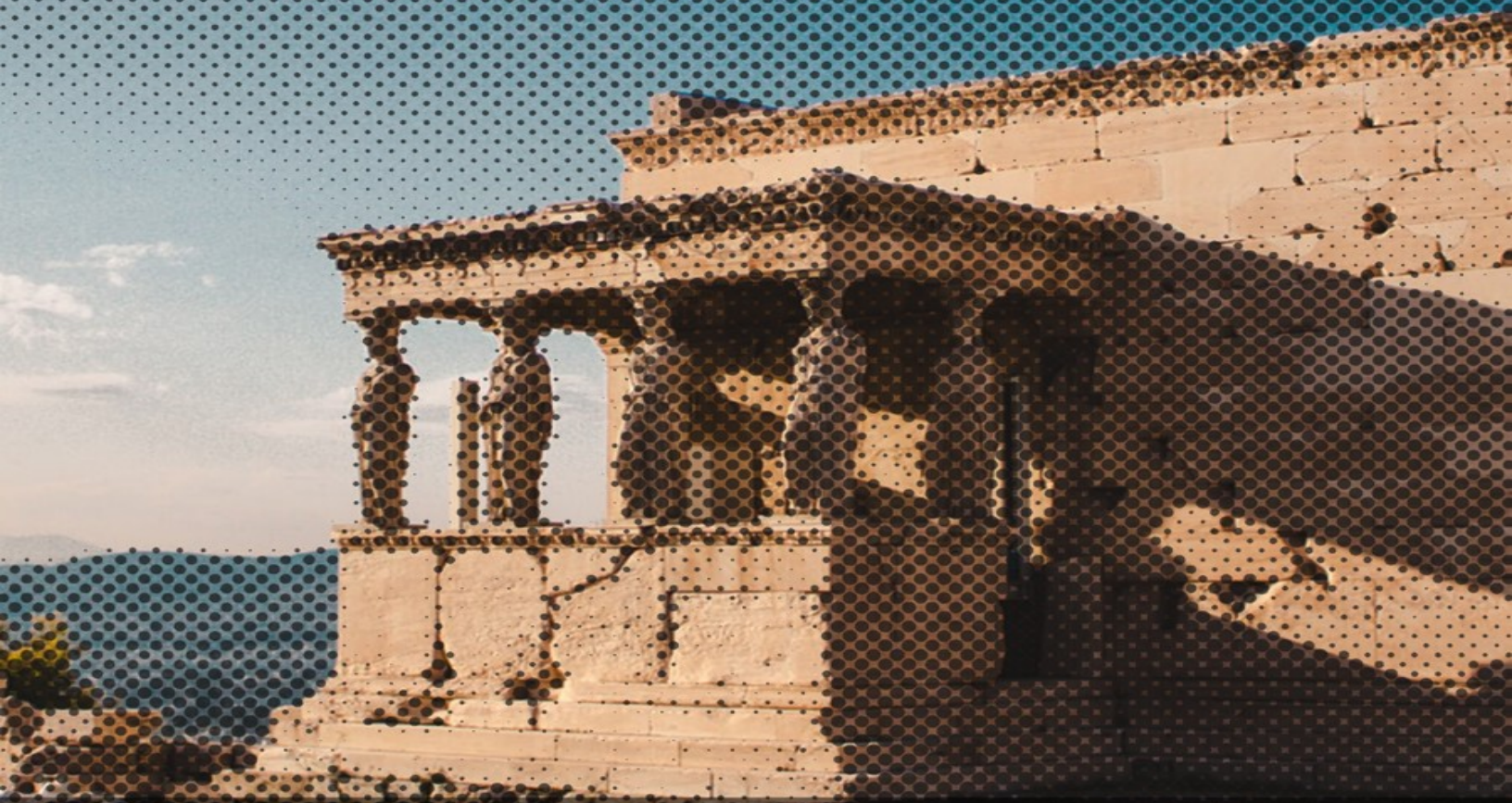


**Publius Vergilius Maro**



*The Eclogues  
of Virgil*

**Publius Vergilius Maro**

# **The Eclogues of Virgil**



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*Not rhyme, but rhythm, doth my Muse delight,  
So do the rippling wavelets on the strand,  
In cadence musical, that whisp'ring break.*

LONDON:

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THAYER STREET, W.

1908.

NOTA BENE.

These verses do not pretend to be an original translation of Virgil's poems. They are simply a versification of Mr. J. W. MACKAIL'S excellent prose translation with which a few small liberties have been occasionally taken.

E. J. CARDEW.

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# ECLOGUE I.

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## TITYRUS AND MELIBŒUS.

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Tityrus mine, reclining in the shade  
Of spreading beech, thou canst invoke  
the muse  
Of the still forest, with thy slender  
reed.

But we forsake our dear, our native  
fields,

We fly our country, Tityrus, whilst thou  
In easy shelter, dost inform the woods  
Of Amaryllis' charms.

*Tityrus.* O Melibœus

It was a god that helped us to this  
ease

Always a god to me; and from my fold  
A tender lamb shall often, from this  
time

Be offered at his shrine; 'tis by his will  
That, as thou seest, my cattle wander  
free,

Whilst I can here indulge in rustic  
song.

*Melibœus.* Indeed, I envy not, but wonder more

For in all parts the country is