

Milton's *Epitaphium Damonis*: Two Views of its Principles of
De-Pastoralization

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I

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Unlike the four Latin poems discussed in two earlier papers, *Epitaphium Damonis* was first published privately and anonymously in 1640.¹ But like them, it was then collected in *The Poems of John Milton, both English and Latin, Compos'd at Several Times* (1645), where it was placed last by the author. Critics often cite this placement when naming the *Epitaphium* the most accomplished of Milton's Latin poems, and compare it with and rank it alongside *Lycidas*.

This monumental poem is a pastoral lament for the August, 1638 death of Charles Diodati, arguably Milton's only close friend and confidant. *Epitaphium Damonis* goes somewhat against the norm in that its 219 lines are written not in elegiacs, but rather in dactylic hexameter. Moreover, Milton so fully tinkers with pastoral and elegiac usages that his poem becomes uneasy with its own genre, a fact which causes certain other critics to become uneasy with it.²

There is some minor controversy in any comparison of this poem with *Lycidas*. So is there concerning the elapsed time between Dioati's death the appearance of *Epitaphium Damonis*, as to why Milton might have postponed its composition. But the controversy is at best superficial, and Milton's "decay" is a charge largely answered by the very contents of the poem. Instead, the issues raised by the *Epitaphium* (and *Lycidas* as well) are those common to all Milton's poetry—the poet as patriarch who outshines his forefathers, his heroism as an indelible aspect of the divine, and how patriarchy and divinity deflect nature. We have noted these very issues in both of our previous papers; there is no fundamental change in any of

¹ The date is tentative but most likely accurate: see Douglas Bush, *A Variorum Commentary on the Poems of John Milton*, Vol. 1, *The Latin and Greek Poems* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1970), 68, and John K. Hale, "The Punctuating of Milton's Latin Verse: Some Prolegomena," (*Milton Quarterly*), 65.

² E. M. Tillyard, *Milton* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1930), passim.

Milton's positions in this poem, only in their articulation.³ That is to say, he modulates his stance to accord with certain changes in focus, emphasis, and topically in the *Epitaphium*. A point of departure to deal with these is the poem's refrain, for what Milton does with it is indicative of his overall approach to the poem.

This refrain dominates *Epitaphium Damonis*; it probably derives from several sources in Virgil (and Theocritus), then manages to echo them and yet diverge profoundly from their rustic tone. Milton has “de-pastoralized” his refrain by denying the tenets of the genre. How and why he does so will be shown presently; for now, here is his refrain and a translation:

Ite domum impasti, domino iam non vacat, agni.
(Go home unfed, lambs, your master has no time for you now.)

Compare this with a pair of refrain from Virgil:

Ite domum pasti, si quis pudor, ite iuveni. (*Eclogue* 7, 44)

(Go home full, my heifers, and in shame.)

Ite domum saturae, venit Hesperus, ite capellae. (*Eclogue* 10, 77)

(Go home, my well-fed goats, [the] evening [star] comes.)

The pastoral norm has the flock fed and heading homewards; “in shame” in Virgil refers to the shepherd's plan to dally out of the sight of his flock. Milton's version denies both food and companionship to his lambs. It is unsettlingly abrupt, so much so that it skews the momentum of the poem beyond repair. It also “powers” *Epitaphium Damonis*, enabling Milton to hopscotch about in a deceptively haphazard manner. Its repetition signals two kinds of changes of course, those normal for elegies (expressions of grief or perplexity, though Milton's are extreme), and those so abnormal as to threaten the genre (expressions so alien to elegy that they upend it). Milton, in a deviously scrupulous adherence to stock pastoral devices, takes the poem in radically different directions, to be shown below.

II

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Epitaphium Damonis (written in or about August, 1639) was collected and situated at the end of *The Poems of John Milton, both English and Latin, Compos'd at Several Times* (1645). In this poem Milton bids farewell to the Latin pastoral and expresses his plans to write an English epic. The Latin title of *The Poems*, which is “*Sylvarum Liber*,” means “forest” as well as “poems.” Milton published *The Poems* to display the best results among all his poetic endeavors. And he appears to depart from the “forest” of his poems for a new world much as he does in *Epitaphium Damonis*. The fact that this particular poem concludes the book means Milton judged it wholly suitable for that purpose. (Otherwise, he could have written a far different poem to replace it with.) Consequently, *Epitaphium Damonis* may be said to contain all of the Miltonic elements of the preceding poems we have analyzed. For instance, the reader will easily find lines or images in *Ad Patrem*, *Lycidas*, and *Mansus* which are quite similar to those in *Epitaphium Damonis*. Which makes it clear, in turn, that Milton had these poems definitely in mind as he wrote his poem to the memory of Damon.

Epitaphium Damonis is a pastoral elegy in which Milton mourns the death of Charles Diodati, his bosom friend. Curiously enough, however, the reader will find that a wedding motif predominates in this Latin poem. For example, Daphnis is mentioned at the outset: compelled by a nymph to be constant to her, she killed him after he was beguiled into intercourse with a Sicilian princess. He was later metamorphosed into a rock. Two variations of the wedding motif, “forced marriage” and “beguiled marriage” coexist here. Reinforcing this is the mention of Dryope (line 88), seduced by the disguised Apollo into marriage and later childbirth.

As he was writing *Epitaphium Damonis*, Milton embraced the motif of the transfigured wedding not only in these Greek myths, but also in the theme of his proposed English epic. Here is where “beguiled marriage” effects an intrusion—Igraine was deceived by the disguised Uther—and King Arthur was born. In addition to these, the heavenly wedding feasts of the lamb is celebrated in the last stanza with Damon participating. To analyze the function of the wedding motif is one of our aims in this essay.

From the outset, Damon was the only real lifetime associate of Thyrsis, the poet-shepherd-hero who “sat under the familiar elm” (line 15) and came

to express his huge sorrow for his lost friend. Before this, Thyrsis's "faithful companion" comforted him throughout the changing seasons and sessions of hard labor. When the hero comes to mourn his lost friend, he particularly laments the lost "speech and song" of Damon's, as well as his "happy poetical conversation." This lament of Thyrsis's is symbolized by "the unsupported vine" and the withered "clusters of grapes." His inner world is as wild as "the fields...choked with errant weeds." As Douglas Bush points out, "The idea of the vine wedded to the elm was a classical commonplace."⁴ In *Epitaphium Damonis* the vine is unsupported, and therefore the clusters wither. Thyrsis's sorrow over Damon's death, in short, is represented either in the metaphor of the "uncompleted marriage" or that of the "marriage broken." His lonely figure under the elm is thrown into clear relief with the background of the classical commonplace of the vine wedded to the elm: what we have here is the elm without the vine, Thyrsis without Damon and without "happy conversation." In the poem, it is reasonable that "myrtle groves lack all fruition," because the "marriage" is broken, for myrtle symbolises love and matrimony.

In an extended passage, the hero later (lines 94-111) compares men with various animals. He indicates that among land animals bulls and wolves move in groups, and that wild asses opt not to select single mates. It is the same with seals in the sea and sparrows in the air—having lost its partner, a sparrow as a matter of course will find another. Men, conversely, do not behave in this manner: a man can hardly find a kindred soul among thousands. The understatement is that animals do not enjoy the "happy conversation" as men do. To demonstrate this, Milton provides a series of mythological and human pairings, of both people and things. During his long sojourn in Italy, Thyrsis enjoyed the "happy conversation and singing" with "young men serving the muses," Charis and Lepos prominent among them. Moreover, Thyrsis refers to two cups Manso gave him (lines 180-197; Milton depicts Manso, a patron of poetry and famous poet, as his own ideal foster father in *Mansus*). On these cups we can find a motif engraved—the Phoenix and Cupid—which reinforces the idea of twosomes and the wedding image as well.

Damon's Epitaph

Argument

Thyrsis and Damon, shepherds from the same locale, had from childhood nurtured the same interests and been the dearest of friends. Thyrsis, abroad for his studies, heard of Damon's death. Later, returning home to find it so, he grieved for his lot and loneliness in this poem. Damon here stands for Charles Diodati, descended through his father from the Tuscan city Lucca, but who was English in all other ways, preeminent in his talents and learning, and otherwise uniquely gifted while he lived.

You nymphs of Himera who freshen the memory of Daphnis and Hylas and the long-lamented fate of Bion, sing your Sicilian tune through Thames-fronted cities: sing of the sighs and moans bereft Thyrsis uttered, his endless sorrow that beseeched the caves and rivers, the wandering streams and the forest groves, while he grieved for the abducted Damon. He roamed through forlorn fields, and even deepest night was filled with his misery. Now the stalk with its green ears had twice ripened, and twice had the yellow crops filled the granaries since Damon's final day had swept him beneath the shades, and Thyrsis was still missing, as his sweet love of the Muse detained him in the Tuscan city. But when he'd had his fill of life abroad and concern for the flock he'd left behind brought him home, and he'd sat beneath the familiar elm, then finally, he felt his friend's loss, then he began to vent his huge sorrow in these words:

"Lambs, go home unfed, your master has no time for you now." Ah, Damon, how can I deem any earthly or heavenly powers divine, now that they have wrenched you away stiff in death? Do you leaves me this way, your virtue fading without trace, to consort with the throngs of unknown shades? No, he who divides the dead souls with his golden wand would not allow that. He'd lead you to more worthy companions and ward off the useless horde of the nameless dead.

"Lambs, go home unfed, your master has no time for you now." No matter what happens, this is sure: if no wolf sees me first, you shall not fall

to dust unmourned in your grave. Your fame will outlast you and be long honored on the lips of the shepherds. They will rejoice to pay you homage second to Daphnis alone, and to sing your praises, second only to those of Daphnis, for as long as Pales and Faunus love the fields—so this shall be, unless it's no use to have kept one's fathers' faith, followed Pallas's arts, and had a poet as his comrade.

“Lambs, go home unfed, your master has no time for you now.” Damon, you can rely on these things, for they will be your reward. Yet what will become of me? What faithful companion will stand by me, as you so often did, through the cruel cold of winter, when frost was thick on the fields, or beneath the parching sun as the plants died of thirst? And this whether it was our task to stalk the grand lions or scare off the hungry wolves from our high sheepfolds. So who will enliven my days now with speech and song?

“Lambs, go home unfed, your master has no time for you now.” Whom can I now confide in? Who will teach me to sooth my mordant cares and distract the long night with agreeable talk as ripe pears simmer before the hearty fire and nuts crackle on the hearth, when the harsh south wind disrupts everything outdoors as it thunders through the elmtops?

“Lambs, go home unfed, your master has no time for you now.” Or in the summer, at high noon, as Pan sleeps sequestered in the shades of an oak, and the nymphs again swim down to their underwater haunts, while shepherds shun the sunlight and the ploughman snores under the hedge, who then will restore to me your charming speech and your mirth, who will return your Attic wit and your urbane jokes?

“Lambs, go home unfed, your master has no time for you now.” But now, alone, I wander through pastures and fields, and await evening in valleys with shadows from thick black branches: the rain and the southeast wind over my head make sad sounds in the uneasy twilight of the windswept trees.

“Lambs, go home unfed, your master has no time for you now.” Alas, my once neat fields: how choked you are with errant weeds. The tall grain

too is swollen with mildew and the clusters of grapes wither on their unsupported vines, while myrtle groves lack all fruition. Even I tire of my flock and they confront me with moping gaze.

“Lambs, go home unfed, your master has no time for you now.” Tityrus now calls me to the hazels, and Alpheisiboeus to the ash trees, Aegon summons me to the willows, and pretty Amyntas to the streams. “Here are cool springs, here is grass soft with moss, here are gentle breezes, and here the arbutus and soft streams murmur together.” To deaf ears they sing, as I manage to enter the thickets and elude them.

“Lambs, go home unfed, your master has no time for you now.” Mopsus next tries—

Mopsus versed in the lore of birds and stars—for he has chanced to discern my flight: “What’s all this, Thyrsis? What excess of melancholy pains you? Either you pine away with love or some baneful star has entranced you. Often the star of Saturn is malign to shepherds, and his slanting shaft of lead pierces them to the core.

“Lambs, go home unfed, your master has no time for you now.” The astonished nymphs cry out, “Thyrsis, what will become of you? What can all this mean? Youthful brows are not usually clouded as yours is, nor are young eyes normally grim, nor young faces so dire. Dances, gaiety and love, always love—these are the rightful wonts of youth. The man who loves only in old age is doubly wretched.”

“Lambs, go home unfed, your master has no time for you now.” Hyas and Dryope come, as do Aegle, Baucis’s daughter (practiced in music, skilled on the harp, but wasted by conceit), and Chloris, who dwells near the Idumanean river. Not flattery, nor words of succor, can move me; nothing that is here and now, nor anything in the future.

“Lambs, go home unfed, your master has no time for you now.” Ah, how like one another are the bulls romping in the meadows, friends together one and all, of single mind. None of them singles out one other from the herd as his comrade. So is the case with wolves, who hunt their prey in packs,

while the tufted wild asses mate together in turns. It is no different with the law of the sea: Proteus on the barren shore tallies his seals in packs. Even that humblest of birds, the sparrow, has a partner to dart with around each stack of grain, before returning late to his own nest. But if death happens to claim his companion, if a kite's hooked beak has doomed him, or a peasant's arrow has downed him, why the bird flies up and finds another, right away, to join him in his flight.

We men, though, are a harsh breed, one harassed by cruel fate, with minds antagonistic and hearts antipathetic. Hardly can a man find one kindred soul among thousands of men, or, if finally fate, mollified by our prayers, grants one such, there then comes a day and hour, all unexpected, to snatch him off, leaving only an eternal void.

“Lambs, go home unfed, your master has no time for you now.” What wanderlust, alas, impelled me across the skies peaks of the snow-garbed Alps to foreign lands? Was seeing buried Rome of such importance, even if the city looked as it once had when Tityrus himself abandoned flock and field to see it? Was all that significant enough to warrant my abandoning so sweet a friend and placing between us two so many mountains and forests, so many cliffs and roaring rivers? Ah, but for that, I could at least have held his right hand and tenderly closed his eyes in peaceful death, saying “Farewell! Remember me in your ascent to the stars.”

“Lambs, go home unfed, your master has no time for you now.” Even though I shall never tire of your memory, you Tuscan shepherds, your men serving the muses: here were gentleness and grace. Damon, you too were a Tuscan, tracing your descent from the ancient city of Lucca. Oh, how splendid I felt when I lay beside the cool, murmuring Arno where soft turf grows beneath the poplar groves, and I could pick the violets and the myrtle shoots, and listen to Menalcas and Lycidas engage in singing matches. I myself even dared compete, and I judge I was not displeasing, for I still retain your gifts, those baskets of reeds and wicker, and pipes with their wax fastenings. Even their beech trees were made aware of my name by Dati and Francini, both of them poets and famous scholars, and both of Lydian blood.

“Lambs, go home unfed, your master has no time for you now.” Such

things would the dewy moon speak to me when I, happy and solitary, shut my tender kids in the wattled fold. Ah, how often would I say (when death's dark ashes in reality had seized you), "Damon is singing now, or fitting his nets for the hare or weaving osiers for his various needs." Innocent of suspicion, I jumped on the scenes that I longed for in the future, and imagined them to be present reality: What are you doing there? If there's nothing to prevent us, why don't we go and lie down a while in the checkered shadows beside the waters of Colne or on the grounds of Cassivelaunus. Then you can elaborate your host of healing herbs and balms—your hellebore, humble crocus, and hyacinth leaf—all the remedies of the fenland, and all the physicians' arts." Ah, may all the doctor's skills perish since they were all worthless to you their master. As for me—for I know not what lofty song my pipe was sounding all of eleven nights and a day, and as chance would have it I was setting my lips to a new set of pipes, when their fastenings snapped and they broke apart unable to bear the grave notes no more—I fear I am being vain, but still, I will speak of that. Make way, forests.

"Lambs, go home unfed, your master has no time for you now." I have resolved to speak of Trojan vessels sailing off the coast of Kent, and of the ancient Kingdom of Inogene, the daughter of Pandrasus, and of the warrior chieftains Brenus and Arviragus, and of old Belinus and of the Armorican settlers who at last came under British law. Then shall I speak of Igraine pregnant with Arthur through a fatal deception, the treachery of Merlin in counterfeiting Gorlois's features and armor. And then you, my pastoral pipe, if I am granted any life to live, will hang far away utterly forgotten by me on the branch of some old pine tree; or else you shall shrill out a British theme, transformed by your own native muses. Yet what then? One man just cannot do everything, nor even hope to. I shall have reward enough, and deem it great glory (though I be forever unknown and without repute in the outside world) if only blond-haired Ouse reads my work and he who drinks from the Alne and the Humber, full of whirlpools, and every forest by the Trentk and above them all my native Thames and the Tamar, discolored by minerals, and if the Orkneys in their distant seas will but learn my song.

"Lambs, go home unfed, your master has no time for you now." I was

keeping these things all for you, wrapped in firm laurel bark. These, and much more too. And I was keeping as well the two cups that Manso gave me—Manso, who is not the least glory of the Chalcidian shore. A marvelous work of art they are, and a marvelous man is he. An engraving with a double motif goes all around them: in the center are the waves of the Red Sea, and the perfumed springtime, and the extended shores of Arabia, and groves redolent of balsam. Among these the Phoenix, that divine bird unique on earth, glitters cerulean with parti-colored wings, and watches Aurora ascending from the grassy seas. Another part shows the limitless sky and mighty Olympus, while here too and who would have supposed it? Cupid with his quiver ringed in clouds, his coruscating arms, His torches and His bronze-tinted darts. From that height he does not wound frivolous spirits or the squalid hearts of the rabble, but gazing around him with flaming eyes, he tirelessly aims his arrows upward through the spheres, yet never downward. These arrows thud kindle the minds and essences of the gods themselves. Damon, you are also among the gods—in this no uncertain hope deludes me—you are assuredly among them, for where else could your sweet and holy simplicity, your unsullied virtue, have gone? It would be sinful to go looking for you in Lethean Orcus. It would be impertinent to weep for you, so I shall shed them no more. Tears, be gone. Damon dwells in the pure ether, which his own pureness enables him to possess, and his foot spurns the rainbow. Among the souls of heroes and amid the eternal gods he drinks the drafts of heaven and savors its joys with his sacred lips. And now that you have found your due in Heaven, stand by, and gently favor me, whatever you may now be called. Whether you are Damon or whether you favor Diodati, the divine name the heavenly hosts will know you by, though throughout the forests you retain the name of Damon. Since you opted for the blush of modesty and a stainless youth, and since you never tasted the joys of the marriage bed, see how the virginal honors are reserved for you. Your shining head will be encircled with a shimmering crown, and with shady fronds of leafy palms in your hands you shall fulfill your role forever in the immortal marriage where singing and lyre-sounds are blended in ecstasy with blessed dances, and where fatal orgies rage under the heavenly thyrsus. (Translation by D. L. Blanken)

ダモンの墓碑銘

議論

テュルスとダモンとは近隣の羊飼いで、共通の目的に向かって切磋琢磨し合う竹馬の友であった。テュルスが異国の地に遊学しているときに、ダモンの死の報せを受け取った。この後、帰国したテュルスは報せが真実であったと知って、己が身の不運と寂寥を嘆ち、これをこの詩歌に託した。ダモンとはチャールズ・ディオダティを指す。父方はルッカのトスカーナを出自としているが、それ以外はあらゆる点において生粋のイングランド人そのものであった。ダモンは生前、天賦の才に恵まれ、学問に秀で、およそ範例となるあらゆる種類の才能に恵まれた若者であった。

ヒメイラのニンフよ、そなたは長い間、人びとの哀悼のまどであったダプニスとヒュラス、そしてビオンの悲しき運命の記憶もまだ新たにしていよう。さあ、テムズ河畔の町まちを巡り、シシリアの詩歌を詠唱うがよい。悲嘆にくれるテュルスの呻吟する様子を詠唱うがよい。時満たずして奪い取られたダモンを偲ぶテュルスの絶え間なき嘆きの声は、洞窟や小川、迷走するせせらぎや森蔭の谷間の静謐をかき乱す。かれは寂寞たる草地を彷徨い、夜の間隙を嘆きで埋め尽くす。最期の時が一吹きでダモンを黄泉の影の中へなぎ倒してからは、すでに二度、茎は種から緑のノギを突き出し、穀倉地帯は黄金の収穫を二度数えたが、それでもなおテュルスはダモンの死を嘆いていた。詩女神の甘美なる愛がテュルスをトスカーナの町に留めた。しかし、異郷の地で十分見聞を広めたとき、故郷に残した羊の群れへの思いが彼を呼び戻した。テュルスは慣れ親しんだ楡の木蔭に座った。そして……、そしてついに、親友を亡くした痛みを感じ、以下のことばをもって、大きな悲嘆の重荷を憂いた。

子羊たちよ、満たされぬままに戻るがよい。主人は悲嘆の余り、なんじらを慮る余裕がないのだ。ああ、ダモンよ、呵責なき死がいまそなたを掴み取ってしまったからには、いったい天と地のいかなる力を神性と呼べようか？ こんなふうにして、そなたはわたくしを置き去りにするのか？ そなたの徳は跡形もなく消えうせ、名もなき死者と混ざり合ってしまうのか。いや、断じてそうはさせまい！ 黄金の杖を振るって死者の位置を定めるあの方がそのようなことをお許しにならぬように、そして、その名が再び聞かれることもない価値なき者どもを押しえ制するようにと。

子羊たちよ、満たされぬままに戻るがよい。主人は悲嘆の余り、なんじらを慮る余裕がないのだ。何が起ころうとも、これだけは確かぞ。わたくしが初め

に狼に見つからなければ、そなたが哀悼のことばもかけられずに、崩おれて塵になることはけっしてあるまい。そなた亡き後も榮譽は残るであろう。これからの長い年月、そなたの榮譽は羊飼いたちの口の端にのぼることであろう。パレスやファウヌスが田舎を愛で続けるかぎり、羊飼いたちは、ダプニスにのみ嗣ぐ者としてそなたに誓いを立て、ダプニスの賞賛にのみ嗣ぐ賞賛をそなたに与えて詩歌詠唱うのを喜びとするであろう。人間が父祖たちの信仰を守り、正義を守り、パラス（アテナ）の文芸を磨き、詩人を親友とし続けることが無用のことでないなら、かならずや、そうなるはず。

子羊たちよ、満たされぬままに戻るがよい。主人は悲嘆の余り、なんじらを慮る余裕がないのだ。ダモンよ、わが言葉を楽しみにするがよい、これはそなたの報酬なればこそ。だが、これからわたくしはどうなるのか？ いったいだれば、かつてのそなたのごとく忠実なる親友として、わが傍らに侍ってくれるというのか。霜枯れの冬の日も、旱魃の夏の日も、われらの務めが、成熟したライオンの後を付けて行くことにせよ、高き羊檻から飢えた狼を追い払うことにせよ。いま、だれが昼の労働の時間を、語らいと詩歌で慰めてくれるというのか？

子羊たちよ、満たされぬままに戻るがよい。主人は悲嘆の余り、なんじらを慮る余裕がないのだ。わが心をだれに打ち明ければよいのか。子羊の世話を思わずらわぬよう、長き夜の憂さを快き会話で紛らわすようにだれが教えてくれるのか？ 心暖まる火の前で熟れた梨がぐつぐつと煮え、炉辺では木の実ははじけ、屋外では荒あらしい南風がすべてを吹きとばし、楡の梢を轟ごうと吹きぬけるときに。

子羊たちよ、満たされぬままに戻るがよい。主人は悲嘆の余り、なんじらを慮る余裕がないのだ。また、夏の日の中昼に檜の木蔭に隠れて牧神が眠り、ニンフたちが水底の住処に戻り、羊飼いたちが日差しを避け、野良で働くものたちが生垣の下で藪をかくとき、そなたの話の魅力を再びもたらしてくれるのはだれか。その笑い声、そのアッティカ風の機知の閃き、洗練されたユーモアをだれば再びもたらしてくれるというのか。

子羊たちよ、満たされぬままに戻るがよい。主人は悲嘆の余り、なんじらを慮る余裕がないのだ。しかしいま、わたくしはただひとり牧草地や牧場を彷徨い、枝影が濃く暗い谷間で夕暮れを待つ。頭上には、風の吹きすさぶ森の、休息なき薄明りの中で雨まじりの東南風が悲しみの音をたてる。

子羊たちよ、満たされぬままに戻るがよい。主人は悲嘆の余り、なんじらを慮る余裕がないのだ。ああ、かつては、刈り込まれていたわが牧草地も、はびこった雑草でなんとむせかえっていることか！ 背の高い穀物さえ、うどん粉病でぶよぶよになり、支え手のないぶどうの蔓は朽ち果て、たわわになった実

は摘む人もなく打ち捨てられ、ぎんばいかの木立も侘しい。自分の子羊の群れにさえ倦んだわたくしに、子羊たちは咎めの眼差しを向ける。

子羊たちよ、満たされぬままに戻るがよい。主人は悲嘆の余り、なんじらを慮る余裕がないのだ。テトラスが^{はしほみ}様の木へとわたくしを誘い、アルペシポエトがトネリコの木へ、アエーゴーンが柳の木へ、愛らしきアミュミンタスが流れ^hとわたくしを呼んでいる——「ここに清澄な泉が湧いている」、「ここは芝におおわれている」、「ここはそよ風がふいている」、「ここでは野いちごがせせらぎとささやきかわしている。」かれらの声もわたくしの耳には届かない。わたくしはかろうじて茂みにたどりつき、身を隠す。

子羊たちよ、満たされぬままに戻るがよい。主人は悲嘆の余り、なんじらを慮る余裕がないのだ。星を読み、鳥のことばを解するモプソスもわたくしが走りさるのを見てとがめて声をかけた——「なにが起こったのだ、テュルシスよ？ なんとという^{スランコフ}憂鬱の発作がそなたを苦しめているのか？ 恋のためにやつれはてたか、なにか有害な星の^{とほこ}虜となってしまったのか。土星はしばしば羊飼いの破滅のもととなってきた。その斜めの鉛の矢で羊飼いたちの心の^{つれ}臓を射抜くのだ。」

子羊たちよ、満たされぬままに戻るがよい。主人は悲嘆の余り、なんじらを慮る余裕がないのだ。ニンフたちは驚き叫ぶ「なにがあったの、テュルシス？ いったいどういうことなの？ 若者の額はふつうそのように曇りはしない。若者の瞳や眼差しはそのように厳しくはない。若者の特権は歌と陽気な騒ぎと、遊戯と恋愛にこそあり、いつも恋をするもの。年老いて恋をする者は悲嘆も二重になってしまう。」

子羊たちよ、満たされぬままに戻るがよい。主人は悲嘆の余り、なんじらを慮る余裕がないのだ。ヒュアースがやって来る、そしてドリュオペー、バウキスの娘アエグレ（賢き楽人、^{ハルモニア}豎琴の名手であるが、その高慢さにより低められる）、イドウマニアの川岸に住むクロリースがやって来る。いすれにも心魅かれず、どのような言葉も慰めとはならぬ。かれらにできることはなく、未来の希望もわたくしにはなんの意味ももたぬ。

子羊たちよ、満たされぬままに戻るがよい。主人は悲嘆の余り、なんじらを慮る余裕がないのだ。牧草地を跳ねまわる若い雄牛たちは互いになんと似て見えることか。かれらは皆が親しく心はひとつ。群の中から一頭を選び特別の友とすることはない。狼も同じ。群をなして獲物を追う。毛深き野生のロバは交互につがう。海の^{おきて}法も同じ。プローテウスは荒漠たる岸辺で一群のアザラシを数える。鳥の中でもっとも卑しき^{すずめ}雀はいつもすべての^{むぎねやま}菱叢山の回りを伴と楽しげに飛びかう。そしてたまたま死が^{つれ}伴を奪い去るなら、また、鉤づめのくちばしの^{とび}鷹がそののどを切り裂いたり、農夫が弓矢で^{つれ}伴を地上に射落とすなら、そ

のそきその場でかれは飛び去り、ともに飛び回るために別の伴を捜す。だが、われら人間とは難しき種。過酷な運命にもてあそばれる。心は通い合わず、精神は響き合わぬ。ひとりの人間がいく千もの仲間の内からただひとりの靈魂の通い合う伴侶を捜しあてるのは至難の業。かりにわれらの祈りにほだされて運命がひとりの者を与えてくれたとしても、予想だにせぬ日、望みもせぬ時間がかれを奪い去り、後に残るは永遠の空虚。

子羊たちよ、満たされぬままに戻るがよい。主人は悲嘆の余り、なんじらを慮る余裕がないのだ。ああ、なんとという流浪への衝動が、アルプスの雪を頂いた天の峰みねを越えて、異郷の岸辺までわたくしを駆り立てたのか。埋もれたローマが、あたかもティテュロス〔ウェルギリウス〕その人が羊の群と牧場とを打ち捨てて見に行ったその時のままに見えたとしても。かくも甘美なる友との語らいを打ち捨て、かくも多くの山や森、岩や急流が二人を遠ざけるのも止むなしとするほどにまで重要なことであつたらうか。ああ、せめて、臨終のそなたの手を握り、やさしくそなたの顔を閉じて、安らかに死を迎えさせ、「さらば、星ぼしへと飛翔しつつもわたくしを忘れることのなきように」といっていたなら！

子羊たちよ、満たされぬままに戻るがよい。主人は悲嘆の余り、なんじらを慮る余裕がないのだ。だが、トスカーナの羊飼いたちよ、詩女神に仕えるそなたたち若人を思い起こすにつけても、悔やみはしまい。優美と風雅とがそなたたちとともに住まわっていた。ダモンよ、そなたもまたトスカーナの人、古の都ルッカの出自。おお、涼やかなアルノーのせせらぎのほたり、ポプラの木蔭の芝生にねころび、葦やぎんばいかを摘み取り、メナクラスとリシダスの詩歌比べに耳傾けながら、なんと誇らしく感じたことか。わたくしは大胆にも詩歌比べに加わり、なかなかの評判を勝ち得ることができた。なぜならいまでもわたくしは、そなたらからの贈り物、灯心草の籠や柳の籠、蜜蝋で留めた笛をもっているから。そればかりか、高名な詩人にして学者たるリディア生まれのダイティとフランチャーニは故郷のぶなの木ぎをわたくしの名で鳴り響かせたのであつた。

子羊たちよ、満たされぬままに戻るがよい。主人は悲嘆の余り、なんじらを慮る余裕がないのだ。ひとり心安らかにわが柔和なる子羊たちを編み枝の囲いに追い込みながら、露帯びた月がこれらのことばをわたくしにささやいたものであつた。ああ、なんとしばしばわたくしは言ったことか、（じっさいには黒き死の灰がそなたを浚っていったときに、）「いま、ダモンは歌っているか、野うさぎを捕らえる網を広げているか、さまざまに用だてるために柳の籠を編んでいる」と。つゆほども疑うことなく、かくも待ち望む将来の光景をおお急ぎで捕まえ、現在のこととして想像していた。「やあ、ここにいたの！ なに

をしているの？ 用事がなければ、コウルニーの流れのほとりか、カッシベラスの地所の碁盤模様の木蔭に行き、少しのあいだ横になろう。そしてそなたは、薬草と香料の調合リストに目を通せばよい。ヘレボア、慎ましいクロッカス、水仙の葉、沼地に生えるすべての薬草とあらゆる医術を。おお！ すべての医学の業は、その主人を救えなかったのであるから、死滅してしまえばよい。そしてわたくしは、この十一夜と一日の間、わが牧笛を吹き鳴らしていたのが、どのように気高い詩歌の調べであったかを知らない。そして、たまたまわたくしが新しい牧笛にくちびるをあてたとき、もはや荘重なる調べに堪え得ず、留め具はずれ、ばらばらになった。頭が虚ろになるのではないかとわたくしは恐れる。だがそれでも、わたくしはかの詩歌について語ろう。森よ、道を開けるがよい。

子羊たちよ、満たされぬままに戻るがよい。主人は悲嘆の余り、なんじらを慮る余裕がないのだ。わたくしはトロイアの船の竜骨がケントの港から海の波を切って進むさまを語ろう。パンドロスの娘イノジーンの^{いにしえ}古の王国、国王ブレナスとアーヴィレッジ、古のベリナス、アルモリカ〔ブリタニー〕への植民者——ついにはイングランドの法に従った者たち、そして、致死の^{たばかり}謀略に陥りアーサー王を身籠ったイグレイン、ゴルロイスの^{かんばん}容貌と武具とを偽造したマーリンの背信について語ろう。ああ、わたくしに余命があるなら、わが牧笛よ、そなたは^{はるか}遙か^{かなた}彼方の^{おれまつ}老松の枝にかかったまま忘れ去られることだろう。さもなくば、故国の詩女神の手で姿を変えられ、イングランドの^{まへ}主題を奏でることになるかもしれぬ。だが、結局のところ、一人の人間にすべてが可能なのはなく、そう望むことさえかなわぬ。かりに外の世界には永遠の栄誉もなく、無名のままであるとしても、^{あざ}黄金の髪^ののウーズや、アラン川と渦巻くハンバーの流れから水を飲む者が、そしてトレントのほとりのすべての森がが、なにはさておき、わが^{ふるさと}故郷のテムズの流れと、^{くろく}鉱物を含んで変色したタマーの流れが、わが詩歌を朗詠うなら、また、^{はるか}遙けきオークニーの島じまがわが詩歌を知るなら、わたくしは十分に報われ、こよなき栄誉としよう。

子羊たちよ、満たされぬままに戻るがよい。主人は悲嘆の余り、なんじらを慮る余裕がないのだ。これらのことすべてを、わたくしはそなたのために堅固な^{つき}月桂樹の皮に包んでおこう。これらと、より多くのものと、そしてマンソーから送られた二つの^{さかづき}杯を。マンソーはカルキディアの岸辺のこよなき名誉。杯はたぐい稀なる^{あざ}作品にしてマンソーはたぐい稀なる人。その回りには二重の^{まへ}主題が彫り込まれている。中央には紅海の波紋と香り^{かほ}馥郁たる春、アラビアの幅広の岸辺や^{かほ}芳香樹脂したたる森が描かれている。そこには地上にただ一羽のみの神鳥たる^{ふへ}不死鳥が色様ざまな羽を広げ緑青色の輝きを放ち、^{あけぼの}暁の女神が透明の海から立ち上がるのを眺めている。模様の別の部分には無限の空と偉大な

るオリンポスが描かれ、ここには——だれが予想したであろうか——雲に取り巻かれて輝く色の矢筒と、きらめく武器、^{カイト}松明と青銅に輝く矢を持ったクピドーがいる。その高みからかれは鳥合の衆の卑俗な靈魂や卑しき心を狙うことはない。燃える目で隈なくあたりを見回し、飽くことなく狙いを定め、いつも上方の天球層に向かって矢を放つ。けっして下方を狙うことはない。これらの矢は神聖な精神と神がみの精髓それ自体を燃え立たせる。そなたもまた神がみに仲間入りする——不確かな希望に惑わされて言うのではない、ダモンよ——そなたは疑いなく神がみの仲間入りをしている。なぜなら、そなたの甘美にして神聖なる無邪気さ、白雪のごとき徳が他のどこへ行くというのか。れ一て一のオルクスにそなたを捜し求めるのは誤り、そなたのために嘆くのは見当違いというもの。それゆえわたくしはもう嘆くことはしまい。さらば、涙よ。いまやダモンは純潔なる天空に住んでいる。そなたが純潔なればこそそこに住まうことができる、かれの足は虹を翔け、英雄の靈や不滅の神がみに交じって天の息吹を吸い、神聖なくちびるで喜びを飲み干す。いまやそなたは天でしかるべき報酬を得ているのであるから、わが傍らに立ち、わたくしを優しく守護せよ。いまやその名がなんと呼ばれようとも。ダモンにせよ、ディオダティ——その神々しい名によりそなたは天の住人に知られているが——を好むにせよ、森の中ではダモンの名を留めるであろう。そなたは慎みぶかいばら色と汚点なき若さを愛し、婚姻の床の喜びを味わうことはなかったのであるから、見るがよい、純潔の榮譽がそなたのためにとってある。光榮あるその頭に輝く^{クラウン}王冠をいただき、喜ばしく蔭濃き棕櫚の葉を手に持ち、そなたは不滅の婚姻の儀式に永遠に加わるであろう。そこでは^{モクスター}法悦の内に歌声と^{オルガン}豎琴の音が祝福された^{ダンス}舞踏と混漚って、祭の祝宴は天の^{パラス}錫杖の下で、いま熱狂の渦になる。(野呂有子訳)

Noro, Yuko Kanakubo and David L. Blanken, "Milton's *Epitaphium Damonis*: Two Views of its Principles of De-Pastoralization" 『東京成徳短期大学 紀要』第 28 号 1995 年 3 月 pp. 105-29.

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