

The First Eklog of Virgil,

Tránslátit into Skottis vers.

Melebèus.

HUYL wè fre nâti' fèlds an' dèrest hèm
Ar fors't to flè, in forran klyms to rèm;
Thù raxt at èz, aniou the shâdan bûs
O that brâd bèch, meist wù the silvan mùs
An' tèch the wu'ds, responsif to thy leis
To ekho bak fâr Amarillis' preis.

Titirus.

A God he was, my frènd!—At lèst to mè
The god-lyk mán a god fál ivir bè,
Hua gâ' this invy'd blis : héns aft, as dû,
My fáttist lám's his áltar fál imbû.
He bàd my bèvs, as huylom frè to fèd;
Mè as y list, to tûn my rustik rèd.

Melebèus.

Thy lot and luk, in thir unlukki deis,
Myn admiràshon, not myn invy reis:
Sith ál árùn' huárè'r y turn myn é
Nèkht but distrabil in the lând y fè.

M m m

Lo!

Lo! hèn; thir gòts wi' mikil pyn y dryv;
 And en, that en, y drèkhli drág alyv!
 Shè, mang the hizils, kidan' on a rok,
 Ther léft hir tuins, the hòp of à' my flok.
 Ah! gin fum glàmor had ne blèr't ùr èn,
 Láng syn this ìvil mokht wè hà' forfèn,
 Hù áft the blástit ák an' bòdan krà.
 Tàld us, misfortun was ne fár awà.
 But Tìt'rus! fei, gif it bè fâr to spèr,
 Huat fáv'ran' God hè is, hua kèps thè hèn.

Titirus.

O Melebèus! 'or y ged to Rèm,
 Y thokht that cìti lyk ùr àn at hèm;
 To huilk, nù-fivir't fre their blètan' dáms,
 Wè shephirds dryv, on márvat-deis ùr làms.
 Huat fùl was Y? For Rèm as fár exèds
 All uther tùns, as firs our-táp the rèds.

Melebèus.

But, fei, to Rèm huat motif màd thè hy?

Titirus.

The bést of motifs, frènd! Fâr liberty;
 Huilk, tho' but short-fin-syn shè on mè dàn'd,
 And ne till èld had with his hòri hand
 Befpren't my témpils an' my chin wi' grei;
 Yit dàn'd at lást, an' ápin't into dei:

Siq

Sin (Gálatèa bânis't fre my brest)
 Suèt Amárellis à' my fál posses't.
 For Y confés, to ny it wér in vein,
 Huy! Gá'atèa hèld mè in hir trhein,
 Y nouthèr lùk't for liberti; nor kâr't
 Hù wi' mysel' or wi' my floks it fâr't.
 Tho' fùth of fátlin's ásten wér sént dùn,
 An' wâl o' kebbaks to th' ungrâtfu' tùn;
 Th' ungrâtfu' tùn but ill repeid my kâr;
 My purs kám rârli ladin fre the fâr.

Melebèus.

Y wundir't huat màd Amárellis kry
 To à the Gods that wun abùn the fky:
 Huy on the trèss unpù'd hir àpils háng,
 And huy shè ne mer ply'd the mirri fáng.
 Tìt'rus was ábsint—like shrub an' trè
 An' brùk an' funtin, Tìt'rus! murn't for thè.

Titirus.

Huat fu'd Y dù? Nen uther mèn Y fà
 To kèp drèd thráldom's hivi curs awà.
 Nor ku'd Y hòp in oni uthir huèr
 To mèt wi' Gods se bontiful as thèr.
 Thèr Melebèus! thèr my lángan' èn
 Fìrst fà the Ghùth, belén't us frem abèn,
 To huam tuél tims ùr áltars ilken ghèr
 Wi' grâtfu' viktims rèkan' fál apèr.
 'Twas fre his lips Y hèn'd thir wurd's divyn:
 "Suâins! fèd ghùr floks (hè fâd) as àld-lang-syn."

M m m 2

Melebèus.

Melebèus.

Háppi àld mán! An' se thy fèlds remân.
 Thyn à'n poséhon? ilke thing thyn à'n!
 Enùkh, Y wát, for thy conténtit mynd:
 For tho' but bâr an' bárran, in its kynd;
 Tho' stèns invád the hikhts, an' ségs the plân,
 Yet still, ò plèfant thokht! 'tis à' thyn à'n.
 Thy prègnant ious ne frémit girs fál rot,
 Ne murrin tânt thém fre a frémit kot.
 Háppi ald mán! hèr, mid thy nâti' burns
 An' funtins bublan fre thér sákred urns,
 Aniou the shâd of òdor-brethan' trèss
 Thù sitst an' kàtchist the refréthan' brèz:
 Huyl, áft ghon òsier-hédj (whà's ârli flùrs
 The human' bè with égernis devùrs)
 Sál with its gentil fuzurâfhons stèp
 Thy klofand èn in blift an' bàmi slèp:
 On t'uthir fyd, the prùnirs rustick sáng
 The bàmi slèp fál plèfantli proláng:
 Nor fál the turtill or the kushi-dù,
 (Ghùr kâr) refùs their lù-lorn nòts to ghù.

Titirus.

An' thèrefor, fûner fál the bunfan' dèr
 Fèd in the âr, an' fish on lánd appèr;
 Sûner fál Párthians o' the Arár drink
 An' Gérman Goths inhábit Tigris' brink;
 (Beth wullan' éxyls fre the spot thei luv't)
 'Or fre my breft his ìmaj bè remuv't.

*Melebèus.**Melebèus.*

But wè mun pas thro' tráks un kent befòr,
 To Scytia's frèzand, Afrik's burnan' shòr;
 To huèr Oáxis rous his rápid tyd';
 An' Britan klift fre à' the wárlð besyd.
 Ah! fál Y nivir, in the kùrs o' tym,
 Ens mèr revìsit this my nâti' klym?
 Ens mèr wi' joiful an' wi' wundran' èn
 Behàd my humbil kot beturft wi' grèn.
 An' reinstatit in myn àld domân,
 Be lãrd of à' the tenement agân.
 Or, fál sum sòjer or sum sòjer's boi,
 My wèl-fákht rigs for ivir-mèr injoi?
 A vyl bárbarian rep my goudin fèlds?
 Sè! citizens, huát civil discord ghèlds!
 Gáng, nù, an' plánt, inòkulat an' gráff,
 An' prùn ghùr vyns, that frémit fouk meì quáff!
 Awà! my gòts! short-syn en háppi flok,
 Ne mèr (huyl péndan' fre the tuftit rok
 Ghe kráp the téndir àromátick flùr).
 Sál Y, reklynand in sum shâdoi bùr,
 Be hàd ghù brùzan'—ne mèr, huyl ghe brùz,
 Attùn my pyp to the inspìran' Mùs.

Titirus.

Yit hèr, at lèst this nikht, unháppi suân!
 In this wèl-shâdit bùr wi' mè remân.
 A rùth o' nù-pù't âpils ryp an' râr,
 Tchèsnuts, an' krùds, an' krèm fál bè ghùr fâr.

Lo!

Lo! kurl's o' rèk fre nìb'ran kots ascénd,
An' lángr shâdos fre the hils proténd!