement to the *Georgics*, which had been largely neglected during the centuries before. Thomson and Philips are only two of the many poets who show the influence of him who sings of "wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd." Thus each period has added something to the appreciation of Vergil, until, in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, that appreciation has grown to proportions adequate to his genius. For our poets of modern times have recognized not only the greatness of his narrative power, not only the structural perfection of his poems, not only his love of nature. They have appreciated the purity and strength of his national spirit, the skill of his technique, the exquisite beauty and majesty of his verse, the depth of his understanding of human nature, the universality of his thought and his philosophy. Thus Vergil has gradually come into his own. From the magician and the romancer he has become the great poet of Rome and of Italy, and one of the great poets of all the human race.

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ELIZABETH NITCHIE

January, 1930







## CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE . . . . .	V
 VERGIL THE POET	
TO VIRGIL . . . . . <i>Tennyson</i> . . . . .	3
From THE PROLOGUE OF THE FIRST	
BUICK OF ENEADOS . . . . . <i>Douglas</i> . . . . .	5
From THE POETASTER . . . . . <i>Jonson</i> . . . . .	7
From THE FALL OF PRINCES . . . . . <i>Lydgate</i> . . . . .	11
From THE MOTTO . . . . . <i>Cowley</i> . . . . .	12
From THE SEASONS: WINTER . . . . . <i>Thomson</i> . . . . .	13
From HEINE'S GRAVE . . . . . <i>Arnold</i> . . . . .	14
From THE TEMPLE OF FAME . . . . . <i>Pope</i> . . . . .	15
From MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN	
ITALY . . . . . <i>Wordsworth</i> . . . . .	16
From ODE TO APOLLO . . . . . <i>Keats</i> . . . . .	17
POETS AND THEIR BIBLIOGRAPHIES . . . . . <i>Tennyson</i> . . . . .	18
CONCERNING VIRGIL'S ENEIDS . . . . . <i>Grimald</i> . . . . .	19
From A VISION OF POETS . . . . . <i>E. B. Browning</i> . . . . .	20
From VIRGILIUM VIDI . . . . . <i>T. H. Warren</i> . . . . .	21
VIRGIL, 1930 . . . . . <i>Joseph M. Beatty, Jr.</i> . . . . .	23
 VERGIL THE MAGICIAN	
From THE SEVEN SAGES OF ROME . . . . .	27
From CONFESSIO AMANTIS . . . . . <i>Gower</i> . . . . .	29
From THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF	
DOCTOR FAUSTUS . . . . . <i>Marlowe</i> . . . . .	30
 THE ÆNEID	
I. THE FORTUNES OF ÆNEAS	
From THE HOUSE OF FAME . . . . . <i>Chaucer</i> . . . . .	33
From THE FAERIE QUEENE . . . . . <i>Spenser</i> . . . . .	40
From THE PALICE OF HONOUR . . . . . <i>Douglas</i> . . . . .	42
From POLY-OLBION . . . . . <i>Drayton</i> . . . . .	43

	PAGE
THE CLASSICS IN A NUTSHELL . . . . .	44
L'ÉNÉIDE DE NOS JOURS . . <i>D. A. Slater</i> . . . . .	45
II. DIDO	
DIDO . . . . . <i>Virginia McCormick</i> . . . . .	49
From THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN . . . . . <i>Chaucer</i> . . . . .	50
From CONFESSIO AMANTIS . . <i>Gower</i> . . . . .	63
From THE FALL OF PRINCES . <i>Lydgate</i> . . . . .	65
From THE TRAGEDIE OF DIDO, QUEENE OF CARTHAGE . . <i>Marlowe and Nashe</i> . . . . .	66
From THE HEART FLED AGAIN . . . . . <i>Cowley</i> . . . . .	67
SCHOLASTICUS . . . . . <i>William Ellery Leonard</i> . . . . .	68
III. THE FALL OF TROY	
From HAMLET . . . . . <i>Shakespeare</i> . . . . .	71
From THE TALE OF TROY . <i>Peele</i> . . . . .	74
From THE IRON AGE . . . . <i>Heywood</i> . . . . .	77
IV. ECHOES OF THE MANTUAN SONG	
From THE HOUS OF FAME . <i>Chaucer</i> . . . . .	81
From HUDIBRAS . . . . . <i>Butler</i> . . . . .	83
LAODAMIA . . . . . <i>Wordsworth</i> . . . . .	84
THE SONG OF IOPAS, UNFIN- ISHED . . . . . <i>Wyatt</i> . . . . .	90
LACRIMAE RERUM . . . . . <i>Babette Deutsch</i> . . . . .	93
CIRCE AND ÆNEAS . . . . . <i>John Swinnerton Phillimore</i> . . . . .	94
THE GEORGICS	
From CYDER . . . . . <i>Philips</i> . . . . .	97
PAN AND LUNA . . . . . <i>Browning</i> . . . . .	98
THE COUNTRY LIFE . . . . <i>Herrick</i> . . . . .	102
From THE DAISY . . . . . <i>Tennyson</i> . . . . .	105
THE ECLOGUES	
VIRGIL'S FIRST ECLOGUE RE- MEMBERED . . . . . <i>John Finley</i> . . . . .	109
THE DAWN . . . . . <i>William Ellery Leonard</i> . . . . .	113

## VERGIL THE POET

*The chastest poet and royalest, Virgilius Maro, that to the  
memory of man is known.*

— FRANCIS BACON





## TO VIRGIL

*Written at the request of the Mantuans  
for the nineteenth centenary of  
Virgil's death*

### I

ROMAN Virgil, thou that singest  
Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire,  
Ilion falling, Rome arising,  
wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre;

### II

Landscape-lover, lord of language  
more than he that sang the Works and Days,  
All the chosen coin of fancy  
flashing out from many a golden phrase;

### III

Thou that singest wheat and woodland,  
tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd;  
All the charm of all the Muses  
often flowering in a lonely word;

### IV

Poet of the happy Tityrus  
piping underneath his beechen bowers;  
Poet of the poet-satyr  
whom the laughing shepherd bound with flowers;

### V

Chanter of the Pollio, glorying  
in the blissful years again to be,  
Summers of the snakeless meadow,  
unlaborious earth and oarless sea;

## VI

Thou that seest Universal  
Nature moved by Universal Mind;  
Thou majestic in thy sadness  
at the doubtful doom of human kind;

## VII

Light among the vanish'd ages;  
star that gildest yet this phantom shore;  
Golden branch amid the shadows,  
kings and realms that pass to rise no more;

## VIII

Now thy Forum roars no longer,  
fallen every purple Cæsar's dome —  
Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm  
sound for ever of Imperial Rome —

## IX

Now the Rome of slaves hath perish'd,  
and the Rome of freemen holds her place,  
I, from out the Northern Island  
sunder'd once from all the human race,

## X

I salute thee, Mantovano,  
I that loved thee since my day began,  
Wielder of the stateliest measure  
ever moulded by the lips of man.

— *Alfred, Lord Tennyson* [1809–1892]

From THE PROLOGUE OF THE  
FIRST BUIK OF ENEADOS

LAUDE, honor, prasingis, thankis infynite  
To the, and thi dulce ornate fresch endite,<sup>1</sup>  
Mast reuerend Virgill, of Latyne poetis prince,  
Gemme of ingine and fluide of eloquence,  
Thow peirles perle, patrour of poetrie,  
Rois, register, palme, laurer <sup>2</sup> and glory,  
Chosin cherbukle,<sup>3</sup> cheif flour and cedir tree,  
Lanterne, leidsterne,<sup>4</sup> mirroure, and *a per se*,<sup>5</sup>  
Master of masteris, sweit sours <sup>6</sup> and springand well,  
Wyde quhar our <sup>7</sup> all ringis thi hevinle bell;  
I mene thi crafty werkis curious,  
Sa quik, lusty, and mast sentencious,  
Plesable, perfyte, and felable <sup>8</sup> in all degre,  
As quha the mater held to foir thar ee; <sup>9</sup>  
In euery volume quhilk the list <sup>10</sup> do <sup>11</sup> write,  
Surmonting fer all wther maneir endite,  
Lyk as the rois in June with hir sueit smell  
The marygulde or dasy doith excell.

\* \* \* \*

Nane is, nor was, nor 3it sal be, trow I,  
Had, has, or sal have sic crafte in poetrie.  
Of Helicon so drank thou dry the fluid  
That of the copiose flowith or plenitud,  
All man purches drink at thi sugarat tone,  
So lamp of day thou art, and shynand mone,  
All wtheris on force mon their lycht beg or borow.  
Thou art Vesper, and the day sterne <sup>12</sup> at morow;

<sup>1</sup> writing

<sup>2</sup> laurel

<sup>3</sup> carbuncle

<sup>4</sup> load-star

<sup>5</sup> an extraordinary person, like the letter *A* by itself, which has the first place in every alphabet

<sup>6</sup> source

<sup>7</sup> over

<sup>8</sup> intelligible

<sup>9</sup> As one who held the matter before the eye

<sup>10</sup> desired

<sup>11</sup> to

<sup>12</sup> star

Thou Phebus lychtnar of the planetis all,  
I not <sup>1</sup> quhat dewlie I the clepe sall,  
For thou art al and sum, quhat nedis moir,  
Of Latyne poetis that sens wes or befoir.

— *Gavin Douglas* [1474?<sup>2</sup>–1522]

<sup>1</sup> do not know



## From THE POETASTER

[Act Five, Scene One]

*Eques.* Virgil is now at hand, imperial Cæsar.

*Caesar.* Rome's honour is at hand then. Fetch a chair,  
And set it on our right hand, where 'tis fit  
Rome's honour and our own should ever sit.  
Now he is come out of Campania,  
I doubt not he hath finish'd all his Æneids.  
Which, like another soul, I long to enjoy.  
What think you three of Virgil, gentlemen,  
That are of his profession, though rank'd higher;

\* \* \* \*

Say then, loved Horace, thy true thought of Virgil.

*Horace.* I judge him of a rectified spirit,  
By many revolutions of discourse,  
(In his bright reason's influence,) refined  
From all the tartarous moods of common men;  
Bearing the nature and similitude  
Of a right heavenly body; most severe  
In fashion and collection of himself;  
And, then, as clear and confident as Jove.

*Gallus.* And yet so chaste and tender is his ear,  
In suffering any syllable to pass,  
That he thinks may become the honour'd name  
Of issue to his so examined self,  
That all the lasting fruits of his full merit,  
In his own poems, he doth still distaste;  
As if his mind's piece, which he strove to paint,  
Could not with fleshly pencils have her right.

*Tibullus.* But to approve his works of sovereign worth,  
This observation, methinks, more than serves,  
And is not vulgar. That which he hath writ  
Is with such judgment labour'd, and distill'd  
Through all the needful uses of our lives,

That could a man remember but his lines,  
 He should not touch at any serious point,  
 But he might breathe his spirit out of him.

*Caes.* You mean, he might repeat part of his works,  
 As fit for any conference he can use?

*Tib.* True, royal Cæsar.

*Caes.* Worthily observed;  
 And a most worthy virtue in his works.  
 What thinks material Horace of his learning?

*Hor.* His learning savours not the school-like gloss,  
 That most consists in echoing words and terms,  
 And soonest wins a man an empty name;  
 Nor any long or far-fetch'd circumstance  
 Wrapp'd in the curious generalities of arts;  
 But a direct and analytic sum

Of all the worth and first effects of arts.  
 And for his poesy, 'tis so ramm'd with life,  
 That it shall gather strength of life, with being,  
 And live hereafter more admired than now.

*Caes.* This one consent in all your dooms of him,  
 And mutual loves of all your several merits,  
 Argues a truth of merit in you all. —

*Enter Virgil*

See, here comes Virgil; we will rise and greet him.  
 Welcome to Cæsar, Virgil! Cæsar and Virgil  
 Shall differ but in sound; to Cæsar, Virgil,  
 Of his expressed greatness, shall be made  
 A second surname, and to Virgil, Cæsar.  
 Where are thy famous Æneids? do us grace  
 To let us see, and surfeit on their sight.

*Virgil.* Worthless they are of Cæsar's gracious eyes,  
 If they were perfect; much more with their wants,  
 Which are yet more than my time could supply.  
 And, could great Cæsar's expectation  
 Be satisfied with any other service,  
 I would not shew them.

*Caes.* Virgil is too modest;

Or seeks, in vain, to make our longings more:  
Shew them, sweet Virgil.

*Virg.* Then, in such due fear  
As fits presenters of great works to Cæsar,  
I humbly shew them.

*Caes.* Let us now behold  
A human soul made visible in life;  
And more refulgent in a senseless paper  
Than in the sensual complement of kings.  
Read, read thyself, dear Virgil; let not me  
Profane one accent with an untuned tongue.

\* \* \* \*

Gentlemen of our chamber, guard the doors,  
And let none enter; peace. Begin, good Virgil.

*Virg.* 'Meanwhile the skies 'gan thunder, and in tail  
Of that, fell pouring storms of sleet and hail:  
The Tyrian lords and Trojan youth, each where  
With Venus' Dardane nephew, now, in fear,  
Seek out for several shelter through the plain,  
Whilst floods come rolling from the hills amain.  
Dido a cave, the Trojan prince the same  
Lighted upon. There earth and heaven's great dame,  
That hath the charge of marriage, first gave sign  
Upon this contract; fire and air did shine,  
As guilty of the match; and from the hill  
The nymphs with shriekings do the region fill.  
Here first began their bane; this day was ground  
Of all their ills; for now, nor rumour's sound,  
Nor nice respect of state, moves Dido ought;  
Her love no longer now by stealth is sought:  
She calls this wedlock, and with that fair name  
Covers her fault. Forthwith the bruit and fame,  
Through all the greatest Lybian towns is gone;  
Fame, a fleet evil, than which is swifter none,  
That moving grows, and flying gathers strength;  
Little at first, and fearful; but at length  
She dares attempt the skies, and stalking proud

With feet on ground, her head doth pierce a cloud!  
This child, our parent earth, stirr'd up with spite  
Of all the gods, brought forth; and, as some write,  
She was last sister of that giant race  
That thought to scale Jove's court; right swift of pace,  
And swifter far of wing; a monster vast,  
And dreadful. Look, how many plumes are placed  
On her huge corps, so many waking eyes  
Stick underneath; and, which may stranger rise  
In the report, as many tongues she bears,  
As many mouths, as many listening ears.  
Nightly, in midst of all the heaven, she flies,  
And through the earth's dark shadow shrieking cries;  
Nor do her eyes once bend to taste sweet sleep;  
By day on tops of houses she doth keep,  
Or on high towers; and doth thence affright  
Cities and towns of most conspicuous site:  
As covetous she is of tales and lies,  
As prodigal of truth.'

— *Ben Jonson* [1573-1637]

## From THE FALL OF PRINCES

[Book IV, ll. 64-91]

WRITYNG caused poetis to recure <sup>1</sup>  
A name eternal, the laurer <sup>2</sup> whan thei wan,  
In adamaunt graue perpetuelli tendure.<sup>3</sup>  
Record I take of Virgile Mantuan,  
That wrot the armys & prowesse of the man  
Callid Eneas, whan he of hih corage  
Cam to Itail from Dido of Cartage.

Thre famous bookis this auctour list compile,  
Eneidoys first; which that dide excell  
In rethorik be souereynte of stile.  
He drank swich plente, this poete, as men tell,  
Of the stremys that ran down fro the well  
Wrouhte bi tho sustres that be in noubre nyne,  
Prowesse of knihthod most cleerli to termyne.<sup>4</sup>

For in that book he caste nat to fail,  
With vois mellodious for to descryue ariht  
The grete conquest of Rome & of Itail  
Wrouht bi Enee, the manli Troian kniht.  
Whos vers notable yif so cleer a liht  
Thoruh al thi worlde, as in rethorik,  
That among poetis was non onto hym lik.

He wrot also, this poete with his hond  
Bi humble stile othir bookis tweyne,  
Oon of pasture, the nexte of tilthe of lond,  
The vers conveied with feet of metris pleyne.  
Bi which thre labours a palme he did atteyne,  
To make his name throuh dites <sup>5</sup> delitable  
Aboue poetis to be most comendable.

— *John Lydgate* [c. 1370-c. 1451]<sup>1</sup> gain again<sup>2</sup> laurel<sup>3</sup> to endure<sup>4</sup> determine<sup>5</sup> writings

## From THE MOTTO

COME my best *Friends*, my *Books*, and lead me on;  
'Tis time that I were gon.  
Welcome, great *Stagirite*, and teach me now  
All I was born to know.  
Thy *Scholars vict'ries* thou dost far out-do;  
*He* conquer'd th' *Earth*, the whole *World* you.  
Welcome learn'd *Cicero*, whose blest *Tongue* and *Wit*  
Preserves *Romes greatness* yet.  
Thou art the *first* of *Orators*; only he  
Who best can *praise Thee*, next must be.  
Welcome the *Mantuan Swan*, *Virgil* the *Wise*,  
Whose verse *walks highest*, but not flies.  
Who brought green *Poesie* to her perfect Age;  
And made that *Art* which was a *Rage*.

— *Abraham Cowley* [1618–1667]

From THE SEASONS: WINTER

THERE studious let me sit,  
And hold high converse with the mighty dead —  
Sages of ancient time, as gods revered,  
As gods beneficent, who blessed mankind  
With arts and arms, and humanized a world.  
Roused at the inspiring thought, I throw aside  
The long-lived volume, and deep-musing hail  
The sacred shades that slowly rising pass  
Before my wondering eyes.

\* \* \* \*

Behold who yonder comes! in sober state,  
Fair, mild, and strong as is a vernal sun:  
'Tis Phœbus' self, or else the Mantuan swain!

— *James Thomson* [1700–1748]

## FROM HEINE'S GRAVE

AH, I knew that I saw  
Here no sepulchre built  
In the laurell'd rock, o'er the blue  
Naples bay, for a sweet  
Tender Virgil!

— *Matthew Arnold* [1822–1888]



## From THE TEMPLE OF FAME

[ll. 196-209]

A GOLDEN column next in rank appear'd  
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;  
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,  
With patient touches of unwearied art.  
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate,  
Composed his posture, and his look sedate;  
On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,  
Great without pride, in modest majesty.  
In living sculpture on the sides were spread  
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;  
Eliza stretch'd upon the funeral pyre;  
Æneas bending with his aged sire:  
Troy flamed in burning gold, and o'er the throne  
'Arms and the man' in golden ciphers shone.

— *Alexander Pope* [1688-1744]

From MEMORIALS OF A TOUR  
IN ITALY, 1837

[*I, ll. 263-269*]

OR let me loiter, soothed with what is given  
Nor asking more, on that delicious Bay,  
Parthenope's Domain — Virgilian haunt,  
Illustrated with never-dying verse,  
And, by the Poet's laurel-shaded tomb,  
Age after age to Pilgrims from all lands  
Endeared.

— *William Wordsworth* [1770-1850]

From ODE TO APOLLO

**T**HEN, through thy Temple wide, melodious swells  
The sweet majestic tone of Maro's lyre:  
The soul delighted on each accent dwells, —  
Enraptur'd dwells, — not daring to respire,  
The while he tells of grief around a funeral pyre.

— *John Keats* [1795-1821]

## POETS AND THEIR BIBLIOGRAPHIES

OLD poets foster'd under friendlier skies,  
Old Virgil who would write ten lines, they say,  
At dawn, and lavish all the golden day  
To make them wealthier in his readers' eyes;  
And you, old popular Horace, you the wise  
Adviser of the nine-years-ponder'd lay;  
And you, that wear a wreath of sweeter bay,  
Catullus whose dead songster never dies;  
If, glancing downward on the kindly sphere  
That once had roll'd you round and round the Sun,  
You see your Art still shrined in human shelves,  
You should be jubilant that you flourish'd here  
Before the Love of Letters, overdone,  
Had swamp't the sacred poets with themselves.

— *Alfred, Lord Tennyson* [1809–1892]

## CONCERNING VIRGILS ENEIDS\*

BY heauens hye gift, incase reuiued were  
Lysip, Apelles, and Homer the great:  
The most renowmd, and ech of them sance pere,  
In grauing, paintyng, and the Poets feat;  
Yet could they not, for all their vein diuine,  
In marble, table, paper more, or lesse,  
With cheezil, pencil, or with poyntel fyne,  
So graue, so paynt, or so by style expresse  
(Though they beheld of euery age, and land  
The fayrest books, in euery tounge contriued,  
To frame a fourm, and to direct their hand)  
Of noble prince the liuely shape descriued:  
As, in the famous woork, that Eneids hight,  
The naamkouth <sup>1</sup> Virgil hath set forth in sight.

— *Nicholas Grimald* [1519–1562]

<sup>1</sup> famous

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\* From *Tottel's Miscellany, Songes and Sonnettes*, 1557 (see edition by Edward Arber, in "English Reprints," Constable and Company, Ltd., London, 1921).

## FROM A VISION OF POETS

GOD'S prophets of the Beautiful  
These poets were; of iron rule,  
The rugged cilix, serge of wool.

\* \* \* \*

And Virgil: shade of Mantuan beech  
Did help the shade of bay to reach

And knit around his forehead high:  
For his gods wore less majesty  
Than his brown bees hummed deathlessly.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning* [1806–1861]

From VIRGILIUM VIDI \*

To Alfred, Lord Tennyson

LORD in this land and lord in many lands,  
However far may reach  
The myriad labour of our English hands,  
Our always-widening speech,

\* \* \* \*

Now when the singing and the springing time  
Makes bolder every heart,  
Take, king of verse, the tribute of a rhyme,  
Albeit of little art,  
From one who prizes more than words can say,  
As life and cares grow long,  
What charmed with simpler spell his boyhood's day —  
The magic of your song,

\* \* \* \*

And counts him thrice and four times fortunate  
To have found such signal grace  
Of welcome bidding pass the sacred gate,  
And entering, face to face  
To have seen the Virgil of our time, and heard  
More musical than song,  
The rolling cadence of the poet's word  
In accents true and strong,  
Grandly reverberant with a nation's wail  
Above the warrior's grave,  
Or softly calling to the silver sail  
Across the moonlit wave,  
In such a moving voice as that which made  
The imperial mother swoon  
With sweet and sharp of sorrow, when it bade  
The purple flowers be strewn,

\* From *Macmillan's Magazine*, Vol. LXVII, pp. 478-480, April, 1893.

And lavish lilies heaped upon the head  
    Withdrawn as soon as shown,  
Rome's idle honour to a spirit fled  
    Too pure to be her own;  
Or sang how piled beneath Misenus' hill  
    The trumpet and the oar  
Signed the dumb ghost whose living lips had skill  
    To light the blaze of war;  
The very voice of beauty and of art  
    Where yet so strangely ring  
Those under-notes of tears that are a part  
    Of every mortal thing.  
Dust is the singer, but the song endures,  
    Making the old tongue of Rome,  
Though dead, to speak; and even so shall yours  
    O'er-leap the bounds of home.

\* \* \* \*

— *T. H. Warren*



## VIRGIL, 1930

ONCE more, exultant legions proudly stand  
At steep Trentino's borders, and once more  
A Caesar rules supreme from shore to shore  
His loyal race obedient to command;  
In peasant cottages on every hand  
Hearths burn with sloth-consuming patriot fire,  
While high on wings imperial of desire  
The Roman eagle guards his native land.  
Virgil, awake from bimillennial sleep!  
Once Roman, now the world's, your poet-voice  
Can sing triumphant harmonies sublime  
In praise of far-flung peace; upwelling, deep,  
A paean that will make the folk rejoice  
In realms yet unrevealed by looming time.

— *Joseph M. Beatty, Jr.*



## VERGIL THE MAGICIAN

*. . . many marvayles, that he dyd in his lyfe  
tyme by witchcraft and nigromansy, thorough  
the help of the devylls of hell.*

—JOHN DOESBORCKE





## From THE SEVEN SAGES OF ROME

[*Story IX, Virgilius, ll. 2159–2214*]

‘**S**YR,’ sho said, ‘þare \* was whilome  
A clerk, hight Virgil, here in Rome.  
Wele was he knawen omang clergi,  
And mekil he cowth of nigromancy.  
He made a fire by experiment  
In middes Rome, on þe pauement.  
It brined <sup>1</sup> bath by day and night,  
þat no man it stanche might;  
With water ne with nonekins thing  
No man myght it out bring.  
þe pouer folk of þe cuntre  
Drogh <sup>2</sup> ful fast to þe cete  
At <sup>3</sup> warm þam bath fote and hand,  
For þe fire was ay brinand.  
Opon a toure þare of þe toun  
Virgil made an ymage of latoun; <sup>4</sup>  
A bow þe ymage held in hand,  
And in þe bow ane arow taisand.<sup>5</sup>

‘In þe vesage <sup>6</sup> als, on brede,<sup>7</sup>  
Was wreten þus, þat men might rede:  
“Whoso smytes me, knight or swain,  
Sone I sal smyte him ogayn.”  
So it bifell, opon a day,  
þare come a Lumbard him to play;  
He saw þe image with bow bent,  
And to þe lettres toke he tent.<sup>8</sup>  
þai said: “If ani man me smyte,  
I sal shote at him ful tite.”<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> burned

<sup>2</sup> drew

<sup>3</sup> to

<sup>4</sup> brass

<sup>5</sup> poised

<sup>6</sup> face

<sup>7</sup> legibly

<sup>8</sup> attention

<sup>9</sup> quickly

\* þ = th; 3 = y.

þe Lumbard was iolif and stowt,  
 And said vntil his men obowt:  
 “Wil ze \* þis man asaid <sup>1</sup> be?”  
 And þai said: “Ȝa, þat wald we se.”  
 He shot at þe ymage with a vire,<sup>2</sup>  
 And sone it torned al into þat fire  
 þat was made in middes þe way;  
 þan slokkend it for euer and ay.  
 Sir, þis was na wise kownsail.  
 Bot ȝit þar was a more meruail.  
 ‘Virgil on þe est wal of þe town  
 Made anoþer image of latown,  
 And in his hand a ful faire ball;  
 And als he set on þe west wall  
 Of fine laton anoþer ymage,  
 Like two breþer of vesage.  
 Ful many men it saw, and sayd  
 þat with þe ball þe childer plaide;  
 þe tane it kest,<sup>3</sup> þat oþer it hent;<sup>4</sup>  
 þis was a quaintise, verrayment.  
 In myddes Rome Virgil made a stage,  
 And þare he set anoþer ymage;  
 A merure had he in his hand,  
 þat þai of Rome myght se ilk land  
 þat seuin daies iornay about þam ere,  
 Who wald þam pese and who wald were.<sup>5</sup>  
 þus war þai warned ilka day  
 Whan any fase <sup>6</sup> wald þam affray.’ †

<sup>1</sup> tested<sup>2</sup> crossbow bolt<sup>3</sup> threw<sup>4</sup> caught<sup>5</sup> Who wished them peace and who wished war<sup>6</sup> foes

\* þ = th; ȝ = y.

† See *The Seven Sages of Rome*, edited from the manuscripts . . . by Killis Campbell (Ginn and Company, 1907). The authorship of this version is unknown. The date is probably not later than the middle of the fourteenth century, though the manuscript (Cotton Galba E. ix), is in an early fifteenth-century hand.

From CONFESSIO AMANTIS

[Book V, ll. 2031-2045]

WHAN Rome stod in noble plit,  
Virgile, which was tho parfit,  
A Mirour made of his clergie  
And sette it in the tounes ye  
Of marbre on a piler withoute;  
That thei be thritty Mile aboute  
Be daie and ek also be nyhte  
In that Mirour beholde myhte  
Here enemys, if eny were,  
With al here ordinance there,  
Which thei ayein <sup>1</sup> the Cite caste:  
So that, whil thilke Mirour laste,  
Ther was no lond which mihte achieve  
With werre Rome forto grieve;  
Wherof was gret envie tho.

— John Gower [d. 1408]

<sup>1</sup> against

From THE TRAGICAL HISTORY  
OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

*Faust.* Having now, my good Mephistophiles,  
Passed with delight the stately town of Trier,

\* \* \* \*

Then up to Naples, rich Campania,  
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye  
The streets straight forth, and paved with finest brick,  
Quarter the town in four equivalents:  
There saw we learned Maro's golden tomb,  
The way he cut, an English mile in length,  
Thorough a rock of stone in one night's space.

— *Christopher Marlowe* [1564–1593]



## THE ÆNEID

### I. THE FORTUNES OF ÆNEAS

*Ther saugh I stonde on a pileer  
That was of tinned yren cleer,  
That Latin poete, dan Virgyle,  
That bore hath up a longe whyle  
The fame of Pius Eneas.*

— GEOFFREY CHAUCER





## From THE HOUS OF FAME

[*Book I, ll. 140 ff.*]

**B**UT as I romed up and doun,  
I fond that on a wal ther was  
Thus writen, on a table of bras:  
'I wol now singe, if that I can,  
The armes, and al-so the man,  
That first cam, through his destinee,  
Fugitif of Troye contree,  
In Itaile, with ful moche pyne,  
Unto the strondes of Lavyne.'  
And tho began the story anoon,  
As I shal telle yow echoon.<sup>1</sup>

First saw I the destruccioun  
Of Troye, through the Grek Synoun,  
With his false forsweringe,  
And his chere and his lesinge <sup>2</sup>  
Made the hors broght into Troye,  
Thorgh which Troyens loste al her Ioye.

And after this was grave, allas!  
How Ilioun assailed was  
And wonne, and king Priam y-slayn,  
And Polites his sone, certayn,  
Dispitously of dan Pirrus.

And next that saw I how Venus,  
Whan that she saw the castel brende,  
Doun fro the heven gan descende,  
And bad hir sone Eneas flee;  
And how he fled, and how that he  
Escaped was from al the pres,  
And took his fader, Anchises,  
And bar him on his bakke away,  
Cryinge, 'Allas, and welaway!'

<sup>1</sup> each one

<sup>2</sup> lying

The whiche Anchises in his honde  
 Bar the goddes of the londe,  
 Thilke that unbrenned were.

And I saw next, in alle his fere,  
 How Creusa, dan Eneas wyf,  
 Which that he loved as his lyf,  
 And hir yonge sone Iulo  
 And eek Ascanius also,  
 Fledden eek with drery chere,  
 That hit was pitee for to here;  
 And in a forest, as they wente,  
 At a turning of a wente,<sup>1</sup>  
 How Creusa was y-lost, allas!  
 That deed, [but] not <sup>2</sup> I how, she was;  
 How he hir soughte, and how hir gost  
 Bad him to flee the Grekes ost,  
 And seyde, he moste unto Itaile,  
 As was his destiny, sauns faille;  
 That hit was pitee for to here,  
 Whan hir spirit gan appere,  
 The wordes that she to him seyde,  
 And for to kepe hir sone him preyde.  
 Ther saw I graven eek how he,  
 His fader eek, and his meynee,<sup>3</sup>  
 With his shippes gan to sayle  
 Towardes the contree of Itaile,  
 As streight as that they mighte go.

Ther saw I thee, cruel Iuno,  
 That art dan Iupiteres wyf,  
 That hast y-hated, al thy lyf,  
 Al the Troyanisse blood,  
 Renne and crye, as thou were wood,<sup>4</sup>  
 On Eolus, the god of wyndes,  
 To blowen out, of alle kyndes,  
 So loude, that he shulde drenche  
 Lord and lady, grome and wenche

<sup>1</sup> way<sup>2</sup> do not know<sup>3</sup> company<sup>4</sup> mad

Of al the Troyan nacioun,  
Withoute any savacioun.

Ther saw I swich tempeste aryse,  
That every herte mighte agryse,<sup>1</sup>  
To see hit peynted on the walle.

Ther saw I graven eek withalle,  
Venus, how ye, my lady dere,  
Wepinge with ful woful chere,  
Prayen Iupiter an hye  
To save and kepe that navye  
Of the Troyan Eneas,  
Sith that he hir sone was.

Ther saw I Ioves Venus kisse,  
And graunted of the tempest lisse.  
Ther saw I how the tempest stente,  
And how with alle pyne he wente,  
And prevely took arrivage  
In the contree of Cartage;  
And on the morwe, how that he  
And a knight, hight Achate,  
Metten with Venus that day,  
Goinge in a queynt array,  
As she had ben an hunteresse,  
With wynd blowinge upon hir tresse;  
How Eneas gan him to pleyne,  
Whan that he knew hir, of his peyne;  
And how his shippes dreynte were,  
Or elles lost, he niste<sup>2</sup> where;  
How she gan him comforte tho,  
And bad him to Cartage go,  
And ther he shulde his folk fynde,  
That in the see were left behynde.

And, shortly of this thing to pace,  
She made Eneas so in grace  
Of Dido, quene of that contree,  
That, shortly for to tellen, she

<sup>1</sup> terrify

<sup>2</sup> knew not

Becam his love, and leet him do  
That that wedding longeth to.

\* \* \* \*

Ther saw I grave, how Eneas  
Tolde Dido every cas,  
That him was tid upon the see.

And after grave was, how she  
Made of him, shortly, at oo word,  
Hir lyf, hir love, hir lust, hir lord;  
And did him al the reverence,  
And leyde on him al the dispence,  
That any woman mighte do,  
Weninge hit had al be so,  
As he hir swoor; and her-by demed  
That he was good, for he swich semed.  
Allas! what harm doth apparence,  
Whan hit is fals in existence!  
For he to hir a traitour was;  
Wherfor she slow hir-self, allas!

\* \* \* \*

But let us speke of Eneas,  
How he betrayed hir, allas!  
And lefte hir ful unkyndely.  
So whan she saw al-utterly,  
That he wolde hir of trouthe faile,  
And wende fro hir to Itaile,  
She gan to wringe hir hondes two.

‘Allas!’ quod she, ‘what me is wo!  
Allas! is every man thus trewe,  
That every yere wolde have a newe,  
If hit so longe tyme dure,  
Or elles three, peraventure?  
As thus: of oon he wolde have fame  
In magnifying of his name;  
Another for frendship, seith he;  
And yet ther shal the thridde be,

That shal be taken for delyte,  
Lo, or for singular profyte.'

In swiche wordes gan to pleyne  
Dido of hir grete peyne,  
As me mette <sup>1</sup> redely;  
Non other auctour alegge I.  
'Allas!' quod she, 'my swete herte,  
Have pitee on my sorwes smerte,  
And slee me not! go noght away!  
O woful Dido, wel-away!  
Quod she to hir-selve tho.

\* \* \* \*

'O, welaway that I was born!  
For through yow is my name lorn,  
And al myn actes red and songe  
Over al this lond, on every tonge.  
O wikke Fame! for ther nis <sup>2</sup>  
Nothing so swift, lo, as she is!  
O, soth is, every thing is wist,  
Though hit be kevered with the mist.  
Eek, thogh I mighte duren ever,  
That I have doon, rekever I never,  
That I ne shal be seyde, allas,  
Y-shamed be through Eneas,  
And that I shal thus Iuged be —  
"Lo, right as she hath doon, now she  
Wol do eftsones, hardily;"  
Thus seyth the peple prevely.' —  
But that is doon, nis not to done;  
Al hir compleynt ne al hir mone,  
Certeyn, availeth hir not a stre.<sup>3</sup>

And whan she wiste sothly he  
Was forth unto his shippes goon,  
She in hir chambre wente anoon,  
And called on hir suster Anne,  
And gan hir to complayne thanne;

<sup>1</sup> I dreamed

<sup>2</sup> is not

<sup>3</sup> straw

And seyde, that she cause was  
 That she first lovede [Eneas],  
 And thus counselled hir therto.  
 But what! when this was seyde and do,  
 She roof hir-selve to the herte,  
 And deyde through the wounde smerte.  
 But al the maner how she deyde,  
 And al the wordes that she seyde,  
 Who-so to knowe hit hath purpos,  
 Reed Virgile in Eneidos  
 Or the Epistle of Ovyde,  
 What that she wroot or that she dyde;  
 And nere <sup>1</sup> hit to long to endyte,  
 By God, I wolde hit here wryte.

\* \* \* \*

But to excusen Eneas  
 Fulliche of al his greet trespas,  
 The book seyth [how] Mercure, sauns faile,  
 Bad him go into Itaile,  
 And leve Auffrykes regioun.  
 And Dido and hir faire toun.

Tho saw I grave, how to Itaile  
 Dan Eneas is go to saile;  
 And how the tempest al began,  
 And how he loste his steresman,  
 Which that the stere,<sup>2</sup> or <sup>3</sup> he took keep,  
 Smot over-bord, lo! as he sleep.

And also saw I how Sibyle  
 And Eneas, besyde an yle,  
 To helle wente, for to see  
 His fader, Anchises the free.  
 How he ther fond Palinurus,  
 And Dido, and eek Deiphebus;  
 And every tourment eek in helle  
 Saw he, which long is for to telle.  
 Which who-so willeth for to knowe,

<sup>1</sup> were not

<sup>2</sup> helm

<sup>3</sup> before



He moste rede many a rowe  
On Virgile or on Claudian,  
Or Daunte, that hit telle can.

Tho saw I grave al tharivaile <sup>1</sup>  
That Eneas had in Itaile;  
And with king Latine his trettee,  
And alle the batailles that he  
Was at him-self, and eek his knightes,  
Or <sup>2</sup> he had al y-wonne his rightes;  
And how he Turnus refte his lyf,  
And wan Lavyna to his wyf;  
And al the mervelous signals  
Of the goddes celestials;  
How, maugre Iuno, Eneas,  
For al hir sleight and hir compas,  
Acheved al his aventure;  
For Iupiter took of him cure  
At the prayer of Venus;  
The whiche I preye alway save us,  
And us ay of our sorwes lighte!

— *Geoffrey Chaucer* [1340?–1400]

<sup>1</sup> the arrival

<sup>2</sup> before

From THE FAERIE QUEENE

[*Book III, Canto IX*]

‘BEHOLD, Sir, how your pitifull complaint  
 Hath fownd another partner of your payne;  
 For nothing may impresse so deare constraint  
 As countries cause, and commune foes disdayne.  
 But if it should not grieve you backe agayne  
 To turne your course, I would to heare desyre  
 What to Æneas fell; sith that men sayne  
 He was not in the cities wofull fyre  
 Consum’d, but did him selfe to safety retyre.’

‘Anchyses sonne, begott of Venus fayre,’  
 Said he, ‘out of the flames for safegard fled,  
 And with a remnant did to sea repayre;  
 Where he through fatall errour long was led  
 Full many yeares, and weetlesse wandered  
 From shore to shore emongst the Lybick sandes,  
 Ere rest he fownd. Much there he suffered,  
 And many perilles past in forreine landes,  
 To save his people sad from victours vengefull handes.

‘At last in Latium he did arryve,  
 Where he with cruell warre was entertaind  
 Of th’ inland folke, which sought him backe to drive,  
 Till he with old Latinus was constraind  
 To contract wedlock, (so the fates ordaind)  
 Wedlocke contract in blood, and eke in blood  
 Accomplished, that many deare complaind:  
 The rivall slaine, the victour, through the flood  
 Escaped hardly, hardly praisd his wedlock good.

‘Yet, after all, he victour did survive,  
 And with Latinus did the kingdom part;  
 But after, when both nations gan to strive  
 Into their names the title to convart,

His son Iulus did from thence depart  
With all the warlike youth of Trojans bloud,  
And in Long Alba plast his throne apart;  
Where faire it florished and long time stoud,  
Till Romulus, renewing it, to Rome remoud.'

— *Edmund Spenser* [c. 1552–1599]

From THE PALICE OF HONOUR

SINE out of Troy, I saw the fugitiues,  
 How that Eneas as Virgill weill discruiues,  
 In countreis seir <sup>1</sup> was be the seyis rage  
 Bewauit <sup>2</sup> oft, and how that he arriues  
 With all his flote but danger of thair liues,  
 And how thay war resset <sup>3</sup> baith man and page  
 Be quene Dido remanand in Carthage;  
 And how Eneas sine, as that thay tell,  
 Went for to seik his father doun in hell.

Ouir Stix the flude I saw Eneas fair,  
 Quhair Charon was the busteous <sup>4</sup> ferriar,  
 The fludes four of hell thair micht I se,  
 The folk in pane, the wayis circular,  
 The welterand <sup>5</sup> stone wirk Sisipho mich cair,  
 And all the plesance of the camp Elise,<sup>6</sup>  
 Quhair auld Anchises did commoun with Enee,  
 And schew be line all his successioun,  
 This ilk Eneas maist famous of renoun.

I saw to goddes mak the sacrifice,  
 Quhairof the ordour and maner to devise  
 War ouir prolix, and how Eneas syne,  
 Went to the schip, and eik I saw quhat wise,  
 All his nauie greit hounger did surprise,  
 How he in Italie finallie with greit pyne,  
 Arryuit at the strandis of Lauyne,  
 And how he faucht weill baith on landis and seyis,  
 And Turnus slew the king of Rutileis.

— *Gavin Douglas* [1474?–1522]

<sup>1</sup> many    <sup>2</sup> driven about    <sup>3</sup> received    <sup>4</sup> huge    <sup>5</sup> rolling    <sup>6</sup> Elysian Fields

## From POLY-OLBION

[Book I, ll. 319-336]

WHEN long-renowned *Troy* lay spent in hostile fire,  
And aged *Priam's* pomp did with her flames expire,  
*Æneas* (taking thence *Ascanius*, his young son,  
And his most rev'rend sire, the grave *Anchises*, won  
From shoals of slaught'ring Greeks) set out from *Simois'*  
shores;  
And through the *Tyrrhene* Sea, by strength of toiling oars,  
Raught *Italy* at last; where King *Latinus* lent  
Safe harbour for his ships, with wrackful tempests rent:  
When, in the Latin Court, *Lavinia* young and fair  
(Her father's only child, and kingdom's only heir)  
Upon the Troian lord her liking strongly plac'd,  
And languish'd in the fires that her fair breast imbrac'd:  
But *Turnus* (at that time) the proud *Rutulian* King,  
A suitor to the maid, *Æneas* malicing,  
By force of arms attempts his rival to extrude:  
But, by the *Teucrian* pow'r courageously subdu'd,  
Bright *Cytherea's* son the Latin crown obtain'd;  
And dying, in his stead his son *Ascanius* reign'd.

— *Michael Drayton* [1563-1631]

## THE CLASSICS IN A NUTSHELL\*

(MODERN READER'S LIBRARY)

VERGIL'S *ÆNEID*

**Æ**NEAS, with his little boy,  
Slid down the fire escape from Troy.  
His wife Creusa he forgot,  
Although he loved her quite a lot;  
She perished in the fire, poor dame!  
(He often thought of his old flame.)

From Troy he sailed the raging tide, O!  
To Carthage, where he fell for Dido;  
Then left her cold and went to Hades,  
Came through, and married well, dear ladies.  
No one had ever thought him bad,  
So nice was he to his old dad.

\* From the column "Hit or Miss," *Daily News*, Chicago, August 19, 1919.

## L'ÉNÉIDE DE NOS JOURS\*

BY the leading of a star  
Came Aeneas from afar,  
Sailing up the promised stream  
To the kingdom of his dream.  
Dust was that which had been Troy;  
Dido's death had murdered joy;  
By the blue Sicilian bay  
In his grave Anchises lay.  
Years had fled, but faithful still  
Flashed the star from hill to hill,  
Beck'ning to another home,  
Hov'ring o'er the site of Rome.  
Peace or battle — who should say? —  
In the lap of Fortune lay;  
Little recked he what befell,  
If he bore his burden well.  
So the pilgrimage he made  
To receive the accolade;  
So, the runes of Fate to spell,  
He descended into hell.  
Knightly sword and steadfast soul —  
Only these could gain the goal;  
Self might perish, — if the race  
Won and wore the pride of place.

Thus the Mantuan said, and thus  
Says Aeneas unto us,  
Transubstantiating still  
Fickle heart and wayward will.

— D. A. Slater

\* Reprinted by permission from *Sortes Vergilianae or Vergil and Today*, Oxford, Basil Blackwell, 1922.





## THE ÆNEID

### II. DIDO

*Never was there such a whirlwind of passion  
as Virgil raised on those African shores, amid  
those rising citadels and departing sails.*

— WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

*Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,  
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.*

— ALEXANDER POPE





## DIDO\*

THE story you may find in Latin rhymes —  
But in this very town I know a woman  
Quite up to date, belonging to our times,  
And ignorant of wandering Trojan foemen.  
Yet she has built about her heart a city,  
Greater than Carthage and than Tyre more fair.  
Bound by a wall that shuts out human pity,  
She waits for an Aeneas unaware.

And he will come, this light insouciant lover,  
Blowing his bugles to a rising morrow —  
To rend her veil, her wizened mind uncover,  
And leave her conquered by life's stinging sorrow.

Dreaming, I see her climb a funeral pyre  
And burn her soul to ashes in love's fire.

— *Virginia McCormick*

\* *Poetry*, Vol. XXIX, Number II, November, 1926.

## From THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN

### *The Legend of Dido, Queen of Carthage*

Incipit Legenda Didonis martiris, Cartaginis regine.

**G**LORY and honour, Virgil Mantuan,  
Be to thy name! and I shal, as I can,  
Folow thy lantern, as thou gost biforn,  
How Eneas to Dido was forsworn.  
In thy Eneid and Naso wol I take  
The tenour, and the grete effectes make.

Whan Troye broght was to destruccioun  
By Grekes sleight, and namely by Sinoun,  
Feyning the hors y-offred to Minerve,  
Through which that many a Troyan moste sterve;<sup>1</sup>  
And Ector had, after his deeth, appered,  
And fyr so wood,<sup>2</sup> it mighte nat be stered,<sup>3</sup>  
In al the noble tour of Ilioun,  
That of the citee was the cheef dungeoun;  
And al the contre was so lowe y-broght,  
And Priamus the king fordoon and noght;  
And Eneas was charged by Venus  
To fleen away, he took Ascanius,  
That was his sone, in his right hand, and fledde;  
And on his bakke he bar and with him ledde  
His olde fader, cleped Anchises,  
And by the weye his wyf Creusa he lees.<sup>4</sup>  
And mochel sorwe hadde he in his mynde  
Er that he coude his felawshippe fynde.  
But, at the laste, whan he had hem founde,  
He made him redy in a certein stounde,<sup>5</sup>  
And to the see ful faste he gan him hye,  
And saileth forth with al his companye  
Toward Itaile, as wolde destinee.

<sup>1</sup> perish

<sup>2</sup> mad

<sup>3</sup> controlled

<sup>4</sup> lost

<sup>5</sup> time

But of his adventures in the see  
Nis nat to purpos for to speke of here,  
For hit accordeth nat to my matere.  
But, as I seide, of him and of Dido  
Shal be my tale, til that I have do.

So longe he sailed in the salte see  
Til in Libye unnethe<sup>1</sup> aryved he,  
With shippes seven and with no more navye;  
And glad was he to londe for to hye,<sup>2</sup>  
So was he with the tempest al to-shake.  
And whan that he the haven had y-take,  
He had a knight, was called Achates;  
And him of al his felawshippe he chees  
To goon with him, the contre for tespye;  
He took with him no more companye.  
But forth they goon, and lafte his shippes ryde,  
His fere<sup>3</sup> and he, with-outen any gyde.  
So longe he walketh in this wilderness  
Til, at the laste, he mette an hunteresse.  
A bowe in honde and arwes hadde she,  
Her clothes cutted were unto the knee;  
But she was yit the fairest creature  
That ever was y-formed by nature;  
And Eneas and Achates she grette,  
And this she to hem spak, whan she hem mette.  
'Sawe ye,' quod she, 'as ye han walked wyde,  
Any of my sustren walke yow besyde,  
With any wilde boor or other beste  
That they han hunted to, in this foreste,  
Y-tukked up, with arwes in her cas?'

'Nay, soothly, lady,' quod this Eneas;  
'But, by thy beaute, as hit thinketh me,  
Thou mightest never erthely womman be,  
But Phebus suster artow, as I gesse.  
And, if so be that thou be a goddess,  
Have mercy on our labour and our wo.'

'I nam no goddes, soothly,' quod she tho;

<sup>1</sup> with difficulty

<sup>2</sup> go

<sup>3</sup> companion

'For maidens walken in this contree here,  
 With arwes and with bowe, in this manere.  
 This is the regne of Libie, ther ye been,  
 Of which that Dido lady is and queen' —  
 And shortly tolde him al the occasioun  
 Why Dido com into that regioun,  
 Of which as now me lusteth nat to ryme;  
 Hit nedeth nat; hit ner but los of tyme.  
 For this is al and som, it was Venus,  
 His owne moder, that spak with him thus;  
 And to Cartage she bad he sholde him dighte,  
 And vanished anoon out of his sighte.  
 I coude folwe, word for word, Virgyle,  
 But it wolde lasten al to long a whyle.

This noble queen, that cleped was Dido,  
 That whylom was the wyf of Sitheo,  
 That fairer was then is the brighte sonne,  
 This noble toun of Cartage hath begonne;  
 In which she regneth in so greet honour,  
 That she was holde of alle quenes flour,  
 Of gentillesse, of fredom, of beautee;  
 That wel was him that mighte her ones see;  
 Of kinges and of lordes so desyred,  
 That al the world her beaute hadde y-fyred;  
 She stood so wel in every wightes grace.

Whan Eneas was come un-to that place,  
 Unto the maister-temple of al the toun  
 Ther Dido was in her devocioun,  
 Ful prively his wey than hath he nome.<sup>1</sup>  
 Whan he was in the large temple come,  
 I can nat seyn if that hit be possible,  
 But Venus hadde him maked invisible —  
 Thus seith the book, with-outen any lees.  
 And whan this Eneas and Achates  
 Hadden in this temple been over-al,  
 Than founde they, depeynted on a wal,  
 How Troye and al the lond destroyed was.

<sup>1</sup> taken

‘Allas! that I was born,’ quod Eneas,  
‘Through-out the world our shame is kid <sup>1</sup> so wyde,  
Now it is peynted upon every syde!  
We, that weren in prosperitee,  
Be now disslaundred, and in swich degre,  
Ne lenger for to liven I ne kepe!’ <sup>2</sup>  
And, with that worde, he brast out for to wepe  
So tendrely, that routhe hit was to sene.  
This fresshe lady, of the citee quene,  
Stood in the temple, in her estat royal,  
So richely, and eek so fair withal,  
So yong, so lusty, with her eyen glade,  
That, if that god, that heven and erthe made,  
Wolde han a love, for beaute and goodnesse,  
And womanhod, and trouthe, and seemlinesse,  
Whom sholde he loven but this lady swete?  
There nis no womman to him half so mete.

Fortune, that hath the world in governaunce,  
Hath sodeinly broght in so newe a chaunce,  
That never was ther yit so fremd <sup>3</sup> a cas.  
For al the companye of Eneas,  
Which that he wende han loren <sup>4</sup> in the see,  
Aryved is, nat fer from that citee;  
For which, the grettest of his lordes some  
By aventure ben to the citee come,  
Unto that same temple, for to seke  
The quene, and of her socour her beseke;  
Swich renoun was ther spronge of her goodnesse.  
And, whan they hadden told al hir distresse,  
And al hir tempest and hir harde cas,  
Unto the quene appered Eneas,  
And openly beknew that hit was he.  
Who hadde Ioye than but his meynee,  
That hadden founde hir lord, hir governour?

The quene saw they dide him swich honour,  
And had herd ofte of Eneas, er tho,<sup>5</sup>  
And in her herte she hadde routhe and wo

<sup>1</sup> made known    <sup>2</sup> care    <sup>3</sup> strange    <sup>4</sup> thought to have lost    <sup>5</sup> before that

That ever swich a noble man as he  
Shal been disherited in swich degree;  
And saw the man, that he was lyk a knight,  
And suffisaunt of persone and of might,  
And lyk to been a veray gentil man;  
And wel his wordes he besette can,  
And had a noble visage for the nones,  
And formed wel of braunes and of bones.  
For, after Venus, hadde he swich fairnesse,  
That no man might be half so fair, I gesse.  
And wel a lord he semed for to be.  
And, for he was a straunger, somewhat she  
Lyked him the bet, as, god do bote,  
To som folk ofte newe thing is swote.  
Anoon her herte hath pitee of his wo,  
And, with that pitee, love com in also;  
And thus, for pitee and for gentillesse,  
Refreshed moste he been of his distresse.  
She seide, certes, that she sory was  
That he hath had swich peril and swich cas;  
And, in her frendly speche, in this manere  
She to him spak, and seide as ye may here.  
‘Be ye nat Venus sone and Anchises?  
In good feith, al the worship and encrees  
That I may goodly doon yow, ye shul have.  
Your shippes and your meynee shal I save;  
And many a gentil word she spak him to;  
And comaunded her messageres go  
The same day, with-outen any faile,  
His shippes for to seke, and hem vitaile.  
She many a beste to the shippes sente,  
And with the wyn she gan him to presente;  
And to her royal paleys she her spedde,  
And Eneas alwey with her she ledde.  
What nedeth yow the feste to descryve?  
He never beter at ese was his lyve.  
Ful was the feste of deyntees and richesse,  
Of instruments, of song, and of gladnesse,



And many an amorous loking and devys.

This Eneas is come to Paradys  
Out of the swolow of helle, and thus in Ioye  
Remembreth him of his estat in Troye.  
To dauncing-chambres ful of parements,  
Of riche beddes, and of ornaments,  
This Eneas is lad, after the mete.  
And with the quene whan that he had sete,  
And spices parted, and the wyn agoon,  
Unto his chambres was he lad anoon  
To take his ese and for to have his reste.  
With al his folk, to doon what so hem leste.

Ther nas coursere wel y-bridled noon,  
Ne stede, for the Iusting wel to goon,  
Ne large palfrey, esy for the nones,  
Ne Iuwel, fretted ful of riche stones,  
Ne sakkis ful of gold, of large wighte,  
Ne ruby noon, that shynede by nighte,  
Ne gentil hautein faucon heronere,  
Ne hound, for hert or wilde boor or dere,  
Ne coupe of gold, with florins newe y-bete,  
That in the lond of Libie may be gete,  
That Dido ne hath hit Eneas y-sent;  
And al is payed, what that he hath spent.  
Thus can this noble quene her gestes calle,  
As she that can in fredom <sup>1</sup> passen alle.

Eneas sothly eek, with-outen lees,  
Hath sent un-to his shippe, by Achates,  
After his sone, and after riche thinges,  
Both ceptre, clothes, broches, and eek ringes,  
Som for to were, and som for to presente  
To her, that all these noble thinges him sente;  
And bad his sone, how that he sholde make  
The presenting, and to the quene hit take.

Repaired is this Achates again,  
And Eneas ful blisful is and fain  
To seen his yonge sone Ascanius.

<sup>1</sup> generosity

But natheles, our autour telleth us,  
 That Cupido, that is the god of love,  
 At preyere of his moder, hye above,  
 Hadde the lyknes of the child y-take,  
 This noble quene enamoured to make  
 On Eneas; but, as of that scripture,  
 Be as be may, I make of hit no cure.<sup>1</sup>  
 But sooth is this, the quene hath mad swich chere  
 Un-to this child, that wonder is to here;  
 And of the present that his fader sente  
 She thanked him ful ofte, in good entente.

Thus is this quene in plesaunce and in Ioye,  
 With al this newe lusty folk of Troye.  
 And of the dedes hath she more enquired  
 Of Eneas, and al the story lered  
 Of Troye; and al the longe day they tweye  
 Entendeden to speken and to pleye;  
 Of which ther gan to brenden swich a fyr,  
 That sely <sup>2</sup> Dido hath now swich desyr  
 With Eneas, her newe gest, to dele,  
 That she hath lost her hew, and eek her hele.<sup>3</sup>  
 Now to theeffect, now to the fruit of al,  
 Why I have told this story, and tellen shal.

Thus I beginne; hit fil, upon a night,  
 When that the mone up-reysed had her light,  
 This noble quene un-to her reste wente;  
 She syketh <sup>4</sup> sore, and gan her-self turmente.  
 She waketh, walweth,<sup>5</sup> maketh many a brayd,<sup>6</sup>  
 As doon thise loveres, as I have herd sayd.  
 And at the laste, unto her suster Anne  
 She made her moon, and right thus spak she thanne.

‘Now, dere suster myn, what may hit be  
 That me agasteth in my dreame?’ quod she.  
 ‘This ilke Troyan is so in my thoght,  
 For that me thinketh he is so wel y-wroght,  
 And eek so lykly for to be a man,  
 And therwithal so mikel good he can,

<sup>1</sup> I pay no heed to it    <sup>2</sup> innocent    <sup>3</sup> health    <sup>4</sup> sigheth    <sup>5</sup> tosseth    <sup>6</sup> start

That al my love and lyf lyth in his cure.  
Have ye not herd him telle his aventure?  
Now certes, Anne, if that ye rede <sup>1</sup> hit me,  
I wolde fain to him y-wedded be;  
This is theeffect; what sholde I more seye?  
In him lyth al, to do me live or deye.<sup>2</sup>

Her suster Anne, as she that coude <sup>2</sup> her good,  
Seide as her thoughte, and somdel hit with-stood.  
But her-of was so long a sermoning,  
Hit wer to long to make rehersing;  
But fynally, hit may not been with-stonde;  
Love wol love — for no wight wol hit wonde.<sup>3</sup>

The dawening up-rist out of the see;  
This amorous quene chargeth her meynee  
The nettes dresse, and speres brode and kene;  
An hunting wol this lusty fresshe quene;  
So priketh her this newe Ioly wo.  
To hors is al her lusty folk y-go;  
Un-to the court the houndes been y-brought,  
And up-on coursers, swift as any thoght,  
Hir yonge knightes hoven al aboute,  
And of her wommen eek an huge route.  
Up-on a thikke palfrey, paper-whyte,  
With sadel rede, embrouded with delyt,  
Of gold the barres up-enbossed hye,  
Sit Dido, al in gold and perre <sup>4</sup> wrye; <sup>5</sup>  
And she is fair, as is the brighte morwe,  
That heleth seke folk of nightes sorwe.

Up-on a courser, startling as the fyr,  
Men mighte turne him with a litel wyr,  
Sit Eneas, lyk Phebus to devyse;  
So was he fresshe arayed in his wyse.  
The fomy brydel with the bit of gold  
Governeth he, right as him-self hath wold.  
And forth this noble quene thus lat I ryde  
An hunting, with this Troyan by her syde.

The herd of hertes founden is anoon,

<sup>1</sup> advise<sup>2</sup> knew<sup>3</sup> desist<sup>4</sup> jewelry<sup>5</sup> covered

With 'hey! go bet! prik thou! lat goon, lat goon!  
 Why nil the leoun comen or the bere,  
 That I mighte ones mete him with this spere?'  
 Thus seyn thise yonge folk, and up they kille  
 These hertes wilde, and han hem at hir wille.

Among al this to-romblen gan the heven,  
 The thunder rored with a grisly steven;<sup>1</sup>  
 Doun com the rain, with hail and sleet so faste,  
 With hevenes fyr, that hit so sore agaste  
 This noble quene, and also her meynee,  
 That ech of hem was glad a-wey to flee.  
 And shortly, fro the tempest her to save,  
 She fledde her-self into a litel cave,  
 And with her wente this Eneas al-so;  
 I noot,<sup>2</sup> with hem if ther wente any mo;  
 The autour maketh of hit no mencion.  
 And heer began the depe affeccioun  
 Betwix hem two; this was the firste morwe  
 Of her gladnesse, and ginning of her sorwe.  
 For ther hath Eneas y-kneled so,  
 And told her al his herte, and al his wo,  
 And sworn so depe, to her to be trewe,  
 For wele or wo, and chaunge for no newe,  
 And as a fals lover so wel can pleyne,  
 That sely Dido rewed<sup>3</sup> on his peyne  
 And tok him for husband, to been his wyf  
 For ever-mo, whyl that hem laste lyf.  
 And after this, whan that the tempest stente,  
 With mirth out as they comen, hoom they wente.

The wikked fame up roos, and that anon,  
 How Eneas hath with the quene y-gon  
 In-to the cave; and demed as hem liste;  
 And whan the king, that Yarbass hight, hit wiste,  
 As he that had her loved ever his lyf,  
 And wowed her, to have her to his wyf,  
 Swich sorwe as he hath maked, and swich chere,<sup>4</sup>  
 Hit is a routhe and pite for to here.

<sup>1</sup> voice<sup>2</sup> know not<sup>3</sup> had pity<sup>4</sup> appearance

But, as in love, al-day hit happeth so,  
That oon shal laughen at anothers wo;  
Now laugheth Eneas, and is in Ioye  
And more richesse than ever was in Troye.

O sely womman, ful of innocence,  
Ful of pitee, of trouthe, and conscience,  
What maked yow to men to trusten so?  
Have ye swich routhe upon hir feined wo,  
And han swich olde ensamples yow befor?  
See ye nat alle, how they been for-sworn?  
Wher see ye oon, that he ne hath laft his leef,<sup>1</sup>  
Or been unkynde, or doon her som mischeef,  
Or pilled <sup>2</sup> her, or bosted of his dede?  
Ye may as wel hit seen, as ye may rede;  
Tak heed now of this grete gentil-man,  
This Troyan, that so wel her plesen can,  
That feineth him so trewe and obeising,  
So gentil and so privy of his doing,  
And can so wel doon alle his obeisaunces,  
And waiten her at festes and at daunces,  
And when she goth to temple and hoom ageyn,  
And fasten til he hath his lady seyn,  
And bere in his devyses, for her sake,  
Noot I nat what; and songes wolde he make,  
Iusten, and doon of armes many thinges,  
Sende her lettres, tokens, broches, ringes —  
Now herkneth, how he shal his lady serve!  
Ther-as he was in peril for to sterve <sup>3</sup>  
For hunger, and for mischeef in the see,  
And desolat, and fled from his contree,  
And al his folk with tempest al to-driven,  
She hath her body and eek her reame <sup>4</sup> yiven  
In-to his hond, ther-as she mighte have been  
Of other lond than of Cartage a queen,  
And lived in Ioye y-nogh; what wolde ye more?

This Eneas, that hath so depe y-swore,  
Is wery of his craft with-in a throwe;

<sup>1</sup> love<sup>2</sup> robbed<sup>3</sup> die<sup>4</sup> realm

The hote earnest is al over-blowe.  
 And prively he doth his shippes dighte,  
 And shapeth him to stele a-wey by nighte.

This Dido hath suspeciou of this,  
 And thoughte wel, that hit was al a-mis;  
 For in his bedde he lyth a-night and syketh;  
 She asketh him anoon, what him mislyketh —  
 ‘My dere herte, which that I love most?’

‘Certes,’ quod he, ‘this night my fadres gost  
 Hath in my sleep so sore me tormented,  
 And eek Mercurie his message hath presented,  
 That nedes to the conquest of Itaile  
 My destinee is sone for to saile;  
 For which, me thinketh, brosten is myn herte!’  
 Ther-with his false teres out they sterte;  
 And taketh her with-in his armes two.

‘Is that in earnest,’ quod she; ‘wil ye so?  
 Have ye nat sworn to wyve me to take,  
 Alas! what womman wil ye of me make?  
 I am a gentil-woman and a queen,  
 Ye wil nat fro your wyf thus foule fleen?  
 That I was born! allas! what shal I do?’

To telle in short, this noble queen Dido,  
 She seketh halwes,<sup>1</sup> and doth sacrificyse;  
 She kneleth, cryeth, that routhe is to devyse;  
 Coniureth him, and profreth him to be  
 His thral, his servant in the leste gree;  
 She falleth him to foot, and swowneth there  
 Dischevele, with her brighte gilte here,  
 And seith, ‘have mercy! let me with yow ryde!  
 Thise lordes, which that wonen<sup>2</sup> me besyde  
 Wil me destroyeden only for your sake.  
 And, so ye wil me now to wyve take,  
 As ye han sworn, than wol I give yow leve  
 To sleen me with your swerd now sone at eve!  
 For than yit shal I dyen as your wyf.

\* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> shrines

<sup>2</sup> live

Mercy, lord! have pite in your thoght!  
 But al this thing availeth her right noght;  
 For on a night, slepinge, he let her lye,  
 And stal a-vey un-to his companye,  
 And, as a traitour, forth he gan to saile  
 Toward the large contre of Itaile.  
 Thus hath he laft Dido in wo and pyne;  
 And wedded ther a lady hight Lavyne.

A cloth he lafte, and eek his swerd standing,  
 Whan he fro Dido stal in her sleping,  
 Right at her beddes heed, so gan he hye  
 Whan that he stal a-vey to his navye;  
 Which cloth, whan sely Dido gan awake,  
 She hath hit kist ful ofte for his sake;  
 And seide, 'O cloth, whyl Iupiter hit leste,<sup>1</sup>  
 Tak now my soule, unbind me of this unreste!  
 I have fulfild of fortune al the cours.'  
 And thus, allas! with-uten his socours,  
 Twenty tyme y-swowned hath she thanne.  
 And, whan that she un-to her suster Anne  
 Compleyned had, of which I may nat wryte —  
 So greet a routhe I have hit for tendyte <sup>2</sup> —  
 And bad her norice and her suster goon  
 To fecchen fyr and other thing anoon,  
 And seide, that she wolde sacrificye.  
 And, whan she mighte her tyme wel espye,  
 Up-on the fyr of sacrificys she sterte,  
 And with his swerd she rof <sup>3</sup> her to the herte.

But, as myn autour seith, right thus she seyde;  
 Or she was hurt, before that she deyde,  
 She wroot a lettre anoon, that thus began: —

'Right so,' quod she, 'as that the whyte swan  
 Ayeins his deeth beginneth for to singe,  
 Right so to yow make I my compleyninge.  
 Nat that I trowe to geten yow again,  
 For wel I woot that it is al in vain,  
 Sin that the goddes been contraire to me.

<sup>1</sup> may please<sup>2</sup> to indite<sup>3</sup> pierced

But sin my name is lost through yow,' quod she,  
'I may wel lese a word on yow, or letter,  
Al-be-it that I shal be never the better;  
For thilke wind that blew your ship a-wey,  
The same wind hath blowe a-wey your fey.'<sup>1</sup> —

But who wol al this letter have in mynde,  
Rede Ovide, and in him he shal hit fynde.

Explicit Legenda Didonis martiris, Cartaginis regine.

— *Geoffrey Chaucer* [1340?–1400]

<sup>1</sup> faith



## From CONFESSIO AMANTIS

[Book IV, ll. 77-142]

**A**YEIN Lachesce in loves cas  
 I finde how whilom Eneas,  
 Whom Anchises to Sone hadde,  
 With gret navie, which he ladde  
 From Troie, aryveth at Cartage,  
 Wher for a while his herbergage  
 He tok; and it betidde so,  
 With hire which was qweene tho  
 Of the Cite his aqueintance  
 He wan, whos name in remembrance  
 Is yit, and Dido sche was hote; <sup>1</sup>  
 Which loveth Eneas so hote <sup>2</sup>  
 Upon the wordes whiche he seide,  
 That al hire herte on him sche leide  
 And dede al holi what he wolde.

Bot after that, as it be scholde,  
 Fro thenne he goth toward Ytaile  
 Be Schipe, and there his arivaile  
 Hath take, and schop him forto ryde.  
 Bot sche, which mai nocht longe abide  
 The hote peine of loves throwe,  
 Anon withinne a litel throwe,  
 A lettre unto hir kniht hath write,  
 And dede him pleinely forto wite,  
 If he made eny tariinge,  
 To drecche <sup>3</sup> of his ayeincomynge, <sup>4</sup>  
 That sche ne mihte him fiele and se,  
 Sche scholde stonde in such degre  
 As whilom stod a Swan tofore,  
 Of that sche hadde hire make lore;  
 For sorwe a fethere into hire brain  
 She schof and hath hireselve slain;

<sup>1</sup> named<sup>2</sup> hotly<sup>3</sup> delay<sup>4</sup> return

As king Menander in a lay  
 The sothe hath founde, wher sche lay  
 Sprantlende with hire wynges tweie,  
 As sche which scholde thanne deie  
 For love of him which was hire make.  
 ‘And so schal I do for thi sake,’  
 This qweene seide, ‘wel I wot.’  
 Lo, to Enee thus sche wrot  
 With many an other word of pleinte:  
 Bot he, which hadde hise thoghtes feinte  
 Towardes love and full of Slowthe,  
 His time lette, and that was rowthe:  
 For sche, which loveth him tofore,  
 Desireth evere more and more,  
 And whan sche sih him tarie so,  
 Hire herte was so full of wo,  
 That compleignende manyfold  
 Sche hath hire oghne tale told,  
 Unto hirself and this sche spak:  
 ‘Ha, who fond evere such a lak  
 Of Slowthe in eny worthi kniht?  
 Now wot I wel my deth is diht  
 Thurgh him which scholde have be mi lif.’  
 Bot forto stinten al this strif,  
 Thus whan sche sih non other bote,<sup>1</sup>  
 Riht evene unto hire herte rote  
 A naked swerd anon sche threste,  
 And thus sche gat hireselve reste  
 In remembrance of alle slowe.  
 Wherof, my Sone, thou miht knowe  
 How tariinge upon the nede  
 In loves cause is forto drede;  
 And that hath Dido sore aboght,  
 Whos deth schal evere be bethoght.

— *John Gower* [d. 1408]

<sup>1</sup> remedy

## From THE FALL OF PRINCES

[Book II, ll. 2149-2170]

TOUCHYNG Dido lat ther be no striff:  
 Thouh that she be accused off Ouide,<sup>1</sup>  
 Afftir Bochas I wrot hir chaste liff,  
 And the contrary I haue set a-side;  
 For me thouhte it was bet<sup>2</sup> tabide<sup>3</sup>  
 On hir goodnesse, than thyng reherse in deede,  
 Which myhte resowne ageyn hir wommanheede.

To Eneas thouh she was fauourable,  
 To Ytaile makyng his passage,  
 Al that she dede, it was comendable,  
 Hym to receyue comyng be Cartage;  
 Thouh sum folk wern large off ther language,  
 Amysse texpowne<sup>4</sup> be report, or texpresse<sup>5</sup>  
 Thyng doon to hym onli off gentillesse.

Ther shal for me be maad no rehersaile  
 But as I fynde wretyn in Bochas;  
 For to sey weel may moche more auaille  
 Than froward speche, in many dyuers cas.  
 But al Cartage ofte seide alas,  
 Hir deth compleynyng thoruhout ther cite,  
 Which slouh hirsself tobserue<sup>6</sup> hir chastite.\*

— John Lydgate [c. 1370-c. 1451]

<sup>1</sup> Ovid    <sup>2</sup> better    <sup>3</sup> to dwell    <sup>4</sup> to explain    <sup>5</sup> to express    <sup>6</sup> to observe

\* These are the closing stanzas of a passage (Book II, ll. 1898-2170) in which Lydgate tells of Dido's flight from Tyre, her building of Carthage, her vow of chastity, the determined wooing of her by a neighboring king, her resolve to die, her death by knife and funeral pyre. This alternative version of Dido's death is told by Boccaccio (Bochas). Cf. also Turberville, *Of Dido and the Truth of Her Death*, a translation of Ausonius, Epigram 118.7. Yet Lydgate elsewhere speaks of Æneas's desertion of Dido. Cf. *Fall of Princes*, Book II, ll. 986-987:

Remembryng also thunkyndli gret outrage  
 Be Eneas doon to Dido off Cartage;

and Book V, ll. 2621-2623:

Dido the firste that bilte that cite  
 And made touris & the stronge wall,  
 Which was betrashed falsly of Enee.

From THE TRAGEDIE OF DIDO,  
QUEENE OF CARTHAGE

[Act V, ll. 1704-1725]

*Dido.* Now *Dido*, with these reliques burne thy selfe,  
And make *Æneas* famous through the world,  
For periurie and slaughter of a Queene:  
Here lye the Sword that in the darksome Caue  
He drew, and swore by, to be true to me:  
Thou shalt burne first, thy crime is worse then his:  
Here lye the garment which I cloath'd him in  
When first he came on shoare: perish thou to[o].  
These letters, lines, and periurd papers all,  
Shall burne to cinders in this pretious flame.  
And now ye Gods, that guide the starrie frame,  
And order all things at your high dispose,  
Graunt, though the traytors land in *Italy*,  
They may be still tormented with vnrest,  
And from mine ashes, let a Conquerour rise,  
That may reuenge this treason to a Queene,  
By plowing vp his Countries with the Sword.  
Betwixt this land and that be never league,  
*Littora littoribus contraria, fluctibus vndas*  
*Imprecor: arma armis: pugnent ipsiq. nepotes:*  
Liue, false *Æneas!* truest *Dido* dyes;  
*Sic, sic iuvat ire sub umbras.*

[Stabs herself and throws herself into the flames.]

— Christopher Marlowe [1564-1593]

— Thomas Nashe [1567-1601]

## FROM THE HEART FLED AGAIN

**F**ALSE, foolish *Heart!* didst thou not say,  
That thou wouldst never leave me more?  
Behold again 'tis fled away,  
Fled as far from me as before.  
I strove to bring it back again,  
I cry'd and hollow'd after it in vain.

Even so the gentle *Tyrian Dame*,  
When neither *Grief* nor *Love* prevail,  
Saw the dear object of her flame,  
Th' ingrateful *Trojan* hoist his sail:  
Aloud she call'd to him to stay;  
The wind bore *him*, and her lost *words* away.

— *Abraham Cowley* [1618–1667]

## SCHOLASTICUS\*

HE rose, smoothed flat his notes, tweaked the desk-light,  
Thrust a curt nod at us:  
And his assault on Vergil that wild night,  
Good friends, was — ominous.

‘Anchises’ son — poltroon and rake, in short.  
*Pius?* — a sad misnomer!  
The author too a flatterer of the court,  
And a crude thief (from Homer).

‘The pith in Dido’s passion (strangely human),  
The stress on jewels and flowers,  
But proved the poet some voluptuous woman  
(Still clever after hours)! . . .’

Well, well . . . And yet we dropped our jibes with years:  
He’d been but pert and green.  
He prospered with us (grades, committees, shears,  
Syntax, and such routine) . . .

Of late he probed a man who’d lost his wife,  
To put his grief to school:  
A fool at letters is a fool at life —  
But life most feels him fool.

— *William Ellery Leonard*

\* From *A Son of Earth*, New York, The Viking Press, 1928.

THE ÆNEID

III. THE FALL OF TROY

*Or the tale of Troy divine.*

—JOHN MILTON







## From HAMLET

[Act II, Sc. 2, ll. 463-551]

*Hamlet.* I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million. . . . One speech in it I chiefly loved; 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see, let me see: —

'The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast, —'

'Tis not so, it begins with Pyrrhus: —

'The rugged Pyrrhus, he, whose sable arms,  
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble  
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,  
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd  
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot  
Now he is total gules; horridly trick'd  
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,  
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,  
That lend a tyrannous and damned light  
To their vile murders: roasted in wrath and fire,  
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,  
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus  
Old grandsire Priam seeks.'

[So proceed you.]

*Polonius.* 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent and good discretion.

*First Player.* 'Anon, he finds him  
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,  
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,  
Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd,  
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;  
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword  
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,

Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top  
 Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash  
 Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for lo! his sword,  
 Which was declining on the milky head  
 Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:  
 So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,  
 And like a neutral to his will and matter,  
 Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,  
 A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,  
 The bold winds speechless and the orb below  
 As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder  
 Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,  
 Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work;  
 And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall  
 On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,  
 With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword  
 Now falls on Priam.

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods  
 In general synod, take away her power;  
 Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,  
 And howl the round nave down the hill of heaven,  
 As low as to the fiends!'

*Polonius.* This is too long.

*Hamlet.* It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Prithee  
 say on: he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps. Say  
 on; come to Hecuba.

*First Player.* 'But who, O! who had seen the mobled  
 queen —'

*Hamlet.* 'The mobled queen?' —

*Polonius.* That's good; 'mobled queen' is good.

*First Player.* 'Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the  
 flames

With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head  
 Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,  
 About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,  
 A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;  
 Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,

'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:  
But if the gods themselves did see her then,  
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport  
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,  
The instant burst of clamour that she made —  
Unless things mortal move them not at all —  
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,  
And passion in the gods.'

*Polonius.* Look! wh'er he has not turned his colour and has  
tears in 's eyes. Prithee, no more.\*

— *William Shakespeare* [1564-1616]

\* 'The passage inserted here should be compared with Marlowe and Nash's *Dido, Queen of Carthage* (1594), II. l. 214ff. It is a matter of critical dispute whether Shakespeare intended this passage as burlesque or whether he selected deliberately the earlier turgid romantic style to contrast with his more realistic dramatic method in this scene. The latter seems the more probable.' (*The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, edited by Jack Randall Crawford, "The Yale Shakespeare," Yale University Press, 1917, p. 163.)

## From THE TALE OF TROY

AND now this wasteful war that lasted long,  
To dames of Troy and Greece a tedious wrong,  
With hot encounter and unhappy fight,  
The tragic end of many a hardy knight,  
Gan sort to this, that Greeks, to blear the eyes  
Of Troyans, gin take counsel and advice  
To rear by art a huge unwieldy frame,  
Much like a horse; and having fraught the same  
With men of war, they make a cunning show,  
As if from Troy they homewards meant to go,  
And raise the siege, and leave the prize behind,  
But gods do know they nothing less did mind;  
For, as I ween, my history doth say,  
To Tenedos the Grecians slunk away,  
An isle that gave them harbour and abode:  
Now leave we there these Greeks to lie at road.

Amidst this hurly-burly and uproar,  
King Priam sends away young Polydore,  
With store of treasure and with mickle muck  
His youngest son, to Thrace: but little luck  
Ensu'd hereof; for Polymnestor, lo,  
The thirst of Priam's pillage working so,  
A woful tale, as I have heard it told,  
Murthers this prince for lucre of his gold.  
The traitorous Sinon, for his villany  
Th' infamous author of Troy's tragedy,  
While subtle Grecians lurk'd in Tenedos,  
Gan with the silly Troyans highly glose,  
And tell a tale that sounded like a truth,  
A tale that mov'd the hearers' hearts to ruth;  
And so bewitch'd King Priam and his court,  
That now at last, to Troyans' fatal hurt,  
Instead of that might most their states advance,  
They greed to hoise this engine of mischance,

And make a breach, like fools, and never lin  
Till their own hands had pull'd their enemies in.  
Thus riot, rape, and vain credulity,  
Bin nam'd chief causes of Troy's tragedy.  
This monstrous horse, that in his spacious sides  
A traitorous troop of armed Grecians hides,  
Gan now discharge his vast and hideous load,  
And spread his bloody bowels all abroad.  
It was the time when midnight's sleep and rest  
With quiet pause the town of Troy possess'd;  
The Greeks forsake their ships and make return:  
Now Troy, as was foretold, began to burn,  
And Ilium's lofty towers to smoke apace;  
The conquering foe begins amain to chase  
Th' affrighted Phrygians, that now unawares  
False Sinon had entrapp'd in his snares.  
Ah, what a piercing sight it was to see  
So fair a town as Troy was said to be,  
By quenchless fire laid level with the soil,  
The prince and people made the soldiers' spoil!  
Th' unhappy Priam maz'd with frights and fears,  
Seeing his palace flame about his ears,  
Out of his wretched slumber hastily start,  
And, weening to have play'd a young man's part,  
Girds-to his arming-sword with trembling hand;  
But she that erst brought forth the fatal brand  
That fir'd the town, the most unhappy queen,  
Whose like for wretchedness was never seen,  
Said, "Leave, my lord; becomes not us to strive,  
Whom would no morning sun might see alive!  
And fly from aid of men to powers divine,  
And so with me lay hold of Phoebus' shrine."  
But he, whose bloody mind and murdering rage  
Nor awe of gods nor reverence of age  
Could temper from a deed so tyrannous,  
Achilles' son, the fierce unbridled Pyrrhus,  
His father's angry ghost enticing him,  
With slaughtering hand, with visage pale and grim,

Hath hent this aged Priam by the hair,  
Like butcher bent to slay; and even there,  
The man that lived so many golden years,  
The great commander of such lordly peers,  
The King of Troy, the mighty King of Troy,  
With cruel iron this cursed Greekish boy  
Rids of his life, as whilom he had done  
With shaft envenom'd Paris, old Priam's son.  
Thus souls by swarms do press to Pluto's hall;  
Thus, naked Troy, or now not Troy at all,  
Done is thy pride, dim is thy glorious gite,  
Slain is thy prince in this unhappy fight.

\* \* \* \*

Short tale to make, when thus the town of Troy  
The Greeks had sack'd, to Asia's great annoy,  
When Pyrrhus had the guilty Paris slain,  
Lo, now at last the Greeks have home again,  
With loss of many a Greek and Trojan's life,  
Their wither'd flower, King Menelaus' wife.  
The good Æneas, whom the gods beleek  
Reserv'd some better future hap to seek,  
With old Anchises, leaves this conquer'd town,  
And, on the seas y-tossed up and down,  
Arrives at Lavine land, when he had seen  
The bounty of the famous Carthage queen,  
Who, forc'd by fate, this wandering knight deceiv'd,  
That him and his so royally receiv'd.

— *George Peele* [1558–c.1598]

## From THE IRON AGE

[Part II, Act II]

*Ghost of Hector.* Hence *Æneas* post from *Troy*,  
 Reare that abroad the gods at home destroy.  
 The Citty burnes, *Priam* and *Priams* glory  
 Is all expir'd, and tumbled headlong downe:  
*Cassandraes* long neglected prophesies  
 This night fulfils. If either strength or might  
 Could have protected *Troy*, this hand, this arme  
 That sau'd it oft, had kept it still from harme.  
 But *Troy* is doom'd, here gins the fatall Story  
 Of her sad sacke and fall of all her glory.  
 Away, and beare thy Country gods along,  
 Thousands shall issue from thy sacred seede,  
 Citties more rich then this the Grecian spoyle,  
 In after times shall thy successors build,  
 Where *Hectors* name shall liue eternally.  
 One *Romulus*, another *Bruite* shall reare,  
 These shall nor Honours, nor iust Rectors want,  
 Lumbardies *Roome*, great Britaines *Troy-nouant*.  
*Heu fuge nate Dea; teque his pater eripe flammis;*  
*Hostis habet muros, ruit alto a culmine Troia*  
*Sacra, suosque tibi commendat Troia penates.*  
*Hos cape fatorum comites, his moenia quaere,*  
*Magna pererrato statues quae denique ponto.\**

— *Thomas Heywood* [d. c. 1650]\* Cf. *Æneid* II. ll. 289-295.





## THE ÆNEID

### IV. ECHOES OF THE MANTUAN SONG

*Out of one Hercules were made an infinity  
of pigmies, yet all endued with human souls.*

—JOHN DRYDEN





## From THE HOUS OF FAME

[*Book III, ll. 266–302*]

**B**UT in this riche lusty place,  
That Fames halle called was,  
Ful moche prees of folk ther nas,<sup>1</sup>  
Ne crouding, for to mochil prees.  
But al on hye, above a dees,  
Sitte in a see imperial,  
That maad was of a rubee al,  
Which that a carbuncle is y-called,  
I saugh, perpetually y-stalled,  
A feminyne creature;  
That never formed by nature  
Nas swich another thing y-seye.  
For altherfirst, soth for to seye,  
Me thoughte that she was so lyte,  
That the lengthe of a cubyte  
Was lenger than she semed be;  
But thus sone, in a whyle, she  
Hir tho so wonderliche streighte,<sup>2</sup>  
That with hir feet she erthe reighte,<sup>3</sup>  
And with hir heed she touched hevene,  
Ther as shynen sterres sevene.  
And therto eek, as to my wit,  
I saugh a gretter wonder yit,  
Upon her eyen to beholde;  
But certeyn I hem never tolde;<sup>4</sup>  
For as fele<sup>5</sup> eyen hadde she  
As fetheres upon foules be,  
Or weren on the bestes foure,  
That Goddes trone<sup>6</sup> gunne honoure,  
As Iohn writ in thapocalips.  
Hir here, that oundy<sup>7</sup> was and crips,

<sup>1</sup> was not    <sup>2</sup> stretched    <sup>3</sup> reached    <sup>4</sup> counted    <sup>5</sup> many    <sup>6</sup> throne    <sup>7</sup> curly

As burned gold hit shoon to see.  
And soth to tellen, also she  
Had also fele up-stondyng eres  
And tonges, as on bestes heres;  
And on hir feet wexen,<sup>1</sup> saugh I,  
Partriches winges redely.

— *Geoffrey Chaucer* [1340?–1400]

<sup>1</sup> grew

From HUDIBRAS

[Part II, Canto I]

**T**HERE is a tall long-sided Dame,  
(But wondrous light) ycleped *Fame*,  
That like a thin *Camelion* Bourds  
Herself on Air, and eats her words:  
Upon her shoulders wings she wears,  
Like Hanging-sleeves, lin'd through with Ears,  
And Eies, and Tongues, as Poets list,  
Made good by deep *Mythologist*.  
With these, she through the Welkin flies,  
And sometimes carries *Truth*, oft *Lies*.

— *Samuel Butler* [1612–1680]

## LAODAMIA

‘**W**ITH sacrifice before the rising morn  
 Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;  
 And from the infernal Gods, ’mid shades forlorn  
 Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I required:  
 Celestial pity I again implore; —  
 Restore him to my sight — great Jove, restore!’

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed  
 With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;  
 While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,  
 Her countenance brightens — and her eye expands;  
 Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;  
 And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived? — O joy!  
 What doth she look on? — whom doth she behold?  
 Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy?  
 His vital presence? his corporeal mould?  
 It is — if sense deceive her not — ’tis He!  
 And a God leads him, winged Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his wand  
 That calms all fear; ‘Such grace hath crowned thy prayer,  
 Laodamia! that at Jove’s command  
 Thy Husband walks the paths of upper air:  
 He comes to tarry with thee three hours’ space;  
 Accept the gift, behold him face to face!’

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord to clasp;  
 Again that consummation she essayed;  
 But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp  
 As often as that eager grasp was made.  
 The Phantom parts — but parts to re-unite,  
 And re-assume his place before her sight.

‘Protesilaus, lo! thy guide is gone!  
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:  
This is our palace, — yonder is thy throne;  
Speak, and the floor thou tread’st on will rejoice.  
Not to appal me have the gods bestowed  
This precious boon; and blest a sad abode.’

‘Great Jove, Laodamia! doth not leave  
His gifts imperfect: — Spectre though I be,  
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;  
But in reward of thy fidelity.  
And something also did my worth obtain;  
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

‘Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold  
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand  
Should die; but me the threat could not withhold:  
A generous cause a victim did demand;  
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;  
A self-devoted chief — by Hector slain.’

‘Supreme of Heroes — bravest, noblest, best!  
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,  
Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest  
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;  
Thou found’st — and I forgive thee — here thou art —  
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

‘But thou, though capable of sternest deed,  
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;  
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed  
Thou should’st elude the malice of the grave:  
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair  
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

‘No Spectre greets me, — no vain Shadow this;  
Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my side!  
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss

To me, this day, a second time thy bride!  
Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious Parcæ threw  
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

‘This visage tells thee that my doom is past:  
Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys  
Of sense were able to return as fast  
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys  
Those raptures duly — Erebus disdains:  
Calm pleasures there abide — majestic pains.

‘Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control  
Rebellious passion: for the Gods approve  
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;  
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.  
Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn  
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn —’

‘Ah, wherefore? — Did not Hercules by force  
Wrest from the guardian Monster of the tomb  
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,  
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?  
Medea’s spells dispersed the weight of years,  
And Æson stood a youth ’mid youthful peers.

‘The Gods to us are merciful — and they  
Yet further may relent: for mightier far  
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway  
Of magic potent over sun and star,  
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,  
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman’s breast.

‘But if thou goest, I follow —’ ‘Peace!’ he said, —  
She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered;  
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled;  
In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared  
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,  
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.



He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel  
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;  
No fears to beat away — no strife to heal —  
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;  
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood  
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous — imaged there  
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,  
An ampler ether, a diviner air,  
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;  
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day  
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath earned  
That privilege by virtue. — ‘Ill,’ said he,  
‘The end of man’s existence I discerned,  
Who from ignoble games and revelry  
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,  
While tears were thy best pastime, day and night;

‘And while my youthful peers before my eyes  
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)  
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise  
By martial sports, — or, seated in the tent,  
Chieftains and kings in council were detained;  
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

‘The wished-for wind was given: — I then revolved  
The oracle, upon the silent sea;  
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved  
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be  
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand, —  
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

‘Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang  
When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife!  
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,

And on the joys we shared in mortal life, —  
 The paths which we had trod — these fountains, flowers,  
 My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

‘But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,  
 “Behold they tremble! — haughty their array,  
 Yet of their number no one dares to die?”  
 In soul I swept the indignity away:  
 Old frailties then recurred: — but lofty thought,  
 In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

‘And Thou, though strong in love, art all too weak  
 In reason, in self-government too slow;  
 I counsel thee by fortitude to seek  
 Our blest re-union in the shades below.  
 The invisible world with thee hath sympathised;  
 Be thy affections raised and solemnised.

‘Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend —  
 Seeking a higher object. Love was given,  
 Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;  
 For this the passion to excess was driven —  
 That self might be annulled: her bondage prove  
 The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.’ —

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reappears!  
 Round the dear Shade she would have clung — ’tis vain:  
 The hours are past — too brief had they been years;  
 And him no mortal effort can detain:  
 Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day,  
 He through the portal takes his silent way,  
 And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse She lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,  
 She perished; and, as for a wilful crime,  
 By the just Gods whom no weak pity moved,  
 Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,  
 Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather flowers  
 Of blissful quiet ’mid unfading bowers.

---

— Yet tears to human suffering are due;  
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown  
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,  
As fondly he believes. — Upon the side  
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)  
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew  
From out the tomb of him for whom she died;  
And ever, when such stature they had gained  
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,  
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight;  
A constant interchange of growth and blight! \*

— *William Wordsworth* [1770–1850]

\* 'The idea that underlies the poem is the same conception of "pietas" which Virgil has embodied in the *Æneid*, and with which he has associated, especially in the sixth book, which Wordsworth in many passages recalls, great ethical and religious conceptions, derived in the main from the philosophy of Plato. . . . The poem is thus notable, not so much for the assimilation of details, as for natural affinity to the spirituality of antiquity, of which Virgil is the purest exponent. Virgil's seriousness, his tenderness, his conception of the inevitable, and yet moral, order of the world, his desire for purification, his sadness, and yet complete freedom from unmanliness, his love of nature and belief in the sympathy of nature with man — all these are points of contact between the ancient and the modern poet.' (W. A. Heard, quoted in *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth*, edited by William Knight, London, Macmillan and Co., Ltd., 1896, Vol. VI, pp. 10–11.)

THE SONG OF IOPAS,  
UNFINISHED

WHEN Dido feasted [first] the wand'ring Trojan knight,  
Whom Juno's wrath with storms did force in Libic sands  
to light;  
That mighty Atlas taught, the supper lasting long,  
With crisped locks on golden harp Iopas sang in song:  
'That same,' quod he, 'that we the World do call and  
name,  
Of heaven and earth with all contents, it is the very  
frame.  
Or thus, of heavenly powers by more power kept in one;  
Repugnant kinds, in mids of whom the earth hath place  
alone;  
Firm, round, of living things the mother, place, and nurse;  
Without the which in equal weight, this heaven doth hold  
his course:  
And it is call'd by name the first and moving heaven.  
The firmament is placed next, containing other seven.  
Of heavenly powers that same is planted full and thick,  
As shining lights which we call stars, that therein cleave  
and stick:  
With great swift sway, the first, and with his restless source,  
Carrieth itself, and all those eight, in even continual course.  
And of this world so round within that rolling case,  
Two points there be that never move, but firmly keep  
their place:  
The one we see alway, the other stands object  
Against the same, dividing just the ground by line direct;  
Which by imagination drawn from one to t'other  
Toucheth the centre of the earth, for way there is none  
other:  
And these be call'd the poles, described by stars not bright:  
Arctic the one northward we see: Antarctic the other hight.

The line, that we devise from the one to t'other so,  
As axle is; upon the which the heavens about do go;  
Which of water nor earth, of air nor fire, have kind;  
Therefore the substance of those same were hard for man  
to find:

But they been uncorrupt, simple, and pure unmixt;  
And so we say been all those stars, that in those same be  
fixt:

And eke those erring seven, in circle as they stray;  
So call'd, because against that first they have repugnant  
way;

And smaller by-ways too, scant sensible to man;  
Too busy work for my poor harp; let sing them he that  
can.

The widest save the first, of all these nine above,  
One hundred year doth ask of space, for one degree to  
move.

Of which degrees we make in the first moving heaven,  
Three hundred and threescore, in parts justly divided  
even.

And yet there is another between those heavens two,  
Whose moving is so sly, so slack, I name it not for now.  
The seventh heaven or the shell, next to the starry sky;  
All those degrees that gathereth up, with aged pace so sly:  
And doth perform the same, as elders' count hath been,  
In nine and twenty years complete, and days almost six-  
teen;

Doth carry in his bowt <sup>1</sup> the star of Saturn old,  
A threat'ner of all living things with drought and with his  
cold.

The sixth whom this contains, doth stalk with younger  
pace,

And in twelve year doth somewhat more than t'other's  
voyage was:

And this in it doth bear the star of Jove benign,  
'Tween Saturn's malice and us men, friendly defending  
sign.

<sup>1</sup>Circuit or orbit.

The fifth bears bloody Mars, that in three hundred days  
And twice eleven with one full year hath finish'd all those  
ways.

A year doth ask the fourth, and hours thereto six,  
And in the same the day his eye, the Sun, therein he sticks.  
The third that govern'd is by that that governs me,  
And love for love, and for no love provokes, as oft we see,  
In like space doth perform that course, that did the other.  
So doth the next unto the same, that second is in order:  
But it doth bear the star, that call'd is Mercury;  
That many a crafty secret step doth tread, as calcars <sup>1</sup> try.  
That sky is last, and fix'd next us those ways hath gone,  
In seven and twenty common days, and eke the third of  
one;

And beareth with his sway the divers Moon about;  
Now bright, now brown, now bent, now full, and now her  
light is out:

Thus have they of their own two movings all these Seven;  
One, wherein they be carried still, each in his several  
heaven:

Another of themselves, where their bodies be laid  
In by-ways, and in lesser rounds, as I afore have said;  
Save of them all the Sun doth stray least from the straight:  
The starry sky hath but one course, that we have call'd  
the eight.

And all these movings eight are meant from west to east;  
Although they seem to climb aloft, I say from east to west.  
But that is but by force of their first moving sky,  
In twice twelve hours from east to east, that carrieth them  
by and by:

But mark we well also, these movings of these seven  
Be not above the axletree of the first moving heaven.  
For they have their two poles directly one to the other,' &c.

— *Sir Thomas Wyatt* [1503–1542]

<sup>1</sup> Astrologers.

LACRIMÆ RERUM\*

ROSSETTI walked his sorrow to a field,  
Lay in the grass, and watched the wood-spurge flower.  
The three-cupped wood-spurge: all that earth would  
yield

Rossetti to remember of that hour.  
He lay with grief, as others too have lain  
Who must remember strangely other things, —  
Things that still keep the contours of their pain,  
Whose colors cling longer than sorrow clings.

The tears of things that have not any words,  
Deeper than music, stronger than the sea,  
And sadder than the flight of homing birds:  
Remembered things, outlasting memory.  
The shapes of suffering hold, when you and I  
And sorrow, and this cause for sorrow, die.

— *Babette Deutsch*

\* *The New Republic*, January 26, 1921, p. 255.

## CIRCE AND ÆNEAS \*

SEAGIRT, by woods encompassed, eyed within gates  
 That no man opens — nay the unuttered *Who goes there?*  
 Makes the benighted traveller tremble, half-aware  
 What flocking maleficences mount upon the fume  
 Of aromatic logs that secret fires consume —  
 The solitary enchantress broods and meditates,  
 Leaning out of the window of her turret-room.

The dusk falls. Weary of singing to herself, she waits.  
 And, hark, the pitiable chorus, brute on brute,  
 From cage and sty and manger breaking to salute  
 The hour of love remembered and the nuptial star.  
 Surely this evening sets the prison doors ajar,  
 Surely this evening . . . Bestial rage exacerbates  
 Within their horrible hides the sense of what they are.

Bear, lion, wolf and hog — she hears with a cold smile  
 The stupid orchestration ebb and sink absorbed  
 Into the foliage, into the sea-ripple. A moon big-orbed  
 Illuminates the Tuscan water . . . ‘Who are these?’  
 ‘And whence the fugitive sail the even southerly breeze  
 ‘Would spirit away beyond my luring perilous isle?’  
 ‘Who thinks to steal a passage thro’ Circean seas?’

She loosed an air of magic melody (all the while  
 Far out the breath of cedar-logs went floating free).  
 But the long-awaited lover that was not to be  
 Passed like a pilgrim proof against the sweet decoy,  
 Primed with Avernian revelation, in grave joy,  
 Smelling the air of Tiber, every moonlit mile  
 Nearing his promised walls, the second spring of Troy.

— *John Swinnerton Phillimore*

\* From the *London Mercury*, Volume 8, p. 127, June, 1923.



THE GEORGICS

*The best poem of the best poet.*

—JOHN DRYDEN





## From CYDER

NOR is it hard to beautify each month  
With files of parti-colour'd fruits, that please  
The tongue and view at once. So Maro's Muse,  
Thrice sacred Muse! commodious precepts gives  
Instructive to the swains, not wholly bent  
On what is gainful: sometimes she diverts  
From solid counsels, shows the force of love  
In savage beasts; how virgin face divine  
Attracts the helpless youth through storms and waves,  
Alone, in deep of night: then she describes  
The Scythian winter, nor disdains to sing  
How under ground the rude Riphæan race  
Mimic brisk Cyder with the brakes' product wild;  
Sloes pounded, Hips, and Servis' harshest juice.

— *John Philips* [1676–1708]

## PAN AND LUNA

Si credere dignum est. — *Georgic* iii. 390.

O WORTHY of belief I hold it was,  
 Virgil, your legend in those strange three lines!  
 No question, that adventure came to pass  
 One black night in Arcadia: yes, the pines,  
 Mountains and valleys mingling made one mass  
 Of black with void black heaven: the earth's confines,  
 The sky's embrace, — below, above, around,  
 All hardened into black without a bound.

Fill up a swart stone chalice to the brim  
 With fresh-squeezed yet fast-thickening poppy-juice:  
 See how the sluggish jelly, late a-swim,  
 Turns marble to the touch of who would loose  
 The solid smooth, grown jet from rim to rim,  
 By turning round the bowl! So night can fuse  
 Earth with her all-comprising sky. No less,  
 Light, the least spark, shows air and emptiness.

And thus it proved when — diving into space,  
 Stript of all vapour, from each web of mist  
 Utterly film-free — entered on her race  
 The naked Moon, full-orbed antagonist  
 Of night and dark, night's dowry: peak to base,  
 Upstarted mountains, and each valley, kissed  
 To sudden life, lay silver-bright: in air  
 Flew she revealed, Maid-Moon with limbs all bare.

Still as she fled, each depth — where refuge seemed —  
 Opening a lone pale chamber, left distinct  
 Those limbs: mid still-retreating blue, she teemed  
 Herself with whiteness, — virginal, uncinct  
 By any halo save what finely gleamed  
 To outline not disguise her: heaven was linked

---

In one accord with earth to quaff the joy,  
Drain beauty to the dregs without alloy.

Whereof she grew aware. What help? When, lo,  
A succourable cloud with sleep lay dense:  
Some pine-tree-top had caught it sailing slow,  
And tethered for a prize: in evidence  
Captive lay fleece on fleece of piled-up snow  
Drowsily patient: flake-heaped how or whence,  
The structure of that succourable cloud,  
What matter? Shamed she plunged into its shroud.

Orbed — so the woman-figure poets call  
Because of rounds on rounds — that apple-shaped  
Head which its hair binds close into a ball  
Each side the curving ears — that pure undraped  
Pout of the sister paps — that . . . Once for all,  
Say — her consummate circle thus escaped  
With its innumerable circlets, sank absorbed,  
Safe in the cloud — O naked Moon full-orbed!

But what means this? The downy swathes combine,  
Conglobe, the smothery coy-caressing stuff  
Curdles about her! Vain each twist and twine  
Those lithe limbs try, encroached on by a fluff  
Fitting as close as fits the dented spine  
Its flexile ivory outside-flesh: enough!  
The plummy drifts contract, condense, constringe,  
Till she is swallowed by the feathery springe.

As when a pearl slips lost in the thin foam  
Churned on a sea-shore, and, o'er-frothed, conceits  
Herself safe-housed in Amphitrite's dome, —  
If, through the bladderly wave-worked yeast, she meets  
What most she loathes and leaps from, — elf from gnome  
No gladlier, — finds that safest of retreats  
Bubble about a treacherous hand wide ope  
To grasp her — (divers who pick pearls so grope) —

So lay this Maid-Moon clasped around and caught  
By rough red Pan, the god of all that tract:  
He it was schemed the snare thus subtly wrought  
With simulated earth-breath, — wool-tufts packed  
Into a billowy wrappage. Sheep far-sought  
For spotless shearings yield such: take the fact  
As learned Virgil gives it, — how the breed  
Whitens itself for ever: yes, indeed!

If one forefather ram, though pure as chalk  
From tinge on fleece, should still display a tongue  
Black 'neath the beast's moist palate, prompt men baulk  
The propagating plague: he gets no young:  
They rather slay him, — sell his hide to caulk  
Ships with, first steeped in pitch, — nor hands are wrung  
In sorrow for his fate: protected thus,  
The purity we love is gained for us.

So did the Girl-Moon, by just her attribute  
Of unmatched modesty betrayed, lie trapped,  
Bruised to the breast of Pan, half-god half-brute,  
Raked by his bristly boar-sword while he lapped  
— Never say, kissed her! that were to pollute  
Love's language — which moreover proves unapt  
To tell how she recoiled — as who finds thorns  
Where she sought flowers — when, feeling, she touched —  
horns!

Then — does the legend say? — first moon-eclipse  
Happened, first swooning-fit which puzzled sore  
The early sages? Is that why she dips  
Into the dark, a minute and no more,  
Only so long as serves her while she rips  
The cloud's womb through and, faultless as before,  
Pursues her way? No lesson for a maid  
Left she, a maid herself thus trapped, betrayed?

Ha, Virgil? Tell the rest, you! 'To the deep  
Of his domain the wildwood, Pan forthwith

---

Called her, and so she followed' — in her sleep,  
Surely? — 'by no means spurning him.' The myth  
Explain who may! Let all else go, I keep  
— As of a ruin just a monolith —  
This much, one verse of five words, each a boon:  
Arcadia, night, a cloud, Pan, and the moon.

— *Robert Browning* [1812-1889]

## THE COUNTRY LIFE

*To the Honoured M. End. Porter, Groome  
of the Bedchamber to his Maj.*

SWEET country life, to such unknown  
Whose lives are others, not their own!  
But, serving courts and cities, be  
Less happy, less enjoying thee.  
Thou never plow'st the oceans foame,  
To seek and bring rough pepper home;  
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove  
To bring from thence the scorched clove;  
Nor, with the losse of thy lov'd rest,  
Bring'st home the ingot from the west.  
No, thy ambition's master-piece  
Flies no thought higher than a fleece;  
Or how to pay thy hinds, and cleere  
All scores, and so to end the yeere:  
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,  
Not envying others larger grounds:  
For well thou know'st, 'tis not th' extent  
Of land makes life, but sweet content.  
When now the cock, the plow-mans horne,  
Calls forth the lilly-wristed morne,  
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost goe,  
Which though well soyl'd, yet thou dost know  
That the best compost for the lands  
Is the wise masters feet and hands.  
There at the plough thou find'st thy teame,  
With a hind whistling there to them,  
And cheer'st them up, by singing how  
The kingdoms portion is the plow.  
This done, then to th' enameld meads  
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,  
Thou seest a present God-like power  
Imprinted in each herbe and flower,



And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd kine,  
Sweet as the blossomes of the vine.  
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat,  
Unto the dew-laps up in meat;  
And, as thou look'st, the wanton steere,  
The heifer, cow, and oxe draw neere  
To make a pleasing pastime there.  
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks  
Of sheep, safe from the wolfe and fox,  
And find'st their bellies there as full  
Of short sweet grasse as backs with wool;  
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,  
A shepherd piping on a hill.  
For sports, for pagentrie, and playes,  
Thou hast thy eves and holydayes;  
On which the young men and maids meet,  
To exercise their dancing feet,  
Tripping the comely country round,  
With daffadils and daisies crown'd.  
Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast,  
The May-poles too with garlands grac't;  
Thy morris-dance; thy Whitsun-ale;  
Thy sheering-feast; which never faile:  
Thy Harvest Home; thy wassaile bowle,  
That's tost up after Fox i' th' Hole;  
Thy mummeries; thy Twelfe-tide kings  
And queenes; thy Christmas revellings;  
Thy nut-browne mirthe; thy russet wit,  
And no man payes too deare for it.  
To these thou hast thy times to goe  
And trace the hare i' th' trecherous snow;  
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get  
The larke into the trammell net;  
Thou hast thy cockrood, and thy glade  
To take the precious phesant made;  
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pit-falls then,  
To catch the pilfring birds, not men.  
O happy life! if that their good

The husbandmen but understood:\*  
Who all the daye themselves doe please,  
And younglings, with such sports as these;  
And, lying down have nought t'affright  
Sweet sleep that makes more short the night.

Cætera desunt.

— *Robert Herrick* [1591-1674]

\* Cf. *Georgics* II. 458 ff.

From THE DAISY

REMEMBER how we came at last  
To Como; shower and storm and blast  
Had blown the lake beyond his limit,  
And all was flooded; and how we past

From Como, when the light was gray,  
And in my head, for half the day,  
The rich Virgilian rustic measure  
Of Lari Maxume, all the way,

Like ballad-burthen music, kept,  
As on the Lariano crept  
To that fair port below the castle  
Of Queen Theodolind, where we slept.

— *Alfred, Lord Tennyson* [1809–1892]



## THE ECLOGUES

*Who has not heard the Arcadian shepherd's quires,  
Which now have gladly chang'd their native tongue,  
And sitting by slow Mincius, sport their fill,  
With sweeter voice and never-equalled skill,  
Chanting their amorous lays unto a Roman quill?*

— PHINEAS FLETCHER





## VIRGIL'S FIRST ECLOGUE REMEMBERED\*

First Century, B.C.

**W**HEN Tityrus, two thousand years ago,  
Reclining 'neath his beech-tree's ample shade,  
To Melibœus, homeless made by war,  
(A Mantuan who had met a Belgian's fate  
In those pre-Christian days of pagan *pax*)  
Discoursed of plenteous peace and rustic wealth,  
And love of country visioned as a god,  
He pledged his patriotic ardor thus:

*'The stags shall pasture buoyant in the sky,  
The seas in tree-tops leave their fish to die,  
Of Arar shall the distant Parthian drink,  
Athirst the German kneel on Tigris' brink,  
Ere I'll forget thy face or lightly hold  
Thy name, O guardian of my field and fold.'*

And Melibœus answered with a sigh,

*'Thou'rt favored, Tityrus, while here am I  
Thrust headlong by a soldier from the soil  
Rich with my kindred's immemorial toil;  
My standing crops the alien robbers sweep  
Clad in the stolen fleeces of my sheep.  
Have I a distant hope, shall I at last  
Return when travel has confused the past  
From exile bleak, and view what now I mourn,  
The low, thatched hut where I was born?'*

\* Read at the meeting of the Upper Hudson Phi Beta Kappa Association at Albany, February 24, [1917] in celebration of the centenary of the organization of Alpha Chapter at Union College.

## Twentieth Century A.D.

August, 1916

The German presses toward the ancient stream  
 (That once as 'Hiddekel' from Eden flowed  
 But now as 'Tigris' dreams of Nineveh)  
 And hopes with helmet in his hand to drink  
 Beneath the Bagdad sun near Babylon;  
 (For Babylon hath been a golden bowl  
 'From which the nations of the earth have drunk  
 And are gone mad,' as Jeremiah cried  
 Long, long ago and might still cry to-day).  
 The German's ally, near old Parthia's bounds,  
 Turns from the desert edge of Syria's sands,  
 And seeks the 'Arar' that is now the 'Saône'  
 Whose sources lie beneath the Vosges, not far  
 From that fair christ'ning font of St. Dié,  
 Where first 'America' was writ in type  
 And graven on a New World map.

. . . . . And still  
 In this New World undreamed in Virgil's day  
 Dwells Tityrus in his exclusive ease,  
 Thanking his Providence for what augments  
 The flocks and crops and stocks of Tityrus,  
 While Melibœus wanders shelterless;  
 And still he sings: *'The Parthian's sons shall drink  
 Of Arar's fount; and on the Tigris' brink  
 Shall kneel the tawny Hohenzollern hosts  
 To quench their thirst — keeping their long-time boasts;  
 The Zeppelins shall graze in our own skies  
 And hostile U-boats in our harbors rise,  
 Ere I'll forget thy face, who blessest me  
 With safe and bountiful neutrality.*

\* \* \* \*

*'Meanwhile, O Melibœus, o'er thy cause  
 My heart doth grieve. In proof: I give thee gauze*



*To bind thy wounds, and calories of bread,  
Close-measured, from my table, war-bespread;  
And Amaryllis, sitting at my side,  
My beauteous, precious, war-endowed bride,  
Will knit thee cov'ring for thy weary feet,  
Since thou must walk in alien land and street. —  
My eggs and curds bring prices fabulous  
I can afford to be so bounteous.'*

*December, 1916*

Shall we, like Tityrus, in ease, still sing  
Our self-contented songs; nor dare the thing  
For human right amid the world's red wrong,  
That makes our flaunted freedom worth a song?  
Shall Melibœus into exile go  
And we, wealth-swollen, empty pity show?  
Shall Belgian, Serb, Armenian and Pole  
Be left by savagery to famine's dole, —  
Their bones be valued only for their yield  
Of phosphate for the garden and the field?  
Come, let us in protesting word unite  
And say that word with all our heart and might!

*February, 1917*

I'll give thee, Tityrus, another song,  
A New World song, that thou mayst sing as long  
As thou hast sung beneath thy beech-wood tree  
Thine ancient idyl of prosperity:

*'Land of undaunted youth,  
Land of the last-born truth,  
For thee one dares to fight;  
I will not vaunt nor brag,  
But I will guard thy flag,  
Flying for human right:*

*'A flag upon the land  
That shall for justice stand;*

*A flag upon the sea  
That makes its pathways free;  
A flag upon the breast  
Of him who dares protest  
And sacrifice his all  
At its heav'n-crying call.*

*'The stags shall buoyant pasture in the sky,  
The seas in tree-tops leave their fish to die,  
Ere I'll forget this flag or, selfish, hold  
From earth's stark need, myself, my field, my fold.'*

### L'Envoi

*December, 1917*

Flag of the gleaming stars,  
Lead thou us on our darkened way  
Till thy encrimsoned bars  
Shall mark the dawn of earth's new day!

— *John Finley*

## THE DAWN \*

(For C. F. S.)

*Friend, you recall how we lingered above the bluffs of Wisconsin,  
Talking of Roman and Greek there by the Indian stream,  
Under a sun of September, apart from the camp in the dingle,  
Once on a wonderful noon, nearly a decade ago? —  
Minded of that, I am minded to give you a lyrical secret:  
How in the breast of a lad love of the Muses began.*

**F**RESH from a starry sleep, on a school-boy morning  
of April

(Over the meadows a mist, oriole out in the elm),  
Fresh from my dreams of the Marvelous Book I had opened  
at bed-time

(Pictures of altar and urn, Sibyl, Silenus, and lyre),  
There in the homestead at Hilton I sat by the window  
with Vergil:

Under the morning star, words like woods to explore.  
*Tityre, tu patulae. . . .* O eery quest in the silence!

Magic of dawn on the earth, magic of dawn in the boy!  
Thrilling from letter to letter and every word an en-  
chantment. . . .

*Silvestrem tenui* . . . even ere meaning was known!  
Eager, how eager my fingers divided the glossary's pages,  
Finding me key after key, golden though printed in  
black!

Proudly, how proudly my spirit deployed its strength over  
grammar,

Linking the noun to its kin, binding the verb to its man.  
Then, as the words became phrases and phrases grew into  
verses

(Change as subtle and vast, even as cell into flow'r),

\* From *A Son of Earth*, New York, The Viking Press, 1928.

O can I tell you the soul of the beautiful poignant Adventure

(Sun just over the hill, oriole out in the elm),  
There in the quiet of morning, with sleepers three in the  
homestead

(Father who'd bought me the Book, mother and sister  
who knew),

Where, with the mist on the meadow, I sat by the window  
with Vergil:

Sat with the soul of the dead — living again in my  
own! —

Back by the Mantuan uplands, Mincius stream, and  
Cremona

(Far, how far from the mill, down by the Quarry and  
Cave);

Seeing, as never before, though often I'd wandered the  
hillsides

(After the dogwood in spring, after persimmons in fall),  
Feeling, as never before, though often I'd wandered the  
valleys

(Summer and winter away — off to the orchards and  
oaks),

Seeing, and feeling, and hearing the Tree as a Being of  
nature

(Tityrus under the beech, oriole out in the elm) . . .

*Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi:*

*Tegmine fagi* . . . the Tree! *Tegmine fagi* . . . the Bird!  
Out of that tree, as I fancy, have budded all blossoms and  
creatures,

Flowed all rivers I know, whispered all winds I have  
heard.

*Tityre, lentus in umbra* . . . Man's mystical union with  
Nature,

Man in his sorrow and joy, came to me there 'in the  
shade.'

*Dulcia linquimus arva* . . . the love of the acres we've  
planted,

Love that is pain when we go, wanderers ever on earth.

*Nos patriam fugimus . . .* and home and country were  
dearer

(Though we had caroled at school 'Country, my coun-  
try of thee') . . .

*Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas. . . .*

(Bessie with ribbon and braid, oriole out in the elm). . . .

*Formosam resonare . . .* and sylvan Muse and the reed-  
pipe! . . .

Magic of dawn on the earth, magic of dawn in the boy!

*Friend, sometime on a walk in the willows west of Mendota*

(Sunset Point if you will, — Wingra or Oregon Road),

*Let us unravel, in sportive discourse and deft analytic,*

*Purport and cause of the spell, here recorded for you:*

*For, of a truth, you have guarded the Gift, have guarded and given,*

*Loving the Greek in man's soul — quickened to-day in how few.*

— William Ellery Leonard











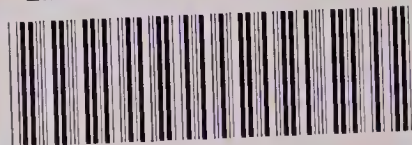


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