

**Charles Bernstein &
Richard Tuttle**

Echologs

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After the poetry match in Virgil's Eclogues, III

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Charles Bernstein & Richard Tuttle

“Echologs” is by Bernstein, based on Tuttle’s initial translation and ongoing conversation. Bernstein assembled the comparative translations.

**Echologs
(Eclogues)**

Damoetas

To all's high, guys! everything that echoes!,
what gives ground and by Jove'll cure our songs.

Menalcas

But it's me that beauty loves!; all her charms
surround, crowns of sweetest ruddy roses.

Damoetas

My girl's cupid, first she creams me with an apple
then slides behind the willows: peek-a-boo.

Menalcas

My guy's no tease: he comes on to me so often
our dogs know him much better than my bitch.

Damoetas

To the gift who is my Venus I give
my place in the sky, where mourning doves fly.

Menalcas

Nine ripe rimes I give the boy today,
a score more love songs are on their way.

Damoetas

The words my lover whispers to me!
Send them on wings for eternity!

Menalcas

Love the love, love, but hate
if you go fishing and leave me nets.

Damoetas

Hey, friend, send me your girl for my birthday,
then come yourself for the after party.

Menalcas

I love that girl best; she was all tears when I left,
O beauty, goodbye, goodbye, said she to her guy.

Damoetas

Grieves. Wolf to sheep, bloom in the storm,
house on fire, our lover's ire.

Menalcas

Sweetens. Flower to bee, liquor from vine,
the rhythms in this song, my lover mine.

Damoetas

Pollio loves our all too rustic runes:
this one's for our patron and his muses.

Menalcas

Pollio's own new poems are ferocious:
no bull just charging aesthetic focus.

Damoetas

Those who love you, Pollio, may they come to you,
like boats come to the shore, as honey for your sores.

Menalcas

Those abide prize crap adore boring poems,
watch them milk jackasses and water stones

Damoetas

Gather your berries as you may; but guys, better get wise!
beware that chill snake in the grass who's always in disguise

Menalcas

A slippery slope, dear lamb, makes treacherous place to stand:
watch those mules ahead, climbing from water onto dry land.

Damoetas

Tommy, keep those kids out of the waves' wrath!,
when the time comes, I'll give them both a bath.

Menalcas

Collect thoughts, boys: if day's heat
nips 'em in bud, our pens will dry.

Damoetas

Hey, hey, can't you see, the bull's going bust!
There's plenty of love but not enough trust.

Menalcas

The tender lambs in our care are skin and bones of despair.
If love you do deny, then all's left is an evil eye.

Damoetas

You will be my god!, but only if you tell me –
where, on earth, sky's no bigger than a purse?

Menalcas

You can take my wife!, but only if you tell me –
where, on earth, petals are inscribed with verse?

Eclogues, III, 60-107: The Poetry Match
multiple versions compiled by Charles Bernstein

Charles Bernstein & Richard Tuttle, *Echologs*
(2016)

H. Rushton Fairclough (1916), revised by G. P.
Goold for Loeb Classical Library, Harvard
University Press, 1999

John Dryden, *Pastorals* (1694-1697)

J. B. Greenough, Boston.: Ginn & Co., 1895

Len Krisak, University of Pennsylvania Press, 2011

David Ferry, Farrar, Straus, Giroux, 1999

Damoetas

*Ab Iove principium Musae: Iovis omnia plena;
ille colit terras, illi mea carmina curae.*

To all's high, guys! everything that echoes!,
what gives ground and by Jove'll cure our songs
(Bernstein/Tuttle)

With Jove my song begins; of Jove all things are full.
He makes the earth fruitful; he cares for my verses.
(Fairclough/Goold)

From the great Father of the gods above
My Muse begins: for all is full of Jove.
To Jove the care of heav'n and earth belongs:
My flocks he blesses, and he loves my songs.
(Dryden)

From Jove the Muse began; Jove filleth all,
makes the earth fruitful, for my songs hath care.
(Greenough)

Great Sisters, Jove is where I start, whose force infuses
Everything. He blesses earth; he tends my songs.
(Kislak)

Muses, my song begins in praise of Jove;
He makes all flourish; my song is in his care.
(Ferry)

Menalcas

*Et me Phoebus amat; Phoebus sua semper apud me
munera sunt, lauri et suave rubens hyacinthus.*

But it's me that beauty loves!; all her charms
surround, crowns of sweetest ruddy roses.
(Bernstein/Tuttle)

And me Phoebus loves; Phoebus always finds with
me the presents he loves, laurels and sweet-blushing
hyacinths.
(Fairclough/Goold)

Me Phoebus loves; for he my Muse inspires;
And, in her songs, the warmth he gave, requires,
For him, the god of shepherds and their sheep,
My blushing hyacinths and my bays I keep.
(Dryden)

Me Phoebus loves; for Phoebus his own gifts,
bays and sweet-blushing hyacinths, I keep.
(Greenough)

Phoebus loves me; to him my every gift belongs—
Both laurel and the hyacinth that blushes flame.
(Kislak)

Apollo loves me, Together we gather laurel
And the blushing hyacinth, his favorite.
(Ferry)

Damoetas

*Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,
et fugit ad salices, et se cupit ante videri.*

My girl's cupid, first she creams me with an apple
then slides behind the willows: peek-a-boo.
(Bernstein/Tuttle)

Galatea, saucy girl, pelts me with an apple, then runs
off to the willows—and hopes I saw her first.
(Fairclough/Goold)

My Phyllis me with pelted apples plies:
Then tripping to the woods the wanton hies,
And wishes to be seen, before she flies.
(Dryden)

Gay Galatea throws an apple at me,
then hies to the willows, hoping to be seen.
(Greenough)

Loose Galatea apples me (yes, that's her aim);
Down by the sally gardens, then, she hopes for capture.
(Kislak)

Fair Galatea pelts me with apples and runs
To hide in the woods and wishes to be found.
(Ferry)

Menalcas

*At mihi sese offert ultro, meus ignis, Amyntas,
notior ut iam sit canibus non Delia nostris.*

My guy's no tease: he comes on to me so often
our dogs know him much better than my bitch.
(Bernstein/Tuttle)

But my boyfriend Amyntas comes to me unasked, so
that now not Delia is better known to my dogs.
(Fairclough/Goold)

But fair Amyntas comes unask'd to me,
And offers love, and sits upon my knee.
Not Delia to my dogs is known so well as he.
(Dryden)

My dear Amyntas comes unasked to me;
not Delia to my dogs is better known.
(Greenough)

He gives himself unasked—Amyntas, who's my rapture.
My pooches know him better than the moonlit skies.
(Kislak)

Amyntas comes to me of his own accord;
Delia's not better known to our household dogs.
(Ferry)

Damoetas

*Parta meae Veneri sunt munera: namque notavi
ipse locum, aëriæ quo congersere palumbes.*

To the gift who is my Venus I give
my place in the sky, where mourning doves fly.
(Bernstein/Tuttle)

I have found gifts for my darling; for I have myself
marked where the wood pigeons have been nesting
high in the sky.
(Fairclough/Goold)

To the dear mistress of my love-sick mind,
Her swain a pretty present has design'd:
I saw two stock-doves billing, and, ere long,
Will take the nest; and hers shall be the young.
(Dryden)

Gifts for my love I've found; mine eyes have marked
where the wood-pigeons build their airy nests.
(Greenough)

My Venus loves the gifts I give; with my own eyes
I've seen where wood-doves build their high and airy nest.
(Kislak)

I've found the gifts to bring to my Galatea;
I know where the wood doves nest high up in the branches.
(Ferry)

Menalcas

*Quod potui, puero silvestri ex arbore lecta
aurea mala decem misi: cras altera mittam.*

Nine ripe rimes I give the boy today,
a score more love songs are on their way.
(Bernstein/Tuttle)

I have sent my boy—'twas all I could—ten golden
apples, picked from a tree in the wood. Tomorrow I
will send a second ten.
(Fairclough/Goold)

Ten ruddy wildings in the wood I found,
And stood on tip-toes, reaching from the ground:
I sent Amyntas all my present store;
And will, to-morrow, send as many more.
(Dryden)

Ten golden apples have I sent my boy,
all that I could, to-morrow as many more.
(Greenough)

From tree limbs in the woods, I sent my very best—
Ten golden apples. Soon, I'll send my love ten more.
(Kislak)

I sent him ten gold apples from a tree,
All I could find; tomorrow I'll send ten more.
(Ferry)

Damoetas

*O quotiens et quae nobis Galatea locuta est!
partem aliquam, venti, divum referatis ad auris.*

The words my lover whispers to me!
Send them on wings for eternity!
(Bernstein/Tuttle)

O how many and how sweet the things that Galatea
has whispered to me! Waft some part of them to the
gods, ye winds.
(Fairclough/Goold)

The lovely maid lay panting in my arms;
And all she said and did was full of charms.
Winds! on your wings to heav'n her accents bear;
Such words, as heav'n alone is fit to hear.
(Dryden)

What words to me, and uttered O how oft,
hath Galatea spoke! waft some of them,
ye winds, I pray you, for the gods to hear.
(Greenough)

The things that Galatea's said! Who could keep score?
So heaven's ears may hear: winds, waft just some of them.
(Kislak)

Let the breezes tell to the gods only a part
Of what my Galatea said to me.
(Ferry)

Menalcas

*Quid prodest, quod me ipse animo non spernis, Amynta,
si, dum tu sectaris apros, ego retia servo?*

Love the love, love, but hate
if you go fishing and leave me nets.
(Bernstein/Tuttle)

What good is it, Amyntas, that you scorn me not in
heart, if while you pursue the boars, I am left to look
after the nets?
(Fairclough/Goold)

Ah! what avails it me, my love's delight,
To call you mine, when absent from my sight?
I hold the nets, while you pursue the prey;
And must not share the dangers of the day.
(Dryden)

It profiteth me naught, Amyntas mine,
that in your very heart you spurn me not,
if, while you hunt the boar, I guard the nets.
(Greenough)

Amyntas, I've a heart you say you won't contemn,
But then you hunt the boar and leave me mending nets.
(Kislak)

What good does it do, Amyntas, that you love me,
If I have to mind the nets while you go hunting.
(Ferry)

Damoetas

*Phyllida mitte mihi: meus est natalis, Iolla;
cum faciam vitula pro frugibus, ipse venito.*

Hey, friend, send me your girl for my birthday,
then come yourself for the after party.
(Bernstein/Tuttle)

Send Phyllis to me; it is my birthday, Iollas. When I
sacrifice a heifer for the harvest, come yourself.
(Fairclough/Goold)

I keep my birth-day: send my Phyllis home:
At shearing-time, Iöllas, you may come.
(Dryden)

Prithee, Iollas, for my birthday guest
send me your Phyllis; when for the young crops
I slay my heifer, you yourself shall come.
(Greenough)

Iollas, send me Phyllis for my birthday fêtes;
When I have killed a harvest heifer, you come, too.
(Kislak)

Send Phyllis here, Iollas, it's my birthday;
You come when the calf is sacrificed for the fields.
(Ferry)

Menalcas

*Phyllida amo ante alias: nam me discedere flevit,
et longum “formose, vale, vale,” inquit, Iolla.*

I love that girl best; she was all tears when I left,
O beauty, goodbye, goodbye, said she to her guy.
(Bernstein/Tuttle)

I love Phyllis most of all; for she wept that I was
leaving, and in halting accents cried, Iollas:
“Farewell, farewell, my lovely!”
(Fairclough/Goold)

With Phyllis I am more in grace than you:
Her sorrow did my parting steps pursue :
“Adieu, my dear!” she said; “a long adieu!”
(Dryden)

I am all hers; she wept to see me go,
and, lingering on the word, ‘farewell,’ she said,
‘My beautiful Iollas, fare you well.’
(Greenough)

It’s Phyllis I love best; she wept at my adieu,
Crying at length, “Farewell, Iollas fair; farewell.”
(Kislak)

I love Phyllis best because when I left her she wept
And sadly said, ‘Farewell, farewell, fair Iollas.’
(Ferry)

Damoetas

*Triste lupus stabulis, maturis frugibus imbres,
arboribus venti, nobis Amaryllidis irae.*

Grieves. Wolf to sheep, bloom in the storm,
house on fire, our lover's ire.
(Bernstein/Tuttle)

Terrible is the wolf to the folds, the rains to the
ripened crop, to the trees the gales, and to me the
anger of Amaryllis!
(Fairclough/Goold)

The nightly wolf is baneful to the fold,
Storms to the wheat, to buds the bitter cold;
But, from my frowning fair, more ills I find,
Than from the wolves, and storms, and winter wind.
(Dryden)

Fell as the wolf is to the folded flock,
rain to ripe corn, Sirocco to the trees,
the wrath of Amaryllis is to me.
(Greenough)

Cruel is lupus, raider of pens; to crops, the hale
Is fell, to trees the gales; to me, my Amaryllis.
(Kislak)

The anger of Amaryllis is to me
As the wolf to the flock, the wind to the vines and crops.
(Ferry)

Menalcas

*Dulce satis umor, depulsis arbutus haedis,
lenta salix feto pecori, mihi solus Amyntas.*

Sweetens. Flower to bee, liquor from vine,
the rhythms in this song, my lover mine.
(Bernstein/Tuttle)

Sweet are the showers to the corn, the arbutus to the
new-weaned kids, to the breeding flock the bending
willow, and to me none but Amyntas!
(Fairclough/Goold)

The kids with pleasure browse the bushy plain;
The show'rs are grateful to the swelling grain;
To teeming ewes the willow's tender tree;
But, more than all the world, my love to me.
(Dryden)

As moisture to the corn, to ewes with young
lithe willow, as arbutus to the yearling kids,
so sweet Amyntas, and none else, to me.
(Greenough)

Sweet is the rain to seeds; to new-weaned kids, arbutus;
To flocks, soft willow. Amyntas is to me.
(Kislak)

As rain to the corn, arbutus to weanling kids,
Willows to breeding cows, Amyntas to me.
(Ferry)

Damoetas

*Pollio amat nostram, quamvis est rustica, Musam:
Pierides, vitulam lectori pascite vestro.*

Pollio loves our, all too rustic, runes:
this one's for our patron and his muses.
(Bernstein/Tuttle)

Pollio loves my Muse, homely though she be: Pierian
maids, feed fat a calf for your reader.
(Fairclough/Goold)

Pollio my rural verse vouchsafes to read:
A heifer, Muses, for your patron breed.
(Dryden)

My Muse, although she be but country-bred,
is loved by Pollio: O Pierian Maids,
pray you, a heifer for your reader feed!
(Greenough)

Pollio loves my Muse, bucolic though she be.
Pierides, your readers need a calf fed full.
(Kislak)

Pollio loves my songs, however clumsy;
Muses, offer a calf to placate readers.
(Ferry)

Menalcas

*Pollio et ipse facit nova carmina: pascite taurum,
iam cornu petat et pedibus qui spargat harenam.*

Pollio's own new poems are ferocious:
no bull just charging aesthetic focus.
(Bernstein/Tuttle)

Pollio makes new songs himself: feed fat a bull that
butts already and spurns the sand with his hooves.
(Fairclough/Goold)

My Pollio writes himself: — a bull be bred,
With spurning heels, and with a butting head.
(Dryden)

Pollio himself too doth new verses make:
feed ye a bull now ripe to butt with horn,
and scatter with his hooves the flying sand.
(Greenough)

Pollio sings new songs himself; fatten a bull
That flaunts his horns, then hooves the sand and
makes it fly.
(Kislak)

And Pollio too writes songs; offer a bull
With butting horns, and hooves that paw the ground.
(Ferry)

Damoetas

*Qui te, Pollio, amat, veniat quo te quoque gaudet;
mella fluant illi, ferat et rubus asper amomum.*

Those who love you, Pollio, may they come to you,
like boats come to the shore, as honey for your sores.
(Bernstein/Tuttle)

May he who loves you, Pollio, come where he
rejoices that you, too, have come! For him may
honey flow and the bramble bear spices!
(Fairclough/Goold)

Who Pollio loves, and who his Muse admires,
Let Pollio's fortune crown his full desires.
Let myrrh, instead of thorn, his fences fill,
And show'rs of honey from his oaks distil.
(Dryden)

Who loves thee, Pollio, may he thither come
where thee he joys beholding; ay, for him
let honey flow, the thorn-bush spices bear.
(Greenough)

Pollio, may friends be glad where you are (there, nearby!);
May honey flow, and spice be what the bramble bears.
(Kislak)

May Pollio's lovers be where Pollio is:
Where the honey flows, and the spicebush flourishes.
(Ferry)

Menalcas

*Qui Baviium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mevi,
atque idem iungat vulpes et mulgeat hircos.*

Those abide prize crap adore boring poems,
watch them milk jackasses and water stones
(Bernstein/Tuttle)

Let him who hates not Bavius love your songs,
Mevius; and let him also yoke foxes and milk he-goats!
(Fairclough/Goold)

Who hates not living, Bavius, let him be
(Dead Mrevius!) damn'd to love thy works and thee!
The same ill taste of sense would serve to join
Dog foxes in the yoke, and shear the swine.
(Dryden)

Who hates not Bavius, let him also love
thy songs, O Maevious, ay, and therewithal
yoke foxes to his car, and he-goats milk.
(Greenough)

Let Bavius' admirers love Maevious' airs . . .
And yoke a pair of foxes . . . after milking billies.
(Kislak)

'May Bavius' lovers admire Mevius' verses,
Milk billy goats, yoke foxes to their plows.
(Ferry)

Damoetas

*Qui legitis flores et humi nascentia fraga,
frigidus, o pueri, fugite hinc, latet anguis in herba.*

Gather your berries as you may; but guys, better get wise!
beware that chill snake in the grass who's always in disguise.
(Bernstein/Tuttle)

You lads who cull flowers and strawberries that
grow so low, begone from here; a chill snake lurks in the grass.
(Fairclough/Goold)

Ye boys, who pluck the flow'rs, and spoil the spring,
Beware the secret snake, that shoots a sting.
(Dryden)

You, picking flowers and strawberries that grow
so near the ground, fly hence, boys, get you gone!
There's a cold adder lurking in the grass.
(Greenough)

Children who search the ground for berries and for lilies
Run! Run away! Low in the grass, a cool snake hides.
(Kislak)

You boys gathering flowers and picking strawberries,
Watch out, watch out, there's a cold snake in the grass.
(Ferry)

Menalcas

*Parcite, oves, nimium procedere: non bene ripae
creditur; ipse aries etiam nunc vellera siccatur.*

A slippery slope, dear lamb, makes treacherous place to stand:
watch those mules ahead, climbing from water onto dry land.
(Bernstein/Tuttle)

Venture not too far, my sheep; it is dangerous to
trust the bank. Even now the ram is drying his fleece.
(Fairclough/Goold)

Graze not too near the banks, my jolly sheep:
The ground is false; the running streams are deep:
See, they have caught the father of the flock,
Who dries his fleece upon the neighb'ring rock.
(Dryden)

Forbear, my sheep, to tread too near the brink;
yon bank is ill to trust to; even now
the ram himself, see, dries his dripping fleece!
(Greenough)

Don't go too far, my sheep, or trust the riversides
Too much. Right now, the ram dries out his fleece. Just look.
(Kislak)

Don't go too near the riverbank, my sheep;
The river's high; the ram has gotten wet.
(Ferry)

Damoetas

*Tityre, pascentis a flumine reice capellas:
ipse, ubi tempus erit, omnis in fonte lavabo.*

Tommy, keep those kids out of the waves's wrath!,
when the time comes, I'll give them both a bath.
(Bernstein/Tuttle)

Tityrus, turn back from the stream the grazing goats;
when the time comes, I'll wash them all in the spring myself.
(Fairclough/Goold)

From rivers drive the kids, and sling your hook:
Anon I'll wash them in the shallow brook.
(Dryden)

Back with the she-goats, Tityrus, grazing there
so near the river! I, when time shall serve,
will take them all, and wash them in the pool.
(Greenough)

Tityrus, turn the grazing goats back from the brook;
When it comes time for that, I'll give the sheep their dip.
(Kislak)

Tityrus, keep the goats away from the river;
I'll wash them in the pond when it's time to wash them.
(Ferry)

Menalcas

*Cogite ovis, pueri: si lac praeceperit aestus,
ut nuper, frustra pressabimus ubera palmis.*

Collect thoughts, boys: if day's heat
nips 'em in bud, our pens will dry.
(Bernstein/Tuttle)

Round up the sheep, lads; if the heat of the day dries
up their milk, as it did of late, in vain will our fingers
press the teats.
(Fairclough/Goold)

To fold, my flock! W'hen milk is dry'd with heat,
In vain the milk-maid tugs an empty teat.
(Dryden)

Boys, get your sheep together; if the heat,
as late it did, forestall us with the milk,
vainly the dried-up udders shall we wring.
(Greenough)

Boys, herd the ewes. If udders shrivel to a drip—
This heat of late—our palms will grip their teats in vain.
(Kislak)

Round up the sheep, boys, find the cool of the shade.
This heat will dry the milk up in the udders.
(Ferry)

Damoetas

*Heu heu! quam pingui macer est mihi taurus in ervo!
idem amor exitium pecori pecorisque magistro.*

Hey, hey, can't you see, the bull's going bust!
There's plenty of love but not enough trust.
(Bernstein/Tuttle)

Alas, alas! How lean is my bull on that fat vetch! The
same love is fatal to the herd and to the master of the herd.
(Fairclough/Goold)

How lank my bulls from plenteous pasture come!
But love, that drains the herd, destroys the groom.
(Dryden)

How lean my bull amid the fattening vetch!
Alack! alack! for herdsman and for herd!
It is the self-same love that wastes us both.
(Greenough)

Gaunt in the fattening vetch, my pining bull's in pain.
This love will ruin both the herdsman and the herd.
(Kislak)

My bull is thin although there's plenty to browse on Love
is the trouble both for the bull and his master.
(Ferry)

Menalcas

*Hi certe—neque amor causa est—vix ossibus haerent.
nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos.*

The tender lambs in our care are skin and bones of despair.
If love you do deny, then all's left is an evil eye.

(Bernstein/Tuttle)

With mine at least—and love is not to blame—their
skin scarce clings to the bones. Some evil eye
bewitches my tender lambs.

(Fairclough/Goold)

My flocks are free from love, yet look so thin,
Their bones are barely cover'd with their skin.
What magic has bewitch'd the woolly dams?
And what ill eyes beheld the tender lambs?

(Dryden)

These truly—nor is even love the cause—
scarce have the flesh to keep their bones together
some evil eye my lambkins hath bewitched.

(Greenough)

They're skin and bones; that love would cause this is absurd.
My tender lambs are hexed, but by whose evil eye?

(Kislak)

My flock is skin and bones, and it isn't for love;
The evil eye is on my lambs. But whose?

(Ferry)

Damoetas

*Dic, quibus in terris (et eris mihi magnus Apollo)
tris pateat caeli spatium non amplius ulnas.*

You will be my god!, but only if you tell me—
where, on earth, sky's no bigger than a purse?
(Bernstein/Tuttle)

Tell me in what lands—and to me be great Apollo—
heaven's vault is but three ells wide.
(Fairclough/Goold)

Say, where the round of heav'n, which all contains,
To three short ells on earth our sight restrains:
Tell that, and rise a Phoebus for thy pains.
(Dryden)

Say in what clime—and you shall be withal
my great Apollo—the whole breadth of heaven
opens no wider than three ells to view.
(Greenough)

You'd be my great Apollo? Tell me where the sky
Extends no wider than three times a human ell.
(Kislak)

You'll be Apollo if you can tell me where
The land is, where the sky is five feet wide.
(Ferry)

Menalcas

*Dic, quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum
nascantur flores, et Phyllida solus habeto.*

You can take my wife!, but only if you tell me—
where, on earth, petals are inscribed with verse?
(Bernstein/Tuttle)

Tell me in what lands grow flowers inscribed with
royal names—and have Phyllis for yourself.
(Fairclough/Goold)

Nay tell me, first, in what new region springs
A flow'r, that bears inscrib'd the names of kings;
And thou shalt gain a present as divine
As Phroebus' self: for Phyllis shall be thine.
(Dryden)

Say in what country grow such flowers as bear
the names of kings upon their petals writ,
and you shall have fair Phyllis for your own.
(Greenough)

And you'll have Phyllis to yourself if you can tell
Where flowers bloom with royal names scribed on
their petals.
(Kislak)

Phyllis is yours if you can tell me where
The flowers bloom with royal names inscribed.
(Ferry)

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**After the poetry match in Virgil's Eclogues, III
with an appendix comparing earlier translations**

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