

# **THE ECLOGUES & GEORGICS**

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The eclogues & Georgics by Virgil & Thomas Fletcher Royds

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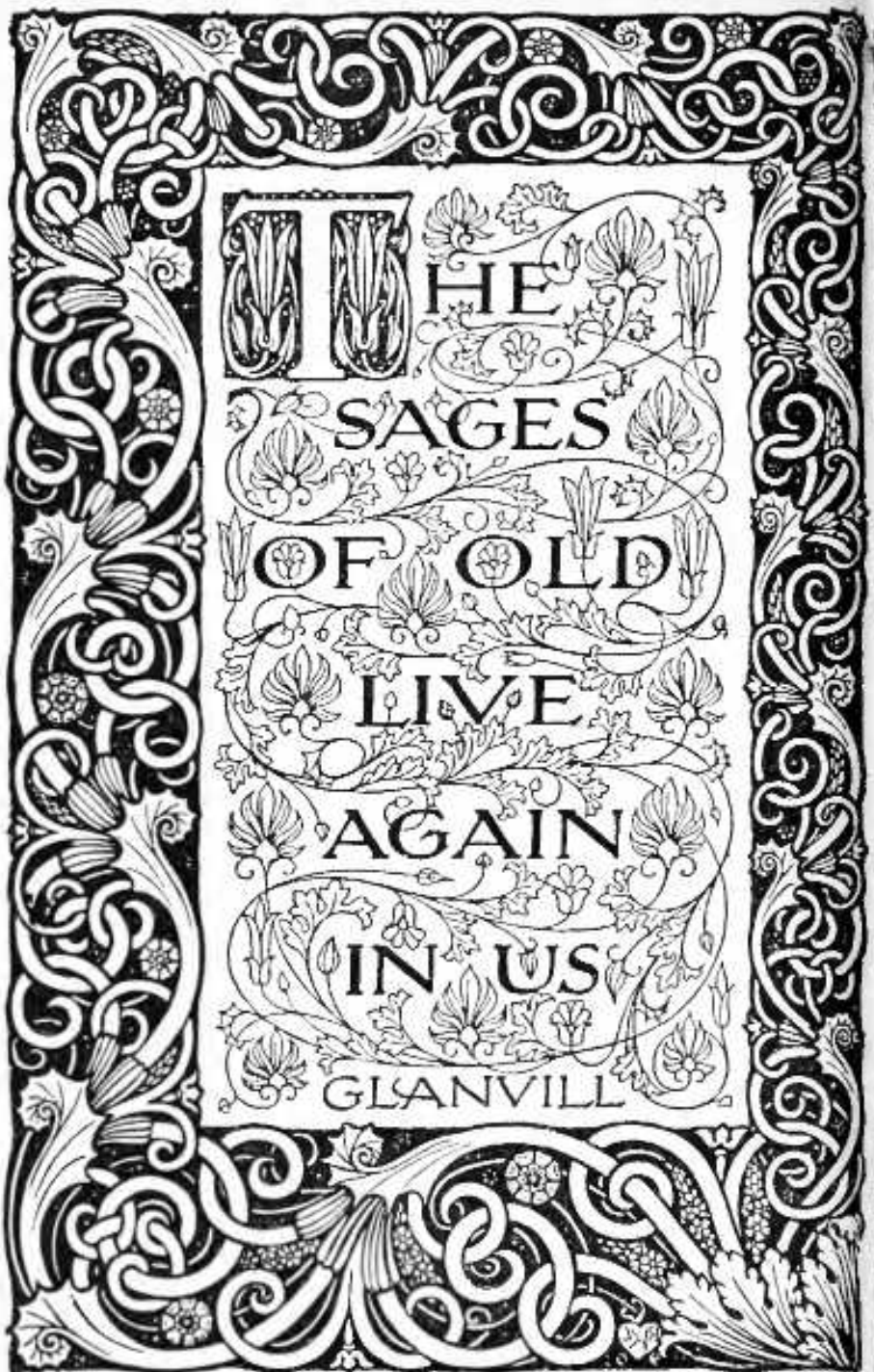
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**VIRGIL & THOMAS FLETCHER ROYDS**

**THE ECLOGUES  
& GEORGICS**





THE  
SAGES  
OF OLD  
LIVE  
AGAIN  
IN US  
GLANVILL



*The* ECLOGUES  
& GEORGICS  
OF VIRGIL  
TRANSLATED  
INTO ENGLISH  
VERSE BY ©  
T·F· ROYDS.



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RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,  
BROAD STREET HILL, E.C.1, AND  
BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

"And art thou then that Virgil, that well spring  
From which such copious founts of eloquence  
Have issued?" I with front abash'd replied:  
"Glory and light of all the tuneful train!  
May it avail me, that I long with thee  
Have sought thy volume, and with love immense  
Have con'd it o'er. My master thou, and guide!"

CAESAR *Dante*,





## INTRODUCTION

“Thou that singest wheat and woodland,  
Tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd ;  
All the charm of all the Muses  
Often flowering in a lonely word ;  
Poet of the happy Tityrus  
Piping underneath his beechen bowers ;  
Poet of the poet-satyr  
Whom the laughing shepherd bound with flowers.”  
TENNYSON.

“Throughout the Middle Ages Virgil was a beneficent wizard, a romance-writer and a sorcerer, his name recurring strangely among all the greatest names of history or fable. To the scholarship of the Renaissance he became a poet again, but still Prince of poets, still with something of divine attributes. For us, who inherit from all these ages, he is the gathered sum of what to all these ages he has been. But it is as a voice of Nature that he now appeals to us most ; as a voice of one who in his strength and sweetness is not too steadfastly felicitous to have sympathy with human weakness and pain. Through the imperial roll of his rhythm there rises a note of all but intolerable pathos ; and in the most golden flow of his verse he still brings us near him by a faint accent of trouble. This is why he beyond all other poets is the Comforter ; and in the darkest times, when the turmoil within or around us, *confuse sonus urbis et illatabile murmur*, seems too great to sustain, we may still hear him saying, as Dante heard him in the solemn

splendour of dawn on the Mountain of Purgatory : "My son, here may be agony, but not death ; remember, remember !" — J. W. MACKAIL.

THE earlier and later Virgil of the *Eclogues* and the *Georgics* has never yet quite reached his mark in English. It is easy for a great narrative and heroic poem, dealing with a consummate epic theme, to triumph over a foreign tongue. It is much harder for a set of select pastorals, or for writings like the *Georgics*, that depend on the grace, imagination, and style of their writer, to be made really effective and ideally alive in translation. But in reading the *Æneid*, whether in Dryden's or some more modern version like Fairfax Taylor's, if we have anything at all of Tennyson's sense of Virgil the "landscape-lover" and lord of language, expressed in his memorial lines, we are left with an insatiable thirst for other vintages. For there, if we have learnt to be possessed by the golden theme—

"Ilion falling, Rome arising,  
Wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre ;"

we are not less held by the spirit and individuality of the poet. Once having formed our first oncoming attachment to Virgil, we, his English readers, must wish to know him too in his