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**THE ECLOGUES
AND THE GEORGICS**

VIRGIL

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The Eclogues and The Georgics by Virgil.

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The Eclogues

I. Tityrus and Meliboeus

The ARGUMENT.

The Occasion of the first Pastoral was this. When Augustus had settled himself in the Roman Empire, that he might reward his Veteran Troops for their past Service, he distributed among 'em all the Lands that lay about Cremona and Mantua: turning out the right Owners for having sided with his Enemies. Virgil was a Sufferer among the rest; who afterwards recover'd his Estate by Mecænas's Intercession, and as an Instance of his Gratitude compos'd the following Pastoral; where he sets out his own Good Fortune in the Person of Tityrus, and the Calamities of his Mantuan Neighbours in the Character of Melibœus.

MELIBŒUS.

Beneath the Shade which Beechen Boughs diffuse,
 You *Tityrus* entertain your Silvan Muse:
 Round the wide World in Banishment we rove,
 Forc'd from our pleasing Fields and Native Home:
 While stretch'd at Ease you sing your happy Loves:
 And *Amarillis* fills the shady Groves.

TITYRUS.

These blessings, Friend, a Deity bestow'd:
 For never can I deem him less than God.
 The tender Firstlings of my Woolly breed
 Shall on his holy Altar often bleed.
 He gave my Kine to graze the Flow'ry Plain:
 And to my Pipe renew'd the Rural Strain.

MELIBŒUS.

I envy not your Fortune, but admire,
 That while the raging Sword and wastful Fire
 Destroy the wretched Neighbourhood around,
 No Hostile Arms approach your happy ground.
 Far different is my Fate: my feeble Goats
 With pains I drive from their forsaken Cotes.
 And this you see I scarcely drag along,
 Who yeaning on the Rocks has left her Young;
 (The Hope and Promise of my failing Fold:)
 My loss by dire Portents the Gods foretold:
 For had I not been blind I might have seen
 Yon riven Oak, the fairest of the Green,
 And the hoarse Raven, on the blasted Bough,
 By croaking from the left presag'd the coming Blow.
 But tell me, *Tityrus*, what Heav'nly Power
 Preserv'd your Fortunes in that fatal Hour?

TITYRUS.

Fool that I was, I thought Imperial *Rome*
 Like *Mantua*, where on Market-days we come,
 And thether drive our tender Lambs from home.
 So Kids and Whelps their Sires and Dams express:
 And so the Great I measur'd by the Less.
 But Country Towns, compar'd with her, appear
 Like Shrubs, when lofty Cypresses are near.

MELIBOEUS.

What great Occasion call'd you hence to *Rome*?

TITYRUS.

Freedom, which came at length, tho' slow to come:
 Nor did my Search of Liberty begin,
 Till my black Hairs were chang'd upon my Chin.
 Nor *Amarillis* wou'd vouchsafe a look,
 Till *Galeatea's* meaner bonds I broke.
 Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely Swain,
 I sought not freedom, nor aspir'd to Gain:
 Tho' many a Victim from my Folds was bought,
 And many a Cheese to Country Markets brought,
 Yet all the little that I got, I spent,
 And still return'd as empty as I went.

MELIBOEUS.

We stood amaz'd to see your Mistress mourn;
 Unknowing that she pin'd for your return:
 We wonder'd why she kept her Fruit, so long,
 For whom so late th' ungather'd Apples hung.
 But now the Wonder ceases, since I see
 She kept them only, *Tityrus*, for thee.
 For thee the bubling Springs appear'd to mourn,
 And whisp'ring Pines made Vows for thy return.

TITYRUS.

What shou'd I do! while here I was enchain'd,
 No glimpse of Godlike Liberty remain'd?
 Nor cou'd I hope in any place but there,
 To find a God so present to my Pray'r.
 There first the Youth of Heav'nly Birth I view'd;
 For whom our Monthly Victims are renew'd.
 He heard my Vows, and graciously decreed
 My Grounds to be restor'd, my former Flocks to feed.

MELIBOEUS.

O Fortunate Old Man! whose Farm remains
 For you sufficient, and requites your pains,
 Tho' Rushes overspread the Neighb'ring Plains.
 Tho' here the Marshy Grounds approach your Fields,
 And there the Soil a stony Harvest yields.
 Your teeming Ewes shall no strange Meadows try,

Nor fear a Rott from tainted Company.
 Behold yon bord'ring Fence of Sallow Trees
 Is fraught with Flow'rs, the Flow'rs are fraught with Bees:
 The buisie Bees with a soft murm'ring Strain
 Invite to gentle sleep the lab'ring Swain.
 While from the Neighb'ring Rock, with rural Songs,
 The Pruner's Voice the pleasing Dream prolongs;
 Stock-Doves and Turtles tell their Am'rous pain,
 And from the lofty Elms of Love complain.

TITYRUS.

Th' Inhabitants of Seas and Skies shall change,
 And Fish on shoar and Stags in Air shall range,
 The banish'd *Parthian* dwell on *Arar's* brink,
 And the blue *German* shall the *Tigris* drink:
 E'er I, forsaking Gratitude and Truth,
 Forget the Figure of that Godlike Youth.

MELIBOEUS.

But we must beg our Bread in Climes unknown,
 Beneath the scorching or the freezing Zone.
 And some to far *Oaxis* shall be sold;
 Or try the *Lybian* Heat, or *Scythian* Cold.
 The rest among the *Britains* be confin'd;
 A Race of Men from all the World dis-join'd.
 O must the wretched Exiles ever mourn,
 Nor after length of rowling Years return?
 Are we condemn'd by Fate's unjust Decree,
 No more our Houses and our Homes to see?
 Or shall we mount again the Rural Throne,
 And rule the Country Kingdoms, once our own!
 Did we for these Barbarians plant and sow,
 On these, on these, our happy Fields bestow?
 Good Heav'n, what dire Effects from Civil Discord flow!
 Now let me graff my Pears, and prune the Vine;
 The Fruit is theirs, the Labour only mine.

Farewel my Pastures, my Paternal Stock,
 My fruitful Fields, and my more fruitful Flock!
 No more, my Goats, shall I behold you climb
 The steepy Cliffs, or crop the flowry Thyme!
 No more, extended in the Grot below,
 Shall see you browsing on the Mountain's brow
 The prickly Shrubs; and after on the bare,
 Lean down the deep Abyss, and hang in Air.
 No more my Sheep shall sip the Morning Dew;
 No more my Song shall please the Rural Crue:
 Adieu, my tuneful Pipe! and all the World adieu!

TITYRUS.

This Night, at least, with me forget your Care;
Chesnuts and Curds and Cream shall be your fare:
The Carpet-ground shall be with Leaves o'erspread;
And Boughs shall weave a Cov'ring for your Head.
For see yon sunny Hill the Shade extends;
And curling Smoke from Cottages ascends.

II. Alexis

The ARGUMENT.

The Commentators can by no means agree on the Person of Alexis, but are all of Opinion that some Beautiful Youth is meant by him, to whom Virgil here makes Love; in Corydon's Language and Simplicity. His way of Courtship is wholly Pastoral: He complains of the Boy's Coyness, recommends himself for his Beauty and Skill in Piping; invites the Youth into the Country, where he promises him the Diversions of the Place; with a suitable Present of Nuts and Apples: But when he finds nothing will prevail, he resolves to quit his troublesome Amour, and betake himself again to his former Business.

Young *Corydon*, th' unhappy Shepherd Swain,
The fair *Alexis* lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
And underneath the Beechen Shade, alone,
Thus to the Woods and Mountains made his Moan.

Is this, unkind *Alexis*, my reward,
And must I die unpitied, and unheard?
Now the green Lizard in the Grove is laid,
The Sheep enjoy the coolness of the Shade;
And *Thestylis* wild Thime and Garlick beats
For Harvest Hinds, o'erspent with Toil and Heats:
While in the scorching Sun I trace in vain
Thy flying footsteps o'er the burning Plain.
The creaking Locusts with my Voice conspire,
They fry'd with Heat, and I with fierce Desire.
How much more easie was it to sustain
Proud *Amarillis*, and her haughty Reign,
The Scorns of Young *Menalcas*, once my care,
Tho' he was black, and thou art Heav'nly fair.
Trust not too much to that enchanting Face;
Beauty's a Charm, but soon the Charm will pass:
White Lillies lye neglected on the Plain,
While dusky Hyacinths for use remain.
My Passion is thy Scorn; nor wilt thou know
What Wealth I have, what Gifts I can bestow:
What Stores my Dairies and my Folds contain;
A thousand Lambs that wander on the Plain:
New Milk that all the Winter never fails,
And all the Summer overflows the Pails:
Amphion sung not sweeter to his Herd,
When summon'd Stones the *Theban* Turrets rear'd.
Nor am I so deform'd; for late I stood
Upon the Margin of the briny Flood:
The Winds were still, and if the Glass be true,
With *Daphnis* I may vie, tho' judg'd by you.
O leave the noisie Town, O come and see
Our Country Cotts, and live content with me!
To wound the Flying Deer, and from their Cotes

With me to drive a-Field, the browsing Goats:
 To pipe and sing, and in our Country Strain
 To Copy, or perhaps contend with *Pan*.
Pan taught to joyn with Wax unequal Reeds,
Pan loves the Shepherds, and their Flocks he feeds:
 Nor scorn the Pipe; *Amyntas*, to be taught,
 With all his Kisses wou'd my Skill have bought.
 Of seven smooth Joints a mellow Pipe I have,
 Which with his dying Breath *Damætas* gave:
 And said, This, *Corydon*, I leave to thee;
 For only thou deserv'st it after me.
 His Eyes *Amyntas* durst not upward lift,
 For much he grudg'd the Praise, but more the Gift.
 Besides two Kids that in the Valley stray'd,
 I found by chance, and to my Fold convey'd:
 They drein to bagging Udders every day;
 And these shall be Companions of thy Play.
 Both fleck'd with white, the true *Arcadian* Strain,
 Which *Thestylis* had often beg'd in vain:
 And she shall have them, if again she sues,
 Since you the Giver and the Gift refuse.
 Come to my longing Arms, my lovely care,
 And take the Presents which the Nymphs prepare.

White Lillies in full Canisters they bring,
 With all the Glories of the Purple Spring,
 The Daughters of the Flood have search'd the Mead
 For Violets pale, and cropt the Poppy's Head:
 The short *Narcissus* and fair Daffodil,
 Pancies to please the Sight, and Cassia sweet to smell:
 And set soft Hyacinths with Iron blue,
 To shade marsh Marigolds of shining Hue.
 Some bound in Order, others loosely strow'd,
 To dress thy Bow'r, and trim thy new Abode.
 My self will search our planted Grounds at home,
 For downy Peaches and the glossie Plum:
 And thrash the Chesnuts in the Neighb'ring Grove,
 Such as my *Amarillis* us'd to love.
 The Laurel and the Myrtle sweets agree;
 And both in Nosegays shall be bound for thee.
 Ah, *Corydon*, ah poor unhappy Swain,
Alexis will thy homely Gifts disdain:
 Nor, shouldst thou offer all thy little Store,
 Will rich *Iolas* yield, but offer more.
 What have I done, to name that wealthy Swain,
 So powerful are his Presents, mine so mean!
 The Boar amidst my Crystal Streams I bring;
 And Southern Winds to blast my flowry Spring.
 Ah, cruel Creature, whom dost thou despise?
 The Gods to live in Woods have left the Skies.

And Godlike *Paris* in th' *Idean* Grove,
To *Priam's* Wealth preferr'd *Oenone's* Love.

In Cities which she built, let *Pallas* Reign;
Tow'rs are for Gods, but Forests for the Swain.
The greedy Lyoness the Wolf pursues,
The Wolf the Kid, the wanton Kid the Browze:
Alexis thou art chas'd by *Corydon*;
All follow sev'ral Games, and each his own.
See from afar the Fields no longer smoke,
The sweating Steers unharness'd from the Yoke,
Bring, as in Triumph, back the crooked Plough;
The Shadows lengthen as the Sun goes low.
Cool Breezes now the raging Heats remove;
Ah, cruel Heaven! that made no Cure for Love!
I wish for balmy Sleep, but wish in vain:
Love has no bounds in Pleasure, or in Pain.
What frenzy, Shepherd, has thy Soul possess'd,
Thy Vinyard lyes half prun'd, and half undress'd.
Quench, *Corydon*, thy long unanswer'd fire:
Mind what the common wants of Life require.
On Willow Twigs employ thy weaving care:
And find an easier Love, tho' not so fair.

III. Palaemon

Menalcas, Damætas, Palæmon.

The ARGUMENT.

Damætas *and* Menalcas, after some smart strokes of Country Railery, resolve to try who has the most Skill at a Song; and accordingly make their Neighbour *Palæmon* Judge of their Performances: Who, after a full hearing of both Parties, declares himself unfit for the Decision of so weighty a Controversie, and leaves the Victory undetermin'd.

MENALCAS.

Ho, Groom, what Shepherd owns those ragged Sheep?

DAMÆTAS.

Aegon's they are, he gave 'em me to keep.

MENALCAS.

Unhappy Sheep of an Unhappy Swain,
While he *Neæra* courts, but courts in vain,
And fears that I the Damsel shall obtain;
Thou, Varlet, dost thy Master's gains devour:
Thou milk'st his Ewes, and often twice an hour;
Of Grass and Fodder thou defraud'st the Dams:
And of their Mothers Dugs the starving Lambs.

DAMÆTAS.

Good words, young Catamite, at least to Men:
We know who did your Business, how, and when.
And in what Chappel too you plaid your Prize;
And what the Goats observ'd with leering Eyes:
The Nymphs were kind, and laught, and there your safety lyes.

MENALCAS.

Yes, when I crept the Hedges of the Leys;
Cut *Micon's* tender Vines, and stole the Stays.

DAMÆTAS.

Or rather, when beneath yon ancient Oak,
The Bow of *Daphnis* and the Shafts you broke:
When the fair Boy receiv'd the Gift of right;
And but for Mischief, you had dy'd for spight.

MENALCAS.

What Nonsense wou'd the Fool thy Master prate,
When thou, his Knave, canst talk at such a rate!
Did I not see you, Rascal, did I not!
When you lay snug to snap young *Damon's* Goat?
His Mungril bark'd, I ran to his relief,
And cry'd, There, there he goes; stop, stop the Thief.

Discover'd and defeated of your Prey,
You skulk'd behind the Fence, and sneak'd away.

DAMÆTAS.

An honest Man may freely take his own;
The Goat was mine, by singing fairly won.
A solemn Match was made; He lost the Prize,
Ask *Damon*, ask if he the Debt denies;
I think he dares not, if he does, he lies.

MENALCAS.

Thou sing with him, thou Booby; never Pipe
Was so profan'd to touch that blubber'd Lip:
Dunce at the best; in Streets but scarce allow'd
To tickle, on thy Straw, the stupid Crowd.

DAMÆTAS.

To bring it to the Trial, will you dare
Our Pipes, our Skill, our Voices to compare?
My Brinded Heifer to the Stake I lay;
Two Thriving Calves she suckles twice a day:
And twice besides her Beestings never fail
To store the Dairy, with a brimming Pail.
Now back your Singing with an equal Stake.

MENALCAS.

That shou'd be seen, if I had one to make.
You know too well I feed my Father's Flock:
What can I wager from the common Stock?
A Stepdame too I have, a cursed she,
Who rules my Hen-peck'd Sire, and orders me.
Both number twice a day the Milky Dams;
And once she takes the tale of all the Lambs.

But since you will be mad, and since you may
Suspect my Courage, if I should not lay;
The Pawn I proffer shall be full as good:
Two Bowls I have, well turn'd of Beechen Wood;
Both by divine *Alcimedon* were made;
To neither of them yet the Lip is laid.
The Lids are Ivy, Grapes in clusters lurk,
Beneath the Carving of the curious Work.
Two Figures on the sides emboss'd appear;
Conon, and what's his Name who made the Sphere,
And shew'd the Seasons of the sliding Year,
Instructed in his Trade the Lab'ring Swain,
And when to reap, and when to sow the Grain?

DAMÆTAS.

And I have two, to match your pair, at home;
The Wood the same, from the same Hand they come:

The kimbo Handles seem with Bears-foot carv'd;
 And never yet to Table have been serv'd:
 Where *Orpheus* on his Lyre laments his Love,
 With Beasts encompass'd, and a dancing Grove:
 But these, nor all the Proffers you can make,
 Are worth the Heifar which I set to stake.

MENALCAS.

No more delays, vain Boaster, but begin:
 I prophecy before-hand I shall win.
Palæmon shall be Judge how ill you rhyme,
 I'll teach you how to brag another time.

DAMÆTAS.

Rhymer come on, and do the worst you can:
 I fear not you, nor yet a better Man.
 With Silence, Neighbour, and Attention wait:
 For 'tis a business of a high Debate.

PALAEMON.

Sing then; the Shade affords a proper place;
 The Trees are cloath'd with Leaves, the Fields with Grass;
 The Blossoms blow; the Birds on bushes sing;
 And Nature has accomplish'd all the Spring.
 The Challenge to *Damætas* shall belong,
Menalcas shall sustain his under Song:
 Each in his turn your tuneful numbers bring;
 In turns the tuneful Muses love to sing.

DAMÆTAS.

From the great Father of the Gods above
 My Muse begins; for all is full of *Jove*;
 To *Jove* the care of Heav'n and Earth belongs;
 My Flocks he blesses, and he loves my Songs.

MENALCAS.

Me *Phæbus* loves; for He my Muse inspires;
 And in her Songs, the warmth he gave, requires.
 For him, the God of Shepherds and their Sheep,
 My blushing Hyacinths, and my Bays I keep.

DAMÆTAS.

My *Phillis* Me with pelted Apples plyes;
 Then tripping to the Woods the Wanton hies:
 And wishes to be seen, before she flies.

MENALCAS.

But fair *Amyntas* comes unask'd to me;
 And offers Love; and sits upon my knee:
 Not *Delia* to my Dogs is known so well as he.

DAMÆTAS.

To the dear Mistress of my Love-sick Mind,
 Her Swain a pretty Present has design'd:
 I saw two Stock-doves billing, and e'er long
 Will take the Nest, and Hers shall be the Young.

MENALCAS.

Ten ruddy Wildings in the Wood I found,
 And stood on tip-toes, reaching from the ground;
 I sent *Amyntas* all my present Store;
 And will, to Morrow, send as many more.

DAMÆTAS.

The lovely Maid lay panting in my arms;
 And all she said and did was full of Charms.
 Winds on your Wings to Heav'n her Accents bear;
 Such words as Heav'n alone is fit to hear.

MENALCAS.

Ah! what avails it me, my Love's delight,
 To call you mine, when absent from my sight!
 I hold the Nets, while you pursue the Prey;
 And must not share the Dangers of the Day.

DAMÆTAS.

I keep my Birth-day: send my *Phyllis* home;
 At Sheering-time, *Iolas*, you may come.

MENALCAS.

With *Phyllis* I am more in grace than you:
 Her Sorrow did my parting-steps pursue:
 Adieu my Dear, she said, a long Adieu.

DAMÆTAS.

The Nightly Wolf is baneful to the Fold,
 Storms to the Wheat, to Budds the bitter Cold;
 But from my frowning Fair, more Ills I find,
 Than from the Wolves, and Storms, and Winter-wind.

MENALCAS.

The Kids with pleasure browse the bushy Plain,
 The Show'rs are grateful to the swelling Grain:
 To teeming Ewes the Sallow's tender tree;
 But more than all the World my Love to me.

DAMÆTAS.

Pollio my Rural Verse vouchsafes to read:
 A Heyfar, Muses, for your Patron breed.

MENALCAS.

My *Pollio* writes himself, a Bull be bred,
 With spurning Heels, and with a butting Head.

DAMÆTAS.

Who *Pollio* loves, and who his Muse admires,
 Let *Pollio's* fortune crown his full desires.
 Let Myrrh instead of Thorn his Fences fill:
 And Show'rs of Hony from his Oaks distil.

MENALCAS.

Who hates not living *Bavius*, let him be
 (Dead *Mævius*) damn'd to love thy Works and thee:
 The same ill taste of Sense wou'd serve to join
 Dog Foxes in the Yoak, and sheer the Swine.

DAMÆTAS.

Ye Boys, who pluck the Flow'rs, and spoil the Spring,
 Beware the secret Snake, that shoots a Sting.

MENALCAS.

Graze not too near the Banks, my jolly Sheep,
 The Ground is false, the running Streams are deep:
 See, they have caught the Father of the Flock;
 Who drys his Fleece upon the neighb'ring Rock.

DAMÆTAS.

From Rivers drive the Kids, and sling your Hook;
 Anon I'll wash 'em in the shallow Brook.

MENALCAS.

To fold, my Flock; when Milk is dry'd with heat,
 In vain the Milk-maid tugs an empty Teat.

DAMÆTAS.

How lank my Bulls from plenteous pasture come!
 But Love that drains the Herd, destroys the Groom.

MENALCAS.

My Flocks are free from Love; yet look so thin,
 Their bones are barely cover'd with their Skin.
 What magick has bewitch'd the woolly Dams,
 And what ill Eyes beheld the tender Lambs?

DAMÆTAS.

Say, where the round of Heav'n, which all contains,
 To three short Ells on Earth our sight restrains:
 Tell that, and rise a *Phæbus* for thy pains.

MENALCAS.

Nay tell me first, in what new Region springs
 A Flow'r, that bears inscrib'd the names of Kings:
 And thou shalt gain a Present as Divine
 As *Phæbus* self; for *Phillis* shall be thine.

PALAEEMON.

So nice a difference in your Singing lyes,
That both have won, or both deserv'd the Prize.
Rest equal happy both; and all who prove
The bitter Sweets, and pleasing Pains of Love.
Now dam the Ditches, and the Floods restrain:
Their moisture has already drench'd the Plain.

IV. Pollio

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet celebrates the Birth-day of Saloninus, the Son of Pollio, born in the Consulship of his Father, after the taking of Salonæ, a City in Dalmatia. Many of the Verses are translated from one of the Sybils, who prophesie of our Saviour's Birth.

Sicilian Muse begin a loftier strain!
 Though lowly Shrubs and Trees that shade the Plain,
 Delight not all; *Sicilian* Muse, prepare
 To make the vocal Woods deserve a Consul's care.
 The last great Age, foretold by sacred Rhymes,
 Renews its finish'd Course, *Saturnian* times
 Rowl round again, and mighty years, begun
 From their first Orb, in radiant Circles run.
 The base degenerate Iron-off-spring ends;
 A golden Progeny from Heav'n descends;
 O chast *Lucina* speed the Mother's pains,
 And haste the glorious Birth; thy own *Apollo* reigns!
 The lovely Boy, with his auspicious Face,
 Shall *Pollio's* Consulship and Triumph grace;
 Majestick Months set out with him to their appointed Race.
 The Father banish'd Virtue shall restore,
 And Crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.
 The Son shall lead the life of Gods, and be
 By Gods and Heroes seen, and Gods and Heroes see.
 The jarring Nations he in peace shall bind,
 And with paternal Virtues rule Mankind.
 Unbidden Earth shall wreathing Ivy bring,
 And fragrant Herbs (the promises of Spring)
 As her first Offerings to her Infant King.
 The Goats with strutting Dugs shall homeward speed,
 And lowing Herds, secure from Lyons feed.
 His Cradle shall with rising Flow'rs be crown'd;
 The Serpents Brood shall die: the sacred ground
 Shall Weeds and pois'nous Plants refuse to bear,
 Each common Bush shall *Syrian* Roses wear.
 But when Heroick Verse his Youth shall raise,
 And form it to Hereditary Praise;
 Unlabour'd Harvests shall the Fields adorn,
 And cluster'd Grapes shall blush on every Thorn.
 The knotted Oaks shall show'rs of Honey weep,
 And through the Matted Grass the liquid Cold shall creep.
 Yet, of old Fraud some footsteps shall remain,
 The Merchant still shall plough the deep for gain:
 Great Cities shall with Walls be compass'd round;
 And sharpen'd Shares shall vex the fruitful ground.

Another *Typhis* shall new Seas explore,
 Another *Argos* land the Chiefs, upon th' *Iberian* Shore.
 Another *Helen* other Wars create,
 And great *Achilles* urge the *Trojan* Fate:
 But when to ripen'd Man-hood he shall grow,
 The greedy Sailer shall the Seas forego;
 No Keel shall cut the Waves for foreign Ware;
 For every Soil shall every Product bear.
 The labouring Hind his Oxen shall disjoyn,
 No Plow shall hurt the Glebe, no Pruning-hook the Vine:
 Nor Wooll shall in dissembled Colours shine.
 But the luxurious Father of the Fold,
 With native Purple, or unborrow'd Gold,
 Beneath his pompous Fleece shall proudly sweat:
 And under *Tyrian* Robes the Lamb shall bleat.
 The Fates, when they this happy Web have spun,
 Shall bless the sacred Clue, and bid it smoothly run.
 Mature in years, to ready Honours move,
 O of Cœlestial Seed! O foster Son of *Jove*!
 See, lab'ring Nature calls thee to sustain
 The nodding Frame of Heav'n, and Earth, and Main;
 See to their Base restor'd, Earth, Seas, and Air,
 And joyful Ages from behind, in crowding Ranks appear.

 To sing thy Praise, wou'd Heav'n my breath prolong,
 Infusing Spirits worthy such a Song;
 Not *Thracian Orpheus* should transcend my Layes,
 Nor *Linus* crown'd with never-fading Bayes:
 Though each his Heav'nly Parent shou'd inspire;
 The Muse instruct the Voice, and *Phœbus* tune the Lyre.
 Shou'd *Pan* contend in Verse, and thou my Theme,
Arcadian Judges shou'd their God condemn.
 Begin, auspicious Boy, to cast about
 Thy Infant Eyes, and with a smile, thy Mother single out;
 Thy Mother well deserves that short delight,
 The nauseous Qualms of ten long Months and Travel to requite.
 Then smile; the frowning Infant's Doom is read,
 No God shall crown the Board, nor Goddess bless the Bed.

V. Daphnis

The ARGUMENT.

Mopsus and Menalcas, two very expert Shepherds at a Song, begin one by consent to the Memory of Daphnis; who is suppos'd, by the best Criticks, to represent Julius Cæsar.

Mopsus laments his Death, Menalcas proclaims his Divinity. The whole Eclogue consisting of an Elegie and an Apotheosis.

MENALCAS.

Since on the Downs our Flocks together feed,
And since my Voice can match your tuneful Reed,
Why sit we not beneath the grateful Shade,
Which Hazles, intermix'd with Elms, have made?

MOPSUS.

Whether you please that Silvan Scene to take,
Where whistling Winds uncertain Shadows make:
Or will you to the cooler Cave succeed,
Whose Mouth the curling Vines have overspread?

MENALCAS.

Your Merit and your Years command the Choice:
Amyntas only rivals you in Voice.

MOPSUS.

What will not that presuming Shepherd dare,
Who thinks his Voice with *Phæbus* may compare?

MENALCAS.

Begin you first; if either *Alcon's* Praise,
Or dying *Phillis* have inspir'd your Lays:
If her you mourn, or *Codrús* you commend,
Begin, and *Tityrus* your Flock shall tend.

MOPSUS.

Or shall I rather the sad Verse repeat,
Which on the Beeches Bark I lately writ:
I writ, and sung betwixt; now bring the Swain
Whose Voice you boast, and let him try the Strain.

MENALCAS.

Such as the Shrub to the tall Olive shows,
Or the pale Sallow to the blushing Rose;
Such is his Voice, if I can judge aright,
Compar'd to thine, in sweetness and in height.

MOPSUS.

No more, but sit and hear the promis'd Lay,
The gloomy Grotto makes a doubtful day.

The Nymphs about the breathless Body wait
Of *Daphnis*, and lament his cruel Fate.

The Trees and Floods were witness to their Tears:
At length the rumour reach'd his Mother's Ears.
The wretched Parent, with a pious haste,
Came running, and his lifeless Limbs embrac'd.
She sigh'd, she sob'd, and, furious with despair,
She rent her Garments, and she tore her Hair:
Accusing all the Gods and every Star.
The Swains forgot their Sheep, nor near the brink
Of running Waters brought their Herds to drink.
The thirsty Cattle, of themselves, abstain'd
From Water, and their grassy Fare disdain'd.
The death of *Daphnis* Woods and Hills deplore,
They cast the sound to *Lybia's* desert Shore;
The *Lybian* Lyons hear, and hearing roar.
Fierce Tygers *Daphnis* taught the Yoke to bear;
And first with curling Ivy dress'd the Spear:
Daphnis did Rites to *Bacchus* first ordain;
And holy Revels for his reeling Train.
As Vines the Trees, as Grapes the Vines adorn,
As Bulls the Herds, and Fields the Yellow Corn;
So bright a Splendor, so divine a Grace,
The glorious *Daphnis* cast on his illustrious Race.
When envious Fate the Godlike *Daphnis* took,
Our guardian Gods the Fields and Plains forsook:
Pales no longer swell'd the teeming Grain,
Nor *Phæbus* fed his Oxen on the Plain:
No fruitful Crop the sickly Fields return;
But Oats and Darnel choak the rising Corn.

And where the Vales with Violets once were crown'd,
Now knotty Burrs and Thorns disgrace the Ground.
Come, Shepherds, come, and strow with Leaves the Plain;
Such Funeral Rites your *Daphnis* did ordain.
With Cypress Boughs the Crystal Fountains hide,
And softly let the running Waters glide;
A lasting Monument to *Daphnis* raise;
With this Inscription to record his Praise,
Daphnis, the Fields Delight, the Shepherd's Love,
Renown'd on Earth, and deify'd above.
Whose Flock excell'd the fairest on the Plains,
But less than he himself surpass'd the Swains.

MENALCAS.

Oh Heavenly Poet! such thy Verse appears,
So sweet, so charming to my ravish'd Ears,
As to the weary Swain, with Cares opprest,
Beneath the Silvan Shade, refreshing Rest:
As to the feavorish Travellor, when first

He finds a Crystal Stream to quench his Thirst.
 In singing, as in piping, you excell;
 And scarce your Master could perform so well.
 O fortunate young Man, at least your Lays
 Are next to his, and claim the second Praise.
 Such as they are my rural Songs I join,
 To raise our *Daphnis* to the Pow'rs Divine;
 For *Daphnis* was so good, to love what-e'er was mine.

MOPSUS.

How is my Soul with such a Promise rais'd!
 For both the Boy was worthy to be prais'd,
 And *Stimichon* has often made me long,
 To hear, like him, so soft so sweet a Song.

MENALCAS.

Daphnis, the Guest of Heav'n, with wondring Eyes,
 Views in the Milky Way, the starry Skies:
 And far beneath him, from the shining Sphere,
 Beholds the moving Clouds, and rolling Year,
 For this, with chearful Cries the Woods resound;
 The Purple Spring arrays the various ground:
 The Nymphs and Shepherds dance; and *Pan* himself is corwn'd.
 The Wolf no longer prowls for nightly Spoils,
 Nor Birds the Sprindges fear, nor Stags the Toils:
 For *Daphnis* reigns above; and deals from thence
 His Mother's milder Beams, and peaceful Influence.
 The Mountain tops unshorn, the Rocks rejoice;
 The lowly Shrubs partake of Humane Voice.
 Assenting Nature, with a gracious nod,
 Proclaims him, and salutes the new-admitted God.
 Be still propitious, ever good to thine:
 Behold four hallow'd Altars we design;
 And two to thee, and two to *Phæbus* rise;
 On each is offer'd Annual Sacrifice.

The holy Priests, at each returning year,
 Two Bowls of Milk, and two of Oil shall bear;
 And I my self the Guests with friendly Bowls will chear.
 Two Goblets will I crown with sparkling Wine,
 The gen'rous Vintage of the *Chian* Vine;
 These will I pour to thee, and make the Nectar thine.
 In Winter shall the Genial Feast be made
 Before the Fire; by Summer in the shade.
Damætas shall perform the Rites Divine;
 And *Lictian Ægon* in the Song shall join.
Alphesibæus, tripping, shall advance;
 And mimick Satyrs in his antick Dance.
 When to the Nymphs our annual Rites we pay,
 And when our Fields with Victims we survey:
 While savage Boars delight in shady Woods,

And finny Fish inhabit in the Floods;
 While Bees on Thime, and Locusts feed on Dew,
 Thy grateful Swains these Honours shall renew.
 Such Honours as we pay to Pow'rs Divine,
 To *Bacchus* and to *Ceres*, shall be thine.
 Such annual Honours shall be giv'n, and thou
 Shalt hear, and shalt condemn thy Suppliants to their Vow.

MOPSUS.

What Present worth thy Verse can *Mopsus* find!
 Not the soft Whispers of the Southern Wind,
 That play through trembling Trees, delight me more;
 Nor murm'ring Billows on the sounding Shore;
 Nor winding Streams that through the Valley glide;
 And the scarce cover'd Pebbles gently chide.

MENALCAS.

Receive you first this tuneful Pipe; the same
 That play'd my *Coridon's* unhappy Flame.
 The same that sung *Neæra's* conqu'ring Eyes;
 And, had the Judge been just, had won the Prize.

MOPSUS.

Accept from me this Sheephook in exchange,
 The Handle Brass; the Knobs in equal range.
Antigenes, with Kisses, often try'd
 To beg this Present, in his Beauty's Pride;
 When Youth and Love are hard to be deny'd.
 But what I cou'd refuse, to his Request,
 Is yours unask'd, for you deserve it best.

VI. Silenus

The ARGUMENT.

Two young Shepherds Chromis and Mnasylyus, having been often promis'd a Song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this Pastoral; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his Promise. Silenus finding they wou'd be put off no longer, begins his Song; in which he describes the Formation of the Universe, and the Original of Animals, according to the Epicurean Philosophy; and then runs through the most surprising Transformations which have happen'd in Nature since her Birth. This Pastoral was design'd as a Complement to Syro the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the Principles of that Philosophy. Silenus acts as Tutor, Chromis and Mnasylyus as the two Pupils.

I First transferr'd to *Rome Sicilian* Strains:
Nor blush'd the *Dorick* Muse to dwell on *Mantuan* Plains.

But when I try'd her tender Voice, too young,
And fighting Kings, and bloody Battels sung;

Apollo check'd my Pride; and bade me feed
My fatning Flocks, nor dare beyond the Reed.
Admonish'd thus, while every Pen prepares
To write thy Praises, *Varus*, and thy Wars,
My Past'ral Muse her humble Tribute brings;
And yet not wholly uninspir'd she sings.
For all who read, and reading, not disdain
These rural Poems, and their lowly Strain,
The name of *Varus*, oft inscrib'd shall see,
In every Grove, and every vocal Tree;
And all the Silvan reign shall sing of thee:
Thy Name, to Phœbus and the Muses known,
Shall in the front of every Page be shown;
For he who sings thy Praise, secures his own.
Proceed, my Muse: Two Satyrs, on the ground,
Stretch'd at his Ease, their Syre *Silenus* found.
Dost'd with his fumes, and heavy with his Load,
They found him snoring in his dark abode;
And seiz'd with youthful Arms the drunken God.
His rosie Wreath was dropt not long before,
Born by the tide of Wine, and floating on the floor.
His empty Can, with Ears half worn away,
Was hung on high, to boast the triumph of the day.
Invaded thus, for want of better bands,
His Garland they unstring, and bind his hands:
For by the fraudulent God deluded long,
They now resolve to have their promis'd Song.

Egle came in, to make their Party good;
The fairest *Nais* of the neighbouring Flood,
And, while he stares around, with stupid Eyes,
His Brows with Berries, and his Temples dies.

He finds the Fraud, and, with a Smile, demands
 On what design the Boys had bound his Hands.
 Loose me, he cry'd; 'twas Impudence to find
 A sleeping God, 'tis Sacrilege to bind.
 To you the promis'd Poem I will pay;
 The Nymph shall be rewarded in her way.
 He rais'd his voice; and soon a num'rous throng
 Of tripping Satyrs crowded to the Song.
 And Sylvan Fauns, and Savage Beasts advanc'd,
 And nodding Forests to the Numbers danc'd.
 Not by *Haemonian* Hills the *Thracian* Bard,
 Nor awful *Phæbus* was on *Pindus* heard,
 With deeper silence, or with more regard.
 He sung the secret Seeds of Nature's Frame;
 How Seas, and Earth, and Air, and active Flame,
 Fell through the mighty Void; and in their fall
 Were blindly gather'd in this goodly Ball.
 The tender Soil then stiffning by degrees,
 Shut from the bounded Earth, the bounding Seas.
 Then Earth and Ocean various Forms disclose;
 And a new Sun to the new World arose.
 And Mists condens'd to Clouds obscure the Sky;
 And Clouds dissolv'd, the thirsty Ground supply.

The rising Trees the lofty Mountains grace:
 The lofty Mountains feed the Savage Race,
 Yet few, and Strangers, in th' unpeopl'd Place.
 From thence the birth of Man the Song pursu'd,
 And how the World was lost, and how renew'd.
 The Reign of *Saturn*, and the Golden Age;
Prometheus Theft, and *Jove's* avenging Rage.
 The Cries of *Argonauts* for *Hylas* drown'd;
 With whose repeated Name the Shoars resound.
 Then mourns the madness of the *Cretan* Queen;
 Happy for her if Herds had never been.
 What fury, wretched Woman, seiz'd thy Breast!
 The Maids of *Argos* (tho' with rage possess'd,
 Their imitated lowings fill'd the Grove)
 Yet shun'd the guilt of this prepost'rous Love.
 Nor sought the Youthful Husband of the Herd,
 Tho' lab'ring Yokes on their own Necks they fear'd;
 And felt for budding Horns on their smooth foreheads rear'd.
 Ah, wretched Queen! you range the pathless Wood;
 While on a flowry Bank he chaws the Cud:
 Or sleeps in Shades, or thro' the Forest roves;
 And roars with anguish for his absent Loves.
 Ye Nymphs, with toils, his Forest-walk surround;
 And trace his wandring Footsteps on the ground.
 But, ah! perhaps my Passion he disdains;
 And courts the milky Mothers of the Plains.

We search th'ungrateful Fugitive abroad;
 While they at home sustain his happy load.
 He sung the Lover's fraud; the longing Maid,
 With golden Fruit, like all the Sex, betray'd.
 The Sisters mourning for their Brother's loss;
 Their Bodies hid in Barks, and furr'd with Moss.
 How each a rising Alder now appears;
 And o're the *Po* distils her Gummy Tears.
 Then sung, how *Gallus* by a Muses hand,
 Was led and welcom'd to the sacred Strand.
 The Senate rising to salute their Guest;
 And *Linus* thus their gratitude express'd.
 Receive this Present, by the Muses made;
 The Pipe on which th' *Ascræan* Pastor play'd:
 With which of old he charm'd the Savage Train:
 And call'd the Mountain Ashes to the Plain.
 Sing thou on this, thy *Phæbus*; and the Wood
 Where once his Fane of *Parian* Marble stood.
 On this his ancient Oracles rehearse;
 And with new Numbers grace the God of Verse.
 Why shou'd I sing the double *Scylla's* Fate,
 The first by Love transform'd, the last by Hate.
 A beauteous Maid above, but Magick Arts,
 With barking Dogs deform'd her neather parts.
 What Vengeance on the passing Fleet she pour'd,
 The Master frighted, and the Mates devour'd.
 Then ravish'd *Philomel* the Song exprest;
 The Crime reveal'd; the Sisters cruel Feast;

 And how in Fields the Lapwing *Tereus* reigns;
 The warbling Nightingale in Woods complains.
 While *Progne* makes on Chymney tops her moan;
 And hovers o'er the Palace once her own.
 Whatever Songs besides, the *Delphian* God
 Had taught the Laurels, and the *Spartan* Flood,
Silenus sung: the Vales his Voice rebound;
 And carry to the Skies the sacred Sound.
 And now the setting Sun had warn'd the Swain
 To call his counted Cattle from the Plain:
 Yet still th' unwearied Syre pursues the tuneful Strain.
 Till unperceiv'd the Heav'ns with Stars were hung:
 And sudden Night surpriz'd the yet unfinish'd Song.

VII. Meliboeus

The ARGUMENT.

Melibœus here gives us the Relation of a sharp Poetical Contest between Thyrsis and Corydon; at which he himself and Daphnis were present; who both declar'd for Corydon.

Beneath a Holm, repair'd two jolly Swains;
 Their Sheep and Goats together graz'd the Plains.
 Both young *Arcadians*, both alike inspir'd
 To sing, and answer as the Song requir'd.
Daphnis, as Umpire, took the middle Seat;
 And Fortune thether led my weary Feet.
 For while I fenc'd my Myrtles from the Cold,
 The Father of my Flock had wander'd from the Fold.
 Of *Daphnis* I enquir'd; he, smiling, said,
 Dismiss your Fear, and pointed where he fed.
 And, if no greater Cares disturb your Mind,
 Sit here with us, in covert of the Wind.

Your lowing Heifars, of their own accord,
 At wat'ring time will seek the neighb'ring Ford.
 Here wanton *Mincius* windes along the Meads,
 And shades his happy Banks with bending Reeds:
 And see from yon old Oak, that mates the Skies,
 How black the Clouds of swarming Bees arise.
 What shou'd I do! nor was *Alcippe* nigh,
 Nor absent *Phyllis* cou'd my care supply,
 To house, and feed by hand my weaning Lambs,
 And drain the strutting Udders of their Dams?
 Great was the strife betwixt the Singing Swains:
 And I preferr'd my Pleasure to my Gains.
 Alternate Rhime the ready Champions chose:
 These *Corydon* rehears'd, and *Thyrsis* those.

CORYDON.

Ye Muses, ever fair, and ever young,
 Assist my Numbers, and inspire my Song.
 With all my *Codrus* O inspire my Breast,
 For *Codrus* after *Phæbus* sings the best.
 Or if my Wishes have presum'd too high,
 And stretch'd their bounds beyond Mortality,
 The praise of artful Numbers I resign:
 And hang my Pipe upon the Sacred Pine.

THYRSIS.

Arcadian Swains, your Youthful Poet crown
 With Ivy Wreaths; tho surly *Codrus* frown.
 Or if he blast my Muse with envious Praise,

Then fence my Brows with *Amulets* of Bays.
Lest his ill Arts or his malicious Tongue
Shou'd poyson, or bewitch my growing Song.

CORYDON.

These Branches of a Stag, this tusky Boar
(The first essay of Arms untry'd before)
Young *Mycon* offers, *Delia*, to thy Shrine;
But speed his hunting with thy Pow'r divine,
Thy Statue then of *Parian* Stone shall stand;
Thy Legs in Buskins with a Purple Band.

THYRSIS.

This Bowl of Milk, these Cakes, (our Country Fare,)
For thee, *Priapus*, yearly we prepare.
Because a little Garden is thy care.
But if the falling Lambs increase my Fold,
Thy Marble Statue shall be turn'd to Gold.

CORYDON.

Fair *Galatea*, with thy silver Feet,
O, whiter than the Swan, and more than *Hybla* sweet;
Tall as a Poplar, taper as the Bole,
Come charm thy Shepherd, and restore my Soul.
Come when my lated Sheep, at night return;
And crown the silent Hours, and stop the rosy Morn.

THYRSIS.

May I become as abject in thy sight,
As Sea-weed on the Shore, and black as Night:
Rough as a Bur, deform'd like him who chaws
Sardinian Herbage to contract his Jaws;
Such and so monstrous let thy Swain appear,
If one day's Absence looks not like a Year.
Hence from the Field, for Shame: the Flock deserves
No better Feeding, while the Shepherd starves.

CORYDON.

Ye mossy Springs, inviting easie Sleep,
Ye Trees, whose leafy Shades those mossy Fountains keep,
Defend my Flock, the Summer heats are near,
And Blossoms on the swelling Vines appear.

THYRSIS.

With heapy Fires our chearful Hearth is crown'd;
And Firs for Torches in the Woods abound:
We fear not more the Winds, and wintry Cold,
Than Streams the Banks, or Wolves the bleating Fold.

CORYDON.

Our Woods, with Juniper and Chesnuts crown'd,
 With falling Fruits and Berries paint the Ground;
 And lavish Nature laughs, and strows her Stores around.
 But if *Alexis* from our Mountains fly,
 Ev'n running Rivers leave their Channels dry.

THYRSIS.

Parch'd are the Plains, and frying is the Field,
 Nor with'ring Vines their juicy Vintage yield.
 But if returning *Phyllis* bless the Plain,
 The Grass revives; the Woods are green again;
 And *Jove* descends in Show'rs of kindly Rain.

CORYDON.

The Poplar is by great *Alcides* worn:
 The Brows of *Phæbus* his own Bays adorn.
 The branching Vine the jolly *Bacchus* loves;
 The *Cyprian Queen* delights in Myrtle Groves.
 With Hazle, *Phyllis* crowns her flowing Hair,
 And while she loves that common Wreath to wear;
 Nor Bays, nor Myrtle Bows, with Hazle shall compare.

THYRSIS.

The towring Ash is fairest in the Woods;
 In Gardens Pines, and Poplars by the Floods:
 But if my *Lycidas* will ease my Pains,
 And often visit our forsaken Plains;
 To him the tow'ring Ash shall yield in Woods;
 In Gardens Pines, and Poplars by the Floods.

MELIBOEUS.

The Rhymes I did to Memory commend,
 When Vanquish'd *Thyrsis* did in vain contend;
 Since when, 'tis *Corydon* among the Swains,
 Young *Corydon* without a Rival Reigns.

VIII. Pharmaceutria

The ARGUMENT.

This Pastoral contains the Songs of Damon and Alpheſibœus. The firſt of 'em bewails the loſs of his Miſtreſs, and repines at the Succeſs of his Rival Mopusus. The other repeats the Charms of ſome Enchantreſs, who endeavour'd by her Spells and Magic to make Daphnis in Love with her.

The mournful Muſe of two deſpairing Swains,
The Love rejected, and the Lovers' pains;
To which the ſalvage *Linxes* liſtning ſtood,
The Rivers ſtood on heaps, and ſtopp'd the running Flood,
The hungry Herd their needful Food reſuſe;
Of two deſpairing Swains, I ſing the mournful Muſe.

Great *Pollio*, thou for whom thy *Rome* prepares
The ready Triumph of thy finiſh'd Wars,
Whither *Timavus* or th' *Illirian* Coaſt,
Whatever Land or Sea thy preſence boaſt;
Is there an hour in Fate reſerv'd for me,
To Sing thy Deeds in Numbers worthy thee?
In numbers like to thine, cou'd I rehearſe
Thy lofty Tragick Scenes, thy labour'd Verſe;
The World another *Sophocles* in thee,
Another *Homer* ſhou'd behold in me:
Amidſt thy Laurels let this Ivy twine,
Thine was my earlieſt Muſe; my lateſt ſhall be thine.

Scarce from our upper World the Shades withdrew;
Scarce were the Flocks reſreſh'd with Morning Dew,
When *Damon* ſtretch'd beneath an Olive Shade,
And wildly ſtaring upwards, thus inveigh'd
Againſt the conſcious Gods, and curſ'd the cruel Maid.
Star of the Morning, why doſt thou delay?
Come, Lucifer, drive on the lagging Day.
While I my *Niſa's* perjur'd Faith deplore;
Witness ye Pow'rs, by whom ſhe falſly ſwore!
The Gods, alas, are Witneſſes in vain;
Yet ſhall my dying Breath to Heav'n complain.
Begin with me, my Flute, the ſweet *Mænalian* Strain.

The Pines of *Mænalus*, the vocal Grove,
Are ever full of Verſe, and full of Love:
They hear the Hinds, they hear their God complain;
Who ſuffer'd not the Reeds to riſe in vain:
Begin with me, my Flute, the ſweet *Mænalian* Strain.

Mopusus triumphs; he weds the willing Fair:
When ſuch is *Niſa's* choice, what Lover can deſpair!
Now Griffons join with Mares; another Age

Shall see the Hound and Hind their Thirst asswage,
 Promiscuous at the Spring: Prepare the Lights,
 O *Mopsus*! and perform the bridal Rites.
 Scatter thy Nuts among the scrambling Boys:
 Thine is the Night; and thine the Nuptial Joys.
 For thee the Sun declines: O happy Swain!
 Begin with me, my Flute, the sweet *Mænaliant* Strain.

O, *Nisa*! Justly to thy Choice condemn'd,
 Whom hast thou taken, whom hast thou contemn'd!
 For him, thou hast refus'd my browsing Herd,
 Scorn'd my thick Eye-brows, and my shaggy Beard.
 Unhappy *Damon* sighs, and sings in vain:
 While *Nisa* thinks no God regards a Lover's pain.
 Begin with me, my Flute, the sweet *Mænaliant* Strain.

I view'd thee first; how fatal was the View!
 And led thee where the ruddy Wildings grew,
 High on the planted hedge, and wet with Morning Dew.
 Then scarce the bending Branches I cou'd win;
 The callow Down began to cloath my Chin;
 I saw, I perish'd; yet indulg'd my Pain:
 Begin with me, my Flute, the sweet *Mænaliant* Strain.

I know thee, Love; in Desarts thou wert bred;
 And at the Dugs of Salvage Tygers fed:
 Alien of Birth, Usurper of the Plains:
 Begin with me, my Flute, the sweet *Mænaliant* Strains.

Relentless Love the cruel Mother led,
 The Blood of her unhappy Babes to shed:
 Love lent the Sword; the Mother struck the blow;
 Inhuman she; but more inhuman thou.
 Alien of Birth, Usurper of the Plains:
 Begin with me, my Flute, the sweet *Mænaliant* Strains.

Old doting Nature change thy Course anew:
 And let the trembling Lamb the Wolf pursue:
 Let Oaks now glitter with *Hesperian* Fruit,
 And purple Daffodils from Alder shoot.
 Fat Amber let the Tamarisk distil:
 And hooting Owls contend with Swans in Skill.
 Hoarse *Tityrus* strive with *Orpheus* in the Woods:
 And challenge fam'd *Arion* on the Floods.
 Or, oh! let Nature cease; and *Chaos* reign:
 Begin with me, my Flute, the sweet *Mænaliant* Strain.

Let Earth be Sea; and let the whelming Tide,
 The lifeless Limbs of luckless *Damon* hide:
 Farewel, ye secret Woods, and shady Groves,
 Haunts of my Youth, and conscious of my Loves!
 From yon high Cliff I plunge into the Main;

Take the last Present of thy dying Swain:
And cease, my silent Flute, the sweet *Mænalian* Strain.

Now take your Turns, ye Muses, to rehearse
His Friend's Complaints; and mighty Magick Verse.
Bring running Water; bind those Altars round
With Fillets; and with Vervain strow the Ground:
Make fat with Frankincense the sacred Fires;
To re-inflame my *Daphnis* with Desires.
'Tis done, we want but Verse. Restore, my Charms,
My lingring *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

Pale *Phæbe*, drawn by Verse from Heav'n descends:
And *Circe* chang'd with Charms *Ulysses* Friends.
Verse breaks the Ground, and penetrates the Brake;
And in the winding Cavern splits the Snake.
Verse fires the frozen Veins: Restore, my Charms,
My lingring *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

Around his waxen Image, first I wind
Three woollen Fillets, of three Colours join'd:
Thrice bind about his thrice devoted head,
Which round the sacred Altar thrice is led.
Unequal Numbers please the Gods: my Charms,
Restore my *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

Knit with three knots, the Fillets, knit 'em streight;
And say, These Knots to Love I consecrate.
Haste, *Amaryllis*, haste; restore, my Charms,
My lovely *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

As Fire this Figure hardens, made of Clay;
And this of Wax with Fire consumes away;
Such let the Soul of cruel *Daphnis* be;
Hard to the rest of Women; soft to me.
Crumble the sacred Mole of Salt and Corn,
Next in the Fire the Bays with Brimstone burn.
And while it crackles in the Sulphur, say,
This, I for *Daphnis* burn; thus *Daphnis* burn away.
This Laurel is his Fate: Restore, my Charms,
My lovely *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

As when the raging Heyfar, through the Grove,
Stung with Desire, pursues her wand'ring Love;
Faint at the last, she seeks the weedy Pools,
To quench her thirst, and on the Rushes rowls:
Careless of Night, unmindful to return,
Such fruitless Fires perfidious *Daphnis* burn.
While I so scorn his Love; Restore, my Charms,
My lingring *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

These Garments once were his; and left to me;
The Pledges of his promis'd Loyalty:

Which underneath my Threshold I bestow;
 These Pawns, O sacred Earth! to me my *Daphnis* owe.
 As these were his, so mine is he; my Charms,
 Restore their lingring Lord to my deluded Arms.

These pois'nous Plants, for Magick use design'd,
 (The noblest and the best of all the baneful Kind,
 Old *Mæris* brought me from the *Pontick* Strand:
 And cull'd the Mischief of a bounteous Land.
 Smear'd with these pow'rful Juices, on the Plain,
 He howls a Wolf among the hungry Train:
 And oft the mighty Negromancer boasts,
 With these, to call from Tombs the stalking Ghosts:
 And from the roots to tear the standing Corn;
 Which, whirl'd aloft, to distant Fields is born.
 Such is the strength of Spells; restore, my Charms,
 My lingring *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

Bear out these Ashes; cast 'em in the Brook;
 Cast backwards o'er your head, nor turn your look:
 Since neither Gods, nor Godlike Verse can move,
 Break out ye smother'd Fires, and kindle smother'd Love.
 Exert your utmost pow'r, my lingring Charms,
 And force my *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

See, while my last endeavours I delay,
 The waking Ashes rise, and round our Altars play!
 Run to the Threshold, *Amaryllis*, hark,
 Our *Hylas* opens, and begins to bark.
 Good Heav'n! may Lovers what they wish believe;
 Or dream their wishes, and those dreams deceive!
 No more, my *Daphnis* comes; no more, my Charms;
 He comes, he runs, he leaps to my desiring Arms.

IX. Moeris

The ARGUMENT.

When Virgil, by the Favour of Augustus, had recover'd his Patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take Possession, he was in danger to be slain by Arius the Centurian, to whom those Lands were assign'd by the Emperour, in reward of his Service against Brutus and Cassius. This Pastoral therefore is fill'd with Complaints of his hard Usage; and the Persons introduc'd, are the Bayliff of Virgil, Moeris, and his Friend Lycidas.

LYCIDAS.

Ho *Moeris!* whether on thy way so fast?
This leads to Town.

MOERIS.

O *Lycidas*, at last
The Time is come I never thought to see,
(Strange Revolution for my Farm and me)
When the grim Captain in a surly Tone
Cries out, pack up ye Rascals, and be gone.

Kick'd out, we set the best Face on't we cou'd,
And these two Kids t'appease his angry Mood,
I bear, of which the Furies give him good.

LYCIDAS.

Your Country Friends were told another Tale;
That from the sloping Mountain to the Vale,
And dodder'd Oak, and all the Banks along,
Menalcas sav'd his Fortune with a Song.

MOERIS.

Such was the News, indeed, but Songs and Rhymes
Prevail as much in these hard Iron Times,
As would a plump of trembling Fowl, that rise
Against an Eagle sousing from the Skies.
And had not *Phœbus* warn'd me by the croak
Of an old Raven, from a hollow Oak,
To shun debate, *Menalcas* had been slain,
And *Moeris* not surviv'd him, to complain.

LYCIDAS.

Now Heav'n defend! cou'd barb'rous Rage induce
The Brutal Son of *Mars*, t'insult the sacred Muse!
Who then shou'd sing the Nymphs, or who rehearse
The Waters gliding in a smoother Verse!
Or *Amaryllis* praise, that Heav'nly Lay,
That shorten'd as we went, our tedious Way.
O *Tity'rus*, tend my Herd, and see them fed;

To Morning Pastures, Evening Waters led:
And 'ware the *Lybian* Ridgils butting Head.

MOERIS.

Or what unfinish'd He to *Varus* read;
Thy Name, O *Varus* (if the kinder Pow'rs
Preserve our Plains, and shield the *Mantuan* Tow'rs,
Obnoxious by *Cremona's* neighb'ring Crime,)
The Wings of Swans, and stronger pinion'd Rhyme,
Shall raise aloft, and soaring bear above
Th' immortal Gift of Gratitude to *Jove*.

LYCIDAS.

Sing on, sing on, for I can ne'er be cloy'd,
So may thy Swarms the baleful Eugh avoid:
So may thy Cows their burden'd Bags distend,
And Trees to Goats their willing Branches bend.
Mean as I am, yet have the Muses made
Me free, a Member of the tuneful trade:
At least the Shepherds seem to like my Lays,
But I discern their Flatt'ry from their Praise:
I nor to *Cinna's* Ears, nor *Varus* dare aspire;
But gabble like a Goose, amidst the Swan-like Quire.

MOERIS.

'Tis what I have been conning in my Mind:
Nor are they Verses of a Vulgar Kind.
Come, *Galatea*, come, the Seas forsake;
What Pleasures can the Tides with their hoarse Murmurs make?
See, on the Shore inhabits purple Spring;
Where Nightingales their Love-sick Ditty sing;
See, Meads with purling Streams, with Flow'rs the Ground,
The Grottoes cool, with shady Poplars crown'd,
And creeping Vines on Arbours weav'd around.
Come then, and leave the Waves tumultuous roar,
Let the wild Surges vainly beat the Shore.

LYCIDAS.

Or that sweet Song I heard with such delight;
The same you sung alone one starry Night;
The Tune I still retain, but not the Words.

MOERIS.

Why, *Daphnis*, dost thou search in old Records,
To know the Seasons when the Stars arise?
See *Cæsar's* Lamp is lighted in the Skies:
The Star, whose Rays the blushing Grapes adorn,
And swell the kindly ripening Ears of Corn.
Under this influence, graft the tender Shoot;
Thy Childrens Children shall enjoy the Fruit.
The rest I have forgot, for Cares and Time

Change all things, and untune my Soul to Rhyme:
 I cou'd have once sung down a Summer's Sun,
 But now the Chime of Poetry is done.
 My Voice grows hoarse; I feel the Notes decay,
 As if the Wolves had seen me first to Day.
 But these, and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to sing.

LYCIDAS.

Thy faint Excuses but inflame me more;
 And now the Waves rowl silent to the Shore.
 Husht Winds the topmost Branches scarcely bend,
 As if thy tuneful Song they did attend:
 Already we have half our way o'ercome;
 Far off I can discern *Bianor's* Tomb;
 Here, where the Labourer's hands have form'd a Bow'r
 Of wreathing Trees, in Singing waste an Hour.
 Rest here thy weary Limbs, thy Kids lay down,
 We've Day before us yet, to reach the Town:
 Or if e'er Night the gath'ring Clouds we fear,
 A Song will help the beating Storm to bear.
 And that thou may'st not be too late abroad,
 Sing, and I'll ease thy Shoulders of thy Load.

MOERIS.

Cease to request me, let us mind our way;
 Another Song requires another Day.
 When good *Menalcas* comes, if he rejoice,
 And find a Friend at Court, I'll find a Voice.

X. Gallus

The ARGUMENT.

Gallus a great Patron of Virgil, and an excellent Poet, was very deeply in Love with one Citheris, whom he calls Lycoris; and who had forsaken him for the Company of a Soldier. The Poet therefore supposes his Friend Gallus retir'd in his heighth of Melancholy into the Solitudes of Arcadia (the celebrated Scene of Pastorals;) where he represents him in a very languishing Condition, with all the Rural Deities about him, pitying his hard Usage, and condoling his Misfortune.

Thy sacred Succour, *Arethusa*, bring,
To crown my Labour: 'tis the last I sing.
Which proud *Lycoris* may with Pity view;
The Muse is mournful, tho' the Numbers few.
Refuse me not a Verse, to Grief and *Gallus* due.
So may thy Silver Streams beneath the Tide,
Unmix'd with briny Seas, securely glide.

Sing then, my *Gallus*, and his hopeless Vows;
Sing, while my Cattle crop the tender Browze.
The vocal Grove shall answer to the Sound,
And Echo, from the Vales, the tuneful Voice rebound.
What Lawns or Woods withheld you from his Aid,
Ye Nymphs, when *Gallus* was to Love betray'd;
To Love, unpity'd by the cruel Maid?
Not steepy *Pindus* cou'd retard your Course,
Nor cleft *Parnassus*, nor th' *Aonian* Source:
Nothing that owns the Muses cou'd suspend
Your Aid to *Gallus*, *Gallus* is their Friend.
For him the lofty Laurel stands in Tears;
And hung with humid Pearls the lowly Shrub appears.
Mænalian Pines the Godlike Swain bemoan;
When spread beneath a Rock he sigh'd alone;
And cold *Lycæus* wept from every dropping Stone.
The Sheep surround their Shepherd, as he lyes:
Blush not, sweet Poet, nor the name despise:
Along the Streams his Flock *Adonis* fed;
And yet the Queen of Beauty blest his Bed.
The Swains and tardy Neat-herds came, and last
Menalcas, wet with beating Winter Mast.
Wond'ring, they ask'd from whence arose thy Flame;
Yet, more amaz'd, thy own *Apollo* came.
Flush'd were his Cheeks, and glowing were his Eyes:
Is she thy Care, is she thy Care, he cries?
Thy false *Lycoris* flies thy Love and thee;
And for thy Rival tempts the raging Sea,
The Forms of horrid War, and Heav'ns Inclemency.

Sylvanus came: his Brows a Country Crown
 Of Fennel, and of nodding Lillies, down.
 Great Pan arriv'd; and we beheld him too,
 His Cheeks and Temples of Vermilion Hue.
 Why, *Gallus*, this immod'rate Grief, he cry'd:
 Think'st thou that Love with Tears is satisfy'd?
 The Meads are sooner drunk with Morning Dews;
 The Bees with flow'ry Shrubs, the Goats with Brouze.
 Unmov'd, and with dejected Eyes, he mourn'd:
 He paus'd, and then these broken Words return'd.
 'Tis past; and Pity gives me no Relief:
 But you, *Arcadian* Swains, shall sing my Grief:
 And on your Hills, my last Complaints renew;
 So sad a Song is only worthy you.
 How light wou'd lye the Turf upon my Breast,
 If you my Suffrings in your Songs exprest?
 Ah! that your Birth and Bus'ness had been mine;
 To penn the Sheep, and press the swelling Vine!
 Had *Phyllis* or *Amyntas* caus'd my Pain,
 Or any Nymph, or Shepherd on the Plain,
 Tho' *Phyllis* brown, tho' black *Amyntas* were,
 Are Violets not sweet, because not fair?
 Beneath the Sallows, and the shady Vine,
 My Loves had mix'd their pliant Limbs with mine;
Phyllis with Myrtle Wreaths had crown'd my Hair,
 And soft *Amyntas* sung away my Care.
 Come, see what Pleasures in our Plains abound;
 The Woods, the Fountains, and the flow'ry ground.

As you are beauteous, were you half so true,
 Here cou'd I live, and love, and dye with only you.
 Now I to fighting Fields am sent afar,
 And strive in Winter Camps with toils of War;
 While you, (alas, that I shou'd find it so!)
 To shun my sight, your Native Soil forgo,
 And climb the frozen *Alps*, and tread th' eternal Snow.
 Ye Frosts and Snows her tender Body spare,
 Those are not Limbs for Ysicles to tear.
 For me, the Wilds and Desarts are my Choice;
 The Muses, once my Care; my once harmonious Voice.
 There will I sing, forsaken and alone,
 The Rocks and hollow Caves shall echo to my Moan.
 The Rind of ev'ry Plant her Name shall know;
 And as the Rind extends, the Love shall grow.
 Then on *Arcadian* Mountains will I chase
 (Mix'd with the Woodland Nymphs) the Savage Race.
 Nor Cold shall hinder me, with Horns and Hounds,
 To thrid the Thickets, or to leap the Mounds.
 And now methinks o'er steepy Rocks I go;
 And rush through sounding Woods, and bend the *Parthian* Bow:
 As if with Sports my Sufferings I could ease,

Or by my Pains the God of Love appease.
 My Frenzy changes, I delight no more
 On Mountain tops, to chace the tusky Boar;
 No Game but hopeless Love my thoughts pursue:
 Once more ye Nymphs, and Songs, and sounding Woods adieu.

Love alters not for us, his hard Decrees,
 Not tho' beneath the *Thracian* Clime we freeze;
 Or *Italy's* indulgent Heav'n forgo;
 And in mid-Winter tread *Sithonian* Snow.
 Or when the Barks of Elms are scorch'd, we keep
 On *Meroes* burning Plains the *Lybian* Sheep.
 In Hell, and Earth, and Seas, and Heav'n above,
 Love conquers all; and we must yield to Love.
 My Muses, here your sacred Raptures end:
 The Verse was what I ow'd my suffring Friend.
 This while I sung, my Sorrows I deceiv'd,
 And bending Osiers into Baskets weav'd.
 The Song, because inspir'd by you, shall shine:
 And *Gallus* will approve, because 'tis mine.
Gallus, for whom my holy Flames renew,
 Each hour, and ev'ry moment rise in view:
 As Alders, in the Spring, their Boles extend;
 And heave so fiercely, that the Bark they rend.
 Now let us rise, for hoarseness oft invades
 The Singer's Voice, who sings beneath the Shades.
 From Juniper, unwholsom Dews distill,
 That blast the sooty Corn; the with'ring Herbage kill;
 Away, my Goats, away: for you have browz'd your fill.

The Georgics

The First Book

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet, in the beginning of this Book, propounds the general Design of each Georgic: And after a solemn Invocation of all the Gods who are any way related to his Subject, he addresses himself in particular to Augustus, whom he complements with Divinity; and after strikes into his Business. He shews the different kinds of Tillage proper to different Soils, traces out the Original of Agriculture, gives a Catalogue of the Husbandman's Tools, specifies the Employments peculiar to each Season, describes the changes of the Weather, with the Signs in Heaven and Earth that fore-bode them. Instances many of the Prodigies that happen'd near the time of Julius Caesar's Death. And shuts up all with a Supplication to the Gods for the Safety of Augustus, and the Preservation of Rome.

What makes a plenteous Harvest, when to turn
The fruitful Soil, and when to sowe the Corn;
The Care of Sheep, of Oxen, and of Kine;
And how to raise on Elms the teeming Vine:
The Birth and Genius of the frugal Bee,
I sing, *Mecænas*, and I sing to thee.

Ye Deities! who Fields and Plains protect,
Who rule the Seasons, and the Year direct;
Bacchus and fost'ring *Ceres*, Pow'rs Divine,
Who gave us Corn for Mast, for Water Wine:
Ye Fawns, propitious to the Rural Swains,
Ye Nymphs that haunt the Mountains and the Plains,
Join in my Work, and to my Numbers bring
Your needful Succour, for your Gifts I sing.
And thou, whose Trident struck the teeming Earth,
And made a Passage for the Coursers Birth.
And thou, for whom the *Cæan* Shore sustains
Thy Milky Herds, that graze the Flow'ry Plains.
And thou, the Shepherds tutelary God,
Leave, for a while, O *Pan!* thy lov'd Abode:
And, if *Arcadian* Fleeces be thy Care,
From Fields and Mountains to my Song repair.
Inventor, *Pallas*, of the fat'ning Oyl,
Thou Founder of the Plough and Plough-man's Toyl;
And thou, whose Hands the Shrowd-like Cypress rear;
Come all ye Gods and Goddesses, that wear
The rural Honours, and increase the Year.
You, who supply the Ground with Seeds of Grain;
And you, who swell those Seeds with kindly Rain:
And chiefly thou, whose undetermin'd State
Is yet the Business of the Gods Debate:
Whether in after Times to be declar'd
The Patron of the World, and *Rome's* peculiar Guard,

Or o'er the Fruits and Seasons to preside,
 And the round Circuit of the Year to guide.
 Pow'rful of Blessings, which thou strew'st around,
 And with thy Goddess Mother's Myrtle crown'd.
 Or wilt thou, *Cæsar*, chuse the watry Reign,
 To smooth the Surges, and correct the Main?
 Then Mariners, in Storms, to thee shall pray,
 Ev'n utmost *Thule* shall thy Pow'r obey;
 And *Neptune* shall resign the Fasces of the Sea.
 The wat'ry Virgins for thy Bed shall strive,
 And *Tethys* all her Waves in Dowry give.
 Or wilt thou bless our Summers with thy Rays,
 And seated near the Ballance, poise the Days:
 Where in the Void of Heav'n a Space is free,
 Betwixt the *Scorpion* and the *Maid* for thee.
 The *Scorpion* ready to receive thy Laws,
 Yields half his Region, and contracts his Claws.
 Whatever part of Heav'n thou shalt obtain,
 For let not Hell presume of such a Reign;
 Nor let so dire a Thirst of Empire move
 Thy Mind, to leave thy Kindred Gods above.
 Tho' *Greece* admires *Elysium's* blest Retreat,
 Tho' *Proserpine* affects her silent Seat,
 And importun'd by *Ceres* to remove,
 Prefers the Fields below to those above.
 But thou, propitious *Cæsar*, guide my Course,
 And to my bold Endeavours add thy Force.

Pity the Poet's and the Ploughman's Cares,
 Int'rest thy Greatness in our mean Affairs,
 And use thy self betimes to hear our Pray'rs.
 While yet the Spring is young, while Earth unbinds
 Her frozen Bosom to the Western Winds;
 While Mountain Snows dissolve against the Sun,
 And Streams, yet new, from Precipices run.
 Ev'n in this early Dawning of the Year,
 Produce the Plough, and yoke the sturdy Steer,
 And goad him till he groans beneath his Toil,
 Till the bright Share is bury'd in the Soil.
 That Crop rewards the greedy Peasant's Pains,
 Which twice the Sun, and twice the Cold sustains,
 And bursts the crowded Barns, with more than promis'd Gains.
 But e'er we stir the yet unbroken Ground,
 The various Course of Seasons must be found;
 The Weather, and the setting of the Winds,
 The Culture suiting to the sev'ral Kinds
 Of Seeds and Plants; and what will thrive and rise,
 And what the Genius of the Soil denies.
 This Ground with *Bacchus*, that with *Ceres* suits:
 That other loads the Trees with happy Fruits.
 A fourth with Grass, unbidden, decks the Ground:

Thus *Tmolus* is with yellow Saffron crown'd:
India, black Ebon and white Ivory bears:
 And soft *Idume* weeps her od'rous Tears.
 Thus *Pontus* sends her Beaver Stones from far;
 And naked *Spanyards* temper Steel for War.

Epirus for th' *Elean* Chariot breeds,
 (In hopes of Palms,) a Race of running Steeds.
 This is the Orig'nal Contract; these the Laws
 Impos'd by Nature, and by Nature's Cause,
 On sundry Places, when *Deucalion* hurl'd
 his Mother's Entrails on the desart World:
 Whence Men, a hard laborious Kind, were born.
 Then borrow part of Winter for thy Corn;
 And early with thy Team the Gleeb in Furrows turn.
 That while the Turf lies open, and unbound,
 Succeeding Suns may bake the Mellow Ground.
 But if the Soil be barren, only scar
 The Surface, and but lightly print the Share,
 When cold *Arcturus* rises with the Sun:
 Lest wicked Weeds the Corn shou'd over-run
 In watry Soils; or lest the barren Sand
 Shou'd suck the Moisture from the thirsty Land.
 Both these unhappy Soils the Swain forbears,
 And keeps a Sabbath of alternate Years:
 That the spent Earth may gather heart again;
 And, better'd by Cessation, bear the Grain.
 At least where Vetches, Pulse, and Tares have stood,
 And Stalks of Lupines grew (a stubborn Wood:)
 Th' ensuing Season, in return, may bear
 The bearded product of the Golden Year.
 For Flax and Oats will burn the tender Field,
 And sleepy Poppies harmful Harvests yield.

But sweet Vicissitudes of Rest and Toyl
 Make easy Labour, and renew the Soil.
 Yet sprinkle sordid Ashes all around,
 And load with fat'ning Dung thy fallow Ground.
 Thus change of Seeds for meagre Soils is best;
 And Earth manur'd, not idle, though at rest.
 Long Practice has a sure Improvement found,
 With kindled Fires to burn the barren Ground;
 When the light Stubble, to the Flames resign'd,
 Is driv'n along, and crackles in the Wind.
 Whether from hence the hollow Womb of Earth
 Is warm'd with secret Strength for better Birth,
 Or when the latent Vice is cur'd by Fire,
 Redundant Humours thro' the Pores expire;
 Or that the Warmth distends the Chinks, and makes
 New Breathings, whence new Nourishment she takes;
 Or that the Heat the gaping Ground constrains,

New Knits the Surface, and new Strings the Veins;
 Lest soaking Show'rs shou'd pierce her secret Seat,
 Or freezing *Boreas* chill her genial Heat;
 Or scorching Suns too violently beat.
 Nor is the Profit small, the Peasant makes;
 Who smooths with Harrows, or who pounds with Rakes
 The crumbling Clods: Nor *Ceres* from on high
 Regards his Labours with a grudging Eye;
 Nor his, who plows across the furrow'd Grounds,
 And on the Back of Earth inflicts new Wounds:

For he with frequent Exercise Commands
 Th' unwilling Soil, and tames the stubborn Lands.
 Ye Swains, invoke the Pow'rs who rule the Sky,
 For a moist Summer, and a Winter dry:
 For Winter drouth rewards the Peasant's Pain,
 And broods indulgent on the bury'd Grain.
 Hence *Mysia* boasts her Harvests, and the tops
 Of *Gargarus* admire their happy Crops.
 When first the Soil receives the fruitful Seed,
 Make no delay, but cover it with speed:
 So fenc'd from Cold; the plyant Furrows break,
 Before the surly Clod resists the Rake.
 And call the Floods from high, to rush amain
 With pregnant Streams, to swell the teeming Grain.
 Then when the fiery Suns too fiercely play,
 And shrivell'd Herbs on with'ring Stems decay,
 The wary Ploughman, on the Mountain's Brow,
 Undams his watry Stores, huge Torrents flow;
 And, ratling down the Rocks, large moisture yield,
 Temp'ring the thirsty Fever of the Field.
 And lest the Stem, too feeble for the freight,
 Shou'd scarce sustain the head's unweildy weight,
 Sends in his feeding Flocks betimes t'invade
 The rising bulk of the luxuriant Blade;
 E'er yet th'aspiring Off-spring of the Grain
 O'ertops the ridges of the furrow'd Plain:
 And drains the standing Waters, when they yield
 Too large a Bev'rage to the drunken Field.

But most in Autumn, and the show'ry Spring,
 When dubious Months uncertain Weather bring;
 When Fountains open, when impetuous Rain
 Swells hasty Brooks, and pours upon the Plain;
 When Earth with Slime and Mud is cover'd o'er,
 Or hollow places spue their wat'ry Store.
 Nor yet the Ploughman, nor the lab'ring Steer,
 Sustain alone the hazards of the Year:
 But glutton Geese, and the *Strymonian* Crane,
 With foreign Troops, invade the tender Grain:
 And tow'ring Weeds malignant Shadows yield;

And spreading *Succ'ry* choaks the rising Field.
 The Sire of Gods and Men, with hard Decrees,
 Forbids our Plenty to be bought with Ease:
 And wills that Mortal Men, inur'd to toil,
 Shou'd exercise, with pains, the grudging Soil.
 Himself invented first the shining Share,
 And whetted Humane Industry by Care:
 Himself did Handy-Crafts and Arts ordain;
 Nor suffer'd Sloath to rust his active Reign.
 E'er this, no Peasant vex'd the peaceful Ground;
 Which only Turfs and Greens for Altars found:
 No Fences parted Fields, nor Marks nor Bounds
 Distinguish'd Acres of litigious Grounds:
 But all was common, and the fruitful Earth
 Was free to give her unexacted Birth.
Jove added Venom to the Viper's Brood,
 And swell'd, with raging Storms, the peaceful Flood:

Commission'd hungry Wolves t' infest the Fold,
 And shook from Oaken Leaves the liquid Gold.
 Remov'd from Humane reach the chearful Fire,
 And from the Rivers bade the Wine retire:
 That studious Need might useful Arts explore;
 From furrow'd Fields to reap the foodful Store:
 And force the Veins of clashing Flints t' expire
 The lurking Seeds of their Cœlestial Fire.
 Then first on Seas the hollow'd Alder swam;
 Then Sailers quarter'd Heav'n, and found a Name
 For ev'ry fix'd and ev'ry wandring Star:
 The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*, and the Northern Car.
 Then Toils for Beasts, and Lime for Birds were found,
 And deep-mouth Dogs did Forrest Walks surround:
 And casting Nets were spread in shallow Brooks,
 Drags in the Deep, and Baits were hung on Hooks.
 Then Saws were tooth'd, and sounding Axes made;
 (For Wedges first did yielding Wood invade.)
 And various Arts in order did succeed,
 (What cannot endless Labour urg'd by need?)
 First *Ceres* taught, the Ground with Grain to sow,
 And arm'd with Iron Shares the crooked Plough;
 When now *Dodonian* Oaks no more supply'd
 Their Mast, and Trees their Forrest-fruit deny'd.
 Soon was his Labour doubl'd to the Swain,
 And blasting Mildews blackened all his Grain.
 Tough Thistles choak'd the Fields, and kill'd the Corn,
 And an unthrifty Crop of Weeds was born.

Then Burrs and Brambles, an unbidden Crew
 Of graceless Guests, th' unhappy Field subdue:
 And Oats unblest, and Darnel domineers,
 And shoots its head above the shining Ears.

So that unless the Land with daily Care
 Is exercis'd, and with an Iron War,
 Of Rakes and Harrows, the proud Foes expell'd,
 And Birds with clamours frighted from the Field;
 Unless the Boughs are lopp'd that shade the Plain,
 And Heav'n invoc'd with Vows for fruitful Rain,
 On other Crops you may with envy look,
 And shake for Food the long abandon'd Oak.
 Nor must we pass untold what Arms they wield,
 Who labour Tillage and the furrow'd Field:
 Without whose aid the Ground her Corn denys,
 And nothing can be sown, and nothing rise.
 The crooked Plough, the Share, the tow'ring height
 Of Waggons, and the Cart's unweildy weight;
 The Sled, the Tumbrel, Hurdles and the Flail,
 The Fan of *Bacchus*, with the flying Sail.
 These all must be prepar'd, if Ploughmen hope
 The promis'd Blessing of a Bounteous Crop.
 Young Elms with early force in Copses bow,
 Fit for the Figure of the crooked Plough.
 Of eight Foot long a fastned Beam prepare,
 On either side the Head produce an Ear,
 And sink a Socket for the shining Share.

Of Beech the Plough-tail, and the bending Yoke;
 Or softer Linden harden'd in the Smoke.
 I cou'd be long in Precepts, but I fear
 So mean a Subject might offend your Ear.
 Delve of convenient Depth your thrashing Floor;
 With temper'd Clay, then fill and face it o'er:
 And let the weighty Rowler run the round,
 To smooth the Surface of th' unequal Ground;
 Lest crack'd with Summer Heats the flooring flies,
 Or sinks, and thro' the Crannies Weeds arise.
 For sundry Foes the Rural Realm surround:
 The Field Mouse builds her Garner under ground,
 For gather'd Grain the blind laborious Mole,
 In winding Mazes works her hidden Hole.
 In hollow Caverns Vermine make abode,
 The hissing Serpent, and the swelling Toad:
 The Corn devouring Weezel here abides,
 And the wise Ant her wintry Store provides.
 Mark well the flowring Almonds in the Wood;
 If od'rous Blooms the bearing Branches load,
 The Glebe will answer to the Sylvan Reign,
 Great Heats will follow, and large Crops of Grain.
 But if a Wood of Leaves o'er-shade the Tree,
 Such and so barren will thy Harvest be:
 In vain the Hind shall vex the thrashing Floor,
 For empty Chaff and Straw will be thy Store.
 Some steep their Seed, and some in Cauldrons boil

With vigorous Nitre, and with Lees of Oyl,
 O'er gentle Fires; th' exuberant Juice to drain,
 And swell the flatt'ring Husks with fruitful Grain.
 Yet is not the Success for Years assur'd,
 Tho' chosen is the Seed, and fully cur'd;
 Unless the Peasant, with his Annual Pain,
 Renews his Choice, and culls the largest Grain.
 Thus all below, whether by Nature's Curse,
 Or Fates Decree, degen'rate still to worse.
 So the Boats brawny Crew the Current stem,
 And, slow advancing, struggle with the Stream:
 But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,
 Then down the Flood with headlong haste they drive.
 Nor must the Ploughman less observe the Skies,
 When the *Kidds*, *Dragon*, and *Arcturus* rise,
 Than Saylor's homeward bent, who cut their Way
 Thro' *Helle's* stormy Streights, and Oyster-breeding Sea.
 But when *Astrea's* Ballance, hung on high,
 Betwixt the Nights and Days divides the Sky,
 Then Yoke your Oxen, sow your Winter Grain;
 Till cold *December* comes with driving Rain.
 Lineseed and fruitful Poppy bury warm,
 In a dry Season, and prevent the Storm.
 Sow Beans and Clover in a rotten Soyl,
 And Millet rising from your Annual Toyl;
 When with his Golden Horns, in full Cariere,
 The Bull beats down the Barriers of the Year;
 And *Argos* and the Dog forsake the Northern Sphere.

But if your Care to Wheat alone extend,
 Let *Maja* with her Sisters first descend,
 And the bright *Gnosian* Diadem downward bend:
 Before you trust in Earth your future Hope;
 Or else expect a listless lazy Crop.
 Some Swains have sown before, but most have found
 A husky Harvest, from the grudging Ground.
 Vile Vetches wou'd you sow, or Lentils lean,
 The Growth of *Egypt*, or the Kidney-bean?
 Begin when the slow Waggoner descends,
 Nor cease your sowing till Mid-winter ends:
 For this, thro' twelve bright Signs *Apollo* guides
 The Year, and Earth in sev'ral Climes divides.
 Five Girdles bind the Skies, the torrid Zone
 Glows with the passing and repassing Sun.
 Far on the right and left, th' extrems of Heav'n,
 To Frosts and Snows, and bitter Blasts are giv'n.
 Betwixt the midst and these, the Gods assign'd
 Two habitable Seats for Humane Kind:
 And cross their limits cut a sloping way,
 Which the twelve Signs in beauteous order sway.
 Two Poles turn round the Globe; one seen to rise

O'er *Scythian* Hills, and one in *Lybian* Skies.
 The first sublime in Heav'n, the last is whirl'd
 Below the Regions of the nether World.
 Around our Pole the spiry Dragon glides,
 And like a winding Stream the Bears divides;
 The less and greater, who by Fates Decree
 Abhor to dive beneath the Southern Sea:
 There, as they say, perpetual Night is found
 In silence brooding on th' unhappy ground:
 Or when *Aurora* leaves our Northern Sphere,
 She lights the downward Heav'n, and rises there.
 And when on us she breaths the living Light,
 Red Vesper kindles there the Tapers of the Night.
 From hence uncertain Seasons we may know;
 And when to reap the Grain, and when to sow:
 Or when to fell the Furzes, when 'tis meet
 To spread the flying Canvass for the Fleet.
 Observe what Stars arise or disappear;
 And the four Quarters of the rolling Year.
 But when cold Weather and continu'd Rain,
 The lab'ring Husband in his House restrain:
 Let him forecast his Work with timely care,
 Which else is huddl'd, when the Skies are fair:
 Then let him mark the Sheep, or whet the shining Share.
 Or hollow Trees for Boats, or number o'er
 His Sacks, or measure his increasing Store:
 Or sharpen Stakes, or head the Forks, or twine
 The Sallow Twigs to tye the stragling Vine:
 Or wicker Baskets weave, or aire the Corn,
 Or grinded Grain betwixt two Marbles turn.
 No Laws, Divine or Humane, can restrain
 From necessary Works, the lab'ring Swain.

Ev'n Holy-days and Feasts permission yield,
 To float the Meadows, or to fence the Field,
 To fire the Brambles, snare the Birds, and steep
 In wholsom Water-falls the woolly Sheep.
 And oft the drudging Ass is driv'n, with Toyl,
 To neighb'ring Towns with Apples and with Oyl:
 Returning late, and loaden home with Gain
 Of barter'd Pitch, and Hand-mills for the Grain.
 The lucky Days, in each revolving Moon,
 For Labour chuse: The Fifth be sure to shun;
 That gave the Furies and pale *Pluto* Birth,
 And arm'd, against the Skies, the Sons of Earth.
 With Mountains pil'd on Mountains, thrice they strove
 To scale the steepy Battlements of *Jove*:
 And thrice his Lightning and red Thunder play'd,
 And their demolish'd Works in Ruin laid.
 The Sev'nth is, next the Tenth, the best to join
 Young Oxen to the Yoke, and plant the Vine.

Then Weavers stretch your Stays upon the Weft:
 The Ninth is good for Travel, bad for Theft.
 Some Works in dead of Night are better done;
 Or when the Morning Dew prevents the Sun.
 Parch'd Meads and Stubble mow, by *Phæbe's* Light;
 Which both require the Coolness of the Night:
 For Moisture then abounds, and Pearly Rains
 Descend in Silence to refresh the Plains.
 The Wife and Husband equally conspire,
 To work by Night, and rake the Winter Fire:

He sharpens Torches in the glim'ring Room,
 She shoots the flying Shuttle through the Loom:
 Or boils in Kettles Must of Wine, and skins
 With Leaves, the Dregs that overflow the Brims.
 And till the watchful Cock awakes the Day,
 She sings to drive the tedious hours away.
 But in warm Weather, when the Skies are clear,
 By Daylight reap the Product of the Year:
 And in the Sun your golden Grain display,
 And thrash it out, and winnow it by Day.
 Plough naked, Swain, and naked sow the Land,
 For lazy Winter numbs the lab'ring Hand.
 In Genial Winter, Swains enjoy their Store,
 Forget their Hardships, and recruit for more.
 The Farmer to full Bowls invites his Friends,
 And what he got with Pains, with Pleasure spends.
 So Saylor, when escap'd from stormy Seas,
 First crown their Vessels, then indulge their Ease.
 Yet that's the proper Time to thrash the Wood
 For Mast of Oak, your Fathers homely Food.
 To gather Laurel-berries, and the Spoil
 Of bloody Myrtles, and to press your Oyl.
 For stalking Cranes to set the guileful Snare,
 T' inclose the Stags in Toyls, and Hunt the Hare.
 With *Balearick* Slings, or *Gnossian* Bow,
 To persecute from far the flying Doe.
 Then, when the Fleecy Skies new cloath the Wood,
 And cakes of rustling Ice come rolling down the Flood.

Now sing we stormy Stars, when Autumn weighs
 The Year, and adds to Nights, and shortens Days;
 And Suns declining shine with feeble Rays:
 What Cares must then attend the toiling Swain;
 Or when the low'ring Spring, with lavish Rain,
 Beats down the slender Stem and bearded Grain:
 While yet the Head is green, or lightly swell'd
 With Milky-moisture, over-looks the Field.
 Ev'n when the Farmer, now secure of Fear,
 Sends in the Swains to spoil the finish'd Year:
 Ev'n while the Reaper fills his greedy hands,

And binds the golden Sheafs in brittle bands:
 Oft have I seen a sudden Storm arise,
 From all the warring Winds that sweep the Skies:
 The heavy Harvest from the root is torn,
 And whirl'd aloft the lighter Stubble born;
 With such a force the flying rack is driv'n;
 And such a Winter wears the face of Heav'n:
 And oft whole sheets descend of slucy Rain,
 Suck'd by the spongy Clouds from off the Main:
 The lofty Skies at once come pouring down,
 The promis'd Crop and golden Labours drown.
 The Dykes are fill'd, and with a roaring sound
 The rising Rivers float the nether ground;
 And Rocks the bellowing Voice of boiling Seas rebound.
 The Father of the Gods his Glory shrowds,
 Involv'd in Tempests, and a Night of Clouds.

And from the middle Darkness flashing out,
 By fits he deals his fiery Bolts about.
 Earth feels the Motions of her angry God,
 Her Entrails tremble, and her Mountains nod;
 And flying Beasts in Forests seek abode:
 Deep horror seizes ev'ry Humane Breast,
 Their Pride is humbled, and their Fear confess'd:
 While he from high his rowling Thunder throws,
 And fires the Mountains with repeated blows:
 The Rocks are from their old Foundations rent;
 The Winds redouble, and the Rains augment:
 The Waves on heaps are dash'd against the Shoar,
 And now the Woods, and now the Billows roar.
 In fear of this, observe the starry Signs,
 Where *Saturn* houses, and where *Hermes* joins.
 But first to Heav'n thy due Devotions pay,
 And Annual Gifts on *Ceres* Altars lay.
 When Winter's rage abates, when chearful Hours
 Awake the Spring, and Spring awakes the Flow'rs,
 On the green Turf thy careless Limbs display,
 And celebrate the mighty Mother's day.
 For then the Hills with pleasing Shades are crown'd,
 And Sleeps are sweeter on the silken Ground:
 With milder Beams the Sun securely shines;
 Fat are the Lambs, and luscious are the Wines.
 Let ev'ry Swain adore her Pow'r Divine,
 And Milk and Honey mix with sparkling Wine:
 Let all the Choir of Clowns attend the Show,
 In long Procession, shouting as they go;
 Invoking her to bless their yearly Stores,
 Inviting Plenty to their crowded Floors.
 Thus in the Spring, and thus in Summer's Heat,
 Before the Sickles touch the ripening Wheat,

On *Ceres* call; and let the lab'ring Hind
 With Oaken Wreaths his hollow Temples bind:
 On *Ceres* let him call, and *Ceres* praise,
 With uncouth Dances, and with Country Lays.
 And that by certain signs we may presage
 Of Heats and Rains, and Wind's impetuous rage,
 The Sov'reign of the Heav'ns has set on high
 The Moon, to mark the Changes of the Sky:
 When Southern blasts shou'd cease, and when the Swain
 Shou'd near their Folds his feeding Flocks restrain.
 For e'er the rising Winds begin to roar,
 The working Seas advance to wash the Shoar:
 Soft whispers run along the leavy Woods,
 And Mountains whistle to the murm'ring Floods:
 Ev'n then the doubtful Billows scarce abstain
 From the toss'd Vessel on the troubled Main:
 When crying Cormorants forsake the Sea,
 And stretching to the Covert wing their way:
 When sportful Coots run skimming o'er the Strand;
 When watchful Herons leave their watry Stand,
 And mounting upward, with erected flight,
 Gain on the Skies, and soar above the sight.

And oft before tempest'ous Winds arise,
 The seeming Stars fall headlong from the Skies;
 And, shooting through the darkness, guild the Night
 With sweeping Glories, and long trails of Light:
 And Chaff with eddy Winds is whirl'd around,
 And dancing Leaves are lifted from the Ground;
 And floating Feathers on the Waters play.
 But when the winged Thunder takes his way
 From the cold North, and East and West ingage,
 And at their Frontiers meet with equal rage,
 The Clouds are crush'd, a glut of gather'd Rain
 The hollow Ditches fills, and floats the Plain,
 And Sailors furl their dropping Sheets amain.
 Wet weather seldom hurts the most unwise,
 So plain the Signs, such Prophets are the Skies:
 The wary Crane foresees it first, and sails
 Above the Storm, and leaves the lowly Vales:
 The Cow looks up, and from afar can find
 The change of Heav'n, and snuffs it in the Wind.
 The Swallow skims the River's watry Face,
 The Frogs renew the Croaks of their loquacious Race.
 The careful Ant her secret Cell forsakes,
 And drags her Eggs along the narrow Tracks.
 At either Horn the Rainbow drinks the Flood,
 Huge Flocks of rising Rooks forsake their Food,
 And, crying, seek the Shelter of the Wood.
 Besides, the sev'ral sorts of watry Fowls,
 That swim the Seas, or haunt the standing Pools:

The Swans that sail along the Silver Flood,
 And dive with stretching Necks to search their Food.
 Then lave their Backs with sprinkling Dews in vain,
 And stem the Stream to meet the promis'd Rain.
 The Crow with clam'rous Cries the Show'r demands,
 And single stalks along the Desart Sands.
 The nightly Virgin, while her Wheel she plies,
 Foresees the Storm impending in the Skies,
 When sparkling Lamps their sputt'ring Light advance,
 And in the Sockets Oly Bubbles dance.
 Then after Show'rs, 'tis easie to descry
 Returning Suns, and a serener Sky:
 The Stars shine smarter, and the Moon adorns,
 As with unborrow'd Beams, her sharpen'd Horns.
 The filmy *Gossamer* now flitts no more,
 Nor *Halcyons* bask on the short Sunny Shoar:
 Their Litter is not toss'd by Sows unclean,
 But a blue droughty Mist descends upon the Plain.
 And Owls, that mark the setting Sun, declare
 A Star-light Evening, and a Morning fair.
 Tow'ring aloft, avenging *Nisus* flies,
 While dar'd below the guilty *Scylla* lies.
 Where-ever frighted *Scylla* flies away,
 Swift *Nisus* follows, and pursues his Prey.
 Where injur'd *Nisus* takes his Airy Course,
 Thence trembling *Scylla* flies and shuns his Force.
 This punishment pursues th' unhappy Maid,
 And thus the purple Hair is dearly paid.

Then, thrice the Ravens rend the liquid Air,
 And croaking Notes proclaim the settled fair.
 Then, round their Airy Palaces they fly,
 To greet the Sun; and seis'd with secret Joy,
 When Storms are over-blown, with Food repair
 To their forsaken Nests, and callow Care.
 Not that I think their Breasts with Heav'nly Souls
 Inspir'd, as Man, who Destiny controls.
 But with the changeful Temper of the Skies,
 As Rams condense, and Sun-shine rarifies;
 So turn the Species in their alter'd Minds,
 Compos'd by Calms, and disoompos'd by Winds.
 From hence proceeds the Birds harmonious Voice:
 From hence the Cows exult, and frisking Lambs rejoice.
 Observe the daily Circle of the Sun,
 And the short Year of each revolving Moon:
 By them thou shalt foresee the following day;
 Nor shall a starry Night thy Hopes betray.
 When first the Moon appears, if then she shrouds
 Her silver Crescent, tip'd with sable Clouds;
 Conclude she bodes a Tempest on the Main,
 And brews for Fields impetuous Floods of Rain.

Or if her Face with fiery Flushing glow,
 Expect the ratling Winds aloft to blow.
 But four Nights old, (for that's the surest Sign,
 With sharpen'd Horns if glorious then she shine:
 Next Day, nor only that, but all the Moon,
 Till her revolving Race be wholly run;

Are void of Tempests, both by Land and Sea,
 And Saylor's in the Port their promis'd Vow shall pay.

Above the rest, the Sun, who never lies;
 Foretels the change of Weather in the Skies:
 For if he rise, unwilling to his Race,
 Clouds on his Brows, and Spots upon his Face;
 Or if thro' Mists he shoots his sullen Beams,
 Frugal of Light, in loose and stragling Streams:
 Suspect a drisling Day, with Southern Rain,
 Fatal to Fruits, and Flocks, and promis'd Grain.

Or if *Aurora*, with half open'd Eyes,
 And a pale sickly Cheek, salute the Skies;
 How shall the Vine, with tender Leaves, defend
 Her teeming Clusters, when the Storms descend?
 When ridgy Roofs and Tiles can scarce avail,
 To barr the Ruin of the ratling Hail.
 But more than all, the setting Sun survey,
 When down the Steep of Heav'n he drives the Day.
 For oft we find him finishing his Race,
 With various Colours erring on his Face;
 If fiery red his glowing Globe descends,
 High Winds and furious Tempests he portends.
 But if his Cheeks are swoln with livid blue,
 He bodes wet Weather by his watry Hue.
 If dusky Spots are vary'd on his Brow,
 And, streak'd with red, a troubl'd Colour show;
 That sullen Mixture shall at once declare
 Winds, Rain, and Storms, and Elemental War:

What desp'rate Madman then wou'd venture o'er
 The *Frith*, or haul his Cables from the Shoar?
 But if with Purple Rays he brings the Light,
 And a pure Heav'n resigns to quiet Night;
 No rising Winds, or falling Storms, are nigh:
 But Northern Breezes through the Forest fly:
 And drive the rack, and purge the ruffl'd Sky.
 Th' unerring Sun by certain Signs declares,
 What the late Ev'n, or early Morn prepares:
 And when the South projects a stormy Day,
 And when the clearing North will puff the Clouds away.
 The Sun reveals the Secrets of the Sky;
 And who dares give the Source of Light the Lye?
 The change of Empires often he declares,
 Fierce Tumults, hidden Treasons, open Wars.

He first the Fate of *Cæsar* did foretel,
 And pity'd *Rome*, when *Rome* in *Cæsar* fell.
 In Iron Clouds conceal'd the Publick Light:
 And Impious Mortals fear'd Eternal Night.
 Nor was the Fact foretold by him alone:
 Nature her self stood forth, and seconded the Sun.
 Earth, Air, and Seas, with Prodigies were sign'd,
 And Birds obscene, and howling Dogs divin'd.
 What Rocks did *Ætna's* bellowing Mouth expire
 From her torn Entrails! and what Floods of Fire!
 What Clanks were heard, in *German* Skies afar,
 Of Arms and Armies, rushing to the War!

Dire Earthquakes rent the solid *Alps* below,
 And from their Summits shook th' Eternal Snow.
 Pale Specters in the close of Night were seen;
 And Voices heard of more than Mortal Men.
 In silent Groves, dumb Sheep and Oxen spoke,
 And Streams ran backward, and their Beds forsook:
 The yawning Earth disclos'd th' Abyss of Hell:
 The weeping Statues did the Wars foretel;
 And Holy Sweat from Brazen Idols fell.
 Then rising in his Might, the King of Floods,
 Rusht thro' the Forests, tore the lofty Woods;
 And rolling onward, with a sweepy Sway,
 Bore Houses, Herds, and lab'ring Hinds away.
 Blood sprang from Wells, Wolves howl'd in Towns by Night,
 And boding Victims did the Priests affright.
 Such Peals of Thunder never pour'd from high,
 Nor forky Light'nings flash'd from such a sullen a Sky.
 Red Meteors ran a-cross th' Etherial Space;
 Stars disappear'd, and Comets took their place.
 For this, th' *Emathian* Plains once more were strow'd
 With *Roman* Bodies, and just Heav'n thought good
 To fatten twice those Fields with *Roman* Blood.
 Then, after length of Time, the lab'ring Swains,
 Who turn the Turfs of those unhappy Plains,
 Shall rusty Piles from the plough'd Furrows take,
 And over empty Helmets pass the Rake.
 Amaz'd at Antick Titles on the Stones,
 And mighty Relicks of Gygantick Bones.

Ye home-born Deities, of Mortal Birth!
 Thou Father *Romulus*, and Mother Earth,
 Goddess unmov'd! whose Guardian Arms extend
 O'er *Thuscan Tiber's* Course, and *Roman* Tow'rs defend;
 With youthful *Cæsar* your joint Pow'rs ingage,
 Nor hinder him to save the sinking Age.
 O! let the Blood, already spilt, atone
 For the past Crimes of curst *Laomedon!*
 Heav'n wants thee there, and long the Gods, we know,

Have grudg'd thee, *Cæsar*, to the World below.
Where Fraud and Rapine, Right and Wrong confound;
Where impious Arms from ev'ry part resound,
And monstrous Crimes in ev'ry Shape are crown'd.
The peaceful Peasant to the Wars is prest;
The Fields lye fallow in inglorious Rest.
The Plain no Pasture to the Flock affords,
The crooked Scythes are streightned into Swords:
And there *Euphrates* her soft Off-spring Arms,
And here the *Rhine* rebellows with Alarms:
The neighb'ring Cities range on sev'ral sides,
Perfidious *Mars* long plighted Leagues divides,
And o'er the wasted World in Triumph rides.
So four fierce Coursers starting to the Race,
Scow'r thro' the Plain, and lengthen ev'ry Pace:
Nor Reigns, nor Curbs, nor threat'ning Cries they fear,
But force along the trembling Charioteer.

The Second Book

The ARGUMENT.

The Subject of the following Book is Planting. In handling of which Argument, the Poet shews all the different Methods of raising Trees: Describes their Variety; and gives Rules for the management of each in particular. He then points out the Soils in which the several Plants thrive best: And thence takes occasion to run out into the Praises of Italy. After which he gives some Directions for discovering the Nature of every Soil; prescribes Rules for the Dressing of Vines, Olives, &c. And concludes the Georgic with a Panegyric on a Country Life.

Thus far of Tillage, and of Heav'nly Signs;
 Now sing my Muse the growth of gen'rous Vines:
 The shady Groves, the Woodland Progeny,
 And the slow Product of *Minerva's* Tree.
 Great Father *Bacchus!* to my Song repair;
 For clustring Grapes are thy peculiar Care:

For thee large Bunches load the bending Vine,
 And the last Blessings of the Year are thine.
 To thee his Joys the jolly Autumn owes,
 When the fermenting Juice the Vat o'erflows.
 Come strip with me, my God, come drench all o'er
 Thy Limbs in Must of Wine, and drink at ev'ry Pore.
 Some Trees their birth to bounteous Nature owe:
 For some without the pains of Planting grow.
 With Osiers thus the Banks of Brooks abound,
 Sprung from the watry Genius of the Ground:
 From the same Principles grey Willows come;
Herculean Poplar, and the tender Broom.
 But some from Seeds inclos'd in Earth arise:
 For thus the mastful Chesnut mates the Skies.
 Hence rise the branching Beech and vocal Oke,
 Where *Jove* of old Oraculously spoke.
 Some from the Root a rising Wood disclose;
 Thus Elms, and thus the salvage Cherry grows.
 Thus the green Bays, that binds the Poet's Brows,
 Shoots and is shelter'd by the Mother's Boughs.
 These ways of Planting, Nature did ordain,
 For Trees and Shrubs, and all the Sylvan Reign.
 Others there are, by late Experience found:
 Some cut the Shoots, and plant in furrow'd ground:
 Some cover rooted Stalks in deeper Mold:
 Some cloven Stakes, and (wond'rous to behold,)
 Their sharpen'd ends in Earth their footing place,
 And the dry Poles produce a living Race.

Some bowe their Vines, which bury'd in the Plain,
 Their tops in distant Arches rise again.

Others no Root require, the Lab'rer cuts
 Young Slips, and in the Soil securely puts.
 Ev'n Stumps of Olives, bar'd of Leaves, and dead,
 Revive, and oft redeem their wither'd head.
 Tis usual now, an Inmate Graff to see,
 With insolence invade a Foreign Tree:
 Thus Pears and Quinces from the Crabtree come;
 And thus the ruddy Cornel bears the Plum.
 Then let the Learned Gard'ner mark with care
 The Kinds of Stocks, and what those Kinds will bear:
 Explore the Nature of each sev'ral Tree;
 And known, improve with artful Industry:
 And let no spot of idle Earth be found,
 But cultivate the Genius of the Ground.
 For open *Ismarus* will Bacchus please;
Taburnus loves the shade of Olive Trees.
 The Virtues of the sev'ral Soils I sing,
Mecenas, now thy needful Succour bring!
 O thou! the better part of my Renown,
 Inspire thy Poet, and thy Poem crown:
 Embarque with me, while I new Tracts explore,
 With flying sails and breezes from the shore:
 Not that my Song, in such a scanty space,
 So large a Subject fully can embrace:
 Not tho' I were supply'd with Iron Lungs,
 A hundred Mouths, fill'd with as many Tongues:

 But steer my Vessel with a steady hand,
 And coast along the Shore in sight of Land.
 Nor will I tire thy Patience with a train
 Of Preface, or what ancient Poets feign.
 The Trees, which of themselves advance in Air,
 Are barren kinds, but strongly built and fair:
 Because the vigour of the Native Earth
 Maintains the Plant, and makes a Manly Birth.
 Yet these, receiving Graffs of other Kind,
 Or thence transplanted, change their salvage Mind:
 Their Wildness lose, and quitting Nature's part,
 Obey the Rules and Discipline of Art.
 The same do Trees, that, sprung from barren Roots
 In open fields, transplanted bear their Fruits.
 For where they grow the Native Energy
 Turns all into the Substance of the Tree,
 Starves and destroys the Fruit, is only made
 For brawny bulk, and for a barren shade.
 The Plant that shoots from Seed, a sullen Tree
 At leisure grows, for late Posterity;
 The gen'rous flavour lost, the Fruits decay,
 And salvage Grapes are made the Birds ignoble prey.
 Much labour is requir'd in Trees, to tame
 Their wild disorder, and in ranks reclaim.

Well must the ground be dig'd, and better dress'd,
 New Soil to make, and meliorate the rest.
 Old Stakes of Olive Trees in Plants revive;
 By the same Methods *Paphian* Myrtles live:
 But nobler Vines by Propagation thrive.

From Roots hard Hazles, and from Cyens rise
 Tall Ash, and taller Oak that mates the Skies:
 Palm, Poplar, Firr, descending from the Steep
 Of Hills, to try the dangers of the Deep.
 The thin-leav'd *Arbut* Hazle, graffs receives,
 And Planes huge Apples bear, that bore but Leaves.
 Thus Mastful Beech the bristly Chesnut bears,
 And the wild Ash is white with blooming Pears.
 And greedy Swine from grafted Elms are fed,
 With falling Acorns, that on Oaks are bred.
 But various are the ways to change the state
 Of Plants, to Bud, to Graff, t' Inoculate.
 For where the tender Rinds of Trees disclose
 Their shooting Gems, a swelling Knot there grows;
 Just in that space a narrow Slit we make,
 Then other Buds from bearing Trees we take:
 Inserted thus, the wounded Rind we close,
 In whose moist Womb th' admitted Infant grows.
 But when the smoother Bole from Knots is free,
 We make a deep Incision in the Tree;
 And in the solid Wood the Slip inclose,
 The bat'ning Bastard shoots again and grows:
 And in short space the laden Boughs arise,
 With happy Fruit advancing to the Skies.
 The Mother Plant admires the Leaves unknown,
 Of Alien Trees, and Apples not her own.
 Of vegetable Woods are various Kinds,
 And the same Species are of sev'ral Minds.

Lotes, Willows, Elms, have diff'rent Forms allow'd,
 So fun'ral Cypress rising like a Shrowd.
 Fat Olive Trees of sundry Sorts appear:
 Of sundry Shapes their unctuous Berries bear.
Radij long Olives, *Orchit's* round produce,
 And bitter *Pausia*, pounded for the Juice.
Alcinous Orchard various Apples bears:
 Unlike are Bergamotes and pounder Pears.
 Nor our *Italian* Vines produce the Shape,
 Or Tast, or Flavour of the *Lesbian* Grape.
 The *Thasian* Vines in richer Soils abound,
 The *Mareotique* grow in barren Ground.
 The *Psythian* Grape we dry: *Lagæan* Juice,
 Will stamm'ring Tongues, and stagg'ring Feet produce.
 Rathe ripe are some, and some of later kind,
 Of Golden some, and some of Purple Rind.

How shall I praise the *Ræthean* Grape divine,
 Which yet contends not with *Falernian* Wine!
 Th' *Aminean* many a Consulship survives,
 And longer than the *Lydian* Vintage lives?
 Or high *Phanæus* King of *Chian* growth:
 But for large quantities, and lasting both,
 The less *Argitis* bears the Prize away.
 The *Rhodian*, sacred to the Solemn Day,
 In second Services is pour'd to *Jove*;
 And best accepted by the Gods above.
 Nor must *Bumastus* his old Honours lose,
 In length and largeness like the Dugs of Cows.

I pass the rest, whose ev'ry Race and Name,
 And Kinds, are less material to my Theme.
 Which who wou'd learn, as soon may tell the Sands,
 Driv'n by the Western Wind on *Lybian* Lands.
 Or number, when the blust'ring *Eurus* roars,
 The Billows beating on *Ionian* Shoars.
 Nor ev'ry Plant on ev'ry Soil will grow;
 The Sallow loves the watry Ground, and low.
 The Marshes, Alders; Nature seems t'ordain
 The rocky Cliff for the wild Ashe's reign:
 The baleful Yeugh to Northern Blasts assigns;
 To Shores the Myrtles, and to Mounts the Vines.
 Regard th' extremest cultivated Coast,
 From hot *Arabia* to the *Scythian* Frost:
 All sort of Trees their sev'ral Countries know;
 Black Ebon only will in India grow:
 And od'rous Frankincense on the *Sabæan* Bough.
 Balm slowly trickles through the bleeding Veins
 Of happy Shrubs, in *Idumæan* Plains.
 The green *Egyptian* Thorn, for Med'cine good;
 With *Ethiops* hoary Trees and woolly Wood,
 Let others tell: and how the *Seres* spin
 Their fleecy Forests in a slender Twine.
 With mighty Trunks of Trees on *Indian* shoars,
 Whose height above the feather'd Arrow soars,
 Shot from the toughest Bow; and by the Brawn
 Of expert Archers, with vast Vigour drawn.

Sharp tasted Citrons *Median* Climes produce:
 Bitter the Rind, but gen'rous is the Juice:
 A cordial Fruit, a present Antidote
 Against the direful Stepdam's deadly Draught:
 Who mixing wicked Weeds with Words impure,
 The Fate of envy'd Orphans wou'd procure.
 Large is the Plant, and like a Laurel grows,
 And did it not a diffrent Scent disclose,
 A Laurel were: the fragrant Flow'rs contemn
 The stormy Winds, tenacious of their Stem.

With this the *Medes*, to lab'ring Age, bequeath
 New Lungs, and cure the sourness of the Breath.
 But neither *Median* Woods, (a plenteous Land,)
 Fair *Ganges*, *Hermus* rolling Golden Sand,
 Nor *Bactria*, nor the richer *Indian* Fields,
 Nor all the Gummy Stores *Arabia* yields;
 Nor any foreign Earth of greater Name,
 Can with sweet *Italy* contend in Fame.
 No Bulls, whose Nostrils breath a living Flame,
 Have turn'd our Turf, no Teeth of Serpents here
 Were sown, an armed Host, and Iron Crop to bear.
 But fruitful Vines, and the fat Olives freight,
 And Harvests heavy with their fruitful weight,
 Adorn our Fields; and on the chearful Green,
 The grazing Flocks and lowing Herds are seen.
 The Warrior Horse, here bred, is taught to train,
 There flows *Clitumnus* thro' the flow'ry Plain;

Whose Waves, for Triumphs after prosp'rous War,
 The Victim Ox, and snowy Sheep prepare.
 Perpetual Spring our happy Climate sees,
 Twice breed the Cattle, and twice bear the Trees;
 And Summer Suns recede by slow degrees.
 Our Land is from the Land of Tygers freed,
 Nor nourishes the Lyon's angry Seed;
 Nor pois'nous Aconite is here produc'd,
 Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd.
 Nor in so vast a length our Serpents glide,
 Or rais'd on such a spiry Volume ride.
 Next add our Cities of Illustrious Name,
 Their costly Labour and stupend'ous Frame:
 Our Forts on steepy Hills, that far below
 See wanton Streams, in winding Valleys flow.
 Our twofold Seas, that washing either side,
 A rich Recruit of Foreign Stores provide.
 Our spacious Lakes; thee, *Larius*, first; and next
Benacus, with tempest'ous Billows vext.
 Or shall I praise thy Ports, or mention make
 Of the vast Mound, that binds the *Lucrine* Lake.
 Or the disdainful Sea, that, shut from thence,
 Roars round the Structure, and invades the Fence.
 There, where secure the *Julian* Waters glide,
 Or where *Avernus* Jaws admit the *Tyrrhene* Tide.
 Our Quarries deep in Earth, were fam'd of old,
 For Veins of Silver, and for Ore of Gold.

Th' Inhabitants themselves, their Country grace;
 Hence rose the *Marsian* and *Sabellian* Race:
 Strong limb'd and stout, and to the Wars inclin'd,
 And hard *Ligurians*, a laborious Kind.
 And *Volscians* arm'd with Iron-headed Darts.

Besides an Off-spring of undaunted Hearts,
 The *Decij*, *Marij*, great *Camillus* came
 From hence, and greater *Scipio*'s double Name:
 And mighty *Cæsar*, whose victorious Arms,
 To farthest *Asia*, carry fierce Alarms:
 Avert unwarlike *Indians* from his *Rome*;
 Triumph abroad, secure our Peace at home.
 Hail, sweet *Saturnian* Soil! of fruitful Grain
 Great Parent, greater of Illustrious Men.
 For thee my tuneful Accents will I raise,
 And treat of Arts disclos'd in Ancient Days:
 Once more unlock for thee the sacred Spring,
 And old *Ascræan* Verse in *Roman* Cities sing.
 The Nature of their sev'ral Soils now see,
 Their Strength, their Colour, their Fertility:
 And first for Heath, and barren hilly Ground,
 Where meagre Clay and flinty Stones abound;
 Where the poor Soil all Succour seems to want,
 Yet this suffices the *Palladian* Plant.
 Undoubted Signs of such a Soil are found,
 For here wild Olive-shoots o'erspread the ground,
 And heaps of Berries strew the Fields around.

But where the Soil, with fat'ning Moisture fill'd,
 Is cloath'd with Grass, and fruitful to be till'd:
 Such as in chearful Vales we view from high;
 Which dripping Rocks with rowling Streams supply,
 And feed with Ooze; where rising Hillocks run
 In length, and open to the Southern Sun;
 Where Fern succeeds, ungrateful to the Plough,
 That gentle ground to gen'rous Grapes allow.
 Strong Stocks of Vines it will in time produce,
 And overflow the Vats with friendly Juice.
 Such as our Priests in golden Goblets pour
 To Gods, the Givers of the chearful hour.
 Then when the bloated *Thuscan* blows his Horn,
 And reeking Entrails are in Chargers born.
 If Herds or fleecy Flocks be more thy Care,
 Or Goats that graze the Field, and burn it bare:
 Then seek *Tarentum*'s Lawns, and farthest Coast,
 Or such a Field as hapless *Mantua* lost:
 Where Silver Swans sail down the wat'ry Rode,
 And graze the floating Herbage of the Flood.
 There Crystal Streams perpetual tenour keep,
 Nor Food nor Springs are wanting to thy Sheep.
 For what the Day devours, the nightly Dew
 Shall to the Morn in Pearly Drops renew.
 Fat crumbling Earth is fitter for the Plough,
 Putrid and loose above, and black below:
 For Ploughing is an imitative Toil,
 Resembling Nature in an easie Soil.

No Land for Seed like this, no Fields afford
 So large an Income to the Village Lord:
 No toiling Teams from Harvest-labour come
 So late at Night, so heavy laden home.
 The like of Forrest Land is understood,
 From whence the surly Ploughman grubs the Wood,
 Which had for length of Ages idle stood.
 Then Birds forsake the Ruines of their Seat,
 And flying from their Nests their Callow Young forget.
 The course lean Gravel, on the Mountain sides,
 Scarce dewy Bev'rage for the Bees provides:
 Nor Chalk nor crumbling Stones, the food of Snakes,
 That work in hollow Earth their winding Tracks.
 The Soil exhaling Clouds of subtile Dews,
 Imbibing moisture which with ease she spews;
 Which rusts not Iron, and whose Mold is clean,
 Well cloath'd with chearful Grass, and ever green,
 Is good for Olives and aspiring Vines;
 Embracing Husband Elms in am'rous twines,
 Is fit for feeding Cattle, fit to sowe,
 And equal to the Pasture and the Plough.
 Such is the Soil of fat *Campanian* Fields,
 Such large increase *Vesuvius* yields:
 And such a Country cou'd *Acerra* boast,
 Till *Clanius* overflow'd th' unhappy Coast.
 I teach thee next the diff'ring Soils to know;
 The light for Vines, the heavyer for the Plough.

Chuse first a place for such a purpose fit,
 There dig the solid Earth, and sink a Pit:
 Next fill the hole with its own Earth agen,
 And trample with thy Feet, and tread it in:
 Then if it rise not to the former height
 Of superfice, conclude that Soil is light;
 A proper Ground for Pasturage and Vines.
 But if the sullen Earth, so press'd, repines
 Within its native Mansion to retire,
 And stays without, a heap of heavy Mire;
 'Tis good for Arable, a Glebe that asks
 Tough Teams of Oxen, and laborious Tasks.
 Salt Earth and bitter are not fit to sow,
 Nor will be tam'd or mended with the Plough.
 Sweet Grapes degen'rate there, and Fruits declin'd
 From their first flav'rous Taste, renounce their Kind.
 This Truth by sure Experiment is try'd;
 For first an Osier Colendar provide
 Of Twigs thick wrought, (such toiling Peasants twine,
 When thro' streight Passages they strein their Wine;)

In this close Vessel place that Earth accurs'd,
 But fill'd brimful with wholsom Water first;
 Then run it through, the Drops will rope around,

And by the bitter Taste disclose the Ground.
 The fatter Earth by handling we may find,
 With Ease distinguish'd from the meagre Kind:
 Poor Soil will crumble into Dust, the Rich
 Will to the Fingers cleave like clammy Pitch:

Moist Earth produces Corn and Grass, but both
 Too rank and too luxuriant in their Growth.
 Let not my Land so large a Promise boast,
 Lest the lank Ears in length of Stem be lost.
 The heavier Earth is by her Weight betray'd,
 The lighter in the poising Hand is weigh'd:
 'Tis easy to distinguish by the Sight
 The Colour of the Soil, and black from white.
 But the cold Ground is difficult to know,
 Yet this the Plants that prosper there, will show;
 Black Ivy, Pitch Trees, and the baleful Yeugh.
 These Rules consider'd well, with early Care,
 The Vineyard destin'd for thy Vines prepare:
 But, long before the Planting, dig the Ground,
 With Furrows deep that cast a rising Mound:
 The Clods, expos'd to Winter Winds, will bake:
 For putrid Earth will best in Vineyards take,
 And hoary Frosts, after the painful Toil
 Of delving Hinds, will rot the Mellow Soil.
 Some Peasants, not t' omit the nicest Care,
 Of the same Soil their Nursery prepare,
 With that of their Plantation; lest the Tree
 Translated, should not with the Soil agree.
 Beside, to plant it as it was, they mark
 The Heav'ns four Quarters on the tender Bark;
 And to the North or South restore the Side,
 Which at their Birth did Heat or Cold abide.

So strong is Custom; such Effects can Use
 In tender Souls of pliant Plants produce.
 Chuse next a Province, for thy Vineyards Reign,
 On Hills above, or in the lowly Plain:
 If fertile Fields or Valleys be thy Choice,
 Plant thick, for bounteous *Bacchus* will rejoice
 In close Plantations there: But if the Vine
 On rising Ground be plac'd, or Hills supine,
 Extend thy loose Battalions largely wide,
 Opening thy Ranks and Files on either Side:
 But marshall'd all in order as they Stand,
 And let no Soldier straggle from his Band.
 As Legions in the Field their Front display,
 To try the Fortune of some doubtful Day,
 And move to meet their Foes with sober Pace,
 Strict to their Figure, tho' in wider Space;
 Before the Battel joins, while from afar

The Field yet glitters with the Pomp of War,
 And equal *Mars*, like an impartial Lord,
 Leaves all to Fortune, and the dint of Sword;
 So let thy Vines in Intervals be set,
 But not their Rural Discipline forget:
 Indulge their Width, and add a roomy Space,
 That their extreamest Lines may scarce embrace:
 Nor this alone t'indulge a vain Delight,
 And make a pleasing Prospect for the Sight:
 But, for the Ground it self this only Way,
 Can equal Vigour to the Plants convey;
 Which crowded, want the room, their Branches to display.

How deep they must be planted, woud'st thou know?
 In shallow Furrows Vines securely grow.
 Not so the rest of Plants; for *Jove's* own Tree,
 That holds the Woods in awful Sov'raignty,
 Requires a depth of Lodging in the Ground;
 And, next the lower Skies, a Bed profound:
 High as his topmost Boughs to Heav'n ascend,
 So low his Roots to Hell's Dominion tend.
 Therefore, nor Winds, nor Winters Rage o'erthrows
 His bulky Body, but unmov'd he grows.
 For length of Ages lasts his happy Reign,
 And Lives of Mortal Man contend in vain.
 Full in the midst of his own Strength he stands,
 Stretching his brawny Arms, and leafy Hands;
 His Shade protects the Plains, his Head the Hills commands
 The hurtful Hazle in thy Vineyard shun;
 Nor plant it to receive the setting Sun:
 Nor break the topmost Branches from the Tree;
 Nor prune, with blunted Knife, the Progeny.
 Root up wild Olives from thy labour'd Lands:
 For sparkling Fire, from Hinds unwary Hands,
 Is often scatter'd o'er their unctuous rinds,
 And after spread abroad by raging Winds.
 For first the smouldring Flame the Trunk receives,
 Ascending thence, it crackles in the Leaves:
 At length victorious to the Top aspires,
 Involving all the Wood with smoky Fires,
 But most, when driv'n by Winds, the flaming Storm,
 Of the long Files destroys the beauteous Form.
 In Ashes then th' unhappy Vineyard lies,
 Nor will the blasted Plants from Ruin rise:
 Nor will the wither'd Stock be green again,
 But the wild Olive shoots, and shades th' ungrateful Plain.
 Be not seduc'd with Wisdom's empty Shows,
 To stir the peaceful Ground when *Boreas* blows.
 When Winter Frosts constrain the Field with Cold,
 The fainty Root can take no steady hold.

But when the Golden Spring reveals the Year,
 And the white Bird returns, whom Serpents fear:
 That Season deem the best to plant thy Vines.
 Next that, is when Autumnal Warmth declines:
 E'er Heat is quite decay'd, or Cold begun,
 Or *Capricorn* admits the Winter Sun.
 The Spring adorns the Woods, renews the Leaves;
 The Womb of Earth the genial Seed receives.
 For then Almighty *Jove* descends, and pours
 Into his buxom Bride his fruitful Show'rs.
 And mixing his large Limbs with hers, he feeds
 Her Births with kindly Juice, and fosters teeming Seeds.
 Then joyous Birds frequent the lonely Grove,
 And Beasts, by Nature stung, renew their Love.
 Then Fields the Blades of bury'd Corn disclose,
 And while the balmy Western Spirit blows,
 Earth to the Breath her Bosom dares expose.

With kindly Moisture then the Plants abound,
 The Grass securely springs above the Ground;
 The tender Twig shoots upward to the Skies,
 And on the Faith of the new Sun relies.
 The swerving Vines on the tall Elms prevail,
 Unhurt by Southern Show'rs or Northern Hail.
 They spread their Gems the genial Warmth to share:
 And boldly trust their Buds in open Air.
 In this soft Season (so sweet Poets sing)
 The World was hatch'd by Heav'ns Imperial King:
 In prime of all the Year, and Holydays of Spring.
 Earth knew no Season then, but Spring alone:
 On the moist Ground the Sun serenely shone:
 Then Winter Winds their blustering Rage forbear,
 And in a silent Pomp proceeds the mighty Year.
 Sheep soon were sent to people flow'ry Fields,
 And salvage Beasts were banish'd into Wilds.
 Then Heav'n was lighted up with Stars; and Man,
 A hard relentless Race, from Stones began.
 Nor cou'd the tender, new Creation, bear
 Th' excessive Heats or Coldness of the Year:
 But chill'd by Winter, or by Summer fir'd,
 The middle Temper of the Spring requir'd.
 When Infant Nature was with Quiet crown'd,
 And Heav'ns Indulgence brooded on the Ground.
 For what remains, in depth of Earth secure
 Thy cover'd Plants, and dung with hot Manure;
 And Shells and Gravel in the Ground inclose;
 For thro' their hollow Chinks the Water flows:
 Which, thus imbib'd, returns in misty Dews,
 And steeming up, the rising Plant renews.
 Some Husbandmen, of late, have found the Way,

A hilly Heap of Stones above to lay,
 And press the Plants with Sherds of Potters Clay.
 This Fence against immod'rate Rain they found:
 Or when the Dog-star cleaves the thirsty Ground.
 Be mindful when thou hast intomb'd the Shoot,
 With Store of Earth around to feed the Root;
 With Iron Teeth of Rakes and Prongs, to move
 The crusted Earth, and loosen it above.
 Then exercise thy sturdy Steers to plough
 Betwixt thy Vines, and teach thy feeble Row
 To mount on Reeds, and Wands, and, upward led,
 On Ashen Poles to raise their forky Head.
 On these new Crutches let them learn to walk,
 Till swerving upwards, with a stronger Stalk,
 They brave the Winds, and, clinging to their Guide,
 On tops of Elms at length triumphant ride.
 But in their tender Nonage, while they spread
 Their Springing Leafs, and lift their Infant Head,
 And upward while they shoot in open Air,
 Indulge their Child-hood, and the Nurseling spare.
 Nor exercise thy Rage on new-born Life,
 But let thy Hand supply the Pruning-knife;

And crop luxuriant Straglers, nor be loath
 To strip the Branches of their leafy Growth:
 But when the rooted Vines, with steady Hold,
 Can clasp their Elms, then Husbandman be bold
 To lop the disobedient Boughs, that stray'd
 Beyond their Ranks: let crooked Steel invade
 The lawless Troops, which Discipline disclaim,
 And their superfluous Growth with Rigour tame.
 Next, fenc'd with Hedges and deep Ditches round,
 Exclude th' incroaching Cattle from thy Ground,
 While yet the tender Gems but just appear,
 Unable to sustain th' uncertain Year;
 Whose Leaves are not alone foul Winter's Prey,
 But oft by Summer Suns are scorch'd away;
 And worse than both, become th' unworthy Browze
 Of Buffal'os, salt Goats, and hungry Cows.
 For not *December's* Frost that burns the Boughs,
 Nor Dog-days parching Heat that splits the Rocks,
 Are half so harmful as the greedy Flocks:
 Their venom'd Bite, and Scars indented on the Stocks.
 For this the Malefactor Goat was laid
 On *Bacchus's* Altar, and his forfeit paid.
 At *Athens* thus old Comedy began,
 When round the Streets the reeling Actors ran;
 In Country Villages, and crossing ways,
 Contending for the Prizes of their Plays:
 And glad, with *Bacchus*, on the grassie soil,
 Leapt o'er the Skins of Goats besmear'd with Oil.

Thus *Roman* Youth deriv'd from ruin'd *Troy*,
 In rude *Saturnian* Rhymes express their Joy:
 With Taunts, and Laughter loud, their Audience please,
 Deform'd with Vizards, cut from Barks of Trees:
 In jolly Hymns they praise the God of Wine,
 Whose Earthen Images adorn the Pine;
 And there are hung on high, in honour of the Vine:
 A madness so devout the Vineyards fills.
 In hollow Valleys and on rising Hills;
 On what e'er side he turns his honest face,
 And dances in the Wind, those Fields are in his grace.
 To *Bacchus* therefore let us tune our Lays,
 And in our Mother Tongue resound his Praise.
 Thin Cakes in Chargers, and a Guilty Goat,
 Dragg'd by the Horns, be to his Altars brought;
 Whose offer'd Entrails shall his Crime reproach,
 And drip their Fatness from the Hazle Broach.
 To dress thy Vines new labour is requir'd,
 Nor must the painful Husbandman be tir'd:
 For thrice, at least, in Compass of the Year,
 Thy Vineyard must employ the sturdy Steer,
 To turn the Glebe; besides thy daily pain
 To break the Clods, and make the Surface plain:
 T'unload the Branches or the Leaves to thin,
 That suck the Vital Moisture of the Vine.
 Thus in a Circle runs the Peasant's Pain,
 And the Year rowls within it self again.

Ev'n in the lowest Months, when Storms have shed
 From Vines the hairy Honours of their Head;
 Not then the drudging Hind his Labour ends;
 But to the coming Year his Care extends:
 Ev'n then the naked Vine he persecutes;
 His Pruning Knife at once Reforms and Cuts.
 Be first to dig the Ground, be first to burn
 The Branches lopt, and first the Props return
 Into thy House, that bore the burden'd Vines;
 But last to reap the Vintage of thy Wines.
 Twice in the Year luxuriant Leaves o'ershade
 The incumber'd Vine; rough Brambles twice invade:
 Hard Labour both! commend the large excess
 Of spacious Vineyards; cultivate the less.
 Besides, in Woods the Shrubs of prickly Thorn,
 Sallows and Reeds, on Banks of Rivers born,
 Remain to cut; for Vineyards useful found,
 To stay thy Vines, and fence thy fruitful Ground.
 Nor when thy tender Trees at length are bound;
 When peaceful Vines from Pruning Hooks are free,
 When Husbands have survey'd the last degree,
 And utmost Files of Plants, and order'd ev'ry Tree;
 Ev'n when they sing at ease in full Content,

Insulting o'er the Toils they underwent;
 Yet still they find a future Task remain;
 To turn the Soil, and break the Clods again:
 And after all, their Joys are unsincere,
 While falling Rains on ripening Grapes they fear.

Quite opposite to these are Olives found,
 No dressing they require, and dread no wound;
 Nor Rakes nor Harrows need, but fix'd below,
 Rejoyce in open Air, and unconcern'dly grow.
 The Soil it self due Nourishment supplies:
 Plough but the Furrows, and the Fruits arise:
 Content with small Endeavours, 'till they spring.
 Soft Peace they figure, and sweet Plenty bring:
 Then Olives plant, and Hymns to *Pallas* sing.
 Thus Apple Trees, whose Trunks are strong to bear
 Their spreading Boughs, exert themselves in Air:
 Want no supply, but stand secure alone,
 Not trusting foreign Forces, but their own:
 'Till with the ruddy freight the bending Branches groan.
 Thus Trees of Nature, and each common Bush,
 Uncultivated thrive, and with red Berries blush.
 Vile Shrubs are shorn for Browze: the tow'ring hight
 Of unctuous Trees, are Torches for the Night.
 And shall we doubt, (indulging easie Sloath,)
 To sow, to set, and to reform their growth?
 To leave the lofty Plants; the lowly kind,
 Are for the Shepherd, or the Sheep design'd.
 Ev'n humble Broom and Osiers have their use,
 And Shade for Sleep, and Food for Flocks produce;
 Hedges for Corn, and Honey for the Bees:
 Besides the pleasing Prospect of the Trees.
 How goodly looks *Cytorus*, ever green
 With Boxen Groves, with what delight are seen

Narycian Woods of Pitch, whose gloomy shade,
 Seems for retreat of thoughtful Muses made!
 But much more pleasing are those Fields to see,
 That need not Ploughs, nor Human Industry.
 Ev'n cold *Caucasean* Rocks with Trees are spread,
 And wear green Forests on their hilly Head.
 Tho' bending from the blast of Eastern Storms,
 Tho' shent their Leaves, and shatter'd are their Arms;
 Yet Heav'n their various Plants for use designs:
 For Houses Cedars, and for Shipping Pines.
 Cypress provides for Spokes, and Wheels of Wains:
 And all for Keels of Ships, that scour the watry Plains.
 Willows in Twigs are fruitful, Elms in Leaves,
 The War, from stubborn Myrtle Shafts receives:
 From Cornels Jav'lins, and the tougher Yeugh
 Receives the bending Figure of a Bow.

Nor Box, nor Limes, without their use are made,
 Smooth-grain'd, and proper for the Turner's Trade:
 Which curious Hands may kerve, and Steel with Ease invade.
 Light Alder stems the *Po's* impetuous Tide,
 And Bees in hollow Oaks their Hony hide.
 Now ballance, with these Gifts, the fumy Joys
 Of Wine, attended with eternal Noise.
 Wine urg'd to lawless Lust the *Centaur's* Train,
 Thro' Wine they quarrell'd, and thro' Wine were slain.
 Oh happy, if he knew his happy State!
 The Swain, who, free from Business and Debate;

Receives his easy Food from Nature's Hand,
 And just Returns of cultivated Land!
 No Palace, with a lofty Gate, he wants,
 T' admit the Tydes of early Visitants.
 With eager Eyes devouring, as they pass,
 The breathing Figures of *Corinthian* Brass.
 No Statues threaten, from high Pedestals;
 No *Persian* Arras hides his homely Walls,
 With Antick Vests; which thro' their shady fold,
 Betray the Streaks of ill dissembl'd Gold.
 He boasts no Wool, whose native white is dy'd
 With Purple Poyson of *Assyrian* Pride.
 No costly Drugs of *Araby* defile,
 With foreign Scents, the Sweetness of his Oyl.
 But easie Quiet, a secure Retreat,
 A harmless Life that knows not how to cheat,
 With homebred Plenty the rich Owner bless,
 And rural Pleasures crown his Happiness.
 Unvex'd with Quarrels, undisturb'd with Noise,
 The Country King his peaceful Realm enjoys:
 Cool Grots, and living Lakes, the Flow'ry Pride
 Of Meads, and Streams that thro' the Valley glide;
 And shady Groves that easie Sleep invite,
 And after toilsome Days, a sweet repose at Night.
 Wild Beasts of Nature in his Woods abound;
 And Youth, of Labour patient, plow the Ground,
 Inur'd to Hardship, and to homely Fare.
 Nor venerable Age is wanting there,

In great Examples to the Youthful Train:
 Nor are the Gods ador'd with Rites prophane.
 From hence *Astrea* took her Flight, and here
 the Prints of her departing Steps appear.
 Ye sacred Muses, with whose Beauty fir'd,
 My Soul is ravish'd, and my Brain inspir'd:
 Whose Priest I am, whose holy Fillets wear;
 Wou'd you your *Virgil's* first Petition hear,
 Give me the Ways of wandring Stars to know:
 The Depths of Heav'n above, and Earth below.

Teach me the various Labours of the Moon,
 And whence proceed th' Eclipses of the Sun.
 Why flowing Tides prevail upon the Main,
 And in what dark Recess they shrink again.
 What shakes the solid Earth, what Cause delays
 The Summer Nights, and shortens Winter Days.
 But if my heavy Blood restrain the Flight
 Of my free Soul, aspiring to the Height
 Of Nature, and unclouded Fields of Light:
 My next Desire is, void of Care and Strife,
 To lead a soft, secure, inglorious Life.
 A Country Cottage near a Crystal Flood,
 A winding Vally, and a lofty Wood.
 Some God conduct me to the sacred Shades,
 Where Bacchanals are sung by *Spartan* Maids.
 Or lift me high to *Hemus* hilly Crown;
 Or in the Plains of *Tempe* lay me down:

Or lead me to some solitary Place,
 And cover my Retreat from Human Race.
 Happy the Man, who, studying Nature's Laws,
 Thro' known Effects can trace the secret Cause.
 His Mind possessing, in a quiet state,
 Fearless of Fortune, and resign'd to Fate.
 And happy too is he, who decks the Bow'rs
 Of Sylvans, and adores the Rural Pow'rs:
 Whose Mind, unmov'd, the Bribes of Courts can see;
 Their glitt'ring Baits, and Purple Slavery.
 Nor hopes the People's Praise, nor fears their Frown,
 Nor, when contending Kindred tear the Crown,
 Will set up one, or pull another down.
 Without Concern he hears, but hears from far,
 Of Tumults and Descents, and distant War:
 Nor with a Superstitious Fear is aw'd,
 For what befalls at home, or what abroad.
 Nor envies he the Rich their heapy Store,
 Nor with a helpless Hand condoles the Poor.
 He feeds on Fruits, which, of their own accord,
 The willing Ground, and laden Trees afford.
 From his lov'd Home no Lucre him can draw;
 The Senates mad Decrees he never saw;
 Nor heard, at bawling Bars, corrupted Law.
 Some to the Seas, and some to Camps resort,
 And some with Impudence invade the Court.
 In foreign Countries others seek Renown,
 With Wars and Taxes others waste their own.

And Houses burn, and houshold Gods deface,
 To drink in Bowls which glitt'ring Gems enchase:
 To loll on Couches, rich with *Cytron* Steds,
 And lay their guilty Limbs in *Tyrian* Beds.

This Wretch in Earth intombs his Golden Ore,
 Hov'ring and brooding on his bury'd Store.
 Some Patriot Fools to pop'lar Praise aspire,
 By Publick Speeches, which worse Fools admire.
 While from both Benches, with redoubl'd Sounds,
 Th' Applause of Lords and Commoners abounds.
 Some through Ambition, or thro' Thirst of Gold;
 Have slain their Brothers, or their Country sold:
 And leaving their sweet Homes, in Exile run
 To Lands that lye beneath another Sun.
 The Peasant, innocent of all these Ills,
 With crooked Ploughs the fertile Fallows tills;
 And the round Year with daily Labour fills.
 From hence the Country Markets are supply'd:
 Enough remains for household Charge beside;
 His Wife, and tender Children to sustain,
 And gratefully to feed his dumb deserving Train.
 Nor cease his Labours, till the Yellow Field
 A full return of bearded Harvest yield:
 A Crop so plenteous, as the Land to load,
 O'ercome the crowded Barns, and lodge on Ricks abroad.
 Thus ev'ry sev'ral Season is employ'd:
 Some spent in Toyl, and some in Ease enjoy'd.

The yeaning Ewes prevent the springing Year;
 The laded Boughs their Fruits in Autumn bear,
 Tis then the Vine her liquid Harvest yields,
 Bak'd in the Sun-shine of ascending Fields.
 The Winter comes, and then the falling Mast,
 For greedy Swine, provides a full repast.
 Then Olives, ground in Mills, their fatness boast,
 And Winter Fruits are mellow'd by the Frost.
 His Cares are eas'd with Intervals of bliss,
 His little Children climbing for a Kiss,
 Welcome their Father's late return at Night;
 His faithful Bed is crown'd with chaste delight.
 His Kine with swelling Udders ready stand,
 And, lowing for the Pail, invite the Milker's hand.
 His wanton Kids, with budding Horns prepar'd,
 Fight harmless Battels in his homely Yard:
 Himself in Rustick Pomp, on Holy-days,
 To Rural Pow'rs a just Oblation pays;
 And on the Green his careless Limbs displays.
 The Hearth is in the midst; the Herdsmen round
 The chearful Fire, provoke his health in Goblets crown'd.
 He calls on *Bacchus*, and propounds the Prize;
 The Groom his Fellow Groom at Buts defies;
 And bends his Bow, and levels with his Eyes.
 Or stript for Wrestling, smears his Limbs with Oyl,
 And watches with a trip his Foe to foil.

Such was the life the frugal *Sabines* led;
So *Remus* and his Brother God were bred:
From whom th' austere *Etrurian* Virtue rose,
And this rude life our homely Fathers chose.
Old *Rome* from such a Race deriv'd her birth,
(The Seat of Empire, and the conquer'd Earth:)
Which now on sev'n high Hills triumphant reigns,
And in that compass all the World contains.
E'er *Saturn's* Rebel Son usurp'd the Skies,
When Beasts were only slain for Sacrifice:
While peaceful *Crete* enjoy'd her ancient Lord,
E'er sounding Hammers forg'd th' inhumane Sword:
E'er hollow Drums were beat, before the Breath
Of brazen Trumpets rung the Peals of Death;
The good old God his Hunger did asswage
With Roots and Herbs, and gave the Golden Age.
But over labour'd with so long a Course,
Tis time to set at ease the smoaking Horse.

The Third Book

The ARGUMENT.

This Book begins with an Invocation of some Rural Deities, and a Compliment to Augustus: After which Virgil directs himself to Mecænas, and enters on his Subject. He lays down Rules for the Breeding and Management of Horses, Oxen, Sheep, Goats, and Dogs: and interweaves several pleasant Descriptions of a Chariot-Race, of the Battel of the Bulls, of the Force of Love, and of the Scythian Winter. In the latter part of the Book he relates the Diseases incident to Cattle; and ends with the Description of a fatal Murrain that formerly rag'd among the Alps.

Thy Fields, propitious *Pales*, I rehearse;
 And sing thy Pastures in no vulgar Verse,
Amphrysian Shepherd; the *Lycæan* Woods;
Arcadia's flow'ry Plains, and pleasing Floods.
 All other Themes, that careless Minds invite,
 Are worn with use; unworthy me to write.
Busiri's Altars, and the dire Decrees
 Of hard *Euristheus*, ev'ry Reader sees:

Hylas the Boy, *Latona's* erring Isle,
 And *Pelops* Iv'ry Shoulder, and his Toil
 For fair *Hippodamé*, with all the rest
 Of *Grecian* Tales, by Poets are exprest:
 New ways I must attempt, my groveling Name
 To raise aloft, and wing my flight to Fame.
 I, first of *Romans* shall in Triumph come
 From conquer'd *Greece*, and bring her Trophies home:
 With Foreign Spoils adorn my native place;
 And with *Idume's* Palms, my *Mantua* grace.
 Of *Parian* Stone a Temple will I raise,
 Where the slow *Mincius* through the Valley strays:
 Where cooling Streams invite the Flocks to drink:
 And Reeds defend the winding Waters Brink.
 Full in the midst shall mighty *Cæsar* stand:
 Hold the chief Honours; and the Dome command.
 Then I, conspicuous in my *Tyrian* Gown,
 (Submitting to his Godhead my Renown)
 A hundred Coursers from the Goal will drive;
 The rival Chariots in the Race shall strive.
 All *Greece* shall flock from far, my Games to see;
 The Whorlbat, and the rapid Race, shall be
 Reserv'd for *Cæsar*, and ordain'd by me.
 My self, with Olive crown'd, the Gifts will bear:
 Ev'n now methinks the publick shouts I hear:
 The passing Pageants, and the Pumps appear.
 I, to the Temple will conduct the Crew:
 The Sacrifice and Sacrificers view;

From thence return, attended with my Train,
 Where the proud Theatres disclose the Scene:
 Which interwoven *Britains* seem to raise,
 And shew the *Triumph* which their *Shame* displays.
 High o'er the Gate, in Elephant and Gold,
 The Crowd shall *Cæsar's Indian War* behold;
 The *Nile* shall flow beneath; and on the side,
 His shatter'd Ships on Brazen Pillars ride.
 Next him *Niphates* with inverted Urn,
 And dropping Sedge, shall his *Armenia* mourn;
 And *Asian Cities* in our Triumph born.
 With backward Bows the *Parthians* shall be there;
 And, spurring from the Fight confess their Fear.
 A double Wreath shall crown our *Cæsar's Brows*;
 Two differing Trophies, from two different Foes.
Europe with *Africk* in his Fame shall join;
 But neither Shoar his Conquest shall confine.
 The *Parian Marble*, there, shall seem to move,
 In breathing Statues, not unworthy *Jove*.
 Resembling Heroes, whose *Ethereal Root*,
 Is *Jove* himself, and *Cæsar* is the Fruit.
Tros and his Race the Sculptor shall employ;
 And he the God, who built the Walls of *Troy*.
 Envy her self at last, grown pale and dumb,
 (By *Cæsar* combated and overcome)
 Shall give her Hands; and fear the curling Snakes
 Of lashing Furies, and the burning Lakes:

 The Pains of famisht *Tantalus* shall feel;
 And *Sisyphus* that labours up the Hill
 The rowling Rock in vain; and curst *Ixion's Wheel*.
 Mean time we must pursue the *Sylvan Lands*;
 (Th' abode of Nymphs,) untouch'd by former Hands:
 For such, *Mecænas*, are thy hard Commands.
 Without thee nothing lofty can I sing;
 Come then, and with thy self thy Genius bring:
 With which inspir'd, I brook no dull delay.
Cytheron loudly calls me to my way;
 Thy Hounds, *Taygetus*, open and pursue their Prey.
 High *Epidaurus* urges on my speed,
 Fam'd for his Hills, and for his Horses breed:
 From Hills and Dales the chearful Cries rebound:
 For Echo hunts along; and propagates the sound.
 A time will come, when my maturer Muse,
 In *Cæsar's Wars*, a Nobler Theme shall chuse.
 And through more Ages bear my Sovereign's Praise;
 Than have from *Tithon* past to *Cæsar's Days*.
 The Generous Youth, who studious of the Prize,
 The Race of running Coursers multiplies;
 Or to the Plough the sturdy Bullock breeds,
 May know that from the Dam the worth of each proceeds:

The Mother Cow must wear a low'ring look,
 Sour headed, strongly neck'd, to bear the Yoke.
 Her double Dew-lap from her Chin descends:
 And at her Thighs the pondrous burthen ends.

Long are her sides and large, her Limbs are great;
 Rough are her Ears, and broad her horny Feet.
 Her Colour shining black, but fleck'd with white;
 She tosses from the Yoke; provokes the Fight:
 She rises in her Gate, is free from Fears;
 And in her Face a Bull's Resemblance bears:
 Her ample Forehead with a Star is crown'd;
 And with her length of Tail she sweeps the Ground.

The Bull's Insult at Four she may sustain;
 But, after Ten, from Nuptial Rites refrain.
 Six Seasons use; but then release the Cow,
 Unfit for Love, and for the lab'ring Plough.
 Now while their Youth is fill'd with kindly Fire,
 Submit thy Females to the lusty Sire:
 Watch the quick motions of the frisking Tail,
 Then serve their fury with the rushing Male,
 Indulging Pleasure lest the Breed shou'd fail.
 In Youth alone, unhappy Mortals live;
 But, ah! the mighty Bliss is fugitive;
 Discolour'd Sickness, anxious Labour come,
 And Age, and Death's inexorable Doom.
 Yearly thy Herds in vigour will impair;
 Recruit and mend 'em with thy Yearly care:
 Still propagate, for still they fall away,
 Tis Prudence to prevent th' entire decay.
 Like Diligence requires the Courser's Race;
 In early Choice; and for a longer space.

The Colt, that for a Stallion is design'd,
 By sure Presages shows his generous Kind,
 Of able Body, sound of Limb and Wind.
 Upright he walks, on Pasterns firm and straight;
 His Motions easie; prancing in his Gate.
 The first to lead the Way, to tempt the Flood;
 To pass the Bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling Wood.
 Dauntless at empty Noises; lofty neck'd;
 Sharp headed, Barrel belly'd, broadly back'd.
 Brawny his Chest, and deep, his Colour gray;
 For Beauty dappled, or the brightest Bay:
 Faint white and dun will scarce the Rearing pay.
 The fiery Courser, when he hears from far,
 The sprightly Trumpets, and the shouts of War,
 Pricks up his Ears; and trembling with Delight,
 Shifts place, and paws; and hopes the promis'd Fight.
 On his right Shoulder his thick Mane reclin'd,
 Ruffles at speed; and dances in the Wind.

His horny Hoofs are jetty black, and round;
 His Chine is double; starting, with a bound
 He turns the Turf, and shakes the solid Ground.
 Fire from his Eyes, Clouds from his Nostrils flow:
 He bears his Rider headlong on the Foe.
 Such was the Steed in *Græcian* Poets fam'd,
 Proud *Cyllarus*, by *Spartan Pollux* tam'd:
 Such Coursers bore to Fight the God of *Thrace*;
 And such, *Achilles*, was thy warlike Race.

In such a Shape, old Saturn did restrain
 His Heav'nly Limbs, and flow'd with such a Mane.
 When, half surpriz'd, and fearing to be seen,
 The Leacher gallop'd from his Jealous Queen:
 Ran up the ridges of the Rocks amain;
 And with shrill Neighings fill'd the Neighbouring Plain.
 But worn with Years, when dire Diseases come,
 Then hide his not Ignoble Age, at Home:
 In Peace t'enjoy his former Palms and Pains;
 And gratefully be kind to his Remains.
 For when his Blood no Youthful Spirits move,
 He languishes and labours in his Love.
 And when the sprightly Seed shou'd swiftly come,
 Dribling he drudges, and defrauds the Womb.
 In vain he burns, like hasty Stubble Fires;
 And in himself his former self requires.
 His Age and Courage weigh: Nor those alone,
 But note his Father's Virtues with his own;
 Observe if he disdains to yield the Prize;
 Of Loss impatient, proud of Victories.
 Hast thou beheld, when from the Goal they start,
 The Youthful Charioteers with beating Heart,
 Rush to the Race; and panting, scarcely bear
 Th' extreams of feverish Hope, and chilling Fear;
 Stoop to the Reins, and lash with all their force;
 The flying Chariot kindles in the Course:
 And now a-low; and now aloft they fly,
 As born through Air, and seem to touch the Sky.

No stop, no stay, but Clouds of Sand arise;
 Spurn'd, and cast backward on the Follower's Eyes.
 The hindmost blows the foam upon the first:
 Such is the love of Praise, an Honourable Thirst.
 Bold *Erichthonius* was the first, who join'd
 Four Horses for the rapid Race design'd;
 And o'er the dusty Wheels presiding sate;
 The *Lapythæ* to Chariots, add the State
 Of Bits and Bridles; taught the Steed to bound;
 To run the Ring, and trace the mazy round.
 To stop, to fly, the Rules of War to know:
 T' obey the Rider; and to dare the Foe.

To chuse a Youthful Steed, with Courage fir'd;
 To breed him, break him, back him, are requir'd
 Experienc'd Masters; and in sundry Ways:
 Their Labours equal, and alike their Praise.
 But once again the batter'd Horse beware,
 The weak old Stallion will deceive thy care.
 Though Famous in his Youth for force and speed,
 Or was of *Argos* or *Epirian* breed,
 Or did from *Neptune's* Race, or from himself proceed.
 These things premis'd, when now the Nuptial time
 Approaches for the stately Steed to climb;
 With Food inable him, to make his Court;
 Distend his Chine, and pamper him for sport.
 Feed him with Herbs, whatever thou canst find,
 Of generous warmth; and of salacious kind.

Then Water him, and (drinking what he can)
 Encourage him to thirst again, with Bran.
 Instructed thus, produce him to the Faire;
 And join in Wedlock to the longing Mare.
 For if the Sire be faint, or out of case,
 He will be copied in his famish'd Race:
 And sink beneath the pleasing Task assign'd;
 (For all's too little for the craving Kind.)
 As for the Females, with industrious care
 Take down their Mettle, keep 'em lean and bare;
 When conscious of their past delight, and keen
 To take the leap, and prove the sport agen;
 With scanty measure then supply their food;
 And, when athirst, restrain 'em from the flood:
 Their Bodies harrass, sink 'em when they run;
 And fry their melting Marrow in the Sun.
 Starve 'em, when Barns beneath their burthen groan;
 And winnow'd Chaff, by Western Winds is blown.
 For fear the rankness of the swelling Womb
 Shou'd scant the passage, and confine the room.
 Lest the fat Furrows shou'd the sense destroy
 Of Genial Lust; and dull the Seat of Joy.
 But let 'em suck the Seed with greedy force;
 And close involve the Vigour of the Horse.
 The Male has done; thy care must now proceed
 To teeming Females; and the promis'd breed.
 First let 'em run at large; and never know
 The taming Yoak, or draw the crooked Plough.
 Let 'em not leap the Ditch, or swim the Flood;
 Or lumber o'er the Meads; or cross the Wood.
 But range the Forrest, by the silver side
 Of some cool Stream, where Nature shall provide
 Green Grass and fat'ning Clover for their fare!
 And Mossy Caverns for their Evening lare:

With Rocks above to shield the sharp Nocturnal air.
 About th' *Alburnian* Groves, with Holly green,
 Of winged Insects mighty swarms are seen:
 This flying Plague (to mark its quality);
Oestros the *Grecians* call: *Asylus*, we:
 A fierce loud buzzing Breez; their stings draw blood;
 And drive the Cattel gadding through the Wood.
 Seiz'd with unusual pains, they loudly cry;
Tanagrus hastens thence; and leaves his Channel dry.
 This Curse the jealous *Juno* did invent;
 And first imploy'd for *Io's* Punishment.
 To shun this Ill, the cunning Leach ordains
 In Summer's Sultry Heats (for then it reigns)
 To feed the Females, e'er the Sun arise,
 Or late at Night, when Stars adorn the Skies.
 When she has calv'd, then set the Dam aside;
 And for the tender Progeny provide.
 Distinguish all betimes, with branding Fire;
 To note the Tribe, the Lineage, and the Sire.
 Whom to reserve for Husband of the Herd;
 Or who shall be to Sacrifice preferr'd;

 Or whom thou shalt to turn thy Glebe allow;
 To smooth the Furrows, and sustain the Plough:
 The rest, for whom no Lot is yet decreed,
 May run in Pastures, and at Pleasure feed.
 The Calf, by Nature and by Genius made
 To turn the Glebe, breed to the Rural Trade.
 Set him betimes to School; and let him be
 Instructed there in Rules of Husbandry:
 While yet his Youth is flexible and green;
 Nor bad Examples of the World has seen.
 Early begin the stubborn Child to break;
 For his soft Neck, a supple Collar make
 Of bending Osiers; and (with time and care
 Enur'd that easie Servitude to bear)
 Thy flattering Method on the Youth pursue:
 Join'd with his School-Fellows, by two and two,
 Perswade 'em first to lead an empty Wheel,
 That scarce the dust can raise; or they can feel:
 In length of Time produce the lab'ring Yoke
 And shining Shares, that make the Furrow smoak.
 E'er the licentious Youth be thus restrain'd,
 Or Moral Precepts on their Minds have gain'd;
 Their wanton appetites not only feed
 With delicates of Leaves, and marshy Weed,
 But with thy Sickle reap the rankest land:
 And minister the blade, with bounteous hand.
 Nor be with harmful parsimony won
 To follow what our homely Sires have done;

Who fill'd the Pail with Beestings of the Cow:
 But all her Udder to the Calf allow.
 If to the Warlike Steed thy Studies bend,
 Or for the Prize in Chariots to contend;
 Near *Pisa's* Flood the rapid Wheels to guide,
 Or in *Olympian* Groves aloft to ride,
 The generous Labours of the Courser, first
 Must be with sight of Arms and sounds of Trumpets nurst:
 Inur'd the groaning Axle-tree to bear;
 And let him clashing Whips in Stables hear.
 Sooth him with Praise, and make him understand
 The loud Applauses of his Master's Hand:
 This from his Weaning, let him well be taught;
 And then betimes in a soft Snaffle wrought:
 Before his tender Joints with Nerves are knit;
 Untry'd in Arms, and trembling at the Bit.
 But when to four full Springs his years advance,
 Teach him to run the round, with Pride to prance;
 And (rightly manag'd) equal time to beat;
 To turn, to bound in measure; and Curvet.
 Let him, to this, with easie pains be brought:
 And seem to labour, when he labours not.
 Thus, form'd for speed, he challenges the Wind;
 And leaves the *Scythian* Arrow far behind:
 He scours along the Field, with loosen'd Reins;
 And treads so light, he scarcely prints the Plains.
 Like *Boreas* in his Race, when rushing forth,
 He sweeps the Skies, and clears the cloudy North:

 The waving Harvest bends beneath his blast;
 The Forest shakes, the Groves their Honours cast;
 He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar
 Pursues the foaming Surges to the Shoar.
 Thus o'er th' *Elean* Plains, thy well-breath'd Horse
 Impels the flying Carr, and wins the Course.
 Or, bred to *Belgian* Waggon, leads the Way;
 Untir'd at Night, and chearful all the Day.
 When once he's broken, feed him full and high:
 Indulge his Growth, and his gaunt sides supply.
 Before his Training, keep him poor and low;
 For his stout Stomach with his Food will grow;
 The pamper'd Colt will Discipline disdain,
 Impatient of the Lash, and restiff to the Rein.
 Wou'dst thou their Courage and their Strength improve,
 Too soon they must not feel the stings of Love.
 Whether the Bull or Courser be thy Care,
 Let him not leap the Cow, nor mount the Mare.
 The youthful Bull must wander in the Wood;
 Behind the Mountain, or beyond the Flood:
 Or, in the Stall at home his Fodder find;
 Far from the Charms of that alluring Kind.

With two fair Eyes his Mistress burns his Breast;
 He looks, and languishes, and leaves his Rest;
 Forsakes his Food, and pining for the Lass,
 Is joyless of the Grove, and spurns the growing Grass.

The soft Seducer, with enticing Looks,
 The bellowing Rivals to the Fight provokes.
 A beauteous Heifer in the Woods is bred;
 The stooping Warriors, aiming Head to Head,
 Engage their clashing Horns; with dreadful Sound
 The Forrest rattles, and the Rocks rebound.
 They fence, they push, and pushing loudly roar;
 Their Dewlaps and their Sides are bath'd in Gore.
 Nor when the War is over, is it Peace;
 Nor will the vanquish'd Bull his Claim release:
 But feeding in his Breast his ancient Fires,
 And cursing Fate, from his proud Foe retires.
 Driv'n from his native Land, to foreign Grounds,
 He with a gen'rous Rage resents his Wounds;
 His ignominious Flight, the Victor's boast,
 And more than both, the Loves, which unreveng'd he lost.
 Often he turns his Eyes, and, with a Groan,
 Surveys the pleasing Kingdoms, once his own.
 And therefore to repair his Strength he tries:
 Hardning his Limbs with painful Exercise,
 And rough upon the flinty Rock he lyes.
 On prickly Leaves, and on sharp Herbs he feeds,
 Then to the Prelude of a War proceeds.
 His Horns, yet sore, he tries against a Tree:
 And meditates his absent Enemy.
 He snuffs the Wind, his heels the Sand excite;
 But, when he stands collected in his might,
 He roars, and promises a more successful Fight.

Then, to redeem his Honour at a blow,
 He moves his Camp, to meet his careless Foe.
 Not with more Madness, rolling from afar,
 The spumy Waves proclaim the watry War.
 And mounting upwards, with a mighty Roar,
 March onwards, and insult the rocky Shoar.
 They mate the middle Region with their height;
 And fall no less, than with a Mountain's weight;
 The Waters boil, and belching from below
 Black Sands, as from a forceful Engine throw.
 Thus every Creature, and of every Kind,
 The secret Joys of sweet Coition find:
 Not only Man's Imperial Race; but they
 That wing the liquid Air; or swim the Sea,
 Or haunt the Desart, rush into the flame:
 For Love is Lord of all; and is in all the same.
 Tis with this rage, the Mother Lion stung,

Scours o'er the Plain; regardless of her young:
 Demanding Rites of Love; she sternly stalks;
 And hunts her Lover in his lonely Walks.
 Tis then the shapeless Bear his Den forsakes;
 In Woods and Fields a wild destruction makes.
 Boars whet their Tusks; to battel Tygers move;
 Enrag'd with Hunger, more enrag'd with Love.
 Then wo to him, that in the desart Land
 Of *Lybia* travels, o'er the burning Sand.
 The Stallion snuffs the well-known Scent afar;
 And snorts and trembles for the distant Mare:

Nor Bits nor Bridles can his Rage restrain;
 And rugged Rocks are interpos'd in vain:
 He makes his way o'er Mountains, and contemns
 Unruly Torrents, and unfoorded Streams.
 The bristled Boar, who feels the pleasing Wound,
 New grinds his arming Tusks, and digs the Ground.
 The sleepy Leacher shuts his little Eyes;
 About his churning Chaps the frothy bubbles rise:
 He rubs his sides against a Tree; prepares
 And hardens both his Shoulders for the Wars.
 What did the *Youth*, when Love's unerring Dart
 Transfixt his Liver; and inflam'd his heart?
 Alone, by night, his watry way he took;
 About him, and above, the Billows broke:
 The Sluces of the Skie were open spread;
 And rowling Thunder rattl'd o'er his Head.
 The raging Tempest call'd him back in vain;
 And every boding Omen of the Main.
 Nor cou'd his Kindred; nor the kindly Force
 Of weeping Parents, change his fatal Course.
 No, not the dying Maid who must deplore
 His floating Carcass on the *Sestian* shore.
 I pass the Wars that spotted *Linx's* make
 With their fierce Rivals, for the Females sake:
 The howling Wolves, the Mastiffs amorous rage;
 When ev'n the fearsul Stag dares for his Hind engage.
 But far above the rest, the furious Mare,
 Barr'd from the Male, is frantick with despair.

For when her pouting Vent declares her pain,
 She tears the Harness, and she rends the Rein;
 For this; (when *Venus* gave them rage and pow'r)
 Their Masters mangl'd Members they devour;
 Of Love defrauded in their longing Hour.
 For Love they force thro' Thickets of the Wood,
 They climb the steepy Hills, and stem the Flood.
 When at the Spring's approach their Marrow burns,
 (For with the Spring their genial Warmth returns)
 The Mares to Cliffs of rugged Rocks repair,

And with wide Nostrils snuff the Western Air:
 When (wondrous to relate) the Parent Wind,
 Without the Stallion, propagates the Kind.
 Then fir'd with amorous rage, they take their Flight
 Through Plains, and mount the Hills unequal height;
 Nor to the North, nor to the Rising Sun,
 Nor Southward to the Rainy Regions run,
 But boring to the West, and hov'ring there,
 With gaping Mouths, they draw prolifick air:
 With which impregnate, from their Groins they shed
 A slimy Juice, by false Conception bred.
 The Shepherd knows it well; and calls by Name
Hippomanes, to note the Mother's Flame.
 This, gather'd in the Planetary Hour,
 With noxious Weeds, and spell'd with Words of pow'r,
 Dire Stepdames in the Magick Bowl infuse;
 And mix, for deadly Draughts, the pois'nous Juice.

But time is lost, which never will renew,
 While we too far the pleasing Path pursue;
 Surveying Nature, with too nice a view.
 Let this suffice for Herds: our following Care
 Shall woolly Flocks, and shaggy Goats declare.
 Nor can I doubt what Oyl I must bestow,
 To raise my Subject from a Ground so low:
 And the mean Matter which my Theme affords,
 T'embellish with Magnificence of Words.
 But the commanding Muse my Chariot guides;
 Which o'er the dubious Cliff securely rides:
 And pleas'd I am, no beaten Road to take:
 But first the way to new Discov'ries make.
 Now, sacred *Pales*, in a lofty strain,
 I sing the Rural Honours of thy Reign.
 First with assiduous care, from Winter keep
 Well fodder'd in the Stalls, thy tender, Sheep.
 Then spread with Straw, the bedding of thy Fold;
 With Fern beneath, to fend the bitter Cold.
 That free from Gouts thou may'st preserve thy Care:
 And clear from Scabs, produc'd by freezing Air.
 Next let thy Goats officiously be nurs'd;
 And led to living Streams; to quench their Thirst.
 Feed 'em with Winter-brouze, and for their lare
 A Cot that opens to the South prepare:
 Where basking in the Sun-shine they may lye,
 And the short Remnants of his Heat enjoy.

This during Winter's drisly Reign be done:
 'Till the new Ram receives th' exalted Sun:
 For hairy Goats of equal profit are
 With woolly Sheep, and ask an equal Care.
 'Tis true, the Fleece, when drunk with *Tyrian Juice*,

Is dearly sold; but not for needful use:
 For the sallacious Goat encreases more;
 And twice as largely yields her milky Store.
 The still distended Udders never fail;
 But when they seem exhausted swell the Pail.
 Mean time the Pastor shears their hoary Beards;
 And eases of their Hair, the loaden Herds.
 Their Camelots, warm in Tents, the Souldier hold;
 And shield the wretched Mariner from Cold.
 On Shrubs they brouze, and on the bleaky Top
 Of rugged Hills, the thorny Bramble crop.
 Attended with their Family they come
 At Night unask'd, and mindful of their home;
 And scarce their swelling Bags the threshold overcome.
 So much the more thy diligence bestow
 In depth of Winter, to defend the Snow:
 By how much less the tender helpless Kind,
 For their own ills, can fit Provision find.
 Then minister the browze, with bounteous hand;
 And open let thy Stacks all Winter stand.
 But when the Western Winds with vital pow'r
 Call forth the tender Grass, and budding Flower;

Then, at the last, produce in open Air
 Both Flocks; and send 'em to their Summer fare.
 Before the Sun, while *Hesperus* appears;
 First let 'em sip from Herbs the pearly tears
 Of Morning Dews: And after break their Fast
 On Green-sword Ground; (a cool and grateful taste:)
 But when the day's fourth hour has drawn the Dews,
 And the Sun's sultry heat their thirst renews;
 When creaking Grashoppers on Shrubs complain,
 Then lead 'em to their wat'ring Troughs again,
 In Summer's heat, some bending Valley find,
 Clos'd from the Sun, but open to the Wind:
 Or seek some ancient Oak, whose Arms extend
 In ample breadth, thy Cattle to defend:
 Or solitary Grove, or gloomy Glade:
 To shield 'em with its venerable Shade.
 Once more to wat'ring lead; and feed again
 When the low Sun is sinking to the Main.
 When rising Cynthia sheds her silver Dews;
 And the cool Evening-breeze the Meads renews:
 When Linnets fill the Woods with tuneful sound,
 And hollow shoars the *Halcions* Voice rebound.
 Why shou'd my Muse enlarge on *Lybian* Swains;
 Their scatter'd Cottages, and ample Plains?
 Where oft the Flocks, without a Leader stray;
 Or through continu'd Desarts take their way;
 And, feeding, add the length of Night to Day.

Whole Months they wander, grazing as they go;
 Nor Folds, nor hospitable Harbour know.
 Such an extent of Plains, so vast a space
 Of Wilds unknown, and of untasted Grass
 Allures their Eyes: The Shepherd last appears,
 And with him all his Patrimony bears:
 His House and household Gods! his trade of War,
 His Bow and Quiver; and his trusty Cur.
 Thus, under heavy Arms, the Youth of *Rome*
 Their long laborious Marches overcome;
 Chearly their tedious Travels undergo:
 And pitch their sudden Camp before the Foe.
 Not so the *Scythian* Shepherd tends his Fold;
 Nor he who bears in *Thrace* the bitter cold:
 Nor he, who treads the bleak *Meotian* Strand;
 Or where proud *Ister* rous his yellow Sand.
 Early they stall their Flocks and Herds; for there
 No Grass the Fields, no Leaves the Forests wear.
 The frozen Earth lies buried there, below
 A hilly heap, sev'n Cubits deep in Snow:
 And all the *Weste* Allies of stormy *Boreas* blow.
 The Sun from far, peeps with a sickly face;
 Too weak the Clouds, and mighty Fogs to chace;
 When up the Skies, he shoots his rosie Head;
 Or in the ruddy Ocean seeks his Bed.
 Swift Rivers, are with sudden Ice constrain'd;
 And studded Wheels are on its back sustain'd.

An Hostry now for Waggons; which before
 Tall Ships of burthen, on its Bosom bore.
 The brazen Cauldrons, with the Frost are flaw'd;
 The Garment, stiff with Ice, at Hearths is thaw'd.
 With Axes first they cleave the Wine, and thence
 By weight, the solid portions they dispence.
 From Locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen Beard,
 Long Isicles depend, and crackling Sounds are heard.
 Mean time perpetual Sleet, and driving Snow,
 Obscure the Skies, and hang on Herds below.
 The starving Cattle perish in their Stalls,
 Huge Oxen stand enclos'd in wint'ry Walls
 Of Snow congeal'd; whole Herds are bury'd there
 Of mighty Stags, and scarce their Horns appear.
 The dext'rous Huntsman wounds not these afar,
 With Shafts, or Darts, or makes a distant War
 With Dogs; or pitches Toyls to stop their Flight:
 But close engages in unequal Fight.
 And while they strive in vain to make their way
 Through hills of Snow, and pitifully bray;
 Assaults with dint of Sword, or pointed Spears,
 And homeward, on his Back, the joyful burthen bears.
 The Men to subterranean Caves retire;

Secure from Cold; and crowd the chearful Fire:
 With Trunks of Elms and Oaks, the Hearth they load,
 Nor tempt th' inclemency of Heav'n abroad.
 Their jovial Nights, in frolics and in play
 They pass, to drive the tedious Hours away.

And their cold Stomachs with crown'd Goblets cheer,
 Of windy Cider, and of barmy Beer.
 Such are the cold *Ryphean* Race; and such
 The savage *Scythian*, and unwarlike *Dutch*.
 Where Skins of Beasts, the rude *Barbarians* wear;
 The spoils of Foxes, and the furry Bear.
 Is Wool thy care? Let not thy Cattle go
 Where Bushes are, where Burs and Thistles grow;
 Nor in too rank a Pasture let 'em feed:
 Then of the purest white select thy Breed.
 Ev'n though a snowy Ram thou shalt behold,
 Prefer him not in haste, for Husband to thy Fold.
 But search his Mouth; and if a swarthy Tongue
 Is underneath his humid Pallat hung;
 Reject him, lest he darken all the Flock;
 And substitute another from thy Stock.
 Twas thus with Fleeces milky white (if we
 May trust report,) *Pan* God of *Arcady*
 Did bribe thee *Cynthia*; nor didst thou disdain
 When call'd in woody shades, to cure a Lover's pain.
 If Milk be thy design; with plenteous hand
 Bring Clover-grass; and from the marshy Land
 Salt Herbage for the fodd'ring Rack provide;
 To fill their Bags, and swell the milky Tide:
 These raise their Thirst, and to the Taste restore
 The savour of the Salt, on which they fed before.
 Some, when the Kids their Dams too deeply drain,
 With gags and muzzles their soft Mouths restrain.

Their Morning Milk, the *Peasants* press at Night:
 Their Evening Meal, before the rising Light
 To Market bear: or sparingly they steep
 With seas'ning Salt, and stor'd, for Winter keep.
 Nor last, forget thy faithful Dogs: but feed
 With fat'ning Whey the Mastiffs gen'rous breed;
 And *Spartan* Race: who for the Folds relief
 Will prosecute with Cries the nightly Thief:
 Repulse the prouling Wolf, and hold at Bay,
 The Mountain Robbers, rushing to the Prey.
 With cries of Hounds, thou may'st pursue the fear
 Of flying Hares, and chace the fallow Deer;
 Rouze from their desert Dens, the brisl'd Rage
 Of Boars, and beamy Stags in Toils engage.
 With smoak of burning Cedar scent thy Walls:
 And fume with stinking *Galbanum* thy Stalls:

With that rank Odour from thy dwelling Place
 To drive the Viper's brood, and all the venom'd Race.
 For often under Stalls unmov'd, they lye,
 Obscure in shades, and shunning Heav'ns broad Eye.
 And Snakes, familiar, to the Hearth succeed,
 Disclose their Eggs, and near the Chimney breed.
 Whether, to rooify Houses they repair,
 Or Sun themselves abroad in open Air,
 In all abodes of pestilential Kind,
 To Sheep and Oxen, and the painful Hind.
 Take, Shepherd take, a plant of stubborn Oak;
 And labour him with many a sturdy stroak:

Or with hard Stones, demolish from a-far
 His haughty Crest, the seat of all the War.
 Invade his hissing Throat, and winding spires;
 Till stretch'd in length, th' unfolded Foe retires.
 He drags his Tail; and for his Head provides:
 And in some secret cranny slowly glides;
 But leaves expos'd to blows, his Back and batter'd Sides.
 In fair *Calabria's* Woods, a Snake is bred,
 With curling Crest, and with advancing Head:
 Waving he rolls, and makes a winding Track;
 His Belly spotted, burnisht is his Back:
 While Springs are broken, while the *Southern* Air
 And dropping Heav'ns, the moisten'd Earth repair,
 He lives on standing Lakes, and trembling Bogs,
 And fills his Maw with Fish, or with loquacious Frogs.
 But when, in muddy Pools, the water sinks;
 And the chapt Earth is furrow'd o'er with Chinks;
 He leaves the Fens, and leaps upon the Ground;
 And hissing, rowls his glaring Eyes around.
 With Thirst inflam'd, impatient of the heats,
 He rages in the Fields, and wide Destruction threats.
 Oh let not Sleep, my closing Eyes invade,
 In open Plains, or in the secret Shade,
 When he, renew'd in all the speckl'd Pride
 Of pompous Youth, has cast his slough aside:
 And in his Summer Liv'ry rowls along:
 Erect, and brandishing his forky Tongue,
 Leaving his Nest, and his imperfect Young;

And thoughtless of his Eggs, forgets to rear
 The hopes of Poison, for the following Year.
 The Causes and the Signs shall next be told,
 Of ev'ry Sickness that infects the Fold.
 A scabby Tetter on their pelts will stick,
 When the raw Rain has pierc'd 'em to the quick:
 Or searching Frosts, have eaten through the Skin,
 Or burning Isicles are lodg'd within:
 Or when the Fleece is shorn, if sweat remains

Unwash'd, and soaks into their empty Veins:
 When their defenceless Limbs, the Brambles tear;
 Short of their Wool, and naked from the Sheer.
 Good Shepherds after sheering, drench their Sheep,
 And their Flocks Father (forc'd from high to leap)
 Swims down the Stream, and plunges in the deep.
 They oint their naked Limbs with mother'd Oyl,
 Or from the Founts where living Sulphurs boil,
 They mix a Med'cine to foment their Limbs;
 With Scum that on the molten Silver swims.
 Fat Pitch, and black Bitumen, add to these,
 Besides, the waxen labour of the Bees:
 And *Hellebore*, and *Squills* deep rooted in the Seas,
 Receipts abound; but searching all thy Store,
 The best is still at hand, to launch the Sore:
 And cut the Head; for till the Core be found,
 The secret Vice is fed, and gathers Ground:
 While making fruitless Moan, the Shepherd stands,
 And, when the launching Knife requires his hands,
 Vain help, with idle Pray'rs from Heav'n demands.

Deep in their Bones when Feavers fix their seat,
 And rack their Limbs; and lick the vital heat;
 The ready Cure to cool the raging Pain,
 Is underneath the Foot to breath a Vein.
 This remedy the *Scythian* Shepherds found:
 Th' Inhabitants of *Thracia's* hilly Ground,
 And *Gelons* use it; when for Drink and Food
 They mix their cruddl'd Milk with Horses Blood.
 But where thou seest a single Sheep remain
 In Shades aloof, or couch'd upon the Plain;
 Or listlessly to crop the tender Grass;
 Or late to lag behind, with truant pace;
 Revenge the Crime; and take the Traytor's head,
 E'er in the faultless Flock the dire Contagion spread.
 On Winter Seas we fewer Storms behold,
 Than foul Diseases that infect the Fold.
 Nor do those ills, on single Bodies prey;
 But oft'ner bring the Nation to decay;
 And sweep the present Stock, and future Hope away.
 A dire Example of this Truth appears:
 When, after such a length of rowling Years,
 We see the naked *Alps*, and thin Remains
 Of scatter'd Cott's, and yet unpeopl'd Plains:
 Once fill'd with grazing Flocks, the Shepherds happy Reigns.
 Here from the vicious Air, and sickly Skies,
 A Plague did on the dumb Creation rise:
 During th' Autumnal Heats th' Infection grew,
 Tame Cattle, and the Beasts of Nature slew.

Pois'ning the Standing Lakes; and Pools Impure:
 Nor was the foodful Grass in Fields secure.
 Strange Death! For when the thirsty fire had drunk
 Their vital Blood, and the dry Nerves were shrunk;
 When the contracted Limbs were cramp'd, ev'n then
 A wat'rish Humour swell'd and ooz'd agen:
 Converting into Bane the kindly Juice,
 Ordain'd by Nature for a better use.
 The Victim Ox, that was for Altars prest,
 Trim'd with white Ribbons, and with Garlands drest,
 Sunk of himself, without the Gods Command:
 Preventing the slow Sacrificer's Hand.
 Or, by the holy Butcher, if he fell,
 Th' inspected Entrails, cou'd no Fates foretel.
 Nor, laid on Altars, did pure Flames arise;
 But Clouds of smouldring Smoke, forbad the Sacrifice.
 Scarcely the Knife was redden'd with his Gore,
 Or the black Poison stain'd the sandy Floor.
 The thriven Calves in Meads their Food forsake,
 And render their sweet Souls before the plenteous Rack.
 The fawning Dog runs mad; the wheasing Swine
 With Coughs is choak'd; and labours from the Chine:
 The Victor Horse, forgetful of his Food,
 The Palm renounces, and abhors the Flood.
 He paws the Ground, and on his hanging Ears
 A doubtful Sweat in clammy drops appears:
 Parch'd is his Hide, and rugged are his Hairs.

 Such are the Symptoms of the young Disease;
 But in time's process, when his pains encrease,
 He rouls his mournful Eyes, he deeply groans
 With patient sobbing, and with manly Moans.
 He heaves for Breath: which, from his Lungs supply'd,
 And fetch'd from far, distends his lab'ring side.
 To his rough Palat, his dry Tongue succeeds;
 And roapy Gore, he from his Nostrils bleeds.
 A Drench of Wine has with success been us'd;
 And through a Horn, the gen'rous Juice infus'd:
 Which timely taken op'd his closing Jaws;
 But, if too late, the Patient's death did cause.
 For the too vig'rous Dose, too fiercely wrought;
 And added Fury to the Srength it brought.
 Recruited into Rage, he grinds his Teeth
 In his own Flesh, and feeds approaching Death.
 Ye Gods, to better Fate, good Men dispose;
 And turn that Impious Errour on our Foes!
 The Steer, who to the Yoke was bred to bow,
 (Studious of Tillage; and the crooked Plough)
 Falls down and dies; and dying spews a Flood
 Of foamy Madness, mix'd with clotted Blood.
 The Clown, who cursing Providence repines,

His Mournful Fellow from the Team disjoins:
 With many a groan, forsakes his fruitless care;
 And in th' unfinish'd Furrow leaves the Share.
 The pineing Steer, no Shades of lofty Woods,
 Nor flow'ry Meads can ease; nor Crystal Floods

Roul'd from the Rock: His flabby Flanks decrease;
 His Eyes are settled in a stupid peace.
 His bulk too weighty for his Thighs is grown;
 And his unweildy Neck, hangs drooping down.
 Now what avails his well-deserving Toil
 To turn the Glebe; or smooth the rugged Soil!
 And yet he never supt in solemn State,
 Nor undigested Feasts did urge his Fate;
 Nor day, to Night, luxuriously did joyn;
 Nor surfeited on rich *Campanian* Wine.
 Simple his Bev'rage; homely was his Food;
 The wholsom Herbage, and the running Flood:
 No dreadful Dreams awak'd him with affright;
 His Pains by Day, secur'd his Rest by Night.
 Twas then that *Buffalo's*, ill pair'd, were seen
 To draw the Carr of *Jove's* Imperial Queen
 For want of Oxen: and the lab'ring Swain
 Scratch'd with a Rake, a Furrow for his Grain:
 And cover'd, with his hand, the shallow Seed again.
 He Yokes himself, and up the Hilly height,
 With his own Shoulders, draws the Waggon's weight.
 The nightly Wolf, that round th' Enclosure proul'd
 To leap the Fence; now plots not on the Fold.
 Tam'd with a sharper Pain. The fearful Doe
 And flying Stag, amidst the Grey-Hounds go:
 And round the Dwellings roam of Man, their fiercer Foe.
 The scaly Nations of the Sea profound,
 Like Shipwreck'd Carcasses are driv'n aground:

And mighty *Phocæ*, never seen before
 In shallow Streams, are stranded on the Shore.
 The Viper dead, within her Hole is found:
 Defenceless was the shelter of the ground.
 The water-Snake, whom Fish and Paddocks fed,
 With staring Scales lies poison'd in his Bed:
 To Birds their Native Heav'ns contagious prove,
 From Clouds they fall, and leave their Souls above.
 Besides, to change their Pasture 'tis in vain:
 Or trust to Physick; Physick is their Bane.
 The Learned Leaches in despair depart:
 And shake their Heads, desponding of their Art.
Tisiphone, let loose from under ground,
 Majestically pale, now treads the round:
 Before her drives Diseases, and affright;
 And every moment rises to the sight:

Aspiring to the Skies; encroaching on the light.
The Rivers and their Banks, and Hills around,
With lowings, and with dying Bleats resound.
At length, she strikes an Universal Blow;
To Death at once whole Herds of Cattle go:
Sheep, Oxen, Horses fall; and, heap'd on high,
The differing Species in Confusion lye.
Till warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found,
To lodge their loathsom Carrion under ground.
For, useless to the Currier were their Hides:
Nor cou'd their tainted Flesh with Ocean Tides

Be freed from Filth; nor cou'd *Vulcanian* Flame
The Stench abolish; or the Savour tame.
Nor safely cou'd they shear their fleecy Store;
(Made drunk with pois'nous Juice, and stiff with Gore:)
Or touch the Web: But if the Vest they wear,
Red Blisters rising on their Paps appear,
And flaming Carbuncles; and noisom Sweat,
And clammy Dews, that loathsom Lice beget:
Till the slow creeping Evil eats his way,
Consumes the parching Limbs; and makes the Life his prey.

The Fourth Book

The ARGUMENT.

Virgil has taken care to raise the Subject of each Georgic: In the First he has only dead Matter on which to work. In the second he just steps on the World of Life, and describes that degree of it which is to be found in Vegetables. In the third he advances to Animals. And in the last, singles out the Bee, which may be reckon'd the most sagacious of 'em, for his Subject.

In this Georgic he shews us what Station is most proper for the Bees, and when they begin to gather Honey: how to call 'em home when they swarm; and how to part 'em when they are engag'd in Battel. From hence he takes occasion to discover their different Kinds; and, after an Excursion relates their prudent and politick Administration of Affairs and the several Diseases that often rage in their Hives, with the proper Symptoms and Remedies of each Disease. In the last place he lays down a method of repairing their Kind, supposing their whole Breed lost; and gives at large the History of its Invention.

The Gifts of Heav'n my foll'wing Song pursues,
Aerial Honey, and Ambrosial Dews.
Mæcenas, read this other part, that sings
Embattel'd Squadrons and advent'rous Kings:
A mighty Pomp, tho' made of little Things.

Their Arms, their Arts, their Manners I disclose,
And how they War, and whence the People rose:
Slight is the Subject, but the Praise not small,
If Heav'n assist, and *Phæbus* hear my Call.

First, for thy Bees a quiet Station find,
And lodge 'em under Covert of the Wind:
For Winds, when homeward they return, will drive
The loaded Carriers from their Ev'ning Hive.
Far from the Cows and Goats insulting Crew,
That trample down the Flow'rs, and brush the Dew:
The painted Lizard, and the Birds of Prey,
Foes of the frugal Kind, be far away.
The Titmouse, and the Peckers hungry Brood,
And *Progne*, with her Bosom stain'd in Blood:
These rob the trading Citizens, and bear
The trembling Captives thro' the liquid Air;
And for their callow young a cruel Feast prepare.
But near a living Stream their Mansion place,
Edg'd round with Moss, and tufts of matted Grass:
And plant (the Winds impetuous rage to stop,)
Wild Olive Trees, or Palms, before the buisie Shop:
That when the youthful Prince, with loud allarm,
Calls out the vent'rous Colony to swarm;
When first their way thro' yielding Air they wing,
New to the Pleasures of their native Spring;

The Banks of Brooks may make a cool retreat
 For the raw Souldiers from the scalding Heat:
 And neighb'ring Trees, with friendly Shade invite
 The Troops unus'd to long laborious Flight.
 Then o'er the running Stream, or standing Lake,
 A Passage for thy weary People make;
 With Osier Floats the standing Water strow;
 Of massy Stones make Bridges, if it flow:
 That basking in the Sun thy Bees may lye,
 And resting there, their flaggy Pinions dry:
 When late returning home, the laden Host,
 By raging Winds is wreck'd upon the Coast.
 Wild Thyme and Sav'ry set around their Cell,
 Sweet to the taste, and fragrant to the Smell:
 Set rows of Rosemary with flow'ring Stem,
 And let the purple Vi'lets drink the Stream.
 Whether thou build the Palace of thy Bees
 With twisted Osiers, or with Barks of Trees;
 Make but a narrow Mouth: for as the Cold
 Congeals into a Lump the liquid Gold;
 So tis again dissolv'd by Summer's heat,
 And the sweet Labours both Extrems defeat.
 And therefore, not in vain, th' industrious Kind
 With dawby Wax and Flow'rs the Chinks have lin'd.
 And, with their Stores of gather'd Glue, contrive
 To stop the Vents, and Crannies of their Hive.
 Not Birdlime, or *Idean* Pitch produce
 A more tenacious Mass of clammy Juice.
 Nor Bees are lodg'd in Hives alone, but found
 In Chambers of their own, beneath the Ground:

Their vaulted Roofs are hung in Pumices,
 And in the rotten Trunks of hollow Trees.
 But plaister thou the chinky Hives with Clay,
 And leafy Branches o'er their Lodgings lay.
 Nor place them where too deep a Water flows,
 Or where the Yeugh their pois'nous Neighbour grows:
 Nor rost red Crabs t'offend the niceness of their Nose.
 Nor near the steaming Stench of muddy Ground;
 Nor hollow Rocks that render back the Sound,
 And doubled Images of Voice rebound.
 For what remains, when Golden Suns appear,
 And under Earth have driv'n the Winter Year:
 The winged Nation wanders thro' the Skies,
 And o'er the Plains, and shady Forrest flies:
 Then stooping on the Meads and leafy Bow'rs;
 They skim the Floods, and sip the purple Flow'rs.
 Exhalted hence, and drunk with secret Joy,
 Their young Succession all their Cares employ:
 They breed, they brood, instruct and educate,

And make Provision for the future State:
 They work their waxen Lodgings in their Hives,
 And labour Honey to sustain their Lives.
 But when thou seest a swarming Cloud arise,
 That sweeps aloft, and darkens all the Skies:
 The Motions of their hasty Flight attend;
 And know to Floods, or Woods, their airy march they bend.

Then Melfoil beat, and Honey-suckles pound,
 With these alluring Savours strew the Ground;
 And mix with tinkling Brass, the Cymbals droning Sound.
 Streight to their ancient Cells, recall'd from Air,
 The reconcil'd Deserters will repair.
 But if intestine Broils allarm the Hive,
 (For two Pretenders oft for Empire strive)
 The Vulgar in divided Factions jar;
 And murm'ring Sounds proclaim the Civil War.
 Inflam'd with Ire, and trembling with Disdain,
 Scarce can their Limbs, their mighty Souls contain.
 With Shouts, the Cowards Courage they excite,
 And martial Clangors call 'em out to fight:
 With hoarse Allarms the hollow Camp rebounds,
 That imitates the Trumpets angry Sounds:
 Then to their common Standard they repair;
 The nimble Horsemen scour the Fields of Air.
 In form of Battel drawn, they issue forth,
 And ev'ry Knight is proud to prove his Worth.
 Prest for their Country's Honour, and their King's,
 On their sharp Beaks they whet their pointed Stings;
 And exercise their Arms, and tremble with their Wings.
 Full in the midst, the haughty Monarchs ride,
 The trusty Guards come up, and close the Side;
 With Shouts the daring Foe to Battel is defy'd.
 Thus in the Season of unclouded Spring,
 To War they follow their undaunted King:

Crowd thro' their Gates, and in the Fields of Light,
 The shocking Squadrons meet in mortal Fight:
 Headlong they fall from high, and wounded wound,
 And heaps of slaughter'd Soldiers bite the Ground.
 Hard Hailstones lye not thicker on the Plain;
 Nor shaken Oaks such Show'rs of Acorns rain.
 With gorgeous Wings the Marks of Sov'raign sway,
 The two contending Princes make their way;
 Intrepid thro' the midst of danger go;
 Their Friends encourage, and amaze the Foe.
 With mighty Souls in narrow Bodies prest,
 They challenge, and encounter Breast to Breast;
 So fix'd on Fame, unknowing how to fly,
 And obstinately bent to win or dye;
 That long the doubtful Combat they maintain,

Till one prevails (for one can only Reign.)
 Yet all those dreadful deeds, this deadly fray,
 A cast of scatter'd Dust will soon alay;
 And undecided leave the Fortune of the day.
 When both the Chiefs are sund'red from the Fight,
 Then to the lawful King restore his Right.
 And let the wastful Prodigal be slain,
 That he, who best deserves, alone may reign.
 With ease distinguish'd is the Regal Race,
 One Monarch wears an honest open Face;
 Shap'd to his Size,, and Godlike to behold,
 His Royal Body shines with specks of Gold,

 And ruddy Skales; for Empire he design'd,
 Is better born, and of a Nobler Kind.
 That other looks like Nature in disgrace,
 Gaunt are his sides, and sullen is his face:
 And like their grizly Prince appears his gloomy Race:
 Grim, ghastly, rugged, like a thirsty train
 That long have travell'd through a desert plain,
 And spet from their dry Chaps the gather'd dust again.
 The better Brood, unlike the Bastard Crew,
 Are mark'd with Royal streaks of shining hue;
 Glitt'ring and ardent, though in Body less:
 From these at pointed Seasons hope to press
 Huge heavy Honey-Combs, of Golden Juice,
 Not only sweet, but pure, and fit for use:
 T'allay the Strength and Hardness of the Wine,
 And with old *Bacchus*, new *Metheglin* join.
 But when the Swarms are eager of their play,
 And loath their empty Hives, and idly stray,
 Restrain the wanton Fugitives, and take
 A timely Care to bring the Truants back.
 The Task is easie: but to clip the Wings
 Of their high-flying Arbitrary Kings:
 At their Command, the People swarm away;
 Confine the Tyrant, and the Slaves will stay.
 Sweet Gardens, full of Saffron Flow'rs, invite
 The wandring Gluttons, and retard their Flight.
 Besides, the God obscene, who frights away,
 With his Lath Sword, the Thiefs and Birds of Prey.

 With his own hand, the Guardian of the Bees,
 For Slips of Pines, may search the Mountain Trees:
 And with wild Thyme and Sav'ry, plant the Plain,
 Till his hard horny Fingers ake with Pain:
 And deck with fruitful Trees the Fields around,
 And with refreshing Waters drench the Ground.
 Now, did I not so near my Labours end,
 Strike Sail, and hast'ning to the Harbour tend;
 My Song to Flow'ry Gardens might extend.

To teach the vegetable Arts, to sing
 The *Pæstan* Roses, and their double Spring:
 How Succ'ry drinks the running Streams, and how
 Green Beds of Parsley near the River grow;
 How Cucumers along the Surface creep,
 With crooked Bodies, and with Bellies deep.
 The late *Narcissus*, and the winding Trail
 Of Bears-foot, Myrtles green, and Ivy pale.
 For where with stately Tow'rs *Tarentum* stands,
 And deep *Galesus* soaks the yellow Sands,
 I chanc'd an Old *Corycian* Swain to know,
 Lord of few Acres, and those barren too;
 Unfit for Sheep or Vines, and more unfit to sow:
 Yet lab'ring well his little Spot of Ground,
 Some scatt'ring Potherbs here and there he found:
 Which cultivated with his daily Care,
 And bruis'd with Vervain, were his frugal Fare.
 Sometimes white Lyllies did their Leaves afford,
 With wholsom Poppy-flow'rs, to mend his homely Board:

For late returning home he sup'd at ease,
 And wisely deem'd the Wealth of Monarchs less:
 The little of his own, because his own, did please.
 To quit his Care, he gather'd first of all
 In Spring the Roses, Apples in the Fall:
 And when cold Winter split the Rocks in twain,
 And Ice the running Rivers did restrain,
 He strip'd the Bears-foot of its leafy growth;
 And, calling Western Winds, accus'd the Spring of sloath.
 He therefore first among the Swains was found,
 To reap the Product of his labour'd Ground,
 And squeeze the Combs with Golden Liquor Crown'd.
 His Limes were first in Flow'rs, his lofty Pines,
 With friendly Shade, secur'd his tender Vines.
 For ev'ry Bloom his Trees in Spring afford,
 An Autumn Apple was by tale restor'd.
 He knew to rank his Elms in even rows;
 For Fruit the grafted Peartree to dispose:
 And tame to Plums, the sourness of the Sloes.
 With spreading Planes he made a cool retreat,
 To shade good Fellows from the Summer's heat.
 But streighten'd in my space, I must forsake
 This Task; for others afterwards to take.
 Describe we next the Nature of the Bees,
 bestow'd by *Jove* for secret Services:
 When by the tinkling Sound of Timbrels led,
 The King of Heav'n in *Cretan* Caves they fed.

Of all the Race of Animals, alone
 The Bees have common Cities of their own:
 And common Sons, beneath one Law they live,

And with one common Stock their Traffick drive.
 Each has a certain home, a sev'ral Stall:
 All is the States, the State provides for all.
 Mindful of coming Cold, they share the Pain:
 And hoard, for Winter's use, the Summer's gain.
 Some o'er the Publick Magazines preside,
 And some are sent new forrage to provide:
 These drudge in Fields abroad, and those at home
 Lay deep Foundations for the labour'd Comb,
 With dew, *Narcissus* Leaves, and clammy Gum.
 To pitch the waxen Flooring some contrive:
 Some nurse the future Nation of the Hive:
 Sweet Honey some condense, some purge the Grout;
 The rest, in Cells apart, the liquid *Nectar* shut.
 All, with united Force, combine to drive
 The lazy Drones from the laborious Hive.
 With Envy stung, they view each others Deeds:
 With Diligence the fragrant Work proceeds.
 As when the *Cyclops*, at th' Almighty Nod,
 New Thunder hasten for their angry God:
 Subdu'd in Fire the Stubborn Mettal lyes,
 One brawny Smith the puffing Bellows plyes;
 And draws, and blows reciprocating Air:
 Others to quench the hissing Mass prepare:
 With lifted Arms they order ev'ry Blow,
 And chime their sounding Hammers in a Row;
 With labour'd Anvils *Ætna* groans below.
 Strongly they strike, huge Flakes of Flames expire,
 With Tongs they turn the Steel, and vex it in the Fire.
 If little things with great we may compare,
 Such are the Bees, and such their buisie Care:
 Studios of Honey, each in his Degree,
 The youthful Swain, the grave experienc'd Bee:
 That in the Field; this in Affairs of State,
 Employ'd at home, abides within the Gate:
 To fortify the Combs, to build the Wall,
 To prop the Ruins lest the Fabrick fall:
 But late at Night, with weary Pinions come
 The labr'ring Youth, and heavy laden home.
 Plains, Meads, and Orchards all the day he plies,
 The gleans of yellow Thime distend his Thighs:
 He spoils the Saffron Flow'rs, he sips the blues
 Of Vi'lets, wilding Blooms, and Willow Dews.
 Their Toil is common, common is their Sleep;
 They shake their Wings when Morn begins to peep;
 Rush through the City Gates without delay,
 Nor ends their Work, but with declining Day:
 Then having spent the last remains of Light,
 They give their Bodies due repose at Night:

When hollow Murmurs of their Ev'ning Bells,
Dismiss the sleepy Swains, and toll 'em to their Cells.

When once in Beds their weary Limbs they steep,
No buzzing Sounds disturb thir Golden Sleep.
Tis sacred Silence all. Nor dare they stray,
When Rain is promis'd, or a stormy Day:
But near the City Walls their Watring take,
Nor Forrage far, but short Excursions make.
And as when empty Barks on Billows float,
With sandy Ballast Sailors trim the Boat;
So Bees bear Gravel Stones, whose poisoning Weight
Steers thro' the whistling Winds their stedly Flight.
But what's more strange, their modest Appetites,
Averse from *Venus*, fly the Nuptial Rites.
No lust enervates their Heroic Mind,
Nor wastes their Strength on wanton Woman-Kind.
But in their Mouths reside their Genial Pow'rs,
They gather Children from the Leaves and Flow'rs.
Thus make they Kings to fill the Regal Seat;
And thus their little Citizens create:
And waxen Cities build, and Palaces of State.
And oft on Rocks their tender Wings they tear,
And sink beneath the Burthens which they bear.
Such Rage of Honey in their Bosom beats:
And such a Zeal they have for flow'ry Sweets.
Thus tho' the race of Life they quickly run;
Which in the space of seven short Years is done,
Th' immortal Line in sure Succession reigns,
The Fortune of the Family remains:
And Grandsires Grandsons the long List contains.

Besides, not *Egypt*, *India*, *Media* more
With servile Awe, their Idol King adore:
While he survives, in Concord and Content
The Commons live, by no Divisions rent;
But the great Monarch's Death dissolves the Government.
All goes to Ruin, they themselves contrive
To rob the Honey, and subvert the Hive.
The King presides, his Subjects Toil surveys;
The servile Rout their careful *Cæsar* praise:
Him they extol, they worship him alone,
They crowd his Levees, and support his Throne:
They raise him on their shoulders with a Shout:
And when their Sov'raign's Quarrel calls 'em out,
His Foes to mortal Combat they defie,
And think it honour at his feet to die.
Induc'd by such Examples, some have taught
That Bees have Portions of Etherial Thought:
Endu'd with Particles of Heavenly Fires:
For God the whole created Mass inspires;

Thro' Heav'n, and Earth, and Oceans depth he throws
 His Influence round, and kindles as he goes.
 Hence Flocks, and Herds, and Men, and Beasts, and Fowls
 With Breath are quicken'd; and attract their Souls.
 Hence take the Forms his Prescience did ordain,
 And into him at length resolve again.
 No room is left for Death, they mount the Sky,
 And to their own congenial Planets fly.

Now when thou hast decreed to seize their Stores,
 And by Prerogative to break their Doors:
 With sprinkl'd Water first the City choak,
 And then pursue the Citizens with Smoak.
 Two Honey Harvests fall in ev'ry Year:
 First, when the pleasing *Pleiades* appear,
 And springing upward spurn the briny Seas:
 Again, when their affrighted Quire surveys
 The watry *Scorpion* mend his Pace behind,
 With a black Train of Storms, and Winter Wind,
 They plunge into the Deep, and safe Protection find.
 Prone to Revenge, the Bees, a wrathful Race,
 When once provok'd assault th' Agressor's Face:
 And through the purple Veins a passage find;
 There fix their Stings, and leave their Souls behind.
 But if a pinching Winter thou foresee,
 And would'st preserve thy famish'd Family;
 With fragrant Thyme the City fumigate,
 And break the waxen Walls to save the State.
 For lurking Lizards often lodge, by Stealth,
 Within the Suburbs, and purloin their Wealth.
 And Lizards shunning Light, a dark Retreat
 Have found in Combs, and undermin'd the Seat.
 Or lazy Drones, without their Share of Pain;
 In Winter Quarters free, devour the Gain:
 Or Wasps infest the Camp with loud Alarms,
 And mix in Battel with unequal Arms:

Or secret Moaths are there in Silence fed;
 Or Spiders in the Vault, their snary Webs have spread.
 The more oppress'd by Foes, or Famine pin'd;
 The more increase thy Care to save the sinking Kind.
 With Greens and Flow'rs recruit their empty Hives,
 And seek fresh Forrage to sustain their Lives.
 But since they share with Man one common Fate,
 In Health and Sickness, and in Turns of State;
 Observe the Symptoms when they fall away,
 And languish with insensible Decay.
 They change their Hue, with hagger'd Eyes they stare,
 Lean are their Looks, and shagged is their Hair:
 And Crowds of dead, that never must return
 To their lov'd Hives, in decent Pomp are born:

Their Friends attend the Herse, the next Relations Mourn.
 The sick, for Air before the Portal gasp,
 Their feeble Legs within each other clasp.
 Or idle in their empty Hives remain,
 Benum'd with Cold, and listless of their Gain.
 Soft Whispers then, and broken Sounds are heard,
 As when the Woods by gentle Winds are stir'd.
 Such stifled noise as the close Furnace hides,
 Or dying Murmurs of departing Tides.
 This when thou seest, *Galbanean* Odours use,
 And Honey in the sickly Hive infuse.
 Thro' reeden Pipes convey the Golden Flood,
 T'invite the People to their wonted Food.

Mix it with thicken'd Juice of sodden Wines,
 And Raisins from the Grapes of *Psythian* Vines:
 To these add pounded Galls, and Roses dry,
 And with *Cecropian* Thyme, strong scented Centaury.
 A Flow'r there is that grows in Meadow Ground,
Amellus call'd, and easy to be found;
 For from one Root the rising Stem bestows
 A Wood of Leaves, and vi'let-purple Boughs:
 The Flow'r it self is glorious to behold,
 And shines on Altars like refulgent Gold:
 Sharpe to the Taste, by Shepherds near the Stream
 Of *Mella* found, and thence they gave the Name.
 Boyl this restoring Root in gen'rous Wine,
 And set beside the Door, the sickly Stock to dine.
 But if the lab'ring Kind be wholly lost,
 And not to be retriev'd with Care or Cost;
 Tis time to touch the Precepts of an Art,
 Th' *Arcadian* Master did of old impart:
 And how he stock'd his empty Hives again;
 Renew'd with putrid Gore of Oxen slain.
 An ancient Legend I prepare to sing,
 And upward follow Fame's immortal Spring.
 For where with sev'n-fold Horns mysterious *Nile*
 Surrounds the Skirts of *Egypt's* fruitful Isle,
 And where in Pomp the Sun-burnt People ride
 On painted Barges, o'er the teeming Tide,
 Which pouring down from *Ethiopian* Lands,
 Makes green the Soil with Slime, and black prolific Sands;

That length of Region, and large Tract of Ground,
 In this one Art a sure relief have found.
 First, in a place, by Nature close, they build
 A narrow Flooring, gutter'd, wall'd, and til'd.
 In this, four Windows are contriv'd, that strike
 To the four Winds oppos'd, their Beams oblique.
 A Steer of two Years old they take, whose Head
 Now first with burnish'd Horns begins to spread:

They stop his Nostrils, while he strives in vain
 To breath free Air, and struggles with his Pain.
 Knock'd down, he dyes: his Bowels bruise'd within,
 Betray no Wound on his unbroken Skin.
 Extended thus, in this obscene Abode,
 They leave the Beast; but first sweet Flow'rs are strow'd
 Beneath his Body, broken Boughs and Thyme,
 And pleasing Cassia just renew'd in prime.
 This must be done, e'er Spring makes equal Day,
 When *Western* Winds on curling Waters play:
 E'er painted Meads produce their Flow'ry Crops,
 Or Swallows twitter on the Chimney Tops.
 The tainted Blood, in this close Prison pent,
 Begins to boyl and through the Bones ferment.
 Then, wondrous to behold, new Creatures rise,
 A moving Mass at first, and short of Thighs;
 Till shooting out with Legs, and imp'd with Wings,
 The Grubs proceed to Bees with pointed Stings:
 And more and more affecting Air, they try
 Their tender Pinions, and begin to fly:

At length, like Summer Storms from spreading Clouds,
 That burst at once, and pour impetuous Floods;
 Or Flights of Arrows from the *Parthian* Bows,
 When from afar they gaul embattel'd Foes;
 With such a Tempest thro' the Skies they Steer;
 And such a form the winged Squadrons bear.
 What God, O Muse! this useful Science taught?
 Or by what Man's Experience was it brought?
 Sad *Aristæus* from fair *Tempe* fled,
 His Bees with Famine, or Diseases dead:
 On *Peneus*'s Banks he stood, and near his holy Head.
 And while his falling Tears the Stream supply'd,
 Thus mourning, to his Mother Goddess cry'd.
 Mother *Cyrene*, Mother, whose abode
 Is in the depth of this immortal Flood:
 What boots it, that from *Phæbus*'s Loyns I spring,
 The third by him and thee, from Heav'ns high King?
 O! Where is all thy boasted Pity gone,
 And Promise of the Skies to thy deluded Son?
 Why didst thou me, unhappy me, create?
 Odious to Gods, and born to bitter Fate.
 Whom, scarce my Sheep, and scarce my painful Plough,
 The needful Aids of Human Life allow;
 So wretched is thy Son, so hard a Mother thou.
 Proceed, inhuman Parent in thy Scorn;
 Root up my Trees, with Blites destroy my Corn;
 My Vineyards Ruin, and my Sheepfolds burn.
 Let loose thy Rage, let all thy Spite be shown,
 Since thus thou hate pursues the Praises of thy Son.

But from her Mossy Bow'r below the Ground,
 His careful Mother heard the Plaintive sound;
 Encompass'd with her Sea-green Sisters round.
 One common Work they ply'd: their Distaffs full
 With carded Locks of blue *Milesian* Wool.
Spio with *Drymo* brown, and *Xanthe* fair,
 And sweet *Phyllodoce* with long dishevel'd Hair:
Cydippe with *Licorias*, one a Maid,
 And one that once had call'd *Lucina's* Aid.
Clio and *Beroe*, from one Father both,
 Both girt with Gold, and clad in particolour'd Cloth.
Opis the meek, and *Deiopeia* proud;
Nisæa softly, with *Ligæa* loud;
Thalia joyous, *Ephyre* the sad,
 And *Arethusa* once *Diana's* Maid,
 But now, her Quiver left, to Love betray'd.
 To these, *Climene* the sweet Theft declares,
 Of *Mars*; and *Vulcan's* unavailing Cares:
 And all the Rapes of Gods, and ev'ry Love,
 From antient *Chaos* down to youthful *Jove*.
 Thus while she sings, the Sisters turn the Wheel,
 Empty the wooly Rock, and fill the Reel.
 A mournful Sound, agen the Mother hears;
 Agen the mournful Sound invades the Sister's Ears:
 Starting at once from their green Seats, they rise;
 Fear in their Heart, Amazement in their Eyes.

But *Arethusa* leaping from her Bed,
 First lifts above the Waves her beauteous Head;
 And, crying from afar, thus to *Cyrene* said.
 O Sister! not with causeless Fear possest,
 No Stranger Voice disturbs thy tender Breast.
 'Tis *Aristæus*, tis thy darling Son,
 Who to his careless Mother makes his Moan.
 Near his Paternal Stream he sadly stands,
 With down-cast Eyes, wet Cheeks, and folded Hands:
 Upbraiding Heav'n from whence his Lineage came,
 And cruel calls the Gods, and cruel thee, by Name.
Cyrene mov'd with Love, and seiz'd with Fear,
 Cries out, conduct my Son, conduct him here:
 Tis lawful for the Youth, deriv'd from Gods,
 To view the Secrets of our deep Abodes.
 At once she wav'd her Hand on either side,
 At once the Ranks of swelling Streams divide.
 Two rising Heaps of liquid Crystal stand,
 And leave a Space betwixt, of empty Sand.
 Thus safe receiv'd, the downward track he treads,
 Which to his Mother's watry Palace leads.
 With wond'ring Eyes he views the secret Store
 Of Lakes, that pent in hollow Caverns, roar.
 He hears the crackling Sound of Coral Woods,

And sees the secret Source of subterranean Floods.
 And where, distinguish'd in their sev'ral Cells,
 The Fount of *Phasis*; and of *Lycus* dwells;

Where swift *Enipeus* in his Bed appears,
 And *Tiber* his Majestick Forehead rears.
 Whence *Anio* flows, and *Hypanis*, profound,
 Breaks through th' opposing Rocks with raging Sound.
 Where *Po* first issues from his dark abodes,
 And, awful in his Cradle, rules the Floods.
 Two Golden Horns on his large Front he wears,
 And his grim Face a Bull's Resemblance bears.
 With rapid Course he seeks the sacred Main,
 And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful Plain.
 Now to the Court arriv'd, th' admiring Son
 Beholds the vaulted Roofs of *Pory* Stone;
 Now to his Mother Goddess tells his Grief,
 Which she with Pity hears, and promises Relief.
 Th' officious Nymphs, attending in a Ring,
 With Waters drawn from their perpetual Spring,
 From earthly dregs his Body purifie,
 And rub his Temples, with fine Towels, dry:
 Then load the Tables with a lib'ral Feast,
 And honour with full Bowls their friendly Guest.
 The sacred Altars are involv'd in Smoak,
 And the bright Quire their kindred Gods invoke.
 Two Bowls the Mother fills with *Lydian* Wine;
 Then thus, Let these be pour'd, with Rites divine,
 To the great Authors of our wat'ry Line.
 To Father Ocean, this; and this, she said,
 Be to the Nymphs his sacred Sisters paid,
 Who rule the wat'ry Plains, and hold the woodland Shade.

She sprinkl'd thrice, with Wine, the Vestal Fire,
 Thrice to the vaulted Roof the Flames aspire.
 Rais'd with so blest an Omen, she begun,
 With Words like these, to chear her drooping Son.
 In the *Carpathian* Bottom makes abode
 The Shepherd of the Seas, a Prophet and a God;
 High o'er the Main in wat'ry Pomp he rides,
 His azure Carr and finny Coursers guides:
Proteus his Name: to his *Pallenian* Port,
 I see from far the weary God resort.
 Him, not alone, we River Gods adore,
 But aged *Nereus* hearkens to his Lore.
 With sure foresight, and with unerring Doom,
 He sees what is, and was, and is to come.
 This *Neptune* gave him, when he gave to keep
 His scaly Flocks, that graze the wat'ry deep.
 Implore his Aid, for *Proteus* only knows
 The secret Cause, and Cure of all thy Woes.

But first the wily Wizard must be caught,
 For unconstrain'd he nothing tells for naught;
 Nor is with Pray'rs, or Bribes, or Flatt'ry bought.
 Surprise him first, and with hard Fetters bind;
 Then all his Frauds will vanish into Wind.
 I will my self conduct thee on thy Way,
 When next the Southing Sun inflames the Day:
 When the dry Herbage thirsts for Dews in vain,
 And Sheep, in Shades, avoid the parching Plain.

Then will I lead thee to his secret Seat;
 When weary with his Toil, and scorch'd with Heat,
 The wayward Sire frequents his cool Retreat.
 His Eyes with heavy Slumber overcast;
 With Force invade his Limbs, and bind him fast:
 Thus surely bound, yet be not over bold,
 The slipp'ry God will try to loose his hold:
 And various Forms assume, to cheat thy sight;
 And with vain Images of Beasts affright.
 With foamy Tusks he seems a bristly Boar,
 Or imitates the Lion's angry Roar;
 Breaks out in crackling Flames to shun thy Snares,
 Or Hiss a Dragon, or a Tyger stares:
 Or with a Wile, thy Caution to betray,
 In fleeting Streams attempts to slide away.
 But thou, the more he varies Forms, beware
 To strain his Fetters with a stricter Care:
 Till tiring all his Arts, he turns agen
 To his true Shape, in which he first was seen.
 This said, with *Nectar* she her Son anoints;
 Infusing Vigour through his mortal Joints:
 Down from his Head the liquid Odours ran;
 He breath'd of Heav'n, and look'd above a Man.
 Within a Mountain's hollow Womb, there lyes
 A large Recess, conceal'd from Human Eyes;
 Where heaps of Billows, driv'n by Wind and Tide,
 In Form of War, their wat'ry Ranks divide;
 And there, like Centries set, without the Mouth abide:

A Station safe for Ships, when Tempests roar,
 A silent Harbour, and a cover'd Shoar.
 Secure within resides the various God,
 And draws a Rock upon his dark Abode.
 Hether with silent Steps, secure from Sight,
 The Goddess guides her Son, and turns him from the Light:
 Her self, involv'd in Clouds, precipitates her Flight.
 Twas Noon; the sultry Dog-star from the Sky
 Scorch'd *Indian* Swains, the rivell'd Grass was dry;
 The Sun with flaming Arrows pierc'd the Flood,
 And, darting to the bottom, bak'd the Mud:
 When weary *Proteus*, from the briny Waves,

Retir'd for Shelter to his wonted Caves:
 His finny Flocks about their Shepherd play,
 And rowling round him, spirt the bitter Sea.
 Unweildily they wallow first in Ooze,
 Then in the shady Covert seek Repose.
 Himself their Herdsman, on the middle Mount,
 Takes of his muster'd Flocks a just Account.
 So, seated on a Rock, a Shepherd's Groom
 Surveys his Ev'ning Flocks returning Home:
 When lowing Calves, and bleating Lambs, from far,
 Provoke the prouling Wolf to nightly War.
 Th' Occasion offers, and the Youth complies:
 For scarce the weary God had clos'd his Eyes;
 When rushing on, with shouts, he binds in Chains
 The drowzy Prophet, and his Limbs constrains.

He, not unmindful of his usual Art,
 First in dissembled Fire attempts to part:
 Then roaring Beasts, and running Streams he tryes,
 And wearies all his Miracles of Lies:
 But having shifted ev'ry Form to scape,
 Convinc'd of Conquest, he resum'd his shape:
 And thus, at length, in human Accent spoke.
 Audacious Youth, what madness cou'd provoke
 A Mortal Man t' invade a sleeping God?
 What Buis'ness brought thee to my dark abode?
 To this, th' audacious Youth; Thou know'st full well
 My Name, and Buis'ness, God, nor need I tell:
 No Man can *Proteus* cheat; but *Proteus* leave
 Thy fraudulent Arts, and do not thou deceive.
 Foll'wing the Gods Command, I come t'implore
 Thy Help, my perish'd People to restore.
 The Seer, who could not yet his Wrath asswage,
 Rowl'd his green Eyes, that sparkl'd with his Rage;
 And gnash'd his Teeth, and cry'd, No vulgar God
 Pursues thy Crimes, nor with a Common Rod.
 Thy great Misdeeds have met a due Reward,
 And *Orpheus*'s dying Pray'rs at length are heard.
 For Crimes, not his, the Lover lost his Life,
 And at thy Hands requires his murder'd Wife:
 Nor (if the Fates assist not) canst thou scape
 The just Revenge of that intended Rape.
 To shun thy lawless Lust, the dying Bride,
 Unwary, took along the River's side:
 Nor, at her Heels perceiv'd the deadly Snake,
 That kept the Bank, in Covert of the Brake.
 But all her fellow Nymphs the Mountains tear
 With loud Laments, and break the yielding Air:
 The Realms of *Mars* remurmur'd all around,
 And Echoes to th' *Athenian* Shoars rebound.

Th' unhappy Husband, Husband now no more,
 Did on his tuneful Harp his Loss deplore,
 And sought, his mournful Mind with Musick to restore.
 On thee, dear Wife, in Desarts all alone,
 He call'd, sigh'd, sung, his Griefs with Day begun,
 Nor were they finish'd with the setting Sun.
 Ev'n to the dark Dominions of the Night,
 He took his way, thro' Forrests void of Light:
 And dar'd amidst the trembling Ghosts to sing,
 And stood before th' inexorable King.
 Th' Infernal Troops like passing Shadows glide,
 And, list'ning, crowd the sweet Musician's side.
 Not flocks of Birds when driv'n by Storms, or Night,
 Stretch to the Forest with so thick a flight.
 Men, Matrons, Children, and th' unmarried Maid,
 ☐The mighty Heroes more Majestic shade;
 And Youths on Fun'ral Piles before their Parents laid.
 All these *Cocytus* bounds with squalid Reeds,
 With Muddy Ditches, and with deadly Weeds:
 And baleful *Styx* encompasses around,
 With Nine slow circling Streams, th' unhappy ground.

Ev'n from the depths of Hell the Damn'd advance,
 Th' Infernal Mansions nodding seem to dance;
 The gaping three-mouth'd Dog forgets to snarl,
 The Furies harken, and their Snakes uncurl:
Ixion seems no more his Pains to feel,
 But leans attentive on his standing Wheel.
 All Dangers past, at length the lovely Bride,
 In safety goes, with her Melodious Guide;
 Longing the common Light again to share,
 And draw the vital breath of upper Air:
 He first, and close behind him follow'd she,
 For such was *Proserpine's* severe Decree.
 When strong Desires th' impatient Youth invade;
 By little Caution and much love betray'd:
 A fault which easy Pardon might receive,
 Were Lovers Judges, or cou'd Hell forgive.
 For near the Confines of Etherial Light,
 And longing for the glimm'ring of a sight,
 Th' unwary Lover cast his Eyes behind,
 Forgetful of the Law, nor Master of his Mind.
 Straight all his Hopes exhal'd in empty Smoke;
 And his long Toils were forfeit for a Look.
 Three flashes of blue Light'ning gave the sign
 Of Cov'nants broke, three peals of Thunder join.
 Then thus the Bride; What fury seiz'd on thee,
 Unhappy Man! to lose thy self and Me?
 Dragg'd back again by cruel Destinies,
 An Iron Slumber shuts my swimming Eyes.

And now farewell, involv'd in Shades of Night,
 For ever I am ravish'd from thy sight.
 In vain I reach my feeble hands, to join
 In sweet Embraces; ah! no longer thine!
 She said, and from his Eyes the fleeting Fair
 Retir'd like subtle Smoke dissolv'd in Air;
 And left her hopeless Lover in despair.
 In vain, with folding Arms, the Youth assay'd
 To stop her flight, and strain the flying Shade:
 He prays, he raves, all Means in vain he tries,
 With rage inflam'd, astonish'd with surprise;
 But she return'd no more, to bless his longing Eyes.
 Nor wou'd th' Infernal Ferry-Man once more
 Be brib'd, to waft him to the farther shore.
 What shou'd He do, who twice had lost his Love?
 What Notes invent, what new Petitions move?
 Her Soul already was consign'd to Fate,
 And shiv'ring in the leaky Sculler sate.
 For sev'n continu'd Months, if Fame say true,
 The wretched Swain his Sorrows did renew;
 By *Strymon's* freezing Streams he sate alone,
 The Rocks were mov'd to pity with his moan:
 Trees bent their heads to hear him sing his Wrongs,
 Fierce Tygers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawning Tongues.
 So, close in Poplar Shades, her Children gone,
 The Mother Nightingale laments alone:

Whose Nest some prying Churl had found, and thence,
 By Stealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd Innocence.
 But she supplies the Night with mournful Strains,
 And melancholy Musick fills the Plains.
 Sad *Orpheus* thus his tedious Hours employs,
 Averse from *Venus*, and from nuptial Joys.
 Alone he tempts the frozen Floods, alone
 Th' unhappy Climes, where Spring was never known:
 He mourn'd his wretched Wife, in vain restor'd,
 And *Pluto's* unavailing Boon deplor'd.
 The *Thracian* Matrons, who the Youth accus'd,
 Of Love disdain'd, and Marriage Rites refus'd:
 With Furies, and Nocturnal *Orgies* fir'd,
 At length, against his sacred Life conspir'd.
 Whom ev'n the savage Beasts had spar'd, they kill'd,
 And strew'd his mangl'd Limbs about the Field.
 Then, when his Head, from his fair Shoulders torn,
 Wash'd by the Waters, was on *Hebrus* born;
 Ev'n then his trembling Tongue invok'd his Bride;
 With his last Voice, *Eurydice*, he cry'd,
Eurydice, the Rocks and River-banks reply'd.
 This answer *Proteus* gave, nor more he said,
 But in the Billows plung'd his hoary Head;
 And where he leap'd, the Waves in Circles widely spread.

The Nymph return'd, her drooping Son to chear,
 And bade him banish his superfluous fear:
 For now, said she, the Cause is known, from whence
 Thy Woe succeeded, and for what Offence:

The Nymphs, Companions of th'unhappy Maid,
 This punishment upon thy Crimes have laid;
 And sent a Plague among thy thriving Bees.
 With Vows and suppliant Pray'rs their Pow'rs appease:
 The soft *Napæan* Race will soon repent
 Their Anger, and remit the Punishment.
 The secret in an easie Method lies;
 Select four Brawny Bulls for Sacrifice,
 Which on *Lycæus* graze, without a Guide;
 Add four fair Heifars yet in Yoke untry'd:
 For these, four Altars in their Temple rear,
 And then adore the Woodland Pow'rs with Pray'r.
 From the slain Victims pour the streaming Blood,
 And leave their Bodies in the shady Wood:
 Nine Mornings thence, *Lethean* Poppy bring,
 T' appease the *Manes* of the Poets King:
 And to propitiate his offended Bride,
 A fatted Calf, and a black Ewe provide:
 This finish'd, to the former Woods repair.
 His Mother's Precepts he performs with care;
 The Temple visits, and adores with Pray'r.
 Four Altars raises, from his Herd he culls,
 For Slaughter, four the fairest of his Bulls;
 Four Heifars from his Female Store he took,
 All fair, and all unknowing of the Yoke.
 Nine Mornings thence, with Sacrifice and Pray'rs,
 The Pow'rs aton'd, he to the Grove repairs.

Behold a Prodigy! for from within
 The broken Bowels, and the bloated Skin,
 A buzzing noise of Bees their Ears alarms,
 Straight issue thro' the Sides assembling Swarms:
 Dark as a Cloud they make a wheeling Flight,
 Then on a neighb'ring Tree, descending, light:
 Like a large Cluster of black Grapes they show,
 And make a large dependance from the Bough.
 Thus have I sung of Fields, and Flocks, and Trees,
 And of the waxen Work of lab'ring Bees;
 While mighty *Cæsar*, thund'ring from afar,
 Seeks on *Euphrates* Banks the Spoils of War:
 With conqu'ring Arts asserts his Country's Cause,
 With Arts of Peace the willing People draws:
 On the glad Earth the Golden Age renews,
 And his great Father's Path to Heav'n pursues.
 While I at *Naples* pass my peaceful Days,
 Affecting Studies of less noisy Praise;

And bold, thro' Youth, beneath the Beechen Shade,
The Lays of Shepherds, and their Loves have plaid.

THE END

I'm Julie, the woman who runs [Global Grey](#) - the website where this ebook was published. These are my own formatted editions, and I hope you enjoyed reading this particular one.

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