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METAMORPHOSES AND THE ART OF LOVE
READ IN LATIN BY JOHN F. C. RICHARDS

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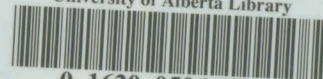
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METAMORPHOSES AND THE ART OF LOVE

READ IN LATIN BY JOHN F. C. RICHARDS

SIDE I

METAMORPHOSES

BOOK I—DAPHNE AND APOLLO

BOOK III—NARCISSUS AND ECHO

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METAMORPHOSES

BOOK III—NARCISSUS AND ECHO (CONTINUED)

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COMPLETE LATIN AND ENGLISH TEXT
APPEARS IN ACCOMPANYING ENCLOSED BOOKLET.

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Selections From Ovid's METAMORPHOSES

and THE ART OF LOVE

READ IN LATIN BY **john f. c. richards**

1. Ovidii Metamorphoseon liber primus.

Met. I, 452-567, Primus amor---cacumen. 116 lines

These lines contain the story of Daphne and Apollo.

2. Metamorphoseon liber secundus.

Met. III, 370-510, Ergo ubi---albis. 141 lines

Lines 339-510 contain the story of Narcissus and Echo.

The first part (339-369) has been omitted.
Side 1 ends at line 445.

3. Artis amatoriae liber primus.

- (i) A.A. I, 35-60 - - - - 26 lines
(ii) -----, 89-102 - - - - 14 lines
(iii) -----, 131-162 - - - - 32 lines

Liber secundus

- (iv) A.A. II, 107-122 - - 16 lines
(v) -----, 143-152 - - 10 lines
(vi) -----, 223-234 - - 12 lines
(vii) -----, 295-300 - - 6 lines

Liber tertius

- | | |
|---|------------------|
| (viii) A.A. III, 329-346- - <u>18</u> lines | <u>134</u> lines |
| | 391 lines |

Publius Ovidius Naso (43 B.C. - c.A.D. 18) wrote fifteen books of the Metamorphoses in hexameters. These describe wonderful transformations; thus Daphne is changed into a tree, Narcissus into a flower, and Arethusa into water. Most of the legends are Greek, but in the last three books some Roman themes are introduced. The poem begins with the story of the Creation and ends with the transformation of Julius Caesar into a star.

The first part of the story of Narcissus, which has been omitted, explains that he was the son of the nymph Liriope and the river-god Cephissus. When the seer Tiresias was asked whether the child would live to reach old age, he replied "If he never knows himself." When the boy was sixteen, a nymph called Echo fell in love with him. She could not speak, but could only repeat the last words she heard. Juno had punished her in this way because she talked too much.

There are three books of the Ars amatoria, written in elegiac couplets. The first two give advice on love to the men, the third is addressed to the women. It is interesting that Ovid tells the men that it is not enough to be handsome; they must be lovable if they want to be loved. They must also cultivate their minds through the liberal arts and must know Greek as well as Latin. The women are told that they must read the Greek and Roman poets. The Greeks that he mentions are Callimachus, Philetas (of Cos), Anacreon (of Teos), Sappho, and Menander; the Romans are Propertius, Gallus, Tibullus, Varro (of Atax), Vergil, and finally Ovid himself. He speaks of his Art of Love, in which he instructs both the men and the women, the Amores, and the Heroides, also known as Epistulae (letters of Heroines).

When a final vowel or m is elided in the Latin verse before a following vowel or h, it has been pronounced though this has not affected the beat of the line. Thus in Met. I, 469 and 478, diversorum operum and multi illam will be heard.

The text and translations are those of the Leob Classical Library and are used with permission from the Harvard University Press.

1. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, translated by Frank Justus Miller,
London and New York, 1916
2. Ovid, *the Art of Love*, translated by J. H. Mozley,
London and New York, 1929.

Primus amor Phoebi Daphne Peneia, quem non
fors ignara dedit, sed saeva Cupidinis ira.
Delius hunc nuper, victa serpente superbus,
viderat adducto flectentem cornua nervo 455
"quid" que "tibi, lascive puer, cum fortibus
armis?"
dixerat: "ista decent umeros gestamina nostros,
qui dare certa ferae, dare vulnera possumus hosti,
qui modo pestifero tot iugera ventre prementem
stravimus innumeris tumidum Pythona sagittis. 460
tu face nescio quos esto contentus amores
irritare tua, nec laudes adsere nostras!"
filius huic Veneris "figat tuus omnia, Phoebus,
te meus arcus" ait; "quantoque animalia cedunt
cuncta deo, tanto minor est tua gloria nostra." 465
dixit et eliso percussis aere pennis
inpiger umbrosa Parnasi constitit arce
eque sagittifera prompsit duo tela pharetra
diversorum operum: fugat hoc, facit illud amorem;
quod facit, auratum est et cuspidem fulget acuta, 470
quod fugat, obtusum est et habet sub harundine
plumbum.
hoc deus in nymphea Peneide fixit, at illo
laesit Apollineas traiceta per ossa medullas;
protinus alter amat, fugit altera nomen amantis
silvarum latebris capitularumque ferarum 475
exuviis gaudens innuptaeque aemula Phoebe:
vitta coercebat positos sine lege capillos.
multi illam petiere, illa aversata petentes
inpatiens expersque viri nemora avia lustrat
nec, quid Hymen, quid Amor, quid sint conubia curat.
saepe pater dixit: "generum mihi, filia, debes," 481
saepe pater dixit: "debes mihi, nata, nepotes";
illa velut crimen taedas exosa iugales
pulchra verecundo suffunditur ora rubore
inque patris blandis haerens cervice lacertis 485
"da mihi perpetua, genitor carissime," dixit
"virginitate frui! dedit hoc pater ante Dianae."
ille quidem obsequitur, sed te decor iste quod optas
esse vetat, votoque tuo tua forma repugnat:
Phoebus amat visaeque cupit conubia Daphnes, 490
quodque cupit, sperat, suaeque illum oracula fallunt,
utque leves stipulae demptis adolentur aristas,
ut facibus saepes ardent, quas forte viator
vel nimis admovit vel iam sub luce reliquit,
sic deus in flammis abiit, sic pectore toto 495
uritur et sterilem sperando nutrit amorem.
spectat inornatos collo pendere capillos
et "quid, si comantur?" ait. videt igne micantes
sideribus similes oculos, videt oscula, quae non
est vidisse satis; laudat digitosque manusque 500
brachiaque et nudos media plus parte lacertos;
si qua latent, meliora putat. fugit ocior aura
illa levi neque ad haec revocantis verba resistit:
"nympha, precor, Penei, mane! non insequor hostis;
nympha, mane! sic agna lupum, sic cerva leonem, 505
sic aquilam penna fugiunt trepidante columbae,
hostes quaeque suos: amor est mihi causa sequendi!
me miserum! ne prona cadas indignave laedi
crura notent sentes et sim tibi causa doloris!
aspera, qua properas, loca sunt: moderatius, oro, 510

Now the first love of Phoebus was Daphne,
daughter of Peneus, the river-god. It was no blind
chance that gave this love, but the malicious wrath
of Cupid. Delian Apollo, while still exulting over
his conquest of the serpent, had seen him bending
his bow with tight-drawn string, and had said:
"What hast thou to do with the arms of men, thou
wanton boy? That weapon befits my shoulders; for
I have strength to give unerring wounds to the wild
beasts, my foes, and have but now laid low the
Python swollen with countless darts, covering whole
acres with plague-engendering form. Do thou be
content with thy torch to light the hidden fires of
love, and lay not claim to my honours." And to him
Venus' son replied: "Thy dart may pierce all things
else, Apollo, but mine shall pierce thee; and by as
much as all living things are less than deity, by so
much less is thy glory than mine." So saying he
shook his wings and, dashing upward through the air,
quickly alighted on the shady peak of Parnasus.
There he took from his quiver two darts of opposite
effect: one puts to flight, the other kindles the flame
of love. The one which kindles love is of gold and
has a sharp, gleaming point; the other is blunt and
tipped with lead. This last the god fixed in the
heart of Peneus' daughter, but with the other he
smote Apollo, piercing even unto the bones and
marrow. Straightway he burned with love; but she
fled the very name of love, rejoicing in the deep
fastnesses of the woods, and in the spoils of beasts
which she had snared, vying with the virgin Phoebe.
A single fillet bound her locks all unarranged. Many
sought her; but she, averse to all suitors, impatient
of control and without thought for man, roamed the
pathless woods, nor cared at all what Hymen, love, or
wedlock might be. Often her father said: "Daughter,
you owe me a son-in-law"; and often: "Daughter,
you owe me grandsons." But she, hating the wedding
torch as if it were a thing of evil, would blush rosy
red over her fair face, and, clinging around her
father's neck with coaxing arms, would say: "O
father, dearest, grant me to enjoy perpetual virginity.
Her father has already granted this to Diana." He,
indeed, yielded to her request. But that beauty of
thine, Daphne, forbade the fulfilment of thy desire.
Phoebus loves Daphne at sight, and longs to wed
her; and what he longs for, that he hopes; and his
own gifts of prophecy deceive him. And as the
stubble of the harvested grain is kindled, as hedges
burn with the fires which some traveller has chanced
to build too near, or has gone off and left at break of
day, so was the god consumed with flames, so did he
burn in all his heart, and feed his fruitless love on
hope. He looks at her hair hanging down her neck
in disarray, and says: "What if it were arrayed?" He
gazes at her eyes gleaming like stars, he gazes upon
her lips, which but to gaze on does not satisfy. He
marvels at her fingers, hands, and wrists, and her arms,
bare to the shoulder; and what is hid he deems still
lovelier. But she flees him swifter than the fleeting
breeze, nor does she stop when he calls after her:
"O nymph, O Peneus' daughter, stay! I who pursue
thee am no enemy. Oh stay! So does the lamb flee
from the wolf; the deer from the lion; so do doves
on fluttering wing flee from the eagle; so every
creature flees its foes. But love is the cause of my
pursuit. Ah me! I fear that thou wilt fall, or
brambles mar thy innocent limbs, and I be cause of
pain to thee. The region here is rough through
which thou hastenest. Run more slowly, I pray,
and hold thy flight. I, too, will follow with less

curre fugamque inhihe, moderatius insequar ipse.
 cui placeas, inquire tamen: non incola montis,
 non ego sum pastor, non hic armenta gregesque
 horridus observo. nescis, temeraria, nescis,
 quem fugias, ideoque fugis: mihi Delphica tellus 515
 et Claros et Tenedos Pataraeque regia servit;
 Iuppiter est genitor; per me, quod eritque fuitque
 estque, patet; per me concordant carmina nervis.
 certa quidem nostra est, nostra tamen una sagitta
 certior, in vacuo quae vulnera pectore fecit! 520
 inventum medicina meum est, opiferque per orbem
 dicor, et herbarum subiecta potentia nobis.
 ei mihi, quod nullis amor est sanabilis herbis
 nee prosunt domino, quae prosunt omnibus, artes!"

Plura locuturum timido Peneia cursu 525
 fugit cumque ipso verba imperfecta reliquit,
 tum quoque visa decens; nudabant corpora venti,
 obviaque adversas vibrabant flamina vestes,
 et levis impulsos retro dabat aura capillos,
 auctaque forma fuga est. sed enim non sustinet ultra
 perdere blanditias iuvenis deus, utque movebat 531
 ipse Amor, admisso sequitur vestigia passu.
 ut canis in vacuo leporem cum Gallicus arvo
 vidit, et hic praedam pedibus petit, ille salutem;

alter inhaesuro similis iam iamque tenere 535
 sperat et extento stringit vestigia rostro,
 alter in ambiguo est, an sit comprehensus, et ipsi
 morsibus eripitur tangentiisque ora relinquit:
 sic deus et virgo est hic spe celer, illa timore.
 qui tamen insequitur pennis adiutus Amoris, 540
 oclior est requiemque negat tergoque fugacis
 imminet et crinem sparsum cervicibus adflat.
 viribus absumptis expalluit illa citaeque
 victa labore fugae spectans Peneidas undas¹ 544
 "fer, pater," inquit "opem! si flumina numen habetis,
 qua nimium placui, mutando perde figuram!" 547
 vix prece finita torpor gravis occupat artus,
 mollia cinguntur tenui praecordia libro,
 in frondem crines, in ramos brachia crescent, 550
 pes modo tam velox pigris radicibus haeret,
 ora cacumen habet: remanet nitor unus in illa.

Hanc quoque Phoebus amat positaeque in stipite
 dextra
 sentit adhuc trepidare novo sub cortice pectus
 complexusque suis ramos ut membra lacertis 555
 oscula dat ligno; refugit tamen oscula lignum.
 cui deus "at, quoniam coniunx mea non potes esse,
 arbor eris certe" dixit "mea! semper habebunt
 te coma, te citharae, te nostrae, laure, pharetrae;
 tu ducibus Latiis aderis, cum laeta Triumphum 560
 vox canet et visent longas Capitolia pompas;
 postibus Augustis eadem fidissima custos
 ante fores stabis mediamque tuebere quercum,
 utque meum intonsis caput est iuvenale capillis,
 tu quoque perpetuos semper gere frondis honores!"
 finierat Pacan: factis modo laurea ramis 566
 adnuat utque caput visa est agitalasse cacumen.

speed. Nay, stop and ask who thy lover is. I am
 no mountain-dweller, no shepherd I, no unkempt
 guardian here of flocks and herds. Thou knowest
 not, rash one, thou knowest not whom thou fleest,
 and for that reason dost thou flee. Mine is the
 Delphian land, and Claros, Tenedos, and the realm
 of Patara acknowledge me as lord. Jove is my
 father. By me what shall be, has been, and what is
 are all revealed; by me the lyre responds in harmony
 to song. My arrow is sure of aim, but oh, one arrow,
 surer than my own, has wounded my heart but now
 so fancy free. The art of medicine is my discovery.
 I am called Help-Bringer throughout the world, and
 all the potency of herbs is known to me. Alas, that
 love is curable by no herbs, and the arts which heal
 all others cannot heal their lord!"

He would have said more, but the maiden pur-
 sued her frightened way and left him with his
 words unfinished, even in her desertion seeming fair.
 The winds bared her limbs, the opposing breezes set
 her garments a-flutter as she ran, and a light air flung
 her locks streaming behind her. Her beauty was
 enhanced by flight. But the chase drew to an end,
 for the youthful god would not longer waste his time
 in coaxing words, and urged on by love, he pursued
 at utmost speed. Just as when a Gallic hound has
 seen a hare in an open plain, and seeks his prey on
 flying feet, but the hare, safety; he, just about to
 fasten on her, now, even now thinks he has her, and
 grazes her very heels with his outstretched muzzle;
 but she knows not whether or no she be already
 caught, and barely escapes from those sharp fangs
 and leaves behind the jaws just closing on her: so ran
 the god and maid, he sped by hope and she by fear.
 But he ran the more swiftly, borne on the wings of
 love, gave her no time to rest, hung over her fleeing
 shoulders and breathed on the hair that streamed
 over her neck. Now was her strength all gone, and,
 pale with fear and utterly overcome by the toil of her
 swift flight, seeing her father's waters near, she cried:
 "O father, help! if your waters hold divinity; change
 and destroy this beauty by which I pleased o'er
 well." Scarce had she thus prayed when a down-
 dragging numbness seized her limbs, and her soft
 sides were begirt with thin bark. Her hair was
 changed to leaves, her arms to branches. Her feet,
 but now so swift, grew fast in sluggish roots, and her
 head was now but a tree's top. Her gleaming beauty
 alone remained.

But even now in this new form Apollo loved her;
 and placing his hand upon the trunk, he felt the
 heart still fluttering beneath the bark. He embraced
 the branches as if human limbs, and pressed his lips
 upon the wood. But even the wood shrank from his
 kisses. And the god cried out to this: "Since thou
 canst not be my bride, thou shalt at least be my tree.
 My hair, my lyre, my quiver shall always be entwined
 with thee, O laurel. With thee shall Roman generals
 wreath their heads, when shouts of joy shall acclaim
 their triumph, and long processions climb the Capitol.
 Thou at Augustus' portals shalt stand a trusty
 guardian, and keep watch over the civic crown of
 oak which hangs between. And as my head is ever
 young and my locks unshorn, so shalt thou keep the
 beauty of thy leaves perpetual." Pacan was done.
 The laurel waved her new-made branches, and
 seemed to move her head-like top in full consent.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

ergo ubi Narcissum per devia rura vagantem 370
 vidit et incaluit, sequitur vestigia furtim,
 quoque magis sequitur, flamma propiore calescit,

Now when she saw
 Narcissus wandering through the fields, she was in-
 flamed with love and followed him by stealth; and

non aliter quam cum summis circumlita taedis
 admotas rapiunt vivacia sulphura flammæ.
 a quotiens voluit blandis accedere dictis 375
 et mollis adhibere preces! natura repugnat
 nec sinit, incipiat, sed, quod sinit, illa parata est
 exspectare sonos, ad quos sua verba remittat.
 forte puer comitum seductus ab agmine fido
 dixerat: "ecquis adest?" et "adest" responderat
 Echo. 380
 hic stupet, utque aciem partes dimittit in omnis,
 voce "veni!" magna clamat: vocat illa vocantem.
 respicit et rursus nullo veniente "quid" inquit
 "me fugis?" et totidem, quot dixit, verba recepit.
 perstat et alternæ deceptus imagine vocis 385
 "huc coeamus" ait, nullique libentius umquam
 responsura sono "coeamus" rettulit Echo
 et verbis favet ipsa suis egressaque silva
 ibat, ut iniceret sperato brachia collo;
 ille fugit fugiensque "manus complexibus aufer!" 390
 ante" ait "emoriari, quam sit tibi copia nostri";
 rettulit illa nihil nisi "sit tibi copia nostri!"
 spreta latet silvis pudibundaque frondibus ora
 protegit et solis ex illo vivit in antris;
 sed tamen haeret amor crescitque dolore repulsæ;
 et tenuant vigiles corpus miserabile curæ 396
 adducitque cutem macies et in aera sucus
 corporis omnis abit; vox tantum atque ossa super-
 sunt:
 vox manet, ossa ferunt lapidis traxisse figuram.
 inde latet silvis nulloque in monte videtur, 400
 omnibus auditur: sonus est, qui vivit in illa.
 Sic hanc, sic alias undis aut montibus ortas
 luserat hic nymphas, sic coetus ante viriles;
 inde manus aliquis despectus ad aethera tollens
 "sic amet ipse licet, sic non potiatur amato!" 405
 dixerat: adsensit precibus Rhamnusia iustis.
 fons erat inlimis, nitidis argenteus undis,
 quem neque pastores neque pastae monte capellæ
 contigerant aliudve pecus, quem nulla volueris
 nec fera turbarat nec lapsus ab arbore ramus; 410
 gramen erat circa, quod proximus umor alebat,
 silvaque sole locum passura tepescere nullo.
 hic puer et studio venandi lassus et aestu
 procubuit faciemque loci fontemque secutus,
 dumque sitim sedare cupit, sitis altera crevit, 415
 dumque bibit, visæ correptus imagine formæ
 spem sine corpore amat, corpus putat esse, quod
 umbra est.
 adstupet ipse sibi vultuque inmotus eodem
 haeret, ut e Pario formatum marmore signum;
 spectat humi positus geminum, sua lumina, sidus 420
 et dignos Baccho, dignos et Apolline crines
 inpubesque genas et eburnea colla decusque
 oris et in niveo mixtum candore ruborem,
 cunctaque miratur, quibus est mirabilis ipse:
 se cupit imprudens et, qui probat, ipse probatur, 425
 dumque petit, petitur, pariterque accendit et ardet.
 inrita fallaci quotiens dedit oscula fonti,
 in medias quotiens visum captantia collum
 brachia mersit aquas nec se deprendit in illis!
 quid videat, nescit; sed quod videt, uritur illo, 430
 atque oculos idem, qui decipit, incitat error.

the more she followed, the more she burned by
 a nearer flame; as when quick-burning sulphur,
 smeared round the tops of torches, catches fire from
 another fire brought near. Oh, how often does she
 long to approach him with alluring words and make
 soft prayers to him! But her nature forbids this,
 nor does it permit her to begin; but as it allows,
 she is ready to await the sounds to which she may
 give back her own words. By chance the boy,
 separated from his faithful companions, had cried:
 "Is anyone here?" and "Here!" cried Echo back.
 Amazed, he looks around in all directions and with
 loud voice cries "Come!"; and "Come!" she calls
 him calling. He looks behind him and, seeing no
 one coming, calls again: "Why do you run from
 me?" and hears in answer his own words again.
 He stands still, deceived by the answering voice,
 and "Here let us meet," he cries. Echo, never to
 answer other sound more gladly, cries: "Let us
 meet"; and to help her own words she comes forth
 from the woods that she may throw her arms around
 the neck she longs to clasp. But he flees at her
 approach and, fleeing, says: "Hands off! embrace
 me not! May I die before I give you power o'er
 me!" "I give you power o'er me!" she says, and
 nothing more. Thus spurned, she lurks in the woods,
 hides her shamed face among the foliage, and lives
 from that time on in lonely caves. But still, though
 spurned, her love remains and grows on grief; her
 sleepless cares waste away her wretched form; she
 becomes gaunt and wrinkled and all moisture fades
 from her body into the air. Only her voice and her
 bones remain: then, only voice; for they say that
 her bones were turned to stone. She hides in woods
 and is seen no more upon the mountain-sides; but all
 may hear her, for voice, and voice alone, still lives in
 her.

Thus had Narcissus mocked her, thus had he
 mocked other nymphs of the waves or mountains;
 thus had he mocked the companies of men. At last
 one of these scorned youth, lifting up his hands to
 heaven, prayed: "So may he himself love, and not
 gain the thing he loves!" The goddess, Nemesis,
 heard his righteous prayer. There was a clear pool
 with silvery bright water, to which no shepherds
 ever came, or she-goats feeding on the mountain-
 side, or any other cattle; whose smooth surface
 neither bird nor beast nor falling bough ever ruffled.
 Grass grew all around its edge, fed by the water near,
 and a coppice that would never suffer the sun to
 warm the spot. Here the youth, worn by the chase
 and the heat, lies down, attracted thither by the
 appearance of the place and by the spring. While
 he seeks to slake his thirst another thirst springs
 up, and while he drinks he is smitten by the sight
 of the beautiful form he sees. He loves an unsub-
 stantial hope and thinks that substance which is only
 shadow. He looks in speechless wonder at himself
 and hangs there motionless in the same expression,
 like a statue carved from Parian marble. Prone on
 the ground, he gazes at his eyes, twin stars, and his
 locks, worthy of Bacchus, worthy of Apollo; on his
 smooth cheeks, his ivory neck, the glorious beauty
 of his face, the blush mingled with snowy white:
 all things, in short, he admires for which he is
 himself admired. Unwittingly he desires himself;
 he praises, and is himself what he praises; and while
 he seeks, is sought; equally he kindles love and
 burns with love. How often did he offer vain kisses
 on the elusive pool? How often did he plunge his
 arms into the water seeking to clasp the neck he
 sees there, but did not clasp himself in them!
 What he sees he knows not; but that which he sees

credula, quid frustra simulacra fugacia captas?
quod petis, est nusquam; quod amas, avertere, perdes!
ista repressae, quam cernis, imaginis umbra est:
nil habet ista sui; tecum venitque manetque; 435
tecum discedet, si tu discedere possis!

Non illum Cereris, non illum cura quietis
abstrahere inde potest, sed opaca fuscus in herba
spectat inexplato mendacem lumine formam
perque oculos perit ipse suos; paullumque levatus
ad circumstantes tendens sua brachia silvas 441
“ecquis, io silvae, crudelius” inquit “amavit?
scitis enim et multis latebra opportuna fuistis.
ecquem, cum vestrae tot agantur saecula vitae,
qui sic tabuerit, longo meministis in aevo? 445
et placet et video; sed quod videoque placetque,
non tamen invenio: tantus tenet error amantem.
quoque magis doleam, nec nos mare separat ingens
nec via nec montes nec clausis moenia portis;
exigua prohibemur, aqua! cupit ipse teneri: 450
nam quotiens liquidis porreximus oscula lymphis,
hic totiens ad me resupino nititur ore.
posse putes tangi: minimum est, quod amantibus
obstat.

quisquis es, huc exi! quid me, puer unice, fallis
quoque petitus abis? certe nec forma nec aetas 455
est mea, quam fugias, et amarunt me quoque
nymphae!

spem mihi nescio quam vultu promittis amico,
cumque ego porrexerim tibi brachia, porrigis ultro,
cum risi, adrides; lacrimas quoque saepe notavi
me lacrimante tuas; nutu quoque signa remittis 460
et, quantum motu formosi suspicor oris,
verba refers aures non pervenientia nostras!
iste ego sum: sensi, nec me mea fallit imago;
uror amore mei: flammam moveoque feroque.
quid faciam? rogem an rogem? quid deinde rogabo?
quod cupio mecum est: inopem me copia fecit. 466
o utinam a nostro secedere corpore possem!
votum in amante novum, vellem, quod amamus, abesset.
iamque dolor vires adimit, nec tempora vitae
longa meae superant, primoque exstinguor in aevo.
nec mihi mors gravis est posituro morte dolores, 471
hic, qui diligitur, vellem diuturnior esset;
nunc duo concordem anima moriemur in una.”

Dixit et ad faciem rediit male sanus eandem
et lacrimis turbavit aquas, obscuraque moto 475
reddita forma lacu est; quam cum vidisset abire,
“quo refugis? remane nec me, crudelis, amantem
desere!” clamavit; “liceat, quod tangere non est,
adspicere et misero praebere alimenta furori!”
dumque dolet, summa vestem deduxit ab ora 480
nudaque marmoreis percussit pectora palmis.
pectora traxerunt roseum percussa ruborem,
non aliter quam poma solent, quae candida parte,
parte rubent, aut ut variis solet uva racemis
ducere purpureum nondum matura colorem. 485
quae simul adspexit liquefacta rursus in unda,
non tulit ulterius, sed ut intabescere flavae
igne levi cerae matutinaeque pruinae
sole tepente solent, sic attenuatus amore
liquitur et tecto paullatim carpitur igni; 490
et neque iam color est mixto candore rubori,
nec vigor et vires et quae modo visa placebant,
nec corpus remanet, quondam quod amaverat Echo.

he burns for, and the same delusion mocks and
allures his eyes. O fondly foolish boy, why vainly
seek to clasp a fleeting image? What you seek is
nowhere; but turn yourself away, and the object of
your love will be no more. That which you behold
is but the shadow of a reflected form and has no
substance of its own. With you it comes, with you
it stays, and it will go with you—if you can go.

No thought of food or rest can draw him from the
spot; but, stretched on the shaded grass, he gazes on
that false image with eyes that cannot look their fill
and through his own eyes perishes. Raising himself
a little, and stretching his arms to the trees, he cries:
“Did anyone, O ye woods, ever love more cruelly
than I? You know, for you have been the favourite
haunts of many lovers. Do you in the ages past, for
your life is one of centuries, remember anyone who
has pined away like this? I am charmed, and I see;
but what I see and what charms me I cannot find—
so great a delusion holds my love. And, to make me
grieve the more, no mighty ocean separates us, no
long road, no mountain ranges, no city walls with
close-shut gates; by a thin barrier of water we are
kept apart. He himself is eager to be embraced.
For, often as I stretch my lips towards the lucent
wave, so often with upturned face he strives to lift
his lips to mine. You would think he could be
touched—so small a thing it is that separates our
loving hearts. Whoever you are, come forth hither!
Why, O peerless youth, do you elude me? or whither
do you go when I strive to reach you? Surely my
form and age are not such that you should shun them,
and me too the nymphs have loved. Some ground
for hope you offer with your friendly looks, and when
I have stretched out my arms to you, you stretch
yours too. When I have smiled, you smile back; and
I have often seen tears, when I weep, on your cheeks.
My beck you answer with your nod; and, as I sus-
pect from the movement of your sweet lips, you
answer my words as well, but words which do not
reach my ears.—Oh, I am he! I have felt it, I know
now my own image. I burn with love of my own
self; I both kindle the flames and suffer them. What
shall I do? Shall I be wooed or woo? Why woo at
all? What I desire, I have; the very abundance of
my riches beggars me. Oh, that I might be parted
from my own body! and, strange prayer for a lover,
I would that what I love were absent from me! And
now grief is sapping my strength; but a brief space
of life remains to me and I am cut off in my life's
prime. Death is nothing to me, for in death I shall
leave my troubles; I would he that is loved might live
longer; now in the death of one two hearts shall die
together.”

He spoke and, half distraught, turned again to the
same image. His tears ruffled the water, and dimly
the image came back from the troubled pool. As he
saw it thus depart, he cried: “Oh, whither do you
flee? Stay here, and desert not him who loves thee,
cruel one! Still may it be mine to gaze on what I
may not touch, and by that gaze feed my unhappy
passion.” While he thus grieves, he plucks away his
tunic at its upper fold and beats his bare breast with
pallid hands. His breast when it is struck takes on
a delicate glow; just as apples sometimes, though
white in part, flush red in other part, or as grapes
hanging in clusters take on a purple hue when not
yet ripe. As soon as he sees this, when the water
has become clear again, he can bear no more; but,
as the yellow wax melts before a gentle heat, as hoar
frost melts before the warm morning sun, so does
he, wasted with love, pine away, and is slowly con-
sumed by its hidden fire. No longer has he that

quae tamen ut vidit quamvis irata memorque
 indoluit, quotiensque puer miserabilis "eheu" 495
 dixerat, haec resonis iterabat vocibus "eheu";
 cumque suos manibus percusserat ille lacertos;
 haec quoque reddebat sonitum plangoris eundem.
 ultima vox solitam fuit haec spectantis in undam:
 "heu frustra dilecte puer!" totidemque remisit 500
 verba locus, dictoque vale "vale" inquit et Echo.
 ille caput viridi fessum submitit in herba,
 lumina mors clausit domini mirantia formam:
 tum quoque se, postquam est inferna sede receptus,
 in Stygia spectabat aqua. planxere sorores 505
 naides et sectos fratri posuere capillos,
 planxerunt dryades; plangentibus adsonat Echo.
 iamque rogam quassasque faces feretrumque
 parabant:
 nusquam corpus erat; croceum pro corpore florem
 inveniunt foliis medium cingentibus albis. 510

ART OF LOVE: I

Principio quod amare velis, reperire labora, 35
 Qui nova nunc primum miles in arma venis.
 Proximus huic labor est placitam exorare puellam:
 Tertius, ut longo tempore duret amor.
 Hic modus, haec nostro signabitur area curru:
 Haec erit admissa meta premenda rota. 40
 Dum licet, et loris passim potes ire solutis,
 Elige cui dicas "tu mihi sola places."
 Haec tibi non tenues veniet delapsa per auras:
 Quaerenda est oculis apta puella tuis.
 Scit bene venator, cervis ubi retia tendat, 45
 Scit bene, qua frendens valle moretur aper;
 Aucupibus noti frutices; qui sustinet hamos,
 Novit, quae multo pisce natentur aquae:
 Tu quoque, materiam longo qui quaeris amori,
 Ante frequens quo sit disce puella loco. 50
 Non ego quaerentem vento dare vela iubebo,
 Nec tibi, ut invenias, longa terenda via est.
 Andromedan Perseus nigris portarit ab Indis,
 Raptaque sit Phrygio Graia puella viro,
 Tot tibi tamque dabit formosas Roma puellas, 55
 "Haec habet" ut dicas "quicquid in orbe fuit."
 Gargara quot segetes, quot habet Methymna racemos,
 Aequare quot pisces, fronde teguntur aves,
 Quot caelum stellas, tot habet tua Roma puellas:
 Mater et Aeneae constat in urbe sui. 60

Sed tu praecipue curvis venare theatris:
 Haec loca sunt voto fertiliora tuo. 90
 Illic invenies quod ames, quod ludere possis,
 Quodque semel tangas, quodque tenere velis.
 Ut redivit itque frequens longum formica per agmen,
 Granifero solitum cum vehit ore cibum,
 Aut ut apes saltusque suos et olentia nactae 95
 Pascua per flores et thyma summa volant,
 Sic ruit in celebres cultissima femina ludos:
 Copia iudicium saepe morata meum est.

ruddy colour mingling with the white, no longer that
 strength and vigour, and all that lately was so pleasing
 to behold; scarce does his form remain which once
 Echo had loved so well. But when she saw it, though
 still angry and unforgetful, she felt pity; and as often
 as the poor boy says "Alas!" again with answering
 utterance she cries "Alas!" and as his hands beat
 his shoulders she gives back the same sounds of woe.
 His last words as he gazed into the familiar spring
 were these: "Alas, dear boy, vainly beloved!" and
 the place gave back his words. And when he said
 "Farewell!" "Farewell!" said Echo too. He drooped
 his weary head on the green grass and death sealed
 the eyes that marvelled at their master's beauty.
 And even when he had been received into the
 infernal abodes, he kept on gazing on his image in
 the Stygian pool. His naiad-sisters beat their breasts
 and shore their locks in sign of grief for their dear
 brother; the dryads, too, lamented, and Echo gave
 back their sounds of woe. And now they were pre-
 paring the funeral pile, the torches and the bier;
 but his body was nowhere to be found. In place of
 his body they find a flower, its yellow centre girt with
 white petals.

First, strive to find an object for your love, you
 who now for the first time come to fight in warfare
 new. The next task is, to win the girl that takes
 your fancy; the third, to make love long endure.
 This is my limit, this the field whose bound my
 chariot shall mark, this the goal my flying wheel
 shall graze.

While yet you are at liberty and can go at large
 with loosened rein, choose to whom you will say,
 "You alone please me." She will not come floating
 down to you through the tenuous air, she must be
 sought, the girl whom your glance approves. Well
 knows the hunter where to spread his nets for the
 stag, well knows he in what glen the boar with
 gnashing teeth abides; familiar are the copses to
 fowlers, and he who holds the hook is aware in what
 waters many fish are swimming; you too, who seek
 the object of a lasting passion, learn first what places
 the maidens haunt. I will not bid you in your
 search set sails before the wind, nor, that you may
 find, need a long road be travelled. Though Perseus
 brought Andromeda from the dusky Indians, though
 the Phrygian lover carried off a Grecian girl, yet
 Rome will give you so many maidens and so fair
 that, "Here," you will say, "is all the beauty of the
 world." As numerous as the crops upon Gargara,
 as the grape-bunches of Methymna,² as the fishes
 that lurk within the sea, or the birds among the
 leaves, as many as are the stars of heaven, so many
 maidens doth thine own Rome contain: the mother
 of Aeneas still dwells in the city of her son.

But specially do your hunting in the round theatres:
 more bountifully do these repay your vows. There
 will you find an object for passion or for dalliance,
 something to taste but once, or to keep, if so you
 wish. As crowded ants pass and repass in a long
 train, bearing in grain-burdened mouth their wonted
 food, or as bees, having gained their dells and fragrant
 pastures, flit o'er the blossoms and hover o'er the
 thyme: so hasten the smartest women to the crowded
 games; many a time have their numbers made my

Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsae:
 Ille locus casti damna pudoris habet. 100
 Primus sollicitos fecisti, Romule, ludos,
 Cum iuvit viduos rapta Sabina viros.

Romule, militibus scisti dare commoda solus!
 Haec mihi si dederis commoda, miles ero.
 Scilicet ex illo sollemnia more theatra
 Nunc quoque formosis insidiosa manent. 135
 Nec te nobilium fugiat certamen equorum;
 Multa capax populi commoda Circus habet.
 Nil opus est digitis, per quos arcana loquaris,
 Nec tibi per nutus accipienda nota est:
 Proximus a domina, nullo prohibente, sedeto,
 Iunge tuum lateri qua potes usque latus; 140
 Et bene, quod cogit, si nolit, linea iungi,
 Quod tibi tangenda est lege puella loci.
 Hic tibi quaeratur socii sermonis origo,
 Et moveant primos publica verba sonos.
 Cuius equi veniant, facito, studiose, requiras: 145
 Nec mora, quisquis erit, cui favet illa, fave.
 At cum pompa frequens certantibus ibit ephebis,
 Tu Veneri dominae plaude favente manu;
 Utque fit, in gremium pulvis si forte puellae
 Deciderit, digitis excutiendus erit: 150
 Et si nullus erit pulvis, tamē excute nullum:
 Quaelibet officio causa sit apta tuo.
 Pallia si terra nimium demissa iacebunt,
 Collige, et immunda sedulus effer humo;
 Protinus, officii pretium, patiente puella 155
 Contingent oculis crura videnda tuis.
 Respice praeterea, post vos quicumque sedebit,
 Ne premat opposito mollia terga genu.
 Parva leves capiunt animos: fuit utile multis
 Pulvinum facili composuisse manu. 160
 Profuit et tenui ventos movisse tabella,
 Et cava sub tenerum scamna dedisse pedem.

ART OF LOVE: II

Sit procul omne nefas; ut ameris, amabilis esto:
 Quod tibi non facies solave forma dabit:
 Sis licet antiquo Nireus adamatus Homero,
 Naiadumque tener crimine raptus Hylas, 110
 Ut dominam teneas, nec te mirere relictum,
 Ingenii dotes corporis adde bonis.
 Forma bonum fragile est, quantumque accedit ad annos
 Fit minor, et spatio carpitur ipsa suo.
 Nec violae semper nec hiantia lilia florent, 115
 Et riget amissa spina relicta rosa.
 Et tibi iam venient cani, formose, capilli,
 Iam venient rugae, quae tibi corpus arent.
 Iam molire animum, qui duret, et adstrue formae:
 Solus ad extremos permanet ille rogos. 120
 Nec levis ingenuas pectus coluisse per artes
 Cura sit et linguas edidicisse duas.

Ergo age, fallaci timide confide figurae,
 Quisquis es, aut aliquid corpore pluris habe.
 Dextera praecipue capit indulgentia mentes;
 Asperitas odium saevaque bella movet. 145
 Odimus accipitrem, quia vivit semper in armis,
 Et pavidum solitos in pecus ire lupos.
 At caret insidiis hominum, quia mitis, hirundo,
 Quasque colat turres, Chaonias ales habet. 150
 Este procul, lites et amarae proelia linguae:
 Dulcibus est verbis mollis alendus amor.

judgment falter. They come to see, they come that
 they may be seen: to chastity that place is fatal.
 Thou first, Romulus, didst disturb the games, when
 the rape of Sabine women consoled the widowed men.

Ah, Romulus, thou only didst know how
 to bestow bounty on thy warriors; so thou but bestow
 such bounty upon me, I will be a warrior. And,
 mark you, in accord with that tradition our theatres
 now too are fraught with danger to the fair.

Nor let the contest of noble steeds escape you;
 the spacious Circus holds many opportunities:
 No need is there of fingers for secret speech, nor
 need you receive a signal by means of nods. Sit
 next to your lady, none will prevent you; sit side by
 side as close as you can; and that is easy, for the rows
 compel closeness, if she be unwilling, and by the
 rule of the place you must touch your comrade.
 Here seek an opening for friendly talk, and begin
 with words that all may hear. Mind you are zealous
 in asking whose horses are entering, and quick!
 whomsoever she favours be sure to favour too. But
 when the long procession of competing youths passes
 by applaud Queen Venus with favouring hand.¹
 And if perchance, as will happen, a speck of dust
 falls on your lady's lap, flick it off with your fingers;
 and if none fall, then flick off—none; let any pretext
 serve your turn. If her cloak hangs low and trails
 upon the ground, gather it up and lift it carefully from
 the defiling earth; straightway, a reward for your
 service, with the girl's permission your eyes will catch
 a glimpse of her ankles. Then again look round to see
 that whoever is sitting behind you is not pressing his
 knee against her tender back. Frivolous minds are won
 by trifles: many have found useful the deft arranging
 of a cushion. It has helped too to stir the air with
 a light fan, or to set a stool beneath a dainty foot.

Far hence be all un-
 holy deeds! that you may be loved, be lovable; and
 this nor face nor figure alone will bring you; though
 you be Nireus, loved by Homer of old, or young
 Hylas, stolen by naughty Naiads, that you may
 keep your mistress, nor marvel to find yourself
 abandoned, add gifts of mind to bodily advantages.
 A frail advantage is beauty, that grows less as time
 draws on, and is devoured by its own years. Violets
 do not bloom for ever, nor lilies open-mouthed; when
 the rose is perished, the hard thorn is left behind.
 And to thee, O handsome youth, will soon come
 hoary hairs, soon will come wrinkles to make furrows
 in your body. Now make thee a soul that will abide,
 and add it to thy beauty; only that endures to the
 ultimate pyre. Nor let it be a slight care to cultivate
 your mind in liberal arts, or to learn the two
 languages well.

Come then, trust but timidly, whoever you are, to
 treacherous beauty; or possess something worth
 more than outward shape. Chief above all does
 tactful indulgence win the mind; harshness and
 angry words cause hatred. We hate the hawk
 because he ever lives in arms, and the wolves that
 are wont to go against the timorous flock. But the
 swallow is free from men's attack because he is
 gentle, and the Chaonian bird¹ has towers he may
 inhabit. Keep far away, quarrels and bitter-tongued
 affrays; with soft words must love be fostered.

Iussus adesse foro, iussa maturius hora
 Fac semper venias, nec nisi serus abi.
 Occurras aliquo, tibi dixerit, omnia differ, 225
 Curre, nec inceptum turba moretur iter.
 Nocte domum repetens epulis perfuncta redibit:
 Tunc quoque pro servo, si vocat illa, veni.
 Rure erit, et dicet "venias": Amor odit inertes:
 Si rota defuerit, tu pede carpe viam. 230
 Nec grave te tempus sitiensque Canicula tardet,
 Nec via per iactas candida facta nives.
 Militiae species amor est; discedite, segnes:
 Non sunt haec timidis signa tuenda viris.

Sed te, cuicumque est retinendae cura puellae, 295
 Attonitum forma fac putet esse sua.
 Sive erit in Tyriis, Tyrios laudabis amictus:
 Sive erit in Cois, Coa decere puta.
 Aurata est? ipso tibi sit pretiosior auro;
 Gausapa si sumpsit, gausapa sumpta proba.

ART OF LOVE: III

Sit tibi Callimachi, sit Coi nota poetae,
 Sit quoque vinosi Teia Musa senis; 330
 Nota sit et Sappho (quid enim lascivius illa?),
 Cuive pater vafri luditur arte Getae.
 Et teneri possis carmen legisse Properti,
 Sive aliquid Galli, sive, Tibulle, tuum:
 Dictaque Varroni fulvis insignia villis 335
 Vellera, germanae, Phrix, querenda tuae:
 Et profugum Aenean, altae primordia Romae,
 Quo nullum Latio clarius extat opus.
 Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis,
 Nec mea Lethaeis scripta dabuntur aquis: 340
 Atque aliquis dicet "nostri lege culta magistri
 Carmina, quis partes instruit ille duas:
 Deve tribus libris, titulus quos signat Amorum,
 Elige, quod docili molliter ore legas:
 Vel tibi composita cantetur Epistola voce: 345
 Ignotum hoc aliis ille novavit opus."

Bidden meet her at the Forum, go earlier
 than the hour of bidding, nor leave till it be late.
 She has told you to join her somewhere: put off
 everything, run! let not the crowd delay your
 passage. At night she will return to her house, the
 banquet finished: then too come in the slave's stead,
 if she calls. You are in the country, and she says
 "Come!" Love hates the sluggish: if wheels fail,
 make the journey on foot. Let neither the fatal
 heat and the thirsty Dogstar delay you, nor a road
 made white by fallen snow.

Love is a kind of warfare; avaunt, ye laggards!
 these banners are not for timid men to guard.

But whoever you are who
 are anxious to keep your mistress, be sure she thinks
 you spellbound by her beauty. If she be in Tyrian
 attire, then praise her Tyrian gown; or in Coan,
 then find the Coan style becoming. Is her raiment
 golden? let her be to you more precious than gold
 itself; if she wear woollens, then approve the woollens
 that she wears.

Let the Muse of Callimachus and of the Coan
 bard be known to you, and the old drunkard's Teian
 strains;⁴ let Sappho too be known (for who more
 wanton than she?), or he whose sire is deceived by
 the crafty Getan's cunning.⁵ And you should be
 able to read a poem of tender Propertius or some-
 thing of Gallus or of you, Tibullus; and the fleece
 that Varro told of, famous for its tawny hairs, a
 cause of complaint to thy sister, Phrixus; and Aeneas
 the wanderer, origin of lotty Rome, a work than
 which none more famous has appeared in Latium.
 Perhaps too my name will be joined to theirs,
 nor will my writings be given to Lethe's waters;
 and someone will say, "Read the elegant poems
 of our master, wherein he instructs the rival
 parties;¹ or from the three books marked by the
 title of 'Loves' choose out what you may softly
 read with docile voice; or let some Letter² be read
 by you with practised utterance; he first invented
 this art, unknown to others."