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THE ART OF LOVE, AND OTHER POEMS
OVID
IN SIX VOLUMES
II
THE ART OF LOVE, AND
OTHER POEMS
WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
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DE MEDICAMINE FACIEI
ARTIS AMATORIAE I-III
REMEDIORUM AMORIS NUX
IBIS HALIEUTICON
CONSOLATIO AD LIVIAM
APPENDIX TO IBIS

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INTRODUCTION

The poems here translated consist of (i) the didactic poems on love, namely, the fragment On Painting the Face, the Art of Love, and the Remedies for Love; (ii) four miscellaneous pieces, the fragment on sea-fishing, the Ibis, the Walnut-tree and the Consolation to Livia, of which the last two are generally considered spurious.

I. The Didactic Love-poems.

These mark the final stage of Ovid's first poetical period, his previous achievements in love-poetry being the Amores, which describe his own experiences, and the Letters of the Heroines. It seems to have been an original idea of the poet's to include love-making among the subjects of didactic poetry, examples of which are to be found in the philosophical poems of Empedocles or Lucretius, and the treatises of a Macer on herbs or of a Manilius on astronomy. It was perhaps suggested by some of the poems in the Amores; for example, i. 4, in which he gives advice to his mistress how to behave in her husband's presence, or ii. 2, in which a eunuch is instructed how to relax his watch over his charge, or i. 8, in

1 The lost tragedy of Medea also belongs to this period.

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THE ART OF LOVE
ARTIS AMATORIAE

LIBER PRIMUS

Sis quis in hoc artem populo non novit amandi,
Hoc legat et lecto carmine doctus amet.
Arte citae veloque rates remoque moventur,
Arte leves currus: arte regendus amor.
Curribus Automedon lentisque erat aptus habenis,
Tiphs in Haemia puppe magister erat:
Me Venus artificem tenero praefecit Amori;
Tiphs et Automedon dicar Amoris ego.
Ille quidem ferus est et qui mihi saepe repugnet:
Sed puer est, aetas mollis et apta regi.
Phillyrides puerum cithara per fecit Achillem,
Atque animos placida contudit arte feros.
Qui totiens socios, totiens externuit hostes,
Creditur annosum pertimuisse senem.
Quas Hector sensurus erat, poscente magistro
Verberibus iussae praebuit me manus.
Aeacidae Chiron, ego sum praeceptor Amoris:
Saevus uterque puer, natus uterque dea.
Sed tamen et tauri cervix oneratur aratro,
Frenaque magnanimi dente teruntur equi;
Et mihi cedet Amor, quamvis mea vulneret arcu
Pectora, iactatas excutiatque faces.
Quo me fixit Amor, quo me violentius ussit,
Hoc melior facti vulneris ultor ero:

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THE ART OF LOVE

BOOK I

If anyone among this people knows not the art of loving, let him read my poem, and having read be skilled in love. By skill swift ships are sailed and rowed, by skill nimble chariots are driven: by skill must Love be guided. Well fitted for chariots and pliant reins was Automedon, and Tiphys was the helmsman of the Haemonian ship: me hath Venus set over tender Love as master in the art; I shall be called the Tiphys and Automedon of Love. Wild indeed is he, and apt often to fight against me; but he is a boy, tender his age and easily controlled. The son of Philyra made the boy Achilles accomplished on the lyre, and by his peaceful art subdued those savage passions. He who terrified his friends so often and so often his foes, cowered, we are told, before an aged man. Those hands that Hector was to feel, he held out to the lash obediently, when his master bade. Chiron taught Aeacides, I am Love's teacher: a fierce lad each, and each born of a goddess. Yet even the bull's neck is burdened by the plough, and the high-mettled steed champs the bridle with his teeth; and to me Love shall yield, though he wound my breast with his bow, and whirl aloft his brandished torch. The more violently Love has pierced and branded me, the better shall I avenge the wound that he has made: I will not

---

1 Charioteer of Achilles and helmsman of the Argo respectively; Jason came from Thessaly (Haemia).

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Non ego, Phoebe, datas a te mihi mentiar artes,
Nec nos aëriæ voce monemur avis,
Nec mihi sunt visae Clio Cliusque sorores
Servanti pecudes vallibus, Asca, tuis:
Usus opus movet hoc: vati parete perito;
Vera canam: coeptis, mater Amoris, aces!
Este procul, vitæ tenues, insignis pudoris,
Quæque tegis medias instita longa pedes.
Nos venerem tutam concessaque furtam canemus,
Luque meo nullum carmine crimen erit.

Principio quod amare velis, reperire labora,
Qui nova nunc primum miles in arma venis.
Proximus huic labor est placitam exorare puelam:
Tertius, ut longo tempore duret amor.
Hic modus, haec nostro signatur area curru:
Quæ erit admissa meta premenda rota.

Dum licet, et loris passim potes ire solutis,
Elige cui dicas "tu mihi sola places."
Haec tibi non tenues veniet delapsa per auras:
Quæraenda est oculis apta puella tuis.
Seit bene venator cervis ubi retia tendat,
Seit bene qua frequens valle moretur aper;
Auncibus noti frutices; qui sustinet hamos,
Novit quæ multo pisce natentur aquæ:
Tu quoque, materiam longo qui quæreis amori,
Ante frequens quo sit disce puella loco.
Non ego quæreantem vento dare vela iubebo,
Nec tibi, ut invenias, longa terenda via est.

1 As they did to Hesiod, see Theogony, ii. 22 sqq.
* The fillet, or hair-band, was worn only by women of good character; the flounce ("instita") made the skirt reach down to the feet, and was sown on to it, as in Hor. Sat. 1. 2. 28:

THE ART OF LOVE: I

falsely claim that my art is thy gift, O Phoebus, nor am I taught by the voice of a bird of the air, neither did Clio and Clio's sisters appear to me while I kept flocks in thy vale, O Asca; 1 experience inspires this work: give ear to an experienced bard; true will be my song: favour my enterprise, O mother of Love. Keep far away, ye slender fillets, emblems of modesty, and the long skirt that hides the feet in its folds. 2 Of safe love-making do I sing, and permitted secrecy, and in my verse shall be no wrong-doing.

First, strive to find an object for your love, you who now for the first time come to fight in warfare new. The next task is, to win the girl that takes your fancy; the third, to make love long endure. This is my limit, this the field whose bound my chariot shall mark, this the goal my flying wheel shall graze.

While yet you are at liberty and can go at large with loosened rein, choose to whom you will say, "You alone please me." She will not come floating down to you through the tenuous air, she must be sought, the girl whom your glance approves. Well knows the hunter where to spread his nets for the stag, well knows he in what glen the boar with gnashing teeth abides; familiar are the copes to fowlers, and he who holds the hook is aware in what waters many fish are swimming; you too, who seek the object of a lasting passion, learn first what places the maidsen haunt. I will not bid you in your search set sails before the wind, nor, that you may find, need a long road be travelled. Though Perseus

"quarum subsura taatas tegat instita veste"; it, too, marked the woman of good character.
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Andromedan Perseus nigris portarit ab Indis, 55
Raptaque sit Phrygio Graia puella vira,
Tot tibi tamque dabit formosas Roma puellas,
“Haec habet” ut dicas “quieqid in orbe fuit.”
Gargara quot segetes, quot habet Methymna racemos,
Aequore quot piscis, fronde teguntur aves,
Quot caelum stellas, tot habet Tubus Roma puellas:
Mater et Aeneae constat in urbe sit.
Seu caperis primis et adhuc crescentibus annis,
Ante oculos veniet vera puella tuos:
Sive cupis iuvenem, iuvenes tibi mille placebunt,
Cogeris et voti nescius esse tui:
Seu te forte iuvat sera et sapientior aetas,
Hoc quoque, crede mihi, plenius agmen erit.

1 modo Pompeia lentus spatiae sub umbra,
Cum sol Herculei terga eonis adit:
Aut ubi muneribus nati sua munera mater
Addidit, externo marmore dives opus:
Nec tibi vitetur quae, priscis sparsa tabellis,
Porticus auctoris Livia nomen habet:
Quaque parare necem miseris patruelibus ausae
Belides et stricto stat ferus ense pater.
Nec te praetereat Veneri ploratus Adonis,
Cultaque |Iaucteo septima sacra Syro.

THE ART OF LOVE: I

brought Andromeda from the dusky Indians, though the Phrygian lover carried off a Grecian girl, yet Rome will give you so many maidens and so fair that, “Here,” you will say, “is all the beauty of the world.” As numerous as the crops upon Gargara, as the grape-bunches of Methymna, as the fishes that lurk within the sea, or the birds among the leaves, as many as are the stars of heaven, so many maidens doth thine own Rome contain: the mother of Aeneas still dwells in the city of her son. Are you attracted by early and still ripening years? a real maid will come before your eyes. Would you have a full-grown beauty? a thousand such will please you, and, try as you will, you know not which to choose. Or do you perchance prefer a later and staider age? still more numerous, believe me, will be their array.

Only walk leisurely beneath the Pompeian shade, when the sun draws nigh to Hercules’ shaggy lion, or where the mother has added her own gifts to her son’s, a work rich with marble coating. Nor should you avoid the Livian colonnade which, scattered o’er with ancient paintings keeps its founder’s name, or where the daughters of Belus dare to plot death for their wretched cousins, and their fierce sire stands with drawn sword. Nor let Adonis bewailed of Venus escape you, nor the seventh day that the library to his honour, and Augustus named a theatre after him.

1 Probably here the Aethiopians, though the scene is usually placed in Syria. It is implied that Andromeda is “fusca” in 3. 191. The contrast is between the toils that Perseus had to undergo and the ease of finding maids in Rome.
2 Gargara is on Mt. Ida in the Troad, and Methymna in the island of Lesbos.
3 The reference is to the Portico of Pompey, near to the theatre called after him, adorned by plane trees and fountains.
4 The Portico of Octavia, sister of Augustus, dedicated by her to the memory of her son Marcus; she also built a
THE ART OF LOVE: I

Syrian Jew holds sacred. Avoid not the Memphian shrine of the linen-clothed heifer: many a maid does she make what she was herself to Jove. Even the law-courts (who could believe it?) are suitable to love, often has its flame been found in the shrill-tongued court: where set beneath the marble shrine of Venus, the Appian nymph strikes the air with her upspringing waters, there often is the lawyer cheated by Love, and he who was careful for others is not careful for himself; often there does the glib speaker fail for words: a new case comes on and his own cause must be pleaded. Venus laughs at him from her neighbouring shrine: he who was of late an advocate would fain be a client now.

But specially do your hunting in the round theatres: more bountifully do these repay your vows. There will you find an object for passion or for dalliance, something to taste but once, or to keep, if so you wish. As crowded ants pass and repass in a long train, bearing in grain-burdened mouth their wonted food, or as bees, having gained their dells and fragrant pastures, flit o'er the blossoms and hover o'er the thyme: so hasten the smartest women to the crowded games; many a time have their numbers made my judgment falter. They come to see, they come that they may be seen: to chastity that place is fatal. Thou first, Romulus, didst disturb the games, when the rape of Sabine women consoled the widowed men.

---

1 The worship of Adonis was connected with the temple of Venus, and his festival was very popular with the courtesans of Rome; "Syrian" covers most of the near East; there were many Jews in Rome since the capture of Jerusalem by Pompey in 63 B.C.

2 Isis is often identified with Io in Latin poetry. The temple of the former stood in the Campus Martius. There was a temple of Venus Genetrix in the Forum Julium, and near it the fountain of the Aqua Appia (so called because the water was brought by the aqueduct built by the censor, Appius Claudius).
Tunc neque marmoreo pendebant vela theatro,
Nee fuerant liquido pulpita rubra croco;
Illic quas tulerant nemorosa Palatia, frondes
Simpliciter posita, scacna sine arte fuit;
In gradibus sedit populus de caespite factis,
Qualibet hirsutas fronde tegente comas.
Respiciunt, aculisque notant sibi quique pucilam
Quam velit, et tacito pectore multa movent.
Dumque, rudem praebente modum tibicine Tusco,
Ludius aequatam ter pede pulsat humum,
Rex populo praedae signa petita dedit.
Protinus exiliunt, animum elamore fatentes,
Virginibus cupidas incipientque manus.
Ut fugiunt aquilas, timidissima turba, columbae,
Utque fugit visos agna novena lupos:
Sic illae timuere viros sine more ruentes;
Constitit in nulla qui fuit ante color.
Nam timor unus erat, facies non una timoris:
Pars laniat crines, pars sine mente sedet;
Altera maesta silet, frustra vocat altera matrem:
Haec queritur, stupet haec; haec manet, illa fugit;
Ducuntur raptae, genialis praedae, puellae,
E t potuit multas ipse decere timor.
Si qua repugnarat nimium comitemque negabat,
Sublatam cupido vir tulit ipse sinu,
Atqueita “quid teneros lacrimis corrumpis ocellos?”
Quod matri pater est, hoc tibi” dixit “ero.”
Romule, militibus scisti dare commoda solus:
Hace mihi si dederis commoda, miles ero.
Scilicet ex illo sollemnia more theatra
Nunc quoque formosis insidiosa manent.

114 petita Bentley, Mailvig: petenda MSS.

No awnings then hung o'er a marble theatre, nor was the platform ruddy with crocus-spray; there, artlessly arranged, were garlands which the leafy Palatine had borne; the stage was unadorned; the people sat on steps of turf, any chance leaves covering their unkempt hair. They look about them, and each notes with his glance the woman he desires, and they brood much in their secret hearts. And while to the Tuscan flute-player's rude strains the dancer struck thrice with his foot the levelled floor, in the midst of the applause (the applause then was rough and rude) the king gave to the people the expected sign of rape. Straightway they leap forth, by their shouts betraying their eagerness, and lay lustful hand upon the maidens. As doves, most timorous of birds, flee from the eagles, and the weanling lamb when it spies the wolf, so feared they the men rushing wildly on them; in none remained her former colour. For their fear was one, but not one was the appearance of their fear: some tear their hair, some sit crazed; one is silent in dismay, one calls in vain upon her mother; this one bewails, that one is struck dumb; this one remains, that one flees. The captured women are led off, spoil for the marriage-couch, and to many their very fear had power to lend grace. If any struggled overmuch and resisted her mate, borne on his eager breast he carried her off himself, saying: “Why do you spoil those tender eyes with tears? What your sire was to your mother that will I be to you.” Ah, Romulus, thou only didst know how to bestow bounty on thy warriors; so thou but bestow such bounty upon me, I will be a warrior. And, mark you, in accord with that tradition our theatres now too are fraught with danger to the fair.
Nor let the contest of noble steeds escape you; the spacious Circus holds many opportunities. No need is there of fingers for secret speech, nor need you receive a signal by means of nods. Sit next to your lady, none will prevent you; sit side by side as close as you can; and that is easy, for the rows compel closeness, if she be unwilling, and by the rule of the place you must touch your comrade. Here seek an opening for friendly talk, and begin with words that all may hear. Mind you are zealous in asking whose horses are entering, and quick! whomsoever she favours be sure to favour too. But when the long procession of competing youths passes by applaud Queen Venus with favouring hand. And if perchance, as will happen, a speck of dust falls on your lady's lap, flick it off with your fingers; and if none fall, then flick off—none; let any pretext serve to show your attentiveness. If her cloak hangs low and trails upon the ground, gather it up and lift it carefully from the defiling earth; straightforward, a reward for your service, with the girl's permission your eyes will catch a glimpse of her ankles. Then again look round to see that whoever is sitting behind you is not pressing his knee against her tender back. Frivolous minds are won by trifles: many have found useful the deft arranging of a cushion. It has helped too to stir the air with a light fan, or to set a stool beneath a dainty foot.

Such openings will the Circus afford to a new courtship, and the melancholy sand scattered on the busy
OVID

Illa saepe puer Veneris pugnavit harena,
Et qui spectavit vulnera, vulnus habet.
Dum loquitur tangitque manum poscitque Hbellum
Et quaerit posito pignorc t vineat uter,
Saucins ingemuit telumque volatile sensit,
Et pars spectati muneris ipse fuit.

Quid, modo cum belli navalis imagine Caesar
Persidns induxit Cecropiasque rates?
Nempe ab utroque mari iuvenes, ab utroque puellae
Venere, atque ingens
orhis
in
Urbe
fuit.
Quis non invenit turba quod amaret in illa?

Ehen, quam multos advena torsit arnor!
Ecce, parat Caesar domito quod defuit orbi
Addere: nunc, oriens ultime, noster eris.
Parthe, dabis poenns: Crassi gaudete sepulti,
Signaque barbaricas non bene passa manus.

VItor
ad est, primisque duccm profitetur in annis,
Bellaque non puero traetat agenda puer.

THE ART OF LOVE: I

Forum.1 Often has Venus' Boy fought upon that sand, and he who watched the wounds has himself been wounded.2 While he is speaking and touching her hand and asking for the book, and inquiring which is winning as he lays his stake, he feels the winged barb and groans with the wound, and is himself part of the show which he is watching.

What when Caesar of late brought on Persian and Cecropian vessels under the fashion of a naval fight?3 Why, youths and maidens came from either sea: the mighty world was in our city. Who found not in that crowd some object for his passion? alas! how many did a foreign love o'erthrow!

Lo!4 Caesar is preparing to add what was lacking to the conquered world: now, farthest East, shalt thou be ours. Parthian, thou shalt pay penalty; rejoice, ye buried Crassus,5 and ye standards that shamefully endured barbarian violence. Your avenger is at hand, and, though his years be few, proclaims his captaincy, and, though a boy, handles wars that no boy should handle. Cease, timid ones, to count the birthdays of the gods; valour falls early to the lot of Caesars. Heavenly power grows more swiftly than its years, and ill brooks the penalties of slow delay. Small was the Tirynthian when in his hands he crushed two snakes, and already in his cradle he was worthy of the avenger.

1 Gladiatorial shows were sometimes given there.
2 When a gladiator had received a wound, the people would cry "habet!"
3 Augustus staged the battle of Salamis on a lake excavated for that purpose at the foot of the Janiculum, in 2 B.C.
4 A rather abrupt digression, suggested by the idea of a triumph as a suitable occasion for courtship; he only returns to this theme in l. 219; hence, while the vocative in l. 213
5 The battle of Carrhae is referred to (53 B.C.), at which Crassus and his son were slain, and the Roman standards captured by the Parthians.
6 Gaius Caesar was the young son of Agrippa and Julia, daughter of Augustus; he was just being sent out to lead a campaign against Phraates, king of the Parthians; in this war he died of a wound, and so failed to fulfil the prophecy of l. 194.
OVID

Nunc quoque qui puer es, quantus tum, Bacche, fuisti,
Cum timuit thyrsos India victa tuos?
Auspiciis animisque patris, puer, anna movebis,
Et vincas animis auspiciisque patris:
Tale rudimentum tanto sub nomine debes,
Nunc iuvenum princeps, deinde future
Cum tibi sint fratres, fratres ulciscere laesos:
Cum pater tibi sit, iura tuere patris.

Hostis ab invito regna parente rapit;
Tu pia tela feres, sceleratas ille sagittas:
Stabit pro sigois iusque piumque tuis.
Vincuntur causa Parthi:
vincantur et armis;
Eoas Latio dux meus addat opes.
Marsque pater Caesarque pater, date numen eunti:
Nam deus e vobis alter es, alter eris.

Auguror, en, vinces; votivaque carmina reddam,
Et magno nobis ore sonandus eris.
Consistes, aciemque meis hortabere verbis;
o desint animis De mea verba tuis!
Tergaque Parthorum Romanaque pectora dicam,
Telaque, ab averso quae iacit hostis.

Quis fugis ut vincas, quid victo, Parthe, relinquis?
Parthe, malum iam nunc Mars tuus omen habet.
Ergo erit illa dies, qua tu, pulcherrime rerum,
Quattuor in niveis aureus ibis equis.

THE ART OF LOVE: I

of Jove. And thou who even now art a youth, how
big then wert thou, O Bacchus, when conquered
India feared thy wands? With the auspices and
courage of thy sire shalt thou, O youth, make war,
and with the auspices and courage of thy sire shalt
thou conquer: such, bearing so great a name, should
be thy earliest exploit,3 prince now of the youth,3 but
one day of the elders; since thou hast brothers,3
avenge thy brothers’ wrongs, and since thou hast a
sire, guard the rights of thy sire. Thy father and the
father of thy country hath girded thee with arms:
an enemy snatches a realm from thy unwilling sire;
rightful weapons shalt thou bear, dastardly arrows,
hap; right and duty shall stand to defend thy cause.
The Parthians are defeated in their cause: let them
be defeated in battle also; let my prince add to
Latium the riches of the East. Father Mars and
father Caesar, vouchsafe him your presence as he
goes; for one of you is, and one will be, a god. Lo!
I prophesy: victory shall be thine, and I shall duly
pay my votive song, and owe thee loud utterance of
praise. Thou wilt stand and in my own words exhort
thy warriors; O let not my words fall short of thy
valuour. I shall tell of Parthian backs and Roman
breasts, and of the weapons which the foe shoots
from his retreating steed. Thou who dost flee to
conquer, what, O Parthian, dost thou leave the
conquered?4 Already, O Parthian, hath thy war­
fare an evil omen. Therefore that day shall dawn
whereon thou, fairest of beings, shalt ride all golden
behind four snow-white steeds. Chieftains shall go

1 i.e. being a Caesar his first essay in warfare should bring
victory.
2 A title which conferred the right to ride at the head of the
annual procession of the Equites.
3 Actually he only had one, Lucius Caesar; by the “sire”
Augustus, who had adopted them, is perhaps meant.
4 i.e. if flight is your only means of gaining victory, what
is there left to you to do when you are defeated?

190
196
200
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26
Ibunt ante duces onerati colla catenis,
Ne possint tuti, qua prius, esse fuga.
Spectabunt laeti iuvenes mixtaeque puellae,
Diffundetque animos omnibus ista dies.
Atque alia ex illis cum regum nomina quaeret,
Quae loca, qui montes, quaeve ferantur aquae,
Omnia responde, nec tantum si qua roga;
Et quaeris, ut bene nota refer.

Hic est Euphrates, praecinctus arundine frontem:
Cui coma dependet caerulea, Tigris erit.
Hos facito Armenios; haec est Danae Persis:
Urbs in Achaemenis vallibus ista fuit.

Ille vel illa, duces; et erunt quae nomina dies,
Si potes, vere, si minus, apta tam em.

Dant etiam positis aditum convivia mensis:
Est aliquid praeter vino, quod inde petas.

Saepe illa positos teneris adducta lacertis
Purpureus Bacchi cornua presit Amor:
Vinaque cum bibulas sparsere Cupidinis alas,
Permanet et capto stat gravis ille loco.

Ille quidem pennis velociter excutit udas:
Sed tamen et spargi pectus amore nocet.

Tunc veniunt risus, tum pauper cornua sumit,
Tum dolor et curae rugaque frontis abit.

Tunc aperit mentes aevos rarissima nostro
Simplicitas, artes excutiente deo.

The Art of Love: I

before thee, their necks laden with chains, lest they
be able to save themselves by the flight they used
before. Joyous youths shall look on and maidens
with them, and that day shall make all hearts o'er-
flow. And when some girl among them asks the
names of the monarchs, or what places, what
mountains, what rivers are borne along, do you
answer everything, nor only if she ask you; ay, even
if you know not, tell her as if you knew it well.

That is Euphrates, his forehead fringed with reeds; he
with the dark blue locks down-hanging will be Tigris.
These, say, are Armenians, here is Persia, sprung
from Danae;¹ that was a city in the Achaemenian
valleys. That one, or that, are chieftains; and you
will have names to give them, correct, if you can,
but if not, yet names that are fitting.

Banquets too give openings, when the tables are
set; somewhat beside wine may you find there.
Often has bright-hued Love with soft arms drawn to
him and embraced the horns of Bacchus as he there
reclined: and when wine has sprinkled Cupid's
thirsty wings, he abides and stands o'erburdened,
where he has taken his place. He indeed quickly
shakes out his dripping plumes, yet does it hurt even
to be sprinkled on the breast with love. Wine gives
courage and makes men apt for passion; care flies
and is drowned in much wine. Then laughter
comes, then even the poor find vigour,¹ then sorrow
and care and the wrinkles of the brow depart. Then
simplicity, most rare in our age, lays bare the mind,
when the god dispels all craftiness. At such time
often have women bewitched the minds of men,
and Venus in the wine has been fire in fire. Trust


¹ Through Perseus, son of Perseus and Andromeda. Ovid
seems to have some picture in mind: Cupid is coaxing Bacchus,
but the wine makes his wings wet, and he is forced to stop.
OVID

Hic tu fallaci nimium ne crede lucernae:
Judicio formae noxque merumque nocent.
Luce deas caeloque Paris spectavit aperto,
Cum dixit Veneri "vincis utramque, Venus."
Nocte latent mendae: vitioque ignoscitur omni,
Horaque formosam quamlibet illa facit.

Consule de gemmis, de tincta murice lana,
Consule de facie corporibusque diem.

Quid tibi femineos coetus venatibus aptos
Enumerem? numero cedet harena meo.
Quid referam Baias praetextaque litora Baias,
Et quae de calido sulphure fumat, aquam?
Hinc aliquis vulneris referens in pectore dixit
"Non haec, ut fama est, tunda salubris erat."

Ecce suburbanae templum nemorale Dianae
Partaque per gladios regna nocente manu:
Illa quod est virgo, quod tela Cupidinis odit,
Multa dedit populo vulnera, multa dabit.

Hactenus, unde legas quod ames, ubi retia ponas,
Practicet imparibus vecta Thalia rotis.
Nunc tibi, quae placuit, quas sit capienda per artes,
Dicere praecipuae molior artis opus.

Quisquis ubique, viri, dociles advertite mentes,
Pollicitisque favens, vulgus, adeste meis.

Prima tuae menti veniat fiducia, cunctas
Posse capi; capies, tu modo tende plagas.

Vere prius volucres taceant, aestate cicadeae,
Maenalian lepori det sua terga canis,

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THE ART OF LOVE: I

not at such a time o'ermuch to the treacherous
lamp; darkness and drink impair your judgment of
beauty. It was in heaven's light unveiled that
Paris beheld the goddesses, when he said to Venus,
"Venus, thou dost surpass the other two." By
night are blemishes hid, and every fault is forgiven:
that hour makes any woman fair. Consult the
daylight for jewels, for wool dyed in purple, consult
it too for the face and bodily form.

Why should I recount to you all the gatherings
of women, fit occasions for hunting? the sand would
yield to my counting. Why tell of Baiae and Baiae's
fringe of shore, and the water that smokes with hot
sulphur? Someone came hence with a wound in his
heart, and said: "Those waters were not, as fame
reports them, healthy." Lo! hard by the city is Dian's
woodland shrine, and the realm won by the sword
and guilty hand: because she is a maid and hates the
darts of Cupid, she has given and will give to our
people many a wound.

So far Thalia, borne upon unequal wheels, teaches
you where to select an object for your love, and where
to spread your nets. Now do I essay a task of pre‐
eminent skill, to tell you by what arts to catch her
whom you have chosen. Ye men, whoever, wherever
ye may be, attend with docile minds; and, common
folk, lend favouring presence to my enterprise.

First let assurance come to your minds, that all
women can be caught; spread but your nets and
you will catch them. Sooner would birds be silent
in spring, or grasshoppers in summer, or the hound
of Maenalus flee before the hare than a woman
his predecessor. This grove, too, was much resorted to by
lovers.

1 The shrine of Diana Nemorensis by the lake of Nemi, near
Rome, where the priest was a runaway slave who had slain

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2 i.e. of the elegiac couplet.

31
Femina quam iuveni blandé temptata repugnet:
Haec quoque, quam poteris credere nolle, volet.
Utque viro furtiva venus, sic grata puellae:
Vir male dissimulat: tectius ilia cupit.
Conveniat maribus, nequam nos ante rogemus,
Femina iam partes victa rogantis agat.
Mollibus in pratis admugit femina tauro:
Femina cornipedi semper adhinnit equo.
Parciar in nobis nec tam furiosa libido:
Legitimum finem flamma virilis habet.

Byblida quid referam, vetito quae fratris amore
Arsit et est laqueo fortiter ulta nefas?
Myrrha patrem, sed non qua filia debet, amavit,
Et nunc obducto cortice pressa latet:
Illius lacrimis, quas arbore fundit odoras,
Unguimur, et dominae nomina gutta tenet.

Forte sub umbrosis nemorosae vallibus lidae
Candidus, alimenti gloria, taurus erat,
Signatus tenui inter cornua nigro:
Una fuit labes, cetera lactis erant.
IlIum Gnosiadesque Cydoneaeque iuvencae
Optarunt tergo sustinuisse suoe.
Pasiphae fieri gaudebat adultera tauri;
Invida formosas oderat illa boves.
Nota cano: non hoc, centum quae sustinet urbes,
Quamvis sit mendax, Creta negare potest.

It comes armentis, nec ituram cura moratur
Coniugis, et Minos a bove victus erat.

1 Caunus, for whom see Metamorphoses, 9. 453.
2 Crete had a bad reputation in the ancient world for lying;
Quo tibi, Pasiphaë, pretiosas sumere vestes?

Ille tuus nullas sentit adulter opes.

Quid tibi cum speculo, montana armenta petenti?

Quid totiens postas fingis, inepta, comas?

Crede tamen speculo, quod te negat esse iuvencam.

Quam cuperes fronti cornua natae tuae!

Sive placet Minos, nullus quaeratur adulter:

Sive virum mavis fallere, falle viro!

In nemus et saltus thalamo regina relictó

Fertur, ut Aonio concita Baceh deo.

A, quotiens vaccaro spectavit iniquo,

Et dixit "domino cur placet ista mea?"

Aspice, ut ante ipsum teneris exultet in herbis:

Nee dubito, quin se stulta decere putet."

Dixit, et ingenti iamdudum de grege duci

Iussit et inmeritam sub iuga curva trahi,

Ant cadere ante aras commentaque sacra coegit,

Et tenuit laeta paelicis exta manu.

Paelicibus quotiens placavit numina caesis,

Atque ait, exta tenens "ite, placete mea!"

Et modo se Europen fieri, modo postulat Io,

Altera quod bos est, altera vecta bove.

Hanc tamen implevit, vacca deceptus acerna,

Dux gregis, et partu proditus auctor erato

Cressa Thyesteo si se abstinuisset amore,

(At quantum est, uni posse placere viro!)

Non medium rupisset iter, curruque retorto

Auroram versis Phoebus adisset equis.

Filia purpureos Niso furata capillos

Pube premit rabidos inguinibusque canes.

1. Aerope, wife of Atreus, brother of Thyestes. The crimes that followed her adultery made the sun hide his face from Mycenae.

2. Scylla: who is here confused with the monster of that name, as also by Virgil, Æl. vi. 74.

Pasiphaë, to wear thy purple gowns? that lover of thine reeks not of any splendour. What dost thou with a mirror, seeking the herds upon the mountains? Why so oft, foolish one, dost thou dress thy braided hair? Nay, believe thy mirror when it tells thee thou art no heifer. How hadst thou wished that horns grew on thy brow! If 'tis Minos pleases thee, seek no adulterer; or if thou wilt deceive thy man, with a man deceive him! Leaving her bower the queen hies her to the woods and glens, like a Bacchanal sped by the Aonian god. Ah, how oft did she look askance upon a cow, and say, "Why does she find favour with my lord?" See how she sports before him on the tender grass: nor doubt I but the foolish thing imagines she is comely." She spoke, and straightway ordered her to be taken from the mighty herd, and undeserving to be dragged beneath the curving yoke, or forced her to fall before the altar in a feigned sacrifice, and held in exultant hands her rival's entrails. How oft with her rivals' bodies did she appease the gods, and say, as she held their entrails, "Now go and find favour with my lord!" And now she craves to be Europa and now to be Io, for the one was a cow, and the other was borne by a cow's mate. Her none the less did the leader of the herd make pregnant, deceived by a cow of maple-wood, and by her offspring was the sire betrayed. Had the Cretan woman 1 abstained from love for Thyestes (how great a boon to be able to please one man alone!), Phoebus had not broken off in mid-career, and wrestling his car about turned round his steeds to face the dawn. From Nisus his daughter 2 stole the purple hairs, and now holds raving hounds within her womb and loins. The son of
OVID

Qui Martem terra, Neptunum effugit in undis,
Coniugis Atrides victima dira fuit.
Cui non defleta est Ephyracea flamma Creusiæ,
   Et nece natorum sanguinolenta parens?
Flevit Amyntorides per inania lumina Phoenix:
Hippolytum pavidi diripuistis equi,
Quid fodis inmeritis, Phineu, sua lumina natis?
   Pocna reversura est in caput ista tuum.
Omnia feminæ sunt ista libidine mota;
Acrier est nostra, plusque furoris habet.
Ergo age, ne dubita
CUllctas sperare puellas
Vix erit e multis quae neget una tibi.
Quae dant quaeque negant, gaudent tamen esse rogatae:
   Ut iam fallaris, tuta repulsa tua est.
Sed cur fallaris, cum sit nova grata voluptas
   Et capiant animos plus aliena suis?
Fertilior seges est alienis semper in agris,
Vicinumque pecus grandius uber habet.
Sed prius ancillam captandae nosse puellæ
   Cura sit: accessus molliet illa tuos.
Proxima consiliis dominae sit ut illa, videto,
Neve parum tacitis conseia fida iocis.
I-Jane tu pollicitis, hanc tu corrumpe rogando:
   Quod petis, ex faeili, si volet illa, feres.
IlIa leget tempus (medici quoque tempora servant)
   Quo facilis dominae mens sit et apta capi.
Mens erit apta capi tum, cum laetissima rerum
   Ut seges in pingui luxuriabit homo.
Pectora dum gaudent nec sunt adstricta dolore,
   Ipsa patent, blanda tum subit arte Venus.

THE ART OF LOVE: I

Atreus, who escaped Mars on land and Neptune on
the deep, was the dire victim of his wife. Who has
not bewailed the flames of Creusa of Ephyræ, and the
mother stained with her children's blood? Phoenix,
son of Amyntor, shed tears from empty eyes; ye
frightened horses, ye tore Hippolytus in pieces.
Why piercest thou, O Phineus, the eyes of thine
innocent sons? upon thine own head will the
punishment fall. All those crimes were prompted by
women's lust; keener is it than ours, and has more
of madness. Come then, doubt not that you may
win all women; scarce one out of many will there
be to say you nay. And, grant they or deny, yet
are they pleased to have been asked; suppose, say, you
are mistaken, your rejection brings no danger. But
why should you be mistaken, since 'tis new delights
that win welcome, and what is not ours charms more
than our own? In fields not ours the crops are ever
more bounteous, and the neighbouring herd has
richer udders.

But take care first to know the handmaid
of the woman you would win; she will make your approach
easy. See that she be nearest the counsels of her
mistress, and one who may be trusted with the
secret of your stolen sport. Corrupt her with
promises, corrupt her with prayers; if she be willing,
you will gain your end with ease. She will choose
a time (physicians also observe times) when her
mistress is in an easy mood and apt for winning.
Then will her mind be apt for winning when in the
fulness of joy she grows wanton like the corn crop in a
rich soil. When hearts are glad, and not fast bound
by grief, then do they lie open, and Venus steals in

1 They were falsely accused to Phineus by their stepmother Idæa.
2 Cf. Amores, 1. 11, 2. 8.

36
Tum, cum tristis erat, defensa est Ilios armis: 
Militibus gravidum laeta recepit equum. 
Tum quoque temptanda est, cum paehce laesa 
dolebit: 
Tum facies opera, ne sit inulta, tua. 
Hanc matutinos pectens ancilla capillos 
Incitet, et velo remigis addat opem, 
Et secum tenui suspirans murmure dieat 
"At, puto, non poteris ipsa referre vicem." 
Tum de te narret, tum persuadentia verba 
Addat, et insano iuret amore mori. 
Sed propera, ne vela cadant auraeque residant: 
Ut fragilis glacies, interit ira mora. 
Quaeris, an hane ipsam prosit violare minisham? 
Talis admissis alea grandis inest. 
Haec a concubitu fit sedula, tardior illa; 
Haec dominae munus te parat, ilia 
Casus in eventu est: Heet hie indulgeat ausis, 
Consilium tamen est abstinuisse meum. 
Non ego per praeceps et acuta cacumina 
vadim, 
Nec iuvenum quisquam me duce captus erlt. 
Si tamen illa tibi, dum dat recipitque tabeUas, 
Corpore, non tantum sedulitate placet, 
Fac domina potiare prius, comes illa sequatur: 
Non domus est incipienda venus. 
Non tibi ab ancilla est incipianda venus. 
Hoe unum moneo, siquid modo creditur arti, 
Nec mea dicta rapax per mare ventus agit: 
Aut non temptaris, aut perisse; tollitur index, 
Cum semel in partem criminis ipsa venit. 
Non avis utiliter viscatis effugit alis; 
Non bene de laxis cassibus exit aper. 

370 at Lachmann: ut RO: poteris O: poteras R. 
373 auraeque Heinius: iuaeque MSS. 
380 non temptaris Heinusius: non temptasses O: non quam temptas R.

THE ART OF LOVE: I

with persuasive art. Ilios, when sad, was defended by its hosts; rejoicing, it received the warrior-burdened horse. Then too may she be tried, when she grieves beneath a rival's smart; see then that by your efforts she lack not vengeance. Let her maid incite her, as she combs her tresses in the morning, and add the help of an oarsman to the sail, and let her say, sighing softly to herself, "But, methinks, you will not be able to pay him back yourself." Then let her speak of you, then add persuasive words, and swear that you are dying of frantic love. But be speedy, lest the sails sink and the breezes fail; like brittle ice, so perishes anger by delaying. You will ask, whether it profits to seduce the maid herself; such an enterprise involves much hazard. An intrigue makes one more eager, another more sluggish; this one wins you for her mistress, that one for herself. It may turn out well or ill; though the issue favour the hazard, yet my counsel is, abstain. I am not the man to go by precipitous paths and rocky heights; no youth under my leadership will be captured. Yet while she gives and takes your letters, should her figure and her services alone find favour, see that you gain the mistress first, and let the servant follow: do not begin your wooing with the maid. This only do I urge (if you but trust my art, and the rapacious breeze blows not my words across the sea): either make no venture or be successful; the informer vanishes when once she shares the guilt. The bird cannot make good its escape when once its wings are limed; the boar issues not easily from the

1 i.e. your husband has been unfaithful; what a pity you could not pay him back in his own coin!
entangling nets. Let the fish be held that is wounded from seizing the hook; once you assail her, press the attack, nor depart unless victorious. Then, sharing a common guilt, she will not betray you, you will know her mistress' words and deeds. But keep her secret well; if the informer's secret be well kept, she will always gladly foster your intimacy.

He errs who thinks that seasons are to be marked by sailors only, and by those who till the toilsome fields; not always must the corn be entrusted to the treacherous fields, nor always the hollow bark to the green main, nor always is it safe to angle for young girls; the same thing often goes better at the appointed season. Whether it is her birthday, or the Kalends which delight to join Venus to Mars, or whether the Circus is adorned not, as before, by images, but holds the wealth of kings displayed, put off your attempt: the storm is lowering then, and the Pleiads threaten, the tender Kid is merged in the watery waves: then it is wise to stop; then, if any entrusts him to the deep, scarce has he saved his torn bark's shattered wreck.

You may begin on the day on which woeful Allia flows stained with the blood of Latian wounds, or on that day, less fit for business, whereon returns the seventh-day feast that the Syrian of Palestine observes. But hold in awful dread your lady's birthday; let that be a black day whereon a present must be given. Shun it as you there was probably a display of gifts for sale in the Circus Maximus; when there was an unusually costly display, and not the usual show of trivialities ("sigilla," the lover would be well advised to keep away. On the other hand, he may make an appearance when the shops are shut on the "dies nefasti" (II. 413-6), and there can be no idea of buying.  

1 Do not press your suit on days when it is customary to give presents; too much will be expected of you. Such days were birthdays, April 1st, which was the feast of Venus, and therefore a festival popular with the demi-mondaine, though we are not told elsewhere that it was a day for presents (the more usual interpretation is March 1st, the feast of the Matronalia, when gifts were certainly given), and the days referred to in II. 407-8 which, according to Brandt, are those of the Saturnalia, when
OVID

Cum bene vitaris, tamen auferet; invent artem
Femina, qua cupidi carpat amantis opes.

Institor ad dominam veniet discinctus emacem,
Expediet merces teque sedente suas:
Quas illa, inspicias, sapere ut videare, rogabit:
Oscula deinde dabat; deinde rogabat, emas.
Hoc fore contentam multos iurabit in annos,
Nunc opus esse sibi, nunc bene dicet emi.

Si non esse domi, quos des, causabere nummos,
Littera poscetur—ne didicisse invet.

Quid, quasi natali cum poscit munera Hbo,
Et quotiens opus est, nascitur illa sibi?
Quid, cum mendaci damno maestissima plorat,
Elapsusque cava linguit aure lapis?

Cera vadum temptet, rasis infusa tabellis:
Cera tuae primum nuntia mentis eat.

Blanditias ferat illa tuas imitataque amantum
Verba; nee exigus, quisquis es, ade deces.

Hectora donavit Priamo prece motus Achilles;
Flectitur iratus voce rogante deus.

Promittas facito: quid enim promittere laedit?
Pollicitis dives quilibet esse potest.

Spes tenet in tempus, semel est si credita, longum:
Illa quidem fallax, sed tamen apta dea est.

Si dederis aliquid, poteris ratione relinquui:
Practe trium tulerit, perdideritque nihil.

438 nuntia C; consult MSS.

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THE ART OF LOVE: I

may, yet she will carry off the spoil; a woman
knows the way to fleece an eager lover of his wealth.
A lewd pedlar will come to your mistress when in
buying mood, and will spread his wares before her,
while you sit in misery; and she, that you may fancy
yourself a judge, will ask you to inspect them; then
she will kiss you; then she will ask you to buy. She
will swear that this will satisfy her for many a long
year, that she needs it now, that now is a good
time to buy it. If you make excuse that you have
not the cash at home she will ask for a note of hand
—lest you should be glad you ever learned to write.
What, when she claims a gift to buy, as she says,
A birthday cake, and has a birthday as often as she
requires? What when she weeps for a feigned loss
in deepest sorrow, and pretends a jewel has slipped
from the shell of her ear? Many things do they
beg to borrow, but, once borrowed, they will not give
them back: you have lost them, but gain no credit
for your loss. Ten mouths and as many tongues
would not suffice me to tell the unholy ruses of the
fair.

Let wax, spread on smooth tablets, attempt the
crossing; let wax go first to show your mind. Let
that carry your flatteries and words that play the
lover; and, whoever you are, add earnest entreaties.
Entreaty moved Achilles to give Hector back to
Priam; a god when angry is moved by the voice of
prayer. See that you promise: what harm is there
in promises? In promises anyone can be rich. Hope,
once conceived, endures for long; a treacherous
goddess is she, but a timely one. Once you have
given, you may be abandoned with good reason: your
gift is gone, she will have taken it and lost nothing her-
At quod non dederis, semper videare daturus:
Sic dominum sterilis saepe fefellit ager:
Hoc opus, hie labor est, primo sine munere iungi
Ergo cat et blandis peraretur littera verbis.
Littera Cydippen pomo perlata fefellit,
Insciaque est verbis capta puella suis.

Disce bonas artes, moneo, Romana iuventus,
Non tantum trepidos ut tueare reos;
Quam populus indexque gravis lectusque senatus,
Sed lateant vires, nec sis in fronte disertus;
Quis, nisi mentis inops, tenerae declamat amicae?
Saepe valens odii littera causa fuit.
Sit tibi credibilis sermo consuetaque verba,
Blanda tamen, praesens ut videare loqui.
Si non accipiet scriptum, inlecturnque rernittet,
Tempore difficiles veniunt ad aratra iuvenci,
Tempore lenta pati frena docentur equi:
Ferreus adsiduo consumitur anulus usu,
Interit adsidua vomer aduneus humo.
Quid magis est saxo durum, quid mollius unda?
Dura tamen mollis saxa cavantur aqua.
Penelope ipsam, persta modo, tempore vinces:
Capta vides sero Pergama, capta tamen.

1 He is quoting from Virgil, Aen. vi. 129.
2 Acontius, her lover, wrote on an apple, "I swear by Diana
3 i.e. if written in declamatory style.
Legerit, et nolit rescribere? cogere noli:  
Tu modo blanditias fac legat usque tuas.  
Quae voluit legisse, volet rescribisse lectis:  
Per numeros venient ista gradusque suos.  
Forsitan et primo veniet tibi littera tristis,  
Quaeque roget, ne se sollicitare velis.  
Quod rogat illa, timet; quod non rogat, optat, ut instes;  
Insequere, et voti postmodo compos eris.  

Interea sive illa toro resupina feretur,  
Lecticam dominae dissimulanter adi,  
Neve alius verbis odiosas offerat auris,  
Quam potes ambiguis callidus abde notis.  
Seu pedibus vacuis illi spatiosa teretu!  
Porticus, hie socias tu quoque iunge moras:  
Et modo-praecedas facito, modo terga sequaris,  
Et modo festines, et modo lentus eas:  
Nee tibi de mediis aliquot transire columnas  
Sit pudor, aut lateri continuasse latus;  
Nee sine te curvo sedeat speciosa theatro:  
Quod spectes, umeris adferet illa suis.  
Illam respicias, illam mirere licebit:  
Multa supercilio, multa loquare notis.  
Et plaudas, aliquam mimo saltante puellam:  
Et faveas illi, quisquis agatur amans.  
Cum surgit, surges; donee sedet illa, sedebis;  
Arbitrio dominac tempora perde tuae.  

Sed tibi nec ferro placeat torquere capillos,  
Nec tua mordaci pumice crura teras.  
Ista iube faciant, quorum Cybeleia mater  
Concinetur Phrygiis exululata modis.  
Forma viros neglecta decet; Minoida Theseus  
Abstulit, a nulla tempora comptus acu.

read, but will not write back: compel her: not; only see 
that she is ever reading your flatteries. She who has 
consented to read will consent to answer what she 
has read; that will come by its own stages and 
degrees. Perhaps even an angry letter will first 
come to you, asking you to be pleased not to vex 
her. What she asks, she fears; what she does not 
ask, she desires—that you will continue; press on, 
then, and soon you will have gained your wish. 

Meanwhile, whether she be borne reclining on her 
cushions, approach your mistress' litter in dissem­ 
bling fashion, and lest someone intrude hateful ears 
to your words; hide them, so far as you may, in 
cunning ambiguities; or whether the spacious 
colonnade be trodden by her leisurely feet, do you 
also make friendly dalliance there; and contrive now 
to go before her, now to follow behind, now hurry, 
now go slowly. Neither hesitate to slip past some 
of the columns that part you, nor to join your side 
to hers; nor let her sit in the round theatre, her fair 
looks by you unheeded: something worth looking at 
she will bring on her shoulders. On her you may 
turn your looks, her you may admire: much let your 
eyebrows, much let your gestures say. Applaud when 
an actor portrays some woman in his dance, and favour 
whoever be the lover that is played. When she 
rises you will rise; while she sits you will sit too; 
waste time at your mistress' will. 

But take no pleasure in curling your hair with the 
iron, or in scraping your legs with biting pumice- 
stone. Bid them do that by whom mother Cybele is 
sung in howling chorus of Phrygian measures. An 
uncared-for beauty is becoming to men; Theseus 
carried off Minos' daughter, though no clasp decked
OVID

Hippolytum Phaedra, nec erat bene cultus, amavit;
Cura deae silvis aptus Adonis erat.

Munditie placeant, fuscunt corpora Campo :
Sit bene conveniens et sine labe toga :
Lingula ne ruget, careant rubigine dentes, 515
Nec vagus in laxa pes tibi pelle natet :
Nec male deformet rigidos tonsura capillos :
Sit coma, sit docta barba resecta manu.

Et nihil eminat, et sint sine sordibus ungues :
Inque cava nullus stet tibi nare pilus. 520
Nec male odorati sit tristis anhelitus oris :
Nee laedat naris virque paterque gregis.

Cetera lascivae faciant, concede, Phaedra,
Et siquis male vir quaerit habere virum.

Ecce, suum vatam Liber vocat; hic quoque amantes
Adiuvat, et flamiae, qua calet ipse, favet. 526

Gnosis in ignotis amens errabat harenis,
Qua brevis aequoreis Dia feritur aquis.

Utque erat e somno tunica velata recincta,
Nuda pedem, croceas inreligata comas,
Thesea crudelem surdas clamabat ad undas,
Indigno teneras imbre gennit genas.

Clamabat, flebatque simul, sed utrumque decebat;
Non facta est lacrimis turpior ilia suis.

Iamque iterum tundens mollissima pectora palmis 535
"Perfidus ille abiit; quid mihi fit?" ait.
"Quid mihi fit?" ait: sonuerunt cymbal a toto
Littore, et adtonita tympana pulsa manu.

513 munditie R: munditiae MSS.
515 lingula ne ruget Palmer (cf. iii. 444): lingua ne rigeat R (linguam O); linguam ne rigidet Housman.
518 docta Merkel (from a MS); tuta RO: soita Heinssius; trita Housman.

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his temples. Phaedra loved Hippolytus, not yet was he a dandy; Adonis, born to the woodland, was a goddess's care. Let your person please by cleanliness, and be made swarthy by the Campus; let your toga fit, and be spotless; do not let your shoe-strap be wrinkled; let your teeth be clear of rust, and your foot not float about, lost in too large a shoe; nor let your stubborn locks be spoilt by bad cutting; let hair and beard be dressed by a skilled hand. Do not let your nails project, and let them be free of dirt; nor let any hair be in the hollow of your nostrils. Let not the breath of your mouth be sour and unpleasing, nor let the lord and master of the herd offend the nose. All else let wanton women practise, and such men as basely seek to please a man.

Lo! Liber summons his bard; he too helps lovers, and favours the flame wherewith he burns himself. The Gnosian maid wandered distractedly on the unknown sand, where little Dia is lashed by the sea waves. Just as she came from sleep, clad in an ungirt tunic, barefoot, with yellow hair unbound, she cried upon Theseus over the dead waters, while an innocent shower bedewed her tender cheeks. She clamoured and wept together, but both became her; nor was she made less comely by her tears. Again she beats her soft bosom with her hands, and cries, "He is gone, the faithless one; what will become of me?" "What will become of me?" she cries; then o'er all the shore cymbals resounded and drums beaten by frenzied hands.

1 Ariadne was the daughter of Minos, King of Crete; Dia was the old name of the island of Naxos.
Excidit illa metu, rupitque novissima verba;
  Nullus in examini corpore sanguis erat.

Ecce Mimallonides sparsis in terga capillis:
  Ecce leves satyri, praevia turba dei:

Dum sequitur Bacchas, Bacchae fugiuntque petuntque
  Quadrupedem ferula dum malus urget eques,

In caput aurito cecidit delapsus asello:

Clamarunt satyri "surge age, surge, pater."

iam deus in curru, quem summum texerat uvis,
  Tigribus adiunctis aurca lora dahat:

Et color et Theseus et vox abiere puellae:

Horruit, ut sterilcs agitat quis ventus aristas,
  Ut levis in madida canna palude tremit.

Cui deus "en, adsum tibi cura fidelior" inquit:

"Pone metum: Bacchi, Gnosias, uxor eris.

Munus habe caelum j caelo spectabere sidus
  Saepe reget dubiam Cressa Corona ratem."

Dixit, et e curru, ne tigres illa timeret,

Desilit; inposito cessit harena pede:

Implicitamque sinu (neque enim pugnare valebat)

Abstulit; in faclli est omnia posse deo.

Pars II Hymenaee" canunt, pars clamant Ruhion

Sic coeunt sacro nupta deusque toro.

Ergo ubi contigerint positi tibi munera Bacchi,
  Atque erit in socii femina parte tori,

Nycteliumque patrem nocturnaque sacra precare,
  Ne iubeant capiti vina nocere tuo.

544 ante Merkel: arte MSS.

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1 The name in the text, more commonly Mimallonel:l, was the Macedonian name for them.

2 The epithet of Bacchus derived from the cry of the Bacchanals.

3 i.e. god of nocturnal rites and orgies.
Hic tibi multa licet sermone latentia tecto
Dicere, quae dici sentiat illa sibi:
Blanditasque leves tenui perscribere
Ut dominam in mensa se legat illa tuam:
Atque oculos oculis spectare fatentibus ignem:
Saepe tacens vocem verbaque vultus habet.
Fac primus rapias illius tacta labellis
Pocula, quaque bibit parte puella, bibas:
Et quemcumque cibum digitis libaverit ilia,
Sint etiam tua vota, viro placuisse puellae:
Utiliar vobis factus amicus eft. 580
Huic, si sorte bibes, sortem concede priorem:
Sive erit inferior, seu par, prior omnia sumat:
Nee dubites illi verba secunda loqui.
Tuta frequensque via est, per amici fallere nomen:
Inde procurator nimium quoque multa procurat,
Certetibi a nobis dabitus mensura bibendi:
Officia praestent mensque pedesque suum.
Iurgia praecipue vino stimulata caveto,
Et nium facies ad fea bella manus.
Occidit Eurytion stulte data vina bibendo;
Aptior est dulci mensa merumque loco.

1 The order of drinking was often decided by lot; it is not clear whether the husband is to be given the first turn as a compliment, or to be allowed to throw first. Or it may refer to the choosing by lot of a master of the banquet, the "arbiter bibendi."

2 This awkward couplet seems to mean that as a friend may abuse friendship, so the husband’s steward or manager may take to “looking after” his wife.

you have a voice; if your arms are lithe, dance; please by whatever gifts you can. As real drunkenness does harm, so will feigned bring profit: make your crafty tongue stumble in stammering talk, so that, whatever you do or say more freely than you should, may be put down to too much wine. And “Here’s luck,” say, “to the lady,” and “Luck to him who sleeps with her!”: but in your silent soul let the prayer be “Deuce take the husband.” But when the tables are removed and the company depart, and the crowd itself gives you chance of access, join the crowd, and gently drawing nigh to her as she goes pull her sleeve with your fingers, and let your foot touch hers. Now is the time for talk with her; away with you, rustic shame! Chance and Venus help the brave. Let not your eloquence submit to our poets’ laws; see but that you make a start: your eloquence will come of itself. You must play the lover, and counterfeit heartache with words: her belief in that you must win by any device. Not is it hard to be believed: each woman thinks herself lovable; hideous though she be, there is none her own looks do not please. Yet often the pretender begins to love truly after all, and often becomes what he has feigned to be. Therefore, you women, be more compliant to pretenders; one day will the love be true which but now was false. Now be the time to ensnare the mind with crafty flatteries, as the water undermines an overhanging bank. Nor be weary of praising her looks, her hair, her shapely fingers, her small foot: even honest maids love to hear their charms extolled; even to the chaste their beauty is a care and a delight. For why even now are Juno and Pallas ashamed that they won not the judgment in the Phrygian woods? When you
praise her the bird of Juno displays her plumes: should you gaze in silence she hides away her wealth. Even steeds, amid the contests of the rapid course, delight to have their manes combed and their necks patted.

Nor be timid in your promises; by promises women are betrayed; call as witnesses what gods you please. Jupiter from on high smiles at the perjuries of lovers, and bids the winds of Aeolus carry them unfulfilled away. Jupiter was wont to swear falsely by Styx to Juno; now he favours his own example. It is expedient there should be gods, and as it is expedient let us deem that gods exist; let incense and wine be poured on the ancient hearths; nor does careless quiet like unto slumber hold them; live innocently, gods are nigh; return what is given to your keeping; let duty keep her covenant; let fraud be absent; keep your hands clean of blood. If you are wise, cheat women only, and avoid trouble; keep faith save for this one deceitfulness. Deceive the deceivers; they are mostly an unrighteous sort; let them fall into the snare which they have laid.

Egypt is said to have lacked the rains that bless its fields, and to have been parched for nine years, when Thrasius approached Busiris, and showed that Jove could be propitiated by the outpoured blood of a stranger. To him said Busiris, "Thou shalt be Jove's first victim, and as a stranger give water unto Egypt." Phalaris too roasted in his fierce bull the limbs of Perillus; its maker first made trial of his ill-omened work. Both were just; for there is no juster law than that contrivers of death should perish by their own contrivances. Therefore, that perjuries may rightly cheat the perfused, let the woman feel the smart of a wound she first inflicted.
Tears too are useful; with tears you can move iron; let her see, if possible, your moistened cheeks. If tears fail (for they do not always come at need), touch your eyes with a wet hand. Who that is wise would not mingle kisses with coaxing words? Though she give them not, yet take the kisses she does not give. Perhaps she will struggle at first, and cry "You villain!" yet she will wish to be beaten in the struggle. Only beware lest snatching them rudely you hurt her tender lips, and she be able to complain of your roughness. He who has taken kisses, if he take not the rest beside, will deserve to lose even what was granted. After kisses how much was lacking to your vow's fulfilment? ah! that was awkwardness, not modesty. You may use force; women like you to use it; they often wish to give unwillingly what they like to give. She whom a sudden assault has taken by storm is pleased, and counts the audacity as a compliment. But she who, when she might have been compelled, departs untouched, though her looks feign joy, will yet be sad. Phoebe suffered violence, violence was used against her sister: each ravisher found favour with the ravished. Well-known, yet not undeserving of mention, is the tale of the Scyrian maid and her Haemonian lover. Already had the goddess given her own reward for her beauty's praising, she who won triumph o'er the twain 'neath Ida's mount; already from distant lands his daughter-in-law had come to Priam, and a Grecian wife was within the walls of Troy; all were swearing allegiance to the injured spouse, for the grief of one became the

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1 Phoebe and Hilaira, daughters of Leucippus, were ravished by Castor and Pollux; see Ov. Fasti, 5. 699.
2 The maid is Deidamia and the lover Achilles. Lines 688-689 describe when the story happened, viz. after the carrying off of Helen, who is the "gift" (sua praemia) that Venus bestows on Paris.
OVID

Turpe, nisi hoc matris precibus tribuisset, Achilles
Veste virum longa dissimulatus erat. 690
Quid facis, Aeacide? non sunt tua munera lanae;
Tu titulos alia Palladis arte petas.
Quid tibi cum calathis? clipeo manus apta ferendo est:
Pensa quid in dextra, qua cadet Hector, habes?
Reçee succinctos operoso stamine fusos!
Quassanda est ista PeHais hasta mann.
Forte erat in thalamo virgo regalis eodem;
Haece illum stupro comperit esse virum.
Viribus illa quidem vieta est, ita credere oportet:
Sed voluit vincui viribus illa tamen.
Saepe "mane!" dixit, cum iam properaret Achilles;
Fortia nam posito sumperat arma colo.
Vis ubi nunc illa est? Quid blandas comiter ilIa preees.
Ut potiare, roga: tantum cupit ilIa rogari;
Da eausam voti principiumque tua.
Iuppiter ad veteres supplix heroidas ibat:
Corrupit magnum nulla puella Iovem.
Si tamen a precibus tumidos accedere fastus
Senseris, incepto parce referque pedem.
Quod refugit, multae cupiunt: odere quod instat;
Lenius instando 'taedia tolle tui.
Nec semper veneris spes est prohibenda roganti:
Intret amicitiae nomine tectus amor.

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people’s cause. Basely, had he not so far yielded to his mother’s prayers, Achilles had disguised his manhood in a woman’s robe. What dost thou, Aeacides? wools are not thy business; by another art of Pallas do thou seek fame. What hast thou to do with baskets? thy arm is fitted to bear a shield. Why holdest thou a skein in the hand by which Hector shall die? Cast away the spindle girt about with toilsome windings! That hand must shake the Pelian spear. It chanced that in the same chamber was the royal maid; by her rape she found him to be a man. By force indeed was she vanquished, so one must believe; yet by force did she wish to be vanquished all the same. Often cried she, “Stay,” when already Achilles was hasting from her; for, the distaff put away, he had taken valiant arms. Where is that violence now? Why with coaxing words, Deidamia, dost thou make to tarry the author of thy rape? In truth, just as there is shame sometimes in beginning first, so when another begins it is pleasant to submit. Ah, too confident in his own charms is a lover, if he wait until she ask him first. Let the man take the first step, let the man speak entreating words; she will listen kindly to coaxing entreaties. That you may gain her, ask: she only wishes to be asked; provide the cause and starting-point of your desire. Jupiter went a suppliant to the heroines of old: no woman seduced the mighty Jove. Yet if you find that your prayers cause swollen pride, stop what you have begun, draw back a pace. Many women desire what flees them; they hate what is too forward; moderate your advance, and save them from getting tired of you. Nor must the hope of possession be always proclaimed in your entreaties; let love find entrance veiled in friendship’s
Hoc aditu vidi tetricae data verba puellae:
Qui fuerat cultor, factus amator erat.

Candidus in nauta turpis color, aequoris unda
Debet et a radiis sideris esse niger:
Turpis et agricolae, qui vomere semper adunco
Et gravibus rastris sub love versat humum.
Et tibi, Palladiae petitur cui palma coronae,
Candida si fuerint corpora, turpis cris.
Palleat omnis amans: hic est color aptus amanti;
Hoc decet, hoc stulti non valuisse putent.

Pallidus in Dirces silvis errabat Orion,
Pallidus in lenta naide Daphnis erat.
Arguat et macies animum: nec turpe putaris
Palliolum nitidis inposuisse comis.
Attenuant iuvenum vigilatet corpora noctes
Curaque et e magna qui fit amore dolor.
Ut voto potiare tuo, miserabilis esto,
Ut qui te videat, dicere possit "amas."

Conquerar, an moncam mixtum fas omne nefasque?
Nomen amicitia est, nomen inane fides.

Ei mihi, non tutum est, quod ames, laudare sodali
Cum tibi laudanti credidit, ipse subit.

At non Actorides lectum temeravit Achillis:
Quantum ad Pirithoun, Phaedra pudica fuit.
Hermionam Pylades quo Pallada Phoebus, amabat,
Quodque tibi geminus, Tyndari, Castor, erat.
Siquis idem sperat, iacturas poma myricas
Speret, et e medio flumine meloa petat.

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name. I have seen an unwilling mistress deluded by
this approach; he who had been an admirer became a
lover.

White is a shameful colour in a sailor; swarthy
should he be, both from the sea-waves and from
heaven's beams; shameful too in a husbandman,
who ever beneath the sky turns up the ground with
curved ploughshare and heavy harrows. Thou too
who seekest the prize of Pallas' garland 1 art shaded
if thy body be white. But let every lover be pale;
this is the lover's hue. Such looks become him;
let fools think that such looks avail not. Pale
did Orion wander in Dirce's glades, pale was Daphnis
when the naiad proved unkind. Let leanness
also prove your feelings; nor deem it base to set
a hood on your bright locks. Nights of vigil make
thin the bodies of lovers, and anxiety and the
distress that a great passion brings. That you may
gain your desire be pitiable, so that whoso sees you
may say, "You are in love." Shall I complain, or
warn you, that right and wrong are all confounded?
Friendship is but a name, faith is an empty name.
Alas, it is not safe to praise to a friend the object of
your love; so soon as he believes your praises, he slips
into your place. But, you will say, the son of Actor
stained not Achilles' couch, and as concerned Pirit­
thous, Phaedia was chaste. Pylades loved Hermione
as Phoebus Pallas, and as twin Castor was to thee,
O Tyndaris. If anyone has this hope, let him hope
that tamarisks will drop apples, let him seek honey
in the middle of a river. Naught pleases but what

1 i.e. the athlete, who contended for a crown of olive
in the games.
2 Patroclus, grandson of Actor. Hermione was the wife of
Oresteus, the friend of Pylades.
Nil nisi turpe iuvat: curae sua cuique voluptas:
Haece quoque ab alterius grata dolore venit.
Heu facinus! non est hostis metuendus amanti;
Quos credis fidos, effuge, tutus eris.
Cognatum fratremque cave carunque sodalem:
Praebebit vero haec tibi turba metus.

Finiturus eram, sed sunt diversa puellis
Pectora: mille animos excipe mille modis.
Nec tellus eadem parit omnia; vitibus illa
Convenit, haece oleis; hac bene farra virent.
Pectoribus mores tot sunt, quot in orbe figurae;
Qui sapit, innumeris moribus aptus erit,
Utque leves Proteus modo se tenuabit in undas,
Nunc leo, nunc arbor, nunc erit hirtus aper.
Hic iaculo pisces, illa capiuntur ab hamis:
Hic cava contento retia fune trahunt.
Nec tibi conveniet cunctos modus unus ad annos:
Longius insidias cerva videbit anus.
Si doctus videare rudi, petulansve pudenti,
Difffet miserae protinus illa sibi.
Inde fit, ut quae se timuit committere honesto,
Vilis ad amplexus inferioris eat.
Pars superat coepti, pars est exhausta laboris.
Hic teneat nostras ancora iacta rates.

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is shameful, none cares but for his own pleasure, and
sweet is that when it springs from another's pain.
Ah, the reproach of it! no foe need a lover fear;
fly those whom you deem faithful, and you will be
safe. Kinsman, brother—beware of them and of
thy boon companion; they will cause you real fears.

I was about to end, but various are the hearts of
women; use a thousand means to waylay as many
hearts. The same earth bears not everything; this
soil suits vines, that olives; in that, wheat thrives.
Hearts have as many fashions as the world has
shapes; the wise man will suit himself to countless
fashions, and like Proteus will now resolve himself
into light waves, and now will be a lion, now a tree,
own a shaggy boar. Here fish are caught with
spears, there with hooks; here they are dragged with
taut ropes in hollow nets. Nor let one method suit
all ages; a grown hind will regard the snare from
further away. Should you seem learned to the
simple, or wanton to the prude, she will straightway
feel a pitiful self-distrust. And so comes it that she
who has feared to commit herself to an honourable
lover degrades herself to the embraces of a mean
one.

Part of my enterprise remains, part is now finished.
Here let the anchor be thrown, and hold my bark
secure.