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OVID

METAMORPHOSES

II

111

OVID

METAMORPHOSES

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

FRANK JUSTUS MILLER

PH.D., LL.D.

PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

IN TWO VOLUMES

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BOOKS IX-XV



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METAMORPHOSES

METAMORPHOSEON

LIBER IX

QVAE gemitus truncaeque deo Neptunius heros
causa rogat frontis, cum sic Calydonius amnis
coepit inornatos redimitus harundine crines :
“ triste petis munus. quis enim sua proelia victus
commemorare velit? referam tamen ordine, nec tam
turpe fuit vinci, quam contendisse decorum est, 6
magnaque dat nobis tantus solacia victor.
nomine siqua suo fando pervenit ad aures
Deïanira tuas, quondam pulcherrima virgo
multorumque fuit spes invidiosa procorum. 10
cum quibus ut soceri domus est intrata petiti,
‘ accipe me generum,’ dixi ‘ Parthaone nate ’ :
dixit et Alcides. alii cessere duobus.
ille Iovem socerum dare se, famamque laborum,
et superata suae referebat iussa novercae. 15
contra ego ‘ turpe deum mortali cedere ’ dixi—
nondum erat ille deus—‘ dominum me cernis aquarum

METAMORPHOSES

BOOK IX

THE Neptunian hero¹ asked the god why he groaned and what was the cause of his mutilated forehead. And thus the Calydonian river, binding up his rough locks with a band of reeds, made answer: "'Tis an unpleasant task you set; for who would care to chronicle his defeats? Still I will tell the story as it happened: nor was it so much a disgrace to be defeated as it was an honour to have striven at all, and the thought that my conqueror was so mighty is a great comfort to me. Deianira (if you have ever heard of her) was once a most beautiful maiden and the envied hope of many suitors. When along with them I entered the house of the father² of the maid I sought, I said: 'Take me for son-in-law, O son of Parthaon.' Hercules said the same, and the others yielded their claims to us two. He pleaded the fact that Jove was his father, pleaded his famous labours and all that he had overcome at the command of his stepmother. In reply I said: 'It is a shame for a god to give place to a mortal' (Hercules had not yet been made a god); 'you behold in me the lord of the

¹ Theseus was the reputed son of Aegeus; but there was a current tradition that he was really the son of Neptune.

² Oeneus.

OVID

cursibus obliquis inter tua regna fluentum.
 nec gener externis hospes tibi missus ab oris,
 sed popularis ego et rerum pars una tuarum. 20
 tantum ne noceat, quod me nec regia Iuno
 odit, et omnis abest iussorum poena laborum.
 nam, quo te iactas, Alcmena nate, creatum,
 Iuppiter aut falsus pater est, aut crimine verus.
 matris adulterio patrem petis. elige, fictum 25
 esse Iovem malis, an te per dedecus ortum.
 talia dicentem iandudum lumine torvo
 spectat, et accensae non fortiter imperat irae,
 verbaque tot reddit: 'melior mihi dextera lingua.
 dummodo pugnando superem, tu vince loquendo' 30
 congregiturque ferox. puduit modo magna locutum
 cedere: reieci viridem de corpore vestem,
 bracchiaque opposui, tenuique a pectore varas
 in statione manus et pugnae membra paravi.
 ille cavis hausto spargit me pulvere palmis, 35
 inque vicem fulvae tactu flavescit harenae.
 et modo cervicem, modo crura micantia captat,
 aut captare putes, omnique a parte lacessit.
 me mea defendit gravitas frustra que petebar;
 haud secus ac moles, magno quam murmure fluctus
 oppugnant; manet illa, suoque est pondere tuta. 41
 digredimur paulum, rursusque ad bella coimus,
 inque gradu stetimus, certi non cedere, eratque
 cum pede pes iunctus, totoque ego pectore pronus
 et digitos digitis et frontem fronte premebam. 45
 non aliter vidi fortes concurrere tauros,

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waters which flow down their winding courses through your realm. If I wed your daughter, it will be no stranger from foreign shores; but I shall be one of your own countrymen, a part of your own kingdom. Only let it not be to my disadvantage that Queen Juno does not hate me and that no labours are imposed upon me in consequence of her hate. For Jove, from whom you boast that you have sprung, O son of Alcmena, is either not your father, or is so to your disgrace. Through your mother's sin you claim your father. Choose, then, whether you prefer to say that your claim to Jove is false, or to confess yourself the son of shame.' As I thus spoke he eyed me for a long while with lowering gaze and, unable to control his hot wrath longer, he answered just these words: 'My hand is better than my tongue. Let me but win in fighting and you may win in speech'; and he came at me fiercely. I was ashamed to draw back after having spoken so boldly; and so I threw off my green coat, put up my arms, held my clenched hands out in front of my breast in position, and so prepared me for the fight. He caught up some dust in the hollow of his hand and threw it over me and in turn himself became yellow with the tawny sand. And now he caught at my neck, now at my quick-moving legs (or you would think he did), and attacked me at every point. My weight protected me and I was attacked in vain. Just like a cliff I stood, which, though the roaring waves dash against it, stands secure, safe in its own bulk. We draw apart a little space, then rush together again to the fray and stand firm in our tracks, each determined not to yield. Foot locked with foot, fingers with fingers clenched, brow against brow, with all my body's forward-leaning weight I pressed upon him. Like that have I seen two strong bulls rush

OVID

cum, pretium pugnae, toto nitidissima saltu
 expetitur coniunx : spectant armenta paventque
 nescia, quem maneat tanti victoria regni.
 ter sine profectu voluit nitentia contra 50
 reicere Alcides a se mea pectora ; quarto
 excutit amplexus, adductaque bracchia solvit,¹
 impulsumque manu—certum est mihi vera fateri—
 protinus avertit, tergoque onerosus inhaesit.
 siqua fides,—neque enim ficta mihi gloria voce 55
 quaeritur—inposito pressus mihi monte videbar.
 vix tamen inserui sudore fluentia multo
 bracchia, vix solvi duros a pectore nexus.
 instat anhelanti, prohibetque resumere vires,
 et cervice mea potitur. tum denique tellus 60
 pressa genu nostro est, et harenas ore momordi.
 inferior virtute, meas divertor ad artes,
 elaborque viro longum formatus in anguem.
 qui postquam flexos sinuavi corpus in orbes,
 cumque fero movi linguam stridore bisulcam, 65
 risit, et inludens nostras Tirynthius artes
 ‘ cunarum labor est angues superare mearum,’
 dixit ‘ et ut vincas alios, Acheloe, dracones,
 pars quota Lernaeae serpens eris unus echidnae ?
 vulneribus fecunda suis erat illa, nec ullum 70
 de centum numero caput est inpune recisum,
 quin gemino cervix herede valentior esset.
 hanc ego ramosam natis e caede colubris
 crescentemque malo domui, domitanque reclusi.
 quid fore te credas, falsum qui versus in anguem 75

¹ *So Merkel: Ehwald volvit.*

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together when they strive for the sleekest heifer in the pasture as the prize of conflict. The herd looks on in fear and trembling, not knowing to which one victory will award so great dominion. Three times without success did Alcides strive to push away from him my opposing breast ; at the fourth attempt he shook off my embrace, broke my hold, and, giving me a sharp buffet with his hand (I am determined to tell it as it was), he whirled me round and clung with all his weight upon my back. If you will believe me (for I am not trying to gain any credit by exaggeration), I seemed to bear the weight of a mountain on my back. With difficulty I thrust in my arms streaming with sweat, with difficulty I broke his hard grip from my body. He pressed close upon me as I panted for breath, gave me no chance to regain my strength, and got me around the neck. Then at length I fell to my knees upon the earth and bit the dust. Finding myself no match for him in strength, I had recourse to my arts, and glided out of his grasp in the form of a long snake. But when I wound my body into twisting coils, and darted out my forked tongue and hissed fiercely at him, the hero of Tiryns only laughed, and mocking at my arts he said : ' It was the task of my cradle days to conquer snakes ; and though you should outdo all other serpents, Achelous, how small a part of that Lernaean monster would you, just one snake, be ? For it throve on the wounds I gave ; nor was any one of its hundred heads cut off without its neck being the stronger by two succeeding heads. This creature, branching out with serpents sprung from death and thriving on destruction, I overmastered and, having overmastered, destroyed. And what do you think will become of you who, having assumed but a lying serpent form, make use of

OVID

arma aliena moves, quem forma precaria celat ?'
 dixerat, et summo digitorum vincula collo
 inicit : angebar, ceu guttura forcipe pressus,
 pollicibusque meas pugnabam evellere fauces.
 sic quoque devicto restabat tertia tauri 80
 forma trucis. tauro mutatus membra rebello.
 induit ille toris a laeva parte lacertos,
 admissumque trahens sequitur, depressaque dura
 cornua figit humo, meque alta sternit harena.
 nec satis hoc fuerat : rigidum fera dextera cornu 85
 dum tenet, infregit, truncaque a fronte revellit.
 naides hoc, pomis et odoro flore repletum,
 sacrarunt ; divesque meo Bona Copia cornu est."

Dixerat : et nymphe ritu succincta Dianae,
 una ministrarum, fuis utrimque capillis, 90
 incessit totumque tulit praedivite cornu
 autumnum et mensas, felicia poma, secundas.
 lux subit ; et primo feriente cacumina sole
 discedunt iuvenes, neque enim dum flumina pacem
 et placidos habeant lapsus totaeque residant 95
 opperiantur aquae. vultus Achelous agrestis
 et lacerum cornu mediis caput abdidit undis.

Hunc tamen ablati domuit iactura decoris,
 cetera sospes habet. capitis quoque fronde saligna
 aut superinposita celatur harundine damnum. 100
 at te, Nesse ferox, eiusdem virginis ardor
 perdiderat volucris traiectum terga sagitta.
 namque nova repetens patrios cum coniuge muros

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borrowed arms, who are masked in a shifting form?' So saying he fixed his vice-like grip upon my throat. I was in anguish, as if my throat were in a forceps' grip, and struggled to tear my jaws from his fingers. Conquered in this form also, there remained to me my third refuge, the form of a savage buli. And so in bull form I fought him. He threw his arms around my neck on the left, kept up with me as I ran at full speed, dragging upon me; and, finally, forced down my hard horns and thrust them into the earth and laid me low in the deep dust. Nor was this enough: holding my tough horn in his pitiless right hand, he broke it off and tore it from my forehead, mutilating me. This horn the naiads took, filled it with fruit and fragrant flowers, and hallowed it. And now the goddess of glad Abundance is enriched with my horn."

So spoke the river-god; and lo, a nymph girl like Diana, one of the attendants with locks flowing free, appeared and served them from her bounteous horn with all the fruits of Autumn, and wholesome apples for the second course. The dawn came on, and, as the first rays of the sun smote the mountain-tops, the youths took their departure; for they did not wait until the river should flow in peaceful current and all the flood-waters should subside. And Achelöus hid his rustic features and his head, scarred from the wrenched-off horn, beneath his waves.

He was humbled indeed by the loss of his beauteous horn, which had been taken from him, though scathless in all else, a loss which he could hide with willow boughs and reeds entwined about his head. But, O savage Nessus, a passion for the same maiden utterly destroyed you, pierced through the body by a flying arrow. For, seeking his native city with his

OVID

venerat Eueni rapidas love natus ad undas.
 uberior solito, nimbis hiemalibus auctus, 105
 verticibusque frequens erat atque inpervius amnis.
 intrepidum pro se, curam de coniuge agentem
 Nessus adit, membrisque valens scitusque vadorum,
 "officio" que "meo ripa sistetur in illa
 haec," ait "Alcide. tu viribus utere nando!" 110
 pallentemque metu, fluviumque ipsumque timentem
 tradidit Aonius pavidam Calydonida Nesso.
 mox, ut erat, pharetraque gravis spolioque leonis—
 nam clavam et curvos trans ripam miserat arcus—
 "quandoquidem coepi, superentur flumina" dixit,
 nec dubitat nec, qua sit clementissimus amnis, 116
 quaerit, et obsequio deferri spernit aquarum.
 iamque tenens ripam, missos cum tolleret arcus,
 coniugis agnovit vocem Nessoque paranti
 fallere depositum "quo te fiducia" clamat 120
 "vana pedum, violente, rapit? tibi, Nesse biformis,
 dicimus. exaudi, nec res intercipe nostras.
 si te nulla mei reverentia movit, at orbes
 concubitus vetitos poterant inhibere paterni.
 haud tamen effugies, quamvis ope fidis equina; 125
 vulnere, non pedibus te consequar." ultima dicta
 res probat, et missa fugientia terga sagitta
 traicit. exstabat ferrum de pectore aduncum

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bride, the son of Jove had come to the swift waters of Euenus. The stream was higher than its wont, swollen with winter rains, full of wild eddies, and quite impassable. As the hero stood undaunted for himself, but anxious for his bride, Nessus came up, strong of limb and well acquainted with the fords, and said: "By my assistance, Alcides, she shall be set on yonder bank; and do you use your strength and swim across!" The Theban accordingly entrusted to Nessus' care the Calydonian maid, pale and trembling, fearing the river and the centaur himself. At once, just as he was, burdened with his quiver and the lion's skin (for he had tossed his club and curving bow across to the other bank), the hero said: "Since I have undertaken it, these waters shall be overcome." And in he plunged; nor did he seek out where the stream was kindliest, and scorned to reach his goal by the courtesy of the waters. And now he had just gained the other bank, and was picking up his bow which he had thrown across, when he heard his wife's voice calling; and to Nessus, who was in act to betray his trust, he shouted: "Where is your vain confidence in your fleetness carrying you, you ravisher? To you, two-formed Nessus, I am talking: listen, and do not dare come between me and mine. If no fear of me has weight with you, at least your father's¹ whirling wheel should prevent the outrage you intend. You shall not escape, however much you trust in your horse's fleetness. With my deadly wound, if not with my feet, I shall overtake you." Suiting the action to his last words, he shot an arrow straight into the back of the fleeing centaur. The barbed point protruded from his

¹ *i.e.* Ixion, who also had been guilty of an outrage for which he suffered his well-known punishment in Hades.

OVID

quod simul evulsum est, sanguis per utrumque foramen
emicuit mixtus Lernaevi tabe veneni. 130

excipit hunc Nessus: "neque enim moriemur inulti"
secum ait, et calido velamina tincta cruore
dat munus raptae velut inritamen amoris.

Longa fuit medii mora temporis, actaque magni
Herculis inplerant terras odiumque novercae. 135

victor ab Oechalia Ceneae sacra parabat
vota Iovi, cum Fama loquax praecessit ad aures,
Deianira, tuas, quae veris addere falsa
gaudet, et e minimo sua per mendacia crescit,
Amphitryoniaden Ioles ardore teneri. 140

credit amans, venerisque novae perterrita fama
indulsit primo lacrimis, flendoque dolorem
diffudit miseranda suum. mox deinde "quid autem
flemus?" ait "paelix lacrimis laetabitur istis.
quae quoniam adveniet, properandum aliquidque
novandum est, 145

dum licet, et nondum thalamos tenet altera nostros.
conquerar, an sileam? repetam Calydonam, morerne?
excedam tectis? an, si nihil amplius, obstem?
quid si me, Meleagre, tuam memor esse sororem
forte paro facinus, quantumque iniuria possit 150
femineusque dolor, iugulata paelice testor?"
incursus animus varios habet. omnibus illis
praetulit inbutam Nesseo sanguine vestem

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breast. This he tore out, and spurting forth from both wounds came the blood mixed with the deadly poison of the Lernaean hydra. Nessus caught this, and muttering, "I shall not die unavenged," he gave his tunic, soaked with his warm blood, to Deianira as a gift, potent to revive waning love. /

Meanwhile, long years had passed; the deeds of the mighty Hercules had filled the earth and had sated his stepmother's hate. Returning victorious from Oechalia, he was preparing to pay his vows to Jove at Cenaeum, when tattling Rumour came on ahead to your ears, Deianira, Rumour, who loves to mingle false and true and, though very small at first, grows huge through lying, and she reported that the son of Amphitryon¹ was enthralled by love of Iole.² The loving wife believes the tale, and completely overcome by the report of this new love, she indulges her tears at first and, poor creature, pours out her grief in a flood of weeping. But soon she says: "Why do I weep? My rival will rejoice at my tears. But since she is on her way hither I must make haste and devise some plan while I may, and while as yet another woman has not usurped my couch. Shall I complain or shall I grieve in silence? Shall I go back to Calydon or tarry here? Shall I leave my house or, if I can nothing more, stay and oppose her? What if, O Meleager, remembering that I am your sister, I make bold to plan some dreadful deed, and by killing my rival prove how much a woman's outraged feelings and grief can do?" Her mind has various promptings; but to all other plans she prefers to send to her husband the tunic soaked in Nessus' blood, in the hope that this

¹ The husband of Alcmena and putative father of Hercules.

² The daughter of Eurytus, king of Oechalia.

OVID

mittere, quae vires defecto reddat amori,
 ignaroque Lichae, quid tradat, nescia, luctus 155
 ipsa suos tradit blandisque miserrima verbis,
 dona det illa viro, mandat. capit inscius heros,
 induiturque umeris Lernaeae virus echidnae.

Tura dabat primis et verba precantia flammis,
 vinaque marmoreas patera fundebat in aras : 160

incaluit vis illa mali, resolutaque flammis
 Herculeos abiit late dilapsa per artus.
 dum potuit, solita gemitum virtute repressit.
 victa malis postquam est patientia, reppulit aras,
 inplevitque suis nemorosum vocibus Oeten. 165

nec mora, letiferam conatur scindere vestem :
 qua trahitur, trahit illa cutem, foedumque relatu,
 aut haeret membris frustra temptata revelli,
 aut laceros artus et grandia detegit ossa.

ipse cruor, gelido ceu quondam lammina candens 170
 tincta lacu, stridit coquiturque ardente veneno.

nec modus est, sorbent avidae praecordia flammae,
 caeruleusque fluit toto de corpore sudor,
 ambustique sonant nervi, caecaque medullis
 tabe liquefactis tollens ad sidera palmas 175

“ cladibus,” exclamat “ Saturnia, pascere nostris :
 pascere, et hanc pestem specta, crudelis, ab alto,
 corque ferum satia. vel si miserandus et hosti,
 hoc est, si tibi sum, diris cruciatibus aegram
 invisamque animam natamque laboribus aufer. 180
 hoc mihi munus erit ; decet haec dare dona
 novercam.

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may revive her husband's failing love; and to Lichas, ignorant of what he bears, with her own hands she all unwittingly commits the cause of her future woe, and with honeyed words the unhappy woman bids him take this present to her lord. The hero innocently received the gift and put on his shoulders the tunic soaked in the Lernaean hydra's poison.

He was offering incense and prayers amid the kindling flames and pouring wine from the libation bowl upon the marble altar: then was the virulence of that pest aroused and, freed by the heat, went stealing throughout the frame of Hercules. While he could, with his habitual manly courage he held back his groans. But when his endurance was conquered by his pain, he overthrew the altar and filled woody Oeta with his cries. At once he tries to tear off the deadly tunic; but where it is torn away, it tears the skin with it and, ghastly to relate, it either sticks to his limbs, from which he vainly tries to tear it, or else lays bare his torn muscles and huge bones. His very blood hisses and boils with the burning poison, as when a piece of red-hot metal is plunged into a cold pool. Without limit the greedy flames devour his vitals; the dark sweat pours from his whole body; his burnt sinews crackle and, while his very marrow melts with the hidden, deadly fire, he stretches suppliant hands to heaven and cries: "Come, feast, Saturnia,¹ upon my destruction; feast, I say; look down, thou cruel one, from thy lofty seat, behold my miserable end, and glut thy savage heart! Or, if I merit pity even from my enemy—that is, from thee—take hence this hateful life, sick with its cruel sufferings and born for toil. This will be a boon to me, surely a fitting boon

¹ Juno.

OVID

ergo ego foedantem peregrino templa cruore
 Busirin domui? saevoque alimenta parentis
 Antaeo eripui? nec me pastoris Hiberi
 forma triplex, nec forma triplex tua, Cerbere, movit?
 vosne, manus, validi pressistis cornua tauri? 186
 vestrum opus Elis habet, vestrum Stympthalides undae,
 Partheniumque nemus? vestra virtute relatus
 Thermodontiaco caelatus balteus auro,
 pomaque ab insomni concustodita dracone? 190
 nec mihi centauri potuere resistere, nec mi
 Arcadiae vastator aper? nec profuit hydrae
 crescere per damnum geminasque resumere vires?
 quid, quod Thracis equos humano sanguine pingues
 plenaque corporibus laceris praesepia vidi, 195
 visaque deieci, dominumque ipsosque peremi?
 his elisa iacet moles Nemeaea lacertis:
 hac caelum cervice tuli. defessa iubendo est
 saeva Iovis coniunx: ego sum indefessus agendo.
 sed nova pestis adest, cui nec virtute resisti 200
 nec telis armisque potest. pulmonibus errat
 ignis edax imis, perque omnes pascitur artus.
 at valet Eurystheus! et sunt, qui credere possint
 esse deos!" dixit, perque altum saucius Oeten
 haud aliter graditur, quam si venabula taurus 205
 corpore fixa gerat, factique refugerit auctor.
 saepe illum gemitus edentem, saepe frementem,
 saepe retemptantem totas infringere vestes
 sternentemque trabes irascentemque videres
 montibus aut patrio tendentem bracchia caelo. 210

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for a stepmother to bestow! Was it for this I slew Busiris, who defiled his temples with strangers' blood? that I deprived the dread Antaeus of his mother's strength? that I did not fear the Spanish shepherd's¹ triple form, nor thy triple form, O Cerberus? Was it for this, O hands, that you broke the strong bull's horns? that Elis knows your toil, the waves of Stymphalus, the Parthenian woods? that by your prowess the girdle wrought of Thermodonian gold in relief was secured, and that fruit guarded by the dragon's sleepless eyes? Was it for this that the centaurs could not prevail against me, nor the boar that wasted Arcady? that it did not avail the hydra to grow by loss and gain redoubled strength? What, when I saw the Thracian's horses fat with human blood and those mangers full of mangled corpses and, seeing, threw them down and slew the master² and the steeds themselves? By these arms the monster of Nemea lies crushed; upon this neck I upheld the sky! The cruel wife of Jove is weary of imposing toils; but I am not yet weary of performing them. But now a strange and deadly thing is at me, which neither by strength can I resist, nor yet by weapons nor by arms. Deep through my lungs steals the devouring fire, and feeds through all my frame. But Eurystheus is alive and well! And there are those who can believe that there are gods!" He spoke and in sore distress went ranging along high Oeta; just as a bull carries about the shaft that has pierced his body, though the giver of the wound has fled. See him there on the mountains oft uttering heart-rending groans, oft roaring in agony, oft struggling to tear off all his garments, uprooting great trunks of trees, and raging o'er the mountains or stretching out his arms to his father's skies.

¹ Geryon.

² Diomedes.

OVID

Ecce Lichan trepidum latitantem rupe cavata
 aspicit, utque dolor rabiem conlegerat omnem,
 "tune, Licha," dixit "feralia dona dedisti?
 tune meae necis auctor eris?" tremit ille, pavetque
 pallidus, et timide verba excusantia dicit. 215
 dicentem genibusque manus adhibere parantem
 corripit Alcides, et terque quaterque rotatum
 mittit in Euboicas tormento fortius undas.
 ille per aërias pendens induruit auras:
 utque ferunt imbres gelidis concreescere ventis, 220
 inde nives fieri, nivibus quoque molle rotatis
 astringi et spissa glomerari grandine corpus,
 sic illum validis iactum per inane lacertis
 exsanguemque metu nec quicquam umoris habentem
 in rigidos versum silices prior edidit aetas. 225
 nunc quoque in Euboico scopulus brevis eminent alto
 gurgite et humanae servat vestigia formae,
 quem, quasi sensurum, nautae calcare verentur,
 appellantque Lichan. at tu, Iovis inclita proles,
 arboribus caesis, quas ardua gesserat Oete, 230
 inque pyram structis arcum pharetramque capacem
 regnaque visuras iterum Troiana sagittas
 ferre iubes Poeante satum, quo flamma ministro
 subdita. dumque avidis comprehenditur ignibus agger,
 congeriem silvae Nemeaeo vellere summam 235
 sternis, et inposita clavae cervice recumbis,
 haud alio vultu, quam si conviva iaceres
 inter plena meri redimitus pocula sertis.

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Of a sudden he caught sight of Lichas cowering with fear and hiding beneath a hollow rock, and with all the accumulated rage of suffering he cried: "Was it you, Lichas, who brought this fatal gift? And shall you be called the author of my death?" The young man trembled, grew pale with fear, and timidly attempted to excuse his act. But while he was yet speaking and striving to clasp the hero's knees, Alcides caught him up and, whirling him thrice and again about his head, he hurled him far out into the Euboean sea, swifter than a missile from a catapult. The youth stiffened as he yet hung high in air; and as drops of rain are said to congeal beneath the chilling blast and change to snow, then whirling snowflakes condense to a soft mass and finally are packed in frozen hail: so, hurled by strong arms through the empty air, bloodless with fear, his vital moisture dried, he changed, old tradition says, to flinty rock. Even to this day in the Euboean sea a low rock rises from the waves, keeping the semblance of a human form; this rock, as if it were sentient, the sailors fear to tread on, and they call it Lichas. But you, illustrious son of Jove, cut down the trees which grew on lofty Oeta, built a huge funeral pyre, and bade the son of Poeas,¹ who set the torch beneath, to take in recompense your bow, capacious quiver and arrows, destined once again to see the realm of Troy. And as the pyre began to kindle with the greedy flames, you spread the Nemean lion's skin on top of the pile of wood and, with your club for pillow, laid you down with peaceful countenance, as if, amid cups of generous wine and crowned with garlands, you were reclining on a banquet-couch.

¹ Philoctetes.

OVID

Iamque valens et in omne latus diffusa sonabat,
 securosque artus contemptoremque petebat 240
 flamma suum. timuere dei pro vindice terrae.
 quos ita, sensit enim, laeto Saturnius ore
 Iuppiter adloquitur: "nostra est timor iste voluptas,
 o superi, totoque libens mihi pectore grator,
 quod memoris populi dicor rectorque paterque 245
 et mea progenies vestro quoque tuta favore est.
 nam quamquam ipsius datis hoc inmanibus actis,
 obligor ipse tamen. sed enim nec pectora vano
 fida metu paveant. istas nec spernite flammam!
 omnia qui vicit, vincet, quos cernitis, ignes; 250
 nec nisi materna Vulcanum parte potentem
 sentiet. aeternum est a me quod trahit, et expers
 atque immune necis, nullique domabile flammae.
 idque ego defunctum terra caelestibus oris
 accipiam, cunctisque meum laetabile factum 255
 dis fore confido. siquis tamen Hercule, siquis
 forte deo doliturus erit, data praemia nolet,
 sed meruisse dari sciet, invitique probabit."
 adsensere dei. coniunx quoque regia visa est
 cetera non duro, duro tamen ultima vultu 260
 dicta tulisse Iovis, seque indoluisse notatam.
 interea quodcumque fuit populabile flammae,
 Mulciber abstulerat, nec cognoscenda remansit
 Herculis effigies, nec quicquam ab imagine ductum
 matris habet, tantumque Iovis vestigia servat. 265
 utque novus serpens posita cum pelle senecta
 luxuriare solet, squamaque nitere recenti,

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And now on all sides the spreading flames were crackling fiercely, and licking at the careless limbs that scorned their power. The gods felt fear for the earth's defender. Then Saturnian Jove, well pleased (for he knew their thoughts), addressed them: "Your solicitude is a joy to me, ye gods of heaven, and I rejoice with all my heart that I am called king and father of a grateful race of gods, and that my offspring is safe under your protecting favour also. For, though you offer this tribute to his own mighty deeds, still I myself am much beholden to you. But let not your faithful hearts be filled with needless fear. Scorn not those flames! He who has conquered all things shall conquer these fires which you see; nor shall he feel Vulcan's power save in the part his mother gave him. Immortal is the part which he took from me, and that is safe and beyond the power of death, which no flame can destroy. And when this is done with earth I shall receive him on the heavenly shores, and I trust that this act of mine will be pleasing to all the gods. But if there is anyone, if there is anyone, I say, who is going to be sorry that Hercules is made a god, why then, he will begrudge the prize, but he will at least know that it was given deservedly, and will be forced to approve the deed." The gods assented; even Juno seemed to take all else complacently, but not complacently the last words of Jove, and she grieved that she had been singled out for rebuke. Meanwhile, whatever the flames could destroy, Mulciber had now consumed, and no shape of Hercules that could be recognized remained, nor was there anything left which his mother gave. He kept traces only of his father; and as a serpent, its old age sloughed off with its skin, revels in fresh life, and shines resplendent in its

OVID

sic ubi mortales Tirynthius exiit artus,
 parte sui meliore viget, maiorque videri
 coepit et augusta fieri gravitate verendus. 270
 quem pater omnipotens inter cava nubila raptum
 quadriiugo curru radiantibus intulit astris.

Sensit Atlas pondus. neque adhuc Stheneleus iras
 solverat Eurystheus, odiumque in prole paternum
 exercebat atrox. at longis anxia curis 275

Argolis Alcmene, questus ubi ponat aniles,
 cui referat nati testatos orbe labores,
 cuive suos casus, Iolen habet. Herculis illam
 imperiis thalamoque animoque receperat Hyllus,
 inpleratque uterum generoso semine; cui sic 280

incipit Alcmene: "faveant tibi numina saltem,
 conripiantque moras tum cum matura vocabis
 praepositam timidis parientibus Ilithyiam,
 quam mihi difficilem Iunonis gratia fecit.
 namque laboriferi cum iam natalis adesset 285

Herculis et decimum premeretur sidere signum,
 ten'ebat gravitas uterum mihi, quodque ferebam,
 tantum erat, ut posses auctorem dicere tecti
 ponderis esse Iovem. nec iam tolerare labores
 ulterius poteram. quin nunc quoque frigidus artus,
 dum loquor, horror habet, parsque est meminisse
 doloris. 291

septem ego per noctes, totidem cruciata diebus,
 fessa malis, tendensque ad caelum bracchia, magno
 Lucinam Nixosque patres clamore vocabam.
 illa quidem venit, sed praecorrupta, meumque 295
 quae donare caput Iunoni vellet iniquae.

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bright new scales; so when the 'Tirynthian put off his mortal frame, he gained new vigour in his better part, began to seem of more heroic size, and to become awful in his godlike dignity. Him the Almighty Father sped through the hollow clouds with his team of four, and set him amid the glittering stars.

Atlas felt his weight. But not even now did Eurystheus, the son of Sthenelus, put away his wrath; but his bitter hatred for the father he still kept up towards his race. Now, spent with long-continued cares, Argive Alcmena had in Iole one to whom she could confide her old woman's troubles, to whom she could relate her son's labours witnessed by all the world, and her own misfortunes. For by Hercules' command, Hyllus had received Iole to his arms and heart, and to him she was about to bear a child of that noble race. Thus spoke Alcmena to her: "May the gods be merciful to you at least and give you swift deliverance in that hour when in your need you call on Ilithyia, goddess of frightened mothers in travail, whom Juno's hatred made so bitter against me. For when the natal hour of toil-bearing Hercules was near and the tenth sign was being traversed by the sun, my burden was so heavy and what I bore so great that you could know Jove was the father of the unborn child; nor could I longer bear my pangs. Nay, even now as I tell it, cold horror holds my limbs and my pains return even as I think of it. For seven nights and days I was in torture; then, spent with anguish, I stretched my arms to heaven and with a mighty wail I called upon Lucina and the three guardian deities of birth. Lucina came, indeed, but pledged in advance to give my life to cruel Juno. There she sat upon the altar before the door, listening to my groans, with her

OVID

utque meos audit gemitus, subsedit in illa
 ante fores ara, dextroque a poplite laevum
 pressa genu et digitis inter se pectine iunctis
 sustinuit partus. tacita quoque carmina voce 300
 dixit, et inceptos tenuerunt carmina partus.
 nitor, et ingrato facio convicia demens
 vana Iovi, cupioque mori, moturaque duros
 verba queror silices. matres Cadmeïdes adsunt,
 vota que suscipiunt, exhortanturque dolentem. 305
 una ministrarum, media de plebe, Galanthis,
 flava comas, aderat, faciendis strenua iussis,
 officiis dilecta suis. ea sensit iniqua
 nescio quid Iunone geri, dumque exit et intrat
 saepe fores, divam residentem vidit in ara 310
 brachiaque in genibus digitis conexas tenentem,
 et 'quaecumque es,' ait 'dominae gratare. levata est
 Argolis Alcmena, potiturque puerpera voto.'
 exsiluit, iunctasque manus pavefacta remisit
 diva potens uteri: vinculis levor ipsa remissis. 315
 numine decepto risisse Galanthida fama est.
 ridentem prensamque ipsis dea saeva capillis
 traxit, et e terra corpus relevare volentem
 arcuit, inque pedes mutavit brachia primos.
 strenuitas antiqua manet; nec terga colorem 320
 amisere suum: forma est diversa priori.
 quae quia mendaci parientem iuverat ore,
 ore parit nostrasque domos, ut et ante, irrequat."

Dixit, et admonitu veteris commota ministrae

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IX

right knee crossed over her left, and with her fingers interlocked; and so she stayed the birth. Charms also, in low muttered words, she chanted, and the charms prevented my deliverance. I fiercely strove and, mad with pain, I shrieked out vain revilings against ungrateful Jove. I longed to die, and my words would have moved the unfeeling rocks. The Theban matrons stood around me, appealed to heaven, and strove to stay my grief. There was one of my attendants born of the common folk, Galanthis, with hair of reddish hue, active always in obedience to my commands, well loved by me for her faithful services. She felt assured that unjust Juno was working some spell against me; and as she was passing in and out the house, she saw the goddess seated on the altar holding her clinched hands upon her knees, and said to her: 'Whoever you are, congratulate our mistress: Argive Alcmena is relieved; her prayers are answered and her child is born.' Up leaped the goddess of birth, unclinched her hands and spread them wide in consternation; my bonds were loosed and I was delivered of my child. They said Galanthis laughed in derision of the cheated deity. And as she laughed the cruel goddess caught her by the hair and dragged her on the ground; and, as the girl strove to rise, she kept her there and changed her arms into the fore-legs of an animal. Her old activity remained and her hair kept its former hue; but her former shape was changed. And because she had helped her labouring mistress with her deceitful lips, through her mouth must she bring forth her young. And still, as of yore, she makes our dwelling-place her home."¹

She spoke and, stirred by the warning fate of her former attendant, groaned deeply. And as she

¹ Galanthis was changed into a weasel.

ingemuit. quam sic nurus est affata dolentem : 325
 ‘ te tamen, o genetrix, alienae sanguine nostro
 rapta movet facies. quid si tibi mira sororis
 fata meae referam ? quamquam lacrimaeque dolorque
 impediunt, prohibentque loqui. fuit unica matri—
 me pater ex alia genuit—notissima forma 330

Oechalidum, Dryope. quam virginitate carentem
 vimque dei passam Delphos Delumque tenentis
 excipit Andraemon, et habetur coniuge felix.
 est lacus, adclivis devexo margine formam
 litoris efficiens, summum myrteta coronant. 335

venerat huc Dryope fatorum nescia, quoque
 indignere magis, nymphis latura coronas,
 inque sinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum
 dulce ferebat onus tepidique ope lactis alebat.
 haut procul a stagno Tyrios imitata colores 340
 in spem bacarum florebat aquatica lotos.

carpserat hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato
 porrigeret, flores, et idem factura videbar—
 namque aderam—vidi guttas e flore cruentas
 decidere et tremulo ramos horrore moveri. 345

scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agrestes,
 Lotis in hanc nymphe, fugiens obscena Priapi,
 contulerat versos, servato nomine, vultus.

“ Nescierat soror hoc. quae cum perterrita retro
 ire et adoratis vellet discedere nymphis, 350
 haeserunt radice pedes. convellere pugnat,
 nec quicquam, nisi summa movet. subcrescit ab imo,
 totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex.

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grieved her daughter-in-law thus addressed her: "And yet, my mother, 'tis the changed form of one not of our blood you grieve for. What if I should tell you of the strange misfortunes of my own sister? And yet my tears and grief check me and almost prevent my speech. She was her mother's only child (for I was born of my father's second wife), Dryope, the most beautiful of all the Oechalian maids. Her, a maid no more through the violence of him who rules at Delphi and at Delos, Andraemon took and was counted happy in his wife. There is a pool whose shelving banks take the form of sloping shores, the top of which a growth of myrtle crowns. Dryope had come hither innocent of the fates and, that you may be the more indignant, with the intention of gathering garlands for the nymphs. In her arms she bore a pleasing burden, her infant boy not yet a full year old, and nursed him at her breast. Near the margin of the pool a plant of the water-lotus grew full of bright blossoms, the harbingers of fruit. To please her little son the mother plucked some of these blossoms, and I was in the act to do the same (for I was with her), when I saw drops of blood falling from the flowers and all the branches shivering with horror. For, you must know, as the slow rustics still relate, Lotis, a nymph, while fleeing from Priapus' vile pursuit, had taken refuge in this shape, changed as to features but keeping still her name.

"But my sister knew naught of this. And when she started back in terror and, with prayers to the nymphs, strove to leave the place, her feet clung, root-like, to the ground; she struggled to tear herself away, but nothing moved except the upper part of her body; the slow-creeping bark climbed upward from her feet and covered all her loins. When

OVID

ut vidit, conata manu laniare capillos,
fronde manum implevit: frondes caput omne tene-
bant. 355

at puer Amphissos, (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi
addiderat nomen,) materna rigescere sentit
ubera; nec sequitur ducentem lacteus umor.
spectatrix aderam fati crudelis, opemque
non poteram tibi ferre, soror, quantumque valebam,
crescentem truncum ramosque amplexa morabar, 361
et, fateor, volui sub eodem cortice condi.

“Ecce vir Andraemon genitorque miserrimus adsunt,
et quaerunt Dryopen: Dryopen quaerentibus illis
ostendi loton. tepido dant oscula ligno, 365
adfusique suae radicibus arboris haerent.

nil nisi iam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebat
cara soror: lacrimae misero de corpore factis
inrorant foliis; et, dum licet, oraque praestant
vocis iter, tales effundit in aëra questus: 370

‘siqua fides miseris, hoc me per numina iuro
non meruisse nefas. patior sine crimine poenam.
viximus innocuae. si mentior, arida perdam
quas habeo frondes, et caesa securibus urar.

hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis, 375
et date nutrici, nostraque sub arbore saepe
lac facitote bibat, nostraque sub arbore ludat.
cumque loqui poterit, matrem facitote salutet,
et tristis dicat “latet hoc in stipite mater.”

stagna tamen timeat, nec carpat ab arbore flores, 380

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IX

she saw this, she strove to tear her hair with her hands, but only filled her hands with leaves; for leaves now covered all her head. But the boy, Amphissos (for so his grandsire, Eurytus, had named him), felt his mother's breast grow hard, nor could he any longer draw his milky feast. I stood and saw your cruel fate, my sister, nor could I bring you any aid at all. And yet, so far as I could, I delayed the change by holding your growing trunk and branches fast in my embrace; and (shall I confess it?) I longed to hide me beneath that selfsame bark.

“But lo, her husband, Andraemon, and her most unhappy father came seeking for Dryope; and Dryope, in response to their questionings, I showed them as the lotus-tree. They printed kisses on the warm wood and, prostrate on the ground, they clung about the roots of their darling tree. And now my dear sister had only her face remaining, while all the rest was tree. Her tears rained down upon the leaves made from her poor body; and while they could, and her lips afforded utterance for her voice, it poured forth these complaints into the air: ‘If oaths of wretched sufferers have any force, I swear by the gods that I have not merited this dreadful thing. In utter innocence I am suffering, and in innocence I have always lived. If I say not the truth, parched with the drought may I lose my foliage and may I be cut down by the axe and burned. But take this infant from his mother's limbs and give him to a nurse. Beneath my tree let him often come and take his milk; beneath my tree let him play. And when he learns to talk, have him greet his mother and sadly say: “Here in this tree-trunk is my mother hid.” Still let him fear the pool, pluck no blossoms from the trees, and think all shrubs are goddesses in

OVID

et frutices omnes corpus putet esse dearum.
 care vale coniunx, et tu, germana, paterque !
 quin, siqua est pietas, ab acutae vulnere falcis,
 a pecoris morsu frondes defendite nostras.
 et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non est, 385
 erigite huc artus, et ad oscula nostra venite,
 dum tangi possum, parvumque attollite natum !
 plura loqui nequeo. nam iam per candida mollis
 colla liber serpit, summoque cacumine condor.
 ex oculis removete manus. sine munere vestro 390
 contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex !
 desierant simul ora loqui, simul esse. diuque
 corpore mutato rami caluere recentes."

Dumque refert Iole factum mirabile, dumque
 Eurytidos lacrimas admoto pollice siccat 395
 Alceme, (flet et ipsa tamen,) compescuit omnem
 res nova tristitiam. nam limine constitit alto
 paene puer dubiaque tegens lanugine malas,
 ora reformatus primos Iolaus in annos.
 hoc illi dederat Iunonia muneris Hebe, 400
 victa viri precibus. quae cum iurare pararet,
 dona tributuram post hunc se talia nulli,
 non est passa Themis : "nam iam discordia Thebae
 bella movent," dixit "Capaneusque nisi ab Iove vinci
 haud poterit, fientque pares in vulnere fratres, 405
 subductaque suos manes tellure videbit

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IX

disguise! Farewell, dear husband, and you, sister, and my father! Nay, if you love me still, protect my branches from the sharp knife, my foliage from the browsing sheep. And, since it is not permitted me to bend down to you, reach up to me and let me kiss you while I may; and reach me once more my little son! Now I can say no more; for over my white neck the soft bark comes creeping, and I am buried in its overtopping folds. You need not close my eyes with your hands; without your service let the bark creep up and close my dying eyes!’ In the same moment did she cease to speak and cease to be; and long did the new-made branches keep the warmth of the transformed body.”

While Iole was telling this wonderful tale, and while Alcmena, herself also in tears, was drying with her sympathetic hand the tears of the daughter of Eurytus, a startling circumstance banished the grief of both. For there, in the deep doorway, stood a youth, almost a boy, with delicate down covering his cheeks, Iolaüs,¹ restored in features to his youthful prime. Hebe, Juno’s daughter, won by her husband’s² prayers, had given him this boon; and when she was on the point of swearing that to no one after him would she bestow such gifts, Themis checked her vow. “For,” said she, “Thebes is even now embroiled in civil strife, Capaneus shall be invincible save by the hand of Jove himself; the two brothers³ shall die by mutual wounds; the propheting⁴ shall in the flesh behold his own spirits,

¹ The son of Iphicles, half-brother to Hercules.

² *i.e.* Hercules, to whom, after his translation to heaven, Hebe had been given in marriage.

³ Eteocles and Polynices

⁴ Amphiaraus.

OVID

vivus adhuc vates; ultusque parente parentem
natus erit facto pius et sceleratus eodem
attonitusque malis, exul mentisque domusque,
vultibus Eumenidum matrisque agitabitur umbris, 410
donec eum coniunx fatale poposcerit aurum,
cognatumque latus Phegeus hauserit ensis.
tum demum magno petet hos Acheloia supplex
ab Iove Callirhoe natis infantibus annos,
neve necem sinat esse diu victoris inultam. 415
Iuppiter his motus privignae dona nurusque
praecipiet, facietque viros inpubibus annis."

Haec ubi faticano venturi praescia dixit
ore Themis, vario superi sermone fremebant,
et, cur non aliis eadem dare dona liceret, 420
murmur erat. queritur veteres Pallantias annos
coniugis esse sui, queritur canescere mitis
Iasiona Ceres, repetitum Mulciber aevum
poscit Erichthonio, Venerem quoque cura futuri
tangit, et Anchisae renovare paciscitur annos. 425
cui studeat, deus omnis habet; crescitque favore
turbida seditio, donec sua Iuppiter ora
solvit, et "o! nostri siqua est reverentia," dixit
"quo ruitis? tantumne aliquis sibi posse videtur,
fata quoque ut superet? fatis Iolaus in annos, 430
quos egit, rediit. fatis iuvenescere debent

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IX

engulfed by the yawning earth; and his son¹ shall avenge parent on parent,² filial and accursed in the selfsame act; stunned by these evil doings, banished from reason and from home, he shall be hounded by the Furies and by his mother's ghost until his wife³ shall ask of him the fatal golden necklace and the sword of Phegeus shall have drained his kinsman's blood. And then at last shall Callirhoë, daughter of Acheloüs, by prayer obtain from mighty Jove that her infant sons may attain at once to manly years, that so their victorious father's death be not long unavenged. Jove, thus prevailed upon, shall claim in advance for these the gifts of his stepdaughter⁴ and daughter-in-law,⁵ and shall in an act change beardless boys to men."

When Themis, who knew what was to come, thus spoke with prophetic lips, a confused murmur of varying demands arose among the gods, and they inquired why they were not allowed to grant the same boon to others. Pallantis⁶ lamented her husband's⁷ hoary age; mild Ceres bewailed Iasion's whitening locks; Mulciber demanded renewed life for Erichthonius, and Venus, too, with care for the future, stipulated that old Anchises' years should be restored. Each god had his own favourite; and the noisy, partisan strife kept on, until Jupiter opened his lips and spoke: "Oh, if you have any reverence for me, what are you coming to? Does anyone suppose that he can so far prevail as to alter Fate's decrees? 'Twas by the will of Fate that Iolaüs was restored to the years which he had passed, by Fate

1 Alcmaeon.

2 Eriphyle.

3 Callirhoë.

4 Hebe.

5 Ibid.

6 Aurora.

7 Tithonus.

OVID

Callirhoe geniti, non ambitione nec armis.
 vos etiam, quoque hoc animo meliore feratis,
 me quoque fata regunt. quae si mutare valerem,
 nec nostrum seri curvarent Aeacon anni, 435
 perpetuumque aevi florem Rhadamanthus haberet
 cum Minoe meo, qui propter amara senectae
 pondera despicitur, nec quo prius ordine regnat."

Dicta Iovis movere deos; nec sustinet ullus,
 cum videat fessos Rhadamanthon et Aeacon annis
 et Minoa, queri. qui, dum fuit integer aevi, 441
 terruerat magnas ipso quoque nomine gentes;
 tunc erat invalidus, Deïonidenque iuventae
 robore Miletum Phoeboque parente superbum
 pertimuit, credensque suis insurgere regnis, 445
 haut tamen est patriis arcere penatibus ausus.
 sponte fugis, Milete, tua, celerique carina
 Aegaeas metiris aquas, et in Aside terra
 moenia constituis positoris habentia nomen.
 hic tibi, dum sequitur patriae curvamina ripae, 450
 filia Maeandri totiens redeuntis eodem
 cognita Cyanae, praestanti corpora forma,
 Byblida cum Cauno, prolem est enixa gemellam.

Byblis in exemplo est, ut ament concessa puellae,
 Byblis Apollinei correpta cupidine fratris; 451
 non soror ut fratrem, nec qua debebat, amabat.
 illa quidem primo nullos intellegit ignes,
 nec peccare putat, quod saepius oscula iungat,
 quod sua fraterno circumdet bracchia collo;

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IX

also Callirhoë's sons are destined to leap to manhood from infancy, and not by any ambition or strife of theirs. You, too (I say this that you may be of better mind), and me also the Fates control. If I could change them, old age would not bend low my Aeacus; Rhadamanthus, too, would enjoy perpetual youth, together with my Minos, who, because of the galling weight of age, is now despised and no longer reigns in his former state."

Jove's words appeased the gods; nor could anyone complain when he saw Rhadamanthus, Aeacus, and Minos spent with years. Now Minos, while in his prime, had held great nations in fear of him by his very name; but at that time he was infirm with age and in fear of Miletus, son of Deione and Phoebus, proud of his youthful strength and parentage; and, though he believed that the youth was planning a rebellion against his kingdom, still he did not dare to banish him from his ancestral home. But of your own accord you fled, Miletus, and in your swift vessel crossed the Aegean sea and on the shores of Asia built a city which still bears its founder's name. There, while wandering along the banks of her father's winding stream, Cyanee, a nymph of unrivalled beauty, daughter of Maeander, who oft returns upon his former course, was known by you; and of this union Byblis and Caunus, twin progeny, were born.

Byblis is a warning that girls should not love unlawfully, Byblis, smitten with a passion for her brother, the grandson of Apollo. She loved him not as a brother, nor as a sister should. At first, indeed, she did not recognize the fires of love, nor think it wrong often to kiss him, often to throw her arms about her brother's neck, and she was long deceived

mendacique diu pietatis fallitur umbra. 460
 paulatim declinat amor, visuraque fratrem
 culta venit, nimiumque cupit formosa videri
 et siqua est illic formosior, invidet illi.
 sed nondum manifesta sibi est, nullumque sub illo
 igne facit votum, verumtamen aestuat intus. 465
 iam dominum appellat, iam nomina sanguinis odit,
 Byblida iam mavult, quam se vocet ille sororem.

Spes tamen obscenas animo demittere non est
 ausa suo vigilans; placida resoluta quiete
 saepe videt quod amat: visa est quoque iungere
 fratri 470

corpus et erubuit, quamvis sopita iacebat.
 somnus abit; silet illa diu repetitque quietis
 ipsa suae speciem dubiaque ita mente profatur:
 "me miseram! tacitae quid vult sibi noctis imago?
 quam nolim rata sit! cur haec ego somnia vidi? 475
 ille quidem est oculis quamvis formosus iniquis
 et placet, et possim, si non sit frater, amare,
 et me dignus erat. verum nocet esse sororem.
 dummodo tale nihil vigilans, committere temptem,
 saepe licet simili redeat sub imagine somnus! 480
 testis abest somno, nec obest imitata voluptas.
 pro Venus et tenera volucer cum matre Cupido,
 gaudia quanta tuli! quam me manifesta libido
 contigit! ut iacui totis resoluta medullis!
 ut meminisse iuvat! quamvis brevis illa voluptas 485
 noxque fuit praeceps et coeptis invida nostris.

"O ego, si liceat mutato nomine iungi,

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by the semblance of sisterly affection. But gradually this affection changed to love: carefully adorned she came to see her brother, too anxious to seem lovely in his sight; and if any other seemed more beautiful to him, she envied her. But not yet did she have a clear vision of herself, felt no desire, prayed for no joy of love; but yet the hidden fire burned on. Now she called him her lord, now hated the name of brother, and wished him to call her Byblis, rather than sister.

Still in her waking hours she does not let her mind dwell on impure desires; but when she is relaxed in peaceful slumber, she often has visions of her love: she sees herself clasped in her brother's arms and blushes, though she lies sunk in sleep. When sleep has fled, she lies still for long and pictures again the visions of her slumber and at last, with wavering mind, she exclaims: "Oh, wretched girl that I am! What means this vision of the night? Oh, but I would not have it so! Why do I have such dreams? He is indeed beautiful, even to eyes that look unkindly on him, and is pleasing, and I could love him if he were not my brother; and he would be worthy of me; but it is my bane that I am his sister. If only when I am awake I make trial of no such thing, still may sleep often return with a dream like that! There's no one to tell in sleep, and there is no harm in imagined joy. O Venus and winged Cupid with thy soft mother, how happy I was! How real my joy seemed! How my very heart melted within me as I lay! How sweet to remember it! And yet 'twas but a fleeting pleasure, and night was headlong and envious of the joys before me.

"Oh, if I could only change my name and be joined

OVID

quam bene, Caune, tuo poteram nurus esse parenti !
 quam bene, Caune, meo poteras gener esse parenti !
 omnia, di facerent, essent communia nobis, 490
 praeter avos : tu me vellem generosior esses !
 nescioquam facies igitur, pulcherrime, matrem ;
 at mihi, quae male sum, quos tu, sortita parentes,
 nil nisi frater eris. quod obest, id habebimus unum.
 quid mihi significant ergo mea visa ? quod autem 495
 somnia pondus habent ? an habent et somnia pondus ?
 di melius ! di nempe suas habuere sorores.
 sic Saturnus Opem iunctam sibi sanguine duxit,
 Oceanus Tethyn, Iunonem rector Olympi.
 sunt superis sua iura ! quid ad caelestia ritus 500
exigere humanos diversaque foedera tempto ?
 aut nostro vetitus de corde fugabitur ardor,
 aut hoc si nequeo, peream, precor, ante toroque
 mortua componar, positaeque det oscula frater.
 et tamen arbitrium quaerit res ista duorum ! 505
 finge placere mihi : scelus esse videbitur illi.
 “ At non Aeolidae thalamos timuere sororum !
 unde sed hos novi ? cur haec exempla paravi ?
 quo feror ? obscenae procul hinc discedite flammae
 nec, nisi qua fas est germanae, frater ametur ! 510
 si tamen ipse meo captus prior esset amore,
 forsitan illius possem indulgere furori.
 ergo ego, quae fuerim non reiectura petentem,
 ipsa petam ! poterisne loqui ? poterisne fateri ?
 coget amor, potero ! vel, si pudor ora tenebit, 515
 littera celatos arcana fatebitur ignes.”

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to you, how good a daughter, Caunus, I could be to your father, how good a son, Caunus, you could be to mine! we should have all things in common, if heaven allowed, except our grandparents. I should want you to be better born than I! You will be someone's husband, I suppose, O most beautiful; but to me, who have unfortunately drawn the same parents as yourself, you will never be anything but brother: what is our bane, that alone we shall have in common. What then do my dreams mean for me!—But what weight have dreams? or have dreams really weight? The gods forbid!—But surely the gods have loved their sisters; so Saturn married Ops, blood-kin of his; Oceanus, Tethys; the ruler of Olympus, Juno. But the gods are a law unto themselves! Why should I try to measure human fashions by divine and far different customs? Either my passion will flee from my heart if I forbid its presence, or if I cannot do this, I pray that I may die before I yield, and be laid out dead upon my couch, and as I lie there may my brother kiss my lips. And yet that act requires the will of two! Supposing it please me, it will seem a crime to him.

“Yet the Aeolidae did not shun their sisters' chambers! But whence do I know these? Why do I quote these examples? Whither am I tending? Get you far hence, immodest love, and let not my brother be loved at all, save in sisterly fashion! And yet if he himself had first been smitten with love for me, I might perchance smile upon his passion. Let me myself, then, woo him, since I should not have rejected his wooing! And can you speak? can you confess? Love will compel me: I can! or if shame holds my lips, a private letter shall confess my secret love.”

OVID

Hoc placet, haec dubiam vicit sententia mentem.
in latus erigitur cubitoque innixa sinistro
 " viderit : insanos " inquit " fateamur amores !
 ei mihi, quo labor ? quem mens mea concipit ignem ? "
 et meditata manu componit verba trementi. 521
 dextra tenet ferrum, vacuam tenet altera ceram.
 incipit et dubitat, scribit damnatque tabellas,
 et notat et delet, mutat culpatque probatque
 inque vicem sumptas ponit positasque resumit. 525
 quid velit ignorat ; quicquid factura videtur,
 displicet. in vultu est audacia mixta pudori.
 scripta " soror " fuerat ; visum est delere sororem
 verbaque correctis incidere talia ceris :
 " quam, nisi tu dederis, non est habitura salutem, 530
 hanc tibi mittit amans : pudet, a, pudet edere nomen,
 et si quid cupiam quaeris, sine nomine vellem
 posset agi mea causa meo, nec cognita Byblis
 ante forem, quam spes votorum certa fuisset.
 " Esse quidem laesi poterat tibi pectoris index 535
 et color et macies et vultus et umida saepe
 lumina nec causa suspiria mota patenti
 et crebri amplexus, et quae, si forte notasti,
 oscula sentiri non esse sororia possent.
 ipsa tamen, quamvis animo grave vulnus habebam,
 quamvis intus erat furor igneus, omnia feci 541
 (sunt mihi di testes), ut tandem sanior essem,
 pugnavique diu violenta Cupidinis arma
 effugere infelix, et plus, quam ferre puellam
 posse putes, ego dura tuli. superata fateri 545

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This plan meets her approval; upon this her wavering mind decides. She half-way rises and, leaning upon her left elbow, says: "Let him see: let us confess our mad passion! Ah me! whither am I slipping? What hot love does my heart conceive?" And she proceeds to set down with a trembling hand the words she has thought out. In her right hand she holds her pen, in her left an empty waxen tablet. She begins, then hesitates and stops; writes on and hates what she has written; writes and erases; changes, condemns, approves; by turns she lays her tablets down and takes them up again. What she would do she knows not; on the point of action, she decides against it. Shame and bold resolution mingle in her face. She had begun with "sister"; but "sister" she decided to erase, and wrote these words on the amended wax: "A health to you, which, if you give it not to her, she will not have, one sends to you who loves you. Shamed, oh, she is ashamed to tell her name. And if you seek to know what I desire, I would that nameless I might plead my cause, and not be known as Byblis until my fond hopes were sure.

"You might have had knowledge of my wounded heart from my pale, drawn face, my eyes oft filled with tears, my sighs for no seeming cause, my frequent embraces and my kisses which you might have known, had you but marked them, were more than sisterly. Yet, though my heart was sore distressed, though full of hot passion, I have done everything (the gods are my witnesses) to bring myself to sanity. Long have I fought, unhappy that I am, to escape love's cruel charge, and I have borne more than you would think a girl could bear. But I have been overborne and am forced to confess my

OVID

cogor, opemque tuam timidis exposcere votis.
 tu servare potes, tu perdere solus amantem :
 elige, utrum facias. non hoc inimica precatur,
 sed quae, cum tibi sit iunctissima, iunctior esse
 expetit et vincolo tecum propiore ligari. 550

iura senes norint, et quid liceatque nefasque
 fasque sit, inquirant, legumque examina servent.
 conveniens Venus est annis temeraria nostris.
 quid liceat, nescimus adhuc, et cuncta licere
 credimus, et sequimur magnorum exempla deorum.
 nec nos aut durus pater aut reverentia famae 556
 aut timor impedit : tamen ut sit causa timendi,
 dulci fraterno sub nomine furta tegemus.
 est mihi libertas tecum secreta loquendi,
 et damus amplexus, et iungimus oscula coram. 560
 quantum est, quod desit ? miserere fatentis amores,
 et non fassurae, nisi cogeret ultimus ardor,
 neve merere meo subscribi causa sepulchro."

Talia nequiquam perarantem plena reliquit
 cera manum, summusque in margine versus adhaesit.
 protinus inpressa signat sua crimina gemma, 566
 quam tinxit lacrimis (linguam defecerat umor) :
 deque suis unum famulis pudibunda vocavit,
 et pavidum blandita "fer has, fidissime, nostro" —
 dixit, et adiecit longo post tempore "fratri." 570
 cum daret, elapsae manibus cecidere tabellae.
 omine turbata est, misit tamen. apta minister

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IX

love, and with timid prayers to beg help of you. For you alone can save, you only can destroy your lover. Choose which you will do. It is no enemy who prays to you, but one who, though most closely joined to you, seeks to be more fully joined and to be bound by a still closer tie. Let old men know propriety and talk of what is fitting, what is right and wrong, and preserve the nice discrimination of the laws. But love is compliant and heedless for those of our age. What is allowed we have not yet discovered, and we believe all things allowed; and in this we do but follow the example of the gods. You and I have no harsh father, no care for reputation, no fear to hold us back. And yet even though there be cause for fear, beneath the sweet name of brother and sister we shall conceal our stolen love. I have full liberty to talk apart with you; we may embrace and kiss in open view of all. How much still is lacking? Pity her who confesses to you her love, but who would not confess if the utmost love did not compel her; and let it not be written on my sepulchre that for your sake I died."

The tablet was full when she had traced these words doomed to disappointment, the last line coming to the very edge. Straightway she stamped the shameful letter with her seal which she moistened with her tears (for moisture failed her tongue). Then, blushing hotly, she called one of her attendants and with timorous and coaxing voice said: "Take these tablets, most faithful servant, to my——"; and after a long silence added, "brother." While she was giving them, the tablets slipped from her hands and fell. Though much perturbed by the omen, she still sent the letter. The servant, finding a fitting time, went to the brother and delivered to

OVID

tempora nactus adit traditque fatentia verba.
 attonitus subita iuvenis Maeandrius ira
 proicit acceptas lecta sibi parte tabellas, 575
 vixque manus retinens trepidantis ab ore ministri,
 “dum licet, o! vetitae scelerate libidinis auctor,
 effuge!” ait “qui, si nostrum tua fata pudorem
 non traherent secum, poenas mihi morte dedisses.”
 ille fugit pavidus, dominaeque ferocia Cauni 580
 dicta refert. palles audita, Bybli, repulsa,
 et pavet obsessum glaciale frigore corpus.
 mens tamen ut rediit, pariter rediere furores,
 linguaque vix tales icto dedit aëre voces:
 “et merito! quid enim temeraria vulneris huius 585
 indicium feci? quid, quae celanda fuerunt,
 tam cito commisi properatis verba tabellis?
 ante erat ambiguus animi sententia dictis
 praetemptanda mihi. ne non sequeretur euntem,
 parte aliqua veli, qualis foret aura, notare 590
 debueram, tutoque mari decurrere, quae nunc
 non exploratis inplevi lintea ventis.
 auferor in scopulos igitur, subversaue toto
 obruor oceano, neque habent mea vela recursus.

“Quid quod et ominibus certis prohibebam amori 59.
 indulgere meo, tum cum mihi ferre iubenti
 excidit et fecit spes nostras cera caducas?
 nonne vel illa dies fuerat, vel tota voluntas,
 sed potius mutanda dies? deus ipse monebat
 signaque certa dabat, si non male sana fuisssem. 600
 et tamen ipsa loqui, nec me committere cerae

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him the message of confession. The grandson of Maeander, in a passion of sudden rage, threw down the tablets which he had taken and read half through, and, scarcely restraining his hands from the trembling servant's throat, he cried: "Flee while you may, you rascally promoter of a lawless love! But if your fate did not involve our own disgrace, you should have paid the penalty for this with death." He fled in terror and reported to his mistress her brother's savage answer. When, Byblis, you heard that your love had been repulsed, you grew pale, and your whole body trembled in the grip of an icy chill. But when your senses came back, your mad love came back with equal force; and then with choked and feeble utterance you spoke: "Deservedly I suffer! For why did I so rashly tell him of this wound of mine? Why was I in such a haste to commit to tablets what should have been concealed? I should first have tried his disposition towards me by obscure hints. That my voyage might have a favourable wind, I should first have tested with a close-reefed sail what the wind was, and so have fared in safety; but now with sails full spread I have encountered unexpected winds. And so my ship is on the rocks; with the full force of ocean am I overwhelmed, and have no power to turn back upon my course.

"Nay, by the clearest omens I was warned not to confess my love, at the time when the letter fell from my hand as I bade my servant bear it, and taught me that my hopes must fall as well. Should not that day or my whole purpose—say rather, should not the day have been postponed? God himself warned me and gave me clear signs had I not been mad with love. And yet I should have told him with my own lips, I should in person have confessed my

OVID

debueram. praesensque meos aperire furores.
 vidisset lacrimas, vultum vidisset amantis ;
 plura loqui poteram, quam quae cepere tabellae.
 invito potui circumdare bracchia collo, 605
 et, si reicerer, potui moritura videri
 amplectique pedes, adfusaque poscere vitam.
 omnia fecissem, quorum si singula duram
 flectere non poterant, potuissent omnia, mentem.
 forsitan et missi sit quaedam culpa ministri : 610
 non adiit apte, nec legit idonea, credo,
 tempora, nec petiit horamque animumque vacantem.

“Haec nocuere mihi. neque enim est de tigride natus
 nec rigidas silices solidumve in pectore ferrum
 aut adamanta gerit, nec lac bibit ille leaenae. 615
 vincetur ! repetendus erit, nec taedia coepti
 ulla mei capiam, dum spiritus iste manebit.
 nam primum, si facta mihi revocare liceret,
 non coepisse fuit : coepta expugnare secundum est.
 quippe nec ille potest, ut iam mea vota reliquam,
 non tamen aursorum semper memor esse meorum. 621
 et, quia desierim, leviter voluisse videbor,
 aut etiam temptasse illum insidiisque petisse,
 vel certe non hoc, qui plurimus arguet et urit
 pectora nostra, deo, sed victa libidine credar ; 625
 denique iam nequeo nil commisisse nefandum.
 et scripsi et petii : temerata est nostra voluntas ;
 ut nihil adiciam, non possum innoxia dici.

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passion, and not have trusted my inmost heart to waxen tablets! He should have seen my tears, he should have seen his lover's face; I could have spoken more than any tablets could hold; I could have thrown my arms about his unwilling neck and, if I were rejected, I could have seemed at the point of death, could have embraced his feet and, lying prostrate there, have begged for life. I should have done all things, which together might have won his stubborn soul if one by one they could not. Perhaps the servant whom I sent made some mistake: did not approach him rightly; chose an unfitting time, I suppose, nor sought an hour and mind that was free.

“All this has wrought against me. For he is no tigress' son; he has no heart of hard flint or solid iron or adamant; no lioness has suckled him. He shall be conquered! I must go to him again; nor shall I weary in my attempts while I have breath left in my body. For if it were not too late to undo what I have done, it was the best thing not to have begun at all; the second best is to win through with what I have begun. Though I should now abandon my suit, he cannot help remembering always how far I have already dared. And in that case, just because I did give up, I shall seem either to have been fickle in my desire, or else to have been trying to tempt him and catch him in a snare. Whichever of these he thinks of me, he certainly will not believe that I have been overcome by that god who more than all others rules and inflames our hearts, but actuated by lust alone. In short, I cannot now undo the wrong that I have done. I have both written and have wooed him and rash I was to do so. Though I do nothing more,

OVID

quod superest, multum est in vota, in crimina
parvum."

dixit, et (incertae tanta est discordia mentis,) 630
cum pigeat temptasse, libet temptare. modumque
exit et infelix committit saepe repelli.

mox ubi finis abest, patriam fugit ille nefasque,
inque peregrina ponit nova moenia terra.

Tum vero maestam tota Miletida mente 635
defecisse ferunt, tum vero a pectore vester.
diripuit planxitque suos furibunda lacertos ;
iamque palam est demens, inconcessamque fatetur
spem veneris, sine qua patriam invisosque penates
deserit, et profugi sequitur vestigia fratris. 640

utque tuo motae, proles Semeleïa, thyrsos
Ismariae celebrant repetita triennia bacchae,
Byblida non aliter latos ululasse per agros
Bubasides videre nurus. quibus illa relictis
Caras et armiferos Lelegas Lyciamque pererrat. 645
iam Cragon et Limyren Xanthique reliquerat undas,
quoque Chimaera iugo mediis in partibus ignem,
pectus et ora leae, caudam serpentis habebat.

deficiunt silvae, cum tu lassata sequendo
concidis, et dura positis tellure capillis, 650

Bybli, iaces, frondesque tuo premis ore caducas.
saepe etiam nymphae teneris Lelegeïdes ulnis
tollere conantur, saepe, ut medeatur amori,
praecipiant, surdaeque adhibent solacia menti.

muta iacet, viridesque suis tenet unguibus herbas 655
Byblis, et unectat lacrimarum gramina rivus.

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I cannot seem other than guilty in his sight. As for the rest, I have much to hope and naught to fear." Thus does she argue ; and (so great is her uncertainty of soul), while she is sorry that she tried at all, she wants to try again. The wretched girl tries every art within her power, but is repeatedly repulsed. At length, when there seemed to be no limit to her importunity, the youth fled from his native land and from this shameful wooing, and founded a new city¹ in another land.

Then, they say, the wretched daughter of Miletus lost all control of reason ; she tore her garments from her breast, and in mad passion beat her arms. Now before all the world she rages and publicly proclaims her hope of unlawful love, disappointed in which she forsakes her land and her hated home and follows her fleeing brother. And just as, crazed by thy thyrsus, O son of Semele, thy Ismarian worshippers throng thy triennial orgies, so the women of Bubassus² beheld Byblis go shrieking through the broad fields. Leaving these behind, she wandered through the land of Caria, by the well-armed Leleges and the country of the Lycians. And now she had passed by Cragus and Limyre and Xanthus' stream and the ridge where dwelt Chimaera, that fire-breathing monster with lion's head and neck and serpent's tail. Clear beyond the wooded ridge she went, and then at last, wearied with pursuing, you fell, O Byblis, and lay there with your hair streaming over the hard ground and your face buried in the fallen leaves. Often the Lelegeian nymphs try to lift her in their soft arms, often advise her how she may cure her love and offer comfort to her unheeding soul. Byblis lies without a word,

¹ Caunus, in south-western Caria.

² A town in Caria.

OVID

naidas his venam, quae nunquam arescere posset,
 subposuisse ferunt. quid enim dare maius habebant?
 protinus, ut secto piceae de cortice guttae,
 utve tenax gravida manat tellure bitumen; 660
 utve sub adventu spirantis lene favoni
 sole remollescit quae frigore constitit unda;
 sic lacrimis consumpta suis Phoebeia Byblis
 vertitur in fontem, qui nunc quoque vallibus illis
 nomen habet dominae, nigraque sub ilice manat. 665

Fama novi centum Creteas forsitan urbes
 implesset monstri, si non miracula nuper
 Iphide mutata Crete propiora tulisset.
 proxima Gnosiaco nam quondam Phaestia regno
 progenuit tellus ignotum nomine Ligdum, 670
 ingenua de plebe virum, nec census in illo
 nobilitate sua maior, sed vita fidesque
 inculcata fuit. gravidae qui coniugis aures
 vocibus his monuit, cum iam prope partus adesset.
 “quae voveam, duo sunt: minimo ut relevere dolore,
 utque marem parias. onerosior altera sors est, 676
 et vires fortuna negat. quod abominor: ergo
 edita forte tuo fuerit si femina partu,—
 invitus mando; pietas, ignosce!—necetur.”
 dixerat, et lacrimis vultum lavere profusis, 680
 tam qui mandabat, quam cui mandata dabantur.
 sed tamen usque suum vanis Telethusa maritum

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clutching the green herbs with her fingers, and watering the grass with her flowing tears. The naiads are said to have given her a vein of tears which could never dry ; for what greater gift had they to bestow ? Straightway, as drops of pitch drip forth from the gashed pine-bark ; as sticky bitumen oozes from rich heavy earth ; or as, at the approach of the soft breathing west-wind, the water which had stood frozen with the cold now melts beneath the sun ; so Phoebean Byblis, consumed by her own tears, is changed into a fountain, which to this day in those valleys has the name of its mistress, and issues forth from under a dark ilex-tree.

The story of this unnatural passion would, perhaps, have been the talk of Crete's hundred towns, if Crete had not lately had a wonder of its own in the changed form of Iphis. For there once lived in the Phaestian country, not far from the royal town of Gnosus, a man named Ligdus, otherwise unknown, of free-born but humble parentage ; nor was his property any greater than his birth. But he was of blameless life and trustworthy. When now the time drew near when his wife should give birth to a child, he warned and instructed her with these words : " There are two things which I would ask of Heaven : that you may be delivered with the least possible pain, and that your child may be a boy. Girls are more trouble, and fortune has denied them strength. Therefore (and may Heaven save the mark !), if by chance your child should prove to be a girl (I hate to say it, and may I be pardoned for the impiety), let her be put to death." He spoke, and their cheeks were bathed in tears, both his who ordered and hers to whom the command was given. Nevertheless, Telethusa ceaselessly implored her husband

OVID

sollicitat precibus, ne spem sibi ponat in arto.
 certa sua est Ligdo sententia. iamque ferendo
 vix erat illa gravem maturo pondere ventrem, 685
 cum medio noctis spatio sub imagine somni
 Inachis ante torum, pompa comitata sacrorum,
 aut stetit aut visa est. inerant lunaria fronti
 cornua cum spicis nitido flaventibus auro
 et regale decus ; cum qua latrator Anubis, 690
 sanctaque Bubastis, variusque coloribus Apis,
 quique premit vocem digitoque silentia suadet ;
 sistraque crant, numquamque satis quaesitus Osiris,
 plenaque somniferis serpens peregrina venenis.
 tum velut excussam somno et manifesta videntem 695
 sic adfata dea est : “ pars o Telethusa mearum,
 pone graves curas, mandataque falle mariti.
 nec dubita, cum te partu Lucina levarit,
 tollere quicquid erit. dea sum auxiliaris opemque
 exorata fero ; nec te coluisse quereris 700
 ingratum numen.” monuit, thalamoque recessit.
 laeta toro surgit, purasque ad sidera supplex
 Cressa manus tollens, rata sint sua visa, precatur.

Ut dolor increvit, seque ipsum pondus in auras
 expulit, et nata est ignaro femina patre, 705
 iussit ali mater puerum mentita. fidemque
 res habuit, neque erat ficti nisi conscia nutrix,

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(though all in vain) not so to straiten her expectation ; but Ligdus remained steadfast in his determination. And now the time was at hand when the child should be born, when at midnight, in a vision of her dreams, she saw or seemed to see the daughter¹ of Inachus standing before her bed, accompanied by a solemn train of sacred beings. She had crescent horns upon her forehead, and a wheaten garland yellow with bright gold about her head, a sight of regal beauty. Near her were seen the dog Anubis, sacred Bubastis, dappled Apis, and the god² who enjoins silence with his finger on his lips ; there also were the sacred rattles, and Osiris, for whom none ever search enough, and the Egyptian serpent swelling with sleep-producing venom. She seemed to be thoroughly awake and to see all things about her clearly as the goddess spoke to her : “ O Telethusa, one of my own worshippers, put away your grievous cares, and think not to obey your husband’s orders. And do not hesitate, when Lucina has delivered you, to save your child, whatever it shall be. I am the goddess who bring help and succour to those who call upon me ; nor shall you have cause to complain that you have worshipped a thankless deity.” Having so admonished her, the goddess left the chamber. Then joyfully the Cretan woman arose from her bed, and, raising her innocent hands in supplicance to the stars, she prayed that her vision might come true.

When now her pains increased and the birth was accomplished, and the child proved to be a girl (though without the father’s knowledge), the mother, with intent to deceive, bade them feed the boy. Circumstances favoured her deceit, for the nurse was

¹ *i.e.* Io, worshipped as the goddess Isis. See I. 747.

² Harpocrates.

OVID

vota pater solvit, nomenque inponit avitum :

Iphis avus fuerat. gavisata est nomine mater,
 quod commune foret, nec quemquam falleret illo. 710
 inde incepta pia mendacia fraude latebant.
 cultus erat pueri; facies, quam sive puellae,
 sive dares puero, fuerat formosus uterque.

Tertius interea decimo successerat annus :

cum pater, Iphi, tibi flavam despondet Ianthen, 715
 inter Phaestidas quae laudatissima formae
 dote fuit virgo, Dictaeo nata Teleste.

par aetas, par forma fuit, primasque magistris
 acceperere artes, elementa aetatis, ab isdem.

hinc amor ambarum tetigit rude pectus, et aequum
 vulnus utrique dedit, sed erat fiducia dispar : 721

coniugium pactaeque exspectat tempora taedae,
 quamque virum putat esse, virum fore credit Ianthe;

Iphis amat, qua posse frui desperat, et auget
 hoc ipsum flammam, ardetque in virgine virgo 725

vixque tenens lacrimas "quis me manet exitus,"
 inquit

"cognita quam nulli, quam prodigiosa novaeque
 cura tenet Veneris? si di mihi parcere vellent,
 parcere debuerant; si non, et perdere vellent,

naturale malum saltem et de more dedissent. 730

nec vaccam vaccae, nec equas amor urit equarum :
 urit oves aries, sequitur sua femina cervum.

sic et aves cocunt, interque animalia cuncta

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IX

the only one who knew of the trick. The father paid his vows and named the child after its grandfather: the grandfather had been Iphis. The mother rejoiced in the name; for it was of common gender and she could use it without deceit. And so the trick, begun with pious fraud, remained undetected. The child was dressed like a boy, and its face would have been counted lovely whether you assigned it to a girl or boy.

Meanwhile thirteen years passed by; and then your father found you a bride, O Iphis, in golden-haired Ianthe, a girl the most praised among the Phaestian women for the rich dower of her beauty, the daughter of Cretan Telestes. The two were of equal age and equal loveliness, and from the same teachers had they received their first instruction in childish rudiments. Hence love came to both their hearts all unsuspected and filled them both with equal longing. But they did not both love with equal hope: Ianthe looked forward confidently to marriage and the fulfilment of her troth, and believed that she whom she thought to be a man would some day be her husband. Whereas Iphis loved without hope of her love's fulfilment, and for this very reason loved all the more—a girl madly in love with another girl. Scarcely holding back her tears, "Oh, what will be the end of me," she said, "whom a love possesses that no one ever heard of, a strange and moustrous love? If the gods wished to save me they should have saved me; if not, and they wished to ruin me, they should at least have given me some natural woe, within the bounds of experience. Cows do not love cows, nor mares, mares; but the ram desires the sheep, and his own doe follows the stag. So also birds mate, and in the whole animal world

OVID

femina femineo correpta cupidine nulla est.
 vellem nulla forem ! ne non tamen omnia Crete 735
 monstra ferat, taurum dilexit filia Solis,
 femina nempe marem. meus est furiosior illo,
 si verum profitemur, amor. tamen illa secuta est
 spem Veneris ; tamen illa dolis et imagine vaccae
 passa bovem est, et erat, qui deciperetur, adulter. 740
 huc licet ex toto sollertia confluat orbe,
 ipse licet revolet ceratis Daedalus alis,
 quid faciet ? num me puerum de virgine doctis
 artibus efficiet ? num te mutabit, Ianthe ?

“Quin animum firmas, teque ipsa recolligis, Iphi, 745
 consiliique inopes et stultos excutis ignes ?
 quid sis nata, vide, nisi te quoque decipis ipsa,
 et pete quod fas est, et ama quod femina debes !
 spes est, quae capiat, spes est, quae pascat amorem.
 hanc tibi res adimit. non te custodia caro 750
 arcet ab amplexu, nec cauti cura mariti,
 non patris asperitas, non se negat ipsa roganti,
 nec tamen est potienda tibi, nec, ut omnia fiant,
 esse potes felix, ut dique hominesque laborent.
 nunc quoque votorum nulla est pars vana meorum,
 dique mihi faciles, quicquid valuere, dederunt ; 756
 quodque ego, vult genitor, vult ipsa, socerque futurus.
 at non vult natura, potentior omnibus istis,
 quae mihi sola nocet. venit ecce optabile tempus,
 luxque iugalis adest, et iam mea fiet Ianthe— 760
 nec mihi continget : mediis sitiemus in undis.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IX

there is no female smitten with love for female. I would I were no female! Nevertheless, that Crete might produce all monstrous things, the daughter¹ of the Sun loved a bull—a female to be sure, and male; my passion is more mad than that, if the truth be told. Yet she had some hope of her love's fulfilment; yet she enjoyed her bull by a trick and the disguise of the heifer, and it was the lover who was deceived. Though all the ingenuity in the world should be collected here, though Daedalus himself should fly back on waxen wings, what could he do? With all his learned arts could he make me into a boy from a girl? or could he change you, Ianthé?

“Nay, then, be strong of soul, take courage, Iphis, and banish from your heart this hopeless, foolish love. See what you were born, unless you yourself deceive yourself as well as others; seek what is lawful, and love as a woman ought to love! It is hope of fulfilment that begets love, and hope that keeps it alive. And of this hope the nature of things deprives you. No guardian keeps you from her dear embrace, no watchfulness of a jealous husband, no cruel father; nor does she herself deny your suit. And yet you cannot have her, nor can you be happy, though all things should favour you, though gods and men should work for you. And even now none of my prayers have been denied; the gods, compliant, have given me whatever was theirs to give; and what I wish my father wishes, she herself and her father all desire. But nature will not have it so, nature, more mighty than they all, who alone is working my distress. And lo, the longed-for time is come, my wedding-day is at hand, and soon Ianthé will be mine—and yet not mine. In the midst of water we

¹ Pasiphaë.

OVID

pronuba quid Iuno, quid ad haec, Hymenaeae, venitis
 sacra, quibus qui ducat abest, ubi nubimus ambae?"
 pressit ab his vocem. nec lenius altera virgo
 aestuat, utque celer venias, Hymenaeae, precatur. 765
 quod petit haec, Telethusa timens modo tempora
 differt,

nunc ficto languore moram trahit, omina saepe
 visaque causatur. sed iam consumpscrat omnem
 materiam ficti, dilataque tempora taedae
 institerant, unusque dies restabat. at illa 770
 crinalem capiti vittam nataeque sibi
 detrahit, et passis aram complexa capillis:
 "Isi, Paraetonium Mareoticaeque arva Pharonque
 quae colis, et septem digestum in cornua Nilum:
 fer, precor," inquit "opem, nostroque medere timori!
 te, dea, te quondam tuaque haec insignia vidi 776
 cunctaque cognovi, sonitum comitesque facesque . . .
 sistrorum, memorique animo tua iussa notavi.
 quod videt haec lucem, quod non ego punior, ecce
 consilium munusque tuum est. miserere duarum,
 auxilioque iuva!" lacrimae sunt verba secutae. 781
 visa dea est movisse suas, (et moverat,) aras,
 et templi tremuere fores, imitataque lunam
 cornua fulserunt, crepuitque sonabile sistrum.
 non segura quidem, fausto tamen omine laeta 785
 mater abit templo. sequitur comes Iphis euntem,
 quam solita est, maiore gradu, nec candor in ore
 permanet, et vires augentur, et acrior ipse est
 vultus, et incomptis brevior mensura capillis,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IX

shall thirst. Why do you come, Juno, goddess of brides, and Hymen, to these wedding rites, where no man takes the woman for his bride, but where both are brides?" She broke off speech with these words. The other maiden burned with equal love, and prayed, Hymen, that you would make haste to come. And Telethusa, fearing what Ianthé sought, put off the time, now causing delay because of a pretended sickness, often giving for reason some ill-omened vision she had seen. But now she had exhausted every possible excuse, and the postponed wedding-day was close at hand, and but one more day remained. Then the mother took the encircling fillets from her own and her daughter's heads, and with flowing locks she prayed, clinging to the altar: "O Isis, who dwellest in Paraetonium and the Mareotic fields and Pharos and the sevenfold waters of the Nile, help us, I pray, and heal our sore distress. Thee, goddess, thee and these thy symbols once I saw and recognized them all—the clashing sound, thy train, the torches, [the rattling] of the sistra—and with retentive mind I noted thy commands. That this, my daughter still looks on the light, that I have not been punished, behold, is all of thy counsel and thy gift. Pity us two, and help us with thy aid!" Tears followed on her words. The goddess seemed to move, nay, moved her altar, the doors of the temple shook, her moon-shaped horns shot forth gleams of light and the sistrum rattled noisily. Not yet quite free from care and yet rejoicing in the good omen, the mother left the temple; and Iphis walked beside her as she went, but with a longer stride than was her wont. Her face seemed of a darker hue, her strength seemed greater, her very features sharper, and her locks, all unadorned, were

OVID

plusque vigoris adest, habuit quam femina. nam
 quae 790
 femina nuper eras, puer es ! date munera templis,
 nec timida gaudete fide ! dant munera templis,
 addunt et titulum : titulus breve carmen habebat :
 DONA · PUER · SOLVIT · QUAE · FEMINA · VOVERAT · IPHIS.
 postera lux radiis latum patefecerat orbem, 795
 cum Venus et Iuno sociosque Hymenaeus ad ignes
 conveniunt, potiturque sua puer Iphis Ianthe.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IX

shorter than before. She seemed more vigorous than was her girlish wont. In fact, you who but lately were a girl are now a boy! Go, make your offerings at the shrines; rejoice with gladness unafraid! They make their offerings at the shrines and add a votive tablet; the tablet had this brief inscription: THESE GIFTS AS MAN DID IPHIS PAY WHICH ONCE AS MAID HE VOWED. The morrow's sun had revealed the broad world with its rays, when Venus, Juno, and Hymen met at the marriage fires, and the boy Iphis gained his Ianthe.

BOOK X

LIBER X

INDE per inmensum croceo velatus amictu
aethera digreditur Ciconumque Hymenaeus ad oras
tendit et Orphea nequiquam voce vocatur.
adfuit ille quidem, sed nec sollemnia verba
nec laetos vultus nec felix attulit omen. 5
fax quoque, quam tenuit, lacrimoso stridula fumo
usque fuit nullosque invenit motibus ignes.
exitus auspicio gravior: nam nupta per herbas
dum nova naiadum turba comitata vagatur,
occidit in talum serpentis dente recepto. 10
quam satis ad superas postquam Rhodopeius auras
deflevit vates, ne non temptaret et umbras,
ad Styga Taenaria est ausus descendere porta
perque leves populos simulacraque functa sepulcro
Persephonen adiit inamoenaque regna tenentem 15
umbrarum dominum pulsisque ad carmina nervis
sic ait: "o positi sub terra numina mundi,
in quem reccidimus, quicquid mortale creamur,
si licet et falsi positis anbagibus oris
vera loqui sinitis, non huc, ut opaca viderem 20
Tartara, descendi, nec uti villosa colubris
terna Medusaei vincirem guttura monstri

BOOK X

THENCE through the boundless air Hymen, clad in a saffron mantle, departed and took his way to the country of the Ciconians, and was summoned by the voice of Orpheus, though all in vain. He was present, it is true; but he brought neither the hallowed words, nor joyous faces, nor lucky omen. The torch also which he held kept sputtering and filled the eyes with smoke, nor would it catch fire for any brandishing. The outcome of the wedding was worse than the beginning; for while the bride was strolling through the grass with a group of naiads in attendance, she fell dead, smitten in the ankle by a serpent's tooth. When the bard of Rhodope had mourned her to the full in the upper world, that he might try the shades as well he dared to go down to the Stygian world through the gate of Taenarus. And through the unsubstantial throngs and the ghosts who had received burial, he came to Persephone and him who rules those unlovely realms, lord of the shades. Then, singing to the music of his lyre, he said: "O ye divinities who rule the world which lies beneath the earth, to which we all fall back who are born mortal, if it is lawful and you permit me to lay aside all false and doubtful speech and tell the simple truth: I have not come down hither to see dark Tartarus, nor yet to bind the three necks of Medusa's monstrous offspring, rough with serpents. The cause

OVID

causa viae est coniunx, in quam calcata venenum
 vipera diffudit crescentesque abstulit annos.
 posse pati volui nec me temptasse negabo : 25
 vicit Amor. supera deus hic bene notus in ora est ;
 an sit et hic, dubito : sed et hic tamen auguror esse,
 fama que si veteris non est mentita rapinae,
 vos quoque iunxit Amor. per ego haec loca plena
 timoris,
 per Chaos hoc ingens vastique silentia regni, 30
 Eurydices, oro, properata retexite fata.
 omnia debemur vobis, paulumque morati
 serius aut citius sedem properamus ad unam.
 tendimus huc omnes, haec est domus ultima, vosque
 humani generis longissima regna tenetis. 35
 haec quoque, cum iustos matura peregerit annos,
 iuris erit vestri : pro munere poscimus usum ;
 quodsi fata negant veniam pro coniuge, certum est
 nolle redire mihi : leto gaudete duorum."

Talia dicentem nervosque ad verba moventem 40
 exsanguis flebant animae ; nec Tantalus undam
 captavit refugam, stupuitque Ixionis orbis,
 nec carpsere iecur volucres, urnisque vacarunt
 Belides, inque tuo sedisti, Sisypho, saxo.
 tunc primum lacrimis victarum carmine fama est 45
 Eumenidum maduisse genas, nec regia coniunx
 sustinet oranti nec, qui regit ima, negare,
 Eurydicenque vocant : umbras erat illa recentes
 inter et incessit passu de vulnere tardo.
 hanc simul et legem Rhodopeius accipit Orpheus, 50

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

of my journey is my wife, into whose body a trodden serpent shot his poison and so snatched away her budding years. I have desired strength to endure, and I will not deny that I have tried to bear it. But Love has overcome me, a god well-known in the upper world, but whether here or not I do not know; and yet I surmise that he is known here as well, and if the story of that old-time ravishment is not false, you, too, were joined by Love. By these fearsome places, by this huge void and these vast and silent realms, I beg of you, unravel the fates of my Eurydice, too quickly run. We are in all things due to you, and though we tarry on earth a little while, slow or swift we speed to one abode. Hither we all make our way; this is our final home; yours is the longest sway over the human race. She also shall be yours to rule when of ripe age she shall have lived out her allotted years. I ask the enjoyment of her as a boon; but if the fates deny this privilege for my wife, I am resolved not to return. Rejoice in the death of two."

As he spoke thus, accompanying his words with the music of his lyre, the bloodless spirits wept; Tantalus did not catch at the fleeing wave; Ixion's wheel stopped in wonder; the vultures did not pluck at the liver;¹ the Belides rested from their urns, and thou, O Sisyphus, didst sit *ὑπὸ* thy stone. Then first, tradition says, conquered by the song, the cheeks of the Eumenides were wet with tears; nor could the queen nor he who rules the lower world refuse the suppliant. They called Eurydice. She was among the new shades and came with steps halting from her wound. Orpheus, the Thracian, then received his wife and with her this condition, that he

¹ *i.e.* of Tityus.

OID

ne flectat retro sua lumina, donec Avernas
exierit valles ; aut irrita dona futura.
carpitur adelivis per muta silentia trames,
arduus, obscurus, caligine densus opaca,
nec procul afuerunt telluris margine summae : 55
hic, ne deficeret, metuens avidusque videndi
flexit amans oculos, et protinus illa relapsa est.
bracchiaque intendens prendique et prendere certans
nil nisi cedentes infelix arripit auras, 59
iamque iterum moriens non est de coniuge quicquam
questa suo (quid enim nisi se quereretur amatam ?)
supremumque "vale," quod iam vix auribus ille
acciperet, dixit revolutaque rursus eodem est.

Non aliter stupuit gemina nece coniugis Orpheus,
quam tria qui timidus, medio portante catenas, 65
colla canis vidit, quem non pavor ante reliquit,
quam natura prior saxo per corpus oborto,
quique in se crimen traxit voluitque videri
Olenos esse nocens, tuque, o confisa figurae
infelix Lethaea tuae, iunctissima quondam 70
pectora, nunc lapides, quos umida sustinet Ide.
orantem frustra que iterum transire volentem
portitor arcuerat : septem tamen ille diebus
squalidus in ripa Cereris sine munere sedit ;
cura dolorque animi lacrimaeque alimenta fuere. 75

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

should not turn his eyes backward until he had gone forth from the valley of Avernus, or else the gift would be in vain. They took the up-sloping path through places of utter silence, a steep path, indistinct and clouded in pitchy darkness. And now they were nearing the margin of the upper earth, when he, afraid that she might fail him, eager for sight of her, turned back his longing eyes; and instantly she slipped into the depths. He stretched out his arms, eager to catch her or to feel her clasp; but, unhappy one, he clasped nothing but the yielding air. And now, dying a second time, she made no complaint against her husband; for of what could she complain save that she was beloved? She spake one last "farewell" which scarcely reached her husband's ears, and fell back again to the place whence she had come.

By his wife's double death Orpheus was stunned, like that frightened creature¹ who saw the three-headed dog with chains on his middle neck, whose numbing terror left him only when his former nature left, and the petrifying power crept through his body; or like that Olenos,² who took sin upon himself and was willing to seem guilty; and like you, luckless Lethaea,³ too boastful of your beauty, once two hearts joined in close embrace, but now two stones which well-watered Ida holds. Orpheus prayed and wished in vain to cross the Styx a second time, but the keeper drove him back. Seven days he sat there on the bank in filthy rags and with no taste of food. Care, anguish of soul, and tears were his nourishment. Complaining that the gods of

¹ A man, unknown, who is said to have turned to stone at sight of Cerberus led in chains by Hercules.

² See Index.

³ See Index.

OVID

esse deos Erebi crudeles questus, in altam
se recipit Rhodopen pulsumque aquilonibus Haemum.

Tertius aequoreis inclusum Piscibus annum
finierat Titan, omnemque refugerat Orpheus
femineam Venerem, seu quod male cesserat illi, 80
sive fidem dederat; multas tamen ardor habebat
iungere se vati, multae doluere repulsae
ille etiam Thracum populis fuit auctor amorem
in teneros transferre mares citraque iuventam
aetatis breve ver et primos carpere flores. 85

Collis erat collemque super planissima campi
area, quam viridem faciebant graminis herbae:
umbra loco deerat; qua postquam parte resedit
dis genitus vates et fila sonantia movit,
umbra loco venit: non Chaonis afuit arbor, 90
non nemus Heliadum, non frondibus aesculus altis,
nec tiliae molles, nec fagus et innuba laurus,
et coryli fragiles et fraxinus utilis hastis
enodisque abies curvataque glandibus ilex
et platanus genialis acerque coloribus inpar 95
amnicolaeque simul salices et aquatica lotos
perpetuoque virens buxum tenuesque myricae
et bicolor myrtus et bacis caerulea tinus.
vos quoque, flexipedes hederæ, venistis et una
pampineae vites et amictae vitibus ulmi 100
ornique et piceae pomoque onerata rubenti
arbutus et lentæ, victoris præmia, palmae
et succincta comas hirsutaque vertice pinus,
grata deum matri, siquidem Cybeleius Attis
exuit hac hominem truncoque induruit illo. 105

Adfuit huic turbae metas imitata cupressus,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

Erebus were cruel, he betook himself to high Rhodope and wind-swept Haemus.

Three times had the sun finished the year and come to watery Pisces; and Orpheus had shunned all love of womankind, whether because it had gone so ill with him, or because he had so given his troth. Still, many women felt a passion for the bard; many grieved for their love repulsed. He set the example for the peoples of Thrace of giving his love to tender boys, and enjoying the springtime and first flower of their youth.

A hill there was, and on the hill a wide-extending plain, green with luxuriant grass; but the place was devoid of shade. When here the heaven-descended bard sat down and smote his sounding lyre, shade came to the place. There came the Chaonian oak, the grove of the Heliades,¹ the oak with its deep foliage, the soft linden, the beech, the virgin laurel-tree, the brittle hazel, the ash, suitable for spear-shafts, the smooth silver-fir, the ilex-tree bending with acorns, the pleasant plane, the many-coloured maple, river-haunting willows, the lotus, lover of the pools, the evergreen boxwood, the slender tamarisk, the double-hued myrtle, the viburnum with its dark-blue berries. You also, pliant-footed ivy, came, and along with you tendrilled grapes, and the elm-trees, draped with vines; the mountain-ash, the forest-pines, the arbuté-tree, loaded with ruddy fruit, the pliant palm, the prize of victory, the bare-trunked pine with broad, leafy top, pleasing to the mother of the gods, since Attis, dear to Cybele, exchanged for this his human form and stiffened in its trunk.

Amidst this throng came the cone-shaped cypress,

¹ The poplar-trees.

OVID

nunc arbor, puer ante deo dilectus ab illo,
 qui citharam nervis et nervis temperat arcum.
 namque sacer nymphis Carthaea tenentibus arva
 ingens cervus erat, lateque patentibus altas 110
 ipse suo capiti praebebat cornibus umbras.
 cornua fulgebant auro, demissaque in armos
 pendebant tereti gemmata monilia collo.
 bulla super frontem parvis argentea loris
 vincta movebatur parilique aetate: nitebant 115
 auribus e geminis circum cava tempora bacae;
 isque metu vacuus naturalique pavore
 deposito celebrare domos mulcendaque colla
 quamlibet ignotis manibus praebere solebat.
 sed tamen ante alios, Caeae pulcherrime gentis, 120
 gratus erat, Cyparisse, tibi: tu pabula cervum
 ad nova, tu liquidi ducebas fontis ad undam,
 tu modo texebas varios per cornua flores,
 nunc eques in tergo residens huc laetus et illuc
 mollia purpureis frenabas ora capistris. 125

Aestus erat mediusque dies, solisque vapore
 concava litorei fervebant brachia Caneri:
 fessus in herbosa posuit sua corpora terra
 cervus et arborea frigus ducebat ab umbra.
 hunc puer inprudens iaculo Cyparissus acuto 130
 fixit et, ut saevo morientem vulnere vidit,
 velle mori statuit. quae non solacia Phoebus
 dixit! ut hunc, leviter pro materiaque doleret,
 admonuit! gemit ille tamen munusque supremum
 hoc petit a superis, ut tempore lugeat omni. 135
 iamque per immensos egesto sanguine fletus
 in viridem verti coeperunt membra colorem,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

now a tree, but once a boy, beloved by that god who strings the lyre and strings the bow. For there was a mighty stag, sacred to the nymphs who haunt the Carthæan plains, whose wide-spreading antlers gave ample shade to his own head. His antlers gleamed with gold, and down on his shoulders hung a gem-mounted collar set on his rounded neck. Upon his forehead a silver boss bound with small thongs was worn, and worn there from his birth. Pendent from both his ears, about his hollow temples, were gleaming pearls. He, quite devoid of fear and with none of his natural shyness, frequented men's homes and let even strangers stroke his neck. But more than to all the rest, O Cyparissus, loveliest of the Cean race, was he dear to you. 'Twas you who led the stag to fresh pasturage and to the waters of the clear spring. Now would you weave bright garlands for his horns; now, sitting like a horseman on his back, now here, now there, would gleefully guide his soft mouth with purple reins.

'Twas high noon on a summer's day, when the spreading claws of the shore-loving Crab were burning with the sun's hot rays. Weary, the stag had lain down upon the grassy earth and was drinking in the coolness of the forest shade. Him, all unwittingly, the boy, Cyparissus, pierced with a sharp javelin, and when he saw him dying of the cruel wound, he resolved on death himself. What did not Phoebus say to comfort him! How he warned him to grieve in moderation and consistently with the occasion! The lad only groaned and begged this as the boon he most desired from heaven, that he might mourn for ever. And now, as his life forces were exhausted by endless weeping, his limbs began to change to a green colour, and his locks, which but

OVID

et, modo qui nivea pendebant fronte capilli,
 horrida caesaries fieri sumptoque rigore
 sidereum gracili spectare cacumine caelum. 140
 ingemuit tristisque deus "lugebere nobis
 lugebisque alios aderisque dolentibus" inquit.

Tale nemus vates attraxerat inque ferarum
 concilio medius turba volucrumque sedebat.
 ut satis impulsas temptavit pollice chordas 145
 et sensit varios, quamvis diversa sonarent,
 concordare modos, hoc vocem carmine movit:
 "ab Iove, Musa parens, (cedunt Iovis omnia
 regno,)

carmina nostra move! Iovis est mihi saepe potestas
 dicta prius: cecini plectro graviore Gigantas 150
 sparsaque Phlegraeis victricia fulmina campis.
 nunc opus est levioere lyra, puerosque canamus
 dilectos superis inconcessisque puellas
 ignibus attonitas meruisse libidine poenam.

"Rex superum Phrygii quondam Ganymedis amore
 arsit, et inventum est aliquid, quod Iuppiter esse, 156
 quam quod erat, mallet. nulla tamen alite verti
 dignatur, nisi quae posset sua fulmina ferre.
 nec mora, percusso mendacibus aere pennis
 abripit Iliaden; qui nunc quoque pocula miscet 160
 invitaque Iovi nectar Iunone ministrat.

"Te quoque, Amyclide, posuisset in aethere Phoebus,
 tristia si spatium ponendi fata dedissent.
 qua licet, aeternus tamen es, quotiensque repellit
 ver hiemem, Piscique Aries succedit aquoso, 165

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

now overhung his snowy brow, were turned to a bristling crest, and he became a stiff tree with slender top looking to the starry heavens. The god groaned and, full of sadness, said: "You shall be mourned by me, shall mourn for others, and your place shall always be where others grieve."

Such was the grove the bard had drawn, and he sat, the central figure in an assembly of wild beasts and birds. And when he had tried the chords by touching them with his thumb, and his ears told him that the notes were in harmony although they were of different pitch, he raised his voice in this song: "From Jove, O Muse, my mother—for all things yield to the sway of Jove—inspire my song! Oft have I sung the power of Jove before; I have sung the giants in a heavier strain, and the victorious bolts hurled on the Phlegraean plains. But now I need the gentler touch, for I would sing of boys beloved by gods, and maidens inflamed by unnatural love and paying the penalty of their lust.

"The king of the gods once burned with love for Phrygian Ganymede, and something was found which Jove would rather be than what he was. Still he did not deign to take the form of any bird save only that which could bear his thunderbolts. Without delay he cleft the air on his lying wings and stole away the Trojan boy, who even now, though against the will of Juno, mingles the nectar and attends the cups of Jove.

"You also, youth of Amyclae,¹ Phoebus would have set in the sky, if grim fate had given him time to set you there. Still in what fashion you may you are immortal: as often as spring drives winter out and the Ram succeeds the watery Fish, so often

¹ Hyacinthus.

OVID

tu totiens oreris viridique in caespite flores.
 te meus ante omnes genitor dilexit, et orbe
 in medio positi caruerunt praeside Delphi,
 dum deus Eurotan immunitamque frequentat
 Sparten, nec citharae nec sunt in honore sagittae :
 inmemor ipse sui non retia ferre recusat, 171
 non tenuisse canes, non per iuga montis iniqui
 ire comes, longaque alit adsuetudine flammās,
 iamque fere medius Titan venientis et actae
 noctis erat spatioque pari distabat utrimque, 175
 corpora veste levant et suco pinguis olivi
 splendescunt latique ineunt certamina disci.
 quem prius aérias libratum Phoebus in auras
 misit et oppositas disiecit pondere nubes ;
 reccidit in solitam longo post tempore terram 180
 pondus et exhibuit iunctam cum viribus artem.
 protinus inprudens actusque cupidine lusus
 tollere Taenarides orbem properabat, at illum
 dura repercussum subiecit in aera tellus
 in vultus, Hyacinthe, tuos. expalluit aequae 185
 quam puer ipse deus conlapsosque excipit artus,
 et modo te refovet, modo tristia vulnera siccant,
 nunc animam admotis fugientem sustinet herbis.
 nil prosunt artes : erat inmedicabile vulnus.
 ut, si quis violas rigidumve papaver in horto 190
 liliaque infringat fulvis horrentia linguis,
 mareida demittant subito caput illa vietum
 nec se sustineant spectentque cacumine terram :

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

do you come up and blossom on the green turf. Above all others did my father love you, and Delphi, set at the very centre of the earth, lacked its presiding deity while the god was haunting Eurotas' stream and Sparta,¹ the unwalled. No more has he thought for zither or for bow. Entirely heedless of his usual pursuits, he refuses not to bear the nets, nor hold the dogs in leash, nor go as comrade along the rough mountain ridges. And so with long association he feeds his passion's flame. And now Titan was about midway 'twixt the coming and the banished night, standing at equal distance from both extremes; they strip themselves and, gleaming with rich olive oil, they try a contest with the broad discus. This, well poised, Phoebus sent flying through the air and cleft the opposite clouds with the heavy iron. Back to the wonted earth after long time it fell, revealing the hurler's skill and strength combined. Straightway the Taenarian² youth, heedless of danger and moved by eagerness for the game, ran out to take up the discus. But it bounded back into the air from the hard earth beneath full in your face, O Hyacinthus. The god grows deadly pale even as the boy, and catches up the huddled form; now he seeks to warm you again, now tries to staunch your dreadful wound, now strives to stay your parting soul with healing herbs. But his arts are of no avail; the wound is past all cure. Just as when in a garden, if someone should break off violets or stiff poppies or lilies, bristling with yellow stamens, fainting they suddenly droop their withered heads and can no longer stand erect, but gaze, with tops bowed low, upon the earth: so the

¹ The home of Hyacinthus.

² Poetic for Laconian, or Spartan.

OVID

sic vultus moriens iacet et defecta vigore
 ipsa sibi est oneri cervix umeroque recumbit. 195
 ‘laberis, Oealide, prima fraudate iuventa,’
 Phoebus ait ‘videoque tuum, mea crimina, vulnus.
 tu dolor es facinusque meum : mea dextera leto
 inscribenda tuo est. ego sum tibi funeris auctor.
 quae mea culpa tamen, nisi si lusisse vocari 200
 culpa potest, nisi culpa potest et amasse vocari ?
 atque utinam merito vitam tecumve liceret
 reddere ! quod quoniam fatali lege tenemur,
 semper eris mecum memorique haerebis in ore.
 te lyra pulsa manu, te carmina nostra sonabunt, 205
 flosque novus scripto gemitus imitabere nostros.
 tempus et illud erit, quo se fortissimus heros
 addat in hunc florem folioque legatur eodem.’
 talia dum vero memorantur Apollinis ore,
 ecce cruor, qui fusus humo signaverat herbas, 210
 desinit esse cruor, Tyrioque nitentior ostro
 flos oritur formamque capit, quam lilia, si non
 purpureus color his, argenteus esset in illis.
 non satis hoc Phoebus est (is enim fuit auctor honoris):
 ipse suos gemitus foliis inscribit, et AI AI 215
 flos habet inscriptum, funestaque littera ducta est.
 nec genuisse pudet Sparten Hyacinthon : honorque
 durat in hoc aevi, celebrandaque more priorum
 annua praelata redeunt Hyacinthia pompa.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

dying face lies prone, the neck, its strength all gone, cannot sustain its own weight and falls back upon the shoulders. 'Thou art fallen, defrauded of thy youth's prime, Oeбалides,'¹ says Phoebus, 'and in thy wound do I see my guilt; thou art my cause of grief and self-reproach; my hand must be proclaimed the cause of thy destruction. I am the author of thy death. And yet, what is my fault, unless my playing with thee can be called a fault, unless my loving thee can be called a fault? And oh, that I might give up my life for thee, so well-deserving, or give it up with thee! But since we are held from this by the laws of fate, thou shalt be always with me, and shalt stay on my mindful lips. Thee shall my lyre, struck by my hand, thee shall my songs proclaim. And as a new flower, by thy markings shalt thou imitate my groans. Also the time will come when a most valiant hero² shall be linked with this flower, and by the same markings shall he be known.' While Apollo thus spoke with truth-telling lips, behold, the blood, which had poured out on the ground and stained the grass, ceased to be blood, and in its place there sprang a flower brighter than Tyrian dye. It took the form of the lily, save that the one was of purple hue, while the other was silvery white. Phoebus, not satisfied with this—for 'twas he who wrought the honouring miracle—himself inscribed his grieving words upon the leaves, and the flower bore the marks, AI AI, letters of lamentation, drawn thereon. Sparta, too, was proud that Hyacinthus was her son, and even to this day his honour still endures; and still, as the anniversary returns, as did their sires, they celebrate the Hyacinthia in solemn festival.

¹ Descendant of Oeбалus, Spartan.

² Ajax.

OVID

" At si forte roges fecundam Amathunta metallis,
 an genuisse velit Propoetidas, abnuat aequae 221
 atque illos, gemino quondam quibus aspera cornu
 frons erat, unde etiam nomen traxere Cerastae.
 ante fores horum stabat Iovis Hospitis ara ;
 ignarus sceleris¹ quam si quis sanguine tinctam 225
 advena vidisset, mactatos crederet illic
 lactantes vitulos Amathusiacasque bidentes :
 hospes erat caesus ! sacris offensa nefandis
 ipsa suas urbes Ophiusiaque arva parabat
 deserere alma Venus. ' sed quid loca grata, quid urbes
 peccavere meae ? quod ' dixit ' crimen in illis ? ' 231
 exilio poenam potius gens inopia pendat
 vel nece vel siquid medium est mortisque fugaeque.
 idque quid esse potest, nisi versae poena figurae ? '
 dum dubitat, quo mutet eos, ad cornua vultum 235
 flexit et admonita est haec illis posse relinqui
 grandiaque in torvos transformat membra iuvencos.

" Sunt tamen obscenae Venerem Propoetides ausae
 esse negare deam ; pro quo sua numinis ira
 corpora cum fama primae vulgasse feruntur, 240
 utque pudor cessit, sanguisque induruit oris,
 in rigidum parvo silicem discrimine versae.

" Quas quia Pygmalion aevum per crimen agentis
 viderat, offensus vitiis, quae plurima menti
 femineae natura dedit, sine coniuge caelebs 245
 vivebat thalamicque diu consorte carebat.

¹ *The text is corrupt. Of the many MS. readings and conjectures this of N. Madvig seems best. Ehwald reads † in lugubris celeri †.*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

“But if you should chance to ask Amathus, rich in veins of ore, if she is proud of her Propoetides, she would repudiate both them and those whose foreheads once were deformed by two horns, whence also they took their name, Cerastae. Before their gates there used to stand an altar sacred to Jove, the god of hospitality; if any stranger, ignorant of the crime, had seen this altar all smeared with blood, he would suppose that suckling calves or two-year-old sheep of Amathus had been sacrificed thereon. ’Twas the blood of slaughtered guests! Outraged by these impious sacrifices, fostering Venus was preparing to desert her cities and her Ophiusian plains; ‘but,’ she said, ‘wherein have these pleasant regions, wherein have my cities sinned? What crime is there in them? Rather let this impious race pay the penalty by exile or by death, or by some punishment midway betwixt death and exile. And what other can that be than the penalty of a changed form?’ While she hesitates to what she shall change them, her eyes fall upon their horns, and she reminds herself that these can still be left to them. And so she changes their big bodies into savage bulls.

“But the foul Propoetides dared to deny the divinity of Venus. In consequence of this, through the wrath of the goddess they are said to have been the first to prostitute their bodies and their fame; and as their shame vanished and the blood of their faces hardened,¹ they were turned with but small change to hard stones.

“Pygmalion had seen these women spending their lives in shame, and, disgusted with the faults which in such full measure nature had given the female

¹ *i. e.* they lost the power to blush.

OVID

interea niveum mira feliciter arte
 sculpsit ebur formamque dedit, qua femina nasci
 nulla potest, operisque sui concepit amorem.
 virginis est verae facies, quam vivere credas, 250
 et, si non obstet reverentia, velle moveri :
 ars adeo latet arte sua. miratur et haurit
 pectore Pygmalion simulati corporis ignes.
 saepe manus operi temptantes admovet, an sit
 corpus an illud ebur, nec adhuc ebur esse fatetur.
 oscula dat reddique putat loquiturque tenetque 256
 et credit tactis digitos insidere membris
 et metuit, pressos veniat ne livor in artus,
 et modo blanditias adhibet, modo grata puellis
 munera fert illi conchas teretesque lapillos 260
 et parvas volucres et flores mille colorum
 liliaque pictasque pilas et ab arbore lapsas
 Heliadum lacrimas ; ornat quoque vestibus artus,
 dat digitis gemmas, dat longa monilia collo,
 aure leves baccae, redimicula pectore pendent : 265
 cuncta decent ; nec nuda minus formosa videtur.
 conlocat hanc stratis concha Sidonide tinctis
 dapellatque tori sociam adclinataque colla
 mollibus in plumis, tamquam sensura, reponit.
 “ Festa dies Veneris tota celeberrima Cypro 270
 venerat, et pandis inductae cornibus aurum
 conciderant ictae nivea cervice iuvencae,
 turaque fumabant, cum munere functus ad aras

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

mind, he lived unmarried and long was without a partner of his couch. Meanwhile, with wondrous art he successfully carves a figure out of snowy ivory, giving it a beauty more perfect than that of any woman ever born. And with his own work he falls in love. The face is that of a real maiden, whom you would think living and desirous of being moved, if modesty did not prevent. So does his art conceal his art. Pygmalion looks in admiration and is inflamed with love for this semblance of a form. Often he lifts his hands to the work to try whether it be flesh or ivory; nor does he yet confess it to be ivory. He kisses it and thinks his kisses are returned. He speaks to it, grasps it and seems to feel his fingers sink into the limbs when he touches them; and then he fears lest he leave marks of bruises on them. Now he addresses it with fond words of love, now brings it gifts pleasing to girls, shells and smooth pebbles, little birds and many-hued flowers, and lilies and coloured balls, with tears¹ of the Heliades that drop down from the trees. He drapes its limbs also with robes, puts gemmed rings upon its fingers and a long necklace around its neck; pearls hang from the ears and chains adorn the breast. All these are beautiful; but no less beautiful is the statue unadorned. He lays it on a bed spread with coverlets of Tyrian hue, calls it the consort of his couch, and rests its reclining head upon soft, downy pillows, as if it could enjoy them.

“And now the festal day of Venus had come, which all Cyprus thronged to celebrate; heifers with spreading horns covered with gold had fallen 'neath the death-stroke on their snowy necks, and the altars smoked with incense. Pygmalion, having

¹ i.e. amber.

OVID

constitit et timide ' si di dare cuncta potestis,
 sit coniunx, opto,' non ausus ' eburnea virgo ' 275
 dicere, Pygmalion ' similis mea ' dixit ' eburnae.'
 sensit, ut ipsa suis aderat Venus aurea festis,
 vota quid illa velint et, amici numinis omen,
 flamma ter accensa est apicemque per aera duxit.
 ut rediit, simulacra suae petit ille puellae 280
 incumbensque toro dedit oscula : visa tepere est ;
 admovet os iterum, manibus quoque pectora temptat :
 temptatum mollescit ebur positoque rigore
 subsidit digitis ceditque, ut Hymettia sole
 cera remollescit tractataque pollice multas 285
 flectitur in facies ipsoque fit utilis usu.
 dum stupet et dubie gaudet fallique veretur,
 rursus amans rursusque manu sua vota retractat.
 corpus erat ! saliunt temptatae pollice venae.
 tum vero Paphius plenissima concipit heros 290
 verba, quibus Veneri grates agat, oraque tandem
 ore suo non falsa premit, dataque oscula virgo
 sensit et erubuit timidumque ad lumina lumen
 attollens pariter cum caelo vidit amantem.
 coniugio, quod fecit, adest dea, iamque coactis 295
 cornibus in plenum noviens lunaribus orbem
 illa Paphon genuit, de qua tenet insula nomen.
 " Editus hac ille est, qui si sine prole fuisset,
 inter felices Cnyras potuisset haberi.
 dira canam ; procul hinc natae, procul este parentes,
 aut, mea si vestras mulcebunt carmina mentes, 301
 desit in hac mihi parte fides, nec credite factum,

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brought his gift to the altar, stood and falteringly prayed: 'If ye, O gods, can give all things, I pray to have as wife——' he did not dare add 'my ivory maid,' but said, 'one like my ivory maid.' But golden Venus (for she herself was present at her feast) knew what that prayer meant; and, as an omen of her favouring deity, thrice did the flame burn brightly and leap high in air. When he returned he sought the image of his maid, and bending over the couch he kissed her. She seemed warm to his touch. Again he kissed her, and with his hands also he touched her breast. The ivory grew soft to his touch and, its hardness vanishing, gave and yielded beneath his fingers, as Hymettian wax grows soft under the sun and, moulded by the thumb, is easily shaped to many forms and becomes usable through use itself. The lover stands amazed, rejoices still in doubt, fears he is mistaken, and tries his hopes again and yet again with his hand. Yes, it was real flesh! The veins were pulsing beneath his testing finger. Then did the Paphian hero pour out copious thanks to Venus, and again pressed with his lips real lips at last. The maiden felt the kisses, blushed and, lifting her timid eyes up to the light, she saw the sky and her lover at the same time. The goddess graced with her presence the marriage she had made; and ere the ninth moon had brought her crescent to the full, a daughter was born to them, Paphos, from whom the island takes its name.

"Cinyras was her son and, had he been without offspring, might have been counted fortunate. A horrible tale I have to tell. Far hence be daughters, far hence, fathers; or, if your minds find pleasure in my songs, do not give credence to this story, and believe that it never happened; or, if you do believe

OVID

vel, si credetis, facti quoque credite poenam.
 si tamen admissum sinit hoc natura videri,
 gentibus Ismariis et nostro gratulor orbi, 305
 gratulor huic terrae, quod abest regionibus illis,
 quae tantum genuere nefas : sit dives amomo
 cinnamaque costumque suum sudataque ligno
 tura ferat floresque alios Panchaia tellus,
 dum ferat et murrā : tanti nova non fuit arbor. 310
 ipse negat nocuisse tibi sua tela Cupido,
 Myrrha, facesque suas a crimine vindicat isto ;
 stipite te Stygio tumidisque adflavit echidnis
 e tribus una soror : scelus est odisse parentem,
 hic amor est odio maius scelus.—undique lecti 315
 te cupiunt proceres, totoque Oriente iuventa
 ad thalami certamen adest : ex omnibus unum
 elige, Myrrha, virum, dum ne sit in omnibus unus.
 illa quidem sentit foedoque repugnat amori
 et secum ‘ quo mente feror ? quid molior ? ’ inquit
 ‘ di, precor, et pietas sacrataque iura parentum, 321
 hoc prohibete nefas scelerique resistite nostro,
 si tamen hoc scelus est. sed enim damnare negatur
 hanc Venerem pietas : coeunt animalia nullo
 cetera dilectu, nec habetur turpe iuvencae 325
 ferre patrem tergo, fit equo sua filia coniunx,
 quasque creavit init pecudes caper, ipsaque, cuius
 semine concepta est, ex illo concipit ales.
 felices, quibus ista licent ! humana malignas
 cura dedit leges, et quod natura remittit, 330
 invida iura negant. gentes tamen esse feruntur,
 86

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it, believe also in the punishment of the deed. If, however, nature allows a crime like this to show itself, I congratulate the Ismarian people, and this our country; I congratulate this land on being far away from those regions where such iniquity is possible. Let the land of Panchaia be rich in balsam, let it bear its cinnamon, its costum, its frankincense exuding from the trees, its flowers of many sorts, so long as it bears its myrrh-tree, too: a new tree was not worth so great a price. Cupid himself avers that his weapons did not harm you, Myrrha, and clears his torches from that crime of yours. One of the three sisters with firebrand from the Styx and with swollen vipers blasted you. 'Tis a crime to hate one's father, but such love as this is a greater crime than hate. From every side the pick of princes desire you; from the whole Orient young men are here vying for your couch; out of them all choose one for your husband, Myrrha, only let not one¹ be among them all. She, indeed, is fully aware of her vile passion and fights against it and says within herself: 'To what is my purpose tending? What am I planning? O gods, I pray you, and piety and the sacred rights of parents, keep this sin from me and fight off my crime, if indeed it is a crime. But I am not sure, for piety refuses to condemn such love as this. Other animals mate as they will, nor is it thought base for a heifer to endure her sire, nor for his own offspring to be a horse's mate; the goat goes in among the flocks which he has fathered, and the very birds conceive from those from whom they were conceived. Happy they who have such privilege! Human civilization has made spiteful laws, and what nature allows, the jealous laws forbid. And

¹ *i.e.* her father.

OVID

in quibus et nato genetrix et nata parenti
 iungitur, ut pietas geminato crescat amore.
 me miseram, quod non nasci mihi contigit illic,
 fortunaque loci laedor!—quid in ista revolvor? 335
 spes interdictae, discedite! dignus amari
 ille, sed ut pater, est.—ergo, si filia magni
 non essem Cinyrac, Cinyrae concumbere possem:
 nunc, quia iam meus est, non est meus, ipsaque damno
 est mihi proximitas, aliena potentior essem? 340
 ire libet procul hinc patriaeque relinquere fines,
 dum scelus effugiam; retinet malus ardor amantem,
 ut praesens spectem Cinyram tangamque loquarque
 osculaque admoveam, si nil conceditur ultra.
 ultra autem spectare aliquid potes, impia virgo? 345
 et quot confundas et iura et nomina, sentis!
 tunc eris et matris paelex et adultera patris?
 tunc soror nati genetrixque vocabere fratris?
 nec metues atro crinitas angue sorores,
 quas facibus saevis oculos atque ora petentes 350
 noxia corda vident? at tu, dum corpore non es
 passa nefas, animo ne concipe neve potentis
 concubitu vetito naturae pollue foedus!
 velle puta: res ipsa vetat; pius ille memorque
 moris—et o vellem similis furor esset in illo!’ 355
 “Dixerat, at Cinyras, quem copia digna procorum,
 quid faciat, dubitare facit, scitatur ab ipsa,
 nominibus dictis, cuius velit esse mariti;
 illa silet primo patriisque in vultibus haerens
 aestuat et tepido suffundit lumina rore. 360

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yet they say that there are tribes among whom mother with son, daughter with father mates, so that natural love is increased by the double bond. Oh, wretched me, that it was not my lot to be born there, and that I am thwarted by the mere accident of place! Why do I dwell on such things? Avaunt, lawless desires! Worthy to be loved is he, but as a father.—Well, if I were not the daughter of great Cinyras, to Cinyras could I be joined. But as it is, because he is mine, he is not mine; and, while my very propinquity is my loss, would I as a stranger be better off? It is well to go far away, to leave the borders of my native land, if only I may flee from crime; but unhappy passion keeps the lover here, that I may see Cinyras face to face, may touch him, speak with him and kiss him, if nothing else is granted. But can you hope for aught else, you unnatural girl? Think how many ties, how many names you are confusing! Will you be the rival of your mother, the mistress of your father? Will you be called the sister of your son, the mother of your brother? And have you no fear of the sisters with black snakes in their hair, whom guilty souls see brandishing cruel torches before their eyes and faces? But you, while you have not yet sinned in body, do not conceive sin in your heart, and defile not great nature's law with unlawful union. Grant that you wish it: facts themselves forbid. He is a righteous man and heedful of moral law—and oh, how I wish a like passion were in him!

“She spoke; but Cinyras, whom a throng of worthy suitors caused to doubt what he should do, inquired of her herself, naming them over, whom she wished for husband. She is silent at first and, with gaze fixed on her father's face, wavers in doubt, while the

OVID

virginei Cinyras haec credens esse timoris,
 flere vetat siccataque genas atque oscula iungit ;
 Myrrha datis nimium gaudet consultaque, qualem
 optet habere virum, ' similem tibi ' dixit ; at ille
 non intellectam vocem conlaudat et ' esto 365
 tam pia semper ' ait. pietatis nomine dicto
 demisit vultus sceleris sibi conscia virgo.

“ Noctis erat medium, curasque et corpora somnus
 solverat ; at virgo Cinyreia pervigil igni
 carpitur indomito furiosaque vota retractat 370
 et modo desperat, modo vult temptare, pudetque
 et cupit, et, quid agat, non invenit, utque securi
 saucia trabs ingens, ubi plaga novissima restat,
 quo cadat, in dubio est omnique a parte timetur,
 sic animus vario labefactus vulnere nutat 375
 huc levis atque illuc momentaque sumit utroque,
 nec modus et requies, nisi mors, reperitur amoris.
 mors placet. erigitur laqueoque innectere fauces
 destinat et zona summo de poste revincta
 ' care, vale, Cinyra, causamque intellege mortis ! ' 380
 dixit et aptabat pallenti vincula collo.

“ Murmura verborum fidas nutricis ad aures
 pervenisse ferunt limen servantis alumnae.
 surgit anus reseratque fores mortisque paratae
 instrumenta videns spatio conclamat eodem 385
 seque ferit scinditque sinus ereptaque collo
 vincula dilaniat ; tum denique flere vacavit,
 tum dare complexus laqueique requirere causam.
 muta silet virgo terramque inmota tuetur

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warm tears fill her eyes. Cinyras, attributing this to maidenly alarm, bids her not to weep, dries her cheeks and kisses her on the lips. Myrrha is too rejoiced at this and, being asked what kind of husband she desires, says: 'One like you.' But he approves her word, not understanding it, and says: 'May you always be so filial.' At the word 'filial' the girl, conscious of her guilt, casts down her eyes.

"It was midnight, and sleep had set free men's bodies from their cares; but the daughter of Cinyras, sleepless through the night, is consumed by un-governed passion, renews her mad prayers, is filled now with despair, now with lust to try, feels now shame and now desire, and finds no plan of action; and, just as a great tree, smitten by the axe, when all but the last blow has been struck, wavers which way to fall and threatens every side, so her mind, weakened by many blows, leans unsteadily now this way and now that, and falteringly turns in both directions; and no end nor rest for her passion can she find save death. She decides on death. She rises from her couch, resolved to hang herself, and, tying her girdle to a ceiling-beam, she says: 'Farewell, dear Cinyras, and know why I die,' and is in the act of fitting the rope about her death-pale neck.

"They say that the confused sound of her words came to the ears of the faithful nurse who watched outside her darling's door. The old woman rises and opens the door; and when she sees the preparations for death, all in the same moment she screams, beats her breasts and rends her garments, and seizes and snatches off the rope from the girl's neck. Then at last she has time to weep, time to embrace her and ask the reason for the noose. The girl is stubbornly silent, gazes fixedly on the ground,

et deprensa dolet tardae conamina mortis. 390
 instat anus canosque suos et inania nudans
 ubera per cunas alimenta que prima precatur,
 ut sibi committat, quicquid dolet. illa rogantem
 aversata gemit; certa est exquirere nutrix
 nec solam spondere fidem. 'dic' inquit 'opemque
 me sine ferre tibi: non est mea pigra senectus. 396
 seu furor est, habeo, quae carmine sanet et herbis;
 sive aliquis nocuit, magico lustrabere ritu;
 ira deum sive est, sacris placabilis ira.
 quid rear ulterius? certe fortuna domusque 400
 sospes et in cursu est: vivunt genetrisque paterque.'
 Myrrha patre audito suspiria duxit ab imo
 pectore; nec nutrix etiamnum concipit ullum
 mente nefas aliquemque tamen praesentit amorem
 propositique tenax, quodcumque est, orat, ut ipsi 405
 indicet, et gremio lacrimantem tollit anili
 atque ita conplectens infirmis membra lacertis
 'sensimus,' inquit 'amas! et in hoc mea (pone
 timorem)
 sedulitas erit apta tibi, nec sentiet unquam
 hoc pater.' exiluit gremio furibunda torumque 410
 ore premens 'discede, precor, miseroque pudori
 parce!' ait; instanti 'discede, aut desine' dixit
 'quaerere, quid doleam! scelus est, quod scire laboras.'
 horret anus tremulasque manus annisque metuque
 tendit et ante pedes supplex procumbit alumnae 415
 et modo blanditur, modo, si non conscia fiat,
 terret et indicium laquei coeptaeque minatur

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

and grieves that her attempt at death, all too slow, has been detected. The old woman insists, bares her white hair and thin breasts, and begs by the girl's cradle and her first nourishment that she trust to her nurse her cause of grief. The girl turns away from her pleadings with a groan. The nurse is determined to find out, and promises more than confidence. 'Tell me,' she says, 'and let me help you; my old age is not without resources. If it be madness, I know one who has healing-charms and herbs; or if someone has worked an evil spell on you, you shall be purified with magic rites; or if the gods are wroth with you, wrath may be appeased by sacrifice. What further can I think? Surely your household fortunes are prosperous as usual; your mother and your father are alive and well.' At the name of father Myrrha sighed deeply from the bottom of her heart. Even now the nurse had no conception of any evil in the girl's soul, and yet she had a presentiment that it was some love affair, and with persistent purpose she begged her to tell her whatever it was. She took the weeping girl on her aged bosom, and so holding her in her feeble arms she said: 'I know, you are in love! and in this affair I shall be entirely devoted to your service, have no fear; nor shall your father ever know.' With a bound the mad girl leaped from her bosom and, burying her face in her couch, she said: 'Go away, I pray you, and spare my unhappy shame': still pressed, 'Go away,' she said again, 'or cease asking why I grieve. It is a crime, what you want so much to know.' The old woman is horrified and, stretching out her hands trembling with age and fear, she falls pleadingly at her nursling's feet, now coaxing and now frightening her if she does not tell; she both threatens to report the affair of the noose and attempt at death, and promises her help

OVID

mortis et officium commisso spondet amori.
 extulit illa caput lacrimisque inplevit obortis
 pectora nutricis conataque saepe fateri 420
 saepe tenet vocem pudibundaque vestibus ora
 texit et 'o' dixit 'felicem coniuge matrem!'

hactenus, et gemuit. gelidus nutricis in artus
 ossaque (sensit enim) penetrat tremor, albaque toto
 vertice canities rigidis stetit hirta capillis, 425
 multaque, ut excuteret diros, si posset, amores,
 addidit, at virgo scit se non falsa moneri;
 certa mori tamen est, si non potiatur amore.
 'vive,' ait haec, 'potiere tuo'—et, non ausa 'parente'
 dicere, conticuit promissaque numine firmat. 430

"Festa piae Cereris celebrabant annua matres
 illa, quibus nivea velatae corpora veste
 primitias frugum dant spicea sarta suarum
 perque novem noctes venerem tactusque viriles
 in vetitis numerant: turba Cenchreis in illa 435
 regis adest coniunx arcanaque sacra frequentat.
 ergo legitima vacuus dum coniuge lectus,
 nacta gravem vino Cinyram male sedula nutrix,
 nomine mentito veros exponit amores
 et faciem laudat; quaesitis virginis annis 440
 'par' ait 'est Myrrhae.' quam postquam adducere
 iussa est

utque domum rediit, 'gaude, mea' dixit 'alumna:
 vicimus!' infelix non toto pectore sentit
 laetitiam virgo, praesagaque pectora maerent,
 sed tamen et gaudet: tanta est discordia mentis. 445

"Tempus erat, quo cuncta silent, interque triones
 flexerat obliquo plaustrum temone Bootes:

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if she will confess her love. The girl lifts her head and fills her nurse's bosom with her rising tears; often she tries to confess, and often checks her words and hides her shamed face in her robes. Then she says: 'O mother, blest in your husband!'—only so much, and groans. Cold horror stole through the nurse's frame (for she understood), and her white hair stood up stiffly over all her head, and she said many things to banish, if she might, the mad passion. The girl knew that she was truly warned; still she was resolved on death if she could not have her desire. 'Live then,' said the other, 'have your'—she did not dare say 'father'; she said no more, calling on Heaven to confirm her promises.

"It was the time when married women were celebrating that annual festival of Ceres at which with bodies robed in white raiment they bring garlands of wheaten ears as the first offerings of their fruits, and for nine nights they count love and the touch of man among things forbidden. In that throng was Cenchreis, wife of the king, in constant attendance on the secret rites. And so since the king's bed was deprived of his lawful wife, the over-officious nurse, finding Cinyras drunk with wine, told him of one who loved him truly, giving a false name, and praised her beauty. When he asked the maiden's age, she said: 'The same as Myrrha's.' Bidden to fetch her, when she had reached home she cried: 'Rejoice, my child, we win!' Not with all her heart did the unhappy girl feel joy, and her mind was filled with sad forebodings; but still she did also rejoice; so inconsistent were her feelings.

"It was the time when all things are at rest, and between the Bears Boötes had turned his wain with

OVID

ad facinus venit illa suum ; fugit aurea caelo
luna, tegunt nigrae latitantia sidera nubes ;
nox caret igne suo ; primus tegis, Icare, vultus, 450
Erigoneque pio sacrata parentis amore.

ter pedis offensi signo est revocata, ter omen
funereus bubo letali carmine fecit :

it tamen, et tenebrae minuunt noxque atra pudorem ;
nutricisque manum laeva tenet, altera motu 455

caecum iter explorat. thalami iam limina tangit,

iamque fores aperit, iam ducitur intus : at illi

poplite succiduo genua intremuere, fugitque

et color et sanguis, animusque relinquit euntem.

quoque suo propior sceleri est, magis horret, et ausi
paenitet, et vellet non cognita posse reverti. 461

cunctantem longaeua manu deducit et alto

admotam lecto cum traderet ‘accipe,’ dixit,

‘ista tua est, Cinyra’ devotaque corpora iunxit.

accipit obsceno genitor sua viscera lecto 465

virgineosque metus levat hortaturque timentem.

forsitan aetatis quoque nomine ‘filia’ dixit,

dixit et illa ‘pater,’ sceleri ne nomina desint.

“ Plena patris thalamis excedit et in pia diro
semina fert utero conceptaque crimina portat. 470

postera nox facinus geminat, nec finis in illa est,

cum tandem Cinyras, avidus cognoscere amantem

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

down-pointing pole.¹ She came to her guilty deed. The golden moon fled from the sky; black clouds hid the skulking stars; night was without her usual fires. You were the first, Icarus, to cover your face, and you, Erigone, deified for your pious love of your father. Thrice was Myrrha stopped by the omen of the stumbling foot; thrice did the funereal screech-owl warn her by his uncanny cry: still on she went, her shame lessened by the black shadows of the night. With her left hand she holds fast to her nurse, and with the other she gropes her way through the dark. Now she reaches the threshold of the chamber, now she opens the door, now is led within. But her knees tremble and sink beneath her; colour and blood flee from her face, and her senses desert her as she goes. The nearer she is to her crime, the more she shudders at it, repents her of her boldness, would gladly turn back unrecognized. As she holds back, the aged crone leads her by the hand to the side of the high bed and, delivering her over, says: 'Take her, Cinyras, she is yours'; and leaves the doomed pair together. The father receives his own flesh in his incestuous bed, strives to calm her girlish fears, and speaks encouragingly to the shrinking girl. It chanced, by a name appropriate to her age, he called her 'daughter,' and she called him 'father,' that names might not be lacking to their guilt.

"Forth from the chamber she went, full of her father, with crime conceived within her womb. The next night repeated their guilt, nor was that the end. At length Cinyras, eager to recognize his mistress

¹ At midnight these constellations attain their highest point in the heavens, and thereafter begin their downward course.

OVID

post tot concubitus, inlato lumine vidit
 et scelus et natam verbisque dolore retentis
 pendenti nitidum vagina deripit ense ; 475
 Myrrha fugit : tenebrisque et caecae munere noctis
 intercepta neci est latosque vagata per agros
 palmiferos Arabas Panchaeaque rura relinquit
 perque novem erravit redeuntis cornua lunae,
 cum tandem terra requievit fessa Sabaea ; 480
 vixque uteri portabat onus. tum nescia voti
 atque inter mortisque metus et taedia vitae
 est tales complexa preces : ‘ o si qua patetis
 numina confessis, merui nec triste recuso
 supplicium, sed ne violem vivosque superstes 485
 mortuaeque extinctos, ambobus pellite regnis
 mutataeque mihi vitamque necemque negate !’
 numen confessis aliquod patet : ultima certe
 vota suos habuere deos. nam crura loquentis
 terra supervenit, ruptosque obliqua per ungues 490
 porrigitur radix, longi firmamina trunci,
 ossaque robur agunt, mediaque manente medulla
 sanguis it in sucos, in magnos bracchia ramos,
 in parvos digiti, duratur cortice pellis.
 iamque gravem crescens uterum perstrinxerat arbor
 pectoraque obruerat collumque operire parabat : 496
 non tulit illa moram venientique obvia ligno
 subsedit mersitque suos in cortice vultus.
 quae quamquam amisit veteres cum corpore sensus,
 flet tamen, et tepidae manant ex arbore guttae. 500
 est honor et lacrimis, stillataque robore murra
 nomen erile tenet nulloque tacebitur aevo.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

after so many meetings, brought in a light and beheld his crime and his daughter. Speechless with woe, he snatched his bright sword from the sheath which hung near by. Myrrha fled and escaped death by grace of the shades of the dark night. Groping her way through the broad fields, she left palm-bearing Arabia and the Panchaeon country; then, after nine months of wandering, in utter weariness she rested at last in the Sabaeon land. And now she could scarce bear the burden of her womb. Not knowing what to pray for, and in a strait betwixt fear of death and weariness of life, she summed up her wishes in this prayer: 'O gods, if any there be who will listen to my prayer, I do not refuse the dire punishment I have deserved; but lest, surviving, I offend the living, and, dying, I offend the dead, drive me from both realms; change me and refuse me both life and death!' Some god did listen to her prayer; her last petition had its answering gods. For even as she spoke the earth closed over her legs; roots burst forth from her toes and stretched out on either side the supports of the high trunk; her bones gained strength, and, while the central pith remained the same, her blood changed to sap, her arms to long branches, her fingers to twigs, her skin to hard bark. And now the growing tree had closely bound her heavy womb, had buried her breast and was just covering her neck; but she could not endure the delay and, meeting the rising wood, she sank down and plunged her face in the bark. Though she has lost her old-time feelings with her body, still she weeps, and the warm drops trickle down from the tree. Even the tears have fame, and the myrrh which distils from the tree-trunk keeps the name of its mistress and will be remembered through all the ages.

OVID

" At male conceptus sub robore creverat infans
 quaerebatque viam, qua se genetrice relicta
 exsereret; media gravidus tumet arbore venter. 505
 tendit onus matrem; neque habent sua verba dolores,
 nec Lucina potest parientis voce vocari.
 nitenti tamen est similis curvataque crebros
 dat gemitus arbor lacrimisque cadentibus umet.
 constitit ad ramos mitis Lucina dolentis 510
 admovitque manus et verba puerpera dixit:
 arbor agit rimas et fissa cortice vivum
 reddit onus, vagitque puer; quem mollibus herbis
 naides inpositum lacrimis unxere parentis.
 laudaret faciem Iavor quoque; qualia namque 515
 corpora nudorum tabula pinguntur Amorum,
 talis erat, sed, ne faciat discrimina cultus,
 aut huic adde leves, aut illi deme pharetras.

" Labitur occulte fallitque volatilis aetas,
 et nihil est annis velocius: ille sorore 520
 natus avoque suo, qui conditus arbore nuper,
 nuper erat genitus, modo formosissimus infans,
 iam iuvenis, iam vir, iam se formosior ipso est,
 iam placet et Veneri matrisque ulciscitur ignes.
 namque pharetratus dum dat puer oscula matri, 525
 inscius exstanti destrinxit harundine pectus;
 laesa manu natum dea reppulit: altius actum
 vulnus erat specie primoque fefellerat ipsam.
 capta viri forma non iam Cythereia curat
 litora, non alto repetit Paphon aequore cinctam 530
 piscosamque Cnidon gravidamve Amathunta metallis;

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

“But the misbegotten child had grown within the wood, and was now seeking a way by which it might leave its mother and come forth. The pregnant tree swells in mid-trunk, the weight within straining on its mother. The birth-pangs cannot voice themselves, nor can Lucina be called upon in the words of one in travail. Still, like a woman in agony, the tree bends itself, groans oft, and is wet with falling tears. Pitying Lucina stood near the groaning branches, laid her hands on them, and uttered charms to aid the birth. Then the tree cracked open, the bark was rent asunder, and it gave forth its living burden, a wailing baby-boy. The naiads laid him on soft leaves and anointed him with his mother’s tears. Even Envy would praise his beauty, for he looked like one of the naked loves portrayed on canvas. But, that dress may make no distinction, you should either give the one a light quiver or take it from the other.

“Time glides by imperceptibly and cheats us in its flight, and nothing is swifter than the years. That son of his sister and his grandfather, who was but lately concealed within his parent tree, but lately born, then a most lovely baby-boy, is now a youth, now man, now more beautiful than his former self; now he excites even Venus’ love, and avenges his mother’s passion. For while the goddess’ son, with quiver on shoulder, was kissing his mother, he chanced unwittingly to graze her breast with a projecting arrow. The wounded goddess pushed her son away with her hand; but the scratch had gone deeper than she thought, and she herself was at first deceived. Now, smitten with the beauty of a mortal, she cares no more for the borders of Cythera, nor does she seek Paphos, girt by the deep sea, nor fish-haunted Cnidos,

OVID

abstinet et caelo : caelo praefertur Adonis.
 hunc tenet, huic comes est adsuetaque semper in
 umbra
 indulgere sibi formamque augere colendo,
 per iuga, per silvas dumosaque saxa vagatur 535
 fine genu vestem ritu succincta Dianae
 hortaturque canes tutaeque animalia praedae,
 aut pronos lepores aut celsum in cornua cervum
 aut agitat dammas ; a fortibus abstinet apris
 raptoresque lupos armatosque unguibus ursos 540
 vitat et armenti saturatos caede leones.
 te quoque, ut hos timeas, siquid prodesse monendo
 posset, Adoni, monet, ' fortis' que ' fugacibus esto '
 inquit ; ' in audaces non est audacia tuta.
 parce meo, iuvenis, temerarius esse periclo, 545
 neve feras, quibus arma dedit natura, lacesse,
 stet mihi ne magno tua gloria. non movet aetas
 nec facies nec quae Venerem movere, leones
 saetigeresque sues oculosque animosque ferarum.
 fulmen habent acres in aduncis dentibus apri, 550
 impetus est fulvis et vasta leonibus ira,
 invisumque mihi genus est.' quae causa, roganti
 ' dicam,' ait ' et veteris monstrum mirabere culpae.
 sed labor insolitus iam me lassavit, et, ecce,
 opportuna sua blanditur populus umbra, 555
 datque torum caespes : libet hac requiescere tecum '
 (et requievit) ' humo ' pressitque et gramen et ipsum
 inque sinu iuvenis posita cervice reclinis
 sic ait ac mediis interserit oscula verbis :

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

nor Amathus, rich in precious ores. She stays away even from the skies; Adonis is preferred to heaven. She holds him fast, is his companion and, though her wont has always been to take her ease in the shade, and to enhance her beauty by fostering it, now, over mountain ridges, through the woods, over rocky places set with thorns, she ranges with her garments girt up to her knees after the manner of Diana. She also cheers on the hounds and pursues those creatures which are safe to hunt, such as the headlong hares, or the stag with high-branching horns, or the timid doe; but from strong wild boars she keeps away, and from ravenous wolves, and she avoids bears, armed with claws, and lions reeking with the slaughter of cattle. She warns you, too, Adonis, to fear these beasts, if only it were of any avail to warn. 'Be brave against timorous creatures,' she says; 'but against bold creatures boldness is not safe. Do not be rash, dear boy, at my risk; and do not provoke those beasts which nature has well armed, lest your glory be at great cost to me. Neither youth nor beauty, nor the things which have moved Venus, move lions and bristling boars and the eyes and minds of wild beasts. Boars have the force of a lightning stroke in their curving tusks, and the impetuous wrath of tawny lions is irresistible. I fear and hate them all.' When he asks her why, she says: 'I will tell, and you shall marvel at the monstrous outcome of an ancient crime. But now I am weary with my unaccustomed toil; and see, a poplar, happily at hand, invites us with its shade, and here is grassy turf for couch. I would fain rest here on the grass with you.' So saying, she reclined upon the ground and, pillowing her head against his breast and mingling kisses with her words she told the following tale:

OVID

“ ‘ Forsitan audieris aliquam certamine cursus 560
 veloces superasse viros : non fabula rumor
 ille fuit ; superabat enim. nec dicere posses,
 laude pedum formaene bono praestantior esset.
 scitanti deus huic de coniuge “ coniuge ” dixit
 “ nil opus est, Atalanta, tibi : fuge coniugis usum. 565
 nec tamen effugies teque ipsa viva carebis.”
 territa sorte dei per opacas innuba silvas
 vivit et instantem turbam violenta procorum
 condicione fugat, “ nec sum potienda, nisi ” inquit
 “ victa prius cursu. pedibus contendite mecum : 570
 praemia veloci coniunx thalamique dabuntur,
 mors pretium tardis : ea lex certaminis esto.”
 illa quidem inmitis, sed (tanta potentia formae est)
 venit ad hanc legem temeraria turba procorum.
 sederat Hippomenes cursus spectator iniqui 575
 et “ petitur cuiquam per tanta pericula coniunx ? ”
 dixerat ac nimios iuvenum damnarat amores ;
 ut faciem et posito corpus velamine vidit,
 quale meum, vel quale tuum, si femina fias,
 obstipuit tollensque manus “ ignoscite, ” dixit 580
 “ quos modo culpavi ! nondum mihi praemia nota,
 quae peteretis, erant.” laudando concipit ignes
 et, ne quis iuvenum currat velocius, optat
 invidiaque timet. “ sed cur certaminis huius
 intemptata mihi fortuna relinquitur ? ” inquit 585
 “ audentes deus ipse iuvat ! ” dum talia secum
 exigit Hippomenes, passu volat alite virgo.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

“You may, perchance, have heard of a maid who surpassed swift-footed men in the contest of the race. And that was no idle tale, for she did surpass them. Nor could you say whether her fleetness or her beauty was more worthy of your praise. Now when this maid consulted the oracle about a husband, the god replied: “A husband will be your bane, O Atalanta; flee from the intercourse of husband; and yet you will not escape, and, though living, you will lose yourself.” Terrified by the oracle of the god, she lived unwedded in the shady woods, and with harsh terms she repulsed the insistent throng of suitors. “I am not to be won,” she said, “till I be conquered first in speed. Contest the race with me. Wife and couch shall be given as prize unto the swift, but death shall be the reward of those who lag behind. Be that the condition of the race.” She, in truth, was pitiless, but such was the witchery of her beauty, even on this condition a rash throng of suitors came to try their fate. Now Hippomenes had taken his seat as a spectator of this cruel race, and had exclaimed: “Who would seek a wife at so great peril to himself?” and he had condemned the young men for their headstrong love. But when he saw her face and her disrobed form, such beauty as is mine, or as would be yours if you were a woman, he was amazed and, stretching out his hands, he cried: “Forgive me, ye whom but now I blamed. I did not yet realize the worth of the prize you strove for.” As he praises, his own heart takes fire and he hopes that none of the youths may outstrip her in the race, and is filled with jealous fears. “But why is my fortune in this contest left untried?” he cries. “God himself helps those who dare.” While thus Hippomenes was weighing the matter in his mind, the girl sped by

OVID

quae quamquam Scythica non setius ire sagitta
 Aonio visa est iuveni, tamen ille decorem
 miratur magis : et cursus facit ille decorem. 590.

aura refert ablata citis talaria plantis,
 tergaque iactantur crines per eburnea, quaeque
 poplitibus suberant picto genualia limbo ;
 inque puellari corpus candore ruborem
 traxerat, haud aliter, quam cum super atria velum
 candida purpureum simulatas inficit umbras. 596

dum notat haec hospes, decursa novissima meta est,
 et tegitur festa victrix Atalanta corona.

dant gemitum victi penduntque ex foedere poenas.

“ Non tamen eventu iuvenis deterritus horum
 constitit in medio vultuque in virgine fixo 601

“ quid facilem titulum superando quaeris inertes ?
 mecum confer ” ait. “ seu me fortuna potentem
 fecerit, a tanto non indignabere vinci :

namque mihi genitor Megareus Onchestius, illi 605
 est Neptunus avus, pronepos ego regis aquarum,
 nec virtus citra genus est ; seu vincar, habebis
 Hippomene victo magnum et memorabile nomen.”

talia dicentem molli Schoeneia vultu
 aspicit et dubitat, superari an vincere malit, 610

atque ita “ quis deus hunc formosis ” inquit “ iniquus
 perdere vult caraeque iubet discrimine vitae
 coniugium petere hoc ? non sum, me iudice, tanti.

nec forma tangor, (poteram tamen hac quoque tangi)
 sed quod adhuc puer est ; non me movet ipse, sed
 aetas. 615

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

on winged feet. Though she seemed to the Aonian youth to go not less swiftly than a Scythian arrow, yet he admired her beauty still more. And the running gave a beauty of its own. The breeze bore back the streaming pinions on her flying feet, her hair was tossed over her white shoulders; the bright-bordered ribbons at her knees were fluttering, and over her fair girlish body a pink flush came, just as when a purple awning, drawn over a marble hall, stains it with borrowed hues. While the stranger marked all this, the last goal was passed, and Atalanta was crowned victor with a festal wreath. But the conquered youths with groans paid the penalty according to the bond.

“Not deterred by the experience of these, however, Hippomenes stood forth and, fixing his eyes upon the girl, exclaimed: “Why do you seek an easily won renown by conquering sluggish youth? Come, strive with me! If fortune shall give me the victory, ’twill be no shame for you to be overcome by so great a foe. For Megareus of Onchestus is my father and his grandfather is Neptune; hence I am the great-grandson of the king of the waters. Nor is my manly worth less than my race. Or, if I shall be defeated, you will have a great and memorable name for the conquest of Hippomenes.” As he said this, the daughter of Schoeneus gazed on him with softening eyes, being in a strait betwixt her desire to conquer and to be conquered. And thus she spoke: “What god, envious of beauteous youths, wishes to destroy this one, and prompts him to seek wedlock with me at the risk of his own dear life? I am not worth so great a price, if I am the judge. Nor is it his beauty that touches me—and yet I could be touched by this as well—but the fact that he is still

quid, quod inest virtus et mens interrita leti?
 quid, quod ab aequorea numeratur origine quartus?
 quid, quod amat tantique putat conubia nostra.
 ut pereat, si me fors illi dura negarit?
 dum licet, hospes, abi thalamosque relinque cruentos
 coniugium crudele meum est, tibi nubere nulla 621
 nolet, et optari potes a sapiente puella.—
 cur tamen est mihi cura tui tot iam ante peremptis?
 viderit! intereat, quoniam tot caede procorum
 admonitus non est agiturque in taedia vitae.— 625
 occidet hic igitur, voluit quia vivere mecum,
 indignamque necem pretium patietur amoris?
 non erit invidiae victoria nostra ferendae.
 sed non culpa mea est! utinam desistere velles,
 aut, quoniam es demens, utinam velocior esses! 630
 a! quam virgineus puerili vultus in ore est!
 a! miser Hippomene, nollem tibi visa fuissem!
 vivere dignus eras. quodsi felicior essem,
 nec mihi coniugium fata inportuna negarent,
 unus eras, cum quo sociare cubilia vellem.” 635
 dixerat, utque rudis primoque cupidine tacta,
 quid facit ignorans, amat et non sentit amorem.

““ Iam solitos poscunt cursus populusque paterque,
 cum me sollicita proles Neptunia voce
 invocat Hippomenes “Cytherea,” que “conprecor,
 ausis 640
 adsit” ait “nostris et quos dedit, adiuvet ignes.”

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

but a boy. It is not he himself who moves me, but his youth. What of his manly courage and his soul fearless of death? What that he claims by birth to be the fourth from the monarch of the seas? What of his love for me, and that he counts marriage with me of so great worth that he would perish if cruel fate denies me to him? O stranger, go hence while still you may; flee from this bloody wedlock. Marriage with me is a fatal thing. No other maiden will refuse to wed you, and it may well be that a wiser girl will seek your love.—Yet why this care for you, since so many have already perished? Let him look to himself! let him perish, too, since by the death of so many suitors he was not warned, and cares so little for his life.—And shall he die, because he wished to live with me, and suffer undeserved death as the penalty of love? My victory will be attended by unbearable hatred against me. But the fault is none of mine. O sir, I would that you might desist, or, since you are so madly set upon it, would that you might prove the swifter! Ah, how girlish is his youthful face! Ah, poor Hippomenes, I would that you had never looked on me! You were so worthy of life. But if I were of happier fortune, and if the harsh fates did not deny me marriage, you were the only he with whom I should want to share my couch.” So speaks the maid; and, all untutored, feeling for the first time the impulse of love, ignorant of what she does, she loves and knows it not.

“‘ Meanwhile the people and her father demanded the accustomed race. Then did the Neptunian youth, Hippomenes, with suppliant voice call on me: “O may Cytherea,” he said, “be near, I pray, and assist the thing I dare and smile upon the love which she has given.” A kindly breeze bore this soft prayer to

OVID

detulit aura preces ad me non invida blandas :
 motaque sum, fateor, nec opis mora longa dabatur.
 est ager, indigenae Tamasenum nomine dicunt,
 telluris Cypriae pars optima, quam mihi prisci 645
 sacravere senes templisque accedere dotem
 hanc iussere meis ; medio nitet arbor in arvo,
 fulva comas, fulvo ramis crepitantibus auro :
 hinc tria forte mea veniens decerpta ferebam
 aurea poma manu nullique videnda nisi ipsi 650
 Hippomenen adii docuique, quis usus in illis.
 signa tubae dederant, cum carcere pronus uterque
 emicat et summam celeri pede libat harenam :
 posse putes illos sicco freta radere passu
 et segetis canae stantes percurrere aristas. 655
 adiciunt animos iuveni clamorque favorque
 verbaque dicentum “ nunc, nunc incumbere tempus !
 Hippomene, propera ! nunc viribus utere totis !
 pelle moram : vinces ! ” dubium, Megareius heros
 gaudeat an virgo magis his Schoeneia dictis. 660
 o quotiens, cum iam posset transire, morata est
 spectatosque diu vultus invita reliquit !
 aridus e lasso veniebat anhelitus ore,
 metaque erat longe : tum denique de tribus unum
 fetibus arboreis proles Neptunia misit. 665
 obstipuit virgo nitidique cupidine pomi
 declinat cursus aurumque volubile tollit ;
 praeterit Hippomenes : resonant spectacula plausu.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

me and I confess it moved my heart. And there was but scanty time to give him aid. There is a field, the natives call it the field of Tamasus, the richest portion of the Cyprian land, which in ancient times men set apart to me and bade my temples be enriched with this. Within this field there stands a tree gleaming with golden leaves and its branches crackle with the same bright gold. Fresh come from there, I chanced to have in my hand three golden apples which I had plucked. Revealing myself to no one save to him, I approached Hippomenes and taught him how to use the apples. The trumpets had sounded for the race, when they both, crouching low, flashed forth from their stalls and skimmed the surface of the sandy course with flying feet. You would think that they could graze the sea with un-wet feet and pass lightly over the ripened heads of the standing grain. The youth was cheered on by shouts of applause and the words of those who cried to him: "Now, now is the time to bend to the work, Hippomenes! Go on! Now use your utmost strength! No tarrying! You're sure to win!" It is a matter of doubt whether the heroic son of Megareus or the daughter of Schoeneus took more joy of these words. Oh, how often, when she could have passed him, did she delay and after gazing long upon his face reluctantly leave him behind! And now dry, panting breath came from his weary throat and the goal was still far away. Then at length did Neptune's scion throw one of the three golden apples. The maid beheld it with wonder and, eager to possess the shining fruit, she turned out of her course and picked up the rolling golden thing. Hippomenes passed her by while the spectators roared their applause. She by a burst of speed made

OVID

illa moram celeri cessataque tempora cursu
 corrigit atque iterum iuvenem post terga relinquit :
 et rursus pomi iactu remorata secundi 671
 consequitur transitque virum. pars ultima cursus
 restabat ; “ nunc ” inquit “ ades, dea muneris auctor ! ”
 inque latus campi, quo tardius illa rediret,
 iecit ab obliquo nitidum iuvenaliter aurum. 675
 an peteret, virgo visa est dubitare : coegi
 tollere et adieci sublato pondera malo
 inpediique oneris pariter gravitate moraque,
 neve meus sermo cursu sit tardior ipso,
 praeterita est virgo : duxit sua praemia victor. 680

“ ‘ Dignane, cui grates ageret, cui turis honorem
 ferret, Adoni, fui ? nec grates inmemor egit,
 nec mihi tura dedit. subitam convertor in iram,
 contemptuque dolens, ne sim spernenda futuris,
 exemplo caveo meque ipsa exhortor in ambos : 685
 templa, deum Matri quae quondam clarus Echion
 fecerat ex voto, nemorosis abdita silvis,
 transibant, et iter longum requiescere suasit ;
 illic concubitus intempestiva cupido
 occupat Hippomenen a numine concita nostro. 690
 luminis exigui fuerat prope templa recessus,
 speluncae similis, nativo pumice tectus,
 religione sacer prisca, quo multa sacerdos

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

up for her delay and the time that she had lost, and again left the youth behind her. Again she delayed at the tossing of the second apple, followed and passed the man. The last part of the course remained. "Now be near me, goddess, author of my gift!" he said, and obliquely into a side of the field, returning whence she would lose much time, with all his youthful strength he threw the shining gold. The girl seemed to hesitate whether or no she should go after it. I forced her to take it up, and added weight to the fruit she carried, and so impeded her equally with the weight of her burden and with her loss of time. And, lest my story be longer than the race itself, the maiden was outstripped; the victor led away his prize.

"And was I not worthy, Adonis, of being thanked and of having the honour of incense paid to me? But, forgetful of my services, he neither thanked nor offered incense to me. Then was I changed to sudden wrath and, smarting under the slight, and resolved not to be slighted in the future, I decided to make an example of them, and urged myself on against them both. They were passing by a temple deep hidden in the woods, which in ancient times illustrious Echion had built to the mother¹ of the gods in payment of a vow; and the long journey persuaded them to rest. There incontinent desire seized on Hippomenes, who was kindled by my divinity. Hard by the temple was a dimly lighted, cave-like place, built of soft native rock, hallowed by ancient religious veneration, where the priest had set many wooden images of the olden gods. This place he entered; this holy presence he defiled by lust. The sacred images turned away their eyes. The tower-

¹ Cybele.

OVID

lignea contulerat veterum simulacra deorum ;
 hunc init et vetito temerat sacraria probro. 695
 sacra retorserunt oculos, turritaque Mater
 an Stygia sontes dubitavit mergeret unda :
 poena levis visa est ; ergo modo levia fulvae
 colla iubae velant, digiti curvantur in ungues,
 ex umeris armi fiunt, in pectora totum 700
 pondus abit, summae cauda verruntur harenae ;
 iram vultus habet, pro verbis murmura reddunt,
 pro thalamis celebrant silvas aliisque timendi
 dente premunt domito Cybeleia frena leones.
 hos tu, care mihi, cumque his genus omne ferarum, 705
 quod non terga fugae, sed pugnae pectora praebet,
 effuge, ne virtus tua sit damnosa duobus !'

" Illa quidem monuit iunctisque per aera cygnis
 carpit iter, sed stat monitis contraria virtus.
 forte suem latebris vestigia certa secuti 710
 excivere canes, silvisque exire parantem
 fixerat obliquo iuvenis Cinyreius ictu :
 protinus excussit pando venabula rostro
 sanguine tincta suo trepidumque et tuta petentem
 trux aper insequitur totosque sub inguine dentes 715
 abdidit et fulva moribundum stravit harena.
 vecta levi curru medias Cytherea per auras
 Cypron olorinis nondum pervenerat alis :
 agnovit longe gemitum morientis et albas
 flexit aves illuc, utque aethere vidit ab alto 720
 exanimem inque suo iactantem sanguine corpus,
 desiluit pariterque sinum pariterque capillos
 rupit et indignis percussit pectora palmis
 quetaque cum fatis ' at non tamen omnia vestri

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

crowned Mother was on the verge of plunging the guilty pair beneath the waves of Styx; but the punishment seemed light. And so tawny manes covered their necks but now smooth, their fingers curved into claws, their arms changed to legs, their weight went chiefly to their chests, with tails they swept the surface of the sandy ground. Harsh were their features, rough growls they gave for speech, and for marriage chamber they haunted the wild woods. And now as lions, to others terrible, with tamed mouths they champed the bits of Cybele. These beasts, and with them all other savage things which turn not their backs in flight, but offer their breasts to battle, do you, for my sake, dear boy, avoid, lest your manly courage be the ruin of us both.'

"Thus the goddess warned and through the air, drawn by her swans, she took her way; but the boy's manly courage would not brook advice. It chanced his hounds, following a well-marked trail, roused up a wild boar from his hiding-place; and, as he was rushing from the wood, the young grandson of Cinyras pierced him with a glancing blow. Straightway the fierce boar with his curved snout rooted out the spear wet with his blood, and pursued the youth, now full of fear and running for his life; deep in the groin he sank his long tusks, and stretched the dying boy upon the yellow sand. Borne through the middle air by flying swans on her light car, Cytherea had not yet come to Cyprus, when she heard afar the groans of the dying youth and turned her white swans to go to him. And when from the high air she saw him lying lifeless and weltering in his blood, she leaped down, tore both her garments and her hair and beat her breasts with cruel hands. Reproaching fate, she said: 'But

OVID

iuris erunt' dixit. 'luctus monumenta manebunt
semper, Adoni, mei, repetitaque mortis imago 726
annua plangoris peraget simulamina nostri;
at cruor in florem mutabitur. an tibi quondam
femineos artus in olentes vertere mentas,
Persephone, licuit: nobis Cinyreius heros 730
invidiae mutatus erit?' sic fata cruorem
nectare odorato sparsit, qui tactus ab illo
intumuit sic, ut fulvo perlucida caeno
surgere bulla solet, nec plena longior hora
facta mora est, cum flos de sanguine concolor ortus,
qualem, quae lento celant sub cortice granum, 736
punica ferre solent; brevis est tamen usus in illo;
namque male haerentem et nimia levitate caducum
excutiunt idem, qui praestant nomina, venti."

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

all shall not be in your power. My grief, Adonis, shall have an enduring monument, and each passing year in memory of your death shall give an imitation of my grief. But your blood shall be changed to a flower. Or was it once allowed to thee, Persephone, to change a maiden's¹ form to fragrant mint, and shall the change of my hero, offspring of Cinyras, be grudged to me?' So saying, with sweet-scented nectar she sprinkled the blood; and this, touched by the nectar, swelled as when clear bubbles rise up from yellow mud. With no longer than an hour's delay a flower sprang up of blood-red hue such as pomegranates bear which hide their seeds beneath the tenacious rind. But short-lived is their flower; for the winds from which it takes its name² shake off the flower so delicately clinging and doomed too easily to fall."

¹ The nymph Menthe.

² Anemone, "the wind-flower."

BOOK XI

LIBER XI

CARMINE dum tali silvas animosque ferarum
Threicius vates et saxa sequentia ducit,
ecce nurus Ciconum tectae lymphata ferinis
pectora velleribus tumuli de vertice cernunt
Orphea percussis sociantem carmina nervis. 5
e quibus una leves iactato crine per auras,
“en,” ait “en, hic est nostri contemptor!” et hastam
vatis Apollinei vocalia misit in ora,
quae foliis praesuta notam sine vulnere fecit;
alterius telum lapis est, qui missus in ipso 10
aere concentu victus vocisque lyraeque est
ac veluti supplex pro tam furialibus ausis
ante pedes iacuit. sed enim temeraria crescunt
bella modusque abiit insanaque regnat Erinys;
cunctaque tela forent cantu mollita, sed ingens 15
clamor et infracto Berecyntia tibia cornu
tympanaque et plausus et Bacchei ululatus
obstrepuere sono citharae, tum denique saxa
non exauditi rubuerunt sanguine vatis.
ac primum attonitas etiamnum voce canentis 20
innumeras volucres anguesque agmenque ferarum
maenades Orphei titulum rapuere theatri;
inde cruentatis vertuntur in Orphea dextris

BOOK XI

WHILE with such songs the bard of Thrace drew the trees, held beasts enthralled and constrained stones to follow him, behold, the crazed women of the Cicones, with skins flung over their breasts, saw Orpheus from a hill-top, fitting songs to the music of his lyre. Then one of these, her tresses streaming in the gentle breeze, cried out: "See, see, here is the man who scorns us!" and hurled her spear straight at the tuneful mouth of Apollo's bard; but this, wreathed in leaves, marked without harming him. Another threw a stone, which, even as it flew through the air, was overcome by the sweet sound of voice and lyre, and fell at his feet as if 'twould ask forgiveness for its mad attempt. But still the assault waxed reckless: their passion knew no bounds; mad fury reigned. And all their weapons would have been harmless under the spell of song; but the huge uproar of the Bercyntian flutes, mixed with discordant horns, the drums, and the breast-beatings and howlings of the Bacchanals, drowned the lyre's sound; and then at last the stones were reddened with the blood of the bard whose voice they could not hear. First away went the multitudinous birds still spellbound by the singer's voice, with the snakes and the train of beasts, the glory of Orpheus' audience, harried by the Maenads; then these turned bloody hands against Orpheus and flocked around like birds when they see the bird

OVID

et coeunt ut aves, si quando luce vagantem
 noctis avem cernunt, structoque utrimque theatro 25
 ceu matutina cervus periturus harena
 praeda canum est, vatemque petunt et fronde virentes
 coniciunt thyrsos non haec in munera factos.
 hae glaebas, illae direptos arbore ramos,
 pars torquent silices ; neu desint tela furori, 30
 forte boves presso subigebant vomere terram,
 nec procul hinc multo fructum sudore parantes
 dura lacertosi fodiebant arva coloni,
 agmine qui viso fugiunt operisque relinquunt
 arma sui, vacuosque iacent dispersa per agros 35
 sarculaque rastrique graves longique ligones ;
 quae postquam rapuere ferae cornuque minaces
 divulsere boves, ad vatis fata recurrunt
 tendentemque manus et in illo tempore primum
 irrita dicentem nec quicquam voce moventem 40
 sacrilgae perimunt, perque os, pro Iuppiter ! illud
 auditum saxi intellectumque ferarum
 sensibus in ventos anima exhalata recessit.

Te maestae volucres, Orpheu, te turba ferarum,
 te rigidi silices, te carmina saepe secutae 45
 fleverunt silvae, positis te frondibus arbor
 tonsa comas luxit ; lacrimis quoque flumina dicunt
 increvisse suis, obstrusaque carbasa pullo
 naides et dryades passosque habuere capillos.
 membra iacent diversa locis, caput, Hebre, lyramque
 excipis : et (mirum !) medio dum labitur amne, 51

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XI

of night wandering in the daylight ; and as when in the amphitheatre in the early morning of the spectacle the doomed stag in the arena is the prey of dogs. They rushed upon the bard and hurled at him their wands wreathed with green leaves, not made for such use as this. Some threw clods, some branches torn from trees, and some threw stones. And, that real weapons might not be wanting to their madness, it chanced that oxen, toiling beneath the yoke, were plowing up the soil ; and not far from these, stout peasants were digging the hard earth and sweating at their work. When these beheld the advancing horde, they fled away and left behind the implements of their toil. Scattered through the deserted fields lay hoes, long mattocks and heavy grubbing-tools. These the savage women caught up and, first tearing in pieces the oxen who threatened them with their horns, they rushed back to slay the bard ; and, as he stretched out his suppliant hands, uttering words then, but never before, unheeded, and moving them not a whit by his voice, the impious women struck him down. And (oh, the pity of it !) through those lips, to which rocks listened, and to which the hearts of savage beasts responded, the soul, breathed out, went faring forth in air.

The mourning birds wept for thee, Orpheus, the throng of beasts, the flinty rocks, and the trees which had so often gathered to thy songs ; yes, the trees shed their leaves as if so tearing their hair in grief for thee. They say that the rivers also were swollen with their own tears, and that naiads and dryads alike mourned with dishevelled hair and with dark-bordered garments. The poet's limbs lay scattered all around ; but his head and lyre, O Hebrus, thou didst receive, and (a marvel !) while they floated in

OID

flebile nescio quid queritur lyra, flebile lingua
 murmurat exanimis, respondent flebile ripae.
 iamque mare invectae flumen populare relinquunt
 et Methymnaeae potiuntur litore Lesbi : 55
 hic ferus expositum peregrinis anguis harenis
 os petit et sparsos stillanti rore capillos.
 tandem Phoebus adest morsusque inferre parantem
 arcet et in lapidem rictus serpentis apertos
 congelat et patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus. 60

Umbra subit terras, et quae loca viderat ante,
 cuncta recognoscit quaerensque per arva piorum
 invenit Eurydicen cupidisque amplectitur ulnis ;
 hic modo coniunctis spatiantur passibus ambo,
 nunc praecedentem sequitur, nunc praevis anteit 65
 Eurydicenque suam, iam tuto, respicit Orpheus.

Non inpune tamen scelus hoc sinit esse Lyaeus
 amissoque dolens sacrorum vate suorum
 protinus in silvis matres Edonidas omnes,
 quae videre nefas, torta radice ligavit ; 70
 quippe pedum digitos, in quantum est quaeque secuta,
 traxit et in solidam detrusit acumina terram,
 utque suum laqueis, quos callidus abdidit auceps,
 crus ubi commisit volucris sensitque teneri,
 plangitur ac trepidans adstringit vincula motu : 75
 sic, ut quaeque solo defixa cohaeserat harum,
 exsternata fugam frustra temptabat, at illam
 lenta tenet radix exsultantemque coercet,
 dumque ubi sint digiti, dum pes ubi, quaerit, et ungues,
 aspicit in teretes lignum succedere suras 80

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XI

mid-stream the lyre gave forth some mournful notes, mournfully the lifeless tongue murmured, mournfully the banks replied. And now, borne onward to the sea, they left their native stream and gained the shore of Lesbos near the city of Methymna. Here, as the head lay exposed upon a foreign strand, a savage serpent attacked it and its streaming locks still dripping with the spray. But Phoebus at last appeared, drove off the snake just in the act to bite, and hardened and froze to stone, just as they were, the serpent's widespread, yawning jaws.

The poet's shade fled beneath the earth, and recognized all the places he had seen before; and, seeking through the blessed fields, found Eurydice and caught her in his eager arms. Here now side by side they walk; now Orpheus follows her as she precedes, now goes before her, now may in safety look back upon his Eurydice.

However, Lyaeus did not suffer such crime as this to go unavenged. Grieved at the loss of the bard of his sacred rites, he straightway bound fast all those Thracian women, who saw the impious deed, with twisted roots. For he prolonged their toes and, in so far as each root followed down, he thrust their tips into the solid earth. And as a bird, when it has caught its foot in the snare which the cunning fowler has set for it, and feels that it is caught, flaps and flutters, but draws its bonds tighter by its struggling; so, as each of these women, fixed firmly in the soil, had stuck fast, with wild affright, but all in vain, she attempted to flee. The tough roots held her, and though she struggled, kept firm their grasp. And when she asked where were her fingers, where her feet, her nails, she saw the bark come creeping up her shapely legs; striving to smite her thighs with

OVID

et conata femur maerenti plangere dextra
 robora percussit, pectus quoque robora fiunt,
 robora sunt umeri; longos quoque brachia versa
 esse putes ramos, et non fallare putando.

Nec satis hoc Baccho est, ipsos quoque deserit agros
 cumque choro meliore sui vineta Timoli 86

Pactolonque petit, quamvis non aureus illo
 tempore nec caris erat invidiosus harenis.

hunc adsueta cohors, satyri bacchaeque, frequentant,
 at Silenus abest: titubantem annisque meroque 90

ruricolae cepere Phryges vinctumque coronis
 ad regem duxere Midan, cui Thracius Orpheus
 orgia tradiderat cum Cecropio Eumolpo.

qui simul agnovit socium comitemque sacrorum,
 hospitis adventu festum genialiter egit 95

per bis quinque dies et iunctas ordine noctes,
 et iam stellarum sublime coegerat agmen

Lucifer undecimus, Lydos cum laetus in agros
 rex venit et iuveni Silenum reddit alumno.

Huic deus optandi gratum, sed inutile fecit 100
 muneris arbitrium gaudens altore recepto.

ille male usurus donis ait "effice, quicquid
 corpore contigero, fulvum vertatur in aurum."

adnuit optatis nocituraque munera solvit
 Liber et indoluit, quod non meliora petisset. 105

laetus abit gaudetque malo Berecynthius heros
 pollicitique fidem tangendo singula temptat

vixque sibi credens, non alta fronde virentem
 ilice detraxit virgam: virga aurea facta est:

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XI

hands of grief, she smote on oak. Her breasts also became of oak ; oaken her shoulders. Her arms you would think had been changed to long branches—nor would your thought be wrong.

Nor is this enough for Bacchus. He leaves their very fields and with a worthier band seeks the vineyards of his own Timolus and his Pactolus ; although this was not at that time a golden stream, nor envied for its precious sands. His usual company, satyrs and bacchanals, thronged round him ; but Silenus was not there. Him, stumbling with the weight of years and wine, the Phrygian rustics took captive, bound him with wreaths, and led him to Midas, their king. To this Midas, together with the Athenian Eumolpus, Thracian Orpheus had taught the rites of Bacchus. When now the king recognized the comrade and assistant of his revels, right merrily to celebrate the coming of his guest he ordered a festival which they kept for ten continuous days and nights. And now the eleventh dawn had driven away the ranks of stars on high, when the king with joyful heart came to the Lydian fields and gave Silenus back to his dear foster-child.

Then did the god, rejoicing in his foster-father's safe return, grant to the king the free choice of a boon, a pleasing, but useless gift. Midas, fated to make an ill use of his gift, exclaimed : " Grant that whatsoever I may touch with my body may be turned to yellow gold." Bacchus granted his prayer and gave him the baleful gift, grieving the while that he had not asked better. The Berecynthian hero gaily went his way, rejoicing in his fatal gift, and tried its promised powers by touching this and that. Scarcely daring to believe, from a low oak-branch he broke off a green twig : the twig was

OVID

tollit humo saxum : saxum quoque palluit auro ; 110
 contigit et glaebam : contactu glaeba potenti
 massa fit ; arentis Cereris decerpsit aristas :
 aurea messis erat ; demptum tenet arbore pomum :
 Hesperidas donasse putes ; si postibus altis
 admovit digitos, postes radiare videntur ; 115
 ille etiam liquidis palmas ubi laverat undis,
 unda fluens palmis Danaen eludere posset ;
 vix spes ipse suas animo capit aurea fingens
 omnia. gaudenti mensas posuere ministri
 exstructas dapibus nec tostae frugis egentes : 120
 tum vero, sive ille sua Cerealia dextra
 munera contigerat, Cerealia dona rigebant,
 sive dapes avido convellere dente parabat,
 lammina fulva dapes admoto dente premebat ;
 miscuerat puris auctorem muneris undis : 125
 fusile per rictus aurum fluitare videres.

Attonitus novitate mali divesque miserque
 effugere optat opes et quae modo voverat, odit.
 copia nulla famem relevat ; sitis arida guttur
 urit, et invisio meritis torquetur ab auro 130
 ad caelumque manus et splendida bracchia tollens
 “da veniam, Lenae pater ! peccavimus ” inquit,
 “ sed miserere, precor, speciosoque eripe damno ! ”
 mite deum numen : Bacchus peccasse fatentem
 restituit pactique fide data munera solvit 135
 “neve male optato maneat circumlitus auro,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XI

changed to gold. He picked up a stone from the ground: the stone, also, showed a light golden hue. He touched a clod: beneath that magic touch the clod became a mass of gold. He plucked some ripe wheat-heads: it was a golden harvest. He picked an apple from a tree and held it in his hand: you would suppose the Hesperides had given it. If he laid his fingers on the lofty pillars, the pillars gleamed before his eyes. When he bathed his hands in water, the water flowing over his hands could cheat a Danaë. His mind itself could scarcely grasp its own hopes, dreaming of all things turned to gold. As he rejoiced, his slaves set a table before him loaded with meats; nor was bread wanting. Then indeed, if he touched the gift of Ceres with his hand, the gift of Ceres went stiff and hard; or if he tried to bite a piece of meat with hungry teeth, where his teeth touched the food they touched but yellow plates of gold. He mingled pure water with the wine of Bacchus, giver of his gift; but through his jaws you would see the molten gold go trickling.

Amazed by this strange mishap, rich and yet wretched, he seeks to flee his wealth and hates what he but now has prayed for. No store of food can relieve his hunger; his throat is parched with burning thirst, and through his own fault he is tortured by hateful gold. Lifting his hands and shining arms to heaven, he cries: "Oh, pardon me, Lenæus, father! I have sinned. Yet have mercy, I pray thee, and save me from this curse that looks so fair." The gods are kind: Bacchus restored him to his former condition when he confessed his fault, and he relieved him of the boon which he had given in fulfilment of his pledge. "And, that you may not remain encased in gold which you have so

OVID

vade" ait " ad magnis vicinum Sardibus amnem
 perque iugum Lydum labentibus obvius undis
 carpe viam, donec venias ad fluminis ortus,
 spumigeroque tuum fonti, qua plurimus exit, 140
 subde caput corpusque simul, simul elue crimen."
 rex iussae succedit aquae: vis aurea tinxit
 flumen et humano de corpore cessit in amnem;
 nunc quoque iam veteris percepto semine venae
 arva rigent auro madidis pallentia glaebis. 145

Ille perosus opes silvas et rura colebat
 Panaque montanis habitantem semper in antris,
 pingue sed ingenium mansit, nocituraque, ut ante,
 rursus erant domino stultae praecordia mentis.
 nam freta prospiciens late riget arduus alto 150
 Tmolus in ascensu clivoque extensus utroque
 Sardibus hinc, illinc parvis finitur Hypaepis.
 Pan ibi dum teneris iactat sua carmina nymphis
 et leve cerata modulatur harundine carmen
 ausus Apollineos prae se contemnere cantus, 155
 iudice sub Tmolo certamen venit ad inpar.

Monte suo senior iudex consedit et aures
 liberat arboribus: quercu coma caerulea tantum
 cingitur, et pendent circum cava tempora glandes.
 isque deum pecoris spectans "in iudice" dixit 160
 "nulla mora est." calamis agrestibus insonat ille
 barbaricoque Midan (aderat nam forte canenti)
 carmine delenit; post hunc sacer ora retorsit
 Tmolus ad os Phoebi: vultum sua silva secuta est
 130

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XI

foolishly desired," he said, "go to the stream which flows by mighty Sardis town, and take your way along the Lydian hills up the tumbling stream until you come to the river's source. There plunge your head and body beneath the foaming fountain where it comes leaping forth, and by that act wash your sin away." The king went to the stream as he was bid. The power of the golden touch imbued the water and passed from the man's body into the stream. And even to this day, receiving the seed of the original vein, the fields grow hard and yellow, their soil soaked with water of the golden touch.

But Midas, hating wealth, haunted the woods and fields, worshipping Pan, who has his dwelling in the mountain caves. But stupid his wits still remained, and his foolish mind was destined again as once before to harm its master. For Tmolus, looking far out upon the sea, stands stiff and high, with steep sides extending with one slope to Sardis, and on the other reaches down to little Hypaepae. There, while Pan was singing his songs to the soft nymphs and playing airy interludes upon his reeds close joined with wax, he dared speak slightly of Apollo's music in comparison with his own, and came into an ill-matched contest with Tmolus as the judge.

The old judge took his seat upon his own mountain-top, and shook his ears free from the trees. His dark locks were encircled by an oak-wreath only, and acorns hung around his hollow temples. He, looking at the shepherd-god, exclaimed: "There is no delay on the judge's part." Then Pan made music on his rustic pipes, and with his rude notes quite charmed King Midas, for he chanced to hear the strains. After Pan was done, venerable Tmolus turned his face towards Phoebus; and his forest turned with his face.

OVID

- ille caput flavum lauro Parnaside vinctus 165
 verrit humum Tyrio saturata murice palla
 instrictamque fidem gemmis et dentibus Indis
 sustinet a laeva, tenuit manus altera plectrum ;
 artificis status ipse fuit. tum stamina docto
 pollice sollicitat, quorum dulcedine captus 170
 Pana iubet Tmolus citharae submittere cannas.
 Iudicium sanctique placet sententia montis
 omnibus, arguitur tamen atque iniusta vocatur
 unius sermone Midae ; nec Delius aures
 humanam stolidas patitur retinere figuram, 175
 sed trahit in spatium villisque albentibus inplet
 instabilesque imas facit et dat posse moveri :
 cetera sunt hominis, partem damnatur in unam
 induiturque aures lente gradientis aselli.
 ille quidem celare cupit turpisque pudore 180
 tempora purpureis temptat velare tiaris ;
 sed solitus longos ferro resecare capillos
 viderat hoc famulus, qui cum nec prodere visum
 dedecus auderet, cupiens efferre sub auras,
 nec posset reticere tamen, secedit humumque 185
 effodit et, domini quales adspexerit aures,
 voce refert parva terraeque inmurmurat haustae
 indiciumque suae vocis tellure regesta
 obruit et scrobibus tacitus discedit operis.
 creber harundinibus tremulis ibi surgere lucus 190
 coepit et, ut primum pleno maturuit anno,
 prodidit agricolam : leni nam motus ab austro
 obruta verba refert dominique coarguit aures.
 Ultus abit Tmolo liquidumque per aera vectus
 angustum citra pontum Nepheleidos Helles 195

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Phoebus' golden head was wreathed with laurel of Parnasus, and his mantle, dipped in Tyrian dye, swept the ground. His lyre, inlaid with gems and Indian ivory, he held in his left hand, while his right hand held the plectrum. His very pose was that of an artist. Then with trained thumb he plucked the strings and, charmed by those sweet strains, Tmolus ordered Pan to lower his reeds before the lyre.

All approved the judgment of the sacred mountain-god. And yet it was challenged and called unjust by Midas' voice alone. The Delian god did not suffer ears so dull to keep their human form, but lengthened them out and filled them with shaggy, grey hair; he also made them unstable at the base and gave them power of motion. Human in all else, in this one feature was he punished, and wore the ears of a slow-moving ass. Disfigured and ashamed, he strove to hide his temples beneath a purple turban, but the slave who was wont to trim his long hair beheld his shame. And he, since he dared not reveal the disgraceful sight, yet eager to tell it out and utterly unable to keep it to himself, went off and dug a hole in the ground and into the hole, with low, muttered words, he whispered of his master's ears which he had seen. Then by throwing back the earth he buried the evidence of his voice and, having thus filled up the hole again, he silently stole away. But a thick growth of whispering reeds began to spring up there, and these, when at the year's end they came to their full size, betrayed the sower, for, stirred by the gentle breeze, they repeated his buried words and exposed the story of his master's ears.

His vengeance now complete, Latona's son retires from Tmolus and, borne through the liquid air, without crossing the narrow sea of Helle, daughter of

OVID

Laomedonteis Latoius adstitit arvis.
 dextera Sigei, Rhoetei laeva profundi
 ara Panomphaeo vetus est sacrata Tonanti :
 inde novae primum moliri moenia Troiae
 Laomedonta videt susceptaque magna labore 200
 crescere difficili nec opes exposcere parvas
 cumque tridentigero tumidi genitore profundi
 mortalem induitur formam Phrygiaeque tyranno
 aedificat muros pactus pro moenibus aurum.
 stabat opus : pretium rex infitiatur et addit, 205
 perfidiae cumulum, falsis periuria verbis.
 “ non inpune feres ” rector maris inquit, et omnes
 inclinavit aquas ad avarae litora Troiae
 inque freti formam terras conplevit opesque
 abstulit agricolis et fluctibus obruit agros. 210
 poena neque haec satis est : regis quoque filia monstro
 poscitur aequoreo, quam dura ad saxa revinctam
 vindicat Alcides promissaque munera dictos
 poscit equos tantique operis mercede negata
 bis periura capit superatae moenia Troiae. 215
 nec, pars militiae, Telamon sine honore recessit
 Hesioneque data potitur. nam coniuge Peleus
 clarus erat diva nec avi magis ille superbus
 nomine quam soceri, siquidem Iovis esse nepoti
 contigit haut uni, coniunx dea contigit uni. 220

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Nephele, he came to earth in the country of Laomedon. Midway between the Sigean and Rhoetean promontories was an ancient altar sacred to the Panomphaean Thunderer. There Apollo saw Laomedon beginning to build the walls of his new city, Troy; and, perceiving that the mighty task was proceeding with great difficulty, and demanded no slight resources, he, together with the trident-bearing father of the swollen sea, put on mortal form and built the walls for the Phrygian king, having first agreed upon a sum of gold for the walls. There stood the work. But the king repudiated his debt and, as a crowning act of perfidy, swore that he had never promised the reward. "But you shall not go unpunished," the sea-god said, and he set all his waters flowing against the shores of miserly Troy. He flooded the country till it looked like a sea, swept away the farmers' crops and whelmed their fields beneath his waters. Nor was this punishment enough; the king's daughter also must be sacrificed to a monster of the deep. But while she was bound there to the hard rocks, Alcides set her free, and then demanded his promised wage, the horses that were agreed upon. But the great task's price was again refused, and so the hero took the twice-perjured walls of conquered Troy. Nor did Telamon, the partner of his campaign, go without reward, and Hesione was given him. For Peleus¹ was honoured with a goddess for his bride, and was not more proud of his grandfather's name than of his father-in-law; since it had fallen to not one alone to be grandson of Jove, but to him alone had it fallen to have a goddess for his wife.

¹ Peleus also had assisted Hercules in this exploit.

OVID

Namque senex Thetidi Proteus "dea" dixerat
 " undae,

concipe : mater eris iuvenis, qui fortibus annis
 acta patris vincet maiorque vocabitur illo."
 ergo, ne quicquam mundus Iove maius haberet,
 quamvis haut tepidos sub pectore senserat ignes, 225
 Iuppiter aequoreae Thetidis conubia fugit,
 in suaque Aeaciden succedere vota nepotem
 iussit et amplexus in virginis ire marinae.

Est sinus Haemoniae curvos falcatus in arcus,
 bracchia procurrunt : ubi, si foret altior unda, 230
 portus erat ; summis inductum est aequor harenis ;
 litus habet solidum, quod nec vestigia servet
 nec remoretur iter nec opertum pendeat alga ;
 myrtea silva subest bicoloribus obsita bacis.
 est specus in medio, natura factus an arte, 235
 ambiguum, magis arte tamen : quo saepe venire
 frenato delphine sedens, Theti, nuda solebas.
 illic te Peleus, ut somno vincta iacebas,
 occupat, et quoniam precibus temptata repugnas,
 vim parat, innectens ambobus colla lacertis ; 240
 quod nisi venisses variatis saepe figuris
 ad solitas artes, auso foret ille potitus ;
 sed modo tu volucris : volucrem tamen ille tenebat ;
 nunc gravis arbor eras : haerebat in arbore Peleus ;
 tertia forma fuit maculosae tigridis : illa 245
 territus Aeacides a corpore bracchia solvit.
 usque deos pelagi vino super aequora fuso

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For old Proteus had said to Thetis: "O goddess of the waves, conceive: thou shalt be the mother of a youth who, when to manhood grown, shall outdo his father's deeds and shall be called greater than he." Because of this, lest the earth should produce anything greater than himself, though he had felt the hot fires of love deep in his heart, Jove shunned the arms of Thetis, goddess of the sea, and bade his grandson, the son of Aeacus, assume the place of lover in his stead, and seek a union with this virgin of the deep.

There is a bay on the Thessalian coast, rounded like a curved sickle, with arms running out; 'twould be a safe port for ships if the water were deeper. The sea spreads smooth over the sandy bottom; the shore is firm, such as leaves no trace of feet, delays no journey, is free from seaweed. A myrtle wood grows close at hand, thick-hung with two-coloured berries. There is a grotto in this grove, whether made by nature or art one may not surely say, but rather by art. To this grot oftentimes, riding thy bridled dolphin, O Thetis, naked wast thou wont to come. There then did Peleus seize thee as thou layest wrapped in slumber; and since, though entreated by his prayers, thou didst refuse, he prepared to force thy will, entwining thy neck with both his arms. And hadst thou not, by changing oft thy form, had recourse to thine accustomed arts, he would have worked his daring will on thee. But now didst thou take the form of a bird: still he held fast to the bird. Now wast thou a sturdy tree: around the tree did Peleus tightly cling. Thy third disguise was a spotted tigress' form: in fear of that Peleus loosed his hold on thee. Then did he pray unto the gods of the sea with wine poured out .

et pecoris fibris et fumo turis adorat,
donec Carpathius medio de gurgite vates
“ Aeacide,” dixit “ thalaminis potiere petitis, 250
tu modo, cum rigido sopita quiescet in antro,
ignaram laqueis vincloque innecte tenaci.
nec te decipiat centum mentita figuras,
sed preme, quicquid erit, dum, quod fuit ante,
reformat.”

dixerat haec Proteus et condidit aequore vultum 255
admisitque suos in verba novissima fluctus.

Pronus erat Titan inclinatoque tenebat
Hesperium temone fretum, cum pulchra relecto
Nereis ingreditur consueta cubilia saxo ;
vix bene virgineos Peleus invaserat artus : 260
illa novat formas, donec sua membra teneri
sentit et in partes diversas bracchia tendi.
tum demum ingemuit, “ neque ” ait “ sine numine
vincis ”

exhibita estque Thetis : confessam amplectitur heros
et potitur votis ingentique inplet Achille. 265

Felix et nato, felix et coniuge Peleus,
et cui, si demas iugulati crimina Phoci,
omnia contigerant : fraterno sanguine sontem
expulsumque domo patria Trachinia tellus
accipit. hic regnum sine vi, sine caede regebat 270
Lucifero genitore satus patriumque nitorem
ore ferens Ceyx, illo qui tempore maestus
dissimilisque sui fratrem lugebat ademptum.
quo postquam Aeacides fessus curaque viaque

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upon the water, with entrails of sheep, and with the smoke of incense; until the Carpathian seer from his deep pools rose and said to him: "O son of Aeacus, thou shalt yet gain the bride thou dost desire. Only do thou, when she lies within the rocky cave, deep sunk in sleep, bind her in her unconsciousness with snares and close-clinging thongs. And though she take a hundred lying forms, let her not escape thee, but hold her close, whatever she may be, until she take again the form she had at first." So spoke Proteus and hid his face beneath the waves, as he let his waters flow back again over his final words.

Now Titan was sinking low and kept the western sea beneath his down-sloping chariot, when the fair Nereid, seeking again the grot, lay down upon her accustomed couch. There scarce had Peleus well laid hold on her virgin limbs, when she began to assume new forms, until she perceived that she was held firmly bound and that her arms were pinioned wide. Then at length she groaned and said: "'Tis not without some god's assistance that you conquer," and gave herself up as Thetis. Her, thus owning her defeat, the hero caught in his embrace, attained his desire, and begat on her the great Achilles.

Peleus was blessed in his son, blessed in his wife, and to him only good befell, if you except the crime of the murdered Phocus. Driven from his father's house with his brother's blood upon his hands, he found asylum in the land of Trachis. Here ruled in peaceful, bloodless sway Ceyx, son of Lucifer, with all his father's bright gladness in his face. But at that time he was sad and unlike himself, for he was mourning the taking off of his brother. To him the son of Aeacus came, worn with his cares and

venit et intravit paucis comitantibus urbem, 275
 quosque greges pecorum, quae secum armenta
 trahebat,
 haut procul a muris sub opaca valle reliquit;
 copia cum facta est adeundi prima tyranni,
 velamenta manu praetendens supplice, qui sit
 quoque satus, memorat, tantum sua crimina celat 280
 mentiturque fugae causam; petit, urbe vel agro
 se iuvet. hunc contra placido Trachinius ore
 talibus adloquitur: "mediae quoque commoda plebi
 nostra patent, Peleu, nec inhospita regna tenemus;
 adicis huic animo momenta potentia, clarum 285
 nomen avumque Iovem; ne tempora perde precando!
 quod petis, omne feres tuaque haec pro parte vocato,
 qualiacumque vides! utinam meliora videres!"
 et flebat: moveat tantos quae causa dolores, 289
 Peleusque comitesque rogant; quibus ille profatur:
 "forsitan hanc volucrem, rapti quae vivit et omnes
 terret aves, semper pennas habuisse putetis:
 vir fuit (et—tanta est animi constantia—tantum
 acer erat belloque ferox ad vimque paratus)
 nomine Daedalion. illo genitore creatis, 295
 qui vocat Auroram caeloque novissimus exit,
 culta mihi pax est, pacis mihi cura tenendae
 coniugiique fuit, fratri fera bella placebant:
 illius virtus reges gentesque subegit,
 quae nunc Thisbaeas agit mutata columbas. 300
 nata erat huic Chione, quae dotatissima forma

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journeyings, and entered his city with but a few retainers following. He left the flocks of sheep and the cattle which he had brought with him in a shady vale not far from the city's walls; then, when first he was allowed to approach the monarch, stretching out with suppliant hand an olive-branch wound with woollen fillets, he told him who he was and from what father sprung. He concealed only his crime, and lied concerning the reason for his flight. He begged for a chance to support himself in city or in field. To him the Trachinian monarch with kind words replied: "The opportunities of our realm lie open, Peleus, even to humble folk, and we do not rule an inhospitable kingdom. To this our kindly disposition you add the strong incentive of an illustrious name and descent from Jove. Then waste no time in prayer. You shall have all you seek. Call all this your own whatsoever you see; and I would that you saw better!" He spoke and wept. When Peleus and his companions asked him the cause of his great grief, he answered them: "Perchance you think that yonder bird, which lives on rapine and is the terror of all birds, was always a feathered creature. He was once a man (and, so fixed is character, his only qualities were harshness, eagerness for war, readiness for violence), by name Daedalion. We two were born of that god who wakes the dawn and passes last from the sky. I was by nature peaceful and my care was always for preserving peace and for my wife. But cruel war was my brother's pleasure. His fierce courage subdued kings and nations, and now in changed form it pursues the doves of Thisbe.¹ He had a daughter, Chione, a girl

¹ A little town on the coast of Boeotia, famous for its wild doves.

OVID

mille procos habuit, bis septem nubilis annis.
 forte revertentes Phoebus Maiaque creatus,
 ille suis Delphis, hic vertice Cylleneo,
 videre hanc pariter, pariter traxere calorem. 305
 spem veneris differt in tempora noctis Apollo;
 non fert ille moras virgaque movente soporem
 virginis os tangit: tactu iacet illa potenti
 vimque dei patitur; nox caelum sparserat astris:
 Phoebus anum simulat praereptaque gaudia sumit.
 ut sua maturus complevit tempora venter, 311
 alipedis de stirpe dei versuta propago
 nascitur Autolycus furtum ingeniosus ad omne,
 candida de nigris et de candentibus atra
 qui facere adsuerat, patriae non degener artis; 315
 nascitur e Phoebos (namque est enixa gemellos)
 carmine vocali clarus citharaque Philammon.
 quid peperisse duos et dis placuisse duobus
 et forti genitore et progenitore nitenti
 esse satam prodest? an obest quoque gloria? multis
 obfuit, huic certe! quae se praeferre Dianae 321
 sustinuit faciemque deae culpavit, at illi
 ira ferox mota est 'factis' que 'placebimus' inquit.
 nec mora, curvavit cornu nervoque sagittam
 inpulit et meritam traiecit harundine linguam. 325
 lingua tacet, nec vox temptataque verba sequuntur,
 conantemque loqui cum sanguine vita reliquit;
 quam miser amplexans ego tum patriumque dolorem
 corde tuli fratricumque pio solacia dixi,
 quae pater haut aliter quam cautes murmura ponti

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most richly dowered with beauty, who had a thousand suitors when she had reached the marriageable age of fourteen years. It chanced that Phoebus and the son of Maia, returning the one from Delphi, the other from high Cyllene, beheld her both at once and both at once were filled with love of her. Apollo put off his hope of love till night-time, but the other brooked no delay, and touched the maiden's face with his sleep-compelling wand. She lay beneath the god's magic touch and endured his violence. Now night had spangled the heavens with the stars when Phoebus, assuming an old woman's form, gained his forestalled joy. When the fullness of time was come, a son was born to the wing-footed god, Autolycus, of crafty nature, well versed in cunning wiles. For he could make white of black and black of white, a worthy heir of his father's art. To Phoebus also, for the birth was twin, was born Philammon, famous for song and zither. But what profits it that she bore two sons, that she found favour with two gods, that she herself was sprung from a brave sire and shining grandsire? Is not glory a bane as well? It has been a bane to many, surely to her! For she boldly set herself above Diana and criticized the goddess' beauty. But to her the goddess, moved by hot rage, exclaimed: 'Then by our deeds we'll please you.' Upon the word she bent her bow, sent an arrow swift flying from the string, and pierced that guilty tongue with the shaft. The tongue was stilled, nor voice nor attempted words came more. Even as she tried to speak her life fled forth with her blood. Wretched, I embraced her, feeling her father's grief in my heart, and to my dear brother I spoke words of comfort. The father heard them as the crags hear the murmurs of the sea, and kept

OVID

accipit et natam delamentatur ademptam ; 331
 at vero ardentem vidit, quater impetus illi
 in medios fuit ire rogos, quater inde repulsus
 concita membra fugae mandat similisque iuvenco
 spicula crabronum pressa cervice gerenti, 335
 qua via nulla, ruit. iam tum mihi currere visus
 plus homine est, alasque pedes sumpsisse putares.
 effugit ergo omnes veloxque cupidine leti
 vertice Parnasi potitur ; miseratus Apollo,
 cum se Daedalion saxo misisset ab alto, 340
 fecit avem et subitis pendentem sustulit alis
 oraque adunca dedit, curvos dedit unguibus hamos,
 virtutem antiquam, maiores corpore vires,
 et nunc accipiter, nulli satis aequus, in omnes
 saevit aves aliisque dolens fit causa dolendi." 345

Quae dum Lucifero genitus miracula narrat
 de consorte suo, cursu festinus anhelus
 advolat armenti custos Phoeceus Onetor
 et " Peleu, Peleu ! magnae tibi nuntius adsum
 cladis " ait. quodcumque ferat, iubet edere Peleus,
 pendet et ipse metu trepidi Trachinius oris ; 351
 ille refert " fessos ad litora curva iuvenco
 adpuleram, medio cum Sol altissimus orbe
 tantum respiceret, quantum superesse videret,
 parsque boum fulvis genua inclinarat harenis 355
 laterumque iacens campos spectabat aquarum,
 pars gradibus tardis illuc errabat et illuc ;
 nant alii celsoque instant super aequora collo.
 templa mari subsunt nec marmore clara neque auro,
 sed trabibus densis lucoque umbrosa vetusto : 360
 Nereides Nereusque tenent (hos navita ponti

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XI

ever bewailing his lost child. But when he saw her burning, four times he made to rush into the blazing pile. Four times thrust back, he took to mad flight and, like a bullock whose neck is pierced by hornets' stings, over trackless ways he rushed. Even then he seemed to me to run faster than human powers allow, and you would have thought his feet had taken wings. So then he fled us all and quickly, bent on destruction, he gained Parnasus' top. Apollo, pitying him, when Daedalion had hurled himself from that high cliff, made him a bird, held him suspended there on sudden wings, and gave him a hooked beak, gave him curved claws, but he left him his old-time courage and strength greater than his body. And now as a hawk, friendly to none, he vents his cruel rage on all birds and, suffering himself, makes others suffer, too."

While the son of Lucifer was telling this marvelous story of his brother, Phocian Onetor, Peleus' herdsman, came running in with breathless haste, crying: "Peleus, Peleus! I come to tell you news of dreadful slaughter." Peleus bade him tell his news, while the Trachinian king himself waited in trembling anxiety. The herdsman went on: "I had driven the weary herd down to the curving shore when the high sun was midway in his course, beholding as much behind him as still lay before. A part of the cattle had kneeled down upon the yellow sands, and lying there were looking out upon the broad, level sea; part was wandering slowly here and there, while others still swam out and stood neck-deep in water. A temple stood near the sea, not resplendent with marble and gold, but made of heavy timbers, and shaded by an ancient grove. The place was sacred to Nereus and the Nereids (these a sailor told me

OVID

edidit esse deos, dum retia litore siccant);
 iuncta palus huic est densis obsessa salictis,
 quam restagnantis fecit maris unda paludem :
 inde fragore gravi strepitus loca proxima terret : 365
 belua vasta, lupus ! mucisque palustribus exit
 oblitus, et spumis et sparsus sanguine rictus
 fulmineos, rubra suffusus lumina flamma.
 qui quamquam saevit pariter rabieque fameque,
 acrior est rabie : neque enim ieiunia curat 370
 caede boum diramque famem finire, sed omne
 vulnerat armentum sternitque hostiliter omne.
 pars quoque de nobis funesto saucia morsu,
 dum defensamus, leto est data ; sanguine litus
 undaque prima rubet demugitaeque paludes. 375
 sed mora damnosa est, nec res dubitare remittit :
 dum superest aliquid, cuncti coeamus et arma,
 arma capessamus coniunctaque tela feramus !”
 dixerat agrestis : nec Pelea damna movebant,
 sed memor admissi Nereida conligit orbam 380
 damna sua inferias extincto mittere Phoco.
 induere arma viros violentaque sumere tela
 rex iubet Oetaeus ; cum quis simul ipse parabat
 ire, sed Alcyone coniunx excita tumultu
 prosilit et nondum totos ornata capillos 385
 disicit hos ipsos colloque infusa mariti,
 mittat ut auxilium sine se, verbisque precatur

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were the gods of that sea, as he dried his nets on the shore). Hard by this temple was a marsh thick-set with willows, which the backwater of the sea made into a marsh. From this a loud, crashing noise filled the whole neighbourhood with fear: a huge beast, a wolf! he came rushing out, smeared with marsh-mud, his great, murderous jaws all bloody and flecked with foam, and his eyes blazing with red fire. He was mad with rage and hunger, but more with rage. For he stayed not to sate his fasting and dire hunger on the slain cattle, but mangled the whole herd, slaughtering all in wanton malice. Some of us, also, while we strove to drive him off, were sore wounded by his deadly fangs and given over to death. The shore, the shallow water, and the swamps, resounding with the bellowings of the herd, were red with blood. But delay is fatal, nor is there time to hesitate. While still there's something left, let us all rush on together, and arms, let us take arms, and make a combined attack upon the wolf!" So spoke the rustic. Peleus was not stirred by the story of his loss; but, conscious of his crime, he well knew that the bereaved Nereid¹ was sending this calamity upon him as a sacrificial offering to her slain Phocus. The Oetaean king bade his men put on their armour and take their deadly spears in hand, and at the same time was making ready to go with them himself. But his wife, Alcyone, roused by the loud outcries, came rushing out of her chamber, her hair not yet all arranged, and, sending this flying loose, she threw herself upon her husband's neck, and begged him with prayers and tears that he would send aid but not go himself, and

¹ Psamathe, the mother of Phocus whom Peleus had accidentally killed.

OVID

et lacrimis, animasque duas ut servet in una.
 Aeacides illi: "pulchros, regina, piosque
 pone metus! plena est promissi gratia vestri. 390
 non placet arma mihi contra nova monstra moveri;
 numen adorandum pelagi est!" erat ardua turris,
 arce focus summa, fessis nota grata carinis:
 ascendunt illuc stratosque in litore tauros
 cum gemitu adspiciunt vastatoremque cruento 395
 ore ferum, longos infectum sanguine villos.
 inde manus tendens in aperti litora ponti
 caeruleam Peleus Psamathen, ut finiat iram,
 orat, opemque ferat; nec vocibus illa rogantis
 flectitur Aeacidae, Thetis hanc pro coniuge supplex
 accepit veniam. sed enim revocatus ab acri 401
 caede lupus perstat, dulcedine sanguinis asper,
 donec inhaerentem lacerae cervice iuvencae
 marmore mutavit: corpus praeterque colorem
 omnia servavit, lapidis color indicat illum 405
 iam non esse lupum, iam non debere timeri.
 nec tamen hac profugum consistere Pelea terra
 fata sinunt, Magnetas adit vagus exul et illic
 sumit ab Haemonio purgamina caedis Acasto.

Interea fratrisque sui fratremque secutis 410
 anxia prodigiis turbatus pectora Ceyx,
 consulat ut sacras, hominum oblectamina, sortes,

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so save two lives in one. Then said the son of Aeacus to her: "Your pious fears, O queen, become you; but have no fear. I am not ungrateful for your proffered help; but I have no desire that arms be taken in my behalf against the strange monster. I must pray to the goddess of the sea." There was a tall tower, a lighthouse on the top of the citadel, a welcome landmark for storm-tossed ships. They climbed up to its top, and thence with cries of pity looked out upon the cattle lying dead upon the shore, and saw the killer revelling with bloody jaws, and with his long shaggy hair stained red with blood. There, stretching out his hands to the shores of the open sea, Peleus prayed to the sea-nymph, Psamathe, that she put away her wrath and come to his help. She, indeed, remained unmoved by the prayers of Peleus; but Thetis, adding her prayers for her husband's sake, obtained the nymph's forgiveness. But the wolf, though ordered off from his fierce slaughter, kept on, mad with the sweet draughts of blood; until, just as he was fastening his fangs upon the torn neck of a heifer, the nymph changed him into marble. The body, save for its colour, remained the same in all respects; but the colour of the stone proclaimed that now he was no longer wolf, that now he no longer need be feared. But still the fates did not suffer the banished Peleus to continue in this land. The wandering exile went on to Magnesia, and there, at the hands of the Hæmonian king, Acastus, he gained full absolution from his bloodguiltiness.

Meanwhile King Ceyx was much disturbed and anxious, not alone about the strange thing that happened to his brother, but also about others that had happened since his brother's fate. Accordingly, that

OVID

ad Clarium parat ire deum ; nam templa profanus
 in via cum Phlegyis faciebat Delphica Phorbas.
 consilii tamen ante sui, fidissima, certam 415
 te facit, Alcione ; cui protinus intima frigus
 ossa receperunt, buxoque simillimus ora
 pallor obit, lacrimisque genae maduere profusis.
 ter conata loqui ter fletibus ora rigavit
 singultuque pias interrumpente querellas 420
 “ quae mea culpa tuam,” dixit “ carissime, mentem
 vertit ? ubi est quae cura mei prior esse solebat ?
 iam potes Alcione securus abesse relicta ?
 iam via longa placet ? iam sum tibi carior absens ?
 at, puto, per terras iter est, tantumque dolebo, 425
 non etiam metuam, curaeque timore carebunt.
 aequora me terrent et ponti tristis imago :
 et laceras nuper tabulas in litore vidi
 et saepe in tumultis sine corpore nomina legi.
 neve tuum fallax animum fiducia tangat, 430
 quod socer Hippotades tibi sit, qui carcere fortes
 contineat ventos, et, cum velit, aequora placet.
 cum semel emissi tenuerunt aequora venti,
 nil illis vetitum est : incommendataque tellus
 omnis et omne fretum est, caeli quoque nubila vexant
 excutiuntque feris rutilos concursibus ignes. 436
 quo magis hos novi (nam novi et saepe paterna
 parva domo vidi), magis hos reor esse timendos.

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he might consult the sacred oracles, the refuge of mankind in trouble, he planned to journey to the Clarian god. For the infamous Phorbas with the followers of Phlegyas was making the journey to the Delphic oracle unsafe. But before he started he told his purpose to you, his most faithful wife, Alcyone. Straightway she was chilled to the very marrow of her bones, her face grew pale as boxwood and her cheeks were wet with her flowing tears. Three times she tried to speak, three times watered her face with weeping; at last, her loving complaints broken by her sobs, she said: "What fault of mine, O dearest husband, has brought your mind to this? Where is that care for me which used to stand first of all? Can you now abandon your Alcyone with no thought of her? Is it your pleasure now to go on a long journey? Am I now dearer to you when absent from you? But, I suppose, your journey is by land, and I shall only grieve, not fear for you, and my cares shall have no terror in them. The sea affrights me, and the stern visage of the deep; and but lately I saw some broken planks upon the beach, and often have I read men's names on empty tombs. And let not your mind have vain confidence in that the son of Hippotes is your father-in-law, who holds the stout winds behind prison bars, and when he will can calm the sea. For when once the winds have been let out and have gained the open deep, no power can check them, and every land and every sea is abandoned to their will. Nay, they harry the very clouds of heaven and rouse the red lightnings with their fierce collisions. The more I know them (for I do know them, and have often seen them when a child in my father's home) the more I think them to be feared. But if no prayers can change your

OVID

quod tua si flecti precibus sententia nullis,
 care, potest, coniunx, nimiumque es certus eundi, 440
 me quoque tolle simul! certe iactabimur una,
 nec nisi quae patiar, metuam, pariterque feremus,
 quicquid erit, pariter super aequora lata feremur."

Talibus Aeolidis dictis lacrimisque movetur
 idereus coniunx: neque enim minor ignis in ipso est;
 sed neque propositos pelagi dimittere cursus, 446
 nec vult Alcyonen in partem adhibere pericli
 multaue respondit timidum solantia pectus.
 non tamen idcirco causam probat; addidit illis
 hoc quoque lenimen, quo solo flexit amantem: 450
 "longa quidem est nobis omnis mora, sed tibi iuro
 per patrios ignes, si me modo fata remittant,
 ante reversurum, quam luna bis inpleat orbem."
 his ubi promissis spes est admota recursus,
 protinus eductam navalibus aequore tingui 455
 aptarique suis pinum iubet armamentis;
 qua rursus visa veluti praesaga futuri
 horruit Alcyone lacrimasque emisit obortas
 amplexusque dedit tristisque miserrima tandem
 ore "vale" dixit conlapsaque corpore toto est; 460
 ast iuvenes quaerente moras Ceyce reducunt
 ordinibus geminis ad fortia pectora remos
 aequalique ictu scindunt freta: sustulit illa
 umentes oculos stantemque in puppe recurva
 concussaue manu dantem sibi signa maritum 465
 prima videt redditque notas; ubi terra recessit
 longius, atque oculi nequeunt cognoscere vultus,

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purpose, dear husband, and if you are over-bent on going, take me with you, too! For surely we shall then be storm-tossed together, nor shall I fear save only what I feel, and together we shall endure whatever comes, together over the broad billows we shall fare."

With these words and tears of the daughter of Aeolus the star-born husband was deeply moved; for the fire of love burned no less brightly in his heart. And yet he was unwilling either to give up his proposed journey on the sea or to take Alcyone as sharer of his perils. His anxious love strove to comfort her with many soothing words, but for all that he did not win her approval. He added this comforting condition, also, by which alone he gained his loving wife's consent: "Every delay, I know, will seem long to us; but I swear to you by my father's fires, if only the fates will let me, I will return before the moon shall twice have filled her orb." When by these promises of return her hope had been awakened, straightway he ordered his ship to be launched and duly supplied with her equipment. But when Alcyone saw this, as if forewarned of what was to come, she fell to trembling again; her tears flowed afresh and, embracing her husband in the depth of woe, she said a sad farewell at last and then fainted away completely. But the young men, though Ceyx sought excuses for delay, in double rows drew back the oars to their strong breasts and rent the waters with their rhythmic strokes. Then Alcyone lifted her tear-wet eyes and saw her husband standing on the high-curved poop and waving his hand in first signal to her, and she waved tokens back again. When the land drew further off, and her eyes could no longer make out his features,

OVID

dum licet, insequitur fugientem lumine pinum ;
 haec quoque ut haut poterat spatio submota videri,
 vela tamen spectat summo fluitantia malo ; 470
 ut nec vela videt, vacuum petit anxia lectum
 seque toro ponit : renovat lectusque locusque
 Alcyonae lacrimas et quae pars admonet absit.

Portibus exierant, et moverat aura rudentes :
 obvertit lateri pendentes navita remos 475
 cornuaque in summa locat arbore totaque malo
 carbasa deducit venientesque accipit auras.
 aut minus, aut certe medium non amplius aequor
 puppe secabatur, longeque erat utraque tellus,
 cum mare sub noctem tumidis albescere coepit 480
 fluctibus et praeceps spirare valentius eurus.
 “ ardua iamdudum demittite cornua ” rector
 clamat “ et antemnis totum subnectite velum. ”
 hic iubet ; inpediunt adversae iussa procellae,
 nec sinit audiri vocem fragor aequoris ullam : 485
 sponte tamen properant alii subducere remos,
 pars munire latus, pars ventis vela negare ;
 egerit hic fluctus aequorque refundit in aequor,
 hic rapit antemnas ; quae dum sine lege geruntur,
 aspera crescit hiems, omnique e parte feroces 490
 bella gerunt venti fretaque indignantia miscent.
 ipse pavet nec se, qui sit status, ipse fatetur
 scire ratis rector, nec quid iubeatve vetetve :
 tanta mali moles tantoque potentior arte est.
 quippe sonant clamore viri, stridore rudentes, 495
 undarum incursu gravis unda, tonitribus aether.

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while yet she could she followed with her gaze the fast-receding ship. When even this was now so distant that it could not be seen, still she watched the sails floating along at the top of the mast. When she could not even see the sails, heavy-hearted she sought her lonely couch and threw herself upon it. The couch and the place renewed her tears, for they reminded her of the part that was gone from her.

They had left the harbour and the breeze had set the cordage rattling. At that the captain shipped his oars, ran the yard up to the top of the mast and spread all his sails to catch the freshening breeze. The ship was now skimming along about midway of the sea, and the land on either side was far away, when, as night came on, the water began to whiten with the roughening waves and the wind, driving ahead, to blow with increased violence. "Lower the yard at once," the captain cries, "and tight reef the sail." So he orders, but the blast blowing in his face drowns out his orders, nor does the uproar of the sea let his voice be heard. Still, of their own will, some hastily draw in the oars, some close the oar-holes, and some reef the sails. Here one is bailing out the water and pouring the sea into the sea, while another hastily secures the spars. While these things are being done, all in confusion, the storm is increasing in violence and from every quarter the raging winds make their attacks and stir up the angry waves. The captain himself is in terror and admits that he does not know how the vessel stands, nor what either to order or forbid; so great is the impending weight of destruction, so much more mighty than his skill. All is a confused uproar—shouts of men, rattling of cordage, roar of the rushing waves, and crash of thunder. The waves run mountain-high and seem

OVID

fluctibus erigitur caelumque aequare videtur
 pontus et inductas aspergine tangere nubes;
 et modo, cum fulvas ex imo vertit harenas,
 concolor est illis, Stygia modo nigrior unda, 500
 sternitur interdum spumisque sonantibus albet.
 ipsa quoque his agitur vicibus Trachinia puppis
 et nunc sublimis veluti de vertice montis
 despiciere in valles imumque Acheronta videtur,
 nunc, ubi demissam curvum circumstetit aequor, 505
 suspicere inferno summum de gurgite caelum.
 saepe dat ingentem fluctu latus icta fragorem
 nec levius pulsata sonat, quam ferreus olim
 cum laceras aries balistave concutit arces,
 utque solent sumptis incursu viribus ire 510
 pectore in arma feri protentaque tela leones,
 sic, ubi se ventis admiserat unda coortis,
 ibat in arma ratis multoque erat altior illis;
 iamque labant cunei, spoliataque tegmine cerae
 rima patet praebetque viam letalibus undis. 515
 ecce cadunt largi resolutis nubibus imbres,
 inque fretum credas totum descendere caelum,
 inque plagas caeli tumefactum ascendere pontum.
 vela madent nimbis, et cum caelestibus undis
 aequoreae miscentur aquae; caret ignibus aether, 520
 caecaque nox premitur tenebris hiemisque suisque.
 discutiunt tamen has praebentque micantia lumen
 fulmina: fulmineis ardescunt ignibus undae.
 dat quoque iam saltus intra cava texta carinae

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to reach the very heavens, and with their spray to sprinkle the lowering clouds. Now the water is tawny with the sands swept up from the bottom of the sea, and now blacker than the very waters of the Styx. At other times the waves spread out, white with the hissing foam. The Trachinian ship herself also is driven on in the grasp of chance. Now, lifted high, as from a mountain-top she seems to look down into deep valleys and the pit of Acheron; now, as she sinks far down and the writhing waters close her in, she seems to be looking up to the top of heaven from the infernal pools. Often with mighty thuds the vessel's sides resound, beaten by crashing waves as heavily as when sometimes an iron ram or ballista smites a battered fortress. And as savage lions, gaining new strength as they come rushing to the attack, are wont to breast the hunters' arms and ready spears; so, when the waves had been lashed to fury by the opposing winds, they rushed against the bulwarks of the barque and towered high over them. And now the tightening wedges of the hull spring loose and yawning chinks appear, their covering of wax clean washed away, and give passage to the deadly tide. Behold, the rain falls in sheets from the bursting clouds; and you would think that the whole heavens were falling down into the sea and that the swollen sea was leaping up into the regions of the sky. The sails are soaked with rain, and with the waters from the sky the ocean's floods are mingled. No stars gleam in the sky and the black night is murky with its own and the tempest's gloom. Still flashing lightnings cleave the shadows and give light, and the waves gleam red beneath the lightning's glare. Now also the flood comes pouring within the vessel's hollow hull; and as a soldier, more eager

OVID

fluctus ; et ut miles, numero praestantior omni, 525
 cum saepe adsiluit defensae moenibus urbis,
 spe potitur tandem laudisque accensus amore
 inter mille viros murum tamen occupat unus,
 sic ubi pulsarunt noviens latera ardua fluctus,
 vastius insurgens decimae ruit impetus undae 530
 nec prius absistit fessam oppugnare carinam,
 quam velut in captae descendat moenia navis.
 pars igitur temptabat adhuc invadere pinum,
 pars maris intus erat : trepidant haud setius omnes,
 quam solet urbs aliis murum fodientibus extra 535
 atque aliis murum trepidare tenentibus intus.
 deficit ars, animique cadunt, totidemque videntur,
 quot veniunt fluctus, ruere atque inrumpere mortes.
 non tenet hic lacrimas, stupet hic, vocat ille beatos,
 funera quos maneant, hic votis numen adorat 540
 brachiaque ad caelum, quod non videt, inrita tollens
 poscit opem ; subeunt illi fraterque parensque,
 huic cum pignoribus domus et quodcunque relictum
 est ;
 Alcyone Ceyca movet, Ceycis in ore
 nulla nisi Alcyone est et, cum desideret unam, 545
 gaudet abesse tamen ; patriae quoque vellet ad oras
 respicere inque domum supremos vertere vultus,
 verum, ubi sit, nescit : tanta vertigine pontus
 fervet, et inducta piceis e nubibus umbra
 omne latet caelum, duplicataque noctis imago est.
 frangitur incursu nimborum turbinis arbor, 551
 frangitur et regimen, spoliisque animosa superstes
 unda, velut victrix, sinuataque despicit undas ;
 nec levius, quam si quis Athon Pindumve revulsos
 sede sua totos in apertum everterit aequor, 555

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than his fellows, when he has often essayed to scale a beleaguered city's walls, at last succeeds and, fired with the passion for praise, o'erleaps the wall and stands one man amidst a thousand; so, when the waves nine times have battered at the lofty sides, the tenth wave, leaping with a mightier heave, comes on, nor does it cease its attack upon the weary ship until over the ramparts of the conquered barque it leaps within. So now a part of the sea still tries to invade the ship and part is already within its hold. All are in terrified confusion, just as a city is confused when some from without seek to undermine its walls and some hold the walls within. Skill fails and courage falls; and as many separate deaths seem rushing on and bursting through as are the advancing waves. One cannot restrain his tears; another is struck dumb; still another cries they are fortunate whom burial rites await; one calls on the gods in prayer and lifts unavailing arms to the unseen heavens, begging for help; one thinks upon his brothers and his sire, one on his home and children, and each on that which he has left behind. But Ceyx thinks on Alcyone: upon the lips of Ceyx there is no one save Alcyone; and, though he longs for her alone, yet he rejoices that she is far away. How he would love to look towards his native shores again and turn his last gaze upon his home. But where he is he knows not; for the sea boils in such whirling pools and the shadows of the pitchy clouds hide all the sky and double the darkness of the night. The mast is broken by a whirling rush of wind; the rudder, too, is broken. One last wave, like a victor rejoicing in his spoils, heaves itself high and looks down upon the other waves; and, as if one should tear from their foundations Athos and Pindus and hurl them bodily into the open sea, so fell this

OVID

praecipitata cadit pariterque et pondere et ictu
 mergit in ima ratem ; cum qua pars magna virorum
 gurgite pressa gravi neque in aera reddita fato
 functa suo est, alii partes et membra carinae
 trunca tenent : tenet ipse manu, qua sceptrum solebat,
 fragmina navigii Ceyx socerumque patremque 561
 invocat heu ! frustra, sed plurima nantis in ore
 Alcyone coniunx : illam meminitque refertque,
 illius ante oculos ut agant sua corpora fluctus
 optat et exanimis manibus tumuletur amicis. 565
 dum natat, absentem, quotiens sinit hiscere fluctus,
 nominat Alcyonen ipsisque in murmure undis.
 ecce super medios fluctus niger arcus aquarum
 frangitur et rupta mersum caput obruit unda.—
 Lucifer obscurus nec quem cognoscere posses 570
 illa luce fuit, quoniamque excedere caelo
 non licuit, densis textit sua nubibus ora.

Aeolis interea, tantorum ignara malorum,
 dinumerat noctes et iam, quas induat ille,
 festinat vestes, iam quas, ubi venerit ille, 575
 ipsa gerat, reditusque sibi promittit inanes.
 omnibus illa quidem superis pia tura ferebat,
 ante tamen cunctos Iunonis templa colebat
 proque viro, qui nullus erat, veniebat ad aras
 utque foret sospes coniunx suus utque rediret, 580
 optabat, nullamque sibi praeferret ; at illi
 hoc de tot votis poterat contingere solum.

At dea non ultra pro functo morte rogari

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wave headlong, and with its overwhelming weight plunged the ship down to the very bottom; and with the ship the great part of the sailors perished, sucked down in the eddying flood, nevermore to see the light of day. But some still clung to broken pieces of the vessel. Ceyx himself, with the hand that was wont to hold the sceptre, clung to a fragment of the wreck, and called upon his father-in-law and on his father, alas! in vain. But most of all is the name of Alcyone on the swimmer's lips. He remembers her and names her o'er and o'er. He prays that the waves may bear his body into her sight and that in death he may be entombed by her dear hands. While he can keep afloat, as often as the waves allow him to open his mouth he calls the name of his Alcyone, far away, and murmurs it even as the waves close over his lips. See, a dark billow of waters breaks over the surrounding floods and buries his head deep beneath the seething waves. Dim and unrecognizable was Lucifer that dawn; and since he might not leave his station in the skies, he wrapped his face in thick clouds.

Meanwhile the daughter of Aeolus, in ignorance of this great disaster, counts off the nights; now hastens on to weave the robes which he is to put on, and now those which she herself will wear when he comes back, and pictures to herself the home-coming which can never be. She dutifully burns incense to all the gods; but most of all she worships at Juno's shrine, and approaches the altars on behalf of the man who is no more, that her husband may be kept safe from harm, that he may return once more, loving no other woman more than her. And only this prayer of all her prayers could be granted her.

But the goddess could no longer endure these

OVID

sustinet utque manus funestas arceat aris,
 "Iri, meae" dixit "fidissima nuntia vocis, 585
 vise soporiferam Somni velociter aulam
 extinctique iube Ceycis imagine mittat
 somnia ad Alcyonen veros narrantia casus."
 dixerat: induitur velamina mille colorum
 Iris et arcuato caelum curvamine signans 590
 tecta petit iussi sub nube latentia regis.

Est prope Cimmerios longo spelunca recessu,
 mons cavus, ignavi domus et penetralia Somni,
 quo numquam radiis oriens mediusve cadensve
 Phoebus adire potest: nebulae caligine mixtae 595
 exhalantur humo dubiaeque crepuscula lucis.
 non vigil ales ibi cristati cantibus oris
 evocat Auroram, nec voce silentia rumpunt
 sollicitive canes canibusve sagacior anser;
 non fera, non pecudes, non moti flamine rami 600
 humanaeve sonum reddunt convicia linguae.
 muta quies habitat; saxo tamen exit ab imo
 rivus aquae Lethes, per quem cum murmure labens
 invitat somnos crepitantibus unda lapillis.
 ante fores antri fecunda papavera florent 605
 innumeraeque herbae, quarum de lacte soporem
 Nox legit et spargit per opacas umida terras.
 ianua, ne verso stridores cardine reddat,
 nulla domo tota, custos in limine nullus;
 at medio torus est ebene sublimis in antro, 610
 plumeus, atricolor, pullo velamine tectus,
 quo cubat ipse deus membris languore solutis.
 hunc circa passim varias imitantia formas
 Somnia vana iacent totidem, quot messis aristas,
 silva gerit frondes, eiectas litus harenas. 615

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entreaties for the dead. And that she might free her altar from the touch of the hands of mourning, she said: "Iris, most faithful messenger of mine, go quickly to the drowsy house of Sleep, and bid him send to Alcyone a vision in dead Ceyx' form to tell her the truth about his fate." She spoke; and Iris put on her cloak of a thousand hues and, trailing across the sky in a rainbow curve, she sought the cloud-concealed palace of the king of sleep.

Near the land of the Cimmerians there is a deep recess within a hollow mountain, the home and chamber of sluggish Sleep. Phoebus can never enter there with his rising, noontide, or setting rays. Clouds of vapour breathe forth from the earth, and dusky twilight shadows. There no wakeful, crested cock with his loud crowing summons the dawn; no careful watch-dog breaks the deep silence with his voice, or goose, still shrewder than the dog. There is no sound of wild beast or of cattle, of branches rustling in the breeze, no clamorous tongues of men. There mute silence dwells. But from the bottom of the cave there flows the stream of Lethe, whose waves, gently murmuring over the gravelly bed, invite to slumber. Before the cavern's entrance abundant poppies bloom, and countless herbs, from whose juices dewy night distils sleep and spreads its influence over the darkened lands. There is no door in all the house, lest some turning hinge should creak; no guardian on the threshold. But in the cavern's central space there is a high couch of ebony, downy-soft, black-hued, spread with a dusky coverlet. There lies the god himself, his limbs relaxed in languorous repose. Around him on all sides lie empty dream-shapes, mimicking many forms, many as ears of grain in harvest-time, as leaves upon the trees, as sands cast on the shore.

OVID

Quo simul intravit manibusque obstantia virgo
 Somnia dimovit, vestis fulgore reluxit
 sacra domus, tardaque deus gravitate iacentes
 vix oculos tollens iterumque iterumque relabens
 summaque percutiens nutanti pectora mento 620
 excussit tandem sibi se cubitoque levatus,
 quid veniat, (cognovit enim) scitatur, at illa :
 " Somne, quies rerum, placidissime, Somne, decorum,
 pax animi, quem cura fugit, qui corpora duris
 fessa ministeriis mulces reparasque labori, 625
 Somnia, quae veras aequant imitamine formas,
 Herculea Trachine iube sub imagine regis
 Alcyonen adeant simulacraque naufraga fingant.
 imperat hoc Iuno." postquam mandata peregit,
 Iris abit : neque enim ulterius tolerare soporis 630
 vim poterat, labique ut somnum sensit in artus,
 effugit et remeat per quos modo venerat arcus.

At pater e populo natorum mille suorum
 excitat artificem simulatoremque figurae
 Morphea : non illo quisquam sollertius alter 635
 exprimit incessus vultumque sonumque loquendi ;
 adicit et vestes et consuetissima cuique
 verba ; sed hic solos homines imitatur, at alter
 fit fera, fit volucris, fit longo corpore serpens :
 hunc Icelon superi, mortale Phobetora vulgus 640
 nominat ; est etiam diversae tertius artis
 Phantasos : ille in humum saxumque undamque tra-
 bemque,
 quaeque vacant anima, fallaciter omnia transit ;
 regibus hi ducibusque suos ostendere vultus
 nocte solent, populos alii plebemque pererrant. 645
 praeterit hos senior cunctisque e fratribus unum

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When the maiden entered there and with her hands brushed aside the dream-shapes that blocked her way, the awesome house was lit up with the gleaming of her garments. Then the god, scarce lifting his eyelids heavy with the weight of sleep, sinking back repeatedly and knocking his breast with his nodding chin, at last shook himself free of himself and, resting on an elbow, asked her (for he recognized her) why she came. And she replied: "O Sleep, thou rest of all things, Sleep, mildest of the gods, balm of the soul, who puttest care to flight, soothest our bodies worn with hard ministries, and preparest them for toil again! Fashion a shape that shall seem true form, and bid it go in semblance of the king to Aleyone in Trachis, famed for Hercules. There let it show her the picture of the wreck. This Juno bids." When she had done her task Iris departed, for she could no longer endure the power of sleep, and when she felt the drowsiness stealing upon her frame she fled away and retraced her course along the arch over which she had lately passed.

But the father rouses Morpheus from the throng of his thousand sons, a cunning imitator of the human form. No other is more skilled than he in representing the gait, the features, and the speech of men; the clothing also and the accustomed words of each he represents. His office is with men alone: another takes the form of beast or bird or the long-bodied serpent. Him the gods call Icelos, but mortals name him Phobotor. A third is Phantasos, versed in different arts. He puts on deceptive shapes of earth, rocks, water, trees, all lifeless things. These shapes show themselves by night to kings and chieftains, the rest haunt the throng of common folk. These the old sleep-god passes by, and chooses out of all the

OVID

Morphea, qui peragat Thaumantidos edita, Somnus
 eligit et rursus molli languore solutus
 deposuitque caput stratoque recondidit alto.

Ille volat nullos strepitus facientibus alis 650
 per tenebras intraque morae breve tempus in urbem
 pervenit Haemoniam, positisque e corpore pennis
 in faciem Ceycis abit sumptaque figura
 luridus, exanimi similis, sine vestibus ullis,
 coniugis ante torum miseræ stetit : uda videtur 655
 barba viri, madidisque gravis fluere unda capillis.
 tum lecto incumbens fletu super ora profuso
 hæc ait : “ agnoscis Ceyca, miserrima coniunx,
 an mea mutata est facies nece ? respice : nosces
 inveniesque tuo pro coniuge coniugis umbram ! 660
 nil opis, Alcyone, nobis tua vota tulerunt !
 occidimus ! falso tibi me promittere noli !
 nubilus Aegæo deprendit in æquore navem
 Auster et ingenti iactatam flamine solvit,
 oraque nostra tuum frustra clamantia nomen 665
 implerunt fluctus.—non hæc tibi nuntiat auctor
 ambiguus, non ista vagis rumoribus audis :
 ipse ego fata tibi præsens mea naufragus edo.
 surge, age, da lacrimas lugubriaque indue nec me
 indeploratum sub inania Tartara mitte ! ” 670
 adicit his vocem Morpheus, quam coniugis illa
 crederet esse sui (fletus quoque fundere veros
 visus erat) gestumque manu Ceycis habebat.
 ingemit Alcyone, lacrimas movet atque lacertos
 per somnum corpusque petens amplectitur auras 675
 exclamatque : “ mane ! quo te rapis ? ibimus una.”

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XI

brethren Morpheus alone to do the bidding of Iris, Thaumias' daughter. This done, once more in soft drowsiness he droops his head and settles it down upon his high couch.

But Morpheus flits away through the darkness on noiseless wings and quickly comes to the Haemonian city. There, putting off his wings, he takes the face and form of Ceyx, wan like the dead, and stands naked before the couch of the hapless wife. His beard is wet, and water drips heavily from his sodden hair. Then with streaming eyes he bends over her couch and says: "Do you recognize your Ceyx, O most wretched wife? or is my face changed in death? Look on me! You will know me then and find in place of husband your husband's shade. No help, Alcyone, have your prayers brought to me: I am dead. Cherish no longer your vain hope of me. For stormy Auster caught my ship on the Aegean sea and, tossing her in his fierce blasts, wrecked her there. My lips, calling vainly upon your name, drank in the waves. And this tale no uncertain messenger brings to you, nor do you hear it in the words of vague report; but I myself, wrecked as you see me, tell you of my fate. Get you up, then, and weep for me; put on your mourning garments and let me not go unlamented to the cheerless land of shades." These words spoke Morpheus, and that, too, in a voice she might well believe her husband's; he seemed also to weep real tears, and had the very gesture of her Ceyx' hands. Alcyone groaned, shed tears, and in sleep seeking his arms and to clasp his body, held only air in her embrace. She cried aloud: "Wait for me! Whither do you hasten? I will go with you." Aroused by her own voice and by the image of her

OVID

voce sua specieque viri turbata soporem
 excutit et primo, si sit, circumspicit, illic,
 qui modo visus erat ; nam moti voce ministri
 intulerant lumen. postquam non invenit usquam,
 percutit ora manu laniatque a pectore vestes 681
 pectoraque ipsa ferit nec crines solvere curat :
 scindit et altrici, quae luctus causa, roganti
 “ nulla est Alcyone, nulla est ” ait. “ occidit una
 cum Ceyce suo. solantia tollite verba ! 685
 naufragus interiit : vidi agnovique manusque
 ad discedentem cupiens retinere tetendi.
 umbra fuit, sed et umbra tamen manifesta virique
 vera mei. non ille quidem, si quaeris, habebat
 adsuetos vultus nec quo prius, ore nitebat : 690
 pallentem nudumque et adhuc umente capillo
 infelix vidi. stetit hoc miserabilis ipse
 ecce loco ” ; (et quaerit, vestigia siqua supersint).
 “ hoc erat, hoc, animo quod divinante timebam,
 et ne me fugeres, ventos sequerere, rogabam. 695
 at certe vellem, quoniam periturus abibas,
 me quoque duxisses : multum fuit utile tecum
 ire mihi ; neque enim de vitae tempore quicquam
 non simul egissem, nec mors discreta fuisset.
 nunc absens perii, iactor quoque fluctibus absens, 700
 et sine me me pontus habet. crudelior ipso
 sit mihi mens pelago, si vitam ducere nitar
 longius et tanto pugnem superesse dolori !
 sed neque pugnabo nec te, miserande, relinquam
 et tibi nunc saltem veniam comes, inque sepulcro 705

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XI

husband, she started wide awake. And first she looked around to see if he was there whom but now she had seen. For her attendants, startled by her cries, had brought a lamp into her chamber. When she did not find him anywhere, she smote her cheeks, tore off her garment from her breast and beat her breasts themselves. She stayed not to loose her hair, but rent it, and to her nurse, who asked what was her cause of grief, she cried: "Acyone is no more, no more; she has died together with her Ceyx. Away with consoling words! He's shipwrecked, dead! I saw him and I knew him, and I stretched out my hands to him as he vanished, eager to hold him back. It was but a shade, and yet it was my husband's true shade, clearly seen. He had not, to be sure, his wonted features, nor did his face light as it used to do. But wan and naked, with hair still dripping, oh, woe is me, I saw him. See there, on that very spot, he himself stood, piteous"—and she strove to see if any footprints still remained. "This, this it was which with foreboding mind I feared, and I begged you not to leave me and sail away. But surely I should have wished, since you were going to your death, that you had taken me as well. How well had it been for me to go with you; for in that case neither should I have spent any of my life apart from you, nor should we have been separated in our death. But now far from myself I have perished; far from myself also I am tossed about upon the waves, and without me the sea holds me. My heart would be more cruel to me than the sea itself if I should strive still to live on and struggle to survive my sorrow. But I shall neither struggle nor shall I leave you, my poor husband. Now at least I shall come to be your companion; and if not the

OVID

si non urna, tamen iunget nos littera : si non
 ossibus ossa meis. at nomen nomine tangam.”
 plura dolor prohibet, verboque intervenit omni
 plangor, et attonito gemitus a corde trahuntur.

Mane erat : egreditur tectis ad litus et illum 710
 maesta locum repetit, de quo spectarat euntem,
 dumque moratur ibi dumque “ hic retinacula solvit, *
 hoc mihi discedens dedit oscula litore ” dicit
 dumque notata locis reminiscitur acta fretumque
 prospicit, in liquida, spatio distante, tuetur 715

nescio quid quasi corpus aqua, primoque, quid illud
 esset, erat dubium ; postquam paulum adpulit unda,
 et, quamvis aberat, corpus tamen esse liquebat,
 qui foret, ignorans, quia naufragus, omine mota est
 et, tamquam ignoto lacrimam daret, “ heu ! miser,”
 inquit 720

“ quisquis es, et si qua est coniunx tibi ! ” fluctibus
 actum

fit propius corpus : quod quo magis illa tuetur,
 hoc minus et minus est mentis, vae ! iamque pro-
 pinquae

admotum terrae, iam quod cognoscere posset,
 cernit : erat coniunx ! “ ille est ! ” exclamat et una
 ora, comas, vestem lacerat tendensque trementes 726
 ad Ceyca manus “ sic, o carissime coniunx,
 sic ad me, miserande, redis ? ” ait. adiacet undis
 facta manu moles, quae primas aequoris undas
 frangit et incursus quae praedelassat aquarum. 730

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XI

entombed urn, at least the lettered stone shall join us; if not your bones with mine, still shall I touch you, name with name." Grief checked further speech, wailing took place of words, and groans drawn from her stricken heart.

Morning had come. She went forth from her house to the seashore and sadly sought that spot again from which she had watched him sail. And while she lingered there and while she was saying: "Here he loosed his cable, on this beach he kissed me as he was departing"; while she was thus recalling the incidents and the place and gazing seaward, away out upon the streaming waters she saw something like a corpse. At first she was not sure what it was; but after the waves had washed it a little nearer, although it was still some distance off, yet it clearly was a corpse. She did not know whose it was; yet, because it was a shipwrecked man, she was moved by the omen and, as if she would weep for the unknown dead, she cried: "Alas for you, poor man, whoever you are, and alas for your wife, if wife you have!" Meanwhile the body had been driven nearer by the waves, and the more she regarded it the less and still less could she contain herself. Ah! and now it had come close to land, now she could see clearly what it was. It was her husband! "'Tis he!" she shrieked and, tearing her cheeks, her hair, her garments all at once, she stretched out her trembling hands to Ceyx, crying: "Thus, O dearest husband, is it thus, poor soul, you come back to me?" Near by the water was a mole built which broke the first onslaught of the waters, and took the force of the rushing waves. Thither she ran and leaped into the sea; 'twas a wonder that she could; she flew and, fluttering through the yielding

OVID

insilit huc, mirumque fuit potuisse : volabat
 percutiensque levem modo natis aera pennis
 stringebat summas ales miserabilis undas,
 dumque volat, maesto similem plenumque querellae
 ora dedere sonum tenui crepitantia rostro. 735

ut vero tetigit mutum et sine sanguine corpus,
 dilectos artus amplexa recentibus alis
 frigida nequiquam duro dedit oscula rostro.
 senserit hoc Ceyx, an vultum motibus undae
 tollere sit visus, populus dubitabat, at ille 740

senserat : et, tandem superis miserantibus, ambo
 alite mutantur ; fatis obnoxius isdem
 tunc quoque mansit amor nec coniugiale solum
 foedus in alitibus : coeunt fiuntque parentes,
 perque dies placidos hiberno tempore septem 745
 incubat Aleyone pendentibus aequore nidis.
 tunc iacet unda maris : ventos custodit et arcet
 Aeolus egressu praestatque nepotibus aequor.

Hos aliquis senior iunctim freta iata volantes
 spectat et ad finem servatos laudat amores : 750
 proximus, aut idem, si fors tulit, " hic quoque," dixit
 " quem mare carpentem substrictaque crura gerentem
 aspicias," (ostendens spatiosum in guttura mergum)

" regia progenies, et si descendere ad ipsum
 ordine perpetuo quaeris, sunt huius origo 755

Ilus et Assaracus raptusque Iovi Ganymedes
 Laomedonque senex Priamusque novissima Troiae
 tempora sortitus ; frater fuit Hectoris iste :
 qui nisi sensisset prima nova fata inventa,
 forsitan inferius non Hectore nomen haberet, 760

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air on sudden wings, she skimmed the surface of the water, a wretched bird. And as she flew, her croaking mouth, with long slender beak, uttered sounds like one in grief and full of complaint. But when she reached the silent, lifeless body, she embraced the dear limbs with her new-found wings and strove vainly to kiss the cold lips with her rough bill. Whether Ceyx felt this, or whether he but seemed to lift his face by the motion of the waves, men were in doubt. But he did feel it. And at last, through the pity of the gods, both changed to birds. Though thus they suffered the same fate, still even thus their love remained, nor were their conjugal bonds loosened because of their feathered shape. Still do they mate and rear their young; and for seven peaceful days in the winter season Alcyone broods upon her nest floating upon the surface of the waters. At such a time the waves of the sea are still; for Aeolus guards his winds and forbids them to go abroad and for his grandsons' sake gives peace upon the sea.

Seeing these birds flying in loving harmony over the broad waters, some old man spoke in praise of their affection kept unbroken to the end. Then one near by, or perhaps the same speaker, pointing to a long-necked diver, said: "That bird also, which you see skimming along over the water and trailing his slender legs, is of royal birth, and his ancestors, if you wish in unbroken line to come down to him himself, were Ilus and Assaracus, Ganymede, whom Jove stole away, old Laomedon and Priam, who came by fate on Troy's last days. He there was the brother of Hector; and had he not met his strange fate in early manhood, perhaps he would have a name no less renowned than Hector's. While the daughter

OVID

quamvis est illum proles enixa Dymantis,
 Aesacon umbrosa furtim peperisse sub Ida
 fertur Alexiroe, Granico nata bicorni.
 oderat hic urbes nitidaque remotus ab aula
 secretos montes et inambitiosa colebat 765
 rura nec Iliacos coetus nisi rarus adibat.
 non agreste tamen nec inexpugnabile amori
 pectus habens silvas captatam saepe per omnes
 aspicit Hesperien patria Cebrenida ripa
 iniectos umeris siccantem sole capillos. 770
 visa fugit nymphe, veluti perterrita fulvum
 cerva lupum longeque lacu deprensa relicto
 accipitrem fluvialis anas; quam Troius heros
 insequitur celeremque metu celer urguet amore.
 ecce latens herba coluber fugientis adunco 775
 dente pedem strinxit virusque in corpore liquit;
 cum vita suppressa fuga est: amplectitur amens
 exanimem clamatque ' piget, piget esse secutum!
 sed non hoc timui, neque erat mihi vincere tanti.
 perdidimus miseram nos te duo: vulnus ab angue,
 a me causa data est! ego sum sceleratior illo, 781
 qui tibi morte mea mortis solacia mittam.'
 dixit et e scopulo, quem rauca subederat unda,
 decidit in pontum. Tethys miserata cadentem
 molliter exceptit nantemque per aequora pennis 785
 textit, et optatae non est data copia mortis.
 indignatur amans, invitum vivere cogi
 obstarique animae misera de sede volenti

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XI

of Dymas¹ bore the one, the other, Aesacus, is said to have been borne in secret beneath the shades of Ida by Alexiroë, daughter of the horned Granicus. He hated towns and, far from glittering palace halls, dwelt on remote mountain-sides and in lowly country places, and rarely sought the company of the men of Ilium. Still his heart was not boorish nor averse to love, and often he pursued through all the woody glades Hesperia, daughter of Cebren, whom he beheld drying her hair tossed on her shoulders in the sun upon her father's bank. The nymph fled at sight of him as the frightened hind flees the tawny wolf, or as the wild duck, surprised far from her forsaken pool, flees from the hawk. But the Trojan hero followed her, swift on the wings of love as she was swift on the wings of fear. Behold, a serpent, hiding in the grass, pierced her foot with his curved fangs as she fled along, and left his poison in her veins. Her flight stopped with life. Beside himself, her lover embraced the lifeless form and cried: 'Oh, I repent me, I repent that I followed you! But I had no fear of this, nor was it worth so much to me to win you. We have destroyed you, poor maid, two of us: the wound was given you by the serpent, by me was given the cause! I am more guilty than he. But by my death will I send death's consolation to you.' So saying, from a lofty cliff, where the hoarse waves had eaten it out below, he hurled himself down into the sea. But Tethys, pitying his case, received him gently as he fell, covered him with feathers as he floated on the waters, and so denied him the privilege of the death he sought. The lover was wroth that he was forced to live against his will and that his spirit was thwarted as it desired to leave its wretched

¹ Hecuba.

OVID

exire, utque novas umeris adsumpserat alas, 789
subvolat atque iterum corpus super aequora mittit.
pluma levat casus : furit Aesacos inque profundum
pronus abit letique viam sine fine retemptat.
fecit amor maciem : longa internodia crurum,
longa manet cervix, caput est a corpore longe; 794
aequora amat nomenque tenet, quia mergitur illo."

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seat. And when he had gained on his shoulders his new-sprung wings, he flew aloft and once more hurled his body down to the sea; but his light plumage broke his fall. In wild rage Aesacus dived deep down below the water and tried endlessly to find the way to death. His passion made him lean; his legs between the joints are long, his long neck is still long, his head is far from his body. He still loves the sea and has his name ¹ because he dives beneath it."

¹ Mergus, a diver.

BOOK XII

LIBER XII

Nescivs adsumptis Priamus pater Aesacon alis
vivere lugebat: tumulo quoque, nomen habenti,
inferias dederat cum fratribus Hector inani;
defuit officio Paridis praesentia tristi,
postmodo qui rapta longum cum coniuge bellum 5
attulit in patriam: coniurataeque sequuntur
mille rates gentisque simul commune Pelasgae;
nec dilata foret vindicta, nisi aequora saevi
invia fecissent venti, Boeotaque tellus
Aulide piscosa puppes tenuisset ituras. 10
hic patrio de more Iovi cum sacra parassent,
ut vetus accensis incanduit ignibus ara,
serpere caeruleum Danai videre draconem
in platanum, coeptis quae stabat proxima sacris.
nidus erat volucrum bis quattuor arbore summa: 15
quas simul et matrem circum sua damna volantem
corripuit serpens avidoque recondidit ore,
obstipuere omnes, at veri providus augur
Thestorides "vincemus"; ait, "gaudete, Pelasgi!
Troia cadet, sed erit nostri mora longa laboris," 20
atque novem volucres in belli digerit annos.

BOOK XII

FATHER PRIAM, not knowing that Aesacus was still alive in feathered form, mourned for his son. At an empty tomb also, inscribed with the lost one's name, Hector with his brothers had offered sacrifices in honour of the dead. Paris was not present at the sad rite, Paris, who a little later brought a long-continued war upon his country with his stolen wife. A thousand ships and the whole Pelasgian race, banded together, pursued him, nor would vengeance have been postponed had not stormy winds made the sea impassable, and had not the land of Boeotia kept the ships, though ready to set sail, at fish-haunted Aulis. When here, after their country's fashion, they had prepared to sacrifice to Jove, and just as the ancient altar was glowing with the lighted fires, the Greeks saw a dark-green serpent crawling up a plane-tree which stood near the place where they had begun their sacrifices. There was a nest with eight young birds in the top of the tree, and these, together with the mother, who was flying around her doomed nestlings, the serpent seized and swallowed in his greedy maw. They all looked on in amazement. But Thestorides, the augur, who saw clearly the meaning of the portent, said: "We shall conquer. Rejoice, ye Greeks, Troy shall fall, but our task will be of long duration"; and he interpreted the nine birds as nine years of war. Meanwhile the serpent,

OVID

ille, ut erat virides amplexus in arbore ramos,
fit lapis et servat serpentis imagine nixum.

Permanet Aoniis Nereus violentus in undis
bellaque non transfert, et sunt, qui parcere Troiae 25
Neptunum credant, quia moenia fecerat urbi;
at non Thestorides: nec enim nescitve tacetve
sanguine virgineo piacandam virginis iram
esse deae. postquam pietatem publica causa
rexque patrem vicit, castumque datura cruorem 30
flentibus ante aram stetit Iphigenia ministris,
victa dea est nubemque oculis obiecit et inter
officium turbamque sacri vocesque precantum
supposita fertur mutasse Mycenida cerva.
ergo ubi, qua decuit, lenita est caede Diana, 35
et pariter Phoebes, pariter maris ira recessit,
accipiunt ventos a tergo mille carinae
multaque perpressae Phrygia potiuntur harena.

Orbe locus medio est inter terrasque fretumque
caelestesque plagas, triplicis confinia mundi; 40
unde quod est usquam, quamvis regionibus absit,
inspicitur, penetratque cavas vox omnis ad aures:
Fama tenet summaque domum sibi legit in arce,
innumerosque aditus ac mille foramina tectis
addidit et nullis inclusit limina portis; 45
nocte dieque patet: tota est ex aere sonanti,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XII

just as he was, coiled round the green branches of the tree, was changed to stone, and the stone kept the form of the climbing serpent.

But Nereus continued to be boisterous on the Aonian waters, and refused to transport the war. And there were some who held that Neptune was sparing Troy because he had built its walls. But not so the son of Thestor. For he was neither ignorant of the truth nor did he withhold it, that the wrath of the virgin goddess¹ must be appeased with a virgin's blood. After consideration for the public weal had overcome affection, and the father had been vanquished by the king, and just as midst the weeping attendants Iphigenia was standing before the altar ready to shed her innocent blood, the goddess was moved to pity and spread a cloud before their eyes; and there, while the sacred rites went on, midst the confusion of the sacrifice and the cries of suppliants, she is said to have substituted a hind for the maiden of Mycenae. When therefore, as 'twas fitting, Diana had been appeased by the sacrifice of blood, when Phoebé's and the ocean's wrath had subsided together, the thousand ships found the winds blowing astern and, after suffering many adventures, they reached the shores of Phrygia.

There is a place in the middle of the world, 'twixt land and sea and sky, the meeting-point of the three-fold universe. From this place, whatever is, however far away, is seen, and every word penetrates to these hollow ears. Rumour dwells here, having chosen her house upon a high mountain-top; and she gave the house countless entrances, a thousand apertures, but with no doors to close them. Night and day the house stands open. It is built all of echoing

¹ Diana.

OVID

tota fremit vocesque refert iteratque quod audit ;
 nulla quies intus nullaque silentia parte,
 nec tamen est clamor, sed parvae murmura vocis,
 qualia de pelagi, siquis procul audiat, undis 50
 esse solent, qualemve sonum, cum Iuppiter atras
 increpuit nubes, extrema tonitrua reddunt.

atria turba tenet : veniunt, leve vulgus, euntque
 mixtaque cum veris passim commenta vagantur
 milia rumorum confusaque verba volutant ; 55
 e quibus hi vacuas implent sermonibus aures,
 hi narrata ferunt alio, mensuraque ficti
 crescit, et auditis aliquid novus adicit auctor.

illic Credulitas, illic temerarius Error
 vanaque Laetitia est consternatique Timores 60
 Seditioque recens dubioque auctore Susurri ;
 ipsa, quid in caelo rerum pelagoque geratur
 et tellure, videt totumque inquit in orbem.

Fecerat haec notum, Graias cum milite forti
 adventare rates, neque inexpectatus in armis 65
 hostis adest : prohibent aditus litusque tuentur
 Troes, et Hectorea primus fataliter hasta,
 Protesilae, cadis, commissaque proelia magno
 stant Danais, fortisque animae nece cognitus Hector.
 nec Phryges exiguo, quid Achaica dextera posset, 70
 sanguine senserunt, et iam Sigea rubebant
 litora, iam leto proles Neptunia, Cygnus,
 mille viros dederat, iam curru instabat Achilles
 totaque Peliacae sternebat cuspidis ictu

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brass. The whole place is full of noises, repeats all words and doubles what it hears. There is no quiet, no silence anywhere within. And yet there is no loud clamour, but only the subdued murmur of voices, like the murmur of the waves of the sea if you listen afar off, or like the last rumblings of thunder when Jove has made the dark clouds crash together. Crowds fill the hall, shifting throngs come and go, and everywhere wander thousands of rumours, falsehoods mingled with the truth, and confused reports flit about. Some of these fill their idle ears with talk, and others go and tell elsewhere what they have heard; while the story grows in size, and each new teller makes contribution to what he has heard. Here is Credulity, here is heedless Error, unfounded Joy and panic Fear; here sudden Sedition and unauthentic Whispers. Rumour herself beholds all that is done in heaven, on sea and land, and searches throughout the world for news.

Now she had spread the tidings that the Greek fleet was approaching full of brave soldiery; and so not unlooked for did the invading army come. The Trojans were ready to prevent the enemy's landing and to protect their shores. You first fell, Protesilaüs, before Hector's deadly spear. Those early battles proved costly to the Greeks and they soon learned Hector's warlike mettle by the slaughter that he dealt. And the Phrygians learned too, at no slight cost of blood, how puissant was the Grecian hand. And now the Sigeon shores grew red; now Neptune's son, Cygnus, had given a thousand men to death; now was Achilles pressing on in his chariot and laying low whole ranks with the stroke of his spear that grew on Pelion; and, as he sought through

OVID

agmina perque acies aut Cygnum aut Hectora
 quaerens 75
 congregitur Cygno (decimum dilatus in annum
 Hector erat): tum colla iugo canentia pressos
 exhortatus equos currum direxit in hostem
 concutiensque suis vibrantia tela lacertis
 "quisquis es, o iuvenis," dixit "solamen habeto 80
 mortis, ab Haemonio quod sis iugulatus Achille!"
 hactenus Aeacides: vocem gravis hasta secuta est,
 sed quamquam certa nullus fuit error in hasta,
 nil tamen emissi profecit acumine ferri
 utque hebeti pectus tantummodo contudit ictu. 85
 "nate dea, nam te fama praenovimus," inquit
 ille "quid a nobis vulnus miraris abesse?
 (mirabatur enim.) "non haec, quam cernis, equinis
 fulva iubis cassis neque onus, cava parma, sinistrae
 auxilio mihi sunt: decor est quaesitus ab istis; 90
 Mars quoque ob hoc capere arma solet! removebitur
 huius
 tegminis officium: tamen indestrictus abibo;
 est aliquid non esse satum Nereide, sed qui
 Nereaque et natas et totum temperat aequor."
 dixit et haesurum clipei curvamine telum 95
 misit in Aeaciden, quod et aes et proxima rupit
 terga novena boum, decimo tamen orbe moratum est.
 excutit hoc heros rursusque tremantia forti
 tela manu torsit: rursus sine vulnere corpus
 sincerumque fuit; nec tertia cuspis apertum 100
 et se praebentem valuit destringere Cygnum.
 haut secus exarsit, quam circo taurus aperto,

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the battle's press either Cygnus or Hector, he met with Cygnus. (Hector's fate had been postponed until the tenth year.) Then Achilles, shouting to his horses whose snowy necks were straining at the yoke, drove his chariot full at the enemy and, brandishing his spear with his strong arm, cried: "Whoever you are, O youth, have it for solace of your death that you were slain by Achilles of Thessaly." So spoke Aeacides. His heavy spear followed on the word; but, although there was no swerving in the well-aimed spear, the flying weapon struck with its sharp point without effect, and only bruised his breast as by a blunt stroke. Then Cygnus said: "O son of Thetis, for rumour has already made you known to me, why do you marvel that I am unscathed?" for he was amazed. "Neither this helmet which you behold, yellow with its horse-hair crest, nor yet this hollow shield which burdens my left arm is intended for a protection; 'tis ornament that is sought from them. Mars, too, for this cause, wears his armour. Remove the protection of this covering: still shall I escape unharmed. It is something to be the son, not of Nereus' daughter, but of him who rules both Nereus and his daughters and the whole sea besides." He spoke and hurled against Aeacides his spear, destined only to stick in the curving shield. Through brass and through nine layers of bull's hide it tore its way, but stopped upon the tenth. Shaking the weapon off, the hero again hurled a quivering spear with his strong hand. Again his foeman's body was unwounded and unharmed; nor did a third spear avail to scratch Cygnus, though he offered his body quite unprotected. Achilles raged at this just like a bull in the broad arena when with his deadly horns he rushes on the scarlet cloak, the object of his

OVID

cum sua terribili petit iritamina cornu.
 poeniceas vestes, elusaque vulnera sentit :
 num tamen exciderit ferrum considerat hastae : 105
 haerebat ligno. “ manus est mea debilis ergo,
 quasque ” ait “ ante habuit vires, effudit in uno?
 nam certe valuit, vel cum Lyrnesia primus
 moenia deieci, vel cum Tenedonque suoque
 Eetioneas inplevi sanguine Thebas, 110
 vel cum purpureus populari caede Caicus
 fluxit, opusque meae bis sensit Telephus hastae.
 hic quoque tot caesis, quorum per litus acervos
 et feci et video, valuit mea dextra valetque.”
 dixit et, ante actis veluti male crederet, hastam 115
 misit in adversum Lycia de plebe Menoeten
 loricamque simul subiectaque pectora rupit.
 quo plangente gravem moribundo vertice terram
 extrahit illud idem calido de vulnere telum
 atque ait : “ haec manus est, haec, qua modo vicimus,
 hasta : 120
 utar in hoc isdem ; sit in hoc, precor, exitus idem ! ”
 sic fatus Cygnum repetit, nec fraxinus errat
 inque umero sonuit non evitata sinistro,
 inde velut muro solidaque a caute repulsa est ;
 qua tamen ictus erat, signatum sanguine Cygnum 125
 viderat et frustra fuerat gavisus Achilles :
 vulnus erat nullum, sanguis fuit ille Menoetae l
 tum vero praeceps curru fremebundus ab alto
 desilit et nitido securum comminus hostem
 ense petens parmam gladio galeamque cavari 130
 cernit, at in duro laedi quoque corpore ferrum.

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wrath, and finds it ever eluding his fierce attack. He examined the spear to see if the iron point had not been dislodged. It was still on the wooden shaft. "Is my hand then so weak," he said, "and has the strength, which it once had, ebbed away in this case alone? For surely I had strength enough when I as leader of the attack overthrew Lyrnesus' walls, or when I caused Tenedos and Thebes, the city of Eetion, to flow with their own blood, when the Caïcus ran red with the slaughter of its neighbouring tribes, and when Telephus twice felt the strength of my spear. On this field also, with so many slain, heaps of whose corpses upon the shore I have both made and see, my right hand has been mighty and still is mighty." He spoke and, as if he distrusted his former prowess, he hurled the spear full at Menoetes, one of the Lycian commons, and smote clean through his breastplate and his breast beneath. As his dying victim fell clanging down head first upon the solid earth, Achilles plucked out the spear from the hot wound and cried: "This is the hand, this the spear with which I have just conquered. I likewise shall use it on this foeman, and may the outcome be the same on him, I pray." So saying, he hurled again at Cygnus, and the ashen spear went straight and struck, unshunned, with a thud upon the left shoulder, whence it rebounded as from a wall or from a solid cliff. Yet where the spear struck, Achilles saw Cygnus marked with blood, and rejoiced, but vainly: there was no wound; it was Menoetes' blood! Then truly in headlong rage he leaped down from his lofty chariot and, seeking his invulnerable foe in close conflict with his gleaming sword, he saw both shield and helmet pierced through, but on the unyielding body his sword was even blunted. The

OVID

haut tulit ulterius clipeoque adversa relecti
 ter quater ora viri, capulo cava tempora pulsat
 cedentique sequens instat turbatque ruitque
 attonitoque negat requiem : pavor occupat illum, 135
 ante oculosque natant tenebrae retroque ferenti
 aversos passus medio lapis obstitit arvo ;
 quem super impulsus resupino corpore Cygnum
 vi multa vertit terraeque adflixit Achilles.
 tum clipeo genibusque premens praecordia duris 140
 vincla trahit galeae, quae presso subdita mento
 elidunt fauces et respiramen utrumque
 eripiunt animae. victum spoliare parabat :
 arma relicta videt ; corpus deus aequoris albam
 contulit in volucrem, cuius modo nomen habebat. 145

Hic labor, haec requiem multorum pugna dierum
 attulit et positis pars utraque substitit armis.
 dumque vigil Phrygios servat custodia muros,
 et vigil Argolicas servat custodia fossas,
 festa dies aderat, qua Cygni victor Achilles 150
 Pallada mactatae placabat sanguine vaccae ;
 cuius ut inposuit prosecta calentibus aris,
 et dis acceptus penetravit in aethera nidor,
 sacra tulere suam, pars est data cetera mensis.
 discubere toris proceres et corpora tosta 155
 carne replent vinoque levant curasque sitimque.
 non illos citharae, non illos carmina vocum
 longave multifori delectat tibia buxi,
 sed noctem sermone trahunt, virtusque loquendi

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hero could brook no more, but with shield and sword-hilt again and again he beat upon the face and hollow temples of his uncovered foe. As one gives way the other presses on, buffets and rushes him, gives him no pause to recover from the shock. Fear gets hold on Cygnus; dark shadows float before his eyes, and as he steps backward a stone lying on the plain blocks his way. As he lies with bent body pressed back upon this, Achilles whirls him with mighty force and dashes him to the earth. Then, pressing with buckler and hard knees upon his breast, he unlaces his helmet-thongs. With these applied beneath his chin he chokes his throat and cuts off the passage of his breath. He prepares to strip his conquered foe: he sees the armour empty; for the sea-god has changed the body into the white bird whose name he lately bore.

This struggle, this battle, brought a truce of many days, and each side laid its weapons down and rested. And while a watchful guard was patrolling the Phrygian walls and a watchful guard patrolled the trenches of the Greeks, there came a festal day when Cygnus' conqueror, Achilles, was sacrificing to Pallas with blood of a slain heifer. When now the entrails had been placed upon the blazing altars and the odour which gods love had ascended to the skies, the holy beings received their share and the rest was set upon the tables. The chiefs reclined upon the couches and ate their fill of the roasted flesh while they relieved their cares and quenched their thirst with wine. Nor were they entertained by sound of cithern, nor by the voice of song, nor by the long flute of boxwood pierced with many holes; but they drew out the night in talk, and valour was the theme of their conversation. Of battles was their talk, the

OVID

materia est : pugnas referunt hostisque suasque, 160
 inque vices adita atque exhausta pericula saepe
 commemorare iuvat ; quid enim loqueretur Achilles,
 aut quid apud magnum potius loquerentur Achillem?
 proxima praecipue domito victoria Cygno
 in sermone fuit : visum mirabile cunctis, 165
 quod iuveni corpus nullo penetrabile telo
 invictumque a vulnere erat ferrumque terebat.
 hoc ipse Aeacides, hoc mirabantur Achivi,
 cum sic Nestor ait : “ vestro fuit unicus aevo
 contemptor ferri nulloque forabilis ictu 170
 Cygnus. at ipse olim patientem vulnere mille
 corpore non laeso Perrhaebum Caenea vidi,
 Caenea Perrhaebum, qui factis inclitus Othryn
 incoluit, quoque id mirum magis esset in illo,
 femina natus erat.” monstri novitate moventur 175
 quisquis adest, narretque rogant : quos inter Achilles :
 “ dic age ! nam cunctis eadem est audire voluntas,
 o facunde senex, aevi prudentia nostri,
 quis fuerit Caeneus, cur in contraria versus,
 qua tibi militia, cuius certamine pugnae 180
 cognitus, a quo sit victus, si victus ab ullo est.”
 tum senior : “ quamvis obstet mihi tarda vetustas,
 multaque me fugiant primis spectata sub annis,
 plura tamen memini. nec quae magis haereat ulla
 pectore res nostro est inter bellique domique 185
 acta tot, ac si quem potuit spatiosa senectus
 spectatorem operum multorum reddere, vixi
 annos bis centum ; nunc tertia vivitur aetas.

“ Clara decore fuit proles Elateia Caenis,

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enemy's and their own, and 'twas joy to tell over and over again in turn the perils they had encountered and endured. For of what else should Achilles speak, or of what else should others speak in great Achilles' presence? Especially did the talk turn on Achilles' last victory and Cygnus' overthrow. It seemed a marvel to them all that a youth should have a body which no spear could penetrate, invulnerable, which blunted the sword's edge. Aeacides himself and the Greeks were wondering at this, when Nestor said: "In this your generation there has been one only, Cygnus, who could scorn the sword, whom no stroke could pierce; but I myself long ago saw one who could bear a thousand strokes with body unharmed, Thessalian Caeneus: Caeneus of Thessaly, I say, who once dwelt on Mount Othrys, famed for his mighty deeds; and to enhance the marvel of him, he had been born a woman." All who heard were struck with wonder at this marvel and begged him to tell the tale. Among the rest Achilles said: "Tell on, old man, eloquent wisdom of our age, for all of us alike desire to hear, who was this Caeneus, why was he changed in sex, in what campaign did you know him and fighting against whom; by whom he was conquered if he was conquered by anyone." Then said the old man: "Though time has blurred my memory, though many things which I saw in my young years have quite gone from me, still can I remember much; nor is there anything, midst so many deeds of war and peace, that clings more firmly in my memory than this. And, if long-extended age could have made anyone an observer of many deeds, I have lived for two centuries and now am living in my third.

"Famous for beauty was Elatus' daughter, Caenis,

OVID

Thessalidum virgo pulcherrima, perque propinquas
perque tuas urbes (tibi enim popularis, Achille), 191
multorumque fuit spes invidiosa procorum.

temptasset Peleus thalamos quoque forsitan illos :
sed iam aut contigerant illi conubia matris
aut fuerant promissa tuae, nec Caenis in ullos 195

denupsit thalamos secretaque litora carpens
aequorei vim passa dei est (ita fama ferebat),
utque novae Veneris Neptunus gaudia cepit,
' sint tua vota licet ' dixit ' segura repulsae :

elige, quid voveas ! ' (eadem hoc quoque fama ferebat)
' magnum ' Caenis ait ' facit haec iniuria votum, 201
tale pati nil posse ; mihi da, femina ne sim :

omnia praestiteris.' graviore novissima dixit
verba sono poteratque viri vox illa videri,
sicut erat ; nam iam voto deus aequoris alti 205
adnuerat dederatque super, nec saucius ullis

vulneribus fieri ferrove occumbere posset.
munere laetus abit studiis virilibus aevum
exigit Atracides Peneiaque arva pererrat.

" Duxerat Hippodamen audaci Ixione natus 210
nubigenasque feros positus ex ordine mensis
arboribus tecto discumbere iusserat antro.

Haemonii proceres aderant, aderamus et ipsi,
festaque confusa resonabat regia turba.
ecce canunt Hymenaeon, et ignibus atria fumant, 215
cinctaque adest virgo matrum nuruumque caterva,

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most lovely of all the maids of Thessaly, both throughout the neighbouring cities and your own (for she was of your city, Achilles), and she was the longed-for hope of many suitors. Peleus, too, perchance, would have tried to win her; but he had either already wed your mother or she was promised to him. And Caenis would not consent to any marriage; but, so report had it, while walking along a lonely shore she was ravished by the god of the sea. When Neptune had tasted the joys of his new love, he said: 'Make now your prayers without fear of refusal. Choose what you most desire.' This, also, was a part of the same report. Then Caenis said: 'The wrong that you have done me calls for a mighty prayer, the prayer that I may never again be able to suffer so. Grant me that I be not woman: then you will have granted all.' She spoke the last words with a deeper tone which could well seem to be uttered by a man. And so it was; for already the god of the deep ocean had assented to her prayer, and had granted her besides that she should be proof against any wounds and should never fall before any sword. Atracides¹ went away rejoicing in his gift, spent his years in manly exercises, and ranged the fields of Thessaly.

"Bold Ixion's son² had wed Hippodame and had invited the cloud-born centaurs to recline at the tables, set in order in a well-shaded grotto. The Thessalian chiefs were there and I myself was there. The palace, in festal array, resounded with the noisy throng. Behold, they were singing the nuptial song, the great hall smoked with the fires, and in came the maiden escorted by a throng of matrons and young wives, herself of surpassing beauty. We congratu-

¹ *i.e.* the Thessalian, Caeneus, the transformed Caenis.

² Pirithoüs.

OVID

praesignis facie ; felicem diximus illa
 coniuge Pirithoum, quod paene fefellimus omen.
 nam tibi, saevorum saevissime Centaurorum,
 Euryte, quam vino pectus, tam virgine visa 220
 ardet, et ebrietas geminata libidine regnat.
 protinus eversae turbant convivia mensae,
 raptaturque comis per vim nova nupta prehensis.
 Eurytus Hippodamen, alii, quam quisque probabant
 aut poterant, rapiunt, captaeque erat urbis imago. 225
 femineo clamore sonat domus : ocius omnes
 surgimus, et primus ' quae te vecordia,' Theseus
 ' Euryte, pulsat,' ait, ' qui me vivente lacessas
 Pirithoum violesque duos ignarus in uno ?'
 [neve ea magnanimus frustra memoraverit ore, 230
 submovet instantes raptamque furentibus aufert.]
 ille nihil contra, (neque enim defendere verbis
 talia facta potest) sed vindicis ora protervis
 insequitur manibus generosaque pectora pulsat.
 forte fuit iuxta signis exstantibus asper 235
 antiquus crater ; quem surgens vastior ipse
 sustulit Aegides adversaque misit in ora :
 sanguinis ille globos pariter cerebrumque merumque
 vulnere et ore vomens madida resupinus harena
 calcitrat. ardescunt germani caede bimembres 240
 certatimque omnes uno ore ' arma, arma' loquuntur.
 vina dabant animos, et prima pocula pugna
 missa volant fragilesque cadi curvique lebetes,
 res epulis quondam, tum bello et caedibus aptae.

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lated Pirithoüs upon his bride, an act which all but undid the good omen of the wedding. For your heart, Eurytus, wildest of the wild centaurs, was inflamed as well by the sight of the maiden as with wine, and it was swayed by drunken passion redoubled by lust. Straightway the tables were overturned and the banquet in an uproar, and the bride was caught by her hair and dragged violently away. Eurytus caught up Hippodame, and others, each took one for himself according as he fancied or as he could, and the scene looked like the sacking of a town. The whole house resounded with the women's shrieks. Quickly we all sprang up and Theseus first cried out: 'What madness, Eurytus, drives you to this, that while I still live you dare provoke Pirithoüs and, not knowing what you do, attack two men in one?' The great-souled hero, that he might justify his threat, thrust aside the opposing centaurs and rescued the ravished maid from their mad hands. The other made no reply, for with words he could not defend such deeds; but with unruly hands he rushed upon the avenger and beat upon his face and noble breast. There chanced to stand near by an antique mixing-vat, rough with high-wrought figures; this, Theseus, rising to his fullest height, himself caught up and hurled full into the other's face. He, spouting forth gouts of blood along with brains and wine from wound and mouth alike, stumbled backward upon the reeking ground. His twi-formed brothers, inflamed with passion at his death, cried all with one accord, 'To arms! to arms!' vying with one another. Wine gave them courage, and in the first onslaught wine-cups and brittle flasks went flying through the air, and deep rounded basins, utensils once meant for use of feasting, but now for war and slaughter.

OVID

" Primus Ophionides Amycus penetralia donis 245
 haut timuit spoliare suis et primus ab aede
 lampadibus densum rapuit funale coruscis
 elatumque alte, veluti qui candida tauri
 rumpere sacrificia molitur colla securi,
 inlisit fronti Lapithae Celadontis et ossa 250
 non cognoscendo confusa relinquit in ore.
 exsiluere oculi, disiectisque ossibus oris
 acta retro naris medioque est fixa palato.
 hunc pede convulso mensae Pellaeus acernae
 stravit humi Pelates deiecto in pectora mento 255
 cumque atro mixtos sputantem sanguine dentes
 vulnere Tartareas geminato mittit ad umbras.

" Proximus ut steterat spectans altaria vultu
 fumida terribili ' cur non ' ait ' utimur istis ? ' 260
 cumque suis Gryneus inmanem sustulit aram
 ignibus et medium Lapitharum iecit in agmen
 depressitque duos, Brotean et Orion : Orio
 mater erat Mycale, quam deduxisse canendo
 saepe reluctantis constabat cornua lunae.
 ' non impune feres, teli modo copia detur ! ' 265
 dixerat Exadius telique habet instar, in alta
 quae fuerant pinu votivi cornua cervi.
 figitur hinc duplici Gryneus in lumina ramo
 eruiturque oculos, quorum pars cornibus haeret,
 pars fluit in barbam concretaque sanguine pendet. 270

" Ecce rapit mediis flagrantem Rhoetus ab aris
 pruniceum torrem dextraque a parte Charaxi
 tempora perstringit fulvo protecta capillo.
 correpti rapida, veluti seges arida, flamma

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“ First Amycus, Ophion’s son, scrupled not to rob the inner sanctuary of its gifts, and first snatched from the shrine a chandelier thick hung with glittering lamps. This, lifted on high, as when one strives to break a bull’s white neck with sacrificial axe, he dashed full at the head of Celadon, one of the Lapithae, crushing his face past recognition. His eyes leaped from their sockets, the bones of his face were shattered, and his nose driven back and fastened in his throat. But Pelates of Pella, wrenching off the leg of a table of maple-wood, hurled Amycus to the ground, his chin driven into his breast; and, as he spat forth dark blood and teeth commingled, his enemy with a second blow dispatched him to the shades of Tartarus.

“ Then Gryneus, gazing with wild eyes upon the smoking altar near which he stood, cried out, ‘ Why not use this?’ and, catching up the huge altar, fire and all, he hurled it amidst a throng of Lapithae and crushed down two, Broteas and Orios. Now Orios’ mother was Mycale, who, men said, had by her incantations oft-times drawn down the horns of the moon, despite her struggles. ‘ You shall not escape unscathed, if I may but lay hand upon a weapon.’ So cried Exadius, and found for weapon the antlers of a stag hung on a tall pine-tree as a votive offering. Gryneus’ eyes were pierced by the double branching horns and his eyeballs gouged out. One of these stuck to the horn and the other rolled down upon his beard and hung there in a mass of clotted blood.

“ Then Rhoetus caught up a blazing brand of plum-wood from the altar and, whirling it on the right, smashed through Charaxus’ temples covered with yellow hair. The hair, caught by the greedy flames, burned fiercely, like a dry field of grain, and the blood

OVID

arserunt crines, et vulnere sanguis inustus 275
 terribilem stridore sonum dedit, ut dare ferrum
 igne rubens plerumque solet, quod forcipe curva
 cum faber eduxit, lacubus demittit : at illud
 stridet et in tepida submersum sibilat unda.

saucius hirsutis avidum de crinibus ignem 280
 excutit inque umeros limen tellure revulsum
 tollit, onus plaustri, quod ne permittat in hostem,
 ipsa facit gravitas : socium quoque saxea moles
 oppressit spatio stantem propiore Cometen.
 gaudia nec retinet Rhoetus : ‘ sic, conprecor,’ inquit
 ‘ cetera sit fortis castrorum turba tuorum !’ 286

semicremoque novat repetitum stipite vulnus
 terque quaterque gravi iuncturas verticis ictu
 rupit, et in liquido sederunt ossa cerebro.

“ Victor ad Euagrum Corythumque Dryantaque
 transit; 290

e quibus ut prima tectus lanugine malas
 procubuit Corythus, ‘ puero quae gloria fuso
 parta tibi est ?’ Euagrus ait, nec dicere Rhoetus
 plura sinit rutilasque ferox in aperta loquentis
 condidit ora viri perque os in pectora flammam 295
 te quoque, saeve Drya, circum caput igne rotato
 insequitur, sed non in te quoque constitit idem
 exitus : adsiduae successu caedis ovantem,
 qua iuncta est umero cervix, sude figis obusta.
 ingemuit duroque sudem vix osse revulsit 300
 Rhoetus et ipse suo madefactus sanguine fugit.
 fugit et Orneus Lycabasque et saucius armo

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scorching in the wound gave forth a horrid sizzling sound ; such as a bar of iron, glowing red in the fire, gives when the smith takes it out in his bent pincers and plunges it into a tub of water ; it sizzles and hisses as it is thrust into the tepid pool. The wounded man shook off the greedy fire from his shaggy locks, then tore up from the ground and heaved upon his shoulders a threshold-stone, a weight for a team of oxen. But its very weight prevented him from hurling it to reach his enemy. The massive stone, however, did reach Charaxus' friend, Cometes, who stood a little nearer, and crushed him to the ground. At this Rhoetus could not contain his joy and said : ' So, I pray, may the rest of the throng on your side be brave ! ' and he redoubled his attack with the half-burned brand, and with heavy blows thrice and again he broke through the joinings of his skull until the bones sank down into his fluid brains.

“ The victor next turned against Euagrus, Corythus, and Dryas. When one of these, young Corythus, whose first downy beard was just covering his cheeks, fell forward, Euagrus cried : ‘ What glory do you get from slaying a mere boy ? ’ Rhoetus gave him no chance to say more, but fiercely thrust the red, flaming brand into the man's mouth while still open in speech, and through his mouth clear down into his breast. You also, savage Dryas, he pursued, whirling the brand about his head ; but his attack upon you did not have the same result. As he came on, rejoicing in his successive killings, with a charred stake you thrust him through where neck and shoulder join. Rhoetus groaned aloud, with a mighty effort wrenched the stake out from the hard bone, and then fled, reeking with his own blood. Orneus also fled and Lycabas and Medon, wounded in his right shoulder,

OVID

dexteriore Medon et cum Pisenore Thaumās,
 quique pedum nuper certamine vicerat omnes
 Mermeros, accepto tum vulnere tardius ibat; 305
 et Pholus et Melaneus et Abas praedator aprorum,
 quique suis frustra bellum dissuaserat augur
 Asbolus: ille etiam metuenti vulnera Nesso
 'ne fuge! ad Herculeos' inquit 'servaberis arcus.'
 at non Eurynomus Lycidasque et Areos et Imbreus
 effugere necem; quos omnes dextra Dryantis 311
 perculit adversos. adversum tu quoque, quamvis
 terga fugae dederas, vulnus, Crenaeae, tulisti:
 nam grave respiciens inter duo lumina ferrum,
 qua naris fronti committitur, accipis, imae. 315

"In tanto fremitu cunctis sine fine iacebat
 sopitus venis et inexperrectus Aphidas
 languentique manu carchesia mixta tenebat,
 fusus in Ossaeae villosis pellibus ursae;
 quem procul ut vidit frustra nulla arma moventem,
 inserit amento digitos 'miscenda' que dixit 321
 'cum Styge vina bibes' Phorbas; nec plura moratus
 in iuvenem torsit iaculum, ferrataque collo
 fraxinus, ut casu iacuit resupinus, adacta est.
 mors caruit sensu, plenoque e gutture fluxit 325
 inque toros inque ipsa niger carchesia sanguis.

"Vidi ego Petraeum conantem tollere terra
 glandiferam quercum; quam dum complexibus ambit
 et quatit huc illuc labefactaque robora iactat,
 lancea Pirithoi costis inmissa Petraei 330
 pectora cum duro luctantia robore fixit.

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and Thaumás and Pisenor; and Mermeros, who but lately had surpassed all in speed of foot, now fared more slowly because of the wound he had received; Pholus also fled and Melaneus and Abas, hunter of the boar, and Asbolus, the augur, who had in vain attempted to dissuade his friends from battle. He said to Nessus, who also fled with him in fear of wounds: 'Do not you flee; you will be reserved for the bow of Hercules.' But Eurynomus and Lycidas, Areos and Imbreus did not escape death; for all these the right hand of Dryas slew as they fought fronting him. In front you, also, Crenaeus, received your wound, although you had turned in flight; for, as you looked back, you received a heavy javelin between the eyes where nose and forehead join.

"Midst all this uproar Aphidas lay, buried in endless sleep which filled all his veins, unawakened, still holding his cup full of mixed wine in his sluggish hand and stretched at full length upon an Ossaean bear's shaggy skin. Him, all in vain striking no blow, Phorbas spied at a distance and, fitting his fingers in the thong of his javelin, cried out: 'Mingle your wine with the Styx and drink it there.' Straightway he hurled his javelin at the youth, and the iron-tipped ash was driven through his neck as he chanced to lie with head thrown back. He was not conscious of death, and from his full throat out upon the couch and into the very wine-cup the dark blood flowed.

"I saw Petraeus striving to tear from the earth an acorn-laden oak. While he held this in both his arms, bending it this way and that, and just as he was wrenching forth the loosened trunk, Pirithoüs hurled a spear right through his ribs and pinned his writhing body to the hard oak. They say that Lycus

OVID

Pirithoi cecidisse Lycum virtute ferebant,
 Pirithoi virtute Chromin, sed uterque minorem
 victori titulum quam Dictys Helopsque dederunt,
 fixus Helops iaculo, quod pervia tempora fecit 335
 et missum a dextra laevam penetravit ad aurem,
 Dictys ab ancipiti delapsus acumine montis,
 dum fugit instantem trepidans Ixione natum,
 decidit in praeceps et pondere corporis ornum
 ingentem fregit suaque induit ilia fractae. 340

“ Ultor adest Aphareus saxumque e monte revul-
 sum

mittere conatur; mittentem stipite querno
 occupat Aegides cubitique ingentia frangit
 ossa nec ulterius dare corpus inutile leto
 aut vacat aut curat tergoque Bienoris alti 345
 insilit, haut solito quemquam portare nisi ipsum,
 opposuitque genu costis prensamque sinistra
 caesariem retinens vultum minitantiaque ora
 robore nodoso praeduraque tempora fregit.
 robore Nedymnum iaculatoremque Lycopen 350
 sternit et inmissa protectum pectora barba
 Hippason et summis exstantem Riphea silvis
 Thereaque, Haemoniis qui prensos montibus ursos
 ferre domum vivos indignantesque solebat.
 haut tulit utentem pugnae successibus ultra 355
 Thesea Demoleon: solido divellere dumo
 annosam pinum magno molimine temptat;
 quod quia non potuit, praefractam misit in hostem,
 sed procul a telo Theseus veniente recessit
 Pallados admonitu: credi sic ipse volebat. 360

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fell by the might of Pirithoüs; by the might of Pirithoüs, Chromis. But Dictys and Helops gave greater fame to the conqueror than either of these. Helops was thrust through by a javelin which passed through his temples and, hurled from the right, pierced to his left ear. Dictys, while fleeing in desperate haste from Ixion's son who pressed him hard, stumbled on the edge of a steep precipice and, falling headlong, crashed into a huge ash-tree's top with all his weight and impaled his body on the broken spikes.

“Aphareus, at hand to avenge him, essays to hurl a rock torn from the mountain-side; but, even as he hurled it, the son of Aegeus caught him with an oaken club and broke the great bones of his elbow-joint. Having no time nor care to inflict further injury on his maimed body, he sprang on tall Bienor's back, that never before had carried any but himself; and, pressing his knees into the centaur's sides and with his left hand clutching his flowing locks, he crushed face and mouth, screaming out threatenings, and hard temples with his knotty club. With the club he slew Nedymnus and Lycopes, famed for the javelin throw, Hippiasos, his breast covered by his flowing beard, and Ripheus, who overtopped the trees in height; Thereus as well, who used to catch bears upon the Thessalian mountains and carry them home alive and struggling. Demoleon could no longer brook Theseus' unchecked success. He had been wrenching away with all his might at an old pine, trying to tear it up, trunk and all; failing in this, he broke it off and hurled it at his foe. But Theseus, seeing the weapon coming, withdrew beyond its range, for so had Pallas directed him; at least ~~that~~ is what he himself would have us understand.

OVID

non tamen arbor iners cecidit ; nam Crantoris alti
 abscidit iugulo pectusque umerumque sinistrum :
 armiger ille tui fuerat genitoris, Achille,
 quem Dolopum rector, bello superatus, Amyntor
 Aeacidæ dederat pacis pignusque fidemque. 365

Hunc procul ut foedo disiectum vulnere Peleus
 vidit, ‘ at inferias, iuvenum gratissime Crantor,
 accipe ’ ait validoque in Demoleonta lacerto
 fraxineam misit, mentis quoque viribus, hastam,
 quæ laterum cratem praerupit et ossibus haerens 370
 intremuit : trahit ille manu sine cuspide lignum
 (id quoque vix sequitur), cuspis pulmone retenta est ;
 ipse dolor vires animo dabat : aeger in hostem
 erigitur pedibusque virum proculcat equinis.

excipit ille ictus galea clipeoque sonanti 375
 defensatque umeros praetentaque sustinet arma
 perque armos uno duo pectora perforat ictu.
 ante tamen leto dederat Phlegraeon et Hylen
 eminus, Iphinoum conlato Marte Claninque ;
 additur his Dorylas, qui tempora tecta gerebat 380
 pelle lupi saevique vicem praestantia teli
 cornua vara boum multo rubefacta cruore.

“ Huic ego (nam viris animus dabat) ‘ aspice, ’ dixi
 ‘ quantum concedant nostro tua cornua ferro ’
 et iaculum torsi : quod cum vitare nequiret, 385
 opposuit dextram passurae vulnera fronti :
 adfixa est cum fronte manus ; fit clamor, at illum

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But the tree-trunk did not fall without effect, for it shore off tall Crantor's breast and left shoulder from the neck. He had been your father's armour-bearer, Achilles, whom Amyntor, king of the Dolopians, when overcome in war had given to Aeacides as a faithful pledge of peace. When Peleus at some space away saw him so horribly dismembered, he cried: 'At least receive a funeral offering, Crantor, dearest of youths.' So saying, with his sturdy arm and with all his might of soul as well, he hurled his ashen spear at Demoleon; and this burst through his framework of ribs and hung there quivering in the bones. Without the head the centaur wrenched out the wooden shaft (even the shaft scarce yields); the head stuck fast within his lungs. His very anguish gave him frantic courage: wounded as he was, he reared up against his foe and beat the hero down with his hoofs. But Peleus received the blows on helm and resounding shield and, while protecting himself, he held his own weapon ready. With this he thrust the centaur through the shoulder, with one blow piercing his two breasts¹ Before this encounter Peleus had already slain Phlegraeos and Hyles, hurling from a distance, and, in close conflict, Iphinoüs and Clanis. To these he now added Dorylas, who wore a cap of wolf's hide on his head and, in place of deadly spear, a notable pair of curving bull's horns, reeking red with blood.

"To him (for my courage gave me strength) I cried: 'See now how little your horns avail against my spear'; and I hurled the spear. Since he could not dodge this, he threw up his right hand to protect his forehead from the wound. And there his hand was pinned against his forehead. A mighty shout

¹ *i.e.*, where horse-form and man-form meet.

OVID

haerentem Peleus et acerbo vulnere victum
 (stabat enim propior) mediam ferit ense sub alvum.
 prosiluit terraque ferox sua viscera traxit 390
 tractaque calcavit calcataque rupit et illis
 crura quoque inpediit et inani concidit alvo.

“ Nec te pugnantem tua, Cyllare, forma redemit,
 si modo naturae formam concedimus illi.
 barba erat incipiens, barbae color aureus, aurea 395
 ex umeris medios coma dependebat in armos.
 gratus in ore vigor ; cervix umerique manusque
 pectoraque artificum laudatis proxima signis,
 et quacumque vir est ; nec equi mendosa sub illo
 deteriorque viro facies ; da colla caputque, 400
 Castore dignus erit : sic tergum sessile, sic sunt
 pectora celsa toris. totus pice nigrior atra,
 candida cauda tamen ; color est quoque cruribus albus.
 multae illum petiere sua de gente, sed una
 abstulit Hylonome, qua nulla decentior inter 405
 semiferos altis habitavit femina silvis ;
 haec et blanditiis et amando et amare fatendo
 Cyllaron una tenet, cultu quoque, quantus in illis
 esse potest membris, ut sit coma pectine levis,
 ut modo rore maris, modo se violave rosave 410
 implicet, interdum candentia lilia gestet,
 bisque die lapsis Pagasaeae vertice silvae
 fontibus ora lavet, bis flumine corpora tinguat,
 nec nisi quae deceant electarumque ferarum
 aut umero aut lateri praetendat vellera laevo. 415

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arose, but Peleus, for he was near him, while the centaur stood pinned and helpless with that sore wound, smote him with his sword full in the belly. He leaped fiercely forward, trailing his entrails on the ground; and as he trailed he trod upon them and burst them as he trod, tangled his legs in them, and fell with empty belly to the earth.

“ But your beauty, Cyllarus, did not save you from death in that great fight, if indeed we grant beauty to your tribe. His beard was just in its first growth, a golden beard, and golden locks fell down from his neck upon his shoulders. He had a pleasing sprightliness of face; and his neck, shoulders, breast, and hands, and all his human parts you would praise as equal to an artist's perfect work. His equine part, too, was without blemish, no way less perfect than his human part. Give him but neck and head, and he will be worthy of Castor's use: so shaped for the seat his back, so bold stood out the muscles on his deep chest. All blacker than pitch he was; yet his tail was white; his legs also were snowy white. Many females of his own kind sought him, but Hylonome alone had won him, than whom there was no other centaur-
maid more comely in all the forest depths. She, by her coaxing ways, by loving and confessing love, alone possessed Cyllarus; and by her toilet, too, so far as such a thing was possible to such a form; for now she smoothed her long locks with a comb, now twined rosemary, now violets or roses in her hair, and sometimes she wore white lilies. Twice each day she bathed her face in the brook that fell down from a wooded height by Pagasa, and twice dipped her body in the stream. Nor would she wear on shoulder or left side aught but becoming garments, skins of well-chosen beasts. They both felt equal love.

OVID

par amor est illis : errant in montibus una,
 antra simul subeunt ; et tum Lapitheia tecta
 intrarant pariter, pariter fera bella gerebant :
 (auctor in incerto est) iaculum de parte sinistra
 venit et inferius, quam collo pectora subsunt, 420
 Cyllare, te fixit ; parvo cor vulnere laesum
 corpore cum toto post tela educta refrixit.
 protinus Hylonome morientes excipit artus
 inpositaque manu vulnus fovet oraque ad ora
 admovet atque animae fugienti obsistere temptat ;
 ut videt extinctum, dictis, quae clamor ad aures 426
 arcuit ire meas, telo, quod inhaeserat illi,
 incubuit moriensque suum complexa maritum est.

“ Ante oculos stat et ille meos, qui sena leonum
 vinxerat inter se conexis vellera nodis, 430
 Phaeocomes, hominemque simul protectus equumque ;
 codice qui misso, quem vix iuga bina moverent,
 Tectaphon Oleniden a summo vertice fregit ;
 fracta volubilitas capitis latissima, perque os
 perque cavas nares oculosque auresque cerebrum 435
 molle fluit, veluti concretum vimine querno
 lac solet utve liquor rari sub pondere cribri
 manat et exprimitur per densa foramina spissus.
 ast ego, dum parat hic armis nudare iacentem,
 (scit tuus hoc genitor) gladium spoliantis in ima 440
 ilia demisi. Chthonius quoque Teleboasque
 ense iacent nostro : ramum prior ille bifurcum
 210

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Together they would wander on the mountain-sides, together rest within the caves. On this occasion also they had come together to the palace of the Lapithae, and were waging fierce battle side by side. Thrown from an unknown hand, a javelin came from the left and pierced you, Cyllarus, below where the chest rises to the neck. The heart, though but slightly wounded, grew cold and the whole body also after the weapon had been drawn out. Straightway Hylonome embraced the dying body, fondled the wound with her hand and, placing her lips upon his lips, strove to hold from its passing the dying breath. But when she saw that he was dead, with some words which the surrounding uproar prevented me from hearing, she threw herself upon the spear which had pierced Cyllarus and fell in a dying embrace upon her lover.

“Still there stands clear before my eyes one who had with knotted thongs bound together six lion-hides, Phaeocomes, thus protecting both man and horse. Hurling a log which two yokes of cattle could scarce move, he struck Tectaphos, the son of Olenus, a crushing blow upon the head. The broad dome of his head was shattered, and through his mouth, through hollow nostrils, eyes, and ears oozed the soft brains, as when curdled milk drips through oaken withes,¹ or a thick liquid mass trickles through a coarse sieve weighted down, and is squeezed out through the crowded apertures. But I, even as he made ready to spoil his fallen victim—your father can testify to this—thrust my sword deep into the spoiler’s groin. Chthonius also and Teleboas fell by my sword. The one had carried a forked stick as

¹ Referring to the process of straining curds in cheese-making.

OVID

gesserat, hic iaculum ; iaculo mihi vulnera fecit :
 signa vides ! adparet adhuc vetus inde cicatrix.
 tunc ego debueram capiendo Pergama mitti ; 445
 tum poteram magni, si non superare, morari
 Hectoris arma meis ! illo sed tempore nullus,
 aut puer, Hector erat, nunc me mea deficit aetas.
 quid tibi victorem gemini Periphanta Pyraethi,
 Ampyca quid referam, qui quadrupedantis Echecli
 fixit in adverso cornum sine cuspidе vultu ? 451
 vecte Pelethronium Macareus in pectus adacto
 stravit Erigdupum ; memini et venabula condi
 inguine Nesseis manibus coniecta Cymeli.
 nec tu credideris tantum cecinisse futura 455
 Ampyciden Mopsum : Mopso iaculante biformis
 accubuit frustra que loqui temptavit Hodites
 ad mentum lingua mentoque ad guttura fixo.

“Quinque neci Caeneus dederat Styphelumque
 Bromumque

Antimachumque Elymumque securiferumque Pyrac-
 mon : 460

vulnera non memini, numerum nomenque notavi.
 provolat Emathii spoliis armatus Halesi,
 quem dederat leto, membris et corpore Latreus
 maximus : huic aetas inter iuvenemque senemque,
 vis iuvenalis erat, variabant tempora cani. 465
 qui clipeo gladioque Macedoniae sarisa
 conspicuus faciemque obversus in agmen utrumque
 armaeque concussit certumque equitavit in orbem

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weapon; the other had a spear, and with this spear he gave me a wound—you see the mark!—the old scar is still visible. Those were the days when I should have been sent to capture Pergama; then with my arms I could have checked, if not surpassed, the arms of Hector. But at that time mighty Hector was either not yet born or was but a little boy; and now old age has sapped my strength. What need to tell you how Periphas overcame the double-formed Pyraethus? Why tell of Ampyx, who with a pointless shaft thrust through the opposing front of the four-footed Echeclus? Macareus hurled a crow-bar at the breast of Pelethronian Erigdupus and laid him low. And I remember also how a hunting spear, thrown by the hand of Nessus, was buried in the groin of Cymelus. Nor must you deem that Mopsus, the son of Ampycus, was only a seer¹ telling what was to come; for by Mopsus' weapon the two-formed Hodites fell, striving in vain to speak, for his tongue had been pinned to his chin and his chin to his throat.

“Caeneus had already put five to death: Styphelus and Bromus, Antimachus and Elymus and Pyracmos, armed with a battle-axe. I do not remember their wounds, but their number and names I marked well. Then forth rushed one, armed with the spoils of Emathian Halesus whom he had slain, Latreus, of enormous bulk of limb and body. His years were midway between youth and age, but his strength was youthful. Upon his temples his hair was turning grey. Conspicuous for his shield and sword and Macedonian lance, and facing either host in turn, he clashed his arms and rode round in a circle, insolently

¹ He did indeed have prophetic powers, but here he is pictured as a mighty warrior.

OVID

verbaque tot fudit vacuas animosus in auras :
 ‘ et te, Caeni, feram ? nam tu mihi femina semper,
 tu mihi Caenis eris. nec te natalis origo 471
 commonuit, mentemque subit, quo praemia facto
 quaque viri falsam speciem mercede parasti ?
 vel quid nata, vide, vel quid sis passa, columque,
 i, cape cum calathis et stamina pollice torque ; 475
 bella relinque viris.’ iactanti talia Caeneus
 extentum cursu missa latus eruit hasta,
 qua vir equo commissus erat. furit ille dolore
 nudaque Phyllei iuvenis ferit ora sarisa :
 non secus haec resilit, quam tecti a culmine grando,
 aut si quis parvo feriat cava tympana saxo. 481
 comminus adgreditur laterique recondere duro
 luctatur gladium : gladio loca pervia non sunt.
 ‘ haut tamen effugies ! medio iugulaberis ense,
 quandoquidem mucro est hebes’ inquit et in latus
 ensem 485
 obliquat longaque amplectitur ilia dextra.
 plaga facit gemitus in corpore marmoris icti,
 fractaque dissiluit percusso lammina callo.
 ut satis inlaesos miranti praebuit artus,
 ‘ nunc age ’ ait Caeneus ‘ nostro tua corpora ferro 490
 temptemus ! ’ capuloque tenuis demisit in armos
 ensem fatiferum caecumque in viscera movit
 versavitque manu vulnusque in vulnere fecit.
 ecce ruunt vasto rabidi clamore bimembres
 telaque in hunc omnes unum mittuntque feruntque.
 tela retusa cadunt : manet inperfossus ab omni 496
 inque cruentatus Caeneus Elateius ictu.

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pouring out many boasts on the empty air : ' You too, Caenis, shall I brook ? For woman shall you always be to me, Caenis shall you be. Does not your birth remind you, do you not remember for what act you were rewarded, at what price you gained this false appearance of a man ? Heed well what you were born or what you have endured. Go then, take distaff and wool-basket and twist the spun thread with practised thumb ; but leave wars to men.' As he thus boasted, Caeneus, hurling his spear, plowed up the centaur's side stretched in the act of running, just where man and horse were joined. Mad with the pain, the other smote the Phylleian youth full in the naked face with his long lance ; but this leaped back again like a hailstone from a roof, or a pebble from a hollow drum. Then he closed up and strove to thrust his sword in his unyielding side. The sword found no place of entrance. ' But you shall not escape ! with the sword's edge I'll slay you, though its point be blunt,' the centaur cried ; then turned his sword edgewise and reached with his long right arm for his foeman's loins ; the blow resounded on the flesh as if on stricken marble, and the blade, striking the hardened skin, broke into pieces. When long enough he had stood unharmed before his amazed enemy, Caeneus exclaimed : ' Come now, let me try your body with my steel !' and clear to the hilt he drove his deadly sword in the other's side, and there in his vitals twisted and turned the buried weapon, inflicting wound within wound. Now, quite beside themselves, the double monsters rushed on with huge uproar, and all together against that single foe they aimed and drove their weapons. The spears fell blunted, and Caeneus, the son of Elatus, still stood, for all their strokes, unwounded and unstained. The

OVID

fecerat attonitos nova res. ‘ heu dedecus ingens ! ’
 Monychus exclamat. ‘ populus superamur ab uno 499
 vixque viro ; quamquam ille vir est, nos segnibus actis,
 quod fuit ille, sumus. quid membra inmania prosunt ?
 quid geminae vires et quod fortissima rerum
 in nobis duplex natura animalia iunxit ?
 nec nos matre dea, nec nos Ixione natos
 esse reor, qui tantus erat, Iunonis ut altae 505
 spem caperet : nos seminari superamur ab hoste !
 saxa trabesque super totosque involvite montes
 vivacemque animam missis elidite silvis !
 silva premat fauces, et erit pro vulnere pondus.’
 dixit et insanis deiectam viribus austri 510
 forte trabem nactus validum coniecit in hostem
 exemplumque fuit, parvoque in tempore nudus
 arboris Othrys erat, nec habebat Pelion umbras.
 obrutus inmani cumulo sub pondere Caeneus
 aestuat arboreo congestaque robora duris 515
 fert umeris, sed enim postquam super ora caputque
 crevit onus neque habet, quas ducat, spiritus auras,
 deficit interdum, modo se super aera frustra
 tollere conatur iactasque evolvere silvas
 interdumque movet, veluti, quam cernimus, ecce, 520
 ardua si terrae quatiatur motibus Ide.
 exitus in dubio est : alii sub inania corpus
 Tartara detrusum silvarum mole ferebant ;
 abnuit Ampycides medioque ex aggere fulvis
 vidit avem pennis liquidas exire sub auras, 525
 quae mihi tum primum, tunc est conspecta supremum.
 hanc ubi lustrantem leni sua castra volatu

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strange sight struck them speechless. Then Monychus exclaimed: 'Oh, what a shame is this! We, a whole people, are defied by one, and he scarcely a man. And yet he is the man, while we, with our weak attempts, are what he was before. Of what advantage are our monster-forms? What our two-fold strength? What avails it that a double nature has united in our bodies the strongest living things? We are not sons of any goddess nor Ixion's sons, I think. For he was high-souled enough to aspire to be great Juno's mate, while we are conquered by an enemy but half-man! Come then, let us heap stones and tree-trunks on him, mountains at a time! let's crush his stubborn life out with forests for our missiles! Let forests smother his throat, and for wounds let weight suffice.' He spoke and, chancing on a tree-trunk overthrown by mad Auster's might, he hurled it at his sturdy foe. The others followed him; and in short time Othrys was stripped of trees and Pelion had lost his shade. Buried beneath that huge mound, Caeneus heaved against the weight of trees and bore up the oaken mass upon his sturdy shoulders. But indeed, as the burden mounted over lips and head, he could get no air to breathe. Gasping for breath, at times he strove in vain to lift his head into the air and to throw off the heaped-up forest; at times he moved, just as if lofty Ida, which we see yonder, should tremble with an earthquake. His end is doubtful. Some said that his body was thrust down by the weight of woods to the Tartarean pit; but the son of Ampycus denied this. For from the middle of the pile he saw a bird with golden wings fly up into the limpid air. I saw it too, then for the first time and the last. As Mopsus watched him circling round his camp in easy flight

OVID

Mopsus et ingenti circum clangore sonantem
 adspexit pariterque animis oculisque secutus
 'o salve,' dixit 'Lapithaeae gloria gentis, 530
 maxime vir quondam, sed nunc avis unica, Caeneu'
 credita res auctore suo est : dolor addidit iram,
 oppressumque aegre tulimus tot ab hostibus unum ;
 nec prius abstinimus ferro exercere dolorem,
 quam data pars leto, partem fuga noxque removit."

Haec inter Lapithas et semihomines Centauros 536
 proelia Tlepolemus Pylio referente dolorem
 praeteriti Alcidae tacito non pertulit ore
 atque ait : "Herculeae mirum est obliviam laudis
 acta tibi, senior ; certe mihi saepe referre 540
 nubigenas domitos a se pater esse solebat."
 tristis ad haec Pylius : "quid me meminisse malorum
 cogis et obductos annis rescindere luctus
 inque tuum genitorem odium offensasque fateri ?
 ille quidem maiora fide, di ! gessit et orbem 545
 inplevit meritis, quod mallet posse negare ;
 sed neque Deiphobum nec Polydamanta nec ipsum
 Hectora laudamus : quis enim laudaverit hostem ?
 ille tuus genitor Messenia moenia quondam
 stravit et inmeritis urbes Elimque Pylumque 550
 diruit inque meos ferrum flammamque penatis
 inpulit, utque alios taceam, quos ille peremit,
 bis sex Nelidae fuimus, conspecta iuventus,
 bis sex Herculeis ceciderunt me minus uno
 viribus ; atque alios vinci potuisse ferendum est : 555
 mira Periclymeni mors est, cui posse figuras
 sumere, quas vellet, rursusque reponere sumptas

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and heard the loud clangour of his wings, he followed him both with soul and eyes and cried: 'All hail, Caeneus, thou glory of the Lapithæan race, once most mighty hero, now sole bird of thy kind!' This story was believed because of him who told it. Then grief increased our wrath and we were indignant that one man should be overwhelmed by so many foes. Nor did we cease to ply sword on behalf of our mad grief till half our foes were slain and flight and darkness saved all the rest."

As Pylian Nestor told this tale of strife betwixt the Lapithæ and half-human Centaurs, Tlepolemus could not restrain his resentment that Alcides had been passed by without a word, and said: "Old sir, 'tis strange that you have forgotten to speak in praise of Hercules; for surely my father used often to tell me of the cloud-born¹ creatures he had overcome." And sternly the Pylian answered him: "Why do you force me to remember wrongs, to reopen a grief that was buried by the lapse of years, and to rehearse the injuries that make me hate your father? He has done deeds beyond belief, Heaven knows! and filled the earth with well-earned praise, which I would gladly deny him if I could. But neither Deïphobus nor Polydamas nor even Hector do we praise; for who cares to praise his enemy? That sire of yours once laid low Messene's walls, brought undeserved destruction upon Elis and Pylos, and devastated my own home with fire and sword. To say nothing of the others whom he slew, there were twelve of us sons of Neleus, a noble band of youths; and all twelve, save me alone, fell by Hercules' might. That others could be conquered must be borne; but strange was the death of Periclymenus; for to him

See Index s.v. "Centaurus."

OID

Neptunus dederat, Nelei sanguinis auctor.
 hic ubi nequiquam est formas variatus in omnes,
 vertitur in faciem volucris, quae fulmina curvis 560
 ferre solet pedibus divum gratissima regi;
 viribus usus avis pennis rostroque redunco
 hamatisque viri laniaverat unguibus ora.
 tendit in hanc nimium certos Tirynthius arcus
 atque inter nubes sublimia membra ferentem 565
 pendentemque ferit, lateri qua iungitur ala;
 nec grave vulnus erat, sed rupti vulnere nervi
 deficiunt motumque negant viresque volandi.
 decidit in terram, non concipientibus auras
 infirmis pennis, et qua levis haeserat alae 570
 corporis adfixi pressa est gravitate sagitta
 perque latus summum iugulo est exacta sinistro
 nunc videor debere tui praeconia rebus
 Herculis, o Rhodiae ductor pulcherrime classis?
 nec tamen ulterius, quam fortia facta silendo 575
 ulciscor fratres: solida est mihi gratia tecum."

Haec postquam dulci Neleius edidit ore,
 a sermone senis repetito munere Bacchi
 surrexere toris: nox est data cetera somno.

At deus, aequoreas qui cuspide temperat undas, 580
 in volucrem corpus nati Phaethontida versum
 mente dolet patria saevumque perosus Achillem
 exercet memores plus quam civiliter iras.
 iamque fere tracto duo per quinquennia bello

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XII

Neptune, father of Neleus, had given power to assume any form he pleased and to put it off again at will. When now he had vainly changed to each of his forms in turn, he took the form of the bird which carries the thunderbolts in his hooked talons, a bird most dear to the king of the gods. With all his might of wings, of curved beak and hooked claws, he had torn the hero's face. Then the Tiryntian aimed his too unerring bow at him as he bore his body high into the clouds and hung poised there, and smote him where wing joins side. The wound was not severe; but the sinews severed by the wound failed of their office and refused motion and power of flight. Down to the earth he fell, his weakened wings no longer catching the air; and the arrow, where it had lightly pierced the wing, pressed by the weight of the body in which it hung, was driven clear through the upper breast from the left side into the throat. And now, O fairest leader of the Rhodian fleet, what cause have I, think you, to sing the praises of your Hercules? Yet for my brothers I seek no other vengeance than to ignore his mighty deeds. "Twixt me and you there is unbroken amity."

When Nestor with sweet speech had told this tale, at the conclusion of the old man's words the wine-cup went around once more and they rose from the couches. The remainder of the night was given to sleep.

But the god who rules the waters of the sea with his trident was still filled with a father's grief for his son whose body he had changed into the bird¹ of Phaëthon. And, hating the murderous Achilles, he indulged his unforgetting wrath excessively. And

¹ The swan. See Index s.v. "Phaëthon."

OID

talibus intonsum compellat Sminthea dictis : 585
 "o mihi de fratris longe gratissime natis,
 inrita qui mecum posuisti moenia Troiae,
 ecquid, ubi has iamiam casuras adspicis arces,
 ingemis? aut ecquid tot defendentia muros
 milia caesa doles? ecquid, ne persequar omnes, 590
 Hectoris umbra subit circum sua Pergama tracti?
 cum tamen ille ferox belloque cruentior ipso
 vivit adhuc, operis nostri populator, Achilles.
 det mihi se : faxo, triplici quid cuspide possim,
 sentiat; at quoniam concurrere comminus hosti 595
 non datur, occulta necopinum perde sagitta!"
 adnuit atque animo pariter patruique suoque
 Delius indulgens nebula velatus in agmen
 pervenit Iliacum mediaque in caede virorum
 rara per ignotos spargentem cernit Achivos 600
 tela Parin fassusque deum, "quid spicula perdis
 sanguine plebis?" ait. "sique est tibi cura tuorum,
 vertere in Aeaciden caesosque ulciscere fratres!"
 dixit et ostendens sternentem Troica ferro
 corpora Peliden, arcus obvertit in illum 605
 certaue letifera direxit spicula dextra.
 quod Priamus gaudere senex post Hectora posset,
 hoc fuit; ille igitur tantorum victor, Achille,
 victus es a timido Graiae raptore maritae!
 at si femineo fuerat tibi Marte cadendum, 610
 Thermodontiaca malles cecidisse bipenni.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XII

now for nigh ten years the war had been prolonged, when he thus addressed Sminthean Apollo of the unshorn locks: "O thou, by far the best beloved of my brother's sons, thou who with me (though vainly) didst build the walls of Troy, dost thou not groan at sight of these battlements so soon to fall? Dost thou not grieve that so many thousands have been slain in defending these walls? Not to name them all, does not Hector's image come before thee, dragged around his own Pergama? But Achilles, fierce and more cruel than war itself, still lives, the destroyer of our handiwork. Let him but come within my reach. I'll make him feel what I can do with my three-forked spear. But since it is not granted me to meet my enemy face to face, do thou bring him to sudden death by thy unseen arrow!" The Delian nodded assent and, indulging equally his own and his uncle's desire, wrapped in a cloud came to the Trojan lines. There midst the bloody strife of heroes he saw Paris taking infrequent shots at the nameless crowd. Revealing his divinity, he said: "Why do you waste your arrows in killing common folk? If you would serve your people, aim at Aeacides and avenge your slaughtered brothers!" He spoke and, pointing where Pelides was working havoc on the Trojans with his spear, he turned the bow in his direction and guided the well-aimed shaft with his death-dealing hand. This was the first cause for joy which old Priam had since Hector's death. So then, Achilles, thou conqueror of the mightiest, thou art thyself o'ercome by the cowardly ravisher of a Grecian's wife! But if thou hadst been fated to fall by a woman's battle-stroke, how gladly wouldst thou have fallen by the Amazon's double axe!

OVID

Iam timor ille Phrygum, decus et tutela Pelasgi
nominis, Aeacides, caput insuperabile bello,
arserat : armarat deus idem idemque cremarat ;
iam cinis est, et de tam magno restat Achille 615
nescio quid parvum, quod non bene compleat urnam,
at vivit totum quae gloria compleat orbem.
haec illi mensura viro respondet, et hac est
par sibi Pelides nec inania Tartara sentit.
ipse etiam, ut, cuius fuerit, cognoscere possis, 620
bella movet clipeus, deque armis arma feruntur.
non ea Tydides, non audet Oileos Ajax,
non minor Atrides, non bello maior et aevo
poscere, non alii : solis Telamone creato
Laerteque fuit tantae fiducia laudis. 625
a se Tantalides onus invidiamque removit
Argolicosque duces mediis considerare castris
iussit et arbitrium litis traiecit in omnes.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XII

And now that terror of the Phrygians, that ornament and bulwark of the Pelasgian name, Aeacides, the invincible captain of the war, was burned. One and the same god armed him and consumed him too. Now he is but dust; and of Achilles, once so great, there remains a pitiful handful, hardly enough to fill an urn. But his glory lives, enough to fill the whole round world. This is the true measure of the man; and in this the son of Peleus is still his real self, and does not know empty Tartarus. His very shield, that you might know to whom it once belonged, still wages war, and for his arms arms are taken up. Neither Tydides nor Ajax, Oileus' son, dares to claim them, nor the lesser¹ Atrides, nor the greater² in prowess and in age, nor other chieftains. Only the son³ of Telamon and Laërtes' son⁴ were bold enough to claim so great a prize. To escape the hateful burden of a choice between them, Tantalides⁵ bade the Grecian captains assemble in the midst of the camp, and he referred to all the decision of the strife.

¹ Menelaüs

⁴ Ulysses.

² Agamemnon.

⁵ Agamemnon,

³ Ajax.

BOOK XIII

LIBER XIII

CONSEDERE duces et vulgi stante corona
surgit ad hos clipei dominus septemplicis Ajax,
utque erat inpatiens irae, Sigeia torvo
litora respexit classemque in litore vultu
intendensque manus “ agimus, pro Iuppiter ! ” inquit
“ ante rates causam, et mecum confertur Ulixes ! ” 6
at non Hectoreis dubitavit cedere flammis,
quas ego sustinui, quas hac a classe fugavi.
tutius est igitur fictis contendere verbis,
quam pugnare manu, sed nec mihi dicere promptum,
nec facere est isti : quantumque ego Marte feroci 11
inque acie valeo, tantum valet iste loquendo.
nec memoranda tamen vobis mea facta, Pelasgi,
esse reor : vidistis enim ; sua narret Ulixes,
quae sine teste gerit, quorum nox conscia sola est ' 15
praemia magna peti fateor ; sed demit honorem
aemulus : Aiaci non est tenuisse superbum,
sit licet hoc ingens, quicquid speravit Ulixes ;
iste tulit pretium iam nunc temptaminis huius,
quod, cum victus erit, mecum certasse feretur. 20

“ Atque ego, si virtus in me dubitabilis esset,
nobilitate potens essem, Telamone creatus,
moenia qui forti Troiana sub Hercule cepit
litora que intravit Pagasaea Colcha carina ;
228

BOOK XIII

THE chiefs took their seats, while the commons stood in a ring about them. Then up rose Ajax, lord of the sevenfold shield. With uncontrolled indignation he let his lowering gaze rest awhile on the Sigean shores and on the fleet; then, pointing to these, "By Jupiter!" he cried, "in the presence of these ships I plead my cause, and my competitor is—Ulysses! But he did not hesitate to give way before Hector's torches, which I withstood, nay, which I drove away from this fleet. 'Tis safer, then, to fight with lying words than with hands. But I am not prompt to speak, as he is not to act; and I am as much his master in the fierce conflict of the battle-line as he is mine in talk. As for my deeds, O Greeks, I do not think I need rehearse them to you, for you have seen them. Let Ulysses tell of his, done without witness, done with the night alone to see them! I own that it is a mighty prize I strive for; but such a rival takes away the honour of it. It is no honour for Ajax to have gained a prize, however great, to which Ulysses has aspired. Already he has gained reward enough in this contest because, when conquered, he still can say he strove with me.

"And even if my valour were in doubt, I should still be his superior in birth; for Telamon was my father, who in company with valiant Hercules took the walls of Troy and with the Pagasaean ship sailed to Colchis.

OVID

Aeacus huic pater est, qui iura silentibus illic 25
 reddit, ubi Aeoliden saxum grave Sisyphon urget;
 Aeacon agnoscit summus prolemque fatetur
 Iuppiter esse suam: sic ab Iove tertius Aiax.
 nec tamen haec series in causam prosit, Achivi,
 si mihi cum magno non est communis Achille: 30
 frater erat, fraterna peto! quid sanguine cretus
 Sisyphio furtisque et fraude simillimus illi
 inseris Aeacidis alienae nomina gentis?

"An quod in arma prior nulloque sub indice veni,
 arma neganda mihi, potiorque videbitur ille, 35
 ultima qui cepit detractavitque furore
 militiam ficto, donec sollertior isto,
 sed sibi inutilior timidi commenta retextit
 Naupliades animi vitataque traxit ad arma?
 optima num sumat, quia sumere noluit ulla: 40
 nos inhonorati et donis patruelibus orbi,
 obtulimus quia nos ad prima pericula, simus?

"Atque utinam aut verus furor ille, aut creditus
 esset,
 nec comes hic Phrygias umquam venisset ad arces
 hortator scelerum! non te, Poeantia proles, 45
 expositum Lemnos nostro cum crimine haberet:
 qui nunc, ut memorant, silvestribus abditus antris
 saxa moves gemitu Laertiadaeque precaris,
 quae meruit, quae, si di sunt, non vana precaris.
 et nunc ille eadem nobis iuratus in arma, 50
 heu! pars una ducum, quo successore sagittae
 Herculis utuntur, fractus morboque fameque
 velaturque aliturque avibus, volucresque petendo

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

His father was Aeacus, who is passing judgment in that silent world where Sisyphus Aeolides strains to his heavy stone; and most high Jupiter acknowledges Aeacus as his son. Thus Ajax is the third remove from Jove. But let this descent be of no avail to my cause, O Greeks, if I do not share it with the great Achilles. He was my cousin; a cousin's arms I seek. Why do you, the son of Sisyphus, exactly like him in his tricks and fraud, seek to associate the Aeacidae with the name of an alien family?

“Aye, is it because I came first to arms needing no detection,¹ that arms are denied me? And shall he appear the better man who came last to arms and by feigned madness shirked the war, till one more shrewd than he, but not to his own advantage, the son of Nauplius, uncovered this timid fellow's trick and dragged him forth to the arms that he shunned? Shall he take the best because he wanted to take none? And shall I go unhonoured, denied my cousin's gifts, just because I was the first to front the danger?

“And oh, that his madness either had been real, or had never been detected, and that this criminal had never come with us against the Phrygians! Then, son of Poëas, Lemnos would not possess you, landed there to our sin and shame, you who, they say, hidden in forest lairs, move the very rocks with your groans and call down curses on Laërtes' son which he has richly merited, and which, if there are any gods, you do not call down in vain. And now he, who took oath with us for this same war, alas! one of our chieftains, who fell heir to Alcides' shafts, now, broken with disease and hunger, is clothed and fed by the birds, and in pursuit of birds uses those arrows which fate intended

¹ Referring to Palamedes, who had exposed Ulysses' feigned madness and brought him to the war. See Index.

OID

debita Troianis exercet spicula fatis.
 ille tamen vivit, quia non comitavit Ulixen ; 55
 mallet et infelix Palamedes esse relictus :
 viveret aut certe letum sine crimine haberet ;
 quem male convicti nimium memor iste furoris
 prodere rem Danaam finxit fictumque probavit
 crimen et ostendit, quod iam praefoderat, aurum. 60
 ergo aut exilio vires subduxit Achivis,
 aut nece : sic pugnat, sic est metuendus Ulixes !
 “ Qui licet eloquio fidum quoque Nestora vincat,
 haut tamen efficiet, desertum ut Nestora crimen
 esse rear nullum ; qui cum inploraret Ulixen 65
 vulnere tardus equi fessusque senilibus annis,
 proditus a socio est ; non haec mihi crimina fingi
 scit bene Tydides, qui nomine saepe vocatum
 corripuit trepidoque fugam exprobravit amico.
 aspiciunt oculis superi mortalia iustis ! 70
 en eget auxilio, qui non tulit, utque reliquit,
 sic linquendus erat : legem sibi dixerat ipse.
 conclamat socios : adsum videoque trementem
 pallentemque metu et trepidantem morte futura ;
 opposui molem clipei texique iacentem 75
 servavique animam (minimum est hoc laudis) inertem.
 si perstas certare, locum redeamus in illum :
 redde hostem vulnusque tuum solitumque timorem
 post clipeumque late et mecum contende sub illo !
 at postquam eripui, cui standi vulnera vires 80
 non dederant, nullo tardatus vulnere fugi†

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for Troy! But yet he lives at least, because he did not keep on with Ulysses. Ill-fated Palamedes, too, would prefer to have been left behind. He would be living still, or at least would have died without dishonour, whom that fellow there, all too mindful of the unfortunate exposure of his madness, charged with betraying the Greek cause, and in proof of his false charge showed the gold which he had already hidden there. So then, either by exile or by death he has been drawing off the Grecian strength. So does Ulysses fight, so must he be feared!

“Though he should surpass even trusty Nestor in his eloquence, he will never make me believe that his desertion of Nestor was other than a crime. For when he, slow from his horse’s wound and spent with extreme age, appealed to Ulysses, he was deserted by his friend. And that I am not making up this tale Tydides knows full well, for he repeatedly called upon him by name and chided his timid friend for flight. But the gods regard the affairs of men with righteous eyes. Behold he is in need of aid who rendered none; and as he left another, so was he fated to be left. He had established his own precedent. He cried aloud upon his friends. I came and saw him trembling, pale with fear, shrinking from impending death. I thrust forward my massive shield and covered him where he lay, and I saved his worthless life—small praise in that. If you persist in this contention let us go back to that spot; bring back the enemy, your wound and your accustomed fear; hide behind my shield and contend with me beneath it. But after I rescued him, he, who because of his wounds had had no strength to stand, now fled away not hindered by his wounds at all!

OVID

"Hector adest secumque deos in proelia ducit,
 quaque ruit, non tu tantum terreris, Ulixè,
 sed fortes etiam : tantum trahit ille timoris.
 hunc ego sanguineae successu caedis ovantem 85
 eminus ingenti resupinum pondere fudi,
 hunc ego poscentem, cum quo concurreret, unus
 sustinui : sortemque meam vovistis, Achivi,
 et vestrae valere preces. si quaeritis huius
 fortunam pugnae, non sum superatus ab illo. 90
 ecce ferunt Troes ferrumque ignesque Iovemque
 in Danaas classes : ubi nunc facundus Ulixes ?
 nempe ego mille meo protexi pectore puppes,
 spem vestri reditus : date pro tot navibus arma.

"Quodsi vera licet mihi dicere, quaeritur istis 95
 quam mihi maior honos, coniunctaque gloria nostra est,
 atque Ajax armis, non Aiaci arma petuntur.
 conferat his Ithacus Rhesum inbellemque Dolona
 Priamidenque Helenum rapta cum Pallade captum :
 luce nihil gestum, nihil est Diomede remoto ; 100
 si semel ista datis meritis tam vilibus arma,
 dividite, et pars sit maior Diomedis in illis.

"Quo tamen haec Ithaco, qui clam, qui semper
 inermis
 rem gerit et furtis incautum decipit hostem ?
 ipse nitor galeae claro radiantis ab auro 105
 insidias prodet manifestabitque latentem ;
 sed neque Dulichius sub Achillis casside vertex
 pondera tanta feret, nec non onerosa gravisque
 Pelias hasta potest inbellibus esse lacertis,
 nec clipeus vasti caelatus imagine mundi 110

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

“Here is Hector, and he brings the gods with him into battle; and where he rushes on, not you alone are terrified, Ulysses, but brave men also; so much terror does he inspire. Him, rejoicing in the success of his bloody slaughter, I laid low upon the ground with a huge stone which I threw; and when he challenged one to meet him, I alone bore the brunt of his attack. You prayed, O Greeks, that the lot might fall to me, and your prayers were heard. If you ask the outcome of the battle, at least I was not overcome by him. Behold, the Trojans bring sword and fire and Jove against the Greek ships. Where now is the eloquent Ulysses? But I with my own breast stood bulwark for the thousand ships, the hope of your return. Grant me these arms for all those ships.

“But if I may speak truth, the arms claim greater honour than do I; they share my glory, and the arms seek Ajax, not Ajax the arms. Let the Ithacan compare with these deeds his Rhesus and unwarlike Dolon, his Helenus, Priam’s son, taken captive, and the stolen Palladium: nothing done in the light of day, nothing apart from Diomedes. If you are really giving that armour for so cheap deserts, divide it and let the larger share in them be Diomedes’s.

“But why give them to the Ithacan, who always does things stealthily, always unarmed, relying upon tricks to catch the enemy off his guard? The very glint of the helmet gleaming with bright gold will betray his snares and discover him as he hides. But neither will the Dulichian’s head beneath the helmet of Achilles be able to bear so great a weight, nor can the spear-shaft, cut on Pelion, be otherwise than burdensome and heavy to his unwarlike arm. The shield also, a moulded picture of the vast universe, will not

OVID

conveniet timidae nataeque ad furta sinistrae :
 debilitaturum quid te petis, inprobe, munus,
 quod tibi si populi donaverit error Achivi,
 cur spolieris, erit, non, cur metuaris ab hoste,
 et fuga, qua sola cunctos, timidissime, vincis, 115
 tarda futura tibi est gestamina tanta trahenti?
 adde quod iste tuus, tam raro proelia passus,
 integer est clipeus; nostro, qui tela ferendo
 mille patet plagis, novus est successor habendus.

“Denique (quid verbis opus est?) spectemur
 agendo! 120

arma viri fortis medios mittantur in hostes :
 inde iubete peti et referentem ornate relatis.”

Finierat Telamone satus, vulgique secutum
 ultima murmur erat, donec Laertius heros
 adstitit atque oculos paulum tellure moratos 125
 sustulit ad proceres exspectatoque resolvit
 ora sono, neque abest facundis gratia dictis.

“Si mea cum vestris valuissent vota, Pelasgi,
 non foret ambiguus tanti certaminis heres,
 tuque tuis armis, nos te poteremur, Achille, 130
 quem quoniam non aequa mihi vobisque negarunt
 fata,” (manuque simul veluti lacrimantia tersit
 lumina) “quis magno melius succedit Achilli,
 quam per quem magnus Danais successit Achilles?
 huic modo ne prosit, quod, uti est, hebes esse vide-
 tur, 135

neve mihi noceat, quod vobis semper, Achivi,
 profuit ingenium, meaque haec facundia, siqua est

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become his timid hand, the left one, made for stealing. Why do you seek a prize, you shameless fellow, that will overtax your strength; a prize which, if by some mistake the Greeks should give it to you, will be reason for the foe to spoil, not fear you? And flight, in which alone you surpass all others, most timid as you are, will prove but slow for you if you carry such a weight. Consider also that that shield of yours, so rarely used in battle, is quite uninjured; while mine, pierced in a thousand places by the thrusts of spears, needs a fresh shield to take its place.

“Finally, what need of words? Let us be seen in action! Let the brave hero’s arms be sent into the enemy’s midst; bid them be recovered, and to their rescuer present the rescued arms.”

The son of Telamon finished, and the applause of the crowd followed his closing words. At length Laertes’ heroic son stood up and, holding his eyes for a little on the ground, he raised them to the chiefs and broke silence with the words for which they waited; nor was grace of manner lacking to his eloquent speech.

“If my prayers and yours had availed, O Greeks, there would be no question as to the next heir in this great strife, and you, Achilles, would still have your own armour, and we should still have you. But since the unjust fates have denied him to me and you” (and with his hand he made as if to wipe tears from his eyes), “who would better receive the great Achilles’ arms than he through whom the Greeks received the great Achilles? Only let it not be to this fellow’s profit that he seems to be, as indeed he is, slow of wit; and let it not be, O Greeks, to my hurt that I have always used my wit for your advantage. And let this eloquence of mine, if I

OVID

quae nunc pro domino, pro vobis saepe locuta est,
invidia careat, bona nec sua quisque recuset.

“ Nam genus et proavos et quae non fecimus ipsi,
vix ea nostra voco, sed enim, quia rettulit Ajax 141
esse Iovis pronepos, nostri quoque sanguinis auctor
Iuppiter est, totidemque gradus distamus ab illo :
nam mihi Laertes pater est, Arcesius illi,
Iuppiter huic, neque in his quisquam damnatus et
exul ; 145

est quoque per matrem Cyllenius addita nobis
altera nobilitas : deus est in utroque parente.
sed neque materno quod sum generosior ortu,
nec mihi quod pater est fraterni sanguinis insons,
proposita arma peto : meritis expendite causam, 150
dummodo, quod fratres Telamon Peleusque fuerunt,
Aiacis meritum non sit nec sanguinis ordo,
sed virtutis honor spoliis quaeratur in istis !
aut si proximitas primusque requiritur heres,
est genitor Peleus, est Pyrrhus filius illi : 155
quis locus Aiaci ? Phthiam haec Scyrumve ferantur !
nec minus est isto Teucer patruelis Achilli :
num petit ille tamen ? num, si petat, auferat illa ?
ergo, operum quoniam nudum certamen habetur,
plura quidem feci, quam quae comprehendere dictis 160
in promptu mihi sit, rerum tamen ordine ducar.

“ Praescia venturi genetrix Nereia leti
dissimulat cultu natum, et deceperat omnes,
in quibus Aiace, sumptae fallacia vestis :
arma ego femineis animum motura virilem 165

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have any, which now speaks for its owner, but often for you as well, incur no enmity, and let each man make the most of his own powers.

“For as to race and ancestry and the deeds that others than ourselves have done, I call those in no true sense our own. But the truth is, since Ajax claims to be great-grandson of Jove, Jove is the founder of my race as well, and I am just as many steps removed from him. For Laërtes is my father, Arcesius, his, and he, the son of Jupiter; nor in this line is there any exiled criminal. I have also on my mother’s side another claim to noble birth, Cyllenius.¹ Through both my parents have I divine descent. But, neither because through my mother I am more nobly born, nor because my father is guiltless of his brother’s blood, do I seek the armour that lies there. Weigh the cause on desert alone. Only count it not any desert of Ajax that Telamon and Peleus were brothers, and let not strains of blood, but the honour of manhood be considered in the award. Or, if you seek for next of kin and lawful heir, Peleus is Achilles’ father, Pyrrhus his son. What room is there for Ajax? Bear the armour hence to Phthia² or to Scyrus.³ And Teucer is no less Achilles’ cousin than he. Yet does he seek the arms, and if he did seek would he gain them? So then, since ’tis a sheer strife of deeds, I have done more deeds than I can well enumerate. Still I will tell them in their order.

“Achilles’ Nereid mother, foreseeing her son’s destruction, had disguised him, and the trick of the clothing that he wore deceived them all, Ajax among the rest. But I placed among women’s wares some

¹ Mercury.

² The home of Peleus.

³ The home of Pyrrhus.

OVID

mercibus inserui, neque adhuc proiecerat heros
virgineos habitus, cum parmam hastamque tenenti
'nate dea,' dixi 'tibi se peritura reservant
Pergama! quid dubitas ingentem evertere Troiam?'
inieci que manum fortemque ad fortia misi. 170

ergo opera illius mea sunt: ego Telephon hasta
pugnantem domui victum orantemque refeci;
quod Thebae cecidere, meum est; me credite Lesbos,
me Tenedon Chrysenque et Cillan, Apollinis urbes,
et Scyrum cepisse; mea concussa putate 175

procubuisse solo Lyrnesia moenia dextra,
utque alios taceam, qui saevum perdere posset
Hectora, nempe dedi: per me iacet inclitus Hector!
illis haec armis, quibus est inventus Achilles,
arma peto: vivo dederam, post fata reposco. 180

" Ut dolor unius Danaos pervenit ad omnes,
Aulidaque Euboicam conplerunt mille carinae,
expectata diu, nulla aut contraria classi
flamina erant, duraeque iubent Agamemnona sortes
inmeritam saevae natam mactare Dianae. 185

denegat hoc genitor divisque irascitur ipsis
atque in rege tamen pater est, ego mite parentis
ingenium verbis ad publica commoda verti:
hanc equidem (fateor, fassoque ignoscat Atrides)
difficilem tenui sub iniquo iudice causam. 190

hunc tamen utilitas populi fraterque datique
summa movet sceptri, laudem ut cum sanguine penset;
mittor et ad matrem, quae non hortanda, sed astu

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arms such as would attract a man. The hero still wore girl's clothing when, as he laid hands on shield and spear, I said to him: 'O son of Thetis, Pergama, doomed to perish, is keeping herself for you! Why do you delay the fall of mighty Troy?' And I laid my hand on him and sent the brave fellow forth to do brave deeds. So then, all that he did is mine. 'Twas I who conquered the warring Telephus with my spear and healed him, vanquished and begging aid. That Thebes fell is my deed; credit Lesbos to me, to me Tenedos, Chryse and Cilla, cities of Apollo, and Scyrus too. Consider that by my hand the walls of Lyrnesus were battered to the ground. And, not to mention others, 'twas I, indeed, who gave the man who could destroy the warlike Hector. Through me illustrious Hector lies low! These arms I seek in return for those by which Achilles was discovered. Arms I gave the living; after his death I ask them back.

"When the sorrow of one man came to all the Greeks, and a thousand ships were gathered at Euboean Aulis, there were no winds, though they waited for them long, or they blew contrary to the fleet. Then a cruel oracle bade Agamemnon sacrifice his innocent daughter to pitiless Diana. This the father refused to do and was angry at the gods themselves, having a father's feelings though he was a king. It was I who by my words turned the kind father-heart to a consideration of the public weal; I indeed (I confess it, and may Atrides pardon as I confess) had a difficult cause to plead, and that, too, before a partial judge; still the people's good, his brother, and the chief place of command assigned to him, all moved upon him to balance praise with blood. Then I was sent to the mother, who was not to be exhorted,

OVID

decipienda fuit, quo si Telamonius isset,
 orba suis essent etiam nunc lintea ventis. 195

“Mittor et Iliacas audax orator ad arces,
 visaque et intrata est altae mihi curia Troiae,
 plenaque adhuc erat illa viris; interritus egi,
 quam mihi mandarat communis Graecia, causam 199
 accusoque Parin praedamque Helenamque reposco
 et moveo Priamum Priamoque Antenora iunctum;
 at Paris et fratres et qui rapuere sub illo,
 vix tenuere manus (scis hoc, Menelae) nefandas,
 primaque lux nostri tecum fuit illa pericli.

“Longa referre mora est, quae consilioque manumque
 utiliter feci spatiosi tempore belli. 206

post acies primas urbis se moenibus hostes
 continuere diu, nec aperti copia Martis
 ulla fuit; decimo demum pugnavimus anno:
 quid facis interea, qui nil nisi proelia nosti? 210

quis tuus usus erat? nam si mea facta requiris,
 hostibus insidior, fossa munimina cingo,
 consolor socios, ut longi taedia belli
 mente ferant placida, doceo, quo simus alendi
 armandique modo, mittor, quo postulat usus. 215

“Ecce Iovis monitu deceptus imagine somni
 rex iubet incepti curam dimittere belli;
 ille potest auctore suam defendere vocem:
 non sinat hoc Ajax delendaque Pergama poscat, 219
 quodque potest, pugnet! cur non remoratur ituros?

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but deceived by craft. But if the son of Telamon had gone to her, our sails would even now be destitute of their winds.

“I was sent also as a bold ambassador to Ilium’s stronghold and visited and entered the senate-house of lofty Troy. It was still full of heroes. Undaunted, I pleaded the cause which united Greece had entrusted to me, I denounced Paris, demanded the return of Helen and the booty, and I prevailed on Priam and Antenor who sided with Priam. But Paris and his brothers and his companions in the robbery scarce restrained their impious hands from me (you know that, Menelaüs). That was the first day of my dangers shared with you.

“It would take a long time to tell the things I accomplished for your good both with thought and deed during the long-drawn war. After the first battles the enemy kept himself for a long time within his city’s walls and there was no chance for open conflict. At last in the tenth year we fought. What were you doing in the meantime, you whose only knowledge is of battles? Of what service were you then? If you ask what I was doing, I laid snares for the enemy, I surrounded the fortifications with a trench, I encouraged our allies so that they might bear patiently the tedium of the long war, I advised as to how we should be fed and armed, I was sent on missions where circumstance demanded.

“Behold, at Jove’s command, being deceived by a vision of the night, the king bids us give up the burden of the war we have undertaken. He can defend his order by quoting the source of it. Now let Ajax prevent this movement; let him demand that Pergama be destroyed and, what he can do, let him fight! Why does he not stay those who are

OVID

cur non arma capit, dat, quod vaga turba sequatur?
 non erat hoc nimium numquam nisi magna loquenti.
 quid, quod et ipse fugit? vidi, puduitque videre,
 cum tu terga dares inhonestaque vela parares;
 nec mora, 'quid facitis? quae vos dementia' dixi
 'concitatur, o socii, captam dimittere Troiam, 226
 quidque domum fertis decimo, nisi dedecus, anno?'
 talibus atque aliis, in quae dolor ipse disertum
 fecerat, aversos profuga de classe reduxi.

convocat Atrides socios terrore paventes: 230
 nec Telamoniades etiam nunc hiscere quicquam
 audet, at ausus erat reges incessere dictis
 Thersites etiam, per me haut impune protervus '
 erigor et trepidos cives exhortor in hostem
 amissamque mea virtutem voce repono. 235

tempore ab hoc, quodcumque potest fecisse videri
 fortiter iste, meum est, qui dantem terga retraxi.

"Denique de Danais quis te laudatve petitve?
 at sua Tydides mecum communicat acta,
 me probat et socio semper confidit Ulixes. 240
 est aliquid, de tot Graiorum milibus unum
 a Diomede legi! nec me sors ire iubebat:
 sic tamen et spreto noctisque hostisque periculo
 ausum eadem, quae nos, Phrygia de gente Dolona
 interimo, non ante tamen, quam cuncta coegi 245
 prodere et edidici, quid perfida Troia pararet.

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starting home? Why does he not take arms and give something for the straggling mob to rally round? This was not too much for one who never speaks except in boasting. But what of the fact that he himself fled also? I saw you, and I was ashamed to see, when you turned your back and were for spreading your dishonoured sails. Instantly I cried: 'What are you doing? What madness, my friends, is driving you to abandon Troy, which is already captured? What are you taking home after ten years of war except disgrace?' With such and other words, to which my very grief had made me eloquent, I turned them from their intended flight and led them back. Atrides assembled the allies still perturbed and fearful; and even then the son of Telamon did not dare utter a single syllable. But Thersites dared, indeed, and chid the kings with words, unruly fellow, but, thanks to me, not without punishment! I arose and urged my faint-hearted comrades against the enemy, and by my words I aroused again their courage. From that time on, whatever brave deed my rival here can claim to have accomplished belongs to me who brought him back from flight.

"Finally, who of the Greeks praises you or seeks your company? But Diomede shares his deeds with me, approves me, and is ever confident with Ulysses at his side. Surely, 'tis something, alone out of the many thousand Greeks, to be picked out by Diomede! And it was not the casting of lots that bade me go. Still, spurning all perils of night and of the enemy, I went forth and slew Phrygian Dolon, who was on the same perilous errand with ourselves. And yet I did not slay him till I had forced him to tell all he knew and had learned what treacherous Troy was planning.

OVID

omnia cognoram nec, quod specularer, habebam
 et iam promissa poteram cum laude reverti :
 haut contentus eo petii tentoria Rhesi
 inque suis ipsum castris comitesque peremi 250
 atque ita captivo, victor votisque potitus,
 ingredior curru laetos imitante triumphos ;
 cuius equos pretium pro nocte poposcerat hostis,
 arma negate mihi, fueritque benignior Ajax. —
 quid Lycii referam Sarpedonis agmina ferro 255
 devastata meo? cum multo sanguine fudi
 Coeranon Iphitiden et Alastoraque Chromiumque
 Alcandrumque Haliumque Noemonaque Prytanimque
 exitioque dedi cum Chersidamante Thoona
 et Charopem fatisque inmitibus Ennomon actum 260
 quique minus celebres nostra sub moenibus urbis
 procubuere manu. sunt et mihi vulnera, cives,
 ipso pulchra loco ; nec vanis credite verbis,
 aspiciate! en” vestemque manu deduxit et “ haec sunt
 pectora semper” ait “ vestris exercita rebus! 265
 at nil inpendit per tot Telamonius annos
 sanguinis in socios et habet sine vulnere corpus!

“ Quid tamen hoc refert, si se pro classe Pelasga
 arma tulisse refert contra Troasque Iovemque?
 confiteorque, tulit (neque enim benefacta maligne 270
 detractare meum est), sed ne communia solus
 occupet atque aliquem vobis quoque reddat honorem,
 reppulit Actorides sub imagine tutus Achillis

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I had found out all and had no further cause for spying, and I could now go back with the praise which I had striven for ; but not content with this, I turned to Rhesus' tents and in his very camp I slew the captain and his comrades too. And so, victorious and with my prayers accomplished, I went on my way in my captured chariot in manner of a joyful triumph. Now refuse his arms to me, whose horses my enemy had demanded as the price of his night's work, and let Ajax be the kinder!¹ Why should I mention the Lycian Sarpedon's ranks which my sword cut to pieces? I laid low in bloody slaughter Coeranos, the son of Iphitus, Alastor and Chromius, Alcander, Halius, Noëmon, Prytanis, slew Thoön and Chersidamas, Charopes, Ennomos, driven by the pitiless fates ; and others less renowned fell by my hand beneath their city's walls. I, too, have wounds, my comrades, noble for the very place of them. And trust no empty words of mine for that. See here !” and he threw open his garment with his hand ; “ here is my breast which has ever suffered for your cause ! But the son of Telamon in all these years has lost no blood in his friends' behalf and his body can show no wound at all.

“ And what matters it if he says that he stood up in arms for the Greek fleet against the Trojans and the power of Jove? I grant he did ; for it is not my way maliciously to belittle the good that he has done. But let not him alone claim the honour that belongs to all, and let him give some credit to you also. 'Twas the son of Actor,² safe 'neath the semblance of Achilles, who drove off the Trojans from

¹ This is a reference to Ajax' ironical proposition in l. 102, to divide the armour between Ulysses and Diomedes.

² Patroclus.

OID

Troas ab arsuris cum defensore carinis.—
 ausum etiam Hectoreis solum concurrere telis 275
 se putat, oblitus regisque ducumque meique,
 nonus in officio et praelatus munere sortis.
 sed tamen eventus vestrae, fortissime, pugnae
 quis fuit? Hector abit violatus vulnere nullo!

“ Me miserum, quanto cogor meminisse dolore 280
 temporis illius, quo, Graium murus, Achilles
 procubuit! nec me lacrimae luctusve timorve
 tardarunt, quin corpus humo sublime referrem:
 his umeris, his inquam, umeris ego corpus Achillis
 et simul arma tuli, quae nunc quoque ferre laboro.
 sunt mihi, quae valeant in talia pondera, vires, 286
 est animus certe vestros sensurus honores:
 scilicet idcirco pro nato caerulea mater
 ambitiosa suo fuit, ut caelestia dona,
 artis opus tantae, rudis et sine pectore miles 290
 indueret? neque enim clipei caelamina novit,
 Oceanum et terras cumque alto sidera caelo
 Pleiadasque Hyadasque immunemque aequoris Arcton
 diversasque urbes nitidumque Orionis ensem:
 postulat, ut capiat, quae non intellegit, arma! 295

“ Quid, quod me duri fugientem munera belli
 arguit incepto serum accessisse labori
 nec se magnanimo maledicere sentit Achilli?
 si simulasse vocas crimen, simulavimus ambo;
 si mora pro culpa est, ego sum maturior illo. 300
 me pia detinuit coniunx, pia mater Achillem,
 primaque sunt illis data tempora, cetera vobis:
 haut timeo, si iam nequeam defendere, crimen

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the fleet, which else had burned together with its defender. He thinks that he alone dared to stand up against Hector's spear, ignoring the king, the chieftains, and myself, he but the ninth in proffered service and by the lot's grace preferred to us. But what was the outcome of your battle, bravest of men? Hector retired without a wound.

"Ah me, with what grief am I forced to recall that time when Achilles fell, the bulwark of the Greeks! And yet neither tears nor grief nor fear kept me from lifting up his body from the ground. On these shoulders, yes, on these very shoulders, I bore Achilles' body, armour and all, arms which now also I seek to bear. I have strength enough to bear their ponderous weight and I have a mind that can appreciate the honour you would do me. Was it for this, forsooth, that the hero's mother, goddess of the sea, was ambitious for her son, that those heavenly gifts, the work of heavenly art should clothe a rough and stupid soldier? For he knows nothing of the relief-work of the shield: the sea, the lands, the deep starry heavens, the Pleiades, the Hyades, Arctos forbidden the sea, the scattered cities, and Orion's gleaming sword. He asks that he may receive armour which he cannot appreciate.

"What of his chiding me with trying to shun the hardships of the war and of coming late when the struggle had begun? Does he not know that he is reviling the great Achilles also? If you call it a crime to have pretended, we both pretended. If delay is culpable, I was the earlier of the two. A loving wife detained me; a loving mother detained Achilles. Our first time was given to them, the rest to you. I do not fear a charge—even granted I could not answer it—which I share with so great a hero. Yet he was

OVID

cum tanto commune viro : deprensus Ulixis
 ingenio tamen ille, at non Aiakis Ulixes. 305

“ Neve in me stolidae convicia fundere linguae
 admiremur eum, vobis quoque digna pudore
 obicit. an falso Palameden crimine turpe
 accusasse mihi, vobis damnasse decorum est?
 sed neque Naupliades facinus defendere tantum 310
 tanque patens valuit, nec vos audistis in illo
 crimina, vidistis, pretioque obiecta patebant.

“ Nec, Poeantiaden quod habet Vulcania Lemnos,
 esse reus merui (factum defendite vestrum !
 consensistis enim,) nec me suasisse negabo, 315
 ut se subtraheret bellicae viaeque labori
 temptaretque feros requie lenire dolores.
 paruit—et vivit! non haec sententia tantum
 fida, sed et felix, cum sit satis esse fidelem.
 quem quoniam vates delenda ad Pergama poscunt,
 ne mandate mihi! melius Telamonius ibit 321
 eloquioque virum morbis iraque furentem
 molliet aut aliqua producet callidus arte !
 ante retro Simois fluet et sine frondibus Ide
 stabit, et auxilium promittet Achaia Troiae, 325
 quam, cessante meo pro vestris pectore rebus,
 Aiakis stolidi Danais sollertia prosit.
 sis licet infestus sociis regique mihi que
 dure Philoctete, licet execrere meumque
 devoveas sine fine caput cupiasque dolenti 330
 me tibi forte dari nostrumque haurire cruorem,

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discovered by Ulysses' wit; but not by Ajax' wit, Ulysses.

“And let us not wonder that he pours out against me the insults of his stupid tongue; for he vents on you also shameful words. Was it base for me to have accused Palamedes on a false charge, and honourable for you to have condemned him? But neither was the son of Nauplius¹ able to defend a crime so great, so clearly proved, nor did you merely hear the charge against him: you saw the proof, as it lay clearly revealed by the bribe.

“Nor should I be blamed because Vulcanian Lemnos holds the son of Poeas.² Defend your own deed, for you consented to it. But I will not deny that I advised that he withdraw from the hardships of the war and the journey thither, and seek to soothe his terrible anguish by a time of rest. He took the advice—and lives! And not alone was this advice given in good faith, but it was fortunate as well; though it is enough that it was given in good faith. Now, since our seers say that he is necessary for the fall of Pergama, do not entrust the task to me! Telamon's son will better go, and by his eloquence he will calm the hero, mad with pain and rage, or else by some shrewd trick will bring him to us. Nay, Simoïs will flow backward, Ida stand without foliage, and Greece send aid to Troy before the craft of stupid Ajax would avail the Greeks in case I should cease to work for your advantage. Though you have a deadly hatred, O harsh Philoctetes, for the allied Greeks and the king and me myself; though you heap endless curses on my head and long in your misery to have me in your power, to drink my blood, and pray that, as I was given a

¹ Palamedes.

² Philoctetes.

OVID

utque tui mihi sic fiat, tibi copia nostri :
 te tamen adgrediar mecumque reducere nitar
 tamque tuis potiar (faveat Fortuna) sagittis,
 quam sum Dardanio, quem cepi, vate potitus, 335
 quam responsa deum Troianaque fata retexi,
 quam rapui Phrygiae signum penetrale Minervae
 hostibus e mediis. et se mihi comparat Ajax ?
 nempe capi Troiam prohibebant fata sine illo :
 fortis ubi est Ajax ? ubi sunt ingentia magni 340
 verba viri ? cur hic metuis ? cur audet Ulixes
 ire per excubias et se committere nocti
 perque feros enses non tantum moenia Troum,
 verum etiam summas arces intrare suaque
 eripere aede deam raptamque adferre per hostes ? 345
 quae nisi fecissem, frustra Telamone creatus
 gestasset laeva taurorum tergora septem.
 illa nocte mihi Troiae victoria parta est :
 Pergama tunc vici, cum vinci posse coegi.

“ Desine Tydiden vultuque et murmure nobis 350
 ostentare meum : pars est sua laudis in illo !
 nec tu, cum socia clipeum pro classe tenebas,
 solus eras : tibi turba comes, mihi contigit unus.
 qui nisi pugnacem sciret sapiente minorem
 esse nec indomitae deberi praemia dextrae, 355
 ipse quoque haec peteret ; peteret moderatior Ajax
 Eurypylosque ferox claroque Andraemone natus
 nec minus Idomeneus patriaque creatus eadem
 Meriones, peteret maioris frater Atridae :

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chance at you, so you may have a chance at me ; still would I go to you and strive to bring you back with me. And I should get possession of your arrows (should Fortune favour me), just as I got possession of the Dardanian seer, whom I made captive ; just as I discovered the oracles of the gods and the fates of Troy ; just as I stole away from the midst of the enemy the enshrined image of Phrygian Minerva. And does Ajax compare himself to me ? The fact is, the fates declared that we could not capture Troy without this sacred statue. Where now is the brave Ajax ? Where are those big words of the mighty hero ? Why do you fear in such a crisis ? Why does Ulysses dare to go out beyond the sentinels, commit himself to the darkness and, through the midst of cruel swords, enter not alone the walls of Troy but even the citadel's top, steal the goddess from her shrine and bear her captured image through the enemy ? Had I not done this, in vain would the son of Telamon have worn on his left arm the sevenfold bulls'-hide shield. On that night I gained the victory over Troy ; at that moment did I conquer Pergama when I made it possible to conquer her.

“ Cease by your looks and mutterings to remind us that Tydides was my partner. He has his share of praise. You, too, when you held your shield in defence of the allied fleet, were not alone. You had a throng of partners ; I, but one. And if Diomedes did not know that a fighter is of less value than a thinker, and that the prize was not due merely to a right hand, however dauntless, he himself also would be seeking it ; so would the lesser Ajax, warlike Eurypylos and the son of illustrious Andraemon, and no less so Idomeneus and his fellow-countryman, Meriones ; yes, Menelaüs, too, would seek the prize.

OVID

quippe manu fortes nec sunt mihi Marte secundi, 360
 consiliis cessere meis. tibi dextera bello
 utilis, ingenium est, quod eget moderamine nostro;
 tu vires sine mente geris, mihi cura futuri;
 tu pugnare potes, pugnandi tempora mecum
 eligit Atrides; tu tantum corpore prodes, 365
 nos animo; quantoque ratem qui temperat, anteit
 remigis officium, quanto dux milite maior,
 tantum ego te supero, nec non in corpore nostro
 pectora sunt potiora manu: vigor omnis in illis.

“ At vos, o proceres, vigili date praemia vestro, 370
 proque tot annorum cura, quibus anxius egi,
 hunc titulum meritis pensandum reddite nostris:
 iam labor in fine est; obstantia fata removi
 altaque posse capi faciendo Pergama, cepi.
 per spes nunc socias casuraque moenia Troum 375
 perque deos oro, quos hosti nuper ademi,
 per siquid superest, quod sit sapienter agendum,
 siquid adhuc audax ex praecipitique petendum est,
 si Troiae fatis aliquid restare putatis,
 este mei memores! aut si mihi non datis arma, 380
 huic date!” et ostendit signum fatale Minervae.

Mota manus procerum est, et quid facundia posset,
 re patuit, fortisque viri tulit arma disertus.

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But all these men, though stout of hand, fully my equals on the battlefield, have yielded to my intelligence. Your right arm is useful in the battle; but when it comes to thinking you need my guidance. You have force without intelligence; while mine is the care for to-morrow. You are a good fighter; but it is I who help Atrides select the time of fighting. Your value is in your body only; mine, in mind. And, as much as he who directs the ship surpasses him who only rows it, as much as the general excels the common soldier, so much greater am I than you. For in these bodies of ours the heart¹ is of more value than the hand; all our real living is in that.

“But do you, O princes, award the prize to your faithful guardian. In return for the many years which I have spent in anxious care, grant me this honour as the reward of all my services. And now my task is at an end; I have removed the obstructing fates and, by making it possible to take tall Pergama, I have taken her. Now, by our united hopes, by the Trojan walls doomed soon to fall, by the gods of whom but lately I deprived the foe, by whatever else remains still to be done with wisdom, if still some bold and hazardous deed must be attempted, if you think aught still is lacking to the fate of Troy, I beg you remember me! Or, if you do not give the arms to me, give them to her!” and he pointed to the fateful statue of Minerva.

The company of chiefs was moved, and their decision proved the power of eloquence: and the eloquent man bore off the brave man's arms. Then he who had so often all alone withstood great

¹ *i.e.* the mind or understanding. We should make the contrast between head and hand.

Hectora qui solus, qui ferrum ignesque Iovemque
 sustinuit totiens, unam non sustinet iram, 385
 invictumque virum vicit dolor: arripit ensem
 et "meus hic certe est! an et hunc sibi poscit
 Ulixes?"

hoc" ait "utendum est in me mihi, quique cruore
 saepe Phrygum maduit, domini nunc caede madebit,
 ne quisquam Aiace[m] possit superare nisi Ajax." 390
 dixit et in pectus tum demum vulnera passum,
 qua patuit ferro, letalem condidit ensem.
 nec valere manus infixum educere telum:
 expulit ipse cruor, rubefactaque sanguine tellus
 purpureum viridi genuit de caespite florem, 395
 qui prius Oebalio fuerat de vulnere natus;
 littera communis mediis pueroque viroque
 inscripta est foliis, haec nominis, illa querellae.

Victor ad Hypsipyles patriam clarique Thoantis
 et veterum terras infames caede virorum 400
 vela dat, ut referat Tirynthia tela, sagittas;
 quae postquam ad Graios domino comitante revexit,
 inposita est sero tandem manus ultima bello.
 Troia simul Priamusque cadunt. Priameia coniunx
 perdidit infelix hominis post omnia formam 405
 externasque novo latratu terruit auras,
 longus in angustum qua clauditur Hellespontus
 Ilion ardebat, neque adhuc consederat ignis.
 exiguumque senis Priami Iovis ara cruorem
 conbiberat, tractatque comis antistita Phoebi 410
 non profecturas tendebat ad aethera palmas.
 Dardanidas matres patriorum signa deorum,

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Hector, so often sword and fire and Jove, could not withstand passion only; and resentment conquered the unconquered hero. Then, snatching out his sword, he cried: "But this at least is mine; or does Ulysses claim this also for himself? This I must employ against myself; and the sword which has often reeked with Phrygian blood will now reek with its master's, lest any man save Ajax ever conquer Ajax." He spoke and deep in his breast, which had not until then suffered any wound, where the way was open for the blow, he plunged his fatal sword. No hand was strong enough to draw away the deep-driven steel; the blood itself drove it out. The ensanguined ground produced from the green sod a purple flower, which in old time had sprung from Hyacinthus' blood. The petals are inscribed with letters, serving alike for hero and for boy: this one a name,¹ and that, a cry of woe.² /

To the land³ of Queen Hypsipyle and the illustrious Thoas, once infamous for its murdered men of olden time, victorious Ulysses now set sail to bring thence the Tiryinthian⁴ arrows. After he had brought these to the Greeks, and their master⁵ with them, the final blow was at last given to the long-drawn war. Troy fell and Priam with it. The poor wife of Priam after all else lost her human form and with strange barking affrighted the alien air where the long Hellespont narrows to a strait. Ilium was in flames, nor had its fires yet died down, and Jove's altar had drunk up the scanty blood of aged Priam. The priestess⁶ of Apollo, dragged by the hair, was stretching to the heavens her un-availing hands. The Trojan women, embracing the

¹ ΑΙΑΣ.

⁴ *i. e.* of Hercules.

² ΑΙΑΙ.

⁵ Philoctetes.

³ Lemnos.

⁶ Cassandra.

OVID

dum licet, amplexas succensaque templa tenentes
 invidiosa trahunt victores praemia Grai ;
 mittitur Astyanax illis de turribus, unde 415
 pugnanti pro se proavitaque regna tuentem
 saepe videre patrem monstratum a matre solebat.
 iamque viam suadet Boreas, flatuque secundo
 carbasa mota sonant : iubet uti navita ventis ;
 “ Troia, vale ! rapimur ” clamant, dant oscula terrae
 Troades et patriae fumantia tecta relinquunt. 421
 ultima conscendit classem—miserabile visu !—
 in mediis Hecube natorum inventa sepulcris :
 prensantem tumulos atque ossibus oscula dantem
 Dulichiae traxere manus, tamen unius hausit 425
 inque sinu cineres secum tulit Hectoris haustos ;
 Hectoris in tumulo canum de vertice crinem,
 inferias inopes, crinem lacrimasque reliquit.
 Est, ubi Troia fuit, Phrygiae contraria tellus
 Bistonii habitata viris : Polymestoris illic 430
 regia dives erat, cui te commisit alendum
 clam, Polydore, pater Phrygiisque removit ab armis,
 consilium sapiens, sceleris nisi praemia magnas
 adiecisset opes, animi inritamen avari.
 ut cecidit fortuna Phrygum, capit inpius ense 435
 rex Thracum iuguloque sui demisit alumni
 et, tamquam tolli cum corpore crimina possent,
 exanimem scopulo subiectas misit in undas.
 Litore Threicio classem religarat Atrides,
 dum mare pacatum, dum ventus amicier esset : 440

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

images of their country's gods while still they might and crowding their burning temples, the victorious Greeks dragged off, an enviable booty. And Astyanax was hurled down from that tower where he was wont often to sit and watch his father whom his mother pointed out fighting for honour and safeguarding his ancestral realm. And now the North-wind called them on their way and the sails flapped loud, swelled by the favouring breeze. The mariner gives command to sail. "O Troy, farewell! we are forced away," the Trojan women cry; they kiss their land, and turn their backs upon their smoking homes. The last to go on board, a pitiable sight, was Hecuba, discovered midst the sepulchres of her sons. There, as she clung to their tombs, striving to give her farewell kisses to their bones, the hands of the Dulichian dragged her away. Yet she rescued Hector's ashes only, and bore the rescued dust with her in her bosom. And on Hector's tomb she left locks of her hoary hair, a meagre offering, her hair and tears.

Opposite to Phrygia where Troy stood, there lies a land where dwelt the Bistones. There was the luxurious court of Polymestor, to whom your father, Polydorus, secretly commended you for care, sending you far from Phrygia's strife; a prudent plan, if he had not sent with you a great store of treasure, the prize of crime, a temptation to a greedy soul. When the Phrygian fortunes waned, the impious Thracian king took his sword and thrust it into his young charge's throat; and just as if a murder could be disposed of with the victim's body, he threw the corpse from a cliff into the waves below.

On this Thracian coast Atrides had moored his fleet until the sea should quiet down and the winds

OVID

hic subito, quantus, cum viveret, esse solebat,
 exit humo late rupta similisque minanti
 temporis illius vultum referebat Achilles,
 quo ferus iniusto petiit Agamemnona ferro
 "inmemores" que "mei disceditis," inquit "Achivi,
 obrutaque est mecum virtutis gratia nostrae! 416
 ne facite! utque meum non sit sine honore sepulcrum,
 placet Achilleos mactata Polyxena manes!"
 dixit, et inmiti sociis parentibus umbrae,
 rapta sinu matris, quam iam prope sola fovebat, 450
 fortis et infelix et plus quam femina virgo
 ducitur ad tumulum diroque fit hostia busto.
 quae memor ipsa sui postquam crudelibus aris
 admota est sensitque sibi fera sacra parari,
 utque Neoptolemum stantem ferrumque tenentem;
 inque suo vidit figentem lumina vultu, 456
 "utere iandudum generoso sanguine" dixit
 "(nulla mora est), aut tu iugulo vel pectore telum
 conde meo": (iugulumque simul pectusque retexit.
 scilicet haud ulli servire Polyxena vellet!) 460
 "haud per tale sacrum numen placabitis ullum!
 mors tantum vellem matrem mea fallere posset:
 mater obest minuitque necis mihi gaudia, quamvis
 non mea mors illi, verum sua vita tremenda est.
 vos modo, ne Stygios adeam non libera manes, 465
 ite procul, si iusta peto, tactuque viriles
 virgineo removete manus! acceptior illi,
 quisquis is est, quem caede mea placare paratis,
 liber erit sanguis. siquos tamen ultima nostri
 verba movent oris (Priami vos filia regis, 470
 non captiva rogat), generici corpus inemptum
 260

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be more favourable. Here on a sudden, up from the wide-gaping earth, Achilles sprang, large as he was in life. He had a threatening manner and a look as on that day when with his hostile sword he fiercely challenged Agamemnon. "And are you, then, departing, ye Greeks," he cried, "forgetful of me? And have your thanks for my services been buried with me? It shall not be! And, that my tomb may not lack its fitting honour, let Polyxena be sacrificed and so appease Achilles' shade." He spoke, and the allied Greeks obeyed the pitiless ghost. Torn from her mother's arms, of whom she was well-nigh the only comfort left, the brave, ill-fated maid, with more than woman's courage, was led to the fatal mound and there was sacrificed upon the cruel tomb. Self-possessed she was, even when she had been placed before the fatal altar and knew the grim rites were preparing for her; and when she saw Neoptolemus standing, sword in hand, with his eyes fixed upon her face, she exclaimed: "Spill at last my noble blood, for I am ready; or plunge your sword deep in my throat or breast!" (and she bared her throat and breast. Polyxena, be sure, would not desire to live in slavery to any man!) "Not by such a rite as this will you appease any god! Only I would that my mother may know nothing of my death. My mother prevents and destroys my joy of death. And yet she should not deprecate my death, but rather her own life. Only do you, that I may go free to the Stygian spirits, stand back, if my request is just, and let no hand of man touch my virgin body. More acceptable to him, whoever he is, whom by my sacrifice you are seeking to appease, will my free blood be. But if my last words move any of you ('tis the daughter of King Priam and not a captive maid who asks it),

OVID

reddite, neve auro redimat ius triste sepulcri,
 sed lacrimis! tunc, cum poterat, redimebat et auro.”
 dixerat, at populus lacrimas, quas illa tenebat,
 non tenet; ipse etiam flens invitique sacerdos 475
 praebita coniecto rupit praecordia ferro.

illa super terram defecto poplite labens
 pertulit intrepidus ad fata novissima vultus;
 tunc quoque cura fuit partes velare tegendas,
 cum caderet, castique decus servare pudoris. 480

Troades excipiunt deploratosque recensent
 Priamidas et quot dederit domus una cruores,
 teque gemunt, virgo, teque, o modo regia coniunx,
 regia dicta parens, Asiae florentis imago,
 nunc etiam praedae mala sors; quam victor Ulixes
 esse suam nollet, nisi quod tamen Hectors partu 486
 ediderat: dominum matri vix repperit Hector!
 quae corpus complexa animae tam fortis inane,
 quas totiens patriae dederat natisque viroque,
 huic quoque dat lacrimas; lacrimas in vulnera fundit
 osculaque ore tegit consuetaque pectora plangit 491
 canitiemque suam concreto in sanguine verrens
 plura quidem, sed et haec laniato pectore, dixit:
 “nata, tuae—quid enim superest?—dolor ultime
 matris,

nata, iaces, videoque tuum, mea vulnera, vulnus: 495
 en, ne perdididerim quemquam sine caede meorum,
 tu quoque vulnus habes; at te, quia femina, rebar
 a ferro tutam: cecidisti et femina ferro,

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restore my body to my mother without ransom ; and let her pay in tears and not in gold for the sad privilege of sepulture. She did pay in gold also when she could." She spoke, and the throng could not restrain their tears, though she restrained her own. Then did the priest, himself also weeping and remorseful, with deep-driven weapon pierce her proffered breast. She, sinking down to earth with fainting knees, kept her look of dauntless courage to the end. And even then, as she was falling, she took care to cover her body and to guard the honour of her modesty.

The Trojan women take up her body and count one by one the lamented Priamidae, and all the woes which this one house has suffered. You, royal maid, they weep, and you, who but yesterday were called queen-consort and queen-mother, you, once the embodiment of proud Asia, but now suffering hard lot even for a captive, one whom victorious Ulysses would not desire, save that she had given birth to Hector. A lord for his mother Hector scarcely found ! She, embracing the lifeless body of that brave spirit, gives to it also the tears which she has shed so often for country, sons and husband. She pours her tears into her daughter's wound, covers her face with kisses, and beats the breasts that have endured so many blows. Then sweeping her white hair in the clotted blood and tearing her breast, this and much more she cried : " O child, your mother's last cause for grief—for what else is left me—my child, low you lie, and I see your wound, my wound. Behold, that I might lose none of my children without violence, you also have your wound. But you, because you were a woman, I thought safe from the sword ; even though

OVID

totque tuos idem fratres, te perdidit idem,
 exitium Troiae nostrique orbator, Achilles; 500
 at postquam cecidit Paridis Phoebique sagittis,
 ' nunc certe,' dixi, ' non est metuendus Achilles ' :
 nunc quoque mi metuendus erat ; cinis ipse sepulti
 in genus hoc saevit, tumulo quoque sensimus hostem :
 Aeacidæ fecunda fui ! iacet Ilion ingens, 505
 eventoque gravi finita est publica clades,
 sed finita tamen ; soli mihi Pergama restant.
 in cursuque meus dolor est : modo maxima rerum,
 tot generis natisque potens nuribusque viroque
 nunc trahor exul, inops, tumulis avulsa meorum, 510
 Penelopæ munus, quæ me data pensa trahentem
 matribus ostendens Ithacis ' hæc Hectoris illa est
 clara parens, hæc est ' dicet ' Priameia coniunx,'
 postque tot amissos tu nunc, quæ sola levabas
 maternos luctus, hostilia busta piasti ! 515
 inferias hosti peperisti ! quo ferrea resto ?
 quidve moror ? quo me servas, annosa senectus ?
 quo, di crudeles, nisi uti nova funera cernam,
 vivacem differtis animum ? quis posse putaret
 felicem Priamum post diruta Pergama dici ? 520
 felix morte sua est ! nec te, mea nata, peremptam
 adspicit et vitam pariter regnumque reliquit.
 at, puto, funeribus dotabere, regia virgo,
 condeturque tuum monumentis corpus avitis !
 non hæc est fortuna domus : tibi munera matris 525

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a woman, you have fallen by the sword; and that same Achilles, who had destroyed all your brothers, has destroyed you, too, that curse of Troy, bereaver of my heart. But when he fell by Paris' and by Phoebus' arrows, 'Surely,' I said, 'now is Achilles to be feared no more.' But even now I was still to fear him. His very ashes, though he is dead and buried, are savage against our race; even in the tomb we have felt him for our enemy; for Achilles have I been fruitful! Great Troy lies low, and by a woeful issue the public calamity was ended; yet it was ended; for me alone Pergama still survives; my woes still run their course. But late on the pinnacle of fame, strong in my many sons, my daughters, and my husband, now, exiled, penniless, torn from the tombs of my loved ones, I am dragged away as prize for Penelope. And as I sit spinning my allotted task of wool, she will point me out to the dames of Ithaca and say: 'This woman is Hector's noble mother, this is Priam's queen.' And now after so many have been lost, you, who alone were left to console your mother's grief, you have been sacrificed upon our foeman's tomb. Yes, I have but borne a victim for my enemy. And to what end do I, unfeeling wretch, live on? Why do I linger? To what end, O wrinkled age, do you keep me here? To what end, ye cruel gods, save that I still may see fresh funerals, do you prolong an old woman's life? Who would suppose that Priam could be called happy when Pergama was o'erthrown? Happy is he in death. He does not see you, my daughter, lying murdered here; he left his life and kingdom, both at once. But I suppose, O royal maiden, you will be dowered with funeral rites and your body buried in your ancestral tomb. Such is no longer the fortune of our house. Your

OVID

contingent fletus peregrinaeque haustus harenae!
 omnia perdidimus : superest, cur vivere tempus
 in breve sustineam, proles gratissima matri,
 nunc solus, quondam minimus de stirpe virili,
 has datus Ismario regi Polydorus in oras. 530

quid moror interea crudelia vulnera lymphis
 abluere et sparsos inmiti sanguine vultus?"

Dixit et ad litus passu processit anili,
 albentes lacerata comas. "date, Troades, urnam!"
 dixerat infelix, liquidas hauriret ut undas : 535

adspicit eiectum Polydori in litore corpus
 factaque Threiciis ingentia vulnera telis ;
 Troades exclamant, obmutuit illa dolore,
 et pariter vocem lacrimasque introrsus obortas
 devorat ipse dolor, duroque simillima saxo 540

torpet et adversa figit modo lumina terra,
 interdum torvos sustollit ad aethera vultus,
 nunc positi spectat vultum, nunc vulnera nati,
 vulnera praecipue, seque armat et instruit iram.
 qua simul exarsit, tamquam regina maneret, 545

ulcisci statuit poenaeque in imagine tota est,
 utque furit catulo lactente orbata leaena
 signaque nacta pedum sequitur, quem non videt,
 hostem,

sic Hecube, postquam cum luctu miscuit iram,
 non oblita animorum, annorum oblita suorum, 550
 vadit ad artificem dirae, Polymestora, caedis
 colloquiumque petit ; nam se monstrare relictum
 velle latens illi, quod nato redderet, aurum.

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funeral gifts shall be your mother's tears; your burial, the sand of an alien shore! We have lost all; but still there's something left, some reason why for a brief span I may endure to live: his mother's dearest, now her only child, once youngest of my sons, my Polydorus, sent to these shores to the Thracian king. But why do I delay, meanwhile, to wash my daughter's cruel wounds with water, her face bespattered with un pitying blood?"

She spoke and with tottering steps of age went to the shore, tearing her grey hair as she went. "Give me an urn, ye Trojan women," the wretched creature said, intending to dip up some water from the sea. And there she saw the body of Polydorus, cast up upon the shore, covered with gaping wounds made by Thracian spears. The Trojan women shrieked at the sight; but she was dumb with grief; her very grief engulfed her powers of speech, her rising tears. Like a hard rock, immovable she stood, now held her gaze fixed upon the ground, and at times lifted her awful face to the heavens; now she gazed upon the features of her son as he lay there in death, now on his wounds, but mostly on his wounds, arming herself and heaping up her rage. When now her rage blazed out, as if she still were queen, she fixed on vengeance and was wholly absorbed in the punishment her imagination pictured. And as a lioness rages when her suckling cub has been stolen from her, and follows the discovered tracks of her enemy, whom she does not see, so Hecuba, wrath mingling with her grief, regardless of her years but not her deadly purpose, went straight to Polymestor, who wrought the heartless murder, and sought an audience with him, pretending that she wished to show him a store of gold which she had hoarded for her son and

OVID

credit Odrysius praedaeque adsuetus amore
 in secreta venit : tum blando callidus ore 555
 "tolle moras, Hecube," dixit "da munera nato !
 omne fore illius, quod das, quod et ante dedisti,
 per superos iuro." spectat truculenta loquentem
 falsaque iurantem tumidaque exaestuat ira
 atque ita correpto captivarum agmina matrum 560
 invocat et digitos in perfida lunina condit
 expellitque genis oculos (facit ira potentem)
 inmergitque manus foedataque sanguine sontis
 non lumen (neque enim superest), loca luminis haurit.
 clade sui Thracum gens inritata tyranni 565
 Troada telorum lapidumque incessere iactu
 coepit, at haec missum rauco cum murmure saxum
 morsibus insequitur rictuque in verba parato
 latravit, conata loqui : locus exstat et ex re
 nomen habet, veterumque diu memor illa malorum
 tum quoque Sithonios ululavit maesta per agros. 571
 illius Troasque suos hostesque Pelasgos,
 illius fortuna deos quoque moverat omnes,
 sic omnes, ut et ipsa Iovis coniunxque sororque
 eventus Hecubam meruisse negaverit illos. 575
 Non vacat Aurorae, quamquam isdem faverat armis,
 cladibus et casu Troiaeque Hecubaeque moveri.
 cura deam propior luctusque domesticus angit
 Memnonis amissi, Phrygiis quem lutea campis
 vidit Achillea pereuntem cuspide mater ; 580
 vidit, et ille color, quo matutina rubescunt

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

now would give him. The Thracian was deceived and, led by his habitual lust for gain, he came to the hiding-place. Then craftily, with smooth speech he said: "Come, Hecuba, make haste, give me the treasure for your son! I swear by the gods of heaven, all shall be his, what you give now and what you have given before." She grimly eyed him as he spoke and swore his lying oath. Then did her rising wrath boil over, and, calling the captive women to the attack, she seized upon him, dug her fingers into his lying eyes and gouged his eyeballs from their sockets—so mighty did wrath make her. Then she plunged in her hands and, stained with his guilty blood, she plucked out, not his eyes, for they were gone, but the places of his eyes. The Thracians, incensed by their king's disaster, began to set upon the Trojan with shafts and stones. But she, with hoarse growls, bit at the stones they threw and, though her jaws were set for words, barked when she tried to speak. The place still remains and takes its name¹ from this incident, where she, long remembering her ancient ills, still howled mournfully across the Sithonian plains. Her sad fortune touched the Trojans and her Grecian foes and all the gods as well; yes, all, for even Juno, sister and wife of Jove, declared that Hecuba had not deserved such an end.

But Aurora, though she had lent her aid to the Trojan arms, had no time to lament the ruin and the fall of Troy and Hecuba. A nearer care, grief for her own son, harassed her, the loss of Memnon, whom she, his bright mother, had seen dead by Achilles' spear on the Phrygian plain. She saw and those bright hues

¹ Cynossema (*κυνός σήμα*), the Sign (or Monument) of the Dog.

OVID

tempora, palluerat, latuitque in nubibus aether.
 at non inpositos supremis ignibus artus
 sustinuit spectare parens, sed crine soluto
 sicut erat, magni genibus procumbere non est 585
 dedignata Iovis lacrimisque has addere voces :
 “omnibus inferior, quas sustinet aureus aether,
 (nam mihi sunt totum rarissima templa per orbem)
 diva tamen, veni, non ut delubra diesque
 des mihi sacrificos caliturasque ignibus aras : 590
 si tamen adspicias, quantum tibi femina praestem,
 tum cum luce nova noctis confinia servo,
 praemia danda putes ; sed non ea cura neque hic est
 nunc status Aurorae, meritos ut poscat honores :
 Memnonis orba mei venio, qui fortia frustra 595
 pro patruo tulit arma suo primisque sub annis
 occidit a forti (sic vos voluistis) Achille.
 da, precor, huic aliquem, solacia mortis, honorem,
 summe deum rector, maternaque vulnera leni !”
 Iuppiter adnuerat, cum Memnonis arduus alto 600
 corrui igne rogas, nigrique volumina fumi
 infecere diem, veluti cum flumina natas
 exhalant nebulas, nec sol admittitur infra ;
 atra favilla volat glomerataque corpus in unum
 densetur faciemque capit sumitque calorem 605
 atque animam ex igni (levitas sua praebuit alas)
 et primo similis volucris, mox vera volucris
 insonuit pennis, pariter sonuere sorores
 innumerae, quibus est eadem natalis origo,
 270

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by which the morning skies flush rosy red grew dull, and the heavens were overcast with clouds. And when his corpse was laid upon the funeral pyre his mother endured not to look upon it, but, with streaming hair, just as she was, she disdained not to throw herself at the knees of mighty Jove and with many tears to pray: "Though I am least of all whom the golden heaven upholds (for in all the world but few and scattered temples rise to me), still as a goddess I come I ask not that thou give me shrines and sacred days and altars to flame with sacrificial fires. And yet, shouldst thou consider what service I, though but a woman, render thee, when each new dawn I guard the borders of the night, then wouldst thou deem that I should have some reward. But that is not my care nor is that Aurora's errand, to demand honours which she may have earned. Bereft of my Memnon I come, who bore brave arms (though all in vain) in his uncle's service, and in his early years has fallen by Achilles' warlike hand (for so you willed it). Grant then, I beg, some honour to him as solace for his death, O most high ruler of the gods, and soothe a mother's wounded heart." Jove nodded his consent, when Memnon's lofty pyre, wrapped in high-leaping flames, crumbled to earth, and the day was darkened by the thick black smoke, as when rivers send forth the fogs they have begotten, beneath whose pall the sunlight cannot come. Dark ashes whirled aloft and there, packed and condensed, they seemed to take on form, drew heat and vitality from the fire. (Its own lightness gave it wings.) At first, 'twas like a bird; but soon, a real bird, it flew about on whirring pinions. And along with it were countless sisters winging their noisy flight; and all were sprung from the same source.

terque rogam lustrant, et consonus exit in auras 610
 ter plangor, quarto seducunt castra volatu;
 tum duo diversa populi de parte feroces
 bella gerunt rostrisque et aduncis unguibus iras
 exercent alasque adversaque pectora lassant,
 inferiaeque cadunt cineri cognata sepulto 615
 corpora seque viro forti meminere creatas.
 praepetibus subitis nomen facit auctor: ab illo
 Memnonides dictae, cum sol duodena peregit
 signa, parentali moriturae more rebellant.—
 ergo aliis latrasse Dymantida flebile visum est; 620
 luctibus est Aurora suis iuncta piisque
 nunc quoque dat lacrimas et toto rorat in orbe.

Non tamen eversam Troiae cum moenibus esse
 spem quoque fata sinunt: sacra et, sacra altera,
 patrem

fert umeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius heros. 625
 de tantis opibus praedam pius eligit illam
 Ascaniumque suum profugaque per aequora classe
 fertur ab Antandro scelerataque limina Thracum
 et Polydoreo manantem sanguine terram
 linoquit et utilibus ventis aestuque secundo 630
 intrat Apollineam sociis comitantibus urbem.
 hunc Anius, quo rege homines, antistite Phoebus
 rite colebatur, temploque domoque recepit
 urbemque ostendit delubraque nota duasque
 Latona quondam stirpes pariente retentas. 635
 ture dato flammis vinoque in tura profuso
 caesarumque boum fibris de more crematis

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

Thrice round the pyre they flew and thrice their united clamour rose into the air. At the fourth flight the flock divided and in two warring bands the fierce contestants fought together, plying beak and hooked talons in their rage, wearying wing and breast in the struggle. At last these shapes kin to the buried ashes fell down as funeral offerings and remembered that they were sprung from that brave hero. The author of their being gave his name to the new-sprung birds, and they were called Memnonides from him; and still, when the sun has completed the circuit of his twelve signs, they fight and die again in honour of their father's festival. And so others wept while the daughter of Dymas bayed; but Aurora was all absorbed in her own grief; and even to this day she weeps pious tears and bedews the whole world with them.

And yet the fates did not permit Troy's hopes to perish with her walls. The heroic son¹ of Cytherea bore away upon his shoulders her sacred images and, another sacred thing, his father, a venerable burden. Of all his great possessions, the pious hero chose that portion, and his son, Ascanius. Then with his fleet of refugees he set sail from Antandros, left behind the sinful homes of Thrace and the land dripping with Polydorus' blood, and, with favouring winds and tides assisting, reached with his accompanying friends the city² of Apollo. Him Anius, who ruled over men as king and served Phoebus as his priest, received in the temple and his home. He showed his city, the new-erected shrines and the two sacred trees³ beneath which Latona had once brought forth her children. There they burned incense in the flames, poured out wine upon the incense and, according

¹ Aeneas.

² In Delos.

³ See VI. 335.

OVID

regia tecta pctunt, positisque tapetibus altis
 munera cum liquido capiunt Cerealia Baccho.
 tum pius Anchises: "o Phoebi lecte sacerdos, 640
 fallor, an et natum, cum primum haec moenia vidi,
 bisque duas natas, quantum reminiscor, habebas?"
 huic Anius niveis circumdata tempora vittis
 concutiens et tristis ait: "non falleris, heros
 maxime; vidisti natorum quinque parentem, 645
 quem nunc (tanta homines rerum inconstantia versat)
 paene vides orbem. quod enim mihi filius absens
 auxilium, quem dicta suo de nomine tellus
 Andros habet pro patre locumque et regna tenentem?
 Delius augurium dedit huic, dedit altera Liber 650
 femineae stirpi voto maiora fideque
 munera: nam tactu natarum cuncta mearum
 in segetem laticemque meri canaeque Minervae
 transformabantur, divesque erat usus in illis.
 hoc ubi cognovit Troiae populator Atrides, 655
 (ne non ex aliqua vestram sensisse procellam
 nos quoque parte putes), armorum viribus usus
 abstrahit invitas gremio genitoris alantque
 imperat Argolicam caelesti munere classem.
 effugiunt, quo quaeque potest: Euboea duabus 660
 et totidem natis Andros fraterna petita est.
 miles adest et, ni dedantur, bella minatur:
 victa metu pietas consortia corpora poenae
 dedidit; et timido possis ignoscere fratri:
 non hic Aeneas, non, qui defenderet Andron, 665
 Hector erat, per quem decimum durastis in annum.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

to the customary rite, they slaughtered cattle and burned their entrails in the altar-fire; then sought the palace-hall and, reclining on the high couches, they partook of Ceres' bounty and the wine of Bacchus. Then pious Anchises said: "O chosen priest of Phoebus, am I mistaken, or did you have, when first I saw your city, a son and four daughters as I recall?" And Anius, shaking his head bound with snowy fillets, sadly replied: "No, mightiest of heroes, you are not mistaken; you did see me the father of five children, whom now, such is the shifting nature of men's fates, you see well-nigh bereft. For of what help to me is my absent son, whom the land of Andros, named from him, holds in place of his father; for he rules the land as king. The Delian gave him the power of augury; but to my daughters Bacchus gave other gifts, greater than they could pray or hope to gain. For at my daughters' touch all things were turned to corn and wine and the oil of grey-green Minerva,¹ and there was rich profit in them. When Agamemnon, ravager of Troy, learned this (that you may know that we also have felt some share of your destructive storm), using armed force, he dragged my unwilling daughters from their father's arms, and bade them feed the Grecian army with their heavenly gift. They escaped, each as she could. Two sought Euboea; two fled to their brother's Andros. Armed bands pursued and threatened war unless they were surrendered. Fear conquered brotherly affection, and he gave up to punishment the persons of his kindred. And you could forgive the timid brother; for Aeneas was not here to succour Andros, nor Hector, through whom you held your own for ten years. And now they

¹ *i.e.* olives.

OVID

iamque parabantur captivis vincla lacertis :
 illae tollentes etiamnum libera caelo
 bracchia ' Bacche pater, fer opem ! ' dixere, tulitque
 muneris auctor opem,—si miro perdere more 670
 ferre vocatur opem, nec qua ratione figuram
 perdiderint, potui scire aut nunc dicere possum ;
 summa mali nota est : pennas sumpsere tuaeque
 coniugis in volucres, niveas abiere columbas."

Talibus atque aliis postquam convivia dictis 675
 inplerunt, mensa somnum petiere remota
 cumque die surgunt adeuntque oracula Phoebi,
 qui petere antiquam matrem cognataque iussit
 litora ; prosequitur rex et dat munus ituris,
 Anchisae sceptrum, chlamydem pharetramque
 nepoti, 680

cratera Aeneae, quem quondam transtulit illi
 hospes ab Aoniis Therses Isniænis oris :
 miserat hunc illi Therses, fabricaverat Alcon
 Hyleus et longo caelaverat argumento.
 urbs erat, et septem posses ostendere portas : 685
 hae pro nomine erant, et quae foret illa, docebant ;
 ante urbem exequiae tumulique ignesque pyraeque
 effusaeque comas et apertae pectora matres
 significant luctum ; nymphae quoque flere videntur
 siccatosque queri fontes : sine frondibus arbor 690
 nuda riget, rodunt arentia saxa capellae.
 ecce facit mediis natas Orione Thebis
 hanc non femineum iugulo dare vulnus aperto,
 illam demisso per inertia vulnera telo

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

were preparing fetters for the captives' arms, when they, stretching their still free arms to heaven, cried: 'O father Bacchus, help!' And he who gave their gift did bring them aid—if you call it aid, in some strange sort to lose their human form. For never did I know, nor can I now describe, how they lost it. But the outcome of my sad mishap I do know: covered with plumage, they were changed to snow-white doves, your consort's birds."

With such and other themes they filled up the feast, then left the banquet board and retired to rest; and on the morrow they rose and sought the oracle of Phoebus. He bade them seek their ancient mother and kindred shores. On their departure the king went forth with them and gave them parting gifts: a sceptre to Anchises, a robe and quiver to his grandson, and a goblet to Aeneas which Ismenian Therses, a guest, had once brought to the king from the Aonian coast. Therses had sent him the cup, but 'twas the handiwork of Hylean Alcon, who had engraved upon it a long pictured story. There was a city, on which you could discern seven gates. These served to name it and tell you what it was.¹ Before the city funeral rites were seen, with sepulchres and blazing funeral pyres; and women with dishevelled hair and naked breasts, proclaiming grief. Nymphs also seemed to weep and bewail their dried-up springs. The trees stood bare and leafless; goats nibbled in the parched and stony fields. See, in the Theban streets he represents Orion's daughters, one dealing a wound not apt for maiden's hands to her bared throat, the other dealing clumsy wounds with her weaving-shuttle, both falling as victims in the people's stead; then borne in funeral pomp through

¹ *i.e.* Thebes.

OID

pro populo cecidisse suo pulchrisque per urbem 695
funeribus ferri celebrique in parte cremari.

tum de virginea geminos exire favilla,
ne genus intereat, iuvenes, quos fama Coronos
nominat, et cineri materno ducere pompam.
hactenus antiquo signis fulgentibus aere, 700

summus inaurato crater erat asper acantho.
nec leviora datis Troiani dona remittunt
dantque sacerdoti custodem turis acerram,
dant pateram claramque auro gemmisque coronam.

Inde recordati Teucros a sanguine Teucri 705
ducere principium, Cretam tenuere locique
ferre diu nequiere Iovem centumque relictis
urbibus Ausonios optant contingere portus,
saevit hiems iactatque viros, Strophadumque receptos
portubus infidis exterruit ales Aello. 710

et iam Dulichios portus Ithacamque Samonque
Neritiasque domus, regnum fallacis Ulixis,
praeter erant vecti: certatam lite deorum
Ambraciam versique vident sub imagine saxum
iudicis, Actiaco quae nunc ab Apolline nota est, 715
vocalemque sua terram Dodonida quercu
Chaoniosque sinus, ubi nati rege Molosso
inpia subiectis fugere incendia pennis.

Proxima Phaeacum felicibus obsita pomis
rura petunt, Epiros ab his regnataque vati 720
Buthrotos Phrygio simulataque Troia tenetur;
inde futurorum certi, quae cuncta fideli

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the town and burned to ashes midst the mourning throngs. Then, that their race may not perish with them, from their virgin ashes spring two youths, whom fame has named Coroni. These join in the solemn rites due to their mother's dust. Such was the story told in figures gleaming on the antique bronze. Round the goblet's top, rough-carved, golden acanthus ran. The Trojans make presents in return of no less worth: an incense-casket for the priest, a libation-saucer and a crown, gleaming with gems and gold.

Thence, remembering that the Teucrians sprang from Teucer's stock, they sailed away to Crete.¹ Here, unable to endure for long the climate of the place, they abandoned Crete with its hundred cities and set out with eager spirit for the Ausonian shores. The wintry seas raged and tossed the heroic band; and, when they came to the treacherous harbour of the Strophades, Aëollo, the harpy, frightened them. And now Dulichium's anchorage, Ithaca and Samos, the homes of Neritos, the false Ulysses' kingdom—past all these they sailed. Ambracia next, once object of heaven's strife, they saw, and the image of the judge once changed to stone—Ambracia, now famed for Actian Apollo's sake; Dodona's land, with its speaking oaks; Chaonia's sheltered bay, where the sons of King Molossus on new-grown wings escaped impious fires.

Next they sought the land of the Phaeacians, set with fertile orchards, and landed at Buthrotos in Epirus with its mimic Troy, a city ruled by the Phrygian seer. There having learned all that awaited them from the friendly prophecies of Helenus,

¹ This, in accordance with their interpretation of the advice given in l. 678.

OVID

Priamides Helenus monitu praedixerat, intrant
 Sicaniam : tribus haec excurrit in aequora pennis,
 e quibus imbriferos est versa Pachynos ad austros, 725
 mollibus expositum zephyris Lilybaeon, at arcetos
 aequoris expertes spectat boreamque Peloros.
 hac subeunt Teucrici, et remis aestuque secundo
 sub noctem potitur Zaclaea classis harena :
 Scylla latus dextrum, laevum inrequieta Charybdis 730
 infestat ; vorat haec raptas revomitque carinas,
 illa feris atram canibus succingitur alvum,
 virginis ora gerens, et, si non omnia vates
 ficta reliquerunt, aliquo quoque tempore virgo :
 hanc multi petiere proci, quibus illa repulsis 735
 ad pelagi nymphas, pelagi gratissima nymphis,
 ibat et elusos iuvenum narrabat amores.
 cui dum pectendos praebet Galatea capillos,
 talibus adloquitur repetens suspiria dictis :
 “ te tamen, o virgo, genus haut inmite virorum 740
 expetit, utque facis, potes his inpune negare ;
 at mihi, cui pater est Nereus, quam caerulea Doris
 enixa est, quae sum turba quoque tuta sororum,
 non nisi per luctus licuit Cyclopiis amorem
 effugere.” et lacrimae vocem inpediere loquentis. 745
 quas ubi marmoreo detersit pollice virgo
 et solata deam est, “ refer, o carissima ” dixit
 “ neve tui causam tege (sic sum fida) doloris ! ”
 Nereis his contra resecula Crataeide natam est :
 “ Acis erat Fauno nymphaque Symaethide cretus 750
 magna quidem patrisque sui matrisque voluptas,
 nostra tamen maior ; nam me sibi iunxerat uni.
 pulcher et octonis iterum natalibus actis
 signarat teneras dubia lanugine malas.

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Priam's son, they came to Sicily. This land runs out into the sea in three capes. Of these, Pachynos faces to the rainy south, Lilybaeon feels the soft western breeze, and Peloros looks to the northern Bears, who never go beneath the sea. Hither the Teucris came and with oars and favouring tides the fleet reached the sandy beach of Zancle as darkness fell. Scylla infests the right-hand coast, unresting Charybdis the left. The one sucks down and vomits forth again the ships she has caught; the other's uncanny waist is girt with ravening dogs. She has a virgin's face and, if all the tales of poets are not false, she was herself once a virgin. Many suitors sought her; but she scorned them all and, taking refuge with the sea-nymphs (for the sea-nymphs loved her well), she would tell them of the disappointed wooing of her lovers. There once Galatea, while she let the maiden comb her hair, first sighing deeply, thus addressed her: "You truly, maiden, are wooed by a gentle race of men, and you can repulse them without fear, even as you do. But I, whose father is Nereus and whose mother the sea-hued Doris, who am safe also in a throng of sisters, I was not allowed to shun the Cyclops' love without grievous consequence." Tears checked her further speech. When the maid with her white fingers had dried the goddess' tears and had consoled her, she said: "Tell me, O dearest one, and do not conceal the cause of your woe, for I am faithful to you." And the Nereid answered Crataeis' daughter in these words: "Acis was son of Faunus and the nymph Symaethis, great joy to his father and his mother, but greater joy to me; for he loved me with whole-hearted love. Beautiful he was, and his sixteenth birthday past, a faint down had marked his youthful cheeks. Him did

OID

hunc ego, me Cyclops nulla cum fine petebat. 755
 nec, si quaesieris, odium Cyclopis amorne
 Acidis in nobis fuerit praesentior, edam :
 par utrumque fuit. pro ! quanta potentia regni
 est, Venus alma, tui ! nempe ille inmitis et ipsis
 horrendus silvis et visus ab hospite nullo 760
 inpune et magni cum dis contemptor Olympi,
 quid sit amor, sensit validaque cupidine captus
 uritur oblitus pecorum antrorumque suorum.
 iamque tibi formae, iamque est tibi cura placendi,
 iam rigidos pectis rastris, Polypheme, capillos, 765
 iam libet hirsutam tibi falce recidere barbam
 et spectare feros in aqua et componere vultus.
 caedis amor feritasque sitisque inmensa cruoris
 cessant, et tutae veniuntque abeuntque carinae.
 Telemus interea Siculam delatus ad Aetnen, 770
 Telemus Eurymides, quem nulla fefellerat ales,
 terribilem Polyphemon adit 'lumen' que, 'quod unum
 fronte geris media, rapiet tibi' dixit 'Ulixes.'
 risit et 'o vatum stolidissime, falleris,' inquit,
 'altera iam rapuit.' sic frustra vera monentem 775
 spernit et aut gradiens ingenti litora passu
 degravat, aut fessus sub opaca revertitur antra.
 prominet in pontum cuneatus acumine longo
 collis (utrumque latus circumfluit aequoris unda) :
 huc ferus adscendit Cyclops mediusque resedit ; 780
 lanigerae pecudes nullo ducente secutae.
 cui postquam pinus, baculi quae praebuit usum,
 ante pedes posita est antemnis apta ferendis
 sumptaque harundinibus compacta est fistula centum,
 senserunt toti pastoria sibila montes, 785

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

I love, but the Cyclops loved me with endless wooing. Nor, if you should ask me, could I tell which was stronger in me, my hate of Cyclops or my love of Acis; for both were in equal measure. O mother Venus, how mighty is thy sway! Behold, that savage creature, whom the very woods shudder to look upon, whom no stranger has ever seen save to his own hurt, who despises great Olympus and its gods, he feels the power of love and burns with mighty desire, forgetful of his flocks and of his caves. | And now, Polyphemus, you become careful of your appearance, now anxious to please; now with a rake you comb your shaggy locks, and now it is your pleasure to cut your rough beard with a reaping-hook, gazing at your rude features in some clear pool and composing their expression. Your love of slaughter falls away, your fierce nature and your quenchless thirst for blood; and ships come and go in safety. Meanwhile Telemus had come to Sicilian Aetna, Telemus, the son of Eurymus, whom no bird had deceived; and he said to grim Polyphemus: 'That one eye, which you have in the middle of your forehead, Ulysses will take from you.' He mocked and answered: 'O most stupid seer, you are wrong; another has already taken it.' Thus did he scoff at the man who vainly sought to warn him, and stalked with huge, heavy tread along the shore, or returned, weary, to his shady cave. A wedge-shaped promontory with long, sharp point juts out into the sea, both sides washed by the waves. Hither the fierce Cyclops climbed and sat down on the cliff's central point, and his woolly sheep, all unheeded, followed him. Then, laying at his feet the pine-trunk which served him for a staff, fit for a vessel's mast, he took his pipe made of a hundred reeds. All the mountains felt the sound of his rustic pipings; the waves felt it too. I, hiding

OVID

senserunt undae ; latitans ego rupe meique
 Acidis in gremio residens procul auribus hausi
 talia dicta meis auditaque verba notavi :

“ Candidior folio nivei Galatea ligustri,
 floridior pratis, longa procerior alno, 790

splendidior vitro, tenero lascivior haedo,
 levior adsiduo detritis aequore conchis,
 solibus hibernis, aestiva gratior umbra,
 nobilior pomis, platano conspectior alta,
 lucidior glacie, matura dulcior uva, 795
 mollior et cygni plumis et lacte coacto,
 et si non fugias, riguo formosior horto ;

“ Saevior indomitis eadem Galatea iuvenis,
 durior annosa quercu, fallacior undis, 800
 lentior et salicis virgis et vitibus albis,

his immobilior scopulis, violentior amne,
 laudato pavone superbior, acrior igni,
 asperior tribulis, feta truculentior ursa,
 surdior aequoribus, calcato inmitior hydro,
 et, quod praecipue vellem tibi demere possem, 805

non tantum cervo claris latratibus acto,
 verum etiam ventis volucrique fugacior aura,
 (at bene si noris, pigeat fugisse, morasque
 ipsa tuas damnes et me retinere labores).

sunt mihi, pars montis, vivo pendentia saxo 810
 antra, quibus nec sol medio sentitur in aestu,
 nec sentitur hiems ; sunt poma gravantia ramos,
 sunt auro similes longis in vitibus uvae,
 sunt et purpureae : tibi et has servamus et illas.

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beneath a rock and resting in my Acis' arms, at a great distance heard the words he sang and well remember them :

“ O Galatea, whiter than snowy privet-leaves, more blooming than the meadows, surpassing the alder in your tall slenderness, more sparkling than crystal, more frolicsome than a tender kid, smoother than shells worn by the constant waves, more welcome than the winter's sun and summer's shade, more goodly than orchard-fruit, fairer than the tall plane-tree, more shining-clear than ice, sweeter than ripened grapes, softer than swan's down and curdled milk, and, if only you would not flee from me, more beautiful than a well-watered garden.

“ Yet you, the same Galatea, are more obstinate than an untamed heifer, harder than aged oak, falser than water, tougher than willow-twigs and white briony-vines, more immovable than these rocks, more boisterous than a stream, vainer than a praised peacock, more cruel than fire, sharper than thorns, more savage than a she-bear with young, deaf than the sea, more pitiless than a trodden snake, and, what I would most of all that I could take from you, swifter not only than the stag driven before the baying hounds, but also than the winds and the fleeting breeze! But, if only you knew me well, you would regret that you have fled from me; you would yourself condemn your coy delays and seek to hold me. I have a whole mountain-side for my possessions, deep caves in the living rock, where neither the sun is felt in his midsummer heat, nor the winter's cold. I have apples weighing down their branches, grapes yellow as gold on the trailing vines, and purple grapes as well. Both these and those I am keeping for your use. With your own hand you

OVID

ipsa tuis manibus silvestri nata sub umbra 815
 mollia fraga leges, ipsa autumnalia corna
 prunaque non solum nigro liventia suco,
 verum etiam generosa novasque imitantia ceras.
 nec tibi castaneae me coniuge, nec tibi deerunt
 arbutei fetus: omnis tibi serviet arbor. 820

“Hoc pecus omne meum est, multae quoque
 vallibus errant,
 multas silva tegit, multae stabulantur in antris,
 nec, si forte roges, possim tibi dicere, quot sint:
 pauperis est numerare pecus; de laudibus harum
 nil mihi credideris, praesens potes ipsa videre, 825
 ut vix circumeant distentum cruribus uber.
 sunt, fetura minor, tepidis in ovilibus agni.
 sunt quoque, par aetas, aliis in ovilibus haedi.
 lac mihi semper adest niveum: pars inde bibenda
 servatur, partem liquefacta coagula durant. 830

“Nec tibi deliciae faciles vulgataque tantum
 munera contingent, dammae leporesque caperque,
 parve columbarum demptusve cacumine nidus:
 inveni geminos, qui tecum ludere possint,
 inter se similes, vix ut dignoscere possis, 835
 villosae catulos in summis montibus ursae:
 inveni et dixi “dominae servabimus istos.”

“Iam modo caeruleo nitidum caput exere ponto,
 iam, Galatea, veni, nec munera despice nostra!
 certe ego me novi liquidaeque in imagine vidi 840
 nuper aquae, placuitque mihi mea forma videnti.
 adspice, sim quantus: non est hoc corpore maior
 Iuppiter in caelo, nam vos narrare soletis
 nescio quem regnare Iovem; coma plurima torvos

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shall gather the luscious strawberries that grow within the woody shade, cherries in autumn-time and plums, both juicy and purple-black and the large yellow kind, yellow as new wax. Chestnuts also shall be yours and the fruit of the arbuté-tree, if you will take me for your husband; and every tree shall yield to your desire.

“And all this flock is mine. Many besides are wandering in the valleys, many are in the woods, still others are safe within their cavern-folds. Nay, should you chance to ask, I could not tell you how many in all I have. 'Tis a poor man's business to count his flocks. And you need not believe my praises of them; here you can see for yourself how they can hardly walk for their distended udders. And I have, coming on, lambs in my warm folds and kids, too, of equal age, in other folds. There's always a plenty of snow-white milk. Some of it is kept for drinking, and some the rennet hardens into curds.

“And you shall have no easily gotten pets or only common presents, such as does and hares and goats, or a pair of doves, or a nest taken from the cliff. I found on the mountain-top two cubs of a shaggy bear for you to play with, so much alike that you can scarcely tell them apart. I found them and I said: “I'll keep these for my mistress!”

“And now, Galatea, do but raise your glistening head from the blue sea. Now come and don't despise my gifts. Surely I know myself; lately I saw my reflection in a clear pool, and I liked my features when I saw them. Just look, how big I am! Jupiter himself up there in the sky has no bigger body; for you are always talking of some Jove or other as ruling there. A wealth of hair

OVID

prominet in vultus, umerosque, ut lucus, obumbrat ;
 nec mea quod rigidis horrent densissima saetis 846
 corpora, turpe puta : turpis sine frondibus arbor,
 turpis equus, nisi colla iubae flaventia velent ;
 pluma tegit volucres, ovibus sua lana decori est :
 barba viros hirtaeque decent in corpore saetae. 850
 unum est in media lumen mihi fronte, sed instar
 ingentis clipei. quid ? non haec omnia magnus
 Sol videt e caelo ? Soli tamen unicus orbis.

“ Adde, quod in vestro genitor meus aequore
 regnat :

hunc tibi do socerum ; tantum miserere precesque 855
 supplicis exaudi ! tibi enim succumbimus uni,
 quique Iovem et caelum sperno et penetrabile fulmen,
 Nerei, te vereor, tua fulmine saevior ira est.
 atque ego contemptus essem patientior huius,
 si fugeres omnes ; sed cur Cyclope repulso 860
 Acin amas praefersque meis complexibus Acin ?
 ille tamen placeatque sibi placeatque licebit,
 quod nollem, Galatea, tibi ; modo copia detur :
 sentiet esse mihi tanto pro corpore vires !
 viscera viva traham divulsaque membra per agros 863
 perque tuas spargam (sic se tibi misceat !) undas.
 uror enim, laesusque exaestuatur acrius ignis,
 cumque suis videor translata viribus Aetnam
 pectore ferre meo, nec tu, Galatea, moveris.

“ Talia nequiquam questus (nam cuncta videbam)
 surgit et ut taurus vacca furibundus adempta 871
 stare nequit silvaeque et notis saltibus errat,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

overhangs my manly face and it shades my shoulders like a grove. And don't think it ugly that my whole body is covered with thick, bristling hair. A tree is ugly without its leaves and a horse is ugly if a thick mane does not clothe his sorrel neck; feathers clothe the birds, and their own wool is becoming to sheep; so a beard and shaggy hair on his body well become a man. True, I have but one eye in the middle of my forehead, but it is as big as a good-sized shield. And what of that? Doesn't the great sun see everything here on earth from his heavens? And the sun has but one eye.

“Furthermore, my father is king over your own waters; and him I am giving to you for father-in-law. Only pity me and listen to my humble prayer; for I bow to you alone; I, who scorn Jove and his heaven and his all-piercing thunderbolt, I fear you alone, O Nereid; your anger is more deadly than the lightning-flash. And I could better bear your scorning if you fled from all your suitors. But why, though you reject Cyclops, do you love Acis, and why do you prefer Acis to my arms? And yet he may please himself and please you too, Galatea; but oh, I wish he didn't please you. But only let me have a chance at him! Then he'll find that I am as strong as I am big. I'll tear his vitals out alive, I'll rend him limb from limb and scatter the pieces over the fields and over your waves—so may he mate with you! For oh, I burn, and my hot passion, thus scorned, rages more fiercely within me; I seem to carry Aetna in my breast, borne thither with all his violence. And you, Galatea, do not care at all.’

“Such vain complaints he uttered, and rose up (I saw it all), just as a bull which, furious when the cow has been taken from him, cannot stand still, but

OVID

cum ferus ignaros nec quicquam tale timentes
 me videt atque Acin 'video' que exclamat 'et ista
 ultima sit, faciam, Veneris concordia vestrae.' 875
 tantaque vox, quantam Cyclops iratus habere
 debuit, illa fuit: clamore perhorruit Aetne.
 ast ego vicino pavefacta sub aequore mergor;
 terga fugae dederat conversa Symaethius heros
 et 'fer opem, Galatea, precor, mihi! ferte, parentes,'
 dixerat 'et vestris periturum admittite regnis!' 881
 insequitur Cyclops partemque e monte revulsam
 mittit, et extremus quamvis pervenit ad illum
 angulus e saxo, totum tamen obruit Acin.
 at nos, quod fieri solum per fata licebat, 885
 fecimus, ut vires adsumeret Acis avitas.
 puniceus de mole cruor manabat, et intra
 temporis exiguum rubor evanescere coepit,
 fitque color primo turbati fluminis imbre
 purgaturque mora; tum moles iacta dehiscit, 890
 vivaque per rimas proceraque surgit harundo,
 osque cavum saxi sonat exsultantibus undis,
 mira que res, subito media tenus exstitit alvo
 incinctus iuvenis flexis nova cornua cannis,
 qui, nisi quod maior, quod toto caerulus ore, 895
 Acis erat, sed sic quoque erat tamen Acis, in amnem
 versus, et antiquum tenuerunt flumina nomen."

Desierat Galatea loqui, coetuque soluto
 discedunt placidisque natant Nereides undis.
 Scylla redit; neque enim medio se credere ponto 900
 audet, et aut bibula sine vestibus errat harena
 290

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

wanders through the woods and familiar pasture-lands. Then the fierce giant spied me and Acis, neither knowing nor fearing such a fate, and he cried: 'I see you, and I'll make that union of your loves the last.' His voice was big and terrible as a furious Cyclops' voice should be. Aetna trembled with the din of it. But I, in panic fright, dived into the near-by sea. My Symaethian hero had already turned to run, and cried: 'Oh, help me, Galatea, I pray; help me, my parents, and take me, doomed now to perish, to your kingdom. Cyclops ran after him and hurled a piece wrenched from the mountain-side; and, though that merest corner of the mass reached Acis, still it was enough to bury him altogether. But I (the only thing that fate allowed to me) caused Acis to assume his ancestral powers. Crimson blood came trickling from beneath the mass; then in a little while its ruddy colour began to fade away and it became the colour of a stream swollen by the early rains, and it cleared entirely in a little while. Then the mass that had been thrown cracked wide open and a tall, green reed sprang up through the crack, and the hollow opening in the rock resounded with leaping waters, and, wonderful! suddenly a youth stood forth waist-deep from the water, his new-sprung horns wreathed with bending rushes. The youth, save that he was larger and his face of dark sea-blue, was Acis. But even so he still was Acis, changed to a river-god; and his waters kept their former name.'

When Galatea had finished her story, the group of Nereids broke up and went swimming away on the peaceful waves. But Scylla, not daring to trust herself to the outer deep, returned to the shore, and there either wandered all unrobed along

OVID

aut, ubi lassata est, seductos nacta recessus
 gurgitis, inclusa sua membra refrigerat unda
 ecce freto stridens, alti novus incola ponti,
 nuper in Euboica versis Anthedone membris, 905
 Glaucus adest, visaeque cupidine virginis haeret
 et, quaecumque putat fugientem posse morari,
 verba refert; fugit illa tamen veloxque timore
 pervenit in summum positi prope litora montis.
 ante fretum est ingens, apicem conlectus in unum 910
 longa sub arboribus convexus in aequora vertex:
 constitit hic et tuta loco, monstrumne deusne
 ille sit, ignorans admiraturque colorem
 caesariemque umeros subiectaue terga tegentem,
 ultimaque excipiat quod tortilis inguina piscis. 915
 sensit et innitens, quae stabat proxima, moli
 “non ego prodigium nec sum fera belua, virgo,
 sed deus” inquit “aquae: nec maius in aequora Proteus
 ius habet et Triton Athamantiadesque Palaemon.
 ante tamen mortalis eram, sed, scilicet altis 920
 deditus aequoribus, tantum exercebar in illis;
 nam modo ducebam ducentia retia pisces,
 nunc in mole sedens moderabar harundine linum.
 sunt viridi prato confinia litora, quorum
 altera pars undis, pars altera cingitur herbis, 925
 quas neque cornigeræ morsu laesere iuvencae,
 nec placidae carpsistis oves hirtaevae capellae;
 non apis inde tulit conlectos sedula¹ flores,

¹ *So Vulg. Ehwald conjectures femina; Merkel semine.*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

the thirsty sands or, when she was wearied, she would seek out some deep sequestered pool and there refresh her limbs in its safe waters. Behold Glaucus, sounding with his shell upon the sea, a new-come dweller in the deep waters; for his form had been but lately changed near Anthedon in Euboea. He saw the maid and straightway burned with love, and said whatever things he thought might stay her flight. Nevertheless, she fled him and, her speed increased by fear, she came to the top of a mountain which stood near the shore. It was a huge mountain facing the sea, rising into one massive peak, its shady top reaching far out over the water. Here Scylla stayed her flight and, protected by her position, not knowing whether he was a monster or a god, looked in wonder at his colour, his hair which covered his shoulders and his back, and at his groins merging into a twisted fish-form. He saw her and, leaning on a mass of rock which lay at hand, he said: "Maiden, I am no monster or wild creature; I am a sea-god; and neither Proteus nor Triton nor Palaemon, son of Athamas, has greater power over the deeps than I. I was mortal once, but even then devoted to the sea, and there my life was spent. Now I would draw in the nets full of fish, and now, sitting on some projecting rock, I would ply rod and line. There is a shore fringed by verdant meadows, one side of which is hemmed in by the waves and the other by herbage, which neither horned cattle have ever disturbed in grazing nor have your peaceful sheep nor hairy she-goats cropped it. No busy bee ever gathered flowers¹ from there

¹ *i.e.* either the honey from the flowers, or, according to Aristotle (*de An. Hist.*, V. xxii. 4), the flowers themselves, out of which the bees made the honeycombs.

OVID

non data sunt capiti genialia sarta, neque unquam
 falciferae secuere manus; ego primus in illo 930
 caespite consedi, dum lina madentia sicco,
 utque recenserem captivos ordine pisces,
 insuper exposui, quos aut in retia casus
 aut sua credulitas in aduncos egerat hamos.
 res similis fictae, sed quid mihi fingere prodest? 935
 gramine contacto coepit mea praeda moveri
 et mutare latus terraque ut in aequore niti.
 dumque moror mirorque simul, fugit omnis in undas
 turba suas dominumque novum litusque relinquunt.
 obstipui dubitoque diu causamque requiro, 940
 num deus hoc aliquis, num sucus fecerit herbae:
 'quae tamen has' inquam 'vires habet herba?'

manuque

pabula decerpsi decerptaque dente momordi.
 vix bene conbiberant ignotos guttura sucos,
 cum subito trepidare intus praecordia sensi 945
 alteriusque rapi naturae pectus amore;
 nec potui restare diu 'repetenda' que 'numquam
 terra, vale!' dixi corpusque sub aequora mersi.
 di maris exceptum socio dignantur honore,
 utque mihi, quaecumque feram, mortalia demant, 950
 Oceanum Tethynque rogant: ego lustror ab illis,
 et purgante nefas noviens mihi carmine dicto
 pectora fluminibus iubeor supponere centum;
 nec mora, diversis lapsi de partibus amnes
 totaque vertuntur supra caput aequora nostrum. 955
 hactenus acta tibi possum memoranda referre,
 hactenus haec memini, nec mens mea cetera sensit.
 quae postquam rediit, alium me corpore toto,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

and bore them off; no festal wreaths for the head were ever gathered there, no hands with sickles ever mowed its grasses. I was the first to seat me on that turf, drying my dripping lines and spreading out upon the bank to count them the fish that I had caught, which either chance had brought to my nets or their own guilelessness had fixed upon my hooks. It sounds like an idle tale; but what advantage have I in deceiving you? My catch, on touching the grass, began to stir, then to turn over and to move about on land as in the sea. And while I paused in wonder they all slipped down into their native waters, abandoning their new master and the shore. I stood a long time in amaze and doubt, seeking the cause of this. Had some god done it, or was it the grasses' juice? 'And yet what herb could have such potency?' I said, and plucking some of the herbage with my hands, I chewed what I had plucked. Scarce had I swallowed the strange juices when suddenly I felt my heart trembling within me, and my whole being yearned with desire for another element. Unable long to stand against it, I cried aloud: 'Farewell, O Earth, to which I shall nevermore return!' and I plunged into the sea. The sea-divinities received me, deeming me worthy of a place with them, and called on Oceanus and Tethys to purge my mortal nature all away. And then they purged me, first with a magic song nine times repeated to wash all evil from me, and next they bade me bathe my body in a hundred streams. Straightway the rivers that flow from every side poured all their waters upon my head. So far I can recall and tell you what befell me; so far can I remember. But of the rest my mind retains no knowledge. When my senses came back to me I was far different from what I was but lately in all

OVID

ac fueram nuper, neque eundem mente recepi :
hanc ego tum primum viridi ferrugine barbam 960
caesariemque meam, quam longa per aequora verro
ingentesque umeros et caerulea bracchia vidi
cruraque pinnigero curvata novissima pisce.
quid tamen haec species, quid dis placuisse marinis,
quid iuvat esse deum, si tu non tangeris istis? ” 965
taliam dicentem, dicturum plura, reliquit
Scylla deum ; furit ille inritatusque repulsa
prodigiosa petit Titanidos atria Circes.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

my body, nor was my mind the same. Then for the first time I beheld this beard of dark green hue, these locks which I sweep on the long waves, these huge shoulders and bluish arms, these legs which twist and vanish in a finny fish. And yet, what boots this form, what, that I pleased the sea-divinities, what profits it to be a god, if you are not moved by these things?" As he thus spoke and would have spoken more, Scylla fled from the god, and he, stung to mad rage by his repulse, betook him to the wondrous court of Circe, daughter of the Sun.

BOOK XIV

LIBER XIV

IAMQUE Giganteis iniectam faucibus Aetnen
arvaque Cyclopum, quid rastra, quid usus aratri
nescia nec quicquam iunctis debentia bubus
liquerat Euboicus tumidarum cultor aquarum,
liquerat et Zanclen adversaque moenia Regi 5
navifragumque fretum, gemino quod litore pressum
Ausoniae Siculoque tenet confinia terrae.
inde manu magna Tyrrhena per aequora vectus
herbiferos adiit colles atque atria Glaucus
Sole satae Circes, vanarum plena ferarum. 10
quam simul adspexit, dicta acceptaque salute,
“diva, dei miserere, precor! nam sola levare
tu potes hunc,” dixit “videar modo dignus, amorem.
quanta sit herbarum, Titani, potentia, nulli
quam mihi cognitius, qui sum mutatus ab illis. 15
neve mei non nota tibi sit causa furoris:
litore in Italico, Messenia moenia contra,
Scylla mihi visa est. pudor est promissa precesque
blanditiasque meas contemptaque verba referre;
at tu, sive aliquid regni est in carmine, carmen 20
ore move sacro, sive expugnacior herba est,
utere temptatis operosae viribus herbae
nec medeare mihi sanesque haec vulnera mando,

BOOK XIV

AND now Aetna, heaped upon the giant's head,¹ and the fields of the Cyclops, which knew naught of the harrow or the plow, which owed no debt to yoked cattle, all these the Euboean haunter of the swelling waves had left behind ; he had left Zancle also, and the walls of Rhegium which lay opposite, and the shipwrecking strait which, confined by double shores, hems in the Ausonian and Sicilian land. Thence, swimming along with mighty strength through the Tyrrhene sea, Glaucus came to the herb-clad hills and the courts of Circe, daughter of the Sun, full of phantom beasts. When he beheld her, and a welcome had been given and received, he thus addressed the goddess : " O goddess, pity a god, I pray you ! for you alone, if I but seem worthy of it, can help this love of mine. What magic potency herbs have, O Titaness, no one knows better than myself, for I was changed by them. That the cause of my mad passion may be known to you, on the Italian coast, opposite Messene's walls, I saw Scylla. I am ashamed to tell of the promises and prayers, the coaxing words I used, all scornfully rejected. But do you, if there is any power in charms, sing a charm with your sacred lips ; or, if herbs are more effectual, use the tried strength of efficacious herbs. And I do not pray that you cure me or heal me of these wounds, nor end my

¹ See v. 346 f

OVID

fineque nil opus est : partem ferat illa caloris."

at Circe (neque enim flammis habet aptius ulla 25
 talibus ingenium, seu causa est huius in ipsa,
 seu Venus indicio facit hoc offensa paterno,)

talia verba refert : " melius sequerere volentem
 optantemque eadem parilique cupidine captam.
 dignus eras ultro (poteras certeque) rogari, 30
 et, si spem dederis, mihi crede, rogaberis ultro.
 neu dubites adsitque tuae fiducia formae,
 en ego, cum dea sim, nitidi cum filia Solis,
 carmine cum tantum, tantum quoque gramine possim,
 ut tua sim, voveo. spernentem sperne, sequenti 35
 redde vices, unoque duas ulciscere facto."

talia temptanti " prius " inquit " in aequore frondes "

Glaucus " et in summis nascentur montibus algae,
 sospite quam Scylla nostri mutentur amores."

indignata dea est et laedere quatenus ipsum 40
 non poterat, (nec vellet amans), irascitur illi,
 quae sibi praelata est ; venerisque offensa repulsa,
 protinus horrendis infamia pabula sucis
 conterit et tritis Hecateia carmina miscet

caerulaque induitur velamina perque ferarum 45
 agmen adulantum media procedit ab aula
 oppositumque petens contra Zancleia saxa
 Region ingreditur ferventes aestibus undas,
 in quibus ut solida ponit vestigia terra
 summaque decurrit pedibus super aequora siccis. 50
 parvus erat gurges, curvos sinuatus in arcus,
 grata quies Scyllae : quo se referebat ab aestu

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

love ; let her but bear her part of this burning heat." But Circe (for no one has a heart more susceptible to such flames than she, whether the cause of this is in herself, or whether Venus, offended by her father's tattling, made her so) replied : " Much better would you follow one whose strong desire and prayer was even as your own, whose heart burned with an equal flame. You were worthy on your own part to be wooed, and could be, of a truth ; and, if you give some hope, I tell you truly you shall indeed be wooed. That you may believe this, and have some faith in your own power to charm, lo, I, goddess though I be, though the daughter of the shining Sun, though I have such magic powers in song and herb, I pray that I may be yours. Scorn her who scorns, and requite her love who loves you ; and so in one act repay us both." But to her prayer Glaucus replied : " Sooner shall foliage grow on the sea, and sooner shall seaweeds spring up on the mountain-tops, than shall my love change while Scylla lives." The goddess was enraged ; and, since she could not harm the god himself (and would not because of her love for him), she turned her wrath upon the girl who was preferred to her. In hurt anger at the refusal of her love, she straightway bruised together uncanny herbs with juices of dreadful power, singing while she mixed them Hecate's own charms. Then, donning an azure cloak, she took her way from her palace through the throng of beasts that fawned upon her as she passed, and made for Rhegium, lying opposite Zancle's rocky coast. She fared along the seething waters, on which she trod as on the solid ground, skimming dry-shod along the surface of the sea. There was a little pool, curving into a deep bow, a peaceful place where Scylla loved to come. Thither would she betake her

OVID

et maris et caeli, medio cum plurimus orbe
 sol erat et minimas a vertice fecerat umbras.
 hunc dea praevitiat portentificisque venenis 55
 inquinat; his fuis latices radice nocenti
 spargit et obscurum verborum ambage novorum
 ter noviens carmen magico demurmurat ore.
 Scylla venit mediaque tenus descenderat alvo,
 cum sua foedari latrantibus inguina monstris 60
 adspicit ac primo credens non corporis illas
 esse sui partes, refugitque abigitque timetque
 ora proterva canum, sed quos fugit, attrahit una
 et corpus quaerens femorum crurumque pedumque
 Cerbereos rictus pro partibus invenit illis: 65
 statque canum rabie subiectaque terga ferarum
 inguinibus truncis utroque exstante coerces.

Flevit amans Glaucus nimiumque hostiliter usae
 viribus herbarum fugit conubia Circes;
 Scylla loco mansit cumque est data copia, primum 70
 in Circes odium sociis spoliavit Ulixen;
 mox eadem Teucras fuerat mensura carinas,
 ni prius in scopulum, qui nunc quoque saxeus exstat,
 transformata foret: scopulum quoque navita vitat.

Hunc ubi Troianae remis avidamque Charybdin 75
 evicere rates, cum iam prope litus adessent
 Ausonium, Libycas vento referuntur ad oras.
 excipit Aenean illic animoque domoque
 non bene discidium Phrygii latura mariti

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

from the heat of sea and sky, when the sun at his strongest was in mid-heaven, and from his zenith had drawn the shadows to their shortest compass. This pool, before the maiden's coming, the goddess befouls and tinctures with her baleful poisons. When these had been poured out she sprinkles liquors brewed from noxious roots, and a charm, dark with its maze of uncanny words, thrice nine times she murmurs over with lips well skilled in magic. Then Scylla comes and wades waist-deep into the water; when all at once she sees her loins disfigured with barking monster-shapes. And at the first, not believing that these are parts of her own body, she flees in fear and tries to drive away the boisterous, barking things. But what she flees she takes along with her; and, feeling for her thighs, her legs, her feet, she finds in place of these only gaping dogs' heads, such as a Cerberus might have. She stands on ravening dogs, and her docked loins and her belly are enclosed in a circle of beastly forms.

Glaucus, her lover, wept at the sight and fled the embrace of Circe, who had used too cruelly her potent herbs. But Scylla remained fixed in her place and, when first a chance was given her to vent her hate on Circe, she robbed Ulysses of his companions. She also would have wrecked the Trojan ships had she not before their coming been changed into a rock which stands there to this day. The rock also is the sailors' dread.

When the Trojan vessels had successfully passed this monster and greedy Charybdis too, and when they had almost reached the Ausonian shore, the wind bore them to the Libyan coast. There the Sidonian queen¹ received Aeneas hospitably in heart and home,

¹ Dido.

OVID

Sidonis ; inque pyra sacri sub imagine facta 80
 incubuit ferro deceptaque decipit omnes.
 rursus harenosae fugiens nova moenia terrae
 ad sedemque Erycis fidumque relatus Acasten
 sacrificat tumulumque sui genitoris honorat.
 quasque rates Iris lunonia paene cremarat, 85
 solvit et Hippotadae regnum terrasque calenti
 sulphure fumantis Acheloiadumque relinquit
 Sirenum scopulos, orbataque praeside pinus
 Inarimen Prochytenque legit sterilique locatas
 colle Pithecasas, habitantum nomine dictas. 90
 quippe deum genitor, fraudem et periuria quondam
 Cercopum exosus gentisque admissa dolosae,
 in deforme viros animal mutavit, ut idem
 dissimiles homini possent similesque videri,
 membraque contraxit naresque a fronte resimas 95
 contudit et rugis peraravit anilibus ora
 totaque velatos flamenti corpora villo
 misit in has sedes nec non prius abstulit usum
 verborum et natae dira in periuria linguae ;
 posse queri tantum rauco stridore reliquit. 100

Has ubi praeteriit et Parthenopeia dextra
 moenia deseruit, laeva de parte canori
 Aeolidae tumulum et, loca feta palustribus undis,
 litora Cumarum vivacisque antra Sibyllae
 intrat, et ad manes veniat per Averno paternos, 105
 orat. at illa diu vultum tellure moratum

1310

doomed ill to endure her Phrygian lord's departure
On a pyre, built under pretence of sacred rites, she
fell upon his sword ; and so, herself disappointed, she
disappointed all. Leaving once more the new city
built on the sandy shore, Aeneas returned to the land
of Eryx and friendly Acestes, and there he made
sacrifice and paid due honours to his father's tomb.
Then he cast off the ships which Iris, Juno's messenger,
had almost burned, and soon had sailed past the
kingdom¹ of Hippotades, past the lands smoking
with hot sulphur fumes, and the rocky haunt of the
Sirens, daughters of Acheloüs. And now, his vessel
having lost her pilot, he coasts along Inarime and
Prochyte and Pithecusae, situate on a barren hill,
called from the name of its inhabitants. For the
father of the gods, hating the tricks and lies of the
Cercopians and the crimes committed by that treacherous
race, once changed the men to ugly animals in
such a way that they might be unlike human shape
and yet seem like them. He shortened their limbs,
blunted and turned back their noses, and furrowed
their faces with deep wrinkles as of age. Then he sent
them, clothed complete in yellow hair, to dwell in
these abodes. But first he took from them the power
of speech, the use of tongues born for vile perjuries,
leaving them only the utterance of complaint in
hoarse, grating tones.

When he had passed these by and left the walled
city of Parthenope upon the right, he came upon the
left to the mound-tomb of the tuneful son of Aeolus²
and the shores of Cumae, teaming with marshy waters,
and, entering the grotto of the long-lived sibyl, prayed
that he might pass down through Avernus' realm and
see his father's shade. The sibyl held her eyes long

¹ The Aeolian Isles.

² Misenus.

OVID

erexit tandemque deo furibunda recepto
 "magna petis," dixit, "vir factis maxime, cuius
 dextera per ferrum, pietas spectata per ignes.
 pone tamen, Troiane, metum: potiere petitis 110
 Elysiasque domos et regna novissima mundi
 me duce cognosces simulacraque cara parentis.
 invia virtuti nulla est via." dixit et auro
 fulgentem ramum silva Iunonis Avernae
 monstravit iussitque suo divellere trunco. 115
 paruit Aeneas et formidabilis Orci
 vidit opes atavosque suos umbramque senilem
 magnanimi Anchisae; didicit quoque iura locorum,
 quaeque novis essent adeunda pericula bellis.
 inde ferens lassos adverso tramite passus 120
 cum duce Cumaea mollit sermone laborem.
 dumque iter horrendum per opaca crepuscula carpit,
 "seu dea tu praesens, seu dis gratissima," dixit,
 "numinis instar eris semper mihi, meque fatebor
 muneris esse tui, quae me loca mortis adire, 125
 quae loca me visae voluisti evadere mortis.
 pro quibus aeras meritis evectus ad auras
 templa tibi statuam, tribuam tibi turis honores."
 respicit hunc vates et suspiratibus haustis
 "nec dea sum," dixit "nec sacri turis honore 130
 humanum dignare caput, neu nescius erres,
 lux aeterna mihi carituraque fine dabatur,
 si mea virginitas Phoebos patuisset amanti.
 dum tamen hanc sperat, dum praecorrumpere donis
 me cupit, 'elige,' ait 'virgo Cumaea, quid optes: 135

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

fixed upon the earth, then lifted them at last and, full of mad inspiration from her god, replied: "Great things do you ask, you man of mighty deeds, whose hand, by sword, whose piety, by fire, has been well tried. But have no fear, Trojan; you shall have your wish, and with my guidance you shall see the dwellings of Elysium and the latest kingdom of the universe; and you shall see your dear father's shade. There is no way denied to virtue." She spoke and showed him, deep in Avernus¹ forest, a bough gleaming with gold, and bade him pluck it from its trunk. Aeneas obeyed; then saw grim Orcus' possessions, and his own ancestral shades, and the aged spirit of the great-souled Anchises. He learned also the laws of those places, and what perils he himself must undergo in new wars. As he retraced his weary steps along the upward way he beguiled the toil with discourse with his Cumaean guide; and as he fared along the dismal road in the dim dusk he said: "Whether thou art a goddess in very truth, or a maid most pleasing to the gods, to me shalt thou always seem divine, and I shall confess that I owe my life to thee, through whose will I have approached the world of death, have seen and have escaped in safety from the world of death. And for these services, when I have returned to the upper regions, I will erect a temple to thee and there burn incense in thine honour." The sibyl regarded him and, sighing deeply, said: "I am no goddess, nor do thou deem any mortal worthy of the honour of the sacred incense. But, lest you mistake in ignorance, eternal, endless life was offered me, had my virgin modesty consented to Phoebus' love. While he still hoped for this and sought to break my will with gifts, he said: 'Chose what you will,

¹ *i.e.* Proserpina.

OVID

optatis potiere tuis. ego pulveris hausti
 ostendi cumulum : quot haberet corpora pulvis,
 tot mihi natales contingere vana rogavi ;
 excidit, ut peterem iuvenes quoque protinus annos.
 hos tamen ille mihi dabat aeternaque iuventam,
 si Venerem paterer : contempto munere Phoebi 141
 innuba permaneo ; sed iam felicior aetas
 terga dedit, tremuloque gradu venit aegra senectus,
 quae patienda diu est. nam iam mihi saecula septem
 acta vides : superest, numeros ut pulveris aequem,
 ter centum messes, ter centum musta videre. 146
 tempus erit, cum de tanto me corpore parvam
 longa dies faciet, consumptaque membra senecta
 ad minimum redigentur onus : nec amata videbor
 nec placuisse deo, Phoebus quoque forsitan ipse 150
 vel non cognoscet, vel dilexisse negabit :
 usque adeo mutata ferar nullique videnda,
 voce tamen noscar ; vocem mihi fata relinquent."

Talia convexum per iter memorante Sibylla
 sedibus Euboicam Stygiis emergit in urbem 155
 Troius Aeneas sacrisque ex more litatis
 litora adit nondum nutricis habentia nomen.
 hic quoque substiterat post taedia longa laborum
 Neritius Macareus, comes experientis Ulixei.
 desertum quondam mediis sub rupibus Aetnae 160
 noscit Achaemeniden improvisoque repertum

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

maiden of Cumae, and you shall have your choice.' Pointing to a heap of sand, I made the foolish prayer that I might have as many years of life as there were sand-grains in the pile; but I forgot to ask that those years might be perpetually young. He granted me the years, and promised endless youth as well, if I would yield to love. I spurned Phoebus' gift and am still unwedded. But now my joyous springtime of life has fled and with tottering step weak old age is coming on, which for long I must endure. Even now you see me after seven centuries of life, and, ere my years equal the number of the sands, I still must behold three hundred harvest-times, three hundred vintages. The time will come when length of days will shrivel me from my full form to but a tiny thing, and my limbs, consumed by age, will shrink to a feather's weight. Then will I seem never to have been loved, never to have pleased the god. Phoebus himself, perchance, will either gaze unknowing on me or will deny that he ever loved me. Even to such changes shall I come. Though shrunk past recognition of the eye, still by my voice shall I be known, for the fates will leave me my voice."

While thus along the hollow way the sibyl told her story, out of the Stygian world Trojan Aeneas emerged near the Euboean city.¹ Making due sacrifices here, he next landed on a shore which did not yet bear his nurse's² name. Here also Neritian Macareus, a comrade of all-suffering Ulysses, had stayed behind after the long weariness of his wanderings. He recognizes Achaemenides,³ whom they had left long since abandoned midst the rocks of Aetna. Amazed thus suddenly to find him still

¹ Cumae.

² Caieta.

³ Aeneas had taken him on board near Aetna.

OVID

vivere miratus, "qui te casusve deusve
 servat, Achaemenide? cur" inquit "barbara Graium
 prora vehit? petitur vestra quae terra carina?"
 talia quaerenti, iam non hirsutus amictu, 165
 iam suus et spinis conserto tegmine nullis,
 fatur Achaemenides: "iterum Polyphemon et illos
 adspiciam fluidos humano sanguine rictus,
 hac mihi si potior domus est Ithaceque carina,
 si minus Aenean veneror genitore, nec umquam 170
 esse satis potero, praestem licet omnia, gratus.
 quod loquor et spiro caelumque et sidera solis
 respicio, possimne ingratus et inmemor esse?
 ille dedit, quod non anima haec Cyclopi in ora
 venit, et ut iam nunc lumen vitale relinquam, 175
 aut tumulo aut certe non illa condar in alvo.
 quid mihi tunc animi (nisi si timor abstulit omnem
 sensum animumque) fuit, cum vos petere alta relictus
 aequora conspexi? volui inclamare, sed hosti
 prodere me timui: vestrae quoque clamor Ulixis 180
 paene rati nocuit. vidi, cum monte revulsum
 inmanem scopulum medias permisit in undas;
 vidi iterum veluti tormenti viribus acta
 vasta Giganteo iaculantem saxa lacerto
 et, ne deprimeret fluctus ventusve carinam, 185
 pertimui, iam me non esse oblitus in illa.
 ut vero fuga vos a certa morte reduxit,
 ille quidem totam gemebundus obambulat Aetnam
 praetemptatque manu silvas et luminis orbis
 rupibus incursat foedataque bracchia tabo 190
 in mare protendens gentem exsecratur Achivam
 atque ait: 'o si quis referat mihi casus Ulixen,

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alive, he says: "What chance, what god has saved you, Achaemenides? Why does a Greek sail in a Trojan ship? What land does your vessel seek?" And to his questions Achaemenides, no longer roughly clad, his garments no longer pinned with thorns, but his own man once more, replied: "May I look on Polyphemus yet again, and those wide jaws of his, dripping with human gore, if I prefer my home and Ithaca to this ship, if I revere Aeneas less than my own father. Nor can I ever pay my debt of gratitude, though I should give my all. That I speak and breathe and see the heavens and the constellations of the sun, for this can I cease to thank him, and be mindful of him? 'Tis due to him that my life came not into the Cyclops' jaws, and though even now I should leave the light of life, I should be buried in a tomb, but surely not in that monster's maw. What were my feelings then (except that fear took away all sense and feeling) when, left behind, I saw you making for the open sea? I longed to call out to you, but I feared to betray myself to the enemy. Even your vessel Ulysses' cry almost wrecked. I saw when Cyclops tore up a huge rock from the mountain-side and hurled it far out to sea. I saw him again throwing great stones with his gigantic arms as from a catapult, and I feared lest the waves or the wind¹ should sink the ship, forgetting that I was not in her. But when you escaped by flight from certain death, he, groaning the while, went prowling all over Aetna, groping through the woods with his hands, and blindly dashing against the rocks. Then would he stretch out his bleeding arms to the sea and curse the whole Greek race, and say: 'Oh, that some chance would but bring

¹ i.e. of the stone.

OVID

aut aliquem e sociis, in quem mea saeviat ira,
 viscera cuius edam, cuius viventia dextra
 membra mea laniem, cuius mihi sanguis inundet 195
 guttur, et elisi trepident sub dentibus artus :
 quam nullum aut leve sit damnum mihi lucis
 ademptae !'

haec et plura ferox, me luridus occupat horror
 spectantem vultus etiamnum caede madentes
 crudelesque manus et inanem luminis orbem 200
 membraque et humano concretam sanguine barbam.
 mors erat ante oculos, minimum tamen illa malorum,
 et iam prensurum, iam nunc mea viscera rebar
 in sua mersurum, mentique haerebat imago
 temporis illius, quo vidi bina meorum 205
 ter quater adfligi sociorum corpora terrae,
 cum super ipse iacens hirsuti more leonis
 visceraque et carnes cumque albis ossa medullis
 semianimesque artus avidam condebat in alvum ;
 me tremor invasit : stabam sine sanguine maestus,
 mandentemque videns eiectantemque cruentas 211
 ore dapes et frusta mero glomerata vomentem •
 talia fingebam misero mihi fata parari
 perque dies multos latitans omnemque tremiscens
 ad strepitum mortemque timens cupidusque moriri
 glande famem pellens et mixta frondibus herba 216
 solus inops exspes leto poenaeque relictus
 hanc procul adspexi longo post tempore navem
 oravique fugam gestu ad litusque cucurri,
 et movi : Graiumque ratis Troiana recepit ! 220

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Ulysses back to me, or some one of his friends, against whom my rage might vent itself, whose vitals I might devour, whose living body I might tear asunder with my hands, whose gore might flood my throat, and whose mangled limbs might quiver between my teeth! How nothing at all, or how slight a thing would the loss of my sight appear!' This and much more in fury. Pale horror filled me as I looked upon his face still smeared with blood, and his cruel hands, his sightless eye, his limbs and his beard, matted with human gore. Death was before my eyes, but that was the least of all my troubles. I kept always thinking: now he'll catch me, now he'll make my flesh part of his; and the picture stuck in my mind of that time when I saw him catch up two of my friends at once and dash them thrice and again upon the ground; and when, crouching like a shaggy lion over them, he filled his greedy maw with their vitals and their flesh, their bones full of white marrow, and their limbs still warm with life. A quaking terror seized me and I stood pale with horror as I watched him now chewing, now ejecting his bloody feast, now disgorging his scraps of food mingled with wine. Such fate I pictured as in store for wretched me. For many days I kept myself in hiding, trembling at every sound, fearing death and yet longing to die, keeping off starvation with acorns and grass and leaves, alone, helpless and hopeless, abandoned to suffering and death. And then, after a long time, far in the distance I saw this ship, and I begged them by my gestures to save me, I rushed down to the shore and I touched their hearts: a Trojan ship received a Greek! Now do you also tell of your adventures, best of comrades, what your leader

OVID

tu quoque pande tuos, comitum gratissime, casus
et ducis et turbae, quae tecum est credita ponto."

Aeolon ille refert Tusco regnare profundo,
Aeolon Hippotaden, cohibentem carcere ventos;
quos bovis inclusos tergo, memorabile munus, 225
Dulichium sumpsisse ducem flatuque secundo
lucibus isse novem et terram aspexisse petitam;
proxima post nonam cum sese aurora moveret,
invidia socios praedaeque cupidine victos
esse; ratos aurum, dempsisse ligamina ventis; 230
cum quibus isse retro, per quas modo venerat undas,
Aeoliique ratem portus repetisse tyranni,
"inde Lami veterem Laestrygonis" inquit "in urbem
venimus: Antiphates terra regnabat in illa.
missus ad hunc ego sum, numero comitante duorum,
vixque fuga quaesita salus comit'que mihique, 236
tertius e nobis Laestrygonis inopia tinxit
ora eruore suo. fugientibus instat et agmen
conciunt Antiphates; coeunt et saxa trabesque
coniciunt merguntque viros merguntque carinas. 240
una tamen, quae nos ipsumque vehebat Ulixen,
effugit. amissa sociorum parte dolentes
multaque conquesti terris adlabimur illis,
quas procul hinc cernis (procul est, mihi crede,
videnda
insula visa mihi!) tuque o iustissime Troum, 245
nate dea, (neque enim finito Marte vocandus
hostis es, Aenea) moneo, fuge litora Circes!
nos quoque Circaeo religata in litore pinu,
Antiphatae memores inmansuetique Cyclopis,
316

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suffered and the company which put to sea with you."

Then Macareus told how Aeolus ruled over the Tuscan waters, Aeolus, son of Hippotes, confining the winds in prison. These winds, enclosed in a bag of bull's hide, the Dulichian captain had received, a memorable gift. Nine days they had sailed along with a good stern breeze and had sighted the land they sought; but when the tenth morning dawned, Ulysses' comrades were overcome by envy and by lust of booty; thinking that gold was in the bag, they untied the strings that held the winds. These blew the vessel back again over the waves they had just crossed, and she re-entered the harbour of the Aeolian tyrant. "After that," he said, "we came to the ancient city of Laestrygonian Lamus. Antiphates was ruling in that land. I was sent to him with two companions. One comrade and myself by flight barely reached a place of safety; but the third of us stained with his blood the Laestrygonians' impious mouths. Antiphates pursued us as we fled and urged his band after us. They came on in a mob, hurling stones and heavy timbers, and they sank our men and sank our ships. One of them, however, in which I and Ulysses himself sailed, escaped. Grieving for our lost companions and with many lamentations, we finally reached that land which you see at some distance yonder. (And, trust my word, I found 'twas best to see it at a distance.) And you, most righteous Trojan, son of Venus (for now that the war is over, you are no longer to be counted foe, Aeneas), I warn you, keep away from Circe's shores! We also, having moored our vessel on Circe's shore, and remembering Antiphates and the cruel Cyclops, refused to go further, but were

OVID

ire negabamus; sed tecta ignota subire 250
 sorte sumus lecti: sors me fidumque Politen
 Eurylochumque simul nimioque Elpenora vino
 bisque novem socios Circaea ad moenia misit.
 quae simul attigimus stetimusque in limine tecti,
 mille lupi mixtaeque lupis ursaeque leaeque 255
 occursum fecere metum, sed nulla timenda
 nullaque erat nostro factura in corpore vulnus;
 quin etiam blandas movere per aera caudas
 nostraeque adulantes comitant vestigia, donec
 excipiunt famulae perque atria marmore tecta 260
 ad dominam ducunt: pulchro sedet illa recessu
 sollempni solio pallamque induta nitentem
 insuper aurato circumvelatur amictu.
 Nereides nymphaeque simul, quae vellera motis
 nulla trahunt digitis nec fila sequentia ducunt: 265
 gramina disponunt sparsosque sine ordine flores
 secernunt calathis variasque coloribus herbas;
 ipsa, quod hae faciunt, opus exigit, ipsa, quis usus
 quove sit in folio, quae sit concordia mixtis,
 novit et advertens pensas examinat herbas. 270
 haec ubi nos vidit, dicta acceptaque salute
 diffudit vultus et reddidit omina votis.
 nec mora, misceri tosti iubet hordea grani
 mellaque vimque meri cum lacte coagula passo,
 quique sub hac lateant furtim dulcedine, sucos 275
 adicit. accipimus sacra data pocula dextra.
 quae simul arenti sitientes hausimus ore,
 et tetigit summos virga dea dira capillos,
 (et pudet et referam) saetis horrescere coepi,
 nec iam posse loqui, pro verbis edere raucum 280

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

chosen by lot to approach the unknown houses. The lot sent me and the trusty Polites, Eurylochus also and Elpenor, too much given to wine, and eighteen others to Circe's city. When we arrived and stood within her courts, a thousand wolves and she-bears and lionesses in a mixed throng rushed on us, filling us with terror. But not one of them was to be feared; not one of them was to give us a single scratch upon our bodies. Why, they even wagged their tails in show of kindness, and fawned upon us as they followed us along, until attendant maidens took us in charge and led us through the marble halls to their 'mistress' presence. She sat in a beautiful retreat on her throne of state, clad in a gleaming robe, with a golden veil above. Her attendants were Nereids and nymphs, who card no fleece and spin no woollen threads with nimble fingers; their only task, to sort out plants, to select from a jumbled mass and place in separate baskets flowers and herbs of various colours. She herself oversees the work they do; she herself knows what is the value of each leaf, what ingredients mix well together, directs the tasks, and weighs the herbs. When she saw us and when welcome had been given and received, she smiled upon us and seemed to promise us the friendship we desired. At once she bade her maidens spread a feast of parched barley-bread, of honey, strong wine, and curdled milk; and in this sweet drink, where they might lie unnoticed, she slyly squeezed some of her baleful juices. We took the cup which was offered by her divine hand. As soon as we had thirstily drained the cup with parched lips, the cruel goddess touched the tops of our heads with her magic wand; and then (I am ashamed to tell, yet will I tell) I began to grow rough with bristles, and I could speak no longer, but in

OVID

murmur et in terram toto procumbere vultu,
 osque meum sensi pando occallescere rostro,
 colla tumere toris, et qua modo pocula parte
 sumpta mihi fuerant, illa vestigia feci
 cumque eadem passis (tantum medicamina possunt!)
 claudor hara, solumque suis caruisse figura 286
 vidimus Eurylochum : solus data pocula fugit ;
 quae nisi vitasset, pecoris pars una manerem
 nunc quoque saetigcri, nec tantae cladis ab illo
 certior ad Circen ultor venisset Ulixes. 290
 pacifer huic dederat florem Cyllenius album :
 moly vocant superi, nigra radice tenetur ;
 tutus eo monitisque simul caelestibus intrat
 ille domum Circes et ad insidiosa vocatus
 pocula conantem virga mulcere capillos 295
 reppulit et stricto pavidam deterruit ense.
 inde fides dextraeque datae thalamoque receptus
 coniugii dotem sociorum corpora poscit.
 spargimur ignotae sucis melioribus herbae
 percutimurque caput conversae verbere virgae, 300
 verbaque dicuntur dictis contraria verbis.
 quo magis illa canit, magis hoc tellure levati
 erigimur, saetaeque cadunt, bifidosque relinquit
 rima pedes, redeunt umeri et subiecta lacertis
 bracchia sunt : flentem flentes amplectimur ipsi 305
 haeremusque ducis collo nec verba locuti
 ulla priora sumus quam nos testantia gratos.
 annua nos illic tenuit mora, multaue praesens
 320

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place of words came only hoarse, grunting sounds, and I began to bend forward with face turned entirely to the earth. I felt my mouth hardening into a long snout, my neck swelling in brawny folds, and with my hands, with which but now I had lifted the goblet to my lips, I made tracks upon the ground. And then I was shut up in a pen with others who had suffered the same change (so great was the power of her magic drugs!). We saw that Eurylochus alone was without the pig form; for he alone had refused to take the cup. If he had not refused it, I should even now be one of the bristly herd, and Ulysses would never have been informed by him of our great calamity, and come to Circe to avenge us. Peace-bringing Cyllenius had given him a white flower which the gods call moly. It grows up from a black root. Safe with this and the directions which the god had given him, Ulysses entered Circe's palace and, when he was invited to drink of the fatal bowl, he struck aside the wand with which she was attempting to stroke his hair, and threatened the quaking queen with his drawn sword. Then faith was pledged and right hands given and, being accepted as her husband, he demanded as a wedding gift the bodies of his friends. We were sprinkled with the more wholesome juices of some mysterious herb, our heads received the stroke of her reversed rod, and words were uttered over us which counteracted the words said before. And as she sang, more and still more raised from the ground we stood erect, our bristles fell away, our feet lost their cloven hoofs, our shoulders came back to us, and our arms resumed their former shape. Weeping, we embraced him, weeping too, and clung to our chieftain's neck; and the first words we uttered were of gratitude to him. We tarried in that country for a year, and in so long a

OVID

tempore tam longo vidi, multa auribus hausi,
hoc quoque cum multis, quod clam mihi rettulit una
quattuor e famulis ad talia sacra paratis. 311

cum duce namque meo Circe dum sola moratur,
illa mihi niveo factum de marmore signum
ostendit iuvenale gerens in vertice picum,
aede sacra positum multisque insigne coronis. 315
quis foret et quare sacra coleretur in aede,
cur hanc ferret avem, quaerenti et scire volenti
'accipe' ait, 'Macareu, dominaeque potentia quae
sit

hinc quoque disce meae; tu dictis adice mentem!

“ ‘Picus in Ausoniis, proles Saturnia, terris 320
rex fuit, utilium bello studiosus equorum;
forma viro, quam cernis, erat: licet ipse decorem
adspicias fictaque probes ab imagine verum;
par animus formae; nec adhuc spectasse per annos
quinquennem poterat Graia quater Elide pugnam.
ille suos dryadas Latiis in montibus ortas 326
verterat in vultus, illum fontana petebant
numina, naiades, quas Albula, quasque Numici,
quas Anienis aquae cursuque brevissimus Almo
Narve tulit praeceps et opacae Farfarus umbrae, 330
quaeque colunt Scythicae stagnum nemorale Dianae
finitimosque lacus; spretis tamen omnibus unam
ille colit nymphen, quam quondam in colle Palati
dicitur ancipiti peperisse Venilia Iano.
haec ubi nubilibus primum maturuit annis, 335
praeposito cunctis Laurenti tradita Pico est,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

time many were the things I saw with my own eyes and many were the tales I heard. Here is one of the many which one of the four attendants appointed for such offices as have been mentioned¹ told me privately. For, while Circe was dallying alone with our leader, this nymph pointed out to me a snow-white marble statue of a young man with a woodpecker on his head. The statue was set in a sacred fane and attracted attention for its many wreaths. When in my curiosity I asked who it was and why he was worshipped in that holy place and why he had the bird upon his head, she told me this story: ‘Listen, Macareus, and learn from this how strong is my mistress’ magic. And do you give diligent heed to what I say.

“ ‘Picus, the son of Saturn, was once the king of the Ausonian country and was very fond of horses fit for war. The hero’s form was as you see it. And, though you should look upon his living beauty, still would you approve the true in comparison with his mimic form. His spirit was equal to his body. He could not yet have seen, as the years went by, four quinquennial contests at Grecian Elis; but already had he attracted to his beauty all the dryads sprung from the hills of Latium; the nymphs of the fountains pined for him, and the naiads who dwell in the Albula, beneath Numicus’ stream and Anio’s, short-coursing Almo, headlong Nar, and Farfar’s shady waters; and those who haunt the wooded pool of Taurian Diana and the neighbouring lakes. But, spurning all these, he loved one nymph alone, whom once on the Palatine Venilia is said to have borne to two-headed Janus. This maid, when she had ripened into marriageable years, was given

¹ See ll. 266 ff.

OVID

rara quidem facie, sed rarior arte canendi,
 unde Canens dicta est: silvas et saxa movere
 et mulcere feras et flumina longa morari
 ore suo volucresque vagas retinere solebat. 340
 quae dum feminea modulatur carmina voce,
 exierat tecto Laurentes Picus in agros
 indigenas fixurus apros tergumque premebat
 acris equi laevaue hastilia bina ferebat
 poeniceam fulvo chlamydem contractus ab auro. 345
 venerat in silvas et filia Solis easdem,
 utque novas legeret fecundis collibus herbas,
 nomine dicta suo Circaea reliquerat arva.
 quae simul ac iuvenem virgultis abdita vidit,
 obstipuit: cecidere manu, quas legerat, herbae, 350
 flammaque per totas visa est errare medullas.
 ut primum valido mentem conlegit ab aestu,
 quid cuperet, fassura fuit: ne posset adire,
 cursus equi fecit circumfususque satelles.
 "non" ait "effugies, vento rapiare licebit, 355
 si modo me novi, si non evanuit omnis
 herbarum virtus, et non mea carmina fallunt."
 dixit et effigiem nullo cum corpore falsi
 fingit apri praeterque oculos transcurrere regis
 iussit et in densum trabibus nemus ire videri, 360
 plurima qua silva est et equo loca pervia non sunt.
 haut mora, continuo praedae petit inscius umbram
 Picus equique celer spumantia terga relinquit
 spemque sequens vanam silva pedes errat in alta.

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to Laurentian Picus, preferred above all suitors. Rare was her beauty, but rarer still her gift of song, whence was her name, Canens. She used to move woods and rocks, soften wild beasts, stop the long rivers with her singing, and stay the wandering birds. Once, while she was singing her songs with her maidenly voice, Picus had sallied forth from home into the Laurentian fields to hunt the native boar. He bestrode a prancing courser, carrying in his left hand a brace of spears and wearing a purple mantle caught with a brooch of gold. The daughter¹ of the Sun also had come to those selfsame woods and, to gather fresh herbs on the fertile hills, she had left the fields called Circean from her name. As soon as she saw the youth from her leafy hiding-place she was struck with wonder. The herbs which she had gathered fell from her hands and burning fire seemed to creep through her whole frame. As soon as she could master her passion and collect her thoughts she was on the point of confessing her desire; but his swift-speeding horse and his thronging retinue prevented her approach to him. "You shall not escape me so," she cried, "not though the wind itself should bear you off, if I know myself, if my herbs' magic power has not wholly vanished, and if my charms have not failed." She spoke and fashioned an unsubstantial image of a boar and bade it rush across the trail before the prince's eyes and seem to take cover in a grove thick with fallen trees, where the woods were dense, places where a horse could not penetrate. The thing was done, and straightway Picus, all unconscious of the trick, made after his shadowy prey and, swiftly dismounting from his foaming steed, followed the empty lure

¹ Circe.

concipit illa preces et verba precantia dicit . 365
 ignotosque deos ignoto carmine adorat,
 quo solet et niveae vultum confundere Lunae
 et patrio capiti bibulas subtexere nubes.
 tum quoque cantato densetur carmine caelum
 et nebulas exhalat humus, caecisque vagantur 370
 limitibus comites, et abest custodia regis.
 nacta locum tempusque "per o, tua lumina," dixit
 "quae mea ceperunt, perque hanc, pulcherrime,
 formam,
 quae facit, ut supplex tibi sim dea, consule nostris
 ignibus et socerum, qui pervidet omnia, Solem 375
 accipe nec durus Titanida despice Circen."
 dixerat; ille ferox ipsamque precesque repellit
 et "quaecumque es," ait "non sum tuus; altera
 captum
 me tenet et teneat per longum, conprecor, aevum,
 nec Venere externa socialia foedera laedam, 380
 dum mihi Ianigenam servabunt fata Canentem "
 saepe retemptatis precibus Titania frustra
 "non inpune feres, neque" ait "reddere Canenti,
 laesaque quid faciat, quid amans, quid femina, disces
 [rebus," ait "sed amans est laesa et femina Circe!"]
 tum bis ad occasus, bis se convertit ad ortus, 386
 ter iuvenem baculo tetigit, tria carmina dixit.
 ille fugit, sed se solito velocius ipse
 currere miratur: pennas in corpore vidit,
 seque novam subito Latiis accedere silvis 390
 326

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and went wandering on foot amid the forest depths. She utters prayers and fell to muttering incantations, worshipping her weird gods with a weird charm with which it was her wont to obscure the white moon's features, and hide her father's face behind misty clouds. Now also by her magic song the heavens are darkened, and thick fogs spring up from the ground, while the retainers wander in the dim trails far from their king's defence. Having secured a fitting place and time, she says: "Oh, by those eyes which have enthralled my own, and by that beauty, fairest of youths, which has made even me, a goddess, suppliant to you, look with favour on my passion and accept the Sun, who beholds all things, as your father-in-law; and do not cruelly reject Circe, the Titaness." But he fiercely repelled her and her prayers, and said: "Whoever you are, I am not for you. Another has taken and holds my love in keeping, and I pray that she may keep it through all coming time. Nor will I violate my plighted troth by any other love so long as the fates shall preserve to me my Canens, Janus' daughter." Having tried oft-repeated prayers in vain, the Titaness exclaimed: "But you shall not go scathless, nor shall your Canens ever have you more; and you shall learn by experience not alone what any woman, loving and scorned, can do, but what the woman, Circe, loving and scorned, can do!" Then twice she turned her to the west and twice to the east; thrice she touched the youth with her wand and thrice she sang her charms. He turned in flight, but was amazed to find himself running more swiftly than his wont, and saw wings spring out upon his body. Enraged at his sudden change to a strange bird in his Latian woods, he

OID

indignatus avem duro fera robora rostro
 figit et iratus longis dat vulnera ramis ;
 purpureum chlamydis pennae traxere colorem ;
 fibula quod fuerat vestemque momorderat aurum,
 pluma fit, et fulvo cervix praecingitur auro, 395
 nec quicquam antiquum Pico nisi nomina restat.

“ “ Interea comites, clamato saepe per agros
 nequiquam Pico nullaque in parte reperto,
 inveniunt Circen (nam iam tenuaverat auras
 passaque erat nebulas ventis ac sole recludi) 400
 criminibusque premunt veris regemque reposcunt
 vimque ferunt saevisque parant incessere telis :
 illa nocens spargit virus sucosque veneni
 et Noctem Noctisque deos Ereboque Chaoque
 convocat et longis Hecaten ululatibus orat. 405
 exsiluere loco (dictu mirabile) silvae,
 ingemuitque solum, vincinaque palluit arbor,
 sparsaque sanguineis maduerunt pabula guttis,
 et lapides visi mugitus edere raucos
 et latrare canes et humus serpentibus atris 410
 squalere et tenues animae volitare silentum :
 attonitum monstris vulgus pavet ; illa paventis
 ora venenata tetigit mirantia virga,
 cuius ab attactu variarum monstra ferarum
 in iuvenes veniunt : nulli sua mansit imago. 415

“ “ Sparserat occiduis Tartessia litora Phoebus,
 et frustra coniunx oculis animoque Canentis
 exspectatus erat : famuli populusque per omnes

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

pecked at the rough oak-trees with his hard beak and wrathfully inflicted wounds on their long branches. His wings took the colour of his bright red mantle, and what had been a brooch of gold stuck through his robe was changed to feathers, and his neck was circled with a golden-yellow band; and naught of his former self remained to Picus except his name.

““ Meanwhile his companions, calling often and vainly for Picus throughout the countryside and finding him nowhere, came upon Circe (for now she had cleared the air and had permitted the clouds to be dispelled by wind and sun), charged her flatly with her crime, demanded back their king with threats of force, and were preparing to attack her with their deadly spears. But she sprinkled upon them her baleful drugs and poisonous juices, summoning to her aid Night and the gods of Night from Erebus and Chaos, and calling on Hecate in long-drawn, wailing cries. The woods, wonderful to say, leaped from their place, the ground rumbled, the neighbouring trees turned white, and the herbage where her poisons fell was stained with clots of blood. The stones also seemed to voice hoarse bellowings; the baying of dogs was heard, the ground was foul with dark, crawling things, and the thin shades of the silent dead seemed to be fitting about. The astounded crowd quaked at the monstrous sights and sounds; but she touched the frightened, wondering faces with her magic wand, and at the touch horrid, beast-like forms of many shapes came upon the youths, and none kept his proper form.

““ Now the setting sun had bathed the Tartessian shores, and vainly had Canens watched for her lord's return with eyes and heart. Her slaves and her

OVID

discurrunt silvas atque obvia lumina portant ;
 nec satis est nymphae flere et lacerare capillos 420
 et dare plangorem (facit haec tamen omnia) seque
 proripit ac Latios errat vesana per agros.
 sex illam noctes, totidem redeuntia solis
 lumina viderunt inopem somnique cibique
 per iuga, per valles, qua fors ducebat, euntem ; 425
 ultimus adspexit Thybris luctuque viaque
 fessam et iam longa ponentem corpora ripa.
 illic cum lacrimis ipso modulata dolore
 verba sono tenui maerens fundebat, ut olim
 carmina iam moriens canit exequialia cygnus ; 430
 luctibus extremum tenues liquefacta medullas
 tabuit inque leves paulatim evanuit auras,
 fama tamen signata loco est, quem rite Canentem
 nomine de nymphae veteres dixere Camenae.'

"Talia multa mihi longum narrata per annum 435
 visaque sunt. resides et desuetudine tardi
 rursus inire fretum, rursus dare vela iubemur,
 ancipitesque vias et iter Titania vastum
 dixerat et saevi restare pericula ponti :
 pertimui, fateor, nactusque hoc litus adhaesi." 440

Finierat Macareus, urnaque Aeneia nutrix
 condita marmorea tumulo breve carmen habebat :

HIC · ME · CAIETAM · NOTAE · PIETATIS · ALUMNUS
 EREPTAM · ARGOLICO · QUO · DEBUIT · IGNE · CREMAVIT

solvitur herboso religatus ab aggere funis, 445
 et procul insidias infamataeque relinquunt
 330

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

people scattered through all the woods, bearing torches in hope to meet him. Nor was the nymph content to weep, to tear her hair and beat her breasts; (all these she did, indeed) and, rushing forth, she wandered madly through the Latian fields. Six nights and as many returning dawns beheld her wandering, sleepless and fasting, over hills, through valleys, wherever chance directed. The Tiber was the last to see her, spent with grief and travel-toil, laying her body down upon his far-stretching bank. There, with tears, in weak, faint tones, she poured out her mournful words attuned to grief; just as sometimes, in dying, the swan sings a last funeral-song. Finally, worn to a shade by woe, her very marrow changed to water, she melted away and gradually vanished into thin air. Still her story has been kept in remembrance by the place which ancient muses fitly called Canens from the name of the nymph.'

"Many such things I heard and saw during a long year. At length, grown sluggish and slow through inactivity, we were ordered to go again upon the sea and again to spread our sails. The Titaness had told us of the dubious pathways of the sea, their vast extent, and all the desperate perils yet to come. I own I was afraid to face them and, having reached this shore, I stayed behind."

Macareus had finished his story; and Aeneas' nurse, buried in a marble urn, had a brief epitaph carved on her tomb:

HERE ME, CAIETA, SNATCHED FROM GRECIAN FLAMES,
MY PIOUS SON CONSUMED WITH FITTING FIRE.

Loosing their cables from the grass-grown shore,
they kept far out from the treacherous island, the

OVID

tecta deae lucosque petunt, ubi nubilus umbra
 in mare cum flava prorumpit Thybris harena ;
 Faunigenaeque domo potitur nataque Latini,
 non sine Marte tamen. bellum cum gente feroci 450
 suscipitur, pactaque furit pro coniuge Turnus.
 concurrat Latio Tyrrhenia tota, diuque
 ardua sollicitis victoria quaeritur armis.
 auget uterque suas externo robore vires,
 et multi Rutulos, multi Troiana tuentur 455
 castra, neque Aeneas Euandri ad moenia frustra,
 at Venulus frustra profugi Diomedis ad urbem
 venerat : ille quidem sub Iapyge maxima Dauno
 moenia condiderat dotaliaque arva tenebat ;
 sed Venulus Turni postquam mandata peregit 460
 auxiliumque petit, vires Aetolius heros
 excusat : nec se aut soceri committere pugnae
 velle sui populos, aut quos e gente suorum
 armet habere ullos, " neve haec commenta putetis,
 admonitu quamquam luctus renoventur amari, 465
 perpetiar memorare tamen. postquam alta cremata
 est

Ilios, et Danaas paverunt Pergama flammis,
 Naryciusque heros, a virgine virgine rapta,
 quam meruit poenam solus, digessit in omnes,
 spargimur et ventis inimica per aequora rapti 470
 fulmina, noctem, imbres, iram caelique marisque
 perpetimur Danai cumulumque Capherea cladis,

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home of the ill-famed goddess, and headed for the wooded coast where shady Tiber pours forth his yellow, silt-laden waters into the sea. There did Aeneas win the daughter and the throne of Latinus, Faunus' son; but not without a struggle. War with a fierce race is waged, and Turnus fights madly for his promised bride. All Etruria rushes to battle-shock with Latium, and with long and anxious struggle hard victory is sought. Both sides augment their strength by outside aid; and many defend the Rutuli and many the Trojan camp. Aeneas had not gone in vain to Evander's home, but Venulus had vainly sought the city of the exiled Diomedes. He had founded a large city¹ within Iapygian Daunus' realm, and was ruling the fields granted to him as a marriage portion. But when Venulus had done Turnus' bidding and asked for aid, the Aetolian hero pleaded his lack of resources as his excuse, saying that he was not willing to expose himself or his father-in-law's people to the risk of battle, nor did he have men of his own nation whom he might equip for war. "And, that you may not think my excuses false, although the very mention of my woes renews my bitter grief, still will I endure the telling of them. After high Ilium had been burned and Pergama had glutted the furious passions of the Greeks; and after the Narycian hero² from a virgin goddess³ for a violated virgin had brought on us all the punishment which he alone deserved, we Greeks were scattered and, blown by winds over the angry waters, we suffered lightning blasts, thick darkness, storms, the rage of sky and sea and Caphereus, the climax of our

¹ Arpi.

² Ajax, the son of Oileus, who violated Cassandra.

³ Minerva.

OVID

neve morer referens tristes ex ordine casus,
 Graecia tum potuit Priamo quoque flenda videri.
 me tamen armiferae servatum cura Minervae 475
 fluctibus eripuit, patriis sed rursus ab Argis
 pellor, et antiquo memores de vulnere poenas
 exigit alma Venus, tantosque per alta labores
 aequora sustinui, tantos terrestribus armis,
 ut mihi felices sint illi saepe vocati, 480
 quos communis hiems inportunusque Caphereus
 mersit aquis, vellemque horum pars una fuissem.
 “Ultima iam passi comites belloque fretoque
 deficiunt finemque rogant erroris, at Acmon
 fervidus ingenio, tum vero et cladibus asper, 485
 ‘quid superest, quod iam patientia vestra recuset
 ferre, viri?’ dixit ‘quid habet Cytherea, quod ultra,
 velle puta, faciat? nam dum peiora timentur,
 est locus in vulnus: sors autem ubi pessima rerum,
 sub pedibus timor est securaque summa malorum. 490
 audiat ipsa licet et, quod facit, oderit omnes
 sub Diomede viros, odium tamen illius omnes
 spernimus, et magno stat magna potentia nobis.’
 talibus inritans Venerem Pleuronius Acmon
 instimulat verbis veteremque resuscitat iram. 495
 dicta placent paucis, numeri maioris amici
 Acmona conripimus; cui respondere volenti
 vox pariter vocisque via est tenuata, comaeque
 in plumas abeunt, plumis nova colla teguntur
 pectoraque et tergum, maiores bracchia pennas 500

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

disasters. Not to delay you by telling our sad mishaps in order, Greece at that time could have moved even Priam's tears. Well-armed Minerva's care, however, saved me from the waves; but again I was driven forth from my native Argos, for fostering Venus, still mindful of the old wound I had given her, now exacted the penalty. So great toils did I endure on the high seas and so great toils of war on land that often did I call those blessed of heaven whom the storm, which all had suffered, and cruel Caphereus drowned beneath the waves; and I wished that I, too, had been one of them.

“And now my companions, having endured the uttermost in war and sea, became disheartened and begged me to make an end of wandering. But Acmon, who was naturally hot-headed and who was then especially intractable because of our sufferings, exclaimed: ‘What is there left, men, for your long-suffering to refuse to bear? What is there left for Venus to do further, supposing she wishes it? For, so long as we fear worse fortunes, we lie open to wounds; but when the worst possible lot has fallen, then is fear beneath our feet and the utmost misfortune can bring us no further care. Though she herself should hear and, as indeed she does, should hate all the followers of Diomedes, still do we all scorn her hatred; and much we reckon of her mighty power!’¹ With such insulting words did Pleuronian Acmon rouse Venus and revive her former anger. But few approved his words. We, the greater number of his friends, upbraided Acmon; and when he would have replied, his voice and throat together grew thin; his hair was changed to feathers, and feathers clothed a new-formed neck and breast

¹ The phrase is ironical and the variant *parvo* gives the same sense.

OVID

accipiunt, cubitique leves sinuantur in alas ;
 magna pedum digitos pars occupat, oraque cornu
 indurata rigent finemque in acumine ponunt.
 hunc Lycus, hunc Idas et cum Rhexenore Nycteus,
 hunc miratur Abas, et dum mirantur, eandem 505
 accipiunt faciem, numerusque ex agmine maior
 subvolat et remos plausis circumvolat alis :
 si volucrum quae sit dubiarum forma requiris,
 ut non cygnorum, sic albis proxima cygnis.
 vix equidem has sedes et Iapygis arida Dauni 510
 arva gener teneo minima cum parte meorum."

Hactenus Oenides, Venulus Calydonia regna
 Peucetiosque sinus Messapiaque arva relinquit.
 in quibus antra videt, quae, multa nubila silva
 et levibus cannis latitantia, semicaper Pan 515
 nunc tenet, at quodam tenuerunt tempore nymphae.
 Apulus has illa pastor regione fugatas
 terruit et primo subita formidine movit,
 mox, ubi mens rediit et contempsero sequentem,
 ad numerum motis pedibus duxere choreas ; 520
 inprobat has pastor saltuque imitatus agresti
 addidit obscenis convicia rustica dictis,
 nec prius os tacuit, quam guttura condidit arbor :
 arbor enim est, sucoque licet cognoscere mores.
 quippe notam linguae bacis oleaster amaris 525
 exhibet : asperitas verborum cessit in illas.

Hinc ubi legati rediere, negata ferentes
 arma Aetola sibi, Rutuli sine viribus illis

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

and back. His arms acquired large pinion-feathers and his elbows curved into nimble wings; his toes were replaced by webbed feet and his face grew stiff and horny, ending in a sharp-pointed beak. Lycus viewed him in wonder, so also Idas, Rhexenor and Nycteus and Abas too; and, while they wondered, they became of the same form. The greater number of the flock flew up and circled round the rowers with flapping wings. If you ask of what sort were these questionable birds, while they were not swans, they were very like snowy swans. And now, as son-in-law of Iapygian Daunus, I have hard work to hold this settlement and this parched countryside with but a pitiful remnant of my friends."

So spoke the grandson of Oeneus. And Venulus departed from the Calydonian realm, passing the Peucetian bay and the regions of Messapia. Here he saw a cavern, dark with forest shades and hidden by a growth of waving reeds. The half-goat Pan now claims the place, but at one time the nymphs dwelt there. An Apulian shepherd of that region caused them to run away in terror, filling them at first with sudden fear. But soon, when their courage returned and they saw with scorn who was pursuing them, they returned to their choral dancing again with nimble feet. Still did the shepherd mock them, imitating their dance with his clownish steps, adding to this boorish insults and vulgar words. Nor did he cease speaking until the rising wood covered his mouth. For now he is a tree. You could tell his character from the savour of its fruit; for the wild olive bears the traces of his tongue in its bitter berries. The sharpness of his words has passed to them.

When the ambassadors returned with the news that Aetolian help had been refused them, the Rutuli

OVID

bella instructa gerunt, multumque ab utraque cruoris
 parte datur; fert ecce avidas in pinea Turnus 530
 texta faces, ignesque timent, quibus unda pepercit.
 iamque picem et ceras alimenta que cetera flammæ
 Mulciber urebat perque altum ad carbasa malum
 ibat, et incurvae fumabant transtra carinae,
 cum memor has pinus Idaeo vertice caesas 535
 sancta deum genetrix tinnitibus aera pulsi
 aeris et inflati complevit murmure buxi
 perque leves domitis invecta leonibus auras
 "inrita sacrilega iactas incendia dextra,
 Turne!" ait. "eripiam: nec me patiente cremabit
 ignis edax nemorum partes et membra meorum." 541
 intonuit dicente dea, tonitrumque secuti
 cum saliente graves ceciderunt grandine nimbi,
 aeraque et tumidum subitis concursibus aequor
 Astraei turbant et eunt in proelia fratres. 545
 e quibus alma parens unius viribus usa
 stuppea prærupit Phrygiae retinacula classis,
 fertque rates pronas medioque sub aequore mergit;
 robore mollito lignoque in corpora verso
 in capitum facies puppes mutantur aduncae, 550
 in digitos abeunt et crura natantia remi,
 quodque prius fuerat, latus est, mediisque carina
 subdita navigiis spinæ mutatur in usum,
 lina comæ molles, antemnae brachia fiunt,
 caeruleus, ut fuerat, color est; quasque ante timebant,
 illas virgineis exercent lusibus undas 556

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

without that help went on with the war they had begun; and much blood was spilled on both sides. But lo, Turnus brought devouring torches against the pine fabric of the ships, and what the waves had spared feared the flames. And now Mulciber was burning the pitchy, resinous mass and other rich food for flames, and was spreading even to the tall masts and sails, while the cross-banks of the curving hulls were smoking; when the holy mother of the gods, mindful that these pines were felled on Ida's top, filled the air with the harsh beat of brazen cymbals and the shrill music of the boxwood flute. Then, borne by her tamed lions through the yielding air, she cried: "Vainly, O Turnus, with impious hand you hurl those brands. For I shall rescue the burning ships, nor with my consent shall the greedy flames devour what was once part and parcel of my sacred woods." While yet the goddess spoke it thundered and, following the thunder, a heavy shower of rain began to fall, mingled with leaping hail, and the winds, Astraean brothers, wrought wild confusion in the air and on the waves, swollen by the sudden rush of waters, and mingled in the fray. The all-fostering mother, with the help of one of these, broke the hempen fastenings of the Phrygian ships and, forcing them head down, plunged them beneath the water. Straightway the wood softened and turned to flesh, the ships' curved prows changed to heads, the oars to toes and swimming legs; what had been body before remained as body and the deep-laid keel was changed into a spine; cordage became soft hair, and sail-yards, arms; the sea-green colour was unchanged. And now, as water-nymphs, with maiden glee they sport in the waters which they feared before. Though born on the rough mountain-tops, they now throng

OVID

Naides aequoreae durisque in montibus ortae
 molle fretum celebrant nec eas sua tangit origo ;
 non tamen oblitae, quam multa pericula saepe
 pertulerint pelago, iactatis saepe carinis 560
 subposuere manus, nisi siqua vehebat Achivos :
 cladis adhuc Phrygiae memores odere Pelasgos
 Neritiaeque ratis viderunt fragmina laetis
 vultibus et laetis videre rigescere puppim
 vultibus Alcinoi saxumque increscere ligno. 565

Spes erat, in nymphas animata classe marinas
 posse metu monstri Rutulum desistere bello :
 perstat, habetque deos pars utraque, quodque deorum
 est

instar, habent animos ; nec iam dotalia regna,
 nec sceptrum soceri, nec te, Lavinia virgo, 570
 sed vicisse petunt deponendique pudore
 bella gerunt, tandemque Venus victricia nati
 arma videt, Turnusque cadit : cadit Ardea, Turno
 sospite dicta potens ; quem postquam barbarus ensis
 abstulit et tepida latuerunt tecta favilla, 575
 congerie e media tum primum cognita praepes
 subvolat et cineres plausis everberat alis.

et sonus et macies et pallor et omnia, captam
 quae deceant urbem, nomen quoque mansit in illa
 urbis, et ipsa suis deplangitur Ardea pennis. 580

Iamque deos omnes ipsamque Aeneia virtus
 Iunonem veteres finire coegerat iras,
 cum, bene fundatis opibus crescentis Iuli,
 tempestivus erat caelo Cythereius heros.
 ambieratque Venus superos colloque parentis 585

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the yielding waves and no trace of their first state troubles them. And yet, remembering the many perils they have often suffered on the deep, they often place helping hands beneath storm-tossed barques, except such as carried Greeks. Remembering still the Phrygian calamity, they hated the Pelasgian race and they rejoiced to see the broken timbers of Ulysses' ship, rejoiced to see the vessel of Alcinoüs grow stiff and its wood turn to stone.

After the fleet had been changed to living water-nymphs, there was hope that the Rutuli, in awe of the portent, would desist from war. But the war went on and both sides had their gods to aid them, and, what is as good as gods, they had courage too. And now neither a kingdom given in dowry, nor the sceptre of a father-in-law, nor you, Lavinian maiden, did they seek, but only victory, and they kept on warring through sheer shame of giving up. At length Venus saw her son's arms victorious and Turnus fell. Ardea fell, counted a powerful city in Turnus' lifetime. But after the outlander's sword destroyed it and warm ashes hid its ruins, from the confused mass a bird flew forth of a kind never seen before, and beat the ashes with its flapping wings. Its sound, its meagre look, its deathly paleness, all things which become a captured city, yes, even the city's name remained in the bird;¹ and Ardea's self is beaten in lamentation by its wings.

Now had Aeneas' courageous soul moved all the gods and even Juno to lay aside their ancient anger, and, since the fortunes of the budding Iulus were well established, the heroic son of Cytherea was ripe for heaven. Venus had approached the heavenly gods and, throwing her arms around her father's

¹ *i.e.* Ardea, a heron.

OVID

circumfusa sui " numquam mihi " dixerat " ullo
tempore dure pater, nunc sis mitissimus, opto,
Aeneaeque meo, qui te de sanguine nostro
fecit avum, quamvis parvum des, optime, numen,
dummodo des aliquod ! satis est inamabile regnum 590
adspexisse semel, Stygios semel isse per annes."
adsensere dei, nec coniunx regia vultus
inmotos tenuit placatoque adnuit ore ;
tum pater " estis " ait " caelesti munere digni,
quaeque petis pro quoque petis : cape, nata, quod
optas ! " 595

fatus erat : gaudet gratesque agit illa parenti
perque leves auras iunctis invecta columbis
litus adit Laurens, ubi tectus harundine serpit
in freta flumineis vicina Numicius undis.
hunc iubet Aeneae, quaecumque obnoxia morti, 600
abluere et tacito deferre sub aequora cursu ;
corniger exsequitur Veneris mandata suisque,
quicquid in Aenea fuerat mortale, repurgat
et respersit aquis ; pars optima restitit illi.

lustratum genetrix divino corpus odore 605
unxit et ambrosia cum dulci nectare mixta
contigit os fecitque deum, quem turba Quirini
nuncupat Indigetem temploque arisque recepit.

Inde sub Ascanii dicione binominis Alba
resque Latina fuit. succedit Silvius illi. 610
quo satus antiquo tenuit repetita Latinus
nomina cum scepro, clarus subit Alba Latinum.
Epytus ex illo est ; post hunc Capetusque Capysque,
sed Capys ante fuit ; regnum Tiberinus ab illis

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

neck, had said: "O father, who hast never at any time been harsh to me, now be most kind, I pray. To my Aeneas, who is thy grandson and of our blood, grant, O most excellent, some divinity, however small I care not, if only thou grant any. It is enough once to have looked upon the unlovely kingdom, once to have crossed the Stygian stream." The gods all gave assent; nor did the queen-consort keep an unyielding face, but peacefully consented. Then Father Jove declared: "You are both worthy of this heavenly boon, both thou who prayest and he for whom thou prayest. Have then, my daughter, what thou dost desire." He spoke, and Venus, rejoicing, gave her father thanks. Then, borne aloft through the yielding air by her harnessed doves, she came to the Laurentian coast, where the river Numicius, winding through beds of sheltering reeds, pours its fresh waters into the neighbouring sea. She bade the river-god wash away from Aeneas all his mortal part and carry it down in his silent stream into the ocean depths. The horned god obeyed Venus' command and in his waters cleansed and washed quite away whatever was mortal in Aeneas. His best part remained to him. His mother sprinkled his body and anointed it with divine perfume, touched his lips with ambrosia and sweet nectar mixed, and so made him a god, whom the Roman populace styled Indiges and honoured with temple and with sacrifice.

Next Alba and the Latin state came under the sway of Ascanius of the double name.¹ Silvius succeeded him; his son, Latinus, took a name inherited with the ancient sceptre. Illustrious Alba succeeded Latinus; Epytus next, and after him Capetus and Capys, but Capys first.² Tiberinus received the

¹ *i.e.* Iulus.

² The metre prevents the proper order of these names.

OVID

cepit et in Tusci demersus fluminis undis 615
 nomina fecit aquae ; de quo Remulusque feroxque
 Acrota sunt geniti. Remulus maturior annis
 fulmineo periit, imitator fulminis, ictu.
 fratre suo sceptrum moderatior Acrota forti
 tradit Aventino, qui, quo regnarat, eodem 620
 monte iacet positus tribuitque vocabula monti ;
 iamque Palatinae summam Proca gentis habebat.
 Rege sub hoc Pomona fuit, qua nulla Latinas
 inter hamadryadas coluit sollertius hortos
 nec fuit arborei studiosior altera fetus ; 625
 unde tenet nomen : non silvas illa nec amnes,
 rus amat et ramos felicia poma ferentes ;
 nec iaculo gravis est, sed adunca dextera falce,
 qua modo luxuriam premit et spatiantia passim
 brachia conpescit, fisso modo cortice lignum 630
 inserit et sucos alieno praestat alumno ;
 nec sentire sitim patitur bibulaeque recurvas
 radicis fibras labentibus inrigat undis.
 hic amor, hoc studium, Veneris quoque nulla cupido
 est ;
 vim tamen agrestum metuens pomaria claudit 635
 intus et accessus prohibet refugitque viriles
 quid non et Satyri, saltatibus apta iuventus,
 fecere et pinu praecincti cornua Panes
 Silenusque, suis semper iuvenilior annis,
 quique deus fures vel falce vel inguine terret, 640
 ut poterentur ea ? sed enim superabat amando
 hos quoque Vertumnus neque erat felicior illis.
 o quotiens habitu duri messoris aristas

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

kingdom after them, and he, drowned in the waters of the Tuscan stream, gave his name to that river. His sons were Remulus and warlike Acrota. Remulus, the elder, perished by a thunderbolt while striving to imitate the thunder. Acrota, less daring than his brother, resigned the sceptre to brave Aventinus. He lies buried on the same hill where he had reigned and has given his name to the hill. And now Proca held dominion over the Palatine race.

Pomona flourished under this king, than whom there was no other Latian wood-nymph more skilled in garden-culture nor more zealous in the care of fruitful trees. Hence was her name. She cared nothing for woods and rivers, but only for the fields and branches laden with delicious fruits. She carried no javelin in her hand, but the curved pruning-hook with which now she repressed the too luxuriant growth and cut back the branches spreading out on every side, and now, making an incision in the bark, would engraft a twig and give juices to an adopted bough. Nor would she permit them to suffer thirst, but watered the twisted fibres of the thirsty roots with her trickling streams. This was her love; this was her chief desire; nor did she have any care for Venus; yet, fearing some clownish violence, she shut herself up within her orchard and so guarded herself against all approach of man. What did not the Satyrs, a young dancing band, do to win her, and the Pans, their horns encircled with wreaths of pine, and Silenus, always more youthful than his years, and that god ¹ who warns off evil-doers with his sickle or his ugly shape? But, indeed, Vertunnius surpassed them all in love; yet he was no more fortunate than they. Oh, how often in the garb of a rough reaper did

¹ Priapus.

OVID

corbe tulit verique fuit messoris imago !
 tempora saepe gerens faeno religata recenti 645
 desectum poterat gramen versasse videri ;
 saepe manu stimulos rigida portabat, ut illum
 iurares fessos modo disiunxisse iuencos.
 falce data frondator erat vitisque putator ;
 induerat scalas : lecturum poma putares ; 650
 miles erat gladio, piscator harundine sumpta ;
 denique per multas aditum sibi saepe figuras
 repperit, ut caperet spectatae gaudia formae.
 ille etiam picta redimitus tempora mitra,
 innitens baculo, positus per tempora canis, 655
 adsimulavit anum cultosque intravit in hortos
 pomaque mirata est “ tanto ” que “ potentior ! ” inquit
 paucaque laudatae dedit oscula, qualia numquam
 vera dedisset anus, glaebaque incurva resedit
 suspiciens pandos autumnii pondere ramos. 660
 ulmus erat contra speciosa nitentibus uvis :
 quam socia postquam pariter cum vite probavit,
 “ at si staret ” ait “ caelebs sine palmite truncus,
 nil praeter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet ;
 haec quoque, quae iuncta est, vitis requiescit in
 ulmo : 665
 si non nupta foret, terrae acclinata iaceret ;
 tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris huius
 concubitusque fugis nec te coniungere curas.
 atque utinam velles ! Helene non pluribus esset

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

he bring her a basket of barley-ears ! And he was the perfect image of a reaper, too. Often he would come with his temples wreathed with fresh hay, and could easily seem to have been turning the new-mown grass. Again he would appear carrying an ox-goad in his clumsy hand, so that you would swear that he had but now unyoked his weary cattle. He would be a leaf-gatherer and vine-pruner with hook in hand ; he would come along with a ladder on his shoulder and you would think him about to gather apples. He would be a soldier with a sword, or a fisherman with a rod. In fact, by means of his many disguises, he obtained frequent admission to her presence and had much joy in looking on her beauty. He also put on a wig of grey hair, bound his temples with a gaudy head-cloth, and, leaning on a staff, came in the disguise of an old woman, entered the well-kept garden and, after admiring the fruit said : “ But you are far more beautiful,” and having praised he kissed her several times as no real old woman ever would have done. The bent old creature sat down on the grass, gazing at the branches bending beneath the weight of autumn fruits. There was a shapely elm-tree opposite, covered with gleaming bunches of grapes. After he had looked approvingly at this awhile, together with its vine companion, he said : “ But if that tree stood there unmated to the vine, it would not be sought save for its leaves alone ; and this vine, which clings to and rests safely on the elm, if it were not thus wedded, it would lie languishing, flat upon the ground. But you are not touched by the vine’s example and you shun wedlock and do not desire to be joined to another. And I would that you did desire it ! Then would you have more suitors than ever Helen had, or she ¹

¹ Hippodamia.

OVID

sollicitata procis nec quae Lapitheia movit 670
 proelia nec coniunx timidi, haud audacis Ulixis.
 nunc quoque, cum fugias averserisque petentes,
 mille viri cupiunt et semideique dei que
 et quaecumque tenent Albanos numina montes.
 sed tu si sapias, si te bene iungere anumque 675
 hanc audire voles, quae te plus omnibus illis,
 plus, quam credis, amo : vulgares reice taedas
 Vertumnumque tori socium tibi selige ! pro quo
 me quoque pignus habes : neque enim sibi notior ille
 est,
 quam mihi ; nec passim toto vagus errat in orbe, 680
 haec loca magna colit ; nec, uti pars magna procorum,
 quam modo vidit, amat : tu primus et ultimus illi
 ardor eris, solique suos tibi devovet annos.
 adde, quod est iuvenis, quod naturale decoris
 munus habet formasque apte fingetur in omnes, 685
 et quod erit iussus, iubeas licet omnia, fiet.
 quid, quod amatis idem, quod, quae tibi poma coluntur,
 primus habet laetaque tenet tua munera dextra !
 sed neque iam fetus desiderat arbore demptos
 nec, quas hortus alit, cum sucis mitibus herbas 690
 nec quicquam nisi te : miserere ardentis et ipsum,
 quod petit, ore meo praesentem crede precari.
 ultoresque deos et pectora dura perosam
 Idalien memoremque time Rhamnusidis iram !
 quoque magis timeas, (etenim mihi multa vetustas 695
 348

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

for whom the Lapithae took arms, or the wife of the timid, not the bold, Ulysses. And even as it is, though you shun them and turn in contempt from their wooing, a thousand men desire you, and half-gods and gods and all the divinities that haunt the Alban hills. But if you will be wise, and consent to a good match and will listen to an old woman like me, who love you more than all the rest, yes, more than you would believe, reject all common offers and choose Vertumnus as the consort of your couch. You have me also as guaranty for him; for he is not better known to himself than he is to me. He does not wander idly throughout the world, but he dwells in the wide spaces here at hand; nor, as most of your suitors do, does he fall in love at sight with every girl he meets. You will be his first love and his last, and to you alone he will devote his life. Consider also that he is young, blest with a native charm, can readily assume whatever form he will, and what you bid him, though without stint you bid, he will perform. Moreover your tastes are similar, and the fruit which you so cherish he is the first to have and with joyful hands he lays hold upon your gifts. But neither the fruit of your trees, nor the sweet, succulent herbs which your garden bears, nor anything at all does he desire save you alone. Pity him who loves you so, and believe that he himself in very presence through my lips is begging for what he wants. And have a thought for the avenging gods and the Idalian¹ goddess who detests the hard of heart, and the unforgetting wrath of Nemesis! And that you may the more fear these (for my long life has brought me knowledge of many things), I will tell you a story that is well known all over

¹ *i.e.* Cyprian an epithet of Venus.

OVID

scire dedit) referam tota notissima Cypro
facta, quibus flecti facile et mitescere possis.

“Viderat a veteris generosam sanguine Teucris
Iphis Anaxareten, humili de stirpe creatus,
viderat et totis perceperat ossibus aestum 700
luctatusque diu, postquam ratione furorem
vincere non potuit, supplex ad limina venit
et modo nutrici miserum confessus amorem,
ne sibi dura foret, per spes oravit alumnae,
et modo de multis blanditus cuique ministris 705
sollicita petiit propensum voce favorem ;
saepe ferenda dedit blandis sua verba tabellis,
interdum madidas lacrimarum rore coronas
postibus intendit posuitque in limine duro
molle latus tristisque serae convicia fecit. 710
saevior illa freto surgente cadentibus Haedis,
durior et ferro, quod Noricus excoquit ignis,
et saxo, quod adhuc vivum radice tenetur,
spernit et inridet, factisque inmitibus addit
verba superba ferox et spe quoque fraudat amantem.
non tulit impatiens longi tormenta doloris 716
Iphis et ante fores haec verba novissima dixit :
‘vincis, Anaxarete, neque erunt tibi taedia tandem
ulla ferenda mei : laetos molire triumphos
et Paeanam voca nitidaque incingere lauru ! 720
vincis enim, moriorque libens : age, ferrea, gaude !
certe aliquid laudare mei cogeris amoris,
quo tibi sim gratus, meritumque fatebere nostrum.
non tamen ante tui curam excessisse memento
quam vitam geminaque simul mihi luce carendum. 725

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

Cyprus, by which you may learn to be easily persuaded and to be soft of heart.

“Iphis, a youth of humble birth, had chanced to see Anaxarete, a proud princess of old Teucer’s line. He saw her, and at once felt the fire of love through all his frame. Long did he fight against it; but when he found he could not overcome his passion by the power of reason, he came as a suppliant to her door. Now he confessed his unhappy love to her nurse and begged her by her fond hopes for her dear foster-child not to be hard towards him; now, coaxing some one of her many servants, he earnestly begged her to do him a kindly turn; often he gave them coaxing messages on tablets to bear to her; at times he would hang garlands of flowers upon her door, wet with his tears, and lay his soft body down upon her hard threshold, complaining bitterly of her unfeeling bars. But she, more savage than the waves that rise at the setting of the Kids, harder than steel tempered in Noric fire, or living rock, which still holds firmly to its native bed, spurns him and mocks at him. And to her heartless deeds she adds insolent, haughty words, and utterly deprives her lover of hope itself. Unable to bear further the torment of his long agony, before her door Iphis cries these words as his last message to her: ‘You win, Anaxarete, and no more need you be annoyed on my account. Celebrate your glad triumph, sing songs of victory, set a gleaming wreath of laurel on your head! For you have won, and I die gladly. Come then, rejoice, you of the iron heart! Surely you will be forced to admit that there is some feature of my love in which I am pleasing to you, and you will confess my merit. But remember that my love for you ended only with my life and that I must

OVID

neq̄ tibi fama mei ventura est nuntia leti :
 ipse ego, ne dubites, adero praesensque videbor,
 corpore ut exanimi crudelia lumina pascas.
 si tamen, o superi, mortalia facta videtis,
 este mei memores (nihil ultra lingua precari 730
 sustinet) et longo facite ut narremur in aevo,
 et, quae dempsistis vitae, date tempora famae !'
 dixit, et ad postes ornatos saepe coronis
 umentes oculos et pallida bracchia tollens,
 cum foribus laquei religaret vincula summis, 735
 'haec tibi sarta placent, crudelis et inopia !' dixit
 inseruitque caput, sed tum quoque versus ad illam,
 atque onus infelix elisa fauce pependit.
 iecta pedum motu trepidantium ut multa gementem
 visa dedisse sonum est adaperataque ianua factum 740
 prodidit, exclamant famuli frustra levatum
 (nam pater occiderat) referunt ad limina matris ;
 accipit illa sinu complexaque frigida nati
 membra sui postquam miserarum verba parentum
 edidit et matrum miserarum facta peregit, 745
 funera ducebat mediam lacrimosa per urbem
 luridaque arsuro portabat membra feretro.
 forte viae vicina domus, qua flebilis ibat
 pompa, fuit, duraeque sonus plangoris ad aures
 venit Anaxaretes, quam iam deus ultor agebat. 750
 mota tamen 'videamus' ait 'miserabile funus'
 et patulis iniit tectum sublime fenestris

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

suffer the loss of two lights at once. And 'twill be no mere rumour that comes to announce my death to you; I shall myself be there, be well assured, and that, too, in visible presence, that you may feast your cruel eyes upon my lifeless body. But if, O gods, you see the things we mortals do, remember me (nothing further can my tongue hold out to pray) and have my story told long ages hence; and what time you have taken from my life give to my fame.' He spoke, and raising his tearful eyes and pale arms to the door-posts that he had often decorated with his floral wreaths, he fastened a rope to the topmost beam, saying the while: 'Does this garland please you, cruel and wicked girl?' Then he thrust his head into the noose, even in that act turning his face towards her, and then, poor fellow, hung there, a lifeless weight with broken neck. The door was struck by the convulsive motion of his feet; it seemed to give out a sound suggesting many fearful things and, being thrown open, showed what had happened there. The servants cried out in horror and took him down, but all in vain. Then (for his father was dead) they bore him to his mother's house. She took him in her arms and embraced her son's cold limbs. And after she had said the words which wretched parents say, and done the things which wretched mothers do, through the midst of the city she led his tearful funeral, and bore the pale corpse on a bier to the funeral pyre. Anaxarete's house chanced to be near the street where the mournful procession was passing, and the sound of mourning came to the ears of the hard-hearted girl, whom already an avenging god was driving on. Yet, moved by the sound, she said: 'Let us go see this tearful funeral.' And she went into her high dwelling with

OVID

vixque bene inpositum lecto prospexerat Iphin :
 deriguere oculi, calidusque e corpore sanguis
 inducto pallore fugit, conatæque retro 755
 ferre pedes haesit, conata avertere vultus
 hoc quoque non potuit, paulatimque occupat artus,
 quod fuit in duro iam pridem pectore, saxum.
 neve ea ficta putes, dominae sub imagine signum
 servat adhuc Salamis, Veneris quoque nomine
 templum 760

Prospicientis habet.—quorum memor, o mea, lentos
 pone, precor, fastus et amanti iungere, nympha :
 sic tibi nec vernum nascentia frigus adurat
 poma, nec excutiant rapidi florentia venti ! ”

Haec ubi nequiquam formae deus aptus anili 765
 edidit, in iuvenem rediit et anilia demit
 instrumenta sibi talisque apparuit illi,
 qualis ubi oppositas nitidissima solis imago
 evicit nubes nullaque obstante reluxit,
 vimque parat : sed vi non est opus, inque figura 770
 capta dei nympha est et mutua vulnera sensit.

Proximus Ausonias iniusti miles Amuli
 rexit opes, Numitorque senex amissa nepotis
 munere regna capit, festisque Palilibus urbis
 moenia conduntur ; Tatiisque patresque Sabini 775
 bella gerunt, arcisque via Tarpeia reclusa
 dignam animam poena congestis exiit armis ;
 inde sati Curibus tacitorum more luporum
 ore premunt voces et corpora victa sopore
 invadunt portasque petunt, quas obice firmo 780
 clauserat Iliades : unam tamen ipsa recludit

its wide-open windows. Scarce had she gained a good look at Iphis, lying there upon the bier, when her eyes stiffened at the sight and the warm blood fled from her pale body. She tried to step back from the window, but she stuck fast in her place. She tried to turn her face away, but this also she could not do; and gradually that stony nature took possession of her body which had been in her heart all along. And that you may not think this story false, Salamis still keeps a marble statue, the image of the princess. It has a temple in honour of the Gazing Venus also. Have thought of these things, I pray you, and put away, dear nymph, your stubborn scorn; yield to your lover. So may no late spring frost ever nip your budding fruit, and may no rude winds scatter them in their flower."

When the god in the form of age had thus pleaded his cause in vain, he returned to his youthful form, put off the old woman's trappings, and stood revealed to the maiden as when the sun's most beaming face has conquered the opposing clouds and shines out with nothing to dim his radiance. He was all ready to force her will, but no force was necessary; and the nymph, smitten by the beauty of the god, felt an answering passion.

Next false Amulius by force of arms rules the Ausonian state; but old Numitor by the aid of his grandson gains the kingdom he has lost, and the walls of the City are founded on the shepherd's festal day. Tatius and the Sabine fathers wage their war, and Tarpeia, having betrayed the passage to the citadel, gives up her life as forfeit beneath the arms heaped on her. Then the men of Cures, like silent wolves, with hushed voices steal on the Romans buried in slumber, and try the gates which Ilia's son has

OVID

nec strepitum verso Saturnia cardine fecit ;
 sola Venus portae cecidisse repagula sensit
 et clausura fuit, nisi quod rescindere numquam
 dis licet acta deum. Iano loca iuncta tenebant 785
 naides Ausoniae gelido rorantia fonte :
 has rogat auxilium, nec nymphae iusta petentem
 sustinuere deam venasque et flumina fontis
 elicuere sui ; nondum tamen invia Iani
 ora patentis erant, neque iter praecluserat unda : 790
 lurida subponunt fecundo sulphura fonti
 incenduntque cavas fumante bitumine venas.
 viribus his aliisque vapor penetravit ad ima
 fontis, et Alpino modo quae certare rigori
 audebatis aquae, non ceditis ignibus ipsis ! 795
 flammifera gemini fumant aspergine postes,
 portaque nequiquam rigidis promissa Sabinis
 fonte fuit praestructa novo, dum Martius arma
 indueret miles ; quae postquam Romulus ultro
 obtulit, et strata est tellus Romana Sabinis 800
 corporibus strata estque suis, generique cruorem
 sanguine cum soceri permiscuit impius ensis.
 pace tamen sisti bellum nec in ultima ferro
 decertare placet Tatiumque accedere regno.

Occiderat Tatius, populisque aequata dnobus, 805
 Romule, iura dabas : posita cum casside Mavors
 talibus adfatur divumque hominumque parentem :
 “ tempus adest, genitor, quoniam fundamine magno
 res Romana valet nec praeside pendet ab uno,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

fastened with strong bars. But Saturnian Juno herself unfastened one of these, opening the gate on noiseless hinges. Venus alone perceived that the gate's bars had fallen, and would have closed it; but it is never permitted to gods to undo the acts of gods. Now the Ausonian water-nymphs held a spot near Janus' fane, where a cold spring bubbled forth. Venus asked aid of these, nor did the nymphs refuse the goddess her just request, but opened up their fountain's streaming veins. Up to that time the pass of Janus was still open, nor had the water ever blocked the way. Now they placed yellow sulphur beneath their living spring and heated the hollow veins with burning pitch. By these and other means the reeking steam filled the fountain through and through, and you waters, which dared but now to vie with Alpine cold, did not yield in heat to fire itself! The two gate-posts smoked with the hot fumes; and the gate, which had been opened (but now in vain) to the hardy Sabines, was made impassable by the new fountain, until the Roman soldiery could arm themselves. Then Romulus took the offensive, and soon the Roman plain was strewn with the Sabine dead and with its own as well, and the impious swords mingled the blood of son-in-law with blood of father-in-law. At last it was their will to end the war in peace, and not strive with the sword to the bitter end; and 'twas agreed that Tattius should share the throne.

Tattius had fallen and now, Romulus, you were meting equal laws to both the tribes, when Mars put off his gleaming helmet and thus addressed the father of gods and men: "The time is come, O father, since the Roman state stands firm on strong foundations and no longer hangs on one man's

OVID

praemia, (sunt promissa mihi dignoque nepoti) 810
 solvere et ablatum terris inponere caelo.

tu mihi concilio quondam praesente deorum
 (nam memoro memorique animo pia verba notavi)
 ‘unus erit, quem tu tolles in caerula caeli’
 dixisti : rata sit verborum summa tuorum !” 815

adnuit omnipotens et nubibus aera caecis
 occuluit tonitruque et fulgure terruit orbem.
 quae sibi promissae sensit rata signa rapinae,
 innixusque hastae pressos temone cruento
 inpavidus conscendit equos Gradivus et ictu 820
 verberis increpuit pronusque per aera lapsus
 constitit in summo nemorosi colle Palati
 reddentemque suo non regia iura Quiriti
 abstulit Iliaden : corpus mortale per auras
 dilapsum tenues, ceu lata plumbea funda 825
 missa solet medio glans intabescere caelo ;
 pulchra subit facies et pulvinaribus altis
 dignior, est qualis trabeati forma Quirini.

Flebat ut amissum coniunx, cum regia Iuno
 Irin ad Hersilien descendere limite curvo 830
 imperat et vacuae sua sic mandata referre :

“ o et de Latia, o et de gente Sabina
 praecipuum, matrona, decus, dignissima tanti
 ante fuisse viri coniunx, nunc esse Quirini,
 siste tuos fletus, et, si tibi cura videndi 835
 coniugis est, duce me lucum pete, colle Quirini

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

strength alone, to grant the reward which was promised to me and to thy worthy grandson, to take him from earth and set him in the heavens. Once to me, in full council of the gods (for I treasured up thy gracious words in retentive mind, and now recall them to thee), thou didst declare : ‘ One shall there be whom thou shalt bear up to the azure blue of heaven.’ Now let the full meaning of thy words be ratified.” The omnipotent Father nodded his assent ; then, hiding all the sky with his dark clouds, he filled the earth with thunder and lightning. Gradivus knew this for the assured sign of the translation which had been promised him ; and, leaning on his spear, dauntless he mounted his chariot drawn by steeds straining beneath the bloody yoke, and swung the loud-resounding lash. Gliding downward through the air, he halted on the summit of the wooded Palatine. There, as Ilia’s son was giving kindly¹ judgment to his citizens, he caught him up from earth. His mortal part dissolved into thin air, as a leaden bullet hurled by a broad sling is wont to melt away in the mid-heavens. And now a fair form clothes him, worthier of the high couches of the gods, such form as has Quirinus, clad in the sacred robe.

His wife was mourning him as lost, when regal Juno bade Iris go down to Hersilia on her arching way with these directions for the widowed queen : “ O queen, bright glory both of the Latin and of the Sabine race, most worthy once to have been the consort of so great a man, and now of divine Quirinus, cease your laments and, if you would indeed behold your husband, come with me to yonder grove which stands green on Quirinus’ hill, shading the temple of

¹ *i. e.* not kingly or tyrannical.

OVID

qui viret et templum Romani regis obumbrat";
 paret et in terram pictos delapsa per arcus,
 Hersilien iussis compellat vocibus Iris;
 illa verecundo vix tollens lumina vultu 840
 "o dea (namque mihi nec, quae sis, dicere promptum
 est,
 et liquet esse deam) duc, o duc" inquit "et offer
 coniugis ora mihi, quae si modo posse videre
 fata semel dederint, caelum accepisse fatebor!"
 nec mora, Romuleos cum virgine Thaumantea 845
 ingreditur colles: ibi sidus ab aethere lapsum
 decidit in terras; a cuius lumine flagrans
 Hersilie crinis cum sidere cessit in auras:
 hanc manibus notis Romanae conditor urbis
 excipit et priscum pariter cum corpore nomen 850
 mutat Horamque vocat, quae nunc dea iuncta Quirino
 est.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

the king of Rome." Iris obeyed and, gliding to earth along her rainbow arch, accosted Hersilia in the words which had been given her. She, scarce lifting her eyes and with modest look, replied: "O goddess (for I may not tell who thou art, and yet 'tis plain thou art a goddess), lead, oh, lead me on, and show me my husband's face. If only the fates grant me but once to see him, then shall I say I have gained heaven indeed." Straightway she fared along with Thaumas' daughter to the hill of Romulus. There a star from high heaven came gliding down to earth, and Hersilia, her hair bursting into flame from its light, goes up together with the star into thin air. Her with dear, familiar hands Rome's founder receives, and changes her mortal body and her old-time name. He calls her Hora, and now as goddess is she joined once more to her Quirinus.

BOOK XV

LIBER XV

QVAERITVR interea quis tantae pondera molis
sustineat tantoque queat succedere regi :
destinat imperio clarum praenuntia veri
Fama Numam ; non ille satis cognosse Sabinae
gentis habet ritus, animo maiora capaci 5
concepit et, quae sit rerum natura, requirit.
huius amor curae patria Curibusque relictis
fecit ut Herculei penetraret ad hospitis urbem.
Graia quis Italicis auctor posuisset in oris
moenia, quaerenti sic e senioribus unus 10
rettulit indigenis, veteris non inscius aevi :
“ dives ab Oceano bobus Iove natus Hiberis
litora felici tenuisse Lacinia cursu
fertur, et armento teneras errante per herbas
ipse domum magni nec inhospita tecta Crotonis 15
intrasse et requie longum relevasse laborem
atque ita discedens, ‘ aevo ’ dixisse ‘ nepotum
hic locus urbis erit, ’ promissaque vera fuerunt.
nam fuit Argolico generatus Alehone quidam
Myscelus, illius dis acceptissimus aevi. 20
hunc super incumbens pressum gravitate soporis
claviger adloquitur : ‘ patrias, age, desere sedes

BOOK XV

MEANWHILE it is a question who can sustain the burden of so great a task, who can succeed so great a king. Then Fame as a faithful herald selects illustrious Numa for the throne. He, not content with knowing the usages of the Sabine race, conceives larger plans in his generous soul, and seeks to know what is Nature's general law. His great fondness for this pursuit caused him to leave his native Cures and take his way to the city¹ which once gave hospitality to Hercules. There, when he asked who was the founder of this Grecian city on Italian soil, one of the old inhabitants of the place, well versed in its ancient lore, thus answered him: "'Tis said that the son of Jove, returning from the Ocean enriched with the herds of Spain, came by good fortune to the borders of Lacinium, and there, while his cattle grazed upon the tender grass, he entered the home and beneath the friendly roof of the great Croton and refreshed himself by quiet rest from his long toil. And as he took his leave he said: 'Here, ages hence, shall stand the city of your descendants.' And the words proved true. For there was a certain Myscelus, son of Alemon of Argos, the man of all that generation most beloved of heaven. Standing over him as he lay buried in deep slumber, the club-bearer² thus addressed him: 'Up and away from

¹ Crotona.

² Hercules.

OVID

et pete diversi lapidosas Aesaris undas !'
 et, nisi paruerit, multa ac metuenda minatur ;
 post ea discedunt pariter somnusque deusque 25
 surgit Alemonides tacitaque recentia mente
 visa refert, pugnatque diu sententia secum :
 numen abire iubet, prohibent discedere leges,
 poenaeque mors posita est patriam mutare volenti.
 candidus Oceano nitidum caput abdiderat Sol, 30
 et caput extulerat densissima sidereum Nox :
 visus adesse idem deus est eademque monere
 et, nisi paruerit, plura et graviora minari.
 et timuit patriumque simul transferre parabat
 in sedes penetrare novas : fit murmur in urbe, 35
 spectarumque agitur legum reus, utque peracta est
 causa prior, crimenque patet sine teste probatum,
 squalidus ad superos tollens reus ora manusque
 ' o cui ius caeli bis sex fecere labores,
 fer, precor ' inquit ' opem ! nam tu mihi criminis
 auctor.' 40
 mos erat antiquus niveis atrisque lapillis,
 his damnare reos, illis absolvere culpa ;
 tunc quoque sic lata est sententia tristis, et omnis
 calculus innitem demittitur ater in urnam :
 quae simul effudit numerandos versa lapillos, 45
 omnibus e nigro color est mutatus in album,
 candidaque Herculeo sententia numine facta
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your native land ; go, seek out the rocky channel of the distant Aesar ; and he threatened him with many fearful things should he not obey. Then did his slumber and the presence of the god withdraw together. The son of Alemon arose and silently recalled the vision which was still vivid in his memory. Long was he in great stress of doubt : the god bade him depart, his country's laws prohibited his departure. The punishment of death was appointed to the man who should desire to change his fatherland. The bright Sun had hidden his shining face beneath the sea, and thick Night had raised her starry face from the waters, when the same god seemed to stand before him, to give the same commands, and to threaten worse and heavier penalties if he should not obey. He was sore afraid. And as soon as he made ready to move his household belongings to a new abode, the rumour got abroad in the town, and he was tried as a breaker of the laws. When the case for the prosecution had been closed and the charge was clearly proved without need of witnesses, the wretched culprit, raising his face and hands to heaven, cried out : ' O thou to whom thy twelve great labours gave thee a claim to heaven, help me, I pray ! for thou art responsible for my sin.' It was the custom in ancient times to use white and black pebbles, the black for condemning prisoners and the white for freeing them from the charge. At this time also the fatal vote was taken in this way ; and every pebble that was dropped into the pitiless urn was black ! But when the urn was turned and the pebbles poured out for counting, the colour of them all was changed from black to white ; and so, by the will of Hercules, the vote was made favourable, and Alemon's son was

OVID

solvit Alemoniden : grates agit ille parenti
 Amphitryoniadae ventisque faventibus aequor
 navigat Ionium Sallentinumque Neretum 50
 praeterit et Sybarin Lacedaemoniumque Tarentum
 Sirinosque sinus Crimisenque et Iapygis arva,
 vixque pererratis, quae spectant litora, terris,
 invenit Aesarei fatalia fluminis ora
 nec procul hinc tumulum, sub quo sacrata Crotonis 55
 ossa tegebat humus, iussaque ibi moenia terra
 condidit et nomen tumulati traxit in urbem."
 talia constabat certa primordia fama
 esse loci positaeque Italis in finibus urbis.

Vir fuit hic ortu Samius, sed fugerat una 60
 et Samon et dominos odioque tyrannidis exul
 sponte erat isque, licet caeli regione remotos,
 mente deos adiit et, quae natura negabat
 visibus humanis, oculis ea pectoris hausit,
 cumque animo et vigili perspexerat omnia cura, 65
 in medium discenda dabat coetusque silentum
 dictaque mirantum magni primordia mundi
 et rerum causas et, quid natura, docebat,
 quid deus, unde nives, quae fulminis esset origo,
 Iuppiter an venti discussa nube tonarent, 70
 quid quateret terras, qua sidera lege mearent,
 et quodcumque latet, primusque animalia mensis
 arcuit inponi, primus quoque talibus ora
 docta quidem solvit, sed non et credita, verbis :
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freed. He first gave thanks to his patron, Amphitryon's son, and soon with favouring winds was sailing over the Ionian sea. He passed by Salentine Neretum, and Sybaris and Spartan Tarentum, the bay of Siris, Crimisa, and the Iapygian coast; and scarcely had he passed the lands which border on that coast when he found the destined mouth of Aesar's stream, and near by this a mound of earth which guarded the consecrated bones of Croton. There in that land, as the god had bidden him, he laid his city's walls and named it from him who had been buried there." Such was the ancient tale, confirmed by established fame, both of the place and the founding of the city on Italian soil.

There was a man here, a Samian by birth, but he had fled forth from Samos and its rulers, and through hatred of tyranny was living in voluntary exile. He, though the gods were far away in the heavenly regions, still approached them with his thought, and what Nature denied to his mortal vision he feasted on with his mind's eye. And when he had surveyed all things by reason and wakeful diligence, he would give out to the public ear the things worthy of their learning and would teach the crowds, which listened in wondering silence to his words, the beginnings of the great universe, the causes of things and what their nature is: what God is, whence come the snows, what is the origin of lightning, whether it is Jupiter or the winds that thunder from the riven clouds, what causes the earth to quake, by what law the stars perform their courses, and whatever else is hidden from men's knowledge. He was the first to decry the placing of animal food upon our tables. His lips, learned indeed but not believed in this, he was the first to open in such words as these:

OVID

“**Parcite, mortales, dapibus temerare nefandis** 75
corpora! sunt fruges, sunt deducunt ramos
 pondere poma suo tumidaeque in vitibus uvae,
 sunt herbae dulces, sunt quae mitescere flamma
 mollisque queant; nec vobis lacteus umor
 eripitur, nec mella thymi redolentia flore: 80
prodiga divitias alimenta que mitia tellus
 suggerit atque epulas sine caede et sanguine praebet.
 carne ferae sedant ieiunia, nec tamen omnes:
 quippe equus et pecudes armenta que gramine vivunt;
 at quibus ingenium est inmansuetumque ferumque, 85
 Armeniae tigres iracundique leones
 cumque lupis ursi, dapibus cum sanguine gaudent.
 heu quantum scelus est in viscera viscera condi
 congestoque avidum pinguescere corpore corpus
 alteriusque animantem animantis vivere leto! 90
 scilicet in tantis opibus, quas, optima matrum,
 terra parit, nil te nisi tristia mandere saevo
 vulnera dente iuvat ritusque referre Cyclopum,
 nec, nisi perdidideris alium, placare voracis
 et male morati poteris ieiunia ventris! 95

“**At** vetus illa aetas, cui fecimus aurea nomen,
 fetibus arboreis et, quas humus educat, herbis
 fortunata fuit nec polluit ora cruore.
 tunc et aves tutae movere per aera pennas,
 et lepus inpavidus mediis erravit in arvis, 100
 nec sua credulitas piscem suspenderat hamo:
 cuncta sine insidiis nullamque timentia fraudem
 plenaque pacis erant. postquam non utilis auctor
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“O mortals, do not pollute your bodies with a food so impious! You have the fruits of the earth, you have apples, bending down the branches with their weight, and grapes swelling to ripeness on the vines; you have also delicious herbs and vegetables which can be mellowed and softened by the help of fire. Nor are you without milk or honey, fragrant with the bloom of thyme. The earth, prodigal of her wealth, supplies you her kindly sustenance and offers you food without bloodshed and slaughter. With flesh the wild beasts appease their hunger, and yet not all, since the horse, the sheep and cattle live on grass; but those whose nature is savage and untamed, Armenian tigers, raging lions, bears and wolves, all these delight in bloody food. Oh, how criminal it is for flesh to be stored away in flesh, for one greedy body to grow fat with food gained from another, for one live creature to go on living through the destruction of another living thing! And so in the midst of the wealth of food which Earth, the best of mothers, has produced, it is your pleasure to chew the piteous flesh of slaughtered animals with your savage teeth, and thus to repeat the Cyclops' horrid manners! And you cannot, without destroying other life, appease the cravings of your greedy and insatiable maw!

“But that pristine age, which we have named the golden age, was blessed with the fruit of the trees and the herbs which the ground sends forth, nor did men defile their lips with blood. Then birds plied their wings in safety through the heaven, and the hare loitered all unafraid in the tilled fields, nor did its own guilelessness hang the fish upon the hook. All things were free from treacherous snares, fearing no guile and full of peace. But after someone, an

OVID

victibus invidit, quisquis fuit ille, leonum
 corporeasque dapes avidum demersit in alvum, 105
 fecit iter sceleri, primoque e caede ferarum
 incaluisse potest maculatum sanguine ferrum
 (idque satis fuerat) nostrumque petentia letum
 corpora missa neci salva pietate fatemur :
 sed quam danda neci, tam non epulanda fuerunt. 110

“ Longius inde nefas abiit, et prima putatur
 hostia sus meruisse mori, quia semina pando
 eruerit rostro spemque interceperit anni ;
 vite caper morsa Bacchi mactatus ad aras
 dicitur ultoris : nocuit sua culpa duobus ! 115

quid meruistis oves, placidum pecus inque tuendos
 natum homines, pleno quae fertis in ubere nectar,
 mollia quae nobis vestras velamina lanas
 praebetis vitaque magis quam morte iuvatis ?
 quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude dolisque, 120
 innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores ?
 inmemor est demum nec frugum munere dignus,
 qui potuit curvi dempto modo pondere aratri
 ruricolam mactare suum, qui trita labore
 illa, quibus totiens durum renovaverat arvum, 125
 tot dederat messes, percussit colla securi.
 nec satis est, quod tale nefas committitur : ipsos
 inscripsere deos sceleri numenque supernum
 caede laboriferi credunt gaudere iuvenci !
 victima labe carens et praestantissima forma 130

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ill exemplar, whoever he was, envied the food of lions, and thrust down flesh as food into his greedy stomach, he opened the way for crime. It may be that, in the first place, with the killing of wild beasts the steel was warmed and stained with blood. This would have been justified, and we admit that creatures which menace our own lives may be killed without impiety. But, while they might be killed, they should never have been eaten.

“Further impiety grew out of that, and it is thought that the sow was first condemned to death as a sacrificial victim because with her curved snout she had rooted up the planted seeds and cut off the season’s promised crop. The goat is said to have been slain at the avenging altars because he had browsed the grape-vines. These two suffered because of their own offences! But, ye sheep, what did you ever do to merit death, a peaceful flock, born for man’s service, who bring us sweet milk to drink in your full udders, who give us your wool for soft clothing, and who help more by your life than by your death? What have the oxen done, those faithful, guileless beasts, harmless and simple, born to a life of toil? Truly inconsiderate he and not worthy of the gift of grain who could take off the curved plow’s heavy weight and in the next moment slay his husbandman; who with his axe could smite that neck which was worn with toil for him, by whose help he had so often renewed the stubborn soil and planted so many crops. Nor is it enough that we commit such infamy: they made the gods themselves partners of their crime and they affected to believe that the heavenly ones took pleasure in the blood of the toiling bullock! A victim without blemish and of perfect form (for beauty proves his

OVID

(nam placuisse nocet) vittis insignis et auro
 sistitur ante aras auditque ignara precantem
 inponique suae videt inter cornua fronti,
 quas coluit, fruges percussaque sanguine cultros
 inficit in liquida praevisos forsitan unda. 135
 protinus ereptas viventi pectore fibras
 inspiciunt mentesque deum scrutantur in illis;
 inde (fames homini vetitorum tanta ciborum est !)
 audetis vesci, genus o mortale ! quod, oro,
 ne facite, et monitis animos advertite nostris! 140
 cumque boum dabitur caesorum membra palato,
 mandere vos vestros scite et sentite colonos.

“ Et quoniam deus ora movet, sequar ora moventem
 rite deum Delphosque meos ipsumque recludam
 aethera et augustae reserabo oracula mentis: 145
 magna nec ingeniis investigata priorum
 quaeque diu latuere, canam; iuvat ire per alta
 astra, iuvat terris et inertis sede relicta
 nube vehi validique umeris insistere Atlantis
 palantesque homines passim et rationis egentes 150
 despectare procul trepidosque obitumque timentes
 sic exhortari seriemque evolvere fati!

“ O genus attonitum gelidae formidine mortis,
 quid Styga, quid tenebras et nomina vana timetis,
 materiem vatum falsique pericula mundi? 155
 corpora, sive rogi flamma seu tabe vetustas

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bane), marked off with fillets and with gilded horns, is set before the altar, hears the priest's prayer, not knowing what it means, watches the barley-meal sprinkled between his horns, barley which he himself laboured to produce, and then, smitten to his death, he stains with his blood the knife which he has perchance already seen reflected in the clear pool. Straightway they tear his entrails from his living breast, view them with care, and seek to find revealed in them the purposes of heaven. Thence (so great is man's lust for forbidden food!) do you dare thus to feed, O race of mortals! I pray you, do not do it, but turn your minds to these my words of warning, and when you take the flesh of slaughtered cattle in your mouths, know and realize that you are devouring your own fellow-labourers.

“Now, since a god inspires my lips, I will dutifully follow the inspiring god; I'll open Delphi and the heavens themselves and unlock the oracles of the sublime mind. Great matters, never traced out by the minds of former men, things that have long been hidden, I will sing. It is a delight to take one's way along the starry firmament and, leaving the earth and its dull regions behind, to ride on the clouds, to take stand on stout Atlas' shoulders and see far below men wandering aimlessly, devoid of reason, anxious and in fear of the hereafter, thus to exhort them and unroll the book of fate!

“O race of men, stunned with the chilling fear of death, why do you dread the Styx, the shades and empty names, the stuff that poets manufacture, and their fabled sufferings of a world that never was? As for your bodies, whether the burning pyre or long lapse of time with its wasting power shall

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have consumed them, be sure they cannot suffer any ills. Our souls are deathless, and ever, when they have left their former seat, do they live in new abodes and dwell in the bodies that have received them. I myself (for I well remember it) at the time of the Trojan war was Euphorbus, son of Panthoüs, in whose breast once hung the heavy spear of the younger Atrides. Recently, in Juno's temple in Argos, Abas' city, I recognized the shield which I once wore on my left arm! All things are changing; nothing dies. The spirit wanders, comes now here, now there, and occupies whatever frame it pleases. From beasts it passes into human bodies, and from our bodies into beasts, but never perishes. And, as the pliant wax is stamped with new designs, does not remain as it was before nor keep the same form long, but is still the selfsame wax, so do I teach that the soul is ever the same, though it passes into ever-changing bodies. Therefore, lest your piety be overcome by appetite, I warn you as a seer, do not drive out by impious slaughter what may be kindred souls, and let not life be fed on life.

“And since I am embarked on the boundless sea and have spread my full sails to the winds, there is nothing in all the world that keeps its form. All things are in a state of flux, and everything is brought into being with a changing nature. Time itself flows on in constant motion, just like a river. For neither the river nor the swift hour can stop its course; but, as wave is pushed on by wave, and as each wave as it comes is both pressed on and itself presses the wave in front, so time both flees and follows and is ever new. For that which once existed is no more, and that which was not has come to be; and so the whole round of motion is gone through again.

OVID

“ Cernis et emensas in lucem tendere noctes,
 et iubar hoc nitidum nigrae succedere nocti;
 nec color est idem caelo, cum lassa quiete
 cuncta iacent media cumque albo Lucifer exit
 clarus equo rursusque alius, cum praevia lucis 190
 tradendum Phoebō Pallantias inficit orbem.
 ipse dei clipeus, terra cum tollitur ima,
 mane rubet, terraque rubet cum conditur ima,
 candidus in summo est, melior natura quod illic
 aetheris est terraeque procul contagia fugit. 195
 nec par aut eadem nocturnae forma Dianae
 esse potest umquam semperque hodierna sequente,
 si crescit, minor est, maior, si contrahit orbem.

“ Quid ? non in species succedere quattuor annum
 adspicis, aetatis peragentem imitamina nostrae ? 200
 nam tener et lactens puerique simillimus acvo
 vere novo est : tunc herba nitens et roboris expers
 turget et insolida est et spe delectat agrestes ;
 omnia tunc florent, florumque coloribus almus
 ludit ager, neque adhuc virtus in frondibus ulla est.
 transit in aestatem post ver robustior annus 206
 fitque valens iuvenis : neque enim robustior aetas
 ulla nec uberior, nec quae magis ardeat, ulla est.
 excipit autumnus, posito fervore iuventae
 maturus mitisque inter iuvenemque senemque 210
 temperie medius, sparsus quoque tempora canis.
 inde senilis hiems tremulo venit horrida passu,
 aut spoliata suos, aut, quos habet, alba capillos.

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“ You see how the spent nights speed on to dawn, and how the sun’s bright rays succeed the darkness of the night. Nor have the heavens the same appearance when all things, wearied with toil, lie at rest at midnight and when bright Lucifer comes out on his snowy steed; there is still another aspect when Pallantias,¹ herald of the morning, stains the sky bright for Phoebus’ coming. The god’s round shield itself is red in the morning when it rises from beneath the earth and is red when it is hidden beneath the earth again; but in its zenith it is white, because there the air is of purer substance and it is far removed from the debasing presence of the earth. Nor has Diana, goddess of the night, the same phase always. She is always less to-day than she will be to-morrow if she is waxing, but greater if she is waning.

“Then again, do you not see the year assuming four aspects, in imitation of our own lifetime? For in early spring it is tender and full of fresh life, just like a little child; at that time the herbage is bright, swelling with life, but as yet without strength and solidity, and fills the farmers with joyful expectation. Then all things are in bloom and the fertile fields run riot with their bright-coloured blossoms; but as yet there is no strength in the green foliage. After spring has passed, the year, grown more sturdy, passes into summer and becomes like a strong young man. For there is no hardier time than this, none more abounding in rich, warm life. Then autumn comes, with its first flush of youth gone, but ripe and mellow, midway in mood between youth and age, with sprinkled grey showing on the temples. And then comes aged winter, with faltering step and shivering, its locks all gone or hoary.

¹ Aurora, see Index.

OVID

“ Nostra quoque ipsorum semper requieque sine ulla
 corpora vertuntur, nec quod fuimusve sumusve, 215
 cras erimus; fuit illa dies, qua semina tantum
 spesque hominum primæ matris habitavimus alvo:
 artifices natura manus admovit et angī
 corpora visceribus distentæ condita matris
 noluit eque domo vacuas emisit in auras. 220
 editus in lucem iacuit sine viribus infans;
 mox quadrupes rituque tulit sua membra ferarum,
 paulatimque tremens et nondum poplite firmo
 constitit adiutis aliquo conamine nervis.
 inde valens veloxque fuit spatiumque iuventæ 225
 transit et emeritis mediū quoque temporis annis
 labitur occiduae per iter declive senectæ.
 subruit hæc ævi demoliturque prioris
 robora: fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes,
 illos, qui fuerant solidorum mole tororum 230
 Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos;
 flet quoque, ut in speculo rugas adspexit aniles,
 Tyndaris et secum, cur sit bis rapta, requirit.
 tempus edax rerum, tuque, invidiosa vetustas,
 omnia destruitis vitiataque dentibus ævi 235
 paulatim lenta consumitis omnia morte!

“ Hæc quoque non perstant, quæ nos elementa
 vocamus,

quasque vices peragant, animos adhibete: docebo.
 quattuor æternus genitalia corpora mundus
 continet; ex illis duo sunt onerosa suoque 240
 pondere in inferius, tellus atque unda, feruntur,
 et totidem gravitate carent nulloque premente

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“Our own bodies also go through a ceaseless round of change, nor what we have been or are to-day shall we be to-morrow. There was a time when we lay in our first mother’s womb, mere seeds and hopes of men. Then Nature wrought with her cunning hands, willed not that our bodies should lie cramped in our strained mother’s body, and from our home sent us forth into the free air. Thus brought forth into the light, the infant lay without strength; but soon it lifted itself up on all fours after the manner of the beasts; then gradually in a wabbling, weak-kneed fashion it stood erect, supported by some convenient prop. Thereafter, strong and fleet, it passed over the span of youth; and when the years of middle life also have been spent, it glides along the downhill path of declining age. This undermines and pulls down the strength of former years; and Milton, grown old, weeps when he looks at those arms, which once had been like the arms of Hercules with their firm mass of muscles, and sees them now hanging weak and flabby. Helen also weeps when she sees her aged wrinkles in the looking-glass, and tearfully asks herself why she should twice have been a lover’s prey. O Time, thou great devourer, and thou, envious Age, together you destroy all things; and, slowly gnawing with your teeth, you finally consume all things in lingering death!

“And even those things which we call elements do not persist. What changes they undergo, listen and I will tell you. In the eternal universe there are four elemental substances. Two of these, earth and water, are heavy and of their own weight sink down to lower levels. And two, air and fire, purer still than air, are without weight and, if unopposed, fly to the upper realms. These elements, although

OVID

alta petunt, aer atque aere purior ignis.
 quae quamquam spatio distent, tamen omnia fiunt
 ex ipsis et in ipsa cadunt: resolutaque tellus 245
 in liquidas rarescit aquas, tenuatus in auras
 aeraque umor abit, dempto quoque pondere rursus
 in superos aer tenuissimus emicat ignes;
 inde retro redeunt, idemque retextitur ordo.
 ignis enim densum spissatus in aera transit, 250
 hic in aquas, tellus glomerata cogitur unda.

“Nec species sua cuique manet, rerumque novatrix
 ex aliis alias reparat natura figuras:
 nec perit in toto quicquam, mihi credite, mundo,
 sed variat faciemque novat, nascique vocatur 255
 incipere esse aliud, quam quod fuit ante, morique
 desinere illud idem. cum sint huc forsitan illa,
 haec translata illuc, summa tamen omnia constant.

“Nil equidem durare diu sub imagine eadem
 crediderim: sic ad ferrum venistis ab auro, 260
 saecula, sic totiens versa est fortuna locorum.
 vidi ego, quod fuerat quondam solidissima tellus,
 esse fretum, vidi factas ex aequore terras;
 et procul a pelago conchae iacuere marinae,
 et vetus inventa est in montibus ancora summis; 265
 quodque fuit campus, vallem decursus aquarum
 fecit, et eluvie mons est deductus in aequor,
 eque paludosa siccis humus aret harenis,
 quaeque sitim tulerant, stagnata paludibus ument.
 hic fontes natura novos emisit, at illic 270
 clausit, et aut imis commota tremoribus orbis

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far separate in position, nevertheless are all derived each from the other, and each into other falls back again. The element of earth, set free, is rarefied into liquid water, and, thinned still further, the water changes into wind and air. Then, losing weight again, this air, already very thin, leaps up to fire, the highest place of all. Then they come back again in reversed order; for fire, condensed, passes into thick air, thence into water; and water, packed together, solidifies into earth.

“Nothing retains its own form; but Nature, the great renewer, ever makes up forms from other forms. Be sure there's nothing perishes in the whole universe; it does but vary and renew its form. What we call birth is but a beginning to be other than what one was before; and death is but cessation of a former state. Though, perchance, things may shift from there to here and here to there, still do all things in their sum total remain unchanged.

“Nothing, I feel sure, lasts long under the same appearance. Thus the ages have come from gold to iron; thus often has the condition of places changed. I have myself seen what once was solid land changed into sea; and again I have seen land made from the sea. Sea-shells have been seen lying far from the ocean, and an ancient anchor has been found on a mountain-top. What once was a level plain, down-flowing waters have made into a valley; and hills by the force of floods have been washed into the sea. What was once marsh is now a parched stretch of dry sand, and what once was dry and thirsty now is a marshy pool. Here Nature sends forth fresh fountains, there seals them up; and rivers, stirred by some inward quakings of the

OVID

flumina prosiliunt, aut exsiccata residunt.
 sic ubi terreno Lycus est epotus hiatu,
 existit procul hinc alioque renascitur ore ;
 sic modo conbibitur, tecto modo gurgite lapsus 275
 redditur Argolicis ingens Erasinus in arvis,
 et Mysum capitisque sui ripaeque prioris
 paenituisse ferunt, alia nunc ire Caicum ;
 nec non Sicanias volvens Amenanus harenas
 nunc fluit, interdum suppressis fontibus aret. 280
 ante bibebatur, nunc, quas contingere nolis,
 fundit Anigrus aquas, postquam, nisi vatibus omnis
 eripienda fides, illic lavere bimembres
 vulnera, clavigeri quae fecerat Herculis arcus.

quid ? non et Scythicis Hypanis de montibus ortus,
 qui fuerat dulcis, salibus vitiatur amaris ? 286

“ Fluctibus ambitae fuerant Antissa Pharosque
 et Phoenissa Tyros : quarum nunc insula nulla est.
 Leucada continuam veteres habuere coloni :
 nunc freta circueunt ; Zancle quoque iuncta fuisse
 dicitur Italiae, donec confinia pontus 291

abstulit et media tellurem reppulit unda ;
 si quaeras Helicen et Burin, Achaidas urbes,
 invenies sub aquis, et adhuc ostendere nautae
 inclinata solent cum moenibus oppida mersis. 295

est prope Pittheam tumulus Troezena, sine ullis
 arduus arboribus, quondam planissima campi
 area, nunc tumulus ; nam (res horrenda relatu)
 vis fera ventorum, caecis inclusa cavernis,
 expirare aliqua cupiens luctataque frustra 300

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earth, leap forth or, dried up, sink out of sight. So, when Lycus is swallowed up by the yawning earth, he emerges far away and springs forth again with different appearance. So Erasinus is now engulfed and now, gliding along in a hidden stream, reappears as a lordly river in the Argolic fields. And they say that the Mysus, ashamed of his source and former banks, now flows in another region as Caïcus. The Amenanus now flows full over the Sicilian sands, and at times, its sources quenched, is dry. The Anigrus was once wholesome to drink, but now it pours down waters which you would not wish to taste since there (unless all credence is to be denied to bards) the two-formed centaurs bathed their wounds which the arrows of club-bearing Hercules had dealt. Further, is not the Hypanis, sprung from the Scythian mountains, which once was fresh and sweet, now spoiled with brackish water?

“Antissa and Pharos and Phoenician Tyre were once surrounded by the waters of the sea; but now not one of them is an island. The old inhabitants of that region once possessed Leucas as part of the mainland; but now the waves wash clear around it. Zancle also is said to have been a part of Italy until the sea washed away their common boundary and thrust back the land by the intervening water. If you seek for Helice and Buris, once cities of Achaia, you will find them beneath the waves; and the sailors still show you the sloping cities with their buried walls. Near Troezen, ruled by Pitheus, there is a hill, high and treeless, which once was a perfectly level plain, but now a hill; for (horrible to relate) the wild forces of the winds, shut up in dark regions underground, seeking an outlet for their flowing and striving vainly to obtain a

OVID

liberiore frui caelo, cum carcere rima
 nulla foret toto nec pervia flatibus esset,
 extentam tumefecit humum, ceu spiritus oris
 tendere vesicam solet aut derepta bicorni
 terga capro; tumor ille loci permansit et alti 305
 collis habet speciem longoque induruit aevo.

“ Plurima cum subeant audita et cognita nobis,
 pauca super referam. quid? non et lympa figuras
 datque capitque novas? medio tua, corniger Ammon,
 unda die gelida est, ortuque obituque calescit 310
 adnotis Athamanas aquis accendere lignum
 narratur, minimos cum luna recessit in orbes.
 flumen habent Cicones, quod potum saxca reddit
 viscera, quod tactis inducit marmora rebus;
 Crathis et hinc Sybaris nostris conterminus oris 315
 electro similes faciunt auroque capillos;
 quodque magis mirum est, sunt, qui non corpora tantum,
 verum animos etiam valeant mutare liquores:
 cui non audita est obscenae Salmacis undae
 Aethiopesque lacus? quos si quis faucibus hausit, 320
 aut furit aut patitur mirum gravitate soporem;
 Clitorio quicumque sitim de fonte levavit,
 vina fugit gaudetque meris abstemius undis,
 seu vis est in aqua calido contraria vino,
 sive, quod indigenae memorant, Amythaone natus, 325
 Proetidas attonitas postquam per carmen et herbas
 eripuit furiis, purgamina mentis in illas
 misit aquas, odiumque meri permansit in undis.
 hinc fluit effectu dispar Lyncestius amnis,
 386

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freer space, since there was no chink in all their prison through which their breath could go, puffed out and stretched the ground, just as when one inflates a bladder with his breath, or the skin of a horned goat. That swelling in the ground remained, has still the appearance of a high hill, and has hardened as the years went by.

“ Though many instances that I have heard of and known suggest themselves to me, I shall tell but a few more. Why, does not even water give and receive strange forms? Thy stream, horned Ammon, at midday is cold, but warm in the morning and at eventide; and they say that the Athamanians set wood on fire by pouring water on it when the moon has reached her last point of waning. The Cicones have a river whose waters, if drunk, turn the vitals into stone, make marble of everything they touch. Crathis and Sybaris, a stream not far from our own region, make hair like amber and gold; and, what is still more wonderful, there are streams whose waters have power to change not alone the body, but the mind as well. Who has not heard of the ill-famed waves of Salmacis and of the Aethiopian lakes? Whoever drinks of these waters either goes raving mad or falls into a strange, deep lethargy. Whoever slakes his thirst from Clitor’s spring shuns the wine-cup and abstemiously enjoys pure water only; whether there is a power in the water which counteracts the heating wine, or whether, as the natives say, Amythaon’s son,¹ after he had freed the frenzied daughters of Proetus of madness by his magic songs and herbs, threw into those waters his mind-purifying herbs, and the hate of wine remained in the spring. The Lyncestian river produces

¹ Melampus.

OVID

quem quicumque parum moderato gutture traxit, 330
 haut aliter titubat, quam si mera vina bibisset.
 est locus Arcadiae, Pheneon dixere priores,
 ambiguis suspectus aquis, quas nocte timeto :
 nocte nocent potae, sine noxa luce bibuntur ;
 sic alias aliasque lacus et flumina vires 335
 concipiunt.—tempusque fuit, quo navit in undis,
 nunc sedet Ortygie ; timuit concursibus Argo
 undarum sparsas Symplegadas elisarum,
 quae nunc inmotae perstant ventisque resistunt.
 nec quae sulphureis ardet fornacibus Aetna, 340
 ignea semper erit, neque enim fuit ignea semper.
 nam sive est animal tellus et vivit habetque
 spiramenta locis flammam exhalantia multis,
 spirandi mutare vias, quotiensque movetur,
 has finire potest, illas aperire cavernas ; 345
 sive leves imis venti cohibentur in antris
 saxaque cum saxis et habentem semina flammae
 materiam iactant, ea concipit ictibus ignem,
 antra relinquentur sedatis frigida ventis ;
 sive bitumineae rapiunt incendia vires, 350
 luteave exiguis ardescunt sulphura fumis,
 nempe, ubi terra cibos alimentaue pinguia flammae
 non dabit absumptis per longum viribus aevum,
 naturaeque suum nutrimentum deerit edaci,
 non feret illa famem desertaque deseret ignis. 355
 “ Esse viros fama est in Hyperborea Pallene,
 qui soleant levibus velari corpora plumis,

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an effect the opposite of this; for if one drinks too copiously of its waters, he staggers in his walk just as if he had drunk undiluted wine. There is a place in Arcadia which the ancients called Pheneus, mistrusted for its uncertain waters. Shun them by night, for, drunk by night, they are injurious; but in the daytime they may be drunk without harm. So lakes and streams have now these, now those effects. There was a time when Ortygia floated on the waves, but now she stands firm. The Argo feared the Symplegades, which at that time clashed together with high-flung spray; but now they stand immovable and resist the winds. And Aetna, which now glows hot with her sulphurous furnaces, will not always be on fire, neither was it always full of fire as now. For if the earth is of the nature of an animal, living and having many breathing-holes which exhale flames, she can change her breathing-places and, as often as she shakes herself, can close up these and open other holes; or if swift winds are penned up in deep caverns and drive rocks against rocks and substance containing the seeds of flame, and this catches fire from the friction of the stones, still the caves will become cool again when the winds have spent their force; or if it is pitchy substances that cause the fire, and yellow sulphur, burning with scarce-seen flames, surely, when the earth shall no longer furnish food and rich sustenance for the fire, and its strength after long ages has been exhausted, and greedy Nature shall feel lack of her own nourishment, then she will not endure hunger and, being deserted, will desert her fires.

“There is a story of certain men in Hyperborean Pallene who gain a covering of light feathers for their bodies after they have nine times plunged in

OVID

cum Tritoniacam noviens subiere paludem ;
 haut equidem credo : sparsae quoque membra venenis
 exercere artes Scythides memorantur easdem. 360

“ Siqua fides rebus tamen est addenda probatis,
 nonne vides, quaecumque mora fluidove calore
 corpora tabuerint, in parva animalia verti ?
 in scrobe delectos mactatos obrue tauros
 (cognita res usu) : de patris viscere passim 365
 florilegae nascuntur apes, quae more parentum
 rura colunt operique favent in spemque laborant.
 pressus humo bellator equus crabronis origo est ;
 concava litoreo si demas bracchia canero,
 cetera supponas terrae, de parte sepulta 370
 scorpius exhibit caudaque minabitur unca ;
 quaeque solent canis frondes intexere filis
 agrestes tineae (res observata colonis),
 ferali mutant cum papilione figuram.

“ Semina limus habet virides generantia ranas, 375
 et generat truncas pedibus, mox apta natando
 crura dat, utque eadem sint longis saltibus apta,
 posterior partes superat mensura priores.
 nec catulus, partu quem reddidit ursa recenti,
 sed male viva caro est ; lambendo mater in artus 380
 fingit et in formam, quantam capit ipsa, reducit.
 nonne vides, quos cera tegit sexangula fetus
 melliferarum apium sine membris corpora nasci
 390

Minerva's pool. I do not vouch for it, but the Scythian women also are said to sprinkle their bodies with certain magic juices and produce the same effect.

“Still, if credence is to be given to things that have actually been tested, do you not see that, whenever dead bodies by lapse of time or by the liquefying power of heat have become thoroughly putrid, tiny animals are bred in them? Bury the carcasses of choice bulls in a ditch after they have been offered in sacrifice (it is a well-known experiment), and from the putrid entrails everywhere will spring flower-culling bees which, after the fashion of their progenitors, frequent the country fields, are fond of work, and toil in hope of their reward. A horse, which is a warlike animal, buried in the ground will produce hornets. If you cut off the hollow claws of a sea-crab and bury the rest in the ground, from the buried part a scorpion will come forth threatening with his hooked tail. And worms that weave their white cocoons on the leaves of trees (a fact well known to country-folk) change into funereal butterflies.¹

“Slimy mud contains seeds that produce green frogs, without legs at first, but soon it gives them legs adapted to swimming, and, that these may be fitted for taking long leaps also, the hind-legs are longer than the fore. A cub that a she-bear has just brought forth is not a cub, but a scarce-living lump of flesh; but the mother licks it into shape, and in this way gives it as much of a form as she has herself. Do you not see how the larvae of the honey-bearing bees, which the hexagonal waxen cell protects, are

¹ The departed soul is sometimes represented on tombstones as a butterfly.

OVID

et serosque pedes serasque adsumere pennas?
 Iunonis volucrem, quae cauda sidera portat, 385
 armigerumque Iovis Cythereiadasque columbas
 et genus omne avium mediis e partibus ovi,
 ni sciret fieri, quis nasci posse putaret?
 sunt qui, cum clauso putrefacta est spina sepulcro,
 mutari credant humanas angue medullas. 390

“ Haec tamen ex aliis generis primordia ducunt,
 una est, quae reparat seque ipsa reseminet, ales:
 Assyrii phoenica vocant; non fruge neque herbis,
 sed turis lacrimis et suco vivit amomi.
 haec ubi quinque suae complevit saecula vitae, 395
 ilicet in ramis tremulaeque cacumine palmae
 unguibus et puro nidum sibi construit ore,
 quo simul ac casias et nardi lenis aristas
 quassaque cum fulva substravit cinnama murra,
 se super inponit finitque in odoribus aevum. 400
 inde ferunt, totidem qui vivere debeat annos,
 corpore de patrio parvum phoenica renasci;
 cum dedit huic actas vires, onerique ferendo est,
 ponderibus nidi ramos levat arboris altae
 fertque pius cunasque suas patriumque sepulcrum 405
 perque leves auras Hyperionis urbe potitus
 ante fores sacras Hyperionis aede reponit.

“ Si tamen est aliquid mirae novitatis in istis,
 alternare vices et, quae modo femina tergo
 passa marem est, nunc esse marem miremur hyaenam;
 392

born mere memberless bodies and later put on feet and wings? Juno's bird, which wears starry spots on its tail, and the weapon-bearing bird of Jove, and Cytherea's doves, and the whole family of birds—who would believe, who did not know the facts, that these could be born from the inside of an egg? There are some who think that when the backbone of a man has decomposed in the narrow tomb the spinal marrow is changed into a snake.

“Now all these things get their life's beginning from some other creature; but there is one bird which itself renews and reproduces its own being. The Assyrians call it the phoenix. It does not live on seeds and green things, but on the gum of frankincense and the juices of amomum. This bird, you may know, when it has completed five centuries of its life, builds for itself a nest in the topmost branches of a waving palm-tree, using his talons and his clean beak; and when he has covered this over with cassiabark and spikes of smooth nard, broken cinnamon and yellow myrrh, he takes his place upon it and so ends his life amidst the odours. And from his father's body, so they say, a little phoenix springs up which is destined to attain the same length of years. When age has given him strength, and he is able to carry burdens, he relieves the tall palm's branches of the heavy nest, piously bears his own cradle and his father's tomb through the thin air, until, having reached the city of the Sun, he lays the nest down before the sacred doors of the Sun's temple.

“But if there is anything to wonder at in such novelties as these, we might wonder that the hyena changes her nature and that a creature which was but now a female and mated with a male is now a

OVID

id quoque, quod ventis animal nutritur et aura, 411
 protinus adsimulat, tetigit quoscumque colores.
 victa racemifero lyncas dedit India Baccho :
 e quibus, ut memorant, quicquid vesica remisit,
 vertitur in lapides et congelat aere tacto. 415
 sic et curalium quo primum contigit auras
 tempore, durescit : mollis fuit herba sub undis.
 “ Desinet ante dies et in alto Phoebus anhelos
 aequore tinguet equos, quam consequar omnia verbis
 in species translata novas : sic tempora verti 420
 cernimus atque illas adsumere robora gentes,
 concidere has ; sic magna fuit censuque virisque
 perque decem potuit tantum dare sanguinis annos,
 nunc humilis veteres tantummodo Troia ruinas
 et pro divitiis tumulos ostendit avorum ; 425
 clara fuit Sparte, magnae viguere Mycenae,
 nec non et Cecropis, nec non Amphionis arces.
 [vile solum Sparte est, altae cecidere Mycenae,
 Oedipodioniae quid sunt, nisi nomina, Thebae ?
 quid Pandioniae restant, nisi nomen, Athenae ?] 430
 nunc quoque Dardanium fama est consurgere Romam,
 Appenninigenae quae proxima Thybridis undis
 mole sub ingenti rerum fundamina ponit :
 haec igitur formam crescendo mutat et olim
 immensi caput orbis erit ! sic dicere vates 435
 fatincasque ferunt sortes, quantumque recordor,
 dixerat Aeneae, cum res Troiana labaret,
 Priamides Helenus flenti dubioque salutis :
 ‘ nate dea, si nota satis praesagia nostrae
 mentis habes, non tota cadet te sospite Troia ! 440

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XV

male herself. That little animal,¹ also, which gets its nourishment from wind and air immediately takes the colour of whatever thing it rests upon. Conquered India gave to cluster-crowned Bacchus some lynxes as a present, whose watery secretions, as they say, change into stones and harden in contact with the air. So also coral hardens at the first touch of air, whereas it was a soft plant beneath the water.

“The day will come to an end and Phoebus will bathe his panting horses in the deep waters of the sea before I tell of all the things which have assumed new forms. So we see times changing, and some nations putting on new strength and others falling into weakness. So was Troy great in wealth and men, and for ten years was able to give so freely of her blood; but now, humbled to earth, she has naught to show but ancient ruins, no wealth but ancestral tombs. Sparta was at one time a famous city; great Mycenae flourished, and Cecrops' and Amphion's citadels. Sparta is now a worthless countryside, proud Mycenae has fallen; and what is the Thebes of Oedipus except a name? What is left of Pandion's Athens but a name? And now fame has it that Dardanian Rome is rising, and laying deep and strong foundations by the stream of Tiber sprung from the Apennines. She therefore is changing her form by growth, and some day shall be the capital of the boundless world! So, they tell us, seers and fate-revealing oracles are declaring. And, as I myself remember, when Troy was tottering to her fall, Helenus, the son of Priam, said to Aeneas, who was weeping and doubtful of his fate: ‘O son of Venus, if you keep well in mind my soul's prophetic visions, while you live Troy shall not wholly

¹ The chameleon.

OVID

flamma tibi ferrumque dabunt iter : ibis et una
 Pergama rapta feres, donec Troiaeque tibi que
 externum patria contingat amicus arvum,
 urbem et iam cerno Phrygios debere nepotes,
 quanta nec est nec erit nec visa prioribus annis. 445
 hanc alii proceres per saecula longa potentem,
 sed dominam rerum de sanguine natus Iuli
 efficiet, quo cum tellus erit usa, fruentur
 aetheriae sedes, caelumque erit exitus illi. /
 haec Helenum cecinisse penatigero Aeneae 450
 mente memor refero cognataque moenia laetor
 crescere et utiliter Phrygibus vicisse Pelasgos.

“ Ne tamen oblitis ad metam tendere longe
 exspatiemur equis, caelum et quodcumque sub illo
 est,
 inmutat formas, tellusque et quicquid in illa est, 455
 nos quoque, pars mundi, quoniam non corpora solum,
 verum etiam volucres animae sumus, inque ferinas
 possumus ire domos pecudumque in corpora condi.
 corpora, quae possint animas habuisse parentum
 aut fratrum aut aliquo iunctorum foedere nobis 460
 aut hominum certe, tuta esse et honesta sinamus
 neve Thyesteis cumulemus viscera mensis !
 quam male consuescit, quam se parat ille cruori
 impius humano, vituli qui guttura ferro
 rumpit et inmotas praebet mugitibus aures, 465
 aut qui vagitus similes puerilibus haedum
 edentem iugulare potest aut alite vesci,
 cui dedit ipse cibos ! quantum est, quod desit in istis

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perish ! Fire and sword shall give way before you. You shall go forth and with you shall you catch up and bear away your Pergama, until you shall find a foreign land, kinder to Troy and you than your own country. I see even now a city destined to the descendants of the Phrygians, than which none greater is or shall be, or has been in past ages. Other princes through the long centuries shall make her powerful, but a prince sprung from Iulus' blood shall make her mistress of the world. When earth shall have had her share of him, the celestial regions shall enjoy him and heaven shall be his goal.' These things I well remember that Helenus prophesied to Aeneas as he bore with him his guardian gods, and I rejoice that my kindred walls are rising and that the Greeks conquered to the profit of the Phrygians.

“ But, not to wander too far out of my course, my steeds forgetting meanwhile to speed towards the goal, the heavens and whatever is beneath the heavens change their forms, the earth and all that is within it. We also change, who are a part of creation, since we are not bodies only but also winged souls, and since we can enter wild-beast forms and be lodged in the bodies of cattle. We should permit bodies which may possibly have sheltered the souls of our parents or brothers or those joined to us by some other bond, or of men at least, to be uninjured and respected, and not load our stomachs as with a Thyestean banquet ! What an evil habit he is forming, how surely is he impiously preparing to shed human blood, who cuts a calf's throat with the knife and listens all unmoved to its piteous cries ! Or who can slay a kid which cries just like a little child, or feed on a bird to which he himself has just given food ! How much does such a deed as that fall short

OVID

ad plenum facinus? quo transitus inde paratur
 bos aret aut mortem senioribus inputet annis, 470
 horrifera contra boream ovis arma ministret,
 ubera dent saturae manibus pressanda capellae!
 retia cum pedicis laqueosque artesque dolosas
 tollite! nec volucrem viscata fallite virga
 nec formidatis cervos inludite pinnis 475
 nec celate cibis uncos fallacibus hamis;
 perditae si qua nocent, verum haec quoque perditae
 tantum:

ora vacent epulis alimentaue mitia carpant!"

Talibus atque aliis instructo pectore dictis
 in patriam remeasse ferunt ultroque petita 480
 accepisse Numam populi Latialis habenas.
 coniuge qui felix nymphea ducibusque Camenis
 sacrificos docuit ritus gentemque feroci
 adsuetam bello pacis traduxit ad artes.
 qui postquam senior regnumque aevumque peregit,
 extinctum Latiaeque nurus populusque patresque 486
 deflevit Numam; nam coniunx urbe relicta
 vallis Aricinae densis latet abdita silvis
 sacraque Oresteae gemitu questuque Dianae
 impedit. a! quotiens nymphae nemorisque lacusque,
 ne faceret, monuere et consolantia verba 491
 dixerunt! quotiens flenti Theseius heros
 "siste modum," dixit "neque enim fortuna querenda
 sola tua est; similes aliorum respice casus:
 mitius ista feret, utinamque exempla dolentem 495
 non mea te possent relevare! sed et mea possunt.

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of actual murder? What is the end of such a course? Let the bull plow and let him owe his death to length of days; let the sheep arm you against the rough north wind; let the she-goats give full udders to the milking. Have done with nets and traps, snares and deceptive arts. Catch not the bird with the limed twig; no longer hem in the deer with fear-compelling feathers,¹ nor conceal the barbed hook beneath fair-seeming food. Kill creatures that work you harm, but even in the case of these let killing suffice. Make not their flesh your food, but seek a more harmless nourishment."

They say that Numa, with mind filled with these and other teachings, returned to his own land and, being urged thereto, assumed the guidance of the Latin state. He, blessed with a nymph² for wife, blessed with the Muses' guidance, taught holy rites and trained a fierce, warlike people in the arts of peace. When he, now ripe in years, laid down his sceptre and his life, the Latin mothers, the commons, and the fathers all mourned for the departed Numa. For his wife fled from the city and hid herself away in the dense forests of the Arician vale, and by her groans and lamentations she disturbed the worship of Orestean Diana. Oh, how often the nymphs of wood and lake urged her to desist and spoke words of consolation! How often to the weeping nymph the heroic son of Theseus said: "Have done with tears, for yours is not the only lot to be lamented. Think upon others who have borne equal losses; then will you bear your own more gently. And I would that I had no experience of my own wherewith to comfort you in your grief! But even mine can comfort you.

¹ Hung on trees to scare the deer towards the nets. ² Egeria.

OVID

“ Fando aliquem Hippolytum vestras, puto, contigit
aures

credulitate patris, sceleratae fraude novercae
occubuisse neci : mirabere, vixque probabo,
sed tamen ille ego sum. me Pasiphaeia quondam
temptatum frustra patrium temerare cubile, 501
quod voluit, finxit voluisse et, crimine verso
(indiciine metu magis offensane repulsae?)
damnavit, meritumque nihil pater eicit urbe
hostilique caput prece detestatur euntis. 505
Pittheam profugo curru Troezena petebam
iamque Corinthiaci carpebam litora ponti,
cum mare surrexit, cumulusque inmanis aquarum
in montis speciem curvari et crescere visus
et dare mugitus summoque cacumine findi ; 510
corniger hinc taurus ruptis expellitur undis
pectoribusque tenus molles erectus in auras
naribus et patulo partem maris evomit ore.
corda pavent comitum, mihi mens interrita mansit
exiliis intenta suis, cum colla feroces 515
ad freta convertunt adrectisque auribus horrent
quadrupedes monstrique metu turbantur et altis
praecipitant currum scopulis ; ego ducere vana
frena manu spumis albensibus oblita luctor
et retro lentas tendo resupinus habenas. 520
nec tamen has vires rabies superasset equorum,
ni rota, perpetuum qua circumvertitur axem,
stipitis occursu fracta ac disiecta fuisset.
excitior curru, lorisque tenentibus artus
viscera viva trahi, nervos in stipe teneri, 525
400

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“ You may have heard some mention of Hippolytus, how he met his death through the easy credence of his father and the wiles of his accursed stepmother. You will be amazed and I shall scarce prove my statement, but nevertheless I myself am he. Pasiphaë's daughter once, when she had tried in vain to tempt me to defile my father's couch, perverting truth, pretended that I had willed what she herself had willed (was it through fear of discovery or offence at her repulse?), and, guiltless though I was, my father drove me from the city and cursed me as I went with a deadly curse. Banished from home, I was making for Troezen, Pittheus' city, in my chariot, and now was coursing along the beach of the Corinthian bay, when the sea rose up and a huge mound of water seemed to swell and grow to mountain size, to give forth bellowings, and to be cleft at its highest point. Then the waves burst and a horned bull was cast forth, and, raised from the sea breast-high into the yielding air, he spouted out great quantities of water from his nostrils and wide mouth. The hearts of my companions quaked with fear; but my own soul was unterrified, filled with its own thoughts of exile. Then suddenly my spirited horses faced towards the sea and, with ears pricked forward, quaked and trembled with fear at the monstrous shape; then dashed with the chariot at headlong speed over the steep, rocky way. I vainly strove to check them with the reins, flecked with white foam, and, leaning backward, strained at the tough thongs. Still would the horses' mad strength not have surpassed my own had not a wheel, striking its hub against a projecting stock, been broken and wrenched off from the axle. I was thrown from my car, and while the reins held my legs fast, you might

OVID

membra rapi partim, partim reprensa relinqui,
 ossa gravem dare fracta sonum fessamque videres
 exhalari animam nullasque in corpore partes,
 noscere quas posses: unumque erat omnia vulnus.
 num potes aut audes cladi componere nostrae, 530
 nymphea, tuam? vidi quoque luce carentia regna
 et lacrum fovi Phlegethontide corpus in unda,
 nec nisi Apollineae valido medicamine prolis
 reddita vita foret; quam postquam fortibus herbis
 atque ope Paeonia Dite indignante recepi, 535
 tum mihi, ne praesens augerem muneris huius
 invidiam, densas obiecit Cynthia nubes,
 utque forem tutus possemque inpune videri,
 addidit aetatem nec cognoscenda reliquit
 ora mihi Cretemque diu dubitavit habendam 540
 traderet an Delon: Creta Deloque relictis
 hic posuit nomenque simul, quod possit equorum
 admonuisse, iubet deponere 'qui' que 'fuisti
 Hippolytus,' dixit 'nunc idem Virbius esto!'
 hoc nemus inde colo de disque minoribus unus 545
 numine sub dominae lateo atque accenseor illi."

Non tamen Egeriae luctus aliena levare
 damna valent; montisque iacens radicibus imis
 liquitur in lacrimas, donec pietate dolentis
 mota soror Phoebi gelidum de corpore fontem 550
 fecit et aeternas artus tenuavit in undas.

Et nymphas tetigit nova res, et Amazone natus

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XV

see my living flesh dragged along, my sinews held on the sharp stake, my limbs partly drawn on and in part caught fast and left behind, and my bones broken with a loud, snapping sound. You might see my spent spirit breathed out and there was no part of my body which you could recognize, but it all was one great wound. Now can you, dare you, nymph, compare your loss with my disaster? Further, I saw the rayless world of death and bathed my torn body in the waves of Phlegethon. And there should I still be had not Apollo's son by his potent remedies given me back my life. And when I had regained it by the help of strong herbs and medicinal aid, though 'twas against the will of Dis, then Cynthia threw a thick cloud around me, lest I be seen and stir up envy of my gift of life. And, that I might be safe and able to be seen without fear of punishment, she gave me the look of age and left me no features that could be recognized. She debated long whether to give me Crete or Delos for my home. But, deciding against Crete and Delos, she placed me here and bade me lay aside the name which could remind me of my horses, and said: 'You who were Hippolytus shall now be Virbius.' From that time I have dwelt within this grove and, one of the lesser deities, I hide beneath my mistress' deity and am accepted as her follower."

But Egeria's grief could not be assuaged by the woes of others, and, lying prostrate at the mountain's base, she melted away in tears; until Phoebus' sister, in pity of her faithful sorrow, made her body into a cool spring and dissolved her slender limbs into unfailling streams.

This strange event struck the nymphs with wonder; and the son of the Amazon was no less

OVID

haut aliter stupuit, quam cum Tyrrhenus arator
 fatalem glaebam mediis adspexit in arvis
 sponte sua primum nulloque agitante moveri, 555
 sumere mox hominis terraeque amittere formam
 oraque venturis aperire recentia fatis :
 indigenae dixerunt Tagen, qui primus Etruscam
 edocuit gentem casus aperire futuros ;
 utve Palatinis haerentem collibus olim 560
 cum subito vidit frondescere Romulus hastam,
 quae radice nova, non ferro stabat adacto
 et iam non telum, sed lenti viminis arbor
 non expectatas dabat admirantibus umbras ;
 aut sua fluminea cum vidit Cipus in nuda 565
 cornua (vidit enim) falsamque in imagine credens
 esse fidem, digitis ad frontem saepe relatis,
 quae vidit, tetigit, nec iam sua lumina damnans
 restitit, ut victor domito veniebat ab hoste,
 ad caelumque manus et eodem lumina tollens 570
 “ quicquid,” ait “ superi, monstro portenditur isto,
 seu laetum est, patriae laetum populoque Quirini,
 sive minax, mihi sit.” viridique e caespite factas
 placat odoratis herbosas ignibus aras
 vinaque dat pateris mactatarumque bidentum, 575
 quid sibi significant, trepidantia consulit exta ;
 quae simul adspexit Tyrrhenae gentis haruspex,
 magna quidem rerum molimina vidit in illis,
 non manifesta tamen ; cum vero sustulit acre
 a pecudis fibris ad Cipi cornua lumen, 580
 “ rex,” ait “ o ! salve ! tibi enim, tibi, Cipe, tuisque

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XV

amazed than was the Tyrrhene plowman when he saw in his fields a clod, big with fate, first moving of its own accord, and with no one touching it, then taking on the form of man and losing its earthy shape, and finally opening its new-made mouth to speak things that were to be. The natives called him Tages, who first taught the Etruscan race how to read the future. And no less amazed than was Romulus when of old he saw his spear, which he had planted on the Palatine hill, suddenly putting forth leaves, and standing, not with iron point driven in the earth, but with new-grown roots; and now 'twas not a spear at all, but a tough-fibred tree, giving unexpected shade to those who gazed on it in wonder; or than was Cipus when in the river water he saw horns springing from his head. For he saw them and, thinking that he was deceived by the reflection, lifting his hands again and again to his forehead, he touched what he saw; and now no longer disbelieving his eyes he halted on his triumphal march and lifting his hands and eyes to the heavens cried: "O ye gods, whatever is portended by this monstrous thing, if it be fortunate, let the good fortune befall my country and the people of Quirinus; but if it threaten ill, may the ill be mine." Then, making an altar of green turf, he appeased the gods with a fragrant burnt-offering, made a libation of wine, and consulted the quivering entrails of the slaughtered victims as to what they might mean for him. When the Etruscan seer inspected these he saw the signs of great enterprises there, but not yet clearly visible. But when he raised his keen eyes from the sheep's entrails to the horns of Cipus, he cried: "All hail, O king! for to thee, to thee, Cipus, and to thy horns

OVID

hic locus et Latiae parebunt cornibus arces.
 tu modo rumpe moras portasque intrare patentes
 adpropera! sic fata iubent; namque urbe receptus
 rex eris et sceptro tutus potiere perenni." 585
 rettulit ille pedem torvamque a moenibus urbis
 avertens faciem "procul, a! procul omnia" dixit
 "taliam di pellant! multoque ego iustius aevum
 exul agam, quam me videant Capitolia regem."
 dixit et extemplo populumque gravemque senatum
 convocat, ante tamen pacali cornua lauro 591
 velat et aggeribus factis a milite forti
 insistit priscosque deos e more precatus
 "est" ait "hic unus, quem vos nisi pellitis urbe,
 rex erit: is qui sit, signo, non nomine dicam: 595
 cornua fronte gerit! quem vobis indicat augur,
 si Romam intrarit, famularia iura daturum.
 ille quidem potuit portas inrumpere apertas,
 sed nos obstitimus, quamvis coniunctior illo
 nemo mihi est: vos urbe virum prohibete, Quirites,
 vel, si dignus erit, gravibus vincite catenis 601
 aut finite metum fatalis morte tyranni!"
 qualia succinctis, ubi trux insibilat eurus,
 murmura pinetis fiunt, aut qualia fluctus
 aequorei faciunt, si quis procul audiat illos, 605
 tale sonat populus; sed per confusa frementis
 verba tamen vulgi vox eminent una "quis ille est?"
 et spectant frontes praedictaque cornua quaerunt.
 rursus ad hos Cibus "quem poscitis," inquit
 "habetis"

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XV

shall this place and Latium's citadels bow down. Only delay not and make speed to enter the open gates! Such is fate's command; for, received within the city, thou shalt be king and wield the sceptre in safe and endless sway." He started back and, keeping his gaze stubbornly turned from the city's walls, he said: "Far, oh, far from me may the gods keep every such fate. Better far it is that I should spend my days exiled from home than that the Capitol should see me king." He spoke and straight-way called a joint assembly of the people and the reverend senate. But first he hid his horns with a wreath of peaceful laurel; then, standing on a mound raised by the brave soldiery and praying to the ancient gods according to the rite, he said: "There is one here who will be king unless you drive him from your city. Who he is, not by his name but by a sign I will disclose to you: he wears horns upon his brow! The augur declares that if once he enters Rome he will reduce you to the rank of slaves. He might have forced his way through your gates, for they stand open; but I withstood him, though no one is more closely bound to him than I. Do you, Quirites, keep him from your city, or, if he deserves it, bind him with heavy fetters, or end your fear of the fated tyrant by his death!" At this such a murmur arose among the people as comes from the high-girt pine-groves when the boisterous wind whistles through them, or as the waves of the sea make heard from afar. But, midst the confused words of the murmuring throng, one cry rose clear: "Who is the man?" They looked at each other's foreheads, and sought to find the horns that had been spoken of. Then Cipus spoke again and said: "Him whom you seek you have"; and removing the wreath from

OVID

- et dempta capiti populo prohibente corona 610
 exhibuit gemino praesignia tempora cornu.
 demisere oculos omnes gemitumque dedere
 atque illud meritis clarum (quis credere possit ?)
 inviti videre caput : nec honore carere
 ulterius passi festam inposuere coronam ; 615
 at proceres, quoniam muros intrare vetaris,
 ruris honorati tantum tibi, Cipe, dedere,
 quantum depresso subiectis bobus aratro
 complecti posses ad finem lucis ab ortu.
 cornuaque aeratis miram referentia formam 620
 postibus insculpunt, longum mansura per aevum.
 Pandite nunc, Musae, praesentia numina vatum,
 (scitis enim, nec vos fallit spatiosa vetustas,)
 unde Coroniden circumflua Thybridis alti
 insula Romuleae sacris adiecerit urbis. 625
 Dira lues quondam Latias vitiaverat auras,
 pallidaque exsanguisqualebant corpora morbo.
 funeribus fessi postquam mortalia cernunt
 temptamenta nihil, nihil artes posse medentum,
 auxilium caeleste petunt medianque tenentis 630
 orbis humum Delphos adeunt, oracula Phoebi,
 utque salutifera miseris succurrere rebus
 sorte velit tantaque urbis mala finiat, orant :
 et locus et laurus et, quas habet ipse pharetras,
 intremuere simul, cortinaque reddidit imo 635
 hanc adyto vocem pavefactaque pectora movit.

his head, while the people sought to stay him, he showed to them his temples marked with the two horns. All cast down their eyes and groaned aloud, and (who could believe it?) reluctantly looked upon that deservedly illustrious head. Then, not suffering him further to stand dishonoured, they replaced upon his head the festal wreath. But the senate, since you might not come within the walls, gave you, Cibus, as a gift of honour, as much land as you could enclose with a yoke of oxen and a plow from dawn till close of day. And the horns in all their wondrous beauty they engraved upon the bronze pillars of the gates, there to remain through all the ages.

Reveal to me now, O Muses, ye ever-helpful divinities of bards (for you know, nor has far-stretching time dimmed your memory), whence did the island bathed by the deep Tiber bring Coronis' son¹ and set him midst the deities of Rome.

In olden time a deadly pestilence had corrupted Latium's air, and men's bodies lay wasting and pale with a ghastly disease. When, weary with caring for the dead, men saw that their human efforts were as nothing, and that the healers' arts were of no avail, they sought the aid of heaven, and, coming to Delphi, situate in the earth's central spot, the sacred oracle of Phoebus, they begged that the god would vouchsafe with his health-bringing lots to succour them in their wretchedness and end the woes of their great city. Then did the shrine and the laurel-tree and the quiver which the god himself bears quake together, and the tripod from the inmost shrine gave forth these words and stirred their hearts trembling with fear: "What you seek

¹ Aesculapius.

OVID

“quod petis hinc, propiore loco, Romane, petisses,
 et pete nunc propiore loco: nec Apolline vobis,
 qui minuat luctus, opus est, sed Apolline nato.
 ite bonis avibus prolemque accersite nostram.” 640
 iussa dei prudens postquam accepere senatus,
 quam colat, explorant, iuvenis Phoebieus urbem,
 quique petant ventis Epidauria litora, mittunt;
 quae simul incurva missi tetigere carina,
 concilium Graiosque patres adiere, darentque, 645
 oravere, deum, qui praesens funera gentis
 finiat Ausoniae: certas ita dicere sortes.
 dissidet et variat sententia, parsque negandum
 non putat auxilium, multi retinere suamque
 non emittere opem nec numina tradere suadent: 650
 dum dubitant, seram pepulere crepuscula lucem;
 umbraque telluris tenebras induxerat orbi,
 cum deus in somnis opifer consistere visus
 ante tuum, Romane, torum, sed qualis in aede
 esse solet, baculumque tenens agreste sinistra 655
 caesariem longae dextra deducere barbae
 et placido tales emittere pectore voces:
 “pone metus! veniam simulacraque nostra relinquam.
 hunc modo serpentem, baculum qui nexibus ambit,
 perspice et usque nota visu, ut cognoscere possis! 660
 vertar in hunc: sed maior ero tantusque videbor,
 in quantum debent caelestia corpora verti.”
 extemplo cum voce deus, cum voce deoque
 somnus abit, somnique fugam lux alma secuta est.
 postera sidereos aurora fugaverat ignes: 665

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from this place you should have sought, O Roman, from a nearer place. And even now seek from that nearer place. Nor have you any need of Apollo to abate your troubles, but of Apollo's son. Go with kindly auspices and call on my son." When the senate, rich in wisdom, heard the commands of the god, they sought in what city the son of Phoebus dwelt, and sent an embassy by ship to seek out the coast of Epidaurus. When the embassy had beached their curved keel upon that shore, they betook them to the council of the Grecian elders and prayed that they would give the god who with his present deity might end the deadly woes of the Ausonian race; for thus the oracle distinctly bade. The elders disagreed and sat with varying minds. Some thought that aid should not be refused; but the many advised to keep their god and not let go the source of their own wealth nor deliver up their deity. And while they sat in doubt the dusk of evening dispelled the lingering day and the darkness spread its shadows over the world. Then did the health-giving god seem in your dreams to stand before your couch, O Roman, even as he is wont to appear in his own temple, holding his rustic staff in his left hand and with his right stroking his flowing beard, and with calm utterance to speak these words: "Fear not! I shall come and leave my shrine. Only look upon this serpent which twines about my staff, and fix it on your sight that you may know it. I shall change myself to this, but shall be larger and shall seem as great as celestial bodies should be when they change." Straightway the god vanished as he spoke, and with the voice and the god sleep vanished too, and the kindly day dawned as sleep fled. The next morning had put the gleaming

OVID

incerti, quid agant, proceres ad templa petiti
 conveniunt operosa dei, quaque ipse morari
 sede velit, signis caelestibus indicet, orant.
 vix bene desierant, cum cristis aureus altis
 in serpente deus praenuntia sibila misit 670
 adventuque suo signumque arasque foresque
 marmoreumque solum fastigiaque aurea movit
 pectoribusque tenus media sublimis in aede
 constitit atque oculos circumtulit igne micantes :
 territa turba pavet, cognovit numina castos 675
 evinctus vitta crines albente sacerdos ;
 “ en deus est, deus est ! animis linguisque favete,
 quisquis adest ! ” dixit “ sis, o pulcherrime, visus
 utiliter populosque iuves tua sacra colentes ! ”
 quisquis adest, iussum venerantur numen, et omnes
 verba sacerdotis referunt geminata piisque 681
 Aeneadae praestant et mente et voce favorem.
 adnuit his motisque deus rata pignora cristis
 et repetita dedit vibrata sibila lingua ;
 tum gradibus nitidis delabitur oraque retro 685
 flectit et antiquas abiturus respicit aras
 adsuetasque domos habitataque templa salutat.
 inde per iniectis adopertam floribus ingens
 serpit humum flectitque sinus mediamque per urbem
 tendit ad incurvo munitos aggere portus. 690
 restitit hic agmenque suum turbaeque sequentis
 officium placido visus dimittere vultu
 corpus in Ausonia posuit rate : numinis illa

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stars to flight when the chiefs, still uncertain what to do, assembled at the sumptuous temple of the sought-for god and begged him by heavenly tokens to reveal where he himself wished to abide. Scarce had they ceased to speak when the golden god, in the form of a serpent with high crest, uttered hissing warnings of his presence, and at his coming the statue, altars, doors, the marble pavement and gilded roof, all rocked. Then, raised breast-high in the temple's midst, he stood and gazed about with eyes flashing fire. The terrified multitude quaked with fear; but the priest, with his sacred locks bound with a white fillet, recognized the divinity and cried: "The god! behold the god! Think holy thoughts and stand in reverent silence, all ye who are in this presence. And, O thou most beautiful, be this vision of thee expedient for us and bless thou this people who worship at thy shrine." All in the divine presence worshipped the god as they were bid, repeating the priest's words after him, and the Romans, too, performed their pious devotions with heart and lips. The god nodded graciously to them and, moving his crest, assured them of his favour and with darting tongue gave forth repeated hisses. Then he glided down the polished steps and with backward gaze looked fixedly upon the ancient altars which he was about to leave, and saluted his well-known home and the shrine where he had dwelt so long. Thence the huge serpent wound his way along the ground covered with scattered flowers, bending and coiling as he went, and proceeded through the city's midst to the harbour guarded by a curving embankment. Here he halted and, seeming with kindly expression to dismiss his throng of pious followers, he took his place within the Ausonian ship. It felt the burden

OVID

sensit onus, pressa estque dei gravitate carina ;
 Aeneadae gaudent cunctoque in litore tauro 695
 torta coronatae solvunt retinacula navis.
 inpulerat levis aura ratem : deus eminent alte
 inpositaque premens puppim cervice recurvam
 caeruleas **despectat** aquas modicisque per aequor
 Ionium zephyris sextae Pallantidos ortu 700
 Italiam tenuit praeterque Lacinia templo
 nobilitatae deae Seylaceaque litora fertur ;
 linquit Iapygiam laevisque Amphrisia remis
 saxa fugit, dextra praerupta Cocinthia parte,
 Romethiumque legit Caulonaque Naryciamque 705
 evincitque fretum Siculique angusta Pelori
 Hippotadaeque domos regis Temelesque metalla
 Leucosiamque petit tepidique rosaria Paesti.
 inde legit Capreas promunturiumque Minervae
 et Surrentino generosos palmite colles 710
 Ærceiamque urbem Stabiasque et in otia natam
 Parthenopen et ab hac Cumacae templa Sibyllae.
 hinc calidi fontes lentisciferumque tenetur
 Liternum multamque trahens sub gurgite harenam
 Volturnus niveisque frequens Sinuessa columbis 715
 Minturnaeque graves et quam tumulavit alumnus
 Antiphataeque domus Trachasque obsessa palude
 et tellus Circaea et spissi litoris Antium.
 huc ubi veliferam nautae advertere carinam,
 (asper enim iam pontus erat), deus explicat orbis 720
 perque sinus crebros et magna volumina labens

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XV

of the deity and the keel was forced deep down by the god's weight. The Romans were filled with joy and, after sacrificing a bull upon the beach, they wreathed their ship with flowers and cast loose from the shore. A gentle breeze bore the vessel on, while the god, rising on high and reclining heavily with his neck resting upon the ship's curving stern, gazed down upon the azure waters. With fair winds he sailed through the Ionian sea and on the sixth morning he reached Italy, sailed past the shores of Lacinium, famed for Juno's temple, past Scylaceum, left Iapygia behind, and, avoiding the Amphrisian rocks upon the left and the Cocinthian crags upon the right, skirted Romethium and Caulon and Narycia; then passed the Sicilian sea and Pelorus' narrow strait, sailed by the home of King Hippotades, past the coppermines of Temesa, and headed for Leucosia and mild Paestum's rose-gardens. Thence he skirted Capreae, Minerva's promontory, and the hills of Surrentum rich in vines; thence sailed to Herculaneum and Stabiae and Parthenope,¹ for soft pleasure founded, and from there to the temple of the Cumaean Sibyl. Next the hot pools² were reached, and Liternum, thick grown with mastic-bearing trees, and the Volturnus, sweeping along vast quantities of sand beneath its whirling waters; Sinuessa, with its thronging flocks of snow-white doves; unwholesome Minturnae and the place³ named for her whose foster-son⁴ entombed her there; the home of Antiphates, marsh-encompassed Trachas, Circe's land also, and Antium with its hard-packed shore. When to this place the sailors turned their ship with sails full spread (for the sea was rough) the god unfolded his coils and, gliding on with many a sinuous curve and mighty fold, entered

¹ i.e. Naples.

² Of Baiæ.

³ Caieta.

⁴ Aeneas.

OVID

templa parentis init flavum tangentia litus.
 aequore placato patrias Epidaurius aras
 linquit et hospitio iuncti sibi numinis usus
 litoream tractu squamae crepitantis harenam 725
 sulcat et innixus moderamine navis in alta
 puppe caput posuit, donec Castrumque sacrasque
 Lavini sedes Tiberinaque ad ostia venit.
 huc omnis populi passim matrumque patrumque
 obvia turba ruit, quaeque ignes, Troica, servant, 730
 Vesta, tuos, laetoque deum clamore salutant.
 quaque per adversas navis cita ducitur undas,
 tura super ripas aris ex ordine factis
 parte ab utraque sonant et odorant aera fumis,
 ictaque coniectos incalfacit hostia cultros. 735
 iamque caput rerum, Romanam intraverat urbem :
 erigitur serpens summoque acclinia malo
 colla movet sedesque sibi circumspicit aptas.
 scinditur in geminas partes circumfluis amnis
 (Insula nomen habet) laterumque a parte duorum 740
 porrigit aequales media tellure lacertos :
 huc se de Latia pinu Phoebius anguis
 contulit et finem specie caeleste resumpta
 luctibus inposuit venitque salutifer urbi.

Hic tamen accessit delubris advena nostris : 745
 Caesar in urbe sua deus est ; quem Marte togaque
 praecipuum non bella magis finita triumphis
 resque domi gestae properataque gloria rerum
 in sidus vertere novum stellamque comantem,
 quam sua progenies ; neque enim de Caesaris actis 750

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his father's temple set on the tawny strand. When the sea had calmed again, the Epidaurian god left his paternal altars and, having enjoyed the hospitality of his kindred deity, furrowed the sandy shore as he dragged his rasping scales along and, climbing up the rudder, reposed his head on the vessel's lofty stern, until he came to Castrum, the sacred seats of Lavinium and the Tiber's mouth. Hither the whole mass of the populace came thronging to meet him from every side, matrons and fathers and the maids who tend thy fires, O Trojan Vesta, and they saluted the god with joyful cries. And where the swift ship floated up the stream incense burned with a crackling sound on altars built in regular order on both the banks, the air was heavy with sweet perfumes, and the smitten victim warmed the sacrificial knife with his blood. And now the ship had entered Rome, the capital of the world. The serpent raised himself aloft and, resting his head upon the mast's top, moved it from side to side, viewing the places fit for his abode. The river, flowing around, separates at this point into two parts, forming the place called the Island; on each side it stretches out two equal arms with the land between. On this spot the serpent-son of Phoebus disembarked from the Latian ship and, resuming his heavenly form, put an end to the people's woes and came to them as health-bringer to their city.

Now he came to our shrines as a god from a foreign land; but Caesar is god in his own city. Him, illustrious in war and peace, not so much his wars triumphantly achieved, his civic deeds accomplished, and his glory quickly won, changed to a new heavenly body, a flaming star; but still more his offspring deified him. For there is no work among

OVID

ullum maius opus, quam quod pater exstitit huius:
 scilicet aequoreos plus est domuisse Britannos
 perque papyriferi septemflua flumina Nili
 victrices egisse rates Numidasque rebelles
 Cinyphiumque Iubam Mithridateisque tumentem 755
 nominibus Pontum populo adiecisse Quirini
 et multos meruisse, aliquos egisse triumphos,
 quam tantum genuisse virum, quo praeside rerum
 humano generi, superi, favistis abunde!
 ne foret hic igitur mortali semine cretus, 760
 ille deus faciendus erat; quod ut aurea vidit
 Aeneae genetrix, vidit quoque triste parari
 pontifici letum et coniurata arma moveri,
 palluit et cunctis, ut cuique erat obvia, divis
 "adspice," dicebat "quanta mihi mole parentur 765
 insidiae, quantaque caput cum fraude petatur,
 quod de Dardanio solum mihi restat Iulo.
 solane semper ero iustis exercita curis,
 quam modo Tydidæ Calydonia vulneret hasta,
 nunc male defensae confundant moenia Troiae, 770
 quae videam natum longis erroribus actum
 iactarique freto sedesque intrare silentum
 bellaque cum Turno gerere, aut, si vera fatemur,
 cum Iunone magis? quid nunc antiqua recordor
 damna mei generis? timor hic meminisse priorum
 non sinit; en acui sceleratos cernitis enses? 776
 quos prohibete, precor, facinusque repellite neve
 caede sacerdotis flammam exstinguite Vestae!"

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all Caesar's achievements greater than this, that he became the father of this our Emperor. Is it indeed a greater thing to have subdued the sea-girt Britons, to have led his victorious fleet up the seven-mouthed stream of the papyrus-bearing Nile, to have added the rebellious Numidians, Libyan Juba, and Pontus, swelling with threats of the mighty name of Mithridates, to the sway of the people of Quirinus, to have celebrated some triumphs and to have earned many more—than to have begotten so great a man? With him as ruler of the world, you have indeed, O heavenly ones, showered rich blessings upon the human race! So then, that his son might not be born of mortal seed, Caesar must needs be made a god. When the golden mother of Aeneas saw this, and saw also that dire destruction was being plotted against her high-priest and that an armed conspiracy was forming, she paled with fear and cried to all the gods as she met them in turn: "Behold what a crushing weight of plots is prepared against me, and with what snares that life is sought which alone remains to me from Dardanian Iulus. Shall I alone for ever be harassed by well-founded cares, since now the Calydonian spear of Diomedes wounds me and now the falling walls of ill-defended Troy o'erwhelm me, since I see my son driven by long wanderings, tossed on the sea, entering the abodes of the silent shades and waging war with Turnus, or, if we speak plain truth, with Juno rather? But why do I now recall the ancient sufferings of my race? This present fear of mine does not permit me to remember former woes. Look! do you not see that impious daggers are being whetted? Ward them off, I pray, prevent this crime and let not Vesta's fires be extinguished by her high-priest's blood!"

OVID

Talia nequiquam toto Venus anxia caelo
 verba iacit superosque movet, qui rumpere quamquam
 ferrea non possunt veterum decreta sororum, 781
 signa tamen luctus dant haut incerta futuri;
 arma ferunt inter nigras crepitantia nubes
 terribilesque tubas auditaque cornua caelo
 praemonuisse nefas; solis quoque tristis imago 785
 lurida sollicitis praebebat lumina terris;
 saepe faces visae mediis ardere sub astris,
 saepe inter nimbos guttae cecidere cruentae;
 caerulus et vultum ferrugine Lucifer atra
 sparsus erat, sparsi lunares sanguine currus; 790
 tristia mille locis Stygius dedit omina bubo,
 mille locis lacrimavit ebur, cantusque feruntur
 auditi sanctis et verba minantia lucis.
 victima nulla litat, magnosque instare tumultus
 fibra monet, caesumque caput reperitur in extis, 795
 inque foro circumque domos et templa deorum
 nocturnos ululasse canes umbrasque silentum
 erravisse ferunt motamque tremoribus urbem.
 non tamen insidias venturaque vincere fata
 praemonitus potuere deum, strictique feruntur 800
 in templum gladii: neque enim locus ullus in urbe
 ad facinus diramque placet nisi curia caedem.
 tum vero Cytherea manu percussit utraque
 pectus et Aeneaden molitur condere nube,
 qua prius infesto Paris est ereptus Atridae, 805
 et Diomedeos Aeneas fugerat enses.
 talibus hanc genitor: "sola insuperabile fatum,

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The anxious goddess cried these complaints throughout the sky, but all in vain. The gods were moved indeed ; and although they were not able to break the iron decrees of the ancient sisters, still they gave no uncertain portents of the woe that was at hand. They say that the clashing of arms amid the dark storm-clouds and fear-inspiring trumpets and horns heard in the sky forewarned men of the crime ; also the darkened face of the sun shone with lurid light upon the troubled lands. Often firebrands were seen to flash amidst the stars ; often drops of blood fell down from the clouds ; the morning-star was of dusky hue and his face was blotched with dark red spots, and Luna's chariot was stained with blood. In a thousand places the Stygian owl gave forth his mournful warnings ; in a thousand places ivory statues dripped tears, and in the sacred groves wailing notes and threatening words were heard. No victim sufficed for expiation ; the liver warned that portentous struggles were at hand and its lobe was found cleft amidst the entrails. In the market-place and around men's houses and the temples of the gods, they say, dogs howled by night, the shades of the silent dead walked abroad and the city was shaken with earthquakes. Yet even so, the warnings of the gods were unable to check the plots of men and the advancing fates. Naked swords were brought into the sacred curia ; for no place in the whole city would do for this crime, this dreadful deed of blood, save only that. Then indeed did Cytherea smite on her breast with both her hands and strive to hide her Caesar in a cloud in which of old Paris had been rescued from the murderous Atrides and in which Aeneas had escaped the sword of Diomedes. Then thus the Father spoke : " Dost thou, by thy sole

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nata, movere paras? intres licet ipsa sororum
 tecta trium: cernes illic molimine vasto
 ex aere et solido rerum tabularia ferro, 810
 quae neque concussum caeli neque fulminis iram
 nec metuunt ullas tuta atque aeterna ruinas;
 inuenies illic incisa adamante perenni
 fata tui generis: legi ipse animoque notavi
 et referam, ne sis etiamnum ignara futuri. 815
 hic sua conplevit, pro quo, Cytherea, laboras,
 tempora, perfectis, quos terrae debuit, annis.
 ut deus accedat caelo templisque colatur,
 tu facies natusque suus, qui nominis heres
 inpositum feret unus onus caesique parentis 820
 nos in bella suos fortissimus ultor habebit.
 illius auspiciis obsessae moenia pacem
 victa petent Mutinae, Pharsalia sentiet illum,
 Emathiique iterum madefient caede Philippi,
 et magnum Siculo nomen superabitur undis, 825
 Romanique ducis coniunx Aegyptia taedae
 non bene fisa cadet, frustra erit illa minata,
 servitura suo Capitolia nostra Canopo.
 quid tibi barbariem gentesque ab utroque iacentes
 oceano numerem? quodcumque habitabile tellus 830
 sustinet, huius erit: pontus quoque serviet illi!

¹ *i.e.* Macedonian; Emathia was a district of Macedonia.

² Though Philippi is in Macedonia and Pharsalus in Thessaly, Ovid with poetic daring practically identifies the two great battlefields.

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power, my daughter, think to move the changeless fates? Thou thyself mayst enter the abode of the three sisters. Thou shalt there behold the records of all that happens on tablets of brass and solid iron, a massive structure, tablets which fear neither the crashings of the sky, nor the lightning's fearful power, nor any destructive shocks which may befall, being eternal and secure. There shalt thou find engraved on everlasting adamant thy descendant's fates. I have myself read these and marked them well in mind; and these will I relate, that thou mayst be no longer ignorant of that which is to come. This son of thine, goddess of Cythera, for whom thou grievest, has fulfilled his allotted time, and his years are finished which he owed to earth. That as a god he may enter heaven and have his place in temples on the earth, thou shalt accomplish, thou and his son. He as successor to the name shall bear alone the burden placed on him, and, as the most valiant avenger of his father's murder, he shall have us as ally for his wars. Under his command the conquered walls of leaguered Mutina shall sue for peace; Pharsalia shall feel his power; Emathian¹ Philippi shall reek again² with blood; and he of the great name³ shall be overcome on Sicilian waters. A Roman general's Egyptian mistress, who did not well to rely upon the union, shall fall before him, and in vain shall she have threatened that our Capitol shall bow to her Canopus. But why should I recall barbaric lands to you and nations lying on either ocean-shore? Nay, whatsoever habitable land the earth contains shall be his, and the sea also shall come beneath his sway!

¹ Sextus Pompeius, youngest son of Pompey the Great. He seems also to have assumed the name *Magnus*.

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" Pace data terris animum ad civilia vertet
 iura suum legesque feret iustissimus auctor
 exemploque suo mores reget inque futuri
 temporis aetatem venturorumque nepotum 835
 prospiciens prolem sancta de coniuge natam
 ferre simul nomenque suum curasque iubebit,
 nec nisi cum senior Pylios aequaverit annos,
 aetherias sedes cognataque sidera tanget.
 hanc animam interea caeso de corpore raptam 840
 fac iubar, ut semper Capitolia nostra forumque
 divus ab excelsa prospectet Iulius aede!"

Vix ea fatus erat, media cum sede senatus
 constitit alma Venus nulli cernenda sui que
 Caesaris eripuit membris nec in aera solvi 845
 passa recentem animam caelestibus intulit astris
 dumque tulit, lumen capere atque ignescere sensit
 emisitque sinu : luna volat altius illa
 flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem
 stella micat nati que videns bene facta fatetur 850
 esse suis maiora et vinci gaudet ab illo.
 hic sua praeferri quamquam vetat acta paternis,
 libera fama tamen nullisque obnoxia iussis
 invitum praefert unaque in parte repugnat :
 sic magnus cedit titulis Agamemnonis Atreus, 855
 Aegea sic Theseus, sic Pelea vicit Achilles ;
 denique, ut exemplis ipsos aequantibus utar,
 sic et Saturnus minor est Iove : Iuppiter arces

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“When peace has been bestowed upon all lands he shall turn his mind to the rights of citizens, and as a most righteous jurist promote the laws. By his own good example shall he direct the ways of men, and, looking forward to future time and coming generations, he shall bid the son,¹ born of his chaste wife, to bear at once his name and the burden of his cares; and not till after he as an old man shall have equalled Nestor’s years shall he attain the heavenly seats and his related stars. Meanwhile do thou catch up this² soul from the slain body and make him a star in order that ever it may be the divine Julius who looks forth upon our Capitol and Forum from his lofty temple.”

Scarce had he spoken when fostering Venus took her place within the senate-house, unseen of all, caught up the passing soul of her Caesar from his body, and not suffering it to vanish into air, she bore it towards the stars of heaven. And as she bore it she felt it glow and burn, and released it from her bosom. Higher than the moon it mounted up and, leaving behind it a long fiery train, gleamed as a star. And now, beholding the good deeds of his son, he confesses that they are greater than his own, and rejoices to be surpassed by him. And, though the son forbids that his own deeds be set above his father’s, still fame, unfettered and obedient to no one’s will, exalts him spite of his desire, and in this one thing opposes his commands. So does the great Atreus yield in honour to his son, Agamemnon; so does Theseus rival Aegeus, and Achilles, Peleus; finally, to quote an instance worthy of themselves, is Saturn less than Jove. Jupiter controls the heights

¹ Tiberius, son of Livia and Ti. Claudius Nero.

² *i. e.* of Julius Caesar.

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temperat aetherias et mundi regna triformis,
 terra sub Augusto est ; pater est et rector uterque.
 di, precor, Aeneae comites, quibus ensis et ignis 861
 cesserunt, dique Indigetes genitorque Quirine
 urbis et invicti genitor Gradive Quirini
 Vestaque Caesareos inter sacrata penates,
 et cum Caesarea tu, Phoebæ domesticæ, Vesta, 865
 quique tenes altus Tarpeias Iuppiter arces,
 quosque alios vati fas appellare piùmque est :
 tarda sit illa dies et nostro senior aevo,
 qua caput Augustum, quem temperat, orbe relicto
 accedat caelo faveatque precantibus absens ! 870

Iamque opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira nec ignis
 nec poterit ferrum nec edax abolere vetustas.
 cum volet, illa dies, quæ nil nisi corporis huius
 ius habet, incerti spatium mihi finiat ævi :
 parte tamen meliore mei super alta perennis 875
 astra ferar, nomenque erit indelebile nostrum,
 quaque patet domitis Romana potentia terris,
 ore legar populi, perque omnia sæcula fama,
 siquid habent veri vatum præsentia, vivam.

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of heaven and the kingdoms of the triformed universe; but the earth is under Augustus' sway. Each is both sire and ruler. O gods, I pray you, comrades of Aeneas, before whom both fire and sword gave way, and ye native gods of Italy, and thou, Quirinus, father of our city, and Gradivus, invincible Quirinus' sire, and Vesta, who hast ever held a sacred place midst Caesar's household gods, and thou Apollo, linked in worship with our Caesar's Vesta, and Jupiter, whose temple sits high on Tarpeia's rock, and all ye other gods to whom it is fitting for the bard to make appeal: far distant be that day and later than our own time when Augustus, abandoning the world he rules, shall mount to heaven and there, removed from our presence, listen to our prayers!

And now my work is done, which neither the wrath of Jove, nor fire, nor sword, nor the gnawing tooth of time shall ever be able to undo. When it will, let that day come which has no power save over this mortal frame, and end the span of my uncertain years. Still in my better part I shall be borne immortal far beyond the lofty stars and I shall have an undying name. Wherever Rome's power extends over the conquered world, I shall have mention on men's lips, and, if the prophecies of bards have any truth, through all the ages shall I live in fame.



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