

P. OVIDI NASONIS AMORES

LIBER PRIMUS

EPIGRAMMA IPSIUS

QUI modo Nasonis fueramus quinque libelli,
tres sumus ; hoc illi praetulit auctor opus.
ut iam nulla tibi nos sit legisse voluptas,
at levior demptis poena duobus erit.

I

ARMA gravi numero violentaque bella parabam
edere, materia conveniente modis.
par erat inferior versus—rissime Cupido
dicitur atque unum surripuisse pedem.
“ Quis tibi, saeve puer, dedit hoc in carmina iuris ? ⁵
Pieridum vates, non tua turba sumus.
quid, si praeripiat flavae Venus arma Minervae,
ventilet accensas flava Minerva faces ?
quis probet in silvis Cererem regnare iugosis,
lege pharetratae Virginis arva coli ? 10

THE
AMORES OF P. OVIDIUS NASO

BOOK THE FIRST

EPIGRAM OF THE POET HIMSELF

WE who erewhile were five booklets of Naso now
are three ; the poet has preferred to have his work
thus rather than as before. Though even now you
may take no joy of reading us, yet with two books
taken away your pains will be lighter.^a

I

ARMS, and the violent deeds of war, I was making
ready to sound forth—in weighty numbers, with
matter suited to the measure. The second verse
was equal to the first—but Cupid, they say, with a
laugh stole away one foot.
⁵ “ Who gave thee, cruel boy, this right over
poesy ? We bards belong to the Pierides ; we are no
company of thine. What if Venus should seize away
the arms of golden-haired Minerva, if golden-haired
Minerva should fan into flame the kindled torch
of love ? Who would approve of Ceres reigning on
the woodland ridges, and of fields tilled under the
law of the quiver-bearing Maid ? Who would furnish

^a The Amores as we have them are a second edition.

crinibus insignem quis acuta cuspide Phoebum
 instruat, Aoniam Marte movente lyram ?
 sunt tibi magna, puer, nimiumque potentia regna ;
 cur opus adfectas, ambitiose, novum ?
 an, quod ubique, tuum est ? tua sunt Heliconia
 tempe ? 15
 vix etiam Phoebus iam lyra tuta sua est ?
 cum bene surrexit versu nova pagina primo,
 attenuat nervos proximus ille meos ;
 nec mihi materia est numeris levioribus apta,
 aut puer aut longas compta puella comas." 20
 Questus eram, pharetra cum protinus ille soluta
 legit in exitium spicula facta meum,
 lunavitque genu sinuosum fortiter arcum,
 "quod" que "canas, vates, accipe" dixit "opus!"
 Me miserum ! certas habuit puer ille sagittas. 25
 uror, et in vacuo pectore regnat Amor.
 Sex mihi surgat opus numeris, in quinque residat :
 ferrea cum vestris bella valete modis !
 cingere litorea flaventia tempora myrto,
 Musa, per undenos emodulanda pedes ! 30

II

Esse quid hoc dicam, quod tam mihi dura videntur
 strata, neque in lecto pallia nostra sedent,
 et vacuus somno noctem, quam longa, peregi,
 lassaque versati corporis ossa dolent ?

forth Phoebus of the beautiful locks with sharp-pointed spear, and let Mars stir the Aonian lyre ? Thou hast an empire of thine own—great, yea, all too potent ; why dost lay claim to new powers, ambitious boy ? Or is everything, wheresoever, thine ? Thine are the vales of Helicon ? Is even the lyre of Phoebus scarce longer safely his own ? My new page of song rose well with first verse in lofty strain, when that next one—of thy making—changes to slightness the vigour of my work ; and yet I have no matter suited to lighter numbers—neither a boy, nor a maiden with long and well-kept locks."

²¹ Such was my complaint—when forthwith he loosed his quiver, and chose from it shafts that were made for my undoing. Against his knee he stoutly bent moonshape the sinuous bow, and "Singer," he said, "here, take that will be matter for thy song!"

²⁵ Ah, wretched me ! Sure were the arrows that yon boy had. I am on fire, and in my but now vacant heart Love sits his throne.

²⁷ In six numbers let my work rise, and sink again in five. Ye iron wars, with your measures, fare ye well ! Gird with the myrtle that loves the shore the golden locks on thy temples, O Muse to be sung to the lyre in elevens !^a

II

WHAT shall I say this means, that my couch seems so hard, and the coverlets will not stay in place, and I pass the long, long night untouched by sleep, and the weary bones of my tossing body are filled with

^a In elegiac measure, with alternation of six-foot and five-foot verses.

nam, puto, sentirem, siquo temptarer amore. 5
 an subit et tecta callidus arte nocet?
 sic erit; haeserunt tenues in corde sagittae,
 et possessa ferus pectora versat Amor.
 Cedimus, an subitum luctando accendimus ignem?
 cedamus! leve fit, quod bene fertur, onus. 10
 vidi ego iactatas mota face crescere flammam
 et rursus nullo concutiente mori.
 verbera plura ferunt, quam quos iuvat usus aratri,
 detractant prensi dum iuga prima boves.
 asper equus duris contunditur ora lupatis, 15
 frena minus sentit, quisquis ad arma facit.
 acrius invitos multoque ferocius urget
 quam qui servitium ferre fatentur Amor.
 En ego confiteor! tua sum nova praeda, Cupido;
 porrigimus victas ad tua iura manus. 20
 nil opus est bello—veniam pacemque rogamus;
 nec tibi laus armis victus inermis ero.
 necte comam myrto, maternas iunge columbas;
 qui deceat, currum vitricus ipse dabit,
 inque dato curru, populo clamante triumphum, 25
 stabis et adiunctas arte movebis aves.
 ducentur capti iuvenes captaeque puellae;
 haec tibi magnificus pompa triumphus erit.
 ipse ego, praeda recens, factum modo vulnus habebō
 et nova captiva vincula mente feram. 30

ache?—for I should know, I think, were I in any wise assailed by love. Or can it be that love is stolen into me, and cunningly works my harm with covered art? Thus it must be; the subtle darts are planted in my heart, and cruel Love torments the breast where he is lord.

⁹ Shall I yield? or by resisting kindle still more the inward-stealing flame that has me? Let me yield! light grows the burden that is well borne. I have seen flames flare up, when fanned by movement of the torch and die down again, when no one waved it more. Oxen, who are not yet broken in, refusing the first yoke endure more blows than those that pleasure in their toil. The mouth of the restive horse is bruised by the hard curb, and he feels the bridle less that yields himself to harness. More bitterly far and fiercely are the unwilling assailed by Love than those who own their servitude.

¹⁹ Look, I confess! I am new prey of thine, O Cupid; I stretch forth my hands to be bound, submissive to thy laws. There is no need of war—pardon and peace is my prayer; nor will it be praise for thine arms to vanquish me unarmed. Bind thy locks with the myrtle, yoke thy mother's doves; thy stepsire^a himself shall give thee fitting car, and in the car he gives shalt thou stand, while the people cry thy triumph, and shalt guide with skill the yoked birds. In thy train shall be captive youths and captive maids; such a pomp will be for thee a stately triumph. Myself, a recent spoil, shall be there with wound all freshly dealt, and bear my new bonds with unresisting heart. Conscience shall

^a Mars.

OVID

Mens Bona ducetur manibus post terga retortis,
 et Pudor, et castris quidquid Amoris obest.
 omnia te metuent; ad te sua brachia tendens
 vulgus "io" magna voce "triumphe!" canet.
 blanditiae comites tibi erunt Errorque Furorque, 35
 adsidue partes turba secuta tuas.
 his tu militibus superas hominesque deosque;
 haec tibi si demas commoda, nudus eris.
 Laeta triumphanti de summo mater Olympo
 plaudet et adpositas sparget in ora rosas. 40
 tu pinnas gemma, gemma variante capillos
 ibis in auratis aureus ipse rotis.
 tunc quoque non paucos, si te bene novimus, ures;
 tunc quoque praeteriens vulnera multa dabis.
 non possunt, licet ipse velis, cessare sagittae; 45
 fervida vicino flamma vapore nocet.
 talis erat domita Bacchus Gangetide terra;
 tu gravis alitibus, tigribus ille fuit.
 Ergo cum possim sacri pars esse triumphi,
 parce tuas in me perdere, victor, opes! 50
 adspice cognati felicia Caesaris arma—
 qua vicit, victos protegit ille manu.

III

IUSTA precor: quae me nuper praedata puella est,
 aut amet aut faciat, cur ego semper amem!

THE AMORES I. iii

be led along, with hands tied fast behind her back, and Modesty, and all who are foes to the camp of Love. Before thee all shall tremble; the crowd, stretching forth their hands to thee, shall chant with loud voice: "Ho Triumph!" Caresses shall be at thy side, and Error, and Madness—a rout that ever follows in thy train. With soldiers like these dost thou vanquish men and gods; strip from thee aids like these, thou wilt be weaponless.

³⁹ All joyously as thou dost pass in triumph, thy mother shall applaud from Olympus' heights and scatter upon thy head the roses offered at her altars. With gems to deck thy wings, with gems to adorn thy hair, thyself golden, on golden wheels thou shalt ride along. Then, too, shalt thou touch with thy flame no few, if I know thee well; then, too, as thou passest by, shalt thou deal full many a wound. Thine arrows could not cease, even shouldst thou so wish thyself; thy fervid flame brings dole with its heat as thou comest near. Such was Bacchus, the land of the Ganges overcome. Thou wilt be dread with thy span of birds; with tigers dread was he.

⁴⁹ Since, then, I am thine to be part of thy sacred triumph, spare to waste upon me, O victor, thy power! Look but on the fortunate arms of thy kinsman Caesar—the hand that has made him victor, he uses to shield the vanquished.

III

JUST is my prayer: let the maid who has lately made me her prey either give me love, or give me

a, nimium volui—tantum patiatur amari;
 audierit nostras tot Cytherea preces!
 Accipe, per longos tibi qui deserviat annos; 5
 accipe, qui pura norit amare fide!
 si me non veterum commendant magna parentum
 nomina, si nostri sanguinis auctor eques,
 nec meus innumeris renovatur campus aratris,
 temperat et sumptus parvus uterque parens— 10
 at Phoebus comitesque novem vitisque repertor
 hac¹ faciunt, et² me qui tibi donat, Amor,
 et³ nulli cessura fides, sine crimine mores
 nudaque simplicitas purpureusque pudor.
 non mihi mille placent, non sum desultor amoris: 15
 tu mihi, siqua fides, cura perennis eris.
 tecum, quos dederint annos mihi fila sororum,
 vivere contingat teque dolente mori!
 te mihi materiem felicem in carmina praebe—
 provenient causa carmina digna sua. 20
 carmine nomen habent exterrita cornibus Io
 et quam fluminea lusit adulter ave,
 quaeque super pontum simulato vecta iuvenco
 virginea tenuit cornua vara manu.
 nos quoque per totum pariter cantabimur orbem, 25
 iunctaque semper erunt nomina nostra tuis.

¹ hac *Pa.*: haec *Ps.*: hinc *Merk. Nem. Br.*
² et me *s.*: ut me *P.*: at me *Merk. Nem. Br.*
³ et *MSS. Nem.*: at *Ehw. Br.*

reason for ever to love! Ah, I have asked too much—let her but suffer herself to be loved; may Cytherea hear my many prayers!

⁵ Take one who would be your slave through long years; take one who knows how to love with pure faith! If I have not ancient ancestry and great name to commend me, if the author of my line was but a knight, and my fields are not renewed with ploughshares numberless, if both my parents guard frugally their spending—yet Phoebus and his nine companions and the finder of the vine are on my side, and so is Love, who makes me his gift to you, and I have good faith that will yield to none, and ways without reproach, and unadorned simplicity, and blushing modesty. I am not smitten with a thousand—I am no flit-about in love; you, if there be any truth, shall be my everlasting care. With you may it be my lot to live the years which the Sisters' threads have spun for me, and to be sorrowed over by you when I die! Give me yourself as happy matter for my songs—and my songs will come forth worthy of their cause. Through song came fame to Io frightened by her horns, and to her a lover beguiled in guise of the river-bird, and to her who was carried over the deep on the pretended bull while she grasped with virgin hand his bended horns.^a You and I, too, shall be sung in like manner through all the earth, and my name shall be ever joined with yours.

^a Io was transformed to a heifer, Leda was loved by Jove as a swan, and Europa was carried away by Jove in the form of a bull.

IV

VIR tuus est epulas nobis aditurus eadem—
 ultima coena tuo sit, precor, illa viro!
 ergo ego dilectam tantum conviva puellam
 adspiciam? tangi quem iuuet, alter erit,
 alteriusque sinus apte subiecta fovebis? 5
 inciet collo, cum volet, ille manum?
 desino mirari, posito quod candida vino
 Atracis ambiguos traxit in arma viros.
 nec mihi silva domus, nec equo mea membra co-
 haerent—
 vix a te videor posse tenere manus! 10
 Quae tibi sint facienda tamen cognosce, nec Euris
 da mea nec tepidis verba ferenda Notis!
 ante veni, quam vir—nec quid, si veneris ante,
 possit agi video; sed tamen ante veni.
 cum premet ille torum, vultu comes ipsa modesto 15
 ibis, ut accumbas—clam mihi tange pedem!
 me specta nutusque meos vultumque loquacem;
 excipe furtivas et refer ipsa notas.
 verba superciliis sine voce loquentia dicam;
 verba leges digitis, verba notata mero. 20
 cum tibi succurret Veneris lascivia nostrae,
 purpureas tenero pollice tange genas.
 siquid erit, de me tacita quod mente queraris,
 pendeat extrema mollis ab aure manus.

^a The story of the fight of Centaurs and Lapiths at the wedding-feast of Pirithous and Hippodamia. The charms of Hippodamia were such that the Centaurs tried to carry her off.

IV

THAT husband of yours will attend the same banquet with us—may that dinner, I pray, be your husband's last! Must I then merely look upon the girl I love, be merely a fellow-guest? Is the delight of feeling your touch to be another's, and must it be another's breast you warm, reclining close to him? Shall he throw his arm about your neck whenever he wills? I no longer marvel that when the wine had been set the fair daughter of Atrax drove to combat the men of ambiguous form.^a My dwelling-place is not the forest, nor are my members partly man and partly horse—yet I seem scarce able to keep my hands from you!

¹¹ Yet learn what your task must be, nor give my words to the East-wind to be borne away, nor to the tepid South! Arrive before your husband—and yet I do not see what can be done if you do arrive before; and yet, arrive before him. When he shall press the couch, you will come yourself with modest mien to recline beside him—in secret give my foot a touch! Keep your eyes on me, to get my nods and the language of my eyes; and catch my stealthy signs, and yourself return them. With my brows I shall say to you words that speak without sound; you will read words from my fingers, you will read words traced in wine. When you think of the wanton delights of our love, touch your rosy cheeks with tender finger. If you have in mind some silent grievance against me, let your hand gently hold to the lowest part of your ear. When what I do

cum tibi, quae faciam, mea lux, dicamve, placebunt, 25
 versetur digitis anulus usque tuis.
 tange manu mensam, tangunt quo more precantes,
 optabis merito cum mala multa viro.
 Quod tibi miscuerit, sapias, bibat ipse, iubeto ;
 tu puerum leviter posce, quod ipsa voles. 30
 quae tu reddideris ego primus pocula sumam,
 et, qua tu biberis, hac ego parte bibam.
 si tibi forte dabit, quod praegustaverit ipse,
 reice libatos illius ore cibos.
 nec premat inpositis sinito tua colla lacertis, 35
 mite nec in rigido pectore pone caput ;
 nec sinus admittat digitos habilesve papillae ;
 oscula praecipue nulla dedisse velis !
 oscula si dederis, fiam manifestus amator
 et dicam " mea sunt ! " iniciamque manum. 40
 Haec tamen adspiciam, sed quae bene pallia celant,
 illa mihi caeci causa timoris erunt.
 nec femori committe femur nec crure cohaere
 nec tenerum duro cum pede iunge pedem.
 multa miser timeo, quia feci multa proterve, 45
 exemplique metu torqueor, ecce, mei.
 saepe mihi dominaeque meae properata voluptas
 veste sub iniecta dulce peregit opus.
 hoc tu non facies ; sed, ne fecisse puteris,
 conscia de tergo pallia deme tuo. 50
 vir bibat usque roga—precibus tamen oscula desint!—
 dumque bibit, furtim si potes, adde merum.

or what I say shall please you, light of mine, keep turning your ring about your finger. Lay your hand upon the table as those who place their hands in prayer, when you wish your husband the many ills he deserves.

²⁹ The wine he mingles for you, be wise and bid him drink himself; quietly ask the slave for the kind you yourself desire. The cup that you give to him to fill, I will be first to take, and I'll drink from the part where you have drunk. If he chance to give you food that he has tasted first, refuse what his lips have touched. And don't allow him to place his arms about your neck, don't let your yielding head lie on his rigid breast; and don't let your hidden charms submit to his touch; and, more than all, don't let him kiss you—not once! If you let him kiss you, I'll declare myself your lover before his eyes, and say, "Those kisses are mine!" and lay hand to my claim.

⁴¹ Yet these offences I shall see, but those that the robe well hides will rouse in me blind fears. Bring not thigh near thigh, nor press with the limb, nor touch rough feet with tender ones. There are many things I wretchedly fear, because there are many I have wantonly wrought, and I am in torment, see! from fear of my own example. Oft have my lady-love and I stolen in haste our sweet delights with her robe to cover us. This you will not do; but lest you be thought to have done it, remove from your shoulders the conspiring mantle. Keep pressing your husband to drink—only add no kisses to your prayers!—and while he drinks, in secret if you can, keep pouring him pure wine. If once we

OVID

si bene compositus somno vinoque iacebit,
 consilium nobis resque locusque dabunt.
 cum surges abitura domum, surgemus et omnes, 55
 in medium turbae fac memor agmen eas.
 agmine me invenies aut invenieris in illo:
 quidquid ibi poteris tangere, tange, mei.
 Me miserum! monui, paucas quod prosit in horas;
 separor a domina nocte iubente mea. 60
 nocte vir includet, lacrimis ego maestus obortis,
 qua licet, ad saevas prosequar usque fores.
 oscula iam sumet, iam non tantum oscula sumet:
 quod mihi das furtim, iure coacta dabis.
 verum invita dato—potes hoc—similisque coactae; 65
 blanditiae taceant, sitque maligna Venus.
 si mea vota valent, illum quoque ne iuвет, opto;
 si minus, at certe te iuвет inde nihil.
 sed quaecumque tamen noctem fortuna sequetur,
 cras mihi constanti voce dedisse nega! 70

V

AESTUS erat, mediamque dies exegerat horam;
 adposui medio membra levanda toro.
 pars adapertha fuit, pars altera clausa fenestrae;
 quale fere silvae lumen habere solent,
 qualia sublucent fugiente crepuscula Phoebus, 5
 aut ubi nox abiit, nec tamen orta dies.

THE AMORES I. v

have him laid to rest in sleep and wine, our counsel we can take from place and circumstance. When you rise to go home, and all the rest of us rise, remember to lose yourself in the midst of the crowd. You will find me there in that crowd, or will be found by me. Lay hand on whatever of me you can touch there.

⁵⁰ Miserable that I am, I have urged you to what will help for only a few scant hours; I must be separated from my lady-love—night will command it. At night your husband will shut you in, and I all gloomy and pouring forth my tears, shall follow you—as far as I may—up to the cruel doors. Then he will take kisses from you, yes, then he will take not only kisses; what you give me in secret, you will give him as a right, because you must. But give against your will—this much you can do—and like one made to yield; let your favours be without word, and let him find Venus ill-disposed. If my vows have any weight, I pray she grant him no delight; if not, may you at least have no delight from him. But whatsoever, none the less, shall be the fortune of the night, to-morrow with steadfast voice tell me you were not kind!

V

'Twas sultry, and the day had passed its mid hour; I laid my members to rest them on the middle of my couch. One shutter of my window was open, the other shutter was closed; the light was such as oft in a woodland, or as the faint glow of the twilight when Phoebus just is taking leave, or when night has gone and still the day is not

illa verecundis lux est praebenda puellis,
 qua timidus latebras speret habere pudor.
 ecce, Corinna venit, tunica velata recincta,
 candida dividua colla tegente coma— 10
 qualiter in thalamos famosa Semiramis isse
 dicitur, et multis Lais amata viris.
 Deripui tunicam—nec multum rara nocebat;
 pugnabat tunica sed tamen illa tegi.
 quae cum ita pugnaret, tamquam quae vincere
 nollet, 15
 victa est non aegre proditione sua.
 ut stetit ante oculos posito velamine nostros,
 in toto nusquam corpore menda fuit.
 quos umeros, quales vidi tetigique lacertos!
 forma papillarum quam fuit apta premi! 20
 quam castigato planus sub pectore venter!
 quantum et quale latus! quam iuvenale femur!
 Singula quid referam? nil non laudabile vidi
 et nudam pressi corpus ad usque meum.
 Cetera quis nescit? lassiqueuimus ambo. 25
 proveniant medii sic mihi saepe dies!

VI

IANITOR—indignum!—dura religate catena,
 difficilem moto cardine pande forem!
 quod precor, exiguum est—aditu fac ianua parvo
 obliquum capiat semiadaperta latus.

sprung. It was such a light as shrinking maids should have whose timid modesty hopes to hide away—when lo! Corinna comes, draped in tunic girded round, with divided hair falling over fair, white neck—such as 'tis said was famed Semiramis when passing to her bridal chamber, and Lais loved of many men.

¹³ I tore away the tunic—and yet 'twas fine, and scarcely marred her charms; but still she struggled to have the tunic shelter her. Even while thus she struggled, as one who would not overcome, was she overcome—and 'twas not hard—by her own betrayal. As she stood before my eyes with drapery laid all aside, nowhere on all her body was sign of fault. What shoulders, what arms did I see—and touch! How suited for caress the form of her breasts! How smooth her body beneath the faultless bosom! What a long and beautiful side! How youthfully fair the thigh!

²³ Why recount each charm? Naught did I see not worthy of praise, and I clasped her undraped form to mine.

²⁵ The rest, who does not know? Outwearied, we both lay quiet in repose.

May my lot bring many a midday like to this!

VI

IANITOR—unworthy fate!—bound with the hard chain, move on its hinge the surly portal, and open it! What I entreat is slight—see that the door stand but half ajar, enough to receive me sidewise through the small approach. Long loving has

longus amor tales corpus tenuavit in usus 5
 aptaque subducto pondere membra dedit.
 ille per excubias custodum leniter ire
 monstrat: inoffensos derigit ille pedes.
 At quondam noctem simulacraque vana timebam ;
 mirabar, tenebris quisquis iturus erat. 10
 risit, ut audirem, tenera cum matre Cupido
 et leviter "fies tu quoque fortis" ait.
 nec mora, venit amor—non umbras nocte volantis,
 non timeo strictas in mea fata manus.
 te nimium lentum timeo, tibi blandior uni ; 15
 tu, me quo possis perdere, fulmen habes.
 Adspice—uti videas,¹ inmitia claustra relaxa—
 uda sit ut lacrimis ianua facta meis !
 certe ego, cum posita stares ad verbera veste,
 ad dominam pro te verba tremente tuli. 20
 ergo quae valuit pro te quoque gratia quondam—
 heu facinus !—pro me nunc valet illa parum ?
 redde vicem meritis ! grato licet esse quod optas.
 tempora noctis eunt ; excute poste seram !
 Excute ! sic, inquam, longa relevere catena, 25
 nec tibi perpetuo serva bibatur aqua !
 ferreus orantem nequiquam, ianitor, audis,
 roboribus duris ianua fulta riget.
 urbibus obsessis clausae munimina portae
 prosunt ; in media pace quid arma times ? 30

¹ et ut videas *Gronovius, from MSS.*: uti videas *Ehw. Nem. Br.*: et omitted *P 5*: invideas *s.*

thinned my frame for practices like this, and has made my body apt thereto by taking away its weight. Love it is that teaches me how to walk softly past the watchful guard; love is the guide that keeps my steps from stumbling.

⁹ Yet once I was ever in fear of the night and its empty phantoms; I marvelled at whosoever would venture abroad in darkness. Cupid laughed in my ear, with his tender mother, too, and lightly said: "You, too, shall become valiant!" And without delay came love—no shades that flit by night, no arms raised up to deal my doom, do I fear now. You alone I fear, too unyielding to my wish; on you alone I fawn; it is you who hold the thunderbolt can ruin me.

¹⁷ Look!—and that you may see, unloose the pitiless barriers—how the door has been made wet with my tears! Surely, when you stood stripped and ready for the scourge, and trembling, it was I that went to your mistress in your behalf. So, then, the act of grace which once availed even for you—ah, the outrage!—is the same act now to avail so little for me? Render the return I merit! If you show me favour, you may secure what you are after. The hours of the night are going; away with the bar from the door!

²⁵ Away with it! Thus, I say, you may be rid of your long chain, nor have to drink for all time the waters of slavery! With heart of iron you listen as I vainly entreat, O janitor, and the door stands rigid with the unyielding oaken brace. It is towns beleaguered that look for protection to the closing of their gates; you are in the midst of peace, and why fear arms? What will you do to an enemy, who

quid facies hosti, qui sic excludis amantem?
 tempora noctis eunt; excute poste seram!
 Non ego militibus venio comitatus et armis;
 solus eram, si non saevus adesset Amor.
 hunc ego, si cupiam, nusquam dimittere possum; 35
 ante vel a membris divider ipse meis.
 ergo Amor et modicum circa mea tempora vinum
 mecum est et madidis lapsa corona comis.
 arma quis haec timeat? quis non eat obvius illis?
 tempora noctis eunt; excute poste seram! 40
 Lentus es: an somnus, qui te male perdat,
 amantis¹
 verba dat in ventos aure repulsa tua?
 at, meministi, primo, cum te celare volebam,
 pervigil in media sidera noctis eras.
 forsitan et tecum tua nunc requiescit amica— 45
 heu, melior quanto sors tua sorte mea!
 dummodo sic, in me durae transite catenae!
 tempora noctis eunt; excute poste seram!
 Fallimur, an verso sonuerunt cardine postes,
 raucaque concussae signa dedere fores? 50
 fallimur—inpulsa est animoso ianua vento.
 ei mihi, quam longe spem tulit aura meam!
 si satis es raptae, Borea, memor Orithyiae,
 huc ades et surdas flamine tunde foris!
 urbe silent tota, vitreoque madentia rore 55
 tempora noctis eunt; excute poste seram!

¹ So *Ehw. Nem. Br.*: te *Ps*: prodit *MSS.*: perdat *P*: amantis *Hein.*: amanti *P*: se praebet amanti *vulg.*: qui te male prodit *Post.*

^a The repetition of a line as a refrain occurs also in *Heroïdes* ix. In employing this device, Ovid is following Virgil, *Ecl.* viii., and Theocritus ii. One of many modern examples is Spenser's *Epithalamium*.

thus exclude a lover? The hours of the night are going; away with the bar from the door!^a

³³ I come with no following of soldiers, and under arms; I were alone, were cruel Love not at my side. Him, even should I wish, I can nowhere dismiss; ere that, I shall be divided from my very self. And so, you see, it is Love, and moderate wine coursing through my temples, and a chaplet falling from my perfume-laden hair, that are my escort. Who would tremble before arms like these? Who would not go to face them? The hours of night are going; away with the bar from the door!

⁴¹ You are unyielding; or does sleep—and may it be the ruin of you!—give to the winds the lover's words your ears repulse? Yet at first, I remember, when I wished to escape your eye, you were wakeful up to the midnight stars. It may be that you, too, have a love, who is resting even now at your side—alas, how much better your lot than mine! Could I be only in such case, come hither, hard chains, to me! The hours of the night are going; away with the bar from the door!

⁴⁹ Am I deceived, or did the post sound with the turning of the hinge, and was that the hoarse signal given by a shaken door? I am deceived—it was only the beating of a gusty wind upon the portal. Ah me, how far has that breeze borne away my hope! If thou rememberest well thy stolen Orithyia, Boreas, come hither, and beat down with thy blast these deaf doors! Through all the city there is silence, and, wet with the crystal dew, the hours of the night are passing; away with the bar from the door!

OVID

Aut ego iam ferroque ignique paratior ipse,¹
 quem face sustineo, tecta superba petam.
 nox et Amor vinumque nihil moderabile suadent;
 illa pudore vacat, Liber Amorque metu. 60
 omnia consumpsi, nec te precibusque minisque
 movimus, o foribus durior ipse tuis.
 non te formosae decuit servare puellae
 limina, sollicito carcere dignus eras.
 Iamque pruinosis molitur Lucifer axes, 65
 inque suum miseris excitat ales opus.¹
 at tu, non laetis detracta corona capillis,
 dura super tota limina nocte iace!
 tu dominae, cum te proiectam mane videbit,
 temporis absumpti tam male testis eris. 70
 Qualiscumque vale sentique abeuntis honorem;
 lente nec admissis turpis amante, vale!
 vos quoque, crudeles rigido cum limine postes
 duraque conservae ligna, valetis, fores!

VII

ADDE manus in vincla meas—meruere catenas—
 dum furor omnis abit, si quis amicus ades!

¹ 65f. *perhaps interpolated.*

THE AMORES I. vii

⁵⁷ Else I myself, better armed, with iron, and with the fire I carry in my torch, will soon assail your haughty dwelling! Night, and Love, and wine are no counsellors of self-restraint; the first knows naught of shame, and Liber and Love know naught of fear. All things have I tried, and have moved you neither by entreaty nor by threat, O harder yourself than your own doors! Not you were the one to be given ward of my beautiful lady-love's threshold; you were fit only to guard a gloomy dungeon.

⁶⁵ Already rimy Lucifer is setting in motion his axes, and the bird of dawn is rousing wretched mortals to their tasks. But thou, O chaplet torn from my unhappy locks, lie thou there upon the unfeeling threshold the whole night through. Thou, when she sees thee cast down there in the early morn, shalt be a witness to my mistress of the time I passed so wretchedly.

⁷¹ And you, despite what you are, farewell, and receive the honour of my parting word; O unyielding, undisgraced by the admission of the lover, fare you well! You, too, cruel posts with your rigid threshold, and you doors with your unfeeling beams, you fellow-slaves of him who guards you, fare you well!

VII

O FRIEND, if any friend be here, put the shackle upon my hands—they have deserved the chain—till my madness all is past! For madness it was that

nam furor in dominam temeraria bracchia movit ;
 flet mea vaesana laesa puella manu.
 tunc ego vel caros potui violare parentes 5
 saeva vel in sanctos verbera ferre deos !
 Quid ? non et clipei dominus septemPLICIS Aiax
 stravit deprensos lata per arva greges,
 et, vindex in matre patris, malus ultor, Orestes
 ausus in arcanas poscere tela deas ? 10
 ergo ego digestos potui laniare capillos ?
 nec dominam motae dedecuerè comae.
 sic formosa fuit. talem Schoeneida dicam
 Maenalias arcu sollicitasse feras ;
 talis periuri promissaque velaque Thesei 15
 flevit praecipites Cressa tulisse Notos ;
 sic, nisi vittatis quod erat Cassandra capillis,
 procubuit templo, casta Minerva, tuo.
 Quis mihi non "demens !" quis non mihi
 "barbare !" dixit ?
 ipsa nihil ; pavido est lingua retenta metu. 20
 sed taciti fecere tamen convicia vultus ;
 egit me lacrimis ore silente reum.
 ante meos umeris vellem cecidisse lacertos ;
 utiliter potui parte carere mei.
 in mea vaesanas habui dispendia vires 25
 et valui poenam fortis in ipse meam.
 quid mihi vobiscum, caedis scelerumque ministræ ?
 debita sacrilegae vincla subite manus !
 an, si pulsassem minimum de plebe Quiritem,
 plecterer—in dominam ius mihi maius erit ? 30

^a Atalanta.

moved me to raise reckless hands against my lady-love ; my sweetheart is in tears from the hurt of my raging blows. 'Twas in me then to lay hands on even the parents I love, or to deal out cruel strokes even to the holy gods !

⁷ Well ? did not Ajax, too, lord of the seven-fold shield, seize and lay low the flocks over the broad fields ? and did not Orestes, ill avenger exacting from his mother ill vengeance for his sire, dare ask for weapons against the mystic goddesses ? What ! Had I on that account the right to rend the well-wrought hair of my lady-love ? And yet her disordered locks did not become her ill. She was beautiful so. Such, I should say, was Schoeneus' daughter ^a when she harried the Maenalian wild ; such the Cretan maid as she wept that the headlong winds of the south had borne away both sails and promises of perjured Theseus ; thus was Cassandra—except that filets bound her hair—when down she sank at thy shrine, O chaste Minerva.

¹⁹ Who did not say to me : "Madman !" who did not say : "Barbarian !" Herself said naught ; her tongue was kept from it by trembling fear. But her face, for all her silence, uttered reproaches none the less ; tears charged me with my crime, though her lips were dumb. I would that my arms had sooner dropped from their shoulders ; I could better have done without a part of myself. I have used my maddened strength to my own cost, and myself have been strong to my own hurt. What have I with you, ye ministers of blood and crime ! Unholy hands, submit to the shackles you deserve ! What ! if I had struck the least of the Quirites among the crowd, should I be punished—and shall

pessima Tydides scelerum monimenta reliquit.
 ille deam primus perculit—alter ego !
 et minus ille nocens. mihi, quam profitebar amare
 laesa est ; Tydides saevus in hoste fuit.
 I nunc, magnificos victor molire triumphos, 35
 cinge comam lauro votaue redde Iovi,
 quaeque tuos currus comitantum turba sequetur,
 clamet “ io ! forti victa puella viro est ! ”
 ante eat effuso tristis captiva capillo,
 si sinerent laesae, candida tota, genae. 40
 aptius impressis fuerat livere labellis
 et collum blandi dentis habere notam.
 denique, si tumidi ritu torrentis agebar,
 caecaue me praedam fecerat ira suam, 45
 nonne satis fuerat timidae inclamasse puellae,
 nec nimium rigidam intonuisse minas,
 aut tunicam a summa diducere turpiter ora
 ad mediam ?—mediae zona tulisset opem.
 At nunc sustinui raptis a fronte capillis
 ferreus ingenuas ungue notare genas. 50
 adstitit illa amens albo et sine sanguine vultu,
 caeduntur Paris qualia saxa iugis.
 exanimis artus et membra trementia vidi—
 ut cum populeas ventilat aura comas,
 ut leni Zephyro gracilis vibratur harundo, 55
 summave cum tepido stringitur unda Noto ;
 suspensaeque diu lacrimae fluxere per ora,
 qualiter abiecta de nive manat aqua.

^a Venus, in battle before Troy.

my right o'er my lady-love be greater ? The son of
 Tydeus left most vile example of offence. He was
 the first to smite a goddess^a—I am the second ! And
 he was less guilty than I. I injured her I professed
 to love ; Tydeus' son was cruel with a foe.

³⁵ Go now, victor, make ready mighty triumphs,
 circle your hair with laurel and pay your vows to
 Jove, and let the thronging retinue that follow
 your car cry out : “ Ho ! our valiant hero has been
 victorious over a girl ! ” Let her walk before, a
 downcast captive with hair let loose—from head to
 foot pure white, did her wounded cheeks allow !
 More fit had it been for her to be marked with the
 pressure of my lips, and for her neck to bear the
 print of caressing tooth. Finally, if I must needs
 be swept along like a swollen torrent, and blind
 anger must needs make me its prey, were it not
 enough to have cried out at the frightened girl,
 without the too hard threats I thundered ? or to
 have shamed her by tearing apart her gown from
 top to middle ?—her girdle would have come to the
 rescue there.

⁴⁰ But, as it was, I could endure to rend cruelly
 the hair from her brow and mark with my nail
 her free-born cheeks. She stood there bereft of
 sense, with face bloodless and white as blocks of
 marble hewn from Parian cliffs. I saw her limbs all
 nerveless and her frame a-tremble—like the leaves
 of the poplar shaken by the breeze, like the slender
 reed set quivering by gentle Zephyr, or the surface
 of the wave when ruffled by the warm South-wind ;
 and the tears, long hanging in her eyes, came
 flowing o'er her cheeks even as water distils from
 snow that is cast aside. 'Twas then that first I

tunc ego me primum coepi sentire nocentem—
 sanguis erant lacrimae, quas dabat illa, meus. 60
 ter tamen ante pedes volui procumbere supplex ;
 ter formidatas reppulit ¹ illa manus.
 At tu ne dubita—minuet vindicta dolorem—
 protinus in vultus unguibus ire meos.
 nec nostris oculis nec nostris parce capillis : 65
 quamlibet infirmas adiuvat ira manus ;
 neve mei sceleris tam tristia signa supersint,
 pone recompositas in statione comas !

VIII

Est quaedam—quicumque volet cognoscere lenam,
 audiat !—est quaedam nomine Dipsas anus.
 ex re nomen habet—nigri non illa parentem
 Memnonis in roseis sobria vidit equis.
 illa magas artes Aeaeaque carmina novit 5
 inque caput liquidas arte recurvat aquas ;
 scit bene, quid gramen, quid torto concita rhombo
 licia, quid valeat virus amantis equae.
 cum voluit, toto glomerantur nubila caelo ;
 cum voluit, puro fulget in orbe dies. 10
 sanguine, siqua fides, stillantia ² sidera vidi ;
 purpureus Lunae sanguine vultus erat.
 hanc ego nocturnas versam volitare per umbras
 suspicor et pluma corpus anile tegi.

¹ retulit *P*: reppulit *usual reading*: rettudit *Ehw. Br.*

² stillantia *usual reading*: stellantia *P Nem.*

^a Meaning "thirsty." ^b Aurora, the dawn.

began to feel my guilt—my blood it was that flowed
 when she shed those tears. Thrice, none the less, I
 would have cast myself before her feet a suppliant ;
 though thrice thrust she back my dreadful hands.

⁶³ But you, stay not—for your vengeance will
 lessen my grief—from straight assailing my features
 with your nails. Spare neither my eyes nor yet
 my hair: however weak the hand, ire gives it
 strength; or at least, that the sad signs of my
 misdeed may not survive, once more range in due
 rank your ordered locks.

VIII

THERE is a certain—whoso wishes to know of a
 bawd, let him hear !—a certain old dame there is by
 the name of Dipsas. Her name ^a accords with fact—
 she has never looked with sober eye upon black
 Memnon's mother, her of the rosy steeds.^b She
 knows the ways of magic, and Aean incantations,
 and by her art turns back the liquid waters upon
 their source; she knows well what the herb can
 do, what the thread set in motion by the whirl-
 ing magic wheel, what the poison of the mare in
 heat. Whenever she has willed, the clouds are
 rolled together over all the sky; whenever she has
 willed, the day shines forth in a clear heaven. I
 have seen, if you can believe me, the stars letting
 drop down blood; crimson with blood was the face
 of Luna. I suspect she changes form and flits about
 in the shadows of night, her aged body covered
 with plumage. I suspect, and rumour bears me out.

suspicio, et fama est. oculis quoque pupula duplex 15
 fulminat, et gemino lumen ab orbe venit.
 evocat antiquis proavos atavosque sepulcris
 et solidam longo carmine findit humum.
 Haec sibi proposuit thalamos temerare pudicos ;
 nec tamen eloquio lingua nocente caret. 20
 fors me sermoni testem dedit ; illa monebat
 talia—me duplices occulere fores :
 “scis here te, mea lux, iuveni placuisse beato ?
 haesit et in vultu constitit usque tuo.
 et cur non placeas ? nulli tua forma secunda est ; 25
 me miseram, dignus corpore cultus abest !
 tam felix esses quam formosissima, vellem—
 non ego, te facta divite, pauper ero.
 stella tibi oppositi nocuit contraria Martis.
 Mars abiit ; signo nunc Venus apta suo. 30
 prosit ut adveniens, en adspice ! dives amator
 te cupiit ; curae, quid tibi desit, habet.
 est etiam facies, qua¹ se tibi conparet, illi ;
 si te non emptam vellet, emendus erat.”
 Erubuit. “deceat alba quidem pudor ora, sed iste, 35
 si simules, prodest ; verus obesse solet.
 cum bene deiectis gremium spectabis ocellis,
 quantum quisque ferat, respiciendus erit.
 forsitan inmundae Tatio regnante Sabinae 40
 noluerint habiles pluribus esse viris ;
 nunc Mars externis animos exercet in armis,
 at Venus Aeneae regnat in urbe sui.

¹ *Francius*: quae *MSS.*

^a Pliny, *N.H.* vii. 16, 17, 18, speaks of women with double pupils.

From her eyes, too, double pupils dart their lightnings, with rays that issue from twin orbs.^a She summons forth from ancient sepulchres the dead of generations far remote, and with long incantations lays open the solid earth.

¹⁹ This old dame has set herself to profane a modest union ; her tongue is none the less without a baneful eloquence. Chance made me witness to what she said ; she was giving these words of counsel—the double doors concealed me : “ Know you, my light, that yesterday you won the favour of a wealthy youth ? Caught fast, he could not keep his eyes from your face. And why should you not win favour ? Second to none is your beauty. Ah me, apparel worthy of your person is your lack ! I could wish you as fortunate as you are most fair—for with you become rich, I shall not be poor. Mars with contrary star is what has hindered you. Mars is gone ; now Venus is well placed in the zodiac. How her rising brings you fortune, lo, behold ! A rich lover has desired you ; he has interest in your needs. He has a face, too, by which he may match himself with you ; were he unwilling to buy, he were worthy to be bought.

³⁵ My lady blushed.

“ Blushes, to be sure, become a pale face, but the blush one feigns is the one that profits ; real blushing is wont to be loss. With eyes becomingly cast down you will look into your lap, and regard each lover according to what he brings. It may be that in Tatio's reign the unadorned Sabine fair would not be had to wife by more than one ; but now in wars far off Mars tries the souls of men, and 'tis Venus reigns in the city of her Aeneas. The

ludunt formosae; casta est, quam nemo rogavit—
aut, si rusticitas non vetat, ipsa rogat.
has quoque, quae frontis rugas in vertice portant,¹ 45
excute; de rugis crimina multa cadent.
Penelope iuvenum vires temptabat in arcu;
qui latus argueret, corneus arcus erat.
labitur occulte fallitque volubilis aetas,
ut celer admissis labitur amnis aquis.² 50
aera nitent usu, vestis bona quaerit haberi,
canescunt turpi tecta relicta situ—
forma, nisi admittas, nullo exercente senescit.
nec satis effectus unus et alter habent;
certior e multis nec tam invidiosa rapina est. 55
plena venit canis de grege praeda lupis.
Ecce, quid iste tuus praeter nova carmina vates
donat? amatoris milia multa leges.³
ipse deus vatium palla spectabilis aurea
tractat inauratae consona fila lyrae. 60
qui dabit, ille tibi magno sit maior Homero;
crede mihi, res est ingeniosa dare.
nec tu, si quis erit capitis mercede redemptus,
despice; gypsati crimen inane pedis.
nec te decipiant veteres circum atria cerae. 65
tolle tuos tecum, pauper amator, avos!
qui, quia pulcher erit, poscet sine munere noctem,
quod det, amatorem flagitet ante suum!
Parcius exigito pretium, dum retia tendis,
ne fugiant; captos legibus ure tuis! 70

¹ *Burm.*: quas . . . portas *MSS.*

² *Hein.*: et . . . annus equis *MSS.*

^a The wrinkles are those of feigned austerity, the mask of a wanton life.

^b Apollo. ^c Slaves offered for sale were thus marked.

beautiful keep holiday; chaste is she whom no one has asked—or, be she not too countrified, she herself asks first. Those, too, who carry wrinkles high on their brow, shake up well; from the wrinkles many a naughtiness will fall.^a Penelope, when she used the bow, was making trial of the young men's powers; of horn was the bow that proved their strength. Time glides smoothly on and is past before we know, even as a swift stream glides imperceptibly on with its rapid current. Bronze grows bright with use; a fair garment asks for the wearing; the abandoned dwelling moulders with age and corrupting neglect—and beauty, so you open not your doors, takes age from lack of use. Nor do one or two lovers avail enough; more sure your spoil, and less invidious, if from many. 'Tis from the flock a full prey comes to hoary wolves.

⁵⁷ "Think, what does your fine poet give you besides fresh verses? You will get many thousands of lover's lines to read. The god of poets himself^b attracts the gaze by his golden robe, and sweeps the harmonious chords of a lyre dressed in gold. Let him who will give be greater for you than great Homer; believe me, giving calls for genius. And do not look down on him if he be one redeemed with the price of freedom; the chalk-marked foot^c is an empty reproach. Nor let yourself be deluded by ancient masks about the hall. Take thy grandfathers and go, thou lover who art poor! Let him who asks your favours without paying because he is fair, first demand what he may give from a lover of his own.

⁶⁹ "Exact more cautiously the price while you spread the net, lest they take flight; once taken,

nec nocuit simulatus amor; sine, credat amari,
 et cave ne gratis hic tibi constet amor!
 saepe nega noctes. capitis modo finge dolorem,
 et modo, quae causas praebet, Isis erit.
 mox recipe, ut nullum patiendi colligat usum, 75
 neve relentescat saepe repulsus amor.
 surda sit oranti tua ianua, laxa ferenti;
 audiat exclusi verba receptus amans;
 et, quasi laesa prior, nonnumquam irascere laeso—
 vanescit culpa culpa repensa tua. 80
 sed numquam dederis spatiosum tempus in iram;
 saepe similtates ira morata facit.
 quin etiam discant oculi lacrimare coacti,
 et faciant udas illa vel ille¹ genas;
 nec, siquem falles, tu periurare timeto— 85
 commodat in lusus numina surda Venus.
 servus et ad partes sollers ancilla parentur,
 qui doceant, apte quid tibi possit emi;
 et sibi pauca rogent—multos si pauca rogabunt,
 postmodo de stipula grandis acervus erit. 90
 et soror et mater, nutrix quoque carpat amantem;
 fit cito per multas praeda petita manus.
 cum te deficient poscendi munera causae,
 natalem libo testificare tuum!
 Ne securus amet nullo rivale, caveto;
 non bene, si tollas proelia, durat amor. 95
 ille viri videat toto vestigia lecto
 factaque lascivis livida colla notis.
 munera praecipue videat, quae miserit alter.
 si dederit nemo, Sacra roganda Via est. 100

¹ *Willis*: ille vel ille or illa vel illa *MSS.*

^a Where there were many shops.

prey upon them on terms of your own. Nor is there harm in pretended love; allow him to think he is loved, and take care lest this love bring you nothing in! Often deny your favours. Feign headache now, and now let Isis be what affords you pretext. After a time, receive him, lest he grow used to suffering, and his love grow slack through being oft repulsed. Let your portal be deaf to prayers, but wide to the giver; let the lover you welcome overhear the words of the one you have sped; sometimes, too, when you have injured him, be angry, as if injured first—charge met by counter-charge will vanish. But never give to anger long range of time; anger that lingers long oft causes breach. Nay, even let your eyes learn to drop tears at command, and let mistress or slave-boy cause you wet cheeks; nor fear to swear falsely if deceiving anyone—Venus lends deaf ears to love's deceptions. Have slave and handmaid skilled to act their parts, to point out the apt gift to buy for you; and have them ask little gifts for themselves—if they ask little gifts from many persons, there will by-and-bye grow from straws a mighty heap. And have your sister and your mother, and your nurse, too, keep plucking at your lover; quickly comes the spoil that is sought by many hands. When pretext fails for asking gifts, have a cake to be sign to him your birthday is come.
⁹⁵ "Take care lest he love without a rival, and feel secure; love lasts not well if you give it naught to fight. Let him see the traces of a lover o'er all your couch, and note about your neck the livid marks of passion. Above all else, have him see the presents another has sent. If no one has sent, you must ask of the Sacred Way." When you have taken from

cum multa abstuleris, ut non tamen omnia donet,
 quod numquam reddas, commodet, ipsa roga!¹
 lingua iuuet mentemque tegat—blandire noceque;
 in pia sub dulci melle venena latent.
 Haec si praestiteris usu mihi cognita longo, 105
 nec tulerint voces ventus et aura meas,
 saepe mihi dices vivae bene, saepe rogabis,
 ut mea defunctae molliter ossa cubent.”
 Vox erat in cursu, cum me mea prodidit umbra,
 at nostrae vix se continuere manus, 110
 quin albam raramque comam lacrimosaque vino
 lumina rugosas distraherentque genas.
 di tibi dent nullosque Lares inopemque senectam,
 et longas hiemes perpetuamque sitim!

IX

MILITAT omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido;
 Attice, crede mihi, militat omnis amans.
 quae bello est habilis, Veneri quoque convenit aetas.
 turpe senex miles, turpe senilis amor. 5
 quos petiere duces animos¹ in milite forti,
 hos petit in socio bella puella viro.²
 pervigilant ambo; terra requiescit uterque—
 ille fores dominae servat, at ille ducis.
 militis officium longa est via; mitte puellam, 10
 strenuus exempto fine sequetur amans.

¹ *Rautenberg*

² *toro Hein. Merk.*

him many gifts, in case he still give up not all
 he has, yourself ask him to lend—what you never
 will restore! [Let your tongue aid you, and
 cover up your thoughts—wheedle while you despoil;
 wicked poisons have for hiding-place sweet honey.

¹⁰⁵ “If you fulfil these precepts, learned by me
 from long experience, and wind and breeze carry
 not my words away, you will often speak me well as
 long as I live, and often pray my bones lie softly
 when I am dead.”

¹⁰⁹ Her words were still running, when my
 shadow betrayed me. But my hands could scarce
 restrain themselves from tearing her sparse white
 hair, and her eyes, all lachrymose from wine, and her
 wrinkled cheeks. May the gods give you no abode
 and helpless age, and long winters and everlasting
 thirst!

IX

EVERY lover is a soldier, and Cupid has a camp of
 his own; Atticus, believe me, every lover is a soldier.
 The age that is meet for the wars is also suited to
 Venus. 'Tis unseemly for the old man to soldier,
 unseemly for the old man to love. The spirit that
 captains seek in the valiant soldier is the same the
 fair maid seeks in the man who mates with her.
 Both wake through the night; on the ground each
 takes his rest—the one guards his mistress's door,
 the other his captain's. The soldier's duty takes
 him a long road; send but his love before, and the
 strenuous lover, too, will follow without end. He

ibit in adversos montes duplicataque nimbo
 flumina, congestas exeret ille nives,
 nec freta pressurus tumidos causabitur Euros
 aptaque verrendis sidera quaeret aquis.
 quis nisi vel miles vel amans et frigora noctis 15
 et denso mixtas perferet imbre nives?
 mittitur infestos alter speculator in hostes;
 in rivale oculos alter, ut hoste, tenet.
 ille graves urbes, hic durae limen amicae 20
 obsidet; hic portas frangit, at ille fores.
 Saepe soporatos invadere profuit hostes
 caedere et armata vulgus inerme manu.
 sic fera Threicii ceciderunt agmina Rhesi,
 et dominum capti deseruistis equi.
 nempe maritorum somnis utuntur amantes, 25
 et sua sopitis hostibus arma movent.
 custodum transire manus vigilumque catervas
 militis et miseri semper amantis opus.
 Mars dubius nec certa Venus; victique resurgunt,
 quosque neges unquam posse iacere, cadunt. 30
 Ergo desidiam quicumque vocabat amorem,
 desinat. ingenii est experientis amor.
 ardet in abducta Briseide magnus Achilles—
 dum licet, Argeas frangite, Troes, opes!
 Hector ab Andromaches complexibus ibat ad arma, 35
 et, galeam capiti quae daret, uxor erat.
 summa ducum, Atrides, visa Priameide fertur
 Maenadis effusis obstipuisse comis.

^a Under the arms of Ulysses and Diomedes.

will climb opposing mountains and cross rivers
 doubled by pouring rain, he will tread the high-
 piled snows, and when about to ride the seas he
 will not prate of swollen East-winds and look for
 fit stars ere sweeping the waters with his oar. Who
 but either soldier or lover will bear alike the cold
 of night and the snows mingled with dense rain?
 The one is sent to scout the dangerous foe; the
 other keeps eyes upon his rival as on a foeman.
 The one besieges mighty towns, the other the
 threshold of an unyielding mistress; the other
 breaks in doors, the one, gates.

²¹ Oft hath it proven well to rush on the enemy
 sunk in sleep, and to slay with armed hand the
 unarmed rout. Thus fell the lines of Thracian
 Rhesus,^a and you, O captured steeds, left your lord
 behind. Naturally lovers profit from the husband's
 slumber, and bestir their own weapons while the
 enemy lies asleep. To pass through companies of
 guards and bands of sentinels is ever the task both
 of soldier and wretched lover. Mars is doubtful,
 and Venus, too, not sure; the vanquished rise
 again, and they fall you would say could never be
 brought low.

³¹ Then whoso hath called love spiritless, let him
 cease. Love is for the soul ready for any proof.
 Aflame is great Achilles for Briseis taken away—
 men of Troy, crush while ye may, the Argive
 strength! Hector from Andromache's embrace
 went forth to arms, and 'twas his wife that set the
 helmet on his head. The greatest of captains,
 Atreus' son, they say, stood rapt at sight of Priam's
 daughter,^b Maenad-like with her streaming hair.

^b Cassandra and Agamemnon.

OVID

Mars quoque deprensus fabrilia vincula sensit ;
 notior in caelo fabula nulla fuit. 40
 ipse ego segnis eram discinctaque in otia natus ;
 mollierant animos lectus et umbra meos.
 inpulit ignavum formosae cura puellae
 iussit et in castris aera merere suis.
 inde vides agilem nocturnaue bella gerentem. 45
 qui nolet fieri desidiosus, amet !

X

QUALIS ab Eurota Phrygiis avecta carinis
 coniugibus belli causa duobus erat,
 qualis erat Lede, quam plumis abditus albis
 callidus in falsa lusit adulter ave,
 qualis Amymone siccis erravit in agris,¹ 5
 cum premeret summi verticis urna comas—
 talis eras ; aquilamque in te taurumque timebam,
 et quidquid magno de Iove fecit amor.
 Nunc timor omnis abest, animique resanuit error,
 nec facies oculos iam capit ista meos. 10
 cur sim mutatus, quaeris ? quia munera poscis.
 haec te non patitur causa placere mihi.
 donec eras simplex, animum cum corpore amavi ;
 nunc mentis vitio laesa figura tua est.
 et puer est et nudus Amor ; sine sordibus annos 15
 et nullas vestes, ut sit apertus, habet.

¹ *Argis Burm.*

^a The tale of Mars and Venus and Vulcan, told in *Odyssey* viii. 266-369.

^b *I.e.* The couch on which he wrote his verses lying in the shade.

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Mars, too, was caught, and felt the bonds of the smith ; no tale was better known in heaven.^a For myself, my bent was all to dally in ungirt idleness ; my couch and the shade^b had made my temper mild. Love for a beautiful girl has started me from craven ways and bidden me take service in her camp. For this you see me full of action, and waging the wars of night. Whoso would not lose all his spirit, let him love !

X

SUCH as was she who was carried from the Eurotas in Phrygian keel to be cause of war to her two lords ; such as was Leda, whom the cunning lover deceived in guise of the bird with gleaming plumage ; such as was Amymone,^c going through thirsty fields with full urn pressing the locks on her head—such were you ; and in my love for you I feared the eagle and the bull, and what other form soever love has caused great Jove to take.

⁹ Now my fear is all away, and my heart is healed of straying ; those charms of yours no longer take my eyes. Why am I changed, you ask ? Because you demand a price. This is the cause that will not let you please me. As long as you were simple, I loved you soul and body ; now your beauty is marred by the fault of your heart. Love is both a child and naked : his guileless years and lack of raiment are sign that he is free. Why bid the child

^c Sent by her father Danaus for water, she attracted Neptune.

quid puerum Veneris pretio prostare iubetis?
 quo pretium condat, non habet ille sinum!
 nec Venus apta feris Veneris nec filius armis—
 non decet inbelles aera merere deos. 20
 Stat meretrix certo cuivis mercabilis aere,
 et miseram iusso corpore quaerit opes;
 devovet imperium tamen haec lenonis avari
 et, quod vos facitis sponte, coacta facit.
 Sumite in exemplum pecudes ratione carentes; 25
 turpe erit, ingenium mitius esse feris.
 non equa munus equum, non taurum vacca poposcit;
 non aries placitam munere captat ovem.
 sola viro mulier spoliis exultat ademptis,
 sola locat noctes, sola licenda¹ venit, 30
 et vendit quod utrumque iuvat quod uterque petebat,
 et pretium, quanti gaudeat ipsa, facit.
 quae Venus ex aequo ventura est grata duobus,
 altera cur illam vendit et alter emit?
 cur mihi sit damno, tibi sit lucrosa voluptas, 35
 quam socio motu femina virque ferunt?
 Non bene conducti vendunt periuria testes,
 non bene selecti iudicis arca patet.
 turpe reos empta miseros defendere lingua;
 quod faciat magni,² turpe tribunal, opes;
 turpe tori reditu census augere paternos,
 et faciem lucro prostituisse suam.
 gratia pro rebus merito debetur inemptis;
 pro male conducto gratia nulla toro.

¹ Y: locanda *cett.*

² *Riese*: magnas *MSS.*

^a *Sinus*, a pocket-like fold in the ancient garment,

^b One of the praetor's panel.

of Venus offer himself for gain? He has no pocket where to put away his gain!^a Neither Venus nor her son is apt at service of cruel arms—it is not meet that unwarlike gods should draw the soldier's pay.

²¹ 'Tis the harlot stands for sale at the fixed price to anyone soe'er, and wins her wretched gains with body at the call; yet even she calls curses on the power of the greedy pander, and does because compelled what you perform of your own will.

²⁵ Look for pattern to the beasts of the field, unreasoning though they are; 'twill shame you to find the wild things gentler than yourself. Mare never claimed gift from stallion, nor cow from bull; the ram courts not the favoured ewe with gift. 'Tis only woman glories in the spoil she takes from man, she only hires out her favours, she only comes to be bid for, and makes a sale of what is delight to both and what both wished, and sets the price by the measure of her own delight. The love that is to be of equal joy to both—why should the one make sale of it, and the other purchase? Why should my pleasure cause me loss, and yours to you bring gain—the pleasure that man and woman both contribute to?

³⁷ It is not honour for witnesses to make false oaths for gain, nor for the chosen juror's^b purse to lie open for the bribe. 'Tis base to defend the wretched culprit with purchased eloquence; the court that sets great store by wealth is base; 'tis base to swell a patrimony with a revenue from love, and to offer one's own beauty for a price. Thanks are due and deserved for boons unbought; no thanks are felt for love that is meanly hired. He who has made

omnia conductor solvit ; mercede soluta 45
 non manet officio debitor ille tuo.
 parcite, formosae, pretium pro nocte pacisci ;
 non habet eventus sordida praeda bonos.
 non fuit armillas tanti pepigisse ¹ Sabinas,
 ut premerent sacrae virginis arma caput ; 50
 e quibus exierat, traiecit viscera ferro
 filius, et poenae causa monile fuit.
 Nec tamen indignum est a divite praemia posci ;
 munera poscenti quod dare possit, habet.
 carpite de plenis pendentes vitibus uvas ; 55
 praebeat Alcinoi poma benignus ager !
 officium pauper numeret studiumque fidemque ;
 quod quis habet, dominae conferat omne suae.
 est quoque carminibus meritas celebrare puellas 60
 dos mea ; quam volui, nota fit arte mea.
 scindentur vestes, gemmae frangentur et aurum ;
 carmina quam tribuent, fama perennis erit.
 nec dare, sed pretium posci dedignor et odi ;
 quod nego poscenti, desine velle, dabo !

XI

COLLIGERE incertos et in ordine ponere crines
 docta neque ancillas inter habenda Nape,

¹ eligisse *P*: tetigisse *s*: pepigisse *sinistras ed. prin.*

^a The Vestal Tarpeia asked as the price of her treason what the Sabines had on their left arms, meaning their armlets of gold, but was crushed beneath the shields they carried there.

the hire pays all ; when the price is paid he remains
 no more a debtor for your favour. Spare, fair ones,
 to ask a price for your love ; a sordid gain can bring
 no good in the end. 'Twas not worth while for the
 holy maid to bargain for the Sabine armlets, only
 that arms should crush her down ; ^a a son once
 pierced with the sword the bosom whence he came,
 and a necklace was the cause of the mother's pain. ^b
⁵³ And yet it is no shame to ask for presents from
 the rich ; they have wherefrom to give you when
 you ask. Pluck from full vines the hanging clusters ;
 let the genial field of Alcinous yield its fruits ! Let
 the poor man count out to you as pay his service,
 zeal, and faithfulness ; the kind of wealth each has,
 let him bring it all to the mistress of his heart.
 My dower, too, it is to glorify the deserving fair in
 song ; whoever I have willed is made famous by my
 art. Gowns will be rent to rags, and gems and gold
 be broke to fragments ; the glory my songs shall
 give will last for ever. 'Tis not the giving but the
 asking of a price, that I despise and hate. What I
 refuse at your demand, cease only to wish, and I
 will give !

XI

NAPE, O adept in gathering and setting in order
 scattered locks, and not to be numbered among
 handmaids, O Nape known for useful ministry in

^b Knowing that the Fates had decreed his death in case he went, Eriphyle, for a necklace, caused her husband Amphiaras to be one of the seven against Thebes, and was slain by Alcmaeon, her son.

inque ministeriis furtivae cognita noctis
 utilis et dandis ingeniosa notis
 saepe venire ad me dubitantem hortata Corinnam, 5
 saepe laboranti fida reperta mihi—
 accipe et ad dominam peraratas mane tabellas
 perfer et obstantes sedula pelle moras!
 nec silicum venae nec durum in pectore ferrum,
 nec tibi simplicitas ordine maior adest. 10
 credibile est et te sensisse Cupidinis arcus—
 in me militiae signa tuere tuae!
 si quaeret quid agam, spe noctis vivere dices;
 cetera fert blanda cera notata manu.
 Dum loquor, hora fugit. vacuae bene redde
 tabellas, 15
 verum continuo fac tamen illa legat.
 adspicias oculos mando frontemque legentis;
 e tacito vultu scire futura licet.
 nec mora, perlectis rescribat multa, iubeto;
 odi, cum late splendida cera vacat. 20
 conprimat ordinibus versus, oculosque moretur
 margine in extremo littera rasa meos.
 Quid digitos opus est graphio lassare tenendo?
 hoc habeat scriptum tota tabella "veni!"
 non ego victrices lauro redimire tabellas 25
 nec Veneris media ponere in aede morer.
 subscribam: "VENERI FIDAS SIBI NASO MINISTRAS
 DEDICAT, AT NUPER VILE FUISTIS ACER."

the stealthy night and skilled in the giving of the signal, oft urging Corinna when in doubt to come to me, often found tried and true to me in times of trouble—receive and take early to your mistress these tablets I have inscribed, and care that nothing hinder or delay! Your breast has in it no vein of flint or unyielding iron, nor are you simpler than befits your station. One could believe you, too, had felt the darts of Cupid—in aiding me defend the standards of your own campaigns! Should she ask how I fare, you will say 'tis my hope of her favour that lets me live; as for the rest, 'tis charactered in the wax by my fond hand.

¹⁵ While I speak, the hour is flying. Give her the tablets while she is happily free, but none the less see that she reads them straight. Regard her eyes and brow, I enjoin you, as she reads; though she speak not, you may know from her face what is to come. And do not wait, but bid her write much in answer when she has read; I hate when a fine, fair page is widely blank. See she pack the lines together, and long detain my eyes with letters traced on the outermost marge.

²³ What need to tire her fingers by holding of the pen? Let the whole tablet have writ on it only this: "Come!" Then straight would I take the conquering tablets, and bind them round with laurel, and hang them in the mid of Venus' shrine. I would write beneath: "TO VENUS NASO DEDICATES HIS FAITHFUL AIDS; YET BUT NOW YOU WERE ONLY MEAN MAPLE."

FLETE MEOS CASUS—tristes rediere tabellae
 infelix hodie littera posse negat.
 omina sunt aliquid; modo cum discedere vellet,
 ad limen digitos restitit icta Nape. 5
 missa foras iterum limen transire memento
 cautius atque alte sobria ferre pedem!
 Ite hinc, difficiles, funebria ligna, tabellae,
 tuque, negaturis cera referta notis!—
 quam, puto, de longae collectam flore cicutae 10
 melle sub infami Corsica misit apis.
 at tamquam minio penitus medicata rubebas—
 ille color vere sanguinolentus erat.
 proiectae triviis iaceatis, inutile lignum,
 vosque rotae frangat praetereuntis onus!
 illum etiam, qui vos ex arbore vertit in usum, 15
 convincam puras non habuisse manus.
 prae-buit illa arbor misero suspendia collo,
 carnifici diras prae-buit illa cruces;
 illa dedit turpes raucis bubonibus umbras, 20
 vulturis in ramis et strigis ova tulit.
 his ego commisi nostros insanus amores
 molliaque ad dominam verba ferenda dedi?
 aptius hae capiant vadimonia garrula cerae,
 quas aliquis duro cognitor ore legat;
 inter ephemeridas melius tabulasque iacerent, 25
 in quibus absumptas fleret avarus opes.

WEEP for my misfortune—my tablets have returned with gloomy news! The unhappy missive says: "Not possible to-day." There is something in omens; just now as Nape would leave, she tripped her toe upon the threshold and stopped. When next you are sent abroad, remember to take more care as you cross, and soberly to lift your foot full clear!

⁷ Away from me, ill-natured tablets, funereal pieces of wood, and you, wax close writ with characters that will say me nay!—wax which I think was gathered from the flower of the long hemlock by the bee of Corsica and sent us under its ill-famed honey. Yet you had a blushing hue, as if tintured deep with minium—but that colour was really a colour from blood. Lie there at the crossing of the ways, where I throw you, useless sticks, and may the passing wheel with its heavy load crush you! Yea, and the man who converted you from a tree to an object for use, I will assure you, did not have pure hands. That tree, too, lent itself to the hanging of some wretched neck, and furnished the cruel cross to the executioner; it gave its foul shade to noisy horned owls, and its branches bore up the eggs of the screech-owl and the vulture. To tablets like these did I insanely commit my loves and give my tender words to be carried to my lady? More fitly would such tablets receive the wordy bond, for some judge to read in dour tones; 'twere better they should lie among day-ledgers, and accounts in which some miser weeps o'er money spent.

OVID

Ergo ego vos rebus duplices pro nomine sensi.
 auspicii numerus non erat ipse boni.
 quid precer iratus, nisi vos cariosa senectus
 rodat, et inmundo cera sit alba situ? 30

XIII

IAM super oceanum venit a seniore marito
 flava pruinoso quae vehit axe diem.
 "Quo properas, Aurora? mane!—sic Memnonis
 umbris
 annua sollemni caede parentet avis!
 nunc iuvat in teneris dominae iacuisse lacertis; 5
 si quando, lateri nunc bene iuncta meo est.
 nunc etiam somni pingues et frigidus aer,
 et liquidum tenui gutture cantat avis.
 quo properas, ingrata viris, ingrata puellis?
 roscida purpurea supprime lora manu! 10
 Ante tuos ortus melius sua sidera servat
 navita nec media nescius errat aqua;
 te surgit quamvis lassus veniente viator,
 et miles saevas aptat ad arma manus.
 prima bidente vides oneratos arva colentes; 15
 prima vocas tardos sub iuga panda boves.
 tu pueros somno fraudas tradisque magistris,
 ut subeant tenerae verbera saeva manus;¹

¹ 15-18 omitted by *Ps*: elsewhere after 10.

^a They were *tabellae duplices*, double tablets.

^b Tithonus was immortal, but not immortally young.

^c From the ashes of Memnon, Aurora's son, king of

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²⁷ Yes, I have found you double in your dealings,
 to accord with your name.^a Your very number was
 an augury not good. What prayer should I make in
 my anger, unless that rotten old age eat you away,
 and your wax grow colourless from foul neglect?

XIII

SHE is coming already over the ocean from her
 too-ancient husband ^b—she of the golden hair who
 with rimy axle brings the day.

³ "Whither art thou hastening, Aurora? Stay!—so
 may his birds each year make sacrifice to the shades
 of Memnon their sire in the solemn combat!^c 'Tis
 now I delight to lie in the tender arms of my love;
 if ever, 'tis now I am happy to have her close by my
 side. Now, too, slumber is deep and the air is cool,
 and birds chant liquid song from their slender throats.
 Whither art thou hastening, O unwelcome to men,
 unwelcome to maids? Check with rosy hand the
 dewy rein!

¹¹ "Before thy rising the seaman better observes
 his stars, and does not wander blindly in mid water;
 at thy coming rises the wayfarer, however wearied,
 and the soldier fits his savage hands to arms. Thou
 art the first to look on men tilling the field with the
 heavy mattock; thou art the first to summon the
 slow-moving steer beneath the curvèd yoke. Thou
 cheatest boys of their slumbers and givest them over
 to the master, that their tender hands may yield to
 the cruel stroke; and you also send the unwary

Ethiopia, sprang the Memnonides, birds which honoured him
 in the manner described.

atque eadem sponsum incautos¹ ante atria mittis,
 unius ut verbi grandia damna ferant. 20
 nec tu consulto, nec tu iucunda diserto;
 oogitur ad lites surgere uterque novas.
 tu, cum feminei possint cessare labores,
 lanificam revocas ad sua pensa manum.
 Omnia perpeterer—sed surgere mane puellas, 25
 quis nisi cui non est ulla puella ferat?
 optavi quotiens, ne nox tibi cedere vellet,
 ne fugerent vultus sidera mota tuos!
 optavi quotiens, aut ventus frangeret axem,
 aut caderet spissa nube retentus equus!² 30
 invida, quo properas? quod erat tibi filius ater,
 materni fuerat pectoris ille color. 33
 Tithono vellem de te narrare liceret;
 fabula non caelo turpior ulla foret. 35
 illum dum refugis, longo quia grandior aevo,
 surgis ad invisas a sene mane rotas.
 at si, quem mavis,³ Cephalum complexa teneres,
 clamares: "lente currite, noctis equi!" 40
 Cur ego plectar amans, si vir tibi marcet ab annis?
 num me nupsisti conciliante seni?
 adspice, quot somnos iuveni donarit amato
 Luna!—neque illius forma secunda tuae.
 ipse deum genitor, ne te tam saepe videret, 45
 commisit noctes in sua vota duas."

¹ *Madvig*: cultos *P*: consulti *cett.*

² 31, 32 omitted by *P* s:

quid, si Cephalo numquam flagraret amore?
 an putat ignotam nequitiam esse suam?

³ *mavis Riese*: malis *Merk.*: magis *P*: manibus s.

as sponsors before the court, to undergo great losses through a single word. Thou bringest joy neither to lawyer nor to pleader; each is ever compelled to rise for cases new. 'Tis thou, when women might cease from toil, who callest back to its task the hand that works the wool.

²⁵ "I could endure all else—but who, unless he were one without a maid, could bear that maids should rise betimes? How often have I longed that night should not give place to thee, that the stars should not be moved to fly before thy face! How often have I longed that either the wind should break thine axle, or thy steed be tripped by dense cloud, and fall! O envious, whither dost thou haste? The son born to thee was black, and that colour was the hue of his mother's heart.

³⁵ "I would Tithonus were free to tell of thee; no more shameful scandal would be known in heaven. Flying from him because long ages older, thou risest early from the ancient man to go to the chariot-wheels he hates. Yet, hadst thou thy favoured Cephalus in thy embrace, thou wouldst cry: 'Run softly, steeds of night!'

⁴¹ "Why should I be harried in love because thy mate is wasting with years? Didst thou wed an ancient man because I made the match? Look, how many hours of slumber has Luna bestowed upon the youth she loves!^a—and her beauty is not second to thine. The very father of the gods, that he need not see thee so oft, made two nights into one to favour his desires."^b

^a Endymion.

^b Jove and Alcmene, mother of Hercules.

Iurgia finieram. scires audisse: rubebat—
nec tamen adsueto tardius orta dies!

XIV

DICEBAM "medicare tuos desiste capillos!"
tingere quam possis, iam tibi nulla coma est.
at si passa fores, quid erat spatiosius illis?
contigerant imum, qua patet usque, latus.
quid, quod erant tenues, et quos ornare timeres? 5
vela colorati qualia Seres habent,
vel pede quod gracili deducit aranea filum,
cum leve deserta sub trabe nectit opus.
nec tamen ater erat nec erat tamen aureus ille,
sed, quamvis neuter, mixtus uterque color— 10
qualem clivosae madidis in vallibus Idae
ardua derepto cortice cedrus habet.
Adde, quod et dociles et centum flexibus apti
et tibi nullius causa doloris erant.
non acus abruptit, non vallum pectinis illos. 15
ornatrix tuto corpore semper erat;
ante meos saepe est oculos ornata nec umquam
bracchia derepta saucia fecit acu.
saepe etiam nondum digestis mane capillis
purpureo iacuit semisupina toro. 20
tum quoque erat neglecta decens, ut Threcia Bacche,
cum temere in viridi gramine lassa iacet.
Cum graciles essent tamen et lanuginis instar,
heu, male¹ vexatae quanta tulere comae!

¹ male *P s*: mala *vulg.*

⁴⁷ I had brought my chiding to an end. You might know she had heard: she blushed—and yet the day arose no later than its wont!

XIV

I USED to say: "Stop drugging that hair of yours!" Now you have no locks to dye! Yet, had you suffered it, what were more abundant than they? They had come to touch your side even to its lowest part. Yes, and they were fine in texture, so fine that you feared to dress them; they were like the gauzy coverings the dark-skinned Seres wear, or the thread drawn out by the slender foot of the spider when he weaves his delicate work beneath the deserted beam. And yet their colour was not black, nor yet was it golden, but, although neither, a mingling of both hues—such as in the dewy vales of precipitous Ida belongs to the lofty cedar stripped of its bark.

¹³ Add that they were both docile and suited to a hundred ways of winding, and never caused you whit of pain. The needle did not tear them, nor the palisade of the comb. The hair-dresser's person was ever safe; oft has my love's toilet been made before my eyes, and she never snatched up hairpin to wound her servant's arms. Often, too, in early morning when her hair was not yet dressed, she has lain half supine on her purple couch. Even then, in her neglect, she was comely, like a Thracian Bacchante lying careless and wearied on the green turf.

²³ And yet, seeing they were delicate and like to down, alas, what woes were theirs, and what tortures they endured! With what patience did

quam se praebuerunt ferro patienter et igni, 25
 ut fieret torto nexilis¹ orbe sinus!
 clamabam: "scelus est istos, scelus urere crines!
 sponte decent; capiti, ferrea, parce tuo!
 vim procul hinc remove! non est, qui debeat uri;
 erudit² admotas ipse capillus acus." 30
 Formosae periere comae—quas vellet Apollo,
 quas vellet capiti Bacchus inesse suo!
 illis contulerim, quas quondam nuda Dione
 pingitur umentis sustinuisse manu.
 quid male dispositos quereris perissee capillos? 35
 quid speculum maesta ponis, inepta, manu?
 non bene consuetis a te spectaris ocellis;
 ut placeas, debes inmemor esse tui.
 non te cantatae laeserunt paelicis herbae,
 non anus Haemonia perfida lavit aqua; 40
 nec tibi vis morbi nocuit—procul omen abesto!—
 nec minuit densas invida lingua comas.
 facta manu culpaque tua dispendia sentis;
 ipsa dabas capiti mixta venena tuo.
 Nunc tibi captivos mittet Germania crines; 45
 tuta triumphatae munere gentis eris.
 o quam saepe comas aliquo mirante rubebis,
 et dices: "empta nunc ego merce probor,
 nescio quam pro me laudat nunc iste Sygambram.
 fama tamen memini cum fuit ista mea." 50

¹ nexilis *vulg.*: rexilis *P.*: textilis *s.*: flexilis *Burm. Ném.*

² circuit *Martinon.*

^a Pliny mentions a picture of Venus rising from the sea, by Apelles.

they yield themselves to iron and fire to form the close-curling ringlet with its winding orb! I kept crying out: "T is crime, 't is crime to burn those tresses! They are beautiful of themselves; spare your own head, O iron-hearted girl! Away from there with force! That is no hair should feel the fire; your curls themselves can school the irons you apply!"

³¹ The beautiful tresses are no more—such as Apollo could desire, such as Bacchus could desire, for their own heads! I could compare with them the tresses which nude Dione is painted holding up of yore with dripping fingers.^a Why do you lament the ruin of your ill-ordered hair? why lay aside your mirror with sorrowing hand, silly girl? You are gazed upon by yourself with eyes not well accustomed to the sight; to find pleasure there, you must forget your old-time self. No rival's enchanted herbs have wrought you ill, no treacherous grandam has laved your hair with water from Haemonian land;^b nor has violent illness harmed—far from us be the omen!—nor envious tongue diminished your dense locks. The loss you feel was wrought you by your own hand and fault; yourself applied the mingled poison to your head.

⁴⁵ Now Germany will send you tresses from captive women; you will be saved by the bounty of the race we lead in triumph. O how oft, when someone looks at your hair, will you redden, and say: "The ware I have bought is what brings me favour now. 'T is some Sygambrian woman that yonder one is praising now, instead of me. Yet I remember when that glory was my own."

^b Thessaly was famed as the home of sorcery.

OVID

Me miserum! lacrimas male continet oraque
 dextra
 protegit ingenuas picta rubore genas.
 sustinet antiquos gremio spectatque capillos,
 ei mihi, non illo munera digna loco!
 Collige cum vultu mentem! reparabile damnum
 est. 55
 postmodo nativa conspiciere coma.

XV

Quid mihi, Livor edax, ignavos obicis annos,
 ingenique vocas carmen inertis opus;
 non me more patrum, dum strenua sustinet aetas,
 praemia militiae pulverulenta sequi,
 nec me verbosas leges ediscere nec me 5
 ingrato vocem prostituisse foro?
 Mortale est, quod quaeris, opus. mihi fama
 perennis
 quaeritur, in toto semper ut orbe canar.
 vivet Maeonides, Tenedos dum stabit et Ide,
 dum rapidas Simois in mare volvet aquas; 10
 vivet et Ascræus, dum mustis uva tumebit,
 dum cadet incurva falce resecta Ceres.
 Battiades semper toto cantabitur orbe;
 quamvis ingenio non valet, arte valet.
 nulla Sophocleo veniet iactura cothurno; 15
 cum sole et luna semper Aratus erit;
 dum fallax servus, durus pater, inproba lena
 vivent et meretrix blanda, Menandros erit;

^a Homer, Hesiod, and Callimachus are the first three poets referred to.

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⁵¹ Ah, wretched me! Scarce keeping back her
 tears, with her right hand she covers her face, her
 generous cheeks o'er painted with blushing. The
 hair of yore she holds in her lap and gazes upon—
 alas, me! a gift unworthy of that place.
⁵⁵ Calm your heart, and stop your tears! Your
 loss is one may be repaired. Not long, and you will
 be admired for locks your very own.

XV

WHY, biting Envy, dost thou charge me with
 slothful years, and call my song the work of an idle
 wit, complaining that, while vigorous age gives
 strength, I neither, after the fashion of our fathers,
 pursue the dusty prizes of a soldier's life, nor learn
 garrulous legal lore, nor set my voice for common
 case in the ungrateful forum?

⁷ It is but mortal, the work you ask of me; but my
 quest is glory through all the years, to be ever known
 in song throughout the earth. Maeonia's son ^a will
 live as long as Tenedos shall stand, and Ida, as
 long as Simois shall roll his waters rushing to the
 sea; the poet of Ascra, too, will live as long as
 Ceres shall swell for the vintage, as long as
 Ceres shall fall beneath the stroke of the curving
 sickle. The son of Battus shall aye be sung through
 all the earth; though he sway not through genius,
 he sways through art. No loss shall ever come to
 the buskin of Sophocles; as long as the sun and
 moon Aratus shall live on; as long as tricky slave,
 hard father, treacherous bawd, and wheedling harlot
 shall be found, Menander will endure; Ennius the

Ennius arte carens animosique Accius oris
 casurum nullo tempore nomen habent.
 Varronem primamque ratem quae nesciet aetas,
 aureaque Aesonio terga petita duci?
 carmina sublimis tunc sunt peritura Lucreti,
 exitio terras cum dabit una dies;
 Tityrus et segetes Aeneiaque arma legentur,
 Roma triumphati dum caput orbis erit;
 donec erunt ignes arcusque Cupidinis arma,
 discentur numeri, culte Tibulle, tui;
 Gallus et Hesperii et Gallus notus Eois,
 et sua cum Gallo nota Lycoris erit.
 Ergo, cum silices, cum dens patientis aratri
 depereant aevo, carmina morte carent.
 cedant carminibus reges regumque triumpho,
 cedat et auriferi ripa benigna Tagi!
 vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
 pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua,
 sustineamque coma metuentem frigora myrtum,
 atque a sollicito multus amante legar!
 pascitur in vivis Livor; post fata quiescit,
 cum suus ex merito quemque tuetur honos.
 ergo etiam cum me supremus adederit ignis,
 vivam, parsque mei multa superstes erit.

20 rugged in art, and Accius of the spirited tongue,
 possess names that will never fade. Varro and the
 first of ships—what generation will fail to know
 of them, and of the golden fleece, the Aesonian
 chieftain's quest? The verses of sublime Lucretius
 will perish only then when a single day shall give
 the earth to doom. Tityrus and the harvest, and
 25 the arms of Aeneas, will be read as long as Rome
 shall be capital of the world she triumphs o'er; as
 long as flames and bow are the arms of Cupid, thy
 numbers shall be coned, O elegant Tibullus; Gallus
 shall be known to Hesperia's sons, and Gallus to the
 30 sons of Eos, and known with Gallus shall his own
 Lycoris be.

31 Yea, though hard rocks and though the tooth
 of the enduring ploughshare perish with passing
 time, song is untouched by death. Before song let
 monarchs and monarchs' triumphs yield—yield, too,
 the bounteous banks of Tagus bearing gold! Let
 35 what is cheap excite the marvel of the crowd; for
 me may golden Apollo minister full cups from the
 Castalian fount, and may I on my locks sustain the
 myrtle that fears the cold; and often be perused
 by anxious lovers! It is the living that Envy feeds
 upon; after doom it stirs no more, when each man's
 fame guards him as he deserves. I, too, when the
 40 final fires have eaten up my frame, shall still live on,
 and the great part of me survive my death.^a

^a This charming poem is a literary convention: compare Horace's *exegi monumentum* (iii. 30), and Shakespeare's "Not marble nor the gilded monuments" (Sonnet 1v).