

Ovid's Art of Love

Book I

**How to Find and Seduce a
Woman for Love**



**Ovid's Timeless Art of Classic Love Seduction in
Elegant Rhyme and Metre - from the 1813 Edition
of John Dryden's Classic English Translation, with
Helpful Notes and Commentary**

Edited by Stuart Henry

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How to Find and Seduce a Woman for Love

Translated by John Dryden

With commentary from the 1813 B. and R. Crosby and Co. edition

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Cupid's School

The Classic Love Seduction Project

Cover art: Imaginary profile portrait of Ovid

Editor's Preface

This book contains John Dryden's seventeenth-to-eighteenth-century classic English translation of the first book of the ancient Roman poet Ovid's *Ars Amatoria (Art of Love)*. It also contains a biography of Ovid and explanatory notes from the 1813 B. and R. Crosby and Co. edition.

Ars Amatoria (Art of Love) then is Ovid's three book series of love seduction manuals, in metrical form, dedicated to helping his students master the discreet art of dramatic love and affairs. Ovid's precepts, meanwhile, are illuminated throughout his books with his dazzling wit, poetic figures of speech, and enchanting tales, references, and allusions from classical mythology and the ancient world.

These extraordinary books are, quite simply, abundant treasure-troves of wit and wisdom in the artful adventure of love, dramatic love, and love affairs.

Introducing the *Cupid's School* basic editions

Each book of this series then contains a classic English translation of the corresponding book from Ovid's *Ars Amatoria (Art of Love)*. These are verse translations elegantly rendered in pithy, pleasing, and memorable rhyme and metre.

The first book is for men and deals with *How to Find and Seduce a Woman for Love*. The second book is also for men and addresses *How to Win and Secure a Woman's Love*. Finally, the third book is for women and covers *How to Captivate a Man and Secure His Love*.

I've published this book then either to be read on its own as an introductory primer or otherwise to be studied in conjunction with *The Word of Venus Art of Love Home Study Course*. This then is the *Cupid's School* basic edition of the first book of Ovid's classic love seduction masterpiece.

Ovid's amorous art has stood the test of time

Written over 2,000 years ago and with a publishing history spanning centuries, Ovid's series of love seduction manuals have clearly stood the test of time. Whilst fads and fashions are fickle and books and ideas come and go with the waves and tides of their times, these extraordinary books are, quite simply, timeless. That's why they're still published and affectionately read today, more than 2,000 years after they were written.

I've read heaps of dating and seduction literature over the years. Whilst some of what I've read was helpful in some respects, and to varying degrees, much of it, I found, was often dubious at best. Of all I've studied, however, the most helpful, insightful, and delightful to read, remember, and practice is, by far, Ovid's timeless love seduction classic *Ars Amatoria (Art of Love)*.

Ovid's sage instructions are liberally seasoned throughout with his illuminating figures of speech and his enchanting tales and witty references and allusions from classical mythology and the ancient world. He teaches his art then whilst expanding his student's imagination and enlarging his or her eloquence and wit.

So, I commend to you now Ovid's *Art of Love Book I*. This then is the *Cupid's School* basic edition of the first book of Ovid's classic love seduction masterpiece *Ars Amatoria (Art of Love)*.

Enjoy,

Stuart Henry.

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Preface

No apology need be offered to the Public for presenting them with a new and improved edition of some of the most favourite productions of the Poet Ovid. [...] To the present edition is prefixed a new Life of the Poet, with Critical Observations on his writings; and Notes are appended to the body of the work, illustrative of ancient manners and customs, or explanatory of obscure passages. These notes, it is to be presumed, will be found highly useful to such persons as have not had the advantage of a learned education, as they will afford them every facility rightly to understand our Poet, and it is to be hoped, at the same time, that they will be found to convey a larger proportion of instruction and entertainment than is usually to be met with in annotations of a similar kind, free, also, from the pedantry with which such notes are usually clogged.

[Editor's note: Whilst researching and writing *The Word of Venus* edition of this book, I've found the following biography and the book's appended notes are not always entirely accurate and do contain some errors and significant omissions. On the whole, though, they are fairly helpful as an, albeit somewhat sketchy, introductory guide.]

Life of Ovid

After a lapse of more than eighteen centuries, little can be expected to be added that is new to former accounts of a Poet so well known and so highly esteemed as Ovid. The reader of this slight sketch, therefore, must not look for any novelty of information in it, for such has long ago been unattainable, but must be satisfied if the facts which it contains are taken with due fidelity and diligence from the accounts of preceding writers. This is all that has been attempted in the present case; and as the best authorities on the subject have been consulted, it is presumed the Life of Ovid, which follows, will be as full and correct as any that have gone before it.

Publius Ovidius Naso, one of the finest Poets of the Augustan age, was descended from the ancient family of Nasones, who had preserved the dignity of Roman Knights from the original institution of that order. He was born at Sulmo, a city of the Peligni, on the 14th of the Calends of April, in the consulship of Hirtius and Pansa, who were both slain at the battle of Mutina, against Anthony, being the year of Rome 710, and forty-three years before the birth of our Saviour. From his earliest youth he was much addicted to poetry, in which he soon evinced an excellent fancy and great natural powers; but being continually reproved by his father for following so unprofitable a study, he, though with an unwilling mind, forsook the pleasant walks of the Muses to travel in the rugged paths of the law. For this purpose, he became the pupil of Aurelius Fuscus and Portius Latro, of whose learning and eloquence he was a great admirer. Seneca records the improvements he made under these eminent masters, Ovid being named by him among the principal orators of those times. His speeches were witty, brief, and full of persuasion; yet still the poet so predominated over the orator, they might be called rather poetic prose than rhetorical declamations. He passed through the minor forms of the forum with credit, and was advanced to be one of the triumviri, a post of great dignity and importance, having cognizance of capital causes.

At this period he was noticed by Augustus, who honoured him with permission to wear the *laticlave*, a distinction peculiar to senators and persons of consular dignity. Had he continued at the bar, the favour of the emperor might probably have been further instrumental in promoting his welfare; but inheriting an easy fortune by the death of his father and elder brother, he grew impatient of the toil of legal studies and the clamours of litigious assemblies. He, therefore, retired from all public affairs, and, in that leisure in which he so much delighted, pursued those beloved studies which he had with such reluctance abandoned. Yet so great was the mutual affection between him and Varro, that in a short time after he accepted of a command under him, and served in the wars of Asia, from whence, returning

by the way of Athens, he remained at that celebrated city until he had attained the Greek language in its utmost perfection.

Returning from Greece to Italy, his fine parts were soon distinguished by the Roman wits, and introduced him to Horace, Tibullus, Macer, Severus, Gallus, and other eminent poets and wits of the day. He himself enumerates these writers among the number of his friends, and says that some of them communicated their writings to him, but tells us that he had only seen Virgil, Ovid being only twenty-four years old when that great poet died. His conversation was affable and agreeable, and his manners so polished that he was said to be the most accomplished gentleman in the Augustan court, where he was so well received that not a few of consular dignity, and ladies of the highest rank, honoured him with their friendship, and, to show their estimation of his genius, wore his picture in rings cut in precious stones.

Ovid had an ample patrimony in the territories of Sulmo, but he resided mostly at Rome, or retired to his pleasant gardens in the Appian Way, where he was accustomed to recreate himself with the Muses. He was three times married: his first wife probably was not his own choice, he having married her while he was yet a youth, and, therefore, he soon afterwards repudiated her; nor was he more fortunate in his second wife, for, as was frequently the custom among the Romans, he divorced her also soon after their marriage, although she was a lady of noble birth and unexceptionable conduct. His third wife, Perilla, he has often celebrated for her beauty and virtue: he instructed her in poetry, and, till his death, held her in the highest esteem and regard; nor was her affection in the least inferior to his, for, during the time of his banishment, she lived like a sorrowful widow, and continued an exemplary faithfulness to him to the end.

The best part of our Poet's life was passed in the enjoyment of his friends and the Muses; but, in his declining years, by some indiscretion, or the accidental discovery of some passages at court, he incurred the displeasure of Augustus and by him was banished, at fifty years of age, to Tomos (now Tomeswar), a maritime town in Lower Mœsia, on the coast of the Euxine, or Black Sea, about thirty-six miles from the most southern mouth of the Danube. The cause of his banishment is not precisely known, and various conjectures have been started on the subject. By some it has been asserted that he was banished for the too great freedom of his Elegies and his Art of Love; but this seems an improbable conjecture, for neither the age in which he lived, nor the court which he adorned, were very remarkable for severity of manners or correctness of morals; and it may justly be said of Ovid that no man ever treated the passion of love with so much delicacy of thought and of expression, or searched into the nature of it more philosophically than he. Another conjecture is that he was banished for some favours which he

received from Julia, the daughter of Augustus, whom he is supposed to have celebrated under the name of Corinna in his Elegies. This notion, as Bayle has observed, is very ancient, being suggested by Sidonius Apollinaris, who lived in the fifth century. But that this conjecture is unfounded is proved (as Aldus Manutius has shown) by Ovid's saying that his exile was owing to two causes: his writing amorous verses, and to his having been an undesigned spectator of the guilt of others. His banishment not having taken place till he was fifty years old, although his acquaintance with Corinna commenced when he was about twenty; and his avowed attachment to Corinna, even in those verses where he deploras his misfortune and disgrace, are circumstances utterly inconsistent with the suggestion that he had a criminal intercourse with Julia, or that Julia was shadowed under the name of Corinna. It may be gathered, also, from the whole contexture of the verses that are made to that mistress, that Corinna was not a woman of the highest quality.

He seems himself more truly to have touched at the cause of his exile in those obscure verses where he compares himself to Actæon, who had undesignedly seen Diana naked, and suffered for it.

Cur aliquid uidi? Cur noxia lumina feci?
 Cur imprudenti cognita culpa mihi est?
 Inscius Actæon uidit sine ueste Dianam,
 Præda fuit canibus non minus ille suis.

Various conjectures have been made upon what it was that he saw. Some have persuaded themselves that he surprised Augustus in a flagrant crime with his daughter Julia, and this persuasion they ground upon a passage of Seutonius, where the emperor Caligula is said to have declared his mother to have sprung from the incestuous commerce of Augustus with Julia. But the silence of Seutonius, with respect to any such charge against Augustus, (for the approbrious invective of Caligula, recorded by him, does not amount to a charge,) and Ovid's frequent allusions to the fact, of which he had been an eye witness, whatever it was, strongly militate against this solution of the mysterious cause of his disgrace. It may be observed, also, that Augustus was of a nature too vindictive to have contented himself with so small a revenge, as that of simple banishment, and would certainly have secured his crime from public notice by the death of him who was witness to it. Neither has history given us any insight into such an action of this Emperor: nor would he, (the greatest politician of his time), in all probability, have managed his crimes with so little secrecy, as not to shun the observation of any man. It seems more probable that Ovid was either the confident of some other passion, or that he had, by some inadvertency, stumbled upon the privacies of Livia, and seen her in a bath; for the words *sine ueste Dianam*, agree better with Livia, who had the fame of chastity, than with either of the Julias, who

were both notorious for incontinency. This much may be said on this obscure subject, that his offence was that of error merely, and not of wickedness; and that the real cause was well known at Rome, though it is now impossible to be traced.

Whatever his fault was, Augustus continued inexorable, nor could the most submissive importunities and flattering addresses of our Poet, although often repeated, get him recalled, or even so much as removed to a better place of banishment. He praised the Emperor with such an extravagance as bordered upon idolatry; and made an idol of him literally as soon as he heard of his death, for he not only composed his elegy, but consecrated a chapel to him, where he went every morning to invoke him. The successor, no doubt, had his share in this adoration, and was probably the real motive to it; but all proved ineffectual. The court continued as inexorable under Tiberius as it had been under Augustus, and the unhappy Ovid died in exile at near sixty years of age. His death, according to Apuleius, happened the same day with that of the historian Livy. He was, as he has described himself, of a pale complexion, middle stature, slender, and not large-limbed, yet strong and nervous. The barbarians, among whom he died, so greatly honoured and respected him that they made a general mourning at his death, and buried him in a stately monument before the gates of their city. The territory of Tomeswar now forms part of the vast empire of Russia, and a few years ago the remains of our Poet's monument were discovered. It was then designed by the Empress Catherine, (a princess of magnificent intentions), to have built a city on the spot, which was to have borne the name of the bard; but as it is easier to design than to perform, to intend than to execute, the imperial suggestion of building a town in honour of the Poet, like a romantic vision, fell to the ground.

It now only remains for us to say something of the merits of our author as a writer. If the imitation of nature be the business of a poet, Ovid is unrivalled, especially in the description of the passions. His thoughts, which are the pictures and results of those passions, are such as naturally arise from those disorderly emotions of our spirits. It is not speaking of his wit too partially to observe that such was the copiousness of it, and such its exuberance, that he often writes too pointedly for his subject, that he often makes his personages speak more eloquently than propriety of character will admit of. Yet this is only the fault of a great and polished genius; and he seems to have discovered this imperfection in his riper years, for his later productions are free from it. But this alloy in Ovid's writing is sufficiently recompensed by his other excellencies; and, indeed, the fault itself is not without its beauties, for the most severe critic can scarcely but be pleased with the prodigality of his wit, though, at the same time, he could have wished that the master of it had been a better manager. "Every thing he does (to quote the language of a great

poet of our own country, Dryden, who studied and translated Ovid with equal care and elegance) becomes him; and if sometimes he appears too gay, yet there is a secret gracefulness of youth, which accompanies his writings, though the staidness and sobriety of age be wanting. In the most material part, which is the conduct, it is certain that he seldom has miscarried; for if his Elegies he compared with those of Tibullus and Propertius, his contemporaries, it will be found that those poets seldom designed before they wrote; and though the language of Tibullus be more polished, and the learning of Propertius, especially in his fourth book, more set out to ostentation, yet their common practice was to look no further before them than the next line; whence it will inevitably follow that they can drive to no certain point, but ramble from one subject to another, and conclude with somewhat, which is not of a piece with their beginning:

Purpureus late qui splendeat, unus et alter
Adsuitur pannus, -----

as Horace says; "though the verses are golden, they are but patched into the garment. But our Poet has always the goal in his eye, which directs him in his race; some beautiful design, which he first establishes, and then contrives the means which will naturally conduct him to his end." The justice of this criticism will be fully apparent in this work. The Art of Love has been generally admitted to be one of the most perfect pieces of Ovid. Indeed, it was a subject to which the whole business of his life was devoted, and, therefore, it was scarcely possible he could fail of treating it in a masterly manner.

So gentle was our Poet's Muse that he was never known to write but one severe poem, and that was against Cornificus (under the feigned name of Ibis), who solicited his wife in his absence, and laboured against the repeal of his banishment.

The works of Ovid are well known, and his poetical talents have justly ranked him among the first of Roman poets. But it is not necessary here to speak at length of any except such as compose the present volume. With regard to the "Art of Love," it may justly be styled a correct and finished poem, abounding in graceful thoughts and happy allusions, and the whole exquisitely polished. It is recorded of the Emperor Ælius Verus that he was so delighted with this work that he often read it in bed, and laid it under his pillow when he went to sleep. Latter critics are equally profuse in their praises of the same work; and Ciofanus says that Ovid was so excellently skilled in the Latin tongue that if the Roman language was utterly lost and nothing left but his works, they alone would be sufficient to retrieve it. Some over scrupulous persons have affected to perceive danger in some of the maxims inculcated in the "Art of Love," but their greatest offence seems to have been in the title of that work;

and they have overlooked the circumstance that our author has prescribed a "Remedy for Love," which may serve to correct any of the mischiefs that are likely to spring from the first named treatise. Indeed, some ingenious commentators have supposed that Ovid designed, under the allegory of physical and sensual love, to recommend to his disciples excellent rules to acquire the virtues and science represented under the name of the Muses, or ladies of various beauty, who were to be met with every where, especially in great academies, in the schools, in courts, in walks, and in holy places, figured by the theatres, galleries, porticos, and temples of the Roman deities, where great assemblies were held. By putting this interpretation upon the Art of Love, it will then be easy to make the reading of it not only agreeable and innocent, but profitable.

Of his Elegies, it may be observed that some of them are tender and delicate, others witty and sprightly, and a few more free and unreserved in their expression. The best are those which have a pathetic character, for as they were composed, for the most, to alleviate the melancholy hours of our Poet's banishment, it was natural to suppose that his Muse would find more relief in tender and soothing strains than when employed on gayer subjects, which could only serve to remind him of his former condition, and aggravate his unhappiness by fruitless comparisons of his present with his past situation. The style of them varies according to the rank of the person to whom they are addressed, or the subjects on which they are composed. The style of those addressed to his mistress is tenderly passionate and courtly; that of the Elegies to Nape and Bagoë, his mistress's waiting-women, is in a lower style, and more suitable to the conditions of the persons to whom they are addressed. When Ovid treats of the immortality of the Muses, as he does in the last elegy of the first book, or pours out a mournful strain to the memory of Tibullus, we are equally delighted with the grandeur of his ideas, and melted with the tenderness of his sentiments. In a word, Ovid is, throughout, a perfect Poet, and, as such, will always give delight to readers of sensibility and taste. His views of nature are so clear, his delineations of the passions are so just, and his reflections upon them so correct, that he must be a reader frigid, even to indifference, whose fancy is not delighted, whose heart is not warmed, or whose judgement is not improved by his writings.

We shall conclude this brief sketch of a man, whose name will endure as long as poetry exists, with the following epitaph, which he composed for himself, and which is exquisitely beautiful for its simplicity:

Hic ego qui iaceo tenerorum lusor amorum
Ingenio perii Naso poeta meo;
At tibi qui transis ne sit graue quisquis amasti,
Dicere "Nasonis molliter ossa cubent."

Here Ovid lies, who sung of tender love,
Yet liv'd the danger of his wit to prove;
To you, true lovers, he makes one request,
As you pass by, to say, "may Ovid rest."

Ovid's
Art of Love
(Ars Amatoria)
Book I

Translated by John Dryden

Edited and annotated by Stuart Henry

In Cupid's school, whoe'er would take degree,
 Must learn his rudiments, by reading me.
 Seamen with sailing art their vessels move;
 Art guides the chariot; art instructs to love.
 Of ships and chariots others know the rule; 5
 But I am master in Love's mighty school.
 Cupid, indeed, is obstinate and wild,
 A stubborn god, but yet the god's a child:¹
 Easy to govern in his tender age,
 Like fierce Achilles in his pupilage: 10
 That hero, born for conquest, trembling stood
 Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the rod.
 As Chiron mollified his cruel mind
 With art, and taught his warlike hands to wind
 The silver strings of his melodious lyre; 15
 So Love's fair goddess^a does my soul inspire
 To teach her softer arts; to sooth the mind,
 And smooth the rugged breasts of human kind.

Yet Cupid and Achilles, each with scorn 20
 And rage were fill'd; and both were goddess-born.
 The bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the burden draws;²
 The horse receives the bit within his jaws.
 And stubborn Love^b shall bend beneath my sway,
 Though struggling oft he strives to disobey.
 He shakes his torch, he wounds me with his darts; 25
 But vain his force, and vainer are his arts.
 The more he burns my soul, or wounds my sight,
 The more he teaches to revenge the spite.
 I boast no aid the Delphian god^c affords,³
 Nor auspice from the flight of chattering birds; 30
 Nor Clio, nor her sisters^d have I seen,
 As Hesiod saw them on the shady green:
 Experience makes my work a truth so tried,
 You may believe; and Venus be my guide.
 Far hence ye vestals be, who bind your hair;⁴ 35
 And wives, who gowns below your ankles wear.
 I sing the brothels loose and unconfined,
 Th' unpunishable pleasures of the kind;

^a The goddess alluded to here is Venus.

^b The word *Love* here alludes to the god Cupid.

^c The god alluded to here is Apollo.

^d The sisters alluded to here are the Muses.

Which all alike, for love, or money, find.
 You, who in Cupid's rolls inscribe your name, 40
 First seek an object worthy of your flame;⁵
 Then strive, with art, your lady's mind to gain:
 And last, provide your love may long remain.
 On these three precepts all my work shall move:
 These are the rules and principles of love. 45

Before your youth with marriage is opprest,
 Make choice of one who suits your humour best.
 And such a damsel drops not from the sky;
 She must be sought for with a curious eye.
 The wary angler, in the winding brook, 50
 Knows what the fish, and where to bait his hook.
 The fowler and the huntsman know by name
 The certain haunts and harbour of their game.
 So must the lover beat the likeliest grounds;
 Th' assemblies where his quarry most abounds. 55
 Nor shall my novice wander far astray;
 These rules shall put him in the ready way.
 Thou shall not sail around the continent,
 As far as Perseus, or as Paris went:
 For Rome alone affords thee such a store, 60
 As all the world can hardly show thee more.
 The face of heav'n with fewer stars is crown'd,
 Than beauties in the Roman sphere are found.
 Whether thy love is bent on blooming youth,
 On dawning sweetness, in unartful truth; 65
 Or courts the juicy joys of riper growth;
 Here may'st thou find thy full desires in both.
 Or if autumnal beauties please thy sight,
 (An age that knows to give and take delight;)
 Millions of matrons of the graver sort, 70
 In common prudence, will not balk the sport.

In summer heats thou need'st but only go
 To Pompey's cool and shady portico^a;⁶
 Or Concord's fane^b; or that proud edifice,⁷
 Whose turrets near the bawdy suburb rise^c; 75

^a This portico was attached to the Theatre of Pompey.

^b Whilst this translation refers here to the Temple of Concord, the actual place isn't named, but only alluded to, in the Latin. It may be the Temple of Concord that Ovid alludes to here. It seems more likely, though, to be the Portico of Octavia.

^c The building alluded to here is the Portico of Livia.

Or to that other portico, where stands
 The cruel father urging his commands^a,
 And fifty daughters wait the time of rest,
 To plunge their poniards^b in the bridegroom's breast;
 Or Venus' temple, where, on annual nights, 80
 They mourn Adonis with Assyrian rites.
 Nor shun the Jewish walk, where the foul drove,^c
 On Sabbaths, rest from ev'ry thing but love;
 Nor Isis' temple; for that sacred whore^d
 Makes others, what to Jove^e she was before. 85
 And if the hall^f itself be not belied,
 Ev'n there the cause of love is often tried.
 Near it at least, or in the palace yard,
 From whence the noisy combatants are heard.
 The crafty counsellors, in formal gown, 90
 There gain another's cause, but lose their own.
 Their eloquence is nonplust in the suit;
 And lawyers, who had words at will, are mute.
 Venus, from her adjoining temple, smiles
 To see them caught in their litigious wiles. 95
 Grave senators lead home the youthful dame,
 Returning clients, when they patrons came.
 But, above all, the playhouse is the place;^g
 There's choice of quarry in that narrow chase.
 There take thy stand, and sharply looking out, 100
 Soon mayst thou find a mistress in the rout,
 For length of time, or for a single bout.
 The theatres are berries for the fair:
 Like ants on molehills, thither they repair;
 Like bees to hives, so num'rously they throng, 105
 It may be said, they to that place belong.
 Thither they swarm, who have the public voice:
 There choose, if plenty not distracts thy choice.
 To see, and to be seen, in heaps they run;

^a The portico alluded to here is the Portico of the Danaids, which surrounded the Temple of Apollo Palatinus (Palatine Apollo).

^b The word *poniard* here refers to a type of medieval dagger with a narrow blade. This translation then here adopts a more contemporary term.

^c In the Latin, the Jews are not referred to here as 'the foul drove'. Neither are they said to 'rest from everything but love' during Sabbaths. Although the latter might be implied to some extent. Instead, the Latin alludes to the opportunities for meeting women that the Jewish Sabbaths afforded.

^d The term *sacred whore* here alludes to the nymph Io, who's often identified with the Egyptian goddess Isis.

^e *Jove* is another name for the chief Roman god Jupiter.

^f The place alluded to here is the Forum of Caesar.

Some to undo, and some to be undone. 110

From Romulus the rise of plays began,
 To his new subjects a commodious man;
 Who, his unmarried soldiers to supply,
 Took care the commonwealth should multiply:
 Providing Sabine women for his braves, 115
 Like a true king, to get a race of slaves.

His playhouse, not of Parian marble made,
 Nor was it spread with purple sails for shade.
 The stage with rushes, or with leaves they strew'd:
 No scenes in prospect, no machining god^a. 120

On rows of homely turf they sat to see,
 Crown'd with the wreaths of ev'ry common tree.
 There, while they sit in rustic majesty,
 Each lover had his mistress in his eye;
 And whom he saw most suiting to his mind, 125

For joys of matrimonial rape design'd.
 Scarce could they wait the plaudit in their haste;
 But ere the dances and the song were past,
 The monarch gave the signal from his throne;
 And, rising, bade his merry men fall on. 130

The martial crew, like soldiers ready prest,
 Just at the word (the word too was the best),
 With joyful cries each other animate;
 Some choose, and some at hazard seize their mate.

As doves from eagles, or from wolves the lambs, 135
 So from their lawless lovers fly the dames.
 Their fear was one, but not one face of fear;
 Some rend the lovely tresses of the hair;
 Some shriek, and some are struck with dumb despair.

Her absent mother one invokes in vain; 140
 One stands amaz'd, not daring to complain;
 The nimbler trust their feet, the slow remain.
 But nought availing, all are captives led,
 Trembling and blushing, to the genial bed.

She who too long resisted, or denied, 145
 The lusty lover made by force a bride;
 And, with superior strength, compell'd her to his side.
 Then sooth'd her thus: "My soul's far better part,
 Cease weeping, nor afflict thy tender heart:
 For what thy father to thy mother was, 150

^a The expression *no machining god* is used here to suggest the theatre was very rudimentary and the stage had little or no artifice and props to create scenes that could simulate reality.

That faith to thee, that solemn vow I pass!"

Thus Romulus became so popular;
 This was the way to thrive in peace and war;
 To pay his army, and fresh whores to bring:
 Who would not fight for such a gracious king? 155

Thus love in theatres did first improve;
 And theatres are still the scene of love.
 Nor shun the chariot's and the courser's race;⁹
 The Circus is no inconvenient place.
 No need is there of talking on the hand; 160
 Nor nods, nor signs, which lovers understand.

But boldly next the fair your seat provide;
 Close as ye can to hers, and side by side.
 Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter; crowding sit;
 For so the laws of public shows permit. 165

Then find occasion to begin discourse;
 Enquire, whose chariot this, and whose that horse?¹⁰
 To whatsoever side she is inclin'd,
 Suit all your inclinations to her mind:
 Like what she likes, from thence your court begin; 170
 And whom she favours, wish that he may win.

But when the statues of the deities,
 In chariots roll'd, appear before the prize;
 When Venus comes, with deep devotion rise.
 If dust be on her lap, or grains of sand, 175
 Brush both away with your officious hand.

If none there be, yet brush that nothing thence;
 And still to touch her lap make some pretence.
 Touch any thing of hers; and if her train
 Sweep on the ground, let it not sweep in vain; 180
 But gently take it up, and wipe it clean;

And while you wipe it, with observing eyes,
 Who knows but you may see her naked thighs!
 Observe who sits behind her; and beware,
 Lest his encroaching knee should press the fair. 185

Light service takes light minds; for some can tell
 Of favours won by laying cushions well;
 By fanning faces, some their fortunes meet;
 And some by laying footstools for their feet.
 These overtures of love the Circus^a gives; 190

^a The term *Circus* here alludes to the Circus Maximus.

Nor at the sword-play less the lover thrives:^a
 For there the son of Venus^b fights his prize;
 And deepest wounds^c are oft receiv'd from eyes.
 One, while the crowd their acclamations make,
 Or while he bets, and puts his ring to stake, 195
 Is struck from far, and feels the flying dart;
 And of the spectacle is made a part.

Caesar would represent a naval fight^d,¹¹
 For his own honour, and for Rome's delight. 200
 From either sea the youths and maidens come;
 And all the world was then contain'd in Rome!
 In this vast concourse, in this choice of game,
 What Roman heart but felt a foreign flame?
 Once more our prince^e prepares to make us glad;
 And the remaining East to Rome will add. 205
 Rejoice, ye Roman soldiers, in your urn;¹²
 Your ensigns from the Parthians shall return;
 And the slain Crassi^f shall no longer mourn.
 A youth^g is sent those trophies to demand;
 And bears his father's thunder in his hand: 210
 Doubt not th' imperial boy in wars unseen;
 In childhood all of Caesar's race are men.
 Celestial seeds shoot out before their day,
 Prevent their years, and brook no dull delay.
 Thus infant Hercules the snakes did press, 215
 And in his cradle did his sire^h confess.
 Bacchus a boy, yet like a hero fought,
 And early spoils from conquer'd India brought.
 Thus you your father's troops shall lead to fight;
 And thus shall vanquish in your father's right. 220

These rudiments you to your lineage owe;

^a To clarify its meaning for the modern reader, this line can be more clearly understood from the following paraphrase:

No less (than at the Circus) does the lover also thrive as a spectator of gladiatorial battles.

^b The son of Venus alluded to here is the god Cupid.

^c These are figurative wounds (of desire, longing, or love) metaphorically inflicted by darts, or arrows, from Cupid's bow.

^d The naval fight alluded to here was a naval battle re-enactment staged for mass public entertainment.

^e The prince alluded to here is Gaius Caesar - grandson and adopted son of Caesar Augustus.

^f The term *Crassi* here refers to Marcus Licinius Crassus, his son, and his army.

^g The youth alluded to here is Gaius Caesar.

^h Hercules' father was the chief Roman god Jupiter.

Born to increase your titles^a as you grow.
 Brethren you had, revenge your brethren slain;
 You have a father, and his rights maintain.
 Arm'd by your country's parent^b, and your own, 225
 Redeem your country, and restore his throne.
 Your enemies assert an impious cause;
 You fight both for divine and human laws.
 Already in their cause they are o'ercome;
 Subject them too, by force of arms, to Rome. 230
 Great father Mars with greater Caesar join,
 To give a prosp'rous omen to your line:
 One of you is, and one shall be, divine.
 I prophesy you shall, you shall o'ercome:
 My verse shall bring you back in triumph home. 235
 Speak in my verse, exhort to loud alarms:
 O were my numbers^c equal to your arms!
 Then would I sing the Parthians' overthrow;
 Their shot averse sent from a flying bow:
 The Parthians, who already flying fight, 240
 Already give an omen of their flight.
 O when will come the day, by heaven design'd,
 When thou, the best and fairest of mankind,
 Drawn by white horses, shalt in triumph ride,¹³
 With conquer'd slaves attending on thy side; 245
 Slaves, that no longer can be safe in flight;
 O glorious object, O surprising sight,
 O day of public joy, too good to end in night!
 On such a day, if thou, and next to thee,
 Some beauty sits the spectacle to see: 250
 If she enquires the names of conquer'd kings,
 Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden springs,
 Answer to all thou knowest; and, if need be,
 Of things unknown seem to speak knowingly:
 This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds; and there 255
 Flows the swift Tigris, with his sea-green hair.
 Invent new names of things unknown before;
 Call this Armenia, that the Caspian shore:
 Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth;
 Talk probably; no matter for the truth. 260

^a In 5 BC, Gaius Caesar had been entitled *Princeps Iuventutis* ('first amongst the young' or 'first of the youths').

^b In 2 BC, Augustus had been entitled *Pater Patriae* ('Father of the Country' or, more literally, 'Father of the Fatherland').

^c The term *numbers* here alludes to the metrical (rhythmic) arrangement of words in verse.

In feasts, as at our shows, new means abound;¹⁴
 More pleasure there, than that of wine, is found.
 The Paphian goddess^a there her ambush lays;
 And love betwixt the horns of Bacchus plays:
 Desires increase at ev'ry swilling draught; 265
 Brisk vapours add new vigour to the thought.
 There Cupid's purple wings no flight afford;
 But, wet with wine, he flutters on the board.
 He shakes his pinions, but he cannot move;
 Fix'd he remains, and turns a maudlin Love. 270
 Wine warms the blood, and makes the spirits flow;
 Care flies, and wrinkles from the forehead go:
 Exalts the poor, invigorates the weak;
 Gives mirth and laughter, and a rosy cheek.
 Bold truth it speaks; and spoken, dares maintain; 275
 And brings our old simplicity again.
 Love sparkles in the cup, and fills it higher:
 Wine feeds the flames, and fuel adds to fire.
 But choose no mistress in thy drunken fit;
 Wine gilds too much their beauties and their wit. 280
 Nor trust thy judgement when the tapers dance;
 But sober, and by day, thy suit advance.
 By day-light Paris judg'd the beauteous three^{b,15}
 And for the fairest did the prize decree.
 Night is a cheat, and all deformities 285
 Are hid, or lessen'd, in her dark disguise.
 The sun's fair light each error will confess,
 In face, in shape, in jewels, and in dress.

 Why name I ev'ry place where youths abound? 290
 'Tis loss of time; and a too fruitful ground.
 The Baian baths, where ships at anchor ride,¹⁶
 And wholesome streams from sulphur fountains glide;
 Where wounded youths are by experience taught,
 The waters are less healthful than they thought.
 Or Dian's fane^c, which near the suburb lies, 295
 Where priests, for their promotion, fight a prize.
 That maiden goddess^d is Love's mortal foe,
 And much from her his subjects undergo.

^a The goddess alluded to here is Venus.

^b The beauteous three alluded to here are the goddesses Venus, Juno, and Minerva.

^c The Temple of Diana

^d The goddess alluded to here is Diana.

Thus far the sportful Muse^a, with myrtle bound,
 Has sung where lovely lasses may be found. 300
 Now let me sing, how she who wounds your mind,
 With art, may be to cure your wounds inclin'd.¹⁷
 Young nobles, to my laws attention lend;
 And all you vulgar of my school attend.

First then believe, all women may be won; 305
 Attempt with confidence, the work is done.
 The grasshopper shall first forbear to sing
 In summer season, or the birds in spring,
 Than women can resist your flattering skill:
 Ev'n she will yield, who swears she never will. 310

To secret pleasure both the sexes move;
 But women most, who most dissemble love.
 'Twere best for us, if they would first declare,
 Avow their passion, and submit to prayer. 315
 The cow, by lowing, tells the bull her flame:
 The neighing mare invites her stallion to the game.

Man is more temp'rate in his lust than they,
 And more than woman can his passion sway.
 Biblis, we know, did first her love declare,¹⁸
 And had recourse to death in her despair. 320

Her brother she, her father Myrrha sought,¹⁹
 And lov'd, but lov'd not as a daughter ought.
 Now from a tree she stills her od'rous tears^b,
 Which yet the name of her who shed them bears.

In Ida's shady vale a bull appear'd,²⁰ 325
 White as the snow, the fairest of the herd;
 A beauty-spot of black there only rose,
 Betwixt his equal horns and ample brows:
 The love and wish of all the Cretan cows.
 The queen^c beheld him as his head he rear'd; 330
 And envy'd ev'ry leap he gave the herd.
 A secret fire she nourish'd in her breast;
 And hated ev'ry heifer he caress'd.

^a In the Latin, the Muse alluded to here is specifically referred to as Thalia - the inspiring goddess of comic poetry.

^b This is an allusion to Myrrha having been transformed into a Myrrh tree, which is prized for its fragrant resin, i.e. myrrh. The myrrh tree weeps or bleeds its prized fragrant resin then when it's been wounded and its bark has been pierced through to the sapwood, from whence it weeps or bleeds.

^c The queen alluded to here is the Cretan king Minos' wife Pasiphae.

A story known, and known for true, I tell;
 Nor Crete, though lying, can the truth conceal. 335
 She cut him grass; (so much can Love command)
 She strok'd, she fed him with her royal hand:
 Was pleas'd in pastures with the herd to roam;
 And Minos by the bull was overcome
 Cease, queen, with gems, t'adorn thy beauteous brows; 340
 The monarch of thy heart no jewel knows.
 Nor in thy glass compose thy looks and eyes;
 Secure from all thy charms thy lover lies:
 Yet trust thy mirror when it tells thee true:
 Thou art no heifer to allure his view. 345
 Soon wouldst thou quit thy royal diadem
 To thy fair rivals, to be horn'd like them.
 If Minos please, no lover seek to find;
 If not, at least, seek one of human kind.

The wretched queen the Cretan court forsakes; 350
 In woods and wilds, her habitation makes:
 She curses ev'ry beauteous cow she sees;
 "Ah, why dost thou my lord and master please!
 And think'st, ungrateful creature as thou art,
 With frisking awkwardly, to gain his heart!" 355
 She said, and straight commands, with frowning look,
 To put her, undeserving, to the yoke;
 Or feigns some holy rites of sacrifice,
 And sees her rival's death with joyful eyes:
 Then, when the bloody priest has done his part, 360
 Pleas'd, in her hand, she holds the beating heart;
 Nor from a scornful taunt can scarce refrain;
 "Go, fool, and strive to please my love again."

Now she would be Europa.-- Iö now;
 (One bore^a a bull, and one was made a cow.) 365
 Yet she at last her brutal bliss obtain'd,
 And in a wooden cow the bull sustain'd;
 Fill'd with his seed, accomplish'd her desire;
 Till, by his form, the son betray'd the sire.

If Atreus' wife^b to incest had not run,²¹ 370
 (But ah, how hard it is to love but one!)

^a The word *bore* here appears to have the same sense as the word *sustain'd* in line 367.

^b The name of the wife of Atreus alluded to here is Aerope.

His coursers Phoebus^a had not driv'n away,
 To shun that sight, and interrupt the day.
 Thy daughter, Nisus, pull'd thy purple hair,²²
 And barking sea-dogs yet her bowels tear. 375
 At sea and land Atrides^b sav'd his life,
 Yet fell a prey to his adult'rous wife.²³
 Who knows not what revenge Medea sought,²⁴
 When the slain offspring bore the father's^c fault?
 Thus Phoenix did a woman's love bewail;²⁵ 380
 And thus Hippolytus by Phaedra fell.²⁶
 These crimes revengeful matrons did commit:
 Hotter their lust, and sharper is their wit.
 Doubt not from them an easy vict'ry:
 Scarce of a thousand dames will one deny. 385
 All women are content that men should woo:
 She who complains, and she who will not do.
 Rest then secure, whate'er thy luck may prove,
 Not to be hated for declaring love.
 And yet how canst thou miss, since womankind 390
 Is frail and vain, and still to change inclin'd?
 Old husbands and stale gallants they despise;
 And more another's, than their own, they prize.
 A larger crop adorns our neighbour's field;
 More milk his kine from swelling udders yield. 395

First gain the maid; by her thou shalt be sure²⁷
 A free access and easy to procure:
 Who knows what to her office does belong,
 Is in the secret, and can hold her tongue.
 Bribe her with gifts, with promises, and pray'rs, 400
 For her good word goes far in love affairs.
 The time and fit occasion leave to her,
 When she most aptly can thy suit prefer.
 The time for maids to fire their lady's blood,
 Is, when they find her in a merry mood; 405
 When all things at her wish and pleasure move:
 Her heart is open then, and free to love.
 Then mirth and wantonness to lust betray,
 And smooth the passage to the lover's way.
 Troy stood the siege, when fill'd with anxious care: 410

^a *Phoebus* is another name for the god Apollo, who's represented here, by allusion, as the god of the sun.

^b *Atrides* is a patronym that refers to a descendant of Atreus, in this case Agamemnon.

^c The father alluded to here is the hero Jason.

One merry fit concluded all the war.
 If some fair rival vex her jealous mind,
 Offer thy service to revenge in kind.
 Instruct the damsel, while she combs her hair,
 To raise the choler of that injur'd fair; 415
 And, sighing, make her mistress understand,
 She has the means of vengeance in her hand.
 Then, naming thee, thy humble suit prefer;
 And swear thou languishest and diest for her.
 Then let her lose no time, but push at all; 420
 For women soon are rais'd, and soon they fall.
 Give their first fury leisure to relent,
 They melt like ice, and suddenly repent.
 T' enjoy the maid, will that thy suit advance?
 'Tis a hard question, and a doubtful chance. 425
 One maid, corrupted, bawds the better for 't;
 Another for herself would keep the sport.
 Thy bus'ness may be further'd or delay'd,
 But by my counsel, let alone the maid:
 Even though she should consent to do the feat, 430
 The profit's little, and the danger great.
 I will not lead thee through a rugged road;
 But where the way lies open, safe, and broad.
 Yet if thou find'st her very much thy friend,
 And her good face her diligence commend; 435
 Let the fair mistress have the first embrace,
 And let the maid come after in her place.
 But this I will advise, and mark my words,
 For 't is the best advice my skill affords:
 If needs thou with the damsel wilt begin, 440
 Before th' attempt is made, make sure to win:
 For then the secret better will be kept;
 And she can tell no tales when once she's dipp'd.
 'Tis for the fowler's int'rest to beware,
 The bird entangled should not 'scape the snare. 445
 The fish, once prick'd, avoids the bearded hook,
 And spoils the sport of all the neighb'ring brook.
 But if the wench be thine, she makes thy way,
 And, for thy sake, her mistress will betray;
 Tell all she knows, and all she hears her say. 450
 Keep well the counsel of thy faithful spy:
 So shalt thou learn whene'er she treads awry.

All things the stations of their seasons keep;

And certain times there are to sow and reap.
Ploughmen and sailors for the season stay, 455
One to plough land, and one to plough the sea:
So should the lover wait the lucky day.
Then stop thy suit, it hurts not thy design:
But think, another hour she may be thine.
And when she celebrates her birth at home, 460
Or when she views the public shows of Rome,
Know, all thy visits then are troublesome.
Defer thy work, and put not then to sea,
For that's a boding and a stormy day.
Else take thy time, and, when thou canst, begin: 465
To break a Jewish Sabbath, think no sin:
Nor e'en on superstitious days abstain;
Not when the Romans were at Allia slain.
Ill omens in her frowns are understood;
When she's in humour, ev'ry day is good. 470
But than her birth-day seldom comes a worse;
When bribes and presents must be sent of course;
And that's a bloody day, that costs thy purse.
Be staunch; yet parsimony will be vain:
The craving sex will still the lover drain. 475
No skill can shift them off, nor art remove;
They will be begging, when they know we love.
The merchant comes upon th' appointed day,
Who shall before thy face his wares display.
To choose for her she craves thy kind advice; 480
Then begs again, to bargain for the price:
But when she has her purchase in her eye,
She hugs thee close, and kisses thee to buy.
"'Tis what I want, and 'tis a penn'orth too;
In many years I will not trouble you." 485
If you complain you have no ready coin;
No matter, 'tis but writing of a line,
A little bill, not to be paid at sight;
Now curse the time when you were taught to write.
She keeps her birth-day; you must send the cheer; 490
And she'll be born a hundred times a year.
With daily lies she dribs thee into cost;
That earring dropt a stone, that ring is lost.
They often borrow what they never pay;
Whate'er you lend her, think it thrown away. 495
Had I ten mouths and tongues to tell each art,
All would be wearied e'er I told a part.

By letters, not by words, thy love begin,²⁸
 And ford the dangerous passage with thy pen.
 If to her heart thou aim'st to find the way, 500
 Extremely flatter, and extremely pray.
 Priam by pray'rs did Hector's body gain;
 Nor is an angry god invok'd in vain.
 With promis'd gifts her easy mind bewitch;
 For e'en the poor in promise may be rich. 505
 Vain hopes awhile her appetite will stay;
 'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.
 Who gives is mad; but make her still believe
 'Twill come, and that's the cheapest way to give.
 E'en barren lands fair promises afford; 510
 But the lean harvest cheats the starving lord.
 Buy not thy first enjoyment, lest it prove
 Of bad example to thy future love:
 But get it gratis; and she'll give thee more,
 For fear of losing what she gave before. 515
 The losing gamester shakes the box in vain,
 And bleeds, and loses on, in hopes to gain.

Write then, and in thy letter, as I said,
 Let her with mighty promises be fed.
 Cydippe by a letter was betray'd,²⁹ 520
 Writ on an apple to th' unwary maid.
 She read herself into a marriage vow;
 (And every cheat in love the gods allow.)
 Learn eloquence, ye noble youth of Rome;³⁰
 It will not only at the bar o'ercome: 525
 Sweet words, the people and the senate move;
 But the chief end of eloquence is love.
 But in thy letter hide thy moving arts;
 Affect not to be thought a man of parts.
 None but vain fools to simple women preach: 530
 A learned letter oft has made a breach.
 In a familiar style your thoughts convey,
 And write such things as, present, you would say;
 Such words as from the heart may seem to move:
 'Tis wit enough, to make her think you love. 535
 If seal'd she sends it back, and will not read,
 Yet hope, in time, the business may succeed.
 In time the steer will to the yoke submit;
 In time the restive horse will bear the bit.
 E'en the hard ploughshare, use will wear away; 540

And stubborn steel in length of time decay.
 Water is soft, and marble hard; and yet
 We see soft water through hard marble eat.
 Though late, yet Troy at length in flames expir'd;
 And ten years more Penelope had tir'd.³¹ 545
 Perhaps thy lines unanswer'd she retain'd;
 No matter; there's a point already gain'd:
 For she who reads in time will answer too;
 Things must be left by just degrees to grow.
 Perhaps she writes, but answers with disdain, 550
 And sharply bids you not to write again:
 What she requires, she fears you should accord;
 The jilt would not be taken at her word.

Meantime, if she be carried in her chair^a,
 Approach; but do not seem to know she's there. 555
 Speak softly, to delude the standers-by;
 Or, if aloud, then speak ambiguously.
 If saunt'ring in the portico she walk,
 Move slowly too, for that's a time for talk:
 And sometimes follow, sometimes be her guide: 560
 But when the crowd permits, go side by side.
 Nor in the playhouse let her sit alone:
 For she's the playhouse and the play in one.
 There thou may'st ogle, or by signs advance
 Thy suit, and seem to touch her hand by chance. 565
 Admire the dancer who her liking gains,
 And pity in the play the lover's pains;
 For her sweet sake the loss of time despise;
 Sit while she sits, and when she rises rise.
 But dress not like a fop, nor curl your hair, 570
 Nor with a pumice make your body bare.³²
 Leave those effeminate and useless toys
 To eunuchs, who can give no solid joys.
 Neglect becomes a man: this Theseus found;
 Uncurl'd, uncomb'd, the nymph his wishes crown'd. 575
 The rough Hippolytus was Phaedra's care;
 And Venus thought the rude Adonis fair.
 Be not too finical; but yet be clean;
 And wear well-fashion'd clothes, like other men.
 Let not your teeth be yellow, or be foul; 580
 Nor in wide shoes your feet too loosely roll.

^a The chair alluded to here is a litter, which is a chair or couch, used as a vehicle, on which person is carried from place to place, like a sedan chair.

Of a black muzzle, and long beard, beware;
 And let a skilful barber cut your hair.
 Your nails be pick'd from filth, and even par'd;
 Nor let your nasty nostrils bud with beard. 585
 Cure your unsav'ry breath, gargle your throat;
 And free your armpits from the ram and goat.
 Dress not, in short, too little or too much;
 And be not wholly French, nor wholly Dutch.^a

Now Bacchus calls me to his jolly rites; 590
 Who would not follow, when a god invites?
 He helps the poet, and his pen inspires,
 Kind and indulgent to his former fires.

Fair Ariadne wander'd on the shore,³³
 Forsaken now; and Theseus loves no more: 595
 Loose was her gown, dishevell'd was her hair;
 Her bosom naked, and her feet were bare:
 Exclaiming, on the water's brink she stood;
 Her briny tears augment the briny flood.
 She shriek'd, and wept, and both became her face: 600
 No posture could that heavenly form disgrace.
 She beat her breast: "The traitor's gone," said she,
 "What shall become of poor forsaken me?
 What shall become" - she had not time for more,
 The sounding cymbals rattled on the shore. 605
 She swoons for fear, she falls upon the ground;
 No vital heat was in her body found.
 The Mimallonian dames^b about her stood;
 And scudding Satyrs ran before their god.
 Silenus on his ass did next appear, 610
 And held upon the mane (the god was clear);
 The drunken sire^c pursues, the dames retire;
 Sometimes the drunken dames pursue the drunken sire.
 At last he topples over on the plain;
 The Satyrs laugh, and bid him rise again. 615
 And now the God of Wine^d came driving on,
 High on his chariot, by swift tigers drawn.
 Her colour, voice, and sense forsook the fair;

^a In this translation, a further significant direction is omitted from this passage. The Latin then also includes an instruction to be suntanned, or, rather, to be suntanned from exercising in the sun.

^b The term *Mimallonian dames* here is another name for the Bacchantes.

^c Silenus is said to have been the foster father of Bacchus and the father or grandfather of the Satyrs.

^d The god alluded to here is Bacchus.

Thrice did her trembling limbs for flight prepare,
And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear. 620
She shook, like leaves of corn when tempests blow,
Or slender reeds that in the marshes grow.
To whom the god - "Compose thy fearful mind;
In me a truer husband thou shalt find.
With heav'n I will endow thee: and thy star 625
Shall, with propitious light, be seen afar,
And guide on seas the doubtful mariner"
He said; and from his chariot leaping light,
Lest the grim tigers should the nymph affright,
His brawny arms around her waist he threw; 630
(For gods, whate'er they will, with ease can do:)
And swiftly bore her thence: th' attending throng
Shout at the sight, and sing the nuptial song.
Now in full bowls her sorrow she may steep:
The bridegroom's liquor lays the bride asleep. 635

But thou, when flowing cups in triumph ride,³⁴
And the lov'd nymph is seated by thy side,
Invoke the god, and all the mighty powers,
That wine may not defraud thy genial hours.
Then, in ambiguous words, thy suit prefer, 640
Which she may know were all address'd to her.
In liquid purple letters write her name,
Which she may read, and reading find the flame.
Then may your eyes confess your mutual fires;
(For eyes have tongues, and glances tell desires.) 645
Whene'er she drinks, be first to take the cup;
And, where she laid her lips, the blessing sup.
When she to carving does her hand advance,
Put out thy own, and touch it as by chance.
Thy service e'en the husband must attend: 650
(A husband is a most convenient friend.)
Seat the fool cuckold in the highest place;
And with thy garland his dull temples grace.
Whether below or equal in degree,
Let him be lord of all the company, 655
And what he says be seconded by thee.
'Tis common to deceive through friendship's name;
But, common though it be, 'tis still to blame:
Thus factors frequently their trust betray,
And to themselves their master's gains convey. 660
Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er;

Thy tongue and feet may stumble, drinking more.
 Of drunken quarrels in her sight beware;
 Pot-valour only serves to fright the fair.
 Eurytion justly fell, by wine oppress'd,³⁵ 665
 For his rude riot at a wedding-feast.
 Sing, if you have a voice; and show your parts
 In dancing, if endu'd with dancing arts.
 Do any thing within your power to please;
 Nay, e'en affect a seeming drunkenness; 670
 Clip ev'ry word; and if by chance you speak
 Too home, or if too broad a jest you break,
 In your excuse the company will join,
 And lay the fault upon the force of wine.
 True drunkenness is subject to offend; 675
 But, when 'tis feign'd, 'tis oft a lover's friend.
 Then safely you may praise her beauteous face,
 And call him happy who is in her grace.
 Her husband thinks himself the man design'd;
 But curse the cuckold in your secret mind. 680
 When all are risen, and prepare to go,
 Mix with the crowd, and tread upon her toe.
 This is the proper time to make thy court;
 For now she's in the vein, and fit for sport.
 Lay bashfulness, that rustic virtue, by; 685
 To manly confidence thy thoughts apply.
 On fortune's foretop timely fix thy hold;
 Now speak and speed, for Venus loves the bold.
 No rules of rhetoric here I need afford:
 Only begin, and trust the following word; 690
 It will be witty of its own accord.

Act well the lover; let thy speech abound
 In dying words that represent thy wound.
 Distrust not her belief; she will be mov'd;
 All women think they merit to be lov'd. 695

Sometimes a man begins to love in jest,
 And, after, feels the torment he profest.
 For your own sakes, be pitiful, ye fair;
 For a feign'd passion may a true prepare.
 By flatteries we prevail on woman-kind; 700
 As hollow banks by streams are undermin'd.
 Tell her, her face is fair, her eyes are sweet;
 Her taper fingers praise, and little feet.

Such praises e'en the chaste are pleas'd to hear;
Both maids and matrons hold their beauty dear. 705

Once naked Pallas^a with Jove's queen^b appear'd^c;
And still they grieve that Venus was preferr'd.
Praise the proud peacock, and he spreads his train:
Be silent, and he pulls it in again.

Pleas'd is the courser in his rapid race; 710
Applaud his running, and he mends his pace.

But largely promise, and devoutly swear;
And, if need be, call ev'ry god to hear.
Jove^d sits above, forgiving with a smile
The perjuries that easy maids beguile. 715

He swore to Juno by the Stygian lake:
Forsworn, he dares not an example make,
Or punish falsehood, for his own dear sake.
'Tis for our interest the gods should be;

Let us believe them: I believe they see, 720
And both reward and punish equally.

Not that they live above like lazy drones,
Or kings below, supine upon their thrones.
Lead then your lives as present in their sight;
Be just in dealings, and defend the right; 725

By fraud betray not, nor oppress by might.
But 'tis a venial sin to cheat the fair;
All men have liberty of conscience there.
On cheating nymphs a cheat is well design'd;

'Tis a profane and a deceitful kind. 730

'Tis said that Egypt for nine years was dry,
Nor Nile did floods, nor heav'n did rain supply.
A foreigner^e at length inform'd the king^f,
That slaughter'd guests would kindly moisture bring.

The king replied, "On thee the lot shall fall: 735
Be thou, my guest, the sacrifice for all."

Thus Phalaris, Perillus taught to low,
And made him season first the brazen cow.

^a *Pallas* is another name for the goddess Minerva.

^b The queen alluded to here is the goddess Juno.

^c This line alludes to the Judgement of Paris.

^d *Jove* is another name for the chief Roman god Jupiter.

^e The foreigner alluded to here is the soothsayer Thrasius.

^f The king alluded to here is the notorious Egyptian king Busiris.

A rightful doom, the laws of nature cry,
 'Tis th' artificers of death should die. 740
 Thus justly women suffer by deceit;
 Their practice authorises us to cheat.
 Beg her, with tears, thy warm desires to grant;
 For tears will pierce a heart of adamant.
 If tears will not be squeez'd, then rub your eye, 745
 Or 'noint the lids, and seem at least to cry.
 Kiss, if you can: resistance if she make,
 And will not give you kisses, let her take.
 "Fie, fie, you naughty man," are words of course;
 She struggles but to be subdu'd by force. 750
 Kiss only soft, I charge you, and beware
 With your hard bristles not to brush the fair.^a
 He who has gain'd a kiss, and gains no more,
 Deserves to lose the bliss he got before.
 If once she kiss, her meaning is express'd; 755
 There wants but little pushing for the rest:
 Which if thou dost not gain, by strength or art,
 The name of clown then suits with thy desert;
 'Tis downright dulness, and a shameful part.
 Perhaps she calls it force; but, if she 'scape, 760
 She will not thank you for th' omitted rape.
 The sex is cunning to conceal their fires;
 They would be forc'd e'en to their own desires.
 They seem t' accuse you, with a downcast sight,
 But in their souls confess you did them right. 765
 Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
 Thank with their tongues, but curse you with their heart.
 Fair Phoebe and her sister^b did prefer,
 To their dull mates, the noble ravisher.

What Deidamia did, in days of yore,³⁶ 770
 The tale is old, but worth the reading o'er.

When Venus had the golden apple gain'd^c,
 And the just judge^d fair Helen had obtain'd:
 When she with triumph was at Troy receiv'd,
 The Trojans joyful, while the Grecians griev'd: 775

^a Since many of the customs of ancient Rome were different to those of most of us today and some of the words in this section suggest the possible use of force, make sure you read the [Editor's Note on Consent](#) on page 45.

^b The name of the sister alluded to here is Hilaeira.

^c This line alludes to the Judgement of Paris.

^d The judge alluded to here is the Trojan prince Paris.

They vow'd revenge of violated laws,
 And Greece was arming in the cuckold's cause:
 Achilles, by his mother^a warn'd from war,
 Disguis'd his sex, and lurk'd among the fair.
 What means Aeacides^b to spin and sow?³⁷ 780
 With spear and sword in field thy valour show;
 And leaving this, the nobler Pallas^c know.
 Why dost thou in that hand the distaff wield,
 Which is more worthy to sustain a shield?
 Or with that other draw the woolly twine, 785
 The same the Fates for Hector's thread^d assign?
 Brandish thy falchion in thy powerful hand,
 Which can alone the pond'rous lance command.
 In the same room by chance the royal maid^e
 Was lodg'd, and, by his seeming sex betray'd, 790
 Close to her side the youthful hero laid.
 I know not how his courtship he began;
 But, to her cost, she found it was a man.
 'Tis thought she struggled; but withal 'tis thought
 Her wish was to be conquer'd, when she fought. 795
 For when disclos'd, and hast'ning to the field,
 He laid his distaff down, and took the shield,
 With tears her humble suit she did prefer,
 And thought to stay the grateful ravisher.
 She sighs, she sobs, she begs him not to part; 800
 And now 'tis nature what before was art.
 She strives by force her lover to detain,
 And wishes to be ravish'd once again.
 This is the sex; they will not first begin,
 But, when compell'd, are pleas'd to suffer sin. 805
 Is there, who thinks that women first should woo?
 Lay by thy self-conceit, thou foolish beau.
 Begin, and save their modesty the shame;
 'Tis well for thee, if they receive thy flame.
 'Tis decent for a man to speak his mind; 810
 They but expect th' occasion to be kind.
 Ask, that thou mayst enjoy; she waits for this;
 And on thy first advance depends thy bliss.

^a Achilles' mother was the sea-nymph Thetis.

^b *Aeacides* is a patronym that refers to a descendant of Aeacus, in this case Achilles.

^c *Pallas* is another name for the goddess Minerva.

^d The thread alluded to here is the thread of life, which is said to have been spun, measured, and cut by the Fates - the three goddesses who personified the concept of destiny or fate.

^e The maid alluded to here is the princess Deidamia.

E'en Jove^a himself was forc'd to sue for love;
 None of the nymphs did first solicit Jove. 815
 But if you find your pray'rs increase her pride,
 Strike sail awhile, and wait another tide.
 They fly when we pursue; but make delay,
 And, when they see you shaken, they will stay.
 Sometimes it profits to conceal your end; 820
 Name not yourself her lover, but her friend.
 How many skittish girls have thus been caught?
 He prov'd a lover, who a friend was thought.
 Sailors by sun and wind are swarthy made;
 A tann'd complexion best becomes their trade. 825
 'Tis a disgrace to ploughmen to be fair;
 Buff cheeks they have, and weather-beaten hair.
 Th' ambitious youth, who seeks an olive crown^b,
 Is sun-burnt with his daily toil, and brown.
 But if the lover hopes to be in grace, 830
 Wan be his looks, and meagre be his face.
 That colour, from the fair, compassion draws:
 She thinks you sick, and thinks herself the cause.
 Orion wander'd in the woods for love:
 His paleness did the nymphs to pity move; 835
 His ghastly visage argu'd hidden love.
 Nor fail a night-cap, in full health, to wear;
 Neglect thy dress, and discompose thy hair.
 All things are decent, that in love avail:
 Read long by night, and study to be pale; 840
 Forsake your food, refuse your needful rest;
 Be miserable, that you may be blest.

Shall I complain, or shall I warn you most?
 Faith, truth, and friendship in the world are lost;
 A little and an empty name they boast. 845
 Trust not thy friend, much less thy mistress praise;
 If he believe, thou mayst a rival raise.
 'Tis true, Patroclus, by no lust misled,
 Sought not to stain his dear companion's bed.
 Nor Pylades Hermione embrac'd; 850
 Ev'n Phaedra to Pirithous still was chaste.
 But hope not thou, in this vile age, to find
 Those rare examples of a faithful mind.

^a *Jove* is another name for the chief Roman god Jupiter.

^b An olive wreath or crown was the prize awarded to the winner of an event in ancient Olympic games.

The sea shall sooner with sweet honey flow;
 Or from the furzes pears and apples grow. 855
 We sin with gust, we love by fraud to gain,
 And find a pleasure in our fellow's pain.
 From rival foes you may the fair defend;
 But, would you ward the blow, beware your friend;
 Beware your brother, and your next of kin; 860
 But from your bosom-friend your care begin.

Here had I ended, but experience finds,
 That sundry women are of sundry minds;
 With various crotchets fill'd, and hard to please;³⁸
 They therefore must be caught by various ways. 865
 All things are not produc'd in any soil;
 This ground for wine is proper, that for oil.
 So 'tis in men, but more in woman-kind:
 Diff'rent in face, in manners, and in mind.
 But wise men shift their sails with ev'ry wind; 870
 As changeful Proteus vary'd oft his shape,
 And did in sundry forms and figures 'scape;
 A running stream, a standing tree became,
 A roaring lion, or a bleating lamb.
 Some fish with harpoons, some with darts are struck, 875
 Some drawn with nets, some hang upon the hook;
 So turn thyself; and imitating them,
 Try sev'ral tricks, and change thy stratagem.
 One rule will not for diff'rent ages hold;
 The jades grow cunning, as they grow more old. 880
 Then talk not bawdy to the bashful maid;
 Broad words will make her innocence afraid.
 Nor to an ign'rant girl of learning speak;
 She thinks you conjure, when you talk in Greek.
 And hence 'tis often seen, the simple shun 885
 The learn'd, and into vile embraces run.

Part of my task is done, and part to do;
 But here 'tis time to rest myself and you.

END OF BOOK I

Notes

Human nature being the same in all ages and countries, those works which present us with the most faithful pictures of human passions and feelings are the most universally read and admired. The Amatory Poems of Ovid are of this description; for, independent of the charming ease and elegance with which they are written, the passions of which he treats being inborn in us, we can judge for ourselves of the correctness with which he has represented them. We appeal to every one who has felt the passion of love, and has read this Poet, whether he has not found the natural emotion of the same passion in himself, which the Poet describes in his feigned person? His thoughts, which are the pictures and results of those passions, are such as naturally arise from those irresistible movements of the heart. He is interesting because he is natural; and though the copiousness of his wit, in some passages, leads him too far from his subject, for the purpose of displaying it, and he sometimes makes his persons speak more eloquently than the violence of their passion would admit, yet he is never trifling, dull, or insipid. He treats his subject with the hand of a master. Every thing he does becomes him; and, if sometimes he appears too gay, which on such a theme may well be excused, there is a secret gracefulness of youth which accompanies his writings, and excuses their luxuriancy.

The First Book of the Art of Love instructs the youthful lover in what manner he should address his mistress, in order to win her favour. Ovid's directions on this head may, with very little force of imagination, be made applicable to love affairs of the present day; and, indeed, it must be confessed that many of his rules are excellent, and cannot be too forcibly impressed on the minds of all men of gallantry who wish to succeed with the fair. For the rest, it must be remembered that Ovid flourished among a people in times when a much greater relaxation of manners prevailed than is at present permitted, and therefore he is not to be judged by those rigid rules of decorum by which modern compositions are tried. But, even in this point of view, the poetical character of Ovid has been much misrepresented. Though he is, doubtless, a warm and glowing writer, he is by no means so licentious as many of the ancients, among whom we need only mention his contemporaries, Tibullus and Propertius, to say nothing of Petronius, Perseus, and other writers who wrote in succeeding times. Indeed, we may almost venture to say that if any persons have hitherto been deterred from the perusal of these poems, by the fear of meeting passages in them offensive to their ideas of correct taste, that they will, on perusal, be induced to retract their opinion and agree with us that Ovid may be read without offence to the modest, or danger to the innocent.

BOOK I

Ovid commences his poem with observing that love is an art to be learned like other arts, and professes himself a master on the subject.

¹[V. 8.](#) *A stubborn god.*] Cupid is called a stubborn god because love's seldom supposed to be under the guidance of reason or discretion.

²[V. 21.](#) *The bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the burden draws*] Ovid, by this simile, shows that love may be tamed by habit. He is full of similes of this sort, and make use of them with great force and propriety of allusion.

³[V. 29.](#) *I boast no aid the Delphian god affords.*] The ancients, at the commencement of their poems, usually invoked the aid of Apollo and the Muses; but Ovid here disclaims the assistance of the deities, usually supposed most propitious to poetry, and a few lines below tells us that he takes Venus to be his guide.

⁴[V. 35.](#) *Far hence, ye vestals, be.*] The vestals having made vows of perpetual virginity, Ovid warns them not to attend to his discourses, and, at the same time, he cautions matrons and young ladies of condition, his work not being intended far their use.

⁵[V. 41.](#) *First seek an object worthy of your flame.*] The Poet here gives his advice as to three things: first, to seek after an amiable object of affection; next, how to win; and last, how to preserve her affection. The whole of his first book turns on these three precepts.

⁶[V. 72, 73.](#) *In summer heats thou need'st but only go/To Pompey's cool and shady portico.*] Ovid here proceeds to enumerate the different places of public resort at Rome, where a man in want of a mistress would be likely to find one to his mind. Pompey's portico was as a shady and magnificent walk, built for the use of the people, and which served for various purposes, sometimes for the assembly of the senate, and sometimes for stands of the most curious merchandise. There were other porticos in Rome, where, in the hot months of the year, company resorted to walk in the shade, as the modern Italians do under *piazzas*, some of which rival the ancient porticos in extent and magnificence.

⁷[V. 74.](#) *Or Concord's fane.*] The temples too, we learn from Ovid, were places of great resort for gallants and their mistresses. In this respect, as well as in many others, modern Rome bears a strong resemblance to ancient Rome. The churches in modern times are applied to the same purposes that the Pagan temples were of old; and nothing is more common than for an Italian to commence an intrigue when the most solemn mysteries of his religion are celebrating.

⁸[V. 98.](#) *But, above all, the playhouse is the place.*] The ancient Romans were a

people strongly attached to all kinds of spectacles, and some of their public shows were of extraordinary magnificence. Our Poet recommends his pupils, by all means, to frequent the theatres, as places where they would be sure of finding abundance of mistresses to their satisfaction.

⁹[V. 158.](#) *Nor shun the chariot's and the courser's race.*] Ovid, after discarding for some time on the theatres, with much wit, and a true judgement of nature, proceeds to mention the other places of public resort where women were to be found. Among the Romans no diversion was beheld with more delight, or gave greater animation to the spectators, than the chariot races, and therefore, whenever they were to be exhibited, crowds of females flocked to them.

¹⁰[V. 167.](#) *Enquire whose chariot this, and whose that horse?*] Here we have one of those genuine strokes of nature with which Ovid abounds. He is instructing the youthful lover on how to entertain his mistress at the race course, and tells him, in a series of natural and instructive observations, which all denote a profound acquaintance with the female heart, to omit nothing that can give pleasure to the fair, however trifling the things themselves may seem, for that "*light service takes light minds.*"

¹¹[V. 198.](#) *Cæsar would represent a naval fight.*] These were mock sea engagements, exhibited in a sort of circus or amphitheatre, the area of which was filled with water, and vessels introduced to show the manoeuvres of a naval battle. These edifices were called Naumachiæ, and they must have been very common in Ovid's time, as Augustus built three of them at Rome.

¹²[V. 206.](#) *Rejoice, ye Roman soldiers.*] In these lines, Ovid pays a very elegant compliment to Caius, the grandson of Augustus, who, a short time before, had set out to take the command of the army of the east. Throughout his works, Ovid appears to have been an assiduous courtier, as well as Virgil and Horace, but his endeavours to conciliate the good graces of the reigning Emperor had not equal success.

¹³[V. 244.](#) *Drawn by white horses, shalt in triumph ride.*] Our Poet here takes occasion to introduce a poetical description of a Roman triumph, and dilates, with evident satisfaction, on the splendours of a scene so flattering to the national pride. On such occasions, it was usual for the conqueror to be drawn by white horses, and in the procession, as Ovid describes, came plans and representations of the cities, mountains, rivers, &c. which had been the scenes of any remarkable actions in the war. These were followed by the kings, princes, or generals subdued, and other captives of note; and the whole closed with every species of games and combats which could add to the general joy and exultation.

¹⁴[V. 261.](#) *In feasts, as at our shows, new means abound.*] Ovid next proceeds to show the opportunities which convivial entertainments afford to the

anxious lover; but very properly cautions him not to indulge in the free use of wine, and warns him against choosing his mistress in a drunken fit. There is so much truth and good sense in his observations here, and they are so perfectly applicable to our own state of manners, that no one, we think, can read them without being struck by their force, and no one, we are sure, can attend to them without being benefited by their caution.

¹⁵[V. 283.](#) *By day-light Paris judg'd the beauteous three.*] He decided the contest, for superiority of beauty, between Juno, Pallas, and Venus, and, as the ancient writers report, demanded to see them naked, that he might be better enabled to pass a judgement upon their charms.

¹⁶[V. 291.](#) *The Baian baths, where ships at anchor ride.*] This was a delicious place of retreat near Naples, where the opulent and luxurious inhabitants of Rome used occasionally to retire to inhale the refreshing breezes of the sea, or for the sake of the medicinal virtues of the waters. It is still famous for its baths, and the beauties of the surrounding scenery; and, as in ancient times, is still the resort of the gay and the voluptuous.

¹⁷[V. 301, 302.](#) *Now let me sing, how she who wounds your mind, / With art, may be to cure your wounds inclin'd.*] Ovid having enumerated the various places where women were principally to be found, next proceeds to unfold the means by which their good graces are to be gained. He recommends, above all things, confidence, and declares, that if men will only persevere, women are sure to be won.

¹⁸[V. 319.](#) *Biblis, we know, did first her love declare.*] Biblis fell in love with her brother Caunus, and he rejecting her suit, she hanged herself.

¹⁹[V. 321.](#) — *her father Myrrha sought.*] Myrrha was the daughter of Cynaras, king of Cyprus. The fable relative to her is related at length in the 10th book of the Metamorphoses.

²⁰[V. 325.](#) *In Ida's shady vale a bull appeared.*] The story of Pasiphæ and the bull, which Ovid here introduces, is likewise told by him in his Metamorphoses, book 15. The most probable interpretation of his fable is that Pasiphæ fell in love with one Taurus, her servant, and the Poets, playing upon the name, invented all the fictions that follow.

²¹[V. 370.](#) *If Atreus' wife had not to incest run.*] Aerope, the wife of Atreus, suffered herself to be debauched by Thyestes, her brother-in-law, and had two sons by him, who were afterwards killed by Atreus, and set on table before the adulterer.

²²[V. 374.](#) *Thy daughter, Nisus.*] Nisus, king of the Megarenses, had a fatal purple lock, which his daughter Scylla cut off, and gave to Minos his enemy, for which he was changed into the rock that bears her name.

²³[V. 377.](#) *Yet fell a prey to his adultr'ous wife.*] Agamemnon was murdered at his return from the Trojan war by his wife Clytemnestra, and her gallant Ægistheus. His story has furnished the tragic poets of various countries with a theme for their muse, and we have in our own language a tragedy which bears his name, but it has long been laid upon the shelf.

²⁴[V. 378.](#) *Who knows not what revenge Medea sought.*] Medea murdered the offspring she had by Jason, in revenge for Jason's deserting her, and marrying Creusa, daughter of Creon, king of Corinth, and she sent a box as a present to the bride, which, she opening, a fire burst from it, and consumed her, with the palace.

²⁵[V. 380.](#) *Thus Phoenix did a woman's love bewail.*] Phoenix, the son of Amyntor, enjoyed a woman whom his father loved, which so exasperated the latter that he imprecated the worst misfortunes upon him and his posterity, which were afterwards too fatally verified.

²⁶[V. 381.](#) *Hyppolytus by Phædra fell.*] This is the last of the fatal effects of intemperate love that Ovid records, and the story to which he alludes is this: Hyppolytus, refusing the love of his step-mother Phædra, was accused by her of seeking to commit the crime of incest with her, and, flying hastily to escape the death which would have resulted from this accusation, his chariot horses took fright, and killed him. There is a tragedy on this subject by Edmund Smith, whose life is so admirably written by Dr. Johnson in his lives of the Poets, and it is generally esteemed the best imitation of the ancient dramas of any that have appeared in modern languages.

²⁷[V. 396.](#) *First gain the maid.*] In Ovid's time, the servants of persons of rank, if we may judge from the lines which follow, were precisely of the same character with those of the present day. What Spanish lover would think of laying siege to a mistress without first corrupting her duenna? And, in all countries, have not waiting women ever been found the most powerful auxiliaries of dying swains? In many of our best comedies, that is those which approach nearest to real life, the leading characters of the piece are chambermaids, and the strength of the plot often lies in the wit, humour, and ingenuity of their intrigues. Ovid was well aware of the influence of these persons with their mistresses, and, therefore, he is very copious in regard to the manner they are to be dealt with.

²⁸[V. 498.](#) *By letters, not by words, thy love begin.*] Ovid recommends young lovers to make their first overtures by letter, rather than by direct addresses. His instructions on this head are good; and though, perhaps, not perfectly consonant with our notions of moral rectitude, yet, it must be admitted that they are penned with a deep knowledge of the female character.

²⁹[V. 520.](#) *Cydippe by a letter was betray'd.*] This was a beautiful young woman, of the Isle of Delos, with whom a youth of a neighbouring island fell

in love, but being of an inferior rank, and for that reason not daring to avow his passion, he contrived to write to her, on a golden apple, the following lines:

Juro tibi sane, per mystica sacra Dianæ,
Me tibi venturam comitem, sponsamque, futuram.

Fair maid, I swear to thee, by Diana's sacred shrine,
Thy spouse to be, for all my heart is thine.

He succeeded in his suit, and Acontius, for such was the name of the lover, was rewarded with the embraces of Cydippe.

³⁰[V. 524.](#) *Learn eloquence, ye noble youth of Rome.*] Ovid says learn the belles lettres: *Disce bonus artes*; of which, indeed, eloquence is the mistress. His advice here cannot be too strongly recommended, and what he says respecting the use of affected words, and that learning which degenerates into pedantry, is equally excellent.

³¹[V. 545.](#) *And ten more years Penelope had tired.*] Ovid, after urging the lover, by natural and familiar similes, to persevere in his suit says that Penelope herself would have yielded had her lovers persevered. She was the daughter of Icarius, and wife of Ulysses, who, soon after he was married to her, went to the Trojan war, where he stayed ten years; and, coming home, meeting with a variety of adventures, was detained ten years more. During his absence, no one could persuade Penelope to violate her marriage vows, and, though her admirers reported that Ulysses was dead, she would not consent to take another husband. Her memory is justly renowned as a striking example of rare and uncommon conjugal attachment.

³²[V. 570, 571.](#) *But dress not like a fop, nor curl your hair;/Nor with a pumice make your body bare.*] Ovid's directions, with regard to personal appearance, are exceedingly just and proper. He makes a nice discrimination between too great attention, which marks an effeminate mind, and the opposite fault, of too much carelessness, which is sure to disgust. The Roman fops used a pumice stone to free their bodies from superfluous hair. In some parts of the world it is still used as a substitute for a razor; and, a few years ago, an empiric in London took out a patent for a new invention for shaving, the basis of which was the pumice stone; but his scheme did not answer, and probably will never be revived.

³³[V. 594.](#) *Fair Ariadne, &c.*] This heroine was the wife of Theseus, who deserting her, Bacchus took compassion on her, transported her to heaven, and changed her into a star. This story Ovid relates in his happiest style, and Dryden has translated it with much sweetness and elegance. No story has ever been brought out oftener on the stage, and, we may add, none is more susceptible of receiving additional charms, from the united aids of music, scenery, and graceful action. Hence, it has been a deserved favourite at every

theatre where it has been produced.

³⁴[V. 636.](#) *But thou, when flowing cups in triumph ride.*] The Poet, by a very natural transition from the nuptials of Bacchus, next proceeds to lay down directions on how the lover should behave at table, and again very properly repeats his caution against the too free use of wine.

³⁵[V. 665.](#) *Eurytion justly fell, by wine oppress'd.*] He was a Centaur, who, at Pirithous' wedding, interrupting the harmony of the feast, by his intemperance, and attempting to violate the bride, was knocked down by Theseus with a bowl, and slain.

³⁶[V. 770.](#) *What Deidamia did.*] This story is told by Ovid with great poetical skill, and in his most agreeable manner; and the translation throughout is vigorous and spirited.

³⁷[V. 780.](#) *What means Æacides.*] Achilles is here called Æacidcs, because he was the grandson of Æacus, as he is in other places called Pelides, from his father Peleus.

³⁸[V. 864.](#) ---- *sundry women are of sundry minds.*] Ovid now draws near to the conclusion of his first book; and, in a variety of agreeable similes, shows the fickleness of female hearts, and instructs the lover how to adopt himself to the changes of his mistress's disposition. Our Poet handles this subject with great delicacy and wit, and shows us clearly that the dames of ancient times were not one whit more constant in their attachments than the ladies of modern times.

Editor's Note on Consent

Whilst Ovid's *Ars Amatoria (Art of Love)* is, undoubtedly, a work of timeless literature and his precepts are, more or less or mostly, just as applicable today, it should, nonetheless, be noted that Ovid lived and wrote these books over 2000 years ago now in imperial ancient Rome and a culture then with varying customs from those of most of us today. Likewise, the translators lived and wrote in a culture with differing customs. In so far as these customs relate to love and seduction then, they're most conspicuous in lines 747-805 of this translation of the first book Ovid's *Ars Amatoria (Art of Love)*.

Some of the remarks in this section then are, in this translation, unfortunately couched in terms such as 'force', 'strength', and 'rape'. Needless to say, the use of force here is not only wrong but, rightly, now illegal. In the Latin and other translations, however, the equivalent lines are rendered in somewhat milder and more ambiguous terms.

Nonetheless, even in the Latin and other translations, these lines do suggest that some degree of physical force appears to have been generally considered an acceptable means, in Ovid's time, of overcoming either real or token resistance. Ovid himself, though, doesn't recommend it.

However, since this translation is, for the most part, such an elegant one, albeit not always so accurate, and a classic work of English literature in its own right, I've decided to honour its integrity as a whole then and to not censor it by editing out these terms or passages for fear of misunderstanding or anyone taking offence.

These lines then shouldn't be taken out of context or be considered in isolation, but rather in the light of both the general customs of Ovid's time - which, in the Latin, they reflect - and Ovid's frequent recommendations to yield to resistance and to generally be patient, gentle, chivalrous, and complaisant. Whilst Ovid suggests, for example, that she may not, at first, yield to his reader's advances (lines 747-750), he also charges him to kiss only softly and to take care not to hurt her (lines 751-752).

What's more, immediately after this section (lines 747-805), Ovid's advises his reader to yield if she continues to resist and scorn his prayers (lines 816-819). Throughout Book II, meanwhile, Ovid recommends a remarkably submissive and complaisant approach that's epitomized in lines 233-234:

Her wishes never, nor her will withstand;
Submit, you'll conquer; serve, and you'll command:

It should also be noted then that, throughout both the first and second books of *Ars Amatoria* (*Art of Love*), Ovid repeatedly recommends yielding to resistance, tenderness, and generally being chivalrous, complaisant, and charming.

In short, let me emphatically state that Ovid doesn't recommend the use of any physical force or any non-consensual sexual activity. And, even if he did, you still shouldn't do it.

In this section then (lines 747-805), Ovid merely highlights a common, and often quite innocent or playful, form of dissimulation and duplicity. In this case then, this section also highlights the fact that, whilst 'no' does (or should) indeed mean 'no', 'no', or a degree of resistance here, doesn't necessarily or always mean 'not at all' or 'not ever'. Instead, it may *sometimes* mean 'not just now', 'not yet', or 'not so fast' and, therefore, some tactful, or tactfully seductive, persistence may be appropriate. A relatively healthily, empathetic, and complaisant person, meanwhile, should be able to discern and accept the difference.

Needless to say then, at least to an extraordinary lover or an aspirant one, sexual activity should be a reciprocal and mutually pleasurable amorous experience.

About Stuart Henry

Dear reader,

I sincerely hope you've enjoyed, and, indeed, continue to enjoy, reading this extraordinary book - which, on a personal note, has, since I first discovered it around the dawn of this century, proved an inspired and endlessly entertaining source of insight and inspiration.

This book's production, meanwhile, has been a strangely collaborative effort, now spanning millennia. Needless now to say, it began, with our beloved friend and patron Ovid, over 2000 years ago in ancient Rome, before it was thus translated, in England's green and pleasant land, a little over three centuries ago. And now, much more recently then, and to varying degrees in the respective versions I've created of it, I've attentively annotated, enhanced, and packaged it for today's students, and would-be students, of Ovid's art.

I'm Stuart Henry, its editor and publisher. I'm also the founder of *Cupid's School* – the unprecedented classic love seduction project ... for extraordinary lovers, or, at least, aspirant ones.

Inspired by Ovid's *Ars Amatoria (Art of Love)* in particular and the wider benefits of timeless literature in general, *Cupid's School* is dedicated to the discreet art of classic love seduction and its attendant art of self-cultivation through literary culture. Its theme then is love and seduction ... but with a distinct literary twist.

Wherever we are on our voyage through life, my aim at *Cupid' School* is simply to help us ...

- Discover the timeless art of classic love seduction, embark on our epic adventures then in the art of love, and thus become extraordinary lovers.
- Transcend our culture and conditioning, travel, by words, through time and space, and thus cultivate our intrinsic (imaginative, intellectual, social, and creative) potential.

As an enduring disciple and passionate protégé then of my beloved friend and mentor Ovid, and following a gruelling apprenticeship and arduous odyssey in training and preparation for this, we might say the irresistible goddess Venus has ordained me now as her priest. Or more specifically and, perhaps,

a little less melodramatically, that delightful Queen of Love, I've found, has commissioned me now as her twenty-first-century co-author, publisher, and promoter of Ovid's amorous art.

And, that's because I've won a uniquely deep understanding of, and a similar affinity for, that art and the mind that conceived it, as well an extensive grounding in its wider historic-cultural context. And, it seems, because I've the copywriting, design, and marketing skills to make Ovid's art far more accessible for today's students, and would-be students, of it, as well as to effectively and candidly promote it to them.

More generally, meanwhile, as an enduring student too of related fields from the humanities and social sciences, I find myself an advocate as well, or dare I say a priest as the ancients might have called it, of that noble and perennial light-diffusing god Apollo, and thus of the liberal, or noble, arts and sciences. Or more specifically and especially, I find myself an advocate too of the soul-enriching, life-enhancing, and ultimately liberating (imaginative, intellectual, social, and creative) benefits of timeless literature.

To learn more about me and the *Cupid's School* classic love seduction project, simply visit my blog [Cupid's School](#).

Meanwhile, as my patron poet bids me, it's my honour now to advance Ovid's immortal fame by ending with the words ...

"Ovid was my tutor!"

Stuart Henry.

Classic Love Seduction Resources

1) Unlock and discover Ovid's timeless amorous art for men in the first two books of his classic love seduction masterpiece *Ars Amatoria (Art of Love)*, with ...

- [*The Word of Venus Art of Love, Book I – Abridged Edition: How to Find and Seduce a Woman for Love*](#)
- [*The Word of Venus Art of Love, Book II – Abridged Edition: How to Win and Secure a Woman's Love*](#)

2) Then, learn to swiftly implement and systematically master Ovid's amorous art for men, and begin your epic adventure then in the art of love, with ...

- [*The Word of Venus Art of Love Home Study Course, Part I: How to Find and Seduce a Woman for Love*](#) - including love seduction identity profiles and quick reference check-list
- [*The Word of Venus Art of Love Home Study Course, Part II: How to Win and Secure a Woman's Love*](#) - including quick reference check-list

3) Master the finer details of *How to Engage the Woman You Want in Seductive Conversation*, with ...

- [*The Lover's Tool Kit of Seductive Social Skills*](#) – a complementary handbook of seductive social skills for the first and second books of *The Word of Venus Art of Love*

4) Unlock and discover Ovid's timeless amorous art for women, and learn how our teacher arms the fair, in the third book of his classic love seduction masterpiece *Ars Amatoria (Art of Love)*, with ...

- [*The Word of Venus Art of Love, Book III – Abridged Edition: How to Captivate a Man and Secure His Love*](#)

5) And, prevent or heal a broken heart, or otherwise protect yourself from the wiles of a false lover, with ...

- [*The Word of Venus Cures for Love – Abridged Edition: How to Avoid or Heal a Broken Heart*](#)

Whilst addressed chiefly to men, these insightful cures are for both the boys and the girls.

Cupid's School Proudly Presents ...

'The Word of Venus Art of Love'

The Unprecedented 'Word of Venus' Editions of the Immortal Poet Ovid's Classic Love Seduction Masterpiece 'Art of Love'

At last, now you can...

Unlock and Discover the Timeless Art of Classic Love Seduction, with ...

- A classic English translation of each book of Ovid's timeless, and time-tested, amorous art in elegant rhyme and metre ...
- Now abridged, formatted, and attentively annotated, enhanced, and packaged as easy-to-read-and-scan user-friendly manuals for the twenty-first century ... and for today's students, and would-be students, of Ovid's amorous art

Easy-to-read-and-scan user-friendly formatting

In these *Word of Venus* editions, each book of Ovid's *Art of Love* has been meticulously analysed and attentively formatted to clearly reveal its coherent structure. The text's structure then is clearly marked by discrete sections with corresponding headlines and sub-headings, making it much easier then for you to quickly scan, read, and thoroughly understand.

Conveniently abridged and illuminated with enlightening notes and commentary

What's more, these abridged editions are also enhanced with helpful notes and commentary. Since many of the mythical, geographical, and other cultural references are stumbling blocks now for the average reader, most of them then have been edited out and replaced with brief and easy-to-understand omitted content summaries. These summaries quickly convey the essential gist and significance of the omitted ancient cultural references and stories. The notes, meanwhile, provide added clarification and help uncover each text's subtler assets and thus afford more insight. With the formatting, notes, and commentary then, you'll soon see these books yield a rare stash of

wonderful treasures.

And that's just a brief and general overview of what's inside ...

These extraordinary books then are succinctly packed with a great hoard of timeless, and time-tested (over 2000 years), dazzlingly witty epigrammatic tips and inspiration on the art of classic love seduction and how to become an extraordinary lover. They, are quite simply, abundant treasure-troves of wit and wisdom in the art and adventure of love, dramatic love, and love affairs.

>> [Learn more about *The Word of Venus Art of Love*.](#)

And now then, you can also learn how to ...

Swiftly implement and systematically master Ovid's timeless art of classic love seduction ... and begin your epic adventure then in the art of love, with ...

'The Word of Venus Art of Love Home Study Course'

The unprecedented two-part systematic home study course, with quick reference check-lists, for Ovid's *Art of Love* for men

- **A simple step-by-step love seduction framework.** That's a clear and simple outline of the skill-sets and skills involved in the love seduction process, with essential readings from Ovid and action steps for each. This is a road-map too for the way of love, which can help keep you on track for life and more secure than from being led astray.
- **Quick reference check-lists to remind you at a glance of the most essential principles and to help burn them into your brain.**

>> [Learn more about *The Word of Venus Art of Love Home Study Course* - for Men.](#)