
ECLOGUE V

MENALCAS          MOPSY

Me. Cur non, Mopse, boni quoniam conuenimus ambo,
tu calamos inflare leuis, ego dicere uersus,
hic corylis mixtas inter consedimus ulmos?

Mo. Tu maior; tibi me est aequum parere, Menalca,
siue sub incertas Zephyris motantisibus umbras
siue antro potius succedimus. aspice, ut antrum
silvestris raris sparsit labrusca racemis.

Me. Montibus in nostris solus tibi certat Amyntas.

Mo. Quid, si idem certet Phoebum superare canendo?

Me. Incipe, Mopse, prior, si quos aut Phyllidis ignis
aut Alconis habes laudes aut iurgia Codri.

incipe: pascentis seruabit Tityrus haedos.

Mo. Immo haec, in uiridi nuper quae cortice fagi

carmina descripsit et modulans alterna notaii,

Me. Lenta salix quantum pallenti cedit oliue,
punicis humilis quantum saliunca rosetis,

Mo. Extinctum Nymphae crudeli funere Daphniss

flebant (uos corylii testes et flumina Nymphis),
cum complexa sui corpus miserabile nati
atque deos atque astra uocat crudelia mater.
non ulli pastos illis egere diebus
frigida, Daphni, boues ad flumin; nulla neque amnem

libuit quadripes nec graminis attigit herbam.
Daphnis, tuum Poenos etiam ingemuisse leones
interitum montesque feri siluaeque loquuntur.

Daphnis et Armenias curru subiungere tigris

instituit, Daphnis thiasos inducere Bacchi

et folis lentas intexere mollibus hastas.
uitis ut arboribus decori est, ut uitis uuae,

Mo. Why don't we, Mopsus, meeting like this, good men both,

You to blow the light reeds, I to versify,

Sit down together here where hazels mix with elms?

Mo. You're senior, Menalcas; I owe you deference,

Whether we go where fitful Zephyrs make uncertain

Shade, or into the cave instead. See how the cave

Is dappled by a woodland vine's rare grape-clusters.

Me. Only Amyntas in our hills competes with you.

Mo. What? He might just as well compete to outplay Phoebus.

Me. Then, Mopsus, you start first – with Phyllis' flames perhaps

Or Alcon's praises or a flying against Codrus.

You start, and Tityrus will watch the grazing kids.

Mo. No, I'll try out the song I wrote down recently

On green beech bark, noting the tune between the lines:

Then you can tell Amyntas to compete with me.

Me. As surely as tough willow yields to the pale olive,

Or humble red valerian to the crimson rose,

So does Amyntas in our judgement yield to you.

But no more talk, lad: we have come into the cave.

Mo. The Nymphs for Daphnis, cut off by a cruel death,

Shed tears (you streams and hazels witness for the Nymphs),
When, clasping her own son's poor body in her arms,

A mother called both gods and stars alike cruel.

In those days there were none who drove their pastured cattle

To the cool rivers, Daphnis; no four-footed beast

Would either lap the stream or touch a blade of grass.

The wild hills, Daphnis, and the forests even tell

How Punic lions roared in grief at your destruction.

Daphnis ordained to yoke Armenian tigresses

To chariots, Daphnis to lead on the Bacchic rout

And twine tough javelins with gentle foliage.

As vices are glorious for trees, as grapes for vines,

As bulls for herds, and standing crops for fertile fields,
tu decus omne tuis. postquam te fata tulerunt,
ipsa Pales agros atque ipse reliquit Apollo.
grandia saepe quibus mandauimus hordea sulcis,
infelix lollum et steriles nascentur avenae;
pro mollu uiola, pro purpureo narcisso
carduus et spinis surgit paliurus acutis.
spargire humum foliis, inducite fontibus umbras,
pastores (mandat fieri sibi talia Daphnis),
et tumulo facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen:
'Daphnis ego in siluis, hinc usque ad sidera notus,
formosi pecoris custos, formosior ipse.'

Me. Tale tuum carmen nobis, diuine poeta,
quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per aestum
dulcis aquae saliente sitim restinguere riuo.
nec calamis solum aequireras, sed uoce magistrum:
fortunate puer, tu nunc eris alter ab illo.
nos tamen haec quocumque modo tibi nostra uicissim
dicemus, Daphninque tuum tollemus ad astra;
Daphnin ad astra feremus: amauit nos quoque Daphnis.

Mo. An quicquam nobis tali sit munere maius?
et puere ipse fuit cantari dignus, et ista
iam pridem Stimichon laudauit carmina nobis.

Me. Candidus insuetum miratur limen Olympi
sub pedibusque uidet nubes et sidera Daphnis.
ergo alacris silus et cetera rura uoluptas
Panaque pastoresque tener Dryadasque puellas.
nec lupus insidias pecori, nec retia ceruis
ulla dolum meditantur: amat bonus otia Daphnis.
ipsi laetitia uoces ad sidera lactant
intonsi montes; ipsae iam carmina rupes,
ipsa sonant arbusta: 'deus, deus ille, Menalca!
sis bonus o felixque tuis! en quattuor aras:
ecce duas tibi, Daphni, duas altaria Phoebi.
pocula bina nouo spumantia lacte quotannis
cratrasque duo statuam tibi pinguis olui,

Me. For us your song, inspired poet, is like sleep
On meadow grass for the fatigued, or in the heat
Quenching one's thirst from a leaping stream of sweet water.
You equal both your master's piping and his voice.
Lucky lad! From now on you'll be second to him.
Yet we, no matter how, will in return recite
This thing of ours, and praise your Daphnis to the stars—
Yes, to the stars raise Daphnis, for Daphnis loved us too.

Me. What greater service could you render us than that?
The lad himself deserved singing, and Stimichon
Some time ago spoke highly of your song to us.

Me. Daphnis in white admires Olympus' strange threshold,
And sees the planets and the clouds beneath his feet.
Therefore keen pleasure grips forest and countryside,
Pan also, and the shepherds, and the Dryad maidens.
The wolf intends no ambush to the flock, the nets
No trickery to dear: Daphnis the good loves peace.
For gladness even the unshorn mountains fling their voices
Toward the stars; now even the orchards, even the rocks
Echo the song: 'A god, a god is he, Menalca!'
O bless your folk and prosper them! Here are four altars:
Look, Daphnis, two for you and two high ones for Phoebus.
Two goblets each, frothing with fresh milk, every year
And two large bowls of olive oil I'll set for you;
et multo in primis hilarans conuixia Baccho
(ante focum, si frigus erit, si messis, in umbra)
uina nouum fundam calathis Ariusia nectar.
cantabunt mihi Damoetas et Lyctius Aecon;
saltantis Satyros imitabitur Alphesiboecus.
haec tibi semper erunt, et cum solemnia uota
reddenus Nymphis, et cum lustrabimus agros.
dum iuga montis aper, fluuios dum piscis amabit,
dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadae,
semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt.
ct Baccho Cerenique, tibi sic uota quotannis
agricolae facient: damnabis tu quoque uotis.

Mo. Quae tibi, quae tali reddam pro carmine dona?
nam neque me tantum uienientis sibilus Austri
nec percussa iuuant fluctu tam litora, nec quae
saxosas inter decurrent flumina vallis.

Me. Hac te nos fragili donabimus ante cicuta;
haec nos ‘formosum Corydon ardebat Alexin’,
haec eadem docuit ‘cuim pecus? an Meliboci?’

Mo. At tu sume pedum, quod, me cum saepe rogaret,
non tuit Antigenes (et erat tum dignus amari),
formosum paribus nodis atque aere, Menalca.

And best of all, gladdening the feast with Bacchus’ store
(In winter, by the hearth; at harvest, in the shade),
I’ll pour Ariusian wine, fresh nectar, from big stoupes.
Damoetas and the Lyctian Aecon will sing for me;
Alphesiboecus imitate the Satys’ dance.
These offerings ever shall be yours, both when we pay
The Nymphs our solemn vows and when we purge the fields.
So long as fish love rivers, wild boar mountain heights,
So long as bees eat thyme, and the cicada dew,
Always your honour, name and praises will endure.
As farmers every year to Bacchus and to Ceres,
So they will vow to you; you too will claim their vows.

Mo. What can I give you, what return make for such song?
For neither does the whistling of Auster coming
Sound so pleasant to me, nor beaches beaten by waves,
Nor rivers rushing down the valleys among rocks.

Me. We shall present you first with this frail hemlock pipe.
This taught us ‘Corydon burned for beautiful Alexis’;
This also taught us ‘Whose flock? Meliboeus his?’

Mo. You take the crook, then, which Antigenes failed to get
For all his asking (lovable as then he was),
A handsome thing, with matching knobs and brass,

Menalca.