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### An Evaluation of The Place Occupied By The Greek Pastoral Elegy From Its Earliest Appearance To The Present

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AN EVALUATION  
OF THE PLACE OCCUPIED BY THE GREEK PASTORAL  
ELEGY  
FROM ITS EARLIEST APPEARANCE TO THE PRESENT

To

Dr. R.R. McGregor, Dr. C.E. Farick  
Dr. Robert McGrath, and Dr. Floyd B. Streeter  
whose kindly help has been instrumental in  
the completion of this work

I hereby extend  
my thanks and appreciation

An Evaluation of the Place Occupied by the Greek  
Pastoral Elegy from Its Earliest Appearance to the Pres-  
ent.

being

a Thesis Presented to the Graduate Faculty in Partial  
Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree of  
Master of Science

by

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1933

Approved by

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## INTRODUCTION

To the student versed in the classics the influence of Greek and Latin pastoral poetry on English literature is well known. Starting at the time of the Italian Renaissance and encouraged by the Greek Revival several centuries later, the classical influence has permeated our literature more than any other factor. During the time of the Renaissance pastoral poetry had a place of importance equal to that of the epic and the drama. The sweet melodies of Greek rural life re-echoed in the eclogues of Vergil had such a charm for later poets that they could not be resisted. Pastoral poetry made men hearken back to the time when the occupation of the shepherd was the ideal life of contentment, unincumbered by worry and care. To men of the Renaissance this period of Greek history was the Golden Age; to them Arcadia was the model form of government and it was the dream of Utopian-minded people of the 15th century. Not only the country where pastoral poetry originated became the poets' fancy, but also the language, the phraseology, and the names were imitated by writers of the Renaissance and later periods of English literature. For them pastoral life in its simplicity, kindness, and happiness was the most fertile field of poetic endeavor. It is my purpose in this thesis to devote myself to one special form of pastoral poetry that has perpetuated the classical influence on English literature,- the pastoral elegy.

It seems that some modern educators in their desire to propose a system of education that is progressive and abreast



with the times are apt to lose sight of what we owe to the pioneers in the field of education. They sometimes forget that much of our own educational achievement had its start in a classical environment. Especially is this true in the field of English literature. Take away the classical influence, and our literature becomes lifeless, uninteresting, and without meaning. If I can increase through this work the appreciation for classical education and point out the influence of things classical on English literature, I shall have achieved my purpose.

In the preparation of this thesis, I have made judicious use of the works listed in the bibliography, always making the proper acknowledgments in cases of quotations. Although this subject has been treated before under various aspects, particularly by Mr. George Norlin of the University of Colorado in his work, "Conventions of the Pastoral Elegy", which was of the greatest assistance to me in the organization of material, and by Professor Wilfred P. Mustard in "Echoes of the Greek Bucolic Poets", yet there has been no one, to my knowledge, who has traced the historical development of the pastoral elegy in all its phases, and has pointed out its relation to the great literary movements, as has been attempted in this work.

Especially to Dr. R.R. McGregor whose helpful advice was the inspiration of this work, and to Dr. Floyd B. Streeter, through whose efforts much valuable material was obtained, do I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness.

## SECTION II

## GENERAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE GREEK ELEGY

The development of the Greek elegy is traced to the change of government in the Greek world between 750 and 500 B.C. Oligarchy had taken the place of monarchy, and this again gave way to tyranny in many places. As the tyrannical form of government finally was destroyed, a democracy was established in many cities, especially among the Ionians. Under the democratic form of government the individual had more rights and more opportunities for education; the fine arts, among which was poetry, were slowly developing, and there was a greater indulgence in pleasures of a higher type. But up to this time there was hardly any prose writing. If a person wanted to express his own views and thoughts - and this was a natural outgrowth of the birth of democracy - he had to do so in verse. This was actually what happened. Poetry began to show personal reflection, something that was missing up to this time. Homer showed but little of it; Hesiod had more. But about 700 B.C. there was <sup>a</sup> distinct attempt on the part of the poets to interest others in their thoughts and feelings. This gave rise to two forms of poetry, originating about the same time - those of elegiac and iambic poetry. We shall concern ourselves with the former.

The word *ἐλεγος* is of uncertain derivation. Most probably it is not of Greek origin. Some scholars claim it to be the Greek form of a name given by the Carians and Lydians of Asia minor to a mournful song accompanied by a flute<sup>1</sup>; but this

<sup>1</sup>Jebb, R.C. Greek Literature. p. 50.



explanation has been discredited by modern scholars<sup>1</sup>

Probably the particular metre that was first used by the Greeks for such a song may have given rise to the elegiac distich. This was similar to the ancient and almost universal metre of the earliest Greek poetry, - the epic hexameter. In the elegiac form the third and sixth feet of every alternate hexameter are syncopated. An example of this is found in two hexameters of Clough<sup>2</sup>:

"O let us try, he answered, the waters themselves will  
support us,  
Yea very ripples and waves will form to a boat under-  
neath us."

If in the second line the words "will" and "us" are omitted, we have a pentameter, the two odd syllables "waves" and "neath" counting as one metre. The two lines together give us the elegiac couplet. A poem composed of such couplets is called an elegiac poem.

Coleridge defined the elegy as "the form of poetry natural to the reflective mind". It may treat of any subject as long as it expresses the thoughts and feelings of the author. The greatest variety of subjects may be described according to the elegiac metre. It may deal with the poet's ideas of the manners and opinions of the day; it may be an expression of pleasure in some event that has taken place; it may treat of war, love, or sorrow. But it must always have an exclusive reference to the poet himself. Another requirement of this form of poetry was that it must not become passionate, something that often was not observed in the later Alexandrian

<sup>1</sup>Wright, Wilmer Cave. A Short History of Greek Literature. p. 71.

<sup>2</sup>Jebb, R.C. op. cit. p. 50.



and Roman elegy.

Inseparable from the recitation of Greek epic poetry was the accompaniment with the lyre or the flute. The latter was of two different makes, the Lydian which was simpler in form and produced soft music and the Phrygian which was more complicated in its many stops and produced wild and stirring strains. The connection with the flute gives evidence of the non-Greek origin of the elegy. The lyre, a string-instrument, was native of Greece, but the flute, a wind-instrument, was always looked upon as Oriental.

Owing to the development of the elegy in the disturbed countries of Ionia, the elegy wherever composed, whether in Sparta, Athens, or Megara, during the seventh and sixth centuries was in the Ionian dialect. Nevertheless the influence of local dialects partially overcame this custom, so that we find Doric forms in elegies composed in Ionia and Attic forms in poems composed in Athens. It was always necessary that the elegy be concerned with the present. But epic was always its starting point and model, so that most elegists employed turns of phrases, rhythms in their hexameters, and fullness of detail reminiscent of Homer. Yet in all cases it was apparent that the poet was trying to break away from the archaic form of the epic and was seeking to give himself up to the abandon of his own individuality.

The first form of elegy was probably that of the lament or dirge, just as the term "elegy" is used at the present time. Andromache bewails her ill fortune in elegiacs, probably accompanied by the flute. This, however, is the only

example in Greek literature of a formal dirge composed according to the elegiac metre. By the time that the Greek elegy was looked upon as an independent form of poetry, it had already included in its subject-matter the whole range of human experiences. Except at religious festivals, when a hymn was more appropriate, there was no occasion when the elegy was not in place, whether it be a banquet, a gathering around a camp fire, or the market place in Athens. But it must be remembered that in spite of all its variety the elegy had certain marked features. It was pre-eminently speech and not narrative; it was addressed to contemporaries, and often contained an oratorical appeal. Furthermore, to judge from the fragments that we have in our possession, the elegiac couplet was brief and precise and was particularly fitted for aphorisms. It was also necessary that the elegy be subjective, and this forms the connecting link between the epic which was impersonal, and the lyric which was introspective.

The elegy as developed during the Alexandrian period varied from the original verse of that name as founded in Ionia. This form of elegy as described above was written in elegiac verse consisting of alternate dactylic hexameters and pentameters. Although it could treat of a large variety of subjects, it was necessarily the reflection of the author's mind. The elegy of the later period agreed with the original form of elegy only in the last characteristic. It was not limited to one prescribed form of metre. On the other hand it was not permitted to deal with a wide variety of subject matter. It was necessarily a mournful song or lament, and



had the distinguishing feature of the pastoral.

**PASTORAL POETRY** Theocritus stands out as the creator of pastoral or bucolic poetry<sup>1</sup>. Just as the original elegy of the sixth and fifth centuries B.C. were the outgrowth of political development, so the pastoral of Theocritus was a natural result of the conditions of the times. The period in which this great pioneer lived was marked by great learning and luxury. After the conquest of Alexandria, Greek culture had spread over all the countries bordering on the Eastern Mediterranean Sea. The riches and wealth from the Orient flowed into Europe through Egypt and Syria. At the other end of Greece, there was a fierce combat with Carthage over the control of the commerce of Sicily. But the control of public affairs was in the hands of a small band of military leaders with trained professional armies. For this reason politics at this time had but little interest for the majority of Greek people. The minds of the people reverted to things of nature and art. They saw beauties in nature that were worthy subjects of music and poetry. The plowmen, the shepherds, and the fishermen became the subjects of their artistic effort. This awakened interest in nature was due particularly to Theocritus.

**LIFE OF THEOCRITUS** Of the life of Theocritus, the first and most famous of Greek pastoral writers, not much is known besides what may be gleaned from allusions made in his poems.

<sup>1</sup>It is maintained by some that Stesichorus of Himera was the first to write in this literary form. However, his work "Daphnis" is lost, and therefore, for practical purposes, we may consider Theocritus as the founder of the pastoral.  
--Chambers, Edmund K. "English Pastorals". p. xxii.

It is usually thought that he was born about the year 315 B.C. at Syracuse. He obtained his early education at Cos, a Dorian island, which was the favorite retreat of the Ptolemies when they wanted to rest from the affairs of state. Here he studied under Philetas, an elegiac writer. But of the details of his life here we know nothing. It is thought that sometime later he spent some years at Alexandria under the patronage of Ptolemy, since he wrote in his honor the "Seventeenth Idyl", a panegyric in the language of a court poet to his king. Later he must have gone to Syracuse where he addressed the "Sixteenth Idyl" to King Hiero shortly after his accession to the throne in 270 B.C. The poems of Theocritus which have come down to us, about thirty in number, are known as "Idyls". The pastoral idyls are most typical of the work of Theocritus. Before him, with the exception of the doubtful contribution of Stesichorus, pastoral poetry as a distinct type did not exist. Up to this time the poetry that dealt with country life expressed delight in the abundance of food and wine and the charm of outdoor life. But before Theocritus, no poet, as far as is evident, received a literary inspiration in the life of shepherds. It is but natural that the pioneer in this field should be a native of Sicily, since here more than anywhere else he would be in close contact and communication with the shepherds taking care of their flocks on the hillsides. He was present at their gatherings on feast days and heard their songs which were sung for the occasion. It was from these sources that Theocritus drew the material that has been used by all subsequent pastoral



poets. The customs which prevailed at the singing match,- the contest in bantering between two rival shepherds; the prizes which consisted of a white lamb or a carved bowl of beechwood or of maple; the rustic lover's lament of disappointed love; the love sick swain who carved his mistress' name on a tree or sent her marks of endearment as flowers, doves, or locks of hair,- all these were the subject of Theocritus' poetry which has been used by later pastoral poets. Even though Vergil seems to have found his inspiration in Dorian Arcadia, nevertheless it was Dorian Sicily that was the usual inspiration of pastoral poets.

**PASTORAL ELEGY** The most pathetic pastoral written by Theocritus is that about the love and death of Daphnis. In his "First Idyl", he describes Thyrsis as singing of his sorrow over the death of Daphnis. This poem known as the pastoral elegy or funeral song has been closely imitated by a long line of poets, starting with Bion and Moschus in the Greek, continuing with Vergil in his fifth and tenth eclogues, revived in the fifteenth century by a multitude of such elegies, and affecting some of the best of our English verse in the elegies of Spenser, Milton, Shelley, and Arnold.

**BION** In his dirge contained in the "First Idyl", also known as the "Song of Thyrsis", Theocritus started a literary convention that for several centuries later became a commonplace of pastoral poetry. Following in the footsteps of Theocritus was Bion of Smyrna who lived toward the end of the second century. Of his life we know nothing, and it may not be safe to accept as a fact the allusion to his death by Moschus: "Poison came to thy lips.... What mortal was so



cruel as to mix poison for thee?" His work, although inferior in dramatic power to that of Theocritus, surpasses it in rhetorical power and sentiment. His pastoral elegy is entitled "*Ἀδώνιδος ἐπικήριος*" ("Lament for Adonis").

**MOSCHUS** The third member of the triumvirate of Greek writers of the pastoral elegy was Moschus, a pupil of Aristarchus the critic, and probably a companion or pupil of Bion. He was one of the outstanding members of the Alexandrian school of the latter part of the second century. That he carried on the traditions established by Theocritus may be seen from the eight poems and fragments that are ascribed to his name. It is in his third idyl, "*Βίωνος ἐπικήριος*" ("Lament for Bion"), that he bears the strongest resemblance to the pastoral elegy of Theocritus. It is the expression of sorrow over the death of Daphnis in a fresh form. Centuries later its sorrowful beauty inspired Shelley and Arnold to imitate it in "Adonais" and "Thyrsis".

**RESEMBLANCES** That Bion and Moschus were inspired by the first pastoral elegy written by Theocritus becomes evident from a comparison of the three. One of the distinguishing marks of the pastoral elegy is that the main character is a herdsmen moving about amid rustic scenes. All nature laments the death of the shepherd. In the dirge of Theocritus, it is Thyrsis mourning over the death of the shepherd Daphnis. In Bion it is the lament for the shepherd divinity Adonis, and the grief that has come upon Cyprie as a result. Moschus differs from the other two in as far as the subject of his poem is merely masquerading under the form of a herdsmen. He expresses his sorrow upon the death of Bion whom he pictures

as a shepherd. It is here that we find for the first time the expression of sorrow through the use of the poetic metaphor, and in this respect the work of Moschus is of the greatest importance in the history of the pastoral elegy. It marks the full development of the pastoral elegy as an independent literary type that was adopted as a model by many later poets. Although the writer of the *Βιῶνος ἐπιτάφιος* wrote in imitation of Theocritus and Bion, he is the first one to lament the death of a real person under the guise of a shepherd. Bion had been a pastoral writer, and it was therefore proper for Moschus to write of him as a shepherd. By thus making the subject of his elegy an actual person, a type of verse that had been previously an artificial instrument of expressing one's personal emotions, was changed into a kind that became more serviceable for subsequent poets as a medium of expressing grief for the departed loved one. Thus we find in our own literature that Philip Sidney, Edward King, John Keats, and Arthur Clough who were cut off by death in the prime of life were mourned by their friends under the picture of a shepherd, who had been immensely happy in the simple life of caring for his flock and was snatched away by the ruthless hand of death.

**FRAME-WORK OF THE ELEGY**      The pastoral elegy of Theocritus is preceded by an introduction in which two goatherds exchange mutual compliments on their ability to sing. Finally Thyrsis is induced to sing through the promise of gifts, including an elaborately carved drinking bowl and the privilege of thrice milking a goat that is the mother of twins. After the song Thyrsis receives the gifts that are promised him and after some praise of the singer the meeting closes.



This same plan is followed by Vergil in his fifth eclogue, by Pontano and Sannazaro in their dirges, by Alamanni in his first eclogue, by Tasso in his "Rogo di Corinna", by Garcilaso de la Vega in his "Elegies", by Marot in his "Complainte de Madame Loyse de Savoye", by Spenser in his "November", and by Pope, Phillips, and Gay. The pastoral elegies of Bion and Moschus do not have this dramatic setting, but plunge at once into the theme by means of a short invocation. We find this same arrangement in many modern dirges, as in the eleventh eclogue of Sannazaro, the second eclogue of Alamanni, in Milton's "Lycidas", in Shelley's "Adonais", and in Arnold's "Thyrsis".

There is a striking resemblance in Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus in their use of an ever-recurring refrain. In Theocritus we have:

*"Ἔρχετ' ἐβουκολικῆς Μοῦσας φίλῃς, ἔρχετ' ἰουδαῖς."*

Bion uses the following refrain in his lament:

*"λεῖψω τὸν Ἄδωνιν ἑπώλετο καλὸς Ἀδωνεύς."*

Moschus repeats the expression of his grief in the following words:

*"Ἔρχετ' Ἰσκαλικαί, εὖ πάνθεος ἔρχετ' Μοῦσας."*

That nature sympathizes with the shepherd in his loss is a commonplace found in all pastoral elegies. In Theocritus we find that the groves, the woodland, and the animals mourn for Daphnis.

*"εἴηνον μὲν θῶες, εἴηνον λύκος ὠρύσαντο  
εἴηνον χ' ὡς θρυμοῦο λέων ἐκλάυνε θιγόντα  
πολλὰς δὲ πρὸ ποσσὶ βόας, πολλὰς δὲ τε ταῦρας,  
πολλὰς δὲ δαμάλκας καὶ πόρκεας ὠδύραντο.  
.....*

ἦ νύ μοι, ἦ θῶος, ἦ δ' ἔν' ὕψος πωλόδας ἤρκετος  
 χαίρει δ' ὁ βουκόλος ὑμῶν ἐνὶ δάφνι οὐκ ἔσ' ἄν' ὕλον,  
 οὐκ ἔσ' ἄν' ἄνθρ' ὅς οἱ ἔλθοι χαίρει, ἄρεδοντα ὕδωρ.  
 καὶ ποταμός, τοῖς ἔσσι καλὸν κατὰ θυμὸν ἔσσι ὕδωρ."

In Bion's dirge, the vales, the mountains, the streams,

even the flowers become red from grief and sorrow.

"ὕψος πάντα λεύοντα καὶ καὶ ὕδωρ αἶψ' ἔσθ' Ἀδωνιν.  
 καὶ ποταμός, καὶ ἄνθρ' ὅς οἱ ἔλθοι χαίρει, ἄρεδοντα ὕδωρ.  
 καὶ ποταμός, τοῖς ἔσσι καλὸν κατὰ θυμὸν ἔσσι ὕδωρ.  
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 καὶ ποταμός, τοῖς ἔσσι καλὸν κατὰ θυμὸν ἔσσι ὕδωρ."

The grief expressed by Moschus is more comprehensive than that of either Theocritus or Bion. With him the woods, groves, all green things including the flowers, the nightingales and swans, the flocks, the mountains, and ocean mourn for the loss of Bion.

ἦ λυγρὰ μοι στεγνύετε ἴακκι καὶ Δάφνη ὕδωρ  
 καὶ ποταμός, καὶ ἄνθρ' ὅς οἱ ἔλθοι χαίρει, ἄρεδοντα ὕδωρ.  
 καὶ ποταμός, καὶ ἄνθρ' ὅς οἱ ἔλθοι χαίρει, ἄρεδοντα ὕδωρ.  
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 καὶ ποταμός, καὶ ἄνθρ' ὅς οἱ ἔλθοι χαίρει, ἄρεδοντα ὕδωρ."

ἦ λυγρὰ μοι στεγνύετε ἴακκι καὶ Δάφνη ὕδωρ  
 καὶ ποταμός, καὶ ἄνθρ' ὅς οἱ ἔλθοι χαίρει, ἄρεδοντα ὕδωρ.  
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 καὶ ποταμός, καὶ ἄνθρ' ὅς οἱ ἔλθοι χαίρει, ἄρεδοντα ὕδωρ."

Especial attention is given to the herds and flocks in the pastoral elegy. Owing to the loss of their shepherd, the flocks are without care. Theocritus tells us:



"εἴητον μὲν θῶες, εἴητον λύκοι ᾠδύμενοι,  
εἴητον ῥ' ὡκ δρυμοῖο λίων ἐκάλυψε δάκρυτα."

Bion relates the grief displayed by the hounds over the death of Adonis: εἴητον μὲν παρὶ παῖδα φίλοι κύνες ᾠδύμενοι.

In Moschus the cattle refuse to graze:

παρβόμενα βοῶντες καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλοντες γέμεσθαι.  
"καὶ εἰ βόες εἰ ποτὶ κύβοις  
παρβόμενα βοῶντες καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλοντες γέμεσθαι."

The poet of the pastoral elegy usually refers to that pastime of the shepherds, the playing of the flute or the pipe. Theocritus calls upon Pan for the consolation of music from the shepherd's reed. He says:

"ἔνθ' ἔνθαβ καὶ τάνδε φέρει πατὴρ μέλιττον  
ἐκ κρητὸν σύριγγα καλὰν παρὶ χεῖλος ἔλκεται."

Moschus bemoans the fact that the flute of Bion will no longer be heard:

"εἰς ποτὶ σὺ σύριγγα μελίβρεται, ὦ τραπὸνδε,  
εἰς δ' ἐπὶ σὺς καλὸς μοῖος ὄρεαι στόμα, εἰς θρηνοῦς ὄντας;  
εἰσάτε γὰρ πρῶτα τὰ σὺ γείνηται καὶ τὸ σὸν ἄστυ,  
ἀλλ' ὅτ' ἐν δρυμίνεσσι τεῶς εἰς βοῶντες ἡοιδῶς.  
παρὶ φέρω τὸν παρθένον, τάνθ' ἔνθ' καὶ κείνος ἔρρεται  
τὸν σὸν δακρυοῖτο, μὴ δένεσθαι σέο φέρωνται."

### SECTION III

#### THE LATIN DEVELOPMENT AND ADAPTATIONS

The conventions established by the Alexandrian School of Greek literature had a powerful influence on nearly all the poets of the Augustan Age of Latin literature. The poet Vergil was no exception to this rule. His acquaintance with scholars of the Greek school undoubtedly began at the same time of his studies at Naples and Parthenius. This influence gave to his works a tone of pathos, and paved the way for the beginning of a new type of literature in Rome. The first work of any importance attempted by Vergil inaugurated a new



era of Roman poetry,- that of pastoral poetry. It is said that he received the suggestion to write this form of poetry from Asinius Polio. If this is true, the subject appealed to Vergil owing to his fondness for country life and his love of nature. He had also doubtless read and studied the poetry about country life that was extant. Centuries before, Homer had described the farm life on the Ionian island of Ithaca, Hesiod had sung of the rural life of Boeotia, Eratosthenes had founded his astronomical geography, Aratus had written his astronomical epic, Nicander had written his *Georgics*, Lucretius had philosophized "*De Rerum Natura*", Marcus Cato had composed his essay on agriculture, Varro had gone into the subject in more detail, C. Julius Hyginus, the noted librarian, had written much about the care of bees, and above all there was the poet Theocritus, whose tenderness and delicacy of expression appealed strongly to the sensitive nature of Vergil.

With all these writings Vergil made himself acquainted and through them was inspired to produce new masterpieces in the field of nature writing. These works portraying country life created around him an atmosphere that aroused in him the desire of digging up new beauties in this yet untried field of Roman literature. He had already made first hand acquaintance with the farm life of Lombardy; it remained for him to partake in the rural joys of Campania, Calabria, Tarentum, and Naples. The results of his experiences in these places are found in his two monumental works, the "*Eclogues*" and the "*Georgics*".

The "*Eclogues*", or "*Bucolics*" as they are sometimes called,

are fashioned after the "Idyls" of Theocritus. There is, however, to be found in them a loftier sentiment borne of the expectation of the approaching millenium in the glorious birth of the One by whom "the iron age first shall end, and the golden shall arise through the whole world"<sup>1</sup>. This striking of a new keynote is of great importance in the development of the pastoral elegy. James Holly Hanford says: "The tone of the Vergilian eclogue is determined not by the lightness and delicate urbanity of Theocritus, nor by the decadent beauty of his successors, but by the essentially dignified and noble genius of Vergil himself."<sup>2</sup> Not only did Vergil re-instate the pastoral elegy as a serviceable medium for later poets who personally might know nothing about country life, but he also injected into it a new spirit that was to influence it for all later times.

To the pastoral as established by the Greek poets Vergil made a valuable addition, in that he took infinite pains to put an artistic finish to his eclogues. Each eclogue is exquisitely built from beginning to end. Vergil's contribution was therefore quite definite. In his hands the pastoral took on a sublime nature worthy of the most noble themes. Two of his eclogues, the fifth and the tenth, have the form of the elegy, the general structure of which he has modelled after the works of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus.

<sup>1</sup>"Quo ferrea primum desinet, ac aurea gens surget toto mundo."  
Ecloga Quarta. 8-9.

<sup>2</sup>Hanford, James Holly. The Pastoral Elegy and Milton's Lycidas. p. 417.



**RESEMBLANCES** As we have observed above, the elegy of Theocritus is preceded by a dramatic introduction, in which two shepherds resolve to sing of the woes of Daphnis. This is exactly the plan of Vergil's fifth eclogue. Mopsus and Menalcas, two shepherds who are experts at singing, invite each other to rest from the care of their flocks and under the shade of the "hazels, intermix'd with elms" to sing to the memory of Daphnis. The tenth eclogue lacks this introduction and after a short invocation plunges into the theme.

There is also a striking similarity between the elegy of Theocritus and the tenth eclogue of Vergil in the idea that nature herself is mourning. Theocritus tells us that the mountains and trees grieve over the death of Daphnis. In Bion's lament, the mountains, trees, rivers, and springs join in the grief of Aphrodite on account of the death of Adonis, and Moschus depicts the trees as having lost their fruit and the flowers as having withered at the death of Bion. Vergil, singing of the sorrow of Gallus, says in his tenth eclogue:

"Illum etiam lauri, illum etiam flevere myricas.  
Pinifer illum etiam sola sub rupe jacentem  
Maenalus, et gelidi fleverunt saxa Lycaei."

In Theocritus we find that he calls upon nature to reverse her usual course so that confusion may reign. He says:

"πάντα δ' ἔνθα γένοιτο, καὶ ἡ πέτραι ὄχθας ἐνέειναι,  
ἀόγυες ἱππεὶ ὕδατος, καὶ τὰς κύνας ὠμίῳ ἔλκεαι,  
ἡ δὲ θάλασσα τὸς σκῆπτρον ἀγρότερος ἀγροτέρου."

Vergil imitates this passage in his fifth eclogue by complaining of the reversal of nature:

"Postquam te fata tulerunt,  
Ipsa Pales agros, atque ipse reliquit Apollo.  
Grandia saepe quibus mandavimus hordea sulcis.  
Infelix lolium, et steriles nascuntur avenae.  
Pro molli viola, pro purpureo narcisso,  
Cerdus et spinis surgit paliurus acutis."

In the pastoral elegies of the three Greek pioneers we find that they also write of the animals and wild beasts as showing their grief over the loss. We observe the same convention in Eclogue V of Vergil:

"Non ulli pastos illis egere diebus  
Frigida, Daphni, boves ad flumina: nulla neque amnem  
Libavit quadrupes, nec graminis attigit herbam.  
Daphni, tuum Psenos etiam ingemuisse leones  
Interitum, montesque feri sylvaeque loquuntur."

In his elegy Theocritus sings of the grief caused by the death of Daphnis. Daphnis is the son of Hermes and a nymph. He spent his childhood among the nymphs who reared him. Thyrsis complains that they were not near when Daphnis was dying:

"πᾶ ποκ' ἄρ' ἦεν, ὅκα Δάφνης ἐτάκετο, πᾶ ποκα Νύμφαι,  
ἣ κατὰ Πηνελόην κατὰ Σεμπερὴν ἢ κατὰ Πέρδω.  
οὐ γὰρ δὴ ποταμῶο μέγαν ῥόον ἔλκετ' Ἀνδρῶν,  
οὐδ' ἄλγος σκοπιῶν, οὐδ' ἄλγος ἔρπον ὕδαρ."

Vergil shows a close imitation of this in his tenth eclogue:

"Quae nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellas  
Naiades, indigno cum Gallus amore periret?  
Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi  
Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Agenippe."

In the elegy of Theocritus Hermes, the father of Daphnis, comes to his son when he is dying, and inquires the cause of his grief. The neatherds, the shepherds, the goatherds - all draw near to ask him why he is mourning. They said:

"Δάφνε πάτερ, τί νυ τάκεται."

We also find

this same form used in subsequent elegies. In the tenth



eclogue of Vergil we read that the swains and neatherds and lastly Menalceas came and asked Gallus whence arose his grief. Apollo also came to make the same inquiry. Shortly after him came Sylvanus, and finally the Great Pan arrived; and we behold him too asking the cause of the sorrow of Gallus. "Equis erit modus?" he asks.

Another convention of pastoral elegy copied from the Greek elegists by later writers was the command to deck the bier or grave of the departed hero with garlands of flowers. The tradition starts with Bion when Aphrodite is told to deck the body of Adonis with wreaths of flowers. "Βάλλε δέ γ' ἑνὶ στεφάνῳ ἑμὲ λήθεις", are the words addressed to the bereaved one. We find the same form used by many later elegy writers among them Vergil in his fifth eclogue when the shepherds are requested to strew the ground with leaves:

"Spargite humum foliis; inducite fontibus umbras,  
Pastores: mandat fieri sibi talia Daphnis."

In almost every dirge, both ancient and modern, we find expressed a complaint against fate that has wrought such terrible havoc. Thus in the elegy of Bion, Aphrodite says:

ἔπειτα σὺ καὶ δύσμορος γένεαι,  
γενέαι μακρὸν ἄδωνι καὶ ἔσχαται ἑς ἄκρον  
πρὸς στυγρὸν βασίλειον καὶ ἄγρον ἃ δὲ εὐλαστο  
ζῶν καὶ θεὸς ἔμμε καὶ οὐ δύναμαι σε δέσσειν  
λήθεις Περσεφὼνα τὸν ἑμὸν ποτεν' ἔσσε γὰρ λυτὴ  
πολλὸν ἔμμε κρίσων, τὸ δὲ πᾶν καλὸν ἔσσε κατ' ἑμέ."

In Vergil the resentment is directed toward heaven. The mother of Daphnis hurries to the body of her son, and in despair complains to the gods for allowing this affliction to come upon her:



"Cum complexa sui corpus miserabile nati,  
Atque Deos atque astra vocat crudelia mater."

Although the pastoral elegy is a song of sorrow, yet it usually contains an expression of consolation and a promise of peace. We have a hint of this in Theocritus in the words:

*"λήγεται βοῦκολεῖνδ' ἠδὲ τοι ἔτε λήγεται ἄοιδῶς".*

Bion appealing to Cytherea says:

*"λήγε γόνυ κοίτρεσσιν τὸ σήμερον ἴσχυο κομμῶν.  
δεῖ σε πάτερ κληῦσαι, πάτερ εἰς ἔτος ἄλλο δακρυῶσαι".*

Moschus, in the close of his dirge, pictures Bion in Hades, where he continues his song and as a reward for his piping may be sent back to his native hills. He says: *"οὐκ ἀχέροντος ἔσσε' εἰδ' α' μοῦναι. χῶς ὄργε' πρόπτερ ἔδωκεν ἔδει γομφίοντες παλίσσουτον Ἐυρυδείην, καὶ σε Βίων πέμψας τὸς ὤρεσσιν".*

Although we find hints of the beginning of this form in the three Greek models, it is given fuller expression in Vergil's Eclogue V, and it is possible that from the Latin poet subsequent elegists derived the custom. The elegy of Vergil is divided into two distinct parts. The first is the song of Mopsus expressing sorrow over the death of Daphnis, the second is the song of Menalcas giving voice to his joy over the reward received by Daphnis, who is now in Olympus consorting with the gods who have made him one of their number. This way of treating the death of a fallen friend or hero lends itself easily to imitation in the Christian pastoral elegy, which regularly closes with the thought of heaven and eternal life with God.

CATULLUS Before leaving the field of Latin literature to go over to the period of the Renaissance when the classical forms were revived, it would not seem out of place to refer briefly to some of the exponents in Latin of elegiac verse, as developed by the early Ionians and used by the later Alexandrians. The grace and ease of the elegiac couplet with its rising melody in the first line which is a hexameter and its ever-recurring softening in the second line which is a pentameter, was particularly suitable to the expression of amatory sentiments among the polished and erotic poets of the Augustan period of Latin literature. Catullus made an extensive use of it in his elegies, many of which were modelled after the masterpieces of the Alexandrian poet, Callimachus. His verses lent themselves to the expression of intense feeling, although they lacked the polish of the elegiac couplet, as developed by three contemporary poets of Vergil, one of whom died several years before him, another in the same year as Vergil, and the third three years later.

GALLUS, TIBULLUS, PROPERTIUS The first of these was Cornelius Gallus, who made the courtesan Cytheris (under the name of Lycoris) the subject of his verse. Of the four books that he wrote only fragments have survived. The two other poets of the Latin elegy were Tibullus and Propertius, of whose works we have sufficient to form a judgment of their success with this kind of verse. The characteristics of both poets are distinct. Tibullus surpasses Propertius in sweetness of expression and has therefore won for his verses a greater affection. In him we find a genuine love of nature,



an attachment to farm life and solitude, and a tender sadness over the prospect of death. He despises the affectedness that is found in many mythological and rhetorical treatments of the same subject. Of his works only four books of elegies have come down to us. In these elegies, whose verses are exquisitely charming and lovely, Tibullus expresses his love for Delia and Nemesis, his affection and friendship for Messala, his contentment with the beauties of peace in a land of sunshine and quiet.

Propertius, who commands greater admiration than Tibullus, is less the subject of spontaneous liking by his readers. In his elegies he displays more appreciation of Roman grandeur and gives more attention to mythology. Although neither Tibullus nor Horace mention him in their works, yet Ovid prides himself of his acquaintance, and Maecenas took him under his patronage. After he had glorified the courtesan Cynthia in four books, he turned to sing of the glories of ancient Rome and gave us a beautiful poem as the result. One of the last and perhaps the best of his elegies is the one in which he develops the subject of conjugal fidelity in the person of Cornelia, the wife of the Consul Aemilius Lepidus Paulus. It is a magnificent poem, and rightfully deserves the name which is often applied to it: "The Queen of the Elegies".

Some twelve or fifteen hundred years later we find a particular kind of love poetry coming into literature,— the sonnets of Italy and of Elizabethan England. The sonnets of Petrarch, Sidney, Spenser, and Shakespeare have created in literature a tradition of a beautiful yet artificial kind of

love poetry. An epoch akin to this was established in Latin literature by the four elegiac contemporaries of Vergil: Catullus, Gallus, Tibullus, and Propertius.

#### SECTION IV

##### THE RENAISSANCE - DEVELOPMENT IN ITALY AND FRANCE

From the earliest period of Greek literature until the present day every century has witnessed a literary production in the Greek language. It is true that the Greek language has undergone many changes during this time. A modern son of Greece would hardly feel at home with the Greek as it was spoken during the Periclean Age, just as a modern Englishman or American without any special training would be lost with the highly inflected English language of Alfred the Great. Yet the same influence that began with Homer and continued down the centuries inspires scholars of the Greek language even in our own time to find much interest in the Greek classics and fashion their own writings after the pattern of the great authors of Ancient Greece.

Even as early as the period of Greek literature known as the Homeric and continuing down to the beginning of the Alexandrian, we find that in the educated world only such literature as was written in Greek was considered of any great value; all other forms of writing were "barbaric". What is more, until the time of Theocritus only themes with some bearing on things Greek were considered good form. But after that time there came a change. In the second century before Christ, there appeared the first anthology of Greek lyrics, a collection of over four thousand epigrams and epigrammatic poems, which



were imitated in every language. In the first century of the Christian Era, Josephus wrote in Greek the history of the Jews; in the same century Sts. Luke, Mark, and John wrote their Epistles.

When the second century after Christ began, Plutarch composed his ever popular Lives, which dealt with Roman traditions as well as Greek, in which language he wrote. It was in the same century that Marcus Aurelius gave us his "Meditations" in Greek, sometimes considered the noblest thought of Roman paganism. It was in the Greek language that the Byzantine Fathers, Gregory of Nazianzus, Chrysostom, and Basil wrote their treatises on Christian Doctrine; and throughout history, Greek has liturgically lived on in the Greek Church as Latin in the Roman. Up to the time of the fall of Constantinople in 1453, Greek was the language of scholars in that region as it had been since literature began there. It is said that even under the domination of the Turkish Sultans during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there are traces of Greek literature having been written according to the old style. By the eighteenth century the modern period of Greek literature had begun. During this century, in order to preserve the language philological studies of old Greek were encouraged; the "National School" was organized by Gennadius in order to keep alive the old culture; and the Fanariots, i.e. the Greek rulers of Constantinople made an organized effort to promote Greek literature.

Thus we see that Greek traditions played an important part in the literary development of the world. We must not, however, overlook the fact that there was a period from the

sixth century after Christ until the fourteenth century that might be called the Dark Age as far as Greek literature was concerned. During that time Greek was unknown throughout Western Europe. In the fourteenth century, Petrarch is said never to have found anyone who could teach him to read Homer in the original Greek. It is true that Greek phrases had survived, and that Greek works were read, but they survived only as they had been translated into Latin. It was in this form that Dante had found them; and thus they were, until about a century or more after the death of Dante, when the grammarians of the Renaissance had restored to the world the dead traditions of Greek Antiquity.

Not until the first Humanist, Petrarch, unearthed long-lost manuscripts and collected ancient coins and medals, was there a movement started which finally resulted in Italian scholars going to Greece to study the language, and Greek teachers coming to Italy. A zealous search for old literary remains was instituted in Greece, and as a result in 1423 Aurispa brought two hundred and thirty-eight volumes to Italy. The Council of Florence, convoked in 1431, was the occasion for bringing to Italy renowned Greek scholars and works of literature. Among those present at the Council from Greece was Archbishop Bessarion, who gave to the library of Venice his valuable collection of over nine hundred volumes. The fall of Constantinople in 1453 drove the learned Greeks, George of Trebizond, Theodorus Gaza, Constantine Lascaris, and many others, equally renowned, into Italy.

**PETRARCH AND BOCCACCIO** Two of the foremost writers of the early Renaissance were Petrarch and Boccaccio. A number



of their famous sonnets were written in the form of the pastoral. To them is ascribed the beginning of the practice of introducing into the pastoral the element of religion. In the sixth and seventh eclogues of Petrarch we find an allegorical satire against existing religious abuses. He thereby led the way for Mantuanus and Marot, who were followed by Spenser and Milton. There is also a pastoral element of importance in Boccaccio's fourteenth eclogue, which is more of a vision than a lament. The scene described is that of Paradise and its happiness as revealed to the poet by the spirit of his dead daughter, Olympia.

This practice of making the pastoral the vehicle of satire and personal allegory, as begun by Petrarch and Boccaccio, is noticed in the works of their successors of the Renaissance, whose works also show the influence of Rome and Greece. Notable examples of such imitation are found in the works of Pontano, Sannazaro, Alamanni, Mantuanus, and Marot. It is my intention to take up each of these authors individually and show their similarities to the Greek and Latin models of pastoral elegy.

**PONTANO** The first to be considered according to birth was Pontano. Giovanni Pontano lived from 1426 until 1503. He was born at Cerreto near Spoleto, and was the founder of the so-called Pontanian Academy. He was a poet of great merit, and contributed a large share to the humanistic movement by using the Latin language as the medium for his poetry. He wrote both in prose and in verse. His chief prose work is the history of the Neapolitan War between Ferdinand I and John of Anjou, written in six books. He himself had been one of

the military leaders and was therefore qualified to give first hand information about many of the battles. He also wrote several tracts on Aristotelian philosophy. His elegies are contained in three books, entitled "De Amore Coniugali", in which he writes tenderly and beautifully of conjugal love and fidelity. He shows full control of the form and language of the old elegists, united with the clearness and naturalness of a true poet.

It is particularly his "Meliseus", a Latin eclogue in which he laments the death of his wife, that shows resemblance to the lament of Moschus and the fifth eclogue of Vergil. So far we have observed in the Greek and Latin models the convention of depicting nature as joining in the mourning of some hero or swain. In Theocritus we saw that the trees and mountains wept over the death of Daphnis. Bion tells us that the mountains, trees, and streams share in the sorrow of Aphrodite. In Moschus all the flowers withered and the trees lost their fruit in their grief for the death of Bion. In Vergil's tenth eclogue, "pinifer illum etiam sola sub rupe jacentem Maenalus, et gelidi fleverunt saxa Lycaeï". The dirge of Pontano shows the same convention. An example is the following:

"En squalent prata et sua sunt sine honore salicta  
Extinctamque Ariadnam agri, Ariadnam et ipsae  
Cum gemitu referunt silvae, vallesque queruntur.  
Extinctamque Ariadnam iterant clamantia saxa,  
Et colles iterant Ariadnam, Ariadnam et amnes."

In many instances nature is called upon to give up her usual order and let confusion reign. This custom begins with Theocritus when he calls upon the violets, thorns, and narcissus to bear fruit contrary to their nature. Pontano imitates both Theocritus and Vergil in this regard in the following passage:



"Dira lues coelo ruat, et ruat altus Olympus.  
Stragem agris, stragem arboribus, terraeque ruinam  
Det super et mediis tellus internatet undis.  
Non uxor mihi cara domi."

We have also found in Theocritus, Moschus, Bion, and Vergil that the herds and flocks are now left to roam without a shepherd; that even the jackals, the wolves, and the lions were in mourning. Pontano carries out the tradition. The following lines are an example:

"Pastores Ariadnam, Ariadnam armenta querantur  
Extinctam Ariadnam opacis buccula silvis  
Cum gemitu testetur."

With Bion began the convention of commanding that the corpse or the grave of the fallen one be decked with flowers. Thus Bion says: "*Βάνη δὲ νεκρῶντος ἡδὲ ἱρδία*". Pontano elaborates on the idea in the following:

"Legite intactos et jungite flores  
Et solis luctum et pueri lachrymantis amorem.  
Legite et abscissos Veneris de fronte capillos  
Post ubi io Ariadnam io Ariadnam, et ipsum  
Impleatis clamore nemus, hunc addite honorem  
Ad tumulum, pia verba acrem testantia luctum."

**SANNAZARO** Sannazaro was another poet of this period to write pastoral elegies that give evidence of a strong resemblance to the Greek and Latin models. He was born at Naples in 1458 and died in 1530. After the death of his father, he was brought up under the care of his mother in the valley of Sano Mango near Salerno. Thus he early imbibed the spirit of farm life which inspired his later pastoral works. After taking part in the wars that were waged at this time in Italy and spending some time in exile in France, he returned to his native land in 1504, collected and edited the works of Pontano and gave himself up to the study and writing of literature.

His works became eminent as masterpieces of Latin composition. His epopee "De partu Virginis" brought him world fame as one of the best accomplishments of modern Latin. His odes, elegies, and epistles also give evidence of artistic ability. Of his elegies the best known are his "Phyllis", a lament in Latin for Carmosina, modelled after Vergil; and "Arcadia", the eleventh eclogue of which appears to be little more than a paraphrase of Moschus' lament. "Phyllis" as well as some others of his Latin eclogues show the influence of the frame work of the elegy as designed by Theocritus, but unlike most pastorals of the Renaissance, it is mere fiction. His "Arcadia" shows the author's familiarity with the third idyl of Moschus, known as the "*Βίωρος ἀνέμω*". This work is composed of twelve idyllic descriptions in prose interwoven with twelve eclogues in tercets, with an introduction and conclusion in prose. The story is briefly as follows: The poet, whose name in the poem is Sincero, is unhappy in love and takes refuge from Naples in Arcadia. In tender fashion - according to the model of Boccaccio's "Ameto"- he describes the complaints of love, the contests in song, the festivals, hunting trips, the games and funeral celebrations of the Arcadian shepherds, sometimes happy, then again sad. In Arcadia the poet is unable to forget his beloved, and an indescribable sadness comes over him when the thought occurs to him that he will never see her again. On the mountain tops, on the paths in the forest, at every rustling of the leaves, at every murmur of the groves he imagines he sees her coming to him; but she never comes. He envies the trees and the animals of their lot, because they are not disquieted by any unfulfilled desires. The shepherd



Cerino attempts to console him with the recital of his own pangs of love. But nothing avails. After many episodes he finally receives hope at a festival which the shepherd Ergasto holds in honor of his mother Massilia. A nymph appears to him and leads him through many subterranean passages to the shore of his native land, where from a distance he hears the songs of the shepherds Summonzio and Barcinnio, repeating the complaints of Maliseo over the beautiful Filli. In the meantime, however, the beloved of Sincero has died, and the work closes with a touching farewell to the shepherd's flute.

The works of Sannazaro show an interesting innovation by changing the scene from the meadows of Arcadia to the shores of the Bay of Naples. His descriptions, however, are not of his own experience, and indicate his dependence on the works of the older bucolic poets, especially Theocritus, Moschus, Bion, Vergil, Ovid, Calpurnius, Boccaccio, and Bembo. A striking resemblance of the "Arcadia" to the Greek models is found in the refrain, calling upon the Muses to begin the pastoral song. Sannazaro expresses the same idea in the following: "Recominciate, Muse, il vostro pianto". Another resemblance is found in the expression of the melancholy mood resulting from the pagan thought of the contrast between the immortality of nature's life and the mortality of man. The earliest instance of this occurs in Moschus' elegy:

ἄλκις τὰς μαλ' ἄλκις μὲν, ἔσθ' ἡ καὶ ἡ πόντος ὀλῶνται,  
 ὑπερὶ γὰρ ὅσοντες καὶ εἰς ἄστρον, ἄλλο φέρονται.  
 ἡμᾶς δ' οἱ μέγας καὶ κατ' ἐπὶ, οἱ σοφοὶ ἄνθρωποι,  
 ὅσοις πρῶτα δάγνυται, ἄνακτος ἐν χθονὶ καὶ ἄλλῃ  
 εὐδόμεν ἐν μάλα μακρὸν κτερ' ἔχοντα γήρατος ὕπνον."

The same thought is expressed in the ninth eclogue of Sannazaro:

"Ai, ai, seccan le spine, et poi che un poco  
 Son state ad ricoprar l'antica forza,  
 Ciascuna torna, e nasce al proprio loco;  
 Ma noi, poi che una volta il ciel ne sforza,  
 Vento, ne sol, ne pioggia, o primavera  
 Basta ad tornarne in la terrena scorza."

The beginning of the custom by Moschus of calling upon nature to mourn over the loss of the shepherd is carried on in the lines of the "Arcadia": "Piangi, colle sacrate, opaco, e fosco.... Piangete Faggi, e Quercie alpestri....Lacrimate voi fiumi ignudi.... Piagi, Hyacintho, le tue belle spoglie, E raddoppiando le querele antiche Descrivi i miei dolor nelle tue foglie."

In his ninth eclogue, Sannazaro imitates the "noonday rest of Pan, and the wrath on his nostrils" as described by Theocritus. Sannazaro's version is as follows:

"Che torna all'ombra pien d'orgoglio et d'ira  
 Col naso aduncho afflando amaro tosco."

Theocritus, as we have seen, not only calls upon inanimate nature to grieve for the loss of the beloved, but he also expresses the grief of the animals. Sannazaro continues the convention in his "Arcadia" in the following lines:

"O lupi, o orsi et qualunque animali per le orrende  
 spelunche vi nascondete, rimanetevi, addio; eccho che piu non  
 viderete quel vostro bifolcho che per li monti et per li  
 boschi solea cantare. Addio, rive; addio, piaggie verdissime  
 et fiumi: Vivete senza me lungo tempo; et mentre mormurando  
 per le petrose valle currete nel' alto mare, abbiate sempre  
 nela memoria il vostro Charino. Il quale cqui le sue vacche  
 pasceva, il quale cqui y suo tori coronava, il quale qui con  
 la sampogna gli armenti, mentre beveano, solea dilectare."

Professor Wilfrid P. Mustard in his "Echoes of the Greek Bucolic Poets", American Journal of Philology, xxx, p.245-283, calls attention to the dispute whether the "Arcadia" contains direct imitations of Theocritus, since according to Professor



Mahaffey "that poet (Theocritus) was not adequately printed till 1495, which must have been very near the date of the actual composition of the "Arcadia". Professor Mustard seems quite certain that the alleged imitations are entirely genuine, showing that Sannazaro was acquainted with Theocritus at first hand. He furthermore calls attention to the fact that the "Arcadia" was written earlier than 1495, possibly during the youth of Sannazaro who was born in 1458.<sup>1</sup>

Although the "Arcadia" was written in imitation of older models, it nevertheless served as an example for subsequent pastorals. Very similar in frame work, style, and story is the "Pastorale" of Pietro Jacopo de Jennaro. Close resemblances are also found in the eclogues and idyls of Filippo Gallo of Sienna, who spent considerable time in Italy. Similarities also abound in the pastorals of Galeotas and other Neapolitans. "Arcadia" was translated into French in 1544 and was used as a model by Remy Belean in 1565. In England it was the inspiration to Sidney's "Arcadia" in 1490 and also influenced Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar" written in 1579. In Spanish it was imitated in three eclogues by Garcilaso de la Vega (d. 1536); by Jorge de Montemajor in his "Diana", and Cervantes in his "Galatea".

ALAMANNI Another elegist of this period who gives evidence of his acquaintance with the works of Theocritus and Moschus was Luigi Alamanni (1495-1556). His first two eclogues expressing his sorrow over the death of his friend Cosmo Rucellai, the "Tuscan Orpheus", are close imitations of the first idyl of Theocritus and the lament by Moschus. He makes use of a

<sup>1</sup>op.c. p. 249

refrain similar to that of the Greek models: "Date principio, o Muse, al tristo canto". We have seen in the elegies of Theocritus and Vergil that the gods come to the scene of sorrow and ask the reason for the mourning. In Theocritus, Hermes, the divine father of Daphnis, comes and asks him the reason for his torment:

\* Ἡρμῆς Ἐρμῆς πρῶτιστος ἀπ' ὕψους, εἶπε δὲ Δάφνι,  
εἰς τὸ καυτοῦχρε; τίος ὕμνῳ πόσσον ἔρπασε'.

Alamanni imitates Theocritus in this respect in his first eclogue:

"Discese Apollo a noi dal suo Parnao  
Et piangendo dicea; deh, miser Cosmo,  
Dov' or ten vai? Chi di te'l mondo spoglia?  
Fan venne poi con mille altri pastori, etc."

Alamanni also paraphrases Moschus in his complaint of the re-awakening of nature on the one hand, and the long and unending sleep of man on the other hand in the following words:

"Le liete rose, le fresche herbe e verdi,  
Le violette, i fior vermigli e' i persi  
Bene han la vita lor caduca e frale,  
Ma' l'aure dolci, i sol benigni e l'acque  
Rendon gli spiriti lor che d'anno in anno  
Tornan piu che mai belli al nuovo aprile,  
Ma (lassi) non virtu, regni, o thesoro  
A noi render porrian quest' alma luce."

Alamanni's Eclogue X is a paraphrase of the Idyl I of Bion, *Ἀδύρκετος ἐκπύριος*, although Professor Mustard is of the opinion that Alamanni regarded the lament to have been written by Theocritus, since it was printed without the name of the author in the Aldine edition of the Idyls in 1495, and was ascribed to Theocritus in the Justine edition of 1515.<sup>1</sup>

Alamanni imitates Bion in the songs of Dafni and Dameta, acknowledging that the inspiration came from the Sicilian poet:

<sup>1</sup>Ibid. p. 274



"O fortunato uocchio, almo pastore  
Per cui Sicilia eternamente ha uita,  
Et Syracuse tua perpetua lode."

The invocation of Theocritus, asking the nymphs where they were when Daphnis died, "πῆ ποῦ ἦρ' ἦν δ' " is imitated also by Alamanni:

"Que uoi Muse allhor che la chiara alma  
Del diuin Cosmo al sommo ciel salio?  
Non gia non gia lungo le fresche riuie  
Del suo chiaro Arno, etc."

TASSO Another work of this period which abounds in imitations of Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, and Vergil is the "Rogo di Corinna" of Tasso, the greatest of the poets of the last half of the sixteenth century, and the last of the four great Italian poets. In imitation of Theocritus he calls upon nature to join in the general mourning by reversing her usual course:

"Stelle, stelle crudeli,  
Perche non mi celate il vostro lume,  
Poi che il suo m'ascondeste?  
Perche non volgi, o Luna, addietro 'l corso?  
Perche non copre intorno orrido nembo  
Il tuo dolce sereno?  
Perche il ciel non si tigne  
Tutte di nere macchie e di sanguigne?  
Tenebre, o voi che le sere luci  
M'ingombraste repente,  
Coprite il cielo e i suoi spietati lumi,  
E minaccino sol baleni e lampi  
D'ardere il mondo e le celesti spere.  
Stiasi dolente ascoso il Sol nell' onde;  
Tema natura di perpetua notte;  
Tremi la terra; ed Aquilone ed Austro  
Facciano insieme impetuosa guerra,  
Crollando i boschi, e le robuste piante  
Svelte a terra spargendo; il mar si gonfi,  
E con onde spumanti il lido ingombri;  
Volgano i fiumi incontro ai fonti il corso."

In his fifth eclogue, Vergil complains of the failing of nature's fruits: "Grandia saepe quibus mandavimus hordea sulcis. Infelix lolium, et steriles nascuntur avenae. Pro

milli viola, pro purpureo narcisso, Carduus et spinis surgit  
paliurus acutis." Tasso re-echoes the same thought in his  
"Corinna":

"Pasciache t'involò l'acerba morte,  
Pale medesima abbandono piangendo  
Le sue nude campagne, e seco Apollo:  
E nei solchi, in cui già fu sparso il grano,  
Vi signoreggia l'infelice loglio,  
E la sterile avenna, o felce appresso  
Sventurata che frutto non produce;  
E in vece pur di violetta molle,  
Di purpureo narciso e di giacinto,  
Il cardo sorge."

We have observed that with Bion and Vergil there is an  
expression of the poignant grief that occurs over the fate  
which cuts off life in the bud or in the fullness of bloom.

Bion puts these words in the mouth of Aphrodite:

*"γεύχεις μακρόν, Ἄδωνι καὶ ἔρχεαι εἰς Ἀχέρουσα  
καὶ στυγρὸν βασίλειαν καὶ ἄγρον· ἡ δὲ ταλαίνα  
ζῶν καὶ θεὸς ἐμὲ, καὶ οὐ δύναμαι, σε δειῶσαι,  
ἡμίβανε Περσεφόνα τὸν ἔκον πόσει· ἔσσι γὰρ ὅσα  
πολλὸν ἐμὲν κρείσσων· τὸ δὲ πᾶν καλὸν ἐς τὰ κατὰ γῆα."*

In "Corinna", Tasso's expression is similar:

"Oh dolore, oh pietate!  
Oh miseria del mondo!  
Come passa repente e come fugge  
Virtù, grazia, bellezza e leggiadria!"

Complaining of the apparent immortality of nature and  
mortality of man, Tasso imitates the models in the following:

"Cade il bianco ligustro, e poi risorge,  
E di nuovo germoglia;  
E dalle spine ancor purpurea rosa  
Colta rinasce, e spiega  
L'odoroso suo grembo ai dolci raggi;  
Spergono i pini e i faggi  
Le frondi a terra, e di lor verde spoglia  
Poi rivestono i rami;  
Cade e risorge l'amorosa stella;  
Tu cadesti, Corinna (ahi duro caso!)  
Per non risorger mai."



MANTUANUS Another great poet of the Italian Renaissance who carried out the ancient pastoral traditions, and who is also important for his influence upon later pastoral poetry, was Giovanni Battista, called Mantuanus (1448-1516). He was a member of the Carmelite Order at Mantua, was raised to the position of Prior, and was eminent as a scholar of Latin and Greek. He is remembered to-day for his eclogues, known as "Adulescentia". They were satires on the abuses of his day. In his own time they were so widely known and of such high moral caliber that they were used as text books in schools. They not only served as models for later didactic dialogues, but they also led the way by including satirical, philosophical, and personal materials. For our purpose it will be sufficient to point out some of the resemblances to the ancient pastoral elegies.

In his third eclogue, Mantuanus gives evidence of his acquaintance with the classical models by his reference to the universal sorrow borne on account of the death of the beloved one. The following lines are an example:

"Te Padus et noster lugubri Mincius ore  
 Cum Nymphis flevere suis, ut Thracius Hebrus  
 Orphea; te tristes ovium flevere magistri,  
 Ut Daphnim luxisse ferunt; te pascua et agri  
 Undique; et audita est totis querimonia campis."

We also find him making use of the convention of asking that flowers be strewn over the tomb of the fallen one:  
 "Spargite, pastores, tumulum redolentibus herbis."

MAROT: Leaving the sunny land of Italy, we find that France also produced a poet at this time who followed in the footsteps of the classical pastoral poets and whose influence upon later writers, particularly Spenser, was as great as that

of Mantuanus. This was Clement Marot, born in 1495 and died in 1544. He wrote a great number of poems, but the one that interests us most here is his "Complaincte de ma Dame Loyse de Savoye", a pastoral elegy. The framework of this poem is essentially that of Theocritus,—one herdsman is induced by another through flattery to sing of his woes; then follows the dirge, after which there is a return to commonplace things. It opens with the usual invocation employed by his predecessors: "Chantez, mes vers, chantez". In imitation of Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, and Vergil, he speaks of all nature mourning in the following: "Fueilles et fruietz des arbres abbatirent;— Et les Dauphins bien jeunes y pleurerent.... Bestes de proye et bestes de pasture, Tous animaux Loyse regretterent,.... Sur l'arbre sec s'en complaint Philomene; L'aronde en faict cris piteux et trenchans;.... Nymphes et dieux de nuict en grand' destresse La vindrent veoir", also

"D'ou vient cela qu'on veoy l'herbe sechante  
Retourner vive alors que l'este vient,  
Et la personne au tumbeau trebuschante,  
Tant grande soit, jamais plus ne revient?"

The sentiments of Theocritus: "πῇ ποκ' εἶς ἦοδ' ὅκα Δάφνις ἐτάκετο, πῇ πόκα Νύμφαι," (Where were ye, Nymphus, when Daphnis was wasting in death etc.)" are re-echoed in the following lines of Marot:

"Que faictes vous en ceste forest verte,  
Faunes, Sylvains? je croy que dormez la;  
Veillez, veillez, pour plorer ceste perte."

Lines of extraordinary sweetness are written by Marot, reminding us of the words of Bion: "Βάλλε δέ νιν στεφάνους καὶ ἄνθεα." (Fling garlands, also flowers upon him)":



"Portez rameaulx parvenuz a croissance;  
 Laurier, lyerre et lys blancs honorez,  
 Romarin vert, roses en abondance,  
 Jaune soucie et bassinets dorez,  
 Passeveloux de pourpre colorez,  
 Lavende franche, ceillests de couleur vive,  
 Aubepins blancs, aubepins azurez,  
 Et toutes fleurs de grand' beaute nayve.  
 Chascune soit d'en porter attentive,  
 Puis sur la tumba en jectez bien espais,  
 Et n'oubliez force branches d'olive,  
 Car elle estoit la bergere de paix."

The transition from sorrow to joy is maintained by Marot in the following lines which are considered as some of the most beautiful of his elegy:

"Non, taisez vous c'est assez deplore:  
 Elle est aux Champs Elisiens receue."

## SECTION V

### TRANSITION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE

From what we have considered in the foregoing we have seen that during the Renaissance the pastoral was one of the most popular types of poetry. It held equal rank with the epic and the drama. With its conventions taken from a time when civilization was in a pastoral stage; when wealth consisted in sheep and cattle; before cities and their intricate forms of government had developed, - to men of the Renaissance it was a relic of the Golden Age, and they were fond of referring to it as the "ideal time". Sicily and Arcadia were to them kinds of Utopia where men lived an ideal life, free from care and the influence of tainted civilization. Already in Greek times romances were written about these ideal spots and writers of the early Renaissance delighted in making these

places the subjects of their poetry. The idyls of Theocritus were the first Greek poetry to be published in the fifteenth century, and in Spenser's time they were equally as popular as the eclogues of Vergil. Vergil, however, imitating Moschus, had included in his pastoral poetry a note which made his works the pattern of the true poet. In his pastorals the shepherds were not real; they were his friends; and the scenes and events described in his works were allegorical representations of scenes and places familiar with Vergil and his readers. Thus the pastoral in the period of the Renaissance became not merely a "little picture" or an "idyl", but a kind of allegory. For this reason Vergil became the type of the true poet of this period. Hosts of young writers who wished to become poets imitated Vergil, at first in his eclogues and then later in his epic. So it was with one of the greatest poets of the late sixteenth century, Edmund Spenser.

SPENSER     The contribution of Spenser to the pastoral was his introduction of unity into a series of eclogues. His "Shepheardes Calender" consists of a series of twelve poems, one for each month. A motif of seasons runs throughout, and lends a certain amount of unity to the whole. Unity of interest is achieved by a love story. Colin Clout, who is Spenser himself, is in love with Rosalind, "the widow's daughter of the glen". Who she really is, no one knows; and whether Spenser's love was a reality or just a poetical compliment to some lady at court, remains uncertain. Another important element of this great work is its satire. In a number of instances he sharply criticises existing religious



abuses, and in the homely and innocent words of the shepherd suggests his reforms.

Among the followers of the traditions of Vergil in the allegorical pastoral were Mantuanus and Marot. Their eclogues rank with those of Vergil as the sources of the "Shepherd's Calender". We find that "July" and "October" are modifications of the fifth, seventh, and eighth eclogues of Mantuanus. "November", the pastoral elegy of the "Calender" has its source in Marot's "Complaincte de ma Dame Loyse de Savoye". In the pastoral elegies of Marot and Spenser, the shepherds have the same names and extend to each other similar compliments. The dialogue of Marot is opened by Thenot in a less abrupt manner than is done in "November". Not in any way desiring to belittle the ability of Pan, Thenot in the French elegy expresses the opinion that the god has something to learn from Colin. Colin returns the compliment by saying that in a singing match with Calliope Thenot would be the winner. The shepherds urge each other to sing, but Thenot replies that he should keep silent as the woodpecker does in the presence of the nightingale. Colin is finally persuaded to lament the death of Loyse. As a reward for his song he is promised six yellow and six green quinces. If the song is as beautiful as the one he has sung for Isabel, he is to receive a double pipe made by Raffi Lyonnois. In Spenser's "November" the prizes are different. Colin is to be given a lamb, and if his verses are as good as those he has made for Rosalind, he will receive a more valuable gift.

In his lament for Dido in "November", Spenser, in imitation of Marot, follows the general plan of the elegy as devised by the models,- he divides the poem into two parts, one of

sorrow upon the death of Dido, and the other of joy upon the thought that she is happy in heaven. The transition between the two parts is less abrupt in Spenser than in Marot. Like Milton in "Lycidas", Marot suddenly commands the mourners to be silent:

"Be silent you have mourned enough;  
She has been received into the Elysian fields."

Besides in the similarity of structure, Spenser also conforms in other respects with the Greek classical models. Thus the striking refrain repeated so often in Theocritus, Moschus, and Bion is imitated in "November": "O heavy herse!.... O carefull verse!"

The traditional expression of the mourning participated in by all nature is sustained in the following lines of Spenser:

"Ay me! that dreerie Death should strike so mortall  
stroke,  
That can undoe Dame Natures kindly course;  
The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,  
The flouds do gaspe, for dryed is theyr source,  
And flouds of teares flowe in theyr stead perforce:  
The mantled medowes mourne,  
Theyr sondry colours tourne.  
O heave herse!  
The heavens doe melt in teares without remorse;  
O carefull verse!"

The beasts of the field and forest also join in the lamenting:

"The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foodes,  
And hang theyr heads as they would learne to weep;  
The beastes in forest wayle as they were woode,  
Except the Wolves, that chase the wandring sheepe,  
Now she is gone that safely did hem keepe:  
The Turtle on the bared braunch  
Laments the wound that death did launch."

Speaking of the contrast between the life of man and that of nature, Spenser follows in the footsteps of Moschus



who gave expression to his melancholy mood in the passage:

"αἶψ' αὖτ' ἐνὶ μάλας"

μέν, ἐπὶν κατὰ κῆπον ὀλωγας.... ὕστερον δὲ ζῶντες καὶ αἶς, πρὸς  
 ἄλλο φέροντες. ἄλλες δ' αὖ μετὰ... ὁπότε πρὸς ἡνῶμας, ἡνῶμας....  
 εὐδόμες, ἐν μάλα, μακρὸν αἶματι τῆρατον ὕπνον.

(Ah me! the mallows when they fade...., and the green parsley  
 and the flowering tendrils of the anise, they awake to life  
 again and grow.... But we, the human kind.... when once we  
 die, unheeding in the hollow earth we sleep....)" The following  
 are the lines of Spenser:

"Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,  
 And lyeth buried long in Winters bale;  
 Yet, soone as spring his mantle hath displayde,  
 It floureth fresh, as it should never fayle?  
 But thing on earth that is of most auaile,  
 As vertues braunch and beauties budde,  
 Reliven not for any good."

The custom beginning with Bion and continuing with other  
 pastoral elegists of asking that the grave of the beloved be  
 decked with flowers is only alluded to by Spenser:

"The gaudie girlonds deck her grave,  
 The faded flowres her corse embrace."

When the mood of the shepherd has turned to one of joy  
 over the thought that the deceased one is now happy among the  
 gods, Spenser rejoices in the following words which are a  
 paraphrase of Marot:

"Why wayle we then? Why weary we the Gods with playnts,  
 As if some evill were to her betight?  
 She raignes a goddessse now among the saintes,  
 That whilome was the saynt of shepherds light,  
 And is enstalled now in heavens hight.  
 I see thee, blessed soule, I see  
 Walke in Elisian fieldes so free.  
 O happy herse!  
 Might I once come to thee, (O that I might!)  
 O joyfull verse!"

Spenser's "Shepherds Calender" therefore creates a dis-  
 tinct era in the history of the pastoral elegy. Although he

was evidently influenced by the earlier forms, he must be given credit for adding to the sentiment of the Arcadian and Sicilian pastoral a fresh interest in rustic life and a lyric quality which is characteristic of the Elizabethan Age. The eclogues of Spenser differ from those of Vergil in as far as they do not have the epic stateliness of the Latin poet; they breathe forth the sentiments of gracefulness, gentleness, and rustic simplicity which are echoes of Theocritus and more characteristic of the true pastoral.

After the death of Spenser a great amount of pastoral poetry was written, but it did nothing to modify the types as established by the classics and writings of the Renaissance. The influence of Spenser continued to be felt in the continuation of a genuine rustic sentiment that was missing in some of the early Italian models. There continued to spring up a large proportion of pastorals written on occasions of deaths of dear friends. However, none of these works make any contribution to the development of the pastoral elegy.

MILTON: The next impulse in this movement was given by that great poet of the Sublime, John Milton, in his elegy "Lycidas". The occasion for this work was the death in August, 1637, of Edward King, a companion of Milton's at Christ's College, Cambridge. About the same time the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were publishing a collection of eulogistic verses in honor of Ben Jonson. The intention of the work was to show that poetry had died with Jonson. What the scholars were doing for the memory of Ben Jonson, Milton had decided to do for Edward King. The result was "Lycidas", published in



November, 1637.

"Lycidas" is a pastoral elegy containing the conventions of such poetry as it had come down from the Greeks. It shows a resemblance to the first idyl of Theocritus, Bion's *"Adwíreōs ἑπὶ τὴν ἑλπίδα"*, and Moschus' *"Bíwros ἐπὶ τὴν ἑλπίδα"*; and was evidently influenced by Spenser's elegy. In his classroom lectures on Milton and his contemporaries, Dr. R.R. McGregor describes most fittingly and enlighteningly the inspiration and beauties of this work: "In its imagery and arrangement the poem conforms to the pastoral modes of Theocritus and Vergil, which the Italian Renaissance poets had revived, and Spenser had introduced into England. It conforms also to medieval models consciously and unconsciously, in combining realism and idealism, Paganism and Christianity, with no sense of incongruity. Thus in an elegy which opens with an invocation to the Muses who dwell by the well that springs beneath the seat of Jove, we hear the dread voice of the Pilot of the Galilean Lake, and Lycidas is at once a shepherd of bucolic Arcadia, and a type of the true pastors of the Christian Church."

Milton also made use of the conventionalism of the pastoral as a medium of expressing his grief in an impersonal and idealized manner. That he was personally affected by the death of his friend is certain, but the expression of it in the person of the shepherd adds a softening touch to it.

The poem opens with an invocation to the Muses, part of which brings back memories of Theocritus:

"Begin, then Sisters of the sacred well  
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;  
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string."

Continuing the imitation, Milton represents nature as sharing in the general sorrow at the death of the hero:

"Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,  
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
And all their echoes, mourn.  
The willows, and the hazel copses green,  
Shall now no more be seen  
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays."

Speaking of the confusion of nature owing to the death, Milton imitates the early elegists in the following words:

"Bitter Constraint and sad occasion dear  
Compels me to disturb your season due."

In "Lycidas" the beasts of the field also share in the general suffering:

"The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,  
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;  
Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw  
Daily devours apace, and nothing said."

The tradition of "*πῶς ποτε Νύμφαι*," (where were ye, Nymphs)", is carried out in the beautiful passage enriched by the touch of the barbarian cycle of myth and poetry:

"Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep  
Closed o'er the head of your beloved Lycidas?  
For neither were ye playing on the steep  
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream."

Not less striking is the passage imitating Bion and Vergil, commanding that the sepulchre be decorated with garlands of flowers:

"Return, Sicilian Muse,  
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.  
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use



Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparsely looks,  
 Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,  
 That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,  
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
 The tufted crow-toe, and the pale gessamine,  
 The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,  
 The glowing violet,  
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,  
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears;  
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,  
 To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies."

The procession of mourners, that was introduced in former pastoral elegies, is also found in Milton's elegy. First come the Heralds of the Sea to ask the cause of the death of Lycidas:

"But now my oar proceeds,  
 And listens to the Herald of the Sea,  
 That came in Neptune's plea.  
 He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,  
 What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?"

Then across the scene walks Father Camus, personifying the college river, mourning the loss of his child: "Ah! who hath reft my dearest pledge?" And last, comes St. Peter, carrying the keys of power and bearing on his head the mitre of authority, bewailing the loss.

The traditional change from sadness to joy is maintained in "Lycidas" in the following sublime passage soaring into the region of mystical light, where all is happiness and glory:

"Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,  
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,  
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.  
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:

So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
 Through the dear night of Him that walked the waves,  
 Where, other groves and other streams along,  
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,  
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love,  
 There entertain him all the Saints above,  
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,  
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes."

Thus upon the comparison of "Lycidas" with the classical archetypes we see that Milton's elegy is to a large degree the result of growth. Within its lines are encompassed the traditions of many centuries. It shows the great genius of Milton in assimilating the achievements of the past and uniting with them his own personal emotions. In one important respect, however, does Milton deviate from the conventional forms. In no other pastoral of the past had its author made so many allusions to his own poetical career. In the opening passage of "Lycidas" there is a personal reference to fame; the closing words are also intimations of his own experiences. In his "Epitaphium Damonis", we find fifteen lines devoted to a description of his journey to Italy and twenty-five to the poetry he has written. With the exception of these departures, Milton has adhered to the pastoral poets who had preceded him. In fact, it is in this inspired imitation that the beauty of the piece consists.

SHELLEY The third great pastoral elegy in the English language is "Adonais" written by Percy Bysshe Shelley. This best known of his longer poems was written as a song of grief over the untimely death of John Keats in 1821. Although somewhat longer than the classical models, it nevertheless shows a strong resemblance to them. The picture of the shep-



herd is not emphasized so much, but, as in the classical patterns, nature joins in the grief of the poet. One of the first similarities that come to our notice is the use of a refrain in Shelley's "Adonais": "O, weep for Adonais - he is dead".

Speaking of the tears and groans of nature, Shelley says:

"All he had loved, and molded into thought,  
From shape, and hue, and odor, and sweet sound,  
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought  
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,  
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,  
Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day;  
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,  
Pale ocean in unquiet slumber lay,  
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay."

The grief in the passing of the spirit of the departed hero is compared with that of the birds of the air in the loss of their mates:

"Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,  
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;  
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale  
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain  
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,  
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,  
As Albion wails for thee."

In a most interesting and novel passage Shelley carries on the tradition of representing the animals of the field as grieving over the loss:

"O, weep for Adonais! - The quick Dreams,  
The passion-winged Ministers of thought,  
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams  
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught  
The love which was its music, wander not,-  
Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,  
But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn their lot  
Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,  
They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again."

The custom of asking the nymphs where they were when the hero died is echoed by Shelley, although the imitation is rather free:

"Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,

When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies  
In darkness? Where was lorn Urania  
When Adonais died?"

But the shepherds are present to take the place of the  
absent goddess:

"And the mountain shepherds came,  
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;  
The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame  
Over his living head like Heaven is bent,  
An early but enduring monument,  
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song  
In sorrow: from her wilds Ierne sent  
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,  
And love taught grief to fall like music from his  
tongue."

Shelley also speaks of adorning the body of the dead one,  
although in a somewhat more ornate way than is done in the  
previous elegies:

"One from a lucid urn of starry dew  
Washed his light limbs as if embalming them;  
Another clipped her profuse locks, and threw  
The wreath upon him, like an anadem."

We have observed that in almost every dirge there was  
an expression of bitterness against the cruel fate that robs  
life in its youth and nips it in the bud. Bion gives voice  
to this feeling in the following words spoken by Aphrodite:

*ἡ γένεσις μακρὸν ἔδωκε, καὶ ἔρχεται εἰς Ἀχέρουσα  
πρὶν στυγρὸν βασίλειον καὶ ἄγρον, ὃ δὲ τὰ δαίμονα.*

Let us compare these lines with Shelley's "Adonais":

"For he is gone where all things wise and fair  
Descend; - oh, dream not that the amorous Deep  
Will yet restore him to the vital air;  
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our  
despair."

Shelley continues his bitterness in his reflections on  
the transitory character of life and the rebirth of nature:

"The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;  
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;  
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons' bier;



The amorous birds now pair in every brake,  
 And build their mossy homes in field and brake;  
 And the green lizard, and the golden snake,  
 Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.  
 .....  
 He will awake no more, oh, never more!"

Although the pastoral elegy is filled with sentiments of despair, we have found that the elegists have generally turned their eyes to the light and have found consolation in the fact that the deceased one is not really dead, but lives. Shelley's expression of this newly found joy is perhaps more beautiful than any found in other elegies. The following passage shows the magnificence of his consolation:

"Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep-  
 He hath awakened from the dream of life-  
 .....  
 He has outsoared the shadow of our night;  
 Envy and calumny and hate and pain,  
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
 Can touch him not and torture not again;  
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain  
 He is secure, and now can never mourn  
 A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;  
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,  
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

"He lives, he wakes-'t is Death is dead, not he;  
 Mourn not for Adonais.-Thou young Dawn,  
 Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee  
 The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;  
 Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!  
 Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,  
 Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown  
 O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare  
 Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!"

From an examination of Shelley's "Adonais" we see that the death of Keats lent occasion to the preservation of a form of poetry that had been threatened with extinction. For almost two centuries the elegy as begun by the classical writers and continued in the English language by Spenser and Milton had lain dormant. Was it to become a mere thing of the past-something to be revered as we would a relic of more

gifted ancestors? No; the poet whose spirit could soar aloft like the skylark in etherealized beauty, adapted his pen to a form long neglected and gave to the world in "Adonais" a poem that stands as a model of the expression of grief in stately and grave language. Sharing the opinion of Plato, that the departed soul becomes a part of that ideal beauty which reigns in the place from which it had come, he thought of Keats as one who had come into this reward of ideal beauty which had been denied him during his mortal life, thus adding a new note to the pastoral elegy.

ARNOLD The fourth great English pastoral elegy was written by Matthew Arnold on the occasion of the death of his dear friend Arthur Hugh Clough. The name of the work, "Thyrsis", is taken from the first idyl of Theocritus. The poet mourns his friend as a departed herdsman roaming through scenes of rural life:

"He loved each simple joy the country yields,  
He loved his mates; but yet he could not keep,  
For that a shadow lour'd on the fields,  
Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep.  
Some life of men unblest  
He knew, which made him droop, and fill'd his head.  
He went; his piping took a troubled sound  
Of storms that rage outside our happy happy ground;  
He could not wait their passing, he is dead."

The reference in "Thyrsis" to the gods coming to ask the reason for the general sorrow that has arisen is not so direct as in some of the classical models. Nevertheless Arnold does show his acquaintance with the Greek elegists by alluding to the elegy of Moschus:

"But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,  
Some good survivor with his flute would go,  
Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate;  
And cross the unpermitted ferry's flow,  
And relax Pluto's brow,



And make leap up with joy the beauteous head  
 Of Proserpine, among whose crowned hair  
 Are flowers first open'd on Sicilian air,  
 And flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead."

The apparent contrast between the life of man which ceases, and the life of nature which is continually revived, is effectively described by Arnold in the following poetical fashion:

"Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,  
 Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,  
 Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,  
 Sweet-William with his homely cottage-smell,  
 And stocks in fragrant blow;  
 Roses that down the alleys shine afar,  
 And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,  
 And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,  
 And the full moon, and the white evening-star.

"He harkens not! light comes, he is flown!  
 What matters it? next year he will return,  
 And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days,  
 With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,  
 And blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,  
 And scent of hay new-mown.  
 But Thyrsis never more we swains shall see;  
 See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,  
 And blow a strain the world at last shall heed-  
 For Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd thee!"

But there is consolation in the consideration that Thyrsis is now happy in the "boon southern country" to which he is fled where in the company of the divine Muse he hears the "immortal chants of old", and of Daphnis who "with his silver voice sings for thee the Lityrses-song again":

"To a boon southern country he is fled,  
 And now in happier air,  
 Wandering with the great Mother's train divine  
 (And purer or more subtle soul than thee,  
 I trow, the mighty Mother doth not see)  
 Within a folding of the Apennine,

"Thou hearest the immortal chants of old:-  
 Putting his sickle to the perilous grain  
 In the hot cornfield of the Phrygian king,  
 For thee the Lityrses-song again

Young Daphnis with his silver voice doth sing;  
 Sings his Sicilian fold,  
 His sheep, his hapless love, his blinded eyes--  
 And how heavenward from the fountain-brink he sprang,  
 And all the marvel of the golden skies."

It was Arnold's theory that true poetry must be measured by the greatness of the theme and the nobility of the action. It was his opinion that this was understood by the Greeks far better than by us. For this reason, when overcome by the death of his friend, he looked to the Greeks for a medium of expressing his sorrow. Here Theocritus and his successors gave him the key to the treasure. A pastoral elegy would be the best means of developing a theme that would be marked with stateliness and nobility of action. Thus was "Thyrsis" born to the world. Coming at a time when the country was disturbed over the discordant spectacle of "men contention-tost, of men who groan", its sweetness and simplicity served as a palliative to soothe the feelings of antagonism between fellow-countrymen and change them into sentiments of homely love and contentment with each other. In this effect which it accomplished, "Thyrsis" stands out in the history of the pastoral elegy as having made a definite contribution to its development.

#### SIMILARITIES & DIFFERENCES BETWEEN SPENSER, MILTON,

SHELLEY, & ARNOLD In the course of the examination we have made in the foregoing pages of the similarities between the great English pastoral elegies and the early classical models of the Greek and Latin writers, I have not called attention to the resemblances among the English examples themselves. It is my intention now to point out some of these likenesses. The two English pastoral elegies which resemble each other the most are those of Spenser and Milton. It is conceded



that Spenser had a large share in supplying the material for "Lycidas". For example, three poems of the "Shepherds Calendar", "May", "July", and "September", contain satire aimed at the Church. In the first, "May", there is a striking resemblance to the invective levelled at the English Church by Milton. Spenser says the following:

"Those faytours little regarden their charge,  
While they, letting their sheepe runne at large,  
Passen their time, that should be sparsely spent,  
In lustihede and wanton meryment.  
.....  
But they bene hyred for little pay  
Of other, that caren as little as they  
What fallen the flocke, so they han the fleece."

Milton's imitation of this complaint of religious conditions is contained in these lines:

"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,  
Anow of such as, for their bellies' sake,  
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!  
Of other care they little reckoning make  
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
.....  
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
But, swoln with wind and rank mist they draw."

Milton also seems to have found inspiration for the allusions to his poetical career in Spenser's "October". Cuddie, the disheartened poet, complains to his friend, Piers, in the following words:

"The dapper ditties, that I wont devise  
To feede youthes fancie, and the flocking fry,  
Delighten much; what I the bett for-thy?  
They han the pleasure, I a sclender prise;  
I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye:  
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?"

And Piers answers:

"Cuddie, the prayse is better then the price,  
The glory eke much greater then the gayne."

We notice a similar sentiment in the famous passage of Milton on fame:

"'But not the praise',  
Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling ears:  
'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
Now in the glistening foil  
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,  
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes  
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;  
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'"

There is also somewhat of a parallel between the flower passage in "Lycidas" and the following lines in Spenser's "April":

"Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,  
With Gelliflowres;  
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,  
Worne of Paramoures."

Milton adds to the enumeration of flowers a rather elaborate description:

"Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
The tufted crow-toe, and pale gessamine,  
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,  
The glowing violet, etc."

Another close resemblance between the two poets is found in the expression of poignant grief over the death of the beloved one. Thus in "November", Spenser says:

"For dead is Dido, dead alas! and drent,  
Dido, the great shepherde his daughter sheene."

Milton laments in the following words:

"For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer."

A similarity is also found in the expression of their sorrow resulting from the disfavor with which the gods look upon the shepherds. Spenser's passage in "June" is as follows:



"Of muses, Hobbinol, I conne no skill,  
For they bene daughters of the hyghest Jove,  
And holden scorne of homely shepheards quill."

Milton expresses a similar thought in the following words:

"Alas! what boots it with uncessant care  
To tend the homely, slighted, Shepherd's trade,  
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?"

There is also a marked degree of similarity between the consolation passages in the close of Spenser's "November" and Milton's "Lycidas". Speaking of the glory that has come to the departed Dido, Spenser says:

"Dido is gone afore; (whose turne shall be the next?)  
There lives shee with the lessed Gods in blisse,  
There drincks she Nectar with Ambrosia mixt,  
And joyes enjoyes that mortall men doe misse.  
The honor now of highest gods she is."

Milton finds consolation in the reward that has come to Lycidas in the following words:

"So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,  
Where, other groves and other streams along,  
With nectar pure his cozy locks he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,  
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
There entertain him all the Saints above,  
.....  
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,  
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
To all that wander in that perilous flood."

Although Milton was influenced by the "Shepheards Calender" in the composition of "Lycidas", yet there are some characteristics of the latter piece which show evident departures from the earlier elegy. Spenser, for instance, laments the passing of Dido. Who this person is, no one knows. Edward Kirke, the editor of the "Calender", in two different notes attached to the work makes the following comments:

"The person is secrete, and to me altogether unknowne, albe of him selfe (Spenser) I often required the same". In a note

on the "great shepherde," the father of Dido, he says: "The person both of the shepherde and of Dido is unknown, and closely buried in the authors concept." It is indeed possible that this was merely some imaginary person in the mind of the poet. With "Lycides" of Milton, the case is quite different. To everybody it is evident that like Moschus he is mourning the death of a close friend. In this case it is Edward King, his companion of Cambridge.

In Spenser's work we have also seen that he follows the plan of Theocritus and Vergil of introducing the lament by a conversation containing mutual flatteries on their ability to sing together with the promise of a prize to be awarded after the successful rendering of the song. Milton, also Shelley in "Adonais", and Arnold in "Thyrsis" discard this artificiality and begin immediately with the expression of grief. After the song in Spenser's "November" the promised prize is given, a convention which is also not followed in the later elegies.

When comparing the works of the later pastoral elegist, Shelley and Arnold, we find that they give evidence of a close acquaintance with the earlier works and, without doubt, were influenced by them. Thus Milton in his passage on fame quoted above says:

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
.....  
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes  
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove."

Shelley refers to fame as really reaching its consummation in eternity in the following words:

"Say: 'With me  
Died Adonais; till the Future dares  
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be  
An echo and a light unto eternity."



We have observed that with Spenser and Milton following the classical models a motif of consolation is introduced at the end of the lament. We find the same convention with Shelley and Arnold, although they do not wait to the end of the poem to express sentiments of joy. Thus Shelley already in the first part of the elegy cries out:

"Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead;  
See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,  
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies  
A tear some dream has loosened from his brain."

The sentiment is expressed later in the following words:

"Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth but sleep-  
He hath awakened from the dream of life--"

Arnold is also quick to look for consolation. Lured on by the notes of happiness that are wafted across the field to him from some jovial hunters, he crosses over to the scene of joy and beholds the good omen, the Tree. He says:

"Quick! let me fly, and cross  
Into yonder field! - 'T is done; and see,  
Back'd by the sunset, which doth florify  
The orange and pale violet evening-sky,  
Bare on its lonely ridge, the Tree! the Tree!"

But his newly-found consolation is short-lived; he later discovers that the Tree is not for Thyrsis:

"Ah, vain! These English fields, this upland dim,  
These brambles pale with mist engarlanded,  
That lone, sky-pointing tree, are not for him."

Another resemblance between Shelley and Milton is found in the reference to the nectar of the heavens that is now enjoyed by the departed one. Milton says:

"With nectar pure his cozy locks he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song."

Shelley alludes to the same enjoyment:

"He lies, as if in dewey sleep he lay;  
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill  
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill."

Recalling the poetical ability of Edward King, Milton is not so effusive as is Shelley in praise of Keats. Milton merely refers to his friend as one who composed verses and rhyme: "He knew himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme". Shelley meets out his praise in a more generous way:

"The quick Dreams,  
The passion-winged Ministers of thought,  
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams  
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught  
The love which was its music."

One of the traditions of the pastoral elegy was to include a passage about the return of the gods to ascertain the cause of the grief and sorrow. Spenser says:

"The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,  
Now bringen bitter Eldre braunches seare."

Milton's reference is somewhat similar:

"The Heralds of the Sea,  
That came to Neptune's plea  
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,  
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain."

Shelley refers to the gods in the following allegorical passage:

"And others came.... Desires and Adoration  
Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies,  
Splendors, and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations  
Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies;  
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,  
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam  
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,  
Came in slow pomp."

Unlike Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, and even Spenser who sought consolation in the reward of the pagan gods, both Milton and Spenser express their trust in Christ as the source of joy and happiness. Milton gives voice to his belief in these words:



"So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
Through the dear night of Him that walked the Waves."

Shelley's passage is more elaborate:

"What softer voice is hushed over the dead?  
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?  
What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,  
In mockery of monumental stone,  
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?  
If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,  
Taught, soothed, loved, honored the departed one,  
Let me not vex with inharmonious sighs  
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice."

Like Milton who makes mention of the burying place of the fallen hero, "Where the famous Druids lie, or on the top of Mona, or where Deva spreads her wisard stream", so both Shelley and Arnold speak of the place that holds the remains of their heroes. Shelley says:

"Or go to Rome, which is the sepulcher,  
O, not of him, but of our joy."

Arnold speaks of the resting place of Clough in the following words:

"Hear it from broad lucent Arno vale  
(For there thine earth-forgetting eyelids keep  
The morningless and unawakening sleep  
Under the flowery oleanders pale)."

Arnold's "Thyrsis", aside from its lyrical qualities which place it among the best odes in the language, also contains an element of disgust resulting from a consideration of the times when it was written. We have observed that Spenser and Milton made use of their elegies to voice their protests against current abuses. Arnold takes the same liberty. Thus he speaks of the "storms that rage outside our happy, happy ground". At another place he refers to the "men contention-tost, of men who groan".

Arnold also gives evidence of a resemblance to Milton in

his expression of the fact that the poet and the departed one had been close friends. Thus Milton, speaking of King in the language of a shepherd, says:

"For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,  
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill."

Arnold expresses the same fond recollection of by-gone days:

"Here came I often, often, in old days—  
Thyrsis and I; we still had Thyrsis then."

Arnold following in the foot-steps of Shelley also introduces the mother motif in his elegy. The former refers to the grief of the mother over her dead son in the following passage replete with sorrow:

"There wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,  
When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies  
.....  
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!"

Arnold, however, finds consolation in the thought that Thyrsis is now in company of the great Mother:

"And now in happier air,  
Wandering with the great Mother's train divine  
(And purer or more subtle soul than thee,  
I trow, the mighty Mother did not see)  
Within a folding of the Apennine."

We also find in Arnold's "Thyrsis" somewhat of a departure from the classical types of the pastoral elegy in the fact that his interest is not confined to shepherds and their simple life of tending sheep and playing on the shepherd's reed. Thus he finds joy in the plough-boy's team, that has prepared the soil; he asks for the boatman's girl, who unmoored the skiff in the Wytham flats; he inquires for the mowers, who "stood with suspended scythe" to see the poet and his departed friend pass; he calls attention to the "troop of Oxford hunters going home". This divergency is probably due to the change of scene indicated in Arnold's lament. Here it is not Arcadia or Sicily, but the



country along the Thames. He speaks of Proserpine to whom the Dorian shepherds had sung, "But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard!"

Another peculiarity of "Thyrsis" is the acceptance of the "tree" as an omen of consolation. On the tree-topped hill, the poet and Thyrsis had spent many happy hours together. To Arnold the tree standing on the lonely ridge is a personification of the departed Clough. And when the noise and roar of the city become too loud for the poet, he asks for the voice of Thyrsis to come to him in whisper to chase fatigue and fear:

"Why faintest thou? I wonder'd till I died.  
Roam on! The light we sought is shining still.  
Dost thou ask proof? Our tree yet crowns the hill,  
Our Scholar travels yet the loved hill-side."

When examining the verse form of the four great English pastoral elegies, we find another wide divergency. The versed used by Spenser in his "November" is that of the linked quatrain, a device taken from the French poetry of Marot. It is in the form of an ode or hymn, containing a refrain of three lines at the end of each verse. Milton's verse represents a form midway between that of the strict ode, with stanzas of equal length, lines with the same number of feet, and rhymes of fixed recurrence, and a complete neglect of the rules as found in the so-called Pindaric ode as established by Cowley and employed in Dryden's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day". "Lycidas" is printed without a break in the stanzas, yet it naturally divides itself into eleven distinct stanzas of different lengths. The lines are usually of five iambic feet, with the occasional variation of a three foot line, which serves the purpose of hastening the movement of the action. The system of rhyme is

quite free. At times it is in the form of a couplet and again it occurs in alternate lines. Sometimes, as in the closing verse, the rhymes intertwine in the manner of the Italian "ottava rima". One of the most noticeable innovations of Milton in this piece is the prolongation of a particular rhyme sound throughout an entire passage. Another originality is the occasional introduction of a line at the beginning of a verse which is detached without any rhyme-sound to answer it. These lines, however, serve the purpose of adding a note of poignancy to the music and of creating a momentary feeling of unfulfillment, which is immediately lost in the harmony and satisfaction of the following lines.

The "Adonais" of Shelley is in the form of the ode. The stanzas are in equal length of nine iambic lines usually of five feet. The rhymes occur alternately, with the exception of the fifth line which rhymes with the fourth. The number of stanzas exceeds that of any other pastoral elegy we have considered.

Arnold also wrote his "Thyrsis" in the form of the ode. Each stanza contains ten lines of five iambic feet. The first line rhymes with the sixth, and the other lines rhyme alternately. It too is longer than most pastoral elegies, although it is somewhat shorter than Shelley's "Adonais".



## SECTION VI

SUMMARY, DEFINITION OF, AND PLACE OF GREEK PASTORAL  
ELEGY IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

In the foregoing pages I have traced the development of the pastoral elegy. I have gone back to the idyls of the Sicilian poets, Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, showing the beginning that was made by the first in his song of Thyrsis, and calling attention to the permanent form wrought in the elegy by Moschus, the biographer of Bion. I have crossed over into Italy and pointed out the further development of this form of poetry in the bucolics of Vergil, an urban poet, but one who adopted the Greek pastoral types as vehicles of expression of grief. We have seen that there was a long intermission in the use of the pastoral elegy until the time of the Classical Revival in Europe. Here again we saw that in examining ancient literature, poets were impressed with the pastoral elegy as a means of declaring their feelings of sorrow upon the death of one they loved. From Petrarch and Boccaccio to Mantuanus in the Italian and Marot in the French we observed that the old Greek and Latin modes were revived, reaching a form almost complete to be placed into the hands of the great English men of letters. Spenser gave the impetus in English literature, and in his footsteps followed Milton, Shelley, and Arnold.

During the present age of realism we find that this type of poetry has almost completely fallen into disuse. Considered by many as an artificial form of expression where the liberties and restrictions are fantastic, modern writers have dis-

dained to give it their attention. Shall we say that this is due to sound judgment or merely to the spirit of the age? Surely there is hardly any other form of poetry in which the imagination has more play, and in which the poet can express with greater facility his innermost sentiments. Therefore it would seem that the present neglect of pastoral poetry is due to the prevailing spirit of "calling a spade a spade".

Yet there will probably come a change. Like the realistic period of literature immediately preceding the Renaissance, when people grew tired of the tyranny of the actual, so there will also come a period in our literature when men will welcome the odd, remote world of the pastoral, when existence will smooth itself out in the languid sweetness of summer, when the tragedies of life form a tale that may be told in the shade, when mankind will again find a taste for the honey that drips from the mouth of the humble country poet, when poems of immortal hope that spring from a trust in the mercy of God will come into their own as poetry of the highest type, as expressions of thought and emotion that will carry on the traditions as handed down to us by the great pastoral elegists.



I

APPENDIX

## THE SONG OF THYRSIS

By Theocritus

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

Thyrsis of Aetna am I, and this is the voice of Thyrsis.

Where, ah! where were ye when Daphnis was languishing; ye Nymphs, where were ye? By Peneus's beautiful dells, or by dells of Pindus? for surely ye dwelt not by the great stream of the river Anapus, nor on the watch-tower of Aetna, nor by the sacred water of Aois.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

For him the jackals, for him the wolves did cry; for him did even the lion out of the forest lament. Kine and bulls by his feet right many, and heifers plenty, with the young calves, bewailed him.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

Came Hermes first from the hill, and said, "Daphnis, who is it that torments thee; child, whom dost thou love with so great desire?" The neatherds came, and the shepherds: the goatherds came: all they asked what ailed him. Came also Priapus,-

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

And said: "Unhappy Daphnis, wherefore dost thou languish, while for thee the maiden by all the fountains, through all the glades, is fleeting in search of thee? Ah! thou art too laggard a lover, and thou nothing availest! A neatherd wert thou named, and now thou art like the goatherd!"

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

"For the goatherd, when he marks the young goats at their pastime, looks on with yearning eyes, and fain would be even as they; and thou, when thou beholdest the laughter of the maidens, dost gaze with yearning eyes, for that thou dost not join their dances."

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

Yet these the herdsmen answered not again, but he bare his bitter love to the end; yea, to the fated end he bare it.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

Ay, but she too came, the sweetly smiling Cypris; craftily smiling she came, yet keeping her heavy anger; and she spake, saying: "Daphnis, methinks thou didst boast that wouldst throw Love a fall: nay, is it not thyself that hast been thrown by grievous Love?"

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

But to her Daphnis answered again: "Implacable Cypris, Cypris terrible, Cypris of mortals detested, already dost thou deem that my latest sun has set; nay, Daphnis even in Hades shall prove great sorrow to Love."

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!



"Where it is told how the herdman with Cypris- Get thee to Ida, get thee to Anchises! There are oak-trees - here only galingale blows; here sweetly hum the bees about the hives! Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

"Thine Adonis, too, is in his bloom; for he herds the sheep and slays the hares, and he chases all the wild beasts. Nay, go and comfort Diomedes again, and say 'The herdman Daphnis I conquered: do thou join battle with me.' Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

"Ye wolves, ye jackals, and ye bears in the mountain caves, farewell! The herdman Daphnis ye never shall see again, no more in the dells, no more in the groves, no more in the woodlands. Farewell, Arethusa; ye rivers, good-night, that pour down Thymbris your beautiful waters. Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

"That Daphnis am I who here do herd the kine, Daphnis who water here the bulls and the calves.

"O Pan, Pan! whether thou art on the high hills of Lycaeus, or rangest mighty Maenalus, haste hither to the Sicilian isle! Leave the tomb of Helice, leave that high cairn of the son of Lycaeon, which seems wondrous fair, even in the eyes of the blessed.

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

"Come hither, my prince, and take this fair pipe, honey-breathed with wax-topped joints; and well it fits thy lip: for verily I, even I, by Love am now haled to Hades.

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

"Now violets bear, ye brambles; ye thorns, bear violets; and let fair narcissus bloom on the boughs of juniper! Let all things with all be confounded; - from pines let men gather pears, for Daphnis is dying! Let the stag drag down the hounds; let owls from the hills contend in song with the nightingales."

Give o'er, ye Muses, come give o'er the pastoral song!

So Daphnis spake, and ended; but fain would Aphrodite have given him back to life. Nay, spun was all the thread that the Fates assigned; and Daphnis went down into the stream. The whirling wave closed over the man the Muses loved, the not hated of the Nymphs.

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

Translation of Andrew Lang  
(From The World's Best Literature, vol. xlv, p.  
14774-14776)



## A LAMENT FOR ADONIS

By Bion

## I

I Mourn for Adonis--Adonis is dead,

Fair Adonis is dead and the Loves are lamenting.  
Sleep, Cypris, no more on thy purple-strewn bed:

Arise, wretch stoled in black; beat thy breast unrelenting,  
And shriek to the worlds, "Fair Adonis is dead!"

## II

I mourn for Adonis--the Loves are lamenting.

He lies on the hills in his beauty and death;  
The white tusk of a boar has transpierced his white thigh.

Cytherea grows mad at his thin gasping breath,  
While the black blood drips down on the pale ivory,  
And his eyeballs lie quenched with the weight of his brows,  
The rose fades from his lips, and upon them just parted  
The kiss dies the goddess consents not to lose,  
Though the kiss of the Dead cannot make her glad-hearted:  
He knows not who kisses him dead in the dews.

## III

I mourn for Adonis--The Loves are lamenting.

Deep, deep in the thigh is Adonis's wound,  
But a deeper, is Cypris's bosom presenting.  
The youth lieth dead while his dogs howl around,  
And the Nymphs weep aloud from the mists of the hill,  
And the poor Aphrodite, with tresses unbound,  
All disheveled, unsandaled, shrieks mournful and shrill  
Through the dusk of the groves. The thorns, tearing her feet,  
Gather up the red flower of her blood which is holy,  
Each footstep she takes: and the valleys repeat  
The sharp cry she utters and draw it out slowly.  
She calls on her spouse, her Assyrian, on him  
Her own youth, while the dark blood spreads over his body,  
The chest taking hue from the gash in the limb,  
And the bosom, once ivory, turning to ruddy.

## IV

Ah, ah, Cytherea! The Loves are lamenting.

She lost her fair spouse and so lost her fair smile:  
When he lived she was fair, by the whole world's consenting,  
Whose fairness is dead with him: woe worth the while!  
All the mountains above and the oaklands below  
Murmur, ah, ah, Adonis! the streams overflow  
Aphrodite's deep wail; river fountains in pity  
Weep soft in the hills, and the flowers as they blow  
Redden outward with sorrow, while all hear her go  
With the song of her sadness through mountain and city.



## V

Ah, ah, Cytherea! Adonis is dead,  
 Fair Adonis is dead--Echo answers, Adonis!  
 Who weeps not for Cypris, when bowing her head  
 She stares at the wound where it gapes and astones?  
 --When, ah, ah!--she saw how the blood ran away  
 And empurpled the thigh, and, with wild hands flung out,  
 Said with sobs: "Stay, Adonis! unhappy one, stay,  
 Let me feel thee once more, let me ring thee about  
 With the clasp of my arms, and press kiss into kiss!  
 Wait a little, Adonis, and giss me again,  
 For the last time, beloved,--and but so much of this  
 That the kiss may learn life from the warmth of the strain!  
 --Till thy breath shall exude from thy soul to my mouth,  
 To my heart, and, the love charm I once more receiving  
 May drink thy love in it and keep of a truth  
 That one kiss in the place of Adonis the living.  
 Thou fliest me, mournful one, fliest me far,  
 My Adonis, and seekest the Acheron portal,--  
 To Hell's cruel King goest down with a scar,  
 While I weep and live on like a wretched immortal,  
 And follow no step! O Persphone, take him,  
 My husband!--thou'rt better and brighter than I,  
 So all beauty flows down to thee: I cannot make him  
 Look up at my grief; there's despair in my cry,  
 Since I wail for Adonis who died to me--died to me--  
 Then, I fear thee!--Art thou dead, my Adored?  
 Passion ends like a dream in the sleep that's denied to me,  
 Cypris is widowed, the Loves seek their lord  
 All the house through in vain. Charm of cestus has ceased  
 With thy clasp! O too bold in the hunt past preventing,  
 Ay, mad, thou so fair, to have strife with a beast!"  
 Thus the goddess wailed on--and the Loves are lamenting.

## VI

Ah, ah, Cytherea! Adonis is dead.  
 She wept tear after tear with the blood which was shed,  
 And both turned into flowers for the earth's garden close,  
 Her tears, to the windflower; his blood to the rose.

## VII

I mourn for Adonis--Adonis is dead.  
 Weep no more in the woods, Cytherea, thy lover!  
 So, well: make a place for his corse in thy bed,  
 With the purples thou sleepest in, under and over.  
 He's fair though a corse--a fair corse, like a sleeper.  
 Lay him soft in the silks he had pleasure to fold  
 When, beside thee at night, holy dreams deep and deeper  
 Enclosed his young life on the couch made of gold.  
 Love him still, poor Adonis; cast on him together  
 The crowns and the flowers: since he died from the place,  
 Why, let all die with him; let the blossoms go wither,  
 Rain myrtles and olive buds down on his face.  
 Rain the myrrh down, let all that is best fall a-pining,  
 Since the myrrh of his life from thy keeping is swept.

Pale he lay, thine Adonis, in purples reclining;  
 The Loves raised their voices around him and wept.  
 They have shorn their bright curls off to cast on Adonis;  
 One treads on his bow,--on his arrows, another,--  
 One breaks up a well-feathered quiver, and one is  
 Bent low at a sandal, untying the strings,  
 And one carries the vases of gold from the springs,  
 While one washes the wound,--and behind them a brother  
 Fans down on the body sweet air with his wings.

## VIII

Cytherea herself now the Loves are lamenting.  
 Each torch at the door Hymenaeus blew out.  
 And, the marriage wreath dropping its leaves as repenting,  
 No more "Hymen, Hymen," is chanted about,  
 But the ai ai instead--"Ai alas!" is begun  
 For Adonis, and then follows "Ai Hymenaeus!"  
 The Graces are weeping for Cinyris's son,  
 Sobbing low each to each, "His fair eyes cannot see us!"  
 Their wail strikes more shrill than the sadder Dione's.  
 The Fates mourn aloud for Adonis, Adonis,  
 Deep chanting; he hears not a word that they say:  
 He would hear, but Persephone has him in keeping.  
 --Cease moan, Cytherea! leave pomps for to-day,  
 And weep now when a new year refits thee for weeping.

Translation of Mrs. Browning  
 (From The Book of Literature, vol. iii & iv,  
 p. 363-366.)



## LAMENT FOR BION

By Moschus

Wail, let me hear you wail, ye woodland glades, and thou Dorian water; and weep ye rivers, for Bion, the well beloved! Now all ye green things mourn, and now ye groves lament him, ye flowers now in sad clusters breathe yourselves away. Now redden ye roses in your sorrow, and now wax red ye windflowers, now thou hyacinth, whisper the letters on thee graven, and add a deeper ai ai to thy petals; he is dead, the beautiful singer.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Ye nightingales that lament among the thick leaves of the trees, tell ye to the Sicilian waters of Arethusa the tidings that Bion the herdsman is dead, and that with Bion song too has died, and perished hath the Dorian minstrelsy.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Ye Strymonian swans, sadly wail ye by the waters, and chant with melancholy notes the dolorous song, even such a song as in his time with voice like yours he was wont to sing. And tell again to the OEagrian maidens, tell to all the Nymphs Bistonian, how that he hath perished, the Dorian Orpheus.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

No more to his herds he sings, that beloved herdsman, no more 'neath the lonely oaks he sits and sings, nay, but by Pluteus's side he chants a refrain of oblivion. The mountains too are voiceless and the heifers that wander by the bulls lament and refuse their pasture.

Begin ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Thy sudden doom, O Bion, Apollo himself lamented, and the Satyrs mourned thee, and the Priapi in sable raiment, and the Panes sorrow for thy song, and the fountain fairies in the wood made moan, and their tears turned to rivers of waters. And Echo in the rocks laments that thou art silent, and no more she mimics thy voice. And in sorrow for thy fall the trees cast down their fruit, and all the flowers have faded. From the ewes hath flowed no fair milk, nor honey from the hives, nay, it hath perished for mere sorrow in the wax, for now hath thy honey perished, and no more it behooves men to gather the honey of the bees.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.



Not so much did the dolphin mourn beside the sea-banks,  
nor ever sang so sweet the nightingale on the cliffs, nor so  
much lamented the swallow on the long ranges of the hills,  
nor shrilled so loud the halcyon o'er his sorrows.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Nor so much, by the gray sea waves, did ever the sea  
bird sing, nor so much in the dells of dawn did the bird of  
Memnon bewail the son of the Morning, fluttering around his  
tomb, as they lamented for Bion dead.

Nightingales, and all the swallows that once he was wont  
to delight, that he would teach to speak, they sat over  
against each other on the boughs and kept moaning, and the  
birds sang in answer, "Wail, ye wretched ones, even ye!"

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Who, ah, who will ever make music on thy pipe, O thrice  
desired Bion, and who will put his mouth to the reeds of  
thine instrument? who is so bold?

For still thy lips and still thy breath survive, and  
Echo, among the reeds, doth still feed upon thy songs. To  
Pan shall I bear the pipe? Nay, perchance even he would fear  
to set his mouth to it, lest, after thee, he should win but  
the second prize.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Yea, and Galatea laments thy song, she whom once thou  
wouldst delight, as with thee she sat by the sea-banks. For  
not like the Cyclops didst thou sing,--him fair Galatea ever  
fled, but on thee she still looked more kindly than on the  
salt water. And now hath she forgotten the wave, and sits  
on the lonely sands, but still she keeps thy kine.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

All the gifts of the Muses, herdman, have died with  
thee, the delightful kisses of maidens, the lips of boys;  
and woful round thy tomb the loves are weeping. But Cypria  
loves thee far more than the kiss wherewith she kissed the  
dying Adonis.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

This, O most musical of rivers, is thy second sorrow,  
this, Meles, thy new woe. Of old didst thou lose Homer, that  
sweet mouth of Calliope, and men say thou didst bewail thy  
goodly son with streams of many tears, and didst fill all  
the salt sea with the voice of thy lamentation--now again  
another son thou weapest, and in a new sorrow art thou wasting  
away.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.



Both were beloved of the fountains, and one ever drank of the Pegasean fount, but the other would drain a draught of Arethusa. And the one sang of the fair daughter of Tyndarus, and the mighty son of Thetis, and Menelaus, Atreus's son, but that other,--not of wars, not of tears, but of Pan, would he sing, and of herdsmen would he chant, and so singing, he tended the herds. And pipes he would fashion, and would milk the sweet heifer, and taught lads how to kiss, and Love he cherished in his bosom and woke the passion of Aphrodite.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Every famous city laments thee, Bion, and all the towns. Asara laments thee far more than her Hesiod, and Pindar is less regretted by the forests of Boeotia. Nor so much did pleasant Lesbos mourn for Alcaeus, nor did the Teian town so greatly bewail her poet, while for thee more than for Archilochus doth Paros yearn, and not for Sappho, but still for thee doth Mytilene wail her musical lament;

(Here seven verses are lost.)

And in Syracuse Theocritus; but I sing thee the dirge of an Ausonian sorrow, I that am no stranger to the pastoral song, but heir of the Coric Muse which thou didst teach thy pupils. This was thy gift to me; to others didst thou leave thy wealth, to me thy minstrelsy.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Ah me, when the mallows wither in the garden, and the green parsley, and the curled tendrils of the anise, on a later day they live again, and spring in another year; but we men, we the great and mighty or wise, when once we have died, in hollow earth we sleep, gone down into silence; a right long, and endless, and unawakening sleep. And thou, too, in the earth will be lapped in silence, but the nymphs have thought good that the frog should eternally sing. Nay, him I would not envy, for 'tis no sweet song he singeth.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Poison came, Bion, to thy mouth, thou didst know poison. To such lips as thine did it come, and was not sweetened? What mortal was so cruel that could mix poison for thee, or who could give thee the venom that heard thy voice? Surely he had no music in his soul.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

But justice hath overtaken them all. Still for this sorrow I weep, and bewail thy ruin. But ah, if I might have gone down like Orpheus to Tartarus, or as once Odysseus, or

Alcides of yore, I, too, would speedily have come to the house of Pluteus, that thee perchance I might behold, and if thou singest to Pluteus, that I might hear what is thy song. Nay, sing to the Maiden some strain of Sicily, sing some sweet pastoral lay.

And she too is Sicilian, and on the shores by Aetna she was wont to play, and she knew the Dorian strain. Not unrewarded will the singing be; and as once to Orpheus's sweet minstrelsy she gave Eurydice to return with him, even so will she send thee too, Bion, to the hills. But if I, even I, and my piping had aught availed, before Pluteus I too would have sung.

(Translated by Andrew Lang.)

(From The Book of Literature, vols. iii  
& iv. p. 379-382.)



THE FIFTH PASTORAL  
Or Daphnis

By Vergil

MENALCAS

Since on the downs our flocks together feed,  
And since my voice can match your tuneful reed,  
Why sit we not beneath the grateful shade  
Which hazels, intermix'd with elms, have made?

MOPSUS

Whether you please that sylvan scene to take,  
Where whistling winds uncertain shadows make;  
Or will you to the cooler cave succeed,  
Whose mouth the curling vines have overspread?

MENALCAS

Your merit and your years command the choice;  
Amyntas only rivals you in voice.

MOPSUS

What will not that presuming shepherd dare,  
Who thinks his voice with Phoebus may compare?

MENALCAS

Begin you first: if either Alcon's praise,  
Or dying Phyllis, have inspir'd your lays;  
If her you mourn, or Codrus you commend,  
Begin, and Tityrus your flock shall tend.

MOPSUS

Or shall I rather the sad verse repeat,  
Which on the beech's bark I lately writ?  
I writ, and sung betwixt. Now bring the swain  
Whose voice you boast, and let him try the strain.

MENALCAS

Such as the shrub to the tall olive shows,  
Or the pale sallow to the blushing rose;  
Such is his voice, if I can judge aright,  
Compar'd to thine, in sweetness and in height.

MOPSUS

No more, but sit and hear the promis'd lay;  
The gloomy grotto makes a doubtful day.  
The nymphs about the breathless body wait  
Of Daphnis, and lament his cruel fate.  
The trees and floods were witness to their tears;

At length the rumor reach'd his mother's ears.  
 The wretched parent, with a pious haste,  
 Came running, and his lifeless limbs embrac'd.  
 She sigh'd she sobb'd; and, furious with despair,  
 She rent her garments, and she tore her hair,  
 Accusing all the gods, and every star.  
 The swains forgot their sheep, nor near the brink  
 Of running waters brought their herds to drink.  
 The thirsty cattle, of themselves, abstain'd  
 From water, and their grassy fare disdain'd.  
 The death of Daphnis woods and hills deplore;  
 They cast the sound to Libya's desert shore;  
 The Libyan lions hear, and hearing roar.  
 Fierce tigers Daphnis taught the yoke to bear,  
 And first with curling ivy dress'd the spear:  
 Daphnis did rites to Bacchus first ordain,  
 And holy revels for his reeling train.  
 As vines the trees, as grapes the vines adorn,  
 As bulls the herds, and fields the yellow corn;  
 So bright a splendor, so divine a grace,  
 The glorious Daphnis cast on his illustrious race.  
 When envious Fate the godlike Daphnis took,  
 Our guardian gods the fields and plains forsook;  
 Pales no longer swell'd the teeming grain,  
 Nor Phoebus fed his oxen on the plain;  
 No fruitful crop the sickly fields return,  
 But oats and darnel choke the rising corn;  
 And where the vales with violets once were crown'd,  
 Now knotty burs and thorns disgrace the ground.  
 Come, shepherds, come, and strow with leaves the plain;  
 Such funeral rites your Daphnis did ordain.  
 With cypress boughs the crystal fountains hide,  
 And softly let the running waters glide.  
 A lasting monument to Daphnis raise,  
 With this inscription to record his praise:  
 "Daphnis, the fields' delight, the shepherd's love,  
 Renown'd on earth, and deified above;  
 Whose flock excell'd the fairest on the plains,  
 But less than he himself surpass'd the swains."

#### MENALCAS

O heavenly poet! such thy verse appears,  
 So sweet, so charming to my ravish'd ears,  
 As to the weary swain, with cares oppress'd,  
 Beneath the sylvan shade, refreshing rest;  
 As to the feverish traveler, when first  
 He finds a crystal stream to quench his thirst.  
 In singing, as in piping, you excel;  
 And scarce your master could perform so well.  
 O fortunate young man, at least your lays  
 Are next to his, and claim the second praise.  
 Such as they are, my rural songs I join,  
 To raise our Daphnis to the pow'rs divine;  
 For Daphnis was so good, to love whate'er was mine.



## MOPSUS

How is my soul with such a promise rais'd!  
 For both the boy was worthy to be prais'd,  
 And Stimichon has often made me long  
 To hear, like him, so soft, so sweet a song.

## MENALCAS

Daphnis, the guest of heav'n, with wond'ring eyes,  
 Views, in the Milky Way, the starry skies,  
 And far beneath him, from the shining sphere,  
 Beholds the moving clouds, and rolling year.  
 For this, with cheerful cries the woods resound,  
 The purple spring arrays the various ground,  
 The nymphs and shepherds dance, and Pan himself is crown'd  
 The wolf no longer prowls for nightly spoils,  
 Nor birds the springes fear, nor stags the toils:  
 For Daphnis reigns above, and deals from thence  
 His mother's milder beams, and peaceful influence.  
 The mountain tops unshorn, the rocks rejoice;  
 The lowly shrubs partake of human voice.  
 Assenting Nature, with a gracious nod,  
 Proclaims him, and salutes the new-admitted god.  
 Be still propitious, ever good to thine!  
 Behold, four hallow'd altars we design;  
 And two to thee, and two to Phoebus rise;  
 On both are offer'd annual sacrifice.  
 The holy priests, at each returning year,  
 Two bowls of milk, and two of oil shall bear;  
 And I myself the guests with friendly bowls will cheer.  
 Two goblets will I crown with sparkling wine,  
 The gen'rous vintage of the Chian vine;  
 These will I pour to thee, and make the nectar thine.  
 In winter shall the genial feast be made  
 Before the fire; by summer, in the shade.  
 Damoetas shall perform the rites divine,  
 And Icytian AEgon in the song shall join.  
 Alpheisiboeus, tripping, shall advance,  
 And mimic Satyr in his antic dance.  
 When to the nymphs our annual rites we pay,  
 And when our fields with victims we survey;  
 While savage boars delight in shady woods,  
 And finny fish inhabit in the floods;  
 While bees on thyme, and locusts feed on dew,  
 Thy grateful swains these honors shall renew.  
 Such honors as we pay to pow'rs divine,  
 To Bacchus and to Ceres, shall be thine.  
 Such annual honors shall be giv'n; and thou  
 Shalt hear, and shalt condemn thy suppliants to their vow.

## MOPSUS

What present worth thy verse can Mopsus find!  
 Not the soft whispers of the southern wind,

That play thro' trembling trees, delight me more;  
 Nor murm'ring billows on the sounding shore;  
 Nor winding streams, that thro' the valley glide,  
 And the scarce-cover'd pebbles gently chide.

#### MENALCAS

Receive you first this tuneful pipe, the same  
 That play'd my Corydon's unhappy flame;  
 The same that sung Neaera's conqu'ring eyes,  
 And, had the judge been just, had won the prize.

#### MOPSUS

Accept from me this sheephook in exchange;  
 The handle brass, the knobs in equal range.  
 Antigones, with kisses, often tried  
 To beg this present, in his beauty's pride,  
 When youth and love are hard to be denied.  
 But what I could refuse to his request,  
 Is yours unask'd for you deserve it best.

Translation by John Dryden  
 (From Dryden's Poetical Works, p. 429-430.)



THE TENTH PASTORAL  
Or Gallus

By Vergil

Thy sacred succor, Arethusa, bring,  
To crown my labor ('tis the last I sing),  
Which proud Lycoris may with pity view:  
The Muse is mournful, tho' the numbers few.  
Refuse me not a verse, to grief and Gallus due:  
So may thy silver streams beneath the tide,  
Unmix'd with briny seas, securely glide.  
Sing then my Gallus, and his hopeless vows;  
Sing, while my cattle crop the tender browse.  
The vocal grove shall answer to the sound,  
And echo, from the vales, the tuneful voice rebound.  
What lawns or woods withheld you from his aid,  
Ye nymphs, when Gallus was to love betray'd:  
To love, unpitied by the cruel maid?  
Not steepy Pindus could retard your course,  
Nor cleft Parnassus, nor th' Aonian source:  
Nothing that owns the Muses could suspend  
Your aid to Gallus—Gallus is their friend.  
For him the lofty laurel stands in tears,  
And hung with humid pearls the lowly shrub appears.  
Maenalian pines the godlike swain bemoan,  
When, spread beneath a rock, he sigh'd alone;  
And cold Lycaeus wept from every dropping stone.  
The sheep surround their shepherd, as he lies:  
Blush not, sweet poet, nor the name despise--  
Along the streams, his flock Adonis fed:  
And yet the Queen of Beauty bless'd his bed.  
The swains and tardy neatherds came, and last,  
Menalcas, wet with beating winter mast.  
Wond'ring, they ask'd from whence arose thy flame;  
Yet more amaz'd, thy own Apollo came.  
Flush'd were his cheeks, and glowing were his eyes:  
"Is she thy care? is she thy care?" he cries.  
"Thy false Lycoris flies thy love and thee,  
And, for thy rival, tempts the raging sea,  
The forms of horrid war, and heav'n's inclemency."  
Silvanus came: his brows a country crown  
Of fennel, and of nodding lilies, down.  
Great Pan arriv'd; and we beheld him too,  
His cheeks and temples of vermilion hue.  
"Why, Gallus, this immoderate grief?" he cried.  
"Think'st thou that love with tears is satisfied?  
The meads are sooner drunk with morning dews,  
The bees with flow'ry shrubs, the goats with browse."  
Unmov'd, and with dejected eyes, he mourn'd:  
He paus'd, and then these broken words return'd:  
"T is past; and pity gives me no relief;  
But you, Arcadian swains, shall sing my grief,  
And on your hills my last complaints renew:  
So sad a song is only worthy you."



How light would lie the turf upon my breast,  
 If you my suff'rings in your songs express'd!  
 Ah! that your birth and bus'ness had been mine;  
 To pen the sheep, and press the swelling vine!  
 Had Phyllis or Amyntas caus'd my pain,  
 Or any nymph, or shepherd on the plain,  
 (Tho' Phyllis brown, tho' black Amyntas were,  
 Are violets not sweet, because not fair?)  
 Beneath the willows, and the shady vine,  
 My loves had mix'd their pliant limbs with mine:  
 Phyllis with myrtle wreaths had crown'd my hair,  
 And soft Amyntas sung away my care.  
 Come, see what pleasures in our plains abound;  
 The woods, the fountains, and the flow'ry ground.  
 As you are beauteous, were you half so true,  
 Here could I live, and love, and die with only you.  
 Now I to fighting fields am sent afar,  
 And strive in winter camp with toils of war;  
 While you, (alas, that I should find it so!)  
 To shun my sight, your native soil forego,  
 And climb the frozen Alps, and tread th' eternal snow.  
 Ye frosts and snows, her tender body spare!  
 Those are not limbs for icicles to tear.  
 For me, the wilds and deserts are my choice;  
 The Muses, once my care; my once harmonious voice.  
 There will I sing, forsaken and alone:  
 The rocks and hollow caves shall echo to my moan.  
 The rind of ev'ry plant her name shall know;  
 And, as the rind extends, the love shall grow.  
 Then on Arcadian mountains will I chase  
 (Mix'd with the woodland nymphs) the savage race;  
 Nor cold shall hinder me, with horns and hounds  
 To thrid the thickets, or to leap the mounds.  
 And now methinks o'er steepy rocks I go,  
 And rush thro' sounding woods, and bend the Parthian bow;  
 As if with sports my sufferings I could ease,  
 Or by my pains the God of Love appease.  
 My frenzy changes; I delight no more  
 On mountain tops to chase the tusky boar:  
 No game but hopeless love my thoughts pursue--  
 Once more, ye nymphs, and songs, and sounding woods, adieu!  
 Love alters not for us his hard decrees,  
 Not tho' beneath the Thracian clime we freeze,  
 Or Italy's indulgent heav'n forego,  
 And in midwinter tread Sithonian snow;  
 Or, when the barks of elms are scorch'd, we keep  
 On Meroe's burning plains the Libyan sheep.  
 In hell, and earth, and seas, and heav'n above,  
 Love conquers all; and we must yield to Love."  
 My Muses, here your sacred raptures end:  
 The verse was what I ow'd my suff'ring friend.  
 This while I sung, my sorrows I deceiv'd,  
 And bending osiers into baskets weav'd.



The song, because inspir'd by you, shall shine;  
And Gallus will approve, because 'tis mine--  
Gallus, for whom my holy flames renew  
Each hour, and ev'ry moment rise in view;  
As alders, in the spring, their boles extend,  
And heave so fiercely that the bark they rend.  
Now let us rise; for hoarseness oft invades  
The singer's voice, who sings beneath the shades.  
From juniper unwholesome dews distil,  
That blast the sooty corn, the with'ring herbage kill.  
Away, my goats, away! for you have brows'd your fill.

Translation by John Dryden  
(From Dryden's Poetical Works, p. 439-440.)

II

APPENDIX



## NOVEMBER

By Edmund Spenser

## THENOT

Colin, my deare, when shall it please thee sing,  
 As thou were wont, songs of some jouisaunce?  
 Thy Muse to long slombreth in sorrowing,  
 Lulled a sleepe through loves misgovernaunce.  
 Now somewhat sing, whose endles soveraunce  
 Emong the shepheards swaines may eye remaine,  
 Whether thee list thy loved lasse advaunce,  
 Or honor Pan with hymnes of higher vaine.

## COLIN

Thenot, now nis the time of merimake,  
 Nor Pan to herye, nor with love to playe;  
 Sike myrth in May is meetest for to make,  
 Or summer shade, under the cocked hay.  
 But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,  
 And Phoebus, weary of his yerely taske,  
 Yetabled hath his steedes in lowlye laye,  
 And taken up his ynne in Fishes haske.  
 Thilke sollein season sadder plight doth aske,  
 And loatheth sike delightes as thou doest prayse:  
 The mornefull Muse in myrth now list ne maske;  
 As shee was wont in youngth and sommer dayes;  
 But if thou algate lust light virelayes,  
 And looser songs of love to underfong,  
 Who but thy selfe deserves sike Poetes prayse?  
 Relieve thy Oaten pypes that sleepen long.

## THENOT

The Nightingale is soveraigne of song,  
 Before him sits the Titmose silent bee;  
 And I, unfitte to thrust in skilfull thronge,  
 Should Colin make judge of my fooleries:  
 Nay, better learne of hem that learned bee,  
 And han be watered at the Muses well;  
 The kindelye dewe drops from the higher tree,  
 And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.  
 But if sadde winters wrathe, and season chill,  
 Accorde not with thy Muses meriment,  
 To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill,  
 And sing of sorrowe and deethes dreeriment;  
 For deade is dido, dead, alas! and drent;  
 Dido! the greate shephearde his daughter sheene.  
 The fayrest May she was that ever went,  
 Her like shee has not left behinde I weene:  
 And, if thou wilt bewayle my wofull tene,  
 I shall the give yond Cosset for thy payne;  
 And, if thy rymes as rownde and rufull bene

As those that did thy Rosalind complayne,  
 Much greater gyfte for guerdon thou shalt gayne,  
 Then Kidde or Cosset, which I thee bynempt.  
 Then up; I say, thou jolly shepheard awayne,  
 Let not my small demanda be so contempt.

## COLIN

Thenot, to that I choose thou doest me tempt;  
 But ah! to well I wote my humble vaine,  
 And howe my rimes bene rugged and unkempt;  
 Yet, as I come, my conning I will strayne.

'Up, then, Melpomene! the mournefullat Muse of nyne,  
 Such cause of mourning never hadst afore;  
 Up, grieslie ghostes! and up my rufull ryme!  
 Patter of myrth now shalt thou have no more;  
 For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of yore.

Dido, my deare, alas! is dead,

Dead, and lyeth wrapt in lead.

O heaue herse!

Let streaming teares be poured out in store;  
 O carefull verse!

'Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abyde,  
 Waile ye this wofull waste of Natures warke;  
 Waile we the wight whose presence was our pryde;  
 Waile we the wight whose absence is our carke;  
 The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke:

The earth now lacks her wonted light,

And all we dwell in deadly night.

O heaue herse!

Breake we our pypes, that shrild as lowde as Larke;  
 O carefull verse!

'Why doe we longer live, (ah! why live we so long?)  
 Whose better dayes death hath shut up in woe?  
 The fayrest floure our gyrlond all emong  
 Is faded quite, and into dust ygoe.

Sing now, ye shepheards daughters, sing no moe  
 The songs that Colin made you in her praise,

But into weeping turne your wanton layes.

O heaue herse!

Nowe is time to dye: Nay, time was long ygoe:  
 O carefull verse!

'Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,  
 And lyeth buried long in Winters bale;

Yet, soone as spring his mantle hath displayde,  
 It floureth fresh, as it should never fayle?

But thing on earth that is of most auaile,  
 As vertues braunch and beauties budde,

Reliven not for any good.

O heaue herse!

The braunch once dead, the budde eke nedles must quaile;  
 O carefull verse!



'She, while she was, (that was, a woful word to sayne!)  
 For beauties prayse and plesaunce had no peere;  
 So well she couth the shepherds entertayne  
 With cakes and cracknells, and such country chere:  
 Ne would she scorne the simple shepherds swaine;  
     For she would cal him often heame,  
     And give him curds and clouted Creame.  
     O heavie herse!  
 Als Colin Cloute she would not once disdayne;  
     O carefull verse!

'But nowe sike happy cheere is turned to heavie chaunce,  
 Such plesaunce now displast by dolors dint:  
 All musick sleepes, where death doth leade the daunce,  
 And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.  
 The blew in black, the greene in gray is tint;  
     The gaudie girlonds deck her grave,  
     The faded flowres her corse embrace.  
     O heavie herse!  
 Morne nowe, my Muse, now morne with teares besprint;  
     O carefull verse!

'O thou greates shepheard, Lobbin, how great is thy griefe!  
 Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for thee?  
 The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,  
 The knotted rush-ringes, and gilte Rosemarie?  
 For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee.  
     Ah! they bene all yclad in clay;  
     One bitter blast blew all away.  
     O heavie herse!  
 Thereof nought remaynes but the memoree;  
     O carefull verse!

'Ay me! that dreerie Death should strike so mortall stroke,  
 That can undoe Dame Natures kindly course;  
 The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,  
 The flouds do gaspe, for dryed is theyr source,  
 And flouds of teares flowe in theyr stead perforce:  
     The mantled medowes mourne,  
     Theyr sondry colours tourne.  
     O heavie herse!  
 The heavens doe melt in teares without remorse,  
     O carefull verse!

'The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,  
 And hang theyr heads as they would learne to weepe;  
 The beastes in forest wayle as they were woode,  
 Except the Wolves, that chase the wandring sheepe,  
 Now she is gone that safely did hem keepe:  
     The Turtle on the bared braunch  
     Laments the wound that death did launch.  
     O heavie herse!  
 And Philomele her song with teares doth steepe;  
     O carefull verse!

'The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,  
 And for her girland Olive braunches beare,  
 Nowe balefull boughes of Cypres doen advaunce;  
 The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,  
 Now bringen bitter Eldre braunches seare;  
 The fatall sisters eke repent  
 Her vitall threde so soone was spent.  
 O heavie herse!  
 Morne now, my Muse, now morne with heavy cheare,  
 O carefull verse!

'O! trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope  
 Of mortal men, that swinke and sweate for nought,  
 And, shooting wide, doe misse the marked scope;  
 Now have I learnd (a lesson derely bought)  
 That nys on earth assuraunce to be sought;  
 For what might be in earthlie mould,  
 That did her buried body hould.  
 O heavie herse!  
 Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought;  
 O carefull verse!

'But maugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight,  
 And gates of hel, and fyrie furies forse,  
 She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,  
 Her soule unbodied of the burdenous corpse.  
 Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse?  
 O Lobbi! thy losse no longer lament;  
 Dido nis dead, but into heaven hent.  
 O happye herse!  
 Cease now, my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes sourse;  
 O joyfull verse!

'Why wayle we then? why weary we the Gods with playnts,  
 As if some evill were to her betight?  
 She raignes a goddessse now among the saintes,  
 That whilome was the saynt of shepherds light,  
 And is enstalled nowe in heavens hight.  
 I see thee, blessed soule, I see  
 Walke in Elisian fieldes so free.  
 O happy herse!  
 Might I once come to thee, (O that I might!)  
 O joyfull verse!

'Unwise and wretched men, to weete whate good or ill,  
 We deeme of Death as doome of ill desert;  
 But knewe we, fooles, what it us bringes until,  
 Dye would we dayly, once it to expert!  
 No daunger there the shepherd can astert;  
 Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene;  
 The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene.  
 O happy herse!  
 Make hast, ye shepherds, thether to revert:  
 O joyfull verse!



'Dido is gone afore; (whose turne shall be the next?)  
 There lives shee with the blessed Gods in blisse,  
 There drincks she Nectar with Ambrosia mixt,  
 And joyes enjoyes that mortall men doe misse.  
 The honor now of highest gods she is,  
 That whilome was poore shepherds pryde,  
 While here on earth she did abyde  
 O happy herse!  
 Ceasse now, my song, my woe now wasted is;  
 O joyfull verse!'

THENOT

Ay, francke shepheard, how bene thy verses meint  
 With doleful pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte  
 Whether rejoyce or weepe for great constrainte.  
 Thyne be the cossette, well hast thou it gotte.  
 Up, Colin up! ynough thou morned hast;  
 Now gynnes to mizzle, hye we homeward fast.

(From The Works of Spenser, p. 480-482.)

## LYCIDAS

By John Milton

Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more,  
 Ye Myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
 And with forced fingers rude  
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear  
 Compels me to disturb your season due;  
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.  
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew  
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
 He must not float upon his watery bier  
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well  
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;  
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
 Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:  
 So may some gentle Muse  
 With lucky words favour my destined urn,  
 And as he passes turn,  
 And bid fair peace to be my sable shroud!

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,  
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;  
 Together both, ere the high lawns appeared  
 Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,  
 We drove a-field, and both together heard  
 What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,  
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
 Oft till the star that rose at evening bright  
 Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.  
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute;  
 Tempered to the oaten flute  
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel  
 From the glad sound would not be absent long;  
 And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.

But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
 Now thou art gone and never must return!  
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,  
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
 And all their echoes, mourn.  
 The willows, and the hazel copses green,  
 Shall now no more be seen  
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.  
 As killing as the canker to the rose,  
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,  
 When first the white-thorn blows;  
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.  
 Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep  
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?



For neither were ye playing on the steep  
 Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream.  
 Ay me! I fondly dream  
 "Had ye been there,"...for what could that have done?  
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,  
 Whom universal nature did lament,  
 When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with uncessant care  
 To tend the homely, slighted, Shepherd's trade,  
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?  
 Were it not better done, as others use,  
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
 Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?  
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)  
 To scorn delights and live laborious days;  
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,  
 And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"  
 Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling ears:  
 "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
 Nor in the glittering foil  
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,  
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes  
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;  
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,  
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,  
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood.  
 But now my oat proceeds,  
 And listens to the Herald of the Sea,  
 That came in Neptune's plea.  
 He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,  
 What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?  
 And questioned every gust of rugged wings  
 That blows from off each beaked promontory.  
 They knew not of his story;  
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
 That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed:  
 The air was calm, and on the level brine  
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.  
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
 Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,  
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,  
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
 Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.

"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"  
Last came, and last did go,  
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake;  
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain  
(The golden opes, the iron shuts again).  
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:--  
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,  
Anow of such as, for their bellies' sake,  
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!  
Of other care they little reckoning make  
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.  
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold  
A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least  
That to the faithful Herdman's art belongs!  
What recks it them? what need they? They are sped;  
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;  
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,  
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;  
Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw  
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.  
But that two-handed engine at the door  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is past  
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,  
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.  
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparsely looks,  
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,  
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,  
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
The tufted crow-toe, and pale gessamine,  
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,  
The glowing violet,  
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,  
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;  
Bid smaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,  
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.  
For so, to interpose a little ease,  
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.  
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas  
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled;  
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide  
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;  
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,  
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount  
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.



Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:  
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,  
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.  
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:  
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
Through the dear night of Him that walked the waves,  
Where, other groves and other streams along,  
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,  
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
There entertain him all the Saints above,  
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,  
That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
Now, Lycidas, the Shepherds weep no more;  
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,  
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to the oaks and rills.  
While the still Morn went out with sandals grey:  
He touched the tender stops of various quills,  
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:  
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,  
And now was dropt into the western bay.  
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:  
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

(From Milton's Complete Poems, p. 60-63.)

## ADONAIS

By Percy Bysshe Shelley

I weep for Adonais--he is dead!  
 O, weep for Adonais! though our tears  
 Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!  
 And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years  
 To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,  
 And teach them thine own sorrow! Say: 'With me  
 Died Adonais; till the Future dares  
 Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be  
 An echo and a light unto eternity!'

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,  
 When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies  
 In darkness? where was lorn Urania  
 When Adonais died? With veiled eyes,  
 'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise  
 She sate, while one, with soft enamored breath,  
 Rekindled all the fading melodies,  
 With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,  
 He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of death.

O, weep for Adonais--he is dead!  
 Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!  
 Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed  
 Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep  
 Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;  
 For he is gone, where all things wise and fair  
 Descend;--oh, dream not that the amorous Deep  
 Will yet restore him to the vital air;  
 Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again!  
 Lament anew, Urania!--He died,--  
 Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,  
 Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,  
 The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,  
 Trampled and mocked with many a loathed rite  
 Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,  
 Into the gulph of death; but his clear Sprite  
 Yet reigns o'er earth; the third among the sons of light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!  
 Not all to that bright station dared to climb;  
 And happier they their happiness who knew,  
 Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time  
 In which suns perished; others more sublime,  
 Struck by the envious wrath of man or God,  
 Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime;  
 And some yet live, treading the thorny road,  
 Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.



But now, thy youngest, dearest one has perished,  
 The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,  
 Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,  
 And fed with true love tears, instead of dew;  
 Most musical of mourners, weep anew!  
 Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the least,  
 The bloom, whose petals, nipped before they blew,  
 Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;  
 The broken lily lies--the storm is overpast.

To that high Capital, where kingly Death  
 Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,  
 He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,  
 A grave among the eternal.--Come away!  
 Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day  
 Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still  
 He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;  
 Awake him not! surely he takes his fill  
 Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!--  
 Within the twilight chamber spreads apace,  
 The shadow of white Death, and at the door  
 Invisible Corruption waits to trace  
 His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;  
 The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe  
 Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface  
 So fair a prey, till darkness, and the law  
 Of change, shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

O, weep for Adonais!--The quick Dreams,  
 The passion-winged Ministers of thought,  
 Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams  
 Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught  
 The love which was its music, wander not,--  
 Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,  
 But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn their lot  
 Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,  
 They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again.

And one with trembling hands clasps his cold head,  
 And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries:  
 'Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead;  
 See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,  
 Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies  
 A tear some Dream has loosened from his brain.'  
 Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise!  
 She knew not 't was her own; as with no stain  
 She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew  
 Washed his light limbs as if embalming them;  
 Another clipped her profuse locks, and threw  
 The wreath upon him, like an anadem,  
 Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem;  
 Another in her wilful grief would break  
 Her bow and winged reeds, as if to stem  
 A greater loss with one which was more weak;  
 And dull the barbed fire against his frozen cheek.

Another Splendor on his mouth alit,  
 That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the breath  
 Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,  
 And pass into the panting heart beneath  
 With lightning and with music: the damp death  
 Quenched its caress upon his icy lips;  
 And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath  
 Of moonlight vapor, which the cold night clips,  
 It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed to its eclipse.

And others came . . . Desires and Adorations,  
 Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies,  
 Splendors, and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations  
 Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phanatasies;  
 And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,  
 And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam  
 Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,  
 Came in slow pomp;--the moving pomp might seem  
 Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

All he had loved, and molded into thought,  
 From shape, and hue, and odor, and sweet sound,  
 Lamented Adonais. Morning sought  
 Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,  
 Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,  
 Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day;  
 Afer the melancholy thunder moaned,  
 Pale Ocean in uneasy slumber lay,  
 And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,  
 And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,  
 And will no more reply to winds or fountains,  
 Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,  
 Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;  
 Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear  
 Than those for whose disdain she pined away  
 Into a shadow of all sounds;--a drear  
 Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.



Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down  
 Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,  
 Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown,  
 For whom should she have waked the sullen year?  
 To Phoebus was not Hyacinth so dear  
 Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both  
 Thou, Adonais: woe they stand and sere  
 Amid the faint companions of their youth,  
 With dew all turned to tears; odor, to sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,  
 Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;  
 Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale  
 Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain  
 Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,  
 Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,  
 As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain  
 Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,  
 And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,  
 But grief returns with the revolving year;  
 The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;  
 The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;  
 Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead seasons' bier;  
 The amorous birds now pair in every brake,  
 And build their mossy homes in field and brake;  
 And the green lizard, and the golden snake,  
 Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and Ocean  
 A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst,  
 As it has ever done, with change and motion  
 From the great morning of the world when first  
 God dawned on Chaos; in its stream immersed  
 The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light;  
 All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst;  
 Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's delight  
 The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

The leprous corpse touched by this spirit tender  
 Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;  
 Like incarnations of the stars, when splendor  
 Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death  
 And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath;  
 Naught we know, dies. Shall that alone which knows  
 Be as a sword consumed before the sheath  
 By sightless lightning?--the intense atom glows  
 A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,  
 But for our grief, as if it had not been,  
 And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!  
 Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene  
 The actors or spectators? Great and mean  
 Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.  
 As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,  
 Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,  
 Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!  
 'Wake thou,' cried Misery, 'childless Mother, rise  
 Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core,  
 A wound more fierce than his with tears and sighs'  
 And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes,  
 And all the Echoes whom their sister's song  
 Had held in holy silence, cried: 'Arise!'  
 Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung,  
 From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendor sprung.

She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs  
 Out of the East, and follows wild and drear  
 The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,  
 Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,  
 Had left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear  
 So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania;  
 So saddened round her like an atmosphere  
 Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way  
 Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,  
 Through camps and cities rough with stone and steel,  
 And human hearts, which to her airy tread  
 Yielding not, wounded the invisible  
 Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell:  
 And barbed tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they,  
 Rent the soft Form they never could repel,  
 Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,  
 Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

In the death chamber for a moment Death,  
 Shamed by the presence of that living Night,  
 Blushed to annihilation, and the breath  
 Revisited those lips, and life's pale light  
 Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.  
 'Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,  
 As silent lightning leaves the starless night!  
 Leave me not!' cried Urania: her distress  
 Roused Death: Death rose and smiled, and met her vain caress.



'Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;  
 Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;  
 And in my heartless breast and burning brain  
 That word, that kiss shall all thoughts else survive,  
 With food of saddest memory kept alive,  
 Now thou art dead, as if it were a part  
 Of thee, my Adonais! I would give  
 All that I am to be as thou now art!  
 But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart!

'Oh gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,  
 Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men  
 Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart  
 Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?  
 Defenceless as thou wert, oh, where was then  
 Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?  
 Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when  
 Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,  
 The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

'The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;  
 The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead;  
 The vultures to the conqueror's banner true,  
 Who feed where Desolation first has fed,  
 And whose wings rain contagion;--how they fled,  
 When like Apollo, from his golden bow,  
 The Pythian of the age one arrow sped  
 And smiled!--The spoilers tempt no second blow;  
 They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.

'The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;  
 He sets, and each ephemeral insect then  
 Is gathered into death without a dawn,  
 And the immortal stars awake again;  
 So is it in the world of living men:  
 A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight  
 Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when  
 It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light  
 Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night.'

Thus ceased she: and the mountain shepherds came,  
 Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;  
 The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame  
 Over his living head like Heaven is bent,  
 An early but enduring monument,  
 Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song  
 In sorrow: from her wilds Ierne sent  
 The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,  
 And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,  
 A phantom among men, companionless  
 As the last cloud of an expiring storm  
 Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,  
 Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,  
 Actaeon-like, and now he fled astray  
 With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,  
 And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,  
 Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

A pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift--  
 A Love in desolation masked;--a Power  
 Girt round with weakness;--it can scarce uplift  
 The weight of the superincumbent hour;  
 It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,  
 A breaking billow;--even whilst we speak  
 Is it not broken? On the withering flower  
 The killing sun smiles brightly; on a cheek  
 The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

His head was bound with pensies overblown,  
 And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;  
 And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,  
 Round whose rude shaft dark ivy tresses grew  
 Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,  
 Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart  
 Shook the weak hand that grasped it; of that crew  
 He came the last, neglected and apart;  
 A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the hunter's dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan  
 Smiled through their tears; well knew that gentle band  
 Who in another's fate now wept his own,  
 As, in the accents of an unknown land,  
 He sung new sorrow; sad Urania scanned  
 The Stranger's mien, and murmured: 'Who art thou?'  
 He answered not, but with a sudden hand  
 Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,  
 Which was like Cain's or Christ's--Oh! that it should be so!

What softer voice is hushed over the dead?  
 Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?  
 What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,  
 In mockery of monumental stone,  
 The heavy heart heaving without a moan?  
 If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,  
 Taught, soothed, loved, honored the departed one,  
 Let me not vex with inharmonious sighs  
 The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.



Our Adonais has drunk poison--oh!  
 What deaf and viperous murderer could crown  
 Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?  
 The nameless worm would now itself disown:  
 It felt, yet could escape, the magic tone  
 Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,  
 But what was howling in one breast alone,  
 Silent with expectation of the song,  
 Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!  
 Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,  
 Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!  
 But be thyself, and know thyself to be!  
 And ever at thy season be thou free  
 To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow:  
 Remorse and self-contempt shall cling to thee;  
 Not Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,  
 And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt--as now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled  
 Far from these carrion kites that scream below;  
 He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;  
 Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.--  
 Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow  
 Back to the burning fountain whence it came,  
 A portion of the Eternal, which must glow  
 Through time and change, unquenchably the same,  
 Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep--  
 He hath awakened from the dream of life--  
 'T is we who, lost in stormy visions, keep  
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,  
 And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife  
 Invulnerable nothings.--We decay  
 Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief  
 Convulse us and consume us day by day,  
 And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;  
 Envy and calumny and hate and pain,  
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
 Can touch him not and torture not again;  
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain  
 He is secure, and now can never mourn  
 A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;  
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,  
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes--'t is Death is dead, not he;  
 Mourn not for Adonais.--Thou young Dawn,  
 Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee  
 The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;  
 Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!  
 Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,  
 Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown  
 O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare  
 Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature: there is heard  
 His voice in all her music, from the moan  
 Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;  
 He is a presence to be felt and known  
 In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,  
 Spreading itself where'er that Power may move  
 Which has withdrawn his being to its own;  
 Which wields the world with never wearied love,  
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness  
 Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear  
 His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress  
 Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there  
 All new successions to the forms they wear;  
 Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight  
 To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;  
 And bursting in its beauty and its might  
 From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

The splendors of the firmament of time  
 May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;  
 Like stars to their appointed height they climb  
 And death is a low mist which cannot blot  
 The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought  
 Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,  
 And love and life contend in it, for what  
 Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there  
 And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown  
 Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,  
 Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton  
 Rose pale, his solemn agony had not  
 Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought  
 And as he fell and as he lived and loved,  
 Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,  
 Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:  
 Oblivion, as they rose, shrank like a thing reprov'd.



And many more, whose names on Earth are dark  
 But whose transmitted effluence cannot die  
 So long as fire outlives the parent spark,  
 Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.  
 'Thou art become as one of us,' they cry,  
 'It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long  
 Swung blind in unascended majesty,  
 Silent alone amid an Heaven of Song.  
 Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our throng!'

Who mourns for Adonais? oh, come forth,  
 Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright.  
 Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth;  
 As from a center, dart thy spirit's light  
 Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might  
 Sate the void circumference: then shrink  
 Even to a point within our day and night;  
 And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee sink,  
 When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulcher,  
 O, not of him, but of our joy: 't is nought  
 That ages, empires, and religions there  
 Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;  
 For such as he can lend,--they borrow not  
 Glory from those who made the world their prey;  
 And he is gathered to the kings of thought  
 Who waged contention with their time's decay,  
 And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Go thou to Rome,--at once the Paradise,  
 The grave, the city, and the wilderness;  
 And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise  
 And flowering weeds and fragrant copses dress  
 The bones of Desolation's nakedness  
 Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead  
 Thy footsteps to a slope of green access  
 Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead,  
 A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time  
 Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand,  
 And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,  
 Pavilioning the dust of him who planned  
 This refuge for his memory, doth stand  
 Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath,  
 A field is spread, on which a newer band  
 Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death,  
 Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet  
 To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned  
 Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,  
 Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,  
 Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find  
 Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,  
 Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind  
 Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.  
 What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;  
 Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;  
 Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,  
 Stains the white radiance of Eternity,  
 Until Death tramples it to fragments,--Die,  
 If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!  
 Follow where all is fled!--Rome's azure sky,  
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak  
 The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger? why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?  
 Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here  
 They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!  
 A light is past from the revolving year,  
 And man, and woman; and what still is dear  
 Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.  
 The soft sky smiles,--the low wind whispers near;  
 'T is Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,  
 No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,  
 That Beauty in which all things work and move,  
 That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse  
 Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love  
 Which, through the web of being blindly wove  
 By man and beast and earth and air and sea,  
 Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of  
 The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,  
 Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song  
 Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven,  
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng  
 Whose sails were never to the tempest given;  
 The massy earth and sphered skies are riven!  
 I am borne darkly, fearfully afar:  
 Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,  
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

(From Century Readings in English Literature, p. 619-625.)



## THYRSIS

By Matthew Arnold

How changed is here each spot man makes or fills!  
 In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same;  
 The village street its haunted mansion lacks,  
 And from the sign is gone Sibylla's name,  
 And from the roofs the twisted chimney-stacks--  
 Are ye too changed, ye hills?  
 See, 't is no foot of unfamiliar men  
 To-night from Oxford up your pathway strays!  
 Here came I often, often, in old days--  
 Thyrsis and I; we still had Thyrsis then.

Runs it not here, the track by Childeworth Farm,  
 Past the high wood, to where the elm-tree crowns  
 The hill behind whose ridge the sunset flames?  
 The signal-elm, that looks on Ilsley Downs,  
 The Vale, the three lone weirs, the youthful Thames?--  
 This winter-eve is warm,  
 Humid the air! leafless, yet soft as spring,  
 The tender purple spray on copse and briars!  
 And that sweet city with her dreaming spires,  
 She needs not June for beauty's heightening.

Lovely all times she lies, lovely to-night!--  
 Only, methinks, some loss of habit's power  
 Befalls me wandering through this upland dim.  
 Once pass'd I blindfold here, at any hour;  
 Now seldom come I, since I came with him.  
 That single elm-tree bright  
 Against the west--I miss it! is it gone?  
 We prized it dearly; while it stood, we said,  
 Our friend, the Gipsy-Scholar, was not dead;  
 While the tree lived, he in these fields lived on.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here,  
 But once I knew each field, each flower, each stick;  
 And with the country-folk acquaintance made  
 By barn in threshing-time, by new-built rick.  
 Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we first assay'd.  
 Ah me! this many a year  
 My pipe is lost, my shepherd's holiday!  
 Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy heart  
 Into the world and wave of men depart;  
 But Thyrsis of his own will went away.

It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest.  
 He loved each simple joy the country yields.  
 He loved his mates; but yet he could not keep.  
 For that a shadow lour'd on the fields,  
 Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep.  
 Some life of men unblest  
 He knew, which made him droop, and fill'd his head.  
 He went; his piping took a troubled sound  
 Of storms that rage outside our happy happy ground;  
 He could not wait their passing, he is dead.



So, some tempestuous morn in early June,  
 When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,  
 Before the roses and the longest day--  
 When garden-walks and all the grassy floor  
 With blossoms red and white of fallen May  
 And chestnut-flowers are strewn--  
 So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,  
 From the wet-field, through the next garden-trees,  
 Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze:  
 The Bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I!

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?  
 Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,  
 Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,  
 Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,  
 Sweet-William with his homely cottage smell,  
 And stocks in fragrant blow;  
 Roses that down the alleys shine afar,  
 And open, jasmine-muffled latices,  
 And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,  
 And the full moon, and the white evening-star.

He harkens not! light comer, he is flown!  
 What matters it? next year he will return,  
 And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days,  
 With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,  
 And blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,  
 And scent of hay new-mown,  
 But Thyras never more we swains shall see;  
 See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,  
 And blow a strain the world at last shall heed--  
 For Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd thee!

Alack, for Corydon no rival now!--  
 But when Sicilian Shepherds lost a mate,  
 Some good survivor with his flute would go,  
 Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate;  
 And cross the unpermitted ferry's flow,  
 And relax Pluto's brow,  
 And make leap up with joy the beauteous head  
 Of Proserpine, among whose crowned hair  
 Are flowers first open'd on Sicilian air,  
 And flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead.

O easy access to the hearer's grace  
 When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine!  
 For she herself had trod Sicilian fields,  
 She knew the Dorian water's gush divine,  
 She knew each lily white which Enna yields,  
 Each rose with blushing face;  
 She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain.  
 But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard!  
 Her foot the Cumner cowslips never stirr'd;  
 And we should tease her with our plaint in vain!



Well! wind-dispersed and vain the words will be,  
 Yet, Thyraia, let me give my grief its hour  
 In the old haunt, and find our tree-topp'd hill!  
 Who, if not I, for questing here hath power?  
 I know the wood which hides the daffodil,  
 I know the Fyfield tree,  
 I know what white, what purple fritillaries  
 The grassy harvest of the river-fields,  
 Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields,  
 And what saged brooks are Thames's tributaries;

I know these slopes; who knows them if not I?--  
 But many a dingle on the loved hill-side,  
 With thorns once studded, old, white-blossom'd trees,  
 Where thick the cowslips grew, and far descried  
 High tower'd the spikes of purple orchises,  
 Hath since our day put by  
 The coronals of that forgotten time;  
 Down each green bank hath gone the ploughboy's team,  
 And only in the hidden brookside gleam  
 Primroses, orphans of the flowery prime.

Where is the girl, who by the boatman's door,  
 Above the locks, above the boating throng,  
 Unmoor'd our skiff when through the Wytham flats,  
 Red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet among  
 And darting swallows and light water-gnats,  
 We track'd the shy Thames shore?  
 Where are the mowers, who, as the tiny swell  
 Of our boat passing heaved the river-grass,  
 Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass?--  
 They all are gone, and thou art gone as well!

Yes, thou art gone! and round me too the night  
 In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade.  
 I see her veil draw soft across the day,  
 I feel her slowly chilling breath invade  
 The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with gray;  
 I feel her finger light  
 Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train;--  
 The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,  
 The heart less bounding at emotion new,  
 And hope, once crush'd less quick to spring again.

And long the way appears, which seem'd so short  
 To the less practised eye of sanguine youth;  
 And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air,  
 The mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth,  
 Tops in life's morning-sun so bright and bare!  
 Unbreachable the fort  
 Of the long-batter'd world uplifts its wall;  
 And strange and vain the earthly turmoil grows,  
 And near and real the charm of thy repose,  
 And night as welcome as a friend would fall.

But hush! the upland hath a sudden loss  
 Of quiet!--Look, adown the dusk hill-side,  
 A troop of Oxford hunters going home,  
 As in old days, jovial and talking ride:  
 From hunting with the Berkshire hounds they come.  
 Quick! let me fly, and cross  
 Into yon farther field!--'T is done; and see,  
 Back'd by the sunset, which doth glorify  
 The orange and pale violet evening-sky,  
 Bare on its lonely ridge, the Tree! the Tree!

I take the omen! Eve lets down her veil,  
 The white fog creeps from bush to bush about,  
 The west unflushes, the high stars grow bright,  
 And in the scatter'd farms the lights come out.  
 I cannot reach the signal-tree to-night,  
 Yet, happy omen, hail!  
 Hear it from thy broad lucent Arno vale  
 (For there thine earth-forgetting eyelids keep  
 The morningless and unawakening sleep  
 Under the flowery oleanders pale),

Hear it, O Thyrise, still our tree is there!--  
 Ah, vain! These English fields, this upland dim,  
 These brambles pale with mist engarlanded,  
 That lone, sky-pointing tree, are not for him;  
 To a boon southern country he is fled,  
 And now in happier air,  
 Wandering with the great Mother's train divine  
 (And purer or more subtle soul than thee,  
 I trow, the mighty Mother doth not see)  
 Within a folding of the Apennine,

Thou hearest the immortal chants of old!--  
 Putting his sickle to the perilous grain  
 In the hot cornfield of the Phrygian king,  
 For thee the Lityerses-song again  
 Young Daphnis with his silver voice doth sing;  
 Sings his Sicilian fold,  
 His sheep, his hapless love, his blinded eyes--  
 And how a call celestial round him rang,  
 And heavenward from the fountain-brink he sprang.  
 And all the marvel of the golden skies.

There thou art gone, and me thou leavest here  
 Sole in these fields! yet will I not despair.  
 Despair I will not, while I yet descry  
 'Neath the mild canopy of English air  
 That lonely tree against the western sky.  
 Still, still these slopes, 't is clear,  
 Our Gipsy-Scholar haunts, outliving thee:  
 Fields where soft sheep from cages pull the hay,  
 Woods with anemones in flower till May,  
 Know him a wanderer still; then why not me?



A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,  
 Shy to illumine; and I seek it too.  
 This does not come with houses or with gold,  
 With place, with honour, and a flattering crew;  
 'T is not in the world's market bought and sold--  
 But the smooth-slipping weeks  
 Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired;  
 Out of the heed of mortals he is gone,  
 He wends unfollow'd, he must house alone;  
 Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired.

Thou too, O Thyrsis, on like quest wast bound  
 Thou wanderest with me for a little hour!  
 Men gave thee nothing; but this happy quest,  
 If men esteemed thee feeble, gave thee power,  
 If men procured thee trouble, gave thee rest.  
 And this rude Cumnor ground,  
 Its fir-topped Hurst, its farms, its quiet fields,  
 Here came'st thou in thy jocund youthful time,  
 Here was thine height of strength, thy golden prime!  
 And still the haunt beloved a virtue yields.

What though the music of thy rustic flute  
 Kept not for long its happy, country tone;  
 Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note  
 Of men contention-tost, of men who groan,  
 Which task'd thy pipe too sore, and tired thy throat--  
 It fail'd and thou wast mute!  
 Yet hadst thou alway visions of our light,  
 And long with men of care thou couldst not stay,  
 And soon thy foot resumed its wandering way,  
 Left human haunt, and on alone till night.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here!  
 'Mid city-noise, not, as with thee of yore,  
 Thyrsis! in reach of sheep-bells in my home.  
 --Then through the great town's harsh, heart-wearying roar,  
 Let in thy voice a whisper often come,  
 To chase fatigue and fear:  
 Why faintest thou? I wonder'd till I died.  
 Roam on! The light we sought is shining still  
 Dost thou ask proof? Our tree yet crowns the hill,  
 Our Scholar travels yet the loved hill-side.

(From Masterpieces of Poetry, vol. vi,  
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