

*A Translation of all Virgil's Fourth Georgic, except the
Story of Aristæus.*

E T H E R E A L sweets shall next my Muse engage,
 And this, *Maecenas*, claims your patronage.
 Of little creatures wondrous acts I treat,
 The ranks and mighty leaders of their state,
 Their laws, employments, and their wars relate.
 A trifling theme provokes my humble lays,
 Trifling the theme, not so the Poet's praise,
 If great *Apollo* and the tuneful Nine
 Join in the piece, to make the work divine.

First, for your Bees a proper station find,
 That's fenc'd about, and shelter'd from the wind;
 For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
 The swarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive.
 Nor sheep, nor goats, must pasture near their stores,
 To trample under foot the springing flow'rs;
 Nor frisking heifers bound about the place,
 To spurn the dew-drops off, and bruise the rising grafs:
 Nor must the Lizard's painted brood appear,
 Nor Wood-pecks, nor the Swallow harbor near.
 They waste the swarms, and as they fly along
 Convey the tender morsels to their young.

Let purling streams, and fountains edg'd with moss,
 And shallow rills run trickling through the grass;
 Let branching Olives o'er the fountain grow,
 Or Palms shoot up, and shade the streams below;
 That when the youth, led by their princes, shun
 The crowded hive, and sport it in the sun,
 Refreshing springs may tempt 'em from the heat,
 And shady coverts yield a cool retreat.

Whether the neighbouring water stands or runs,
 Lay twigs across, and bridge it o'er with stones;
 That if rough storms, or sudden blasts of wind
 Should dip, or scatter those that lag behind,
 Here they may settle on the friendly stone,
 And dry their reeking pinions at the sun.
 Plant all the flow'ry banks with Lavender,
 With store of Sav'ry scent the fragrant air,
 Let running Betony the field o'erspread,
 And fountains soak the Violet's dewy bed.

Tho' barks or plaited willows make your hive,
 A narrow inlet to their cells contrive;
 For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,
 And, melted down with heat, the waxen buildings drop.
 The Bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
 Their wax around the whistling crannies spread,
 And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flow'rs,
 To smear the chinks, and plaister up the pores;
 For this they hoard up glew, whose clinging drops,
 Like pitch, or birdlime, hang in stringy ropes.
 They oft, 'tis said, in dark retirements dwell,
 And work in subterraneous caves their cell;

At other times th' industrious insects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.

Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves must thinly on your work be strow'd;
But let no baleful eugh-tree flourish near,
Nor rotten marshes send out steams of mire;
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire.
Nor neighb'ring caves return the dying sound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.

Things thus prepar'd-----
When th' under world is seiz'd with cold and night,
And summer here descends in streams of light,
The Bees thro' woods and forests take their flight.

They rifle ev'ry flow'r, and lightly skim
The crystal brook, and sip the running stream;
And thus they feed their young with strange delight,
And knead the yielding wax, and work the slimy sweet.

But when on high you see the Bees repair,
Born on the winds thro' distant tracts of air,
And view the winged cloud all blackning from afar;
While shady coverts, and fresh streams they choose,
Milfoil and common Honey-suckles bruise,
And sprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice.

On brazen vessels beat a tinkling sound,
And shake the cymbals of the goddess round;
Then all will hastily retreat, and fill
The warm resounding hollow of their cell.

If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the state,

The people's actions will their thoughts declare;
 All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;
 Hoarse broken founds, like trumpets' harsh alarms,
 Run through the hive, and call 'em to their arms;
 All in a hurry spread their shiv'ring wings,
 And fit their claws, and point their angry stings:
 In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
 And boldly challenge out the foe to fight:
 At last, when all the heav'ns are warm and fair,
 They rush together out, and join; the air
 Swarms thick, and echo's with the humming war.
 All in a firm round cluster mix, and strow
 With heaps of little corps the earth below;
 As thick as hail-stones from the floor rebound,
 Or shaken acorns rattle on the ground.
 No sense of danger can their kings control,
 Their little bodies lodge a mighty soul:
 Each obstinate in arms pursues his blow,
 'Till shameful flight secures the routed foe.
 This hot dispute and all this mighty fray
 A little dust flung upward will allay.

But when both kings are settled in their hive,
 Mark him who looks the worst, and lest he live
 Idle at home in ease and luxury,
 The lazy monarch must be doom'd to die;
 So let the royal insect rule alone,
 And reign without a rival in his throne.

The kings are diff'rent; one of better note
 All speck'd with gold, and many a shining spot,
 Looks gay, and glistens in a gilded coat;

But love of ease, and sloth in one prevails,
 That scarce his hanging paunch behind him trails:
 The people's looks are different as their king's;
 Some sparkle bright, and glitter in their wings:
 Others look loathsome and diseas'd with sloth,
 Like a faint traveller whose dusty mouth
 Grows dry with heat, and spits a maukish froth. }
 The first are best----- }
 From their o'erflowing combs, you'll often prefs
 Pure luscious sweets, that mingling in the glass
 Correct the harshness of the racy juice,
 And a rich flavor through the wine diffuse.
 But when they sport abroad, and rove from home,
 And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfinished comb;
 Their airy ramblings are with ease confin'd,
 Clip their king's wings, and if they stay behind
 No bold usurper dares invade their right,
 Nor sound a march, nor give the sign for flight.
 Let flow'r'y banks entice 'em to their cells,
 And gardens all perfum'd with native smells;
 Where carv'd *Priapus* has his fix'd abode,
 The robber's terror, and the scare-crow god.
 Wild Thyme and Pine-trees from their barren hill
 Transplant, and nurse 'em in their neighbouring soil,
 Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy sloth,
 But water 'em, and urge the shady growth.

And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
 And striking sail, and making to the shore,
 I'd shew what art the Gard'ner's toils require,
 Why rosy *Paestum* blushes twice a year;

What

What streams the verdant Succory supply,
 And how the thirsty plant drinks rivers dry;
 With what a chearful green does Parsley grace,
 And writhes the bellying Cucumber along the twisted grafs;
 Nor wou'd I pass the soft Acanthus o'er,
 Ivy nor Myrtle-trees that love the shore;
 Nor Daffadils, that late from earth's flow womb
 Unrumple their fwołn buds, and shew their yellow bloom,
 For once I saw in the *Tarentine* vale,
 Where flow *Galefus* drench'd the washy soil,
 An old *Corician* yeoman, who had got
 A few neglected acres to his lot,
 Where neither corn nor pasture grac'd the field,
 Nor wou'd the Vine her purple harvest yield;
 But fav'ry herbs among the thorns were found,
 Vervain and Poppy-flowers his garden crown'd,
 And drooping Lilies whiten'd all the ground. }
 Blest with these riches he cou'd empires flight,
 And when he rested from his toils at night,
 The earth unpurchas'd dainties wou'd afford,
 And his own garden furnish out his board:
 The spring did first his opening roses blow,
 First ripening autumn bent his fruitful bough.
 When piercing colds had burst the brittle stone,
 And freezing rivers stiffen'd as they run,
 He then wou'd prune the tender'ft of his trees,
 Chide the late spring, and ling'ring western breeze:
 His Bees first swarm'd, and made his vessels foam
 With the rich squeezing of the juicy comb.

Here

Here Lindons and the fappy Pine increas'd;
 Here, when gay flow'rs his smiling orchard drest,
 As many blossoms as the spring cou'd show,
 So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
 In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
 And thorns ennobled now to bear a plumb,
 And spreading plane-trees, where supinely laid
 He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the shade.
 But these for want of room I must omit,
 And leave for future Poets to recite.

Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
 Which *Jove* himself did on the Bees confer;
 Because, invited by the timbrel's sound,
 Lodg'd in a cave, th' almighty babe they found,
 And the young god nurs'd kindly under ground.

Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air,
 These only make their young the public care;
 In well-dispos'd societies they live,
 And laws and statutes regulate their hive;
 Nor stray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
 But know set stations, and a fix'd abode:
 Each provident of cold in summer flies
 Thro' fields, and woods, to seek for new supplies,
 And in the common stock unlades his thighs.
 Some watch the food, some in the meadows ply,
 Taste ev'ry bud, and suck each blossom dry;
 Whilst others, lab'ring in their cells at home,
 Temper *Narcissus'* clammy tears with gum,
 For the first ground-work of the golden comb;

On this they found their waxen works, and raise
 The yellow fabric on its glewy base.
 Some educate the young, or hatch the seed
 With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
 Whilst others thicken all the slimy dews,
 And into purest honey work the juice;
 Then fill the hollows of the comb, and swell
 With luscious Nectar ev'ry flowing cell.

By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
 Survey the heav'ns, and search the clouded skies
 To find out breeding storms, and tell what tempests rise.

By turns they ease the loaden swarms, or drive
 The drone, a lazy insect, from their hive.

The work is warmly ply'd through all the cells,
 And strong with Thyme the new-made honey smells.

So in their caves the brawny *Cyclops* sweat,
 When with huge strokes the stubborn wedge they beat,
 And all th' unshapen thunder-bolt complete;

Alternately their hammers rise and fall;
 Whilst griping tongs turn round the glowing ball.

With puffing bellows some the flames increase,
 And some in waters dip the hissing mafs;

Their beaten anvils dreadfully resound,
 And *AEtna* shakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.

Thus, if great things we may with small compare,
 The busy swarms their diff'rent labors share.

Desire of profit urges all degrees;

The aged insects, by experience wise,

Attend the comb, and fashion ev'ry part,

And shape the waxen fret-work out with art:

The young at night returning from their toils,
 Bring home their thighs clog'd with the meadows spoils.
 On Lavender, and Saffron buds they feed,
 On bending Oifiers, and the balmy Reed,
 From purple Violets and the Teile they bring
 Their gather'd sweets, and rife all the spring.

 All work together, all together rest,
 The morning still renews their labors past;
 Then all rush out, their diff'rent tasks pursue,
 Sit on the bloom, and suck the rip'ning dew;
 Again when evening warns 'em to their home,
 With weary wings, and heavy thighs they come,
 And crowd about the chink, and mix a droufy hum. }
 Into their cells at length they gently creep, }
 There all the night their peaceful station keep, }
 Wrapt up in filence, and dissolv'd in sleep. }
 None range abroad when winds or storms are nigh,
 Nor trust their bodies to a faithless sky,
 But make small journeys, with a careful wing,
 And fly to water at a neighb'ring spring;
 And lest their airy bodies should be cast
 In restless whirls, the sport of ev'ry blast,
 They carry stones to poise 'em in their flight,
 As ballast keeps th' unsteady vessel right.

 But of all customs that the Bees can boast,
 'Tis this may challenge admiration most;
 That none will *Hymen's* softer joys approve,
 Nor waste their spirits in luxurious love,
 But all a long virginity maintain,
 And bring forth young without a mother's pain;

From herbs and and flow'rs they pick each tender Bee,
 And cull from plants a buzzing progeny ;
 From these they choose out subjects, and create
 A little monarch of the rising state ;
 Then build wax kingdoms for the infant prince,
 And form a palace for his residence.

But often in their journeys, as they fly,
 On flints they tear their silken wings, or lie
 Grov'ling beneath their flow'ry load, and die.
 Thus love of honey can an insect fire,
 And in a Fly such generous thoughts inspire.
 Yet by repeopling their decaying state,
 Tho' seven short springs conclude their vital date,
 Their ancient stocks eternally remain,
 And in an endless race their childrens children reign.

No prostrate vassal of the East can more
 With slavish fear his haughty prince adore ;
 His life unites 'em all ; but when he dies,
 All in loud tumults and distractions rise ;
 They waste their honey, and their combs deface,
 And wild confusion reigns in ev'ry place.
 Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
 And crowd about his courts, and buzz about his throne.
 Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
 Oft in his cause embattled in the air,
 Pursue a glorious death, in wounds and war.

Some from such instances as these have taught
 " The Bees extract is heav'nly ; for they thought
 " The universe alive ; and that a soul,
 " Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,

" To

“ To all the vast unbounded frame was giv’n,
 “ And ran through earth, and air, and sea, and all the deep of
 heav’n;
 “ That this first kindled life in man and beast,
 “ Life that again flows into this at last.
 “ That no compounded animal could die,
 “ But when dissolv’d, the spirit mounted high,
 “ Dwelt in a star, and settled in the sky. } }

Whene’er their balmy sweets you mean to seize,
 And take the liquid labors of the Bees,
 Spurt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
 A lothsome cloud of smoke amidst their hive.

Twice in the year their flow’ry toils begin,
 And twice they fetch their dewy harvest in;
 Once when the lovely *Pleiades* arise,
 And add fresh lustre to the summer skies;
 And once when hast’ning from the watry sign
 They quit their station, and forbear to shine.

The Bees are prone to rage, and often found
 To perish for revenge, and die upon the wound.
 Their venom’d sting produces aking pains,
 And swells the flesh, and shoots among the veins.

When first a cold hard winter’s storms arrive,
 And threaten death or famine to their hive,
 If now their sinking state and low affairs
 Can move your pity, and provoke your cares,
 Fresh burning Thyme before their cells convey,
 And cut their dry and husky wax away;
 For often Lizards seize the luscious spoils,
 Or Drones that riot on another’s toils:

Oft broods of Moths infest the hungry swarms,
 And oft the furious Wasp their hive alarms
 With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
 Or else the Spider at their entrance sets
 Her snares, and spins her bowels into nets.

When sickness reigns (for they as well as we
 Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)
 By certain marks the new disease is seen,
 Their color changes, and their looks are thin;
 Their funeral rights are form'd, and ev'ry Bee
 With grief attends the sad solemnity;
 The few diseas'd survivors hang before
 Their sickly cells, and droop about the door,
 Or slowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
 Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold;
 In drawling hums, the feeble insects grieve,
 And doleful buzzes echo thro' the hive,
 Like winds that softly murmur thro' the trees,
 Like flames pent up, or like retiring seas.
 Now lay fresh honey near their empty rooms,
 In troughs of hollow reeds, whilst frying gums
 Cast round a fragrant mist of spicy fumes.
 Thus kindly tempt the famish'd swarm to eat,
 And gently reconcile 'em to their meat.
 Mix juice of Galls, and Wine, that grow in time
 Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a slime;
 To these dry'd Roses, Thyme and Cent'ry join,
 And Raisins ripen'd on the *Psythian* vine.

Besides there grows a flow'r in marshy ground,
 Its name *Amellus*, easy to be found;

A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
 The sprouting stalk, and shews itself in leaves:
 The flow'r itself is of a golden hue,
 The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
 The leaves shoot thick about the flow'r, and grow
 Into a bush, and shade the turf below:
 The plant in holy garlands often twines
 The altars' posts, and beautifies the shrines;
 Its taste is sharp, in vales new-shorn it grows,
 Where *Mella's* stream in watry mazes flows.
 Take plenty of its roots, and boil 'em well
 In wine, and heap 'em up before the cell.

But if the whole stock fail, and none survive;
 To raise new people, and recruit the hive,
 I'll here the great experiment declare,
 That spread th' *Arcadian* shepherd's name so far.
 How Bees from blood of slaughter'd Bulls have fled,
 And swarms amidst the red corruption bred.

For where th' *Egyptians* yearly see their bounds
 Refresh'd with floods, and sail about their grounds,
 Where *Perſia* borders, and the rolling *Nile*
 Drives swiftly down the swarthy *Indians* foil,
 'Till into seven it multiplies its stream,
 And fattens *Egypt* with a fruitful slime:
 In this last practice all their hope remains,
 And long experience justifies their pains.

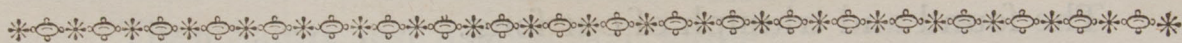
First then a close contracted space of ground,
 With straiten'd walls and low-built roof they found;
 A narrow shelving light is next assign'd
 To all the quarters, one to every wind;

Through

Through these the glancing rays obliquely pierce:
 Hither they lead a Bull that's young and fierce,
 When two years growth of horn he proudly shows,
 And shakes the comely terrors of his brows:
 His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath,
 They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death;
 With violence to life and stifling pain
 He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain,
 Loud heavy mows fall thick on ev'ry side,
 'Till his bruis'd bowels burst within the hide.
 When dead, they leave him rotting on the ground,
 With branches, Thyme, and Cassia, strow'd around.
 All this is done when first the western breeze
 Becalms the year, and smooths the troubled seas;
 Before the chattering Swallow builds her nest,
 Or fields in spring's embroidery are drest.
 Mean while the tainted juice ferments within,
 And quickens as it works: and now are seen
 A wond'rous swarm, that o'er the carcass crawls,
 Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd animals.
 No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,
 At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
 Now strikes the air with quiv'ring wings, and tries
 To lift its body up, and learns to rise;
 Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
 Full grown, and all the Bee at length appears;
 From every side the fruitful carcass pours
 Its swarming brood, as thick as summer show'rs,
 Or flights of arrows from the *Parthian* bows,
 When twanging strings first shoot 'em on the foes.

Thus

Thus have I fung the nature of the Bee;
 While *Caesar*, tow'ring to divinity,
 The frighted *Indians* with his thunder aw'd,
 And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a God;
 I flourish'd all the while in arts of peace,
 Retir'd and shelter'd in inglorious ease:
 I who before the songs of shepherds made,
 When gay and young my rural lays I play'd
 And set my *Tityrus* beneath his shade. }



A S O N G. For *St. Cecilia's Day* at Oxford.

I.

CECILIA, whose exalted hymns
 With joy and wonder fill the Blest,
 In choirs of warbling Seraphims
 Known and distinguish'd from the rest,
 Attend, harmonious Saint, and see
 Thy vocal fons of Harmony;
 Attend, harmonious Saint, and hear our pray'rs;
 Enliven all our earthly airs,
 And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee:
 Tune ev'ry string and ev'ry tongue,
 Be thou the Muse and Subject of our song.

II.

Let all *Cecilia's* praise proclaim,
 Employ the Echo in her name.

Hark