

P. Vergilius Maro, *Eclogue* 1

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I

Meliboeus

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

Tityrus

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

Meliboeus

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

Meliboeus

Tityrus, you, reclining beneath the covering of a broad beech-tree,
contemplate the wild Muse on a slender oat-stalk;
we abandon the domain of our fatherland and our pleasant fields.
we flee the fatherland; you, Tityrus, untroubled in the shade,
teach the woods to echoe beautiful Amaryllis.

Tityrus

O Meliboeus, the god has made these leisures for us.
For that man always will be a god to me, the altar of that man
a tender lamb from our sheep often stains.
That man allowed my cows to roam, as you see, and this very man
[allowed me] to play the rustic reed pipe which I pluck up.

Meliboeus

For my part I do not envy, instead I wonder; on all sides in all
the fields there is turmoil to so great an extent . Look! I myself,
sick at heart, am driving forward these goats. This one, Tityrus, I scarcely yet lead.
For here among the dense hazel trees just now these twins, the flock's hope—ah!—
she abandoned on a bare rock, after having brought [them] forth with difficulty.
Often I am mindful that these oaks which were touched from the sky
foretold that misfortune to us, if my mind had not been foolish.
But yet who is that gods of yours, give him to us, Tityrus.

Tityrus

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

Meliboeus

Et quae tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi?

Tityrus

30 Libertas, quae sera tamen respexit inertem,
candidior postquam tondenti barba cadebat,
respexit tamen et longo post tempore venit,
postquam nos Amaryllis habet, Galatea reliquit.
namque - fatebor enim - dum me Galatea tenebat,
nec spes libertatis erat nec cura peculi.
quamvis multa meis exiret victima saeptis
pinguis et ingratae premeretur caseus urbi,
35 non umquam gravis aere domum mihi dextra redibat.

Meliboeus

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

Tityrus

40 Quid facerem? neque servitio me exire licebat

Tityrus

Meliboeus, I, a foolish man, thought that the city, which they call Rome,
was similar to our own., whither often we shepards are accustomed
to drive the young offspring of the sheep.
Thus I became aware that their puppies are like our dogs, thus their
kids are like our mothers, thus I became accustomed to place together
the little ones. However this city rears out its head among other cities
as great as the cypresses are accustomed among the supple wayfaring trees.

Meliboeus

And what was the great reason for you for seeing Rome?

Tityrus

Liberty, which though late in coming, still looked back at this idle person,
after this rather white beard was falling to my shaving,
looked back still and after a long time, it came,
after Amaryllis held us, Galatea was abandoned.
For indeed—I shall confess—while Galatea was holding me,
neither was there hope of liberty nor concern for money.
Although many a victim would leave from my rich
pens and the cheese was being pressed for the ungrateful at the city,
my right hand was never returning to my home heavy with money.

Meliboeus

I am wondering why you, a sad woman, Amaryllis, would invoke the gods,
to whom you were permitting your own fruits to hang on the trees.
Tityrus was absent then. O Tityrus, these very pines, these fountains,
[and] these wild strawberry trees were calling you.

Tityrus

What could I have done? It was neither permitted for me leave

nec tam praesentis alibi cognoscere divos.
hic illum vidi iuvenem, Meliboeae, quot annis
bis senos cui nostra dies altaria fumant,
hic mihi responsum primus dedit ille petenti:
45 “pascite ut ante boves, pueri, submitte tauros.”

Meliboeus

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

Tityrus

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

Meliboeus

At nos hinc alii sitientis ibimus Afros,
65 pars Scythiam et rapidum cretae veniemus Oaxen
et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.

from servitude nor to know the so powerful gods in another place.
I saw here that young man, Meliboeus, to whom every year
for twelve days our altars smoke,
here he first gave an answer to my demands:
“Graze your cattle as before, boys, rear your bulls.”

Meliboeus

Fortunately you're an old man, therefore your fields remained
and they are big enough for you, although bare rock and marsh
with muddy rushes cover all your pastures.
Unaccustomed food did not affect the sickly mothers
nor did the bad diseases of the neighboring flock harm them.
Fortunately you're an old man, here between these familiar streams
and holy springs you'll seek the shady coolness;
Thence from a neighboring path the hedge,
having the flower of its willow grazed by Hyblaeian bees,
often urges you to go to sleep from this light humming;
thence beneath a tall crag the pruner sings for the winds,
however in the meantime neither the noisy pigeons, your object of concern,
nor the lofty turtle dove from the elm will cease to groan.

Tityrus

Therefore lightfooted deer will sooner graze in the sky
and the seas will abandon the fish bare on the shore,
before you as an exile will wander across the territories of each other
or the Parthian will drink from the Arar or the German from the Tigris,
than the face of that man will fall from our heart.

Meliboeus

But from here some will go to the thirsting Africans,
others will come to Scythia and the Oax, swift with chalk and
to the Britians who have been completely separated from the whole world.

en umquam patrios longo post tempore finis
pauperis et tuguri congestum caespite culmen,
post aliquot, mea regna, videns mirabor aristas?
70 impius haec tam culta novalia miles habebit,
barbarus has segetes. en quo discordia civis
produxit miseros; his nos consevimus agros!
insere nunc, Meliboee, puros, pone ordine vites.
ite meae, felix quondam pecus, ite capellae.
75 non ego vos posthac viridi proiectus in antro
dumosa pendere procul de rupe videbo;
carmina nulla canam; non me pascente, capellae,
florentem cytisum et salices carpetis amaras.

Tityrus

80 Hic tamen hanc mecum poteris requiescere noctem
fronde super viridi. sunt nobis mitia poma,
castaneae molles et pressi copia lactis,
et iam summa procul villarum culmina fumant
maioresque cadunt altis de montibus umbrae.

Look! Shall I ever, seeing after a long time my ancestral land
and the roof of my poor hut piled with sod,
marvel at my kingdoms, a few grains of wheat?
Godless soldiers will have these unploughed lands having been cultivated so
great, the foreigner these crops. Look! Where discord had led
the wretched citizens; We have planted the fields for them!
Sow now, Meliboeus, your pear trees, place your vines in a row.
My goats leave, once a fertile flock, leave.
Hereafter I, lying in a green cave, will not see that you
are leaning from a briery cliff at a distance;
I will sing no songs; since I am not grazing you, my goats,
you will pluck the flowering clover and the bitter willows.

Tityrus

Here nevertheless you could rest with me this night
upon the green foliage. There are ripe fruits for us,
soft chestnuts and an abundance of cheese [lit. "milk having been pressed"],
and already at a distance the tallest roofs smoke
and the greater shadows fall from the lofty mountains.