

# **THE ECLOGUES OF VIRGIL**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649369522

The Eclogues of Virgil by Henry Duncan Skrine

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**HENRY DUNCAN SKRINE**

**THE ECLOGUES  
OF VIRGIL**



# THE ECLOGUES

OF

## VIRGIL

Translated into English Verse.

BY

HENRY DUNCAN SKRINE

WARLEIGH MANOR, SOMERSET.

1868

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION AMONG FRIENDS.

TO MY DEAR WIFE  
SUSANNA CAROLINE SKRINE  
ON OUR SILVER WEDDING DAY.

---

To thee, who five and twenty years  
Hast journeyed down the vale of tears,  
Thy hand in mine, thy heart and mind  
With mine in true affection joined,  
I dedicate these feeble lines,  
Designed to point where VIRGIL shines,  
And make his tender Poems clear  
To English maidens' chastened ear.  
Thy smiles encouraged the essay,  
And watched its progress day by day:  
For dear to thee are wood and field,  
And each pure pleasure which they yield:  
And thou hast loved our *Warleigh's* bowers,  
And all its meadows pied with flowers;  
The gentle kine there born and bred,  
The sheep and lambs its sward hath fed;  
The hum of bees—the water's fall,  
And those sweet songsters one and all;

And, nestling 'neath the ancient trees  
Those cots secure from stormy breeze,  
Where dwell thy neighbours evermore,  
The humble and contented poor.  
'Mong simple folk and things like these  
The Roman Poet takes his ease,  
And like a stream that winds along  
Through a rich valley flows his song,  
Its rippled surface bearing trace  
That Heaven hath smiled upon its face.  
Oh scorn him not—though dark and blind  
To thy clear sight appear his mind:  
For noble was the Poet's aim,  
To raise by verse his country's fame,  
And win himself a deathless name;  
And true and loyal was the love  
Which revered the gods-above.  
And when he seems to soar on high  
Or hail some great one from the sky,  
We deem that on his spirit bright  
There flashed a ray of GOD's own light.

H. D. S.

*Dresden, August Brd, 1868.*

THE ECLOGUES

OF

VIRGIL.





## ECLOGUE I

---

*Melibœus Tityrus*

*Mel.* Ah! Tityrus beneath the shade  
Of the wide-spreading beech tree laid,  
On oaten pipe thou dost prolong  
The echoes of the wood-nymph's song:  
While we our country forced to leave,  
And those sweet fields—sad exiles grieve;  
We fly from home, thou stretched at ease  
Fillest with songs the listening trees,  
Thine Amaryllis' love to please.

*Tyt.* A god to me this leisure gave  
O Melibœus, and shall have  
Due honour to his altar paid;  
And many a lamb of mine there laid

Shall prove him such,—for as ye see  
 He lets my herds at liberty,  
 Roam where they will,—and this poor reed  
 May freely sound—a poet's meed.

*Mel.* I do not envy thee, my friend,  
 I only wonder where will end  
 This sad confusion, widely spread  
 Through all the land. With aching head  
 My flock of goats thus far I drive,  
 And one I lead is scarce alive;  
 Just now beneath the hazel shade,  
 Hope of the flock, her twins were laid :  
 On the bare flints her troubles came,  
 I now remember to my shame.  
 The heaven-touched oaks had prophesied  
 Some evil soon would us betide.  
 But tell me, Tityrus,—in truth,  
 What god is this that saves from ruth?

*Tit.* Oft, Melibœus, have I deemed,  
 (Fool that I was—I idly dreamed,)  
 This city men call Rome, to be  
 Such as our Mantua we see,  
 Where oft we're wont to drive our lambs  
 To market from their bleating dams.