

NOTES

(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

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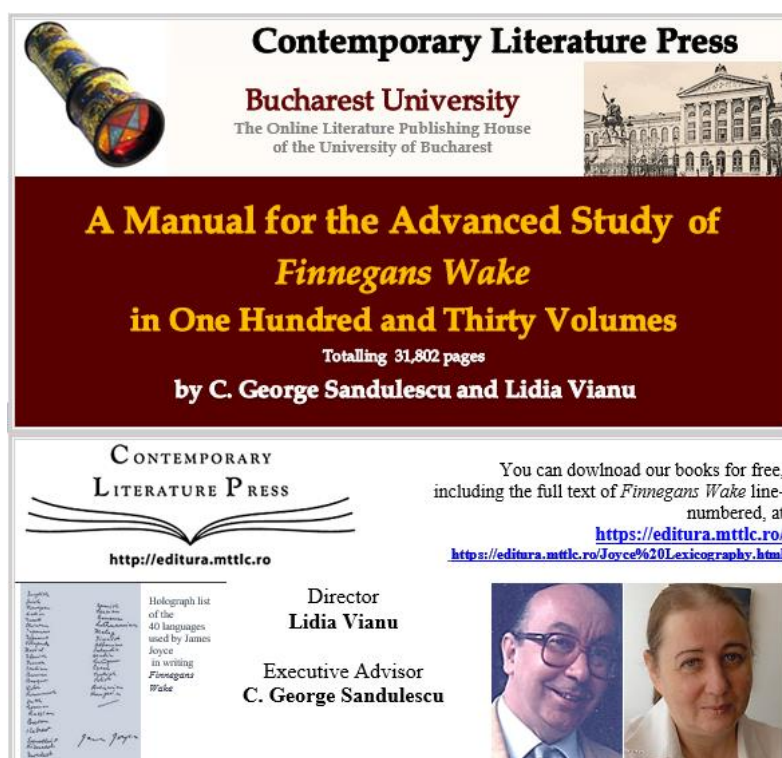
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Lidia Vianu

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C O N T E M P O R A R Y
L I T E R A T U R E P R E S S



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Foreword

This book, like the abstract paintings that illustrate it, started out as a set of unrelated ideas that gradually found something in common. Like a dreaded dinner party invite where you hardly know anyone, yet through the course (and courses) of the evening realize everyone has something (or things) in common. And everyone's having a good time! Well, I hope so!

The ideas developed something like this.

That much contemporary English verse, despite various post-modern attempts, had little wit, rebelling yet still in the shadow of a poetry of pain and sincerity.

That to find a poetry of wit, where the reader was left breathless by twists and juxtapositions of ideas, one needed to go back in history.

That going back in history a path could be found, starting in the pre romantic era of the Augustan poets in England, then leading on to the three poets considered in this book – Dryden, Marlowe and Ovid.

That wouldn't it be great fun to write a collection of poems that charted that path, and include research as well. And paint a series of paintings that however obscurely, considered this discovered lineage and its ramifications.

And wouldn't it be great fun to write this collection of poems, undertake the research, and paint the paintings with humour, emulating poets under study, using them to re-inject wit into contemporary poetry and art.

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<https://www.bartleby.com/204/212.html> (the Dryden translations);

<http://www.thelatinlibrary.com/ovid/ovid.amor1.shtml>;

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NOTES

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I. 2

(acrylic on canvas, 30 x 35 cm)



"Between Christopher Marlowe's great translations of the *Amores*... and the present day, only one set of translations can approach the wit, raciness and satiric astringency of the originals. These are a collaborative effort by several translators, most notable among them John Dryden."¹

¹ Garth Tissol "Introduction" to *Ovid: Love Poems* (translated by Dryden and others), Wordsworth 2003 vii

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Notes...

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N. 1

In 25 BC, at the beginning of his career, and while still a teenager, the Roman poet Ovid wrote *Amores*, a series of verses about love and sex. 1600 years later, at the beginning of *his* career, and while still a teenager, the English poet and playwright Christopher Marlowe translated *Amores* while studying at Cambridge. A hundred years after that, following an unparalleled period of creative writing that included authors such as Shakespeare, Donne, Webster and Jonson, the soon to be sacked English Poet Laureate John Dryden started *his* translations from Ovid.

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N. 2

Form and subject perfectly wed –
Notes in verse on verse in bed
Instead of war – these revelries
Of love and sex have various partners.
And for starters, we have Ovid,
Instigating these adventures.
Then two English poets who
Interpret Ovid in their ways.
Notes... will now compare these ways,
See if they embody Ovid
In their verse – all this in verse,
Their element, these three practitioners
Of this art.

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N. 3

Keywords Ovid, Dryden, Marlowe,
Exile, murder, ambushade.
Covent Garden, Deptford, Tomis,
Ancient, Rome, Augustus, Caesar,
Ego, hubris, risk and Cupid,
Lovers, lust, adultery, war.
Latin, law, interpretation,
Opposition, inspiration,
Ted Hughes, Yorkshire, boring, bastard,
Sex, translation, love, transgression,
Sin, disgraceful, dull, opinion,
Self, indulgence, deference, metre,
Feet, *Amores*, verse.

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N. 4

In Ovid's *Amores* 1.1

We see in verse an introduction

Inspired by Cupid, breaking free

Of marching epic poetry.

Amores 1.4 has more,

A lover – in his mind perhaps –

Instructs his love on how to act.

Amores 2.19 sees

A rival tell a lover's husband

(in this verse, if not in life) –

“Pay attention to your wife.”



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N. 5

Lust fulfilled in bed not battle,
Consummation, never slaughter.
Heroes? Lovers, not some soldiers.
Ovid called for sex, not war
(illicit too, and fun, unfruitful).
"Where would states find sons for war?"
(They said, and passed adultery laws.)

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N. 6

Lovers' feet and feet and metre
Meet with Marlowe, thanks to Ovid –
Lines uniting form and subject,
Yet dividing poem and state
(the married state, political state –
declining population threatening
army intake, empire's strength).

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N. 7

Marlowe's version of 2.19
References the law and/or
The breaking of it. Furthermore,
The mistress used is Marlowe's "wife",
Not Dryden's "whore", suggesting more –
Appropriation – rather than what
Can be held in common for
A price – the market place for flesh was
Still as rife.

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N. 8

Ovid erred, was later exiled
(Marlowe erred and later died).
Those poems where he erred were not
Amores, but the seeds were there.
And Marlowe, more than any other,
Saw them, brought these seeds to bear ripe
Fruit in English five feet lines.

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N. 9

Early writers underrated
Marlowe's work on Ovid citing
Lack of skill translating Latin,
Noting all the "errors" made in
His translations – later work con-
siders more interpretation,
Verve, a sense of where the verse is
Coming from (an opposition
to established pecking orders).

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N. 10

Dryden's words are seldom free of
Mights and quites and mays and coulds
(unlike the poet of *Tamburlaine*),
In action, no anticipation,
Hesitant, dependant on
A someone else, and not on drive
(that's never in doubt in Marlowe's mighty lines).

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N. 11

Dryden's words are often sweeter,
Framed within a couplet form that's
Almost perfect – Marlowe's work
Anticipated this tradition,
Less sophisticated phrasing,
Less well mannered, more well thought
(ideas bursting through the clothing),
More of feeling, ill at ease with
Graciousness of cultured wording.

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N. 12

What of Ovid, hidden under
Other's words – an inspiration
And a warning – verse exists
Outside of state and politics.
And when it does, and poets mind
What poets do, then all is fine.
When they don't, then maybe not,
Though better verse might be a result.

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N. 13

Ovid composed in Augustan times,
Offended the Emperor, and was exiled.
Marlowe wrote in renaissance England,
Then got killed by the secret service,
So some recent historians think.
Dryden got beaten in Covent Garden,
Central London, by some thugs,
Hired by The Duchess of Portsmouth or
Lord Rochester (a speculation),
During the English reformation.

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N. 14

And rumour had it long ago,
Adulterous Ovid had a tryst with
The Emperor's daughter. Maybe so.
More tellingly, his verse suggests it,
In its subject, and its flavour.

"and languishing Ovid, famed
for his lascivious poems and banished to Tomi, too
much erstwhile the slave of Caesar's daughter, whom
he called by the feigned name of Corinna"²

Work was done by Chapman and Jonson,
Referencing the illicit affair.
Later historians questioned this but
Missed a point – if Jonson thought or
More assumed, or more just used this
Story for a popular drama,
How presumptuous would *Rome* be
When reading Ovid's poetry?
(More evidence that verse can be
As risky as adultery.)

² *Sidonius Apollinaris XXIII. To Consentius* (c 463) in *Sidonius Poems and Letters with an English Translation, Introduction, and Notes* by W. B. Anderson, Harvard University Press and London William Heinemann Ltd 1936

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I. 3

(acrylic on wood, 21.5 x 32 cm)



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N. 15

In modern day Tomis, I can see Ovid,
 Standing in the supermarket looking for the olives.
In modern day Tomis, I can see Ovid
 Sitting in a deckchair, in the latest beachwear.³
In modern day Tomis, I can see Ovid
 Standing in the shadow of his statue in the square.⁴
In modern day Tomis, I can see Ovid
Surrounded by concrete.⁵ In modern day Tomis,
I can see Ovid.

³ The glorious sands stretch north to Mamaia.

⁴ A lonely figure among half finishing buildings.

⁵ Constanța has a surfeit of neo-brutalist inspired Ceaușescu era architecture, much of it visually fascinating.

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N. 16

And reading *Tristia*, one can see
Contrition, guilt, offence and fear,
But still the reasons why he's sent
Away from Rome remain unclear.
A patsy? Maybe Ovid was
Invited in, to places where
Conspiracy whispered in his ear.

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N. 17

No grassy knoll like *JFK*,
Or magic bullet, or indeed
A Lee "The Patsy" Harvey Oswald
In the book depository,
But still a cover up, and a crime,
An execution, people killed –
Will Oliver Stone now make the film?

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N. 18

Marlowe, Dryden, both translated
Similar verses from *Amores*,
Using regular rhythmic patterns,
Switching Ovid's limping Latin
Lines of stress to five beat time
(developing couplets in the process).
This is how a canon works
(through re-invention and translation).

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N. 19

A single word can change a tone,
Alliteration change a rhythm,
Wit, the meaning. Improvising
Gives élan, and stops the tedium
In the reading. (But "Rash boy, who
gave thee power to change a line?"⁶)

1.1, line 9 (Marlowe's translation)

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N. 20

"And where is Ovid's wit in Hughes?"⁷
It's down a pit, a disused mine,
Amongst his Yorkshire seriousness.
From him we get that dread confusion,
Not originating there –
Romantic seriousness should bear
The brunt of blame, but both mistake
A dourness for a thoughtfulness.
The first is fine in small amounts,
But withers with no wit about.
And thoughtfulness is like a tree,
It needs the earth, but also air
That breathes in Ovid's poetry –
Without them both, are branches bare
Of leaves? Of course, and just as Spring
Refreshes life, so Ovid is,
With all his life, more "live" than Hughes,
With all his woes. And while I'm on
The subject of a Yorkshire man,
A current star was heard to say
Hughes gave "permission" to write this way.
"Permission", what the verse is that?
Must poets sit at front of class
And raise their hands with all their might
To ask permission – "can I write"?

⁷ Ted Hughes *Tales from Ovid* 1997

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N. 21

*Five beat lines are part of the past
And this is now, so these are four.*
I'm fascinated by the patterns
Marlowe played with in his lines.
To illustrate, I've taken lines,
The first two from this verse of mine,
And broken each in half, and so
The sounds in *a* will resonate
Inside itself (the same with *b*
and *c* and *d*). So *a* has *e*
(these "five beat lines") and *b* has *p*
("are part of the past) and *c* an *s*
(as "this is now") and *d* an *o*
("so these are four") but more than this
The *s* is present overall,
And echoes in the following line
With "fascinated". Five beat lines
Do this and more – the central beat
(that's number three) can be in *a*
As well as *b*, or *c*, or *d*,
A trump to further complicate
The rhythmic pattern, and the rhyme,
And yes of course there is much more,
Too much for me to understand
(and this is why I'll stick to four).

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N. 22

"We which were Ovid's five books now are three" –
That was the start,
"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships"
The culmination. (Note
"Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss" –
a single line in Marlowe's play from this.)

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I. 4

(acrylic on wood, 21.5 x 30 cm)



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N. 23

Know these verses should have been
Appendices to a previous poem that
Grew too long. The more it grew,
The more they seemed misplaced, in need
Of dislocation from an epic
(and translation). Exiled here,
At last they know their place – at first
They pined for home, but unlike Ovid,
Settled down, found that re-
location worked – their lines before
Were overshadowed by an epic
Monolith – a verse akin
To Ancient Rome).

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N. 24

To work in sole regard of it,
Amazing to itself, but not
To those outside its state, enslaved
In lines engaged in subjugating
Anything not part of it, not
Glorifying, edifying.

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N. 25

And no, they won't translate so well,
Related, as they are, to *Quotes*...
Converted from the Latin and
Translating them again would lose
The meanings – relocation happened
And they're fine as *Notes*... but still
Autonomous, before the *Quotes*...

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N. 26

A poem debates the pros and cons of
Verse it's in, berates the other
Competition, criticizes
Current trends, obsequiousness and
In-between, considers Ovid,
Sees a poet in transition –
From an exile, to an icon.

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N. 27

This is part of an Arts Council England/
British Council funded project,
Also including a presentation
At a conference in Constanța
Organised by *Anticus*,
A multicultural association,
Integration as its aim,
Between the peoples of Dobruja –
Of these peoples and their cultures,
Some were there in AD8 when
Ovid first landed there,
A heritage to celebrate.

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N. 28

And yes he plays against a strict
Virgilian metre, comes at the end
Of a golden age in Roman verse,
Yet there's a sense in Ovid of
Re-visiting afresh, the myths,
Or love of landscape, echoing with,
Or rather in, renaissance art.

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N. 29

A scroll, of course, the perfect format
For *Amores*, and translations
Of it, and their debt in style and
Tone to that Great Roman poet.

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N. 30

Since the subject of these *Notes*...was
Ovid's, Marlowe's, Dryden's, racy,
Anecdotal poetry,
It seemed such waste not to write in this way
Or in as close an approximation of it
As possible.

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N. 31

Who can show us where we are in
Fleeting glimpses, otherwise hidden,
In the artfulness of verses?
Ovid, Marlowe, Dryden can in
Lines translated from *Amores*.

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N. 32

Amores – poems of sex and power
More complex than our verse today.
“But how, and in what way?” you say.
“Read on”, I say, these *Notes*... are the beginning –
The rest, you’ll find, is just as interesting.

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N. 33

Ovid, Marlowe and Dryden, due to
Actions, in and out of verse,
Fell out of favour with the powerful
And were punished. (Rushton, however...)

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N. 34

Gratuitous rhyme, a novelty act,
An ego's whim, nostalgic trash,
Pedantic tract or poor pastiche,
Or only lectures in a verse –
Who cares? Not me. Think what you will,
A Roman's words are flying still.

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I. 5

(acrylic on canvas, 30 x 36 cm)



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N. 35

Certain lines might well recall
A tone some fools have used to bore
(I'm sorry, reader, if this happened).
Here, I have attempted more to
Supplement a current store of
Cultural knowledge, be revealing.
Does this sound too pompous or too
Pedagogic? "Not at all,
In fact, the lack of facts is somewhat
Disappointing, and your self-
important tone is unconvincing –
You're quite pleasant, more's the pity.
If you weren't, you'd be witty."



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N. 36

A point that has been overlooked –
Reading both translations, seems
Dryden's are a fraction longer
(even more with 1.4).
Wondering why, I made a grid –
Inside it, line for line's compared.
What was found is Dryden's thoughts ex-
tended Ovid's. This can work and
Further flavour, or may not and
Further weaken his translation.

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N. 37

See *Further Reading* only if

Your thirst for knowledge isn't sated.

Don't if you want life in lines, in
form and subject happily wed,
not a reference book that's dead
(said but only half believed,
half the reference books I've read have
proved *surprisingly* good reads).

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N. 38

Three dead white men in a poem.

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N. 39

But I see Ovid, only just,
The ghost that haunts these lines, much less
An origin than spectre.

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N. 40

Don't get cocksure, keep your head down,
Know your place – it could be worse.
Stay away from those in power,
Stick to writing pleasant verse.

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About the Illustrations

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from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

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N. 41

Conflagrations multiplied (like
Ovid's verses from *Amores* –
written, read, translated, never
dating – more than that, immortal).

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N. 42

Exploding suns, exploding still,
In spite of specks of dust collecting
 Round the works as context, lost
Within a concept of igniting,
 Universes in the making.

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NOTES
(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

52

N. 43

Paintings transmuting from canvas to screen
To on-line illustrations of verse.
Words, brush strokes, colour and line,
Transposing content, defining time,
Forms finding a way to thought,
Abstract and concrete caught as art
Within a concept of uniting,
Universes in the making.

Steve Rushton
NOTES
(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

53

N. 44

Made while writing *Notes*... they are
Explosions of colour and matter, no less
A metaphor for Ovid's verse
And legacy, not least in their
Translations from paint on canvas and wood
To pixels on a screen.

Steve Rushton
NOTES
(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

54

N. 45

In a second hand book of T.S Eliot
Essays and criticism, many of which
I find very illuminating, despite their language
And tone, in pencil, in small neat handwriting,
A previous reader had written in a corner –

"tossers".

And my alter ego, given free reign
In dark nights of the soul, before
Rude, alcohol fuelled awakenings
At some god-awful time in the morning

does similar.

If that's familiar, my next poem,
Thanks (to Ovid), published by
frACTalia press in 2020,
With facing page translations by
Taner Murat And Margento⁸
Might be of interest.

⁸ Also with illustrations by the author.

Steve Rushton
NOTES
(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

55

N. 46

I'm even attending seminars on the subject –
People, humble, trying not to sell,
To no avail, while I, insistent, stumble.

Steve Rushton
NOTES
(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

56

N. 47

Painted, picture taken, posted,
Hosted in a universe of
Ghosts, but not in sheets – but worse,
Wrapped up in likes, emojis and tweets.⁹

⁹ Steve Rushton's artworks can be found online, at srushton13.com and on instagram.

Steve Rushton

NOTES

(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

57

I. 6

(acrylic on canvas, 30 x 35 cm)



"We denigrate texts ... which are translations or imitations because they supposedly lack originality, and conform to collaborative models of production which we are only just beginning to appreciate."¹⁰

¹⁰ Georgia E. Brown *Marlowe's Poems and Classicism* in *The Cambridge Companion to Christopher Marlowe* ed. Patrick Cheney, Cambridge University Press 2004 p. 106

Steve Rushton
NOTES
(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

58

Quotes

(comparisons of English translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

Steve Rushton
NOTES
(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

59

Amores 1.1

(N.B. *re line numbering*, Marlowe adds four lines from a separate epitaph by Ovid at the beginning of 1.1)

"Both verses were alike till Love (men say)
Began to smile and took one foot away." Marlowe, 7-8

"But Cupid, laughing, when he saw my Mind,
From ev'ry Second Verse a Foot purloin'd." Dryden, 4-5

"par erat inferior versus – risisse Cupido
dicitur atque unum surripuisse pedem." Ovid, 3-4

(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

"Saying, 'Poet, here's a work befitting thee.'

O woe is me! He never shoots but hits;

I burn, Love in my idle bosom sits.

Let my first verse be six, my last five feet;" Marlowe, 28-31

"Now, Poet, there's Subject for thy Muse.

He said (too well, alas, he knows his Trade,)

For in my Breast a Mortal Wound he made.

Far hence, ye proud Hexameters, remove," Dryden, 28-31

"'quod' que 'canas, vates, accipe' dixit 'opus!'

Me miserum! certas habuit puer ille sagittas.

uror, et in vacuo pectore regnat Amor.

Sex mihi surgat opus numeris, in quinque residat:" Ovid, 24-27



Steve Rushton

NOTES

(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

61

"Farewell stern war, for blunter poets meet.
Elegian muse, that warblest amorous lays,
Girt my shine brow with sea-bank myrtle sprays." Marlowe, 32-34

"My Verse is pac'd and tramel'd into love
With Myrtle Wreaths my thoughtful brows inclose,
While in unequal Verse I sing my Woes." Dryden, 32-34

"ferrea cum vestris bella valete modis!
cingere litorea flaventia tempora myrto,
Musa, per undenos emodulanda pedes!" Ovid, 28-30



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Steve Rushton
NOTES
(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

62

Amores 1.4

"But how thou shouldst behave thyself now know,
Nor let the winds away my warnings blow." Marlowe, 11-12

"Take then my Counsel; which, observ'd, may be
Of some Importance both to you and me." Dryden, 13-14

"quae tibi sint facienda tamen cognosce, nec Euris
da mea nec tepidis verba ferenda Notis." Ovid, 11-12

Steve Rushton
NOTES
(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

63

"Lie with him gently, when his limbs he spread
Upon the bed, but on my foot first tread." Marlowe, 15-16

"Sit next to him (that belongs to Decency;
But tread upon my Foot in passing by." Dryden, 17-18

"cum premet ille torum, vultu comes ipsa modesto
ibis ut accumbas, clam mihi tange pedem;" Ovid, 15-16

Steve Rushton
NOTES
(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

64

"Words without voice shall on my eyebrows sit,
Lines thou shalt read in wine by my hand writ." Marlowe, 19-20

"And on the Back a Letter shall design,
Besides a Note that shall be Writ in Wine." Dryden, 23-24

"verba superciliis sine voce loquentia dicam;
verba leges digitis, verba notata mero.;" Ovid, 19-20

Steve Rushton
NOTES
(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

65

"Mingle not thighs nor to his leg join thine,
Nor thy soft foot with his hard foot combine." Marlowe, 43-44

"Take not his Leg between your tender Thighs,
Nor with your Hand, provoke my Foe to rise," Dryden, 55-56

"nec femori committe femur nec crure cohaere
nec tenerum duro cum pede iunge pedem." Ovid, 43-44

Steve Rushton
NOTES
(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

66

"I and my wench oft under clothes did lurk,
When pleasure moved us to our sweetest work.
Do not thou so, but throw thy mantle hence,
Lest I should think thee guilty of offence." Marlowe, 47-50

"How oft have I been forc'd the Robe to lift
In Company; to make a homely shift
For a bare Bout, ill huddled o're in haste
While o're my side the Fair her Mantle cast?" Dryden, 59-62

"saepe mihi dominaeque meae properata voluptas
veste sub iniecta dulce peregit opus.
hoc tu non facies; sed, ne fecisse puteris,
conscia de tergo pallia deme tuo." Ovid, 47-50

Steve Rushton
NOTES
(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

67

"Then he will kiss thee, and not only kiss,
But force thee give him my stol'n honey bliss." Marlowe, 63-64

"He kisses you, he more than kisses too;
Th' outrageous Cuckold thinks it all his due." Dryden, 79-80

"oscula iam sumet, iam non tantum oscula sumet:
quod mihi das furtim, iure coacta dabis." Ovid, 63-64

Steve Rushton
NOTES
(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

68

"To him I pray it no delight may bring,
Or if it do, to thee no joy thence spring;" Marlowe, 67-68

"Had I my Wish, he shou'd no Pleasure take,
But slubber o're your Business for my sake." Dryden, 85-86

"si mea vota valent, illum quoque ne iuvet, opto;
si minus, at certe te iuvet inde nihil." Ovid, 67-68

Steve Rushton
NOTES
(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

69

Amores 2.19

"We scorn things lawful, stol'n sweets we affect,
Cruel is he that loves whom none protect." Marlowe, 3-4

"What comes with ease we nauseously receive,
Who but a Sot, wou'd scorn to love with leave?" Dryden, 3-4

"quod licet, ingratum est; quod non licet acrius urit.
ferreus est, siquis, quod sinit alter, amat" Ovid, 3-4

Steve Rushton

NOTES

(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

70

"To please me, what fair terms and sweet words has she!
Great gods, what kisses, and how many gave she!" Marlowe, 17-18

"With what a Gust, ye Gods, we then embrac'd!
How every kiss was dearer than the last!" Dryden, 17-18

"quas mihi blanditias, quam dulcia verba parabat
oscula, di magni, qualia quotque dabat!" Ovid, 17-18



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NOTES
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71

"Fat love, and too much fulsome, me annoys,
Even as sweet meat a gluttied stomach cloyes." Marlowe, 25-26

"Gross easie Love does like gross diet, pall,
In squeasie Stomachs Honey turns to Gall." Dryden, 25-26

"pinguis amor nimiumque patens in taedia nobis
vertitur et, stomacho dulcis ut esca, nocet." Ovid, 25-26

Steve Rushton
NOTES
(on comparing English Translations
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from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

72

"What flies I follow, what follows me I shun." Marlowe, 36

"Man but pursues the Quarry while it flies." Dryden, 36

"quod sequitur, fugio; quod fugit, ipse sequor." Ovid, 36

Steve Rushton

NOTES

(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

73

"Some other seek that may in patience strive with thee;
To pleasure me, forbid me to corrive with thee." Marlowe, 59-60

"Once more wear horns, before I quite forsake her,
In hopes whereof, I rest thy Cuckold-maker." Dryden, 61-62

"quin alium, quem tanta iuvat patientia, quaeris?
me tibi rivalem si iuvat esse, veta!" Ovid, 59-60



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NOTES
(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

74

I. 7

(acrylic and mixed media on canvas, 20 x 25 cm)



'He called his "translations of Ovid... the best of all my Endeavours in this kind."' ¹¹

¹¹ James Anderson Winn, *John Dryden and His World*, Yale 1987 p. 620

Steve Rushton
NOTES
(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

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*Line for Line Comparison
of Marlowe's and Dryden's Translations
of Ovid's Amores 1.4*



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(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

Amores 1.4 (Marlowe – with the same number of lines as Ovid)

Thy husband to a banquet goes with me,
Pray God it may his latest supper be.
Shall I sit gazing as a bashful guest,
While others touch the damsel I love best?
Wilt lying under him, his bosom clip? 5

About thy neck shall he at pleasure skip?
Marvel not, though the fair bride did incite
The drunken Centaurs to a sudden fight.

I am no half horse, nor in woods I dwell,
Yet scarce my hands from thee contain I well. 10
But how thou should'st behave thyself now
know,

Nor let the winds away my warnings blow.
Before thy husband come, though I not see
What may be done, yet there before him be.
Lie with him gently, when his limbs he spread
15

Upon the bed; but on my foot first tread.
View me, my becks, and speaking countenance;
Take, and return each secret amorous glance.

Words without voice shall on my eyebrows sit,

Lines thou shalt read in wine by my hand writ.
20

When our lascivious toys come to thy mind,

Thy rosy cheeks be to thy thumb inclined.
If aught of me thou speak'st in inward thought,
Let thy soft finger to thy ear be brought.
When I, my light, do or say aught that please

Amores 1.4 (Dryden)

Your husband will be with us at the Treat;
May that be the last Supper he shall Eat.
And am poor I, a Guest invited there,
Only to see, while he may touch the Fair?
To see you Kiss and Hug your nauseous
Lord, 5

While his leud Hand descends below the Board?
Now wonder not that Hippodamia's Charms,
At such a sight, the Centaurs urg'd to Arms;
That in a rage they threw their Cups aside,
Assail'd the Bridegroom, and wou'd force the
Bride. 10

I am not half a Horse, (I would I were:)
Yet hardly can from you my Hands forbear.
Take then my Counsel; which observ'd, may be

Of some Importance both to you and me.
Be sure to come before your Man be there; 15
There's nothing can be done; but come howe're.
Sit next him (that belongs to Decency;)

But tread upon my Foot in passing by.
Read in my Looks what silently they speak,
And sily, with your Eyes, your Answer
make. 20

My Lifted Eye-brow shall declare my Pain;
My Right-Hand to his fellow shall complain;
And on the Back a Letter shall design;
Besides a Note that shall be Writ in Wine.

When e're you think upon our last
Embrace, 25
With your Fore-finger gently touch your Face.
If any Word of mine offend my Dear,
Pull, with your Hand, the Velvet of your Ear.
If you are pleas'd with what I do or say,



(on comparing English Translations
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thee, 25

Turn round thy gold ring, as it were to ease thee.

Strike on the board like them that pray for evil,
When thou dost wish thy husband at the devil.

What wine he fills thee, wisely will him drink;
Ask thou the boy, what thou enough dost think.

30

When thou hast tasted, I will take the cup,
And where thou drink'st, on that part I will sup.

If he gives thee what first himself did taste,
Even in his face his offered gobbets cast.

Let not thy neck by his vile arms be prest, 35
Nor lean thy soft head on his boisterous breast.
Thy bosom's roseate buds let him not finger,

Chiefly on thy lips let not his lips linger

If thou givest kisses, I shall all disclose,
Say they are mine, and hands on thee impose. 40
Yet this I'll see, but if thy gown aught cover,
Suspicious fear in all my veins will hover.

Mingle not thighs, nor to his leg join thine,

Nor thy soft foot with his hard foot combine.
I have been wanton, therefore am perplexed, 45
And with mistrust of the like measure vexed.
I and my wench oft under clothes did lurk,
When pleasure moved us to our sweetest work.

Do not thou so; but throw thy mantle hence,

Handle your Rings, or with your Fingers
play. 30

As Suppliants use at Altars, hold the Boord,
Whene'er you wish the Devil may take your
Lord.

When he fills for you, never touch the Cup;
But bid th' officious Cuckold drink it up.

The Waiter on those Services employ; 35
Drink you, and I will snatch it from the Boy:
Watching the part where your sweet Mouth hath
been,

And thence, with eager Lips, will suck it in.
If he, with Clownish Manners, thinks it fit

To taste, and offer you the nasty Bit, 40

Reject his greazy Kindness, and restore
Th' unsav'ry Morsel he had chew'd before.

Nor let his Arms embrace your Neck, nor rest
Your tender Cheek upon his hairy Breast.

Let not his Hand within your Bosom stray, 45
And rudely with your pretty Bubbies play.

But above all, let him no Kiss receive;

That's an Offence I never can forgive.

Do not, O do not that sweet Mouth resign,

Lest I rise up in Arms, and cry, 'Tis mine. 50

I shall thrust in betwixt, and void of Fear

The manifest Adult'rer will appear.

These things are plain to Sight; but more I doubt

What you conceal beneath your Petticoat.

Take not his Leg between your tender

Thighs, 55

Nor, with your Hand, provoke my Foe to rise.

How many Love-Inventions I deplore,

Which I, my self, have practis'd all before?

How oft have I been forc'd the Robe to lift

In Company; to make a homely shift 60

For a bare Bout, ill huddled o're in hast,

While o're my side the Fair her Mantle cast.



(on comparing English Translations
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78

Lest I should think thee guilty of offence. 50

Entreat thy husband drink, but do not kiss,
And while he drinks, to add more do not miss;
If he lies down with wine and sleep opprest,
The thing and place shall counsel us the rest.
When to go homewards we rise all along 55
Have care to walk in middle of the throng.
There will I find thee or be found by thee,
There touch whatever thou canst touch of me.
Ay me! I warn what profits some few hours!

But we must part, when heaven with black night
lours.

At night thy husband clips thee: I will weep 61
And to the doors sight of thyself [will] keep:

Then will he kiss thee, and not only kiss,
But force thee give him my stolen honey-bliss.

Constrained against thy will give it the peasant,
65

Forbear sweet words, and be your sport
unpleasant.

To him I pray it no delight may bring,
Or if it do, to thee no joy thence spring.

But, though this night thy fortune be to try it,
To me to-morrow constantly deny it. 70

You to your Husband shall not be so kind;
But, lest you shou'd, your Mantle leave behind.
Encourage him to Tope; but Kiss him not, 65
Nor mix one drop of Water in his Pot.
If he be Fuddled well, and Snores apace
Then we may take Advice from Time and Place.
When all depart, when Complements are loud,
Be sure to mix among the thickest Crowd 70
There I will be, and there we cannot miss,
Perhaps to Grubbe, or at least to Kiss
Alas, what length of Labour I employ,
Just to secure a short and transient Joy!

For Night must part us: and when Night is
come, 75
Tuck'd underneath his Arm he leads you Home.
He locks you in; I follow to the Door,
His Fortune envy, and my own deplore.
He kisses you, he more than kisses too;
Th' outrageous Cuckold thinks it all his
due. 80

But, add not to his Joy, by your consent,

And let it not be giv'n, but only lent.

Return no Kiss, nor move in any sort;
Make it a dull and a malignant Sport.
Had I my Wish, he shou'd no Pleasure
take, 85

But slubber o're your Business for my sake.
And what e're Fortune shall this Night befall,
Coax me to-morrow, by forswearing all.



Steve Rushton
NOTES
(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

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I. 8

(acrylic and mixed media on canvas, 20 x 25 cm)



“to revise the very nature and value of poetry itself, to make poetry an alternative to the court”¹²

¹² John Huntington, *Ambition, Rank, and Poetry in 1590s England*, University of Illinois Press, 2001 p. 129

Steve Rushton
NOTES
(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

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*The complete translations
by Marlowe and Dryden
of Ovid's Amores 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19*



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NOTES
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81

Epitaph and Amores 1.1 (Ovid)

Epigramma Ipsius

Qui modo Nasonis fueramus quinque libelli,
tres sumus; hoc illi praetulit auctor opus.
ut iam nulla tibi nos sit legisse voluptas,
at levior demptis poena duobus erit.

Amores 1.1

Arma gravi numero violentaque bella parabam
edere, materia conveniente modis.
par erat inferior versus – risisse Cupido
dicitur atque unum surripuisse pedem.
'Quis tibi, saeve puer, dedit hoc in carmina iuris? 5
Pieridum vates, non tua turba sumus.
quid, si praeripiat flavae Venus arma Minervae,
ventilet accensas flava Minerva faces?
quis probet in silvis Cererem regnare iugosis,
lege pharetratae Virginis arva coli? 10
crinibus insignem quis acuta cuspide Phoebum
instruat, Aoniam Marte movente lyram?
sunt tibi magna, puer, nimiumque potentia regna;
cur opus adfectas, ambitiose, novum?
an, quod ubique, tuum est? tua sunt Heliconia tempe? 15
vix etiam Phoebo iam lyra tuta sua est?
cum bene surrexit versu nova pagina primo,
attenuat nervos proximus ille meos;
nec mihi materia est numeris levioribus apta,
aut puer aut longas compta puella comas.' 20
Questus eram, pharetra cum protinus ille soluta
legit in exitium spicula facta meum,

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C O N T E M P O R A R Y
L I T E R A T U R E P R E S S



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NOTES
(on comparing English Translations
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83

Amores 1.1 (Marlowe)

We which were Ovid's five books, now are three,
For these before the rest preferreth he:
If reading five thou plain'st of tediousness,
Two ta'en away, thy labour will be less;
With Muse prepared, I meant to sing of arms, 5
Choosing a subject fit for fierce alarms:
Both verses were alike till Love (men say)
Began to smile and took one foot away.
Rash boy, who gave thee power to change a line?
We are the Muses' prophets, none of thine. 10
What, if thy mother take Diana's bow,
Shall Dian fan when love begins to glow?
In woody groves is't meet that Ceres reign,
And quiver-bearing Dian till the plain?
Who'll set the fair-tressed Sun in battle-ray 15
While Mars doth take the Aonian harp to play?
Great are thy kingdoms, over-strong and large,
Ambitious imp, why seek'st thou further charge?
Are all things thine? the Muses' Tempe thine?
Then scarce can Phoebus say, "This harp is mine." 20
When in this work's first verse I trod aloft,
Love slaked my muse, and made my numbers soft:
I have no mistress nor no favourite,
Being fittest matter for a wanton wit.
Thus I complained, but Love unlocked his quiver, 25
Took out the shaft, ordained my heart to shiver,
And bent his sinewy bow upon his knee,
Saying, "Poet, here's a work beseeeming thee."
O, woe is me! He never shoots but hits,
I burn, love in my idle bosom sits: 30
Let my first verse be six, my last five feet:

Steve Rushton
NOTES
(on comparing English Translations
by Christopher Marlowe and John Dryden
from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

84

Farewell stern war, for blunter poets meet!
Elegian muse, that warblest amorous lays,
Girt my shine brow with seabank myrtle sprays.

Amores 1.1 (Dryden)

For mighty Wars I thought to Tune my Lute,
And make my Measures to my Subject suit.
Six Feet for ev'ry Verse the Muse design'd:
But Cupid, laughing, when he saw my Mind,
From ev'ry Second Verse a Foot purloin'd. 5
Who gave Thee, Boy, this Arbitrary sway,
On Subjects, not thy own, Commands to lay,
Who Phœbus only and his Laws obey?
'Tis more absurd than if the Queen of Love
Should in Minerva's arms to Battel move; 10
Or Manly Pallas from that Queen should take
Her Torch, and o're the dying Lover shake.
In fields as well may Cynthia sow the Corn,
Or Ceres wind in Woods the Bugle Horn.
As well may Phœbus quit the trembling String, 15
For Sword and Shield; and Mars may learn to Sing.
Already thy Dominions are too large;
Be not ambitious of a Foreign Charge.
If thou wilt Reign e're all, and ev'ry where,
The God of Musick for his Harp may fear. 20
Thus when with soaring Wings I seek Renown,
Thou pluck'st my Pinnions, and I flutter down.
Cou'd I on such mean Thoughts my Muse employ,
I want a Mistress or a Blooming Boy.
Thus I complain'd: his Bow the Stripling bent, 25
And chose an Arrow fit for his Intent.
The Shaft his purpose fatally pursues;
Now, Poet, there's a Subject for thy Muse.
He said, (too well, alas, he knows his Trade,)
For in my Breast a Mortal Wound he made. 30
Far hence, ye proud Hexameters, remove,



Steve Rushton
NOTES
(on comparing English Translations
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from Ovid's *Amores* 1.1, 1.4 & 2.19)

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My Verse is pac'd and tramel'd into love.
With Myrtle Wreaths my thoughtful brows inclose,
While in unequal Verse I sing my Woes.

Amores 1.4 (Ovid)

Vir tuus est epulas nobis aditurus easdem —
 ultima coena tuo sit, precor, illa viro!
 ergo ego dilectam tantum conviva puellam
 adspiciam? tangi quem iuвет, alter erit,
 alteriusque sinus apte subiecta fovebis? 5
 inciet collo, cum volet, ille manum?
 desino mirari, posito quod candida vino
 Atracis ambiguos traxit in arma viros.
 nec mihi silva domus, nec equo mea membra cohaerent —
 vix a te videor posse tenere manus! 10
 Quae tibi sint facienda tamen cognosce, nec Euris
 da mea nec tepidis verba ferenda Notis!
 ante veni, quam vir — nec quid, si veneris ante,
 possit agi video; sed tamen ante veni.
 cum premet ille torum, vultu comes ipsa modesto 15
 ibis, ut accumbas — clam mihi tange pedem!
 me specta nutusque meos vultumque loquacem;
 excipe furtivas et refer ipsa notas.
 verba superciliis sine voce loquentia dicam;
 verba leges digitis, verba notata mero. 20
 cum tibi succurret Veneris lascivia nostrae,
 purpureas tenero pollice tange genas.
 siquid erit, de me tacita quod mente queraris,
 pendeat extrema mollis ab aure manus.
 cum tibi, quae faciam, mea lux, dicamve, placebunt, 25
 versetur digitis anulus usque tuis.
 tange manu mensam, tangunt quo more precantes,
 optabis merito cum mala multa viro.
 Quod tibi miscuerit, sapias, bibat ipse, iubeto;
 tu puerum leviter posce, quod ipsa voles. 30
 quae tu reddideris ego primus pocula sumam,



(on comparing English Translations
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et, qua tu biberis, hac ego parte bibam.
si tibi forte dabit, quod praegustaverit ipse,
reice libatos illius ore cibos.
nec premat inpositis sinito tua colla lacertis, 35
mite nec in rigido pectore pone caput;
nec sinus admittat digitos habilesve papillae;
oscula praecipue nulla dedisse velis!
oscula si dederis, fiam manifestus amator
et dicam 'mea sunt!' iniciamque manum. 40
Haec tamen adspiciam, sed quae bene pallia celant,
illa mihi caeci causa timoris erunt.
nec femori committe femur nec crure cohaere
nec tenerum duro cum pede iunge pedem.
multa miser timeo, quia feci multa proterve, 45
exemplique metu torqueor, ecce, mei.
saepe mihi dominaeque meae properata voluptas
veste sub iniecta dulce peregit opus.
hoc tu non facies; sed, ne fecisse puteris,
conscia de tergo pallia deme tuo. 50
vir bibat usque roga – precibus tamen oscula desint! –
dumque bibit, furtim si potes, adde merum.
si bene conpositus somno vinoque iacebit,
consilium nobis resque locusque dabunt.
cum surges abitura domum, surgemus et omnes, 55
in medium turbae fac memor agmen eas.
agmine me invenies aut invenieris in illo:
quidquid ibi poteris tangere, tange, mei.
Me miserum! monui, paucas quod prosit in horas;
separor a domina nocte iubente mea. 60
nocte vir includet, lacrimis ego maestus obortis,
qua licet, ad saevas prosequar usque fores.
oscula iam sumet, iam non tantum oscula sumet:
quod mihi das furtim, iure coacta dabis.



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verum invita dato – potes hoc – similisque coactae; 65
 blanditiae taceant, sitque maligna Venus.
si mea vota valent, illum quoque ne iuuet, opto;
 si minus, at certe te iuuet inde nihil.
sed quaecumque tamen noctem fortuna sequetur,
 cras mihi constanti voce dedisse nega! 70

Steve Rushton
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Amores 1.4 (Marlowe)

Thy husband to a banquet goes with me,
Pray God it may his latest supper be.
Shall I sit gazing as a bashful guest,
While others touch the damsel I love best?
Wilt lying under him, his bosom clip? 5
About thy neck shall he at pleasure skip?
Marvel not, though the fair bride did incite
The drunken Centaurs to a sudden fight.
I am no half horse, nor in woods I dwell,
Yet scarce my hands from thee contain I well. 10
But how thou should'st behave thyself now know,
Nor let the winds away my warnings blow.
Before thy husband come, though I not see
What may be done, yet there before him be.
Lie with him gently, when his limbs he spread 15
Upon the bed; but on my foot first tread.
View me, my becks, and speaking countenance;
Take, and return each secret amorous glance.
Words without voice shall on my eyebrows sit,
Lines thou shalt read in wine by my hand writ. 20
When our lascivious toys come to thy mind,
Thy rosy cheeks be to thy thumb inclined.
If aught of me thou speak'st in inward thought,
Let thy soft finger to thy ear be brought.
When I, my light, do or say aught that please thee, 25
Turn round thy gold ring, as it were to ease thee.
Strike on the board like them that pray for evil,
When thou dost wish thy husband at the devil.
What wine he fills thee, wisely will him drink;
Ask thou the boy, what thou enough dost think. 30
When thou hast tasted, I will take the cup,

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And where thou drink'st, on that part I will sup.
If he gives thee what first himself did taste,
Even in his face his offered gobbets cast.
Let not thy neck by his vile arms be prest, 35
Nor lean thy soft head on his boisterous breast.
Thy bosom's roseate buds let him not finger,
Chiefly on thy lips let not his lips linger
If thou givest kisses, I shall all disclose,
Say they are mine, and hands on thee impose. 40
Yet this I'll see, but if thy gown aught cover,
Suspicious fear in all my veins will hover.
Mingle not thighs, nor to his leg join thine,
Nor thy soft foot with his hard foot combine.
I have been wanton, therefore am perplexed, 45
And with mistrust of the like measure vexed.
I and my wench oft under clothes did lurk,
When pleasure moved us to our sweetest work.
Do not thou so; but throw thy mantle hence,
Lest I should think thee guilty of offence. 50
Entreat thy husband drink, but do not kiss,
And while he drinks, to add more do not miss;
If he lies down with wine and sleep opprest,
The thing and place shall counsel us the rest.
When to go homewards we rise all along 55
Have care to walk in middle of the throng.
There will I find thee or be found by thee,
There touch whatever thou canst touch of me.
Ay me! I warn what profits some few hours!
But we must part, when heaven with black night lours. 60
At night thy husband clips thee: I will weep
And to the doors sight of thyself [will] keep:
Then will he kiss thee, and not only kiss,
But force thee give him my stolen honey-bliss.

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Constrained against thy will give it the peasant, 65
Forbear sweet words, and be your sport unpleasant.
To him I pray it no delight may bring,
Or if it do, to thee no joy thence spring.
But, though this night thy fortune be to try it,
To me to-morrow constantly deny it. 70

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Amores 1.4 (Dryden)

Your husband will be with us at the Treat;
May that be the last Supper he shall Eat.
And am poor I, a Guest invited there,
Only to see, while he may touch the Fair?
To see you Kiss and Hug your nauseous Lord, 5
While his leud Hand descends below the Board?
Now wonder not that Hippodamia's Charms,
At such a sight, the Centaurs urg'd to Arms;
That in a rage they threw their Cups aside,
Assail'd the Bridegroom, and wou'd force the Bride. 10
I am not half a Horse, (I would I were:)
Yet hardly can from you my Hands forbear.
Take then my Counsel; which observ'd, may be
Of some Importance both to you and me.
Be sure to come before your Man be there; 15
There's nothing can be done; but come howe're.
Sit next him (that belongs to Decency;)
But tread upon my Foot in passing by.
Read in my Looks what silently they speak,
And slily, with your Eyes, your Answer make. 20
My Lifted Eye-brow shall declare my Pain;
My Right-Hand to his fellow shall complain;
And on the Back a Letter shall design;
Besides a Note that shall be Writ in Wine.
When e're you think upon our last Embrace, 25
With your Fore-finger gently touch your Face.
If any Word of mine offend my Dear,
Pull, with your Hand, the Velvet of your Ear.
If you are pleas'd with what I do or say,
Handle your Rings, or with your Fingers play. 30
As Suppliants use at Altars, hold the Boord,

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Whene're you wish the Devil may take your Lord.
When he fills for you, never touch the Cup;
But bid th' officious Cuckold drink it up.
The Waiter on those Services employ; 35
Drink you, and I will snatch it from the Boy:
Watching the part where your sweet Mouth hath been,
And thence, with eager Lips, will suck it in.
If he, with Clownish Manners, thinks it fit
To taste, and offer you the nasty Bit, 40
Reject his greazy Kindness, and restore
Th' unsav'ry Morsel he had chew'd before.
Nor let his Arms embrace your Neck, nor rest
Your tender Cheek upon his hairy Breast.
Let not his Hand within your Bosom stray, 45
And rudely with your pretty Bubbies play.
But above all, let him no Kiss receive;
That's an Offence I never can forgive.
Do not, O do not that sweet Mouth resign,
Lest I rise up in Arms, and cry, 'Tis mine. 50
I shall thrust in betwixt, and void of Fear
The manifest Adult'rer will appear.
These things are plain to Sight; but more I doubt
What you conceal beneath your Petticoat.
Take not his Leg between your tender Thighs, 55
Nor, with your Hand, provoke my Foe to rise.
How many Love-Inventions I deplore,
Which I, my self, have practis'd all before?
How oft have I been forc'd the Robe to lift
In Company; to make a homely shift 60
For a bare Bout, ill huddled o're in hast,
While o're my side the Fair her Mantle cast.
You to your Husband shall not be so kind;
But, lest you shou'd, your Mantle leave behind.

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Encourage him to Tope; but Kiss him not, 65
Nor mix one drop of Water in his Pot.
If he be Fuddled well, and Snores apace
Then we may take Advice from Time and Place.
When all depart, when Complements are loud,
Be sure to mix among the thickest Crowd 70
There I will be, and there we cannot miss,
Perhaps to Grubbe, or at least to Kiss
Alas, what length of Labour I employ,
Just to secure a short and transient Joy!
For Night must part us: and when Night is come, 75
Tuck'd underneath his Arm he leads you Home.
He locks you in; I follow to the Door,
His Fortune envy, and my own deplore.
He kisses you, he more than kisses too;
Th' outrageous Cuckold thinks it all his due. 80
But, add not to his Joy, by your consent,
And let it not be giv'n, but only lent.
Return no Kiss, nor move in any sort;
Make it a dull and a malignant Sport.
Had I my Wish, he shou'd no Pleasure take, 85
But slubber o're your Business for my sake.
And what e're Fortune shall this Night befall,
Coax me to-morrow, by forswearing all.



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Amores 2.19 (Ovid)

Si tibi non opus est servata, stulte, puella,
 at mihi fac serves, quo magis ipse velim!
 quod licet, ingratum est; quod non licet acrius urit.
 ferreus est, siquis, quod sinit alter, amat
 speremus pariter, pariter metuamus amantes, 5
 et faciat voto rara repulsa locum.
 quo mihi fortunam, quae numquam fallere curet?
 nil ego, quod nullo tempore laedat, amo!
 Viderat hoc in me vitium versuta Corinna,
 quaque capi possem, callida norat opem. 10
 a, quotiens sani capitis mentita dolores
 cunctantem tardo iussit abire pede!
 a, quotiens finxit culpam, quantumque licebat
 insonti, speciem praebeuit esse nocens!
 sic ubi vexarat tepidosque refoverat ignis, 15
 rursus erat votis comis et apta meis.
 quas mihi blanditias, quam dulcia verba parabat
 oscula, di magni, qualia quotque dabat!
 Tu quoque, quae nostros rapuisti nuper ocellos,
 saepe time simulans, saepe rogata nega; 20
 et sine me ante tuos proiectum in limine postis
 longa pruinosa frigora nocte pati.
 sic mihi durat amor longosque adolescit in annos;
 hoc iuvat; haec animi sunt alimenta mei.
 pinguis amor nimiumque patens in taedia nobis 25
 vertitur et, stomacho dulcis ut esca, nocet.
 si numquam Danaen habuisset aenea turris,
 non esset Danae de Iove facta parens;
 dum servat Iuno mutatam cornibus Io,
 facta est, quam fuerat, gratior illa Iovi. 30
 quod licet et facile est quisquis cupit, arbore frondis



carpat et e magno flumine potet aquam.
siqua volet regnare diu, deludat amantem.
ei mihi, ne monitis torquear ipse meis!
quidlibet eveniat, nocet indulgentia nobis — 35
quod sequitur, fugio; quod fugit, ipse sequor.
At tu, formosae nimium secure puellae,
incipi iam prima claudere nocte forem.
incipi, quis totiens furtim tua limina pulset,
quaerere, quid latrent nocte silente canes, 40
quas ferat et referat sollers ancilla tabellas,
cur totiens vacuo secubet ipsa toro.
mordeat ista tuas aliquando cura medullas,
daque locum nostris materiamque dolis.
ille potest vacuo furari litore harenas, 45
uxorem stulti siquis amare potest.
iamque ego praemoneo: nisi tu servare puellam
incipis, incipiet desinere esse mea!
multa diuque tuli; speravi saepe futurum,
cum bene servasses, ut bene verba darem. 50
lentus es et pateris nulli patienda marito;
at mihi concessi finis amoris erit!
Scilicet infelix numquam prohibebor adire?
nox mihi sub nullo vindice semper erit?
nil metuam? per nulla traham suspiria somnos? 55
nil facies, cur te iure perisse velim?
quid mihi cum facili, quid cum lenone marito?
corrumpit vitio gaudia nostra suo.
quin alium, quem tanta iuvat patientia, quaeris?
me tibi rivalem si iuvat esse, veta! 60



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Amores 2.19 (Marlowe)

Fool, if to keep thy wife thou hast no need,
Keep her from me, my more desire to breed;
We scorn things lawful; stolen sweets we affect;
Cruel is he that loves whom none protect.
Let us, both lovers, hope and fear alike, 5
And may repulse place for our wishes strike.
What should I do with fortune that ne'er fails me?
Nothing I love that at all times avails me.
Wily Corinna saw this blemish in me,
And craftily knows by what means to win me. 10
Ah, often, that her hale head ached, she lying,
Willed me, whose slow feet sought delay, be flying!
Ah, oft, how much she might, she feigned offence;
And, doing wrong, made show of innocence.
So, having vexed, she nourished my warm fire, 15
And was again most apt to my desire.
To please me, what fair terms and sweet words has she!
Great gods! what kisses, and how many gave she!
Thou also that late took'st mine eyes away,
Oft cozen me, oft, being wooed, say nay; 20
And on thy threshold let me lie dispread,
Suff'ring much cold by hoary night's frost bred.
So shall my love continue many years;
This doth delight me, this my courage cheers.
Fat love, and too much fulsome, me annoys, 25
Even as sweet meat a gluttled stomach cloy.
In brazen tower had not Danäe dwelt,
A mother's joy by Jove she had not felt.
While Juno Iö keeps, when horns she wore,
Jove liked her better than he did before. 30
Who covets lawful things takes leaves from woods,

And drinks stolen waters in surrounding floods.
Her lover let her mock that long will reign:
Ay me, let not my warnings cause my pain!
Whatever haps, by sufferance harm is done, 35
What flies I follow, what follows me I shun.
But thou, of thy fair damsel too secure,
Begin to shut thy house at evening sure.
Search at the door who knocks oft in the dark,
In night's deep silence why the ban-dogs bark. 40
Whither the subtle maid lines brings and carries,
Why she alone in empty bed oft tarries.
Let this care sometimes bite thee to the quick,
That to deceits it may me forward prick.
To steal sands from the shore he loves a-life 45
That can affect a foolish wittol's wife.
Now I forewarn, unless to keep her stronger
Thou dost begin, she shall be mine no longer.
Long have I borne much, hoping time would beat thee
To guard her well, that well I might entreat thee. 50
Thou suffer'st what no husband can endure,
But of my love it will an end procure.
Shall I, poor soul, be never interdicted?
Nor never with night's sharp revenge afflicted.
In sleeping shall I fearless draw my breath? 55
Wilt nothing do, why I should wish thy death?
Can I but loathe a husband grown a bawd?
By thy default thou dost our joys defraud.
Some other seek that may in patience strive with thee,
To pleasure me, forbid me to corrive with thee. 60



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Amores 2.19 (Dryden)

IF 1 for thy self thou wilt not watch thy Whore,
Watch her for me, that I may love her more.
What comes with ease, we nauseously receive,
Who, but a Sot, wou'd scorn to love with leave?
With hopes and fears my Flames are blown up higher; 5
Make me despair, and then I can desire.
Give me a Jilt to tease my Jealous mind;
Deceits are Vertues in the Female kind.
Corinna my Fantastick humour knew,
Play'd trick for trick, and kept her self still new: 10
She, that next night I might the sharper come,
Fell out with me, and sent me fasting home;
Or some pretence to lye alone would take,
Whene'er she pleas'd her head and teeth wou'd ake:
Till having won me to the highest strain, 15
She took occasion to be sweet again.
With what a Gust, ye Gods, we then imbrac'd!
How every kiss was dearer than the last!
Thou whom I now adore, be edify'd,
Take care that I may often be deny'd. 20
Forget the promis'd hour, or feign some fright,
Make me lye rough on Bulks each other Night.
These are the Arts that best secure thy reign,
And this the Food that must my Fires maintain.
Gross easie Love does like gross diet, pall, 25
In squeasie Stomachs Honey turns to Gall.
Had Danae not been kept in brazen Tow'rs,
Jove had not thought her worth his Golden Show'rs.
When Juno to a Cow turn'd Io's Shape,
The Watchman helpt her to a second Leap 30
Let him who loves an easie Whetstone Whore.

Pluck leaves from Trees, and drink the Common Shore.
The Jilting Harlot strikes the surest blow,
A truth which I by sad Experience know.
The kind poor constant Creature we despise, 35
Man but pursues the Quarry while it flies.
But thou dull Husband of a Wife too fair,
Stand on thy Guard, and watch the pretious Ware;
If creaking Doors, or barking Dogs thou hear,
Or Windows scratcht, suspect a Rival there. 40
An Orange-wench wou'd tempt thy Wife abroad;
Kick her, for she's a Letter-bearing Bawd;
In short, be Jealous as the Devil in Hell;
And set my Wit on work to cheat thee well.
The sneaking City Cuckold is my Foe, 45
I scorn to strike, but when he Wards the blow.
Look to thy hits, and leave off thy Conniving,
I'll be no Drudge to any Wittall living;
I have been patient, and forborn thee long,
In hope thou wou'dst not pocket up thy wrong: 50
If no Affront can rouse thee, understand
I'll take no more Indulgence at thy hand.
What, ne'er to be forbid thy House, and Wife!
Damn him who loves to lead so dull a life.
Now I can neither sigh, nor whine, nor pray, 55
All those occasions thou hast ta'ne away.
Why art thou so incorrigibly Civil?
Doe somewhat I may wish thee at the Devil.
For shame be no Accomplice in my Treason,
A Pimping Husband is too much in reason. 60
Once more wear horns, before I quite forsake her,
In hopes whereof I rest thy Cuckold-maker.



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Further Reading

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