SELECTIONS FROM

OVID

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

SIDE II

METAMORPHOSES
BOOK III—NARCISSUS AND ECHO (CONTINUED)
THE ART OF LOVE—I
LINES 35-60
LINES 89-102
LINES 131-162

THE ART OF LOVE—II
LINES 107-122
LINES 143-152
LINES 223-234
LINES 295-300

THE ART OF LOVE—III
LINES 329-346

COMPLETE LATIN AND ENGLISH TEXT
APPEARS IN ACCOMPANYING ENCLOSED BOOKLET.

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL9970
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---albia. 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) ------, 69-102 ---- 14 lines
   (iii)--------,133-162 ---- 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- 18 lines 134 lines
   " " " " " " " " " " " 391 lines

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 Cepheus. 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, Philetus (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 woman, 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 470, 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, 1930

2. Ovid, the Art of Love, translated by J. H. Mozley,
   London and New York, 1929.

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.
Primus amor Phoebi Daphne Peneia, quem non
fors ignara dedit, sed saeva Cupidinis ira.
Delius hunc nuper, victa serpente superbus,
viderat adducto flecentem cornua nervo
"quid" que "tibi, lascive puer, cum fortibus
armis?"
dixerat: "Ista decent umeros gestamina nostros,
qui dare certa ferac, dare vulnera possumus hosti,
quid modo pestifero tot in ugera ventre prementem
stravinus innumeris tumidum Pythia sagittis.
Tu facere quos esto contentos amores
inirete tua, nec laudes adsere nostris!"
filius huic Veneris "figat tuus omnia, Phoebi,
te meus aures" ait; "quantumque animalia cedunt
cuncta deo, tanto minor est tua gloria nostra."
"dixit et elius percussis aere pennis
inpiger umbrosa Parnasi constittit arec
eque sagittifer prompuit duo tela pharetra
divisaerum operum: fugat hoc, facit illd amorem;
quid facit, purum est et cupide fulget acuta,
quid fugat, obtusum est et habet sub harundine
plumbum.
hoc deus in nympha Peneide fixit, at illo
lacit Apollinias truncata per osa medullas;
protinus alter amat, fugit altera nomen amantis
silvarum labatis epievarumque ferarum
exuvius gaudens impusaque aemula Phoebes:
vida coererat positis sine lege capillos.
multil illam petiere, illa aversata petentes
inpatiens expersque viri nema a vilia
uec, quid Hymen, quid Amor, quid sint conubia curat.
saepe pater dixit: "generum mihi, filia, debes;"
"saepi pater dixit: "debes mihi, nata, nepotes;"
illa velut crimen taedas exosa ignales
pulchra vereceudo suffunditur ora rubore
inque patris blandis hacrens cervice lacertis
"da mihi perpetua, genitor carissime," dixit
"virginitate frui! dedit hoc pater ante Dianae."
ille quidem obsequitor, sed te decor iste quod optas
esse vetat, votoque tuo tua forma repugnat:
Phoebus amat visaque cupit-combia Daphnes,
quodque cupit, sperat, suaque illum oracula fallunt,
uitque leves stipulae dempts adolentur aristas,
ut facibus saepes ardent, quas forte viator
vel nimirus adivoit vel iunam sub luce reliquit,
sic deus in flammis abit, sic pectore toto
uritur et sterilis sperando nutrit animorem.
spectat inornatus collo pendere capillos
et "quid, si comansut?" ait; videt igne micantes
sideribus similis oculos, videt oscula, quae non
est vidisse satis; laudat digitoseque manusque
brachiaque et nudos mediae plus parte lacertos;
si qua latent, meliora putat. fugit oear aurora
illa levi neque ad haec revocantis verba resistit:
"nymphae, precor, Penei, mane!: non inseque hostis;
nymphae, mane! sic aqua lupum, sic cerva leonem,
sic aquilam penni fugiunt trepidante columbace,
hostes quaque suus: amore est mihi causa sequendi!
me miserum! ne prona cadas indignave laedi
curra notent sentes et sin tibi causa doloris!
aspera, qua prosperas, loca sunt: moderatus, oro,
Now the first love of Phoebus was Daphne,
dughter 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 merriment 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 Parnassus.
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
snote: Apollo, piercing even unto the bones and
narrow. Straightway he burned with love; and 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, ying with the virgin Phoebi.
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, cingling 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 and wanders to and fro
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 fugamusque inhibe, moderatus inseguar ipse. 
cui placeas, inquire tamen: non incola montis, 
non ego sum pastor, non hic armentagregatque 
horridus observo. nescis, temeraria, nescis, 
quam fugias, inique fugis: mihi Delphica tellus 515 
et Claros et Tenedos Pataraque regia servit: 
Iuppiter est genitor; per me, quod eritque fatique 
estique, patet; per me concordant carmina nervis. 
cesta quidem nostra est, nostra tamen una sagitta 
certor, in vacuo qua vulnera pectora fecit! 
520 inventum medicina meum est, opiferque per orbeh 
dicit, et herbarum subiecta potentia nobis. 

ei mihi, quod nullis amor est sanabilis herbis 
nec prosunt domino, nec prosunt omnibus, artes!"

"Plura locuturum timido Peneia cursu 
525 fugit cunctum ipso verbo imperfecta reliquit, 
tum quoque visa decens; nudabat corpora venti, 
obviaque adversae vibrabat famina vestes, 
et levis impulsus retro dabat aura capillos, 
auctaque forma fugae est. sed enim non sustinunt ultra 
perdere blanditias iuvenis deus, ubi movebat 
531 ipse Amor, admissus sequitur vestigia passus. 

ut canis in vacuo leporem cum Gallicus arvo 
vidit, et hic praedam pedibus petit, ille salutem; 
aturn inhaecuro similis iam iamque tenere 
sperat et extento stringit vestigia rostro, 
alter in ambiguo est, an sit comprensus, et ipsis 

535 morsibus cripitur tantantique ora relicquit: 
sie deus et virgo est hic spe rever, illa timore. 
qui tamen insequitur pennis aditus Amoris, 
oier est requinquaque negat tergoque fugacis 
iminent et circin sursum cervicibus adlat. 

viribus subambitus expalluit illa caitaque 
victa labore fugae spectans Peneidas undas! 
544 "fer, pater," inquit, "open! si flamna nomen habetis, 
qua minimum placuit, nullo endo perde figuram!"

547 viro prae finita torpor gravis occupat artus, 
mollia cinguntur tenui praecependo libro, 
in frontem erines, in ramos brachia crescunt, 

550 pes modo tam velox pigris radibis hacret, 
ora caeenum habet: renuncet nitor anus in illa. 

Hanc quoque Phoebus amat posticaque in stipite 
dextra 
sentit adluce trepidare novo sub cortice pectus 
complexusque suis ramos ut membra lacertis 
oscula dat ligno; refugit tamen oscula lignum. 
ei deus "at, quomiam coniunx mea non potes esse, 

555 arbor eris certe" dixit "mea! semper habebunt 
te coram, te eathareae, te nostrae, laeure, phareae; 
tu deus Lattis aderis, cum laeata Triumphum 
vox canet et visent longas Capitolia pompos; 
postiuns Augustis cadem fulissima eustos 
ante fores stabiliusque tachere quemum, 
地下 meum intonsis caput est iuvenale capillis, 

560 quoque perpetuos semper gere frondis honores!"

finivert Paean: factis modo laurea ramos 
admitat utque caput visa est agitasse caemen.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

Narcissus wandering through the fields, she was inflamed with love and followed him by stealth; and
non alter quam cum summis circumlita taedis
adnotas ruunt vivacia sulphura flammias.
a quotiens voluit blandis accedere dictis
et mollis adhibere preces: natura repugnat
nee sinit, ineptiat, sed, quod sinit, illa para est
exspectare sonos, ad quos sua verba remittat.
forte puer comitum seductus ab agmine fido
dixerat: "equi adest?" et "adest" responderat
Echo.

hic stupet, utque aciem partes dimittit in omnis,
voce "veni!" magna clamat: voce illa vocantem.
respicit et rursus nullo veniente "quid!" inquit
"me fugis?" et totidem, quot dixit, verba recept.
perstat et alternae deceptus imagine vocis
"huc coeamus" ait, nullique libentius unquam
responsura sono "coeamus" retiluit Echo
et verbis favet ipsa suis egressaque silva
ibat, ut iniceret sperato brachio collo;
ille fugit fugiensaque "manus complexibus aufer!" 390
ante" ait "emoriar, quam sit tibi copia nostri";
retiluit 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 cresciteque dolore repulsae;
et tenuant vigiles corpus miserabile curae
adducit cuncte cum macies et in aer aseus
corporis omnis abit; vox tantum atque ossa super-
sunt:
vox manet, ossa ferunt lapidis traxisse siguram.
inde latet silvis nulloque in monte videtur,
omnibus auditur: sonus est, qui vivit in illa.
Sic hane, sic alia usus aut montibus ortas
luserat hic nymphas, sic coeptus ante viriles;
inde manus aliquis despectus ad aethera tollens
"sic amet ipsa licet, sic non potiar amato!"
405
dixerat: adsensit preclusus Rhamnusia iustis.
fons erat inlinis, nitisid argenteus undis,
quem neque pastores neque pastae monte capellae
contigerant alludve pecus, quem nulla volueris
nee fere turbat 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
proculbuit faciemque loci fontemque secutes,
dunque sitim sedare cupit, sitis altera crevit,
dunque bibit, visae corruptus imagine formae
spem sine corpore amat, corpus putat esse, quod
umbra est.

adstupet ipse sibi vultuque innotus cedem
haeret et E pario formatum marmore signum;
spectat humi positus geminum, sua lumina, sindus 420
et dignos Baccho, dignos et Apolline erines
inpubesque genus et eburnea colla decusae
oris et in niveo mixtum candore ruborem,
ecunctae miratur, quibus est mirabilis ipse:
se cupit inprudens et, qui probat, ipse probatur, 425
dumque petit, petitur, pariterque ascendit et ardet.
inritae fallaci quotiens dedit ossula fonti;
in medias quotiens visum captantis collum
brachiis mersit aquas nec se dependit in illis!
500
quid videat, nescit; sed quod videt, uritur illo,
atque oculos idem, qui decipit, incitat error.
credulæ, quid frustra simulacrà fugaciam captas?
quaeris, est nusquam; quod amas, avertere, perdere?
ista repercussa, quam cernis, imaginís umbra est:
nihil habet ista sui: tecum venitque manetque; 435
tecum discedet, si tu discedere possis!

Non illum Cereris, non illum cura quietis
abstrahere inde potest, sed opus fusus in herba
spectat in exspectat mendacem lumine formam.
perque oculos, petit ipse suos; psallumque levatus
ad circumstans tendens sua bracechia silvas 441
ecquis, io silvae, crudelius inquit "amavit?
scitis enim et multis latebra opportuna fuisitis,
ecquis, cum vestae tot agantur saccula vitae,
qui si tabuerit, longo meministis in aeo?
et placet et video; sed quod videoque placetque,
non tamen invenio: tantus tenet error amantem.
quae magis doleam, nec nos mare separat ingens
nec via nec montes nec clausis moenia portis;
exigua prohibebatur aqua! cupit ipse teneri: 450
nam quotiens liquitatis porrectum oscula lymphis,
hie totiens ad me resupino nititur ore.

posse patres tangi: minimum est, quod amantibus
obstat.
quisquis es, huc exi! quid mei, paer unice, fallis
quove petitus abis? certe nec forma nec aetas 455
est mea, quam fugias, et amantur me quoque
nymphae!

sper mihi nescio quam vultu promittis amico,
cumque ego porrexi tibi brachium, pourrigis utro,
cum risi, adriacs; lacrimas quoque saepe notavi
me lacrimante tuas; nutu quoque signa remittis 460
et, quantum motus formosi suspicor oris,
verba referes aures non pervenientia nostras!
iste ego sum: sensi, nec mea me fallit imago;
uor amore mei: flammas moveoque feroque.
quid faciam? roger anne rogabo? 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, absens.

isamque dolor vires admittit, nec tempora vitae
longa maxe superant, primoque exsanguor in aeo.
nec mihi mors gravis est posturo morte dolorens, 471
hic, qui diligitur, vellem diuturnior esset;
nunc duo concordes anima moriemur in una.

Dixit et ad faciem redivit male sanus cændam
et lacrimis turbavit aquas, obscuraque moto
reddita forma lacui est; quam cum vidisset abtre,
"quo refugis? remanis nec me, crudelis, amantem
descere?" clamavit; "licet, quod tangere non est,
adspicere et miserë praebere alimenta furor!"

dumque doler, summa vestem deduxit ab ora
nudaque marmoris præcessit pectora palmis.
pectora traxerunt roseum percutta tuborem,
on aliter quam poma solent, quæ candida parte,
parte rubent, ant ut variis soleb uva racemis:
duæque purpurea nundinæ nutrunt colorem.
quæ simul adsipisset liquefaret rursus in unda,
non tuit ulterior, sed ut intabescere flavæ
igne levi ceræ matutinaeque pruinæ
sole tepente solent, sic attonatus amore
liquitur et tecto paulatim carpitur igni;
et neque iam color est mixto candore rubori,
nec vigor et vires et quæ 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
but is the shadow of a reflected form and has no
substance of its own. With it you 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 any one, 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 pinned 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 beaks 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 woed or wo? Why wo'
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
consumed by its hidden fire. No longer has he that
The 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, though still angry and forgetful, 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 sound of woe.

His last words as he gasped 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 marvell'd 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 preparing 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 gilt with white petals.

ART OF LOVE: I

Princípio quod amare velis, reperire labora,
Qui nova nunc primum miles in arma venis.
Proximus huc labor est placitam exorare puellam:
Tertius, ut longo tempore duret amor.
Hie modus, haec nostro signabitur area curru:
Haec erit admissa meta premenda rota.

Dum licet, et loris passim potes ire solutis,
Elige cui dicas “tu mihi sola placet.”
Haec tibi non tenues veniet delapsa per auras:
Querenda est oculis apta puella tuis.
Sei bene venator, cervis ubi retia tendat,
Sei bene, qua frendens valle moretur aper;
Aucupibus noti frutices; qui sustinet hamos,
Novit, quae multo pisce patet in aquae:
Tu quoque, materiam longo qui queris amoris,
Ante frequens quo sit discu puella loco.

Non ego quaerentem vento dare vela iubebo,
Nec tibi, ut invenias, longa terenda via est.
Andromedan Perseus nigris portat ab Indis,
Raptaque sit Phrygia Graia puella vico,
Tot tibi tamque dabit formosar Roma puellas,
Haec habet ut dicas “quicquid in orbe fuit.”
Gargara quot segetes, quot habet Methymna racemos,
Aequore quot piscis, fronde teguntur aves,
Quot caelum stellas, tot habet tua Roma puellas:
Mater et Aeneae constat in urbe sui.

Sed tua praecipue curvis venare theatris:
Haec loca sunt vota fertillora tuo.
Illie invenies quod ames, quod ludere possis,
Quodque semel tangas, quoque tenere velis.
Ut redit itaque frequens longum fornica per agmen,
Granifero solitum cum vehit ore dubium,
Aut ut apes saltusque suos et olentia nactae
Pascua per flores et thyma summa volant,
Sic ruit in celestibus cultissima femina ludos:
Copia ludiciu saepe morata meum est.

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, fit 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.
Primus sollicitos fecisti, Romule, ludos,
Cum invito viduos rapta Sabina viros.

Romule, militibus scisti dare commoda solus!
Hace milhi si dederis commoda, miles ero.
Sculcit ex illo sollemnia more theatra
Nunc quoque formosis insidiosa manent.
Nec te nolium fugiat certamen equorum;
Multa capax populi commoda Circus habet.
Nil opus est digitis, per quos arcana loquarum,
Nec tibi per nutus accepta nota est:
Proximus a domina, nullo prohibente, sedeto,
Iungeo tuum lateri qua potes usque latus;
Et bene, quod cogit, si nolit, linea iungi,
Quod tibi tangenda est lege puella loci.
Prius tibi quaerator socii sermonis origo,
Et movant prius publica verba sonos.
Cuius equi veniant, facito, studiose, requirae:
Nec mora, quisquis erit, cui facet illa, fave.
At cum pompa frequens certantibus ibit ephebis,
Tu Venere dominae phaude favente manu;
Utque fit, in gremium pulvis si forte puellae
Deciderit, digitis excutientis erit:
Et si nullus erit pulvis, tamen excute nullo:
Quaelibet officio causa sit apta tuo.
Pallia si terra nimium demissa iacebunt,
Collige, et immunda sedulus effer humo:
Protinus, officiis precatum, patinie puella
Contingent oculis cura videnda tuis.
Respice praeterea, post vos queuenque sedebit,
Ne premat opposito mollia terga genu.
Parva leves eapiunt aminos: fuit utile multis
Pulvinum facili componisse manu.
Profuit et tenui ventos movisse tabella,
Et cava sub tenerum scannam dedisse pedem.

ART OF LOVE: II

Sit procul omne nefas; ut ameris, amabilis esto:
Quod tibi non facies solave forma dabat:
Sia lacet antiquo Nireus adamatam Homero,
Naïadumque tener crimine raptus Hylias,
Ut dominam teneas, nec te mirere relietum,
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,
Et riget amissa spina relieta rosa.
Et tibi iam venient cani, formose, capilli
Iam venient rugae, quae tibi corpus aren.
Iam molire animum, qui duret, et adstrue formae:
Solut ad extremus perpetam ille rogatos.
Nec levis ingenuas pectus coluisse per artes
Cura sit et linguas edidisse duas.

Ergo age, fallaci timide confide figurae,
Quisquis es, aut aliquid corpore pluris habe.
Dextera preceps, capit indulgentia mentes;
Asperitas odium saevaque bella movet.
Olimus acipitrem, quia vivit semper in armis,
Et pavidum solitos in pecus ire lupos.
At caret insidiis hominum, quia mitis, hirundo,
Quasque colat turres, Chuonis ales habet.
Este procul, lites et anarcae proelia linguae:
Duleibus 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 consolated 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 of 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. 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 law 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 whover 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.

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 bird ¹ has towers he may inhabit. Keep far away, quarrels and bitter-tongued affrays; with soft words must love be fostered.
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; avante, 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; let Sappho too be known (for who more wanton than she?), or he whose sire is deceived by the crafty Getan's cunning. And you should be able to read a poem of tender Propertius or something 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 lofty 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; or from the three books marked by the title of 'Loves' choose out what you may softly read with docile voice; or let some Letter be read by you with practised utterance; he first invented this art, unknown to others."