

Ovid's Art of Love

Book II

**How to Win and Secure a
Woman's Love**



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

Edited by Stuart Henry

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Book II

How to Win and Secure a Woman's Love

Translated by Thomas Yalden

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 Thomas Yalden's seventeenth-to-eighteenth-century classic English translation of the second 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 second 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 II*. This then is the *Cupid's School* basic edition of the second 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 confidant 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 descriptions 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 II

Translated by Thomas Yalden

Edited and annotated by Stuart Henry

Now Io^a Paeon^b sing! now wreaths prepare!
 And with repeated Ios fill the air:
 The prey is fall'n in my successful toils,
 My artful nets inclose the lovely spoils.
 My numbers^c now, ye smiling lovers, crown, 5
 And make your poet deathless in renown:
 With lasting fame my verse shall be enroll'd,
 And I preferr'd to all the bards of old.
 Thus Paris, from the warlike Spartans, bore
 Their ravish'd bride^d to Ida's distant shore; 10
 Victorious Pelops thus in triumph drove
 The vanquish'd maid^e, and thus enjoy'd his love.

Stay, eager youth! your bark's^f but under sail,
 The distant port requires a prosp'rous gale.
 'Tis not enough the yielding beauty's found, 15
 And with my aid your artful passion crown'd:
 The conquests our successful conduct gain'd,
 With art must be secur'd, by arts maintain'd.
 The glory's more to guard than win the prize;
 There all the toil and threat'ning danger lies. 20
 If ever, Cupid, now indulgent prove;
 O Venus! aid, thou charming queen of love!
 Kind Erato, let thy auspicious name
 Inspire the work, and raise my gen'rous flame.
 The labour's great! a method I design 25
 For love, and will the fetter'd^g god confine:
 The god that roves the spacious world around^h,
 In ev'ry clime and distant region found;
 Active and light, his wings elude our guard,
 And to confine a deity is hard. 30
 His guestⁱ from flight Minos inclos'd around,
 Yet he with wings a daring passage found.

^a The word *Io* is an interjection with a similar meaning here to the words *hooray* and *hurrah*.

^b The word *Paeon* here refers to a song of triumph or thanksgiving.

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

^d The bride alluded to here is the famously beautiful Helen of Sparta, whom the Trojan prince Paris is said to have carried off to Troy.

^e The maid alluded to here is the princess Hippodameia, whom Pelops is said to have won as his bride.

^f The word *bark* here refers to a small ship.

^g Since the phrase *fettered god* implies here that Cupid is already confined, this wording appears to be mistaken. Instead, the phrase *winged god* would have been a better choice of words.

^h The god alluded to here is Cupid.

ⁱ The guest of Minos alluded to here is the famous craftsman, inventor, and architect Daedalus.

Thus Daedalus her^a offspring^b first confin'd,
 Who with a bull in lewd embraces join'd;
 Her teeming womb the horrid crime confess'd, 35
 Big with a human bull, half man, half beast.
 Said he^c, "Just Minos, best of human kind,
 Thy mercy let a prostrate exile find.
 By Fates compell'd my native shores to fly,
 Permit me, where I durst not live, to die. 40
 Enlarge my son^d, if you neglect my tears,
 And show compassion to his blooming years:
 Let not the youth a long confinement mourn,
 Oh free the son, or let his sire^e return!"
 Thus he implor'd, but still implor'd in vain, 45
 Nor could the freedom that he sought obtain.
 Convinc'd at length, "Now, Daedalus," he cried,
 "Here's subject for thy art that's yet untried.
 Minos the earth commands, and guards the sea,
 No pass the land affords, the deep no way; 50
 Heav'n's only free, we'll heav'n's auspicious height
 Attempt to pass, where kinder fates invite:
 Favour, ye powers above, my daring flight!"
 Misfortunes oft prove to invention kind,
 Instruct our wit, and aid the lab'ring mind; 55
 For who can credit men, in wild despair,
 Should force a passage through the yielding air!
 Feathers, for wings design'd, the artist^f chose,
 And bound with thread his forming pinions close:
 With temper'd wax the pointed ends he wrought, 60
 And to perfection his new labours brought.
 The finish'd wings his smiling offspring^g views,
 Admires the work, not conscious of the use;
 To whom the father^h said, "Observe aright,
 Observe, my son, these instruments of flight. 65
 In vain the tyrantⁱ our escape retards,
 The heav'ns he cannot, all but heav'n he guards;

^a The woman alluded to here is the Cretan king Minos' wife Pasiphae.

^b The offspring of Pasiphae alluded to here is the Minotaur.

^c Daedalus

^d The son alluded to here is Daedalus' son Icarus.

^e The father alluded to here is Icarus' father Daedalus.

^f The artist alluded to here is Daedalus.

^g The offspring alluded to here is Daedalus' son Icarus.

^h The father alluded to here is Icarus' father Daedalus.

ⁱ The tyrant alluded to here is the Cretan king Minos.

Though earth and seas elude thy father's care,
 These wings shall waft us through the spacious air.
 Nor shall my son^a celestial signs survey, 70
 Far from the radiant Virgin^b take your way;
 Or where Bootes the chill'd north commands,
 And with his falchion dread Orion stands.
 I'll go before, me still retain in sight,
 Where'er I lead, securely make your flight: 75
 For should we upward soar too near the sun,
 Dissolv'd with heat, the liquid wax will run;
 Or near the seas a humbler flight maintain,
 Our plumes will suffer by the streaming main.
 A medium keep, the winds observe aright; 80
 The winds will aid your advantageous flight."
 He caution'd thus, and thus inform'd him long,
 As careful birds instruct their tender young;
 The spreading wings then to his shoulders bound,
 His body pois'd, and rais'd him from the ground. 85
 Prepar'd for flight, his aged arms embrace
 The tender youth, whilst tears o'erflow his face.
 A hill there was, from whence the anxious pair
 Essay'd their wings, and forth they launch'd in air:
 Now his expanded plumes the artist^c plies, 90
 Regards his son, and leads along the skies;
 Pleas'd with the novelty of flight, the boy
 Bounds in the air, and upward springs with joy.
 The angler views them from the distant strand,
 And quits the labours of his trembling hand. 95
 Samos they pass'd, and Naxos, in their flight,
 And Delos, with Apollo's presence bright.
 Now on their right Lebinthos shores they found,
 For fruitful lakes and shady groves renown'd.
 When the aspiring boy^d forgot his fears, 100
 Rash with hot youth and unexperienc'd years:
 Upwards he soar'd, maintain'd a lofty stroke,
 And his directing father's way forsook.
 The wax, of heat impatient, melted, run,
 Nor could his wings sustain that blaze of sun. 105
 From heav'n he views the fatal depths below,

^a The son alluded to here is Daedalus' son Icarus.

^b The virgin alluded to here is the princess and nymph Callisto, whom Jupiter is said to have set amongst the stars as the constellation Ursa Major (the Great Bear).

^c The artist alluded to here is Daedalus.

^d The boy alluded to here is Daedalus' son Icarus.

Whilst killing fears prevent the distant blow.
 His struggling arms now no assistance find,
 Nor poise the body, nor receive the wind.
 Falling, his father he implores in vain, 110
 To aid his flight, and sinking limbs sustain;
 His name invokes, till the expiring sound
 Far in the floods with Icarus was drown'd.
 The parent^a mourns, a parent now no more,
 And seeks the absent youth on ev'ry shore: 115
 "Where's my lov'd son, my Icarus!" he cries;
 "Say, in what distant region of the skies,
 Or faithless clime, the youthful wand'rer flies."
 Then view'd his pinions scatter'd o'er the stream,
 The shore his bones received, the waves his name^b. 120
 Minos, with walls, attempted to detain
 His flying guests, but did attempt in vain:
 Yet the wing'd god^c shall to our rules submit,
 And Cupid yield to more prevailing wit.

Thessalian arts^d in vain rash lovers use, 125
 In vain with drugs the scornful maid abuse:
 The skilfull'st potions ineffectual prove;
 Useless are magic remedies in love.¹
 Could charms prevail, Circe had prov'd her art,
 And fond Medea fix'd her Jason's heart.² 130
 Nor tempt with philters^e the disdainful dame,
 They rage inspire, create a frantic flame;
 Abstain from guilt, all vicious arts remove,
 And make your passion worthy of her love.
 Distrust your empty form and boasted face, 135
 The nymph engage a thousand nobler ways:
 To fix her vanquish'd heart entirely thine,
 Accomplish'd graces to your native join.
 Beauty's but frail, a charm that soon decays,
 Its lustre fades as rolling years increase, 140
 And age still triumphs o'er the ruin'd face.
 This truth the fair but short-liv'd lily shows,
 And prickles that survive the faded rose.
 Learn, lovely boy, be with instruction wise!

^a The parent alluded to here is Daedalus.

^b The part of the Aegean Sea in the region where Icarus is said to have fallen is called the Icarian Sea.

^c The god alluded to here is Cupid.

^d The term *Thessalian arts* here alludes to sorcery associated with the Thessaly region of ancient Greece.

^e The word *philters* here refers to potions, drugs, or charms believed to cause love.

Beauty and youth misspent are past advice. 145
 Then cultivate thy mind with wit and fame,
 Those lasting charms survive the fun'ral flame.

With arts and sciences your breast improve,³
 Of high import are languages in love:

The fam'd Ulysses was not fair nor young, 150
 But eloquent and charming with his tongue;
 And yet for him contending beauties strove,
 And every sea-nymph sought the hero's love.

Calypso mourn'd when he forsook her shores,
 And with fond waves detain'd his hasty oars. 155

Oft she enquir'd of ruin'd Ilium's^a fate,
 Making him oft the wond'rous tale relate;
 Which with such grace his florid tongue could frame,
 The story still was new, though still the same.

Now standing on the shores, "Again declare," 160
 Calypso cried, "your fam'd exploits in war."
 He, with a wand, a slender wand he bore,
 Delineates ev'ry action on the shore.

"Here's Troy," says he, then draws the walls in sand,
 "There Simoïs flows, here my battalions stand. 165
 A field there was (and then describes the field)
 Where Dolon, with rewards deceiv'd, we kill'd.

Just thus intrench'd imagine Rhesus lies,
 And here we make his warlike steeds our prize."
 Much he describ'd, when a destructive wave 170
 Wash'd off the slender Troy, and rolling gave
 To Rhesus and his tents one common grave.

Long with delight his charming tongue she heard,
 The well-rais'd passion in her looks appear'd;
 The goddess^b weeps to view his spreading sails, 175
 So much a soldier with the sex prevails.
 Distrust thy form, fond youth, and learn to know,
 There's more requir'd in love than empty show.

With just disdain she treats the haughty mind,
 'Tis complaisance that makes a beauty kind, 180
 The hawk we hate that always lives in arms,
 The raging wolf that ev'ry flock alarms;

But the mild swallow none with toils infests,
 And none the soft Chaönian bird molests.⁴

^a *Ilium* is another name for Troy.

^b The goddess alluded to here is the nymph-goddess Calypso.

Debates avoid, and rude contention shun; 185
 A woman's with submissive language won.
 Let the wife rail, and injur'd husband swear,
 Such freedoms are allow'd the married pair:
 Discord and strife to nuptial beds belong,
 The portion justifies a clam'rous tongue. 190
 With tender vows the yielding maid endear,
 And let her only sighs and wishes hear.
 Contrive with words and actions to delight,
 Still charm her ear, and still oblige her sight.

I no instructions to the rich impart, 195
 He needs not, that presents, my useless art:⁵
 The giving lover's handsome, valiant, wise,
 His happy fortune is above advice.
 I to the needy sing; though poor, I love,
 And, wanting wealth, with melting language move. 200
 His honour storms a stubborn damsel's door;
 I'm cautious to affront, because I'm poor.
 With pleasing arts I court, with arts possess;
 Or if I'm bounteous, 'tis in promises.
 Enrag'd, I ruffled once Corinna's hair,⁶ 205
 Long was I banish'd by the injur'd fair;
 Long, mournful nights for this consum'd alone,
 Nor could my tears the furious maid atone.
 Weeping, she vow'd, a suit of point^a I tore;
 Falsely she vow'd, but I must purchase more. 210
 Make not your guilty master's crime your own,
 But by my punishment my error shun.
 Indecent fury from her sight remove,
 No passion let your mistress know but love.

Yet, if the haughty nymph's unkind and coy, 215
 Or shuns your sight, have patience, and enjoy.
 By slow degrees we bend the stubborn bough;
 What force resists, with art will pliant grow.
 In vain we stem a torrent's rapid force,
 But swim with ease, complying with its course. 220
 By gentler arts we savage beasts reclaim,
 And lions, bulls, and furious tigers tame.
 Fiercely Atalanta o'er the forest rov'd,⁷
 Cruel and wild, and yet at last she lov'd.

^a The item of clothing referred to here in the Latin is a tunic, i.e. a gown-like garment.

Melanion long deplor'd his hopeless flame, 225
 And weeping, in the woods pursu'd the scornful dame^a:
 On his submissive neck her toils he wore,
 And with his mistress chac'd the dreadful boar.
 Arm'd to the woods I bid you not repair,
 Nor follow over hills the savage fair: 230
 My soft injunctions less severe you'll find,
 Easy to learn, and fram'd to ev'ry mind.
 Her wishes never, nor her will withstand;
 Submit, you'll conquer; serve, and you'll command:
 Her words approve, deny what she denies, 235
 Like where she likes, and where she scorns, despise.
 Laugh when she smiles; when sad, dissolve in tears;
 Let ev'ry gesture sympathize with hers.
 If she delights, as women will, in play,
 Her stakes return, your ready losings pay. 240
 When she's at cards, or rattling dice she throws,
 Connive at cheats, and generously lose.
 A smiling winner let the nymph remain,
 Let your pleas'd mistress ev'ry conquest gain.
 In heat, with an umbrella ready stand; 245
 When walking, offer your officious hand.
 Her trembling hands, though you sustain the cold,
 Cherish, and to your warmer bosom hold.
 Think no inferior office a disgrace,^b
 No action that a mistress gains is base. 250
 The hero^c that eluded Juno's spite,
 And ev'ry monster overcame in fight;
 That pass'd so many bloody labours o'er,
 And well deserv'd that heav'n, whose weight he bore;
 Amidst Ionian damsels carding^d stands, 255
 And grasps the distaff^e in obedient hands;
 In all commands the haughty dame^f obeys;
 And who disdains to act like Hercules?
 If she's at law, be sure commend the laws,

^a The dame alluded to here is the huntress Atalanta.

^b In this translation, this lines represents a brief summary of further significant directions that are omitted from this passage. The specific instructions omitted here then are to clear the way for her when walking through a crowd, to place a footstool at her couch, to attend to her feet by taking off or putting on her footwear, and to bear her looking-glass, as otherwise her maid was wont to do.

^c The hero alluded to here is Hercules.

^d The word *carding* here refers to the combing of fibres, such as wool, prior to spinning.

^e The word *distaff* here refers to a staff, or a stick, on which fibres, such as wool or flax, are wound for spinning.

^f The dame alluded to here is the Lydian queen Omphale.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Solicit with the judge, or plead her cause. | 260 |
| With patience at the assignation wait, Early appear, attend her coming late. Whene'er she wants a messenger, away, And her commands with flying feet obey. | |
| When late from supper she's returning home, And calls her servant, as a servant come. | 265 |
| She for the country air retires from town, You want a coach, or horse, why foot it down: Let not the sultry season of the year, The falling snows, or constant rains deter. | 270 |
| Love is a warfare, and ignoble sloth Seems equally contemptible in both: In both are watchings, duels, anxious cares, The soldier thus, and thus the lover fares; | |
| With rains he's drench'd, with piercing tempests shakes, And on the colder earth his lodging takes. | 275 |
| Fame says that Phoebus kept Admetus' herd; And coarsely in an humble cottage far'd; No servile offices the god deny'd; | |
| Learn this, ye lovers, and renounce your pride. | 280 |
| When all access is to your mistress hard, When ev'ry door's secur'd, and window barr'd, The roof untile, some desp'rate passage find: You cannot be too bold to make her kind; | |
| Oh, how she'll clasp you when the danger's o'er, And value your deserving passion more. | 285 |
| Thus through the boist'rous seas Leander mov'd, ⁸ Not to possess, but show how much he lov'd. | |
| Nor blushing think how low you condescend To court her maids, and make each slave your friend: | 290 |
| Each by their names familiarly salute, And beg them to promote your am'rous suit. Perhaps a bribe's requir'd; your bounty show, And from your slender fortunes part bestow. | |
| A double bribe the chamber-maid secures, And when the favourite's gain'd, the fair is yours. | 295 |
| She'll add, to everything you do, a grace, And watch the wanton hours, and time her praise. When servants merry make, and feast and play, ⁹ Then give her something to keep holiday. | 300 |
| Retain them ev'ry one, the porter most, | |

And her who nightly guards the happy coast.

I no profuse nor costly gifts commend,
 But choose and time it well, whate'er you send.
 Provide the product of the early year, 305
 And let your boy the rural present bear:
 Tell her 'twas fresh, and from your manor brought,
 Though stale, and in the suburb market bought.
 The first ripe cluster let your mistress eat,
 With chestnuts, melons, and fair peaches treat: 310
 Some larger fish, or choicer fowl present:
 They recommend your passion where they're sent.
 'Tis with these arts the childless miser's caught,
 Thus future legacies are basely bought:
 But may his name with infamy be curs'd, 315
 That practis'd them on love and women first.

In tender sonnets^a most your flame rehearse;
 But who, alas! of late are mov'd by verse?
 Women a wealthy treating fool admire,
 Applaud your wit, but costly gifts require. 320
 This is the golden age, all worship gold,
 Honours are purchas'd, love and beauty sold.
 Should Homer come with his harmonious train,
 And not present, Homer's turn'd out again.
 Some of the sex have sense, their number's small, 325
 Most ignorant, yet vain pretenders all:
 Flatter alike, smooth, empty stanzas^b send,
 They seldom sense, but sound and rhyme commend.
 Should you with art compose each polish'd line,
 And make her, like your numbers^c, all divine: 330
 Yet she'll a treat or worthless toy prefer
 To all th' immortal poet's boasted care.

But he that covets to retain her heart,
 Let him apply his flattery with art:
 With lasting raptures on her beauty gaze, 335
 And make her form the subject of his praise.
 Purple commend, when she's in purple dress'd;
 In scarlet, swear she looks in scarlet best;

^a The word *sonnet* refers to a fourteen line poem with a specific rhythmic structure and a strict rhyming scheme.

^b The word *stanza* refers to a verse of, or a subdivision of lines within, a poem. It's usually comprised of a fixed number of lines conforming to a specific rhythmic structure and a set rhyming scheme.

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

Array'd in gold, her graceful mien adore,
 Vowing those eyes transcend the sparkling ore. 340
 With prudence place each compliment aright,
 Though clad in crape, let homely crape delight.
 In sorted colours, praise a varied dress;
 In night-clothes, or commode^a, let either please.^b
 Or when she combs, or when she curls her hair, 345
 Commend her curious art, and gallant air.
 Singing, her voice, dancing, her step, admire,
 Applaud when she desists, and still desire:
 Let all her words and actions wonder raise,
 View her with raptures, and with raptures praise. 350
 Fierce as Medusa though your mistress prove,
 These arts will teach the stubborn beauty love.

Be cautious lest you over-act your part,
 And temper your hypocrisy with art:
 Let no false action give your words the lie, 355
 For, once deceiv'd, she's ever after shy.
 In autumn oft, when the luxurious year
 Purples the grape, and shows the vintage near;
 When sultry heats, when colder blasts arise,
 And bodies languish with inconstant skies: 360
 If vicious heav'n infects her tender veins,
 And in her tainted blood some fever reigns;
 Then your kind vows, your pious care bestow,
 The blessings you expect to reap, then sow:
 Think nothing nauseous in her loath'd disease, 365
 But with your ready hand contrive to please:
 Weep in her sight, then fonder kisses give,
 And let her burning lips your tears receive.
 Much for her safety vow, but louder speak,
 Let the nymph hear the lavish vows you make. 370
 As health returns, so let your joys appear,
 Oft smile with hope, and oft confess your fear.
 This in her breast remains, these pleasing charms
 Secure a passage to her grateful arms.
 Reach nothing nauseous to her taste or sight, 375
 Officious only when you most delight:

^a The word *commode* here refers to a once fashionable type of women's headdress.

^b In this translation, this line is a little too broadly translated to fully convey the more specific and significant direction found here in the Latin. This more specific direction then concerns what to say when she's more scantily clad, in which case you're instructed to exclaim she's setting you on fire, or making you burn with passion, whilst anxiously entreating her too to beware of the cold.

Nor bitter draughts, nor hated med'cines give;
Let her from rivals what she loaths receive.

Those prosp'rous winds that launch'd our bark^a from shore,
When out at sea, assist its course no more: 380

Time will your knowledge in our art improve,
Give strength and vigour to your forming love.

The dreadful bull was but a calf, when young;
The lofty oak but from an acorn sprung:
From narrow springs the noblest currents flow, 385

But swell their floods, and spread them as they go.
Be conversant with love, no toils refuse,

And conquer all fatigues with frequent use.
Still let her hear your sighs, your passion view, 390

And night and day the flying maid pursue.
Then pause awhile, by fallow fields we gain;

A thirsty soil receives the welcome rain.
Phillis was calm while with Demophoon bless'd,

His absence wounded most her raging breast:
Thus his chaste consort^b for Ulysses burn'd, 395

And Laodamia thus her absent husband^c mourn'd.
With speed return, you're ruin'd by delays,

Some happy youth may soon supply your place.
When Sparta's prince^d was from his Helen gone,

Could Helen be content to lie alone? 400
She in his bed receiv'd her am'rous guest^e,

And nightly clasp'd him to her panting breast.
Unthinking cuckold^f! to a proverb blind!

What, trust a beau and a fair wife behind? 405
Let furious hawks thy trembling turtles^g keep,

And to the mountain wolves commit thy sheep;
Helen is guiltless, and the lover's crime

But what yourself would act another time.
The youth^h was pressing, the dull husbandⁱ gone.

Let ev'ry woman make the case her own: 410

^a The word *bark* here refers to a small ship.

^b The consort alluded to here is the hero Ulysses' wife Penelope.

^c The husband alluded to here is Greek warrior Protesilaus.

^d The prince alluded to here is the Spartan king Menelaus.

^e The guest alluded to here is the Trojan prince Paris.

^f The cuckold alluded to here is the Spartan king Menelaus.

^g The word *turtles* here is an abbreviation of the term *turtle-doves*.

^h The youth alluded to here is the Trojan prince Paris.

ⁱ The husband alluded to here is the Spartan king Menelaus.

Who could a prince, by Venus sent^a, refuse?
The cuckold's negligence is her excuse.

But not the foaming boar, whom spears surround,¹⁰
Revening on the dogs his mortal wound,
Nor lioness, whose young receives the breast, 415
Nor viper by unwary footsteps press'd,
Nor drunkard by th' Aōnian god^b possess'd,
Transcend the woman's rage, by fury led,
To find a rival in her injur'd bed.
With fire and sword she flies, the frantic dame 420
Disdains the thought of tenderness or shame.
Her offspring's blood enrag'd Medea spilt,
A cruel mother for the father's^c guilt.
And Progne's unrelenting fury proves 425
That dire revenge pursues neglected loves.
Where sacred ties of honour are destroy'd,
Such errors cautious lovers must avoid.
Think not my precepts constancy enjoin,
Venus avert! far nobler's my design.
At large enjoy, conceal your passion well, 430
Nor use the modish vanity to tell:
Avoid presenting of suspected toys,
Nor to an hour confine your varied joys:
Desert the shades you did frequent before,
Nor make them conscious of a new amour. 435
The nymph, when she betrays, disdains your guilt,
And, by such falsehood taught, she learns to jilt.
While with a wife^d Atrides^e liv'd content,
Their loves were mutual, and she innocent:
But, when inflam'd with ev'ry charming face, 440
Her lewdness still maintain'd an equal pace.
Chryses, as fame had told her, pray'd in vain,
Nor could by gifts his captive girl obtain^f;
Mournful Briseis, thy complaints she heard,
And how his lust the tedious war deferr'd. 445

^a At the Judgement of Paris, Venus is said to have promised to give Paris Helen of Sparta for his bride.

^b The god alluded to here is Bacchus.

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

^d The wife alluded to here is Agamemnon's wife Clytemnestra, whom Aegisthus is said to have seduced whilst her husband Agamemnon was away at the Trojan War.

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

^f The girl alluded to here is the priest of Apollo Chryses' daughter Chryseis, who's said to have been captured during the Trojan War and held as Agamemnon's concubine.

This tamely heard, but with resentment view'd
 The victor by his beauteous slave subdu'd.
 With rage she saw her own neglected charms,
 And took Aegisthus to her injur'd arms.
 To lust and shame by his example led, 450
 Who durst so openly profane her bed.

What you conceal, her more observing eye,
 Perhaps betrays: with oaths the fact deny,
 And boldly give her jealousy the lie;
 Not too submissive seem, nor over kind: 455
 These are the symptoms of a guilty mind:
 But no caresses, no endearments spare,
 Enjoyment pacifies the angry fair.

There are, that strong provoking potions praise,
 And nature with pernicious med'cines raise: 460
 Nor drugs, nor herbs, will what you fancy prove,
 And I pronounce them pois'nous all in love.

Some pepper bruis'd with seeds of nettles join,
 And clary^a steep in bowls of mellow wine:
 Venus is most averse to forc'd delights; 465
 Extorted flames pollute her genial rites.

With fishes spawn thy feeble nerves recruit,
 And with Eringo's hot salacious root:
 The goddess worshipp'd by th' Erycian swains^b,
 Megara's white shallot, so faint, disdains. 470

New eggs they take, and honey's liquid juice,
 And leaves and apples of the pine infuse.
 Prescribe no more, my Muse, nor med'cines give,
 Beauty and youth need no provocative.

You that conceal'd your secret crimes before, 475
 Proclaim them now, now publish each amour.
 Nor tax me with inconstancy; we find
 The driving bark^c requires a veering wind:

Now northern blasts we court, now southern gales,
 And ev'ry point befriends our shifting sails. 480
 Thus chariot-drivers with a flowing rein

^a *Clary* is the common name for *Salvia sclarea*, an aromatic herb with hairy leaves and clusters of mauve, lilac, pink, or white flowers. Clary is used in medicinally as well as for making perfumes and for flavouring wines and liquors.

^b The goddess alluded to here is Venus.

^c The word *bark* here refers to a small ship.

Direct their steeds, then curb them in again.
 Indulgence oft corrupts the faithless dame,
 Secure from rivals, she neglects your flame:
 The mind without variety is cloy'd, 485
 And nauseates pleasures it has long enjoy'd.
 But as a fire, whose wasted strength declines,
 Converts to ashes, and but faintly shines;
 When sulphur's brought, the spreading flames return,
 And glowing embers with fresh fury burn: 490
 A rival thus th' ungrateful maid reclaims,
 Revives desire, and feeds her dying flames.
 Oft make her jealous, give your fondness o'er,
 And tease her often with some new amour.
 Happy, thrice happy youth, with pleasures bless'd, 495
 Too great, too exquisite to be express'd!
 That view'st the anguish of her jealous breast.
 Whene'er thy guilt the slighted beauty knows,
 She swoons; her voice, and then her colour, goes.
 Oft would my furious nymph, in burning rage, 500
 Assault my locks, and with her nails engage;
 Then how she'd weep, what piercing glances cast!
 And vow to hate the perjur'd wretch at last.
 Let not your mistress long your falsehood mourn,
 Neglected fondness will to fury turn. 505
 But kindly clasp her in your arms again,
 And on your breast her drooping head sustain:
 Whilst weeping kiss, amidst her tears enjoy,
 And with excess of bliss her rage destroy.
 Let her awhile lament, awhile complain, 510
 Then die with pleasure, as she died with pain.
 Enjoyment cures her with its powerful charms,
 She'll sign a pardon in your active arms.

First nature lay an undigested mass,¹¹
 Heaven, earth, and ocean, wore one common face: 515
 Then vaulted heav'n was fram'd, waves earth inclos'd,
 And chaos was in beauteous forms dispos'd;
 The beasts inhabit woods, the birds the air,
 And to the floods the scaly fry repair.
 Mankind alone enjoy'd no certain place, 520
 On rapine^a liv'd, a rude unpolish'd race:
 Caves were their houses, herbs their food and bed,

^a The word *rapine* here refers to the act of plundering or to the violent or forceful seizure of others' property.

Whilst each a savage from the other fled.
 Love first disarm'd the fierceness of their mind,
 And in one bed the men and women join'd; 525
 The youth was eager, but unskill'd in joy,
 Nor was the unexperienc'd virgin coy:
 They knew no courtship, no instructor found,
 Yet they enjoy'd, and blest the pleasing wound^a.
 The birds with consorts propagate their kind, 530
 And sporting fish their finny beauties find:
 In am'rous fold the wanton serpents twine,
 And dogs with their salacious females join.
 The lusty bull delights his frisking dames,
 And more lascivious goat her male inflames. 535
 Mares furious grow with love, their bound'ries force,
 Plunging through waves to meet the neighing horse.
 Go on, brave youth, thy gen'rous vigour try,
 To the resenting maid this charm apply:
 Love's soft'ning pleasures ev'ry grief remove, 540
 There's nothing that can make your peace like love.
 From drugs and philters no redress you'll find,
 But nature with your mistress will be kind.
 The love that's unconstrain'd will long endure,
 Machaon's art was false, but mine is sure.¹² 545

Whilst thus I sung, inflam'd with nobler fire,
 I heard the great Apollo's tuneful lyre^b:
 His hand a branch of spreading laurel bore,
 And on his head a laurel wreath he wore;
 Around he cast diffusive rays of light, 550
 Confessing all the god to human sight.
 "Thou master of lascivious arts," he said,
 "To my frequented fane^c thy pupils lead:
 And there, inscrib'd in characters of gold,
 This celebrated sentence you'll behold: 555
 First know yourself; who to himself is known,¹³
 Shall love with conduct, and his wishes crown.
 Where nature has a handsome face bestow'd,
 Or graceful shape, let both be often show'd:
 Let men of wit and humour silence shun, 560

^a This is a figurative wound (of desire, longing, or love) metaphorically inflicted by a dart, or an arrow, from Cupid's bow.

^b The word *lyre* here refers to a small harp-like instrument that was often used, in ancient Greece, to accompany singing and poetry recitation.

^c The temple alluded to here is the famous Temple of Apollo at Delphi.

The artist sing, and soldier bluster on;
 Of long harangues ye eloquent, take heed,
 Nor thy damn'd works, thou teasing poet, read."
 Thus Phoebus^a spoke: a just obedience give,
 And these injunctions from a god receive. 565
 I mysteries unfold; to my advice
 Attend, ye vulgar lovers, and grow wise.
 The thriving grain in harvest often fails,
 Oft prosp'rous winds turn adverse to our sails;
 Few are the pleasures, though the toils are great; 570
 With patience most submissive lovers wait.
 What hares on Athos, bees on Hybla feed,
 Or berries on the circling ivy breed?
 As shells on sandy shores, as stars above,
 So num'rous are the sure fatigues of love. 575
 The lady's gone abroad, you're told; though seen,
 Distrust your eyes, believe her not within.
 Her lodgings on the promis'd night are close,
 Resent it not, but on the earth repose.
 Her maid will cry, with an insulting tone, 580
 "'What makes you saunter here? you sot, be gone."
 With moving words the cruel nymph entreat,
 And place your garland on the bolted gate.^b

Why do I light and vulgar precepts use?
 A nobler subject now inspires my Muse: 585
 Approaching joys I sing, ye youths, draw near;
 Listen, ye happy lovers, and give ear:
 The labour's great, and daring is my song;
 Labours and great attempts to love belong.
 As from the sacred oracles of Jove^c, 590
 Receive these grand mysterious truths in love.
 Look down when she the ogling spark invites,
 Nor touch the conscious tablets^d when she writes.

^a *Phoebus* is another name for the god Apollo.

^b There's a small but important passage that's omitted here in this translation. This omitted passage, however, is thus translated in Henry T. Riley's prose translation:

Come when she desires it; when she shall shun you, you'll go away. It is not becoming for men of good breeding to cause weariness of their *company*. Why should your mistress be able to say to you, "There is no getting rid of this man?" The senses are not on the alert at all hours [i.e. her feelings or desires vary at different times]. And deem it no disgrace to put up with the curses of the fair one, or her blows, nor yet to give kisses to her delicate feet.

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

^d In ancient Rome, reusable wax tablets were used as portable writing surfaces. A writing tablet then was made of wood and covered with wax in which words were inscribed with a pointed instrument known as a stylus.

Appear not jealous, though she's much from home,
 Let her at pleasure go, unquestion'd come. 595
 This crafty husbands to their wives permit,
 And learn, when she's engag'd, to wink at it.
 I my own frailties modestly confess;
 And, blushing, give those precepts I transgress.
 Shall I, with patience, the known signal hear, 600
 Retire, and leave a happy rival there!
 What! tamely suffer the provoking wrong,
 And be afraid to use my hands or tongue!
 Corinna's husband kiss'd her in my sight;
 I beat the saucy fool, and seiz'd my right. 605
 I, like a fury, for my nymph engage,
 And like a madman, when I miss her, rage.
 My passion still prevails, convinc'd, I yield;
 He that submits to this is better skill'd.

Expose not, though you find her guilty flame, 610
 Lest she abandon modesty and shame:
 Conceal her faults, no secret crimes upbraid;
 Nothing's so fond as a suspected maid.
 Discover'd love increases with despair,
 When both alike the guilt and scandal share: 615
 All sense of modesty they lose in time,
 Whilst each encourages the other's crime.

In heav'n this story's fam'd above the rest,
 Amongst th' immortal drolls a standing jest:
 How Vulcan two transgressing lovers caught, 620
 And ev'ry god a pleas'd spectator brought.
 Great Mars for Venus felt a guilty flame,
 Neglected war, and own'd a lover's name;
 To his desires the Queen of Love^a inclin'd;
 No nymph in heav'n's so willing, none so kind. 625
 Oft the lascivious fair, with scornful pride,
 Would Vulcan's foot and sooty hands deride;
 Yet both with decency their passion bore,
 And modestly conceal'd the close amour.
 But by the Sun^b betray'd in their embrace, 630
 (For what escapes the Sun's observing rays?)
 He told th' affronted god of his disgrace.

^a The expression *Queen of Love* here alludes to the goddess Venus.

^b The word *Sun* here alludes to the Roman sun god Sol.

Ah, foolish Sun! and much unskill'd in love,
 Thou hast an ill example set above;
 Never a fair offending nymph betray, 635
 She'll gratefully oblige you ev'ry way.
 The crafty spouse^a around his bed prepares
 Nets that deceive the eye, and secret snares;
 A journey feigns, th' impatient lovers met,
 And naked were expos'd in Vulcan's net. 640
 The gods deride the criminals in chains,
 And scarce from tears the Queen of Love refrains:
 Nor could her hands conceal her guilty face,
 She wants that cover for another place.
 To surly Mars a gay spectator said, 645
 "Why so uneasy in that envy'd bed?
 On me transfer your chains; I'll freely come
 For your release, and suffer in your room."
 At length, kind Neptune, freed by thy desires,
 Mars goes to Crete, to Paphos she retires,¹⁴ 650
 Their loves augmented with revengeful fires;
 Now conversant with infamy and shame,
 They set no bounds to their licentious flame.
 But, honest Vulcan, what was thy pretence
 To act so much unlike a god of sense? 655
 They sin in public, you the shame repent,
 Convinc'd that loves increase with punishment.
 Though in your power, a rival ne'er expose,
 Never his intercepted joys disclose:
 This I command, Venus commands the same, 660
 Who hates the snares she once sustain'd with shame.

What impious wretch will Ceres' rites expose,¹⁵
 Or Juno's solemn mysteries disclose!
 His witty torments Tantalus deserves,¹⁶ 665
 That thirsts in waves, and, viewing banquets, starves.
 But Venus most in secrecy delights;
 Away, ye babblers, from her silent rites!
 No pomp her mysteries attend, no noise,
 No sounding brass proclaims the latent joys!
 With folded arms the happy pair possess, 670
 Nor should the fond betraying tongue confess
 Those raptures which no language can express.
 When naked Venus casts her robes aside,

^a The spouse alluded to here is the god Vulcan, who was Venus' husband.

The parts obscene her hands extended hide:
 No girl on propagating beasts will gaze, 675
 But hangs her head, and turns away her face.
 We darken'd beds and doors for love provide;
 What nature cannot, decent habits hide.
 Love darkness courts, at most a glimm'ring light,
 To raise our joys, and just oblige the sight, 680
 Ere happy men beneath the roof were laid,
 When oaks provided them with food and shade;
 Some gloomy cave receiv'd the wanton pair,
 For light too modest, and unshaded air!
 From public view they decently retir'd, 685
 And secretly perform'd what love inspir'd.
 Now scarce a modish fop about the town
 But boasts with whom, how oft, and where 'twas done.
 They taste no pleasure, relish no delight,
 Till they recount what pass'd the happy night, 690
 But men of honour always thought it base
 To prostitute each kinder nymph's embrace:
 To blast her fame, and vainly hurt his own,
 And furnish scandal for a lewd lampoon.
 And here I must some guilty arts accuse, 695
 And disingenuous shifts that lovers use,
 To wrong the chaste, and innocent abuse.
 When long repuls'd, they find their courtship vain,
 Her character with infamy they stain!
 Deny'd her person, they debauch her fame, 700
 And brand her innocence with public shame.
 Go, jealous fool, the injur'd beauty guard,
 Let ev'ry door be lock'd and window barr'd!
 The suffering nymph remains expos'd to wrong;
 Her name's a prostitute to ev'ry tongue, 705
 For malice will with joy the lie receive,
 Report, and what it wishes true, believe.

With care conceal whate'er defects you find,
 To all her faults seem like a lover blind.
 Naked Andromeda, when Perseus view'd, 710
 He saw her faults, but yet pronounc'd them good.
 Andromache was tall, yet some report
 Her Hector was so blind, he thought her short.
 At first what's nauseous, lessens by degrees,
 Young loves are nice, and difficult to please, 715
 The infant plant that bears a tender rind,

Reels to and fro with ev'ry breath of wind:
 But shooting upward to a tree at last,
 It stems the storm, and braves the strongest blast.
 Time will defects and blemishes endear, 720
 And make them lovely to your eyes appear:
 Unusual scents at first may give offence;
 Time reconciles them to the vanquish'd sense.
 Her vices soften with some kinder phrase;
 If she is swarthy as the negro's face, 725
 Call it a graceful brown, and that complexion praise.
 The ruddy lass must be, like Venus, fair,
 Or like Minerva, that has yellow hair.
 If pale and meagre, praise her shape and youth,
 Active when small; when gross, she's plump and smooth. 730
 Ev'ry excess by soft'ning terms disguise,
 And in some neighb'ring virtue hide each vice.

Nor ask her age, consult no register,
 Under whose reign she's born, or what's the year.
 If fading youth checkers her hair with white, 735
 Experience makes her perfect in delight;
 In her embrace sublimer joys are found,
 A fruitful soil, and cultivated ground!
 The hours enjoy, whilst youth and pleasures last,
 Age hurries on, and death pursues too fast. 740
 Or plow the seas, or cultivate the land,
 Or wield the sword in thy advent'rous hand:
 Or much in love thy nervous strength employ,
 Embrace the fair, the grateful maid enjoy;
 Pleasure and wealth reward thy pleasing pains; 745
 The labour's great, but greater far the gains.
 Add their experience in affairs of love,
 For years and practice do alike improve.
 Their arts repair the injuries of time,
 And still preserve them in their charming prime; 750
 In varied ways they act the pleasure o'er,
 Not pictur'd postures can instruct you more.¹⁷
 They want no courtship to provoke delight,
 But meet your warmth with eager appetite.
 Give me enjoyment, when the willing dame¹⁸ 755
 Glows with desires, and burns with equal flame.
 I love to hear the soft, transporting joys,
 The frequent sighs, the tender murm'ring voice;
 To see her eyes with varied pleasures move,

And all the nymph confess the pow'r of love. 760
Nature's not thus indulgent to the young,
These joys alone to riper years belong:
Who youth enjoys, drinks crude unready wine,
Let age your girl and sprightly juice refine,
Mellow their sweets, and make the taste divine. 765
To Helen who'd Hermione prefer,
Or Gorge think beyond her mother fair?
But he that covets the experienc'd dame,
Shall crown his joys, and triumph in his flame.

One conscious bed receives the happy pair: 770
Retire, my Muse, the door demands thy care.¹⁹
What charming words, what tender things are said,
What language flows without thy useless aid!
There shall the roving hand employment find,
Inspire new flames, and make e'en virgins kind. 775
Thus Hector did Andromache delight,
Hector, in love victorious, as in fight.
When weary from the field Achilles came,
Thus with delays he rais'd Briseis' flame.
Ah, could those arms, those fatal hands delight, 780
Inspire kind thoughts, and raise thy appetite!
Couldst thou, fond maid, be charm'd with his embrace,
Stain'd with the blood of half thy royal race?

Nor yet with speed the fleeting pleasures waste,
Still moderate your love's impetuous haste: 785
The bashful virgin, though appearing coy,
Detains your hand, and hugs the proffer'd joy.
Then view her eyes with humid lustre bright,
Sparkling with rage, and trembling with delight.
Her kind complaints, her melting accents hear, 790
The eye she charms, and wounds the list'ning ear.
Desert not then the clasping nymph's embrace,
But with her love maintain an equal pace:
Raise to her heights the transports of your soul,
And fly united to the happy goal. 795
Observe these precepts when with leisure bless'd,
No threat'ning fears your private hours molest;
When danger's near, your active force employ,
And urge with eager speed the hasty joy.
Then ply your oars, then practise this advice, 800
And strain, with whip and spur, to gain the prize.

The work's complete, triumphant palms prepare,
 With flow'ry wreaths adorn my flowing hair.
 As to the Greeks was Poldalirius' art,
 To heal with med'cines the afflicted part: 805
 Nestor's advice, Achilles' arms in field,
 Automedon, for chariot-driving skill'd;
 As Calchas could explain the mystic bird,²⁰
 And Telemon could wield the brandish'd sword;
 Such to the town my fam'd instructions prove, 810
 So much am I renown'd for arts of love.
 Me ev'ry youth shall praise, extol my name,
 And o'er the globe diffuse my lasting fame.
 I arms provide against the scornful fair;
 Thus Vulcan arm'd Achilles for the war. 815
 Whatever youth shall with my aid o'ercome,
 And lead his Amazon in triumph home;²¹
 Let him that conquers and enjoys the dame,
 In gratitude for his instructed flame,
 Inscribe the spoils with my auspicious name.^a 820

The tender girls my precepts next demand,
 Them I commit to a more skilful hand.

END OF BOOK II

^a This line can be more specifically translated, from the Latin, as 'inscribe upon the spoil "Naso [i.e. Ovid] was my tutor [or teacher]."'

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.

BOOK II

THE Second Book of the Art of Love is designed to teach the successful lover the arts by which his conquests are to be secured and maintained; and Ovid asserts that there is more glory in guarding than in winning the prize. He again invokes the aid of Cupid and Venus, and implores Erato, the Muse supposed to be most auspicious to lovers, to inspire his work, and animate his lines.

¹V. 128. *Useless are magic remedies in love.*] Ovid very properly here observes that drugs and medicinal potions are useless in love. He calls the having recourse to such expedients *Thessalian arts* because the potions compounded by Thessalian enchantresses were those that were held in the highest estimation.

²V. 129, 130. *Could charms prevail, Circe had prov'd her art,/And fond Medea fix'd her Jason's heart.*] Circe was a sorceress extremely skilful in the nature of herbs, but she strove in vain to win the affections of Ulysses by means of her potions. Medea was another sorceress, who, by the assistance of her art, enabled Jason to carry off the golden fleece, and afterwards married him, but, in the end, was deserted by him.

³[V. 148.](#) *With arts and sciences your breast improve.*] The advice here is excellent, and what the Poet says afterwards, of the manner in which Ulysses won the love of Calypso, displays an intimate acquaintance with the human heart, and cannot fail to remind every reader of taste of that exquisite scene of our immortal bard in Othello where the gentle Desdemona declares by what art the Moor had won her love. Shakespeare most probably had this beautiful passage of Ovid in his mind when he wrote the scene above alluded to.

⁴[V. 184.](#) *And none the soft Chaonian bird molests.*] The Chaonian bird was the dove, and was held sacred to Venus. The Greeks and Romans used the blood of doves as a powerful ingredient in their philters and love potions.

⁵[V. 196.](#) *He needs not, that presents, my useless arts.*] Ovid here has a satirical stroke at the mercenary disposition of the sex, and says that a lover who has money or gifts to bestow will always be accounted handsome, brave, and wise. There is, we fear, but too much truth in his observations on this head.

⁶[V. 205.](#) — *I ruffled once Corinna's hair.*] Ovid's own mistress, but critics have not been able to determine whether this was an assumed, or her real, name.

⁷[V. 223.](#) *Fiercely Atlanta o'er the forest rov'd*] The Poet makes use of the example of Atlanta to show there is nothing so wild but may be tamed. She had vowed chastity, devoted herself to Diana, and turned huntress. But meeting with Melanion (or, as Ovid has it in another place, Meleager) in the chase, she, after a long courtship, yielded to his suit, and bore him a son named Parthenopolus.

⁸[V. 287.](#) *Thus through the boist'rous seas, Leander mov'd.*] He was a youth of Abydos, on the Asiatic side of the Hellespont, (now called the Dardanelles), and used to swim across to Sestos, on the European side, where his mistress Hero dwelt; but, swimming on a stormy night, was at length unfortunately drowned. A castle on the Dardanelles bears his name to the present day; and those who have seen that celebrated strait declare there is nothing improbable in an adventurous lover swimming across it.

⁹[V. 299.](#) *When servants merry make, and feast and play.*] Ovid here alludes to the Saturnalia, which were instituted in memory of the golden age, when all the world was on a level, which, the poets inform us, happened in the reign of Saturn. Besides the sacrifices offered on the occasion, this festival was remarkable for the liberties which at that season slaves were allowed to take with their masters: they ridiculed them to their faces with impunity, and told them freely of their faults. At this time, friends sent presents to each other, reconciled differences, and laid aside animosities. No war was declared, no offender executed: the schools kept a vacation, and nothing but mirth and

good humour prevailed: but their festivity frequently degenerated into extravagance, dissoluteness, and debauchery; and riot and disorder often prevailed, instead of social enjoyment and harmless indulgence.

¹⁰[V. 413.](#) *But not the foaming boar, whom spears surround.*] Ovid, after having shown, in a very pertinent manner, that men, if they expect their mistresses to be chaste, should themselves be continent and tender, next proceeds to touch upon the passion of jealousy and shows, by a variety of pointed examples, that nothing is more dreadful than the rage of a woman who fancies herself slighted.

¹¹[V. 514.](#) *First nature lay an undigested mass.*] The following verses are almost the same with the beginning of our author's *Metamorphoses*, except where he treats of love. His description of the universal empire of love is warm and animated, particularly in those lines where he speaks of the first transports which human beings feel when they are initiated into the joys of this delicious passion.

¹²[V. 545.](#) *Machaon's art was false, but mine is sure.*] Ovid here means that the use of drugs and provocatives is a dangerous and unavailing practice, but that his instructions are infallible since they have nothing forced about them, but are in conformity to the laws of nature. Machaon, of whom mention is made here, was the son of Æsculapius, and a skilful physician. He attended the Greeks to the siege of Troy, and, if we may believe Homer, performed the most astonishing cures.

¹³[V. 556.](#) *First know yourself.*] This celebrated sentence, which was inscribed in letters of gold over the portal of the temple of Apollo, at Delphos, was an apophthegm of Chilo the Lacedæmonian, one of the seven sages of Greece. Two other wise sayings are recorded of him, which deserve a place here: *Desire nothing too eagerly. Misery is the companion of debt and strife.*

¹⁴[V. 650.](#) ----- *to Paphos she retires.*] A city in Cyprus, where a famous temple was erected in honour of Venus; and from whence she is sometimes called the Paphian, and sometimes the Cyprian, goddess.

¹⁵[V. 662.](#) *What impious wretch will Ceres' rites expose.*] These were the Eleusinian rites, the most celebrated and mysterious solemnity of any in Greece, and often called, by way of eminence, *mysteria*. Every thing contained a mystery. All was metaphor, allegory, and enigma. It was, in short, something like free masonry, but with this difference, that persons of both sexes and all ages were initiated into the mysteries; to neglect this was criminal; a neglect of this being one of the articles of accusation on which Socrates was put to death. For a person, not initiated, to be accidentally present at the solemnity was death. The benefits of initiation were supposed to extend beyond the grave. The mysteries were of two kinds, the greater and the less; the latter was preparatory to the greater They consisted of a solemn

representation of what was supposed to pass in the regions of *Elysium* and *Tartarus*. The secrets of the Eluesinian mysteries are, with great appearance of truth, supposed to be divulged in the 6th book of the *Æneid*, or at least a part of them. But, by the Greeks, to reveal the secrets of those rites was looked upon as a crime that would not fail to draw down the vengeance of heaven. The person who attended at initiation was called *Hierophantes*, that is, the revealer of holy truths. The *Hierophantes* had three assistants, the first was the torch-bearer, the second the crier, or the herald, the third ministered at the altar. Lactantius supposes those mysteries to have been abominable and obscene, and therefore not fit to be mentioned; but his zeal for a purer system probably drew him aside from the strictness of truth.

¹⁶[V. 664](#). *His witty torments Tantalus deserves.*] According to the heathen mythology, he was the son of Jupiter and the nymph Plota, and dwelt in Paphlagonia. Being favoured by the gods, on account of the dignity of his birth, he became the confidant of their secrets, but having divulged them, he was thrown into hell for his crime, and punished by being placed in the midst of victuals and drink without having power to help himself to either. By the example of Tantalus, Ovid aims to prove that lovers should be discreet, and not boast of the favours of their mistresses.

¹⁷[V. 752](#). *Not pictur'd postures can instruct you more.*] Our Poet, having maintained that experience tends to heighten the enjoyments of love, says that pictured postures cannot instruct more. The ancients were famous, or rather, perhaps we ought to say, infamous for the indecency of their naked figures, and the lasciviousness of their groups, imitating, without any scruples, those things which should only be transacted in the privacy and silence of night. Ben Johnson had these kind of pictures in his mind when he makes Sir Epicure Mammon, in his *Alchymist*, say,

— and mine oval room
Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took
From Elephantis, and dull Aretine,
But coldly imitated.

¹⁸[V. 755](#). *Give me enjoyment, &c.*] From this and the following verses, we may perceive that our Poet justly abhorred those lawless and unnatural passions, which were too much in practice among the degenerate Romans, and, in the present age, are so foul a disgrace to the modern Italians, and to most of the Eastern nations.

¹⁹[V. 771](#). *Retire my Muse.*] Those who accuse Ovid of being an extremely licentious Poet would do well to examine his works before they pass so severe a sentence upon him. Having conducted his youthful lover to the vestibule of his mistress's bed-chamber, he modestly retires, and takes but a rapid glance of those pleasures, which the almost universal sense of mankind forbids to be

too minutely disclosed.

²⁰[V. 808](#). *As Calchas could explain the mystic bird.*] Calchas was a soothsayer who went with the Greeks to the Trojan war. Mystic birds were eagles, vultures, and other birds of prey, and auguries were pronounced from the direction which they took in their flight.

²¹[V. 817](#). *And lead his Amazon in triumph home.*] Ovid, who treats of love as a species of warfare, here speaks, by way of metaphor, of some lady hard to be overcome. Love, indeed, maybe considered as a state of warfare of the mind. It is one of the most active, turbulent, and violent passions to which human nature can be subject, and therefore there is not any thing forced or unnatural in Ovid's comparison of it to a state of actual warfare.

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.

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