

*Correptum pauidis vulgus praecordia curis.
 Quisque fugam meditans, incertis anxius haeret
 Consiliis. Facile poterat perterritus hostis 30
 Ad priscas Tanais cogi remeare latebras
 Ni fera Christicolis vario discordia motu
 Distractis, meritae rapuisset praemia palmae.
 Sic placitum superis nostrae ob contagia culpae
 Gaudentis patrio perfundere sanguine campos. 35
 Nec tua, ALEXANDER, tantum decora incluta nouit
 Qui colit Eoas oras, et clara tropaea
 Miratur, captasve dolet praedasque virosque
 Armatamque timet funesta in proelia dextram:
 Nouere Ausonii, Bataui sensere subacti . 40
 Hi magnos ausus animi metuendaque fortis
 Damna manus; illi meritos ex hoste triumphos
 Et summos immortalis virtutis honores .
 Hique tuam noscent ventura in saecula famam
 Quos et uterque polus, quos Taurus claudit et Atlas, 45
 Quique sua inuertunt nostris vestigia plantis.
 Nulla tuas poterit laudes abolere vetustas
 Dum Scaldis tumidum rapidis irrumpet in aequor
 Fluctibus, et stabit celsis Antuerpia muris
 Bellica dum Belga suboles nomenque manebit. 50
 Nam quid ego hostiles summa virtute fugatas
 Commemorem turmas debellatasque phalanges?
 Quid fluuuii clausum per aquas iter obice pontis ,
 Quem ratis incassum tentauit perdere nitri
 Freta dolis, iussasque ferens in tempore flammis? 55
 Seu quid consilio pernicipique oppida capta
 Aduentu? vel aquis cinctae et moenibus arces
 Assiduis victas studijs urbesque subactas?
 Nec tibi res fuerat tantum contra horrida Belga
 Arma, nec aduersus munitas aggere fossas : 60
 Saepe Britannorum saeua undique circumuentum
 Gallorumque acie regio te Belgica vidit
 Ac tria deuicto referentem ex hoste tropaea.
 Non tibi tormentis saeuos imitantibus ictus 65
 Fulminis aut lymphis circumstagnantibus altae
 Urbis agrum, est aditus clausus: non fluminis undis
 Qua celeres furtim lintres alimenta ferebant
 Hostibus obsessis: victor tanta urbe potiris.
 Qualis in Alpino nodosa cacumine quercus 70
 Saepius incursus Boreae frustrata frementis
 Et quamquam insolito miscetur turbine caelum
 Stat tamen immota, et venti vix frondis honorem
 Decutiunt: tenues fulmen si forte per auras 75
 Iuppiter in quercum contorserit: illa repente
 Concidit et campis infert segetique ruinam :
 Palantes fugiunt pecudes pecudumque magistri;
 At sibi tota timet subsultans murmure silva.
 Talis, ut herois generosa robora dextrae
 Sensit, Iberorum consueta euadere nisus 80
 Cedit et admittit victorem Antuerpia portis.
 Iam pauor excurrit mortis, iam terror oberrat
 Exitii. Quid agat? tantis circumdatus armis
 Quid tentet? Veniam supplex sibi Belga precatur.*

Et licet incensum ualido cor ferueat aestu, 85
Tu tamen, antiquae FARNESI gloria gentis,
Supplicibus veniam defers, et bile tumentis
Vltoris animi sedas in pectore motus.
Hoc virtutis opus. Nunc o quantum libet illa
Nunc tui Alexandri facta incluta Graecia iacta. 90
Est et ALEXANDER Romae, aequae fortis in armis,
Maior in hoc: nec enim tantum deuicerit hostes,
Hostibus at victis sese quoque vincit et iram.

Thalia, you have been used to play the rustic pipes
Amongst flocks in the shade of a flourishing holm-oak:
Leave your cottages in the woods and, decked in fair array,
Come down and seek lofty towers: I am labouring at
Mighty deeds of heroes worthy of the voice of the trumpet: 5
The crude song of the straw-pipe does not suit fierce Mars.
Could anyone encompass the praise of Alexander
In so lofty-sounding a song as to equal his deeds
By singing? His famed courage does not only imitate
The mighty spirit of Caesar the general, 10
Or the daring of the Scipios or the delays of Fabius:
As many noble qualities as Rome once produced in its generals
It now arouses in one single leader ALEXANDER.
Fierce Thracian Mars has felt the thunderous blows of his sword,
When the blue surface of the sea turned red with the blood of the Turks, 15
Where the sea strikes the concave shore of Naupactus with its waves,
Here once again the might of the Orient was broken by the arms
Of the West, here captured triremes saw the sacred Cross
Spread its victorious standards over their benches.
A fierce sprit drove him against the enemies opposite, 20
No power could withstand the warrior, no force resist
The hero's sword: death spread its dark wings
Over the ships that bore the crescent, and the severed limbs
Of the fallen floated through the bloodied marble surface of the sea.
In his seat on the Hellespont flying rumour struck 25
And shook the despot of Byzantium as messenger
Of such a disaster: the people rushed here and there
Through the crossroads, their hearts seized with panic and anxiety.
Each of them envisaging flight stopped still with worry
Their plans all uncertain. The terrified enemy could easily 30
Have been driven to return to their ancient lair on the Don,
Had not fierce discord stolen the reward of their merited victory
From the Christians when they were riven by varied dissension.
Thus did it please the gods through the contagion of our fault
To soak the rejoicing plains with the blood of their own country. 35
Nor is it only the inhabitant of the Eastern shores
Who knows your distinguished glories and wonders at
Your famed trophies, or grieves over the capture of men and plunder,
Or fears your right hand armed for deadly battle:
The Italians know you, the conquered Dutch have felt your might, 40
The latter the great daring of your spirit and the fearsome losses
Inflicted by your arm, the former your deserved triumph over the enemy
And the highest honours paid to your immortal courage,
Those too will also come to know your fame in centuries to come
Who are bounded by the two poles, by Taurus and Atlas, 45
And who make their footsteps inverting our feet.
No age will be able to wipe away your achievements
For as long as the Scheldt spills into the swelling ocean
With its swift streams, and Antwerp stands with its lofty walls,
As long as the warlike race of Flanders and its name shall live. 50

For why should I mention the squadrons of the enemy
 Routed by your high courage and the formations you defeated?
 Why mention the route down the river's waters closed by the barrier of the sea,
 Which a ship tried in vain to destroy relying on the trick
 Of gunpowder and carrying the ordered flames at the right moment? 55
 Or the towns captured by his planning and rapid arrival?
 Or the citadels surrounded by waters and fortifications
 rcome by his continuous efforts, and the cities he subdued?
 Nor did you just have to do with opposing the dreadful
 Flemish arms, or ditches protected with a mound: 60
 Often the region of Flanders saw you surrounded
 By a battle-line of Britons or Gauls
 And winning three trophies from a conquered enemy.
 Your way was not closed off by the machines
 Imitating the fierce blows of the thunderbolt 65
 Or by the waters pooling around the territory of the lofty city,
 Nor by the streams of the river by which swift boats
 Secretly carried provisions to your enemies under siege:
 As victor you mastered a mighty city.
 Like a knotty oak-tree on an Alpine peak 70
 Repeatedly resists the incursions of the roaring North Wind
 And, though the heaven is confounded by an unprecedented storm,
 It stands unmoved, and the winds barely knock down
 The ornament of its branches; if it happens
 That Jupiter hurls a bolt against that oak-tree 75
 Through the thin air: the bolt falls rapidly
 And brings destruction to both plains and crop:
 The flocks and the flocks' herdsman scatter and flee,
 But the whole wood fears for itself leaping with a roar.
 Just so, when it felt the noble strength of the hero's right hand
 Antwerp, accustomed to escape the efforts of the Spanish, 80
 Yielded and admitted the victor by its gates.
 Now a fear of death ran wild, now a terror of extinction
 Ranged about. What was she to do? What could she attempt,
 Surrounded as she was by such great forces?
 Flanders in supplication begged pardon for herself.
 And though your heart burned with the heat of valour, 85
 Yet you, the glory of the ancient house of Farnese,
 Grant pardon to the suppliants, and quiet the motions
 Swelling with bile of your avenging spirit in your heart.
 That is the task of virtue. Now, Greece, go ahead and boast
 Of the glorious deeds of your own Alexander: 90
 Rome too has an Alexander, equally brave in war,
 But greater in this: he does not just defeat his enemies,
 But when he has done so conquers himself and his anger.

1-6 This preface reworks *Ecl.* 6.1-9 with clear lexical echoes (6.1-9, 2 *Thalia*, 8 *agrestem*). In Vergil the poet is diverted from his intended theme of epic battle by the intervention of Apollo who turns him towards pastoral; here the pastoral Muse *Thalia* is invoked to adapt epic battle to the bucolic form by the poet himself, a neat variation. There are other clear traces of the *Eclogues* here: *umbra, pecudes, ilex, calami, avena* are all characterising elements in Vergil's pastoral collection. Barberini's opening also echoes another preface, the lines prefixed to the beginning of the *Aeneid* by an early reader and commonly believed at his time to be authentically Vergilian:

*Ille ego, qui quondam gracili modulatus avena
 carmen, et egressus silvis vicina coegi
 ut quamvis avido parerent arva colono
 gratum opus agricolis, at nunc horrentia Martis
 arma virumque cano ...*

Using the same symbolic keywords *avena* and *Mars*, these lines represent the passage of the poet from pastoral to epic which Barberini adopts in his preface, jumping the intermediate didactic stage of the *Georgics* in his career ascent within hexameter genres.

7-13a The comparison of Parma with the great commanders of Roman antiquity, common in neo-Latin encomium, is expressed in classical phrases: *incluta virtus* is from Statius (*Theb.*11.412), *ingentes animos* from Vergil (*Georgics* 3.27), while the references to the Scipios and Fabius look back to their appearance together in Vergil's Show of Heroes (*Aeneid* 6.843 *Scipiadas*, 6.845 *Fabii*) as well as to Propertius (3.3.9 *victricisque moras Fabii*). The passage climaxes mid-line with the proper name which Parma shares with the greatest conqueror of the Greek world, capitalised as in the original edition.

13b-35 This section looks back to the younger Farnese's service at the crucial naval battle of Lepanto (1571) as lieutenant of Don John of Austria. The description of Lepanto here incorporates a topos of its contemporary celebration, its approximate co-location with and symbolic repetition of (17 iterum) the Roman naval battle of Actium (31 BCE). Actium had been fought in the Gulf of Ambracia some 100km north of the site of Lepanto in the Gulf of Patras; both were historically decisive conflicts in which a 'Western' force defeated an 'Eastern' one (the future Augustus/Antony and Cleopatra, the Holy League/the Ottoman Empire) on the same central-western coast of Greece. The final moralising remark (34-5) on the tensions in the Holy League after Lepanto which prevented an effective follow-up to the victory also echoes the Roman poetry of civil war: the plains soaked with blood present a hyperbolic echo of the those at the end of *Georgics* 1 linked with the battles of Pharsalus and Philippi (cf. *G.*1.491-2 *nec fuit indignum superis bis sanguine nostro / Emathiam et lato Haemi pinguescere campos). As at the end of the poem (92-3), a moral forms a conclusion (here to the account of Lepanto).*

36-46 Lines 40-46 echo Roman poetic encomia: the idea that defeated foreign peoples have witnessed the might of a great commander picks up the praise of Drusus in *Odes* 4.4.17-18 *uidere Raeti bella sub Alpibus / Drusum gerentem Vindelici*, 42 *meritos ex hoste triumphos* recalls Manilius on Pompey's military career (4.52) *et tris emenso meritos ex orbe triumphos*, while *uentura in saecula* (44) looks to Silius' praise of Cicero (8.407) *Ausoniae populis uentura in saecula ciuem*, and the mention of Atlas as the distant limit of fame (45) echoes Anchises' encomium of Augustus which identifies Atlas as the far-off limit of his rule (Vergil *Aeneid* 6.796).

47-69 Here we reach the chief subject of the poem, the capture of Antwerp. The statement that Parma's fame will last as long as Antwerp, the Scheldt and Flanders themselves (47-50) is a version of Vergil's famous prophecy that the glory of Nisus and Euryalus will endure as long as the Julian dynasty will rule Rome and its empire (*Aeneid* 9.447-9): *nulla dies umquam memori uos eximet aeuo, / dum domus Aeneae Capitoli immobile saxum / accolet imperiumque pater Romanus habebit*, and also echoes the assertion of the lasting fame of Daphnis (Vergil *Eclogues* 5.76-8): *Dum iuga montis aper, fluuios dum piscis amabit, / dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadae, / semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt*, as well as Ovid's promise of eternal life for his *Metamorphoses* at the end of the poem (15.871-2): *Iamque opus exegi, quod nec Iouis ira nec ignis / nec poterit ferrum nec edax abolere vetustas*.

70-81 The city of Antwerp is compared in an elaborate simile to an oak-tree which at first resists storms but then suddenly collapses, echoing the famous image at Vergil *Aeneid* 4.441-9:

*ac uelut annoso ualidam cum robore quercum
Alpini Boreae nunc hinc nunc flatibus illinc
eruere inter se certant; it stridor, et altae
consternunt terram concusso stipite frondes;
ipsa haeret scopulis et quantum uertice ad auras 445
aetherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit:
haud secus adsiduis hinc atque hinc uocibus heros
tunditur, et magno persentit pectore curas;*

mens immota manet, lacrimae uoluuntur inanes.

This Vergilian immobility is modified by Barberini into a great tree which repeatedly resists but then actually falls, suitable for the long but ultimately successful siege of Antwerp which lasted more than a year. In this there are also lexical echoes of the tree-like tower cut down by the Trojans in the sack of Troy in *Aeneid* 2 (465-6 *ea lapsa repente ruinam / cum sonitu trahit*) which can be seen as a symbol for the fall of Troy itself; this would be a neatly appropriate echo for Barberini's context of the fall of the Troy-like Antwerp.

82-93 The poem's final section focusses on Parma's magnanimity in victory. Like the heroes of old, Parma brings glory to his family, *Farnesi gloria gentis* (86); this matches one of Aeneas' royal ancestors seen in the Show of Heroes at *Aeneid* 6.767 *Troianae gloria gentis*. Barberini's concluding commendation of Parma's contrasting self-restraint at the moment of military triumph, and the idea of the simultaneous conquest of one's enemies and one's own lower nature, irresistibly recall Cicero's praise of Julius Caesar for not taking vengeance against his adversaries at the end of the civil war against the Pompeians (*Pro Marcello* 8): *animum vincere, iracundiam cohibere, victoriam temperare ... haec qui fecit, non ego eum cum summis viris comparo, sed simillimum deo iudico*. Like Caesar, Parma has overcome both his opponents and his own basic instinct for revenge, thus attaining a glory which fits the highest standards of both Roman imperial and Christian values (*clementia* and mercy). The comparison with Alexander the Great triggered by Parma's name (1-2) is also a standard way of praising Roman heroes, and here the modern hero outdoes his ancient counterpart, given Alexander's notoriously unrestrained personal passions for which he was sometimes criticised by Christian writers.

2: Fabio Chigi (1599-1667; pope as Alexander VII 1655-67)

Fabio Chigi was born in 1599 in Siena into privilege as a member of the famous Siennese banking family, and as the great-nephew of Paul V Borghese, pope during his youth (1605-21). After initial education in Siena, he came to Rome and rose in the service of Pope Urban VIII, becoming vice-papal legate at Ferrara (1627), Inquisitor of Malta (1634), and Bishop of Nardò in southern Italy (1635). In 1639-51 he was papal nuncio in Germany, taking a key part in the complex negotiations (1643-8) leading to the Treaty of Westphalia and the end of the Thirty Years' War (1648). In 1651 he was recalled to Rome by Pope Innocent X and appointed Secretary of State; in 1652 he was created a cardinal and Bishop of Imola, and in the conclave of 1655 he was elected pope as Innocent's successor.

Hexameter letter to a friend from Germany to Italy, 1648 (poem 74)

Context

Frustration after 12 years of negotiation (only two months to go in fact – Treaty of Westphalia signed in October 1648, not wholly to papal satisfaction), dismay at the devastation of Germany over the last generation.

Models

Horace's *Epistles* - hexameter poems presented as letters to friends

Ovid's *Tristia* and *Ex Ponto* – letters sent home to Italy from a place of foreign exile

Vergil, *Georgics* 1 [end] and Lucan *De Bello Civili* 3 – war's devastating impact on the land.

The close of the poem (65-78) echoes both the climactic prayer for peace in time of civil war at *Georgics* 1.498-501 and the opening address to the Holy Spirit in Girolamo Vida's 16C neo-Latin epic *Christias* on the life of Christ, a rich pagan/Christian combination.

Text and translation

*Ergo deuexum caelo quae terminat annum,
Ultima sidereos ostentans semita pisces,
Iam quintum rediit, totiens redit ordine libra,
Phoebi aequans noctisque vices, me Saxonis ex quo
Inferior tellus Vbiis excepit ab oris?
Nec tamen ulla uenit populorum candida uotis*

*Pax optata diu ? lacrimisque et sanguine rursus,
 Et ferro flammaque uorax producitur aeuum?
 Hunc mihi da calamo saltem lenire dolorem,
 Quaeso, Pii genus Aeneae, solare gementem* 10
*Eridani decus, Ascani, seu libera uinclis
 Musa fluat, metrica seu stringat compede gressus.
 Tu patriam seruas immunem Martis aperti:
 Imminet ille tamen uicinoque aestuat igne.
 Nec deest Italiae minitans discrimen, egestas* 15
*Infelix frugum. Siculas uacua horrea primum
 Turbarunt urbes: simili mox concita fato
 Parthenope casura fuit Latiumque, paterna
 Dexteram Pontificis quod muniit. Umbria clamat,
 Piceni armantur, rabies Firmana trucidat* 20
*Rectorem uesana suum, diraque cruentat
 Caede manus, fore quod cecinit Pharsalidos auctor:
 'Gnarus et irarum causas et summa fauoris
 Annona momenta trahi: namque asserit urbes
 Sola fames emiturque metus; cum segne potentes* 25
*Vulgus alunt, nescit plebes ieiuna timere.'
 Hinc Astraea dolet labem, hinc exempla malorum.
 Sed placidas hominum mentes bella, horrida bella,
 Corrupte magis. Toto Pax exulat orbe,
 Et maeret calcata Fides; temeratur eodem* 30
*Crimine Nobilitas, et auiti stemmatis exlex
 Degenerat Virtus, uitis que oppressa rebellat.
 Ast ego quas uideo (decimus iam uoluitur annus)
 Damnorum segetes Germanis surgere campis!
 Si cupiam lingua calamoque referre fideli* 35
*Excidium gentis lati quae finibus orbis
 Terror erat, clades animus miseratus acerbas
 Vix queat, auersas auditor praebeat aures,
 Et ueri lucem media de luce requirat.
 Vsque adeo praedura fidem et praegrandia uincunt.* 40
*Infernis emissa plagis nostro orbe uagatur
 Eumenidum funesta cohors, comitesque sequuntur
 Et dolus et furor insidiaeque et flebile letum.
 Nulla uiget regio, uiduatae ciuibus urbes,
 Tecta euersa, arae incensae, spoliata colonis* 45
*Squalent arua, calent cognato sanguine riui:
 Effrenis nec adhuc scelere exsatiata libido
 Bellandi nec adhuc rabiem compescit Erinys.
 His ego nocturnis lacrimis gemituque diurno
 Immoror. Haec utinam gentes, quas Rhenus inundat,* 50
*Quas Rhodanus praeceps, quas torrens ambit Iberus,
 Secum animo reputent, et amicas foedere certo
 Coniungant dextras et fessus pondere belli
 Miles et exhausti ciues populique quiescant!
 Iura magistratus repetat sua, nobilis artes* 55
*Ingenuas pubes, desertaque rura colonus,
 Securas quoque pastor oues, ad litora merces
 Nostra uehat nigris auidus mercator ab Indis,
 Et sua tranquillo redeat pax aurea saeclo!
 Sed rapuere Noti tum spes tum uerba proterui* 60
*Per mare, per Syrtes. Toto haec collegia lustrum
 Tot legatorum decumana uolumina uerbis*

*Opplerunt pacis nec adhuc concordia constat:
 Sed maiore fremens saeuit Bellona tumultu.
 Te rogo, qui caelum, qui terras numine complex,* 65
*Quo sine frondosa folium non decidit ulmo,
 Cuius ad arbitrium flectuntur corda potentum,
 Spiritus alme Patris Natique aeterna uoluptas,
 Tu miseris assiste pius, tu frange rebelles,
 Tu Romanum orbem caelesti pace serena,* 70
*Tu magni quintum geniali hac luce corona
 Praesulis Innocui annum; tu delubra reponens
 Discordes conuerte animos, populumque tuorum,
 Sancte Amor, hic seruans actae post nubila uitae
 Aethereas olli sedes et regna beata* 75
*Indulge ambrosiasque epulas quibus usque fruatur
 Pronus ad obsequium. Dignis tibi gloria fastis
 Crescat et aeternis nectatur adorea sertis.*

And so has the sign in the heaven which ends the decline of the year,
 The last path displaying the stars of Pisces,
 Returned for the fifth time, and is Libra returning for the same time in order,
 Equalising the interchange of sun and night, since the lower land
 Of the Saxon received me from the shores of the Ubii? 5
 And does no bright peace come through the voting of the nations,
 Peace so long desired? And is this devouring age still to be lengthened
 With tears and blood, and with sword and flame?
 Allow me at least to lighten this pain with my pen,
 I beseech you, Ascanio, scion of Enea Pio, console me as I groan, 10
 You glory of the Po, whether my Muse flows free of bonds
 Or constrains its steps with the fetters of metre.
 You keep to a native land free from open war:
 But that threatens, however, and seeths with a fire that is close.
 Nor is there a lack of peril threatening Italy, a miserable lack 15
 Of corn. It was the cities of Sicily that were first troubled
 By empty granaries, then, driven on by a similar fate, Naples
 Was set to fall, and Latium, which the paternal hand
 Of the Pontiff protected. Umbria cries aloud,
 The men of the Marche are armed, Fermo's raging madness 20
 Slaughters its governor, and bloodies its hands with accursed gore:
 This is what the author of the Pharsalia prophesied would come:
 'Well aware that the causes of resentment and the greatest motivations of popularity
 Are induced by the price of corn: only hunger frees cities,
 And veneration is purchased when the powerful feed 25
 the inactive mob, while a starving people knows no terror.'
 Astraea laments the disaster, the models of evil that flow from this.
 But the peaceful minds of men have been perverted by war,
 Terrible war. Peace is in exile from the whole world
 And Fidelity is trampled and mourns; the nobility 30
 Is desecrated by the same crime, and virtue degenerates,
 No longer bound by its ancestral pedigree, and rebels, oppressed by vices.
 But I, what crops of calamity (for the tenth year passing now)
 Do I see growing in the fields of Germany!
 If I desired to report with faithful tongue and pen 35
 The destruction of that race which was the terror
 Of the ends of the wide world, my mind in pity at its bitter calamities
 Could barely do so, my listener would turn their ears away,
 And would miss the light of truth in the midst of that light,
 So far do its extraordinarily cruel and enormous elements surpass belief. 40
 The deadly troop of the Furies, dispatched from the infernal regions,
 Wanders over our world, and there follow as their comrades
 Deceit and madness and surprise attack and lamentable Death.

No area flourishes, cities are bereaved of their citizens,
 Houses are wrecked, altars burned, the fields, robbed of their cultivators, 45
 Are overgrown, the streams are warm with the blood of relatives;
 The unbridled passion for warring is not yet sated by crime,
 Nor does the Fury yet restrain her madness.
 I linger with nightly tears and daily groaning.
 Would that the peoples, who are watered by the Rhine, 50
 Whom the hurtling Rhone and the streaming Hebro surround,
 Think on these things, and join hands in friendship and sure agreement,
 And that the soldiery, tired by the burden of war,
 And the exhausted inhabitants and peoples could rest!
 Would that the authority could recover its rights, the noble host 55
 Their inborn qualities, and the tiller his deserted farmlands,
 The shepherd his sheep in peace, that the greedy merchant
 Could carry his goods to our shores from darkest India,
 And that its own peace should return to our age made tranquil:
 But the violent storm-winds have snatched away both hopes and words 60
 Over the sea, over the sandbanks. For this whole five years
 So many of these teams of delegates have filled vast volumes
 With words of peace, and agreement is not yet established,
 But Bellona rages, roaring with greater tumult.
 You I beg, who fill the heaven and the earth with your power, 65
 Without whom a leaf does not fall from a luxuriant elm,
 By whose will the hearts of the mighty are turned,
 Kindly spirit of the Father and eternal delight of the Son,
 Stand loyally by the suffering, crush those who rebel,
 Make the Roman world calm with heavenly peace, 70
 Crown with that cheerful light the fifth year
 Of Innocent the great bishop: restore the shrines,
 Turn around the spirits of discord, and, holy Love,
 Saving here the race of your people, bestow on him
 After the clouds of life are done a home in heaven 75
 And the blessed realm and feasts immortal for him to enjoy for ever,
 Responsive in compliance. For you, may the glory of your worthy family annals
 Grow, and your distinction be crowned with everlasting garlands.

1-5 – for the astronomical chronology cf. Ovid *Ex Ponto* 1.8.27-8 *Vt careo uobis, Stygias detrusus in oras, / quattuor autumnos Pleias orta facit*, 4.7.1-2 (again at the start of a poem and involving Pisces) *Bis me sol adiit gelidae post frigora brumae, / bisque suum tacto Pisce peregit iter*.

23-6 = Lucan 3.55-8 *Gnarus et irarum causas et summa fauoris / Annona momenta trahi: namque assertit urbes / Sola famas emiturque metus; cum segne potentes / Vulgus alunt, nescit plebes ieiuna timere*. Biblical technique of prophecy fulfilled? Cf. 1 Corinthians 15.54 'then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory', citing Isaiah 25.8.

34 – cf. *Georgics* 1.491-2 *bis sanguine nostro / Emathiam et latos Haemi pinguescere campis*

44-5 – cf. *Georgics* 1.507 *squalent abductis arua colonis*

50-1 Lucan 6.475-6 *Rhodanumque morantem / praecipitavit Arar*, Lucan 7.15 *gentes quas torrens ambit Hiberus*.

65ff cf. *Georgics* 1.498-501 *di patrii Indigetes et Romule Vestaque mater, / quae Tuscum Tiberim et Romana Palatia seruas, / hunc saltem euerso iuuenem succurrere saeclo / ne prohibete*, Matthew 10.29 *Nonne duo passeret asse ueneunt? et unus ex illis non cadet super terram sine Patre uestro?*, Girolamo Vida *Christias* 1.1-2 *Qui mare, qui terras, qui coelum numine complex / Spiritus alme*.