

Threads of Epicureanism in Art and Literature

Post by “TauPhi” of November 22, 2024 at 9:02 PM

[Quote from Joshua](#)

It took me ages to track down even the French text of this epitaph, and I'm posting it here against the day I decide to learn French.

You got me curious, [Joshua](#). And since I find French accent quite annoying, I'm pretty sure the day I decide to learn French will be the same day the hell freezes. Therefore, there's no point in resisting the temptation to know what the poem is about. I decided to butcher the poetry via machine translation.

I took the transcript from here: https://fr.wikisource.org/wiki/Page:Rons...e,_1554.djvu/36
I took the liberty of replacing all 'long eses' with regular 'eses' and butchered the poem into what follows. I fully expect Mr. Ronsard's ghost to poke holes in all white sheets I conveniently don't possess and use them for dramatic effects during his infernal howls while floating over my bed. What can I say? I'll have a night to remember tonight.

Anyway, here it is if anyone's interested:

Epitaph for Michel Marulle Tarchaniot, from Constantinople.

*Speak good words
Muses, & with my songs,
He faintly agreed with the sounds
From you Luts, & from you Violes.*

*Here is Marulle's Tomb,
Prayed, what ever from heaven,
The sweet manna, & the sweet honey,
And the sweet dew falls there:*

*I hit the Tomb of Marulle,
From him Tombe didn't sin
The veins letters of his name,
He lives there with Tibulle.*

*Above the Elysées rivers,
And under the shade of the myrtle trees,
An noise of waters sings its verses
Between well-prized souls.*

<https://www.epicureanfriends.com/thread/1289-threads-of-epicureanism-in-art-and-literature/?postID=33065#post33065>

*Pincetant to lyre cornüe,
In a circle, in the beautiful middle of a valley,
All the first guide the ball
Digging through the grassy wheel*

*When these sub hums shine
The sweet flames of love,
The Heroines all around
From his Latin mouth hang:*

*Tibulle and more and more sa Delie
Dance, holding his hand,
Corynne lover Rommain,
And Porperse holds his Cynthia.*

*But when its gray worms gather
The old praises of the Gods,
The oldest Roman poets
Beans a son Luc s'emerueillent,*

*Dequoy him born on the riuage
D'Helesponte, sang so well
That his Thalia has overcome
Theirs, in their own language.*

*Dear soul, for beautiful things
That in your book there is understood,
Take these small prized eyelets,
These beautiful liz, & its beautiful roses.*

*Always light be the earth
To your bones, and to your tomb,
curling up with my own branch
Tousiours climbs the Lhierre green.*