THE MATHEMATICUS

OF

BERNARDUS SILVESTRIS

By

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A thesis submitted in fulfilment of the requirements of the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, Department of History.

University of Sydney January, 1988

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Summary

This thesis consists of a translation of and commentary on the twelfth century Latin poem *Mathematicus* (otherwise known as *De Patricida*) (Vol. I) and a study of its literary contexts (Vol. II). This poem links the declamatory tradition handed down from the rhetorical schools of antiquity with the nascent secular drama of the twelfth century. At another level, it shows the continuation of the allegoresis of Virgil and the special place of *Aeneid VI* in this tradition, making a connexion between Virgil and Dante. It opens up questions as to the survival of Stoic ideas, not only those incorporated in Christian dogma, and exposes the prominent place of the mythical figure of Hercules in the consciousness of the time. A study of the re-working of this and associated declamatory material by twelfth century poets gives insights into poetic craft at the time and outside of time, and a preliminary study of the manuscript tradition gives information on the literary culture in which the poem was copied.
Dedicated

In memory
Of my mother, lover of Virgil
and
In honour
Of my father, Old Stoic

Presented

congeries informis
To my supervisor, John O. Ward
quod et quidam temporis nostri scriptor
egregius liberum tamen verbis eleganter expressit:

My book is finished and comes to greet
The father it longs to see—
It would be my present to you, my friend,
If it weren't your gift to me.
Acknowledgements

This thesis took its genesis at an interface between poetic and rhetoric. Its insights are as much the result of the efforts of my supervisor, John O. Ward, to understand the poetic field that is my home as of my attempts to appreciate his rhetorical domain. The interface itself was hardly disturbed - no waves disordered, no interfacial mixing clouded the images reflected back as from a mirror, each into its own medium. Yet if the interaction has offered him any small fraction of the gains it has brought to me in wisdom and learning and understanding he will need no further thanks from me.

Nor shall I document the part played by those significant others, the members of the medieval Latin reading group who went through my translation with me. If their names do not appear more often in the following pages it will show how well I have assimilated their gifts, and they themselves will know what they have contributed. I cannot however refrain from mentioning the generous offer of John Scott to check the entire translation, which eradicated most of the residual error and made sense of a few passages that had seemed intractible.

I have been lucky too with help from many sources within Sydney University: past and present members of the Latin department who have let me sit in on lectures, Max Walkley of the French department whose classes in Old French and Old Provençal have opened new paths of learning to me, and the Inter-library loans division of Fisher Library whom I fear I have worked to death. Without the books and papers they have obtained from various parts of the world for me this thesis could never have been generated. Nor would it have been able to reach some of its conclusions if my supervisor, John Ward, had not extended himself to check manuscripts for me while overseas - I was not able to visit the manuscripts myself. I would also like to thank Anne O'Loughlin for hunting up catalogues in Canberra, Leonard Boyle for his instant and gracious response to a request for information on Vatican manuscripts and the Deutsche Staatsbibliothek Berlin for information on a Berlin manuscript.
The human infrastructure that has sustained me on this journey is so vast that I cannot begin to enumerate the many who have wittingly or unwittingly provided me with physical, mental, moral, emotional and spiritual support along the way. I think of Sue and Manop of U. Thong who have provided me with a retreat of good fellowship as well as good food, John and Fiona of the Early Dance Consort who have kept my spirit as well as my toes dancing through some of the darkest days, Peter Stone whose handling of adversity led me to an understanding of the value of the Hercules complex in action, and David our son whose coming into being started me on the wandering path that led me to this work ... But I must not go on, or another volume will be needed. I thank them all, as well as the Government and people of Australia for the financial support of a scholarship for part of the time I have been working towards this thesis. I hope I justify their trust.
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Translator's Note

The Latin text I print here opposite my translation reproduces Hauréau's 1895 edition based on four of the best and earliest manuscripts. Substantial differences in the earlier Migne edition based on one of these manuscripts are noted at the bottom of each page. (Vol. II Ch. VII details manuscripts and editions.) Where it made better sense I have used the Migne variant as the basis of the translation. It will be obvious that there is very little difference between the editions - this is what makes it reasonable to translate the poem before doing a new edition. Variations in orthography and punctuation I have not recorded - in a poem such as this with its self-contained couplets punctuation is rarely necessary, and I found the punctuation of both editions a hindrance as often as a help. Without seeing the manuscripts it is not possible to know how much of the punctuation is editorial, and even with the manuscripts one would not know how much is scribal. I have followed the poet's tenses, though this may sometimes make for strangeness in the English, because I feel it gives something of the "flavour" of the original.

The translation, though in prose, is presented in couplets to match the Latin. I hope that, while seeking nothing more than a prose translation that reproduces as accurately as possible the sense of the original, my language has caught from time to time a cadence that reflects something of its feeling. There are good reasons for attempting something other than lumbering prose in the translating of poetry, and, though I am not aspiring to such a level of artistry here, I imagine my delight in Mandelbaum's translation of the Aeneid has led me, quite unconscious of what I was doing, to set out my translation in this way.

The accompanying commentary is a mixed bag - the poem itself is such a rich and complex work of art that one could find ten times as much for comment and still be surprised by some new discovery. My comments may not have always picked on the most telling example - perhaps they could be regarded as a preliminary sampling. For the ambience in which the poem circulated see Volume II.
MATHEMATICUS

Semper ut ex aliqua felices parte querantur
Leges humanæ conditionis habent.
Miles erat Romæ, probus armis, rebus abundans,
Urbe potens, felix conjuge, clarus avis,
Voce, manu, facie, facundus, largus, honestus,
Vir sapiens, stabilis tempore, mente, fide.
Sponsa viro non stirpe minor, non moribus impar,
Non ævo senior dissimilisque fide;
Prompta, modesta, timens, non, ut solet esse frequenter,
Imperiosa suo femina pulchra viro.
Luxus opum, noceus quamvis declinet ad actus,
Non fecit mores degenerare bonos.
Cum solet levitas juvenilibus esse sub annis,
Non leve gessit opus femina pulchra, potens;
Pulchraque casta fuit, quà virtus, rara venustis,
In fragili sexu rario esse solet.
Femineæ vitium naturæ, mobilitatem,
Cavit et ingenitæ criminæ nequitiae,
Affectusque leves quadam sub mole refixit,
Et potuit sexus immemor esse sui.
Sic igitur proba juncta probo, formosa decoro,
Callida sensato, religiosa pio.
Sors arrisit eis, favit Fortuna; beati
Omnibus, excepto munere prolis, erant;
Perfecti minus hoc uno, si prole carere
Est a perfecta prosperitate minus.
Spes ergo sobolis, multos damnata per annos,
Cetera naturæ dona placere vetat;
Successus alios, alios obscurat honores
Fortunamque facit omnibus esse ream.
The astrologer

No matter how fortunate they are, people always complain -
Such are the laws of the human condition.

A knight there was, a soldier of Rome, skilled in arms, rich in worldly goods,
Influential in the city, happily married, of distinguished lineage,

Eloquent, generous and handsome,
A knowledgeable man, even-tempered, well-balanced and trustworthy.

His wife was not of lesser breeding nor unequal in character,
Nor older in years, nor different in honour;

Frank, unassuming, gentle - not, as a beautiful
Woman often is, bossy to her husband.

Excessive wealth, though it inclines to hurtful acts
Did not cause her good character to degenerate.

While yet in her light-hearted youth,
This beautiful capable woman spurned frivolity;
Chaste as well as beautiful she was, a virtue rarely

Found with beauty, especially in the delicate sex.

Fickleness, that failing of female nature, she eschewed;
And the faults of innate wantoness

She subjugated, as well as unworthy emotions, by a sort of seriousness:
Thus she could be unmindful of her sex.

So feminine virtue was joined with masculine, beauty with grace,
Skill with intelligence, reverence with duty.

Luck smiled on them, fortune favoured them, blessed in
Everything were they, except the gift of children.

Perfect except for this one thing - if lack of offspring
Makes for less than total happiness.

But the desire for children denied through many years
Prevents the other gifts of nature from pleasing:

It dims other successes, dulls other honours,
And makes fortune seem at fault in everything.
Flentque dolentque magis; nec enim natura repugnat,
Nec gravitas ævi languidioris obest.
Nec senis hæc gelidos causari conjugis annos,
Ille nec uxoris frigida membra potest.
Ætati confisa suæ superumque favori.
Spem gerit in voto femina sola suo;
Spemque super dubiam quid fati volveret ordo
Certior esse volens consultat astrologum,
Qui poterat stellis superum deprehendere curas,
Parcarum mentem consiliumque Jovis,
Naturæ causas secretaque scire latentis,
Et quæ fata, quibus legibus ire velint.

Ille mathematicæ studiis exercitus artis,
Pertentat numeros; astra movent numeri;
Exquiritque vagos numeri ratione planetas,
Quorum sollicitus puncta gradusque notat,
Et qua consultat momentum colligit horæ,
Et perpendicular in his esse modumque rei.
« Est, ait, est, video, tibi filius; ecce maritus
Implesit steriles fertilitate sinus;
Et Paridem geret in facie, geret intus Achillem,
Nec probitas fastum nec sibi forma dabunt.
Pauperior Cræsus, minus illo doctus Ulysses;
Fræna dabit ratio rebus et ingenio.
Inter felicis fatalia commoda vitæ,
Romuleæ dominus et pater urbis erit.
Patrem, sed taceo, nisi quod premis, arguis, instas,
Occidet, fato sic agitante suo.
Sic erit, adde fidem, Jovis est sic fixa voluntas;
Quidquid praecinui nil habet ambigui.
Fata tibi spondent, Di spondent, sidera spondent;
Res rata quam spondent sidera, fata, Dii. »

32 cui languidioris [f. languidior vis]; 37 fata quid; 41 latentæ; 44 Portentat; 46 sollicitæ;
47 consultae; 49 ait, en video; 58 suum; after l. 62 CANTUS II.
Much do they sorrow and lament, for nature does not oppose them,

Nor does the torpor of sluggish age stand in their way.

She cannot plead the frozen years of an aged husband

Nor he the frigidity of his wife.

Trust in her youth and the favour of the gods,

The wife alone retains some hope for her desire,

And wanting to be more sure how the ordering of fate

Will unravel her wavering hope, she consults an astrologer

Who could discern in the stars the affairs of the gods,

The intention of the fates and the plan of Jupiter,

And know the workings of nature and her hidden secrets,

What destinies there are and what laws they intend to follow.

The astrologer, skilled in the knowledge of the mathematical art,

Calculates the numbers - numbers move the constellations -

And he analyses the wandering planets by numerical computation;

Carefully he marks the points and degrees,

And he focuses on the moment of time under consideration

And determines what will happen and how.

"There is ", he says, "there is, I see it, a son for you; lo! your husband

Will fill your barren womb with fertility;

And the child will have Paris in his face but Achilles inside him,

Yet neither his valour nor his beauty will make him arrogant.

Croesus will be poorer than he, Ulysses less shrewd,

Yet reason will keep riches and cleverness under control.

Among the happy destinies of a fortunate life

He will be lord and father of the city of Romulus.

His father - but I refrain from saying it unless you press, urge, insist -

He will kill, driven by his fate.

This will be so, you may depend on it - the will of Jupiter is set on it -

There is nothing ambiguous in what I have predicted.

The fates promise it to you, the gods, the stars promise it -

That thing is settled which stars, fates and gods pledge. "
Gaudeat his fatis doleatve revertitur aniceps
   Femina, caelestis conscia consilii.
Roma, tibi regem, mortem paritura marito,
   Tristitiam gaudens, gaudia tristis habet.
Sollicitam sensit vigili macrescere cura
   Vir suus, et causas hic rogat, illa docet.
Audit et attenta tristique recolliget aure
   Miles fata suae prodigiosa necis.
Tunc, ait: « In voto superos piget esse secundos;
   Unde mihi malus est Jupiter, inde bonus.
Quaesivi sobolem, datus est mihi filius hostis,
   Damien fero voti prosperitate mei.
Unde precor, meus, uxor, amor, mea sola voluptas,
   Altera pars animae dimidiumque meae,
Cum fuerit soboles genio concepta sinistro,
   Et tua maturum fuderit alvus onus,
Affectus oblita tuos obilataque matrem,
   Ne dubites puerum mortificare tuum.
Si patriaris eum superesse mihi moriture,
   Hae pietas species impietatis erit. »

Finierat. Flevere simul. Mora nulla, sequenti
   Nocte jacent pariter; concipit illa, tumet.
Maternos menses naturae legibus implens,
   Edidit ad numeri tempora certa sui.
In nascente fuit tantae deitatis imago,
   Vix potuit credi materialis homo.
Nupta virum, mater puerum cum diligit, haeret
   Et dubitat pueru parcerre, sive viro.
Formosus niveusque puer se cogit amari,
   Et matrem mollit et vetat esse feram.

71 Hoc; 79 pios; 89 dum.
Uncertain whether to rejoice or grieve over these prophecies
The wife returns with the knowledge of the heavens' purpose.
About to bring forth for you, Rome, a king, death for her husband,
There is sadness in her joy, joy in her sadness.
Her husband noticed that she was disturbed and growing thin with restless anxiety,
And he asks her the reason and she tells him.
The knight listens, and with saddened and attentive ear
He takes in the monstrous prophecies of his death.
Then says he: "It grieves me that the gods were favourable to our wish -
Thus Jupiter is malevolent and benevolent towards me at the same time.
I asked for offspring, there is given to me a son who is an enemy,
I suffer loss because of the granting of my prayer.
Wherefore I pray, my own, my wife, my love, my only desire,
The other part and half of my soul,
When this offspring has been conceived by an inauspicious power
And your belly has yielded its mature burden,
Paying no heed to your feelings and forgetting that you are a mother
Do not hesitate to kill your son.
If you allow him to survive so that I will die,
This kindness will be a sort of unkindness."

He ended. They both wept. With no delay,
That night they lie together. She conceives and grows large.
Fulfilling the maternal months according to the laws of nature,
She brought forth at the appointed end of their number.
The new-born child was of such god-like appearance
That he could scarcely be believed of human substance.
The wife in her clings to the husband she loves, the mother to the boy
And she vacillates whether to spare the boy or the husband.
The fair blond boy forces himself to be loved,
Softens his mother's heart and prevents her from being cruel.
Pulcher et iratae visus ridere parenti,
Oranti similis ne moreretur erat.
Ad speciem periere preces, discussit amatum
Formosae soboli gratia mente virum.
Quae nunc esse sue soboli Medae parabat
Ccepit maternus scire quid esset amor.
Parcit ei pietate ferox majoraque vitae
Tempora dat nato, dum breviora viro,
Et, mentita necem, procul inde remittit alendum
Et tacita miserum decipit arte virum.

Exilio felix puer est, alienaque lactans
Ubera, nutritur sedulitate pia,
Crevit honor formae dum florida cresceret aetas;
Laudari potuit tantus ab hoste decor.
Nomen in ambiguo; sed Patricida vocetur
Præcipit arcana sedulitate pares,
Ut juvenis tantumque nefas tantumque furorem
Horreat, audito nomine sepe suo.

Ut rudis accept primos infantia sensus
Exit et interior vi rationis homo;
Emicuit tam mente capax, velit esset adultus,
Maturos pleni temporis usque dies,
Ascendensque gradum docilis promptaque juventae,
Philosophis studuit proximus esse comes.
Novit enim quam sideribus, quam primitus orbi
Sementem dederit materiamque Deus;
Quae fuit in rebus ratio, quae causa creandis,
Quos habeant nexus, quas elementa vices;
Et numeri quo fonte fluant, qua lege ligentur,
Quo sibi convenient schemate dispositi;
Musica quo numero, vel qua sibi proximatis
Dissimiles jungat consocietque sonos;

93 videre; 102 patrem; after l. 102 CANTUS III; 105 cum; 107 vocatur; 108 Imperat, calliditate; 112 Traxit, vim.
Beautiful and seeming to smile at his stern parent,  
    He was like one praying not to die.  
At the sight, the husband's pleas were forgotten - the charm  
    Of the pretty child drove the loved husband from her mind.  
Even while she was preparing to be a Medea to her own child  
    She began to understand what maternal love is.  
Fierce in her compassion, she spares him and gives  
    A greater lifespan to her child, a shorter to her husband.  
And, having feigned the child's death, she sends him far away to be reared,  
    And, not telling her wretched husband, skillfully deceives him.  

The lad is lucky in his exile, and, suckled by breasts  
    Meant for another, is nursed with loving care.  
The grace of his body increased with ripening years -  
    Such beauty could be praised by an enemy.  
There is a question about his name, but he is to be called Patricida -  
    His mother orders it with mysterious shrewdness,  
So that the youth may shudder at such an evil deed  
    And such violence, brought to mind whenever he heard his own name.  
While yet rude infancy collected its first impressions,  
    A man with the power of reason inside him emerged;  
Such an able mind shone forth just as if he were an adult  
    With the full years of his mature age upon him,  
And rising up the grade of quick and teachable youth  
    He strove to be a close friend to the philosophers.  
For he learnt how God gave to the stars and, from its beginning,  
    To the earth, sowing and matter;  
What system there was in things and the reason for their creation,  
    The relations and successions of the elements;  
And from what source numbers flow, by what law they are bound,  
    In what patterns they combine with each other;  
By what rhythm or by what intervals music  
    Joins and harmonises different sounds;
Astra quibus spatiis distent septena planetæ.
Mensus utrosque polos, mensus utrumque mare,
Astrorumque vices humanaque fata sub astra,
Et fesso cælos Hercule sustinuit;
Rhetoricosque volens non ignorare colores,
Succincte didicit perspicueque loqui;
Naturas generum lima graviore revolvens,
Pectore divinum clausit Aristotelèm;
Et quodcumque potest humana lacescere membra,
Aut dolor aut morbus, pellere novit eum.
Sic fecit pectusque capax mentemque profundam
Amplum septenis artibus hospitium.
In Venerem suspecta quies vitisque propinquā
Otia jam juveni causa timoris erant,
Tranquillosque timens lascivi temporis annos,
Tendit ad armatæ pondera militiae;
Institit assiduis bellis meruitque favorem,
Armaque successu non caruere suo.
Caesareos titulos transgressus et Herculis āctus,
Unica Romuleæ gloria gentis erat;
Quem probitas adeo virtusque levavit in altum
Esset ut Ausonii signifer imperii.
Sed super orbis opes supremaque culmina rerum
Certat vis superum posse levare virum.
Pugnat ad hoc Lachesis, super hoc Fortuna laborat,
Comprobat hic vires Juppiter ipse suas;
Et quia sic fieri fatalis postulat ordo,
Hanc sibi regnandi fata dedere viam.

Æmula Romani Carthago nominis, arma
Forte sub Ausoniis finibus intulerat.
Ergo movent aquilas infaustaque signa Quirites
Conscriptosque patres hora sinistra trahit;

127 vias; 133 quicunque, lacesse; 140 Transit; 148 ponere posse; after l. 152 CANTUS IV; 153 Æmma.
How far the seven constellations are from the planets,
   And, having got the measure of the two poles and of both seas
And the orbits of the constellations and the human destinies they rule,
   He held up the heavens when Hercules grew tired.
And not wanting to be ignorant of the rhetorical colours
   He learned to speak clearly and succinctly.
Thinking hard and deep about the characteristics of categories,
   He took the divine Aristotle to his breast.
And whatever pain or illness can wound human limbs
   He knew how to repulse.
So he made his ample breast and profound mind
   A magnificent dwelling for the seven arts.
Idleness, suspect for its relation with Venus, and leisure with its proximity to vices
   Were already sources of fear to the young man,
And fearing excessive leisure during the lusty years of youth
   He had recourse to the burdens of armed service.
He constantly involved himself in wars and won renown,
   And his weapons were not lacking in success,
Surpassing Caesar’s honours and the deeds of Hercules
   He was the pre-eminent glory of the people of Romulus.
His character and valour raised him up so high
   It was as if he were the standard-bearer for the Ausonian empire.
But the might of the gods strives to be able to raise the man
   Beyond all earthly pomps and the highest pinnacles of things.
Lachesis fights for this, Fortune works towards it,
   Jupiter himself devotes his efforts to this end.
And since the destined order demands it shall be so,
   The fates gave him this path to dominion.

It happened that Carthage, a rival to the name of Rome,
   Had carried war to the borders of Ausonia.
So the Roman citizens move up the legions and the unlucky signs,
   And the evil hour brings out the senate.
Occultarat enim sub opacis vallibus agmen
Poenus, in excidium, regia Roma, tuum.
Sic super insidias inopinaque tela senatus
Incidit, et potuit tunc sine Marte capi.
Rex captivatur captivaturque tribunus,
Nec deprensa potest turba referre pedem.
Ducuntur genus Aeneadum Latiaeque potestas
Gentis et Albaneae nobilitatis honor.
Non alibi potuit melius cognoscere Roma
Quam dubias dubius mundus haberet opes.
At Patricidam, cum signifera legione,
Ducebat melior sors meliore via.
Qui, procul aspecto confusi pulvere campi,
Protinus intendit succubuisse suos.
Occurrens igitur venientem praevenit hostem,
Objectoque sibi milite claudit iter;
Hostilesque globos fatis melioribus instans,
Devincit Poenus, liberat Ausonios.
Ridiculos hominum versat sors caeca labores:
Saela nostra jocus ludibriumque Deis.
Conversis vicibus jacet Africa, Roma triumphat,
Victores victos extimuerdo suos;
Et tanquam timeat Romam sacer ordo Deorum,
Protinus et celeri damna levavit ope.
Sic igitur potuit veniam Fortuna mereri
Dum dedit eventus post mala fata bonos.
Sors audita mali luctu confecerat urbem,
Magnaque majoris damna pudoris erant.
Lata superveniens praemisso fama dolori
Ex ipsis potuit gratior esse malis.
Primum narratur qua valle quibusve latebris
Poenus steterit insidiosa cohors,

157 navibus; 166 Quod; 169 belli; 174 protegit; 176 diis; 183 luctus; 188 steterat.
But Hannibal had concealed in dark valleys
An army for your destruction, royal Rome.
Thus the senate fell amongst ambushes and unexpected arrows
And was able to be taken captive without a battle.
The king is taken prisoner, also the tribune,
Nor can the captured troops return.
The stock of Aeneas, the power of the Latin people
And the honour of the Alban nobility are led captive.
No other way could Rome appreciate better
How insecure is the power an insecure world holds.
But a better chance was leading Patricida
With his standard-bearing legion by a better route.
Seeing from afar the dust of the disorderly field,
He straightaway realises that his own side has surrendered.
Hastening therefore, he forestalls the approaching enemy
And, with an army opposing him, blocks the way.
Pressing hard on the enemy troops, with his great good luck
He conquers the Carthaginians and frees the Romans.
Blind chance upends the silly works of man,
Our world is a jest and plaything to the gods.
With fortunes reversed Carthage lies low, Rome is triumphant:
The erstwhile victors feared those they had previously conquered.
And as though the sacred order of the gods feared Rome,
It straightaway with rapid succour mitigated her losses.
So thus Fortune could earn forgiveness,
Since she gave good outcomes after misfortunes.
The news of the misfortune had prostrated the city with grief,
And the heavy losses were the source of much shame -
Joyous news coming on top of the earlier anguish
Gave heightened pleasure because of the preceding evils.
First was told in which valley and in what lairs
The cunning cohorts of the Carthaginians lay,
Et quantus Latios belli cæcaverit ardur,
Ne tacitos possent ante videre dolos;
Qualiter augostos Romanaque viscera patres
Traxerit in laqueos Africa dira sus;
Quam parva Patricida manu contriverit hostes,
Et tibi, Roma, tuos reddiderit populos.
Sic Patricida suis famous et inclytus actis
Creber et in vulgi plurimus ore sonat.

Rex ubi collegit quas dat victoria prædas,
Nam lucri dominus, non tamen auctor, erat.
Romam vertit iter, patribusque legenda verendis
Littera dirigitur. Littera talis erat:
Ut sibi pro victa Carthagine debita laurus
Et meritus, Latio more, daretur honos.
Romani super his bene quid statuatur acuto
Consilio versant exagitantque diu.
Undique pensatis rationis acumine rebus,
Nil meriti factis regis inesse vident,
Qui, male fuscata Romani laude decoris,
Victus et in bello praeda fuisset iners.
Neve tamen posset tristi doluisse repulsa,
Nam male contemptum fert gravis ira ducum,
Pagina signatur, cujus dare sive negare
Ambiguus sensus significare queat.
Nullius obsistit meritis, servire parata
Semper victori regia Roma suo;
Nam cui laurigeros meruit victoria currus
Non illi meritos Roma negabit eos;
Qui populos vicit Carthaginis, ille, fatemur,
Ille triumphales scandere debet equos.
Spem mentita bonam fallaci littera vultu
In primis potuit lætificare ducem;

189 caecaverat; 192 Truserat; 195 formosus; after l. 196 CANTUS V; 197 fert; 202 honor; 207 decorus; 209 turpi; 216 rogabit.
And how such a great ardour for war had blinded the Romans
    That they could not see the hidden dangers sooner,
How dread Africa had drawn into her snares
    Noble senators and the flower of Roman manhood,
How Patricida with his little band crushed the enemy
    And brought your people back to you, O Rome.
So Patricida is renowned and celebrated for his deeds
    And his name resounds ever more and more on the lips of the people.

The king, having gathered up the spoils of war
    - For he was master of the booty though he had done naught to gain it -
Turns his steps to Rome, and a letter is sent
    To be read to the venerable senators. The letter said:
Let the laurel owed to him for vanquishing Carthage
    And the honour he deserved be given to him, according to Latin custom.
The Romans deliberate for a long time with searching debate
    And discussion what should properly be resolved on these matters.
After considering all the angles with the sharp edge of reason
    They see nothing of merit in the deeds of the king
Who, with the glory of Roman honour badly blackened,
    Was conquered and would have been a useless captive in the war.
But, so that he would not have to suffer a harsh rebuke -
    For the self-important anger of leaders bears insults badly -
The page is signed in such a way as to make it ambiguous
    Whether it implies acceptance or rejection.
"Royal Rome, ever ready to minister to her own conqueror
    Denies no-one his deserts.
Whoever's victory has earned a laurel triumph,
    Rome will not deny to that one the deserved rewards.
The man who overcame the Carthaginians, that man we profess,
    That man ought to mount the triumphal chariot. "
The letter with its deceptive pretence of good expectations
    Was able at first to gladden the leader;
Mox ubi consuluit mentem totumque recurrit,
   Et tuit ad sensum singula verba suum,
Sicut homo discretus erat, non motus ad iram,
   « Ambagem dubiæ sentio vocis », ait.
Ergo Patriciam, nec enim laudes alienas
   Regia mens ægre sustinet, alloquitur:
   « O juvenis, quem, si quis inest vigor insitus astris,
Nascentem vidit sideris hora boni,
Cui Fortuna favens, ne postmodò cæca vocetur,
   Excusat vitii crimen onusque sui,
In cujus facie Naturæ cuncta potentis
   Argumenta patent, laus tua, forma Deæ,
Per quem (nec pudor est) ereptus ab hoste revertor,
   Redditus uxori deliciisque meis,
Ecce dies qui progresdiens ex ordine fati,
   Reddet virtuti præmia digna tue.
Sceptræ tuus, fateor, meruit labor, accipe sceptræ,
   Et meritum regimen urbis et orbis habe.
Vicisti Pœnos et quos tibi Roma paravit
240
   Curribus et pompis utere pace mea.
Juste Roma videt servataque linea recti
   Est in contemptu plus mihi grata meo.
Nec meus iste potest pudor aut injuria dici;
   Justitiae melius nomen habere potest.
Ergo nec invideo, venturi præscia laurus
   Crinibus accedet digna corona tuis.
Ergo nec invideo currus fulgentis veheris
   Laetaque Roma tuum nomen ad astra feret.
Grande voco meritum quod dat tibi Roma triumphum,
250
   Quod tibi do minus grandius esse puto.
Romanis aliisque meis te præfero regnis,
   Estque fretum minus lataque terra meum. »

221 caturrit; 223 in; 230Excussit; 235 proveniens; 244 potius; 249 quem.
Then, when he reflected on it and re-read the whole thing,
And grasped the import of each word,
As he was a discerning man, he was not moved to anger
But said " I see the double meaning of the ambiguous words. "
Then, since a royal mind generously upholds
Praises due to another, he addressed Patricida:
"O youth, whose birth, if any power is implanted in the constellations,
Was watched over by a favourable star,
Whom Fortune favours, lest later she be called blind,
Keeping you from the taint of vice and its burden of guilt,
In whose face powerful Nature shows forth all
Her works, your beauty the glory of the Goddess,
Through whom (nor am I ashamed of it) I return, snatched from the enemy,
Restored to my wife and my loved ones,
Behold the day which, proceeding according to the order of fate,
Will bring rewards worthy of your valour.
Your deeds I acknowledge have earned the sceptres - take them,
And with them the deserved governance of the city and the world.
You have conquered Carthage - enjoy with my blessings
The chariots and processions Rome has prepared for you.
Rightly Rome judges, and, following the path of right,
Is in condemning me more pleasing to me.
Nor can this be called a cause of shame to me or a disgrace:
Rather it can have the better name of justice.
And so I do not begrudge that the laurel, prescient of things to be,
Will come as a worthy crown to your head.
Likewise I do not begrudge the shining chariot in which you will ride,
And Rome rejoicing will bear your name to the stars.
I call the triumph Rome gives you greatly merited -
The gift I bestow on you I think is greater:
I offer you as ruler to my Roman and foreign realms,
And the sea is my gift and the wide land."
Obstupuit juvenis, et, quæ rarissima virtus,
De sibi collato tristi honore fuit.
Dum parere negat, venientes ordine pompas
Aspiciunt, illinc vulgus et inde patres.
Rex capitis diadema sui, licet ipse repugnet,
Collocat in juvenis vertice, sceptra manu.
Sic trabea tectum, sic omnia regis habentem
Obtulit; oblatum Roma recepit eum.
Et niveos super altus equos, plaudente senatu,
Ad Capitolinum ducitur usque Jovem.

Audierat, nec enim gestorum deficit index,
Imperium nati mater amica sui.
Movit ad hoc pietas, amor et natura parentem;
Lætitia potuit pene perire sua.
In lacrymas tamen erumpunt pia gaudia matris,
Quas dolor et potius damna movere solent.
Ut sati applanus cogitato matroni honor,
Legitimo risus fine repressa suos,
Pectoris arcanum velut in penetrale recepta,
Et silet et quid agat consulit ingenium.
Astrologi super augurio, super ordine fati
Adstupet et stellis sentit inesse fidem;
Nam de præterito trahit argumenta futuri;
Cogit ad veros sponsa venire metus.
Ergo, re faciente fidem, pro morte mariti
Cogit ad veros sponsa venire metus.
At sobolis decus aspiciens obitumque mariti,
Læta per alternas fitque molesta vices.
Quando virum, vel dulce viri quodcumque fuisset
Præsens ante suæ lumina mentis habet,
The youth was amazed, and, what is the rarest of virtues,  
    Was troubled by the honour conferred upon him.  
While he is refusing to comply, they see the processions coming in order,  
    Here the populace and there the senators.  
The king sets the diadem from his own head on the head of the youth  
    Despite his resistance, and the sceptres he puts in his hand.  
Thus he presented him, clothed in the kingly robe,  
    And holding all the symbols of royalty, and Rome received her king.  
Raised high on white horses, with the senate applauding,  
    He is led right up to Capitoline Jove.

The loving mother had heard of her son’s rule,  
    For there was no lack of informers on his doings.  
Affection, love and natural emotion stirred the mother in her to such an extent  
    That she could have almost died from happiness.  
The affectionate joy of the mother bursts forth in tears,  
    More usually aroused by grief and loss.  
Though she was gratified by the honour to her blood,  
    She restrained her elation within its proper bounds;  
Keeping her secret hidden in the depths of her heart,  
    She says nothing and racks her brains about what to do.  
She is astounded at the divination of the astrologer,  
    And the unrolling of fate; and she feels a belief in the stars.  
From the past she draws arguments for the future -  
    She thinks the rest will go in the predicted fashion.  
Thus, once the turn of events has built her faith, she is compelled  
    As a wife to have real fears for her husband’s death.  
Contemplating the glory of her child against the death of her husband  
    She becomes by turns elated and troubled.  
Whenever she has her husband or anything pleasing about him  
    In front of her mind’s eye,
Pectora jocundis successibus exhilarata
Vindicat hospitium cura dolorque sibi.
Cum Patricida redit, qualem quantumque videri
Dat maternus amor, non habet ira locum;
Cumque subit socialis amor foedusque mariti,
Integritas vitae, nec violata fides,
Non peperisse velit; natus natique potestas
Displicet et prorsus desinit esse pares;
Interdum mitescit atrox blandamque parentem
Induit, et vincit filius ipse virum,
Alternis dolet et gaudet, misereque beata,
Ponderat ad casus dulcia fata malos.
Anxia distrahitur dubioque miserrima voto
Fluctuat, et bellum mater et uxor agunt.
Si queat æterno Parcas evertere cursu,
Vellet pro domino fata subire suo.
Sed tristis Lachesis, sed inexorabile fatum,
Non nisi præscriptas jus habet ire vias.
Vir suus interea curis super occupat agram,
Tumque super fatis pervigil ejus erat;
Immeritoque viro, cujus prope fata videbat,
Ingemit, affectu, vera Sabina, pio;
Compressæque diu tandem, velut agmine facto,
Discursu lacrymæ liberiore fluunt.

Obriguit dominus lacrymis violentius ortis;
Nescio quid taciti sensit inesse mali.
Currit in amplexus et dulciter oscula caræ
Conjugis irrupit, et rogat unde dolet.
Cum tamen illa tacet, premit importunus et hæret,
Instat et incumbit multiplicatque preces.
Quo plus mæsta silet, potuit suspectius esse
Quod dubitat tanta sub gravitate loqui.

296 agit; 297 praevertere; 300 vis; 303 Intuitoque; 308 tanti; 311 Cui, nihil promit, ad;
313 moesta.
Concern and anxiety claim her breasts, swelling
With the memory of joyful experiences, as their dwelling place.
When Patricida returns, rancour has no place,
Maternal love displays such strength and power.
When conjugal love surfaces, and the bond with her husband,
The union of their lives and their unbroken faith,
She could wish she had not given birth: her son and his power
Displease her and she completely ceases to be a parent.
Then again her horror subsides, she puts on
The fond parent, and the son once more replaces the father.
By turns she grieves and rejoices, and, wretchedly happy,
She weighs the good turns of fortune against the bad.
She is torn apart with anxiety, distressed by her
Conflicting allegiances, and mother and wife are at war within her.
If she could divert the Fates from their eternal course
She would wish to take her husband's doom upon her.
But harsh Lachesis, inexorable fate
Does not have the right to go except by pre-ordained paths.
Meanwhile, sick with concern, she is engrossed by her husband
And she could not sleep because of the prophecies about him,
And she sighs with wifely affection like a real Sabine woman
Over the innocent man whose fate she saw approaching,
And at last the tears so long suppressed
Flow freely flooding in a never-ending stream.

Her husband stiffened at the tears so violently aroused,
I know not what unspoken evil he sensed in them.
He hastens to embrace her, then gently interrupts the kisses
Of his beloved wife, and asks why she weeps.
But when she does not speak, vehemently he presses and keeps on at her,
Insists and urges and multiplies his requests.
The longer she maintains a sorrowful silence the more suspicious he was able to be
That she is hesitating to speak because of some heavy burden.
Quærit perque fidelem thalamique sacros hymenæos
Quis, quibus ex causis fluxerit iste dolor.
Si res consilii, tutas descendat in aures;
Si scelus, hoc poterit scire maritus amans.
Lege thori thalamique fide compulsa fateri

320
Quæ melius poterant utiliusque regi,
« Est, ait, unde querar de te, Natura creatrix,
Quæ nihil ad summam perficis usque manum.
Multa licet dederis, minus est quod femina nascor,
Defecitque tuus hac mihi parte favor;
Est meus hic sexus cui simplicitas inimica,
Cui pudor ignotus, cui peregrina fides;
Is meus est sexus qui detestatur honestum,
Qui quidquid scelus est vindicat esse suum.
Si libeat superis, genus evertatur iniquum

330
Femina, vivat homo tum suus orbe suo.
Aura nocens, maris unda tumens irataque pugna
Non necat ad numerum, femina dira, tuum.
Planta vel arbor habet quibus extendatur in ævum,
Semina perpetuum servat utrumque genus;
Femina non aliter radicem criminis in se
Sementemque mali materiamque tenet.
Tempora si redeant antiquæ simplicitatis,
Argutique cadat spiritus ingenii,
Femina sufficet artes reparare nocendi

340
Perfidiaeque novum forsitan addet opus.
Tempore mitescunt posita feritate leones,
Tempore leniri tigris et ursa solent;
Fixa pedem manet ad facinus, nunquamque malignam
Mutat naturam femina sola suam.
Si qua suum penitus descivit femina sexum,
Plus niveo corvo prodigiosa fuit.

317 descendet; after l. 318 CANTUS VII; 319 tori; 320 tegi; 325-326 not in P.L.; 329 liceat; 330 iam; 334 utraque.
He asks through the faith and sacred bonds of marriage
  What is this misery and what its source.
If it were some confidence, it would be going into safe ears,
   If some wickedness, a loving husband would understand.
Compelled by the rights and faith of the marriage bed to say
   Things that could better and more usefully have been withheld,
"There is" she said " a complaint I have to make to you, O Nature the creator,
   You who complete nothing to the finishing touch.
Much though you gave, there is a lack because I was born a woman,
   And your goodwill towards me is deficient in this respect.
Mine is that sex to which candour is an enemy,
   Shame unknown and fidelity a stranger.
My sex it is that hates uprightness,
   And claims as its own whatever is base.
If it please the gods, let that evil species, woman,
   Be destroyed, then let man live for himself in his own world.
The baleful wind, the raging wave of the sea, the angry fight
   Do not kill in the numbers you do, dread woman.
Plant and tree contain seeds whereby they may be continued in time,
   Each species ensures its own perpetuation.
Similarly woman holds within herself the root of sin,
   And the power of sowing evil and the material for sowing it.
If the times of ancient simplicity were to come back
   And the spirit of clever argumentation to cease,
One woman would suffice to resurrect the harmful arts
   And maybe add some new perfidy of her own.
Sometimes lions, putting their ferocity aside, grow gentle,
   Sometimes tigers and bears become tame,
Woman alone keeps her foot fixed towards evil
   And never alters her wicked ways.
If a woman so completely differed from her sex,
   It would be more of a prodigy than a white crow.
Sed quid naturae vitio, vel quid genuinis
Moribus adscribo criminis hujus onus,
Quod mala, quod nequam, quod atrox, quod perfida feci

Ad sexum refero turpiter ipsa meum?
Non bene causa nitet qua se mea culpa colorat
Seque meum facinus non habet unde tegat.
O conjux decepte diu, tibi creditur uxor
Quae tibi non uxor, sed magis hostis erat!

Forsitan obsequiis et blanda sedulitate
Credebas animum promeruisse meum;
A primis ævi gradibus tuus unicus arbor,
Unicus affectus, unica cura fui;
Sed mea facta, tuis male respondentia factis,
Æqualis meriti non habuere vices;
Obsequium damnis, odiis pensamus amorem,
Opprobrio laudem, proditione fidel.
Quære, marite, novum pœnæ genus, exime ferrum,
Viscera funde solo, distrahe membra rotis;
His ego digna malis quæ judicio Rhadamant
Tartarea patitur noxia turba domo.
Sed, quia suspensus dubio sermone teneris,
Aspice quo tendant, quid mea verba velint.

Olim, si meminist, peperi quem sidera regem

Spondebantque senis sceptra tenere Numæ;
Spondebant, sed flere magis quam dicere fas est,
Proh dolor! auctorem funeris esse tui.
Territus augurio, contra sua viscera matrem
Præcipis armari progenerihque premissi;
Sed natura, minis monituque potentior omni,
Non potuit partes destituisse suas.
Mentior, extinctum credis, temerarie, credis;
Sed puer alterius lactis habebat ope.
But why to a defect of nature, why to innate character
Do I attribute the burden of this sin?
Because I have been wicked, vile, cruel and faithless,
Will I myself basely impute it to my sex?
The pretext with which my sin whitewashes itself does not shine brightly,
And my evil deed does not have the wherewithal to cover itself.
O spouse so long deceived, you believe her a wife
Who was no wife to you, but rather an enemy.
Perhaps you believed you had won my heart
By indulgence and tender devotion.
From earliest youth, I was your only desire,
Your only love, your only care.
But my deeds, responding ill to yours,
Did not repay merit with merit.
We repay indulgence with hurts, love with enmities,
Praise with blame, trust with betrayal.
Search out, O husband, some new form of punishment, unsheathe your sword,
Pour out my entrails on the ground, tear my limbs apart with wheels -
I am worthy of those pains which, by the judgment of Rhadamantus,
The guilty hordes of Tartarus suffer in their dwelling place.
But since this roundabout way of talking has been keeping you in suspense,
Look where my words are reaching, what they are trying to say.
Some time ago, if you remember, I gave birth to one
Whom the stars promised would be a king and hold the sceptres of old Numa.
They promised, but it would be better to weep rather than to say it,
O sorrow! that he would be the instrument of your death.
Frightened by the prophecy you instruct the mother
To take up arms against her own flesh and have her progeny done away with.
But nature, more powerful than threats or any command,
Could not forsake her appointed functions.
I lie, you believe the child dead; rashly you believe,
For the boy had the help of another's milk.
Sic igitur, culpamve velis facinusve vocari,
Nunc illi puero vivitur ista dies.
Filius ille tuus, cujus rationis acumen,
Actus mirari, verba probare soles;
Filius ille tuus, quem praedicat orbis et omnis
Quae sub septeno climate terra jacet;
Filius ille tuus, de quo quoque livor et hostes,
De quo mentiri Fama vel ipsa timet;
Filius ille tuus, cui nec Natura decorem,
Nec Fortuna super addere posset opes;
Filius ille tuus, cujus Carthago triumphos
Nec genus Annibalis erubuisse potest;
Filius ille tuus, quem regni sede locatum
Cernis honorata sceptrum regere manu.
Verba mathematici, nisi quod tua fata supersunt,
Omnia decreto fine peracta vides;
Currentesque suo fataliter ordine stellae
Et tua defixo fata tenore trahent. »

Vir stupuit potuitque diu non credere rebus
Eventus quarum prodigiosus erat.
Sollicitus longumque silens, se pectore toto
Contulit ad mentis interiora suae.
Provida consultur ratio, vigilatque receptus
Intus apud sese totus et omnis homo.
Singula discutiens gaudendum sensist, et ipsam
Perniciem proprii cepit amare mali.
Ergo deus generis et honores concipit altos
Contemptorque suae perditionis, ait:
« Cara comes, mihi sanctus amor, mihi gratia concors,
Parce queri, lacrymas comprime, pone metus;
Non vitio tua facta dedi, pulchrisque marito
Fraudibus et pulchra prodigione places.

379 facinusque; 385 hostis; 387-388 not in P.L.; 392 tenere; 394 de certo; 396 tenere;
after l. 396 CANTUS VIII; 397 rebus [f. verbis]; 398 quarum [f. quorum].
As a result of which, whether you call it a mistake or wickedness,
    That child survives to this very day.
You son he is, the sharpness of whose reason and whose deeds
    You often admire, whose words you often praise,
Your son he is, whom the globe proclaims and all
    The land that lies under the seven regions of the world,
Your son he is, whom no envy or enemy
    Nor even Rumour herself dares to lie about,
Your son he is, to whom Nature can add no further grace,
    Fortune no further riches,
Your son he is, about whose triumph neither Carthage
    Nor the people of Hannibal needed to feel ashamed.
Your son he is, whom you see seated on the honoured throne of kingship,
    Holding the sceptres in his hand.
The words of the astrologer, save that the prophecies about you remain
    To be fulfilled, you see borne out to their decreed end.
And the stars moving in their destined order
    Will spin out your fate also in their allotted course. "

The husband was stunned, and for a while could not believe things
    Whose outcome was so fantastic.
Anxious and silent for a long time, he betook himself with all his feelings
    To the innermost recesses of his mind.
Prudent reason is consulted, and the man reflects,
    Totally and completely withdrawn inside himself.
Considering everything, he perceived a cause for rejoicing, and even began
    To love the disaster of his own misfortune.
Likewise he appreciates the glory of his family and the high honours,
    And, contemptuous of his own demise, he says:
"Dear companion, blessed love of mine whose delight is my delight,
    Give over moaning, dry your tears, put fear from you.
I have not imputed your deeds to vice, and your sweet deceits
    And beautiful betrayal are pleasing to your husband.
Non sub judicibus timeas adducta severis;
Tam sincera tuum causa tuetur opus.
Ipsa, licet sileas, pro te Natura loquitur,
Sunt oratores jusque piuque tui.
Non tibi rhetoricus opus induxisse colores,
Ad regimen causae non leve robur habes.
Mater eras, maternus amor pietasque coegit,
Medæamque fugis, æmula Penelopis.
Jure timere queam quæ pignora mortificassent
Has etiam promptas in mea fata manus;
Sed redimendus erat dominator et urbis et orbis
Unius e facili perditione senis.
Ut vetus arbor ego, cujus de stirpe renascens
Virgula servatur, ipsa recisa perit;
Virga suam matrem longum distendit in ævum,
Perpetuatque meus filius esse meum.
Mira quidem novitas lætus dolor, utile damnnum,
Quæ duo fortunæ cernis inesse meæ.
Obsequium præstasse putat Fortuna duobus,
Surgat ut ex nostro sanguine sceptra regens.
Non decet ingratos divini muneris esse;
Tangit munificos mens hilarata Deos.
Non veniunt homini nisi magno magna labore,
Partaque Phlegræo sidera Marte Jovi.
Ut merear regisque pater dominusque vocari,
Morte mea tanti nomen honoris emo.
Sed moriens ego non moriar, totusque superstes
Totus et in tali prole renatus ero.
Quod de fatali descendit origine rerum
Non dicas fieri fraud vel arte tua;
Fatum me perimit, fatum servavit eundem
Quem servasse putas; omnia lege meant.
Do not fear to be brought before stern judges -
Your pure intention defends what you did.
Though you are silent yourself, nature speaks for you -
Right and duty speak in your defence.
Not for you the need to put on verbal tricks -
For the conduct of your case you have no frail authority.
You were a mother, maternal love and duty drove you,
You recoil from being a Medea and emulate Penelope.
With reason may I fear children who might have killed me,
And their hands ready to administer my fate,
But a ruler for the city and the world needed to be bought
By the simple death of one old man.
I am like an old tree whose new shoot is nourished
Into life from the old stock, which, withering, dies.
The offshoot prolongs its mother's life far into the future,
Just so my son carries on my existence.
Wondrous indeed the newness of this joyful pain, this useful loss,
Both of which you see in my fortune.
Fortune assumes acquiescence in both before there can arise
From our blood one who guards the sceptres.
It is not seemly to be ungrateful for a heavenly gift -
A cheerful mind touches the munificent gods.
Greatness does not come to a man except by great labour,
Nor were the heavens acquired by Jupiter without the Phlegrean battle.
So that I may deserve to be called a lord and the father of a king,
I buy with my death such a glorious name.
But dying I will not die, and wholly surviving
I will be wholly re-born in such progeny.
What comes down to us from the fateful source of things,
Do not say happens by your deceit or your contriving.
Fate it is that kills me, fate that preserved the one
You think you saved; everything proceeds according to its law.
Dum patitur Lachesis jamjamque minantia rumpi,
Nostra fatigato pollice fila trahit.
Præsentem placet affari, propiusque videre
Quem superi rerum constituere caput.
Si semel amplexus jungam, semel oscula nato,
Sufficiet vitæ terminus ille meæ.
Lætior Elysios veniam gentesque sepultas
   Et chaos et Stygii pallida regna Jovis.»

450

Ergo Palatinas Tarpæii culminis arces
   Per circumflexos scandit uterque gradus.
Illic cum patribus residens Patricida verendis,
   In commune suæ consult ubis opus;
Ne pereant leges, ne decidat ordo senatus,
   Romæ majestas imperiique decus.
Ingressi splendore domus potuere teneri,
   Si minor aut levior causa dedisset iter,
Ad regem graviter summisque laboribus itur,
   Nam circumstantium densius agmen erat.

460
Ut plebis rupere globos, penetratur ad ipsas
   Primatum cathedras imperiique thronum.
Matris ad occurrum, nec enim pater agnitus illi,
   Assurgit solio rex Patricida suo.
Imperiī fastu vel majestate rejecta,
   Totus materinis subditur obsequiis;
Subsequitur blandaque manu comportat euntēm;
   Alloquitur blande, blandius audit eam,
Naturæque suæ non immemor alta potestas
   Personam servæ conditionis agit.
Cui genitrix: « Secede loco matrice benignus
   Condescende tuæ; dicere paucæ volo.
Redde parum te, nate, mihi, suetusque labori
   Te sine quandoque jura senatus agat.

470

After l. 450 CANTUS IX; 456 decor; 461 rapuere; 464 Consurgit; 468 Mitius alloquitur; 469 aequa; 471 Concedo; 472 velim; 473 (for suetusque) frustrare [al. furare]; 474 (for sine quandoque) quandoque gravi.
At the same time that she is allowing us to destroy the things that threaten us
   Lachesis is already drawing out our thread with a weary thumb.
I would like to see with my own eyes and speak personally
   With him whom the gods have made the head of things.
If once I may embrace my son, once kiss him,
   Such an end to life will be enough for me.
I will then go with greater joy to the Elysian fields and the dead,
   And the lower world and the shadowy realms of Stygian Jove."

So by winding paths the pair wend their way
   To the imperial citadel on the summit of Tarpaeius.
There Patricida, sitting with the venerable senators,
   Takes counsel for the common good of his city,
So that the laws might not be destroyed, nor the senatorial order decay,
   The splendour of Rome and glorious symbol of her rule.
On entering they could have been captivated by the magnificence of the building
   If the journey had been made for a slighter or more trivial reason.
Slowly and with much difficulty they make their way to the king,
   For a dense throng stood around him.
Breaking through the crowds of common people, they push through
   Right up to the senatorial chairs and the throne of government.
At the approach of his mother, for he did not recognise his father,
   The king, Patricida, rises up from his throne.
Pride and dignity of office he throws to one side -
   All is subordinated to solicitude for his mother.
He walks beside her and with a gentle hand supports her as she walks,
   Gently he speaks to her and very gently he listens,
And lofty power, not unmindful of its birth,
   Plays the part of a servitor.
The mother says to him: "Come away from here, and be kind enough
   To humour your mother. I want to tell you something.
Give yourself back to me for a little while, son, and let the senate,
   Accustomed to working without you sometimes, make the laws.
Cura tuæ mentis, moderando debita mundo,
   Ex aliqua saltem parte remittat onus;
Roma sibi vigilet, propriis quoque viribus usa,
   Interdum discat rege carere suo.
Hoc precor, hoc jubeo; regem precor, impero nato;
   Jus habet in partus mater amica suos.
Declines igitur turbam turbæque tumultum;
   Non bene consilium ducitur in medium;
Alta volunt pròprìa sub majestate latere,
   Nec tuto veniunt ad populare palam. »

Ergo devertunt ubi longa pace silebat
   Deditus arcantis consiliisque locus.
Quod sancituri ibi tacitum, sublime, profundum,
   Auribus eripitur, Fama maligna, tuis.
Res regum tantumque locus privata senatus
   Audit et æterna nocte sepulta premit.
Sedit uterque parens et filius inter utrumque,
   Dicendi primum femina fecit iter:
« Fili, cujus opes, sapientia, forma, potestas,
   Sunt mihi sidereis significata notis,
Dum recolo meritumque tuum vitaeaque nitorem
   Gaudeo, nate, tibi; gaudeo, nate, mihi.
Si que parte mihi posset subrepere fastus,
   Nempe futura cui laude superba tua,
Per te Romulidum libertas prisca revixit,
   Ausa suum terris exeruisse caput.
Olim decretis æterni legibus ævi,
   Debitus in regimen temporis hujus eras;
Omnia justicas priscumque reducis in aurum
   Sæcula, nec ferri nomen habere sinis;
Naturæ prælarga manus te contulit orbi,
   Et dedit in solo munere cuncta simul;

481 tumulus; after 1. 484 CANTUS X; 485 divertunt; 486 consilioque; 489 Rex regnum; 492 Dicenda; 499 Romulidas, revisit; 503 Nostraque; 505 perlonga, se.
Let the care of your mind, dedicated to the ruling of the world,
   At least to some extent put aside its burden.
Let Rome, also accustomed to relying on her own resources, take care of herself,
   Let her learn to do without her king for a little while.
This I ask, this I command, I ask the king, I command the son,
   A loving mother has rights over her children.
So come away from the crowd and the hubbub -
   It is not good to confer in public.
Matters of high import need to be concealed under a special authority,
   It is not safe for them to come out openly to the populace."

So they turned aside to a place given over to secret counsel
   That had grown still through long quiet.
What is enacted there is snatched away, secret,
   Sublime, profound, from your ears, evil Rumour.
This place hears the business of kings and the private affairs of the senate,
   And buries them, covered in eternal night.
The two parents sat down with their son between them -
   The wife made the first move to speak.
" My son, whose valour, wisdom, beauty and power
   Were revealed to me in the starry signs,
When I reflect on your merit and the splendour of your life,
   I rejoice for you, my child, I rejoice for myself.
If pride could have crept up on me for any reason,
   Surely I was going to be proud of your glory.
Through you the ancient liberty of the Romans revived,
   And dared to raise its head throughout the world.
You were promised in the laws ordained from all eternity
   For the governance of this age,
You set everything to rights and lead us back to an earlier age of gold,
   Nor do you allow our times to wear the name of iron.
The overflowing hand of Nature bestowed you on the world,
   And in one single gift gave all at once,
Ulteriusque nihil in posteras sæcla reservans,
Prodiga donatrix pene remansit inops.
Jam neque miretur censorem Justinianum,
Jam neque se jactet Roma Catone suo;
Si populus felix Augustos vixit in annos,
Nostra nec inferos tempora nomen habent.
Astrorum cognosco fidem Chaldæaque thura
Assyriusque labor vim rationis habent.
Dictus eras sensu Græcos quoque vincere, vincis;
Marte valere, vales; sceptra tenere, tenes;
Sed quamvis sublime caput sub sidera condas,
Rex super humanum dispositorque genus,
Unum deerat adhuc, non nosse tuum genitorem,
Ad solis plenas prosperitatis opes.
Sed votis adstricta tuis Fortuna laborat
Ut tua sit nulla gloria parte minor.
Iste pater, pater iste tuus, cognosce, revise,
Qui de carne sua contulit esse tibi. »
Filius exsurget, surgit pater, oscula jungunt,
Nec cohibet lacrymas iste vel iste suas.
Implicitis strictisque diu complexibus hærent,
Et cognata pius pectora mulcet amor.
At genitor, vultu non exsatiatus amato,
Hæret et in juvenem lumina fixa tenet.
Aspicientis ititur tantae miracula formae,
Aut stupefactus ad hæc, aut hilaratus ait:
« Miliæ specialis honos, rationis et æqui
Immutus limes perpetuusque tenor,
Nate ...; sed usurpo nomen fortasse paternum;
Qui sævus pater est desinit esse pater.
Nate, fatebor enim, cum te gestabat in alvo
Mater, eoque mori tempore jussus eras.
And, keeping nothing in reserve for future ages,
The prodigal giver left herself almost without resources.
No longer let Rome marvel at Justinian the censor
Nor boast about her Cato.
If, in their glorious times, the people lived well,
Our age contains a name no less glorious.
I have learnt to believe in the stars; Chaldean incenses
And the work of the Assyrians do have the force of reason.
You were also foretold as surpassing the Greeks in understanding - which you do
As prevailing in war - which you have; as holding the sceptres - you hold them.
But though you achieve the highest authority under heaven,
As king and overlord of the human race,
Till now one thing has been wanting for the full enjoyment
Of your real happiness - you have never known your father.
But, obedient to your wishes, Fortune is working
So that your glory may not fail short in any way.
This, this is your father, your own father, who from his own flesh
Brought you into being - see, know, and learn him well. "
The son rises up, the father arises, they kiss each other,
And neither restrains his tears.
For a long time they cling together enfolded in a tight embrace,
And filial and paternal affection soothe their kindred breasts.
And the father, never tired of looking at the beloved face,
Clings to the youth and keeps his eyes fastened on him.
Seeing there such wondrous beauty,
And stupified with amazement or drunk with joy, he said
"Chief glory of arms, unshakeable bulwark
And constant Upholder of reason and justice,
Son ... but perchance I usurp the name of father,
For whoever is a harsh father ceases to be a father.
My son - I will confess - while your mother was carrying you in her belly
Even then you had been condemned to death.
Jussus eras, jussi, perfecti roboris annos
Maturosque volens anticipare dies.
Pœna paratur ei quem non damnaverat error
Et præjudicium lingua paterna facit.
Ordo sed æternus præfixaque nexio rerum
Humanae vanum dissipat artis opus,
Servaturque puer placide qui temperet orbem
Romuleaque regat moenia facta manu.
Si duræ feritatis homo Romana gubernet,
Funditus ex imo vertere cuncta queat.
Ne pereat mundus, te simplicitatis amicum
Imposuit Latio provida cura Jovis.
Imperii gladium libertatemque nocendi
In placidi mutas et miserantis opus,
Qui mundum placidus, mentem regis imperiosus,
Et regis nomen rectius inde tenes;
Quem geris expugnas hominem, carnisque malignæ
Insistis motus lege tenere vagos.
Te cohibes vivisque senem juvenilibus annis,
Nec te discincte, sed sapienter agis.
Intra naturæ voluisti vivere fines,
Lora tamen fræni liberioris habens;
Nec removes, formave tumens opibusve solutus,
Proposita stabiles a ratione gradus.
Quo jus latius est votique licentia major,
Articulo vitam sub breviore trahis;
Unde fit ut, cæli curis pro parte relictis,
Pronius intendant ad tua vota Dei.
Ipse pater superum, quoties vel magna requiris,
Quamvis accelerans tardior esse timet.
Cum tibi multimodi dare ornamenta decoris
Juppiter, in dando movit utrasque manus.

540 Maternosque; 543 aeternæ; 553 (for mundum) Latium; 557 vivusque senex; 561 removens; 566 verba dii.
You were ordered to be killed, I ordered it, wishing to forestall
The years of your full strength and the days of your maturity.
Punishment is prepared for one whom no sin had condemned,
And it is his father's voice that sentences him.
But the eternal order and the pre-determined disposition of things
Brings to naught the fruitless work of human contriving.
And the boy is preserved in safety to govern the world
And rule the city whose walls were built by the hand of Romulus.
If a man of harsh savagery were to rule the Roman world,
He could upend everything completely from top to bottom,
But, so that the world might not be destroyed, the far-seeing concern
Of Jupiter placed you over Italy, you, who are the friend of innocence.
You exchange the sword of empire and the power to harm
For the work of a gentle and compassionate man.
You who calmly rule the world and govern your own mind with strength
Also have dominion over the name of king which you thereby, very properly, bear.
You subdue the man within, and you are steadfast
To restrain within lawful limits the errant wandering of sinful flesh.
You hold yourself in check and live old though young in years,
Nor do you conduct yourself recklessly but wisely.
Within the bounds of nature you wished to live,
Though having the constraint of a very free rein.
Nor, puffed up by your beauty or absolved by your wealth,
Do you set at naught positions confirmed by established judgment.
Where your jurisdiction is wider and there is greater freedom for you to indulge
Your personal feelings, you prolong life under an easier section of the law.
Whence it happens that, relinquishing the cares of heaven on your behalf,
The gods incline more readily to your prayers.
The father of the gods himself, however often or however much you ask him,
Though hastening to comply, fears he is too slow.
When he was bestowing on you adornments and graces of various kinds,
Jupiter in giving held out both his hands.
Dulce rubet facies, fœcundum robore pectus,
    Lingua perita loqui, fortis ad arma manus.
Ne quid in humanis solidum consistere rebus
    Dicat et apponat credere stultus homo,
Inter successus et gaudia prosperitatum,
    Ater et infelix angulus unus erit.
Fili, me perimes, immotaque pensa sororum
    Istud ab æterno constituere scelus.
Olim dispositi lex et violentia fati
    Utetur manibus in mea fata tuis.
Dextram, non animum præbebis, nate, furori;
    Qui tua tela regat spiritus alter erit.
Vi firmamenti divinorumque supernis
    Motibus astrorum cogeris esse nocens;
Cogeris esse nocens manifestaque culpa deorum
    Est ut non possis mitior esse patri.
Parcarum seriesque tenax fixumque necesse
    Simpliciter nostræ crimina cædis habent.
Tu neque, nate, nocens, nec enim rear esse nocentem
    Qui, quia non potuit non nocuisse, nocet.
Non sine respectu, sine re Patricida vocaris;
    Nominis attendas significata tui.
Condono mea, nate, tibi ... » Cum dicere vellet
    Funera, vox linguam nulla secuta suam.

Imperfecta foret ruptæ sententia vocis,
    Sed pia supplevit lacryma vocis opus.
Liquitur in lacrymas oculis super insitus humor,
    Quasque potest pietas blandà ministrat opes.
Cumque tamen scirent curas et pondera regni
    Arte Patricidæ consilioque regi,
In Latii commune bonum peccare timentes,
    Colloquii gratas corrripuere moras.

571-572 not in P.L.; 574 opponat; 576 Alter, angelus; 584 Cursibus; 586 (for ut) ubi;
588 caedis; 589 reor; 596 mentis.
A sweet fresh face, a breast full of manly vigour,
   A tongue skilled in speaking and a hand strong in war.
But lest foolish man might say and even bring himself to believe
   That aught remains perfect in human affairs,
Amongst your successes and the joys of your good fortune
   There will be one dark unhappy corner.
You will kill me, my son, and the unalterable spinning of the sisters
   Has fixed this evil deed from all eternity.
The law and the harshness of a fate determined long ago
   Will make use of your hands for my death.
But you will give your hand, not your mind, to this violence, my son,
   Another intelligence it will be that guides your arrows.
By the power of the heavens and the celestial movements
   Of the divine stars you will be forced to harm.
You will be forced to harm, and it is the patent fault
   Of the gods, so that you cannot be more merciful to your father.
The arranged succession of the Fates and its immovable inevitability
   Plainly bear the guilt of my death.
You are not guilty, son, for I cannot hold guilty
   One who does harm because he could not have done otherwise.
Not without reason, not for nothing are you called Patricida -
   Consider the significance of your name.
I forgive you, son, my ..." - when he tried to say
   "Death", no sound escaped his mouth.

The sense of the broken words might have been incomplete,
   But a tender tear took the place of the voice.
The tears well up and flow from his eyes,
   And loving affection provides what aid it can.
Since, however, they know that the business and affairs of the realm
   Are directed by the skill and counsel of Patricida,
Fearing to sin against the general good of Latium,
   The parents cut short the pleasant dalliance of their converse.
Ergo recessuri natum super oscula lassant
   Alternantque vices participantque virum.
Ad delibandum complexandumque vicissim
   Præbet ad alternos se Patricida sinus;
Distrahitur, discedit ab hac, pensatur ab illo,
   Et venit ad dominos publica præda duos.
Cernere risus erat miserisque piosque parentes.
   Tam male vel sanctus se moderatur amor!

Attendens quantoque probro quantoque pudore
   Fata velint vitam commaculare suam,
Altius ingemuit Patricida, suamque relabi
   Fortunam sensit comminuique decus.
Scit rapidum fragilemque vagæ vertiginis orbem
   Et cæci vultus numinis ambiguos;
Quodque nequit certoque gradu fixoque tenore
   Quanta velis mundi gloria stare diu.
Mœorem post lœta timens, post blanda ruinam,
   Secum sollicito pectore multa movet;
Fortunæ legesque graves moresque maligni
   Ingeminant curas ingeminantque metum.
Sæpe suas metitur opes, actusque decoros
   Colligit in numerum, cunctaque gesta probe;
Carthago delea subit regesque subacti,
   Et dolet aspiciens quantus et unde cadet.
Longos successus, longos Fortuna favores
   Punit et incestat deteriorie malo;
Morsque patris meritis et laudibus ingerit umbram;
   Multiplici superest unica culpa bono.
Damnator cari capitis vitæque paternæ
   Ex rigida fati lege futurus erat.
Emptum morte velit ut eodem limite posset
   Finis principio concolor esse suo.

604 vires; 607 prensatur; after l. 610 CANTUS XII; 615 fragilem rapidumque.
So, getting ready to go, they wear their son out with kisses,
    Taking turns and sharing the man.
Patricia offers himself to the embrace of each in turn,
    Kissing and hugging the one, then the other.
He is torn apart, drags himself from his mother and is hung on by his father,
    And becomes the common prey of two masters.
It would have made you laugh to see the poor loving parents -
    So ill does even innocent love keep itself under control!

Thinking over the great shame and disgrace
    With which the fates wanted to stain his life,
Patricia sighed heavily, and felt his fortunes slipping
    And his glory being shattered.
He knows the tearing breaking wheel with its inconstant whirling
    And the changeable expressions of the blind will of the gods,
And that worldly glory cannot for long remain on a fixed path
    And settled course, however much you might want it to.
Fearful of grief after happiness, disaster after pleasures,
    With troubled heart he tosses many things around in his mind,
And the harsh decrees and evil ways of fortune
    Re-double his anxieties and fears.
He repeatedly recounts his strengths and enumerates
    His glorious exploits and all the things he has done well.
Carthage, razed, submits to him, and the kings he has subdued,
    And he grieves, observing how far and from what heights he is falling.
The extended successes, the extended goodwill, Fortune
    now punishes and defiles with even greater evils.
The killing of his father casts a shadow on his good deeds and praiseworthy acts -
    One single misdeed overshadows many good.
Under the inexorable law of fate he was to be
    The instrument of his dear father's loss of life and being.
He could wish he were taken by death, so that, by that very means,
    The end of his life could be of the same hue as its beginning.
« Si fas sideribus, si fas illudere Parcis,
Fata necemque patris præveniernus, ait.
Roma Patricidam dici, non esse videbit,
Et mendax sensus nominis hujus erit.
Nostra quid æthereis mens est cognator astris,
Si duræ Lachesis triste necesse ferat?
Frustra particulam divinæ mentis habemus,
Si nequeat ratio nostra cavere sibi.
Sic elementa Deus, sic ignea sidera fecit
Ut neque sideribus subditus esset homo;
Sed puri datur ingenii solertia major
Possit ut objectis obvius esse malis.

Hinc Capitolinas, quibus influxit Albula, sedes
Venit et imperii nobile pressit ebur.
Regali jubet edicto sibi sistat ad unum
Collectus populus junctaque turba senum:
Jurisconsulti prætextatique quirites,
Albani, Fabii, patriciumque genus,
Conscriptique patres, quorum moderamine mundus
Stringitur, et certis cogitur ire modis.
Ergo nobilitas et purpura venerat omnis,
Multaque congestæ millia plebis erant.
Sicubi dictator jussit, sedere tribuni
Et cum signifero consul uteorque suo,
Erigitur de sede throni monstratque silendum
Majestate manus; denique verba facit:
« Sanguis Iulæus, soboles Gradiva, quirites,
Hinc olim vires ducitis, inde genus.
Noscite, nec dubios suspensa mente tenebo,
Quid moveat vester, quid Patricida velit.
Postulat ambiguum, sublato nomine, munus;
Quidquid id est, regi porrige, Roma, tuo.

641 patricidam; 646 (for esse malis) ire minor; after l. 646 CANTUS XIII; 657 Sic ubi, jussique.
"If I am allowed to mock the stars and the Fates, he says,
I will forestall the fate and death of my father.
Rome will see that I am called Patricida, not that I am
And the name will have a false significance.
Wherefore is our mind of one piece with the heavenly stars
If it must bear the grim necessity of harsh Lachesis?
In vain do we have a share in the divine mind
If our reason cannot look out for itself.
Not for this purpose did God make the elements, nor the fiery stars -
That man might be subject to them,
But he gives to man a higher level of pure intelligence
So that he can confront the evils thrown in his way."

Thereupon he comes to the seats of government on the Capitoline hill
Whence flows the Tiber, and sits down on the imperial ivory chair.
He commands by royal edict that the populace assembled together
With The crowd of elders should present themselves down to the last man,
Lawyers, magistrates,
    Albans, Fabians and nobles,
And the senators, by whose government the world is bound,
    And guided along prescribed paths.
Thus the nobility and all those entitled to wear the purple had come,
    And there were many thousands of common people massed together.
The tribunes sat down where the commander told them to,
    And both consuls with their standard-bearers.
Patricida rose from his throne, raising his hand
    With a kingly gesture, for silence; at last he spoke and said:
"Sons of Julus, progeny of Mars, Romans, you who long have drawn
    From the latter your valour in war, as from the former your stock,
Know, and I will not keep you in suspense wondering,
    Know what your Patricida urges you to, what he wishes.
He asks a strange gift which shall be nameless -
    Whatever it is he asks, Rome, offer it to your king.
Suspectam timidadque licet se præbeat aniceps
Quæstio, nil aniceps quæstio fraudis habet.
Per superum, per si qua manet reverentia nostri,
Quidquid id est, regi, porrige, Roma tuo.
Non circumspecta, neque consulta ratione,
Sed quasi profuse dextera larga dabit.
Denigrat meritum dantis mora, factaque raptim
Munera plus laudis plusque favoris habent.
Per superum, per si qua manet reverentia nostri,
Quidquid id est, regi porrige, Roma, tuo.
Porrige, si merui, si mentis ad intima nostræ
Nullus, vel tenuis, repperit error iter;
Sincere si tota mihi mea vivitur ætas,
Si nihil ex mundi colluvione tuli;
Si, qui corda solet regum subvertere, fastus
Nec Venus enervem præcipitemque dedit.
Nulla licet morum sit mentio, nullaque vitae,
Quæ multos annos illabefacta manet,
Saltem blanditiae nostræ crebrique rogatus
Non poterunt populum non tetigisse pium.
Non ea Romuleam premit inclementia gentem
Supplicis ut surda respuat aure precem.
Rex ego dulce rogo, verbum rogo regibus impar;
Semper enim miseræ vos ea sortis erat.
Per superum, per, si qua manet reverentia nostri,
Quidquid id est, regi porrige, Roma, tuo.
Crediderim manus magna pro parte coemptum
Cum color et vultus blandaque lingua rogat.
Turpe super donis dubitabitur inter amicos,
Et mora donandi non leve crimen habet.
Occupet orantem placituri muneris auctor;
Officio celeri gratia major erit.

667-670 not in P.L.; 678 reperit; 689-692 not in P.L.; 697 actor [f. auctor].
Though this mysterious request sounds dread and suspect,
   It has in it no deceit.
By heaven, by whatever reverence remains to us,
   Whatever it is he asks, Rome, offer it to your king.
Not with deliberation or the weighing of reasons will a
   Generous hand give, but as if without restraint.
Delay takes away from the merit of the giver, and gifts quickly given
   Have more to commend them and more grace.
By heaven, by whatever reverence remains to us,
   Whatever it is he asks, Rome, offer it to your king.
Offer it, if I have deserved it, if to the inmost recesses
   Of my mind, little or no error has found its way;
If my whole life I have lived purely,
   If none of the pollution of the world has touched me;
If neither pride, wont to undo the hearts of kings,
   Nor Venus made me weak or rash -
To say nothing of my character, nor of my life,
   Which through many years remains untarnished -
At all events, my coaxings and repeated entreaties
   Could not have failed to touch a grateful people.
Such harshness does not weigh down the people of Romulus
   That they turn a deaf ear to the prayer of a suppliant.
I, your king, gently ask - I ask, a word not belonging to kings,
   For it has always been associated with people of lowly rank,
By heaven, by whatever reverence remains to us,
   Whatever it is he asks, Rome, offer it to your king.
I would have thought the gift almost won
   That well-chosen words, expressive mien and caressing tongue request.
Amongst friends it is base to be slow with gifts,
   And delay in giving carries no light reproach.
The author of a gift that will please should anticipate the request for it,
   A service swiftly performed will bring more thanks.
Profuit et Latio noster labor, et meritorum
Non venit ad mores gratia surda bonos.
Promovi leges Latias coluique senatum,
Nec meus in plebem perniciosus honor.
Quis Marius, quis Sylla potest, quis dicere Cæsar:
Nullus in imperio nullaque læsa meo?
Non meruit Patricida nihil, Carthaginis altæ
Victor et Afrarum collabefactor opum.
Mentitos vox nostra sibi non arrogat actus;
Cernite Penorum fracta mœnia; jacent.
Fracta jacent; captosque duces prædamque silebo,
Ne videar laudes concelebrare meas.
Per superûm, per, si qua manet reverentia nostri,
Quidquid id est, regi porrige, Roma, tuo. »

Dejectum vidisse ducem misereque loquentem
Erbuit populus, erubuere patres;
Proque bono bona fama viro meritumque perorat,
Nec patitur steriles principis esse preces.
Estque rogare ducum species violenta jubendi
Et quasi nudato supplicat ense potens.
« Detur », ait populus, « detur » sacer ordo, tribuni
« Detur »; vox cunctis unica «detur » erat.
Dant igitur quodcumque petat discrimine nullo,
Si Latiae totas postulat urbis opes.
Nec tuus excipitur castus, Lucretia, lectus,
Nec pyra sacrifici præcipitanda Numæ.
Ut Patricida preces exauditum videt iri,
Sentit et arbitrio cuncta venire suo,
« Cujus, ait, fuerim spe muneris ambitiosus,
Quidve mihi dederit, Romula turba, vide.
Nil equidem cupio nostris superaddere rebus;
Invenit finem copia nostra suum.

703 Scylla; 708 moenia, fracta; after l. 712 CANTUS XIV; 721 quaecunque.
As well as this, my work has been of use to Latium, and gratitude,
    Deaf to the good practice of rewards, has not come to me.
I advanced the laws of Rome and I took care of the senate,
    Nor was my glory detrimental to the common people.
What Marius, what Sulla, what Caesar can say:
    "Nobody and no thing was harmed during my rule?"
Patricia has not deserved nothing, Patricia the conqueror
    Of great Carthage and annihilator of the African powers.
My words do not arrogate to themselves fictitious deeds,
    Behold the broken walls of the Carthaginians: low they lie.
Broken they lie low, and I will refrain from mentioning the captured leaders
    And the spoils of war, lest I seem to sing my own praises.
By heaven, by whatever reverence remains to us,
    Whatever it is he asks, Rome, offer it to your king."

The people blushed, the senate blushed
    To see their leader cast down and talking so dejectedly.
His good name and merit plead for the good man
    And do not allow the prayers of the prince to be fruitless.
Also, for leaders to ask is a forcible kind of commanding
    And like a mighty person entreating with drawn sword.
"Let it be given" cry the people, "Let it be given" the priestly order and the tribunes,
    "Let it be given" all with one voice cry, "Let it be given".
They give whatever he asks with no discrimination
    Even if it is all the wealth of the Latin city he is seeking.
Nor is an exception made of your chaste bed, Lucretia,
    Nor the destruction of the pyre of holy Numa.
As Patricia sees his prayer about to be granted,
    He feels that everything else will go according to his will.
"Behold" says he "what gift I was eagerly hoping for,
    And look what the Roman crowd has given me.
I do not want to add anything at all to my goods -
    The abundance of them has reached its limit.
Nec dives Latium, nec habet latissimus orbis
Quo queat in majus crescere noster honor.
Non Phrygios lapides pigmentaque gentis Eoæ,
Non quas Pactolus versat et Hermus opes;
Non Tyrios cultus, nec equos regionis Iberæ,
Non ebur aut ebenum discolor, Inde, tuum;
Non Myrronis opus, neque vivi marmoris artem;
Sed peto quod duro posset ab hoste dari:
Ut liceat propriumque mihi consciscere mortem
Et miseram vitæ precipitare diem.
Est ea votorum species et summa meorum,
His pro muneribus vox mea blanda fuit.
Induperatorem quem tu tibi, Roma, crearas,
Cui dederas populi publica jura tui,
Non nisi vel populo, vel concedente senatu,
Vult libertatem mortis habere suæ.
Manus, Roma, tuum mors est mea, nescia peccas
Defenditque tuum nubilus error opus.
Simplicitas populi, pietas elusa senatus
Non poterit nostri sanguinis esse rea.
Sed neque blanditiis me sollicitate, quirites,
Neve supervacuas multiplicate preces.
Proposito desciro suo cóptisque moveri
Nostra nequit ratio, sed sibi fixa manet.
Quæsivi, nec ego jam non quæsisse nociva
Munera, nec populus non tribuisse potest.
Dum puram puro licuit sub pectore mentem
Esse, nec ad scelerum perniciosa trahi,
Innocum placuit vitæ felicior usus;
Illo crimen erat tempore velle mori.
Nunc, quia compellor turpi sordescere culpa,
Abstrahor a vitæ simplicitate meæ;

733-736 not in P.L.; 737 Maronis, arcem; 738 puto, possit; 747 spectas; 753 resilire; 754 certa; 757 corpore; 762 et.
Not rich Latium nor the whole wide earth has
    Anything that can increase my glory -
Not Phrygian gems nor the coloured paints of the Eastern peoples,
    Nor the riches that Pactolus and Hermus tumble along their beds,
Nor the sumptuous dress of Tyre nor horses from the Spanish region,
    Nor, India, the contrasting colours of your ebony and ivory,
Nor the work of Myro nor the craft of living marble;
    But I seek what might be given by a bitter enemy:
To be allowed to bring about my own death
    And hasten to an end the wretched days of my life.
That is the sum and substance of my wishes -
    Those were the gifts for which my words were wheedling.
They want the leader whom you, O Rome, created for yourself,
    To whom you had entrusted the public laws of your people,
(Though not without the permission of the people and the senate)
    To have the freedom of his own death.
Your gift, Rome, is my death: you act in error, not knowing what you do,
    And the misunderstanding vindicates your behaviour.
The simplicity of the people, the deluded gratitude of the senate
    Cannot be judged guilty of my blood.
But do not entice me with your cajolings, Romans,
    Nor multiply your more than empty prayers.
My mind cannot retreat from its set purpose
    Nor be moved from what it has begun, but remains true to itself.
I have asked, nor could I not have asked, for harmful gifts,
    Nor could the people have refused them to me.
While a pure mind was allowed to live with a pure breast,
    And not to be drawn to the dangers of evil deeds,
The happier tenor of an innocent life was satisfying -
    At that time it was a sin to wish to die.
Now, since I am compelled to be sullied by a base crime,
    I am alienated from the righteousness of my life.
Æthereos haustus animam partemque caducam
   Corpus ad alterutro dissociare libet.
Doctus et extensæ mentis famæque prioris
   Astrologus nobis prodigiosa canit.
Dicit enim sic pensa trium fusosque Sororum
   Volvere, sic cursus fata movere suos,
Ut perimat Patricida patrem, carumque cruorem.
   Fundat et incipiat turpiter esse nocens.
Sive meam vidit natalem Scorpius horam,
   Sive Sagittiferi tela timenda senis;
Aut gravis alterutro Saturnus inhæserit astro,
   Fuderit aut virus Martia stella suum,
In latebras animæ gladius penetrabit adactus,
   Profuet et vitae maxima causa cruor;
Discutiet ferrum mentis carnisque tenorem,
   Concordesque vices complacitamque fidem.
Discutiet dico, nec enim mea mens habitaret
   Corpoream vitio participante domum.
Nam velut opposita contraria fronte repugnant,
   Sic meus in vitium spiritus arma movet;
Et mea mens oriunda polo cognataque stellis
   Naturæ memor est principiique sui;
Et quia primorum pueros intelligit ortus
   Filia splendoris, noctis abhorret opus;
Noctis abhorret opus altaeque capax rationis
   Spiritus ad carnis fluxa venire timet;
Nec mea sic carni mens ancillatur iniquæ,
   Nec sic descivit depuduitque simul,
Frangat ut incoctum generosum pectus honesto,
   Vel rigidos sensus culpa resolvat iners.
Ergo dum sancto mens est in corpore sancta
   Nilque super carnis conditione gemit,

763 Ethaeros [f. Æthereos] actus; 764 licet; 766 Judex astrologus; 768 (for fata movere) sidera ferre; 772 Signiferi stella; 773 Saturnius inhaeserat; 774 Fuderat; 777 carnis; 780 participare [f. participante]; 786 (after splendoris) [id est ratio]; 790 diriguitque semel; 791 in natum generoso.
I am happy to divide the celestial currents of
   The soul and the fallen part, the body, from each other.
An astrologer, a learned man of wide intelligence
   And established repute, fortells monstrous things about me.
For he says that such are the allocations of the three Sisters
   And so their spindles turn, and such is the path along which fate moves,
That Patricida will kill his father and pour out
   The dear blood and basely begin to be harmful.
Whether Scorpio watched over the hour of my birth,
   Or the fearful darts of the old Archer,
Or because dire Saturn must have been associated with their constellation,
   Or the planet Mars poured out its poison,
The sword, driven home, will penetrate to the hidden recesses of being,
   And the blood, the vital force of life, will pour forth.
The steel will sunder the connexion of mind and body
   And the harmonious relation and agreeable association between them.
Will sunder, I say, for my mind could not inhabit its corporeal home
   If it had to share it with vice.
For, just as opposites repel when confronted with each other,
   So my soul takes up arms against vice;
And my mind, born of the heavens and kindred with the stars,
   Remembers its nature and its begetting;
And because this daughter of splendour understands the pure sources
   Of its beginnings, it shrinks from the work of darkness.
It shrinks from the work of darkness, and the soul, capable of
   Lofty intelligence, recoils from stooping to the vagaries of the flesh;
Nor is my mind subject to the intemperate flesh:
   It has not so completely degenerated and lost its shame
As to break a noble heart imbued with virtue
   Or let a cowardly sin loosen its strict sense of duty.
Therefore while an unsullied mind dwells in an unsullied body,
   Lamenting nothing beyond the condition of the flesh,
Discedat luteaque domo carnisque tenebris
Vivificusque comes æthereumque jubar.
In terram terrena caro, mens ignis ad ignem,
Ad speciem redeat portio quæque suam.
Corporis invisi cæcis excedere claustris
Non trepidat merits mens mea tuta suis.
Carnis ab excessu superos migrabit ad axes,
Sideris in numerum restituenda sui.
Jucundum felixque mori. Cur abnegat, aut cur
Roma mihi campos invidet Elysios?
Depositæ post carnis onus cognata revisam
Sidera, jam vita liberiore fruens;
Rebus prospiciam Latiis ubique timebo,
Majorisque feram sedulitatis opus. »
- Argumenta movent perplexaque verba quirites.
Non data quæ dederant arte probare volunt.
- Non decet aut decuit rigidum sanctumque senatum
Argumentosa calliditate loqui.
Enthymema sonat, sonat hinc inductio; Varus
Verba per anfractus fertque refertque vagos;
Nescio quid magnum tacite concludere tentat,
Et logica sensim me ratione ligat;
Sed tamen argutis non est ea lingua sophistis
Ut valeant cæpto me removere meo.
Eloquitur vultumque sui sermonis inaurat
Pollio, facundì pectoris arma movens;
Suadet, adornat, agit oratoremque figurat,
Alterat arte modos, alterat arte vices.
Non ea depictæ venus est aut gratia voci
Quæ mea pervertat vota meumque mori.
Agrestis tam voce fuit quam veste Camillus,
Gratus apud superos rusticitate sua.

797 terra; 805 Compositae; 806 (for iam) ubi; 807 laetus; after l. 808 CANTUS XV;
813 Varrus; 820 movet; 821 (for figurat) colorat; 823 (after venus) [id est venustas].